FORTUNES OF THE TOY STOVE AND THE TOOL CHEST

The children could not find Mr. Chipmunk's house, though they looked carefully all along Rail Fence Row and they had almost given him up when they heard a shrill "Ahem! Ahem!" and there on the top rail stood a sleek little striped fellow making frantic motions with his paws.

"You went right by my house!" he cried. "Didn't you see the door plate? It says 'Americanus Chipmunk, Esq.' What have you got in that box and bundle and where are you going?"

Rob and Charlotte told him all about their plans and asked him if he had any work for them.

"Well! I do declare," said Mr. Chipmunk, "if it's not fortunate that I caught you in time. Here am I in the greatest need of a carpenter and every one I know of busy.

"I'll tell you how it is. I don't wish to boast, but I'm different from the other members of the Chipmunk family. They are satisfied to dump their provisions all in a heap in their storehouses and then when they want any particular thing they have to dig for it. Now I am more orderly.

"I have been thinking for some time that I must have bins built in my storeroom where each thing can be kept in its place, acorns in one bin, hickory nuts in another, beech nuts in a third, and it seems to me that Charlotte might make me some neat bags out of these mullien leaves in which I could keep my corn, my buckwheat, my grass seed and other cereals. Get to work, children, and see what you can do for me."

So Rob took some chips from the old oak stump and filled half the storeroom which was under its roots with stout little bins, and Charlotte got out her needle and thread and sewed the mullien leaves, which were still quite soft, into bags, and when they were done all the different stores were put in their places.

"That's a very nice job," said Mr. Chipmunk, "and I'm proud of it and you. For wages I'm going to give you a bag of nuts and a bag of buckwheat.

"When you have cracked the nuts and eaten them put the shells back in the bag and you will always have plenty of nuts. The same with the buckwheat. Pound it on a big stone with a little stone and mix it with water. The shells will rise to the top and the meal can be made into buckwheat cakes.

"Now children run along before the snow comes, but you might as well call on Mrs. Cottontail, who lives just on the other side of the oak stump."

THERE WAS MR. CHIPMUNK WAVING AT THEM.

When the children got to the other side of the oak stump there was the doorplate saying "Mrs. Rabbit Cottontail." They knocked at the door.

Mrs. Cottontail answered their call wiping her eyes, and when they asked her if there was anything they could do for her she said:

"Oh, I don't know. My eldest daughter is very ill and I can't make her eat a thing. She says the bark hurts her teeth."

"I know what to do," said Charlotte importantly. "Have you any sassafras bark?"

"Oh, plenty!" answered Mrs. Cottontail.

"Well," said Charlotte, "she needs sassafras tea, which I will boil on my little stove, and when she drinks it she will feel better, I'm sure."

CHARLOTTE MADE SASSAFRAS TEA FOR MRS. COTTONTAIL.

BETSEY'S SQUIRRELS.

Betsey's nurse took Prim for a little walk every morning before breakfast. It was generally to the park they went, and very often Prim brought back some message to Betsey from her little squirrel friends.

One morning he came in bristling with excitement.

"It's Nimblefoot's birthday," barked Prim, "and they're giving a party for him and want to us go. They sent an invitation for Creeper too in a nutshell. I brought it all the way home in my teeth."

"Let's give it to him right away," cried the delighted Betsey, and they ran down to the pantry and called Creeper.

The little mouse came from his hole at once, and Betsey gave him the nutshell. It wasn't a regular nutshell, but one which had been broken in half and then very cleverly put together again, like those make believe eggs that come with a toy magician's set.

Well, Creeper lost no time in opening it, and what do you think was inside? A little piece of cheese. Creeper gobbled it right up, but Betsy looked disappointed.

"Oh, I thought it was an invitation," said she.

"So it is, my dear," replied Creeper, looking at her in astonishment. "Cheese is the proper kind of invitation among our race. So remember if you ever call me and I don't hear just put a piece of cheese near my hole and I'll come out if I'm anywhere near.

