### THE JUNIOR BRITISH WHIG

BIGGEST LITTLE PAPER IN THE WORLD

HUMOR PLAY WORK

### THE MYSTERIUS CANDLES Note: This playcan be given by

one person, with "d-stage" help. Scene: Living roo of Porter home. Barbara Porter is cled up in a big chair. The room isn darkness, except for a single callestick burning on the desk at the bk. At one end is she of the room is a long-ading table. BARBARA: Cande are so nice and cozy,

But they always me me dozy. (Stretches, yawns, & settles down in chair with eyes sh There is a knocking heard. Barta jumps up.) BARBARA: I Weer who is knocking now.

I never get to rest, schow, (Goes off at end oppie table.) BARBARA (off-stage Oh, no, n of Please go away And bring your warisome other

(There is a minute's be.) BARBARA: Buy cals? Goodaces gracious no! We've all that we cane. Please

(Another pause.) BARBARA: They're me candles, aid you say? Of course I don't believe t stay-I'll buy a few, they're by cheap. No, just these four are I'll keep. (Barbara reappears on b, carry-ing four plain candlestickth white

BARBARA: He said, intruths (Sets candles in row on and lights them from deshdie as

candles in them.)



I don't believe such silly stuff. There! That will give me light (Blows out desk candie. Telephone on desk rings.) BARBARA: Hello! Hello! Yes, this

You really can not count on me-I'd love to help, but don't see how-I made some other plans just now. (Candle at end goes out-blown by ome one back of curtain.) BARBARA: Goodbye, my dear goodbye- (Looks at candle.) Why.

There surely is a draft, I know. (Sits down at desk.) I guess I'll write a line or two To Ruth, a letter's over due. (Writing) I hope-that you're-not

Your address was mislaid somehow. (Second candle goes out.)
BARBARA: Another candle! Why, now queer! (Gets up.) I guess that I won't write her yet. Now, where's my hist'ry . . . I for- would win.

(Finds book.) BARBARA: That dry old book! hate it so! And all those dates I ought to know! I'll tell her I was fick tonight And felt too ill to learn them right. (Third candle goes out.)

that way? It can't be caused by things I say! He talked as if he meant it, too But, pshaw! A fib is not a lie.

I always tell the truth. (Last caridle goes out, It is dark.) Oh, my! (Silence for a moment.) BARBARA: I'm scared! I'm scared! A light! A light! The matches! It's as black as night (Lights candle on desk. Looks around. Candles on table are gone.)

BARBARA: I wonder-was it all : It's queer how real such things ca Hereafter I shall really try To keep in mind a fib's a lie. And little candle, straight and white, I'll keep undimmed Truth's shining

TODAY'S PUZZLE Form a word square from the plural of a pastry, a preposition, a girl's name, and a word meaning to fly up-

## ONE REEL YARNS

TWO WINNERS Katrinka was very proud of her new skates. She went skimming up and down the canals like a flying bird.

When her uncle and cousin came from Rotterdam to visit she told them how she could go faster than any one on the canal. "Jan here is quite a skater, too," said her uncle. "He skates to school

every day in winter. I should like to see who is the skater!" "That would be fun, Katrinka," said Jan. "I'll race you from here to the dike and back tomorrow. Then we'll see who is the sflater!"

"And I will give a prize to the winner," said Jan's father. So the next day Katrinka and Jan polished up their skates anew and laughingly teased each other as they prepared for the race. The whole family gathered out in front to watch. At And just today I found it here. the word "Go" the two racers bent low and started off. It was an even race to the dike.

When they started back it was hard for the watchers to tell which one "Til let Jan win," thought Katrinka. "He is a boy, and it would shame him I to have a girl beat him. Besides, he's my company. I don't want to make

him feel badly while he is visiting us." And Katrinka slowed down. "I'll let Katrinka win this race," de-BARBARA: I wonder why they act beaten before all her family. She cided Jan. "It would hurt her so to be might cry. Besides, I'm visiting here, Suppose that tale he told were get the prize. She's so kind and dear, and it would be more polite to let her I don't want to hurt her feelings." And Jan slowed down.

So the race slowed down. Jan kept his eyes on Katrinka, trying to let her get ahead. Katrinka watched Jan, meaning to let him get a start. The watchers in front of the house wondered what had happened "You're trying to let me beat!" cried Jan at last.

"You want me to win!" cried Katrinka. Then they both stopped and laughed And when they started on again, it was hand in hand. So Jan's father, when he heard the story, gave them each a prize



They say Bud Smithers has Been wandering in his mind. "Well," says Benny to me, "He's safe. He can't go far."

