

## The Gumdrop Children's Party

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The Gumdrop children's party was a function very fine. It opened in the morning at a quarter after nine. The Sorghies three were present, for they cousins chanced to be, so of course they were invited, and they stayed till after tea. The Candy Bear and Tommy Binkie as guests of honor went. The Gumdrop children asked them as a pleasant compliment to their cousins, Sue and Sammie and Solmie Sorghie, who had happened to be passing the Gumdrop village through. It was a lovely party, with jolly things to eat. All made of powdered sugar—their names I can't repeat.



The children played at tennis and tag and blind man's buff. Then tried a game of forfeits when of romps they'd had enough, and Tom, the first in guessing, was taken unawares. Much mortified at failure, he backed up to a chair. He failed at all to notice that it held a youngster mild. Whom the mishap left a flattened but a smiling Gumdrop child. For the Gumdrop tots are models, as all children ought to be, and try to keep their honored guests from all annoyance free. They said that "flats" were charming, and his victim they admired, although no other Gumdrop child to flattening aspired.

### He Recognized It.

"Now, children," said the school-teacher, "I should like to see how much you remember about the animal kingdom and the domestic animals which belong to it. Now, what are they?"

There were various replies, specifying the cat, the dog, the cow and others, but nobody seemed to think of the pig. Then came Tommy Tradle's turn, and the good natured teacher determined to give him a hint as to the reply she required.

"We've had them nearly all except the pig, Tommy," she prompted. "Can't you tell me what that one is? It has curly hair, is fond of dirt and loves to get in mud. Now, just think. Can't you tell me what it is?"

"Yes, teacher," said Tommy hesitatingly. "It's me."

### Wishes.

They sat around the blazing fire. Ted and Ned and Lou, and popped their corn and cracked their nuts.

And wondered what they'd do if but one wish were granted each. With promise to come true.

Ted said he had ambitions; He would go abroad, And see the world and marry well; Perhaps he'd be a lord, And with the king and queen he'd sit Right cozy at the board.

Ned would like to be a singer, With a wondrous voice; To sing upon the stage, Would be his final choice, And he would charm the whole wide world And make each heart rejoice.

Still until the last one Thoughtfully sat Lou, She pulled a curl and frowned a bit, Uncertain what to do, "I think," she said, "if I do wish I'd wish to make it two."

### A Pile of Liquids.

An interesting experiment consists in piling five fluids or as many of these as you can conveniently get at home on top of one another in the order of their density. It can be made as follows:

First—Take a goblet and in the bottom pour some cold sweet coffee.

Second—Make a cone of paper whose point is turned at a right angle and cut off the extremity so as to leave an aperture no larger than a thick pin. Pour in gently a little cold water through the cone or funnel, impinging it on the side of the glass, and it will take its place on the surface of the coffee. Stop pouring when the height of the column of water equals that of the coffee.

Third—Through a second cone pour a layer of strongly colored wine—port, for instance.

Fourth—Through a third, a layer of salad oil.

Fifth—Through a fourth, a little spirits of wine. Carefully poured in, each of these fluids will float on the one below it and will show brown, white, red, yellow and white respectively.

### Blind.

Bobby was sent by his father on an errand to an elderly relative who placed great stress upon manners. Upon his return his father questioned him as to his reception.

"Tain't no use to write any more letters to him, pa. He can't see to read them. He is blind."

"Blind?"

"Yes. He asked me twice where my hat was, and I had it on my head all the time!"—Youth.

## A SONG WITHOUT WORDS

"Father," said Betty, "please don't hurry home. It is not a bit late yet nor dark, and I want to see Flossy and Clover coming up from the meadow. This is such a comfortable stile. Do lean on it."

Betty's father looked out across the meadow and the brook into the shining silver sky and then down at his little girl.

"It is a delightful stile, Betty, and very tempting, but somehow I have never liked looking over at the Red House since the widow came there."

"Father, I thought the Red House was empty."

"Did you, dear? No. The widow lives there alone now. At least she has her children to comfort her, but they are very young, and she is sad, Betty."

"How many children has she, father?"

"Five, I think. I have an idea that one met with a violent death just after its poor father, but I have not asked her. I did not like to speak to her about it, although sometimes I have had the audacity to peep between the chinks of her curtain and see the little heads clustering round her."

Betty was making a slow calculation in her own mind.

