

OUR YOUNG FOLKS PAGE

Where The Great Red Owl Lived.

BY EVERETT McNEIL.

Near a great wood there once lived a father and mother who had one child, a little boy by the name of Wilson. One day, when Wilson was but a very naughty child, the father said to him—“Wilson, if you are not a better boy I shall have to take you to the Great Hollow Tree Where the Great Red Owl Lives.”

Now, the father had a beautiful china dish which had been given to him by his mother, who received it with him from China, and he valued this dish above all his treasures.

Wilson had been forbidden to touch the china dish, but one day, when his father was out and his mother was not looking, he climbed up to the castle whereon sat the dish and picked it up to see what was in it; but just as his hands touched the dish his foot slipped and he fell, and the treasure was broken into a hundred fragments.

“That night the father said—“Wife, there is nothing else to be done; the boy must learn to obey. Wilson, put on your little red cap and lead your mother good-by. I am going to take you to the Great Hollow Tree Where the Great Red Owl Lives.”

Then the father took Wilson by the hand and led him past the Huge Black Rock and the Crooked White Brook and the Big Red Oak, and came to a tree more mighty than any of the others. When they were close to this tree a queer gruff voice called—“Who! Who! Who!”

“What was that father?” Wilson asked.

“That was the Great Red Owl,” the father answered.

“Who! Who! Who!” again called the queer gruff voice.

“It is Naughty Wilson, Naughty Wilson,” the father answered. “I have brought him to thee.”

Then a door opened in the side of the hollow tree, the father thrust Wilson in through the opening, and the door swung shut.

At first all was dark, but on looking up Wilson saw what he took to be two bright lights shining high above his head.

“Who! Who! Who!” came the queer gruff voice from the direction of the shining lights.

Wilson now saw that the lights were slowly coming nearer and growing brighter. Presently it became so light that he could see a red ladder leaning up toward the top of the hollow in the tree, and the lights seemed to be coming down this ladder nearer and nearer came the two bright

lights, louder and louder sounded the gruff “Who! Who! Who!” of the queer voice, and then, with a hop and the fatter of wings, the Great Red Owl swung himself down the ladder and stood before Wilson. The bright lights were his two round eyes.

“Who! Who! Who!” said the Great Red Owl, linking with both eyes at Wilson and nodding his head slowly. Then, suddenly extending one of his huge claws toward Wilson, he said—“Shake hands, Naughty Wilson.”

Wilson held out his hand. The owl gripped it tightly and began slowly to draw the hand toward him until it was directly under his beak. Then he made a quick peck at the back of the hand.

Wilson screamed with fright.

“Who! Who! Who!” said the great owl.

“Naughty Wilson has the mark of the Great Red Owl on his hand. Who! Who! Who! And he began to hop slowly up the ladder, and soon Wilson was again alone in the darkness at the bottom of the hollow tree.

“Who! Who! Who!” called the Great Red Owl from the top of the long red ladder. Then Wilson heard something come scurrying swiftly down the ladder, and felt a furry little animal climb up his leg, over his waist and up on his shoulder.

“I will be good! I will be good! Oh, Mr. Red Owl, I will be good!” he cried in a great fright.

“Who!” said the Great Red Owl.

Then the furry little thing shouted close in Wilson's ear, “Naughty Wilson! Naughty Wilson!” and scurried off his shoulder, across his waist, down his leg and up the ladder.

“Who! Who! Who!” called the Great Red Owl, sitting at the top of the long red ladder.

Then, hurrying down the ladder came a little animal with a long, bushy tail, and climbed up Wilson's leg, over his waist, and up on his shoulder, and two strong paws seized Wilson's hair and began to pull hard and harder.

“I will be good! I will be good! Oh, Mr. Red Owl, I will be good!” Wilson shouted.

“Who!” said the Great Red Owl.

Then the animal with a long bushy tail climbed close in Wilson's ear, “Naughty Wilson! Naughty Wilson!” and hurried off his shoulder, across his waist, down his leg and up the ladder.

“Who! Who! Who!” called the Great Red Owl, sitting at the top of the long red ladder.

Then down the ladder came a huge, shaggy,

long haired animal and reared himself on his hind legs in front of Wilson.

“I will be good! I will be good! Oh, Mr. Great Red Owl, I will be good!” Wilson cried.

“Who!” said the Great Red Owl.

Then the huge, shaggy, long haired thing put two great paws on Wilson's shoulders and his mouth close up to his ear and shouted in a great rough voice, “Naughty Wilson! Naughty Wilson!” and then went clambering noisily up the ladder.

