

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN'S PAGE

TOUGH JOB AHEAD WHEN CREAKY CREEL STATES "IT STARTS ON MONDAY"

"Very well then, let's try out the plan. I like the way you go about it. We will do all we can to make it a success."

With this assurance from Captain Newton, Creaky and his committee were ready to go ahead, and go ahead they did.

"We will start this newspaper Monday evening," said Creaky.

Creaky, "Managing Editor"

Now organizing an editorial staff is a job for some thought, whether the paper be large or small. Creaky, now a "managing editor," soon learned this.

He couldn't get along without the help of Helen Conley. She would be just the one to handle the girls' news. So he turned over to Helen the whole "Society Department."

Likewise, the fellow who had first mentioned the idea on that evening two weeks ago, was the man for "Sports Editor."

Creaky decided to get a few reporters and keep an assignment book, until he could see by experience, just how to parcel out further the work of news-gathering.

It was a tough job, harder than he had expected. The staff had to establish an editorial office, with a typewriter and a table, in the corner of a basement room.

Some reporters flunked out on their assignments. Creaky worked all Saturday afternoon and into the night before he got out the complete bunch of copy for the first Monday evening's issue. He was bound it must be right. Several stories he wrote over three or four times.

Sunset Rises to Ideas

Sunset Schneider bought a copy of the Daily News on his way home Monday evening. Never before had he seen so much news about his own school in so few words.

Down in the corner was a write-up of Buck Winter, football captain, and underneath a little line in italics, "Tomorrow's Sketch: Albert (Sunset) Schneider, Tackle."

"I always did say this newspaper would go," soliloquized, Sunset (More Tomorrow)

Why is a coward like a leaky barrel? Because both run.

School Yell

(Read in a yell, a really good one.) Ramble, ramble, yip, yap, yi. The teacher with Dayton High? 'Tis no lie, 'tis no bluff, Dayton High pretty hot stuff!

SCHOOL SPORTS

Saddle Bags

Sky Shiny?

Yes! There is such a game. Sometimes it is called Spew, but most often Saddle Bags. It is one of the Indians used to play.

Two 7x4-inch bean bags are sewed securely to the ends of a 2-foot strap. These bags are thrown, tossed, pulled, knocked, or shoved by curved shiny or hockey sticks.

It is a simple game. Two goals and the same number of fellows on each side are about all that is needed. No one is allowed to kick the bags or touch them with his hands. It must all be done with the sticks.

A skillful player learns to hurl the bags over the heads of his opponents the same as he would throw an apple from the end of a stick.

On your football team, averaging 140 pounds, had a bunch of heavy 150-pounders? Write to the "School Sports" section of The Boy's and Girl's Newspaper About It.

Jim: I guess our house will be good and warm this winter. Uncle Ned: How so? Jim: I just heard Dad tell the painter to give it two coats.

OLD MAN PUZZLE

A British poet is hiding; can you find him? Puzzle pudding's a very fine dish. You can learn to make it if you wish: school! school! school! school!

Stir in an idea and make up a rhyme: Bake well in the oven of homely wit. With cake at supper we'll relish it. Answer to yesterday's: Mate, meat, team, tame.

OLD LADY RIDDLE

What is it we should always keep, even after we have given it to another? Answer to yesterday's: A ship is in love when it is wanting a mate.

FIVE-YEAR LAD DRAGS STOOL QUARTER MILE TO SOUND FIRE ALARM

(True Story of a Real Boy)

Climbing to the top of his high chair, five-year old Francis Irwin of Reading, Mass., stood on tip-toes, reached the lever on the fire-box and pulled the alarm. Francis had dragged a kitchen stool for two blocks from his house to the firebox.

In addition to the fire department, practically the whole town turned out in response to the call.

Francis calmly awaited the arrival of the fire fighters and explained to the chief, "Mother's gone for blue berries and I don't want my house to burn down."

The fire was extinguished and but slight damage was done to the Irwin home.

Co-operating with Justice in a number of large cities, we have established an office in Chicago to edit this miniature newspaper for boys and girls. Address your letters to The Boy's and Girl's Newspaper, 32 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

GIRLHOOD STORIES OF FAMOUS WOMEN

Dressed in heavy robes of state, a baby girl, only nine months old, was carried from her cradle to the church, where Cardinal Beton placed a royal crown upon her head, bent her little fingers about a golden scepter and presented her with a historic sword.

