

IN CHILDHOOD'S REALM.

EDITED BY
MARY W. RICHARDS.

A Thought for the Week.

The Prince of Robbers.

The Prince of Robbers, "By and By,"
Flits to and fro so soft and shy
We scarcely note that he is near,
Or, if we do, he makes no fear.
And if, perchance, his face one sees,
He charms us with his courtly ease.
So deftly round our path he trips,
He makes no bungling, bootless slips.
He plunders in beguiling way,
The richest spoils of every day.
He revels in his crowing crime,
The theft of that fair treasure—Time!
He plucks each minute by the stem
And decks his garment with the gem.
We search in wonder for the hours
To find no longer are they ours.
If, then, his thieving is unchecked,
Run days to years, till life is wrecked.
We scarcely note the precious things
He tucks beneath his thievish wings,
Until we need them, every one,
And then we find our course is run.
Too late to reckon, then, the cost
Of all the precious things we've lost!

Evelyn's Experience.

BY CRESCENCIA EDISON (C. R. C.)
It was after school on a very warm day
In June when Evelyn Blaine entered her
mother's room with a frowning face.
"I have an old arithmetic lesson to do
to-day, and it will take me the whole
afternoon. I shan't be able to play a bit!
Oh, why was arithmetic ever made?" she
exclaimed in indignant tones.
"Mamma, I'm going to the woods for
just half an hour to play."
"But, my dear," said her mother very
gently, "you should prepare your lesson
for to-morrow before you go."
"But, mamma, it will be so late then
that I can't have any fun, and if I go now
I can get my lessons in the evening."
"Very well," assented Mrs. Blaine, "you
may go for half an hour. I'll try you this
once; but if you do not keep your promise,
remember, no woods for you again
this month!"
"Oh, thank you, mamma; I'll surely
remember," cried the delighted child, as
she ran, about the happiest little girl
in all California, and she was soon gayly
skipping along through the fragrant pine
forest.
On and on she went, heeding neither
time nor distance.
After a while it began to grow dark, but
Evelyn was so happy she did not notice
that the sun had almost disappeared.
At last she grew tired and sat down on
a mossy bank to rest.
Then, lulled by the soft breezes and
listening to the mournful cooing of a
dove in a tree near by, the tired little girl
fell fast asleep.
She did not awaken until it was very
very dark. Just think of a little girl all
alone in the midst of a forest on a pitch-
dark night!
Of course she felt greatly frightened,
and began to cry and cry and cry.
Suddenly a step near by and the crack
of a limb startled her. Turning quickly
she beheld by her side a little man just
about four inches high. Strange to say
he was shaped exactly like the figure
nine. He was dressed in green, trimmed
with gold, and wore on his foot a tiny
patent leather boot.
"Why are you crying so bitterly, my
little one?" he asked in the kindest of
tones.
"I'm scared; and it's—it's so dark;
and I'm—I'm far away from home, and I
don't—don't know how to get back," she
sobbed.
"Why, is that all?" laughed he. "Don't
be afraid; I know you quite well. You
are the little girl who doesn't like arith-
metic! The little girl named Evelyn."
"How in the world did you find that
out?" she asked in surprise, "and what
is your name?"
"Never mind how I found it out, but I'll
tell you my name. It is 'Shutsumboo.'"
"See here, my child; it's high time for
you to go to home, so I'll take you with me."
"All right," said Evelyn, eager for ad-
venture. "I'm willing." She tried to
arise, but found she was so stiff from sleep-
ing in the damp air of the night that she
could not move a joint.
"Oh, I can't walk!" she cried.
"Don't mind that. You'll soon forget
all about pain, and, besides, I'll get some
one to carry you!"

A Gloomy Sunday.

May 16
All day the clouds had slowly wrapped
Their folds about the hills;
All day no sun was seen for mist,
The air gave us the chill.
And though 'twas May, the month of warmth,
'Com'rt could but be found

A Thought for the Week.

