Che Brownies' Book

JANUARY, 1920





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The Brownies' Book

A Monthly Magazine For the Children of the Sun

> DESIGNED FOR ALL CHILDREN. BUT ESPECIALLY FOR OURS.

It aims to be a thing of Joy and Beauty, dealing in Happiness, Laughter and Emulation, and designed especially for Kiddies from Six to Sixteen.

It will seek to teach Universal Love and Brotherhood for all little folk--black and brown and yellow and white.

Of course, pictures, stories, letters from little ones, games and oh -- everything!

> One Dollar and a Half a Year Fifteen Cents a Copy

W. E. B. DU BOIS, Editor A. G. DILL. . . . Business Manager

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THE BROWNIES BOOK

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No. 1

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Her Royal Highness, Zaouditou, Queen of the Kings of Abyssinia, Empress of Ethiopia

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A STORY

PEGGY POE



N the Land of Sure Enough, away down South, in a most wonderful land named Georgia, lives a little colored boy called Happy. He is fat and round as a brown cookie,

with eyes like two round moons, and these eyes just sparkle. Now this little boy's really name isn't Happy—he has a long, solemn name written in his Mammy's Bible, but somehow that long name didn't just fit the boy. It seemed as if that name was too long, just like it was when he tried on his daddy's pants; besides when you looked at him, you felt jolly all inside and outside and just up and said that that boy's name must be Happy; so everyone called him Happy.

He wasn't very big, because he liked candy; and he wasn't very little, because he had a real knife in his pocket. He was just as high as this, but not quite as low as that; he could whistle "Bob White!" Sometimes he got a spanking; sometimes he got pennies.

He lived in a funny little house made of logs, all nice and white; there was the biggest yard, and in it was a great big China-berry tree; under the tree was a bench so big and so untippy that Happy often played that it was a boat. He had a little dog, with a very long tail; a big black rooster and a little red hen,—all his own.

Now this very day Happy was sitting on the bench under the China-berry tree, waiting for his Mammy to come home with the syrup from the cane mill,—real, ribbon cane syrup that only

southern girls and boys know about, and which is far nicer than any candy. Happy saw his Mammy coming away down the white road. His mouth began to water, his round little stom-ick away down inside of him begged for that syrup; so Happy's little fat legs said to his little fat feet, "Get up, Feet," and Happy almost knocked Mammy Tibblets over, begging for a bit; but she walked right straight into the kitchen, put the bucket on the table, and said to Happy—

"Now, Happy, you go on and play. Don't you bother that syrup, and for supper I'll bake you a pile of waffles most as high as yourself and you can swim them in that syrup. I am going over to Captain Jones' and get their clothes to wash. Now don't you bother that syrup."

Happy turned cart-wheels out the door and landed on the bench under the China-berry tree. He tried very hard not to think about that syrup. He made a whistle with his "Sure Enough Knife;" he fed the old black rooster and the little red hen, although it wasn't near time; and all the while a small voice kept saying, "My, but ribbon cane syrup is sure good."

After a while, although Happy did not tell them to, his right little leg started to the house and, of course, the fat little left leg followed, back to the kitchen door, right up to the kitchen table. There sat the bucket of syrup, and that little voice said again, "Oh, Happy, don't you want a little bit?" And, really, a big drop

rolled over the bucket's side, right down on to Happy's fat finger. Pop! right into Happy's mouth went that little finger, and Happy's little stom-ick said, "My, that's good."

So Happy went over to the cupboard and got a spoon,—he was sure it was Mammy's littlest spoon,—right up on the table he climbed and sat down beside the bucket of syrup. He took just a tiny bit; then his eyes got rounder, and old Mister Temp-ta-tion came out of the shadowy place and helped Happy hold the spoon, and said, "Help yourself, Happy. It's so good it won't hurt you."

My, what big spoonfuls old Mister Temp-tation helped Happy dip from that bucket, until—Oh,—what a hurting came into Happy's stomick, just like a whole paper of pins hopping about in it. Right then old Mister Temp-ta-tion gave an awful mean laugh and ran away, never saying he was sorry one bit, while poor Happy, kicking about to get that pain away, kicked the bucket of syrup on to Mammy Tibblets' clean floor. In half a minute Happy grabbed the bucket up, before all the syrup could get out; but there on the floor was a lake of syrup, big enough to sail a toy boat on; beside it lay the spoon, not Mammy's little spoon, but oh, dear, it was her big corn-bread spoon.

Happy looked up and saw Daddy Henry's razor strop dancing on the wall, just like it was trying to jump off the nail. Now the little boys away down south in Georgia wear very thin pants and Happy was afraid that Mammy Tibblets would come home and help that razor strop off its nail, so Happy ran away,-out the back-gate, past the garden-patch, where old Mister Rabbit was stealing a mess of greens, went Happy, right out through the cotton-patch, where the long white fingers tried to pull out his hair. The fat little right leg and the chubby little left leg, both, tried to be first all the time, until at last they tumbled Happy to the cornfield, where the corn was so tall that no one, that is, really every-day people, could see him. There he found a big pumpkin and sat down.

All the running had scared the pain out of his stom-ick, but it didn't scare the 'fraid away from Happy. The more he thought about what old Mister Temp-ta-tion had made him do, and Mammy's sticky floor, the more he thought about the razor strop.

"Oh, I cannot go back to my old home, and I haven't a new one. What will I do?" Just then old Mister Sun began to shake up his pillows for a night's nap, the corn stalks made the longest, blackest shadows, right in the tree above the fence, and Mister Crow began to laugh at Happy—"Haw, Haw, Haw." Then Happy felt like a balloon that had to burst, enough, anyway, so that a few tears could squeeze out. One little tear dropped on his big toe and made a mud cake. Then came more tears, until Mrs. Ladybug hurried all her children under a pumpkin leaf, thinking it was raining.

Just then someone said as clear and friendly, "Well, Happy, you can come and live with me." Happy looked around and there stood a tiny man, a kind of nice little Elf, with the nicest green clothes, a yellow hat, and a yellow face. Happy thought at once how much like Mammy's pumpkin pie, with cinnamon sprinkled on it, this little man's face looked; but, of course, the cinnamon-like spots were freckles. "I am the Pumpkin-Man, if you please," and the Elf bowed mighty polite and nice.

Happy felt better, and it is nice to be bowed to when one is very little. At first Happy had been afraid it was old Mister Temp-ta-tion call-

ing him.

"Where is your house, Mister Pumpkin-Man?" asked Happy.

"You are sitting on it, Sir," said the Man.

Happy jumped up in a hurry; although he had picked out the biggest pumpkin, he never dreamed it was a house.

"Oh, excuse me, Mister Pumpkin-Man, I didn't mean to sit on anybody's house."

"Oh, that's all right, Happy; come right in and I'll give you a bite to eat; come right in and make yourself at home."

The Elf was so polite it made Happy feel good, but he did wonder how the Elf knew his name—really, the Elf had just looked at him and guessed his name.

"Where's your door?" Happy asked.

"Right here," and the Pumpkin-Man pulled aside a big leaf, showing a nice little open door in the pumpkin. "Walk right in, Sir."

Happy looked at the small door and his fat, round self.

"I'd like to, but I never could get in that door," Happy said.

"Did you ever T-R-Y?" the Pumpkin-Man asked.

"No, and it wouldn't do any good; see how big I am." Happy puffed out kind of proud.

"T-R-Y; why try has made all the wonderful

things in the world,—ships, trains, wagons, ice cream, and candy—they were all made by try."

Happy thought if try could do all, that he had better try to get into that pumpkin-house, as the shadows in the corn-rows were getting very black. So he poked his fat hand into the pumpkin-house door, and it slipped right in; so he tried the other hand, then his curly head bobbed right in, too, and quick as a wink in walked all of Happy.

How nice it was in that pumpkin-house,-

little chairs, a table, a bed, a dandy fire-place to bake sweet potatoes in. While Happy's eyes grew big looking at things, the Pumpkin-Man came in and pulled out a company chair.

"Now you just make yourself at home, while I get you a bite to eat. It sure seems good to have a little boy about."

While the Pumpkin-Man cooked the nicest smelling things, Happy tried to figure out how small he really was. Just then the Pumpkin-Man invited Happy to supper, and it was a nice supper,pumpkin pie, pumpkin butter-so many good things, and not one drop of syrup on them. Somehow Happy didn't like syrup any more and was glad the Pumpkin-Man didn't have any.

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After a while the Pumpkin-Man helped Happy into a soft bed, and Happy sailed away into sleepy-land.

The next morning when Happy awoke, the Pumpkin-Man had breakfast ready. He seemed in a terrible hurry about something. Scarcely had Happy swallowed his breakfast when the Pumpkin-Man handed him a shovel and a sack.

"Hurry, Happy, we must get to work." He jumped out of the door with Happy following.

"Say, Mister Pumpkin-Man, I don't want to work."

"Oh, that don't make any difference; everyone works here," and the Pumpkin-Man looked so in earnest that Happy thought he had better see how hard the work was; so he watched the Pumpkin-Man go among the big, yellow pumpkin flowers.

"Now, Happy," said the Man, "You look into these pumpkin flowers and you will see that some of them are just loaded with gold powder;

but they are too stingy to give part of it to their poor neighbors who haven't any, so you and I must shovel that gold powder into our sacks. When you get your sack full, you call me."

Then the Pumpkin-Man went to work filling his sack; so did Happy, and at first it seemed lots of fun climbing in and out the big yellow flowers; but at last when the sack was so full he could scarcely wiggle it, he was mighty glad to call the Pumpkin-Man, who came on a run.

"Now I can play," said Happy, skipping about so crazy-like that he kicked Mister Grasshopper on the knee.

"Not yet, Happy, we don't play in Pumpkin Land until



"HAPPY"

all our work is done."

"But I did fill the sack," Happy panted.

"You are only half-done; now take your sack of gold powder, go among the flowers and when you find a pumpkin flower without any gold, you put in a shovelful and very soon that lazy flower will turn into a big, yellow pumpkin,—just like magic. Only in the Land of Sure Enough things do that way without magic."

The Pumpkin-Man hurried away and Happy sat down, exclaiming, "I'm not going to work." Just then Old Mister Bumble-Bee came along with his fiery stick, singing a war song.

Happy had met Mister Bumble-Bee before and he didn't like him; but anyway he said, "Howdy," mighty friendly.

"Why, hello, Happy. Are you working?"
"Yes," said Happy. "What are you doing,

Mister Bumble-Bee?"

"Me? Oh, I am the corn-field policeman. I see that everyone keeps at their work; goodness, I do get tired; but you bet I don't stop until play-time."

Mister Bumble-Bee gave such a mad hum that Happy almost upset himself putting gold powder into the flowers. Before he knew it, there wasn't a grain left in his sack and when he got to the Pumpkin-Man's house, the Pumpkin-Man was already there, with the table just loaded with good things. Why he seemed to just fairly rake the roundest, brownest goodies right out of the fire-place; and all the time the Pumpkin-Man was smiling so that it seemed as if Mister Sun was in the house.

When they had eaten all the good supper, the Pumpkin-Man grabbed Happy's fat little hand, and sang:

"Come play, Come play,

No more work for us this day."

Dancing and singing out among the tall corn, they went for the best really good time Happy ever had,—he never dreamed one could have just such a good time in a corn-field.

All the Grasshopper family came and brought their fiddles; the Cricket family brought their mandolins; Miss Katy-did and the three Frogs sang songs; even old Mr. Bumble-Bee hung his fiery stick on a corn leaf and sang a funny song.

Everybody danced until their legs got tired, then they played games, until at last Happy just couldn't even prop his eyes open, and he tumbled into bed.

For a long time Happy lived with the Pumpkin-Man, working and playing. He liked the great yellow flowers, and they would tremble with delight and nod so gayly when he passed among them. At last, one day, the Pumpkin-Man looked so sad he wouldn't even eat any of the good things he had fixed for Happy.

"Guess we won't need our shovels today,

Happy."

"Why?" asked Happy. "What's the matter?"
"Old Mister Wolf-Wind is going to pay us a
visit tonight," said the Pumpkin-Man. "That

old, cold, long tongue of his will lick up all the green things."

All that day Happy played as he had never played before, telling each yellow pumpkin flower good-bye; and the flowers drooped their heads when he didn't give them any gold powder, and wondered why he passed them so.

Very late Happy went into the pumpkinhouse. How he did wish he could take all the pumpkin flowers in with him and cuddle them warm and safe from the long, white, sharp teeth of Mr. Wolf-Wind, who comes sometimes away down South, in Georgia, for a nice juicy bite of greens.

Somehow, the Pumpkin-Man would not talk that night, so that Happy went to bed; and strange, he thought about going home for the first time since he ran away.

Why, really, he wanted to go back so bad that a tear crept out of his eye, to see how sad he looked; he felt like getting up right then and going home, only he was so small that he was afraid Mammy Tibblets wouldn't know him; so he went to sleep.

It was very late the next morning when Happy woke up, and no wonder—the Pumpkin-Man wasn't there to call him. Happy ran here and there calling him.

Outside everything looked so different,-Old Mister Wolf-Wind had been there, all right, and my! What a mess of greens he had snapped up! Why, he didn't leave a green thing in the corn-field; wherever he had blown his breath, he had left all the pumpkin vines black. Happy called and called the Pumpkin-Man, but he couldn't find any sign of him. He asked Mister Grasshopper if he had seen the Pumpkin-Man, but old Mister Wolf-Wind had bit Mister Grasshopper so that he just couldn't say a word,-he was so cold. To be sure, when Mister Sun woke up and saw Mister Wolf-Wind lapping up all the green things, he was sure mad, and tumbled out of his bed right on to old Wolf-Wind's back and sent him back North again, a-howling and a-hurrying.

Then Happy heard a terrible noise down in the corn-field. He saw coming two big mules, pulling a big wagon, and Captain Jones' colored boy pulling the pumpkins and putting them into the wagon.

Happy hopped into the pumpkin-house and slammed the door tight. Then Happy felt his pumpkin-house lifted up—up, and plunked right down on a pile of pumpkins in the wagon.

"Get up, mules," shouted the colored boy, and the wagon rattled and bumped down the big road, past Happy's own house.

"Whoa," called the colored boy, and the mules

stopped.

Happy wondered where he was going, then the colored boy called to someone.

"Say, Aunt Tibblets, do you want to buy a mighty fine pie pumpkin for a dime? It's the biggest pumpkin that I ever saw in a cornfield."

Mammy Tibblets went into the house, got a dime out of the cracked cup in the cupboard, and gave it to the boy for the pumpkin.

"My, it's just as heavy as my boy, Happy," said she, dropping the pumpkin on the table.

While she went for a knife to cut open the pumpkin for pies, Happy tried to get out; but the pumpkin-door had stuck fast. Just then Mammy Tibblets started to cut the pumpkin, but somehow that pumpkin was so hard and she sawed and grunted so hard that the pumpkin

slipped and fell right off the table and rolled under it. There it broke into halves, leaving Happy kicking about, as big as he ever was. Mammy reached under the table and pulled. She thought she had the pumpkin, but she had Happy's fat left leg.

"For land's sakes, Happy, what are you doing under there? That's no place to sleep, besides that syrup isn't anything to hide for." Mammy Tibblets looked so pleased that Happy smiled

all over his nice brown face.

"Why, Mammy, have I been asleep? Seems to me as if I have been away in Pumpkin Land for a long time.

"Pshaw, what a funny boy you are," said Mammy.

You see, magic things do happen in the Land of Sure Enough, only they are not magic, and you don't know them, because you never wash your toes in the dew drops.

Then Happy picked up the pumpkin-house and helped Mammy make it into pies.

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The Wishing Game

WE gathered 'round the fire last night, Jim an' Bess an' me, And said, "Now let us each in turn Tell who we'd rather be, Of all the folks that's in our books." (Of course, we wouldn't want their looks.)

Bess wished that she'd been Betsy Ross, The first to make the flag. one said, "I'd like to do some deed To make the people brag, and have the papers print my name,— If colored girls could rise to fame."

An' I stood out for Roosevelt; I wished to be like him. Then Bess said, "We've both had our say, Now tell who you'd be, Jim." Jim never thinks like me or Bess, He knows more than us both, I guess.

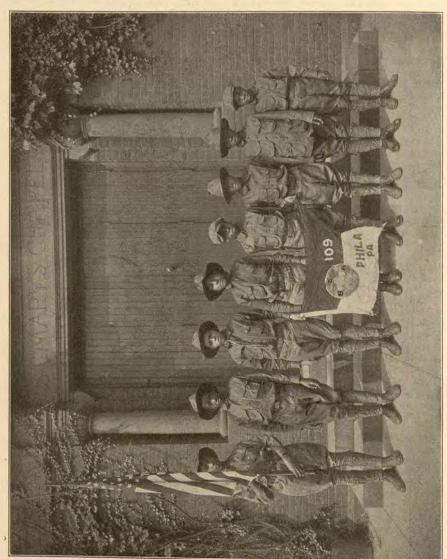
He said, "I'd be a Paul Dunbar Or Booker Washington. The folks you named were good, I know, But you see, Tom, each one Of these two men I'd wish to be Were colored boys, like you and me. "Sojourner Truth was colored, Bess, And Phyllis Wheatley, too; Their names will live like Betsy Ross, Though they were dark like you." Jim's read of 'em somewhere, I guess, He knows heaps more than me or Bess.

The Origin of White Folks

ANNIE VIRGINIA CULBERTSON

DE white folks nee-nter putt on airs
About dem wash'out faces,
De culled folks wuz made de fust,
De oldes' uv de races.
Dey'z kneaded outer mud an' truck,
An' den stood up in places
Along de fence to bake 'em dry,
An' dat's de on'liest reason why
Dey's got dem sunburnt faces.

Dey had a scrumpshous time ontwel
Ole Nick got on deir traces,
An' den dey et dat apple up,
An' fell in deep disgraces;
An' when dey hearn deir names called out,
Dey run fer hidin' places,
An' turnt so pale dey stayed dat way,
An' dat's de reason why, folks say,
Dey's got dem wash'out faces.



A Boy Scout Troop of Philadelphia

"OVER THE OCEAN WAVE"



ETTY and Philip went with Uncle Jim to the "movies" that rainy afternoon, and there they saw a picture of two young colored girls.

"Look, Phil," whispered Betty, "there are some colored folks just like us. Who are they?"

"It tells underneath the picture," said Philip, "but the words are so hard and long. Quick, tell us what it's all about, Uncle Jim."

So Uncle Jim read obediently, "Left and right: Beautiful Princess Parhata Miran, eighteen year old daughter of the Sultan of the Island of Jolo, and Carmen R. Aguinaldo, daughter of the former Filipino bandit, who are now enrolled as students in the University of Chicago, Illinois."

By the time Uncle Jim had finished, the picture had passed on, and the feature picture began. The children were very much interested in this, for it was a Wild West Show, and Uncle Jim thought they had forgotten all about the two Filipinos. He was rather glad of this, for the children could ask a great many difficult questions. Of course, Uncle Jim knew lots of answers, but it is not easy to know something about everything, and if it were not for Children's Magazines, Uncle Jim at times would hardly know what to do.

As it was, Betty and Philip had hardly stepped out into the pleasant, silver rain, before they began.

"Where did you say those girls came from?" asked Betty. "Were they really colored? They looked a little odd, though the fat girl looks like Mabel Ross who sits next to me in school."

"They're from the Philippines," said Uncle Jim with a slight groan, for he knew he was in for it now. "And they are colored,—that is their skin is not white; but they belong to a different division of people from what we do. You see, we colored Americans are mostly of the black, or Negro race; whereas these girls belong to the brown, or Malay race. Do you know anything of the different races in the world, Betty?"

"Yes," said Betty promptly, and standing still in the pattering rain, right in the middle of the street, she began. "There are five races:

the red, or Indian; the yellow, or Mongolian; the white, or——"

"Oh, make her stop that, Uncle Jim!" interrupted Philip. "She got a hundred in an examination on the different races once, and she's been talking about them ever since. Tell us where the Philippines are."

"Well," said Uncle Jim, "let me see if I can make you see them plainly without the map. Do you know where China is?"

"Yes," said Philip, "it's in Asia, right on the Pacific Ocean."

"Good," said his uncle; "now the Philippine Islands are a large group of islands lying in the Pacific Ocean, south and east of China, directly east of French Indo-China, and north and west of Borneo. The China Sea is on the west of these islands, between China and the Philippines, and to the north and south and east lies the wonderful Pacific Ocean. Do you get the picture, Betty?"

"Yes," said Betty, "I do. Aren't the names pretty,—Borneo and the China Sea. It seems to me I smell all sorts of good things. Tell us about some more places with the queer, pretty names."

"I'm not so sure I can remember," said Uncle Jim. "Let's see now, the Philippines form a sort of a capital S, with very shallow upper and lower curves. At the top of the letter is Luzon, and at the bottom Mindanao, and right through the center is a group called the Bisayas. I've forgotten the names of the islands that form the group, but I'll tell you some day,"

"Well, here we are right at home, so look it up now," said the children. So they went into the little sitting-room and got out the atlas, and there were the Bisayas, with names that delighted Betty more than ever: Panay, Negros, Leite, Cebu, Samar, and Bohol. Off to the west, and not belonging to the Bisayan group, but still one of the Philippines, lies long, slim Palawan.

"And down here in the corner is Jolo," cried Philip, who had been looking industriously through the pages of his little geography.

"Show it to me," said Uncle Jim, much relieved to find out where it was before the children had forced him to admit his lack of knowledge. So Philip showed him with a pudgy, brown finger, which nearly blotted out the island, for Jolo was so tiny. Sure enough, there it lay, a little speck of an island quite to the south-west of the extreme south-western point of Mindanao. It seemed to be a very important island, however, for to the north and west of it

lay the Jolo Sea, and to the south and east of it lay a group of tiny islands called the Jolo Archipelago.

"Archipelago is the name for a lot of islands all jammed up close together," Betty told her uncle.

"Now," said Uncle Jim, "you kiddies have had a fine time of it. Get out and give me a chance to read the paper."

"Just one thing more," begged Philip. "Do tell me what the picture meant when it spoke of the bandit, Aggy-Aggy — what was his name, Uncle Jim?"

"Aguinaldo, y o u mean. Oh, that was the name of a great Filipino leader," said his uncle. "You see, the Philippines used to be-

long to Spain, but in 1898, as the result of a war between Spain and the United States, the islands were given to us. Aguinaldo, a brave and spirited Filipino, resented American rule and

Princess Parhata Miran

waged warfare for a long time against the Americans. He was finally captured and banished by the new-comers in authority.

"Of course, according to them he was a bandit, or outlaw,—a person who breaks the

> laws. But in the eves of his own countrymen he was probably regarded as a patriot. It all depends," said Uncle Jim, "on how you look at it. As it is, the United States has finally promised the Filipinos their independence, and there is a delegation of Filipinos in Washington this minute to remind us of that promise. I shouldn't be surprised if the influence of Aguinaldo were back of it all. Now I shall not answer another question. Get out."

"It's too bad you're a boy," said Betty, turning to Philip, "because both the people in that picture were girls. I shall play first at being the "Beautiful Princess," whose father is Sultan

Carmen R. Aguinaldo "Beautiful Princess,"
whose father is Sultan
of the funny little island, and then afterwards
I shall be the daughter of the bandit."

"Oh," said Philip, "you don't suppose I care. I am going to be the bandit!"



Carmen R. Aguinaldo

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Whole Duty of Children

FROM ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A CHILD should always say what's true,
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table,
At least, as far as he is able.



Some Little Friends of Ours



THE JUDGE



AM the Judge. I am very, very old. I know all things, except a few, and I have been appointed by the King to sit in the Court of Children and tell them the

Law and listen to what they have to say. The Law is old and musty and needs sadly to be changed .- In time the Children will change it;

but now it is the Law.

Before me sit the Children. There are three of them. It may be three hundred, or three million, or- but at any rate, THREE: first, there is Billikins, who is six; then, there is Billie, who is ten; and finally, there is William, who is astonishingly grown-up, being all of fifteen on his last birthday.

It is my business,-I, the Judge-to say each month a little lecture to Billikins, Billie and William, and their sisters who have much prettier names and faces; and also to listen very patiently while the children speak to me and to

the world.

SAYS BILLIKINS

THIS is winter. There is the shadow of snow in the air: Thanksgiving and Christmas and the New Year are here to make us glad. School work is getting interesting. Flowers are gone. But the sun shines, and it is cold and sweet out-doors even when the bright rain falls. This is the time to play and think and work for Springtime. It is splendid to live in these fine days and study and learn lots and grow big and do things.

I would like to know so much: Why the sun rises, and what the moon is, and who lives in the stars, and why candy is so good. If I listen and try, I shall know most of these things and many others in time. All the time, I must be true. I try to be good. But you cannot always be good. You CAN always be true, and that is better.

Of course, SOMETIMES, almost all times, you can be Good, too. But if you're not good, just say so and try, try, again. That's what the Ber'l loes, and Life is Trying.

ABOUT BILLIE

HERE is no doubt about it, we Children I have just got to take hold of this world. The Grown-ups have made an awful mess of it. First and worst, they have forgotten how to Laugh. Now let me say right here: The nicest thing in the world is Laughter-good, big, loud laughs. And next is Smiles, the sort that come before and after. Laughter clears away rubbish and gets things started. Fancy forgetting how to laugh! How could they? But they did and then, naturally, they fought. Fighting is mostly wrong and silly. Of course, if you're just set upon by a bully and you can't laugh it off, why just punch him hard, and then make up. See? Make up! Don't try and be mad forever, or for a day. Make up, and try a game of ball. Let him bat if he wants to. He'll probably strike out, and then you'll have your innings.

Of course, we Children know this is easy; but Grown-ups don't. They're awfully dull at times, and if we don't take hold of things and help, I don't know where this old world is going to land. It's a mighty nice world, too. The best ever if you just treat it square. But if you mess it up with blood and hate and meanness, why it's awful. If the Grown-ups keep on, we Children will just have to crowd them right off the edge and take charge of things. Gee! But what a jolly place: marbles, and tag. and funny stories, and pennies, and dolls, and tops, and-oh! everything that really counts.

So look out, Grown-ups, we've got our eye on you, and "Don't let us have to speak to you again,"-as Father says.

THE PROBLEMS OF WILLIAM'S SISTER

AM what mother is fond of calling "Halfgrown"-which is not altogether a nice description. I am very nearly as big as I ever expect to be, and while I shall doubtless learn a great deal more than I now know, yet even now I am by no means an idiot, and I have gotten considerable valuable information-particularly in the last Fifteen years.

I know, naturally, that one cannot have everything one wants in this world-worse luck! I, for instance, would like silk stockings, a hobble skirt, and one of those dreams of hats that look like little beds of nicely tended violets. Mother says we can't afford it, and I presume we can't. Only I want to put the thing this way: Sometimes we can afford some things that I particularly want and when we can, why not let me have what I want, instead of always handing me what somebody else wants me to want? Of course, I know I must be a good sport and take my share of hard work and not want everything always; but I insist, let my very own wants count sometimes. Don't always try to do my wishing and thinking for me. It may be that this particular hat is worth a week's work to me and that some people don't fancy it, but why not let me have it if I want it and we can afford it? You see, it's this way: In three or four little years I shall be my own mistress; why not train me for that part, instead of continually mistaking me for Billikins?

WHERETO THE JUDGE REPLIES

B ILLIKINS, you're the wisest of the bunch. Be happy and learn. Notice the Weather and the Flowers and have faith in Time. Try hard to be true. I suspect that you are not really, truly, saying all these things yourself, for you are a very little man. But Mother, or God, is interpreting your thoughts for you liberally and nicely.

I ADMIT, Billie, that we Grown-ups ought to be ashamed of ourselves, for we have sinned, and we keep it up. Only, Billie, remember that this world is not simple and easy to understand and guide. There are whole lots of difficulties that you have neither seen nor dreamed of, and which are very hard to explain. Before, then, you lose faith in us entirely, wait-wait a while. Meantime, it is too true that we should dwell close to your simplicity; that we should amid noise and wrong and multiplicity, keep your clear, straightforward view of the bigger world. We must rise to our Children's Laughter-but, ah! Billie-boy, it's a hard thing for us to laugh at times; wherefore, perhaps, you should laugh all the more.

And do please, for our sakes, have just as much fun as you possibly can, so as to set the world a-laughing.

T T is a difficult and ever-recurring question that Wilhelmina brings: a question of Money, Taste, and Guidance for young folknot "Half-growns," but simply Folk who still have the shining mark of Youth written on their dear foreheads.

If you had all the Money in the World and were—as God send you may be-Mother of a Little Man, would you give him everything he wanted, even though he were Fifteen? Oh, no, -not even though he were Fifty! So here is the first Law:

Not everything we want.

But, surely, some things we want, else what's the use of living? Too true. Moreover, the

"World is so full of a number of things" that we must choose. Choosing is hard, for it involves Money and Taste. Taste is a sort of rule of Choice. It is the Judgment, not of you or of me alone, but of numbers of thoughtful people, living at all times.

How do you know you like that hat? Is it suited to you? Does it really set off your figure and your gown and your smooth, brown skin? Or-and here I have a deep suspicion-do you choose it because Katie Brown has one like it and the Ladies of Avenue K, and-but hold! Who are K. B. and the L. of A. K? Are they persons of taste, or simply of power? Do you imitate them for love, or fear? Does the choice of this hat represent your freedom of thoughtful taste, or your slavery to what the flambuoyant Kitty does or to what rich white folk wear?

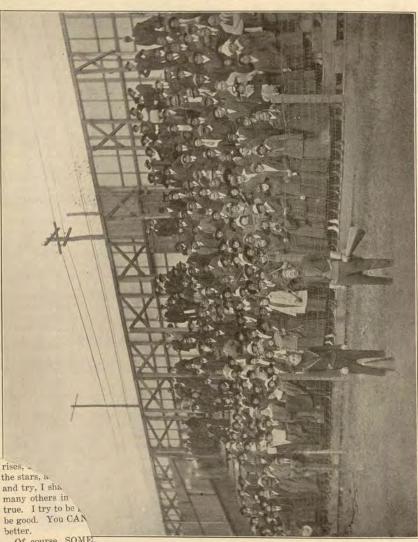
Mind you, I'm not answering these questions -I'm just asking. We will assume that the hat is becoming and suits you and you want it. Now comes that awkward question of Money. What is the question of Money? Simply this: Of the 1,000 ways of spending this dollar, which is best for me, for mother, for the family, for my people, for the world? If the "best" way of spending it for you makes mother starve, or the family lose the home, or colored folk be ridiculed, or the world look silly-why, the such hat for you, and that, too, by as very dull. dear Judgment.

On the contrary, if nobody is had, anyhow, it is want the hat and have the dol And there are not get more pleasure in any others by sewing rags toand be happy. You see, de:ts and I am going to that is asked of Fiftee LOOK, which I am very when hats call. And c

best chum's advice

MARY PERKINS.

town, but you



Waiting for a Howard-Fisk Football Game

Of course, SOME ou can be Good, too. Bu just say so and try, try, again. wer'd loes, and Life is Trying.

THE JURY



DEAR MR. EDITOR:



Y mother says you are going to have a magazine about colored boys and girls, and I am very glad. So I am writing to ask you if you will please put in your paper some

of the things which colored boys can work at when they grow up. I don't want to be a doctor, or anything like that. I think I'd like to plan houses for men to build. But one day, down on Broad Street, I was watching some men building houses, and I said to a boy there, "When I grow up, I am going to draw a lot of houses like that and have men build them." The boy was a white boy, and he looked at me and laughed and said, "Colored boys don't draw houses."

Why don't they, Mr. Editor?

My mother says you will explain all this to me in your magazine and will tell me where to learn how to draw a house, for that is what I certainly mean to do. I hope I haven't made you tired, so no more from your friend,

FRANKLIN LEWIS, Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR SIR:

I AM a girl fifteen years old and am still in the graded school. I am not so very poor, and would like to take up any course in a boarding school. Do you know of any school that a girl not yet out of graded school could enter? Also, do you know of anyone who would back me in going to the school? I am willing to work my way through school, if I could only get someone to help me get in a school like that.

I am a girl who has never known of a father's love, as my father died when I was very young. I will tell you in the beginning,—I am not a very pretty girl, and for that reason I have not been able to get anyone to help me in my little

I have tried and tried to do something in Seattle, but the people are very down on the Negro race. In some schools they do not want colored children.

I close, hoping you will try and do something for me, leaving with you my address.

_____, Seattle, Washington.

P. S. Won't you answer me just as soon as you can? Please help me, and maybe some day I can help you.

DEAR DR. DU BOIS:

O UR Crisis came a few days ago, and I was very glad to see the advertisement of THE BROWNIES' BOOK. I had just been talking to mother about giving me a subscription to some children's magazine and was delighted to know that we shall soon have one of our very own.

I see that you want letters from the children.
I shall be glad if you will tell me what kind of

a letter you want.

I want to be one of the first subscribers to The Brownies' Book.

WENONAH BOND, Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR:

I AM writing to ask you to refer me to some books on the Negro. I want to learn more about my race, so I want to begin early. I am twelve years old and hope to, when I am old enough, bend all of my efforts for the advancement of colored people.

I want to subscribe for *The Crisis*, but I don't want to subscribe until I go to Covington, Ky.,

where I go to school. . . .

I hope some day that all detestable "Jim-Crow" cars will be wiped out of existence, along with all prejudice, segregation, etc.

ELEANOR HOLLAND, Wilberforce, Ohio.

DEAR CRISIS:

In the country where I live, it is very dull. There is a movie in the next town, but you have to sit in one corner. And, anyhow, it is too far away for little girls. And there are not many books. I make pennies by sewing rags together to make rag carpets and I am going to buy The Brownies' Book, which I am very glad to hear of.

MARY PERKINS.



Celebrating Baby Week at Tush



by Week at Tuskegee

THE OUIJA BOARD

A STORY

EDNA MAY HARROLD



LORIA LORIMER and Betty Fielding came slowly down the steps of the public library, their arms burdened with books piled high.

"It's going to be a great contest, Betty," said Gloria, a round, short maiden of fifteen. "I think it's so nice of Mr. Sellers to offer such a

prize, don't you?"

"Yes, it's nice," replied Betty, stifling a sigh, "but it won't do me any good. I just know you'll get the prize. No one has any chance against you."

Gloria, exulting inwardly, cast her eyes modestly toward the ground.

"Of course, I'm not going to win the prize," she protested. "I mean to try for it, but that's no sign I'll get it. There are plenty of girls, and boys, too, in our class who are just as smart as I am."

"But you've led the class all this term," said Betty dolefully. "Oh, dear, I wish I were so smart."

"Why, Betty, you have as much chance to win the prize as I have. And I'll help you. Don't I always help you whenever you ask me? I'm glad we came to the library early and got the best books. It's lucky Maude wasn't at school today. If she had heard about the contest, she would have been at the library picking over books before anyone else had time to turn. I'll call her up, though, and tell her about it."

When Gloria reached home, she hurried to the telephone to tell her friend the news. Barely taking time to inquire about the aching tooth which had kept Maude from school that day, she began:

"Maude, you'd never guess! Miss Dyson told us today in English literature that the president of the school board has offered a prize of five dollars in gold to the pupil who brings in the most comprehensive review of 'Macbeth'... Why, Maude Barstow, what nonsense you talk! Of course, I'm going to try for the prize, but I don't know that I'll get it... What?... Oh, that's what Betty said, but I don't know. Try and come to school tomorrow. I'm

going to help you and Betty both with your reviews. We've got two weeks. . . . Good-by."

Gloria turned from the telephone with a pleased expression. For a while she gave herself over to visions of winning the prize, and spending it. In spite of her modest protests to her friends, Gloria was confident that she would win. Hadn't she led her English literature class all the term? Wasn't she the most brilliant scholar in her Latin class? With a satisfied, confident smile, she began to sharpen her pencil.

The time went by, until there remained only four days in which to prepare for the contest. Betty and Maude had valiantly, though reluctantly, declined Gloria's generous offers of help and had decided to do the best they could alone; not that either of them had the faintest hope of winning the prize; they were confident that the gold would go to Gloria.

The contest was to close on Thursday and the prize was to be awarded the following Monday. Friday afternoon when school was dismissed, Gloria approached her chums with an air of mystery.

"I'm going to have my fortune told and I want you to go with me," she whispered, enjoying the shocked surprise of the other girls.

"Gloria, you wouldn't dare!" exclaimed Maude. "Why, that's a sin."

Betty was speechless.

"It is not a sin!" denied Gloria indignantly.
"It's just in fun, anyway. Why, I know lots of people who go to Mrs. Gray and have their fortunes told. People who belong to the church, too. It only costs thirty cents. And I guess I've got a right to know what my future holds."

Maude shifted uneasily. "It doesn't seem

right," she protested feebly.

"Well, it is right. I'm not asking you or Betty to have yours told. I'm just asking you to go with me. I've always treated you both right and done whatever you wanted me to; and if you're not friends enough to me to do a little thing like that, well—all right."

This argument, although not strictly true, was felt to be unanswerable; so the three started out for Mrs. Gray's.

In spite of her brave exterior, Gloria felt

considerable trepidation when Mrs. Gray responded to her timid knock.

"Come in, girls, come in," invited the seer cordially. "Which one wants to see me?"

Betty and Maude huddled fearfully together, while Gloria moistened dry lips and stammered a husky, "I do."

"Well, now, don't be afraid. Just set right down. I'll give you a twenty minute palm reading for a dollar, or a ten minute card reading for fifty cents. Them's my terms."

Gloria's face fell.

"Why—I—I—someone told me it was thirty cents." she ventured timidly.

"Thirty cents! You see it's hard on me—this medium business is. Sometimes when I give five or six readings a day, I get so wore out that when night comes, I feel just like I'm shrivelling up. So, you see, I have to make it worth my while, Dearie."

"Yes'm." Gloria forced a feeble smile and arose. "I guess maybe I'll have to come back some other day. Thirty cents is all I have, and—"

"Well now, Pet, set right down. You didn't let me finish telling you my terms. I'll give you a five minute reading on the Ouija Board for thirty cents. Here's my Board right here. Now just set quiet, all of you."

The three girls waited with baited breath, while Mrs. Gray, eyes closed and hands moving rapidly over the Board, began in a low tone:

"You are going to be a great woman some day, Derie; the Board tells me so. An' you're going to win great fame and honors, and it won't be so very long till you win them, either. You're coming into money, Dearie,—gold; the Ouija Board tells me it is. You've got some friends and some enemies. Look out for a slim, brown-skin woman. An'—an'—that's all."

Gloria left the fortune teller's with a swelling heart. The girls were half-way up the block before anyone spoke, and then Betty said solemnly, "Isn't she wonderful? The great honors and the gold! Oh, Gloria, now I know you're going to win the prize."

Maude, who had been walking along rapt in thought, stopped suddenly and said, "Look here, girls, I believe that woman's a fake."

Gloria turned angrily upon her and answered hotly, "She isn't a fake, either. I can't help it if you're mad about what she said about my—"

"Humph! I'm not mad," interrupted Maude.

"Didn't I say all along that you'd get the prize? But here's why I say that woman's a fake: it seems to me that I've heard people say that when you work a Ouija Board, you ask it questions and it spells out the answers. Well, if it spells things out, wouldn't you have to look at the letters on it to see what it's spelling; and didn't Mrs. Gray have her eyes shut the whole time? And did she ask it a single, solitary question? Yes, she's a fake and a big one, too."

For a moment even Gloria was stunned by this, but after a bit she retorted, "Sometimes you have to look at a Ouija Board, and sometimes you don't. Real good mediums, like Mrs. Gray, don't need to look because they—they—well, they get the messages through their finger tips."

Even Betty looked skeptical at this, but Gloria continued stoutly, "I guess I ought to know, seeing how much I've read about it. I've read dozens of books just on that one subject, and I can show you the very page in one of the books where it says that first-class mediums get messages through their finger tips. Can either of you show me any book where it says they don't?"

This silenced the others, whether it convinced them or not. Gloria cared not at all that what she had just uttered contained even less than a grain of truth. She had been convinced from the first that she was going to win the prize and Mrs. Gray's statements had only served to strengthen that conviction. Gloria didn't care a jot how Mrs. Gray received her messages; she didn't care a fig for Maude's croakings. Besides, hadn't Mrs. Gray warned her to look out for a "slim, brown-skin woman"? And wasn't Maude "slim and brown-skin"? Most assuredly she was to pay no attention to Maude.

When the news of Mrs. Gray's revelation spread at school Monday morning, Gloria was regarded with a feeling closely akin to awe. Nearly everyone had been certain that Gloria would win the prize and now that certainty was confirmed by supernatural powers. Happy Gloria! How she basked in the light of her school-mates' adulation!

Monday afternoon the class was in a fever of expectation, and Gloria was easily the most popular girl at school. Girls who had not spoken to her for weeks vied with each other for a word, or a smile from the chosen one.

When the time came for awarding the prize,

it was with great difficulty that Miss Dyson obtained order. Mr. Sellers, President of the School Board, sat by Miss Dyson's desk, looking very large and important, while the other judges sat hard by. After a few whispered words with Miss Dyson, Mr. Sellers arose and stepped ponderously forward.

He wasn't much of a speechmaker, he said, in fact he couldn't make a speech at all. But the other judges had insisted that he present the prize. As every scholar knew, this prize was a

five dollar gold-piece, to be given to the pupil who wrote the most comprehensive review of "Macbeth." After a very careful consideration of all the manuscripts handed in, the judges had come to this conclusion: Most of the reviews were good; two or three were excellent; but the one the judges considered the most deserving of the prize was written by Miss Maude Barstow. Therefore, it was with unqualified pleasure that he presented Miss Barstow the gold.



PLAYTIME



"HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK"

A Nursery Rhyme Dance CARRIEBEL B. COLE

FORMATION-Single circle, facing for walking.

"HARK, hark"

Right hand at ear (listening), walking forward, right and left.

"The dogs do bark"

Hands at sides, four little scuffling steps forward: left, right, left, right.

"The beggars are coming to town"

Left hand over eyes (looking), three steps forward, trunk bending, and looking from side to side.

"Some in rags, and some in tags"

Arms hanging relaxed at sides, four steps forward: right, left, right, left, with high knee bending.

"And some in velvet gowns"

Right arm extended forward, left backward, three stately walking steps forward; right, left, right, left.

"And some in velvet gowns"

Repeat, but much slower, and more stately.

DANCE

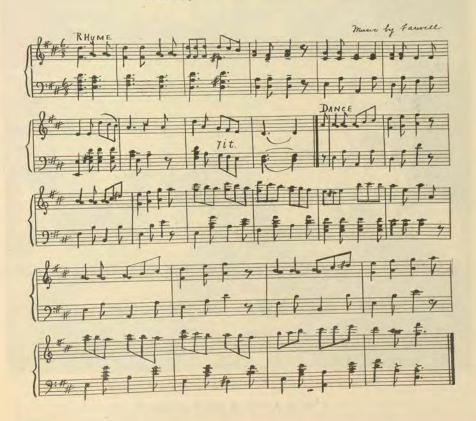
- 1. Touch right toe in front.
- 2. Touch right toe in front.
- 1. Change weight to left foot, and point right in front.
- 2. Change weight to right foot, and point left in front.
- 3. Change weight to left foot, and point right in front.

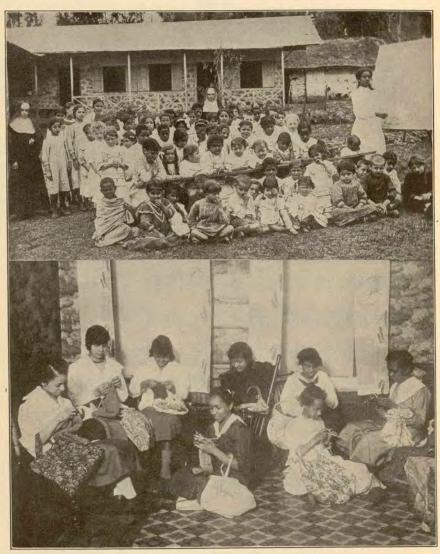
Repeat all, but start with touching left foot.

- 1, 2, 3, Change step forward, starting with left foot.
- 1, 2, 3, Change step forward, starting with right foot.
- 1, 2, 3, Change step forward, starting with left foot.
- 1, 2, 3, Change step forward, starting with right foot.

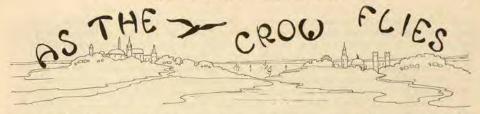
Repeat the whole dance.

NOTE—Change step: step forward right, bring left to it, and step again right. This resembles the two-step, or is a catch-step.





Girls School Directed by Nuns, Addis-Ababa, Abyssinia
Y. W. C. A. Girls in New York City





HE Crow is black and O so beautiful, shining with dark blues and purples, with little hints of gold in his mighty wings. He flies far above the Earth, looking

downward with his sharp eyes.

What a lot of things he must see and hear and if he could only talk—and lo! THE BROWNIES' BOOK has made him talk for you.

赐 赐

"Ah!" says the Crow, as he sharpens his long, thin beak on his slender leg—"What a year—what a year that 1918 was—all blood and hurt and cries—I thought the world people were mad and would die away and leave the earth to us peaceful crows."

"That was the World War, and it cost 200 thousand million dollars and 8 million lives and 20 million wounded men," piped the Little Boy

with the Big Voice.

"Yes," answered the Crow, "and then came THE YEAR OF THE GREAT PEACE,

1919.

"O me, O my," said the Little Voice with the Big Boy, "I hadn't heard of 1919."

"That's because it's so near."

"Well, tell me quick before they stick it into my history and make me study it three times a week at 2:45 p.m. and examination Thursdays, with dates."

"I don't remember dates," said the Crow, "but here are the facts."

¶ The Armistice came November, a year ago, with the black troops nearing Metz, and the 367th colored regiment nearest the Rhine.

yellow. There were the President-elect of Liberia, and the Minister from Haiti, and dark Arabs; there were Japanese and Chinese, and they remade the map of Europe.

Take your atlas: There is no German Empire—it is the Imperial German Republic; there is only a piece of Austria; there is a new Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, and a new kingdom of Serbs and Jugo-slavs; a new Jewish state is planned in the ancient Holy Land, 'round about Jerusalem; and Italy and France are much larger.

 ∏ Then, too, the Peace Conference formed a new League of Nations—a sort of union government of all the world; and having made the Treaty and made Germany sign it, the Treaty was sent out to the nations of the world for their assent. England, Italy, Belgium, and Japan have signed it.

China refused to sign the Peace Treaty because the Treaty gives to Japan certain rights to that part of China,—Shantung,—which Germany formerly held.

¶ Always after a great war there is much unrest, suffering, and poverty. This is because war kills human beings, leaves widows and orphans, destroys vast amounts of wealth, and disorganizes industry. The war of 1914-1918 was the greatest of human wars, and we hope the last. It destroyed untold wealth and turned men from their usual work. The result is great unrest and dissatisfaction throughout the world. People are thinking, they are hungry, and everything costs more.

¶ The "High Cost of Living" means that today most things cost twice as much as they did five years ago. This is because materials are scarcer, fewer goods have been made, other goods have been destroyed, and more people want what's left. In addition to this, the cost of war was met by promises to pay in the future, (Liberty Bonds, for instance, are promises to pay) and this has increased the amount of things that circulate as money, as compared with the goods which money buys. For all these reasons prices have risen, and the man who could live on \$750 a year in 1914 can scarcely get along with \$1,500 today.

¶ There is unrest in Ireland because the Sinn Fein, (pronounced "Shin Fayn") representing most of the Irish, want Ireland to be an independent Republic, while others want it to be a part of England, with partial self-government,

i.e., Home Rule.

∏ India, with 315,000,000 brown people, is very poor and illiterate. The average earnings of an Indian is only \$9.50 a year, and 93% of them cannot read and write. Large numbers of Indians want to be an independent country and not a part of the British Empire. The English are seeking to suppress this desire by harsh laws and some concessions.

■ Egypt, the oldest civilized country in the world, inhabited by mulattoes, has been declared a Protectorate of England since the war. Egypt does not like this, and many riots have

taken place.

¶ Russia, during the war, had a revolution by which she overthrew the Empire of the Czar and tried to establish a Republic; but the common people feared the leadership of the rich and powerful even in a Republic, and under Lenine and Trotsky they established a communism of the "Bolsheviki." This movement is an attempt to place all power, both in politics and industry, in the hands of the working class, and the experiment is being watched with fear and excitement by the whole world.

Jews have been killed there.

 ¶ Celebrations to welcome returning soldiers took place all over the United States. Among the first and most notable were the receptions tendered to two colored regiments, the 369th in New York City and the 370th in Chicago. One thousand colored officers took part in the

war.

Many hundred strikes took place during the year; the most important were the harbor

strike, which stopped all ships from leaving New York; the printers' strike, which kept hundreds of magazines from appearing; the coal strike, which halted the industry of the nation; and the steel strike against the great steel corporation. All these strikes are efforts of workingmen united in unions to increase wages by refusing to work. They claim that in no other way can they make known their wants and sufferings.

 ℂ Cotton, which in normal times sells at ten cents a pound or even less, has, on account of the war, gone up as high as forty cents a pound. This has brought much prosperity to the South.

¶ For the first time an aeroplane crossed the Atlantic Ocean.

¶ At the great commencement season last June, five colored students received the degree of Master of Arts; 379, of whom 60 came from the great northern colleges, received the degree of Bachelor of Arts; and 129 received professional degrees.

¶ Many distinguished visitors have come to the United States since the war. Prominent among these was a delegation from the Empress of Abyssinia who claims descent from the Queen of Sheba; Liberia sent her President-elect, the Honorable C. D. B. King, and his wife; the King of Belgium visited us with his Queen; also the young Prince of Wales, who will sometime be King of England. Cardinal Mercier, of Belgium, and the Spanish writer Ibañez have spent some time in America.

¶ The President of the United States has been made seriously ill by his work at the Peace Conference and his effort since.

¶ There have been many race riots and lynchings during the year. The chief riots were in Washington, Chicago, Omaha; Longview, Texas, and Phillips County, Arkansas.

Mexico is still striving against great odds to make herself a modern country, conducted for the benefit of her citizens instead of for the

enriching of great corporations. Some people in the United States would like to have us intervene and help her, but we can scarcely help ourselves, and we ought to let Mexico alone.

Many persons of wide renown died during the year. Chief among them were Theodore Roosevelt and Andrew Carnegie, friends of the

Negro race: George R. White, who was once a colored member of Congress; Madam C. J. Walker, a colored woman who amassed a large fortune by her preparations for the hair; and James Reese Europe, the colored musician.

I Nor may we forget the thousand black boys dead for France.

THE GROWN-UPS' CORNER



E are going to reserve a very small bit of this magazine for Grown-ups. It must not, under any circumstances, encroach on the Children's property, but we

want to be generous.

This magazine is published for Children, but no one understands the needs of children, or the problems that arise in their training, particularly in colored families, so well as their Parents.

We want, therefore, the constant co-operation of parents, telling us what we ought to do, and what we ought to publish, and what we ought not to publish, and just what their problems are, what they need for themselves and for their children.

We trust that parents will write us freely and continually and let us have the benefit of their wisdom.

GENTLEMEN:

HAVE just read your article in the October 1 Crisis, "True Brownies," and I wish to say that of all the great things which you have undertaken during the publication of The Crisis, I think this the greatest. The idea is wonderful, and it expresses a thought which I have long wanted some information on.

We have one darling little boy, who is nine years of age today. We spend our summers here, as my husband's work is here during the summer months. My boy was born here, and I am sorry to say that he simply hates the place. The entire population is white,-colored people come only in the capacity of servants.

The natives are mostly Irish, and the children call my boy "nigger" and other names which make life for him very unpleasant. He comes

to us crying about it, and oh, the resentment I feel is terrible! He will fight the smaller boys, but, of course, the large boys he cannot fight. When we speak to their parents about it, they say that they are very sorry, and promise to stop their children from calling him names.

Now, the difficult problem for us is: What shall we tell him to do, and how best for him to answer them, and instill into him race love and race pride?

He is the first and only colored child in Nahant, and since the Great War and the recent race riots, his color seems to be noticed more and spoken of more by the white children.

One day he said to me: "Mother, the only way to fight these white people is to get an education and fight them with knowledge."

I shall await the TRUE BROWNIES number with great joy, as I believe it will be a great help to all of us. I pass The Crisis around among my white neighbors here. I want them to read it.

Enclosed please find \$1.00 for one year's subscription to TRUE BROWNIES.

MRS. C. M. JOHNSON, Nahant, Mass.

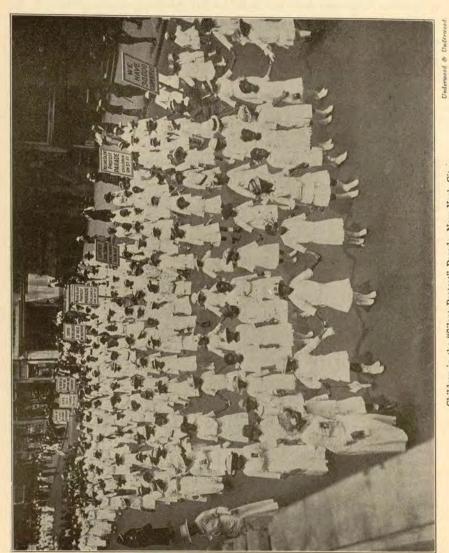
HON. FRIEND:

FOR two years I have been a subscriber and a delighted reader of that very excellent journal The Crisis. I would not be without it.

My children look forward to its arrival with almost as much eagerness as myself. My boy of nine years on seeing and reading the account of that great "Silent Parade" wished he had been in it.

I know the great efforts and sacrifices we make here and there will surely bring better days for our boys and girls.

MRS. HATTIE E. WORNBLE, Rockingham, N. C.



Children in the "Silent Protest" Parade, New York City

KATY FERGUSON

A TRUE STORY



ID you ever hear of Katy Ferguson? I confess I did not until a very short while ago, and yet without my knowing it, Katy Ferguson must have been exert-

ing a great influence over me for at least sixteen years. And unless I am very much mistaken, she has been influencing you, too.

If you are being brought up as I hope you are, you go to school every week-day, except Saturday, and on Sundays you go to Sunday School. There you sit and listen to the really wonderful church music and learn a great many beautiful texts and chat with the other boys and girls and enjoy yourself famously. Then you go home feeling very good and somewhat solemn, not very sorry that Sunday School is over, but on the whole perfectly willing to go back next Sunday.

"But what has Katy Ferguson to do with all this?" I hear you wondering.

Wait a moment.

Long, long ago, in 1774, Katy Ferguson was born to the cruellest fate that ever awaited a child. She was a slave. Stop and think about that a little while, try to picture the horrors of such a condition, and resolve that in no sense of the word will you allow such a fate to overtake you and yours. Evidently Katy thought something like this, for when she was eighteen, due to her own efforts and the fortunate impression she had made on some friends, she became free.

Not long afterwards she married, but neither her husband nor the children who came to her lived very long, and presently she was by herself again, living her life alone in the city of New York.

Now Katy was a very good woman,—tender, kind-hearted, and sensible. She did not let her sorrows crush and enfeeble her. On the contrary, she looked about her to see what her hands could find to do, and having found it, she did it. In her neighborhood in New York there were very many neglected children, both white and colored, and to them she gave her attention. Some she sheltered in her own house, and for others she found positions. During her life-time she helped in this way forty-eight needy children—a tremendous job for a poor woman.

But what interested Katy even more than caring for little children's bodies, was caring for little children's souls. So every Sunday Katy had children to come to her house so she could tell them about "God and the world to come." When her class grew too large and its instruction too much for her limited knowledge, she called in other good Christian folk to help; but of these none, I am sure, worked more willingly or more successfully than Katy.

One wonderful Sunday, Dr. Mason, the kind minister of a church on Murray Street, who had helped Katy in many ways when as a little girl she was beginning to seek "the way, the truth and the light," walked into Katy's house and found her surrounded by a group of interested and happy children.

"What are you about here?" he said. "Keeping school on the Sabbath? We must not leave you to do all this." And off he went and told the officers of his church and some other good people about it, and in a short while the lecture-room was opened to receive Katy's little friends. So the church in Murray Street opened a Sunday School, and it is generally conceded that Katy Ferguson, colored, and once a slave, was the founder of the first Sunday School in New York City.

Of course, Katy did many other things—she toiled hard for her daily bread and she received many opportunities to work, for she was a wonderful laundress and a ravishing cook. She was interested in the cause of missions, too, and let no chance of aiding them pass by. But don't you like best the notion of her getting the little children together and telling them that "of such is the kingdom of heaven?" I do.

And I think that those of you who read this little history will go to Sunday School some Sunday and instead of whispering to the pupil next you, you will look right into the wonderful glory that comes pouring through the stained-glass windows on Sunday afternoons, and in your heart you will say, "Dear God, I am thankful for Katy Ferguson."

So now you know the story of a noble colored woman. But she is not the only colored woman to do great deeds for her race. There are many splendid colored men, too. Think of all the wonderful folks you have still to hear about!

Little Ceople of the Month 2

A MUSICIAN



OST boys and girls are frightened when they get up to "speak a piece" at the Sunday School concert. But Eugene Mars Martin would not be, because he has been

used to facing audiences ever since he was very tiny. When he was not quite four years old, he played on his little violin in the auditorium of the Grand Central Palace, in New York. Since then he has studied at the Institute of Musical Art, in New York, and also under Edwin Coates for piano and Conrad C. Held for the violin. Last year he appeared in Aeolian Hall, one of the finest musical auditoriums in the country. That was his coming-out concert.

Hasn't he had an interesting life in his fifteen years? And best of all, he is the champion pitcher on the Neighborhood Baseball Team!

A SHINING EXAMPLE

W OULDN'T it be wonderful if every child who reads the BROWNIES' BOOK should have a record like that of Lucile Spence? She came from South Carolina to New York City, and has lived there eight years. When she graduated from the grammar school, out of a

class of 150, she received the gold medal for the highest average in general excellence. But this was only the beginning of Lucile's career. She went to the Wadleigh High School and there in her second year, as a result of a fine composition, she became a member of the "Scribes," a literary club which usually receives only third and fourth year pupils. Later she became a member of the Arista, a club whose members excel in scholarship and character. and also of a classical club, the Hellenes. Lucile wrote a number of short stories which were published in the Owl, the school magazine; then she wrote and helped produce the first play ever given in Wadleigh, which had a colored theme and was produced by colored students.

Throughout her whole high school life she held some class office and in her senior year was an officer of the General Organization, which governs Wadleigh. It is no wonder, then, that this girl on graduating last year received not only the John G. Wight Scholarship, for excellence in scholarship, character, and service to the school, but also the State Scholarship, which is awarded for highest standing in the Regent's examination.

Lucile is now in Hunter College, getting



Eugene Mars Martin

Lucile Spence

Roderic Smith



Lucy Beatrice Miller

ready to teach little readers of The Brownies' Book.

A MEDALIST

I MAGINE going to school for thirteen years and never missing a single day! That is the record of Lucy Beatrice Miller when she graduated in 1918 from the Daytona, Fla., Normal and Industrial Institute for Negro Youth. Besides, she has been such a good girl that she helped keep the other pupils good and for this she received the O'Neil Medal in 1916. Then, because she has always stood so well in her studies and has behaved herself so nicely, she received the Bethune Medal in 1918.

How many of you will have a similar record when you graduate?

A LITTLE BUSINESS MAN

OF course, Roderic is proud of his pony. But if the pony only knew, he would be proud of Roderic. For Roderic, think of it—is only eleven years old; yet he has been selling newspapers for four years! Every week he sells fifty copies of the New York News, fifty of the Amsterdam News and twenty-five or thirty copies of the Chicago Defender. Sometimes he sells monthly magazines and in the summer he peddles refreshments.

He lived with his grandmother for a while

and then he helped her with his earnings. Now he lives with his mother again, and this year he has bought his shoes and suit for school,—for of course he goes to school,—he is in Grade 6 B-1. During the month of September, this past year, he was one of nine boys whose names appeared on the Honor Roll. Every Thursday morning he is an early bird, reporting to the office of the New York News at five o'clock, where he puts inserts in the papers until eight. Then he goes home, gets his breakfast, cleans up, and gets to school on time.

Don't you think that the pony and New York City, where Roderic lives, and all of us ought to be proud of him?

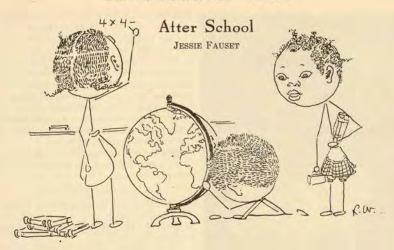
VIVIAN JUANITA LONG

T HIS little girl, the only child of Abe M. and Amelia Long, left her parents forever August 15, 1919. She is not really dead, though,—she is still living

"In that great cloister's quiet and seclusion, By guardian angels led."



The Late Vivian Juanita Long



A T nine o'clock I always say,

"I wish there'd be no school today."

And while the rest are at their books,
I give the teacher horrid looks,—

And think, "The minute school is over,
I'll race and romp with Ted Moore's Rover."

No matter what the teacher's saying,
My mind is off somewhere else playing.

But don't you know when Home-time comes,
I think, "I'll stay and work my sums.
I'll do 'four times four' on the board,
Or write how much wood makes a cord."

And Billy Hughes is just like me,
He stays back just as regularly!
He's always hunting out strange places
Upon the globe, and then he traces
A map with towns and states and mountains,
And public parks with trees and fountains!
And this is what's so queer to me—
Bill just can't get geography
In school-time, and I'm awful dumb,
I cannot do one single sum.
But just let that old teacher go—
There's nothing Bill and me don't know!



"Ted Moore's Rover"

GYP

A Fairy Story

A. T. KILPATRICK

THE BOY'S ANSWER

A. U. CRAIG



NCE there was a little fairy named Gyp. The king of fairies gave all of the little fairies work to do. And Gyp's work for that day was to paint apples.

Early that morning Gyp went to the forest to work. He carried all his paints, but more of red and brown because he had a lot of apples to paint red and also the leaves to tint brown.

He soon came to the trees, and leaving the other paints on the ground, he carried the red up to paint apples.

The little children who lived in the forest thought it about time to find ripe apples, and some of them went out that same morning to get some.

After roaming a bit they came to the tree where Gyp was painting and found all his paints on the ground.

They began to amuse themselves by playing with the paints, until the wind blew some apples

But they soon tired and fell asleep. Gyp had noticed them meddling with his paints and saw that they liked red and brown best.

When he came down and found all asleep, he wondered what joke to play on them that would be pleasing. So after deciding on many things and changing, he determined to paint their faces, knowing they would be delighted.

So he painted their faces,—some red like the apples, and the others brown like the leaves. When they woke and looked at each other, they were startled and amazed. They went home never knowing why their faces changed colors.

Now their descendants still live. Those children who were at home remained white, but the little red children still love to roam about in the forest and on the plains.

The little brown children can be found most everywhere, carrying happiness and sunshine to all they see.

So when you read of the work of the little brownies, don't forget the good fairy Gyp.



NE day, while in a park, I saw a little ten or twelve year old boy sitting on a bench and, on taking a seat by him, he looked at me and and I looked at him; he smiled

and I smiled.

"Little man, what are you going to do when you get to be a man?"

"Well," said the little boy, "I am going to be

a Civil Engineer, like my father."

The little man's answer was a surprise to me, because most little brown boys of whom I ask the question, "What are you going to do when you get to be a man," usually say, "I don't know." This little fellow gave me his answer at once and said he was going to be a Civil Engineer! (All boys who know what a Civil Engineer is and some of the things he does, hold up your hands).

His next answer to my question surprised me even more, when I put this one to him, "What do you know about Civil Engineering?" Without hesitating, he said: "I can draw a railroad bridge, and its joints; I can draw the sections of the different kinds of sewers; and I can draw a map with the contour lines."

I heard a whistle in the distance and my little friend said, "Mother is calling me." And away he ran, leaving me to think that I had met a little brown boy who would some day become a great Civil Engineer. At the age of ten or twelve this little boy knows more about Civil Engineering than most men do when they enter college to learn Civil Engineering, and so he is sure to be far ahead of his class as he goes through college.

How many boys, who expect to be physicians, can, at the age of—say 15, name one-half of the bones in their bodies, or locate their stomach or liver?

Nearly all great men have shown remarkable interest in their chosen calling when they were still very small boys. Coleridge-Taylor was playing on his violin when he was only five!

POLITENESS is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

-Old Saying.

The Tale of a Kitten

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

LOUIE! Louie! little dear!
Louie! Louie! Don't you hear?
Don't hold the cat up by her tail;
Its strength might of a sudden fail.
Then, oh, what a pity!
You would have a little kitty,
Wandering all around forlorn,
Of her pride and beauty shorn,
And not knowing what to do,
But to sit alone and mew;
For like a ship without a sail,
Would be a cat without a tail.

The Happy Quail

WILLIAM I. WALLACE

(Aged Twelve)

BOB WHITE! Bob White! sings the quail, Happily as she sits upon a rail; In the summer evening air,
She is thinking of her young ones fair.

She is thinking of the days of spring,
And slowly and merrily doth she sing;
Sings of the bright May days,
While Father Quail works and Baby Quail
plays.

She flies from rail to rail all day,
Thinking of the bright days of May;
She teaches her children not to fight,
But teaches them to call, Bob White! Bob
White!

Singing

FROM ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

OF speckled eggs the birdie sings, And rests among the trees; The sailor sings of ropes and things, In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan, The children sing in Spain; The organ with the organ man, Is singing in the rain.

Recruit

GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON

R IGHT shoulder arms, my laddie,
Step like your soldier-daddy,
The world is yours for taking,
Life, what you will, for making;
Dare boldly, be no slacker,
Black heroes are your backer,
And all your mother's dreaming
Awaits your full redeeming!
Right shoulder arms, my laddie,
Step like your soldier-daddy.



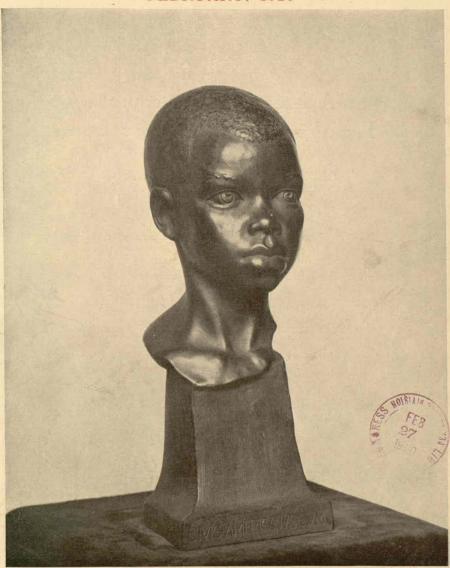
Dedication

IESSIE FAUSET

To Children, who with eager look Scanned vainly library shelf and nook, For History or Song or Story That told of Colored Peoples' glory,— We dedicate The Brownies' Book.

The Brownies' Book

FEBRUARY, 1920



One Dollar and a Half a Year "I am an American Citizen"

Fifteen Cents a Copy

THIS IS

The Brownies' Book

A Monthly Magazine
For the Children of the Sun

DESIGNED FOR ALL CHILDREN, BUT ESPECIALLY FOR OURS.

It aims to be a thing of Joy and Beauty, dealing in Happiness, Laughter and Emulation, and designed especially for Kiddies from Six to Sixteen.

It will seek to teach Universal Love and Brotherhood for all little folk--black and brown and yellow and white.

Of course, pictures, stories, letters from little ones, games and oh--everything!

One Dollar and a Half a Year Fifteen Cents a Copy

W. E. B. DU BOIS. Editor A. G. DILL. . . . Business Manager

Address: THE BROWNIES' BOOK
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THE BROWNIES' BOOK

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FEBRUARY, 1920

No. 2

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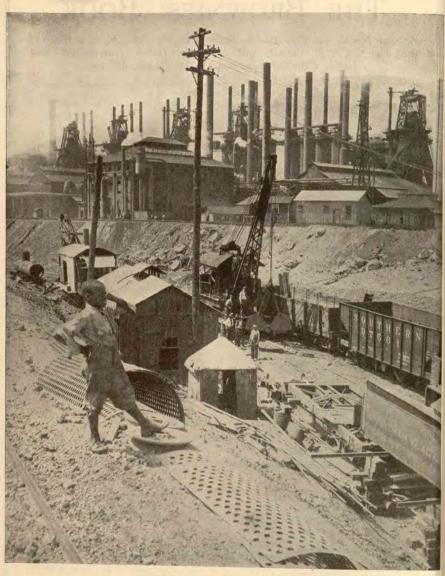
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The Brownies' Book

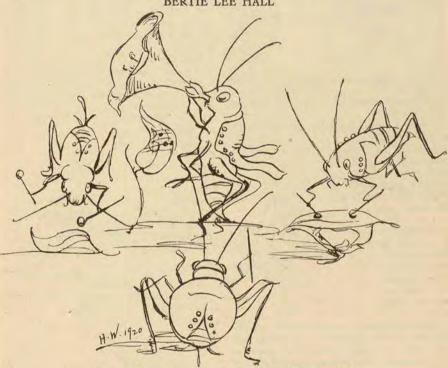
Vol. 1

FEBRUARY, 1920

No. 2

A VISIT TO FAIRYLAND

BERTIE LEE HALL



The Grasshoppers and the Crickets Were Great Musicians



NCE there was a very adventurous little girl named Esther. Her skin was brown and her hair was a shower of black curls. She was kind and loving to all she met.

One day Esther was lost in a forest. She wandered here and there until at last she was so tired that she sat down to rest at the foot of a great oak tree. After a while she was surprised to see a tiny lady coming toward her. Her shoes were so dainty that they reminded Esther of rose petals; her dress seemed to be made of silvery cob-webs. Her golden hair

was bound by a wreath of leaves and daisies. In her hand she carried a little box.

"I am a fairy," said the tiny lady.

"Oh," said Esther, "I did not think there were any more fairies."

"If you don't believe me," said the fairy,. "you may come with me and see."

"I'll be just delighted," said Esther.

The fairy bade Esther shut her eyes and count three. Esther did as she was bid; when she opened her eyes, she was in a cozy little room. The fairy led her to a small table and gave her a small glass of nectar: immediately



all her tiredness passed away, like snow before

"Now come," said the fairy, "we will visit the Insect Fair."

Esther followed the fairy, and she beheld

crowds of every kind of insect. Some she knew and some she had never seen before. She came face to face with a beetle that had a monocle in his eye. Indeed, helookedso funny that Esther could not help but laugh at him.

21



There were pretty, colored banners streaming from the tiny booths; it all seemed very gay. The caterpillars looked very warm in their fur coats. The humming and buzzing of the insects made quite a noise.

"Here," said the fairy, "is the Ants' Booth." Esther could hardly believe her eyes, to see so many ants all around a large ant hole. There were about ten large hills. The ants were busy even at the Fair. Some were carrying seed, some roots, some jam, and some little, smail

"You may eat of what you like," said the fairy.

"Oh no!" exclaimed Esther.

"Why?" asked the fairy.

"I've just seen that large red ant sting a little fly for eating some jam," said Esther.

Then they went to the Grasshoppers' Booth.

The grasshoppers were great musicians; they played and sang to the people at the Fair. Then they went to the Bees' Booth. The bees were very smart and had many grubs, or baby bees. They made honey and had made some wine of honey and dew; it was called honey-foam. Esther tasted it and found it very nice.

The fairy led Esther to the Spiders' Booth. The spiders were great spinners. One showed Esther some dresses she spun for the fairies. One showed many articles of the finest spinning.

Then they went to the Crickets' Booth. The crickets were, also, musicians; one had a morning-glory horn, another had a buttercup drum. others had other curious instruments found only in Fairyland.

"But why do you stare at Miss Lady Bug so?" asked the fairy.

"I know her," exclaimed Esther, "for she is the very one I told this to in the garden. "'Lady Bug, Lady Bug. fly away home. Your house is on fire. And your child-

ren will burn!" "And away she flew, and here is the same Miss Lady Bug in her silk dotted dress, at the Fair."



The June Bugs had on their changeable colored coats.

"I know one of them, too," said Esther.

"Let's go to the Butterflies' Booth," suggested the fairy. You can guess what a splendid booth the butterflies had. There were flowers of every hue.

Esther was aware of the King coming toward them.

"Come take a ride," said he. Esther got on one side of his broad wings and the fairy on the other. They rode a long time around the Fair.

Esther saw the dragonflies with banners in their hands, inviting everybody to the Fireflies' Dance. The fairy and Esther hurried along until they came to the ball-room. It was brilliantly lighted by lights; Esther knew not from whence they came. The room seemed to be made of glass, and beautiful green lights glowed beneath their feet. The fairy told Esther the glow-worms made the lights. It was a very pretty sight to see.

The fairy carried Esther to the garden and told her how the blind mole plowed it for them.

"Oh dear," said Esther, "I want a drink of water." The fairy gave her a drop of dew in an acorn. Then Esther said she was sleepy, so the fairy put her in a little bed.

When Esther awoke, she found herself under the oak tree. She found her way home as best



Bertie L. Hall-the author

she could and related to her mother the wonderful sights she had seen in Fairyland.

"Mamma," said she, "the fairies forbid birds of any kind to come to the Fair; I do wonder why!"

55 55 55 55 55 55 55

Four Poems by Children

ELIZABETH FLIPPENS

THE golden and red trees are here again, Nodding their heads that Winter is near; Then the snow will come to lay a blanket over their heads,

Until happy Springtime comes again.

MATTIE STEPTOE

The Autumn leaves are falling,
And the birds are cheerfully calling,
Telling us that Summer has gone,
And Fall is slowly creeping on.

NELLIE WISE

Our happiest school days will start after Christmas,

When the snow begins to fall;

Then shall we be dressed in our warmest clothes.

So that we will keep warm and enjoy the snow.

ANNIE SMITH

Summer is gone,
Autumn is here;
The leaves are falling, winds are blowing,
To let us know that Winter is near

A GREAT SAILOR



OYS who dream of becoming sailors will like the story of Paul Cuffee, who more than a hundred years ago made voyages in his own vessel to the Southern States,

the West Indies, England, Russia, and Africa. That was no small adventure in those days, when the Atlantic sea lanes were comparatively uncharted and life-saving devices few and uncertain.

Paul felt the call of the ocean when he was still a little boy, but it seemed unlikely that he would ever be able to fulfill his dearest wish. He was one of the ten children of John Cuffee, a slave who had, through great and unswerving persistence, bought his freedom. That was a happy day when, in addition to the ownership of himself, he became the owner of a farm on one of the Elizabeth Islands, near New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Of course, in the beginning when Paul was a little fellow. sheltered and protected by the love of his brave father and his dauntless Indian mother, all things seemed possible. But in 1773 the father died, and Paul, who was then fourteen, had to enlist with his three brothers, in the business of taking care of his mother and six sisters.

Cž

ar

For a while, it seemed as though fishing were the only industry which would keep him in touch with the sea. But no matter what his duties, he never gave up his secret desire to guide a ship over the waves. All his studies—and there were no schools about—tended in this direction. Before long, he was known for some distance around as an expert in navigation. When he was not studying, he was engaged in teaching this useful art, and at night during the rigorous winters many a boy learned of the sea and the stars from Paul Cuffee.

He must have inherited his father's perseverance, for although he started out as owner of only an open boat, by 1806 he was the owner

of a ship, two brigs, and several smaller craft. Nor were his possessions only those for the sea, for he had invested to a considerable degree in land and houses.

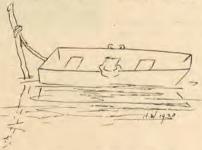
After Cuffee had thus gratified the wish of his heart,—the desire to ride the seas,—he bent every effort toward satisfying his other ruling passion,—that is, his ambition to help his fellowman. The people in whom he was most deeply interested lived in two widely separated lands,—in Massachusetts and in Africa. Captain Cuffee first built a school for his own children on his own estate and gave his neighbors the free use of it. He himself had never gone to school, and it gave him a vast satisfaction to see his boys and girls and others gaining, through his efforts, the thing which he had so much missed.

Having done thus much for American Ne-

groes, he turned his attention toward his people in Africa. He had long yearned to do something serviceable there, and in 1811 he manned his own brig with colored people and set sail for Africa. He went first to Sierra Leone, which is a portion of Africa lying to the north and slightly to the west of what we now know as Liberia.

The British rule in Sierra Leone, so after many, many talks with the Governor, Captain Cuffee sailed to England and laid his ideas before the Board of Managers of the African Institution. They listened to him with great respect and assisted him in every way in carrying out his plans. But the real expense of the trip to Africa was on the shoulders of Paul Cuffee, and his was the mind that conceived and carried out his benevolent intention.

That first visit to Africa was necessarily brief, for the Captain had many business projects awaiting him on this side. But it was long enough to fire him with enthusiasm and with the desire to make another voyage. The War of 1812, between England and the United States, thwarted this desire; but by 1815 it was



At First He Owned Only An Open Boat

possible for him to start out again. This time he took with him thirty-eight colored people, who were to instruct the natives of Sierra Leone in agriculture and mechanics. It took them thirty-five days to make that voyage! This in

itself shows Captain Cuffee's vast determination. Thirty-five days on board ship even in these days would mean several days of discomfort. but a hundred years ago, it meant a solid month of inconvenience and peril.

After a stay of two months, Captain Cuffee returned to AmerBrig

ica-and presently started making arrangements for a third voyage. But he was taken ill with his final illness and died in 1817, at the age of fifty-nine. He did his life work in less than sixty years. From a poor little boy,

the son of an ex-slave, he developed into a Captain and ship-owner and a great doer of good to people of Negro blood, both in America and Africa. The best people both of this country and of England respected him and his opinions. The world is truly better because he lived in it.

THE STORY OF "CREASUS"

KATIE JONES HARVELL



RANDFATHER was in the yard under a large shade tree, with the back of his old, leather-bottomed "Hello, Uncle Parker," the boys

yelled as they came up.

"Howdy, boys, howdy. What does you want

"These boys been tellin' stories," said Frank. "But I tell 'em you're the only one can tell tales."

"That's right. Tell us a sho' 'nough tale, Uncle Parker," said Bob.

"Yes, tell us a tale," they all said as they drew closer to Uncle Parker.

"If you will, I'll git mama to give you a big piece of her chocolate cake tomorrow," Teddy added.

"I know y'all wants water, so run ter de well end git ver a cool drink end bring me some; den I guess I'll have ter tell you one."

Off they ran to the well and soon returned with a gourd of water for Uncle Parker.

When they had seated themselves around him, he began his story.

"When I'se see folks gwine bout in de woods huntin', hit makes me think o' a tale my ol'

daddy tol' me way back, fo' de war, 'bout a young man name Creasus.

"You mout heard tell o' dat rich man Creasus. chair leaning against the trunk. . dat libed 'way, long time ago,-'bout ol' King Solomon's time.

> "Once Creasus wus po' is Job's turkey-" "How did he ever git so rich?" Teddy asked. "Well, ain't I fixin' t' tell you, now?

"Well, in dem days deer skins wus pow'ful high. Now dar wus a forest whar a lot o' deers libed, but witches libed dar, too, and mighty few folks dat went out dar ever got back. Now dis man Creasus wus po' is Job's turkey, is I done fo' said, but he had a mighty big mind; so he got two other men end dey up end went out huntin' deers.

"Dey didn't had no hosses, so dey had ter walk. When dey got dar, dey found mo' deers den dey could shake a stick at. Dey kilt end kilt end kilt, till 'bout dark when hit commenced ter drizzle rain, end dey didn't had no tents ter stay in.

"Dey wus huntin' 'round fer some limbs ter make a bresh house when one o' em found a path end looked 'way up de way hit led end seed a little house wid a light it hit. Creasus 'lowed dat he's gwine ter dat house end ef witches u

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libed dar, he didn't kere, 'cause he ruther stay in a house den out doze, 'cause dat rain wus wet, end cold wid hit. De other two didn't wanter go, but dey seed he wus bent on gwine, so dev went wid him.

"When dey got dar end knocked, a ol' man come ter de do'. Dey told him dey 'stress. He says, 'Mens, dis place 'round my house is a graveyard. I'se sorry I ain't got no room in my house fer you, but I'll give you de keys ter de tool house. Hits got a fireplace and some dry wood end cheers ter set in.'

"Dey took de keys, thanked him, end went down ter de tool house.

"De ol' man walked a piece de way wid 'em end told 'em dat dar wus a ol' 'oman dat wus a witch end dat she loaped 'bout de graveyard ter kill folks end rob 'em, end fer dem ter watch out fer her. When dey got dar, dey put deir skins in a corner end went out ter kill some meat for dey supper.

"De youngest one wus fust ter git back; after he built a fire, he put his rabbit on ter cook; he sot down ter smoke whilse hit cooked. In a few minutes somebuddy knocked at de do'.

"'Who dat?' he asked.

"'I'se a ol' 'oman kotched out in de rain end dark. Kin I stay in dar wid you till morning?'

"'You kin come in end wait till de others come, end see whut dey say,' he said, end let her in.

"'You cookin', I see,' she said.

"'Yes'm; me end my two buddies got kotched in de rain, too,' he said.

"'Is you got any salt on yo' meat?" she axed.

"'No'm,' 'lowed de man.

"I make hit a habit ter ca' salt 'bout wid me,' de 'oman said, is she handed him some salt out a lil' bag she had.

"He tuck his rabbit off, sprinkled de salt on hit, end 'gin ter eat. Two minutes after he tuck de fust swaller, he keeled over end died fum de pisen he done put on his meat.

"She den got offen him whut wus wuf gittin',—got all de deer skins, drug him end tuck other things off end hid 'em,—end come back 'bout time de next man wus cookin' his rabbit. She said perzactly de same things ter him dat she said ter de other fellow, end handed him salt end drug him out de same way.

"By end by, Creasus he come back wid two rabbits, 'cause he wus a mighty big fool 'bout his eatin'. "He seed de fire end rabbit hair end wonder whar his buddies went after dey et.

"Treckly long come dat same ol' 'oman agin. She knocked.

" 'Who dat?' Creasus 'lowed.

"'I'se a po' ol' 'oman kotched out in de rain end dark,' she says. 'Kin I set in dar wid you till daybreak?"

"'Ef yo' face clean, you kin come in; ef it ain't, you kin stay out, 'cause I'se cookin' end don' want no dirty face folks hangin' 'round.'

"She say her face wus clean; so he let her in. She wus tryin' ter shiver, makin' out she wus cold. She sot dar a while watchin' him cook end 'lowed.

"Got any salt on yo' rabbit?"

"'Naw, end don' want none,' Creasus say.

"'Dat rabbit tase mighty good wid salt on hit. I got some. I ca's salt wid me all de time.' She got up end started ter sprinkle some on de rabbits, but Creasus pushed her back end say,

"'I tol' you I didn't want none o' yo' salt; don' you put none on dat meat neither, or I'll split yo' haid open wid my gun. I don' 'low nobody ter fool 'round whut I got ter eat. If you wanter stay in here, set down end 'have yo'sef, or I'll kick yer out doze.'

"She went back end set down, but jes' is Creasus turned 'round ter git some bread out his coat pocket, she slipped up end tried ter put salt on de rabbits anyhow; but he wus 'spicious end had kep' his eyes on her, 'cause he thunk she wus de ol' witch 'oman dat sexton tol' him 'bout.

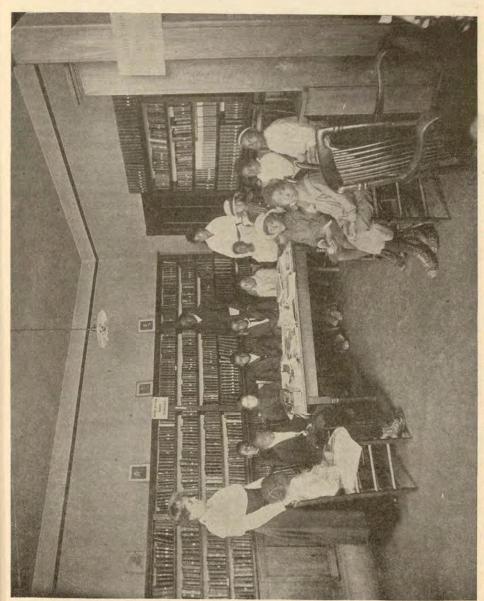
"When he seed her, he wheeled 'round, grabbed up his gun, end knocked her up aginst de wall wid de butt end o' hit.

"She jes' hollered, 'Please don' kill me! Please don' kill me! Would you do a po' 'ol 'oman dis a way?'

"'Naw, I wouldn't. Ef you wus a sho' 'nough 'oman, I wouldn't hit you, but youse a witch end I knows hit and I ain't skeered o' you, neither. You been killin' a heap o' folks, but ter night you goter die.'

"'Ef you don' kill me, I won't never bother you no mo' end I give you a magic treasure wot'll he'p you out in mighty tight places.'

"He ax whut hit was, 'cause ef hit looked lak a bargain ter him, he'd let her off. She tuck a red flannel rag out o' her bosom and showed him a little bottle wid three draps o' water in hit end said.



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Mrs. Harriet A. Lee, Librarian. "The Story of 'Creasus'" Story Hour, Howe Branch, Cossitt Library, Memphis, Tenn.

"'Dis is magic water; ef you drap hit on de ground end say, "Grow, water, grow," in two minutes atter, a riber will rise,-so long you can't go 'round hit, so wide you can't swim over, so deep you can't wade across. Den here is a grain o' corn; if you drap hit on de ground end say, "Grow, corn, grow," a field o' corn will spring up in two minutes,-so long you can't go 'round hit, so thick you can't go through. End here is a clod o' mud; ef you drap hit on de ground end say, "Grow, clay, grow," a mountain will spring up,-so long you can't go 'round hit, so steep you can't climb up hit. Den here is a acorn; ef you drap hit on de ground end say, "Grow, acorn, grow," in two minutes a oak tree will grow dat will mind de one dat planted hit, but nobody else; hit'll do anything you say but git up end walk, 'cause hit can't walk. Now ain't dat wuf havin'?' she say.

"Creasus 'cided he mout make good use o' dat, so tuck de bargain, end let her go."

"I wouldn'ter let her went if I'd been him," interrupted Frank.

"Me neither," Bob said.

"Couldn't she have killed him anyway?" Teddy asked.

"Well, she mout, end agin she mout not, least ways she didn't," Uncle Parker said. "Creasus wus a mighty good hand on tellin' de truth, so he didn't kill her lak he promised.

"Nex' morning he found his two buddies behind de house. Him end de sexton dug graves end put 'em in 'em; den Creasus went on feelin' mighty lonesome by hisse'f. By end by he got los' in de thick woods. He kep' blundering 'round till he blundered upon a nother man, los' in de woods lak him. Dey kep' on till dey come to a little house in de woods. When dey knocked, a lil' ol' 'oman come ter de do' end ax' em in. Dey ax her whut road ter take ter git ter de city. She 'lowed dat two o' her sons gwine ter de city in de morning, end dey better spend de night end have company de next day. Dey 'cided ter stay.

"By end by another los' man drapped by, and he 'cided ter stay, too.

"After supper dat night, de ol' 'oman say dey all had ter sleep in de same bed, end her three sons would sleep in de same room in a nother bed, 'cause she didn't have much room.

"Now when dey went in ter go ter bed, dese men got very 'spicious end 'cided ter change beds; so dey make out de bed wus too soft, end made dem other men change beds wid 'em; but while dey wus changing, Creasus noticed dat dey had red night caps, whilse dem other mens had on green uns.

"When ever'body else wus sleep, he crep' up, he did, end tuck all dey caps off end put 'em on dem other men; den he put de men's caps on 'em. But he wan't saterfied yit; so he woke his mens up, end dey stuffed de pillers in dey caps end put 'em in de bed lak dey was dem; den dey hid in de room, 'cause de do's end windows wus locked end dey couldn't git out.

"Trectly de ol' 'oman eased in, tipped ter de bed whar de green caps wus, end seed dey wus sleep. Den she went ter de bed whar de red caps wus, pulled a great, long knife, dat looked lak a sword, out fum under her apron; den she give one good lick on each neck end whacked 'em clean off. She went den ter t' other bed, shook 'em end say.

"'Git up fum dar, you lazy bones. Do you think I hired you ter lay up end sleep? Well, I didn't. I hired you ter he'p me; so git up end ca' dese mens out o' here.'

"Dey wouldn't git up; so she snatched de cover off ov 'em.

"Lo end come behold, twon't nothin' dar but pillers. She run ter de other bed end seed she done kilt her hired men.

"'Bout dat time Creasus end 'em jumped out on her, end dey had a time, I tell you, tryin' ter tie her; but dey done hit.

"Dey lit in den, sarching de house. Dey found gold, silver, rubies, diamonds, end all kinds o' jewl'ry; deer hides; silk, end a lot o' fine hosses end camels; end mos' ever'thing under de sun dat had any wuf ter hit, end dat didn't had no wuf, 'cause dey found a big graveyard in de garden, wid three open graves made fer 'em.

"Dey got all dey could ca' end put de ol' 'oman in a hole she had made fer 'em; den dey lef' her in dar.

"Fo' dey could git started off wid dey hosses end things, dey spied de ol' witch done got loose, end wus comin' atter 'em. Dey jumped on a hoss end lit out. De 'oman jumped on one end lit out atter 'em.

"Creasus wus leading dat race, bless yo' life. De ol' witch kotched one man and whilse she stopped ter kill him, de others wus makin' time. Trectly she kotched t' other man. Whilse she stopped ter kill him, Creasus wus most nigh flying; but when he looked back, she wus in twenty feet o' him. He thunk he wus done fer den, but he jes' thunk o' his lil' red bag. He

tuck de grain o' corn out, drapped hit on de ground, end tol' hit ter grow. He felt sompen push him down end shove him on; he thunk sho' de whole jig wus up den, but hit wus jes' de field o' corn pushin' him out de way so hit could grow.

"De witch wus s'prised ter see de corn end tried ter ride through, but hit wus too thick; she tried ter go 'round, but hit wus too long end wide; so she went back home fer er ax ter cut hit down. Whilse she was doing dat, Creasus wus makin' time; but she wus pretty swif' end hit didn't take her long.

"Creasus looked back end seed her, 'bout fifteen feet o' him. His heart jumped in his mouf, but he thunk o' his lil' red bag. He drapped——"

"Uncle Parker, how did she cut all dat corn dat quick?" asked Bob.

"She didn't cut t' all,—she had mens ter he'p her, maybe; she jes' cut a path through hit."

"Where did she git the men from?" Teddy asked.

"Look a here, now, if I'se tellin' dis, you let me tell hit, 'dout being pestered. My ol' mammy always teached me not ter cross-talk folks when dey wus talkin', 'specially ol' folks. When my pa wus tellin' me dat story. I sot quiet end lis'ened, end didn't think 'bout sich fool questions; 'sides dat, I wan't dar, end don' know no mo' den he tol' me.

"Is I afo' said,—Creasus drapped de draps er water on de ground end made de riber come. De ol' witch tried ter swim over on her hoss, but hit wus too wide ter swim end too deep ter wade. She tried ter go 'round, but couldn't find de end, so she went back end got a whole lot o' hosses, cows, end camels ter come drink de water up; den she went on after Creasus.

"When he looked back, he seed her 'bout ten feet o' him, wid her knife drawed back. His hair riz up on his haid, 'cause he wus so tired he couldn't go fas'; but he thunk o' his lil' red bag, end drapped de ball o' mud on de ground.

"De witch throwed de knife at Creasus, but hit stuck in de side o' de mountain dat riz 'tween him end her. She wus mighty s'prised ter see all dem things, but she 'termined she wus gwine ter kill Creasus."

"Wus she de same witch dat wus at de graveyard?" asked Bob.

"Naw," said Uncle Parker; "boy, if I'd axed questions, lak y' all chilluns do now, in my days de ol' folks woulder gin me a lick side my knot;

now if you want me ter finish dis, you jes' keep yo' mouf shet.

"Now here's whar I lef" off, 'bout when de mountain riz up. Well, she tried ter go over, but hit wus too steep; she tried ter go 'round hit, but couldn't find de end; so she went home, got mens end shovels, end dug a hole through hit.

"When she come out on t' other side, Creasus wus so weak end tired end hongry, end his hoss done died. Dat made him set down ter res', end he hadn't run a bit.

"When he seed her comin', he drapped his acorn on de ground, made de tree grow, end climb up hit. De ol' 'oman come up end ax him fer ter come down, but he say he wan't gwine do hit. She shook de tree, but he wouldn't fall, so she tuck her big ol' knife end commenced chopping on de tree.

"De tree commenced ter shake end de chips begin ter fly. Jes, 'bout time de tree wus ready ter fall, Creasus said,

"'Ol' tree, who made you?"

"De tree said, 'Creasus.'

"'Well, obey Creasus, chips, end fly back ter yo' places,' de man said.

"De witch wus mighty s'prised ter see de chips jump up offer de ground end git back in de tree, jes' lak dey ain't been cut. She cut hit some two er three times, but ever time Creasus made de chips fly back ter dey places.

"De ol' witch got so mad she begin ter throw rocks up de tree, but de leaves wus so thick she couldn't hit Creasus; den she lit in cuttin' agin; when she cut till de tree wus mos' ready ter fall. Creasus said.

"'Ol' tree, who made you?"

" 'Creasus.' de tree said.

"'Well, I want you ter fall, end fall on de one dat chopped you down."

"When de witch heard dat, she broke end run; but de tip top o' de tree kotched her end fell right on her neck.

"De fall didn't hurt Creasus much, 'cause de leaves end limbs made de fall kind o' easy. Creasus scrambled out from 'mong de limbs right quick, grabbed up de big knife, pulled de limbs back so he could find de ol' 'oman, den he whacked her haid off. Creasus waited end seed dat she wus sho' 'nough dead, den he got on her hoss end rid back ter her house.

"When de mens dar seed him comin' on de ol' witch's hoss, dey knowed dat she must be dead; so dey all lit out, fer fear Creasus mout kill 'em.

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"De Tree Begin to Shake, end de Chips Begin to Fly!"

"Creasus had de whole house ter hisse'f den, so he went ter huntin' end ramblin'. He brung out ever'thing he wanted ter eat or ca' off. He loaded de fine hosses end mules end camels wid finery, put 'em in de road, end started off drivin' 'em lak folks drive a herd o' cattle. He didn't know de way ter de city, but he knowed dat road led ter somewhar, so he jes' went on.

"Hit wus way atter de full moon done sot when 'bout daybreak, Creasus seed dat he done come ter a city. He looked all about him, end nearly shouted when he found out dat he wus in de city whar he lived.

"Atter a few days Creasus moved fum dat little house, he been livin' in, ter a big, fine house wid big barns end stables, end nobody in de world, at dat time, had much is Creasus."

Uncle Parker locked his hands behind his head and leaned back in his chair as he finished his story.

"Dat's all I know 'bout Creasus end his richness, boys."

The boys moved about, stretched their tired limbs, and rubbed their sleepy eyes.

"Is that the truth?" asked Teddy.

"I don' know; my pa tol' me. I wan't dar when hit happened."

"Tell us another, please," said Bob.

"Now hit's gittin' dark, end you lil' boys better run 'long home, fo' yo' ma's be callin' er sendin' fo' you. I mout tell you one tomorrow night or evenin', ef I feels lak hit."

The boys obeyed and began to get their hats and buckets.

"What will the other one be about?" James asked as he started off.

"Lemme see," said Uncle Parker, as he rubbed his hand across his face.

"Well, 'bout Jack o' Lantern, I reckon."

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THE GROWN-UPS' CORNER

I HAVE been waiting with some interest for the appearance of THE BROWNIES' BOOK, but I understand the printers' strike has delayed it. I am sure you have many good plans in mind for our children; but I do hope you are going to write a good deal about colored men and women of achievement. My little girl has been studying about Betsy Ross and George Washington and the others, and she says: "Mamma, didn't colored folks do anything?"

When I tell her as much as I know about our folks, she says: "Well, that's just stories. Didn't they ever do anything in a book?" I have not had much schooling, and I am a busy woman with my sewing and housekeeping, so I don't get much time to read and I can't tell my little girl where to find these things. But I am sure you know and that now you will tell her.

My husband worked in a munitions plant during the war and there were a few foreigners there. He said they often spoke of some big man in their country, but didn't seem to know about any big colored men here. And he said that when he came to think of it, he didn't know much about anybody but Booker T. Washington

and you and Frederick Douglass.

Our little girl is dark brown, and we want her to be proud of her color and to know that it isn't the kind of skin people have that makes them great.

BELLA SEYMOUR, New York City.

I AM a married lady. Have been married for six years, and we are not blessed with any children.

If you know of any home where we can adopt a nice little girl, please let me know by return mail. You will find stamp enclosed in letter for return. There are so many poor little children in the world without mother or father and my heart goes out to them each day, and if I could only get one out of so many, all for my own, and love and bring up as my own, I would be so happy, as myself and husband dearly love children and have a good home and can give a child anything a child's heart can wish for; so that is why we are writing to you.

MR. & MRS. CHARLES J. MARTIN, Atlantic City, N. J.



"Once Upon a Time," in Uganda

FOLK TALES



HE only thing that is nicer than telling a story is to listen to it. Did you ever stop to think that just as you sit very still in the twilight and listen to Father or

Mother telling stories, just so children are listening, all over the world,—in Sweden, in India, in Georgia, and in Uganda? I think you probably know where the first three countries are, but maybe it would be best for me to tell

you that Uganda is in beautiful, far-off, mysterious Africa.

Some people are specially fond of telling stories about animals. About twenty-five hundred years ago a poor Greek slave, Aesop, told many and amusing tales about the fox and the wolf and all the rest of them. And you High School boys and girls probably have already read the clever animal stories told by Jean de la Fontaine in the seventeenth century.

Now here is a story about animals which African Fathers and Mothers tell to their little sons and daughters. The story is very old and has come down from father to son for many generations and has probably met with almost no changes. Such a story is called a folk tale. There are many folk tales to be gathered in Africa, and Mr. Monroe N. Work, of Tuskegee, has collected very many of them from various

sources. This one, "The Hare and the Elephant," has been selected by Mr. Work from Sir Harry Johnston's book called "The Uganda Protectorate."

Folk tales, folk songs, and folk dances can give us—even better than history sometimes—an idea of primitive peoples' beliefs and customs.

The Hare and the Elephant

O NCE upon a time the hare and the elephant went to a dance. The hare stood still and watched the elephant dance. When the dance was over, the hare said,

"Mr. Elephant, I can't say that I admire your dancing. There seems to be too much of you. Your flesh goes flop, flop, flop. Let me cut off a few slices and you will then, I think, dance as well as I."

The hare cut off some huge slices and went home: The elephant also went home; but he was in agony. At length he called the buffalo and said.

"Go to the hare and ask him to return my slices."

The buffalo went to the hare and asked for the slices.

"Were they not eaten on the road?" asked the hare.

"I heard they were," replied the buffalo.

Then the hare cooked some meat,—it was a slice of the elephant, and gave it to the buffalo.

The buffalo found it very tender and asked him where he got it.

"I got it at a hill not far from here, where I go occasionally to hunt. Come hunting with me today." So they went to the hill and set up some snares. The hare then s a i d to the buffalo, "You wait here and I will go into the grass. If you hear something come buzzing "Zoo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo," hang down your head."

The buffalo waited. Presently he heard, "Zoo-oo-oo-oo-oo-do-oo-". He hung down his head. The hare

threw a big rock, hit the buffalo's head and killed him. The hare then skinned him and carried home the meat.

When the buffalo did not return, the elephant sent an antelope to ask the hare to return his slices. But the hare disposed of him in the same manner as he had the buffalo and carried home his meat.

The elephant sent a succession of messengers for the slices, but none of them returned. At last the elephant called the leopard and said, "Go to the hare and ask him to return my slices.

The leopard found the hare at home. After they had dined, the hare invited the leopard to go hunting on the hill. When they arrived and had set up their snares, the hare said,

"Now you wait here and I will go into the grass. If you hear something come buzzing, 'Zoo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo,' hang down your head."

The hare then went into the grass and presently the leopard heard a buzzing, 'Zoo-oo-oo-

oo-oo-oo-oo', but instead of hanging down his head, he held it up and a big stone just missed him. Then he hung down his head, fell over and pretended that he was dead. He laughed to himself, "Ha! ha! Mr. Hare, so you meant to kill me with that stone. I see now what has happened to the other messengers. The wretch killed them all with his 'Z00-00-00-00-00-00-00-0', Never mind, Mr. Hare, just wait."

The hare came out of the grass and when he saw the leopard lying stretched out,



he laughed and jumped and scraped the ground. "There goes another messenger," he said. "The elephant wants his slices back. Well, let him want them."

The hare then gathered some grass and vines and made the leopard into a bundle ready to carry. "If I had my knife, I would skin him here," said the hare. "As it is, I must carry him a little way, then hide him, and run home and get my knife."

Having said this, the hare hoisted the leopard on his head and walked off with him. The leopard enjoyed riding on the hare's head. After the hare had carried him a little way, the leopard put forth his paw and gave the hare a deep scratch. He then drew in his paw and lay quite still. The hare at once understood how matters lay and put down the bundle. He did not, however, pretend that he knew, but said,

"Oh, there seems to be a thorn in the bundle."

He then roped the bundle very firmly, taking care to tie the paws securely. He then placed the bundle on his head and went along to a stretch of forest. Here he placed the leopard in the woods and went off to get his knife.

As soon as the hare had gone, the leopard tore open the bundle and sat up to wait for the hare's return. "I'll show him how to hunt and to say, 'Zoo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo, hang down your head'! I'll show him how to cut slices off my friend, the elephant." The leopard looked up and saw the hare returning with his knife.

When the hare saw the leopard sitting up, he ran into a hole in the ground.

"Come out," said the leopard, sniffing vainly at the hole.

"Come in," said the hare.

The leopard saw that it was useless to try to coax the hare to come out, so he said to a crow that sat on a branch just above the hole, "Mr. Crow, will you watch this hole while I run for some fire to burn out the hare?"

"Yes," replied the crow, "but don't be long away, because I will have to go to my nest soon."

The leopard went for the fire. After a while the hare

said.

"I am certain, Mr. Crow, that you are very hungry."

"Yes, very," replied the crow.

"Are you fond of ants? If you are, I have a lot of them down here."

"Throw me up some, please."

"Come near the hole and I will."

The crow came near. "Now open your eyes and mouth wide."

The crow opened his mouth and eyes as wide as he could. Just then the hare flung a lot of dust into them, and while the crow was trying to remove the dust, the hare ran away.

"What shall I do now?" said the crow, as he finished taking the dust out of his eyes. "The leopard will be angry when he finds the hare gone. I am sure to catch it. Ha! ha! I have it. I will gather some ntengos (poison apples), and put them in the hole. As soon as the leopard applies the fire to the hole, the ntengos will explode and the leopard will think that the hare has burst and died."

The crow accordingly placed several ntengos in the hole. After some time, the leopard came back with the fire.

"Have you still got him inside?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Has he been saying anything?"

"Not a word."

"Now then, hare," said the leopard, "when you hear 'Zoo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo,' hold down

your head. Do you hear?" No reply. "You killed all of the elephant's messengers just as you tried to kill me; but it is all finished now with you. When I say, "Zoo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo, hang down your head. Ha!

Then the leopard put the fire in the hole. There was a loud explosion. The leopard thought that the hare had burst and died. But instead, the hare was at home making a hearty meal of the last of the elephant's steaks. None of the other animals ever bothered the hare after that. They remembered what happened to the elephant's messengers.





THE JUDGE



HE boy has been whipped. This is a tremendous thing in his life, As he looks back upon it, in tears and pain, it seems outrageous and an interference with his liberty

and nappiness, which he cannot at all understand. Therefore, the Judge, from his high bench, shakes his white wig mournfully and looks down upon this little culprit in his woe, and makes a long speech on being whipped. And he speaks to Billikins,

OF PAIN, THE WER WOLF

BILLIKINS, little friend of mine, this is a world of pain. Pain is always near us. We cannot run away from it. We cannot dodge and fool it. It leaves us sometimes for days, and even years; and then suddenly, it comes back and hurts us.

Without doubt, you will say to this,—"Why, then, does Mother want to make more pain in the world? Is there not enough already?"

There is. There is too much. But this is a funny world, and sometimes, in order to make less, you make more. I mean, for instance,-a little water makes mud, but more water clears the mud away; a single blow may break your sled, but a lot of blows carefully given may mend it again, with nails. Do you see what I mean? Mother gives you pain and makes you suffer for a little while, so that you may not suffer a great deal more in the future. If she slaps your hands, good and hard, for playing too near the red-hot stove, she may keep you from suffering a terrible burn, or even from losing your hand altogether; and wouldn't you rather have your fingers smart for five minutes than to have them burn terribly for five hours? This is what whippings mean, Billikins. And although the Judge hates them just as you do, he knows you need them now and then. Don't you?

OF PAIN, THE PENALTY

HERE Billy comes in and remarks,—"That's all right, but suppose you're a big kid, and the thing's already done? What's the use of

messing in and adding to it?

"Listen, Mr. Judge.

"Last week, it snowed,-big, heavy flakes. People walked on it, and yesterday, it was clear and cold. The hill, down back of the house, was simply dandy for coasting. I went out and stayed an hour, as Mother said I could. Now you know perfectly well that a fellow can't do much in an hour on a hill like that,-so I stayed another hour, just long enough to get the hang of my new sled. Then, I thought, since the thing's done anyway,-I just stayed right up until it was dark, and went home and explained to Mother. And do you know what she did? She gave me an awful licking, and sent me to bed without any supper. Now, do you really think that's fair? You see, I didn't get hurt, and I had all my home-work done before I went out .and it didn't do any good just to spoil that day by whipping me."

Billy's case is important, extremely important. It is really one of the great questions of the day. And I, the Judge, say this seriously,—and if the Grown-ups back in the corner there, smile over it, I shall order them out of this court.

I maintain that this is a serious matter. You see, it is not Billikins' case, at all, apparently. Billy goes out and has a good time, and adds some more good time to it, and caps it all with a perfectly splendid time, and then comes home and is puinshed.

Why?

For a very simple reason, Billy. When your Mother told you that you could go and have a good time with your sled for an hour, she did not name "one hour" arbitrarily or foolishly. She knew that one hour was:

(a) As long as you ought to exercise in the wet and cold, on account of your strength; or

(b) As long as the hill was usually safe, on account of traffic; or

(c) As long as she could spare you from helping her; or

(d) As much time as you ought, for the sake

of your education, to put on this kind of play.

One or more of these reasons were the thoughts she had in mind. She stands high above you, on a great mountain made of years, and she knows what the World and Life mean. And she particularly knows that if every little boy when he has a chance to have a good time, has as much good time as he can, and for just as long as he can, he is liable to have trouble; that there may follow a cold and diphtheria; or a terrible accident, leaving him a cripple for life; or overwork on her own part, leaving her little time to help and guide her children; or a one-sided little boy,-a little boy who can slide down hills, but who doesn't read books; who can run fast, but cannot listen to music; who knows how pretty the snow is, but doesn't know how pretty pictures are.

Now for all these reasons and others, Mother has got to make Billy remember that in this world, around the corner, always stands a Penalty, which makes men pay for overdoing things. And if you are trained when you are little, not to overdo, then you may grow up to live a sane, temperate, well-balanced, and efficient life.

OF PAIN, THE DEVIL

I AM afraid Wilhelmina is sulking. She has not been allowed to go to the basketball game. It would have been much more satisfactory in certain ways to have been whipped, but she was not whipped. Father simply said, "No!" He said it with that absence of a smile and click of his lips, which was notice to Wilhelmina that the subject was not to be further discussed.

Now, says Wilhelmina, to herself,—"What earthly reason is there for acting in that way?"

The real reason, of course, Father did not state. Possibly he was wrong there. Possibly he should have sat down and taken fifteen or twenty minutes and explained to Wilhelmina. But the difficulty was, she would not have understood his explanation.

And that explanation was something like this: The basketball game was a public game. Everybody who wanted to, could go there. The teams that were to play were composed of young fellows,—good-hearted, but poorly disciplined, who had been brought up without whippings and admonitions, etc. The result had been that these basketball games were places where rude

and undesirable people were thrown in the company of good folk, and where the teams instead of playing basketball, spent their time in quarrelling and even in fighting. Now out of a circumstance like that, could come the most unpleasant consequences. This world has long been unfair to women and girls. It is doing a little better now, but it is not yet doing well. One of the worst things that could happen, is for a half-grown girl to be found, quite innocently, in some assembly of this kind, and then be blamed for the actions of other people,-if a fight takes place, or if the police have to arrest folks, or something of that sort. Often, explanations and excuses do not avail, and people have to suffer from this wholesale injustice.-but this is the kind of Devil which we have to meet in life. It is an unpleasant thing, and a thing that must be driven out; but until it is driven out, Mothers and Fathers have to guard their young daughters, and sometimes to say simply, "No," without much explanation,-when the "No" seems to Wilhelmina unusually hard and unfeeling.

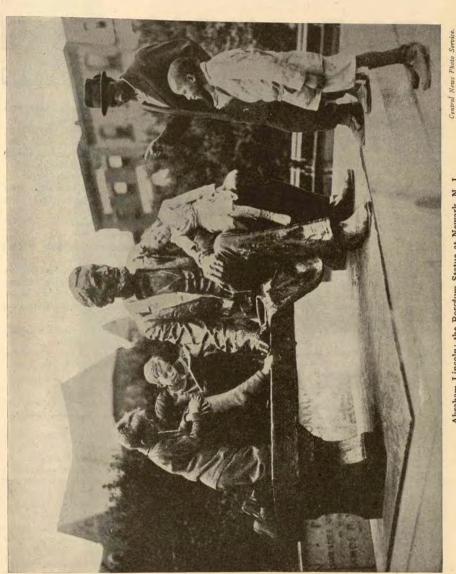
OF PAIN

WILLIAM says that he does not understand why there should be Pain in the world, anyway. "Why couldn't we have a world where everything was nice and pleasant and good, without evil, or suffering, or wrong?"

Well, William, the obvious answer to this is, that we have not. Moreover, I am not altogether certain that a world like that would be best for you or for me. Of course, there is absolutely no doubt that we have today more Pain and Wrong and Suffering than serves any possible good; and for that reason, you and I must work, and work hard, to get rid of it. We must even sacrifice more of our pleasures and happiness, so as to increase the total amount of happiness in the world.

But, on the other hand, in a world where there was no need of Sacrifice, no need of hard and unpleasant work, it is a question whether we could develop the kind of sound, strong character in human beings that we ought to have. Such characters are beautiful; the need of the world is Beauty. It is the law of the world that we achieve Beauty only through suffering. Perhaps that law could be improved; but I do not know.

So much for the Kiddies; now for the Parents.



Abraham Lincoln; the Borglum Statue at Newark, N. J.

THE JURY



I AM a girl sixteen years old. I am an orphan, having neither mother nor father. My mother has been dead eleven years and my father, four years. White people have kept me,—that is, I have worked for them to earn my living. Realizing that I did not always want to be a scrub girl, I have tried to educate myself, as I could not go to school. . . .

Do you think I could through THE BROWNIES' BOOK get a home among a good Christian colored family? I would like to be in a family where they had no large children. I wouldn't mind one small baby, as I love them. I wouldn't mind being with elderly people. Just anywhere among good Christian people, where I could go to good public schools. I can do any kind of work and am a good cook and housekeeper. . . .

I am a dark brown skin girl, with Negro hair, not being very tall nor good to look at. But I wear my clothes nicely.

I would ask you please not to put my full name in The Brownies' Book, if you will advertise for a home for me. I don't want anyone to support me. I want to be among MY people, and have a chance for an education.

Fairmount, W. Va.

WHEN the inhabitants of Chambéry heard that their town was going to have American soldiers, it was a great joy. Everyone was eager and impatient to show to these brave soldiers our gratitude and our admiration.

About a year ago the first boys arrived. It was on a spring day; all nature was in feast to welcome them. In the streets, the little babies who knew only one English word were crying very loudly, "Good-bye, good-bye," and the American soldiers sometimes answered with a smile or sometimes took the babies in their arms or caressed their faces. Men and women came near the soldiers and shook hands with them and said to them words of welcome.

The homes of the French families were open to them and those merry men were received like children of France. They passed sweet mo-

ments and everyone was anxious to make them a nice stay.

Among all, the happiest were the colored boys. They were unhappy in America, and for that reason they were particularly cherished among us. They were eager for a good word and glad to see that the French made no difference between them and the white,—and when time came for them to return to America, one of them wrote—

"My stay in Paradise is over."

And he wrote, also :-

"I shall hold the dream forevermore of those glad moments found in Chambéry."

If the black Americans shall hold forevermore the dream of the glad moments found in Chambéry, we, also, shall keep forevermore the remembrance of their self-sacrifice. They gave their blood for France.

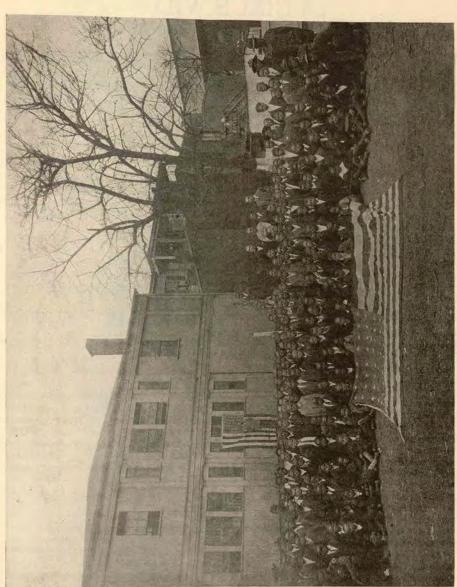
We shall remember, also, forevermore, their affection and we shall not forget that in America they are unhappy, and on this side of the ocean we shall do all that we can to help them.

The old world must help a part of the new to conquer their liberty and rights.

GABRIELLE GONAY, Chambéry, France.

A SI am thinking of giving my little brother a Xmas gift, I would like to have a copy of your journal, The Brownies' Book that you were to publish. How much is it a year? As I have heard my father, mother, and uncle talk about your Crisis, I thought your journal for little folks would be just the thing. I am using Papa's paper. Do not send it to the given address, but please send it to Springfield, Mass., 19 Catherine Street, where mother and brother and I are during the winter on account of school. I am (11) eleven years old and in Jr. High School. My brother is (7) seven; he is doing nicely and is in three A.

BRUCE MARX GANEY BOWENS, Norfolk, Va.



Serving Their Country

A GIRL'S WILL

ELLA T. MADDEN



LONG the edge of a southern forest, flows a stream called the Isle of Hope River. Void of the rush and hurry of youth, slowly, silently it flows, with an air of quiet

serenity and infinite calm; along the edge of the wood, past the villages of Isle of Hope and Thunderbolt, it flows, until it is lost in the waters of the Atlantic, eighteen miles away.

In one of the weatherbeaten fisherman's huts, which nestle under the branches of the great, gnarled, twisted, live oaks which grow along the river's bank, lived Helen La Rose. As the keynote of the stream's personality was repose, the most striking thing about Helen's character was its deep unrest and consuming ambition, coupled with a high-minded, lofty idea of the infinite power of the human will.

It was the week of our graduation from Beach Institute. Helen and I were walking along the water's edge, discussing our future with all the enthusiasm of sixteen. I could talk of nothing but the wonderful career I expected to have in college the next year, for my parents were "well-to-do," and I was the only child. Suddenly, in the midst of my gay chatter, I stopped and looked at Helen.

"Oh, I'm so sorry you can't go, too, Helen; what fun we would have together," I burst out sorrowfully, for pretty, ambitious, Helen La Rose was very poor. Her father had all he could do to support his wife and seven children. Helen had paid her tuition at Beach by helping Mrs. Randolph before and after school and on Saturdays.

"But I am going to college," said Helen, in her quiet voice. "I am going to college and I am going to become the greatest teacher that ever was, if I live long enough. Booker T. Washington worked his way through Hampton and Robert Dent is working his way and so did Mr. Ross. He told me so himself."

"Yes, but they were all boys," I said with emphasis.

"And I'm a girl," replied Helen, "and as smart as any boy. Dad said so. Besides," and her eyes grew large and deep and her voice tense, "I can do anything I want to, if I want to hard enough."

The next week was commencement. Helen was "val," and looked sweet and girlish in her cotton voile dress, fashioned by her own little brown, work-roughened fingers. For her eager face, lit up by the great eyes and a happy,—though rather tremulous—smile, did not require a fine toilette to make it attractive.

The weeks passed and I did not see Helen again until the middle of July. We were sitting in my room and I had been showing some dresses I had bought.

"I am going to begin making my things next week," said Helen, happily. "Daddy has let me keep all the money I have earned this summer and I have put it all in the savings bank. Just think, I have been working only nine weeks and I've saved forty dollars. I'll make forty more between now and October and that will be enough for railroad fare and my first quarter's tuition. Mrs. Randolph is going to give me a letter of recommendation to a friend of hers in Chicago and I know I'll get work. Oh, I am so happy! And everybody is so good to me!" Helen danced around the room, hugging herself for very joy.

Early in August, Mrs. La Rose contracted malaria and died after a short illness. Mr. La Rose was heartbroken. There were six small children, ranging in age from three and a half to thirteen years. Quietly, unobtrusively, Helen took her mother's place in the household. She did not allow even her father to realize what the sacrifice of her plans meant to her. She cooked and scrubbed and washed and ironed and cared for her swiftly aging father and little brothers and sisters with loving devotion. The little house was spick and span, the children happy and contented; and Mr. La Rose, grown suddenly old, became as calm and placid as the river that flowed past his door.

Four years passed and I received the degree of A. B. and soon after was appointed teacher of English in the high school. I lost no time in looking up my old school chum and telling her of my good fortune. She met me with a glad cry of welcome and rejoiced in her old, frank, exuberant way over my success. But after the first few moments of greeting, I could not help noticing the change in her appearance.

"Helen and I Were Walking Along the Water's Edge"

Her figure had grown thin and old-maidish; and the brown cheeks had lost their soft roundness. The eyes, that had held such a marvelous vision of achievement and such undaunted hope in the future, were as deep and dark as ever; but in their depth brooded a wistfulness and a poignant unrest that made me catch my breath, for there came to me a vague realization of the story those eyes told. Bitter must have been the battles waged between ambition and duty. Not a hint of this, however, was in her demeanor. There was not a trace of self-pity or jealousy in her manner as we talked of the past and the present and drew bright pictures of the future.

Then Mary, Helen's eighteen-year-old sister. finished high school. Mary was not studious and had no desire to go to college.

"Now," I said to myself, "Mary will take charge of the house and the younger children and Helen can have her chance. It is no more than right." But I reckoned without my host. Six months after Mary's graduation, she was engaged to be married.

The years flew by, swift as a bird on the wing, and Helen's young charges grew to young manhood and womanhood. Mr. La Rose was dead. The baby was in his senior year at Howard University. Tom was in the mail service and Rose was the happy mistress of her own home. Helen, at thirty-five, was free to live her own life. I went to see her one bright sunny morning in June and found her sitting under her favorite oak tree, her hands lying idly in her lap, her eyes looking off across the water. She greeted me with a happy smile and a humorous glance of her fine eyes.

"Elise, do you remember our old saying, 'You can do anything you want to, if you want to hard enough?' I am going to college in the autumn!"



CLAYTIME



Folk Dance

HELEN FAUSET LANNING

HEY! LASSIE

HEY! Lassie, will you kindly have me?
Here are gloves to wear, if you will have
me;

I'm from the East; you're from the West; I have shoes, but your little ones are best,— Pull all together, in sunny weather.

Yes, Laddie, I'll be glad to have you,—
I'll wash and sew, too, when I have you;
You're from the East; I'm from the West;
We'll have a home, cosy as a birdie's nest,—
We'll pull together, in all sorts of weather.

Before we go and see the Parson, Let's take a hop and skip, and then a run, Tra, la la la, etc. 1

- 1-Boys bowing, sing first line
- 2—Extend hands, for gloves
- 3-Point to self; then, to girl opposite
- 4—Point, first, to own shoes; then, to those of girl opposite
- 5—Each boy clasps both hands of girl opposite, and swings around.

2

- 1-Girls curtsy to boys
- 2-Make motions of washing and sewing
- 3-Point to boy; then, to self
 - 4-Clasp hands, and swing around.

3

Boys bow; girls curtsy; turn side to side, clasping hands

All singing—tra la la la, through verse. Swing clasped hands, skipping around in circle.



To Arizona Rose

KATHRYN TABRON

L IKE a ray of sunshine on a day there came A wee little baby, who hadn't any name.

From 'way out in the desert. where the hot sand blows,

'Twas you who came, my rosebud—Arizona Rose.

Arizona Rose! What a name for baby,

'Twould better fit a handsome, grown-up damsel, maybe; But babies and rosebuds, as everybody knows. Make ladies and roses—Arizona Rose.

So, I'll nurture you tenderly, close to my breast, Little rosebud in whom I feel supremely blest. I'll stand between you and each cold wind that

Till you stand forth full blown-my Arizona Rose,

Little Ceople of the Month 2

G EORGIE E. MAGEE is saving money with which to educate herself.

How many little girls and boys are doing likewise?

She is the holder of the first issue of the Liberty Bond for \$100 and of the fourth issue for \$50; she has Eleven Dollars in War Savings Stamps.

And Georgie is only five years of age; she lives in Washington, D. C.

VIRGIL RUDOLPH CHANDLER, of Oklahoma City, Okla., at the age of two and one-half years could recite thirty-seven "Mother Goose" rhymes.

He is now one year older. Who can beat Virgil's record?

In Shreveport, La., live the Brown brothers. The oldest boys,—Robert, fifteen, and Frederick, twelve,—play the piano, horn, and violin;

Robert is in Junior High School and Frederick is in the sixth grade grammar. Richard, nine, is in the fourth grade grammar and Lyman, six, is in the second grade.

When the Children's Number of THE CRISIS was being read in their home, guess what Lyman said! "Papa, I don't see my picture; I'm a baby and good, too!"

THELMA IOWA HENDERSON, at Watonga, Okla., graduated from the Attucks School at the age of ten.

You'll have to hustle kiddies, to make a record like Thelma's.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Ida Josephine Clark sings, and she has recited to an audience of over one hundred people.

Aren't you, too, proud of Little Ida? She lives in Elyria, Ohio.

I N a class of seventy-five pupils, from six to nineteen years of age, Georgia Lowder, twelve years, stood the highest test in an examination.

She lives in Sumter, S. C., and—Who said it didn't pay to study hard?

THINK of being a violinist at the age of seven. Well, Charles J. Donald, Jr., of Atlanta, Ga., is,—and he has played for two recitals at Morehouse College.

His teacher is Professor Harreld, and although our little friend has been taking violin lessons just a bit over a year, he is nearly through his second book.



Claudia Davis, Graduate Wadleigh High School, New York City Scientific Course

THE BROWNIES' BOOK wants the pictures of all High School graduates, together with the name of the school and the course pursued. In the case of Grammar School graduates, we can use only pictures of those who have done exceptional work, or stood at the head of their classes. Please send us clear photographs, with the name and information carefully written on the back. In fact, whenever you hear of anything that a colored child has done well, hasten to tell us. But. of course, tell the exact truth-don't exaggerate or over-state. Oh, yes, and remember that a poor photograph will not make a good picture.



Ida J. Clark Virgil R. Chandler Georgie E. Magee Robert, Frederick, Richard and Lyman Brown

Thelma I. Henderson Georgia Lowder Charles J. Donald, Jr.

Food for "Lazy Betty"



HILDREN in Philadelphia used to play a game called "Lazy Betty," in which the mother asked plaintively, "Lazy Betty, will you get up today?" Betty, who seems to

have deserved her description, used to answer her mother's question with another,—

"What will you give me for breakfast, breakfast, breakfast?

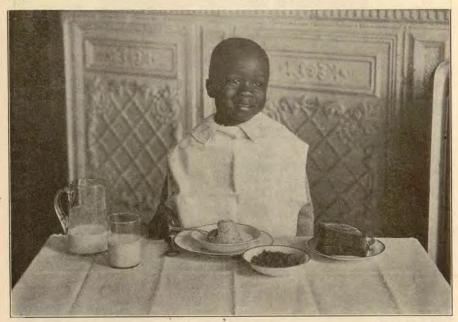
What will you give me for breakfast if I get up today?"

Her mother's answer was none too satisfying, for it consisted merely of "a cup of tea and a piece of bread," a repast which is not very attractive. The dinner which the mother promised to Betty's inquiries about that, was even worse, for it was to be,—

"A roasted cat And a piece of fat!"

Imagine Betty's gesture of disgust and refusal! The promise of "a nice young man with rosy cheeks" for supper, usually brought Betty to her feet. But even that was hardly the right nourishment for a lazy Betty of such tender years. On the whole, I'm inclined to suspect that the reason Betty was so lazy was because she never at any of her three meals had the right kind of food set before her.

Betty would fare better in these days, for wise mothers offer their sons and daughters more sensible food. Most mothers and all teachers know that if Betty seems lazy or Jerry is delicate, or Thomas sits around at recess looking "droopy," it is because these children have not really had enough to eat. Of course, they think they have, and so do their mothers until they stop to think; but presently Betty's mother comes to realize that not quantity, but quality of food is the thing to be considered. A child may eat three large meals a day and yet be as unnourished as the poor youngster who barely receives one.



Thomas at Breakfast

Cereal Mush Apple Sauce

States Relations Service.



Milk Rice with Jelly

Betty's Dinner
Baked Potatoes
Milk Gravy
Greens

Bread

The danger in lack of nourishment for the child lies in the fact, not so much that he remains a sickly and nervous youngster, but that he produces the listless, inefficient grown-up. Many an adult who is without power of endurance owes it to the fact that in childhood he was really undernourished.

Parents cannot begin too early to select a diet which will strengthen and foster children. Of all food for little folks, milk is the perfect one, because it contains all the elements which the body needs for growth—carbohydrates, to give the body energy; minerals, such as iron, to make "red" blood; and calcium, to make the little bones grow strong and straight; water, to purify the body; fats, to keep it warm; and proteids, to furnish tissue and muscle.

For children, iron and calcium are always required. Iron is to be found in the yolk of eggs, in meat, and in green vegetables. When milk and eggs are scarce, fresh green vegetables afford an excellent substitute. There is never any excuse for lack of this element, for it is to be found in

the commonest of green growing things,—lettuce, spinach, dandelion greens. And how lovely to eat flowers!

Butter

Fruit should be eaten every day,—fresh fruit if possible, but if that cannot be had, dried fruit does very well. And a child should eat plenty of bread; the gluten or starch in it belongs to the group of carbohydrates which form one of the chief elements needed to nourish the body.

Wholewheat bread and graham bread are fine for Betty, Thomas, and Jerry, because by preventing constipation, they aid greatly in assisting the process of digestion. Fruit and vegetables lend the same sort of assistance. If it is not easy to provide these two last, coarse bread should be used now and then. But more attractive and more palatable than such bread, is the mush made from various cereals. Oatmeal mush is good and so is that made from cracked wheat, but best of all is corn-meal mush. And what can be nicer than coming from school or from skating in the cold winter twilight and sitting down to a steaming plate

of corn-meal mush, all gold and glowing, with an island of snowy milk in the middle and silver grains of sugar glittering here and there! You take your spoon and begin at the outside edge, where it has cooled off a little, and soon, "Oh, mother, PLEASE may I have some more!"

Betty and her brothers do not begin to need all the sweets they beg for and often get. Of course, children do need sugar, for it is a carbohydrate; but the best way to serve sweets is for a dessert. Plain cup-cake is good and cookies, cut in shapes like Betty or Jerry, with currants for eyes. And goodness gracious! Who ever tasted anything better than plain bread spread with butter and brown sugar? Not to mention raisin bread, just the least bit sweet, with butter. Thomas always imagines himself little Jack Horner when he eats this, and puts

"in his thumb
And pulls out a plum!"

The United States Department of Agriculture has sent out pictures of Betty, Thomas,

and Jerry, each eating a meal. Thomas, who is feeling anything but "droopy" today, is enjoying a breakfast of milk, stewed fruit, toast and butter, and oatmeal mush. Betty is having a dinner of baked potatoes, milk gravy, made with bacon or salt pork fat, greens, bread and butter, with sugar on the final slice.

See Jerry at supper. It is simple, but good, and there is plenty of it. He has bread and milk and plain cookies. And he likes it so much that, like Tommy Tucker, he falls to singing, only he does it after supper.

All these children are healthy and happy. Look at Betty now. She no longer seems "lazy," does she? She has had the nicest breakfast and a "scrumptious dinner." And—

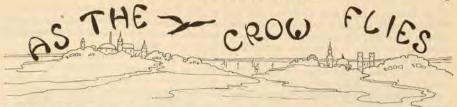
"I eat only bread and milk for supper now," she says confidentially, as the red blood shows up under the brown of her pretty skin. "I'm sure I like it ever so much better than I shall ever like.—

'A nice young man With rosy cheeks.'"



Pleasant Dreams Follow Jerry's Supper

States Relations Service.





IGH in the limpid air I sail, looking down on the swarming of men. I preen my black and splendid plumage and putting my head to one side, what did I see last December

and January, when the New Year crossed the equator?

¶ I saw the world hungry and frightened, cold and poor, hysterical after its long, bitter, hateful war. And this is what that war cost:

 Dead soldiers
 9,998,771

 Dead civilians
 10,000,000

Direct cost of war....... \$186,336,637,097 Indirect cost of war...... 151,612,542,560

Total money cost...... \$337,949,179,657
Think of it: Three hundred and thirty-seven thousand millions of dollars!

¶ I never before saw so many hungry children. They are begging, and half-naked on the streets of Vienna, in the bitter winter weather. They are dying in Poland, Serbia and Russia. They need food and clothes and coal, and it will be a long time before industry is organized to supply their wants. Is not war an awful thing? We must do all we can to avoid another war.

¶ In Paris, they are still engaged in finishing up the final details of the Peace Treaty. Bulgaria must pay 445 millions of dollars and give up territory. The German shipping has been divided,—70% of it going to England.

¶ France has little coal and wood for fires, and food costs much; but she is beginning to rebuild her devastated regions, and has elected Paul Deschanel as her next President.

¶ Russia is still fighting. The Soviet government—that is, the government of the working people—has defeated Kolchak, in the east, and Denikin, in the south, and has made peace with Esthonia, in the northwest.

¶ Germany is having a hard time. She is trying to finish the Peace Treaty with the Allies, keep the monarchists from plotting to restore the former Emperor, keep the extreme Socialists from precipitating a new revolution, and start up the industries ruined by the war. She deserves the sympathy of all.

■ The brown people of India have been given a share in their own government by the English. It is a small share, but it marks the beginning of Justice to 315,000,000 colored people.

¶ The brown and black people of Egypt are protesting bitterly against the Protectorate which England has established over their land. England had promised never to annex Egypt; but England does not keep her promises. Egypt wants to be free, and ought to be.

¶ Italy is full of unrest. She wants to annex the chief seaports of the Adriatic; but these ports are the only outlets to the sea for the new country of the Jugo Slavs. The Supreme Council of the Allies is trying to settle the matter. Meantime, there is much turmoil and unrest in Italy.

■ Norway has adopted the prohibition of strong alcoholic liquors, by a vote of 428,455— 284,137.

¶ Many of the most beautiful art treasures of Austria will be sold to obtain food for the starving.

■ The great University of Strasbourg, in Alsace-Lorraine, has been changed from a German to a French institution, since the province has been restored to France,

¶ France is proposing a Peace Army of only 350,000 men. It will include three corps of African troops.

¶ England will spend \$8,000,000,000 next year
for the expenses of her government. The national debt is \$40,000,000,000.

¶ German East Africa has been divided between England and Belgium, and German West Africa between England and France.

All this I, the Crow, saw, as I flew across the waters and over land and sea; but, of course, I belong at home; and now I shall settle lazily on the branch of the big black tree and tell you what's happening here.

60

In December, the 66th Congress met in Washington, in the great domed Capitol—the Senate, at the left, and the House of Representatives, at the right. The President is still sick, and sent his message instead of delivering it in person, as he has always done. He asked Congress to combat unrest, reduce the cost of living, and consider the relations of Labor and

¶ The Secretary of the Treasury says that it will cost five billion dollars to run the government this year.

¶ The railroads are to be given up by the Government, March 1, and to be restored to private companies. Congress must pass a law for regulating them.

■ After January 16, intoxicating alcoholic liquor cannot be made or sold for beverage purposes in the United States. This is by Constitutional amendment.

¶ Twenty-four states have ratified the amendment giving women the right to vote. Thirty-six states are needed, and they will undoubtedly be added soon. Then every woman twenty-one years old can vote.

¶ The Presidential election will take place next November. At present, the committees of the various parties are arranging for the nominating conventions. The Republicans will meet in Chicago, next summer, and the Democrats in San Francisco. Candidates will then be named and during the fall the campaign of speaking and writing will take place.

The International Labor Conference held its first meeting in Washington. It established a permanent office in Paris, with Albert Thomas,

a Frenchman, at its head.

¶ The President's first Labor Conference was unable to agree. A second conference has recommended national and local committees to settle labor disputes.

¶ A beautiful new colored hotel, The Whitelaw, has been opened in Washington.

¶ One hundred and three years ago this month there was born in Maryland a little brown baby who was afterward named Frederick Douglass. He was born in bondage, but in time became "the noblest slave that ever God set free!"

¶ America has not yet ratified the Peace Treaty. The Senate, led by the stubborn Senator Lodge, does not want to sign the treaty unless the responsibilities of the United States in the new League of Nations are made very much smaller. The President, also stubborn, wants the treaty signed just as it stands. Most folk would like a compromise.

∏ The annual meeting of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has been held in New York City. It has 90,000 members and is the greatest organization now

fighting for the rights of the Negro.

¶ Some folk are making continued effort to embroil Mexico and the United States in war. Mexico is a poor, struggling country, which the United States has grievously wronged in the past and deprived of territory. Today, many Americans own vast property there,—in oil, minerals, land, etc.,—and they want to control the policy of Mexico, so as to make lots of money. Mexico wants to conserve her resources and limit profits. At the same time, there is much internal unrest and the poor, ignorant Indians, oppressed for ages, are not always lawabiding.

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That Story of George Washington

JESSIE FAUSET

H^E did it with his little hatchet, And just because he didn't catch it, We write the theme in prose and verse, And year by year we it rehearse.

Says Young America forsooth, With all the logic wise of youth, "If I, like George, cut down a tree, I shall be like George, Q. E. D.

"If I like George am,"—thought heaven-

"Then I, too, shall be President."
And so, like George, he plies his hatchet;
The difference is—George didn't catch it!

Che Brownies' Book

MARCH, 1920



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The Brownies' Book

A Monthly Magazine

For the Children of the Sun

DESIGNED FOR ALL CHILDREN, BUT ESPECIALLY FOR OURS.

It aims to be a thing of Joy and Beauty, dealing in Happiness, Laughter and Emulation, and designed especially for Kiddies from Six to Sixteen.

It will seek to teach Universal Love and Brotherhood for all little folk--black and brown and yellow and white.

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W. E. B. DU BOIS, Editor A. G. DILL, . . . Business Manager

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MARCH, 1920

No. 3

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MANUSCRIPTS and drawings relating to colored children are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage. If found unavailable they will be returned.

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der the Act of March 3, 1879.

for p to is



Thelma Ray Meacham, Detroit, Mich.

Age: Six Months

The Brownies Book

Vol. 1

MARCH, 1920

No. 3



THE STORY of PRINCE JALMA



Translated From the Spanish by MARY COOK



NCE upon a time,—long, long ago, there lived an old man who had a very beautiful daughter. He was quite ignorant, and knew not gold from silver. Every day he went

into the thick forest to cut firewood, which he carried to the city and exchanged for food. In this way, he supported his wife and daughter. One day, while he was cutting the trunk of a large tree, he heard painful lamentations within. Then an ugly man appeared, and said:

"You have wounded me, and shall die for this,"

The old man excused himself, saying:

"Sir, pardon me. I am very poor, and have to search for firewood to support my wife and daughter."

"And is your daughter beautiful?"

"Oh, ves sir, very much so."

"Very well, I will grant you your life if you will allow your daughter to become my wife; if not, I must kill you. Within eight days, bring me her reply,—whether or not she will do as I desire. And now, open the trunk of the tree, and you will find much gold. You may take it to your wife and daughter."

The old man cut the trunk of the tree, and within found much gold. He loaded his ass with it and returned to the house. When he arrived, his wife and daughter asked him why he was so late. He explained the case to them, and the young girl said that she would consent to the marriage, to save her father. Then he gave them the gold which he had brought. They had never seen gold coins, and did not know that they were money.

"What is this?" they asked. "What beautiful medals are these?"

"It would be good, father, to sell them in the city, if it is possible," said the daughter.

The old man went to the city, carrying his gold. He desired to sell it, but they told him that he had found gold coins, and that with them he could buy many things. He bought food and clothes for his family and returned at once to the house.

At the end of the eight days, he took his axe and mule and went into the forest. He knocked on the trunk of the tree, and the same ugly man appeared.

"What reply do you bring me?" he asked

"My daughter consents to the marriage," the old man replied.

"Good; but there is one condition, and that is that the wedding be celebrated in the dark, and that she never try to see me until I give her permission."

The old man said that it should be as he wished.

And so the wedding was celebrated in the dark, and the young girl lived very happily. Her husband left very early each morning and returned for the night.

One day an old woman came to visit the young girl and asked how she liked her married life. The young girl responded that she liked it very much. Then the old woman wanted to know if her husband was young or old, ugly or handsome, tall or short. The young girl responded that she did not know, because she had never seen him.

"What!" cried the old woman. "You have

for p to is



"No one shall be my wife but you!"

never seen your husband! It is not possible."

"But, you see, he asked it before we were married."

"My child, you do not know whether your husband is a dog, or Satan. You must see him. Take this match and when he falls asleep, light it, and you will be able to tell what he is."

So the girl did as the woman told her. When her husband arrived in the middle of the night, she lit the match and looked at him. She saw that he was very handsome, but forgot the match, and a piece of it fell on her husband's face. He awoke at once.

"Ungrateful wretch, you have not kept your word! Now you must know that I am an enchanted prince. I am the Prince Jalma. My enchantment was almost broken, but now it is impossible for a long time. If you ever wish to see me again, you must wear iron shoes and search over the whole world. Good-bye."

The prince disappeared, and the girl began to weep and regret having taken the advice of the old woman.

The next day she bought the iron shoes and went to search for her husband. She visited many cities, asking for the Prince Jalma, but no one had seen him. At last she came to the end of the world, and seeing the mother of the North Wind, asked:

"How are you, good woman?"

"Very well, but what brings you here? Not even birds dare come so far. My son will eat you."

"Madam, I come in search of my husband, the Prince Jalma. I am compelled to wear iron shoes until I find him."

"I do not know him, child, but it is probable that my son does. Hide yourself under this pot and when he arrives, I will ask him."

When the wind arrived, he began to roar:

"Hu-u-u-u! I smell human flesh here."

"What?" cried his mother, "You smell human flesh here, when not even the birds can come so far?"

But the wind continued:

"Hu-u-u-u! I smell human flesh here."

His mother set the table and after they had eaten, she said, "Will you grant me a favor?"

"Speak, mother."

"There is a girl here, in search of her husband, the Prince Jalma. Do you know him?"

"No, but it is probable my friend, the South

Wind, knows him. I will take her there, if she wishes."

The mother of the North Wind gave the girl a golden hen and some golden wheat, and the North Wind took her in his arms and carried her to the other end of the world. There she saw the mother of the South Wind, who cried:

"My child, what brings you here, when not even the birds come so far? My son will eat you."

"I am in search of my husband, the Prince Jalma. The North Wind said that your son might know him. Is it true?"

"Hide yourself behind this pot and when he comes, I will ask him."

When the South Wind arrived, he began to growl:

"Hu-u-u-u! I smell human flesh here."

"What! You smell human flesh here, when not even the birds come so far? Come, eat your dinner and we will talk."

After they had eaten, the mother asked:

"Will you grant me a favor?"

"Speak, I will grant it."

"A little girl has come here, looking for her husband, the Prince Jalma. Do you know him?"

"No, but my friend the East Wind must know him. I will take her there."

The mother of the South Wind gave the girl a cross of gold, and her son carried her off to the East Wind. He had not heard of Prince Jalma either, but offered to take her to his friend, the West Wind. The mother of the East Wind gave the girl a comb, to sell in case of necessity.

When the East Wind arrived with her, they met the West Wind's mother sitting on the steps, and the young girl asked her the same question which she had asked the others, and the woman replied:

"It is more than likely that my son knows him. Hide yourself behind this pot."

When the West Wind came, he was very angry, but after he had eaten, the mother brought out the girl who asked, at once, for the Prince Jalma.

"Yes, I know your husband, my child, and I know where he is; I will take you there. He is imprisoned in a palace, with an old witch and her daughter. The daughter desires to marry him. No one can see him and he can see no one. He sleeps under seven keys."

The mother of the West Wind gave her a cup of gold, to sell in case of necessity.

Finally she arrived at the palace, where they told her that within four days, the prince must marry the witch's daughter. So she sat down in the garden and tried to make herself appear as a fool. She washed her face with clay and, taking out the golden hen, attempted to feed it with the wheat. In this way she attracted much attention. Very soon the witch's daughter came up to her.

"Will you give me your hen?" she asked.

"No, no," replied the girl.

"Sell it to me, then. What do you wish for it?"

"If you will allow me to sleep in the prince's room for one night, you shall have it for nothing."

"Very well, you may sleep there."

They turned the seven keys, and the girl entered the prince's room; but before she came, they had put something in his wine to make him sleep, and she could not wake him, although she cried very loudly:

"Prince, awake! I am your wife. I have worn the iron shoes and have at last found you, but if you do not recognize me, you must marry another."

But the prince did not awake, and the next morning they took her away, and she went back into the garden. She brought out her comb and began to comb her hair. Soon the witch's daughter appeared and bought it under the same condition; but the same thing happened with the prince. The third day she brought out the cross of gold, and the witch's daughter bought this also; but the girl was not able to awake her husband.

The fourth day the girl brought out the golden cup, and the witch's daughter bought that, too. But this time the prince had begun to suspect something and did not drink the wine. The poor girl entered his room and began anew her lamentations:

"If you do not recognize me tonight, I am lost forever. I have not another thing with which to gain my entrance to your room. The witch's daughter has the hen, the wheat, the comb, the cross, and the cup. Besides, tomorrow you must marry her."

At this moment, the prince awoke. He beheld his wife, and with great joy clasped her in his arms:

"No one shall be my wife but you!"

The next day they celebrated the wedding all over again, and the wicked witch and her daughter were burned.

[This story, "El Principe Jalma," is taken from "La biblioteca de las tradiciones populares españolas," (Madrid, 1886.) The name of the author is not given. Mary Cook, the translator, is fifteen years old and a pupil in the Dunbar High School, Washington, D. C. Her teacher in Spanish is Miss Julia E. Brooks.

* * *

THE GROWN-UPS' CORNER



HAVE your recent note about material for the children's magazine. Of course I should have sent anything I thought would be interesting, even without a re-

quest, for I think we are all very fond of this newcomer in the periodical world. I sincerely hope it will succeed. I have told a great many aspiring young folks about it.

E. C. WILLIAMS, Washington, D. C.

L ET me say that I think THE BROWNIES' BOOK is tremendously interesting.... Everyone is a child, now and then, and the little book is very appealing. All at Cheyney were much interested in it.

LAURA WHEELER, Cheyney, Pa.

THE BROWNIES' BOOK is indeed a little gem, and should lend much toward inspiring the young folks to express their thoughts in writing. Enclosed find check for two subscriptions. Please start them by return mail.

CARRIEBEL COLE, Washington, D. C.

THE Editors of the Brownies' Book would like pictures, and accounts of the deeds of colored children. If parents are going to the trouble and expense of having new pictures made, we should like to inform them, that a black and white, shiny print reproduces best.

And letters! Do have your children write and tell us about their schools, their ambitions, their views of life, in general. A great deal of wisdom comes from the mouth of babes.

BOBBY PIG

AUGUSTA E. BIRD



N a little red house, upon a high hill, lived a Mamma Pig and her three little pigs. The oldest little pig was named Annie Pig, and the next in size was named Bobby

Pig, and then came the Baby Pig, who had no name. Mamma Pig had to go to work early every morning and was away all day. Each day she would call her children and tell them what she wanted them to do.

"Annie Pig," she would say, "you wash the dishes and take care of Baby Pig. Bobby Pig, you pick up chips for Annie to keep the fire burning." Then Mamma Pig was off to her work.

Annie Pig washed up the dishes and then took Baby Pig out to get the fresh air. Bobby Pig went out to the woodpile and sat down on a huge piece of wood.

"Oh, how I hate to pick up chips," he said, "I believe I'll take a little walk first." Then he walked and walked and walked until he came across a peanut field.

"Oh, what a nice guber field!" he exclaimed, and began to root his little pink snout in the rich, loose soil until the white shells of the peanuts were in sight. He ate and ate and ate until his little stomach was full, and then he began to think about the folks at home. He knew they would like some nice gubers for supper, so he filled all his pockets brimful and ran home.

After supper had been eaten and the dishes cleared away, Mamma Pig got a needle and

thread and sewed up all of Bobby Pig's pockets.

"Oh, Bobby Pig," she said, "fresh roasted peanuts are very nice, but I am so afraid, for fear something will happen to my little Bobby Pig. Promise me that you will not run off to-





morrow, but will stay and pick up chips and keep the fire burning." Bobby promised.

The next morning, Mamma Pig went to work again; Annie Pig went about her work at once and finished very quickly and took Baby Pig out in the fresh air. Bobby Pig went out to the wood-pile and sat down.

"Oh, why do I have to pick up these old chips!" he said, and turned up his nose in disgust.

"I think I'll take a little walk,—I won't go far," and away he walked until he came to a very large sweet potato patch.

"Oh, look what I have found!" he exclaimed. "What a nice potato patch!" After he had eaten his little stomach full of potatoes, he began to think about the people at home.

"Oo-oo, if Mamma Pig had only not sewed up my pockets," he moaned; "what shall I do?" After a moment's thought, he said:

"I know what I shall do." Then he unearthed a very large potato and scraped a hole in one end of it, large enough to fit on his head like a hat, and ran home as fast as he could.

That night, after they all had eaten of nice fried potatoes, Mamma Pig sighed:

"Oh, Bobby Pig, fried potatoes are very nice, but someday Man is going to catch my little Bobby Pig." Mamma Pig's tears began to flow. This made Bobby Pig feel very sad, and he promised faithfully that he would not run off again.

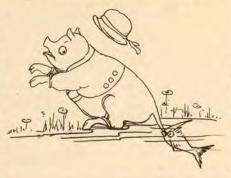
The next day, Annie Pig, as usual, hurried through her tasks and took Baby Pig out to get the fresh air. Bobby took his basket and went out to the wood-pile. After sitting on the huge piece of wood for a long time, he said:

"I am surely not going very far today; I am just going to take a little walk to see what there p

think about Mamma Pig and Annie Pig and make for our supper."
Baby Pig. "Tis true, cherry p

"How am I going to take some of these nice cherries home?" he asked himself. Then he had an idea, and began to tie the cherry stems together until he had made several wreaths. He hung the wreaths around his neck and went home. His mother, returning from work, saw him turning in at the gate, and cried:

"Oh, Bobby Pig, you promised me that you will I run away again."

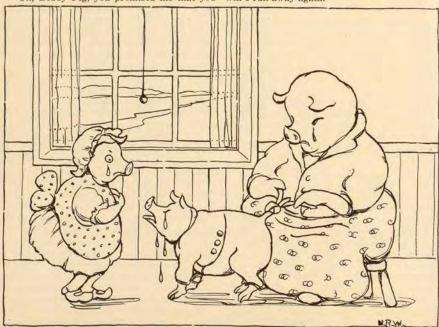


were not going to run away today. Oooo, you break your promise every time." And Mamma Pig began to cry. Bobby Pig felt very sad, for he never liked to make his Mamma cry.

"Don't cry, Mamma Pig, I won't break my promise again, but just think what a nice cherry pie Annie Pig can

"'Tis true, cherry pie is very good; but some day Man is going to catch my little Bobby Pig getting his cherries," lamented the poor Mamma Pig, "and then I won't have any more little Bobby Pig." Mamma Pig continued to weep bitterly.

"Mamma Pig, Mamma Pig, please do not cry any more," pleaded Bobby Pig, "never, never will I run away again."



On the next morning, before going to work, Mamma Pig cautioned Bobby Pig and reminded him of his promise to her. Bobby Pig fully resolved to keep his promise, took his basket and went out to the wood-pile.

"Oh, I just hate to pick up these old chips," he muttered, beginning slowly to pick them up. He had not many chips in his basket when he sat down on the huge piece of wood to rest.

"I wonder what is at the bottom of that little woodland," he thought, "I'll take a little walk and see, and then I will come right back and fill my basket full of chips." When he arrived at the bottom of the small strip of trees, he spied the grassiest little spot right by a small running brook.

"I'll just sit down here for a little while, because I must hurry back and fill my basket with chips," he reminded himself. He did not mean to, but he fell fast asleep right there by the brook, with his tiny tail wriggling in the cool water. All of a sudden, Bobby Pig jumped up with a scream: a big fish had mistaken his tail, wriggling in the water, for a worm, and bit it

so hard that it hurt him very much. Bobby Pig was frightened nearly to death and he ran as fast as he could to his Mamma and told her that he was not doing anything but lying beside a little brook, in a nice mossy nook, and some old horrid something had bitten his tail off.

"Oo-oo, oo-oo, my poor tail," he sobbed, "oo-ooo, what am I going to do? It hurts, oh, so yery much."

Mamma Pig tied his tail up in a little cloth. She did not scold him, but said to him in a motherly way:

"You see, little Bobby Pig, if you had kept your promise to your Mamma Pig, and stayed home and picked up the chips and kept the fire burning, your beautiful little tail would not have been bitten off."

"Oo-oo, my po-oor tail," he sobbed harder; "it will never be beautiful again."

It was not very long before Bobby Pig's tail was well and curled just as beautifully as ever, but this was a great lesson to Bobby; from that day on, he never again broke his promise to his mother.



E Pluribus Unum

YETTA KAY STODDARD

M^Y small, eight-year grandson, Jim, Trembling here beside my knee, Stood with tearful, wide eyes dim, fixed hard on me,

Asking, "Gran, am I not American, Like you?

The boys say I'm just Irish. Is it true?"

"Not true, my little man. You are all American!"

I soothed him till his patriotic pain Was eased, and he could smile again.

"But how shall I explain?"

He questioned. "I want to tell Bim Winthrop and the rest,

My folks are just as good as theirs,—the best!"

"What was Washington, dear lad?"

"English, wasn't he? At least, his dad?"

"And what were Jefferson, the Adamses, Monroe,

Lincoln, Garfield, Roosevelt?"

"I know!"

He shouted. "They were all mixed up, like me, Dutch and Irish, Scotch and French. What is it, Gran, to be

Plain American? Can I, Flynn's Jim, Be that?"

I could not answer him At once. I was thinking of my Jim.

Best American I ever saw.

To whom this nation's sacred principles were holy law,

This boy's grandsire, whose desire

To protect his dusky brothers was a fire—

Purest fire of heart's devotion; whose high pride Carried him on War's red tide

Into Gettysburg's white flame, leaving me a widowed bride.

I was thinking of Young Jim.

Late man-grown, high-headed, slim,

Gone to war, as his Father Jim had done.

Of the two-and-twenty thousand who fell in and
near Argonne,

p

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One of those who now is sleeping in Romagne.

(News from Argonne snapped the slender thread of life

Of his fragile English-Dutch young wife.)

And his little English-Dutch, Irish-Jew American,

His own son,

Had not known

He could call this land his own!

Had not realized his heritage, his right.

"Light!" and "Light!"

I whispered, praying. "Light to make him certain, sure,

That his lineage is pure."

"Dear," I said aloud, "You must be so nobly proud.

You must so love Liberty that to this land of the free

Naught of wrong through you shall be.

In your veins is a mixed tide:

Irish, English, Dutch, beside

Just a little touch of Jew, to teach ancient pain

I, old Gran, am indeed American,

For I came of a long line pure as Alden's wife's.
(Fine.

Stern, clean, firm; unyielding as the rocks,

Were our old New England stocks; Yet what a shut-in land 'twould be.

Made up but of such as we!)

I was honored, blest, to win

This name that Grandpa gave me, Mrs. Flynn.

My Flynn's Jim!

Would America had millions like to him!

He was big and he was true. He was true because he knew

Truth's deep roots, where'er they grew.

He taught me, as I, Young Jim—and you:

Truth is many, Truth is one;

And he showed me how alone this America has grown

Fairest champion of Truth the world has known:

How the peoples of all lands

Have fared forth from many strands,

Black, brown, palefaced sons and daughters,

Dared the Seven Seas' threatening waters;

Have come here with strength, fire, youth,

Understanding, loving Truth;

Have wrought here with hearts, brains, hands; Fought to plant Truth here.

Now, Flynn's Jim,

You go back to Winthrop's Bim,

Show the other boys and him,

You are all Americans as you fit in with old plans

To set Truth so firmly here.

It shall grow from year to year,

Age to age, until so high, it shall touch the starry sky,

And all folk beneath the sun shall be sheltered, everyone.

That is what it means to be

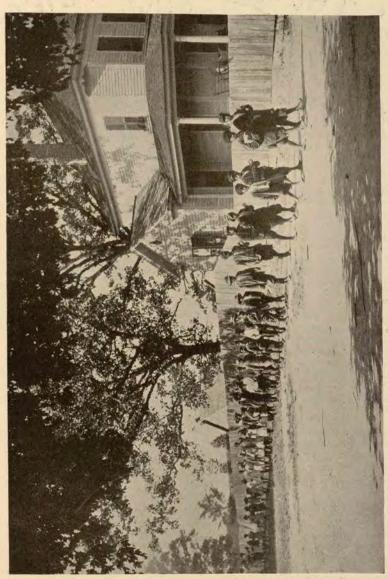
Of America, the free!"

"Thanks, dear Gran. My, it certainly feels good

To know I'm that,-American!"

And so, I knew Jim partly understood.





"And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel "And shining morning face, creeping like snail "Unwillingly to school."



ON'T you think that Human Folks are just the funniest ever? Sometimes I just quit flying and hold my sides and laugh. "Haw, haw —caw, caw!" I gurgle with de-

light, because the Earth Folks are so passing queer. I've just returned from Russia and the East. Gracious, goodness me, but—

¶ The Allies have asked Holland to surrender the former German Kaiser, for trial and punishment. Holland has refused, on the plea that there are no legal grounds upon which she has a right to arrest the Kaiser and deliver him to the Allies.

■ The Allies have, also, asked Germany for over 800 other persons, including the Crown Prince and Hindenburg, whom they wish to try for war crimes.

¶ All nations, except the United States, have formally declared peace with Germany. The ceremony took place in Paris, January 10.

■ The Russian Bolsheviki have conquered most of their domestic enemies and are making peace with some of the Baltic States. The Allies have proposed to trade with them, but the Russians want peace, first.

■ The situation of the people between and beyond the Caspian and Black Seas, is causing some uneasiness. Some fear Turkish reaction there, and others fear the Russians. Meantime, some new republics have been established there.

¶ A conference of the Nations of the World has been called, to discuss the industrial situation following the war. The chief difficulties arise from the fact that money has fallen in value and, at the same time, reconstruction of ruined Europe makes countries try to buy more than they have goods to pay in return.

¶ The shocks of war—hunger, wounds, death, and the stopping of work—have made it difficult to reorganize work since the war, and, consequently, fewer goods are being produced. There is also much dissatisfaction, disappointment and unrest among working people, at the high prices, low wages, and broken promises. Such is ever the mad fruit of fighting.

¶ Colored people of Haiti have rebelled against the tyranny of the United States, which seized the Island several years ago. One hundred and fifty rebels and some Americans were killed, wounded, and captured.

¶ Elections have been held in Irish cities. The Sinn Fein Party, which wants an Irish republic, separate from England, elected nearly threefourths of the officials.

¶ Georges Clemenceau, Premier of France, has resigned, and Alexandre Millerand has become Prime Minister and real ruler of France. The position of the President, Paul Deschanel, is one of honor, rather than power.

¶ The German Reichstag has passed a law establishing committees of employers and workingmen in industrial plants, to settle disputes. The measure was not radical enough for the extremists, and they started a riot in Berlin, in which 42 of them were killed and 105 wounded.

¶ According to the Peace Treaty, Schleswig-Holstein, which is between Denmark and Germany, was to be divided into three horizontal pieces. Each one of these was to have the right to vote on the question as to whether they would remain with Germany or be a part of Denmark. This was done because originally this whole country belonged to Denmark and was stolen by Germany. The first northern piece voted recently, and the vote was 75,000 for return to Denmark and 25,000 for staying with Germany.

¶ The miners of England are threatening a great strike unless the government is willing to take over the mines and run them.

What I cannot see, is why these Human Folk do not watch us Crow Folk more, and learn how to be happy and free, high up in these wide spaces. Seems to me that the World People live too much cooped up in little dark holes. That's enough to make anybody act funny. When I flew back from Russia and Europe, this is what I saw!

¶ John Barton Payne of Virginia has been chosen by the President as Secretary of the Interior, to succeed Franklin K. Lane. The Secretary of the Interior has charge of the public lands, Indian affairs, patents, pensions, the census, and educational information.

¶ The New York Herald, one of the oldest daily papers, has been sold and combined with the New York Sun.

■ Congress is trying to frame a bill to keep people from advocating violence and riot. So far, the bills proposed, would stop folks from thinking.

¶ On January 16, the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, went into effect, and prohibited the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks. While this interferes with some people's pleasure, it is a great and wise step to protect boys and girls from the curse of drunkenness.

¶ Sir Oliver Lodge, a great English scientist, is lecturing in this country, on "Immortality."

¶ The amendment to give the vote to women, has been passed by thirty-three states. It requires three more states, to pass, and these will vote favorably soon. Then the greatest discrimination against women will disappear.

■ United States officials have deported to Russia, 249 foreigners, most of whom have lived in the United States a long time. They were accused of agitating for a change in the government. Most wise people think this is a poor way to answer their arguments.

 ∏ Admiral Sims says that the United States Navy was not properly conducted during the war, and the Senate is investigating his charges. Perhaps, we would have done better with more colored sailors.

¶ The Assembly of the State of New York is trying to expel five of its members, because they belong to the Socialist Party. This is a dangerous and un-American effort.

¶ The steel strike has been declared off. It
was unsuccessful largely because colored men
replaced the white workers. This is too bad,
but as long as white workers are unjust to Negroes, the Negroes must get work wherever
they can. The strike cost nearly 350 million
dollars, of which nearly 50 millions represent
lost wages.

■ John D. Rockefeller has given one hundred million dollars to raise the salaries of teachers in colleges, and for other philanthropic enterprises

■ There are 450 colored students in northern colleges.

¶ Colored people have built a beautiful new theatre, the "Dunbar," on Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

■ Colonel Charles Young and three other colored officers have gone to Liberia, to help in the reconstruction of that republic.

¶ The American Federation of Labor is going to try to elect as many Congressmen favorable to the workingmen as possible.

¶ The President has asked Mr. Lansing, the Secretary of State, to resign. He said it was because, while he was sick, Mr. Lansing called the Cabinet together from time to time, and that he should not have done this without the President's order. Most people think it due to the fact that the President and Mr. Lansing have disagreed often concerning the Peace Treaty and our attitude toward Mexico.

¶ The members of the great railway unions have been threatening to strike for higher wages. At a recent conference with President Wilson, he promised that if they would not strike now, he would have a careful investigation made into these matters and see that they got better wages or lower costs of living.

¶ In Washington city, there are 100,000 persons, outside of the Army and Navy, who work for the government. Congress is considering a bill to make a new set of classes and salaries for all these employees.

¶ Jackson Barnett, a rich Indian, has given one million and a half dollars to charity, chiefly in Oklahoma. This includes a hospital at Henrietta.

¶ At a meeting of 1,000 Boy Scouts in New York City, the story was told of a sixteen year old Roumanian girl, Ecatrina Teodoroiu. She fought through the war in boy's clothes, had both legs shot off, was made a Lieutenant, and finally died in battle.

ANNANCY AN' TIGER RIDIN' HORSE

Antigua, Trinidad, and Barbadoes. Annancy practically the same.

THIS Folk Tale is one of the famous An- is a fantastic character, usually the hero of the nancy stories, which came from the West tale. This story is taken from the collection by Indies, particularly from Jamaica, St. Kitts, Pamela Colman Smith, but all the versions are



"Breda Tiger is not'ing else dan an ole ridin' horse"



N a long before time, Annancy an' Tiger was both cortin' de same young lady. An' dey was bery jealous ob each oder. So one day Annancy, him go to de young lady

house, an' him say: "You know Breda Tiger is not'ing else dan an ole ridin' horse?"

An' de young lady was bex. (vexed)

An' so de nex' time Tiger come fe see her,

"Go away wid you! How you can come cortin' me, when you know you is not'ing but an old ridin' horse!"

An' Tiger, him bawl out:

"Who tell you dis one great big lie?"

An' she say Annancy tell her, an' she didn' tink it was a lie at all! So Tiger, him say him would bring Annancy to prove it! An' him hurry go Annancy house. But Annancy see him comin', out ob de window. An' him run an' get 'pon de bed an' play him was sick. An' Tiger come to de door, an' knock, an' say bery

"Breda Annancy, is you in?"

An' Annancy say, as dough him was bery sick:

"Yes, me Breda, I is in."

An' Tiger, him go in. An' Annancy say: "Oh, me Breda, I so sick wid feaver!"

An' Tiger say:

"You tell de young lady dis one great big lie, dat I is not'ing but you fada's old jackass ridin' horse? Now you is to come an' prove dat I is not a ridin' horse!"

An' den Annancy say:

"Oh, me Breda! How you tink I can come wid you? I just tek de doctor medecine an' two pill! How you tink I can come to de young lady house tonight?"

An' Tiger say:

"You mus' come! I tell you what I wi' do, Breda; I will carry you 'pon me back!"

So Annancy say, all yite! An' him get up, an' tek him saddle down from de rafter, an' put it 'pon Tiger back, an' Tiger say:

"Wha' dat for?"

An' Annancy say:

"Dat is so I can go sof'ly 'pon you' back, fe me head hurt me so!" An' den him go an' tek down him bridle an' rein, an' put dem 'pon Breda Tiger.

An' Tiger say: "Wha' dat for?"

An' Annancy say:

"Dat is so when you walk too fas', I will pull you back, me head hurt me so!"

Den Annancy, him go and tek down him spur an' ridin' whip: an' den him mount up 'pon de table, an' den 'pon Breda Tiger, an' say:

"Now, me Breda Tiger, you mus'n' walk too fas'."

An' Tiger walk off. An' when dey get a mile an' a little, Annancy tek him ridin' whip an' give Tiger a lash! An' Tiger jump an' say: "Warra! Wa' dat?"

An' den Annancy say:

"Oh, me Breda, de flies, dey boder you so, I is lickin' dem off!"

And den Tiger say:

"Nex' time doan lick so hot!"

So dey go anoder mile an' a little; an' den Annancy tek him ridin' whip an' lash Tiger 'pon de ear! An' Tiger say:

"Warra! Wa' dat?" An' Annancy say:

"De flies, dey boder you so, Breda Tiger!" An' Tiger say:

"Nex' time you mus'n' lick so hot, Breda Annancy!"

An' den dey go anoder mile an' a little, an' at las' dey get to de young lady house, far as de yard mouth.

An' when dey get dere, Annancy see de young lady standin' in de door mouth, an' him stan' up in him stirrup, like how jockey do, a' Kin'ston race cou'se. An' him lash Tiger, an' use him spur till Tiger gallop! When dey get to de door where de young lady was standin'. Annancy take off him hat an' wave it, an' him bawl out:

"Me no tell you so, Missus! Dat dis old Tiger was not'ing but me fada's old long-ear jackass ridin' horse?"

An' him jump off, an' Tiger was so 'shame dat him gallop away into de bush, an' was neber seen any more!



Lucinda Brown

MADELINE G. ALLISON

T didn't go to Sunday School," Sighed pretty Flossie Bell: "Good girls, of course, obey God's rule, Oh, dear,-but I must tell,-

"O Lord, I was a naughty girl, To stay from You today. Because Sue Langton had a voile, And I an old piqué."

"I didn't go to church today," Said sweet Lucinda Brown; "But the good Lord, I would obey, So, Father, please don't frown,-

"For I went out to see Ruth Ware. She's poor, and lonely, too; And I went there, her lot to share, Like You, dear Lord, would do."

"Now, Flossie Bell, when you're forgiven, Your soul will hide your gown; Still nearest Me, above in Heaven, Will be Lucinda Brown."

OLD MAN AND THE BULLBERRIES

GREY WOLF



LD MAN was walking along, very thirsty, so the first river he came to, he flung himself down to drink. Right after he had filled up, he noticed a branch full of bullber-

ries, lying under the water.

"Say, that is fine," exclaimed Old Man. "Berries! I guess I'll dive in and get 'em."

He dived in, swam around under water, and felt for the berries; but not one could he find.

"That's queer!" he gasped, coming to the surface. "I'll look again."

When the water cleared, he stared into it again. Sure enough, there were the berries.

Old Man dived a second time, and the poor fellow nearly suffocated, trying to stay under water long enough to find the berries. Finally he came up and blew a long breath and climbed out on the bank. After a minute, he turned to look and the berries were there as before!

"I don't stay under long enough, that's the trouble!" exclaimed Old Man. He found a stone and tied it around his middle and jumped in. He went down, like a stone, and flopped on the hard bottom of the river. Once there, he thrashed his arms about, looking for the berries. It was no use. At last, choking and bubbling, he tried to rise, but could not. The stone held him down.

"Do I die now?" he wondered.

"No," answered his tomahawk,—"cut the cord!"

Old Man cut the cord, and the rock fell on his toes.

"OUCH!" he gurgled.

He shot to the surface. Now he was so exhausted that he had to lie on his back to recover breath. Suddenly he noticed, right above him, a berry bush, leaning out over the river. It was the reflection of this bush that Old Man had dived for!

"So!" cried Old Man to the berry bush, "you fooled me, did you!" He jumped up and picked



out a stick and attacked the berry bush, beating it until he had knocked off all its berries.

"There!" he cried, as he ate the berries, "that is your punishment for fooling Old Man. After this, even the women will beat you!"

It was so. From that time, whenever the Indian women wanted berries, they beat the bullberry bushes with sticks, having first spread blankets to catch the berries. Old Man taught them that.

Idle Hours LILLIAN B. WITTEN

I LOVE to lie upon the grass
And watch the lazy clouds sail by.
Across the wide deep sea of blue,

Until they drop off from the sky. Perhaps some kindly cloud some day May stop and take me on its way.



THE JUDGE



ESTERDAY, dear Children of mine, I spoke on a painful subject, to wit,-on being whipped. Now, may I confess that my heart was not in my sermon? I hate whip-

pings. And, so, today I am going to ask you to sit beside me, on my bench, while I summon Father and Mother, and give them a piece of my mind. Won't that be jolly? I know you'll like it.

Very well. James, you may sit here. Please don't be so stiff in that collar. Try to look natural. Adelaide may sit beside you-never mind the powder puff, Adelaide. Now, Billikins, after you're through squirming, here's my knee; and Billie, to amuse you; yes, I know, Billie, you'd like to put in a word to Father, but you won't-I shall do the talking. And even little Gertrude will refrain from comments and making faces.

Now, all quiet-try to be dignified. Laugh, of course, but don't whoop.

Oyez, Oyez! The Judge commands Father and Mother to stand before his court.

TO FATHER

TRUST you have listened carefully, while I have spoken in your behalf to your four children. I have put the case just as strong as I can. But I want to say right here and now .that I am afraid you are using artificial pain for discipline a great deal more than you have any business to. I do not doubt that a wellplaced and timely spanking has its use in this world; but I am absolutely certain that a regular rule of continuous blows, will not make men and women of your children. This is a world full of sorrows, and the sorrows of your children, although they may seem trivial to you, are just as tragic to them as any of your own. When, therefore, you increase their sorrows, do it with Thought and Object.

Think, first, if the thing you have in view could not be gotten by other means. If Billy stays too long on the hill, he could be kept from going tomorrow or the next day. That negative punishment would be a good deal more impressive than blows. But there is a method even better than that,-Billy has certain ambitions and there are certain big things which he wants to do. Take some particular thing. and show him how returning home at four o'clock promptly is going to help him to realize it. This is a case of neither blows nor retribution, but of positive stimulation by ambition and ideals.

But this, O Man of Might, takes Time and Thought, and Time and Thought are things that you do not give your children in near as large measure as you ought.

TO MOTHER

HAVE you ever bitten a rotten apple, or swallowed a spoiled Brazil nut? It is not nice. Neither are spoiled children. I think many of us would be willing to eat our share of such kiddies if we could improve their actions. Mothers mostly are responsible for such spoiling, and the mothers of these second and third generations of colored children are particularly guilty. They know how hard their lives and their parents' lives were; they know how many rebuffs and difficulties their children are going to meet; and they try and make this up to them by giving them all the candy they want, by letting them be just as saucy as they will, and by letting them run around wherever they want to.

Now of all the ways of training children's characters to meet difficulties which they are going to find in the present world of the color-line, these are the very worst. What you want to do is to strengthen, not weaken, your children. Make them serious, not frivolous; make them thoughtful, not rattle-brained.

This will call for judicious punishment now and then, for careful arrangement of rewards and denials, and, above all, for thoughtful cooperation with the father in the spending of money and time. Finally, talk to William. He's got a lot of sense. Consult with Wilhelmina. She knows a good many things. And even Billikins and Billy are interesting conversationalists, if you are honest and straight-forward with them.

WAS on the street car the other day. There came in a grandmother; a little girl, of perhaps four; two boys, of six or eight; and the mother and father. I knew their story in a minute. Grandmother did the work and spoiled the baby. Mother was fat and impatient. Father spent a few hours out of twenty-four at home. One of the little boys had several pretty cat-tails. He very generously gave a stalk to the little girl. She tore it to pieces and threw it on the floor. Then she wanted another stalk. He rightfully refused. Grandmother tried to settle matters, but was unable. Mother flew in, grabbed all the little boy's cat-tails, gave the best one to the little girl, and shoved the others back into the little boy's hands. He cried bitterly. She informed him that he would get a whipping when he got home.

What does that little boy think, and what has he a right to think? And what is going to become of that little girl?

Father and Mother may go.

AND NOW, CHILDREN,

What shall we do about it? "Whip 'em," pipes Billie.

"Shame on you!" says Adelaide; "What a naughty boy."

Yes, Billie, that was a naughty thing to say; trude? and, James, it was a naughty thing to think.

"I know!" says Gertrude—she lisps a wee bit
—"teach 'em!"

Bravo! Gertrude, teach them; that's the ticket—teach the parents.

"But how?" objects Adelaide, doubtfully.

Well, let's see. First, Gertrude, it will be your duty to make Mother understand that when you feel bad, you feel just as bad as she feels when she feels bad. She doesn't quite realize this. She thinks that your hurts are always little hurts,—and, perhaps, they are; but they don't feel little; fact is, they probably feel bigger than hers, and hurting is a matter of feeling.

"Quod erat demonstrandum," interrupts James, with a voice of vast importance; but as Billie is eyeing him suspiciously, he hastily adds, "That's Latin; and it means 'which was to be proven.' You see, we are talking about feeling, and if hurting is feeling, why, then, if a thing feels bad, it is bad."

"That settles it," says Billie; "No more dentist for me."

"Don't toothaches feel worse?" asked Adelaide.

"After all, there's nothing in the world but feeling,—is there, Judge?"

I do not know. That is a vast question. But one more thing: How shall we teach Father?

"Father," says James, "doesn't know how to play."

"He's forgotten," says Gertrude.

True, true! Poor, poor Father. Very good,
—teach Father to play. Who shall do this best
—Billie or Billikins, James or Adelaide or Gertrude?

The answer comes as one voice:

"Billikins!"

Billikins is five years old!



THE JURY





RECEIVED THE BROWNIES'
BOOK last week. I think it is
splendid. It is just exactly what
I expected it to be, with real
stories, fairy stories, Judge and

Jury, and then a corner for grown-ups. I shall be sending subscriptions for some of the members of my Sunday School class soon, I believe. LUCILE SPENCE, New York City.

M Y Aunt gave me The Brownies' Book for a birthday present. I think it is lovely. I am fourteen years old and I like to write stories, but I had no hopes of ever seeing them in print. Now, perhaps, if I write a very good one, you will let it appear in your magazine. I'm going to try.

SELMA FORD, Camden, N. J.

WHEN I grow up, I am going to have a newspaper or a magazine—I don't know which, yet. I think The Brownies' Book has a lot of class and I'm awfully glad you started it. I am sure it will be a success, because so many colored folks want to read about the things colored people do and say. The part I like, though, is "As The Crow Flies"; you can learn such a lot about the whole world in those little paragraphs. We have a class in Current Events in our high school, and if you always publish that part, I'd be willing to buy it just for that. You bet I'm going to shine along the line of Current Events.

HARRY BLAKESLEE, Chicago, Ill.

I AM eleven years old, and I want to be an author. Would you tell me how you went about it? Did you write a book first, or did you just send your writings to the magazines? How do you get into the magazines, to start with? I sent a very nice piece to an editor once, but he returned it. That made me feel very sad, for I had spent a lot of time writing it out. I like your BROWNIES' BOOK and I wish

you would put one of my pieces in it. Then, I feel, I could really see into my future.

HANNAH MAUDE BARNES, Richmond, Va.

M Y little sister Katie got her first copy of THE BROWNIES' BOOK the other day. She is so proud of it, because it is her very own. She goes about hugging it in her arms and we have the hardest time to persuade her to let us see it. She can't get over the little Queen of Abyssinia. She hears lots of fairy tales and knows all about princes and queens, and so on. She says, "that little girl don't look very old; maybe when I'm as big as her, I'll be a creen, too." We are all interested in the magazine. I am fifteen and I like it as much as Katie.

RUTH HALLIWELL, Boston, Mass.

COULD you take time to suggest a small library for me? Or if your couldn't, do you know anybody who could? I want to know a great deal about colored people. I think when I finish school I shall go to Africa, and work there in some way. If I decide to do this I ought to know a great deal about our people and all the places where they live, all over the world, don't you think so? My father is always saying that a great many wonderful things are going to happen to Negroes within the next twenty-five years, and I want to be able to understand and appreciate them.

GEORGE MAX SIMPSON, Toronto, Canada.

I GET so tired of hearing only of white heroes and celebrating holidays in their honor. I think every year we ought to have parades or some sort of big time on Douglass' birthday and on the anniversary of Crispus Attucks' death. I wish you'd say something about this in the BROWNIES' BOOK. All the colored girls in my class said they wished so too when I told them I was going to write you

CLAUDIA MOORE, Pittsburgh, Pa.

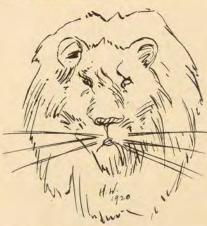


Nine of "The Jury"-Three Have Gone Out

AT THE ZOO

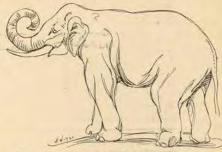
JESSIE FAUSET

MY mother said to me, "Now, mind, To animals be always kind; To every creature, bird or beast, Show courtesy, to say the least!" And then she took me to the Zoo, (She said she'd nothing else to do,) And showed me beasts of many styles, From prairie dogs to crocodiles. And take it from me, when I say I didn't feel like getting gay, Or doing them a bit of harm. I wouldn't touch them for a farm.



The lion was the first I saw,
I just looked at his awful paw
And thought, "I'll never trouble you."
I thought that of the tiger, too;
He was a handsome looking fellow,
And striped all black and real bright yellow.
But I could never play with him,
His look just made my poor head swim.





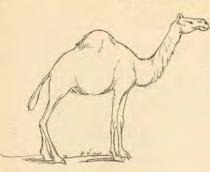
The elephant—they called him "Dunk," Looked mild, but had a squirmy trunk. The panther and the wolf and bear, Threw into me an awful scare. (The bear looked pretty good, 'tis true, But s'pose he started hugging you!) The foxes didn't need their labels—I'd read of them in Aesop's Fables!



The hippopotamus and his friend, Rhinoceros, stood my hair on end.



The python and the anaconda, Just made me grow of kindness, fonder.

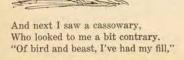


I might have liked the dromedary—But oh, his manner was so airy!
And, too, I fancied the giraffe,
His long neck really made me laugh.
My mother said, "Come see the birds,
They're just too nice and sweet for words."
She showed me, first, a hornéd owl—
That really is an awful fowl!
He blinked at me, as though to say,
"I'll bite your fingers. Get away!"
And then I say a pelican,
With long, sharp duck-bill. Well, he can
Be sure I'll never trouble him,
And where he swims, I'll never swim.

I said, "Please take me home, I'm ill.
I promise to take your advice,
You'll never have to tell me twice."
But after I was home, in bed,
I pulled the covers 'round my head,
And saw those creatures at the Zoo,
And thought, "No wonder that they're blue,
And look so cross and mean and mad,
They have enough to make them sad.
If I were locked up in a cage,
I'd just be in an awful rage.



Perhaps they've children far away,
Or friends who watch for them each day;
Perhaps they dream at night, they're free
In forests green and shadowy;
And then they wake to dull despair,—
And little boys who poke and stare.
Right then and there, I charged my mind,
To be to all God's creatures kind.
And kind to them I'll surely be
If only they'll be kind to me!



A STRANGE COUNTRY



HILIP came rushing into the sitting-room, shouting:

"Have you heard of the strangest of lands on the map,—

The dear little, queer little, Island of Yap?"

"What on earth are you saying?" asked Betty.

"Just something I heard a boy singing in school today, about the Island of Yap. He must have made it up, because there isn't really any such place."

"Indeed there is," said Betty positively; "I saw something about it once in a book,"

Philip laughed. "If that isn't just like you! Of course, you'd think it was true because you saw it in a book. Tell me where the island is, and maybe I'll believe you."

But that was more than Betty could do. "I can't remember where it is," she said regretfully; "I don't think the book told."

"I guess it didn't," said Philip. "Smarty," he teased her. "Let me see—

For a good silver dime I'd give you a rap,

For pretending there's any such island as Yap."
Betty's face clouded. She hated to have
Philip catch her up on anything, for he kept it
up such a long time. As it was, he repeated
the words of the little verse he had just made
up, again and again.

Luckily, Uncle Jim came in just then. "Why, you're quite a poet, aren't you, Phil?" And then he caught sight of Betty.

"Why, what's the matter with my little girl?" he asked. "Has some one been disturbing her?"

"Oh!" cried Betty, happy now, for Uncle Jim was her staunch champion, "Philip's been making fun of me. He says there's no such place as the Island of Yap, and I say there is."

"So do I," said her uncle.

"Goody!" and Betty hopped up and lown. "Now, Mr. Philip!"

"Oh, get out," said Philip inelegantly. "He's nly saying that to make you feel good, but



"Daddy, may I have this nickel?"

there isn't any such place just the same. You can't tell me where it is, Uncle."

"Indeed I can," replied Uncle Jim: "Do you remember that day I told you about the Philippine Islands, and how a group called the Bisayas lies right through the middle of them?"

Both the children nodded "yes" vigorously.

"And I even remember the names of the Bisayas," said Betty,—"Panay, Negros, Leite, Cebu, Samar, and Bohol."

"Good," said Uncle Jim. "You make me think I'm a pretty fine teacher. Well, directly east of Cebu, south of the Island of Japan and north of the Island of New Guinea, lies the baby Island of Yap. It belongs to a group of islands called the Carolines."

"How funny," said Betty, "to name islands Carolines, as though they were girls!"

"Wait," rejoined her uncle, "there was a reason. Many years ago, in 1527, to be exact, some Portuguese under their leader, Diego da Rocha, seized these islands from their inhabitants for Portugal. But later, in 1686, a Spaniard, Admiral Francisco Lazeano, took over the islands and called them the Carolines, in honor of the King of Spain, Carolus."

"Well, which country rules the Yappers now?" asked Philip, who was always very much interested in forms of government.

"Neither. The Spaniards ruled it for a long



Brown Belles of Yap

while, but in 1875 Bismarck, the famous Chancellor of Germany, tried to claim it for his country. There was a good deal of talk between Spain and Germany—even His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, took part in the discussion, which lasted for years. But finally, in 1899, Spain sold the tiny island along with the rest of the group, for \$3,500,000."

"Gee whiz!" said Philip. "The Germans certainly wanted those islands. Do tell me what made them so important?"

"No, no!" interrupted Betty. "Tell us first what kind of people live in Yap?"

"Well," said Uncle Jim, "like the Filipinos, the Yaps belong to the Colored Peoples of the world and to the race known as the Malay race. They are dark brown, with almost black eyes, high cheek bones, and wavy black hair. And they are rather short and slender."

"Now it's my turn," said Philip. "What kind of government do they have?"

"There are two classes," Uncle Jim told him,

"the slaves and the aristocrats. And the only way you can distinguish between these two classes, is that the aristocrats wear a comb made of long, narrow strips of bamboo, which spread out like a fan and are fastened through the middle by a peg. A slave would not dare wear one of these combs."

"How do the girls dress?" asked Betty. "I imagine they have wonderful styles."

"They do," replied her uncle, "but nothing that you would care to copy. There is a plant growing in Yap called the pandanus, which has very long leaves. These leaves are shredded and put together to form a skirt, and this, with a The pieces of money are of different sizes, ranging from six inches to twelve feet in diameter, with a hole through the center so that they may be carried on a pole or strong cord."

"Well!" gasped Betty, "if that isn't the funniest thing! Why, Uncle Jim, how do people ever carry them? Some of the pieces must weigh tons and tons!"

"They do," was her uncle's prompt rejoinder. "Sometimes they weigh as much as five tons! But, of course, they do not carry them around. If a man has a house too small to be cluttered up with his money, he keeps it out in his frontyard. And it is perfectly safe there, because



pair of earrings, forms the whole costume of a lady of Yap. The boys and men wear a strip of cloth around the waist."

Both children were immensely amused, especially Philip, who had grown so within a year that his father had had to get him an entire new outfit. "Clothes don't cost very much in Yap, I guess," he said with feeling.

His uncle laughed, too. "That's hard to tell," he said, "for money in Yap is so different from the money we use. It is made from stone which is cut from quarries many many miles away. people almost never steal on the Island of Yap. Here is another funny thing: if a man loses his wealth in such a way that it can't be found again, he's still given credit for it by his neighbors. So that a Yapper who drops five or six tons of money in the sea-by accident, of course -will be just as much of a plutocrat as ever. Better look that word up, Philip."

"I'm going to," said Philip, "but tell me first why Germany wanted to buy Yap and the other Carolines."

"That's a good question," said his uncle ap-

provingly. "The Germans wanted the islands because they made such convenient trading-stations for German vessels sailing in the Pacific. And Yap in particular was wanted because it makes a fine cable base."

"But all that happened years ago," said Betty. "Why are people talking about it now?"

"Because the United States Naval Department wants to get established in Yap. Experts say that this little island would make a splendid cable and radio center and thus link San Francisco with Honolulu. Owing to the outcome of the war, small islands and colonies are to be redistributed, and this seems as good an oppor-

tunity as any for the United States to get possession of this important trading base. Any more questions, Miss Betty?"

"Yes," said Betty. "Tell me, Uncle Jim, how do the people of Yap make change?"

"There!" said Uncle Jim, "after I had boned up so on the Island of Yap, she asks me a question that I can't possibly answer. What shall we do, Philip?"

His nephew thought a moment, then he chanted,

"We'll have to go globe trotting over the map, And take her to visit the Island of Yap."



CLAYTIME

"All in the Family"-A Game



(To be played at home with our family and little friends, as well as at parties). Materials:

- 1. As many sheets of paper as there are players
- 2. Pencil
- 3. Drinking glass
- 4. Small coin

Circles, as distributed to players
Preparation:

Draw large circle. Use drinking glass, if no compass is available. Cut out and fold into eighths.

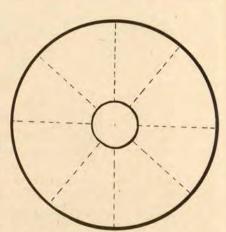
Place coin in centre of large circle, and draw small circle.

Number for answers, as shown in illustration.

Let's begin!

Arrange players in semi-circle around the room. Provide each with a pencil, and paper circle.

Leader: "This is a word-game, called 'All in the Family', because all the words we are to write must have the same end sounds, or rhyme. This is our Family Circle. I have chosen a family name. It is the name of an act



done three times a day. What is it?"

(Different answers will be given. Someone will surely answer, "eat.")

Leader: "This, then, shall be the 'Eat Family'. Please print the name in the middle of the smaller circle."

(All write the new name.)

Leader: "All members of the 'Eat Family' must have similar names,—that is, sounds that rhyme with eat, and, of course, similarly spelled. You can build these names by placing one letter, or two letters, before the family sound, e.g., n-eat. Not more than two letters may be added at a time.

Now try to think of eight other words with the same family sounds. Write them in the circle, under the numbers. Five minutes is allowed for the game."

(Ten minutes, if players are very little folks.)

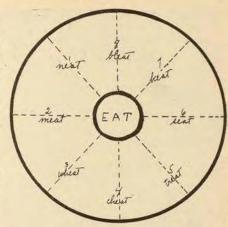
Each player now passes his circle to the neighbor on the right, and corrects as the Leader spells.

Neat, wheat, seat, heat, meat, treat, beat, cheat, feat, bleat Any of these words may be accepted.

Circles, when the words are "All in the Family."

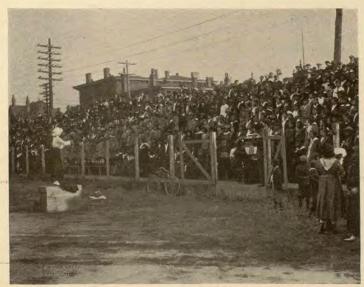
The answers may be given in any order. To the player scoring the highest, award some prize, circular in shape, (small cake, apple, orange, round box of candy, etc.)

The nice thing about this game is that you



may choose your own family name. Ask the prize winner to make a choice, and conduct another game.

Note: Let me know if you play this game and how you like it. I shall be glad to know you and your prize winner, too.



A Community "Sing" in Louisville, Ky.

CLittle Ceople of the Month 2



HERE'S no need having talent, Tommikins, if you don't use it, and just make people happier.

William James Harvey, 3rd, can sing and recite; but he's ambi-

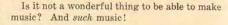
tious! He's learned over a hundred pieces; so, when the Liberty Celebration was held in Philadelphia, Pa., at the Academy of Music, this little boy appeared on the program. During the past spring and fall seasons, he gave nine recitals in churches of Philadelphia and New Jersey. William is just six little years old.

L ETA B. LEWIS is an "A" pupil, in both conduct and proficiency. She's in the fifth term grammar school, at Omaha, Neb. During her entire school course, she has received only one "B." When some colored parents complained that their children were not being treated fairly in school, this little girl was exhibited to prove that there's no difference in treatment; it's just whether or not you study, my dear.

I ISTEN, Tommy!

Charles Augustus Stewart, Jr., has been appearing in public as a violinist since he was eight years of age. He gave a recital at Wilmington, N. C., not so very long ago, and this was his program: "Melody of Love," by Engel-

mann; "Pizzicata Serenade," Op. 45, No. 2, by Franklin; "Sing Me to Sleep," (1st Violin) Duet, by Greene; "Merry Eyes Waltz," Op. 21, No. 4, by Kuenzel; "Isle D'Amour," by Edwards; "Iris," by Renard: "Rackety Coo." from "Katinka"; Selections from Operetta "Cinderella," with Orchestra (1st Violin), by Nixon.



WOULDN'T you like your school to win a silver trophy, bearing your name?
I know you would, Tomasina.

And you have Helena Harper to prove that it's not impossible. Of course, Helena studies,—and she's not a slip-shod pupil, either; but an honest little worker. Then came the essay contest on, "Why We Need New School Buildings". Helena took the test, and among 5,000 essays by grammar school pupils, Helena's won the trophy.

Helena is thirteen years of age and in the graduating class of the Mary J. Watson School, in Sacramento, Cal.

W ILLIAM KIRK COFIELD, at the age of sixteen, is senior patrol leader and troop instructor for twenty first class colored Boy Scouts, at Glen Cove, L. I. He passed all tests before the Court of Honor and received his First Class Badge, February, a year ago.

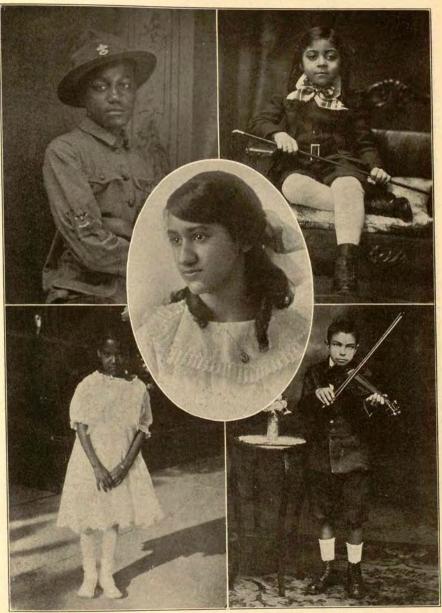
'Last summer William played second base on his troop's base ball team, when they won the champion silver cup over eight white troops. Last winter, when the Lincoln House Dramatic Club, of Glen Cove, presented Gilbert Parker's western drama, "She of the Triple Chevron," William played the star rôle, and his acting re-

ceived favorable comment in white newspapers. And William finds time enough after he has finished his High School lessons, to be Secretary of Calvary A. M. E. Sunday School, and Treasurer of the Lincoln Settlement Y. M. C. A. Red Triangle Club.

Some boy!

Be sure to send us news about the kiddies who excel.

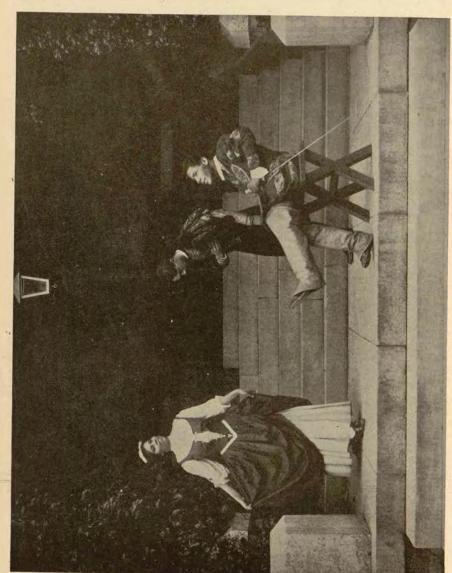




William K. Cofield Leta B. Lewis

Helena Harper

William J. Harvey
Charles A. Stewart, Jr.



A Students' Play at Atlanta, Ga.

A STORY OF A FORMER SLAVE BOY

ARTHUR HUFF FAUSET



N slavery days, colored boys and girls could not go to school. Very often they were not even permitted to learn how to read. Nevertheless, many of the young

slaves were determined to learn somehow, no matter in what manner. Such a boy was Booker T. Washington; another was Frederick Douglass; still another was Blanche K. Bruce.

When Blanche was a boy, he had to work as a slave on a plantation in Mississippi. Like many a slaveowner, his master needed him too

much to allow him any time to get an education. But young Blanche made up his mind he was going to learn his abc's the best way he could, and get all the knowledge that was possible for himself. so that when he became a man he might help his people and his country. Every spare minute he could get away from his slave toil, he would go off to himself and work hard over the few books he was able to get hold of. In this way he learned quite a little bit.

In 1863 Abraham Lincoln freed the

slaves throughout the entire United States. Blanche Bruce was a free man. How glad he was that he had studied hard while he was a slave! Now he had a chance to use his learning.

People began to take notice of this earnest, bright, young fellow. They continued to admire him, and encouraged him in his efforts to rise in the world. Each passing year found him a little higher than before, and the time came when the people of Mississippi, both white and colored, called on him to take one of the greatest positions a state has to offer,—to be a

Senator from the State of Mississippi, in the great Congress at Washington. Here, with one other Senator from Mississippi, and a number of Senators from all the other states of the Union, Bruce was to help make the laws for Mississippi, and the whole United States. Bruce and his friends rejoiced that he had studied so earnestly when a youth, that he was able to take up the big task at Washington.

While he was in Washington, assisting Congress and the President of the United States to make our laws, word came to him of his old

slavemaster. He was no longer rich but was heavily in debt, and was so poor and friendless that the State of Mississippi had decided to send him to the poor house, a place where no respectable man cares to go. Bruce felt sorry for his former master. He set to work immediately to help him. Through a friend, he learned that at Vicksburg, Mississippi, a man was needed to inspect the ships as they came into port. Bruce saw his chance to assist the aged slaveowner.

He went directly to the President of



Blanche K. Bruce

our country, and asked a favor of him.

"My dear Bruce," said the President, "I'm only too glad to be able to serve you. What can I do for you?"

Bruce replied, "Mr. President, there is a position open at the port of Vicksburg, Mississippi. May I name an old friend of mine to take the place?"

"That's a small favor you ask," said the President. "Of course, your friend may have it. You may name him any time you wish."

Bruce went away happy.

But the thought occurred to him that his proud old master would, doubtless, rather go to the poorhouse than feel that he owed his rescue to a Negro who once had been his slave.

"He must never know I got the job for him," said Bruce to himself.

He straightway went to the other Senator from Mississippi, a white man, and told him the story.

"And I want you to name him for the position," Bruce said, "for if he knows that I, a colored man and his former slave, named him, he will feel so humiliated, he won't accept the position."

The other Senator agreed, and he himself named the former slaveowner for the position at Vicksburg.

You may be sure Bruce's old master was happy when he learned that he did not have to go to the poorhouse, but that he had a fine position, instead.

He never knew to the day he died that it was his former slave, Blanche K. Bruce, who had saved him from disgrace.





Graduates of Dixie Hospital, Hampton, Va.



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APRIL, 1920

No. 4

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"Of Such Is the Kingdom of Heaven"

Underwood & Underwood.

The Brownies' Book

Vol. 1

APRIL, 1920

No. 4



THE RETURN OF THE BELLS

From the French of Jean Aicard, Done Into English by

JESSIE FAUSET

I



HERE were five of us little comrades, and we lived in neighboring houses on the very last slope of the great green hill, at whose foot towers Toulon, the city

of war.

The windows of our houses looked out beyond the red roofs of the city, upon the road; and beyond the road, upon the green hills of Saint-Mandrier; and beyond the hills, upon the vast, deep blue sea, which is forever changing, and which yet remains forever the same.

As we were all pupils in the nearby school, we were scarcely ever separated from each other. Leon, the largest of us all, was twelve years old; Paul, the smallest, was eight. Leon never moved without his drum, a real drum, which we followed everywhere with a soldierly bearing. Petey, who was ten, always carried a flag; Frederick and Stevie marched along next, armed with wooden swords; and Paul always came last, never carrying anything except, indeed, his thoughts.

His thoughts, goodness knows, were weighty enough, for every day little Paul kept discovering something new in the great world, and, furthermore,—make what you please out of this,—little Paul was in love!

He was in love,—yes, really he was,—with Stevie's big sister. Stevie was something of a silly, the simpleton of the group. Why, you could make him believe all sorts of things! Just imagine,—that idiot believed that "Little

Red Riding-Hood" was a story which had actually happened! As though you could be nine years old, and still believe such a thing as that!

Stevie's sister was named Elise, but we used to call her Lieze. She was nearly fifteen years old, and that was what charmed us. She never played with us, and that idealized her in our eyes. She used to come twice a day, at meal-time, to call her brother from the ravine where we used to be wandering; from the depths of the jungles of rosemary, where we used to pretend we were lost; or from among the rocks, where we would be searching for the cave of Ali-Baba.

From way far off, the noise of Leon's drum guided her. She would come running, calling in her pretty voice:

"Stevie! Ste-vie-ee!"

Then, sh! silence! the drum became mute, and we would slip unseen, into the densest of the thickets. We would lie down in the thyme, which smelt so good when you crushed it. And when her voice came to us again from the distance:

"Stev-vie-ee!"

Then, "rat-tat-tat"! and the drum would seem to say: "Oh, what a silly girl, not to be able to tell where we are!"

The flag would be hoisted at arm's length, above the tops of the rosemary; and when the seeker finally arrived, all of us together would rush upon her, clinging to her dress, her arms, her neck. And Paul, being the smallest, al-



ways got a kiss. That was why he was in love with Lieze.

All the rest of us were in love with her, too.

O N Good Friday, of that particular year, Stevie did not come to play, and Leon had to leave his drum at home. "This is what Mama told me," he declared: "The bells have gone away, so you can't have your drum till tomorrow."

This mentioning of drums and bells together, gave us a great deal to think of, and we stopped talking of anything else.

All the church-bells in France had set out for Rome. No one would hear them ring again until the next day at noon. They would start back in the morning, for the journey was a long one; but how would they come back? Guess how! Across the great avenue of the heavens! They would have wings for that special purpose. Could they be seen? Perhaps, if they didn't take it into their heads to fly too far up in the sky, out of sight, or to pass by too far away, out there, above the open sea.

"Oh, pshaw! fellows," said Leon sturdily, "all that sort of thing is just like a fairy-tale, just like 'Little Red Riding-Hood.' It doesn't really happen."

We were all of us a little suspicious, and all our little group began to think about it with an air of great mental fatigue. All of us, even Leon, seemed disappointed and distressed. I shall never forget Leon's unhappy and discontented manner while he was enlightening us. It was plain that he missed something. It was, I imagine, his drum.

"The church-bells," he continued, stretching out his arm and holding his forefinger rigid, "are right up there in the belfries. Only they're not ringing. And someone comes along and tells us that they have gone to Rome! Papa said to me:

"'No one, but a fool, would believe that.'

