

OUR YOUNG FOLKS PAGE

"FOOLISH JOHN"

BY WILLIAM WALLACE, JR.

John Ghent was a thoroughgoing boy of 14 years of age. When he set his mind to do a thing he was independent of others, and almost always he accomplished his task without calling upon another for aid of any kind.

Early in the spring he had longed for a riding pony. A friend of his, Paul Thompson, had just the sort of animal he wished to own, and he had learned from Paul that the pony had been bought at a very reasonable price. "I want a pony," said John to himself; but the "want" never went any farther. He had learned not to talk promiscuously about his plans. Should they fail to develop he might be laughed at. If they proved successful he would be all the happier for not having told of them to every Tom, Dick and Harry of his acquaintance.

And that is why John had rented a little patch of ground at the outskirts of town and had tilled the soil and put in an early garden. His mother and father had been taken into his confidence, of course, but no one else knew why John was up and working early, and working late, in the little rented piece of ground.

For two or three weeks John's garden had escaped the notice of the other town boys of his age. Before school had closed for the season he had got up at 6 o'clock and had two whole hours to work; then another hour or two was found in the evening after school. The result was that before any other gardener of that vicinity had fresh vegetables for the market John was selling "truck" from his garden at a very nice price.

And then it was that he began to excite the notice of his boy friends and the community at large also. Everywhere people were saying: "Do you know that John Ghent has a garden, and that he is selling vegetables from it in advance of any other gardener?"

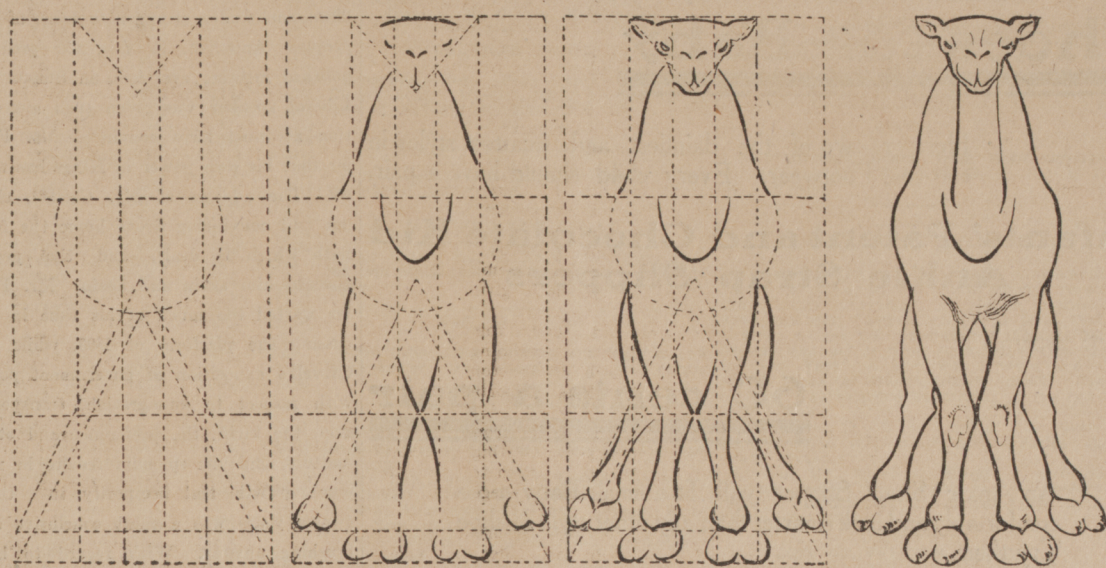
But the boys of his acquaintance laughed at him, some going as far as to make jokes about his garden. These same boys declared that they couldn't afford to get up so early in the mornings as did John, and the idea of working during the school term was to them most absurd.

"But I have my lessons," vociferated John one day when a comrade was arguing the matter with him. "And, besides, if it's my wish to work of mornings and evenings rather than to loaf about town or waste all my time playing ball or marbles, I don't know that it should offend others."