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### SEE INDICATIONS OF SPRING

ter Has Passed When Poultry Pecpte Get Busy.

The Minneapolis postmaster has a back. sign of spring" all his own. He that back to the farm is the city dweller's favorite slogan.—Christian

Curiosities of the Bible. There are many curiosities of the Bible seldom noticed by a person who simply reads the book's pages. The book contains 3,586,489 letters and 773,693 words; 31,178 verses and 1,189 chapters besides 66 books. The books were written by 40 men during a period of 1,600 years. The 29 books of the Old Testament were classed: Law, 5; history, 12; poetry, 5; prophecy, 17. The 27 books of the New Testament were classed as history, 5; epistles, 21, and prophecy, 1. The word "and" is found in the Bible 46,278 times, and the word "reverend" but once. The nineteenth chapter of II. Kings and the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah are alike. The middle verse of the Bible is Psaim XCVII. 8. -Albany, N. Y., Journal,

A Library Advertises. step for an ideal institution would be to advertise the treasures which it helds in trust for all citizens. would appear that the Newark, N. J. for it has been distributing circulars educate himself by reading, and how the library can help him to find just the right things to read. Taking a ene from the methods of writers of eye-catching advertisements, the library entitled the circular in large type: "Get Wise Quick."-- Christian Science

The Way of the World. Two men stood in a balcony on high tower looking down into a busy market place in the heart of a great

One man said to the other, "De you see that fellow on the platform, addressing the people?" And the other after a moment plied, "Yes, I do. Who is he?"

James Walde Fawrett

knows that winter is gone and the baby chicks by parcel post to R. F. D. addresses in the Minnesota countryside and to the suburbs of the Twin ly, the good commuters of the Twin the fireside this winter and reading linen to look into a piquant olivethat most popular of works of natural skinned face, now illuminated by deep science (or fairy tales, some say) called shining eyes and dashed with damask "\$6.25 Per Hen." That volume, by the bloom. Dimly he recalled the Zarah way, used to have a unique record in Zell he knew; this could not be the the Crerar library in Chicago. The same, yet certainly was. It's lucky

librarian has a fad for statistics and you didn't swear to what you said," a genius for collecting them, and he went on. "It would have been rank many strange items he has turned up, perjury. Every girl here tonight is not hitherto suspected about his li- prettier than you are-but none brary. One year he discovered that them half so beautiful." "\$6.25 Per Hen" has been asked for "Paint makes a heap of difference, more than any other book in the li- if you put it on right," Zarah an-

Presuming that a public library is so well conducted that its custodians are able to direct applicants promptly to the volumes asked for, the next library has reached the second stage, telling how the ambitious worker may

thinks you think he is.

Minneapolis Postmaster Knows Win-

year's in the green when the city "Blind bats! I know you're pretty, even through a linen sheet." "I'd ram you for that, if only I were Cities. The poultry people began You know I'm Zarah Zell, and, everymailing this year earlier than ever be- body says, ugly enough to chaw woo fore, and mailing more. For, apparent- with the burrs in it." Cities have been toasting their toes by all but whispered, parting folds of

swered, with an artiess giggle. held under the sheet, saying judicially: "It's a mighty fine party."

rest?" Warren asked. She nodded. "I don't know. Can you?" from

Zarah whispered. "You see, at all the other parties I've looked like a ragtag-tonight in granny's fine linen sheet, nobody can touch me. I shall slip away before the undressing—then nobody will know what's under it. But they'll all guess who wore embroldered linen-nobody else has any."

it wasn't you," he said. "Run along the man after your heart."

hate Jack Durden," Mincing Minny complained. "I'd rather play with anybody else any time. And I've got something to tell you-ever as fine and funny-"

terrupted. "Right now I have other uses for my ears."

### Nobody's Darling and Warren

By MARTHA MACWILLIAMS

(6. 1931, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) "What's this?" Warren asked, blocking the way of a sheeted figure in front of him. Apparently it had

the neck of a giraffe, so distant was the crown from the spread of shoulders. But with draping of thick homespun linen, outlines were matters of faith rather than sight. This was true of the whole company of gay youths gathered for a "phantom party," wherein sheets, pillow and bolster cases, napkins and such small deer, had been impressed for masquerade duty. "This is-no, this ain't-nobody's

darling," the giraffe answered in plaintive falsetto: "I ain't fat-not a little bit-but nobody loves me either weekdays or Sundays."