"Besides, didn't Mama say: 'You are wrong; little folks don't need to be told the truth about everything so soon'?

"That's when she took my drum from me. It hasn't gone to Rome; neither have the bells. That's all there is to it."

We were convinced, none too willingly, and somewhat saddened at learning the truth. In order to shake off this feeling of gloom that had settled over us, we had to invent some game. With each one saying a word in his turn, then with all of us talking at the same time, here is the idea upon which we finally decided.

Since we were all so wise, we would make sport of the ignorance and simplicity of Stevie. We would take him, the next morning, to the very top of the hill, and we would pretend to see the church-bells pass by in the sky. He, of course, wouldn't see them, because they were all really in the church-towers; and that would be awfully funny. It looked as though our Easter vacation were going to be well employed.

Leon promised to go and get Stevie the next morning, and we separated full of plans, thinking how funny our little comrade would look on the top of the steep hill. Only one thing made us still a bit sad, and that was that Lieze hadn't come to call us for the last two days. That, of course, happened sometimes, and it was very natural today, since Stevie, probably, because it was Good Friday, had remained in the house along with his drum.

III

T HE next day we went up the hill. All five of us took the military road. Leon had his drum, but his drum-sticks were quiet on his chest, fastened to his shoulder-belt. His mother had forbidden him to use them, until the church-bells came back. Peter had his flag rolled up around the flagstaff, trailing a bit on the ground. Breathlessly, we rushed on, trying to keep up with big Leon, and every once in a while, when the slope became too steep, our little hands would have to seek a resting-place on our little knees.

"Halt!" said Leon, when we were half-way up.

We sat down and began to talk, glad to take a little rest, and pleased with the thought of having a chance to make fun of Stevie's stupidity.

"Isn't Lieze coming to look for us today?" spoke up Paul suddenly.

Stevie's answer threw us all into the deepest grief. No, Lieze would not come to call us, because she was very, very ill. She had been in bed for three days.

"The doctor said this morning that, perhaps, she was going to die," Stevie continued gravely. "Mama let me come out because the house must be kept perfectly quiet, on account of Lieze. And I was very glad to come, because somebody told me this once,—if, when you see the church-bells flying by in the sky, you make a wish right away, the good Lord will grant you whatever you ask. So, you see, I've just got to see the church-bells for Lieze's sake."

There was a long silence.

"That's the way it is with falling stars," said little Peter finally.

And Frederick continued: "If you ask the good Lord for something before the star dies out, He'll see that you get it."

"Yes, that's the way I heard it, too," said Stevie. And he repeated, "I've just got to see the church-bells!"

"You or I, or any of us," said Paul. "It doesn't make any difference. It's all the same thing as far as Lieze is concerned."

Paul was right; we would all make the same wish.

Again there was a long silence. Some strange unknown feeling was disturbing our little hearts. It was a feeling of sadness, of sweetness, and of mystery. It was our love for Lieze. We wanted to see her again, to see her pretty and lively self, many, many times; to hear her call us again, among the echoes of the mountain; to hug her again; to lose her and find her once more in our immense thickets of rosemary, towering above our heads!

What notion did we have of what it would mean if Lieze should die? We only knew that we should never see her again. We could not stand that. And yet, how could we be sure that she was not going to die? Ah! if that story about the bells could only be true! If one of us could just catch sight of them way up there, flitting across the little clouds in the sky like swallows or sea-gulls! And, after all, why not? Our fathers did not believe, it is true, that the bells went off travelling along with the birds; but our mothers had told us so. Why shouldn't they be the ones who were right? We needed consolation so badly!

All these thoughts struggled for expression in our minds, one on top of the other, unformed and pitiful, confused by the very desire which so touchingly gave them birth. We loved her so much, our grown-up Elise! For her sweet sake, we realized that we were very unfortunate not to be able to believe in the flying bells.

. . . But, perhaps, they did fly after all! Why not? . . . Not all, perhaps, but just a few. . . . Those of Toulon, of course, were in the church-towers; but those of Paris,—who

knew where they were? . . . Anyway, none of us thought any longer of making fun of poor Stevie. We didn't even think of playing. We only wanted to know that Lieze would not die.

IV

N OW we had arrived on the bare and stony summit of the hill. We placed the drum and flag on the ground, and looked around us. The country-side, the hills, and the plains, and especially the sea and sky, seen from way up there, seemed so vast that we were a little afraid.

But there were five of us, well-armed; and when, lowering our eyes, we perceived at the foot of the hill, the reassuring roofs of our houses, and recognized our gardens, and even the people walking around in them, we felt somewhat more confident.

"There, I think that's Papa! Yes, I'm sure

of it! And see, there's Grandma!"

Alas! In Stevie's garden, there wasn't anybody! The windows of Lieze's room weren't even open, on this beautiful morning in Holy Week. And then, with one accord, all of us stopped looking at the house, and looked up at the sky, in the hope of finding there some means of help.

Those who have never tried, while children, to gaze thus for a whole hour into the infinite depth of a sky strewn with tiny clouds, in order to see a winged form pass by bringing the promise of happiness, will never know how wast the blue desert is, and how many winged atoms fly there, streaking it incessantly with unexpected zigzags and fanciful shadows!

Fortunately, the clouds hid the sun from us every now and then. Just the same, our eyes hurt us from looking at the dazzling light so long. And when we lowered our gaze to the ground again, we couldn't understand why we saw so many queer shadows about us.

Every moment our hearts leaped up with hope. Now it was a fly which, passing within our reach, gave the effect of a bell flying far, far away in the depths of the sky, almost lost to sight way out there above the sea; now it was a roof sparrow, tranquilly busy with its own affairs. Often the sea-gulls deceived us, dim, indistinct figures, flying way, way out in the direction of the Hyères Islands, near a certain rock where they make their nests. In the air floated many nameless things; bits of wool torn from sheep by the spurs of the thorny broom-plant, and then scattered again

to the passing wind; all sorts of airy nothings; threads from the plant called Virgin; shreds of feathers; indescribable odds and ends, which, escaping the hands of working-men, flitted on a wayward breeze across the sky line like tiny beings, followed now and then by a too easily misled bird.

We looked toward the east, towards Rome and Jerusalem. The swallows, we knew, came from that direction, and also the martens and the carrier-pigeons, and all the other migratory creatures in whom the April season awakens a desire for something different. And in us, too, arose the desire to fly, to roam; a yearning for wide open spaces; a vision of soaring. Something fluttered within us, like a captive, useless wing. And it was love. It was devotion and tenderness. Just as these emotions are in the hearts of men, so they were already in us, alive and imperishable!

V

HERE is one; I see it!"

Little Paul had seen a flying churchbell! Yes, with the eyes of his desire, with the eyes of his love, he had seen it.

"Are you quite, quite sure?" cried Stevie, turning a little bit pale.

"Yes, yes!"

He hadn't really seen it, of course not! But he thought that because he *thought* he had seen one, he could say: "I did see one."

Who can explain the origin of this tender childish lie? It was to himself that he lied first, in the hope of deceiving Stevie; not, indeed, to make fun of him, but, quite to the contrary, to console him. And why not admit it? He hoped, too, that he would be able to deceive the good Lord,—just a little Oh! the unspeakable tenderness!

All our eyes, stretched wide, sought in the sky for the tiny speck, the slight, elusive, dark spot which Paul had indicated with his finger.

Leon, the unbeliever, was the first to catch sight of it again: "There, there, yes, I see it, I see it! Over there!"

What more need I say? One after the other, or rather one with the other, all of us saw the bell soaring on its great wings, which was to bring health back to Lieze. And the good Lord, who is kind to children, pretended to believe us. It is evident that He smiled upon us, for Lieze came back a few days later and called us again in her pretty voice, among the echoes of the mountain.



That holy Saturday, as we came down the side of the steep hill at whose foot towers Toulon, that terrible city bristling with arsenals, Leon's drum struck up a gay fanfare, our unfurled flag floated bravely to the wind, our wooden swords flashed fire!

And little Paul, his head bowed with the weight of his ponderous thoughts, said to Stevie defiantly:

"Just let anybody tell us that we didn't see them! And we'll show him!"

A Moving Tale

TWO newly-wed Bunnies lived in a cunning house.

Large enough for them and their little Family Mouse.

(Most people boast a Family Cat,

But a Mouse is much less expensive than that!)

Soon the Bunnies' family grew and increased, Till it quite overflowed the house they had leased.

(Bunnies at the windows, Bunnies on the stair, Bunnies in the chimneys, Bunnies everywhere!)

"Well," said Mr. Bunny, scratching his head,

"Looks as though we'd have to find another homestead."

(Now houses are quite as scarce in Bunnyland As they are among us Humans, I'd have you understand.)

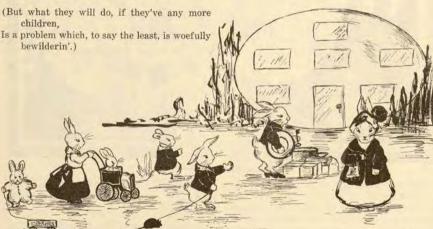
Finally, the Real Estate Agent, Mr. Crow, Rented him his largest Easter Egg Bungalow.

(And everybody says that that's the very reason,

Why we think of Eggs and Bunnies at the Easter season.)

So the Bunnies moved into their jolly new house, With their forty-two youngsters and the little Family Mouse.

(But what they will do, if they've any more children,







THE BIRDS AT MY DOOR

MARY EFFIE LEE



F you live in the country, you can have many interesting experiences with birds. One morning, at about seven o'clock, last March, I d is c o v e r e d a fawn-colored

screech owl perched disconsolately upon the upper sash of a window which had been left lowered from the top all night. The owl, uttering faint croons, peered about as if trying to discover where he had spent the night. It was many minutes after my finding him, that he fluttered heavily away. My first cry of surprise seemed in no wise to have disturbed him.

Once, at this same window, I found a chimney swift, clinging desperately to the screen. The bird had flown in at the top of the window and landed just inside, against the screen below. He was quivering with fear.

For countless springs, the swifts, or swallows, had taken up their abode in a south chimney of our house. We could hear them often at night, in the brick-walled home. They seemed always to be "cuddling down", yet never to get quite "cuddled" to their satisfaction. The little bellike twitterings would be sounding, I imagined, whenever I awoke.

At dusk, when the sky was lavender, the swallows would flutter in graceful groups, trilling, swirling high over our heads. How well I can see them now!—grouping themselves, breaking ranks, then flitting together. But as to having come into close contact with our neighbors, the swifts, that pleasure had not been mine till I found the frightened bird on the window screen.

"Ah, here you are at last, little lodger," I thought, and my heart bounded as it had when I first discovered an oriole's nest. "We have slept in the same house many spring nights," I said gently. "You should not fear me now."

But the swallow said, with its every twitch, "Oh, please don't touch me, -don't touch me!"

I watched it a minute, before setting it free. Swallows in motion, gnat-catching, are more pleasing to look upon than swallows in repose. When one is clinging to your screen, you think,

"What a queer, little, long-winged bird; dark, with here and there touches of weather-beatenshingle gray; tiny black heak and strange stubby tail, with extended spines that seem to



hold it to the screen like black basting threads!"
Rather a mousy-looking little creature, somehow, it seemed to me. Its prominent black eyes appeared to add to the suggestion.

Speaking of bright dark eyes, reminds me of the humming-bird that was imprisoned one August day on my back porch. She—for the little bird lacked the crimson throat that marks the male hummer—frantically imagined herself a captive, till she found that only the west end of the porch was incased in glass, and all the rest consisted of railing and lattice work. But while she was discovering this, I had an opportunity to watch her.

For a long time, I saw only a blinding grayish blur of perpetual motion. Then the humming-bird paused on the framework of the window, and I noticed the sheen on her splendid moss-green feathers, and marvelled at tiny black claws, minute enough to have been fashioned from wire hairpins. I heard a faint, "Chirp, chirp." Yet, when I was a child, someone had told me that humming-birds made no sound aside from the buzzing produced by their wings in motion.

While writing of sounds, I think of a songbird, the brown thrasher, and a surprise that the thrashers once gave me. On a sunny morning in spring, I came upon a pile of brush at the back of the orchard. Peeping at me through the mass of twigs, was a certain old Plymouth Rock hen, that I had always suspected of being a little daft. Her ways were wild and strange. She delighted in hatching eggs in outlandish places. I went to discover upon what she was sitting. And what do you think I beheld just above Mrs. Plymouth Rock? I found a brown thrasher there, nesting complacently in what you might call the second story of the brush heap. Her glassy yellow eyes glared at me

coldly, as if to say, "If it suits Mrs. Plymouth Rock and me-

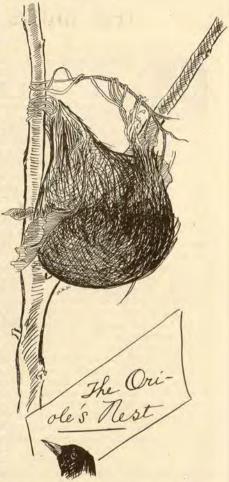
But who can account for the whims of birds? One summer day, a most amazing sight met my eyes. Flat on the ground in the back pasture, I found the nest of a mourning-dove! Mother Dove fluttered off, with that gentle, high-keved plaint that she uses in flight, and left me to gaze at the nest of faded rootlets and two woefully ugly fledglings with long gray beaks. Their shallow nest was on a particularly damplooking spot of earth. After one recovered from the shock of finding the brood on the ground, one's heart was filled with pity. The sight was so cheerless.

I thought of the oriole's comely basket, high in the golden light, where it swung from the tip of a poplar branch. I thought of a neat songsparrow's nest that I had just seen hidden under the "eaves" of a Norway spruce hedge, where the song-sparrows spend the winter.

They come out on every mild morning to sing a little, even when Cardinal is silent. You recall their sharp knife-like notes. Ever ready to make cheer, the song-sparrows would seem to live a life free from trouble. Yet they know what it is to have their hedge haunted by wily cats, on winter evenings, when the cold birds are fluttering to shelter; and at dusk, in spring, when Mother Sparrow is directing her awkward, freckled birdlings to some nook for safety.

Oh. I cannot tell how indignant it made me once to discover in the nest of Mother Song-Sparrow, two cowbird eggs, flecked with cocoabrown like hers, but a trifle larger. Unsuspecting little Song-Sparrow, would have five instead of three eggs to tend, while the cowbird went swaggering with her noisy comrades up and down the pasture, in the wake of the cows.

As I write, this pasture is white with snow. For it is a January day, and cold. Five crows have come up from the woods, to peck at the corn stubble in what was once a pasture and then a cornfield. They strut over the snowy surface and pull at the bits of stalk. But they never come to feast when I feed Titmouse,



with his golden hoard under each wing, and Chickadee, wearing the jaunty black skullcap, and making small sounds like corks screwing in bottles.

The Ancestor

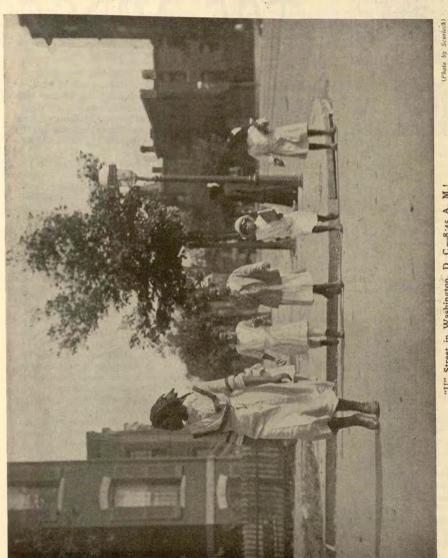
GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON

PHEY boasted of their ancestry, and flaunted A moment Tom was clothed in thought,-he in his face

The glory of their royal line, the valor of their Then shouted,—"Boys, I say, by Jove, I'll be an race:

was no orator .-

ANCESTOR!"



"U" Street in Washington, D. C .- 8:45 A. M.1



THE JUDGE



YEZ, O yez, all Children who hear the Judge and stand before the armposts of his court. For the Judge seeks wisdom of his little ones, and longs to know the an-

swer of a mighty riddle. Yesterday was the Seventh Day, and as the Judge sat resting from his labors, behold! an Aged Woman came and stood before him and glowered, and said,

"Fun, Fun, there is no Fun."

Now I, the Judge, straightened in my chair and wrapped the ermine of my cloak about me, and said:

"I will ask my Children."

Come, now, Children of the Judge, and tell me

WHAT IS FUN?

SAYS Billikins,—"What is the mostest fun?"
"You mustn't say,—"

Never mind, Billy.

Billikins has a great idea and when you think something, never mind how you say it,—at least, never mind just then.

The question, then, which is brought before the Judge this morning, Children, is

WHAT IS THE MOST FUN?

THERE," says Billy, "you corrected him."
Yes, but I did it gently, so as not to disturb him.

Now, Billy, I know what you think is the most fun,—and that is TALKING. Just as soon as anybody learns how to talk, they like to talk, and the more they talk, the more they like it. It is fun when you're six, like Billikins, and when you're ten, like Annie, and it is perfectly fascinating when you get to be the age of Wilhelmina, and can sit in the armchair or stand by the front-gate with your very best friends. Only remember, the real joy in talking, depends a good deal on what you're talking.

"I know what is the most fun," says Annie; "it's EATING."

I sympathize with you, Annie, very deeply.

Eating is certainly a joy. Consider once,—fried chicken, biscuits, and chocolate-covered nuts, and Pie. BUT don't over-eat. If you do, then when you get grown up, you'll have a sort of perpetual tummy-ache, which people call dyspepsia, and you'll think this a very, very wicked world.

"I know what is really the most fun," interrupts Billikins,--"it's TAG."

There is deep wisdom in what you say, Billikins. When we were little like you, we realized that muscles were given us to be used. As we grow older, we seem to assume that they are simply places to put fat on. People, then, who use their muscles, either in tag, or walking to work, or carrying coal, will be happiest IF along with their working, they learn to think and have time to rest.

William stammers, "READING is best."

Millions and millions of people, living and dead and gone, agree with you, William. If talking with your friends is fun, then reading with the greatest Friends that ever lived, is more than fun,—it is a miracle.

But there are two difficulties. The first is that so few people learn how to read; they skim and skip and half understand and don't use the dictionary; and then, worse than that, still fewer people know what to read. It is fine to have a friend, and yet you would not make friends with a burglar or a scamp—that is, not usually. It is fine to read, but there are some things not worth reading, and there are other things more than worth.

"What?" asks William.

We shall have to leave that for another session, my son.

"Personally," says Wilhelmina, as she arranges her "dog ears",—"personally, I prefer DANCING."

But there are several kinds of dancing, and this is a case where once a bad kind got to be so common that a large number of good people said *all* dancing is bad. This, of course, is not true. David, who was fairly good, at least till he got grown up, did some dancing in honor of the Lord, and you know what fun the little folk dances are in school.

There is no finer exercise to make people stand up and walk well and look good, than dancing; but to be at its best, dancing should be done in the open air, among friends and neighbors and parents, and it should not last all night.

And so,—we have talking, eating, and tag, reading, and dancing, five things which are all lots and lots of fun.

"But," interposes James, who is sixteen, "you have left out a lot of splendid things,—like writing and swimming and drawing and making things and loving people."

Of course, says the Judge. I shall be compelled, however, to hold another session for these. Meantime, I am afraid we shall have to swallow the little pill which is called a moral: all the buts and ifs which I have put in, say the same thing—don't over-do. This is the law of life. Run, but don't strain your muscles; eat, but stop when you are no longer hungry; read, but read the worth while things; talk, but not always; dance—some.



THE GROWN-UPS' CORNER



O say that The Brownes' Book delights us, is expressing our feelings mildly. We have long desired such a periodical, but hardly dared hope that those so much oc-

cupied with the weighty problems of today, could find time to think of the children's pleasure. Therefore, to Dr. DuBois and those associated with him in the work, we feel deeply grateful as for a personal favor.

OLIVE C. JONES, Washington, D. C.

THE BROWNIES' BOOK is an answer to the call of our children at our library. For three years the children patrons of the library were looking for Negro stories. We were constantly searching for such in our story-hour.

MARION M. HADLEY, Nashville, Tenn.

I AM writing to say I have read your new magazine, The Brownies' Book, with much interest and delight. It fills a need, I am sure. I enclose a check for one dollar and fifty cents. Kindly place the name of my niece—Laura T. Carroll, upon your list of subscribers. She is a little girl only eight years old, but I want her to become familiar with our best as early as possible.

LAURA E. WILKES, Washington, D. C.

I CAN'T close until I have told you of my favorable impression of the first issue of The Brownies' Book. I read it with much pleasure, from cover to cover. You are to be congratulated. I shall send you some special child studies to use.

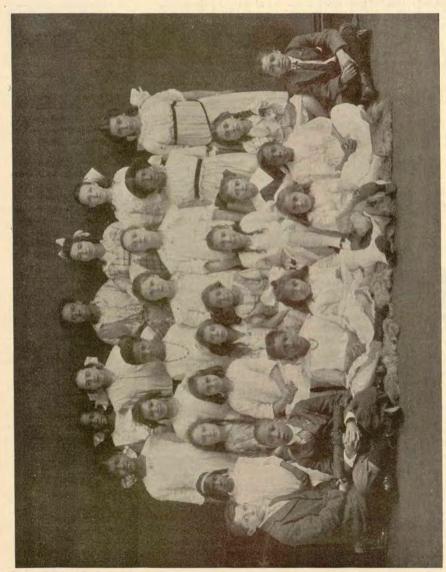
C. M. BATTEY, Instructor, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

I CAN find no words to express my gratitude to you, for bringing out The Brownies' Book. It fills a long felt need for our boys and girls. It would have pleased you to see my little girl with her first copy, and I am sure it would have taxed even your fertile mind to have answered all her questions. You will, I am sure; meet with much deserved success, and the boys and girls throughout America will thank you for introducing a magazine that tells them something of what their own race is doing.

ANDREW J. BRANIC, New York City.

NOTHING I have seen recently has pleased me so much as the first issue of THE BROWNIES' BOOK.

A. O. STAFFORD, Washington, D. C.



This might be "The Jury", but in fact it is a colored teacher's Music Class at Medford, Mass.

THE JURY





AM a constant reader of *The Crisis* and it takes me from six o'clock until nine to read it from cover to cover, and then there remains an endless year of waiting

for the next number. Sometimes I just wish *The Crisis* had a thousand pages; it is really a book that never tires one. I read something in *The Crisis* about a mother sitting alone in despair, thinking about her children long ago lost to her. And it reminds me of another mother, our mother country, Africa, and it was that thought which forced me to write the enclosed poem, "Africa". . . .

I will tell you just a little about myself. I live in a stuffy little town, where things go on year after year the same. I was not born here. The place is too small, it's killing me; my soul calls for larger things, so I appeal to you. I have been called odd,—in fact, I know that I am odd and I don't like to do things like other people, that's why I am sending my work on plain paper, and if you don't publish it, burn it up. . . .

I hope I haven't bored you. I hope you will excuse this horrid letter and all the errors.

PEARL STAPLE, Charlottesville, Va.
P. S. I am only fifteen years old, so please have a little pity.

I THOUGHT you might like to know about my scrap-book. It is a large square book filled with sheets of coarse brown paper, with two covers with holes punched through and tied together with a string. In it I keep all the pictures I can find of interesting colored people and the interesting things they do. I have pictures of Frederick Douglass, Bishop Allen, Harriet Tubman, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, and lots of others. I like the pictures especially. But now that I am reading The Brownies' Book, I see there must be a lot of important colored people that I didn't know about. I'd love to see pictures of Katy Ferguson and Captain Cuffee, If you have them, won't you print them, so I can cut them out and put them in my book?

ADA SIMPSON, Jersey City, N. J.

T HE BROWNIES' BOOK has just come and I'm sitting down to tell you about it. I like the second one better than the first,—the drawings of the insects in the story about fairy-land are so funny.

If I should write a good piece, would you put it in? I am twelve years old, but most folks think I am younger because I am so short. But you don't have to be tall to write, do you? My mother says I've been scribbling ever since I was very tiny. I'm going to send you one of my pieces.

ELIZABETH HARRIS, Atlanta, Ga.

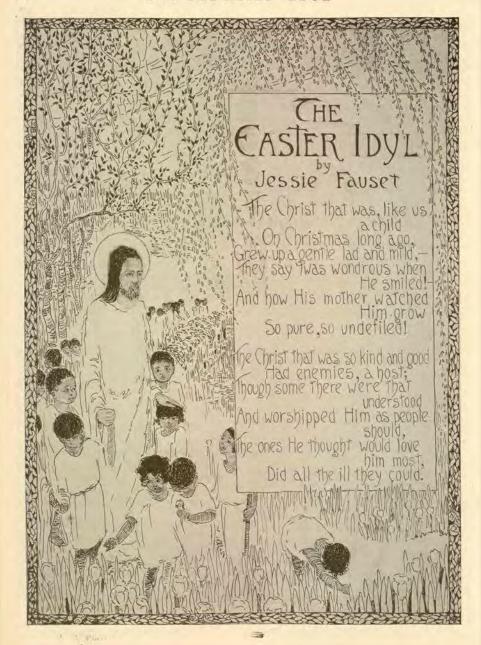
WHEN I read about Captain Cuffee, I thought about a trip I made once. I have always liked the water. One summer we were in the country. I was only about seven years old. How I managed it, I don't know; but I made a raft and poled my way about three miles down the Delaware River. When they found me, I was lying on the bank asleep, with tears on my cheeks. If there were any chance of getting in the Navy, I'd enlist when I get through school. But, anyway, I sure know I'm going to travel, just like Captain Cuffee. Maybe I'll go to Africa, too.

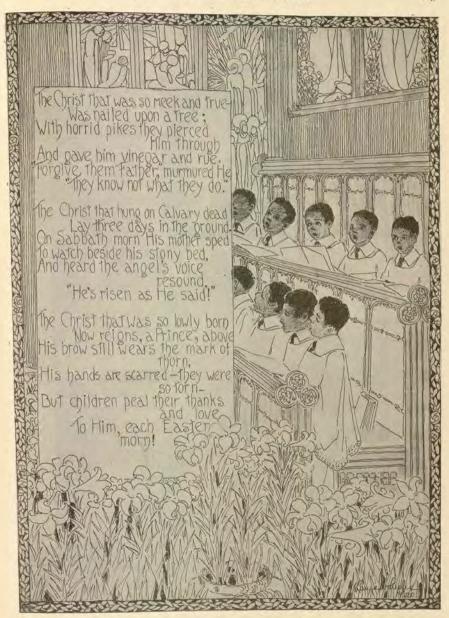
CARTER MURRAY, Trenton, N. J.

I WISH you would tell me what to do. I am fifteen years old, and I want to study music. My mother and father object to it very much. They say no colored people can succeed entirely as musicians, that they have to do other things to help make their living, and that I might just as well start doing this first as last. Of course, I say that just because things have been this way, that's no sign they'll be like that forever. But they talk me down.

Won't you tell me what you think about this? And tell me. too, about colored musicians who have made their living by sticking to the thing they love best? Of course, I know about Coleridge-Taylor and Mr. Burleigh,

AUGUSTUS HILL, Albany, N. Y.





OUR LITTLE FRIENDS



NOT WANTED

GRACE WHITE (Aged Fifteen)



ATSY McCULLEN would be ten her next birthday and ever since she could remember, she had never been wanted. Even when she had been brought to the

Home, nine years ago, nobody during all those nine long years had ever come to ask for a little girl of Patsy's description to take home and mother.

Beautiful women in furs came into the Faculty Room to ask for a little girl to keep, and Mrs. Trumble always brought in pretty little girls, with fluffy curls and big brown eyes, and after being hugged and kissed rapturously, they were taken away in big, beautiful automobiles.

Patsy, peeping through the keyhole, always shook her black hair out of her eyes, and said sturdily, "I don't care." And just to show that she didn't, she'd start to whistle. But whistling doesn't show that you don't care, and Patsy really did care. For sometimes, when she was all alone, her big, black eyes would slowly fill with tears; she did so want a truly mother.

When she fell and bumped her head, nobody was there to kiss it for her. When she cut her finger, the nurse bathed and dressed it and she was given a lecture on her carelessness and sent to bed. Every night. before she went to bed. Patsy would step into the Faculty Room and look at herself in the long mirror. Black

curly hair, (Patsy always looked at her good points first) big, black eyes, long eyelashes, white teeth, and a nose that Patsy thought was all right; but, skinny arms and legs, large mouth, and-freckles! Then Patsy would creep upstairs and cry herself to sleep. Nobody wanted a little girl with freckles.

Not long after this, something happened to change Patsy's whole outlook on life. Around the corner, on Madison Square, was a rich woman, Mrs. Kingsley, who was giving a drama for charity, and she needed a little girl for one of the characters. So one afternoon she came over to the Home, and said,

"Which one of you little girls would like to

have a truly mother?"

"Oh, I would!" shouted everybody at

"But it's only pretend," said the lady hastily.

"O-oooh," and everyone sat down.

That is, everyone but Patsy, who came eagerly forward and said, "Oh, please, please let me pretend!"

You see, Patsy wanted a mother so badly, she was even willing to pretend she had one. So the lady decided to let Patsy pretend.

Every afternoon Patsy went over to the big house on Madison Square to rehearse for the play; and at last the night of the entertainment arrived. Patsy carried off the honors; and for the first time in her life Patsy was kissed and



"She did so want a truly mother"

petted and everyone said.

"Isn't she a dear little girl?"

Evidently Mrs. Kingsley thought so, too, judging from the way she hugged and kissed Patsy.

At last, when all the guests had gone, and the large house was quiet, Mrs. Kingsley drew Patsy towards her, and said slowly, "Patsy, would-would you like to live here always and have me for a really, truly mother?"

"Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!" shrieked Patsy.

And then Patsy was caught in a long, lingering embrace.

That night, while Patsy was being rocked to sleep, she said as she was dozing off, "I like it, I do."

Patsy had at last found a really, truly mother.

e leople of the

PERFECT CHILDREN

WOULDN'T you like to be perfect? Among our "Little People of the Month" this time, we have four children whose little

bodies are perfect.

For instance, there's George P. Moore, of Portland, Oregon, who won a score of 99% in a eugenics test; George W. Bassett, Jr., of Winston-Salem, N. C., who is lying on his back and cooing, was registered 100% at the Baby Clinic, and weighed 191/2 pounds when he was five months old; beautiful little Clara Kersey Jackson, of Richmond, Va., is a 100% baby; George E. M. Cannady, who lives way up in Portland, Oregon, too, and was three years and three months old when this picture was taken, is a fine husky, chap.

Now this all means, not that these children are necessarily going to be perfect men and women, but that because they begin with perfect bodies, they are going to have an easier

chance to have perfect souls.

One of the most distressing things about our people, is the number of poor, unhealthy children who come into the world. In some sections, half of the colored children born, die before they are one year old, because their parents are poor and poorly-paid and because the city does not give them decent places in which to live and play.

But these children have made the first great step in life-their bodies are perfect. Next comes the perfect mind, and finally the perfect

soul.

FRICA seems so far away,-indeed it is: A but, after all, it's not an impossible dis-

tance, for little Dorothy Coleman, born in Africa, has come to the United States, and lives in Charleston, S. C. Dorothy is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Coleman, who are missionaries.

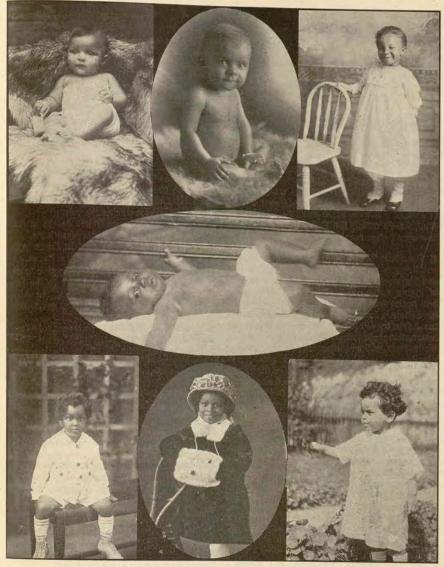
WHEN the United States joined in the war. of course this meant that many a dear one would be called upon to leave his home and go to Europe, to work, to fight, and die if need be, for the sake of Justice. Among the brave men called, was the father of Mary Evans Wiley of Pittsburgh, Pa. Mr. Wiley served in France, as a Secretary for the Young Men's Christian Association. While in the service, he sent us this picture of his little Mary.

THIS month we have with us a little girl who I has five names,-Ada Jane Nette Patti

Did you know that Frederick Douglass had five names, too? His mother named him Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey; then a friend of his added "Douglass", after the character in The Lady of the Lake; but he dropped three of his names, and we know him only as Frederick Douglass.

Oh, yes,-about Ada. Well, she lives in Bainbridge, Ga., and is in the second grade; she writes fairly well and does nicely in arithmetic. She can wash dishes, sweep the floor and the yard, trade for her mother at the market, grocery, and dry goods stores, and take checks to the bank. Her mother says: "You can send her with any amount of money up to Ten Dollars, and she will bring back the correct change."

She's only six years old, too.



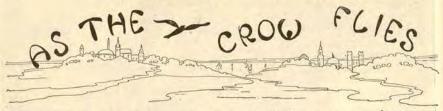
Clara Kersey Jackson

George E. M. Cannady

George P. Moore George W. Bassett, Jr. Ada Lawton

Dorothy Coleman

Mary Evans Wiley





T'S spring. It's deep spring in Carolina, and soft spring in Canada, and between these homes of all my children, the Crow flies, calling and laughing and looking.

The dark mystery of my plumage reminds me of sweet nights in Africa, and its glint and gleam are light, the first sunlight on the Alps at Berne. I like my black feathers—don't you? Well, here's away, for a glance at the world over-seas before lunch.

- ¶ President Wilson has threatened entirely to withdraw the Peace Treaty if Great Britain and France surrender Fiume to Italy, instead of giving it to the Jugo-Slavs. Fiume is the best outlet for the commerce of the new Jugo-Slav State. Italy wants it in order to control the Adriatic. Probably Fiume will become an international city, under the League of Nations, while Italy will get most of the neighboring islands.
- The Bolsheviki, in Russia, have captured the city of Archangel, at the north, and of Odessa, at the south.
- ¶ On February 18, Paul Deschanel became tenth President of the French republic; he succeeds Raymond Poincaré.
- ¶ A meeting of the nations, to discuss money and debts, will be held under the auspices of the League of Nations, either in Holland or Belgium, this spring.
- ¶ Germany owes today fifty-one thousand million dollars.
- ¶ France has presented 6,000 Certificates of Gratitude to the families of her dead soldiers.
- ¶ Hungary is protesting at the terms of peace which have been presented to her by the allied nations.
- ¶ Admiral Kolchak, who has been fighting against the Russian Bolsheviki, was killed by his own soldiers after his defeat.
- ¶ The second meeting of the council of the League of Nations met at St. James Palace, London. America was not represented.
- The new English Parliament has been

opened. The King, in his speech, called attention to the misuse of liquor in the country and the intention of Great Britain to resume trade with Russia.

¶ It is said that 7,000 Armenians have been killed by the Turks, in Cilicia.

¶ Joseph Caillaux, former Premier of France, is on trial before the French Senate. He is accused of treason during the war.

¶ Last year there were 50,000 deaths in Austria, and only 18,000 children were born.

- ¶ There has been a revolt against Japan in the Island of Sakalin and in northern Korea.
- ¶ Viscount Grey, former Ambassador to the United States, has written a letter to the London Times, in which he says that the Allies ought to accept the Treaty of Peace as amended by the United States Senate.
- ¶ A professor in Bologna University, in Italy, is said to have discovered the germ which causes sleeping sickness. This disease causes many deaths in Africa.
- ¶ There has been a great strike of dock workers in Havana. Most of these workers are colored men.
- There is a great deal of unrest, amounting almost to civil war, in Ireland. The English Parliament is drafting a new Home Rule Bill, to allow the Irish some voice in their own government.
- ¶ A great railway strike has taken place in Italy, and another in France.
- ¶ Mr. Asquith, formerly Premier of Great Britain, has been re-elected to Parliament, and may be a rival to the present Premier, Lloyd George.
- ¶ Albert Thomas, a French labor leader, has been elected Director General of the International Labor Organization, which has been formed under the League of Nations.

My! but this is a big world. I've flown from far Russia to Chicago since breakfast, and it must be past lunch time. I saw the Golden Horn and the blue Adriatic and the Avenue of the Elysian Fields and the Strand, and Oh! the grey and beautiful ocean—the bounding black and angry ocean, and the cunningest little black babies in Cuba and Charleston. And now I'm back home, and I'm surely glad.

- A great epidemic of influenza and pneumonia has passed over the United States, killing thousands of people.
- ¶ Thirty-four states have adopted the amendment to the United States Constitution, giving women the right to vote. Ratification of only two more states is needed.
- ¶ The man who discovered the North Pole, Robert E. Peary, died recently in Washington, D. C., at the age of sixty-four. With him at the time he reached the Pole, was Matthew Henson, a colored man. Mr. Henson is today the only living human being who has stood at the North Pole.
- ¶ Since January 1913, the cost of food in the United States, has increased 104 per cent.—that is, it has more than doubled.
- ¶ During the war, the Y. M. C. A. in the United States, received 162 million dollars, and expended all except seven million dollars for war work.
- ¶ On March 1, the railroads of the United States were partially given back to private con- trol; the United States still maintains strict supervision over them.
- ¶ The Labor Unions opposed the return of the railroads to the Government, and asked for higher wages. President Wilson counselled them to wait, and investigations concerning their wages are now being carried on.
- ¶ Several changes have taken place in the President's Cabinet. David F. Houston has become Secretary of the Treasury, instead of Secretary of Agriculture. The new Secretary of Agriculture, is E. T. Meredith. Bainbridge Colby has been appointed Secretary of State, succeeding Robert Lansing.
- ¶ The All American Farm Labor Co-operating Congress has been held in Chicago.
- ¶ The final report of the American army abroad, shows that 34,844 were killed in action; 13,960 died of wounds; 23,738 died of disease; 5,102 died from accident and other causes; 215,423 were wounded.
- ¶ The United States reports that during last year, 45 million dollars worth of goods were stolen while being carried on railroads.

- The Democrats of the United States House of Representatives, in spite of the advice of President Wilson, refused to vote for universal military training. They were afraid to have colored soldiers.
- ¶ The Chairman of the Republican National Committee, Will H. Hayes, has appointed an advisory committee of 159 members, who are to make suggestions on policies and platform for the convention, which will meet in Chicago, June 8. Five of these members are Negroes, —James Weldon Johnson of New York, William H. Lewis of Boston, Roscoe C. Simmons of Kentucky, Dr. F. A. Furniss of Indianapolis, and Robert R. Church of Tennessee.
- ¶ The steel corporation has increased the wages of 275,000 of its employees, 10 per cent. Many of these are colored men.
- Farmers of the country are complaining because of the difficulty of getting laborers, the high profits which are made by merchants who buy their produce, and the difficulty of selling directly to the persons who use farm products.
- Usually, the franc, which is the name of the unit of French currency, is worth twenty cents, and the English pound, \$4.89; but because Europe is buying so much more goods from us than she is paying for, the value of the franc in the United States, has fallen to seven cents, and the value of the pound, to \$3.33.
- ¶ The United States Senate has passed an Americanization Bill, requiring all residents of the United States, from 16-21 years of age, and all foreign residents, from 16-45 years of age, who cannot read and write, to attend school not less than 200 hours a year.
- ¶ The United States produces 300 million barrels of petroleum a year, and needs 400 million. The demand is increasing, while the production cannot increase further. This is the reason that many people want to interfere in Mexico, where Americans own over 200 oil wells, which produce 200 million barrels a year. Mexico is willing for us to have the oil on reasonable terms and after paying taxes, but she wants no interference with her government. Mexico is right.
- ¶ Senator T. H. Newberry of Michigan is being tried in court because it is said that he gained his seat by paying people to vote for him.
- ¶ Sir Auckland Geddes has been named British Ambassador at Washington.

A PIONEER SUFFRAGETTE



OW that the right of women to vote is gradually being conceded throughout the United States, few people stop to realize for how many years women have

had to work and fight and wait in order to reach this goal. Even our boys and girls remember the disrepute in which suffragettes were held in England prior to, and even at the beginning of, the World War. And some echo of that unpopularity crossed the seas and was heard again in the treatment given not long ago, in this country, to the advocates of Woman Suffrage in Washington.

However, to women who many, many years ago, started the movement, and watched its course often with an anxious, though never

with a despairing eye, the state of suffrage for women today would seem nothing short of a miracle. History can hardly emphasize too strongly what of shame, ridicule, and disappointment those true heroines were called upon to endure.

To one of those early leaders of women the disfavor arising from being associated with the unpopular cause of Woman Suffrage meant nothing, for she had long since been associated with a cause far more unpopular,—that of Abolition.

Sojourner Truth,—for that was the remarkable name of this extremely remarkable

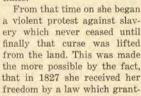
woman,—was born an American slave. The exact date of her birth is not known, but it is generally granted that she must have been born between 1785 and 1798. She belonged to a man named Ardinburgh, who lived in Hurley, Ulster County, New York. Her name in those early days was Isabella, and this she kept for many years. Isabella's life was a sad one. She was a sensitive child and while still very, very young she received impressions of one of the chief horrors of slavery,—that of the separation of slave parents from children. This remained with her all her life. She herself shows, unconsciously, how tragic her childhood must have been when she relates this inci-

dent.

"I can remember," she says, "when I was a little, young girl, how my old mammy would sit out of doors in the evenings and look up at the stars and groan, and I would say, 'Mammy, what makes you groan so?' And she would reply, 'I am groaning to think of my poor children: they do not know where I be and I don't know where they be. I look up at the stars and they look at the stars!'

It was among such sad conditions as these that Isabella grew into young womanhood. In the course of time she married and had many children. One of these was a son who, while still a mere youth, was stolen away and sold outside of New York, his native state. Even in those sad times there were laws in

New York forbidding the selling of slaves outside the state boundaries, but these were violated in this case. This slavemother had already seen the suffering caused her own mother by the loss of her children; now she realized that the same anguish had come to her, and might befall her many, many times.



Sojourner Truth

ed freedom to all slaves, in the state of New York, at the age of forty.

She had a long and remarkable career, and did many strange and unusual things. Among others she changed her name, about 1837, to Sojourner Truth and that was the name by which she was called ever after.

Many of her striking sayings have come down to us. People tell how Frederick Douglass once showed plainly that he was very much discouraged at a meeting in Boston, and seemed to doubt if slavery ever could be wiped out. Then Sojourner Truth rose slowly from her place in the audience and stretching forth a long arm, exclaimed: "Frederick, is God dead?"

On another occasion a white man asked her at the close of a lecture if she supposed anybody really minded her talks against slavery. "I don't care any more for your talk," said he, "than I do for the bite of a flea."

"That may be," said Sojourner Truth, "but with God's help, I'm going to keep you scratch-

ing."

Long before the Civil War, she was lending her influence and eloquence to Woman Suffrage. Her mind was so keen and so broad that she quickly realized that the refusal of the right to vote to women, was only another form of slavery.

The second State Woman Suffrage Convention of Ohio was held in Akron, May 28 and 29, 1851. Sojourner Truth was present both days. On the second day the meeting was very stormy: several ministers who were present spoke very strongly against "votes for women". One said men had superior rights, because men had intellects superior to women's. Another said that the fact that Christ was a man proved that God considered women inferior to men. Things were going very badly for the suffrage cause, when Sojourner Truth arose to speak. Some of the leaders were afraid to have her talk, fearing she would make the cause ridiculous, and they urged the presiding officer, Mrs. Frances Dana Gage, to silence her. But Mrs. Gage was brave and rose and announced in the midst of a great hubbub,-"Sojourner Truth!"

Immediately all the confusion died away, for everyone, whether approving of Woman Suffrage or not, wanted to hear this wonderful woman. She must have been an impressive figure as she stood there, for she was very tall and dark, with a keen, unflinching eye. Her full deep tones resounded through the hall. Being uneducated, of course, she spoke in dialect or broken English, which I shall not attempt to reproduce here, though her speech, evidently, lost nothing by its use.

She pointed to one of the disapproving ministers,—

"That man over there," she began, "says that women need to be helped into carriages, and lifted over ditches, and to have the best help everywhere. Nobody ever helps me into carriages, or over mud-puddles, or gives me the best place. Well, I'm a woman, ain't I? Look at my arm," she went on, "look at my arm!" And she bared her right arm to the shoulder. "I have ploughed, and planted, and gathered

into barns, and no man could head me! And ain't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man,—when I could get it—and bear the lash as well. And ain't I a woman? I have borne thirteen children, and seen them most all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me! And ain't I a woman?

"Then they talk about this thing in the head, what do they call it?" Some one nearby told her "Intellect." She nodded her head vigorously. "That's it, honey. What's that got to do with women's rights or niggers' rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint and yours a quart, wouldn't you be mean not to let me have my little half-measure full?

"Then that little man in black over there, says women can't have as much rights as men, because Christ wasn't a woman! Where did your Christ come from? From God and a woman! Man had nothing to do with Him!"

Sojourner Truth had won the day as the deafening applause acknowledged.

She was an old, old woman when she died in 1883,—very nearly a hundred years old. Her life had been

"full of weary days.

But good things had not kept aloof."
In some respects her life seems more wonderful than any fairy tale that ever was written. She had been a slave: she had lived to see not only herself set free, but to see slaves set free all over the country. And she had helped to bring it to pass. She, who had started out in life as nobody, numbered the greatest man in the country, President Lincoln, among her friends. Absolutely uneducated and untrained, she sat in council with some of the most advanced minds of her day. And the cause of Woman Suffrage is in her debt.

Indeed her interest in this cause is the surest proof that she was a sincere advocate of liberty. For though the needs of her own people were so pressing, she felt that it was also her business to help the cause of all woamnkind.

No tablet, so far as I know, has been erected to her memory. But her own life is her best memorial. As a great Roman poet said hundreds of years ago, before Sojourner Truth had died, or was born, she

"raised a monument more enduring than bronze,

Which shall last throughout the years."



CLAYTIME



A Dance

Moments Musicaux

(No.3)

Allegre moderato (J. M.)

Allegre moderato (

I. Six girls in single file enter from one side and six from the other. They dance toward each other and down center of stage, separate, and form small circle of three, (see diagram).

The steps are as follows:

Step right foot forward, step left foot forward; three short running steps forward...... 2 measures Repeat all 14 measures

16 measures

Arms—Hands are held a little distance from mouth, as if holding horn. Head is thrown back on steps one and two, and forward on the running steps.



Figure I

^{*}The music is used by permission of G. Schirmer Co.

THE	BROWNIES' B
II. Step right foot forward,	
step left foot forward; step on	
right foot and spring up on right	Part of
toes, raising left foot behind;	A
step on left foot	2 manual
Repeat all	6 measures
	o measures
	8 measures
Arms—Right arm is raised dia	o measures
ward and upward; left arm is ex	tended back
III. (1) Facing center of cir-	venuou back.
cle, take four steps backward.	
starting with right foot; lift knees	100
high, point toes down	2 measures
(2) Take four steps forward,	15.70
toward center of circle, starting	
with right foot; knees high	2 measures
Repeat all	4 measures
1,11	
The state of the s	8 measures
(1) Hands same as in I. Body b	pent over and
head down. (2) Head up and thro	wn back. Same ste
IV. (1) Join hands, forming	of circle; b
circle of three, facing outward.	Head up
Skip around, starting to the	Right arm, arm, down
right,—right foot, left foot, etc.	2 measures arms with
Head down, bend over and pull	Repeat a
away from each other—knees	repetto c
high, (same as I, with heads up	0
and thrown back	
Repeat an	4 measures hands and
=	8 measures with right
	skip alone
Diagram.	t ber 3 has a
11. 20	head bent o
1: 11	o 2, and he
0 0	2, and he 3 and 4.
0 0 0 0 14 0	e Titilioti
0 0 0 0 10 0	o o raised arr
0 .	/ around to
VI. 9. 3 0. 2	Change-
0 0	Number
VII. VIII.	Repeat a
,0	0
0 0	23
	VII. Joi
10 00	of three.
**	away, and
V. Drop hands; four skipping	
steps forward, starting with right	A
foot. Bend over, lift knees high	



Figure II

(1) Hailus saile as if I. Body bent over and head down. (2) Head up and thrown back. IV. (1) Join hands, forming circle of three, facing outward. Skip around, starting to the right,—right foot, left foot, etc. 2 measures Head down, bend over and pull away from each other—knees high, (same as I, with heads up	Same step, going back to center of circle; begin with right foot. Head up and thrown back. Right arm, forward and up; left arm, down and back. Change arms with each step. Repeat all
and thrown back 2 measures Repeat all 4 measures 8 measures	VI. Numbers 1 and 2 take hands and skip around, starting with right foot; numbers 2 and 3
I. Disgram.	skip alone (see diagram). Number 3 has arms extended to sides, head bent over on measures 1 and 2, and head back on measures 3 and 4 4 measures
VI. 0. 10. 1	Number 3 dances under the raised arms of 1 and 2 and around to place 3 measures Change—1 and 3 take hands.
VII	Number 2 dances alone 1 measure Repeat all 8 measures —
V. Drop hands; four skipping	VII. Join hands, to make circle of three. Lean back, so as to pull away, and throw heads back; move around to left, with many
steps forward, starting with right foot. Bend over, lift knees high, arms extended to side, shoulders high	very little steps, away up on toes. 4 measures VIII. Form single line, dance towards back of stage and off; steps and arms same as Figure I. 8 measures
Control of the second s	

A Kindergarden Songa

CARRIE W. CLIFFORD



L JTTLE babies in a row,
Little dresses white as snow;
No hair, crinkled hair, straight hair, curls—
Lovely little boys and girls!

L ITTLE children in a ring,
Hear them as they gaily sing!
Red child, yellow child, black child, white—
That's what makes the ring all right.



UNITE

L AD and lassie, youth and maid, Born in sunshine, born in shade; Zulu, Esquimaux, Saxon, Jew, United, make the world come true!

GOD'S big children all at work, Not one dares his task to shirk; "All for each, and each for all"— White man, red man, black man, tall.



THE TWIN HEROES

An African Myth Adapted by ALPHONSO O. STAFFORD



N that far-off time when the world was young, there lived in a town of a powerful king, a widow whose name was Isokah, and whose husband, a braye warrior.

had fallen in battle.

She had two baby sons, called Mansur and Luembur. They were twins, with bodies round and shapely, the color of dull gold.

At their birth an old man, known for his gift of prophecy, had said, "Twins are a gift of Anambia, the Great Spirit, and they have been sent to us for a special work."

Everyone in that town, knowing how true were the sayings of the old man, believed thereafter that the twin babes of Isokah would grow into manhood and become warriors of note and possibly heroes of great renown.

When they were six weeks old, their mother planted in her garden, a short distance apart, two seeds. With great care she watered the earth about and when the seeds sprouted and became tiny plants, her care for them did not cease.

As the years passed, Isokah's two sons grew tall, strong, and pleasing to the eye, like the graceful pine trees around their home. In play, in the hunt, and in deeds of daring, these two boys always took first place among their companions.

Meanwhile, the two plants grew into fine trees with beautiful spreading foliage. When Mansur and Luembur were old enough to understand, Isokah took each of them to one of the trees, and said.

"This, my son, is your life tree. As it thrives, withers, or dies, so you will grow, be in peril, or perish."

After that day, Mansur and Luembur watched his own tree with increasing interest and felt for it a loving tenderness when resting under its spreading branches during the heat of the day, or in the cool of the evening, while listening to the strange cries in the jungle; or gazing with wonder at the clear sky with its brilliant stars, and the silver crescent changing nightly into a great golden ball.

How happy was Isokah as she watched her

boys grow into early manhood, and the life trees thrive in strength and beauty with them.

During this time, Mansur had many strange dreams,—dreams of great perils in the jungle, dreams of different lands,—but more often he had visions of Yuah, the daughter of Zambay, who was Old Mother Earth, the first daughter of the first father.

Yuah was said to be beautiful. Her beauty was like the dusk at twilight, when the stars begin to twinkle in the afterglow of the western sky.

One day, after Mansur had passed his twentieth year, he said to his mother, "The time has come for me to marry and I am going in search of Yuah, the daughter of Old Mother Earth."

Though her sorrow was great when she heard these words, Isokah knew that she could not always keep her sons near her. So she called upon Muzimu, a wizard of strange powers, and asked him for some magic to help her son, Mansur, in his quest.

When this was given, she returned and gave it to him, saying, "My son, this is your magic. I shall guard your life tree while you are away and Luembur, your brother, will watch over ""."

Mansur then put his strong arms around his mother's shoulders, bowed his head upon her cheek, and gave her his farewell kiss. Then, taking from her the magic, he touched some grass he had plucked from the ground. One blade was changed into a horn, another into a knife, and still another into a spear.

Before leaving, he called Luembur, saying, "Brother, be ever near mother Isokah, and let no harm befall her."

For days and days Mansur travelled. What a picture of natural beauty met his eye everywhere! How verdant was the foliage of the trees, shrubs, and plants of the African plains and highlands; how sparkling the streams that foamed over rocky beds of granite and sandstone, how beautiful was the coloring of the flowers, how gay was the plumage of the birds, how graceful and striking in size were the animals that fled before him as he pushed his way

onward to the land of Zambay, the mother of his desired Yuah. When overcome by hunger, Mansur called upon his magic for food.

At last, the far country of Zambay was reached. Whenever a stranger entered it, he was escorted at once to Zambay, the queen, the all powerful ruler of that land. The usual custom followed, when Mansur was seen striding forward with his spear in hand, horn across shoulder, and knife at side.

Standing near her mother, Yuah saw the stranger,—saw him in his strength and in his early manhood, so lithe in movement and so was given to the bride and groom, where for many months their happiness was complete.

One day, while idling in his new home, Mansur opened the door of a strange room which he had never noticed. In it were many mirrors, each covered so that the glass could not be seen. Calling Yuah, he asked her to remove the covers so that he might examine them. She took him to one, uncovered it, and Mansur immediately saw a perfect likeness of his native town; then to another, and he saw his mother and his brother, Luembur, sitting in peace beneath his life tree. In each mirror he saw something



"Do let me see it," urged Mansur

fearless in bearing. Straightway her heart warmed to him. How happy was Mansur when he beheld this dream-girl as a reality and saw in her eyes, a look of friendly interest that passed into admiration when he recited the story of his travels and the purpose of his visit.

Three days later, they were married. A fine feast was held, followed by joyous singing and a merry dance. The finest house in the town that carried his memory back to his past life and the country of his birth.

Coming to the last mirror, larger than the others, Mansur was filled with a strange fore-boding. Yuah did not uncover it. "Why not let me look into it, Yuah?" asked Mansur.

"Because, my beloved one, in it you will see reflected the land of Never Return—from it none returns who wanders there."

Now this remark made Mansur very curious,

and he longed as never before, to see this mirror that could picture so strange a land or so mysterious a scene.

"Do let me see it," urged Mansur. Yielding at last to his entreaties, Yuah uncovered the mirror, and her young husband saw reflected therein that dread land of the lower world—that unsought place of cruel King Kalungo, of which all men had heard. Mansur looked in the mirror a long time, then he said.

"I must go there; I must leave you, my dear."
"Nay, you will never return; please do not go, my beloved one," pleaded Yuah.

"Have no fear," answered Mansur. "The magic of Muzimu will be my protection. Should any harm befall me, my twin brother, Luembur, will come to my rescue."

Now this made Yuah cry and she was very, very sad, but her tears did not move Mansur from his desire and his purpose.

In a few hours he had departed for the Land of Never Return.

After travelling many days, Mansur came upon a weird old woman working in the fields. In her eyes, there was mystery; in her presence, there came to him a feeling of awe. Though he knew not then, she was the never sleeping spirit that guarded the secrets of the Land of Never Return.

Approaching her, Mansur said, "My good woman, please show me the road to the land whence no man returns who wanders there."

The old woman, pausing in her work, looked at him as he stood there, so tall and straight. A smile passed over her wrinkled face as she recognized in Mansur one of the true heroes for whose coming she had waited many years.

Much to his surprise, the old woman, after a long and deep gaze, said,

"Mansur, I know you and I shall direct your way, though the task before you is one of peril. Go down that hill to your right, take the narrow path, and avoid the wide one. After an hour's travel, you will come to the dread home of Kalungo, the Land of Never Return. Before reaching his abode, you must pass a fierce dog that guards his gate, fight the great serpent of seven heads within the courtyard, and destroy the mighty crocodile that sleeps in the pool."

These impending dangers did not frighten Mansur. Following the narrow path, he came

within a short time to a deep ravine. Through this he walked, head erect, eyes alert, and spear uplifted. Suddenly he observed the outer gate of the Land of Never Return.

By means of his magic, he passed the fierce dog, and after a severe battle he succeeded in destroying the serpent, that seven-headed monster. Near the pool, he saw the mighty crocodile resting on its bank, and rushed forward to strike him. Then, by accident, Mansur's magic fell upon the ground, and immediately he was seized by the crocodile and disappeared within his terrible mouth.

At home, his mother, Isokah, and brother, Luembur, noticed with fear that the life tree of Mansur had suddenly withered.

"Mother, my brother is in danger. I must go at once in search of him," cried Luembur.

Rushing to Muzimu, the wizard, Isokah procured some more magic, returned home and gave it to Luembur and besought him to go immediately in search of his twin brother.

As he departed, a great weakness seized her, and supporting herself for awhile against the trunk of Luembur's life tree, she slowly sank to the ground, with a foreboding that she would never again see her sons.

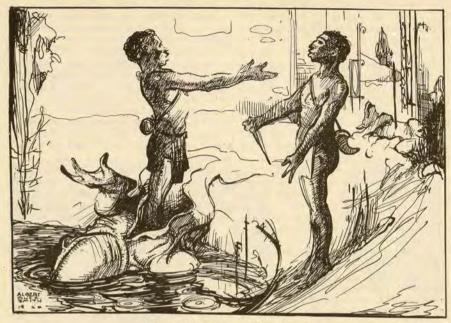
When Luembur reached the town of Zambay, she was much struck with the resemblance he bore to his brother, and Yuah was overjoyed that he had come to go in search of Mansur. She noticed with pleasure that Luembur also carried the same kind of spear, horn, and knife that Mansur had.

Yuah showed him the magic mirrors, reserving for the last the fateful one that had caused Mansur to depart for the Land of Never Return.

After resting awhile, Luembur continued his journey and, as in the case of his brother, came after many days to the weird old woman working in the fields.

The story of his quest was soon told. After it was finished, she said, "I know you, also, Luembur." She then gave him the same directions.

When he reached the gates of the land of Kalungo, the fierce dog fell before the magic spear of Luembur. Then rushing to the bank of the pool where the mighty crocodile was dozing in the sun, Luembur with one great blow of his spear slew him. Then taking his knife he cut along the under side of the dead crocodile



"Mansur jumped out, well and happy"

and, strange to state, Mansur jumped out, well and happy.

Swift as the wind, the twin brothers left the gates of the dread Land of Never Return and travelled upward to the place where the weird old woman worked in the field, under the rays of the glinting sun.

When she beheld them, she stood erect, a deeper mystery flashed into her age-old eyes, and in her presence, there returned to the brothers, that same feeling of awe, but now more intense.

Finally she spoke, "Brothers, by slaying the fierce dog, the terrible serpent, and the mighty crocodile, you have released the spirits of the brave, the wise, and the good, who were prisoners in the realm of cruel Kalungo. They may now return to Mother Earth when they desire, and visit the abode of their mortal existence. Your task here below is now finished.

"You, Mansur, shall be Lightning, that mortals may ever see your swift spear as it darts through the clouds; and you, Luembur, shall be Thunder, that mortals may ever hear and know the power of that flashing spear."

With these words, the sleepless spirit of the Land of Never Return touched each of the brothers, and Mansur went to the East and became the swift, darting lightning; and Luembur went to the West and became the loud, pealing thunder.

In the land of Zambay, when Yuah, through her magic mirrors, saw what had happened to the brothers, she cried with much grief. Neither by day nor by night would she be comforted.

At last her mother, Zambay, said in a gentle and sad voice, "My daughter, when your husband, Mansur, and his brother, Luembur, are angry in their home, amid the clouds, and have frightened men and beasts, here in my land, your beauty and your smile will bring them joy. At such times, your body clothed with many colors, will bend and touch me, your Mother Earth. Go hence, and live with them.

With these words, Yuah went away from the home of her mother, and we see her now as the beautiful Rainbow, after the storm clouds of Mansur and Luembur have passed on their way to the home of The All Father, the Great Sky-Spirit, Anambia.

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MAY, 1920

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MANUSCRIPTS and drawings relating to colored children are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage. If found unavailable they will be returned.

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Mr. Rockefeller Poses for the Caddies at Ormond Beach, Fla.

The Brownies' Book

Vol. 1 MAY, 1920 No. 5



GRACE WHITE



RANDMA CAREY, a little, old, white-haired lady of the village, had the most beautiful flower garden of all. No one had flowers to bloom as early as Grandma

Carey and nobody's lived as long; and no one, not even in the whole village, had flowers to match Grandma Carey's in color. Her flowers had the richest hues, her rambling roses, the pinkest tint, and her pansies were almost dazzling in their bright color. When anyone was sick a flower from Grandma Carey's garden was the first aid to recovery.

When visitors asked Grandma Carey how she obtained such glorious colors, she would laugh and her little eyes would twinkle merrily as she said, "Land sakes, I don't do nothin'; that garden belongs to the fairies!"

No wonder Grandma Carey had such a beautiful garden, the fairies lived there!

But soon there came a morning when the flowers didn't hold up their heads, but hung them in shame. What could have happened? All the children and even the grown-ups of the village came hurrying to Grandma Carey's cottage. And this is how she explained it.

For a long, long time the fairies had been

planning and preparing for the Queen's annual dance. They collected all the sweet honey and nectar and all the bright golden pollen for miles and miles around. For this year at the Queen's annual dance they were to entertain with great ceremony and pomp, the King of the Gnomes. Everything was ready, from the sweet food of the fairies to the beautiful fairy carriages which were driven by golden-winged beetles. And the King of the Gnomes didn't arrive! Imagine the anger and disappointment of the fairies! So they neglected their homes, (which are the roses and pansies and nearly all the flowers), to meet at the fairy palace to talk and wonder about the King of the Gnomes.

"But," said Grandma Carey, slowly, "I know why the King of the Gnomes didn't arrive on time. While crossing a meadow he happened to notice a tiny, neglected field and in the center a tiny, neglected cottage standing all alone. And it looked so forlorn and forgotten that the King of the Gnomes expressed a desire to visit it.

"'But,' said the Count of the Gnomes, 'we are on our way to visit Her Majesty, The Queen of the Fairies!'

"'I wish to visit that cottage,' said the King, 'and I shall do so.'



"We have work here", said the King softly.

"And so the King of the Gnomes visited the forlorn looking cottage. If one would call the outside forlorn, one should see the inside, that was most forlorn! For on a cot in the corner of the room lay a little girl moaning and tossing in pain, crying always, incessantly for flowers, bright flowers.

"'We have work here,' said the King softly. 'Let us begin.' So all the King's men started to work and they worked harder and harder. Now when one works hard one accomplishes something; and the King's men really did accomplish something. For the next morning the little field around the cottage was cleared of its rubbish and weeds and in their place grew beautiful, bright flowers! Imagine the surprise and joy of little Margaret Marnie when she saw her lovely garden!

"And so today when the King left, Margaret Marnie was sitting on the steps softly talking and caressing her bright flowers. Margaret Marnie was well again. Now," continued Grandma Carey, "the King of the Gnomes is on his way to visit the Queen of the Fairies and when he arrives the Queen will forget her temper. The King will apologize and all will be peace again. For the King of the Gnomes is going to ask for the Queen's hand in marriage and I think she will accept. Their honeymoon will be spent visiting Margaret Marnie's garden, then they will come back to live forever in my garden. When they do, then my flowers will become beautiful again."

Thus Grandma Carey ended her story. Yes, even as she spoke the flowers raised their heads; their color returned, the King of the Gnomes had arrived.

Once more Grandma Carey had the most beautiful garden of all. And strange to say, Grandma Carey's flowers never lost their bloom again, and so we conclude that the King of the Gnomes and the Queen of the Fairies are living very happily in their beautiful garden of flowers.

S S S S

May-Queen

WENDELL PHILLIPS GLADDEN, JR.

M Y lady brown
Now wears a crown
Of pink and red, red roses;
Black curls flow down
On gauzy gown,
While she in smiles reposes.

Green shades and blue, And every hue Are found in scented bowers; Where maidens prance And skip and dance Before her throne of flowers. Each maiden trips
With tinted strips
From May-pole fast unfolding;
And so the scene
The dusky queen
Sits quietly beholding.

And still they play Until the day In joy serenely closes; My lady brown Has worn a crown Of pink and red, red roses.

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The Question-Box

EULALIE SPENCE

W HENE'ER we go a-walking,
Her wee hand tucked in mine,
Those dainty curls all dancing,
Feet skipping 'long in time,
I mark her eyes so eager,
Her mouth a perfect "O",
Then rack my brain to answer
Those things I do not know.

"Would motor-cars sail overhead,
If they had wings of black and red?
Would p'licemen 'rest their little boys
If they should catch them stealing toys?"
And should I hesitate or pause
To find a reason or a cause,
She'd never more believe in me,
And so I answer cheerfully.

THE LITTLE ORPHANS

A Playlet by DAISY CARGILE REED

Scene: Toyshop. At back of stage, have arranged a screen. Back of this screen, have seven or eight little boys, standing with only their heads visible above the screen. These little boys are to wear on their heads either false faces or animal heads. In front of this screen, should be a long work-bench or table. Seated at this table are a number of boys, dressed in overalls, all busy with tools, making toys. The TOYMAKER is seated at desk, looking over his books. The work-table should be full of toys. The boys should be at tables, making plenty of noise with hammers and tools when the curtain goes up.

TOYMAKER

No sales today. How will one live, with food so high and materials so dear? They told me that American made toys would help whip the Germans. Now Germany is licked, and here I am with a bunch of non-essentials on my hands and haven't had a sale in two days. Ah, well, I make lots of fun for the children, anyway; so I should worry.

[Song: "I'm Father Fun." Sung by Toy-MAKER and assistants. Numbers of neighborhood children come running in.]

FIRST CHILD

Hello, Mr. Toymaker; have you a new toy to show us today?

TOYMAKER

No new ones, but you are always welcome to look at the old ones. Some day, when you are real good children, I will show you the wonderful automatic toys which I keep in my Toyland, upstairs.

SECOND CHILD

They must be very wonderful, if they are prettier than all of these.

TOYMAKER

O yes, they can sing, talk, and walk. I have been working many years to perfect them.

THIRD CHILD

Please, Mr. Toymaker, take us to that Toyland, now!

[Song: "Come Along to Toy Town," by the children and the little boys behind the screen. Have each child carry a toy. Boys be-

hind screen now come out and sing with the children, the boys still wearing animal heads. Enter Purchaser.]

PURCHASER

Have you an automatic monkey?

TOYMAKER

[Showing a toy monkey.] We have just what you want. This monkey is a bargain, and very fine.

PURCHASER

O no, I want a great big monkey, something very natural.

TOYMAKER

I'm afraid we have nothing to suit you.
ASSISTANT TOYMAKER

Mr. Toymaker, we have just finished that big automatic monkey; perhaps that might suit the lady?

TOYMAKER

Fine: bring it here.

[Brings on the monkey. Should be a boy dressed as a monkey. Song "The Monkey Doodle-Doo." Sung by children and assistants, with boy stunts. Children go out. Enter WOMAN with her spoiled boy, blubbering, and crying. Boy should be fat, overdressed, always eating.]

WOMAN

Mr. Toymaker, haven't you some kind of very costly toy for my dear precious? [To Boy] Won't mother's precious baby stop crying? Want this pretty picture? [Hands him a picture.]

BOY

I just hate pictures! [Tears up picture, and misbehaves in every way possible.]

WOMAN

He has a room full of toys at home, but he soon tires of them. I have plenty of money, and my only wish in life is to make my precious little boy happy.

TOYMAKER

[Aside] Of all things, that is the limit. As much suffering as there is in this world and as many poor children as there are in need of bread, her only wish in life is "to make her

precious boy happy." Her precious, indeed! my dreams and someone to call "Granny." If I could have that precious of hers across my knee and administer to him an old fashioned flogging-like mother used to give-with my razor strop, I'd make a man out of him. | To Woman | How's this Teddy Bear?

BOY

I don't want it! I just hate Teddy Bears. [Throws Teddy Bear across room.]

TOYMAKER.

Here's a very fine engine.

BOY

I don't want it! I just hate engines. Say, mister, have you got a bubble pipe that will blow bubbles as big as this house?

TOYMAKER

I have lots of bubble pipes. Maybe, if you try them all, you may find such a one among them. [To Assistant] Tell the children to bring back my bubble pipes, - they're forever blowing bubbles.

[Song: "Blowing Bubbles." Enter BOY PURCHASER.]

TOYMAKER

What can I do for you, my little man?

> BOY PURCHASER Mr. Toymaker,

the boys at school talk so much about their grandmothers. Grandmothers must

be wonderful. I haven't a real grandmother, but father gave me this picture of her. Have you a doll that looks like that?

TOYMAKER

How's this one?

BOY PURCHASER

Ah, fine! Now I can have a grandmother in

ISONG: "Granny."]

TOYMAKER

Well, madam, I have shown you everything except some wonderful mechanical dolls, but the cheapest of these is five hundred dollars,



"I just hate pictures!" and up.

WOMAN

I don't care what they cost, if they will interest my precious boy and make him happy.

TOYMAKER

[To Assistant] Bring in those expensive dolls,

[Very tiny children sing: "I Want a Doll." TOYMAKER

I have a few more toys in the annex, which I will show you. Just step this way.

[Exit Toymaker, Woman, and Boy, who is lagging, eating apples and being coaxed by Woman. Enter two Orphans, a boy and a girl, cold, ragged, and hungry.]

BOY ORPHAN

Poor little sister, you are so tired. Lie here. [Takes off coat and spreads it on floor for sister to lie upon.] I am sure I can find some bread in such a happy place as this. Ah! here is an apple. Eat it; it will keep you until some kindhearted person comes and gives us bread. [Boy ORPHAN sits in a chair, GIRL ORPHAN leans on his lap; he puts his arm around her, she goes to sleep.]

BOY ORPHAN

My story book says the blue-bird brings happiness. I wish I could find a blue-bird now, for we are so cold and hungry. [BOY ORPHAN falls asleep. SONG: "Blue-bird." BLUE-BIRD enters,]

BLUE-BIRD

I am Blue-bird. I can tell you how to find happiness.

BOY ORPHAN

[Still asleep.] Then do tell me how to find happiness for my little sister and me.

BLUE-BIRD

Whatsoever things, therefore, ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye have them, and ye shall have them. [Blue-Bird exits, singing chorus of "Blue-bird." Boy and GIRL ORPHANS kneel in prayer. Enter ANGELIC MESSENGER.]

ANGELIC MESSENGER

I have come, in answer to your prayer.

ORPHANS Messenger of God, we ask of you to bring us

Messenger of God, we ask of you to bring us happiness.

If you will send us a home and someone to love us, we will be very happy.

ANGELIC MESSENGER

A home you shall have and love, too; for there is no happiness without

[Exit Angelic Messenger, chanting "Evening Prayer." Boy Orphan slowly awakes, looking surprised, dazed, and then happy.]

BOY ORPHAN

Sister, wake up! Did you see them? A pretty blue-bird.

like mother used to tell us about, came and told us to pray for happiness, and an Angel Messenger appeared and promised us a home with someone to love us.

TOYMAKER

[Enter TOYMAKER, WOMAN and BOY.] And where did you come from, little folks; where is your home?

BOY ORPHAN

We have no home. Father was killed in the war, and mother died last week of influenza. We were so lonely, we started out to find some bread and happiness. When we saw the bright lights and the pretty toys through the window, we thought surely here we would find happiness. [Boy starts towards the Boy Orphan.]

WOMAN

Come away, my precious; you must not go so near such dirty waifs! [To Orphans.] You poor little children, I am a very rich woman, and am very generous to you poor people. You say you are looking for happiness? Then I will give you all these expensive toys, which my dear precious doesn't seem to appreciate or want. [Gives toys to Orphans, Boy Orphan looks disappointed.]

GIRL ORPHAN

But, lady, we are hungry and cold and the Blue-bird and the Messenger said we would find here a home and someone to love us and then we would be very happy.

BOY

Say, Ma, may I take this boy home? I want someone to play with. I want a sure-enough boy to play with. I don't want all those dolls. They're for girls to play with. What's the use of boxing gloves, and nobody to box? What's the use of a base-ball bat, and nobody to play ball with? Come on home with me, boy, and we will be pals! [GIRL ORPHAN clings to brother.]

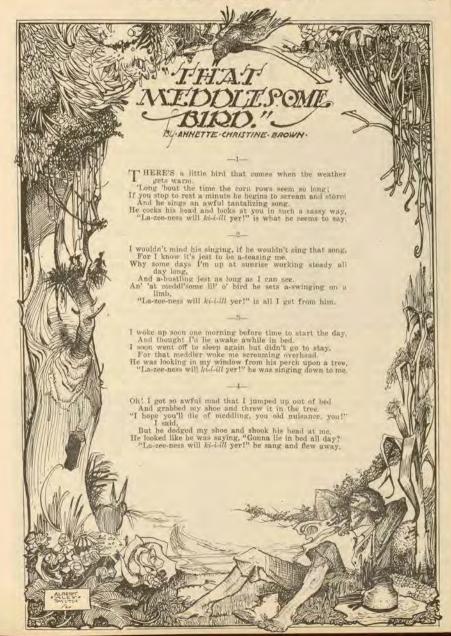
WOMAN

Well, of all things! Then we'll take home both children, and the little girl can have these pretty toys and dolls, and we'll have a very happy family.

> [Song: "Come Along to Toy Town." Have each group march on the stage, singing, Form a pretty group-picture.

> Any new popular song which will fit the occasion may be substituted for the songs mentioned throughout the play.]







THE JUDGE



AST week we were having Funor at least talking about it, which is about the same thing—well, no, Billy, but at least one kind of fun. And somebody—I forget who—

suggested Writing and Swimming and Drawing and Making Things and Loving People.

I am going to take these backwards—

"Which is the way with Grown-ups," remarks William.

Which is; and the WHY is that the biggest thing should come first when you're talking but when you're working it comes last.

"Don't you think," asks Wilhelmina, sedately, "that it would be much better the other way round and help to make us all Great and Good? For instance, if I could BEGIN by being a Great Writer or a Wonderful Singer—or—"

Ah, yes! dear Wilhelmina. Beginnings then would be easy, but Endings! Never. There would be no vision; no hopes, only regrets. You see, now, with the big task always ahead and always growing bigger—

"That's the fun of Making Things"-

Yes. And of all the human joys it is the greatest—save one.

"I bet God was mighty tickled Saturday night-"

"Why, Billie!" warns William,

Never mind, William! Of course Billy is a bit irreverent but he's got the Truth. That next Sunday I'm sure the morning stars sang together and the Sons of God shouted for joy. Yes! Making Things—that's the ticket, that's the fun—making mud pies, making kites, building huts, building houses and cathedrals and pictures and souls.

"But," says William, "how about getting them ready-made?"

"Not nearly so much fun. I NEVER had a doll I loved as well or who was as intelligent as old rag Dinah," answers Wilhelmina.

"And that old kite I made," says Billie, "was not as pretty as Sam's store kite but it 'ud go a heap higher."

"But some bought things ARE better," persists William,—"like sleds and homes and skyscrapers."

But somebody made them and had joy in their creation and we who bought them could only use them and never, never know the fierce, sweet, tired, biting joy of the "Alleluia, 'tis done!"

"Drawing is making, too," says Wilhelmina.

Yes—it's making Beauty and here we come to the great Trinity of Life—Truth and Beauty and—

"Love," says William.

Yes,—love. Love makes life. Love is life. Without Love we cannot live. God is love and Love is God.

"But what is love?" asks Billie.

Ask the wise Billikins. It's just what he feels for mother and father and sister and brother and the cat. It's cement which binds together the breaking selfishness of men. Babies are all love—

"Billikins ain't."-says Billie positively.

Except for little angry insistent waves of self that come pouring over and drowning Love—

"An'," blurts Billie, "when you get Wilhelmina's size, them waves get awful big—don't they?"

"Billy, you're a horrid-little dear!"

Which shows the waves are not so mighty after all.

"And Swimming?" says William.

It doesn't seem to belong just in this class—and yet and yet! The world is water save for bits of land. Oceans of air and water stream around us all our lives and it is a marvelous wonder to penetrate them—to cleave through them—to dash them back and down and under and slip naked over their green and singing bubbles. I love to swim—don't you?

"I can't," says Billie.

Learn!

And last, not least—Writing! Get the habit.

The world is full of things to be touched. It's fuller of things seen—it's fullest of things thought. The Thought World is without end in space or time. And we grasp it by writing. It's hard to write well—that is clearly,—because Thoughts are always big, shadowy, dim

things. But try getting hold of them and reducing them to words. Oh, but it's glorious. Did you ever keep a diary? Or write poems? Or stories?

My! but what you've missed in Fun! Try it. Try it every day!

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THE GROWN-UPS' CORNER

WE Editors of THE BROWNIES' BOOK have adopted the Grown-Ups' Corner for ourselves this month, because there are one or two things we wish to say. Perhaps you think that the only sort of letter we care to publish in this department are letters praising this magazine. But that is not the case. Of course we are always glad to get such letters, very glad and extremely grateful. Getting out a magazine, especially a new kind of magazine—for we believe our venture is unique—is a difficult task and we are very much helped when some one takes the trouble to tell us that our efforts are appreciated.

But we want to be of help along every line. This is May; the end of the school-year is almost here. If you would like to ask us questions about the advisability of your boy working or playing in the summer, ask us. Ask us where or how children should spend their vacation, what should they read (besides THE BROWN-IES' BOOK), or how may they improve their time, should they study, and so on.





Consult with us about the child that has some special gift or talent. Ask us to furnish figures and names to prove that it does pay in every way, spiritually as well as materially, to educate our boys and girls up to the finest that is in them. Tell us what colored heroes and heroines you would like us to talk about, what foreign countries you would like described, briefly what dark children—and white too, for that matter, for we colored people must set the example of broadness—are doing all over the glorious world.

And offer us all sorts of suggestions. We need them and truly want them.

But above all, make use of this column. If you want information about dark people along any line ask our "Mr. Judge", as one of our little readers calls him. He knows. Don't you remember he said in the first issue of THE BROWNIES' BOOK, "I know all things, except a few"? Try him and see how very few indeed are those things which he doesn't know.

THE JURY



I HAVE never liked history because I always felt that it wasn't much good. Just a lot of dates and things that some men did, men whom I didn't know and nobody else whom I knew, knew anything about. Just something to take up one hour of the three hours left after school.

But since I read the stories of Paul Cuffee, Blanche K. Bruce and Katy Ferguson, real colored people, whom I feel that I do know because they were brown people like me, I believe I do like history, and I think it is something more than dates.

I read these stories to a little friend of mine, Beatrice Turner, who is only eight years old, and she said, "Now that's just the kind of history I like. Won't you ask THE BROWNIES' BOOK to tell some more stories like that? I would like so much to know the story of John Brown. I have heard so many people talk about him and we used to sing a song about him, but nobody seems to know what he really did,—I don't."

I do wish that you would tell that story sometime in THE BROWNIES' BOOK, and I am sure that all of the readers of THE BROWNIES' BOOK would enjoy it. I hope that I am not asking you too much.

And I wish too, if you can find them, that you would publish the pictures of Katy Ferguson and Paul Cuffee,—especially of Katy Ferguson. Of course both of them were perfectly wonderful, but I just love to think about that nice old lady and all she accomplished, although she began with nothing. When I think how much more happily colored girls start out in life now it seems to me we ought to be able to accomplish almost anything.

POCAHONTAS FOSTER, Orange, N. J.

[We feel that we must reproduce, just as they stand, the charming letters of two charming young ladies of four and six years. The elder young lady, Miss Helen A. Woods, sent the draw-

HAVE never liked history because I always ing as her contribution to The Brownies' felt that it wasn't much good. Just a lot Book,—The Editors.]

Dear Miss Fauset:

I cannot read very well but I like pictures. Yours,

SARAH L. WOODS, Corona, L. I.

Dear Miss Jessie Fauset:

I like The Brownies' Book very much. And I read The Brownies' Book as much as I can. I hop some day to be able to write some-

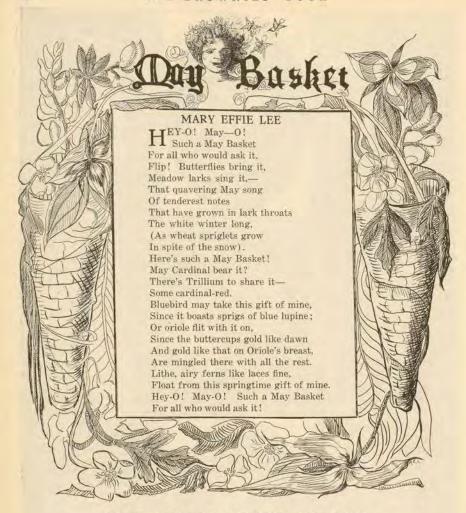
thing better than this my self.

Yours respectable, Helen A. Woods, Corona, L. I.





Our Little Jury



THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY



AY, it seems, has been the playmonth of the world, and that is why, perhaps, it has received so much attention in song and story, for this attitude is one which

reaches back through many centuries and to many lands. The name May clearly comes from the word Maia, which was what the Romans called this lovely month,—though Maia was third in the Roman calendar, instead of fifth as in ours. The custom of celebrating the first day of May with flowers, mirth and song, originally had nothing to do with the coming of the month but was simply an echo from the celebration which the Romans used to hold for Flora, the goddess of flowers. This usually began the

twenty-eighth of Apr.ll and lasted until the second of May.

Now where did the Romans in turn get their inspiration for these festivities? From the people of the sun, the dark people of India and Egypt, where it was customary to celebrate in honor of nature's fertility which is most apparent in the spring after the long, cruel winter. The Egyptians used to offer sacrifices to their god Moloch, and the Indians used to light fires to the god Bel. In this particular the Indian and Egyptian influence has seemed to come directly to England—where May Day is most observed,—without having first come through Roman hands.

For up until comparatively recent years, in the Highlands of Scotland and of Ireland, in the Isle of Man, and in Cornwall, England, bonfires have been kindled on May Day. These fires were called "Beltine". Now in the language spoken in Cornwall, and in the language spoken in Ireland, "to tine" meant "to light a fire,"—so "Beltine" meant lighting a fire to Bel, which is exactly what the people of India used to do to honor their god of that name.

Many strange and beautiful and lasting things have come from ancient Africa and mysterious Asia.

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English people in these times and for many years back have taken most kindly to "celebrating the May". Even yet on May Day morning boy choristers assemble on top of the tower of Magdalen College, at the quaint and famous University of Oxford. At five o'clock in the morning they gather there and sing:

* We worship Thee, oh, Father, God, We praise Thee God all things above; Our bodies Thou dost kindly keep, Our hearts fill with divinest love.

No one seems sure of the origin of this beautiful custom.

Everyone in the early days lent himself to the spirit of May Day. People in country-places

would go "a-maying",—that is, go off to the woods and come back at night laden with flowers and hawthorne. That was a merry time! Doors and windows were festooned with garlands of green and flowers intertwined with gay ribbons. Boys and girls danced on the village-green and no one was too high and mighty to join in. Even kings and queens have been known to help swell the fun of such occasions,—but probably they enjoyed it more than their subjects ever guessed. It can be dull work,—being a king or queen!

May Day has been celebrated in many ways in different parts of England. In London and Cheltenham, the chimney-sweeps used to blacken their faces and parade about in small bands. Their clothing would be gay with color,-red, blue and yellow,-oddly arranged, and one of them would always go dressed as a woman. The music provided by their band was not much to boast of, for usually it consisted only of fiddles and whistles, but who needs a string orchestra when his heart is gay and the Maytime is here? In the center of the procession was a bush, and from time to time the sweeps would dance around this and strike playfully,-let us hope! -at the by-standers, with the spoons or ladles or bladders fastened to long sticks, which they held in their hands.

Sometimes they were accompanied by a fantastic figure called "Jack-in-the-Green". This was usually a man concealed within a tall frame work covered with green twigs, herbs and flowers, with a flag waving at the top. The chimney-sweeps, you may be sure, did not furnish all this revelry for nothing, but expected, and usually got, a shower of half-pennies.

In Debden and Saffron Walden in Essex, little girls carry garlands and dolls, sometimes two, one large and one small. Through the streets they parade, singing quaint carols. In Cambridge the children swing dolls in a hoop of flowers and sing:

The first of May is Garland Day, And chimney-sweepers' Dancing Day: Curl your locks as I do mine, One before and one behind.

The dolls are supposed to represent the Virgin and her Child. So once again our thoughts turn toward Egypt and the East where the world had its beginnings.

^{*} They sing this in Latin as follows:

Te Deum Patrem colimus, Te laudibus prosequimur; Qui corpus cibo reficis, Coelesti mentem gratia.

Not only children take part in these May Day games. Very often the Grown-ups make preparations, too. In Liverpool and Birkenhead, the shopwindows, even before May Day, are gay with rosettes and braids of bright ribbon, and fancy bells. Then when May Day arrives the carters and drivers clean their wagons and curry their horses, and bedeck both with ribbons. About twelve o'clock a grand procession passes through the most important streets. The carts are covered with artificial flowers. and the horses, sleek and velvety, are resplendent with brass and bells and even, sometimes, with rich materials. In the wagons are fine specimens representing the industry which the driver pursues. That is a glorious day for man and beast,-the best of food and drink is handed out to the driver, and the horse is abundantly fed. This custom is nearly two centuries old.

In other parts of England the milkmaids furnish the entertainment. For a week beforehand they go about, borrowing, or at least getting the promise of, silver cups, tankards and trays. These are hung around the milking pail with flowers and ribbons and arranged so that they form a sort of pyramid, which the milkmaids carry on their heads! As Mother Goose said of "poor old Robinson Crusoe," we

"wonder how they can do so!"

But they do.

Through the village streets and across the green they dance to the tune of the bagpipe or fiddle, or call on their customers who greet them with small gifts. Their favorite cow accompanies them sometimes on these rounds. At such times Bossy's appearance is very brave and fine; her horns are gilded, ribbons festoon her sleek, dappled sides, and she is hung with trailing wreaths of oak leaves and flowers.

The grown-ups that are seen most often, however, and in all parts of England, are those that take part in the famous Morris Dance. The number of dancers varies from five to twelve, but whatever their number they are a marvellous sight to see. At first one thinks they are all over bells, for bells hang from their girdles, their garters, their sleeves, the ends of scarves and bits of lace which they wear, and sometimes they carry a shaker of bells in their hands. They wear silver paper or cloth covered with figures. Their steps and motions are often very strange, sometimes weird, and thez agair very graceful. This dance was

brought to England by the English John of Gaunt when he came back from Spain. The word "Morris" comes from the word "Morrisco" which means Moorish. For it was the Moors who introduced this dance into Spain, bringing it over from northern Africa.

Thus dances known first in sunny Africa, beside the blue Mediterranean, are seen today in merry England within the sound of the booming Atlantic.

SS SS

It is impossible to think of celebrating May Day without a May Pole. An old English writer—how queer his spelling seems these days!—says:

"The tall May-Pole formed the principal attraction of May Day. It is covered with flowers and hearbs (herbs), and bounde with strings of different colours, and often two or three hundred men, women and children follow it with great devotion, and when it is raised and they have feasted, they begin to leap and daunce about it,—"

Long, long ago in England people would come back from their "maying" in a long procession carrying branches of trees and flowers. In the centre of the procession would be those bearing the May Pole all gay with wreaths and ribbons. Usually it was of birch and set up only for the day, but in London and some of the large towns the poles were of tough wood and set up for a long period of time. There is one in Lostock in Lancashire which was set up in the reign of King John.

The May Pole is thought to have come from India and probably was used among the people of that country much as the totem pole is used among Indians of the West today.

The world is really very small and East and West are always meeting!

SS SS

Many songs and superstitions are connected with the month of May. Listen, girls!

If you bathe your face in dew early on the first of May you will be beautiful the whole year 'round.

Never choose May for your wedding month. Marriages in May always turn out unhappily.

If you count the number of living objects which you see when you first look out the window on the first of May, you will know how many years will elapse before you marry.

May is the month when lovers make love,

when shepherds play on their flutes, when children begin their games. It is the spring time of the year, of the world and of the heart. It is the great holiday—"holy day" they used to call it—of all the seasons. Over all presides the gracious Lady May. Shut your eyes and picture the shepherd lads and lassies dancing gaily over the green and singing the old ballad of May Day:

Come trip along whilst level sunbeams play, And fire the green with golden light: Let every maiden and younker gay Be as fairy maid and sprite; Soft fall your feet as fall the dews of night, And o'er the green like fireflies twinkle

For the Ladye May, fairest Ladye May, Bringeth in the shepherd's Holy daye.

But long before the rosy English shepherd thought of this, slim, bronze Indian and Egyptian keepers of herds on Eastern plains, were singing their songs to Lady May.



SPRING SONGS

IESSIE FAUSET .

The Runaway Kite

M Y kite broke loose on a windy day,
And 'way, 'way up in the air it flew;
And though I've sought for it, far and near,
It has never come back from the lofty blue.
Now where does it stay, and what does it see,
And what all day long does it find to do?

I think that it floats on a snowy cloud Or jauntily rides on a saucy breeze; And when it gets weary it flutters down To the shelter of tall and stately trees; Or the fairies may use it as a sail For their fairy barks that patrol the seas.

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The Singing Top

O N sunny days I spin my top From morning until noon; It whirls in rings, And hums and sings



This little pleasant tune,—
"Sweet April comes, then leafy May,
And then comes golden June!"

55 55

The Teasing Hoop

M Y hoop goes trundling down the street
And I go skipping after,
And as it bounds along so fleet,
It says with elfin laughter:
"Make up your mind that in this race
You're bound to have the second place,
No matter, child, how hard you try,
You cannot run as fast as I."



"Salt! Vinegar! Mustard! Pepper!"

S PRING evenings after supper
When we're all dressed up so neat,
We children take our skipping-rope
And play out in the street.
You never heard such noise and mirth,
Or saw such nimble feet.

We jump all sorts of fancy ways,—
"High water, water low",
And some of us jump "Double Dutch",—
We do it fast or slow;
But "Vinegar, mustard, pepper, salt!"
Is the favorite, you know.



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Adventures on Roller Skates

O^N April afternoons I say,
"Mama, I'd like to skate today."
She thinks I'll play out in the street
With Maude and Harold Jones and Pete,—
But really I go far away.

Sometimes I skate in Switzerland, With ice-clad hills on every hand; Sometimes I'm off in Russia far,— (They still talk there about the czar!) I'm never here, you understand!



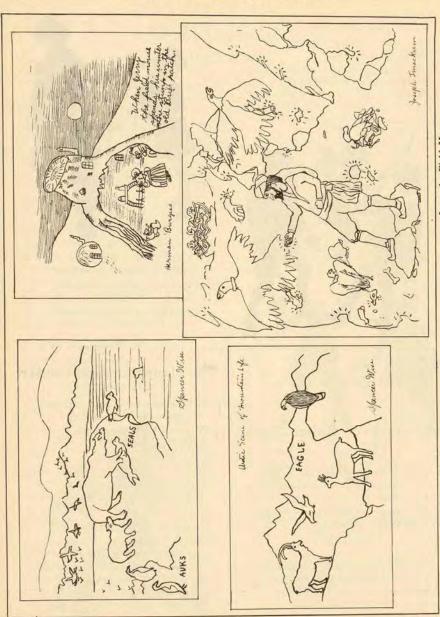
I skate in Greenland; Norway, too, And skim its flords of icy blue. When I get back my mother calls, "Come in before the dampness falls!" She'd wonder if she really knew!

S S S

The Happy Organ-Grinder

THE organ man comes down our street
On afternoons of later May,
And just as soon as he appears,
I actually forget to play.
He is a ragged man and old,
His day's work ought to make him weary;
And yet he smiles and smiles at me
And always seems so bright and cheery.

Perhaps his organ keeps him so,—
He makes it play such glorious things!
And when he sees me listening there
He throws his gray head back and sings.
His song excites me, makes me know
I'm listening to some thrilling story.
My brother says the words are these,—
"Frenchmen, arise, awake to glory!"



Arctic Scene Sinbad in the Valley of Diamonds Arctic Scene of Mountain Life Contributions from Our Young Artists

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE



HAT sort of story do you like best? I confess my favorite is the one where the poor or unknown boy or girl, man or woman, struggles up, up, up until he becomes rich

or famous, or useful, or the leader of his people, the saviour of his fatherland. All other stories of no matter how splendid adventures and achievements fade into nothing for me beside the heroes who mount-as the Romans used to say-per aspera ad astra, "through rough ways to the stars"! And when the stories are of real people who have passed through real suffering and have achieved real triumph, my admiration goes beyond all bounds. Even if the hero afterwards meets with misfortune, what of that? Everything that has been done once, may be done again, and some day some man realizing what one before his time has accomplished, will do all that and more. Sometimes a defeat can be more splendid than a victory.

Toussaint L'Ouverture, the hero of this story, came of a royal line. His grandfather was Gaou Guinou, King of the Arradas, a powerful tribe on the West Coast of Africa. The son was captured by a hostile tribe and sold into slavery in one of the West Indian islands, Santo Domingo. Here his son, Pierre Dominic Toussaint, better known as Toussaint L'Ouverture, was born in 1743, a slave but the grandson of a king!

Nothing very much is known of his boyish days, except that he was very intelligent and loyal. Because of his faithfulness he rose rapidly from the occupation of shepherd to coachman and thence to the position of foreman of the large plantation where he lived.

He was always fond of reading, and managed remarkably enough to become acquainted with one or two foreign languages; certainly he knew Latin. His tastes were various but chiefly he read the writings of Epictetus, himself once a slave in Greece, who later became a philosopher. Isn't that a fine picture—this boy on the tropical plantation reading the works of one whose early life had been as his own and who later on arose to fame? Besides Epictetus, Toussaint read Plutarch's "Lives", and several very technical, informing works on warfare and the conduct of battles.

But chiefly he liked the Frenchman Diderot's "History of the East and West Indies", in which Diderot, writing under the name of Abbé Raynal, said:

"Nations of Europe, your slaves need neither your generosity nor your advice to break the sacrilegious yoke which oppresses them. They only need a chief sufficiently courageous to lead them to vengeance and slaughter. Where can this great man be found? Where is this new Spartacus? He will appear, we cannot doubt it; he will show himself to raise the sacred standard of Liberty and gather round him his companions in misfortune! More impetuous than the mountain torrents they will leave behind them on all sides the ineffaceable signs of their great resentment!"

Self-confidence is a part of greatness. Modesty is a good thing, a fine thing, but one does not get very far on that quality alone, no matter how deserving. Toussaint, poring over these words from his youth up, feeling more and more keenly the horror of his condition, finally became convinced that these words applied to him and that he was that promised leader. Yet fifty years elapsed, before even he acted on this. When he was fifty-four he tells us: "Since the blacks are free they need a chief, and it is I who must be that leader predicted by the Abbé Raynal."

The island of Hayti and Santo Domingothese two provinces form the same island, you must remember-was in a terrible plight in those days. Fighting, misgovernment, slavery and disaster ruled on all sides. Three powerful nations of Europe, England, France and Spain, were warring with each other because of their interests, and rebellions on the part of the slaves were constantly breaking forth against their various masters. French slavery flourished most in Hayti, where conditions were unspeakable for over a century. Finally, after the outbreak of the French Revolution, the Haytians sent two delegates to Paris. One of them, Ogé, on his return started a small rebellion which led to much bloodshed.

Now many black Haytians had in various ways achieved their actual freedom, but did not have the rights of freemen. In order to offset the consequences of Ogé's rebellion France granted to these free Negroes all civil privileges, making them free in deed as well as in nan.e. Immed.ately a new confusion arose, for the free Negroes took up arms against the white owners of slave plantations and four hundred and fifty-two thousand slaves rose up to take sides with them.

This was in August, 1791. Toussaint, still a foreman on his master's plantation, felt his time had come. He first helped Bayou de Libertat, the overseer in general of the plantation, who had been very kind to him, to escape with his wife and family. Then he enlisted in the Negro camp. He was a surgeon at first, but in the general confusion he realized that a good drill-master would be of more service and so he began to train and direct. His early reading doubtless helped him out here, but he was a natural leader, and generalship came as easily to him as breathing.

He seems to have been fitted in every way for the position which was finally his. His tastes and needs were extraordinarily simple. As a rule his meals consisted of a few oatmeal cakes, two or three bananas and water. He never touched wine. Nothing was too strenuous or fatiguing for him; he did not know the meaning of fear. He could do without sleep and frequently went with no more than two hours of slumber a night, and he was a magnificent horseman. Then too, he had "good luck". In seven years of campaigning he was wounded nineteen times and never once seriously. He had great personal magnetism and impressiveness and an abundance of self-confidence.

At first Toussaint allied himself with the Spanish who were fighting the French. Under his leadership the Negro troops advanced from victory to victory. It was at this time that Toussaint took on the extra name of L'Ouverture, because he believed that he was "the opening" or door to brighter things for his fellowmen. In spite of his many triumphs and his steady advance he never stooped to base actions, never inflicted unnecessary cruelty or imposed punishments purely for revenge. And it was proverbial among French, Spanish and English that he never broke his word.

Now although Toussaint had taken up arms against France, his heart was really with the French. Theirs were the traditions, customs and training that he really admired and with which he would have preferred to ally himself.

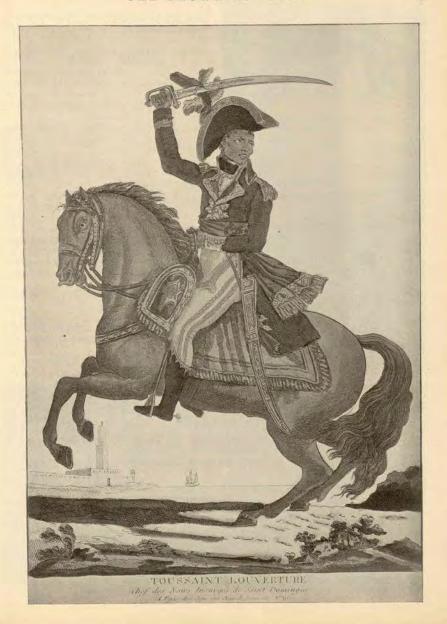
When, therefore, the French, hard pressed by British and by Toussaint's troops alike, finally proclaimed the abolition of slavery in Hayti, Toussaint immediately left the Spanish and united with the French. From this stand nothing could move him. General Maitland, head of the English forces, offered the supreme control of Hayti to Toussaint. But he refused. He wanted slavery abolished, but he wanted to be free under France.

By 1800, Haytian affairs had begun to calm down. The Spanish and English forces withdrew, and the French, although unwillingly, left the island also, with L'Ouverture as Commander-in-chief of Forces. He showed himself as able a ruler in peace as in war. He drew up a constitution under which Hayti was independent. He was to be governor or president for life and had the power to name his successor. There was to be religious freedom throughout the province and the ports of the island were to be thrown open to the world.

He sent a draft of this constitution to France for official confirmation. But Napoleon, alas! had never forgiven the Haytian warrior for his successful resistance to France. Instead, therefore, of honoring Toussaint's suggestion, the French ruler sent an immense army of 60,000 men to the island, to call on him to surrender. When Toussaint saw the fleet coming into the harbor he knew resistance was useless and rushed to Cape François to tell his people not to take part in an opposition which could avail them nothing. But he arrived there too late. His General, Christophe, had refused to let the white troops land and the fighting was already on. Toussaint felt that he must for loyalty's sake join in, but the odds were too heavy and he was forced to retreat.

As it happened both Toussaint's own son, Isaac, and his step-son, Placide, had been sent to France to complete their education. These Napoleon had sent back with the fleet to Hayti, and these were now brought to their father by the French General LeClerc to urge him to surrender to France. Toussaint, who was both proud and just, told the boys to choose between him and their foster country, he would love them none the less, no matter what their decision.

Strangely enough, Isaac, his own son, said, "You see in me a faithful servant of France, who could never agree to take up arms against



her." But Placide, who was bound to him by no tie of blood, but who owed all his position and training to him, exclaimed, "I am yours, father! I fear the future: I fear slavery. I am ready to fight to oppose it. I know France no more!"

Isaac returned to LeClerc to tell him his father's and brother's decision, but Placide stayed and fought at the head of a Negro battalion.

It is sad to admit that Toussaint finally had to yield. He retreated to his home at Gonaives and even then he might have lived out a peaceful and comparatively happy existence. But, induced by a message, he visited, unarmed and alone, the house of a treacherous General Brunet, where he was seized, put in irons, placed on board the French man-of-war Héros and taken with his wife and children to Brest. They never saw Hayti again.

He never lost his superb courage. He said to his captors, "In overthrowing me, you have only cut down the trunk of the tree of Negro Liberty. Its roots will sprout again, for they are many in number and deeply planted!"

At the harbor of Brest in France he bade a final good-bye to his family, and was removed to Fort Joux on the edge of the Jura Mountains. Here he was placed in a damp dungeon which in itself was fatal to a man used as he was to tropical light and sunshine. He was very closely confined here, every indignity heaped upon him, his faithful servant Mars Plaisir was taken from him and finally, lest he should commit suicide, his watch and razor were removed.

 But this sort of insult meant nothing to that unvanquished spirit. "I have been much misjudged," he said scornfully, "if I am thought to be lacking in courage to support my sorrow."

For eighteen months he lingered on. Then one day the governor of the prison took a holiday, leaving things in charge of Lieutenant Colomier, and hinting to him that if the venerable Haytian were dead on his return, there

would be no inquiries made. It is pleasant to know that Colomier, far from responding to such a dastardly hint, took advantage of the governor's absence to give Toussaint coffee and other comforts which he had so long desired. The governor, finding on his return that his trick had not worked, took, not long after, another holiday. This time he took the keys with him, and left no one in charge, saying that everyone had been attended to.

He stayed away four days. When he came back, Toussaint L'Ouverture lay in his cell cold and dead from starvation.

But does it greatly matter? If he had been asked, which do you think he would have preferred,—life and ease or the implanting and fostering of the idea of liberty in the Negroes of Hayti? No need to guess. His name lives on beyond his own fondest dreams. Lamartine, the French poet, dramatized him; Auguste Comte, the great philosopher, counts him among the fifty finest types of manhood in the world; our own Wendell Phillips, in the oration which all of you know, calls him "soldier, statesman and martyr."

But best of all his influence lives on. Wordsworth truly wrote to him,—

Thou hast left behind Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;

There's not a breathing of the common wind That will forget thee; thou hast great allies; Thy friends are exultations, agonies, And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

It was in April, 1803 that he died. And today Hayti is again struggling against a foreign invasion. But she does not falter. She knows that the spirit of Toussaint lives eternally among her men, urging them ever and always on to freedom. The light of great men lies foreyer across the pathway of those that follow.

Children of the Sun

MADELINE G. ALLISON

DEAR little girl of tender years, Born of a race with haunting fears,— Cry not nor sigh for wrongs done you, Your cloud has silv'ry lining, too. Dear little son, be not in gloom, For fears this world has no more room; God in His Wisdom gave you hue Of which He's proud—yes, proud of you!

LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE MONTH

Little Fairies



ES, these are truly little fairies, not the make-believe fairies of the story book, but real fairies who get lots of happiness out of doing good for others.

These little girls are members of Miss Amanda Kemp's Dancing Class and because they are so tiny and dance so well, they are known as Miss Kemp's Dancing Dolls.

There are many children in New York whose fathers are dead and whose mothers must go out daily to work in order to keep the home together and give the little ones a proper education. The mother can take her children, if they are under seven years of age, to the Hope Day Nursery where they are properly cared for during the day.

The nurses in attendance see that the children left in their charge have the best care, with three meals a day and plenty of milk to make them grow strong. A play teacher teaches them





games and sees that they have lots of fun and plenty of exercise to make them healthy.

Sometimes there are forty of these children a day.

The Board of Managers gives a musical entertainment once a year to help provide funds for the work.

These little fairies, with about twenty others, appear in songs and dances at this big entertainment before three or four thousand people.

These talented children are called fairies because they help others. The good they do is four-fold: 1st, the money from their entertain-

ing makes it possible to care for the children in the nursery; 2nd, they do good to themselves, because it makes them happy to sing and dance; 3rd, the exercise of dancing improves their health and makes them erect and graceful; 4th, they give happiness to a tired audience whose members, after a hard day's work, need amusement.

It is splendid to begin early in life to help our neighbors and take an interest in the community welfare. Are you doing something for the welfare of the children in your community?

DAISY CARGILE REED





CLAYTIME



SOME AFRICAN RIDDLES

Compiled by A. O. STAFFORD

- What house is that without a door?
 Answer—An egg.
- What is that which always goes straight ahead and never looks back?

 Answer—The river.
- 3. What is it that looks both ways when you pass it?
 - Answer—Grass.
- 4. What good thing is it that man eats and which he constantly fastens his eyes upon while eating and then throws half away?
 - Answer-Roasted ear of corn.
- 5. I have two skins, one to lie on and the other to cover myself with. What are they?
 - Answer-The bare ground and the sky.
- I whistle and the people all come running from the forest. What am I?
 Answer—The rain.
- 7. What are the thunder god's garments which fall on the earth?

- Answer-The ends of the rainbow.
- What throws itself from the mountain top without being broken or killed? Answer—A waterfall.
- 9. There is something that travels fast without legs or wings and no cliff, river or wall can stop it?
 - Answer-The voice.
- 10. Who are the twins we always see but they never meet?
 - Answer-The ears.
- 11. Who are the brothers who, though always near, never see each other? Answer—The eyes.
- 12. What house is made entirely of windows?
 - Answer-A fish net.
- 13. What people live in houses without doors or windows which they break open so they may talk?
 Answer—Little chickens.

- 14. Who are the people with long legs who make me run back home?
 - Answer-Drops of rain.
- Name ten little trees, each having a hard white leaf on its top.
 Answer—The fingers.

NE

PROVERBS RELATING TO ANIMALS

- 1. If a dog is not at home, he barks not.
- 2. A heedless dog will not do for the hunt.
- A lurking dog does not lie in the hyena's lair.
- He who cannot move an ant, and yet tries to move an elephant shall find out his folly.
- The elephant does not find his trunk heavy.
- Were no elephant in the jungle, the buffalo would be a great animal.
- If the fly flies, the frog goes not supperless to bed.
- When the rat laughs at the cat, there is a hole.
- 9. The rat has no power to call the cat to account.
- The rat does not go to sleep in the cat's bed.
- 11. The butterfly that brushes against thorns will tear its wings.
- When the fox dies, the fowls do not mourn.
- He who waits to see a crab wink will tarry long upon the shore.
- He who goes with the wolf will learn to howl.
- The goat does not pass the leopard's door.

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NOTE:—That literature of Africa, which is of an oral character and popularly known as folk lore, may be divided as follows:

Riddles, proverbs, animal stories or fables, myths, fairy tales, tribal chronicles, poetry and music

Poetry is sung or chanted and vocal music is rarely expressed without words. The telling of folks tales amounts almost to a passion, it is said, with the people.

The African is a ready extemporizer and not even a child finds difficulty at any time in producing an extemporaneous song.



THE FIRST GAME OF MARBLES

JOSEPH S. COTTER



ONG before the chubby hand of a chubby boy rolled a marble in its chubby palm, clinched it between thumb and fingers and sent it after another, monkeys did the

same. A boy invented cheating at marbles, but

monkeys invented the game.

Skybow was a monkey, and so was Peblow, and that made them a-kin, monkey-wise. Skybow thought the stars pebbles, waiting for a game. Peblow thought the pebbles marbles. begging for a game.

"Here they be," said Peblow, "nice, smooth, round ones. Lend them your paw, Skybow."

"Right you be, Peblow," said Skybow. "We can't game the Stars, but we can toss pebbles." At this they fell to playing. Skybow tossed a pebble, and Peblow rubbed his eye and wrote his respects in the dust with his tail. Skybow read it and aimed nearer the ground next time. Peblow tossed a pebble; and, after Skybow had turned around several times, the while making one long grunt, he shook the pebbles from his ear and wrote a line in the dust with his tail. Peblow read it and said:

"My dear Skybow, the dust is a better playground than our heads."

Then Peblow tossed pebbles to wipe out Skybow's writing, and Skybow tossed pebbles to wipe out Peblow's. This, you see, was the game.

Then the Snake came up and said: "This is no game. To have a real game you must have a taw and a ring. You must toss your pebbles in ones and trebles and whirl about as you knock them out. I stretch me in the dust. Now that line is your taw. I coil me in the dust. Now that circle is your ring. Play now for pebbles and not for eyes and ears."

Skybow and Peblow then played, boy-fashion, and piled up the nice smooth round pebbles by the ring-side.

"Let me play," said the snake. "I'll show you fellows a new wrinkle."

"In the eyes and ears?" asked Skybow and Peblow.

"No," said the Snake, "You are wise enough the Snake got its sting.

to do that. I'll play you a game without hands. I'll swallow all the pebbles and cough them up as I need them in the game."

"Then go it," said Peblow.

"You know it," said Skybow.

The Snake swallowed the pebbles, coiled up and pretended to be asleep.

"Let's have the game," said Peblow.

"I ask the same," said Skybow.

Said the Snake: "There is no use grumbling. The pebbles are in, and you are out. Go write in the dust with your tails and blow out the letters with your mouths. That's a good game."

"I have a thought," said Skybow.

"Let it not go to naught," said Peblow.

Said the Snake: "I'll move on and leave you to think out your thought." The Snake tried to move, but the pebbles weighted it to the ground.

"Let my tail grip the Snake's tail," said Sky-

"Let my tail grip the Snake's neck," said Peb-

"What," said the Snake, "are you going to make me, a skipping rope?" It then curved its neck and wiggled its tail. In those days the Snake carried no poison under its tongue. The poison was in its tail and was harmless.

"I'm turning the Snake by the tail," said Sky-

"I'm turning the Snake by the neck," said Peblow.

"Oh," said the Snake, "for the curve in my neck, and the wiggle in my tail!"

"Oh," said the monkeys, "for the crick in your neck, Brother Snake, and the twist in your tail!"

After Skybow and Peblow were sure that the Snake was a good skipping rope they left it to cough up the pebbles and play its own game. In coughing up the pebbles the poison was drawn from its tail and lodged under its tongue. It straightway became a stinging and poisonous creature, and from that day to this, all other creatures have been its enemies. That's how the first game of marbles was played, and how





SPRING
Wilmington, Delaware, Community Service Arranges a Ball Game at Eden Park

Ourlittestiends

A Present for My Dolly

POCAHONTAS FOSTER

NE whole week I've been looking For a present for my doll. My mamma said to get for her A pretty parasol; My papa said to get her A little golden ring; And brother told me very plain He wouldn't get a thing. My sister said a nice new coat Or something else like that; And Jane said what she thought was nice Would be a velvet hat. But I have bought some candy Which I think is the best-For my doll may take a little-But she'll leave me all the rest.

And, like the moon, I'll do my share To make life's night more bright and fair; And some one who was lost awhile, I know will thank me with his smile At dawn.

Brown Eyes

GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON

LITTLE maid with troubled hair,
Nothing blows than you, more fair,
Sweeter far than breath of morn
In its cradle, newly born.
All the world was made for you,
Beauties rare and mother, too;



The Moon

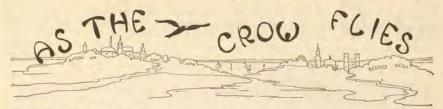
MARJORIE MCKINNEY (Aged nine)

I SAW the moon shining one night,
I looked at her with all my might;
A big, round ball, with eyes and nose—
Where she came from, or where she goes,
I wonder!

In the dark, blue sky she gives us light Each night when she is shining bright; And, like a lamp, the way she shows, (As many a weary traveler knows) Till day.



Every loving heart a nest For your tiny head to rest. Soon the sun to bed will creep, Brown Eyes eery lie to sleep, Steal across the dream-lit sea, Then come sailing home to me!





HIS is the Springtime of the year and I'm certainly glad. I don't mind the cold for I ruffle up my black feathers and draw my neck in right close and sleep quite cozi-

ly in the great stark trees. Or I spread my wide wings and fly and fly and fly until I forget the winter in the singing of the air. But oh! the kiddies, the poor little kiddies of Austria and Poland and Russia, how they suffered and starved and how they welcome the Spring! Caw! Caw! Caw! I welcome it, too.

- Nearly all the governments of the world are beginning to show a willingness to make peace with Russia. They have all been afraid of Russia since the revolution because the Russians have started a new kind of government. In this government the working people have all the power. Nobody can vote who does not work. Other nations declare that the Russian workers have been tyrants and have killed many of the rich and well to do. This is denied by the Russian workers.
- There has been trouble in South America between Chili, Peru and Bolivia, because Chiliseems determined to hold certain territory on the Pacific Ocean which shuts Bolivia out from the sea.
- A revolution is reported in Nicaragua and Honduras in Central America. Most of the people there are colored and trouble has often been fomented by Americans and other white people.
- C Germany is going to buy the Prussian railroads for eight and one-half billion dollars.
- A great railroad strike attempted in France has failed for lack of popular sympathy.
- The population of Porto Rico, which is largely colored, has increased 15.9 per cent since 1910, and is now 1,295,826.
- The Japanese Diet, which is their Congress. has been dissolved because of a widespread de-

franchise and letting larger numbers of people vote. Japan, while a progressive country, is still ruled by a small aristocracy and by the Emperor who has large powers. The mass of the people have hitherto had little voice in the government.

- The Allies decided that Turkey should be stripped of all her territory in Europe except Constantinople and Adrianople and that Thrace and Smyrna be under the Greeks. Afterward President Wilson protested and finally because of continued massacres among the Armenians, Allied troops led by the British have seized Constantinople and are now holding it.
- The Russian Bolsheviki have made a vigorous attack upon the Poles because Poland has been extending her boundaries eastward. She claims that all the territory which ever belonged to ancient Poland should be reincorporated with new Poland, in spite of the fact that much of this territory is now inhabited by people who are not and never were Polish. The Bolsheviki, however, have sent word to the Poles and Finns and Roumanians that they are willing at any time to discuss peace.
- The Italian government has decided to buy no more tobacco from the United States. This is to cut down the number of unnecessary imports because Italy is not exporting enough to pay her debts.
- England and France have decided to repay the five hundred million dollar debt which they borrowed of the United States in 1915. This, of course, is a small part of the total loans made by the United States to the Allies. amount together to the enormous figure of \$9,659,834,649.
- The Portuguese Cabinet has resigned and A. Silva is trying to form a new Cabinet. There are nearly a dozen colored members in the Portuguese Parliament.

Whirl! Whirl! Up, whirl and fly home to my sweet, little, black crowlets. What? You never mand by the political parties for extending the saw baby crows and in the Spring? How screamingly funny! Why I've seen thousands and millions and—well, lots. Come, straight west and fly high. Home we go and I'll show you mine. Ah! But they're black and sweet and bonnie.

 ¶ President Wilson has signed a bill releasing oil lands in millions of acres in the West. Meantime the price of oil and its by-products has been mounting steadily.

¶ At one minute after midnight March 1 the railroads of the United States were returned to private ownership after having been conducted by the United States Government for twenty-

six months.

■ The United States Supreme Court has declared that the United States Steel Corporation does not violate the Sherman anti-trust law. This law was passed to keep big business enterprises from uniting, monopolizing business and crushing out competition. While the steel trust has not crushed out competition as much as other big business, many people think it is dangerous to let any one business grow so large. It has a capital of over one thousand million dolars and is the largest producer of steel in the world.

¶ The Government took up the business of building ships during the war and up to June 20, 1920, it made a net profit of \$166,493,990.

■ Large numbers of people are in jail because they did not believe in the late war and refused to act as soldiers; or because they were convicted of stating their opinions under the Espionage Law. There is a growing demand for their release and it ought to be granted.

■ The Coal Commission appointed by President Wilson to consider the wages of coal miners did not altogether agree, but the miners are going to get an increase of 25 per cent which is fairly satisfactory to them.

¶ Several thousand longshoremen, stevedores, etc., in the port of New York, have struck for higher wages.

There is great difficulty throughout the country and especially in the large cities in securing

teachers for the public schools. The cost of living has risen so rapidly that the teachers' wages are not high enough and many of them are going into other fields of work. There are many movements to increase the salaries paid teachers. During one week in March 36,000 children were sent home from public school for lack of teachers, and throughout the United States 18,279 schools are closed for the same reason.

¶ Fifty thousand bodies of dead American soldiers will be returned to the United States, while 25,000 will remain buried in Europe.

∏ The question of the bonus or gift to be voted soldiers who served in the late war is before Congress. There is a good deal of difference of opinion but most wise people think that it is opportunity rather than gifts which the returned soldiers ought to have.

The United States Income Tax laid a tax upon "stock dividends". It is a widespread custom among corporations when they are earning a good deal of money to increase their stock and give away the new stock of the former stockholders. For instance, a street car company may have a capital of a million dollars and earn \$500,000, which would be 50 per cent of its capital. They, however, issue \$450,000 worth of new stock and give it to their stockholders. This makes a total capital of \$1,450,000 and earnings of \$50,000, which look very small. This stock dividend of \$450,000 was taxed according to the United States Income Law, but the Supreme Court has decided that these dividends cannot be taxed. This decision may be good law, but it is questionable public policy.

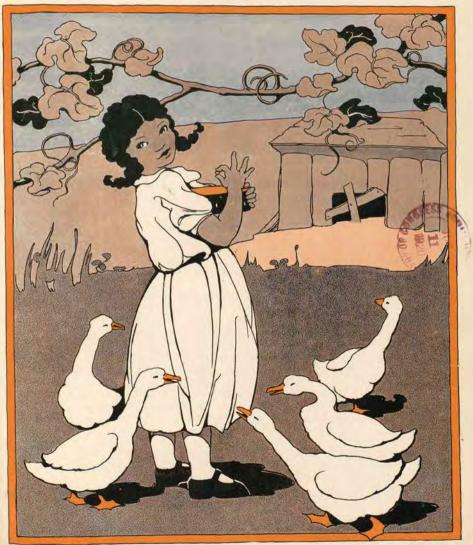
¶ The Presidential Nominating Convention of the Socialist Party which has not been held since 1912 will be held in New York City, May 8.

 ¶ Primary elections for delegates to various conventions which nominate Presidential can- didates are being held throughout the United States. Although many people neglect them, these primary elections are very important.

■ There has been a great strike of workers on the various railroads. The President has hastened to stop it by appointing a new Labor Board which is to consider the matter of wages for railway labor.

The Brownies' Book

JUNE, 1920



Parents

Haven't you often been at a loss to know what magazine to put into the hands of your child? You wanted a magazine that contained suitable pictures and suitable stories—a magazine which would really help in the development of your little one. Now that you have seen "THE BROWNIES' BOOK" won't you bring it to the attention of your neighbors and your friends? It may be just the thing they are looking for for their children!

Children

How many times have you seen your parents and your big brothers and sisters busy reading their magazines? Surely you have wished for a magazine which you could call your very own! We understand quite well and that is why we are happy in bringing this magazine to you. Now that you are acquainted with "THE BROWNIES' BOOK" won't you tell your little playmates about it? It will no doubt bring joy to them as it has brought joy to you!

Teachers

Are you in the same class with that teacher who wrote us the other day?

"I am anxious to find a magazine which I can place in the hands of my children without feeling that I must apologize for the pictures and the stories; one whose pictures and stories will be an inspiration to my boys and girls; one which will encourage them by pointing them to the finest in life and the best in living."

That is just the kind of a magazine we want "THE BROWNIES' BOOK" to be. If you find it worth while won't you tell your pupils and your fellow teachers about it?

DuBois and Dill, Publishers 2 West 13th Street New York, N. Y.

THE BROWNIES BOOK

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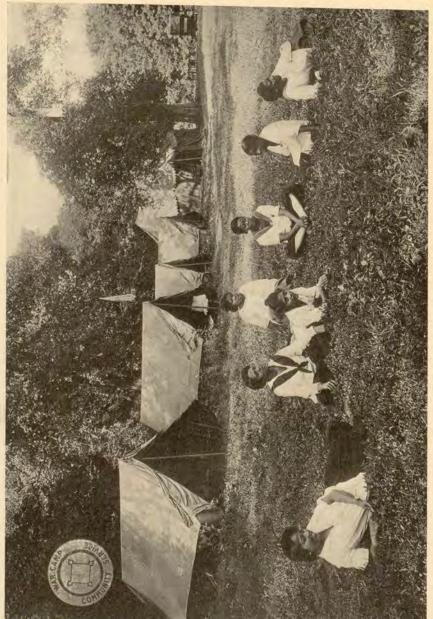
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"What is so rare as a day in June?"

-War Camp Community Service.

The Brownies' Book

Vol. 1

JUNE, 1920

No. 6





N the olden times, long before the white man came to Africa, there was a great chief whose oldest son Kee'mäh was regarded as u youth of rare promise.

In the arts of war as practised by his people Kee'mäh took a leading part and in the assemblies of his tribe where questions of interest were discussed or laws enacted, he became a speaker of force and skill.

In form he was tall, his carriage free and graceful, his eyes dark and full of fire and his color that of old bronze. No father or mother passed him without a feeling of admiration and no maiden saw him without a look of interest. But to Kee'mäh the emotions which his appearance and fine character aroused in others meant nothing, so intent was he in preparing for the day when he would take up the rule of his father.

Like all fathers, Kee'mäh's wished before he died to see his son happily married. So on several occasions the old chief had hinted to Kee'mäh that the time had come for him to select a wife but to these hints the son had turned a deaf ear.

Finally Kee'mäh said to his father: "I will not marry any girl on earth, but for bride I must have a daughter of the Sun and Moon."

The astonishing wish of his son seemed to the old chief a very foolish one—one that could not be realized—one that he dared not discuss with the elders of his tribe, as it would indicate to them that his eldest son, regarded so highly as a youth of courage and wisdom, was

somewhat unbalanced in mind.

But no argument changed this strange wish of Kee'mäh. At last, more to humor his son, the chief called one of his men, famed for his writings on pieces of bark, and told him to write a letter to King Sun and ask for one of his daughters to be the bride of Kee'mäh.

To his son the chief then gave the letter, believing that would be the end of this fanciful wish—but Kee'mäh felt that some way would be found to deliver the letter to King Sun.

As no man of the tribe could make the journey it was suggested that some animal or bird would undertake the unheard of trip. At that time man could converse with the creatures of the jungle and the birds of the air. So the deer was called and asked to deliver the letter.

"On earth I can run with the wind, but without wings I cannot go to the land of the Sun," returned the deer when he heard of the wish of Kee'mäh.

"Call the hawk," replied the anxious youth. But when the hawk heard the message that bird answered, "I fly above trees and rivers, but the land of the Sun is beyond me."

Then the eagle was given the task but his reply was:—

"Though I fly above the clouds on mountain peaks, the home of the Sun is farther than the dwelling place of the thunder and lightning; there I cannot fly."

Now the sorrow of Kee'mäh was great when he heard these answers. He felt that his letter would never be delivered and he brooded much alone, far away from the home of his father, in the silent fields and near the woodland streams.

One day while in this mood Kee'mäh was near a brook, standing under the shade of some tall pine trees, Ma'nu, the frog, hopped near and spoke, "Think no more of your messenger, Kee'mäh. Give me your letter. I will deliver it."

"What! You carry a letter to that far off world?" returned the surprised youth.

"Yes, I, Mà'nu, the frog, will carry your letter to the home of King Sun."

"Should you fail, you and your family can never croak again, and death will come to them all," remarked Kee'mäh.

"But 1 shall not fail," returned the frog, blinking his great eyes,

In much doubt but with hope the young man gave the letter to the frog and under the slope of a hill in a spring that little fellow dropped, holding in his mouth the bit of bark on which the letter was written.

With new hope Kee'mäh returned home and soon there was heard near the spring a faint sound made by two quaint little girls who carried a jug fashioned of clay. The jug was put down into the spring for water. When it was drawn up, Ma'nu, the frog, was hidden in it. One of the little girls lifted the jug upon her head, then both of them mounted a ladder of cobweb made by Anancy, the spider. As soon as they touched the ladder, they travelled faster than the wind blows,—up, up into the air, never stopping, never speaking, until they reached the home of the Sun, in the land of dazzling light.

The two little girls before returning to their rooms, placed the jug of water on a table in the great hall of the palace of King Sun. As soon as they left, Ma'nu, the frog, jumped out of the jug, put the letter on the table and hopped on the floor where he found a corner in which to hide. That night when King Sun returned to rest from his long journey across the sky he went into the great hall which was lighted by the golden beams of his wife and queen—the Moon.

Near the jug of water brought from earth by his water girls, he saw a letter which he read with wonder and surprise: "I, Kee'mäh of earth, eldest son of Chief Kee'mahnah, wish to marry a daughter of the Sun and Moon."

Again and again the King read the strange letter, wondering all the time how any one living

on earth—far, far below, could send a letter to the far off land of his Kingdom, there beyond the clouds.

But sleep called the King and the mysterious letter was forgotten. When all was quiet Mà'nu came from his hiding place, jumped upon the table and was soon at the bottom of the jug.

In the early morning, after King Sun had begun his day's journey to the far west, the two water girls came to the hall for the jug. Down, down the cobweb ladder almost as fast as a flash of light, they descended, never stopping, never speaking, until the spring on earth under the slope of the hill was reached. When they put down the jug into the cool water to fill it, Mà'nu, the frog, hopped out and hid himself from their sight.

After the departure of the water girls the frog went to the village of men and found Kee'mäh who asked at once, "Mà'nu, what became of the letter I gave you?"

"Prince Kee'mäh, I placed the letter on King Sun's table in the hall of his great palace," replied the frog.

"Nonsense, Ma'nu; how could you go to the Kingdom of the Sun?"

"Listen, my Prince; you shall hear the story of my trip to the far off land of King Sun."

Mà'nu then related the story of his ascent with the water girls by way of the cobweb ladder to the land of the Sun and Moon. Each described incident increased the surprise of Kee'mäh, and his admiration for the cleverness of the frog was expressed again and again in words of praise. Taking courage from the recital of Mà'nu, Kee'mäh asked his father to have another letter written, to be delivered the same way.

The next night King Sun was again surprised to read another letter with these words: "I, Kee'mäh of earth, eldest son of Chief Kee'mahnah, wrote you asking for a daughter in marriage. Why did you not answer?"

At once the water girls were called and asked, "From what place do you bring such strange letters?"

The astonished girls replied, "We know of no letters, mighty King; from earth we bring only cool, sparkling water." The Sun made no comment but thought that he would write an answer to the letter and place it upon the table where he had found the other two. So early the next



"Father, when may I see the one who sent this gift of heauty?"

morning, after the King of day had gone forth, Mà'nu came from his hiding place, took the letter and made ready to return to earth in the water jug.

The two girls came merrily into the hall, dancing and singing a little song:—

"Down, down Anancy's ladder we go, Through the cloudland to earth below, To the spring so cool and clear; Then up again its water we bear, For our loved King, so great, so bright, To slake his thirst in the calm of night."

As before, Mà'nu was carried down to earth by the water girls—though those elfin creatures knew not that the frog was hidden within their jug with a letter from King Sun to Kee'mäh.

In due time the letter was delivered and great was the joy of Kee'mäh when he read: "You on earth, the eldest son of Chief Kee'mahnah, who wishes to marry a daughter of the Sun and Moon, first send to her a suitable present."

In a few days a very dainty and handsome necklace of gold and ivory, made by the most skillful goldsmith of Chief Kee'mahnah's tribe, was ready. Then it was given to Manga, one of the wisest of wizards, to touch it with a potent charm. Afterwards Kee'mäh carried the necklace to Ma'nu, the frog, and placed it around his throat as he sat watching under the slope of the hill for the coming of the water girls.

Now King Sun in his daily journeys across the skies had seen many strange sights upon earth and had often wondered at the singular acts of men, but never before was his surprise so great as when he saw on his table in the palace hall, the beautifully carved necklace that had come so mysteriously as a present for one of his daughters.

He admired its beauty for several minutes, then called his youngest daughter, Lâ-mô'-le, by name. When she appeared in the arch of the door King Sun approached and gently placed the gift of Kee'mäh around her neck. The eyes of Lâ-mô'-le twinkled with pleasure as her fingers caressed the gold and ivory links. Then observing the exquisite carving of the ivory and the delicate tracery of the gold, her joy increased and her lips kept repeating, "O father, how beautiful; how beautiful!"

King Sun listened to the words of his daughter and smiled. When her words ceased, he noticed on her face the expression of wonder

quickly change into one of desire. "Father, when may I see the one who sent this gift of beauty?" asked Lâ-mô'-le.

As soon as the question was asked the expression of desire had passed into one of great eagerness, followed by a tinge of expectancy when her father said:—

"That's impossible, my daughter, as the necklace came from earth and I know not its sender except by name Kee'mäh, eldest son of Chief Kee'mahnah."

These words seemed to effect Lâ-mô'-le in a strange way. A feeling of great joy, thrilling and pleasureable, came over her though she knew not the cause,—neither at that time did her father, King Sun.

But Mà'nu, the frog, hidden in the corner of the palace, knew. He knew that her feeling was that of love, love that the charm placed on the necklace by Manga had aroused. When King Sun observed the strange effect of the necklace, he told her of the mysterious letters that had come from Kee'mäh in such a mysterious manner.

This story of wonder and surprise moved Lâ-mô'-le to exclaim, "O father! let him marry me; please let Kee'mäh marry me."

"Tomorrow I will give my answer, daughter," returned her father.

Never did Ma'nu return with such pleasure to earth and never was Kee'mäh so happy as when he heard what had followed, after the necklace had been placed around the slender throat of King Sun's daughter.

Now he knew that Manga was the wisest of men, the most wonderful of wizards.

The next day King Sun in his journey across the sky looked down with great care upon the land of Chief Kee'mahnah. He was pleased with its beauty, the industry of the men and women, the grace and symmetry of the thatched huts, the dignity and poise of Kee'mahnah and his eldest son as they passed among their people.

That night King Sun said to his expectant daughter: "Lâ-mô'-le, I am delighted with what I noticed today on earth in the land of Chief Kee'mahnah. Since his son Kee'mäh found such a clever way to deliver a letter asking for one of my daughters in marriage and then sent a present which has aroused in you such a love for him, I will now find a way for you to

go to earth and become his bride."

Then he called Anancy, the spider, and had him weave stronger than ever, the ladder used by the water girls, as his daughter, Lâ-mô'-le, was to be borne down to earth.

Anancy departed to call to his aid a host of his fellow workers and a few nights later reported that the ladder was strong enough.

Then several water girls were called and kissing his daughter tenderly, King Sun touched her eyes with sleep. The girls then bore her gently to the ladder,—down, down the cobweb steps, now strong as strands of silver, never speaking, never stopping, until they had placed her near the spring and returned to their home in the land of the Sun.

In the morning when Lâ-mô-'le opened her eyes from sleep she looked around her with delight at the green grass, the brilliantly colored flowers, the tall, tapering trees; then to her ears came the hum, chirp and twitter of insects and birds.

How strange and yet how lovely! Then as she touched her necklace there returned that feeling of joy and longing which moved her so strangely when her father first clasped it around her throat.

But these new scenes and fancies were suddenly interrupted as she saw coming toward her with outstretched arms a tall, handsome youth saying, "O beautiful daughter of the Sun and Moon, I am Kee'mäh, eldest son of Chief Kee'mahnah; come be my bride." She shyly held out her hand and as her face lighted with a smile of great charm she said gently,

"I, Lâ-mô-'le, youngest daughter of King Sun and Moon, have come from the land of the sky to wed thee."

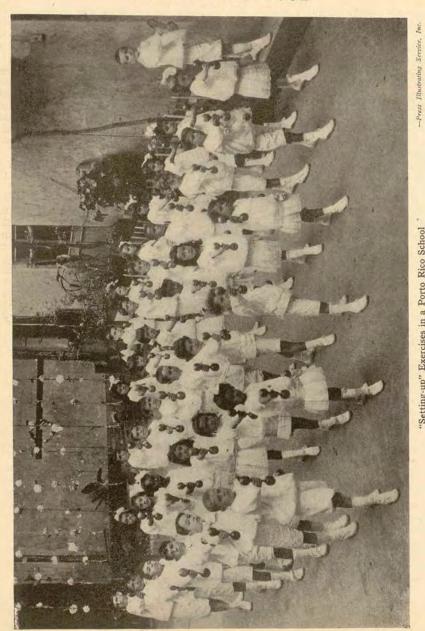
Thus we are told by our elders how in the olden times Kee'mäh, the oldest son of Chief Kee'mahnah, took as bride a daughter of the Sun and Moon, and why the image of Mà'nu, the frog, was carved upon the spears and war horns of his people.



The Playmate

LILLIAN B. WITTEN

HAVE a little playmate I Who stays with me all day, Who helps me do my errands And shares my games in play. And when it's time to go to sleep We have the mostest fun. A-watching all the shadows creep Around us one by one. Nobody sees my chum but me And no one knows his name. I call him "Jimmy Jimminy" And ever since he came, The grown-ups ask me why I play And whisper to myself all day. I say, "O, nothing!" kinda low .-They wouldn't understand you know.



"Setting-up" Exercises in a Porto Rico School

BRINGING A CIRCUS HOME

YETTA KAY STODDARD



HE day before George and York Barry heard that the railroad had been undermined and that the circus would pass near their farm they had given their boat a coat

of bright red paint. Early next morning they punted down to the old bridge, stopping in the shadows beneath. York lay on his back, looking up at the gray frame-work. When an automobile passed he noticed that the long middle beam was broken, that the whole structure was loosely swaying, ready to fall.

"George!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "See there!"

"Why, it's all rotted away!" George whispered.

"And it looks so solid from the other side. Listen! Isn't that the wagons coming? We've got to stop them somehow!" York jumped up. "The old bridge might come down any time."

"How?" they asked. To punt back to a landing place would take too long. Impassable cliffs rose straight on both sides of the stream.

"I'll tell you," York decided. "You hold the punting pole against the uprights and I'll climb it and then crawl up the side of the bridge—I think I can."

George steadied the boat, adjusted the pole, and York started up.

"Wait a minute," said George. The paint can was under the seat. Dipping his handkerchief into it he fastened the moist danger flag to an old iron bar that had long served the boys for a handy tool. This he stuck into York's back pocket and then gave him a boost up the pole.

York, a good climber, soon reached the lowest bridge timber. Another automobile passed. The boys shouted to the driver but the engine and





"I didn't do anything," protested George

its echoes drowned their voices. York, now clinging to the vibrating beam, realized what grave danger the advancing wagons were in. He found that he could not reach the upper outside edge of the bridge from where he was. He heard George shouting,

"Crawl out to the end of the beam. You can lift the first plank with the bar in your pocket."

Feeling all the time that the broken timber might fall away beneath him, York crept slowly forward. Then, with the first of the wagons not fifty feet away, he pushed up the plank, thrust out his arm and waved his stiff red flag.

The driver, Captain Barting, at this danger signal, which seemed to rise out of the earth, gave a sharp "Whoa!" got down and walked towards the bridge.

"What's the meaning of this, boy?" he demanded roughly.

Wearily York gasped, "Bridge broken. The wagons will fall through." Captain Barting pulled him up and laid him beside the road.

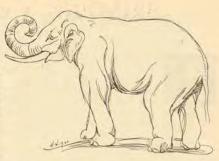
Then, lifting another plank, he let himself down to the frame-work.

"Look out! It may break!" warned George from below.

The circus man then saw the broken beam and knew that at least one, perhaps several of the wagons might have gone down, to say nothing of the terror that would have spread to the people and animals behind. "Pretty good work for a pair of boys!" he said to himself. To George he shouted,

"How did you find out about this?"

"We punted down to watch the circus go by, and my brother saw that the bridge wouldn't



hold," answered George.

"Where do you live?"

"At Barry Farm, two miles back."

"Well, you go home and when I've put up a sign to stop traffic here, I'll take your brother back. Is there any place near where we can camp until the bridge is mended?"

"Lots of people come to our High Woods for picnics."

"We'll have a picnic, too," laughed Captain Barting.

When George reached the farm the Woods lane was already filled with circus people, making ready to have something to eat. In the dooryard, seated on one of Captain Barting's horses, was York, his face and clothes covered with red paint.

"Hello! Here's the other guardian of public safety!" exclaimed the Captain, lifting George up to the back of the other horse.

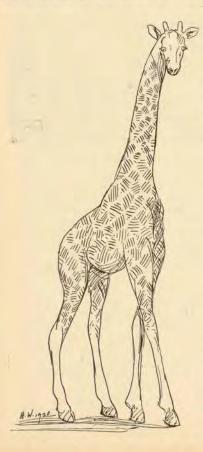
"I didn't do anything!" protested George.

"Who thought of the flag?" asked the man.

"I did," admitted George.

"Who thought of putting the iron bar in York's pocket? Of raising the end plank of the bridge? I've heard the whole story, George, and in the language of the Army, you were the commanding officer of the day! I've waited to invite you two heroes to come up the lane and meet our trained elephants and monkeys, tigers and giraffes. How will you like that?"

"We'll like it fine!" said the brothers together, their eyes popping at the thought of havingbrought a whole circus home with them.



BENJAMIN BANNEKER

ELIZABETH ROSS HAYNES

(From Her Forthcoming Book)



NE winter evening long ago, everything in Baltimore County, Maryland, was covered with deep snow. Icicles nearly a foot long hung from the roofs of the rough log

cabins. And the trees of thick forest which extended for miles around stood like silent ghosts in the stillness, for no one in all that wooded country stirred out on such an evening.

Far away from the other cabins stood the Banneker cabin. Little Benjamin Banneker was busy before a glowing wood fire roasting big, fat chestnuts in the hot embers. His grandmother sat in the corner in a quaint splint-bottom white oak chair. It is true she was sitting there knitting but her thoughts had carried her far away to England, her native country. With the eyes of her mind, she saw the River Thames, the Tower of London, and Westminster Abbey.

All was still except for the moving of Benjamin now and then and the sudden bursting of a chestnut, Benjamin's grandfather, a native African, who was sitting on the left, and whom Benjamin thought was asleep, broke the silence. Said he, "Benjamin, what are you going to be when you are a man, a chestnut roaster?" "I am going to be-I am going to be-what is it, Grandmother?-You know you told me a story about the man who knew all the stars," said Benjamin. "An astronomer," replied his grandmother. "That's it, I am going to be an astronomer," answered Benjamin. "You have changed in the last day or two then," said his grandfather. "The day your grandmother told you about the man who could figure so with his head, you said you would be that." "That man was a born mathematician," suggested his grandmother. Benjamin began to bat his evelids rapidly and to twist and turn for an answer. The minute the answer came to him his mouth flew open saying, "Well, I'll be both; I'll be both."

Just then his grandmother interrupted by saying, "I wonder what has become of my little inventor. Benjamin, you remember what you said when I told you the story about that in-

ventor." Benjamin gave that look which always said, "Well, I am caught." But soon he recovered and with this reply, "I can tell you what I am going to do. I am going to school first to learn to figure. And then while I am farming a little for my living I can stay up at night and watch the stars. And in the afternoon I can study and invent things until I am tired, and then I can go out and watch my bees."

"When are you going to sleep, my boy?" asked his grandmother.

"In the morning," said he.

"And you are going to have a farm and bees, too?" she asked.

"Yes, Grandmother," said Benjamin. "We might just as well have something while we are here. Father says that he will never take mother and me to his native country—Africa—to live. Grandmother, did you and grandfather have any children besides mother?"

"Yes, there were three other children," replied his grandmother.

"When father and mother were married," said Benjamin, "mother didn't change her name at all from Mary Banneker, as the ladies do now. But father changed his name to Robert Banneker. I am glad of it, for you see you are Banneker, grandfather is Banneker, I am Banneker and all of us are Bannekers now."

"My boy," interrupted his grandfather, "I am waiting to hear how you are going to buy a farm."

"Oh, Grandfather," said Benjamin as he rose, "you remember that mother and father gave Mr. Gist seven thousand pounds of tobacco, and Mr. Gist gave them one hundred acres of land here in Baltimore County. Grandfather, don't you think father will give me some of this land? He can not use it all."

"Yes, when you are older, Benjamin. But you must go to school and learn to read first," answered his grandfather.

"Yes, but—ouch, that coal is hot!" cried Benjamin as he shook his hand, danced about the floor and buried his fingers in the pillow. That time he had picked up a hot coal instead of a chestnut. And he had a hot time for a while even after his fingers were doctored up and he was apparently snug in bed for the night.

Benjamin Banneker did retire for the night but he did not sleep twenty years like Rip Van Winkle. He rose the next morning. And a long while after breakfast he began again to roast chestnuts. When the snow had all cleared away he entered a pay school and learned to read, write and do some arithmetic. Then he began to borrow books and teach himself.

When he was about twenty-seven years old his father died. And just as he had prophesied when he was a boy, his father's farm, bought with the tobacco, became his. On this farm was Banneker's house-a log cabin about half a mile from the Patapsco River. Along the banks of this river he could see the near and distant beautiful hills. What he said about his bees when he was a boy came true also. These he kept in his orchard. And in the midst of this orchard a spring which never failed, babbled beneath a large, golden, willow tree. His beautiful garden and his well kept grounds were his delight.

Banneker never married, but lived alone in retirement after the death of his mother. He cooked his own food and washed his own clothes. And yet he lived like a man and was well thought of by all who knew him and especially by those who saw that he was a genius. He was glad to have visitors. And he kept a book in which was written the name of every person by whose visit he felt greatly honored.

Some one who knew him well says that he was a brave looking, pleasant man with something very noble in his face. He was large and somewhat fleshy. And in his old age he wore a broad brimmed hat which covered his thick suit of white hair. He always wore a superfine, drab broadcloth, plain coat with a straight collar and long waistcoat. His manners were those of a perfect gentleman-kind, generous, nospitable, dignified, pleasing, very modest and unassuming.

He had to work on his farm for his living but he found time to study all the books which he could borrow. He studied the Bible, history, biography, travels, romance and other books.

And he became familiar with some of the hardest problems of the time. Like many other scholars of his day, he often amused himself during his leisure by solving hard problems. Scholars from many parts of the country often sent him difficult problems to see if he could work them. It is said that he solved every one and often returned with an answer an original question in rhyme. For example, he sent the following question to Mr. George Ellicott, which was solved by a scholar of Alexandria:

"A Cooper and Vintner sat down for a talk, Both being so groggy that neither could walk; Says Cooper to Vintner, 'I'm the first of my trade.

There's no kind of vessel, but what I have made

And of any shape, Sir,-just what you will, And of any size, Sir,-from a ton to a gill!' 'Then,' says the Vintner, 'you're the man for me-

Make me a vessel, if we can agree. The top and the bottom diameter define, To bear that proportion as fifteen to nine; Thirty-five inches are just what I crave, No more and no less in the depth will I have, Just thirty-nine gallons this vessel must hold, Then I will reward you with silver and gold,-Give me your promise, my honest old friend?' 'I'll make it tomorrow, that you may depend!' So the next day the Cooper his work to discharge.

Soon made the new vessel, but made it too large:

He took out some staves, which made it too

And then cursed the vessel, the Vintner and all. He beat on his breast, 'By the Powers!' he swore.

He never would work at his trade any more! Now, my worthy friend, find out, if you can, The vessel's dimensions and comfort the man."

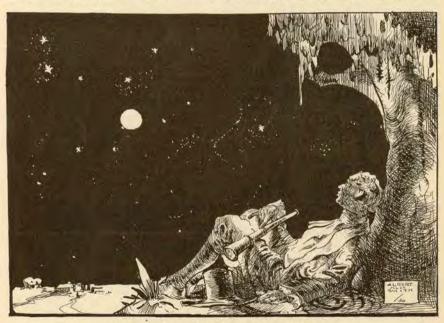
When Banneker was about thirty-eight years old he made a clock. It was made with his imperfect tools and without a model except a borrowed watch. He had never seen a clock, for there was not one perhaps within fifty miles of him. An article published in London, England, in 1864, says that Banneker's clock was probably the first clock of which every part was made in America. He had to work very hard But his greatest interest was in mathematics, to make his clock strike on the hour and to make the hands move smoothly. But he succeeded It so interested one of the great men of the and felt repaid for his hard work.

Time passed, and after some years Mr. George Ellicott's family began to build flour mills, a store and a post office, in a valley adjoining Banneker's farm. He was now fifty-five years old. And he had won the reputation of knowing more than any other person in that country. Mr. Ellicott opened his library to him. He gave him a book which told of the stars. He gave him tables about the moon. He urged him to work problems in astronomy for

It so interested one of the great men of the country that he wrote two almanac publishers of Baltimore about it. These publishers gladly published Banneker's almanac. They said that it was the work of a genius, and that it met the hearty approval of distinguished astronomers.

Banneker wrote Thomas Jefferson, then secretary of the United States, on behalf of his people and sent him one of his almanacs. Mr. Jefferson replied:

"Philadelphia, Pa., August 30, 1791. Sir,— I thank you sincerely for your letter of the



He lay there all night, studying the stars and planets

almanacs. Early every evening now Banneker wrapped himself in a big cloak. He stretched out upon the ground and lay there all night studying the stars and planets. At sunrise he rose and went to his house. He slept and rested all the morning and worked in the afternoon. Because his neighbors saw him resting during the morning, they began to call him a lazy fellow who would come to no good end.

In spite of this he compiled an almanac. His first almanac was published for the year 1792.

19th inst. and for the almanac it contained. Nobody wishes more than I do to see such proofs as you exhibit, that nature has given to your race talents equal to those of the other races of men.

"I am with great esteem, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"THOS. JEFFERSON."

This strange man, Benjamin Banneker, never went away from home any distance until he was fifty-seven years old. Then he was asked by the commissioner appointed to run the lines of the District of Columbia, to go with him and help in laying off the District of Columbia. He accompanied him and helped to lay off the District of Columbia and he greatly enjoyed the trip.

On his return home he told his friends that during that trip he had not touched strong drink, his one temptation. "For," said he, "I feared to trust myself even with wine, lest it should steal away the little sense I had." In those days wines and liquors were upon the tables of the best families. Therefore wherever he went strong drink was tempting him.

Perhaps no one living knows the exact day of Banneker's death. In the fall probably of 1804, on a beautiful day he walked out on the hills seeking the sunlight as a tonic for his bad feelings. While walking, he met a neighbor to whom he told his condition. He and his neighbor walked along slowly to his house. He lay

down at once upon his couch, became speechless and died.

During a previous illness he had asked that all his papers, almanacs, etc., be given at his death to Mr. Ellicott. Just two days after his death and while he was being buried, his house burned to the ground. It burned so rapidly that the clock and all his papers were burned. A feather bed on which he had slept for many years was removed at his death. The sister to whom he gave it opened it some years later and in it was found a purse of money.

Benjamin Banneker was well known on two continents. An article written about him in 1864 by the London Emancipation Society says, "Though no monument marks the spot where he was born and lived a true and high life and was buried, yet history must record that the most original scientific intellect which the South has yet produced was that of the African, Benjamin Banneker."

CLittle Ceople of the Month 2

BEAUTIFUL eyes—beautiful soul; tiny brown hands to do the world's work,—but dear little Vivian has left our abode and gone with the angels, to live with them forever.

JOE WASHINGTON is the star player on the football team of Erasmus High School in Brooklyn, N. Y. He plays left end and has made himself popular among his schoolmates, not only by his playing ability but because of his personality and sportsmanship. He was elected captain of the team for 1920 and has been awarded a gold medal by the Public School Athletic League,—

Tommy, what are you smiling at?

"You think he's just it. Ha! Ha! Wait 'til you hear about me."

Well, dear, I'm waiting-

WHEN Farrow Belle McWhirter was born at Spartanburg, S. C., her hands formed the A and B of the deaf and dumb language and she can talk with mutes. Her parents have no record of mutes in their families, but Farrow's mother has been a teacher at the Deaf and Dumb School. Farrow is seven years old and in the

third grade of grammar school. She likes needlework, housekeeping and music.

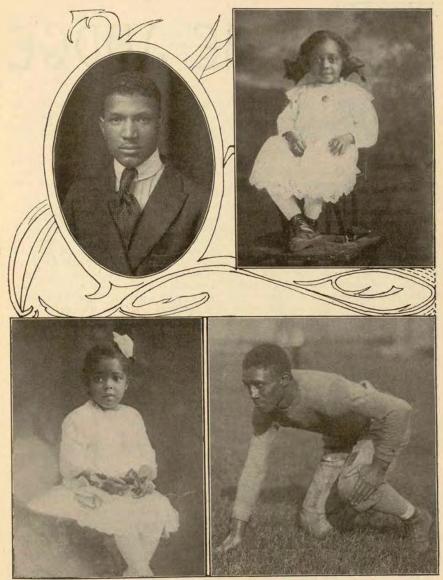
THERE are big heroes, but who ever hears of little heroes?

Well, we have one this month.

His name is Harold P. Tardy, and he's in his sophomore year at the Fifth Avenue High School at Pittsburgh, Pa.

On January 23, Harold was on his way to school. When he passed the home of a white family named Bleckley, 1711 Webster Avenue. he heard screams. Thinking that he might be of some service, he ran into the house and found little Margaret Bleckley, four years old, in flames. With great presence of mind and at considerable personal peril, he seized a blanket and wrapped the child in it. Then he picked her up and rushed to the office of Dr. P. W. Bushong, 1824 Webster Avenue, where first aid was administered. Then, despite the fact that the streets were a glare of ice, he carried the child to the Passavant Hospital, about the distance of nearly a half mile. She was burned so severely that she died a few days later.

Now what big hero could do more?



Harold P. Tardy
The late Vivian Holland

Farrow B. McWhirter Joe Washington



THE JUDGE



I last the Judge must face the question of questions, the question in comparison with which all other kiddie matters fade into insignificance, and that is WHAT

SHALL I READ?

That depends—which is the way grown-ups have of postponing answers until they find out just what they would better say. But it does really and truly depend, first, on whether or not you can read. Billikins, who is in that delicious age of man when he not only cannot read but does not want to, and does not realize how happy he is on that account, has the vast advantage over us all of absorbing his literature from persons who can read or who think they can. Billy, on the other hand, is beginning to wade and we admit it is hard work; therefore, ostensibly for Billy but with our eye on William and Wilhelmina we lay down first of all certain rules:

- 1. Don't skip;
- 2. Read straight through;
- 3. Finish.

These are the rules of the game just like the base in "I spy" and the ring in marbles. You cannot have a game unless you follow the rules. Skipping is not reading; it is worse than nothing. Reading the end of a story before you have read the beginning is unfair; it is cheating. And in reading, as in other things, when you start å job finish it—get the habit.

"But", says Billy, "suppose you don't understand what you're reading?"

Never mind, Billy. Stick to it; stick to it.

Now for you, Billy, there are some books that are so wonderful and everlasting that you just must know them. For instance there's the Bible (parts of it of course). The Bible is a lot of different books, some of them for children and some of them not; but every child ought to read certain chapters which mother will point out, not because they tell you to be good but because they are awfully interesting.

Then of course there's "Mother Goose". Get it with Rackham's pictures if you can. Next comes "Aesop's Fables" and of course fairy tales,—Andersen's and Grimm's and the collections by Andrew Lang.

"But", says Billy, "these fairy tale things are better for Billikins, aren't they?"

Of course, Billy, that depends upon how grown-up you are at nine. If you are a really grown man, why you can start on the next course, like "Gulliver's Travels" and "Robinson Crusoe" and above all dear old "Uncle Remus"; (although to really enjoy "Uncle Remus" you ought to have a grown-up tell it to you in dialect). Then there are "Swiss Family Robinson" and Kipling's "Jungle Tales", Padraic Colum's "Children's Homer" and Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse" for Billikins and "Treasure Island" for Billy and William, never forgetting Gellett Burgess' "Goops" and the "Arabian Nights"! Then too there's a very nice little book published by one of us,-A. O. Stafford's "Animal Fables of the Dark Continent". You have read some of this author's stories already in THE BROWNIES' BOOK and you'll like the rest of them.

But for William and Wilhelmina the Judge faces a difficult task. In the first place, this young gentleman and lady have ideas of their own. William will probably want stories of pirates while Wilhelmina will incline to mushy novels. Far be it from the Judge to forbid either of these. Pirates and lovers are picturesque parts of this nice old world; the only thing is don't confine yourself to this sort of thing. For instance, there's Cummings' "Battle of the Nations" which is a ripping account of the great war, and there are such thrilling tales as "Captains Courageous", "Two Years Before the Mast" and Tom Brown's "School Days". Everybody from Billikins to the Judge himself must read "Alice in Wonderland" and read it Then there's Mallory's again and again. "Morte d' Arthur", especially the edition of Pollard and Rackham. And from here you can wander on into the vast world.-Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee" (Dodd, Mead's edition); Burgess' "Bird Book for Children"; Fabre's "Story Book of Science"; Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn"; and Parson's "Land of Fair Play", a story of our own country as it should be.

But here the Judge would stop, for when it comes to half-growns and grown-ups, picking out books is like picking out lives. There's not only a world full but all the mighty worlds that have gone have left us their books and we can range amid endless beauty and wonder and knowledge as far as we will.

Only most people don't. Isn't it queer? If you were asked to step downtown and have a little chat with William Shakespeare this afternoon, well, there'd be some scurrying to get ready; and yet (would you believe it?) I know a boy who has been in this world for twelve whole years and he's never read a single play He doesn't even know of Shakespeare! Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare! Indeed shedid I say he or she-well I meant both- But here I will stop, "to continue in our next", as the stories say.



THE GROWN-UPS' CORNER



which you yourself ignore, not even those particular things that you think you are informed upon, and have not yet understood,

really. Of course not! But, admitting this, have you carried analysis far and faithfully along to the point of knowing what you know and also to the point of realizing some part of that vast sea of knowledge which is beyond the limitations of your present comprehension?

By knowing you must mean what is in your makeup, rooted, and having in your inner being made the commencement at least of growth. It should not mean at all the having of no end of facts laid away for future use, like the stickered jam jars down cellar. That kind of information has its place; but cold facts stay cold: and what your darling little child first needs of knowledge is that which is to be found in the warmth and sunshine of your loving heart, or of some other dear teacher's loving heart. His knowing must be a growing. You cannot teach him that unless you are yourself not pot-bound; not gone to seed, but in the very June-time of your sun-turning, upward-moving. Imagine a cut flower, however rarely beautiful, explaining growth to a seedling!

It is supposable that you know and have practised the simple laws of health so religiously and for so long a period that you naturally, without effort, find ways to communicate to the baby the first necessary of these laws, in the days of his earliest infancy, long before words

OU cannot teach your child that begin to pass between you. Real health doctrine is in no book. Hints there are; but your particular keynote of health and that of the family on your hands is for you to discover. Then, having found it, it is your privilege to try to maintain, to raise it. If you can do this, you can teach what you have learned in this respect.

If this kind of health-knowledge is not in your finger-ends, in the soles of your feet, in the very folds of your garments, your child and the others about you will remain untaught in regard to much that they should know through you. This will remain true, in spite of the fact that sanitation, germs, diet, and so forth, are your particularly oft-shouted warcries.

I know that a sick doctor can prescribe successfully for others; but through the example of his own established, sound and wholesome health, he could become a teacher to the whole community, something more than the small drug-dispenser that he is.

The little lessons that you have thoughtfully and prayerfully taught yourself and are now trying to communicate to your family, through what you place before them for breakfast, dinner and supper, through what you require of cleanliness and order in the house, through what you see carried out in regard to fresh air. will belong to your child, and indeed to all who are near and dear to you, and through them to others.

-Yetta Kay Stoddard.

THE JURY





RECEIVED THE BROWNIES' BOOK. I think it is very nice. I think you learn a lot in those little paragraphs, "As the Crow Flies". I like the Easter number

best of all. If I write a story will you publish it in The Brownies' Book? There is one paragraph I was interested in about Mr. Matthew Henson. I know about Mr. Henson,—his wife sings on our choir at Abyssinia Baptist Church, and I love to read about people I know. I'm anxiously waiting for the May number. I hope it will be as nice as the Easter number.

EDITH M. LOUIS, New York City.

It AM in the 5A grade, a pupil of P. S. 42. I am very fond of reading, and also of geography, history, spelling, singing and mathematics. I fancy athletics, tennis, baseball and the like. I can make a good stroke at tennis. I am the best speller and historian of my grade.

After school I go to the park and go roller skate-racing, or sometimes I stay at home and play baseball, as there is a vacant lot or lawn in back of my house about 100 x 160 feet, or else read books borrowed from the library.

ELEAZER PARRATT, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I AM a scholar of P. S. No. 9, Prospect Hill, and in 7A. My teacher's name is Miss Newhall,—that is my regular teacher. We have departmental work so instead of having one teacher I have five, one for every two studies. My studies are as follows: History, grammar, arithmetic, music, geography, cooking, spelling. recreation, sewing and physical training. I take a delight in every one, especially music.

I have played for three schools. I soon hope to become a musician. I am among the brightest ones in my class. If I continue I will be skipped to the 8A in June. This is my first publication in a book. I am a girl of fifteen years.

DOROTHY M. PARRATT, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I AM writing to let you know how I like school and what I would like to be when I grow up.

I like school very, very much and would like to be a teacher when I grow up. I like the violin the best of all instruments. I am ten vears old.

EDMONIA MINTON, Brooklyn, N. Y.

S OMETIMES in school I feel so badly. In the geography lesson, when we read about the different people who live in the world, all the pictures are pretty, nice-looking men and women, except the Africans. They always look so ugly. I don't mean to make fun of them, for I am not pretty myself; but I know not all colored people look like me. I see lots of ugly white people, too; but not all white people look like them, and they are not the ones they put in the geography. Last week the girl across the aisle from me in school looked at the picture and laughed and whispered something about it to her friend. And they both looked at me. It made me so angry. Mother said for me to write you about it.

ALICE MARTIN, Philadelphia, Pa.

I READ the poems which you wrote in The Brownies' Book about After School and The Zoo and I liked them so much. And then Miss Pocahontas told me about a story you wrote about some children in a French class and she said it was so real. And that's just why I like the poems you wrote, because they were so real. Won't you please write some more?

I don't care so much about reading but I do like to read The Brownies' Book and real things. And I read some to my little sister about the Judge, so now when I ask her who is the Judge, she says the man who wears ermine capes and knows lots of stories. She's only three years old and I am ten.

EUGENE RHODES, JR., East Orange, N. J.

OurlittleFiends



THE ADOPTION OF OPHELIA

WILLIE MAE KING



NE crisp, frosty morning, Mrs. Fannie Graham, matron of the Colored Vine Street Orphanage, mechanically placed her glasses and settled herself in the chair

before her desk to look over the morning's mail which had been brought by the postman.

Mrs. Graham was a tall matronly woman of forty-two years. Her dark brown hair, showing here and there a silver strand, was usually combed low over her brown forehead. Her well poised head, firmly set chin and mouth revealed her disciplinary ability. To the children of the orphanage she was simply "mother" not only in name, but in maternal care and devotion.

First, three business letters claimed her attention, then a letter from her sister in California, next her dark brown eyes searched out a narrow light-blue envelope dressed in a small, neat, vertical hand. On opening it the letter read as follows:

October 24, 1919. DEAR MRS. GRAHAM:

I read in our local paper that a home was wanted for the little orphan Ophelia. We should be very glad to get her and also educate her to the highest. only thing lacking around

this home of ours is a darling sweet baby and I think Ophelia would be satisfied with her new home for we would do everything to make her a happy, healthy baby. We have a six room house and a seven passenger car awaiting her arrival. We both are Christians and belong to the Catholic church. Trusting that we may be thus favored, we are

Sincerely.

MR. AND MRS. B. H. JOHNSON. Mrs. Graham, half smiling, folded the letter

into the envelope and yet a slight shadow seemed to flit over her sunny face. Of course she was glad that the little orphan had been offered such a home and yet her mother-love made her unwilling to part with this lovable brown baby. From the first day the matron

had brought Ophelia to the orphanage she had been loved and adored by many other little orphans much older than she. Mrs. Graham stepped to the telephone and called up Mr. G. R. Foster, Superintendent of the Child Placing Agency of the same city.

As Mrs. Graham passed from her office into the hall, her attention was directed to Ward Number One where the cooing baby lay in its bed playing in baby fashion. Ophelia was a plump, brown baby with a tiny brown nose between two sparkling black eyes. The fine silky black hair twisted itself into soft little curls. She was a good-natured, winsome baby and everybody loved her at first sight. In the evening mail Mrs. Graham had received almost a

half-dozen letters asking for the adoption of Ophelia.

That same evening after supper was over at the orphanage, Mr. Foster rang the door bell and was ushered into the parlor by Mrs. Graham. They discassed the different homes offered in the many letters and after much deliberation they decided upon the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Johnson who lived only two and a half miles from

the city.

Superintendent Foster

visited the home next day and arrangements were now completed for the little orphan's adoption. That Sunday afternoon a handsome sevenpassenger Cadillac suddenly stopped in front of the Vine Street orphanage. A smartly dressed colored man and woman were the only occupants. When the car stopped the woman quickly stepped out and almost ran up the stone steps. Mrs. Johnson was very anxious to get a glimpse of the darling baby which she was to mother. She was shown into the parlor by one of the older girls of the orphanage. In a few minutes Mrs. Graham, her face beaming with a motherly smile, entered the door with a light blue bundle. When Mrs. Johnson stepped forward and looked down upon the plump brown face nestled among the warm blankets, the



"A lovable brown baby"

shining black eyes, which seemed to hunger for mother-love, and the small rose-bud mouth, she gave forth an exclamation of delight and couldn't resist the temptation to kiss the dimpled brown hands.

As Mrs. Graham watched the big car swiftly disappear she breathed a prayer of thankfulness for the mother-love in this oft too cruel and harsh world. Few orphans are fortunate enough to get such a home as was Ophelia. With her sunny disposition and cunning ways she won over every bit of the love in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. They were prosperous, industrious colored people and well known in social activities of their city. No energy or money was spared to make Ophelia "a happy.

healthy baby" and these two were more than happy as they planned together for the future education and happiness of that small bit of humanity. Under such watchful and loving care Ophelia grew (as do all children under such care) into an attractive, healthy, beautiful child.

Almost seven years had swiftly passed since Ophelia found a mother and "dad". She was a bright, happy, playful child and into her little life of sunshine no dark shadows had dared to come.

Every evening she greeted her "dad" at the door and she loved her foster-parents with such love as only the innocent can give, for she had known no other parental care or protection.

Mrs. Johnson was in the kitchen preparing supper on one of those

balmy days in early spring. Ophelia was busy with her paper dolls and books in the livingroom. Before long she heard what she thought to be the usual footsteps on the porch. Running to the door she opened it but it was not her daddy this time. Before her stood a tall man, light in complexion, of about thirty-two years. His thick, black hair was closely cut and the well-fitted dark gray suit, black shoes and hat gave him a gentlemanly appearance. However, as he held his black hat in his hand his dark eyes seemed weary and uncertain. By this time Ophelia's mother, not having heard the usual greeting from Mr. Johnson, appeared.

"Good evening, madam," said the stranger uneasily. "Can you tell me if there is a man by the name of B. H. Johnson living anywhere in this block?"

"Well, yes, one Benjamin Johnson lives here. The only one I know of on this street. I suppose he is the one for whom you are looking? Is there any word you wish to leave for him, or your name?" inquired Mrs. Johnson.

"I would rather see him personally if possible. May I?"

"Yes, you may come in and wait. It is time he was here now."

The stranger was hardly seated five minutes in the pleasant parlor before he heard a laughing child greet a devoted father at the front

door. The child had attracted his attention from the first. How beautiful and attractive she was, he thought.

"Someone to see you, daddy," volunteered Ophelia as she led her father to the parlor, where sat the tall figure with troubled brown eyes. As the eyes of the two men met—emotions of love, remorse, and submission almost uncontrollable, struggled in the stranger's heart for freedom.

"Good evening, sir," said Mr. Johnson,—"your name?" as he drew up a chair beside him. Mr. B. H. Johnson anticipated some business discussion and was anxious to begin.

"My—name—is—Howard Johnson. Don't you know me—your only brother?" He could go no "—with wondering eyes" farther.

> "Great Heavens!" exclaimed Ben Johnson, jumping to his feet. "Howard, we gave you up for dead twenty years ago."

> As these two brothers who had been separated from youth stood with clasped hands they were too happy to speak. Mrs. Johnson kindly received her long lost brother-in-law and even little Ophelia with wondering eyes felt glad too.

After supper that night, Howard Johnson told the sad story of the prodigal son to his brother and his wife. He began with when he ran away from home a mere lad, how he went West to seek his fortune. He told of his adventures, failures and successes; how he came back from the West,



met, wooed and married a pretty girl and deserted her very soon after their baby was born. He went back to seek her forgiveness, but no one knew anything of her whereabouts. He had drifted lower each day into the slums of wretchedness and despair; a minister rescued him from the gambling hells of vice and crime and showed him the way to a clean life.

Howard had now found himself. He resolved to prove himself a man in every sense of the word but a dark mist seemed to dim his star of hope. Somewhere in the world he had a little girl and a wife who needed him. Whenever he saw the sweet, smiling face of the happy little girl whom his brother had adopted he felt he must begin the search at once.

Howard dined in silence that night. After reflecting over his dark past thoughtfully, he uneasily inquired of his brother. "Ben, have you the record of this baby which you adopted?"

"No, we have only her registration card bearing the name Ophelia Olive Johnson, her weight, description, date of entrance into the orphanage, and the date of her adoption. We were so glad to get her that we didn't take time to inquire into her parentage. She was such an attractive, lovable baby that everybody wanted her. As it happened her last name was Johnson, too, so we didn't have to change her name. Some race it was for this kid!"

"Her last name was Johnson before you adopted her?" Howard exploded.

"Y-e-s," replied Ben, astonished as he looked into the flushed face of his brother, who was pushing his chair back from the table.

"My God! this is my child, I know it! I feel it. She is just her mother's image over again! He hastily drew from his pocket a small photograph of the young woman whom he had prom-

ised to protect through life. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson glanced from the little worn photo to the sweet face of little Ophelia and they too saw the resemblance of mother and child and understood.

Ben and Howard Johnson went to the Vine Street Orphanage that evening to look up Ophelia's record. Mrs. Graham again told the too often repeated story of the young deserted mother who had come to the big city to support herself and child, how she had struggled with wretchedness and poverty and finally succumbed with a prayer on her dying lips for her orphan child and the wayward father. Mrs. Graham, with sympathetic heart, listened to a solemn vow of a young father to atone for his past life of dissipation. Mrs. Johnson, the only mother Ophelia had ever known, wept as her husband Ben retold her Mrs. Graham's account of the little orphan's mother.

"I don't deserve this happiness," solemnly declared Howard, looking gratefully from his brother to his sister-in-law as they were gathered in the living-room.

Mrs. Johnson told little Ophelia that evening the story of her life omitting as much of the sadness as possible.

"Will I have to be adopted all over again?" Ophelia asked, her sparkling black eyes filling with tears. To her childish mind adoption meant to leave the only home and loving parental care she had ever known.

"No, dear," lovingly replied her adopted mother. "You are my own little girl for all the time."

"And may I adopt my lost daddy always and forever?" she asked pleadingly.

"Always and forever!" exclaimed Howard Johnson fondly pressing his little daughter to his happy heart.

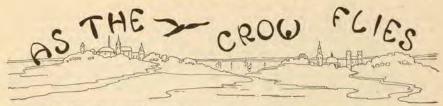


The Singing Bay

MADELINE G. ALLISON

SHE paused beside the sun-lit bay
And watched the ripples dance in glee;
They said, "We sing along our way,
E'en though the day may dreary be."

Then from the bay her thoughts took wing To human folks and their decree; She said, "I too will sing and sing, And from dull care I will be free."





HIS world is getting much too busy for one poor Crow to fly over. I am that flustered with travelling all about that I am actually pale with heat and so glossy and tired.

I think I'll advertise for some real nice sweet tempered little Crow-baby to be home when I come back from Russia and Kamchatka and Ujiji. Then I could tell it all I haven't time to tell here. But I must hurry: first now the Other Lands.

¶ There has been a revolution in Mexico. President Carranza has been expelled and General Obregon is at the head of most of the opposing forces. The trouble seems to have been that Carranza was not willing to have what his rivals considered a fair election.

¶ Joseph Caillaux, former Prime Minister of France, has been convicted of correspondence with the enemy during the war, and sentenced to imprisonment for three years and the loss of the right to vote or hold office for ten years.

¶ A railroad strike which has been widely extended to other means of transport has been going on in France but at present seems about to be settled.

¶ Russia and Germany have signed a treaty for the exchange of war prisoners. There are 200,000 Russian prisoners in Germany.

¶ There is a great deal of unrest in Ireland. The Sinn Fein (pronounced Shin Fayn) is an organization representing the majority of the Irish and they wish to have a republic. The English, on the other hand, and the northern part of Ireland, are willing for Ireland to have local self-government under English sovereignty. The Sinn Fein has undertaken a sort of guerilla warfare and there are a great many murders and riots. England has tried to suppress this by means of martial law and by arresting people without formal indictment, or letting them know the charge against them, or giving them a trial.

¶ The English government is considering a new home rule bill which will set up two Parliaments in Ireland, one in the pro-English north and the other in the Sinn Fein south.

■ British miners have decided that they will not strike but will accept the offer of the government of a 20 per cent increase in wages.

¶ Italy is on the verge of a revolution and the Prime Minister, Nitti, has resigned. The Italian peasants for centuries have been ground down and half starved.

■ War continues in Europe. The method of putting down the Kapp rebellion in Germany aroused the workingmen of the Rhine region. The government sent soldiers to subdue them. They appealed to the Allies. France objected to the number of soldiers sent by the government on the ground that it violated the treaty of Versailles. Nevertheless the troops went forward and immediately French troops proceeded to invade Germany and to occupy Frankfort and three or four other cities. Many colored troops from Africa were employed in this invasion. France finally withdrew these troops when Germany withdrew her soldiers from the Rhine region.

♠ One result of this incident was to bring a strained feeling between France and England. The English thought that France should not have taken action in conjunction with the Allies. Subsequently a conference of the Allies was held at San Remo, Italy. This conference decided to fix the German indemnity, and to insist that Germany fulfill the Versailles treaty. France declared that she did not intend to annex the left bank of the Rhine; Armenia was made a separate state; Syria was put under the protection of France, and Palestine and Mesopotamia under Great Britain.

¶ The indemnity to be paid by Germany will probably amount to twenty-eight thousand million dollars, to be paid in thirty years.

A revolution broke out in Guatemala and the

government of Estrada Cabrera was overthrown. Carlos Herra was made president.

¶ Fierce fighting is going on between the Poles and Russians. The Poles after centuries of oppression are developing a lust for imperialism. They have seized large amounts of purely Russian territory and recently have occupied Kiev and are advancing upon Odessa. They have made a treaty with the Ukrainians by which they hope to gain a port in the Black Sea and domination of the trade in that region.

■ Some of the Danes have been unwilling to yield to Germany certain parts of southern Denmark which the treaty of Versailles ordered to vote on their nationality. One section voted to be annexed to Denmark and the other, to be annexed to Germany. As a result of the disastisfaction of the Danes the government attempted to form a ministry in opposition to the wishes of the people but was forced to yield by a general strike.

¶ Mrs. Humphrey Ward, a noted English author, is dead. She wrote "Robert Elsmere" and other novels.

Caw-caw and Coo-kaw, and anything else that means I'm glad to get home and sorry home folks are not as good as God made them. Humans the world over are much worse than Crows and, goodness me! but Crows are no angels—specially in summer times when planted seeds are sweet.

(All arrangements are being made in the United States for the great political drama of nominating candidates for the presidency of the United States. Each party holds a nominating convention,-the Republicans will meet in Chicago in June; the Democrats in San Francisco in July; the Socialists have already met in New York. Delegates to these conventions are chosen in preliminary or primary elections or sometimes in conventions. In the Republican and Democratic conventions there are twice as many delegates as there are Congressmen. There's a great deal of campaigning and much expenditure of money in selecting these delegates and the candidates make speeches and write letters to get their support.

do two things: nominate a man for the presidency and another for the vice-presidency and adopt a declaration of principles called a platform. Later the Democrats will do similar work at San Francisco.

¶ President Wilson has made the Peace Treaty in the League of Nations one of the chief questions of the campaign by insisting that the treaty of Versailles without amendment shall be adopted by the Senate. The Republicans are divided into two camps: the radicals want the treaty rejected entirely and another drafted, while the conservatives want the treaty adopted with reservations and amendments. We must not forget that legally we are still at war with Germany and are the only country in the world of which this is true.

■ Because of the delay in settling the wages of railway workers, large numbers of members of unions broke away from their unions and declared an "outlaw" strike which tied up commerce in New York, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Chicago and many other large cities.

¶ President Wilson hastily appointed a Labor Board of nine men, which he had delayed doing for some time, and the board is now investigating the causes of the strike and the wages of men.

¶ Soft coal miners have received an increase of 27 per cent in their wages. This means that two hundred million dollars a year will go to four hundred thousand miners.

Six thousand harbor workers struck in New York to maintain an eight-hour day. For several days they tied up the food supply.

¶ The national debt of the United States amounts today to \$24,698,000,000. It was reduced during the month of March by \$705,-660,000.

■ William Dean Howells, perhaps the most distinguished of American authors, died recently. He wrote many times on phases of the Negro problem and his favorable criticism first brought Paul Laurence Dunbar to the attention of the literary world.

¶ An air mail service has been proposed by the United States Senate between New York and San Francisco.



Gardens, palaces entrancing, Knights and ladies gayly dancing,

If I, an un known maid, might be one of that happy company !-

Thus she mused-then nearly fell or of era gleaming silver shell.

As she raised it to her ear fell a voice, deep, tender, clear.

"Prince am I of a noble land Who at the touch of a witch's wand

Enchanted was, and doomed to know But fruitless search, where'er I go.

The seven seas. I've soiled them o'er. " I've seen far lands and barren shore. -

"What art thou seeking, noble friend? Why does thy questing know no end?"

"A maid who, with nothing to acquire, would torsake her heart's desire;

Who at the call of a simple shell would sound to her fondest hopes a knell.

This purging flame of sacrifice The witch demands It is her price.

Then would I haste to my father's home to love and joy, no more to roam -

10 noble one I'll set thee free to seek thy home across the sea.

The dreams we had are idle, vain; "
Tis meet that I should bear the pain.

A golden mist illumes the land-A prince is kneeling on the sand!

A prince of courtly mien and carriage, Who seeks the maiden's hand in marriage.

Eulalie Spence.



Katy Ferguson, —Courtesy of Laura E. Wilkes.

Founder of Sunday-schools in New York City
(See the January, 1920, Brownies' Book.)



Betty's Logic

A FTER she'd sauced her Grandmama
And was sent all alone upstairs,

Her grandmother's words came back to her:
"My dear, you should honor gray hairs."

So when she saw, the very next day,
Her grandmother slap the gray cat,
She said, "If you honored gray hairs, grandma,
You wouldn't treat Kitty like that."

GIRL RESERVES

W E are the girls of world-wide fame, Y. W. C. A. is our name.

Tall girls, short girls, fat girls, thin, Y. W. C. A. takes them all in.

You don't need money, you don't need pearls, Anybody, everybody, just so you're girls!

THESE are who the Girl Reserves are—all girls between the ages of ten and eighteen whether they be grade school, high school or younger girls in business and industry. These are the girls who are a part of the big national and international movement of the Young Women's Christian Association for younger girls, girls who are the "reserve force of the Association of tomorrow", girls who throughout the world are giving their best to bring about the Kingdom of Friendly Citizens.

The Girl Reserve movement was begun in the

fall of 1918 in an effort to unify all of the club work being done by the Young Women's Christian Association all over the country among younger girls. The object of the movement is to train girls for citizenship, to give them a sense of respon-

sibility toward their community and their country; to give them strong, vigorous bodies; trained, alert minds; an appreciation of spiritual values; and a knowledge of the joy of life; thus making for a happy girlhood and a useful womanhood.

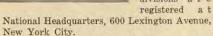
To make these things possible three types of club programs have been developed for the three types of girls, i. e., grade school, high school and younger girls in business and industry. Each program is built around the four points, Health, Knowledge, Service and Spirit, all of which are essential to the all-round development of girls. Each program includes in its activities wholesome recreation of all kinds, outdoor sports such as tennis, hiking, camping, folk-dancing, super-

vised play, dramatics, sings, and a study of things worth knowing.

The official insignia of the Girl Reserves are (1) the letters G.R. enclosed within the Blue Triangle, the three sides of which stand for Health, Knowledge and Spirit; (2) grey armbands which have embroidered on them the Blue Triangle; (3) sew-on triangles for middy blouses, coats and hats; (4) Girl Reserve pins of gold and blue enamel; (5) Girl Reserve rings of sterling silver; (6) the uniform, consisting of a white middy blouse worn with either a blue or a white skirt, a Girl Reserve tie and a white duck hat.

The unit of organization is the corps made up of from ten to twenty girls, under the direction of a young woman, a lover of girls, called an adviser. Two or more corps form a company, and all the companies in a community form a di-

vision. The officers of the corps, company and division are girls elected by the girls themselves. In this way the girls are trained to think for themselves and to take responsibility. All corps, companies, and divisions a representative of the corps.



trained, alert minds; an appreciation of spiritual values; and a knowledge of the joy of life; as soon as she has learned the Girl Reserve slothus making for a heavy girlhood and a useful gan, purpose and code.

SLOGAN

"To face life squarely."
PURPOSE

"To find and give the best."

CODE

"As a Girl Reserve I will be—
G racious in manner
I mpartial in judgment

R eady for service L oyal to friends.

R eaching toward the best

E arnest in purpose

S eeing the beautiful

E ager for knowledge

R everent to God

V ictorious over self

E ver dependable

S incere at all time."

"I will do my best to honor God, my Country, and my Community, to help other girls and to be in all ways a loyal, true member of the Girl Reserves."

Girl Reserves salute their advisers, each other, and the Blue Triangle. The salute is made by placing the thumb of the right hand in the middle of the palm. The right hand is then brought in salute to the place on the left arm where the Girl Reserve Triangle is worn. The four fingers have been chosen to represent Health, Knowledge, Service and Spirit. Every time a Girl Reserve sees the Blue Triangle she will salute, and as she salutes, will remember that it stands for the goal toward which she is striving—"to face life squarely, to seek and give the best, and to be in all ways a loyal, true member of the Girl Reserves."

Since the Girl Reserve movement is intended for all girls, and since "girls are girls whatever their race or complexion", thousands of colored girls within the last year have become loyal Girl Reserves, showing clearly that "to face life squarely", and "to find and give the best", have meaning for them just as truly as for other girls.

The first definite attempt to promote the Girl

Reserve movement among colored girls was made at the beginning of the year 1919. Since that time more than 4,000 colored girls in all parts of the country have been registered at headquarters, and have become a very real part of the big movement for girls. There are colored Girl Reserves in 28 cities; the city having the largest number being Little Rock, Arkansas, with 626 Girl Reserves. The section of the country having the largest number is South Atlantic, with 1,374 Girl Reserves.

In addition to all the things the Girl Reserve movement aims to do for all girls, it is hoped that it will be one of the means of teaching colored girls group pride; group loyalty; of giving them a desire for greater knowledge of the people of their own race and their achievements; of making them realize the value of training for leadership among their own people; and that in training for citizenship, in "helping to make America more true to its best hopes and traditions", they are doing it as American citizens in the fullest sense of the words. Also it is hoped that it will be the means of building up a better understanding between the white and colored girls of today, making for a finer relationship between the white and colored women of tomorrow.

If you want to know more about the Girl Reserves—and you should—write to

CRYSTAL BIRD.

Secretary for Colored Girls, Girls Work Bureau, National Board Young Women's Christian Assn., 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City.



We're here—we're there, We're everywhere,— Girl Reserves!



African School-boys

-International.

THE WISH

ALICE BURNETT

(Aged eleven)



E must do it, Mary," said Mr. Lenox to his wife one hot afternoon as they sat in their humble home. The room in which they sat was the sitting room. Only

two pictures hung on the wall. One was of a waterfall, the other was of "Christ Blessing Little Children". There were four chairs, a small table and a sofa in the room. Though poorly furnished the room was as neat as a pin.

"We must send our child to school," Mr. Lenox was saying.

"That is true," Mrs. Lenox replied, "but how can we raise the money? Jean will have to have clothes and clothes cost a good deal of money these days."

"We will manage somehow," replied Mr. Lenox. "I would make any sacrifice to send our child to school."

Just then they heard a door slam and someone running along the hall. The door opened and in walked Jean. Her long dark hair curled in ringlets around her forehead and hung down to her waist. Her face was rosy from her run in the fields. Her dark eyes sparkled with fun. She was clad in a plaid print dress and a large hat covered with daisies.

"Oh, mother, see the flowers I have picked," cried Jean.

"Yes, Jean, they are very pretty," replied Mrs. Lenox, thinking to herself that Jean made a very pretty picture herself as she stood there surrounded with flowers. "Come, sit down, Jean, I have something to tell you."

Jean obediently put her flowers on the table and sat down at her mother's feet.

"You know, Jean, how anxious your father and I are about your education, so we have decided to send you away to school."

"But, mother, you can't afford it."

"We know how eager you are to go and now your dream shall be realized."

"Oh, mother!" was all Jean could say.

"Now, come and help me prepare dinner, Jean," said her mother. Jean hugged her father and followed her mother into the kitchen where the frugal meal was soon prepared.

Shortly after this, one afternoon in early

Spring, Jean and her mother were kneeling before a small trunk packing Jean's simple outfit which her mother had made; but somehow Jean could not be happy for she knew that if she went to school her mother and father would be left penniless. For a while she sat there in deep thought. She almost called out, "Oh, why did Uncle Frank take Father's share of the property?" But she controlled herself for her father had forbidden his brother's name called in the house, although he freely forgave him the wrong he had done him.

As Jean sat there an idea came to her. "I will write Uncle Frank and ask him to send me to



Jean

school." She wrote the letter and waited anxjously for the reply.

The day she expected the answer Jean ran down to the gate to get the mail. Yes, there was a letter addressed to Miss Jean Lenox. Jean gave a cry of delight and hid her letter in her dress and carried the rest of the mail to her father and had just started to her room to read her letter when her mother called her to wash the dishes. At last she was free to go to her room. She opened the letter and found a check and a note saying, "Out of kindness I am sending you fifty dollars. Yours truly, Frank Lenox."

All the joy died out of Jean's face. How could fifty dollars take her to school? After careful thought Jean decided to tell her father of her secret communication. When the story was told Jean's father said the money must be returned at once. To poor Jean school seemed still further away, but there was nothing to do but obey.

A week later Jean's mother stood looking at a small packed trunk. She sighed as she thought of being separated from her little girl, for Jean was to go to Mrs. Miller's school for girls in New England. The day before Jean was to go

Mr. Lenox came in with the sad news that he had lost one hundred dollars. Thus another disappointment for poor Jean.

Jean grew thin and pale and her father became anxious about her. One morning she did not come down to breakfast as usual. Her mother went to her room and found her burning with fever. Mrs. Lenox did not know what to do. She got hot waterbags and put them in the bed and covered Jean up, then sent a messenger for Mr. Lenox and the doctor.

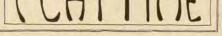
When Dr. Johnson arrived he found Jean delirious. After examining her carefully, he pronounced her case pneumonia.

For a week Jean's life hung on a thread. With anxious hearts her parents watched over her. The time came for the crisis which was to tell whether this little life would be spared. The grave doctor sat by the bed holding Jean's hand. He noticed a change come over Jean's face. The crisis had passed, leaving a thin, pale child to be nourished. At that moment a messenger came with a telegram saying Mr. Lenox had died and left his brother all his wealth.

Then father and mother thanked God for His goodness in restoring the health of their darling and the wealth which was rightfully theirs.



CAYTIME



Three Scandinavian Games



Dear Children:

THESE are some games which I learned long ago in Denmark, from the little Danish children.

I hope that you will play them and like them as I did.

I. CAT AND RAT

Those playing join hands, forming a closed ring. One child is chosen for "cat" and another for "rat". The game starts with "rat" outside the ring and "cat" inside. "Rat" is helped by those inside the ring who raise their hands to help him to run either out or in between them, but when "cat" tries to follow, those forming the ring stand still without rais-

NELLA LARSEN IMES ing their hands.

> As soon as "cat" manages to touch "rat" the two in the ring between whom cat and rat last ran become new cat and rat, and so carry on the game.

II.

HAWK AND PIGEONS

Boundaries are marked. One child in the middle of the space represents the hawk.



The pigeons are arranged along boundary line 3—4 and face toward the hawk. The hawk begins the game by singing the following song:

Pigeons, fly to your house today Away up there on the roof-top; As hawk, I watch now for my prey, And if I catch you, you must stay. "Lo, I have come from flying laughing sneezing looks and looks are the complex to the complex to



At the last word sung the pigeons run across the space to the other boundary, 1—2, while the hawk tries to catch one of them. The captured pigeon becomes a hawk. The hawks, now holding hands, call out the signal "Run!" and all the pigeons run across the space. All those caught become hawks and the game proceeds until all the pigeons are caught.

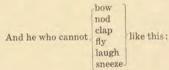
III.

I took a walk along the sand,
The sea-side sand;
And there I met an old old m

And there I met an old, old man With staff in hand.

He spoke to me so:

And asked me the name of my country, Ho!



Came not, I know, from bowing Land

A child in the center with a stick represents the old man. The others form a circle and march around until "met" is said, then stand still. At "spoke to me" all bow to the old man. At "bowing land" all begin to bow. With other verses all nod, clap, laugh, sneeze, as the case may be. At "flying" all march around with arms waving.



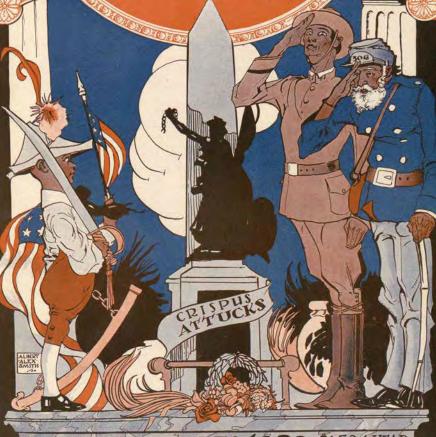
Lizzie

CLAIRE LEE JACKSON

A BIT of good old common sense,
A bit of sunshine bright,
A bit of good old-fashioned pluck
To keep the burdens light;
A bit of cloud, turned inside out,
A bit of appetite
To keep the bit of bone and flesh
Always a-working right;

A bit of real unselfish love,
Of tireless energy,
A bit of time for cheering words
To either you or me;
Enough of conscientious work
To make a person dizzy,
Mixed well, make up a girl I know—

And we all call her Lizzie.



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Rev. E. A. Moore, Pastor of St. Paul A. M. E. Church of Chapel Hill, N. C., writes:

I am sending herewith nineteen yearly subscription and one six months' subscription to the BF TYNNIES' BOOK. Find money order enclosed same. The BROWNIES' BOOK fills a long tell need among our dear little ones.

Miss Ella Lynch, a teacher in the public schools of Washington, D. C., writes:

Please send me 150 additional copies of the June BROWNIES' BOOK (100 copies were received yesterday). Please send by return mail if possible. The children can scarcely wait for each number.

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Entered as second class matter January 20, 1920, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



Commencement at Tuskegee

-Battey.

The Brownies' Book

Vol. 1

JULY, 1920

No. 7



Prize Essay

MILDRED ADELE BARFIELD Yonge Street School, Atlanta, Ga.



AM was white, Billy Boy was brown. They were two little wanderers belonging to nobody and living nowhere in particu-

lar. They were always together, and the one apple or the last dime was shared equally between them.

Tonight they occupied an obscure seat in a dark corner of the city auditorium. The band began to play "My country"

and everybody stood up and sang.
"Sam," said Billy Boy, "when I hear

"Sam," said Billy Boy, "when I hear that song, I wonder if it is meant for me."

"Course 'tis, Billy," replied Sam, "ain't this your country same's 'tis mine! Uncle Sam don't keer whether you is white ner black ner blue ner brown, jest so youse true 'Merican."

"Gee!" said Billy, "jest see that soldier guy! Ain't them the swell togs he's wearing!"

"Sure thing," answered Sam, "an' see how straight he is. Listen, he's speaking,"

Then across that great throng came the words of the soldier-orator.



"Fellow Americans, your country is calling to you. Old Glory, symbol of equality and justice, appeals to you; the sacred blood of your fathers implores you to loyally support the United States Army."

"Sam," said Billy, "his voice sounds smooth an' easy like deep running water."

"Yes, Billy, it makes you feel all sorter warm an' trembly inside."

The speaker continued:

"Our country offers health, training, and a liberal education, classical, scientific, and vocational."

"Gee, Sam," said Billy, "the army must be some swell place."

"You said it, Billy."

The speaker continued:

"Young Americans, your country needs you to become a part of her national university and to be prepared to defend your home and your loved ones. Your loyal hearts will not let Columbia plead in vain."

The speaker closed.

"Billy Boy," said Sam, "we's good 'Mericans, so me and you fer the United States Army."

Philippine Islands, May 5, 1921.

Dear Sam :-

My, you are having a corking time in Esquimau Land!

But listen! I have crossed the Rockies, have sailed on the Pacific, have seen Hawaii's beautiful skies, and in the mellow moonlight have listened to the music of the ukelele.

Now, here I am. Oh boy, this is the life! I am a baseball pitcher, an electrical engineer and a movie fan.



Mildred Adele Barfield

I save all my money. No way to spend it.

Mess is calling. Chicken and ice cream today! Me for the eats!

Yours, BILLY BOY, (Srgt. William Boykin, 25th Inf.).



The Sandman's Song

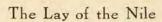
ROBERT P. WATTS

SINGING a sleepy song,
The sandman swings along,
Seeking little heads,
To tuck them in their beds.
"Sing a song of sand."

"Sing a song of sand."
Let's go to Slumberland,
I'll drop it in your eyes;
They'll close with sandy sighs;
"Sing a song of sand."

Thus sprinkling snoozy wares, On the little one who fares Gaily all day long, He sings his sleepy song, "Sing a song of sand."

Who can e'er withstand
This sprinkler, sprinkling sand?
First he gets your toes;
And then your eyes—and goes!—
"Sing a song of sand!"



CECELIA ELIZABETH

VICTORIA calls, in tones of mirth While leaping the Falls, to give me birth. Where Ripon is rushed, singing a round, That never is hushed, I froth and bound.

I sparkle and spread, through rapids spree To my spacious bed, and northward flee. Aquatics abide, and sport with me; Bold sea-birds ride my ledge and key. I hurry the skiffs the natives row, While fretting the cliffs where spearmen go.

> Whenever I romp, through silver falls, In crystalloid pomp my current sprawls. Past beasts domiciled in fell, in dell, Through jungle and wild I rush pell-mell. For my rhythmic dower of melody, Old Abyssinia lends loam to me.

I'm scantily poured, through shallow glades, To grant a safe ford for Coptic maids. Fair tropical isles with fruitage blest My current compiles, then rifts to quest. Through arid Sudan I surge and wind; In the great Nubian confluents find. I scurry to guide the ships of trade Where caravans glide and nomads raid.

> For sad Ethiops, dwelling afar, My rhythm oft scopes a plaintive bar. Proud Egypt of old I've built of silt; But never a wold my silt has built. My turbulent run naught doth abash To leap Murchison with foam and dash.

O'er Egypt I flood, its gardens roam, And leave it a cud of highland loam. I meander on, tall dams I brim, And swell at Assuan the "Great Dam's" rim. In Upper Egypt, I split to flee The delta abrupt, and wed the sea!

THIS IS A DOG'S LIFE

G. B. HARRISON



BOUT seven years ago, the subject of this story began his eventful passage through this vale of tears, sorrow and excitement; and through the entire time, every

minute of his life has been crowded with strenuousness. One bright summer morning I observed him sitting on the doorstep of his new home across the way, looking up and down the street with timid curiosity depicted on his face, ready at the first sign of danger to retreat to safety. Babe has always believed in "safety first" though at one time recklessness got the better of his usual caution, and the result was almost disastrous to the point of cutting off, yes, winding up his earthly career in a most ignominious manner; but of that later. I called to him, and cocking his head on one side, his ears pricked up and eyes showing questioning wonderment, he regarded me with a sort of diffident cordiality. I invited him to come over; and he came, his timidity increasing as he approached, his curled-up tail wagging doubtfully.

The expression of his homely but intelligent, good natured face plainly said "I'll come but please don't hit me." Crouching and creeping cautiously he came to me. I put out my hand to his little shaggy head and he licked my fingers with a dog's caress; and so the homeliest, cutest and most intelligent little mutt became my most faithful friend and has so remained till this day.

Babe from a puppy has grown in dog wisdom; and his many friends, (he has no enemies) unanimously declare that that dog has got sense. When Babe does a thing simply to amuse, it is for his own amusement; if it is to amuse you, you must make him know that you are going to pay him for what he does otherwise he doesn't do it. Just ask him to sit up and he will look at you as if to say "nothing doing"; but give him a smell of roast turkey

or fresh roast pork, or cake, though don't offer him anything common like ginger bread and expect him to beg for it,—and you'll see. There isn't any dog in the world that can sit upon his haunches any quicker or any oftener than Babe can for anything he likes, until he gets his appetite satisfied, then he forgets.

Babe's real name is "Baby" but most of his personal friends know him as "Babe" or "Boy", but no matter by which name he is known, he has had more adventure slipped into his seven years than usually falls to a dog of his size or station in life. He is a regular Teddy R. and he would rather fight than eat, until he gets licked, then he doesn't care for either fighting or eating until his wounds cease paining.

Although today Babe is something of an epicure, he formed one habit in his very youthful days that still sticks to him; he does love to inspect garbage cans. If he is out with any of his people for a stroll, no garbage can on either side of the street escapes his notice; sometimes he will extract a bone, then run ahead for a block and make a meal while you are overtaking him. He used to be great for burying bones when he was a puppy; often he would bury his bone, and when he turned around would see some other dog intently watching the proceeding; he would immediately dig up his bone, take it somewhere else and rebury it in a spot where he wasn't observed.

Let me make you recognize Babe, for if he has met you at any time and likes you, he is bound to recognize you. He is a little fellow, stands 14 inches high perhaps; his body is covered with a coat of shaggy gray-black hair sprinkled sparsely with white, with a white streak on his breast. He always travels on a trot and always has a certain point of destination in his mind; his object is to get there and his time is limited. He is something of a fighter and generally out of his class. There is no glory in it for him to tackle a dog of his own size; but sometimes a small dog will start an argument with him and there is no way out of it but to fight; and he promptly sails in. Usually he vanquishes his adversary right there

and then; after he gets the enemy down, he will stand over him like a prize fighter waiting for the count, ready for the finishing wallop if he attempts to rise.

Babe was not born a fighter, for naturally he is the most



harmless and innocent of dogs; but he is so homely that most dogs get mad when they look at him and want to whip him just for spite; but from puppyhood, he and another four footed chum of just about his age, were befriended by Jack the champion fighting dog of the neighborhood and Jack made scrappers of them both. If a strange dog came in the neighborhood and was seen by either one of the three, he must turn back or fight; and it was a chance if they let him turn back without a fight. On one occasion all three held up a stranger. The three chums would not let him go about his business; he realized that he had to fight, and as Babe was the nearest for attack, he caught it first; before reinforcements reached him he had all he wanted; when he got free he turned tail and flew for his own doorstep, and seating himself, looked on the combat from afar, while the expression on his face plainly said, "This is no place for my mother's son." Babe has been in many a conflict, some of them desperate, and he bears the scars of some painful wounds. One day he came in with his side laid open for about two inches right down to the flesh; it looked as though some one had thrown a broken glass bottle at him and they sure found the mark. It was the most troublesome wound he ever had and it put him in the sick ward all right and before it would heal up Babe had to wear a real baby's shirt over his body to keep him from constantly licking that sore.

When he began to convalesce he caused much amusement by appearing on the street wearing his shirt with his forelegs stuck through the sleeves like arms and the tail of the shirt fitting tightly around his body; but he didn't mind being laughed at so long as he was able to be out. Babe is little and his legs are short, but there are two times when he can run some; one is when he is going to whip the other dog if he can catch him, the other time is when he thinks the other dog is going to whip him. How that dog can run when he is scared! We were strolling along the street one day, and had got opposite a high stoop; a large dog on the landing spied Babe and he made a mad rush down those steps. Babe seemed to feel him coming rather than to see him. He had no chance to get me between himself and danger; he had to light out right straight ahead. You ought to have seen him stretch himself; with his head turned so he



He caused much amusement

could look over his shoulders to see how fast the other was coming, terror shooting out of his eyes, his long hair streaming in the wind that his own flight created; he laid low to the earth and stretched himself his full length at every leap; his ears back and tail straight out, he seemed to be saying to himself, "I've got to go some more." And he did go. The expression on his face was ludicrous in the extreme. I felt sorry for Babe if the big dog got him, but I had to laugh. He outran the big fellow and saved his skin.

On another occasion it was a bull terrier of class, belonging to a young woman who had him out for an airing I suppose. She had removed the leash from his collar and was letting him run free. He caught sight of Babe when he was a half block away and bore down on him like a troop of cavalry making a charge. He almost upset a woman who happened in his path. The collision broke the force of his onslaught somewhat, but he struck Babe fair and square; they

landed out in the roadway three feet from the curb, with my dog underneath and on his back, and the bull over him eating his shoulder. I jumped to his rescue and with a swift kick to the side of the bull's head induced him to stop making a meal off my pal. But Babe was in distress; he held up his leg and whined. I patted his head and encouraged him a bit and he started off on three legs; but on coming back when we drew near the place of the encounter, he excused himself and took the other side of the street.