"But it's so foolish," expostulated the boy. "Why, you study all day and put in your mornings and evenings at work in a peasy garden. And what warrant have you that a hailstorm won't come, just as your garden gets to bearing, and tear it to shreds? No, not for me—a patch of dirt and a hoe! I like the patch of dirt all right when it's in the shape of a diamond and a fine nine on it engaged in a good game. But as for gardening—no, thanks. You may have it to yourself." And the boy walked off, whistling idly and saying to himself that John was a fool.

The same day John's best friend, Charlie Travers, happened to see him as he

HELPFUL HINTS FOR OUR YOUNG ARTISTS



LESSON NO. 17.—HOW TO DRAW A CAMEL.

carried a basket of early berries to a grocer. "Ah, there you are, foolish John!" he called out. "How much are onions per inch, and what are you doing potatoes at by the hill? Gee, but you look warm! Guess you're going to grow into a man with the hoe, eh?" And Charlie laughed at his own wit. "Say," he went on, addressing John, who had not paused to catch his jibes, "are you going to the ball game Saturday?"

"No, my melon patch needs hoeing," said John, striding on down the street. And as he turned the corner he heard Charlie's voice singing out after him: "Foolish John!"

"I'll sing another tune when he sees me riding a new pony," said John to himself. "And what's more, he can't have a pony unless he earns the money to buy it with, for his poor old dad is hardpressed by debts, and Charlie can't look to him for spending money. Under the circumstances I'd think he'd be glad to turn his hands and wits to doing some profitable work during vacation instead of playing ball every afternoon when he isn't at the river fishing or swimming. I'd be ashamed to idle my time away like that were my old daddy so in debt as his father is. Why, I'd work at most anything to help dad along."

And so soliloquized John—"foolish John," as his chum called him. But he sold his basket of berries to the grocer for a neat sum and got an order from him for all the vegetables he could furnish, and at the best prices, for the vegetables and berries out of John's garden were of the best; they had been so thoroughly cultivated.

So the weeks had gone by and summer had come in the month of July. John's vegetable garden was flourishing, and one night when he counted his "pony fund," as he called the proceeds from his garden, he was happy to find that one more

week of good business would insure him the pony. He had made the selection at a stock farm near to the town where he lived, and the dealer, knowing what a reliable boy John was, had offered to deliver the animal to him as soon as he had two-thirds of the price. But John refused the friendly offer, though he appreciated deeply the compliment paid to his own honesty.

"I'll wait, sir, till I have the full price," John had said, thanking the stock man warmly for his kindness. "You see, were I to have the pony I'd begrudge the time spent in the garden each morning, for I'd want to be on his back, galloping over the country."

"I'll wait, sir, till I have the full price," John had said, thanking the stock man warmly for his kindness. "You see, were I to have the pony I'd begrudge the time spent in the garden each morning, for I'd want to be on his back, galloping over the country."

"Gee! Where'd you get that bronco?" cried out Charlie Travers, quitting the game long enough to take a good look at John's new possession. "My stars! He's a beauty, sure. Belong to you, John?"

"All my own," explained John. Then a crowd gathered to see the fine pony and to ask the happy rider all about it. "What you don't mean to tell us you earned the money off that garden of yours to buy that beast!" exclaimed Paul Thompson. "Why, I would have bet my hat you wouldn't earn a dollar by it. Gee! You are a great business fellow all right."

"Say, what's the chance of a fellow getting a ride on her?" asked Charlie, eyeing the pony with admiration.

"If you want to help me weed an onion bed tomorrow morning before the sun is up, all right; the ride will be yours," laughed John.

"Ah, ha, ha, ha!" roared half a dozen

voices. Then Charlie said, good-naturedly: "He ain't 'foolish' John any longer. He's 'wise' John he is. And sure as my name's Charles Butler Travers I mean to go into the truck-gardening next spring myself. I want a pony, I do. Gee, that's a fine animal! Skin smooth and sleek enough to see your face in."

And as John rode round the ball ground to show the gait of his pony many admiring eyes were cast on him. "He's made of great stuff," Paul Thompson admitted. "And to think we boys all made fun of him for turning gardener."

"Yep, but he turned a pretty sun out of it, and now his time has amounted to something. It's a good plan to make your vacation count for something. I'm going to begin earning money, if it's only by catching and selling fish. I'll keep me busy and be putting a few dimes in my bank."

