

A PAGE FOR THE LITTLEST JUNIORS

GRANDMOTHER'S "BEDTIME STORY"

ONCE upon a time an old woman made a batch of cakes which she placed in the big brick oven to bake. She had a large piece of dough left over, which she rolled and patted, and patted and rolled, into a big flat cake as big as a saucer.

"There!" she said, as she laid it on the hot bricks to brown, "my old man and I will eat this, hot, with a glass of milk."

The cake heard this with much distress, for he did not relish being gobbled down by a greedy old couple with scarce a tooth between them. So he swelled and he puffed, and he puffed and he swelled. And as he swelled and puffed the fierce brown oven heat caught him and held him, and held him and browned him, until he lay a big, flaky, puffy brown, crispy fellow, which so delighted the old woman as she peeped in to see how he was getting along that she ran in great haste to call her husband, leaving the oven door wide open.

"Now," said the cake, "is my time to leave." So taking a breath of the cool air which rushed upon him, he gave a big flop which landed him on his edge, beside the tongs on the kitchen hearth. Out thru the open door he could see the smooth, hard road, which stretched for miles away, so he rolled himself across the kitchen floor, and thru the door into the road. As he was rolling merrily along in the cool air and the sunshine, he ran plump into the old woman and the old man, who were hurrying in to eat him.

"The cake is bewitched," shouted the old woman. "Chase it!" The old woman and man gave a lively chase, but they were clumsy, so the cake outran them easily. It ran and ran, until it came to a crowder and a hen, who cried in amazement, "Where are you going, cake?" and the cake replied—

"Oh, I ran away from a woman and a man,
And I can run away from you, too."

The crowder and the hen, anxious to have the picking of so plump a cake, ran and ran, and ran, but the cake rolled merrily on ahead until it came to three old men, who screamed in astonishment: "Where are you going, cake?" and the cake called back:

"Oh, I ran away from a woman and a man,
A crowder and a hen,
And I can run away from you, too."

The three old men ran hard after, but the cake rolled on ahead until it came to a brookful of washers, washing the sheep. In great wonderment they all bawled: "Where are you going, cake?" and the cake called back:

"Oh, I ran away from a woman and a man,
A crowder and a hen,
And three old men,
And I can run away from you, too."

The washers all gave chase, but the cake outran them all, and rolled merrily on until it came to a barnful of thrashers, thrashing out grain on the big barn floor. They all ran out to see the strange sight and called out in astonishment: "Where are you going, cake?" and the cake called back:

"Oh, I ran away from a woman and a man,
A crowder and a hen,
And three old men,
A brookful of washers,
And I can run away from you, too."

The thrashers ran until they were tired, but the lively cake rolled on until it came to a yard full of hogs, who grunted: "Where are you going, cake?" and the cake called back:

"Oh, I ran away from a woman and a man,
A crowder and a hen,
And three old men,
A brookful of washers,
A barnful of thrashers,
And I can run away from you, too."

The hogs were too fat and too lazy to run after a cake which one hog could swallow at a gulp. So the cake ran on undisturbed, until it came to some hounds and some fox hunters, who were chasing a fox. The hunters called out in wonderment, "Where are you going, cake?" and the cake called back:

"Oh, I ran away from a woman and a man,
A crowder and a hen,
And three old men,
A brookful of washers,
A barnful of thrashers,
A yard full of gruntes,
And I can run away from you, too."

Then the hounds and the hunters joined in full cry, but the cake ran for life and left them far behind. On it rolled, until it came to the wily old fox, hiding in the rocks. The fox asked most politely, "Where are you going, cake?" and the cake called back:

"Oh, I ran away from a woman and a man,
A crowder and a hen,
And three old men,
A brookful of washers,
A barnful of thrashers,
A yard full of gruntes,
The hounds and the hunters,
And I can run away from you, too."

"I, too, am a runaway," said the fox. "Come in and rest awhile with me and we will run together." So the cake, well pleased to find a friend, lay down in a cleft of the rocks, where the wily old fox ate him at his leisure.—Philadelphia Press.

A KNIGHT OF TODAY.

A gallant red-cross knight is Bob,
I'm sure you will agree;
For tho he wears no plume or sword,
His rule is chivalry.

He boldly tries to do the right,
Let others laugh who may;
And red-cross knights braved storm and spear
When conscience led the way.

To ladies and to little girls
He means to be polite;
And gentleness to women folk
Vowed every red-cross knight.