For some years now he has lived in another part of the city, but knowing my hour for breakfast which he learned from his habit of accompanying me on my daily morning rounds, he makes it a point to be on hand at 8 o'clock; and if by any chance I get away before his arrival, he will go over the route, first to the newsstand (if the store door happens to be closed he will stand up on his hind legs, look through the glass to satisfy himself that I am not there) then across the street to the restaurant. Broad street is a very busy thoroughfare at this point; autos, motorcycles and street cars are flying back and forth every minute; pedestrians are always on guard for fear of being run down; and many are the times I have held my breath as Babe would become entangled in the passing maze of vehicles as switching his tail out of the path of the flying motorcycles and dodging an onrushing jitney back to the rear end of a trolley car, he at last appeared on the other side of the street calm and unperturbed. If he does not find me at the restaurant, back to the shop he comes, and if I have not arrived on his return, he goes down to the corner of the street, seats himself on the curbstone and patiently awaits my appearance. If he thinks he sees me in the distance, you will see him stretch his neck for a more intense look; and when he recognizes me, then for his glad rush and exuberant welcome!

Babe is a dog of good morals; and he is some church going dog too; though like many of our good church going people he will frequent saloons. He counts among his friends a worthy church deacon. One day he overtook the deacon on his way home and gave him the surprise of his life. He greeted him in his usual manner when he recognized a particularly intimate friend; he rushed up and with a bound clear from the ground of about a foot, planted his

forepaws in the small of the deacon's back, his way of saying "hello there!" then he trotted along at the deacon's side till he came to a saloon. Babe stopped, looked up expectantly, his tail wagging; then he ran over to the saloon door, again looked up in the deacon's face as much as to say "Come in and have something." The deacon said "Oh no, Babe, I don't go in those places." Babe's tail wagged a "So long then" and he disappeared under the swinging doors. The deacon in telling of the incident later said that that dog knows every saloon on the street. To the dog's credit I must say he did not go in for a drink but through his keen instinct he has learned that saloons often run free lunch counters; and some of the human frequenters lose the way to their mouths and drop morsels on the floor which he can have for the picking up; and he has the nerve to do it.

Babe is so much of a church going dog that to my knowledge he went to church twice to one service; and that beats some churchgoers. On this particular Sunday evening, I passed through the street on which he lives; he happened to be at home and, as on the day I first saw him, sitting on the door step. He was overjoved at seeing me. I stopped and said a few words to him and told him to stay there till I came back. He stayed till he thought he could follow me without being observed; then he got in the procession but kept a long way behind. Well to make the story short, I had been seated in church about five minutes when Mr. Babe came trotting down the isle looking for me; before he got to the pulpit, an usher who was acquainted with him grabbed him and put him out. This was before service commenced. Not in the least discouraged he hung around for half an hour or so, then he thought he would try it again. This time he reached the space in front of the pulpit, passed along to the choir, which is at the right of the pulpit, and took his seat on the floor in the vacant space between the first row of seats and the singers. His mistress is one of the singers and he sat down where he could look up at her and hear her sing. He wanted her to invite him up, so he begged; that is sat up on his hind legs and waited; that was too much for the choir, they smiled; and very much to Babe's disappointment and disgust his mistress came down from her seat, and for the second time he was escorted to the outside, also home and locked in. of trying to be good?"

Babe's people are Baptists. Three years ago he was immersed; we went up to the canal where it runs under Bloomfield avenue and I dropped him in the water; he didn't seem to like it at first, for he began clawing at the bank

with his fore paws while his hind legs were trying to find something solid to stand on; but after one or two plunges he began to enjoy it. The second time I took him for a swim, he just staved with me long enough to make sure where we were going, then he forged ahead, and when I got near the place, he was just coming back to meet me and he was soaking wet: he had already been in swimming. Now he is a confirmed Baptist, too.

The momentous event in Babe's career came in the early summer of 1917 when he fell into the hands of He was the law. charged with a crime, the penalty of which is death; and he came within an ace of paying the price. He had been warned repeatedly: his friends knew that he was courting danger, but Babe was reckless like many a human being. He thought "Oh, I have

got by all right for six years, I am too smart for that bunch of low foreheads!" And he would not wear his muzzle. When I first put it on him he felt terrible and put up a big kick; he tried in every conceivable way to get it off; used his forepaws in an effort to dig it off; got down in the gutter and tried to rub it

I know Babe said to himself, "What's the use off against the curbstone. After his seemingly useless effort to free his head from the contrivance, he gave up apparently, and trotted off shaking his head viciously. About an hour later, he trotted back as unconcerned as though nothing had happened to mar the pleasure of living, with the muzzle dangling to his collar



"Come in and have something"

but his head was as free as he desired it to be. And so it went on. Once he came home without bringing the muzzle with him and no further efforts were made to curtail his freedom.

On the morning of which I write, we started for breakfast as usual. On the corner of Eighth avenue and Broad street, Babe met three strange dogs; they greeted him in a very friendly manner. I remember, the thought came to me, "Those dogs act just as though they were out for a good time." They must have invited Babe to go along with them for no amount of calling would induce him to come with me. He looked at me, wagged his tail as if to say "Go ahead; I'll be there by the time you get through eating." When I came out he was nowhere in sight. It bothered me a little at the time, for generally if he did stay outside for a while, he knew about how long it took me to eat, and he would be on hand when I got through. Anyhow he didn't show up, and I thought again about those dogs getting him in trouble. I went back to the shop and perhaps an hour passed by. No Babe. I had occasion about this time to go over to my lodging place.

As I was passing through Clark street, I saw a lady I knew and she seemed greatly excited, trying to catch her pet dog. I asked her "What's the matter?" "Why," said she, "there's the dog wagon!" Then the idea struck me. I said "I'll bet they have got Babe." Well at noontime he hadn't shown up; at supper time he was still missing, and I knew that the boy was in limbo, for it used to break his heart to miss going to supper with me: After closing shop I went to his home and inquired if he was there. No: they hadn't seen him since morning. We concluded that the dog catchers had surely got him. His mistress said she would go to the pound first thing in the morning; that was Saturday. Everybody who learned that the dog was missing was worried; for twenty-four hours after capture the dog criminal goes to the electric chair; an ignominious end for such a dog as Babe. Sure enough Babe was in jail. His mistress saved his life by putting up \$2.00 bail. After he was freed on his way home he stopped in to say "good morning". I asked him where he had been; with a "please don't ask me look" he walked out the door, and hasn't been much in this neighborhood since, until recently,

Since he was in jail, he has been missed by his many friends on the street, for since his escapade, he has been confined in the back yard

during the day. He had become a character of note; and I often hear the inquiry from men who are strangers to me, "Where's the little dog? I don't see him any more." Babe's night in prison must have been one of terrible anxiety and suspense to one of his sensitive nature. To be deprived of his liberty and freedom to go to his home when he wished to go, to be thrown in a cage with all of those strange companions when he was used to sleeping in a house with human beings, must have hurt his feelings; anyway for months after his liberation he felt his disgrace keenly; he was a changed dog.

Sometimes Babe stays out till very early in the morning, but no matter what the hour of his arrival home he expects to be let in. And everybody in the neighborhood knows that he is coming; for when within half a block of home he begins to bark, and will continue until some one gets up and opens the door. A tenant in the house once said, that his people ought to give him a night key so he could open the door for himself. Although Babe is getting along in years, he is still vigorous and full of ambition. His gray hairs are increasing, but he retains many of his youthful ways; and soon his friends may refer to him as "old Mr. Young".

People have said to me "It's strange that that dog has taken such a liking to you".--and sometimes I think it is strange. It causes me to wonder and sometimes it seems to me as though the light of human intelligence was shining through this dog's eyes. If the souls of the dead come back to earth to revisit familiar scenes and to be near those they loved while on this earth, is it not more probable that they would come in some pleasing form rather than in the ghostly and fear inspiring form invariably pictured? So when Babe comes, I always welcome him as my truest and sincerest friend. There is no deceit in him. He either loves entirely or he is entirely indifferent. He does not smile with his face and frown in his heart, but if he loves you, he smiles all the way from his little black nose to the tip of his curly tail. That's why the more I see of some people, the better I like my dog.

Shapes

MARY EFFIE LEE

OH, yes, I watch nurse hang them there— My cap and apron on the chairBut when she goes and takes the light, My clothes turn witches, every night!



ODESSA THOMAS
Georgia
ETHEL M. ABLE
NORTH CAROLINA
FANNIE M. GARVIN
Missouri
T. T. MENDENHALL
NORTH CAROLINA
DOLOTHAW. JOHNSTON
HATTIZ M. DULIN

LA VERA SEET
Tennessee
ROBERT P. DANIEL
Virginia
RUBY I. PURCELL
South Carolina
ALGENRON O. STEEL
NORTH
BERNIE I. ETHRIDGE
Georgia
JUANITA J. BOBSON

Graduates of 1920
MATTIE E. FREEMAN
Missouri
MATY E. JONES
Mississippi GRER
North Carolina
Forda
JOANNA P. HOUSTON
North Carolina
ETHEL, HAYNES

ALCENIA JONES
KANSAS
JESSE CAMPBELL
Alabama
MABEL MORROW
TEXAS
SIMON T MCINTOSH
South Carolina
ESSIE M. BROOKS
HELEN M. ANDERSON

M. E. MOSELEY
Virginia
EVEANA DAILEY
FIORIGA
ANNIE F. JONES
Alabama
SUSIE V. GOLDSBY
Alabama
RUBETTA SANDERS
E. JINNE BOGG

BROWNIE GRADUATES

M. G. ALLISON



HIS is the Education Number of THE BROWNIES' BOOK, for which we have secured pictures and names of some of our graduates for you to read about, admire and

emulate. In cases where we have been unable to secure names of graduates, figures are used.

We get through grammar school, somehow, easily; but it takes perseverance to be graduated from high school. And after we've called the teacher a crank and said she was ugly and wished that the school would burn down,-well, by this time we're enough grown-up to take back all these sayings and even to realize that the teacher wasn't cranky or homely but just terribly in earnest, and now how glad we are that she was!

MIXED HIGH SCHOOLS

Maine: Brunswick-Elizabeth Hill, an honor student, whose oration is "Ambition". Miss Hill is a willing worker for the Portland Branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Boston: Girls'-12.

Girls' Latin-A girl who in a class of more than 100 pupils has been elected by her classmates to write the Class Prophecy; she is chairman of one of the committees of arrangement for Class Day.

Roxbury-3.

Chicago: Crane Technical-Arthur G. Falls, Joseph Roberts

Waller-4

Lucy L. Flower-Grace Johnson, Ida B. Barnett, Myrtle Bostick, Emily E. Howell, Agnes Johnson

Parker-Rosa James Hude Park-6

Englewood - Ernestine Clarke, Ruby Clarke, Maurice Hughes, Clinton Wilson, Elizabeth Cooper, Julia Day, Mable Hill, Julia Mosley, Walter Marshall, Earl J. Neal, Mable Pinkston, Elsie Taylor, Madra Jones, Helen Douglas, Helen Stewart, Charles McCutcheon, Eldridge Goodwin, Thelma Simons

Tilden Technical-Abbott Savre, Susie Thomas

McKinley-John E. Wade, Constance J. Hinton, Eulo Fambro, Ophelia Dandridge

Cleveland: West-Beatrice Wright

East—Gladys I. Mitchell, Thelma L. Tay-

Central-Mildred L. Anderson, Adelyn E. Koiner, Quitman Bloxter, Eugene F. Cheeks, Langston Hughes, Grace C. Jones, Thelma B. Lewis, Justine H. Stan-

Detroit: Northwestern-2

Pittsburgh: Allegheny-Gladys Powell, Rosa

Fifth Avenue-John B. Allen, Mary Turflev

Ohio: Portsmouth-Beatrice E. Penman

New York: Townsend Harris-Clarence Holt. Stedman McCarty

Wadleigh-Claudia Davis, Gussie Emanuel, Frankie Glover, Gladys Vaughn, Marguerite White, Goldie Balle, Marion Boyd, Edith Colvert, Elizabeth Johnson, Rosamond Snead, Olive Thomas, Bernice Wilson











BEATRICE E. PENMAN BERNICE WILSON Ohio New York

CLINTON WILSON Chicago

MABEL PINKSTON

ROSA JAMES



SAMMIE BURT
Louisiana
MARY C. CONNOR
Louisiana
RUTH TOMPKIES
Louisiana
EDWARD A. BROWN
Alabama
BULAH WRIGHT
Louisiana

HARLAN S. DANDRIDGE
West Virginia
MABEL M. CAMPBELL
West Virginia
GEORGE LEWIS
Louisiana
SARAH E. BUSH
Louisiana
GEORGE W. MILLS
Louisiana

McKINLEY JOHNSON
LOUISIANA
EYA McCAULLEY
LOUISIANA
JERRY SAMUELS
Kentucky
ELOISE SHELLY
LOUISIANA
CHRISTINE HERNDON
Louisiana

ANNA M. GATES
Missouri
FRANCES D. WARING
Maryland
ROBERTA L. THOMAS
LOUISIANS
DAINGERFIELD M. LAWSON
LOUISIANS
MARY B. WILLIAMS
LOUISIANS

De Witt Clinton—Philip Montifiore, Arthur Guisbard, Herbert Dunbar

Washington Irving—10 Hunter—Grace B. L. Smith

Bushwick—Lucy Lark

Commercial—Lydell C. Usher, Samuel E. Blount

Flushing-Isham Davis

Girls'—Gwendolyn Bennett, Laura Daniels, Yolande DuBois, Dorothy J. Kelso, Margaret Welmon, Eleanor J. Morton, Adele J. Hunt, Marie Delmar

Jamaica—Frances Harper, Elizabeth Johnson

Omaha: Commerce—J. Dillard Crawford Washington: Spokane—Naomi Tigg

Bernice M. Wilson writes; "I am 17 years of age, I hope to be a graduate of Wadleigh next month. If I am successful, as I am certain I shall be, I shall resume my course of study in the New York Teachers' Training School."

Arthur G. Falls says: "I graduated from Copernicus School in 1914 at the age of 12, being the youngest grammar school graduate in the city of Chicago and a ranking member of the class. I completed my course in six years. I will graduate this year from Crane Junior College at the age of 18, the youngest member of the class. I have completed the Pre-Medical course and am on the honor roll of the graduating class. I shall enter Northwestern University in the fall as a medical student."

Ruby Clark is a graduate of the Englewood High School and of the Senior Diploma Class of the Chicago Musical College. She says: "I am now taking a post-graduate stenographic course at the Flower Technical School for Girls."

Thelma L. Taylor writes: "I am the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Oliver A. Taylor of Cleveland. I am 15 years old and have taken the Classical Course at East High School and will continue my studies at Western Reserve College for Women in the fall, specializing in French."

Susie D. Thomas has "completed a four-year course in General Science, which consisted of four years of English and two years of Latin; one year each of Physics, Chemistry, Physiology, General Science, Botany, Civics, History, Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry. This is only preparatory to a four-year University

course which I expect to commence in October. I shall specialize in Chemistry or some other branch of science, as the Bacteriological and the Psychopathic Laboratories in this city are employing our people when they are fitted for places."

Elizabeth W. Johnson says: "I expect to graduate from Jamaica High School in June and in September I will enter Pratt Institute to take the Normal Household Science course, in order to become a Domestic Science teacher."

Langston Hughes, Central High, Cleveland, writes: "It might interest you to know that I have been elected Class Poet and have also written the Class Song for the graduates. I am, too, editor of *The Annual* and am the first Negro to hold the position since 1901, when it was held by the son of Charles W. Chestnut. I thank you for the honor of having my picture in your publication."

Edith Colvert of Wadleigh intends "to further my educational pursuits in the Secretarial course at Columbia University."

Marion Boyd of Wadleigh is "the only girl of my race this year to succeed in becoming a member of The Arista, the honor society of the school. In September I will enter Sargent School of Physical Education." Miss Boyd was graduated from Public School No. 13, Williamsbridge, in 1916, taking third honors in a class of 81, four of whom were colored. She has an older sister, Frances A., who is at present a Junior Statistical Clerk in the Public Service Commission of New York City. Their father is Stamp Clerk at Williamsbridge Post Office Station and has served 30 years continuously in the New York Post Office service.

Grace J. W. Johnson writes: "Aside from my regular school subjects, I am studying music and am working for a degree in the arts. Being especially interested in the teaching side of the 'Get an Education' subject, I am anxious to enter Chicago University to complete my studies."

Thelma B. Lewis writes: "I entered Central High School of Cleveland, Ohio, four years ago and have never been absent nor tardy in that length of time. For two years I have been a volunteer social settlement worker at the Hiram Social Settlement House. I have also been a Sunday School teacher in St. John's A. M. E. Church for the past three years, in the Primary Department."



PHILIP MONTIFIORE
New York
CLEOPATRA C. HALL
CIncinnati
GOLDIE BALLE
New York
MARION BOYD
New York
THELMA SIMONS
Chicago

RUBY CLARKE
Chicago
JOSEPH ROBERTS
Chicago
CHARLES McCUTCHEON
Chicago
EUGENE F. CHEEKS
Cleveland
GRACE JOHNSON
Chicago

ELIZABETH JOHNSON
New York
ABBOTT P. SAYRE
Chicago
THELMA B. LEWIS
Cleveland
J. DILLARD CRAWFORD
Omaha
THELMA L. TAYLOR
Cleveland

ARTHUR G FALLS
Chicago
SUSIE THOMAS
Chicago
LANGSTON HUGHES
Cleveland
EDITH COLVERT
New York
NAOMI TIGG
Spokane

Olive M. Thomas of Wadleigh says: "I have a strong ambition toward literature. When I accomplish something worth while (as I think) I shall send it to Miss Fauset and I trust it will

not be put in the scrap basket."

J. Dillard Crawford tells us that he is "the first colored boy graduate of the High School of Commerce, Omaha. The following is a list of my school activities: Business Manager of Graduating Class: 1st Lieutenant Commander of Band; 1st place Drill Down (Medal); Secretary and Treasurer of Webster Debating Society: Nominating Committee of Hi Y Club, and a Member of the Debating Team. At the present time I am taking a Post-Graduate course after which I intend to go to Ames, Iowa, for a course in poultry raising, for this is my life work. I am getting my practical experience now on a large poultry farm here."

Eugene F. Cheeks, Central High, Cleveland, plans to spend one year in finishing a book, "that I will publish, and make several lecture tours; then I will begin my studies for an A. B. degree from Harvard University. During my year out of school I shall also build up the printing business which I have succeeded in establishing

during my High School years."

Thelma O. Simmons writes: "I am graduating from piano, June 10, at which time I play The Hungarian Fantasy from Liszt, orchestral parts being played by my teacher, Harmon H. Watt (white), and I am graduating from High School, June 24, at which time I play two piano selections:

(a) Polonaise E Flat Major, Opus 11 No. 1, Moszkowski

(b) On the Holy Mount, Anton Dvorak

I wish to take a Post-Course in Stenography at some College where I can get a Bachelor's Degree in Music. My aim is to pay my way by recitals. I can commit with perfect ease, and I love to play for large numbers of people; I love to teach piano, too. Enclosed you will please find a program of my last recital; this will give me a Gold Star on my Diploma."

Mabelle Hill of Englewood High, Chicago, writes: "I am making a special study of music at the Coleridge-Taylor School of Music. So, after school hours, I devote my time to teaching and Community Service work, besides being organist of one of the leading churches of the city."

Lydell C. Usher of Commercial High, Brook-

lyn, says: "Although I was not a distinguished scholar, yet I feel as though I was not such a remote star that I could not be seen shining. I was a member of the school's orchestra, in which I played the violin. I participated in the school's band, playing the cornet. If there is anything in this world that I have learned through this training, it is to appreciate education, to be more broad-minded and to endeavor to do all that I can to promote the welfare of my posterity. There is only one thing which I regret, and that is that I cannot get into the same sphere as those of the opposite race in regard to work and business activities. I hope that more education, unity and ambition among the Negroes will some day make this possible for all of us."

COLORED HIGH SCHOOLS

(The names given are of ranking students) Mobile, Ala.—31

Birmingham, Ala .- 72. Edward A. Brown, Jr., Cora M. Davis

Lincoln, Fort Smith, Ark .- 12. Estelle Smith M. W. Gibbs, Little Rock, Ark,-23. Mary I. Maxwell, Sammie M. Thomas, Dorothy Gillam, Mamie C. Hickerson

Langston, Little Rock, Ark .- 17. Lawson

Dunbar, Washington, D. C .- 157. Captain W. Allison Davis

Frederick Douglass, Evansville, Ind.-21, Florina C. Bell

Clinton Street, Frankfort, Ky .- 5. Jerry Samuels

Lexington, Ky .- 20. Carrie L. Fletcher Central, Louisville, Ky .- 44. Margaret W. Taylor

Baton Rouge, La.-8. Vivian L. Crayton Central, Shreveport, La.-26.

Baltimore, Md .- 74. Frances D. Waring Lincoln, Kansas City, Mo .- 68. Anna M. Gates

Sumner, St. Louis, Mo.-104.

Salisbury, N. C .- 7. Marion Montgomery, whose average is 9634 per cent.

Douglas, Oklahoma City, Okla.-39. Thelma Hill, Nellie Ewing, Anna E. Cottrell

Pearl, Nashville, Tenn.-48. George W. Streater

Houston, Texas-39. Jessie E. Covington Booker T. Washington, Norfolk, Va.-44. The principal writes: "We have 450 pupils on roll doing high school work and 19 teachers,



ESTELLE SMITH
Arkansas
ELLIS C. YATES
West Virginia
MAE E. SCOTT
LOUISIANA
EDWARD HAWKINS
LOUISIANA
SUE W. BOLDEN
LOUISIANA

MARGARET W. TAYLOR Kentucky FLORINA C. BELL Indiana WILHELMINA THOMPSON South Carolina EDNA V. BARTLETT West Virginia SALINA V. BRINSON LOUISIANA CORA M. DAVIS
Alabama
MARION MONTGOMERY
North Carolina
CAPT. W. ALLISON DAVIS
Washington
FRANCES ROACH
Louisiana
JESSIE E. COVINGTON
TEXES

DELILIAH WILSON Louisiana
EDWARD A. WATERS
West Virginia
REBER L. SIMPRINS
Louisiana
GEORGE W. STREATER
Tennessee
IONE WRIGHT
Louisiana

representing Howard, Wilberforce, Lincoln, Union and Atlanta Universities."

Lincoln, Wheeling, W. Va.-3.

Sumner, Parkersburg, W. Va.—3. COLORED NORMAL SCHOOLS

(The names given are of ranking students)
Alabama: Emerson Institute—14. Herschell
R. Williams

Selma-19. Susie V. Goldsby

Miller's Ferry N. & I.—8. Annie P. Jones Tuskeyee—150. Alfonso Henningburg, Eugene Latting

Florida: Dayt ma N. & I.—21. Eveana Dailey A. & M.—27. Thomas Reid

Georgia: Americus Institute—12. Essie M. Brooks

Payne—5. Bernie L. Ethridge N. & A.—12. Odessa Thomas Morehouse—24,

Kentucky: State University—54. John T. L. Highbaugh

Kansas: Western—62. Alcenia Jones Louisiana: Straight—41. Hilda Conway New Orleuns College—131. Damon P. Young

Maryland: Princess Anne Academy—11.

Morgan—28. Georgia C. Lawrence
Mississippi: Rust—10. John E. Jones
Utica N. & I.—28. Mary E. Jones

Jackson College—15. William A. Scott Okolona Industrial—7. James L. Raspberry

Tougaloo-16. Alma Lewis

Missouri: George R. Smith—6. Adam N. Logan

Lincoln-32. Mattie Freeman

North Carolina: State Normal—15. Joanna R. Houston

National Training—12. William M. Allen Joseph K. Brick—4. Madge L. Watson Bennett—76. Edgar B. Smith Shaw—50.

A. & T.—40. McKinley Jeffres

Immanuel Lutheran—8. Thelma T. Mendenhall

Biddle-38. Algernon O. Steele

Albion Academy—25. Bartell Wicker, whose average is 95 per cent. He is a returned soldier, having served as a sergeant in the aviation field.

Roanoke Institute—5. Ethel M. Able Ohio: Wilberforce—20. Payton E. Bernard Oklahoma: A. & N.—60. Missouri Clement South Carolina: Schofield N. & I.—11. Benedict—50. Johncie E. Hunter Kendall Institute—7. Cassie Gregg

Clinton N. & I.—28. Essie Kemphill, valedictorian; Juanita C. Boulware, salutatorian; and Carrie E. Williams. They also received diplomas from the Teacher Training Class for Sabbath School work with high averages.

Avery Institute—26. Alphonso Hoursey Claffin—20.

Mayesville E. & I.—12. Ruby I. Purcell, who received a diploma from the normal course and a certificate from the Domestic Art department.

A. & M .- 94.

Voorhees N. & I.—4. Eufaula E. Turner, Simon T. McIntosh. "Mr. McIntosh was born in 1903. He attended the graded school at Winnsboro, S. C., and in an oratorial contest won the first gold medal ever given as a prize. He graduated from the graded school in 1916 as valedictorian of his class."

Tennessee: Lane-10. La Vera Seet

Texas: Prairie View N. & I.—170. Ethel Tears, Mable Morrow, Joseph Alexander, Louis Fry Tillotson—29.

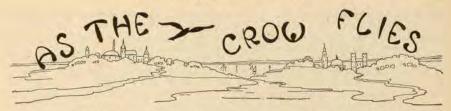
Wiley-80.

Virginia: N. & I.—103. Margueriette E. Moseley, Marie C. Presley
Seminary and College—32. Susie C. Miller Hampton Institute—64. Frel Owl
St. Paul N. & I.—72. Elnora Callis
Virginia Union—33. Robert P. Daniel Hartshorn—12. Dorothy M. Johnston
West Virginia: Storer—12.

Bluefield Institute—67. William J. Sinkford, whose 4-year average is 94 per cent.

This makes a total of 121 graduates from mixed high schools, 865 graduates from colored high schools and 2,029 graduates from colored normal schools,—or a total of 3,015 Brownie Graduates, of each one of whom we are proud.

And since the saying of long years ago tells us: "It was in making education not only common to all, but in some sense compulsory on all, that the destiny of the free republics of America was practically settled", we would have you feel not that you have "finished school", but rather that you are determined to start on the lessons of life.





SUPPOSE you'd like to be a Crow and fly over the world and see just everything as I,—and maybe I wouldn't like to be a dear Brownie!—but since Crows must

be Crows and Folks must be Folks, I'll try to tell you about some things I've seen on my flight over the seas. Caw—Caw—Caw!

¶ Poor Mexico! Another revolution because Carranza foolishly tried to name his successor to the Presidency. The other leaders resisted and the poor old president was killed. Let us hope for peace and order.

■ Poland is dying of fever and starvation and yet foolishly fighting Russia, while England and France furnish arms and munitions. They have penetrated as far as Kief and threatened Odessa. Now the Russians are attacking at the north.

¶ Europe is still distressed over the Peace Treaty. The German elections have strengthened the parties which oppose the treaty and it seems unlikely that the Conference at Spa will take place. This conference was to settle details of payments to be made by Germany, and other matters.

¶ The Irish question is no nearer settlement. Crime and resistence to law abound and more English soldiers are landing.

■ England and other countries are negotiating with the Bolsheviki who rule Russia, for opening trade relations.

The mission in Aintab of the American Commission for Relief in the Near East, has been besieged since April 1 by the Turks, who are endeavoring to get the mission buildings for use against the French.

¶ According to Premier Lloyd George, the San Remo conference decided that all misunderstandings have been dispelled and that the Allies are agreed that the Treaty of Versailles is to be the basis of the European policy. The dispute with France was not over the enforce-

ment of the Treaty, but arose because the French Government felt that the uprising should be put down by Allied troops, while the Allies held that the Germans should be left to restore order in their own country.

■ Among policies outlined for Ireland at a conference in London, attended by Premier Lloyd George, are: the provision for more severe treatment for perpetrators of crime; the granting the Irish almost the same freedom of speech as in England; and official publicity of all happenings in Ireland.

¶ An International Parliamentary Congress of Commerce, with 13 nations represented, will be held at Luxemburg, May 4-7, to discuss the high cost of living, exchange, commercial transportation and national debts.

¶ A new Cabinet, to succeed that of Premier Salazar, has been formed in Spain and is headed by Eduardo Dato.

¶ A Canadian Minister to the United States is soon to be appointed. The British Government wishes to place its Canadian relations with the United States entirely in the hands of Canada.

¶ President Ebert of Germany has been expelled from the Saddlers' Union of Berlin, for having signed the death warrant of a man convicted of murder. This action, according to the Unionists, is a violation of socialistic principles.

¶ The Supreme Council has decided to open negotiations with Bolsheviki representatives at Copenhagen. Full resumption of trade with Russia and recognition of the Soviet Government may be expected after the conference.

¶ Twenty-two Negroes martyred years ago in Uganda, Africa, for the Catholic faith, have been beatified at Rome. This means that some day they will be canonized and pronounced saints. Richly gowned cardinals, bishops and officials attended the ceremony and also the humble missionary priests who do the real work.

Now I've arrived in America! I was hoping here to be able to tend only to my darling Crowlings,—but, alas, there's too much of Human Interest. Caw—Caw—Caw!

¶ The Republican National Convention has met at Chicago to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President and to adopt a platform. The platform calls for an association of nations to preserve peace but repudiates Wilson's League. It asks for a stopping of lynching and regulation of strikes. The Democrats will meet at San Francisco in July.

■ Republican members of the House Ways and Means Committee wish to include in their soldier relief legislation a plan for paid-up insurance, its value to increase annually by compound interest on which loans can be obtained through the Post Office.

The Senate has passed the bill for the appropriation of \$465,000,000 for navy expenditures during 1921. The bill has been sent to conference for adjustment of a \$40,000,000 Senate increase over the House bill total.

¶ A peace resolution has been reported by Senator Lodge. It requests President Wilson to negotiate peace treaties with Germany and Austria, repeals the declaration of war and wartime legislation and retains to the United States all former German and Austrian property until all claims of American nationals have been satisfied.

■ The Senate has passed the bill providing for a national budget system and for a system of auditing Government accounts.

¶ John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has given \$2.000,000 to a fund of \$100,000,000 being raised by the Northern Baptist Convention.

Railroads east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and Potomac have agreed to ask for

a 30 per cent increase in freight rates.

¶ Since the close of the war, the United States Navy has been reduced to 400,000 men; 177 ships have been sold.

■ Bishop John Heyl Vincent, founder of the Chautauqua Educational System, died recently

in New York at the age of 88.

¶ The Department of Agriculture reports that this year's prospective wheat crop has been reduced 33.8 per cent as compared with last year's crop.

¶ The War Finance Corporation will discontinue, about May 15, making loans to support foreign commerce. The corporation was organized by Congress to lend up to one billion dollars in connection with the Victory Loan Act; but, according to banking estimates, scarcely more than \$50,000,000 has been actually made available.

■ Railroad executives have informed the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, that the railroads because of financial necessities will need an advance of \$500,000,000 from the Government this year, in addition to the \$300,000,000 provided by the Railroad legislation.

¶ Secretary of Labor Wilson rules that membership in the Communist Labor Party does not of itself constitute sufficient ground for the deportation of aliens, because there is in its platform no evidence of intention to use force to overthrow organized government.

¶ Representatives of 2,000,000 railroad workers have appeared before the War Labor Board and demanded a minimum wage of \$2,500 a year for unskilled workers, with differentials above that for skill, hazard and responsibility.

There have been strikes of 20,000 textile workers at New Bedford, Mass., for higher wages; of 20,000 lumber workers in Wisconsin and Michigan for an 8-hour day and increased wage; of 15,000 freight switchmen at Buffalo; and of 10,000 tenants in Chicago, who refuse to vacate their apartments for incoming tenants.

 A protest against Union labor took place at Sioux Falls, S. D., when nearly every business concern and civic organization signed a declaration for open shop.

¶ At a conference of representatives of eastern sugar refiners and officials of the Department of Justice, it was proposed to prohibit resales in the sugar trade. It is hoped that this will be the means of preventing hoarding and speculation, and of controlling prices of sugar.

OurlitteFriends

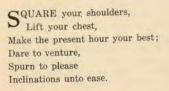
THE CHILDREN'S MANUAL

GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON



Wed ambition,
Proud fruition
Waits beyond the thunder's roll.

Doff the shy air,
Meet a glance fair,
Naught is gained by slavish fears;
Seek the star-ways,
Leave the by-ways,
Win the guerdon of the years!



Life is waking, Light is breaking, Fare unto the further goal;





THE JUDGE



ERE I am!" says Wilhelmina.
"Court meets today and I am
here on time ready for 'our
next'."

The Judge had forgotten that he was to continue his talk on books, there are always so many wonderful things to discuss; and he is further surprised that you should be the first one present at the court. Usually you are a little late, you know. Indeed he had begun to suspect that you considered yourself above these meetings.

Wilhelmina is frank. "It isn't that I'm above these meetings, it's that you seem to feel that only the children's needs are to be considered. I've gone all through that list of books you told us about last time and you haven't mentioned a thing hardly that I'd want. Boys' books, yes, and all those things for Billie and Billikins, which I liked too when I was their age. But now I'm grown up, think of it—seventeen in October,—and I want to learn about life, and people and the world. What difference does it make if I do like to read about love. It's here, isn't it? You yourself said it was the greatest thing in the world. You and mother are just alike, always keeping me a baby."

The Judge finds your point well taken, Wilhelmina. So here goes, my dear. These are books which deal both with life and with love, which after all are practically the same thing. Any of Alice Brown's books will interest you, but I think you'll especially like The Story of Thyrza and Bromley Neighborhood. Then there are the Awakening of Helena Richie and the Iron Woman by Margaret Deland which form a sort of sequel, and I know you will like Tante by Anne Sedgwick. None of these is specially new but they are all very fine and sweet and sound—and immensely interesting.

"Well, what else?" asks Wilhelmina insatiably. "You know I've got the whole summer before me."

Mary White Ovington's Shadow brings you

right up to date with the latest output. And then—see here, Wilhelmina, what did you study French for? You're not learning it just to pass off your college entrance exams, you know. Get a good dictionary and read Halevy's Abbé Constantin and Georges Sand's Mare au Diable. Then there is Bigarreau by André Theuriet. There's a beautiful love story for you. And if you want to laugh—which at your age is better on the whole than loving—read French plays. They are marvellously funny—that is, the comedies,—

"I know some of them," says William. "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon,—that's loads of fun." Yes; by Labiche and Martin. And also Pailleron's Monde où l'on s'ennuie.

"I think," interrupts Wilhelmina modestly, "that you ought to pay some attention to Billie."

Oh, you are satisfied? Well, then, William first must hear about Bob Thorpe, Sky Fighter in the Lafayette Flying Corps, by Austin Bishop, and Benjamin Heydrick's collection of short stories called Americans All. That will help you to become acquainted with all sorts and conditions of people.

As for Billie,—you are at such an-in-betweenage, child. But I know you'll like Myron T. Pritchard and Mary White Ovington's *Upward Path* because it is a collection of stories and poems by colored writers, mostly about colored people. Now, let's see, all of you will want to read Flavia Canfield's *Refugee Family*, which tells of a French family in northern France while the Germans were in occupation.

"What about me?" pipes Billikins. "Mr. Judge, don't forget me!"

As though he could! For you there are Parker Fillmore's new Czechoslovak Fairy Tales you pronounce it Check-o-slo-vak,—that's it, Billie;—with lovely decorations by Jan Matulka. Then there's the Wishing Ring by Eleanor Schorer.

"And Wilhelmina will help me through the hard places," says Billikins happily.

THE JURY





HAVE just received the last number of THE BROWNIES' BOOK and I have found it so interesting that I could not do less than say something about it.

It's a magazine so merry and instructive that I keep all the numbers that I have received in my little library like the most valuable books that I have.

Now I must say something about myself that I think you will like to know. I am a little Cuban, born in Cuba,—although my parents are from a little island, they tell me, by the name of St. Kitts. I am only fourteen years old. I like music very much and I am taking my studies in the Music Academy of Mozart in Nuevitas. Now I am studying the third year of piano and often I think that some day I will be an artist and will go to live in the great Africa, our Mother Land.

WILHELMIN SCARBROUGH, Nuevitas, Cuba.

TODAY I happened to be casually glancing over the magazines on the shelf of our school library and saw a copy of The Brownies' Book. I had read in *The Crisis* of its beginning but had not seen a copy before. Eagerly I opened it and read the issue from cover to cover and I must say I really enjoyed it. I noticed that you wished to hear from colored children too so decided to write you a few lines concerning myself.

I am a colored boy, brownskinned and proud of it. I am 14 years old. My home is now in Tampa, but at present I am a second year student at the Florida A. & M. College. My father is a doctor and my mother a music teacher. I play four musical instruments: the violin, piano, clarinet and 'cello, but I like the violin best of all. I started playing the violin when I was six years old. Long ago I completed the Keyser violin method and have subsequently studied awhile in New York and also under a very strict German professor. I've been appearing in public with my violin ever since I can remember. I play very often now. Among my solos are

many works of Fritz Kreisler, Dvorak and I just love Il Trovatore. I am also very much enthused over "Scene de Ballet" by DeBeriot and play it often, as well as "Ciaconna" by Tommaso Vitali and the Concertos by Seitz. I agree with anyone who says music is great. I find very much pleasure in my violin.

You might infer that it is my aim to be a violinist from the above statements. Perhaps it'll sound strange to you for me to say that I don't, but that's the fact of the affair. I wish to be a writer and give to the world that intense feeling of altruism that is ever and anon tugging at my heart.

I think the readers of THE BROWNIES' BOOK might like for me to tell them about my little den or "office" at home. In iI have a 5 x 8 hand printing press, a sectional bookcase, a desk, colored light oak, a typewriter and a trunk-like box where I keep my "miscellanies".

I love to read and especially do I love to revel in the writings of my own race and those of Dr. DuBois more than any others. I think "Darkwater" is grand. My favorite authors are DuBois, Dunbar, Chestnut, Braithwaite, Johnson, Poe, Tarkington, Stevenson, Mark Twain, Scott, Dickens, Kipling, Doyle, Barbour, Hugo, VanDyke and Roosevelt, as well as quite a few others. My favorite magazine without exception is The Crisis. Each month I literally devour every line of its contents. I also subscribe for the Inland Printer and American Boy. My mother usually gets the Etude, a musical magazine. I like the Literary Digest and the American and am very much interested in the Competitor, the new race publication.

My aim is placed clearly before me and already, although I have yet to see my 15th birthday, I'm striving to reach it. I know it'll be a long, hard struggle to the top for men of experience have said so in their books. But if grit and unwavering determination are all that's needed—well, I may be over-confident, but I've really no thoughts of failure.

James Alpheus Butler, Jr., Tampa, Florida.

AMERICA'S FIRST MARTYR-PATRIOT

A TRUE STORY



LMOST every land boasts of some man who has particularly distinguished himself in the service of his country. Sweden has its Gustavus Adolphus, Italy its

Garibaldi, Poland its Kosciusko and America its Crispus Attucks.

Long ago when these United States were still a part of the British Empire and were known as "colonial possessions", a revolt broke out on the part of the colonists against the mother country. English soldiers who were guarding the province of New England—as it was then known—conducted themselves with such arrogance and swagger that finally the "colonials" could stand it no longer. So one never-to-beforgotten day, the 5th of March, 1770, a small band of citizens made an attack on some British soldiers who were marching through State Street, Boston, and the affray which has come down to us under the name of the "Boston Massacre" took place.

The leader of this band was Crispus Attucks. He was a tall, splendidly-built fellow, and must have been very impressive as he rushed with his handful of men pell-mell into the armed opposition. He knew only too well how precious a thing is freedom and how no sacrifice is too much for its purchase. For Attucks had been a slave and perhaps still was at this date, though a runaway one. Of this we cannot be sure, for history goes blank at this point, but in any event twenty years earlier in 1750 this advertisement had occurred in The Boston Gazette or Weekly Journal:

"Ran away from his master, William Brown of Framingham, on the 30th of September last, a Molatto Fellow, about 27 Years of Age, named Crispas, 6 Feet 2 Inches high, short curl'd Hair, his Knees nearer together than common; had on a light colour'd Bear-skin Coat, plain brown Fustain Jacket, or brown all-Wool one, new Buck-skin Breeches, blue Yarn Stockings, and a checked woolen Shirt.

"Whoever shall take up said Run-away, and convey him to his above-said Master, shall have ten Pounds, old Tenor Reward, and all necessary Charges paid: And all Masters of Vessels and others, are hereby cautioned against concealing or carrying off said Servant on Penalty

of the Law. Boston, October 2, 1750."

What had Attucks done in those twenty long years? Certainly whatever else his interests he must have spent some time dwelling on the relationship existing between England and the American colonies. Perhaps he was imaginative enough to feel that if England were so despotic in her treatment now of her colonies, she would be a worse task-mistress than ever as the years rolled by and her authority became more secure. If he had spent his time near Boston, which seems likely, he may have heard the eloquent and fearless assertions of James Otis on the rights of the colonists.

That he was deeply interested in political affairs is shown by this letter which he wrote long before the date of the Boston Massacre to Thomas Hutchinson, Governor of the Province:

You will hear from us with astonishment. You ought to hear from us with horror. You are chargeable before God and man, with our blood. The soldiers were but passive instruments, mere machines; neither moral nor voluntary agents in our destruction, more than the leaden pellets with which we were wounded. You were a free agent. You acted, coolly, deliberately, with all that premeditated malice, not against us in particular, but against the people in general, which, in the sight of the law, is an ingredient in the composition of murder. You will hear further from us hereafter.

CRISPUS ATTUCKS.

Whatever his preparation he was ready on that fateful fifth of March to offer himself up to the holy cause of liberty. At the head of his little host he flung himself on the soldiers of the oppressors shouting: "The way to get rid of these soldiers is to attack the main-guard; strike at the root; this is the nest!"

We are used to terrible descriptions of warfare on a huge plane in these days, but the scene that followed in that quiet street still brings a thrill of horror. For the enraged British soldiers answered the blows and missiles of the American patriots with a deadly shower of bullets. Down fell Crispus Attucks mortally wounded, the first American to die for his Fatherland. And with him fell Samuel Gray and Jonas Caldwell. Afterwards Patrick Carr and Samuel Maverick died also as a result of their wounds received in the fray.

The cost of patriotism had come high.

All down the street, doors and windows flew open. The alarm bells rang and people rushed to the scene from all directions. The bodies of Attucks and Caldwell were carried to Faneuil Hall and laid in state. The other dead and dying were carried to their homes and buried thence. But Attucks and Caldwell, being strangers in the city, were buried from the hall where they had lain. A long procession attended them as a token of respect and appreciation. These two and Gray and Mayerick were nuried in the same grave and over them was reared a stone on which the inscription read:

"Long as in Freedom's cause the wise contend, Dear to your country shall your fame extend; While to the world the lettered stone shall tell Where Caldwell, Attucks, Gray and Maverick fell."

Many years later Boston showed afresh her appreciation of Attucks in the shape of a new



The Crispus Attucks Monument, Boston, Massachusetts

monument which she raised to his memory on Boston Common.

What patriot of any time has done a nobler deed than that of Attucks? Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori, says the Roman proverb. "It is a sweet and fitting thing to die for one's country." That is true and many have done

it. But to die as Attucks did for a country which while seeking its own freedom, yet denied his—such an act calls for the highest type of patriotism. I like to think that as his courage was high, so was his faith so abounding

that he needs must have believed that America one day would come to realize and put into practice what one of her great statesmen said one famous fourth of July:

"All men are born free and equal."



THE GROWN-UPS' CORNER



CAN'T stop without saying how we all adore The Brownies' Book! I do think it is charming! It is so thoroughly for babies for boys and girls—and it is so

peculiarly for ours! I am sure I enjoy it as much as any child—and look eagerly for it each year—that's what it seems to be. I was much interested in the story of Sojourner Truth—marked "true" and I hope you will, if not each month, surely frequently, tell us true stories of great men and women of our race—so that our children may learn to know the life of Dunbar, Douglass, Booker Washington, DuBois, and a score more as well as they know the stories of Washington and Lincoln.

My own little boys are four and five years old. One is in grade one, the other visits daily. Their favorite cover design is that on the March issue! They both go to bed at six-thirty-and the first few days after The Brownies' Book arrives we three lie across my bed one-half hour "reading"! They do not want me to tell the stories to them. I must read so that they can follow with me and point out the words they know. They like to trace the pictures on to thin paper-and, well I do think they appreciate the book in its entirety-as much as their understanding permits (and you think that's mighty little!). Tonight after tucking them into bed as I came downstairs they called, first "Smiles" (the baby) then "Happy", "Mother, I'll wake early tomorrow morning so's I can read THE BROWNIES' BOOK, hear?"

> JULIA PRICE BURRELL, St. Helena Island, Frogmore, S. C.

THE BROWNIES' BOOK is a delight! I like your keeping it to common-sense middle lines; distinctive—in the touch of folk-tale, legend, race history, outstanding, high achieve-

ments that carry inspiration to the simplest mind that understands the words.

Here is a thought that I have not seen worked out, but which may be useful: How much inspiration has come to white stragglers, strugglers, despairing ones, through the rise of such a poor little child as was Booker T. Washington to begin with? That is, I mean to say, the sphere of influence knows no bounds.

YETTA KAY STODDARD, San Diego, Calif.





Lee Rayford, Cheyney, Pa.



CLAYTIME



Danish Fun

DEAR Children—These are pleasant memories of my childish days in Denmark.

N. L. I.

THE FOX GAME

One player represents the fox. If outdoors he sits on a stone, if in the house, on a stool or box. Another player represents the goose and the rest are goslings.

The goose stands in front with the goslings in single file behind her, each having his hands on the shoulders of the one in front of him. They circle, still in this position, around the fox chanting the first verse of this song:

Our goslings fly to the meadow To eat the bright green grass, Shame on the wicked fox Who watches as they pass In the summer-time.

Is the old fox at home today? And what is he doing pray? He sits upon a stone And crunches on a bone Till the evening gray.

"And who is to be your prey?
Oh come now, foxie, say?"
"You, goosie, goosie gander,
As fat as fat can be;
Also goslings three!"

At summer-time the goose stands in front of the fox with the goslings behind her. The second verse has the same action as the first. The third verse is sung by the goose and fox alone. At goslings three the fox rises and tries to catch one of the goslings, while the goose with out-stretched arms tries to prevent him.

The first gosling caught is the fox next time; but the fox must keep on chasing until he has captured three.

HIDE THE SHOE

The players sit in a circle and one player brings the shoe and says:

"Shoemaker, shoemaker, mend my shoe,

Have it done by half past two!"

Then he goes out and the shoe is passed to each one and finally hidden. When he comes back he must hunt for it. Occasionally the shoe is tapped on the floor. The person who has the shoe when found is, of course, "it" for the next time.

THE KING IS HERE

All sit in a circle except one, who stands and is called the jester. He is supposed to begin a story, inventing it as he goes along. Frequently without warning he uses the words "Change places." The players however pay no attention at all to this, but when the jester adds the information "The King is here!" all jump up and change places and the jester endeavors to get a seat. If he succeeds the one without a seat becomes the jester. No change is to be made unless the jester says plainly "The King is here!" If, for instance, he says "The King is coming!" the players are not to change. This uncertainty adds to the excitement and fun.

DANISH RIDDLES

When has a man four hands?

When he doubles his fists.

At what time was Adam

born?

A little before Eve.

When the clock strikes thirteen, what time is it?

Time to repair the clock.

What is the color of a winter fruit?

Orange.

What is the national color of France?

Tricolor.



Legend of the Forget-Me-Not

EVA V. WHITE

L ONG years ago in Eden fair
A wealth of flowers blossomed there.
One day God to the garden came
And unto each one gave a name.

Each flower loved her pretty name And vowed she'd live up to the same; So when He came again, He'd see Each one more like her name would be.

Once more God to the garden came And asked each flower for her name. Each one told Him as He came past, Until He reached the very last. A little blue flower hung her head. She had forgotten hers, she said, She begged amid her grief and shame That He'd give her another name.

Each pretty flower tossed her head And unkind things about her said. "A flower that forgets," said they, "Should be plucked up and thrown away."

But God smiled kindly on her fears And brushed away her pearly tears; And as He turned to leave the spot Said, "Good bye, dear. Forget Me not."



CLittle Ceople of the Month 2

W E have little patriots, too. There's Edward Corbin Smith, whose father is a veteran of the Spanish-American War and a member of the 9th Cavalry, and is now ready for retirement in the Philippine Islands. Edward is 7 years old and has marked ability as a snare drummer. Then there's little Frederick Douglas III., whose great-grandfather became known in America and abroad as a powerful influence for Liberty and Justice. Little Booker T. Washington III., is so proud of his uniform that he's smiling, and I bet he's wishing mighty hard that he were a grown-up.

But we're especially proud of our girl patriots—for girls do have such a weary time trying to prove that they have brains and can be inspired and have ambitions. And when the essay contest on "What Are the Benefits of an Army Enlistment?" was given, Helen Wilson won a second prize for Dallas County, Texas,

and Fannie Horrington of Portchester, N. Y., won a third prize. Helen is in the 7th grade and was awarded a "Diploma of Honor" from the Federal Government. Fannie, who is a sixth grade pupil, wrote:

"Life in the army makes better American citizens. A soldier's motto is 'Duty, Honor. Country.' A soldier is always obedient and self-sacrificing. He gives up the many enjoyments of life to do his duty. He is brave, heroic and true. He has respect for his comrades and superiors. Have we ever yet seen a soldier who did not show unlimited respect for his flag and country? Since it fits him physically, since it teaches him a trade, since it gives him practical advantages, since it moulds his character into one of a true American, why should he hesitate to enlist in the United States Army?"



Edward Corbin Smith Booker T. Washington, III. Frederick Douglas, III.

Helen Wilson

Fannie Horrington

WHY BENNIE WAS FIRED

WILLIE MAE KING



ored girl eleven years old but small for her age. Perhaps my little readers will smile to hear of a girl's being named Bennie but

many little girls in the South have boys' names. Bennie was the oldest of four children and besides her father was dead. She was quite an attractive child and much petted at school because of her precociousness and industrial activities but at home she was the little mother of the family.

Bennie did chores every day for Mrs. Blair, a white lady who lived on Vine Street about three blocks from where Bennie lived. She helped with the meals, washed the dishes, and swept the porches and walks every morning before school. Bennie was proud of her job for she got three dollars and a half a week. Every morning she rose at 5:30 o'clock and was at her work by 6:00. She had finished her breakfast dishes, sweeping and dusting by 7:45 and was off to school on time. She always had her lessons and seemed no less happy than her more fortunate playmates at school.

Bennie's one great pride was her small bank into which she put one-half of her weekly earnings; the other half she cheerfully gave to her widowed mother towards the general upkeep of her smaller brothers and sisters. A broad smile always revealed two pearly white rows of teeth and lit up the little brown face when Bennie thought of the fat roll of twentyfive dollars tucked away in her little iron bank. This she had saved from her weekly earnings and also she had placed in her bank the extra nickels she made by going to the store for lunch for some of the teachers. Then too Miss Howard, her teacher, often gave her extra nickels for candy, but Bennie kept them tightly tied up in her handkerchief until she got home and then she would carefully deposit the shining coins among her other precious hoard. As soon as she had saved up thirty dollars she planned to put it in the big bank downtown where it would draw interest.

It was near time for school to close and Bennie had almost thirty-five dollars now. She always finished her work earlier on Saturdays. One bright sunshiny Saturday in May she car-

ENNIE PARKER was a little col-ried her sum of \$35.50 to the National Bank in town and as she received a bank book with her name plainly written across the top and the amount stamped to her credit she was very happy. Several people smiled at the independent carriage of that little smiling colored girl as she left the bank.

> School would close on the twenty-sixth of May and Bennie would finish from the Eighth Grade and she was the youngest in her class! The school board had offered three prizes for the winners in an oratorical contest for the colored pupils in all the grade schools of the city and there were three. The first prize was twenty-five dollars; the second, ten dollars; and the third, five dollars. Bennie wanted to try for one of the prizes and how she wished she could win the first! Then she would have almost one hundred dollars saved. Oh! if she could only win!

> Bennie had never written anything herselfthe speaking part wasn't so bad for she had often recited, but to write an essay seemed doubtful. Then, too, there was Evelyn Hill who could write much better than she and Helen Jones who spoke so well, too. She decided that she would not try but that night she dreamed that she won in the contest. Bennie didn't believe in dreams because none of hers ever came true but somehow the next morning on her way to work she resolved to try. The next morning she gave her name to her teacher as one of the contestants.

> "I am glad you are going to try, Bennie," pleasantly remarked Miss Howard after hastily writing her name.

> Bennie gave as her reply her broad, cheerful smile. She hurried to finish her work that evening and when Mrs. Blair came into the kitchen to tell Bennie she could take home the cake which was left from luncheon she found the work done and Bennie gone.

> The thought foremost in her mind was the preparation of her essay. She had now only three weeks to write and memorize it. She could hardly see how she could do it but she must. She made visits to the library during her recess hours and found some material which helped her in writing the composition. Then for over a week she practiced memorizing it.

She rose earlier than the rest of the family and would go over the essay aloud in the kitchen or the woodshed. Bennie found herself running breathlessly in order to get to work on time every morning. She had practiced in the woodshed every morning now because she was afraid her loud talking in the kitchen would cause some

member of the household to investigate and no one must find it out.

Friday morning Bennie stayed over fifteen minutes of her time and by the time she ran up the street to the big stone steps of the brick house it was six-thirty. She had been late nearly every day of the week. What would Mrs. Blair say? Bennie wondered if she had vet come into the kitchen as she ran up on the porch. She caught sight of Mrs. Blair's tall but stout form through the glass of the kitchen door.

Bennie quietly walked in with her usual "Good morning, Mrs. Blair." Mrs. Blair was irritated this morning because she had planned to accompany her husband in the car to town that morning and here Bennie had spoiled her arrangement by being late again.

"Bennie you are late again. You needn't come back tomorrow, you are fired!" was

Mrs. Blair's stern verdict. Her piercing blue eyes looked straight into Bennie's wide open deep brown ones. She hastily left the kitchen and the rest of the work for Bennie.

The blow to Bennie was a crushing one. She

was almost late for school that morning and she felt that everybody knew she was "fired". She never had been before and she couldn't feel just right again unless she had "a job". What would her mother say? She couldn't tell why she was late. That would give her secret away. After school she slowly turned her steps home-



"She had practiced in the woodshed every morning"

ward to tell her mother she was "fired."

"Mother, I got fired this morning," said Bennie slowly, expecting a sound scolding as she placed her school books under the table.

"'Fired'! and all on account of that little un-

ruly tongue of yours I suspect," said her mother.
"Well school is out next week and I guess another job will turn up soon," she consolingly concluded.

Bemnie dared not to attempt an explanation for she was glad to escape. She was thankful for the extra days she had to put in practice and made several extra trips to the woodshed that week for wood.

Commencement quickly arrived and the contest was to be in the city auditorium at eight o'clock Wednesday night. Bennie looked very nice in her white dress, white shoes and stockings which she had earned herself. Six contestants were seated on the platform including one boy, Herbert Brown. The speakers were not to talk over fifteen minutes. Herbert brought forth storms of applause from the interested audience. Bennie was the next and last speaker and her little heart beat double quick time when the master of ceremonies called her name.

Instantly upon rising she gained poise and self control. She delivered her oration with ease, conviction and fluency. When she sat down her ears were tingling with applause, and other demonstrations of her victory were given by various animated ones in the audience. In less than twenty minutes the judges returned and announced the winner. Bennie had won the twenty-five dollars in gold!

Bennie could hardly close her eyes that night for she was so happy. She didn't mind being fired at all now because she had carned as much

in one night as she would have earned in one month by being hired out.

She arose early the next morning and ran all the way to Mrs. Blair's, holding tightly to the gold coin in her little brown hand. Mrs. Blair not being able to find any domestic help had resorted to washing her breakfast dishes every morning.

"Good morning, Mrs. Blair," said Bennie in her usual cheerful way as she walked into the open kitchen door,

"Why—er—good morning," stammered Mrs. Blair, as her eyes turned upon the round dimpled brown face just full of smiles. "Did you come back to work?"

"No ma'am, I only came to show you what I got for being fired," and she held out the precious gold coin in her hand. Mrs. Blair's eyes grew larger with surprise and admiration as Bennie proudly related the incidents which led to her victory.

"Why didn't you tell me before, Bennie, that you were in a contest and needed time to practice? You may come back to work if you wish," she replied sympathetically.

"I can't come back now any way, for Miss Howard, my teacher, has promised me a delightful vacation for winning the first prize. You know I've never had a vacation and I am so anxious to find out how one feels," replied Bennie seriously yet with delightful humor.

Mrs. Blair could not but help rejoice with Bennie as she almost danced out of the kitchen door and happily hummed one of her school songs all the way home.



Mother

G. SMITH WORMLEY

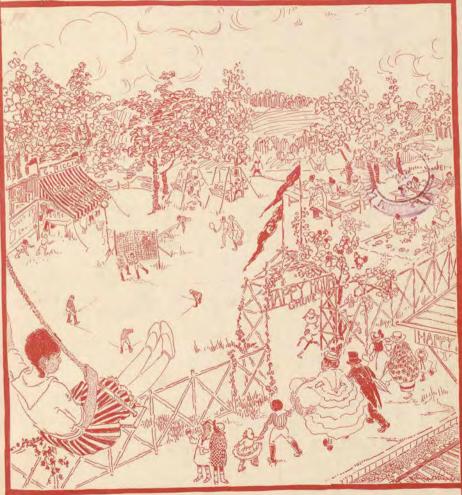
"G OD bless my mother," a little boy said
As he knelt in prayer at the side of
his bed;

"She wakes at night when I'm fast asleep, To watch over me in my slumbers deep.

"And early at morn when the birdies sing, When feathery creatures are on the wing,— Mother is working that I may sleep And grow in strength in my slumbers deep. "All day long my dear mother toils
To cleanse the spots my little hand soils;
And when I am fretted by trifling cares,—
My mother my sorrow always shares.

"God bless my mother with patience and love, And crown her with visions of Thy joys above; May she rejoice in her task to know, That without a mother I could not grow."

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No. 8

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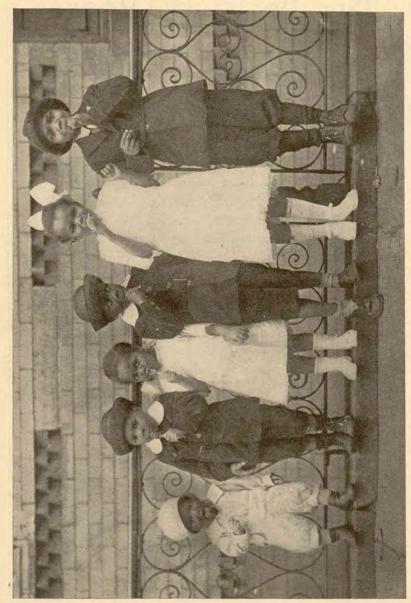
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The Candy Contest. Which one will get through first?

The Brownies' Book

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THINK honey is the bestest thing in the world," said Boy as he added another golden spoonful to a mouth already full.

"I like Honey, too," said mother, rearranging his bib and pouring another glass of milk.

"Oho!" said Boy, "you mean me—I mean bees' honey."

"And what does Honey know about bees?"

"O, bees,—they sting—please, Mother, some more bread—I got stung once."

"Is that all?"

"Course not-they make honey-stings and honey."

"No—honey and stings—shall I tell you about honey?"

"Yes, and about stings too."

"Look out the window-it all begins with the

Miracle of Flowers."

"Are flowers miracles?"

"Yes—the most miraculous of miracles. After nature has dug in ugliness and slime and then risen to be practical and useful, suddenly in a wild moment it becomes merely beautiful and riots in color and perfume and lovely form."

"I don't understand all that, but I like roses and lilies and buttercups."

"And so do the bees—but what's more wonderful, the flowers love the bees."

"Can flowers love?"

"O yes—they may not know they're loving, but they love because they want to live forever."

"But they die."

"Yes, but they arise from the dead each spring and live again and again and forever. But without the bees they couldn't."

"Why?"

"On the heads of the flowers, which tremble with eagerness, is a magic powder and hidden below is a sweet mess called honey."

"Oho! the bees don't make it, they steal it."
"No, it is given them gladly in exchange for

other magic powders which they bring."
"I thought you said the flowers had a pow-

der?"
"They do—but each flower's powder is no good for the flower that grows it—it must be

"They do—but each flower's powder is no good for the flower that grows it—it must be carried to other flowers and the bees carry it. They come to the earliest flowers in March and April bringing little sacks on their hips. Down into the pretty flowers they dip and fill some sacks with honey and others with the magic powder. Then they go to other flowers dropping bits of the fertilizing powder and taking more powder and honey with them. Their sacks full, home they hasten to the hive, humming a little tune. They visit often two or three hundred flowers in an hour and collect in a summer 120 pounds of honey from a hive, which is 600,000 times the weight of a single bee."

"O goody! I'd like to see a hive."

"We'll go and see one this afternoon in Uncle Abraham's backyard—we may be in time to see the Great Renunciation."

"That's an awful big word, Mother."

"And it stands for a great idea, full of awe. It means the 'Great Giving-up'. It is now June—perfect June. For three months the bees have heaped up honey. The hive is full and overflowing and then, suddenly, the bees go and leave it."

"For us?"

"No-although we may share, but for their children and children's children."

"Do they have to go?"

"No—just as you do not have to stop eating honey—but——"

"O, Mother, just a spoonful more, and a little more bread and—"

"No, Honey, this is the time for Renuncia-

"But giving up's no fun."

"Neither is tummy ache."

"O, I see, we and the bees give up because we're afraid."

"Not entirely. We are afraid of sickness which comes of overdoing anything, but we are led also by a vision of good to others which comes of sharing."

"Well, Mother, I s'pose-"

"Come quick or we'll miss the swarm."

"What's that?"

"The Great Renunciation—Uncle Abraham tells me that for days a strange unrest has stirred his bees. Most of the Foragers have stopped searching for honey and the Queen has left her palace."

"Do bees have queens?"

"Their Queen is their Mother."

"That's fine. You'se my Queen, ain't you, Mother?"

"I hope so. The Queen of the bees is the mother of the hive—all the other bees are her children."

"How jolly—aren't there any other mothers?"

"There is only one mother in a hive. This
Queen-Mother is now leading the swarm and
we must hurry."

They hastened through the back-yard and down the lane by the singing river and under the old lime tree where they came to Uncle Abraham's cabin.

"Have they swarmed yet?"

"Yas'm, one swarm done gone—but there's another—look!"

Then Boy saw a wonderful thing: Out of a little, low hive hidden beneath a plum tree, rushed two dark flying columns of 70,000 bees.

"Ooh-ooh," cried Boy, "they're colored folks,

ain't they, Mother?"

"Yes, they're black and golden-brown like you. There are no white bees."

"And where are they going?"

"They do not know."

"They don't know where they're going, but they're on their way," laughed Boy.

They flew like a cloud or a magic blanket.

"And if we could see her, the Queen is in their midst, well to the front, larger and more beautiful of body than the rest, but with smaller head and 16,000 eyes."

"My, she ought to see a lot."

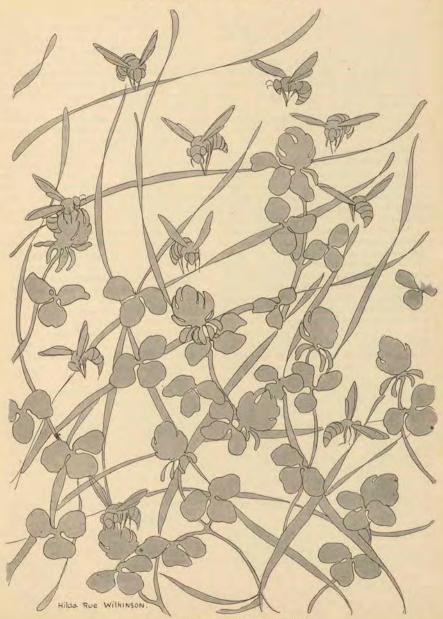
"Around her fly her 50,000 daughters, small and spare and plain, but with big brains and short lives because they work so hard."

"And her sons too?"

"No, they stay behind-lazy things!"

"But where are the Queen and her daughters going?"

"They are searching for a new home—see, they have hung themselves like a cluster of myriad grapes on yonder tree. If left alone



Down into the pretty flowers they dip

they would send out scouts north, south, east and west to find a new home. But see, Uncle Abraham is going to catch them and guide them to a new hive."

"Won't he get stung?"

"No, not if he is gentle. Come! See here, they are settling in this dark empty box beneath the plain tree."

"Can we look in?"

"No, we should see nothing but darkness and there is a strange silence after the noise of the swarm."

"What are they doing?"

"I will tell you as we walk home. First, they carefully explore the home and while some clean and varnish it, others forming in columns march up the sides and attach themselves to the very top and by clinging to each other drop in long streamers. Then slowly intertwining the streamers formed of their attached bodies they make an inverted cone. Once the cone is formed there ensues a long and awful silence, twentyfour hours. It grows hotter and hotter in the hive. Suddenly from four little packets beneath the stomach of each bee appears a sort of light snow, the 'Spirit of the Flowers', which stiffens until the surface of the living cone is covered with 'ivory tablets' of wax. Then suddenly a busy woman carpenter will climb over the bodies of her fellows to the very top of the hive. She will take one of the wax scales from her stomach, fashion it and knead it and attach it securely to the roof. Then she adds the other tablets, pats them and secures them, and so the Bee city's foundation stone is laid."

"But on the roof? Upside down?"

"Yes, the city is built upside down! When the Carpenter-Masons have formed a sufficient block of wax, a Carver appears, a little busy woman whom the crowd of bees watches eagerly. She carries no wax but beginning at the top she scoops out deftly and surely a little sixsided hole in the wax."

"Oh, I saw it in the honey-comb, the comb's full of them."

"Yes. She excavates the hole, piling the wax up at the edge. Then she leaves and others follow, working on both sides of the wax and producing the honey-comb, that wonderful, beautiful House of the Hexagon."

"What's a Hexagon?"

greatest space with the fewest walls. After the bees in the outer envelope are cold they

one comb is finished the Carpenter-Masons lay a second and third and more, leaving avenues of half an inch between. And thus they work for two or three months, through June, July and well into August.

"The finished city has 120,000 cells. If we were the size of bees, we would see their upside down city beginning in slim and silver beauty higher than the highest church steeple. Some of the cells are filled with pollen, each color in its own cell forming a vellow, red and black pile. Next come 20,000 reservoirs of the first gathered honey carefully sealed; then come open vats of later honey. In the centre, where it is warmest and safest, is the Royal Palace. Here are 10,000 cells for the Queen's eggs, 15,000 cells of larvae, and 40,000 rooms inhabited by nymphs. Then in the midst are from 3 to 12 royal cells where lie the Sleeping Princesses."

"I don't quite understand, Mother."

"All life, dear, is born from eggs. The work of the Queen is to lay eggs. These eggs grow and little live larvae emerge and after a while grow into nymphs and finally into little bees.

"No sooner is the swarm settled and building than the Foragers start out. It is the height of flower-time. The world is flowers-roses and lillies and apple blossoms.

"They hurry to fill the cells while the Queen-Mother begins to lay her eggs. It is solemn, unending work. She carries within her body two million eggs."

"Gee! What a lot!"

"Yes, it is a vast and prodigal horde. Of course she may not live to lay all the eggs and all may not hatch; but no sooner is her palace ready than she begins. Carressed and attended by her daughters, she moves from cell to cell, peeps in to see if all is well and then turning, lays her tiny blue eggs which the Nurses hasten to seal up. All her life save twice the Queen walks to and fro in the darkness laying her million eggs.

"Feverishly the hive works and far into the fall until the last flowers droop and die and the cold winds come down. Then the house becomes quiet. The doors are half closed and the bees gather in the center of the hive clinging to the combs, with the Queen and Royal Guard in the center. The first row attaches themselves to the cells, the second to them and so on tili "Anything six sided, and this form gives the the last row forms a great envelope of all. When crawl in and others take their places, while those next to the cells pass out honey and feed all. All the bees slowly beat their wings to keep the air pure and temperature even, and thus they rest and eat and drowse the winter away."

Boy yawned prodigiously. "I think I'll drowse a little," he said, and off he went to bed.

Several days went by before Boy thought of bees again. Then one winter day beside the cozy fire with a book he came across a picture.

"Mother," he asked suddenly, "what do the bees do when they wake up in the spring?"

Mother was busy and had to put off answering a while. But after supper she took him in her lap.

"As early as February the Queen awakes and begins again to lay her eggs. In March the Foragers gingerly brave the wind and wet and frost and seek the earliest flowers. By April the hive seethes with feverish activity. The honey cells are replenished and sealed, the pollen is piled up and the city enlarged. By June the open honey vats are built and the city is rich and prosperous. Then comes the Great Renunciation."

"I know," said Boy-"they swarm."

"Not all of them—perhaps 70,000 go and leave 10.000 behind."

"Who tells 'em who is to go and who can't go?"

"We do not know. Perhaps they tell themselves, perhaps God tells them; but a day comes when seven-eighths of the city fly away with the Queen and leave a lonesome few, with no Queen, but with the hope of one.

"In the city there remain some 400 men lazy but splendid, big, clad in glistening helmets and gaily colored cloaks. Then there are several thousand Foragers, who still seek the flowers, and many guards and cleaners. But most of those left are nurses."

"Nurses? How funny—are there any sick folks or babies?"

"Babies—thousands and thousands of babies and babies-to-be—10,000 eggs, 18,000 bits of life, 36,000 sleeping Baby Bees and seven or eight Sleeping Princesses."

"O me! O my! What a nest! They must yawl something awful."

"No, they are all very pale and quiet lying in their golden cradles and fed on nurses' milk. The nurses dance and hurry and wave their wings and feed the young until they are born."

"Is the whole bunch born at once?"

"Oh no—at intervals according to the time the eggs were laid. Here at a cell appears a little black head and long antennae. It gnaws at the wax. The nurses come running and help clear the wax away. Out comes the larvae and a bee is born. It is weak and shivery and pale. It is brushed and cleaned and given its first honey. After a week it takes its first flight into the air and after a second week it seeks the flowers and begins to work."

"They sure ain't babies long."

"But still the hive is incomplete—still there is no Queen; so the nurses redouble their attention to the splendid royal cradles where the Princesses sleep."

"They're a different sort of bee, ain't they?"

"No, any egg taken early enough and fed on the Royal Jelly becomes a Princess. The royal cradles rise like white tombs in the centre of the city—three or four times as large as the common cells. In here are larvae hatched after three days from eggs. About a week after the departure of the swarm, the nurses begin to thin the wax on the ripest royal cell, while the Princess gnaws within. The head appears and she thrusts herself forward. She emerges, is cleaned, fed and caressed. Almost as soon as she is born a strange restlessness seizes her."

"Why?"

"She knows that a hive can have but one Queen and that other queens are waiting to be born."

"Gee! but she's mean!"

"It is one of the puzzles of life. The world now sweet with flower and song suddenly turns and hurts and kills."

"But why, Mother?"

"We do not know. Perhaps Evil is a hard and heavy step toward Good; perhaps we shall out-grow it as we try; but now it is here and we must be brave and face it. God alone knows and perhaps some time He will tell.

"Bent on her furious errand of murder, the young Queen paces to and fro. Perhaps she knows that a hive with two queens would perish because it could not work in unison, and to save her people she must kill her rivals—at any rate she seeks them.

"Then in some mysterious way the bees take council and decide. They may decide not to let her reign and forming a wall they keep her back. They never use force, they never turn their backs on the royal person, they simply hold hands and present an immovable wall.

The Queen's anger rises; her war-song rings like a far-off trumpet. The muffled answer of her rivals waiting to be born rings back but the nurses pile on wax and keep them imprisoned. Then at last the Queen understands. She summons her host and with twenty or thirty thousand followers leaps out into the air and thus a second swarm leaves the hive. But the hive must be careful-usually one swarm is all it can spare and two leave it dangerously bare of workers-three or four might ruin it. So when the second Princess is born (and sometimes when the first) there is no living wall to oppose. In fury she attacks the royal cells and destroys the unborn Princesses and the workers carry the dead bodies away.*

"Then at last the Queen is supreme in the home—but not yet does she reign because she is not married."

"How funny! Do bees marry?"

"Only one, the Queen. Her daughters, the workers, never marry. They are hard working, clear-witted old maids who do the work of their world, dying early after a busy life of a few months. Of her sons, one marries now and then, one in ten thousand, and with his marriage kiss, he dies."

"Good gracious, if I died every time I kissed you, Mother, I'd be awful dead already, wouldn't I?"

"Yes, darling. But love is a great and holy thing and always near to death; that is why Death is beautiful."

Mother looked thoughtfully at the picture across the room which Boy called Father, for Father was dead. A tear came to Mother's eye but Boy comforted and kissed her and she said:

"You see, Heart's Dearest, your father kissed me with his lips and life and his hard, hard work and—it killed him."

"But after a long time, Mother, after I was a big baby."

"Yes, dear; but Time is neither short nor long, it is just Deed. But now to our bees. The Virgin Queen steps to the door of the hive while

the workers sing the royal hymn. For the first time and perhaps the last she looks on the sky and sun. She poises herself on the threshhold and all the men, the splendid, idle men, gather from all the neighboring hives with glittering helmets and gorgeous cloaks and shining wings, to follow her. She rushes into the air, flies backward a bit in great circles to see and know her home and finally leaps into the blue, with 10,000 suitors, gorgeous in panoply, following her. Up, up she soars, up beyond bee and bird. Her suitors weaken, drop behind. Only the strongest follow. Then in the centre of the open heaven she turns and marries her chosen mate. With a great gasp of love and pain he falls the mighty mile to Death, while the bride dumb with happiness and trailing a part of the bridegroom's corpse, circles and swoops and drops to her hive home.

"Then she is Queen. Then she begins to lay her two million eggs and the hive quickened by a world of flowers seethes with work and happiness.

"Yet there remains a menace. It is not the robber moth, who may approach singing his bold royal song while the hive draws their stings and fights him fiercely; no, it is the men.

"The splendid, idle men are born hourly. They crowd the hive. They toil not neither do they spin. They swagger, they gorge, they waste. They fly and revel in the sun and then return and sleep and eat.

"At last the dread decree is sent forth. Idleness must go and with one swoop the armed working women fall on the splendid, idle men and kill them."

"Whew! But, Mother, this bee business is sort of-of cruel, ain't it?"

"Yes, but the end is honey, beautiful, sweet

"After the cruel but perhaps necessary massacre, the hive works and thrives."

"I'm going to work when I grow up."

"Yes, Boy; of all crimes idleness is worst. Work is Love. Love is Life. Life is flowers and honey and work."

"Sort of circle, ain't it, Mother?"
"Yes, with bees and with men."

^{*}Sometimes two princesses are horn at once and they duel, drawing their unused scimitars which the queens use only then-never on workers or on men.



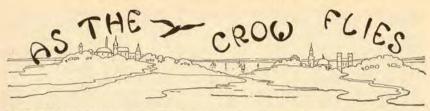


A Robbers Punishment

BY ANNETTE CHRISTINE BROWNE

EORGE Washington Pinchback Robert E. Lee! A merciless, reckless tree pirate was he. Birds' nests he would plunder and carry away And thought to himself 'twas far better than play. If he chanced on a nest where the new eggs were laid He'd take them and laugh at the grief he had made. And when he found little birds too young to fly He'd steal them away and of course they would die. And so he went on until one luckless day He happened to plunder the nest of a jay. Now the jay carries tales to the Bad Man, you know, This one promptly carried him his tale of woe. That night when George Pinchback was sleeping in bed A host of his victims encircled his head, At his foot sat a black bird of enormous size Who gazed at him sternly through red, fiery eyes. The other birds pecked him and vainly he tried To drive them away though his hands weren't tied: He just couldn't move them and so through the night He lay there in pain while the birds took their spite. They punished him fiercely the whole long night through, Poor Pinchback could not even holler boo-hoo. When at last he recovered enough voice to moan He opened his eyes and saw he was alone. But he'll never forget that long nightmare of pain And 'tis certain he'll never rob birds' nests again.

MARCELLUS





IDSUMMER! Dark green forests bow to light green waters; blue skies kiss golden suns; great sheets of rain swirl on brown and black lands. I love summer. My

plumage is dead black and sleek and the whirr of my wide wings is heard from Minnesota to Georgia as I fly and peer and cry and scream.

■ Still there is war. Very foolishly in the spring (and, because England, France and America secretly helped them) the Poles attacked the Russians and drove 400 miles southeast beyond Kief on the Dnieper (look them up!) and threatened to take Odessa on the Black Sea. But the Russian Bolsheviki gathered their forces, after repeatedly offering peace, and drove the Poles back, recaptured Kief, took Kovno far to the north, and are threatening the heart of Poland.

¶ O, the hate and hurt of war! We are told how the children and babies are dying in eastern Europe. Who are the murderers? We are. We sold them ammunition and supplies to fight with and sold it on credit!

■ After a number of conferences between the Allies, in France, Italy and England, the Allies have met the Germans at the old watering place, Spa, in southeast Belgium, near Liège. Thither has gone the new German Chancellor, Fehrenbach, and the prime ministers of England, France and Italy.

¶ Two things are to be done: To find how much war indemnity Germany can pay and to reduce the German army and weapons. The Allies are demanding more than Germany can pay and are disagreed as to how they shall divide it. They had agreed on a division once, with France getting 55%; but now comes Italy who wants 20% which, with the 45% to England and Belgium and others, would make 120% in all. Now get your arithmetics!

¶ Germany promised in the treaty of Versailles to keep only 100,000 troops after the war instead of her past army of a million men which she used to keep in peace times. She now asks the Allies to allow her to keep several hundred thousand troops, on the ground that otherwise she is threatened with civil war. The Allies have refused. She must reduce her troops to 150,000 by September 1 and to 100,000 by next January or they will seize and hold a part of her territory. All this is very unpleasant. If Germany would be honest and if the Allies dared face the truth the two parties could easily agree.

¶ In Italy, the prime minister, Nitti, has been compelled to resign and has been succeeded by the well-known politician, Giovanni Giolitti. Of course you all understand, as we crows know quite well, that in Europe a prime minister is the chief ruler of the land; but he is not elected like our president by the people. On the contrary he is elected by the majority in the largest house in the legislature. As long as that legislature votes for him he is in office; when the legislature votes against him he must resign. Thus Lloyd George of England, Millerand of France, and Giolitti of Italy, hold their office and their power to rule.

¶ And by the way, there is a new ruler in Canada. His name is Meighen and he has just been made prime minister to succeed Mr. Borden who is sick and has resigned.

There is a new general in the world who is doing great things and you must know about him. His name is "General Strike". In other words, when the working people decide that something ought to be done they all stop work and that compels the rulers to do what they wish. Such a general strike has just been called by the people of Europe against Hungary. In Hungary for a long time the "White Terror" has been working. That is the rich people and the nobles have been murdering the leaders of the working men and the liberals and putting them in jail and mistreating them. Finally the workers of Europe decided that no process.

train should enter Hungary, no letters should be delivered, no food or clothes or materials should be sent. As a result the leaders of the White Terror are negotiating for peace.

TEngland and Russia have had conferences concerning the reopening of trade. England, and indeed America and the rest of the world, wants Russian trade, but they are afraid of the Russian government. The Russian government says that there can be no international trade without recognition of their government. Meantime the United States has made some concessions toward opening trade and the conference between the English and the Russian representatives will be resumed.

The Mexican revolution has been apparently successful and on the whole, peace prevails. The United States has not yet recognized the new government, although Ferdinand Calderon has been appointed Commissioner from Mexico. Evidently American merchants want to be sure that they get control of Mexico's oil and mines as their price for recognizing the new government.

© Essad Pasha has been killed in Paris. He was an Albanian-you know that little troubled

country in the Balkans-and had a most eventful career. He was a general in the Turkish army, he fought in many wars, he helped put a German king in Albania and then helped put him out; and finally while living in Paris in great splendor as the head of the Albanian delegation, he was shot and killed by a fellow coun-

tryman.

 A great Zionist congress of the Jews is meeting in London. Louis Brandeis, the associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, is president. Plans are being made to tax the Jews all over the world for the support of the new Jewish government in Palestine.

cipal countries of the world, including the United States, will meet in London to consider the housing problem, which has become acute throughout the world since the war.

Thomas Hardy, the great English novelist of Wessex, England, has just celebrated his

80th birthday.

OTS of people are crossing the ocean. I met whole boat loads as I flew back from Paris yesterday. I didn't see many people that I know and I saw very, very few

crows. I suppose that the crows and the poor folks and the Brownies and most of the really nice people in the world are staying home, which is just where I prefer to stay myself, except, of course, now and then in twilight when the sky beyond the sea is purple.

Will you believe it, I found my dear United States quite torn up because of two meetings. one in Chicago and one in San Francisco. They were not very important meetings because neither of them was seriously interested in questions of Work and Bread and Butter and Justice and Joy which are the things which really matter.

President Wilson will end his second term on the third of next March. We must then have another president to succeed him. How shall we select this president? Vote for him, of course, but there are over one hundred million people and if everybody voted for his friend it would be a long, long time before anybody could get a majority of votes.

That is the reason why we have nominating conventions. They begin with little meetings in your own neighborhood of those belonging to a particular party where delegates are selected. These delegates all meet together in a county convention or perhaps all vote together in a county primary and select a thousand delegates and send them to a nominating conven-

The Republican nominating convention met in Chicago in June. They adopted a "platform", that is a statement of beliefs and principles which they are supposed to believe. Then they voted 22 times. The delegates being good and tired, a little committee of managers met in the hotel room and decided that Senator Warren G. Harding of Ohio ought to be nominated. He was nominated on the next ballot and Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts was made his running mate. So the Republican ticket to be voted on next November is Harding and Coolidge. There were about seventy colored delegates at the Republican convention.

The Democratic Convention met in San Francisco early in July. The three principal candidates were McAdoo, the President's sonin-law; Palmer, the Attorney General; and James M. Cox, the Governor of Ohio. After voting forty-two times Cox was finally nominated and F. D. Roosevelt was nominated for vicepresident.



HOW THE TURTLE GOT HIS MARKS

BERTIE LEE HALL



AY was a very pretty brown skinned girl, just as loving, kind and thoughtful as she could be. She lived in a large city with her father and mother. One day

when she was on her vacation in the country, which was near the sea, she saw a large turtle basking on the sand in the warm sunshine. May thought how nice it would be to know about him. So she went up to him and said timidly, "Good morning, Mr. Turtle."

And to her surprise he answered gruffly, "Good morning."

May softly told him her wish.

"Well," said he, "I don't generally tell everybody about my affairs, but as you seem to be a nice girl, I will tell you. I live here all the time, and I think it is very pleasant to bask in the warm sun, and if it's too hot I can swim into the cool depths of the sea."

"Where is your wife?" asked May.

"You can just see her back from here," said Mr. Turtle.

"What is she doing?"

"She is laying eggs, and we will soon have some little ones."

"Laying eggs!" exclaimed May. "I didn't think anything laid eggs but our hens and the Easter Rabbit."

"Well something else does," said he.

"Why doesn't she lay them in the water?" asked May.

"You see," said the turtle, "they need the warm sunshine to hatch them; besides the large fish would eat them in the water."

"Why does she put them in the sand?"

"That is to hide them from the land animals who wish to eat them."

May chatted with the turtle for a long time and as they talked the sky grew dark and a from all the rest.

shower seemed approaching. But May paid no attention to that, she kept on talking to the turtle until a drop of rain fell on her head reminding her that she had some distance to go home. So she turned to bid the turtle goodbye, but on looking back she saw only Mr. Turtle's back for he was swimming away as fast as he could. May too ran home as fast as she could, and luckily for her it did not rain hard.

The next day when she saw the turtle she asked him why he ran away so suddenly the day before when it began to rain.

"Oh!" said he, "that is a story I can tell you." "Please do!" May begged full of curiosity.

"Once, long ago, the king of turtles was basking in the sun when suddenly the sky became dark and the wind blew so fiercely that the waves ran very high upon the beach. There was a great noise and something from above fell upon his back and cracked it. All turtles bear those marks unto this day."

"Oh, they are pretty," said May, "but I'm glad they don't hurt until this day."

"I'm glad they don't too," said the turtle, "but the king to keep his subjects from being killed passed a law, saying that all turtles and their relatives should always look up and get home whenever anything begins to fall from above."

"He was very wise," said May. "I believe I will go."

"All right," said the turtle, "and if you see my cousin the terrapin, tell him to remember the great command and always look up."

"I will," replied May.

Mr. Turtle gave his tail a flip and swam away. May picked up a few bright colored shells and went home, thinking of the turtle's back and wondering if Mrs. Turtle knew her little ones





Antiquity

MARY EFFIE LEE

It's been that way for ages, I know;

Y grandfather's beard's as white as snow, For far, far back as my mind can go, There's grandfather's beard as white as snow!

OurlitteFriends



GRANNY GOODLUCK

JOSEPH S. COTTER



RANNY GOODLUCK was a good old lady who made cakes for the children of the neighborhood. Granny Goodluck's broom was busy a part of each day knocking

down cobwebs made by Mr. Spider, shooing out Mr. Fly or sweeping out Mr. Grasshopper. "Come on, children," said Granny Goodluck to some boys and girls who were playing before her door, "come on and get this nice, sweet cake I have made for you."

"All right," said the children, but played on.
"Come on right now, children," continued
Granny Goodluck, "before Mr. Fly, Mr. Spider
and Mr. Grasshopper come in to plague me and

bother the cake, for I know they are listening."

"All right," said the children, but played on.

"I heard it all," laughed Mr. Fly. "It's my turn now. I'll go in, eat the cake and plague old Granny Goodluck."

"I heard it all," chuckled Mr. Grasshopper. "It's my time now. I'll go in,

keep company with Mr. Fly, help to eat the cake and plague old Granny Goodluck."

"I heard it all too," whispered Mr. Spider, "and it's my time too. I'll go in, keep company with Mr. Grasshopper, walk over the cake, eat Mr. Fly and plague old Granny Goodluck."

"Come on, children," called Granny Goodluck, "for I hear Mr. Fly, Mr. Grasshopper and Mr. Spider coming through the grass."

"All right," answered the children, "but we are too busy playing to come now. The next time you call we'll come sure."

Soon Mr. Fly flew into Granny Goodluck's house and said saucily: "Who lives here? Oh, I know. It's nobody but old Granny Goodluck. I'll eat this nice cake, plague Granny Goodluck and put her old broom to work shooing me out."

"Eat the cake, if you can," said Granny Goodluck.

"I will," said Mr. Fly. "Pil eat it all up." He tried to fly, but he could not move his wings. The cake rose slowly from the table to a shelf in the corner.

"I wonder what's the matter with my wings," thought Mr. Fly.

"You must learn my new song before you can fly after the cake," spoke up Granny Goodluck.

"What is your new song?" asked Mr. Fly saucily.

"It is this," answered Granny Goodluck. "By my heels and my toes and the length of my nose I'll catch the cake."

"I've learned it," growled Mr. Fly. Mr. Fly

began to sing the new song and fly at the same time. By the time that he had settled down on the cake he had reached the word "nose". He could not taste the cake because he had to keep on saying "n-o-s-e", and saying "n-o-s-e".

"Eat that nice cake, if you can," laughed Granny Goodluck.



"We are too busy playing to come now"

Mr. Fly's answer was: "N-o-s-e."

Mr. Spider swung into the room on a cobweb and said saucily: "Who lives here? Oh, I know. It's nobody but old Granny Goodluck. I'll eat Mr. Fly, plague old Granny Goodluck and put her old broom to work sweeping down my cobwebs. Where is Mr. Fly? I'm hungry."

"Mr. Fly's answer was: "N-o-s-e."

"Say toes," spoke up Granny Goodluck, "and you'll be where Mr. Fly is."

"Toes," sang out Mr. Spider and started up to the cake. When he reached it he was still saving "T-o-e-s."

"N-o-s-e," went on Mr. Fly.

"T-o-e-s," went on Mr. Spider.

"N-o-s-e! T-o-e-s! T-o-e-s! N-o-s-e!" laughed Granny Goodluck.

Mr. Fly's mouth was too full of the word "nose" to eat the cake, and Mr. Spider's mouth



"Be on time"

was too full of the word "toes" to eat Mr. Fly. Mr. Grasshopper hopped into the room and said saucily: "Who's having a concert here? I don't want a concert. I want a cake. This is old Granny Goodluck's trick. I'll find that cake and put her old broom to work sweeping me out."

"Say nose and toes," spoke up Granny Goodluck, "and you'll be where the cake is."

"Nose and toes!" shouted Mr. Grasshopper and found himself seated upon the cake saying: "N-o-s-e and T-o-e-s".

Mr. Fly and Mr. Spider leaped upon Mr. Grasshopper's back and drove him around and around the cake.

"Look!" cried Granny Goodluck, "there goes a racing concert. Eat the cake with your feet, Mr. Grasshopper. Eat the cake with the word 'nose' Mr. Fly. Eat Mr. Fly with the word 'toes', Mr. Spider."

After some time Granny Goodluck sang: "By my walk and my talk and this piece of white chalk the cake may come down and bring the concert." The cake was soon on Granny Goodluck's table, and Mr. Fly, Mr. Spider and Mr. Grasshopper were resting their mouths.

"We have been punished," sighed Mr. Fly and Mr. Grasshopper, "but we have not had a taste of cake."



"We are always on time"

"I have been punished," sighed Mr. Spider, "but I have not had a taste of Mr. Fly."

"Listen to what I am going to say," spoke up Granny Goodluck, "and maybe you'll learn why you have been punished."

"Let's hear all about it," said the three.

"Be polite to everybody," said Granny Good-

"We'll be polite all the rest of our lives, Good Granny Goodluck. Thank you for the lesson," said the three.

"Be on time," said Granny Goodluck.

"That's not for us," said the three, "for you know we are always on time, dear Granny Goodluck. That's for the children who would not come when you called them to the cake."

"We are coming now," called the children who heard this.

They ran up to Granny Goodluck and hugged and kissed her and asked for the cake.

"Here it is," said the three. "We have sung over it and run a race around it, all because you didn't come when Good Granny Goodluck called you. You should be punished."

"We have missed this nice sweet cake, and that's lots of punishment," cried the children.

"Yes, it is," chirped Mr. Grasshopper as Granny Goodluck's hen gobbled him up.

"Yes, it is," buzzed Mr. Fly as Mr. Spider wove a web around him and prepared to dine. Just then Granny Goodluck's broom came down, and Mr. Spider lost his appetite and his life.

"Buzz, buzz!" said Mr. Fly, "You didn't get me that time."

"Swat! Swat!" said the children. "We have you now."

After that Granny Goodluck never had to call her boys and girls a second time to eat her cakes.





THE JUDGE



SIMPLY do NOT understand politics," says Wilhelmina stamping her foot. (It is a nice, broad, healthy foot with plenty of room for toes and no

second-story heel. Wilhelmina doesn't like this foot a bit. She wants a little, narrow, inchand-ahalf single-toe foot perched on a two-inch high heel, but father—)

"I understand 'em," says Billy. "I know all about 'em--"

"O YOU!" answers William with supreme contempt. "You always know so much. Why it takes a Judge—"

"Not I—Not I—" says the Judge hastily. "I never did understand politics."

"Very well," says Wilhelmina with painful resignation. "It will be a case of babes and sucklings. Shoot, Billikins."

"I want to eat," says Billikins.

"It's like this," insists Billy: "If I've got an apple and you want it, you get me to give it to Billikins and then you grab it, and that's politics."

"O, Billie, you naughty boy!" gasps Wilhel-

"Wait!" advises the Judge, "Wait, mind you I'll not say Billie is right—"

"Of course not," says William.

"Nor yet that he's altogether wrong."

"Ya-a-a!" retorts Billie, impolitely, which starts Billikins on a rampage. Billikins is removed for supper and the Judge continues:

"Once upon a time—"

"Goody!" says Billy.
"Shut up." whispers William.

The Judge frowns portentously and all is still.

"Once upon a time, a great nation saw a small nation with a bit of land and sunlight and it said, 'Dear Little Nation, if you want to grow big give me your land and shine.'

"'You might keep it,' said the Little Nation.
"'Never! never! never!' said the Big Nation

three separate times every ten years.

"So the Big Nation got the Little Nation and swallowed it."

"And that's politics," pipes Billie triumphantly.

"What was the Big Nation's name?" asks William skeptically.

"England and Germany and Austria and France and Belgium and the United States."

"And the Little Nation was Egypt and Alsace and Morocco and Congo and Haiti," says Wilhelmina.

"And yet, Mr. Judge—it isn't all theft and cheating in politics, is it?"

"No. It's all a matter of method. For instance take that apple. Suppose that we needed apples of that particular sort and that if you could just keep Billikins from making a pig of himself and eating it when he didn't really need it (having already had too much dinner) then you might carefully preserve the seeds and plant them and raise an orchard."

"But," objects Wilhelmina, "you could do that without stealing and lying."

"Precisely," says the Judge, "but the world hasn't learned that yet or rather it hasn't learned it in the case of big bunches of men. It has begun to learn it in the case of indi-We understand that among individuals like us we can all get on a good deal better if we do not lie and steal and fight. If we are just honest and kind and try and teach each other we can get the Best for All and yet keep the peace and our own self-respect. But all this that seems so plain in our case somehow doesn't seem plain at all when Englishmen are dealing with Irishmen or Frenchmen with Germans or the people on Fifth Avenue with the people on Third Avenue; and it's in these cases that the problem of politics arises. For instance, the people on Fifth Avenue want the street paved with nice, clean, smooth asphalt. The civilized way to get this would be to go to the people on Third Avenue and say, it is best for us and for you to put hard Belgian blocks on Third Avenue and nice, smooth asphalt on Fifth Avenue because shopping people in carriages and automobiles use the one and heavy burdened trucks use the other; but instead of taking the time to teach the reasons, we try and get our boulevards and pavements by manipulation, by buying up votes and using our influence to get the right man appointed and by slipping bills through the city council and the legislature and Congress."

"That's the reason I suppose," says William, "that we speak of politics as dirty."

"And that's also the reason," rejoins Wilhelmina, "that politics shouldn't be dirty, because after all we must have streets paved and we've got to have rules and laws made by somebody."

"Very good," says the Judge, "that is precisely the point. Our problem then is to get the Work of the World done honestly and by honest men. How shall we do it?"

"Vote!" says Billy.

"I don't believe much in voting," says Wilhelmina, "because the laborer and the cook and silly folk have just as many votes as we have."

"On the contrary," says the Judge, "they

have a good many more and as long as most people are laborers and cooks and silly they will always cast an overwhelming majority of the votes and yet there is absolutely no way of ruling the world except by votes and that the world has learned to its vast cost. If you try and make one man king and let him do all the voting he has neither sense enough nor power to do it well. If you let a few people do the voting they vote their own wishes and their own interests and not the interests of the mass of men, because they do not know what those interests and wishes are."

"And," remarks William, "if you let all the people vote they vote foolishly because they don't know enough to vote well."

"Quod erat demonstrandum," says the Judge, 'which was to be proved.' And the easiest way to get them to vote wisely is not to fool them or to cheat them, but to teach them."

Billy looks disappointed, "Huh! School again just at vacation time," he complains.

"And are they worth the teaching?" asks Wilhelmina.

"There's the rub," says the Judge. "As long as we do not believe that most men are worth teaching, just as long as we despise them, just about so long politics will be dirty."



THE GROWN-UPS' CORNER

THE BROWNIES' BOOK for children is one of the most interesting periodicals of its sort that it has been my pleasure to read. It is highly entertaining for grown-ups as well as for the kiddies. Our race is sorely in need of more literature of this class.

CLAIRE LEE JACKSON, Atlanta, Georgia.

THERE is no periodical of recent date coming under my notice—as it did—which I have enjoyed so much as The Brownies' Book. Since much of the future problem must be left to the rising generation, Dr. DuBois has no doubt created a new thought that will grow in the hearts and minds of our children and start the proper training for literary ability.

EDITH M. DAVIS, Geneva, N. Y.

N March 16th I forwarded to you Nine Shillings for The Crisis. The commission charge to carry that amount was Three Shillings and Nine Pence, for Registration Sixpence, This government should be able to pay their way soon. I just thought you should know some hard things an Exile has to swallow. I am now waiting for my February Crisis and BROWNIES' BOOK. Hurry them up. I am a big boy again. THE BROWNIES' BOOK is the thing. It's bound to win, Messrs. Dubois and Dill. It's a winner all right. The boys and girls of Mississippi Pedee swamp and all the cane brake of the South will want a BROWNIES' BOOK all right. I wish Messrs. DuBois and Dill every success in their BROWNIES' BOOK business.

A. GOLDSMITH, Victoria, Australia.

A PRIZE WINNER

POCAHONTAS FOSTER



NCE upon a time, many, many years ago, long before America was heard of, this world was inhabited by only four races. They were in some ways different from

the people who live now, but there still remains some resemblance. There was one king who ruled over these four races and his name was Earth. These four races were known as Fall, Winter, Spring and Summer.

Now these races had been living on and on and on for centuries, inventing, manufacturing, and planting seeds somewhat the same as we do now. One day King Earth decided to have a carnival in the Garden of Space. At this carnival he would have the four races represented and have them send things to be put on exhibition so that he might see which nation had made the most progress.

This was to be a grand affair such as the world had never heard of. The King would come accompanied by his whole army of bodyguards. His entire kingdom would attend and thousands of people from each race would be present to see which would get the prize for having made the greatest advance.

For months before the carnival was to take place the people were getting ready, making new gowns, preparing materials to be put on exhibition and holding conferences to select the most beautiful lady to represent them. Oh what a time it was! And at last the day came. Early in the morning, about sun rise, the people began to come, some in carriages, some on foot, some on horseback and others in chariots of gold. And how they did sparkle as the sun shone on them. By ten o'clock the Garden of Space was almost filled with people. Then the four dwarfs, who live in the four corners of the world, took out their golden trumpets and blew with all their might. It sounded all over the world. This was a signal for the representatives of the different races to take their places on the throne of air which had been erected for them in the wonderful Garden of Space. A handsome changeable gray cloud formed the curtain which shut the queens off from the

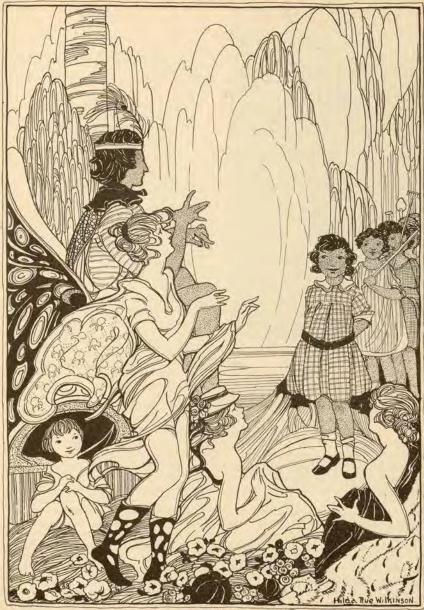
hons of them; each star in the heaven blew a golden trumpet and as they blew the gray velvet cloud was lifted and King Earth stepped forth. He was robed in a gown of gold and silver and plenty of diamonds. I can't tell how he was dressed for his clothes sparkled so that no one could look at him long enough really to describe him. He made a wonderful speech that day, but since there were no stenographers or newspaper men at that time no one was able to get his speech, so to this day we do not know just what he said.

But this much the people did remember. He said: "I, King Earth, have been king of these four races for ninety and nine million years. You have been studying, inventing, manufacturing and above all, planting your seeds in the spring and reaping in the fall and now I want to see which race has made the most progress."

So the first queen to come forward was the Queen of Fall. She was dressed in an orange and red changeable taffeta silk dress, and how it rattled as she stepped out with her beautiful brown satin slippers and a large brown hat! And with her, from both sides of the platform, came the children of the field with all the corn and apples and nuts and dried peas and beans and canned goods of every kind and laid them down at the King's feet. Then she took her seat on the throne with the King. Everyone was sure that Fall would win the prize.

Then the trumpeters called for Winter. And just as Fall had come out, so did Winter with all of her attendants. She wore a white velvet dress with an ermine fur cape which hung from her shoulders, and a hat to match the cape, and white satin slippers. Diamonds sparkled all about her for she was covered with them. You must remember that in those days when it snowed, the snow changed to diamonds and that is just why snow sparkles and glitters so to this day. Her attendants carried honey melons, which are so good, raisins, dates, oranges, potatoes and best of all, ice cream, and laid them before the King. And everybody hailed the Queen of Winter.

And again the trumpets called, this time for Spring. And wasn't she lovely! In a green Then the trumpets sounded, thousands, mil- satin dress trimmed in pink hyacinths and yel-



There appeared a little brown child

low daffodils and green satin pumps and a beautiful green hat! Her attendants followed her with all kinds of beautiful flowers, lilies, pansies, violets, tulips and so many more, and laid them before the King and then she took her seat on the throne with the other queens.

And then the trumpeters called for Summer. All at once it became so bright and so warm that the Queen of Winter had to lav aside her ermine cape. The sun was shining because you know that these were the children of the sun. And then there appeared a little brown child about ten years old, brown with chubby brown arms that were bare and a round brown face lighted by two large black eyes. And she wore. not taffeta silk, not white velvet, not green satin, but a blue gingham dress, box plaited with white collar and cuffs and a black belt, black pumps with a strap to hold them on and white socks which left one-half of her little brown legs bare, and she carried her black straw hat in her hand.

She was followed by hosts of little barefoot brown children with sleeves rolled up and bare heads. They did not bring gifts to the King but since they had just come from the fields where they had been working, they came, some with shovels, some with rakes, others with

spades and hoes and all their other implements. And that was all they had for they had to work the ground around the seeds which Spring had planted so that Fall might be able to reap them. For if Summer did not do her part there would be no crop in the fall. Then the little brown queen stepped out and turning toward King Earth said:

Don't you hear the children singing All day long, all day long; With their merry voices mingling In joyful song, joyful song?

They are working while they sing, Taking care of seeds for Spring; And they'll have them big and tall Ready for the Queen of Fall.

King Earth then stepped forward and said: "I am today awarding to the little Queen of Summer the prize for having made the most progress. For though she has not brought the beautiful gifts of the other Queens she has learned the one thing that is greater than all,—the Spirit of Service."

Thus you see that the first prize ever given was won by a little brown child and little brown children have been winning prizes ever since that day.



Ideals

CARRIE W. CLIFFORD

WHEN I'm a man, I want to be
The ruler of the world," said John,
"Like Woodrow Wilson or Wilhelm,
Or Emperor Napoleon."

"When I'm a man, I want to own The mines of diamonds and of gold, Like Rockefeller owns the oil All Mother Earth can ever hold!"

"When I'm a man, I want to fly To that old backward planet, Mars, And colonize for U. S. A. And then—I'll annex all the stars!" "When I'm a man," said dark-faced Paul,
"I want to help mankind to grow,
Like Luther Burbank helps the plants
And flowers and things like that, you know."

"He gives to plants the needful things
To bring them to perfection rare;
Like soil and sunshine, warmth and rain,
And oh, such lots and lots of care!"

"To men I'll give such happy homes! With children for their treasure-trove, And work and food and fun enough And oh, such lots and lots of love!"

THE QUAINTNESS OF ST. HELENA

JULIA PRICE BURRELL



HIS is one of a large group of islands off the coast between Charleston, South Carolina, and Savannah, Georgia—and although our post office is Frogmore (isn't

it awful!)—our island has a much more poetic name! St. Helena! Several years ago we tried to have our post office name changed from Frogmore to St. Helena—but failed. The islands are divided into plantations—and many of them bear the names of the old owners. St. Helena is about seven by fifteen miles and the school is near the center. There are twenty-seven plantations—the population is about seven thousand—and only fifty of this number are white people.

The people live chiefly by farming. Until last year cotton was the first crop. Every planter planted cotton. Last year the fields became infested with that deadly pest-the cotton boll-weevil. It destroyed practically all of the crop. The famous sea-island cotton comes from these islands. Now that we cannot hope to make a decent cotton crop-the people are planting in its place more corn and peanutsand more of the farmers are planting what we call "kitchen gardens". It is the opinion of many that while this cotton boll-weevil wrecked practically every farm last year, the thing is really a blessing in disguise for it means that cotton can no longer be the staple crop. Cotton was the one cash crop. 'Twas generally mortgaged which is another way of saying the people have very little cash, because the white merchants (and they increase slowly but surely)



Her skirt is roped in the familiar fashion

know how to make a mortgage cover practically everything the farmer has—crop, land, "creeturs" (they call their horses and oxen "creeturs") and almost the man!

The people eat corn: corn is harvested in the autumn and stored in the corn house until needed; it is ground, sometimes at the mill, sometimes at home between two solid cement wheels. The corn kernels after being removed from the ear (it is dry), are placed on the lower wheel-the second wheel which has a hole in its center may be one or one and one-half inches in diameter, and is put on top of this-a broom stick end is held by the grinder and turned deftly-the other end finds the hole in the wheel which travels round and round grinding the grains of corn. Many declare that the corn meal is sweeter ground in this ancient fashion than when ground at the mills! Well, the corn is ground fine for meal-coarser for grits (you say "hominy") and merely broken to make "cracked corn" for fowl.

They eat the corn products, rice and sweet potatoes which they grow, and pork—each farmer has at least one hog which during the planting season may be seen tied to a stake in the front yard rooting vainly for a grub! They eat syrup too, which is ground from their own sugarcane. It is grand! This garden movement we hope will cause them to eat more green vegetables.

The islanders are in the main poor—they are conservative—very—and prefer their antiquat-

ed methods of farming to improved scientific ideas which are demonstrated before their very eyes!

They fish some. We have quantities of crabs and shrimps in summer and wonderful great big oysters in winter. There are no fish markets. If a man gets more fish than he needs for his own family he ties his little "marsh tackie" (horse: so-called because its chief food is marsh grass!) to his gig and they start out down the road ped-The fish is dling. soon sold.

Of course some of the people are progressive. The only physician on the island is a native islander who studied in Howard.

Here's a "peasant". Although we think that there are many things these people do not do—one thing for which they deserve credit is for holding on to their land. By far most of these 80,000 acres—thereabouts—belong to "our folks". Land is seldom sold. When the old father and mother pass on, the land is given to the children. They all have a share and they all help farm. The women work in the field under the burning sun along with the men. When a girl marries she generally goes to live in a house on her husband's land—but she

farms her own piece of land as well as his. Many people walk several miles to tend their land. The woman in this picture is returning from the field. Her skirt is roped in the familiar fashion—she tied it early in the morning when she left home—only then her skirt was pulled up and bloused over the rope because "da jew been so high" (the dew).

Many of the women—and all the older ones—wear these kerchiefs—some white—some colored, others black. This woman is carrying in

her hand the hat which she wore as a sun shade while working in the field. See the pipe, too? She removed that from her lips for the picture. The older women-some of them -still smoke their pipes and when they beg for money they tell us so pathetically. "Honey chile, I ain't had no tobacco since Tuesday gone!" This woman probably has sweet potatoes in her basket. This fashion of carrying their burdens on their heads is common - and you should see them courtesy under this load! It never slips-and they bend 'way down too, as they say very pleasantly, "Mornin', muh!" or if it's one minute past the noon,



A dear old couple

"Evenin', muh!"

These people seem to have a dialect all their own and when I first came here a mere girl in 1908 'twas as difficult for them to understand me as for me to grasp them. Even now many of us cannot carry on a decent conversation with the older natives. They talk so fast, too! They are very courteous. A child picked up a blackboard eraser and asked "I f'r out da board, muh?" He was asking if he could erase the writing on the blackboard! In the fall it is generally very dry—when the people hunt rab-

bits they "burn 'em out" and then the dogs chase the frightened little beasts until they are exhausted. Because of this habit of "burning out" the rabbits many needless forest fires occur. The school has organized a fire-fighting brigade with members on all the plantations. A child was telling of a fire he saw on the way to school. When asked what he did he replied, "I da out it, muh."

Teaching technical English to children who have always lived among the islands is almost hopeless. They can rattle off definitions; they can analyze sentences; some of them can even write a creditable letter—but oh, pass a crowd of them on the road! "Oh I show bin love dat gal orlright! She show smart!" (When you say it, say it fast as you can and rather high pitched.)

Here's a picture of a dear old couple. Old people here seem so alone—so desolate—and always sick! When you ask, "How are you, this morning?"—they're sure to lament one of these utterances, "Poorly, chile, poorly!" or "Oh, I too painful, daughter!" or "Not bright, thank you!" Even the younger folk will courtesy so sweetly and then moan in answer to our "How are you?" "Not bright, thank you!" But if by chance they are O. K. the answer comes, "Up, I thank you, muh!"

This picture of the marshes (Have you read Lanier's "The Marshes of Glynn"? Great!) doesn't half describe these wonderful marshes at sunset when the tide is full!

The woman standing between the palmetto trees is the same woman who is "fanning" rice. See, she is using two native baskets. The large shallow one which she holds is called a "fanner" because—well, I told you many of the farmers raise enough rice for their families' consumption. It is picked, then put into crocus sacks and whipped, or beat with a switch to break the hull which encases the kernel, I mean grain. The contents of the bag is poured into this "fanner" and as the woman holds the "fanner" tipped at the correct angle the heavy grains of rice drop into the deeper basket on the ground while the wind "fans" the chaff into the air. Now the rice is ready to be put away until it is wanted for use. See the palmetto branches



Between the palmetto trees.

thrown upon the roof? This house is very near ours.

The land along the coast (of the state) is very low-some of it below sea level. When the tide is low we can walk or drive from St. Helena to many of the smaller islands. When the tide comes in though, the lower portions of land have been covered and we must travel from one islet to another in a row boat which may be rowed with two oars or "skulled", in which case a youngster stands at the rear end of the boat and both propels and guides the craft by means of a single oar or a pole. Even very small children row, "skull", swim and ride horseback. Very few use a saddle-and some do not even use a rein or rope to guide or curb the pony. Children coming to Penn School sometimes on flood spring tide tell us that they grasp low hanging branches of a friendly tree and swing across a stream that is swollen.



LAYTIME



ROLY POLY

Arranged by POCAHONTAS FOSTER



sidewalk. Draw a straight line through the center of three stones (paving blocks) dividing them just in half. Number each section

from one to six. There are two rows, the first row is numbered one to three and the second row four to six. The first player starts bouncing the ball once in each square. You roll the ball to the second square and bounce the ball

twice in each square. The next time roll the ball to square number three and bounce three times in each square and so on until you have finished. The last time you roll the ball to six, step in each square, 1-2-3-4-5 and catch the ball before it rolls outside of square number six, then bounce it six times.

You then start on "clapsy". Roll the ball as before in each square, but instead of just bouncing the ball you clap your hands and bounce the ball at the same time. Go all the way through in this way.

Then you start "stampsy". Roll the ball as before, but in-

stead of clapping your hands you stamp one foot of them. and bounce the ball at the same time.

Then comes the hard part. "Stampsy and clapsy". You must go all the way through stamping your foot, clapping your hands and bouncing the ball all together. This is the hardest part, but the most fun.

Now there are certain rules you have to follow. If the ball rolls outside of the square it is supposed to be in; if it is right on the line; if you step on a line; if you bounce the ball more or less than you should; if you forget what number you are on,-these are all mistakes and you

HIS game is usually played on the must give the ball up to the next player and wait until your turn comes again. In the case of forgetting what you are on, if you say "misforgets" before any one else, the others will have to tell you and it is not considered a mis-

Chick-a-me, Chick-a-me. Cramp Me Crow

NE child is the mother. one the old lady and as many as care to play can be the children.

The mother says to the children when she is going away: "I give you so much work to do:

If it's not done when I come back

I'll whip you black and blue!" Then she goes away.

Soon the old lady comes and says: "Give me a match to light my pipe." While one child turns to get her the match the old lady steals one child and runs off. She continues to come back and steal the children until she has all

5

When the mother comes home and finds her children gone she goes to the old lady's house, knocks on the door and says:

"I chick-a-me, chick-a-me, cramp me crow! I went to the well to wash me toe,

When I came back my children were gone:

What time is it, old lady?"

Now each child has been told "what time she is". One is one o'clock, one five o'clock and all different hours. So when the mother asks what time it is the old lady must tell her. She may say one o'clock or half-past two or whatever she cares to, but the child who has that hour must get up and run. The mother chases her and if she catches her before she gets home the mother whips her. If the child gets home before the mother, then she does not get whipped. Then the mother goes back to the old lady and says the same thing as before. When the old lady tells her the child, whose name is the same as the hour the old lady says, must run just as the one did before. The mother continues to come back to the old lady until she has all her children. The first child caught is mother for the next game and the second child caught is the old lady for the next game.



THE HERITAGE

BLANCHE LYNN PATTERSON



HE calendar and the glowing March sunshine marked the beginning of spring, but in the heart of the young girl stumbling across a vacant lot, whose brown surface

was dotted here and there with tips of venturous green—it was winter, grim and dreary. The playful wind blew back the flimsy brim of her velvet hat, and tried to smooth away some of the unhappiness from her fatigued brown face. Passing through a gateway, she followed a broken-planked walk to the open door of a little unpainted cottage. Dropping an armful of books on the porch, she crumpled down in the doorstep. Throwing the limp piece of head gear to the ground, she sat staring into the back-vard, full of flapping clothes.

At the sound of the falling books, an elderly woman came to the door, a smile of welcome on her dark face.

"Why howdy, Julie. How are you? You ain't been to see me for a long time."

"I'm—I'm—" began the girl, but the remainder of the sentence lost itself in a choking sob.
"Why, chile!" exclaimed Mother Mason.

"What on earth is the matter?"

Then as she saw twin streams of tears coursing down the girl's pale brown cheeks, she interrupted her speech, and sat down on a bench near the dejected figure, waiting.

"I'm going home," came the muffled declaration at length. "I'm going to leave school."

"Leave school?" shrilled the older woman, leaning forward in her seat.

"Yes. I'm sick and tired of it all," came the bitter affirmation.

"You tired of school, Julie?" the old woman asked in amazement. "Why you seemed so set on your books."

"I love my books as much as ever, but I'm tired of working myself to death to stay in school. It isn't worth it," came the vehement explanation. She dabbed her wet cheeks fiercely.

"Shorley you ain't going to give up all yo'r plans for gettin' an education, jest because you're a little bit fagged!"

"I'm not a little bit tired," retorted Julia. "I'm worn out; I haven't had a moment's rest for two years. I've been pegging away from half-past six in the morning till half-past

twelve at night. I can't keep on working and studying like that. It's killing me."

This bitter outburst left a silence; then Mother Mason said slowly:

"I know how hard you have to work to keep yourself in school, and I've always held you up as an example to other girls. You've gone so far that you ought to keep on now in spite of everything, if you possibly can."

"Well I can't," replied Julia quickly.
"I've worked away endlessly about as long as I can stand it. I've never had decent clothes or any good times. It has just been work, work, forever.

I'm left out of everything." The girl's voice broke and she sat motionless looking out at the wind harrassed clothes on the lines.

"I understand, Julie," said Mother Mason comfortingly, "but two years more is sech a short time, after all."

"Two years more of slaving is more than I can stand anyway," put in Julia abruptly.

"Two years ain't nothin' in comparison with three hundred years that yo'r fo'parents spent in endless drudg'ry without no hope of reward."

The sober face of the older woman had the effect of making the girl forget her own problems for a few minutes, but at length she said,

"But that is all over and-"



She sat motionless

"No it ain't all over," put in the old woman q u i c k l y. "That's jest it. You young folks have ev'ry chance that yo'r parents didn't have. You owe it to them never to quit till you have showed that you can use the opportunities you have."

"Why, I never thought of owing anything to anybody," said the girl.

"I know you never, honey, but you do, jest the same. The only reward that yo'r unhappy fo'fathers ever will get is through you, an' if you fail, you disappoint yo'r whole race."

"Why, Mother Mason!" exclaimed Julia in surprise, and with a look of pride in her

dark eyes, "Is it true then that I am not struggling alone, and that I have my whole race to work for?"

"That's jest it, chile; you are the third generation since life for our people really begun an' you have two generations' hopes to fulfill."

Julia sprang to her feet; the March wind, blowing through her crisp black hair, flung little locks of it against her glowing cheek.

"Oh I am so glad you told me. I might have given up and been a failure and disappointment. Now I have something to work for, and I'll keep on, Mother Mason. I'll keep on!"

Lighting the Stars

M OTHER, when the angels there High up in the deep blue air Light the little stars each night, How do they make some shine so bright?

Have they golden candle sticks?
Do they trim the starry wicks;
And as they light them one by one,
Get their candles from the sun?

And when the starlights wink at me, If I should wink back, could they see? And does it put the sunbeams out When angels set star-lamps about?

Are there silver star-wicks there? And do the angels know just where To get more when they've burned up these? Oh, Mother, tell me if you please.

THE STORY OF PHILLIS WHEATLEY

A TRUE STORY





175 years ago a band of children were playing on the sea-coast. They were youngsters of seven and eight who were so engrossed

in their childish games that they did not notice the appearance of a boat with a number of white men in it. When they did become aware of this it was far too late, for the men had stolen up to them and seizing several had rushed off to the boat in which they were carried to a ship anchored not far away.

Only a few of the children escaped but the rest were borne off to America where they were to be sold as slaves. For these white men were slavers and the waiting ship was a slave-vessel.

Among the children who were captured and led off to such a cruel fate was a little girl of six or seven years. She was a slender, delicate little thing who had never gone far from her mother's side. Picture then her fear and anguish when she found herself torn away from everything and everybody whom she had ever known, on her way to a strange land full of queer looking people who were going to subject her to she knew not what experiences and hardships.

After a long and stormy voyage, during which the little girl was very seasick, she arrived, thin and wretched, with only a piece of carpet about her fragile body, in Boston where she was offered in the streets for sale. This was in 1761.

Of course the best thing that could have happened to this little child of misfortune would have been to be left with her mother in Africa. As that could not be, it is pleasant to realize that the next best lot was hers. A well-to-do

OMEWHERE in Africa nearly tailor, John Wheatley by name, happened to be in that neighborhod that day. He had long been looking for a slave girl to be a special servant for his wife and his twin children, Mary and Nathaniel. He spied the wretched little African maiden, and despite her thinness and her miserable appearance, or maybe on account of it, it occurred to him that this was just the kind of child to whom to give a home. So he bought her for a few dollars and took her to his house to live.

The Wheatley family was a kind one. They received the little stranger gladly, named her Phillis Wheatley and proceeded to make her acquainted with the strange new world to which she had come and to the part which she was to play in it. In particular little Mary Wheatley became very fond of her slave playfellow and between her and Phillis there seems to have developed a strong attachment. At first Phillis' place in the house was simply that of servant, though partly because of her extreme youth and the considerateness of the Wheatleys it seems likely that her duties were not very arduous. But before long, owing to what was considered a remarkable tendency in a slave child of such tender years, her lot became very tolerable indeed.

This was what happened. One day Mary Wheatley came across Phillis busily engaged in making letters on the wall with a piece of charcoal. Phillis had already shown herself apt at picking up the spoken language but that she should display an interest in writing was a new idea to the Wheatleys and gave them much pleasure. From that day on Mary constituted herself Phillis' teacher. They progressed from letters to words and from words to complete sentences. And behold the keys to the treasure-houses of the world were in little Phillis' hands for she had learned to delve into books. Short of granting her her freedom, the Wheatleys could not have bestowed on her a greater gift.

She seems to have been of an extraordinarily studious disposition. Mostly her mind took a literary bent, for she read all kinds of books in English and even mastered Latin enough to become acquainted with some of its master-pieces. It is not surprising then that a mind so eager to take in should at last become desirous of giving out. And so we have the remarkable phenomenon of Phillis the little slave girl totally unversed in the ways and manners of western civilization, passing through a period of study and preparation and developing into Phillis the writer.

Her chosen medium of self-expression was through poetry. In 1767, at the age of 13, she had written a poem to Harvard University which was even then in existence. This was passed about among the "intellectuals" of New England, and was the occasion of much genuine astonishment and admiration. And well it might be for it was written in a lofty vein and was full of fine sentiments such as one would hardly expect from the pen of a little girl. In 1768 she wrote a poem to His Majesty King George of England—America was still a colony in those days, we must remember—and in 1770 she wrote an elegiac poem or a lament on the death of George Whitefield, a celebrated divine.

As the years went on the number of her poems grew. Their reputation grew, too, not only at home but abroad. In 1772 her health became impaired and the Wheatley household did a wonderful thing. Nathaniel had to go on a business trip to England and it was arranged that Phillis the prodigy and poet should accompany him, for the sake of the sea-voyage. Imagine her astonishment when on arriving in England, she found that her fame had already preceded her! London society took her up and could not make enough of her. She was courted and petted to an extent which might well have turned a less well-balanced head than hers. In particular she was made a special protégée of a Lady Huntingdon and a Lord Dartmouth who at that time was Lord Mayor of London. Through their persuasion and influence she collected a number of verses which she had been writing for the last six years and actually had

them published,-to our great good fortune.

The quaint title reads: "Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral. By Phillis Wheatley, Negro Servant to Mr. Wheatley of Boston. Dedicated to Lady Huntingdon." The particularly interesting thing about this book is that as so many people doubted the ability of a girl so young and of slave origin to write such verse, it contains a certificate attesting to the authenticity of the poems, and the signatures of many prominent men.

The certificate says in part:

"We whose Names are under-written, do assure the World that the Poems specified in the following page, were (as we verily believe) written by Phillis, a young Negro Girl, who was but a few Years since, brought an uncultivated Barbarian from Africa, and has ever since been, and now is, under the Disadvantage of serving as a Slave in a family in this Town. She has been examined by some of the best Judges, and is thought qualified to write them."

Those days in London were probably the happiest and brightest of Phillis' brief life. But while yet abroad she received the news of the precarious state of Mrs. Wheatley's health. And so although arrangements had been made for her to meet the king, she hastened back to America, just in time to see her mistress once more before she died.

Poor Phillis! After Mrs. Wheatley's death she seems to have fallen on

"Evil times and hard."

For Mary Wheatley was married and of course lived apart from her. Nathaniel Wheatley had his own affairs and here was Phillis all alone in the world. Naturally enough she turned to marriage and became the wife of John Peters, a Negro, "who kept a shop, wore a wig, carried a cane, and felt himself superior to all kinds of labor." Historians disagree on his real calling. Some say he was a grocer, others a baker, a man of all work, a lawyer and a physician. All agree, however, that he lost his property during the War of the Independence and that he and Phillis became very poor. Sad to relate, all agree also that he did not try very hard to relieve their condition. Finally he allowed himself to be arrested for debt, and poor Phillis was in a sorry plight indeed.

She was a proud woman. She would not seek help of either Mary or Nathaniel Wheatley. Nor at their death would she approach their out a miserable existence in a colored boarding so well! Secondly, her writings influenced and

house doing work for which she was little fitted. Her pride and misery made her very retiring. So that when she died in December, 1784, f e w would have known of her death had it not been for the notice which appeared next day in the Independent Chronicle. It read:

"Last Lord's day, died Mrs. Phillis Peters (formerly Phillis Wheatley). a g e d thirty-one. known to the literary world by her celebrated miscellaneous poems. Her funeral is to be this afternoon at four o'clock, from the house lately improved by Mr. Todd. nearly opposite Dr.

Bulfinch's at West Boston, where her friends and acquaintances are desired to attend."

Phillis Wheatley possessed undoubted poetical ability. It is true that viewed from our modern standards she seems stilted, even affected in style, but we must remember that with few exceptions such was the tendency of those days. Undoubtedly she was the possessor of a fine vocabulary and a really broad grasp of classical and literary allusions and figures. But these are hardly in themselves the reasons why colored Americans should hold Phillis Wheatley in such high esteem. There are others more

friends. Fortunately at Mrs. Wheatley's death striking. In the first place, she is the first she had been set free and this gave her a chance Negro in America to win prestige for purely to earn an independent livelihood. She dragged intellectual attainments. And she won it, oh

> strengthened antislavery feeling. When the friends of slavery made as a reason for holding human beings in bondage the statement that Negroes were mentally inferior, the foes of slavery pointed with pride to the writings of this girl who was certainly the peer of any American poet of those days. Lately, Phillis Wheatley showed by her writings that she favored the cause of the colonists rather than that of England. Thus she proved that the sympathies of Negroes are always enlisted in the



She developed into Phillis the writer

fight for freedom even when, as Roscoe Jamison, not her blood but her poetical descendant, wrote "their own is yet denied."

In those brief years Phillis made a gallant showing. In all she wrote five volumes of poems and letters and received the recognition of England's peerage, of America's George Washington, and of many other possessors of honored and famous names. We are sensible of a deep gratitude toward this little lonely figure who came from Africa determined to give voice to her precious dower of song, even though she had to express it in a far country and in a stranger's tongue.

Mount Ice Cream

MARY EFFIE LEE

MUMSIE, I had the sweetest dream! And wif a silver spoon for shovel,
I fought I lived on Mount Ice Cream,
I 'stroyed that mountain wifout trouble!

And wif a silver spoon for shovel,

Little Ceople of the Month 2

HERE'S a little colored girl in New York I City who is the best pre-school baby in her district and in Manhattan, and she's the third best in Greater New York. Her name is Audrey Tripp and she's one of six children of Mr. and Mrs. Reynold P. Tripp. Audrey is 3 years, 9 months of age; she weighs 36 pounds, is 38 inches high and has a chest measurement of 26 inches. Save for a slightly imperfect left tonsil she has been pronounced a perfect child and at the Milk and Child Health Exposition in New York City, in which 20,000 babies were entered from 41 districts, little Audrey was awarded three medals,—one for her district, silver; one for Manhattan, gold; and one for Greater New York.

Audrey has four brothers and another sister. They may not be as perfect as Audrey, but they certainly look it. That is why we have shown their pictures too, as our frontispiece. And at any rate they are all equally as happy as she. But then, who wouldn't be happy when he is the proud possessor of a lollipop.

FRANK CURL MONTERO, 11 years old, is in Junior High School, "A" class, in New York. He plays the violin and has appeared in public with his sister as accompanist; but he hopes to be a doctor when he is grown-up.

Marian Frances Montero, Frank's sister, is 12 years old and a pupil of the 8th grade. She plays the piano exceedingly well and has often appeared in public; and she sings in French as well as in English. Her teacher has great hopes for her. Marian has written several plays, too, which she hopes THE BROWNIES' BOOK will accept. She plans to be a physical training teacher when she grows up.

OSCAR MAY ARNETTE and Robinson Hughey Arnette, aged 12 and 11 years, respectively, are in the 6A grade of Grant School at Tacoma, Wash. They are not only doing well in their studies, but they're making rapid strides in music.

Listen to what Mrs. Arnette said in a telephone conversation: "There's great commotion here. (It was the noon hour.) Oscar and Robinson came bursting home and fell in the door almost breathless, having run nearly all the way. Both tried to speak at once and at last I was able to understand that each one passed a perfect test in music and each received 100% on their papers. And only one other pupil in the entire class of 60 made this mark. Of course I was equally delighted and exclaimed 'Bravo!' That will have to be sent to The Brownies' Book."

Among the test questions was one requiring a short biography of some living musician. Oscar chose J. Rosamond Johnson and Robinson wrote of H. T. Burleigh. Robinson is the leading violinist in the Grant School Orchestra composed of 20 boys and girls; Oscar also plays the violin in the orchestra but she's specializing on the piano under the teaching of Mrs. Nettie J. Asberry. Hughey has been a violin pupil of Mrs. Virginia M. Hughes since he was 9 years of age; and when Professor John Henry Lyons, who is Supreme General Director of Music in all the public schools of Tacoma, was looking the field over with a view to organizing a boys' orchestra, Robinson Arnette was among the first to be chosen.

Now, when one speaks of brilliant scholars, kiddies, they dare not leave us out, for here's some scholastic record:

William Pickens, Jr., is in the second year High School at the age of 13.

Harriet Ida Pickens is in the eighth grade and is scheduled to enter High School at the age of 11.

Ruby Annie Pickens will enter the fifth grade at the age of 9.

Their father, William Pickens, Sr., was recently featured in the "Men of the Month" section of *The Crisis*.

Oh yes! You know, kiddies, The Crisis has a circulation 20 times the circulation of our Brownies' Book. The grown-ups, you see, are live, active workers for their magazine. I wonder if there's a live, active Brownies' Book worker for our "Little People"?



Frank C. Montero
Ruby, William and Harriet Pickens
Oscar and Robinson Arnette
Audrey Tripp
Ruby, William and Harriet Pickens
Marian F. Montero

THE JURY





AM delighted to tell you that THE BROWNIES' BOOK has created quite a sensation here. Everyone enjoys its little stories, poems, pictures and letters.

It is surprising to know how many high school girls know nothing or very little about our own Negro heroines such as Harriet Tubman, Frances Harper and Sojourner Truth. I believe if you could give us a short sketch of their lives every month or suggest certain books that we could read pertaining to them it would be greatly appreciated by those who wish to know more about their own race women.

With the hope that THE BROWNIES' BOOK will be a great success.

AUDREY WRIGHT, Washington, D. C.

I AM writing to tell you about my home. I like my home very much. We live on a big farm. We have some chickens, hogs, cows and mules. My father raises a lot of wheat and tobacco. We have a five-room school house. Our room has some pretty pictures in it. It has five windows. There are about forty children belonging in my room. My teacher is nice to me. She puts a calendar on the board every month.

When I get grown I want to be a school teacher or a storekeeper.

One day when I went out in the woods I saw a baby racoon and a mother racoon too.

JOSHELLA BROWN, Corydon, Ky.

WHEN I grow up I am going to be a teacher.
Since I am only seven years old and in the
2B in school it will be a long time before I get
out. I hope you will print this in THE BROWNIES' magazine which I read every month.

NATICA MARSHALL, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WE wish to tell you how much we enjoy THE BROWNIES' BOOK. We find it very interesting and we are always waiting and eager to have it come. When we read it we are sorry

AM delighted to tell you that the book is not thicker and hasn't more in it to The Brownies' Book has created read.

ROSALIND and ELIZABETH LAWSON, Hartford, Conn.

I AM ten years old. I live in a pretty little town. I have a garden with onions and potatoes in it. There is a little apple orchard in my yard. Last year my brother and I raised two acres of tobacco. I am in the third grade. I like to study at school. My school house has five rooms. I like to play at school.

LUKE DIXON, Corydon, Ky.

A YOUNG lady I know gave me THE BROWNIES' BOOK Sunday. I think it is wonderful. It is just the kind of book I like to read, with just splendid stories about fairies, and Judge and Jury. I enjoy reading this kind of magazine very much and my sister likes it as much as I do. I wish and hope you will succeed.

SUSAN POLLARD, Brooklyn, N. Y.

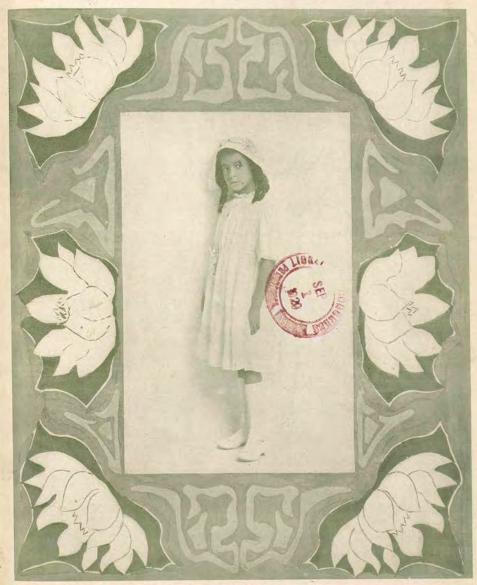
I TAKE THE BROWNIES' BOOK very often. I like to read and that suits me very well. My age is ten years old. I go to Sunday School and Church on Sundays. I go to school and I am in the sixth grade. I like to read stories. I will try to get The BROWNIES' BOOK.

ANNA C. DAVIS, Tipton, Mo.

I HAVE been very much interested in the many stories and poems edited in The Brownies' Book, especially the story of the "Adoption of Ophelia" in the June edition. I am what people would call a "Book Worm". I read mostly all the time except when I am busy around the house. I am 13 years of age, and in the 8A grade at school. I would very much like to write for The Brownies' Book. Would you kindly send me some advice and information on the subject, as I am very, very much interested?

THELMA POWELL, Columbus, Ohio.

The Brownies' Book



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September, 1920

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The Brownies' Book

From a Librarian:

I am more and more pleased with each successive issue of THE BROWNIES' BOOK. It is all good—pictures and stories and the more serious articles. How we have done without it so long is a mystery to me. It is not only a source of entertainment, instruction and inspiration for our children, but it offers a rare opportunity for the efforts of our young artists and writers struggling for expression in fields hitherto untrodden.

About almost everything else that is ours there is a chance for argument and for disagreement and difference of opinion; but about this one thing, THE BROWNIES' BOOK, there can be no two

opinions. It is pure gold!

This pioneer effort should have the hearty support of all thinking colored men and women in the United States, whether parents or not. Surely none of us lives where there are no children to be helped and inspired! Especially should every colored teacher take THE BROWNIES' BOOK and see to it that no child in her school fails to see it and read it regularly. Teachers should also see to it that parents who can afford it are persuaded to become regular subscribers. Last of all, we should see to it that it is on file in every public library which has colored patrons.

E. C. Williams, Librarian, Howard University, Washington, D. C.

From a Parent:

You will find enclosed a money order for which please enter a year's subscription to THE BROWNIES' BOOK. The amount includes sufficient for the first seven issues of THE BROWNIES' BOOK in addition. My children are too young to appreciate it now, but I'm sure they'll miss something if I wait longer.

Helen McG. Nickens, Merry Point, Va.

From a Child:

Enclosed please find thirty cents for which please send me the last two numbers of THE BROWN-IES' BOOK. I like it very much and can tell all of the stories that I have read in it.

Elizabeth Cobb, Dalton, Mo.

DU BOIS AND DILL, Publishers Che Brownies' Book

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THE BROWNIES BOOK

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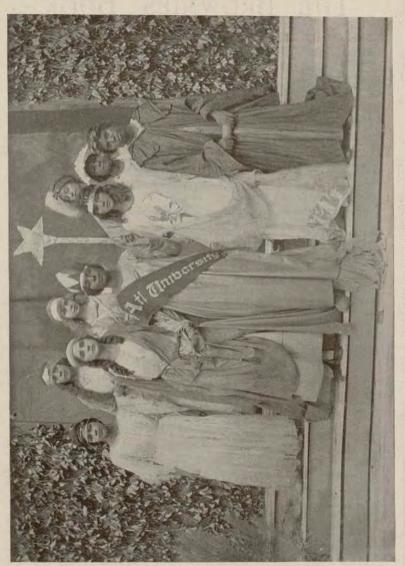
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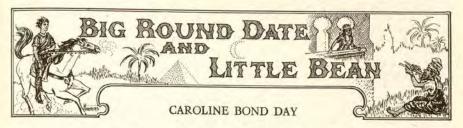
A group from the pageant of "Education" at Atlanta University

The Brownies' Book

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KRABOUS sat on his steed at the edge of the desert. The red disc of the sun was sinking behind a sand dune in the distance. He looked like a figure of terra-cotta

in contrast to the whiteness of his draperies. His bearing even on horseback was remarkably erect, and one could see at a glance, that he was of the nobility even though his skin was brown and his features broad and full like those of the people of the Sudan.

Presently a slave boy appeared with a tiny package which he placed in his master's hand, then hastened away again. Now this was a little silver box containing an amulet which the Mother of Akrabous had sent to him to keep away all harm on his journey, for he was going into the land of the Northern Tuaregs to seek a bride. Inside of this amulet among other things was the seed of a date which was as old as Akrabous himself. When he was a baby, he had been so fat and brown and round, that his Mother had named him Akrabous or "Big-Round-Date", and a date had been his lucky symbol ever since.

He was a very fortunate young man in many respects, for although his Mother had been a slave brought from the far country of Dahomey, his father had been one of the Southern Tuaregs and had transferred his seat in the gima or town council to his son. Akrabous had also inherited much wealth and everyone knew in all the villages around how well educated he was, and what a brave warrior he had become, for could he not recite long passages from the Koran and count on beads? And he knew all the herbs and plants that grew around, and

what their juices were good for, and no one understood how to treat sick animals better than he. And now he was going away. The old men of the *gima* shook their heads. It was not well for a Southern Tuareg to go into the land of the Northern Tuaregs.

Akrabous was not afraid, however, for he wore on his forefinger a huge ring of stone which would enable him to strike a fatal blow, and he carried also a poniard and a shield of camel's skin for which his father had paid five sous. Moreover he was not going on this journey alone. Just beyond the edge of the village seven dusky slaves and companions were to join him as soon as night fell and he should be ready to start.

Once he had reached his destination Akrabous felt that everything would be simple and easy for was he not carrying many precious gifts to the nobleman whose daughter he was seeking? Ivory, and great beads of coral, and gum from the acacia tree were some of the things he carried, also many useful and beautiful articles of leather.

Now Akrabous had never seen this maiden whom he sought but so many and so frequent had been the stories which he had heard of her beauty and cleverness that he was very sure he would fall in love with her as soon as he saw her.

Meantime, even while Akrabous was planning his trip another suitor was aspiring for the hand of Tama, for that was the lovely maiden's name. His name was Taldebert or "Little-Bean", and he was certainly not an atractive looking person. Nevertheless he was crafty and determined and always did just what

he knew would please Tama. At night he would stand in the grove of trees near her home and play for hours on his reed flute because she liked to be serenaded, and at other times when she and the ladies of her household wanted to be amused in the evening with games, Taldebert was always the one to take the principal rôle and a great clown he could be too when he liked. When the time came for story telling no one could match Taldebert with yarns. He would sit cross-legged on a grass mat looking for all the world like an ungainly donkey, so homely was he with his long head, and ears that stood off from his head, and eyes that protruded also. Yet somehow Tama seemed to favor him. Her little waiting maiden Barbara thought that it was only because he was amusing and was wishing that some one else would appear who would be at once more entertaining than Taldebert and more desirable also.

One warm evening when a group of ladies were sitting around under the date trees and fanning themselves with palmetto leaves, being entertained as usual, a messenger came breathlessly riding up and jumping off of his horse, asked permission by making a low bow, if he might tell his news. Tama lifted her first finger which he knew meant "Yes", and he proceeded.

A strange young warrior with only a few comrades had been attacked by a tribe of wandering Arabs a few miles outside of the village. They were so clever and strong that they captured the whole band.

"Where were they going?" asked Tama.

"Where but here to the village of Locoma," the messenger replied. The ladies clapped their hands together, they were so pleased that some new excitement was to be theirs; Tama's father came to the door of his tent to see what it was all about, but Taldebert only pricked up his ears and looked more homely than ever.

At her father's bidding Tama ordered preparations to be made for the guests. Earthen jars of goat's milk and little cakes of bread made from grain and dried in the sun, were being set out to refresh the travelers. Tama went in and added a few ornaments to her hair and rubbed a little more antimony under her eyes for she was a vain little person and wished to have the stranger admire her. Meantime her father had sent an escort to lead the way for the visitors and to meet them at the gate of the village.

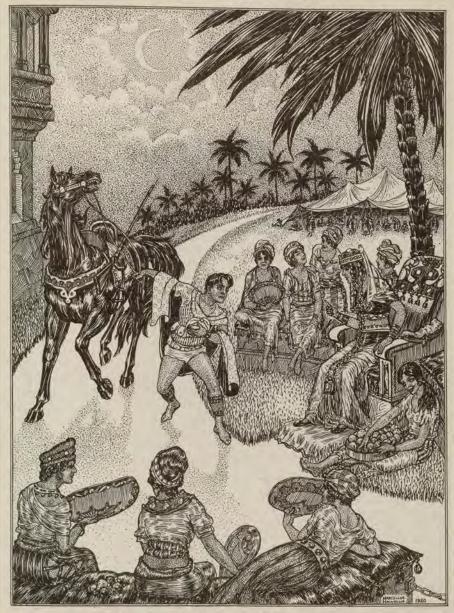
Now Akrabous had been successful all through his journey, but just as he was having a skirmish with the last one of the Arab captives he in some way lost his amulet and did not miss it until he had ridden many miles. Men were sent back to look for it, but this so weakened their numbers, that the Arabs attempted to over-power them, and in the struggle Akrabous was badly wounded and had to be carried into the village.

This was by no means the kind of entrance that poor Akrabous had hoped to make. The group halted once they were safely inside the village gates, and the messenger was sent back to secure aid of some sort in conveying their leader to a safe resting place. So when Tama and the ladies looked up expectantly, instead of seeing an erect and imposing young warrior at the head of the band they saw only a limp form being carried by two of their slaves.

Little by little Tama's father was given all the necessary information about the purposes of Akrabous' visit, his gifts, and the disaster which had befallen them on the way. Whereupon they were all made welcome to the village and were comfortably installed for the night.

Meantime, Taldebert, aware of all that had happened, had taken it upon himself to waylay the returning messengers who had been sent to secure the amulet. He hid himself in a clump of bushes and jumped out so quickly that he had the precious box in his hand before the slave boys knew it. Then a chase ensued but Taldebert was fleeter than the boys. But almost as soon as he returned to the village himself, the slave boys had gained audience of Akrabous who was somewhat better, and described to him their encounter with Taldebert. The amulet could not have fallen into worse hands. Akrabous was much perplexed as to how he should set about recovering it. He dismissed the slaves and decided to get it himself, for he knew that unless he did he would never win Tama.

So with his head bandaged and able to walk only with the support of a staff he crept outside of his tent and looked around. It was late at night now and the moon was high up in the heavens. The ladies had long since retired, having left vacant their seats under the palm trees. Akrabous limped in that direction and was resting there a moment trying to make up his mind what to do next when he noticed afar off a little fluttering, moving figure, near what



A messenger came breathlessly riding up-

he supposed to be the women's quarters. As he watched it, it seemed to be coming in his direction, and while he waited he was conscious that the silence about him was broken for the first time by the notes of a reed flute playing softly in the distance.

The figure came nearer all the time until he could see plainly that it was a woman. He knew at once that it was Tama because only a Princess could be so beautiful. Even in the moonlight he could see the contour of her face. He could see the sheen of her jet black hair, and how tiny her hands and feet were. He could not have wished anything better than that his first meeting with her should be like this-alone and so that he might catch a glimpse of her real self when he was unobserved. He sank back deeper into the shadow of the tree, wondering if she had lost something that she should come back to this spot. Even while he wondered though, she ran lightly past him, straight down the path to his tent, stopping at the edge of the tent she peered around, gave a slight cough and then raised the flap and stepped inside. Seeing it empty she started slowly back down the path.

Akrabous, unable to wait any longer, had started towards her, "My Lady," he began, but before he could finish she had thrust a tiny ring into his hand, saying, "Rub that on a rock if you need help, and say Elkado." Then she ran swiftly away. Akrabous of course could not pursue her, so he stood there looking at the little ring and wondering what she had meant.

Meantime the notes of the flute had died away, and Taldebert who had been playing it was wending his way also towards Akrabous' tent. He had been playing to Tama at her window from the grove. So it was not Tama whom Akrabous had seen, (she was far too dignified for anything of that sort, and too occupied with thoughts of herself besides), but Barbara, her waiting maid. Barbara had overheard a conversation between Taldebert and his friend and she knew that he was planning some bodily harm to Akrabous as well.

Now Barbara had only one thing in the world which she valued and that was the little ring which her grandmother had brought long ago from Egypt and had given her before she died,

and she had always planned to use it for herself some time, but her tender little heart had been touched that day to see the tall young warrior lying so helpless, and she was willing to give it up to save his life. Furthermore she did not want her mistress to marry Taldebert for he was so homely and gaunt, and mean, that Barbara knew life with him would not be happy. So when she slipped back into the women's tents unnoticed Barbara breathed a sigh of relief, for she believed now that all was adjusted.

It was indeed fortunate for Akrabous that this had happened, for a few moments after Barbara had left, Taldebert was upon him. He darted out from behind some rocks and sprang upon him. "Dog of a foreigner!" he cried, but Akrabous leaned down quickly and rubbing the ring upon the rocks at his feet repeated "Elkado!" Taldebert heard the incantation and being really a coward at heart and fearing anything like witch-craft, turned and fled, dropping the lost amulet on the ground.

There seemed nothing else to do, so Akrabous picked up his amulet, and walked towards his tent, having replaced the cherished ring on his finger.

The next morning he was invited into the general assembly tent, where all of the nobleman's household were gathered. There sat the proud Tama on a wonderfully carved chair with much powder and ochre and paint on her face, and Akrabous knew that she was not the beautiful girl whom he had seen the night before. So his eyes roamed around the room until they rested on Barbara, simple and with no ornamentation on her face. "This is the girl I love," said Akrabous going and bowing in front of her. A wave of consternation passed over all present. Of course much explanation and adjustment followed, but the result of it all was that Akrabous had fallen in love with Barbara and Barbara he meant to have, for he was not a foolish young man, and knew what he wanted when he saw it.

It was difficult for them to get away, but he gave all his presents to Tama's father just the same. He and Barbara did not need costly things to make them happy. With the amulet, and the ring, they journeyed safely back to his home and no doubt Taldebert is still serenading Tama.

THE WATERMELON DANCE

PEGGY POE



always felt so sad when old Mr.

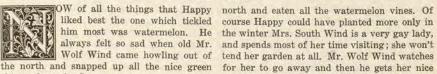
things down in Georgia, for that meant that the watermelon vines would be snapped up. Old Mr. Wolf Wind likes watermelons even better than Happy who would eat nothing but the nice red hearts of the while melons. Mr. Wolf Wind would bite vines and all.

Now of all the things that Happy really hated, he hated most Old Man Temptation. He never dreamed that watermelons and Old Man Temptation were cousins and often stayed very close together, Happy never would have believed it if he hadn't found it out in a very dreadful way.

You see Happy disliked Old Man Temptation because he got him to eat Mammy Tibbetts' syrup and it

made him sick. He never thought that a really world, on the top side of the world or the nice goody like watermelon could be a partner bottom side of the world, is watermelon." to Old Man Temptation in trouble.

It was winter time now in Georgia, but you could hardly believe it because Boy, Waddy and Happy were barefooted, and no one ever bothered about coats; doors were wide open and there would have been watermelons too. Only one night when Mrs. South Wind had gone down to the sea-shore to see what the ladies were wearing, old Mr. Wolf Wind had found that



greens. Folks just wait for her to get through visiting before they plant their good things.

Happy, Boy Waddy sat on the beach under the Chinaberry tree trying to think of something new to play.

"Boy, what do you like best of all the things to eat?" asked Happy.

"Let's see. Oh! It's chocolate candy," said Boy.

"And I like pink ice-cream the best and hate castor-oil the worst," said chubby Waddy.

"I hate razor straps the worst," said Boy. "What do you hate,

Happy?" "Old Man Temptation," said Happy real quick. "But what I like best of all things on this part of the



"HAPPY"

Then he tried to tell how much he liked watermelon, but of course he couldn't because you cannot make other folks feel just like you, but it did make Boy and Waddy real hungry for watermelon-and would you believe it? Just then Happy's daddy came along with a big watermelon on his arm, a really truly watermelon that he had hidden in his cave when he had known that Mr. Wolf Wind she was gone and had come howling out of the was coming to make a visit to Georgia. The boys rubbed their eyes to make sure that it side of it that wanted to come out, and there wasn't a dream, then Happy called out:

was too, for just as the boys went to stoop over

"Oh! Say Daddy, can we have a bite?"

"Go along with you, Boys, I am taking this watermelon to the store to sell and buy me a new hoe." He placed the melon on the front step while he went to hitch up the old white mule to the cart so he could haul the melon to town.

The boys went over to get a good look at the watermelon. My! it certainly did look fine! Happy thumped it, and it seemed to say: "Have a bite," or maybe it was Old Man Temptation, because he was right behind the porch post. Boy measured the watermelon and found it as long as his leg.

"Pshaw! it's a shame Daddy has to work so hard; he has one very good hoe now and if he has two he will make himself sick hoeing," said Happy looking rather sad.

"He might just hoe until he died," said Waddy.

"Of course he would if he had two hoes," said Boy.

"Poor old Daddy," winked Happy and just then Old Man Temptation began to cry and that made Happy so distressed that he said:

"Here, old watermelon, you are not going to hurt my nice Daddy. I'll fix you; we'll take you out in the woods and hide you, so there!"

In a minute they had the watermelon in a sack and all the boys were carrying it off to the woods, but really Old Man Temptation was carrying the most of it. Very soon they found the cow path and followed it into the big woods and there, among some very tall trees, they put the watermelon down on a nice grassy spot. Of course they couldn't see Old Man Temptation but it was he who really pulled the watermelon from the sack.

"I don't believe it's ripe," said Boy, "it looks awful green." Happy pulled out his sure enough knife and he cut a tiny piece just the size of Waddy's fattest finger. It was as red as a cherry and a million times sweeter, because Happy licked the juice off his knife and said so.

"Oh! of course that one stingy little piece is red but I bet the whole inside isn't," said Waddy.

Happy looked real mad: "I'll just show you two 'know nothings'," and Happy's knife ripped right down the side of that watermelon. It burst wide open as if there was something in-

was too, for just as the boys went to stoop over to get a good look at that pretty red melon, they upset themselves getting back; for out of it walked all the watermelon seeds,-lots of very black ones and some very, very white ones, dozens of both kinds. The strange part about them was that they suddenly grew tall-as tall as a sugar cane stalk. And they wore the floppiest black and white dresses which hung from their pointed heads down to the ground. No sooner had they touched the ground than they began to dance. They grabbed Boy, Waddy and Happy by their hands and spun them around in their crazy dance. Then they all joined hands like a ring and danced some more: sometimes they laughed but most of the time those watermelon ghosts howled:

"Woo-ooo-ooo-Woo-oo-ah!" until they sounded worse than Mr. Owl when he starts out on black nights to kill rabbits.

The boys were so scared they couldn't stand up but those dreadful watermelon dancers dragged them about anyway until it seemed as if Waddy's fat arms would be pulled off and Happy was certain that his short legs would soon be as long as fishing poles, yet those watermelon seeds danced on and on singing their terrible: "Woo-ooo-Ah!"

"Please let us go; I'll never bother another watermelon unless it's given to me," begged Happy as he spun around in that crazy dance.

Then they did stop but only to do worse. You see the juice had run out of those two watermelon halves and made a beautiful pink lake; it was now splashing among the trees. Those watermelon folks took those two green empty shells, put the boys in them and pushed them out on the juicy waves, while they danced around the lake. No telling what might have happened to those boys but just then Happy's old spotted cow came along and poked her nose right down into that pink lake and the lake disappeared, so did every one of those terrible watermelon seed folks, leaving not so much as one wee watermelon seed behind.

The three boys never stopped to hunt for any though, they went home so fast that Mr. Rabbit who saw them felt ashamed that he couldn't run like that. They didn't stop to open Happy's gate but climbed through a hole in the rail fence. Happy was sure he heard Old Man Temptation at the gate laughing.

Daddy Henry was sitting on the bench under the Chinaberry tree playing his fiddle just as if he didn't know that the boys had taken his watermelon, but he did, because Mammy Tibbetts had heard them talking and told him all about it. He put the fiddle down while Happy told him about the watermelon dance. You would have thought he would have been awful mad but he kind of smiled and scratched his white hair (where he had some), and told those boys he would give them just a week to pay him a dollar for that watermelon or he would have to tell the policeman that some one about there

was stealing watermelons.

So the three little boys went without candy; they worked every day doing anything they could find to do, with never a minute to play until at last they paid Happy's daddy one hundred pennies.

Happy always treated his old spotted cow mighty good after that and she always winked her eyes at him too, as if to say:

"What would have become of you and those little white boys if I hadn't come along in the big woods one time and drunk up a certain pink watermelon lake?"



THE GROWN-UPS' CORNER



N the matter of helping the child to overcome weaknesses: he comes to you with traces of wrong habits and you stand bewildered before your task. You are at a loss

to account for what you see. One set of these character-weeds you are bound to admit have come to him through you and your line, another set may be Father's contribution; but there are still others that have come, Heaven only could tell you whence. What can you teach that little child about getting the best of these, in the sequence of their development: the thumbsucking, the squinting, the toeing-in, and all the others? Watch, Mother; Mother dear, what little uncorrected traits have you brought on from your own childhood, acts and omissions so trivial, so almost unnoticeable, that no one ever dreamed of the necessity of calling your attention to them?

In this realm of communicable knowledge, it still is fact, that you cannot teach the baby (or anyone else) things that you do not understand. Do you know that you habitually suck your teeth? (Oh, ever so inoffensively—it annoys no one; it is really nothing at all, my dear.) And do you know that you almost constantly sniff on one side of your nose? (You are always conscious of the act, certainly, and there is a slight difficulty there, I know.) While uncorrected but easily correctable habits remain yours, you can say, "Booful mustn't do," until Booful is forty, with his baby-squint grown old

and his toeing-in an embarrassment to all who know and love him. Your teaching in this regard is a futile effort. "Booful" in his walkingring will gain more actual knowledge about sloughing off some little naughtiness, through your sincere and persistent attempt to correct your own little faults, than by means of all the precepts that you might scatter through all the walking hours of the years that he will be yours to direct. Watch little Mother growing wise in this direction, and see Teacher-dear coming into her own with a trying-hard-to-do-better "Booful", bringing along results that tell for always.

You want this young person on your breast to grow up fine and honest and true, steadfast to principles of right, fair and square every minute of his precious life. Well, to the extent that your life turns towards these qualities, to the extent that your mind, at least, goes habitually towards the finely honest and true, the high of principles, the open and frank and sweet, your child will grow susceptible, will become increasingly teachable in all these valuable subjects. And to the degree that you gravitate towards neglect of the finer side of things, will he be obliged to seek elsewhere for his larger knowledge of noble-heartedness. You cannot say, expecting to teach uprightness, "Dear one, be truthful," and you yourself be resorting even so rarely as now and then to subterfuges. Can you, now?

YETTA KAY STODDARD.

THE STORY OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS

A TRUE STORY LAURA E. WILKES



N or about the 14th of February, 1817, on a large plantation down on the eastern shore of Maryland, there was born a little Negro slave boy. This child, whom

we shall henceforth know as Frederick Dougless, lived with his old grandmother, his mother being hired out by her master. The grandmother was a fisherwoman of much note; she was also skilled in the manufacture of fish nets and was famous for her success in the planting of sweet potatoes. She was treated with more than ordinary respect by all who knew her.

Of the early childhood of Douglass there is little to tell. While in his grandmother Betsy's care he lived in a little cabin which was several miles away from those of the other slaves, as the old lady had been excused from labor on account of her great age. The log hut was bare enough; it was neither painted nor whitewashed: it contained two rooms, one above the other-that above with a floor made of fence rails, which did double duty as floor and bed; that below was windowless, with its floor of cold brown clay, and earth-and-straw chimney. The stairway was a ladder. There was little furniture-a table, a stool or two, no stove, but instead a wide chimney place in which sweet potatoes were roasted and corn pone and johnny cake baked.

In such a home as this young Frederick spent the first six years of his life, with none of the diversions considered necessary for the happiness of children. In the summer there were the birds to listen to and the squirrels to watch as they gathered nuts for the long, cold winter; or there was fishing in the Choptank River when his grandmother measured her strong arm with the best of the men in the catching of shad and herring.

Another thing the little fellow found interesting was to draw water from the deep old-fashioned well, so full of mystery to him, and to gaze into its depths at the reflection of the clear blue sky with the woolly white clouds sailing by like great birds. He liked to muse on the hillside and watch the water fall over the wheel of the old mill when the people brought their corn to be ground by Mr. Lee, the miller, and to

drop his line, with its hook of bent pin, into the mill-pond for the fish that he never caught.

All these things came to an end when between the age of six and seven he was carried to the home plantation of his master, Colonel Anthony, a large land owner on the banks of the Wye River. The trip of 12 miles was all made on foot by the grandmother, who carried little Frederick in her arms when he grew too tired to walk. Here he met a brother and two sisters—Perry, Sarah, and Elizabeth—of whom he had heard much, but whose relationship to him he could not appreciate.

Life now took on a great change. There was no grandmother on whose lap he might cry out his childish woes and have them soothed away by her kindly hands. Instead, there was Aunt. Kate, who, having been given unusual authority by her master, was very cruel and unkind to the plantation young folks, who were all under her care. She gave them very little to eat, and young Douglass often fought for crumbs and other fragments of food with Nep, the watch dog. To dip his bread into the water in which bacon had been boiled was a luxury, while a bit of rusty bacon rind was the greatest of delicacies. Too young to work in the fields, he had to drive the cows up at sunset, keep the front yard clean, and go small errands for his young mistress. This lady was very kind to him and often gave him bread and even butter from her own table. He learned a trick of singing under her window when very hungry; she soon understood what was expected of her and accordingly remunerated the singer with food, which was often Maryland biscuit, and thus he formed a liking for that delicacy which he never outgrew.

There was no difference between his life and that of the other slave boys and girls. He, like them, had neither shoes nor stockings, jackets nor trousers. Two coarse tow linen shirts were all that were given for the whole year, and if these were worn out before allowance day came, the little one went naked until that time came again. There were no beds; the children slept in the corners, often near the chimney, in order to keep warm, for only adults were given a blanket, and that was a rough one. Douglass

slept in a little closet, he shared the children's regular diet, which was a large trough of corn meal mush from which all ate at once, each scooping out his share with an oyster shell or a piece of shingle. Of course the one who could eat most quickly and was the strongest got the lion's share. Before he was twelve years old he went to Baltimore. Great were the preparations made for this most eventful trip. The best part of three days he spent in the creek, for he had been promised a pair of pants-his first-on this condition however, that he made himself exceedingly clean. The warning had the desired result. He received the trousers and became so excited that he could not sleep for fear of being left.

Having reached the city he entered the family of a relative of his master. Here his duty was to attend the wants of a little boy about his own age. This marked an epoch in the life of our hero, for he was given a comfortable room to sleep in and plenty of good food to eat.

His new mistress, Mrs. Auld, unused to slaves, manifested much interest in him, and even allowed him to stand at her knee and learn his letters with her little son Thomas.

She was so pleased with his progress that she told her husband, who became angry and requested her to stop teaching the little "nigger" at once, which she did. Young Douglass had, however, become ambitious, and though Mrs. Auld gave him no more lessons, it was out of the question to expect him to give up trying to learn. He earned a few dimes blacking boots, and with these he bought the "Columbia Orator", a book he had heard some white schoolboys mention. These boys had given him, also, much assistance in learning how to spell.

Although at this time he was still very young, he had already begun to feel a growing discontent at being a slave, and two selections contained in the Orator had much to do with

increasing his dissatisfaction. These were "A Dialogue between the Master and his Slave", in which the slave argued so well that he was emancipated; and the great English orator Sheridan's speech on "Catholic Emancipation".

For seven years he remained in Baltimore. During this time he became acquainted with a pious old man known as Uncle Lawson. This poor slave was a person of much religious devotion and through his influence Douglass' thoughts were centered on his Creator, and once in this frame of mind he became more cheerful. Little Thomas Auld had meantime become a great schoolboy and no longer needed his care. He was, therefore, given work in the shipyard of Mr. Hugh Auld, and in this work he learned

to write in a most novel way by copying the letters "L", "S", "L. A." and "S. A." which meant Larboard, Starboard, Larboard - aft, and Starboard-aft, and were to be found on the sides of vessels. Encouraged by his success he began copying the italics in Webster's spelling book, and ended up by taking possession of some finished copy books of Thomas Auld which had been most carefully put away as treasures by the latter's mother. These

*Douglass used as tracing books. Night after night when his hard

day's work was ended, in a bare little garret bedroom he worked by the light of a tallow candle with an old barrel for a desk.

Through many changes brought about by the death of his old master, Douglass found himself at St. Michael's, Md., in 1833, with a new master and mistress.

Until Christmas Day, 1834, he was hired to a very cruel man named Covey, who starved

^{*} Until he reached New Bedford, Mr. Douglass had answered to the name Frederick Bailey, in order to be less easily traced after his escape from slavery. He decided to change his name, and acting upon the sug-gestion of an ex-slave, who had read the story of Douglass of Scotland he chose for himself the same name, which he afterward bore quite as well as the brave Scot.

and beat him unmercifully. Douglass' strong resentment at the indignities put upon him by this man gave him the determination to resist Covey's second attempt to whip him. This he did with so much physical force that the latter was absolutely beaten and badly hurt. The moral effect of his victory upon the slave lad was that from the hour of his conquest he was in mind a free man. The next man who hired him was very kind. On his farm he did very hard work as a field hand. Here he opened a Sunday School and had about thirty pupils, when it was broken up by the masters of the members. A second school was opened and secretly conducted in the woods.

In the beginning of the year 1836 Douglass made a vow that before its close he would make an effort to free himself. This determination he made known to five of his friends who were likewise inclined, and they began to make arrangements to that end. Passes were written, food prepared, and clothing packed. The plan was to go down the river in an open boat and around up the bay toward Delaware. The plot was betrayed, however, on the very day fixed for departure, by one of the five who had his courage lessened by a Friday night's dream. The young men were carried to jail and a search was made for the passes which Douglass had written. These were not found, for Douglass had thrown his into the fire and the others had eaten theirs on the road. They were imprisoned at Easton, but all were set free after a few months, except Douglass, for it was generally understood that he had orginated the plan. So he was detained much longer with the threat of being sent South. This did not happen, for he was finally sent again to Baltimore to learn a trade, with a promise that he should be free at the age of twenty-five.

During the spring and summer of 1836 he worked at calking in the shipyard of Mr. Gardiner. Here he was nearly killed by the poor white apprentices, who objected to working with a Negro. These things—contact with free men of his own race and the fact that he was forced to hand over each Saturday night all that he had earned during the week to a white man—served to make him more discontented with slavery. He sought and was at first refused the privileges of hiring his own time. It was afterward given him only to be taken away within a few months. Although disappointed in this venture, which he had in-

tended should be a step nearer freedom, he was not despondent, but determined to make another effort to secure his heart's desire.

Accordingly on the 3rd of September, 1838, dressed in a sailor's outfit borrowed from a sailor friend, with a sailor's passport in his pocket, and a little money furnished by the woman who afterwards became his wife, he boarded a moving train in Baltimore, in order to avoid the showing of free papers, of which he had none, answering the usual questions and measuring,-all of which were necessary when a colored person attempted to buy a railroad ticket. While on the train he was several times exposed to the view of those who knew him, but so complete was his disguise, that he reached New York City twenty-four hours after starting, without accident. Fearing to remain in New York where there was every danger of being discovered and returned to slavery, and discouraged by his failure to secure work, he left in a few days for New Bedford, Mass., accompanied by his wife, who, being a free woman had left Baltimore immediately after his departure and had joined him in New York, where they were married.

In New Bedford he was variously employed as charboy, as worker in an oil refinery, and in a brass foundry; in this latter position the work was very hard, but so great was his desire for knowledge that often while at work over a furnace hot enough to keep metals in a liquid state, he would nail a newspaper to the post before him and read as he worked.

The first Anti-Slavery Convention he attended was in Nantucket, in 1841. Here he met William Lloyd Garrison, who was then a young man, and afterward became famous as an abolitionist. Mr. Douglass was introduced to the public in this meeting by W. C. Coffin, another noted abolitionist, and made a speech which was so impressive that he was invited to become an agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. This he did. With other members of the organization it now became his duty to go about in the New England States and protest against slavery. Sometimes he suffered many indignities; again he was treated with deference and respect. In Grafton, N. H., he was refused the use of any hall or church in which to assemble an audience. So great was his determination to speak in the town, in spite of this opposition, that he borrowed a dinner bell from the hotel and went through the streets crying out, "Notice! Frederick Douglass, recently a slave, will lecture on American slavery, on the common, this evening. Those who would like to hear the working of slavery by one of the slaves are respectifully invited to attend." He had a crowd that evening and afterward there was no trouble in the effort to secure an assembly hall in Grafton.

He was made to ride in Jim-Crow cars. On one occasion, when avoiding these cars, he was beaten by the brakeman. On another, when refusing to take second-class fare on a first-class ticket, the conductor and others, in the attempt to move him, brought away also a part of the seat to which he clung most firmly. While lecturing in Indiana he was beset by a mob who threw bad eggs at him and his associates, and used such personal violence that Douglass was left with a broken hand and unconscious.

All of this public speaking was attended with great danger. There was every possibility of his being captured and returned to slavery, and there was also the liability of death at the hands of Southerners or their sympathizers. Consequently about the year 1844 he decided to leave America and become a refugee in England.

While in Great Britain he associated with such kindred spirits as John Bright, Peel, O'Connell, Disraeli, and many other famous statesmen. Affinity with such persons served to imbue him with a larger love for freedom. Unlimited opportunities were given him for addressing the public-one being at the World's Temperance Convention, held in Covent Garden, London. While abroad the sum of one hundred fifty pounds sterling was collected by English friends and sent to Hugh Auld as purchase money and thus Frederick Douglass became literally a free man. After remaining away nearly two years, he returned to America despite the protests of friends on the other side of the water and again took up active work for the liberation of slaves.

Discouraged in the effort to edit an Anti-Slavery paper in Boston, he moved to Rochester, New York, and there in the fall of 1847, issued the North Star, afterward known as Frederick Douglass' Paper. Mr. Douglass received material aid from such men as Gerritt Smith, Chief Justice Chase, William H. Seward, and Charles Sumner.

He made another visit to England in 1850, due to fear of arrest and implication of com-

plicity in the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry, W. Va. But he returned to America as soon as the threatened danger was past, to take up his work again with new zeal.

During the Civil War which soon followed this raid, Mr. Douglass was active in the raising of the 54th Massachusetts Regiment of colored troops, whose magnificent work under Colonel Shaw at Fort Wagner, South Carolina, can never be forgotten. He also visited President Lincoln and Secretary of War Stanton, in the hope of securing commissions for colored men, who until then had been enlisted only as privates. In this he was unsuccessful, though the Secretary promised him a position as Adjutant to General Thomas, then in the Mississippi Valley. He waited for it anxiously, but the papers never came.

When the war ended in 1865, and the slaves were emancipated, Mr. Douglass took up a new line of work as a public lecturer. His favorite topic was, "Self Made Men". In this he was very successful. His high sense of honor and right impelled him to decline to follow the advice of many friends to go South and live in a thickly populated Negro district, in order to come to Congress through their vote. In the early 70's he took up a residence in Washington, and became editor-in-chief of a race paper—The New National Era. The promised support not being given, he afterward bought this paper and gave over the management of the same to two of his sons, Lewis and Frederick.

Mr. Douglass became president of the Freedman's Bank, an institution in which the recently emancipated slaves all over the country were encouraged to deposit their earnings, and in vindication of his fair name, let it be understood that he lost no time in ascertaining the true condition of the bank, and this done, he endeavored at once to restore things to their proper condition, and to meet as far as possible, the honest demands of the depositors. In this he was thwarted by the directors and other officers of the bank.

In June, 1871, he made an address at Arlington on the occasion of dedicating the monument to the unknown dead. He also made the address at the unveiling of the *Lincoln Monument in Lincoln Park, Washington, D. C.

On the death of Vice-President Wilson, he was one of those appointed to accompany the

^{*} Much of the money which purchased this monument was contributed by ex-slaves.

body to Boston. He was made Marshal* of the District of Columbia by President Hayes, in 1877. Before this time he served in the Legislature for the Government of the District, now replaced by a Board of three Commissioners. Mr. Douglass served also on a Commission sent by President Grant to Santo Domingo to consider the annexation of that Island with the United States. Through the appointment of President Garfield he held the position of Recorder of Deeds† for nearly five years. Until then no colored man had received this office. Since that time it has until recently always been given to a member of Mr. Douglass' race.‡

In 1886, Mr. Douglass having previously married a second time, made the third and last trip to Europe, accompanied by his wife, a lady of the Caucasian race. This trip included many old and renowned cities in the southern part of the Continent, and extended even to Egypt.

In 1886 he was appointed to his last public office by President Harrison, as United States Minister to Haiti. As if to show her great confidence and esteem in him, Haiti made him her representative to the World's Fair in Chicago, in 1893. The appreciation of this compliment Mr. Douglass showed by his efforts to place the little Republic on a level with her sister governments at this mammoth exhibition of the world's progress.

On the 20th of February, 1895, the life of this grand man came suddenly to an end at Cedar Hill in Anacostia, D. C., shortly after reaching home from a meeting of the National

*The Marshal of the District supervises the exe-

cution of all orders of the Supreme Court of the Dis-

trict of Columbia, such as arresting prisoners for grand larceny, felony, murder, and the like, and the extra-

Council of Women. There was neither pain nor suffering. Funeral services were conducted in the Metropolitan A. M. E. Church in Washington, D. C. It is estimated that upward of ten thousand people of both races viewed the remains as they lay in state in this church, he loved so well, while nigh three thousand gained admission to the services. He was buried in Mount Hope Cemetery at Rochester, N. Y.

Long and lasting will be the influence of Frederick Douglass. His life is a sublime inspiration to his race. As an orator he has had no equal-forcible, strong, and true in his utterances, full of quiet and gentle humor-one never tired of hearing him. He always had something to say and was a master hand at saying it. Personally he had a magnetic force which drew all to him. He was of noble bearing, and possessed a physique of handsome proportions, crowned by a glorious head of silverywhite hair. His kindly voice and warm hand grasp dispersed the fears of the most timid at once. He was a believer in the righteousness of woman's suffrage and lifted up his voice many times in a struggle for woman's rights. He was a lover of little children and was passionately fond of animals. He never whipped his horses and his voice was sufficient to calm them, no matter how frightened they were. He loved vocal and instrumental music, had a magnificent voice for singing, and was a great admirer of the violin, which he often played.

A monument to the memory of Mr. Douglass was unveiled in one of the public squares of Rochester, N. Y., on June 6, 1899. The Governor of the State, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, made the address. Over thirty thousand strangers visited the city on this occasion. A singular incident is, that until this time Rochester had had but one monument, that of the great Emancipator, Lincoln.

Hall, in the city of Washington, D. C.

It is his duty to supervise the recording of all deeds, contracts, and other instruments in writing affecting



dition of prisoners who are to appear before that court, either in civil or criminal cases. This official also leads the Inaugural Processions. Mr. Douglass led that of President Garfield.

† The Recorder of Deeds is appointed by the President of the United States. This office is located in the United States Court House, better known as the City

the title or ownership of real or personal property in the District.

[‡] President Wilson appointed an Indian to this position.







HE world squirms and rattles beneath my flying wings. I hear the laughter of little folk, the growl of men and the sweet sleep of the dead. I see the trees and

waters and the great wild winds come down and up and swing me to and fro. But on and up I fly and fly to find the bits of news for my sweet babies—my dark Children of the Sun.

The world is still at war and thousands are suffering and dying. In western Asia the English are fighting to seize the oil fields. The Russians are fighting the Persians in order to beat back the English. In southern Russia some of the Cossacks under Wrangel are fighting the Soviet Government. In western Russia the Russians have nearly overcome the Poles and are about to seize Warsaw. In Asia Minor the Greeks are fighting the Turks. In Syria the French are fighting the Arabs. In Siberia the Japanese have seized the northern part of Sakhalin Island and are in possession of nearly all the country east of Lake Baikal. In China, civil war is smouldering, while in Mexico civil war seems just ending. In Ireland civil war is just beginning, and in Spain, Italy, Hungary and Germany, not to mention Egypt and India, there is deep and portentous unrest.

¶ Seventy thousand dead American soldiers are lying on French soil and their graves have been decorated. Among them are a thousand American Negroes.

¶ Adolfo de la Huerta has been elected provisional president of Mexico.

¶ A hundred delegates have met in London to study the housing problem. During the war, material which would have been made into houses was diverted to munitions and other war uses, and labor that would have been put upon dwellings was put on war-work. Thus for more than four years the world has not been building its shelter and now because of the natural decay of houses and the increase of

population, millions are homeless and other millions crowded. Such are the costs of war.

The Treaties of Peace between the Allies and Hungary and between the Allies and Turkey have finally been signed. The city of Budapest put on mourning and tolled the bells because the peace was so humiliating. Many of the Turks refuse to accept the peace and are still fighting.

¶ Conference has been held at the Hague, Holland, at the invitation of the League of Nations to organize a permanent International Court of Justice. The members of the court will probably be elected by the Council and the Assembly of the League of Nations.

■ During the war 1,362,872 French soldiers were killed and 1,350,000 Germans were killed.

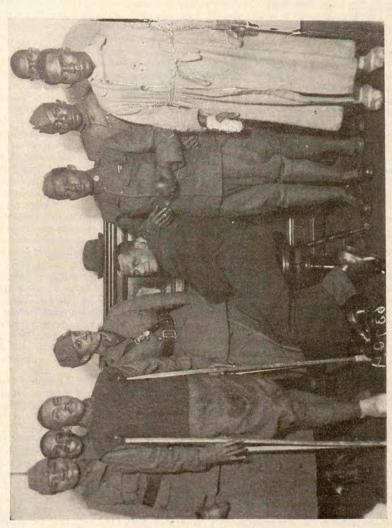
The Belgium Parliament has adopted a law which enables women to be elected to membership.

¶ There are in Germany 525,000 war widows, 1,130,000 war orphans, and 500,000 maimed persons and consumptives who have to be supported by charities.

¶ The German national debt is 265,000,000,000
marks.

¶ The Council of the League of Nations has
met several times but the Assembly will meet
for the first time November 15. In the Council
only a few of the greater nations are represented, but all nations are represented in the Assembly. It is possible that the Assembly may
in time become the real seat of world government, just as the power of Congress rests in
the House of Representatives and of Parliament in the House of Commons.

¶ Francisco Villa, the well known Mexican bandit, has surrendered to the new government and has been pardoned.



Wounded Soldiers

¶ The former Empress Eugenie is dead at the age of 94. She was a daughter of a grandee of Spain and married Napoleon III, Emperor of France. For a time she was the most conspicuous and beautiful leader of the fashionable world of Europe. After Napoleon was overthrown by the Germans she retired to England. Her son went with the English and aided their dishonest attempt to overthrow the Zulus in South Africa. He was killed.

I The Treaty of Alliance between Great Britain and Japan which expires this year has been temporarily extended one year. The re-signing of this treaty brings up the old question of race equality between the whites and darker peoples. Australia, where a handful of white men are holding a whole continent and refusing to let colored people come in, is desperately afraid that if Japan is more and more recognized as an equal the migration of the Japanese cannot be stopped.

¶ In the United States there are 80,000 Japanese in California. They are thrifty and honest and are the best farmers in the state. For this reason the whites hate them and are trying to keep them from buying land and working. Their excuse is that the Japanese want to marry the whites, which is, of course, untrue.

¶ Fifty-one countries were represented at the International Congress of Communists which met at Petrograd, Russia.

■ Experts have succeeded in telephoning without wires from England to Newfoundland, a distance of over 2,000 miles.

of England and t

OME, home again! By the towers of the Kremlin and the Golden Gate; over St. Peters and the Opera, away down by the Golden Azores and up by the silver cliffs

of England and then in one mad whirl—Haiti, Cubu, New Orleans, St. Louis and you, Billikins. YOU!

■ The Presidential campaign has begun. Each
of the two candidates for President and VicePresident nominated by the Democrats and Republicans has been formally notified of his
nomination; they have replied in long speeches
in which they set forth their beliefs and policy
more or less clearly.

A woman, Mrs. Annette A. Adams, has been

made first Assistant Attorney General of the United States.

■ Eugene V. Debs, Socialist nominee for the presidency, is a prisoner in the Atlanta penitentiary because he did not believe in war and said so. He is a brave man of fine character and repeated appeals have been made to President Wilson to pardon him; but of course President Wilson refuses.

¶ We must not forget that there are hundreds of other "conscientious objectors",—that is, men who believe that war is absolutely wrong under any circumstances,—who were thrown into prison during the war and are still held there, often suffering many cruelties and indignities. It may have been necessary to incarcerate these people during actual hostilities, but to keep them in jail now is nothing less than idiotic barbarity.

■ Before the war the United States owed between 4 and 5 billion dollars to foreign nations. Today foreign nations owe us 12 billion dollars. This is because of our great exports of war materials and food, on account of the catastrophe of war, which Europe has not yet been able to repay.

¶ In North Dakota a political party called the Non-Partisan League has been making interesting experiments in carrying on industry by the state so as to eliminate profiteers who regard business simply as a means of making money. The United States Supreme Court has just handed down a decision declaring that it is permissible for a state thus to conduct industry.

Tongress has adjourned and will not assemble again until December 6 unless convoked by the President. During that time, on November 2, a new president will be elected and new members of Congress. The new president will be inaugurated March 4, 1921; but the new Congress will not meet until December, 1921.

¶ During the last Congress 20,000 bills and resolutions were introduced, of which something over 300 became law.

¶ The population of the largest cities in the United States by the census of 1920 is as follows: New York City, 5,021,151; Philadelphia, 1,823,158; Detroit, 993,739.

¶ Harry Wills, the colored heavyweight prize fighter, has beaten all opponents and is now challenging the champion Jack Dempsey.

Congress before adjourning passed the Jones

Shipping Bill, which is an attempt to give American shipping certain advantages over foreign shipping in American ports. Foreign nations are protesting against this as not only unfair but illegal on account of their treaty rights. The Department of State is investigating.

■ For a time the Attorney-General of the United States tried to prove that everybody belonging to the Communist Party was a member of an illegal organization, but federal Judge Anderson at Boston decided that the party is legal. The Communists agree with the Bolsheviki in Russia and do not recognize the right of private property.

■ A special session of the Legislature has been called by the Governor of Tennessee to consider the suffrage amendment. Ratification by one or more states is necessary in order to allow women to vote in all states in the next presidential election.

¶ The total population of the United States for 1920 is not yet known but it is estimated to be 105,000,000.

∏ There are in the United States over 20,000,000 depositors in national banks, or one for every five persons.

¶ Major General William C. Gorgas, former Surgeon General in the U. S. Army, died in London. He was the man who stamped out yellow fever in the tropics.

¶ During the year ending June 30 a larger number of foreigners left the United States than came in.

¶ Some of the restrictions upon trade with Russia have been removed by the United States, but the President has issued a statement in which he asserts that the present government of Russia is not the government that the people want and that he will not recognize it. He does not tell us where he gets his information. ¶ A third political party has been formed called the Farmer-Labor Party, consisting of the Labor Party, the Committee of 48, the Single Tax Party, the Non-Partisan League and

others. It declares for universal suffrage without regard to sex or color.

¶ During the year 1919 there were 3,374 strikes and lock-outs in the United States, affecting 4,000,000 workers.

¶ Five thousand men who evaded the draft during the war have been given prison sentences. There remain 30,000 cases to be investigated.

¶ Many years ago a cup was given to be raced for by yachts. It was won by an American yacht and has since been in this country. According to the rules any yachting club in good standing may send a challenge for a race. Sir Thomas Lipton, an Englishman, has tried several times to win the cup and has just failed again, his yacht, the Shamrock, being beaten by the Resolute. Yachting is beautiful but costly pleasure.

¶ The United States Railway Labor Board has granted wage increases aggregating \$600,000,000,000 on petition of the Labor Unions. In order to meet this expenditure the railroads will be allowed to increase their rates from 25 to 40 per cent. This vast increase is granted because of the terms of the railway bill passed by the last Congress. The United States guarantees the railroads a profit of 6 per cent. Suppose the United States should guarantee every grocery store a similar profit. How we would protest!

¶ Air mail service between New York and San Francisco will start in September.

¶ The National Association of Negro Musicians held its second annual convention in New York City. All of the leading colored musicians were present. There were many beautiful concerts. ¶ Roland Hayes, the colored tenor, is singing in London and receiving much praise.

¶ J. Rosamond Johnson, the colored composer, is appearing in many vaudeville houses with an excellent program of Negro music.

¶ The 13th biennial convention of the National Association of Colored Women's Clubs met in Tuskegee. Miss Hallie Quinn Brown was elected president.





John Bolden



KING once went hunting and was lost in the forest. Toward evening he came to a charcoal burner's hut, and asked if he could spend the night there.

In the middle of the night he saw three ladies dressed in white standing by the cradle in in which lay the charcoal burner's baby.

One of them said, "Bad luck go with this child!"

The second said, "He may turn it to good."

And the third, "He shall marry the king's daughter."

The king was very angry at this, but he said nothing. The next day, when the charcoal burner had shown him the way to his city, he said, "Give me your child. I will take him to court, where he shall make his fortune."

But instead of doing this, the king told a servant to put the boy in a basket and fling

THE THREE GOLDEN HAIRS OF THE SUN-KING

Adapted by JOHN BOLDEN

him into the river. The basket floated down the stream until a fisherman drew it ashore and took the child to his wife. The boy lived with them until he was twenty years old; they called him Nameless.

One day the king passed by and saw him, and said to the fisherman, "Is this handsome youth your son?"

"No," said the fisherman, "I fished him out of the river twenty years ago."

The king was terrified to find the charcoal burner's child was still alive, and said, "Let him take this letter from me to the queen."

In the letter he wrote, "Dear wife, have this youth put to death at once or he will bring us all great harm."

Nameless took the letter, but lost his way in the forest. Presently he met a lady in white, who said to him, "Come and rest in my hut awhile. Then I will show you the way to the gucch."

While the boy slept, she burned the letter and put in its place one that read, "Dear wife, let this youth marry our daughter at once or great harm will come to us."

When Nameless reached the city, he was greatly surprised and pleased to find that he was to marry the princess. When the king came back, he found that the wedding was over, but he concealed his anger and only said, "You must prove yourself worthy to be my son-in-law. Go and get me three golden hairs from the head of the Sun-King; then shall you be king and rule with me." In this way, he hoped to be rid of him.



"She twitched out a hair!"

Nameless set out very sorrowfully for he and his wife loved each other.

As he wandered, he came to a great black lake, on which a white boat floated. He called out, "Boat ahoy! Come and ferry me over."

The old ferryman said, "I will, but you must promise when you come back to tell me how to escape from this boat."

Nameless promised. Presently he came to a great city. There he met an old man who asked, "Whither away?"

"To the Sun-King," said Nameless.

Then the old man led him before the king of that place, who said, "Twenty years ago there was a fountain in our city that made everyone young who drank of it. Now it is dry, and only the Sun-King knows the reason. You must ask him why this is so."

Nameless promised and went on.

He arrived presently at another city where an old man asked him, "Whither away?"

"To the Sun-King."

Then this old man led him before the king, who said, "Twenty years ago stood a tree that bore golden apples. Whoever ate of them grew young and healthy and never died. But the tree has ceased to bear fruit, and only the Sun-King knows why this is so."

Nameless promised and went on. Soon he came to a great mountain, where he saw an old lady in white sitting in front of a beautiful house.

She asked him, "Whither away?"

"To the Sun-King."

"Come in," she said, "I am his mother. Every day he flies out of this house as a little child, at midday he becomes a man, and in the evening he returns a graybeard."

She made Nameless tell her all his story, and said she would ask her son the three questions. "But now," she added, "you must hide; for

if he finds you here, he will burn you up."

She hid him in a great vessel of water and bade him keep quiet.

In the evening, the Sun-King came home, a feeble old man. When he had eaten his supper he laid his head in his mother's lap and fell fast asleep. She began to comb his golden hair.

When she twitched out a hair, he said, "Mother, why won't you let me sleep?"

She answered, "I dreamed of a city in which a tree of golden apples bear no more fruit; and I am troubled because I cannot think what the people should do."

The Sun-King said, "They should kill the serpent that gnaws at the root of the tree."

Presently she twitched out another hair, and he said, "Mother, why can't you let me sleep?"

She answered, "I dreamed of a city in which the fountain of youth has run dry; and I am troubled because I cannot think what the people should do."

The Sun-King said, "They should kill the toad that blocks the source of the spring."

After a time she twitched out the third hair, and he said, "Mother, do let me sleep."

She answered, "I dreamed of an old ferryman on the black lake; and I wonder how he can escape so that he can die and be in peace."

The Sun-King said, "Let him hand the oars to another and jump ashore; the other must stop in his place."

Then she let him sleep.

Early the next morning he arose and flew away as a little child.

The white lady gave Nameless the three golden hairs and kissed him saying, "Now I have done all I have promised. Go back to your wife and be happy."

When he came to the city of the golden tree, and the fountain of youth, he told the two kings what they should do, and received a rich reward. When he reached the black lake, the ferryman rowed him over gladly for the news that he brought.

He arrived at home and gave the king the three golden hairs. The king was furious in his heart, but he said to himself, "I must go and drink of that wonderful spring and eat of those wonderful apples."

When he reached the black lake, the ferryman handed the king the oars and jumped out, so that the king had to stay in his place.

As he never came home again, Nameless and his beautiful wife ruled the land in peace and prosperity.







Advisory Council, Oakwood Ave. Y. W. C. A., Orange, N. J.



THE JUDGE



ILLIE is singing at the top of his voice:

"By a-luck-y spec-u-lation, he a-million-made!"

"Impossible!" says the Judge.

"I beg pardon, sir," says William, "but here it is in the paper. 'Mr. Bonzi makes millions by speculation'."

"It cannot be done," insists the Judge.

"Of course," admits Wilhelmina, "Only governments actually make money."

"Well, then, somebody DOES make money," says William.

"But not by a lucky speculation," answers the Judge calmly.

"Well, then, how do they make it?" asks

William. "By stamping gold or silver," says Wilhel-

"And where do they get the metals?"

"Buy them."

"What! does the United States have to buy gold ?"

"Certainly-or borrow it. Did you think it manufactured it?" asks the Judge.

"But it might print the money," says Billie.

"Surely-and print 'One Dollar' on a cent's worth of paper and make 99 cents clear," returns the Judge, smiling.

"O that wouldn't go; people wouldn't believe what the government said," answers William.

"But the government does do it," says Billie.

"Is that so? Show me a dollar."

"Whoopee! Haven't had one since Hector was a pup!"

"By the way, when WAS Hector-" but Wilhelmina interrupts:

"Here's a dollar bill."

"Read it!" says the Judge.

"The Federal Reserve Bank of New York will pay the bearer on demand one dollar."

"And here's another," says William,

"The United States of America will pay the bearer"___

"And another"-

"One silver dollar payable to the Bearer on demand."

"See, they are not real money-they are just receipts and promises made by the government."

"What IS real money then?" asks Billie.

"Gold or silver or something else valuable."

"And how do people make valuable things?" "By work."

"Not by speculating?"

"No, nor by stealing-by work."

"Then all wealthy people worked-"

"I regret to say-No," says the Judge. "But wealth is made by SOMEBODY'S work. After it is made it may be given to others or stolen by others or borrowed, but only honest work makes wealth."

"But is ALL wealth made by work?"

"No, some wealth is made by Nature, like coal, oil and diamonds."

"And whom does that belong to?"

"It ought to belong to the Nation, but it often belongs to the man who finds it first."

"That's lucky, ain't it?"

"Yes, it's luck."

"And suppose you find something that ain't worth anything today and tomorrow everybody wants it?"

"That's speculation," says the Judge. So Billie retorts:

"So speculation DOES make money!"

"No, the people's sudden new wants or needs MAKE the value."

"But who GETS the money?" asks William.

"The speculator," answers the Judge-"but who ought to get it?" and the Judge answers himself: "The People. And this, my dears, is the Philosophy of Wealth."

"But Mr. Bonzi DID make millions by speculation"-insists William.

"No, he GOT them," says the Judge.

Wilhelmina remains in a brown study.

Ourlittestiends



THE JURY





AM a pupil of Charles Sumner School No. 23. I am in the 6-A grade and am 11 years old. In our history class we have an Americanization Club. Each child

has a name such as Dean Kelly Miller and other noted people of the times, which we are called by in club. My name is Mrs. Hunton. It is a delight to see how each child tries to live up to the standard her name calls for.

When I was in the 5-A grade I won first honor for giving a four-minute talk on the third Liberty Bond. It was a certificate from Washington, D. C. When I get grown I want to make great lectures like Mrs. Hunton. I expect to get some encouragement from The BROWNIES' BOOK which I like very much.

, FLORA SUMMERS, Indianapolis, Ind.

WE, a band of brownies from Acorn Glen, stride up in our russet doublets to offer thanks to the publishers of Brownies' Book. We like to flatter ourselves with the hope that the Book was named for us, yet are almost sure that it bears the title, Brownies' Book, in honor of the hosts of brown boys and girls who are to read it with pride.

Nothing in our woodland glade could be more wholesome than this bright little sprite of the press. No star at which we peep through the beech trees shines with more brilliancy than the star of hope that BROWNIES' BOOK keeps aglow from month to month for the eyes of brown boys and girls.

Reported for the Acorn Glenners by

MARY EFFIE LEE.

I AM a pupil of Douglass School, Pittsburg, Kansas. I am twelve years old and I am in the 8-B class. I am a reader of The Brownies' Book and also an agent. I think The Brownies' Book is a very good book for children to read and all the children think so in my town. I hope to become a musician in the future. I

am taking piano lessons now. My teacher's name is Mrs. E. English.

NEVA COL. Pittsburg, Kansas.

WE have a big garret in our house and on rainy days my mother sends us up there to play. There are piles and piles of old papers and magazines up there and some books about Elsie Dinsmore. I do not like the books very much but I love the papers and magazines even though they are so old. Isn't it funny, things seem so much truer if you read about them when they're all over than they do while they're happening?

I like the garret so much now that even when it isn't raining I go up there anyhow, if it's not too hot. It is lovely to play out all the thoughts and stories which you have in your mind. I can just see all the princesses in the fairy-tales standing tall and white in the corners and Tom Thumb and Puss In Boots. There are little windows and if you look out them you can see for miles around. Sometimes I play I'm sister Anne-she was Bluebeard's wife's sister, you know,-and sometimes I think I see a magic forest with all the trees talking to each other. In the morning when I look out the earth is very shining and yellow in the heat. Then I think of the piece Wordsworth wrote about the daffodils. I like that best of anything I ever read. We keep Wordsworth up in the garret too. The book he wrote belonged to an aunt of mine who died years ago.

Don't you think our garret sounds like a nice place?

SYBIL BORDEN, Ithaca, New York.

SCHOOL begins in September. The Summer flies so fast! Tell me, Mr. Judge, did you really and truly like to go to school when you were my age? I am eleven. Mother says you did. Maybe studies were more interesting in those days. Please tell us some time how you felt when vacation was over.

PETER BOYD, New York City.



PLAYTIME



Four Games from St. Helena

Arranged by JULIA PRICE BURRELL

TEAR "Brownie" children:

Wouldn't it be splendid if all the little Brownie readers could make visits to all the other little Brownies! Although I am sure each one of us lives in what would prove an interesting place, yet no place I am sure is just like St. Helena. This is one of a group of little islands lying off the coast between Charleston, South Carolina, and Savannah, Georgia. There are perhaps five thousand boys and girls who live here with their fathers and mothers working and playing, and praying for better days. We are isolated from the mainland partly because the way one must travel to reach our island is long and tedious. But I will tell you more of that another time-for this is playtime. SHOO! TURKEY, SHOO!

The players form a ring—a leader is chosen who asks the questions to which all the other players reply in concert.

Leader: Mary?

Leader: Have you seen my turkeys?

All: Yes, Ma'am!

Leader: Which way did they go?

All (pointing south): So!

Leader: Will you help me find them?

All: Yes, Ma'am!

Leader: Get ready. Let's go.

At this all face to right and skip around ring in single file calling seven times: "Shoo! turkey, shoo! shoo! shoo!" then stopping and then:—

Leader: Mary?

Leader: Did you go to her nest?

All: Yes, ma'am.

Leader: Did you get any eggs?

All: Yes, ma'am.

Leader: Did you put them in the corn bread?

All: Yes, ma'am.

Leader: Did you bake it brown?

All: Yes, ma'am.

Leader: Did you take it up town?

All: Yes, ma'am.

Leader: Did you share it all around?

All: Yes, ma'am.

Leader: How did it taste?

All: Sweet! sweet! (then face right and skip around in ring as before saying over seven times): Good ole lady, come taste 'em! taste 'em! taste 'em!

BIG FAT BISCUIT

The children form a circle holding hands. Leader stands outside circle. He calls:

Big fat biscuit!

All reply: Shoo-de-loo!

Leader continues: Just from the kitchen!

All answer again: Shoo-de-loo!

Leader calls on some one child in circle as:

Son Brown! Jump over yonder!

Before the chorus of voices has finished again with: Shoo-de-loo! Son Brown must jump across the circle to a place directly opposite where he was standing.

Leader continues calling on different children until some child who is not quick enough is forced out. Then this child changes places with the leader and so the game goes on.

WHO CUT THE ROUNDABOUT?

Leader stands in centre of floor with long stick in his hand. The children form a semicircle before him. He asks: Who cut the roundabout?

All the children answer: The tailor cut the roundabout.

This question and its answer are repeated twice—then Leader continues: A very fine roundabout.

Children answer as before: The tailor cut the roundabout.

The players seldom reach this point of the game because someone has surely been caught and with a new leader the game has started over. While the leader talks he several times

turns completely round about—now if before he turns, he raps on the floor (or the ground, outdoors) with his stick, then all the others must turn round about—but if the leader turns round without first having rapped on the floor with his stick then none of the others must turn at all—and if one player forgets—then that player is caught by the leader and he must take the leader's place and the game starts again.

SISSY IN THE BARN

The children form a circle and join hands. One child stands in the center—a boy. All sing to child in center:

Sissy in the barn, join the wedding! Sissy in the barn, join the wedding!

(Child in center chooses a partner who joins him). All sing:

Sweetest li'l couple I ever did see,

Barn! Barn!

Arms all around me! Barn!

Children in center put arms around each other. All sing:

Say, little Sissy, won't you marry me?

Two in center stand opposite each other and point fingers at each other saying:

Stay back, girl (or boy), don't you come near

All them sassy words you say!

O, Barn! Barn!

(All sing) Arms all around me!

Say, little sissy, won't you marry me? Marry me?

Two in center courtesy to each other—the child who was chosen partner remains and the game starts again,

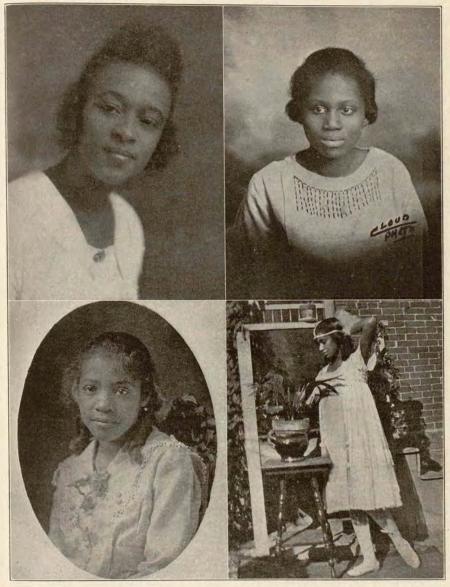
Clittle Ceople of the Month

HERE are some folks who take a real inter-I est in their studies—they're obedient, attentive and earnest scholars. Such a person is Ammie Rosealia Lewis. Out in Imperial County, Cal., at the Calexico High School, Ammie ranked highest in educational attainments among 105 students. We Brownies, of course, are very proud of our Ammie; but do you know,-there were two girls and three boys-Mary Culver and Gladys Forrest, Edwin Kessling, Laurence Little and Otis de Riemer-who could not bear to realize that a Negro should be an honor student and refused to sit on the same platform with Ammie at graduation time. Professor Vinacke characterized these white children's attitude as "a lack of understanding of Americanization."

IT'S so wonderful to be an artist, and make pictures of beautiful flowers and trees and oceans and skies, and of the gray cat watching to catch the pretty pigeon for a meal, and of lovely Wilhelmina and dear Billikins. Well, at Boston, Mass., there's a Brownie, 14 years of age, who has won her second scholarship at the Museum of Fine Arts. Her name is Lois M. Jones and she's an honor student of the High School of Practical Arts at Boston.

AMIE E. DAVIS is the winner of a prize M AMIE E. DAVIS IS the manual on the War Department's contest on "What are the Benefits of an Enlistment in the United States Army." She is a pupil in the 7th grade of the Slater School at Birmingham, Ala., and the only pupil in the colored public schools of Birmingham and Jefferson Counties to win a prize. Her teacher is Miss Elizabeth C. Towns. On the Board of Judges were Secretary of War Baker, General March and General Pershing. Miss Davis' principal says of her: "During the last six years, in which she has been a pupil at the Slater School, she has shown herself to be a hard worker and one of the most obedient pupils. During the time of the World War, as one of the junior speakers of Slater, she delivered many four-minute speeches in the school and in churches."

DANCING is fun for us, but Lillian Jones has made her dancing bring greater pleasure, for at the annual circus of the West Philadelphia High School, from which Lillian graduated in June, she interpreted Nevin's "Narcissus" and was awarded a prize. This marked her second annual award.



Ammie Rosealia Lewis Lois M. Jones

Mamie E. Davis Lillian Jones

POEMS

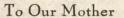


Little Moon Dancer

EULALIE SPENCE

A LITTLE fairy dressed in white Came stealing to my door last night. She glided softly through the gloom To where the moonlight filled the room. And oh, the shimmer of her hair And lovely smile beyond compare! I held my breath in sheer delight Lest she should vanish from my sight.

At first she danced a measure slow, With gauzy wings extended—so. Then next her feet tripped fast and faster And where I lay, I hugged my laughter; Oh, what if she should disappear Before I've asked her name, or sphere! Alas; she guessed my thought too soon, And floated upward to the moon!



MADELINE G. ALLISON

A S dawn peers through the western sky, To you our radiant visions hie; Then silent stars steal to their home, And to you all our dear dreams roam.



The Strawberry

MARY EFFIE LEE

THE strawberry's my fav'rite fruit;
No other fruit is half so good
Or tastes in that same way.