And all the boys agreed that "foolish John," as they had been calling him, had proven the most sensible one of the lot.

AN AFTERNOON TEA

Oh, isn't it the mostest fun
To play at having tea;
To spread a napkin on the ground
Beneath a spreading tree?

To have some crumbs of crackers,
And tiny bits of cheese;
And play that they are goodies—
Just anything you please?

And round the table sitting,
To have your bestest chums,
Who relish thoroughly the tea,
Though 'tis but cracker crumbs!

BESSIE'S BEAR

BY ANNI JAMES.

Bessie was five years old. She was quite a big girl, so papa and mamma said. The neighbors thought her a "little tot," but papa and mamma shook their heads and said: "Bessie is getting to be a big girl. So Bessie believed papa and mamma and put on the airs of a big girl accordingly."

One day mamma went down town to do some shopping. She left Bessie playing in a great sand pile in the shade of a fine, back-yard tree. As Bessie was a most obedient girl, her mamma could trust her alone in the yard, knowing that she would not venture beyond the gate if told not to do so. And as she had so often gone shopping, telling Bessie to remain in her playroom or in the back-yard playground during her absence she did not think it necessary to repeat the instructions this morning. So she had kissed the little girl good-by and said she'd be home before luncheon. Then she had gone out at the front gate, and Bessie had the yard all to herself.

Of course, cook was in the kitchen; but cook was the servant, for she never bothered herself to look after Bessie. Indeed, Bessie was such a reliable little miss that she never needed looking after when mamma and papa were both away, and when they were at home they looked after her in the most loving way.

But very soon after mamma had departed on her shopping expedition a little



"Come fast; we mustn't let that bear catch us."

boy came to the fence which confined the back yard and peeped through the palms. "Hello!" he called to Bessie. Bessie stopped her work of building a sand hill and turned toward the outsider. Looking him over, she decided she liked him very well, so she responded to his "Hello!" with a nod and a question: "Whose boy are you?"

"I'm Chuffy Sans-croon," explained the boy, "an' I'm free years ole, goin' on four. Who's you, girl?"

"I'm Bessie," informed that little lady, not thinking it necessary to give her last name. "an' I'm five, going onto six. I am." And Bessie stood up very straight to show that she was a big girl.

"I'm doin' way down dare!" and Chuffy pointed a finger toward a grove of trees that shaded a pretty pond half a mile

from town. "Does oo want to do, too, Bessie?"

Bessie thought a minute. Then she remembered that her mother had not forbidden her leaving the yard. Indeed, mamma had not spoken a word about what she was to do or not to do. And was not she a big girl now? And could not a big girl go and come as she liked? Of course, if she wished to go to the grove with Chuffy—wherever Chuffy was—she might do so.

They had walked quite a distance, Bessie holding Chuffy's hand, and picking out good ground over which to walk, when Chuffy stopped suddenly, pointing his fat finger. "Dare's a big, brack'ng! Look!"

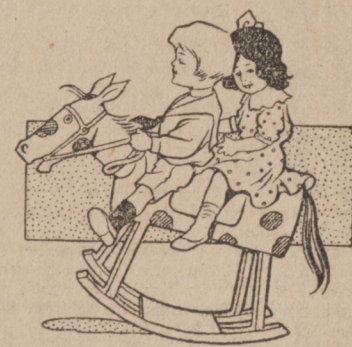
And Bessie looked in the direction of the pointing finger. Yes, there was a big, black thing, and it looked very, very dangerous, too. "Oh," whispered Bessie, "Maybe it's a bear—a bear! And it'll eat us up if it sees us!"

Then Chuffy began crying for his mamma, and Bessie's heart beat, oh, so hard, as she turned toward home, dragging the fat, short-legged Chuffy with her. "Come fast," she urged Chuffy. "We mustn't let that bear catch us."

When at last Bessie and Chuffy reached the back yard of Bessie's house there was Chuffy's mamma looking for her runaway. He had come from a street several blocks distant, and his mamma was so happy when she found him that she gathered him in her arms and kissed him all over his freckled face. Then Chuffy and Bessie told her about the bear to which she listened attentively.