"Five? That's like us, father. May we get to know the children? Even if they are very, very sad about their father, they might like to have us to tea."

"Yes, dear, but it must be the other way round. They must have tea with you, for they are very poor, and I don't think my little daughters would appreciate their teas. Their father worked hard and was very provident, and often and often I have watched him going home after nightfall laden with food for his wife and little ones. But now it is so different! The little widow works night and day and denies herself even the necessities of life, but it is a hard thing for her, Betty, to satisfy and tend and nurse her growing family."

Betty's blue eyes were soft and misty with tears.

"Oh, father, how terrible it sounds! Do let us help them, the poor widow and her little children. I will give them some of my breakfast every day and my tea. Poor, poor widow!"

"You must not imagine she is discontented because she is sad, Betty. She is a brave little soul, and I have heard her singing to her little ones when I am sure her heart was very heavy. I was glad to hear her, because it made me think that she was getting over her loss."

"How did her husband die, father?"

"He died a violent death."

Betty looked round fearfully and then grasped her father's hand.

"Murdered! Oh, father, how horrible! Surely it can't be true! Nurse would have told us. She always tells us horrors when she is doing our hair."

"All the same, it is true, Betty, although nurse may not have heard it. He was shot down on his way home as he was traveling slowly in the cool of the evening. The poor little wife was looking out for him, and she saw it all. The cruel gun, the ambushed enemy, the brave effort he made to get home, the struggle, the fall and then—the end! Betty, I shall never forget the pitifulness of it—the cries of the desolate wife, the clamor of the children. I was over the stile—this stile—in a moment, and I carried him home and laid him out stiffly on the seat under the yew tree. I meant to bury him in the early morning, but when I came again he was gone."

"Father," interrupted Betty, "you are making it up. I know you wouldn't talk to me like that about any real murder. Oh, father, is it really and truly true?"

"Yes, it is quite true."

"Oh, I know what you mean," said Betty, with flushed cheeks. "It is true in a way, but not as I mean. It is not a man at all; just an animal, or a bird, or a fish, or something of that kind. It is the little brown wren that Cyril shot the first day of the holidays."

"Well, Betty?"

"I know you were sorry, father, although you did not say anything."

"And what was the good of saying anything, I should like to know, when Cyril was back in his own room, peering through his air gun to see how many more murders he could commit with impunity?"

"He didn't mean it to be a murder, father. Tell me more about her."

"About the little brown wren?"

"Yes, call her the widow, father. It sounds so much more sad."

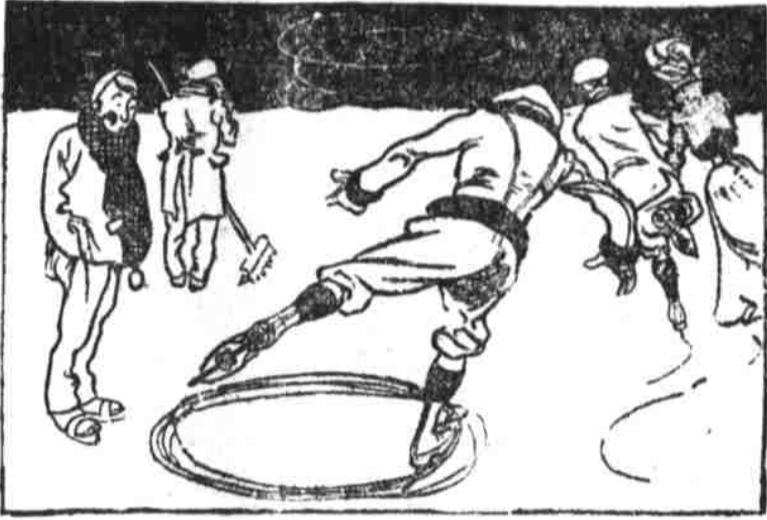
"Well, the widow was just what I told you Betty, first as patient and brave and tender hearted, and if you care to wander over the stile and climb to the first branch of the ash tree, you can peep between the chinks of her curtain and watch her snuggling her babies and stuzzing her song about words."

"Cyril never thought of it like that, father," said Betty. "He just likes a target to shoot at. If I tell him the story of the wren, father, and call her the widow, as you do, I don't believe he will ever shoot at the birds again. Cyril has a very kind heart, really."

"Well, you can try, Betty," said her father.

