

Tommy's Experience In the Garden

Tommy was on his way home from school. The sun was shining warm and bright, for it was in June. Birds were singing, and the air was soft and balmy. Butterflies flitted by and he tried to catch them in his hat, but they were too quick for him and flew out of his reach. Soon he passed a beautiful garden with flowers, oh, so many and so lovely! roses! such a profusion of them—light roses, yellow roses, white roses. How they looked. Tommy loved to touch them, for he loved flowers, besides his mother was lame and could not go out to see them.

Their yard was too tiny, there was not room for them and they had no money with which to buy. If he could only have some of those to carry home!

There were so many, a few could not be missed. He looked cautiously around, no one was in sight, no gardener to bid him keep away. He glanced at the window, no one was looking so he slipped silently through the gate and quickly helped himself to a few of the beautiful roses. No one would know they had been picked, there were so many more. Then quickly ran home, his little heart beating fast.

He lived in a tiny house at the end of a court, where it was dark and dingy. He burst into the room where his mother was sitting in a low chair. Her face was pale but her lips smiled as the boy entered.

"I have brought you some flowers mother!" beamed Tommy. "See," and he handed her his bouquet.

"Oh," cried his mother, "how beautiful! Who gave you such lovely ones?"

The little boy held down his head, for he was ashamed to tell his how he had got them. He had thought of it before, but it flashed upon him now that she might not think it just right for him to take them, so he said nothing.

"Put the flowers in water, dear," said his mother.

Tommy eagerly found a bowl, filled it with water and put the flowers into it, and they filled the room with fragrance.

"Come here, son," called his mother, and Tommy came and nestled by her side.

"Now tell mother about it she coaxed, "where did you get the flowers?"

"I—I took them—out of—a garden," stammered Tommy, "I—thought—you would like them."

I like flowers, son," she confessed, "and it was kind of you to think of me, but were they yours to take?"

Why—no—but—" chocked Tommy.

I would rather never see a flower than have my boy take what does not belong to him," said his mother, sadly.

Oh!—was it stealing?" gasped Tommy.

Yes, dear, it was stealing," replied his mother.

Tears came into Tommy's eyes. It was beginning to look serious. He never thought that he was stealing, just taking a few flowers when there were so many more.

"I did not mean to steal," he sobbed.

"Yes, I know, dear," replied his mother, "but my boy has taken what does not belong to him and that is stealing. Now what do you think he had better do about it?"

"I—do—not know," hesitated Tommy.

"If a boy came and took your cart, what would you think he ought to do?" she asked.

"I think he should bring it back," he asserted stoutly. "And if he took some flowers, what do you think he ought to do?" continued his mother.

"Why he should carry them back—I suppose," he faltered, "shall I, mother?"

"That is for you to decide, dear," she smiled, "mother cannot decide for you."

Tommy thought for a long time, then finally he looked up brightly and exclaimed, "I will take them back, mother, I am not going to be a thief!"

His mother kissed him without a word. He took the flowers in his chubby hand and went back to the beautiful garden where he had taken them. He walked straight up to the front door of the house and rang the bell. "Here are your flowers,—I stole them," he blurted to the maid who opened the door, "but I did not mean to steal, and I brought them back."

Abraham Lincoln, His Wife, Favorite Son, Birthplace and Slayer



Abraham Lincoln and his son "Tad," a favorite photograph of the martyred president; Lincoln's Kentucky birthplace; his wife, Mary Todd Lincoln, and his slayer, Wilkes Booth.

What Shall I Be? Answered for Boys

BANKER
By J. H. Millar

"No man sees so much money and gets so little of it as a banker," says an old cashier.

A banker rarely advises an ambitious young hustler to take up his profession.

On the Other Hand

On the other hand, banking is commonly ranked as the highest of all positions in business, commerce, or finance. Only men of character, caution, stability, patience, and absolute integrity can make a permanent success.

Machinery Replaces Men

There was a time when a bank was a university. All books and records were kept by hand. The mechanical work of copying everything taught the boys the business.

"But now," explains Mr. Oscar H. Swain, cashier of the National Bank of the Republic in Chicago, "machinery is taking the place of men. One adding machine and a



girl will do what five young men used to do. If a young man wants to learn banking today, he must learn it outside the bank!"

What Should a Boy Do?

First, get a good broad education. A banker is a man of wide affairs; he deals with the whole world. When Mr. George H. Reynolds, president of the largest bank in the United States outside of New York, was a 12-year-old boy in Panora, Iowa, he started to subscribe for a dozen papers situated in various parts of the country. He learned about the whole country and the whole world.

When you have secured all the education possible in school and college, go into a bank, begin at the bottom with the expectation that to make a success, you must work hard.

Study outside of working hours. You can do this by joining the American Institute of Banking, an organization exclusively for bank employees. The Institute is affiliated with the American Bankers Association and may be addressed 5 Nassau St., New York City.

Through its chapters in the bigger cities and by correspondence in the country, it offers to its members the finest kind of courses at nominal cost. These courses will train you for bigger things.

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Rag Animals Are Easily Made

All nurseries and toy boxes have animals among their inhabitants. Some children prefer Jumbos and Teddies; some like monkeys and birds, and others keep quite a menagerie. Whatever your choice may be, you can, in a short time, have the jolliest and most useful companions which will enter into all sorts of fun.