“Who! Who! Who!” called the Great Red Owl, sitting at the top of the long red ladder. “Who! Who! Who! Thou hast been named by the striped chipmunk, the red squirrel and the shaggy bear; and I have marked thee with the mark of the Great Red Owl. Naughty Wilson! Naughty Wilson! Who! Who! Who!”

“I will be good! I will be good! Oh, Mr. Great Red Owl, I will be good! Take me to my mother!” Wilson called back in a great fright.

Then a bright white light shone at the top of the long red ladder, and down came walking, stepping daintly on the rungs, a beautiful maiden, dressed all in white. When she reached the bottom she placed a white hand upon Wilson's forehead and said, in a voice like the tinkling of silver bells, “Naughty Wilson, look! look! Naughty Wilson!”

And Wilson looked and saw through the side of the Great Hollow Tree, past the Big Red Oak, the Crooked White Brook and the Huge Black Rock into his own little bedroom, where a candle, burning dimly, showed his mother kneeling by the side of his empty bed and his father standing by, with his hand resting softly on her bowed head. He could not see her face, but he knew that she was sobbing. His father looked very sad and there were tears in his eyes.

“Oh, I will be good! I will be good! Take me home!” Wilson sobbed at the feet of the beautiful maiden.

The beautiful girl bent and kissed him on the forehead; and led the side of the hollow tree open, and they doled through the air lights thicket and as swift as arrows, past the Big Red Oak, the Crooked White Brook and the Huge Black Rock to the door of his mother's arms.

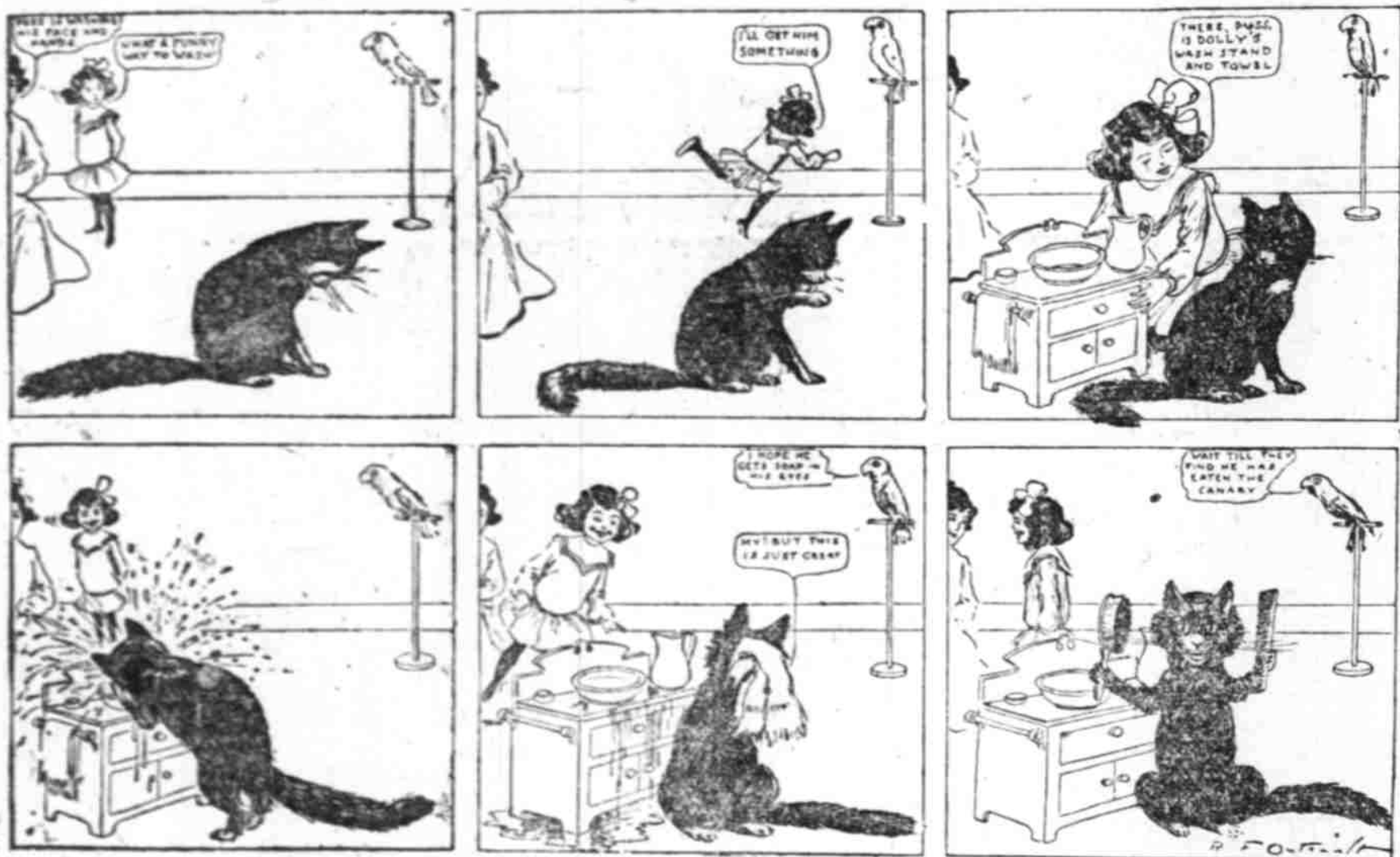
A moment after, when Wilson turned to thank the beautiful maiden, the door was closed and the girl had vanished.