He took a little silver whistle from his
pocket and blew it three times. The call
was answered from the woods and in a few
moments there appeared before them a
figure-four-shaped donkey, drawing a
figure-one-shaped wagon, in which was
seated another tiny man, for all the world
exactly like the figure three.
Evelyn could scarcely keep from laugh-
ing outright at the comical sight as Shut-
sumboo introduced the newcomer.
"This is Mr. Plus, Edelyn; he will take
charge of you and show you the sights."
Then she was tenderly lifted by unseen
hands into the wagon and was driven
rapidly through the forest.
Pretty soon they reached a small town.
"A crazy little place," Edelyn thought,
for all the streets, houses, people and animals
were shaped like figures.
"Here we are," Plus cried. "Follow me
and I'll ask my wife to give you some
supper and put you to bed. In the morning
I'll show you around the town."
As they neared Plus' house the figure-
shaped poultry and animals in the back
yard set up a terrible outcry. Pretty soon
Edelyn could distinguish words, and
scarcely believing her ears, she heard the
hens cackling, the roosters crowing, the
donkeys braying and the pigs squealing
these words: "Here she comes! Look at
her! Look at her! The little girl who
goes off to play before she studies her
lessons!"
Plus ordered them to be quiet, and
seemed to feel badly that they were so
rude to his guest.
Edelyn felt ashamed, and could scarcely
swallow the figure-shaped food which was
set before her.
After breakfast the next morning Plus
took her to a large plaza, or park, in the
center of which was a great pile of
luscious pears. Around it were a great
many people, all busily engaged in
either adding more pears to it or taking
away from the number.
"What are they doing that for?" asked
Edelyn.
"Well, you see, Miss," answered Plus,
"this is Number Town, and these people
are adding and subtracting."
"Adding and subtracting. What do
you mean?"
"Why, you see, some of the people are
putting on more pears, that's adding; and
the ones who are carrying away the fruit
are subtracting."
"Oh," said the little girl.
They then left the pear market and
went into a large building, which con-
tained only one room.
Down this room, from end to end, stood
a table. On it were hundreds and thou-
sands of pieces of plates and around it
were seated a great many men and women,
who were trying to place the pieces to-
gether to form perfect plates.
"What are they doing that for?" inquired
Edelyn, greatly interested.
Plus, ever agreeable and patient with
his visitor, explained to her that they
were trying to form whole plates out of
parts.
"But how do they know how to find the
right parts?"
"By the shape and size of what they
commence with. If they find one-third
they know they need two-thirds more to
make the whole."
"Oh, I understand now," said she, "bet-
ter than I ever did at school."
Thus they went on all through Number
Town, and Plus did his best to settle the
puzzling problems which had so often wor-
ried the little girl.
Finally she became very hungry, and
they had to return to the house. There,
seated at the dinner table, was jolly
Shutsumboo, and Edelyn related to him
some of her strange experiences.
After the meal was over Shutsumboo
cried, "It's time for you to go home now,"
and picking her up carried her to the top
of a ladder. He then touched an invis-
ible button, which set a bell to ringing at
a great rate. All at once there sailed over
their heads and to the top of the ladder a
magnificent balloon, into which the little
girl was pushed.
It was furnished in grand style, like a
beautiful parlor, and best of all, on the
pretty table was a silver dish of delicious
candies and fruits.
Edelyn ate as much as she could and
then looked out of the windows at the
clouds and treetops. Then becoming tired
she threw herself on a soft couch and was
soon in the land of dreams.
How long she slept she could not tell,
for when she awoke she was lying on the
grass in the forest. It was very dark, but
she did not feel afraid, for bending over
her was her own dear father. His face
looked rather sad and white and he held
a large lantern in one hand. Without a
word he picked her up and carried her
home where her mother was waiting.
After being forgiven for her thought-
lessness, she told her parents about her
trip to Number Land.
They laughed and said it was only a
dream suggested by a guilty conscience,
but Edelyn still believes it was a real ex-
perience. Strange to say, from that night
she has taken a great interest in arith-
metic and always stands very high in that
study. She gives to little Plus all the
credit of the great change and says he ex-

A Little Incident in a Poultry School.

The children in the fourth-reader class were
reciting from the long bench in front of the
room when a knock was heard at the door. A
pupil opened it; a man stepped in and handed
the teacher some bills with the announcement,
"Show to-night at the schoolhouse, half-past
seven."
Outside a large wagon was standing and an-
other man was busy putting up a tent close by
the school building. For the rest of the morn-
ing the excited children could hardly be con-
trolled. Such a thing had never happened be-
fore in the history of the little school district,
situated seven miles from a town.
At the noon recess the boys all gathered
around the little tent and gazed as only coun-
try boys can at the camping outfit and pre-
parations being made for the men's dinner.
They saw a small boy seated in the wagon
looking at them with wide-open eyes.
Such a tiny, little fellow he was, with big
brown eyes, long yellow curls and a big hat
set back on his head. He climbed down as
soon as he got over his shyness, and by the
time school was reopened at noon he joined
the line in a most friendly way and marched
in with the rest. To my question as to what
his name was he put on an air of most en-
gaging frankness and told me he was "Mr. Riley,"
but added hastily: "My real name is Nully
Evans. I can sing 'Mr. Riley' and 'Poverty
Row' and I can dance a jig and hang my head
from a bar."
This last piece of information was delivered
with such an air of pride that I laughed out
at all the recitations. After school he waited for
me to come out, and, slipping his hand into
mine, he went home with me, taking all the
time. He said that he liked the children very
much, because they let him play with them.
Then he added gratefully: "I never play with
children any more since we went on the road.
I play I am an Irishman on the stage, and
sometimes I am a Dutchman."

