

# KIDDIE-LAND CAPERS



## THE POOR FISH.

Little Johnny went to fish,  
Though 'twas not his mother's wish,  
Thought he'd take home a great  
"mess,"  
Eight, or ten, or twelve, I guess,  
First the minnows stole his bait;  
Greedy imps—they couldn't wait.

Then his fishing line nigh broke;  
Grandpa fish thought that a joke,  
But at last he landed him;  
Pull was stronger than the swim.  
"Mother will be pleased indeed;  
We will have a 'scrumptious feed!'"

## I DON' WANNA GO T' BED.

"I don' wanna go t' bed—  
Cittin' chapter I ain't read;  
Injun 'bout t' git him, too—  
Old 'Red Ranger,' tried and true.  
Can't I finish it?" teased Ted.  
"No, you can't; you go to bed."  
"I don' wanna go t' bed."  
"Stop your arguing with me, Ted;  
Hurry up, it's half past eight!"  
"Gee whiz, mamma, that ain't late."  
"Yes, it is," Ted's mamma said,  
You go take yourself to bed."  
"I don' wanna go t' bed—  
I ain't no ole Sleepy-Head;  
Gran'pa's sittin' over there,  
Head-a-noddin' in his chair;  
Why don't ya send him instead?  
I don' wanna go t' bed."  
"Take yourself right off to bed,  
Did you hear me?" Mamma said.  
"Just one other word from you,  
And you'll get a whipping, too!"  
"Oh, gee whiz," he softly said,  
"I don' wanna go t' bed."

## WHAT, INDEED!

How terrible Mother Earth felt  
When she lost the equator, her belt;  
But what could she do,  
When her body there grew  
So hot the said girdle did melt?

## SLIM JIM REBUS DICTIONARY

A PENNY,

of writing  
-WRING AS  
-W  
+VED

-KE I -LAND

a

+NY ?NED



## The Villager and the White Bear

MANY a long, long year ago, when elves and fairies and Robolds and Schretels were as plentiful as blackberries on a bush, the King of Norway decided to make the King of Denmark a present of a white bear.

Accordingly he selected a great huge beast and sent it in charge of a sturdy Norseman to the Danish court.

The way was long and the Norseman, when evening drew nigh, stopped at the house of a Danish villager and asked lodging for the night.

"Alas," said the villager, "I do not want to seem inhospitable, but it is sorry accommodation I can offer you. My house is ample indeed, but I can no longer live in it. An evil Schretel comes every night. I never see it, but it rains hard blows on me and my children. It tosses chairs and tables about as if they were feathers, and breaks everything in the house. And so I have left my good comfortable house and am living in a wretched tumbledown little hut."

"Are you willing?" asked the Norseman, "to let me try to pass the night in your house, if I venture to do so in spite of the evil Schretel?"

"Indeed, yes, if you are not afraid!"

"I am not," said the Norseman.

So the Norseman and the great white bear went into the house and made themselves comfortable for the night.

The Norseman built a good fire in the kitchen and the white bear lay on the hearthstone in front of it, basking in its warmth.

They had settled themselves to sleep, both man and beast, when the door was pushed open and in came the Schretel. He was not very tall, but, oh, how strong he was. He was dressed in brown and green and wore a bright red cap on his head.

He went at once to the fire to roast himself some meat which he had on a spit, and nearly stumbled over the white bear.

"What is this creature doing here?" he said to himself. "I do not like his looks nor the way he is clad. I'll frighten it away as I have done the villager and his family!"

So he gave the white bear a heavy blow on the head.

Up jumped the huge bear growling fiercely.

"Get out," said the Schretel, "this place belongs to me." And he gave the white bear another blow.

The white bear was so angry at this that he made a rush for the Schretel and tried to catch him so as to crush him to pieces.

The Schretel was nimble, however, and darted away in time, but the bear pursued him and finally caught him.

The Schretel fought hard and the white bear did the same. Finally the Schretel escaped, very much the worse for the encounter.

Out of the house he ran as fast as he could, and the white bear, after eating the meat the Schretel had meant for his own supper, lay down again on the hearth and went to sleep.

In the morning the villager was surprised and overjoyed to see the Norseman and the white bear emerge from his house safe and sound, though the white bear did have some bruises and cuts on his body.

Thanking his host for the night's lodging, the Norseman, with the white bear, went on his way.

While the morning was still young the villager was surprised to see the evil Schretel, dressed in brown and green and wearing his red cap, but he was limping and his face was badly gashed, and one arm was in a sling, and altogether he was a battered up looking Schretel.



