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A Picture Book For Elizabeth

By DEBORAH FISHER
Elizabeth is four and like most other little girls of that age delights in pictures, especially those in "pity colors"; so when we made a picture book for Elizabeth, we discarded all our black and white pictures and used only our carefully hoarded colored ones.
But first, may we tell you about the book itself? We used strong, brown wrapping paper for our pages. The neutral color of the paper made an excellent background for the pictures. Then, too, the brown does not show baby finger-marks as a light paper would do. The big sheets were folded, creased very thoroughly, and then torn along the creases. These torn edges do not have the trim appearance of cut edges but they eliminate the danger of painful paper cuts on baby fingers, and we thought, have a certain unfinished charm of their own.
The pages in Elizabeth's book were to be twelve by eighteen inches, so our big sheets were torn twenty-four by eighteen inches to make double sheets. We prepared ten of these, folded each down the center, and then inside the other in book form. To hold them together, we stitched them down the center of the middle sheet by and, using a darning needle and black waxed thread and making the stitches about an inch long.
For covers, we used two sheets of stiff cardboard, each thirteen and a half by twenty-two inches. We had purchased cardboard that was covered on one side with brilliant scarlet more paper. This covered side was used for the outside. On the inside of these cardboard covers, we painted a two-and-one-half inch border of soft cream. The two separate half covers were then joined on the outside with a strip of narrow, black adhesive tape, the black on the scarlet proving most effective. To fasten the book to the cover, we pasted the first page to the front cover and the last page to the back cover.
And now we were ready for the pictures that Elizabeth would love best. We had been saving them for months, brilliantly colored advertisement pictures cut from magazines, pictures used to illustrate stories, and most and most precious of all, animal pictures. We had tables of every age and description, doing all the correct baby things—playing with their toys, drinking milk, reading, for their daddies, learning to walk. There were babies awake and babies asleep, and one adorable set of twins gazing wide-eyed at this wonderful world that brought a gurgle of ecstasy from Elizabeth.
Then came pictures of little girls and boys, with their mothers, with their fathers, with both parents. There was a little girl with her grandmother, a boy with his grandfather, children with dogs, children at a party, at a picnic, at home on a rainy day; children in the country, in the city, at the seashore, at the farm; a little boy's playground and a little girl with her family of dolls.
Children of other lands followed these. The Dutch children we found illustrating a story in a popular magazine. The Indian children were in an advertisement for a certain make of automobile. Then there were Eskimos, little southern pickaninnies, dainty, doll-like Chinese and shy French peasant boys and girls.
Our animal pictures came next. We had cows—beautiful cows that were grazing peacefully in a clover field, horses with their heads up and tails streaming in the wind, a baby lamb with his mother, an adorable, disreputable goat and a family of pigs so realistic we almost heard them squeal.
Then transportation pictures—an airplane, a railroad train, automobiles, street cars, buses, steamships, camels and donkeys—dozens of them.
Elizabeth loves her picture book. She croons over the babies and follows with intense interest all the doings of the boys and girls in the picture world. She plans long trips on the airplane and the steamships to the countries where the strange little children live. But the animal pictures have a special place in her heart. We've never yet found anything quite as satisfying as Elizabeth's long "Oh-h!" of delight when she comes to the page where the little pigs live with their mother.
Elizabeth is interested, too, in the way the book was made. She has asked many questions about it and wants magazine pictures saved for a book which she herself plans to make. And this second volume, even though it should lack some of the intrinsic charm of the first, will, without doubt, bring even more satisfaction. There is so much joy for a child in doing things and in being able to say, "I made it myself."—Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 46th Street, New York City. These articles are appearing weekly in our columns.
Tune in Lowell Thomas
Little Waldo was much impressed by his first trip through the garden, coming to the morning-glories he shouted, "Oh, mother, come and see the vine with the loud-speakers!"
"Who was Shylock, Aunt Ethel?"
"My dear! And you go to Sunday school and don't know that!"—"Life."
"How long has Mewber been married?"—"For twenty awed years."

Honours To Bill

Everything Depended on the Play Getting Over and It Was Falling Flat!