"Not pot at the wrens, Betty," said Cyril when she told him "Oh, of course not if father would rather I didn't. It does seem rather beastly if you look at it from the wren's point of view. And they do make a horrid noise. But I must have a target of some kind, so you might fix me up a bottle over the gate. I assure you I would much rather have a bottle."—C. R. Glasgow.

## HIS FEAT AND THE RESULT.



## HER KINDLY ASSURANCE.



He: "I don't take any interest in these investigations as to whether monkeys talk."

She: "I don't see why you should. I don't believe a monkey would be able to tell you anything that you couldn't have thought of for yourself."

## The Pen and the Inkstand

### A Fairy Tale

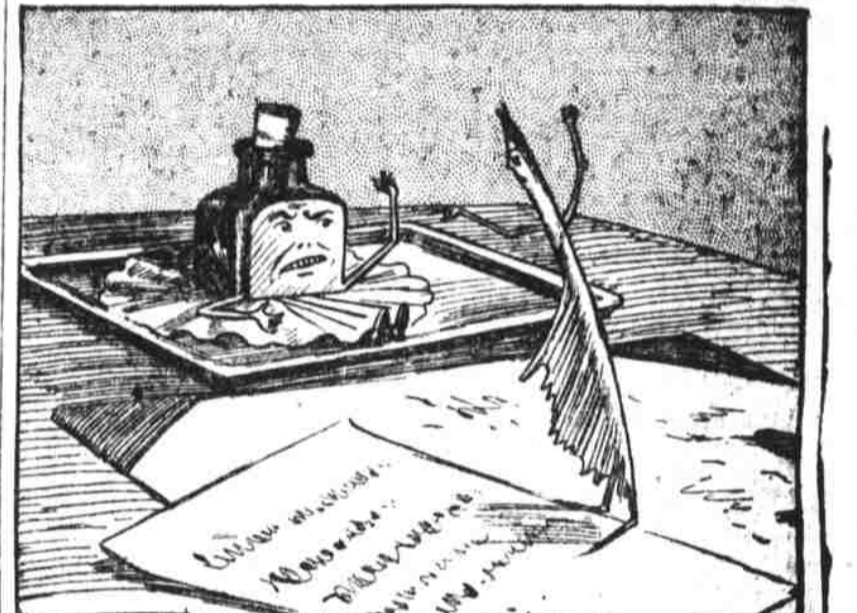
By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

IN a poet's room, where his inkstand stood on the table, the remark was once made: "It is wonderful what can be brought out of an inkstand. What will come next? It is indeed wonderful."

"Yes, certainly," said the inkstand to the pen and to the other articles that stood on the table; "that's what I always say. It is wonderful and extraordinary what a number of things come out of me. It's quite incredible, and I really don't know what is coming next when that man dips his pen into me. One drop out of me is enough for half a page of paper. And what cannot half a page contain? From me all the works of the poet are produced—all those imaginary characters whom people fancy they have known or met, all the deep feeling, the humor and the vivid pictures of nature. I myself don't understand how it is, for I am not acquainted with nature, but it is certainly in me. From me have gone forth to the world those wonderful descriptions of troops of charming maidens and of brave knights on prancing steeds, of the half and the blind, and I know not what more, for I assure you I never think of these things."

"There you are right," said the pen, "for you don't think at all. If you did you would see that you can only pro-

times sounded like tinkling water drops or rolling pearls, sometimes like the birds twittering in chorus, and then rising and swelling in sound like the wind through the fir trees. The poet felt as if his own heart were weeping, but in tones of melody like the sound of a woman's voice. It seemed not only the strings, but every part of the instrument, from which these sounds were produced. It was a wonderful performance and a difficult piece, and yet the bow seemed to glide across the strings so easily that it was as if any one could do it who tried. Even the violin and the bow appeared to perform independently of their master who guided them. It was as if soul and spirit had been breathed into the instrument, so the audience forgot the performer in the beautiful sounds he produced. Not so the poet. He remembered him and named him and wrote down his thoughts on the subject. "How foolish it would be for the violin and the bow to boast of their performance, and yet we men often commit that folly. The poet, the artist, the man of science in his laboratory, the general—we all do it, and yet we are only the instruments which the Almighty uses. To him alone the honor is due. We have nothing of ourselves of which we should be proud."