Then he said: "My mamma is away off, but
my papa takes care of me and curls my hair.
He can make all kinds of curls, 'cept one."
To my inquiry what kind that was he replied:
"The kind you make on the curling-irons. He
can't make them."
That evening the little schoolhouse was well
filled. The performance was of the variety
order, including a magic-lantern exhibi-
tion. But the main attraction to the children
was the dear little yellow-haired Fowlery.
He sang and danced, and was vigorously ap-
plauded by every one. His part of the pro-
gramme soon ended, and after he had finished
singing "Mr. Riley" he came down and sat
to the place where I was sitting, with a dear
little fair-haired girl by my side.
Nolly stood by us a moment and I made
room for him on the seat. In a few minutes I
heard him whisper: "I'll tell you how Shar-
ley eats glass. He puts gum in his mouth
and chews the glass in that." Sharley was



THE MUSIC OF THE MARSH.

When the sun is going down and the stars are at a twinkle,
Oh, Froggie, sing your song in peace—lift up your chorus shrill—
And the droopery of that falls down without a wrinkle.
A quaint and curious chorus in the twilight is a song,
And 'tis then we hear the music of the fair and festive frog.
If we didn't hear your music, Oh, festive, merry frog,
We'd miss you in the Maytime with your tiny pollywog.

BEFESTS ANNUAL

Questions.

By MARY F. REED.
Why will a man who can't write prose
Persist in writing rhyme
Or one whose forte is to amuse
Attempt to be sublime?
Why strive to aid the human race
And yet not help a friend?
Why think to-morrow will be sweet
And wish to-day would end?
Why distant beauties long to view
And see not those near by?
Why stubbornly refuse to walk
Because one cannot fly?
Who ever reached the mountaintop
That did not have to climb?
Who can eternally enjoy
That makes no use of time?
Why weep at all the woes of life
And not laugh at its fun?
Oh! why should I these questions ask
When I can't answer one?

"Ella, you have been playing all
the afternoon with those toy soldiers. That's
not a proper amusement for a big girl
like you," said her mother. "But,
mamma, I am not playing with the sol-
diers. I picked out the officers and
played with them."
"Now, Violet, can you give me any
reason why I should not punish you for
being naughty?" Violet—Yes, ma. Doc-
tor said you weren't to take any violent
exercise.

Rural Teacher—What current event of
great interest can you give me this morn-
ing? Small Girl, eagerly—My ma has just
made twenty tumblers of jolly.



THE LETTER BOX.

FORT BIDWELL, Cal.
Dear Editors: I have not seen any letters
from here. I enjoy reading the Children's
Page, but have never tried to get any of the
puzzles.
I think the Easter stories were very fine, and
I had a pleasant time with them. I should
like to join the C. R. C. Your friend,
ORA SESSIONS.

TARPEY, Fresno County, Cal.
Dear Editors: This is my first letter to THE
CALL. I am 10 years old, and I am in the sev-
enth grade. I enjoy reading THE CALL, es-
pecially the Children's Page. We have taken
your fine paper for several years. A little sis-
ter came to me a year and five months ago.
She came on Christmas day, so won the Chron-
icle cup. I have a brother just two months
old.
My pets are a pony, a cat and two dogs. The
dogs I have named Minnie and Fitzsimmons.
The pony goes out, not long ago on a barbed-
wire fence, but she is getting better now.
On the second day of July last year a party
of ten, including myself, started on a trip to
the Yosemite Valley.
By the fourth we had reached a little valley
where we stopped to celebrate. The place was
called Fish Camp. That night I sat by a camp
fire in the drizzling rain and watched the
fireworks until quite late.
After remaining at this place for two or
three days, until we were quite rested, we
started again on our journey.
Finally we reached the beautiful Yosemite
Valley after dark one night and pitched our
tents.
In the morning we saw around us lovely
scenery, and went to work to make the most
of our time.
We spent a week in this entrancing spot, en-
joying to the fullest extent the great wonders