"You see," he added in explanation, "I mightn't hear you, but I can nearly always smell cheese because my nose is so much larger than my ear."

Prim explained that the party was for Nimblefoot, and then they began to wonder what kind of birthday presents they could give him. Prim had a fine big bone hidden somewhere and he decided Nimblefoot might like it.

"And what will you give him, Creeper?" asked Betsey.

"I know!" squeaked the little mouse. "I have a whole heap of nice stale bread crumbs. It has taken me several days to collect them and I'm sure Nimblefoot will enjoy them very much.

"The only thing is," he added rather doubtfully, "I don't know how I can take so many over to him."

"That's easy," Betsey said. "You bring them out here to me and I'll put them all in a paper bag and carry them for you."

"Now, what about you, Betsey?" demanded Prim. "What will you take?"

"Oh, I think I'll take the little fireplace out of my doll's house. I think Nimblefoot's room must be very cold in winter. That will just fit in it, and I'll take some matches and then he can make fires of leaves and twigs and things and keep the whole house warm."

"That's the very best present I ever heard of," squeaked Creeper, and Prim wagged his tail and gave three little short yelps to show that he thought so too.

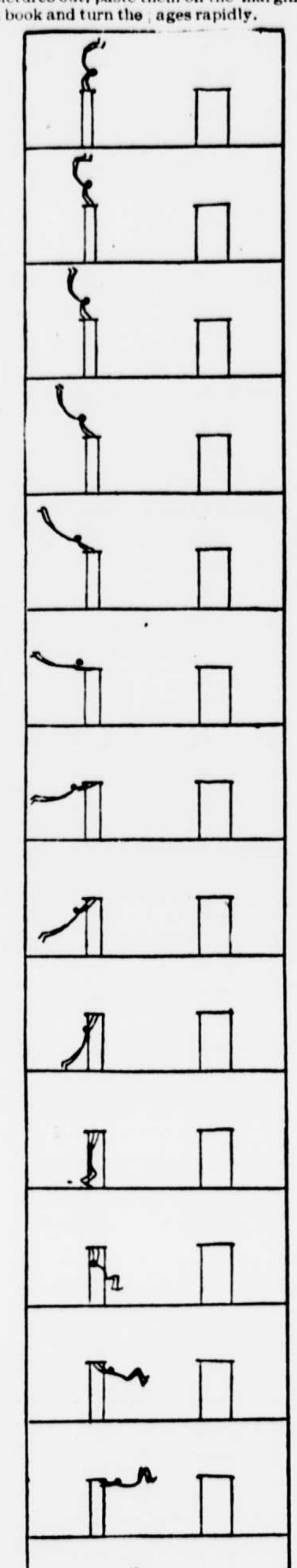
Betsey spent the next hour gathering up the crumbs as Creeper brought them to her. Then she went and got her hat and coat on, gathered up her parcels and took Creeper into her muff so that he would keep warm and wouldn't be too tired from the walk, for you know a mousie's legs are very short and he has to move them a great many times to every step a little girl takes.

Then Betsey asked the nurse please to be sure and take her to the park. So they went to the birthday party.

A BOY'S MOVING PICTURE OF AN ACROBAT.

Here are some pictures of an acrobat that Frank saw in a circus the other night. He did not draw them while the man was flying through the air from one horizontal bar to another, but Frank remembered just how the man looked and drew them on the margin of a paper covered novel after he had got home.

Look hastily at each picture, beginning from the top, and see just how the leap was made, or better still, cut the little pictures out, paste them on the margin of a book and turn the pages rapidly.



WHY FLOWER POTS HAVE HOLES.

Perhaps you have wondered why they always put a hole in the bottom of those red clay flower pots and stand them in a saucer. It is not to let you stick the seeds in from underneath, as one little girl thought, but it is to prevent the earth round the roots of the flower from turning to mud.

If the water is allowed to sink to the bottom of the vessel and cannot get away it will soon kill the plant. Flowers must have fresh water, and the saucer is to catch all that runs through so that it can be poured off.