"INKPOT" EXCLAIMED THE PEN CONTEMPTUOUSLY.

vide the means. You give the fluid that I may place upon the paper what dwells in me and what I wish to bring to light. It is the pen that writes. No man doubts that, and indeed most people understand as much about poetry as an old inkstand."

"You have had very little experience," replied the inkstand. "You have hardly been in service a week and are already half worn out. Do you imagine you are a poet? You are only a servant, and before you came I had many like you, some of the goose family and others of English manufacture. I know a quill pen as well as I know a steel one. I have had both sorts in my service, and I shall have many more when he comes, the man who performs the mechanical part and writes down what he obtains from me. I should like to know what will be the next thing he gets out of me."

"Inkpot!" exclaimed the pen contemptuously.

Late in the evening the poet came home. He had been to a concert and had been quite enchanted with the admirable performance of a famous violin player whom he had heard there. The performer had produced from his instrument a richness of tone that some-

Yes, this is what the poet wrote down. He wrote it in the form of a parable and called it "The Master and the Instruments."

"That is what you have got, madam," said the pen to the inkstand when the two were alone again. "Did you hear him read aloud what I had written?"

"Yes, what I gave you to write," retorted the inkstand. "That was a cue at you because of your conceit. To think that you could not understand that you were being quizzed! I gave you a cue from within me. Surely I must know my own satire!"

"Ink pitcher!" cried the pen.

"Writing stick!" retorted the inkstand. And each of them felt satisfied that he had given a good answer. It is pleasing to be convinced that you have settled a matter by your reply. It is something to make you sleep well, and they both slept well upon it. But the poet did not sleep. Thoughts rose up within him like the tones of the violin, falling like pearls or rushing like the strong wind through the forest. He understood his own heart in these thoughts. They were as a ray from the mind of the Great Master of all things.

"To him be all the honor."

### Bobby's New Shoes.

Master Bobby, whose shoes were getting shabby, was taken by his mamma to a shoe store to get a new pair. The clerk who waited upon them removed the old shoe from Bobby's right foot and proceeded to try on shoes until finally he found one that suited. Bobby's left foot was entirely neglected by the shoe clerk.

As they were leaving the store Bobby suddenly burst out crying.

"Why, Bobby, what is the matter with you?" asked his mother in astonishment.

"I want two new shoes," sobbed Bobby.

It was only by opening the box that he was convinced that two new shoes, one for each foot, had been purchased.

### Babyland.

"How many miles to Babyland?"  
"Any one can tell; I'm one night's ride."  
"To the right, please to ring the bell."  
"What can you see in Babyland?"  
"Little folks in white—Downy heads, Cradle beds, Faces pure and bright."  
"What do they do in Babyland?"  
"Dream and wail and play, Laugh and crow, Scream and growl; Jolly times have they!"  
"What do they say in Babyland?"  
"Why, the oddest things; Might as well try to tell What a birdie sings."  
"Who is the queen of Babyland?"  
"Mother, kind and sweet, And her love, Born above, Guides the little feet."  
—Washington Star.

### A Joke on Ethel Roosevelt.

Little Miss Ethel Roosevelt almost lost her new turquoise ring and nearly got a fat guinea pig in exchange for it when she attended a matinee performance in Washington recently of Keller, the magician, with the president, Mrs. Roosevelt, Archie, Kermit and Quentin.

When Keller asked for half a dozen rings from the audience, Miss Ethel handed up one of hers. The magician stuffed all into the barrel of a pistol but Ethel's, which he smashed with a hammer.

The bits were then rammed into the muzzle of the pistol, which was pointed at a big box and fired. When the box was opened, a half dozen roses were found, to which half a dozen rings were tied with ribbons.

Keller then went among the audience distributing the rings—all but Miss Ethel's. He saw Miss Ethel looking at him in an injured way.

"I've lost the ring," he told her. "But just for fun I'll look in this bottle."

He cracked the bottle, and out jumped a white guinea pig with Ethel's ring tied to a blue ribbon around its neck.

"Want to keep it for a pet?" asked the magician. "I'll wrap it up."

He wrapped the little pig in paper and then handed it to Ethel.

Instead of finding the guinea pig Ethel found a bouquet of pink roses, with the ring in one of them.

### Chromette.

"Mamma told papa he looked nice this morning," said small Freddie to his little playfellow Harry. "Wasn't that funny?"

"Hub," was the reply, "that isn't anything. Mamma said our new girl was awful green."—Little Chronicle.