"What a shame—if there's enough of you to love," Warren returned, making a fumbling clutch at a shrouded arm. "Let's feel; I thought so!" as his fingers identified buttons clearly masculine. "Sonny, you should not begin to deceive this early. You're hardly more than a cock sparrow."

With that he tried to swing the giraffe across his hip-but met with day and night of cabling, made it cerwrithed eel-like from his hold and set a huge, heavy heel upon his instep, panting out, "Let go, unless you want a hole stamped in your socks, Sammy Warren."

"Let's see your socks." Warren began bending and grabbing the foot. At his touch it was jerked free of the heavy shoe, revealing itself, small, dainty, unmistakably feminine—its owner the while whispering angrily: "Now you've done it-spoiled my fun all evening."

"Put on your shoe and come out on the plazza-nobody saw your foot." Warren countered, dragging the girl away. Giggles followed them. In the encounter her high-spiked beaddress had got away, letting the sheet droop like a court train over one elbow and falling scantily below the other. The wearer tugged spitefully at it, saying under breath: "I'm a sight-I know I am-and they pick on me enough when I'm all set."

"Let them-so matter who they are," Warren said soothingly. "Tell you!" me your name and I'll say enough sweet things to make up." "Not if I keep my hearin'. Ugh! hate sweet things!" the girl flung

Warren laughed softly. "I see. No-

a submarine," with menacingly low-

The phantoms were in full tide of ghoulish glee. They had spread over the lamp-lit lawn, by twos or threes, or blotches of curious half dozens. Zarah looked at them through fingers

"Shall we go out to play with the Under the brightest light she paused to say in Warren's ear: "Can you understand how it feels to be finer than anybody, when all along you have been the commonest looking?"

"It's heavenly-I'm feeling it now,"

"We won't unmask," Warren said. "T'll declare ourselves Guardian Ghouls, charged to keep the others in order... And they will have to feed us in private just the things we like. If they don't, we'll put all sorts of

"Seems like somebody has already put a spell on you," a mincing voice said behind them. Warren laughed carelessly. "That's all right, Min-as play with Jacky Durden-he is

"Keep it till next week," Warren in-

"Rude men deserve punishment," Zarah said primly. "I'm going to leave you strictly to yourself."

"How nice of you! I can think of you undisturbed," Warren murmured. Zarah tossed her head so violently as almost to dislodge her headspike. War-

### ren caught it barely in time, settled it in place again and tucked her hand over his arm, saying: "I cease the struggle. You are my fate. Come

along and let's get it over with. When will you marry me?" "The year after never," Zarah retorted. He shook his head, murmuring: "If nobody loves her, where, oh, where did she get experienced?"

So it went all evening. Along toward second cock crow, that is to say, near 3 o' the morning clock, Warren, handing a slim figure, frowsily shawled, into a very decrepit family carriage, noted upon its panel a lozenge with a crest recalling the lines of the sheet embroidery. He said nothing beyond a gay good-by. But betimes next day he was rummaging through dusty papers in the office of the clerk, searching out names, dates, dusty deeds and wills and comparing them with a span new letter of inquiry his firm had received a week before. They had almost flung it away unanswered-not a soul had ever heard of Herr Vanderzell, Holland-born, and unheard of these 80 years. He must, of course, be long dead, but if he had left heirs, there was good news for them. Inclosed was an engraving of the family crest-almost the only sure

sign of indentification. Warren found no Vanderzell, but did discover sundry papers signed simply Zell, sealed with that same crest, and fully attesting that Zarah Zell, sole surviving descendant in the fourth generation, was the person sought.

Two hours of long distance talk, a tain Zarah would come into gulden galore. Then only Warren told her of the letter, and its results. When he had finished, she looked away sighing. "Why! I thought you'd be so glad," he said, shaking his head. "You met me as though I were a long lost

"I-I thought you had come to-to tell me something else," Zarah answered, looking down.

"What?" Warren demanded. Shi raised her eyes, but dropped them instantly, murmuring: "Oh! That had quit bein' nobody's darling-" "Old stuff!" Warren Interrupted. "That stopped when you threatened to tear my silk sock."

Words Failed Him Archibald--"Hello, Jimmy, what's the matter? Fallen off your bicycle?" Jimmy-"No! I was trying to reach a top shelf by standing on some dictionaries, and they gave [7]

Archibald-"I see - words failed Forest Preserves. The Quebec Government is probably the leader in the New World in forest preservation. It plans to plant two pines or spruces for each one cut down, and has an elaborate patrol of

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