

## THE JEWEL BOX

Ping Pong was a pretty little Japanese, with smooth black hair and dark brown eyes, and a dress all covered with spots; not accidental spots, but round and black spots. She worked hard all day selling flowers, and she took care of her mother who was very old. Everyone said that there was no one like Ping Pong. The people bought her chrysanthemums and helped her carry her basket, and they did what they could for her.

Ping Pong thought the world was full of good people. Before her grandmother had died, she had left a box all inlaid with bright colors and told her to listen to it when she was unhappy or in trouble. Ping Pong had never felt unhappy so she had forgotten all about it.

But one day when Ping Pong was in the house she saw the box and she picked it up and held it to her ear. At first she felt nothing, but after while a queer little feeling seemed to run over her, and she fell on the couch and went to sleep. She dreamed that she heard two men talking. They were sitting on a bench. One said, "We must seek nothing but the jewel box." Then Ping Pong woke up.

One day the dream came true. The two men thought they would get the jewel box. One said, "She will put it in the cupboard." The two men hunted and hunted, but they could not find it because Ping Pong had taken it along with her; and they had to give up.

About two years after this Ping Pong was going to move away with her aunt and uncles. They were just ready to leave when Ping Pong remembered that she had left the box in the bookcase. So she sewed it up in her dress and had no more trouble all her life.—By Vera Ridenor, 11 years, Jackson Hill School.

## THE DOLL'S NEW DRESS

In a certain city in Indiana there lived a girl by the name of Ruth. She had four dolls. She delighted most in sewing. She went into the house one evening and called to her mother. "Mother," she cried, "Where are my dolls? Will you please get some goods for me, I want to make my doll a middy. I saw a new pattern up town this evening." "Well," said her mother, "just cool down, you're too hot."

Ruth laughed at such an expression. "What kind of goods do you want?" continued her mother.

"Well, I don't know," said Ruth. "I want some white goods, only I don't want muslin." "Why don't you want muslin?" asked her mother. "Because I just don't like it some way," continued Ruth. "Well," said her mother, "here is some pique if you want that." "Oh, thank you, thank you, mother, I am so pleased with that. Ever so much obliged," said Ruth, excited very much.

Ruth got her pattern and began her work. She soon had it done, and soon her dolls had a new dress, and Ruth ran out doors to play.—By Louise Ballard, Economy, Ind.

## A TRUE STORY

Once upon a time a little girl started to follow her father and brother to work and she got lost in the woods. She stayed in the woods two days and nights and when they missed her the people began to look for her. Some rode horses and some walked. They had guns, bells and horns. When they found her, they were to ring the bells and blow the horns so the others would know that she was found. When they finally found her she had been in the woods so long and she was so scared that she did not know her folks. This is a true story and this little girl's home was in Virginia.—By Roberta Abner, Whitewater, Ind.

## RIDES 8 MILES EACH DAY

Dear Aunt Molly:—I go to White-water school and I ride 8 miles on the hack each day. My hack driver's name is Thomas Smith, and my teacher's name is Miss Hiatt. When we get home my sister and I race to see which can find the most eggs.—Marguerite Baker, Grade Second.

A heavy atmosphere prevents smoke from ascending. On a very cold day the smoke will stay together in the air.

## School Children Send Flowers to Sick Friend

Dear Aunt Molly—I am going to tell you about a girl that is sick and she is in the third grade. She is at the hospital. Her name is Louise Bietry. All of the children brought some money to get her some flowers. And when the money was counted there was \$1.85. We all are going to send her a letter for her to read for pastime. She went to the hospital Friday night is what I heard. Her father drives the hack and he told Mr. Matti; and Mr. Matti told us that Mr. Bietry said that she was getting better. We were all glad. We all want her to come back this year if she can. If she cannot come this year we want her to come next year anyhow. I will stop.—Catharine Lawall, School No. 9.

Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.—Long-fellow.



At top: Miss Alice Egan, who with Miss Anna Kolec (lower right), display latest style bonnets that cost them only \$4 each, but look like \$20. Miss Gladys Peterson (lower left), whose Spring hat cost her only \$3.50. These girls live in Chicago.

## H. C. L. DOESN'T WORRY THEM

—SAVE \$6,592 ON SPRING HATS

surprise the children did not seem a bit afraid of it, but when he saw them poke its head in the window beside Aunt Dinah Peter peeked around the tree and watched.

"Growl, Mr. Lion," said the children, and the lion-on-wheels growled.

Oh, such a shriek upon shriek as sounded from the kitchen! "Oh! fo' de Lor' sak, Mr. Lion; dis ol' nigger ain't don noffin, deed I aint," said Aunt Dinah.

When the Dollington children tried to pull the lion-on-wheels away from the window, they were frightened, they couldn't move him. "Oh! he is eating up Aunt Dinah," screamed Marjory. "Oh! somebody save her." And then they espied Peter with the gun. "Shoot the lion-on-wheels, Peter; shoot him and save dear Aunt Dinah," pleaded both children.