By Muriel Cotroni.
Jack Dundas hadn't had a meal that satisfied for days. But young actors out of a job get used to that!
"Something's bound to turn up soon," mused Jack, with the bright optimism of youth, to his bull-terrier, "eh, Bill, old fellow?"
Bill cocked a pointed ear and thumped a thoroughbred tail. Intelligence gleamed from his small eyes. Jack smiled fondly. He didn't mind being hungry a bit, himself, now and again, so long as old Bill—
Something did turn up next morning. A letter from Jack's agent offering him a part in a touring company. The play was a new one, to be produced by the author.
"Don't know what kind of a show it'll be," said the agent, when Jack called. "But it's better than nothing, eh, Dundas, old boy?"
"You bet! I'm on top of the world. Juvenile lead, too! Richards, you're a pal! Come on, Bill, you old blighter!"
Rehearsals began, but, as they progressed, Jack's heart sank. There was no "pep" in the play. The dialogue was flat. The situations were improbable. Still, the author-producer was enthusiastic. It was his first play, and if it went well, even moderately well, the first week on the road, a well-to-do uncle had promised to finance it further.
Jack put his best into the part. So did little Myrtle Blythe, who was to play opposite him. She, also, knew the urest of "resting."
"It is such a pity," murmured Myrtle one morning. "Beale is such a dear; so enthusiastic. It's heart-rending! This show'll never run a week—if that!"
"I know," replied Jack glumly. "You're right; it's pathetic!"
"Well, I'm doing my best, but my legs are so buckled up!" Her eyes were twinkling.
"And the circumstances are so banal," put in Jack. "Still, we must hope for the best. The public's fanny! Some plays, with absolutely nothing in them, have the Dickens of a run!"
"There's no life in the action—the show doesn't march" contributed Blessington, cast for the villain. He was young, and on the threshold of his career. "Well, cheerio, chaps!"
"I love your dog!" murmured Myrtle, stooping to pat Bill. She looked up at Jack suddenly with her clear eyes, the exact blue-violet of hyacinths: "A dog's a great pal!"
"None better!" stammered Jack, momentarily knocked out by the battery of those clear eyes. "By Jove," he thought, "if I can't make a love scene get across with a girl like that, I ought to be shot!"
And Myrtle had been thinking almost the same way as she looked up at Jack Dundas, tall, lean—almost too lean—with his kind, dark eyes and cheery optimism.
The opening night at last!
The place was a North Country mill town, whose inhabitants were noted, in the profession, for their candour. It was about the last place on earth in which to open with a "try-it-on-the-dog" play. But Beale's well-to-do uncle happened to live in Hilton, so Beale had no option.
The audience showed no signs of hostility during the first act, but there was an undercurrent of restiveness that told the tale plainly enough to an actor of experience. There was not even a ripple of applause until Myrtle's big scene with Blessington in Act Two. But she really was sweet, with her ardent young face and clear, ringing voice. Her personality got well over, but her lines lacked actuality.
The curtain fell on the act in almost complete silence. Jack Dundas looked glum.
"It'll be all right, Dundas—in the last act," murmured Beale, patting him on the back and trying to smile. But his face showed strain. The finale of Act Two should have got rounds of applause.
"Go all out in the big scene, Myrtle," whispered Jack, as the girl brushed past him on the way to her dressing-room. "If we don't hit 'em then, I'm afraid the play's doomed!"
Myrtle smiled.
"Rely on me," she said.
The next act evoked more interest. One or two of the more witty lines got a "hand." Beale sighed with relief; but Jack still harboured doubts, and big ones, too.
It was a kitchen scene. The comedians had retired, and the action had gradually worked up to the crash of the climax.
Myrtle, in a plain little gingham frock, was sewing by the fire. In the opposite corner her aged father sat, sipping his pipe.
"I'll just be goin' to the Golden Horse, Mary, lass. Shan't be long!"
A suave face, unobserved, peered in through the open window, as the old man rheumatically rose and made his way to the door.
A second later the son of the milk-owner appeared in the doorway. Nonchalantly he glanced in, then strolled

Value and Satisfaction



The young man in the picture has embarked on a new undertaking in a distant city. All day he has been on edge, eager to do his best, to sell himself to his associates. When evening comes he is tired, restless, perhaps just a little homesick. Instinctively he reached for the telephone as he has done many times at home thinking they will be cheered also. The wonder of the three-minute visit with the home folks over the telephone puts new life into him and he is repaid many times over for the small expense of the telephone call. As Albert Shaw, Editor of Review of Reviews, says: "No other service of any kind in the world gives so much human satisfaction, and so much sheer monetary value for the amount paid by the user as the telephone."