THE SQUIRREL FAMILY MOVES

From Bryant Park to a Fashionable Part of Central Park.

"My dear," said Mrs. Erskine Squirrel to her husband, the well known Erskine Squirrel of Bryant Park, "we simply cannot live here any longer. I know that your family is an old, old family and has always lived in Bryant Park, but you can see yourself that the place isn't what it used to be. Men people have gone and put up this enormous building that they call a library. I cannot imagine what for, behause it only contains books, and they do not eat books. Really, the place is spoiled as a residential section."

Erskine Squirrel twitched his nose and put his head to one side with an important air of considering the thing.

"That is all very true," he admitted. "But I do not see what we can do. As a matter of family pride I should never get over leaving this park. Why, my great-great-grandfather remembered hearing his aunt, who was distinguished for her beautiful fur, tell of being fed by Washington Irving himself at a spot in the woods where this park now stands. But Central Park is so new! Why, my great-grandfather remembered when it was opened. Besides, a lot of squirrels live there who do not know who their own grandfathers were!"

"But those squirrel women in Central Park dress so well!" sighed his wife. "And the living there is so much better than here. Can't I prevail on you to move there, dear?"

The suggestion upset Erskine Squirrel. He spent several minutes recalling the deeds of his ancestors in Bryant Park, but this made no impression on Mrs. Erskine Squirrel, who folded her fore paws and said calmly:

"To-night we move to Central Park!"

Erskine Squirrel opend his mouth to chatter a last dignified protest, but thought better of it and said nothing.

So, many hours after dark when the stream of automobiles had ceased to flow up and down Fifth avenue Mrs. Erskine Squirrel, followed by her husband, slipped around the corner of the big new library and darted up the avenue, hugging the fronts of the building and diving into areaways and doorways when men people came hurrying by. It was hard work getting the seventeen blocks up town. Several times newsboys chased the Erskine Squirrels and they had to watch for chances to slip across the cross streets. The most difficult part of the journey was at the Plaza, almost to Central Park itself. But before attempting to scamper over this wide sweep of roadway the husband and wife slipped into Mrs. Vanderbilt's yard at Fifty-eighth street and there, secure in the bushes, got their breath. Mrs. Erskine Squirrel had hard work to persuade her husband to go on to the park.

"Mrs. Vanderbilt would not object to our staying here. Then we would be living right on Fifth avenue as befits an Erskine Squirrel," said he importantly.

"That is all true; but I set out for Central Park and I am going there," said Mrs. Erskine Squirrel pointedly. "Here we would be too much by ourselves. This yard is not large enough for you to scamper about in sufficiently to keep from getting too fat."

Her husband grumbled, but followed her, when, at a moment when the plaza was clear, she ran right across it and into the entrance of the park.

Once there the pair of them curled right up to sleep. Awaking the next day much refreshed they made the rounds of the tree apartments in the lower end of the park, and finding a fine roomy hole in a big oak near the Arsenal took it at the low rental of a quart of peanuts a year.

"We'll take in that much in a week," said Mrs. Erskine Squirrel enthusiastically.

That afternoon little Marietta Romley in a fur coat sat beside her governess on a bench in the park feeding peanuts to Erskine Squirrel, who took them courteously.

"What lovely manners he has!" said the little girl to the governess, who held the bag of nuts.

On the other side of the walk John and Mary Izstowinsky from Rivington street were giving peanuts to Mrs. Erskine Squirrel, who beamed upon them. The gracious way in which she accepted the peanuts delighted John and Mary Izstowinsky. And every few minutes Mrs. Erskine Squirrel would look over toward her husband and chatter excitedly:

"Really, Erskine, I've had all I can eat for days! And I don't know how I shall find room in my mouth for any more. Now you see it was all very well to talk about your family, but down in Bryant Park we didn't fare as well as this in a whole week!"

LEXY'S LESSONS.

Here is the correct list of answers to the puzzle that old Lexy set the boys and girls last week, which was to give the word denoting number which should precede each of the nouns that he wrote upon the blackboard.