It is rose-red and has gold eyes,
And grows low on the ground
On bushes green, whither I steal
When mother's not around.



The Grasshopper

MARY EFFIE LEE

O HAPPY little grasshopper In shirt of lettuce-green, With wings as thin as isinglass And sprightly legs and lean!

O little leaping grasshopper, I watched you spring and pass, And found that though your name sounds so, You don't just jump on grass.

You sped right by Parnassus grass
To land on daddy's knee;
Then made my tie a boulevard,
As we sat by the tree.

I saw you pass some fox grass once And light—snap!—on a rose: So, after all, one's not known by The name one's parents chose.

Tomboys ANNETTE CHRISTINE BROWNE

ITTLE maids, what joy is yours! Children of the great out-doors!

Nature's forces, every one Join in hand to give you fun.

She her carpet green has spread For your play and for your bed.

You may play up in the trees, Or chase the butterflies and bees.

You may heed the water's call, Being yet so young and small.

When I was a child like you I could wade in water, too.



Childhood days pass quickly by. Live them fully as they fly.

When you enter grown-ups' ways Oft you'll long for bare-foot days.



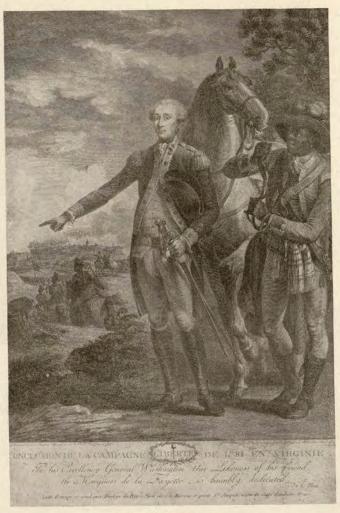
The Baby Boy WILLIS RICHARDSON

WITH little dimpled hands and feet, He sits in summer garments neat, Of lace, all lily white;

And when through lattice-work of green The sun's invading rays are seen, His eyes are trebly bright:

Or if while sitting there at play Some golden beams that drift astray, Upon his feet alight,

He gazes at them steadily, Then claps his hands in highest glee Enraptured at the sight.



Lafayette

BROWNIES BOOK



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Che Brownies' Book

FOR

—Comments—

We desire to express our very great appreciation of THE BROWNIES' BOOK. The children find it a never ending source of delight. We could not get along without it now and eagerly wait for each month's issue. It is a blessing to our Negro children.

Frederica Brown,
Girl's Work Secretary,
Girl Reserves,
Indianapolis, Ind.

I think THE BROWNIES' BOOK is very interesting. I am teaching boys and girls of the primary grades and think it will interest them. Please send me a sample copy of this little magazine.

Miss Elizabeth B. Tucker, Muskogee, Okla.

Please find enclosed \$4.50 for three subscriptions to THE BROWNIES' BOOK of which we are so proud.

> Mrs. Mary T. Seymour, Hartford, Conn.

THE BROWNIES' BOOK is a growing delight.

Joseph Garner, Georgetown, British Guiana, South America.

DU BOIS AND DILL, Publishers Che Brownies' Book

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No. 10

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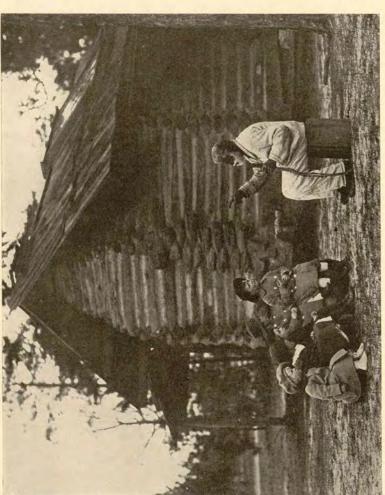
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MANUSCRIPTS and drawings relating to colored children are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage. If found unavailable they will be returned.

Entered as second class matter January 20, 1920, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



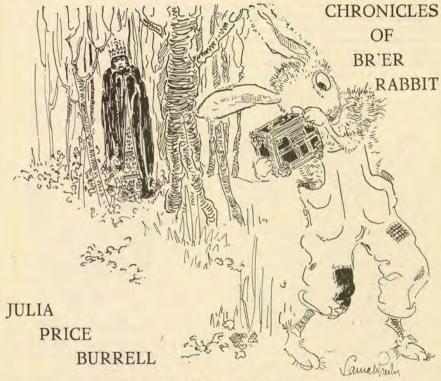
October Days

The Brownies' Book

Vol. 1

OCTOBER, 1920

No. 10



He held the box to his ear



R'ER RABBIT and Br'er Pa'tridge went hunting. They brought in a fine little sheep.

"Now," said Br'er Rabbit, "who will go get some fire to cook our

"You shall go, for you are larger than I, and you can carry more," declared the little Pa'tridge.

Said Br'er Rabbit, "You shall go, Br'er Pa'tridge, for you can fly more swiftly than I can run, and we will not wait so long for our feast." Br'er Pa'tridge set off; soon as he was out of sight, Br'er Rabbit fell to work tearing the flesh into pieces convenient for him to carry off—and when Br'er Pa'tridge returned with the fire he found only a few scraggly pieces left. He fairly gasped: "Well! WHERE is our meat, Br'er Rabbit?"

Br'er Rabbit scratched his chin with his right forepaw—he stared hard at the spot where the meat had been—then with a sudden upward jerk of his naughty head he said:

"Why, Br'er Pa'tridge, I just turned my eyes towards a queer sound I heard in yonder brush and 'fore I turned me round again that meat been gone! Oh, what shall we do, Br'er Pa'tridge?"

But without seeming to notice the greedy Rabbit, Br'er Pa'tridge lifted his head and in answer to his call, "Bob-White!" a score of hungry partridges flew to him and they all ate the miserable fragments which Br'er Rabbit had not been able to steal away. As they all flopped over onto the ground, Br'er Pa'tridge cried, "O, Br'er Rabbit, that meat was surely poison. See, all my brothers dying!"



"See all my brothers dying!"

"Poison meat won't do for me!" thought Br'er Rabbit. "Let me go fetch that meat I hid away!" and he bounded over the ground, returning with the tender meat which he had meant to eat alone. When he had brought it all, Br'er Pa'tridge said quietly, "Now, Br'er Rabbit, let's divide equally!"

And they did.

BR'ER RABBIT WINS THE REWARD

BRER RABBIT, Br'er Fox and Br'er Wolf were hired by the King to work in a certain field. Now because the mosquitoes were so many and stung so hard in this hay field the King had had great difficulty in securing workers, so as a spur to the laborers he promised to him who should work longest without heeding the mosquitoes a special reward.

All three, Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Fox, Br'er Wolf, set to work, each determined to win the reward. How those mosquitoes did bite! Every half minute Br'er Wolf stopped to slap one! Every five minutes Br'er Fox stopped to swat at the troublesome pests!

What of Br'er Rabbit? Oh, they were not sparing him either, but that little animal is a "schemy" creature! He worked away, and as

he worked he talked. Said he, "My old Dad, he haves a plough horse; he black here and here," and as he said "here" each time he slapped his stinging legs where the mosquitoes were biting—"and," he went on, "he white all here,"—slapping again at the enemy!

So he continued talking and slapping and working. It never occurred to the King that Br'er Rabbit was killing mosquitoes. It appeared to those who looked that Br'er Rabbit was not bothered.

He won the reward.

BR'ER RABBIT LEARNS WHAT TROUBLE IS

BR'ER RABBIT approached the King. "O, King," he began, "teach me what is trouble. I hear the people talk of trouble, but I have never seen it."

Then the King said thoughtfully, "Br'er Rabbit, if you would always be happy, give up this



He slapped his stinging legs

desire of yours to know trouble—for it brings tears and much weeping. Return to the brier patch and be a good rabbit child."

But Br'er Rabbit was not so to be put off and seeing that he was determined, the King slowly brought forth a small tightly covered box.

"Do not open it until you have almost reached the further end of the open field near the brier patch. There is trouble in this box," cautioned the King.

As Br'er Rabbit ran down the path he thought of his box—he ran faster; as his pace increased, so did his curiosity. He paused a second and held the box to his ear—what was it he heard? he thought. It must be a baby crying. "Hush, baby!" he said, but as the racket continued he thought he would take just the merest peep inside. He turned just to see if

anyone were watching. The King was following him.

"Don't you open that box, Br'er Rabbit!" he cried.

"Oh, no! no! no!" Br'er Rabbit prevaricated.
"I just only looked to see how close behind me you were!"

Br'er Rabbit ran on—again he paused to listen—and to peep—again the King shouted and Br'er Rabbit refrained. He had run now as long as he could—his curiosity burned him

past endurance. He would raise the top and peep inside so quickly that even the King, as he followed, should not notice. His little paw scarcely moved the cover. Oh, wow! if you will excuse me for saying so. "Br-r-r! Bow-wow-wow-wow!!" and "B-r-r-r!" Two hungry hounds burst out and upon poor little Br'er Rabbit, giving him a pretty chase over the fields until he finally reached the welcome brier-patch worn and breathless. The dogs did not catch Br'er Rabbit—but to this day just the sight of a dog means trouble to Br'er Rabbit.

THE PINE TREE FOLK

ROY U. PLUMMER

DUNBAR HIGH SCHOOL '20



AVE you ever heard people remark of a child, "He looks just like his father" or "She looks just like her mother?" You certainly must have heard such expressions. But

out-of-door folk never say that of the Pine tree folk because a little Pine tree always resembles its grandparents and never its parents. This a strange and interesting thing and I hope that you will learn even more about it later than I tell you here and now.

Every live, red-blooded American boy knows the Pine tree by its needles, which are, in fact, its leaves. A mark of distinction on which he even more depends is the cones. However, I fear Pine tree cones have been just Pine tree cones to him, and nothing more. He probably has not seen or learned all he might about these magic little things. And, by the way, education in any form often cures a person of that sad misfortune of having "eyes that see not."

If we liked, we could call the Pine tree cones the nurseries of the Pine tree folk. It is in these that they rear their children,—yes children!—not boys and girls like you and your friends, of course. Nevertheless, they are the Pine tree's children and she is as proud of them as your mother is of you. She protects and feeds them and they grow to manhood and womanhood right in these cones.

Persons who depend all their lives upon others never amount to a great deal, while, on the other hand, those who are ambitious and learn early in life to depend upon themselves,

usually make their mark in the world. Of this latter class Abraham Lincoln was an example, and our own Frederick Douglass an even more notable example. What in this respect is true of persons seems to be true also of plants. The children of the Pine tree are so very small, even when fully grown, that we can hardly see them with the naked eye, and all—I believe—because they depend all their lives upon their mother, who is too indulgent with them. They truly may be called the pigmies of the Forest Folk.

But when these pigmies-Mr. and Mrs. Gametophyte, if you must know their namesattain even that little bit of manhood and womanhood permitted to them, they look at their kinsmen and neighbors, then at themselves, and finally make the wise determination that all wise parents make: that their children shall be directed to a better and broader life. These pigmies determine that their children shall be somebody; that they shall rise in the world; and that instead of being little dependent plants, they shall be large, tall, straight, handsome, independent trees, to which boys will later come to carve their names. And their fond hopes are realized, for their little children-the Pine seeds-at the proper time are carried by the wind out into the world, where, if you do not cut them down at Christmas-time, you will find them growing into tall, beautiful Pine trees-the pride of the forest. You thus see that they are unlike their parents, the pigmies, while they resemble their grandparents, the tall Pine trees that you have so often seen in your strolls in the country. .

THE WONDERFUL PIPE

ANNA ASBURY SPENCE



N a far-away time there once lived a man named Alfredine, who was very good, and very much loved by all who knew him. He lived with his beautiful wife and little

giri in an oid castle near a large forest.

Alfredine had a pipe on which he used to play sweet music, while he wished good wishes for all around him. This pipe was exactly like the one on which the Pied Piper played when he led the rats and children away from Hamelin: and it was just as wonderful because Alfredine's wishes always came true.

It happened that war broke out, and he went to lead men to fight for their country, leaving his pipe at home. Soon after he had gone a giant, who was also a wizard, came to the castle and tried to buy the pipe, but the wife refused to sell it. The giant well knew that if he should steal the pipe, it would lose its wonderful power and become as other pipes. He offered large sums of gold and precious stones; still the woman refused to sell.

At last the giant became angry and said strange words and made signs, touching the woman's arm and the child's head. Very soon the woman felt weak, while her daughter seemed to be growing. When the giant saw this he went away.

The next day when they awoke, the servants had all disappeared, and the castle was changed to a hut with only one room. The woman grew weaker and weaker each day. In a week she could not leave her bed. In a week, too, the child had grown as tall as her mother, and oh, so very ugly! She played on the pipe constantly; but as she wished that the giant might be killed, her other wishes did not come true. The spell could be broken only when a stranger who had done no wrong should play a little tune of eight notes upon the pipe.

Just at that time a party of wounded soldiers were crossing the country on their way home, and with them was a little boy, a war-orphan, whose name was Orso. One day, while camping near a large forest, Orso, who loved birds and animals, saw a white rabbit in the path. He ran after it, but did not catch it, and when he

tried to retrace his steps, found himself lost. The soldiers searched for several hours, but, as they had to reach camp soon, marched on without him. Orso kept walking straight on, calling loudly all the time. He ate berries growing in the forest. On and on he went for several miles until he became so weary he had to sit down. He was getting sleepy and beginning to nod when in the distance he thought he heard low moans as if someone was suffering. He started at once in the direction of the sounds. He walked a long, long way; then the music changed until Orso could make out a little tune, but very sad. On and on he went, More and more the music changed until the boy was keeping step, and marching as proudly and well as the soldiers who were on their way home, from fighting in Egypt. Then, all at once, in an open space between the trees he saw a tiny hut, made of mud and covered with grass.

Just outside the door, seated on the ground, was an ugly old woman playing a long, smooth cane pipe.

It seemed to Orso as if the pipe was asking him to take it, but he was afraid as the woman's wicked-looking eyes were staring straight into his. The music drew him; he took one step, then rushed forward, snatched the pipe away and put it to his lips. Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la piped Orso. Then do, re, mi, fa, sol, la—he piped again. How strange! He could not finish a scale. Once more he tried; do, re, mi, fa, sol la ti, do—smoothly ran the scale. At that very moment a soft mist began to rise, covering the old woman and the hut completely.

When it had cleared away, as it very soon did, there stood a gray stone castle with many towers and ivy growing over the walls; while standing just outside the door was a girl as lovely as any princess you ever heard of.

A beautiful lady looked out of the second story window and called, "Come to mother, Velrosa." The little girl, for that was her name, took the bov in and led him to her mother. The woman called a servant who brought food for the boy. After Orso had eaten, the servant took him into another room and helped him dress in a fine suit of clothes.



An ugly old woman playing a long, smooth, cane pipe

The children became friends at once and studied and played together. Orso soon learned to play the most beautiful music.

The next year the war ended and Alfredine returned home.

When Velrosa was eighteen she and Orso were married. They often traveled around the world visiting strange lands and seeing many wonderful things, but were never so happy as when they were at home in their own castle near the large forest.





PLAYTIME



THREE GAMES

Arranged By ANNETTE CHRISTINE BROWNE

"GOOD MORNING, SI"



HE players stand in a circle. One child who is "it" runs around the circle and hits another child who immediately starts running in the opposite direction around the cir-

cle. When they meet on the other side they stop, shake hands, and say, "Good morning, Si," three times, then continue running in opposite directions toward the place where the child stood who was tagged. The one reaching the place first, remains there and the other runs around the circle and tags some one else for "Si."

"KITCHEN UPSET"

THE players are seated in a circle. The leader gives each one the name of some kitchen utensil. Then he begins telling a "Kitchen" story, using the names of kitchen utensils, and every time he calls the name of an article, the child bearing that name gets up from his chair, turns around once and then sits down again. Whenever the leader in his story uses the word "kitchen" all the players get up, turn around, then sit again. The story must must get a seat together.)

always develop a situation that causes the kitchen to upset and at the last words "The Kitchen Upset" all the players jump up leaving their seats. In the scramble the leader finds himself a seat and the one without a seat when the kitchen becomes settled again is the new leader.

"THE MENAGERIE"

In this game the players get in pairs and sit in a circle, each pair keeping their chairs close together. Each pair chooses the name of some animal. The two leaders find out the names of each pair and then walk around calling out the animals thus: "The monkeys are walking!" and the pair by that name get up and march behind the leaders. The leaders call out several more animals in the same way and then say, "The cage is open!" whereupon all pairs leave their seats and march in line behind the leaders. Then the leaders say, "The cage is closed!" and all scramble for their seats. Here the leaders aim to get seats and the pair failing to get a seat are the new leaders. (All pairs

IMPOSSIBLE KATHLEEN

AUGUSTA E. BIRD



RS. MERLIN carefully folded the letter which she had finished reading, and frowning in deep concentration, slowly slid it into the pocket of her stiffly starched

white apron.

"Just received another letter from Anne," she said presently.

"Yes . . . did she have anything new to say about me this time," remarked Kathleen, slightly elevating her eyebrows but not lifting her eyes from the leaflet she held in her lap. "I'm just as impossible as ever I suppose." She turned the leaf with a jerk to emphasize her words: "Aunt Anne is such an old fogy, she is! . . . Oh, Grandma, this is the kind of sweater I want you to send me for the Thanksgiving game." Kathleen handed the pamphlet across without moving out of her position; then drawing her heels up so that they rested on the edge of the big morris chair she embraced her morning white skirt just below her knees and continued, "Isn't that collar just gorgeous? You know A. U. plays on our campus this year and we are sure to have a most wonderful time."

"Kathleen," began Mrs. Merlin; after gazing into the grate in front of her for a full moment she continued, "I'm afraid you are going to be terribly disappointed when I tell you that it's not at all probable that you will return to Fisk next term."

Kathleen's big brown eyes quickly filled with tears and for a moment she lost all power of speech.

"I realized quite some time ago that I couldn't do it alone again this year so——"

"Oh, Grandma, you can't mean it! You can't
. . . you can't! It'll break my heart, it will,"
interrupted Kathleen shaking her head hysterically; tears were streaming down her cheeks
now.

"I knew it wouldn't be easy to tell you and I told Anne so," continued Mrs. Merlin, speaking more to herself than to Kathleen. "She has never felt that I've been exactly fair to your father . . . but, that's past history; now we both think it would be a splendid thing for you to go out there this summer and see if you can't help him out of his—his deplorable situa-

tion . . . you're a big girl now," she ended lamely.

With her lips parted in that unmistakable expression of utter amazement, Kathleen stared.

"I know it seems strange to you to hear me talking this way, as your father and I have always lived our lives apart," hastily went on Mrs. Merlin, "but Anne says——"

Kathleen interrupted again. "Don't tell me what Aunt Anne says . . . I hate her, I do!" she screamed, placing her hands over her ears. "We needn't pretend to like each other any longer, it's—it's a farce. She—she insulted my friends and me every time I went out to see her . . I never wrote you about it last year because—because I knew how you'd feel. Now! she has persuaded you to send me out there to that—that old country." Her tone was full of resentment. "I never thought she could influence you to ever turn against me . . . I never dream-med—" Kathleen, unable to finish her sentence, buried her head in her arm and sobbed violently.

"You don't mean the things you're saying . . . If you could only understand," Mrs. Merlin sighed helplessly, rising and starting toward the door. She turned and stretched out her hand as if to stroke the tumbled black head shaking with convulsing sobs. Changing her mind, her wrinkled face twitching painfully, she tip-toed quietly out of the room.

Finally Kathleen ceased crying, sat up, and found that she was alone. A thought flashed through her mind: How shocked Crystal would be when she told her. As she flew across the room to the telephone her aching heart was soothed somewhat at the thought of her chum's words of consolation which she knew would come across the wire.

"1922 Main," she repeated the number to the operator. During the brief seconds of waiting the various schemes and plots they had planned, worked and carried out the summer after graduating from Crystal's father's high school, in order to go away to the same boarding school, danced mockingly before her eyes. The two girls had never ceased to congratulate themselves upon this clever piece of work; for

it had been no easy task to get Mrs. Carter to change her mind after she had made all plans for Crystal to go to Talladega. Bang! up went the receiver; the operator said that no one answered. Oh, cruel fate just was against her in her hour of need! She did so want to talk to Crystal!

As Kathleen sat there on the telephone stoolchair a thousand thoughts rushed through her brain. She thought of the time her grandmother first related the story of her mother's runaway marriage, which had occurred just at the closing term of her sophomore year. Kathleen was so tiny when she had died that she could not remember a single thing about her. A tender feeling of sympathy crept into her heart now, as she thought of her girl-mother who had had to die so young.

"It must be awful to have to die when you are just beginning to enjoy the big thrills of life," she thought.

Her father had left the city shortly after her mother's death, leaving her to be cared for by her grandmother. He did not return until Kathleen was a girl of seven. She recalled the day she saw her father for the first time to know him. Bringing with him a little brown Hawaiian type of girl, whom he had just married out on the Coast, he came upon her and her grandmother suddenly. However she had remained on with her grandmother, and now . . . could they really mean to take her out of school when she was only half through college . . . they, who were forever and eternally preaching efficiency to her? Why of course then didn't! Wasn't she stupid not to have thought of this before . . . her grandmother had said that she couldn't do it alone this year. -well, wasn't there her old crabbed aunt, who had plenty of money? Didn't they think she was dense though, to believe they would go to the trouble to send her this far and then take her out! It was all as clear as daylight to her now; it was just this meddlesome old aunt wanting to stir up trouble and strife for her as usual. Hadn't she and her grandmother always got along too well to suit her?

"I'd like to know why she got Grandma to tell me I wasn't going back. . . . If I asked Grandma she wouldn't tell me though," Kathleen soliloquized. "I can read Grandma like a book but Aunt Anne is so clever . . . I know what I'll do,—that's just what I'll do. I'll get

Crystal to find out for me. But I won't go a step anywhere," she drew herself up stiffly. "I wouldn't go to the *country* to please——"

Just then her ear caught a strain of music that was coming from the house in the next yard; it was Professor Calhoun at his morning practicing. "Oh, would she ever be able to play like that!" she thought to herself, as she closed her eyes to listen. Suddenly the stirring strains seemed transformed into a living force that lifted her right out of herself into a strange world,-a world of ambitious longings. She was seized with a burning desire to do something great, something that would not only make her race, but all races, proud of her. She saw herself as plain as anything, dressed in a most wonderful gown, and bowing calm and composed before a large audience. She could easily tell by their distinguished dress that they were not ordinary people. As she received a deafening outburst of applause she watched her grandmother sharing her success, her whole aged body trembling with uncontrollable joy.

The music slowly died away and Kathleen opened her eyes, startled. She was so overcome and dazed by this fleeting vision, she clutched at her heart tightly to make sure it was still beating. It was easy for her to understand how girls who had hoped and planned for some great career might have such moments as these, but she knew she did not belong to such a class. She had never in her whole life longed or wished for any of these things. Kathleen could not recall a time when she was dissatisfied with her pleasant, even flowing current of life,-save when it pleased her aunt to enter upon the scene and upset it. With closed eyes she reviewed the picture that was visualized for her. step by step. A feeling of awe came over her, -she began to understand that it was no mistake, some great destiny did await her. With remorse in her heart for her words of a few moments ago to her old grandmother she faced her present situation again. There was a sort of reverent feeling in her heart now as she decided that she would go to the country. It was as if she were obeying some call, she could not tell what, that she made this decision. Why, it didn't make any difference if she were sent to Jerusalem; she knew inwardly that she, Kathleen Pagne, was consecrated to fulfill some wonderful achievement somewhere on this earth.

If this singularly strange feeling could have

remained with her it would have been all right, but it didn't. So it was in silence and reflection that Kathleen sat the following afternoon in one of the carriages of Mr. Thompson, the undertaker, a friend and neighbor of Mrs. Merlin, who at her request readily agreed that one of his men who was not in use could take Kathleen to her father's house "easy enough".

That she was not going to return to school next term no longer worried her; it was the long, lonesome, uneventful days ahead of her that caused the heavy sinking feeling in her heart. She began to accuse herself and call herself a fool for allowing herself to be bamboozled into changing her mind by a silly old idiotic hallucination. So positive was she now that her nature, which had never craved anything like a great achievement, could not fulfill what the vision called for that she firmly decided to shut out all thoughts of it from her mind, and never allow herself to think of it again.

"I've no one to blame but myself . . . thirteen long weeks, but I won't back out now. I guess I'll manage to live through them somehow," sighed Kathleen wearily.

The carriage wound its way up the hill to the small farm house where three very shabby, dirty children sat on the front steps. These were her half-sisters and half-brother. The thought of her girl friends seeing this deplorable picture with her sent the hot blood rushing to her cheeks. The largest of the group, her brother, recognized her and flew to the gate, opening it to let the carriage drive into the yard.

"Dad tole us this mornin' yo' was comin' and we been lookin' for yo' all day. We tho't yo' was never comin'," he said, grinning bashfully.

"How are you, Henry. . . . My, how you've grown," she managed to smile weakly, wondering where she had seen a dirtier or a more untidy boy. It was true his mother had been dead nearly a year now but there was the old woman who had always lived with them, and who was keeping house for her father, and who was supposed to be looking after the children, but she failed to see any evidence of the latter in Henry.

"Where's Papa?" Kathleen asked.

"In the house gettin' supper," answered Henry.

"Wait a minute, my father will want to say a word to you, and thank you for bringing me

out," she said to Mr. Long, the driver, as she jumped to the ground.

"Sure, I'll wait to say a word to Pagne," drawled Mr. Long in his usual dry tone.

"Sadie and Gracie are on the front steps, go kiss 'em," ordered the disappointed boy stoutly, whose face had beamed a few minutes ago at the thought of his sister kissing him.

But Kathleen had reached the house by this time and was entering the kitchen by the side

"Here I am at last," she said with an attempt at gaiety, and kissed her father complacently on the cheek.

"I was quite surprised when I received the word from your grandmother this morning," remarked her father quietly, "but I'm sorry to have to welcome you home to this," he added apologetically, noticing the roaming of Kathleen's eyes. "You'll hardly find things in applepie order . . . you see, there has been no one to help me since Leethy took sick."

"Ooh . . . I didn't know that, how long has she been ill?" asked Kathleen surprised.

"Nearly two months now . . . but she'll be all right in a few days," he added brightly. "I was by her daughter's house this morning. Girl, you don't know how good that woman has been to my little children. Lord! she's really a jewel set in platinum, I'll tell you . . I can't tell you what I would have done without her."

"I've asked Dad over and over, since I saw yo' the last time at Moma's funeral why yo' didn't come home and live with us and take care of Sis and Gracie," volunteered Henry from the doorway . . . what's the good of havin' a big girl, I says to him."

These words caused Kathleen to wince inwardly. "I couldn't come, I was in school," she retorted hotly.

"I was in the fourth reader when Moma died. . . . Pshaw, when I get as big as yo' I'll be a long time through school and me and Dad'll have a great big farm, ten times as big as this, won't we, Dad?" asked the eleven-year-old boy, his black eyes flashing.

"It's been a pretty hard job being a farmer, housekeeper, cook, laundress and school teacher, too,—I don't see how Maggie ever managed."

"You've done fine . . . really you have," declared Kathleen. Oh, Mr. Long brought me out and is waiting before going back to say a word to you." She watched the stalwart figure of her father as he crossed the yard in long,

even strides, his last words ringing in her ears. She turned to Henry:

"Do you mean to say there is no school near enough for you to go to?"

"No-o-o, not now," answered the boy slowly;
"I used to go down on the pike, but since old
man Crawford died about two years ago there's
been nobody to teach it."

"Did her father really intend to bring his children up in this horrible place," she wondered to herself.

"Come on and I'll show yo' the room Sadie and me fixed for you," and Henry led the way to the room across the hall. Sadie and Gracie is to sleep right next to yo'. Gracie picked all of them violets herself an' me and Sadie picked the other flowers."

Kathleen smiled an appreciative smile as she noticed the crude arrangement of bouquets around the room and said:

"Bless your little hearts . . . go tell Sadie and Gracie to come in and see their big sister. Never mind . . . I'll see them after awhile," she changed, throwing herself across the bed. "I'm very tired."

How long Kathleen slept she did not know. When she awoke her head ached terribly and the clear June moonlight was flooding her room. After undressing she walked slowly across the room to seat herself on the low window sill and try to think out the miserable days that were ahead of her. But instead, as she peered out on the moonlit yard the long shadows of the tall poplars took her back to the times she and Crystal stood by their window after "light out bell" exchanging confidences. They were just such nights as this.

"Oh such a night of June
With that beautiful soft half-moon
And all these innocent blisses!
Oh such a night as this is!"

Were the words she had heard Crystal repeat so often. She recalled an "innocent bliss" which Crystal would not have missed for the world. And that was patiently waiting by the window to catch a last glimpse of Jimmy Tarver, who had to cross their campus on certain nights when he remained very late at the gym. Kathleen had never seen Jimmy Tarver in her life that she didn't think of a weather-beaten caterpillar. She was very much surprised when she found out that her pretty, vivacious chum held such a deep and sincere admiration for

this homely, quiet, inoffensive fellow. But after a moment's consideration of Crystal's greatest passion she realized she needn't be surprised to hear of Crystal finding some intrinsic quality to admire in an actual ordinary crawling worm.

Crystal was much the prettier of the two girls. She was just about two shades lighter than Kathleen and nearly two inches shorter. Her little black bead-like eyes fairly danced all the time she talked, and I don't think anyone ever remembered Crystal when she wasn't talking. But when she wasn't talking she was smiling and dimpling and then her eyes danced more mischievously than ever. Then Kathleen's pleasant reminiscences were interrupted by the opening of her door. She saw by the moonlight coming toward her, hand in hand, two little white clad figures whose exceedingly big eyes were opened very wide.

"That old screech owl outside our window woke Gracie up and scared her," said Sadie, "and I brought her in here 'cause Daddy is so hard to wake up . . . listen, don't you hear it?"

Kathleen did hear the faint cry of that detestable bird and a chill ran through her. She did not blame the baby for being frightened. "Come closer, Sadie . . . I didn't get to see you; I lay down and went sound to sleep." Picking the baby up she began tucking her in bed. saying protectingly:

"There, Gracie, don't be frightened any more, you can sleep with big sister for the rest of the night."

"We came in and saw you waz 'sleep and Daddy tole us not to wake you . . . he felt kinda bad 'cause you missed your supper," Sadie told her.

"Come, Sadie, there's room enough for all three of us," said Kathleen.

"I ain't scared of screech owls, anymore," remarked Sadie, as she cuddled close to Kathleen. "Not since 'A'nt Leethy' tole us they waz little bad girls who died and God punished 'em by sending 'em back down on earth as old screech owls. I thought Gracie wazn't scared anymore either, 'cause we said we waz goin' to be good little girls and come back little white doves. . . . 'A'nt Leethy' says so."

"Don't wanna die," spoke Gracie for the first time. "Don't wanna be no white dove."

"Oh, Gracie, you tole me jus' the other day you wanted to be a dove," Sadie corrected. the barn."

"Don't wanna die . . . don't wanna be no dove," repeated the baby emphatically. "I wanna stav deth wat I ith."

Kathleen laughed heartily at this argument. "I think we all want to go to sleep right now. I haven't the least idea what time it is . . . there's

no clock in this room, but I suppose it's pretty late." With a chubby fist folded in each hand Kathleen forgot everything for the moment, and fell off to sleep enjoying immensely the sensation her new rôle as "protector" was causing her.

Eleven weeks later Kathleen sat on the little bench under the lattice of wild ramblers waiting for "Uncle Peter" to come to take her to the Lowes' house. The Lowes had just bought a piano and she had promised to play for them this evening. In this small community among the colored people it was "uncle" mostly "aunt" somebody. If not that it was brother or deacon, much to Kathleen's dislike. But

rather than be considered odd and for the purpose of making people understand of whom you were speaking she had had to fall into this custom. She sat there waiting, deeply absorbed in her thoughts that persisted in going around and around in the same circle. Why was it so hard for her to decide . . . hadn't her grandmother done everything for her all her life? Why should she hesitate one moment before obeying her? What were these people to her anyway whom she had only known a few weeks? This is a sample of the debate which had gone on daily in Kathleen's mind since she received her grandmother's letter requesting her return

"Don't you remember . . . we waz comin' from to the city at once. Why hadn't her grandmother told her father in the beginning that she was just out there for the summer and saved her all this trouble?

> I suppose I should have told you before now that Kathleen was not by nature a "pink and white" girl. She could do anything she wished to do when the "spirit moved her".

But the real trouble was, the spirit did not move often. For a day and a half, after her arrival at her father's house, she had walked around like a visitor curling her lips disdainfully, not trying to conceal the fact that surroundings. then the



then Kathleen spent much time out-doors, as she found it very hard to take orders from this peculiar old woman. Wandering and prowling about the community she found very alluring. She had been inspired by Henry's garden,-Henry always counted his long rows of growing sprouts in dimes and nickles, which, he made known, would add to his father's farm the coveted acres of land adjoining, that his feverish ambitious nature craved,-to spade a plot of unbroken sod all herself and plant it.

In her long walks and heated arguments with her father she had stubbornly insisted, and then persistently urged upon him to move to a place



"I wanna stay deth wat I ith"

where the children could go to school. Then had come his suggestion that they visit the county trustees of the Board of Education and see about opening the school on the pike, which had been closed on account of no teacher. throwing 44 little colored children, by actual count, out of school. Oh, she would never forget how hard it was to control her mirth when she met the three county trustees .all three were baldheaded !- and looked exactly like the pictures of the little mountain men who came out to play tenpins with Rip Van Winkle. She thought of how she and Crystal would giggle when they got together and she described that morning visit to her. But the result of this visit (which she decided was some place to go) was, she took the examination and now had in her possession a license to teach.

"Here I was just grieving my heart out because I had to come to this place and now I can't decide to leave," started her thoughts all over again. "What in the name of common sense is the matter with me? . . . these people are nothing in this wide world to me. Am I getting ready to die, and have become consciencestricken all of a sudden?" she asked herself. She wished something would fall on her head and cause her to decide something, or paralyze her brain and stop her from thinking! What would they have done if she hadn't come? if these people didn't bother enough to make the Board of Education get a teacher for their children why should she worry her brain about them. At this moment a cry from Sadie startled her from her thoughts.

"Yon comes the mail man." (A mail man in such communities is a very important personage.)

"What have I told you about yelling like that," commented Kathleen sharply.

The old gray-headed gentleman seated in the passing buggy smiled at the children and called a usual "good evening" to Kathleen.

Returning the greeting with only a friendly nod Kathleen tried to continue her thoughts.

Gracie turned from the fence where she had been peering through the railings and so did not see her sister's nod.

"Big Tither (sister) like Br'er Rabbit,—she lay low and say nuffin," she said, her whole form convulsed with baby laughter.

Kathleen could not keep from laughing at

such an odd comparison with Uncle Remus' character. She called the baby to her.

"Yo' got a letter this morning when yo' was away," informed Sadie, running to bring it from the house.

"I do hope it's from Crystal . . . But I bet it's another letter from Grandma, and I'm no nearer my decision," sighed Kathleen.

Kathleen spoke quite often of Crystal and Baby Gracie had tried but never figured out just what relation Crystal was to Kathleen. So she decided to settle this question that was disturbing her peace of mind.

"Big Tither, is Cryth-tal to yo' your husband?" she asked.

Kathleen was immensely amused. "No, Crystal is not my husband . . . she would have to be a man to be that," she explained, running her fingers tenderly through the thick cluster of curls that crowded the little forehead.

"Ooh, who is she, I want to know."

"She's a girl just like I am . . . my chum, and the sweetest, prettiest, friendliest, and jolliest girl in the whole wide world." She felt a homesick pang as she said these words.

"Gracie, do you want me to go back to the city and leave you?" she asked suddenly.

The baby looked at her for a moment and then gave an unconsciously coquettish shrug of one shoulder.

"If yo' do I'll cry . . . I'll deth scre-aa-mm!"
"Why Gracie!" exclaimed Kathleen in aston-

"I—I will," asserted the baby, solemnly. "That's the only way I know how to make yo' stay."

Thinking of the times she had got what she wanted by this same method, Kathleen could not find it in her heart to reprimand the baby further.

If she didn't go back, she wondered if Dot and Ruth and Lill would miss her,—she hardly thought so. The name "Faithful Five" had never meant much to any of them anyway. It was only a nice sounding title which the number of their exclusive clique, after Dorothy Bradford arrived, had suggested. Even when a small girl Kathleen had realized that very few people loved her. She laughed many times to herself over this fact, because she couldn't ever find any reason why they should. She had always been conscious of the fact that she played far better than any of the girls in her

set, and she knew her company was always an enjoyable addition to any occasion. This was enough to satisfy her nature. Kathleen also knew she was of a darker hue than any of the girls in her clique, but she knew she was slenderly built, looked well in all her clothes, and her grandmother dressed her as well, if not better than most of the girls, which had caused no little amount of envy on the part of some. But the peculiar thrill that one experiences when one knows that one is envied had not been wholly unpleasant to Kathleen. Of course it really didn't matter whether any of the others besides Crystal missed her . . . but, the tiny wistful feeling that crept into her heart now was nothing more than a hope that she would be missed a little perhaps, by them all.

Sadie returned and handed her the letter, which proved to be the long looked for one from Crystal. Kathleen devoured the contents eagerly, puzzled and happy expressions coming and going in her face as she read.

"Oh, there's 'Uncle Peter'," cried Kathleen gayly, rising to go out to the rickety, two-seated surrey, which had just driven up to the gate. "I guess you will be in bed asleep when I get back," she called a minute later to the little girls, waying a goodbye.

"Now I won't have to accept Aunt Anne's offer," thought Kathleen, opening and re-read-

ing a part of Crystal's letter.

—"and I knew both of us would like this better than your staying with your aunt and being a day student. Papa didn't want to see us separated either and he did the writing, so all arrangements are made for us to work half and pay half. Oh Ka, it's going to be such fun working! I've missed you dreadfully this summer and I'm just dying to get home and tell you all about my trip. Boston is just wonderful. We leave for home today and as soon as I get there I'm coming out and spend a week, and I'll tell you all you wished to know, but I won't tell you how I found it out, ha, ha. Then we can come back together. Oh, I have just loads and loads to—"

"Dear adorable Crystal," breathed Kathleen happily to herself, "how wholly unselfish she is." Crystal's offer, her visit and the thought of hearing of her wonderful trip took full possession of Kathleen's mind until she reached the little three-room house of the Lowes. Then she began to wonder how so many people could

gather into such a small room, as she entered their front room. Knowing that most of these people had never heard any real music before seemed to cause Kathleen to throw her whole soul into her playing and she, herself, began to realize that she was playing tonight as she had never played before. As her last selection died away she turned and bowed to her audience. And the outburst of applause that followed caused every fibre of her body to tingle with a sensation she had never experienced before in her whole life. Her vision flashed before her and instantly her face grew radiant. There could be no mistake,-here she was, calm and composed, her audience, the thrill and everything just exactly as it had been visualized for her. She gave a low musical laugh. "But I would hardly call my audience distinguished." she thought. "Maybe they are all like me, gorgeously dressed on the inside where no one can see it," she added.

After "Uncle Peter" put her down in front of her house, about half an hour later, and bade her good night, Kathleen stood for a moment leaning on the gate. The wonderful glow was still in her face as she gazed up at the stars.

"Dear little angel mother dwelling up there in the clouds, you too gave it all up at the end of your sophomore year, didn't you," she whispered softly, "when you felt the thrill of love and answered that call. My nature, just like yours, thrives on thrills, and I really believe I would die if I didn't get them. Now I know Aunt Anne will never understand and I know she is going to term me as impossible as she has always, and perhaps think I was too proud to accept her offer to go back to school, but it doesn't matter as long as someone understands, and you understand and know, little immortal mother, don't you, it is because I want to keep on being thrilled day after day that I am going to stay here, - and incidentally I am going to re-open the doors of education for these little 44 unfortunate children."

The next day Mrs. Merlin folded the letter which she had just received from Kathleen. Rocking to and fro she slowly slipped it into the pocket of her fresh white apron, while the tears rolled unrestrained down her cheeks and her whole body trembled with joy. She realized her grand-daughter's life was really cut out to be a mission instead of the grand career which she and her sister had planned for her.

HALLOWEEN

ANNETTE CHRISTINE BROWNE

They say that witches ride tonight, And goblins leave their hiding places, And black cat's prowl the fences round With awful noise and frightful faces.

They tell me that in some dark nooks Will frightful looking chosts be seen; That sway and becken as you pass. Tis ever so, on Halloween.

But, scary as these tales may sound They don't the least bit, frighten me. I'll not remain at home tonight; I've heard them all before, you see:

k-o-lantern fine I've made, te'll sit tonight upon our gate pside of him are candles four hat I shall light when it is late. Then out I'll go to join my chums
We'll sally forth with heart undaunted
No ghost or witch shall frighten us,
We'll seek the very places haunted. e'll have on masks, of course, and wear he udliest faces ever seen, And here and there and everywhere We'll spread the fur of Hallowe'en.



THE JUDGE



VE got a pencil," chants Billikins, "and a writing pad, and a new suit, and a new hat, and I'm going, going, going to school Monday. And I'm go-

ing to learn about everything in the world-" "Listen to that child! Wouldn't you think," asks Wilhelmina disdainfully, "that he was go-

ing to heaven?"

"Or that he had some brains?" chimes in Billie.

"Let him wait," says William darkly, "let him wait until he's been in school as long as I have."

Wilhelmina cannot resist this opportunity. "Well he'd need to be pitied if he has as much trouble with his studies as vou."

A dark flush mantles William's face at this, for he is notoriously slow at his books.

"Evidently," the Judge intervenes, looking over the top of his newspaper, "you think that education consists in getting high marks in French and Physical Geography."

"Well, it stands to reason," says Wilhelmina patting her ear-bobs, "that if I get 95 in a French exam. I must know more French than William, who just makes a mere passing mark."

"And yet," Billie observes thoughtfully, "when father brought that Haitian home to dinner, William understood him better than you did."

"Oh, well!" says Wilhelmina now as red as William, "that's different; but I can conjugate any verb, while he-" she ends with a scornfully pointing finger.

"Ah, but that is the main thing!" says the Judge sagely. "It's a great deal more important to be able to speak and understand French than it is to read it or to be able to give the principal parts of every verb in the language. Now William has to spend so much time getting acquainted with the sound and meaning of each French word that he recognizes it as soon as he hears it. While with you, my dear girl, it's easy come, easy go. I wonder how much

French you'll know when you've been out of school a few years."

"Stupid business this going to school any way," yawns Wilhelmina, avoiding the issue. "They're always changing. Here they call the capital of Russia, Petrograd, and when I first went to school they called it St. Petersburg-"

"You really are old if you can remember that far back," murmurs William neatly, and feels much better for it.

But neither of these can turn aside the Judge. "You know," he continues meditatively, stroking his wig, "the value of education consists not in what you take in but in what it brings out of you. If a person has to study hard to get his lessons and does it, he develops will power, concentration and determination, and these are the qualities which he carries out into life with him. That's what education is going to do for you, isn't it, Billikins?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," says that youngster, "but I'm going to school Monday, and I'm glad of it."

"Why?" asks Wilhelmina curiously.

"Because I'll begin to know some of the things you big folks know."

"Billikins is right," comments the Judge seriously. "That is another of the big reasons why we elders want you to go to school-so that you can reap in the benefit of all the wisdom that has gone before. You know, vast knowledge and the ability to use it hardly ever come together."

"I saw an old French saying once in a book of proverbs," says William. "I think it means: 'If youth but knew; if old age only could!' "

"That's it. If youth only had the wisdom of old age, or if old age only had the strength of youth! There'd be no more suffering-"

"Or war!" chimes in Billie.

"Or want, or sorrow, or anything. It really makes one want to learn, doesn't it?" asks Wilhelmina in surprise.

"There is something in going to school," says William. "It's a scheme to get ahead of time!"

Little Ceople of the Month 2



E are delighted to present to you this month, Brownies, Gwendolen and Hiawatha Coleridge-Taylor of London, England. Their father, Samuel Coleridge-

Taylor is dead; before he died, at the age of 37, through his music he had given to the world "a heritage of an undying beauty". Daniel Hughes Taylor, their grandfather, was a West African Negro who became a noted surgeon and secretly married Alice Hare, an Englishwoman; Gwendolen and Hiawatha's mother also is an Englishwoman whose name was Jessie S. Fleetwood Walmisley.

Hiawatha recently made his debut at Queen's Hall, London, when Mr. David J. Thomas, conductor of the Central London and Orchestral Society, turned over his baton to him to conduct his father's compositions; Gwendolen recited some of her father's works.

How happy these Brownies must be at carrying on the work of their father,—and what a blessing such folks are in a world like ours, where some people try so hard to believe that brown folks are not so important as white; that each little Brownie has not a right to life and happiness! But as time goes on there come Gwendolens and Hiawathas with gifts of hope for each one of us.





Gwendolen and Hiawatha Coleridge-Taylor

THE JURY





HAVE just recently become a reader of The Brownies' Book and, to say the least, I am much pleased with the publication. It fills for me a long felt need. I

am always writing some articles and it is my intention to send some contribution to The Brownies' Book that will miss the waste

basket.

I finished High School last term and am planning to enter college at the approaching term. After a strong college course, if nothing prevents I shall study medicine and surgery. I am going to study medicine not so much for the sake of just making a living out of it, but it is my earnest desire to make some lasting contribution to medical science.

THOMAS R. REID, JR., Key West, Fla.

I AM writing to you, not because what I have to say is so important but because I see the other children's letters in The Brownies' Book and I should like to have one there too. I am eleven years old and of course I go to school; I have to. But what I like most to do, is to take care of dumb animals; I am so sorry for them. Doesn't something inside just pain when you see a poor sick cat or dog? Last winter I took care of a sick puppy and a sick kitten. The kitten was very badly off,—a dog had bitten it. It got all right too and so did the dog. If I had lots of money I'd build a home for stray animals.

INALOCKPORT. Allegheny, Pa.

I AM six years old and can write a letter and I know Songs of Seven. A lady named Jean Ingelow wrote them. My mother told me how to spell this letter.

MAY ANDERSON, Syracuse, N. Y.

MY mother likes me to sit and tell her stories while she sews. I used to tell her all the fairy tales I ever read. But now I tell her the stories out of THE BROWNES' BOOK.

She is so busy, she never gets a chance to look at it. I am trying very hard to write a story nice enough for you to accept, dear Mr. Editor. I work very slowly, but some day I'll have it finished and will send it to you. If you would just print it! I'd take the book to my mother and say "See what I did!" I know she'd look at it then.

HATTIE PORTER, San Francisco, Cal.

I FOUND "Darkwater" in the library the other day and read a lot of it. I did not understand it all, but I had no trouble with the part where you tell about your life when a boy. I should like to do some of the things you have done, go to Europe and travel, only I want to go to Asia and Africa too. I think colored people are the most wonderful people in the world and when I'm a man, I'm going to write about them too, so that all people will know the terrible struggles we've had. I don't pay any attention any more to the discouraging things I see in the newspapers. Something just tells me that we are no worse than anybody else. My father says no race is perfect.

I'd like to have a newspaper some day, a daily one—and then "I'd tell the world".

THOMAS PETERSON, Chicago, Ill.

MOST children are sorry when school opens. But I'm not; I'm glad. Of course I like the summer because it gives me so much spare time, but do you know how I spend it? Working, getting ready for school. Our preacher says I'm the handy man of the neighborhood. I sell papers, run errands, cut the grass and sometimes write letters. This year I made enough money to buy myself a new suit and a pair of shoes and I have \$5.00 left.

I play base-ball, and hockey. When Christmas comes I sell Christmas trees and holly and wreaths. When I'm big enough I'm going to go to college. I'm sure I'll be able to pay my own way through. I think I'll be an engineer.

JOHN EASTMAN, Reading, Pa.

A FEW PUMPKINS FOR HALLOWE'EN

A Rhymed Story

YETTA KAY STODDARD



ILLTON ROSS is a boy in this city who never had been on a farm the pity! He couldn't tell barley from wheat or oats, and he knew not the manners of cows and

goats

Someone gave Willt a handful of seeds, whether of flowers or grains or weeds, he didn't know and he didn't care. He planted them all in the little back square. A brown bare patch was that backyard behind the flat—the ground was hard, baked by the sun year after year, an ugly spot, but it was only here that Willt could make a garden grow. He dug up the earth with a rusty hoe; then he put in his seeds, the whole mixed lot! And waited, eager to see what he'd got.

Onions came up. He knew by the smell. "Good for soup," he said. "That's very well." Then immediately he began to dig them all out and set them in beds when they'd hardly a sprout.

Some nasturtiums came up here and there; and he had to transplant them and put them where they could stand in a neat and orderly row. Over the fence they began to grow.

He had one lone cornstalk and one hill of beans. Three beets and some spinach made ready for greens.

Willt was so proud of his "garden sass" he hardly could let a fellow pass without coaxing him around to see the perfectly wonderful mystery of a potato, tomato, lettuce head, pea! The rest of us fellows couldn't help laughing at him and his garden and always were chaffing about the "really marvelous place." We almost had to laugh in his face. Every time we had a good chance we'd say, "Well, Farmer Willt, how's country life today?" And he would always answer, "Just fine!"

Now Willt had a very remarkable vine. It began to grow near the one single bean, but the first thing he knew nothing else could be seen. It began to wander all over the place; it covered the flowers on the fence in three days. Willt had to keep snipping and clipping it back to

prevent it from crossing the street-car track.

"What is your vine?" we asked him each day. "It's a gourd or a canteloupe," Willt would say. "I'll know pretty soon—it's beginning to flower."

He watched over that vine, hour after hour. It wasn't a canteloupe. It wasn't a gourd. Oh, what a roasting poor Willt endured. We teased him so much he began to grow thin; his lip would quiver when we'd begin, "How's the canteloupe crop today? Been making gourd-dippers? How does it pay?"

School-time came and we had to let Willt and his vine alone and get right down to work for the fall exams—yet—we'd break into a laugh whenever we'd meet, to think of Willt and his bean and his beet, and the magical vine that grew and grew, whose name neither he nor the rest of us knew. Willt kept quiet—he'd learned a lot out of his ten by twelve garden plot.

It came to the night before Hallowe'en. We were planning our fun. Willt sat between Scott Murray and me. "Say," said Scott, "how much money has this crowd got? If we can scrape together fifty cents we can buy a big pumpkin at Grocer Bent's, to make a jack-lantern with. Let's get it and scare folks as they go by!"

"Sure, that'd be mighty good fun," agreed I.
"But I can't spare more than a dime." "Mother will lend me another," said Bud, my brother.
"But say, do you think it's right to spoil a good pumpkin just for fun for one night? A pumpkin will make a lot of good pies!" At the thought of that we bulged out our eyes.

Meanwhile Willt hadn't opened his face. But now, "I want you all to come to my place," he said, getting up, his mouth set grim. The crowd fell in and followed him. And what do you guess he had to show? Against the fence there stood in a row a dozen big pumpkins, fat and round. Yes, that was the vine that had covered the ground, climbed the fence and tried to break out and run down the street and wander about!

"You can each help yourself," said Willt, with a waye of his hand towards the golden fruit. "But one—please save. My mother wants it." The rest he gave to us fellows, and each of us made a fine jack-o-lantern, and we had a parade, all over town Hallowe'en—more fun than ever was had since the world was begun. And when we had finished Willt, laughing, said, "Come!" And he led us again back to his home.

This time Mrs. Ross invited us in. We and

our lanterns each had a grin that stretched all the way across our faces, for there on the table at each of our places was a whole great big fat pumpkin pie! Good? I should say they were! My eye!

"And now," asked Willt, as we left—in line, "What do you fellows think of mine?" With a great loud whoop we all answered, "Just fine!"



THE ELUSIVE IDEA

JAMES ALPHEUS BUTLER, JR.



E was a youngster of the ambitious type. His latest fad was that of writing stories. Confidently, and with an abundance of paper, pens, and ink he set about the task. But

ne soon found that ideas for writing stories could not be found for the asking. Consequently he set out to find one—and found an interesting experience availing him.

M ARCUS CORNELIUS SMITH was sitting at an improvised desk in his room. His hair was rumpled and his forehead contracted. The end of the penstaff which he held in his hands was just about chewed into shreds.

Making a rest for his chin with his two hands, and leaning on his desk, he looked into space. Then he turned his attention to the ceiling; then the floor. He changed his position by shoving both hands in his pocket, sinking way down in his seat, and staring at the one hundred sheets of blank typewriting paper before him. Then he looked absently and sullenly at the chewed pen which he had now laid down on his desk.

Finally Marcus got up from his chair and walked restlessly around his room, pausing for a moment at a window for a puff of fresh air. Perhaps that would aid him to think. The light breeze which sprung up at that moment seemed to be especially for him, but it did not bring him any nearer to his object. Desperately he sat down again.

For Marcus Cornelius Smith was trying to seek an inspiration to write. To be plain, Marcus had just that morning, after reading of the success of a great writer, taken a notion that he too would try his hand at writing and

astound the civilized world. Dreams galore had come to him of how his name would be heralded from end to end of the country; how his "masterpiece" would be translated into language after language; how Marcus Cornelius Smith would become the most important person in existence!

With the thought of writing there came to Marcus Cornelius Smith the thought of paper, pens and ink. But, strange enough, no thought of his subject came into his brilliant head. However, for a youth like Marcus, that was merely a dim speck on the horizon of his venture. An idea for a story! Why, that was easy to find. Ideas were everywhere, Marcus thought. All one had to do was to buckle down to it and think hard enough. Of course an inspiration would come to him in a few seconds. In a few moments some divine spark would flash across his mind; some glorious thought would come wandering down to him from paradisiacal realms; some grand idea would come flashing down to him from the empyrean above. Marcus Cornelius Smith knew that.

Marcus was sitting near an upstairs window, and as he sat in his assumed trance waiting for the favor of the gods to be bestowed upon him, his eyes had wandered over the scene below him. There was an open lot next to his house. As it was now about the middle of the summer the field was rather beautifully covered with flowers, intermingled with grass and weeds. There were buttercups, dandelions, and black-eyed-susans all mixed together in gorgeous array. Butterflies, displaying their gloriously tinted wings in the sunshine, were there in large numbers. They made an interesting and inspiring sight indeed as they fluttered from

flower to flower. Marcus saw besides these several little larks that were common near this small southern city, and also two little humming-birds. The view was beautiful from the window.

Occasionally a huckster wagon, dealing in vegetables, would pass down the street. Boys and men, sweating in the heat, and busy with their summer occupation, walked past; others rode bicycles, while others had cars. Then there were pienic parties and vacation parties continually passing up and down.

All of these things Marcus observed as he sat in his room. But none of these had brought the sought-for inspiration to him. His gaze at intervals drifted down the road as far as he could see; then over the housetops at the skyline; then into the empyrean, where the fleecy cumulus clouds gave him a vague impression of power and grandeur and rest. But strangely none of these things incited him. The few minutes he thought it would take for an inspiration to come were constantly lengthening.

Then it was that Marcus went through the manœuvers which we met him doing. Now it was plain that he was becoming tired. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. "Phew!" he muttered under his breath, but he was not thinking of the heat. He was staring at his fresh bottle of ink, his paper, and the badly chewed pen which he now held languidly between his two fingers.

At length Marcus arose. He could stand it no longer. Probably a walk would bring him an idea. He hoped it would. If it didn't, then no writing. Marcus heaved a sigh of resignation. He had done his best—but it wasn't good enough.

He went downstairs.

"Going for a walk, Mother," he said. "I've been trying to find the inspiration for that story I was telling you I was going to write this morning, but so far I haven't been very successful."

"Why, Marcus, I thought it was almost completed from the way you talked of it," said his mother in surprise.

"No'm," said Marcus sullenly. "Haven't started it yet."

Opening the collar of his shirt to keep him cool, and reaching for a battered cap from the hat rack, which he pulled well over his eyes, he set out for the woods. He did not forget to take

his fishing tackle and pole along with him. In front of his house he dug up a handful of bait. Then, with the pole on his shoulder and his hands in his pockets, he set out.

By following the road on which he lived, he soon came to a by-street which crossed it. Turning to the left and walking briskly, though it was rather warm, he was soon out of the limits of the little city. About a half hour later he was following a country road that led right into the heart of the woods.

Picturesque, indeed, was the road on which Marcus walked, with its large, shady, and rather grotesquely shaped oaks on either side. Further back in the forest were innumerable pine trees, all tapped for turpentine. Innumerable shrubs and flowers, one mass of viridity and color, abundantly entangled themselves on the side of the road and near the low barbed wire fence that ran steadily along the road. Further on were graceful sycamores; at intervals magnificent spruce pines loomed up grandly; here thickly foliaged persimmon trees grew in abundance; there a maple outlined its beautiful form on a background of green. Marcus was simply lost in admiration. He always was when walking along this road. He simply loved

He turned from the road to a well worn pathway leading into the dense growth on the side of the road. A fifteen minutes' walk brought him to a gurgling stream, bordered on all sides by tall alders and reeds. Then he walked slowly along watching for a good place from which to fish. He selected a shady spot under a tree that leaned well over the water. There the water was clear and cool. It was an ideal place for fish at this time of the day.

Marcus adjusted his bait on the hook, then cast it over. He leaned back on the tree and waited. It wasn't long before he got a bite. It was certainly apparent from the size of the fish that he really had a fine fishing place. He became interested in his fishing all of a sudden. All thought of writing was gone as he eagerly and expectantly watched the small cork float buoyantly on the water. No more was he worried about his subject; gone was the desire to stir the civilized world. An inspiration had come, but it was not the long sought for inspiration. His was the inspiration to fish.

Marcus Cornelius suddenly felt a queer feeling. He had now been fishing for one-half hour. Just this moment he felt queer. For some un-Rnown instinct told Marcus Cornelius that he was not the only person aspiring to land a whopper of the trouts in the stream. Marcus turned and whom should he see but a boy just about his size, ragged and barefooted, but with a broad smile on his face, shiny, white eyes, and with a long bamboo fishing pole and an old can, evidently filled with bait, in his hand, looking at him and grinning like everything. Marcus certainly was surprised.

"I'm jes' 'Lias," said the boy. "Don't be

skeered."

"Jingo!" muttered Marcus, "I'm not scared, b-but you sure surprised me. How in creation did you come so silently?"

'Lias grinned again.

"Jes' happened along through them bushes," he said. "Do you mind if I fishes here wid you?" "Why, n-no," said Marcus, haltingly.

'Lias sat down as if the whole affair were ended, and proceeded to bait his line. A few minutes elapsed in silence.

Marcus broke the silence.

"Live 'round here?" he asked.

"Yeah," answered 'Lias. "Ma and me live in a little log cabin over in de woods."

Marcus was silent. Perhaps it would not be polite to ply 'Lias with more questions.

Up and down, up and down bobbed the two corks on the water. Both the boys watched interestedly. Traces of the broad smile still were on 'Lias' face. He glanced around at Marcus' catch once.

"Been here long?" he queried.

"Nope," answered Marcus.

"Dat's a good catch," commented 'Lias.

"Thanks," said Marcus.

Silence again. There was no sound save the twittering of the birds in the tops of the trees; the buzzing of bees in the air; the less noisy stir of the flies around the stream; the ripple of the water as it rushed past gaily.

Suddenly the cork attached to 'Lias' line seemed to become animated. For a second it seemed to be a-tremble with life. Then it darted under the water in a flash, and in a wink 'Lias jerked. It wasn't such an easy jerk as he thought it would be though, and before he himself even realized it a two-pound trout was flopping on the bank.

"A whopper!" breathed Marcus.

"You bet," answered 'Lias, his eyes shining

with excitement. "Think I'll be able to get much for 'im?" he added hopefully.

"You sure ought to be able to sell him easily," came the response.

'Lias seemed to be happy.

"Hope dat'll help Ma some," he said, a shade passing over his face.

Suddenly Marcus thought he understood.

"You and your mother have a pretty hard time with these high prices?" he ventured, half repenting after he said it. He didn't have any business prying. But he certainly was interested.

'Lias was unoffended though. Instead he seemed glad to put confidence in Marcus.

"We hab," said 'Lias. "But jes' since yesterday."

'Lias stopped, and the smile disappeared from his face. There was a different kind of light in his clear eyes now. Formerly there was a shiny light of happiness and cheer. Now there was a glint. It reminded one of the sparks of electricity thrown off by steel hammers. It was piercing and sharp. It was suggestive of anger and determination.

Marcus wondered. . . . He thought hard. . . . Suddenly he became sympathetic. There seemed to be something noble and enduring and optimistic and courageous in the manner of this chap. Unknowingly but surely he was being influenced by the magnetic power of a strong personality, even though it came from only a humble member of his race. Of a sudden he wanted to know all about him, wanted to know his mother, wanted to know why it was "jes' since yesterday" that they had felt a hard time. He looked at 'Lias who was looking hard at his cork, and thinking harder. Finally he spoke. He simply had to.

"'Lias." he said lowly.

'Lias did not move his eyes from the water. In fact Marcus thought water was in them.

"I'm heah." said 'Lias.

"Mind telling me why it is 'jes' since yesterday' that you all are having a hard time?"

'Lias was silent.

"Don' mind," he said at last, "but, er-er-"

"I'm Marcus, 'Lias."

"Er, Marcus, dunno's my tale o' hard luck would be ins'tin ter you."

"You bet it will. 'Lias."

"I dunno's I ought ter tell you about it er

not, 'cause I'm sho' desperate. Afeered it might thing for 'Lias. But it was almost impossible. skeer vou."

"I know it isn't that bad, 'Lias."

"Worse'rn you think. I knows dat."

"Well, why don't you tell me and let me be the judge of that?"

Again 'Lias was silent as he stared into the water. Finally he assented.

"It's ole man Dukes' lyin' boy Jim!" he said with conviction. "He's the whole thing. Yer see ole man Dukes he's got de mostest confidence in dat boy as he kin possibly hab. An' de boy is a nat'ral bo'n thief. My pore Ma can't see so well, so ole man Dukes sends dat scallywag Jim ter collect fo' de last payment on our log cabin. Now I knows good an' well dat dat money has been paid, but Ma los' de receipt. So o' course ole man Dukes he finds dat out and decides ter collect ag'in, since Pa he has done gone an' died. Jim comes fo' de money, an' since I weren't dere Ma sends him ter git de money out'n our hidin' place. We'd been savin' dat money fer a long, long time. Jim he goes in dere, takes it all, gives Ma de receipt for a certain 'mount, an' when I comes home I fin' we is plumb busted. Dat made me mad and I have 'clared ter git Jim, ef I die doin' it. He's a big bully an' coward, and I jes wants ter meet him fair an' square sometime. You jes' bet I'm goin' ter show him somethin'!" And 'Lias clinched his fists in anticipation of licking the bully.

Marcus was thoughtful. This was interesting as well as pathetic.

"Didn't you go to old man Dukes?" he asked, interested.

"Sho'," 'Lias answered, "but whut good? None! Ole scallywag! He 'clares he jes' received de 'mount on de receipt, an' o' course I can't say nothin' cause I guess he did. Jim kept de rest."

"That's really a shame," muttered Marcus.

"I hates it 'cause o' Ma," continued 'Lias. "We wuz jes' erbout fixed pretty when he comes. I shore mean ter git him. Gee! he's a scound'el. Heah I got ter go sellin' fish ter git Ma's medicine bill paid."

'Lias paused a moment, then added quickly:

"It ain't that I don't want ter work sellin' fish,-it's jes' de thought of de reason why I hab ter sell it."

Marcus said he understood. He was thinking hard. Gee! he wished he could do some-

'Lias spoke again.

"I shore means ter git him!" Unconsciously his grip tightened on the long bamboo within his hand.

Marcus realized that there was a whole lot in what 'Lias said. He wondered how 'Lias meant to "git" Jim Dukes.

The next half hour passed in silence between the two boys. Both seemed rapt in meditation. At length 'Lias said he had enough fish.

"Got ter go to town afore dark an' try ter sell 'em," he explained to Marcus.

And, indeed, it was about time for anyone to be leaving who wished to reach the little city before nightfall. The sun, unnoticed by Marcus until now, had advanced far over towards the west, and slowly the shadows of the trees were lengthening—lengthening—lengthening—

"Guess I'll walk along with you, 'Lias," he said. "It's about time I was leaving myself. I hadn't noticed it was so late until you mentioned it just now."

The boys arose and began the walk.

"Say, 'Lias," said Marcus suddenly, "what were you doing before that boy took all your money?"

"I wuz workin' for ole man Dukes."

"Well, I do declare. What did you do, quit him?"

"Couldn't do nothin' else," 'Lias answered dolefully. "I tole Ma I shore wuz not goin' ter work for a cheater."

"Did she want you to?"

"O' course not! But she didn't know where we wuz goin' ter get de money ter live. I tole her I would take care o' her. An' 'Lias shore will!" he added with a puff of his chest.

"So you went to fishing, eh?" Marcus said absently.

"Jes' fo' today," 'Lias answered, then added: "O' course I don't mean to be jes' fishin' all de time." He glanced quickly at Marcus.

"Of course," Marcus assented. My! but this boy was keen. He could penetrate a statement and grasp a conception of its remotest meaning. Marcus looked at him and wondered.

The boys now turned off the little pathway, and soon were traversing the country road. The road looked a little different to Marcus than it did when he was coming over. In fact he was not paying much attention to it now. Nevertheless it was less brilliant than it was in the

middle of the day; the tall trees cast their long shadows straight across the road and the general impression was that of a more subtle atmosphere than that which the boy passed through in the morning. In fact his feelings seemed to be very much in accordance with his surroundings. This morning when he passed that way his spirit was bright, sunshiny, buoyant and joyous-even as the sun shone brilliantly on the leaves; the birds twittered in glee; the squirrel hastened buoyantly and hopefully along the road, right in front of his interested gaze. But since then 'Lias had come, and his spirit had been subdued, and he had become thoughtful, and silent, and the brilliancy of his mood had been replaced by a touch of subtlety and smoothness, and a desire to help -even as the restful shade along the road seemed to be accompanied by a desire to aid the worn-out traveler, so the touch of subtlety that had come over him seemed to be accompanied by a desire to help his comrade of the morning. Overhead he heard the leisurely chiming of a wood thrush, after his all day song. He looked upwards and saw a mother bird winging her way homeward at the close of a hard day. From far away the bells on several cows, as they were being brought from the pasture, reached his ears in a lazy, ding-dong chant. And it was at this time, in this the most unpsychological moment possible, that he was awakened from his meditation and 'Lias grasped his arm.

For coming towards them, with a big swagger and confident gait, a haughty air and an evil eye, was none other than Jim Dukes, 'Lias' arch enemy.

'Lias stepped ahead of Marcus. When Jim approached he appeared not to see the boys and walked on with his head high in the air. In his hand was a stout stick with which he struck at the branches along the roadside.

'Lias stepped directly in front of Jim.

"Stop, Jim!" he said in a voice which heretofore Marcus had not heard him use. There was a slight tremor in it, but its full force carried an air of sternness about it.

Jim was surprised. He had always thought 'Lias was afraid of him,

"What cha want, you little fool," he said angrily.

'Lias was unruffled.

"You!" he said. "Dat's who I wants. You is a thief."

"Who you callin' a thief?" Jim Dukes' dark face turned crimson. He raised the stick in his hand menacingly.

"Don't think I'se skeered o' you, Jim Dukes," said 'Lias. "You ain't nothin' but a big bully an' a coward, an' a thief, an'——"

The big fellow became furious. He advanced quickly towards 'Lias, who held his ground. The stick was still in his hand.

"Another worrud," he fairly shouted. "Jes' one more an I'll slam dis stick so fur in dat cranium o' yours—"

'Lias didn't give him time to finish his threat. Again the fire sparkled within him. His fighting blood was up. He dropped his fishing pole, his fish, and rolled up his sleeves. Marcus gasped at the size of his muscles and his well formed arms. 'Lias suppressed a gulp and advanced to meet Jim. He wasn't quite ready to fight yet though.

"If you ain't a coward, put down de stick an' fight me!" he challenged.

For Jim that was another matter. He really was not much good as a pugilist and he knew it. His specialty was scaring the boys he came into contact with out of the wish of fighting him. He was a typical braggadocio. He stopped short in his advance towards 'Lias.

'Lias grinned.

"I dares yer!" he cried.

Jim was really angry. His face was a study in emotion—the emotions of the coward when put up against a fair and square proposition. He did not wish to meet 'Lias fair-fisted, though he was much the larger of the two. The fact of the affair was that he was afraid.

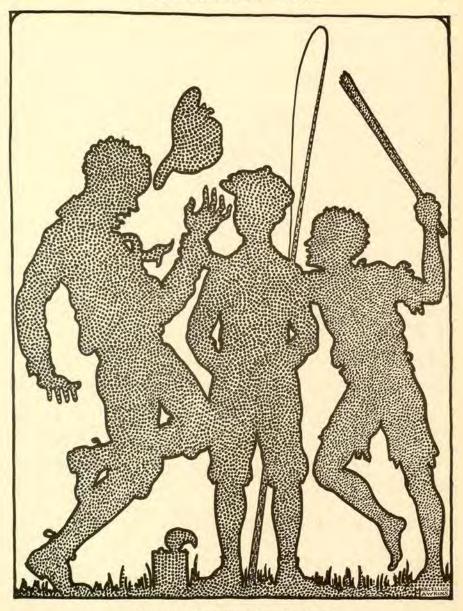
*Jim hesitated, then called 'Lias a volley of names in a breath. Then he reconsidered his action.

"Why you call me a thief?" he asked.

'Lias laughed under his breath. He knew he was dealing with a coward. But outwardly there was no sign of the thoughts going on within.

"You stole my pore Ma's money, an' mine too. You done went an' took 'vantage cause she was blind an' I weren't there."

"It's a lie! Didn't do nothin' like it!" Jim cried. He had thought when his father told 'Lias that he had only taken the right amount



"Don't think I'se skeered o' you, Jim Dukes"

'Lias had not thought any more of the affair.

"Eh? It is? I done wants ter see." And in a flash 'Lias had caught the big fellow's wrist, wrenched the stick from his hand and hurled him to the ground. He had taken advantage of the moment when Jim was off his guard and now the bully was within his power.

Marcus, who had been looking on with undisguised interest, was suddenly filled with ad-

miration for the pluck of 'Lias.

Jim was on the ground, gulping and hollering.
'Lias had him in a most secure hold.

"Lemme up!! Lemme up! You imp—you—fool—you—you—" cried the enraged Jim.

"Tell me where my money is an' I will," said 'Lias firmly.

"I ain't got nothin' belongin' ter you or nobuddy else," gulped Jim. "Lemme up! I'll have Pa on you for this!! Lemme up—gulp— I say."

"I've got plenty o' time here, Jim, if you have an' I don' mean ter leab 'till I git my money."

"Well, I'se done said I ain't got it."

"You hab, Jim Dukes."

"I ain't-I-I-I-"

'Lias tightened his hold.

"Ouch" hollered Jim. "You'se hurtin' me. Ow—ow! I done tol' you I—gulp—ain't—got —gulp—ain't—ow!—gulp—lemme up—I—I— I—"

'Lias was grim. Again his hold tightened.
"You'se chokin' me! You'll kill me! Lemme
up, 'Lias!"

"Tell me 'bout de money." Again his hold tightened.

"Ow—gulp—awright, 'Lias, I'll tell you— I'se got it—ow—you'se chokin' me—lemme up an' I'll tell you, 'Lias—ow—gurgle—it's in me pocket, 'Lias—heah take it!—oh, please leggo o' me an' lemme up!"

'Lias let up some. But he was prepared for treachery.

"Which pocket?" he queried.

"My left one. . . . Lemme up please, 'Lias!"
'Lias fumbled around 'in Jim's pocket and
withdrew the money. Then he let the panting
Jim up, who immediately began to call him

everything he could think of. Nevertheless he did not remain in the vicinity too long. He immediately proceeded down the road, shaking his fist and muttering at 'Lias. 'Lias grinned. Then he turned to Marcus who had been silent during the whole performance. Marcus advanced towards him.

"Shake, 'Lias, old boy," he said. "You've sure got nerve and pluck and—muscle. That was really good work you did with that bully."

And once more that all embracing grin made its appearance on 'Lias' face as he took up his fishing pole and the catch of the morning. Marcus was surely drawn towards him. Then the boys shook hands—shook under the arch of trees in the twilight of this summer day. Theirs was a feeling of friendship indeed as their eyes met—the eyes of the ambitious colored youngster and the plucky colored chap—and in the quickly setting gloom of eventide they felt a bond of friendship which the leisurely chiming of a wood-thrush above at that moment seemed to seal and the musically plaintive song of a retiring bush-sparrow seemed to commend.

Then the boys took up their load and proceeded towards town. Silently they walked along. Both of their thoughts were far away. Lias was thinking of his mother in the little log cabin waiting for him, and what joy he would bring to her with his arrival that night. Marcus was thinking over the happenings of the afternoon and—"jes 'Lias".

At last they reached the place where 'Lias had to turn off the road. Again Marcus offered his hand.

"'Lias," he said, "I hope I'll know you some more. I sure am glad I met you this afternoon. I—I—want to see your mother."

And vaguely 'Lias understood Marcus' feelings.

"I'se glad I met you, Marcus," said 'Lias, "but I'se gladder I met Jim Dukes."

And then he disappeared in the darkness,

A few weeks later Marcus Cornelius Smith had the pleasure of seeing his first piece in a local paper. It was a short story. The title of it was: "Jes' 'Lias."

OurlitteFriends







N all the World there is no mystery like Motion—the curious, unexplained Moving and Changing and Appearing and Disappearing of Things and Thoughts

and Light and Darkness and Happiness and Pain. I, the Crow, move and move and move, swiftly, slowly, but always.

∏ In the war between Russia and Poland the Russians advanced to within 60 miles of Warsaw. Then the Poles, aided by the French, rallied and drove the Russians across the border. They claim to have taken 80,000 prisoners and much war material. Meantime negotiations for peace are going on. But the Polish armies are trying to invade Russia while new Russian armies are being raised. At present, therefore, the prospects for peace are not good.

¶ Fighting still proceeds between the revolt led by General Wrangel in south Russia and the Bolsheviki; also in Asia between the Turks and the Greeks; and in Arabia between the Arabians and the English.

Thousands of Russian soldiers have taken refuge in Germany.

¶ Irish unrest now centers in the grave condition of Lord Mayor MacSwiney of Cork. For five weeks he has refused to take food as a protest against his arrest and imprisonment by the English. Many petitions have been sent the Prime Minister for his release.

¶ There has been renewed fighting between the Protestants and Catholics in Belfast and other parts of Ireland and the whole of southern Ireland is seething with crime and unrest.

Germany has abolished compulsory military service. She was among the first of modern states to compel every male citizen to be a soldier and on this system her great military power was built. The treaty of Versailles called for the abolition of this system.

The Danes, Swedes and Norwegians have

been conferring concerning their attitude toward the League of Nations,

¶ Much interest has been aroused in attempts to reorganize world Socialism. The "Third International" conference has met in Moscow. American Socialists have agreed to affiliate with some reservations. French Socialists are seeking alliance. Socialists are those people who believe that tools and material used in manufacture should belong to the public and not to private persons. Communists go further than this and believe that all property belongs to the state and that labor should be hired, directed and paid for by the state.

¶ An international trades union congress in Holland is appealing to the workers of the world to form a union against all future wars.

¶ A statue of Lafayette has been presented to France by the Catholic organization known as the Knights of Columbus,

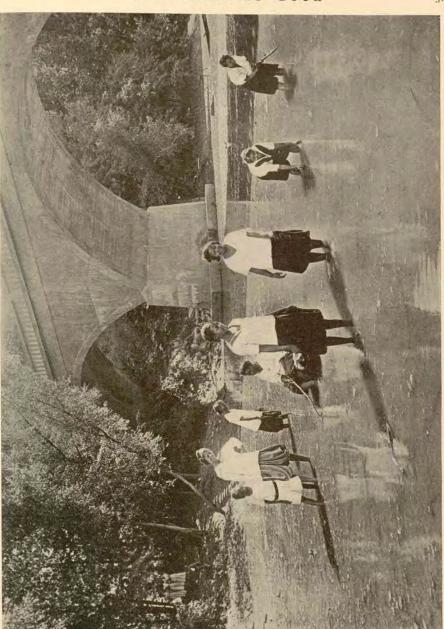
■ It is reported that Great Britain has agreed to recognize the partial independence of Egypt. Egypt will control her foreign relations and her internal government. This is a great triumph for colored men.

Costa Rica is reported to have given the right of suffrage to all grown persons, including women

¶ The British Labor Party has tried to get in touch with the French so as to decide upon a united policy toward Russia. They have threat
them.

■ The British Labor Party has tried to get in

the place of the place of



Last Days of Summer

to interfere in the Russo-Polish war.

Italy has no coal and has to import it from England. The price is so high that she is trying to use her volcanoes to make electricity from which heat and power can be derived. Already she is having much success. At the same time other volcanoes refusing to be harnessed to peaceful pursuits have killed several hundred people.

T In the seventh series of Olympic games held at Antwerp, Belgium, American contestants gained the largest number of points. The best American colored athlete, Sol Butler, was unfortunately unable to take part on account of an injury. There were three colored men on the American team.

 A strike is threatened among British miners. They ask for national ownership of mines.

Captain Roald Amundsen, a Norwegian, has started for the North Pole. He expects to be gone five years.

Central American countries are forming a Central American union. Most of the people are colored.

The general strike and boycott against Hungary by transport laborers has ended and communication has been resumed.

Turkey has signed the treaty of Versailles.

of St. Gauden's statue of Abraham Lincoln has been unveiled in front of Westminster Abbey, London. The black bishop of Nigeria took a prominent part in the exercises.

Convictions in drunkenness in England and Wales have doubled in 1919 over 1918.

The Japanese have established provincial and village advisory councils as a beginning of self government in Korea.



HERE is no place like Homenone, none so good, none so bad: good because it belongs to Us; bad, because it is Ours to make better and this means Work and

Eue-sight. I, the Crow, an Eye-sight. I am Eyes. I see!

The Democrats are accusing the Republicans of raising large sums of money to be used in

ened a general strike if England tries actively direct and indirect bribery in order to carry the election. Meantime the Democrats are raising all they can,

The 19th amendment to the Constitution of the United States, giving women the right to vote, has been declared ratified by the vote of the legislature of Tennessee. This adds nine and one-half million women voters to the seventeen and one-half who already have the right to vote. The Tennessee Legislature after agreeing to the amendment tried to reverse its decision, but this action was probably illegal.

Since 1914 the tonnage of United States ships has increased 500 per cent. We have now 16 million tons of shipping and stand second only to Great Britain with 18 million tons.

Twelve thousand employees of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company are on strike demanding higher pay.

A strike was begun among the hard coal miners but has been called off in most places.

The National Prohibition Party has nominated A. H. Watkins as candidate for Presi-

The railroads have increased their passenger and freight rates and the express companies their express rates.

The Salvation Army, which is a sort of missionary church for the poor, has been reorganized in the United States with eastern, central and western headquarters. Evangeline Booth is at the head.

Three thousand Negroes, chiefly West Indians and lead by Marcus Garvey, have held a month's convention in New York City and made a demand for "Africa for the Africans!"

There was a serious strike of street car men in Denver where several persons were killed.

Race riots between Italians and Americans have taken place in Frankfort, Illinois.

TEugene Debs, Socialist candidate for President who is in jail because he did not believe in the war and said so, has asked his followers that no further efforts be made for his release.

The American Federation of Labor has formulated a program of non-partisan political action for the 4,000,000 members of the organization.





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No. 11

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MANUSCRIPTS and drawings relating to colored children are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage. If found unavailable they will be returned.

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Uncle Remus

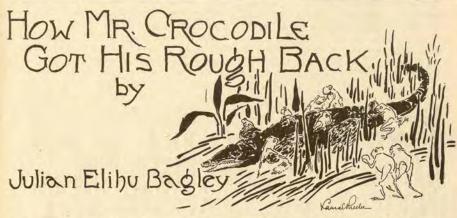
-Photo by Battey.

The Brownies' Book

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T was a bleak November afternoon in New York City. To be more exact it was in Harlem. The snow was falling fast, and between the long row of high dwellings on

135th Street thousands of flakes were whirling, swirling about much the same as goose feathers would whirl if dumped from some high building into a rushing wind. The sun had long since hid his face, while the white fleecy clouds of the morning were fast changing into a cold, cold gray. It was too cold for the kiddies to go out. So in the high windows dozens of them could be seen watching the grown-ups hurrying along the street below. Occasionally some one tripped on the sidewalk. Then the youngsters could be seen tumbling back into their houses in an uproar of laughter.

Among these children was a little curly headed boy named Cless. But Cless had a different purpose from the other boys and girls. He was looking for the letter carrier. For every day Cless received some pretty post card from his father who was then working in a hotel at Palm Beach. Florida.

"What will it be today, and why doesn't the mail man come on?" thought Cless. Finally the postman turned into 135th Street and made his way to the entrance of the building in which the little boy lived. Cless ran down to meet him.

The postman handed him a card. On one side was Cless' address, on the other a picture of a little colored boy riding a big crocodile. Cless was both disappointed and frightened.

"Oo-ee! what an ugly thing this is," he shouted as he turned and walked into the elevator.

"Let me see?" asked the elevator boy.

Cless handed him the card.

"Sure is ugly! And that's the thing that eats little colored boys. See all them rough bumps on his back? Well, they are the toes of little colored babies sticking up under his skin. That's Mister Crocodile," concluded the elevator boy. "He used to have a smooth back before he began to eat little colored babies, but now it's rough."

Little Cless was very much frightened, and as soon as the elevator reached his floor he dashed out and went running to his apartment crying: "Granny! Granny! oh Granny, look what daddy sent me today—a big ugly crocodile! And I hear he eats little colored babies. Granny, is it true? Is it true, Granny?"

"Why certainly not, Cless. Who in the world told Granny's little man such a story?"

"Elevator boy, Granny—elevator boy," answered little Cless between sobs. And a little later he stopped crying and told his grandmother the story just as the elevator boy had told him.

"It's no such a thing, it's no such a thing," said Granny. "Why don't you know frogs were the real cause of crocodiles having rough backs?"

"How's that, Granny? Please tell me—tell me quick, Granny, please," begged little Cless.

"All right, I'll tell you," promised Granny, "for I certainly don't want my little man scared to pieces with such ugly stories." Now little Cless felt relieved. He hopped into Granny's lap, huddled up close to her side and listened to her story of how the crocodile got his rough back.

"A long, long time ago," she said, "in Africa, down on the River Nile there lived a fierce old

mud until some poor frog came paddling along and then he would nab him and crush him to death between his big saw-teeth. Of course this was easy, for at that time Mister Crocodile had a smooth, black back, and it was so much like the mud that the frogs could never tell where he was.

"But one day a happy thought struck Mister Bull Frog who was king of all the frogs in that swamp. He thought it would be a good idea to pile some lumps of mud on the crocodile's back, and then the frogs could always tell where he was. This plan was gladly accepted by all the frogs in the swamp. So the next time the crocodile crawled into the mud to take his win-



"They formed a big circle around the sleeping crocodile."

crocodile. And this was the first crocodile in the world. Before him there were no others. Now this crocodile lived in a cluster of very thick brush, and, although there were many other animals in the swamp larger than he, he was king of them all. Every day some poor creature was seized and crushed to death between this cruel monster's jaws. He was especially fond of frogs and used to crush dozens of them to death every day. Now the frogs could hop faster than the crocodile could run and he never caught them in a fair race. But he always got the best of them by hiding in the

ter nap, Mister Bull Frog and all the other frogs went to the place where the monster lay and daubed a thousand little piles of mud on his back. And when they had finished they could see him from almost any part of the swamp. Now they knew they were safe. How happy they were! They all joined hands, formed a big circle around the sleeping crocodile, and while Mister Bull Frog beat time on his knee the others shouted this jingle so hard that their little throats puffed out like a rubber ball:

'Ho, Mister Crocodile, king of the Nile, We got you fixed for a long, long while. Deedle dum, dum, deedle dum day, Makes no difference what you say!'

"They shouted this jingle over and over again. And the last time they sang it Mister Bull Frog got so happy he stopped beating time, jumped up in the air, cut a step or two, then joined in the chorus with his big heavy voice:

'Honkey-tonkey tunk, tunk, tink tunk tunk!

Honkey-tonkey, tunk, tunk tunk tunk!'
And when all the singing and dancing were over
the little frogs went home.

"But Mister Bull Frog chose to stay and watch the crocodile. All winter long the crocodile lay in the mud. Nevertheless the Bull Frog kept a close watch over him. Each day the lumps of mud that the frogs had stuck on his back were growing harder and harder.

"At last spring came. The sleepy creature awoke and immediately began to shake his back and flop his tail. But the more he did this the madder he became. Finally he was just whirling 'round and 'round in the mud, biting himself on the tail and groaning, 'Honk! honk!' But the lumps of mud had done their work. They were there to stay. And finding it of no use to wiggle he crawled out on the bank

of the river and began to look for something to eat. Nothing could be found on the shore, however, so he slipped back into the muddy water to see if he could catch some frogs. In this he failed, for no longer could he hide himself. No matter how much his skin looked like the mud, the little frogs could always tell where he lay by his rough back.

"So ever since that day little frogs have lived in perfect safety along the banks of the River Nile or any other place so far as crocodiles are concerned. And as for Mister Crocodile himself, he has gone on and on even down to this day with his rough scaly back. And this is how he got it Cless," ended Granny, "and not by eating little colored babies."

Little Cless had followed every word of Granny's with eager interest. Now he smiled a smile of relief, thanked her for the story, jumped from her lap and skipped out to join the happy group of little children who were still peeping into the street from their windows. Here Cless showed his croccodile to as many children as were close enough to see it. And to those who were nearest he told the story over and over again of how the crocodile got his rough back.



The Chrysalis

ANNETTE CHRISTINE BROWNE

OUT in the wind a cradle is swinging, On a little bare twig it is fastened so strong.

Does the sleeper inside hear the wind's dismal singing?

Do you think the wind fears he will slumber too long?

This cradle was made when the tree's leaves were falling;

The sleeper himself made his queer little bed. He shut himself in when he heard the wind calling

And dropped off to sleep; to the world became dead. So he's swayed to and fro as the winds of November

Toss his cradle around, upside down and about.

On the twig he will hang through the snows of December.

Not 'till Winter is gone will he wake to come out.

When Spring comes at last he'll awake from his

The cradle will open and what will we spy?
The worm that last summer was on the ground creeping.

Unfolding the wings of a new butterfly.

A CRISS-CROSS THANKSGIVING

AUGUSTA BIRD





OW for that, just for that! you don't get nothin'!" exclaimed Paquito in a voice trembling with anger and indignation. Without another word he went

into his house and slammed the door. For a few moments he walked up and down the floor of his mother's front parlor (in the manner his father did when he was mentally disturbed), cautiously pausing once or twice in his "frenzy" to peek out of the window to see what effect his departure had on his playmates on the curb. He saw the little group did not seem to be the least disturbed by his absence so he seated himself on the big divan over in the corner and tried to console himself by agreeing with a bit of Ikey's philosopy.

Ikey was right. Girls couldn't keep a thing—all of them talked too much. They had to tell everything they knew, and from that moment on he was going to follow Ikey's advice and leave all of them alone.

"What if I did promise Mildred I'd give 'er a wrist watch for her birthday—supposin' I did say I'd give 'er a diamond engagement ring when she was eighteen, what of it? She didn't have to go and tell everybody in the whole world, did she? A fellow doesn't want everybody in the whole world to know all his private business, does he!" muttered the indignant Paquito to himself.

"Is that you, Paquito? Open the door and let Mrs. Williams out," came his mother's voice from the back parlor. She paused in her sewing to lean forward to make sure it was her ten-year-old son whom she heard.

"I can let myself out," said Mrs Williams starting toward the door. "I don't see how you are going to finish that dress and get it back

from the cleaner's in time—Thanksgiving is only two weeks off, you know."

"It will be a rush," admitted Paquito's mother. "I don't believe it pays any one to make a trip South for three days, but I do so want Paquito to know what a Thanksgiving in the country is like."

"It will be splendid for both of you, even for that short time, to see Hattie and talk over old times. It is so nice that Paquito is going to know Hattie's little Rose. She is a dear little girl." Then turning to Paquito she said: "You are going to have what I call a real Thanksgiving this year—the kind I loved when I was a child and I know you are going to enjoy every minute of it. When you return you must come over to my house and tell me all about it."

"Yes'm," he answered and shut the door.

Seated once again on the divan Paquito was now lost in glittering anticipation of the proposed visit South. His mother had tried to tell him what it was going to be like and he in turn had described to Ikey just how the two steaming-brown turkeys would look (there had to be two or maybe three, he explained, for all the grandfathers, grandmothers, aunts and cousins would be there) surrounded by glistening, crimson jellies. His mother had told him there would surely be a whole roasted pig and rows and rows of pumpkin, mince and lots of other kinds of pies. He had aroused great enthusiasm in Ikey when he described the hunt for chestnuts (he would bring back about a bushel for the two of them) and the roasting of them before the roaring open log fire that night. It was too bad Ikey couldn't go with him. Ikey was a little Jewish fellow and Paquito's "closest buddy" at school.

Just as it had been planned, two weeks later



"Had Convulsions!"

found Paguito and his mother at the suburban home of Mrs. Presslev. Paquito with his hands stuck in his pockwas walking around the vard leisurely taking in his surroundings. He had met Rose and was very much impressed. He didn't know it. but in his mind he was comparing her soft curling dark ringlets with Mildred's straight yellow braids and was wishing she would come out into the yard. Just then she appeared in the doorway. It seemed as though it was in answer to his wish.

"Mother says you might like to see my rabbits. I had three, but one ran up in an old stovepipe and hurt himself so bad the other day that Daddy had to kill him," she explained sadly.

Paquito's black eves brightened at the thought of seeing the rabbits.

"I ca-can't remember your name and my mother told me five times what it was before you came-but I forget," Rose went on shyly.

"That's nothing," Paquito spoke up, "lots of people forget it. Paquito isn't my name anyway; my name is Frank. Because my mother went to South America and I was born there everybody calls me Paquito. Everybody in South America speaks Spanish—Paguito is Spanish for Frank, you know."

Rose didn't know, but she showed she was willing to take his word for it.

"Pa-qui-to," repeated Rose several times. "I'm going to try and remember it." She took his hand and they started across the yard in the direction of the garage.

"You see that apple tree there," Rose pointed out. "That's old man Bennett's apple tree. He lives in that big old house there all by himself. Whatever you do, don't you pull any of his apples. He told me himself he had counted in silence. All the while she was getting dressed

everyone of 'em." Then almost in a whisper she confided: "Last year he got so awfully mad when some boys down the street robbed the tree, he had con-con, something my mother says he had, and almost died."

"Convulsions, I guess. Had convulsions over a few old apples!" muttered Paquito in disgust.

They had reached the garage and it was all they could do to open the heavy door that would let them into the shed. A few moments later the children were surprised to look up and find Mrs. Pressley standing in the door-way.

"I called to you, Rose, but I couldn't make you hear. You must come now: it is almost time for us to start. Your cousins, Mollie, Bobby and Harold, all went out early this morning," she said. It was out at Mrs. Pressley's father's farm that the Thanksgiving gathering was to be held. She and her little daughter had waited for Paquito and his mother to arrive from New York before motoring out.

They were nearly back to the house when Mrs. Pressley gave a low exclamation which caused them all to stop. She stooped and picked up from the ground a large red apple which was bitten.

"Rose, have you pulled one of old man Bennett's apples after all I've said to you?" she asked, her expression very severe.

Rose looked frightened.

"No, mother, I did not," she answered.

"Paquito, you don't know-maybe you-?"

"Nope, I didn't," interrupted Paquito with a shake of his head. Going on to his mother's room, Paquito attempted to whistle one of New York's popular airs, to appear calm, for at the present time his heart was fluttering violently with a new love. He burst into the room.

"Oh, mother, isn't she a corker! Isn't she a peach of a girl! She's the prettiest girl I've ever seen," he exclaimed with admiration.

"Rose, you mean; she is rather a nice little girl," agreed his mother. "But to my mind she would suggest a soft velvety rose rather than a 'corker' or a -"

"That's it!" interrupted Paquito, his eyes beaming. "Don't you remember, mother, you read me a nice story once about little girls who had faces like flowers? Here's a little girl whose face is just like a flower and her name is the very flower she is like." Paquito laughed, delighted at his discovery.

Rose followed her mother into another room,

she expected her mother to say something more about the apple, and, although she did not mention the incident again at present, Rose knew it would come later. She knew her mother knew there were only two people responsible for the apple's being on the ground. Paquito had said he did not pull the apple, and because Rose felt that her mother believed him, a feeling of indignation and rage came up in her heart against the little boy who had come from New York to spend Thanksgiving with her and her cousins at her grandfather's farm in the country. Why did he have to say he had not pulled the apple? He could have admitted it and her mother would not have said any more about it. He didn't know old man Bennett was so cranky about his apples. Anyway he wasn't her mother's child and she had no right to scold him, she reasoned in her mind. It was only the honk-honk of a horn which told them that the car was ready and at the door that saved Rose from bursting into angry tears.

It was long after dark when they reached the Corbin's farm and after Paquito met all the cousins and older folks he and his mother were shown to their room, for they had journeyed five times as far as any of the others and both were very tired.

Although there was a heavy frost the night before, the sun was out full and warm on Thanksgiving Day, which allowed the children the pleasure of playing their games in the yard. From the first game on through the morning, until the dinner bell rang, Paquito realized that he was being deliberately "snubbed" by Rose! He was quite surprised at first at her changed attitude and made several attempts to find out the cause, but she gave him no opportunity. She would toss her curly head, look at him with scorn and pass him by to join the group of children on the other side of the yard.

When all the children's hands and faces were washed, all the grown-ups were seated around the large table in the center. There was much noise and confusion as the children began to find seats around the small table which was arranged at the side for them. Then the usual suggestion came from Mollie, "some one be 'mamma,' and 'papa'," that is, some one was to sit at the head of the table as the "papa" and some one at the foot as the "mamma." Then they would carry on such conversations as they had heard from the parents, or whatever they thought was becoming to older people. Rose

was chosen "mamma" and, of course, everyone thought Paquito should have the honored seat at the head of the table, being Rose's particular guest.

"If Paquito is going to be the 'papa' I shall not be the 'mamma,'" she decided with emphasis.

"Jack will be the 'papa' then," was the immediate suggestion from Dan.

During the discussion Paquito managed to slide into a seat nearest to where he was standing; at the same time everything began to look blurred to him. He could only dimly make out his plate in front of him. When he began to eat he could not distinguish whether he was eating turkey or pork. He didn't care. Everything was tasteless and dry and choked him. He gulped his glass of water and asked for more. He twisted and squirmed while his throat and eyes both burned. Thus was Paquito enjoying that Thanksgiving dinner of which he had had such happy anticipations. While the dessert was being served, Paquito's mother turned and smiled at him, and then Paquito decided he couldn't stand his present torture any longer. Just as Mrs. Pressley went out to get the other desserts, Paquito slipped through the swinging doors behind her, out of the side door of the kitchen into the broad field. The crisp autumn air seemed to give him great relief.

In passing the kitchen window Mrs. Pressley noticed "Dimples," one of the cows that belenged on the farm, making for the open gate of the turnip patch. She stopped as she passed the children's table and whispered to Dan to go and close the gate. Then turning to Rose she said:

"I think you had better go; you understand that new fastening on the gate better than Dan."

Rose, whose discomforture, although a little less visible than Paquito's, was somewhat similar to his, was glad for the opportunity to leave the table. Like a streak she darted through the door.

Paquito, on the other side of the field, looked up from his occupation of trying to kick up every stubble he saw and recognized the shell pink sweater worn by Rose. She was trying to persuade the brown and white cow to turn back in her course, having already fastened the gate of the turnip garden. At this picture all of Paquito's previous pain vanished instantly

as his imaginative mind quickly transformed Rose into a beautiful lady in distress, and the gentle brown and white "Dimples" into a ferocious dragon ready to spring upon her. He was an armored knight upon a spirited, prancing steed and was dashing forth to her rescue. A thought flashed through his mind: Now was a time to find out the cause of her unkind treatment toward him. With his courage at its height, stimulated by the mental picture he had just formed in his mind, he dashed across the field at breakneck speed. Jumping the gulley, running through the field, he was quite near Rose. She turned and faced him.

"I'm gonna make you tell me why you're treating me the way you are," declared Paquito boldly. "What did I do to you, Rose?" he asked almost humbly.

"You know what you did!"

"I don't. I've tried to figure out," Paquito was almost smiling.

"You know you pulled that apple and then you said you didn't!" Rose flashed with scorn.

"But I didn't," exclaimed Paquito, startled.

Then Rose used both hands to push him backwards into the small ditch.

"You're a bad boy; don't you ever speak to me again," she cried. "You break the Ten Commandments and you are not goin' to heaven either." He heard her voice in the distance as she fled toward the house.

Paquito was no longer a knight, nor was he brave. He scrambled up from the soft, wet clay a very mussed and angry little boy. He couldn't remember any apple he had pulled and he was going straight to tell his mother and ask her to take him back to New York. He was tired of the scornful treatment he was receiving and he was not going to stand it any longer. He never wanted to come South again as long as he lived.

Mrs. Pressley smiled and nodded wisely to Paquito's mother as she bade her guests good-bye and the automobile carried them to the station to get the train back to New York. Then she went into the house to look for Rose. She found her standing by the front window, trying to remember in all her eight years when she had spent such a miserable Thanksgiving Day.

"Rose, come here," commanded her mother gently. "I want you to tell me all you know about that apple which I found on the ground yesterday."



"You ain't goin' to marry nobody."

"I didn't pull that apple—really, mother, I didn't! You believe me—honest, mother, I didn't pull it," Rose began to protest frantically.

"Then we've got to find out who did pull it," decided Mrs. Pressley firmly. "The apple was pulled, bitten and thrown down. I hate to doubt my little girl's word, but didn't I see her on the fence right under the bough of that apple tree the day before?"

An expression of strange alarm overspread Rose's face as her mother reminded her of her being upon the fence. The truth of it was Rose had climbed upon the fence and bitten the

apple, but she did not pull it. Perhaps she had weakened the stem when she bit it on the tree and it fell off, her young mind reasoned at this moment. At this thought Rose felt very weak and sick at the stomach. Finding she could not bear it alone any longer she flung herself into her mother's arms and between tears of humiliation and grief she poured out her whole story and her suspicion of Paquito.

The apples on old man Bennett's tree were so much larger than the ones her grandfather usually brought in to her on Saturday that she wanted so bad to see what one tasted like. She didn't want to disobey her mother and pull one, so she had decided upon climbing the fence and tasting one without pulling it. She had bitten the apple and left it on the tree, but had found that it was not what she thought it was. It was very sour and not at all sweet and mellow like the ones her grandfather brought to her. She had never thought before this minute that the stem of the apple she had bitten might have been weakened and broken off. Then she told how she had thought Paquito had pulled the apple and that he had told an untruth when

questioned, causing her mother to doubt her. At this point Rose's grief got beyond control and she sobbed as if her heart would break because she had wrongly accused Paquito and treated him in such an unfriendly manner.

"Never mind, Rose," consoled her mother, "we'll make it all right. I'll tell you what we will do. We'll ship Paquito a whole crate of apples for him to take to school all next month. We will gather them tomorrow morning and ship them at once so that they will get there almost as soon as he does. He will be so surprised to receive them from you and I'll bet he will be very happy, too," said Mrs. Pressley, taking her little daughter's tear-stained face between her palms and kissing her tears away.

That night when all the children at the Virginia farm house were enumerating the things in their prayers for which they had to be thankful this Thanksgiving, Rose gave thanks that she had a grandfather who had plenty of nice red apples for her to ship to one, Paquito, way off in New York City, to make amends for her unjust suspicions of him while he was paying

her a visit.

In New York, "one, Paquito," was sitting on the stone steps of his home telling Mildred of his trip South. He described to her all the different kinds of games they played and how Rose chose him every time, and the wonderful dinner at which Rose sat at one end of the table (arranged especially for the children) as the "mamma" and he sat at the head as the "papa."

"What did you do Thanksgiving Day?" asked

Paquito.

"Me? Mother didn't cook any Thanksgiving dinner-Billy didn't come home and sister went to Washington to the Lincoln-Howard game, so

mother and I went to a restaurant and got some dinner, then we went to the movies. I didn't have the grand Thanksgiving you had, Paquito, and I missed you while you were gone," she added frankly.

"Well, I'll say you didn't have much of a Thanksgiving, did you? Come into the kitchen and I'll give you something real nice," he led the way. "Rose sent me this whole crate of apples," he said, assuming a casual air. He took three apples from the crate and held them out to her. "You know, Mildred, Rose and 1 are going to be married very soon-as soon as I quit school and get a good job and start to work."

Mildred narrowed her steel, gray eyes and shut her thin lips into one straight line and looked at Paquito for a moment, then she spoke:

"Paquito Chambers, you ain't goin' to marry nobody ever!"

"What do you mean, what do you mean, I ain't going to marry nobody ever?" he demanded.

Mildred smiled.

"You are the type of fellow that never does." It was the smile that irritated Paquito more than the words. Back went the apples into the crate; down went the top of the crate, and down upon it went Paquito.

"Now for that, just for that, you don't get

nothin'!" he cried angrily.

Mildred's smile broadened. Then she whirled around, went out and slammed the door behind her. At last she had used the favorite expression of her older sister which she had stored away in her brain, and used it to the utmost satisfaction of her little soul.



Lenora Gray

THOMAS MILLARD HENRY

TERE'RE sixteen lines, Lenora Gray, To greet your sixteen years. My fondest wishes to you bring; May they like birdnotes to you sing. Know you the legend of the moon? 'Tis said that May is wooed by June, And Spring is loved by Summertime. Impassioned thoughts invite a rhyme.

I'm but a humble artist, L-, My art's too poor my love to tell. Who but a master bard could mould And press his speech till love is told? The gracious year of sweet sixteen Has never found a finer queen. How meet; you're sweet sixteen to-day! Best wishes, brown Lenora Gray!

Ourlittestiends







HE shadow of winter looms, with golden leaf and sapphire sky and silver mists. I love the cool, sharp beauty of the falling year. I fly and cry and fly—"Caw, caw, caw: the Crow."

¶ Peace has at last been signed between Poland and Russia. The Poles have received a larger amount of territory than was granted them under the treaty of Versailles and have succeeded in so arranging that the Polish territory will cut off Lithuania from Russia. They also received certain trade advantages.

¶ There are reports of disorganization in Soviet Russia, but we do not know the truth.

¶ Conditions in Ireland are approaching civil war. The English Premier has excused the reprisal of the police and declared that disorder must be put down. The Irish, on the other hand, seem more united than ever in the attempt to achieve their independence.

■ Germany has delivered nearly two million tons of steamers and sailing vessels to the Allies, according to the stipulation of the treaty of Versailles.

■ Japan is determined to oppose anti-Japanese legislation in the United States and to push the fluestion of racial equality before the League of Nations.

 ∏ Paul Deschanel has resigned as president of France on account of ill health. Alexandre Millerand has been elected president by the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, as is the custom in France. He received 695 out of 892 votes.

¶ One hundred or more delegates, together with numbers of advisors and secretaries, met in Brussels, Belgium, for the International Financial Congress of the League of Nations.

The Hungarian Parliament has restricted the attendance of Jews to higher institutions of learning.

■ The plebiscite, or election, by which it was
to be decided whether a part of Silesia ought to
belong to Poland or Germany, has been postponed several times, each side being afraid that
the other would take some unfair advantage.
This part of Silesia contains important coal and
iron mines.

¶ There have been a number of disturbances in Mexico and Yucatan.

¶ The council of the League of Nations has met again in Paris. So far 26 nations have joined the League, including Haiti and Liberia but not including the United States. One of the first questions that has come before the League of Nations is the dispute between Finland and Sweden over the Aland Islands. A Commission has been appointed to investigate and decide.

¶ The International Council of Women has held a session at Christiania, Norway.

¶ Hundreds of persons have been killed and many small towns and villages wrecked by earthquakes in Italy.

¶ Peru and Chile have had serious disputes over the ownership of two provinces. Finally, by arbitration, Chile agreed to pay thirty million dollars to Peru for her rights in these provinces.

France, England and Great Britain have agreed with Italy to recognize the free state of Fiume under D'Annunzio.

has been planned by the League of Nations. It proposes that this court hold sessions annually and have the power to interpret treaties and international law.

■ Violent anti-British propaganda among the tribes of the Manshara regions of India has been organized. Many leaders have been arrested.

The chief question in the Swedish elections of September was the question of public ownership of mines, water power, forests and rail-

The celebration of the 300th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Massachusetts, began at Plymouth, England, September 11.



THE weary world! O the wicked world! O the naughty men and women who will not learn of Little Children and behave! Wherever the Crow flies he brings the glad message of little children—caw, caw, caw!

Prices have begun to fall. This is noticeable in the price of sugar, of clothes, food and many staple products. Twenty-seven out of fortythree standard articles of food decreased in price between the 15th of August and the 15th of September.

Ford motor cars have been reduced in price. W. N. Crane, former United States Senator from Massachusetts, is dead.

Congress passed a law giving American vessels certain advantages of foreign vessels in United States ports. If this was against the terms of many treaties which the United States had with foreign nations, Congress ordered the President to terminate these treaties. This the President has refused to do, claiming that this would be an interference with his power of making treaties.

In New York City, as elsewhere, large numbers of people need houses which have not been built on account of the war. In order to keep tenants from being put out in order to make way for other tenants who would pay more, the New York Legislature has passed a number of laws preventing landlords from dispossessing tenants, making it possible to refuse to pay

an increase of rent and enabling cities to exempt new dwellings from taxation for ten vears.

I Jacob Schiff, a great Jewish banker and philanthropist, is dead.

In the recent contest between the champions of the two baseball leagues, the Cleveland Club defeated the Brooklyn Club. Baseball has suffered somewhat from the charge that former contestants of this sport have not been playing squarely but have yielded to bribery.

In New York City an explosion took place recently in Wall Street, the center of the financial district. Over thirty people were killed and hundreds injured. It has not been determined who is responsible for the catastrophe.

T For a second time the New York Assembly has expelled several of its members because they were Socialists.

The fifteenth International Congress on Alcoholism has been held at Washington with 28 foreign countries represented.

The largest corn crop on record was raised in the United States in 1912. This year a still larger crop will be harvested. It is estimated at 3,131,000,000 bushels.

The first mail by aeroplane has reached San Francisco from New York.

The state election in Maine gives the Republicans the largest majority in history, amounting to nearly 70,000.

The Woman Suffrage Amendment has been ratified by Connecticut,

The Democratic candidate for President, J. M. Cox, has already travelled 9,000 miles, through 22 states, making political speeches. The Republican candidate, W. G. Harding, has spent most of his time at home speaking from his front porch.

Five thousand painters are on strike in New York for higher wages.

The United States government guaranteed the earnings of railways for a limited time. This cost them 101 million dollars during the month of August.

The gross debt of the United States is now \$24,324,672,000.

The annual income of the United States seems to be divided about as follows, according to the income tax rates: 18 million families get less than \$2,000 a year; 2 million families get between \$2,000 and \$50,000 a year; 16 hundred families get from \$50,000 to \$750,000 a year; and 90 families get \$750,000 a year or more.

CUEVA ONDA

HALLIE ELVERA QUEEN

Cueva Onda is situated in Aguadilla, Puerto Rico, on the western coast near where Columbus landed on his second voyage.



Γ was the eve of El Inocente Mariposa (the innocent butterfly), which in Puerto Rico falls on the 28th of December. It was during the Christmas recess and the

youngsters had decided to take me on an outing. You must know that it is very warm in Puerto Rico in December, so we got into our thinnest clothing and our broadest sombreros.

"Where shall we go?" cried out many voices. Rosario, who is indolent and does not care for exertion, suggested El Canto de las Piedras. Edelmiro, who is practical, said that there was nothing to see at El Canto except Cofresi's stone. Now Cofresi was a pirate who, with his companion Silvia, sailed up and down Mona Passage. Edelmiro explained that on the site of one of the Piedras (rocks) they had cut the number 10,000, supposed to represent a number of dollars buried beneath, and had fled. They never returned and until today no one has been able to move the stone. "There's nothing else to see there and you have to go by boat and it's dangerous for girls," he added.

I liked the romance of the story but I agreed with Edelmiro as to the danger and asked them to think of another place. Suddenly Ramon called out "Can you climb—let's go to Cueva Onda." If I could not climb, I thought it was time to learn as there was a general acclaim of "Cueva Onda—Cueva Onda!" I could not get them to tell me what it was but only knew that I must climb. Puertorican children love a secret and I could not rob them of its joy. So we decided to take Ramon's suggestion.

They came for me next morning bright-eyed, gayly dressed and very mysterious. Several of the boys had large rolls of twine. There were baskets of provisions, but no drinking cups. I asked Rosa Maria about these but she said they were not needed. We started off through La Calle Nueva and thence reached a winding mountain pass where we traveled one by one. Carlos and Edelmiro led the way, Benito, Diego

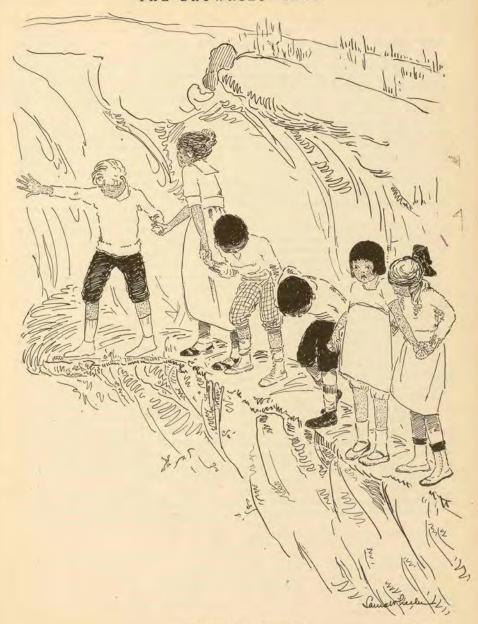
and Luis stayed at the rear to help any stragglers along. About half way up the pass we met two little boys coming down to the city market. One carried a live pig strapped over his shoulder while with his free hand he covered its mouth to keep it from squealing. The other one bore on his head a basket of tomatoes and eggs. Neither wore shoes. We stopped just long enough to get their pictures.

All along the way mysterious hints were thrown out as to what I was going to see, However, I had no idea what Cueva Onda was until Carlos suddenly called out from the head of the procession: "Chain!" and each one in the line offered his hand to the one behind him. I heard the rippling of water. We were at the mouth of a natural cave beneath which flowed one of the many "lost rivers" found in the tropics. There were two single board walks from end to end and no supporting sides. Overhead, in graceful canopy, were marvelous mineral formations festooned with hanging ferns and moss. Dangerous as it seemed one could not resist the beauty and not a child was afraid.

"Is this Cueva Onda?" I asked. "No, just the entrance", said Rafael, and our voices sounded unearthly in that silence. As we wound, in our chain, through the long tunnel, all feeling of fear left me. I was Alice in Wonderland. Edelmiro was the White Rabbit and I knew that I should soon see greater wonders. I think I still believe in fairies and I should not have been surprised to have found myself suddenly growing shorter or taller, or to have heard fairy bells ringing amid the rippling of that lost river. Gradually we began to note bits of light in the mossy grove.

"See," said Josefita, "the fairies have caught some rays of the sun and put them in the tunnel to light our way." So we followed them to the outerworld.

Without breaking the chain, the boys started uphill and from Fairyland came to the end of our journey. I noticed that the boys ahead of us, on reaching the top of the pass, did not go on, but spread out as in a circle; when I reached the top Argentino, who was always half mystic, said to me in awe: "Cueva Onda, senorita." And there it was before me. Cueva Onda—the Deep Cave, an extinct volcano with open crater and arching sides from which there was a constant seepage of water. The broad pit seemed bottomless. "Lie down with your faces to the



"Cueva Onda, Senorita!"

ground," said Carlos, and as we did so, with our heads over the crater, we could hear the rushing, rushing of the lost river beneath us.

The Spaniards have a disease which they call "Nostalgia"; "Homesickness", say the English dictionaries. It is not just that and though we have no word for it I know that I felt it then,—a longing to be a part of Nature, to climb down into that cave and follow that lost river on to its source, or else to lie there fortiver and listen to its singing. But the boys were more prosaic. Suddenly Diego threw a large rock into the center of the cave. We could hear it bounding, knocking, dashing as it went along, but we never heard it strike the water. Then the boys helped us up. "Come on, senorita," said Rafael, "let's see how deep the cave is."

We moved sideways in a circle along the narrow ledge, holding with one hand to the wall of the cave and keeping the chain with the other. Juan Batista and Federico unwound the cords to which they attached large rocks. Then lying flat on their faces, they let the cords into the cave. Argentino and Luis assisted in drawing them up from time to time, but never did the stones or cords get wet, though we still heard the water rushing on.

Suddenly Amalia noticed something coming up the mountain pass. Edelmiro became a scout and called out "Aguadores" (water bearers). Sure enough we saw an old man and woman coming up the pass, bearing water vessels. Both were barefooted. The woman had no head covering and the man wore as a hat a roll of cloth tightly twisted to look like a conventional life-saver. Each bore on his shoulder a tin vessel like an empty gasoline can. Like most Puertorican peasants, they were silent. I was glad of this, for I knew they were fairy people of the Cave and did not wish my illusion spoiled. Sure-footed, they wound their way to that point where the seeping water flowed freest and placed their vessels there. Then they

squatted on the ground and waited for the "latas" to be filled. We could not get a picture, for the overhanging walls of the crater made too much shadow, but I see it now: those two mystic old people out of Fairyland or Bible lore, seated fearlessly on the edge of an extinct volcano, waiting for Nature to fill their water vessels, while a lost river flowed beneath them and a new generation sat watching them. The tune of a familiar hymn came to my ears: "Day by day the manna fell", as the old man and woman lifted the filled vessels to their heads and went down the pass.

Ana Maria suggested that we go down the hill for lunch, but Carlos thought it romantic to dine on the top of the crater. Carmen and Marcola, practical souls, spread the repast, then we "chained" again and went round the crater for water. I could see now why no drinking cups had been provided. With our hands we caught the water which fell in crystalline streams and tasted like nectar. Argentino insisted that we were not in Fairyland but on Olympus and that the old man and woman were really gods and goddesses. And indeed the food had a delectable taste.

Josefita, who is timid, suggested home all too soon, and reluctantly we descended the pass. We passed the little barrios where tumble-down thatched houses stood side by side; we bordered streams where women washed their clothing on the rocks, milkmen rinsed their cans and horses paused to drink; we went down groves of royal palms and now and then had a "lift" on an oxcart. As we neared the town, Carlos and Edelmiro who were still ahead, called out, "Listen! a serenata!" We heard the voices of a group of strolling musicians; weird, native instruments were thrumming out their plaintive music, and now I knew:

Puerto Rico is Fairyland, Olympus, and the land of chivalry; and those who journey there may be fairies, gods, or knights, as they will.



Her First Party

WINIFRED VIRGINIA JORDAN

I'VE been to a party,
Where I ate so hearty,
Of candies and ice cream and such,

That I feel quite tearful,
And, oh, I am fearful—
That I ate a wee bit too much!



THE JUDGE



WISH I could earn wages," says William fretfully.

"What's wages?" asks Billi- our own washing---"

"It's what rich folks give to poor folks for work," answers Billie, importantly.

"It's no such thing," says William. "Wages aren't 'given', they're earned."

"What's 'earned'?" asks the Judge, quietly.

"Why, deserved or owed."

"Which?"

"Why-owed, I should say."

"Not earned?"

"Well, yes. At any rate, owed and probably earned."

"Or 'at any rate, earned and probably owed'?" Here Wilhelmina interrupts.

"I should say owed and earned, for if the wages aren't earned, they are not owed, and if they are owed they are earned."

"That certainly ought to be the case," says the Judge. "No one should demand wages which they do not deserve, or refuse to pay wages well earned. But, of course, Law and Right do not always correspond."

"At any rate, wages aren't gifts." says William.

"No, indeed," says the Judge,

"Then William ought to wish that he had something worth wages, oughtn't he?" asks Wilhelmina.

"I have-lots of things."

"You've got to show me."

"No," says the Judge. "You need only show the person who wants to buy what you have to sell."

"Working for wages ain't buying and selling, is it?" asks Billikins.

"Yes, although we easily forget it. The grocer sells us butter, the farmer sells us cabbage, and the washerwoman sells us hard labor."

"It's a sort of bargain, then?"

"But there's a difference," insists William.

"What is it?" asks the Judge.

"It's this," says Wilhelmina: "We could do

"You could," whispers Billie.

"-and the farmer could eat his own cabbage, but Mary must have her wages or she'll starve."

"Why doesn't she save up and have something?"

"She doesn't earn enough."

"You mean," says the Judge, "that she does not drive a good enough bargain with her employers. And this she cannot do, because she is poor."

"Poverty then is the root of all evil," says William, sadly regarding his empty purse.

"The Bible says, 'The love of money is the root of all evil," says Wilhelmina.

"Perhaps both phrases mean the same thing," suggests the Judge. "If some want too much, others will get too little; if some have too little, others can drive hard bargains and get too much; if some do not earn what they get, there will be less wealth to divide; if plenty is produced but some take far more than they need, others will get less than they earn-

"I want some candy," yells Billikins.

"To be sure," replies the Judge, "and children need candy. But they don't need candy three times a day, and as Billikins has eaten two large pieces already today, he gets no more.

"After all it's this candy business that's to blame for many of the world's ills; so many people, like Billikins, want or think they want what they not only do not need, but positively should avoid.

"Here is Jim Jones, the Laborer: he needs some nice rich food, leisure to read, soft couches, and beautiful music and pictures. Here is the rich and lazy J. Pittman Smith: he needs ten hours a day of hard digging in mud and rocks, a dinner of herbs and dry bread, and ten hours of heavy, dreamless sleep. As it is, Jones gets the work and Smith gets the play.

"I'm Jones," says Billie.

"I'd like to be Mrs. Smith," says Wilhelmina.

"THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE"

A TRUE STORY LILLIE BUFFUM CHACE WYMAN



happen must have come to a nineteen-year-old girl in the winter of 1849-50 so that she had to decide whether or not she should plunge into other horrors to escape the thing

she feared.

I do not know exactly what her trouble was, but one can guess at its nature for she was a mulatto girl named Elizabeth or Betsy Blakesley, and she was a slave in North Carolina. No slaves could be legally married, but slave boys and girls, men and women, did love each other, and they formed unions to which they would often have been glad to be true. Their masters, however, could sell them apart, sell their children from them and they also often forced the slave women to live as wives with men with whom they did not want to live. Betsy had a little baby. We can pity her trouble even though we do not know just what it was then or had been for a long time.

She made up her mind to run away to the North. But she could not take her baby with her. She knew that her own slave mother had never been able to help her in any trouble that grew out of their enslaved condition, and so she knew that she could not make life right for her child if she stayed with it.

Betsy hid herself on a coast vessel which was bound for Boston. Probably some northern sailor helped her to stow herself away, but we have no record of that. Wendell Phillips, the Abolitionist orator, did, however, in one of his speeches say that Betsy was hidden "in the narrow passage between the side of the vessel and partition that formed the cabin". Two feet and eight inches of space-into that she cramped her young, sensitive body. No place for a baby there-and it might have cried and betraved her presence.

Her master missed her soon after she left for the boat and the vessel was held at the dock while it was searched. She was not found. Her master still felt sure that she was on board, so he had the boat smoked three times over with sulphur and tobacco. Betsy did not

OME great dread of what might crawl forth from that closet of horror, but the baby would have died had it been subjected to such torture.

> At last the boat swung out and on to the tossing ocean and day and night the cold stiffened her limbs and struck inward like sharp knives, and the rolling waves outside seemed to enter her hiding place and like demons to crush her and bruise her body against the timbers of her prison cell.

> Betsy reached Boston in January, 1850. There were many mysterious ways in which the Abolitionists learned whenever a fugitive slave had come into their vicinity. And so Betsy, half frozen and scarcely able to walk, soon found herself among kind friends who ministered unto her.

> These friends were so much shocked by her condition that they did a more daring thing than I have ever known any Abolitionist to do at any other time in connection with a fugitive slave. They wanted many Boston people to see Betsy so that a profound feeling of the wickedness of slavery should stir the northern world. As the law then stood they believed that she could be publicly shown for an hour or two. before the legal machinery to arrest her could be brought to bear upon her personally. And Betsy was brave enough to do what her new friends wanted her to,-and she trusted them when they told her, as they must have done, that it would help to make people want to free all the slaves if she would do what they said. Her baby was a slave, you see.

The Abolitionists took Betsy to an antislavery meeting in Faneuil Hall. She sat on the platform beside Wendell Phillips, who was a handsome, blonde man, then not quite forty years old.

Frederika Bremer, a renowned Swedish novelist, sat very near the platform beside Charles Sumner, with whom she had come as a sight-seer. At a given moment, Lucy Stone, young, fair in the face, and clad in white, led Betsy forward, and holding her hand she told the audience how, driven by unutterable woe, Betsy had come to Boston through brimstone



Betsy hid herself on a coast vessel.

smoke and winter cold. Lucy Stone had one of the sweetest speaking voices that was ever heard in this world. Once, as she spoke, she lifted her hand and placing it on Betsy's head called her "my sister".

Miss Bremer had never before seen an American slave. She was emotionally humane. Wendell Phillips came down from the platform to speak to his very dear friend. Charles Sumner, and to be introduced to Miss Bremer. She gave him a rose to take to Betsy. I wish I knew whether it were a white or a red rose. Then was taken out of the Hall, and started on the she was an American girl.

so-called Under-Ground Railroad, and she was borne swiftly to Canada and to freedom.

The Fugitive Slave Bill was passed before that year ended. The Abolitionists would not have dared to show Betsy for even two minutes after that.

Lucy Stone remained always the friend of the slave. Frederika Bremer, though never approving of slavery, sentimentalized away much of her objection to it. But Elizabeth Blakesley, -was she not like Joan of Arc in her courage? I think every white child and every colored Betsy suddenly and quietly disappeared. She child in this country should be proud because



LAYTICE



TWO GAMES

Arranged by EMMA HICKS

TERE are two guessing games we used to nlay when it was rainy or too cold to play outside. The more children the merrier.

BLACK MAGIC



I least two persons must know this game. One girl goes out while another girl touches any object in the room. Everybody must see the girl touch it. The

girl is then called back into the room and guesses the object that has just been touched. This is how she does it:

Before she goes out she knows that the thing that is named immediately before the object that has been touched is to be something black, i. e., the first thing that is named after anything that is black is the object that has been touched. For instance, if you touch a picture, when the girl comes back you say: "Did I touch the rug?" She will say, "No." You next say, "Did I touch the table?" She says, "No." Then you say, "Did I touch the stove?" She says, "No." Then you say, "Did I touch the picture?" and she will say, "Yes," because she knows that the stove is black and the object that is named immediately after something black is the correct one to say "Yes" to. You can name many or few things before you name something black, being sure not to name the same number each time. The thing that is black decides the answer to the question, so you must be sure to name something black just before you name the object that you touched so the girl will be sure of never being caught. You see, she is expecting you to do this to give her a cue as to when she must say "Yes." It is called Black Magic because everything depends upon that color.

TEAKETTLE

on a piece of paper while another girl goes a fruit, and many, many more.

out of the room or hides her eyes. The word that is written on the board must be a word that has another word sounding exactly like it, but with an entirely different meaning and which sometimes is spelled differently. For instance, soul, sole, current, currant. All the children, except the one who is out of the room, look at the word. The word is erased and the one outside is called back into the room. Now, every child must make up a sentence, which she gives in turn with the word "teakettle" substituted for the word that has just been erased. From these sentences the girl who has returned to the room is to guess the word that "teakettle" has been substituted for.

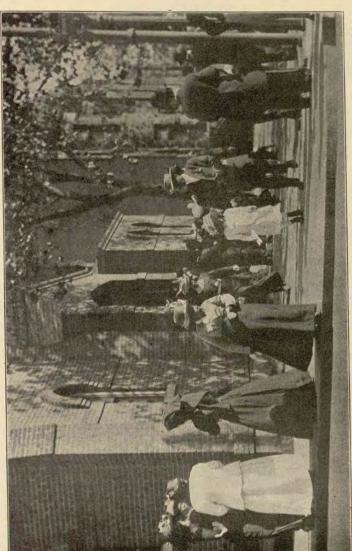
The sentence should be given like this: I went up on the stoop and rang the teakettle and asked whether the village teakettle was at home. When the right words are substituted for "teakettle" the sentence would be like this: I went up on the stoop and rang the bell and asked whether the village belle was at home.

Here is another illustration: The swift teakettle carried the box of teakettles down the stream. The sentence given correctly would be: The swift current carried the box of currents down the stream.

The word "teakettle" need only appear in a sentence once, but the more times it is used the harder it is to guess the missing words.

The person from whose sentence the guesser finds out the word is the next one to go out of the room.

Other words are: so, sow, sew; to, too, two; NE girl writes a word on the blackboard or date, meaning a point of time and date meaning



Coming Home from Church

TURKEY DRUMSTICKS

JESSIE FAUSET



DUR of Mother's school-chums and three of Father's wrote that they were coming to take Thanksgiving Dinner. And all of them, all of them were bringing their fami-

lies!

"Who ever heard tell of such a thing?" said Mother aghast, "Why we've been asking them for years and they've never accepted before not one—there'll be hundreds of them."

"Millions more likely," muttered Father gloomily, "some of them have lots of children. The Atwells have seven—"

"And they'll never get along with ours! Well you children will have to go over to Grandma Kingsley's this Thanksgiving. I'm not going to have those Atwell terrors putting wrong ideas into your heads. Heavens, suppose Grandma has invited company, too!"

But she hadn't, and when Mother had told her of the difficulty, she laughed right out, in that nice loud way she has and said, "Yes, indeed, I'll be only too glad to take them off your hands." So that was how we came to go to Grandma Kingslev's for Thanksgiying.

Her house is well over on the other side of town. There are seven of us (like the Atwells) and each of us likes to choose his own path, Billy always going up short side streets, while Oliver rides right straight up and then across town instead of taking the car on the avenue which runs diagonally. So Grandfather to save trouble drove down in his big seven passenger and we all piled in with such shrieks of joy that we forgot to bid good-bye to poor Mother standing worried at the door, trying at the same time to wave to us and read a telegram. It was from Mrs. Atwell who wanted to know if she might bring Peter and Paul along, too.

"Heavens!" Mother was saying as we drove away, "I don't know whether those are grownup men or canaries." They turned out to be puppies, but Mother never found that out till she had set up two extra cots in the living-room.

Such fun as we had in that auto! Billy sat up in front, occasionally pulling a lever or pushing things or signalling to passing cars—Grandfather always lets Billy do just as he pleases and so does Grandmother. None of us can see why. Grandpa says it's because Billy looks

like him but how can that be, for Grandfather is tall and very wide, with funny short whiskers, trimmed perfectly square at the corners, and white hair and a seal ring. While Bill, though tall for his age I guess, is very thin, just bones, with black, thick, curling hair and with no whiskers or jewelry whatever.

"I don't know where Granddad get this stuff of me lookin' like him," Billy tells me confidentially, "for I can't see it myself, nor don't want to. But he can believe it as long as he keeps on treating me right."

Well we got to Grandma's without any accident except that our Cordelia nearly made Grandpa lose control of the car by letting out an awful yell.

"Tim sure I felt a mouse," she screamed.
"There, there it is under Becky's rug! See it
move!" Sure enough something was moving
under the rug which was spread loosely across
Becky the Baby's lap. Jarvis snatched away
the rug and there was our new grey kitten
which Becky, unable to endure a night's separation from, had brought along with her.

That was the night before Thanksgiving and Grandmother sent us right up to bed. She isn't a bit like Mother; you'd never think they were mother and daughter—Grandma's so trusting like. So she never came up to investigate. We had the most wonderful time! The seven of us were in three communicating rooms. Billie and Oliver in the far room, Steve and Jarvis in the middle and we three girls in the big four poster in the next.

Becky went to sleep as soon as her head touched the pillow. But the rest of us had a pillow fight. Each couple did very well and then suddenly Billy, after whispering to Oliver, gave me a wink, and the two of them and Cordelia and I rushed on Steve and Jarvis and nearly smothered them. They're twins and are always bragging about "United we fear nobody!"

The pillow cases were awful next morning. "Gracious!" cried Grandma. "Don't you children ever wash your heads? I ought to speak to your Mother about it!"

"But you won't, you darling brick," said Billy boldly and reached up and kissed her. So, of course, she didn't.

RANDPA did the queer-J est things before dinner. He beckoned to Billy and the two of them went off and whispered and finally Billy disappeared. When he came back he looked too funny. He was wearing a pair of tight, long trousers-Billy who is only 10 !- and a dark shirt of some funny stuff, and a little jacket, cut high, like the boys wear at Eton College in England. He winked at us brazenly and showed us a brand new silver dollar. We rushed

on him at that, but he broke away from us and disappeared. We didn't follow because just then Grandfather said something in a low tone to Oliver and we crowded about him trying to make out what had been said. But he kept his

secret.

In the midst of all the clamor Grandmother came and ushered us into the dining-room. How we failed to notice Billy's absence I don't know. Perhaps the sight of the table made us forget, for oh, how good it looked! In front of Grandfather's place was a platter bearing a young roast pig. He looked so pathetically lovely, if you understand what I mean. It must be sad to die so young! And at Grandma's place was a huge, brown turkey, already carved and yet with the pieces so well fitted together that he looked absolutely whole. And down the sides of the table were all sort of vegetables, and jellies, cranberry and quince, an oyster pie and a baked Virginia ham.

How glad we all were that Father's and Mother's company had come!

"Too many places here," said Grandfather, and hastily moved away a chair—Billy's—but we were too excited to notice. "Now then," when we had all clattered into our seats, "which will you have first, Oliver"—he is the oldest—"roast turkey or roast pig?"

"Turkey," said Oliver promptly, "and I'd like the drumstick, Grandma—both of 'em would

suit me."

"Well," said Grandma gaily, "we'll start you off with one and see how you manage that. Why —where ever are this turkey's drumsticks? They were here; I arranged them on the plate myself just a moment ago!"

We all stared bewildered, but Stephen and



Billy and Rosemary.

Jarvis were a little glad, too, for all of us like drumsticks and they knew that Oliver and I being the two oldest would get first choice. Those two boys are so mean they'd rather a turkey should have no legs at all than see me and Oliver get them.

Then I got the surprise of my life.

"Rosemary," said Grandfather looking at me sternly, "Rosemary, are you sure you don't know where those drumsticks are?"

"Why, Grandpa," I stammered ready to burst into tears, but I held them back for I wouldn't have Cordelia see me cry for anything. "Why,

Grandpa, you know I---"

Just then the door of the closet, which is in the dining-room, burst open and out walked—our Billy—in that same awful get-up and with the two drumsticks, one in each hand. He walked right up to Grandpa. "Sir," he said in a funny grown-up way, "I cannot have you blame this little girl; she did take the drumsticks, it is true, but she took them to give to me, because I was starving." He pointed one drumstick at me and the other at the bosom of his shirt.

Grandma sat as though turned to stone for a moment, then she blushed real red and jumped up and threw her arms about Grandpa. "Oh, Jarvis!" she kept saying over and over. "Oh, Billy!" and kissed and hugged them both.

This might seem a very strange way indeed for grandparents to act, but my Grandmother is not at all old. She is only fifteen years older than my Mother and my Mother is only nineteen years older than Oliver, and Oliver is fourteen.

But even though Grandma was young enough to act that way, we were all amazed that she should do it—all but me, that is. I was so furious at Billy's charge that I couldn't see straight.

"You mean pig!" I said to him. "You wait till we get home. I'll tell Mother. And you give me back my roller-skates right this minute. I'll never, never let you have them again!"

But Billy only smiled sweetly. "Oh, come," said Grandpa, "it's all a joke. Grandma will explain it to you. Let's get on with dinner. Look, the baby has eaten nearly all the cranberry sauce."

And so she had, at least nearly all that was near her. She was trying to feed the rest to the grey kitten which she had managed to sneak to the table, but the kitten, I am glad to say, had the sense to refuse it.

"Tell us what it's all about Grandma," urged Steve and Jarvis.

"Not till after dinner's through," urged Billy, "because I want to eat. And if I do that I can't listen to the story. You see I like to pay a lot of attention to eating."

Of course Grandma did what he asked; she certainly does spoil him. You should have seen her beam on him as she said, "That's right, dear. All that you do, do with your might." So he sat there and ate one drumstick and Jarvis and Steve the other, for neither Oliver or I would have them after he had carried them around and wiped them against that shirt.

We had a lovely dinner and lots of fun. Billy tried to tease me about the drumsticks, but I managed to keep cool for I was sorry Cordelia had seen me as excited as I was. Grandpa and Grandma let us have everything positively that we wanted, but there wasn't one of us that wasn't glad when dinner was over and the story was about to begin.



I T is very nice in Grandma Kingsley's sittingroom. It is a long room with lots of windows and a fire-place. The floor is slippery and
the rugs are dark and soft. There are lots of
books with red and blue and green covers, and
the firelight shines on them and makes them
look beautiful. It is a room to make you feel
heavenly. Outside a few, slow snow-flakes were
falling in a bitter wind. It seemed wonderful
that only glass and bricks separated us from
the grev, sharp November weather.

Grandma looked at Grandpa. "Doesn't it take you back?" she asked him.

"It was in just such weather as this," she began then, "when I was a little younger than Rosemary. I was sitting in my little bed-room in the back of my Father's house in Germantown, Philadelphia. I hadn't darned my stockings that week, and my Mother, to punish me, had sent me to my room for the afternoon to darn them. I'm afraid I was a stubborn little girl and stood looking sullenly out the window when I saw a boy crossing our backyard. Something seemed strange about him; he looked as though he were trying to avoid attention. I

thought he was going to rob the hen-coop and I threw up my window noisily so as to attract his notice, thinking that would scare him away.

"Imagine my surprise then when he looked up at me and met my gaze with a straight, long stare. In another moment he had clambered up on the top of the back porch which ran across the rear wall of my room, but stopped just at my window.

"I don't know why I didn't go away or scream, for he could easily have jumped into the room. We stared at each other a while—I can see him now with his thin, keen face. 'What do you want?' I whispered.

"'Something to eat, anything,' he told me.
'Oh, little girl, can't you get me something? I've
run away.'

"My mother had sent me a tray with some bread and butter on it, a glass of milk and some stewed prunes, which I hated. I hadn't touched any of the things, I was so angry. Now I was glad I hadn't. Silently I handed the various articles to the boy. I hope I'll never see anybody as hungry as that again,

"When he had finished he told me his story. His Mother had died when he was a little fellow and he had gone to live with her sister. She had been very kind to him but her husband had always disliked him. His aunt had died, too, about a year before and he had kept on living with the uncle who had grown steadily more cruel. 'Day before yesterday he beat me with a strap with a buckle on it; my back and arms are all cut; I could hardly move when he got through with me. But that night I crept out and ran away. I'll die before I'll go back to him,' he ended fiercely.

"And then all of a sudden, without any warning, he burst out crying. It seemed to me my heart would break. I was only a little girl and there was not much I could do. He was hungry and cold and sore. I don't know why I didn't tell my Mother. 'Don't cry,' I begged him, then I tiptoed to my door. No, everyone was busy down stairs. I crept into the bathroom and brought him arnica for his poor body. I went in the chest in my mother's room and got out a great fleecy blanket.

"Take these." I thrust the bottle and the blanket into his hands. 'Now go all the way down the yard. There's an old woodshed down there where I play in the summer time. Wrap yourself up in this and get a good sleep and just as soon as morning comes, climb up here

again, and you'll find a package for you.'

"He scurried off and I sat down and darned my stockings, trying to imagine what it would mean to live with a person who hit you with a buckled strap. I had never known anything worse than being shut up in my room for a few hours and being made to eat stewed prunes. That night when everybody was asleep I stole down stairs and got a loaf of bread, a large piece of butter and a half jar of brandied peaches. I wrapped them all in my red petticoat and put them on the roof.

"Very early in the morning I heard a noise and knew that my boy had found his breakfast.

"We kept this up for five days. On the third day my Mother became suspicious. 'I can't think who has been taking my bread,' she complained. 'I've missed two loaves in three days and this morning two herrings had vanished from the ice-chest. I know it's not Rosemary, yet I don't think it can be rats. Isn't it strange?"

"My Father had looked up when Mother mentioned my name, and I'm sure I turned red. But

he said nothing and neither did I.

"Things kept disappearing and my Mother became nearly frantic. After that first time I must have looked fairly innocent, and evidently my Father forgot his suspicion, for he neither

looked at me or questioned me.

"The day before Thanksgiving I managed to run down into the yard and visit 'my boy,' as I had begun to call him. He did not look very well, even I could see that. Evidently the extremely varied diet I had been bringing him did not suit him. Small wonder, for sometimes his meal would consist entirely of brandled peaches and another time of salt herring. I had to take what I hoped—though always vainly—would not be missed. But what he complained of chiefly was the cold.

"'If I could only get warm once,' he chat-

tered

"Right then and there I hit upon a plan. If I could only contrive to stay home from church Thanksgiving morning! My Mother knew I loved it. If I could just be naughty enough! Going back to the house I plotted and after dinner I did the unpardonable thing, I set fire to the fringe of the cover on the table in the 'front room,' as we used to call the parlor. My Mother came running. She was a tall woman, very brown with red showing on her high cheekbones.

"'Rosemary! Rosemary!' she screamed. And after she had put the fire out, 'I can't think what's got into you. Now just for that you'll stay in this house by yourself to-morrow, Miss, while the rest of us go to church.'

"But I didn't stay in the house by myself. I don't suppose my Father and Mother and Miss Emmeline Grant—'Aunt Em,' we used to call her—had hardly turned the corner before I had 'my boy' in the house. I sat him down in a wooden arm-chair before the big Franklin stove in the dining-room, and brought him hot water and soan and a brush and comb.

"'Oh,' he sighed finally, 'I feel good. I could hug this stove. Your folks be gone long?'

"'For hours and hours,' I assured him.

"As a matter of fact they were gone only two. Before we dreamed of it, I heard my Father's step in the hall. 'Quick, quick!' I cried, and pushed the boy into an old wardrobe which stood in the dining-room. 'I'll let you out as soon as I can. Don't make a sound!'

"In a jiffy I had the basin and things in the kitchen, and was poring over a 'Chatterbox' be-

fore my Mother came in.

"'Gracious!' she said, 'it's hot in here! Your face is red as fire. Come now and we'll get the dinner on the table.'

"Everything had been prepared the day before and it was merely a question of warming things up and getting them to the dining-room. I trotted back and forth, my heart aching for my poor friend. I hated to eat without being able to include him.

"'I guess I'll carve the turkey out here,' mused my Mother. 'There! Do you think you

can carry it in?"

"'Yessum,' I said. That was just the thing! He should eat, too, while we were. In a final panic of recklessness, I snatched up both drumsticks, rushed over to the wardrobe and thrust them in on the half-suffocated boy.

"'Here's something for you, too,' I whispered.
"We sat down at the table, my Father and

Mother, Aunt Em and I.

"'No need asking you two what you want,' said my Father jovially. 'Mother, you want a drumstick and Miss Emmeline you want a wing and the gizzard.' I felt my head reel.

"'Why, hullo!' said my Father, 'hasn't this

bird any legs?"

"'Of course it has,' said my Mother. 'I just fixed them on the platter a minute ago. You saw them. didn't you, Rosemary?' "'Yessum,' I muttered.

"'Well, they're not here now,' said my Father and then looking at me sternly he asked, 'Rosemary, are you sure you know nothing about those drumsticks?'

"'Why, Father,' I stammered, wondering what on earth I should say for I had never told my parents a falsehood and I was afraid to tell the truth. 'Father, you know...'

"And just then the wardrobe opened and out walked my blessed boy. He pointed to me with one drumstick and with the other he pointed to the bosom of his wretched shirt.

"'You must not blame this little girl,' he said to my Father, speaking up like a man. 'She did take these drumsticks, it is true, but she took them to give to me because I was starving.'

"My Father stared down at him. He was a tall man, very dark, almost black, with thin fine features, and when he got excited he used to pant and spread his nostrils like a race-horse.

"'Where in the name of heaven did you come from?" he cried.

"'Oh, Father, don't scold him,' I begged. 'The man beat him and he was cold and hungry so I brought him in.'"

Grandmother stopped and looked at Grandfather who sat silent, smiling.



"My Father hunted up his uncle and told him he didn't know how to treat a brave boy, and that he was going to adopt him. My Father was a caterer and he took his new charge right into the business."

"Is it a true story?" asked Jarvis, suspiciously. "What was the boy's name?"

Grandfather broke in just then. "Don't you want to see his picture? Here it is," and he held out a photograph. All of us except Billy crowded around it with an interest which changed to amazement.

"Why it's Billy!" said Oliver astounded.

"Yes." Jarvis chimed in. "How'd he get his picture taken so soon with those clothes on?"

"It is Billy!" said Stephen.

"No," laughed Grandpa, "it's me,"

"But you've got whiskers," Cordelia said stupidly.

But it was he, our fine, handsome Grandfather.

"Billy looks exactly as I looked then and now you can see why your Grandmother and I are so fond of him."

"Come and look at it, Bill," urged Oliver, "it certainly does look like you."

But Billy gave a lordly wave of his hand. "Oh it's all old stuff to me," he said loftily. "I saw it and knew all about it ages ago."

It made me so provoked to think he had kept it a secret all this time, when we might have made a game of it and played it rainy afternoons in the garret.

I walked right up to Grandpa.

"Grandfather Kingsley," I said, "what's my name?"

"Why, Rosemary Forest," he replied in some surprise.

"And who is it I'm named for?"

"Your blessed Grandmother," he said, promptly.

"And whom do I look like?"

He hesitated, "Like, like—why God bless my soul—you do look like your Grandmother! Why you are the very image of her that Thanksgiving day, with your red cheeks and your black eyes and hair."

"Well," said I, "I should think you would stop admiring Billy just because he looks like you, and leave him to Grandma; I should think you'd admire the person who looks like the little girl who helped you long years ago."

"Well," said Grandfather, "I don't know but what you're right." And he took me up in his arms. I was sorry for that, for I don't like Cordelia to see me treated like a baby.

But anyway he gave me a new silver dollar.

The Large Loving Cup

MARY EFFIE LEE

NOW, loving cups, I'm told, Are always lined with gold; If this be so I surely know One great big loving cup. A valley I have found Which, like a bowl, is round; Bright leaves of gold Fall when it's cold And line my loving cup.

THE GROWN-UPS' CORNER



Y dear Brownies:

I want to tell you about a dear little Brownie who has recently come to my house to live. He is the dearest Brownie that was ever

born—oh! yes, I know you have the dearest one too; but that is just what is so nice about Brownies—they are all just the cutest, sweetest, dearest creatures ever!

Well the first thing this Brownie did, was to give a great, loud, lusty yell; and the funny thing about it is, he has kept it up a great deal of the time since! Oh! I forgot to tell you, he is a boy—a big 10-pound boy and his lungs are in excellent condition.

When he cries, of course I know he's got the colic; his mother thinks possibly he may have it, but his father says he is just plain spoiled. Anyhow we give him doses of catnip tea and hug him up close and warm, and then he goes off into a nice long sleep.

He always wakes up as hungry as a bear and it is delicious to see how thoroughly he enjoys his dinner when he gets it.

One interesting thing is to see him at his bath! He enjoys having the water splashed over his shoulders and down his back; but when his mother swabs out his ears and nostrils (with some cotton wrapped on a tooth-pick) and pro-

ceeds to wash out his mouth, he gives an Indian war-whoop.

His skin is like the first flush of the dawn of a perfect day in June, and when he is freshly washed and powdered, he is truly, "mighty lak a rose."

I think he looks like his grandfather, his mother says he is the image of his father and his father says he resembles his bald-headed uncle.

The doctor calls him, "Snookums"; his father calls him, "Son" and his mother calls him, "Little lump o' love"; but I'm sure he will be christened "Maurice" after his father.

Now, dear Brownies, I hope you have enjoyed reading about my little Brownie as much as I love to read about you.

A long time ago I asked the editor if he would not give the children a page in *The Crisis*. He replied that he could not do that, but he thought the children might have a book of their own. Then he started The Brownies' Book which I think is just fine, don't you? My little Brownie shall read it just as soon as he is old enough and I hope he will grow up to be a great man and useful to his people; and perhaps some day he may write a book just as fine as The Brownies' Book.

CARRIE W. CLIFFORD, Wash., D. C.



-Community Service, Inc.

Street Games in Harlem.

CLittle Ceople of the Month 2

WANTED-A HOME



LEVEN-year-old William has no father; no mother. Since the age of six he has been in a large institution. William is a bright boy and does good work in

school. He is thoughtful and generous and has a happy disposition. The State Charities Aid Association, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, is looking for a foster home for William, in the country preferably, and would be glad to give full information to any family interested.

A T the annual oratorical contest of the Theta Sigma Fraternity of the New Haven High School there were five contestants—two seniors, two juniors and one sophomore. Of the five one was a colored boy—H. Willis Mosely, Jr.. a sophomore, who was awarded the second prize of \$5.00 in gold. His oration was Frederick

Douglass' "Free Speech in Boston." H. Willis Mosely, Jr., bears the distinction of being the first Negro to enter these contests, thus the first to win a prize.

UT in Los Angeles Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wood, of Graham, Cal., have presented their daughter, Velma Marie Wood, in a piano recital. Velma's musical education began when she was 4 years of age and her mother has been her only teacher. Velma has mastered the musical art to an extent which enables her to give an evening's entertainment of classical music without referring to the printed page. Her programs include Beethoven's Sonata, op. 31, No. 3; Coleridge-Taylor's "Deep River," and "Bamboula," and "Rigoletto," by Liszt. Miss Wood is a recent graduate from the Compton High School and is the organist and musical director of one of the leading local colored churches.

Is there anyone who doesn't enjoy a good story? I saw you even, Billikins, spelling out the words of "Br'er Rabbit" in the last Brownies' Book; and Billy read about the "Pumpkins" with such joy that he never heard William calling to him to read "The Elusive Idea"; and Wilhelmina became so enthused when she finished "Impossible Kathleen" that she just had to interrupt Ma and Pa, who were reading about "The Pine Tree Folk" in their copy of The Brownies' Book. But to read a story is EASY —it's the TELLING of a story that really counts! So out in Louisville, Ky., Professor

Joseph S. Cotter conducts a class in storytelling at the Free Public Library, and the Brownies in the picture are story-telling contest winners! Number 1 is Professor Cotter:

- 2. Blydon Jackson— Primary, 1917.
- 3. Rose Conway Primary, 1918.
- Raymond Bowman
 Gold medal, 1916.
- 5. Virginia Allen Intermediate, 1918.
- 6. Arline Booker Intermediate, 1918.
- 7. Emma Clement Intermediate, 1919.
- Theodore W. Moody—Primary, 1919.



William.

And how lovely, during the bleak days of November, it would be for us to sit before the fire-place, watching the red and gold sparks as they flit from their bondage into freedom, giving cheer and warmth and beauty; or thinking of Mother Tree's feelings when the winds whir and one by one her gold and brown children leave her; or sympathizing with that poor little girl and boy who hasn't skates and a sled, and those wealthy kiddies who do not share their joys.

Since each little soul has its own personality, who can say what Wilhelmina or William or Billy or even Billikins might be inspired to write!

Once upon a time, of course, there wasn't a "market" for our stories and biographies and poems, but now we have THE BROWNIES' BOOK and "Little People of the Month" for each little Brownie who succeeds!





H. Willis Mosely, Jr.

Velma Marie Wood.

THE JURY





THOUGHT you might like to hear about Mr. Deane's gander. One day he saw an old gander fighting a young one. The little gander was quite badly hurt. Mr.

Deane drove the old gander off, carried the little one into the house and took care of it until it was well and strong again. He named the gander Billy. Billy used to follow Mr. Deane all around the yard. One day Mr. Deane went downtown. He heard some boys in the street laughing, and saw that they were looking at him. He looked back and there was Billy waddling along just a little way behind him. He was not glad to see Billy, for he did not care to walk through the streets followed by a gander. So he turned back and took Billy

home. He watched after that and did not let him have another chance to follow him downtown.

This is what a dog did to a little boy named Tommy. He started for school in good season. His mother stood in the door watching him as he went down the street. But when he turned the corner. Raymond's dog, Rob Roy, came running up to him. Tommy stopped to play with him a moment, and a big gust of wind took Tommy's hat and sent it flying down the street. Rob Roy and Raymond both ran after it. Rob Roy could run the faster. So he got the hat, but he would not give it up. He liked to run; and wanted Tommy to play with him. The dog held the hat firmly and ran down a street in just the opposite way from the school-house. Tommy wanted his hat. So he ran after Rob Roy. He had a long chase, and the last bell rang before he could catch Rob Roy. Tommy was so late to school that the children were through singing, and he lost the story that his teacher always read or told the first thing after the singing.

VIOLET HENDERSON, Sandford School, Redding Ridge, Conn.

I READ one of your samples and liked it so much until I began saving money to subscribe for it. I like stories, especially fairy

stories.

I am so glad to see the pictures of our noted colored men and women.

I think it is a very fine idea to encourage the children with story writing. I am much interested in them. I go to school and am in the eighth grade. I like it fine. Annie R. Mitchell.

Valdosta, Ga.

I LIKE to read about Lias, Marcus and Jim Dukes. I am trying to write a story for THE BROWNIES' BOOK too. I am a boy nine years old. I like to read and write. I am in the third grade. I am proud of THE BROWNIES' BOOK.

John Robinson, Edwardsville, Va.



-Community Service, Inc.

Playing Quoits in Harlem.

DOLLY'S DREAM

NORA WARING



F course Dolly Gray's real name was Dorothy, but from the moment she opened her big, bright eyes, her deep, deep, brown eyes, she had been called Dolly.

She lived with her dear mother and father in a pretty, white cottage with a porch and a small garden in which grew the loveliest flowers in the world, so Dolly thought. Dolly loved to sit

on the porch with her dolls and make up stories about these flowers — and such dear, funny stories they were, for you must remember Dolly was just six years old.

One warm summer afternoon after dear mother had bathed and dressed her, Dolly went out and sat on her big, soft cushion on the porch. She had her dolls with her as usual, the whole family, Louise, Helen, Violet and Baby. She had put all to sleep except Violet, who had long golden curls and was Dolly's fayorite.

Now I am going to tell you a secret, not even dear mother knew this — Dolly

wished oh so much for long, golden curls just like Violet's. I am sure if she could have known how lovely she was with her soft "cwinkley" (Dolly could not say crinkly) black ringlets around her little, dimpled face of rosy tan, she would not have wished for long golden curls. But she did wish for them and she finally fell asleep still wishing.

Then a most wonderful thing happened.

Dolly felt a gentle touch on her shoulder and looking up she saw a tall, beautiful lady, clad in the most wonderful dress Dolly had ever

"Oh," cried Dolly, "are you my Fairy Godmother?"

"Yes, dear," replied this gorgeous one, "I am your Fairy Godmother and you may have anything you wish. Now think! What do you wish for most?"

"Long, golden curls," Dolly almost shouted, she was so delighted.

Her Fairy Godmother smiled and said, "Very well, Dolly," while she gently touched her head with her magic wand, and then disappeared.

Immediately long golden curls fell around Dolly's shoulders. But another change had come over Dolly, too, for of course as you know golden curls belong to people with pinky white skin and blue, blue eyes, so with her golden curls came also the pinky white skin and the blue, blue eyes. Dolly would not have known herself had she looked in a mirror. She could see her golden curls, however, and she was so proud of them! She decided to go for a walk.

When she saw her little playmate Gladys Green running toward her, she stopped and meant to ask her how

she liked her golden curls, but Gladys looked at her strangely and ran on.

"That's funny," said Dolly to herself, "I just gave her one of my doll's best hats this morning."

The next person she met was Mr. Smith who lived next door.

"How do you do?" said Dolly politely.

"How do you do, little girl, aren't you lost?" asked Mr. Smith, for he had not seen any golden-haired children in that street before.

"Oh, no," Dolly started to say, "I am Dolly Gray, only my hair is gold instead of black."

But with a smile Mr. Smith had passed on.



"Dolly"

Dolly was very disappointed too, for Mr. Smith always had a stick of candy or a lollipop for her.

"Well," she said quite wisely for such a little lady, "I 'spose I do look diffrunt." Then she thought that while she was walking she would go around the corner to her Aunt Nell's, for Dolly was now very much coficerned about her looks and she wanted to see herself in her Aunt's tall mirror. Again she was disappointed for Aunt Nell was not at home. She thought she had better go home now for she had never been so far before without asking dear mother.

As she started back to the corner she saw her Aunt Nell coming towards her. With a glad, little cry she ran to meet her, but her Aunt Nell, her very own, beloved Aunt Nell just smiled at her pretty little face and went hurriedly by before Dolly could say a word. Then the big, big tears came into the blue, blue, eyes and splashed down the pink face and upon the golden curls.

She walked on sobbing to herself. At the corner a lady stopped her,

"Why, my dear, what is the matter?" she asked Dolly.

"Oh," wailed Dolly, "I'm not me."

"Why, what do you mean, child?" the lady asked kindly.

"I m-m-mean I-I-'m not m-me."

The lady looked very puzzled and then asked, "Where do you live?"

"Just around the corner, Number 826," Dolly mumbled between her sobs.

"Well now, don't cry any more. I'll take you home."

When they reached Dolly's home dear mother was crying and talking to a neighbor and dear father was frantically telephoning to all the police stations.

When dear mother saw Dolly and the lady coming in she cried, "Oh, no, that's not my Dolly." She thought the lady knew her Dolly was lost and was bringing this little girl to her.

Dolly, when she heard her mother say this, gave such a shriek that she woke up to see dear mother bending over her but she just couldn't stop crying.

"Why, Dolly darling, what is the matter?" asked dear mother.

"Oh, mother," cried Dolly, "take them off, take them off!"

"Take what off?" asked her mother.

"Those golden curls. I want my own black hair so you and Aunt Nell, and Mr. Smith and Gladys Green will always know me."

She was still crying and her mother hugging her real close said, "Why, Dolly, you've just been dreaming. Your pretty black curls are just the same."

Dolly was quieter now and wide awake.

"Dreaming," she repeated after her mother, as if trying to think it all out, and then, "Oh. Mother," she cried flinging her arms around her mother's neck, "I am so glad it was all a dream and I just love my 'cwinkly' black curls."



The Prince Speaks To The Sleeping Beauty

MADELINE G. ALLISON

FAR away and yet so near, dear love!
My faint voice, my cry, awakes you not?
Slumber charms you from my yearning heart,—
Though for you I call and wait, my love!

Far away and yet so near, dear love! My warm hands, my kiss, you do not feel? Time enfolds you in abiding sleep,— Yet for me you must awake, my love! BROWNIES BOOK

1920

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CHRIST STATES

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No. 12

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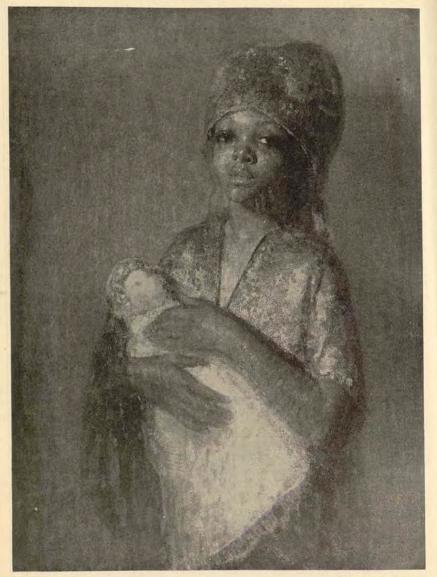
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MANUSCRIPTS and drawings relating to colored children are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage. If found unavailable they will be returned.

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The Little Mother

-After the Painting by Hovsep Pushman.

The Brownies' Book

Vol. 1

DECEMBER, 1920

No. 12



Hilda began to cry at this. "He insults me, he hurts my feelings. I wish brother Henry would come home." This was in 1918 just after you." Armistice Day and Hilda's older brother, Henry, had not yet returned from France.

most miserable little girl in the world."

"There, there, now," her mother soothed, "go downstairs and see what Mrs. Wing has for

Hilda went at first reluctantly and then more willingly. After all, Mrs. Wing might be mak-"I'm so miserable," Hilda sobbed. "I'm the ing cookies and might give her some. Then she could eat them, every crumb and bit, before

Robert and not give him any. "Not the littlest, teeny bit," she said to herself.

Mrs. Wing was certainly correctly named, for she did so many things at once that she gave the impression of flying. "On-the-wing", the children usually called her in private. She was a small, thin, yellow woman plentifully peppered with brown freckles, with a mass of stiff, wiry hair which grew away from her forehead to be twisted up in a stiff, flat knot. As she was fond of bangs, she wore a "piece" of hair known as a "transformation" over her forehead and down to her eyes. It was not the same color as the rest of her hair, but that meant nothing to Mrs. Wing.

Hilda sidled up to her, "I'm so miserable, Mrs. Wing!"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Wing, flying from the table to the oven, to the pantry and back before Hilda could sit down. "What you got to worry you? If you want to see somebody really miserable, look at little Edith Jenkins. There's her mother, a widow, her oldest son killed in the war with three small children besides Edith and she only thirteen. There's misery for you. Christmas is comin' on and Edith instead of plannin' like other folks for a merry Christmas, is hopin' that she and her mother will get work enough to do so as to give the rest of the children a decent dinner that day. No turkey or chicken or fixin's, just enough to keep 'em from goin' hungry that one day."

"Why," said Hilda shocked out of her fretfulness, "don't they get enough to eat?"

"Of course they don't." Mrs. Wing with the back of her hand pushed her transformation slightly to one side. "Where they goin' to get it? Edith was in here just now to bring the clothes home. And she cried and cried. 'Oh, Mrs. Wing,' she says, 'they say Merry Christmas to all. How can it be that we should be the only ones not to have a merry Christmas? Oh, if Clarence just hadn't died!'

"I know," Hilda interrupted soberly. "I miss brother Henry terribly and he isn't dead. It must be awful for Edith. I remember Clarence was kind to her. He used to come by school sometimes and give her pennies. Oh, Mrs. Wing, I'm glad my father's not poor."

Mrs. Wing snorted, "Huh! You'd better be, and lemme tell you somethin,' little girl. You want to stop sittin' around snifflin' and whinin' every time things don't go to suit you. Otherwise the Lord's goin' to do somethin' to fix you same as he fixed Edith. That poor child! There

Clarence was buyin' them a nice house in Taylor Street and now they've had to move into that old shack around in Martin's Place. Reg'lar deathtrap, I call it; if them youngsters should ever drop a match, they'd all be burnt up."

Hilda sat thinking a moment. "I don't see why you said that about the Lord fixing me," she remarked finally. "Edith has always been awful good and yet this happened to her. I know where she lives in Martin's Place and I'm going—" she stopped short—it might not be wise to let Mrs. Wing know of one's plans.



"MAMA," she announced a few moments later, "I wish you'd let me give Edith Jenkins my red dress and a doll and the money out of my bank and—"

"Yes, and take 'em all back from her again," her brother interposed. He had had some bitter experiences with his sister in the matter of what he called "Indian-giving."

"Mama, can't he keep still? And can I give her the things?"

Unfortunately, her mother had not been paying very close attention. "We'll see," she said abstractedly.

Hilda was spoilt, it is true, but that was no excuse for being impertinent. "We'll see!" she exclaimed, stamping her foot, her black eyes flashing. "How can anybody be so mean? I want to give her the things now, this minute!"

"I don't think I'm going to allow you to give anything to anyone," said her mother severely. "You are a very naughty little girl and though it is only half-past six, you are to go to bed at once. At once, do you understand, Hilda?"

"Yessum," said Hilda.

Robert stood behind his mother and clapped his hands in dumb show. "Baby, baby gotta go to bed," he whispered. "You won't get any chance to play Santa Claus, Ouch!"

Hilda in passing out had pinched him. "I'll show you," she whispered back.

As she lay in her little white bed, her eyes staring at a faint, silver moon, glimmering through the stark branches of the big ash tree outside her window, she could not keep her thoughts off Edith. She could not give away her red dress,—her mother had given her that,—nor could she part company with the big French doll, the gift of her father. She was rather glad of this excuse. But she had three dolls which she had bought herself,—a rag doll, a Japanese doll and—her favorite, of course—

a colored doll, a beautiful brown creature with rosy cheeks and raven hair. Edith should have that she thought and sighed a little. The twin sisters could each have one of the other dolls and she would find one of Robert's toys for little Benny.

"Robert has lots of old things up in the garret," she mused. "Or I might take one of his bats or baseball mits. He'd never miss them now that he's so crazy with his old flying-machines. And I can use my money in the bank. I earned it myself, every cent. Edith has got to have a merry Christmas."

When Hilda woke the next morning the first thing that came into her head was "Merry Christmas!"

"Oh, yes," she remembered and went downstairs with her mind made up about Edith. She was very good in school that day and so was dismissed on the minute. On her way home she ran across Sylvester Square, which brought her out two blocks below her own street. Then three blocks south, and there was Martin's Place. Twenty-seven—that was the number. She knocked and Edith let her in.

This was not the Edith she used to know, a merry, bright-eyed, little girl in a clean dress, who used to walk home from school with her in the old days before Clarence and Henry had gone to war. This was a thin, weary-eyed child, still clean but in rags, and with the air and expression of an old woman. The room was tidy but the furniture, a worn horse-hair sofa and a chair or two, was rickety and scratched. There was no carpet on the floor and not a picture on the walls.

"Oh," said Hilda, speaking her mind right out, "Edith, I didn't know you had to live like this!"

She was so honest and so sorry that poor Edith, who had always thought she would rather die than have Hilda know of her condition, burst into tears.

"It isn't for myself I care so much," she said, "it's the other children and my mother. Oh, Hilda, she has to work so hard; she washes,—we do your mother's laundry now, you know,—and she irons and cleans, and people don't pay much. At first I minded dreadfully coming out of school, but now I'd do anything to help her. She has always had a hard time. My father used to drink, and after he died Clarence worked all the time until it looked as though she'd have some comfort. Then along came this horrid war and he's dead, my brother's dead!

You remember him, Hilda; he used to play ball with your Henry? They were great chums."

"Yes," said Hilda, a little dazed at the awfulness of Edith's condition. She was a very little girl, nearly three years younger than her friend, but it seemed to her that she must make things come right somehow. "I remember Clarence and the other house—"

Edith broke out afresh, "The house in Taylor Street? Now that's gone too, because with Clarence dead my mother couldn't keep on paying for it. For a long time she expected some insurance but although she has written to Washington again and again they never send her anything, just keep putting her off. So we had to come back to this place; it was the only thing my father left my mother. I hate it so," and she gazed with great disfavor about the three-roomed frame shack which was little more than a lean-to.

"But I don't think I would mind so much or Mama either if it weren't for Gertie and Rachel and Benny," she said pointing to the twins and her little brother who hovered near, horrorstricken at the sight of their big sister in tears. They came crowding forward, their little faces, once ruddy bronze, now ashy, and thin with hunger and discomfort. It doesn't seem possible that they aren't to have a merry Christmas, no tree, or anything."

"Listen, Edith," Hilda said desperately, "I can't stay any longer or Robert will miss me and tell Mama and I'll get a scolding. But you come for the clothes on Saturday, don't you? I'll be in the kitchen when you come, with Mrs. Wing, and we'll have a long talk. You're going to have a merry Christmas, see if you don't."

* * *

H II.DA was very quiet for the next few days. "You must be sick," grunted Robert, but she was too deep in thought to pay any attention to him. Besides she had to have him help her. She looked in her bank,—two dollars and nineteen cents there. A talk with Mrs. Wing satisfied her that she could get a fair meal with that. But she wanted a good Christmas dinner. She couldn't steal from her mother—taking Robert's bat and mit for Benny was different; besides he gave her best book of fairy-tales to Cousin Susie once, she'd only be getting even with him for that.

The Saturday before Christmas came and with it Edith and the laundry. The two little girls sat in the kitchen whispering while Mrs. Wing flew about in her usual busy fashion. "I told Mrs. Blair I had to have some one in to clean the silver today," she told Edith kindly, "so you can stay till after lunch and do that and a few odds and ends. You want to eat now with Edith, Hilda? I guess your mother won't mind. I'll go finish upstairs."

The table was absolutely bare when she returned, but she neither asked questions nor apparently noticed the extra bundle which Edith carried when she took the clothes home.

Hilda stayed with her in the kitchen. "I've got everything all fixed, Mrs. Wing," she said presently. "Edith said she'd rather not have the doll, so I've sold it to Edna Berry who has always wanted it. She gave me a dollar and fifteen cents for it. Mama said I could help you make ginger cookies and if they turn out well I can give some to Edith for the children. With the money for the doll and that in my bank, I want you please, Mrs. Wing, to buy a chicken and a few vegetables. If Edith's mother doesn't have to work Christmas day she'll cook them, and if she does, Edith can. That will still leave me a little money, won't it?" she queried anxiously. "There's something else I want to do."

Mrs. Wing thought it would. "Not feelin' as miserable as you did a few days ago, are you, honey?"

"No'm", Hilda told her, "nowhere near. Funny, ain't it, Mrs. Wing? I'm sorry for Edith and yet it makes me happy to be helping her."

"That's it, it always works out that way. The trouble with you is, things have always been too easy for you and if your brother teases or your mother scolds, you think you're in the worst luck in the world."

Hilda nodded, busy thinking. Not even to Mrs. Wing had she told her dearest plan. This was to get a Christmas tree to Edith's house and with her help, trim it for the twins and Benny. It was impossible for her to buy the tree for they were very expensive that year, but she had induced Robert, at a loss of fifty cents from her precious savings, to promise to go back into Larkins' woods and cut one down for her. Robert's one interest in life at this time was to get money to buy material for his flying-machine and even fifty cents was not to be despised.



THE day before Christmas arrived, clear, cold and bright. Hilda's father, Dr. Blair, who had been off to the Tri-State Medical Conven-

tion, returned that day with some friends. Mrs. Blair, though not given to paying much attention to the little complaints of her son and daughter, was very careful to see that nothing interfered with their holiday pleasures. So she called them in and explained that their father's guests must leave Christmas morning and she would like to spend Christmas Eve with them.

"And if you wouldn't mind mother's putting off your big time until Christmas Day, she'd be very much pleased," she coaxed.

"Bully for me," shouted Robert, "you know, Ma, the Boy Scouts meet to-night at the Parish House and there are to be games and presents. I'd rather go to that."

"Fine," said his mother, "and, Hilda, you don't mind?"

"No'm", said Hilda dutifully. "I think it'll be nice to have a change."

"You're sure you're quite well?" her mother asked, a trifle worried. Usually Hilda was not as tractable as this.

"Oh, I'm all right," said Hilda happily. Now everything was perfect. Robert had got the tree and with the aid of some other boys had dragged it into Edith's largest room, without the knowledge of the younger children. The two Blair children were to have supper very early so as to be "out from under foot," Mrs. Wing said. Robert would go off to his scouts and—Hilda knew her mother's parties—she would slip out the back way while the guests were at dinner, would help Edith trim the tree and fix the children's presents. At nine o'clock she'd come in again through the kitchen—perhaps Mrs. Wing would have to know—but by no one else would she ever be missed.

Mrs. Blair trailing through the sitting-room found her little daughter making "snow-balls" and "water-lilies" out of tissue paper. "For the Christmas tree the next day," she thought. "Hilda certainly has changed lately, so serious, and thoughtful."

As soon as supper was over and Robert off, Hilda slipped out. "I've got everything," she announced to Edith joyfully a few moments later, holding up her mother's knitting bag crammed to the brim. And so she had. There were trimmings for the tree, ginger cookies, two pieces of pie and some biscuits which Mrs. Wing had let her make. These were a bit dingy in appearance, but still very palatable. Mrs. Wing had bought the chicken and vegetables and sent them to the house with a jar of pre-

serves taken from her own scanty store. It looked as though things were going to be very fine indeed.

"We'll have to get to work right away, Edith," Hilda warned her, "because if my mother misses me, I'll get in a lot of trouble. Let's let the children come in while we are trimming the tree. That will be part of the fun."

The two girls pushed and pulled at the tree with their slender strength until they got it in the desired position. They had no tree-stand in which to balance it so they decided to stand it up in the corner.

"That's a good thing, too," said Hilda, "for some of the branches are a little dry and dead. Robert said this was the best he could do, for most of the small trees had already been cut down and he couldn't manage a large one by himself. So we'll just turn the dry part to the wall."

"Yes," said Edith, "that makes the branches touch the wall and that will hold it up. It's a lovely shape, and don't it smell good? Come and sniff at it, Benny."

They all worked on happily. Besides the "water-lilies" and "snow-balls" there were chains made of links of colored "glazed" paper, strands of tinsel, bits of white cotton for snow and a gold star. The tree soon shone resplendent. And the twins were beside themselves with joy.

"Won't Mama be surprised when she comes home?" shouted Benny.

"I had these extra sheets of tissue paper," said Hilda, "and I'm going to open them up and put them around the bottom of the tree, so as to hide the ugly trunk. That's the way my mother does. Oh, wouldn't it be grand if we had some candles?"

"I want a tandle," lisped one of the twins.

"I know," said Edith, "let's get that little stool and set it in the corner back of the tree and put a lamp on that. Then the light will shine through the branches and that will be prettier than candles."

It took only a moment to carry out these plans. The lamp was really a pretty poor substitute, but it does not take much to satisfy most children, and these five were completely happy.

"It ought to be a little more this side," said Edith critically. "Benny, you crawl in there again and pull it this way. "There!...Oh, Benny!"

How it happened they never knew. Perhaps Benny's foot caught in the stool as he came out, perhaps he knocked the lamp with his little shoulder. Anyway, forward toppled the lamp,—the tissue paper caught fire first, then next the dry branches at the back of the tree, then the unplastered walls—in a second the room was in flames!

* * *

THE five children huddled together in frightened silence. Benny was the first to come to his senses. The twins were too little to help and the two older children for all their womanliness were reduced to helpless little girls.

"Come!" said Benny, "we must get out and call somebody. Hilda, take the babies, and Edith, you run down to Gower's"—the nearest family, nearly a block away,—"and I'll go to Sullivan's."

Off he flew, but Edith could do nothing. "What will my mother do?" she wailed, shivering on the chilly sidewalk. "Oh, Hilda, we haven't even a house now."

"You stay here," said Hilda starting to run down the deserted street. "I'll go get some-body." No one was at Gower's, as it happened, and no one next door. She remembered then hearing her father say Martin's Place had been a factory neighborhood and when the factory had closed down about a year ago most of the people had moved away.

She turned toward Sylvester Square, her little heart pumping, her short dress flying in the wind, to run straight into two men in uniform walking slowly across the park.

"Hullo, what's this?" said one of them putting out an arm to ward her off. But she clung to him.

"Oh, Mister!" she sobbed. "The house is on fire, and it's all my fault, and I don't dare go home and tell it!" She lifted a face stained with tears and soot toward the electric light.

"Why, it's my kid sister!" said the other young man aghast, picking her up in his arms. "This is Henry, Honey; your big brother just back from France. Don't you know me, Baby? What's this about a fire?"

She was wriggling out of his arms and straining toward Martin's Place. "It's Edith's house. She's so poor, Edith Jenkins, you know, and I tried to help her have a merry Christmas, and instead we've set the house on fire. Now Mrs. Jenkins won't have even a home and her biggest boy Clarence is dead—"

"Not much he isn't," and the other man who had been standing there stupefied came suddenly to life. "I'm Clarence Jenkins and I ought to know. Beat it, Henry, and I'll come as fast as I can with the kid." Hilda noticed then that he was walking with a cane.

Even then he got there at a surprisingly rapid gait. Benny had been more successful at the Sullivan's and quite a crowd had gathered about the burning dwelling and had managed to pull out a few pieces of furniture and some clothing. But it was useless to try to save the house.

But what did the Jenkins children care about that when they saw their brother? They crowded around him with such joy and trust, and such pathetic relief on their little, tragic faces that the big fellow could hardly keep back his tears.

"Where's Mother?" he asked Edith huskily.
"Over to my house," said Hilda promptly.
"She was to go there about nine to help Mrs.
Wing. It must be that now. Oh, Henry, what
do you suppose Mama will say?"

"Not much, I don't think," said Henry, "when she sees me and hears what a fine little sister I've got. Come on, kiddies, we'll go home and see what's what."



THEY made a strange procession, the children muffled in ill-fitting wraps borrowed from the Sullivans, and the two soldiers in their soot-stained khaki. Henry carried one twin and Clarence, for all his lameness, the other. Benny walked between Hilda and Edith, really leading them, for both felt sick with fright.

"We'll go in the kitchen," said Hilda tremulously.

"We will not," Henry spoke up. "You don't suppose two fine young men just coming home from war are going to sneak in the back way, do you?"

He rang the front bell and Mrs. Jenkins, sent by Mrs. Wing to open the door, screamed so that Dr. Blair and his wife and even the guests came running out into the hall.

"It's Henry!" said his mother.

"It's my son!" said Mrs. Jenkins laughing

and crying together. "It's my blessed, blessed boy!"

"Oh," said Henry, "I forgot; Clarence and I were in the same company you know. He saved my life, once,—I'll tell you all about that some day,—so when he was gassed and badly wounded, although I already had my leave, I got permission to hang around until he was fit to travel, so I could bring him home. There was another Clarence Jenkins in the regiment—"

"Millions of them," murmured our particular Clarence.

"—and the authorities must have confused him with this one. He often used to get Clarence's mail. He really was killed, poor fellow. Anyway, we got in town tonight and I was getting Clarence home so he could give his folks a merry Christmas, but we found this young lady there engaged in doing that already." He pulled his little sister forward, and told all about the tree and the fire. "Mother, you must not scold her."

"Scold her!" her mother echoed, pressing the stained, sooty face of her daughter against her dainty gown. "Mother's precious, unselfish darling! It's all my fault. Aren't you proud of her, Father?"

"I should say so," and he bent and kissed her, while Robert, respectful for once, gravely saluted her.

"Edith is brave, too," said Hilda warmly.

"Indeed she is," Dr. Blair answered.
"Mother, don't you think we can find room in
this big house for all these folks until Lieutenant Clarence Jenkins gets on his feet?"

"Of course we can. Mrs. Jenkins, I'd love for you and your precious boy to have dinner with us and our precious son tomorrow, and I think Mrs. Wing would like to fix a Christmas dinner so the rest of our young folks can be together and talk over today's adventures."

"Suits me," said Mrs. Wing. She walked over to Clarence, her "transformation" more higgledy-piggledy than ever.

"To think you're back home and alive! It's a miracle, that's what I say."

"It's Merry Christmas to all!" said Edith Jenkins.



BUNNY COTTON-TAIL'S CHRISTMAS



When noon came all were dressed and on their way.



ABBITS who live in the South, usually call the fall of the year a hard season, for when the fields are white with cotton, little boys and girls are carried to the fields

in big wagons, and as they go up and down the long rows picking the fleecy white locks, the rabbits are often chased or killed, or their little ones are so disturbed that they are forced to leave their snug little homes in the big fields and move to the brier patch and thickets for safety until the cotton has been gathered.

In Farmer Smith's field, it is Bunny Cottontail who informs all the other rabbits at the opening of the cotton season, just the time when they must go to their hiding places; and it is Bunny Cotton-tail who informs them when the cotton season is over by giving a big Christmas dinner.

All day long, the little Bunnies must lie very still in their holes, because if they make the least noise, Mama Rabbit gives them a hard shake, or else pulls their tender little ears. Poor little Baby Cotton-tail said one day, as big drops of water hurried down his little brown cheeks,

after Mama Cotton-tail had pulled his tiny ears, "I's so sorry 'ittle boys and dirls have to pick ole totton, tause I tain't breeve without making just a little noise, and my ears teep sore all the time."

Sunday was the only day that they could come from their secluded homes and discuss the gossip that each one heard from the passing cotton pickers. Often they pricked their ears and rubbed their noses briskly at their seeming fate. My but it seemed, especially to the little ones, a long time before "Christmas"! They counted and counted, but the nearer it approached, the longer the days seemed to grow. Finally, early one morning before the cotton pickers arrived, they received the glad news that Peter Rabbit, Bunny Cotton-tail's friend. had slipped over to Bunny's house to help write and deliver the invitations for the occasion. That whole day, every one's heart felt lighter as he waited, almost breathlessly, for his invitation. How impatient all had grown. About midnight, the long expected message came. There was a rap-tap at each door, and as the door opened, Bunny Cotton-tail or Peter Rabbit politely handed in an invitation, and had each

assure him of his presence; however, no persuasion was necessary. The invitation read:

"You are invited to my party,
On Friday next to be;
Under the big cak at noontime,
Which means we'll soon be free.
Signed—Bunny Cotton-tail."

Friday before Christmas was the day appointed for their big dinner, as Christmas was always spent visiting. Thursday, before the dinner, was a rainy day, and the little cotton pickers had to stay at home. So all the rabbits spent part of the day in running from house to house gossiping, and the other part was spent in getting their frocks in trim for the big occasion. Thursday night it rained and rained hard, and how glad they were, because then no one would come to harm them at their annual feast.

Friday morning, all were up early, and

found the fields too wet for work, but Apollo soon hitched up his fiery steed, and drove the big red Sun in his chariot across the blue sky with more speed than ever. When noon came all were dressed, and on their way to the big oak. You should have seen them. The lady rabbits had gaily colored ribbons around their

necks, while the gentlemen had brushed their hair until it was shining like satin. Peter Rabbit was looking his best. His hair was brushed as slick as a mole's. He stood at the door and welcomed each guest, while Bunny Cotton-tail and his wife Sally escorted each to a seat. After having a short chat, they were called to the table, and Jack Rabbit was asked to bless the food and those who prepared it. I can't begin to tell you all they had, but I will tell you of a few things.

The table was decorated with white cotton boles, and in the center was a pyramid of green bell peppers with a red cranberry on top of each. A head of fresh lettuce was at each plate, and carrots were placed in rows up and down the long table. They had cabbage in every style, and green peas were served abundantly. All were happy; everything went well, and

they laughed heartily as each told his well prepared joke.

But in their hurry, they forgot to put out a spy to warn them in case anyone should approach. In fact, they forgot everything but that dinner. They had never been so royally entertained. Everything was so different from their last dinner. But the big red Sun had dried the fields sufficiently for picking, and the little cotton pickers were carried back to the fields in the afternoon. As the long wagons rolled into the field, the little boys and girls jumped out, grabbed their sacks, threw them across their shoulders, and began picking. As the rows were so very long, they were allowed to rest at the end of each. Of all the children Baby Tom had more time than any to waste. for he was too small to do much good, but he always found them a good resting place. He had gotten midway his row when he spied the

big, leafless oak tree in the distance. He knew that some of the roots had grown on top of the ground and would furnish them with nice seats. As they neared the end of their rows, Tom shout-

"Hey! All of you. We'll rest under the big oak tree."

The big roots were quite inviting for a nice

rest. Every hand waved, and each head nodded, which assured Tom that the place was settled upon. When they reached the end of their rows, all started in a trot for the oak. Dooley being the largest, ran the fastest, and was the first to see the Bunnies at dinner. He motioned his comrades to stop, but their speed was almost too great to check, but each stopped as quickly as possible. Dooley pointed to the rabbits, and as soon as the children saw them, they were eager for a chase.

Just at the time when the poor Bunnies felt at peace with all the world, little did they know that their fate was so near at stake. But Dooley finally persuaded the children to let him tell them about what hard times poor rabbits had during the cotton season. Soon all sat down quietly and listened attentively. With a pathetic expression on his little face, Dooley



The Little Cotton Pickers

told them how poor rabbits had to hide away during the cotton season and how hard it was for them to find enough to eat and how some naughty boys stole the little Bunnies from their mothers. He told them also of many, many other hardships which the rabbits had to en-

dure and when he had finished his story he saw that he had won his case, for each little face expressed the desired sentiments. So the rabbits were left unharmed to enjoy the Christmas niceties that had been prepared by the gallant Bunny Cotton-tail.



PLAYTIME



HOMEMADE GAMES



OST children will enjoy these games, for they themselves can make the materials for them. All that is needed is a trip to the library, some tracing paper,

rather stiff card-board (bristol board is best), crayon and scissors. The scissors themselves are enchanting, for who does not love to snip, snip, snip?

1

SLICED ANIMALS

G of to the nearest library, or perhaps your father's book-case, and get a volume containing large pictures of birds, beasts and fish. Now you are back at your table or desk ready for action. With the tracing paper transfer the outline of an animal from the book to the bristol board. Then color to suit your fancy or fill in simply with black crayon. Arrange at regular intervals on the left side of the card the letters spelling the name of the animal, then draw faint lines underneath each letter all the way across the card and slice off each portion thus:

L (Picture

I of

O Animal)

N cut on these lines.

When a great many of these cards have been made and sliced, you will have a box full of sliced animals. The game then is for some one who knows the names of the birds and beasts to give to each player an assortment of slices which when put together will form and spell the picture and name of the animal. The little players should receive short names and the older ones long or unusual ones, such as cassowary or llama. My, won't you know a lot of natural history!

ANAGRAMS

A GAIN, take your tracing paper and a book containing large capital letters. Transfer the whole alphabet to bristol board about a dozen times, then cut off each letter in blocks about an inch square. Thus:





The letters are then shuffled in a box and a clever girl or boy gives the other players the letters forming a word, all jumbled up together and the player without any help is to put them together to form the word meant. Thus one player might be given the word WBOISRNE. Who can work out what that spells? The player forming the greatest number of words in a given time deserves a prize, don't you think?



THE JUDGE



HE Judge sits in his great chair and before it is a vast pile of packages.

"Presents — Christmas presents," yells Billie, gleefully.

"No," says the Judge,-"Unpresents."

"I'm afraid, Sir, I do not understand," says

"I do," says Wilhelmina. "They are presents which are refused or unused or undelivered or—"

"Or which ought Never to Have Been," finishes the Judge. "You see it's this way; this Unpresent was given to a blind man."

"It's a motto for the wall," says Billie, "and I suppose there are slippers for the man without legs."

"Obviously," says the Judge, "but such mistakes are plain; consider, however, this Unpresent for Mother!"

"It's a book-Mother reads."

"Yes, but a book on 'Friendship' when Mother would like a treatise on breadmaking, or dressfitting or a good, thrilling novel. Every book is not a book for everybody. You don't say any word that happens in your head to any body that happens along—but you do pick up any volume in red if it's 59c. and say, 'That'll do for Mother.'"

"But, the shops are so crowded at Christmas time," says Wilhelmina,

"Anybody who buys Christmas presents at Christmas time is missing the Christmas spirit."

"Would you suggest the Fourth of July or Labor Day?" asks William, politely.

"I would suggest, Sir, that for the celebration of the great home festival of the year, we devote not six minutes' hurried thought late on the afternoon of December 24, but several weeks of planning in January, March, May, July and September—thinking of the needs and likes of our friends, picking up a book here, a bit of china there, making now this trifle for a wish and need and now that for a life longing; thought, discrimination, loving remembrance—that

makes the Christmas Present a dream of perfect

"But instead—look! Mary on the 22nd of December borrows and begs \$5.27; rushes to the shops next day and looks over cheapnesses and prettynesses; divides, adds and subtracts—'O, I, forgot something for Billikins—here's a woolly dog!—Billikins has three woolly dogs and hates them. 'A handkerchief for Mother,'—tiny, sleazy, and poor. 'Something' for Ned. Ned has never been able to name it. He uses it as a paper weight—and so forth; this is not the Christmas Spirit—it's idolatry."

"Idolatry?"

"Yes, worshipping idols, of whom you are afraid."

"But, O, the Perfect Present — perfectly thought to the need—not costly, not gorgeous, but Just—What—I—Really—Wanted!"

"A dog," shouts Billie, "and a live one!"

"Where would you keep him?" asks Wilhelmina scornfully. "Cooped up in that little backyard. I suppose!"

"And that's another thing," the Judge continues, "we should consider not only the possibility of making a gift which is the heart's desire, but also its suitability."

"Would you mind explaining, Sir?"

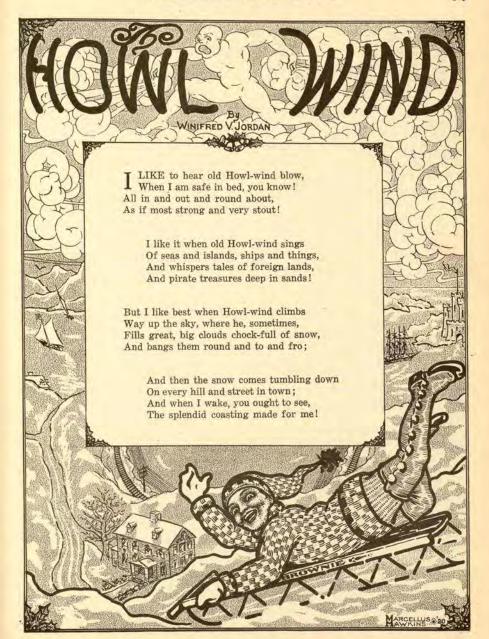
"Well, it would not be suitable to give Wilhelmina a diamond necklace. She could wear it, it is true, but she has no dress or costume to go with it. In other words, we should try to give people gifts which are in keeping with their general surroundings and conditions."

"I don't suppose you would like a Pierce Arrow?" Billie queries thoughtfully.

"Like it? Of course, but it wouldn't do for me. A man of modest means must content himself with equally modest clothes and modest belongings."

"What a pity!" Wilhelmina says pensively.
"Here we've been saving for a year to get you a gold cigarette-case; I suppose an ordinary leather one will have to do now,—"

"Wait a minute," the Judge interposes anxiously, "don't you think that's different?"



THE JURY





WAS in the second grade and my class had been looking forward since the opening of school to the Christmas party which my benevolent teacher, Miss Samuel,

gave for her class every year.

It was the last day before the holidays, and we might talk and laugh all we wished during school hours. This had been going on for some time when suddenly every one straightened up in her seat and quiet reigned. Miss Samuel had raised her hand for silence. She said, "All children who have not come up to the average in deportment, please pass from the room so that my good, obedient pupils and I may enjoy the tree." Now our teacher's average mark was ninety per cent. and as I had received that every month I knew that I deserved to participate in the festivities. I felt sorry for those who had to leave the room and really felt like giving up my place to dear little Dorothy St. Clair, who got one hundred per cent. every month except once, when a mischievous friend of hers got into trouble and allowed Dot to be innocently blamed. As Dorothy would not tell tales, she had to miss the party while her guilty friend enjoyed it.

When all the children who had not come up to the requirements left the room, a curtain was drawn aside and we beheld one of the most beautiful Christmas trees I have ever seen. It was decorated in a profusion of silver and gold balls, also tinsel of every hue. It was lighted from top to bottom with tiny, colored, electric bulbs. With the shades drawn down it made a beautiful picture. After gazing at it awhile we let in the light and the distribution of gifts began. Every child gave another child and the teacher a gift. As the presents were handed her from the tree, Miss Samuel read the names thereon. We marched up proudly, one by one, to receive them. After all the things were given out we went up to the desk upon which had been placed a large box. We were each handed a string and at a signal pulled it. Every kind of candy container I have ever seen came to light and each child was delighted with a small package of home-made fudge, which Miss Samuel herself had made for us the day before.

The class then trooped into the Kindergarten, which was, to our surprise, decorated in holly and other seasonable greens. The teacher of the Kindergarten had remained after dismissing her class to play for us so that we might enjoy another hour of games. At the end of that time we returned to the school room, took our packages and started home, each little girl hoping that her unopened package would prove to

That afternoon twenty other mothers besides my own listened to the story of our day of pleas-WENONAH STEWART BOND,

Washington, D. C.

(A little French girl writes the following letter to an American who served in the Y. M. C. A. overseas. We have made no changes in her English. How many Brownies can write French equally well?)

DEAR Mister Seldon, Just this morning I received your nice letter, and I will'nt wait for ansyer you. I pardon easely your delay, and I accept your excuses. I was sory you had been sick and I sincerely hope you are quite well now. It is quite funny, is it not, my letters in English? You are too much indulgent indeed when you say I write better in your language. But English is so awfully difficult you know. Meantime I have very often the opportunity for reading English or American magazines, Saturday Evening Post and Cosmopolitan especially. Some time I have Life too but not often. I like very much all these magazines and Life is very funny. I thank you very much for the little story you send me. Pictures some time make better work than a long speech, Don't you think so? Once Madame Carpentier has given me two numbers of the BROWNIES' BOOK. They were very interesting indeed and I have had a great pleasure when I have read them. If once you write to the editor give him please, my congratulations will you?

> AMLI. Bordeaux, France.

HOW LITTLE BUD FOUND CHRISTMAS

ANNETTE CHRISTINE BROWNE



ITTLE Bud lived in an alley—one of those alleys you have heard of or read about that are peopled with that unfortunate class of mortals whose souls are as un-

lovely as their surroundings. Kindhearted people sometimes visit these alleys, but Bud could not remember any kinder faces than those of the dogs that often ran through and who always stopped, smiled at him through their eyes, and wagged their tails as he patted their heads.

The people of the alley all had hard faces like Jim, Bud's big papa into whose soul the alley atmosphere had entered and settled. Bud seldom saw him except early in the morning or late at night when he did not fall asleep from weariness before his arrival. He was only four years old.

In the alley there was mud—ugly, dark mud—and it was always under the feet of little Bud as he sat in the doorway of the place where he and Jim lived. But overhead there were stars—bright, glorious, twinkling stars that smiled and blinked down at him as he gazed up at them from his doorway at nights.

If he had gazed down at the mud under his feet perhaps the alley would have crept into his soul, but like a little plant in a dark cellar that always looks toward the light, so little Bud always looked upward and the stars that he saw at night beamed into his soul a heavenly glory and strength.

Most persons looking at him would have seen nothing beyond a dirty little black boy, but any one with a sight strengthened by experience and sympathy would have seen just what we see when we behold the black bulb of a lily. We see beyond the bulb the loveliness and purity inside.

Among the stars that shone on him at night there was a very bright star that Bud loved and felt in his soul that it loved him. Whenever it appeared he would laugh and cry out with delight and the mud and dark shadows of the alley were nothing to him as long as he could look up at his star. He was just as sure as he could be that it was twinkling and smiling right at him and into his little soul would creep a great gladness. Many great and wise men have gazed upon the stars and they gave to

them nothing greater than was given to the soul of little Bud.

Now there came a time when it was not so pleasant to sit outside and watch the stars, but little Bud didn't mind the cold. When darkness came he would wrap his ragged little coat around him and sit outside waiting until his friend would appear. Coming in late several times, Jim found him sitting in the door asleep with his little coat drawn closely around him and his face turned toward the stars. Jim imagined that he was afraid to stay in by himself and the stars told him no better,

One day when it was very chilly and a drizzling rain was falling, little Bud looked upward from his window and longed for the night that would bring his shining friend.

Night came, dark and cloudy and with a chill that would have kept any small person but Bud inside. Drawing on his ragged little coat, he crept outside in the cold and looked upward, watching for his star.

Long he sat there looking for his friend, but no benign ray showed itself in the clouded sky. How long he sat there he did not know nor wonder, for the stars had taught him their eternal patience, and he neither sighed nor murmured but kept a steadfast gaze on the darkened heavens.

Finally his eyelids lowered and sleep came upon him. In his sleep he beheld very near him the star for which he longed. He cried out with joy and stretched out his hands to it but the star moved away, gently beaming on him all the while.

Little Bud opened his eyes and saw no sign of any stars in the sky. Suddenly there came into his mind this thought. Somewhere, must be his bright, shining star and he would go forth, somewhere, and find it!

Immediately he started up the alley, into which he had never traveled much farther than his own door. The drizzling rain commenced falling again, but for a long time he took no notice of it as his short, little legs carried him to the opening of the alley.

Suddenly there came into his mind a fear. Suppose Jim should come upon him as he was going to seek his star! It was late, but little Bud did not know that it would be still later before Jim would get in. It was Christmas Eve night and Jim and his companions were out making merry after the fashion of those into whose souls the alley had crept, Little Bud had never heard of Christmas. Jim gave little thought to him save leaving food for him to eat during the day.

On and on he ran. He had now left the opening of the alley and had reached a dirty, paved street. He knew not where he was going, but he felt sure that he was going to find his star somewhere. So he kept on, looking upward with the image of his star in his heart.

Now the rain had turned into a snow and the feathery flakes were fast covering the pavement. Little Bud was becoming conscious of the cold but pressing his lips tightly together he ran on, looking upward.

Finally, when he had gone what must have been a great distance, for the streets were clean and the lights brighter, he found himself nearing a house from which a bright light shone, sending forth a ray that cheered his little heart as the star had done.

Walking up to the place and looking in the window, he beheld a crowd of little boys and girls dancing around a tree—if it were a tree! Bud wasn't sure. It looked to him like a tree on which were a hundred stars. He stood there mutely transfixed.

Suddenly, looking at the top of the tree, he beheld another star—a larger and brighter star. Oh, it was his very own star that he had come so far to find! It had left the sky to come and shine upon this tree and he had found it! He cried out with delight and stretched forth his little hands toward the window.

The children inside stopped and looked out of the window, gazing with surprise on the earnest, upturned face of little Bud.

Quickly the door opened and out came a lady with the kindest face he had ever seen. She gently led him inside, but he took no notice of the other children, only keeping his eyes on

what was to him the wonder of wonders. Mrs. Chase, for that was the name of the Mothermatron of this children's home to which Bud's journey had led him, tried to learn something about him but he could tell very little, and indeed there was little to be told other than what was very apparent.

Touched by his silent adoration of the Christmas tree, she drew him gently to her and told him the story that you know and that is being told at this time every year to children all over the world. How his eyes glistened as she told him of the shepherds who watched their flocks by night and the journey of the Wise Men led by the star. How his little heart warmed within him as she told of the star resting over the birth-place of the Christ-child who had come from heaven to gladden all lives, especially such little souls as he.

Afterwards when a clean little Bud was put into a clean little bed in a room with some of the children, he looked out of the window at the sky and, to his great joy, saw that the black clouds had disappeared and his bright, friendly stars were in their places. Yes, and there too was his very bright star. Looking down into the room they had left, he saw the tree all dark. So the stars had left it and gone back home.

Little Bud was awakened in the morning by the music of a Christmas carol sung by some of the children. Dreamily he listened to the words:

> "God rest you, merry gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay; For Jesus Christ, our Savior, Was born on Christmas day."

Later he heard the bells peal out loud and sweet their message of "Peace on earth, good will to men." In little Bud's heart there was a great peace. Christmas had truly come to him—not just for a day but to stay with him always, and you may be sure that he never lived in the dark alley again.



Christmas Smiles

POCAHONTAS FOSTER

IF Santa Claus would bring me The next time that he calls, A ladder and some brushes, A pair of over-alls, Some linseed oil, a box of paint, I tell you I'd do something quaint: On Christmas Day I'd take a trip To a thousand different places, And spend the day in painting, Painting smiles on people's faces.

OurlitteFriends



SAMUEL COLERIDGE-TAYLOR

A TRUE STORY

MADELINE G. ALLISON



ICTURE a West African grammar school lad in Sierra Leone, later in England at Taunton College; he is now a short, very neat person whose charming manner wins

friends for him among his teachers and fellow students. In less than the usual time he is graduated from University College as a surgeon and is made a member of the Royal College of Surgeons and licensed under the Royal College of Physicians. All this happened before he was 23 years of age.

Think of that!

married Alice Hare, an Englishwoman. On August 15, 1875, a son was born to them and named Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, after a great English poet.

One day a Mr. Joseph Beckwith, conductor of the orchestra at Croyden Theatre, saw Coleridge-Taylor, a well dressed, curly headed, dark, little boy, holding a very small violin in one hand and playing marbles with the other.

I'd like to have seen him, wouldn't you?

Mr. Beckwith succeeded in coaxing little Coleridge-Taylor into his house and

placed before him a few simple violin pieces. He was amazed to hear the little boy play some of them in perfect time and tune, and he undertook to teach him about the violin and music in general.

Within a year or two Coleridge-Taylor was able to appear as a violin soloist with the natural skill of a born musician. As to his size at this time. Mr. Beckwith says: "He was so small that I had to stand him on some boxes that he might be seen by the audience above the ferns."

So, you see, we're never too young to do won-

Coleridge-Taylor was of a quick, nervous, shy

and lovable temperament. He was devoted to his mother and tales have been told of his coming into the kitchen, where she was busy with home duties, to sing over to her a tune that he had written.

He attended the old British School in Crovden, where with his violin he led his class in singing; for he also was a singer with a treble voice that was true and sweet and won for him the place of soloist in St. George's and St. Mary's choirs.

It was the Christmas term in 1890 that he became enrolled at the Royal Academy of Mu-And it's about Daniel Hughes Taylor. He sic through Mr. Herbert A. Walters, honorary

> choirmaster at St. George. Here he studied violin, piano and harmony. In 1891 he had one of his compositions published through Novello & Company, "In Thee, O Lord". He was at this time only 18 years of age.

> Coleridge - Taylor, I think, made even more rapid strides than his father.

> But this is as it should be and would be with each one of us if we'd keep ambitious and happy, - no matter how poor or rich. how homely or pretty we are,-through each hard lesson and trying time.



Samuel Coleridge-Taylor

In March, 1893, Coleridge-Taylor won a scholarship in composition and for two successive years, 1895-6, he won the Lesley Alexander prize for composition. His education had been that of an elementary school, but he was such a diligent reader, and so quick was his wit. so great his powers of assimilation, so retentive his memory, that he was able to hold his own among students of far more expansive educa-

At the age of 19 he made his first independent public appearance at Small Public Hall, Croyden; on a program of six numbers four were his own compositions. He was graduated from



"His grave is marked by a headstone of Carrara marble"

the Royal Academy of Music in 1897 with honors.