towards the girl, who retreated to the other side of the room. He began making love—passionate, practised love.
"But why wait, Mary darling? You know you care! Come with me tonight!"
"Oh, but I don't know! How can I be sure? I—I hardly know you, Mr. Rookwood!" She stood looking pityfully at him, with the innocence of a girl who had hardly reached womanhood.
Roughly he caught her to him, and, at her scared scream, Jack, manly and handsome, appeared at the door.
It was a very homely drama; a little too homely as one or two stifled yawns, caught from the auditorium, testified. Followed a shuffling of feet, evidence of breaking tension. The threads between actors and audience were slowly snapping—snapping.
Jack's speech, which ought to have raised a torrent, was received with mild enthusiasm. The villain, thwarted, clenched his fists. Then, with a snarl, he flung himself at Jack. A scream broke from the girl.
Suddenly there flashed from the wings a burly streak of white, and a huge bull-terrier hurled itself at his master's seeming assailant.
Blessington darted swiftly aside to escape the gleaming fangs, dodged behind the table. Here he was cornered. The dog, back to audience, had him set. In vain did Jack call—Bill might have been stone deaf. The villain backed to the open window, seeing escape that way; but, with a bound, the dog was over the table.
A ripple of surprised applause rose in the pit. Here was acting—the real thing!
Then followed a chase round the small stage; the villain of the piece pursued by a now thoroughly enraged bull-terrier. Bill overtook his quarry with a triumphant snarl, his teeth pierced good cloth. Came a loud rending, tearing sound.
Applause was now general. Hearty whistles of approval from the "gods"—this was worth spending money to see!
When poor Blessington, minus a substantial portion of his nether garments, took a clean dive through the open window, Jack was unrestrained. And when the dog, his eyes wells of wickedness, deposited a large square of black cloth at the feet of the hero, the applause became riotous.
Jack, very white, looked across at Myrtle. Her small face was set, but her violet eyes welled inspiration.
"Carry on!" was their plea.
Jack almost panicked, for the dia-

logue to follow was now worse than useless. He thought of poor Beale in the wings. Came inspiration! This golden opportunity was too good to be missed. The continued applause had allowed him time to think.
He crossed to Myrtle.
"Play up to me," was his whisper, as the applause died.
Then he spoke, and Beale, in the wings, stood open-mouthed, as though witnessing the big scene in his own play for the first time.
"Dear heart, I love you!" Jack ended, taking the woman he loved in his arms. "Say that from this moment you—you'll give me, and him—pointing to Bill—"the right to guard and serve you! Dearest, will you be my wife?"
Her blue-violet eyes, that reminded Jack of hyacinths, were dark with wonder; her red lips parted.
"Dear, don't you know that I love you? Haven't you guessed?"
Two soft arms slid round his neck, and bending his head he kissed her.
"Right from the very moment we met, I knew that you were my woman! Dear, you'll marry me, won't you?"
"Yes, I'll marry you!" Oh, the pride in that clear round voice! "For I've loved you, too, right from the very first moment!"
He lifted her on to the table, then perched beside her. Suddenly, with a bound, the bull-terrier was between them, with his large head snuggling against Jack's neck.
"Just we three"—from Jack—"now and for always!"
"Just we three, now and for always!" repeated Myrtle dreamily, and her smile was beautiful.
"Wof-wof!" contributed Bill, thumping a thoroughbred tail. And the curtain dropped to roars of applause.
Three "curtains" they took—Myrtle, Jack, and Bill—for the audience insisted on Bill, who, bewildered, barked heartily at his advisers.
Then came a call for the villain; and Blessington, clad in a dressing-gown, made his bow, one eye on the audience and one on—Bill.
"Good enough, Ralph, my boy! I'll keep my promise. That last scene was a brain-wave; that dog brought down the house. Without him that last act would have fallen flat. You might cut the first and second acts slightly, and, for goodness' sake, introduce the dog a little earlier—peaceably, my boy—peaceably!" The well-to-do uncle beamed approval.
Back-stage, in a quiet corner, Jack faced Myrtle.
"How cleverly you 'gagged,'" mused

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