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THE SCHOOL CHILDREN'S PAGE

Circus Clownings

What Makes Fun?
 What makes a clown funny? Step behind the scenes in a circus and ask some of the laugh-makers how they do it. They don't agree—not at all. But a few standard means of turning tricks into applause stand out.
 Common every day acts done in unexpected and ridiculous fashion or at an unusual time, ridiculous things when something sober would be looked for, are raw material used by clowns.



The Clan of North America

The Winding Up
 FRANCIS BOLT-WHEELER
 A month had passed after the close of the Juventon Camp when the Camp Treasurer brought in his financial Report.
 "It shows," he said, "that, after paying for the rent of the land, after paying for the labor that was used in the farming and gardening work, and the extra expenses for teaming, we have only spent one thousand dollars of the two thousand dollars that we borrowed. Gardener John has not only fed the camp, but has sold vegetables to the extent of six hundred dollars beside. Martha has sold \$200 worth of jams and jellies.
 "We've got an offer of \$2,000 for the buildings, and we've got an offer to have the Camp Ground next year at an even lower figure. If we decide not to go back, we can clear more than a thousand dollars over and above all we've spent. If we decide to keep the buildings then we have

To appreciate a joke or a funny stunt the spectator must be able to link it up with some fact in his own experience. It is for this reason that clowns do common things in uncommon ways.
 There is something funny in thoughtlessness, too. The clown—or the boy—who tries to be funny and thinks about it seriously is likely to be classed as one who "acts smart." Innocent ignorance, simple foolishness and seeming lack of headwork are clownish traits. Combined with good humor they "take."
 Watch your clown friend. He doesn't know anything, does he? Real clowns are like jokes—they turn up only once in a while.

The Elephant-Nosed Shrew
 And the Memory-Man said,
 Some Kaffir hunters, having only caught a little small game, saw a storm coming and ran into a hut for shelter. Soon the owner of the hut came. It was a Snake.
 "You are my prisoners," said the Snake. "You must give the game you have caught to your dogs, to eat, so that they may get fat, then you must eat your dogs, so that you may be fat, and that I shall eat you."
 But an Elephant-nosed Shrew, lit- tle bigger than a mouse, desiring to save the hunters, came to the door and squeaked:
 "That is cleverly said, O snake, and when you have got fat, I will eat you."
 Which impudent remark so an- gered the snake that he writhed out of the hut to chase the Shrew, who slipped into his hole, this giving the hunters a chance to escape.
 "Ah," said the Shrew, when he was safe in his hole, "if your spirit had been as big as your body, O Snake, you would have ignored the taunts of anyone as small as I am." Wounded vanity will lead us into constant mistakes. R-W.

Daily Twelve-Syllable Rhyme
 No one yet
 Learned to fly
 Who was too
 Scared to try.

Hives
 "Well, Lucille, how do you like it here in the south?"
 "Ever so much, Mother, but I'm glad you've come. I've been so worried. All we girls have been suffering terribly from hives, great big ones, and they itch so much. What's the reason?"
 "Heat, dampness and fresh fruit. It's a sign of too much acid in the blood. You need more alkali. Take a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in half a glass of water, every other day. Make your bread of soda and sour-milk instead of with yeast. When you drink lemonade, make it fizz with a pinch of baking soda added to the sugar.
 "For a lotion to stop the itching of the hives, lay some moistened bicarbonate of soda directly on the inflamed areas. You will find that this internal treatment will gradually cause the hives to disappear, and the external treatment will relieve the annoyance."
 "Oh, Mother, I wish I had written and asked you weeks ago."
 —GEORGETTE BEURET.