Old Lexy set a trap for them in the very first line when he wrote the heading, because the words wanted are not adjectives at all, but collective nouns. Only one bright little girl supplied the right word, Katherine J. Blackwell:

A troupe of actors. Swarm of bees. Library of books. Pack of cards. Herd of cattle. School of fish. Bouquet of flowers. Bevy of girls. Cluster of grapes. Tuft of hairs. Gang of hoodlums. Bunch of keys. Drove of oxen. Covey of partridges. Gallery of pictures. Crew of sailors. Horde of savages. Flock of sheep. Fleet of ships. Army of soldiers. Groups of statues. Force of workmen.

Here are the names of those that sent in answers, with the number that they got correctly:

Ruth West, Dorchester, Mass., 20; Marjorie Richardson, 19; Harold Baumeister and J. P. Wies 3d, 18; May Devlin, Helen Gill and Mildred Nobis, 17; Dorothy Kingsbury, Ernest J. Eastridge and Ethel Cunningham, 16; E. Roberta Bridgman, Seymour L. Baum, Mabel C. Knauer and Emma Root Deacon, 15; Margaret D. Cobb, Eugenie F. Burke and Jessie M. Jordan, 14; Katherine J. Blackwell, Alice Tompkins, Lillian Voorhees and George R. Parker 12; Elinor Everitt, 10, and Sherman Shipman, 8.

Correct marks were given for savages if "tribe" was given. Soldiers might be squad or regiment. A deck of cards is not good English. Always call it a pack. Many made the mistake of giving a yoke of oxen and a brace of partridges. That means two only.

CAN YOU DRAW THIS WITH THREE STROKES?

"The question I shall ask you this afternoon," said the professor, after his audience had welcomed him with their greetings, "is not so easy as the picture guessing we had last week. No indeed. This is a harder test, and many of you will try a long time before you guess the solution."

With four rapid strokes with a crayon the professor sketched an outline on the big sheet of paper:

"I know!" shouted one eager little boy; "I know what the drawing is going to be."

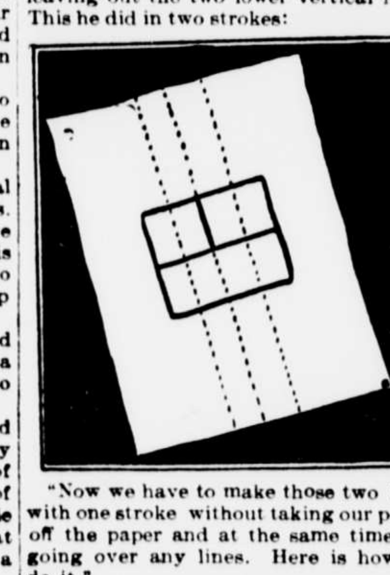
"No you don't, either," rejoined the professor, "for it is not that kind of a problem. I am not going to ask you what it is.

"The problem is to draw that outline with three distinct strokes, and only three. The same line must not be gone over twice. It is easy enough to do it with four, but you will find it a puzzler to do it with three strokes."

In an instant the audience was hard at work with pencil and paper trying to make the outline as required, but after five minutes no one could boast of less than four strokes.

"You remember the story of Columbus and the egg, how he undertook to stand it on its end?" said the professor. "He had to crack the egg to do it. It was easy enough after he showed them how. Well, there is just as simple a solution to this trick."

Taking another piece of paper, the professor sketched part of the outline, leaving out the two lower vertical lines. This he did in two strokes:



"Now we have to make those two lines with one stroke without taking our pencil off the paper and at the same time not going over any lines. Here is how we do it."

The professor then folded the paper as shown by the dotted lines in the drawing so that two edges were presented where the two lines were to be drawn. He then passed the crayon along both edges with the same stroke, completing the outline with the third stroke.

"Oh, yes, if you are going to do it that way it's easy enough," came from the audience.

"That is just what they said when Columbus broke the egg. This will give you a clue to my question next Sunday, which should be very easy, now that you know how," and the class was dismissed for the day.