Unknown to Coleridge-Taylor then, there was at Royal College an Englishwoman, a Miss Jessie S. Fleetwood Walmisley. She was dark, attractive and vivid and had a beautiful voice both for singing and speaking. Later the two met and married. To this union two children were born, Gwendolen and Hiawatha, who are both musical geniuses.

Among Coleridge-Taylor's compositions are songs, pianoforte and violin pieces with orchestral accompaniment, trios, quintets for strings and the clarinet, incidental music, symphony, orchestral and choral works. He found his greatest inspiration in the Negro folk-song and wrote "Africa and America", "African Romances", "Songs of Slavery", "Three Choral Ballads" and "African Dances". Other works are "Othello", "A Tale of Old Japan" and "The Song of Hiawatha". Among his publishers are Novello, Ditson, Schirmer and Ricordi. He became an associate of the Royal College of Music, a professor in Trinity College and Crystal Palace, conductor of the Handel Choral Society, the Rochester Choral Society, the Choral Choir and of the orchestra and opera at the Guildhall School of Music.

Coleridge-Taylor visited the United States three times; it was in England, however, that all these wonderful things came to him.

And then one morning in August, Coleridge-Taylor said to his wife: "I have had a lovely dream."

Upon her asking what it was, he said: "I dreamed I saw Hurlston in heaven. I was just

entering. Of course, we couldn't shake hands, but we embraced each other three times. You know what that means," he added, "I am going to die."

On Sunday, the first of September, 1912, one of the few pleasant days after a miserable summer. Coleridge-Taylor seemed weak; his wife read to him from one of his favorite works. Mr. W. C. Berwick Sayers, who has published through Cassell and Company a book on "Samuel Coleridge-Taylor-Musician-His Life and Letters", says: "Propped up by pillows, he seemed to imagine an orchestra before and an audience behind him. With complete absorption, and perhaps unconsciousness of his surroundings, he conducted the work, beating time with both arms, and smiling his approval here and there. The smile never left his face, and the performance was never completed on earth. Still smiling and conducting, he sank back on his pillows, and in that supreme moment of devotion to his art, his beautiful spirit set out on its voyage to the Land of the Hereafter."

He was only 37 years of age, but think of his accomplishments, his fame and his heritage to the world of mankind and to a race of people whose struggles and sufferings ever echo and re-echo in the hearts of their children.

In his coffin were placed masses of violets, his favorite flower, and his love letters. At Bandon Hill Cemetery, near Croyden, he was laid to rest amidst affection and regret. His grave is marked by a headstone of Carrara marble, erected by his wife and other lovers of the man and his music.



Bobby's Wishes

WINIFRED VIRGINIA JORDAN

I WISH I had a musquash and a deer; I wish I had a beaver and a frog; I wish I had a big pond and a dam; I wish I had a gold-fish and a dog.

I wish I had a big bear and a fox;
I wish I had a reindeer and a moose;

I wish I had a rabbit and a snake;
I wish I had a partridge and a goose,

I wish I had a bucksaw and a plane;
I wish I had some lumber and some tin;
And, if I had a hammer and some nails,
I'd build a pen at once to keep them in!

THE KING'S DILEMMA

A Play in One Act

WILLIS RICHARDSON

CHARACTERS

The King
The Chamberlain
The Physician

Nyanza, the Prince

Zanzibo, the Prince's black playmate

The Queen

The Queen's attendants, the Prince's playmates, sentinels.

Time-The Future.

Place-The last Kingdom of the World.



HEN the curtain rises we see a great, high-ceilinged hall. At the right is a dais upon which are three chairs—one large and high-backed, with one smaller chair at

each side of it. This room is sometimes used as a reception hall and sometimes the King sits here and judges the affairs of his subjects. In the center of the rear wall is an arched doorway. At each side of this doorway a sentinel marches to and fro. For a while they march to and fro in silence but they soon become weary of this and begin to talk.

First Sentinel (Stopping)—The place is dreary since the Prince has gone.

Second Sentinel (Stopping)—He has not gone.

First Sentinel—I mean since he goes out so

Second Sentinel—His going out all day has been food for his health.

First Sentinel—Where does he go?

Second Sentinel-To play.

First Sentinel—I know he goes to play and playing has made him a robust fellow; but where does he play?

Second Sentinel—He plays in the castle gardens out of sight of anyone looking from the castle windows. To see him one must go without the gates and walk as far as the ivy-covered wall and look to the left.

First Sentinel—Does the King go there?

Second Sentinel—No.

First Sentinel—You speak as if you are quite sure of it.

Second Sentinel-I know a secret.

First Sentinel-A secret about whom?

Second Sentinel—About the Prince's playing.
First Sentinel—What do you know?

Second Sentinel—The Prince plays with boys. First Sentinel—Boys!

Second Sentinel—Urchins.

First Sentinel—But the King has ever forbidden that.

Second Sentinel—I know. I said it was a secret.

First Sentinel—The Chamberlain has orders from the King.

Second Sentinel—And the King has ordered him to obey the Prince.

First Sentinel—What if the King's orders and the Prince's orders conflict?

Second Sentinel—Then the Chamberlain must use whatever judgment he has to bring them into harmony.

First Sentinel—What of these boys? How do they enter the outside gates of the garden? Second Sentinel—The Chamberlain lets them in at the Prince's orders.

First Sentinel—But if the King should learn?

Second Sentinel—Then the Chamberlain must justify his act as best he can.

First Sentinel (Raising a warning hand)— Someone comes.

(They resume their march to and fro, the King enters, followed by the Chamberlain. Although it is in future times, the King is dressed in the royal robes of the ancient Kings.)

The King (To the Chamberlain)—I must commend you for your good care of the Prince. His health has improved wonderfully.

The Chamberlain—It was my duty, Sire.

The King—And you have ever been faithful to your duty. The Physician is on his way here after a year's travel in foreign lands. He will wish to know with what success his plans have been followed concerning the Prince's health. He will commend you. Others advised that the Prince be allowed to go among the common children, but we find that playing alone in the castle grounds was good.

The Chamberlain-Yes, Sire.

The King-Do not leave my side while he is

here, and you shall hear his story of other brought before the king.) lands where monarchies have fallen and there are no kings, of wild, unreasonable places where no one rules but a band of serfs.

The Chamberlain-How do serfs rule? Their business is but to obey.

The King-Well said. Then you shall hear of their misrule. And when this man of medicine has gone I shall reward you for your great part in helping to bring back the Prince's health.

The Chamberlain-Sire, a thousand thanks. The King-If this Physician's story of other lands is one of discontent and unhappiness then this, the latest kingdom of the world, should increase in power and increasing last forever.

The Chamberlain-I see no reason why it should not last.

The King-Send a messenger to learn if the Physician has come; and if he has come have him directed here.

(The Chamberlain goes to the archway, claps his hands for a messenger, and gives the order).

The King (As the Chamberlain returns)-I am most anxious about these other countries. If all their plans succeed our kingdom may be doomed.

The Chamberlain-They cannot succeed, Sire. The lower orders will never learn to rule.

The King-I know it. I know it well; and still I fear.

(The Physician enters. He is too democratic to kneel. In fact, all classes have lost much of their servility in these days).

The King-Welcome to our kingdom, the last of the world.

The Physician (Bowing) -It is good, Sire, to see you so alive, so strong and healthy.

The King-Good health is the blessing of my

The Physician-For that reason I knew the Prince would be himself again. He has improved?

The King-More than my fondest dreams could picture him.

The Physician-Then I am well rewarded.

The King-You must see him.

The Physician-I wish to, Sire.

The King (To the Chamberlain) -Have the Prince hailed before me.

The Chamberlain-I would go for him, Sire. The King-No, have him hailed. I wish you here.

(The Chamberlain goes to the archway and gives a messenger orders to have the Prince

The King (To the Physician)-How found you the rest of the world?

The Physician-The rest of the world is happy beyond all dreams of happiness.

The King-You mean the people rule with some success?

The Physician-With all success, Sire.

The King-But wars and discord should keep them unsuccessful,

The Physician-They have no wars.

The King (In surprise) -No wars!

The Physician-They know that they must fight the wars themselves, so they have no wars.

The King (Sadly)-If what you say is true. my kingdom surely cannot last forever.

The Physician-I fear not, Sire.

The King-I notice even here there is some discontent; the people talk of equality and are hearing things from abroad.

The Physician-Your kingdom may last long: it may fall soon.

The King-If it but last my reign!

The Physician-And of your son, the Prince? The King-The boy is young. He can remold himself to the ways of the world.

The Physician-Yes, youth can endure the change better than age.

The King-I sadden when I think of the state of the world.—the people forgetting authority, forgetting the difference between King and slave, not knowing Prince from menial.

The Physician-The Utopia of which they preached has come.

The King-And what Utopia do they preach of now?

The Physician-They say they will enjoy these new worlds for a while, then think of the future.

(There is a great noise heard in the hallway.) The King (Turning) - What noise is this?

(As the Chamberlain starts to the doorway, the Prince, a boy of twelve, enters, followed by four or five boys of similar age. They are all ragged and dirty.)

The King-What can this mean? The Prince-You wished me, Sire?

The King (In angry tones) - Must I pick out the Prince from all this rabble? What means it. Chamberlain?

The Chamberlain-I know not, Sire. I was commanded to remain with you.

The Prince-These are my friends.

The King-Friends!

The Prince-Yes, Sire.



"He is my friend!"

The King (To the Chamberlain)—Were you commanded that he play alone?

The Chamberlain-Yes, Sire.

The King—Friendship does not become full grown in an hour. What means it? You ignored my commands?

The Chamberlain—Sire, you commanded; and in all things I obey you. But you also commanded that I obey the Prince; and the Prince commanded that I open the garden gates.

The King (To the Prince) - Is this true?

The Prince—Yes, Sire.

The King—Did I not say it was uncomely to mingle with inferiors?

The Prince-They are my equals.

The King—Equals! Have I lived to hear equality preached by a Prince of my own blood?

The Prince—They have proved it, Sire.
The King—How proved themselves your equals?

The Prince (Indicating a black boy)—Zanzibo can throw me to the ground, but I can beat him in a race. (Indicating another boy)—This boy can cast a stone farther than I, but I outswim him. (Pointing to another boy)—That boy, the other black one standing there, can climb to the summit of the highest tree, while I climb half the height.

The King (Impatiently)—But of your blood.
Why speak of these mean things? What of your blood?

The Prince—We tried that, Sire. Each of us pricked himself with a needle's point and gave one drop of blood upon a parchment. Then walking at a distance, turned again to where the parchment lay, but could not tell one drop of blood from the other.

The King-How long has this been going on?

The Prince—Since I began to play.

The King—Then it must stop at once.

The Prince—I will not play without them.

The King—Do you not know that every moment you play with them you lose a certain measure of their respect?

The Prince—I will not play if they are taken from me.

The Physician—Sire, the Prince must play or his health will fall to what it was before.

The King—Then he must play alone.

The Prince-I will not!

The King-I'll throw you into chains!

The Prince—Humiliate a Prince of your own house?

The King (After pondering)—I'll compromise. I still remember that a Prince of the blood is above the punishment we give to menials. Choose one of these as playmate and let the others go.

The Prince—And may this one remain within the castle?

The King-Yes.

The Prince (Putting his hand on the shoulder of the black boy who stands beside him)—Then I choose Zanzibo.

The King-What! Choose a black!

The Prince-He is my friend!

The King-Choose you a white one.

The Prince—You said choose one. You said not black or white, and I have chosen.

The King—Will you cross me in all things?

The Prince—Zanzibo is my friend. We love each other.

The King (After pondering a moment)— Chamberlain, take those two away, clean them and dress them in the finest garments and bring them back as quickly as you can. Send these others out and have it announced to the Queen that the King would see her here.

(The Chamberlain and all the boys go out.)

The King—This new idea is flying through the world; the pauper thinks himself the Prince's equal. The black and white have come too close together. It must be stopped.

The Physician—Nothing can stop it, Sire; the world is wild with new ideas.

The King—And he even chose a black for his companion!

The Physician—Blacks have been kings of the world in other days.

The King—That's where the trouble comes. They are too numerous, too dangerous; they may usurp the power of the world again.

The Physician—The power of the world belongs to all the people, and no one race shall rule the world again.

The King—I have a plan that will subdue the Prince, will make him spurn that black.

The Physician—A new idea—

The King-The Queen comes.

(The Queen and two ladies have entered. The King and Physician bow.)

The Queen-Sire, you wished me here?

The King—I am in a dilemma.

The Queen—What puzzles the King?

The King—The Prince has chosen a black boy for his companion and will not play without him.

The Queen-Why must he have a companion?

The King—He will not play without one.

The Physician—And play is necessary to his health.

The King—I have a plan that will settle that. The Queen—What plans the King?

(The King goes up to the large chair and sits.)

The King—In all my years of rule one thing I learned and learned as thoroughly as I learned the book, and it is this: Kings and Princes and those of higher blood hate others who rise up from lower classes to be their equals, nor do they love too much equals in their own class.

The Queen-And what of this?

The King—On this I'll base my plan to outwit the Prince. He chose that black boy; now I'll promise him to let the boy stay if he will agree to have the boy made equal unto him, a Prince of these domains.

The Queen (In surprise)—A black Prince!
The King—A black Prince if he will, but our
Nyanza will tire of this unreal equality when
he sees one rising from far below to share his
power.

The Queen—I do not like the plan. Suppose Nyanza willingly accepts him? You say a strange idea is in the world, and strange ideas are appealing to the young. If he is once accepted you cannot break your promise. The King's promise cannot be broken.

The King—It cannot fail. The law runs through all nature. The Prince looks down on the man, the man on what's lower than he is, on down to the toad that looks upon the snake as his inferior.

The Queen-I do not like the plan.

The King—It cannot fail. Watch, when I state it, Nyanza spurn the black.

(Nyanza and Zanzibo return, followed by the Chamberlain. Both are dressed in the finest garments, and the black boy looks equally as princely as the white. They stand before the King.)

The King—Chamberlain, you have done well. (To the Prince) When you, Nyanza, chose this boy your friend, a plan occurred to me. The nation is one-fifth black, and I am old. Now if you love the boy as friend and equal I promise to make him a Prince equal to you in power, and at my death ruler of half the kingdom.

The Prince (In surprise)—Sire, is this a promise?

The King (Thinking he has gained his point)
—I speak it from my heart, and the King's
promise cannot be broken.

The Prince (To his friend)—What say you, Zanzibo?

Zanzibo—I say that if the King so honors me, my whole life shall be given to the task, and all the effort within human power will I extend to fill the place with honor.

The Prince—Well said. (To the King) Now, Sire, I like your terms and I accept!

The King (Startled)—You accept!

The Prince-Yes, Sire.

The King—You accept as equal that boy standing there?

The Prince—According to the terms of your promise, Sire.

The King (Rising)—Have you thought, Nyanza? This makes him a Prince and equal unto you in all things.

The Prince-Sire, I accept your terms.

The King—And you hold me to my promise?
The Prince—The King's promise cannot be broken.

The King (Stepping down in anger)—You balk me at every turn. A black shall not rule in this kingdom!

The Prince—The King's promise cannot be broken.

The Queen—I said at first I did not like the plan.

The King (Trembling with anger)—Chamberlain, help me out.

(The Chamberlain assists the King to the door where the King stops and turns, pointing his trembling finger at his son.)

The King—Undutiful son, you shall have your fill of this equality. I said a black should never rule in this kingdom. The King's promise cannot be broken. At the coming midnight and forever after, this shall be no more kingdom. The power shall go into the hands of the people. Now glory in your equals!

(He goes out.)

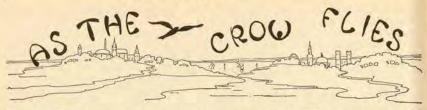
The Prince (Pleased)—This last decree is better than the first. At last the people will be happy!

(He and Zanzibo join hands as the others go out.)

Curtain.









HE forests, which I see as I fly, are full of Christmas trees beautiful pines now tall, now small, covered with glistening snow and tiny star lights and all

the good things of the world! But oh, alas! about them lie, stretched in the cold, all the hungry children of Europe, and instead of carols I hear their sobs!

■ General Wrangel has been completely defeated by the Russian Bolsheviki and has taken refuge in Constantinople. This apparently ends the last armed opposition against the present rulers of Russia.

¶ In order to facilitate British trade with Germany, Great Britain has given up her right to confiscate goods sent by German merchants before and during the war.

¶ A great coal strike has taken place in England. On October 18 a million miners stopped work, throwing nearly a million other laborers out of work on account of lack of coal. Railway workers threatened that unless the strike was settled in 48 hours they would go out. The result was a parley with the government by which the miners received an increase of two shillings a day in wages.

■ Unfortunately, this does not settle the question of the ownership of the mines. A commission reported that the government ought to buy and own mines but Lloyd George has taken no step toward this.

■ Great Britain has sent 16 of her international agreements to the League of Nations for registration and publication.

¶ The American Child Feeding Fund is feeding 300,000 children a day in Austria. It is said that five million children in central and eastern Europe will suffer the pangs of hunger this winter.

¶ During the last 8 years 34,000 passports annually have been issued for traveling abroad, but in 1919 there were 98,000 passports issued and even more in 1920. However, before the

war many travellers did not use passports. Now it is compulsory in European travel.

¶ The Italians and Jugo-Slavs have come to an agreement concerning Fiume and the Dalmatian Coast. Fiume is to be a free state and the Jugo-Slavs are to have outlets to the sea on the coast and among the islands. It is said that D'Annunzio, the ruler of Fiume, is not satisfied with this settlement.

¶ The King of Greece is dead from being bitten by a pet monkey. It is unsettled as to who will succeed him. The recent elections have removed from power Venizelos, the prime minister. He wished Prince Paul, a younger brother, to succeed him but there is talk of restoring former King Constantine.

The insurgent Polish army is still holding Vilna and other parts of Russia in defiance of the peace treaty and the will of the League of Nations.

¶ The Nobel prizes are given annually to writers, scientists and philanthropists. For 1920 the prize in literature went to Knut Hamsun. a Norwegian novelist.

Terrence McSwiney, former Lord Mayor of Cork in Ireland, voluntarily starved himself to death in prison as a protest against English rule. His bravery and devotion have arrested the attention of the civilized world.

¶ The government at Pekin, China, has declared that the civil war between northern and southern China is at an end, and called for the election of a new parliament.

¶ The French government, after some hesitation, has been compelled to reduce the two year period of military service, compulsory on all young Frenchmen, to a period of 18 months. This, however, will not go into effect immediately.

¶ The League of Nations consists of two legislative bodies,—the Council, where the great nations are represented and which has really most of the power, and the Assembly, where

all the nations will be represented. The Council has had several meetings and has recently decided to establish a permanent Court of International Justice.

∏ Forty-one nations representing the popular assembly of the new League of Nations have met at Geneva, Switzerland. This is the greatest meeting of the governments of the world that has ever taken place in the history of mankind. The United States is the only large nation not represented. This is unfortunate and will undoubtedly be remedied.

 ∏ It is said that a treaty arranging for trade between Russia and Great Britain is nearly ready for signature. Other nations will probably follow England's lead.

■ There has been financial trouble in Cuba on account of the fall in the price of sugar. Sugar has been kept from the market in order to force high prices. But with the general and inevitable fall of prices since the war this attempt at speculation threatens Cuba with disaster. Various efforts have been made in Cuba and the United States to avoid a panic.



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HE forests, which I hear as I fly, are full of the winds of the laughter of children. Children of wide and rich America full of feasting, happy and running and

stiding in snow. Ah! Little, happy children, what are you doing to stop the tears of the hungry babies of Europe?

¶ On Tuesday, November 2, Warren Gamaliel Harding, of Ohio, and Calvin Coolidge, of Massachusetts, were elected President and Vice-President of the United States for the four year term beginning March 4, 1921. During the campaign it was charged that President Harding had colored blood. Notwithstanding this, he received the largest popular vote ever given to an American President.

In a presidential election the people of each state vote for electors. The number of electors is the same as the number of representatives and senators from that state in Congress. The party that gets the largest number of votes casts the whole electoral vote of the state for its presidential candidate. In this way, Harding and Coolidge obtained about 360 electoral votes out of 531, leaving 171 for Cox.

¶ About two million votes were cast for the Socialist party whose candidate, Eugene V. Debs, is locked up in the Atlanta Penitentiary. He

did not believe in war and refused to say that he did, and the authorities have not been fair enough to recognize his honesty and release him.

¶ A land law to prevent the Japanese from buying or leasing land in California was approved in the last election.

■ It is estimated that four billion dollars will be required to meet the expenses of the government in the next year. Over nine-tenths of this will be required to pay the expenses of war, either past or present or future. This is a tremendous argument for disarmament and peace. With the money that we waste on war we couldgive every American child a free college education.

¶ There has been a great and continuous decline
in prices, especially in the price of cloth. This
has been accompanied with some curtailment of
employment, so that there are numbers of people unemployed.

¶ If the money of the United States was divided among the people, each man, woman and child would get \$51.16. Of course money represents only a very small part of the wealth of the country.

■ The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People sent their secretary to Haiti to investigate conditions. As a result, there has been a series of revelations to show how America has wantonly misruled Haiti and killed citizens. The Navy Department has started an investigation but as it is investigating itself, the effort will probably not amount to much.

¶ In the South, "night-riders" have tried to stop the ginning of cotton so as to keep the price up.

 ∏ The imports to the United States from Europe have doubled in the last year while the exports were over five hundred million dollars less than in 1919. This means that Europe is beginning to pay some of her debts to the United States. As there is no international money, all debts between countries must be paid in goods.

■ An investigation into the reason of the high cost of building materials has taken place in New York City. It has been shown that bribery and monopoly have artificially increased the

price.

¶ A crime wave of stealing and murder has followed the war all over the country, and indeed over the world.

JIM'S THEORY OF SANTA CLAUS

POCAHONTAS FOSTER



O, there ain't no Santa Claus at all," Jim assured himself and then went to his mother's room to tell her about it.

"Well, Jim," his mother said, "some news for mother?"

"Ma, there ain't no real Santa Claus at all. I know there ain't and I don't believe in him."

"Why, Jim!" his mother gasped, "Don't you know you must not say that? Why, if Santa Claus should hear you he wouldn't even come near this house Christmas, and there you'd be without a single toy on Christmas day."

"But there ain't none," Jim assured her.
"So he can't bring no toys. I know all about
it. Pa just buys those toys and things from the
store, 'cause I heard him say how much my
wagon cost. I know, I know; you can't fool
me."

"It's not a matter of fooling, but you must not talk so fast. Wait until you really know. Why——"

"But why are there so many?" Jim interrupted. "I know when I was down in Newark yesterday I saw about fifty Santa Clauses, and there's only supposed to be one. In every store and on every corner there was a different Santa Claus. Now how can that be? I know, there ain't none."

"Oh, Jim, you should never talk like that. Why you don't know what you're saying. Come here and let me tell you all about it. You don't know quite as much as you think you do."

Jim went over to his mother and settled himself in the big chair ready to listen, not because he wanted to but because he had to obey.

"Of course there is but one real Santa Claus," his mother explained, "and you see a good many more."

"Yes and-"

"Just a minute, please. Now do you think that Santa Claus himself could make toys enough for all the children in the world? And how could he, without any helpers, visit all the homes in one night? At one time there was but the one Santa Claus, the real one, and he did all the work all alone, but the world got so large and there were so many children that he had to have helpers."

"Well, why do they dress like Santa Claus and call themselves Santa Claus? They ain't."

"Those suits are the uniforms that all of Santa Claus' helpers have to wear in order that we may know them when we see them. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Jim slowly. He really hated to think he didn't know everything, and he had never thought about Santa Claus having helpers.

"And as for the names," his mother continued, "it's much easier for the children to remember the one name than it would be to remember all their different names."

"Well that might be true, but Santa Claus does not bring toys to all the children; he couldn't," protested Jim. "Folks just go and buy them from the stores."

"Now there's where you're wrong again. Santa Claus has a great big factory up at the North Pole where he and his helpers live. They make toys in that factory. Then he sends a sample of each toy to every factory in the country and the different factories make the toys just as Santa Claus directs. Near Christmas, Santa Claus has all the toys shipped to the different stores. You know he has to have some place to put the toys and the stores are the place for them. Then the children go to the stores, pick out what they want, then write Santa Claus so he'll know what to bring."

"But he doesn't bring what you write for," argued Jim. "He didn't bring that base-ball suit I asked for."

"Well wouldn't you expect him to use some judgment? Do you suppose if you should ask for a carving knife that he would bring it to a little boy like you? What on earth would you do with it?"

"No, but a base-ball suit, what was wrong with that?"

"You were too small and Santa Claus knew you'd soon outgrow it and a suit like that costs too much."

"There, I told you so!" Jim exclaimed. "I knew you bought those things. Uh-huh! I know all about it."

"Why of course papa has to pay for them. Did you think Santa Claus could afford to give all those toys away? How could he ever pay

his helpers? What kind of a millionaire did you think he was? Why I never heard of such a thing.

"Let me tell you how it is," his mother explained. "You write Santa Claus a letter. He looks it over and decides on the things he thinks you should have. Then he asks your papa if he can pay for all those things. If papa agrees, then Santa Claus puts them on his order and sends them to you. But papa has to pay for them."

"Well, then, what good is Santa Claus, anyway?"

"If there were no Santa Claus there'd be no toys and nobody to fill children's stockings."

Jim was so disappointed to find that he didn't know as much as he thought, that he just made believe he didn't believe in Santa Claus, although he really did, and he just shouted, "I don't believe in Santa Claus! There ain't none,

and if there is he don't need to bring me no toys, 'cause papa has bought them and the store will send them."

Just then Jim heard a voice in the chimney say, "All right, Jimmy; you don't have to believe, and I won't even stop here tonight. We'll see if the store sends any toys!"

"Oh," cried Jim. "I believe, I believe! I was only fooling; I believe!"

And he shouted so loud that he scared himself. He jumped up with a start and rubbed his eyes. "Gee," he said, "I'm glad that was only a dream! I'll run downstairs and see if it's real or not."

There in the living-room was a great big Christmas tree and all the toys Jim had written for. And let me tell you, if there had ever been any doubt in Jim's mind as to whether there was a real Santa Claus or not, it was all cleared away that day.

Little Ceople of the Month 2



V Cincinnati, Ohio, a group of girls

have formed the Victory Girls' Musical, Literary and Debating Society. The club is two years old and a part of the Douglass School Community Center.

The work of this club along literary and cultural lines has attracted citywide attracted citywide attracted citywide attracted citywide attracted citywide attracted citywide and colored people. Last June, during the Institute of Community Center and Community Service Workers, Mr. Frank P. Goodwin, Director of

re



Top Row-Mary Gordon, Breta Walker, Ida Mae Rhodes, Mattie Thomas, Rebecca Holiday, Irene Frye.

Second Row-Hele Cockran, Mary Taylor, La Verne Friason, Azalia Roots, Leda Roberts, Reseda Berry, Vivian McCaleb, Sarah Parham.

Third Row-Virginia Toomey, Pauline Jackson, Miss Margaret L. Davis, Louise Penn, Carrie Glenn.

Fourth Row-Irene Pierce, Jessie Grear.

Community Centers in the Cincinnati Public Schools, said in one of his lectures on clubs: "The Victory Girls' Club of the Douglass School Community Center is the best organized and the best representative club group, white or colored, in the city of Cincinnati."

The Victory Girls have as their motto the words of Abraham Lincoln,—"I will study and get ready, and then maybe the chance will

The first verse of their club song is: We are the Vict'ry Girls, We come to cheer the world. With mirth and song. United we will strive.

In every righteous drive, To do whate'er betide, Our very best.

The words are by Mrs. I. Garland Penn, a colored woman, and the song is sung to the tune of "America."

Among the Victory Girls are three students of the University of Cincinnati: Ida Mae Rhodes, Helen Walker and Florence McNorton (Honorary, Howard University); two of the Kindergarten Training School: La Verne Friason and Louise Penn; one of the Metropolitan School of Music: Helen Walker; and one of the School of Music: Marie Penn; the other girls are high school students. The club is in charge of Miss Margaret L. Davis.



The Debating Team Sitting—Sarah Parham (Capt.) Helen Robinson, Standing—Ida Mae Rhodes (Alternate) Mary Gordon.

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE TIN HORN

GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON



Brown sprang out of bed and ran joyfully to his stocking, which hung by the fire-place, from the top of which pointed a bright tin

horn, the goal of his wishes. He immediately

I was Christmas morning. Tommy began a wild and triumphant tooting, but suddenly he stopped short in amazement, for there, seeming to glide from the very heart of the horn, was a tiny fairy who looked upon him with a smile.

Before Tommy could collect his scattered



"What does the clear book say about the cheerful giver?"

wits the fairy spoke thus: "The Fairy Queen wishes you to attend her at once in the Court of Fancy-clime. Shall we take the rainbow and obey?" With that she clapped her hands and Tommy saw a tinted rainbow appear at his feet.

As in a dream he found himself consenting, and they were soon whirling swiftly, far above the church spires, through the downy clouds that melted as they passed.

At length the rainbow settled in a field of blooming buttercups and the little fairy said, "Welcome to Fancy-clime."

Strains from far-away zithers came softly, and above them rose the shrill voice of children singing. The words were sweet but strange to Tommy.

He was ushered at once into the presence of the Queen who greeted him from her shell-like throne, her black eyes shining like stars from her red-gold face. Like a daffodil she seemed in her pale-yellow foam robe. "Welcome, little world-boy," she cried with quick glances. "What is that you hold so closely in your hand?"

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"My new horn," was the stammered reply.

"I only got it this morning. Santa brought it."

Then the fairy clapped her hands and Tommy saw a strange sight. Suddenly a cloud appeared and as swiftly disappeared, and Tommy gazed in amazement upon a poor, little, ragged girl. She was looking toward her empty stocking, which hung by the fire-place in a bare and cheerless room. Tommy gazed earnestly at the scene before him, forgetting the fairies and his strange trip—forgetting everything but the sorrow of the little girl. Finally she turned her eyes away from the empty stocking and saw Tommy, at the same time spying his little tin horn, as he thought. Her eyes widened, she took a step forward, and putting her thin brown finger in her mouth, stood waiting.

Tommy thought deeply for a moment, then, stepping forward boldly, said, "Oh, little girl, do take my Christmas horn; it makes beautiful music."

Smiles were rippling upon the little girl's face as she took from Tommy's hand—not a horn but a beautiful doll, her heart's dearest wish.

Then the scene faded and Tommy found himself looking into the pleased face of the daffodil Queen who spoke thus: "Where have you been. Tommy?"

"I do not know, Queen Fairy, but I thought I saw a poor little girl who had no Christmas gift. I gave her my horn but it turned into a doll. I do not understand."

The fairy nodded her thick curls and questioned further, "Are you sorry that you gave your horn away?"

"Oh, no!" cried Tommy, "I am glad I gave it to the little girl."

Just then a fairy bearing a book with glass leaves appeared. "Read," said the Fairy Queen. "What does the clear book say about the cheerful giver?"

"He who gives freely and joyfully becomes the child of all the fairies. Although he gives away, he keeps, and happiness is always round about him."

Here the fairy closed the book and disappeared. The Fairy Queen then said:

"Blow upon your horn, And your wishes shall be born."

Tommy, to his great amazement, saw that he was still holding in his hand the little tin horn which he thought was lost to him. He was about to raise it to his lips when the Fairy Queen said. "Wait!"

She clapped her hands and immediately Tommy saw the self-same rainbow which had

brought him to Fancy-clime, sailing gently to his feet. At the same moment appeared the little fairy who had attended him there. She took him by the hand and they seated themselves on the rainbow which rose softly, and in a trance Tommy found himself standing before his Christmas stocking, rubbing his eyes in wonderment.

His mother had come into his room and seeing Tommy so dazed said, "What ails you, Tommy-boy?"

"I've had a wonderful trip, mother dear, to Fancy-clime where the fairies live, and they gave me a strange gift. I can give to anyone whatever he wishes. Try me."

His mother laughed and waving her hands in the air sang:

"I should like a coach and four, Standing, prancing, at my door."

Tommy flourished his horn and blew softly—then do you know a very wonderful thing happened—a fine coach with real horses, four of them, stood restlessly pawing the earth in front of their little cottage, and Tommy's mother gazed in astonishment. Tommy's eyes widened too as he saw it, but he said, "Wish on, mother dear."

And as she wished, Tommy blew upon his horn enough presents for themselves and all the village folk beside.



Two Christmas Songs

JESSIE FAUSET

THE CRESCENT MOON

L AST night I saw a crescent moon

Hang slimly silver in the sky;

A white cloud floated very near,

A star of gold was hovering by.

I watched and watched them through the night

And wished they were not hung so high.

I think the moon a cradle was In which the little Lord lay sleeping; The cloud a downy, fleecy quilt Kept chill and cold from near Him creeping; The star, a golden angel's eye, Was watch and ward above Him keeping.

CHRISTMAS EVE
ON Christmas Eve I lie awake
Far, far, I'm sure, into the night,

And watch until a golden star Floods all my little room with light, Some shepherds in the days of old Watched, just like me, that star of gold.

And as I lie there in the gloom I tell myself the Christmas story, And how the little Savior Christ Forsook for us His state and glory, And came a little, lovely child To save the earth, so sin-defiled.

And bye and bye my room grows vast, The golden star shines close and clearer; And music that seemed far and faint, Drifts in about me near and nearer. The bells in myriad churches ring, And, Hark! the Herald Angels sing!

The BROWNIES' BOOK

has appeared monthly since the January, 1920, issue. Its circulation is still less than 5,000 copies per month. In order to keep the magazine at its present high standard-as we are determined to do-we must have at once 12,000 subscribers. Won't you help us now to reach that figure?

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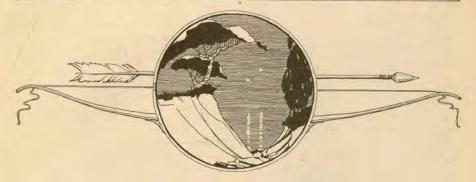
He Reads The Brownies' Book

The Brownies' Book

Vol. 2-No.1

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THE TWO STARS

AN INDIAN LEGEND

AARON JEFFERY CUFFEE



N certain clear nights in midwinter, two unusually bright stars shine in the western sky between the time the sun sets and the moon rises. If you should ask an old Indian what two stars they are, he would

tell you "The Lovers", and he might tell you this story.

Okoya,—tall, straight as a hickory sapling, was in love with Weyana, the most beautiful girl in all the great tribes of the Prairie Country. Wrapped in his blanket, Okova used to stand on the hill above the camp and play love songs to Weyana on his flute. As if in answer to the sweet strains, Weyana used to come out of her father's wigwam, stand for a minute, and then go back again. Okoya, his heart happy, would go back to his own wigwam.

The families of the two were glad of their mutual love and planned a great marriage feast for the spring. But the winter was very severe and there was much illness in the tribe. Weyana became so ill that her father called in the medicine men, who are the doctors of the Indians. They came into the wigwam where poor Weyana lay and chanted prayers to Gitchi Manitou, the Great Spirit; they muttered curses on the evil spirits of disease; they drummed fiercely on their tom-toms; and in spite of it all, Weyana died.

Okoya was grief-stricken. He went without food for days. He sat in his wigwam, or went out into the forest alone for weeks at a time. No one ever saw him give way to his sorrow. but his heart was dead within him.

One night, sorrowful, he stood gazing at the sun, its great big eye half closed; and he saw a bright little star which he had never seen before, shining in the sky above the sun, and then he heard a voice speaking to him; it was the voice of his lost Weyana coming from that tiny star!

"I am thy beloved Weyana. Pray do not grieve for me. I shall be here to greet you until you, too, are called by Gitchi Manitou to Shipapu, the land of our fathers."

When Okoya heard these wonderful words, all sorrow left him; he was comforted. With arms outstretched to the fast-disappearing sun, he chanted this prayer:

"O Sun, thou red and flaming God, Thy long, light-fingers beck'ning, Pray summon me with just a nod, To the Land of Happy Hunting."

After that he used to come out every night and stand for a long time talking to the little star until, like the sun, it sank in the west and Okova had to bid it "Good Night".

With spring came the time of war parties, as well as planting. War dances were held, bows and arrows made ready; men chosen. Okoya, who had shown his bravery before, was made a full-fledged warrior now and allowed to wear a single eagle feather in his hair. He was very proud of his new honor and at dusk he went out into the cool air to give thanks. Shawan, the south wind, rustled about heavy with the odor of leafing trees and newly turned earth; faintly throbbing with the beat of the war drums down in the camp; shrill with the "peeping" of the frogs in the marshes. Okova lifted up his arms and gave thanks to Gitchi Manitou for having been made a warrior. Then he turned to tell his little star of his good fortune, but he could not find the star. Had he made some mistake in direction? No, Indians do not do that. The star was not there any more, and in his despair Okoya cried to all the stars.

"Tell me, O stars, I beseech you, Where is thy sister Weyana?"

In their tiny, far-off voices the stars answered him.

"The Gods of the Storms and the Winter, Have taken her with them forever."

And as if in mockery of his grief the war dance began with wild cheers and the regular beat of tom-toms down in the camp.

Lonely and with heavy heart, Okoya put on his war paint and set out with the war party before daybreak next day. He felt that Gitchi Manitou in anger had turned his face away from him. Life was no longer a joy; it was a burden. He spoke to none of his companions and they in turn left him to himself, thinking that he was growing afraid of the dangers ahead of him.

Silent as shadows, the warriors sped toward the country of the hostile tribe. Had you been near them, you could not have seen them because they hid themselves so carefully.

Towards dark, the band heard the bark of a wolf behind them. The bark was repeated at short intervals, and each repetition was closer than the last. Now the bark of the wolf was a signal of the tribe, so the party stopped and hid in the woods. Soon an exhausted runner staggered into view and fell before he had reached the war party. The whole party ran towards him in alarm, because he was one of the'r own men left at home to guard the camp.

The first to reach him were told of a raid on the village by a hostile band of Indians. Even the women and children had helped defend their wigwams, and he had been wounded in trying to escape with the alarm to the war party. With the delivery of his message the runner's voice grew fainter, and after one convulsive shudder, his body grew rigid; he was dead.

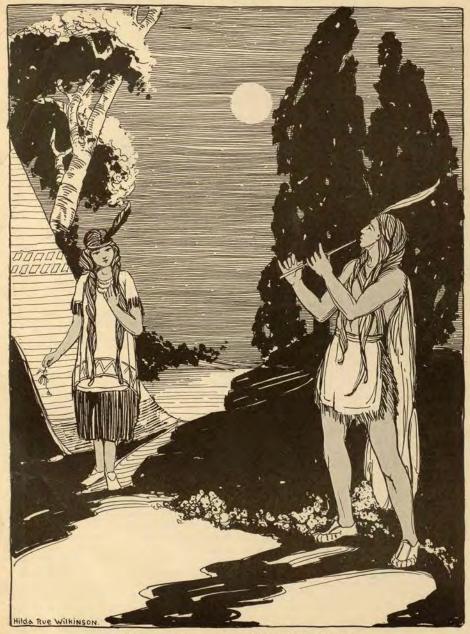
Grief and rage filled the hearts of the warriors. In haste they buried their fallen comrade, and spurred on by the thought of the danger of those at home, they traveled back all night, at a very tiring page.

In the dawn of the next day they saw smoke ahead of them, and dismay made them hurry faster. Were they too late? Was the village in ruins? They surprised the raiders' sentinels, and saw that only a few of the wigwams had been burnt; the remainder were safe. So they scattered and hid behind stumps, trees and rocks, and started their deathly game of hideand-seek. All day long the fighting lasted, and as the day drew to its close it was evident that, due to the fatigue of the rescuers and the superior numbers of the raiders, defeat and the massacre of the people in the camp seemed certain.

Suddenly with a cry of defiance, Okoya sprang from behind the stump which had hidden him, electrified his tribesmen by throwing down his bow and arrows, and, with knife and tomahawk alone, dashed towards the hiding places of the hostile band.

The enemy was terrified by Okoya's boldness. Their hands were unsteady, so all of their attempts to hit him with arrows were futile. They were sure that he was some god who had come to help the other tribe, a god whom neither arrows nor knives could harm. So when Okoya's men followed him in his dash, the enemy fled. The village was saved.

Then, just after sunset, his work finished, the day won, Okoya fell, pierced by an arrow. As his followers reached him, he managed to raise himself on one elbow, and with the other arm to point toward the western sky above the fading light of perfect day. Then with a smile as of content, he sank back, dead. When his men looked up where he had pointed, they saw a single very bright star; and even as they gazed at it in wonder, another small star appeared, close to it, and grew and grew in brilliance until it was equal to the first.



Weyana used to come out of her father's wigwam

The old wise men of the tribe say the Storm Gods and the Gods of Winter always admire great bravery, and that when they saw how brave Okoya had been they gave him his heart's desire. They returned Weyana to him unharmed, and then Gitchi Manitou made them two bright stars.

What do you think? If you go out some clear, cold night, and ask them, maybe the stars will tell you.



ALEXANDRE DUMAS, A GREAT DRAMATIST

A TRUE STORY
MADELINE G. ALLISON



HEN Alexandre Dumas was born no one, of course, dreamed that some day the world would proclaim him as one of its greatest writers.

Dumas was the grandson of the Marquis de la Pailleterie of Versailles, Antoine Alexandre Davy, and Marie Cessette Dumas, a Negro woman of San Domingo. He was the son of General Thomas Alexandre Dumas, who married Marie Elizabeth Louise Labouret, the daughter of an innkeeper at Villers-Cotterets, France. Some of Dumas' most tender and touching memoirs are those which relate to his boyhood days with his mother.

Villers-Cotterets, France, a little country town 40 miles from Paris, is the birthplace of Dumas. He was born July 24, 1802, at 54 Rue de Lormet. Since 1872 Rue de Lormet has been known as Rue Alexandre Dumas, and the house is still standing, though it has had many changes of owners.

After sufficient service in the Army, General Dumas was pensioned, receiving £160; but at the early age of forty-four years, he died.

Life became a financial struggle for the family. Aimée Alexandrine, the daughter, was put into a boarding school in Paris. The mother hoped that Dumas would become a musician, so she kept him with her and procured Professor Hiraux to give him instruction on the

violin; but after three years the professor concluded that Dumas had no sense of music in him and stopped his lessons.

Dumas' mother thought of his becoming a minister; Dumas, however, didn't fancy this profession either, and when he was about to be sent away he said: "I will not go to the seminary!" Then he ran away from home, leaving a note to lessen his mother's anxiety, and for three days and nights he lived in a hut in the forest with a native. But he returned to his mother, and began to study Latin under an abbé, and arithmetic and writing under the village schoolmaster,

Dumas was an unsuccessful pupil at figures, but he became a neat and rapid writer. At the age of 16, he began to work as an apprentice in the office of a lawyer.

There now came to Villers-Cotterets, a youth of noble birth, Adolphe De Leuven, who eventually became known as an author and a writer of vaudevilles and comic operas. He met Dumas and the two boys confided their literary ambitions. Dumas began the study of Italian and German and later he and Leuven became collaborators.

Then some students performed Ducis' "Hamlet" at Villers-Cotterets, and among the audience was Dumas! So interested was he in the play that he sent to Paris for a copy of it and learned the part of Hamlet. He says: "The demon of poetry was now awakened in me, and would give me no rest."

But the family was facing poverty, and Dumas, through his mother, was given a position in the office of M. Lefevre, a lawyer at Crepy.

One of M. Lefevre's habits was to make frequent trips to Paris, remaining several days. During one of these vacations, Dumas, with one of his friends, also went to Paris. This time, though, M. Lefevre returned sooner and found Dumas away.

M. Lefevre said when Dumas returned: "May I ask if you have any knowledge of mechanics?"

Dumas answered that he thought he knew something of mechanics in practise, though not in theory.

"Very good," said M. Lefevre,—"you will doubtless then be aware that for a machine to work properly, every one of its wheels must contribute to the general movement."

When the parable was applied to Dumas, who had been away three days, he decided to consider himself dismissed.

Dumas had played many games of billiards with his friends, and now through this means he gained fare to Paris, where he sought work. At first he met only with failures, but finally he came upon General Foy,

who obtained for him the position of Supernumerary Clerk in the Secretarial Department of the Palais Royal; his salary was 1,200 francs, or about \$240.

Dumas told General Foy: "I am going to live by my penmanship now, but some day, I promise you, I shall live by my pen."

Twenty-one years of Dumas' life had now passed. He was 6 feet tall, slim rather than otherwise,—with dark, curly hair, small and delicate feet and hands, and bright, quizzical eyes.

Since 18 years of age Dumas had been gaining in his literary ability, and at the age of 27, in 1829, he had a historical play, "Henri III", produced at the Thèâtre Français.

After spending the day beside his sick mother, Dumas hurried to the theatre, at 7:45,

and took his seat alone and unobserved in a small stage box, and waited for the curtain that would rise on his play and on his future. Three times during the performance he rushed from the theatre to see how his mother was getting on. As the curtain was falling, there were "thunders of applause"; then Firmin, one of the players, stepped forward and announced the author, and the spectators, among whom was the Duke of Orleans, rose to mark their respect. Dumas received many congratulations and when he returned to his home, his mother was sleeping quietly,—and their financial struggles were at an end.

On August 1, 1838, Dumas' mother died. Dumas had been a good son, but because he had at

times been a bit thoughtless, he tells us:

"Ah! Think how ready we are, for any light caprice of youth, to leave a mother while she lives, until some day comes the awful and inevitable hour when she must leave us! Then when it is too late, we weep and reproach ourselves for all that neglect a n d indifference which parted us needlessly from the guardian angel now parted from us forever."

When Dumas was 44 years old, he contracted to furnish two newspapers during the year with an

amount of manuscript equal to 60 volumes. It is said that Dumas' name is attached to 1,200 separate writings; among his best known books are "The Three Musketeers", "Monte Cristo", and "La Reine Margot".

Alexandre Dumas married Ida Ferrier, an actress, of Porte Saint-Martin. On July 28, 1824, they became the parents of Dumas III, who in 1875 was elected a member of the French Academy. He lives in France.

And then on December 5, 1870, keeping a promise to her father that she would not let him be overtaken by death without receiving the last rites of religion, Dumas' daughter, Marie, sent for a priest who administered the communion,—and Alexandre Dumas died at the age of 68.

A statue to his memory has been erected in the Place Malesherbes in Paris.



Alexandre Dumas

THE HOUSE OF BROKEN THINGS

PEGGY POE



OWN South in Georgia, it had been springtime so long that it was nearly time for summer. Old Mrs. Southwind had decided to stay right at her work, and

this had made Old Mr. Wolfwind afraid to make any more visits to Georgia, so he stayed up North and howled about.

Mrs. Colonel Jones' garden was so very beautiful that it made Boy, Happy and Waddy think that it must be fairyland and that the flowers were just fairies hanging on the bushes, but they never did dream that the great white lilies growing by the Cape Jasmine bush was a really house. Of course they had seen the golden bees coming out of the Lily House with honey, but they just supposed they were large flowers. They might not have known about the lily being a house if Mrs. Colonel Jones hadn't taken them for a walk late one evening.

All that day Boy, Waddy and Happy had played in the big yard and garden and they had done some very naughty things, things that boys who love the kind God who gave them the beautiful things you find in a garden should never do: but at last Happy went home to supper and to feed his black rooster and red hen. When he came back the little path to Colonel Jones' house was very bright. Miss Lady Moon was smiling and she seemed so near that Happy was sure he could touch her if he had a long pole; her moonbeams were so brilliant that it made the cotton patch seem like day time. When he went around to the big, front steps there was Boy, Waddy and Mrs. Colonel Jones in her white dress and she looked like one of the white lilies herself. Boy and Waddy were as clean and shiny as the moonbeams. Happy was glad Mammy Tibbets had let him wear his white suit, and he was smiling finer than the biggest moon could ever smile. Mrs. Colonel Jones cuddled Happy down by her side and they all sat very still listening to the mocking bird who sings at night down in Georgia; but after awhile Mrs. Colonel Jones sighed, just like she had thought of something not very nice.

"Let us go for a walk in my garden," said she, taking Waddy's hand while Boy and Happy followed her very softly, because it seemed as if in that moon-lighted garden no one wanted

to make a noise. They passed the fig tree, where the baby figs come out without any blossom dress on like other baby fruits. They went very softly pass the bushes where the yellow roses seemed to rain down; they passed the bed where the pansies live and each small purple face was dimpled with dew; then they came to the corner where the great white lilies grow with their golden throats.

"Oh! how I do love my lilies," said Mrs. Colonel Jones stooping over to touch a very large lily, and behold—the white petals opened wider and wider until that lily was a beautiful white house and Miss Lady Moon flashed her most brilliant moonbeam into it so that it seemed like day time. Mrs. Colonel Jones gave a little cry of surprise and then just when the boys were going to ask about it, there stepped up Old Mr. Toad, dressed in a beautiful green and gray suit,—but one of his feet was bound up in a cloth and he limped terribly, as he came forward bowing to Mrs. Colonel Jones, and the lady who liked all the creatures in her garden felt very sorry for him.

"Oh, Friend Toad! what has happened to you?"

"Well, today when I was guarding your watermelon patch, a little boy came along and hit me with a stick, I don't know why he did it. I was only guarding your melons from the worms so you would have some nice ones."

"How could anyone hurt our best garden friend? Do you know his name?"

"I do not, dear lady; but won't you go into the Lily House? White Butterfly lives there. Generally it's a very nice house to visit but to-night it is a House of Broken Things. I am guard at the door so I will let you in."

"And the three boys, may they come in?"

"Oh yes, but I am afraid they won't enjoy it."

They all walked in, but when Happy passed the poor, hurt toad he hung his head in shame. At the door of the Lily House, White Butterfly met them. She wore a nurse's apron and carried medicines, spoons and bandages. She seemed very sad too.

"Oh! I am so glad to have visitors; it seems so sad in here. Most of the time my Lily House is very gay but today so many dreadful things have happened in the garden that I just had to turn my house into a House for Broken Things, but now that you and the little boys have come, maybe you can help me cheer things up." The White Butterfly went very softly down the white hall with its golden carpet as soft as pussy fur. Soon she stopped by the side of a wee white bed and there lay two tiny baby



Caterpillars, only you couldn't see much of them for bandages and tears, they were hurt so.

The White Butterfly said to Mrs. Colonel Jones, "This is very sad indeed. These little caterpillars were crossing the garden walk this morning, hunting some weeds to eat, when a boy came along and put his hard shoe right down on them and broke most every part of them. I do so hope they get well." Boy hid his head in his hands. They went to another bed and there lay a little Honey Bee, and White Butterfly told about her! "Miss Honey Bee had heard you say that you hoped you would have some real good honey this year, so she went down into the trumpet flower and as she was coming out with a great load of honey, a boy whacked her with a stick and broke her wing. I think maybe it will be better tomorrow, but I know one thing, if folks don't stop hurting the bees, there won't be any honey for the hot biscuits." Waddy looked over at Miss Honey Bee and hung his head in shame.

The next bed had poor old Beetle in it; he seemed so very ill with a crushed leg. "Old Beetle had been working in the wood pile when three little boys came along and pelted him with sticks and smashed his leg; it's so badly hurt that I am not sure I can ever cure him," said White Butterfly. In the next bed they found, Lightning Bug, only he would never be a real lightning bug again, because, you see, when he

was carrying his lantern about the garden to make it lighter until Miss Lady Moon came, a very small fat boy came and caught him and put him under a glass and the glass had broken his beautiful lantern off, so that now, even though he would get well, he never could help light the pretty garden again.

In the next bed lay Granddaddy Longlegs, propped up with milkweed pillows; one of his legs was gone, broken off, and he seemed to be in such pain. The White Butterfly gave him a wee drop of medicine and said to Mrs. Colonel Jones:

"Granddaddy was out under the house steps asleep when a boy came and said to him: 'Granddaddy gray, tell me where the cows are, or I'll kill you right away.' Now you know Granddaddy is so old that he couldn't possibly know where the cows are, so he couldn't tell that boy where they were, and that cruel boy dropped a rock on him and cut off his leg."

"Oh! how terrible!" said Mrs. Colonel Jones.

In the next bed were three baby Ants, asleep; White Butterfly said someone had dug up their house and they had no home to go to. But it was the next bed that made the boys feel sad.

In it lay Lady Bug's two we e children; they were crying very hard. White Butterfly told about them.

"Someone saw
Lady Bug when she
was cleaning house
for the strawberries
and called 'Lady Bug
fly away home; your
house is on fire and
your children will
burn!' Of course this # ***
frightened Lady Bug

rightened Lady Bug very much and just as she started to run home, some one put her into a box and put a lid on it and carried it off. Now her children were alone at home and when their mother didn't come home they started out to find her. I was afraid something would hurt them so I brought them in here, and after giving them some supper I put them to bed, but the poor little things just keep crying for their Mama."

Just then Happy stepped up beside the bed and took a little box from his pocket and opened it. Out hopped Lady Bug right among her



babies. My! what a happy family they were, but Happy wasn't very happy, he was so ashamed. He hid his fat little face behind Mrs. Colonel Jones' dress.

As they walked along the white hall, White Butterfly began crying ever so softly, for there in a small bed lay a small yellow Butterfly. It looked like a piece of fine lace. One of its pretty wings was sadly broken.

"This is my little boy," said White Butterfly. "I have fixed his wing the best I could. Oh! do you think he will get well?"

Mrs. Colonel Jones stooped over the baby butterfly and looked at the broken wing. "Why yes; I think it will be well in a short time. There, don't worry! but how did this happen?"

"Oh! it was awful! You see, I told him to play out in the pansy bed, as our garden has always been so safe and happy. I never thought anything could happen to him. He had just fluttered down to kiss a pansy girl, when a boy

flopped his hat on him and broke his wing. I got him home right away. I do hope he'll get well."

Boy hung his head and Mrs. Colonel Jones put her silk shawl over his face. As that was all there was in the Lily House, they bid White Butterfly good night, and thanked poor Mr. Toad for letting them in. They went to the house and Mrs. Colonel Jones gave each boy a large slice of chocolate cake.

The next day the boys went back to the garden and looked for that Lily House, but although they hunted the garden over and looked into all the lilies, they could not find one that looked like a house. But really there was no need for a Lily House of Broken Things in that garden any more. For whenever Boy, Happy and Waddy started to chase or hurt the tiny creatures who lived in the garden, they always remembered the "House of Broken Things" and how sad it was, so they stopped harming the helpless things, the little people of the garden.



THE ORIGIN OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

GWENDOLYN ROBINSON (Aged Eleven)



ONG, long ago when people believed in gods, there lived in the woods an old couple. These people were not happy, because they were always quarreling. night there was a great rainstorm and the wind

blew the door open.

"Old man, get up and shut the door," said the woman whose name was Lightning.

Probably if she had said it in a kinder tone the old man, whose name was Thunder, would have shut the door. But he answered, "Shuf it yourself," and went to sleep again.

There was silence for a while, but soon the rain came in harder, and the wind blew cold.

"Thunder, will you get up, or must I make you?" Lightning sharply inquired.

Thunder this time shouted, "I will not do so!" Lightning's eyes then flashed like fire. She got up and shook Thunder. "Do you know that the rain is coming in?"

Thunder jumped to his feet and they argued all night until the rain stopped.

Almost every time the rain started, Thunder and Lightning started to quarrel. Lightning would flash her eyes and Thunder would almost roar at her.

When they died, the gods said to them, "You could not keep from quarreling when you were on earth, so you will be doomed to argue every time it rains. Lightning, you shall have an eye that shall flash so that everyone will see it. Thunder, your voice shall be so loud and strong that everyone will hear it."

Although the old couple pleaded for mercy, (they had planned deep down in their hearts to live happily when they died and went to Asgard, the land of the gods), their prayers were in vain.

To this day we hear them debating, though much against their will.



THE JUDGE



AM making some New Year's resolutions," cries Billikins in triumph. "I'm gonna get up at six every morning and feed my rabbits, and I'm gonna get my

arithmetic lessons and-"

"Humph!" says William.

"Well, what are you going to do?" asks Billie doubtfully.

"I don't believe in New Year's resolutions," says William.

"Neither do I," says Wilhelmina,—"awfully silly, I think,—nobody ever keeps them."

"Humph!" says the Judge.

"Don't you believe in 'em either?" asks Billie.

"I certainly do," says the Judge.

"But you don't make New Year's resolutions, do you?" asks Wilhelmina in astonishment.

"Certainly," answers the Judge.

"And keep them all?" asks William.

"No," says the Judge.

"There you are!" says William. "It's just what I say. There's no use in the thing. It can't be done."

"Hitch your wagon to a star!" hums the Judge, "and if it can't be done, hitch it to a mud-turtle, or don't hitch it at all—just let it stand and rot."

"Oh no, not that," answers Wilhelmina. "Of course one ought to make good resolutions even if one doesn't carry them all out, or carry any of them out in the best way—but why make them New Year's?"

"Why not?"

"Oh well, I don't know—but then why not make them Christmas or Labor Day or Fourth of July?"

"Good!" cries the Judge, "and Hallowe'en and Easter and Douglass' birthday or—"

"Good gracious," says William, "we don't want to spend all the time 'resoluting'—it ain't that amount of fun."

"So say we all of us," agrees the Judge, "and therefore let's get rid of the disagreeable duty all at once at the beginning of the year."

"Of course," says Billie, "a year is awful long and p'haps it 'ud be better to sorter divide up and make 'em twice a year."

"Well, Billie, your years will get shorter as you grow. When you're as big as William they'll not be half so long as now—"

"Whoop-ee!" cries Billie. "Christmas every six months!"

"And when you're my age—" but Billie loses interest and runs after Billikins who is trying to hammer a tack with the brand new Christmas poker. Billie could not conceive ever being as old as that.

"I suppose then," says Wilhelmina resentfully, "that you expect a whole manuscript of goody-goody promises from each of us."

"One would be enough—and that not 'goodygoody' either. My idea is that one good, practical promise to one's self at the beginning of a New Year is worth while."

"Even if broken," sneers William.

"Even if broken," repeats the Judge, "and particularly if kept."

"Of course, if kept; but most resolutions are broken."

"True. But some are kept and with these God creates the Heaven and the Earth, the Sea and all that in them is!"

"Don't understand," says Billie, depositing the rescued poker in the ink well.

"I mean that out of all the Wishes and Hopes and Promises of each New Year, after subtracting all the Lies and Deceptions and Weakenings and Failures, the Good Spirit of the Universe has enough left to build the Good and the True and the Beautiful things of the Earth."

"Which accounts for the Earth's ugliness," says Wilhelmina.

"And also for its Beauty," says the Judge.

"I'm going to give up cigarettes until I'm 21," answers William.

"I'm going to try to understand algebra," says Wilhelmina, "but I make no promises."

TO THE GIRL RESERVES

EAR Friends:

We are the Dramatic Club of the Girl Reserves of the District of Columbia Y. W. C. A., and we have just returned from our vaca-

tion very, very anxious to tell you all about it. All winter we eagerly looked forward to the vacation time, for we knew we would go camping, and early in the season much excitement was aroused because we heard that the place of the camp would be changed. There were many conjectures as to whether it would be a place as pleasant as last year's camp, but what do you think was announced to us? We were to go to Highland Beach on the Chesapeake Bay. Oh, the joy this news brought, you can only imagine! We were to be able to add water sports to our many others, and it was not to be in the playground swimming-pool either.

Each club was to remain at camp two weeks, then give place to the next, and realizing what a short time that was, you may be sure that we did not postpone setting to work out our plans for a good time. Oh no, the fun began when we met at our club rooms and started off on the truck that was to carry us forty-seven miles.

On July 6 the first club, The Jolly Friends, opened the camp. They were followed by the Blue Triangle and ours, The Dramatic Club, on July 19. We, in turn, gave place on August 2 to The Chain of Friendship, and August 16 found the last group, The Phyllis Wheatley, ready to take their turn.

We left the city with cheers and songs which continued at intervals all along the way until our camp was reached. Here we found a large, old-fashioned house with great porches and a beautiful grassy lawn; but best of all, seeming



A group of Girl Reserves



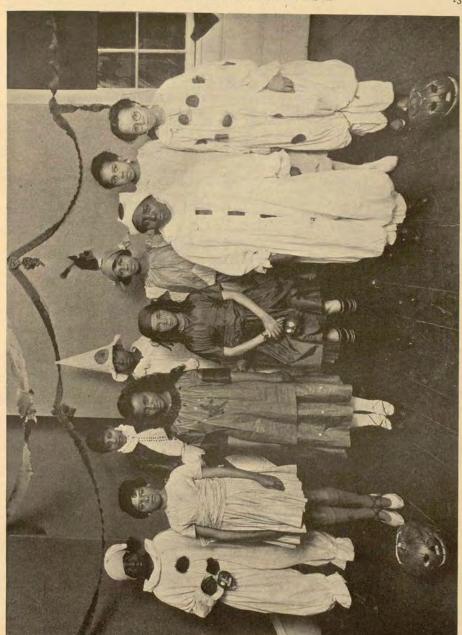
Ready for a "hike"

to lie right at the edge of our lawn, was the great Chesapeake with its blue waters sparkling before us, each little glimmer a fairy beckoning to us. And you may be sure we could hardly wait until the next day to accept their invitation. But even at camp we must be systematic. There was nothing to do but wait till swimming time, so after supper we went to bed.

We had just closed our eyes, it seemed, when a voice announced time to rise and we waked to find our beloved secretary, Miss Brooks, bidding us Good Morning. The pleasure of seeing her, robbed the early morning rising of all discomfort, and at 6:30 all tumbled cheerfully out of bed and in a short time the house echoed with the sound of brooms at work in every room. We worked hard too to make our rooms as neat as pins because no bit of dust even in a far corner escaped the eye of Miss Brooks, who took so much pleasure in giving us a gold star when our rooms were perfect.

We were always rewarded for our labors too by a good breakfast prepared by two different girls selected each day to cook. Washing dishes and cleaning the dining-room and kitchen followed, and then the bell announced Devotions, which were held on the porch. With so much beauty about us we could not but appreciate the splendid verses from Triangles for Girl Reserves, which we learned and discussed with Miss Brooks, and we sang our thanks for it all in our hymns which cheered the neighborhood and brought many visitors to join with us,

Industrial work followed, then study and letter writing. The sound of an automobile at noon, coming from behind our house, brought every camper out and sent her flying to the



A Masquerade of Girl Reserves in Montclair, N. J.

post office from which many returned with letters or boxes from home. For a time our minds went back to the loved ones at home as we read the cheëring words and shared with each other the news we received. But any homesickness that might have been started by some memory aroused by the letters was soon dispelled by the call to the beach. What excitement we felt each time we changed our middies and bloomers for our bathing suits! The delightful sensations felt as we swam about in the cool waters of the bay were ever new.

We never seemed to tire of it, and only visions of dinner, for which we were ever ready after our dip in the salt water, kept us from answering with reluctance the call to come out. After dinner we had a rest-period and then we were ready for our out-door games and hikes. We can claim some honor points now, for we certainly learned to walk. The farthest hike was to Annapolis, a distance of five miles from our camp, and although some of the clubs were fortunate enough to get a vehicle to bring them back, some others did not meet anyone on the way to give them a lift and so walked the whole

ten miles. Those who did it felt proud, too, you may know.

After our hike or out-door games we ate a light supper and then played games indoors or had concerts. Every one was called upon to take part and we always had an enjoyable evening and were sorry when 8:30 was announced. At that time the candle procession started on its way to the bed-rooms, and with the exception of the chatting of some night owls who sometimes mistook some other room for theirs, everything was soon quiet and lights were out at nine o'clock.

Thus, whether rainy or bright, our days passed filled with pleasures and the two weeks went by only too quickly. But we'll have it all over again next summer and we are going to work hard this winter to deserve it.

Won't you tell us where you have been, and let us know from time to time what you are doing? Very sincerely yours.

THE Y. W. C. A. DRAMATIC CLUB.

Elizabeth Morton, President.

Olive C. Jones, Adviser.



Little Brown Boy

ANNETTE CHRISTINE BROWNE

G OD loved you an awful lot, I know.
Why do I think so?

Why he tinted your body that beautiful brown, So the angels might guard you from Heaven on down:

While trailing clouds of glory you came down here to stay,

They watched that little soul in brown all the long way.

They loved you so dearly there, I know.

Don't you feel it so?

They might have made hair plain and straight on your head,

But they fashioned those crisp little curls there instead:

They gave them with their love for you and put them on to stay.

And wanted them always to grow just that way.

I wonder that they ever let you go;

They loved you so.

They gave you a heart full of laughter and song,

And lips that go merrily all the day long.

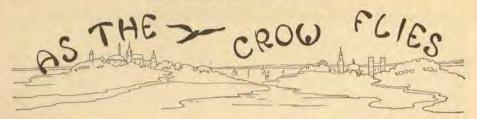
I guess they let you come to us so we might see what joy

And loveliness can dwell within a little boy.

CRANDMA'S SPECS by Edith V. White

NE day while hunting for my cap. I woke my grandma from a nap. That's one thing grandma hates,-I say-To be caught napping in the day. The reason is-so I've been told-It makes folks think she's getting old. She eyed me sternly for a bit, Then slowly she began to knit. But soon she laid her sweater down And for her glasses looked around. I stood there and began to grin. And right then trouble started in. She sets great store by those old specs, And when they're lost she's surely vexed. "You needn't stand there, sir, and cough, For I just took those glasses off; And just now when I turned my head, They went,-and you know where," she said. "I didn't," I began to say; "Now hush! they didn't fly away! You just come here and let me see." I went and stood till she searched me. But all the while I thought I'd burst, And grandma said, "You are the worst! I know, I'll go and call your Ma, She'll soon find where those glasses are." Right then was when I up and spoke, 'Cause mother might not see the joke. I know I shouldn't have been so horrid. But grandma's specs were on her forehead!







HIS morning, as I rose to greet the sun, I saw a strange shape flying north. It was very old and shrivelled and the scuthe it bore was nicked and dull. It

was the Old, Old Year. Caw! Caw! Welcome to the New and Good and True, 1921.

Sir Patrick Geddes of Edinburgh has completed the plan for a Hebrew University on the Mount of Olives at Jerusalem. He is also planning housing conditions and city building on modern lines in the new Palestine.

The new government of Mexico is planning the most extensive public school system that Mexico has ever had.

Japan is considering a revision of her inadequate factory laws. Many children of 10 years of age are now allowed to work in the factories, and women are often employed at night.

American foreign trade was greatly increased by the war. In the fiscal year 1914, \$2,364,000,000 worth of American goods were sent abroad, while in the fiscal year 1920, the amount was \$8,111,000,000. America now has a merchant fleet of ships second only to Great Britain in size, and 60 per cent. of our goods are carried in American ships.

One of the great events of the year was the meeting of the Lambeth Conference in London last summer. This was the sixth conference and was composed of 252 bishops of the Episcopal Church and the Church of England. For the first time this conference recognized as Christian, churches which do not have bishops, and made a plea for the union of all christian churches.

The first general assembly of the League of Nations took place at Geneva with 41 nations, not including the United States, represented. Liberia and Haiti were represented. The great question before the League was the relative authority of the assembly and the Council-the Council being composed of a few of the great age of 45. He gave his life to the study of the

nations. One colored nation, China, was elected to a place on the Council. Some efforts were made to establish an international Court of Justice.

Argentina left the Assembly because of the refusal to take up various amendments which would give the smaller nations more power.

The Turks and Armenians who have been at war have at last made a peace which leaves Armenia with a very small amount of territory.

of At the recent municipal election in Italy there were 3 parties: the extreme Socialists who follow the Russian Bolsheviki; the moderate Socialists; and the reactionary group. The reactionary parties, including the new Catholic political party, won most of the elections. There was some serious rioting in Bologna.

A treaty providing for trade between Great Britain and Russia has been signed.

On Armistice Day great celebrations took place in Paris and London, and the bodies of unknown soldiers were buried with great and solemn pomp.

There have been increased difficulties in Ireland. A large number of English officers have been assassinated and apparently in retaliation, government officials have burned down a large part of the city of Cork. Lloyd George, Prime Minister of England, declares, on the one hand, martial law for South Ireland and, on the other, his willingness to treat with the Sinn Fein for peace.

Mrs. Terrence MacSwiney, widow of the late Mayor of Cork who starved to death for his convictions, is in the United States to testify concerning conditions in Ireland.

The people of Greece have overthrown the government of Venizelos and invited former King Constantine to return.

 A Naval Board of Inquiry has been sitting at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, to inquire into American atrocities. It did not, however, hear all of the evidence before it adjourned.

I Dr. Charles Infroit is dead in Paris at the

X-Rays, although he knew that continued experimenting with them would eventually kill him.

■ The Carnegie endowment has given \$50,000
to the fund for the restoration of Westminster
Abbey.

The Nobel prize for poetry has gone to the aged Swiss poet, Carl Spittler.

 Rainer Maria Rilke, who was born in Prague in 1875, is one of the most original of living poets.

■ Mustapha Kemal Pasha is a Turkish leader who refused to accept the treaty of Sèvres and rebelled against the Turkish government at Constantinople. He established his own government at Angora in Asia Minor. Here he has fought the Turks, the English, the Greeks and the French and finally the Armenians. The Armenians have been driven into Russian Armenia, while Kemal is holding his power in Asia Minor.



AST night I flew over Bethlehem. I saw dark hills and forests and afar, a shining sea. I saw a manger and a star. Is it the same star? I think it is. I

rose and shrieked with joy as I wheeled home to the sweet New Year.

¶ On Thanksgiving Day the Secretary of War released from prison the last 33 men who had been put in jail for being conscientiously opposed to war. There are still several hundred political prisoners in Federal prisons and nearly a thousand in State jails.

As a result of a restoration to normal conditions after the war, prices are falling. This means a good deal of unemployment. It will probably be spring before normal conditions will begin to be restored.

¶ A study has been made of boys in New York City. Of 354,000 between 12 and 18 years of age, 181,000 are in school and 113,000 at work, leaving nearly 60,000 who are idle. Most of the boys 12, 13 and 14 years of age are in school. Of those 15 years of age 24,000 are in school and 13,000 at work, and 10,000 idle; of those 16 and 17 years of age 15,000 are in school, 49,000 at work and 40,000 idle. This shows the great danger of idleness among children.

■ There are only 5 states in the Union now which do not have workingmen's compensation

laws. These laws give relief and partial wages for laboring people when they are the victims of accident.

The price of cotton is only one-third as high as it was last June, and this has caused a great deal of unrest and suffering in the South. Wool has fallen one-half since last May. Copper, lead, tin and rubber have gone down in price and iron and steel are beginning to fall.

¶ Since July 1920, the month of highest prices, the cost of living in the United States has decreased 5-2/10 per cent.; fuel, light and shelter have increased, but food and clothing are cheaper.

¶ President Wilson has sent his last annual message to Congress. Formerly he has delivered this message in person, but this year on account of his health he was unable to do so. He has received the Nobel prize for his efforts to promote International Peace.

■ Senator Harding, President-elect, has been on a vacation in Texas and the Panama Canal Zone. On his way back he delivered a speech in the Senate and then returned to Marion, Ohio, where he is consulting various statesmen concerning his policies.

 ¶ A new Congress was elected in November but it will not meet in regular session until next December, nearly a year after its election. Meantime the present 66th Congress is holding its last session in Washington and will expire March 4. It is then probable that President Harding will immediately call a session of the new 67th Congress.

¶ The United States Secretary of State has gone on a trip to South America.

¶ Plymouth Church, where Henry Ward Beecher used to preach, has been injured by fire.

■ Celebrations are going on to remind us that 300 years ago the Pilgrims landed in America and helped found the nation.

¶ Large numbers of banks in North Dakota have been closed because farmers have been unable to meet their obligations. Farmers all over the country have been hard pressed because of the fall in the price of their crops.



PLAYTIME

MEXICAN GAMES

ARRANGED BY LANGSTON HUGHES

LADY WHITE



NE child is chosen as Lady White and another as Don Philip, her suitor. All the other players join hands to form a large circle, thus making a house for Lady White,

who stands in the center. Don Philip comes to call and begins to walk around the circle, but finds every hand tightly joined and so he can not get in. The children forming the ring then sing the following verse three times:

Sweet Lady White is sheltered In walls of silver and gold; Her lover must break a window, The Lady to behold. Then Lady White asks:

Who is walking around my house?
And the lover answers:

Don Philip Philipon.
And the Lady says:

Why, who can this fat person be?

And the suitor replies: Don Philip Philipon.

Then the players in the circle all sing:
You can't get into this house,

Don Philip Philipon;

Unless you break a window out, Don Philip Philipon.

Then Don Philip attempts to break through the circle in order to reach the inside. As soon as he succeeds in getting in, however, Lady White must run out and Don Philip has to catch her. Then the game may be played over again with two different children taking the parts of Don Philip and Lady White.

THE LOST DONKEY

H ERE is a game to be played when there is an odd number of children present so that when pairs are formed there will always be one left over. All the players walk about in different directions and pretend to be gathering flowers while they sing this little song:

Benny goes a walking,
Picking pretty flowers.
Benny goes a walking
Under shady bowers.
But he shall lose his way,
Little donkey,
And be alone all day,
Little donkey,
And be alone all day,
Little donkey,

At the third Little Donkey all the players must run to join hands with another player so as to have a partner and the one who is left without a partner is the Little Lost Donkey until the next game gives him a chance to get one.

THE PRIEST AND THE TEACHER

TN this game one child is a priest, another is A a teacher and the third a storekeeper. The priest and the teacher are buyers. All the other children are articles of merchandise and should sit down in a long line. To each one in line the storekeeper gives a secret name such as Butter, Sugar, Cinnamon, and so on, which the buyers must not know. Then the priest and the teacher take turns at buying and can only ask for one article at a time. For example, if the priest calls for cheese, the player who has that name must rise and follow him, but if there is no cheese the storekeeper says so and the priest must wait until his next turn to ask for something else. When the storekeeper has sold all his merchandise the priest and the teacher count their articles and the one who has the most can be storekeeper for the next time, and he also has the privilege of choosing the new priest and the new teacher.

DEAR Little Friends:

These are three games which the children play in your beautiful neighbor country, Mexico. I hope you will enjoy them.

L. H.

THE LEGEND OF THE AQUEDUCT OF SEGOVIA

JULIA E. BROOKS



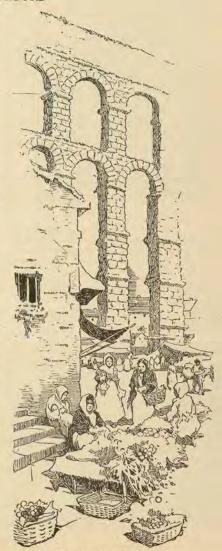
EGOVIA has been spoken of as "a dead city, still serenely sleeping in a dream of which the spell has been broken neither by the desecrating hand of the tourist crowd,

nor the inrush of commercial activity, nor by any native anxiety for self-exploitation." The only really living thing in poor, dead Segovia is the aqueduct.

This mighty structure which brings the cold. sparkling water of the Rio Frio from the Guadarrama Mountains, ten or twelve miles away, was built by Trajan, the Roman emperor whom the Spaniards claim as their countryman. It is constructed of large blocks of stone laid one upon another without cement or mortar. Upon close inspection one would say that these blocks seem to have been laid at haphazard, since some of them jet out daringly and hang over so as to cause one to fear that some day the whole structure may collapse. But, seen at a proper distance, this bridge is a model of symmetry and balance and the traveler gazes in amazement at the gray and purple tints of its granite blocks as they glow in the deep blue of the Castilian sky.

The whole length of this aqueduct, which has been standing for perhaps 2,000 years, is 1,615 feet. It consists of 320 arches which begin single and low but which, in order to maintain the level, rise gradually and become double, one row over another, as they span the valley, the stream, and the highway. The three central arches rise to a height of 102 feet. The lower row of these is surmounted by three stone steps over which, in one of the pillars of the upper row, are scooped out two niches. In the niche looking toward the town there is a statue of the Virgin; and in the other, at the back, is a figure which the people of Segovia call the image of the Satanic architect of the bridge. For the Segovian fancy has created an interesting legend concerning the origin of this aqueduct.

Many years ago, they say, Satan fell in love with a beautiful girl of Segovia. This maiden lived with her family in a neat little house in the mountain, and every morning she had to go to the spring in the valley to get water. On a



The Aqueduct of Segovia

certain day the Evil One came out to meet her and said to her gallantly: "You are very beautiful. I love you very much; and if you will promise to marry me, I will do whatever you ask of me to please you."

Now, the young girl was very frightened, so she ran to the church in order to ask the advice of the old priest, who was her friend. "It is a dangerous thing to displease the devil," the old man said to her thoughtfully, "we must use tact in dealing with him." Then after thinking a long time he added, "I have it! Beg him to do something impossible and he will not worry you any more."

The young girl went away encouraged because of this advice, but all that night she thought over what the good priest had said to her. "What shall I ask of him?" she asked herself again and again. By and by a happy idea struck her. She was tired of going to the spring in the valley for water—"Why not ask Satan to build an aqueduct that would carry the water from the neighboring river to the mountain and to the city there on the top of the rock? That was, indeed, unreasonable."

The next day when Lucifer appeared to her, the trembling maiden said to him: "I wish that in one night you build for me an immense aqueduct that will cross the valley and the lower part of the city and bring to us the fresh, cool water of the Río Frío."

The devil left her and the maiden went home with a light heart. She had asked of Satan something that was impossible; now he would not molest her any more. But scarcely had the maiden fallen asleep when she was awakened by dreadful noises. "What could they be?" She grew cold with fear. "Could it be possible that Satan was attempting to comply with her request?"

Indeed, through all Segovia the people heard the roaring of Satan, and the groans of the thousands of wicked spirits who were with great difficulty tearing enormous granite stones from the depth of the earth, and helping their chief in the superhuman construction of the colossal aqueduct. At dawn the work was completed and Satan, smiling with satisfaction, awaited impatiently the arrival of the maiden.

When the Segovian maiden saw the wonderful aqueduct and Satan looking at her with that malignant smile, the poor girl trembled with astonishment and fear. As Satan approached to claim his reward, she began to cross herself. On seeing the sign of the cross, Satan fled swiftly across the mountain and over the valley—and the people of Segovia say that he is still running, for he has never since been seen in Spain.

ELittle Ceople of the Month



ILTON HAMMETT SATCHELL lives in Atlantic City, N. J. He's 14 years old and a pipe organist. Since he was 5 years of age, Milton has played both the organ and the methor writes we. "T hed all

the piano. His mother writes us: "I had always been surrounded with music, from a child, vocal and instrumental. It was my hobby to get to the organ; therefore, he has been wrapped in music. I sang for over 16 years in choirs and often played in public; also, his father, Moses I. Satchell, is a vocal reader and a cornetist."

Professor Johann M. Blose, who taught Milton for 3 months, about a year ago, says Milton has a wonderful gift.

Milton has played the pipe organ in the home of Senator Richards, and a reporter says of a recital: "The appearance was his initial one in New York City, and he was the recipient of a perfect ovation of applause."

A RISTIDE CHAPMAN, the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Chapman, was born in Denver, Colo., January 3, 1904. He attended the Public Schools there, and at present is a senior in the Manual Training High School.

He is a tenor singer in the choir of Shorter A. M. E. Church. During the past summer Aristide contested with 20 of the best local white talent and won a four year scholarship in the Western Institute of Music and Dramatic Art.

In a letter to Mme. Lillian Hawkins Jones, Aristide's former teacher, Father Bossetti, instructor of the Boy's Choir in the Immaculate Cathedral of Conception, says that Aristide contested against persons with musical experience of twelve years, but his close observance of many small technical points won for him high honors over his seniors in both music and years.

DAVID I. MARTIN, JR., was born in New New York City, October 5, 1907. At the age of 3 he could play melodies on the violin; at 4 years of age he began to study under his father and was looked upon as a prodigy of the violin.

His father took him to hear a great 'cellist when he was 5 years of age, and then and there little David announced that he wished to play the 'cello instead of the violin.

Mr. Martin placed his son under a 'cello teacher and he has since been pursuing his studies on both the 'cello and the piano. He now plays many of the larger works for his instrument, including six concertos.

In school David has never been "left back" and he has skipped two classes; he holds the enviable position of "captain" of the baseball team in his neighborhood.

QUENNIE M. PETERS, of Bangor, Me., has been awarded a gold medal from the



Milton Hammett Satchell

School Board for efficiency in typewriting and stenography. Miss Peters was born October 2, 1901. She was graduated from Bangor High School June, 1919, with high honors in a class of 191 students. She is now a stenographer in the office of a prominent attorney, Frederick B. Dodd. Miss Peters is also Secretary of the local branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.



Quennie M. Peters

David I. Martin, Jr.

Aristide Chapman

CHARLES GETS AN ANSWER

LUCILE STOKES



UNT BETTEE," called little Charles to his pretty young aunt. "What does ap-pre-sheate mean?"

"Appreciate? Oh, I don't

"But, Aunt Bettee," he cried, clutching her skirt with his little chubby fingers. "I want-a know."

"Sweetheart, I'm so awful busy now, can't you ask Uncle Bob?"

"Uncle Bob, what does ap-pre-she-ate mean?" "Appreciate? Well, now what do you want to know that for?" And Uncle Bob tossed him up in the air.

"But, Uncle Bob, I want-a know."

"Old man, if you'll wait just a minute, we'll hunt up old Webster and find a good definition."

"What's a def-nition?" But Uncle Bob had

"Grandma, what does ap-pre-she-ate mean?" "Precious Boy, Grandma's busy. Can't you find Aunt Betty?"

"Aunt Bettee's tryin' to telephone. She won't pay no 'tention to me nohow. I'll just go ask my Mother-that's what I'll do."

"Charles! Come back this instant!" called Aunt Betty.

"But, Aunt Bettee, I want-a know what appre-she-ate means."

"You're as bad as the Elephant's Child."

"What Elephant's Child?" he demanded breathlessly.

"Now I've started him again," thought Betty. "You can ask more questions than any child I ever saw." Then coaxingly, "Listen, Sugar Boy-"

"I'm no sugar boy."

"Listen, anyway, and I'll tell you what appreciate means. If someone gives you something that you like, you say you appreciate it."

"The egg I had for breakfast-I ap-pre-sheate it."

"No-if you get a present you say you appreciate it-that is, if you do appreciate itthat is-I mean, if you like it."

"You say so anyway," remarked Uncle Bob. "Explain it yourself," retorted his sister. But before Bob could open his mouth, Betty turned from the telephone in dismay. "The telephone's

out of order. What in the world will we do?"

Betty's consternation seemed contagious, for in a few minutes the house was in such a confusion that Charles gave up trying to attract anyone's attention and grumbled in his teddy's ear until a new thought struck him. "Say, Aunt Bettee! What do you mean by an Elephant's Child?"

"Charles, if you don't stop asking so everlastingly many questions-"

"Never mind, Aunt Bettee. There's Dad! Dad, what do you mean by an Elephant's Child? Please tell me.

"Not now, Charles." Dad's voice was so stern that Charles looked up in injured surprise which changed to childish bewilderment, for his father's face was so haggard and Uncle Bob was so suddenly serious that he felt something dreadful must have happened. "I'll just go ask my Mother what's the matter," he said to Teddy, but Betty overheard him.

"Charles, if you don't go and play with your blocks, I'll-I don't know what I'll do," she said sharply.

Charles crept away puzzled. "I'll just go hide, Teddy. When they can't find me they'll think I'm dead and then they'll be awful sorry they hasn't any little boy." So he slipped upstairs and crept way back in under his little bed, and before he knew it he was sound asleep,

When he awoke several hours later, the house was very still and nobody seemed to be hunting for a nice little boy. Then he heard Dad's voice, "Charles! Charles! Where are you, sonny?"

His grievance forgotten, he went clattering down the stairs. Dad was at the foot, his face beaming with joy. "Look here, Partner," he said. "We've got something for you." And a strange creature, a nurse, pulled back a blanket and he saw a tiny, wrinkled face.

"Mother, what is it?"

"It's a brother, dear. A little brother for you to play with."

Slowly he surveyed their happy faces-Mother's, Father's, Grandma's, Aunt Betty's, Uncle Bob's, and a new face—the doctor's.

"Did you bring him?" he asked solemnly. "'Cause if you did-he's a mighty little feller -but I ap-pre-she-ate him."

Ourlittestiends



THE JURY





Brownies' Book for quite a while and I like it very much.

I wish that you would tell the story of the life of Booker T.

Washington. I enjoy reading of our own race. When I think how happy colored people start out in life now it seems to me we ought to be able to accomplish almost anything.

RENA COOPER, Indianfields, Ky.

AM a pupil of 6a grade of Charles Sumner School. In our room we have a Literary Club and an Americanization Club. Americanization Club is connected with our History and our Literary Club with our English. In our Americanization Club we have names of prominent Negroes of the time. My name is Mr. White. Please tell us how we can correspond with other 6a grades through your paper.

I AM sending a picture of my two sisters and two of our little friends. This is the way we play on the beach on the Columbia River in eastern Washington. Essie Jones,



my oldest sister, is the only colored child in the Wenatchee High School; she is 14 years old. She also plays the violin in the High School

HAVE been reading THE Orchestra. There are only 5 colored families here and we are very well liked in our surroundings. My papa owns a nine-room fine house, two blocks from the High School. We have lots of friends. We go to Sunday School every Sunday. We also have Sunday School clubs, that my sister Genevieve and myself attend regularly. Genevieve is 11 years old, I am 10 years old; she is in the 6a and I am in the 6b grade. We love THE BROWNIES' magazine: we are always waiting for it to come. We want other little folks to know that though we live far out west, we are doing just fine.

> Please do not forget to mail THE BROWNIES. regularly.

A BROWNIE BOOSTER, ALTOONA JONES. Wenatchee, Wash.

P. S .- I shall write a western story for THE BROWNIES' soon. Oh, I must not forget to mention my baby sister, just a month old. She weighed 91/2 at birth; her name is Geraldine M. Jones.

LIKE THE BROWNIES' BOOK. It is so in-I teresting. I want to see Mr. DuBois' picture in THE BROWNIES' BOOK, because he likes children. I saw Judge Harris; he likes children too. He is full of inspiration. I am a girl eight years old. I write my own letters.

MARGARET ROBINSON, Edwardsville, Va.

Y little sister had a birthday party the other night. I started to tell her what sort of games to play. "Oh", she said, "you needn't bother, I am going to get my games out of THE BROWNIES' BOOK." And she did. I think she has played every game that you have ever published. When the pieces have no music she makes up the tunes herself. You ought to hear her. All of us are as fond of THE Brownies' Book as she is and that is saying a great deal.

HATTIE MYERS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE GROWN-UPS' CORNER



HE BROWNIES' BOOK is exactly one year old this month. We hope you have liked it and have enjoyed reading it as much as we have enjoyed publishing it.

We think you do like it and because of this we are going to ask you to assist us in various

ways:

1. Manuscripts—We want new and interesting stories about colored children, their interests, their difficulties, the way they live and the places they live in. We are especially eager for the boys and girls of the West to know all about their playmates in the East, and for the North to become better acquainted with the South. The easiest and quickest way to accomplish this is for you and your children to tell all about yourselves and send it to us to publish in our columns. We wish people who have friends in foreign countries where there are dark people would get information to us about those places too.

2. Pictures—Of course we want pictures of "Our Little Friends". Send us all you like; we cannot have too many. But, Parents, please remember that other parents are sending us pictures of their little ones too. We cannot publish them all at once. So the only fair thing to do is to publish them in the order in which they come. Then nobody has any real complaint. We should be greatly obliged too if you would not ask for the return of the photographs. Getting them back from the engraver in good condition and to you is a tedious job which consumes more of our time than we ought to give.

3. Subscribers—Have you any idea how extremely expensive it is to publish a magazine? Paper—and you know we use a good quality—is high; the price of cuts for reproducing photographs is soaring; the printer's bill is tremen-

dous. Yet with 12,000 subscribers we would be able to put The Brownies' Book on a self-supporting basis. Will not every parent who reads this and every little boy or girl who enjoys The Brownies' Book constitute himself a committee of one to get three new subscribers within the pext month? Will you not speak of it in Sunday School, in public school and in societies for the betterment of our children? We are trying to help children, to the best of our ability, by publishing this magazine. Will you not help us to help?

A gentleman writes us from Boston: "Your magazine is teaching one group of American children to respect themselves, and another group to show them respect." That is something to accomplish,—will you not do your part toward it?

Did you know that 98% of the articles appearing in The Brownies' Book have been written by colored men, women and children? You see we are really creating modern Negro literature. And all of the original drawingsbut one-have come from the pen of colored artists. You recognize the work by now-don't you-of Laura Wheeler, Albert Smith, Hilda Wilkinson, Marcellus Hawkins, Louise Latimer, Mary Effie Lee and others? The children contribute, too, occasionally; we are very proud of a page of their drawings which appeared in the May, 1920, issue. This is a stimulus to the expression of modern Negro art. Is not a magazine which insures such beginnings worthy of your wholehearted support? We believe you think so.

Grown-ups like The Brownies' Book, too.

Suppose we let it make the New Year A Happy One for All of Us.

THE EDITORS.



A GUILTY CONSCIENCE

AUGUSTA E. BIRD



I was a Sunday afternoon in the middle of July—one of those deliciously warm July days in the Southland when one looks over at the fellow in the shade and has a

satisfied feeling that he is sweltering there the same as you,

Winifred was very warm and irritated; she had been wishing for the last fifteen minutes that Hazel would go home. With a wrinkle in her small pug nose she walked the full length of her father's low concrete wall and sat down as far away from Hazel as possible. The hint was lost on Hazel; she followed, dropping a few feet away from Winifred, and rested her chin in her little damp palms.

"Why don't you pull up your socks!" snapped Winifred, "instead of letting them drag in the dirt." Hazel heard, but did not move. Winifred proceeded to pull up her own socks; taking her handkerchief she dusted her new patent leather slippers with such fierceness that she caused a little girl passing to look around at her.

Hazel had been looking at the little girl and instantly demanded:

"What you looking at?" The little girl looked back again. This time Hazel thought she recognized her as being one of the crowd of children who had attacked her one day last month when she was returning from a visit to her grandmother, who lived on the Ridge. Hazel had fully recovered from the hurts she had received in the conflict but she could not forget the loss of her brand new hat.

"Come on, Winifred, let's follow her," cried Hazel, jumping up. "She looks like the one who first grabbed my hat that day." Up jumped Winifred, anxious to do anything that seemed the least bit more attractive than sitting on a very warm concrete wall with the hot sun pouring down overhead.

"She walks like her shoes hurt," commented Hazel. "Just look at those socks," she insisted. "Looks like her mother made 'em blue with bluin'."

The little girl in front began to walk faster,
—so did Winifred and Hazel.

"Dare you to pull one of her curls," Hazel whispered.

Winifred was rapidly becoming excited; she hesitated a second.

"I black snake dare you!" cried Hazel.

In her whole life Winifred had never taken a "black snake dare." She glanced hastily all around to see that no one was in sight, then boldly reached forward and gave one of the brown curls a slight pull.

The little girl looked around frightened.

"Please-I-I'm Ellen-"

"Please-I-I'm-Ellen," mimicked Hazel in an exaggerated imitative voice.

The tears began to roll down the little girl's cheeks like great big crystals.

And Hazel capered with glee back and forth across the sidewalk, urging Winifred to pull her curl again. But Winifred's excitement had reached its height without her little friend's encouragement. It seemed as if a thousand little imps were prompting her; and the wicked, spiteful current of feeling that thrilled her little body almost frightened her.

A street car slowly turned the corner and as it appeared to stop, the little girl started toward it. It seemed as though that which had been surging through her childish heart suddenly burst forth. For a moment she hesitated, and cast a reproachful glance at her tormentors.

"I'm colored, just like you are!" she exclaimed.

Winifred and Hazel were dumbfounded. They swallowed hard, and one glanced at the other and simultaneously both sighed as they watched the conductor help the little girl into the car.

Hazel was genuinely hurt and Winifred, while feeling equally as chagrined, nevertheless, had a weightier thought on her mind. What if her mother should find it out! And to her this seemed inevitable because she knew Hazel told her mother everything and both mothers belonged to the Ladies' Church Aid Society, and she knew little girls were discussed there quite often.

As gloom was settling over both, there appeared Winifred's father in his automobile,

"Jump in, children," greeted Dr. Bradford. And as he helped the little girls to the seat beside him he fondly kissed Winifred's brown forehead. For the moment all thoughts of what had just happened vanished from their minds.

But Winifred was not to enjoy peace of mind long and, despite her efforts, during the next two days, to appear happy, her agitation was becoming apparent to Mother Bradford. And Dr. Bradford also noticed it, and there were talks of pills and castor oil.

"Edward, I think it would be well to examine Winifred first," said Mrs. Bradford, worriedly. "I'm sure there is something wrong with her; she hasn't been herself for the last few days." In fact there was something wrong. Winifred was suffering from severe pangs of conscience for her act of Sunday and in her imagination it had magnified to an almost unbelievable size. When she had done wrong in the past, which caused her any uneasiness, she made haste to tell her mother. Of course she was punished. But punishment never lasted long, However, now she was in a quandary. She hesitated between doubt and fear, and as she pondered the telephone rang. When she heard her mother say over the telephone a few seconds later, "Really! When did all this happen,-Sunday?" she bolted upright. The fear that her guilt had been discovered almost horrified her.

"Winifred, do you feel ill?" asked her mother anxiously.

"No, Mother; I'm all right," she replied with an effort. But mother knew better and when her father returned to his office downstairs that afternoon Winifred was the first patient in his waiting-room, and a reluctant little patient she was, for she knew that father's medicine could give her no relief for her ailment.

But Winifred was not alone there very long. Patient number two entered and was also a little girl,—one whose curls were very familiar to Winifred.

For a moment Winifred was speechless. She struggled to speak, but it seemed that a big lump was choking her.

Little Ellen Brooks recognized her, Smilingly she came forward.

"I-I-didn't mean to-to do it," said Winifred beginning to cry. As Ellen's arms encircled the little girl she tried to find something comforting to say.

"Don't cry!" she burst forth, impressively.
"That wasn't you who pulled my hair anyway.
That was just your bad fairy acting."

Winifred looked up somewhat bewildered.

"Don't you know about the two fairies inside of you?" exclaimed Ellen, surprised. She thought every little girl in the world knew about these two fairies.

Winifred shook her head.

"Well, there are two of them in every little girl—one good fairy and one bad fairy," explained Ellen. "Don't you know when you do good acts that that's the good little fairy acting, and when you do bad acts it is the bad little fairy acting? My mother says you must keep the good little fairy busy all the time to keep the bad little fairy from acting."

A deep interest had been stirred within Winifred. She wanted at once to know more about these fairies in every little girl, so she suggested that they go out in the swing. And as Ellen shoved her she told how hard it was to keep the good little fairies busy, but her mother had assured her that every little girl can do it, if she will only set herself to the task.

Winifred's black eyes beamed mischievously as she listened to Ellen's reason for the things little girls did. Then she unclasped her coral beads from her neck and put them around Ellen's, and laughed heartily. She afterwards told her mother that the good fairy whispered in her ear and told her to do it.



Winter Sweetness

LANGSTON HUGHES

THE little house is sugar,
Its roof with snow is piled,
And from its tiny window,
Peeps a maple-sugar child.

Little Black Boy

Lucian B. Watkins

L ITTLE black boy with your little black These shall bear your Lamp of Light;

Fanned and tanned by the wild-winds fleet; Caught and kissed by the morning's cool, Christened with dew from the lily-cup pool: Sable Youth! Crown Prince of Night! Royal in the reign of Right! Heaven-born Heart! naught can destroy Your faith-bright visions, little black boy.

Little black boy with your little black hands, Seared by desert suns and sands; In the crucible of time, Seasoned for your task sublime: From the depth unto the height, These shall bear your Lamp of Light; These shall build your Rome and Troy, Beyond life's mountains, little black boy.

Little black boy with your little black head, Crinkled hair of midnight shred;
Mystic moons have wrought a grace
Into the molding of your face:
Lo, the splendor in your eyes,
Like a wonder in dark skies,
Seems a sign from worlds unknown,
Glory-gleams from a distant throne;
Ah, it is your soul, O joy!
God's gift of Love to the little black boy!





Filipino School Girls



Br'er Possum carried Mister Tortoise home on his back



ITTLE CLESS had just returned to his apartment from an excursion to the famous Bronx Park in New York City. At last his wish to see the many wonderful ani-

mals in this zoo had come to pass. But somehow they didn't interest him quite as much as he expected. Perhaps this was due to the fact that there were countless other holiday attractions, or perhaps it was because Granny couldn't go along to tell him the wonderful stories that she knew about them. But this was no grown-ups' outing-this trip. It was a holiday excursion conducted by Cless' teacher-and for kiddies only! So poor Granny had to stay at home. However, as soon as Cless began his dinner he commenced to tell Granny all about the strange animals he had seen at the park. And what do you think he imagined the funniest creature in the whole zoo?-Br'er Possum!

"Oh, Granny! You just ought to see him," shouted Cless. "He's the cutest little thing in the whole zoo. And every time you go near his cage he just stretches out and plays dead. Granny,

what makes him do that,—was he born that way?"

"Why, of course not, Cless. Haven't you ever heard how Mister Tortoise taught Br'er Possum that trick? Well," added Granny quickly—she knew Cless hadn't heard this tale—"guess I'll have to tell you—but after dinner, honey."

Now Cless had a hurry-up dinner, pushed his chair away from the table, hopped into Granny's lap and indicated his readiness to her by a soft, sweet smile that fairly danced over his little brown face.

"Now understand, Cless," explained Granny as she began, "this was many years ago, long before you were born—or even Granny. Br'er Possum was living away down in old Virginia in the hollow of a cypress tree in Chuckatuck swamp. And on the side of this same swamp, away down in a dark, crooked hole, there lived Mister Tortoise. Now Br'er Possum was a particular friend of Mister Tortoise, and used to visit him every night to get some of the delicious carrots and beets and turnips that he kept in his hole. This made life very easy for Br'er

Possum, so instead of working he just cuddled up in his hollow every day and slept till night. But one day a strange storm blew up. Big, rolling clouds hid the sun and after a while there was a heavy downpour of a mixture of sleet and snow. For three days and three nights this sleet and snow poured down so hard that neither Br'er Possum nor Mister Tortoise could go out.

"Now. Mister Tortoise was all prepared for this weather. He had already stored up his carrots and beets and turnips for his winter food, so the storm only stopped him from going fishing. Br'er Possum was not so lucky. He didn't have one bite in his hollow, so it wasn't long before he began to squeal desperately for something to eat. Naturally, just as soon as the storm lulled he crawled out of his hollow and went dragging over to Mister Tortoise's den to get something. He was hungry and weak and was therefore compelled to travel very slowly, and when he got there Mister Tortoise had just crawled out of his hole and toddled on down to the river a-fishin'. Br'er Possum wondered what to do. Should he go on down Mister Tortoise's hole and help himself to carrots and beets and turnips, or should he go down to the river and help his friend fish? He thought a while and then decided to go down to the river. But he had not gone long on his way before he met Br'er Fox.

"'Hello there, Br'er Possum,' says Br'er Fox.
'How you do this morning, and where you going so early?'

"Br'er Possum replied that he was feeling pretty hungry and was going to the river to fish with Mister Tortoise, his friend.

"'Why,' says Br'er Fox, 'I've just come from the river a-fishin' with Mister Tortoise myself, and he's caught just one little minnow fish.'

"Then Br'er Fox went on to tell Br'er Possum how Mister Tortoise had been fishing since sunrise and how he had threatened to keep on fishing till sundown if he didn't catch a big fish. Furthermore, he told Br'er Possum that Mister Tortoise had promised him some carrots and beets and turnips if he'd stay and help him fish. 'But,' said he, 'it was too cold down there for me. I just couldn't stand it.'

"Nevertheless, he had promised to go back to the river that afternoon and carry Mister Tortoise home on his back. But, of course, he didn't mean to go back to the river at all. What he really meant to do was to find Mister Tortoise's hole and rob it of the carrots and beets and turnips. So after throwing one or two hints at Br'er Possum, Br'er Fox came right out and said: 'Seems like you ought to know where Mister Tortoise lives, Br'er Possum—he's your friend.'

"'I do,' says Br'er Possum.

"'And you claim you pretty hungry?' asked Br'er Fox.

"'Yes, hungry as I can be.'

"'Well, would you listen to a scheme to get something to eat?"

"'Maybe I would,' says Br'er Possum. 'What is it?'

"'Would you go and help me rob Mister Tortoise's hole while he's at the river?'

"'Oh no! no! no!' exclaimed Br'er Possum as he wolloped his big, rough tail on the ground. 'I could never do that. He's my best friend.'

"'But how's he going to know it?' argued Br'er Fox. 'How's he going to know it when

he's at the river a-fishin'?'

"Well Br'er Fox kept on asking this question and saying, 'And yet you claim you so hungry!' till Br'er Possum got in the notion of going. So he said, 'Wait here, Br'er Fox, till I go home and get a basket and we'll go and rob Mister Tortoise.'

"Of course, Br'er Fox agreed to wait, so Br'er Possum started off to get the basket. But on his way home he began to think of the many kind things that Mister Tortoise had done for him. Now this worried Br'er Possum so much that before he got to his hollow he had completely changed his mind. So instead of going right back to Br'er Fox with the basket he took a short cut through the swamp to see if Mister Tortoise was still fishing at the river. And sure enough what did he see but a great big tortoise with his head chucked through the ice and his feet away up in the air, just a-going 'flippey-te floppey-te! flippey-te floppey-te!' He was struggling to catch a fish. Br'er Possum sneaked up behind Mister Tortoise, grabbed him by the hind legs and snatched him out of

"'Spe—u!' whistled Mister Tortoise as the cold water gushed from his mouth. 'My gracious alive, Br'er Possum, you liked to scared me to death—I thought you were Br'er Fox. Where in the world did you pop up from any way?'

"'Just from Chuckatuck Hill,' says Br'er Possum, 'and I met Br'er Fox up there.'

"'Sure enough!—what did he say?" asked Mister Tortoise.

"'Said he'd been down here a-fishin' with you all the morning. Said you'd just caught one little minnow and—!"

"Right here is where Mister Tortoise cut Br'er Possum right short and asked: "Did he say I promised him something to eat?"

"'Yes,' said Br'er Possum, 'and you better watch him too 'cause he's just been trying to get me to go with him to your hole and steal all you got.' little fish to give him enough strength to run, he took Mister Tortoise on his back and started to his hole by a round about way through the swamp. In about ten minutes they were home. Mister Tortoise slid off Br'er Possum's back and scrambled on down in his hole to wait for Br'er Fox. Now Br'er Possum started back in the same round about way to meet Br'er Fox. When he got back Br'er Fox was very



Br'er Fox and Br'er Possum hold a conference

"'A low-down scamp!' says Mister Tortoise. 'How can we get him, Br'er Possum?'

"'Just you get on my back,' says Br'er Possum, 'and let me take you to your hole. Then I'll go back and get Br'er Fox and bring him there to pretend like I'm going to steal your carrots and beets and turnips, and when he comes down in your hole you just grab him and choke him to death.'

"Now both of them agreed to this trick and as soon as Br'er Possum had gulped down the angry and asked why he had stayed so long. Br'er Possum told him that he couldn't find the basket.

"'Well,' says Br'er Fox to Br'er Possum, 'how come you panting so hard like you been running a long ways?"

"'Oh, that's because I'm hungry,' says Br'er Possum, 'I didn't run a step.'

"'Hush up your mouth, Br'er Possum,' says Br'er Fox, 'didn't I hear you way through the swamp running bookiter! bookiter! bookiter! Who you fooling? And how come your breath

smells so much like fresh fish?"

"Of course, all this was enough to make Br'er Fox suspicious, but he was so hungry and Br'er Possum played so innocent that he still thought he would take a chance in Mister Tortoise's hole. So the two hungry creatures started out. But as soon as they came to Mister Tortoise's hole and saw all the fresh tracks around it, Br'er Fox balked and declared that he would never take the chance. Well, they stood in front of the hole and fussed and argued, and argued and fussed till Br'er Possum was sure Mister Tortoise heard all they said. Then he hollered right out loud: 'Oh pshaw! Get out the way, Br'er Fox, you too scared to do anything! Get out the way! I'll go down; you stay up here and fill the basket as I bring the food up.'

"To be sure, Br'er Fox didn't object to this, so Br'er Possum crawled into the hole and slid on down to the bottom. Soon as he got down there he met Mister Tortoise and told him that they would have to think up a better trick

to catch Br'er Fox.

"'Heard every word you spoke,' said Mister Tortoise. 'Just you leave it to me, and when I tell you to squeal,-squeal loud. And when I tell you to lie down and play dead, don't squeal at all!-Do you understand?' Br'er Possum said he did. Now Mister Tortoise grabbed him by the back and pretended that there was a mighty scuffling going on. My, there was such a-squealing and a-squealing and a-grunting and a-groaning that poor Br'er Fox way at the top of the hole was just shaking with fright. Finally there was a sudden hush. Then Mister Tortoise gave Br'er Possum a butcher knife and told him to go over in the corner and lie down just like he was dead. Br'er Possum obeyed. And about that time Br'er Fox thought everything was over, so he poked his head in the

hole and hollered: 'Hello there, Mister Tor. toise.'

"'Who's that darkening this hole?" says Mister Tortoise.

"'It's me—Br'er Fox—come for the carrots and beets and turnips you promised me this morning at the river.'

"'Oh sure! sure!—come on down,' say, Mister Tortoise. 'You're the very one I'm looking for. I've just killed a great big possum, Come on down and help me skin him and I'll

give you a piece.'

"Br'er Fox went down and sure enough there was Br'er Possum all stretched out just like he was dead. Now Br'er Fox was just as tickled as he could be. He began to strut about and say, 'Oh, what a fine supper I'll have tonight! But his fun did not last long, for as soon as he turned his back, Mister Tortoise jumped on him, grabbed him by his throat so he couldn't squeal, and then hollered for Br'er Possum to come on with his butcher knife. Br'er Possum came. And while Mister Tortoise held Br'er Fox by his long mouth, Br'er Possum cut Br'er Fox's head clean off. That same night they skinned him and baked him and ate him for their supper. And after supper they talked much of this trick of playing dead. Br'er Possum liked it so well that he took it up, played it once or twice on Br'er Rabbit, and since that day he has played it on everybody but Mister Tortoise."

Granny's tale was finished. She tickled little Cless under his chin and asked him if he thought he could tell the story of how Br'er Possum learned to play dead. He assured her that he could. So now she pressed his little round face close to hers and literally smothered him with soft kisses. Then she slipped him from her lap and told him that he might join the romping holiday kiddies out in the street below.



Fairies LANGSTON HUGHES

O UT of the dust of dreams,
Fairies weave their garments;
Out of the purple and rose of old memories,
They make rainbow wings.
No wonder we find them such marvellous
things!

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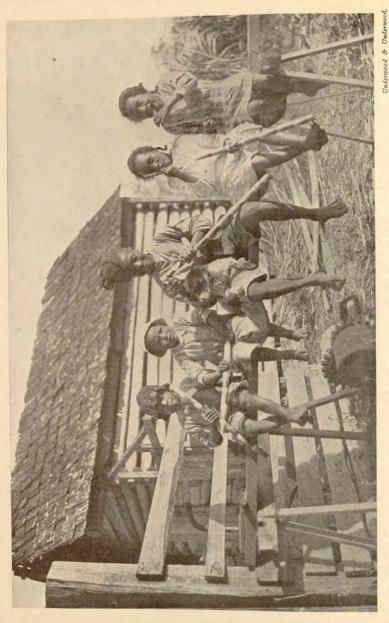
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ANNETTE CHRISTINE BROWNE



INDY ANN turned over in bed, half raised up and looked out of the window, regarding dolefully the downpour of rain that had been going on for some time.

"Now ain't that too bad!" she said to herself. "'Twas to be me an' Aunt Venie's day to clean at ole Miss Jennie's, which is bad enough, and now I'll get to stay at home, but can't have no fun because it's goin' to rain all day. I'd just as soon be cleaning at ole Miss Jennie's." She reflected a moment. "Of course it's goin' to rain all day," she quickly added. "Aunt Venie says it's bad luck to start anything on Friday you're not goin' to finish, an' the good Lord started this day with rain so He's goin' to finish it just so, I know."

You can see that Cindy Ann had a style of her own in forming conclusions. Oh, yes, she was a funny little girl. She couldn't help it. She lived in a funny little place—the sort of place where people believe all sorts of funny things, you know, like: if you comb your hair at night, it will make you forgetful; if you sing before breakfast, you'll be in a fuss before night; if you meet a cross-eyed person in the morning, you'll have bad luck all day, and a lot of other such funny things that your grandmother knew about.

"Might's well sleep some more. Can't do nothin' today." So saying, she settled herself for another nap and just as she and a funny frog had nearly finished a big toad-stool—"Cindy! Oh, Cindy! You goin' to sleep all day?" Aunt Ven'e's voice rang out from the kitchen.

Cindy Ann jumped up, ducked her head to keep from butting against the toad-stool, but her eyes opened wide and looking out of the window she saw that it was not raining nearly as hard as when she first awoke.

"Hurry on, an' don't keep me waitin' breakfast so long," called Aunt Venie somewhat fretfully. She too seemed to be bothered by the rain.

Cindy Ann was about to jump out of the nearest side of the bed but quickly jumped back and got out the other way saying, "Not on the wrong side of the bed, and on a rainy morning too!"

She put on her clothes so hurriedly, she didn't notice that her dress was put on and buttoned up wrong side out. A funny looking little object she was in her faded, worn, blue calico dress which when properly worn was shabby enough, but worn thus with the raw edges of two bright calico patches showing, and here and there a place where her little brown fingers had mended, she was a sight indeed.

Aunt Venie was so busy thinking of other things that she took no notice of Cindy Ann's looks.

"Let's hurry and get through", she said. "It's late now an' I want to put in my day at Miss Jennie's if I can; I'm engaged to go somewhere else tomorrow."

Cindy's face fell. "Oh, Aunt Venie. I thought we'd stay at home today since 'twas rainin'. It'll be such bad walkin' gettin' to ole Miss Jennie's, an' it's so worrisome cleanin' at her ole pokey house. She's just so particular 'bout that ugly ole furniture an' ain't always handin' you out cake or somethin' nice like Miss Foster. I wish we'd stay at home today."

"Yes, an' if wishes were horses, beggars would ride," rejoined Aunt Venie. "Wishin' ain't feedin' us nor clothin' us nor keepin' a roof over our heads. I can't afford to miss a day's work if I can help it. If the rain holds up, an' I hope it will, we'll go to Miss Jennie's. We'll have to pick our way best we can till we reach the sidewalk."

Aunt Venie was a kind-hearted soul and really loved her little orphan niece, but her time and thoughts were taken up mostly with the hard, every day things of life and she seldom showed any affection. She had been a widow for eight years and was struggling to see the last cent of debt paid off the little place that she and Cindy Ann called home. Unlike Cindy Ann, Aunt Venie never liked to miss her day at "Miss Jennie's" even though the "thankey-pan" was not much in evidence there as at some other places where she worked. Perhaps her feeling toward Miss Jennie was due to the fact that they were both bearing a cross and had a fellow sympathy for each other.

Miss Jennie, or Virginia Gordon Hansberry as she signed herself, came from a family that had been wealthy and famous in the "befo' de war" times. Their glory, however, vanished with the southern confederacy. The close of the war found Virginia bereft of home, family, and money save a mere pittance. After that she made her home with an uncle and aunt, old Colonel Gordon and wife.

Old Colonel Gordon was a typical old-time Southerner whose most marked characteristics were his eccentricities. No one was certain of his financial standing at the close of the confederacy. Some believed that his fortune had not suffered from the war, while many believed the opposite. The old Colonel, however, lived in as dignified and as unpretentious a manner as ever and left people to think what they might. But at his death there was still no money in evidence, which left folks no longer in doubt concerning his financial status.

After the old Colonel's death Virginia and her Aunt lived quite secluded, doing almost no visiting or receiving. After the Aunt's death Virginia was left alone in the old house—alone with her memories of early days, alone with the old furniture that Cindy Ann hated so.

Cindy Ann tried to hurry through her breakfast but with every mouthful of food that went in, a mouthful of talk came out.

"One thing I do like about ole Miss Jennie, she calls me Lucinda which is bad enough but not so bad as 'Cindy'. I wish I'd been named Lucile or Luella. Don't any girls I read about in books have such old-timey names as Cindy Ann."

"I don't see anythin' wrong with your name," spoke Aunt Venie sharply. "Your grandmother was named Cindy an' your mother was named Ann. If those names were good 'nough for them, they ought to be good 'nough for you. You've got too high-flown ideas anyhow to be poor."

"But maybe we won't be poor always, Aunt Venie. Anyway, I like to pretend we ain't. J like to pretend that we're eatin' in a fine dining-room like Miss Foster's an' that my ole calico dress is one of her fine mornin' gowns an'—"

"Gracious me, child! How you talk!" interrupted Aunt Venie. "Your clothes," she observed, looking for the first time at Cindy Ann's dress, "are—my goodness—if you haven't got your dress on wrong side outwards!"



t

"Seven long years of bad luck on us!"

"So it is," laughed Cindy Ann. "It's a wonder I hadn't noticed it. I'll change it right away."

"Oh, no," said Aunt Venie. "Don't change it now. You must keep it on till twelve o'clock." "Why, Aunt Venie? I've got time to change

it, ain't I?"
"Yes, but when you put your dress on wrong side outwards without knowing it, if you keep

it on until twelve o'clock, it'll bring good luck."
"Oh, Aunt Venie, I don't want to wear it
through the streets this way. It looks bad an'
shabby 'nough anyhow. I don't want to wear
it this way," wailed poor, proud Cindy Ann.

"Wearin' your dress that way ain't goin' to hurt you a bit, Cindy Ann. You're too proud to be poor. Help me clear off the table quick so we can start out. It's past time I was at

work."

It was in no pleasant frame of mind that Cindy Ann performed at Miss Jennie's the tasks which, when in her best humor, she disliked. She was a proud little soul, always sensitive at her shabby clothes, and the thought of being seen wearing her dress wrong side outwards took all the cheerfulness from her usually sunny self.

Miss Jennie noticed the change in her expression and movements. "You don't look so well, Lucinda. You're not sick, I hope?"

"No'm," answered Cindy Ann, hoping she wouldn't notice her dress.

But she did. "Why I do believe you're wearing your dress wrong side outwards," she said, regarding poor Cindy Ann with some amusement.

"Yes'm, I put it on this way without knowing it an' Aunt Venie says I must keep it on till twelve o'clock for good luck."

"Well," smiled Miss Jennie. "I hope it will bring us all some good luck. I'd be glad to see it."

When noon came Cindy was engaged in cleaning Miss Jennie's tall, old-fashioned mirror, which task she accomplished with the aid of a stool. After cleaning the higher part, she paused, surveying the mirror, and for the first time that day beheld herself. As she stood there observing herself the hurt feeling gave way to one of overflowing amusement. She never imagined that she could have looked that funny. The longer she looked, the harder she laughed. Cindy Ann's spirits had risen and forgetting her work she commenced prancing about on the stool in a most clownish fashion.

'rnen, all of a sudden—she didn't know then how it happened and never could tell afterwards—the old stool jumped out from under her, or she slipped off from it. Anyway, they both fell. Both Cindy Ann and the stool were unhurt, but it fell against the old-fashioned mirror and broke it.

The noise brought Aunt Venie to the spot and on seeing the sight she wailed, "Oh mercy me, child! Now you've gone an' broke the mirror an' brought seven long years of bad luck on us. Oh Lord, Oh Lord!"

Miss Jennie viewed the broken mirror and the frightened Cindy Ann and though she regretted the loss of the old mirror, yet felt a little amusement.

"Oh well, it can't be helped, I suppose. Perhaps it was too much for Lucinda. We'll just move it out."

"Yes'm, but it ought to be hurried, Miss Jennie—hurried right away to help keep back the bad luck," said Aunt Venie.

"Perhaps so," was the answer, "but we'd better take out this broken glass before attempting to move it." So saying, she pulled out a piece of the glass and stopping with an exclamation of surprise, she stood with incredulous amazement stamped on her face.

Aunt Venie and Cindy Ann looked and saw wedged in between the glass and the back of the mirror something green and musty looking.

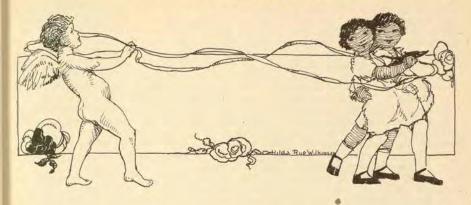
Miss Jennie pulled out what proved to be a number of paper bills which eccentric old Colonel Gordon had hidden before his death. He had found this old-fashioned mirror with its box-like back a splendid receptacle for his small hoard.

It is needless to say that consternation was soon changed to joy. "Well, Lucinda," smiled Miss Jennie, "wearing your dress wrong side outwards did bring us the good luck after all."

Cindy Ann smiled. She didn't want any more of wearing dresses wrong side outwards. When they left for home Aunt Venie had in her pocket much more than the amount due her for her day's cleaning.

"Now, Aunt Venie," said Cindy Ann, "you see it ain't true that breaking a mirror brings bad luck."

"Oh yes it is true, honey," said Aunt Venie, shaking her head. "You had on your dress wrong side outwards an' that turned the luck. If you had gone an' changed your dress this mornin', this good luck never would 'uv come."



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY



LL historians agree that the fourteenth of February was named after an early Christian priest of Rome who was cruelly murdered way back in the third century.

The story goes that his remains still rest in the Church of St. Praxedes at Rome where a gate was named after him—Porta Valentini (Valentine's gate).

That is a sad memory to preserve and perhaps no one would rejoice more than poor St. Valentine that very few people connect this memory with the day which bears his name. On the other hand, very few people are able to tell just why it is that the ideas which all of us connect with the fourteenth of February should have sprung up.

It is probable that the name of the day and the customs rose from different sources. The day, as I have said above, was named to do honor to this martyred priest, but the custom of men and women exchanging love tokens was connected with certain feast days which used to occur in ancient Rome and which used to take place around the fourteenth and fifteenth of February.

On the eve of these feast days the names of Roman girls were put in a box and drawn out by chance by young Roman men. This was called a lottery and it was in this way that the custom was first transferred to England many, many centuries ago.

An old historian—Misson by name—tells how in England and Scotland lads and lassies used to gather in equal numbers on the day before St. Valentine's Day. Each one would write his name—real or pretended—on a separate slip of paper which would be rolled up and placed, the men's names by themselves in one box, and the girls' names in another. Then each girl would draw by chance or by lot a name from the men's box, and the men would draw a name from the girls' box.

Each girl would then have a man for her partner whom she called her valentine and each man would have a girl for partner whom he called his valentine. Of course since the girl would not always draw from the men's box, the name of the man who would draw hers from the girls' box, it happened that each girl and each man had two valentines. The way this problem was solved was for the man to choose the girl whose name he drew, rather than the girl by whom his name was drawn.

The girls must have liked this arrangement very much, for usually the man not only wore the name of the lady in his button-hole or on his cuff for several days, but he was supposed to give one or several parties for her and to send her gifts and various favors. Naturally these attentions often ended in love.

Usually this game was played only by single people, but at one time, especially during the reign of King Charles II., both married and single might be chosen as valentines. Then the person who was chosen was supposed to give a present to the person who chose him. This was pretty hard if you were chosen by someone whom you did not like.

There were some quaint and interesting beliefs connected with St. Valentine's Day. A great many people believed that this was the day when birds chose their mates and that the chance meeting of a single man and woman on this date was of great importance, because it meant that the two were to become sweethearts. The first unmarried man that a girl met, or the first unmarried woman that a single man met on St. Valentine's Day, was destined to become the other's husband or wife, respectively.

As far back as 1755 a girl writes in a celebrated newspaper of the times:

Last Friday was Valentine's Day and the night before I got five bay-leaves and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow and the fifth in the middle; and then if I dreamed of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed, ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names on bits of paper and rolled them up in clay and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it?—Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay abed and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world.

If she liked Mr. Blossom that was a wise thing for her to do especially if she believed

with Gay, the poet:

On Valentine Day . . . the first swain we see, In spite of Fortune shall our true love be.

In olden times no comic valentines were sent, only courteous messages of affection and love. Thus no one's feelings were ever wounded and the valentine really was what it ought to be according to the Latin word from which it is taken, a message of "well-being".

"R."

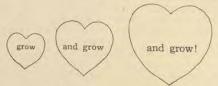


A VALENTINE

If you of me should cease to think, My heart would



But if of me you'd think, you know My heart would



BE MY VALENTINE!



THE JUDGE



ILHELMINA—Isn't it a shame that there's so little work for laboring people?

Billy—I got a lot of things for you to do if you've got a bit of

time

The Judge—And so have I, for you and everybody. The back-yard needs sweeping; the house has needed painting for years; the pavement out in front should be repaired; the gas is and has been wretched for ages; and there is that copying—

William—Sister doesn't mean what she says.
Of course there's work to do and always is for

that matter.

The Judge—And people anxious to work? William—Yes.

The Judge—Well then—to your Jobs, O Idle. Wilhelmina—But they can't work without pay.

The Judge-Who asked them to?

William—Nobody—but nobody offers pay for work—at least in a million cases. There isn't enough money.

The Judge—Piffle! There's too much money,
—that's what makes money cheap.

Billy—Goody! Is money getting cheap?

The Judge—Certainly, money is cheap and that makes high prices. You see it's not so much money that's wanted, it's food.

Wilhelmina—O, I see—well then there's a scarcity of food.

William—But there isn't. The crops are the biggest in years, our teacher says, and Australia has wool stored up, and Cuba has sugar, and Mississippi has cotton, and there's corn to burn in Kansas!

Wilhelmina—I see the trouble. There's nobody to buy,

The Judge—Why not? Germany needs food and has dye-stuffs to pay for it; Russia needs clothes and has wheat to exchange; China has tea to pay for engines; India makes carpets and needs houses; Africa has palm oil and wants tools; South America—

Billy-Well why don't the fools-

The Judge—Fools, yes that's it. Fools. All of us fools fought a long, cruel, bloody and unnecessary war and we not only killed our boys—we killed Faith and Hope.

William—Well I don't see what Faith and Hope have to do with Food and Clothes.

The Judge-No, you don't and a good many very much wiser and bigger and older men than you pooh-poohed at Faith and Hope. But if we had Faith that Germany would pay for the food we could send her, in addition to her other vast debts-and if Russia had Faith that England would give her wool for wheat instead of seizing it to pay the Czar's old debts; and if France had Hope that Germany did not want to fight-see? Always, everywhere, Faith and Hope must underlie human action. The world is not founded on a rock, but on Spirit-the Spirit of Peace and Good Will. And they who kill the Spirit, put men out of work, and freeze women, and starve children, and lynch Negroes, and bait Jews, and raise the thing that we rightly call Hell.

Billy-Do you think it right to swear?

The Judge—There is a time for all things. And it is now time for you, Sir, to go to bed.

Wilhelmina—I suppose you're right and all that, but aren't Faith and Hope a little—well—airy for foundations? You see, commerce and trade and laborers and wages seem so solid and real.

The Judge—Which is the more real? Things or Thoughts about Things?

Wilhelmina-Things, of course.

William—No, Thoughts,—because without Thoughts there'd be no Things.

Wilhelmina—Nonsense! That's like saying that without eyes there'd be no light, and that in the land of the deaf there are no sounds.

The Judge-Well, are there?

Wilhelmina-I don't know.

The Judge—Neither do I. But certainly as between Thoughts and Things, Love and Lead, Faith and Fudge—Thought, Love and Faith are the real, the good and the true.

MPHONTHOLO NE SHULO

(The Lion and the Hare)

C. KAMBA SIMANGO

This experience took place when all the animals except Shulo gathered together to dig a well. When the well was finished, Shulo was caught stealing water from the well and the lion, being king of the animals, was the judge; but the hare (Shulo) outwitted all the animals present.



RIOR to this time the lion had had only one personal experience with the hare. Nevertheless, Mphontholo (the lion) had heard of the worldwide reputation of Shulo (the

hare) in all the animal world. Shulo had the reputation of being the only person who could think fast enough in any emergency and could think straight and always succeed in finding out or striking upon the right plan that would enable him to overcome the obstacles which confronted him at the moment. He was the father of all tricks and a man possessed of natural ability to use most of his tricks to the best advantage. He outwitted all the animals in playing games as well as in some serious matters of his every day life. So with this unsurpassed reputation when the three children of Mambo Mphontholo (King Lion) were born, the king and queen could not think of a better person to take care of them than Shulo, who possessed all these marvelous achievements, and to teach their children all that he knew about his art and tricks.

The King Lion sent for Shulo and when Shulo came he was told that the king was going to ask him to take charge of his three children and that he was to devote his time to teaching these children all that he knew about the games and general wisdom. Shulo was to stay with the children in a fenced house. No one was allowed to go in to see the children; even the mother and father were not allowed to come in, but they were to see the children from the outside.

The lion was to have meat and other food brought to Shulo and the children every day. Shulo agreed to take charge of the king's chil-

dren, so the next day he began his work with them, teaching them some of the simple games, such as ku hzalano (running after each other), kubaya kata (a ring game) and no kumphuka (hopping game).

When the evening came, King Lion and his wife passed by the house where the children were. They stood on the outside and Shulo lifted each child on the platform so that their parents could see them. The parents asked how the children spent their first day learning the games. "Did all of them behave well with you?"

Shulo assured the parents that all three of them did well considering that it was their first time learning the games.

Many days passed and Shulo was at his task teaching the three children. And the father and mother of the children did not fail to bring to Shulo and the children all the best meat they could find. They hunted far and wide and at Shulo's recommendation certain parts of meat were brought to the children. Every evening the lion never failed to come to inquire after the health and progress of his children and Shulo lifted them on the platform so that their parents could see them.

The hopping game included the jumping of suspended poles, jumping across the trenches and over the blazing flames of fire. One day as Shulo and his pupils were going through their daily gymnastic exercises, jumping over the things I mentioned above, one of the pupils fell in the blazing fire and was immediately burned to death. Shulo, as he always had done, thought of the way he was going to get out of the trouble. When the evening came, the lion came to inquire after the children's health and progress. Shulo lifted up the children on the platform. He lifted up one child twice, saying as before, "Lingiloup ih zinthinya" ("look at this one,-he is very fat"). The lion was satisfied to see that the children were getting along nicely.

Two days later the second child also met his death during these daily exercises, so when the evening came Shulo lifted up one child three



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"Lingiloup ih zinthinya" ("look at this one-he is very fat").

times, so that the lion could see all three of his children. All three of them were manthikinya (very fat). The following day the last child also was burned to death while he was trying to jump over the blazing flames of fire. Shulo did not waste time, but he immediately thought of a scheme by which he could rid himself of the extreme difficulty in which he was. So he went about scratching himself up, ruffling his hair and bleeding himself here and there all over his body. When the evening came, the lion found Shulo outside of the enclosed house, crying. The gate of the house was broken. The lion asked what was the matter. Shulo repeated the sad and heart-breaking story of how the baboons broke the gate and got inside the house and killed all three of the lion's children and that the baboons almost killed Shulo while he was trying to defend the little ones. baboons did this to avenge themselves of the wrongs inflicted upon them by the lion and his family.

If this were true, Shulo shared the baboons' view because it had not been very long since when the lion had pronounced a death sentence upon Shulo and the latter was brought to the

former as a prisoner.

The lion was enraged beyond measure. He and his wife were bent upon killing all the baboons they could find. That same evening the lion and some of his friends went to the place where the baboons were sleeping peaceably and killed a good many of them. Only a few escaped and these were chased about but they succeeded in effecting their escape by climbing into the trees where the lion could not get them.

The next day a few of the remaining baboons called upon the lion. They wanted to know why he had come to their place and killed some of them. As far as they knew they had not wronged the lion nor any member of his family, in fact it was the lion who had wronged them. The lion at first would not listen to what the baboons had to say, but finally the baboons and the lion went to see the place where the chil-

dren had been with Shulo. They looked the place over and found no trace of the baboons having been there at the time the children were killed. The lion told the baboons that he was sorry that perhaps he had killed their friends without justification, but that he had acted upon what Shulo had told him.

The lion suspected Shulo of having killed the children, so he started after Shulo. He found him at his home and without further argument the lion, showing his anger, was ready to jump upon Shulo. He told Shulo that it was he who had killed the children and shifted the murder upon the baboons. With threatening words the lion started towards Shulo who ran as fast as he could away from the lion. After a chase of several hours the lion was gaining ground. Shulo was tired and he knew that if he continued to run, the lion was going to capture him and kill him. He did not know what to do.

While he was thus puzzled he saw a big rock leaning over. He saw his chance under that rock, so he ran under it and held the rock up with his fore legs. The lion, coming at full speed, came under it. Shulo, immediately, as the lion came under it, said "Chekulu batililinyi buwe linotiwila" ("Sir, hold the rock, or it will fall on us"). The lion felt that keeping the rock from falling, was for his interest as well as it was Shulo's, so he forgot all about his desire of wanting to kill Shulo and held the rock.

Shulo left the lion holding the rock, saying "Kuti walegela buwe lino kuneila" ("If you let go the rock, it will fall on you"). Shulo went away about his business and left the lion holding the rock. He stayed under that rock for many days and nights without food or sleep. At last he was so tired, hungry and sleepy that he fell down, half scared that the rock was going to crush him; but he could not hold it any longer. But to his surprise he found that the rock did not fall on him. He dragged himself out from under the rock. What he needed then was to get something to eat before he could resume his chase after Shulo.



Since .

MARY EFFIE LEE
INCE of the sun, the moon and me,
Nature's the common mother,
The moon my sister sweet must be:

The sun, my smiling brother.



Bert Williams



Company, for a long time. Then he came to be people fail to see the show.

O you think, BROWNIES, that some the only colored actor in the Ziegfeld "Follies," day little Ernest will be as great a -one of the most celebrated shows in New comedian as our Bert Williams? York City. He is now starring with George Mr. Williams, you know, is a Lemaire in "Broadway Brevities." When the great comedian. He played in a name Bert Williams is displayed in big electric show of his own,-the Williams and Walker lights, it is really an advertisement,-and few

GHOSTS AND KITTENS

JESSIE FAUSET



HE moment I saw Mary Henderson I was sure that whatever mother might think of her, we children could never stand her. Oliver and Bill and the rest had sent me down

to give her the once-over. I walked into the dining-room where she and mother were having their interview, pretending that I had left my embroidery hoop there, though it was really safe up in my room. A big, yellow woman she was, with a hard wart down in the corner of her face. When I came in she looked at me and said:

"This is your oldest girl, the one that's to help with the dishes?"

"Yes," said my mother weakly, avoiding my glance which even though I am not thirteen yet, can be very severe. "Yes, this is my oldest girl Rosemary. Of course she'll help you with the dishes if you want her to."

I knew she would want me to. She was just that kind. I went back and told the rest of the children about it. "I'm sorry for you boys," I finished. "I bet she makes you go on errands and take down the clothes-lines and beat rugs."

Oliver, who is very dark brown, turned almost pale at this for he is beginning to be quite a dude. He pretends it's because he goes to High School and the other fellows dress, but it's really because Maude Merchant has moved on our street and he wants her to think he looks nice. He hates the thought of dust in his hair or of getting his clothes mussed up.

"Not a bit like Deborah, I suppose?" he asked me.

"Wish we could have old Deb back," said Billy mournfully.

Cordelia spoke up, "You know what mother says, said she'd never have her in the house again."

"Just as though Deborah never wanted to go away and have some time to herself!" either Jarvis or Steve broke in indignantly. They are twins and think exactly alike and usually speak exactly alike. I don't remember which one said this, but I know it was one of them.

"I never saw mother so set," said Oliver.
"Just what was it all about? Do you know,
Rosemary?"

"Oh just the usual thing—the thing Deborah's always done ever since she's been with us. She got tired one day, I suppose, of hardly ever having any time to herself, and she said—you know how she talks—'Mis' Fores', aw Mis 'Fores', b'lieve I'll jus' light out fer a few days an' take a vacation. My ole man's kinda lonely an' my gal Lucy ain't such a turrible fine cook. Seems to me I oughta go home an' look after 'im a bit. Reckon you an' all these childrun here can get 'long without me fer a coupla weeks.'"

"Mother got real mad," Jarvis struck up, "and said, 'Mind, Deborah, if you go this time, you needn't come back. You'll do this thing once too often.'"

\"And old Deb only smiled, I'll bet," said Billy.

"That's it," I told him. "She said, 'Aw Mis' Fores', chile, you only jokin'. Reckon I don' get tired of workin' too like ever' one else?" But mother was really vexed about it and said she'd get some one else. It was that week-end you were at Grandpa Kingsley's, Oliver,—you and Bill."

Oliver nodded. "Wish to goodness she'd come back," he groaned.

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All of us wished that, for whatever mother may have thought of old Deb, she certainly was a success with us and we with her. She was big and capable and dark—about Oliver's color—with bright, black eyes and a ready smile. Mother thought we all ought to do a little housework, but Deb as a rule didn't want us under her feet. However, to please mother she'd let us come out in the kitchen. "Just keep out of my way," she'd boom, "that's all."

And how we did work for her when she'd let us! The boys always kept the wood-box and coal scuttles full. If the grocer's boy forgot anything it was, "All right, Deb, don't you worry. I'll stop by on my way from school and get it for you." Cordelia and I used to break our necks helping to scour the tins and wash dishes. We never thought of leaving our clothes around for her to pick up on sweeping day,

though very often other times our rooms looked like ships at sea, Billy used to say. Oliver used to write letters for her and help her with her accounts.

And Deborah—she made special little pies and cakes for us. If Cordelia or I had a party, she could always manage to make us a freezer of ice-cream. When Stephen tore his best pants she mended and pressed them so nobody ever guessed it. If mother was willing to let us go to the "supper-show" it was, "Run along out of here now to your old movies. I don't need you around my kitchen." And she'd do all the dishes herself. Mother has some one else come in and do the washing, but Deborah would find time to wash Betty's and Cordelia's and my white dresses, and iron and flute them till they were too pretty to put on.

She adored Betty, the baby, as Betty did her.

But so did all of us.
"Of course father
and mother know
right away as soon
as anything happens to us," Billy
used to say, "but
Deborah knows it
beforehand."

And now she was gone and mother wouldn't let her come back, simply because she had decided to take one of her vacations, as she always did

about every six months. She never stayed away more than three weeks and when she returned she was always as delighted to see us as we were to see her, and would fix us the most delicious things to eat.

Mother used to get so cross. We never could see why or father either, I think. "Why shouldn't she have a vacation, Molly? And, anyway, you're always saying you want these children to learn how to work. When she goes away that's a good chance for them."

But mother would shake her head. "It's the principle of the thing, Oliver," I'd hear her say, though I never knew what she meant.

Now here was Deborah gone and mother insisting that she remain, and Mary Henderson take her place.

Well Mary Henderson certainly made things

hard for us. She was a splendid housekeeper, neat and clean and a good cook. And she really was nearly always busy, as she'd have to be in a household of seven children and two grownups. But she had one very serious fault. She could not bear to work without letting you know it and getting you in it too. With Deborah work had been a sort of game which she played at very easily and which I really think she enjoyed. I've seen her stop in the midst of getting dinner and sit down and read the "funnies".

But you'd never see Mary Henderson doing that. No sir-ree! She'd begin, "Mrs. Forest, if the girls could do the dishes tonight, I'd be able to start on the vegetables for dinner tomorrow. Since you're going to have company I'll need a little help." And as for the twins and Billy and Oliver! It really was wonderful

> how much work she could find for them to do even on Saturday afternoons.

We used to drop in at Deborah's on our way home from school—she lived on a small street right back of us but at the other end of the block—and tell her about it. She'd listen very earnestly, for she was well rested by now and would have been



Stephen and Jarvis

glad to get back to work.

"Deborah, you can't think how we miss you. Couldn't you fix it up with mother?"

"Law, chile, you know how you' ma is, turrible sot. I ain't goin' to ask her nuthin'. Of course if she should send fer me, that'd be diffrunt."

"If we fix it. Deb. vou'll come back?"

"Watch me. Don' you all want some cookies? I'm bakin' tomorrow. Rosemary, you stop by an' I'll show you how to make some of them teeny little pop-overs whut Betty likes so well. How is my precious lambkin?"

"Oh she's all right, Deborah, only she misses you. She can't stand Mary Henderson. Wish to goodness you were back."

"Can't we do anything?" Oliver asked that evening. He was in the deepest gloom, for

Mary had found some new job for him after dinner which "just ought to be done this evening, Mrs. Forest." We all knew that Oliver had planned to go to the "movies." Maude Merchant was to be there with her sister and Oliver could have sat next to her.

The twins who read Dick Deadwood the Daring Desperado suggested poison, "We could put

it in the soup just as easy-"

"And kill all of us! Don't be silly!" Cordelia snapped.

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The very next day Mary Henderson herself gave us a slight hint. Cordelia, whose business it was these days to fill the salt-cellars, spilt a heap of salt. Mary Henderson almost fainted.

"My goodness, child! Now we're going to have bad luck for ages. Here, before you clean it up throw some over your left shoulder!" She

did it herself.

Billy, who was in the kitchen too pottering around on one of those "Henderson jobs" as the boys called them, pricked up his ears. "You don't believe in that kind of thing, Mary?"

"Of course I do!" And off she went on a long account of the way bad luck befalls people. She kept Billy listening for nearly an hour. We noticed he seemed very thoughtful at dinner.

Afterwards when we were all up in the living-room getting our lessons, Billy shut both doors, came back and stood in front of us looking very mysterious.

"She believes in ghosts!" he whispered.

All of us knew whom he meant.

"She would!" said Oliver scornfully. "You'd never catch old Deb believing in any nonsense like that!"

"But don't you see," Billy went on, "we can get rid of her?"

Well we had a long talk, but I don't suppose anything would have come of it if it had not been for the black kitten.

Betty had a small, black kitten which she was very fond of. As we are all crazy about Betty, who is a much nicer baby than ever Cordelia or either of the twins was, we were all devoted to "Mister", the kitten. All that is excepting Mary Henderson; she didn't like cats she said. nasty, creeping things always underfoot. For her part she believed in saying "scat" to them and driving them away.

"Mister" could not get used to her. He had been treated so kindly, it never entered his little

cat-head that any one really meant to be cross to him. Mary would give him a slap now and then, but he couldn't make up his mind to stay away from her. On one particular day Mary was just about to open the oven door with the dish-towel held loosely in her hand when "Mister", thinking this was something for him to play with, put up a tiny, black paw and pulled it out of her grasp. And Mary Henderson burnt her hand. She was so angry that she drove "Mister" around the kitchen and out the back door, into the freezing bitterness of a February afternoon.

We came home from school and found Betty sitting on the lowest stair-step, her little face

all swollen.

"I cwied and cwied; I stamped my foot, but she wouldn't let the kitty come back. I looked out the window for him, and he looked at me: then he walked away. He's dead, my kitty, I know he is. He's frizzen."

"Why didn't you call mother?" asked Billy

angrily. "Don't cry so, Baby."

"Muvver was out and Fader hadn't come home. I told him my big brother Noliver would hurt her. Oh Noliver, you will, won't you?"

"You bet I'll fix her someway, Betty," said Oliver and marched off to the kitchen.

I think Mary Henderson was a little frightened herself; this wasn't a day to turn a fly out of doors, let alone a little petted kitten, But she wouldn't own up.

"He was always underfoot," she told Oliver, "and I couldn't be pestered with him. I'll speak to your mother about him, though I think you're making a lot of fuss over an old black cat. He'll

be coming back anyway." But Wednesday and Thursday passed and no "Mister". Betty cried herself almost sick and nothing that even mother could say would comfort her. She wouldn't hear of another kitten. All of us shunned Mary Henderson as though she were the plague-all except Billy who seemed actually to be getting chummy.

Jarvis and Steve spoke to him about this. But Bill winked. "Guess I know what I'm about."

Friday was Washington's birthday and we had a holiday. Our parents went to town together and were to go to a party that night. We children and Mary Henderson would be alone in the house until two or three o'clock Saturday morning.

Now was our chance—if ever—to fix her.

"And we'll fix her," said Bill. "Listen, know what I've been talking about to her these days? About ghosts. 'Member that book Uncle Steve gave Steve and Jarvis for Christmas that time, all about the jungle and how eastern people believe animals sometimes are dead folks come to life in another form? I told Mary Henderson that I didn't believe a word of it—but she does! She dreamed last night about the little kitten. 'Oh Willy,' she says—wouldn't it jar you to hear her call me 'Willy'—'Oh Willy, suppose the kitten died in the cold and should come back to haunt me?"

"'I suppose the kitten is dead—poor "Mister"
—'but he won't come back,' I told her, 'don't
vou fear!'

"Know what she said? She dreamed about him last night, a big, black cat he was, on a stretcher and a lot of white ghosts with him and—"

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All of us had the idea at once.

"We'll do it," I shouted. "We'll be ghosts and we'll chant..."

"I'll be the cat," said Cordelia.

"On the pie-board," said Oliver, "and Stephen and Jarvis will walk on each side and Rosemary in front, and because I'm the tallest, I'll walk in back and we'll—"

"Chant," said I, "something awful like-

'When you murdered this poor creature,

You murdered my soul too!"
"And then we'll moan—"

"Should I say miau?" asked Cordelia.

We thought she'd better not do that.

My but we were good children that day. There were a thousand "Henderson jobs" but we did them without a murmur. All of us were nicer to Mary Henderson than we'd ever been. Bill in particular talked to her for a long time. Oliver going out into the kitchen overheard him talking to Mary about the ghosts of cats. Mary looked at him.

"Ain't it awful, Oliver? Suppose the kitten should come back?"

"Nonsense!" Oliver said sharply, "Bill, I'll tell father on you if you don't quit talking such stuff. Don't think about it anymore, Mary, or first thing you'll be dreaming about cats and imagining you're seeing them, when you won't really be seeing anything of the sort. There's no such thing as ghosts."

He left the kitchen then, but Bill stayed on.

When he joined us later on he was in high spirits,

"She's just as afraid and shivery!"

Such fun as we had getting ready! Mother had a Hallowe'en party last year. She was a witch and Cordelia her black cat, so Cordelia had a nice furry suit all ready. The boys were each to wear a suit of father's summer "undies"—you should have seen Stephen and Jarvis in them! I wore a single sheet wound around me and tied tight in the middle. And for our heads I fixed small guest pillow-cases, tying them far enough from the bottom to make them fit us close and let the rest of them fall down or stand up, just as it happened.

Oliver called Mary Henderson down to the cellar to explain something to her about the furnace, and Billy and the twins sneaked the pie-board out of the kitchen.

Mary Henderson slept in the middle room on the third floor. Her room had three doors, one opening into the hall on the front staircase, one into the third story back and one into the third story front. She is cold-blooded, so in the winter she doesn't raise her windows at night like my physiology teacher says you should, but sleeps with the doors leading into the other two rooms open. She says this gives her a current of air.

The back staircase is a closed-in staircase and opens right into the third story back room. But we never use it and since Mary is the only person on the third floor she goes up by the front stairs.

By nine o'clock we had all gone to our rooms, Mary Henderson really was sleepy, for she had cleaned that day, and Cordelia and Jarvis and Stephen all went to bed. But Oliver and Bill and I sat up in Oliver's room and talked and before we knew it, it was half past eleven. We got the children up then, for we expected father and mother home any time after one. It was lots of fun dressing. When we had all finished we tip-toed into mother's room and looked at ourselves in mother's big pier-glass. Oliver had smeared something on our faces that a boy had given him in his chemistry class, and it made us shine with a strange, greenish light that really was rather awful.

Then we pattered up the back staircase, Jarvis and Stephen carrying the pie-board and Oliver and Billy carrying Cordelia in her black cat suit, which wasn't meant to climb stairs in. They had a hard time too, for that staircase is

narrow and Cordelia, who is chunky, is some weight.

We got in the room without a sound. Stephen, Bill, Jarvis and I held the board while Oliver hoisted Cordelia on it. Then we walked slowly and noiselessly into Mary Henderson's room.

I wish we could have seen ourselves. We really must have looked frightful, for we were certainly a success. We went in the room, groaning very faintly.

Mary Henderson sat up in bed and put one hand over her eyes.

When we got up to the bed we stopped and chanted:

"You murdered our body; So we bring you our souls. Find us somewhere else to live."

We said that because Bill told us a cat had several lives, so she had a right to think all these souls were wandering about seeking one body.

Mary Henderson didn't stop to think about anything. "Father in Heaven," she screamed, "save me and forgive me!" And up she jumped out of bed and picking up her slippers and bathrobe, which were on the chair beside her, flew out the other door and down the staircase. A moment later we heard the front door bang.

"Gee!" said Bill, "wasn't she some swift?"
"I wish she hadn't gone so soon," mourned

Cordelia. "I was just going to say miau."

"It's a good thing you didn't," said Oliver
severely. "Come on, let's get out of this before

severely. "Come on, let's get out of this before the folks get home."

I made them fold up the "undies" and pillow-

I made them fold up the "undies" and pillowcases and put them all away. Then we washed our faces and went to bed.

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Mother usually sleeps late the morning after a party, but father had to go into town on the 9:20. About 8 o'clock we heard him call mother. "Say, Molly, what about some coffee and a bite?"

"Mary's fixed it," said mother sleepily.

"Not much she hasn't," replied father. "I haven't seen or heard signs of Mary. Rosemary," he called.

"Yes, father."

"Go up and see if Mary's sick."

I knew when I came back they were all listening to hear whether I could control my voice. "She's not there, father; she must be downstairs. Will I tell her you want her?"

Mother was up then. "Oh, Oliver, you don't suppose anything's happened to her?"

Such a time as we had! All of us rushed upstairs, downstairs, into the yard, down the cellar—but no Mary.

"My fur coat's gone," said father suddenly, "and my arctics."

We came near laughing at that, for we could guess what had become of them. Mary Henderson must have stopped to put them on when she left the house early that morning.

"Well," said father stopping suddenly, "I've got to make that train. I'll get something to eat in town. Call a policeman, will you Molly, and see what you can find out about my things?"

"See what I can find out about getting another girl," mother said in a temper. "You don't suppose Mary Henderson had anything to do with the loss of your things, do you? What earthly good would your arctics be to her?"

Which was unkind, for father's feet are large.

Well about half-past ten Oliver noticed a boy standing in the yard with a big bundle. He beckened to us and since he would not come into the house, mother sent Oliver and Bill out to him. He handed them the bundle and a note and darted off down the street.

The bundle proved to contain father's coat and arctics. The note read:

Dear Mrs. Forest:

Here are your husband's things. I am not a thief, but I am afraid of ghosts. I will never work in your house again.

MARY HENDERSON.

"What does she mean, mother?" asked Bill, speaking first because he can keep his face straight.

"I don't know, I'm sure," she wailed. "To think I'm without help again with this house full of children and all this work to do. I wonder if I can get anyone." She swept to the telephone and called several names. But no one seemed to give her any satisfaction. "What nonsense!" we could hear her exclaim.

Jarvis, who was near the telephone, caught what Miranda Powell answered: "No, Mis' Fores', an' lemme tell you, I ain't comin' to work fer you no mo'! Mary Henderson says you' house is full of spooks; she's seen 'em an' she's felt'em."

"Pshaw!" said my mother and sat silent for a

moment. "Oliver, you go over to Deborah, mind you, don't you stay five minutes,—and tell her I'm willing to try her again."

"Yessum," said Oliver, "I'll bring her back with me."

We all trooped into the kitchen to meet them —that is all but mother.

Deborah came in smiling, with a little basket.

"Look!" said Oliver lifting the lid.

And there was "Mister"!

"Come walkin' 'long er my fence three days ago," explained Deborah, "half frizzen and cryin' fit to kill hisself. So I took 'im in, allowin' some of you childrun would come by an' carry 'im back to my baby. How come you let 'im get away, honey?"

That night we had pop-overs. "Seems like old times," Father said cheerfully. "Nice to have Deborah back, don't you think, Mother

Molly?"

"Is it?" asked mother stonily. Ungrateful of her, I thought, since Deborah didn't have to come back.

All seven of us cleared the table off and went out to help Deborah. Presently father came out. He walked over and shook hands with her.

"Glad to see you back, Deborah."

"Yessir, glad to be back," she told him pleased and proud.

Then he stood and looked us all over. Oliver said he winked, but I didn't see it and I won't believe it.

"I know you all had a hand in it," he said rather as though he wished he'd been in it too. "I don't know how you managed it, but you certainly are some smart children."

"I'll say so," said Deborah. Then she gave Betty some more milk for the kitten.



CLAYTIME



GAMES FOR A RAINY DAY

Arranged by

KATHERYN M. CAMPBELL

A NUMBER GAME



HINK of a number; double it; add 16 to it; take away half of it; take away the first number you thought of: the answer is 8.

The answer is always half of the number you add. You can add any number you wish

Example: My number is 8; 8 doubled is 16; 16 plus 16 is 32; one-half of 32 is 16; 16 less 8 is 8.

GOSSIP

Whisper a word to a child. This word cannot be repeated. If you do not understand what has been whispered to you, just repeat what you think was said to you. This child whispers it to the next, and so on until the word reaches the last child. The last child says the

word aloud. You will find that the correct word hardly ever goes around. This game shows just how incorrectly people get things through gossip.

STORY TELLING

Let some one begin a story. Don't begin a story you know, simply make up one of your own. After the first one has given a nice little introduction, let the next player add something. Then the next one takes the story up, making it up as he goes and taking care to keep the characters and plot straight. Another person takes it up after a while, and so on to the last person who completes the story.

This is a very good game to use in class in school, for it encourages quick thinking and draws considerably on the imagination. A good short story might be told in this way.





HERE are things I do not quite understand as I fly among men. There is food—they eat not; there are clothes—they freeze; there is joy-they cry. Why-why-why?

A crime wave, which is the logical result of war, is being felt all over the world. It shows itself in murder and theft on a wide scale.

There is a dispute in Cuba as to which party won the recent election. At the same time a financial panic, because of the drop in the price of sugar, has taken place. This has led the United States to send General Crowder there and may result in American Occupation.

There is a great famine in China. It has followed two years of little rain-fall and crop failure. Nearly four million people are destitute in the province of Shantung and in the Pekin district there are a thousand deaths a day from starvation.

Mary Macarthur, who died recently in London, was a noted social worker and did much for the labor movement.

Much is being said about the possible refusal of the present Soviet government of Russia to pay Russia's borrowings before and during the war. It must be remembered that much of this borrowing was based on fraud. Up to 1905 the Czar's government borrowed six and one-half billion dollars which was wasted or spent in efforts to keep the mass of the Russian people in semi-slavery.

 A British Labor Committee of six members has been in Ireland and reports that the British government is at fault and that the solution of the Irish problem will not be found in a policy of violence or vengeance.

C Gabriele D'Annunzio has given up his attempt to hold Fiume in defiance of the Italian government. This makes it possible for Italy and Jugo-Slavia to live in peace.

Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg, former Chancellor of the German Empire, is dead. He was the one who blamed England for going to war "just for a scrap of paper," which was his name for the German treaty with Belgium.

There has been a great deal of discussion about the disarming of Germany. She has reduced her regular army to one hundred thousand, according to the treaty, but she has various "citizen guards" and one secret organization which amount to military forces. France and the Allies are insisting that these forces too be disarmed.

In England out of a total of five billion dollars raised by taxation all but three-quarters of a billion are spent for war in one way or another. Meantime, unemployment is increasing, rents are rising, houses and coal are scarce, and food is high.

A Home Rule bill has been passed by the English Parliament, which sets up two Parliaments in Ireland, one in Ulster and one in South Ireland, with a council selected by the two as a connecting link. South Ireland is determined not to accept this Home Rule act but to insist on a larger measure of self-rule, if not independence. Lawlessness and military repression continue throughout the island.

Olive Schreiner, a white woman who used to write in South Africa with much sympathy for the natives, is dead.



LOVE the night that rises warm and dark as my plumage. It stretches as I fly, from Land's End to Tampa, and it sings to me of sleep and rest and laughter. But The Crow sleeps not—he flies and sees.

At Christmas-time a dinner was held in New York City at which only those people were invited who had given a thousand dollars apiece for the thirty-three million dollar fund which was being raised to rescue the starving children of Europe. In the middle of the speaker's table, between Herbert Hoover and General Pershing, was a child's high-chair with lighted candles.

Congress has assembled for its last session of three months. Its chief work will be to pass the appropriation bills for agriculture, the army, the diplomatic service and the District

of Columbia and the Legislative, Executive and Judicial departments of the government. Last year Congress appropriated four billion, eight hundred and sixty million dollars. This year the government has asked for four billion, six hundred and sixty million dollars, but they will probably get about four billion dollars.

 ∏ Joseph Cannon has served forty-four years in the United States House of Representatives, to which he was first elected in 1872. For eight years he was Speaker. He is 85 years of age.

of The Y. M. C. A. has established a Thrift Week, beginning January 17, with these ten injunctions: Work and earn; make a budget; record expenditures; have a bank account; carry life insurance; own your own home; make a will; pay your bills promptly; invest in reliable securities; share with others.

■ By measuring the light which comes from the outer edges of one of the great fixed stars, Professor Albert Michelson has calculated that that star is 27 million times bigger than the sun, or 260 million miles in diameter. This gives us an idea of how vast the universe is.

Three naval officers started on a trip with a balloon and after wandering four days they landed near Hudson Bay. On their way back their first exploit was to have a fight among themselves.

¶ There were 65 persons lynched without trial in the United States during the year 1920. No other civilized country in the world has such a record,

■ The problem of labor in the United States is in a very difficult stage. For years labor unions have organized what is called the "closed" shop; that is, only men belonging to the union could work in a given shop and in this way the workmen could compel the employers to pay decent wages and furnish decent conditions of work. Led by the great Steel Trust and by the reaction since the war, many employers have determined to substitute the "open shop," which would break the power of the unions and allow employers to substitute the cheapest labor they could find.

¶ The people of Washington had planned a very elaborate inauguration for President Harding on March 4. Mr. Harding has written asking them to simplify it.

The United States Supreme Court has decided that a sympathetic strike is illegal. This is because the International Association of Machinists, a very large labor union, has re-

fused to set up printing presses made by the Duplex Company.

■ Mr. Harding is selecting his Cabinet and it
is said that he has decided upon Mr. Hughes to
fill the chief place of Secretary of State.

■ There has been a public investigation in New York, which has shown that the price of building material and the cost of labor have been artificially raised since the war in order to make profits for a few persons.

¶ During the last weeks of 1920 there was a small panie in the United States, due to a general fall in values. American businessmen are said to have lost two billion dollars by the decline in prices.

¶ A bill to exclude immigrants from the United States for a year has been passed by the House of Representatives, but will probably not be accepted by the Senate.

■ Coal mining has become a serious matter of thought all over the world. In England it has caused great strikes and in the United States troops have been called out in many states. The difficulty is that today the object of coal miners is to make money for the people who own the coal mines and not for providing as much coal as possible for the community at reasonable prices.

¶ There is a strong movement in the United States and elsewhere to induce the world to reduce the amount spent on armies and navies. Of the United States' appropriations for the year 1920, sixty-seven and eight-tenths per cent. went to the expenses due to past wars, twenty-five per cent, to the present army and navy. Only seven and two-tenths per cent. was spent by the civil departments and on public and educational works. Throughout the world there is a similar tremendous appropriation for war purposes. This is wrong. The nations should consult for stopping the building of warships and reducing the number of soldiers.

■ When the slaves were freed after the Civil War, there was an attempt to intimidate them and keep them from voting by the organization of masqueraders known as the "Ku Klux Klan". Recently there has been an attempt to revive this organization as a protest against colored people and Catholics and Jews. The effort is both annoying and funny.

¶ For every 100 wage workers there were, before the war, 65 who were women. During the war this arose to as high as 130. At present it has fallen to 100.

A BULL-FIGHT

(Una Corrida De Toros)

JULIA E. BROOKS



EFORE I reached Madrid I read in my guide-book, "Perhaps the only unadulterated Spanish article in the now almost entirely Europeanized Madrid is the bull-fight."

mmediately I determined that I should see at least one fight. Accordingly, as soon as I became settled in my hotel I began to cast about for an aficionado (one fond of the bull-fight). This was an easy task since all Madrid loves this sport. The difficulty then lay, not in finding an expert aficionado who was willing to take me to the bull-fight-for all Spaniards are obliging. charming of manner, and the embodiment of politeness,-but in selecting one whom I considered the best companion for a woman who was quite alone in this great Spanish metropolis. I finally decided that it would be best for me to take as my guest the portera, a woman who showed me many kindnesses while I was in Madrid. Her good esposo (husband) bought the tickets and in a fever of excitement I awaited the appointed hour.

ANNOUNCEMENT (Program) PLAZA DE TOROS DE MADRID Corrida Extraordinaria

If the weather does not prevent, there will take place an extraordinary Bull-fight. Six Bulls, from 4 to 5 years, with the white and black divisa of the ancient and accredited establishment of His Excellency,—
MARQUES DE GUADALEST OF SEVILLA

LIDIADORES

(Those who take part in the bull-fight)
PICADORES

Salustiano Fernandez (Chano), Rafael Marquez (Mazzaratini), etc. ESPADAS

Louis Freg—Jose Roger (Valencia)—Bernardo Munoz (Carnicerito) BANDERILLEROS

Mariano Rivera, Alfredo Freg, y Antonio Seguda (de Valencia), etc.

The corrida will begin at 3:30 sharp. The doors of the Plaza will open two hours before.

The selection of the bulls will take place at 12:00. Tickets of admission one peseta.

The famous band of Hospicio will enliven the spectacle, playing the best known pieces of its repertoire.

The laws governing the corrida will be rigidly enforced.

I read the circular over and over. This was to be a rare treat. "I am going to see not one bull, but six bulls killed," I said to myself one moment; but the very next, I asked myself if after all I was going to find any real enjoyment in this brutal and cruel sport. Then too the corrida (fight) was held on Sunday and I had been taught-well, this was my only chance to see a bull-fight. It was my duty to go. Yes, I was sure of that. It was not only my duty to go but to stay until I had seen at least one bull killed, no matter how repulsive the spectacle was to me. Accordingly, at the appointed hour we hailed a coach, and after some little discussion as to whether we should engage it by the trip or the hour, started out. Down Calle Principe, a short ride through the Puerta del Sol, and there we were in the Calle de Alcala. As the little streams empty into the great river, so streams of human beings poured from all sections of Madrid into the Calle de Alcala. They came on foot, on the street cars, in coaches, in automobiles. They crowded the various entrances of this beautiful Plaza de Toros (bullring). They jostled each other in their anxiety to get in early, in order that they might miss nothing that was to be seen.

The Plaza de Toros of Madrid was erected in 1873-74. It is built in the Moorish style, with a huge archway at the entrance, and has a diameter of 112 yards. The arena (redondel) is separated from the seats of the spectators by a wooden barrier about six feet high. In front of this barrier there are at intervals additional barriers with sufficient space for a man who is hard-pressed to run behind, but not large enough for a bull to get through. Behind the first mentioned barrier runs a narrow passage. The rows of seats next to this passage are called Asientos de Barrera, de Contra Barrera and de Tendido. The upper and protected rows, which are divided into Delanteras and Asientos de Grada, are called Gradas. Above the Gradas are



Going to the Bull-fight

the Palcos (boxes) and the Andanadas. Gentlemen who attend the function alone often sit in the tendidos or gradas, but when there are ladies in the party they usually sit in a palco or in the delanteras de grada, as exit is then possible at any moment without attracting attention.

"The Spaniards are always very careful to advertise the ganaderia," (establishment where the bulls are bred), my friend was explaining to me as we were jostled by the crowd. "The best bulls come from Andalusian ganaderias. The bulls of the Duke of Veragua and Senor Miura for years enjoyed the greatest reputation. "Por agui, Senorita" ("This way, Miss"), she said, indicating the seats we were to occupy. She secured the leather cushions which everybody uses on this occasion and when we were comfortably seated she continued-"A bull of four years from one of these establishments has brought as high as 1500 pesetas (\$300). They are sent from their pastures to their destination by railway in cages or they are driven along the highroad with the aid of cabestros (trained oxen). When they reach the ring they are kept and fed in open corrales (yards) until a day before the corrida (fight) takes place. The bulls are then placed in the dark

Toriles adjoining the arena, from which they are driven into the ring after being goaded into as great a state of excitement as possible."

"And from what section of the country do the best espadas (swordsmen) come?" I asked.

"The espadas, too, are Andalusians," she replied, "and are recruited almost altogether from the rural population. Prior to the 16th century, bull-fighting was a prerogative of the aristocracy, but since the construction of the first great Plaza de Toros, here in Madrid, this once chivalrous sport has been changed into a public spectacle in which trained Toreros take part. Indeed Spain offers nothing else for a son of the people without political influence except to become a torero."

I looked at my program. On that day there were scheduled to appear three distinguished espadas concerning whose prowess there had been no little talk among the afcionados. "This Freg," said a man wearing a hat shaped like a chimney-pot, to my companion, "is without a doubt a very wonderful fellow." "Clare!" she responded, her pretty black eyes beaming with happiness, making radiant that sweet face framed in a mantilla of rich black lace.

"Pero, mira, mira, ud, Senorita!" ("But

look, look, Miss!") she cried, touching me on the arm and directing my glance toward the president's box. For at that moment the president was giving the signal for the function to begin. The band played a military march and the cuadrilla, which has been called the procession of the dramatis personae-entered. There were alguaciles (policemen) dressed in ancient costumes and mounted on fine horses; espadas (swordsmen), vulgarly called matadores (slayers) with capes of various colors; banderilleros (men who throw the barbed darts into the bulls' necks) in satin suits; picadores (men who vex the bulls with thrusts of their lances) mounted on old hacks; attendants on foot (chulos) with the team of gaily decorated mules which is used to drag off the dead bulls and horses. They saluted the president, who on this occasion was a distinguished visitor, marched once around the arena and disappeared. Then a policeman (alguacile) dashed up to the box of the president from whom he received the key of the gate through which the bulls entered the arena. He rushed back to the gate, which, by the way, was not locked. It was thrown open, there was a loud blast from a trumpet, and out rushed a bull wearing the badge (divisa) of his breeder, his Excellency Senor Marques De Guadalest of Sevilla. The fight was on.

You have been told that the bull had been kept for hours in the dark without food. Imagine, then, his bewilderment when half blinded by the sun, he dashed into the arena. The excited screams of 14,000 spectators maddened him. He saw just in front of him a man waving a red cloak (capeo) and he made a lunge for the cloak just as the man jumped gracefully aside. Immediately the bull espied a picadore dressed in yellow, wearing a broad brimmed hat, mounted on an old worn out horse and holding in his hand a lance. The next moment the bull's horns had pierced the horse's stomach and the picadore's lance had plunged into the bull's back. The picadore jumped from the falling horse and ran to safety behind the barrier, while the bull continued to gore the dying horse. The waving of cloaks in another direction lured him away. For ten long minutes the clever capeadore thrilled his spectators with his skillful manoeuvers. Then the furious bull charged a horse with such force that the picadore's leg was crushed between the horse and the barrier. He clung to the barrier until friends came to take him to the infirmary. The horse, with his bowels protruding, galloped riderless around the ring until another charge of the bull brought him to the ground. Thus ended the first act of the fight.

Now, when the bull had been sufficiently wearied (castigado) by the picadores, the banderilleros in gorgeous livery entered, bearing barbed darts ornamented with colored papers which must be artistically planted in the bull's neck. The bull, fresh from his encounter with the horse, was met in full charge by the banderillero who jumped quickly to one side and stuck two banderillas (barbed darts) in his neck as he passed. The bull darted after another banderillero, who escaped by jumping over the barrier. He then turned to the man in the center of the arena, only to receive two more banderillas. The bull, now vexed almost to the limit of his endurance, charged a dead horse. He took him on his horns, lifted him in the air, then dropped him on the ground. Once more he returned to the banderillero who, standing still in front of the bull, sent the third pair of finely aimed banderillas into his neck. A storm of applause greeted the banderillero. He was acclaimed a hero. Then the president gave the signal, for the Suerte de Matar-the third and last act of the drama-was about to begin.

The espada (swordsman) with his hair done up in a pig-tail and gorgeously arrayed in a velvet suit embroidered in silver, and wearing white silk stockings and black slippers, approached the president's box and dedicated to him the death of the bull. By dexterously handling the red cloth (muleta) under which the sword (estoque) destined to deal the death blow was concealed, the espada "coquetted" with the bull a few moments. He knelt daringly before the bull, he stood erect and struck a tragic pose. The bull's horns seemed to pierce the man's loins. I lowered my head and closed my eyes as the espada reeled backward into the arms of two attendants, but thousands of Spaniards jumped to their feet. "Dios!" groaned my companion. The next moment she pulled me to my feet. "No, no, Senorita; Mira, ud, mira!" ("No, no, Miss, look, look!") I opened my eyes in time to see the wounded man plunge the sword downward through the animal's neck into his heart. Up from 14,000 throats there went a scream. Men threw their hats in the air, women waved their handkerchiefs, people were pushed from their places in the general excitement. The supreme ambition of the espada had been realized. He bowed to the spectators and then made his way painfully to the infirmary. In the meantime, the coup de grace was given to the fallen animal by a puntillero who pierced his spine with a dagger. Then the team of mules with jingling bells carried off the dead bull and horses. The traces of blood were covered up with fresh sand and the show was ready to begin again with a fresh bull.

A murmur of discontent ran through that vast throng, followed by "Que vaya el presidente!" ("Away with the president! Hiss!") Over in a corner some men began to fight and the policemen rushed in to separate them. Cushions were thrown into the arena, and men and boys jumped into the arena and started toward the president's box shouting: "El Presidente, el Presidente!"

"They are angry because the president did not give the honor to the wounded espada that was due him," my companion told me. But the president remained totally oblivious of the general confusion. He sat unmoved while the policemen drove the people out of the arena. Upon the arrival of the second bull the aficionados returned to their places and order reigned. Six bulls were killed that day, but I was ready to leave after the first one had been dragged out and I think that I could never be induced to attend another bull-fight.

But the Spaniard would say with a shrug, "Vaya que gente! What does it matter if a few old hacks that would soon fall dead themselves are killed to make sport for the aficionados? As for the bull, Carrajo hombre! You, yourself, if you were in such a rage as the toro, would no more feel the thrust of a sword than the prick of a gadfly!"



DENMARK VESEY

A Martyr for Freedom

M. G. ALLISON



OW fortunate are Brownies of our time!

It was during a voyage, when a little colored boy was fourteen years of age, that Captain Vesey

gave him a name, "Telemaque".

Even though he was so young, this little boy was among 390 human beings who were to be owned by whoever would buy them. Telemaque's "beauty, intelligence and alertness" caused him to be separated from the rest of the slaves and made a sort of pet among the officers; but at the end of the voyage, which was between St. Thomas and Cap Français, Telemaque, too, was sold as a slave.

The town physician at Santo Domingo, however, gave Telemaque's owner a certificate With this he bought himself from Captain

which stated that the boy was subject to epileptic fits. The law required that sales of persons of unsound health should be cancelled; so Telemaque and Captain Vesey resumed their life together.

In the speech of the slaves, "Telemaque", with the long a pronunciation, was changed to Denmark, and we know of this man as Denmark Vesey.

For over 20 years Denmark Vesey served as a faithful servant to Captain Vesey, who retired at Charleston, South Carolina. Denmark Vesey became interested in lottery games, in which people are given prizes by chance. And in 1800, as a patron of the East Bay Street Lottery, Denmark Vesey won a prize of \$1500! With this he bought himself from Captain

Vesey, at a price of \$600, and began to work as a carpenter.

Denmark Vesey had many children,—but the Slave Code made them the personal property of other men. This cruel situation embittered Vesey,—not only because he was personally involved, but because his great-heartedness made him want to do something to blot out such sorrow from others' hearts.

By this time Denmark Vesey, through his travels with Captain Vesey, had learned to read and write and to speak French and English fluently.

Eventually Vesey began to plan an idea for resisting the slave system. He was a cautious man, and in this manner he gained the attention of the slaves, to whom he spoke of their inalienable human rights. For nearly four years he carried on a secret agitation among the slaves. He did the work alone, but the city of Charleston, South Carolina, and 100 miles of adjacent country were covered,—and then, in 1821-22, Vesey's effort became an organized movement.

Five men were chosen by Vesey as associate leaders. One, Rolla Bennett, was a bold and ardent person; Ned Bennett was a man of firm nerves and desperate courage; Peter Poyas was cautious and true; Gullah Jack was regarded as a sorcerer,—artful, cruel and bloody; Monday Gell was firm, resolute, discreet and intelligent.

With such an aggregation of men and several thousand members enrolled, Vesey started an uprising against slavery. His plans were that the leaders of the movement, at the same time and from six different quarters, would attack the city of Charleston, and seize its strategical points and buildings, taking the arms and ammunition; with horses they would keep the streets clear, cutting down without mercy all persons, white and black, who tried to hinder the uprising.

The time was in 1822, and the insurrection was planned for Sunday at midnight, July 14; but about the last of May, there were indications that the plot had been discovered, so Vesey changed the date of attack to Sunday, June 16.

After all, though, someone betrayed them! This happened on the morning of May 30, and by sunset the city authorities were ready to guard against the supposed surprise. The week following was one of watchful waiting for all concerned; Vesey, however, carried on his work.

Don't you admire his wonderful courage! And finally the city officials found one who was so disloyal, so unmanly, as to tell them Vesey's plan.

On June 15, Peter Poyas, Rolla, Ned and Batteau Bennett were arrested; Vesey was not captured until the fourth day following; Jesse Blackwood was taken the next day; Monday Gell was arrested four days later; and on July 5, Gullah Jack was captured. In all there were 131 Negroes arrested, 67 convicted, 35 executed and 37 banished from the United States.

To Denmark Vesey, Peter Poyas, Rolla and Ned Bennett and Gullah Jack is the honor of remaining absolutely loyal and brave, with their yows unbroken.

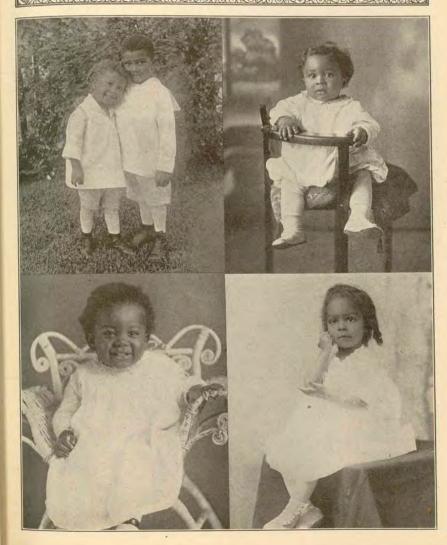
This cannot be said of Monday Gell, who though he was brave and loyal throughout his trial, betrayed his fellows to save his own life.

And so, on July 2, 1822, Denmark Vesey, Peter Poyas, Rolla, Ned and Batteau Bennett and Jesse Blackwood were hanged; ten days later Gullah Jack was hanged; and on the twenty-second of July, 22 black martyrs were hanged for the cause of freedom.

"When Vesey was tried, he folded his arms and seemed to pay great attention to the testimony, given against him, but with his eyes fixed on the floor. In this situation he remained immovable, until the witnesses had been examined by the court, and cross-examined by his counsel, when he requested to be allowed to examine the witnesses himself. He at first questioned them in the dictatorial, despotic manner, in which he was probably accustomed to address them; but this not producing the desired effect, he questioned them with affected surprise and concern, for bearing false testimony against him; still failing in his purpose, he then examined them strictly as to dates, but could not make them contradict themselves. The evidence being closed, he addressed the court at considerable length * * *. When he received his sentence, the tears trickled down his cheeks."

Denmark Vesey was a black man, and handsome. He was physically strong and had a powerful mentality. He has been referred to as an old man but, though his hair was probably white, he was only 56 years of age when he died on the gallows at Charleston, South Carolina, nearly one hundred years ago,—for that Freedom which is ours; that Freedom which we shall ever cherish!

Ourlittestiends



ELittle Ceople of the Month



IVE years ago a little "Brownie" boy was needed in a moving picture with Baby Marie Osborne, known as "Little Mary Sunshine". Somehow, Frederick Ernest Mor-

rison's father heard about it and he and little Ernie went to the movie studio. Ernie started right in to romp and play and fight to the delight of everybody, and then and there he was engaged to act in the picture,—and he's been acting in the movies ever since.

Ernie is said to receive enough salary to own a fine home, several automobiles, and dogs and other pets, just like other movie stars; but for

the present he and his father are investing their money in a grocery store and refreshment parlor at 5420 Long Beach Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., where hangs the sign, "Joseph Morrison & Son, Grocers."

Every morning Ernie is up and dressed at 8 o'clock, and for four hours each day he is taught the mysteries of reading, writing and arithmetic.

Critics say that little Ernie is blessed with a rare gift,—that of a natural comedian.

At a moving-picture show recently a little girl remarked, "Oh, there's that funny little colored boy again. I wonder who he is!"

Profession allv

Frederick Ernest Morrison is known as "Sunshine Sammy," and he co-stars with Harold Lloyd, producer of Lloyd's comedies which are produced at the Hal E. Roach studios in Culver City, near Los Angeles. Little "Sunshine Sammy" also assists Harry "Snub" Pollard, movie comedian, in his laugh producing antics that amuse men, women and children all over the world. Did you see him as the frightened little boy in Harold Lloyd's comedy, "Haunted Spooks"? They recently finished a comedy of telephone strife, called "Number, Please."

Frederick Ernest Morrison has three little



Florence Louise Morrison, Harry "Snub" Pollard, "Sunshine Sammy"



Frederick Ernest Morrison

sisters and many playmates to whom he's just plain "Ernie,"—always ready to romp and play and fight, just like any other seven-year-old boy.

One of Ernie's sisters, Florence Louise Morrison, also acts in the movies, and she's often seen on the stage with Ann Thompson, soprano soloist, and her company of entertainers. Florence says, "Play acting is all right for a little change now and then, but I prefer to go to school and study and learn to be a kindergarten teacher." And she's just five years old!

In Los Angeles, little Ernie is spoken of as a "race benefactor", since each day he makes thousands of people laugh and forget their troubles.

"We are indebted to Mr. Noah D. Thompson, of the "Los Au utles Express" for the main facts concerning "Sunshine Sammy."



Helen Dett

HELEN Dett is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Nathaniel Dett of Hampton Institute in Virginia. Both of Helen's parents are talented musicians,—her father is a pianist and composer, and her mother is a pianist. And what shall I tell you about Helen? Simply that she is a wonderful child—she plays her scales on the piano, asks her mother and father for some of the most difficult piano numbers, including Rondo Capriccioso, and then tries to imitate them. Indeed, she has succeeded in imitating her mother in a simple part of Rondo Capriccioso. And she's only 3 years old.

Helen enjoys a fairy tale immensely, and she fairly bubbles over with delight when THE BROWNIES' BOOK comes.





THE JURY





MONG the many good and interesting things which we have in Texas, these three impress me most,—education, schools and colleges. We have schools in nearly

all of the rural districts, which teach from the primer grades to the seventh and eighth grades. We also have from five to six schools in some of the cities. From this you see we have splendid opportunities to obtain an education.

Our high schools teach the primer to the eleventh and twelfth grades. During these times we are taught domestic art, domestic science, music (vocal and instrumental), sewing and many other useful things.

There are some of us grasping the opportunities as best we can as they appear before

We do not always have gladness and sunshine along the lines of education. We have trials in Latin, tribulations in geometry, and problems in algebra. Realizing the benefit and usefulness of an education we have learned to make our problems easily solved with these words,—Anything that is worth trouble in getting, is worth having.

We have also learned that we must work in the present in order to perfect or accomplish something in the future. I count it our time of grace to grasp the opportunities as they come before us.

We have several colleges in the state of Texas,—Prairie View, Guadeloupe, Paul Quinn and several others.

There are many good things I could say about our colleges and schools on education and also along the lines of music. I hope it will be understood from these words that in Texas education is contagious.

H. VIOLA LOTT, Waco, Texas.

I THOUGHT you might like to hear about some of Waco's scenery. Here, near Waco, is a beautiful place called Lovers' Leap.

In a bend of the Brazos river, about three or four miles above Waco, is where Lovers' Leap is situated. The bank on one side is about two hundred feet high. There is a ledge of rock extending out over the river. On the other side of the river is a valley which gently slopes toward the river. When you stand on this projecting ledge you can see most of the surrounding country.

I will tell you why they call this place Lovers' Leap. Waco was first settled by Indians and while Waco was just a village of tents, the incident happened that gave Lovers' Leap its name. There were an Indian maiden and an Indian brave. They fell in love with each other. Their parents objected to their marriage and they grew despondent. They slipped away to take a stroll and while near this ledge they jumped off and drowned themselves. Since then it has been called Lovers' Leap. This might interest some of the boys and girls of other states.

HORTENSE WEBSTER, Waco, Texas.

I RECEIVED my first copy of The Brownies' through the Rev. Taylor, and I do think it is very interesting both for children and grown-up people. I read quite a few stories in the book and I enjoyed them very much. The one that impressed me most was little Bennie's Oration, and I wonder if it is a true story or a fairy tale? I am a little brown girl, ten years old. I am in the fifth grade A class in school. I am very much interested in music. I take piano lessons from a very strict French teacher. I made my first appearance in public Sunday. December 26, 1920. And I have every encouragement to go on. Wishing The Brownies' every success,

LILLIAN V. STONE, Meriden, Conn.

Readers of The Brownies' Book are urged to communicate with other children through the columns of *The Jury*. We shall be glad to publish answers from one child to another.

THE GROWN-UPS' CORNER

I

OR a number of years the National Child Welfare Association, which has offices at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, has specialized in the production of educational panels

visualizing in picture form the fundamental facts of Child Welfare. The panels are arranged in sets of five, ten or more panels, and each set illustrates some particular phase of welfare for the child. There are sets on Prenatal Care, on the Care of Babies, Hygiene for School Children, Character Forming, Citizenship, Religion and many others.

Now the Association has entered upon an interesting experiment, which we believe will have far-reaching results for colored people, in the production of educational art panels to meet the special need of Negro children.

Heretofore the education of the Negro child has been too much in terms of white people. All through school life his text-books contain much about white people and little or nothing about his own race. All the pictures he sees are of white people. Most of the books he reads are by white authors, and his heroes and heroines are white. If he goes to a moving picture show, the same is true. If a Negro appears on the screen, he is usually a caricature or a clown. The result is that all the Negro child's idealism, all his sense of the good, the great and the beautiful is associated almost entirely with white people. The effect can readily be imagined. He unconsciously gets the impression that the Negro has little chance to be good, great, heroic or beautiful.

In preparing its newer series of panels the Association has very carefully considered the psychology of the child. Healthy, happy and beautiful Negro children appear in the pictures in a way that portrays a part of Negro character concerning which too little has been said. The panels carry the suggestion that the Negro child can be beautiful, happy and healthy as well as the white child. This is a self-evident truth, but it has not been made sufficiently prominent in the education of our children. Already two sets, comprising twenty-two panels, have been produced; and others will follow, as



there appears to be a widespread demand for this kind of material.

Further, to aid in educational work among Negro children, the Association has added Mr. Leet B. Myers to its staff as Field Secretary, and he will devote his time to the development of this special work. Mr. Myers has had a wide experience in religious work, organized charity, housing reform, public health and other forms of social work. He has worked with colored people; and he is familiar with the conditions under which they live, as well as with their desire as a race to reach a better position.

In addition to the production of special material for use among Negroes, the Association has plans for a wide distribution of the panels through exhibits and in connection with educational lectures. Also, after the manner of the Plattsburg idea, it will train groups of workers, who will in turn take back to their home communities, materials and methods of child welfare work.





EVELYN ADELE RICHARDSON was playing at having a birthday party (she will be
five tomorrow) when she decided to make up
speeches for the occasion. After listening to her
for a short time I got pencil and wrote what she
was saying. I thought that maybe it would interest the rest of the Brownies to hear the
rhymes made up by this little Brownie.

I see a little moon high, high, high.
I see a little star in the pretty, blue sky.
I see a little rabbit what looks at the moon.
I see a little girl what runs too soon.

When she got here she took the pencil and said, "Wait till I fix it."

After drawing a line across the page she gave it back to me and started again.

Pretty, pretty little things About my yard each day; When I come in to eat, They quickly run away.

All of this family enjoy THE BROWNIES' BOOK. We look forward to the coming of the agent. That reminds me—the agent for THE BROWNIES' BOOK has moved away. I hope that another one will be put in this field, for so many children who cannot send for it for a whole year can buy it one copy at a time.

(MRS.) IDA RIVERS RICHARDSON.



JERRY'S FAVORITE

REBECCA yearns for May and June,
And Tim likes April and November,
While Alice sings the harvest moon
Of August or of gold September.
"The month I like the most," says Jerry,
"Is little sawed-off February.

"Why think of all its holidays!

Atlhough it seems so short and fleeting,
There's room for mirthful games and plays
And valentines and birthday greeting.
You don't have long to stay in school
When February starts to rule.

"George Washington picked out a day
In February to be born in.
He chose a chilly time, I'll say,
This funny universe to horn in,
He was the Father of the Nation,
And left each boy a day's vacation.

"And Mr. Lincoln came here too In February's short duration; He was an honest soul and true, A man of humble birth and station. He was the president and martyr Who put an end to human barter. "Great Frederick Douglass—grand old man— Belongs in this month's category, He freed himself from slavery's ban And lived to know great fame and glory. My father says we boys should never Cease copying his high endeavor.

"Old Valentine,—the dear, kind saint,
Had his day too in February.

He left to us a custom quaint,
Which causes fun and makes us merry.—
I gave Bill Higgins' little sister

A candy heart and-well I kissed her!

"But there's another reason why
I think this month deserves attention.
Since you don't know, it seems that I
Will have to give the matter mention.
The fact is I, your young friend Jerry,
First saw the light in February.

"My mother's just as proud of me!
She said she thought George Washington
And Douglass, Lincoln too,—all three—
Were boys no better than her son.
She hugged me then real close and hearty.
And gee! She gave me some swell party!"

"R."





BROWNIES BOOK



\$1.50 A YEAR MIRCH 15 CTS A COPY

A CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST

THE BROWNIES' BOOK should have a hundred thousand subscribers and should be read by a million children who especially need its inspiring pictures, stories and news of colored youth.

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Write at once for agent's terms, subscription blanks, sample copies and current copies to sell.

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MARCH, 1921

WHOLE No. 15

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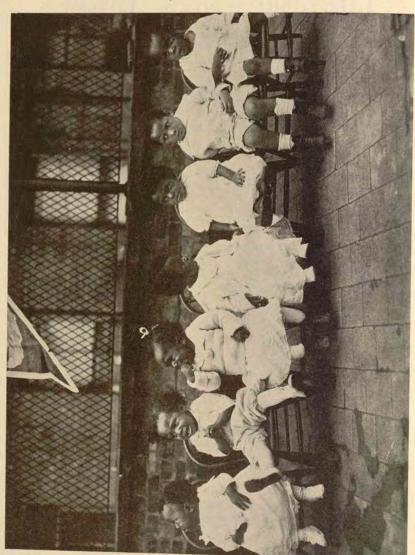
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Seven Prize Winners of New York City

The Brownies' Book

Vol. 2-No. 3

MARCH, 1921

Whole No. 15



WILLIS RICHARDSON



T the left we see a clump of trees, at the rear a green field where violets and buttercups are growing, and at the right a porch where the mother and her son, Leon, are

sitting. Leon, a boy of ten, is sitting on a low stool at his mother's feet reading a child's story book. His mother, who is sitting in the chair behind him, is leaning forward reading over his shoulder from the sane book. After they have sat in this position for a few moments the silence is broken by the sound of girls' voices in the house. They are happy, laughing voices, and presently the owners of them appear in the doorway. They are Rose and Eleanor, girls of eleven and twelve. They stop chattering and look at their mother and brother intently for a few moments before Rose speaks.

ROSE—Mother, can we go out to gather violets?

THE MOTHER (Looking up)—May we—ROSE—May we go out to gather violets?

THE MOTHER-You and Eleanor?

ELEANOR-And Leon.

LEON (Looking up from his book)—I don't want to gather violets. That's girl's business.

(Rose and Eleanor each go over and take

Leon by a hand.)

ROSE—Come, Leon, put that old story book down.

ELEANOR—You wouldn't read your grammar half so much.

LEON (Looking up at his mother appealingly)—Mother—

(But the mother is amused by the scene and decides not to interfere.)

ROSE (Pulling him up)—Come on, it's Spring! We've been cramped in the house all winter.

ELEANOR—Stop frowning, Leon, smile! Look at the sky and sun, how bright they are. Look at the trees and the fields.

ROSE-Everything is happy and bright; come on, Leon.

(He reluctantly allows himself to be led from the porch.)

THE MOTHER (Picking up Leon's book) — How far are you going, children?

ROSE (Pointing towards the field)—Just across the field to gather violets and buttercups and whatever else we find.

THE MOTHER—Don't get your dresses dirty; Leon, don't walk in wet places or crawl upon your knees.

ELEANOR-We won't let him, Mother.

THE MOTHER—And don't stay away too long.

ROSE-We'll be back in half an hour.

(They begin to gather flowers a few yards away and move farther and farther away as they gather them. And now we must follow them across the field as we follow the characters of a photo-play. Leon has begun to take interest in the expedition.)

ROSE—Leon, don't you feel better in the open fields than you did sitting cramped up on that old porch?

LEON—Yes, I like it now. The air is so fine I feel like running and jumping.

ROSE—Don't run and jump, we haven't time for that, and besides you'll mash the flowers.

ELEANOR (Busily adding to her store)— Do fairies drink the dew from the buttercups? ROSE—I've heard they do.

LEON (Pointing across the field)—Who is that?

ELEANOR-Where?

LEON—See, there among the trees, the woman in the dress of many colors.

ROSE—Oh, a gypsy, a fortune teller, I suppose.

ELEANOR-A fortune teller?

ROSE—Yes, a woman who tells fortunes and reads minds.

LEON—(Doubtfully)—Reads minds how? ROSE—She can look in your hand and tell what's in your heart.

LEON—She cannot look in my hand and tell what's in my heart.

ROSE-Some say she can.

ELEANOR—Let's go and speak to her. ROSE—Yes, and let her read our hands.

LEON—She shall not read my hand. ELEANOR—Let's speak to her anyway.

(They move forward and we see at last where they are going. In a clear space among the trees sits a gypsy knitting a shawl. She is sitting on a camp stool in front of the van and around on the grass several fine rugs are lying. The children move to the edge of the space and stop.)

THE GYPSY (Looking up from her work) __ Good morning, little people.

THE CHILDREN (Together) -Good morning.

THE GYPSY-Do you want anything?

LEON—Rose says you can tell fortunes and read minds.

THE GYPSY-I can.

ELEANOR—And look in one's hand and tell what's in one's heart?

THE GYPSY—Yes, come, let me read your hands.

LEON (Closing his hand and putting it behind him)—You cannot read my hand.

THE GYPSY—Come over anyway and talk with me.

(The three go over to her.)

THE GYPSY—Three little colored children. I love children.

ROSE (Noticing her dark complexion) -- Aren't you colored, too?

THE GYPSY—I am in a way but not the same as you. I was born in Africa, but I'm not a Negro. I was born in Egypt.

ELEANOR (Looking at her ring)—Oh, what a pretty finger-ring.

THE GYPSY—Do you like it?

ROSE-It's beautiful!

LEON-Where did you buy so strange a ring?

THE GYPSY—I did not buy it.

LEON—You found it, then?

THE GYPSY—When I was a little girl like your sisters here I found a piece of pearl on the banks of the Nile in Egypt, and my father, a magician, carved this ring and shaped it to my finger. It has a wonderful power.

LEON-What kind of power?

THE GYPSY—Whoever goes to sleep wearing this ring may dream or see whatever he wishes of the past or present.

LEON-I'd love to see the future.

THE GYPSY—I'll read your hand and tell the future to you.

LEON-You shall not read my hand, I want to dream of the future by the ring.

ELEANOR—What can I see of the past?
THE GYPSY—Whatever you wish to see.
Put on the ring and sleep but a few pages to

Put on the ring and sleep but a few moments and you can see as many years of the past as you wish to see.

ROSE—See a year pass in a moment?

THE GYPSY-Yes, dreams are strange



What a Pretty Finger-ring!

things; one can dream of the passing by of many

years in a moment's time.

• ELEANOR—I want to see the slave days before the war, how the slaves lived and how they toiled and suffered.

THE GYPSY-Why choose such a dreary

time, such a cruel place?

ELEANOR—A look back now and then to where we came from will urge us on.

THE GYPSY (Taking off the ring)—Hold out your finger till I put it on.

(Eleanor holds out her finger and the ring is put on.)

Now lie upon the grass and dream for a mo-

(She lies upon the grass and sleeps while the gypsy and the other children watch her. Presently she awakes weeping and Rose goes to her.)

ROSE (Putting her arm around Eleanor)-

What's the matter, Eleanor?

ELEANOR (Wiping away her tears and handing the Gypsy the ring)—I saw such awful things.

LEON-What did you see?

ELEANOR—I saw women and children beaten and driven about; I saw half-naked children walking barefoot on the cold, hard ground, carrying burdens heavy enough for men. I saw wives sold from their husbands and mothers sold from their children, men beaten upon their backs with knotted whips—things far too cruel to tell.

ROSE—(Stopping her)—Don't tell them then. You'll frighten me and I will not want to dream.

THE GYPSY (To Eleanor)—Why did you want to see such cruel things?

ELEANOR—I wanted to see how much we had attained. I want to know how much more it will take of time and strife and pain to make us great.

THE GYPSY-You want to be great?

ELEANOR—To be great as a people, so that the people of a thousand years from now will read their histories and know that we were as great as other people.

THE GYPSY (To Rose)—What do you wish to dream of?

ROSE—I want to dream of the Jews and their sufferings now.

THE GYPSY-Of the Jews in Russia?

ROSE—The Jews do not suffer in Russia any more, the Czar has gone.

THE GYPSY-Of the Jews in Germany?

LEON—The Kaiser has gone and all the Germans are freer now.

ROSE—I want to see the Jews in the east of London, to see how they live.

THE GYPSY—What do you know of the Jews in the east of London?

ROSE—They suffer, too. We heard our mother and father talking of them.

THE GYPSY—But England is a prosperous country, no one suffers there.

ELEANOR—So is America a prosperous country, but we Negroes suffer here.

LEON-All toiling people suffer in all countries.

THE GYPSY—You are wise children. You have heard and remembered much.

(To Rose.)

Put on the ring and dream.

(She slips the ring on Rose's finger and Rose lies on the grass and sleeps. They watch her silently until she wakes.)

THE GYPSY (As Rose wakes up) -What did you see?

ROSE—I saw things nearly as bad as Eleanor saw. The Jews are not bought and sold, they are not beaten, nor are they forced to bear too heavy loads. The thrifty Jews, the buyers and sellers of things, the makers of money, live harsh and bitter lives. They live on crusts in dark, cold, filthy places and only get a pittance for their toil. The rest, the people of power, steal from them. I saw a dozen people sleeping in one room, I saw mothers, fathers and children working side by side through long dull hours.

LEON (To the Gypsy)—Let me wear your ring and dream a dream.

THE GYPSY—You cannot dream of the future by this ring.

LEON-Have any tried and failed?

THE GYPSY—No, none have tried. Let me read your hand and I will tell you the future.

LEON-I do not want my hand read.

THE GYPSY—Then you cannot know the future.

LEON—Let me try, and if I fail to see the future by the ring, I'll let you read my hand.

THE GYPSY (Handing him the ring)—I know you'll fail, but put it on your finger, you may try.

(Leon puts the ring on his finger and lies down and sleeps. The others watch him until he wakes. He wakes smiling.)

ROSE—Did you see anything of the future? LEON—Yes.

THE GYPSY (Surprised) —You saw the future when you slept there?

LEON—Yes, I saw wonderful things.

THE GYPSY—Give me back the ring.

LEON (Giving her the ring)—You said I could not see the future by the ring.

THE GYPSY—It's strange, it's more than I can understand.

ELEANOR-What did you see, Leon?

LEON—I saw men and women and children happy at last. None of them were so poor that they were suffering, none were so rich that they were overbearing. The whole five races were in harmony, all working side by side for the good of all.

(He gives the Gypsy his flowers.)

You may have my flowers for letting me wear your ring. I must run and tell my mother what I saw.

(He goes.)

THE GYPSY (To the girls)—Your brother there is bold and resolute; he should make a good strong man.

ROSE-We hope he will,

ELEANOR-We shall be proud of him.

ROSE—You may have my flowers for letting me wear your ring.

ELEANOR-And mine too.

(Both give their flowers to the Gupsy.)

ROSE—Now we must catch Leon; good-bye. THE GYPSY—Good-bye.

(They run and catch Leon and we follow them again across the field until they come to the porch where their mother is sitting as they left her, reading the book which Leon dropped.)

THE THREE-Oh, mother, we saw wonder-

ful, strange things!

THE MOTHER—Where are the flowers?

ROSE—We gave them to a Gypsy for letting us wear her ring.

THE MOTHER-What did you see?

ELEANOR—I saw the past; the cruelty and hardships that were heaped upon the slaves.

ROSE—I saw how the Jews of East London live in the present.

LEON-I saw the future full of happiness and hope.

THE MOTHER—How did you see these things?

ROSE—A Gypsy let us wear her ring and dream them.

THE MOTHER—You saw the condition of men divided into three periods,—chattel slavery, wage slavery and freedom.

LEON-I hope we'll live to see what I have

THE MOTHER—You are all young and you may live to see it. The future is your great promise, your great hope, it's all you have to live for. Work to make it happy, wait for it, and be patient while you wait.

THE END.



ABOUT A CAT

ANNETTE C. BROWNE



r

ié

LD EB sat before the fire with head to one side, eyes half closed and an expression on his face which might have been characterized as contented, reminiscent, or

just plain cat-like.

"Isn't he the laziest looking cat!" said Hattie. "Just sits and nods and blinks."

"I don't believe he sleeps so much," said Tony. "I believe he's thinking when you see him, sitting there like that."

"What do you suppose he'd be thinking about?"

"Oh, I don't know; but I bet if he could talk he'd surprise us with a lot of things he knew."

Tony was right about it. Old Eb was thinking. He thought more than anybody would have given him credit for. Just now he was thinking over the struggles of his kittenhood days before he had fallen heir to the comfortable home which he now enjoyed and whose other occupants he regarded with such cool indifference.

In those days often the possibilities of a breakfast depended on his deftness in getting in and out of a garbage can before the back door opened.

The joy of taking a peaceful nap, stretched out at full length in the sun, was something not to be considered. When there was a chance for a day nap, it would be taken with one eye open, on guard, and the body in position for a quick get-away in case of approaching danger.

He noticed that all hobo cats were not treated with indignities as was himself. Some were given fairly decent back door receptions and some, he remembered, the cooks and housewives had tried to coax into remaining. But at sight of him there was sure to come the cry, "An old black cat!" followed by a broom or some convenient article which he learned to dodge. If they just said "cat" he might stop to consider a parley but if they threw in that vehement "black" he knew it was time for him to make tracks.

Why they were so down on his color he couldn't tell. Even when he was too tired to wash and comb himself (and a hobo cat is often neglectful of his toilet), his fur was slicker and glossier than that of the yellow and white cats of the alley.

One day when he was sitting on the sidewalk thinking over these things he heard a voice say, "Oh, look, Tony! What a nice, sleek cat! Isn't he beautiful and black!"

Looking up he saw a small boy and girl approaching him kindly. For the first time since he could remember, it seemed that somebody wanted him.

"Let's try to make him follow us home." They began to coax him and Eb, who had a reputation among the cats for being willing to try anything once, followed. Thus he gave up hoboism and became a family cat. No longer was his color a reproach to him, for Hattie and Tony knew that a black cat could be just as nice and as nice looking as any other cat. They themselves were the nicest little brown boy and girl one could wish to see. But we musn't get off on the subject of Hattie and Tony or the story will be about them instead of Eb.

It was then that he was given the name of Eb, or rather Ebony. He would probably have preferred being named Ebenezer, he thought so highly of himself. But they named him Ebony and called him Eb for short.

His hobo experiences had given him a great deal of self-reliance and independence. He was none of the mew-mew, pet kitty, sort of a cat. He was extremely dignified and thoughtful and took to his new surroundings as naturally as if he had been born in them.

However, there was one fear that he could not easily overcome. Whenever Hattie's and Tony's tidy mother came into the kitchen with a broom

in her hand he would jump up and start for the door. It was instinctive in him to jump at sight of a broom. He hadn't been "lammed" with them time after time for nothing. It was some time before he could be made to realize that a broom had a use other than to be flung at a cat.

As time went on he continued to grow more dignified and thoughtful. He would sit blinking while listening to the children's chatter, afterwards thinking over what they said. The more he listened to their talk the more impressed he became with himself. He noticed that they were always saying, "I wonder this" and "Do you reckon so and so?" "Silly things," he thought to himself, "if they'd talk less and think more, as I do, they would know more."

He sniffed disdainfully when he heard Hattie say one day, "I wonder what makes his whiskers stand out so straight and stiff. I believe he'd

look better if they were shorter."

"Oh, no," said Tony. "They're his feelers. They're just as long as his body is wide and when he wants to get through an opening he sees first if his whiskers will go through, 'cause he knows if they will, then the opening is big enough for his body."

Coming in from school one day they both cried, "Oh, it's going to be cold! The cat's sit-

ting with his back to the fire."

"Well, how simple!" thought Ebony. "Can't they feel the weather changing as well as I? I wonder how they found out about the weather before I stayed here."

One day he heard Hattie say, "Do you reckon it's true that a cat has nine lives, Tony?"

