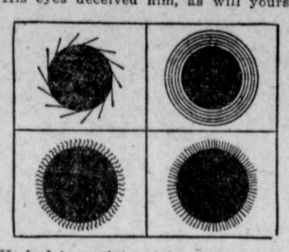
The Children's Corner

Edited by DOROTHY EDMONDS



The Gwinky Gwank is in a maze
To get him out, try many ways.
Just find the path from IN to OUT
That can be travelled without doubt.

The day when Gwink came out of cave
He had a rather narrow shave;
Four pools of ink had settled there
And jumping them required care.
His eyes deceived him, as will yours;



He had to squint and kneel on fours
To tell the largest from the smallest ones,
And now do you see how their order runs?

A Jungle Picture to Color



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NOW AND THEN

REPRODUCTION

"There's not one reproduction in my shop!"
He used to say with Yankee pride.
"No, ma'am; I deal in genuine antiques
And nothing else! Please step inside!"
Then he would show each item of his wares—
Highbow or low, andirons, or shawl,
Sampler or Tobey jug, his wrinkled hands
Trembling to sell them one and all!

This morning, when I went to buy a chair,
A Windsor he had saved for me,
I entered the small shop and there he sat—
There, in my Windsor—dreamily
Rocking himself and some one else—a babe
No bigger than a doll-asleep.
"Is that a genuine antique?" I asked,
Taking a close, amusing peep.
He answered, "No; a reproduction, this,
Of an antique, but done so fine
I wouldn't sell it for a million dollars!
First grandson—name the same as mine!"

VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY.

Was there ever such a craze as there is for antiques these days? Why, even the newly built houses are having the building material look as if they were old. And the consequence is that though the Godey books and pictures are so sought after, they no longer look odd for the fashions are really going back to them.

It must be hard on "old Ironsides" to be towed about from place to place, an old invalid, who deserves a little rest and peace. The writer remembers climbing the hill at Charlestown, Mass., and, after being tremendrously disappointed that Bunker Hill was very much on the level going to the Charlestown Navy Yard and seeing the old ship which they were repairing then. I asked for a chip of it and the builder gave me quite a large piece. Sometimes I wonder if there is any of the original ship left at this time.

Houdon's famous bust of Washington which has been in England all these years is on its way back to this country. It is rumored that Sec. Million bought it for $250,000 thought that is not an assured fact as yet.

"Fine feathers make fine birds." There is nothing truer than this and add to that civil manners and the world is yours.

Episode.

From the Christian Science Monitor.
A dapper little hummingbird
With an azure vest
Collided with a butterfly
Going west.

Swiftly turned upon the wind,
Bowed and asked her pardon,
Charmed with his civility
The listening garden.

"Such courtesy," the lily said.
"What grace," the pansy sighed.
A lovesick violet drooped her head,
"Bravo!" the poppy cried.

A grumbling bee came out to look
And quickly took to cover,
And Jenny Wren was cool all day
To her shabby little lover.

Elizabeh-Ellen Long.

Where is the grass in the town park? It is not there. No wonder it gets discouraged for whenever it gets fresh and green it is trampled under foot. Cannot our town fathers do something to improve it.

A story is told of Roosevelt when he was president. He was entertaining the Lord Bishop of London. As the Bishop was wandering through the gallery, attired in short pants, he was jostled by a policeman.

"Here, my man," he said to the lord bishop, "beat it, tourists are not allowed in here——"

"But," began the lord bishop.

"That's enough," broke in the minion of the law, "no back talk."

Then he lay profane hands on the visiting prelate and started to rush him to the door.

Just then President Roosevelt stepped in. "As you were saying, bishop," he began. The policeman released his captor and retreated abashed. After that he took all bicyclists for bishops for a time.

America's handshaking custom, the bane of Presidents and national heroes, harks back to the days of chivalry, when every man carried a sword or dagger, was quick to take offense, and was ready for a fight on the slightest pretext. When a man wanted to show another his peaceable intentions, he extended his right, or sword hand, thereby indicating he was placing himself at the other's mercy. It the second man was similarly disposed, he also extended his sword hand. They then grasped hands, signifying mutual trust and friendship.

Unsatisfied Humanity.

From the San Jose Mercury-Herald

Queer man! Place him where he has no installment payments, no taxes, no loss on stocks, and still he saws the bars to get out.

