

Our Children's Page

The three little Macys at the Zoo



BY HELENA DAVIS.

Mr. and Mrs. Macy took their three little ones, Mabel, Artie and Leonie, to the zoo one beautiful bright winter day. It was more pleasant to study the animals at this season of the year they thought than when the weather was hot and the poor beasts so uncomfortable in their small dens.

For two hours the children kept close to their parents as they wandered about the big grounds looking into the cages with deep interest and paying close attention to their papa's little explanatory talks about the animals, birds and reptiles. There were the old lion and the fierce lioness that walked ceaselessly to and fro before the iron bars which held them such royal Bengal tiger so magnificently striped, and the graceful leopard, whose silken coat was so artistically "poka-dotted," as little Leonie declared. And most interesting of all—because so amusing—were the monkeys; those fellows who resembled for all the world the comic pictures of humorous Irishmen.

Then came luncheon at the zoo restaurant, where papa said the money he paid for refreshments outweighed the food they got. But it was a gala day, and he only laughed over the unfair exchange, the trickery of his fellows.

Then they set out again to continue their sightseeing, heading direct for the bearhouse. On their way they passed the camel lot and Artie, who was making a study of Africa in school this term, stopped to get some sketches of those most interesting beasts of the Sahara Desert. "Say, papa," he cried, "you and mamma go on I'll follow in a few minutes. See that great old camel over there? I want to get a good look at him. Just notice those immense horns on his knees."

"He'd better pay a visit to the chiroprapist," smiled Mabel, lifting her eye-

lasses stuff," said Mabel, turning up her nose at thought of the popcorn balls. "But I'll go with you to prevent your getting lost." But just as they were approaching the boy, who was still enjoying the sweet and the prairie dogs at the same time there came running from the top of the hill two little girls, who proved to be chums of Mabel's. "Why Annie and Stell!" cried Mabel, stopping to greet her little comrades. Then, as the conversation grew animated, Leonie became impatient, for she saw the boy with the coveted popcorn turning away from the prairie dog house. In another minute he would be gone, and she might hunt in vain for the place where he had bought the dainty confection. "Sister," she said, shaking Mabel's arm, "I'll go and ask the boy where he got the goody. You stay here and wait for me. I won't be a minute."

Mabel, glad to be so easily rid of the task, gave her consent and told Leonie to come to the aviary, just round the bend in the path, where she would be with Annie and Stell.

Little Leonie, clutching tightly her dime, ran to the boy and asked: "Will you please, mister, tell me where you bought your popcorn? I want to get 10 cents' worth of the same kind." And she opened her palms and displayed her money proudly.

The boy's eyes took in the coin at a glance, and a genial expression came over his face. "So, youse wants some good, sweetie popcorn, do youse, little goil?" he asked in a low tone, cautiously glancing round, to see that no one should overhear the conversation.

"Well, now, lookie here—I've a business what sells this pertickler kind of corn, but he's gone on over the hill yander with his goods. But ef youse wants, youse is a foinie little goil, and I'll be tickled to oblige you. Come, little one, give me your money quick, so's I can ketch up with my fren' before he gits out o'sight."

Without a doubt of the big boy's the food they got. But it was a gala look at him. Just notice those immense

in its stead, she stepped boldly up to the boy and said:

"Where is the popcorn, please mister?"

The boy looked at her as if in blank amazement. Pretending to not understand her, he said: "What did you say, little goil? Are youse lost in the park?" Leonie shook her head in reply to his last question; then repeated her own: "Where is the popcorn, mister?"

"What youse givin' me, child?" asked the boy, frowning at her. "Now, youse trot 'bout yer bizness and don't talk foolish-like to me. I never seen your popcorn."

"Then give me back my money," demanded Leonie, her lips quivering with suppressed emotion. She felt now that the boy was a rascal, and that he had betrayed the trust she had placed in him.

"I want my dime," she insisted, walking close beside him, and not noticing that he had turned from the main path.

"Now, come off, sis," said the boy angrily, scowling at her in a way that caused her fear. "If youse wants a dime youse has come to the wrong pursin to git it. Run home to mommer, or I'll call that big policeman and tell him youse are lost. He'll carry youse to prison, so will. Now, tata, so long." And the young villain waved his hand to Leonie and walked off down the path with a leisurely step, whistling "Mr. Dooley."

Poor Leonie, she stood perfectly still for a minute, watching the retreating figure with eyes full of gathering tears. Her money was gone and nothing to show for it, and she had so wanted the molasses popcorn balls, too. Slowly she turned round to return by the path which had brought her thither, but to her dismay she found herself in a strange place. She looked about for the familiar hill she had descended, but evergreen trees cut off the view, and in vain she tried to locate its direction. "Well," she soliloquized, "I guess this path I am on will lead me back to the zoo if I turn round and walk towards the way my back is now turned." So, she acted on this plan, and soon came to a little footbridge that crossed a frozen stream. Here she stopped, her heart beating with fear and a lump coming into her throat. She was lost. "Oh, oh," she sobbed, covering her streaming eyes with her little trembling hands. "Oh, oh, I am lost from mamma and pa-pa. I am lost!"