At mealtimes, too, his hands are clean,
His shoes are brushed each day;
And red-cross knights their armor kept
In glittering array.

Just to be manly, plucky, kind,
Is noisy Rob's design;
And this among the red-cross knights
Was chivalry's true sign.

—The Morning Star.

AN INTRUDER.



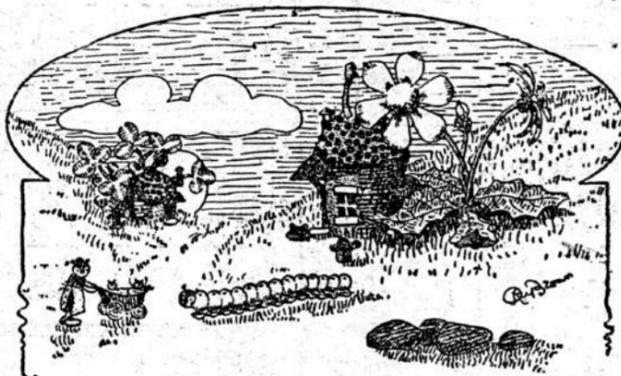
—Cassell's Little Folks.

AFRAID OF A WETTING.

A pretty little trout
Was eager to go out,
But, dearie me! the sky was very black;
So I heard his mother say,
"You may go a little way,
And if it rains, be sure to hurry back."

—Children's Magazine.

DEPRESSING.

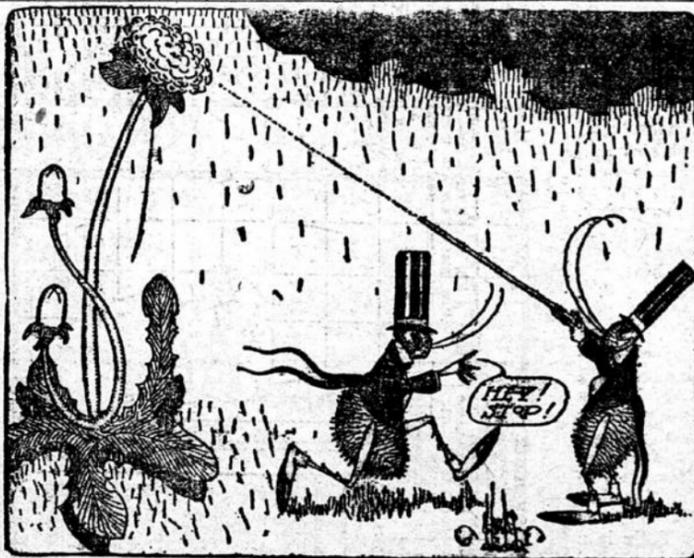


Nursemaid Beetle—You look gloomy, Mr. Caterpillar.
What's wrong?
Mr. Caterpillar—Guess you'd look gloomy if your boots were nearly worn out, and you'd only saved enough for eight or nine pairs!

—Cassell's Little Folks

WELL AGAIN.

'Fore I was sick I never knew
How good things were, but now I do!
To stretch your hands above your head,
And run, and feel the breeze! And bed
Is comf'table when you don't stay
Right in it hours and hours each day.
Now when I'm hungry I can eat;
And all the flowers smell so sweet.
I'm glad I'm well, and it is spring—
I'm glad of every single thing.—Youth's Companion.



There was a bug in our town
To whom all sport was fun,
And so he went a-hunting with
A most enormous gun.

He spied a dandy lion,
And he took a careful aim;
He did not mean to kill the beast,
Because it was real tame.

Alas! he pulled the trigger
And shot the creature dead,
The Bug who owned the ground
ran up
And, full of anger, said:

"The lion is a savage beast,
But the dandy lions not!
Hereafter take my warning, and
Stay far off from my lot."

CAN YOU READ
THIS STORY OF
LITTLE
RED RIDING HOOD?

CHAPTER XVI

R R RIDING HOOD
BY THE SIDE OF THE
WAS A GRAND
GRAND

"Oh, Granny!"

HE SAID, "W"

LARGE &

U O

I RAISE YOU \$10.

4 G U,

M "GRUED"

HE & HE

RAISED UP

2 CAESAR

SOLUTION OF CHAPTER XV.

"Oh, Granny," cried little Red Riding Hood, "what great eyes you have got!"
"All the better to see you with, my dear," said the wolf.
"What great arms you have got!"
"All the better to fold you in."
"What great ears!"
"All the better to hear your sweet voice."
"And what a large nose!"
"All the better to smell."
No wonder the child was frightened.