of nature which are to be found in this
favored valley.
But our vacation could not last always, so
one morning papa and the rest of the men got
the teams ready, and before very long our
merry party was on its way back to take up
the work of life. Your little reader,
THOMAS H. CALWALLADER.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 14, 1897.
Dear Editors: I was so glad you took notice
of the letter I wrote to you. I saw my name
in the pleasant communications and corre-
spondents' column. It encouraged me to
write again to you.
I am in the fifth grade in the Everett Gram-
mar School. My teacher's name is Miss Evans
and I like her very much. So far I have always
been honorably promoted, and I hope to be
this year. I take piano lessons. My brother is
7 years old. His name is Walter and he is in
the second grade.
We are so happy that we are going to the
country to spend our vacation. We are going
to Capitoia and we hope to have a pleasant
time.
One summer we spent our vacation with my
grandma, and she often took us out in the
evening to look for the eggs. We would go to
all the different hiding places—the hayloft
and to the stall where the horses were kept
and to the barn, where the cows were, and at
last to the pigpen. The first visit to the
pigsty my brother asked my grandma "if pigs
laid eggs too?" He was very smart then and
didn't know any better. My grandma laughed
heartily and she never forgets that cute ques-
tion.
Hoping you will think better of this letter,
I remain, your constant reader,
EMMA DULFER.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 17.
Dear Editors: As I have not written for some
time I thought I would write to-day. I have been
sick for two weeks. Would you please tell me
if I am a member of C. R. C.? If I am I shall
send for the badge. I think it is very pretty
and I wish I could get two of them. Last Sun-
day I went out to Stow Lake and spent the
day there. I fed the little ducks out of my
hand. They followed the boat in which I was
all over the lake. Yours truly,
BECKIE LORETTA HEINO (C. R. C.).

BLENHEIM, Cal.
Dear Editors: I received the badge in fine
condition, and I was very glad to get it. I
could hardly wait for the mail to come in. I
shall now tell you about my pet rooster Jim-
my. He was the first chicken that hatched
out of a certain setting of eggs, so we raised



MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW.
[St. Nicholas.]

him in the house. He grew to be a large white
rooster. Then we put him out of doors.
Now every morning at 5 o'clock he comes
and crows by my window to awaken me. He
often fights with our big Newfoundland dog
Nero and chases him away from the dish out
of which he eats.
Jimmy will come and eat out of my hand and
I also jump upon my lap.
Once I had a present of a little bantam
rooster, but he was so small that all the big
roosters went after him. At last one day I
found him dead, and I was very sorry to lose
him.
I hope my letter will be interesting enough
to be published. Your constant reader,
LEZZIE M. WELSH (C. R. C.).

P. S.—I am glad I can put C. R. C. after my
name now.
BLUE CANYON, May 10, 1897.
Dear Editors and Readers: I promised in my
last letter to tell of some little bantam chick-
ens my sisters and I have for pets. First, an
old hen, belonging to a neighbor, stole her
nest away in the brush and finally brought
home six little chicks. As it was rather late
in the fall and very cold our neighbor said if
we thought we could raise the little chicks in
the cold weather we could have them. We
were very much pleased and took them home
with the old hen, which we were to keep until
the little ones grow large enough to care for
themselves. The poor little things had tails
that looked much too large, but they them-
selves did not grow very fast, and mamma
came to the conclusion that they must be ban-
tams. At last we took the old hen home
and the chicks got along very nicely. One ran
away, the old hen stepped on one, and another
got separated from the rest and froze to death.
Then we had three left, two of whom were
roosters and one a little hen. After a while we
had a present of two more, a rooster and a
hen. It is quite interesting to watch the lit-
tle cock chase all the big ones away from the
food. At night he roosts alone up high where
he can look down and keep watch over the
whole coop full. They are very tame and
pretty. Their little eggs are not much larger
than a pigeon's egg. Mamma is going to send
a pair of bantams to our little cousins, who
sometimes write to you from Pejaro. Good-by
for this time, your constant reader,
RETHA WALDAN (C. R. C.).

LOMPOC, Cal.
Dear Editors: I have not written to you for
such a long time, but shall do my best to send
a pleasant letter to-day.
We live in the Lompoc Valley, five miles
from town and one mile from the Santa Ynez
River. I go to school and have most of my
studies in the ninth grade and just a few in
the eighth.
We have three beautiful flower-gardens. I
enjoy living here, and just now the hills are
covered with a mass of wildflowers. The pop-
pies, tiger lilies and dear little Johnny-jump-
ups or wild pansy are my favorites.
Please tell me who the first twelve members
of C. R. C. were. We could have most of our
I hope you had a pleasant time on Mayday.
I went to a picnic and enjoyed myself very
much.
I cannot get my badge until June, as I shall
not have any money until then. Good-by.
From your little reader,
M. ALICE HORN (C. R. C.).