Just at this minute a good lady was coming across the footbridge and heard Leonie's cry. Going to her, she put her hand gently on the child's head and said: "Come, tell me all about who you are and where you live. I will take you home, never fear."

Then looking up in the lady's face, Leonie told her pitiful story, and explained that her papa and mamma were waiting for her at the bearhouse, but that she didn't know how to find the place.

"Why, dearie, the bearhouse is just above our heads. All we have to do is to go up those steps, turn to our right and there it is. You have doubtless come over the hill and circled it, coming back by unfamiliar path," laughed the good lady, taking Leonie's hand and leading her directly to the spot where she had left her mamma and papa.

There sat her mother, on the same bench, waiting for her children, but papa was gone. Running to her mamma Leonie threw herself into her arms and poured out her woes, explaining that the good lady had found her and brought her back to her loved ones. "But where is papa?" asked Leonie, basing her.

"Why, papa went to fetch you and Mabel," answered her mamma. "Where is your sister, dear?"

"Oh, I forgot about her!" Leonie exclaimed. "She's at the—the what you call it?—the place where the birds live, you know."

"The aviary," said mamma. . . . But just then here came Mabel, running wildly down upon them, crying out: "Oh, mamma, I've lost Leonie! She went to ask about the popcorn—"

"Here I am, sister," said Leonie, rising from her seat beside her mother. Where she had been sitting she could not be seen by anyone coming down the hill. "Mercy on us!" exclaimed Mabel, pausing and drawing a breath of relief. "I was never so frightened. I thought that boy might have carried you to hold you for a ransom."

"No, he didn't carry me off," said Leonie. "He carried off my pretty silver dime, though," she added sadly.

"Ah, here's papa," said Leonie, running to meet her father. Then, as soon as Mabel and Leonie explained the prolonged absence of Leonie, and separate Mr. Macy turned to his wife and said: "Now, dear, I'll go in search of that son of ours, and when we get them all together again we'll start for home immediately, for of all places in the world where children—and parents, too—may get lost it seems to be this zoo."

"Yes, I guess we should all be caged," spoke a laughing voice behind Mr. Macy, and turning he saw Artie, with a handful of sketches, looking up at him.

"All together once more!" declared papa. "Now, forward, march! It will be dinner time when we reach home."

Then, once in the street car, the family gave attention to little Leonie's story of the boy's mean theft of her popcorn money, which she told with much feeling. "What made me feel the worst was that I trusted him," she said at the finish of the narrative. "And I hate to be deceived."

"Those are the hardest lessons in the world to learn, little daughter," said papa, sympathetically. "And you'll have to be on the watch throughout your life for just such occurrences as this popcorn matter."

"Well, said from little sis' unpleasant experience," said Artie. "I vote we had a jolly time today. I got my camel all O. K., corns and humps complete." Then with gay laughter and merry jokes the Macys rode on homeward,

his hands an imaginary bag as his head. My fren' does the right 'ting by me." Then he was off at a bound over the top of the hill, on the other side of which Leonie saw in her mind the "fren," with a huge basket of molasses popcorn balls.

For several minutes the little girl waited, trying to get interested in the funny little dogs that made their houses in the piles of dirt put in their pens for the purpose. But as the time went by and the boy did not return Leonie became anxious and decided to go to the top of the hill and look over and see if he were coming. But first she ran round a clump of trees that had cut off her view of the bench where her parents were seated, and that they were still there, waiting for her and Mabel. So, hurrying up the path toward the top of the hill, Leonie soon found herself on the summit looking over into a thickly wooded park below. As the boy was nowhere in sight, she ventured to descend a few paces, in the hope of meeting him. Then she stood still a little while, watching the throng of comers and goers through the paths leading about the park. At last she spied the cap of the boy she was in quest of—there it went, moving about in the crowds. Leonie, not thinking for a moment that she was doing wrong, ran after the boy, the top of whose head she kept in view. He was heading for the skating pond that stretched at the bottom of the hill. All out of breath, Leonie caught up with the wearer of the queer cap she had recognized, and catching a glimpse of to whom she saw she was not mistaken, for the wearer was the boy to whom she had entrusted her dime. Determined to have her money returned or a bag of molasses popcorn balls

Valentines

Such As Johnny Wants to Make.