POP IS ENJOYING IT SO

By FANNIE HURST

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IT WAS a satisfaction to have reached the age of fifty-two and able to afford that trip to Europe. First class, mind you, and for a family of five. None of those tourist trips, either. The Magnus family, the three boys, Dora and Pop, were not going to be tied down to schedule or belong to any traveling delegation with "tourist" labeled all over them.

They departed Meyersville one perfect June morning with what they called an "elastic itinerary" and, except for the necessary precaution of booking passage on one of the largest liners for outgoing and returning date, laid plans to wander as the wind did blow.

What with Dora, whose pretty brown eyes all her life had been fixed upon the vision of Paris shops in which to wander; Steve, her eldest, who dreamed of becoming a civil engineer and must see the great engineering feats of the Old world; Bobbie, the second boy, who was bound he would collect hotel labels from ten European metropolises; Leonard, only eleven, who wanted to see the Alps that had been crossed by Napoleon, there were plenty of reasons for the Magnus family to travel ad. lib. Even Pop, who declared that with everything so new to him it did not matter much what he saw first, expressed a great desire to visit Sheffield, England, as early as possible in the itinerary. It was not unnatural that one in the retail hardware business over a period of twenty-eight years should harbor a desire to see Sheffield.

It was worth it, all right, that trip. Pop kept assuring himself every minute and every inch of the way. Why, just to be able to buy a map of the city off one of those vendors perpetually haunting the sight-seeing busses of practically every town visited, was worth the price of the trip itself. Great think for a man to be able to afford his youngsters the finest opportunities to sharpen their young minds. No education like travel! And the wife! To see her in Paris was worth every ache in every bone of his body. Dora just bloomed, that's what Dora did.

Great thing, travel. A man got fed up on the being soaked part. No use denying that. Certainly is the limit the way they tried to put it over on the Americans. And for his part, Pop wasn't going to pretend anything about the galleries! Fine thing for Dora and the growing boys. Why, travel made a conversationalist of one, and Pop did not intend to have his boys ignoramuses, like the embarrassed young men on the backs of magazines, who had not purchased certain sets of books.

Those advertisements on the backs of magazines had directed at Pop more than one secret jibe. You cannot teach an old horse new tricks, or undoubtedly he, at his time of life, would have set about to correct his own deficiencies. Well, thank God, Dora, sweet one, did not seem to mind his social short comings. But the boys were going to have their chance. Galleries might not be the place for a man of fifty with callouses and a back of the neck that seemed to be the nesting place of cricks, but it was a pleasure just to loaf around the streets and hotel lobbies waiting, while Dora and the boys did the galleries or Napoleon's tomb or that of the Unknown Soldier.

Something to remember for a lifetime. Something worth having saved up for during a lifetime.

There were, of course, minor catastrophies. The second month out, Steve developed a tendon in his left heel which made it difficult for him to walk the miles of galleries, and half the time he napped in the hotel, while Dora and the other boys made the rounds.

Then, too, as luck would have it, Martin, Pop's most valued employee of twenty years' standing, fell from a ladder and broke his hip, and that left the store practically in the hands of young Monroe, a salesman of comparatively recent standing, in whom Pop placed no great confidence.

But on the principle that this was probably the trip of a lifetime, Pop's and Dora's lifetime at least, and certainly one which the boys could not hope to repeat for many a year to come, Pop wrote a fifty-page letter of instructions to Monroe, and proceeded to discipline himself to "forget business."

Vienna was a fine town! Except for the fact that no one seemed ever to have heard of "Wiennerwurst!" It was a treat to be able to sit out in front of a cafe and for a few pfennig drink as fine a glass of beer as had ever been brewed back home in the good old days. And Pop had certainly taken a day to Munich, where you could sit in the Hofbrau house while Dora and the boys saw the sights, and even if you were no more of a drinking man than Magnus, whose limit was two mugs of Munchen, could enjoy the fine spectacle of camaraderie among these seemingly leisurely people.

Now with Italy—oh, fine, and all that—it was nevertheless different. To begin with, German, especially after you had been in the hardware business in Meyersville all these years, was something you had picked up from customers who lived in a part of town vulgarly known as "Saurkraut Patch." One felt at home with the Germans, because there were so many of them in Meyersville. But the Eyetalians certainly were hard nuts to crack. No getting next to those fellows. Fine for Dora and the boys. Steve had a chance to see some of the big things Mussolini was planning in an engineering way, and Rome and Florence certainly were filled with mighty old things. But funny, just next to impossible to get a decent dish of spaghetti in Italy.