Great nobles knelt before her, kissed the tips of her baby fingers and swore allegiance to their Queen. Royal Princes from other countries saluted her.

But the little Queen cried so hard, the ceremonies had to be shortened, so that she could be returned to her nursery.

Perhaps it was premonition that caused the little girl to weep so loudly at her coronation. For she was the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, (1542-1587), who was left fatherless when she was a few days old, widowed when she was eighteen, and beheaded before her hair was gray.

(Tomorrow's Story, Antonio Stradivari.)

Each day there is published in The Boy's and Girl's Newspaper a true story of some boy or girl. Send in one that you happen to know.

THE COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

"That's his favorite," explained Father Roland. "At times, when he is alone, he will chant it by the hour. He is delighted when I join in with him. It's 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains.'"

"Ke wa de poong a yah jig. Kuh ya' gowah wah bun oong. E gewah n duh nuh ke jig. E wa de ke shah tag. Kuh ya puh duh ke woo waud. Palm e nuh sah whnz eeg. Ke nuh doo me goo nah nig. Che shuh wa ne mung wah."

At first David had felt a slight desire to laugh at the Cree's odd chanting and the grotesque movement of his hands and arms, like two pump handles in slow and rhythmic action, as he kept time. This desire did not come to him again during the day. He remembered, 300 years ago, hearing his mother sing those old hymns in his boyhood home. He could see the ancient melody with its yellow keys, and the ragged hymn book his mother had prized next to her Bible; and he could hear again her sweet, quavering voice sing those gentle songs, like unforgettable benedictions—the same songs that Mukoki and the Missioner were chanting now, up here, a thousand miles away. That was a long time ago—a very, very long time ago. She had been dead many years. And he—she must be growing old. Thirty-eight! And he was nine then, with slender legs and

in what he was to say, the Cree said to him: "One ever goes into that room, m'sieu. And no man has ever seen mon Pere's violin."

The words were spoken in a low monotone without emphasis or emotion, and David was convinced they were a message from the Missioner, soon as he would speak the words himself. Not again after the first night did he apologize for his visits to the room, nor did he ever explain why the door was always locked, or why he invariably locked it after him when he went in. Each night, when they were at home, he disappeared into the room, opening the door only enough to let his body pass through; sometimes he remained there for only a few minutes, and occasionally for a long time. At least once a day, usually in the evening, he played the violin. It was always the same piece that he played. There was never a variation, and David could not make up his mind that he had ever heard it before. At these times, if Mukoki happened to be in his place, as Father Roland called his place, he would sit like one in a trance, scarcely breathing until the music had ceased. And when the Missioner came from the room his face was always lit up in a kind of halo. There was one exception to all this, David noticed. The door was never unlocked when there was a visitor. No other but himself and Mukoki heard the sound of the violin, and this fact, in time, impressed David with the deep faith and affection of the Little Missioner. One evening Father Roland came from the room with his face aglow with some strange happiness that had come to him in there, and placing his hands on David's shoulders he said, with a yearning and yet hopeless inflection in his voice:

"I wish you would stay with me always, David. It has made me younger, and happier, to have a son."

In David there was growing—but concealed from Father Roland's eyes for a long time—a strange insistent restlessness. It ran in his blood, like a thing alive, whenever he looked at the face of the Girl. He wanted to go on.

(To Be Continued.)

This story will be shown in pictures at the Strand Theatre about the middle of September.

By watching for the man you know to be unworthy you do an injustice to others.

"CORNS"

Lift Right Off Without Pain

Doesn't hurt a bit. Drop a little "Frezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly, Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Frezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Chapter XIV.

In the days and weeks that followed, this room beyond the closed door, and what it contained, became to David more and more the great mystery in Father Roland's life. It impressed itself upon him slowly but resolutely as the key to some tremendous event in his life, some vast secret which he was keeping from all other human knowledge, unless, perhaps, Mukoki was a silent sharer. At times David believed this was so, and especially after that day when, carefully and slowly, and in good English, as though the Missioner had trained him

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England Has Not Forgotten. Writing to the Toronto Telegram from London, C. H. J. Snider says: England has not forgotten the war yet.

DO NOT GO TO GERMAN PLAYS. EVERY GERMAN PLAY IS GERMAN PROPAGANDA. These posters placard the fronts of the Garrick and Apollo theatres. Shows with titles or authors' names suggesting German authorship have to spend a lot of money in explanatory advertising.

When you are able to speak from authority, "they say so" is a mighty handy expression.

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