Decide, first, what animal you would like to have. Now your first object is to make a paper pattern of the animal, side view. You may be able to cut it straight out of one of your picture books, but a better plan would be to make a drawing just as large as you wish your animal to be, on a sheet of paper, in the simple way which has been shown recently on the Children's page of this paper. Then ask mother to provide you with a piece of material as nearly as possible the color of the animal you are making. For one with a rough skin, like an elephant, a horse, a monkey or a camel, the material called "wincey" is suitable, and can be bought in different colors. In making a zebra or a giraffe, it is better to use unbleached linen, as you can readily paint stripes or spots on that. Fold your material in two, pin your paper pattern on to it, and cut through the thicknesses all around the outline. This gives you the two sides to your animal.

If you want to make a four footed one that will stand, you will need to cut out a third piece of material for the under side of the body. The outline of the pattern for this is the same as for all four-legged animals, only needing to be altered according to the size desired. The three parts of the animal's body are now sewed together on the wrong side. This is best done with a sewing machine but, if done by hand, the stitches must be firm and close together. The side must be left open, in order to make it possible to turn the body right side out, and to allow the stuffing to be put in. Little tucks should be sewed in order to make the animal stand upright.

Each ear is made by gumming together two pieces of flat material—the gum when dry stiffens the material. To make a mane, thickly ravel some of the material, and fix it into the seam on the back of the neck. It will then stand as it should naturally. Black beads are used to make eyes. If an elephant is being made, its tusks should be of white tape, which is sewed, stuffed and pointed in the proper shape. Then a saddlecloth should be sewed on its back, and is best made in silk, satin, or velvet of a bright color, and fringed.

Whatever the kind of animal you make, be sure and stuff the body very firmly with cotton wool.

QUALIFICATIONS

It is impossible to name all the qualities that are valuable in a settlement worker. These things are absolutely necessary: excellent nerves, capacity for hard work, broad sympathy with all kinds of people, and a sense of humor. Settlement work is no place for the hysterical, over-sensitive girl who can't laugh her troubles off at the end of the day.

The variety of the work is unlimited. In general the younger girls are used as club leaders while the more experienced workers do the visiting and neighborhood work.

College graduates or girls who have attended a school of philanthropy seem to be preferred. Some practical experience as a teacher



in the summer vacation school or as nonresident club director before actually taking up residence will be helpful. It also gives a girl a chance to see if she is suited for the many demands that settlement work makes.

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Lincoln, the Tender-Hearted

One day a woman, accompanied by a senator, called on President Lincoln. The woman was the wife of one of Mosby's men. Her husband had been captured, tried, and condemned to be shot. She came to ask for the pardon of her husband. Lincoln heard her story and then asked what kind of a husband her husband was.

"Is he intemperate, does he abuse the children and beat you?" asked the president.

"No, no," said the wife. "He is a good man, a good husband; he loves me and he loves the children and we can not live without him. The only trouble is that he is a fool about politics. I live in the north and was born there, and if I get him home he will do no more fighting for the south."

"Well," said Lincoln, after examining the papers, "I will pardon him and turn him over to you for safe keeping."

The woman, overcome with joy, began to sob as though her heart would break.

"My dear woman," said Lincoln, "if I had known how badly it was going to make you feel, I never would have pardoned him."

"You do not understand me," she cried between sobs.

"Yes, yes, I do," answered Lincoln, "and if you do not go away at once I shall be crying with you."

IMPROVEMENTS.

When the day is cloudy, I'll tell you what I do: I open up my drawing book, And paint an ostrich blue. I tint the cow with orange And give her one green horn I paint the dog a bright cerise, To make him less forlorn.

When the day is cloudy It's very nice to see Your friends dressed up for just a while.

As they would like to be

QUIETING A SCREECH OWL

In the good old Indian days Oklahoma was noted for its number of screech owls.

One of the peculiarities of the Indian was his hatred toward the screech owl, especially at night. If he woke up in the night and heard one of these denizens of the night giving its weird cry, here's how he would put a stop to it:

He would arise, and taking his hunting knife, would creep as near to the owl as possible, and stand there and point his knife in its direction. I have heard people say that after doing this the owl would keep quiet the rest of the night.

—Lone Scout

It takes brains and energy to be a good student; it takes brains and energy to be a good Boy Scout; it takes brains and energy to be a good basketball player.

The maid looked at him in astonishment, then called her mistress.

A lady with a kind face came forward. "What is it?" she asked, and Tommy explained.

"Why did you take them?" asked the lady.

"They were so pretty," answered the child, "and I thought mother would like them. She cannot come out to see them, because she is sick."

"Come with me and look at my flowers," invited the lady.

She took Tommy through all the paths and into the green houses where the most beautiful flowers grew, and showed him all the lovely flowers that he had ever seen before. Then she said to him,

"I am glad you brought my flowers back, I saw you take them and I said to myself 'I am so sorry for that little boy's mother because he is going to grow up to be a thief and I am afraid he will have to go to prison some day.' But now I think you will never steal again," she said kindly.

"Oh, I never will!" asserted Tommy.

"Now I am going to give you a plant to take home to keep," she told him. "It will grow and blossom, and when you look at it, always remember the lesson the flowers have taught you."

Then she cut some orchids and choice blossoms for his mother and Tommy trudged home with his flowers, whistling, a very happy little boy. —A Junior Reader, Dorothy Johnson, White School, 8th grade.