FROM COUNTRY AND BEACH IN HEAPED UP MEASURE, ARE BROUGHT BACK TO TOWN ALL KINDS OF TREASURE.



Mark the treasures that have escaped and are hidden in various parts of the picture.

Yes, little girl, always be kind to animals they like it



What They Have For Dinner.

If you could see the thoughts that people in some countries have for dinner and the way they eat them you would laugh, indeed, and then if you should visit those countries and do as the other boys and girls do you would laugh still more.

I believe you would like Japan best. True, you would not have any chair to sit on, nor any knife, fork or spoon, but then you would have two dainty little sticks, which the Japanese call chopsticks, and which they use very cleverly. Then, besides, there is always such a lot of candies and other sweets, and what you could not eat you would be apt to allow to be expected to take home with you. Think of that!

Oh, at grand feasts, the guests bring their own dishes, which they carry in baskets and what is left from dinner is packed in these baskets and taken home.

In China you would have the same “chopsticks,” but very different dishes. One especially I believe you would not like at all. That is live crabs, and very tiny ones, too. Just as dinner is ready the crabs are put in a dish of vinegar. This makes them quite lively. Next they are removed to a

covered dish and placed upon the table. Then, when everyone has taken of the cover is taken off. These crabs do not hesitate a second, but scramble out and run for their lives.

But the guests are in a big hurry, too. They seize them with both hands, and filling their mouths as full as they can they swallow the wriggling things as though they were the daintiest bits imaginable. I do not know whether they are better or worse than roasted spiders. These you would get in New Guinea—and some people who have taken them say they taste like nuts and are very nice.

In India they would serve you roasted worms instead of fruit at dinner, and in Barmah peanuts, stuffed and fried. In Bismar you would be treated to ants' eggs, and some of our own Indians think they can offer a guest no greater delicacy than roasted grasshoppers. So you see there are many kinds of tastes.

Table manners also vary greatly. In Turkey you must sit crosslegged on a cushion and eat with your fingers from the same dish that everyone else uses.

In Arabia you must use your fingers, also, and then, when everyone has finished you are taken off. These crabs do not hesitate a second, but scramble out and run for their lives.

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LITTLE MINNY HAM.

Little Minny Ham Thought she'd like to have some jam! While the cat her mother spurned The pantry key she turned, Then Little Minny Ham Got acquainted with that jam. When she could eat no more She unlocked the pantry door, And the face of Minny Ham One couldn't see for jam. Said her mother, “Minny Ham, You have eaten all the jam!” And Minny said, “Then you Shouldn't have peeked through.”

The Cat and The Princess.

BY ANNA LOW GLEN.

On a May day long ago there were born two gir' babies in a kingdom by the sea. One was bass to the Queen and the other to her wicked sister. The Queen smiled into her baby's blue eyes and fell asleep so sweetly by that they did not know she had awakened in another country.

The King, mourning for the Queen, refused to see his daughter. She was christened Mimmi, and was said by her nurse to be a beautiful child, though the lords and ladies at the christening caught only a glimpse of the form on a pillow.

In the state chamber the nurse rocked the cradle and droned a lullaby. On the floor lay a large black cat. His fur was black as pitch, and his eyes yellow as topaz, except at night, when they turned to green jade and shed a faint light.

“Here, Marmio,” said the nurse to the cat, “stir the cradle while I go below to speak with my cousins and other relatives.”

One evening when the Princess Mimmi was nursing three weeks old the queen's sister came to the palace under cover of the twilight, carrying her child wrapped in her cloak. She was dark and had an evil temper. Her long, too, was as ill favored as the little princess was fair and comely.

The sister of the Queen talked long with the nurse and gave her many pieces of gold. Then she lifted the Princess, and placing her own child in the cradle, said—“My daughter shall be Princess and Queen, and as the people have not seen the child Mimmi, no one will be the wiser. And I shall rear Mimmi, pretending she is my own.”