When Peter saw that the lion could not get his head out, he popped his gun and over went the children on the ground with fright, and Peter too.

By this time Aunt Dinah saw that the lion-on-wheels could not get his head out of the window frame and she got over her fright.

Running out of the house she saw Peter and the children on the ground, and thinking the cruel, fierce lion-on-wheels had killed them, Aunt Dinah threw up her hands and over she went on the ground beside them.

Pretty soon the door of the play-room opened, and in came the little girl with Mr. and Mrs. Dollington, but as she was in a great hurry she did not stop and left them by the door.

Mr. Dollington offered his arm to his wife and they walked to their home, but only one look did Mrs. Dollington give and she shrieked and fainted.

Poor Mr. Dollington did not know where to turn first, to his wife or to his children, but his bright eyes spied Peter's gun, and, although the lion-on-wheels had stopped roaring, he lifted the gun and popped it three times.

"I have slain the fierce beast," he cried; "jump up, all of you. I have saved you; there is nothing to fear."

Up jumped the Dollington family and Aunt Dinah and Peter, too. "Oh, you brave man!" said Mrs. Dollington, throwing her arms around her husband. "We should all have been killed if it had not been for your bravery."

John Dollington put one arm around his pretty wife and with the other hand he twirled his mustache.

"Peter shot him, too," said Roy and Marjory; "when we found we could not get his head out again we screamed because we thought the lion-on-wheels was eating up dear Aunt Dinah, and we only wanted to scare her, not hurt her at all."

Mr. Dollington dropped his wife and Mrs. Dollington cried, "You naughty children, did you bring that beast over here now? I will punish you both; you go right to bed without your supper."

Both children began to cry and Aunt Dinah pleaded, but their mother was firm; they must be punished, and their father said, too, that children that were not afraid of lions-on-wheels should be punished severely.

But after Aunt Dinah had supper on the table and her master and mistress were busy eating she slipped stairs to the children's room with a tray heaped high with bread, butter, cake and preserves, all of which very likely would make them sick, but Aunt Dinah knew if they were she would have to take care of them, and any way, all Aunt Dinahs love their little charges whether they bother them or not, and Aunt Dinah Doll was not different from a real live Aunt Dinah, you see.

Next Week's story—"The Dollington Family."—Part IV.

## The Great Wall of China

The Great Wall of China was built to keep the Tartars out of China. It was built 200 years, B. C. It is 1,200 miles long in a straight line, but 1,500 miles long with all of its windings. It is 25 feet wide, 30 feet high.

The bricks of which this wall was built are 15 inches long, 7 inches wide and weigh 21 lbs. These bricks were all made by hand, machinery was unknown in those days. It took 300,000 men to construct this great wall. The Chinese must have been a highly civilized race to construct this wonderful wall all by hand.—A Reader.

Spell tin with four letters. (Answer) F-O-R-D.

## THE SANDMAN STORY FOR TONIGHT

"Oh, dear whatever will I do with those children?" said Mrs. John Dollington; "they make such a noise and they quarrel over their playthings so much I am sure I will have to punish them?"

"Now, Miss Cora, yo' all just let alone of those children; Ise the one who brung yo' all up an' I can tak' care o' Miss Margie and Mas Roy," said Aunt Dinah.

"She will spoil them, I know she will," said Mrs. Dollington to her husband; "Aunt Dinah never wants the children to be punished, and I know they will grow up just wild."

"You didn't, my dear Cora," said her husband, "and Aunt Dinah brought you up, didn't she?"

Mrs. Dollington had to admit that Aunt Dinah did bring her up, and so she said no more, but put on her hat and went with her husband to ride in the park with the little girl in the big house.

Now Roy and Marjory were like all children even if they were dolls, and when they got a chance to talk and move they made up for lost

time; that is the time they were just dolls.

Aunt Dinah had settled herself in a rocker by the kitchen window for a snooze, as she called it, and the doll children were in the yard under a tree, where it was nice and cool.

"Let's scare Aunt Dinah," said Roy; "she is asleep and we'll get the big Teddy bear over in the other corner of the room and make him growl and tell her he has come

to carry her off to his cave in the woods."

So over they went to Teddy Bear, who was very big; but he told them he could not frighten Aunt Dinah, she had seen him too often. "Take the lion-on-wheels; he has never been over your part of the room," he said.

So Roy and Marjory pulled the lion-on-wheels over to the window and stuck his head in close beside Aunt Dinah.

Now it happened that Peter had been given a gun that day, or rather a gun had been put into his arms, as he was expected to shoot something, as the little girl's father did some times, and bring home a partridge or quail for dinner. But Peter had not gone far; he stood right behind the tree not far from the window where Aunt Dinah was sleeping.

Peter didn't wish to shoot anything and he wondered what Aunt Dinah would say when it was time for dinner that night and he had brought nothing home.

When Peter saw the children coming along with the lion-on-wheels he was too frightened to move; he didn't even tremble, he just stared.

Closer and closer came the dreadful lion-on-wheels, and to Peter's