Answers to puzzles of May 16:
I. Word Squares.
C A T
A L E
T E A
A L L
L E A
L A Y
II. Anagrams.
1. Lawyer.
2. Breakfast. [The "a" was omitted.]
3. Old England.
IV. Beholdings.
1. Plot—lot.
2. Box—ox.
3. Feast—east.
4. Fair—air.
V. Diamonds.
G
E R A
G R A C E
A C E
E
S
T H O Y
S H O E S
Y E S

Answers to puzzles of May 16 have been re-
ceived from the following members C. R. C.:
Annie Jones, E. M. Evans, Norene S. Ethel Mc-
Clure 10, Edna Osborn, S. Lezzie M. Welsh, 4,
Robert O. Lincoln 1, Lucy Moeller 8, Grace
Loh 6, Fred Anthes 9, Max Selig 9, Ida Wight-
man 6, Alice Bell 9, Retha Waldan 8, Madeline
Lagomarsino 8.
From non-members, for May 16: Ethel
Banham 1, Charles Singletary 10, E. S. Davis
5, Lizzie Greig 9. For May 9: Ora Ses-
sions 2, Hazel Mangels 9.
The figures after the names represent the
number of puzzles solved.
Word Hunt up to date: Max Selig (C. R. C.)
129 words, Aida L. Benson 165 words, Alice E.
Wilson 200 words.

Correspondents' Column.
Charles Singletary—Send answers to your
contributed puzzles for the convenience of the
editor.
Beckie Heino—You are enrolled as a mem-
ber.
Ethel McClure—Your May question was
selected as the best. It was sent in for pub-
lication, but was crowded out at the last.
Max Selig—Our limited space will not allow
our following out your suggestions with re-
gard to answers.
Edgar Randall—Your address was mislaid.
Please send it to me again.



SEEING HIMSELF AS OTHERS SEE HIM.

VII. Takes a preposition from the ending and
have an inhabitant of the water.
ALICE BELL (C. R. C.)
VIII. Hidden cities.
(a) The girl had a little rocking chair.
(b) The miners were washing tons of ores.
(c) The lion stayed in his den very much
longer than his keeper wanted him
to.
(d) O. M. A. have you out your finger?
(e) Was the wheel in good condition when
you bought it?
Original. RETHA WALDAN (C. R. C.)
VIII. Names of members of C. R. C.
1. Cull me there c.
2. O even man!
3. U. I more yell.
Original. MAX SELIG, C. R. C.

IX. I am a "volume." Change my head and
I am "to behold." Again change my head
and I am "seized." Again and I am one who
prepares food for the table. Again and I am
to fasten. IRVING A. MOORE (C. R. C.)
X. (a) Transpose the letters of a word mean-
ing "pipes" and obtain "appearance." Again
and have form.
(b) Transpose "looks of pleasure" and have
the plural of a linear measure. Again and
have tropical fruits.

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G R A C E
A C E
E
S
T H O Y
S H O E S
Y E S

Answers to puzzles of May 16:
I. Dog.
2. Seal.
3. Rat.
4. Camel.
5. From pleasant.
VIII. Charade.
Brandish.
IX. Hidden Cities.
1. Carson.
2. Victoria.
X. Pictorial Ex-
planation:
1. 4 5
In shad-s d-well
4 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
2. In slight e-lact-ic hare-bell
In shad-ows d-well
The slight elastic harebell.

Exchanges Received.
Harper's Round Table, Youth's Companion
and Golden Days.
Letter-Writers.
Besides letters published, pleasant com-
munications have been received from the follow-
ing:
Irene Maud Conker, Hazel Manuels, Minnie
A. Vellores, Eva M. Boiger (C. R. C.), Emma
Rahn, Ethel McClure (C. R. C.), E. L. A.
(C. R. C.), Ella Morgan, C. E. Anderson
(C. R. C.), Essie Davis, Harriet E. Jackson
(C. R. C.), Willie Crooks (C. R. C.), J. C.
Anthes (C. R. C.), C. Edison (C. R. C.),
Mae Reynolds, Ruby Wieder, Genevieve Page
(C. R. C.), Bell Brown, Annie Elphick, Mamie
M. Kellogg.

Solvers.
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SEEING HIMSELF AS OTHERS SEE HIM.



GOOD NEWS BY WIRE.