Hurrah!  
It's apple-picking-time in Grandpa Graves' orchard.

## HARVEST MOON IS SHINING

Harvest moon is shining, big and round and red,  
Keeps right on a-shining when we go to bed;  
Brings the little people light to see all night  
And they keep a-working till the morning light.

Tiny little people living in the grass  
Gather in the harvest, strange things come to pass;  
Listen to their chortle; merry songs they sing;  
Crickets very likely make the still air ring.

Storing, storing treasure for the Winter days,  
Packing crannies full of things, busy tiny ways,  
In the queerest corners, packing to the brim,  
These tiny little people are working with a vim.

## Good Scouts and Good Friends

A PORTLY old gentleman near the entrance of his home stopped suddenly as he heard sounds of sobbing coming from beneath the hedge nearby. As he stooped to investigate, he discovered a lad about 12 years of age, huddled in a heap, and crying to break his heart.

"What is the trouble, son?" the man asked.

The boy looked up and started to wipe away the tears, rather ashamed that anyone had caught him crying.

"Well, you see it was this way," he answered, when he could speak, "I was in swimming and along came a lot of Boy Scouts, and they were soon in the water, too. We had a fine time diving and racing. After a while the scoutmaster called the boys to get dressed, and I went with them. When they saw that I did not put on a scout suit they asked me why I didn't have one, and I said that I'd like to, but I didn't want to tell them that mother couldn't afford it just now. Then Sam Turner, who lives in that big white house, said that I had no money because my mother was an old washer-woman. That made me angry and, without thinking, I hit him in the eye and then I licked him good. Then I ran away before the master got there."

"Show me where you live," said the man.

In a short time they came to a little rose-covered cottage, and when the boy called "Mother!" a neat little woman appeared at the door.

"Why, Tim—" she began, but stopped when she saw his companion. Then the old gentleman explained that his grandson had just been whipped by her boy.

"And he deserved it, too!" Mr. Turner exclaimed.

Tim was very much astonished to learn that this kind man could possibly have such a disagreeable relative as Sam. Then Mr. Turner told his plan by which Tim could earn enough to buy his scout suit, and at the same time teach a lesson to Sam, who was becoming more selfish every day.

"Both his mother and father died when he was a little baby, and he has been spoiled by the servants ever since." Then, turning to Tim, he continued: "Come over this evening and read to me!"

That evening, as usual, Sam was late for dinner. "What's the trouble with your eye, Sam?" his grandfather inquired.

"Oh, I ran into something!" the boy replied, and the meal was finished without further conversation.

Now, Sam was thinking that, on account of his eye, he really had a

## HIGHLY AMUSED.

Said the moon: "How happy am I  
In roaming around in the sky;  
For I gaze on the earth  
And am filled with great mirth  
At the comical sights I espy."

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

At my town aunt's apartment house  
I walk on rugs soft as a mouse.  
The janitor will call me "sir"—  
Aunt has a cat with long, long fur.  
The elevator's hard to beat,  
And ice cream cones across the street.  
But I came from the country, see—  
I'd give it all for just one tree!

(COURTESY PHILADELPHIA RECORD.)



And Hoolay!  
It's apple-pie-time  
in Grandma  
Graves' kitchen.

## Picture Puzzle



Jack and Jill Fell Down a Hill. Do You See Two More Water Carriers?

## SUNSET.

Day has a house with windows wide  
Where girls and boys in joy abide,  
But ere these children go to bed  
A little girl in dress of red  
Comes out and shuts those shutters  
tight,  
Then everybody says "Good-night."

## MR. ELEPHANT'S OFFER.

Said the elephant, "By the way,  
Monk,  
Do you want to invest in a trunk?  
If you do, here is mine;  
It's certainly fine,  
And it's guaranteed not to be junk!"

Straight to the villager he came  
and asked:  
"Is that fierce cat still in your  
house?"  
"Of course," said the villager, and  
it has brought its five young cats  
also."  
"Indeed!" exclaimed the Schretel,  
his own house.