"STRAIGHT AS A STRING."

One often hears this expression, but few realize how false the metaphor is. A string or rope is never straight when left to itself. It must be pulled on at both ends to straighten it. It is impossible to throw a rope on the ground so that it will lie straight, as you will discover if you try it, no matter how old or how new the rope may be.

This is because a rope or string is made by twisting together an enormous number of particles which are held together in ways which are at present beyond our understanding. These molecules pull on each other, and then the twist on the strands helps to put kinks in the rope and in the string, so that you can never throw either of them from you and have it lie straight on the ground.

UNCLE BEN'S BEDTIME STORY

"Tell us another bear story," begged the twins as they came tumbling into the library to give Uncle Ned his good night hug.

"I was just thinking of the time I was out sailing in the bay in that terrible storm they had some years ago," said Uncle Ned. "It was a frightful storm! Of course if you would rather hear a bear story I'll try to remember one. But being out in this storm was worse than any bear I ever met."

"Tell us about the storm," the twins clamored, snuggling close to their uncle. "We don't care about the bears."

"Well, perhaps you won't believe this story. I never knew the wind to blow so fast. Why, two people trying to talk to each other couldn't do it, for the wind would take the words miles away right after they left their mouths.

"And just think of being out in this boat in that wind. We were blown past the towns along the shore and headed straight for sea when one of the crew thought of throwing over the anchor and stopping us. So we all went forward and saw that the chain was fastened and then let the anchor fall overboard with a splash."

"Did it stop you?" asked Jamie.

"Yes, it stopped us all right," replied Uncle Ned. "It was the funniest thing—we looked over the side of the boat and saw that we weren't in the water any more. We were right in the midst of a field, with what looked like seaweed growing in it and all around were some crabs and some live fishes flipping over and over."

"How could that happen?" asked the twins together.

"Why, we were going so fast in that boat that when we threw out the anchor and it caught we pulled the bottom of the bay right up!"

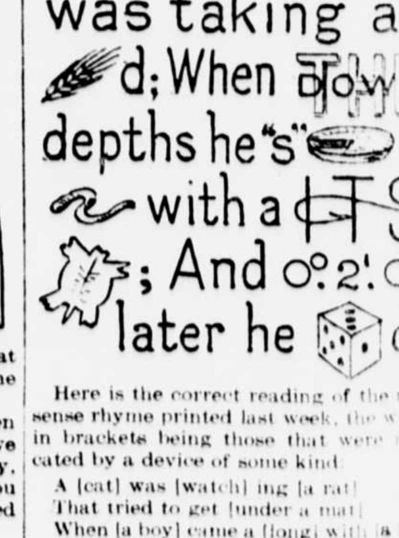
"Aw, we don't believe that," laughed the twins; "you're just making that up. We wanted a true story."

"Well, didn't you ever see boats on land?"

"Yes," admitted the twins.

"That's how they get there. Now go off to bed. I want to read the paper," and the twins trudged off, shaking their heads at Uncle Ned's explanation.

NONSENSE RHYMES.



Here is the correct reading of the nonsense rhyme printed last week, the words in brackets being those that were indicated by a device of some kind:

A [cat] was [watch] ing [a rat]
That tried to get [under a mat]
When [a boy] came a [long] with [a bat]
And that was the [end] of the [spat].

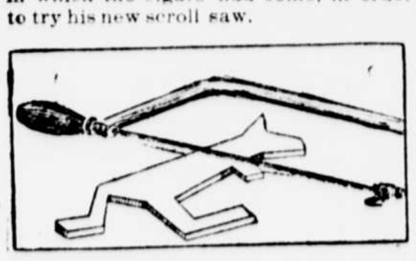
Some of the young folks thought the cat was watching a mouse, but the great difference between a rat and a mouse is that the mouse has very large ears, while those of the rat are comparatively small and lie close to its head. The "end" was a rope end, shown by the whipping serving to keep it from fraying out.