"Yes, I guess so," said Tony. "Joe Barker says it's true. Says they drowned an old cat of theirs and in a short time she was walking back to the house as though nothing had happened."

"That sure is funny, having nine times to die," laughed Hattie.

Ebony lent all ears to this conversation and gave considerable thought to it afterwards. He'd never been in the habit of giving much credit to the children's talk, but if this was true about a cat having nine lives it was something to think about. In thinking over the lives of different cats he had known, he recalled several who after every indication of having met with certain death would suddenly reappear as natural as ever in their familiar haunts.

He remembered seeing yellow Tom, who was a bold chicken thief, fall off a back fence into the alley at the bang of a rifle from a backyard.



"Silly things," he thought to himself.

He himself had been too frightened to remain in the neighborhood of the tragedy and had fled to another alley. Passing by the same place a month later what should he see but yellow Tom calmiy eating a chicken?

And, then, thinking over his own life, there certainly were times when he had been knocked out for dead or scratched to death. Yet he always came back again. There was the night when he and a gray cat were on the Smith's fence arguing as to which one had the better right to hunt mice in the Smith garage when out of the window came a solid leather boot which struck him with full force. He never could remember the period immediately following that. He only remembered that the next day found him going on all fours again.

He could remember incidents in which he had met death in various other ways. After summing it up he figured that he must have

three or four lives left. Why stay on and live them out in this quiet place? thought he. He had thought and learned so much, why not go abroad and give the world the benefit of his learning, returning in time to live out his last life here with these simple children? You see, the hobo streak was still there.

A day later Hattie and Tony were in distress over the disappearance of Ebony.

"What do you suppose could have happened to him?" asked Hattie. "He seemed too contented to run away. Do you reckon something killed him?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Tony. "You can't tell about cats. They're funny creatures. Maybe he just wanted to rove a while. He might come back."

Ebony was indeed roving and so far had not succeeded in finding any creature with which he might share his store of knowledge. He had gone quite a distance without coming across a single cat. Chancing to cross a street he saw a dog curled up beside the road apparently asleep. Didn't he know better than to lie there to sleep? thought Ebony. He must step up and admonish him.

Now dogs are the natural enemies of cats, as Ebony had long ago learned, but he felt that his wisdom and dignity would now command even canine respect. But it proved that the dog cared nothing whatever for the physiognomy of a learned cat, for at sight of Ebony he rushed at him and Eb, forgetting his wisdom and dignity, ran as fast as his venerable legs would carry him and skidded up the nearest telephone post just in time. He was so nearly overcome with fright that he could barely hold his position. Having lived a quiet life so long, he was unprepared for this.

Ebony did not venture down again until nightfall. He made his way to a stable where he expected to find board and lodging for the night. He walked around for a while, sniffing in the corners, never noticing that twice his tail flapped the legs of one of the occupants. The long-eared beast of burden looked around to see who the intruder might be, and having seen, he maliciously decided to oust him. The next time the wise cat came near the mule's heels he was given a kick that sent him out the stable door, where he spent the night.

The next morning found old Eb a very stiff, sore and unhappy cat. He wondered if he could

find a morsel on the ground for breakfast. He was so hungry that he decided to take the risk of going up to the house, something he hadn't done since his hobo days; but maybe the mistress would take pity on his condition and throw him a bite.

Walking across the yard, he began to notice that some small chickens were showing alarm at his approach. He couldn't see why they wanted to act so crazy. He wasn't going to bother them. But they flew to their mother, giving the distress sign and she, a big hen of the game variety, flew upon poor Eb who was not expecting a fight and, considering his helplessness, the odds were considerably with Biddy.

Emerging from the attack more dead than alive he made a straight line for the home which he had been so willing to leave. Oh, for that warm hearth-stone which now seemed so far away! He would never leave it again and if the rest of the world wanted the benefit of his learning, it would have to come to him. He figured that he had about one or two lives left and he intended to live them out in the comfort of the home he was returning to.

That evening Hattie and Tony were overjoyed by the sudden appearance of Ebony.

"He looks so tired and worn out, I wonder where he has been," said Hattie.

"I haven't any idea but from the way he came and dropped down on that hearth, I believe he's glad to get back," replied Tony.



Spring Styles

ANNETTE CHRISTINE BROWNE.

THERE'S a Spring opening going on near me,
With something new showing every day;
Such a riot of color and beauty arrayed,
Quite up to the minute, they say.

My neighbors are wearing Spring garments, As lovely as ever were seen; Some of velvety pink, dainty purples and blues, And everywhere charming bright green.

I am filled with delight at their beauty,
From the moment I see them appear.
That seems very odd for the styles never
change;
They look just the same every year.

Where is this Spring opening you ask me!
Just look all around you and see
Opening apple-buds, lilies, shy violets,
And new leaves decking out every tree.



3 3 3



OST of us know that the 17th of March is connected with St. Patrick and the shamrock, but how or why it is not so easy to tell.

St. Patrick was born many, many years ago, probably in 372. If the date of his birth is uncertain the place of it is still more so, for he has been variously claimed by Scotland, England, France and Wales. Of late he has been assigned to Scotland and people who have made a study of the few facts relating to his life say that he was born in Scotland at Kilpatrick, between Dumbarton and Glasgow.

Of course he was not a celebrity when he was born nor even when a boy. On the contrary, he was carried off into slavery by robbers or pirates when only sixteen and sold as a swineherd in the mountains of Ireland. Fortunately he was rescued by some kindly sailors who bore him off in their ship on the first of those long journeys of which he seems to have taken so many.

He was evidently a great traveller and it is commonly believed that the course of his wanderings may easily be determined since he invariably left behind him some spot or building which bears his name. Thus his own birthplace, Kilpatrick (the cell of Patrick) is supposed to have been named for him. Then he lived for a time in Dalpatrick (the district of Patrick) and later visited Crag-phadrig (the rock of Patrick) near Inverness. He founded two churches, Kirkpatrick (the church of Patrick) in Kircudbright and Dumfries. All this was in Scotland. In England he preached in

Patterdale (Patrick's dale) and in Wales he founded Llan-badrig (the church of Patrick). Last of all, when he came to Ireland he landed at Innis-patrick which means Patrick's island.

In the course of his wanderings he came to Italy where he was appointed by Pope Celestine to convert the Irish to Christianity. And this marks the beginning of Patrick's career as the patron saint of Ireland.

All sorts of legends have sprung up about the saint and his wonderful powers. Of course we know that practically none of these stories can be true and that what really happened was that Patrick, evidently being a man of strong will and determination, refused to let anything daunt him and so overcame obstacles which seemed insuperable. In this way the legends, which even attribute to him the power of magic, have come into being.

No matter what their origin the stories are interesting and often amusing. Patrick seems to have possessed these strange powers even as a little child. For "they say" that once as a youngster he brought home some snow and ice and his nurse told him that he would have done much better to bring some wood for a fire. Whereupon the little boy heaped the ice and snow together, blew on them and there was a bonfire! His nurse's husband died and she was stricken with grief. So Patrick prayed over the dead man, signed him with the cross and restored him to life. It was a good thing for the nurse that she had such a charge as Patrick, for she seems to have had an unusual run of bad luck. One of her cows was possessed of an evil spirit which also had wounded five other cows. Patrick healed the cattle and drove out the evil spirit.

At another time the nurse fell ill and greatly desired some honey. As there was none handy, Patrick simply took some water and changed it into honey. There were some filthy stables to be cleaned out and, of course, nobody wanted to do it. So Patrick got on his knees and prayed, and the stables were cleaned without hands.

During the brief time he was enslaved, he was sold by one master to another for a kettle. But the man who received the kettle certainly got the worst of that bargain, for no matter how hot the fire, nothing placed in that kettle would ever become warm. Indeed the hotter the blaze the colder became the kettle. So the seller returned the kettle and took Patrick back. Thereupon the kettle behaved as all kettles should.

Patrick's strange powers stood him in good stead when he undertook to convert the Irish to Christianity. The former priests of Ireland had been the Druids and naturally enough they were greatly opposed to the introduction of a new religion which would take away their power. They were great magicians, too, but you may be sure they were no match for Patrick. He tried at first to persuade them to his way of thinking, but when he found this would not work he was obliged to resort to his magic. He cursed their fertile fields and they became dreary bogs; he cursed their rivers and there were no more fish; he cursed their kettles and they would no longer boil. Finally-a most unchristian thing to do-he cursed the Druids themselves and the earth opened and swallowed them up!

Once on a trip to Britain he spied a leper whom the sailors would not carry in their ship. Touched by the poor creature's distress, Patrick said he, too, should go on the journey if that was his desire. So the saint took a stone altar which had been consecrated by the pope, threw it into the sea and bade the leper sit on it. When the ship set sail, the stone did too. Moreover it kept company with the ship all the voyage and got into port with her at the same time. Of course, this was very wonderful of Patrick. but I think that that was a brave leper. At another time a thief stole a goat from Patrick and killed and ate it. The saint accused the thief who stoutly denied knowing anything about the missing animal. Imagine his consternation then when the goat bleated from his stomach. To punish him, all his descendants were there-

after marked with the beard of a goat.

No doubt St. Patrick was a great and good man. Certainly people thought so, for after he died at a ripe old age on March 17 the anniversary of his death became a high festival in the Catholic church. In Ireland the flags fly on the steeples, bells peal until midnight, the rich bestow gifts on the poor and the poor bless the rich, each other and St. Patrick. Boys take part in wrestling games, lads and lassies dance, while women tuck their babies in the hoods of their coats and run about to each other's house to drink a glass of poteen.

And everybody wears the shamrock. The story goes that when St. Patrick landed in Ireland in 433 on his first attempt to convert the Irish, the people tried to stone him. He begged to be heard and tried to explain to them about the Trinity of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. But the people could not understand how this could be. St. Patrick looked about him and picked a shamrock. "See," he cried, "is it not as possible for Father, Son and Holy Ghost to be one as for these leaves to grow upon a single stalk?"

This convinced the Irish. The shamrock had long since been used by the Druids to heal diseases, now here it was introducing a new and beneficent cause. Small wonder then that they adopted it for their national emblem. Nowadays if you should walk through an Irish village on the 17th of March you would find people wearing the little green trefoil and standing in groups singing:

Saint Patrick's the holy and tutelar man, His beard down his bosom like Aaron's ran: Some from Scotland, from Wales, will declare that he came,

But I care not from whence now he's risen to fame:—

The pride of the world and his enemies scorning,

I will drink to St. Patrick, today in the morning!

He's a desperate, big, little Erin go bragh; He will pardon our follies and promise us joy, By the mass, by the Pope, by St. Patrick, so

As I live, I will give him a beautiful song! No saint is so good, Ireland's country adorning; Then hail to St. Patrick, today in the morning!

"R."



PLAYTIME



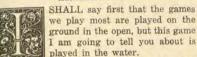
FIVE GAMES

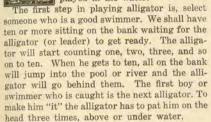
Arranged by

PUPILS OF PAUL OUINN COLLEGE

ALLIGATOR

HERBERT MANEY





TRADE GAME

A FEW players step aside and decide on some trade to be represented. They advance to the others saying, "Here we come!" The others respond, "Where from?" They reply, "New York." "What's your trade?" is the next question. The few show in pantomime some trade, all taking either the same action, or various actions used in the occupation chosen. The first one to guess the trade chases the player, trying to tag those desired for the next trade game. These and the guesser start the game again.

FROG IN THE MIDDLE

O. C. CARROLL

A NY number may play this. One player is chosen for frog and sits in the center with his feet crossed. The other players stand in a circle around the frog repeating, "Frog in the middle, can't catch me!" They dance forward

toward the frog and back, taking risks in going close. The frog must keep his position while trying to tag his tantalizer. The one tagged is the next frog.

MAN IN THE MOON

IVANHOE HOPE SCHUEMACHER

THIS game can be played with as many children as desired. First the children join hands and form a large ring. Two sit in the center of the ring—one a girl, the other a boy. The children close their eyes and sing:

"Man in the moon,
With his fairy queen;
Oh! he is as happy
As can be!"

While singing this song the King pulls the Queen's ears. The Queen then runs away. On opening their eyes the children discover the Queen has gone. Then they all begin to weep and cry, "O! hoo! Our Queen, our Queen! Some one has stolen her away!" Then the King says, "I must choose among you fair maids one to be my Queen." The maids reply, "Not I, not I." All of a sudden they hear their Queen crying, "I'm not your Queen." The children run and greet her saying, "Welcome, Queen, welcome!" Then the Queen says a second time, "I'm not your Queen." The King points at the Queen and says, "If you are not Queen, I'm not King, so let us choose today." Then the King turns around and lo! the children have run away and hidden. The Queen and King must look for them. The first boy caught is next King and the first girl caught is next Queen, and the game is played as at first.

THE WILD ANIMAL GAME

THE first thing to do is to send all the children out of the room. Then place a mirror in a chair and cover it over with a cloth, and

name a number of animals over to each child and ask him which one he would like to see. He names one; then go and get the mirror and tell This is a great success with small children.

him to look in the mirror and he will see the animal asked for. Of course, he sees himself.

Geople of the



HERE are many young pianists among us - of course - but Louise Ruth Morgan has carried on her studies until now she is a student at the New England Con-

servatory of Music in Boston, Mass. Ruth formerly lived in New York City, where she was graduated from P. S. 68.

She says: "At present I am in an intermediate grade. Formerly, I was a student of the colored Martin-Smith Music School. My subjects this session are pianoforte, harmony and solfeggio, which is singing and ear training combined. I give lessons on the pianoforte when I am in the city during the months of July and August."

I think we'll all agree that Ruth is a very ambitious girl-and worthy of much success!

John Lucas is also a pianist-"the child prodigy" is his title. He lives in Pittsburgh, Pa. During February and March he will appear in six recitals in Pittsburgh, Ohio and Michigan.

His manager, Gertrude M. Belt, writes: "The little fellow has never had a single lesson and knows not one note from another. His great feature test of this fact, is that he will play blindfolded before an audience. He can play any selection after once hearing it. He has been playing since three years of age. He is now six. His selections include southern melodies, popular music, and hymns (in variations). I am enclosing a program from his recent recital. The audience numbered 800. John is but three feet in height-a real boy, mischievous and full of fun. He delights in his work, and has that unconscious air which only a child can possess. He is not precocious; and his talent seems to be a gift. Tracing back, I find that none of his ancestors possessed any ability for music."

Soon, however, John will enter school and

study music: then he'll make us lazy folks feel so ashamed.

Virginia Smith, of Richmond, Ind., is thirteen years old and an 8A pupil of Garfield School-but furthermore she is the winner of two prizes in the Earlham Essay Contest, and there were 246 essays submitted. The subject was: "Why I am for Earlham." Virginia won the first prize, given to the grade schools of Richmond, and the second county prize.

In his letter to her, Mr. Edwards, President of Earlham, said, "I should like to encourage you to push on in your school work, having a high degree of excellence as vour standard. You may not always win a material prize, but you can always do your best; and he who does his best wins a prize more valuable than money."

Virginia expects to enter High School in September. Her special study is French, in which she has made an enviable record. She is also a talented musician. Her favorite game is basketball. Virginia is an orphan; she lives with her aunt, Miss Anna Brown.

When a little girl, Gwendolyn Herbert went to Atlantic City to live. She studied at the public school. Illness in her family, however, and the death finally of her mother, played an adverse part for Gwendolyn; yet when she reached the eighth grade, she was recognized as a superior student. She was graduated from the New Jersey Avenue School at the head of her class and won the gold medal offered by the Negro Alumni Associates of the Atlantic City High School for superiority in English-with no subject lower than 75 per cent.

Gwendolyn is now a High School student, and recently she was asked to accept membership in the T. N. T., a science club. Membership in this organization depends upon a high standard of efficiency in the Science Department.

She is shown wearing the Negro Alumni Associates' medal.



Louise Ruth Morgan Gwendolyn Herbert

John Lucas Virginia Smith

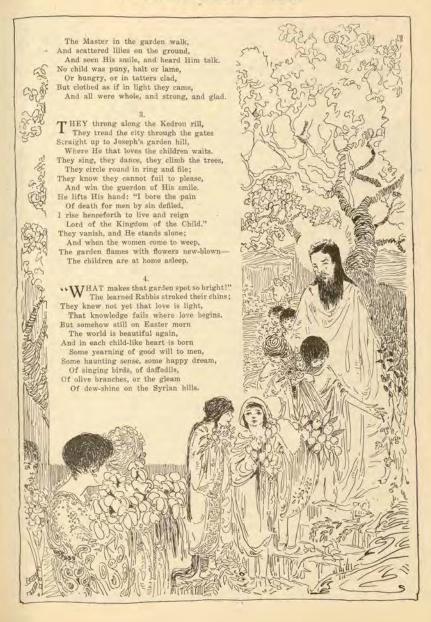
A Legend of the Easter Children

LESLIE PINCKNEY HILL.

The legends say children were first To be abroad that Easter day When morning out of darkness burst, And angels rolled the stone away. For children's hearts are quick to feel The deadening pall of mortal pain, And children's hearts are first to heal When light and comfort come again. And they had loved the Lord Christ's face, And on His knees had laughed and cried, And heard Him say the heavenly place Is where all child-like sous abide. And they had often heard Him tell Strong men, by pride and greed defiled, That they could never please Him well Till they were humble as a child. And they had heard the tale that grieves All little hearts: how One so dear Was nailed upon a cross with thieves, And tortured with a poisoned spear; And how the temple's wondrous veil Was riven by the lightning stroke, While, mingled with the women's wail, The earthquake and the thunder broke; And how there came from northern seas A terrified brigade of gulls, Swept on by some unearthly breeze, To scream above the place of skulls; And how black night came down at noon, And ghosts, from graves that opened wide, Skulked out beneath a blood-red moon, When He that loved the children died.

FOR two long days, no girl or boy In Galilee or Jordan plain Could laugh or sing, for hope and joy In every little heart was slain. But when the earth, that third day morn, Was flooded with such golden light As never since the world was born Had come to dazzle human sight, Then every child, the legends say, Knew that the time was at an end, Knew that the stone was rolled away. And flew to meet the risen Friend. And long before the Magdalene Had reached the empty sepulchre, Or Peter heard what she had seen, Or fleet John hastened after her, The children had gone forth and found

Lallawhorder







GH, high in the balmy air I fly and fly. Spring-time is so beautiful, so full of cheer! Yet, when I flew across the seas, I saw and heard sorrow. It's hard to think that some people's hearts are so heavy-laden

during this glorious season.

- A trophy has been offered by King Albert of Belgium for an international championship vacht race, from New York to Ostend, next summer.
- The Allied Supreme Council in Paris has adjourned after reaching an agreement on German reparations and disarmament. Germany must pay 226,000,000,000 gold marks (worth about \$.24 each) in annuities covering 42 years; the sum will be 2,000,000,000 for the first 2 years, 3,000,000,000 during the next 3 years, 5,000,-000,000 the following 3 years and 6,000,000,000 during the remaining period. There is also a tax of 12% on exports. Substantial reduction must be made in the military force by July 1. If Germany fails to carry out this program, the agreement provides for occupation of new territory in Germany by the Allies, the prolongation of present occupation and the possible exclusion of Germany from the League of Nations. Reports say that Germany is formulating counter-propositions.
- Both Houses of the Swedish Parliament have ratified amendments to the Constitution by which Parliamentary vote is extended to men and women, irrespective of restrictions concerning the payment of taxes, and women are made eligible to sit in either Chamber.
- The death of Prince Kropotkin-the noted Russian geographer, author and revolutionary leader-is announced from Moscow.
- The Allies have seized the Turkish customs. taking away the last source of Governmental revenues. The Sultan, it is said, is the only official who is able to pay his household expenses.

- There are 30,000 refugees from the Crimea -among them 20 Generals, 70 Colonels and a nephew of the novelist Tolstoy-facing starvation in the Caucasus, and the resources of the Greek Government will not permit assistance.
- The poet Gabriele d'Annunzio has given un the idea of leading oppressed people in an effort to achieve their independence. He is living in St. Germain, a suburb of Paris, and will take no further part in rebel movements, agitations for independence or world politics.
- A crisis has arisen in the Russo-Polish peace negotiations, at Riga, over the sum of money Russia is to pay Poland. While the Poles demand 70,000,000 gold rubles, the Russians are willing to pay only 30,000,000.
- Mass meetings are being held in England by the Labor Party to arouse public opinion on the Irish situation.
- Regardless of any naval program the United States Navy may adopt, according to the Minister of the Japanese Navy, Japan will complete her program for the unit of 8 battleships and 8 cruisers.
- ¶ In Austria, depression and unrest are growing steadily. The starving people are making demonstrations against food profiteers there are hostile clashes in the streets.
- I A law prohibiting business between the hours of 6 o'clock Sunday morning and 6 o'clock Monday morning, has been approved by the executive council of the Federation of Labor at Belgium.
- The Irish Labor Party and the Trades Union Congress of Dublin have laid the responsibility for the fires in Cork upon the British Government, saying that the burnings were done on specific orders; they accuse the Crown forces of the looting of stores and houses.
- Certain French circles have received with irony the proposed plan of President Harding for a conference on disarmament and arbitra-

tion. A French paper says the moral of the proposal is that every time America changes her president, the rest of the world must change too.

¶ The Arrieta brothers are reported to be at the head of a band of rebels operating within 19 miles of Durango, Mexico. There are 1,200 United States Government men there, and it is believed that they can handle the situation.

The Finnish Government will recommend that the Nobel Peace Prize be awarded to the American Red Cross because of its work in relieving suffering during the war.



O America I would hie! For are not my Brownies calling? And as I fly over the sky-scrapers to the lovely Southland—with its flowers and sunshine—I wonder how so

much of unrest and strife can live in such a beautiful land.

- ¶ The European Relief Council, of which Herbert D. Hoover is chairman, has accepted the offer of 50,000,000 bushels of corn from farmers of the Middle West.
- ¶ According to Wayne B. Wheeler, General Counselor of the Anti-Saloon League, people in the United States saved over a billion dollars during 1920 through prohibition. The estimate is based on the reduction in the nation's bill for beverage intoxicants.
- ¶ During 1920, American farm crops, the value of farm animal products and animals slaughtered and sold netted only \$19,856,000,000—a drop of \$5,105,000,000 below the previous year. The drop is almost entirely confined to the crops.
- Republicans in the House have approved a measure calling for the construction of 5 hospitals for war veterans suffering from mental or nervous disorders and tuberculosis.
- ¶ Dr. James R. Angell has been elected president of Yale University, succeeding Dr. Arthur T. Hadley, who resigned 14 months ago. Dr.

Angell is 51 years old and a noted psychologist. He is a graduate of Harvard and has studied abroad. This is the first time Yale has selected a head outside of its own graduates since its first president.

- Officers of the Army Air Service have appeared before the House Appropriations Committee with the assertion that the battleship is an obsolete weapon. They made a plea for the development of air defenses, saying that the estimated cost of air defenses for 1,400 miles of coast line would be only \$40,000,000 or the cost of 1 battleship.
- The Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, for many years rector of Trinity Church, New York City, has been elected Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York to succeed the late Bishop Charles Sumner Burch.
- ¶ During 1920 the Government collected more than \$407,000,000 in back taxes.
- By a bill passed in the Delaware State Senate, the penalty for highway robbery is 40 lashes on the bare back, not less than 20 years imprisonment and a fine of \$500.
- ¶ Governor Frederick H. Parkhurst of Maine is dead. He was inaugurated on January 6; five days later he became ill and died in Augusta.
- ¶ For December, 1920, the income and excess profits taxes collected by the Government were \$246,000,000 less than during December, 1919.
- Work has been resumed in textile and shoe plants in New England. Full time operations are expected in the near future.
- ¶ The first count of cash and securities in the United States Treasury since 1913 has been completed. It shows that in the vaults of our Government there is a grand total of \$13,883,-819,826.36, of which \$97,410,283.02 is in cash.
- ¶ The Senate has passed the Gronna Bill for control of the meat-packing industry. The bill creates a Federal live-stock commission, to supervise production, sale and distribution of livestock and live-stock products, and makes it unlawful for packers to engage in unfair practises.
- ¶ Through Representative Welty of Ohio a bill has been introduced which calls for the registration of lobbyists. Washington, he says, is filled with this unexplainable leisure class. Mr. Welty is a Democrat.
- ¶ The annual Indian Appropriation Bill for approximately \$12,000,000 has been passed by the House.

THE STORY OF HARRIET TUBMAN

AUGUSTA E. BIRD



N the eastern shore of Maryland, in Dorchester County, about the year 1821, a wee little baby girl was born, who grew and grew and grew in spirit, as well as in stat-

ure, until she was known all over the nation as the greatest and noblest of heroines of anti-slavery. Some will think that it was very extraordinary for such a wonderful woman to be the grand-daughter of a slave imported from Africa. Her parents were Benjamin Ross and Harriet Greene, both slaves, but married and faithful to each other. They named their little baby Araminta, but later she adopted the name Harriet as a Christian name. As she married a man whose surname was Tubman, she is better known as Harriet Tubman.

She had ten brothers and sisters, not less than three of whom she rescued from slavery among the hundreds of other slaves, and in 1857, at a great risk to herself, she also took away to the North her aged father and mother.

When Harriet was six years old (nothing more than a baby herself), she was sent away from her home to another home to take care of a baby. You can imagine how tiny she was when she had to sit down on the floor and have the baby placed in her lap in order to mind it. One morning after breakfast she was standing by the breakfast table while her mistress and her husband were eating, waiting to take the baby. Just by her was a bowl of lump sugar. Now every little girl who knows how tempting lump sugar is, can easily realize how much more tempting it must have been to little Harriet who never had anything nice like most little girls of six have nowadays. So while the baby's mother, who, possessed of a violent temper, was busily engaged in a quarrel with her husband, Harriet thought she would take a lump of sugar without being seen. But the woman turned just in time to see her fingers go into the sugar bowl, and the next minute the raw hide, a whip used -in those days alas!-to beat slaves with, was down from the wall.

Little Harriet saw her coming and gave one jump out of the door. She ran and ran until she passed many houses. She didn't dare to stop and go into any of these houses for she knew

they all knew her mistress, and if she appealed to them for protection she would only be sent back. By and by she came to a large pig-pen. which belonged on one of the farms. She was too small to climb into it, so she just tumbled over the high board and for a long time lay where she had fallen, for she was so tired There with that old sow and eight or ten little pigs Harriet staved from Friday until the next Tuesday, fighting with those little pigs for the potato peelings and scraps that would come down in the trough, with the old mother sow not so kindly disposed towards her either for taking her children's food. By Tuesday she was so hungry that she decided she would have to go back to her mistress. You see in those days no one had conceived the idea of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and Harriet had no other place to go. Harriet knew what was coming but she went back.

It is impossible to give the many accounts of hardships which this little girl went through. but she thinks she was about twenty-five when she decided to make her escape from slavery. and this was in the last year of James K. Polk's administration. From that time until the beginning of the war, her years were spent in journeying back and forth to rescue her fellow brothers, with intervals between, in which she worked only to spend what her labor availed her in providing for the wants of her next party of fugitives. By night she traveled, many times on foot over mountains, through forests, across rivers, oftentimes sleeping on the cold ground. She traveled amid perils by land, perils by water, perils from enemies, perils among false brethren, but with implicit faith in God she always returned successful.

Sometimes members of her party would become exhausted and footsore, and declare they could not go on; they must stay where they dropped down, and die. Others would think a voluntary return to slavery better than being overtaken and carried back, and would insist on returning; then there was no alternative but force. The revolver carried by this bold and daring pioneer would be pointed at their heads. "Dead niggers tell no tales," said Harriet. "Go on or die." And so she compelled them to drag



Harriet Tubman

upon her head by the slaveholders. Oftentimes her and her fugitives. when she and her party were concealed in the "An' den how we laughed," she said. "We

their weary limbs on their journey north. The woods they saw their pursuers pass, on their babies she managed by drugging them with horses, down the high road, tacking up the adopium. No wonder a price of \$40,000 was put vertisements of the rewards for the capture of

was de fools, an' dey was de wise men; but we wasn't fools enough to go down de high road in de broad daylight."

America in particular, as well as humanity, owes Harriet Tubman much. To Colonel Higginson, of Newport, R. I., and Colonel James Montgomery, of Kansas, she was invaluable as a spy and guide during the Civil War. She also rendered great service to our soldiers in the hospitals as well as to the armies in the fields. In this way she worked day after day until late at night. Then she went home to her little cabin and made about fifty pies, a great quantity of gingerbread, and two casks of root beer. These she would hire some contraband to sell for her through the camps, and thus she would provide her support for another day. For this service Harriet never received pay or pension, and never drew for herself but twenty days' rations during the four years of her labors.

At one time she was called away from Hilton Head, by one of our officers, to come to Fernandina, where the men were dying very fast from a certain disease. Harriet had acquired quite a reputation for skill in curing this disease by a medicine which she prepared from roots which grew near the waters which caused the disease. Here she found thousands of sick soldiers and contrabands. She immediately gave up her time and attention to them. At another time, we find her nursing those who were down by hundreds with small-pox and malignant fevers. She had never had these diseases, but she never seemed to fear death in one form more than in another.

"A nobler, higher spirit, or truer, seldom dwells in the human form," was a tribute paid to her by W. H. Seward, one of her many influential friends who tried very hard, although unsuccessfully, to secure for her a pension from her government. So you see how much the government is indebted to Harriet Tubman and her people.

After the war Harriet Tubman made Auburn, N. Y., her home, establishing there a refuge for aged Negroes. She died at a very advanced age on March 10, 1913. On Friday, June 12, 1914, a tablet in her honor was unveiled at the Auditorium in Albany. It was provided by the Cayuga County Historical Association. Dr. Booker T. Washington was the chief speaker of the occasion, and the ceremonies were attended by a great crowd of people.

The tributes to this woman whose charity embraced the whole human race, the slaveholders as well as the fugitives, were remarkable. Wendell Phillips said of her: "In my opinion there are few captains, perhaps few colonels, who have done more for the loyal cause since the war began, and few men who did before that time more for the colored race than our fearless and most sagacious friend, Harriet." Abraham Lincoln gave her ready audience and lent a willing ear to whatever she had to say. Frederick Douglass wrote to her: "The difference between us is very marked. Most that I have done and suffered in the service of our cause has been in public, and I have received much encouragement at very step of the way. You, on the other hand, have labored in a private way, I have wrought in the day-you in the night. I have had the applause of the crowd and the satisfaction that comes of being approved by the multitude, while the most that you have done has been witnessed by a few trembling, scarred, and footsore bondmen and women, whom you have led out of the house of bondage. and whose heartfelt 'God bless you' has been your only reward."





Ourlittestiends



MPHONTHOLO NE SHULO

(The Lion and the Hare)

An African Story

C. KAMBA SIMANGO



OOR Mphontholo (the lion) spent many uncomfortable days and nights under the rock. He had no food to eat and he was afraid to sleep for fear the rock might tumble on him. At last, however, he began to real-

ize that this was only another trick of Shulo (the hare), and that there was no reason at all why he should not make an escape from his undignified position; so very carefully and gingerly he dragged himself from under the rock, went home and ate for days and days.

When at last he had satisfied his hunger and had regained strength, his hatred for Shulo, he found, was greater than ever and greater than ever too was his determination to kill his little enemy. In the first place, his resentment toward Shulo was very strong because his children had been killed, but now there was also an added insult to his dignity to be considered, not to mention the fact that he had almost starved to death. So you see it was with quite a mixture of feelings that Mphontholo made up his mind to pursue Shulo. The lion was quite sure that the hare did not know that he was still alive, but in this he was much mistaken, for the wily Shulo had passed by the rock where he had left Mphontholo every day to be sure that he was still imprisoned. When Mphontholo got away Shulo knew all about it, you may depend. While the lion was engaged in nursing himself back to health and in fanning his hatred for Shulo, the latter was also considering ways and means to outwit his enemy.

At last Mphontholo felt that he was in fairly good shape to go after Shulo. So off he started bright and early one morning, hoping to catch his enemy unawares. He was sure he would catch the hare asleep, but in this he was greatly mistaken. Shulo had been expecting every day to be attacked by his enemy ever since he had known that he had escaped from the rock, so instead of being taken by surprise in his house he went outside and perched himself on a high white ant-hill. Bye and bye he saw Mphontholo stealthily approaching his house.

Of course, his caution was all in vain, for Shulo was not there, and Mphontholo on breaking down the door found only an empty habitation.

Angrily he looked around and spied Shulo sitting on the white ant-hill. The moment these two-king and subject, judge and prisoner, at one time friends, but now bitter enemiescaught sight of each other, each knew the other's intentions. No words were needed to make their views plain. Mphontholo started the chase and Shulo led the way. That was a wonderful sight to see them tearing along the ground, one with his very heart trembling for fear, and the other boiling with rage and vengeance.

Now Shulo never liked to trick or outwit his opponents at the beginning of the game, but wanted them to be so sure of gaining the victory that they would forget all about his cleverness and skill. So off he started running along the open road which, of course, gave Mphontholo a great advantage over him. The lion had no doubt but that he would overtake Shulo and really thought that the hare was almost too easy a victim, but the little fellow knew perfectly well what he was doing. He ran straight ahead to a place where there were many holes in the ground. When he reached there Mphontholo was about fifty yards behind him. Into a hole dashed Shulo. This was a clever trick because the lion was running so fast that he could not stop himself, and so he passed by the place where Shulo had entered.

Now it happened that this particular hole had another opening about one hundred yards off. Here you begin to see how clever Shulo really was, for the day before he had visited this place and had entered all the various holes in order to puzzle Mphontholo in case he should be running after him. When poor Mphontholo returned from the useless steps which he had taken he was indeed at a loss on realizing that Shulo's footprints were at the mouth of every hole. The lion, of course, could not tell which hole he had really entered so in his dilemma he began to cover all the holes about him with



"Aren't you Shulo?" he asked.

sand, thinking that Shulo was bound to be in one of them and so he would make it impossible for him to come out again.

It is true that even Mphontholo was not stupid enough to think that Shulo could have entered all those holes in this short time. Still in order to satisfy himself he went on covering them up. When he came to the biggest hole he felt sure that that was the place that Shulo had entered. Then he began to look around to see if it had another opening. Sure enough after a moment or two he spied the opening about fifty yards away and when he went there to investigate he saw Shulo's footprints leading out of that hole.

"I must not waste any time," he said to himself. "I am sure the little scoundrel came out that way." And off he rushed following up the footprints. He followed these tracks until he came to what I shall call an island of grassan oasis I think you call it. Here the tracks seemed to have ended. Mphontholo did not wish to waste any more time, so before investigating the grassy island he ran all around it to see whether Shulo's footprints had gone beyond its borders. When he saw that they had not, he proceeded to search the island thoroughly. He laid low every standing thing. every bush, every tree and even every blade of grass. He stopped up every hole but, alas for his pains, there was neither sight nor sign of Shulo.

But what had Shulo been doing in the meantime? You remember that he had entered a hole in the ground which had another opening about one hundred yards away. So while Mphontholo was investigating the other opening Shulo had come out and had gone about his business. His business, you may be sure, was to watch Mphontholo, and this he did sitting at his ease on the top of a partly hidden white ant-hill. How he laughed when he saw Mphontholo going through all his useless tactics and working himself to death as he lay low the trees and grass on the oasis.

Bye and bye the sun went down. Poor Mphontholo, in despair and tired and hungry, decided to go home. You may believe he was very much disgusted to think that he had again missed Shulo. He began to realize that Shulo must have gone some other way and that probably he had made all these tracks before they ever started on the chase. "He fooled me that time," said poor Mphontholo to himself limp-

ing home on his tired paws, "but I'll get him yet, the little villain!"

It was a long time before the lion and the hare met again and when they did Shulo was almost caught. Unsuspectingly he was sitting on the road thinking of his many devices when he suddenly saw the lion almost upon him but as yet unaware that his enemy was so near. There was no time for Shulo to run away but his quick mind devised a plan. He jumped up on a log which was hidden in the grass and this made him appear taller than his actual height. He pretended, too, that he was very sick. The lion walked up to look him over.

"Aren't you Shulo?" he asked in a puzzled

way.

"Shulo!" said the hare. "No, indeed, I'm his cousin (Shulo Mavuvu). I am not surprised that you are taking me for him as many people think at first sight that we resemble each other, but as a matter of fact I am much taller than he as you see." The lion hesitated but did not even then seem quite satisfied.

Shulo went on. "Do you think you will see Shulo soon?" he asked Mphontholo. "If you do I hope you will give him a good trouncing. I have been sick four months and he knows it. He is the only relative I have in the world but he has absolutely neglected me. He is really a bad fellow, I am afraid, and when I get well I am going to break off all relationship with him." Mphontholo, who, of course, had thought this the real Shulo, concluded after hearing this heart-breaking tale, that this must really be his cousin, so he asked him then if he had any idea where Shulo was.

"I don't know just where to tell you to look for him," said Shulo Mavuvu. "I caught sight of him yesterday going in that direction"—he pointed the wrong way. "I asked him to bring me some water but he just looked at me and passed by without saying a word. He is a hard-hearted fellow and I wish him all the ill-luck in the world." Mphontholo was very much touched by this story and telling Shulo Mavuvu that he hoped that he would soon be better he thanked him for the information and started off in the direction in which the supposed cousin told him the hare had gone.

The moment Mphontholo got out of sight Shulo burst into a hearty laugh. He slapped his little knee, he held his little paws over his mouth and over and over he rolled in the sand but he could not yield to his joy long for he knew he must make his get-away, so off in the

opposite direction he bounded and stayed out of sight for many days,

The next time the two met on the road as usual it was unnecessary for any words to pass between them, but off flew Shulo at full speed with the lion close behind him. The chase was hot and fierce and seemed to be haphazard, but the hare knew exactly where he was heading. On and on he ran until he reached a marshy place. He started to cross this but when he was half way over he stopped as though he had been caught by something. Mphontholo, who was close behind him, made a leap toward him but quick as a flash in the time in which the lion leaped in the air and came down again, Shulo had moved several feet ahead so that Mphontholo fell down a few feet from Shulo, The ground. of course, was very boggy and muddy and the lion, being a heavy body, came down with such force that he drove half of himself into the mud. Then Shulo crossed the rest of the marsh safely and stood on the solid ground watching Mphontholo's struggles and telling him that if he continued to chase him he would certainly lose his life. Then the hare went on, leaving him there. The lion passed a wretched day in the mud and might have perished had not some of his friends come along and pulled him out.

You may be sure that all these tricks and insults did not lessen Mphonthol's hatred of Shulo. He had become distrustful of himself by now and went around urging his friends to help him get rid of the tricky hare. Shulo too began to realize that he was in a dangerous state, for as long as the lion lived he probably never would give the hare any peace and then, too, he was beginning to become acquainted with some of Shulo's tricks. Each one of them came to the same decision, that the only way to end the quarrel was by getting rid of the

other for good, so Shulo really set about making some serious plans.

He took several trunks of trees which had been hollowed out and placed them one after another in a long line so that the end of one trunk opened into the beginning of the next. He put the largest sizes first. The day that was to mark the end of their feud arrived. Mphontholo spied Shulo, who was really waiting to catch his eye, and the chase began again. Off started the hare, knowing that his enemy was fiercer than ever, and that this time either he or the lion must be beaten. Soon, as though by accident, he came to the long line of hollowed tree trunks. Into the first one he plunged with the lion after him. Out of each trunk he would dash into the next with the lion constantly gaining on him. Finally Shulo made one awful spring which landed him into the last trunk and some distance ahead of the lion. Mphontholo measured the distance with his fiery glance and took one leap which put him just a few feet behind Shulo but alas, for the poor king of the animals! This last tree trunk, although possessing a wide opening, narrowed off very suddenly toward the middle to a space large enough for the hare to creep through but entirely too small for the lion to enter. Furthermore, he had jumped into the last trunk with such force that his body was completely wedged in that pipe-like place. Shulo came back to see whether his enemy was alive or not. He was alive all right but was totally unable to move. So Shulo left him to his doom.

Need I tell you that it was a long time before any member of the lion family ever interfered again in any way with a member of the hare family?

Aya ngomagumo olungano. (This is the end of the story.)



Spring Melodies

EULALIE SPENCE

D^{OWN} in the orchard, Among the apple trees, Robins are trilling The gavest melodies.

Leaf-bud and grasses, Stir softly in their sleep, Trembling with delight
To feel their pulses leap.

Close by the garden,
Goes blue-bird on the wing,
Carolling, singing,
"'Tis Spring! I sing of Spring!"



THE JUDGE



F you think," says Wilhelmina with much firmness, "that you are going to the matinee with me in that get-up you are very much mistaken."

the matter?" asks William. "I'm clean, ain't I?"

"I don't know whether you are or not, but I know you are not fresh and smart looking, and I won't be seen on the street with you."

William is disgusted. "Aw, Judge, tell her a boy can't go about all dolled up like a girl; all the fellows would make fun of him and besides it's too great a nuisance."

"Well I'm not so sure of that," says the Judge gravely, looking over the top of his newspaper. "Didn't I hear you say the other day that the reason you wouldn't take Billikins to the circus was because his blouse was soiled and you didn't have time to wait for him to change? Evidently you didn't want to be seen with him 'looking that way'."

"Oh, but that's different, Billikins wasn't even clean. Now I'm clean-"

"You don't look it," says Wilhelmina shortly. "Your collar's got a smudge on it, and your tie is bulging-and you've got on a sweater vest .no boy can look clean with a sweater vest on. unless it's a pure white one and not that clay colored thing."

"Why you gave it to him for Christmas." Billy reminds her.

"I know I did, because I knew he'd never keep a white one clean. But I gave it to him for skating and not to-to live in. Mother makes me go about with William all the timewish I had a brother that would ever look spick and span like Harvey Wilson."

"Dressed up like a dude!" jeers William. "You girls look too much at a fellow's appearance. Now I know I'm clean. I had my bath this morning and that's just a little teeny mark on my collar and this sweater keeps me warm. Here I'll tuck my tie in. But what difference does it make?

"'A man's a man for a' that!""

Wilhelmina chooses to be stubborn. "He may sister and myself."

be a man but he's not the finest kind of a man I'm sure of that. I think a really first class man will aim not only to please himself but to please others too."

"Wilhelmina's got the idea," says the Judge before William can get his thoughts together. "It is true we do dress for warmth and protection and for the sake of the conventions but we also dress-as we do many other thingsto make an impression on others,"

"I don't see how," says Billie.

"Well now suppose William and Harvey Wilson-they are both the same age, aren't they ?came to my office for a job. They are in the same grade at school; they bring equally good recommendations. I look them over and I say to myself, 'This boy is untidy and wrinkled; he'd propably keep my papers in an awful mess and any way he doesn't care whether I like his appearance or not. Now this other fellow is clean and smart looking. He wants me to be pleased with him, and I'm sure he'll keep things in order. Harvey,' I say out loud, 'you can have the job'."

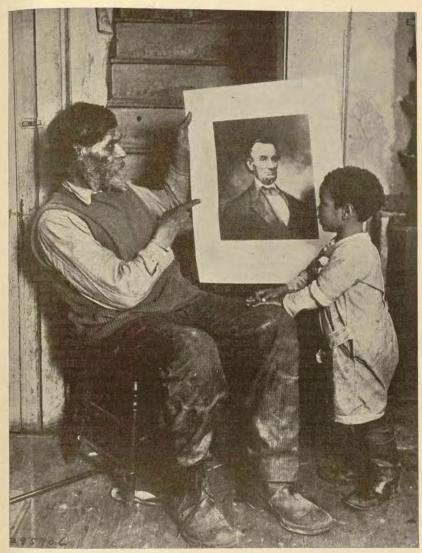
"I thought ability was the only thing that counted," says William.

"In the last ditch, yes; but not anywhere else and not always there. Then another thing, the boys and girls who take care of their personal appearance usually have a good deal of respect for themselves and that causes other people to have it too. I'm not talking about simply being in style, but about being clean and smart and trim."

"I see what you're driving at, sir, but if I don't mind, why should Wilhelmina worry?"

"Because neatness and trimness on the part of an individual mark his attitude toward society at large. Besides a boy can't begin too early to manifest his respect and deference for girls, from his sister on. Furthermore, you never have occasion to be ashamed of Wilhelmina's appearance."

"You bet I don't," William owns up admiringly. "All right, sis, I'll fix up right away. Everybody's got to know that I respect both my



"That's Mr. Lincoln, Sonny!"

-Underwood & Underwood.

THE GIRL RESERVES

Gala Week at the Phyllis Wheatley Y. W. C. A. OLIVE C. IONES



ASHINGTON was afforded a real treat during the week of January 17-21 when the Phyllis Wheatley Y. W. C. A. opened its doors and invited all to the big Hippodrome.

The entire lower section of the building was given over to the gay "Bazaar of the Nations." Booths lined the gymnasium on all sides and the enticing orange grove in the center transported the visitors to the land of sunshine and flowers. Crowds of people in appropriate costumes completed the dazzling scene.

One of the most beautiful sights of the bazaar was the Japanese garden of the Girl Reserves. The three club rooms were thrown into one in truly Japanese fashion. Cherry blossoms were everywhere, a fitting decoration for the rooms with their old rose draperies and willow furniture.

Here were sold souvenirs of all kinds-kimonos, balloons, wind chimes, charms, images of the gods in the form of incense holders, and many, many other mementoes reminiscent of old Japan.

Some form of entertainment was contributed each night by the various committees and Friday night was given over to the Girl Reserves. On that night they presented a play, "The Lantern and the Fan", dramatized by Miss Jones, the director of the Dramatic Club.

The children acted their parts very successfully. Julia Johnson as Witch Evil Thought put into the mind of the father-in-law the idea of requiring his daughters to bring him the impossible gifts of fire and wind in paper in order to prevent their visiting their old home. Julia Delany as the father, Onoto, proposed this to the girls who agreed to get the gifts to pay for the visit. The daughters, Nan Kin and Tsi Ann, impersonated by Annette Hawkins and Annabelle Thornton, were assisted in obtaining the gifts by Fairy Good Thought, Dorothy Davis. who solved the difficulty for them by giving them a lantern (fire in paper) and thus they were allowed to return home.

In addition to the creditable acting of the principal characters, the play owed its success largely to appropriate songs and dances.

BACK TO FAIRYLAND

I N order to revive the old fairy tales in the minds of the children the Dramatic Club will give a series of dramatizations for the benefit of the Washington school children. "The Lantern and the Fan" was repeated for them on Satur. day, January 29, and "Hansel and Gretel" will be produced at an early date.

MISS WILLIAMS' VISITS

THE Washington Branch of the Girl Reserves I was favored by a visit from Miss Clayda Williams, of the National Board. Miss Williams made the week extremely enjoyable by teaching the girls new games and dances. Large crowds filled the gymnasium each afternoon, eager to receive the benefit of her instructions.

Miss Brooks, the Girls' Work Secretary, invited the girls from the Dunbar and Armstrong High Schools to meet Miss Williams at the "Y" to become acquainted with the Girl Reserves and their sports. This invitation, coming after an interesting talk in the schools on the Girl Reserve movement by Miss Prack, of Philadelphia, received an enthusiastic and ready response from the girls, and, in consequence, the number and size of the clubs of the Phyllis Wheatley Y. W. C. A. are increasing rapidly.

Miss Davis, the Girls' Work Chairman, has set the goal at 1,000 members in the Girl Reserves for the year and she expects to get it.

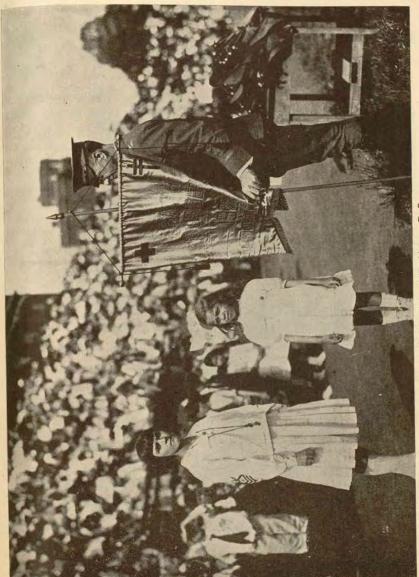
SIGNS OF SPRING

LANGSTON HUGHES

BRIGHT, jolly sunshine and clear blue skies,
Green trees and gardens and gay butterA golden moon with a love light glow,
And the music of bird songs, blithe and clear.

Soft little winds that balmy blow,

Are the things which tell us that Spring is here.



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Two Healthy Children of Washington, D. C.

THE JURY





HAVE been reading THE BROWNIES' BOOK for some time and like it very much, especially that story about the bees.

I wish that you would ask the Judge to tell the story of sugar raising sometime. I'd like to know how people raise things in other parts of the country.

EUGENE RHODES, East Orange, N. J.

I THOUGHT you might like to hear about the adventures of a milk bottle. Once upon a time a milk bottle was made. As it came from the factory a man dressed in blue got it. He took it into a place called the dairy, where the milk bottle saw horses and many other things which I have not time to tell you about. The man washed it in warm water—the bottle wondered why but it soon found out. After it was washed the man dried it and filled it with milk and put it in a box with many other bottles of milk. It was then put into an automobile and the man started it and what a good ride it had!

Then at last the man stopped the automobile and took it out and put it on a lady's porch. It stayed there all night and when morning came a little girl came out and took it into the house where her mother took some of the milk out and gave it to her children. When all of the milk was gone the mother again took the bottle and washed it. After she had washed it she put it out of doors again. A man came and got it and put it into a box where there were many empty milk bottles. He started the automobile and took it back to the dairy. He did not wash it as before but rinsed it out with cold water-how it shivered! He filled it with milk again and put it into a box where there were many bottles. He started the automobile and when he came to the house he wanted he took it out and put it on another lady's porch.

When morning came the lady came and took it. She poured out some of the milk and drank it. After all the milk was gone she did not wash the bottle, as the other lady did. Instead she rinsed it out with hot water and put it out of doors. The man came and got it as before and took it to the dairy. He did not wash it nor did he rinse it out; he just filled it with milk and put it into the automobile.

When he came to the house he wanted, he stopped the automobile and took the milk bottle out. In the morning another lady came out and took it into the house. In this house there was a baby and babies can't drink anything but milk and the bottle had germs in it because the dairy-man had not washed it. So that when the mother gave the baby the milk it got sick. So, children, you wash your bottles so that other people will not get sick.

EVELYN BROWNE (8 years old), Washington, D. C.

I HAVE two big rabbits. I know a boy who has five little rabbits and two big ones. Mine had little ones and they all died. The big rabbits' names are Flopsy and Mopsy. They live in the yard. I have a tool chest and a wagon. I am going to build them a new house and move it.

WILLIAM VALENTINE (6 years old),

Bordentown, N. J.

I AM sending you the names of five little friends who have subscribed for The Brownies' Book. Now I know I will get mine for another year free. I hope they will like to read it as well as I do. I like to read it as well as I like to play marbles. My name is Harry Parker and I am eight years old. I am in the fourth grade.

Here is a picture of Uncle Sam I drew and I hope that you will like it.

> HARRY PARKER, Washington, D. C.

[Yes we like the picture, Harry, and hope you will send us one some time which we can reproduce.—The Editors.]

THE BROWNIES' BOOK APRIL 1921

SPRING NUMBER

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THE BROWNIES' BOOK should have a hundred thousand subscribers and should be read by a million children who especially need its inspiring pictures, stories and news of colored youth.

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APRIL, 1921

WHOLE No. 16

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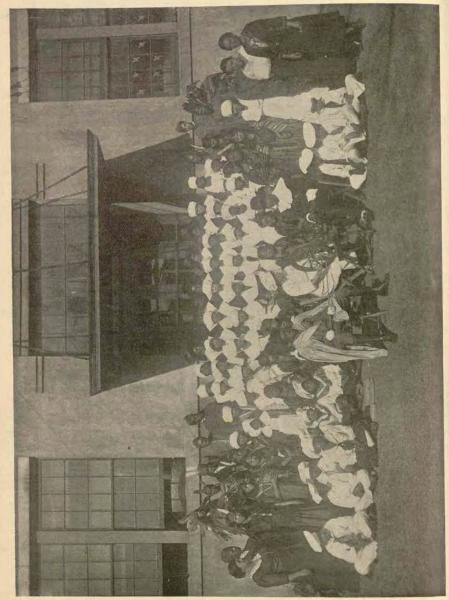
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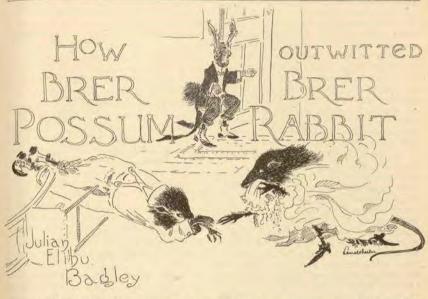
"The Captain of Plymouth" Scene from the play of that name, written and staged by Katheryn M. Campbell at Paris, Texas

The Brownies' Book

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HEN springtime comes with her sparkling April days, little New York kiddies are not much inclined to study, especially if it be at night-time and away up stairs

in an apartment house. This is the rule and little Cless was no exception. Naturally, then, when Granny made him study under such trying conditions he kept constantly on the alert for some way out. It was one night in flipping over the leaves of an old geography that he hit upon the scheme that promised him some relief. He had come to one of those animal maps, I'm sure you have seen one with its buffaloes rushing headlong across the plain; its turkeys with outstanding wings and fanshaped tails strutting around with all the pride of a peacock; or a puma or a jaguar sinking his teeth into the back of a fleeing deer. Cless saw all these and many others, but none caught his attention so solidly as the little creature that swung down by his tail from the limb of a tree

in the far corner of the map. This was Br'er Possum.

"Look! Granny," shrieked Cless as he took up the geography and rushed over to show his grandmother. "Look!-here's Br'er Possum swinging from the limb by his tail. See how cute he is! And, Granny, you never did tell me about the trick he worked on Br'er Rabbit. Won't you tell me now? Please, Granny, 'cause I'm so tired reading my lesson."

Granny had been so cunningly led up to the story that she couldn't possibly refuse. So she threw aside her evening paper, took off her spectacles and, while little Cless lay back on the sofa, she began another tale of Br'er Possum.

"You remember how Mister Tortoise taught Br'er Possum to play dead, don't you?"

Cless assured her that he did.

"And you remember how he worked the trick on Br'er Fox?"

"Yes'm."

"Well since Br'er Fox was killed and there

was no one else so cunning as he, Br'er Rabbit decided that he just had to get this new trick from Br'er Possum. So he set out to learn it. Of course Br'er Possum wouldn't tell Br'er Rabbit anything about it, but Br'er Rabbit felt sure he could get all the information he wanted from Miss Possum, Br'er Possum's sweetheart, who lived about five miles away from Chuckatuck, at a place called Crown Hill. So all that winter Br'er Rabbit tramped over to Crown Hill every Friday night, pretending to be in love with Miss Possum. But he wasn't in love with her at all. The truth of the matter was that he simply went to see her with the hope of some day coaxing her to tell him Br'er Possum's trick. Now Br'er Possum was on to all this and that's why he hadn't told any oneeven his sweetheart-about his new trick.

"But there came a time when Br'er Possum had to either try his new trick or lose his love. for Br'er Rabbit was so cute and wore such good clothes that he was about to make Miss Possum forsake her old lover. The test came one Easter Monday night. There was an Easter Party on Chuckatuck Hill to which every creature was invited. Br'er Possum, of course, expeted to go over to Crown Hill and get Miss Possum and bring her to the party. Br'er Rabbit had the same hope. And Miss Possum was cruel enough to promise each one that she would go with him-alone. Br'er Possum heard of her plan, but he was not disheartened. He was determined to show her that he was just as clever as Br'er Rabbit. The night for the party came. Br'er Possum dressed up in a brand new, blue suit, put on a big Buster Brown collar and decorated it with the reddest and widest tie that he could find. But all this fine dressing did not count, for when he went over to Crown Hill to get Miss Possum she said: 'Why I'm going to the party with Br'er Rabbit. Sorry you took the trouble to come over to-night.'

"Br'er Possum was astonished.

"'All right,' said he as he sank his head into his handkerchief and began to cry. 'Can I stay and see you off?'

"'Certainly,' she agreed.

"The two sat down and began to talk. Now I think Miss Possum mentioned everything except her love for Br'er Possum, and I think he told her everything he knew except his new trick. At eight o'clock, in strutted Br'er Rab-

bit. He was dressed in the finest suit imaginable and was puffing a big cigar and swinging a carved walking-cane. All this, of course, made him look like a real sport. He was very much surprised to find Br'er Possum there, but he tried hard to keep from getting excited. He sat down, crossed his legs, told a few jokes, talked a little about the weather and then got up and said: 'Let's go to the party, honey.'

"Miss Possum got up and made ready to go. But as soon as she started out, Br'er Possum fell violently ill. "Whee-a! whee-a! whee-a!" he began to cry. 'Send for Mister Tortoise.'

"Now Mister Tortoise was not a real doctor, but his sassafras tonics were a positive cure for any pain imaginable. So Miss Possum begged Br'er Rabbit to go and get him. Br'er Rabbit went. Meanwhile Miss Possum exerted every possible effort toward keeping Br'er Possum alive until Br'er Rabbit returned with Mister Tortoise. At last Mister Tortoise toddled in. He flung open his satchel of roots, crawled up to Br'er Possum and laid his head upon his breast to listen for his heart thump's. And sure enough it was going: 'Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump!

"'Where's the pain?" asked Mister Tortoise,
"'Oh-ee! Oh-ee! everywhere,' cried Br'er
Possum. 'I can't live. Leave me! Leave me!
Leave me and let me die.' Then he turned over
on his face, uttered a plaintive cry and in another moment he was apparently dead. Immediately Miss Possum began to wring and twist
her hands and cry, 'Ee-hee! Ee-hee! I'm so
sorry I treated Br'er Possum so mean. Ee-hee!
I'm so sorry—so sorry. Poor me—poor me!

"She was almost scared to death, for it had already been rumored on Chuckatuck Hill that Br'er Rabbit was layin' for Br'er Possum, and she knew if he died that night, there would be some excitement in Chuckatuck the next day. Well, for her, the party was over. Once more she begged Br'er Rabbit to go over to Chuckatuck Hill and tell Br'er Possum's folks that he was dead. And she kept on moaning and sighing and sniffing till Mister Tortoise had pity on her and let the secret out. 'Don't you know Br'er Possum ain't dead?'

"'Isn't he?-Isn't he?" she asked nervously.

"Why, of course, he isn't. I taught him to do that trick last winter. He played it on Br'er Fox and got by with it and now he thinks he's got to play it on everybody. But he shan't play



it on you.' By this time Br'er Rabbit was well out of sight, so Br'er Possum hopped up from the floor and began dancing and shouting:

"'Oh goodee gar! I've fooled old Br'er Rabbit. And now that he's gone You and I can have it. Going to take you to the party Or know the reason why, 'Cause I've fooled Br'er Rabbit-E-ee! E-ee!----I!'

"'Oh but I thought you were dead,' cried Miss Possum as Br'er Possum stopped singing.

"'No, indeed,' he answered. 'I was just playing dead! It's a new trick Mister Tortoise taught me the first of last winter.' And then for the first time he told her all about the trick he played on Br'er Fox. As soon as she heard this story she became very proud of Br'er Pos-

sum, for if he had outwitted Br'er Fox last winter he had certainly outwitted Br'er Rabbit now. Therefore, he must be the slyest creature in the whole woods. 'Come along, honey, let's go to the party.' begged Miss Possum."

"'Sure!' chuckled Br'er Possum. 'You'll excuse us, won't you, Mister Tortoise? Thank you for your medicine!' Mister Tortoise assured them that they were welcome to his services and within a few moments he was on his way to his hole, and Br'er Possum and Miss Possum were on their way to the party.

"When they reached the party everybody was laughing and dancing and having a good time. But as soon as the rabbits noticed that it was Br'er Possum and Miss Possum, instead of Br'er Rabbit and Miss Possum, they quit dancing and began to ask, 'Oh where's Br'er Rabbit, Miss Possum-where's Br'er Rabbit?' But before she could answer, Br'er Possum was dancing a jig and singing his same old song over and over again—

"'Oh goodee gar!
I've fooled old Br'er Rabbit,
And now that he's gone
You and I can have it.
Brought my Honey to the party—
You know the reason why,
'Cause I've fooled Br'er Rabbit—
E-ce! E-ce!—I!'

"Well he kept on singing this way till the dance started again. Nobody could get any sense in him till then. Now he took Miss Possum and danced and danced till it was time to go home. When they got back home they found Br'er Rabbit lying in front of Miss Possum's den. He had got lost over in Chuckatuck Swamp and had come back and cried himself to sleep. 'Br'er Possum got well again,' said Miss Possum as Br'er Rabbit got up and began to rub

his sleepy eyes, 'and we decided to go to the party.' Br'er Rabbit didn't believe this tale but he didn't dare say so, for it was a disgrace for a rabbit to admit that he had been outwitted by a possum. It was almost day now, so Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Possum told Miss Possum good-night and each started for his den. But Br'er Possum never told Br'er Rabbit, and Br'er Rabbit," concluded Granny, "never has been able even up to this day to find out just how Br'er Possum turned the trick on him that Easter Monday night."

Granny had consumed half an hour or more in telling this tale, for she included a number of minor details that I have purposely omitted. All this, of course, had given little Cless ample time to get rested from his books. And now it was bed-time, so he rolled down off the sofa, ran over and kissed Granny good-night, and hurried on off to bed where the sandman soon had him dreaming dreams of how Br'er Possum outwitted Br'er Rabbit.



IN A MEXICAN CITY

LANGSTON HUGHES



OLUCA sits in the highest plateau of Mexico at the foot of the old and long extinct volcano "Xinantecatl", which is said to be named after one of the ancient Indian

kings. All around us there are mountains and our valley is broad and fertile. Here the climate is cool and often cold, but the poor folks never have shoes to wear nor do the rich use stoves in their houses. In summer it is the rainy season and every day brings long showers and misty clouds that hide the mountains. In winter the sky is clear and the sun shines warm at mid-day, but in the shade it is always cool.

The house where I live faces a little plaza or park and from my window I can see many interesting things. Every morning a bare-footed old woman in a wide straw hat and long skirts drives a little flock of white sheep down the street, and sometimes she has a tiny baby lamb in her arms. They go to the country to graze all day and in the evening they come back again. Often I see a funeral procession passing through

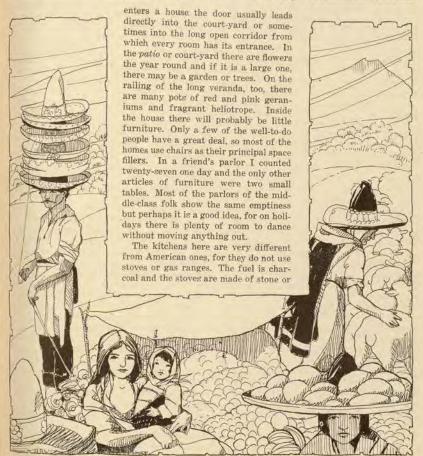
the plaza on the way to the Panteon and as they do not have hearses here, the men carry the casket on their shoulders while the mourners walk behind them. On Sundays the park is full of black-shawled women and men wrapped in serapes or blankets who come in the early morning to say mass in the quaint old church in front with its pretty tower and its most unmusical bells.

There are many churches here and all of them are very old. Some were built before the Independence, when Mexico was still under Spanish rule, and have beautiful domes and tall, graceful towers. Practically every one is Catholic and they keep many feast days. On the day of the Innocent Saints there is a custom that reminds one of our April Fool. On this date things should never be loaned and if you forget, the article is sure to be sent back by the joking friend who borrowed it, accompanied by a timy box full of tiny toys and a note calling you a "poor little innocent saint". On the second of November, which is a day in honor of the dead.

they sell many little cardboard coffins and paper dolls dressed as mourners, and if a person meets you in the street and says "I'm dying", you must give him a gift unless you have said "I'm dying" first; then, of course, he has to treat you to the present. On a certain day in January the people take their animals to be blessed and in the church-yard one sees everything from oxen to rabbits. Each is wearing a bit of gay colored

ribbon and they wait patiently for the priest to come.

The houses here from the outside all look very much alike and are but a succession of arched doors and windows with small balconies facing the sidewalk. They often have lovely court-yards and verandas but these are hidden from the passers-by behind high walls, and the fronts of the houses never tell anything about the beauty that may be within them. When one



Market-day in Toluca

brick, built into the wall like a long seat, except that they have three square grates on top for the fire and three square holes in front for removing the ashes. Some are prettily built and covered with gaily colored tiles. To make the fire several splinters of pine are lighted in the grate and then the black pieces of charcoal piled on top. Then one must fan and fan at the square holes in front until the charcoal on top begins to blaze, and in a little while you have a nice glowing fire ready to cook with.

The shops here in the portals, which is Toluca's "uptown", are much like the American stores, but in the little expendios in the side streets one can buy a penny's worth of wood or a tablespoonful of lard or a lamp full of oil. The poor here do not have much money. These little shops paint themselves all sorts of colors and have the funniest names. One I know is called "The Wedding Bouquet". Others are "The Light of America", "The Big Fight", "The Fox", and so on, and one tinner's shop is even called "Heart of Jesus". The last store on the edge of town, where the road leads off to San Juan, has the very appropriate name of "Farewell". One who did not know Spanish could acquire a whole vocabulary just by reading the store names which are painted in large colored letters across the front and are often accompanied by pictures or decorations to illustrate their meanings. For instance, the meat market called "The Bull of Atenco" has the animal's picture on one side of the door and a bull-fighter's on the other, painted over a background of bright blue.

Friday is market-day in Toluca and the square outside the market-house is one sea of wide Mexican hats, as buyer and trader jostle and bargain. The surrounding streets are lined with Indians from the country who squat behind their little piles of vegetables, or fruit, or herbs, which they have to sell and which they spread out on the ground before them. One old woman will have neat little piles of green peppers for a cent a pile. Another will have beans and another wild herbs for seasoning soup or making medicine. The fruit sellers, of course, always have a most gorgeous and luscious display. Under a canopy created from four sticks and some sort of covering to make a spot of shade, are piled all sorts of strange, delicious fruits. There one finds creamy alligator pears and queer-tasting mangoes; red pomegranates and black zapotes; small, round melons and fat little bananas and the delicately flavored granada, which feels like a paper ball and has a soft seedy pulp inside. Then there are oranges that come up to us from the hot country, along with limes and juicy lemons that are not sour like the ones we know up North.

Here people never buy without bargaining. If the price asked for a thing is two cents, they are sure to get it for one. These price arguments are always good-natured and the merchant, knowing that he will have to come down usually asks more than he should in the first place. Everyone going to market must carry his own baskets and sacks and even the paper for his meat, as everything is sold without wrapping.

A market-day crowd is composed of all sorts of people. A rich señorita with her black scarf draped gracefully about her shoulders is doing the family buying, while the servants carrying baskets follow behind. Indian women with sacks of vegetables on their backs; others with turkeys or chickens in their arms; little ragged brown boys seeking a chance to earn a few cents by carrying a customer's basket; and beggars, numberless beggars, blind, lame and sick beggars, all asking patiently for pennies or half-rotted fruits; these are the folks one sees on market-day pushing and elbowing their way through the crowd which is so thick that nebody can hurry.

On one side of the plaza are the sellers of hats and the large yellow mats that the Indians spread down on the floor at night for sleeping purposes. The Mexican straw hats have wide round brims and high peaked crowns and though cheap, most of them are prettily shaped. The Indian, upon buying a new hat, will not take the trouble to remove his old one, but puts the new one on top and marches off home with his double decked head gear. Sometimes a hat merchant, desiring to change his location, will put one hat on his head, and as each peaked crown fits snugly over the other, he then piles his whole stock on top of himself and goes walking down the street like a Chinese pagoda out for a stroll.

Here everything that people do not carry on their backs they carry on their heads. The ice-cream man crying nieve, balances his freezer, and the baker-boys carry a shallow basket as big around as a wagon wheel. This basket has a crown in the center and when filled with bread it fits over the head like a very wide Mexican hat, while its wearer underneath is as insignif-

cant as the stem of a mushroom. Sometimes we see fruit sellers, too, with great colorful mounds of fruit piled upon their wooden trays and balanced gracefully on their black-haired heads. When a thing is too heavy or too unwieldy to out on the head, then it is carried on the back.

and the Indians bear immense burdens in this way. Men, women and even small children are often seen with great loads of wood or charcoal, or sacks of grain, on their backs, and the only carriage that the little Indian baby ever knows is its mother's back, where it rides contented all day long, tied in her rebosa or shawl.



AYTI()E



PUZZLES

Arranged and Answered

by

C. LESLIE FRAZIER



and forward your answers to the Editor with your name and age

attached. Send in your own puzzles so other Brownies can work on them. Always enclose the solutions to the puzzles you submit. Answers to this month's puzzles will be published next month. Send in your answers by the tenth of April.

REMEMBER, all puzzles submitted must be original, and, while it isn't necessary, we would like for them to be of racial nature.

The letters in this poem are all mixed, and it is called "printer's pi". What poem is this and who wrote it?

Read citric, how ym giltnhses os resopled,

Ldwuo I imthg dutys ot eb enepir fo serob, Ghirt seylwi luowd I uler ahtt llud taeste-

Tub, ris, I yam ton, lilt oyu etadbaic. -Ulap Neecraul Uarbnd.

BEHEADINGS

The beheaded letters, placed in the order here given, spell the name of a famous Negro astronomer.

1. Behead staff of life, and leave to understand writing. 2. Behead total cost, and leave to ascend. 3. Behead at no time, and leave at all times. 4. Behead none, and leave any. 5. Behead flushed with success, and leave tardy.

VERY child likes to solve puzzles, 6. Behead an ancient warrior, and leave sleepso here are a few original ones ing time. 7. Behead act of sending out, and for the Brownies. Study them leave a delegation, 8. Behead a contest in running, and leave an illustrious aviator. EXAMPLE: 1. B-read.

TWISTED QUOTATIONS

Too many cooks breed contempt.

When poverty comes in at the door, honest men get their own.

To play the dog out of joint.

Two heads seldom agree.

Too much familiarity spoils the broth.

To send one away in a stack of hay.

When rogues fall out, love flies out of the window.

Two of a trade are better than one.

WORD SQUARE ARRANGEMENT

When the words here selected are placed one over the other, the same words will be given across and down.

My first is a male parent; my second is to stick; my third is to steal; my fourth is having been cautious; my fifth is a family name; my sixth is consisting of reeds.

EXAMPLE:

A CONUNDRUM

If conductors on cars had animal mascots with them while on duty, what would put you in mind of the mascots when you entered a furniture store?

LETTER-WORDS

Place two letters together and make words. EXAMPLE: 1. NV (Envy).

To grudge. 2. Not difficult. 3. A number.
 To rot. 5. A bird. 6. Whoever. 7. Place of confinement. 8. A loud sound. 9. A vine.
 A tree. 11. A tower in France. 12. A tract.

NEGRO HISTORY

- 1. Who was Attucks?
- 2. Who was Dunbar?
- 3. When did Booker T. Washington die?
- 4. What date is Emancipation Day?
- 5. What Negro helped to survey Washington city?
- 6. Where is Frederick Douglass buried?
- 7. Who made the first clock made in America?
- 8. What story is "Topsy" a character in?
- 9. Did Negroes fight on the Confederate side in the Civil War?
- 10. How long did the Civil War last?
- 11. What was the Carrizal incident?
- 12. Who is Bert Williams?



THE GIRL RESERVES



of our meeting on January 22, we held our semi-annual election of officers. We were fortunate in having with us as visitors, Mrs. Boyce, President of the Washing-

ton Y. W. C. A., and Miss Clayda Williams, of the National Board, who, with Miss Florence Brooks, our Girls' Work Secretary, assisted with our election. Mrs. Boyce presided and Misses Williams and Brooks kept record of the votes. Elizabeth Morton, our former president, had been so faithful and had performed the duties of her office so well, that had our rules allowed it, she would have been unanimously reëlected. But we want to give each a chance.

Our new officers are: President, Julia Delany; Vice-President, Elaine Williams; Recording Secretary, Hortense Mimms; Corresponding Secretary, Lillian Smith; Treasurer, Sylvia Wormley; Reporter for The Brownies' Book, Annette Hawkins.

The officers of the High School group of the Dramatic Club are: President, Ida May Hall; Vice-President, Eudora Keyes; Recording Secretary, Dorothy Craft; Corresponding Secretary, Edwina Simpkins; Treasurer, Estelle Welch; Reporter for The Brownies' Book, Avis Spencer.

In order to give a better idea to the officers and board members of our Y. W. C. A., it was decided that they be invited to a model initiation and Girl Reserves meeting. The ladies selected Saturday, and this being the meeting day of the Dramatic Club, it fell to our lot to conduct the exercise.

Under the direction of Miss Brooks, the in-

itiation ceremony took place, led by President Julia Delany. Seven members were initiated and received light from the red, white, and blue candles of Health, Knowledge, and Spirit.

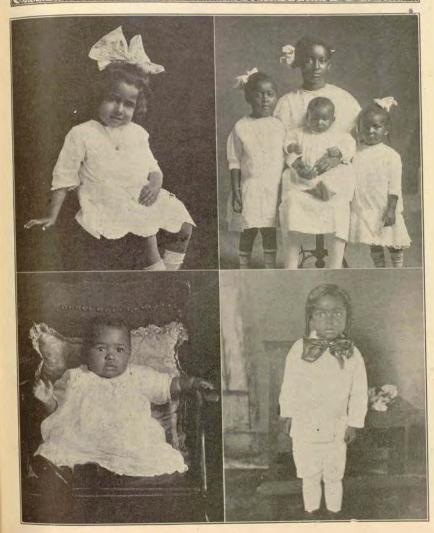
We were honored by the presence of Miss Hallie Q. Brown, who was introduced to the girls by Mrs. Boyce, and who complimented the exercise and gave us much encouragement. Perhaps at some time THE BROWNIES' BOOK may tell us and the other Girl Reserves more of Miss Brown and what she means to our race.

The third Sunday of each month has been given over to the Girl Reserves by the Religious Committee for Vesper Services. On February 20 the Dramatic Club had charge, but owing to the very bad weather they postponed it until the following Sunday, when they were invited by the Junior Endeavor of the Lincoln Congregational Church to hold the service at their church.

February being the birthday month of so many noble men, the Dramatic Club held a service of Great Memories in honor of those who gave their lives to the betterment of the world by serving others.

They revived the great memory of Abraham Lincoln, Frederick Douglass, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and George Washington. The club sang the hymn, "Still, Still With Thee", the words of which were written by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs. M. I. Hill gave a helpful talk on the topic, "Ready for Service", a line of the Girl Reserve Code, which expresses a summary of their efforts, and the girls rededicated themselves by repeating the Code.

OurlittleFriends





THE JUDGE



WISH," says Billy looking disconsolately at a long line of fractions, "that a fairy would come along and give me three wishes."

"What would you do with them?" Wilhelmina wants to know.

"I'd wish first, that children didn't have to go to school, and second, that children didn't have to go to school, and third, that children didn't have to go-"

"My goodness!" William interrupts, "you'd certainly mean to get your wish."

"As a matter of fact, some children don't have to go to school," says the Judge, "but if they haven't a certain amount of training and knowledge when they get to be men and women, they're mighty sorry for it just the same."

"Well how can they get the training if they don't go to school?" asks William.

Wilhelmina looks thoughtful. "There must be some way though. Don't you remember Maude and Jimmie Keating? They'd never been in a school in their lives, until they came here. And they were smart, they knew all sorts of things. I never saw anybody know so much geography and history as Maude-all about such funny places, too, South America, andand Guadaloupe,-or something."

"Well she ought to," William reminds her, "she'd lived in those places for a long time. Don't you know a lot about this town? You've lived here forever."

"You see." says the Judge, "all education is for, is to produce knowledge. Your friend Maude, although she had never been to school, happens to be the child of parents who for one reason or another have travelled a great deal and have done it in all sorts of odd places .- that is odd to our notion. Consequently, Maude knows about those foreign countries and that means geography to you. She also may have learned just what combination of former events, an attentive listener, "I'd like to learn how to has made those people decide to live according

to certain laws and to adopt certain customs,and that is your idea of history,"

"Oh." says Billy in surprise, "is that the way history and geography are made? I never thought they had anything to do with people that you know about."

"Of course that's the way. Some child in France is reading about New York State this minute and thinking how wise he is because he has collected facts which are a part of your every day life. But to go back to the business of getting an education. All children can't get their training like the Keating boy and girl by visiting new people and places, so that is the reason why they must learn them from books, which are short cuts to the knowledge gained by actual experience. If Billy were a clerk in a grocery now, he'd learn all about fractions in a short while, because he'd be selling people a fraction of a pound, or of a peck, or of a quart of something, and would be making change for a fraction of a dollar."

"And because he isn't in a position like that," says Wilhelmina with sudden understanding, "he has to learn how to do it in school out of a book-"

"So that if he should ever be in such a position he'd know how to act. Precisely," nods the Judge. "We go to school to fit ourselves as far as we may for all the possibilities of life. Learning things by actual experience is often pleasanter, but it takes a great deal more time."

"Books are wonderful things," says William almost reverently. "Why we'd never get anywhere without them, would we?"

"They are probably the greatest single blessing in the world," the Judge tells him. "If we didn't have them, and schools, and teachers, it would take a whole lifetime to learn geography. and another one to learn history, and still another to understand arithmetic,-

"Just the same," pipes Billikins, who has been do sums in a candy-shop."

GIRLS TOGETHER

LILLIE BUFFUM CHACE WYMAN

Sketches trom Life

Part I



HILE slavery existed, it created evil and sorrowful feelings, and when it ceased to exist, it left behind it a terrible trail of pain, passion and prejudice. Still, all

the while, there has been a great deal of love and kindliness between white and colored Americans; and, moreover, there has always been a special bond of affectionate sympathy between those white people who, for more than a hundred years, have been trying to help colored people. I am going, therefore, to tell you a little about girls who worked together and loved each other, in some way connected with racial difference.

It must have been about the year 1800, that little white Sarah Grimké began to be "girls together", playing with slave children in Charleston, South Carolina. Her family were wealthy slave-holders. She used to pray to God that the slaves might not be beaten. Once, when she was less than six years old, she saw a woman very cruelly whipped, and that wee mite of a creature fled in childish terror from her own home,-from her slave-holding mother's home,-down on to the Charleston wharves. She begged a sea captain, whom she found there, to take her away where people did not do such dreadful things to each other! How the pitiful infant had ever come to suppose there were any such blessed places of refuge, I cannot tell you.

Later, Sarah was forbidden to teach the slave children to read. But a little slave girl had been assigned as her waiting-maid, so they became "girls together" in an innocent rebellion. At night they used to put out the light in Sarah's room, carefully screen the keyhole in the door, and then, as she wrote long afterwards, "flat on our stomachs before the fire with the spelling book under our eyes, we defied the laws of South Carolina." In that State, it was then a penal offence to teach slaves to read.

Sarah had a sister named Angelina, who was twelve years younger than herself. When An-

gelina was a child, she kept some soothing lotion among her hidden treasures, and at night she would creep secretly out of the house to annoint the wounds of the slaves who had been beaten. Heroic little girl in the darkness! When she was grown up, she tried to make an Abolitionist of her mother, and to influence her brother not to be harsh with the servants. Failing in both these efforts, and half broken-hearted, she went North, where Sarah had gone before. Neither of them ever again saw their native city or their mother. In 1835 Angelina and Sarah became the first women in America who addressed secular public meetings in behalf of the slave. Theirs were like angelic voices calling far and wide: "Pity the Slave, free him and do right by him." In one of his poems, Whittier spoke of the Grimké sisters as "Carolina's high-souled daughters".

I think it did often happen, in that sad and bad old time of slavery, that white children taught the slaves what they had themselves learned at school. Now and then, doubtless, they did so in a spirit of kindly comradery, and perhaps, in other cases, from childhood's innocent desire to show off. So childhood did help to soften the lot of the dark race, and to keep generous the heart of the white. Blessed be childhood!

I knew, long ago, a Maryland woman, whose parents had been slave-holders. She said that as a little girl, she had played a great deal with slave children, and that she used to feel sorry because they never could be white and live as white people did. When she was asked if she had ever thought that her playmates, although they never could be white, ought still to be free.—"No," she answered, "I never thought of that."



William Lloyd Garrison founded in 1832 the New England Anti-Slavery Society, which demanded the immediate abolition of slavery. All previous anti-slavery societies, in the country, had advocated a gradual liberation of the slaves, and by such methods slavery had been, by that time, abolished in most of the Northern States of the Union. I wonder if my readers all know what were the gradual emancipation methods. They were like this: the Quakers discouraged slave-holding by their members, and finally forbade it entirely, and commanded all persons in their fellowship to free any slaves they possessed. The separate states began to make laws forbidding the sale of slaves into other states, and requiring all slaves who had attained to a certain age to be set free on an especial date, and others at a later date.

Mr. Garrison and his followers felt that to work for such gradual action, though better than doing nothing, did still imply that the slave-holder had a sort of moral right to hold human beings as property for a time. So he and eleven other men formed this New England Anti-Slavery Society, to declare, to all America, that it was a sin for anybody to treat a fellow human being as property for a single hour. The Abolitionists (as Garrison and his followers were called), did not bring about immediate emancipation by demanding it, but they did establish the principle that slavery was wrong then and there, and they did largely create the feeling which led to the final destruction of the institution.

There were two great men in the country then, who stood for two opposing ideas, and each typified his own for all future students of American history. C. Calhoun, in the South, said: "Slavery is right." Garrison, in the North, said: "Slavery is wrong." Other people, except the close followers of each of these men, said practically, on the one hand, "Slavery is convenient and we must have it"; or, "Slavery is a burden that the white man must carry for the good of the black man, and so we whites have a right to get all the ease we can out of it, till it shall please God to institute some other system." But also, and mostly in the North, men said: "Slavery works badly, but if we can get rid of it, in the course of one or two hundred years, it is better to be patient with its existence for a while, than to disturb everybody now about it. Meanwhile, we'll help a little, one way and another, to make it more likely that the thing will end of itself, by and by."

Twelve men had formed the Immediate Emancipation Society, but women and girls began, at once, to work for its object. There

were half-grown children, in Plymouth, Mass., where the Pilgrims first settled in 1620, who went without butter or something else good to eat, so as to save money to give to the antislavery cause. If they were like the children in my father's family, they adored the antislavery men and women, who spoke in public meetings. And they promised, if their parent should be sent to jail for helping fugitive slaves, that they would be "very good," while left alone at home. Abby Morton, afterwards Mrs. Diaz, the story writer, told how she and other Plymouth girls "nudged each other" with delight, when a minister, in church, made an unexpected allusion to the duty of freeing the slaves.



Now, with the kind permission of my readers, I am going to tell some of my own family history,—because it bears on the general subject of this paper, and because I know more about my own relatives, as to slavery, than I do about many other people.

Arnold Buffum, my mother's father, was the first President of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, and he was one of the first lecturers, which it sent out to proclaim its doctrines. He had five daughters, all grown up, but all still young enough to be "girls together" in their zeal for Abolition. The youngest daughter, Lydia, then about twenty years old, taught a little private school in Fall River, probably in the house of her sister, Mrs. Chace, for the latter wrote to their father, that Lydia had three colored children among her pupils, saying that they were "Hannah, and a little boy and girl, part Indian and part Negro, - cunning looking enough". Lydia went once to Philadelphia and wrote back, that when she returned to Fall River, she would bring with her a young colored girl, who was an escaped slave and did not dare to stay any longer, so near the slave-holding states as Philadelphia.

There was a sixteen year old niece of Arnold Buffum's named Hannah Shove. She was a pretty, little, brown-eyed creature, with short, dancing curls and dainty mannerisms. She seemed made just to have a good time with girls and boys. Such small maidens do not like to do unpopular things, but Hannah was willing to do almost anything to help the slaves. So she bought at an anti-slavery fair a little basket, which must have been covered with some

fabric, for it is on record, that the "cover" bore a printed picture of a slave, kneeling and praying for freedom. Heaven only knows where the child got the money to pay for it! In a letter to her cousin, Mrs. Chace, (who many years later became my mother), she said she carried her kneeling slave everywhere she went (to make its silent appeal, I suppose), but that every-body laughed at her for doing it. It may seem a little thing, but I think Hannah was plucky to brave all that laughter.

I came on this earthly scene a dozen years after Hannah had carried the emblem of the siave's wrongs, and I, as a very small child. used to see, in my mother's best parlor, a little box made of pasteboard, covered with drab silk. I gazed at it with holy awe, for the picture of a kneeling and chained Negro was printed on the silk. The slaves in this country had not then been freed. There were English and Scotch women, who regularly sent things over the ocean to be sold at anti-slavery fairs, and this box had been made and sent to America and sold at such a fair. Probably Hannah's basket had also come from England. It may be that my mother's box, and its purchase by her, dated back to the same general period in the 1830 decade. Certainly my mother had something like it, in her house, at that same time, for I find, among her papers, an allusion to it, in a tender record about a little girl of hers named Susan, who was scarcely three years old when she died.

In those early anti-slavery days, some of the Abolitionists had a habit of speaking of each other as Brother or Sister So-and-So. I tell this to explain something in the quotations, I am about to make from my mother's journal. I also want to ask my readers to notice that these little stories show how constantly and lovingly she taught her children to remember the bondman as bound with him. It went on altogether, family love and love for humanity.

Here they are, the records the young mother made of her baby Abolitionists after two of them had died.

"When George was two years old we had a black woman to clean house, who brought with her a baby about eleven months old.

"The first time George saw her, he asked me what it was, and I told him she was a little girl. He looked at her with some surprise and then exclaimed, very tenderly, 'Pippy, pippy' (pretty). When he was carried into the bedroom, he wanted to 'kiss little girl', and he was permitted to kiss her."

After Susan's death, the mother made this entry in her record:

"I have omitted to say that she felt a sympathy for the poor slave without, it is true, being able to understand his condition, knowing only that he was poor and suffering. When permitted to look at the articles belonging to the Sewing Society she would say of the kneeling representation, 'Poor save, muvver, poor save'; and, I believe it was the day before her sickness, when I was dressing her in the morning, her sister asked me why I called Amos Dresser, who was then there, 'Brother Dresser'. I replied, 'Because he is an Abolitionist and so am I'. Susan said 'So I'."

The articles referred to in the passage above were some which the Sewing Society was preparing for sale at anti-slavery fairs.

George died before he was quite nine years old, and a notice of his death, probably written by his mother, appeared in Mr. Garrison's paper, The Liberator. I quote one paragraph: "Although young in years he was the devoted friend of the slave and gave early promise of being one of the firmest advocates of the rights of the oppressed." That was what Abolitionist trained their children to become,—the friends of the oppressed.

(To be Continued)

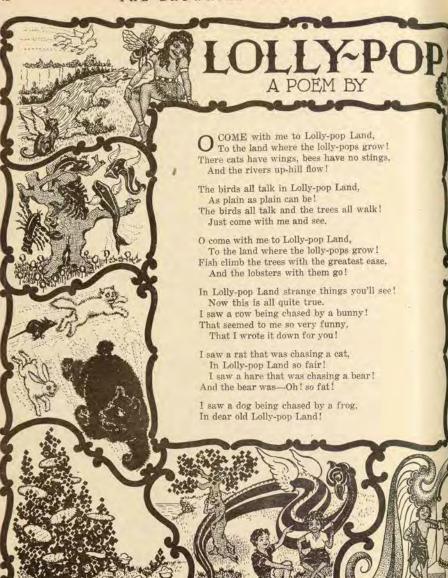
An April Rain Song

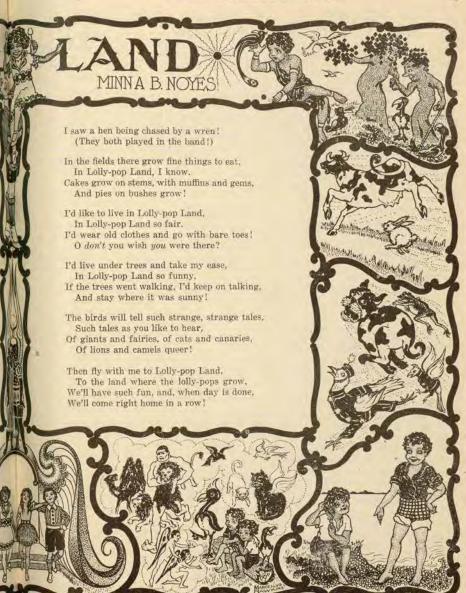
L ET the rain kiss you.

Let the rain beat upon your head With silver liquid drops.

Let the rain sing you a lullaby With its pitty-pat.

The rain makes still pools on the sidewalk. The rain makes running pools in the gutter. The rain plays a little sleep tune
On our roof at night,
And I love the rain.









HE world,—the sad and bad and beautiful world,—is full of promise today. For Spring is here and sweet April, and just as all the bleakness and bitterness of the

Winter have passed, so, too, must all the evils and unrest of the war change to harmony again. Caw! Have faith poor world! All will yet be well!

■ Germany has refused to fulfill her obligations to the Allies and as a result French, Belgian and British troops are occupying Düsseldorf and other towns on the Rhine. The Allies have not been so much interested in the amount of money which Germany was to pay, or her methods of paying it, as in Germany's refusal to recognize her obligations under the Treaty or her responsibility for the war, and in her disregard for the Paris terms. But Germany's attitude throughout has been of such a nature that finally Lloyd George declared at the meeting of the Supreme Council in London that German public opinion as represented through Minister Simons was clearly not prepared to nay.

¶ In Italy the peasants have been seizing large tracts of land. This has happened particularly in Sicily.

¶ The Prince of Wales while on a visit recently to Glasgow, Scotland, was met by a large band of unemployed men bearing banners, "We want the prices of 1914." Labor members of the Town Council objected to giving a dinner to the Prince saying it was a shame to feast royalty when hundreds of families were starving.

■ After the Armistice, France sent black soldiers among others to Germany in her "army of occupation", but later withdrew them. Now Germany, in order to stir sentiment against France among nations which are not friendly to black people, declares that these soldiers are still in her cities. But Marshal Ferdinand Foch, of France, has issued a statement saying: "For several months there has not been a single black soldier on the left bank of the Rhine."

¶ Australia has for the first time elected a woman, Mrs. Cowan, to membership in parliament.

¶ Germany is preparing to re-enter the struggle for world trade. She is to make 119 locomotives for railways in Spain.

¶ Poland is planning to build a radio station at Warsaw which will compare with the best in the world. It will cost between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000. Poland desires to get in closer communication with America because about 20 per cent. of her people are here, and she has never been able to get in touch with them without having her messages censored.

¶ In Rome the Benedictine Commission, including Cardinal Gasquet, Fathers John Chapman, Henri Quentin and Abbot Emelli, are revising the old Latin Version of the Bible, known as the Vulgate.



LTHOUGH my heart goes out to the East, I caw with relief when I get back to America, my home. For though there are many ills here, at least I am not saddened as

I was in Austria and China by the sight of

starving, helpless children, and another couraged grown-ups; the wrecks of War and earnine. Oh little Children of America give of your plenty to feed the poor abroad, and resolve to grow up lovers of Right and of Justice, of that Pain and Pestilence may no more stalk withrough the world.

On March 4th Warren Gamaliel Harding became the 29th President of the United States. His inauguration stands out as being marked by extreme simplicity. Mr. Wilson escorted Mr. Harding to the Capitol but was unable on account of his poor health to engage in any further ceremonies. A remarkable feature of this occasion was that Mr. Harding's address, due to a new invention, the "Amplifier", could be heard by all the thousands who thronged the huge space about the Capitol. Mr. Harding's speech was really a sermon based on the text from Micah, chapter VI., verse 8: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Champ Clark, former Speaker of the House, died just before the Inauguration. He was seventy-one years old and had been in political life for forty-five years.

(The Sixty-Sixth Congress has sat for the last time. Some of its enactments are well worth mention. For example, it made a provision for fixed residences in certain foreign cities for our diplomatic representatives. It also passed the Transportation Act, Merchant Marine, Mineral Leasing and Water Power Acts, and the Edge Act, which permits corporations to be formed to finance export trade.

The United States loses several million dollars a year from forest fires alone.

The galleries of the American Fine Arts Society in the Fine Arts Building, on West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, which were destroyed by fire, January 30, 1920, have been rebuilt. They follow the main lines of the original plan, but are more substantial and better lighted. They were reopened March 5, 1921.

For a little while this country feared the possibility of an epidemic of typhus, a terrible disease, communicable almost solely through body lice, and brought into this country by immigrants who on account of the war had been living in bad and unsanitary conditions. But how medical and health experts have the cen-

ner good. But when Aunt Carroway tasted it she case and so she brought everybody downstairs.

¶ New York is naving because and "What

New York is naving beautiful the present are threatened with bankrupt, and the service is consequently very poor. Two remedies are suggested. Governor Miller proposes a consolidated system to be owned by the city but leased to a private corporation for operation on a higher but reasonable fare. Mayor Hylan insists on city ownership and city operation at the present fare, with deficits paid out of the general tax fund. Meanwhile the public suffers.

A coin-operated machine for polishing shoes has been designed by Herbert Oliver, of Baltimore. All the customer has to do is to put a nickel in the slot, push down a lever, and the machine does the work; it dusts, applies polish, and finishes the polishing process, with the aid of polishing cloths. Both shoes may be done at the same time within a minute and a half

Charles Gilpin, the Negro actor who has won so much fame in the portrayal of the title rôle in the "Emperor Jones", was one of the ten honor guests at the dinner of the Dramatic League, March 6. For a time quite a controversy raged as to whether or not Mr. Gilpin in spite of his ability should be invited because of his color. Mr. Gilpin's attitude throughout this trying situation was marked with a fine dignity which brought him increased admiration and respect.

¶ As a rule the names of nominees for the President's Cabinet are submitted to the Senate at a special session called "extraordinary session", on the day after inaguration. But on March 4, 1921, immediately after having been inaugurated, Mr. Harding appeared at the executive session of the Senate, read, himself, the names of his nominees and asked for immediate action. The Senate without any opposition confirmed the list submitted. A rule permitting the president to take such a step was adopted in 1806, but it is believed that this is the first time it has been put into action.

¶ Judge Kennesaw Mountain Landis recently accepted a post as arbiter of baseball disputes. at a salary of \$42,500. But Representative Welty, of Ohio, has moved that the Judge be insofficial duties for another gainful occupation.

THE POCAHONTAS FOSTER



UNT CARROWAY, who lives in the country, was coming to our house to spend a week, so Geraldine and I were going to sleep on the third floor. We just love to

sleep on the third floor because the storeroom is up there and there are loads of old books with queer pictures that we like so much to look through. We could stay up until perhaps ten o'clock at night looking at these books and mother would think we were in bed.

We were so busy the day before Aunt Carroway came, fixing her room. We had to bring down extra covers for her bed because Aunt Carroway is very cold natured. "I wouldn't have a furnace for anything," she'd say. "Just give me my fire-places and a frontroom stove." She has lots of queer ways. She won't drink cocoa like the rest of us—she just has to have her coffee with malted milk in it. Who ever heard of putting malted milk in coffee! Geraldine and I just look at each other and try to keep from smiling when we see Aunt Carroway fixing her coffee.

The very first night Aunt Carroway got to our house she started in with directions. "I don't know what time you city folks get up," she said, "but I don't stay in bed all day myself. And I must have a cup of coffee by six o'clock in the morning or else I'll have a headache all day," Now, of course, we didn't want her to have a headache, but just imagine six o'clock in the morning! I don't remember ever getting up at six but once before then, and that was the time Uncle Jackson took us to Milburn in his car. I just thought mother would have me make Aunt Carroway's coffee, even though it would mean my getting up before day, and sure enough mother said:

"Gwendolyn, I think I'll give you that job. You can set Big Ben to alarm at quarter after five and that will give you just enough time to get the coffee made."

"Mazie," said Aunt Carroway, "can Gwendolyn really make coffee? You know I want real coffee. If it isn't but a half cup I like that good."

"Oh, yes," said mother, "she knows how. She made it for her father every morning when I was sick with the grippe that time. Gwendolyn,

remember—one tablespoonful of coffee to a cup of water."

"Yessum," I said, "I know,"

That night Geraldine and I had planned to look through the old family Bible. It has so many nice pictures, but when I thought of that five o'clock time I thought I had better go to bed. It was much colder on the third floor than in the other part of the house, so Geraldine and I slept in our bathrobes. Weren't they nice and warm, though! Geraldine hates to pull the window down at night, although I don't mind so much—in fact, I sort of like it.

"Don't lower that window!" said Geraldine.
"There's enough air in this cold storage, and
mother will never know."

Well, I'd hardly got warm and stretched out good in bed when Big Ben alarmed. I had meant to shut it off quickly and make believe I didn't hear it, but it alarmed so loudly I knew mother heard it and I had to get up. This was in January and you know how dark it is at five o'clock in the winter. And it was so cold I was really glad I hadn't lowered the window. I got dressed and was downstairs by half-past five Just as I was about to commence the coffee Aunt Carroway called down, "Geraldine, Gwendolyn, -oh goodness, which one is it? I don't know why on earth your mother named you two so much alike. I always wanted one named after me," (But I've thanked my stars a thousand times that mother didn't name me Carroway. What a name!) "Don't make my coffee in that percolator," she continued, "use a sauce-pan if your mother has no coffee pot. I don't believe in those things."

"Yessum," I said. All that talk so early in the morning, I thought. Aunt Carroway should have known better than to holler like that at that hour. Well, I got the coffee pot,—mother had one which she used before Cousin Fan gave her the percolator—and I washed it good, put exactly one cup of water in the pot and one tablespoonful of coffee. When I had put it on the gas I went in and fixed a place on one side of the table. At six o'clock the coffee was ready and Aunt Carroway came downstairs.

"You needn't have fixed the table in the dining-room," she said. "I could have had my coffee in the kitchen just as well.

Then Aunt Carroway never said another word. Didn't even say how the coffee was and if there is anything I like it is to be praised when I've done something. So when mother came downstairs I wishpered to her to ask Aunt Carroway how it was.

"Good morning, Sister." Mother always calls her sister. She says it's because Aunt Carroway is the older, but I don't see any reason for that. I'm older than Geraldine and still Geraldine doesn't call me sister. "How was the coffee?" she asked.

"It was all right, I suppose; but gracious, it does seem that I could have had a full cup of coffee. And, too, it wasn't black enough. I guess maybe Ger—Gwendolyn didn't use enough coffee."

Now Aunt Carroway had just said the night before that she'd rather have a half cup of good coffee than a lot of "coffee water", as she calls it. And I certainly had tried to make that coffee right. Well, I was so hurt that I just cried right out loud. I couldn't help it. But father said it was all right and that I mustr't feel so badly about what Aunt Carroway said because she was old and apt to be a little queer. Father is so nice about things like that. Mother explained that that wasn't real black coffee and that even though it was strong it would hardly be real black.

"Oh, yes," said Aunt Carroway, "it was strong enough, but I do like my coffee to be black."

Of course, I had measured an exact cup of water and when the coffee boiled, some of it boiled away.

"I'll tell you what to do," Geraldine said, "make two cups of coffee and let it boil down and if there is any left just pour it in the sink."

I thought that a pretty good plan so the next morning I used two cups of water instead of one. Of course, I used more coffee, too, I was so determined to have it right. I was all ready for Aunt Carroway about ten minutes before six. Then I poured out a little coffee to see if it was black enough. Just as I went in the closet to get the coffee strainer I spied the vanilla. "That's just the thing!" I thought. It was quite black and I was sure it wouldn't hurt because mother uses it in almost everything. So I put some in the coffee. When Aunt Carroway came down she said, "My, the coffee smells good. If it's as good as it looks I know it's all right."

I knew I had struck the right idea then. It was the vanilla that made it smell and look so

good. But when Aunt Carroway tasted it she shouted so she brought everybody downstairs.

"Great heavens, child!" she exclaimed. "What on earth have you done to this coffee? Yesterday it was bad enough, but I declare this morning it's worse!"

"Maybe it's that malted milk," I said, although I knew perfectly well it wasn't.

"No, it isn't," said Aunt Carroway. "Malted milk nor no other kind of milk tastes like this, and I know it. That's just the way with children raised in the city. They don't know a thing about the things they should know. There neither you nor Gwendolyn (she really meant Geraldine) know the first thing about cooking, and you ten years old. It's a shame!"

Just then mother spoke up—mother is so different from Aunt Carroway. Mother says it's because Aunt Carroway has no children of her own and therefore she has no patience with children. Well, if that's what makes the difference I'm certainly glad mother has children.

"Never mind, Sister," mother said. "I'll have some coffee for you in ten minutes."

I was glad things happened as they did because after that morning I never got up again at five o'clock.



It was the morning before Aunt Carroway went back home when she and mother were talking and I heard her say, "Mazie, it certainly is a shame to bring two girls up the way you're bringing up these children. It's what I've always said about children raised in the city. They never know a thing about housework." Really, Aunt Carroway knows more about city folks and their way of living for never having lived in the city herself than anyone I know of. "If you'll let Gwendolyn—I don't know if I have the name right now, but I mean the oldest one, that youngest child is too spoiled."

"That's right," said mother-"Gwendolyn."

"Well, if you'll let her spend her vacation with me I'll teach her some of the things she ought to know. She's plenty old enough to learn to do something now."

"All right," said mother.

Well, when I heard that, I was too sick and excited to listen any longer. I just hustled of to tell Geraldine.

"The pleasure's all yours," she said. "I'm glad I am spoiled. You can have the trip."

Well, as soon as vacation time came Aunt Carroway wrote for me and mother started me to the country. Father had cautioned me to be very careful about everything and to do just as Aunt Carroway told me and he was sure I'd like the country.

Aunt Carroway met me at the station in a little buggy. When she saw the large bag I had she said, "Great heavens, child,"—that's her regular saying—"anyone would think you were going away for a year with all these clothes! Your mother makes you children too many clothes. City folks and their manner of dressing—there's no sense in it!"

It took us about an hour to get to Aunt Carroway's house. It really isn't so far from the station, but Aunt Carroway doesn't believe in having the horse trot. "We've nothing to hurry for," she said, "so we'll let the horse walk.

It's too hot for him to trot."

It was about five o'clock when we got to the house and as I was hungry Aunt Carroway started to fix some supper.

"We'll just have some nice fresh apple sauce and some biscuits. I don't believe in a heavy supper. I have my main meal at noon."

Now all my way down there I had dreamed of nothing less than a nice fried chicken and apple sauce for dessert. I do like apple sauce, but not alone with nothing but cold biscuits. I ate it, though, and made believe it was just what I had wanted for supper. Before it got dark good, Aunt Carroway said, "Well, Chunk,"—she says she calls me "Chunk" because I am so fat, but I believe she gave me that name because she couldn't remember which one I was, Gwendolyn or Geraldine.

"Well, Chunk," she said, "I guess we'll be going to bed. You must be tired from your trip and tomorrow I want to show you how to darn stockings. I have a good many here that need mending and it will be good for you to learn how to darn."

"Yessum," I said and off I went to bed.



Aunt Carroway lives in the country where there aren't so many people, and there are no children near her at all. Her house has five rooms, three downstairs and two upstairs. It looks as though the kitchen had been built after the other part of the house. It looks sort of added on like. The two rooms upstairs are smaller than those downstairs, with low ceilings. A flight of narrow, winding stairs leads to the second floor. Her bed was so white and feathery looking that I hated to muss it up to get into it.

I was to sleep in the front bedroom and Aunt Carroway had the backroom so she could hear if anything got at her chickens.

It was a long time before I could go to sleep. I couldn't help thinking of home and how Geraldine had said when I left, "You can have your country and fried chicken, but give me my home, sweet home." And now if she only knew that I hadn't had my fried chicken, wouldn't she laugh!

Aunt Carroway let me stay in bed the next morning until seven o'clock. When I came downstairs she was frying the loveliest spring chicken and she had biscuits in the oven. I had to rub my stomach because it seemed as though I could taste it already. Then she said, "Look out in the well, Chunk, and you'll see a pail hanging there. Bring it to me. The butter is in it."

You know people in the country where Aunt Carroway lives, don't have ice boxes. They put all their food in pails and hang the pails in the well. I went outside to get the butter. Now I didn't know I should pull the pail up—I thought I should untie the string. Just as I had the string untied it slipped from my fingers and there went the butter to the bottom of the well. What to do I didn't know. I just stood there and tried to think.

"Can't you draw it up?" Aunt Carroway asked.

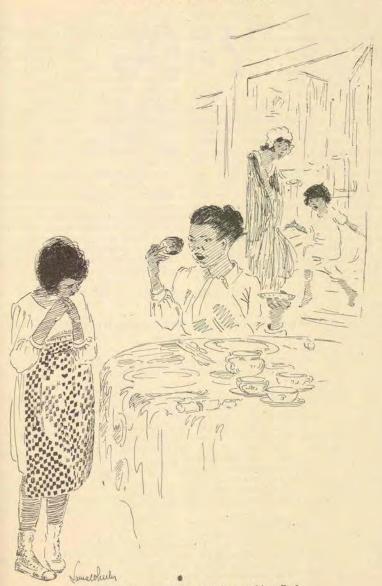
"Oh, yessum," I stammered, "but I don't see it."

"What?" she asked, and came outside to the well. I hated not to tell the truth, but I just couldn't get myself in bad. With mother it would have been different, but with Aunt Carroway—oh, no!

"Well," she gasped, "if that isn't the limit! I know, some of those boys who came here to farm this summer have just stolen that butter. It's outrageous! But it's good I have some more."

Breakfast was lovely and I was proud to think how slick I got out of that butter scrape. Sure enough Aunt Carroway did start me darning. I knew something about darning before that, but I didn't tell her so. I did the darning so nicely that Aunt Carroway really praised me. "Imagine Aunt Carroway praising me," I told Geraldine when I got home.

The next day was the awful day. I was to have my first lesson in cooking. I was to make a chocolate layer cake because I liked that and as I had done so well with the darning I was allowed to say what I wanted to make. I did everything just as Aunt Carroway told me, and



What on earth have you done to this coffee?

the cake turned out fine. Then for the chocolate icing. Aunt Carroway told me exactly how to make the icing and then she went out to see about her hen that was hatching some baby chicks.

"You understand just how to mix it, don't you?" she asked.

I assured her that I did so she went on out. Now Aunt Carroway uses sweetened chocolate and if there is anything I like it is sweetened chocolate. I'd much rather have it than candy. I tried my best not to eat any of the chocolate, not even the smallest crumb, but somehow I did taste a little tiny piece and before I knew it over three-fourths of the chocolate was gone. I don't know why I ate it, but I did. Then what to do I didn't know. Then I remembered one time when Mrs. Hinton, who belongs to mother's club, was coming to call on mother and we didn't have any more chocolate, mother used cocoa and the cake was so good that Mrs. Hinton asked how to make it. There was my way out and Aunt Carroway had a great big can of cocoa that she had bought at a sale and was going to send to the

Good Saints Orphanage. I just reached down in the can and used two cups of cocoa. It didn't look quite black enough so I used another cup. Now you'd think I would have learned from my first experience with making things black, but I hadn't. I didn't know I should have put sugar with the cocoa and you can just imagine how that filling tasted. I don't know how I ever got it to look as nice as I did, but between the milk and water it did turn out to look all right. That night Aunt Carroway cut the cake for supper. "It looks good, doesn't it?" she said.

Since then I've decided that I don't want the things I make to look so good and maybe they'll taste better.

I can't tell you what Aunt Carroway did when she tasted the cake. She knew right away what I had done. That night she wrote mother to come and get me. Two days later father came for me. I thought he would scold me when Aunt Carroway told him what I had done. But he didn't. When we were on the train he said, "I don't believe I want you to be a cook any way. I think I'd rather have you study music," and I think so too.



When Comes the Wavering Spring

MARY EFFIE LEE

O THRASHER brown,
And shy slight Thrush in suit of russet,
When spring spreads splendidly around,
Sprawls wantonly to challenge and fill—
With scents and sounds steeped deep in magic—
The sense of every dreamer, of every bird;—
Aye, even the wood thrush, shy and thoughtful,
Even the wood thrush, shy and simple,
Who hides away at the foot of the hedges
On the black, moist earth,
And sings in hidden places, pipes and sings
All that a heartful can,
In trembling, wavering tone
That is the spirit of wavering spring.

I would sing if I could;
I know that feeling.
I know that feeling of ten thousand things,
That throbbing of the heart,
That troubling stirring of thought
That wakens wistful memories,
When comes the wavering spring.

THE JURY





HAD heard so much about Aiken, I was very anxious to get there. After I was on the train I was hunting for my berth which I expected to be a room, but after-

wards found it was not.

I saw many very interesting sights. But at the most interesting part it grew dark and I could look out no longer. This was just when we were crossing the Potomac River.

At Washington we had a half-hour wait. Most of the people got out and looked around, but I did not know my way around so I stayed in the car. It was then 7 o'clock. At 10 o'clock I retired. When I arose the next morning I went and sat by the window again. I did not have to change until I reached Trenton, S. C. I was somewhat surprised at the looks of the roads which were not paved at all, but were of red clav.

When I reached Aiken I was so very tired that I vowed I would not go on the train again for quite a while.

Do you not think I spent a very pleasant trip?

HAZEL MARSHALL,

Aiken, S. C.

I AM going to tell you about Castle Island, for the children who read The Brownies' Book. It is a place in the Atlantic Ocean. A long time ago, in the Revolutionary War, colored men threw up earth there so they could help to fight the British; their General was Washington. The island is a part of South Boston. I have done my best on this letter. I hope you will like it. I am nine years old and am in the fourth grade in the Agassiz School. Miss Maria Baldwin is the principal.

LAURA CARROLL, Cambridge, Mass.

PLEASE allow me space in your paper to tell how I enjoy reading THE BROWNIES' BOOK. I have received three copies and they are the most interesting books that I ever read, and I love them because they tell about my own race. I

am fond of the little Brownies that I read of in these books and I wish them great success.

I am in the sixth grade and very much interested in my books and music also. I am eleven years old. I have two other little sisters, Althea and Virginia.

ANNIE ELIZABETH McAden, Reidsville, N. C.

IT is a full year since I am reading THE BROWNIES' BOOK and it pleases me so much that I can't stay still.

Now, my dear lectores (readers), I have all as my best friends. I am a Cuban born, but my parents are natives of St. Kitts. Think for one instant and then answer these few words: Would you like to have me as friend? Tell me what would please you to know of Cuba.

Now I am looking out in the next number to see all my friends and if there is any that can read and write Spanish. I will finish dedicating these simple verses to The Brownies' Book in Spanish. I want to see who is going to be the translator or translators of it in the next.

"A TI"
Eres Brownies' Book
Grandioso laud
Brindandole al niño
Refulgente alegría.

Llegaste Brownies' Book Desplegando plenitud !Viva, viva para siempre Tu gloriosa "entente"!

CLARIS SCARBROUGH, Nuevitas, Cuba.

I RECEIVE THE BROWNIES' BOOK every month and I am always glad when it comes, for it is a very interesting book. Not only do I enjoy reading THE BROWNIES' BOOK, but my mother and uncle like it also and I am sure every little boy and girl must enjoy reading it.

VIOLA MURRAY,

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TOMMY AND THE FLOWER FAIRIES

A One Act Play

EULALIE SPENCE



CENE: Living-room in Tommy's home. Spring flowers on table. Time: Afternoon in early

Note: Eight year old Tommy is the much spoiled and petted only child of wealthy parents. When the scene opens he is

in an armchair, reading fairy tales.

Tommy (Petulantly)—"What silly stories! I'm tired of reading anyway! (Closes book)—Oh, how I wish something nice would happen! I wonder if any really, truly person ever saw a fairy or a giant?" (Drops book on floor—snuggling down deeper in his chair—sighs deeply—falls asleep.)

(A faint rustling is heard. The Fairy Queen of the Land of the Spring Flowers appears. She tip-toes over to Tommy, waving her magic

wand.) Queen-

"Open your eyes, O Tommy dear,

The Queen of Flower Land is here!"
Tommy—"O, I must be dreaming! Why who

are you? A real fairy?"

Queen—"Your wish has come true, Tommy. You are not a very happy little boy, are you?"

Tommy (In a shamed tone)—"Well, I was sort of tired of everything. Nothing exciting seems to happen except in my story books. (Picks up book.) Are you from one of my stories?"

Queen (Shaking her head and pointing to the flower-laden bowl on the table)—"These are my children who come up out of the earth to carry joy messages to tired hearts, Tommy. Would you like to hear some of them?"

Tommy (Eagerly)—"Yes, yes!"
Queen (Waving wand)—

"Hasten over dale and hill, To do my bidding, Daffodil!"

(Daffodil—all golden—appears dancing lightly. She bends in a low curtsey at the feet of the Queen.)

Queen—"Arise! Now Tommy, you shall hear what Daffodil has done this day."

Daffodil (Bowing once more)—"O Queen, this day I have cheered the bedside of many a sick mortal. Tired hearts beheld me and knew

that Spring had come. Eyes long closed in pain, drank deep of my golden glory. Even the weakest fingers gave a tender, loving caress. O Queen, the message I left was hope!"

Queen-"Thou couldst not have done a bet-

ter day's work."

Daffodil (Bowing low, stands aside.)

Tommy—"O, wonderful Fairy, tell me! Are there any daffodils in this bowl?"

Queen-"Yes, Tommy."

Tommy—"But I never saw them! I never heard the message!"

Queen—"Your eyes, Tommy, have always been shut to the beautiful about you. But be cheerful, Tommy. You shall hear what my crocuses have been doing." (Waves wand)—

"Come forth, O bravest Child of Spring!

And give us of the joy you bring!"

Crocus (Dances merrily into view, bowing low before the Queen.)

Queen—"Arise, brave heart! For the sake of this mortal child, give us again your story of the day."

Crocus—"O Queen, I have brightened the gardens of the world. I have brought joy into the note of the singing birds, and courage to my timid, weaker flower mates of the garden. I have given the poet a new spring sonnet. I have brought joyous memories of other days to the hearts of the old and to the youth of the world have I brought the knowledge of love."

Queen-"O Crocus, without thee surely we

might wait the Spring forever."

Crocus (Bowing low)—"Not so, O Queen! What are we without Your Majesty to inspire our best efforts?"

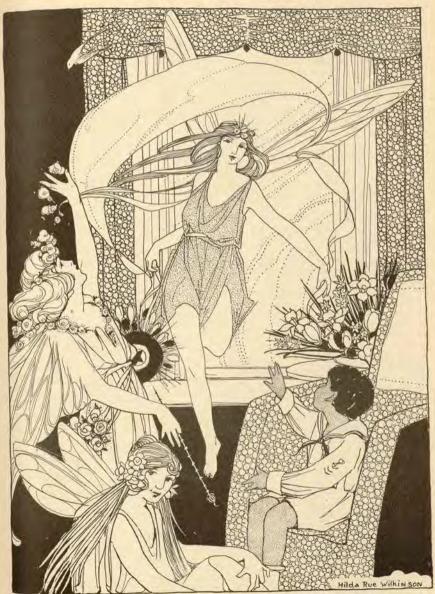
Tommy (Wonderingly) — "O, wonderful Queen, have you any other Spring flowers in your land?"

Queen-"Yes, many. Behold!"

(She waves her wand and a troop of flower fairies appear, each one bows before the Queen.)

Fairies-

"We are the flowers Who herald the Spring. From fairy bowers, Come we to sing! Joy, love and hope is



Daffodil dances before the Queen,

The message we bring.-Harken, oh, harken. Welcome the Spring!"

Tommy-"Thank you, dear flowers! I shall never forget you!"

Queen (Waving wand) -

"O, flowers of Spring, away, away, New duties await the coming day." (Fairies dance merrily away.)

Tommy-"O. Fairy Queen! You have taught me so much! Surely you will not leave me too?" Queen-"No. Tommy! I shall be always near

you. In the heart of each one of my children

you will see me again. Now, Tommy dear, raturn to your chair and finish your dream."

(Tommy obeys her command.)

Tommy-"Good-bye, O Queen!"

Queen-"Good-bye, Tommy. You will not soon forget me!" (Disappears,)

(Tommu starts up rubbing his eyes.)

Tommy-"Why where is my Fairy Queen? O, I must have been dreaming!" (Sees flowers on table) "O. Flowers of Spring, I shall always keep your messages in my heart. Joy! Love! Hope!"

CURTAIN

tle leople of the l



F course, there are many little Brownies who are ever so polite; but out in Chicago, a little Brownie boy has won a prize of \$50 for his politeness. His name is Paul Rayfield Johnson and he is six years old.

You see, the Chicago Tribune awarded daily \$50 prizes to the politest person discovered by its "Polite Editor". On the third of January. our little Paul was discovered at the corner of Wabash Avenue and 35th Street. Paul is a newsboy and his politeness "overwhelmed" the editor. Our little friend says he's going to use the money for his education. His only relative in Chicago is an aged grandmother, to whom he gives the credit for his fine manners.

Ivan Premdas has been awarded a scholarship by Queen's College in Demerara. He will get free tuition for four years and \$10 a quarter for books. There were five children who passed the examination-four boys and one girl. Ivan, who was the youngest of the children. made the highest average. He is a pupil from Christ Church School. He was not eleven years old-since the examination was before his birthday-so he won the scholarship at the age of ten, and started to college at eleven.

This Brownie baby is S. D. Middleton, Jr. The Baby Welfare League declared him the healthiest baby in the city of Meadville, Pa. He has never required medicine of any kind. The

Rev. S. D. Middleton, who is President of the Meadville Branch of the N. A. A. C. P. and Pastor of the Baptist Church, and Mrs. Sarah Hewin Middleton, his wife, have received many congraulations on having such a fine baby boy.

DeHart Hubbard is an athlete, and he's won some prizes! Don't you agree? He says:

"I entered competition in the spring of 1919. I was very successful during my first season. winning all events entered in except one. During this season I won the all around championship of Cincinnati, and the broad jumping championship of the A.M.A. of the A.A.U.

"In the season of 1920, I again won the all around championship of Cincinnati and the B.J. championship of the A.M.A., setting a new district record of 22 feet 6 inches in winning the former.

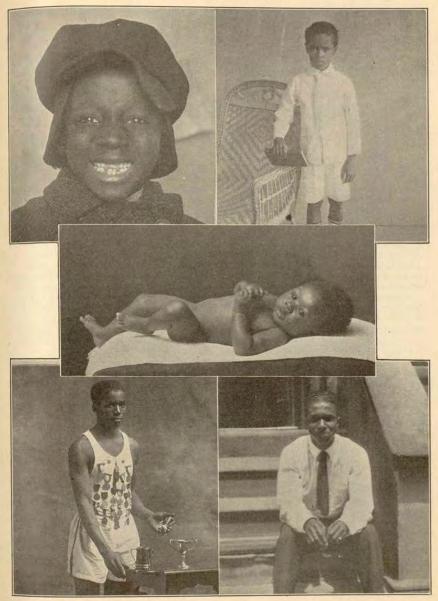
"During the summer I was considered as an Olympic possibility, but was prevented by sickness from making the tryout.

"During my two years of competition I have won 15 first prizes, 3 second prizes, and 5 third prizes.

"I am at present affiliated with the Morgan Community Club of Pittsburgh."

Isn't this fine?

Last vear was G. Francis Bowles' senior year at the Rindge Technical School at Cambridge, Mass. A silver loving-cup was offered as a prize to the student who wrote the best words for



Paul Rayfield Johnson

De Hart Hubbard

S. D. Middleton, Jr.

Ivan Premdas

J. Francis Bowles

a school song or the best song, including both words and music. The contest was open for two months, during which time over one hundred songs were submitted. The cup was awarded to Brownie Bowles! He wrote the words and music of what was considered the best contribu-

tion. He is now a post-graduate of the Rindge School.

He is very unselfish, too, for his letter says:
"I may add, that honorable mention was given
to a colored boy named Edward Simms, for
writing the words to a song for the school."



THE GROWN-UPS' CORNER



AM sending, in behalf of the Negro Women's Federated Clubs of this state, one yearly subscription to The Brownies' Book, to be sent to the State Training

School for Negro Girls, J. R. Johnson, Superintendent, Taft, Oklahoma.

We are anxious that this magazine be placed in the hands of the girls of this school. Its interesting articles, pictures and games, together with its high moral tone, will, we feel, do much to brighten the daily life of those confined there and at the same time exert an influence for good which will be felt perhaps in all their after life.

Please start the subscription with the January number.

HARRIET P. JACOBSON.

Director, Legislative Department of the Oklahoma State Federation of Negro Women's Clubs.

Oklahoma City, Okla.

W ILL you please let me express my appreciation of the value of The Brownes' Book and of the great service it is rendering my little girl? It is teaching her that little girls that look entirely different from herself like just the same things and so are like her, although they do look different. That is a pretty important thing for a little American girl to learn. I think there are many thousand American fathers and mothers who would like their boys and girls to learn that lesson and would subscribe for The Brownes' Book if they knew about it.

It is teaching some little Americans that indispensable lesson of "self-respect", and other little Americans that other equally important lesson of "respect for others".

Two or three of my friends are subscribing for it for these reasons, and I think others

AM sending, in behalf of the Negro Women's Federated Clubs of George G. Bradford,

Cambridge, Mass.

WITH the largest sincerity in your efforts. it may seem to you that the child has come with a character of such strange complexity, of good and not-good mixed together. because of heredity and other touches which you cannot now measure, that it is difficult to make him understand, either through wise words of beautiful example, what you actually know of right, and what you could easily teach to a differently constituted child. Your certain knowledge of the clean and pure, the great, the excellent and the strong, he meets with indifference. He will not accept your teaching. What are you going to do? He is your child. and if you fail to implant the seeds of this very knowledge which he most needs to have, what of his future?

Will you not begin searching for new methods of inculcation; for new ability to teach? Will you not try to find out how far down into the soil of your own being the roots of your knowledge have struck? Is it so firmly your own, this knowledge, as to have brought perseverance and patience and a new kind of loving painstaking into blossom?

How much can you teach? What you know and nothing else; but the limits of knowledge in the human mind have never been set. We all progress to higher wisdom, you and the little learning child at knee, along with the acknowledged savants of the age. Teach him, Mother-heart, all that you can while he is with you; but remain humble and feel your way carefully ahead, lest in some moment of overconfidence you and the child may miss some lovely opportunity for growing that should have belonged to you.

YETTA KAY STODDARD. San Diego, Cal.

TIP-TOP O' THE WORLD

ETHEL CAUTION



ERYL sat in the luxuriously cushioned, low chair before the fireplace, chin cupped in her hands, brown eyes fast on the flameswept log. Not that she was

thinking about the fantastic capers of those little tongues that leaped and played and disappeared; she was wondering why she had been so rash as to accept Helen's invitation to the month-end party. She might have known she wouldn't fit-they were all so jolly and selfassured, both the men and the girls. Of course, they should be, for did they not belong? Weren't their fathers all successful business and professional men, and were they not all used to large homes and luxury? She had always had these things, too, in her mind, but in reality had lived in two rooms all her life until she came to school. And then many times when her classmates were having fun, she was busy with the tasks that helped to pay her tuition.

Aside from always being busy, she was very timid and shy and hid behind an assumed mask of indifference and coldness a very human heart, hungry for companionship and understanding. Helen Lane had singled her out early in their freshman year and had been her very dear friend ever since. She had repeatedly offered Beryl the hospitality of her home, but Beryl had as repeatedly refused. But now that college days had come to an end and many dear ties were to be broken, she at last yielded and together with fourteen other folks just realizing the bigness of life, she found herself at Helen's home, high up on a pine-clad foothill from the top of which one commanded a view of miles of evergreen hills and fertile valleys.

As she sat now before the fire in her own room, she was thinking over everything, trying to decide whether or not she was really having a good time. She was just deciding that she enjoyed every bit of it—even the evenings when the others paired off, for it was fun to her to watch the capers and manoeuvres of the rest of the party. Besides, they had become used to her during their four years of association and she knew they were not unselfish or unkind, but had tacitly agreed that she preferred being let alone. It was worth it all just to be here among these wonderful hills and valleys.

and the gorgeous sunsets and afterglows, and just then an impish little flame stuck its tongue out at her and fled in glee. She heard it chuckle. In a few minutes another little flame winked its wicked eye at her and was then convulsed with mirth.

"Oh!" she cried, pushing her chair quite out of the way. "What a wonderful dance that would be—The Dance of the Flames!" She ran to her dresser, snatched up her scarf, and was soon lost in the composition of her new dance.

Next morning just as dawn was drawing aside the curtains of night, Beryl let herself noiselessly out of the house and sped away to the hill-top—"tip-top o' the world" she called it.

First she gave a long, low, musical call, followed by a series of intermingled notes till it seemed the whole hill was alive with singing birds. And soon it was. For in the few days she had been there she had made fast friends of the feathered folk who had learned that when she called it was worth while to answer. They fluttered around her now, perched upon her head and shoulders, and uplifted arms. Folks who were rather slow in approaching her because of her aloofness would have marveled at the intimacy with which these helpless songsters ate from her upturned palms and picked dainty morsels from between her smile-curved lips. In fact, they might have been suprised to discover that her lips could part with pleasure and her eyes dance with glee.

When her friends had finished their early meal, she raised her arms and sent them back to their nests with a gay little laugh. Then she tossed aside her cape, slipped off her shoes and stood poised as if for flight. Not so, for soon to the whistled accompaniment of "To a Wild Rose" her slender body swayed to and fro in rhythm with the music. As the spirit of the dance possessed her more and more she broke into words of her own making:

Little flower, slender flower, Swaying in the moonlight; Fragrance rare scents the air, From thy petals white. Flush of rose sometimes goes O'er thy petal tips, When the angels bend
To kiss thee with their lips.
O thou thought of God,
Sent to me from Heaven above,
Pray teach me all of love,
Teach me all of love, I pray,
Little rose, slender, snow-white rose.

Breathless she flung herself down on the soft pine needles while her eyes roved over the hills and she watched the path the sun made from Heaven to earth. "Life is a wonderful thing," she said and slipping into shoes and cape she hurried back before anyone should miss her.

Next daybreak found her again speeding with light feet and lighter heart to the hilltop. Excitement showed in every movement, for was she not to try out her "Flame Dance" this morning? And if it worked, would she not have five beautiful dances to put into book form? And would they not begin to bring true some of her life long dreams? She had an extra feast for the birds and chatted with these winged songsters as she never would have dared with any human being.

This morning instead of the soft white dress she usually wore, there was one of clinging yellow which caught the sunbeams and held them captive. The dance began. At first she lay a resinous section of pine on the grass. Soon a little spurt of flame played about one side; then an impish little one stuck its tongue out at the trees and hills; and another winked its eye gleefully at the sun. Soon the log was a mass of flames dancing, capering, darting out and disappearing, the sunbeams helping to perfect the illusion. At last, one by one the little flames flickered out and the log lay prone again in the fireplace.

"It worked, it worked!" she cried and slipped down to her shoes and sape. She became dimly conscious of another presence. Rising quickly to her feet she turned to face Jack Perrin, cap in hand, and admiration written all over his face.

"Oh!" she said. She was still too surprised to slip on her mask of aloofness and stood staring back at him.

"I hope you will pardon the intrusion, but each morning I have watched you speed up this hill and have wondered what took you abroad so early. No one seemed to be in the secret but yourself, so I determined to find out. Here I find you the embodiment of poetry and rhythm, the soul of music and beauty. We have all learned to think of you as stiff and cold, whereas you are warmth and feeling itself. You are wonderful."

And looking deeply and steadily into his eyes, she said "Oh!" and after a pause, "Life, you are indeed a wonderful thing."



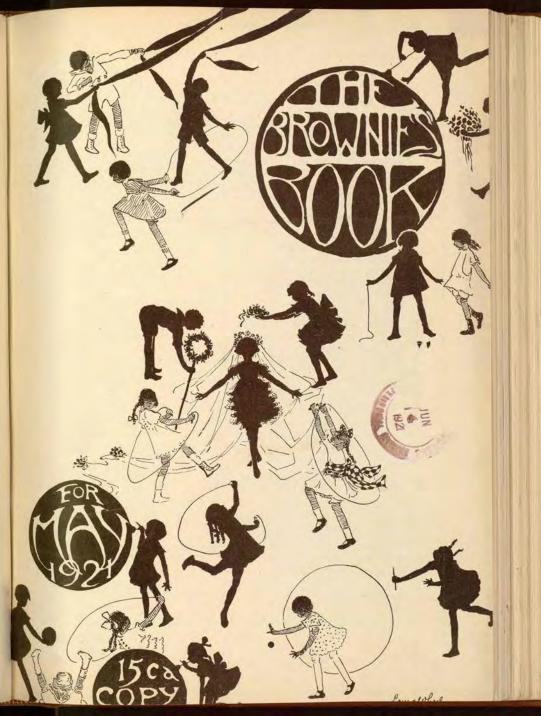
Common Things

JAMES ALPHEUS BUTLER, JR.

I LOVE to sit in forests green
'Mid tufts of grass in splendor seen,
And scent the flowers in the air,
And gaze with wond'ring, raptured stare
On common things.

I love to haunt the woodland stream Where water-lilies paint the scene, Where meadow-sweet and water-cresses Add color to the stream's recesses, Where poppies red, in glory swaying, Are with the yellow loose-stripes playing; And then I pause, and think, and ponder, And soon my heart is filled with wonder At common things.

I love to hear a passing bird
Trill notes the sweetest ever heard!
I love to hear the night-bird's screeches,
Or watch the squirrel in the beeches;
Each sight, each sound a new joy teaches
In common things.



A CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST

THE BROWNIES' BOOK should have a hundred thousand subscribers and should be read by a million children who especially need its inspiring pictures, stories and news of colored youth.

To introduce this magazine to many new readers we are launching a SPECIAL CIRCULATION CAMPAIGN and, in addition to regular liberal commissions to agents, we offer championship medals on the following terms and conditions:

100 Championship Medals

50 GOLD MEDALS

To the person in each State or Territory of the United States who sends us the largest number of subscriptions to THE BROWNIES' BOOK mailed to or delivered at our office on or before July 1, 1921 (provided the highest is not less than 25 annual subscriptions), we will send a beautiful Championship Gold Medal, besides paying the usual agent's commission. The subscription price is \$1.50 a year. Foreign subscriptions \$1.75 a year.

50 SILVER MEDALS

To the person in each State or Territory of the United States who sells the largest number of copies of THE BROWNIES' BOOK bought on or before July 1, 1921 (provided the number of copies totals not less than 250), we will send a beautiful Championship Silver Medal, besides allowing the usual agent's commission. The sale price is 150 a copy.

The contest is open to any man, woman, boy or girl.

In case of a tie for any prize, each tieing contestant will receive
a prize identical with that tied for.

\$50 Scholarship for Four Years

To the person who makes the best showing in this Championship Contest a scholarship of Fifty Dollars a year for Four Years is offered by Mr. Thomas J. Calloway, a business man of the race, who is anxious to see THE BROWNIES' BOOK widely read and who desires to encourage the youth in industry and zeal. To win the scholarship it is necessary to win a gold or silver medal. The \$50 a year will be paid to the school to which the winner goes for education.

Write at once for agent's terms, subscription blanks, sample copies and current copies to sell.

DU BOIS and DILL, Publishers

2 West 13th Street

New York, N. Y.

THE BROWNIES' BOOK

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MAY, 1921

WHOLE No. 17

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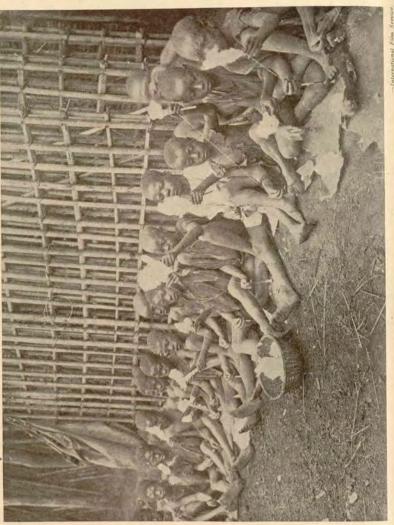
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MANUSCRIPTS and drawings relating to colored children are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage. If found unavailable they will be returned.

Entered as second class matter January 20, 1920, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



Children Spinning Cotton in Fumban, Kamerun, Africa

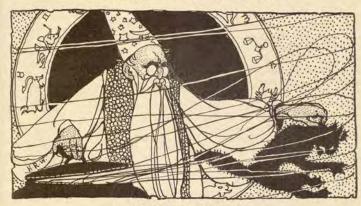
The Brownies' Book

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MAY, 1921

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BLACK CAT MAGIC



EDNA M. HARROLD



about it, that's what," said Carl Gray wearily. "Every time I pick up a newspaper or magazine there's a whole lot

in it about psychical research. Talk about something else."

"Well you're foolish and behind the times, that's all I've got to say," retorted Ray Fulton, hotly. The leading men of the world are taken up with it, and it's a good thing to know about."

"Why is it a good thing to know about?" sneered Carl.

"Well because it is, that's why. And if you don't buy a ticket from me you're a cheap skate and not my buddy. Work all the week after school at the drug store and then won't even buy a twenty-five cent ticket!"

Carl assumed an air of indifference he was far from feeling.

"I don't care how much I work, or what kind of a skate I am: I'm not going to buy any ticket to any lecture. See?"

complacently jingling his week's wages in his

M sick and tired of hearing 'pocket. Four of these silver dollars were to swell the fund he was saving to pay his expenses at the State University two years hence. The remaining dollar was his spending money for the week. And when one has only a dollar to spend, it behooves one to be as saving as possible, especially when one has a healthy appetite for caramel sodas.

> If it had been a lecture on foreign travel now, Carl would not have minded buying a ticket. Of course Ray was his chum, his sworn and chosen buddy and he'd help him in any way he could. But it wasn't Carl's fault that Ray had been such a boob as to let some old professor foist a lot of tickets off on him with the promise of a dollar if he sold them all. Let Ray earn his spending money by the honest sweat of his brow as became any sober-minded high school sophomore.

> The next morning on his way to school he met Ray again and girded himself for a renewal of hostilities.

"Well, Arbaces", he said insolently (his class was reading the 'Last Days of Pompeii'), "how And without further parley he walked off, - many tickets have you sold now?" As he spoke he tossed his silver dollar high in the air.

"That's all right about my tickets," returned Ray with a forced laugh. He saw that Carl had money and was to be treated civilly, at least until he had treated him to one or two sodas. "You know, Carl, I'm just seeing how many tickets I can sell for the money that's in it. I don't believe in that rot any more than you do."

Here both boys turned as one and walked backward nine steps. A black cat had crossed their path. They turned around again, spat, and then looked at each other sheepishly.

"There's nothing in it that it's bad luck to have a black cat cross your path," said Carl the materialist, "I just walked backward because you did."

"Yes you did not," jeered Ray. "But I'll tell you what's a true fact: If you boil a black cat alive and then chew a certain bone that comes out of its head you'll be able to do anything in this world that you want to, no matter what it is."

Carl shouted aloud in derision, "It's a wonder you wouldn't chew ten black cat bones then so you could get your geometry lessons," he shouted. (Carl was the fifteen year old head of his mathematics class.)

"Laugh if you want to but it's true," said Ray sullenly. He really didn't half believe it himself, but he wasn't going to admit that Carl Gray knew everything.

"Rats," said Carl. "If that was the truth there wouldn't be a black cat left in this town. Everybody would be boiling them alive and eating their bones."

"It's not their bones, smarty. It's just one bone. And everybody don't know that certain bone, that's why everybody can't do the trick,"

"Well, do you know what certain bone it is?"
"Sure I do."

"What bone is it, then?"

"It's a bone in the cat's head I told you."

"Yes I know you told me it was a bone in the cat's head. But a cat's got more than one bone in its head, and you said it was a certain one. Now which one is it?"

"You make me sick, Carl Gray. How can I tell you in words which bone it is? If I had a black cat I'd show you the bone, quick enough."

"Well, after school we'll get a black cat."

"Where'll we get one? Besides, it has to be boiled alive. You get me a black cat and boil it alive, and I'll show you the bone all right."

"If you want any black cat boiled alive you'll boil it yourself. It's bad luck to kill a cat."

"Well, I can't show you if I don't have a cat, that's all there is to it."

Conversation languished until the boys reached school. Carl was plunged into thought. He told himself that he didn't believe in Ray's silly trick for a mo-



ment; he was just betting that the bone couldn't be found that was all.

That evening when he had finished his work at the drug store he sought Ray's house. "I say, Ray," he began, "if we could find a black cat that was dead already couldn't you boil it and show me that bone?"

"Well, I guess maybe I could. Of course it wouldn't do you any good to chew the bone of a dead cat but I could show it to you."

"All right. Tomorrow's Saturday and I'll be off at three o'clock. You meet me at the drugstore and we'll find a cat."

But next day their search was unavailing, although they looked through alleys and creeks and even went to the edge of the river where the city dumping grounds were. They were just about to give it up when they met the city scavenger, driving his team of fat horses.

"Hey, Mr. Miller, let us look in your wagon, will you? Let us look and see if you've got a black cat there," called Carl, seized with a bright idea. Mr. Miller, always on the alert against just such boyish pranks as this scanned the pair with a fishy eye and rode off without replying.

"Well, I don't care," said Ray with an air of relief, "Let's go on home, I'm hungry."

So the boys moved off at a run, and taking a short cut towards home were quite unexpectedly rewarded, for, in an old unused pasture,



among tin cans, old buckets and other débris they c a m e upon a defunct feline, black as ebony a n d swollen to the proportions of a small dog.

With an ex-

ultant whoop
the boys seized
their prize and
hurried o n.
"Now I'll have
to go back to
work. But I'll
take this cat
and hide it in
my wood-shed
a n d Monday
noon when we
come home to
dinner we'll

boil her then. Mother'll be away all day and we'll have the house to ourselves. Say, you carry it a while. It doesn't smell exactly like cologne, does it?"

It did not and both boys were glad when they had deposited their noisome burden in Carl's woodshed. By Monday noon Carl's interest in psychical research had diminished considerably. He had passed a very uncomfortable Sabbath trying to keep his parents from finding out just what caused that peculiarly offensive odor about the premises. But now Ray was on hand and so was the dead cat, so there was nothing to do but go on with the experiment.

Carl lighted the gasoline stove and filled the clothes boiler with water. "We'll boil it in that and while it's boiling we'll eat our dinner," he told Ray.

Ray nodded and put the cat into the boiler trying not to mind the horrible odor. Then the boys washed their hands and Carl started to place lunch on the table. But the aroma from the boiler became more and more pronounced and Carl began to have serious doubts as to the wisdom of the step they had taken. Visions of an irate mother passed through his mind and he wondered if he would ever be able to get that awful scent out of the clothes boiler.

He looked at Ray. Ray looked sick and said he didn't believe he wanted any lunch. Carl did not urge him; his own appetite had vanished. For a few terrible minutes they sat still and then the boiler boiled over.

That was the end.

"For the love of the queen," shuddered Carl, "Help me throw that rotten thing out of here."

Choking, gasping and staggering the boys carried the boiler far down the alley and emptied it.

"Shall—shall I show you that bone now?" quavered Ray, forcing himself to gaze on the repulsive mass at their feet.

Carl turned savagely. "You shut up that foolishness, right now," he snapped. "I've made a big enough boob of myself hiding a dead cat, let alone messing through it looking for a bone. Don't you ever come to me with that tale again. D'you hear?"

And he marched off, leaving Ray standing in the alley, a dejected and misunderstood disciple of black cat magic.



God's Masterpiece

ETHEL CAUTION

HIS mountains strike us dumb with awe His oceans stir us to the quick.
We never cease to marvel at
The clouds piled high in masses thick.

A crescent moon in evening's sky
Calls forth our wonder ever new.
While pulses beat and souls leap high
At afterglow and morning dew.

A songster calling to his mate,
A miracle in all the trees,
From swelling bud to falling leaf—
Can aught be greater still than these?

Sky, seas, and mountains, wonders are, And chartless winds or fierce or mild. But still I think God's masterpiece Is just a little child.



THE JUDGE



ILLIKINS comes rushing into the house, breathless, his cap all awry, his tie flying, his books slipping from under his arm.

"Such fun!" he pants. "A lot of us fellers (Billikins is six!) stopped by Hong Loo down at the corner, and teased him and called him names. He got so mad that he started to throw something at us, and chased us half-way down the street. Oh it was great!

"I know," says Billy, cheerfully, "used to tease him myself when I was a kid."

"Well all I can say," observes Wilhelmina severely, "is that you both ought to be ashamed of yourselves. You let me catch you going near that laundryman again."

"Why what difference does it make?" Billy queries, open-eyed, "he's only a Chinaman, ain't

he?"

"You musn't say 'ain't'," begins William, but the Judge interrupts:

"Why do you say 'only a Chinaman', Billy, aren't you 'only an American'?"

"Well, but that's different,-"

"How do you mean?"

"Well of course I'm an American, but this is America, my country. I've got a right to be here and I dress like everybody else and I look like everybody else—"

"Indeed you don't," says Wilhelmina. "You may dress like everybody else, but you certainly don't look like most Americans, even though

you are one."

"Well I look like enough other Americans for them not to stare at me and think I'm different, and I don't wear a funny, loose jacket and wide pants and slippers—think of wearing slippers on the street!—and my hair in a long pigtail. Oh I just can't keep my hair where it belongs," and Billy makes an elaborate pretense of shaking a long braid over his shoulder.

They all laugh, except the Judge whose expression is growing sadder and sadder.

"Then if you were to go to China, Billy, dressed in your nice American clothes, and with your skin brown instead of yellow, and your hair clipped short, you'd expect the little Chinese boys to run after you, and jeer at you. Perhaps they'd pull your coat and even—oh I've seen boys do this—throw dead animals at you. And the Grown-Ups would just stand by and laugh."

"They'd better not," says Billy fiercely. "I'd show 'em. They wouldn't dare do it to me!"

"Not even if you were alone or with only a few others in their country, and you were 'different'?"

"But I'm an American. I'm better than they are. I'm the way they ought to be."

"Billy," says the Judge gravely and his kind face grows suddenly very weary, "do you know what you are saying is the kind of thing that sets the world by the ears, that makes war, that causes unspeakable cruelties?"

Billy says he doesn't understand. "I don't either," says William, "I wish you'd explain."

"Consider. Suppose you, William, and a man from India, and a man from Ireland, and one from Venezuela, one from France, and one from Liberia were all wrecked on a desert island. Suppose not one of you possessed a single thing, which one of you would be the best man?"

"No one," Wilhelmina answers for him

promptly.

"Which one would own the island? The Hindu, the Frenchman, the—?"

"There wouldn't none of us be owning that island, if it was me on it," says Billy ungrammatically. "We'd all of us have to have it together if there was going to be any peace. Why each one would have as much right to it as the other."

"Even though William was an American?"
"Why, yes, why should he own it all?"

"That's just it. Well think of the world as a huge desert island, and all the people as being just wrecked on it. Hasn't each one of us a right to everything on the island—joy, light, love, 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness'?"

"That's from the Declaration of Independence," says William. "You know it Billy you recited it at the school picnic."





THREE GAMES

Arranged by MARY WHITE OVINGTON

GEOGRAPHY GAME



can be played by two people, names were most curious. though it is more fun with a num-

ning with a given letter in the alphabet. The time allotted for thinking is represented by the time it takes a captain to count to twenty at a steady, slow rate, a little faster than a watchtick.

We begin the game with the letter "A". The first captain starts by saying, for instance, "Asia", and then begins to count "1, 2, 3, 4, 5-" Before he reaches 20, the other captain must have thought of a place-let us say "America", -and calls out "America" beginning at once to count 1, 2, 3, 4, 5,-"Africa," the other side calls out, beginning to count, and so it goes. The first captain, who can without quickening or slowing his counting, get up to 20 without the other side having given a name, wins that letter. The game proceeds with the letter "B", and so on until the whole alphabet is played through.

Note: This game can only be played by two level-headed, honest captains with good memories. When it is well played, it goes on for a long time. It is best for the captains to see what they can think of first; and if by the time the other side has counted up to about 12, the captain has no word to say, one of the people on his side gives him the name of a place. Each side, unless you have an umpire, has to remember whether a name has been repeated or not, and must abide by the decision rendered. It is well to start the game with only two people and see how it goes.

I played it once in Europe with six nationalities,-Italian, German, French, Irish, English

and American. We had so many names that ORM in two groups, each one we all grew wildly excited. The Irish seemed choosing a captain. Captains are the most remarkable to me; but to the Eurovery important. Indeed the game peans some of our North American Indian

If anyone challenges a name, you are exber. The object of the game is to see how long pected to give some idea where it is; but you each side can think of names of places begin- must not be too strict regarding the position on the map.

ADVERB GAME

This can be played with a roomful of people. Send one person out of the room. Then choose an adverb, getting a word that will lend itself to acting. Suppose you choose "Mournfully". Let everyone understand clearly what the word is. Then call in the person who went outside, who proceeds to ask a question of one of the company, "What did you have for breakfast?" he may ask. The question may be answered by a burst of tears, or by a sobbing, "Nothing, they starve me," or whatever the person acting thinks of to represent "mournfully." The questioner then has to guess. Perhaps he says, "Is it sadly?" On hearing that that is not the right word, he goes on asking questions until someone answers in a way that leads him to guess "Mournfully". Then the person on whom the word is guessed goes out and the game proceeds as before.

Note: The choice of a good adverb is the most important part of this game.

DUMB CRAMBO

This game is played in two groups, which we will call A and B. B goes out of the room and A decides upon a rhyme-word which must be acted by B. Let us suppose that A chooses the rhyme-word "spray". The group B is then called in, and A's Captain announces that they have thought of a word that rhymes with "May". I choose "May" at random; "way," or "hay" or any other word that rhymes with "spray" would do. Group B again goes out of the room and goes over the words that rhyme with "May". "Bay" is suggested. The B group then plans how to act "bay" without speaking,—remember, this is Dumb Crambo,—and the group goes into the room, and before A as audience, acts "bay".

Perhaps they pretend to be in a sail boat, and someone makes imaginary waves. It is up to the A group to guess what they are acting. When anyone guesses, he or she calls out, "It is not bay", and then the actors go away and shortly come back, and have a game of tag for

instance. The first in the A group to guess what they are doing will call out: "It is not play", and the B group will have to try again until the chosen word "spray" occurs to one of them, is acted and the A group calling out. "It is spray", goes out to act in its turn.

Note: If the game drags, it is well for group B to plan to do two or three words one after another, when they come into the room. It is also important that group A guess carefully what group B is acting, otherwise they will call out good words, saying, for instance, when group B is acting "play", "It is not gay", and group B will then not have to act that game.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

C. LESLIE FRAZIER

PI

Dear critic, who my lightness so deplores, Would I might study to be prince of bores, Right wisely would I rule that dull estate— But, sir, I may not, till you abdicate.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

WORD SQUARE ARRANGEMENT

F A T H E R A D H E R E T H I E V E H E E D E D E R V E N E R E E D E D

BEHEADINGS

1. B-read. 2. A-mount. 3. N-ever. 4. N-either. 5. E-late. 6. K-night. 7. E-mission. 8. R-ace. BANNEKER.

LETTER-WORDS

1. NV (envy). 2. EZ (easy). 3. AT (eighty). 4. DK (decay). 5. JA (jay). 6. NE (any). 7. JL (jail). 8. PL (peal). 9. IV (ivy). 10. LM (elm). 11. FL (Eiffel). 12. SA (essay).

NEGRO HISTORY

- Attucks was the first martyr in the Revotionary War.
- 2. Dunbar is our beloved poet.
- Booker T. Washington died November 14, 1915.

- 4. January 1st is Emancipation Day.
- Benjamin Banneker helped survey Washington, D. C.
- Douglass is buried in Mount Hope Cemetery, Rochester, N. Y.
- 7. Banneker made the first clock in America.
- Topsy is a character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin".
- 9. Negroes fought in the Confederate army.
- 10. The Civil War lasted four years.
- 11. On June 21, 1916, Troops C and K of the Tenth Cavalry were ambushed at Carrizal, Mexico, by some 700 Mexican soldiers Although outnumbered almost 10 to 1, these brave soldiers dismounted in the face of a severe machine gun fire, deployed, charged the Mexicans and killed their commander.
- Bert Williams is one of America's greatest comedians.

TWISTED QUOTATIONS

Too many cooks spoil the broth.

When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window.

To play the dog in a stack of hay.

Two heads are better than one.

Too much familiarity breeds contempt.

To send one away out of joint.

When thieves fall out honest men get their own. Two of a trade seldom agree.

CONUNDRUM

Car pets.

YADA

A True African Story FREDERICA BADO BROWN



Kamala hi, Kamala hi, Yru bah yah, yru, Kamala wa na gbo ti. Te ya ya ya! --*ua*----ya-ya!!!



sleepy African village, little Yada rose from her position in the doorway of the hut and went out into the night. She was to meet her

small playmates at the banana grove near the village when the toot of the horn of the High Priest told them that he had offered up the sacrifices for the night. Little girls and boys were not allowed out of doors during the ceremony.

This was to be her last evening with her friends, for tomorrow the big brown man that lived in the queer circular hut across the road from her house, was to claim her for his wife.

Yada had thought about this thing, in fact she had thought of it lots more than little African girls are supposed to think about anything at all. Somehow it did seem to her that since she had to marry that her parents would have picked out some one more suited to her. She inwardly rebelled, but finally she decided that she need not think any longer, to-night she was going to have her fun, she was going to enjoy this last opportunity for all too soon her childhood was to be taken away from her.

Yet on the way to the grove many things again came into her mind. Did not this man have six wives already? What could possibly be her position in his home? She would certainly have to be the burden-bearer of the household.

What was it that the missionary lady had told them that day she came to the town to read

S the last sound died away over the about the funny Jesus-man that loved everyone? That made her think,-could she-? But of course that was too silly for her to think of doing. She had never heard of a little African girl rebelling and running away from her fate. But it was nice to think of it even though she knew she could not do it. She could never find her way to the missionary lady, but if she did would they try to get her back and beat her as they had done that time when she refused to bow to the great idol in the temple?

No, she could not do it tonight for the children were having such a nice time and she wanted to join them in their play, but maybe in the morning she could if,-in the meantime she must go and play and act as if nothing was happening inside of her, for no one must suspect anything.

Wasn't that funny last night when she had made faces in the dark at the big brown man? He couldn't see very well, but he was sort of nice anyway. He would be lots nicer if he didn't try to be nice. Last night he had brought her some bracelets for her legs, they were very beautiful, they jangled when she walked and all the other girls would be envious of her. She wished that she could take them with her tomorrow, but maybe since she was leaving him she had better not take either that, or the beads and the engagement straw that he had put in her hair, when her parents consented for her to marry him.

The hoot of the owl told her that she would have to hurry as it was getting late. Already her mother was standing in the doorway calling to her.

"Yada, what a strange child you are! Why don't you hurry and meet the children? They are all playing without you," said her mother.

"Yes, mother, I am going now," said Yada.

The next morning as soon as her mother left
the hut for the farm and Yada knew that her
father had gone to the men's Palaver or Council she stole away in the direction of the big
woods.

Fear clutched at her heart, but she remembered that the missionary lady had said that the great God would take care of all the little ones and she was one of those surely. Anyway she would have a whole day's walk ahead of any one who might follow to take her back to the village.

She thought of the stories that her mother had told of the spirits that lived in the trees, the grass, and the flowers and so she began to talk aloud to them so that they might help her in her journey. She tried to walk around the grass and to keep from plucking the flowers so as not to offend the spirits. She knew all about them. Everything had a spirit and she had only to be real good and they would not harm her. Probably they would forgive her the disgrace that she was bringing on her family, for the whole village would point to them in scorn as people who had failed to keep their promise. Oh well she couldn't help that now she was too far away to turn back, it was too late now to do that; she was going on to the end.

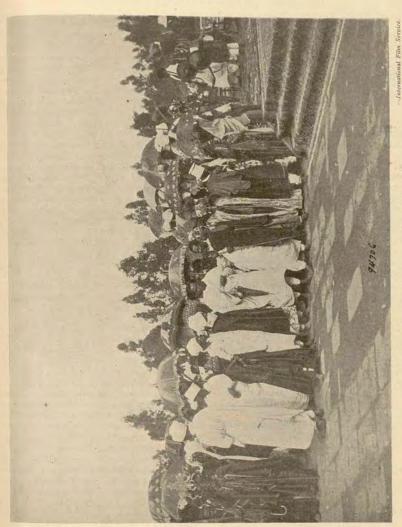
Pretty soon the sun was so hot that it made Yada thirsty and she stopped to look for some water. She found a nice clear spring and she stooped and drank, then she got out her little lunch of cassava and fish and ate. A deer or two came out of the woods to drink, but they became frightened on seeing her and ran away. She was not afraid though for she had seen many wild animals when she went on hunting trips with her father and the men. She nestled down in the hollow place of the tree and thought of home, oh dear she was afraid that she was going to sleep, she hoped that she wasn't, as that would just spoil everything, but how was a little girl going to keep awake—maybe her mother was worrying.

When Yada awoke she found herself on her own little mat in her own little hut and all her own dear folks standing over her. There were mother and father, and the old medicine man of the village who drove away the evil spirits that caused sickness. Maybe she was sick and he was going to stick the red hot needle into her to drive away the pain. It must be nearly time to begin putting on the clay for the marriage ceremony.

But what was that her father was saying to the medicine man? She could just make out. The Big Brown Man-had-been-found-dead-andhe-guess-that-Yada-was-free. Why the spirits had helped her, hadn't they? She was so happy now over the idea of her rescue, she believed that she would go out in the banana grove and play with the children. They were playing the same little game that they had played last night when she joined them, for she could hear one little girl's voice as it led the others in shouting:

> Kamala hi, Kamala hi, Yru bah yah, yru bah ti, Kamala wa na gbo ti, Te ya ya ya! Te ya ya ya!!!





Awaiting the Arrival of Queen Zeoditu of Abyssinia

GIRLS TOGETHER

LILLIE BUFFUM CHACE WYMAN

Part II



N 1833 Rebecca Buffum was living in Uxbridge, Mass. She was then twenty-three years old, and she was teaching in that lovely rural village beside the Blackstone

River. A very good and beautiful young man named Marcus Spring came visiting relatives there, and Rebecca afterwards married him.

Meanwhile, Rebecca wrote a letter to Mrs. Chace, which I once found. It tells of her acquaintance with a colored girl, to whom she gives no name but that of Susan. I cannot make out from this letter the whole of Susan's previous history, but the main facts are evident. She had a delicate nature, but she had been so accustomed to be under orders that it was hard for her to take the initiative in anything, and she scarcely understood what freedom meant.

It is not likely that she was legally free, but she had been brought North by persons who had hired her of her owners, and she had left those persons. The lawyers had not quite decided then, whether slaves brought by their owners into free States were made free just by that action. But, if slaves, in such cases, simply walked away, it was not easy for their owners to get them back. Susan was apparently in this situation as to the law, when that remarkably ardent young woman, Rebecca Buffum, saw, loved her and undertook to find her a safe home. Susan had been offered a place by Mrs. Hills in Worcester. She had been in that town, knew people there, and felt a homesick preference to go there. Rebecca, however, thought she would be safer in Harvey Chace's home in Fall River.

Here are portions of Rebecca's letter:

"The poor child's mind has been like a tempest-tossed vessel. She had been 'reared', she said, in the house, and could not work hard. It appears she was a great favorite with her mistress, who treated her kindly and kept her for her waiting maid. Susan says she would never leave her. She traveled with her—has been several times to Philadelphia—was acquainted with the families Father visited. She was repeatedly offered freedom while there but would not leave her mistress; but when her mistress died, Susan became the property of her nephew,

who let her out to others. The family, with whom she came to Worcester, hired her from her master, as they would a horse, and treated her very unkindly. This made her wish to be free, but she did not know if it would be best to accept freedom, for she could not be sure of a comfortable living. She says she asked God to direct her, although she hardly knew how to pray, and it seemed to her the Almighty intended she should be free.

"She is a good girl; whatever she does she does well. She seemed to think, or feel rather,—for she knew it was not so—that if she went to Harvey's, she would be bound there for life. I told her this morning, I should not urge her in the least; I knew it would be a good home for her, but she must now act for herself. She appeared considerably affected and said she wished she knew what was best. She repeated to herself 'If I do not like to stay I can go away', as if she would learn it.

"She supposes her age to be about twenty-eight. The principal reason, she prefers Worcester, is that the colored people told her she should learn to read. This is her heart's desire. She said this morning, 'Do you think, Miss Rebecca, I could learn to read in Fall River?" I told her I did not doubt it. "Then I will go', said she. She is an interesting girl, and I want thee to be interested in her."

In a postscript Rebecca adds: "Susan has concluded not to go to Fall River. I found the only reason she was willing to go, was because she thought I wished it. As I had been her teacher and she had been here, she felt under obligation to me; but she shall not go anywhere to please me. I love her, and will do anything I can for her, but she is free."

In this letter, Rebecca also says: "We had a delightful visit from dear Father. He came seventh day, and addressed a large and attentive audience, first day, on Slavery. The ministers both came to see him. He was happy and so was I; yes, just as happy as I could be.

"My school closes to-day. I shall write to Father that I am ready to go to Philadelphia." Tis my wish now to take a colored infant school. I believe I can do more good in that way than in any other."

I do not know what became of Susan after this letter was written, but I feel that the sweet gentleness, which won Rebecca's love, must have secured happiness for her somehow and somewhere.

I can tell a little about Rebecca's later life. Her marriage was happy. Her husband became a rich man. He was an Abolitionist. They did a great deal of kind, good work in the world. They had illustrious friends both in America and in Europe, and Rebecca became a gay, brilliant woman in literary and artistic society, but the ardent and heroic strain persisted in her blood. Once, when in great danger of shipwreck, she faced death with what was almost enthusiasm and helped her companions to feel as she did.

In October, 1859, as nobody in America must ever forget, John Brown made an effort to induce the slaves of Virginia to leave their masters in such numbers, that the institution of slavery, in that State, would crumble away of itself. He, with a small body of men, took armed possession of the Arsenal, at Harper's Ferry, and held it for two days. It is probable that he supposed, that when his capture of the Arsenal was known, the Negroes in the neighborhood would come to his assistance. But, if they attempted to do so, they were held back by the white people; there was firing in the town outside the Arsenal, and historians have thought that unknown Negroes were shot down in the general disturbance. John Brown was finally taken prisoner, by Colonel Robert E. Lee, who, you will remember, later committed treason. Several of Brown's men were killed in the fight. A few escaped, and six were captured with him. All seven were tried, and they were executed at different dates, John Brown being put to death on December second. Robert E. Lee managed the military parade at the execution, and John Wilkes Booth, who afterwards assassinated Abraham Lincoln, was a volunteer among the soldiers.

But, before this, Rebecca Buffum Spring read something in the paper, one morning, that made her think that she could relieve the hardships of John Brown's prison life if she went directly from her home, in New Jersey, to the jail in Charleston, Virginia. She started that very day, although her husband was away from home. She took her nineteen year old boy with her. There really was danger that mob violence might be turned against the mother and son, but they went on dauntlessly, and Mrs. Spring obtained entrance to the jail. She saw John Brown twice and spoke with several of his fellow-captives.

She found that she could do nothing on the spot for these doomed men, except to speak words of comfort, so she went home to help care for John Brown's wife. Just before his death John Brown wrote to Mrs. Spring, saying: "May the God of my fathers bless and reward you a thousand fold."

Mr. and Mrs. Spring gave largely for the education of John Brown's daughters. They also had the bodies of two of his men brought North and buried on their own grounds. Southerners withdrew their trade from Mr. Spring's firm. His partners complained to him that this loss of business was because of what his wife had done. To this complaint, she made only answer: "I don't care a copper."

The southern anger, however, as it turned out, brought a blessing. A year later the Southern States seceded, and their merchants repudiated their debts to northern firms, who, consequently suffered heavy losses instead of getting pay for goods they had already delivered to their rebel customers. Mr. Spring and his partners lost nothing, because they had sent no goods for many months to these men, who, having refused to buy, could not injure them by refusing payment.

I wonder if Susan knew anything of her friend Rebecca's later work for the slaves, only a part of which has been told here.



"A Child's Thought"

LAURA D. NICHOLS

BLUE-EYED violet peering at me Through the grass, Are you a little child like me, Lad or lass? I ask my mother again and again—
She does not know.
But the dear God sends us sun and rain,
And we both grow.

TABOO

W. E. B. DU BOIS

[On pages 144-45 we have a poem illustrating "taboo" in Central Africa. At certain seasons of the year people are forbidden to eat fowls. This is so the birds may have a chance to mate and breed. According to the law of the taboo, in those towns where fowl's flesh is eaten out of season, the women shall be childless.]



OMETIMES you hear folks say "That is Taboo", and you may have wondered just what they meant by that expression. Ordinarily they mean that that is

something which you must not do; but the reason for not doing it is not simply that the deed is wrong, otherwise they would say "that is wrong." They mean that this is something which you must not do because of a strong custom or feeling. For instance, it is "taboo" to eat with your knife, although knives are perfectly proper things, and for a real hungry person will often convey a larger amount of food than a fork. Still to see a person eating with a knife shows that he does not know the customs and desires of well-bred people in most civilized lands. You see then that the idea of taboo is something that is forbidden, not because of its essential wrongness, but for other and often inexplicable reasons.

The word (which is also spelled 'tabu' and 'tapu') comes from the South Sea Islands, those lovely places of sunshine and palms. It is a word which expresses some of the primitive religious usages of people who are still in the childhood of civilization. In its fully developed form taboo denoted something that was consecrated 'or sacred, forbidden to be touched, or set aside for a particular use or person. The word was applied sometimes to persons and sometimes to things; and sometimes to the object prohibited or to the persons who were ordered not to do certain things. For instance: among these primitive people a burial ground is taboo and also the act of consecrating it is called taboo, and the people who are refused the right to enter it are said to be tabooed. Among these people it is taboo for any inferior person to touch the body of a chief, whether he is dead or alive; or to touch anything that belongs to him, or to eat in his presence, or to eat anything that he has touched, or to cross his threshold except on hands and knees; and sometimes it is taboo even to mention the chief's name. Particularly articles of food are tabooed as in the case of pork among the Jews; or sometimes food is tabooed for certain seasons as in the case of oysters among us in months without "r". Sometimes the taboo is very strict as in the case of Melanesia: if the shadow of a passer-by falls on a burial ground. he is supposed to lose his soul! In some cases a general taboo may be imposed by proclamation, or a chief might taboo certain objects for his own use by naming them after a part of his body.

Usually intricate and solemn ceremonies accompany the infliction of taboo or the removal thereof. Objects tabooed were marked in various ways: by a piece of white cloth, a bunch of leaves, a bundle of branches painted red and white. In Samoa the image of a shark denoted the taboo, while in New Zealand to chop a tree with an ax made it taboo. Then there were royal taboos which hedged the primitive king: some African kings may not look at the sea; others are not allowed to lie down to sleep. In some islands the chief will die who eats at the same time as the common people, or people are forbidden to see the king eat.



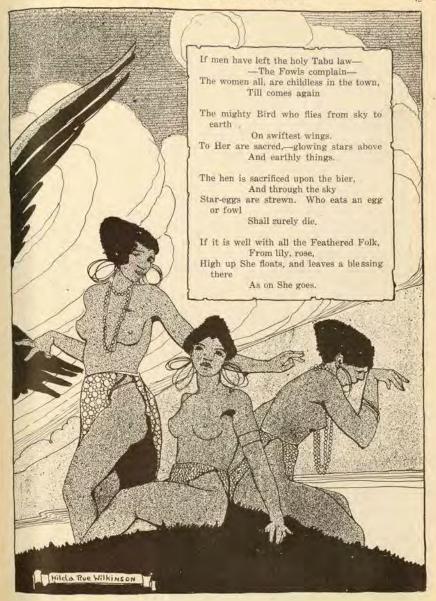
Now all these things may seem curious and even silly to us and we may look down upon them as the foolishness of folk who do not know as much as we do. But we must remember that they all have meanings and go back into the early history of mankind. Here, for instance, are parents who want to keep their children from eating certain poison food. They not only tell them not to, but they warn them with ceremony, they put taboo upon the bright and pretty berries and by bringing the whole religious force of the tribe to bear they save many innocent lives. In the same way by making the body of the king sacred they save the most valuable man of the tribe from careless injury and attack. So too they may preserve supplies during scarce seasons. By protecting the buried bodies they may save the tribe from pestilence or impress upon the young the hope of future life. All these things which are reasonable, must, in primitive times, before most men had learned to reason, have been enforced by ceremony and signs that appealed to the emotions and the feelings. In modern days with educated folk we accomplish the same thing that taboo used to accomplish, by reason; by meetings and newspapers, by lectures, by conversation. In the South Sea Islands, tobacco for persons who are not grown would be taboo. In New York we simply say to the young, "It is dangerous for growing youth to smoke." We do not put a taboo on bad air, but we write books and deliver lectures on the necessity of fresh air night and day.

Now all this works and is effective in modern life only in so far as we listen to reason. Unfortunately there are large numbers of human beings today who either cannot or will not reason. The result is that we suffer great injuries and often we find among us people who would again substitute taboo for reason, on the ground that folks will not reason. They would say, for instance, dancing is taboo, or private property is taboo, or theatres are taboo. They simply mean by this that dancing in bad air with bad companions, stealing and

injustice, and salacious representations are injurious. But it is doubtful if we can secure the correction of these things by stopping human reason and going back to ancient taboo, because after all one may dance in good air, and private property is sometimes itself stolen by its reputed owners; and who would not see a play of Shakespeare?



The Moon-Bird A Legend of Central Africa CORALIE HOWARD HAMAN $T_{ m down,}^{ m HE}$ great Moon-Bird is flying; floating Now here, now there. She wills it that no harm befall the Fowls Within her care. Her shining silver wings are spreading wide--Oh, Usshe-U!-She comes to see if tempted mortals keep The great Tabu. Beneath the mystic silver of the moon She's coming here. To wooded valley, sacred lake and rock She's drawing near.



CLittle Ceople of the Month



ERE is a group of little girls who have decided to develop their talent in acting. They are members of the Y. W. C. A. Dramatic Club of Washington directed by

Miss Olive C. Jones. Already most of these girls have displayed wonderful ability and received much praise for natural acting from those who witnessed their performance of *The Lantern and the Fan*.

This little Japanese play was given at the Y. W. C. A. Bazaar for the benefit of the Association, and the girls contributed largely to the success of the festival week. All of them are striving earnestly to live up to the Girl Reserve Code but especially to the last "E" which stands for "Ever Dependable",—the line which the club has selected as its individual slogan.

The first group of girls were dancers in the play. Little Elaine Williams, the smallest girl in the Dramatic Group, is but twelve years old, but she is in the Eighth Grade and is keeping up with her classes. One of the most remarkable things about her is her cheerfulness, and her entrance into the Y. W. C. A. never fails to bring to the faces not only of her mates but of the grown-ups as well, a reflection of the sunshine she radiates.

Harriet Ferguson is a little girl who is learning to be brave. She says it will take a great deal of practice, so she is starting by facing audiences as often as she has the opportunity. She is in the Eighth Grade now and when she grows up she wants to be a doctor. That is why she is so anxious to cultivate a stout heart.

Sylvia Wormley has made up her mind to work for the degree of E. D., which is to be conferred by the Dramatic Club on all who prove themselves Ever Dependable for one year. Sylvia had the part of one of the dancing girls in the play, and she was willing to miss going to see Mr. Bert Williams in order to appear in her part and prove to her leaders that she is dependable. That is the true spirit which will make the club succeed.

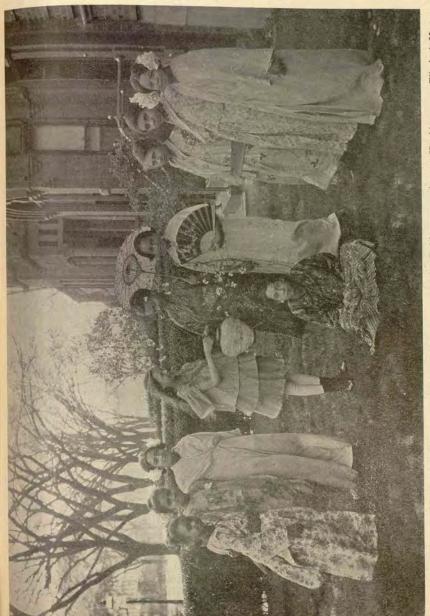
Dorothy Davis, the Fairy Good Thought of

the play, acted her part with much grace and daintiness; especially was this shown in her woodland dance. Dorothy is doing highly creditable work in school too, as are also Annabelle Thornton and Lillian Smith, and all three are aspiring to enter the Dunbar High School next year.

Annette Hawkins, who took the part of Nan Kin has shown herself to be capable in the personification of almost any character. She is always willing to do anything she can, and whenever any task is mentioned that no one else wants to do, some one usually says, "Ask Annette, she will do it." She was sent to a church with one of the largest congregations in the city to announce a Girl Reserve mass meeting, and she showed wonderful poise and self-possession in delivering her speech. She has stood at the head of her classes throughout her school life and will enter Dunbar High School in September, hoping later to study law. She is also gifted in music and is a promising pupil of Mr. Roy W. Tibbs. This talent as well as the many others which she possesses, she is ever ready to give to the service of the Girl Reserves.

Hortense Mimms is a little girl who came to us from far away Louisiana. She is an earnest student and has been successful in the schools of Washington. In spite of the strangeness of her new surroundings, she has displayed marked ability at fitting in, and was able to enter the High School with her class last year. Hortense is also a promising pianist and often assists the club with this talent. In the Lantern And The Fan she was a dancer, but has shown herself capable of taking much more important parts.

Elizabeth Morton is also in the first year at Dunbar High School. Her favorite subject is Latin, and she has made up her mind to continue her studies at Radcliffe for she wants to be a teacher of languages. She is devoted to the Girl Reserves, and last year proved herself a faithful and much honored president of the Dramatic Club.



Elaine Williams Sylvia Wormley Harriet Ferguson

Dorothy Davis Lillian Smith Annabelle Thornton Julia Delaney

Annette Hawkins Elizabeth Morton Hortense Mims

Julia Delaney, the president of the club, who took the part of Onote in the play, is quite talented for a girl of thirteen years. She is always willing to assist in anything the Club presents, for nothing pleases her more than to take part in Dramatics. When Julia was in the Eighth Grade she starred as Portia in the Merchant of Venice and she is continuing to prove her ability in the High School, for she is also at home on the stage there, and she puts all of James Whitcombe Riley's laughter and

love for children into her poems. No one ever tires of "I Ain't Going' to Cry No More",—there is laughter from start to finish. These are just a few of the things in which she has taken part, and she says it is only the beginning, for she hopes to keep on until she has perfected herself in this line.

> OLIVE C. JONES, Adviser, Girl Reserves, Washington, D. C.

CORDELIA GOES ON THE WARPATH

IESSIE FAUSET



ORDELIA was on the warpath!

Of course all of us fussed from

time to time, and made things pretty hot for the others, but I think we were all agreed that

matters went worse when Cordelia got off than they did in the case of anybody else. To begin with the rest of us take sides; when Oliver gets cross he can always count on me to take up for him, and I know he'll look out for me. Stephen and Jarvis are always ready to fight for one another, and Bill enlists, sometimes with Oliver and me, sometimes with the twins.

But Cordelia! When she falls out with any of us, she always falls out with the whole crowd, —except of course Becky the baby, who is too little and sweet for anyone to quarrel with.

"Cordelia plays a lone hand," father often says.

She can't bear to be found in the wrong and she can't stand to be told about it if she is.

This was what started it all. Miss Alice Harrington came to call, and finding mother out, and Cordelia and Bill alone in the house, said she'd wait and visit with them awhile if they would promise to entertain her.

"Oh yes!" said Cordelia, who loves to play at being grown up. "Mother's gone off with the others to do some Easter shopping, she said, but I think it's really for my birthday, only she doesn't want me to know it."

Bill looked surprised at this, but was too polite to say anything. As a rule it's best not to interfere with Cordelia, as you never know what she has in her head. Besides, she has a most unpleasant habit of getting even with you. "When my birthday comes." Cordelia went

on pleasantly, "they always call it Easter; that's so I won't know what they're talking about, and they can surprise me. Nice of them don't you think?"

Miss Harrington thought it was. "And I think they would be very much surprised if they knew how well you know about it and all their little plans. They can't fool you can they, my dear?"

Cordelia, Bill says, wagged her head wisely and said indeed they couldn't.

Miss Harrington guessed she'd better be going. "But I've had a most interesting time and I'd like very much to see you again."

Bill told us all about it when we came home, our arms full of Easter eggs and dyes, and all the things that mother gets for us at Easter, for we really do have a big time at this season of the year, almost as big as at Christmas. Cordelia's birthday comes in April, and last year it really did come on Easter day. So she thought it was due to come at that time every year, and that all the excitement and fun was for her. She was too little to remember her birthday of the year before last, and no one had ever explained to her that Easter is a "moveable feast". -Oliver and Bill and I had just learned that fact ourselves,-so of course she had taken it for granted that when people spoke of Easter, they were talking about her birthday, and you could see that it had made her feel no end important.

Even then I don't think we would have teased her much about it if she hadn't swanked so because she had entertained Miss Harrington. All of us are crazy about Miss Harrington because she is so pretty and clever and wears such beautiful clothes. I think she must be pretty old, at least twenty-rour, but both Oliver and Bill have made up their minds to marry her when they grow up, and Cordelia and I have often tried to get mother to make our dresses like hers, though always, I must say, without success. So since she is such a favorite you can imagine how it irritated us to have Cordelia swaggering around, telling how she and our idol had talked together that afternoon.

"You know she didn't pay a bit of attention to old Bill, just sat and talked to me as though

I were grown up."

"Couldn't get a word in," Bill growled.

"And when she was getting ready to go she gave me the sweetest smile, and said 'How really interesting you are! I must come again just to see you."

This was too much. "You don't suppose she meant it do you?" asked Bill. "She was only

making fun!"

The very thought of anyone making fun of her brings horror to Cordelia, so she answered Bill sharply: "What do you mean 'making fun'?"

"As if anybody else in the world didn't know, Silly, that your birthday doesn't come on Easter.

It couldn't."

"Could too! Didn't mother write in my birthday book last year 'A happy birthday to mother's blessed Easter present'? Wait I can show it to you just as easy."

"But that just happened that way," said Oliver. "See here when does your birthday come

anyway?"

"The 20th of April."

"Well now you know tomorrow's Easter, don't you? This is only the 18th of March. Easter's a moveable feast, Silly-Billy! Even the twins know that much, don't you Steve?"

"Course I do," said Steve who really knew nothing of the sort, and Jarvis added, "I bet everybody in the world most, knows that, 'cept-

ing maybe only you and Becky."

"You should have seen her sitting there, talking away," went on Billy meanly, "thinking she was making such an impression on Miss Harrington, and there she was only making fun of her."

Cordelia asked Deborah about it, for she knows that while old Deb likes to tease as much as any of us, she would always tell her the truth.

"Ain't Easter my birthday, Debby?"

"Why no chile, last Easter wus your birth-

day. Can't expec' your birthday and Easter always to come on the same day; that'd be askin' too much."

"Oh Deb please let them come together this year too,—they'll tease me so about it."

"Honey chile, I ain't got nuthin' to do with i t, on'y wished I did. Sometimes Easter comes in March, sometimes it comes in April. Don't know why it acts that queer way. Think its somethin' about the moon that does it."



W HEN Oliver gets angry he turns perfectly cold, so cold that you can just see that



he's been turned to a kind of stone. Bill is the same way. As for me I get hot all over, as though I were burning up, and my knees tremble so that I have to sit down. The twins bluster and talk loud, and always want to fight. But Cordelia is different from any of us. She gets very quiet and composed, talks to you as little as possible, but always very sweetly, and plays by herself. Of course we wouldn't mind this so much for Cordelia is often very bossy, and it's sort of nice to have her out of the way, or it would be, except for one thing,—and that is she always manages to pay you back. That's why we don't like her to fall out with us.

"She's got it in for us this time," whispered Billy uneasily. "She must have an awful spell on. She won't even play with Jacky Daw, and you know how fond she's always been of him."

Jacky Daw is the blackbird that Cousin Bill brought from England and gave to Oliver, because he wasn't named after him, as far as we could see. For you would naturally have expected him to give it to Billy. Jacky was a great favorite with all of us, but his own choice was Cordelia, who up to now had always favored

him. But now she drove him away whenever he lighted near her, much to Jacky's puzzled surprise.

We always have a lot of fun during these periods of civil war. Of course father and mother know nothing about it,—it would spoil everything if they did. For they would probably be wanting us to make up, and perhaps would punish us if we didn't. As all six of us usually do things together, we have to keep right on, for fear our parents would notice us and interfere. At the table we all go on talking as though nothing had happened,—Oliver and Bill and I are especially careful to talk to Cordelia, for we know it makes her furious. Of course she has to answer.

"What would you like for a birthday present, Cordelia?" I asked her politely.

Oliver chimed in, "Rosemary Forest! How you talk! You know perfectly well that last Sunday was Easter."

"Oh yes, that is so, I forgot her birthday always comes on Easter."

"Why Rosemary," said mother innocently, "I'm surprised a child of mine should be so stupid. Cordelia's birthday comes in April and this is only March. Easter doesn't come the same time every year. Don't ever say anything like that again. How Miss Harrington would laugh if she heard you say that."

"Yes'm I suppose she would. That was awfully stupid of me."

"It's too bad," said Billy sweetly, "that Easter can't always be Cordelia's birthday; she really deserves to have everyone celebrate it."

We all knew this was making Cordelia, who sits next to Billy, hot, but of course she didn't say anything about it. "Look," she said to him suddenly, isn't that Jacky Daw out there?" And while he was looking she emptied half of the contents of the salt-shaker into his glass of water. All of us children saw her do it, but even if we could have warned him of course we wouldn't have. That would not have been playing the game; besides we all wanted to see old Bill choke. He turned around and took a great swallow,—I wish you could have seen his face! Of course he choked and coughed and sputtered!

"Mercy!" said mother, "whatever happened to you? Hit him on the back, Cordelia." Cordelia gave him a terrible thwack that made his head ring, Bill told us afterwards.

Jarvis and Stephen started to giggle, tried to stop themselves, and went into a choking fit that was even worse than Bill's.

"You children seem to have no manners," said father severely. "Imagine laughing like that at your brother's misfortune! Jarvis and Stephen, leave the table."

This was hard as we were to have Brown Betty for dessert that night, and the twins are devoted to it. But just then nothing made any difference. Stephen managed to get out of the room, but Jarvis simply lay back against his chair, and yelled. Father made him go straight to bed.

You could see from Cordelia's look that she felt she had done a pretty good day's work. I heard her afterwards in the kitchen where she was helping Deborah with the dishes, talking about the man in the fairy tale who used to boast that he could kill three and four at one blow.



I't takes a good deal to satisfy Cordelia so we expected something else to follow. Everything seemed to go along very smoothly however when all at once we began to miss things. We really did think Cordelia had taken them at first, but when she repeated again and again that she hadn't seen them and that she didn't know where they were, we had to believe her for none of us ever tells any real lies. We might make up an occasional tale to bluff each other with, but father says only cowards tell a story with intent to deceive. Besides the things we missed were things that wouldn't do Cordelia any good, because she couldn't use them.

Oliver and Bill lost neckties and pieces of paper with their homework on; the twins lost whip-lashes, bits of string that they were saving for kites and all sorts of odds and ends. I didn't lose much because I don't leave my things around as a rule,—you don't when you have as many brothers as I have,—and after I came to realize that things were really disappearing, I was more careful than ever. We couldn't tell whether Cordelia was losing anything or not, until one morning I heard her asking Deborah if she had seen her best Dresden hair-ribbon. Of course Deborah hadn't.

"Don't let any one of them know I asked you about it, Deb."



"Look! said Cordelia. "Isn't that Jacky Daw?"

States Relations Service.

"No I won't, Honey, you kin count on Deb. Looky here ain't you childrun ever goin' to make up? Wonder who's robbin' you all? Been missin' a few odds and ends myself. No one'd better not lemme git my han's on 'im."

"That settles it then as far as Cordelia's concerned," said Oliver when I told him, "for she certainly wouldn't be taking anything from Deb. Don't you know, I did all my algebra last night and put it on the table in my room. I saw it this morning when I got up, but when I went to get it after breakfast it was gone."

"Might a blew out the window," suggested Jarvis, who doesn't care a rap about grammar and doesn't care who knows it. But Oliver thought that couldn't be.

"The table's too far away from the window for that; besides there wasn't any wind."

In a way this experience was a good one for us for we were beginning to realize that only things which we left lying around, were disturbed, and so we were careful to put our things away. Cordelia was still acting what old Mrs. Hart who lives next door to us calls "ca'am", but we were pretty sure by now that she had

nothing to do with the matter, and that we had just happened to put things down and forget where. Then something happened. We were all outdoors one day in the pleasant spring weather,—all seven of us, Becky's kitten "Mister", Alexander, the twins' puppy, and Jacky Daw swaggering along the rim of the grass plot, stopping every now and then to sharpen his bill, and turning a queer, inquiring glance at Cordelia, whose coldness still seemed to puzzle him.

All the windows in our house were open, and so were those in Mrs. Hart's tiny house next door. Mrs. Hart is a little bit of a woman,—"old Dame Trot" we usually call her. She is a widow and, I think, very poor. Her son ran away a long time ago, long before her husband died, so all she has to live on now, is fifty dollars a month which the Government gives her, father says, because her husband fought in the Civil War. (Until I learned about that war, I always thought 'civil' meant being polite, didn't you?) Sometimes she comes over and does a bit of sewing for mother, or some extra cleaning, and we children often run errands for her, and the boys cut the grass, and in the winter father

goes in and "gives her furnace a piece of his mind", as he calls it.

Well there we were all pottering around our back-yard enjoying life, for it was Friday afternoon and we had no lessons to get, when Billy suddenly raised his hand:

"Listen, don't you hear something?"

We all stopped everything we were doing and stood just as still as stones, just like we are when we are playing statues. But we didn't hear anything, and the twins had just started to race Alexander again, when all of us heard this time, first a low moan and then a voice full of tears saying over and over, "What shall I do?" Oh what shall I do?"

"It's Dame Trot," said Oliver, and he and Bill were over the low fence before any of us could say "Jack Robinson", supposing any of us had wanted to, which wasn't likely for I've never said "Jack Robinson" in my life, but I notice people are always talking about him in

books.

The rest of us, except Becky, rushed in through the little side-gate in the fence, followed by Alexander and Jacky Daw, who, flying through the air, got there before any of us.

Poor little Dame Trot! She had such a sad story to tell. Her check had come that morning and she had gone out and exchanged it for a fifty dollar bill,—"so I wouldn't spend any of it until I just had to," she explained to us. The door-bell rang just then and she went to the door leaving the beautiful new bill on the kitchen table. When she came back, the money was gone. Everything else was just as she left it, the door closed, the window open about a foot,—not a mark or a trace of any kind to be seen.

"But Mrs. Hart," said Oliver (the rest of us were too shocked to speak, Think of losing all that money!), "didn't you go out and look around? Somebody must have taken it, and he couldn't have got very far away."

She had rushed out of doors like somebody mad, she told him. "Twasn't a soul in sight, 'ceptin' on'y your Becky, the sweet darlin' and she was playin' out there in your yard with the dog and Jacky Daw and 'Mister'. Oh what must I do?"

I think our boys really are very nice. Mother has always told them they must be kind to old ladies. I think she would have been very much pleased if she could have seen them then.

"You mustn't cry," said Oliver putting his

arm around her. "Bill and I have got a little money, about \$8.00, and you can have that, till you find yours, can't she Bill?"

"Sure," said Billy without holding back a moment, though I know it hit him hard.

"And you can have our two dollars," said the twins. They had been saving it for a kite.

"Rosemary and I have some money too," said Cordelia. "You can have mine, if Rosemary'll let you have hers."

She had fifty-nine cents, and I had four dollars! Of course she was getting in some more of her paying back. All of us know pretty well how much money the other has, and anyway we all know that Cordelia never saves anything at all. So in spite of poor Mrs. Hart's trouble, the others had to giggle a little bit. But I kept my face pretty straight and said just as coolly as anything, "Of course you can have my savings, Mrs. Hart. And usually father gives Cordelia five dollars for a birthday present. It's not very far off, and I'll tell him she wants him to give it to you instead."

Well that was a promise of about \$19.00, nearly half of what Mrs. Hart lost, and when we had told her that we'd all be on the lookout for her fifty dollars, and would get mother to give her some work, she felt quite a bit better.



T HAT was mighty quick thinking you did Rosemary," said Oliver admiringly, as we trooped home. "Glad you didn't let Cordelia get away with all that coin."

"Yes!" said Billy, "but you wait. She'll put something over on us yet, she hasn't fin-

ished with us, I know Cordelia."

Cordelia however said and did nothing. Except that suddenly she and Jacky Daw struck up a closer friendship than ever. At least she showed the friendship. Jacky didn't seem to take it so well. She tagged him everywhere and by and by he seemed to get right sulky about it. But the sulkier he grew, the more pleased and superior she looked. She even condescended to hold conversations with us, though she was still none too friendly.

I spoke of it to Oliver. "Yes I've noticed it too, guess she's coming around all right. She didn't do so much to us this time did she? Just got Jarvis and Steve sent to bed, and robbed you of your money. Wonder what

she'll do to me and Bill?"

He was out in the garden spading his and Bill's flower-bed. The two of them raise very fine spring flowers,—tulips, crocuses and jonquils. They have done it now for three years—father of course helped them at first—and reap a really good sum. They have regular customers whom they supply from about the middle of March until May first. It is true they raise other flowers too during the summer, but these do not pay so well as the early flowers.

Their flower-plot is just back of the outside kitchen which is a single shed-like room with a very steep roof. The roof begins just below the window of Cordelia's room which is over the kitchen. As Oliver finished speaking, he glanced up and saw Cordelia looking down at us with a very peculiar air.

"Wonder what she's got up her sleeve now?" said Billy. He had just raised himself up from the bed which he too had been tending, and had also caught sight of her at the window.

"Oh nothing," I said carelessly. "She's just watching for Jacky Daw. You know he's always flying up there around that chimney and she's just nuts on him lately. Aren't those crocuses wonderful, boys—you ought to get a mint for them."

"I should say so," Billy answered vigorously, fanning himself with his cap. "Giving that money to Dame Trot just about emptied our treasury. Poor old thing! Wonder what on earth became of that bill. Holy snakes, Oliver, will you look at Cordelia!"

All of us looked where he pointed. Out of her window came Cordelia crawling out on the slippery roof, her eyes glued to Jacky Daw who seemed to be pecking away at a loose brick in the kitchen chimney. It was only a foot away from the window and she crawled to it unharmed on all fours, stood up, and began to poke her plump brown fingers in a crack. Then Jacky Daw did a queer thing. He flew around her head, flapped his wings in her face, and pecked at her fingers. But she kept on fumbling, fumbling and we could see her hand close on something. Just then Jacky gave a very violent flap right in front of her eyes. She closed them, lost her balance and came rolling over and over, her stiff, black cotton legs sticking out from under her short dress, down the steep roof, over the edge of it, and, kerplunk! right in the beginning of the boys' flower-bed.

And still she rolled. That plot does slope a little but not enough I think to cause Cordelia to roll as much as she did. I think I have said before that Cordelia is short, but chunky. Those flowers where she had rolled looked as though an army of giants had trampled on them. Fortunately for Oliver and Bill, one stifly outstretched foot struck against a clothes prop and it slid down and knocked her, pretty hard I think, across her head. She lay still then.

Father and mother and the rest of us came running. I could see Oliver and Bill turning to stone. Their beautiful flower-bed! Yet they could say nothing, for think what father and mother would have said if they had seemed to think more of their flowers than of their little sister!



SHE had got even with the last one of us!
But she had done more than that. She
lay there perfectly still in her checked red and
white gingham dress. But just as we got up to
her she began to wave her hand. In it was an
oblong piece of bright yellow paper.

Mrs. Hart's fifty-dollar bill!

"You know that day Dame Trot told us about the money," she explained to us sitting on the sofa, her broken head tied up (except for the tothes prop she hadn't been hurt a bit!), "I noticed that she said the only person around was Becky, and that she was playing with 'Mister' and Jacky Daw. When she said his name, Jacky,—he was sitting on the back of the chair—looked up in the funniest way. I bet that old bird has a lot of sense. And then it came to me I'd often seen him carry things around in his bill, good-sized things too. Don't you remember, Oliver, that time he flew off with your picture postal-card?"

"Well that's where all our things have been going," said Billy. "The old thief!"

"That's what I thought," Cordelia said proudly. "And I said to myself, 'He never goes outside this yard. He must drop or hide the things here.' So I began to watch him. He has two or three hiding places and I found Oliver's homework, and Steve's whip-lash, but I couldn't find the money. Then I began to watch him from my window, because you can see all over the yard from that and today he

came flying up with a piece of paper,—Jarvis' examples were on it,—and stuck it in a hole behind a loose brick in the chimney. And I knew right off that that was where he'd put the money. And it was."

"And you climbed out and got it," said

mother, "you're a smart girl."

"Yes'm, and I fell and smashed the flowers. And I'm so sorry," said Cordelia, sweetly. Too sweetly, for we all knew that she knew she had meant to do it.

"Oh," said father, "that doesn't matter. I'm sure the boys would much rather have you unharmed than all the flowers in the world."

We knew he'd say that.

"You're a regular heroine," father went on, and took her in his arms. I'm going to send Oliver over with this fifty dollars to Mrs. Hart and do you know what else I'm going to do? I'm going to give you ten dollars all for your-

self for your birthday—here I'll give it to you now." And he counted her out ten, new, green dollars.

She lay back against him, her fat fists full of money, looking at us kindly. It made Oliver so weak he had to sit down before going to Mrs. Hart's.

"My precious daughter," said mother stroking her head where it wasn't tied up. "Why didn't you get one of the boys to climb up and get the money?"

"Because," said Cordelia, looking us all over,
"I wanted some people to know that even if my
birthday wasn't celebrated all over the coun-

try, it ought to be."

Of course neither one of our parents knew what she was talking about. Mother turned to father with the most puzzled look. "Oliver," she groaned, "what do you suppose we've done, you and I, to have such astonishing children?"



THE GROWN-UPS' CORNER



HE BROWNIES' BOOK has been here one week and just as my three kiddies come in from school I am confronted with the question,— "Mother, did THE BROWNIES'

"Mother, did The Brownies' Book come to-day?" I have tried to explain that it is a monthly periodical but this means nothing. Until the next issue arrives I will be answering the same question every day.

Mrs. Page Anderson, Chambersburg, Pa.

THE BROWNIES' BOOK has nothing but friends where it is known. You would swell with pride if you could hear the commendations of mothers and teachers who have become familiar with it. In Charleston, S. C., Miss Baytop told me that she found one of her little day nursery charges down on her stomach with BROWNIES' open at the pictures of little friends, kissing each of them repeatedly. She says that the scene was the most striking thing she had witnessed in her uplift work. A mother in Winston-Salem, N. C., told me that it was only through THE BROWNIES' BOOK that she

had been able to get her four-year-old son interested in reading. At Lynchburg, Va., the teacher of drawing in the colored schools is a southern white woman. She has become so interested in The Brownies' Book that she uses it in her drawing classes, inspiring her pupils with the suggestion that if they do their work with sufficient excellence they may get it published. Wherever I have approached teachers and explained how Brownies' would aid them in creating a vision in their little folks they have been responsive.

THOMAS J. CALLOWAY, Washington, D. C.

I SAY frankly I am for the Brownies' Book. It fills as no other magazine can do a most unique place in the lives of our young folk. I feel sure it will score the brilliant success that it deserves.

It aptly inspires with that splendid patriotism which so beautifully becomes our youth.

R. S. JACOBSON, Oklahoma City, Okla.

OurlitteFriends



THE JURY





class.

E are two young men striving to be of some service to the race and we are at present attending Paul Quinn College. We are very close pals and in the same grade, and both of us are striving for the leadership of our

English is our main study, and our lessons are practically from THE BROWNIES' BOOK which we find very interesting and amusing.

Our teacher, Mrs. Caroline Bond Day, has written several stories in The Brownies' BOOK. We find that this magazine broadens our ideas and increases our vocabularies. We are advising every boy and girl to read it.

> M. M. TAYLOR. M. B. S. SLAUGHTER, Waco, Texas.

(My silver half-dollar told me this story. I thought you might like to hear it too.)

T WAS taken from a mine, carried to a work shop and mixed with other ingredients. Then I was conveyed to the smelting room and put into a large iron pot, melted and then cooled. From here I went to the rolling and cutting room and was placed between two iron jaws and rolled out to the thickness of a coin, and then shaped. I went to the cleaning room and was thoroughly cleaned with heat and acid, and rubbed off with saw-dust. At this point I was a legal coin.

I was first used by a little girl, and she, seeing how bright and pretty I was, placed me in her bank, because this was the first new halfdollar she had ever seen. Here I stayed for a long time with other coins until the bank was full; then she put me in a National Bank. However, I did not stay there long for I was drawn out by a man who was going on a very long journey. After we were on the boat for a long time we got off, but were again soon transferred to another boat.

This was a very tiresome journey for I had never traveled before. After we had landed, for we had ended our journey, every one I saw looked different from the people I had been seeing, and also talked differently. I was carried to the store to buy bread and said to be no good. I thought this was very funny for the little girl had thought so much of me and I had also been in a National Bank. This worried me, but I soon found out that I was in a foreign country. I was put in a pocket-book with some other coins; here I saw some very interesting things and enjoyed myself until one day we were sold to the natives. This troubled me, because I did not like the idea of staying in a place where I was not good. When all the coins except a few of us were nearly gone it was decided that we should go on another journey.

We again got on a boat and went straight to New York. This I thought was the most beautiful place I had ever seen. I was then sent to the store to buy bread and this time was pronounced good. How happy I was! From here I went to the place where I was made and saw the White House and many other places. I went to Richmond where I stayed a long time. One day while in Richmond I was given to a very old and poor lady who was exceedingly glad to get me, so this ended my journey.

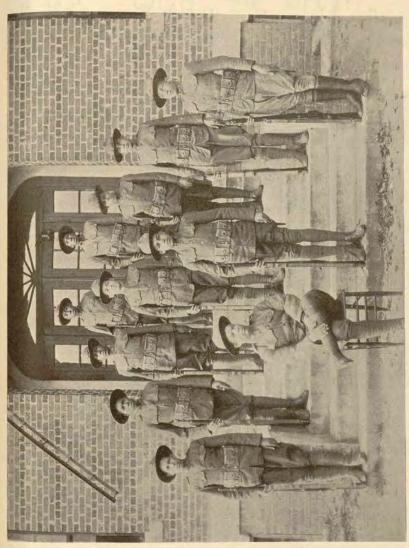
VASHTI TOMKINS, Hampton, Va.

To Thee

[This is the translation of "A Ti" in the April BROWNIES' BOOK.

> YOU are, O BROWNIES' BOOK A wonderful charm, Bringing overflowing joy To childhood.

You arrived, O BROWNIES' BOOK, Scattering plenty: May your glorious "entente" Live, live forever!



Cadet Corps Officers





HE Crow is thinking hard these days. He wants to have his children read more. Books, books are precious things. Once upon a time there were no books

and only Kings and Priests could know. Now all may learn from books. Do you read books?

¶ The French Government will have to raise 5,000,000,000 francs or \$1,000,000,000 for its expenses this year.

¶ The United States is trying to keep Panama and Costa Rica from going to war over a boundary dispute.

¶ This government is in a curious position
with regard to settlements under the treaty to
stop the War. It has not ratified the treaty and
therefore can not sit in councils with the other
nations. At the same time it refuses to agree
with what the other nations do.

 ¶ Greece has renewed war with Turkey, but the Turks seem to be getting the best of it.

¶ The Japanese House of Representatives has passed a bill allowing women to attend political meetings. This is a small first step.

At the Conference of London the Germans offered to pay seven and one-half billion dollars for war damages. The Allies demanded fiftysix billions. A deadlock ensued and Allied Armies have occupied part of Germany.

¶ The population of Japan is 77,000,000 of which 66,000,000 are in Japan proper and the rest in Korea, Formosa and elsewhere.

¶ The formal peace treaty between Russia and Poland has finally been signed.

¶ Denis J. Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, has been made a Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church.

¶ M. Viviani, formerly Prime Minister of France is in this country on an errand of friendship to the American Government.

¶ The British Government in 1921 to 1922 will
spend four hundred billion dollars on its navy.

¶ A trade agreement between Russia and Great Britain has been signed.

■ Encounters are still occurring daily between the Sinn Fein and the British Crown forces in Ireland. In one week 27 were killed and 23 wounded.

¶ Upper Silesia, in the eastern part of Germany, has taken a vote as to whether it would remain in Germany or be incorporated in Poland. An overwhelming majority of the people desired to stay in Germany.

¶ There have been outbreaks of Communists in Germany, especially at Hamburg.

In England the coal mines during the War were taken over by the government which regulated the wages of the miners. At the end of the War the government promised to take up the matter of nationalizing the mines but did not do so. Recently it was suddenly announced that the mines would be returned to their former owners. The owners immediately announced a decrease in wages. Over one million miners went out on strike and millions of other workingmen were ready to strike in support. Negotiations between the government, the owners and the miners are now going on in an endeavor to stop the strike.

¶ The Allies have warned Germany that unless she pays twelve billion marks before May 1 further penalties will be inflicted upon her.

¶ The rebellion against the Bolsheviki at Cronstadt, Russia has apparently been put down.

■ Tokio, Japan has had a fire with losses of twelve and one-half million dollars and 133 persons injured.

¶ There has been a wide-spread plot to restore the Emperor Charles of Austria to his former Hungarian throne. He suddenly appeared in Hungary but was finally compelled to leave without result.



AST night the Crow looked at the stars. Do you ever look at the stars? All the long years of this old, old world, men have studied the stars and slowly, slowly the

stars have told their secrets—their vast and endless secrets. Study the stars.