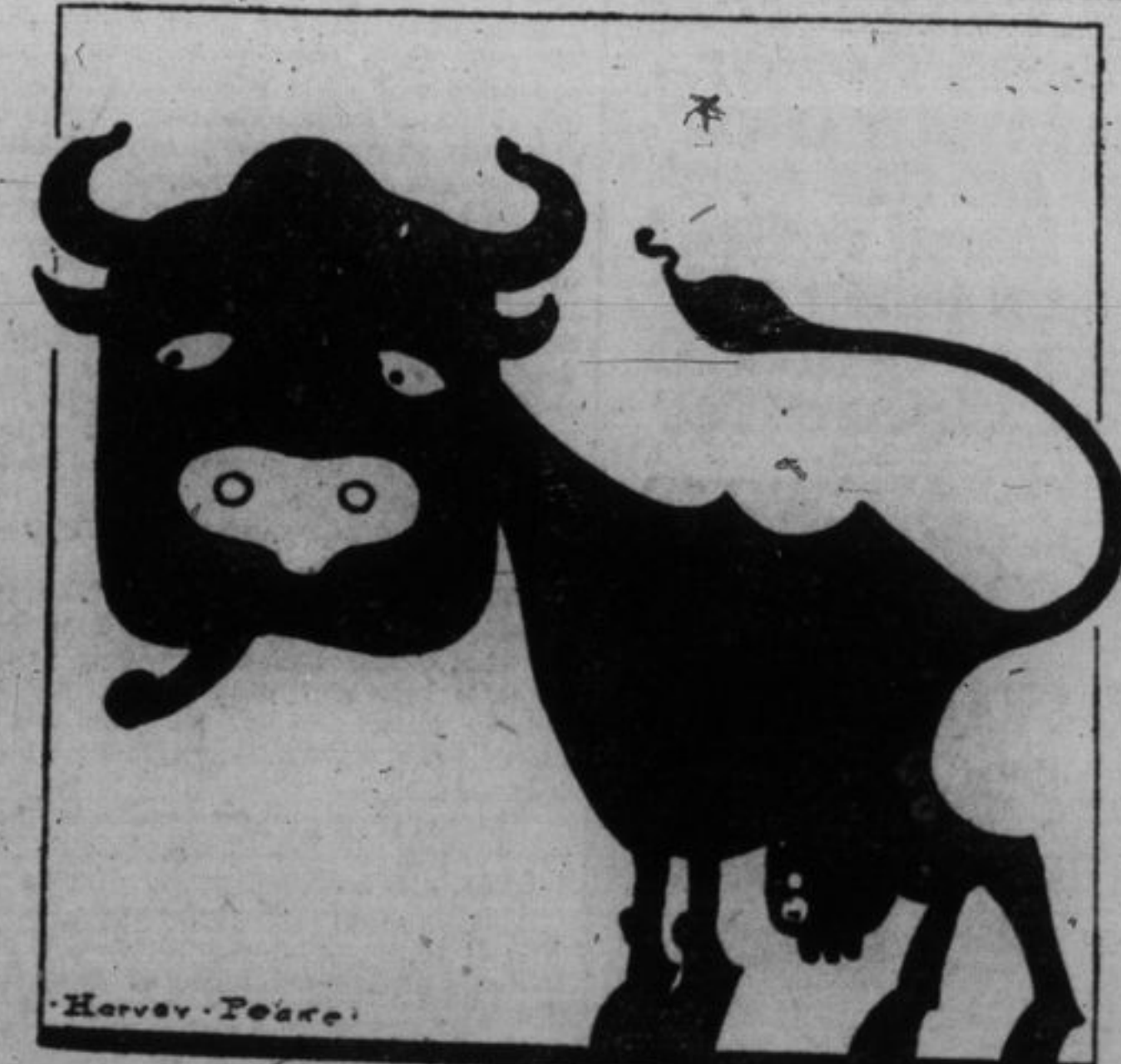
"That will be six of them. If one  
can maul and bite and strike, six,  
even if five are young, are too much  
even for a spirit. I must go at  
once!"  
And away went the evil Schretel  
boy replied, and the meal was finished  
and never returned, and the villager  
was enabled once more to live in  
his own house.



## THE HAPPY GOAT

How would you like to be a goat  
And dine upon a shoe,  
A door-knob and a cake of soap  
While looking at the view?

Well, here's a lesson that each child  
Should to itself repeat:  
A goat is always satisfied  
With what it has to eat!



## ISN'T SHE UGLY?

Oh, see the cow stick out her tongue  
Most angrily at me!  
She must have read the line I wrote  
Up at the T-o-p.

And I must get a moral from  
This angry quadruped.  
'Tis this: To look politely pleased,  
No matter what's been said.

## Golden Gleanings

Never excuse a wrong action by saying that some one else does the same thing.

—Benj. Franklin.