THE COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD
 He put the picture back into his pocket, and rose to his feet. Mechanically he slipped on his coat. He went to the door, opened it softly, and passed out into the night. The moon was above him, like a great, white disc. The sky burned with stars. He could see now to the foot of the ridge over which Mukoki had gone, and the clearing about the cabin lay in a cold and luminous glory. Tavish if he had been caught in the twilight darkness and had waited for the moon to rise, would be showing up soon.
 He walked to the side of the Cabin and looked back. Quite distinctly he could see Tavish's meat, suspended from a stout sapling that projected straight out from under the edge of the roof. It hung there darkly, a little in shadow, swinging gently in the wind that had risen, and tap-tap-tapping against the logs. David moved toward it, gazing at the edge of the forest in which he thought he had heard a sound that was like the creak or a sledge runner. He hoped it was Tavish returning. For several moments he listened with his back to the cabin. Then he turned. He was very close to the thing hanging from the sapling. It was swinging slightly. The moon shone on it, and then—Great God! A face—a human face! A face, bearded, with bulging, staring eyes, gaping mouth—a grin of agony frozen in it! And it was tap- ping, tapping, tapping!
 He staggered back with a dreadful cry. He swayed to the door, groped blindly for the latch, stumbled in clumsily, like a drunken man. The horror of that lifeless, grinning face was in his voice. He had awakened the Missioner, who was sitting up staring at him.
 "Tavish— is dead!" he cried, chok- ingly; "Tavish— is dead!" and he pointed to the end of the cabin where they could hear that tap-tap-tapping against the log wall.

Wormwood was used by the ancients for its medicinal properties. Cockroaches are found in all parts of the civilized world.
 He was speaking to himself, look- ing straight into Tavish's agonized face. A great shudder swept through David. He wanted to cry out. He wanted to know. But the Mis- sioner now had his hands on the gruesome thing in the moonlight, and he was saying:
 "There is still warmth in his body. He has not been long dead. He hang- ed himself, I should say, not more than half an hour before we reached the cabin. Give me a hand, David!"
 With a mighty effort David pulled himself together. After all, it was nothing more than a dead man hang- ing there. But his hands were like ice as he seized hold of it. A knife gleamed in the moonlight over Tavish's head as the Missioner cut the rope. They lowered Tavish to the snow, and David went into the cabin for a blanket. Father Roland wrapped the blanket carefully about the body so that it would not freeze to the ground. Then they entered the cabin. The Missioner threw off his coat and built up the fire. When he turned he seemed to notice for the first time the deathly pallor in David's face.

Chapter XII.
 Not until afterward did David realize how terribly his announcement of Tavish's death must have struck into the soul of Father Roland. For a few seconds the Missioner did not move. He was wide awake, he had heard and yet he looked at David dumbly, his two hands gripping his blanket. When he did move, it was to turn his face slowly toward the end of the cabin where the thing was hanging, with only the wall between. Then, still slowly, he rose to his feet. David thought he had only half understood.
 "Tavish—is dead!" he repeated huskily, straining to swallow the thickening in his throat. "He is out there—hanging by his neck—dead!"
 "Dead!" He emphasized the word—spoke it twice.
 Father Roland still did not an- swer. He was getting into his clothes mechanically, his face curi- ously ashen, his eyes neither horri- fied nor startled, but with a stunned look in them. He did not speak when he went to the door and out into the night. David followed, and in a moment they stood close to the thing that was hanging where Tavish's meat should have been. The moon threw a vivid sort of spotlight on it. It was grotesque and horrible—very bad to look at, and unfor- gettable. Tavish had not died easily. He seemed to shriek that fact at them as he swung there dead; even now he seemed more terrified than cold. His teeth gleamed a little. That, perhaps, was the worst of it all. And his hands were clenched tight. David noticed that. Nothing seem- ed relaxed about him.
 Not until he had looked at Tavish for perhaps sixty full seconds did Father Roland speak. He had recov- ered himself, judging from his voice. It was quiet and unexcited. But in his first words, unemotional as they were, there was a significance that was almost frightening.
 "At last! She made him do that!"

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"It shocked you—when you found it there," he said. "Ugh! I don't wonder. But . . . David, I didn't tell you I was expecting something like this. I have feared for Tavish. And to-night when the dogs and Mukoki signalled death I was alarmed—until we found the fire in the stove. It didn't seem reasonable then. I thought Tavish would return. The dogs were gone, too. He must have freed them just before he went out there. Terrible! But justice—jus- tice, I suppose. God sometimes works His ends in queer ways doesn't He?"
 "What do you mean?" cried Da- vid, again fighting that thickening in his throat. "Tell me Father! I must know. Why did he kill him- self?"
 His hand was clutching at his breast, where the picture lay. He wanted to tear it out in this mo- ment, and demand of Father Roland whether this was the face—the girl's face—that had haunted Tavish.
 (To Be Continued.)
 This story will be shown in pic- tures at the Strand Theatre about the middle of September.

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