"Well, let's go down the road and take a look at that big black bear," she suggested. "He may not be a bear at all." And the big, black thing was not a bear, either, but a dear little calf that was pasturing on the fresh green grass. Bessie and Chuffy laughed very heartily when they saw what a mistake they had made, and then they all went home again.

THEIR STEED



Riding on their swift steed
Every pleasant day;
Galloping across the land
Go little Ned and May.

Ned does guide the swift steed;
May does ride behind.
So they go about the world
Strange scenes and sights to find.

THE BAD BOY'S CRUELTY

A big black bug did live in the wood;
A fine place for bugs to dwell;
And he went and came as he wished to do.

For all in that wood went well,
Birds sang o'erhead in trees so green;
Fish swam in the water below,
And all were as happy as they could be.
For no harm nor pain did they know.



It one day came Bad Boy, with gun and rod.
He shot a bird on a limb,
Then threw it in the water a hidden hook;
Ah, no longer would some fishes swim!
And as homeward he went a whistling gay.

With birds and fish o'er his back,
He saw the bug crawling quickly away.
But he tramped it to death in his track,
So, wherever Bad Boy, with his cruel heart,
Went forth his pleasures to find,
He wounded and killed in wastelands,
Leaving misery and death behind.

MAUD WALKER.

Billy's and Tilly's Strange Experience

By Helena Davis

"Children," said Mrs. Long one morning to her little son and daughter. "I want you to go to Mrs. Parker's with some fresh eggs and a jar of jelly. Mrs. Parker stopped here this morning on her way to town and told me that his wife is quite ill. As you know, they have no poultry or garden—their grounds being so small to allow of poultry-raising and gardening. And as we have more fine fresh eggs than we need, I wish to send a dozen to dear Mrs. Parker. And also I wish her to have a jar of my quince jelly. She relished it so much when here to luncheon last week."

"All right, mamma," said Tilly. "I'll carry the jelly and Billy the eggs. And may we stop awhile at the Parkers to play with Sammy Parker?"

"If his mamma invites you to do so," answered Mrs. Long. "But you must be sure to play out of doors, for when one is ill one is disturbed by any unusual or unnecessary noise in the house. Now, bear in mind that you are to be very good, quiet little folk while at Mrs. Parker's."

Then Mrs. Long filled a small basket with eggs, wrapped a jar of jelly in a brown paper, and giving the dainties to Billy and Tilly, told them to be on their way before the sun got high in the heaven and caused the heat to become intense.

The Parker's country home, a mere bungalow surrounded by an acre of ground, which was covered with shrubs, flowers and trees, lay a mile from the Long's quite extensive estate of 200 acres. The Parkers had but just come into the neighborhood that spring but a warm friendship had sprung up between them and the Longs. So it was with real pleasure that Billy and Tilly went on the kind errand for their mother. They were delighted to take something nice to the sick neighbor, and happy to have the fine morning walk through the woods,

which lay between their home and that of their neighbors.

After the first half mile of the way Tilly's arm became pretty tired with carrying the jar of jelly, and she offered to exchange burdens with Billy. "I thought you'd better have carried the basket," said Billy, relieving his sister of the jelly jar, and handing her the little basket in its stead. "A basket is easily carried for it has a handle, you know."

"Yes, and going through the woods with a basket on my arm makes me feel like Little Red Riding Hood," laughed Tilly. "Wouldn't it be funny if we were to meet a wolf—just as she did?"

"But that was only in the story," declared Billy. "But—lookie yonder! What's that dark object at the edge of the road?"

Tilly stopped short, looking in the direction of her brother's pointing finger. "Oh, I wonder if it's a wolf?" she gasped. "No, it—it—Why, it looks just like someone lying down by the roadside. Maybe it's a tramp."

"Maybe it's a wolf in the disguise of a person," suggested Billy, himself a bit afraid to go closer to the as yet mysterious figure which resembled a man half-sitting half-lying on the road's bank.