Well, it was all part of the philosophy of "live and learn." There was the whole thing in a nutshell. Live and learn. Dora was living this trip! To see her eyes shine over the blue crepe dress from Paris testified to that. Boys were too young to realize it, but every single day was storing up in those young minds impressions of a lifetime. Days might drag a bit for Pop. Monroe and his ill equipment for running the business might weigh more heavily than Pop would have liked, but just the same the means justified the end.

It was at the conclusion of the third month that Pop came to what, for him, was a heroic conclusion. After all, trip of a lifetime; boys at the formative period; Dora having the time of her life—the thing to do, even if he had to wire his brother in Wichita for a loan of one thousand dollars on collateral of his building loan association stock, was to stick it out another month!

Two weeks in Paris was mighty little for a woman who had looked forward to it all her life. Why, as the guide he had engaged to do the galleries with them had remarked, "the Louvre itself was worth two weeks of intensive study," to say nothing of the fact that the Eiffel tower and places like that were worthy of Steve's careful consideration. And history! To stand at the top of the Champs Elysees and look down that fine street was to live all over the days of Napoleon who had planned out that street. Yes sir, it might mean long hours of sitting around the street cafes of the town, and Pop certainly did not care for the syrupy drinks or the inky coffee that seemed the order of those terraces, but again on the principle—only come to Europe once, Pop, as his surprise of the voyage, sprang his news to the family—after the money had been wired for from Wichita, the original return passage canceled, and the new passage for six weeks later purchased.

It seemed to Dora that if ever her influence over her three sons had reached its triumphant peak it was during Pop's release of his tidings one evening in their narrow hotel sitting room in the Hotel Griffon in Paris.

Leonard, whose nostalgia for his swimming hole at Cracks creek back home had been something with which his mother had secretly struggled the summer through, began frankly to cry, but then Lennie was the baby and Pop never even noticed. But Steve, who should have known better, actually started to be rude to father and explain that the tendon in his heel and all been a hoax to escape one more day of the agony of traipsing Europe, and except for the heel of Dora's shoe, dug into his instep, would have wounded his father for life. The same way with Bobbie. There was a dreadful moment when it seemed that the boy would explode some of the secret nostalgia with which Dora had been coping all these months had she not jumped quickly into the breach, tiding over the disaster of letting Pop know the horrible truth.

"Why, dad, that's mighty darling generous of you. But I declare honey, I think I and the boys have had about enough . . ."

"There you go again, sacrificing your own desires to what you imagine are mine. This time, though, I've foreseen all that. This trip ain't over, honey—it's just about to begin for you and the boys—you're not going to say when you get home that you didn't see Europe. See that package there! That's guide books!"

As Dora afterward explained, tearfully, prayerfully, to her three insurgent sons, "Stick it out, darlings—for my sake! If I can make the best of it, surely you young ones can. We'll be home again in eight weeks, darlings. I know it seems awful long now—but mother will do her best to let you out of the traipsing. Stick it out, darlings, for Pop's sake. Pop is enjoying it so!"

Golf-Archery Game a Hit

Pongrro, a game combining golf and archery, has made a hit in Canada. It is played with bow and arrows instead of golf clubs over a course similar to golf. The equipment consists of one or more bows, arrows of various kinds for target practice, distance shooting and hunting, quiver, bow case and other accessories. The game requires the technique of target practice and hunting, and scoring is along the lines of that in golf.

Seeds Retain Vitality for Hundreds of Years

When buildings are demolished, city dwellers are astonished at the wonderful crops of grass and wild flowers that appear.

On a large piece of ground behind the buildings on the west side of London's Russell square, which has been boarded in for some years, one can find over a dozen species of wild flowers. These appeared in the spring and summer immediately after the old buildings had been cleared away.

We are told by some that the seeds are carried by birds, but it seems more than strange that such a profusion of wild flowers could burst into life by the agency of the London sparrows and pigeons.

The true explanation, says a writer in London Tit-Bits, is that the seeds have been lying dormant in the ground for hundreds of years, and these flowers are the descendants of those that were picked by the people in the Middle ages.

Proof of this is found in an instance which occurred recently in the Strand. A building many hundreds of years old was demolished, and soon afterwards the green rosettes of the willow herb appeared. The seeds could not have been transported there by the wind, for when the willow herb was seeding in the country outside London, the building was still standing.

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