They had not noticed the cat Marmio during this conversation. His back was arched, his tail waved like a plume and his jade green eyes emitted sparks. No sooner had the plotters left the room, leaving the Princess on a couch, than he sprang upon the dressing case and made fast the Queen's jewel box by tying a knot in his tail. He then leaped upon the couch and, lifting the baby Mimmi by the nape of her neck, ran out of doors with her.

Down to the shore hurried Marmio, carrying the baby, until he came to a fisherman's dory tied to the pier. With velvet paws he stepped into the boat and dropped the princess gently on a coil of rope in the stern as the heavy tread of the fisherman was heard. Then Marmio, taking from the jewel box a ring of little value, bowed courteously to the fisherman, and said—

“I pray you to accept this ring as fee for a passage across the channel for this child and myself.”

The fisherman wondered greatly, but he took the ring and rowed hard over the waves, for he feared Marmio, thinking him a magician.

In this way Marmio followed the fisherman to his cottage very fast indeed, for the man was so terrified by his strange visitors that he ran every step of the way.

“You will do yourself no injury, O fisherman,” began the cat, “by taking from me this bracelet, studded with gems. In return for shelter and excellent cow's milk for myself and the child. A diet of such fish as you catch is agreeable to me also.

The fisherman's eyes sparkled when he saw the jewels, and he replied—

“It will afford me great pleasure O much esteemed cat, to extend to you the shelter of my humble roof.”

He thought, “Aha! Now I know what is in that casket.”

The fisherman's wife marveled at the strange pair, and the rich robes of the baby, but she set upon the board milk and fish as

the cat directed.

Many days passed, and Marmio purred to soothe the baby's crying, and waved his tail and sheathed his shining claws to amuse her. While she slept he walked on the beach with the fisherman and learned many things about the taking of fish and lobsters. He considered buying a dory and trying his fortune on the deep sea when the jewels were gone.

Every night when their guests were asleep the fisherman and his wife hunted the casket. They did not find it, for the cat had hidden it under a brick of the hearth.

When the queen's sister returned to carry away the princess her anger knew no bounds. She was forced to be content with declaring that her own child had been stolen. The news spread to every town in the kingdom.

The fisherman and his wife, seeing the chance of reward, immediately took counsel with their neighbors. “Is not this cat the thief?” they said. “How did he get possession of this richly clad infant and this box of gems?”

“Put him in irons,” said the neighbors. “He shall be brought before the King and tried by seven judges.”

So they led Marmio before the King and the court and the seven white winged judges, proclaiming that they had taken the thief and claiming reward.

“Prisoner at the bar what have you to say in your defense?” demanded the first of the seven judges.

Then the cat, with salams to the king, unfolded the story of the queen's wicked sister, how she had changed the babies in their cradles that her own child might be queen, how he, Marmio, had rescued the princess.

“And,” he concluded, “honored sirs, if you doubt my words go to the hut of the fisherman, where you will find the Queen's jewel box, containing the royal signet ring, hidden under a brick of the hearth. Look, moreover, at the infants themselves, and say which resembles the Queen and which the wicked lady, her sister.”

These things they did, and found the casket as the cat had said, and the Princess Mimmi was declared the image of her sainted mother.

The wicked sister was banished from the land, the nurse imprisoned and the fisherman and his wife were sent away without reward.

The King was so pleased with the sagacity of the cat that he made him Prime Minister of the realm. Marmio ruled that position ably throughout the reign of the King and that of Queen Mimmi, who was guided by his advice in all the affairs of the Estate.

JANEY MEG'S TEARS.

Sar, Janey Meg cried so many tears That each side of her wee little nose Two streams ran swiftly down until They reached her nice white clothes. And then they swished and swashed and Until they'd drenched her through; Then ran straight down her plump right leg And filled up her right shoe. And then they ran across and in - Her left shoe, and, oh, my! Filled that, then ran up her left leg, So nothing now was dry. Another such bedraggled sight Please show me, if you can. Say, Janey Meg just wishes now She'd stopped 'fore she began.

THE PUGNACIOUS PIRATE.

Cut out the pieces and fit them together to make a savage pirate, which can be changed into different positions, the parts still fitting perfectly. The parts marked A are the upper joints of the legs, B the upper joint of the right arm and C the upper joint of the left arm. Paste the pirate on a cardboard background in the position you think the best and paint it.



B O Y



Was the Boy who worked for the baker, A brought some bread to the cackler's maker; When he got there they gave him a bun And sent him back home, where the story began.

O is the Oldest boy I know, Happy Heskiah Snow; He's not very tall, but he's chubby and fat, And he looks very grand in his father's old hat.

Y's a Young boy who yelled “Out of my way, For I am bound to town today; I must see the King and all the King's men Ere pony and I will be home again.”