- Arthur Hamilton has dropped safely nearly five miles from an airplane by using a parachute.
- ¶ A strike of nearly one hundred thousand workers in the packing industry, including many colored people, has been threatened but finally the workers have submitted to a reduction of wages, and the packers have agreed to keep the eight-hour day.
- € Eugene Debs, who is imprisoned in Atlanta because he did not believe in war, was allowed to go unaccompanied to Washington to talk with the Attorney-General and to return alone.

¶ Cardinal Gibbons, the head of the Catholic Church in America, is dead at Baltimore in his 87th year.

The United States has been investigating forced labor, called peonage, in the South. In Jasper County, Georgia a white planter, John Williams, was so alarmed by the investigation that he caused 11 of his colored peons to be killed lest they be witnesses against him. He has been tried and convicted of murder.

¶ According to a Senate report the United States needs at present one million more houses for homes.

¶ John Burroughs, the famous student of nature is dead in his 84th year.

¶ President Harding has opened the 65th Congress by a speech delivered in person before both Houses.

¶ One report says that the cost of food is today only 8-1/10 per cent. higher than in July, 1914.

¶ The Rockefeller Foundation has given nine million dollars to the medical schools and universities of Brussels, Belgium.

¶ In spite of the fact that leading nations of Europe are beginning to trade with Russia, the United States still refuses.

■ The strike of fifteen thousand painters which began last September in New York has finally been settled. They sought a 40 hour, five-day week at \$10 a day. They succeeded in getting a 40 hour, five-day week at \$9.00 a day.

¶ The present session of Congress which started April 11 is an extra session. Its members were elected last November. The regular session begins next December.

¶ Major General Leonard Wood will soon become president of the University of Pennsylvania.

President Harding has asked that the Senate ratify the treaty with Colombia which involves payment to Colombia for land which the United

States stole.

¶ Negotiations are proceeding between the railroad officials and employees looking toward a reduction of wages.

There was a race riot in Springfield, Ohio, which called out the National Guard.

Charles D. B. King, President of Liberia, and a commission are in this country conducting final negotiations for a \$5,000,000 loan.

■ It is said that in the last campaign the Republicans spent eight million dollars and the Democrats two and one-quarter millions.

 ∏ Representatives of the students of different colleges met at Harvard University and formed an Intercollegiate Liberal League. This is designed to create among college men and women "an intelligent interest in the problems of the day."

¶ Railroad employees are contending with the railroads to resist a threatened reduction of wages. The railroads of the United States during 1920 paid in wages \$3,733,816,186.

¶ René Viviani, Envoy Extraordinary, from the French Republic, has been in America discussing our relations with France.

¶ George Harvey has been appointed United States Ambassador to Great Britain.

¶ Ten thousand building trade employees are on strike in Massachusetts against reduction of wages.

¶ Albert Einstein, the great scientist, is in this country to help raise funds for the new Jewish nation in Palestine. Einstein is the discoverer of the doctrine of "Relativity". This means that in small spaces such as we deal with on the earth we can assume that straight lines are always straight and moving bodies, always the same size; but when we consider the vast distances of the universe of stars this is not always true.

POEMS

CARRIE W. CLIFFORD

I

God's Children

ELIZABETH was English, Rebeckah was a Jew, Eileen was an Irish lass, And very pretty too.

Carmen was a Spaniard,
And French was sweet Marie,
Gretchen was a German,
And tidy as could be.

Juliet was a Roman, Minerva, Greek, you see, Wenonah was an Indian, And lived in a tee-pee.

Beatrice was Italian, Yum-Hum was Japanese, Pale Vera was a Russian, And San Toy a Chinese.

Dark Dinah was a Negro, Fair Hilda was a Swiss; More maids were there, including Scotch Jane, a charming miss.

Now all of these dear children
Are cousins you can see,
And though they may not look alike,
Are like as like can be!

For all have souls and minds and hearts, Image of God above; And all must keep His great command To trust, to hope and love.

H

Mr. and Mrs. Barbary Ape

W HEN Mr. and Mrs. Barbary Ape Arrived at the Washington Zoo, Oh, my! there was hurrying And such a wild scurrying And quite a big hullaballoo! The monkeys all sat at attent on, Eyes wide and mouths agape! For they never had seen Such strange creatures, I ween, Belong to the family of Ape.

They sought to conceal their amusement; But their efforts did not avail; "Now what do you think," Said Baboon with a wink, "They have never the sign of a tail!"

"They walk erect just like humans— Their eye-brows are perfectly white!" To the monkey-house folk, They were quite a huge joke, For they really were a strange sight.

III

A Model Program for My Little Lady

W AKE, my little lady!
Plunge into your morning tub,
Then with your towel briskly rub,
Wake, my little lady!

Eat, my little lady!

Toothsome porridge luscious fruit,
And a square of toast to boot,
Eat, my little lady!

Run my little lady!
Out where garden-roses grow,
Skip and frolic to and fro,
Run, my little lady!

Learn, my little lady!
Study hard each day at school,
Always heed the Golden Rule,
Learn, my little lady!

Sleep, my little lady!
On your bed all soft and white,
Rest and dream until the light,
Sleep my little lady!

Che Brownies' Book

JUNE, 1921



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State of New York County of New York ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Augustus Granville Dill, who, having been duly aworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Joint Owner-Business Manager of This Baowaries' Boox, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, manier and the state of the sta

DuBois and Dill, Publishers, 2 West 13th St., New York,

Editor, W. E. Burghardt DuBois, 2 West 18th St., New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor, Jessie Redmon Fauset, 2 West 18th St., New York, N. Y.

Business Manager, Augustus Granville Dill, 2 West 13th St., New York, N. Y. Owners, DuBois and Dill, Publishers, 2 West 13th St., New York, N. Y.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March,

Fearx M. Turner,
Notary Public Queens County, No. 764.
Certificate filed in New York County, No. 164. New York
Register No. 2122. (My commission expires Mar. 30, 1822.)

THE BROWNIES BOOK

Published Monthly and Copyrighted by DuBois and Dill, Publishers, at 2 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y. Conducted by W. E. Burghardt DuBois; Jessie Redmon Fauset, Managing Editor; Augustus Granville Dill, Business Manager

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JUNE, 1921

WHOLE No. 18

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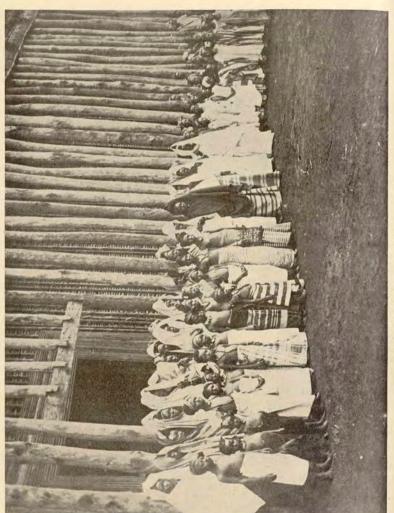
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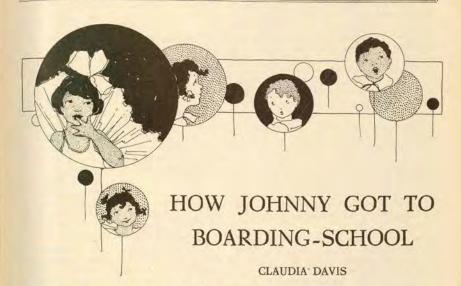
A Wedding in Fumban, Kamerun, Africa

The Brownies' Book

Vol. 2-No. 6

JUNE, 1921

Whole No. 18





OHNNY BLAIR was eleven years old and possessed the usual small boy's aversion to the feminine sex. He had absolutely no use for girls, and nursed a grievance against

them all, due to a rather forceful and very humiliating boxing of his ears by one young lady to whose luxuriant pigtail he had valiantly tied a dead mouse. From the time of this episode on, he had maintained an attitude of masculine dignity and indifference to all girls in general and to Betty Clark in particular.

Wrightsville Boarding School was the seat of learning for many boys and girls up to fourteen years of age, and it was Johnny's ambition to be there with three or four of his friends who had gone. He lived in Greenville, a town about ten or twelve miles from Wrightsville, and had plenty of opportunity of hearing about its merits and opportunities. He knew the boys made raids on the pantry at night when everyone was asleep and lights were out. He also knew that

many boys were sent there because they were considered unruly at home, and their parents had sent them there for the discipline. He knew too that Robert Henson had been sent home after being caught one night climbing down the fire-escape on his way to a neighboring orchard to steal green apples. Nevertheless, Johnny's fondest hopes centered around Wrightsville Boarding School, and he was determined to go there, even if he had to be so naughty at home that his parents would send him.

Johnny's other ambition was to become a public speaker. Once, on a visit to his grand-mother's farm, his father had taken him to a Baptist Revival, and the impression of waving arms and thumped tables, and talking through one's nose to a chorus of "Amens" of the congregation, had made a deep impression on his mind, and he was determined to move audiences to do likewise by his eloquence. He didn't remember very much about that revival, but he

did remember the long, lank man in the shabby Prince Albert coat talking and gesticulating and drinking water every now and then, while the congregation voiced its approval of his words by loud moans and shrieks and weeping. Johnny didn't know what the preacher was talking about, being too busily engaged in watching his gestures and listening to the continuous undercurrent of the voices of the congregation. However, he didn't want to be a minister; all he had ever seen seemed to be very popular with women and Johnny didn't want to be popular with the girls; he almost hated them all. No, he wouldn't be a clergyman; a public speaker would just about fill the bill and still bring him his deserved popularity (among the men).

Betty was Johnny's rival in almost everything in the school they attended. She recited very well, even to Johnny's way of thinking—(and he considered himself an excellent judge)—although he wouldn't admit it. She was a bright-eyed little youngster with rosy cheeks and a long braid of curly black hair. Her seat being next to Johnny's, he took delight in worrying her by pulling this braid and tying things to it.

One day the teacher announced that on the following Friday the superintendent of the schools in that district would award a prize of \$5.00 to the pupil who, in his estimation, could entertain the best. The pupils were to choose their own form of entertainment, but it was understood they would most likely be limited to recitations and singing and instrumental selections.

It occurred to Betty that if she should win the \$5.00, the boys would simply have to respect the girls. Each girl nursed a secret desire that if she, herself, did not win the award, some other girl would, in order to pay the boys back for snubbings rendered the fairer sex on various occasions.

The boys, on the other hand, were so sure of Johnny's ability at reciting, that it never crossed their minds that there was a possibility of the girls' winning.

Naturally, on account of the friction existing between the sexes, each faction tried to keep its plans secret. Betty conceived the wonderful idea of having a "bubble dance"; she would have a pretty dress on and would dance to some pretty music which the teacher would

play; and then, last of all, she would surprise them all by having real bubbles.

Betty's uncle in the neighboring city kept a toy shop and Betty had \$3.50 in her bank. She would spend \$.50 for balloons, fifty of them and such pretty ones they would be too, red and vellow and green and purple. Of course her performance would be the most unique and she would undoubtedly be the winner, and everyone would be so glad the boys didn't walk away with the honors. She had it all arranged she would have her father fill the little particolored bags with hydrogen and then she would have them attached to a string, and at the end of her dance, by pulling the string, she would break it, releasing the "bubbles" which would then float out into the room. She had done a "Butterfly Dance" at the gymnastic exercises the year before, and she would just repeat that dance, adding to it. The boys would be so surprised. Betty could just imagine herself claiming the \$5.00 afterward, the audience applauding and the boys very much chagrined. She would have her little head high in the air. with her little snub nose pointing straight to Heaven, and she wouldn't notice a thing in the room with trousers on. Yes, she would show them that girls were some use after all.

Betty had a chum to whom she confided all her secrets. That afternoon during recess period, she got Jeanette, or Janey as she was called, in the closet and unfolded to her the plan. One of the boys had once tried to walk up the edge of that door, so in consequence, it was warped, leaving a crack when it was closed. At that time, Johnny, who had been playing ball in the yard, came inside to get a drink of water. While in there, he heard the two girls talking. At first he didn't pay much attention, but "Friday" came to his ears and immediately he was all attention. A little voice told him he shouldn't listen to confidential talks. but his curiosity and his dislike of girls got the better of him. He also tried to gloss over his feelings by saying he was being loyal to the "boys," and it was his duty to warn them of the girls' plans. Therefore, he stayed in the room and listened. He was rather non-plused by the plan at first, but then he remembered that when he began to speak and made such beautiful gestures, the prize would just have to go to him; but in the meanwhile, he was going to fix Betty. She was trying to be too smart.

When Friday came, Betty had Janey help



She Was Graceful and Lovely

her bring the balloons to school while her father frock teacher had made for her when she would come later to blow them up; this process was to be done while school was in session so that no one but the teacher should know about it. Johnny knew that the balloons burned easily, so he came armed with a box of matches. He was going to burn the string away, before hand, and spoil Betty's scene by releasing the balloons too soon. Of course, he would put out the fire before the flame reached the balloons, but even if he didn't, no harm would result as the woodwork and flooring, etc., were fireproof, due to their having been treated with some chemical.

The younger pupils were called upon first, and they rendered their parts excellently. Then Johnny was called. He mounted the platform from the closet-like room on the side with a great show of importance and began his selection. In a voice as far down in his throat as he could make it, in order to imitate the nasal tones of the country preacher, he recited. Hisarms were waving, he walked from one side of the platform to the other. He put one hand in his pocket, the other behind his back and strutted, and talked, and thumped the table in true, realistic style. He had had the table put there, with a pitcher of water on it, as the preacher had done, to the great delight of the other fellows.

"Hum-m-m, he thinks he is so much," sniffed Janev.

"Well, he is real good," answered Dorothy, who secretly, was a great admirer of Johnny, although he treated her almost as coolly as the

"Well, even if he is, Betty will be much better."

"I doubt it; how do you know?"

"Oh, I know, all right."

"You think you know it all," was the retort. Just then Johnny made an exceptionally broad flourish with his arm and knocked over the pitcher of water, which of course materially detracted from the dignity (?) of the performance. Everyone giggled, and, very red in the face, Johnny tried to continue but finally gave it up and returned to his seat.

"Now, you see," declared Janey to Dorothy. Dorothy remembered certain snubs Johnny had bestowed upon her, and answered, "Well, I always wanted a girl to win anyway."

When Betty was announced, she was the last on the program. She had on the little chiffon danced at the gymnastic exercises the year before. When the first chords of the selection sounded, she poised on one foot, and then began. Round and round she pirouetted, her tiny feet twinkling in and out of the intricate steps. She was graceful and lovely, and even Johnny couldn't help but admire the dance.

"She'll do, for a girl," he muttered.

Then his conscience pricked him and he decided he wouldn't try to spoil it. He admitted to himself she was nearly as good an entertainer as he. Then Joe, an evil-minded little urchin from one of the poorer sections of town whispered, "Are you goin' to do it?"

"No," said Johnny.

"She is better'n you, you know."

"Well, if she wins it, she can have it," magnanimously. Then, with a great show of bravado, "She would need it more than I anyway."

"You're scared to," was the retort.

"I'm not."

"You are; you wouldn't dare."

"I do dare."

"You don't. I double dare you."

Now, of course, no boy can let a dare go by, so to redeem himself in the eyes of Joe (and all the other boys as Johnny thought), Johnny crept out of his seat into the little room opening from the platform. Striking a match, he applied it to the string confining the little brightly colored spheres. Just then, Betty, glancing through the door, saw him. Dancing over to his direction, she whispered "Don't do that!" But it was too late. The little flame, creeping up the string faster than Johnny had imagined, reached the "bubbles" and, BANG! the hydrogen exploded.

Johnny was scared nearly to death. He hadn't figured on the balloons being blown up with anything but air, and anyway, never having studied chemistry, he wasn't prepared for the effects of fire applied to hydrogen. There was nearly a panic in the class room, and Betty, so disappointed at missing the thrilling climax to her scene, lay down on the platform and nearly cried.

Johnny got a glimpse of the little white form on the floor, thought he had injured her, and in he rushed. Betty didn't move; she was determined Johnny shouldn't see her cry. By that time, everyone had rushed to the platform to see what was the matter with Betty. When they surrounded her, Johnny was pushed aside.

Seeing Janey emerging from the crowd around Betty, he asked her whether Betty was hurt or not. Janey had an idea that Johnny was somewhere at the bottom of the trouble, so she determined to punish him.

"You have put out both of her eyes," she said. Then he almost collapsed.

Just then, two or three balloons that had escaped before the flames had reached them, sailed majestically across the room, one of them directly above the superintendent's head. Said official took it and asked what it was for. The teacher explained.

"Well," said he, "she deserves the prize just for the idea."

By this time, Janey had once more regained Betty's side.

"Close your eyes and make b'lieve you're blind; I'm fooling Johnny," she rapidly whispered. Betty caught the idea at once, and her sense of humor asserting itself, she resolved to get a little amusement out of the situation, eyen if it had to be at Johnny's expense.

To her father she whispered "Take me home Dad, before Johnny sees me." Her father complied and before Johnny had got a glimpse of her, she had left.

Johnny suffered all night, believing he had been the cause of Betty's losing her sight. No self-condemnation was too great for him. He was the meanest boy on earth to hurt Betty. Betty had always been a little trump, and even if she had slapped him, it was no more than he had deserved. Johnny could picture himself locked up in jail for the rest of his life. while poor little Betty would have to be led around by some other person, the same as old man Jameson, a War Veteran. She would never be able to dance any more, nor walk without aid. If ever there was a miserable boy in Greenville, Johnny was that lad. He tossed from one side of his bed to the other, but could find no relief from his terrifying thoughts. Betty's little dancing figure seemed to sway before him all night. Toward morning he finally fell asleep, only to be awakened by his mother, as it was time to get ready for school.

Johnny didn't want to go to school; he fairly hated the sight of the building; besides, if he left the house, the Law would have him in its clutches for a murderer. He was forced to go, however, as no one knew he had been in any way responsible for yesterday's accident. Therefore, he bolstered up what little courage he had left, and out he trudged. What was his surprise upon arriving at school, but to see Betty serenely there as large as Life itself.

"Betty," he cried, "I though you were blind."
Betty laughed. "I wanted to teach you a lesson," she answered. He was so relieved he could have hugged her right there, even if the boys should ostracize him forever afterward.

It was some time before anyone found out how it really happened. Betty wouldn't tell on Johnny, and no one but Joe knew that Johnny had anything at all to do with it. Betty had received the prize, anyway, so she didn't much mind since Johnny seemed to be so sorry. A short while afterwards, Johnny and Joe had an argument over a game of marbles and Joe tattled on Johnny. Of course, no one liked Joe any more, but then, he had never been too popular with either the boys or the girls.

When the truth was found out, everyone rallied around Betty. "Gee, you are a brick, not to tell!" many of them told her. Johnny was her staunch champion. He had come to believe that it was the person and not the sex that mattered.

When Johnny's parents heard of it, they were very angry. "I shall send you to Wrights-ville Boarding School the very beginning of next term," Mrs. Blair declared. Whereupon Johnny's soul rejoiced.

Then he realized that when he went, he would have to leave Betty. They had grown to be such good chums that the thought of separation was anything but pleasant. But twelve miles wasn't so much; he could return every weekend and holidays. One afternoon, after thinking about the prospect, he took a piece of soft rubber eraser which leaves a mark on wood, and wrote on the high polish of Betty's desk:

"Girls are all right."

"I knew it all the time," wrote back she,







THE JUDGE



Y teacher wants to know which is the greatest continent," said Billikins.

"America," answered Billy promptly.

"Why?" asked the Judge.

"O, well—it just is, everybody knows that."
"I should certainly say Europe," said William.

"Why?" asked the Judge again.

"Because it's the center of the greatest civilization the world has known—the leader in Art and Science and Industry, and governs most of the world."

"Nevertheless, I should say Asia," said Wilhelmina, "because it is the oldest and wisest—the mother of all religion, the home of most men, the mother of races and the originator of human culture."

"And I," said the Judge, "would say Africa."

They all stared at him.

"Are you joking?" asked Billy.

"No."

"But you don't really mean it," protested William.

"I suppose," pouted Wilhelmina, "that you're just saying Africa because we are all of African descent. Of course—"

"Do I usually lie?" asked the Judge.

"No-o oh no!—but how on earth can you say that Africa is the greatest continent? It is stuck way in the back of the Atlas and the geography which Billy uses, devotes only a paragraph to it."

"I say it because I believe it is so. Not because I want to believe it true—not because I think it ought to be true, but because in my humble opinion it is true."

"And may we know the reasons?" said W1. liam.

"Certainly: they are seven."

("O Master, we are Seven", chanted Wilhelmina.)

"First: Africa was the only continent with a climate mild and salubrious enough to foster the beginnings of human culture.

"Second: Africa excels all other continents in the variety and luxuriance of its natural products.

"Third: In Africa originated probably the first, certainly the longest, most vigorous, hu-

man civilization.

"Fourth: Africa made the first great step in human culture by discovering the use of iron.

"Fifth: Art in form and rhythm, drawing and music found its earliest and most promising beginnings in Africa.

"Sixth: Trade in Africa was the beginning

of modern world commerce.

"Seventh: Out of enslavement and degradation on a scale such as humanity nowhere else has suffered, Africa still stands today, with her gift of world labor that has raised the great crops of Sugar, Rice, Tobacco and Cotton and which lie at the foundation of modern industrial democracy."

"Gee!" said Billy.

"Don't understand," wailed Billikins.

"Few people do," said the Judge.

"I was just wondering," mused Wilhelmina, "who the guys are that write our histories and geographies."

"Well you can bet they're not colored," said William.

"No-not yet," said the Judge.

"Do they tell lies?" asked Billy.

"No they tell what they think is the truth."

"And I suppose," said Wilhelmina, "that what one thinks is the truth, is the truth."

"Certainly not," answered the Judge. "To tell what one believes is the truth, is not necessarily to lie, but it is not consequently true."

"Then one can tell falsehoods and not always lie."

"Certainly."

"I'm going to try that," said Billy.

"I wouldn't," warned the Judge. "You see it's this way: there are lots of things to be known and few to know them. Our duty is therefore not simply to tell what we believe is true, but to remember our ignorance and be sure that we know before we speak."

Ourlittestiends



A LITTLE TALK ABOUT WEST AFRICA

KATHLEEN EASMON



ANY of you who read THE BROWNIES' BOOK have already heard stories from many parts of Africa. I am bringing you a greeting from the Brownies on the

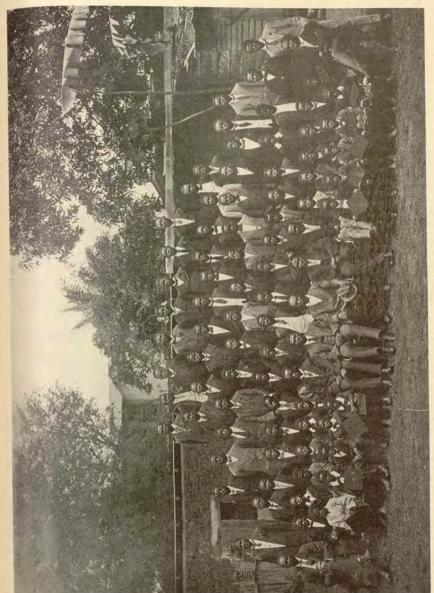
west coast. If they knew how, they would write you a letter, but as very few of them have an opportunity of going to school, it is customary when they want to tell any one of what is happening in their particular village for them to send a greeting by some one who is travelling. This greeting is sometimes a very long one telling all about what is happening in the village, how many children have been born, how many old people have died, how many strangers have visited them and then many other things which you no doubt would leave out in writing a letter, such as how the cattle are, sheep, goats and even chickens. They also would tell of the rainfall and how the crops are. One wonders how the messenger remembers everything that he is told, but as it is a custom of the people to take a very keen personal interest in everything that is going on, no doubt the messenger supplements from his own knowledge the greetings which have been given to him.

So I am going to take this privilege of the messenger and tell you some things which perhaps the children of one particular village might not know about. I am going to tell you of things that happen in various parts of the West Coast of Africa. But while we are talking about messengers I think you might be interested in some of the ways the messages are sent. Travellers often are astonished at the rapidity with which news of their arrival is passed from one village on to another. Of course as you may have read there are few horses in West Africa and in the particular part that I am going to tell you about, Sierra Leone, horses do not live at all. Sometimes messages are sent by a runner, but often the distance from one village to another is so great that it would be impossible for any man to run there as quickly as the news flies.

How then is it done? By a system of beating the tom-tom. Now when I first heard the tapping of a wireless machine I was puzzled to know how the operator could make head or tail of the messages and you no doubt would feel the same thing if you heard the beat of the

"news tom-tom". You would also be astonished at our people being able to hear such long distances but you must remember that all their senses are developed to a much higher extent than in civilized countries, because they have no artificial means of assisting them. For instance, in the "bush" as we call it, by which we mean the interior or the country districts. there are no electric lights, or gas, or even lamps, and people have to depend upon their eves to guide them not only in the daytime but at night. There is no way of warning anyone of the approach of danger except by hearing, and so as much for self-preservation as for any other reason, our people are able to distinguish between sounds that to a European or a foreigner would be identical. In the same way their sense of smell is extremely highly developed. I remember once while walking in the "bush" that a small native boy was able to tell me what kind of animal was passing by, though neither of us could see it, and as far as I was concerned the perfume of one of our large flowering trees was so overpowering that I could not distinguish any other scent.

Now that we have had this little explanation of messages I am going to continue with my particular message. The jest of it is that our people in the "bush" have heard that you call them savages, a word which they translate as meaning the people who have no sense. This hurts them because as one of our sayings is "the lion hath one mind, the eagle another", by which they mean it is possible to do things in more than one way,-it is therefore unfair to call a person who does a thing well, but in a different way from you, a savage. But you will ask, what things do they do well? We have only heard and seen that they do crude things coming from the "bush". That reminds me of a question that a little boy asked me. "How was it possible to keep order if there were no policemen among our people?" The answer is that there is no necessity, for the reason that native life is so organized that under the "Paramount Chief" there are many lesser chiefs and under these lesser chiefs are many head men. The head men are responsible for the law and order among the few families which they represent.



Students at Freetown, Sierra Leone

The lesser chiefs are responsible for the head men and answerable to the Paramount Chief.

Then what about schools? There are institutions of learning but not in a way that you understand. There are no school-books nor are reading and writing taught, but there is instruction in things that boys and girls will need to know when they are grown up, and can take positions of responsibility in the native village. There are two separate institutions, one for the boys and one for the girls, and I am going to tell you about the girls as I know more about them, because girls are not allowed in the boys' school and vice versa. In some tribes when a girl is eight, and in others when she is ten or twelve, she is taken away to what is known as the Gri-Gri or Bundu Bush. This will be a clearing in the forest away from the village where a few older women instruct the girls in all the useful arts of life as understood by those people. The girls will be taught how to plait mats, make baskets and spin the cotton into thread and dye it. They are also taught cooking and the general management of children, and the simple preparations that the natives have for the care of the sick, besides all the practices, dances, etc., connected with the native worship. Now this is the reason that so many missionaries have condemned the Bundu Bush.

The boys in their school are taught how to make the weapons that they will need in hunting, to weave cloths, and in fact all the manly occupations. They are also taught the religious ceremonies in which men take part, and some of them have special training to become witch doctors or medicine men, or priests, just as a boy here would have extra training if he wished to take up a profession.

These people I am telling you about are people who have not come into contact with any outside influence, and I should dearly love for you to see some of the exquisite craftwork produced by them. The beauty and delicacy of some of their designs fill travellers with amazement. I have a gold bracelet made by a man who could not read or write or even speak English and used the most crude tools, which is as fine a piece of craftsmanship as I have seen anywhere in Europe or in America. Then there is the weaving, its wonderful blend of colors, the carving in wood and ivory, the beaten brass work and all the various types of leather work. A native takes any old discarded bottle or tim and

covers it with leather in such a way as to make a thing of beauty of it. The leather is nearly always dyed a beautiful shade of red. Green and yellow are also used, and the grass is braided into this leather in the most complicated and geometrical designs. I only wish that I could show you some of these things. Description so often conveys little or nothing of the real beauty of the object described. When one actually sees and handles a thing one forms an entirely different conception of the type of mind behind the fingers which have done the work So many people have said, especially of the gold work, the ivory carving and the leather work, that they would not have believed it possible for any people to have done such work by hand, and with the crude tools at the disposal of these natives.

Now I must hurry on, not because my message is finished but because my space is limited. My people would never forgive me if I did not tell you just a little about the way they think and express themselves in their own language. On the first night that I arrived in the Mendé country in the interior of Sierra Leone, there was a tremendous amount of noise and excitement going on in the village. I asked one of our boys what this meant and he replied in English "Yawa mammy done answer yes", which meant that Yawa was the bride and the cause of all the rejoicing in the village was because the bride's mother had given her consent. I think an explanation of what led up to this will give you a better idea of how our people think and express themselves than anything else that I could tell you in this limited space.

When a young man falls in love with a girl he does not just go up to her and say, "Will you marry me my dear?" Oh, no, it is a much more complicated affair than that. First he tells all his family and if they approve of his choice, all of them, mother, father, brothers, sisters, cousins, all the relations, come in a troop to the hut where the girl lives. Now the people inside know quite well what these others have come for, but they pretend that they do not. They pretend that they are robbers, and during the war they used to pretend that they were Germans, and refuse to allow them to come in. This is the occasion for a great deal of fun and mirth. Finally the door is opened and the whole troop comes in. The spokesman is generally the oldest man on the bridegroom's side

and this is how he speaks to the father of the girl:

"I have seen a rose, I have smelt its perfume; its fragrance fills my soul and I feel I cannot live without that rose."

Then the father of the girl replies: "That rose has been planted in our garden, it has been tended, watered and taken care of. How do I know that it will not die if I allow it to be transplanted?"

Then the spokesman begins again: "I have seen a bird, I have heard its exquisite song, I have watched its beautiful plumage; its song without it."

The father of the girl answers: "That bird has been brought up in our nest, it has been sheltered and protected under its mother's wing. How do I know that it will not die if I allow it to fly out into the cold, cruel world?"

And so they go on speaking to each other in this beautiful metaphor, using first one figure and then another until they arrive at some understanding, but even then that marriage is not going to take place unless the bride's mother gives her consent.

I want you to realize that these people are living in mud huts, do not wear very much in the way of clothing and cannot read or write or speak English, but this is how they think and when people think like this we feel that no one has a right to call them savages.

There are many more things about the native so fills my life that I feel that I cannot live life that my people would like you to know. I have only delivered one half of my message but I hope before I say good-bye to your country that I shall have an opportunity to tell you some more about the manners and customs of our people and I hope that none of you will use that word "savage" again.



Come On In!

C. LESLIE FRAZIER.

OME on in, the water's fine, Put away your fishing line, Hang your pants up next to mine-Come on in!

Lead on up the creek a mile, We will swim in single file, Then play ducking for a while-Come on in!

After ducking we'll play boat-'Cause we all know how to float-Skinny Boyd, get off my coat! An' come on in!

Off the pier's the place to dive, The water there is eight feet five,-Goodness! Gracious! Man alive!-Come on in!

Reople of the



HE little readers of THE BROWN-IES' BOOK will be interested to hear something of the work that these little folks in the pictures are doing to help make life

brighter for others.

These children are so closely connected with a worthy charity in New York City that I will

first have to tell you something about it.

Hope Day Nursery is located at 33 West 133rd Street in the very heart of Harlem. The object of the Nursery is to lessen the burden of the working mother by caring for her babies and small children while she is away from home during the day.

The mothers bring the children to the

Nursery every morning on their way to work and call for them upon their return in the evening. The children are cared for during the day by the matron and Nursery-helpers. They receive two meals a day and in the Nursery proper are rows of little white cribs where the smaller children take an afternoon nap. Games, story-telling and other recreation are provided for the small children while those of school age attend the public schools returning to the Nursery after each session.

Hope Day Nursery, established nearly twenty years ago, is controlled by a Board of thirty-

five active members composed entirely of colored women, and is s u p p orted a 1 together by the voluntary efforts of its Board of Managers, friends and well wishers. The annual reports of the Nursery show that during

nineteen

years the children cared for aggregate more than 150,000.

The very small fee that the mothers pay for the care of their children is not sufficient to buy even the milk that the babies must have. For this reason strenuous efforts have to be made by the Board of Managers in order to maintain the Nursery.

For many years now it has been the custom of the Nursery to give an entertainment at one of the large amusement halls in New York City in May for the purpose of raising money to carry on this work. During all these many years the most talented children of the city have gladly given their services at this annual May Entertainment. Some of the children on this year's program given at Manhattan Casino Friday, May 6, before an audience of several thousand people, are the children of parents who themselves as children volunteered their talents in rendering programs for Hope Day Nursery. Now these same parents are still contributing toward the up-keep of the Nursery by permitting their little ones to continue this splendid work.

Many of these little folks, some of whose photos accompany this article, gave evidence of such genuine talent that the grown-ups who ought to know went away that Friday night with a feeling that the race need not fear for representation when our present public artists pass from view.

In this year's performance, as in several years past, more than one hundred children



Thelma Whitaker Margaret Smith



Goldie Withington

Gwendolyn Sturgis

took part. These children are the pupils of Miss Amanda Kemp's dancing class and are known on the stage as "Miss Kemp's Dancing Dolls". Miss Kemp is one of New York City's public school teachers and is as successful, as her programs show, with her dancing-class as she is in the school-room.

The ages of the children range from three to sixteen years of age. A group of the tiniest tots danced wonderfully well, classic dances of ancient Greece. There were any number of larger girls whose Spanish, Gypsy and Hawaiian dances brought the audience to their feet in wild cheering and applause. These little children, rendered with the ease and comfortable confidence of stage stars, the latest songs and dances of the day.

The concluding number this year was a minstrel—a real kiddies' minstrel, with end-men who kept the audience roaring with laughter. Not only was this minstrel funny, but it was tuneful and full of life. Each of the little tots entered into the fun of this as much as did the audience, and when it came their turn to dance and sing, as they do in real grown-up minstrels, it was done with such a charm of grace and manner that the audience warmed up to them in such a manner as I have never seen in any theatre or music hall.

Thelma Whitaker and Dorothy Embry, two high school girls, are really wonderful, and both of them have been faithful to Hope Day Nursery's programs ever since they were little girls. Thelma's specialty is toe-dancing, and

she is an artist at this, while Dorothy is especially gifted in handling popular songs and dances. This year both girls danced the Garotte together in a most pleasing manner.

Gwendolyn Sturgis and little Agnes Newton are two other favorites that are always expected to give a Hope Day Nursery audience a thrill. Gwendolyn's dance, "Winter" and Agnes' "Butterfly dance" were very dainty and pretty.

Tiny Thelma Wilkins in the "Scarf Dance" made one think of a little fairy.

Goldie Withington, another little mite, was a special fea-

ture in the "Dancing Dolls' Minstrel", as was also Caroline Mc-Loughlin. Little Margaret Smith was not able to take part i n this year's program due to a temporary r e sidence out of the city, but her work of previous









Caroline McLoughlin



Dorothy Embry Agnes Newton

years entitles her to a place among the"Dancing Dolls".

I wish there were space to tell you about, and to show you the pictures of each and every girl who made our program such a success this year, for they too deserve mention.

The only boy on the program was little four year old Montague Gray, who danced "Little Pierrot" and enjoyed his number fully as much as the audience.

Bernice Thomas, who led the "Tambourine Dance", has been one of the stars on Hope Day Nursery's program for several seasons. Pheon Hood, Eunice Shreeves, Ellen Meadows, Marie Mahood, Virginia Brannon, Elaine Bayne and Myrtle Withington (Goldie's sister), are others who never fail to please the audience.

Hope Day Nursery's annual May Entertainment can always be assured of success as long as the "Dancing Dolls" continue to help us. People come from far and near to see and hear them. This year one of Hope Day Nursery's well-wishers came from Michigan just to see our annual May Program.

SUSAN PAYTON WORTHAM,

Chairman of Hope Day Nursery Annual May Entertainment Committee.



THE CHILDREN'S TREASURE

A Play in One Act WILLIS RICHARDSON

Characters

Aunt Malinda The Rent Man Grace Julia Ethel Joe

Robert



UNT MALINDA'S kitchen is a neat little room, as clean as a pin and as fresh as the morning breezes. In the center of the rear wall is a door which leads to the

porch and yard. At the right of the door is a cupboard and at the left against the same wall is a table without a cover, but so clean from constant scrubbing that it is almost white. In the right wall is a window and near the left wall a stove. There are a couple of straight chairs near the table and in the center of the room is a low rocking chair without arms. This is Aunt Malinda's favorite seat. When we first see the room there is no one present, but after a few moments the door is pushed slowly open and Grace, a girl of ten, peeps in. Not seeing anyone she comes in on tiptoe, and looks all around. She has a paper bag in her hand.

Grace (Puzzled)—I wonder where Aunt Malinda is?

(She goes back to the door and beckons to someone outside. Presently Julia, Ethel and Joe appear, each carrying a bag similar to Grace's.)

Julia-Where's Aunt Malinda?

Grace—I don't know where she is, she isn't here.

Julia—I'll go to the house and see if she is there.

(She goes out again.)

Grace (To Ethel and Joe)—I brought Aunt Malinda apples; what did you bring?

Ethel—I brought her oranges.

Joe—I brought her peaches.

Grace—If Robert's coming I wonder what he'll bring?

Joe-Robert's so stingy he may not come at all.

Grace—He couldn't be as mean as that, as good as Aunt Malinda has been to us.

Julia (Entering again)—I didn't see her. Grace—It's strange that she is out. Before her son died we always found her home.

Julia—Aunt Malinda is worried.

Grace—What did you bring her, Julia? Julia—I brought her grapes.

Ethel (After looking out of the door)— Here's Robert now.

(Robert enters with a bag which is much smaller than those the others have.)

Julia-My, what a small bag! What did you bring Aunt Malinda, Robert?

Robert-I brought her bananas.

Grace-Your bag is very small.

Joe (Feeling the bag)—You have but two bananas!

Robert (Looking at him angrily) -That's

enough with what you all have brought. Too I see you've a many bananas will make a person sick! I one deserves it. wouldn't like to see Aunt Malinda sick.

Joe—You wouldn't like to spend too many pennies!

Grace (To Joe) -Let him alone.

Joe-Robert's a miser, Grace,

Ethel—Aunt Malinda is very unhappy since her son died.

Julia—She can't help it with no one to support her.

Robert—I wonder if she has any cakes toàay?

Joe-Let's look.

Grace—No, you mustn't look into other people's things without permission.

Robert-She always has cakes.

Ethel—She may not have any now since her son died.

Grace-I wonder how she will live?

Joe-We'll wait and ask her that when she comes in.

Julia—If we find that she has no other means of living we'll have to help her.

Robert-How can we help her?

Joe-We all have banks in which we save our pennies.

Ethel (Peeping out of the door)—Here comes Aunt Malinda now.

(They all stand around with their bags behind them. Aunt Malinda, an old woman in black, enters.)

Aunt Maiinda—Good morning, my children. All—Good morning, Aunt Malinda.

Aunt Malinda (As she sits in her rocker)— Have you anything good to tell me this bright morning?

Grace—We're very happy to see that you're not sad.

Aunt Malinda—Why do you hold your hands behind you so?

All (Taking their bags from behind them)—
We have something for you.

Aunt Malinda (As she takes all the bags in her lap)—Oh, how nice of you!

Joe-Any cakes?

Aunt Malinda—Look in the cupboard, Joe. (Joe opens the cupboard and looks in.)

Joe-Only one?

Aunt Malinda—That's all; and that's for the one of you who hasn't committed a fault since I saw you last.

(Their faces fall with disappointment.)

I see you've all done something wrong. Not one deserves it.

Grace—We wouldn't take your last cake, Aunt Malinda.

Aunt Malinda—Has any one of you been very bad?

All-I haven't.

Aunt Malinda—Then take the cake and divide it into five parts.

Julia—That wouldn't be one bite for each of us; we couldn't be so greedy.

Aunt Malinda—Well, leave it then until another time.

Ethel-Won't you tell us a story?

Aunt Malinda—No story today. I have sad news for you.

All-Sad news!

Joe—Your son just died a week or two ago. I hope nothing else has happened.

Aunt Malinda—Something else is going to happen today.

Julia-What can it be?

Aunt Malinda—The owner is going to send the Rent Man for the rent and he says he'll put me out if I cannot pay.

Robert—Put you out in the street?

Aunt Malinda-If I do not pay the rent.

Grace-Where will you go?

Aunt Malinda—I do not know—to the poorhouse I suppose.

Ethel-They couldn't be so mean!

Julia—For a few dollars, send you to the poorhouse!

Aunt Malinda—Some people will do anything for a few dollars.

Joe—I wouldn't do a mean thing to anybody for anything in the world.

Aunt Malinda—If you remember that and stand by it you'll be a noble man.

Grace—Do people do mean things to other people for money?

Aunt Malinda—One way or the other. Most of the big mean things in the world are done for money.

Ethel-Why is the world like that?

Aunt Malinda—Because men of greed impose on other men.

Julia—I thought the world was beautiful and good.

Aunt Malinda-It is in many places.

Joe—To work all day for money is bad enough, but to do mean things—one should not do mean things.

Aunt Malinda—That's right; and now I want a promise from you all. Raise your hands. (All raise their hands.) There are greater things than money. 1 want you all to promise to strive for greater things.

Grace-What greater things?

Aunt Malinda—There are power and fame and love and happiness all greater than money.

All-We promise.

(There is a loud knocking on the door. The children are silent.)

Aunt Malinda—That's the Rent Man. Come in!

(The door is pushed slowly open and the Rent Man enters.)

The Rent Man—I've come to collect the rent. Aunt Malinda—And if I cannot pay?

The Rent Man—Then I have orders to tell you you must move.

Grace—Would you make a poor woman move to the street?

The Rent Man-Those are my orders.

Joe-Your orders from whom?

The Rent Man-From those above me.

Ethel-Then it's not your fault?

The Rent Man-I must do as I am told.

Joe—I wouldn't work for anyone so mean. The Rent Man—One has to work, and beggars

cannot be choosers.

Grace—Who are the people who give you such orders?

The Rent Man—They are the owners; rich,

powerful people.

Ethel—I thought rich people gave to the poor,

I didn't know they took poor people's money.

The Rent Man—They send such men as I am
to take poor people's money, then they themselves give part of it back to the poor and brag
about it—call it charity.

Joe—If I were you I wouldn't do it for them.
The Rent Man—One must work, and beggars connot be choosers.

Aunt Malinda (Sadly)—So I must go.

The Rent Man-I see no other way.

Julia—How much does Aunt Malinda owe for rent?

The Rent Man-Twenty dollars now.

Ethel (To the others)—Let's open our banks and see if we can make it.

The Others (Except Robert)—All right, we will.

Ethel—Will you wait for us, Mr. Rent Man? The Rent Man—Yes, I'll wait.

(All start out, save Robert.)

Joe (Noticing Robert's hesitation)—Aren't you going, Robert?

Robert-No use for all to go; you'll have a plenty.

Joe (Pulling him by the arm)—Come on, don't be so stingy!

(They go out.)

The Rent Man—How far do they live? How long will they be gone?

Aunt Malinda—They only live a step or two away. It won't take them many minutes.

The Rent Man—They seem to be big-hearted children.

Aunt Malinda—They are big-hearted. All children would be big-hearted if they were not bred in narrowness and spite. Most children are not taught to rise and pull each other up. They are taught that they must rise even if they have to step upon each other.

(Grace, Julia and Ethel return with their banks and keys.)

Grace (Opening her bank)—I bought a birthday present for my big brother last month, Aunt Malinda, so I haven't much; but you are welcome to what I have.

(She gives the money to the Rent Man.)

Julia (Opening her bank)—I gave a beggar two dollars the other day, so I haven't as much as I wish I had, Aunt Malinda.

(She gives the money to the Rent Man.)

Ethel (Opening her bank)—I started to buy myself a pair of shoes the other day, but I'm glad I didn't. If I had bought them I wouldn't have this to give you, Aunt Malinda.

(She gives it to the Rent Man who is busily counting the money when Joe enters.)

Joe (Opening his bank)—I emptied my bank to buy some baseball things in the spring, so I haven't as much as I wish I had to give you, Aunt Malinda.

(He gives it to the Rent Man.)

Aunt Malinda-You children are too good. I'm proud of you.

The Rent Man (Having finished counting)— You need one dollar more.

Ethel (To Joe) - Where's Robert?

Joe-He said he was coming back.

Grace—If he comes we'll have it.

Julia—Robert is such a miser he may not come.

Aunt Malinda—Robert is stingy; so if he comes and brings the other dollar, we'll have to give him the last cake.

Joe (In opposition) -Give him the last cake

when all of us gave more willingly than he will give?

Aunt Malinda—It will be harder for him to give than it was for you. We'll give him the last cake as his reward then he will see how good it is to give.

(Robert enters with his bank.)

Julia—Robert, we need one dollar more to make it.

Robert (Opening his bank)—I'll give the dollar.

(He gives the dollar to the Rent Man.)

The Rent Man (To Aunt Malinda)—I'm sorry to take the children's savings, but I must do as I'm told.

Grace-We see you are kind hearted.

Aunt Malinda—Now, Robert, get the cake out of the cupboard. That's your reward.

(Robert goes to the cupboard and takes the cake out while the others watch him.)

Aunt Malinda—It's yours. Eat it if you want to.

(When Robert raises the cake to his mouth to bite it, he notices that all the others are watching him in silence, so lets his hand fall.)

Robert—Why do you give it all to me, Aunt Malinda?

Aunt Malinda—That's your reward for giving.

Robert—The others all gave more than I did. Aunt Malinda—What you gave made the full amount. If you hadn't given what was needed to make the full amount, what the others gave wouldn't have done any good. Robert—I won't take all the cake, that would be too selfish.

Joe—You used to take all of everything you could get.

Robert—But this is different. I won't take it all, Aunt Malinda; I won't be that selfish.

Aunt Malinda—You want the others to have some?

Robert-Yes.

Aunt Malinda—Then break the cake into five pieces and give each one a piece.

(Robert breaks the cake and divides it among the others.)

The Rent Man (Going)—Good day, Lady, I hope I'll never have to trouble you again.

Aunt Malinda-Good day.

(He closes the door.)

Grace—I have a plan.

Joe-What kind of plan?

Grace—Let's save our pennies and at the end of each month bring them all to Aunt Malinda to pay her rent.

Robert (*To the surprise of all*)—Yes, let's do that. We couldn't spend our money any better. I don't think I'll be so selfish any more.

The Others-We'll do it.

Aunt Malinda (In protest)—But children— (Grace puts one hand around Aunt Malinda's neck and a finger to her lips.)

Grace—Don't tell us not to do it, Aunt Ma-

(Aunt Malinda, seeing that objections are useless, holds out her arms and all the children rush to her.)

Curtain.



Baby Bluebird

WINIFRED VIRGINIA JORDAN.

A BABY Bluebird, in a tree, Said, "How much longer will it be That I Must fly

From twig to twig, and round about, Now that my wings have feathered out?

"I want to fly down to the ground Where all the lovely worms are found, And hop, And stop
To tease the little crawly things,
And stretch my jaunty, shining wings!"

Just then a Hawk swooped down so near, That Baby Bluebird shook with fear! Cried he.

"To me

That proves, dear Mother, you were right To keep me up here out of sight!"

THE JURY





E would like very much to have you visit us on Emancipation Day. I am sure we have ours a little different from the way you all have yours in the North. We all "turn

out" in large numbers and have a big barbecue dinner and the women prepare large baskets of good things to eat such as chickens, cakes, pies and many other delicious things. We have games for the out-doors sports such as baseball, lawn-tennis and golfball, and you can spend your time on the one you are interested in most.

We are also going out in cars on the drive ways; my car will be leading and while on the way we will lunch under the shade of the large oak trees.

We are going to have a dance on the same night, and if you like to dance you can have your dancing capacity filled. Also the community building will be open to every one; there you will find a beautiful ladies' rest room with all kinds of good books to read and a few society games, also a library and a public reading room. Here you will find literature of all kinds to suit your taste.

Adolphus Price, Waco, Texas.

(One day I stopped and gave a horse an apple and this is the story he told me.)

I WAS born in the west and brought up among many other horses on a ranch. I would frolic from morn until night in the large pasture. Life went on smoothly until the time that I was to be broken in.

One day some of the cowboys came and took me out of the pasture and put a bit and bridle on me. I did not like it at all and began to kick, but one of them jumped upon my back. I threw him off into the dust and made a break for freedom. I ran across the prairies as fast as I could go. Some of the men came after me with other horses, but I left them far behind

and soon found myself out on the open prairie.

After a while I stopped and looked around.
Far in the distance a coyote howled, and save

for that there was no other sound. My legs were tired and sore but after taking a few mouthfuls of grass I continued on my way. The ground became more hilly as I went on, and here and there a cactus plant was to be seen. I had become very thirsty and you can imagine my joy on finding bubbling from the side of a small hill a spring of clear, cool water. This was indeed a delightful place, so I spent the night here.

When I awoke the next morning I was surprised to see a group of horses coming toward me. This was my first sight of the wild horses that I came to know very well. They had come to the spring to drink and feed off the tender grass which grew around it. I joined this band of horses and the whole summer we roamed the prairies, grazing and drinking from springs and babbling brooks.

One morning early in the autumn, some of the horses seemed excited and began to lift their heads and sniff the air. I soon saw what was the matter, however, for some men came riding around so as to head us off. We started another way, but were met by more riders. Every way we started we were met and driven back. The horses were now panic-stricken and galloped around until they were tired and then the cowboys closed in on us. A lasso was thrown over my head and I was pulled to the ground struggling. Several others were captured.

I was taken to the same ranch from which I escaped and was readily recognized by the men. That night I was put in a stable and the next day broken in. This was the end of my adventures as a runaway horse and although I won honors as a race horse, I never look back to pleasanter days than those of my adventures with the wild horses of the plains.

RUPERT LLOYD, Whittier School, Hampton, Va.



PLAYTIME



ENGLISH INDOOR MAND OUTDOOR GAMES

NUTS AND HAY



HE players pick sides and form into two parallel lines facing each other. One of the lines dances with joined hands towards the other line singing:

"Here we come gathering nuts and hay, nuts and hay, nuts and hay

Here we come gathering nuts and hay, on a cold and frosty morning."

When they sing the second line they dance back to their places.

Then the other line dances forward and then

backwards singing:

"Whom will you have to take her away, take her away, take her away,

Whom will you have to take her away, on a cold and frosty morning."

The first line then sings:

"We'll have little Ruth Anna to take her away, take her away, take her away,

We'll have little Ruth Anna to take her away, on a cold and frosty morning."

The two people who have been chosen from the two different lines, advance. A handkerchief is placed on the floor between them. They place one foot at the edge of it and at a given signal join hands and pull. The one who succeeds in pulling the other over to his side wins the game. This goes on until one side has nearly all the children of the other side on its side.

Note—1. American children will find the tune of "Here we go round the mulberry bush" suited to these words.

2. Any name may be used in the place of Ruth Anna.

II.

RING A RING OF ROSES

T HIS game is for very young children. They join in a ring and dance around to the following words: "Ring a ring of roses A pocket full of posies, Tishoo, tishoo, we all fall down!"

At the end they all fall down.

III.

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND (OUTDOOR)

A PART of the ground on which the children

A PART of the ground on which the children are playing is marked off as Tom Tiddler's ground. One of them is chosen to be Tom Tiddler and he is placed in the middle of his ground. The other children keep dashing over, and onto his ground shouting "Tm on Tom Tiddler's ground." He chases them; when he catches one it is that child's turn to be Tom Tiddler.

IV.

SARDINES (INDOOR)

T HIS is on the same lines as hide and seek; except that it is reversed. Two players go away and hide. After a while all the rest set off in a body to look for them. When one, by chance, finds them, he does not shout out joyfully "I've found them", but puts the others off the scent and goes back and joins the hiders. This goes on until there is only one searching. Then the game is begun afresh. It must be played absolutely in the dark.

V. GHOSTS (INDOOR)

T HIS game must be played in an absolutely dark room with only one door. A ghost is chosen among the players. He goes out of the room leaving the door ajar, whilst the other players hide themselves in various corners of the room, or lie flat on the floor. Presently, when everything is quiet the ghost must enter the room, but so quietly that the others do not know. When they do know, because he will probably stumble, they try to escape from the room. The last person to be caught is the next ghost.

Arranged by Eugenie Ravu.

A BLACK RUSSIAN

A True Story

CATHARINE DEAVER LEALTAD



ONG years ago, Peter the Great bought a young black lad who, historians say, was an African prince. Abraham Hannibal (for so he was called) was brought to

the Russian court. He was quite a favorite with Peter the Great who gave him a splendid education and placed him in a government office where he rose to the position of general. Hannibal's granddaughter was the mother of Alexander Pushkin, who stands as the creator of Russia's national literature.

Pushkin was born at Moscow in 1799. His family was wealthy, lived for pleasure, played havoc with their estates, and troubled themselves little about rearing their children. From his father he inherited his love for frivolity and dissipation.

His early years were spent in Tsarkoye Telo, a village near the capital and the home of the last Czar of Russia and his family. Here he attempted drama, verse and fable in imitation of French classics. He received his early training from foreign tutors who taught him the French language, everything in fact French. Rodionovna, his Russian nurse, gave him his store of Russian fairy stories and Russian legends. There was a warm and lasting friendship between Pushkin and this fine woman. At the height of his popularity he often slipped away from the gay capital to spend a few quiet days with the "darling of his youth".

Alexander Pushkin was not a prodigy in learning, not even a good student. He had no special aptitude for learning except for French, but in his teens he suddenly developed a passion for reading. He was left alone in his father's library which was exclusively French. Voltaire, Molière and La Fontaine were his favorites. This sort of reading is not to be recommended for most children, but it gave this one a mastery of French. In fact his school-fellows called him "Frenchman" and made fun of his bad Russian.

Like other boys of rich parentage, he was sent to the Lyceum for six years. Here he began to write poetry, first in French and then in Russian. When he was fifteen years old,

some of these poems were printed. During one of the school affairs to which celebrities were invited, Pushkin declaimed one of his own works. Derghávin, one of the foremost literary critics of the day, was so pleased he publicly blessed the boy.

After leaving the Lyceum, he entered a foreign office. At this time he joined a literary club formed for the purpose of freeing the literature of the country from the trammels of artificiality. There was no Russian literature, The nobles were ashamed of their language and their civilization. They imitated and affected things French. But Pushkin's first poem showed nationalism and realism. It was not anything extraordinary and did not call for the extreme praise or condemnation which it received. But official Russia felt that "the hour had struck".

Pushkin's association with a group of young political liberals was reflected in his poetry. When the officials frowned on his writings, dreading that his youthful enthusiasm for the time "when Russia shall arise from her sleep and on the ruins of Autocracy shall inscribe our names" might be dangerous, he retorted with a number of striking epigrams on the vice of the imperial court. This called forth an order for his banishment.

Only the power of influential friends saved him from a life of imprisonment in a monastery. He was banished to southern Russia when he was twenty. He loved the gay society of the capital but the change was good for him. He became acquainted with General Raevsky while in the South, and came to know and admire Byron, who was ardently talked of by the general's family. Some of his works are quite in the Briton's style. He made use of this exile to make the customs and scenery of the Caucasus better known to the rest of Russia. His descriptions are as real as photographs:

"Eternal thrones of snow
Whose lofty summits gleam to gaze
Like one unbroken, motionless chain of clouds,
And in their midst the urn peaked colossus
Glittering in the glowing crown of ice,
The giant monarch of mountains, Elbruss,
Whitens up into the blue depths of heaven."

He roamed about the Crimea and learned here many a legend, in the palace of the old Khans, from which he afterwards developed poetical gems.

He also wandered about with the gypsies and wrote his "Gypsies" based on direct observation,

After four years of exile he was permitted to return home. During that time, however, the simplicity and sincerity of the peasant life had intensified his patriotism. He studied Russian history and the habits and traditions of the people.

Pushkin was the first Russian to use national types in literature. His characters are truly Muscovite and the dominant note of his work is nationality.

In "Onyegin" we have a definite type of Rus-

sian society. The hero has every social advantage, is blasé, weary of life and has nothing to do except amuse himself-absolutely purposeless-a typical Russian aristocrat. On the other hand, there is Lensky, educated away from the turmoil of society. He knows the short-comings of Russia but is unable to make his influence felt and he displays the hopeless attitude toward social conditions, so characteristic of Russians.

In 1831 Pushkin married Natalia Gonscharoff, a young woman of fine family. He received an

appointment as Historiographer of Peter the Great. He was favored by the Czar and idolized by the people. Everything seemed to point to a long happy life ahead. But the court nobles were jealous and treated him and his wife with disdain at state balls and social functions. His means were not sufficient either to meet the strain of court life. Finally, a notorious libertine, Baron Dantés, circulated some scandal about Pushkin's wife. Dantés proved to be the sole author and publisher of the vile stories. Although Pushkin never credited the tales, in accordance with the custom of the time he had to challenge Dantés by an appeal to arms to vindicate his wife's honor. On the banks of the Black River in 1837, he was fatally wound-

ed. For two days, he lingered in agonizing pain, the center of one of the most dramatic scenes in history. The Czar regarded his death as a personal loss and the whole nation was moved. Dantés had to flee the country. Pushkin had to be buried by stealth lest public indignation cause riot and bloodshed. Czar Nicholas took his wife and children under his protection, paid his debts of £15,000 and ordered a complete edition of his works.

His career closed before he reached his height and in his own words:

"Happy the man who early quits
The feast of life, not caring to drain
The sparking goblet, filled with wine.
Happy the man who dares not wait
To read the final page of life's romance

But suddenly bids t he world adieu."

Because of his early association with liberals, his intimacy with the Czar after his return from exile, caused some to brand him as a traitor to his previous declarations for freedom. The grace and good will of the emperor and the outward splendor of Russia dazzled him. The last ten years were unhanpy ones. Only a few lauded his literary works. The public turned away from the one time supporter of the Revolution, who was now a supporter of Autocracy. In the forties Be-



Alexander Pushkin

linsky pointed out the beauties of his works. But not until 1881 at the unveiling of the Moscow Memorial to the poet was he accepted unanimously, though Dostoievsky had admired the "world genius".

His poetry is the revelation of a soul. His works are unfinished but have a magic rhythm. In translation they lose much of the fine emotional shadings and musical rhythm. They are heard best by "Neva's Frozen Shores".

Pushkin is the national poet of Russia. He put life into the old Russian legends. His ease in verse, richness of language, pictures and fancies stand out against the old, arid Russian style. He is no dramatist or historian. He is a lyric poet, the echo of Russia, a genuine artist.





HERE is nothing sweeter than rain. I fly through clinging, shimmering diamonds, amid fleecy greys and duns and purples. Soft mists fall and enwrap me and I

the rain and am glad.

I For some time the American government has been trying to get rid of certain persons whom it thinks it does not want by sending them to Russia. The Russian government has asked that this be stopped.

■ England and Russia have arranged an understanding by which they are to trade with each Other understandings with various European countries will doubtless follow, The

United States still stands aloof. Out in the Pacific Ocean there is a little island called Yap which consists of a number of rocks and a few human beings. It happens, however, to be so situated as to be a very convenient place for landing the little bundles of wires which lie along the beds of the ocean and over which we telegraph news around the world. The treaty of Versailles gave Yap to the control of the Japanese. The United States does not like this and is making protest.

Canada, although a part of the British Em-

pire, is going to send its own Minister to represent it at the capital of the United States. Another step has been taken toward making peace in the world. The Germans did not think that they could pay the immense sums demanded by the treaty of Versailles. Their proposals, however, were very unsatisfactory. After considerable debate France, England and the other Allies determined to send their armies and take charge of the chief coal and industrial regions of western Germany. Just before the armies were ready to march Germany assented to the proposals of the Allies and promised to pay an indemnity of thirty-four thousand million dollars in installments.

■ A great strike of coal miners is taking place in England. The miners believe that the government ought to take charge of the mines instead of having them owned by private persons. The government had charge during the war and

about a month or so ago started to return them to private owners. The private owners immediately planned to reduce wages and the miners struck. Other working men on the railroads and in various industries voted to strike in sympathy. The Prime Minister seemed to be helpless, but a Committee of Parliament secured some concession from the miners' Secretary. To these concessions the miners refused to assent but the other laborers postponed their strike. The miners are still striking and the other laborers may eventually join them.

TLast year Great Britain, who owes large sums to the United States, paid three hundred, seventy-five million dollars on her indebtedness.

In Italy there is almost a civil war between the so-called Fascisti, or extreme Nationalists, and the Socialists and other radicals. The Fascisti especially have been murdering and harrying the radicals.

Since King Charles made his spectacular visit to Austria and sought to regain his throne, the Austrians have passed a law making the presence of a former King in Austria a felony punishable by imprisonment.

The Polish Diet has voted to ratify the treaty of peace between Poland, Russia and the Ukraine.

Poland is again at war. The Peace Treaty ordered that a vote be taken in Silesia, the industrial and mining region of eastern Germany which formerly belonged to Poland, to determine whether the inhabitants wished to be Most of the inhabitants Germans or Poles. seemed to vote in favor of Germany, but some particular districts had a Polish majority. The question is how shall this be interpreted and what parts of Upper Silesia shall go to Poland and Germany.

Poland is already disgruntled because she did not receive complete control of her only seaport, Danzig, and also because the Allies did not support her very energetically in her attempt to conquer parts of Russia. She has therefore allowed certain Polish insurgents to rush in and take possession of certain parts of Upper Silesia.

The American Minister to Cuba has decided that at the last November election in Cuba Dr. Alfredo Zayas, the Coalition Party candidate, was elected President. As a matter of fact the Liberals either actually cast more votes or at least had more votes to cast.

Turks and Greeks are still fighting in Asia Minor. The Greeks are angry because the Allies will not support them and the Turks are fighting for their country.

¶ Dr. Sun Yat Sen, first Provincial President of China after the Empire, is reported to have been elected President of the Chinese Republic. He was formerly a resident in America and has made great sacrifices for China.

¶ Great Britain and Japan, before and during the war, had a treaty of alliance which pledged them to help each other in case either was attacked. This treaty expired recently and negotiations are being made to renew it. One difficulty is that while England wants Japan's help, certain parts of the British empire, like Australia, hate and fear the Japanese.

Moreover with Russia impotent and Germany conquered there is no one Great Britain and Japan have to fear except the United States. This makes the question of disarmament the greatest question before the United States and the world. We are building a bigger and costlier navy than any other country. We are spending 92 per cent of the income of the National Government on past, present and future wars. This is ridiculous. Why not let all the great powers come together and agree to reduce their armaments? This is what Senator Borah is proposing in Congress, but President Harding hesitates.

ERRIBLE is sunshine out of the endless steel blue sky. I am afraid of sunshine for it glitters hard and sends its sharp shafts against my bright eyes. If all were sun-

shine and there were no rain I could not fly and caw. I should droop and weep.

The Senate has ratified the treaty giving twenty-five million dollars to Colombia. We stole some land from Colombia in order to dig the Panama Canal. Since then we have refused either to apologize or to pay for the land. The present treaty omits the apology but pays up.

(A bill to restrict immigration to the United

States so that people can come here only in proportion as their nationality is already represented here, will probably become a law.

¶ Remember that legally we are still at war with Germany and we seem unable to get peace. The Senate has passed the Knox resolution declaring a state of peace, but the House is waiting because President Harding has got to make up his mind on what conditions we are going to accept peace with Germany. We have refused to accept the conditions laid down in the treaty of Versailles; yet, notwithstanding that, the government has decided to allow the United States to be "unofficially" represented on the three executive boards established by that treaty, namely, the Supreme Council, the Council of Ambassadors and the Reparations Committee.

¶ After four years suspension the Post Office Department has consented to send letters to Russia and receive them from that country.

■ The railroads are trying to reduce the wages of their employees claiming that they cannot afford to pay such wages. The employees, on the other hand, claim that by bad management the railroads waste a thousand million dollars every year.

¶ John J. Pershing, the highest ranking officer in the United States Army, is going to be appointed the head of the General Staff which has headquarters in Washington.

¶ Sailors and other marine workers to the number of a hundred thousand are on strike in the United States against a proposed reduction of their wages.

¶ The Secretary of the Treasury of the United States reports that Great Britain owes the United States \$277,000,000.

¶ Governor Dorsey, of Georgia, has asked for an inquiry into conditions of peonage in Georgia. A great many colored workers are virtually enslaved in that State.

¶ Frank White, of North Dakota, has been nominated as Treasurer of the United States.

¶ A statue of General Simon Bolivar, liberator of the five South American republics, has been unveiled in New York. When Bolivar was a fugitive and in danger of his life he found refuge and help in Haiti.

¶ Myron T. Herrick has been appointed Ambassador to France.

¶ In Chicago children under 16 cannot be on the streets aften ten o'clock unless properly accompanied.

ONCE 'TWAS A LITTLE PIG

JULIAN ELIHU BAGLEY



RANNY had promised more than once to tell Cless the story of the little pig, but somehow she had forgotten all about this tale until one June evening when her

little boy sauntered into the house from his usual playtime in the street. It was long after twilight when he came in, and while Granny was not disturbed, she nevertheless disliked the idea of his staying out so late.

"Mind, you little scamp," she threatened as he came in, "mind!—you know what happened to the little pig who stayed out late one night."

Now of course Cless hadn't heard what happened to the little pig, so Granny took him by the hand and led him into the living-room, where they both sat down—Granny to tell the tale and Cless to listen.

"Once 'twas a little pig," began Granny, "who lived in a nice little pen near the banks of a river in the Land of Sunshine. Now this little pig had everything he wanted except a cover over his pen. So one day when the farmer who owned him came out to give him his dinner, the little pig asked him to put a cover over his pen.

"'Oh, sure!—sure!' promised the farmer, 'sure the little pig can have a cover for his house.' But the farmer kept putting the little pig off this way until one night a big rain came. And all that night the water fell pitter-patter! pitter-patter! in the little pig's face.

"The next day when the farmer came out naturally the little pig asked about his shed again and he got the same old answer-'Oh sure the little pig may have a shed over his pen. Night came once more and there was no shed over the little pig's pen. So he stole out that evening by the moonlight to see if he could find something to make him one. He hadn't gone very far before he came to a big bunch of palmettos. Now palmettos are little palms that grow in the Land of Sunshine. They are about the size of a fan and make a fine covering for a shed. So the little pig gnawed off enough of these to serve his purpose, took them back to his pen and commenced to put up his shed. He worked hard all night and the next morning when the farmer came out he was surprised to find a nice cover over the pen.

"'Who made the cover for your pen, little pig?"

"The little pig said, 'Me.'

"'Well it looks mighty nice,' said the farmer as he started back to the house. But by and by he came back as angry as a lion. Some one had been in his cornfield that night and stripped off some of the best corn in the patch.

"'Little pig,' he hollered, 'it's you—nobody but you who's been in my cornfield last night. Get out, little pig,—little pig, get out! I don't want you any more—wouldn't have you any more. Get out; get out and root for yourself the rest of your life.'

"Of course the little pig wasn't guilty but the old farmer was so very angry that he thought it best to leave. He left. Now he hadn't gone very far before he came to the same bunch of palmettos from which he had built the shed of his pen. Here again he got another load of palms and started down to the riverside to build him a house. On his way down he came upon Mister Crocodile. It was a very hot day and Mister Crocodile had crawled out of the mud and was cooling off under the shade of a big magnolia tree.

"'Heyo, there, little pig! Where you going this hot day with a whole load of palmetto fans?" The little pig told Mister Crocodile he was looking for a place to build a house.

"'Stop a while and fan me a bit, little pig, and I'll show you a nice, cool place to build a house—right by the riverside.' Now the little pig was almost scared to death. He didn't know whether he should take a chance on fanning Mister Crocodile, or whether he should run back to the angry old farmer. He finally decided to fan Mister Crocodile. And while he was fanning him he took the time to tell him about the corn which had been stolen the night before.

"'Why it's Bre'r Bear who's been stealing that corn; didn't I see him passing by here last night with a whole arm full of green corn? The little pig was so glad to hear this that he jumped up and squealed with delight. Now he could go back and make the old farmer understand who had been stealing all the corn.

"But Mister Crocodile begged the little pig to help him set a trap for old Bre'r Bear. The



Both Started Out for the River

little pig agreed. And that same night the crocodile sent him up in the cornfield to wait for old Bre'r Bear.

"'Now,' said the crocodile, 'you go up in the cornfield and wait till old Bre'r Bear comes. And when he does come you grunt like a hog and he'll take after you. Then you just run as fast as you can toward the river. I'll meet you half way up the road and I'll trip old Bre'r Bear down and break his neck.'

"Well the little pig started out, came to the field and hid himself among the corn. Now he waited and waited, but old Bre'r Bear didn't come. So presently he dropped off in a nap. And just about that time old Bre'r Bear tipped into the cornfield and commenced a-snapping and a-popping off the ears of corn. The little pig was snoring with all his might, but as soon

little pig commenced to dream that old Bre'r Bear was choking him to death.

" 'Whee! whee! whee!' he squealed. "'Who's that squealing like a hog?' asked Bre'r Bear.

as old Bre'r Bear got his arms full of corn the

"Of course the little pig didn't answer. He just kept right on squealing 'Whee! whee! whee!'

"Presently old Bre'r Bear went over toward the noise and commenced fumbling 'round in the dark for the little pig. It wasn't long before he stumbled upon him. Down went old Bre'r Bear's armful of corn and up jumped the little pig. Both started out for the river. The little pig was in the lead and was running with all his might. Old Bre'r Bear, close behind him wasn't making many steps, but my, he was making such long ones! You could hear his big feet a-going vip-vop! vip-vop! And every now and then he'd get close enough to the little pig to make a swipe at him with his big, rough paw. But the little pig kept on running till he came to the place where Mister Crocodile had promised to wait for him and Bre'r Bear.

"Now what do you think?-Mister Crocodile had got tired waiting and had gone back to the river! So the little pig had to keep on down to the water. And just about the time he was almost to the river and out of breath and about to give up the race, Mister Crocodile poked his head up out of the water and hollered: 'Run. little pig!-little pig, run! Run, little pig!-

run! run! run!

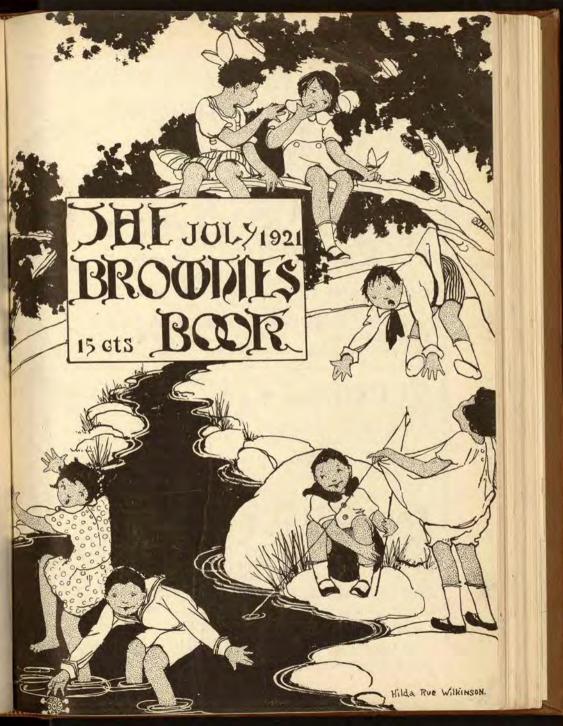
"And the little pig was certainly getting over some ground too. It was a clear moonlight night and you could see the dust a-flying up behind his heels as plain as if it were day. At last he reached the river. Ker chunk! right overboard he went. Right behind him splashed old Bre'r Bear-ker loonge! Now just as soon as Bre'r Bear struck the water Mister Crocodile hit him such a blow with his tail you could hear it go,-ker pow!-way up on the hillside.

"Bre'r Bear was no more good after this one blow. Mister Crocodile grabbed him by the neck and kept on ducking him under the water till he drank himself to death. By this time the little pig had paddled ashore and was waiting for Mister Crocodile to push old Bre'r Bear in. When he saw that old Bre'r Bear was sure enough dead he asked Mister Crocodile if he might go home early the next morning and tell the farmer who had been stealing all the corn. The crocodile consented. So early the next morning the little pig started home once more.

"The farmer met him at the gate with the same old cry-'Go away, little pig; go away, I don't want you any more. Wouldn't have you. Go away and root for yourself the rest of your life. Somebody's been in my cornfield again last night and it's nobody but you. It was you 'cause I saw your tracks. Go away, little piggo away.'

"But the little pig wouldn't go away, so the mean old farmer got a big stick and began to chase him away. And he chased him and chased him till he came to the river. And what did he see there but a great big bear-dead! The little pig ran right up to Bre'r Bear and stopped and looked first at the farmer and then at Bre'r Bear as much as to say: 'Here lies your corn thief!'

"The old farmer quickly saw that Bre'r Bear was guilty, for the proof was there in the corn tassels that stuck to him while he was stealing the corn. They were still clinging to his hair. At last the farmer really believed the little pig innocent. And what do you think he did to show his belief? Why he simply skinned old Bre'r Bear right there by the riverside and carried the little pig back to his pen. And by and by, when the old farmer was settled, he just stretched that nice big bear hide across the pen, and the little pig had a waterproof shed that lasted as long as he lived."



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VOL. 2. No. 7.

JULY, 1921

WHOLE No. 19

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The Brownies' Book

Vol. 2-No. 7

JULY, 1921

Whole No. 19



Characters

A Peasant Bou. A Peasant Girl, his wife. An Old Woman,

Scene -



HE interior of a hut by the roadside. It is twilight. A boy and a girl are lying before the fireplace, a gold piece on the floor between them. There is a door at the right of the fire-place and a window at the

left. During the play the twilight deepens into darkness. THE GIRL (Looking at the coin) - Just to

think that this bright gold piece is ours! All ours! Fifty whole loren!

THE BOY (Smiling happily) - The ten old pigs were fat ones, Rosa, and brought us a fine price in the market.

THE GIRL-Now we can buy and buy and buv.

THE BOY-Sure we can. Now we can buy all the things we've wanted ever since we've been married but haven't had the money to get.

THE GIRL-Oh! How good, Pablo! It seems we've been waiting an awfully long time.

THE BOY-We have, but now we shan't wait any longer. Now we can get the wooden clock, Rosa. You know-the one that we've wanted since we first saw it in the old watch-maker's window. The one so nicely carved, that strikes the hours every day and runs for a whole week with a single winding. And I think there is a cuckoo in it, too. It will make our little house look quite elegant.

THE GIRL-And now you can buy the thick brown boots with hob nails in them to work in the fields.

THE BOY-And you may have the woolen shawl with red and purple flowers on it and the fringe about the edges.

THE GIRL-O-o-o! Can I really, Pablo? I've dreamed of it for months.

THE BOY—You surely can, Rosa. I've wanted to give it to you ever since I knew you. It will make you look so pretty. And we'll get two long white candles, too, to burn on Sundays and feast days.

THE GIRL—And we'll get a little granite kettle for stewing vegetables in.

THE BOY-And we'll get a big spoon to stir with.

THE GIRL—And two little blue plates to eat from.

THE BOY-And we'll have dried fish and a little cake for supper every night.

THE GIRL—And—but Oh! Pablo! It's wonderful!

THE BOY-Oh! Rosa! It's fine!

THE GIRL AND THE BOY (Rising and dancing joyously around and around the little gold piece which glistens and glitters gally on the floor before the open fire as if it knew it were the cause of their joy)—Oh! How happy we are! Because we can buy! Because we can buy! Because we can buy and buy and buy!

(Just then an old woman's figure passes the window and there is a timid knock at the door. The dancing stops. The Boy picks up his shining gold piece and clutches it tightly in his hand.)

THE GIRL (With a little frown of annoyance)—Who's there?

(The door opens slowly and a bent old woman leaning on a heavy stick enters.)

THE BOY (Rudely)—Well, Grandmother, what do you want?

THE OLD WOMAN (Panting and weak)—I've come such a long way today and am very tired. I just wanted to rest a moment before going on

(THE GIRL brings her a stool and she sits down near the fire-place.)

THE GIR. (Sympathetically)—But surely. Old Woman, you aren't going any further on foot tonight?

THE OLD WOMAN—Yes, I am, child, because

THE GIRL-And why must you, Old Lady?

THE OLD WOMAN—Because my boy is in the house alone and he is blind.

THE GIRL-Your boy is blind?

THE OLD WOMAN—Yes, for eighteen years. He has not seen since he was a tiny baby.

THE BOY—And where have you been that you are so late upon the road?

THE OLD WOMAN—I've been into the city and from sunrise I have not rested. People told me famous doctors were there who could make my blind boy see again and so I went to find them.

THE GIRL-And did you find them?

THE OLD WOMAN—Yes, I found them, but (her voice becomes sad) they would not come with me.

THE GIRL-Why would they not come?

THE OLD WOMAN—Because they were great and proud. They said, "When you get fifty loren, send for us and then perhaps we'll come. Now we have no time." One who was kinder than the rest told me that a simple operation might bring my boy's sight back. But I am poor. I have no money and from where in all the world could a worn out old woman like me get fifty loren?

THE BOY AND THE GIRL (Quickly)—We don't know!

THE BOY (Keeping his fist tightly closed over the gold piece)—Why, we never even saw fifty loren!

THE GIRL—So much money we never will have.

THE BOY-No, we never will have.

THE OLD WOMAN—If I were young I would not say that, but I am old and I know I shall never see fifty loren. Ah! I would sell all that I have if my boy could only see again! I would sell my keepsakes, my silken dress that I've had for many years, my memories, anything to bring my boy's sight back to him!

THE GIRL—But, Old Lady, would you sell your dream of a wooden clock, a clock that strikes the hours every day and need not be wound for a whole week?

THE OLD WOMAN-Yes, child, I would.

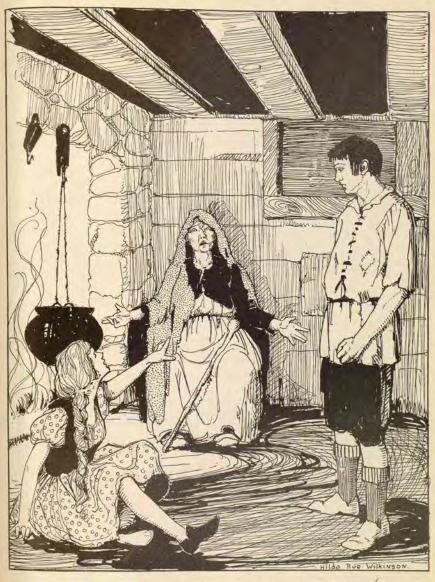
THE BOY—And would you sell your wish for white candles to burn on feast days and Sundays?

THE OLD WOMAN—Oh! Boy, I would even sell my labor on feast days and Sundays were I not too weak to work.

THE GIRL—And would you give up your dream of a woolen shawl with red and purple flowers on it and fringe all around the four edges of it?

THE OLD WOMAN—I would give up all my dreams if my son were to see again.

(There is a pause. THE GIRL, forgetting for a moment her own desires, begins to speak clowly as if to herself.)



But, Old Lady, would you sell your dream of a wooden clock?

THE GIRL—It must be awful not to know the sunshine and the flowers and the beauty of the hills in springtime.

THE BOY—It must be awful never to see the jolly crowds in the square on market days and never to play with the fellows at May games.

THE GIRL—And the doctor says that maybe this boy could be made well.

THE BOY—And the Old Woman says that it would cost but fifty loren.

THE GIRL (Suddenly)—I have no need of a gay shawl, Pablo.

THE BOY—We have no shelf for a wooden clock, Rosa.

THE GIRL—Nor vegetables to cook in a granite kettle.

THE BOY—And a big spoon would be such a useless thing.

THE OLD WOMAN (Rising)—Before the night becomes too dark I must go on. (She moves toward the door.)

THE BOY—Wait a moment, Mother. Let us slip something into your pouch.

THE GIRL—Something bright and golden, Mother.

THE BOY-Something that shines in the sunlight. THE GIRL—Something from us to your boy. (They open THE OLD WOMAN's bag and THE BOY slips the gold piece into it. THE OLD WOMAN does not see what they have given her.)

THE OLD WOMAN—Thank you, good children. I know my boy will be pleased with your toy. It will give him something to hold in his hands and make him forget his blindness for a moment. God bless you both for your gift and,—Good-Bye.

THE BOY AND THE GIRL-Good-Bye, Old Woman.

(The door closes. It is dark and the room is lighted only by the fire in the grate.)

THE GIRL-Are you happy, Pablo?

THE BOY—I'm very happy. And you, Rosa?
THE GIRL—I'm happy, too. I'm happier than
any wooden clock could make me.

THE BOY-Or hob-nailed shoes, me.

THE GIRL-Or me, a flowered shawl with crimson fringe.

(They sit down before the fire-place and watch the big logs glow. The wood crackles and flames and lights the whole room with its warm red light. Outside through the window a night star shines. The Boy and the Girl are quiet while

The Curtain Falls.)



GRADUATES OF 1921

COLORED HIGH SCHOOLS



E have written to all high schools having colored graduates, asking them how many will graduate; how many of those graduating will enter college, and how many

of those already graduates are non-college students. These are the answers.

Galveston, Texas, 13; 12 will enter college; 29 are already in college.

Columbus, Georgia, 29; 24 will enter college; 20 are already in college. A new brick building is being erected.

Frederick Douglass High, Columbus, Missouri, 9, of whom 6 will go to college.

The I. C. Norcom, Portsmouth, Va., 34 graduates of whom 20 will enter college; 8 are in college. A new modern building this year with 34 rooms of which 24 are classrooms. The

High School department occupies the third floor. This is the finest building for colored children in the State.

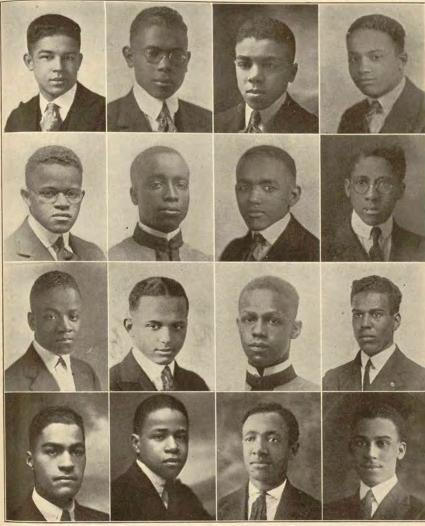
Lincoln High School, Wheeling, West Virginia, 10 graduates, of whom 4 will enter college; 4 are already in college.

Knoxville Colored High School, 21 graduates, of whom 13 will enter college.

Lincoln High School, Sedalia, Missouri, 19 graduates,

Avery Institute, Charleston, South Carolina, 16 graduates, of whom 7 expect to go to college; 30 are already in college. Shakespeare's "Othello" was presented in costume in the open air.

Wechsler Graded and High School, Meridian, Mississippi, 13 graduates, of whom 5 expect to enter a college; 11 are in college.



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Seneka Institute, South Carolina, 17 graduates.

Dunbar High School, D. C., 175 graduates, of whom 38 will enter college in the fall. This school has the following graduates now in college: Howard 140; Amherst 4; Williams 4; Brown 3; Oberlin 3; Syracuse 3; Illinois 3; Columbia 3; Radcliffe 3; Hamilton 2, and one each in Wellesley, Dartmouth, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Chicago and Cornell.

Parkersburg, West Virginia, 4 graduates, of whom 3 will enter college; 9 are in college.

Booker T. Washington High School, Norfolk, Virginia, 18 graduates from the four year course, 14 from the commercial course and 28 from the teachers' training course. Of these, 28 expect to enter college next fall; 10 graduates are in college.

Hill Street School, LaGrange, Georgia, 3 graduates from a three-year course, all of whom will enter college; 8 graduates are attending

higher institutions.

Cumberland High School, Cumberland, Maryland—there are no graduates because of the lengthening of the course, but a new \$75,000 building is to be erected this summer.

Jackson High School, Lynchburg, Virginia, 8 graduates, all of whom expect to go to college. This is the first class to graduate from the four years' course. A lot has been purchased and plans made for a modern new High School building.

Stanton High School, Annapolis, Maryland, has established a full four years course but has

no graduates this year.

Lincoln High School, Paducah, Kentucky, 9 graduates of whom 6 will go to college; 7 graduates are now in college. A new High School building to cost \$90,000 is nearly complete. A new playground and athletic field have been provided with the assistance of the Community Service, Incorporated. The music department has been enlarged.

Lincoln High School, Fort Smith, Arkansas, 10 graduates of whom 6 will enter college; 12 graduates are now in college. A branch of the Carnegie Library has been opened in the school and a cafeteria.

William Grant High School, Covington, Kentucky, 2 graduates both of whom will enter college next fall; 11 are in higher institutions.

Douglass High School, Oklahoma City, 21 graduates of whom 10 will enter college; about 50 graduates are now in college.

Lincoln High School, Tallahassee, Florida, 12 graduates of a three years' course, all of whom will enter college; 9 graduates are in college.

The Okolona Industrial School, Mississippi, 3 Normal graduates. The school has been taken over by the Episcopal Church and \$5,000 appropriated for the year.

Walters Institute, Warren, Arkansas, I graduate. A committee of local white men have given \$4,000 for a girls' dormitory and a 50 acre site. They are connected with the Arkansas and Southern Lumber Company.

Stanton High School, Jacksonville, Florida, 16 graduates, of whom 13 will enter college:

30 graduates are in college.

Dunbar High School, Mayfield, Kentucky, 3 graduates in the four years' course and 7 from other courses; 1 will enter college. A new \$21,000 High School building is in course of erection; 10 teachers will be employed next year instead of 5.

Dunbar High School, Shawnee, Oklahoma, 5 graduates, of whom 2 will enter college; 2 gradvates are in higher schools.

Knox Institute, Georgia, 3 graduates.

Lincoln Institute, Kentucky, 9 graduates. Morristown N. & I. College, Tennessee, 30 High School graduates and 37 graduates from other departments. The school is planning to put \$100,000 in new buildings next year.

Cookman Institute, Jacksonville, Florida, 8

High School graduates.

Swift Memorial College, Rogersville, Tennessee, 22 High School graduates, no graduates from the college department.

Flipper Key Davis University, Tullahassee,

Oklahoma, 5 High School graduates.

Guadalupe College, Texas, 6 Normal graduates. The college has been given a library and a lighting plant this year.

Bettis Academy, South Carolina, 5 High School graduates.

Colored High School, Petersburg, Virginia, 10 graduates from a three years' course, all of whom will enter the fourth year of the extended High School course; 14 graduates are in higher institutions. The school is now housed in a new building of 10 rooms with an auditorium which seats one thousand. Near it is a 25-room building for the grades. Both buildings cost \$140,000. There are in all 1,700 pupils, 7 supervisory teachers, 38 teachers and other assistants. The domestic science and manual



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training departments are especially well equipped. The school has had a three years' course for 49 years. The four years' course begins next September.

Trinity School, Athens, Alabama, 4 High

School graduates.

Colored High, Bowling Green, Kentucky, 5 graduates; 3 will go to the State Normal School and 2 will study dentistry; 11 of the graduates are in higher institutions.

Allen Normal School, Thomasville, Georgia,

4 High School graduates.

State Normal School, Montgomery, Alabama, 30 High School graduates. The work of the institution has been completely reorganized so as to contain a junior college of two years and a senior and junior high school of three years each. The General Education Board has given \$30,000 and the Legislature of Alabama \$20,000 for a new dormitory for girls. G. W. Trenholm is acting president.

Virginia N. & I. Institute, 58 High School graduates and 59 Normal and Industrial graduates. A new trade school and barn have been erected and the institution became a Land Grant college, January 21, 1921.

Roanoke Collegiate Institute, North Carolina, 13 High School graduates. A \$50,000 girls' dormitory is planned for next year.

High Point N. & I. School, North Carolina,

10 High School graduates.

Storer College, West Virginia, 31 High School graduates and 5 Normal graduates. Albion Academy, North Carolina, 10 High

School graduates.

Henderson Normal Institute, North Carolina, 7 High School graduates, 5 teacher training graduates, 1 nurse training graduate. Erected one building last year at a cost of \$75,000.

Laurinburg N. & I. Institute, North Carolina, 3 High School graduates. Have just erected a \$45,000 building complete without debt.

Georgia N. & A. School, 10 High School graduates and 9 Normal graduates.

Christiansburg Industrial Institute, Virginia, 50 High School graduates.

Chandler Normal School, Lexington, Kentucky, 5 High School graduates.

Mary Potter School, North Carolina, 17 High School graduates. Lost one building by fire.

Southland Institute, Arkansas, 3 High School graduates, 18 Normal graduates. During the next year the course will be rearranged and the teaching force increased.

Allen Industrial School, North Carolina, 19 High School graduates.

St. Paul N. & I. School, Virginia, 6 High School graduates. Has completed a new dining hall at a cost of \$30,000.

Tennessee A. & I. State Normal, 65 High

School graduates.

Colored High School, Bessemer, Alabama, 10 graduates; all expect to enter college; 11 graduates are in higher schools.

Gloucester A. & I. School, 8 High School graduates, all of whom will enter higher institutions.

Daytona N. & I. Institute, Florida, 7 High School graduates. Has received \$10,000 toward a dormitory in addition to \$25,000 already raised. There is need for \$15,000 more. Daytona "Circles" have raised \$2,500 from colored people.

Huntington High School, Newport News, Virginia—This is a new school, opened last September, with 140 pupils and 4 teachers. It is the first public High School that the colored people have had. The School Board will add four rooms and employ three more teachers next year.

Oakwood Junior College, Huntsville, Alabama, 3 High School graduates and 4 Normal graduates.

High School, Elizabeth City, North Carolina, 29 graduates; 11 graduates are in higher institutions. The High School has received \$180,000 for permanent improvements and \$23,500 for maintenance during the year.

Central Alabama Institute, Birmingham, Alabama, 6 High School graduates and 2 Normal graduates.

Utica N. & I. Institute, Mississippi, 24 High School graduates.

Central High School, Louisville, Kentucky, 47 graduates; 17 will go to college.

Hungerford N. H. & I. School, Eatonville, Florida, 1 graduate.

Dallas Colored High School, Texas, 41 graduates. The school employs 97 teachers.

WHITE HIGH SCHOOLS

Seattle, Washington, 6; Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1; Minneapolis, Minnesota, North High, 2; San José, California, 1; Shortridge High, Indiana, 25; Quincy, Illinois, 1; Joliet, Illinois, 1; New Rochelle, New York, 2; High School, College of the City of New York, 6; Technical



CHARLES R. BURTON,
Easton, Pa.

JANE C. JOSEPH,
New Bedford, Mass.
ROSS R. COOPER,
Harrisburg, Pa.

CATHERINE BENNETT,
Atlantic City, N. J.

NELLIE B .ROBINSON, York, Pa. RUTH E . SATCHELL, Atlantic City, N. J. SARA C. JACKSON, Atlantic City, N. J. CARLTON SAYRES, New York City

MARCELINE LEWIS, Atlantic City, N. J. RUTH REYNOLDS, New Bedford, Mass. LUCY CRAWFORD, Pittsburgh, Pa. DORIS PILGRIM, Atlantic City, N. J.

HILTON L. MAYERS,
New York City
MARY NELSON,
Lincoln, Neb.
WILLIAN A. R. MICHAEL,
New York City
FLORA WILSON,
Atlantic City, N. J.

High, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, 1; Girls' Commercial High, Brooklyn, New York, 1; Easton, Pennsylvania, 1; Englewood High, Chicago, February, 5; June, 10; Girls' Latin, Boston, 1; Washington Irving High, New York, 6; Topeka, Kansas, 16; Atlantic City, 12; Minneapolis, Minnesota, Central, 1; Lansing, Michigan, 1; Danville, Illinois, 2; Quincy, Illinois, 3; Canton, Ohio, 1; Terre Haute, Indiana, 11; Minneapolis, Minnesota, South High, 1; Elgin, Illinois, 1; South Bend, Indiana, 1; Bridgeport, Connecticut, 2; Elmira, New York, 2; Marshall High, Chicago, 1; Girls' High, Brooklyn, 2; Troy, New York, 1; New Bedford, Massachusetts, 5; Norristown, Pennsylvania, 1; Omaha, Nebraska, 3; Lincoln, Nebraska, 2; Richmond Hill High, New York, 1; Commercial High, Brooklyn, New York, 1; South Hills High, Pittsburgh, 2; Johnstown, Pennsylvania, 2; Providence, Rhode Island, 1; Binghampton,

New York, 1; Girls' High, Boston, 7; Kingston, New York, 1; Charlestown High, Boston, 1: High School of Commerce, Boston, 1; Trenton, New Jersey, 2; Technical High, Chicago. 3; York, Pennsylvania, 3; Erasmus Hall Brooklyn, New York, 2; East High, Cleveland. Ohio. 1: High School of Commerce, New York. 2: Fifth Avenue High, Pittsburgh, 2; Boys' High, Brooklyn, 4; East Orange, New Jersey. 2; Wichita, Kansas, 1; Hartford, Connecticut. 9; Cadiz, Ohio, 2; Council Bluffs, Iowa, 2; South Haven, Michigan, 1; Tacoma, Washington, 1: Rockford, Illinois, 2; Wendell Philips High. Chicago, 40; Brockton, Massachusetts, 3; Central, Harrisburg, 7; Williamsport, Pennsylvania, 3; St. Poul, Minnesota, 8; Los Angeles, California, 24; Everett, Massachusetts, 4; Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 1; Peoria, Illinois, 1; Douglass High, Cleveland, Ohio, 16; Lane Technical, Chicago, Illinois, 1.

(To be continued in August)



CLAYTIME



GAMES

Arranged by ANNETTE C. BROWNE

STEALING STEPS

I N this game all the players except one stretch out in a line four or more yards from the base where stands another player with his back to them. The object of the game is to see which one can first reach the player at the base by taking steps toward him while he is counting ten. The player at the base counts ten, then quickly turns around and if he catches any player still stepping, he makes him go back farther from the base.

He continues counting in this way until a player reaches and touches him. That player takes the counter's place.

CROSS QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS

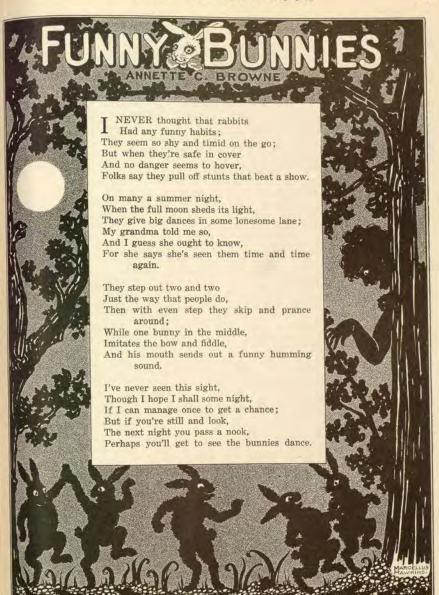
An even number of players are arranged in two parallel lines. A person goes down one row and whispers to each player a question,

usually a funny or foolish one, while another person goes down the other row and whispers to each player an answer of some sort.

Then the first player in the questioner's row states his question to the first player in the other row who gives his answer. Then the next player in the first row gives his question to the corresponding player in the other row, and so on. The answers, of course, seldom fit the questions but are very mirth-provoking.

"POOR KITTY"

All players except one are seated in a circle. The one who is "Poor Kitty" goes and kneels before some player and says "me-ow" three times, while the one before whom she kneels pats her on the head each time she me-ows and says, "Poor Kitty" without laughing—if she can. If she does laugh she becomes "Poor Kitty".





THE JUDGE



ILLIAM is looking for "Atlantis" and has exhausted all the atlases.

"There is no such place," says Wilhelmina,

"But if there is a name, there must be a thing," answers William.

"No," says the Judge, "perhaps there was something with such a name and it doesn't exist now."

"Did somebody lose it?" asks Billy.

"It may have been lost," says the Judge.

"But this," says William, "was a whole continent and you can't lose a continent."

"Sometimes you can," answers the Judge. "It may go to war and lose itself or lose its head (which is the same thing), and then again it may sink into the ocean and that is what some people say happened to Atlantis."

"Oh, I remember," says Wilhelmina, "there was a wonderful land beyond the Pillars of Hercules with a civilization as beautiful as that of the Greeks and then—it disappeared,"

"But where could it go?" asks Billy. "Continents can't run around loose in the ocean."

"It might blow up and settle down," suggests William.

"That is one theory," says the Judge, "but there is also another: there is a great German explorer, Leo Frobenius, who insists that Atlantis was not in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, but was in Africa."

"I thought Africa was always uncivilized," says William.

"Then you have not heard of Egypt," answers Wilhelmina.

And the Judge adds, "Or of the Mellestine or of Zymbabwe or..."

"Gee! what names!" says Billy.

"Oh, of course, I know of Egypt," answers William, "although somehow people do not seem to talk as though it were part of Africa. I never heard of the other names."

"You see," says the Judge, "on the West Coast of Africa there is a most interesting stretch of land where we have discovered remains of ancient art and industry together with poetry and folk lore handed down through generations, all of which leads some people to believe that here in early days was the site of a great civilization and that it was this civilization that the Greeks discovered and called Atlantis."

"How curious," says Wilhelmina, "to think of Africa as the Lost Atlantis."

"There are many things more curious than that in the world," answers the Judge.

"But what about Atlantis," insists Billy, "whether it is in Africa or New Jersey?"

"Listen!" answers the Judge.

"Plato tells the story. He describes how certain Egyptian priests talking with Solon, pictures Atlantis as a country larger than Asia Minor, lying just beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Lesser islands lie around it. Nine thousand years before Solon, Atlantis had been a powerful kingdom and had conquered all the lands around the Mediterranean except Athens alone. Then the sea overwhelmed Atlantis, and the ocean where it was became unsailable on account of the shoals. For years thereafter, historians and story-tellers repeated and varied this tale, and men hunted in their time for the lost land in Portugal, in England, even in America. Such is the legend. The truth may lie in Africa."

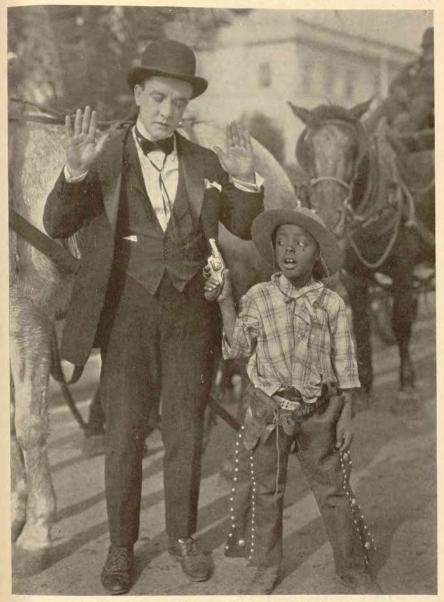
"Africa," says Wilhelmina musing, "certainly seems to be the land of the mysterious."

"When I'm a man I'm going there," says William evidently thinking out loud.

"So am I," pipes up Billy, "and when I come back I'm going to write a new history, and a new geography—"

Wilhelmina interrupts, "Especially a new geography, I think I'll have to help you there, Billy. I'll do the illustrating. And instead of these uncanny types that I learned of, when I was a child, as the people of Africa, we'll put in beautiful, mysterious faces. What shall we call them, Judge?"

"The Atlantides," he tells her promptly, "the inhabitants of Atlantis."



"Sunshine Sammy" would never do this in real life, but it's all right in the movies

THE LITTLE PIG'S WAY OUT

IULIAN ELIHU BAGLEY



ID the little pig ever do anything to pay Mister Crocodile for keeping old Br'er Bear from drowning him?" asked little Cless one evening.

"Oh, yes, honey-certainly; of course he did," answered Granny in rapid succession.

"Well, what did he do?"

"Oh, he did so many things I don't know what he didn't do," was Granny's evasive reply.

"Well what was one of the things he did?" Cless demanded.

Granny was bemused. "I-I-I think," she said haltingly, "I think he saved Mister Crocodile's life once."

This was exactly what little Cless wanted his grandmother to say. "How did he do it. Granny? How did he do it?"

"Well you know," said Granny, "after Mister Crocodile had drowned Br'er Bear in the river and saved the little pig, all the other bears in The Land of Sunshine had it in for him. Naturally, then he had to be very careful about his movements. Every time he crawled out on the banks of the river to cool off, he kept a sharp eye out for the bears. They were determined to get him. They didn't care at all about catching the little pig, but oh my, how they did want to catch Mr. Crocodile! Now it wasn't very long before Mister Crocodile found this out. Of course, he wanted to tell his friend, the little pig, but he didn't dare leave the water in the daytime. He was afraid the bears would catch him. One day, however, he made up his mind to leave the water, but just as he started out he looked up the road and saw two great big bears tromping down to the river to get a drink. Mister Crocodile ducked his head under the water and lay perfectly quiet. He wanted to hear what they were going to say.

"'Oh yes,' said one to the other as they lapped up the water, 'we'll get old Mister Crocodile yet. Any time we bears go after a thing, we're sure to get it. And we won't miss Mister Crocodile-I'll bet my life we won't.' Now when they had finished drinking they lay down on the bank of the river to rest and to talk about their plan to catch Mister Crocodile. The whole scheme was laid out by these two bears. who were the smartest in The Land of Sunshine They meant to keep watch down by the riverside all day. This would stop Mister Crocodile from coming out to get his sun bath; and if he did come out they would catch him.

"Well Mister Crocodile overheard their plan and therefore made up his mind to keep his head under the water. Now sunshine to a crocodile is what water is to us. They must have sunshine; we must have water. So, of course he couldn't stay under the water forever. What should he do? He himself did not know, but he thought the little pig could find a way out for him. But to get to the little pig was another question. How could he do it? An idea struck him that the safest time to go was at night when the two bears were off guard. So one dark night he crawled out of the water and toddled out to see the little pig and to tell him his trouble.

"'Heyo! there, little pig,' said Mister Crocodile as he jumped up on the pen. 'I haven't seen you since the night I drowned old Br'er Bear. And what do you think, all the bears in The Land of Sunshine have heard about my drowning Br'er Bear and they're trying to kill me. They don't want you-said so, but they'll give anything in the world to catch me. Now, little pig, I helped you out when you were in trouble, what are you going to do to help me? I've got to have sunshine, you know, and I can't possibly get it with two big bears guarding the river all day.'

"The little pig was thinking. And while he was thinking, he heard a heavy tromping down the road. Presently two big bears loped up to the pen, sniffed around the outside a time or two and then went galloping away. But they had found what they wanted. They knew Mister Crocodile was in that pen. And Mister Crocodile knew that they knew too. He was almost scared to death. 'Little pig, what shall I do? What shall I do, little pig? Tell me-tell me quick. How can I get back to the river before moonrise?'

"The little pig was thinking. At that moment, however, he could not upon his life think of a scheme that would get Mister Crocodile past the bears and back to the river before the moon rose. Presently the moon came up and with it came a big bright idea. Out in the field near the little pig's pen stood a scare-crow which a farmer had put up to frighten the crows away. This was just the thing to do the trick, thought the little pig. 'I'll just undress that scare-crow,' said he, 'and dress up Mister

Crocodile like a sureenough man.' And I wish you could have seen the little pig dressing up Mister Crocodile! Took that old scare-crow's coat. slung it round him, nulled an old derby hat down over his eves, handed him the scare-crow's wooden gun, and then Mister Crocodile looked like a sure-enough man a-going hunting.

"'Now,' said the little pig as he handed Mister Crocodile the gun, 'you just take this gun in one hand, keep that derby hat pulled down over your eyes, and go on back to the river. If you meet the bears they'll never know you. But mind, keep a level head. If you don't they'll certainly find you out.'

"Well Mister Crocodile started out. Everything went all right till he was about half way to the river. Here

right on advancing like a real hunter, while the bears became frightened, whirled around and went galloping back to the swamp as fast as they could. Now Mister Crocodile was safe. He went toddling on down to the river just a-laughing and a-thinking about the cunning trick he had played on the bears. But this wasn't the only time the old scare-crow served his purpose so well. For that night

before Mister Crocodile jumped overboard he pushed a big stick into the ground and dressed it up with the scare-crow's clothes. The next morning when the two bears started down to the river to get some water and to look for Mister Crocodile, they spied the old scarecrow. Back to the swamp they went. And for three weeks they tried again and again to get down to the river, but every day they found the old scare-crow on guard. At last they gave up the watch, and Mister Crocodile, no longer afraid, came out each day and took his sun bath without being troubled.

"Of course, this was a long, long time ago," concluded Granny. "but if you go to The Land of Sunshine this very day you will still find the old scare-crow on watch down by the



On Guard

he met the two bears. Both Mister Crocodile river. And the belief is yet common among the and the bears were almost scared to death, but bears that he is some mysterious hunter put Mister Crocodile held his head and kept there to protect Mister Crocodile forever."









APPINESS is not something to seek, it is something in us. I am happy, yet as I fly and fly, I cannot find happiness.

■ Napoleon has been dead 100 years. Paris commemorated the anniversary.

¶ The Japanese Crown Prince Hirohito is making an official visit in London, England.

¶ Martial law has been proclaimed in Jaffa, where Moslems and Jews have not stopped rioting.

¶ The Aland Islands Commission recommends that these islands remain under Finnish sovereignty, with guarantees for safeguarding the Swedish people. The recommendation is made to the League of Nations.

¶ The leader of the Ulster Unionists,—Sir James Craig, who is Premier-designate for northern Ireland,—has held an informal conference with the "President of the Irish Republic"—Eamon de Valera.

¶ The president of the Irish Republic, De Valera, insists that until Ireland's right to be a nation is recognized, there can be no compromise with England.

¶ In the Parliamentary elections in South Ireland, the Sinn Fein won all but 4 seats.

¶ The Allied Commission in Constantinople proclaims that Constantinople, the Bosporus and the Dardanelles are neutral in the hostilities between the Turks and the Greeks.

¶ Germany has accepted unconditionally the Allied ultimatum.

¶ During the national election which returned Premier Giolitti and his Cabinet in Rome, 52 persons were killed and 92 wounded.

 \P Japan, at the earliest possible moment, will evacuate Siberia and restore Shantung to China.

There has been rioting in Alexandria, Egypt.
 The dead number 37 and the wounded, 151.

first public speech in England. The United States, he says, will never join the League of Nations, but calls for Anglo-American unity to restore peace.

¶ France paid full military and civic honors to America's dead in France on Memorial Day.

¶ The German High Court has sentenced Captain Mueller to 6 months' imprisonment. He is the second German officer to be tried on the charge of criminal action in the world war.

¶ A note from the French Government has been handed to the Polish Foreign Office by the French Minister at Warsaw. The note proposes that the Poles take the same measures against insurgents in Silesia as were required of Germany: Stoppage of transportation of munitions and volunteers, closing the border, and disarming the insurrectionist leaders.

¶ A special courier has given to the Reparations Commission, German Treasury notes equal to \$50,000,000 gold marks. This completes Germany's first payment of 1,000,000,000 gold marks.

¶ The Dublin Custom House has been burned by the Sinn-Feiners. Nine lives were lost and the property damage was \$5,000,000.

¶ By a vote of 419-171, the French Chamber of Deputies has indorsed Premier Briand's policy on German reparations payment.

¶ Salzburg, Austria—in an unofficial plebiscite—has voted in favor of union with Germany.

¶ The Chairman of the Financial Committee of the League of Nations announces that France and Great Britain are willing to wait 20 years for a settlement of Austria's obligations, under the Treaty of Saint-Germain.

¶ A bust of George Washington—a gift of America—has been unveiled by Ambassador George Harvey in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Although Germany has been very slow in making returns to France for the losses which she inflicted during the war, and although the financial condition of France is still pretty had, yet the French are recovering marvellously from the ruin and devastation which surrounded them. Within two years they have cleared most of the 9,500,000 acres of plough land, which the invaders had devastated, from projectiles and barbed wire, and have got 2,-403,945 acres of it already under crops. Of the 523,000 cattle taken by the enemy, 117,222 have been replaced; of the 367,000 horses confiscated, 209,138 have been restored; and 128,-109 shep and goats have been acquired out of a loss of 469,000.



ORROW is not in us, but about us.

I find sorrow everywhere, but
there lies no sorrow in my light
and flying heart.

Two constitutional amendments have been introduced by Senator Hiram Johnson of California. He wants Congress to have the power to regulate primaries for Presidential, Vice-presidential and Congressional nominations.

A bill to create a Department of Public Welfare has been introduced by Senator Kenyon.
 Three Haitian delegates to the United States nave presented a report to the Department of State and the Foreign Relations Committee. The Haitians demand that the United States Army of Occupation be withdrawn from Haiti.
 One hundred thousand clergymen have been sent a circular appealing to Congress for an international conference on armament reduction. In this effort are Protestants, Catholics and Issue.
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In the coal-field mountains of Mingo County, West Virginia, guerrilla labor warfare has broken out again.

C According to figures of the Labor Department, during April there was increased employment in 8 major industries; in 6 remaining industries there was a decrease.

¶ The order making General Pershing Chief of Staff of the United States Army will go into effect July 1.

The Emergency Tariff Bill has been adopted in the House by a 245-97 vote and will now go to the President. The bill carries tariff duties on more than thirty farm products, together with compensatory duties on the articles manufactured by them; it empowers the Secretary of the Treasury to employ penalties in prevent-

ing the dumping of foreign-made goods; it continues the war-time control over importations of dyes.

¶ As a gift of American women, President Harding has presented \$100,000 worth of radium to Madam Curie, who is the Franco-Polish scientist and discoverer of radium.

¶ President Harding in an address over soldier dead at Hoboken, N. J., made an appeal for better understanding among peoples, classes and nations.

¶ The American Federation of Labor is planning a national drive to unionize industry.

■ At the personal direction of President Harding, all the property of Grover C. Bergdoll has been seized under the Trading-with-the-Enemy-Act. Bergdoll is the fugitive draft dodger.

■ The Farmers' Finance Corporation has been formed by the Executive Committee of the United States Grain Growers, Inc. The organization has a capital stock of \$100,000,000. It will finance farm marketing and facilitate direct handling of crops.

¶ When a Curtiss-Eagle Ambulance Airplane crashed to earth near Morgantown, Md., 5 army officers and 2 civilians were killed.

¶ On July 1, an average reduction of 12 percent in the wages of various classes of employees of 104 railroads will become effective. This ruling of the United States Railroad Labor Board will take \$400,000,000 a year from the payrolls of the railroads.

■ Brigadier-General Horace Porter is dead in New York at the age of 84. He was former Ambassador to France and the last survivor of the staff of General Grant.

¶ Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman who resigned from the presidency of Cornell University a year ago, after 28 years of service, is to be succeeded by Dr. Livingston Farrand. Dr. Farrand was formerly a professor of anthropology at Columbia and president of the University of Colorado. Dr. Schurman has been appointed United States Minister to China.

THE JURY





HAVE been reading THE BROWN-IES' BOOK since it first came out. I buy it for myself, too. You see, the boys on my street have a club, and we go errands for peo-We don't charge, but nearly always they

give us a nickel and sometimes a dime.

I always save enough to buy THE BROWNIES' BOOK when it comes out; then I buy tops and marbles and kites.

> JOHN WHITE, New York City.

AM a little girl who lives in the country. We have a library in our house. My mother and father have lots of magazines that come to them.

One day last month I was so surprised and happy when the postman brought a magazine addressed to me! And it was THE BROWNIES' BOOK.

Mother has sent in a subscription for me. DOROTHY ALLEN.

Monroe, Va.

I'VE kept each copy of my BROWNIES' BOOK.
I just wait and wait and wait, it seems, and when it arrives, I am so glad!

Some of the things I don't understand; but mother says I will when I get older. Father has had my copies of THE BROWNIES' BOOK for last year all bound together.

> MARION LEE. Buckley, Ga.

THINK THE BROWNIES' BOOK is just fine! I like the stories about the colored heroes most.

I paid for my year's subscription by selling lemonade last summer on a very hot street. I am going to get my dollar and a half the same way this year.

When I get older and go to high school I'm going to try to write a story for THE BROWNIES' BOOK.

> WILLIE BROWN Fairmont, Pa.

TEXT week I am going on my vacation, go to Reevytown, a nice country place near Red Bank, N. J. My grandma lives there and she has lots of chickens and a cow and a horse and a great big garden. I feed the chickens and the horse every morning. When I get big enough 1 m going to milk the cow. Grandma has apple trees and plum trees and when the fruit gets ripe I can eat just as much as I want. When I get big I want to live in the country too.

> RACHEL GOODWIN. Freeport, N.Y.

IN one issue of THE BROWNIES' BOOK, there was a story-telling game. My mother and I tried it, and made up a story called "Bugs", as a result. My mother told the first, and I the second part and so on.

I'm very glad to see that THE BROWNIES' BOOK gets better and better each issue.

> BERTIE LEE HALL, Montgomery, Ala.

WANT to tell you that I enjoy THE BROWN-IES' magazine immensely. .

I am a little white girl; I am ten years old. I think the pictures of the little dark babies are sweet. I was especially interested in the pictures of those who did so much. Paul Johnson's smile makes me laugh back to him. I like the covers also.

> GERTRUDE MAREAN, Cambridge, Mass.

HAVE decided to put in my order for THE Brownies' sometime. I find the Brownies' a very cheerful little book. Some evenings when my lessons are done I sit and read the stories. I find them very good, also interesting.

I like "Little People of the Month" because it encourages the children to do more and I hope some day to have a fine orchestra myself.

> LOUISE R. MORGAN, Boston, Mass.

CHINESE NEWS

ANNIE LAURIE McCARY



UR recent government census approximates the population of the twelve million people. The words "Red", "Bolsheviki", "Sovietism".

the names of Lenine and Trotzky have turned our attention to Russia and we see there a country larger than ours in area and with more inhabitants, but think of a country teeming with so many people that they cannot be counted! A country where in one of the least densely populated provinces the average number of persons is five hundred and thirty-one to the square mile, and where in the more crowded sections an estimate of from one thousand to fifteen hundred to the same area is not exaggerated! Such a country is China-a country with a total population conservatively supposed to be four hundred and fifty million.

In our bold assumption of superiority, we Westerners send missionaries to China as though it were some new, uncivilized portion of the globe. How absurd-what upstarts we must seem to the calm, stolid vellow men of that far eastern empire whose clan records date back to 2800 B. C.! Some three thousand years after the beginning of their records, before America was even discovered, Marco Polo, well known friend of our history days, writes in his travels of a Chinese financial system so far advanced at that time that paper money was in circulation, and of astrologers who consulted an astrolabe to forecast the weather, thus anticipating our modern Weather-Man.

Some claim that this vast empire has been welded together by oppression, by the series of conquests to which it has submitted; but the Chinese themselves assert that it coheres rather by the almost universal acceptance of the ethics of Confucius whose wise precepts, given forth five hundred years before our Christ was born, inculcate all the cardinal virtues and include love and respect for parents, respect for an allegiance to authority-symbolized by allegiance to the ruling Prince,-respect for and obedience to all superiors, respect for age, and courteous manner to all. These are the people to whom we send missionaries-whom we would civilize!

The foundation of China rests upon the fam-

ily life. Parents really rule their households, children have reverential respect for mother United States at one hundred and - and father. A child gravely kowtows (makes a formal bow) to his parents upon entering their presence. No youth would eat or drink in the presence of his father or mother until invited to do so. Among the nobility, etiquette is so rigid that if a son is addressed by his father while at his meal, he must stand before answering. The power of parents is practically unlimited-extending even to life or death. The mother, who is theoretically inferior, is the real controller of the family, extending her authority even to the wives of her sons. One incident, while cruel and apparently heartless, shows how absolute is a mother's power. A wealthy young Chinaman, who had come under "civilized" influences in Hong Kong, was leading a wild life-motor cars galore, reckless gambling and all the rest. To his mother's remonstrances he turned a deaf ear, so she had him locked up in chains and fetters. The boy, however, escaped and when he was finally returned to her, his mother had the tendons of his ankles cut, thus permanently crippling him. Thus do the Chinese treat the prodigal son.

> Nearly all geographies show the Chinese iadies with their piteous, bound feet. The origin of this custom is lost in antiquity and to our western minds seems incomprehensible, but it is considered over there a badge of a free and reputable family. In recent years some of the Imperial family have stopped this practice and edicts forbidding it have been issued, but a custom so deeply rooted cannot be abolished in a day.

Apparently a Chinese lady's dress is unchanging-a beautifully embroidered jacket. long pleated skirt, and wide trousers. The general cut, the lines, remain the same for it is considered immodest and indelicate for a lady to show the lines of her figure. The colors are usually bright crimson or yellow with the delicate shades of all other colors. We suspect the styles change with the differing intervals of embroidery. Wives of officials are entitled to wear all the insignia and regalia of their husband's rank.

The preliminaries to a social call are as rigid

and formal as that of all social intercourse in China. The scarlet visiting card, three or four inches wide and sometimes a foot long—depending upon the social rank of the visitor—is first sent in and returned with an invitation to enter. The hostess, meantime, dons on her latest "gown" and according to the rank of her caller meets the latter at the first, second, or third doorway, as the caller's rank demands.

Three-fourths of the Chinese population is rural. There are few important Chinese cities. Hong Kong,-practically a European commercial center in an Oriental setting,-Shanghai, Canton and Pekin, the capital, are best known to us. Our largest interest is in the villages as really representatives of Chinese life. The houses are made simply of the soil, moulded into adobe bricks, dried until they cease to shrink. The roofs are mostly flat-supported by timbers-and serve as a storage place for crops and fuel. Instead of numbers the houses may have a name over the door. The sill is moveable with a hole cut in it as an entrance or exit for the family cats and dogs. In the small yards the babies, chickens, geese, ducks, cats, dogs, all play together in merry confusion.

The principal cultivation is that of rice. The first crop is sown about April and reaped early in July. The second, later in July, and reaped at the end of September. Other crops are of fruit, vegetables and mulberry trees in the silk regions. Tea and poppies (for the opium contained therein) are the other mainstays.

The Chinese are expert quarrymen—stonecutters—and sawyers. The lowest form of labor is the work of the coolies who carry coal and building materials. The hours are long, the work most taxing, and the pay almost nothing! After the day's work, however, the work-

men dearly love games—or rather gambling. Though gambling houses are forbidden by law no official supervision could circumvent betting,—for instance, on the number of seeds in a melon, and such wagers! Besides gaming, cock-fights are the next popular amusement.

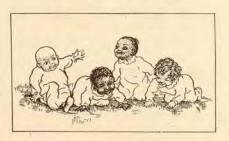
Chinese education is based upon the wisdom of the ancients and to the young student is set the task of memorizing the Classics! Book after book is stored away in the pupil's memory. As official positions are awarded to those who pass the government examinations, boys spend years preparing themselves, committting to memory the works of Confucius, commentaries upon the same, and mastery of Chinese characters. The whole system is one of cramming. In the principal cities within recent years American and European schools have been introduced and the type of education with which we are familiar is being established.

All that we have just said about education refers almost entirely to boys, for girls are not given much education and never go anywhere to speak of. One Chinese woman said that she hoped in her next existence she would be born a dog, so that she could go where she chose! Betrothed at the earliest possible date, a girl's period of unmarried life is spent in merely caring for her body.

Says the Chinese father, "Why should I teach her how to read, write and reckon, when it will never do me any good?"

"But she is your daughter."
"Not after she is married."

With the exchange of ideas between China and women of Western lands, it is to be hoped that the girls will some day soon come into their right of a free and untrammeled girlhood, as we Westerners conceive of girlhood and its joyousness.



AN INTERVIEW WITH CHARLES S. GILPIN

RUTH MARIE THOMAS



AVING planned for an interview with Mr. Charles S. Gil-Emperor Jones," I had wondered how the interview would

he. Finding the stage entrance, my sister and

I climbed up to his dressing room, after informing the maid that we had an appointment with him. Reaching his dressing room we were met at the door by Mr. Gilpin's valet, who, after seeing our credentials allowed us to enter. Indeed. we were greatly honored at not having to await him in the reception room but having the special privilege of going to his private room.

How did Mr. Gilpin look? What was he doing when we entered? Now for the grand surprise. Mr. Gilpin was washing his feet! !! I know this is funny but his part requires that he be barefooted and of necessity after each performance he has to bathe. Mr. Gilpin is an American Negro of striking appearance. He is tall, well-built, of nut brown complexion and clean-cut features. His appearance was very neat. I was surprised to see that he looked to be about I know that he is older.

We made ourselves at

home and then Mr. Gilpin told me to fire away. Though I was somewhat taken by surprise because he was conversing with his valet, continuing to dry his feet, and answering my sister I managed to ask him my questions. Mr. Gilpin answered them in an easy drawl.

Mr. Gilpin was born in Richmond, Virginia, and attended St. Francis, a Roman Catholic pin, who is starring in "The School. As a boy he was much interested in acting and took part in many of the school theatricals. He entered the profession when he was offered a part during an unemployed time.

> Mr. Gilpin has been in the profession for twice as many years as I am old. When asked how old I was he said seventeen which is perfectly correct.

A good common education at least is needed for acting, Mr. Gilpin thinks, because it gives an understanding of the setting and also enables one to understand the character of the person portraved.

The characteristics that are necessary for success in this line of work are an optimistic disposition, ability to stand many hardships and much discouragement. A person must have a vivid imagination, that is one that will enable him to put himself in another one's position. Perseverance in studying is an essential thing. There must be an affection for the work, not for the dollar side of it.

There are great opportunities for the colored women in the profession, Mr. Gilpin stated, if they enter with the right idea. Only the majority of women who enter this field are not

willing to study but go in with the desire for the flash and excitement of the stage. Success can not be reached if there is a lack of ambition for the things that require hard labor.

His ambition for the future is to establish a small business, because the theatrical life is so



thirty-five years old, since Charles S. Gilpin, in "The Emperor Tones."

strenuous, but he thinks that he will undoubtedly return to the stage as there seems to be an irresistible longing to go back to the stage in most cases. Mr. Gilpin was asked if he wasn't deadly in love with his profession. He answered that he could not say that, but he did have an affection for it but it was also a business to him.

Mr. Gilpin laughed when I had finished my questions and told me that I, of course, would have to write about how he impressed me. I said that I would surely write that he had a wonderful, kind disposition. Mr. Gilpin wished

that I also say that he is an extremely moody man and that I had caught him in one of his bright humors. He is very sympathetic and entered into my interview with complete sincerity. He is known to be especially interested in school children, as he has a son, who is eighteen years old attending school. He has a very straightforward and frank way of speaking when addressing one. When we left he stood and shook hands with us in a very cordial manner. My own opinion is that Mr. Gilpin is a wonderful man, a thorough gentleman and above all he is not egotistical.



GIRL RESERVES CONFERENCE



HE first conference for Colored High School Girl Reserves of the East Central Field met at Germantown, Pa., May 13-15. One hundred and twenty delegates

representing Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Lancaster, Coatesville, Wilkes-Barre and Germantown were present.

The conference opened Friday with a camp fire at which the girls were welcomed by the Germantown Girl Reserves and the Philadelphia High School Council. Games and stunts were indulged in, and after a picnic lunch and a "Good Night" story by Miss McNeill, the guests were carried to the homes of the Germantown hostesses.

On Saturday morning the meeting, presided over by Charlotte Ross of Germantown, began with Devotions led by Alice Richards of the Phyllis Wheatley Girl Reserves of Washington. Miss Crystal Bird, the National Girls' Work Secretary for Colored Girls, gave a talk on "The Purpose of a High School Club", after which the several commissions were presented to the conference.

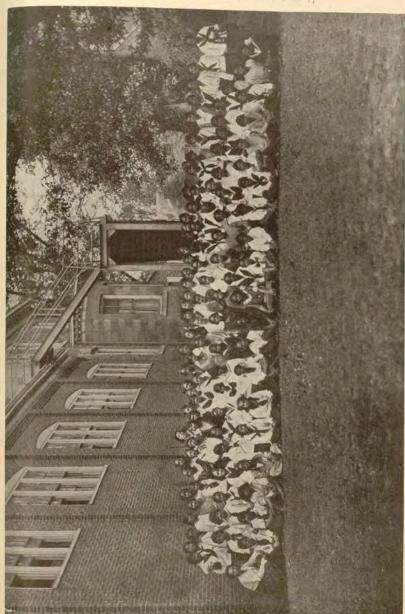
The discussion of the Social Commission was led by Hilda Anderson of Baltimore, the Membership Commission by Ida May Hall of the Dramatic Club of Washington, the Service Commission by Elizabeth Craig of Lancaster,

the Program Commission by Helen Cook of Germantown. One of the most helpful suggestions adopted by the conference was given in the Membership Commission from Washington which created a scholarship fund for extending the education of worthy high school girls. The idea was so gladly received that it inspired all present with the zeal to begin it at once, and a contribution, given by Miss Jane C. Turner, a member of the Germantown Girls' Work Committee as the first toward the fund, grew in a few moments to the amount of twenty-five dollars.

After luncheon and a conference picture, the meeting was closed for the afternoon by an address on "The Girl Reserve—Her Service" by Miss Gertrude L. Prack, Field Girls' Work Secretary.

At the banquet held on Saturday night the girls were fortunate in having Dr. DuBois as guest of honor. In appreciation of the presence of this great leader the girls received him with acclamations, songs and yells. In the course of the banquet the guests were entertained with a program by the delegates and a short speech by Dr. DuBois.

After breakfast on Sunday morning the girls were taken on a long hike through Fairmount Park and after an arduous climb up one of the steepest hills of the park, they stopped at the summit for their meetings. This elevated posi-



First Conference, Colored High School Girl Reserves, Germantown, Pa., May 13-15, 1921

tion assisted their minds also to rise and take a wholesome outlook on life, as was shown by the code adopted at this time. The advisers and secretaries were taken by Miss Bird to another part of the woods where they held a Round Table while Miss Prack and the girls made resolutions which they formulated into the following code:

I. Health Code

- a. Drink a glass of water before breakfast each morning.
- b. Clean teeth at least two times a day.
- Sleep with windows open (down from top and up from bottom).
- d. Take at least one hour's exercise daily (out of doors).
- Eat three regular nourishing meals a day.
- f. If hungry between meals, eat only nourishing food.

II. Dress

- a. Wear serge or other simple dark dresses for winter; simple gingham dresses for spring and fall; and middies and skirts at any time (school dress).
- b. Low-heeled sensible shoes.
- Wear no flashy jewelry or too much of any kind.
- d. Use no cosmetics except enough powder to take the shine off.
- e. No socks.

III. Honor

No cheating at all.

IV. Dancing

The proper dancing position—the distance of one hand between partners, and the correct position.

At the conclusion of the Round Table meetings the girls walked back to the "Y" where dinner was served. At the Vesper Services Sunday afternoon at 3.30 Miss Bird gave a talk which closed this successful conference. Delegates left for their homes on Sunday evening, except the Washington girls who were given permission by their schools to take one more day for visiting in Philadelphia, so they spent Monday on a sightseeing tour, visiting the Mint, Independence Hall, and many other places of interest.

The marked efficiency of the leaders of the discussions and the care with which the recommendations had been prepared, facilitated in a large degree the work of the conference. It is needless to say that the wonderful success of the conference may be attributed to the thorough preparation made by Germantown, but as the success of so large an undertaking may not be said to come from one source alone, we must add to this the great enthusiasm of all the girls inspired by their cheer leader, Anita Turpeau of the Phyllis Wheatley Club of Washington.

Miss Prack says, "The conference was a marvelous dream realized."

> Olive C. Jones, Washington, D. C.



SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MARY BINKLEY

ANNETTE C. BROWNE

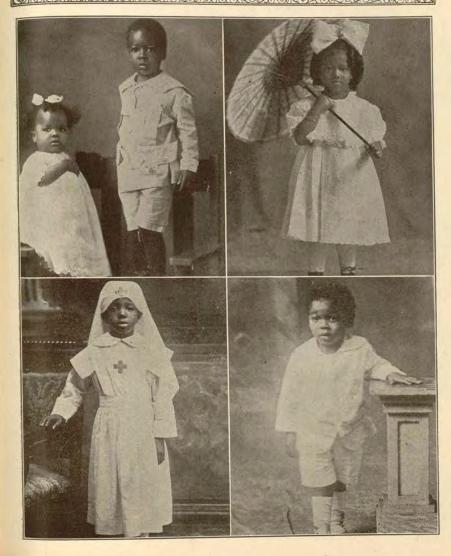


N thinking over what you have heard or read about slavery, you, children of a more fortunate age, there will come to your minds, no doubt, pictures sad and awful—

pictures of children growing up under the oppressor's rod—children whose souls are steeped in ignorance and degradation and in whom every hope is born to be starved out. In my mind now there is a picture of a girl born under such conditions and whose life, not only while in slavery but long afterwards, was a tale of weary, plodding toil. This girl, Mary by name, was born in Tennessee, and was put to work in her master's field as soon as she was large enough to do any work. Among her early memories of herself was that of plowing in the field when she was only eleven years old!

Even though her environment was one that

Ourlittestiends



radiated hopelessness, even though her life was marked by cruelty and toil, there struggled in her soul a longing for light, such as

> The desire of a moth for a star, Of the night for the morrow; The longing for something afar From the vale of our sorrow.

She reached womanhood before she was loosed from the shackles of slavery but still toil and poverty were her only portion, and having been brought up to the labor of the field she continued at it until the infirmities of old age made such impossible.

The sketch of the life of Mary Binkley is no record of great achievements that usually mark biographies, neither is it an attempt to portray the character of one who rose to great heights or even small fame for the simple reason that no such things marked her life; but it is, to me, an impressive story of a soul that was filled with a desire for enlightenment—a desire so strong that many years of bending toil failed to weaken it.

She first came to my notice a few years ago when, too old to labor in the field, and having moved from Tennessee to Henderson, Kentucky, she had settled down in a little hut in an alley. In passing by I noticed that unlike most persons in her condition, who would have sunk down in hopelessness or silent resignation, she was always looking about eager and alert as though expecting something. Sometimes she would stand at the opening of the alley and listen and look around with questioning gaze.

On forming her acquaintance and learning something about her life, I learned that this humble creature was filled with a desire to know,—to know about the life of the world and especially the part around her.

How much it meant to her when a few kindly persons began to take an interest in her! How interested she seemed over a bit of ordinary information! When a book or a paper was being read to her she would listen most attentively, drinking in every word. Whenever she heard of coming events of educational interest she would make it a point to put in her humble presence and often people attending important lectures wondered who was the shabby, feeble-looking old woman who probably didn't understand what was being discussed. But whether she understood or not, she was there just the

same—this humble soul that for years had longed for enlightenment.

Then there came into her life something that caused her cup to overflow. Two of the colored women's improvement clubs of our city, under the endorsement of the Kentucky Illiteracy Commission, conducted at the local high school what was known as a "Moonlight School" for the benefit of grown persons who had been denied or had neglected their chance for an education.

Mrs. Binkley's joy on hearing of this can hardly be described. She was among the first to give in her name, and her eagerness to start was inspiring. It was truly an interesting sight to see her trudging along with renewed strength, going to school, her night school primer and tablet under her arm.

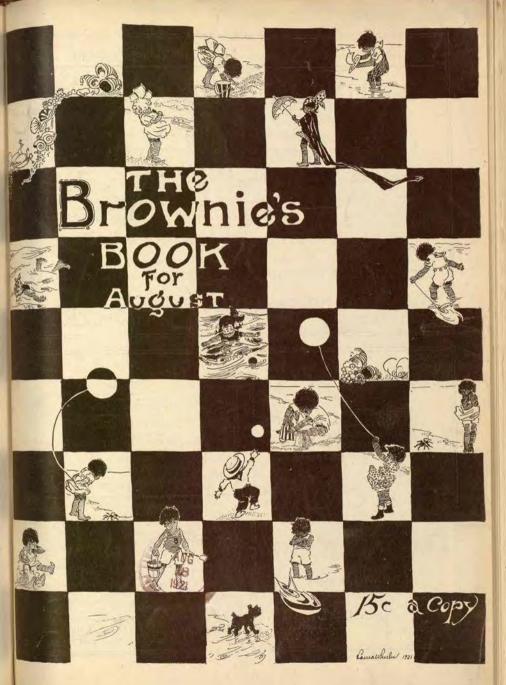
She attended the entire term of the night school, and so great was her zeal that her teacher was willing to continue helping her after the school closed. Who can estimate what wealth the ability to read and write brought to this humble, patient soul that craved the opportunity which so many neglect?

After America's entry into the World War, when there were so many things of human heart interest before the people, Mary Binkley threw her soul into the tide of human thought and action, and, through hearing speeches, watching parades, and talking to soldiers, she lived in the spirit of the times.

She had never before heard of the Red Cross but when the first meeting was held to organize a chapter among the colored women she was right there, occupying a front seat. The leaders of the meeting were so impressed with her interest that they made her a paid-up member, giving her the membership button which she wore with great pride. When there were patriotic parades in which colored people took part she would march forth wearing her Red Cross scarf with her flag in hand. She also did her humble bit by purchasing war savings stamps out of her small portion.

Two years ago she had become so infirm that she went to Indianapolis, Indiana, to spend her last days with her son. There she died in February of this year.

I am sure that as her soul sped onward on its great eternal quest, all those years of toil and unsatisfied desire were forgotten in the knowledge that it would now have life abundantly.



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* AUGUST, 1921

WHOLE No. 20

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Peek-a-boo!

-International

The Brownies' Book

Vol. 2-No. 8

AUGUST, 1921

Whole No. 20





INCE the first day that Herbert Marshall's mother carried him to the Stanley School for enrollment, the thought which was uppermost in Herbert's young mind

was to emulate, or rather to imitate, young Frederick Butler. You see, Frederick Butler's father was a doctor and had just lots of money and lived up in a great house on the Terrace, with wonderful trees surrounding it and a beautiful garden of roses on the side nearest the street. Many times had Herbert passed the great house and longingly stood with his bare feet scorching in the hot sands of the village street and watched Frederick's mother, a kindly appearing woman, as she plucked a little rose bud and tenderly pinned it on Frederick's lapel. And Herbert thought how nice it must be to have such a mother and to have such a garden

and as he watched Frederick descend the broad granite steps with head erect, and lightly mount his bicycle, then it had first dawned upon Herbert that Frederick lived in a different world.

Herbert lived around the corner from the great house, in the basement of the building where his father was the janitor and where his mother did the washing for all the fine ladies who lived in the apartments above. Only once had Herbert received a real thrill in his young life and that was on the morning in September when his mother had informed him that he was to enter school. In Herbert's young mind school was a place where many children played and had one continuous round of good times together and books were only taken along to keep their little hands occupied. Herbert had often seen the boys at play in the school-

yard during recess and little did he know of the difficulties to be encountered in arithmetic or the long hours of quiet with a stern and prim schoolmistress incessantly cautioning against talking and all the other things that little boys liked to do.

When Herbert arrived at the schoolhouse that day, little did he realize the task that confronted him. After his mother had returned home he sat at his desk bewildered. He would have been all right if his heart had not thumped so loud. He was sure the boy next to him at every minute was going to turn and ask who was that pounding on an empty keg with a sledge hammer. He gazed around and saw other little boys and girls of the neighborhood at their desks and among them sat Frederick serenely attentive, and Herbert thought if Frederick would only talk to him his longings would be realized. And strange to say, it happened when school was over and each child had packed away his books and started homeward, some romping, some playfully tagging each other on the way, that Herbert walked silently along and beside him trudged Frederick.

"Did your mama bring you to school, too?"
asked Herbert.

"No, father sent me here with William," answered Frederick.

William was Dr. Butler's chauffeur and for some reason had failed to return to take Frederick the short six blocks home. And now Frederick was walking home.

Before Herbert could ask who William was, Frederick exclaimed:

"My papa gave me a whole dollar and I am going to buy the biggest kite I can find."

Herbert wanted to reply but remained still silent.

"Here comes William," said Frederick, as a big motor car appeared in the distance.

Herbert knew then who William was without asking.

"My father has a wheelbarrow to take the ashes to the street," informed Herbert, timidly.

"And do you ride in it with him?" asked the doctor's little boy.

"No, he rides the ashes." And at that moment the doctor's machine appeared at the curb. "Jump in, Frederick," cried William. And

both children climbed into the machine.

Herbert was too elated to talk on the way.

He sat on the soft cushions and at last felt that he was one of the little boys whose fathers owned automobiles. But the ride was not long and soon they were rolling up into the yard of the great house where Frederick's mother stood smilingly awaiting the return of her little man. The children climbed out, and as the friendly looking woman approached, Herbert wondered what she would say. For Herbert's mother had always told him that rich people were bad, but somehow it was hard for him to think Frederick's mother was bad; yet she must be bad too as were all rich people. He wondered if she was going to drive him out of the yard. large and ferocious looking dog close by growled and then Herbert began to wonder if he would ever get home and escape the threatened bite of that dog. And as all these thoughts scurried back and forth through his little mind. his first impulse was to cry and then he wondered what Frederick would think of him, for he was lots too old to cry; he was almost eight, This feeling was warded off by the soft voice of the woman standing near.

"Have you been to school, little fellow?"

Herbert succeeded in choking back the lump in his throat but already a tear had escaped and rolled down his hot little cheek.

"Yeh," he answered. "But I want to go home to my mama."

"All right, little boy, but wouldn't you like to come in and have lunch with Frederick first?" Mrs. Butler's tone sounded more like a gentle command than a question.

"Oh, yes, do!" cried Frederick eagerly. It was not often that Frederick had a guest all to himself for lunch. "And then William can whizz you home in the car in no time," he added.

When Herbert arrived home he did not wait to say good-bye to William but dashed into the house to tell his mother about his wonderful visit; however, he was met with sharp abuse for going visiting without her consent on the first day he had been permitted to enter school. She threatened to thrash him severely if he ever went to the great house again.

"I've told you them ain't your kind," she said, sourly. "And you keep out of their yard, you hear!"

All the time that Herbert was mincing at his supper that night he thought about the deliciously tasting lunch served on the spotless white



Herbert cut the poisonous reptile in two

table cloth, and the over-flowing vase of beautiful roses in the center. He had eaten on table-cloths before, on Sundays, in his young life when he used to stay out in the country with his grandmother, two years ago. His grandmother, he remembered, always kept flowers on the table. He had missed these at first when he came back to live with his mother and father. He often wondered why his mother never put flowers on the table.

Herbert, however, had long ago learned to keep his thoughts to himself but a new day had dawned for him, for all the rest of the afternoon he thought of Frederick and it seemed as though the morrow and the time to go to school and see him again would never come. The next morning Herbert was awakened out of the most delightful dream. He no longer lived in the basement, and his father's wheelbarrow had turned into a wonderful blue limousine with cushions so soft that he became lost in their folds, and the tired look had gone from his dear mother's face forever and ever and she smiled like Frederick's mother, and the roses in her garden were as large as sun-flowers. Herbert was in the machine, which went faster and

faster until it approached a high hill and when the summit was reached and the car started downward, it seemed to go even faster until he became dizzy and his head began to go around and around, then suddenly he seemed to be falling and oh, it seemed ever so far! Herbert thought of what would happen when the bottom was reached. Then something lifted him up and his eyes opened wide. He heard the school bell ringing and his mother was saying:

"Get up, Herbert, you are late for school!"
Oh, how glad Herbert was that it had all been a dream!

When Herbert reached the school-room all the children were already seated at their desks. There was Frederick attentively seated at his desk, for Frederick was a model little fellow and carefully followed the teachings of his kind parents. His blouse was clean and fresh, as usual, and his hair nicely parted on the side. His shoes, thanks to William's faithfulness, were also spotlessly cleaned. Frederick looked up and smiled as Herbert took his seat directly across the isle.

As the days went by the two little boys be-

came devoted little friends at school and Frederick implored his mother not to send William for him, for he wished to walk with Herbert instead. And the janitor's son even began to walk like his mate, with his head erect and now fairly pranced along as proudly as if the wheelbarrow had really turned into an automobile. Herbert hated to see Saturday and Sunday come around—there was no Frederick to be seen on these days.

So it was Herbert's school life that became his whole existence. Even the arithmetic class, which he at first dreaded, was no longer a bugbear, for Frederick always got his sums right and frequently they would meet early and Frederick would get Herbert's right or show him how to get them right. When the teacher failed to make the process clear to Frederick he would ask his mother, who could always make things ever so much more clear than teacher-in-mathematics, anyway.

But these few moments before the bell rang were not always used for the purpose of working out sums. Often the two little boys would take short walks in the broad fields back of the school before the bell rang, and exchange the romancings of their imaginations. Herbert was always conquering some deadly foe and riding home victoriously to tell his mother, who always showed quite plainly how proud she was of him. Sometimes he rode at the head of armies (Frederick often had to help him in getting the ranks straight), capturing several kingdoms loaded with gold which he spent in giving millions and millions of little boys picnies, and plenty, just plenty of ice cream to eat.

The nature of Frederick's romancings were quests and wanderings in parts of the country yet unexplored, undertaking dangerous adventures and making experiments and discoveries which made people open their eyes in wonder. Then the first bell rang and they had to race back across the field to be in time to get in line.

Today Herbert looked troubled. He had promised Frederick he would come up to his house that afternoon and help him build a real picket fence around the mid-way which he had been erecting for the past week. He remembered how fiercely his mother had answered him when he asked just to go and see it one afternoon, and he dared not ask her again. After he had chopped enough wood for his mother's use, he took his small axe and shaved off a nice picket. What nice pickets he could make with

his little axe! Then he made several and decided to take them around and hand them over the low concrete fence to Frederick. Yes, he would take his axe along, maybe he might stop long enough to drive one in for Frederick.

"Twe been waiting here quite some time for you," cried Frederick, his face lighting up at the sight of Herbert. He opened the gate and stepped back for Herbert to come in, when out from the rose-bush there appeared right in front of him a spreading adder, which instantly reared up on its tail until it was almost as high as Frederick. Then it began to spread and his, its dangerous fangs darting in and out of its open mouth. Frederick's mother on the porch screamed. Frederick stopped suddenly and paled. Herbert, who was only a few feet away, stepped forward and raised his axe and cut the poisonous reptile half in two.

Mrs. Butler came forward hysterically laughing and crying and, catching up both little boys, clasped them tightly in her arms and took them into her husband's study to tell him what had happened. Dr. Butler came out into the yard to see if the two halves were still squirming but found them lying perfectly still.

Just then Mrs. Marshall appeared at the gate very much flushed and angry and inquired if Herbert was there. Catching sight of her son in the doorway, she called him to her and boxed him on the ears. It was very annoying to need some starch from the store and look around for her boy and find him gone. Anyway, he had been told not to come there!

"Oh, please don't—let me explain," cried Mrs. Butler. "You don't realize what he has done. He has saved our little boy's life."

But Mrs. Marshall did not wish to see anything but the inconvenience she had been put to and was half way down the street when Mrs. Butler got through speaking, dragging our little man after her.

"I really think she is down-right cruel," said Mrs. Butler, hotly. "Think of my treating Frederick that way! Supposing he did disobey—supposing he had not been there at the gate—" she shuddered at the thought of what might have happened.

"I really think disobedience is justified in this instance," said Dr. Butler, slowly. "And we've got to do something for that little man."

"Yes, we must," agreed Mrs. Butler, warm-

"What do you think we ought to do for the little man who just saved your life, son?" asked Dr. Butler, gravely.

"I think we ought to bring him here to live with us," answered Frederick, promptly,

"But he has a home and a mother-"

"Not a nice mummy like mine." reiterated Frederick. "Nor a nice daddy either," he added diplomatically.

After a long consultation between them and a still longer one with Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, it was decided that Herbert was to come and live at the great house. He was, however, to spend some time at home, probably week-ends, with his father and mother.

When the two boys got the news of the final arrangements they hugged each other and laughed and rolled over and over on the lawn,

kicking their brown legs in the air, shrieking at the tops of their voices.

"Ain't I glad that ole snake came out of the rose-bush!" Herbert was saving between gurgles of shrieks and laughter.

"Ain't I glad you had your axe and cut that ole snake in two," shrieked Frederick louder. "Ain't I glad-ain't I glad!" he squealed until he was hoarse. Then he caught Herbert around

the neck and over and over they rolled, first one on top and then the other, shrieking and velling.

Dr. Butler, quite alarmed at the strange noise, rushed out to see what was the matter. Was that his little pensive slip of dignity of a son making all that noise? Then he chuckled softly to himself and turned and went back into the house.



THE QUEEN HORNET

FLORENCE PERRY



going to build.

E will now take a visit to the Queen Hornet and watch her. There she goes, looking for a place to build her home. Would you like to follow her and see what she is She has selected the place she is

Look! She is flying around to find a decayed tree, so that she can cut some strips out of it. The hornet was the first to make paper. Then man copied after the hornet. The queen is now carrying the strips back to the place she selected to build her home.

Would you like to hear how she builds her home? The queen is now making a number of posts to hold her home together. She is pasting this paper all around the small posts and she is also making little cells. As soon as she finishes a cell she lays an egg.

The first set of eggs takes from two to three weeks to hatch. When the eggs have hatched, there come from them tiny insects called grubs. It takes all the queen's time to go find food to give her children.

After they have eaten a sufficient amount, the

grubs spin thread around these cells so as not to fall out as they sleep. The grubs sleep for two weeks. While they are asleep the queen works on the outside of her home.

Now the grubs are awake but they are not grubs any more, their names are workers. The queen gives them their last meal. The workers must help the queen to work.

As fast as the workers make a cell the queen lays her second set of eggs. Now the eggs have hatched. The grubs have eaten so much that they are preparing to go to sleep. They have awakened and their names are drones. They are the male hornets. The drones are very lazy -they just clean out their own cells when the nest is over-crowded.

The queen and the workers go right on working and the queen lays her last set of eggs. The grubs have been asleep and have awakened from the two weeks' sleep, and have gone to look for their winter homes. Their homes are in our houses. So we must not hurt them.

The drones have died. They drank too much apple juice. The workers had a few weeks of play, then they died. The queen died, leaving her young queens to take up her work next year.



THE JUDGE



HE Judge is sprawling none too elegantly in a steamer-chair on the porch. So engrossed in a book is he, that he does not hear Wilhelmina who comes up quietly

and taps him on the shoulder. Then he starts so violently that he drops his book. Wilhelmina picks it up for him.

"Out of reverence for your grey hairs," she tells him as she restores it. "No wonder you start," she continues reproachfully. "Here you sit all wrapped up in your book and never stop to think that though the summer is nearly ended, you've never said a word to us on 'what to read.'"

"Mercy," says the Judge, "how remiss!" He regards her thoughtfully. "Don't you think that I haven't been thinking about you. Only when I hear all of you talking about the latest novels,—those awful serials, you know, that run in the weekly papers and all that sort of thing, I think to myself, 'Pshaw! those youngsters don't want to hear of the kind of books I'm interested in; they're all too serious.' And you see I don't know of any other kind."

"But that's just it," intervenes William, who has come up with the other children. "We can pick out the sort of book we want to read for ourselves. But when it comes to the sort we ought to read, why of course we have to look to you."

Wilhelmina perches herself on the arm of the steamer-chair which "fortunately," says William, "is a broad and strong one." His sister is no fairy in weight and is none too fond of being told about it. But she makes a very pretty picture as she sits there with her fine brown head rising from the severely simple lines of her dainty pink dress. She treats William's remark with the contempt which it deserves, and concentrates on the Judge.

"It isn't too often that William's remarks are worth considering," she begins, "but he certainly said something worth while when he told you we look to you for real information

concerning books. We're after that now, so you might as well begin. For instance, tell us about that book which you're reading now. To see you looking at it, one would think it the most absorbing book in the world."

"It is an absorbing book to me," the Judge tells her, "because it's about the subject which is almost without exception the most absorbing topic in the world."

"And I know what that is," exclaims Billy, "Africa! You talk a lot to us, Judge, about all sorts of things, but nothing ever seems to excite you so much as Africa. I noticed the other day when you were telling us about that dream-country—what was it now?"

Wilhelmina prompts him, "Atalanta—no, Atlantis."

"That's it," nods Billy. "Well you were very much interested even in that and yet that was only a make-up place."

"You've surprised my secret," laughs the Judge. "You don't mean to tell me you even want to hear about books on Africa."

"Indeed we do," they all chorused, even Billikins.

"Well then listen. Formerly a lot of trash and misinformation used to be written about Africa. But lately all that has changed and one is able to get nowadays a pretty definite array of facts concerning that wonderful and mysterious land. Some of it is rather sad reading, but all of it is interesting, and I'm not sure but that even the sadness has its good points, because it may cause some gifted young men of this generation to turn their thoughts toward remedying the causes of that sadness."

"And gifted young women too," Wilhelmina puts in jealously.

"By all means, the young women; we can't do anything without them. I am sure now that you are interested in Africa, so next month I'll have a list all ready. But you must actually read them."

"You can depend on us, sir," says William solemnly.





UT of clouds and clouds of clouds, out of rain and wind of rain, out of storm and out of strife, always I have seen the coming of sunshine and gladness.

¶ President Harding has invited the leading nations of the world to a convention, in order to discuss the lessening of armies and navies and peace on earth.

¶ Salamon Teilirian, who assassinated Talaat Pasha, the Turkish Vizier, has been acquitted in the Berlin District Court on the ground of insanity. The Armenian youth said that he committed the crime to avenge the slaughter of his people.

A noted British General, Lord Julian Byng, has accepted appointment as Governor-General of Canada.

¶ At a meeting of the Union of League of Nations Associations, held in Geneva, the assembly adopted a resolution favoring the admission of Germany to the League of Nations.

¶ King George has opened the Ulster Parliament in Ireland. He wishes the factions to end their strife.

¶ The Council of the League of Nations has been asked by Mahomed Fahmy, the leader of the young Egyptians, to mediate between Egypt and Great Britain.

¶ The strike of British coal miners has been ended by a 15-months' truce, during which time profit-sharing will be tested.

¶ The Irish Republican leader, Eamonn De Valera, and the Ulster Premier, Sir James Craig, have been invited by Premier Lloyd George to a peace parley in London.

¶ The Aland Islands have been awarded to Finland by the Council of the League of Nations, and Sweden has accepted the decision.
¶ Resolutions suggesting a conference of America, Japan and Great Britain on disarmament have been adopted by the Japanese League of Nations Society. Japan's mandate

of the Island of Yap, however, must be regarded as a decision neither requiring nor justifying comment.

¶ Premiers of British dominions and representatives of India, at a banquet given by the League of Nations Union in London, voiced increasing confidence in the League of Nations.

In Trafalgar Square, London, a bronze copy of Houdon's marble statue of George Washington has been unveiled. It is the gift of Virginia to Great Britain.

¶ A release from prison has been granted Arthur Griffith, founder of the Sinn-Fein organization of Ireland; Professor John MacNeill, president of the Gaelic League, and two other Sinn-Feiners, members of the British House of Commons, in order that they may attend a conference with Eamonn De Valera.

 ∏ The new Premier of Italy, Signor Bonomi, has formed a Cabinet to succeed that of Signor Giolitti, who has resigned.

 ¶ General Jan Christiaan Smuts has gone to Dublin to discuss peace measures with De Valera and other factional leaders. General Smuts is Premier of South Africa.

¶ The Second Pan-African Congress meets in London, Brussels and Paris, August 28 to September 5. Representatives from groups of colored peoples all over the world will be present to discuss their problems.



O matter how sweet the sunshine or how gay the waters, storms will come. What of it? I fly through them blithely and seek the sun again.

 ¶ In race rioting in the Negro section at Tulsa, Oklahoma, thirty persons were killed and 300 wounded; the property loss is \$1,500,000. The cause of the riot was the successful effort of the colored folk to prevent a lynching.

¶ Floods and cloud-bursts have overwhelmed Pueblo, Colorado. Many people were drowned and the main business district was destroyed. The property damage is estimated at \$20,000,-000.

¶ A gift of \$17,000,000 has been announced by the Carnegie Foundation. The money will be used for the maintenance and development of the Carnegie Institute and the Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh.

The Socialist party of the United States has refused to affiliate with the Third Internationale of Moscow, by a 35-4 vote; it has declared against international relations of any kind.

¶ President Harding has nominated Charles
B. Warren, of Michigan, as Ambassador to
Japan.

∏ Secretary of the Navy Denby has administered a public reprimand to Admiral W. S. Sims for his speech in England, in which the Admiral criticized the Sinn-Fein element in America.

 ⊕ By an overwhelming vote, the American Federation of Labor has re-elected President Samuel Gompers and his entire staff.

¶ C. R. Forbes, director of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, says the Government has disbursed \$226,486,891.34 in compensation and death claims to former soldiers and their families.

¶ The 12½% wage reduction order by the United States Railroad Labor Board, effective from July 1, has been extended to probably every large railroad in the United States.

¶ During May, European exports amounted to \$177,000,000 as compared with \$384,000,000 during May of last year. The total for the eleven months ending with May was \$3,231,000,000 as compared with \$4,568,000,000 for the same period last year.

¶ Senator Penrose has introduced an administration bill to enable the re-arranging of the debts of foreign governments to the United States. The sum amounts to over \$10,000,000,000. Under this bill the Treasury will have authority to extend loans or interest payments, to accept foreign bonds in payment, and to settle all claims not now secured.

¶ The Senate has agreed to the Army Appropriation bill, which provides for the reduction of the army from 220,000 to 150,000 men by October 1.

■ By a vote of 263-59 the House of Representatives has passed the compromise peace resolution ending war between the United States and Germany and Austria. The Senate has passed the resolution by a 38-19 vote and the President has signed it.

¶ An agreement to arbitrate has been signed by paper manufacturers and a committee representing 12,000 striking employees in the

United States and Canada.

¶ President Harding has appointed ex-President William Howard Taft as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The nomination was immediately confirmed by the Senate by a 61-4 vote.

¶ For the fiscal year ending July 1, according to the Treasury Department, the cost of running the United States Government was \$5,115,927,689.

¶ In the fourth round of the prize fight in Jersey City, N. J., Jack Dempsey knocked out Georges Carpentier, the French champion, and retained the heavyweight championship of the world.

 ∏ General Pershing has assumed duties as Chief of Staff; he succeeds Major-General March. General Harbord is executive assistant to General Pershing.

¶ Charles E. Dawes, Director of the Budget, has addressed the President, members of the Cabinet and 500 bureau chiefs on his plans for economy and business in government.

¶ A bill providing for a "Bank of Nations" has been introduced by Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska. It carries a capital of \$2,400,000,000, the general purpose of which is to stabilize exchange and stop speculation.

¶ A permanent tariff bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives. The bill raises the duties on the bulk of imports already taxed, but makes no notable additions to the free list. This is an attempt to raise money by discouraging imports, and it will probably be unsuccessful.

¶ The twelfth annual conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was held in Detroit, Michigan, June 25 to July 1. There were 500 delegates in attendance and the audiences aggregated many thousands.



COME BACK TO ARIZONA

KATHERINE M. DURTHAM



ORIE JACKSON, Elizabeth Mayfield, Peggy Riley and Florie's two cousins, Tom and Edward Stanton, were out in the garden discussing whether they should use the bottom or the top floor of the barn for their

circus. "I think the top would be best, because people couldn't look in without paying," announced Florie.

"Well we would close the door, anyway," said Tom, "but somebody might fall through the window if we went upstairs."

"I think-" began Peggy, but she was interrupted by Mrs. Jackson, who came into the garden.

"Oh, Florie! guess what!" she exclaimed. "I just got a letter from your Uncle Jim in Arizona, and he wants you to come and spend the summer with him."

"Oh!" beamed Florie, "won't that be too delightful!"

"But," said her mother, "that is not all. You can take your four friends with you."

"Oh! oh! oh! Won't we have lots and lots of fun though!" they all cried at once. Then they forgot all about the circus and got their heads together to talk about Arizona, while Mrs. Jackson went to see the children's mothers. When she came back the look on her face betrayed her before she got a chance to speak. Peggy got up and started to dance around, the

rest following. They danced until they were breathless and then dropped on the cool green grass to rest.

"Now," laughed Mrs. Jackson, "since you are through I will tell you when you are going. You'll leave a week from today." Then she ran away with her hands over her ears to escape the expected noise.

"Just think," said Elizabeth a little later, "we leave the day after school closes."

"And it's a ranch," joined in Florie. "We will have ponies and everything." As she spoke of ponies she glanced to where the boys had been sitting, but they weren't there. "Where did Tom and Edward go?" she asked.

"Here we are," called Tom, and she saw them standing over by the garden gate.

"Won't Annabelle and her friends be jealous when they hear that we are going to Arizona, though?" said Elizabeth. "But how could we tell her?"

"Oh! I know," cried Peggy,-and they started a whispered conversation which did not last long, however, for Tom and Edward soon came back.

HAT night it took a long time for the Sand-I man to close five little pairs of eyes. In fact, he had to come around twice before he was sure their owners were asleep.

Sunday, Elizabeth and Peggy came over to Florie's house to talk about clothes, while her cousins went outside to talk about cowbovs.

"Oh, won't it be grand to see us flying around on fiery steeds and capturing bandits!" exclaimed Edward. And indeed he did not know how near he came to telling the truth.

The next day it happened that they were studying the Western States in school, and when they came to Arizona, Florie raised her hand.

"What is it, Florie?" asked Miss Anderson.
"Miss Anderson," began Florie, "Saturday
mother got a letter from my Uncle Jim in Arizona, and he wants me to take some of my
friends and go out there to spend the summer
on his ranch."

"Oh, won't that be fine!" said Miss Anderson. "When you come back you can tell us all about Arizona."

That recess and at noon there was no limit to questions from the school children. Everyone crowded around, excepting Annabelle and her friends. As Florie was in the middle of one of her conversations about what they intended to do out West, Annabelle passed by and said to one of her companions, "Huh, what do we care about Arizona? I am going to get a new wrist watch anyway, so there!"

The rest of the week passed haltingly but happily for the children. It seemed as though Saturday would never come. The time came, however, when father drove five excited little children to the station. They did not have to wait long before the train arrived, and after many good-byes, kisses and hugs, the children climbed aboard.

I will not go into details about their journey to Arizona, but I will say that it was delightful and that they saw many interesting sights.

WHEN they arrived at the small station Uncle Jim and a few cowboys were there waiting.

"Hullo," said he as he lifted Florie up and planted a kiss on her cheek. "Ain't this Florie? You was just a little mite last time I saw you."

"Yes," she answered. "This must be Uncle Jim." She introduced her friends to him.

All the while the cowboys had been fidgeting from one foot to the other, and when they saw Uncle Jim helping the children into the wagon (borrowed especially for the occasion), one of them said, "Well, Jim, ain't you goin' to interduce us?"

"Oh, yes; excuse me, children. Florie meet

Larry," he began. Then he introduced them in turn.

They soon came to a large ranch-house, surrounded by acre after acre of land. Behind it were several corrals. When Tom caught sight of it he jumped up and down crying, "Now for the bandit round-up, Edward."

Uncle Jim laughed a hearty big laugh, then a serious look came into his face. "SD are havin' some trouble," he said. "Them greasers over to the Samson ranch are kinda kickin' up lately."

I will skip over the first few days while the children are getting acquainted with the ranch. It was the next week when Uncle Jim suggested that they go on a picnic. "You can go over to Mountain Cliff," he said, "or any place around here, so as you don't go no further than a mile." The cook packed them a nice big lunch and their uncle let them use some none-too-fast ponies.

"They better watch out for them bandits," said Lanky Joe (so called for his long legs).

"Oh, we'll be all right," assured Edward.
"Tom and I have our guns, anyway," and so saying he pulled out a toy cap-pistol.

"They can go out by Dobson's cave, can't they?" asked Larry, a tall cowboy, as he shifted a lump of tobacco to the other side of his mouth.

So after being carefully directed where the cave was, the children started, Tom carrying the lunch-basket.

"Won't it be nice!" said Elizabeth. "I'm glad Larry thought of it."

"I guess it will be cool, too," said Peggy, as she glanced reflectively at the prickly cactus that dotted the dry ground as far as the eye could reach. "Seems like you can't get out of the heat."

When they got there it proved to be a big roomy cave, very cool indeed. The girls spread an old table-cloth, which the cook had packed for the purpose, on the floor, and set it with the most delicious food. Tom and Edward went in back of the cave to get some water from a rippling little spring which was shaded by an old, almost leafless tree. When they came back they both wore a very excited look on their faces.

"Guess what?" began Tom.

"No, I want to tell," complained Edward. "You're always first."

"Oh, go ahead then," said Tom disgustedly.
"I wish I didn't have a brother."

Edward took no offense, but began. "You know the back of the cave reaches way out to the spring. When we went out there we heard someone talking. At first we thought it was you, but the voices didn't sound like it and we couldn't hear you anyway. The first one we heard said, 'Now listen, Bill, tonight at about eleven o'clock they will turn in. Then we can get away with some of those new horses they got. They ain't been branded yet.' The other one just said, 'All right.'"

"What shall we do?" asked Florie. The rest were silent; then Elizabeth said, "I think we should stay right here while Edward runs as

fast as he can to get help."

They all agreed to this and as Edward was about to start he said, remembering their slow journey to the cave, "I suppose I could run faster than anyone of those ponies." Then he started off. They were within a mile of the ranch, so it did not take Edward very long to get there, though he had to stop several times to rest.

Wasn't everyone surprised to see a small boy running with all his might to Uncle Jim!

"What's the matter?" asked the man anxiously. "Has anything gone wrong?"

Edward just sat and panted. At last he said, "There are some bandits in the cave. Run quick!" Two cowboys mounted their horses, without having to be told, and started off. The children were beginning to get frightened. The two men crept cautiously back into the cave.

Evidently the bandits were getting ready to leave for one of them said, "Now remember, tonight at twelve o'clock." Then they started out but didn't get very far, for one of the cowboys spoke up in a gruff voice saying, "Hands up!" The bandits lost no time in doing so, for they didn't know just how many men were there and they thought too much of their skins to offer any rebellion.

They were then marched to the ranch and you may believe that there was much surprise. The children were highly rewarded by the sheriff and when they were leaving (two months later) the cowboys crowded around the station shouting, "Come back to Arizona! Come back to Arizona!"



The Lament of a Vanquished Beau

LANGSTON HUGHES

WILLY is a silly boy,
Willy is a cad.
Willy is a foolish kid,
Sense he never had.
Yet all the girls like Willy—
Why I cannot see,—
He even took my best girl
Right away from me.

I asked him did he want to fight, But all he did was grin And answer, "Don't be guilty Of such a brutal sin." Oh, Willy's sure a silly boy,

He really is a cad,

Because he took the only girl

That I 'most ever had.

Her hair's so long and pretty
And her eyes are very gay;
I guess that she likes Willy
'Cause he's handsome, too, they say.
But for me, he's not good looking;
And he sure has made me mad,
'Cause he went and took the only girl
That I 'most ever had.

LAFAYETTE AND THE DARK RACES

LILLIE BUFFUM CHACE WYMAN

Part I



Y grandfather, Arnold Buffum, was in Paris sometime between 1825 and 1830. He used to go to the receptions which Lafayette held in his Parisian home. There

he heard the old Frenchman speak of his interest in the North American Indians, and he also heard him tell of a young fellow of that race whom he had in his service when he was in America helping to win her independence. My recollection is a little hazy for I was a very small child when my mother told me of my grandfather's acquaintance with Lafayette, but I did get the idea that this acquaintance helped to turn Arnold Buffum's objection to Negro slavery into a definite purpose to work for its overthrow.

Soon after his return to America, he went to William Lloyd Garrison and offered his help, which was gladly accepted. He became the first president of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, thus linking Lafayette's influence upon himself with the great Garrisonian movement on behalf of the Negro race.

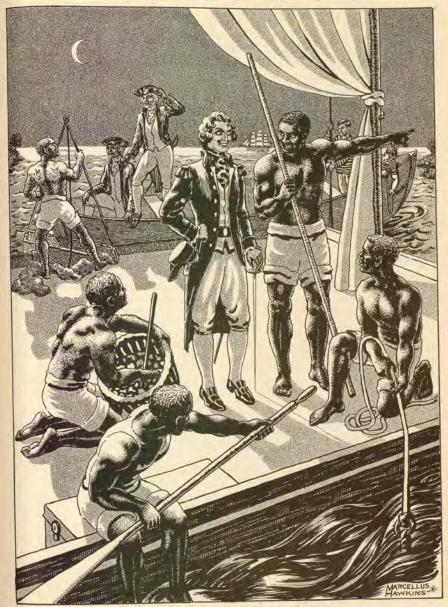
I have lately been prompted to look up Lafavette's record, in relation to the darker races, and I find that the facts set down, in reputable history, go far to prove that there was an element of something like divinity in his nature. He was only a little more than twenty years old when, having command in northern New York State, he was asked by General Schuyler to attend a council of many Indian tribes, which had been summoned to meet in the Mohawk Valley. General Schuyler's purpose was to conciliate these Indians, and apparently this French boy was more capable of conciliating and charming everybody than any other available person. Five hundred red men, women and children were present at this conference. Lafavette perceived that, wild and strange as they looked to European eyes, the men could talk sensibly on the topics suggested by the occasion. And they all possessed a human quality which appealed to him and to which he could appeal. He won their hearts completely though, boy-like, he afterwards wrote playfully to his young wife. Adrienne, "that they showed an equal regard for his words and for his necklaces." One tribe formally adopted him as a blood-brother to themselves. They bestowed on him a new name, that of Kayewia, and a band of Iroquois joined his military command.

His Revolutionary work here being done. Lafayette had been home in France for several years when, in 1784, he returned to America. He came on a visit out of love for George Washington and the newly established Republic. He then went to Fort Schuyler, where, "at a treaty making pow-wow, he again met his Indian brothers." He did not, this time, stay very long on the American continent. When he left Mt. Vernon, on the way to his place of embark. ation for France, Washington drove with him to Annapolis. During his return journey, after the parting, Washington wrote a letter to him. in which he said, "I have often asked myself, since our carriages separated, whether that was the last sight I ever should have of you; and though I wished to say 'No', my fears answered 'Yes'." The two friends never did meet again.

The American element was even manifest in Lafayette's French home. A young officer of the period wrote, after a visit, to the house in the Rue de Bourbon in Paris, "He (Lafayette) has an American Indian in native costume for a footman. This savage calls him only 'father'."

In 1824, Lafayette made his last visit to the United States. He was then sixty-eight years old. Since he had been in this country, he had taken a prominent part in the effort to guide the French Revolution in the direction of sanity and civic welfare. He had been a prisoner for five years in Austrian jails. He had done great work, he had had great joy and had met with great sorrow. Old as he was and already deeply experienced, he was yet to stand on that pinnacle of stupendous opportunity, when he chose between becoming himself the President of a French Republic and placing Louis Phillipe on the throne as a constitutional Monarch.

It was during a quiet interval in his life that he came to America, by special invitation, to lay the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument. He stayed a year and everybody honored him and, in his own sweet way, he loved everybody;



They all made friends with each other.

although he saw some faults in the country he had helped to create.

He spent several months in the city of Washington, where he saw, and undoubtedly rejoiced to see, stately and self-possessed Indians. He also met members of the red race on the western frontiers, to which his journeys took him. Once he was the guest over night in the primitive home of an Indian named Big Warrior.

Although the purpose of this paper is especially to reveal Lafayette's attitude towards the darker races, it adds value to the story of the way he treated them to know that he was good and kind in all other relations of life. He was a loving husband to a very noble woman. He was a tender father. He was almost unique among the French nobility in his conduct toward the peasantry. One year, before the French Revolution, his crops were good but the peasants, for some reason, had lost almost their entire harvest. His steward congratulated him upon his fully stocked granaries, saying, "Monsieur le Marquis, now is the time to sell."

"No," answered Lafayette, "now is the time to give away."

He established a school where weaving was taught. He introduced improved agricultural methods; and he kept a physician on his estates to look after the health of his tenants. He was very rich during this period of his life, but in the French Revolution much of his property was swept away.

He advocated many reforms in French law and custom, such as religious liberty, trial by jury and the abolition of the death penalty.

At the time of Lafayette's youth very few religious or political leaders had publicly condemned slavery as absolutely wrong. Moreover, it was not then a common opinion that an inferior race might yet develop and attain to a condition of superiority. It is, therefore, probable that the French boy had scarcely given a thought to the fact that there were black slaves on this continent before he crossed the ocean to help win the independence of the revolting English colonists. He was destined to find these black slaves here and to learn that the man whom he was to love and honor above all other men was a slave-holder. How were those facts to affect him, this "marvellous boy" with the loving heart and the truth-seeing eyes?

His ship came first to a small island near Georgetown, on the coast of South Carolina. No one on board knew the region, and at two o'clock on the afternoon of June 13th, 1777, the

eager young adventurer with a few officers and sailors left the ship in a boat and rowed along the shore to see what they could find. Eight hours later they found some Negroes dredging for oysters. These men did not know French and, although Lafayette had studied English. he could not easily understand their dialect. But somehow heart spoke to heart, as generally did happen when one of the hearts was Lafavette's. Also the sympathetic responsiveness characteristic of the Negro race undoubtedly helped. They all made friends with each other The foreigners got into the oyster boat, since the tide-water had already become too shoal for further progress in their skiff. The Negroes ferried them along the shore until at midnight they landed near the house of Major Huger, who was the master of these dusky ferrymen. It is probable that Lafayette scarcely realized at the moment, that the men who had befriended him in his need were chattel slaves. or that he was fully aware of all the facts and all the possibilities which that legal condition implied in the country he had come to free Nevertheless, his kindly feeling for their race. if it had been dormant before, must have begun to stir into life on that night. He held the desire for the black man's freedom ever after in the golden casket of his heart.

I wish I knew and could tell you just what those lowly dredgers for oysters themselves thought and felt about the gracious boy whom they had rescued from the perils of his midnight adventure. Dredging for oysters, they had found and brought to America, a pearl whose price was above that of rubies.

A little white child, Major Huger's five year old boy, became one of Lafayette's adorers during the brief stay that the tall young stranger made in his father's home. Long afterward this boy, being grown up, got himself into an Austrian prison for trying to rescue his childhood's hero from such a dungeon.

Dr. Clognet says that Lafayette contributed by his influence in America to the enactment of laws against the slave trade. He also states that "after the decisive campaign against Lord Cornwallis in 1781, Lafayette, on receiving the thanks of the State of Virginia, replied by the expression of a wish, that liberty might be speedily extended to all men without distinction." The glorious young fellow was then just twenty-four years old—but he had attained to the prophetic wisdom of sages.

(To be continued)



PLAYTIME



GAMES

Arranged by

MRS. PATSY F. TAYLOR and IVANHOE SCHUEMACHER

THE BUILDER

HIS game may best be played indoors. The number of seats used must be one less than the number of players.

One child is chosen by lot for the Builder. He names the different materials used in building a school-house, a barn, or whatever building he may choose, calling out a child to represent each material.

These children form in a line behind the Builder, each child grasping the jacket or apron of the one in front. The line walks about the room or runs softly. When all of the materials have been used, the Builder suddenly calls out "Crash!" and each child rushes for a seat. The one who fails to obtain a seat is the Builder in the next game.

(Let the children guess why the building fell, naming the important materials that were not used in its construction.)

OVERHEAD BEAN BAG (OR BALL)

Form four long lines. Place a captain at the head of each line and good runners at the foot. Face as for marching.

Each captain tosses a bean bag (or ball) over the head, using both hands, into the hands of the pupil standing behind. The bean bag continues down the line, passing through the hands of every player. When the last pupil has caught the bean bag (or ball) he runs quickly to the captain. The one who reaches the captain first wins the game.

SNATCH BEAN BAG

The players stand in two opposing rows or lines (facing) within easy tossing distance, and toss the bean bag back and forth, beginning at one end and ending at the other.

The snatcher, who is chosen from each side in turn, stands between the lines and tries to

snatch the bag when tossed by the enemy's line.

Each time he succeeds, one is scored for his side. If he fails to catch the bag at all during its passage down the lines, his side loses five. The first player on the other side takes his place as catcher, and the game continues.

The winning side is the one which has the higher score at the end of a given time.

BLIND CHILD

All the children stand in a ring. One is chosen for the Blind Child and is blindfolded. The others join hands and skip around him in a circle while he slowly counts to ten. At ten all stand still while he advances and touches one. He tries to guess the name of the one touched by the feeling of his face, clothes, etc. The one whose name is correctly guessed becomes the Blind Child next time.

TINY AND THE MICE

NE girl is the old maid, one boy is Tiny the Cat. The other children are the mice. The old maid first selects her home and then goes to the market to buy some food. While she is gone the mice creep into her house and hide; the cat is asleep. Presently the old maid returns with food, which consists of cheese, crackers and bread. Pebbles or stones may be used instead of the real food. Then she goes out of doors to get some wood to make a fire. While she is out the mice sneak to the shelves and steal her food. When she returns and discovers her food is gone she says, "O! I smell mice. Tiny! Tiny! Mice are in my house!" The cat comes in and the mice make a lot of noise going out. The cat runs after them, also the old maid. The first girl she touches with her cane is old maid in the next game, and the first boy the cat catches is Tiny.

Ourlittestiends



Miss Kitty Cat and Her New Hat

MINNA B. NOYES

ISS KITTY CAT put on her new hat and went out to the park.

she had a white nose and pretty white toes That went "pat! pat!" down the walk,

She had little white gloves on her little white hands,

And she wore a white vestee:

Her coat was gray, a neat cut-a-way. As neat as neat could be.

A little white bag hung on Miss Cat's arm.

For hankie and purse and key,

She looked very neat and she looked very sweet.

And pretty as pretty could be.

Miss Kitty soon met a friend. They sat down on a bench and they said in

French.

"Right here an hour we'll spend."

THEY talked of hats and they talked of rats, They talked of books and they talked of cooks.

They talked of schools and they talked of rules.

They talked of honey and they talked of money, They talked of gloves and they talked of doves.

They talked of frogs and they talked of dogs, They talked of lambs and they talked of clams.

They talked of meat and good things to eat, They talked of girls and they talked of curls,

They talked of boys and outdoor joys, They talked of men, as many as ten,

They talked of babies and they talked of ladies, They talked of cars and they talked of stars,

They talked of all these and many more. Of this one thing I am quite sure, They said nothing bad about cats!

THEY might have sat on that bench till now, Had it not been for Mr. Bow-wow.

He came along, with his funny bow-legs, And his round, round eyes, as big as two

He saw Miss Cat and her friend so pretty And said to himself, "It seems such a pity That we cannot all three have a nice little talk, And then go together for a nice little walk!"

HE went right up to the bench where they sat, (The friend and Miss Kitty with her pretty new hat).

He said, "Bow-wow," to tell them his name, (In French and English it's just the same), It also means, as you can see,

"Please won't you speak very kindly to me?" Poor Mr. Bow-wow did not stop to think

That bad dogs chase kitties as quick as a wink!

He meant no harm, but how should they know That our Mr. Bow-wow was not a foe?

ISS CAT and her friend jumped high in the air.

He gave them such a dreadful scare! THE park was gay that bright summer day. They feared a dog as they feared a bear!

What this "Bow-wow" meant they had no

They thought it was something they must fear! Miss Cat and her friend did not longer wait! They ran right straight to the big park gate.

They ran so fast Kitty lost her hat, Her pretty new hat, just think of that! It fell just under a big car-wheel!

Dear me, how sad Miss Kitty did feel! The pretty new hat with its posies and roses!

(She dreams of it every time she dozes!) The wheel went on-and the hat lay flat! Our pretty Miss Kitty had lost her new hat!

ISS KITTY ran home as fast as she could, She had nothing to wear now but her gray hood.

Of course, she looked very pretty in that, But she wept and wept for her lovely new hat.

When you see Miss Kitty asleep on the rug, And you think she's cozy and happy and snug, Just look for a while at her little white paws,

You'll see her working her little sharp claws. She's dreaming then of Mr. Bow-wow.

And thinking, "I wish I had him now! He made me lose my pretty new hat,

I'd give him a good long scratch for that!"

POOR Mr. Bow-wow was not much to blame, He meant to be kind, and it seems a shame Miss Kitty should not know he came

To tell them, "Bow-wow is my name." But poor Miss Kitty lost her new hat,

In the street it lies, as flat as flat! Do you think she will ever forgive him that?

GRADUATES OF COLORED HIGH AND NORMAL SCHOOLS



URTHER reports have come to us of boys and girls who have graduated from High Schools since our July number appeared.

Sumner High, St. Louis, Mis-

souri, 110.

Howard High, Wilmington, Delaware, 23. Houston Colored High, Houston, Texas, 46 high school graduates and 18 from other courses; 26 will enter college.

Russell Colored High, Lexington, Kentucky, 10, all of whom will enter college; 19 graduates are now in colleges. The school won 11 out of 21 thrift prizes offered by the Woolworth School Banking Association. During seven years the pupils have deposited \$4,511; the deposits for this year are \$1,393. Out of 491 pupils, 461 are depositors. Professor W. H. Fouse is principal of the school.

Bainbridge, Georgia, 13 graduates, of whom 10 will enter higher institutions; 16 graduates are now in colleges. A bond issue provided a \$5,000 improvement on the school building.

Guadalupe College, Seguin, Texas, 43 high school graduates, 9 others. A \$5,000 library has been added to the school, the gift of white Baptists, and a \$4,000 electric plant and water works, the gift of the late Colonel George W. Brackenridge. Mr. J. Washington, the president, writes: "Colonel Brackenridge has spent more than \$100,000 on this plant, besides gifts to various other institutions of learning for colored people in Texas. He made provision in his will that the revenue from his vast estate should go for the education of both colored and white, one-half for white and the other half for colored. He is the man who set aside \$100,000 for the conviction of mobs in the United States. His estate runs into millions. He frequently visited our plant, which is estimated to be worth \$300,000, all clear of debt."

Central Colored High, Shreveport, Louisiana, 11, 8 of whom will enter college; 11 graduates are in college. A new brick building, with an auditorium, is to be added this summer. There are 595 pupils in the school.

Pearl High, Nashville, Tennessee, 21.

Armstrong High, Richmond, Virginia, 46 high school graduates, 13 normal school graduates.

Anderson High, Austin, Texas, 13 High School graduates, certificates to 5 graduates in home economics and 2 in manual training; about half of the graduates will pursue study in higher institutions.

Douglass High, Huntington, West Virginia, 7, 2 of whom will enter college; 12 graduates are in college. The track team won all trophies (4) offered at the State High School Track Meet. Thrift Clubs deposited in the school bank \$1,045. A social survey of the Negro population has been made by the school.

Faver High, Guthrie, Oklahoma, 22, of whom 14 will enter college; 21 graduates are in college.

Central Mississippi College, Kosciusko, 5 graduates from Normal course and 13 from Grammar department, A girls' dormitory has been erected and a domestic science department added.

Colored High, Baton Rouge, Louisiana, 8 High School graduates, certificates to 95.

Bluefield Colored Institute, West Virginia, 39 High School, 11 Normal School graduates.

Livingstone, Salisbury, North Carolina, 44 High School and 17 other graduates. The enrollment, 1,034, is the largest in the school's history. A dormitory with a seating capacity for 2,500 has been completed; a pipe organ which originally cost more than \$30,000 has been installed.

Tuskegee, Alabama, 182 Normal graduates, certificates to 89 others.

St. Augustine's School, Raleigh, North Carolina, 22 graduates.

Southern University, New Orleans, Louisiana, 24 Normal and 48 other graduates. The last Legislature made an appropriation for the school of \$267,000 which enables it to add five new buildings. Three of the buildings are about completed. In addition to this appropriation \$80,000 was given for a Blind Institute which is being erected on the Southern University

property. Total appropriation for maintenance and improvement, \$347,000. The school has a student body of 658 and a teaching force of 32.

LeMoyne Normal Institute, Memphis, Tennessee, 40 graduates. Largest class in history of school.

Berean M. T. & I., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 15 graduates.

Colored High, Xenia, Ohio, 26, of whom 12 will go to college; 12 graduates are in college. A new building is to be erected next year.

West Kentucky Industrial School, 9 High School and 7 Normal School graduates. The curriculum has been raised to a five year standard; all grade work has been discontinued.

Colored High, Baltimore, Md., 119 Academic and 15 Vocational graduates.

Normal School, Louisville, Kentucky, 10, all of whom will be employed in the Louisville public schools next year.

Attucks High, Hopkinsville, Kentucky, 17 High and 25 other graduates, 15 of whom will enter college; 18 graduates are in college. The General Education Board equipped the Manual Training Department and Physical Laboratory this year.

Bennett College, Greensboro, North Carolina, 24 High School graduates.

Washington High, Pensacola, Fla., 4 High School graduates, certificates to 16 in Grammar department; 2 graduates will enter college; 16 graduates are in college.

Lincoln High, Kansas City, Mo., 83.

Piney Woods Country Life School, Mississippi, 11,

Morris Brown, Atlanta, Georgia, 11 Normal and 20 Commercial graduates.

WHITE HIGH SCHOOLS

Worcester, Mass., South High, 2; High School of Commerce, 2; North High School 1.

South Philadelphia High School, 3; Philadelphia Normal, 10; Philadelphia High School for Girls, 7; William Penn High School for Girls, Philadelphia, 4; South Philadelphia High School for Girls, 8; West Philadelphia High School for Girls, 5; Central High School for Boys, Philadelphia, 1.

May we send our congratulations and good wishes to all these little brothers and sisters of ours, and may we in time greet them as college graduates in the columns of THE CRISIS Magazine.



Lullaby

C. LESLIE FRAZIER

DARLING, sleep and stop your crying.
Sleep and dream of gnomes and fairies;
Dream of Giants and little Brownies
And the Golden Bird that carries
Messages to frogs and crickets,
Telling them of darling's joys,—
That he's tired and must be sleeping
And to please to hush their noise.

Darling, sleep while I am crooning
This sweet lullaby to you;
Close your eyes and wake in Dreamland
Where the fairies wait—they do—

Wait for you, my precious darling,
With your tired little head;
Let your mind roam 'round in Dreamland,
While your body rests in bed.

Darling, sleep while darkness hovers
Over all the beauteous light,
Soon to pall it and to wend it
Into dark mysterious night.
Sleep and linger in the blessed
Land of rest and joy and mirth,
And mayhap to-morrow's living
Will be better by your birth.



RETROSPECTION

NINA YOLANDE DU BOIS

I, THE COLLEGE SPIRIT



you had stood on our college campus on a certain day last autumn, you might have seen an interesting sight, at least it was a lively one and a happy one to

the persons concerned. We, the students of Fisk University, were the persons concerned and the occasion was a football game with one of our "friendly enemies," a neighboring college.

Down the shaded walk came the boys-perhaps 200 of them, led by the school band playing a very lively march. When the boys reached the steps of the girls' building they paused to wait, for of course there would have been no fun without the girls. However, they didn't wait long before the girls appeared laughing, jumping and running down the broad stone steps; clad mostly in sport sweaters and short, wide skirts, they resembled a flock of children all set for mischief. In a way known only to themselves they formed fours behind the band and eagerly awaited the signal to start. This was given as soon as the boys had placed themselves behind the girls, and we all set off across the hilly streets of the town. The houses for blocks around rang with our college yells. Only you who have been to college can know what a wonderful feeling it is to follow your team. your boys, to do battle for you. And as for you who have never been to college-you'll never know how much of all that is worth while in life you have missed.

Of course, needless to say, we won,—by a drop kick, and did we mob the fellow who made that kick? I'll say we did! Back through the

town we marched, hilariously happy but still keeping step with the band in front.

At last we reached again the broad white steps of the girls' building, just as the sun was touching the distant pines, and with much laughing and waving of pennants the column of boys swung back across the campus through the trees. Those of us who were fortunate enough to have front rooms curled up in the window sills to watch them out of sight. But what was the matter? At the entrance to the long walk they had stopped; the yells had died down and the band was still. For a moment absolute silence prevailed and the deepening twilight added a certain spirituality to the motionless figures by the gate. Then suddenly came a clear tenor voice-alone for a moment, then the others joined in swelling the sweet sound across the grass. Clearly I could hear the words-"I'm gonna lay down my heavy load down by the river side-down by the riverside-I'm gonna lay down my heavy load-ain't gonna study war no more."

Again they sang, still more vigorously—"I made my vow to the Lord and never will turn back; I will go, I shall go—to see what the end will be." Following this by the plaintive words—"Way down yonder by myself, I couldn't hear nobody pray." As these words died away it became absolutely dark, and in the shadows one could just discern the moving figures. When they had almost disappeared among the trees, the faint, sweet strains of "Mandy Lou, My Mandy Lou" rose on the night air, combining in its melody all the love songs of their race.

I had thought all day that at last I had felt the F. U. Spirit, but that night among the hills of Tennessee, as I listened to the strange, weirdly sweet music of my people, I knew that the true Fisk Spirit was only a phase of the World Spirit and the Brotherhood of Man. And through the harmony of "Mandy Lou" came the words of Whitman:

> "All the past we leave behind. Fresh and strange the world we see. World of labor and the march. Pioneers, O Pioneers!"

II.

VOICES

UT of the past-into the future they creep -voices, insistent and clear. So I am sure that when at length I stand at the end of the road and earthly shadows fall across my nath, my eyes will grow dim, but far ahead the veil will lift, and beyond that I shall hear again-even as of old-the sad, sweet music of the ancient songs of my people. Glad songs, sad songs, songs of sorrow, across the years we will hear them again, we who are singing today. From time immemorial they have been learned and sung by the slaves groping blindly for the light through the hot summer nights. These the voices, these are our heritage, in them we hear the struggles, the tragedy, the wonderful faith and destiny of a race. With new voices, steady and true, we carry on the old melody to strengthen us, to guide us in our small share of service-each in his own way, some with our hands, some with our minds, some with our lives, and then "They also serve who only stand and wait." And of those, who shall come after, they also shall hear my sad voices, plaintive voices, blessed voices.

III. SHADOWS

THE storm broke fiercely against the walls of Jubilee, crashing among the ancient trees. Alone in a deserted part of the building I lay, broken in spirit, spent with pain. Then at last, as though under a gentle hand, the storm abated and I heard only the patter of the rain drops against the pane. It seemed as if I heard the Singers of Jubilee saying, "I know the Lord has laid His hands on me," for when we are bowed in brief and pain and the shadows close about us, aye and we walk in the valley of the shadow of death, then do our weary, stumbling feet turn towards Our Father. And out of that hopelessness of bodily pain, out of the darkness of the Gethsemane, which leaves its mark on us all: from the edge

of eternity comes a wonderful summons, a message of hope.

For we have become as little children and He hath said unto us, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." Then in the silent cathedral of the night come the angel voices chanting, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." A few moments before it seemed as though the very heavens wept in sympathy with my anguish, but after the fury of the storm was stilledthe rain that fell in Tennessee was tender as a prayer.

IV.

PEACE ON EARTH

I DID not awake—I just glided gently from the hand of sleep back to the world. At first I lay perfectly still, wondering what had awakened me. Glancing across the room I could see that my room mate was sound asleep, so I quietly slipped out of bed and climbed up in the window. The world was bathed in moonlight and across our valley to the distant hills was a carpet of pure snow, gleaming crystal clear in the fantastic light. Not a sound could be heard and as I raised my eyes I noticed a particularly brilliant star; then I remembered. It was Christmas Eve and the Star of Bethlehem shone steadily over the waiting world.

Just at this moment a sound from the inside of the building attracted me, and tipping to the door I opened it a crack. Down the dim corridor came what seemed to me to be a column of angels-slim white-robed figures, and they were singing "Joy to the World." Near they came and passed-fading, fading into the mystic shadows of the far corridors.

As I listened I noticed that the room got lighter as though with an eternal light and, hurrying back to the window, I beheld a faint glow in the East. Above, the Star of Bethlehem shone steadfast and true. As I watched the deepening rose in the East, there appeared far below several figures in the snow. After a moment they began to sing. It was the F. U. boys bringing "Merry Christmas" to the girls of Jubilee.

Clear and appealing across the snow came their message to us and to you-

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea, With a glory in His bosom That transfigures you and me; As He died to make men Holy Let us die to make men free."

V.

MAYTIME

In Tennessee among the Cumberland hills there is a valley. During the autumn and winter it sleeps quietly, but in the spring balmy breezes blow up from the Southland—birds make sweet music in the barren trees and the silent valley begins to awake. The walks and the lawns are dotted with trees which gradually become enveloped in a cloud of delicate green tracery. Upon the smooth swells of lawn below they shed the same soft shades of green. Then on the distant hills one can also see ter-

races of shaded green foliage. Here and there a single pine rises tall and stately, rises against the deep blue and the sky. Here in this beautiful valley I have spent my happiest hours. In the golden sunshine of an afternoon in May you may catch fleeting glimpses of multi-colored ruffles as the girls wander in the shade of the wide-spreading trees. The blossom-laden bushes and the pastel colors of the girls' dresses give touches of color to the scene. Then, lastly, you raise your eyes above the trees and you can see the gables and chimneys of the vine-clad buildings which have looked down in quiet dignity on the children of Fisk through the ages.

CLittle Ceople of the Month



ILLIE THELMA COWEN is a pupil in the fourth year class at Tuskegee Institute. Recently she took part in the Boston Trinity Church Contest, an annual occa-

sion which all Tuskegee looks forward to with unusual interest and pleasure. Her subject was, "Should Immigration Be Restricted at This Time?" Willie wrote her paper, which showed careful thought and knowledge on the subject. Her delivery was excellent. She won the first prize of twenty-five dollars.

Willie, however, is anxious to become a physical training teacher and shows remarkable ability along this line, having won a prize of ten dollars for making the most progress in physical training.

Best of all, she is a refined, courteous young girl with very many friends.

Another speaker on the occasion of the Boston Trinity Church Contest was George W. Henderson, Jr., a Tuskegee boy. His subject was "Booker T. Washington, the Apostle of Industrial Education." He, too, wrote his address and held the attention of the audience from beginning to end, because of his eloquence, George has left school more than once to help his parents on the farm, and this he has done willingly. He is a very diligent student, how-

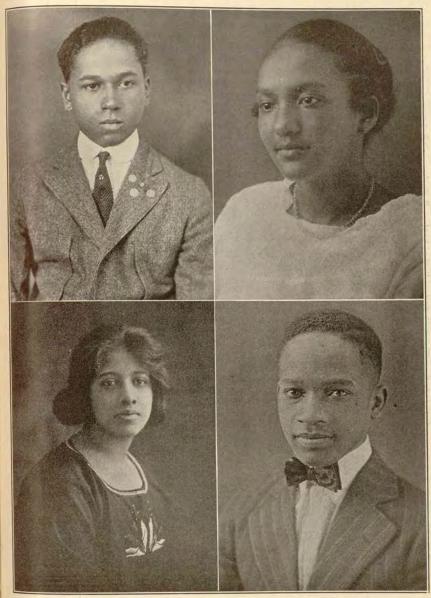
ever, and is making an excellent record in both his academic and industrial work.

He plans to study medicine after finishing the course at Tuskegee.

Hortense Phrame has completed her studies at the Springfield, Mass., Technical High School, where she was an honor pupil during her last two years. She has also been a violin student at the Springfield Conservatory of Music, having studied with Florence Shortsleeve Fay.

Miss Phrame has played for recitals, musical entertainments and church affairs and was first violinist in the Technical High School Orchestra during her three year course. She expects to enter the New England Conservatory of Music in September and continue her violin studies.

Ronald Marshall, a student at Capron School in Detroit, Mich., won second honors in an oratorical contest held in the auditorium of Central High School. Every public school of the city was represented and Ronald came within 2½ points of being adjudged the winner. He was presented with a gold emblem by the ladies of the Daughters of the American Revolution. His subject was "Our Debt to the Pilgrims."



Ronald Marshall Hortense Phrame

Willie Thelma Cowen George W. Henderson

THE FIRST ANNUAL Y. M. C. A. INTER-BRANCH ATHLETIC MEET



HE West 135th Street Y. M. C. A. Branch came off with flying colors, winning a large silver loving cup and many medals in the athletic meet held at McCombsdam

Park on Saturday, June 18. This meet was promoted by the Older Boys' Council of New York City, which consists of two delegates from each of the branches. The victory is indeed noteworthy, in view of the fact that over 500 of the best trained athletes from the New York Young Men's Christian Association were competing against each other.

The meet was run on a point basis, the West 135th Street Branch scoring 40½ points; Branx Branch, 38; West Side Branch, 36; etc. "Randy" Taylor and George Jackson of our branch were the high scorers of the afternoon, the former acquiring 12½ points, the latter 7½.

In the below 100 pound class, the 440 yard relay team, composed of Cunningham, Hands, Cabule and Cain, ran a beautiful race and put our team in an advantageous position for first place. Perdue placed third in the 220 yard dash and Perry tied for third in the running high jump of the 100-125 pound class.

In the unlimited class, "Randy" Taylor ran away with the "Century" in 10 3-5 seconds. Pinado placed second in the 880 yard run. Jackson won the high jump; Hargrove tied for third place. Taylor won the broad jump with a leap of 1914; Hargrove also placed third in this event.

The deciding and most exciting event of the afternoon was the half mile unlimited relay. At this stage of the meet the 135th Street boys were trailing in second place by six points, so all hopes were pinned on the outcome of this event. Hill, the lead-off man, slipped at the start, passing the baton to Jackson, who spurted and opened up a ten yard lead, which he gave to Taylor, who uncorked a sprint and increased his lead by 25 yards. About fifty yards from the tape he eased up, breezing home an easy winner.

The victorious team was banqueted by the Association, at which time Mr. Langdon of the City Office officially presented the cup to Charles Major of the Boys' Executive Council of the West 135th Street Branch, Young Men's Christian Association.

INTER-HIGH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

The colored High School boys of New York City have taken a decided step forward in the organization of the Inter-High School Association, which meets every Saturday evening in the West 135th Street Branch of the Y. M. C. A. This body is composed of boys from every High School of the city and to date has a membership of over fifty. The Association's objectives are: To promote scholarship; to encourage boys to stay in school; to render more service to our schools and our race; to cultivate friendship among the students; to develop more and better athletes; to extend high standards of character through Clean Speech, Clean Thoughts and Clean Habits.

Henry C. Parker, Jr., is President of this organization. He is ably assisted by Joseph Steuber, Vice-President; Richard Thomas, Secretary, and George Prince, Treasurer.

Mr. William C. Anderson is the Honorary President.

"SPLASH WEEK"

During the week of June 6 to 11 the Boys' Work Department, co-operating with the American Red Cross, opened its fine tiled swimming pool to the boys and men of the community, to teach them the art of swimming. Over 2,000 took advantage of the opportunity. The boys came from Public Schools Nos. 89 and 85, and St. Mark's Catholic School, in class formation, under the leadership of their teachers and monitors. After being registered they were marched down stairs to the gymnasium floor, where in military fashion they disrobed and then received their first instruction in the fundamentals of the stroke. This accomplished, they were next taken in groups to the swimming pool and there put into practice the instructions received.

Each boy, previous to his coming to the "Y," secured the written consent of his parents to enter the pool, also a physical examination from



The class in swimming at the West 135th Branch Y. M. C. A.

the school physician. Never before has there been such a cosmopolitan group in our building. Every nationality and shade of religious beliefs were represented. Never before has a more interesting sight been witnessed, for hundreds of these boys were gathered together.

Over seven hundred boys and men learned to swim during this week. The entire program was arranged by Mr. F. H. Townsend, Physical Director; Mr. William C. Anderson, Jr., Boys' Work Secretary, and Mr. W. R. Rhodes, Assistant Boys' Work Secretary. These men were ably assisted by the following corps of volunteers, namely: George Stoney, Quentin Hands, Percy Leicestor, Paul Hargrove, Reggie Monroe, Arthur Slaughter, Ernest Baillou, Ralph Jones, Edward Corbin and Messrs. Philips, Carter, Miller, Alston and Phipps.

So great has been the interest created that once a week during the summer months the pool will be thrown open to the boys and men of the community.

William C. Anderson, Jr., Boys' Work Secretary, West 135th St. Branch, Y. M. C. A., New York.



Mister Sandman

LANGSTON HUGHES

THE SANDMAN walks abroad tonight,
With his canvas sack o' dreams filled
tight.

Over the roofs of the little town,
The golden face of the moon looks down.

Each Mary and Willy and Cora and Ned Is sound asleep in some cozy bed,

When the Sandman opens his magic sack
To select the dreams from his wonder pack,

"Ah," says the Sandman, "To this little girl I'll send a dream like a precious pearl."

So to Mary Jane, who's been good all day, A fairy comes in her sleep to play;

But for Corinne Ann, who teased the cat, There's a horrid dream of a horrid rat,

And the greedy boy, with his stomach too full, Has a bad, bad dream of a raging bull;

While for tiny babes, a few days old, Come misty dreams, all rose and gold. And for every girl and every boy

The Sandman has dreams that can please or
annoy.

When at pink-white dawn, with his night's work done,

He takes the road toward the rising sun,

He goes straight on without a pause To his house in the land of Santa Claus.

But at purple night-fall he's back again

To distribute his dreams, be it moon light or
rain;

And good little children get lovely sleep toys, But woe to the bad little girls and boys!

For those who'd have dreams that are charming and sweet,

Must be good in the day and not stuff when they eat,

'Cause old Mister Sandman, abroad each night, Has a dream in his sack to fit each child just right.

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THE BROWNIES BOOK

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SEPTEMBER, 1921

WHOLE No 21

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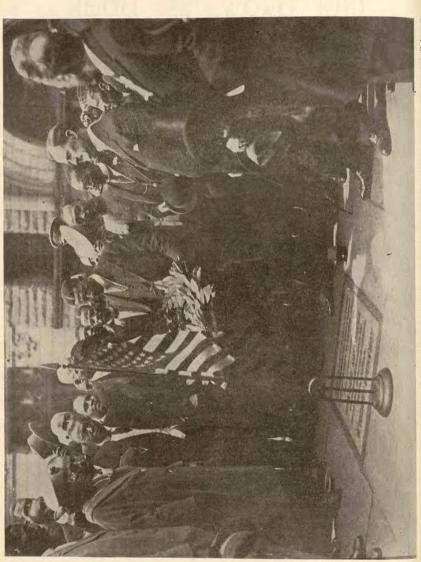
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President King of Liberia Pays Tribute to the Memory of Lincoln.