Tilly's eyes grew wide. A wolf in the disguise of a person! Really, why shouldn't it be so since a wolf could change himself into most any form he chose if assisted by witches. And the woods were deep and dark enough to hide witches and sorceries of evil purpose. Surely, it was not very safe "to walk through here without a grown-up to protect you. Tilly felt herself becoming very much frightened, and once suggested that they turn back home again.

"No, we must go on to Mrs. Parker's with the eggs and jelly," declared Billy. "But maybe it would be best to—to go 'round the spot yonder."

"Yes, let's go up over the hill and round it on the other side," agreed Tilly. "We will be longer getting to Mrs. Parker's, but I don't mind that; do you?"

"Well, I'm not afraid, you know," asserted Billy, trying to assume a brave air. "But for your sake, sister, I'll go round the hill. But were I alone I'd just go right along the road and—"

But at this instant the mysterious object at the roadside arose to a standing posture, and the children saw it was an old man with white hair and beard. He had a stout walking-stick in his hand, and stood leaning upon it. As his eyes fell upon Billy and Tilly he bowed and smiled, calling out to them, "Don't be afraid, little ones. Come, tell me where this road leads to. I feel that I'm a bit turned round since having a nap beside the road here." Then he held out a welcoming hand for Billy and Tilly to come and grasp.

"I'm afraid of him," whispered Billy. "What if he really isn't a—a man at all, but a wizard? It looks strange that so old a man should be sleeping beside the road in the woods. And he doesn't belong to this neighborhood."

Tilly stood looking critically toward the old man, who was still smiling at her

and her brother. Somehow, although she had been frightened a few minutes before, something in the aged man's genial face told her there was nothing to fear. But Billy's uncertainty regarding the stranger caused Tilly to hesitate in going to him. However, she whispered to Billy, "Honest and sure, brother, I don't believe the man is a wizard or a wolf in disguise. He looks sort of like grandpapa. If you'll go with me I'll walk

ter. "Come, Tilly, let's run away." And Billy put a hand to his sister.

"But I ain't afraid," declared Tilly, very brave and bold, for she looked right into the old man's face and smiled. Then, as he came to within a few feet of them, she said, "Are you lost, kind sir?"

The old man laughed outright, replying: "Well, you see it's this way, my dear little flaxen curls. I arrived at the lit-



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closer to him, and then we can hear what he has to say."

"Well, of course, I'm—I'm not afraid," declared Billy, seeing a doubt in his sister's mind regarding his bravery. "It's for you that—"

"Well, I'll go with you to the place—or nearly to the place—where the old man is standing," said Tilly. "See, he's still smiling towards us."

"But supposin' he shouldn't be—shouldn't be a—a—man!—shouldn't be a—a—man!" whispered Billy, in apprehension. "He might be a—a—wizard."

"Ah, little one, don't be so fearful of me!" called the old man, now coming deliberately toward Billy and Tilly. "See, I've only my walking stick which helps my old legs a bit. Come, don't be frightened at a poor old man in the woods. Won't you tell me where you're bound for?"

"Oh, I really believe it's another Red Riding Hood's wolf," whispered Billy, now plainly frightened, regardless of his attempt to pose as a hero before his sis-

ter. "Come, Tilly, let's run away." And Billy put a hand to his sister.

"But I ain't afraid," declared Tilly, very brave and bold, for she looked right into the old man's face and smiled. Then, as he came to within a few feet of them, she said, "Are you lost, kind sir?"

The old man laughed outright, replying: "Well, you see it's this way, my dear little flaxen curls. I arrived at the lit-

tle railroad station about an hour ago, expecting my son-in-law to meet me with his carriage. But my wire must not have been delivered in time, for I sat there and waited so long that at last I gave up in despair and decided to walk to my daughter's home. I inquired the way and set out on foot. Becoming fatigued after half an hour's walk, I decided to lie down in this cool dell to rest. Resting so gloriously, I fell asleep to the choir of the birds overhead. And now I don't know which direction I came from, nor the one I was pursuing. Can you set me right?"

"Where do you wish to go, sir?" asked Billy, rousing himself to the fact that he was behaving as an arrogant coward, while Tilly was braving possible dangers and chatting pleasantly to the old stranger.

er. And if there was anything that Billy did like to do it was to pose before his sister as a man without fear.