Here are the names of those who sent in solutions:

Blanche Jones, Helen Gill, E. Roberta Bridgman, Langdon Storm, Harold Baumeister, Marjorie Richardson, Elinor Everitt, Sherman Shipman, Edna [illegible], John P. Wies 3d, Joseph [illegible], Helen L. Parmelee, Jane Elkins, Winifred Gorton, Ethel Elkins, Mabel C. Knauer, C. Preston DuBois, Ethel Hart, [illegible] Phillips, Dorothy Kingsbury, Albert L. Hodges, Alice Tompkins, Margaret D. Cobb, Charles T. Emmett, Ernest J. Eastridge, Lillian Voorhees, George R. Parker, Emma Root Deacon, Walter O. [illegible], Ethel Cunningham, Clarence [illegible] and Jessie M. Jordan.

JACK'S WOODEN ANIMALS.

It seemed ages before Uncle Ned had finished the box of cigars that somebody had given him for a Christmas present. Jack did not care especially about Uncle Ned's smoking, but he did want the box in which the cigars had come, in order to try his new scroll saw.



"What shall I make?" he wondered, after he had fitted the saw and spread a newspaper on the floor to catch the sawdust.

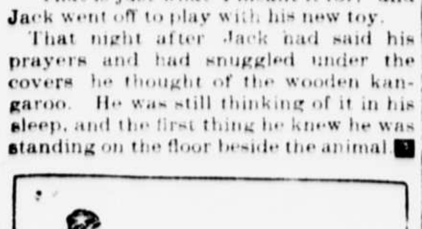
Without any particular idea in his mind about what he was doing he sawed away at the box. The result of his labors was a peculiar looking animal with a long tail, long legs and pointed ears.

"See what I made, Uncle Ned," said Jack, "and guess what it is."

"Why, it looks like a kangaroo," replied Uncle Ned.

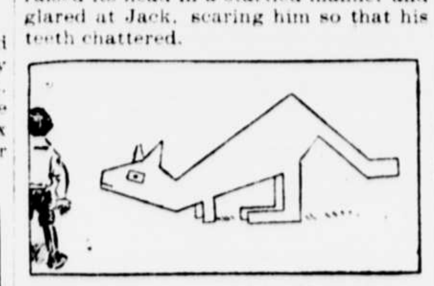
"That is just what I meant it for," and Jack went off to play with his new toy.

That night after Jack had said his prayers and had snuggled under the covers he thought of the wooden kangaroo. He was still thinking of it in his sleep, and the first thing he knew he was standing on the floor beside the animal.



But what a different kangaroo it was! Why, it was as big as a horse, and Jack grew afraid. He wished now that he had made a rabbit, for he knew that rabbits never harm anybody. He wasn't so sure about kangaroos, however, and he watched the apparently sleeping animal closely.

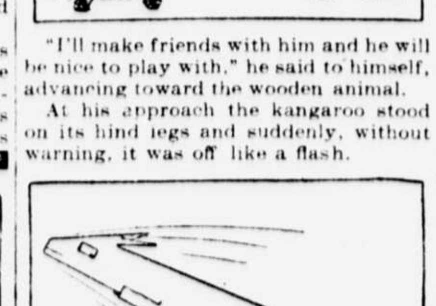
"It won't do to wake it up," thought Jack, but just then something tickled his nose and he sneezed. The kangaroo raised its head in a startled manner and glared at Jack, scaring him so that his teeth chattered.



The kangaroo raised itself on all four legs, still watching Jack. Seeing that he was in no danger, Jack grew bolder. After all, the kangaroo belonged to him, for he had made it himself with his scroll saw and Uncle Ned's cigar box.

"I'll make friends with him and he will be nice to play with," he said to himself, advancing toward the wooden animal.

At his approach the kangaroo stood on its hind legs and suddenly, without warning, it was off like a flash.



Just then Jack was awakened by his mother, who scolded him for oversleeping. But Jack, before he would put on his clothes, rushed off without a word to his play room, where he was relieved to find that his little wooden kangaroo lay just where he had left it the evening before.