The Brownies' Book

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CLAUDIA M. DAVIS



RIP, drip, drip! Down fell the rain in a steady, disheartening downpour. It was Saturday, too, and the four Wilsons were home from school and had absolutely

nothing to do. Mother was out marketing, father at business, the boy across the street was ill, the girl next door was away for a week. Bert wondered if the whole world was wet and gloomy; he had an idea it was. He just "hated" rainy days; couldn't see any sense to 'em anyway; they only kept one in the house, especially when one had a brand new pair of skates to try out, too.

"Bert, let's go down stairs to the laundry and play," suggested Helen, the twelve-year-old sister. Bert was fourteen and, of course, very superior on account of his age. Jim, the other brother, was ten, and Alice, the baby, only six. "What'll we do with Alice?" asked Jim, who was afraid his elder sister and brother might bar him from the game and make him watch the baby.

"Oh, I guess we can take her along," patronizingly answered Bert.

Down stairs they went, Alice and Jim sliding down the bannisters and Bert and Helen seeing how many steps they could jump at one time. Arriving there, they pulled out the clothes horse to construct a tent, while Jim and Alice filled one tub in which to sail their assortment of little celluloid boats and ducks. The laundress had left the ironing board up and a pile of clean, snowy, stiff, white things on a chair for Mrs. Wilson to put away. The children moved these onto the ironing board, while Bert constructed a wonderful barricade out of the chair and some blankets.

While engaged in doing this they forgot Jimmy and Alice. Alice mashed her finger and Jim knew his mother put medicine on bruises and mashed portions of anatomy. Consequently he went to an adjoining closet, where there was an assortment of bottles in a medicine chest, kept there for emergencies. Taking out three or four bottles, he brought them back to the

laundry, where it was lighter, and while examining one put the rest on the ironing board. Alice, wanting to help also, picked up another bottle, and desiring to see the contents, tipped it upside down. Out came the cork and—plop!—all over mother's nice, starched clothes!

"O-oh, now look what you've done!" ex-

This attracted the attention of Helen and Bert, who hurried to see the cause of the excitement.

"Iodine all over mother's clean clothes!"
wailed Helen.

"Gee, look!" said Jim. "The stuff in the bottle is brownish, and the spots on the clothes are dark blue."

"Perhaps it isn't iodine," said Bert.

"I know it's poisonous and we won't be able to wear those clothes any more," said Helen.

"Don't be such a Calamity Jane," said Jim. At this juncture a deep, throaty voice was heard.

"Hey, where are you? It's a wonder you can't let a person in now and then."

"Uncle Ben!" all cried at once, and made a wild dash toward the big, square-shouldered, six-footer who appeared at the foot of the steps. "Did you bring your car?" Oh, take us for a ride!" were the next exclamations.

"Now don't all speak at once. Yes, I brought the car and I'll take you, so hurry and get ready. Bert, leave a note for your mother so she won't be worried when she returns at finding everyone out."

While waiting for Bert to finish the note, Jim showed Uncle Ben the blue stains on the linen.

"That's iodine," Uncle Ben reassured him.
"How would you like to come over to my laboratory," he asked, "and have me explain how it happened to turn blue?"

They were all enthusiastic over this proposal, so soon the five were in the laboratory. That laboratory had a fascination for all of them, with its funny shaped retorts and bottles and siphons. Then, too, there was the mystery of those liquids and powders and blocks, etc., all securely confined in glass vials and other containers of all sizes and shapes and colors. Bert thought he'd be as near Heaven as he'd ever want to be if he could mix up some of those concoctions, and he resolved then and there to be a chemist when he grew up, like Uncle Ben. Fastidious Helen didn't like the odor emanating from some of them. Jim was too curious to

mind odors, and Alice was busily engaged in weighing one small finger on a tiny scale.

Uncle Ben poured some iodine, this of a dark brownish, reddish color, into a test tube and then put a small piece of egg white in it. Nothing happened that they could see. He then put a lump of starch in another test tube and poured the iodine over it. Immediately the mixture turned a dark blue color.

"Iodine," explained Uncle Ben, "turns starch blue; that is why your mother's clothes had blue spots on them instead of brown. However, don't worry about them, I'll take her something that will get the spots out."

"Does it turn everything blue that is starchy?" asked Helen.

"Yes," replied Uncle Ben, who then took a slice of potato, a small piece of bread and a kernel of corn, pouring iodine on each. All turned blue, the corn having a dark blue area in it around the edge.

"I didn't know before that we ate starch in food."

"There are lots of things you didn't know before," said Uncle Ben.

Helen then went around the laboratory sniffing at first one bottle and then another. Coming to one with a pretty greenish colored chemical inside, she picked it up and tried to open it.

"Hold on there," cried Uncle Ben, "that's

"What! the same stuff they put in bombs during the war?" asked Bert.

"Exactly," replied Uncle Ben. "It's very dangerous and even one smell of it will eat away your lungs as much as consumption will. You mustn't handle these things in here or you might get hurt."

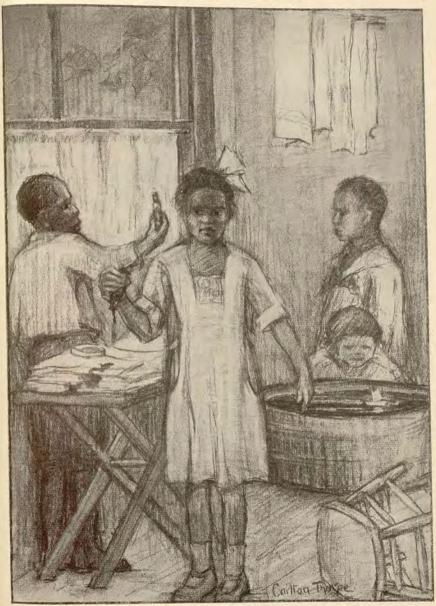
So saying, he took the bottle from Helen. "Do you know," he continued, "that ordinary table salt has chlorine in it?"

"That couldn't be," said Jim, "you just said it was dangerous."

"Yes, but it is a part of salt, too," was the answer. "It's combined with another chemical called sodium, and an entirely new product is the result."

"Can you make it?" asked Alice, who didn't fully understand what the others were talking about.

"Yes, I can make it," said Uncle Ben, "and some day I'll make some for you,"



Out came the cork and-plop!-all over mother's nice, starched clothes.

Bert was repeating to himself, "Iodine, chlorine. They don't sound so much alike, but both end in 'ine,'" he declared.

"What is that, Bert?" questioned his uncle. "Is iodine anything like chlorine?"

"Yes, there are four elements in that group," said Uncle Ben, "and iodine is the mildest. Fluorine is stronger than chlorine, and bromine also."

"Do chemists make all our salt?" was the next question.

"No," was the reply. "In some countries there are immense salt beds, and salt is also gotten by evaporating sea water."

"How interesting!" exclaimed Helen. "It seems that the most ordinary articles have such amazing histories."

"Well, I know something that's simple enough," said Jim, "and it's water. I bet you can't give a long account of plain water."

"Yes I can. Did it ever occur to you that drinking water and the peroxide that mother puts on cuts, etc., are both composed of the same elements?"

"That's ridiculous," answered Bert. "Peroxide is utterly different."

"Suppose you bring me that bottle of peroxide from over there. Now, what do you read on it?"

"Hydrogen Peroxide, and there's a big H and a big O with a little 2 down at the bottom of each," replied Bert. "H₂O₂."

"What's that for?" asked Helen.

"H is for hydrogen and O stands for oxygen," replied Uncle Ben.

"Isn't oxygen the stuff in the air that we breathe?" asked Jim.

"Yes, but although it's a gas, it forms a liquid when combined with hydrogen. Those '2's' mean that there are two parts of hydrogen mixed with two parts of oxygen."

"Equal quantities of each," supplemented Helen.

"Exactly; now that is peroxide. When there are two parts of hydrogen to one of oxygen, or in other words twice as much hydrogen as oxygen, we have water."

"Really!" all cried. "Well, then, how do you write water in chemistry?" asked Helen.

"Just a big H and O with a two after the H and nothing after the O. Like this," and Uncle Ben produced a pencil and scribbled the formula H₂O on the back of an envelope. Helen thought a minute.

Then, "Uncle Ben, are there any other compounds that are made of the same elements, but are entirely different?"

"Certainly, there are lots of them. The ice cream soda you drink is one."

"Tell us about it," added Alice, who wanted to say something, even though she couldn't always follow the others.

"Well," explained Uncle Ben, "that seltzer is nothing but plain water with carbon and oxygen added."

"Gee, carbon is in pencils, isn't it?" asked Jim.

"Yes, a form of carbon called graphite. They are not lead as people call them. But to continue: in soda, the carbon is mixed with twice as much oxygen. This forms an odorless, colorless, tasteless gas which dissolves in water and makes it charged like vichy. There is another gas composed of equal parts of carbon and oxygen, also odorless, colorless and tasteless, but which is poisonous. Most people who are overcome when repairing automobiles have been breathing in this carbon monoxide, as it is called, without knowing it, and it fills their lungs and causes that effect."

"What is the soda-water compound called?" asked Bert.

"Carbon dioxide; di means 'two,' just as 'mon' in monoxide means one."

"Yes, I learned that while studying prefixes." Bert said.

"I guess I'd better take you children for a ride and get back home before it's late," said Uncle Ben.

"Will you let us come back again?" they all asked.

"Some day," he answered.

At this juncture a loud clatter was heard and Alice emerged from under a table a sorry looking sight. She grasped the tip of a Bunsen burner in one hand and an empty alcohol bottle in the other. The tiny scales were on the floor and a crucible cup or two were in fragments among the scales. The contents of the bottle were liberally spattered over the front of her dress.

"What on earth are you doing?" asked Helen.
"I just tried to weigh that little cup and the things fell off," answered the child.

"All by themselves, I suppose," retorted Jim, with a fine sarcasm which was completely lost on Alice.

"I want to stay here," said Bert. Another discussion ensued. Helen wanted to stay, but also wanted to go riding. Alice wanted to go and Jim wanted to do both. Finally Uncle Ben settled the matter.

"Suppose we go riding now and next Saturday I'll bring you back and let you help me make that salt." This met with their approval, so in five minutes all were in the car serenely sucking lollypops and watching the people splashing around, wrestling with overshoes and umbrellas.

"Hm-m-m," mused Bert, "some rainy days aren't so bad."

"That is left with you," said Uncle Ben. "It is the way one regards them."



HOW LILIMAY "KILT" THE CHICKEN

From "Stories of Lilimay"

LILLIAN A. TURNER



ILIMAY was eight years old when a tragedy occurred in the country settlement where she lived, which occasioned her first visit alone away from home.

A friend of her father had been killed by lightning in the sight of his sister, who was so affected by it that she became subject to melancholy.

Being childless and fond of Lilimay, it was decided to lend her the latter for the summer.

This was a great and new experience to Lilimay, who was brown of eyes, face and hair. This last curled and blew around her face when not confined in the pigtails which adorned the head on week days.

Lilimay liked Miss Kate and Uncle Harrison, the husband, but did not always understand the idioms of their speech, having herself been born in the grassy valley of middle Ohio and in a country district of New England's descendants.

However, what she didn't understand didn't matter so much until the day that brings forth this story.

Perhaps it is well to explain that her parents were the old-fashioned kind so rapidly dying out, who taught, demanded and received obedience without question, so that refusal to obey or to say, "I can't", never entered her head.

Miss Kate had chickens and, as usual with them, there was always one or more hurt, or sick ones which were brought into the house, wrapped in a woolen cloth and put in a warm place, generally under the kitchen stove.

Who has ever handled chicks in the kitchen and not heard them cheep and cheep and cheep until one becomes frantic with listening to it?

It was Miss Kate's custom to take a nap after the twelve o'clock dinner and to have Lilimay take it with her, much against her will, for a more restless being was hard to find, and every possible excuse would be devised daily to clude the nap.

On this day, after lying listening to the sick chickens cheep until almost frantic, Lilimay must go into the kitchen for a drink, and while there Miss Kate called to her from the front room, "Lilimay, kiver the chicken, honey."

"Ma'am?" asked Lilimay, unbelievingly.

"Kiver the chicken, I said," replied Miss

Kate in her soft Kentucky drawl.

Lilimay feeling hot and cold in spots, swallowed hard and said, "Did you say kill it, Miss Kate?"

"Yes, honey," responded Miss Kate sleepily. Lilimay stood rooted to the spot, paralyzed with horror at the thing demanded of her, but with no thought of disobedience.

"Hurry up, honey, them chickens worry me most to death," came the voice from the front room.

With great tears rolling down her cheeks, would Lilimay gathered the lame chick in her arms killed and slipped out of the back door with the first great burden of personal sorrow weighing her for?" slim shoulders down.

In her little blue print dress and bare feet she sought the remotest spot of the yard and set about to plan in her small mind the most humane way to kill (as she understood Miss Kate) the chicken.

She decided finally upon the plan of pitching the chicken up in the air, closing her eyes tightly to avoid the sight, and sticking the forefinger of the unused hand in one ear to deaden the sound of its falling upon the ground.

The first attempt was a painful failure, painful to both child and chick, but it must be done, so she bravely clinched her teeth, closed her eyes and tried again, this time being successful.

After a paroxysm of grief at the cruelty of the whole procedure, her imaginative mind be-

gan planning a suitable funeral. Aunt Kate had allowed her to wear a second best hair ribbon that day, but feeling responsible for the chick's death she felt it none too good for a shroud, so wrapping the chick in it and getting the dog and cat for mourners, the funeral was conducted with all the dignity that eight years of life could give to one-half hour of grief. Singing softly, walking slowly down the path, she buried it in a hole dug with the butcher knife.

Just as the little mound was rounded off Miss Kate appeared at the door calling, "Lilimay, Lilimay, where is the chicken?"

"Here it is," sobbed she, as loud as grief would let her. "Miss Kate, I buried it after I killed it."

"Kilt it, chile; why, what did you do that for?"

Looking mournfully indignant, Lilimay replied, "Why, Miss Kate, didn't you tell me to kill it?"

A great light broke in upon Miss Kate, but having no idea of the agony Lilimay had suffered, she unfeelingly broke into a hearty laugh.

"Laws, honey, I didn't say to kill it, I said kiver it; I forgot you might not understand. I say 'kiver' what you says 'cover,' honey, but no matter, we won't mind one little chicken, but I'se sorry for you. I know you hated to do it."

"Twas this last understanding sentence that saved the day for her with Lilimay, and once more placed her upon the high pinnacle, whence she had fallen upon giving such a seemingly heartless command to the little girl.



ALGIERS

WILLIAM A. HUNTON, JR.



ET us take a short day's outing, you and me, to the northern coast of Africa,—to Algiers, the Mecca of northern Africa. Let us see how these distant neighbors of

ours, in reality our own brothers and sisters, live and look upon life. In short, let us learn something about the Algerians.

At first it looks like a sparkling diamond set in an emerald frame, then it takes the shape of a white dove nestling upon a green bank. Finally, as we draw nearer, we discern tier upon tier of dwellings reaching seemingly endlessly towards the sky, bathed in pure white by the morning sun, and surrounded by innumerable vineyards and olive groves. And at the foot, hardly distinguishable through a fog of sails and riggings of a thousand little fishing boats, we see our goal, a modern granite quay, reaching out to meet us. We have reached Algiers.

Is it possible that this quiet, unpretentious little port can be the same which has commanded such a unique place in history from the Roman conquest up to the recent World War? Is it possible that this peaceful place could have been the haven of the Moorish pirates during those none-too-distant years when the "Black Flag" ruled the waves? What innumerable secrets must this little speck of life contain! But this is no time for such reveries, for the noisy, jerkey donkey-engine is beginning to unload our baggage, and it is time to go ashore—to enter Algiers.

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ON landing, we are overwhelmed by a mob of chattering, gesticulating porters who almost tear us to pieces in an effort to get possession of our luggage. A burly Arabian is finally the victor and with torn collars and trampled hats we follow at his heels to a waiting hansom—our first generous welcome over. Our journey to the hotel is a series of ascents from one terrace to another. As we climb higher and higher, the houses become more and more habitable. Finally we arrive at the French hotel, situated on the uppermost level. We deposit our luggage, change into cooler clothing, and partake of some refreshments. Everything about us has an air of hospitality and cordiality.

Towards afternoon, when the shadows begin to lengthen a little, we venture out again into the streets with an Arabian guide named Mohammed-ben-Ishmal (all Arabians have Mohammed stuck in somewhere through their names). We wander down through nameless alleys, hardly wide enough for two, and past numberless houses. It is all a turning, twisting, endless tangle, in which no stranger dares enter without a guide. There are women, young and old, in flowing white robes and silken veils or "adjars" hiding all but their eyes. And there are men in white, woolen breeches and shirts, and with huge many-colored turbans upon their heads. All seem to be doing nothing in particular and thinking of nothing at all. Everything seems to have an air of hidden secrets and mysteries. We finally come to the city-gate, an archway six feet wide connecting four thoroughfares, and standing on one side, our eyes almost burst with the sights that greet

Our guide tells us that everybody and everything passes under this arch and he certainly

is right. Fish-mongers with big baskets of sardines and some sort of huge, slimy, slippery fish; Moorish peddlers of calico, cotton and other goods, screaming some unintelligible words at the top of their voices; donkeys laden down with baskets of fresh, fragrant roses for sale, followed immediately by two-wheeled carts full of garbage from the streets; pretty little girls skipping past with pans of dough upon their heads, going to the public ovens; groups of little boys eating raw carrots and artichokes and having a good time in general, and so on in one long, continuous stream. Opposite us is an "Inglesy" with an easel, trying to get a sketch of the arch. He is getting along nicely with his drawing when a blind Moor walks unceremoniously over easel, paints, brushes and all, saying simply, "Balek!" (Out of the way!), and on he goes as unconcerned as ever.

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BEN-ISHMAL next takes us to see some of the shops. Most of them are nothing but pretenses at stores. One little stall has a halfdozen tiny bags of charcoal, a pair of feathers which were once white, an assortment of old greasy rags, and a thick coat of dust for sale, all supported upon a counter of dirty oil-cans and boxes. The proprietor sits in a heap on the floor beside his wares, sleeping continuously, waking only to eat a date, a crust of mouldy bread, or some sour milk occasionally. The Algerians, exclusive of the Jews, take little interest in business. Their shops are mere centres of gossip, like our own rural stores, and serve only as an excuse for an occupation. They have a fixed price on their goods and the customer either buys or doesn't buy the goods at that price; it makes no difference to the Algerian merchant. On the other hand, the Jews and Assyrians, who own the larger shops, will haggle a whole day over the price of a half-yard of calico, and will eventually sell the goods even at one-tenth of its set price.

For fear that we may miss the afternoon promenade on the Place du Gouvernement, Ben-Ishmal hurries us off to this quaint little square. It is the nearest approach to our own cities that we have seen yet. Beneath the border of trees along the curb are lines of cabs and buses to be hired. Rich Jews and poor Jews, sheiks and thalebs, women with babies on their backs, beggars and happy children, all walk along the

same avenue. Ragged little urchins perform stunts in the street for an occasional sou which is thrown at them. This ever-changing parade, with the staid government buildings as a background, furnishes a deep source of interest to us.

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JOWEVER, we cannot tarry for we are to However, we cannot tarry take dinner with the guide's family and must not be late. Mohammed-Ben-Ishmal lives about midway up the bank of terraces, and so is of the middle class of society. From the outside his house looks like a huge white pill-box with a wooden door and tiny barred windows built into it. Instead of using the iron knocker on the door, our host hammers his knuckles out on the hard wood, a custom among these people. Finally a vell rewards our patience, and a little greasy boy opens the door timidly. We enter a large, dimly-lit room furnished with a few chairs and a bare table. We do not stop here, however, as Ben-Ishmal leads us through another door into a beautiful little open court in the center of which a fountain plays merrily. After a while we are joined by the wife, more heavily veiled than ever, the boy who admitted us, and his sister, a beautiful little girl.

Our meal begins. We sit beside the cool fountain around a small table, and are served by a pretty little Moorish maid. We feel just as if we had been born in Algeria and that this was our family, and there are no formalities whatever. Our first course consists of mince pie, minus its sweetness and cooked in pure olive oil. The guide and his family set to it immediately with their fingers, but we, after a long, intricate explanation, secure some forks and spoons for our use, much to the disgust of our friends-they say it spoils the taste. Next comes "couscous," the regular dish of northern Africa. This is a combination of bits of meat and vegetables covered over with a thick crust and somewhat similar to our own beef pie. The final course consists of serpent cake, a soft, rich pastry filled with nuts, sweet meats, and spices; a real treat, followed by fruit, dates and Arab coffee. We praise the hostess for the excellent repast and receive from the depths of her dark eyes, a reply of gratitude.

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DURING the meal we have tried to gain a bit of information from the boy, but it has required a good deal of scolding from the father

and coaxing from us to overcome his shyness. He finally tells us in little snatches about his school life. He is now learning to read and write the Koran, but when he is a little older, he hopes to enter the Lyceum, that great French institution where white and black learn side by side. He shows us with pride the little slate upon which he writes and explains that it is not really slate but hardwood rubbed with pipe clay until it is as smooth as glass.

Unlike her bashful brother, Fathma, the little girl, is quite ready to talk. Like all the little daughters of her clime, she possesses a rare and distinct beauty which is at once soft and elusive. Large, dark, wistful eyes; a small Grecian nose; tempting little red lips-all her features are perfect, and her body too is well proportioned and graceful. Along with all these virtues there is naturally a bit of coquetishness. She tells us in simple little French phrases of the life of an Algerian girl-of its hours of work and hours of play. She pictures to us an Algerian shop filled with rows of little girls singing merrily while their tiny fingers swiftly dart in and out between threads which will soon be beautiful rugs. Fathma proudly shows us a wonderfully embroidered piece of silk which she has made after much painstaking labor.

It appears from her conversation that the life of the Algerian girl is quite different from our own. Up to the age of nine or ten, the daughter leads a care-free life except for the occupations of weaving and sewing, but at this period the girl must don her "adjar" and assume the air of maturity. When the childish age of twelve is reached, the maiden is usually married and henceforth is occupied with the care of her home and children. This sort of life converts the girl into a woman so quickly that by the age of thirty the pitiful creature is worn and old.

We could sit and listen for hours to this quaint story of a hidden race from the lips of this girl, but time passes quickly and we must return to our hotel. The shadows have lengthened considerably and by the time we have reached our haven, dusk has fallen.

55 55 55

A FTER a cool, refreshing bath we go out on the balcony and rest our weary bones in comfortable wicker chairs. What an inspiring scene! On our left, in a large garden, a royal banquet is in progress. Men of affairs and

their wives and friends, both foreign and native, are dancing on the lawn beneath a canopy of nodding Japanese lamps. Now and then, snatches of soft music float up to us on the evening breeze. Above us are myriads of twinkling stars and in the center, the new moon. Below us, as above, are numerous little lights—some stationary and some moving. There is a sort of an irregular staircase of them leading

down to a double row of lights in a straight line. They undoubtedly denote the terraces descending down to the boulevard along the quay. Beyond the boulevard are the waving, twinkling red, white and green lights of the ships. All is silent save for the occasional strains of music which sound as from another world.

Algeria sleeps!



A STRAWBERRY SURPRISE

MAUD WILCOX NIEDERMEYER



ETTY and Jean were playing house on the front porch one fine day in June, when Betty suddenly exclaimed:

"I'm tired of dolls and toys!

Jean tied the baby's bonnet strings carefully and then kissed the pretty, pink cheeks.

"I don't like walking unless you're walking to get somewhere or something," she said, thoughtfully. "Now grandma has been talking about wild strawberry jam. I heard her say that it was time the wild strawberries were ripe, and—"

"Just the thing!" shouted Betty, jumping

"Hush," warned Jean, putting her finger to her lips. "Let us surprise her. She can't go out and hunt for them herself, so we'll do that part."

Betty was throwing her toys into the doll's carriage and rushing about to straighten up her side of the porch. "There's just heaps of wild berries in the woods back of the Beardsley lot," she whispered.

Jean ran around to the back porch for baskets. Ned, her brother, was there, whittling a stick.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"It's a secret," replied Jean. "You mustn't tell. We're going for wild strawberries so that grandma can make jam."

"Whoo-pee!" shouted Ned, springing to his feet. "Guess I'll go along, too."

"We didn't want to be bothered with a boy," said Jean, crossly. "But if Betty is willing, I don't care."

Ned grabbed the baskets and rushed ahead. Betty was sitting on the bottom step, waiting.

"Any objection to my joining the party?" asked Ned, twirling a basket on the tips of his fingers.

Betty hesitated. Then she replied: "Not if you will carry the baskets. Then I can take my red parasol."

The little people were soon on their way, laughing and chattering about their surprise for grandma.

The woods, to which they were going, extended along the far end of the Beardsley lot for some quarter of a mile. The "lot" as the children called it, was really a very large and fine pasture for cows. When they started to cross it, a cow looked up from her grazing and sauntered over toward them.

"Look, quick!" cried Betty. "She's coming right for us."

"All our fun's spoiled."

"Aw, she won't hurt vou," said Ned, bravely. "It's Betty's red parasol that she likes."

The three children started back for the road. Several cows started at the same time.

"What shall we do?" cried Jean, panting, when they had reached the other side of the fence.

Nobody answered for several minutes. Betty tucked her parasol under her arm.

"I've got it!" exclaimed Ned, scratching his head. "I'll climb that tree there in the pasture and wave the parasol at the cows. Then you girls scoot across."

"Fine!" cried Jean, taking the baskets from him.

"Don't you drop my parasol," warned Betty, handing it to Ned a little doubtfully.

"Never!" promised Ned.

The next moment he had darted into the pasture and was climbing a tree. "All right," he shouted, waving to the girls.

Away they fled. It was some distance across the pasture, but they never looked back until they had reached the woods. When they did,

"And those dreadful horns!" wailed Jean. they fairly gasped to see Ned at their very heels.

> "Mercy, how you scared us!" cried Betty "And where's my parasol?"

Ned rolled on the ground and laughed. "You didn't think that I was going to stay stuck up in that tree, did you?" He rolled over again laughing heartily. "I tied the parasol to a limb where the cows could see it, and ran."

The hunt for berries began. Grandma had been right, for they were just ripe. Eagerly the little people worked.

"My basket's full!" shouted Betty.

"Mine will be in a minute," said Jean.

"Shucks!" grunted Ned, cramming his berries into his mouth as fast as he could pick

"You horrid boy!" the girls exclaimed when they saw him. But they filled his basket, too,

Ned rescued the parasol on the way home. and the three tired children tramped into the kitchen with their baskets.

"Bless your dear hearts!" cried grandma. from her wheel chair. "Such a surprise! Now we shall have some fine jam." Her eyes twinkled and she nodded her head toward the pantry. "Let me see, the cookies are in there, Go, help yourselves."



FRIENDS IN THE NIGHT

MAUD WILCOX NIEDERMEYER



ILLY BUMPS was afraid of the dark. After mother had tucked the covers around him, had kissed him good-night, and had gone from the room, leaving the door

open just a crack, such strange things seemed to happen. All by himself, in the little white bed in the big square room, Billy Bumps' mind played such queer tricks!

The dim light in the hall crept into the room and made the doorway appear as a big, longdrawn-out yarn. Goblins and ghosts flitted about in the shadows. The closet became a den of thieves and at the first movement of the stiff little body in the bed, the door would spring open and out would pop horrid men. The brass knobs on the bed posts were sleeping lions, ready to waken the little fellow, if he moved a toe.

The rain splashed upon the window-sill and at once a whole army seemed to be marching in upon him. Poor Billy Bumps! What could he do against such a host of enemies?

A board creaked. Cold shivers crept along his spine and his teeth began to chatter. The grandfather clock in the hall struck one. It sounded to the little boy like the voice of a giant.

But not for worlds would he have called for his mother or father! He must be a hero. He tried to think of some brave thing he had done that day, but the night seemed the only proper time for brave deeds. Could he be brave now, and if so, how?

He longed to have the puppy in bed with bim. What a friend he would prove! Well, why not make a friend of the sleeping lion? The more Billy Bumps thought about it, the better he liked it.

After all, the rain wasn't a really, truly approaching army. Instead, he had two friends on the window sill, Pitter and Patter; and they kept up a continual chatter with him, first Pitter and then Patter.

The creaking board was a Brownie that just couldn't keep still and every time he jumped or danced, he squeaked with delight. Billy Bumps began to chuckle to himself. What hosts of friends he had in the night.

The grandfather clock began striking again, not once, but nine times. Instead of having two grandfathers, he had nine! How wonderful! Was ever a little boy as lucky as he?

Then, right out of the closet popped a funny little man. He had sandy hair and sandy eyebrows and his clothes were sandy, too. He sprinkled sand all about. Billy Bumps was so

tickled that he smiled and smiled; and the little man smiled and smiled.

Billy Bumps wanted him to come nearer to the bed, so he called out just as loud as he could. But the little man didn't seem to hear, for he went on scattering sand and nodding and smiling. Billy Bumps was so happy and contented that he closed his eyes. The funny part of it was that he could still see the little man.

It was so warm and comfy in bed that the nicest feeling began to creep over him. He stretched a little and opened his mouth to yawn. Then he nearly forgot to close it, for he was drifting away, away, far away; and the little man was fading, fading. Pitter and Patter were silent; the lion never did wake up; and the Brownie forgot his dance. The Sandman faded away entirely and in the hush of the big room, peace and quiet reigned. Billy Bumps slept.



Good-Morning

C. LESLIE FRAZIER

OOD-morning! My! You look surprised! And yawning? Ooooh, and such red eyes! Head all tousled: Tight little fists; Tears from vawning Must be kissed. Want me to hug you? My! My! My! Sure I'll hug you-Now stifle that sigh. Yawning again? Are you sleepy yet? Are you going to laugh, Or going to fret? My, my, you're nodding-Wake up, for 'tis day-Hop up and let's hustle Downstairs to your play. That's right! You're laughing: Ha-ha! That's fine-Ten scratching fingers,

All going at one time; And ten little toes. All squirming so shocking-Please be still, Let me put on your stocking. Hold that face still While I wash it, you scamp, Would you let it stay dirty And look like a tramp? My, you're fidgety, And that laugh is contagious-You've got me laughing In a way that's outrageous. Now you have your clothes on, So downstairs we'll go, Where you'll greet the big people Who're loving you so. Then they'll all go to work And leave us at home To romp and play-You and I all alone. All alone, All alone.



THE JUDGE



OME into the library," Wilhelmina whispers mysteriously to the Judge, "somebody wants to see you."

They walk in arm and arm to find William, Billy, Billikins, and two or three other children of the neighborhood waiting.

Wilhelmina strikes an attitude. "Dear children, we have with us today the distinguished visitor, Judge of 'The Brownies', who will now address you on the subject of Africa."

"I see I'm in for it," the Judge says, not at all unwillingly, "but you know there's nothing I'd rather do in all the world than talk to you about that. Now where was I to begin?"

"With books," William reminds him. "Don't you recall you were going to tell us what to read?"

"Oh, yes, it comes back to me now. I was telling you last time about three books, "The Bantu—Past and Present', by S. M. Molema; 'Africa: Slave or Free?', by John H. Harris, and 'Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent', arranged by Natalie Curtis. Which do you want to hear of first?"

"The Bantam," says Billikins, eagerly. "I had a little rooster once. My, but he could fight!" The others stare at him in amazement. "What in the world—" begins Billy.

"He thought I said Bantam," the Judge explains kindly, "whereas I was speaking of the Bantu, the name of a group of people."

"Of a particular tribe, isn't it?" asks William.
'I know I've read a lot about them."

"No, it isn't the name of a particular tribe, although most people just like you seem to think go. It is such errors as this that Mr. Molema corrects in his book, and that is the reason why I am especially anxious to have you read it."

"I'm not sure I understand what you mean when you speak of a 'group' of people," says Gertrude, one of the neighborhood children.

"Come out on the porch and I'll explain. Now is everybody happy?"

The Judge continues solemnly, "The name know it's first come, first served."

'Bantu' refers to a whole racial group of Africans, very much as the term 'Indian' refers to a whole group here in the United States, and yet we speak of the 'Choctaw,' the 'Iroquois,' the 'Sioux' and so forth.

"The man who wrote this book belongs to the Bantu group himself, so it is only reasonable to believe that he knows what he's talking about. He shows that the Bantus are a finely developed people with a culture and a civilization which, while not as far advanced as ours, is as good as ours was when we were at their stage and which certainly suits them and the country in which they live.

"Mr. Harris' book is very informing. He tells all about Liberia, the Negro Republic and about its resources. It is a very rich country—but almost every part of Africa is rich—and abounds in mahogany and gums, scented woods, wild rubber and vegetable oils."

"I really believe I'll go there when I grow up," says William, dreaming to himself. "I'm going to write to Cornell today to see about the requirements for engineering."

"What I'm always crazy to know," Wilhelmina interrupts, "is how the people live, what they have to eat, what they say to each other, what games they play, what they do at their parties and how they make love—that is if they do make love."

"As of course they do. Then what you must read is the book which Miss Curtis has compiled. You see she didn't really write it herself, she just put down the stories and legends, folk-tales and accounts which Kamba Simango of Portuguese East Africa and Madikane Qandeyana Cele of Zululand gave her. It has lots of illustrations and it is in the library on my desk. I'll show it to you when I go in. Why where you all going?"

For all of them, including the grown-up Wilhelmina, have started off on a mad rush into the house. "All of us want the picture-book," someone's voice comes floating back, "and you know it's first come first served."

Ourlittestiends



LAFAYETTE AND THE DARK RACES

LILLIE BUFFUM CHACE WYMAN

Part II



AFAYETTE was in Europe when the final treaty of peace was signed in 1782, and England thereby renounced her sovereignty in the United States. He joy-

ously sent a special ship to America. It carried his letters and arrived there before tidings of the peace had come in any other way. One of his letters was to George Washington, personally. It was full of love for, and pride in, his great friend, but it also contained this significant passage: "Now that you are to taste a little repose, permit me to propose to you a plan that may become vastly useful to the black portion of the human race. Let us unite in buying a little property where we can try to enfranchise the Negroes and employ them merely as farm laborers."

As history lets us know, Washington did not do what Lafayette suggested,—more's the pity! But he did free his slaves by his will, and it does seem possible, if not probable, that Lafayette's influence had something to do with his determination not to be himself directly responsible for the reduction to slavery of unborn generations of his fellow-beings.

Lafavette began the work in which Washington did not take part. He bought an estate in French Guiana, where he treated the Negroes as free men. He did everything he could think of for their good, and spent his money freely for their welfare. His wife co-operated with him in his efforts. She sent teachers for these Negroes and tried to promote their moral life. Unfortunately the French Revolution, which did so much good as well as so much evil, did only evil as to Lafayette's experiment in emancipation and civilization. The Revolutionary government confiscated Lafayette's property. seized these freed people and made slaves of them again. He was never a rich man after his losses by this confiscation. He could no longer carry on large schemes of benevolence. But his interest in the improvement in agriculture and of rural life in France continued.

The defeat of his own effort at emancipation did not lessen his intense desire for the freedom of the black race. After Washington died, he corresponded now and then with James Madison. Letters about slavery passed between them in 1820, and in 1821 he wrote on the subject again to Madison, characterizing the evil institution as a blot upon American civilization.

When he made his visit to this country in 1824, he was grieved and shocked to find that race prejudice had increased since his earlier visits. He remembered in what a friendly fashion white and black soldiers had messed together during our Revolution, and was pained by the moral deterioration which white America had suffered in this respect.

It is probable that Lafayette, like all the other prominent Abolitionists before Garrison's day, favored the gradual rather than the immediate emancipation of "the blacks",—as the French call persons of African descent. "Les Noirs" is their term.

In his later years, Lafayette talked a great deal about emancipation so that his friend and physician, Jules Clognet, spoke with authority when he said that this great friend of the whole human race feared that if a large body of uneducated people, who had been taken from foreign and savage conditions and enslaved, were immediately set free, they would not know how to manage their lives, and "despotism" would take advantage of all their mistakes and their faults and practically re-enslave them.

"But," says Dr. Clognet, "in Lafayette's opinion, the greater the difficulties that impeded the abolition of slavery, the more energetic should be the zeal, the more persevering the efforts of the genuine philanthropist to obtain so honorable a result; and he saw with pain that pairty considerations of interest paralyzed the hearts of some who might have given a decided impulse to Negro emancipation."

An emancipation society of the period in America conferred membership on Lafayette. It supported a school in New York for colored children. Lafayette visited many public schools in that city, but this was the one he cared most about. When he went to see it a little Negro boy went up and made a speech to him, and told him how the children in that school knew about him, and how they loved him.

Lafayette and La Rochefoucauld worked together and "during their whole life sustained



The Negro Boy Welcomes Lafayette.

at their joint expense, before the French tribunals, all trials entered into by Negroes for the recovery of their freedom."

France, as we know, abolished slavery in her dependencies, as did England, long before the institution was legally destroyed in America.

He wrote to ex-President Madison in 1825 or 1826 concerning a plan for gradual emancipation which Frances Wright had attempted to put in practice in Tennessee. Madison replied, confessing that notwithstanding Lafayette's "distance" from the scene he knew more about Miss Wright and her work than he himself did.

In 1830, Madison wrote to Lafayette, saying that the old Frenchman's "anticipations" as to the effect of slavery in this country "were the natural offspring of your just principles and laudable sympathies". Lafayette's principles and sympathies were always just and laudable. Colored Americans have as much reason as white ones to think of him as their hero and their champion.

It was said of him that, unlike most prominent men of his period, he looked "upon the human race not as cards to be played for one's own profit, but as an object of sacred devotion." The saying was true as to him, whatever it may have been as to other men. For he did stand out pre-eminent in his eager disinterestedness.

One of his distinguishing characteristics was that he did not lose interest in a cause when he learned that some of its adherents were unworthy. He was, moreover, so generous-hearted that he did not always expect other people to make sacrifices even for their own ultimate good,—he merely gave for that object what they hesitated to give. Thus he pledged his own private means to furnish overcoats to the

American army, in case the American government did not foot the bill, as American tailors shrank from providing the garments until assured of final payment.

During his last visit to the United States, Congress passed a bill to grant Lafayette two hundred thousand dollars and "twenty-four thousand acres of fertile land in Florida". This gift was really due him. He had refused payment for his services in the Revolution, and now was a poor man.

But twenty-six members of Congress opposed the grant. Some voted against it because it was an "unusual appropriation". Others had a fantastic notion that, as money could not equal the moral worth of his action, none should be offered him. Everybody else in the country favored the bill, and Lafayette sensibly accepted, in his age, what he had refused in the days of his youth and wealth.

The opponents felt troubled by their own conduct, and some of them went to him to explain their motives. He grasped their hands cordially, and, with quick sympathy, touched by his keen sense of humor, he exclaimed, "My dear friends, I assure you it would have been different had I been a member of Congress. There would not have been twenty-six objectors—there would have been twenty-seven."

He had survived his wife for over twenty years when on the twentieth of May, 1834, as he lay dying—"he appeared to wake and to search for something on his breast. His son put into his hands the miniature of Adrienne that he always wore. He had strength to raise it to his lips, then sank into unconsciousness from which he passed into the sleep of death."

Thus lived, worked and loved Gilbert du Motier de La Favette.



INTER-ASSOCIATION TRACK AND FIELD MEET, Y. W. C. A. GIRLS



HE first annual Inter-Association track and field meet for Y. W. C. A. girls in Jersey was held at Glenfield Park, Montclair, N. J., on June 11. The associations

having entries were Brooklyn, N. Y., and Orange and Montclair, N. J. There were over eighty entries distributed among the three classes—Class A for girls over 110 pounds; Class B, between 90 and 110; and Featherweights, under 90.

The meet was won by Montclair, Orange was second, and Brooklyn a poor third. The Jersey girls far outclassed the Brooklyn girls in every respect except gameness. Under the existing agreement, Montclair retains possession of the

silver trophy cup for one year, at which time it is to be placed again in competition. To keep the cup permanently, an association must win it three times.

The individual prize awarded to the girl winning the largest number of points went to Emma Tillery, of Orange, Misa Tillery took first place in the broad

jump with a leap of 13 feet 11 inches-a jump She has been a tower of strength during the past season on the Orange basketball team.

The events on the program included 50 and 100 yard dashes; 440 and 880 yard relays; 440



Orange, N. J., Y. W. C. A. Girls.

yard and 1/6-mile runs; running broad and high jumps. These events were open to all girls except the "featherweights" for whom special events were run off-a 50-yard dash and a 220-yard relay.

The Montclair association was most cordial in its hospitality and entertainment of the visiting teams.

It is the hope of the Athletic Committee to nearly 18 inches beyond her nearest competitor. have more associations enter next year, particularly those within a short radius.

> ANNIE LAURIE MCCARY, Physical Director, Ashland Place Branch Y. W. C. A., Brooklyn.



THE JURY





Alabama. I am in the second grade and I am very fond of my teacher. Some times she reads us stories out of THE BROWNIES'

BOOK. She said that if any of us ever wrote a story real nicely, she would send it to the editor of THE BROWNIES. My father has a big automobile and sometimes he takes my mother and me for a ride. My father is a doctor and he is very busy. When I get big I am going to be a doctor, too, and my sister is going to be a nurse. I have a pony and a cart, which I drive myself. I go to the store for my mother in it some times. I go out to my aunt's in it, because they don't let colored people ride on the front of the cars here. Papa says it's not

AM eight years old and I live in that way in New York. Why isn't it? He said I should ask you.

J. CLARICE BOND, Birmingham, Alabama.

T LIVE in the Philippines, but I have an aunt I in the United States, and some times she sends me magazines. Last time she sent me a number of The Brownies' Book. I was very pleased and delighted. I showed it to my teacher and friends. We had never seen a magazine with pictures of pretty colored children in it. I have told my aunt that I should like all THE BROWNIES' BOOKS I could get. I am eleven years old and am in the sixth grade. MINNIE V. KELLY.

Philippine Islands.

WANT to tell you about Ted. Ted is our little dog. He came to us from Charlotte, N. C. Our Uncle Strieby sent him on the train. We went to the express office on Sunday, because mother said that it would be cruel to leave him hungry until Monday. He had not come yet, but came on Monday. We were so glad to see him, but he did not like us. He loved Baby first, but now he loves us all and tried to bite mother when she had to punish us.

Ted is white and has one brown ear. He is part poodle. Mother washes him, but he is very dirty now. If any strange person comes on our porch, Ted will bark and let mother know He likes to ride in autos. He will bark at any horse. A horse stepped on his foot. It was sore. A horse kicked at him and a man threw his whip at him.

Sometimes he slips off and goes to church

with us. He has good manners, but some children are afraid of him. Mother had the picture made so I could send you one. Don't you think Ted is cunning? We do. My little sister and my little brother and I are all trying to be kind to dumb animals. We love them, too.

From a little boy.

EDWARD MITCHELL (AGE 6) Chattanooga, Tenn.

I AM a very little girl, so my sister is writing this for me. I like THE BROWNIES' BOOK very much and every month, when it is time for it to come, I run out to the mail box to look for it. Then my sister reads me the stories. I like to look at the pictures, too. Mama says I can go to school next year and learn to read THE BROWNIES' BOOK myself. Then I will write you again and tell you about my pony and dog. I live on a farm and every morning I feed the chickens.

> MADALEN TAYLOR. Thatcher, Colorado.

AM nine years old and I live on a ranch in AM nine years out and I have been to school but my Texas. I haven't ever been to school but my mama used to be a teacher and she teaches me every day. She says that when I get a little bigger she is going to send me to boarding school. I think I shall like that. My big sister is away working. Last year she graduated from college. My father has lots of horses and cows. I like to read stories and letters about the ocean. I have never seen the ocean, but my mama says



Edward Mitchell and "Ted."

that some day she will take me down to Galveston, where my grandmother lives. My mama used to live there and she says that there is water all around it. I have a geography which came from New York, and I looked up Galveston on the map. Now I must close. I am going to ask my mother to let me ride to the town to mail this. I learned to ride when I was seven.

> GEORGE L. WHITTAKER, Skidmore, Texas.

LIVE in Florida and my house is right down by the sea. One of our boats has two oars and the other runs by motor. We have a big yard with lots of flowers. It never gets very cold here and we wear white dresses most of the time. I have a brother; he is two years younger than I am. I am seven, but I will be eight in August. My brother and I have two rabbits apiece. Mine are white with black spots. Sometimes we let them out on the grass, but we have to watch them very closely, so they won't fall in the water. One day one of my brother's rabbits fell in the water and my father had to swim after it. It wasn't drowned though.

> MAYME F. ANDERSON, Jacksonville. Florida.

THE KOLA

COLONEL CHARLES YOUNG



FRICA has many nut-bearing plants and trees. Among these is the ground-nut, which is known in our country, the United States, as the peanut. In Africa, thou-

sands of tons of these nuts are raised and exported to Europe for making both edible and lubricating oils. The ground-nut is roasted in Africa and used for making a very acceptable soup. A "ground-nut chop" well seasoned, into which hard-boiled eggs are put, constitutes a fine Sunday dinner among both civilized and native peoples.

Then there is the oil-palm nut which is refined and sent abroad for food. Much of our butter, both here and in Europe, is made from this oil-palm nut. The oil-palm tree bears a kind of nut after the fashion of a bunch of bananas. Each nut is enclosed in a sheath containing oil which surrounds a kernel, itself having a fine white oily meat, which, when crushed, yields a still finer grade of oil very similar to that coming from the meat of the cocoanut.

But the most precious of nuts comes from the Kola tree. These nuts are seldom sent out of Africa, for, when eaten, they take away fatigue from the traveler and furnish him strength upon the weary way, at the same time being thirst and hunger killers. These nuts, in the regions where the tree does not grow, command a very high price and are much sought after by the natives. By the way, our Coco Cola of the drug stores in the United States does not come from this kola nut.

The kola nut has many social uses in Africa;

for example, if a traveler staying all night in a town should chance to find a red kola nut in the water brought him for his bath, this would be secret warning from a friend that danger is near him; to be on guard. A white kola nut in the bath is either a sign of friendship or an offering to the Great God-Spirit. No African man offers a white kola nut and then betrays the one to whom he gives it.

Nothing can be more beautiful than to see the kola groves in bloom at Dolasan, on the far off Liberian Hinterland.

The following rhyme on the kola tree is offered to Brownies' Book readers by a lover of his little black and brown brothers both in Africa and America.

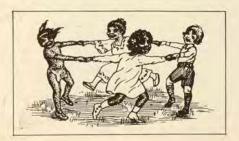
THE KOLA TREE

Take your gleaming cutlass blade, With heart and arm a-thrill, Go into the forest shade And swing it with a will; Fell bush and bough at liberty, But never cut a kola tree!

REFRAIN

Never cut the kola tree, Sign of Trust and Friendship free; It stands for Peace on land and sea, So never cut a kola tree!

In the fragrant kola grove,
Mid leaves and blossoms bright,
Peace and Friendship ever rose
In search of kolas white,
Which "far more precious than the red
Are given, not sold." Sadana said.



CLittle Ceople of the Month



RTHUR WORLINGTON SAUND-ERS, JR., of Plainfield, N. J., is three months old; however, he wears clothing for a child two years of age. When he was one he became one of our subscribers.

At the Brockton, Mass., High School, Mildred Turner was chosen to write the class ode.

By the election she achieved a signal honor for her race, since she is the first Negro to win this distinction at the school.

Harry Chappelle is a junior in the Douglas High School at Huntington, W. Va. He has been interested in athletics throughout h i s high school course. At the State High School Track Meet, in May, he won two cups. His best records are his standing high jump, which is six feet, and his running broad jump.

which is 21 feet 4 inches.

Harry is an affable boy, and ran second among the boys in a popularity contest. He is very courteous to everybody. This summer he is employed at the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway shops, earning money to pay his own school expenses, even though his parents are living.

Lydia Mason is a young pianist of New York City. The Fisk Society of Greater New York has awarded her a scholarship to Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., where she will pursue

college and special musical courses, covering a period of five years.

At a very early age Lydia showed a fondness and an aptitude for the piano. Mr. William J. Carle, her first piano teacher, laid an excellent foundation for Lydia in technique; then for seven years she studied under Dr. Beatrice Eberhard of the Grand Conservatory of Music, When nine years of age Lydia made her first

public appearance and at twelve she was appearing in concerts and recitals, as pianist in the Martin-Mason Trio. Miss Mason has appeared as soloist and accompanist at Aeolian Hall and Carnegie Hall, and among her numbers have been Gounod's "Faust", Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana", Flotow's "Martha", Mendels sohn's "Concerto in G Minor" for pianoforte and orchestra, and Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast".



Arthur Worlington Saunders, Jr.

Since the age of sixteen Lydia has taught private pupils on the piano.

In a class of 244 graduates from the Madlson, Wis., High School, Madolene M. Mosley was the only Negro graduate. She won the highest honors that a girl can be awarded in athletics and was given honorary recognition in art work, although she was graduated from a general course. She will attend the University of Wisconsin, taking a course in pharmacy.



Mildred Turner Lydia Mason

Harry Chappelle Madolene M. Mosley



PLAYTIME



ORIGINAL PUZZLES

C. LESLIE FRAZIER

HIDDEN NEGRO NOTABLES



LL energetic and ambitious girls and boys will want to work out these puzzles, and old and young, large and small, will be greatly benefited by the history which

these puzzles teach in their solutions. Information concerning the progress and fortunes of your race may some day secure for you a place in the literary world which will bring you a good price for your knowledge. nobler vocation could be desired than passing on to others facts pertaining to the race's accomplishments; so strive to know your race as other children know theirs, and remember that tucks and frills do not make pride, but a true knowledge of one's people does. Anyone who revels in knowing that he knows his people, has much to be proud of. Study over these puzzles and, right or wrong, answer them, forwarding same to the Editor by the tenth of October. Send in your own original puzzles, enclosing with them their answers.

By observing closely, you will find hidden in the paragraph above the following notables: 1. A bishop. 2. A compiler of an annual book of Negro data. 3. The highest ranking Negro officer in the army. 4. A pilot of a Confederate ship who captured the ship and turned it over to the Federals. 5. A noted editor. 6. First Negro preacher to stand in the pulpit of Henry Ward Beecher. 7. A man called the "matchless drummer" of the Civil War. 8. First American killed in the Revolutionary War. 9. First Negro to hold the office of United States Senator. 10. The most beloved of all prize fighters.

EXAMPLE:—1. All energetic.
10. wrong, answer.

PRINTERS' PI Rentiw Tweesesns Gnostaln Guhseh

Eht tilelt useho si raugs, Sti rofo twih onws si ledip, Nda morf ist yitn inwodw, Eppes a plema-raugs hidlc. —From Neiwrobs' Okob, Ani., 1921.

LETTER-WORDS

Place two letters together and make words.
1. To shine forth. 2. Unfinished. 3. A cloth.
4. An engraved stamp for making an impression. 5. To distribute. 6. A green vegetable.
7. The joining of two edges of cloth. 8. Two horses. 9. A vegetable. 10. A snake-like fish.
11. A large town.

EXAMPLE:-1, BM (beam).

ZIGZAG

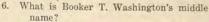
Each line consists of words of four letters and to zigzag from 1 to 13 will spell the name of a woman who was a famous underground railroad operator.

CELLAT			
1	0	称	- 10
*	2	.00	*
300	2	3	劫
*	*	201	4
*	*	5	
排	6	201	*
7	-	*	*
*	8	*	*
10:	*	9	*
*	*	*	10
*	*	11	*
*	12	*	
13		.0	18

Cross-words: 1. Assist. 2. A companion. 3. To entice. 4. Listen to. 5. A couple. 6. Cure. A story. 8. A skin irritation. 9. Loyal. 10.
 To untangle hair. 11. A young sheep. 12.
 More than one. 13. Twelve o'clock in the day.
 EXAMPLE:—1. Help. 2. mAte. 3. luRe.

NEGRO HISTORY

- 1. Who was Lott Carey?
- 2. Who is Harry T. Burleigh?
- 3. Who is W. E. B. DuBois?
- What bank was awarded first place of all banks in America at the close of the Third Liberty Loan Drive?
- 5. What four countries are governed by Negroes?



7. Where and when was the first school for freed Negro children opened?

8. Who was Mary S. Peale?

9. What and who was John Durham?

10. Who was Lunsford Lane?

11. By whom and when was Haiti discovered?

12. Were "Blind Tom" and "Blind Boone" the same man?

A CONUNDRUM

What division of the army would a newly planted tree remind you of?

pian

THE OSTRICH IN CAPTIVITY

DELPHIA PHILLIPS



IRST of all, he is quite happy in his big pen, with plenty to eat, and no enemies to disturb his peace of mind, unless he gets into a quarrel with one of his brothers as is

shown in one of the pictures. Then he gets "riled" as is plainly seen. In this remarkable picture the two excited males appear to be "jawing" one another in a very vigorous fashion, with wing upraised on the one and lowered on the other, and a foot drawn back ready to strike. Even the one sitting peacefully on the ground

appears to have his mouth open to join in the dispute.

However, these are very peaceful birds as a rule and, being practically hand-raised, are very tame, following the visitors about with evidence of the greatest curiosity and the hope of being fed an orange, of which they are inordinately fond. The sight of the fruit going down the creature's long neck, as he swallows it, is very amusing. This

same curiosity made it very difficult for the writer to get the snapshots of the big birds that she desired, because one persistent fellow continually pecked at the buttons on her coat, or the little mirror on the camera, whose glitter attracted his attention. No amount of "shooing" had any effect on this bird, for he was hunting for some nice, hard object to swallow to help him digest the orange he had just been fed.

The strange birds present a very odd appearance, with their exceedingly long necks and thighs entirely bare of feathers; yet their move-

ments are graceful when walking or running. With heads held proudly aloft, they move about with a light, springy step as if their 300 or even 500 pounds weight were a mere trifle to carry. An ostrich can run as fast as a horse, and a herd of them (they are referred to as herds, not flocks), running is a very pleasing sight.

It is the rule of ostriches to mate for life, and there are no divorces in



The two excited males appear to be "jawing" one another.

the ostrich colony so far as is known. The attendant at the Pasadena, California, farm asserts that there are some old maids and bachelors among the ostriches. The big birds get their growth in two years, but do not lay until four years of age. The average number of eggs is nine, and the laving season is from February to April. In a wild state, a hole is made in the sand for the nest, and the male and the female take turns in sitting on the eggs, the female sitting in daytime and the male taking the night shift. There is a reason for this, as the female's plumage, being a sort of dusty grav, is so much like the desert sands in color that she is not easily detected by a possible enemy, while the male's shiny black plumage would show off far too well. So the male does his work at

night, when he is not so conspicuous.

But on the ostrich farms the eggs are hatched in incubators, a process which requires forty-two days. The tiny ostrich does not peck away at his shell until he makes an opening, as a chick does, but appears to burst the thick shell by the growing and expanding of his vigorous little body. The bursting of the shell is shown remarkably well in the picture of young ostriches and eggs. The shell is almost a quarter of an inch thick and a dull ivory in color.



His average length of life is 30 years.

The inside of the shell is a beautiful pink, and these are sometimes blown and converted into lamp globes. The light shining through the porcelain-like walls is a rosy pink and is very pretty. They are imported as far as Switzerland, to be converted into these shades.

The baby ostriches are the queerest little objects imaginable. What would be fuzz on the back of a baby chick, is a sort of excelsior with the ostrich.

The ostrich raisers do not wait until the plumes ripen and fall out, but clip them a little before that time, thus getting three crops in two years. As the regular plume stock does not ripen until a year old, the growers thus beat nature a trifle, so they say. The feathers are divided into three classes: the plume, tail and floss stock. The floss, which is very

fine and soft, is used uncurled and is found on the under side of the wing, while the plume is taken from the upper side. This last, as its name indicates, forms the beautiful long plumes seen on milady's hats. Fans, boas, muffs and many other beautiful articles are made from the floss, while the tail stock furnishes the ostrich tips.

The ostrich eats all sorts of vegetable food, being strictly vegetarian in his diet, and consumes from five to eight pounds of food per day. His average length of life is thirty years.



Autumn Skies

MADELINE G. ALLISON

THE azure breeze
Caressed the leaves,
And gave each flow'r a kiss;

While twinkling stars Watched o'er our rest, And crowned our dreams with bliss.





HOUGH I fly high, high up in the air, I, the Crow, can see the turmoil of human-folks. But amidst the prevailing unrest, I can see, here and there, a sign of hope!

Several million dollars worth of property in the Amatlin oil fields, Mexico, has been destroved by fire.

The chief of the Soviet delegation, M. Kergentseff, has handed to the American Chargé d'Affairs a protest against President Harding's failure to invite Russia to the Pacific Conference, in Washington.

¶ An appeal has been made to the International Red Cross for aid to Russia, where twenty million people are reported to be facing death from famine and plague.

¶ A petition has been sent to the League of Nations by the people of Helgoland, asking for neutralization of the island under the protection of the League of Nations, or re-annexation to Great Britain.

The Communist and Fascisti factions are fighting in Italy. Over fifty people have been killed. The Fascisti, in addressing a manifesto to the Italian people, claims merit for having put an end to "the Bolshevik illusion".

¶ In killed, wounded, captured, missing and deserters, the Turkish losses in Asia Minor amount to 75 per cent of her effectives.

The Japanese Government has agreed to participate in the proposed Washington conference on Far-Eastern problems. Italy and China, also, will be participants.

¶ According to revised figures, Germany's losses in the war are 1,792,368 killed and 4,246,874 wounded men. The navy losses, included in the above figures, are 34,256 killed and 31,085 wounded. In addition, 200,000 men are still reported as missing.

 ℂ Enrico Caruso, the world renowned Italian tenor, is dead in Naples. He was 49 years old.

¶ Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, New York, has laid the cornerstone of the new library of the University of Louvain. The library is the gift of the American people to the people of Belgium.

¶ Arms and munitions factories at Danzig have been closed by order of the Council of the League of Nations.

¶ The labor dispute in Kobe, Japan, is marked by bloody fighting. Drastic measures are being adopted by the Japanese Cabinet as a means of ending the disturbance.

¶ In Spain, a wave of military mutinies, combined with strikes and riots, is in progress. This is a result of the Spanish defeat in Morocco.

¶ Signor Denicola, president of the Chamber of Deputies in Rome, has completed arrangements to bring about peace between the Socialists and the Extreme Nationalists.

¶ After a crisis in Allied relations over Upper Silesia, Premier Lloyd George announces that Great Britain and France are again in accord. ¶ The Moscow Bolshevik authorities have accepted Herbert Hoover's demand—that all Americans held as prisoners be released before relief for Russian famine sufferers is undertaken by the United States.



HE ocean breathed thoughts of courage, as I flew to America! There is much that displeases me here,—yet I am cheerful, for there are harbingers of good-will.

 A resolution to investigate the occupation of Haiti and San Domingo has been introduced by Senator McCormick of Illinois. ■ E. O. Gourdin, a Negro athlete at Harvard College, has set a new world's record of 25 feet 3 inches in the running broad jump.

¶ In 1919, revenue from personal income taxes amounted to \$1,269,000,000, an increase of \$141,900,000 over the year 1918.

¶ During June, 29,901 aliens were naturalized. Of these 6,453 were Germans; 4,014, Austrians; 3,508, Italians; 3,313, British; 13, Spanish.

■ John A. Gustafson, Chief of Police at Tulsa, Okla., has been found guilty of having failed to take proper precautions for public safety during the recent race rioting.

 ℂ Charges of conspiracy and embezzlement, in connection with the interest earnings of the State Treasurer's office, have been brought against Governor Len Small and Lieutenant-Governor Fred E. Sterling, of Illinois. The sum involves \$2,000,000.

¶ By a 289—127 vote, the House has passed the Tariff Bill, which provides for an estimated revenue of \$500,000,000 annually. Oil, hides, cotton and asphalt remain on the free list.

¶ A bill to empower the War Finance Corporation to aid in the movement of farm exports, has been introduced by Senator Kellogg.

■ Senator Ladd, of North Dakota, has introduced a resolution providing for a referendum on war.

¶ President Harding has requested the Public Health Service and the American Red Cross to arrange relief measures for a threatened epidemic of pellagra and senifamine in the Southern cotton belt. A general denial of the epidemic, however, has been issued from several of the Southern States.

¶ Ogden Mills, Representative of New York, has introduced a resolution providing for a spendings tax. It is intended to take the place of surtaxes on incomes and is described as a tax on expenditures exclusive of those on necessities.

¶ Congress has been requested by Presiden; Harding to pass legislation making possible the loan of \$5,000,000 to Liberia.

¶ The Loyal Labor Legion of New York has inaugurated a new labor movement. It recognizes the rights of the public and the unorganized wage earners and advocates arbitration of labor disputes.

The War Finance Corporation shows \$63,471,700 as a total volume of business; \$32,696,700 of this represents advances already approved. The remaining \$30,775,000 represents pending business, of which 93 per cent is for agricultural commodities.

(I Announcement comes from the Board of Trustees of Johns Hopkin Hospital, Baltimore, Md., that the maximum fee for a surgical operation should be \$1,000; the minimum charge for hospital attendance by a physician should be \$35 a week.

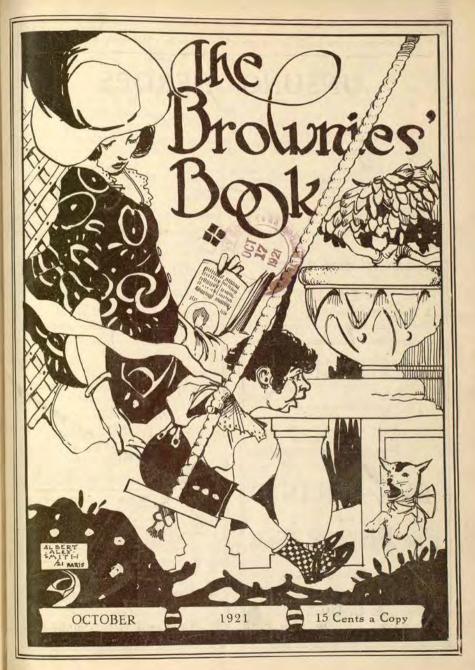
■ Labor organizations in New York City have agreed to raise \$25,000,000 for relief in Russia. ¶ Senator Penrose, Chairman of the Finance Committee, has been advised by Secretary of War Weeks and Secretary of the Navy Denby, that an embargo on dyestuffs and coal-tar chemical products is necessary for reasons of national defense.

¶ Congressional leaders and Secretary of the Treasury Mellon have met with President Harding and agreed upon a plan to lighten the burden of taxation to the amount of \$600,000,000 during the next fiscal year.

¶ The pay-rolls of 1,428 firms show a decrease of 11 per cent in employment during July. Each of these firms employs 500 or more laborers, in 65 principle industrial centers. The net decrease was 16,914.

¶ Armistice Day, November 11, has been officially proposed as the date for the convening of the joint disarmament and Far Eastern Conference.

¶ Chairman Porter, of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, announces that American soldiers will probably remain in Germany until affairs with that country are adjusted.



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OCTOBER, 1921

WHOLE No 22

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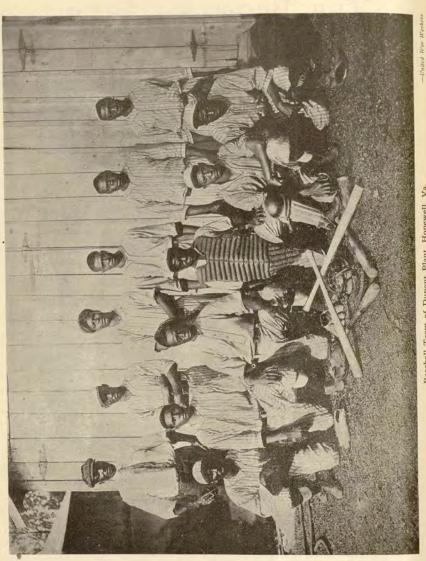
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The Brownies' Book

Vol. 2-No. 10

OCTOBER, 1921

Whole No. 22



CHARACTERS

Julius

Thassan

Illea

Antonella

The Soothsayer PLACE-The ancient world

TIME-When the coming of Christ and the fall of the Roman Empire were dreams of the distant future.



HE scene is a rocky place bare of trees, grass or anything growing from the earth. At the right is a pile of rocks, beyond which is a great cliff. Out of sight and

below the cliff is a rocky valley to which a road at the right leads. A wide plateau stretches to the rear and to the left. Two boys and two girls are rolling a pretty ball from one to the

other, and by accident the ball passes one of the girls and rolls down the path which leads to the valley. All four children go to the side of the cliff and watch the ball roll down.

Julius-There it goes rolling down the hill. Illea-It will not stop until it reaches the

Thassan-It's at the bottom now. Let's go for it.

Antonella-The great wolf may get us.

Illea-The monster down there is not a wolf. it's a lion.

Julius-How do you know it's a lion and not a wolf?

Illea-It roars like a lion.

Thassan-So does it howl like a wolf.

Antonella-And it screams like an owl at certain times.

Thassan-Let's go down anyway. It may not hurt us.

Julius-No one has ever come from there alive.

Illea-I'd hate to lose the ball.

Antonella-It's better to lose the ball than lose your life.

Thassan-What will we have to play with

Julius-We'll have to find another, or something else.

Illea (Looking around on the ground)-There's nothing here to find but old rough

Julius-We can go back to the city.

Antonella-Yes, we may find something there better than a ball to play with.

(They all start to the left and Julius sees someone coming.)

Julius-Here comes the king's soothsayer.

Let's ask him about the monster that lives down there.

Illea-How would he know about it?

Antonella—He knows all things. He tells the prince the meaning of his dreams.

Thassan—We'll see what he will say about the monster.

Illea-Who will ask him?

Julius-I will.

Thassan—(In a whisper) Ask him everything you want to know,

(The Soothsayer appears. He is a tall, thin man with long white whiskers. His back is bent and he leans upon his rod.)

Julius—(Addressing him) Are you the Soothsayer to the king?

The Soothsayer—(In hollow tones) Yes.
Julius—You tell the prince the meaning of

his dreams?

The Soothsayer—Yes.
Thassan—(Pointing towards the cliff)—
Can you tell us about the monster that lives down there?

The Soothsayer-Yes.

(His monotone embarrasses the boys so Illea talks to him.)

Illea—We rolled our ball down there and cannot get it. We want to know if the monster is a wolf or a lion. Does he kill men? Would he kill little children? Tell us all about him!

(Not being able to reply to this volley of questions with the same monotone, The Sooth-sayer sits on a rock to talk to them.)

The Soothsayer—The monster below is neither a wolf nor a lion.

Antonella-What is it, then?

The Soothsayer—A dragon, a wonderful strange dragon.

Julius-How is he strange?

Thassan-How is he wonderful?

Illea—Sometimes he howls like a wolf; sometimes he roars like a lion; and sometimes the sound he makes seems like the two combined. What is he like?

The Soothsayer—His body is like a lion's and his head is like an alligator's; his teeth are like a shark's,—but most wonderful of all are his blazing eyes.

Thassan-What are they like?

The Soothsayer—Like two blazing suns. They blind who looks in them, and the looker dies of fright.

Julius-Have you ever seen him?

The Soothsayer—No, I have not seen him. Julius—How do you know so well how the monster looks?

The Soothsayer—I know that as I know all other things; but what I've told you is not half the wonder.

Illea-Tell us all of it!

The Soothsayer—Years ago, when I was young and strong, there lived two dragons in the cave below, with many young ones. At that time a spirit whispered in my ear that the female dragon had in her mouth a tooth on which was written the secret of the future good of the world. I told the king and he, in spite of my warning, sent two of his warriors down to kill the dragons; but these warriors never returned.

Antonella-What happened to them?

Thassan—You knew what would happen to them?

The Soothsayer—I knew what would happen to them and warned the king, but he was too determined; so they died, although they killed the female.

Julius-How did they die?

The Soothsayer—After they killed the female, they were frightened to death by the other dragon's eyes.

Illea—If you know so many things why don't you know the secret on the tooth?

The Soothsayer—Only the gods know that. I know the secret is there and I can read it, but it must be brought to me.

Julius—Which monster has the wonderful strange tooth?

The Soothsayer-The female one, the one the warriors killed.

Thassan—And so the tooth is still in the monster's mouth?

The Soothsayer—Not now; that has been years and years ago. Since then the wolves and vultures have eaten the flesh and scattered the bones so that there only remain the dragon's skull and teeth. Since then the little dragons have grown strong; and now, along with the older male, they watch the skull and teeth by turns as if these remnants of their mother's were sacred. No minute passes in the day or night when two large blazing eyes are not on watch. They watch more closely than Argus could have watched.

Antonella—How will the secret of the future good of the world ever be gotten then and brought to you?



They Have the Tooth!

Illea—If the warrior covered in armor cannot do it, is it possible to do it?

The Soothsayer—There are few things that are not possible. This is not one of them.

Julius-How can the thing be done, and who can do it?

The Soothsayer—A child can do it better than a man. An innocent child, unarmored and weaponless, can bring the secret of the future good of the world. You can bring it if you are bold and careful.

Julius—I? You think that I could do so great a thing?

The Soothsayer—Any child could do it who would be bold and careful.

Julius—(Eagerly) If I should bring the secret of the future good of the world then I should be great forever throughout the world?

The Soothsayer—Do not be selfish. If you should bring the secret of the future good of the world, all children would be great forever throughout the world; for to all children this secret belongs by right of youth and hope and innocence.

Julius—Tell me what I may do to bring it to you.

The Soothsayer—You say your ball has fallen over the cliff?

Julius-Yes.

The Soothsayer—Then you and Thassan go down by the path and find the ball. When you find it, play about with it. Roll it here and there. Roll it close to the mouth of the dragon's cave and near the skull, then pull the longest, loosest tooth and bring it here to me. On it is written the secret of the future good of the world.

Julius—But how are we to outlive the blazing eyes that have destroyed so many?

Thassan—How shall we escape the powerful paw?

The Soothsayer—Keep your eyes on the ground, upon the skull and tooth. Do not look into the blazing eyes or you will be destroyed. He will not harm you otherwise. He will not strike you with his powerful paw. He will not notice you. He looks for warriors armed and clad in armor.

Julius-Come, Thassan.

The Soothsayer-Do as I have said and you cannot fail.

Thassan-We'll get it, Julius.

(They go down the path to the left.)

Illea—Suppose they fail to bring the dragon's tooth?

The Soothsayer—Then the secret must remain hidden until it is brought.

Antonella—I cannot see how anything could be written on a dragon's tooth.

The Soothsayer—It was written there by the gods.

Illea-In what language is it written?

The Soothsayer—In a language not known to you. In a language known to the gods and known to me.

Antonella—It must be strange to know so many things.

The Soothsayer—Look over the cliff and see what they are doing.

(The girls go to the edge of the cliff.)

Illea-We cannot see them.

Antonella—I hope the dragon has not captured them.

The Soothsayer—(His eyes closed) You cannot see them, but I can see them.

Illea—(Turning to him) How can you see them?

The Soothsayer-As I see all things.

Antonella-What are they doing?

The Soothsayer—They are near the mouth of the cave, close to the skull.

Illea-And the dragon, what is he doing?

The Soothsayer—The dragon does not notice them. They have the tooth! They are coming! Watch for them!

(The girls look over the cliff again.)

Antonella—They are running this way. I know one of them has it!

Illea—Run Julius! Run Thassan! Here they are!

(Julius and Thassan appear. Julius has the tooth in his hand.)

Julius-I have a tooth, the largest I could find; but it has nothing on it.

Thassan-Nothing but a few scratches.

The Soothsayer—Give the tooth to me.

(Julius gives him the tooth.) This is the one and the secret is written here.

Illea-I do not see it.

The Soothsayer—You see it, but you do not understand it.

Antonella-Interpret it for us.

The Soothsayer—(Reading from the tooth)
"The secret of the future good of the world
depends upon the growth of Love and Brotherhood. Liberty, Equality and Fraternity must

rule the world in the place of Inequality, Envy and Hate."

Julius-How can this future good be realized?

The Soothsayer—Children such as you must bring this good about. It must grow in your hearts until you are men and women, and as you grow you must spread the truth abroad.

Thassan—Let's go back to the city and tell what we have learned.

The Soothsayer—Yes, go back to the city and tell the news.

Julius-What of the dragon?

The Soothsayer—When he misses the tooth he'll call the younger ones and tell them what has happened. Then they will set up such a howl as you have never heard.

Illea—How can he tell them? Dragons cannot talk.

The Soothsayer—They have a language all their own, the same as all other things.

Antonella—Let's go back to the city before they howl!

(All start out towards the left, and as they are going, a great noise comes up from the right.)



- mfymi

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

ANNETTE C. BROWNE



H Tad! Who do you suppose has come?" Bessie, almost at the point of tears, flung herself breathlessly at her brother's side.

"Why," said Tad, quickly arousing himself from a reverie, "you mean the pear peddler, don't you?"

All morning Tad had been thinking of a certain pear peddler who had stopped by their home two days before, selling the sweetest and juiciest big yellow pears he had ever seen. Mother had told him to come back Saturday morning and she would take a bushel for canning. "The children won't be at school that day and they can help to peel them."

For once, the prospect of Saturday morning work did not worry Tad. He longed for its arrival and took this outburst of Bessie's for the announcement of the pear peddler.

"Oh, it's that horrible old kissing-bug." Bessie smiled ruefully.

"Do you mean Aunt Jane?" asked Tad, with his face set. "I do," said Bessie solemnly. "I was on my way to the front gate when I saw that old white faced sorrel hitched there. I didn't stop to look at anything else then, but while I was running back here to tell you, I caught a glimpse of that old black striped skirt through the front window. I heard Mamma say, "I'll call the children in a minute."

"Well, I'll not be here when she calls," said Tad, rising. "I'm tired of having Aunt Jane kiss me like I was a year-old girl baby. Can't she see that we don't like it?"

"Ta-a-d! Oh, Bessie-e-e!" called Mother from the house just as Tad was slipping under the back fence.

"Come on," he said to Bessie, who stood undecided, "unless you want to go back and get your mouth and face smacked full of old smokey kisses." Aunt Jane used a pipe.

The corpulent, good-natured aunt of Tad and Bessie's father lived several miles distant in the country and every now and then she came to spend the day with her nephew's family. She had a heart chuck full of love for her kinsfolk and her method of greeting them hailed back to the time when most all neighbors lived several miles apart, and kissing on meeting and leaving was a part of good country manners. Accordingly, Aunt Jane, from a point of custom when visiting "My nephew James'" family, kissed them all, and the children, "Bless their little hearts," she just loved to bite and squeeze them whenever they came near her—which wasn't often if they could help it.

Tad and Bessie could never forget the time when they, being back in the kitchen at the time of this relative's arrival, had sought to escape from the demonstration of her affections by bedaubing their faces with molasses and dust from the coal box while Aunt Jane called out from the other room, "Children, come in and let Auntie kiss you!"

When they entered, Aunt Jane threw up her hands in amazement; but blood being thicker than water, she said, "My! you children look awfully bad, but Auntie's going to kiss you anyhow!"

The two runaways were out of sight of home, not caring particularly where they were headed for. Anywhere seemed better than within the range of Aunt Jane's arms.

"Let's go over and play with Tom and Helen a while," suggested Bessie.

"No," said Tad. "Let's don't stop in the neighborhood at all, 'cause Mamma will be asking someone to tell us to come home if they see us. Let's go way off, down by the hollow."

"But let's don't go too far," said Bessie.
"Maybe she just came in to peddle and will be gone in a little while."

"Oh now, Bessie, you know she always stays all day." The word "peddle" brought back the pears to Tad's mind. "Bothersome old thing to come and spoil my pleasure. I had planned to stay around the kitchen and eat pears all morning. They were the grandest pears, Bessie—so sweet and juicy! The man gave me one."

"Wouldn't you be willing to go back and suffer being kissed to get some pears?"

"Oh it wouldn't be so bad if I could take some and get out, but Mamma said that we were to help fix them and you know Aunt Jane would be lolling around the kitchen all morning."

"Well if we stayed away all morning, Mam-

ma might save them until this afternoon and we'd be bothered just the same."

"Well I'm not—" but Tad's answer was interrupted by the sight of a man driving up the lane with a basket of pears in his express.

"Say, Mister! Sell me some pears?" he called out, drawing two nickels from his pocket.

"Can't, sonny," was the answer. "Just bought them myself from a fellow down the road."

"Does he live far from here?"

"Oh just down the road a little piece, in a green house with a big orchard in front."

"Let's go down there, Bessie," said Tad. "We can have our pears after all without being bothered."

"Oh Tad, I'm afraid to keep on going. Mamma will be worried." A big tear stood in Bessie's eye.

"Oh if you're going to be a cry baby, you might as well go on back and let Aunt Jane kiss your tears away. I'm going on to get some pears. The man said it wasn't far. Come on."

Bessie trudged along with Tad, wishing she had stayed home. Tad soon began to get tired, as he realized that "just down the road a little piece" was quite a big piece when one was on foot. However, he wouldn't let Bessie know; so he kept on walking, with her limping beside him.

"Oh Tad, I'm not going any farther!" cried Bessie at last. "I'm too tired to make another step," she sobbed, dropping down by the roadside.

"Well don't cry," said Tad. "We'll wait here until some one comes along who'll give us a ride back home. Look! I see someone now, away down the road."

Keeping their eyes on the coming vehicle, the first thing that caught their attention was a white faced sorrel. Tad and Bessie gasped and caught each other's hands. Next appeared the edge of a black striped skirt and just as Bessie felt that she was going to faint, the express stopped at the roadside and Aunt Jane exclaimed as she climbed out, "Well! Well! Here's Auntie's sweet'es sitting down by the road. Lord love them!" Smack! Smack! Tad and Bessie found themselves wrapped in the tightest embrace they'd ever known.

"How in the world did you happen to be way down here by yourselves? You look tired to death." More kisses. "Auntie was on the way to see her children, and she's going to take them right home."

Tad and Bessie's feelings, as they rode along. can hardly be described. Each one cast reproachful glances at the other but Aunt Jane did most of the talking, which she now and then punctuated with a hug or a kiss.

It was a very shamed faced little pair that entered their home beside their aunt. "Why here's Aunt Jane!" cried the worried mother. "And where have you children been?"

"I found them huddled down by the roadside, over two miles off," said Aunt Jane, as she embraced her nephew's wife vigorously. "They looked so tired and worn out. I cannot understand what the poor little things were doing so far from home."

"Nor can I," said the mother angrily, "especially when I had ordered a bushel of pears for canning this morning with their help, and without my permission, they went trampling off down the country road. Go to bed, both of you! I won't whip you because Auntie is here, but you've got to be punished."

"Now don't be so hard on the poor little dears, Mary. They just wanted to stroll a bit and went too far."

"Yes, but they knew better. They must go to bed. I guess they're tired enough to go anyway. No, you cannot carry any pears to bed with you."

"Now just give me an apron, Mary, and we'll get those pears out of the way in no time," said Aunt Jane. "Poor darlings," she added, kissing them again, "Auntie's going to save you some pears."

As they were leaving the room, Tad and Bessie heard their mother say, "I made sure I saw you coming here early this morning, Aunt Jane. A woman, who looked like you, drove up to the gate with a horse like yours; but it was the wife of the man from whom I engaged these pears. She brought them and she reminded me so much of you."



WOLF AND HIS NEPHEW

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS



O you know where the Cape Verde Islands are? No? They are off the most western point of Africa -Cape Verde, the green cape. In those islands now and for several

centuries some of the best story tellers, I believe, in the world have been telling one another stories which once travelled, some of them, from the African mainland, some of them from the Hispanic peninsula. For stories, you know, travel like people, from one end of the world to the other. How? Guess.

We catch the stories somewhere on their travels, but we seldom learn where they started from. The stories I am going to tell you I caught in Rhode Island, after they came over to this country from the Cape Verde Islands, and, as I said, some of them reached the Islands from Portugal and some from Senegambia or Sierra Leone; but whence they came to those countries, who knows? Perhaps from Arabia.

perhaps from India, perhaps from some old, old African kingdom. At any rate, they have been moving about the world a long time, a very long time.

After you have read about these tricks which Wolf, the big, greedy, slow fellow, and Peter, his quick and sly little nephew, play on each other, tell the story in your turn to somebody who likes stories. Remember, these tales are tales not to write but to speak. I have written them down for you only because I can't reach you with my voice for which written words are only a makeshift, a lifeless sort of makeshift. But if you tell the story to somebody in your own words, you will make it com to life again.

赐赐赐

P ETER had a place in the country, where Uncle Wolf. Wolf said to him, "Ah, Nephew. where have you been and what have you been

eating to make you so fine and fat? Your Uncle has been around here without being able to find a thing to eat. Do take me where you get your food."

"Uncle, I won't take you where I get my food. You're too greedy. They'd catch you and kill you."

Wolf begged. "No, I won't be greedy. Take me! Take me!"

"All right. Tomorrow at dawn I'll take you."
That night Wolf did not sleep at all, and at midnight he knocked at Peter's door. Peter said, "Oh, Uncle Wolf! Go home. It's still the middle of the night. Nobody would go at this hour."

At one o'clock Wolf began to crow like a cock, —"Cocorico! Cocorico! Cocorico!" Then he went and knocked at Peter's door. Peter got up and said to him, "It's too early yet. Go home! Do go home! It's too early yet. It's you crowing like a cock, I know you. Go home!"

Wolf had a little house. He went back to it and waited a little while, then he set the house on fire. He went back and knocked again on Peter's door. Peter got up and saw the light of the fire. Wolf said to him, "See the light? It's dawn. Time to go. See the light?"



See the light? It's dawn!

"Uncle Wolf," said Peter, "I don't know what to do with you. Here you are setting fire to your house. Now you will have to live on the street. Well, let's go."

They went to the house of Aunt Goose. On the way Peter said to his uncle, "Uncle Wolf, if Aunt Goose catches us, she will kill us. We must work quickly. Eat only one egg to every fifty you put in your bag,"

"All right, Nephew," said Wolf. But to every fifty eggs Wolf ate, he put only one in his bag. Peter put into his bag one hundred eggs to every one he ate.

"Time to leave, Uncle Wolf," said Peter.
"I have still an empty place in my stomach,"

said Wolf. "I have still to eat for my grandmother and for my mother and for my father and for my wife and for my children."

But Peter would not wait. "I am going, Uncle," he gaid. "When you are ready to come out say 'Gushae! Cushae!" for the door to open, and when you are outside say 'Gubic! Cubic!' for the door to close."

"All right," said Wolf, and he went on eating. After he finished eating all he could and wanted to leave he called out, "Cubic! Cubic!" The door shut tight. "Cubic! Cubic! he chouted. The door shut tighter. "Cubic! Cubic! Cubic! Cubic! The more he shouted, the tighter it closed.

Aunt Goose was coming. Away on a little hill stood Peter. He saw her and sang:

"Little stick, little stick,

Are you going to beat Sir Wolf?

Aunt Goose comes from gathering wood."
Inside the door, Wolf heard Peter singing and sang back:

"Nephew, my nephew,

You are a sly one!

Into someone's house you bring me to feed, When you know I am unlucky.

Cubic! Cubic!"

Outside Aunt Goose sang:

"Wan! Wan!

Dew falls, sun shines,

And I am coming."

Peter sang again:

"Little stick, little stick,

Are you going to beat Sir Wolf?

Aunt Goose comes from gathering wood."

Now Aunt Goose came up to her door with her bundle of wood. She put it down and said, "Cushac! Cushac!" The door started to open, when from inside Wolf called, "Cubic! Cubic!" and it closed again. Again Goose said, "Cushac! Cushac!"—"Cubic! Cubic!" said Wolf. Goose sat down before the door. "Door," she said, "why don't you open? Other days you open when I say, Cushac Cushac!" The door flew open.

Wolf ran under the bed. Then Aunt Goose made herself some coffee. She drank it and lay down to rest. She belched.

"You pig!" exclaimed Wolf under the bed. Aunt Goose looked around everywhere. She couldn't see anybody. She went back to bed. She belched again.

"You dirty pig. Don't you see a man is under the bed?" called out Wolf. This time she saw him. She dached at him. He jumped out and caught hold of the roof truss. "Come down so I can kill you," said Goose. But Wolf held on until he grew tired.

"I'm tired hanging here, Aunt Goose," he said.

"If you're tired hanging by your hands, hang by your feet," she said.

"I'm tired hanging by my feet," Wolf called out again.

"If you're tired hanging by your feet, hang by your belly," said Goose. Wolf let go with his feet. He fell into a pile of ashes by the fireplace and was lost to sight.

Just then Peter passed by. "Peter! Oh Peter! Come in here," said Goose. "Your uncle was here, but now I can't see where he is. He fell down. He must be dead."

Peter called out, "Our yellow race never dies without belching."

Wolf heard him. He belched. The ashes scattered and there was Wolf in full sight. Aunt Goose began to beat him. She beat him almost to death.



55 55 55

T HERE was a Goat that had three kids, named Melo, Maria, Sané. She raised them in a house she could lock up, and every day she would come in from the fields to suckle them. She sang:

"Melo, Maria, Sané,

Open the door for me to suckle you."

One day Wolf heard this song and while Goat was away, he came to the door and sang in a gruff voice:

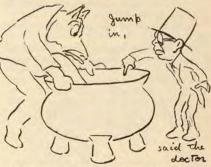
"Melo, Maria, Sané,

Open the door for me to suckle you."

"Oh, Sir Wolf! We're not going to open to you," cried the kids. "You're not going to get us to eat."

So Wolf went to the doctor to ask him how he could make his voice soft like a goat's. "Get

a woolen blanket, a pot of water, and a bundle of wood," said the doctor, "Make a fire and heat the water. Jump into the pot and tell your nephew to cover it with the blanket. In this way your voice will become soft." Wolf



did this and stayed three days in the pot. Then he went to Goat's house and sang:

"Melo, Maria, Sané,

Open the door for me to suckle you."

They opened the door, and he swallowed them down, all three of them.

Then he went to the well for a drink, "Sir Wolf," the Well asked, "what have you eaten to make you so thirsty?"

"I have eaten goose-eggs," answered Wolf,

Mistress Goat was going along, crying for her children. She met a Donkey. Donkey said to her, "Mistress Goat, how is it that every day I meet you singing and dancing, but today you are in tears?"

"I have reason to cry, Sir Donkey; Wolf has eaten up my three kids."

"Come along with me," said Donkey. "I'll turn Wolf over to you."

When Wolf saw Donkey coming towards him he said. "Come here, Donkey old boy. You're the very fellow I am looking for to eat." Donkey ran away.

Goat met an Ox. Ox said to her, "Mistress Goat, how is it that every day I meet you singing and dancing, but today you are in tears?"

"I have reason to cry, Sir Ox; Wolf has eaten up my three kids."

"Come along with me," said Ox. "Pll turn Wolf over to you."

When Wolf saw Ox coming towards him he said, "Come here, Big-neck. You're the very fellow whose blood I want to drink."

Ox ran away.

Goat met a Horse. Horse said to her, "Mi tress Goat, how is it that every day I meet you ringing and dancing, but today you are in tears?"

"I have reason to cry, Sir Horse; Wolf has eaten up my three kids."

"Come along with me." said Horse. "I'll turn Wolf over to you."

When Wolf saw Horse coming towards him, he said, "Come here, Horse, old fellow. You're



the very one I want to wrestle with." Horse made towards Wolf, but as soon as Wolf came on, too, Horse kicked up his heels and ran away.

Goat met an Ant. Ant said to her, "Mistress Goat, how is it that every day I meet you singing and dancing, but today you are in tears?"

"I have reason to cry, Mistress Ant; Wolf has eaten up my three kids."

"Come along with me," said Ant. "I'll turn Wolf over to you."

"I don't think you can turn Wolf over to me," caid Goat. "Big fellows like Donkey, Ox and Horse couldn't, how can a little creature like you?" Ant sang:

"I am a little Ant.

Smoke doesn't blacken me,

Sun doesn't burn."

She went on up to Wolf and Wolf swallowed her. Then she bit into Wolf's guts. Wolf cried. "Ant, let me alone!"

"I won't let you alone until you let out the three children of Mistress Goat."

Wolf let out one. "That's all," he said.

"Mistress Ant, I have three children," said

Ant bit Wolf again. Wolf said, "Ant, do let me alone!"

"Not until you let out all the kids," said Ant. Wolf let out the last kid. Goat took the three kids and went off to the fields.

From this, you see that you must not disparage anyone because he is little, for Ant little though she was, gave back to Goat her three kids.

S S S

WOLF and Peter, his nephew, went into the country and stole a pig. They took it to a cave and made a fire and put on the pot. Wolf was sitting on one side of the fire and Peter on the other. When the pig was almost cooked, Peter took a little stone and threw i up to the roof of the cave. As the stone wa talling down he said, "Look, Uncle Wolf, look! The cave is falling down on us. Get up and hold it up." While Wolf went to hold up the eave, Peter took the pot outside and ate up all the food. He went away, leaving Wolf holding up the cave.

For three days Wolf stood there holding the cave up, then he jumped aside and fell and cu his head. He went home and asked his wife if she had seen Peter.

She said, "No, I haven't seen Peter. You better leave that boy alone and stay home. He'll kill you yet."

"I'm the one who's going to kill him! Isn't he my nephew?"

Next day Peter smeared his head with molasses and went to see his uncle. When he came in he said, "Mistress Isabel, where's Uncle Wolf?" Wolf was hidden under the bed. He wanted to catch Peter. As Peter took off his hat, Isabel saw the molasses and thought it was blood, so she screamed.

Wolf came out from under the bed. He cried out, "Oh, Peter, my nephew! Who has done this to you?"

Peter answered, "Oh that's nothing, my uncle. I told a man to hit me on the head with his axe, and that came out."

Wolf touched Peter's head and then he put his fingers in his mouth. My! but it was sweet! "Isabel! Isabel!" he called to his wife. "Get the axe and hit me, too, on the head." She hit him and drew blood. He cried, "Hit me again, hit me again! It isn't sweet yet. Hit me again!!" She almost split his head in two. Then she had to go and get herbs to make a plaster to cure it.

After his head was healed, Wolf started out to the beach to find Peter. Peter was a fisherman. On the beach Wolf began to pick up snails and crabs to eat. A claw stuck in his teeth. Peter was at the other end of the beach when he saw his uncle. He came up to him and said, "Uncle, I'll get that claw out for you." Peter had a needle in his hand.

"No, Nephew, not with that," objected Wolf.
"Don't you remember that the shroud of your
mother was sewed with a needle?"

Peter got out a pin. "No, Nephew. Don't you remember that pins were used for nails in the coffin of your mother?"

Peter picked up a straw. "No, Nephew. Don't you remember it was a straw that choked your mother to death? Why don't you take it out with your fingers?"

Peter started to take it out with his fingers and Wolf snapped his teeth on his fingers and bit a piece out.

"Nephew, you are a smart fellow, but I am smarter than you. Remember I am your uncle."

Peter said, "Uncle Wolf, I came to tell you where you could get something good to eat. Now you've bitten a piece out of my finger, I won't tell you."

"Oh, Nephew, do tell me. I'll put the piece back on your finger, even if I have to take a piece out of my own finger."

"Well, Uncle Wolf, I'll take you there," said Peter, "but you've got to learn the rule."

It was a fig-tree. You could not reach the tree, it was too high up. You had to say, "Come down! Come down!" and the tree would come down, and you could climb on it and say, "Go up! Go up!" and it would go up as far as you wished. Then you said, "Stop!" When you got enough to eat you would say, "Come down! Come down! Come down!" and it would come down.

Wolf said to the tree, "Come down! Come down! Come down!" and the tree came down and he climbed on it and said: "Go up! Go up! Go up!" He said, "Stop," and he began to eat. He ate so much that he forgot the rule and when he wanted to come down he said, "Go up! Go up! Go up! Tand the tree kept going up. It went all the way up to Heaven.

When Wolf got there God said to him, "What are you doing here? How are you going to get down again?"

"I don't know," said Wolf.

"Well, take this piece of leather," said God. "go to the river and wash it and bring it back to me. I'll make a drum for you, and I'll tie a

string on you and let you down. When you reach the bottom, play your drum and I'll know you're there and cut the string."

When Wolf went to wash the leather, he was so hungry that he ate it. When he came back he told God the current had carried away the leather while he was washing it. God gave him another piece of leather. He was still hungry and he ate it and told God again that the current had washed it away. God gave him another piece of leather and this time God sent Saint Peter along with him to watch him and see if he was telling the truth. Every time Wolf started to carry the leather to his mouth, Saint Peter said, "Pst! What are you doing?"

"Oh! I ain't eating it, I'm just smelling it," said Wolf.



God made him the drum and tied him to a string. "When you get down, play the drum and I'll cut the string," said God.

On the way down Wolf saw a Bluejay. He called out, "Eh there, Bluejay! Give me a piece of your meat." (Bluejay has a red mouth and it looks like meat.)

Bluejay said, "Play your drum for me, and I'll give you a piece."

Wolf was hungry, so he began to play his drum. He played "St. John of God" in double quick time. God heard him playing and cut the string. As Wolf was tumbling down over and over, he kept hollering to Peter, "Nephew! Oh, Nephew! Put some mattresses and straw down for me to fall on." Bluejay laughed at him and flew away, and when Peter heard him he took all his knives and forks and razors and pins and all the sharp things he could find and put them there for his uncle to fall on.

55 55 55

THERE was a famine in the land and people were looking about for something to eat.

The day Wolf reached the king's house, the king was marrying off his daughter. For three days Sir Wolf had had nothing to eat. At the king's house he started to cry. The king said to him, "What is the matter with you?"

He said, "I'm not crying for myself. I'm crying because your daughter is going to ride to her wedding on an old pack saddle, just a straw saddle, and I who know how to make leather saddles—"

"Good!" said the king. "I'll put off the day of the wedding, and I'll give you a week to make saddles for us all to ride on to the wedding. Go into my store-house and make up all the skin which is there into saddles."

Wolf said, "All right! I'll make it all up in a week." Every day for a week they passed food and water in through the window of the storehouse for Wolf. He ate up the food and drank the water, three buckets each day, and each day he ate up a skin. On the seventh day, when the king went into the store-house, he found only a cow's tail.

The king invited Peter to the wedding, to be the best man. He knew Peter would invite h's uncle to go with him, and in this way he could catch Wolf and give him a beating. Peter did invite Wolf. "There is no one to go with me but you, Uncle Wolf. You are my uncle."

But Wolf said, "I can't go. I stole all his skins from the king. I ate them up. I'm not going to his house."

Peter said, "You better go. The king is a rich man. He won't bother about the skins. He's forgotten all about it."

"Well, I'll go with you," said Wolf, "but I'll have to go as your horse, so the king won't know me. The only thing I ask of you is not to forget me when you get there—send me out a bucket of bones."

Peter agreed and started to put a saddle on his uncle.

"Don't put that on me, I don't like it!" shouted Wolf.

"But every one has a saddle on his horse. If I don't put one on you, the king will know it's you." After Peter put the saddle on, he started to put the bridle in Wolf's mouth.

"Don't put that thing in my mouth! I can't eat with that thing in my mouth!"

"But I'll take it off when we get there."

"All right, but be sure you take it off."

Then Peter started to fasten on his spurs.

"But you will rip me up. I won't be able to hold my food," grumbled Wolf.

"I won't touch you with my spurs. Everybody wears spurs. If I don't, it will look queer,"



wolf was a good runner

"All right, put them on, but if you use them to me, I'll kill you when we get back home."

Wolf was a good runner. When Peter dug the spurs into him he ran so fast that in fifteen minutes he was at the king's house. Peter tied him to the foot of a tree at the street door. The other guests arrived, and Wolf pawed the ground to make them think he was a horse. Then the servants began to pass by with food. Wolf begged, "Give me something to eat! Oh! do give me something to eat!"

The servants said "What's that? If that isn't a horse talking! We are going to tell the king."

"No, no, don't say anything, don't mention it!" cried Wolf. But they went and told the king. The king loaded his gun and shot at Wolf. He hit him in the eye. Before he could shoot again, Wolf pulled back on the rope and broke it and ran away.

After the wedding the king gave Peter twenty cows. Peter took them out to pasture and within six months he had thirty head. As his pasturage was too small, he moved to another place. It was just where Wolf happened to be. When Peter saw his uncle he called out. "Uncle Wolf, I've been looking for you. Here are the cattle the king has sent you. That shot was not aimed at you. They were just shooting a gun off for the wedding."

"Very well," said Wolf, "I accept the cows and I'll make you my cowherd. I'll give you one cow out of every thirty to milk for yourself." But Wolf was so greedy that he had milked all his twenty-nine cows before Peter began to milk his one cow. So Wolf began to beg him, "My nephew, give me that cow of yours to milk today and tomorrow I'll give you two cows."

Peter was afraid of Wolf, so he gave him back the cow. Next day Wolf gave Peter two black cows; but before Peter began to mlk, Wolf had finished milking his cows and he said. "My nephew, give me those black cows because black cow milk is very sweet; tomorrow I'll give you three cows."

Next day Wolf gave Peter three white cows: but before Peter began to milk them Wolf had finished milking his cows and said. "My nephew, give me those white cows, because white cow milk is just like cream; tomorrow I'll give you four cows."

Peter said, "For three days I have had nothing to eat. I'm hungry. I won't give them to

Wolf said, "All the cows are mine anyhow," and he began to beat Peter.

Peter ran away to a hill and Wolf began to milk the white cows. There on the hill Peter yelled out, "If you are looking for that blind

horse, you'll find him down there in the ravine milking a white cow, one of the cows you sent him."

Wolf stopped milking. He looked up. He called out to Peter, "Is it that king asking for

Peter did not answer but velled again, "Run, run, if you want to catch him. He's a good runner. If you don't run fast you won't catch him!"

Wolf left the cow and started to run. Peter yelled again, "Better run fast after Wolf! If he gets to the sea down there, you'll lose him! He's a good swimmer. You won't be able to catch him in the sea, he's too good a swimmer." Wolf ran down to the beach. He was not able to swim, but he heard what Peter said, and so he believed that he could swim and he jumped into the sea and was drowned. Peter came down from the hill and took the cows and enjoyed his life without his uncle.

Yesterday I came from there and left Peter having the happiest time in the world.

Little shoes run up the hill and down. Bee kidney, mosquito liver, Who runs the quickest can have it. Who can tell a better one, tell it.



Babes' Sleepland

C. LESLIE FRAZIER

AN'T you hear the bells a-ringing? Can't you hear the birds a-singing? Can't you see the Sandman bringing Sand o' sleep to close your eyes? Can't you hear the echoes swelling With the song that's ever telling Babes that there's a place o' dwelling For them far beyond the sky?

Don't you want to make a visit To this land that's so exquisite? Surely you don't want to miss it, For 'tis such a rare, rare treat.

Don't you want to feel my kisses, In this land where naught but bliss is; Land o' baby lads and misses,-

In this land o' pleasant sleep?

Can't you take me with you there, Where all is pure and sweet and fair; Where rarest perfumes fill the air-

Oh, can't you take me, little lady? Take me with you for a while, Let me see your Sleepland smile, Lead me by the brooklets mild, Down the straight lanes shady.

I was there once on a time, Sharing all its joys sublime; But that necromancer-Time-Bid me long ago, "Adieu". Now as I see you gently creeping Into realms o' babehood's sleeping, I would like to take a peep in This fair land with you.

Little Ceople of the Month



T happened in Washington, D. C. The occasion was the "Convention for Amity Between the White and Colored Races."

Upon the scene comes Lenoir Cook, singing "Mammy."

The Daily Star says: "A young white woman walked up to a group centered around the youngster. She delved nervously into a silver handbag which she carried, took something out and handed it to the boy. In the boy's hand was a handsome diamond in a beautiful setting of platinum. Then every one present sought to learn the identity of the generous stranger. But this she had successfully concealed. As sung by the colored youth, the song had appar-

ently touched a tender spot in the heart of the woman."

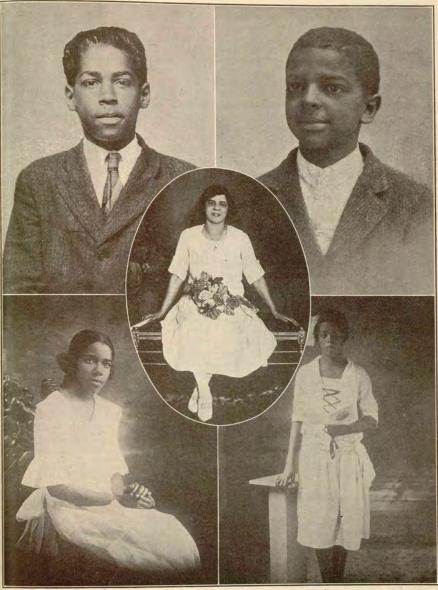
Will Marion Cook, Lenoir's uncle, composed the music to "Mammy," the words of which were written by Lester A. Walton.

Lenoir completed the eighth grade at the Lucretia Mott School in June of this year. His final marks were "excellent" in every subject save one, and "good" in that. He was selected as the leading character in a drama, "The Oak of Geismar," given by the pupils and was the Class Day orator.

T HE group of little Brownies are children of Los Angeles, Cal. At the fashion show, given by the Phip-Art-Lit-Mo Club, they were kewpies and vampires!



Kewpies and Vampires!



Lenoir Cook

Marguerite Jackson Lingham

Ruth Marie Thomas

Kermit A. Brunner Mabel Agenor

K ERMIT E. BRUNNER won the State Gold medal in the Declamatory Contest among the Colored High Schools of Maryland. His subject was "The Fourth of July Address of Frederick Douglass." A silver cup is being made by the State Department of Education for presentation to the Frederick Colored High School, where Kermit is a student. Professor Maurice E. Reid, a graduate of Howard University. Washington, D. C., is principal of the school. This Brownie, who is thirteen, is the youngest student in the school, and he was the youngest speaker at the contest. He was only twelve years of age when he enrolled in High School.

Kermit's father, Mr. John W. Brunner, has been County Supervisor of Colored Schools in Frederick County, Maryland, for ten years, and his mother, Mrs. Jeannette C. Brunner, has been a teacher in the North Frederick Public School for eight years. Kermit's aim is to become a lawyer.

I^N 1917 Ruth Marie Thomas was graduated from Public School No. 119, in New York City, as salutatorian of her class. Last June she was graduated from Wadleigh High School where her name appeared on both the Junior and the Senior Honor Rolls, which was a recognition of fine scholarship. During her senior year she was admitted into the Arista, an honorary society existing in New York High Schools for scholarship and fine ideals of character.

Miss Thomas hopes to become a high school teacher.

DURING her course at the Technical High School, Providence, Rhode Island, Marguerite Jackson Lingham averaged 90 percent and over in all of her subjects. Having made such a high record during the preceding three years, in the fourth year she was permitted to apply for one of the ten scholarships given each year by Brown University.

The University gave nine \$50 and one \$100 scholarships. Of those who applied, Miss Lingham was considered to be most worthy of the \$100 award.

Miss Lingham, who is eighteen years old. will enter the Women's College of Brown University and specialize in French, Spanish and Latin.

1 ABEL AGENOR is a Brownie of our Southland, for she lives in New Orleans. She is very much devoted to her home, but there is also another place that claims her affection-the St. Louis School, where she is a pupil. Mabel has always been among the best students in her class, so no one was surprised when she won the prize at the end of the school year for having attained the highest average in the sixth grade. Mabel's average in arithmetic was 98 percent; in geography, 95 percent; in English, 95 percent.





PINOCCHIO

The Story of a Puppet

"C. COLLODI"

(Carlo Lorenzini)



OW many Brownies have read this delightful fairy tale?

Pinocchio, a puppet, gets into such funny difficulties. He means well, but just the same, he is a naughty puppet. Then we read:

One morning he said to his father: "I am going to the neighboring market to buy myself a jacket, a cap, and a pair of shoes. When I return," he added, laughingly, "I shall be so well dressed that you will take me for a fine gentleman."

And, leaving the house, he began to run merrily and happily along. All at once he heard himself called by name, and turning round he saw a big Snail crawling out from the hedge,

"Do you not know me?" asked the Snail.

"It seems to me. . . , and yet I am not sure. . . ."

"Do you not remember the Snail who was

lady's maid to the Fairy with the blue hair? Do you not remember the time when I came downstairs to let you in, and you were caught by your foot, which you had stuck through the house door?"

"I remember it all!" shouted Pinocchio.
"Tell me quickly, my beautiful little Snail,
where have you left my good Fairy? What
is she doing? Has she forgiven me? Does
she still remember me? Does she still wish
me well? Is she far from here? Can I go and
see her?"

To all these rapid, breathless questions the Snail replied in her usual phlegmatic manner: "My dear Pinocchio, the poor Fairy is lying in bed at the hospital!"

"At the hospital?"

"It is only too true. Overtaken by a thousand misfortunes she has fallen seriously ill, and she has not even enough to buy herself a mouthful of bread."

"Is it really so? . . . Oh, what sorrow you have given me! Oh, poor Fairy! poor Fairy! poor Fairy! . . . If I had a million I would run and carry it to her . . . but I have only forty pence . . . here they are; I was going to buy a new coat. Take them, Snail, and

carry them at once to my good Fairy."

Whilst he slept he thought he saw the Fairy smiling and beautiful, who, after having kissed him, said to him: "Well done, Pinocchio! To reward you for your good heart, I will forgive you all that is past."

At this moment his dream ended, and Pinocchio opened his eyes and awoke.

But imagine his astonishment when upon awakening he discovered that he was no longer a wooden puppet, but that he had become instead a boy, like all other boys.

"Satisfy my curiosity! dear Papa," said Pinocchio, throwing his arms around his neck and covering him with kisses; "how can this sudden change be accounted for?"

If you, too, are curious, you can get "Pinocchio" at the Public Library and read all about this little puppet. The Collodi edition has colored illustrations, some of which are: "The donkey threw the poor puppet into the middle of the road"; "The doctors came immediately—a Crow, an Owl, and a Talking-Cricket"; "The green fisherman plunged him alive five or six times in the flour."

And won't you please write and tell us how much you liked "Pinocchio"?



PLAYTIME



GAMES

Arranged by PORTIA M. WILEY



T has not been many years ago since I was a child and delighted to spend the after-school hours and holidays with the other children of the neighborhood playing

"rings." And yet, within that short time, childhood games have seen a change. Many of the games I used to play either are not played by my little brothers and sisters, or have been "modernized" by them. After all,

childhood games are like folk-songs. They are handed down from generation to generation. They undergo a change each time they are passed on to a new generation.

I have compiled some of the popular "ring" games I used to play. Many of these games are still played in the streets, in the schoolyards, at the play-grounds. Perhaps you little Brownies will delight in staging a revival of old games.

WALTER, WALTER, WILD FLOWER

 Walter, Walter, wild flower, Growing up so high;
 All the nice young ladies
 Are expecting him to die,

Except Miss — ,
 She is the wildest flower;
 Wild flower, wild flower,
 Turn your back and tell your beau's name.

3. Mr. _____ is a nice young man,
He comes to the door with his hat in his
hand;
He asks is Miss _____ in,
Tomorrow, tomorrow the wedding will
begin.

4. Doctor, doctor, can you tell
What will make poor — well;
He is sick and going to die,
That will make poor — cry.



Group Formation

The group form a ring, joining hands and moving round in a circle, and sing the first stanza. One of the group is named in the second stanza. During the singing of the last line of the second stanza, the one named turns her back, joining hands with the girls on her left and right, and remains in the ring, mov-

ing around with her back to the center of the ring. In the third verse, the girl's beau is named in the first line, and her name is sung in the third line. In the fourth verse the boy's name is used in the second line, the girl's name being used in the last line. The game continues from the beginning.

GO IN AND OUT

1

Go in and out the window,
Go in and out the window,
Go in and out the window,
For we are all so gay.

Go kneel before your lover, Go kneel before your lover, Go kneel before your lover, For we are all so gay.

I kneel because I love you, I kneel because I love you, I kneel because I love you,

For I am young and gay.

I stand because I hate you, I stand because I hate you, I stand because I hate you, For I am young and gay.

Group Formation

The players stand in a ring, an arm's length apart. A leader is outside the ring. During the singing of the first stanza, the leader walks in and out of the space between each girl. She stands before one of the group during the singing of the second stanza. The leader sings the third and fourth stanzas. At the word "kneel" the leader kneels. At the word "stand" she stands with her back to the one chosen. The game then starts from the beginning, the one chosen being the leader.

HERE COMES A DUKE

1

Here comes a duke a-riding,
Riding, riding;
Here comes a duke a-riding,
So ransom, tansom. titty mo tee,
Ransom, tansom, tay.

And what are you riding here for?
Here for, here for?
And what are you riding here for?
So ransom, tansom, titty mo tee,
Ransom, tansom, tay.

2

I'm riding here to get married, Married, married; I'm riding here to get married,

So ransom, tansom, titty mo tee, Ransom, tansom, tay.

4

And who do you think will have you? Have you, have you?

And who do you think will have you? So ransom, tansom, titty mo tee,

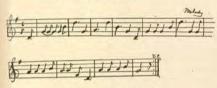
Ransom, tansom, tay.

5

I think Miss — will have me, Have me, have me;

I think Miss — will have me, So ransom, tansom, titty mo tee,

Ransom, tansom, tay.



Group Formation

The players stand in a horizontal line. A leader stands in front and continues to walk up to the group and away, while they sing the first and second stanzas.

The leader then answers, singing the third stanza: The group sing the fourth stanza. The leader sings the fifth stanza, naming someone as a partner.

The one named is chased around the group by the leader. If the one chased is caught before she can return to her position in the line, she then joins the leader's side, and they both continue the game from the beginning, singing, of course, "Here Comes Two Dukes," "Three Dukes," etc., as the number of dukes increases.

If the first duke does not succeed in catching the first partner named, he continues the game alone, naming another partner, and so on until he has added another to his side.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

Hidden Negro Notables: 1. Allen. 2. Work. 3. Young. 4. Small. 5. Fortune. 6. Price. 7. Noble. 8. Attucks. 9. Revels. 10. Gans. Printers' Pi:-

Winter Sweetness
Langston Hughes
The little house is sugar,
Its roof with snow is piled,
And from its tiny window,
Peeps a maple-sugar child.
—From Brownies' Book, Jan., 1921.

Letter-words: 1. BM (beam). 2. MT (empty). 3. PK (pekay). 4. CL (seal). 5. DL (deal). 6. KL (kale). 7. CM (seam). 8. TM (team). 9. BN (bean). 10. EL (eel). 11.CT (city).

Zigzag:-

Harriet Tubman

Negro History :-

- 1. First missionary to Liberia.
- Singer, composer and holder of a Spingarn medal.
- 3. Author; editor of the CRISIS.
- 4. Mutual Savings Bank, Portsmouth, Va.
- Abysinnia, Liberia, Haiti and Santo Domingo.
- 6. Talliaferro.
- September 17, 1861, at Fortress Monroe, Va.
- 8. Teacher at the above mentioned school.
- 9. First Negro physician in the United States.
- 10. Abolitionist.
- 11. By Columbus in 1492.
- No. "Blind Tom's" name was Thomas G. Bethune, and the other, John Boone.

Conundrum:-Infant tree. (Infantry.)



THE JUDGE



EE!" thinks Billie, "I wish it was three o'clock."

It is just two o'clock and Billie faces an hour's struggle with English. His rating in

this subject is "poor"—and when the teacher says "English books," Billie begins to think of

marbles, and skates, and kites.

On Saturday afternoon Billie reminds the Brownies of their visit to The Judge. "Ain't you ready, Wilhelmina?" exclaims Billie, in disgust.

"Why is it that you will not speak corrective, Billie?" asks Wilhelmina.

"Aw, you know what I said—so what's the difference, Miss Know-It-All!"

"Wilhelmina is right to correct you, Billie," says William. "'Ain't' is not a proper word to use."

"I'll ask The Judge!"

They journey along in silence. Billie is pouting.

It is a smiling Billie, however, who greets The Judge. When they all are seated, Billie casts a revengeful look at Wilhelmina and William. Then, very proudly, he says, "Mr. Judge, it don't sound—"

"Wait a minute, Billie," interrupts The Judge. "You should have said—tell him, Wilbelmina."

"It doesn't!" exclaims Wilhelmina, with a haughty toss of her head.

"That's correct, Wilhelmina," says The Judge. "Suppose we have a lesson in English?" he suggests.

Wilhelmina and William draw their chairs nearer to The Judge. Billie is trying desperately to interest Billikens in a plot to escape, when the Judge says, "Billie, if your teacher should ask you to supply is or are in the sentence 'two and two,' which word would you use?"

Billie moves around uneasily; then he says: "Two and two is four."

"Two and two are four!" chirps in Billikens.

"There, Smarty! says William. "And do you know, Mr. Judge—this afternoon Wilhelmina corrected Billie when he used 'ain't.' Billie told her that she knew what he meant, so what direrence d.d it make if he did say 'ain't.'"

The Judge beckons to Billie.

"It makes a world of difference," he says. "I know a boy who goes to school and pays attention to his lessons. He learns, Billie-boy. He is a cultured lad, with a bright future." He pauses. "Do you know the other boy, Billie?"

"Yes, Mr. Judge," answers the guilty Billie, "but from now on, I'm going to pay attention to my lessons and be a *cultured* boy, too!"

The Judge extends his hand, which Billie shakes heartily.

"And what you have said, Mr. Judge," says Wilhelmina, "applies to girls, too. Doesn't it?"

"Of course," says The Judge, with a smile. "And now, shall we have some ice cream?"

The Judge and his guests, seated around the table, have a delightful time.

"Mr. Judge," says Wilhelmina on departing, "I wish you would suggest something for us to think of when we don't want to go to school, and study, study, study!"

"Let me see," The Judge says thoughtfully.

"I know a proverb," he adds.

"All right," answer the Brownies with enthusiasm. "Wilhelmina," says William, "you write it so that we can memorize it."

The Judge continues, slowly—"'It was a saying of his, that education was an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity.'"

Wilhelmina repeats the words solemnly.

Billie, who is showing his gratitude, exclaims, "Dear Mr. Judge, that's an easy one to learn!"

"Yes," joins in William," but do you know what it means?"

"I can say it," Billie answers in a challenging tone.

"But you and Billikens," The Judge adds. "should ask Mother to explain the proverb to you."

Ourlittestiends

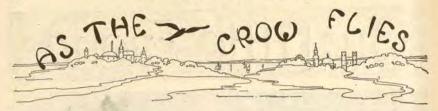














OW wonderful it is to be a Crow!
But how much more wonderful it
is to be a little Brownie! And
may I take you on a flying try,
Brownie-dear? There are so

many things of interest across the sea. Caw! Caw! Caw!

¶ The unveiling of Lorraine's monument to the American Expeditionary Forces has been held in Fliery, France. Representatives of the American Legion witnessed the ceremony.

¶ Emir Feisal, son of the King of the Hejaz, has become King of the Irak region. This is the new Arab State of Mesopotamia.

⊕ Demetrios Rhallys is dead in Athens. He was a former Premier of Greece.

¶ Angora, the Turkish nationalist capital, has fallen to the Greek army.

¶ The second assembly of the League of Nations has opened in Geneva. Forty-eight nations are represented.

¶ Mathias Erzberger has been assassinated in Germany. He was formerly Vice-Chancellor and Minister of Finance.

¶ Six hundred tons of rice and sugar have reached Russia for the starving children of Moscow, and 165 tons of food have been sent from the United States. Colonel Edward W. Ryan, American Red Cross Commissioner in the Baltic, reports that relief for Russia will cost \$1,000,000 a day, and that 2,000,000 people will die in spite of all the help the world can give.

¶ In Petrograd, eight Russian Communist leaders were assassinated during the past two months. On August 24, 61 persons were shot. They had been sentenced to death by the Cheka, or Bolshevik inquisition, for participation in a plot against the Soviet Government.
¶ Abd-el-Krin has conceived the idea of form—

 ■ Abd-el-Krin has conceived the idea of forming a new Morrocan empire which will extend further than most of the old Morrocan possessions. Abd-el-Krin is a leader of the Moor
sessions.

ish troops who are opposing the Spaniards on the Barbary Coast. Spanish artillerymen, however, are shelling Moorish positions near Melilla. The Associated Press says, "The crowded city receives a hail of rifle bullets from hidden marksmen, night after night."

■ British labor leaders are demanding of Premier Lloyd George that he either convene Parliament at once and take steps to relieve the unemployment situation or provide finances to support the idle.

The British dirigible R-38, near the end of a 35-hour test flight, collapsed and burned in the vicinity of Hull, England. Forty-two persons, sixteen of whom were Americans, were killed. The flying machine, after the test flight, was to have been turned over to the American Navy as the ZR 2.

 ∏ Rioters in the Malabar districts of British India have looted a treasury of \$190,000, freed convicts, and murdered an auto bus crew. The Moplah revolutionists are proclaiming Home Rule. They have hoisted their emblem—a green flag—at Pallipu.

¶ Treaties of peace between the United States and Germany and the United States and Austria have been signed in Berlin and Vienna, respectively.

¶ The disclosing of trade secrets will be considered "high treason" by the German Government. This is to prevent the secret of German chemical processes from becoming known abroad.

The Sinn Feiners, replying to Lloyd George's

proffer of peace, have rejected the Dominion plan. They offer, however, to meet the Premier again if he will discuss "government by consent of the governed."

¶ Sir Sam Hughes, former Canadian Minister of Militia, is dead in Lindsay, Ontario, in his 68th year. He was known as the "father of the Canadian Army."



ND now that we are home again, shall we see what has been going on here? America, you know, is a very important place. Caw! Caw! Caw!

¶ The Court of Appeals has declared the New York State soldier bonus act as unconstitutional.

Major-General Leonard Wood has accepted the post of Governor-General of the Philippines.

¶ By winning both the singles and doubles tennis matches against representatives from Japan the United States retains the international Davis Cup for another year.

¶ A receivership has been asked for by creditors of the New York Interborough Rapid Transit Company. The indebtedness of the company is upwards of \$3,000,000.

The American Federation of Labor asserts that the wilful stoppage of production by employers is responsible for the unemployment of 5,500,000 people in the United States. It has called upon the Government to aid the unemployed.

Another reduction in wages of mill workers—which brings the pay down to \$.30 an hour—is announced by the United States Steel Corporation. The new rate became effective August 29.

¶ Striking coal miners in West Virginia in their revolt against the operators have given up their fight. Two thousand Federal troops have taken charge.

¶ Secretary of State Hughes has sent identical notes to Great Britain, France, Japan and Italy on the subject of mandates. The American policy of open door, with equal policy for all the Allies in surrendered territory, is repeated.

¶ Director of the Budget Dawes has created the office of Surveyor-General of Real Estate. The duty of the surveyor will be to make economical use of land owned and leased by the Government.

¶ According to the Department of Labor, retail food prices increased 2.7 per cent in July over June; wholesale foodstuffs, 1.5 per cent; wholesale farm products, 1.75 per cent.

¶ The Rockefeller Foundation has given \$1,785,000 to establish a new school of public health at Harvard University. The Laura Spellman Rockefeller Memorial and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., have pledged \$750,000 and \$250,000, respectively, toward the Y. M. C. A. retirement fund, provided the remainder of \$4,000,000 is pledged by December 31, 1922.

∏ Railroad labor leaders have voted to distribute strike ballots to the 409,000 members of the Big Four Brotherhood and Switchmen's Union. Low wages and poor working conditions are the reasons for this action.

¶ President Harding has signed a bill which appropriates \$48,500,000 for the expenses of the Shipping Board to January 1 of next year, and \$200,000 for expenses of the Disarmament Conference.

¶ Dry leaders, in an effort to drive the antibeer bill through the Senate prior to the recess of Congress, were defeated.

¶ American troops now in Germany are to be brought home within a fairly short period.

¶ William J. Burns of New York has been appointed Director of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice. He succeeds William J. Flynn.

¶ The second Pan-African Congress has convened in Paris, Brussels and London, with Dr. W. E. B. Du Bo's, of New York, as secretary. Thirty Negroes from America were in attendance. Resolutions for the uplift of the darker races were adopted.

¶ The Ku Klux Klan, a heinous organization of Reconstruction days, is being revived. The New York World and other papers have begun an exposé, and the Klan is now to be investigated by Federal authorities.

¶ The American Bar Association has passed a resolution "unqualifiedly condemning" Federal Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, of Chicago, for accepting private employment and compensation while active on the Federal bench. He was national arbiter of baseball.

THE JURY





WISH to let you know how much I enjoy reading THE BROWN-IES' BOOK every month.

Last month about 60,000 school children in this city were formed into a large wheel. We sang several

be a utiful songs to President and Mrs. Harding, who were also presented with thousands of lovely flowers by us.

I was the only child, in this large group of singers, with whom Mrs. Harding shook hands. Don't you think I ought to be proud of this honor? Indeed I am! The enclosed picture of me

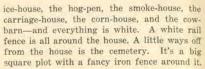
picture of me Evelyn Washington was taken a few months ago.

I am eight years old, and in Grade 4A.

EVELYN WASHINGTON,

Washington, D. C.

THIS is the loveliest place! Just try to picture a great big nine-room country house up on a hill, with a front lawn filled with flowers. There's a great big back porch, with the kitchen off one end of it. In back of our house, in the yard, is a four-room house where the man who helps to take care of the place lives. Then there are the chicken-house, the barn, the



I almost forgot to tell you about the well, out in the yard. It is over fifty feet deep and the water is so nice and cold.

For dinner yesterday we had fried chicken, cabbage, beets, potatoes, ham, buttermilk and cake. And the table we ate on is of mahogany, over a hundred years old. It belonged to the Honorable William Jones from whom John Paul Jones took his name. This wonderful old house was at one time the big house owned by wealthy slave-owners. The parlor is furnished with beautiful old mahogany furniture handsomely carved. It has a big fire-place, with brass fenders and andirons.

I have a feather bed with a spread on it that my great grandmother wove. I just sink down in the feathers, and oh! how I sleep!

> POCAHONTAS FOSTER, Farmville, Virginia.

HAVE been reading The Brownies' Book for almost a year now. My father gave it to me for a Christmas present, and I certainly have enjoyed every copy. I am very fond of English composition and I think I would like to write when I get big. I liked the Education Number very much, and I am very anxious to graduate from High School, so I can send you my picture. My father graduated from Fisk University and I want to go there some day. My mother told me that Dr. DuBois finished there, so I thought I'd mention it. I have a little sister and I always show her the pictures in The Brownies' Book. She likes it as much as I do.

CLIFFORD M. LUNCEFORD, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE PINK BANANA

MAUD WILCOX NIEDERMEYER



H, mother! Uncle Jack gave me a quarter and told me that I could buy anything I wanted to with it. Please, mother, you say yes." And Esther jumped

up and down for joy.

Her mother looked at the shiny, new quarter and smiled as she said: "I believe I will let you do anything you like with it this once. Uncle Jack is entirely too generous, but I trust that you will not abuse his gift."

Esther flew to get her hat, scarcely heeding her mother's last words. But on the way to the grocery store, where they sold candy also, she remembered them. "Abuse Uncle Jack's present! How silly! I couldn't do that, for I am going to have the gr-andest time!" And she skipped along, humming a little tune to herself.

The store was not far away and soon she was standing on tip-toe, peering into the glass case that held the long-coveted goodies. The man behind the counter smiled jovially as he asked:

"Well, what can I do for you, little lady?" Esther smiled back and pointed her finger at some pink and white bananas, that were her favorites. "I'll take two pink and two white, please sir, and a chocolate mouse and some pepermint canes and three cocoanut balls and—and—"

"See here, young lady, are you going to buy me out?" asked the clerk, laughing as he slipped the candy into a large paper bag.

Esther laughed, too. "Oh, I forgot. I didn't want to spend but fifteen cents. How much is there?"

"We'll let this go at fifteen. I guess you're going to have a party."

Esther blushed, for it was to be a party for one, and the man's words suddenly made her feel selfish. But with the precious bag in one hand and the ten cents in the other, her spiritrevived and she hurried on her way. She slackened her steps to take a peep into the bag. Ah, that chocolate mouse did look good. Esther shuther pearly teeth over him and off came his head! My, he was good! Next she ate a white banana; then a pink one; then a cocoanut ball.

She had reached the bakery shop by now and she stopped to wipe her sticky fingers on a wee handkerchief. Then she caught sight of that wonderful window, full of tempting cakes. Such gorgeous charlotte russes! She must have one. But perhaps they cost more than ten cents. She opened the door of the shop and inquired the price of a pleasant-looking woman.

"Ten cents, little girl, and you can tell your Ma that they are absolutely fresh."

Ten cents! That was just what she had left. She had intended buying a toy for her baby brother, but she hastily decided to give him the remaining banana.

"I'll take one with the strawberry-colored cream," she said, and her eyes opened wide at the sight of the marvelous cake that was to be hers. "You needn't wrap it up, 'cause I'm going to eat it quick!"

Outside, once more she started for home. She turned the beautiful charlotte russe round and round. Where should she begin? The cream had been swirled on top, ending in a point. Sne ate the point first; then the rest was easy. But such a funny little face as she had! There was a dab of pink cream on her nose, another on her chin, and one on each cheek. It was just the best cake she had ever eaten. By the time she reached home, and she walked very slowly, every bit of the beautiful pink thing was gone and the bag of candy was empty!

Her mother was busy in the kitchen and did not ask any questions. Esther played with her dolls a while, but she didn't feel just right somehow, and finally lay down in the hammock.

"Esther, dear, it is lunch time," said her mother.

"I'm not hungry, mother. I'd rather stay

Her mother glanced at the tell-tale face and wisely left her alone.

About two o'clock she came out again and said: "It is time you were getting ready for Irene's party, dear. Had you forgotten it?"

"I—I don't want any party," wailed Esther.
"Something's wrong inside of me."

A little later the strangest thing happened. The pink and white bananas, the chocolate mouse, the cocoanut balls, and the gorgeous charlotte russe, all tumbled out of Esther's tired little stomach into the basin that mother brought!

"Oh, oh!" moaned the little girl.

Then she went to sleep and when she awoke, Irene's party was all over. "Mother," said Esther, putting her arms about her mother's neck, "I guess I did abuse Uncle Jack's present. And I was awful selfish, too. I ate everything myself. But I guess Irene's party was a big price to pay for it. Please, mother, you tell me how to use presents after this."



A NARROW ESCAPE

SARAH E. LACY



ID you ever hear about my Uncle Jim? Well he was just the best man, and he knew the best stories you ever heard. At night in the wintertime, when the wind whis-

tled through the garret and made the fire first red, then blue—Uncle Jim gathered us children around the fire and told us those wonderful stories.

One night Dot begood for a really true story, Johnny asked for a bear story, but I wanted to bear about the fairies.

"Tonight is Betty's night," Uncle said, so I curled up on the divan, with both of my ears opened real, real wide. And do you know, he told all about the fairies who made the days, the clouds, and just a host of beautiful things?

That night I dreamed many strange dreams.

One especially I remember.

It was morning and I was walking in a beautiful wood. The birds sang sweetly, friendly squ'rrels and rabbits hopped here and there, and everything and everyone were happy as larks. Then from behind a tree came just the dearest little fairy you ever saw!

"Would you like to take a ride?" she asked, and almost before I knew it I found myself answering, "Yes." And, lo and behold, there appeared a pair of marble steps beside the tree and, not the least bit afraid, I walked, or climbed rather, to the top. But what do you think was up there? The dearest, fluffiest, whitest, little cloud!

"Hop on," the fairy said, "and good-bye, good

luck," and with a cheery little smile, she touched the cloud with her wand, sending us high over the treetops and out of view.

On and on we traveled. The sun sank lower and lower, drifting all the while towards a huge mountain. The little cloud went faster and faster. Rivers, cities, lakes and forests fairly flew beneath us. But suddenly that cloud grew black! I gasped and wished fervently that I was home, The air grew warm and stifling! A storm was coming! And we would be right in its midst! Way off I noticed a huge, huge, black somethin; making straight for us. Peering closer, I saw that it was a cloud. I closed my eyes and prayed a tiny prayer. Just then a terrific crash almost deafened me! Thunder! The other cloud had run into us! A great streak of red ran across the sky, crackling like a whip. Oh, why had I taken that terrible, terrible ride? The rain began to descend in torrents. In a moment my cloud would be gone! I might as well go too, I thought, and so hurled myself from the cloud. Down, down, down I went with the rain. At last I came in sight of our barn. The wind carried me eastward, just missing the weathercock on the barn. I smashed into the chicken coop and, too dazed to move, lay quite still.

Presently I opened my eyes to find myself lying on the floor by my own bedside, with a terrible knot on my forehead. The sun was streaming in and Uncle Jim was calling me to come and go coasting. I stood up and rubbed my head thoughtfully. Gee! Hadn't I had a narrow escape?

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State of New York | 8.
County of New York | 8.

County of New York | 58Before me, a notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Augustus Granville Dill, who, having
been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that
he is the Business Manager of The Brownits' Book and
that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief,
a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a
duly paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by
the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

managing cottor, and business managers are:

publisher—Dublois and Dill, Publishers, New York, N. Y.
Editor—W. E. Burgh West 13th St., New York, N. Y.
Managing Editor—Jessie Redmon Fauset,
West 13th St., New York, N. Y.
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Z. West 13th St., New York, N. Y.
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2. That the owners are:
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2 West 18th St., New York, N. V. 3. That the known bondholders, mortragees and other security holders holding or owning 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: NONE.

AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1921.

FRANK M. TURNER,

Notary Public Queens Co., No. 754. Certificate filed in New York County No. 164, New York Reg. No. 2122. Term expires Mar. 30, 1922.

THE BROWNIES' BOOK

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NOVEMBER, 1921

WHOLE No 23

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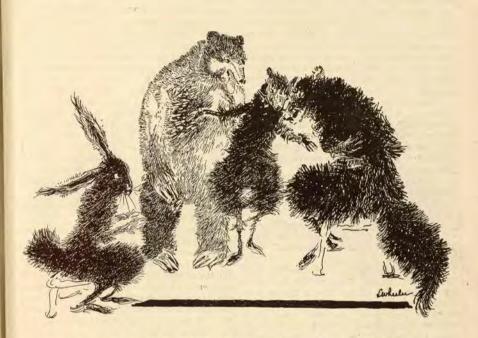
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The Brownies' Book

Vol. 2-No. 11

NOVEMBER, 1921

Whole No. 23



THE STORY-TELLING CONTEST

JULIAN ELIHU BAGLEY



ITTLE CLESS' teacher just loved her pupils and she was always doing something to make them happy. "Now of course, children," she explained that Tues-

day morning, "you know Thursday is Thanksgiving Day, the time when every one should give thanks to the Creator for the blessings of the year. All of you are going to give thanks, aren't you? I thought so," she said smilingly, after the whole class shouted 'yes'm' in one big chorus. "Of course there will be no school Thursday," she continued, "and we shall not have an opportunity to meet together that day, but I've planned a little party—a sort of Thanksgiving dinner for us here tomorrow. We are going to have all the turkey we want. In fact, we are going to have almost a whole turkey. Only one drumstick will be cut from him before he is brought before you, and that drumstick is going to be cut off for a reason. This is the reason. We are going to have a story-telling contest tomorrow, and the little boy or girl who tells the best story will be given a nice, big, brown turkey drumstick. Of course, as I said in the beginning, there will be turkey enough for everybody, but the one who wins the drumstick will have the highest honor

of the day. Now who is going to win the drumstick?"

There was no response to the question, but a twinkle of delight and determination in the eyes of every little boy and girl indicated that there would be many story-tellers in the contest the next day. Of course little Cless was going to try, for Granny had told him many tales, and he was sure he could give the class a new one, whether it was a good one or not. He could hardly wait for his teacher to dismiss him that afternoon, he was so anxious to get home and tell Granny about the story-telling contest.

"Granny," he explained when he reached home that afternoon, "we're going to have a story-telling contest tomorrow at school, and the one who tells the best story, teacher says he'll get a nice, big, brown turkey drumstick. Which is the best one of the stories you've told me, Granny?"

"The best one for Thanksgiving Day, you mean, don't you, honey?"

"No'm; just the best one," answered Cless, "the best for any day."

"But any day in this case," argued Granny,
"is Thanksgiving Day, and none of the stories
I've told you will do for Thanksgiving."

Cless frowned desperately.

"Now don't pucker up your face like that, little lamb," begged Granny, "for I think I know a story that will just fit in for the contest." The usual flush of delight danced over the little boy's face. And that same night Granny told him a story which she declared was just the story for Thanksgiving. Little Cless could hardly sleep after he heard it. At regular intervals during the night Granny heard him roll over and over in his bed and sigh wearily: "My goodness! I wish morning would hurry up and come on."

Morning came. The little brown boy sprang from the bed and dressed himself for school. And while Granny prepared the breakfast he followed her around foot by foot, rehearsing the little story which he was going to tell in the story-telling contest. Came the time to go to school. Granny gave him her blessing and he started out. That morning when Cless reached school his room was literally buzzing with delight. The teacher had come early and so had the pupils. There were three grown-ups in the room—total strangers—whom the children had already guessed to be the judges for the con-

test. But most interesting of all was the platform where the teacher usually sat. On it stood a large table covered with a spotlessly clean tablecloth which was elevated at various heights, according to what it concealed. Of course everybody knew that the really high place in the center was Mister Turkey.

The program began. "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come," and a short prayer by the teacher ended the devotionals. Now the tablecloth was rolled back and the children saw a delicious brown turkey with only one drumstick. And every little eye, and every little heart, and every little mind, was riveted on that one turkey drumstick. The story-telling contest began. Tommy McLaughlin started off with "The Three Bears," but as soon as he announced his title there were a dozen sighs and not a few groans of "Oh pshaw! I've heard that thing a thousand times." Tommy finished. Next a shy little girl got up without giving her title and pitched into "Little Red Riding Hood."

"Ump!" grunted a rude boy, "that thing's old as the hills."

The shy little girl heard this grumble and she lost her courage, never to find it again during the course of her story. Well, the contest went on this way for half an hour or more, but the interest was beginning to lag, for the children had already realized that unless someone told a really new story, nobody would get the turkey drumstick. The teacher knew this, too. So she asked: "Is there anyone here who has a real-ly new story?"

A little brown boy away in the back of the room held up his hand and began popping his fingers to attract the attention of the teacher. This was Cless. "All right, Cless, come to the front and tell us your story."

The little boy sprang to his feet, marched to the front and jumped into his story without saying a word about the title. But the first one or two lines indicated that it was something entirely new. He began:

"Once a long, long time ago, the day before Thanksgiving, Br'er Bear, Br'er Fox, Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Wolf met together to lay plans for their Thanksgiving dinner. Now every one of these creatures wanted some fresh meat for his dinner but nobody wanted to run the risk of catching it.

"'What we going to have?' asked Br'er Wolf.

"'Why, I suggest that you go out and fetch Br'er Fox spoke: 'Look here, Br'er Rabbit, in a young lamb,' said Br'er Bear.

"'All right,' said Br'er Wolf, 'now what are

you going to bring, Br'er Bear?'

"'Why, I'll just go out and bring in a whole heap o' corn, and we'll have some roasting ears. They're always good for Thanksgiving Day, aren't they?'

what you going to catch?'

"Br'er Rabbit commenced to blink his eyes and work his ears. And by and by he said: 'Well, now, somebody's got to cook this stuff. Who'll cook if I go out hunting?"

"'By the way, we never thought of that,' said Br'er Fox. 'Well, me and Br'er Wolf and "'Oh, yes indeed,' said Br'er Wolf. 'I just Br'er Bear will just go out and fetch in the



He Sliced Off a Piece of Meat from the Turkey's Breast and Gave it to Br'er Rabbit.

love roasting ears, and especially with young lamb. Now what are you going to bring, Br'er Fox?

"'Oh, I'll just get a nice big fat turkey,' said Br'er Fox, 'because Thanksgiving is never complete without a turkey. And besides, you know the old saying that the one who gets the right drumstick of a turkey on Thanksgiving Day will have good luck all the year and can call the figures at the Corn Dance, Thanksgiving night. Now one of us is bound to get the right drumstick.'

"Old Br'er Rabbit kept perfectly quiet until

turkey and the lamb and the corn, and you'll stay home and cook.'

"Of course Br'er Rabbit agreed. And that same morning Br'er Fox and Br'er Wolf and Br'er Bear went out hunting. All came back before sunset. Br'er Fox had his turkey, Br'er Wolf had his lamb, and Br'er Bear had his arms full of corn. Old Br'er Rabbit was so very happy that Br'er Bear and Br'er Fox had to hold him to keep him from dancing himself tired. Everything was ready for the dinner now and Br'er Rabbit knew exactly how to handle it.

"'Br'er Fox,' said he, 'I think you and Br'er Bear and Br'er Wolf better go off and rest yourselves until morning. I'll have everything ready in time for dinner tomorrow.'

"Well, Br'er Fox and Br'er Wolf and Br'er Bear took Br'er Rabbit's advice and went to bed and slept the next morning until the sun was 'way up in the sky. When they got up they found the dinner all prepared. Noon came. Br'er Rabbit set the table and called the other three animals in. 'Now,' said he, 'I'll ask Br'er Wolf to carve the meat and help the plates.' This just suited Br'er Wolf. He was sure he was going to get that right turkey drumstick, 'cause it was on the under side and he meant to carve off meat for everybody before himself. Then he would give Br'er Fox the left drumstick and save the right one for himself.

"When Br'er Wolf had helped everybody to lamb and corn he asked: 'What part of the turkey do you like, Br'er Rabbit?'

"'Any part 'cept the drumstick,' said Br'er Rabbit. Br'er Wolf didn't say anything, but he sliced off a piece of meat from the turkey's breast and gave it to Br'er Rabbit.

"'And what part will you have, Br'er Fox?'
"'I'll take drumstick—but the right one, please.'

"'Oh, it doesn't make any difference 'bout the right drumstick,' said Br'er Wolf, 'one's just as good as the other.'

"'Why, of course,' said Br'er Rabbit. And so Br'er Wolf carved off the left drumstick and shoved it on Br'er Fox's plate.

"'Now, Br'er Bear,' said Br'er Wolf, 'I 'spose you're just like Br'er Rabbit—any part'll do you, so I'm slicing off a nice piece of this white meat for you, too.' Br'er Bear didn't say anything and Br'er Wolf carved off a big piece of white meat and put it on his plate. 'Now old Mister Turkey's getting sort o' slim,' said he, 'reckon I'd better turn him over.' He turned him over. There was no turkey drumstick on the right side. Br'er Wolf was disgusted.

"'Br'er Rabbit! Where's that right drumstick?"

"'I don't know?' said Br'er Rabbit. 'I declare I don't.'

"Everybody was looking at Br'er Rabbit. By and by Br'er Wolf began to slice off some white meat for himself. 'All right, let's go on with

the dinner,' said he, 'I'll find out who has that right drumstick yet.'

"Well, they finished their dinner and that same night they went to the dance. Br'er Fox took his left drumstick along, but Br'er Rabbit took along a drumstick, too—and it was the right one. The dance began. Old Br'er Bear was manager.

"'If any of you've had turkey today for your dinner,' said he, 'and got the right drumstick with you, you're entitled to call the figures for

the dance tonight.'

"'I've got a drumstick,' hollered Br'er Fox.

"'But I've got the right one,' said Br'er Rabbit. And sure enough he pushed his hand under his coat and pulled out a big turkey drumstick.

"'Well-well-well!' they all said. 'Br'er Rabbit's got the right drumstick, so he'll call the figures for the dance.' Now old Br'er Fox had to take a back seat. Br'er Rabbit strutted out in the middle of the floor and commenced to call the figures. And he sure did have a good time. Every now and then he'd call out figures that made old Br'er Fox change to some girl he didn't like. And then just for fun, Br'er Rabbit would holler right out to Br'er Fox's best girl: 'Now come stand by the caller! Now put your arms around him.' Of course all this made Br'er Fox very angry, so when the dance was over he said: 'Br'er Rabbit, you've got to prove it to me that a turkey ain't got but one drumstick. Come on, I'm going to take you to the place where I got that turkey today.' Old Br'er Rabbit tried to make a good excuse, but Br'er Fox pulled him along.

"Well, they started out and walked and walked until they came to the place where Br'er Fox had got his turkey. All the turkeys had gone to roost. Sure enough, everyone had the right drumstick tucked up out of sight. 'Ha! Ha!' laughed Br'er Rabbit, 'didn't I tell you Mister Turkey ain't had a right drumstick? Told you so, Br'er Fox; told you so.'

"'Wait a minute,' said Br'er Fox. 'Shoo! Shoo!' Every turkey woke up and put down his right drumstick.

"'Now! What you got to say?' asked Br'er Fox.

"'Oh, pshaw, you can't fool me that way,' said Br'er Rabbit. 'You didn't say shoo to the one on the table today, 'cause if you had, he would have put down a right drumstick, too.'

"Now Br'er Fox just tucked in his tail and



"You Didn't Say Shoo to the One on the Table Today."

hung his head and went on home. And Br'er Rabbit hopped off just a-laffin' and a-yellin': 'Oh, pshaw, you can't fool old Br'er Rabbit like that. You didn't say shoo to the one on the table today.'"

This was the end of little Cless' story. He had told it just exactly as Granny had told it to him. The room was literally roaring with applause. The little brown boy took his seat.

Not another child ventured to the platform. The story-telling contest was ended. Of course little Cless got the drumstick, but he didn't eat it at the school party. He wrapped it in a paper napkin and took it home to Granny. And Granny just hugged him and kissed him and cried: "Oh, Granny's little lamb, Granny's little man!—I just knew you were going to win that drumstick. And you brought it home to me, did you?—Bless your little heart!"





Autumn Thought

LANGSTON HUGHES.

FLOWERS are happy in summer;
In autumn they die and are blown away.
Dry and withered,
Their petals dance on the wind,
Like little brown butterflies.

POLLY SITS TIGHT

ETHEL M. CAUTION



OLLY held her breath and sat rigid. For the third time the teacher had asked the question and the last time he had looked directly at her. She knew the

It was an undisputed fact in Room 11, that anytime there came a question no one else could answer, a little black girl with stubborn hair and a voice like a lilting melody would be sure to know. Polly was the star scholar in the class and although she seemed unconscious of her brilliancy, her teacher and her classmates were not.

So now that the question had been asked for the third time and Polly's hand had not been raised, all the boys and girls turned to look at her in genuine surprise.

And Polly's heart was beating a rapid tatoo within her because she did know the answer. She had worked until late and had gone to bed determined to rise early in the morning and tackle the problem again. But about two o'clock she found herself sitting bolt upright in bed saying to the darkness, "Of course that is the way it goes," and she lay back into untroubled sleep.

Now it happened that Polly's mother was painfully poor and also that shoes had an annoying habit of wearing out beyond repair, Today Polly had worn her mother's shoes and would probably have to wear them several days, perhaps weeks, until someone gave her a pair or until she could save up enough to buy her own. The latter way meant a long wait for there was food, rent, fuel, and insurance, and her mother's health was breaking so that Polly herself worked afternoons to help out.

Polly thought of her card and the row of 1's: not that she had been a grind to make it so, but she had come to be proud of her record and of the pride her class had in her. She knew the solution but it meant going to the board to demonstrate. That would expose her shoes.

The teacher was still looking at her expectantly. She dropped her eyes to her desk and her glance fell on her paper covered books much marked after the manner of school girls and boys. These words met her gaze: "Sit tight. little girl, sit tight." That was her motto. Her dad had given it to her unconsciously and it had always come to her rescue.

When she was a very little girl, she had been playing with some children in the barn. Tiring of the usual games, one boy had suggested riding horseback. As fate would have it the most restive horse appealed to them and Polly was victim. From frequent pulling against his strap it had weakened, and, frightened by the children boosting Polly to his back, the horse gave two or three vicious tugs and the strap broke.

Before anyone realized what was happening he backed out of the stall and out of the barn and started away on a brisk gallop. Polly's father was working in a field near by and sensing what had happened, cupped his hands and called through them:

"Sit tight, little girl, sit tight!"

And Polly sat tight until her father on a swift horse overtook her and brought her back to safety. Polly remembered little else of her father. He died soon after. But that command hurled at her in time of danger had always stayed with her. It didn't take the tiniest fraction of a second for all these things to flash through her mind. False pride was galloping away with her. What was a pair of over-large shoes against the faith the twenty odd persons in that room had in her? what of her mother's faith in her and her own? Would they laugh at her feet? Then let them!

Like an electric flash her hand went up. The tension in the room was broken.

"All right, Polly. I knew you could. Come to the board, please."

And not one person saw her shoes! They just saw a black girl with beaming face, mouth tightly shut, head held high, go to the board and quietly, but quickly and thoroughly demonstrate the solution of the problem that had baffled them all.

But Polly saw her father trumpeting through his hands:

"Sit tight, little girl, sit tight."



THE JUDGE



RITES the Judge:

"I am flying. I am sitting above the world and the roar of engines is pulsing over trees and grass and cities—above France heaven with a purple band

and under heaven with a purple band of horizon. There is fear in my heart. Fear at the daring of it all. We are alone—one passenger, two bundles, a bag, and behind me a super-man. I am flying to London above the world. We are alone in the world—there are no others. Rivers creep, black rivers, and white roads—fields flushed in yellow and green and buff, homes, trees, but no men—the world is dead of men.

"The earth is a cup of empurpled edges; always we are the center-the edge is dark, misty. I am afraid-frankly afraid. It is a thing of terror, of daring beyond dreams. Always that purple mystery in the midst of which we stand and fly. Below is a land combed and smoothed and cut and dyed and made beautiful for God's eyes with green plasters of forests and buff glooms, with red toy homes for the children of the world. We pass a great city sprawling above its tall grey cathedral, with tentacles speeding away, away. Here a railroad lifts its iron clothes and walks on brick feet across a meadow; there another black river curls motionless seaward and suddenly straightens to a canal. Another grey city is poured helter-skelter on the earth. The sun is higher and the rim of the world is bluer.

"The sea! the land fades into it. It does not divide itself—it becomes the sea: a blue haze of slaty waters licking into the land and the land with a slight broidery of golden sands—a bridal munificence. Beyond are the shining cliffs of England, below are black burnt fields. The sea, the empty sea with cities crouching in the sand, a river slips from the sea into the land and curves quickly away east. A pale flicker of sails like dots. A river and a city and the ocean and boats afloat and curving railways and the gray, blue green of sky and

waters and the cliffs of England over Calais and above the waters. I feel safer now, for the sea is kind. There lies a map in blue and gold beneath, a real map. After all a little water like the channel water is a vast and mighty thing.

"Yonder lie banked clouds low in the horizon -white, boiling, mystic and wonderful. We are above the clouds-on top of the world. It was not the cliffs of England, it was the clouds I saw. The clouds that rise above the cliffs in sunlit glory. Clouds crouch above the land like great slashes of white foam hiding England, save where a buff tongue licks into the sea;they are like the piled snows on the high Alps. like the suds of huge wash-tubs. Over Dover and over the huge down coverlet and now above the brown sere and crooked fields of England. I am looking at the insides—the bowels of the clouds. Cold and canny cloud-capped England. The blackness that clouds turn to earthward is not real-the silver marvel of their upturned faces is reality. The clouds are moving in ranks slowly to seaward, billowing in masses, threads and veils, smoking and marching. Faint seas of mist lie with white cloud islands.

"We are dropping to earth out of cloud and sky and golden sunshine. There is a black cloud ahead which is London, we swoop down toward it in great heart-sinking circles like a vast bird."

Wilhelmina reads the letter.

"Gee!" says William.

"Gee!" says Billie

"Gee!" lisps Billikins.

"I do not think," says Miss Wilhelmina thoughtfully, "that 'Gee' is a proper English term."

"Well what can you say?" asks Billie.

"You might remark," answers Wilhelmina, grimly, "that in modern days traveling by aeroplane is quite the fad and is both swift, clean and cheap."

"That's exactly what I was saying," adds William.

"Me too!" says Billie.





THREE GAMES

Arranged by PORTIA M. WILEY

KING WILLIAM WAS KING JAMES' SON.

K ING WILLIAM was King James' son, And all the royal race he won; Upon his breast he wore a star, And that was called the star of war.

Go choose the East, go choose the West, Go choose the one that you love best; If she's not here to take her part, Go choose the next with all your heart.

Upon this carpet you must kneel, As sure as grass grows in the field, Salute your bride and kiss her sweet, Then rise again upon your feet.



GROUP FORMATION.

The group form a ring, joining hands and moving around in a circle singing the first verse. Someone is chosen for the center of the ring. During the singing of the second stanza, the one chosen moves from right to left, looking over the group to see which one will be chosen as her partner. During the singing of the last line of the second stanza, the one chosen is brought into the center of the ring with the leader. During the singing of the third stanza. the leader kneels at the feet of the one chosen.

During the singing of the third line of the third stanza, the leader salutes her partner and kisses her. During the singing of the last line of the third stanza, the leader takes a position with the group, and the one chosen then becomes the leader.

POOR POMPEY.

Poor Pompey is dead and laid in his grave, Laid in his grave, laid in his grave; Poor Pompey is dead and laid in his grave, Oh, oh, oh.

There grows an old apple-tree over his head, Over his head, over his head; There grows an old apple-tree over his head.

Oh, oh, oh.

The apples are ripe and ready to fall, Ready to fall, ready to fall; The apples are ripe and ready to fall, Oh, oh, oh.

There goes an old woman to gather them up. Gather them up, gather them up: There goes an old woman to gather them up.

Oh, oh, oh.

Poor Pompey rises up and gives her a kick, Gives her a kick, gives her a kick; Poor Pompey rises up and gives her a kick,

Oh, oh, oh.

6

That makes the old woman go hippidy-hop, Hippidy-hop, hippidy-hop;

That makes the old woman go hippidy-hop, Oh, oh, oh.



GROUP FORMATION.

The group form a ring, joining hands. Three girls are named for the following parts-Pompey, the Apple-Tree, and the Old Woman. Pompey kneels in the center of the ring while the group moves around him singing the first stanza. The one named for the Apple-Tree stands beside Pompey during the singing of the second stanza. The Apple-Tree drops pebbles or pieces of paper on the ground during the singing of the third stanza. The one named for the Old Woman moves around in the center of the ring during the singing of the fourth stanza and picks up the apples. Pompey rises up during the singing of the fifth stanza and follows the Old Woman about. Every time the word "kick" is sung by the group, Pompey raises his knee as if he were going to kick the Old Woman. During the singing of the sixth stanza, the Old Woman walks around the center of the ring as though very feeble and lame.

The game continues from the beginning, three others of the group being named for Pompey, the Apple-Tree and the Old Woman.

ITISKIT, ITASKIT

Itiskit, Itaskit,

A green and yellow basket,

I wrote a letter to my love,

And on the way I dropped it,

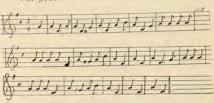
Dropped it, dropped it;

A little boy picked it up, And put it in his pocket,

And put it in his pocke

Pocket, pocket.

Spoken: I'll not give it to you, nor you, nor you, but you.



GROUP FORMATION.

The group stand in a ring, joining hands. A leader is chosen who moves around the outside of the ring during the singing of the verse, which the group sing. The leader has a handkerchief or piece of paper in her hand. When the group finishes the singing of the verse, the leader recites the spoken words, "I'll not give it to you," etc., and finally drops the "note" at someone's feet. The one at whose feet the note is dropped picks it up and chases the If the leader succeeds in running around the ring and taking the place of the one chasing her, then the girl who picked up the note is on the outside of the ring, and the game continues from the beginning. If the leader is caught, she again becomes the leader.



LITTLE MISS GINGER-SNAP

PEGGY POE



H! dear!" said Mother Nature one very busy day, "I do believe I have made a mistake in fixing this girl. I have dipped into the brown sugar in-

stead of the white. And—Oh! where are my wits? I have put in two spoonfuls of ginger in place of one. Well! Well! That is what one gets for gossiping when one works, but I just had to ask Mother South*Wind what kind of flowers she was going to put on her new bonnet when she went up North. Oh! well, I'll call this girl Ginger-Snap. I know it will be all right, every one likes ginger-snaps, and she is made out of sugar and spice and all the things nice, even if it is brown sugar."

So right then and there she gave that brown girl to Mammy Cleo, away down South in Alabama.

Now you see that Little Miss Ginger-Snap had a twinkle. Every one cannot have a twinkle. Anyone can have a smile, because you put that on and take it off like you do your hat, but a twinkle is a kind of jolly smile that grows fast and makes you look like you were related to a sun-beam. Now every one liked Ginger-Snap because she was always dividing up her twinkle with folks, and if folks were very careful not to stir up her extra spoonful of ginger, she was sure to make them very happy. Mammy Cleo said that never were there ten such helpful fingers as Ginger-Snap had. Now when Ginger-Snap was as high as the bow on her Mammy's checkered apron (the one with the patched hole in the corner of it) she became a very busy girl. She had five pigtails of hair, one right on top, to tie her sunbonnet to; and one in front, to look out and keep her from stubbing her toes. One little pigtail hung right down her back to mind that the buttons on her apron stayed buttoned. One little pigtail, next to the black cat, was to listen to Old Man Temptation, and not mind him; and the one next to the bread can, was to listen for her Mammy to call her for dinner. And those five little pigtails of hair kept Ginger-Snap mighty busy and mighty comfortable most of the time.

"What's the matter with you, Mister Mock-

ing-Bird, sitting humped up there on that peach limb, like you ain't got a friend on earth, and looking like you don't care to make any friends either?" Little brown Ginger-Snap twinkled her twinkly smile over her fat little face and laughed at Mister Mocking-Bird.

"Matter enough, Honey—" Ginger-Snap looked around, and there was Mother South Wind all dressed up with her white starchy apron on, and a new bonnet all trimmed with flowers. Under her arm she carried a satchel.

"Oh Mother South Wind, are you going away?"

"Yes Child, I am going on a visit, down to the sea-shore to take the baths that all the ladies take to keep them young. That's just what ails Mister Mocker, he wants me to stay right here. I do believe I have the most ungrateful children. Seems like they think I don't 'dast' leave this State of Alabama a minute. I can just work myself sick and my fingers clear to the bone, yet these children of mine ain't wanting me to go nowheres. You know yourself, Honey, I raised the finest garden this year ever heard about. Yet when I want to take a little rest and spruce up a little, they all whine and fuss like they got a right; but I am going anyway, for a day or two. Goodbye, Mister Mocking-Bird. Goodbye, Ginger-Snap."

Mother South Wind went right down the Big Road, humming a tune like she was mighty glad to go visiting.

"Well, Mister Mocking-Bird, stir yourself about. See the nice company you have calling on you. Blue-Bird, Red-Bird, Finch, more than I could name all day, done come down to visit you from their home up North. I saw them yesterday. That ain't no way to treat company, to sit yourself humped up on a limb. I am going in and put my red flannel petticoat on. I always do, when Mother South Wind goes a-visiting."

But Mister Mocking-Bird was that unsociable, he flew away to the top of the pine snag.

As soon as Ginger-Snap had put her red flannel petticoat on, she came back out of doors again. It seemed as if that little girl couldn't stay in the house a minute that day. She wanted to play among the out-door things.

Out in the garden her Daddy was picking the pumpkins and putting them in the shed.

"What for, Daddy, are you pulling all the yellow pumpkins and putting them in the shed?"

"Because, Child, Old Mister North Wind is coming on a visit tonight to Alabama, and when he comes, he is clean starved for 'greens' and fresh victuals. He won't leave so much as a little leaf that he don't taste," said Daddy, pulling pumpkins ever so fast.

"But, maybe he won't come. How do you know he is coming?" asked the little girl, wrapping her red petticoat about her.

"Didn't Mother South Wind go visiting this morning?"

"Yes, but she has a right to go visiting once in a while."

"Sure! to be sure! but that old North Wind, he has been waiting and watching for her to leave so he 'dast' come and eat up her garden."

"Maybe you are mistaken, Daddy." Ginger-Snap looked at the pretty pumpkin flowers and the tiny baby pumpkins that Old Mister North Wind would be sure to eat.

"There isn't any mistake, Honey. You see all the birds that have come visiting us folks down here in Alabama? Well everyone of them brings a letter that says: 'Mister North Wind has his mind made up to visit us folks and, while he knows he ain't welcome, he ain't caring 'bout that. He is caring more about his dinner and that's what he is after.' So, Honey, you had better help your Daddy pick these pumpkins and put them in the shed if you want any pumpkin pie this winter."

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Ginger-Snap helped gather pumpkins all that day. She gathered lots of the baby pumpkins and hid them under the grass so the cruel white teeth of the North Wind couldn't find them to bite. But after a while all the work was finished. Then Ginger-Snap went out to tell the flowers goodbye, because she knew that the North Wind is mighty fond of flowers for his dessert. She kissed the roses and patted the hollyhocks. Then she remembered about the pretty patch of violets down by the cane mill. They were mighty brave flowers because they

were blooming when most of the other violet patches were resting their lazy selves.

When Ginger-Snap came to the mill, it seemed that that violet patch hadn't missed Mother South Wind one bit, but they were doing their best to make that little piece of earth purple with flowers. One little yellow butterfly hadn't heard about the North Wind coming, and it was playing in the bed. Ginger-Snap was going to tell the violets that she had come to tell them goodbye because Old Mister North Wind was coming that night, but it seemed to that little girl that she never could stand for that old cruel Wind to have those pretty flowers and that yellow butterfly.

"I'll just go and meet him and tell him he cannot have them. This isn't his home no how."

Ginger-Snap ran up the Big Road toward the North Wind as fast as she could go. To make matters worse, Mister Sun didn't feel very well that day and he went to bed early. He always does when he is ailing. There was no one to help her, but Ginger-Snap went on, all of her extra ginger and spice stirred up. It wasn't very long until she heard a "roaring." The pine trees were sighing and the little birds were chirping and shivering and, before Ginger-Snap knew it, she ran right smack into the North Wind. Ginger-Snap and the old Wind were both surprised. They both stopped. Ginger-Snap made a little bow. North Wind nibbled a dandelion plant, Oh! his teeth were so long and so white that the little girl shivered. If it had not been for her pretty patch of violets she would have run back home again.

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"Howdy, Mister North Wind."

"Howdy, Little Brown Girl. What do you want?"

"I want you to go back home, where you belong."

"You better go back home and crawl into your warm feather bed where you belong. I don't like to have children interrupting my dinner."

"Please, Mister North Wind, go back. Let the little flowers bloom a little longer. Mother South Wind has gone away and left her garden."

"Yes I know that, I know that, and that's

why I came down here to get me a mess of fresh victuals." With that the Wind snapped at a morning-glory vine and took it all at one bite.

"But, Mister North Wind, you won't come and see us in the summer when you are welcome. Lawsy Sir, we would make you powerful welcome if you would come, say next August. We would have a fish-fry for you."

"That's my nap time, Child. Now run home. I am going to eat my dinner because, if I don't hurry, that old lady South Wind is liable to come back and chase me home. She is that powerful fussy."

"Well I know one patch of violets you cannot have. I'll cover them up."

"Violets are the finest dessert in the world, where are they?"

Ginger-Snap ran back down the road as fast as she could, with the North Wind at her heels. When she came to the violet patch, she took off her apron and spread it over the little patch. That made the Wind mad; he screamed and tore at that apron, but Ginger-Snap held it down with her feet and hands. Miss Moon came along and watched. She felt sorry for Ginger-Snap. She gave her whitest light so that Ginger-Snap could see what she was doing. Folks said that they had never seen the moonlight so white in Alabama as on that night.

Ever so often the old North Wind would run away and get him a few bites out of someone's garden, then back he would come after those violets.

"See here, Mister North Wind, you cannot have my violets. Go on with your meddling. I mean what I say. Go on! I told you if you would come next summer, you could have a party. You could have watermelon."

"I want violets," the Wind would hiss, and snap at the little girl's bare arms and legs. Once he bit her on her toe so hard that Ginger-Snap gave a terrible yell. That pleased Mister Wind. He snapped at her heel and Ginger-Snap didn't yell that time, she kicked Mister North Wind right in the middle part of his fat vest. Then it was that old man's time to howl. He did it too and ran away and ate up half of Colonel Bigbee's garden, but that didn't sat sf" h'm. He was mad. Back he came and tore at the apron over the violets.

Ginger-Snap flattened herself over that apron and whispered: "Lay low, Little Yellow Butterfly, so I won't squash you. This old Mis-

ter North Wind's powerful set on eating this violet patch and a butterfly too."

When the old Wind saw how heavy and fat Ginger-Snap was on that apron, he went away and hid, but she wasn't fooled any. Pretty soon Old Mister Mocking-Bird, he sees what is going on and he went and got all of his kin folks. They sat up in a gum tree close by and sang songs for Ginger-Snap so she wouldn't get lone-some or afraid. The folks up at the Big House heard them singing and said, "Wonder what makes the mocking-birds sing so tonight?"

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After a while Ginger-Snap's Mammy and Daddy went out to hunt her. When they could not find her, they got the folks up at the Big House to help. Pretty soon lanterns began to twinkle all about the plantation. Next the big bell began to ring. The folks called and called Ginger-Snap. They shivered in their coats and shawls and hunted for her. Ginger-Snap heard them, but she would not answer because she knew they would take her away from her violet patch.

But after while, when folks had gone back to bed, Ginger-Snap began to shiver. Old Mister North Wind had nipped her so much, he tore at her bare arms so often with his cold fingers, she began to freeze. Now the mocking-birds got scared. They got too scared to sing. Oh! what would they do? They all began jabbering at once. If only Mother South Wind would come back!

"I'll go after her. I'll go after her at once," said Mrs. Crow from her rest on the top of the cane mill.

Now there ain't no telling how fast Mrs. Crow can go when she wants to and she certainly wanted to this time, because she was afraid that the North Wind was going to make a meal of Ginger-Snap. She didn't have a hard time finding Mother South Wind, who was at a garden party where there were a lot of fine ladies in a rose garden. Mrs. Crow told Mother South Wind how Mister North Wind was trying to eat Little Miss Ginger-Snap. Lawsy, that made that old lady mad! She grabbed up her satchel and started off.

"That's just like that greedy old man. Done eat up all the North; now he comes messing up my garden, the minute I turn my back, and

that poor little girl trying to save a patch of flowers for me. I bet I'll fix him. I'll nap every one of his old frost hairs out of his head." Mother South Wind went so fast that Mrs. Crow couldn't anywhere near keep in sight.

Long before she got there, Old Mister North Wind heard her coming and turned his toes toward home. He didn't waste no time getting out of Alabama either.

Mother South Wind got to the cane mill just as Mister Sun was getting up. There she found Little Ginger-Snap fast asleep, still holding down her apron over her violets. Her legs and hands were stiff and cold, but it didn't take Mother South Wind long to blow on them and rub them real brisk. Then Mister Sun sent a few real warm sunbeams down to help her. It wasn't any time until that little girl sat up, rubbed her eyes and wiggled her twinkle that had gotten kind of stiff, being out in the night air. Then she saw Mother South Wind.

"Goodness sakes, where is the old North Wind?"

"Reckon he ain't within calling distance," said the old lady.

"But I thought you had gone visiting."

"Guess I got enough of those stylish folks in a mighty short time and came back to watch that old greedy North Wind out of my garden."

Ginger-Snap got up and shook her apron. The violets were safe and so was the yellow butterfly. It fluttered on the back of a sunbeam and danced. Ginger-Snap took her apron and put it on.

"Well if you are going to take care of things, suppose I can go home and get breakfast."

When she got to the cabin her folks ran to meet her.

"Where have you been, Ginger-Snap, all this long night?"

"I have been down by the cane mill 'sassing' that Old Mister North Wind."

While Ginger-Snap was spreading butter on her hot waffles, she heard folks say:

"Funny thing happened last night. Mister North Wind came down and stayed all night, but somehow that old cruel creature never did but little hurt; just here and there he took a bite out of things. He never went any place but right about this one plantation, and then he packed up and went back up North this morning before anyone saw him, like he was in a mighty hurry."

Ginger-Snap wagged her five little pigtails of hair and said to herself:

"Reckon if I hadn't been arguing with that old man all night, he would have eaten up all the pretty green things in Alabama."



Slumber Song

ALPHA ANGELA BRATTON.

CLOSE those eyes where points of light Shine like stars through the velvet night, Brownie Boy.

Lightly float in a dimpled smile
Out on the sea of "Dream-a-while",
With gold nets, dream-fish to beguile,
Brownie Boy.

See how the big moon dips and swings, Shaking the stars from its silver wings, Brownie Boy. Come, let us follow, you and I,

Follow its flight across the sky, Into the land of "Bye-and-Bye", Brownie Boy. The changing years will come and go,— Summer's rose and winter's snow,— Brownie Boy.

Stealing my brown boy from my breast; Bringing him manhood's eager quest, And splendid strength for every test, Brownie Boy.

Teaching you, too, from History's page, The joy of your noble heritage, Brownie Boy.

Ah! You must needs be doubly true,
Doubly strong in the task you do,
Nor fail the Race that speaks in you,
Brownie Boy.

THE JURY





NE day before school closed our teacher told us all to write a letter to THE BROWNIES' BOOK, and she would send the three best ones. She said mine was the second

best, so here it is.

Dear Brownies:

I am a little boy, and I'm nine years old and in the fourth grade. I get The Brownies' Book every month and my Papa gets The Crisis. Last summer I used to sell The Crisis. I have a bicycle and I carry them in a little basket on the front. I put the money I made in the bank. I think I shall do it again. It is a good way to make money and I have a bank book. My Papa says that if I save all my money, I'll have enough to go to college when I'm old enough.

My Papa is a doctor and I'm going to be one too. Well I must close now and go over to the Y. M. C. A. Every afternoon the Boy Scouts have a swimming class over there. It's great fun. I can swim in the deep end now and I'm learning to dive.

JAMES L. WARREN, South Carolina.

WE have been taking THE BROWNIES' BOOK for two years and like it very much.

The plays in it have been very interesting. The Children's Missionary Society of our church reproduced the one called "The Children's Treasure," published in the June issue of THE BROWNIES' BOOK. Everyone thought it quite a success.

We enjoy the pictures of the little children very much.

I have two brothers and one sister and we all look eagerly forward for the coming of The Brownies' Book.

BERENICE A. ALLEN, Chester, S. C.

I LIKE THE BROWNIES' BOOK very much. I will be ten years old the 17th of September. THE BROWNIES' BOOK is making me happy every day. I enjoy the old ones just as

good as I do the new ones. I am in the fourth grade. I have been trying to write a story for THE BROWNIES' BOOK for a long time. I have been trying to get up subscriptions too, I have a hog and she has some pigs.

John A. Robinson, Edwardsville, Virginia.

FOR some time I have been intending to write to The Brownies' Book. I am eleven years old and in the fifth grade. My favorite study is French and when I get big, my father says he will take me to France if I learn my French lessons real well. Last year was the first year we had a modern language in the grammar school department. We had Latin before but I don't like that much.

Our teacher is a real French woman. She comes from Alsace and she told us that she was so glad that Alsace was French again. She said that the Alsatians hate the Germans. Sometimes she shows us pictures of Alsace and when I go there I am going to look for those places.

Myrtle O. Anderson, Illinois.

AM older than most of the readers of THE BROWNIES' BOOK, but I think that I enjoy it as much as your more youthful subscribers. I am sixteen years old and have just finished my third year in high school. I hope to graduate next June. I have not quite decided whether I am going to normal school or to college. I rather think it will be the latter as I wish to pursue, as far as possible, my studies in English.

I think that the main reason I am interested in The Brownies' Book is because I like to write. I am always interested in the type of story or articles you use. I have had one or two articles in the school magazine, in fact I am the assistant editor and it certainly is interesting work.

Some day perhaps I shall venture to send you some of my work for your opinion and advice-

VIVIAN E. McFall, Nebraska.

Ourlittestiends





BRAVE BROWN JOE AND GOOD WHITE MEN

LILLIE BUFFUM CHACE WYMAN



HE brig, Ottoman, sailed from New Orleans for Boston in the summer of 1846. She was the property of a Massachusetts firm, John H. Pearson and Company.

Mr. Pearson is credited, in most of the records, which I have seen, with taking the aggressive and responsible position in certain affairs, which have given the ships and the company a shameful place in history.

When the Ottoman had been away from port a week, and is supposed to have been outside of the territorial waters of the United States, a fugitive slave, a mulatto lad, named Joe, was found secreted on board. The sailors and the captain all knew him, and had liked him very much. He had been often sent by his master, in New Orleans, on errands to the brig.

He begged these men, who knew him, to do
—what? Just nothing at all, but to sail on to

Boston whither they were bound. He had heard of Boston, and, once were he there, if only they again would do nothing, he was sure that he could slip away and become free, and nobody need ever know that he had been found at sea on John H. Pearson's boat. It was a fair legal question, whether, at that moment, out there on the ocean, and not having been helped to get there by anyone, Joe was not actually a free man by both human and divine law.

Captain Hannon, of the brig, watched for a vessel which should be on her way back to New Orleans. He intended, if one were encountered, to pass Joe, like a bale of goods, over to her to be returned to New Orleans. No such vessel was met, however, and the Ottoman sailed on its course and reached Boston in due time.

Captain Hannon did not let Joe land. He communicated with John H. Pearson and Company who decided that Joe must be sent back

to Louisiana on the Niagara, another vessel which they owned. They had no legal right to detain him, to put him on another boat, or to send him anywhere. They managed to get him onto a small island in the harbor, intending him to stay there until the Niagara was ready to sail.

He was a brave and resourceful fellow, and he escaped from the island and made his way into the city. No warrant had been issued for his arrest. He had committed no crime against the laws of Massachusetts. No claim had been made upon the authorities for his detention, even as a suspected fugitive from "service or labor." He stood on the Boston pavements an absolutely free man in the eye of the law.

Men were set on Joe's track, either by Captain Hannon or the shipowners,—probably because of instructions from the shipowners to the captain. They found Joe in one of the city streets and there they literally grabbed him.

A few puzzled bystanders saw that something peculiar was going on, and they asked what the fuss was all about. They were told that Joe was a thief, and being so assured, it is likely that they took it for granted that he was being taken legally, and certainly righteously into custody.

Joe was put on the Niagara and taken back to slavery.

But what had been done in Boston was clearly an act of kidnapping, and that was a crime against the law of the State. Still, I do not know that anybody was arrested for having committed that crime. Perhaps the actual kidnappers were unknown persons, or were men who had already sailed away from the city, and the connection of John H. Pearson with their deed might have been difficult, if not impossible, to establish in a court room. Joe, poor fellow, was beyond the reach of either justice or sympathy. Nothing could be done for him perschally. But the story became known in Boston, and public indignation rose up like a giant in wrath. Then good white men showed themselves on the moral scene of action.

Dr. Samuel G. Howe, the famous teacher of the blind, called a meeting in Faneuil Hall to protest against the outrage, the injury to Joe and the defiance of law in the Commonwealth. It was the custom for Boston people to meet in the old Faneuil Hall to express approval or disapproval of great public events.

John Quincy Adams was asked to preside at the meeting. He was then nearly eighty years old, and indeed he died not very long afterwards. He had been President of the United States, and later during many successive years, a member of Congress. It was he who, in a time of unsettled law and custom, had secured for all Americans, white or black, bond or free, the right to send petitions to Congress. It was he, also, who had announced the famous legal opinion, that, should a war occur, the President of the United States or any Commanding General in the field might abolish slavery, in any part of the country under his immediate control.

When the audience assembled in Faneuil Hall, to protest against the kidnapping of Joe, a tremendous sensation went through it, as old John Quincy Adams was seen walking up to his appointed place on the platform.

He told the crowd that, once Elbridge Gerry, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, had been asked to attend a meeting, which had been called to protest because British sailors had forcibly taken a seaman from an American frigate. Gerry had said then, that if he had only one more day to live on earth, he would use it to go to the meeting; and, after repeating what the signer had said of himself, Adams added, "On that same principle I now appear before you."

Charles Sumner, who was to be the greatest and most persistent advocate of Negro rights, in the United States Senate, made a speech, and said of Joe, "That poor unfortunate, when he touched the soil of Massachusetts, was as much entitled to the protection of its laws," (turning towards Adams), "as much as you, Mr. President, covered with honors as you are."

Wendell Phillips declared that the social and religious institutions of the country were morally feeble. Had they, he said, been strong, such a thing as the kidnapping of a defenceless man could never have occurred.

Dr. Howe told Joe's story in detail, while the audience shouted and groaned in sympathetic response. He described, imaginatively, how the young fugitive must have felt, how he had hoped and had believed that in Massachusetts he would be safe,—he would be free,—if he could only get there. And the fear, . . . the horror, . . . the desperate effort . . . and

he got to Boston! . . . And then,—the capture, the agony, and the utter loss of every earthly

hope!

Of the owners of the Ottoman, Dr. Howe said, "I would rather be in the place of the victim, than in theirs; aye! through the rest of my life, I would rather be a driven slave on a Louisiana plantation than roll in their wealth, and bear the burden of their gu'lt."

Dr. Howe had, before this day, served in Greece on behalf of her freedom. He had been in a European prison, because he was known to be in favor of liberty. And, in Paris, he had once become a volunteer guard to Lafayette, when the life of that hero of two continents was in peril.

Every man who spoke at this meeting in Faneuil Hall either had already done or was

yet to do signal work for American Negroes, All of them were in deadly earnest.

They could not rescue poor Joe from the awful doom to which he had been consigned. But, to quote from Frank B. Sanborn's account: "The upshot of the meeting was the appointment of a Vigilance Committee of forty members, of which Dr. Howe was chairman. This Vigilance Committee looked after the welfare of fugitive slaves and "in various forms continued to exist" and to work in Massachusetts, until its watchful service was no longer needed. because slavery had been abolished. For several years it kept a yacht in Boston Harbor, ready to sail at a moment's notice, and in some way or other rescue and save from return to the South any other stowaway fugitive who got as far towards freedom as into the harbor.

CLittle Ceople of the Month



OHNETTA EVELYN CRAW-FORD is a little girl of New Orleans, La. She's only six years old, but when it comes to selling tickets, Johnetta ranks with the

grown-ups. For the closing exercises of Miss Alice Duvall's School, Johnetta sold 381 tickets and won the first prize. Last December, Johnetta entered school. She is now in the first grade.

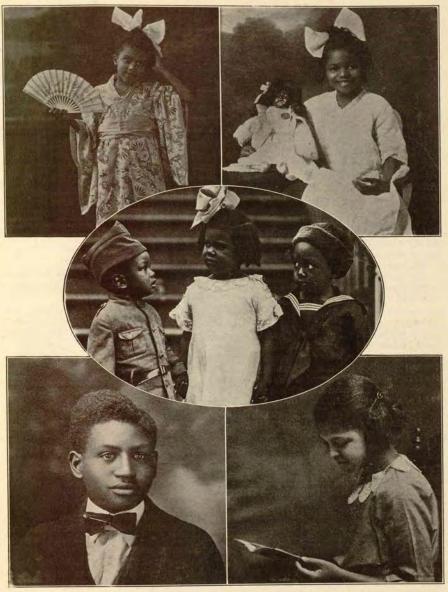
A brownie of Norfolk, Va., was a prize winner in the contest conducted by the Berry & Ross Manufacturing Company of New York City. The subject was, "Why Should a Colored Child Play with a White Doll?" And here we see little Catherine Bynum with her prize, a sleeping, brown-skinned doll. Catherine is eight years old and attends the John C. Price Public School. She is in the third grade.

The three kiddies were prize winners in the colored division of the "Better Babies" contest at the Ashland Place Y. W. C. A., Brooklyn, N.

Y. They are, left to right, Allen Brown, Leah Malone and Edgerton Dunn.

At Belchertown, Mass., there is a boy who has walked ten miles to and from school each day for four years, with the exception of seven weeks when the town provided transportation for him. His home is in the West End district, and often the roads are in such condition that walking is difficult. However, Orin LeRoy Bracey was graduated in June from the Belchertown High School as valedictorian of his class. He is fifteen and one-half years old and the first colored boy to receive a diploma from the school.

Miss Frazine Mae Lacey was born in Glen Cove, Long Island. She was graduated in June of this year from the Lynn, Mass., English High School, where she was the only colored member of a class of 217. Miss Lacey took the Commercial Course and she plans to pursue secretarial work. She plays the piano and the violin, recites, and is an impersonator. In all her endeavors she is quite thorough.



Johnetta Evelyn Crawford

Allen Brown, Leah Malone, Edgerton Dunn
Orin LeRoy Bracey

Frazine Mae Lacey





SAW a curious sight yesterday in London and Brussels and Paris; hundreds of folk, black like me, were sitting together and talking earnestly. Finally, in Paris,

they placed a wreath on a grave and on the ribbons of the wreath was written, "Pan-Africa to the Unknown Soldier." I wonder what it all meant.

The second meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations has taken place in Geneva. Nearly every civilized country in the world, except the United States, was represented.

The rebellion in India against English rule is still going on.

The Congressional Medal of Honor has been bestowed by General Pershing upon France's unknown poilu, buried beneath the Arc de Triomphe.

A note has been sent by the Chinese Government to American and Japanese Legations at Pekin. The note declares that agreements between the United States and Japan regarding the future status of the Island of Yap constitute a violation of China's sovereignty and the principal of national equality.

Former King William II of Wurtemburg is dead at the age of 74. He abdicated in November 1918.

Hungary has withdrawn from Burgenland, or West Hungary, and the territory has been formally taken over by Austria.

New members of the Assembly of the League of Nations are Latvia, Esthonia and Lithuania.

According to the Reparations Commission, the value of ships surrendered by Germany is 745,000,000 gold marks.

Up to the end of March 1921, the cost of maintaining Allied troops on the Rhine was more than one hundred billion paper marks." The whole expense, according to the Treaty of German Republic, Chancellor Wirth warns that Versailles, must be borne by Germany.

The town of Oppau, on the Rhine, has been crush such a movement.

wrecked by an explosion in a chemical plant. Over 1,000 people were killed and 4,000 were injured.

Russia, although not invited, has appointed a mission to attend the Washington Disarmament Conference. The mission represents nearly all the anti-Bolshevik groups.

The province of Anhwei, China, has been flooded with the loss of thousands of lives. The property damage is reported as \$80,000,000.

Pekin Union Medical College has been dedicated. It was erected by the China Medical Board of the Rockefeller Foundation, at a cost of \$8,000,000.

The 100th anniversary of the establishment of Mexican independence has been celebrated in Mexico.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, of Great Britain, has started on an exploration into the unchartered regions of the Antarctic, South Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

The estates of Archduke Frederick and his son, Archduke Albrecht, in Paris, have been taken over by an American syndicate. The estates are estimated to be worth more than \$400,000,000.

Many people have been killed and injured in battles between policemen and unemployed people in London.

The Polish Cabinet, under Vincent Witos, has resigned. Premier Ponikowski says that the Polish Government will make every effort to follow a policy of peace and economic rehabilitation.

Spanish forces are fighting Moorish tribesmen in the Melilla zone in Morocco.

Conflicts continue between Fascisti and Socialists in Italy. A general strike has been declared in southern Italy.

In charging the German Nationalist Party with fomenting a conspiracy to overthrow the the Government is thoroughly prepared to The English and the Irish have finally come together in conference to consider the future political status of Ireland. It looks as though the conference will be successful.

The Prince of Wales, heir to the throne of England, has started on a journey to India. The English are afraid that the Indians who are demanding independence will not be particularly glad to see the Prince.

A treaty is about to be signed by which a larger degree of independence will be given to

the Egyptian Government.

Charles, former Emperor of Austria, flew to Hungary in an airplane and tried to seize his throne. He was defeated and he and his wife captured. They will undoubtedly be made to live in some place far enough off so that they will not disturb Hungary again.

In southwestern Germany there is a region called Silesia which is very rich in coal and iron. The Treaty of Versailles ordered Silesia to be divided between Germany and Poland. Recently this division has been made by the Council of the League of Nations. Germany thinks that Poland got the richer part of Silesia and for this reason her ministry has resigned.



HE frost—the beautiful white frost, is creeping southward. It is glistening in Labrador, and shining of nights in Canada, and breathing lightly on New York.

It is painting the forests all of the beautifullest colors. I love the frost.

Lieutenant John A. MacReady, of the United States Air Service, has established a new world record for altitude. He climbed 40,800 feet above sea level at Dayton, Ohio.

Ex-president Taft has taken the oath of office as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of

the United States.

Savings of small investors in the United States total \$27,000,000,000, of which \$21,000-000,000 is invested in Government securities; the remainder is represented by the deposits of 30,000 savings banks. The savings average \$250 to every man, woman and child in the United States.

Colonel Mason M. Patrick has been nominated as Director of Army Air Service.

The United States Shipping Board has selected Harry Kimball, of New York City, as financial vice-president. His salary is \$30,000 a year.

One of eleven Judges of the League of Nations' International Court of Justice is John Bassett Moore. Mr. Moore is an authority on international law and was formerly a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague.

President Harding has issued a proclamation asking American people to honor their war dead on Armistice Day, November 11, by offering a two minute silent prayer at noon. At this time the body of an unknown soldier, killed in action, will be buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

The United Mine Workers of America have voted disapproval of salary increases for 60% of the union's officers.

According to figures obtained in Washington there are 6,000,000 men in the active armies of the fourteen most important nations.

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, in following his program for handling the short-dated debt, announces a combined offering of \$600,-000,000 in new notes. This is the largest offering since the Liberty Loan. More than \$1,-150,000,000 of principal and interest in Treasury certificates and other obligations fell due before October 15.

Dr. Livingston Farrand was formally inaugurated President of Cornell University, October 20. Dr. Farrand has had wide experience as a scholar, an educator and an administrator.

There is threat of a great strike of railway employees. When the wages of the laborers were increased during the war, the railway engineers, firemen, conductors and laborers received no increase and were prevented from striking by an appeal from the President who promised relief. Last year tardy relief was given and wage increases were made. This year the increases given have been reduced 12% and the railroads are asking for another 10% reduction. Against these reductions, the railroad employees threatened a great strike, but they have been persuaded to postpone it.

A great meeting of the leading nations of the world to discuss methods of reducing armies and navies will be held this month in Washington. This assembly is the most important that the world has seen since the Peace Treaty. It is feared that little will be accomplished, but with the Prime Ministers of England and France and distinguished statesmen from Italy, Japan and China meeting with the officials of the American Government, we can be hopeful.

THOSE WHO HAVE NO TURKEY

LANGSTON HUGHES



STRETCH of farm land gray in the dawning, a flash of blue water, then long lines of freight cars, the sound of many whistles and the shrill shriek of the brakes,

while the sleepy voice of the porter called the station, told the girl that she had arrived at the end of her journey. One big puff, a final jolt and the long train came to a stop. Clasping her old traveling bag in one hand, a bundle under her arm and a shawl over her shoulders, fourteen-year-old Diane Jordan stepped to the platform, for the first time in her life in a large city.

It was on Thanksgiving morning, sometimes called the Day of Big Dinners, that Diane got her first view of the metropolis. Of course, her two cousins with Aunt Ruth were at the station to meet her. After many kisses and exclamations of welcome they guided the rather dazed little country girl to their big car and whirled away uptown. Diane looked out of the automobile and enjoyed the ride, while Aunt Ruth asked about her only sister, Diane's mother and her activities in the country, for Mrs. Wilson had not been to visit her relative for some years.

The Jordan family and the Wilson family, it must be explained, were in no wise alike. The two sisters had married into vastly different positions in life. One went with her husband to a farm down in the southern part of the State, where they tilled the soil for a living. Their crops were usually good and they did well, but their customs remained those of simple, generous-hearted country folk. The other girl married Lawrence Wilson, who became one of the wealthy and well known colored doctors in his city. His wife gained an enviable social position, lived in a beautiful house on a shady street and sent her daughters to a private school. Mrs. Wilson, busy with her social duties, seldom saw her country sister, but since her two children had spent a summer on the farm she had always intended to have her niece, Diane, visit in the city, so this accounts for the presence of this countrified, tomboyish little girl seated in an expensive

car between the stylishly clad daughters of Mrs. Lawrence Wilson. But Diane liked the ride and admired her aunt's skill in driving.

"Father's been called out of town," her cousins explained, "and mother always runs the car when he's away."

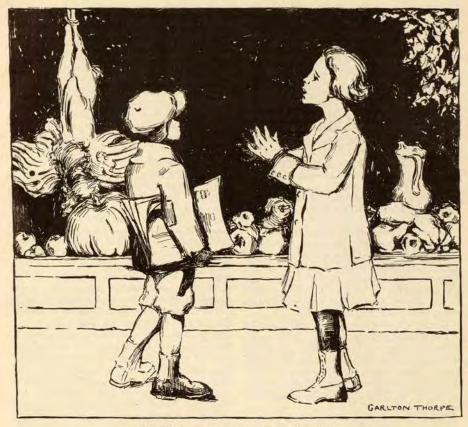
Soon the big automobile rolled up a cement drive and stopped under the porte-cochere of the largest house Diane had ever visited. She marvelled at its size, but the inside was still more wonderful. It is useless to attempt to describe her feelings upon entering this home so different from her rural one, as only a Dickens could do it.

However, after an hour or so of this indoor splendor and her doll-like cousins, Diane, a hardy child of the out-of-doors, grew a bit tired and decided to inspect the yard, since Aunt Ruth would not let her help get dinner. Once in a while the scent of turkey floated in from the kitchen. In the country she always helped her mother cook, but here they seemed to hire folks to do the work. Well, city people were queer. Even their yards were not the same. Why, in the country one had a whole farm to play in, but here the houses took up all the room; so, finding the space between the wall and the fence too small, Diane's adventurous feet led her to examine the neighborhood.

She had walked a block or two, stopping now and then to stare at some strange new object, when she reached a corner where two car lines crossed and many automobiles were passing in all directions. The scene was interesting, so she leaned against a lamp post and watched the city folk go by until her attention was attracted to a small, dark brown boy, yelling at the top of his voice, "Papers! Extra papers, just out!" He reminded Diane of little brother at home. Her gaze must have attracted his attention, too, for he demanded, "Paper, lady?" Perhaps he called her lady because her dresses were unusually long for a girl of fourteen, but on the farm, clothes are not of the latest fashion.

"What kind o' paper you got?" asked the girl.

"Post or Herald," replied the little urchin.



"Well What in the World Have You Got?"

Diane pondered. "Well, give me the best one," she said, "'cause Pa told me to bring him a city daily."

"I've only got two left and if you take 'em both you'll be sure and get the best," urged the little newsie, anxious to sell out.

"All right, I'll take them," she agreed. "You're in a hurry to get home and eat some turkey, aren't you?"

"Turkey! What do you mean?" asked the boy to whom the word was but a name. "We ain't got no turkey."

This answer was surprising to Diane. The girl could not imagine any one not having turkey for Thanksgiving. All the people in the country had one. Truly, city ways were strange! Why, she had never known anybody to be without a turkey on Thanksgiving day, except once when her uncle George said that he was "just darned tired of having what other folks have," so his wife cooked two ducks and a chicken instead. Perhaps this boy's mother intended to have duck.

"Well, you're going to have ducks for dinner, then?" Diane asked.

"Naw, we ain't got no duck," he replied.

"Poor little boy," she thought. "Why then it must be chicken, isn't it?" she suggested.

"Naw, we ain't got no chicken, either."

"Well, what in the world have you got?" she demanded of this peculiar boy who had neither turkey, duck, nor chicken for dinner on Thanksgiving.

"We ain't got nothin' yet," he said, and looking up into Diane's sympathetic face he added, "and we won't have much if dere's not enough pennies in my pocket to get somethin.' My mother's been sick."

"O-o-o," said Diane, looking down at the ragged little fellow. It took her a long time to comprehend. She had never heard of anybody having nothing for dinner except the poor warstricken Europeans, and that was because the armies had eaten everything up. "Oh," she repeated. "Are you going to buy something?"

"Sure I am," he replied proudly. "Want to help me count my change?"

He had a dollar and fifty-four cents.

"Gee, I can get a dandy dinner with this," he said. "Ma's able to cook now."

However, Diane was not very sure about how much a dollar and fifty-four cents would buy, especially for a Thanksgiving meal. Suddenly a big thought came to her. She would ask the little boy and his mother to her Aunt's house for dinner. Surely Aunt Ruth would not mind. In the country they always had lots of extra company at the Thanksgiving table.

The little brown newsie was rather puzzled at this strange girl's generosity. Nothing like it had ever happened to him before, and he had sold papers in the streets since the age of five. Finally Diane forced him to accept her invitation, the lure of unknown turkey being too much for the little fellow. He promised to come at three.

"Where do you live?" he asked skeptically.

"Down there." Diane pointed to the large house not far away. "I mean I don't live there but I'm staying there now, and you and your mother can come down today for dinner."

"But I got two sisters," said the boy.

"Oh, bring them along." What were two sisters added to a dinner party? Why, her mother's table at home could feed twenty at once, if necessary.

"And I got a little brother, too," he continued.
"Well," hesitated Diane, "bring him with you.
I like babies." However, she hoped that he had
no more relatives. "Now tell me your name,"
she demanded, "so I can tell Aunt Ruth who's
coming."

"Lester Lincoln Jones," he replied, "and we'll sure be there. S' long." Off he ran down the street to deliver the invitation. Diane went back to the great house without a doubt in the world but that her aunt would be "tickled to death" to have extra company for dinner. Mrs. Wilson had been worried about her niece for the last twenty minutes and when she learned of the invitation, that august lady was too shocked for words. At first she hotly refused to admit the coming guests to her home. However, after many hugs and kisses and tearful entreaties from her two daughters, who thought it would be great fun to have such unusual company, and from Diane who declared she would not eat unless the newsboy and his family could eat, too, the elderly lady finally consented.

About three o'clock the family came. They were from the South and the weak little mother explained in her rather broken language that she didn't understand the invitation at all, but came only because her son insisted. The small twin sisters had washed their faces until they shone, and the cute, but none too fat baby, had big black eyes and tiny, mischievous hands that kept Mrs. Wilson's nerves on edge. "Such hands," she said, "always wanted to touch something, and babies quite often break things."

During the dinner the dark faced little mother did not talk much, but the young Joneses,—they ate and jabbered to their hearts' content. They expressed a marvelous joy and delight over the turkey, as they had never even tasted that fowl before. And as for the plum pudding and large round pies, no words in the world could give vent to their feelings. But when they had finished, their stomachs were as tight as kettle drums from very fullness, and the baby resembled a pert little cherub like those that might be painted around a Negro Madonna's pictures.

After the ice cream had been eaten and each one of the children had a handful of nuts, the mother said that they must go, and not to Mrs. Wilson's sorrow. The woman thanked them very sincerely for the grand dinner and Mrs. Wilson promised to help her find work.

After the door had closed upon the departing Jones party, Mrs. Wilson declared, "Those people were the strangest dinner guests I ever entertained."

And when Diane got back to the farm, she told her mother all about it and ended her story with, "Well, Ma, I never knew before that there are people in the world who have no turkey on Thanksgiving."

SHIVERS—THE HAILSTONE ELF

MAUD WILCOX NIEDERMEYER



ERRY stood at the window and flattened his nose against the pane of glass in order to get a nearer view of the sky.

"I wish we would have a great big storm," he said to a little brown sparrow that perched on the sill for a second. "And I wish that little sister wasn't sick and could watch it with me."

The wind swept in chilly blasts about the deserted garden and howled dismally through the naked trees. It rattled the blinds on the house and whistled in through cracks, making the little sick girl cuddle down under the covers.

Jerry tip-toed over to his mother. "Isn't it time that the Frost King came?" he whispered.

Mother smiled and drew the little fellow to her side. "The Frost King is way up back of the clouds, dearie," she said. "It is hardly cold enough to snow, but maybe he will send some of the storm fairies and elves to us today."

"Oh, goody! I wish he would send them down in a beautiful hail storm."

"Suppose I tell you a story about Shivers, a Hailstone Elf, while little sister is sleeping," said mother, drawing her chair nearer to the window.

Jerry seated himself on a stool at her feet, greatly excited. "Oh, do tell me about Shivers!"

"Once upon a time, Shivers was part of a fleecy, fluffy, feathery cloud. He was warm and comfy but not very happy, because he couldn't do anything but sail around in the sky all day.

"I want to work and help in the world,' he cried to the great Mother Cloud in whose arms he nestled.

"Now the Frost King heard him, and he needed just such a staunch little soldier in his Hailstone Army. So he sent a cool, cool wind to blow over the fleecy, fluffy, feathery cloud. And the cool, cool wind blew Shivers right up into the Frost King's palace.

"It was a wonderful, glistening palace with icicle halls that were covered with snowy carpets. The windows were of sleet, festooned with snowdrifts. They looked like beautiful patterns of lace.

"Shivers whirled about full of joy, until he fell out of Mother Cloud's arms. For a moment

he was frightened. But a host of Fairy Snow Drops came fluttering out of the palace. They gathered about him, laughing and chattering merrily, in snow drop fashion.

"'What is your dearest wish?' asked a saucy little Snow Flake, bowing before him.

"Now Shivers wasn't a part of the fleecy, fluffy, feathery cloud any more, but he was a tiny Rain Drop! He was feeling rather heavy bearted and when Snow Flake asked him for his dearest wish, his eyes grew tearful as he said:

"'I fear it is an impossible one. A little boy way down on earth is calling me to come and play with him. His little sister is sick and she is calling me to help her get well. I would love to cheer them both.'

"The Snow Drops were just as happy as they could be. 'Hurrah, hurrah!' they cried. 'That is a beautiful wish. You shall join the Frost King's Army and you shall be a mighty Hailstone Elf. Come, sisters, let us prepare the little Rain Drop for battle.'

"'A battle!' cried Shivers.

"'Yes indeed. When Frost King visits the earth it is always a battle between the clouds and the sun. But you have such a noble purpose, that I am sure we shall win.'

"So they brought a blanket of snow and rolled the Rain Drop in it. Then they gathered sleet from the palace windows, and draped it about him. What a funny little fellow he was now! Mother Cloud would never have known him. He gurgled with delight when they placed a snow cap on his head and handed him a frosted sword.

"'Away, away to the Frost King!' the shouted.

"He had grown so heavy that they had to roll him up the icy steps and down the hal of snow. At the far end sat the Frost Kirr on his throne, a huge snow drift. He was c v ered with sleet from head to foot and as t sun broke through the palace windows, ly sparkled like millions of diamonds. Shive was so impressed that he nearly fain ted.

"'Ho, ho, North Wind, refresh him!' com-

"And the North Wind blew such a might blast that the palace fairly trembled. Shiv

CHERT LINES

fell on his knees before the throne.

"Frost King stroked his icicle beard and rolled his glittering eyes over Shivers.

"'Arise, Knight of the Hailstone Army!' he commanded.

"Shivers staggered to his feet. He wasn't part of the fleecy, fluffy, feathery cloud any more; he wasn't a Rain Drop; he wasn't a Snow Flake. He was a great, big Hailstone! How mighty and fine he felt! The Frost King was speaking.

"'You are ordered to go with the Army to earth and to give peace and joy wherever it is needed.'

"'But how are we to get there?' asked Shivers.

"The Frost King looked puzzled for a moment. 'It is still too warm down on earth for a snow storm,' he muttered. 'Ah, I have it! I shall interview the King of Thunder. Away to the border of Cloudland and await me there!'

"So the mighty Army set forth, holding their icicle spears over their shoulders. A little later, in Cloudland, they met the King of Thunder.

"'Ah, my fine soldiers,' he cried. 'You are just in time.' And he threw them a flash of electricity.

"'Good!' exclaimed Shivers. 'We shall ride to earth on a shaft of lightning.'

"With a shout, the Hailstones mounted the shaft, and-"

"Oh, mother, look!" cried Jerry, excitedly. "We're going to have a thunder storm, and I do believe it's a hail storm, too. Oh, goody, goody!"

The storm clouds, which had been gathering for some time, burst; and a shower of hailstones tumbled down, some of them bounding on the window sill.

"We must not open this window, dear," said mother. "But suppose you run to the front door."

Away sped the little fellow. He tugged at the big door until it yielded. There lay the biggest hailstone Jerry had ever seen!

"I do believe it is Shivers!" he cried, picking it up. He ran back to the sick room. "Mother, here's Shivers.", He held the hailstone gingerly in his hand.

"So it is," said mother. "And it is so warm and comfy here that it must make Shivers remember nestling in the arms of the fleecy, fluffy, feathery cloud. Look, Jerry, I believe he is a bit homesick, for he is beginning to weep. Maybe he is longing for Mother Cloud. Or perhaps he wants to help little sister."

And mother placed the great Hailstone on the little girl's forehead. Then she went on softly with her story.

"He has forgotten all about the Frost King and the Hailstone Army. He is just so happy that he wants to weep, for he is helping to cool sister's head. And little sister is helping him to get back to Cloudland. His heart is as light as a feather. It is lighter than a feather, for he is rising up, up in a mist. And as he goes up in this mist, he is joined by hosts of his brothers and sisters. The warm rays of the sun are drawing them all closer together."

Jerry drew a long breath. "That was a lovely story, mother," he said. "And I'm so glad that the little Hailstone got back to his mother. Will sister be well now?"

"Pretty soon, dear. Look, she is better and is smiling at us!"

Thanksgiving Time

LANGSTON HUGHES.

W HEN the night winds whistle through the trees and blow the crisp brown leaves a crackling down,

When the autumn moon is big and yelloworange and round,

When old Jack Frost is sparkling on the ground, It's Thanksgiving time!

When the pantry jars are full of mince-meat and the shelves are laden with sweet spices for a cake,

When the butcher man sends up a turkey nice

and fat to bake,

When the stores are crammed with everything ingenious cooks can make,

It's Thanksgiving time!

When the gales of coming winter outside your window howl,

When the air is sharp and cheery so it drives away your scowl,

When one's appetite craves turkkey and will have no other fowl,

It's Thanksgiving time!

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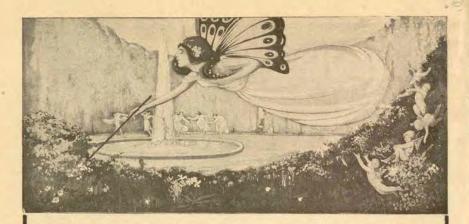
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