"Well, my daughter is Mrs. Parker, and she lives about a mile north of the little

red railroad station. I'm on my way to pay her a visit. Unless she has received my wire, she does not know that I am coming."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Tilly, before Billy could speak, "we are going to Mrs. Parker's house right now. She is ill and we are carrying some fresh eggs and a jar of mamma's jelly to her. We'll show you the way if you wish us to, sir."

"Well, well, now, isn't that just luck? And you were both afraid of me a bit ago, weren't you?" asked the old man, who was none other than Sammy Parker's grandpapa.

Tilly looked at Billy and Billy looked at Tilly. Then Billy stammered: "Why sir, you know so many, many strange things happen in the big wood. You might have been—been—a wizard, you know. Only you aren't, for which my sister and I are very grateful."

"Or you might have been the Little Red Riding Hood's wolf," suggested Tilly, seriously. "Ugh, that would have been dreadful! You would have robbed us of our jelly and eggs and eaten them all up."

"And I shall do my best to help eat 'em up after we have reached my daughter's home," smilingly promised the old gentleman. "But, there comes a carriage. I do believe it is my daughter's."

And so it happened. And the coachman told the aged visitor how his master had been called away from home that morning very early, going on business to the

city. And soon after he had gone the telegram had arrived, but their mistress being asleep on its arrival none of the servants would take it upon themselves to wake her that she might read the message. At last she had awakened and the message had been given her, with the result that she (the coachman) had been dispatched forthwith to meet the sender of the telegram.

"Ah, and that's how it happened that I was allowed to roam at large and turn into Red Riding Hood's wolf and a wizard!" And the old gentleman looked toward Billy and Tilly with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Then, come, we'll have a lift," cried out Sammy Parker's grandpapa. And he tossed Billy into the carriage and then lifted Tilly in more carefully. "Nothing hurts boys," the old gentleman said, "except wolves and wizards. And not for our destination! Keep a close watch on those eggs and that jelly," he admonished, winking his eye. Then, turning to the coachman, he asked how about his daughter.

"Ah, sir, your telegram made her almost well. She said she'd be up for luncheon, sir."

"And entertain the Two Little Babs in the Woods and the wolf and the wizard-man, the two last combined in one," laughed the grandpapa.

And soon they had reached the end of their journey, and all was happiness in the Parker household with the old visitor and the two little visitors came to bring good cheer and a basket of fresh eggs and a jar of jelly.

Our Puzzle Corner

LETTER ENIGMA.

My first is in pink, but not in brown;
My second is in village, but not in town;
My third is in corn, but not in wheat;
My fourth is in finger, but not in feet;
My fifth is the same as my second, you see;
My sixth is also found in my three.
My whole is a function
That children love dear,
And it's held very often
At this time o' year.

HIDDEN PROVERB PUZZLE.

A well-known proverb is hidden in the following seven sentences, each sentence containing one word of the proverb, and the words appearing in their rightful order:

There are always people to see your faults, but few to see your virtues.
It is an ill wind that blows no good to anyone.
You may hide your fire in a hollow place, but the smoke will ascend skyward.
There is always darkness before the dawn.
(The sixth word of the proverb is the same as the third.)
The fire of genius burns more brightly in

human head and leave a certain kind of very heavy moisture.

2. Behold a certain kind of illness which often accompanies a heavy cold and leave a miniature mountain.

3. Behold a newly married woman and leave a journey on horseback.

CURTAININGS.

1. Curtail a burning log and leave an evergreen tree.
2. Doubly curtail the covering of a floor and leave a kind of fish.
3. Doubly curtail a water pail and leave a wild male animal.

RIDDLE.

My first makes company;
My second shuns company;
My third resembles company;
My whole puzzles company.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE CORNER.

Letter Enigmas—Fourth July.
Beholdings—(1) Smiles—mile. (2) Bear—ear. (3) Switch—witch. (4) Brag—rag. Curtailings—(1) Topsy—tip. (2) Town—tow. (3) Brown—brow.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behold the most necessary part of the



No. 1. Shows how Billy Snooks went to the picnic and what a big lunch he took with him.



No. 2. Shows just how Billy Snooks felt after he had emptied his lunch basket.