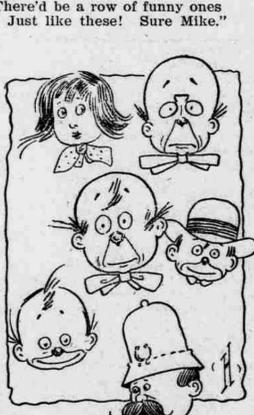
"If I could make a valentine To fit my teacher dear, It would look a bit like This old one you see here.



"If I could make a valentine To fit dear Sally Lee, It would be a cracker-jack, A beauty for to seee.



"If I could make a valentine For each one I don't like, There'd be a row of funny ones Just like these! Sure Mike."



feeling that the day in the zoo had been marked by many pleasant features.

Happy Pastime.

It's lots of fun to skate, you know; And fun to coast down hill. It's fun to play at snowball, too, And build snow forts until Jack Frost does nip your nose and mitts, And give your toes particular fits.

But greater fun it is to sit Around the fire bright, A-listening to some thrilling tale Your grandpa tells at night. For no one in this world below Does know such tales as he does know.

When he was young such times they had— Not like the present days— All things were good and none were bad— At least, so Grandpa says. And Grandpa surely ought to know, For he has watched this new time grow.

He tells of jolly "huskin' bees," And "spillin' schools" also; Of "singin' schools" and "quiltin' bees," Where everybody'd go. And when he talks it's well worth while To note the joy of Grandpa's smile.

And so I say the greatest fun Is round the fire bright, A-listing to dear Grandpa's tales Told on a winter's night.

MAUD WALKER.

Occasionally the world blazes with genius—but the flickers are innumerable.

Thrift and stinginess are similar, but oh, how different.

A St. Valentine's Party.

If several girls that move in the same social set desire to give a St. Valentine's party at a small outlay to each it is a good plan to join their forces and funds together and give the entertainment at the home of one of the girls. The home affording the largest drawing-room and dining-room should be chosen as the place of merriment, for young folks delight in plenty of room to move about in. Let the young hostesses get together and arrange their plans fully, counting the cost of everything before definite arrangements are made. Then no cause for dispute or misunderstanding can later arise.

The luncheon might be left to the management of one girl, the invitations and decorations to another and the program to a third. In this way much can be done quickly and thoroughly without the muddle that so often comes of "too many fingers in one pie and none to mix the porridge."

In the drawing-room where the party is to be given the floor should be canvassed as for dancing. Cover the lamp or glass globes with shades made from comic valentines. Comic masks hung about the walls and Chinese lanterns from the ceilings add to the uniqueness of decoration.

When the guests enter the parlor the girls may be presented with small

cake, also in the form of a heart and pierced with a gilt arrow, should hold the place of honor. The cutting of this cake is awaited with great anticipation, for each guest in turn must cut for himself or herself a slice, and each will do so with the hope of securing one of the two hidden treasures that are concealed within it. These treasures are a small gold ring, emblem of true love and happy marriage, and a silver dime, emblem of great riches. So good luck to the two guests who so cut the cake as to secure these much-coveted articles.

After the repeat St. Valentine holds on high the loving cup as all rise to drink the toast to the hostesses who have so graciously given them. "Yes right good cheer."

O-CONNOR DEAD.

Died at Palm Beach.—Had Been Actively Identified With Building of Southern Railroads.

Oswega, N. Y., Feb. 10.—The news was received here of the death at Palm Beach, Fla., of John O'Connor, a wealthy contractor of this city and Pittsburg, who had been actively identified with the building of several Southern railroads.



WHAT IS BROMONIA?

Read the following carefully: If you have consumption or some of the contagious forms of blood poisoning we cannot cure you. We don't pre-fer to cure you. You need the individual treatment of some skilled specialist; but if you are run down in general health, if you have dyspepsia, are subject to fainting spells, a victim to insomnia, biliousness, kidney or liver trouble, catch cold easily, if your system is in that condition that you may become an easy prey to the disease germs of pneumonia, la grippe and the various epidemics, if you are bothered with constant headache, loss of memory, generally impaired vitality, we can help you, and, if you follow our directions, render you immune against sickness. Most skin disease can be cured by the use of "Bromonia."

"Bromonia" is to the human system what the scrubbing brush and soap are to the dirty washbowl. It aids Nature to resume normal action. It increases the strength, the fighting ability of the phagocytes of the blood; it promotes the healthy flow of the salivary and gastric secretions. If your stomach is in good condition, you are well. The Chinese are a wise people. They accost each other with, "How is your stomach?"

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SEABOARD.

Air Line Railway. Direct Line to Principal Cities, North, East South and Southwest Schedule Effective Jan. 7th 1906.

Trains Leave Charlotte as Follow. No. 40, daily, at 5.01 a. m. for Monroe, Hamlet and Wilmington, connects at Monroe for Atlanta and points South, at Hamlet for Raleigh, Norfolk, Richmond, Washington, New York and all points north and east for Columbia, Savannah and Florida points.

No. 132, daily, at 10.10 a. m. for Lenoir, Shelby and Rutherfordton, connects at Lincolnton with C. & N. W. No. 132, daily, at 7.15 p. m. for Monroe, connects at Atlanta, Birmingham, Raleigh, Norfolk, Richmond, Washington, New York, and all points North and East, at Hamlet for Columbia, Savannah and Florida points. Pullman Sleepers, Pullman drawing room sleeping cars Charlotte to Portsmouth, Norfolk.

No. 5 local freight, daily except Sunday with coach attached at 9.00 a. m. for Monroe.

Trains Arrive at Charlotte as Follows: No. 133 at 10.00 a. m. from points North and South. No. 132 at 7.05 a. m. from Rutherfordton, Shelby and Lincolnton. No. 39 at 10.45 p. m. from Wilmington, Hamlet and Norfolk, also from points North and South.

Connections are made at Monroe with all through trains for points North and South, which are composed of Vestal-Day Coaches, Pullman drawing room sleepers and dining cars between Atlanta through Richmond and Washington to New York.

For rates, time tables, reservations apply to ticket agents or

JAMES KER, C. P. & Co., Charlotte, N. C.

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY

In Effect Jan. 25th, 1906.

This condensed schedule is published for information and subject to change without notice. For full schedule apply to ticket agents.

4.00 a. m., No. 8, daily for Richmond and local points, connects at Greensboro for Winston-Salem, Raleigh, Goldsboro, New Bern and Morehead City, at Danville for Norfolk.

6.05 a. m., No. 27 daily for Rock Hill, Chester, Columbia and local stations.

7.10 a. m., No. 16 daily except Sunday for Statesville, Taylorsville and local points; connects at Mooresville for Winston-Salem and at Statesville for Hickory, Lenoir, Blowing Rock, Asheville and points west.

7.15 a. m., No. 39 daily, New York and Florida Express for Rock Hill, Chester, Winnsboro, Columbia, Savannah, Jacksonville and Augusta. First class day coach Washington to Jacksonville. Dining car service.

8.35 a. m., No. 33, daily, New York and Florida Express for Rock Hill, Chester, Winnsboro, Columbia, Savannah, Jacksonville and Augusta. First class day coach Washington to Jacksonville. Dining car service.

9.25 a. m., No. 36 daily, U. S. Fast Mail for Washington and all points north. Pullman drawing room sleepers to New York and Richmond, day coaches New Orleans to Washington; dining car service. Connects at Greensboro for Winston-Salem, Raleigh and Goldsboro.

9.30 a. m., No. 37, daily, Washington and Southwest Limited, Pullman drawing room sleepers, New York to New Orleans and Birmingham; Pullman observation car New York to Macon; dining car service; solid Pullman train.

10.05 a. m., No. 30 daily, for Washington and all points north. Pullman sleepers to New York; first-class coach to Washington; dining car service. Connects at Greensboro for Richmond, Va. Dining car service.

6.00 p. m., No. 25 daily except Sunday, freight and passenger, for Chester, S. C. and local points.

7.00 p. m., No. 12 daily for Richmond and local stations, connects at Greensboro for Goldsboro, Pullman sleeper Greensboro to Charlotte, Charlotte to Richmond, and Charlotte to Norfolk.

7.15 p. m., No. 24 daily, except Sunday for Statesville and local stations; connects at Statesville for Asheville, Knoxville, Chattanooga and Memphis.

8.18 p. m., No. 38 daily, Washington and Southwest Limited for Washington and all points north. Pullman sleepers and Pullman observation car to New York. Dining car service. Solid Pullman train.

10.33 p. m., No. 34 daily, New York and Florida Express for Washington and points north. Pullman sleepers from Jacksonville and Charlotte to New York. First-class day coaches from Jacksonville to Washington.

9.50 p. m., No. 29 daily, Washington and Florida Limited for Columbia, Augusta, Charleston, Savannah, Jacksonville, Pullman drawing room sleepers to Jacksonville. First-class day coaches Washington to Jacksonville.

10.10 p. m., No. 40, daily, for Washington and points north. Pullman sleepers to Washington. First-class day coach Atlanta to Washington.

10.20 p. m., No. 35, daily, U. S. Fast Mail for Atlanta and points South and Southwest. Pullman drawing room sleepers to Mobile and Birmingham sleepers to New Orleans and Birmingham. Day coaches Washington to New Orleans. Dining car service.

Baggage called for and checked from hotels and residences by Wadsworth Transfer Co., on orders left at C. T. O. H. S. SPENCER, Gen. Mgr. R. H. HARDWICK, P. T. M., W. H. TAYLOR, Stationer, Washington, D. C. R. L. VERNON, T. P. A., T. J. WITHERSPOON, C. T. A., 11 S. Tryon St., Charlotte, N. C.

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