



Pat's Christmas

PAT sat in front of a cheerful fire snuggled close to Gamma-Honey, while she told him that ever new and beautiful story of the Christ Child.

"Did the Star really stop over the Christ Child?" His eyes widened and grew dark with wonder. "Gamma-Honey," he said, "if you'll stop talking and sit real still, I think I can hear the angels sing, 'Glory to God in the Highest, peace on Earth—good will to men'." Whether he heard the angels or not Gamma-Honey never knew because he fell fast asleep, but perhaps that's the best time to hear them—don't you think so?

The next day beautiful Mother told him they were going to a great big ranch to spend Christmas with Auntie Claire. "Oh, will nice, big Uncle Charlie and Peggy be there?"

"Yes, dear."

"And Gamma-Honey? And will there be a tree and candy and toys?"

"Yes, and red apples, red candles, red holly berries and a big red fire. There will be turkey, cakes, nuts, raisins—just everything to make little boys happy. Now, do you think you can wake up at two in the morning, and not fuss when we dress you? You see, dear, it's nearly three hundred

miles and we want to get there before dark."

Pat promised solemnly his hand on his mother's knee, and he was as good as his word. When Gamma-Honey woke him at two he sat up and blinked at the light. He didn't say a word as she carried him into her room where it was cosy and warm. He shivered because he was a little nervous—it was all so strange, being dressed in the night. Then after a nice, hot breakfast, he was tucked up with blankets in the limousine and promptly fell asleep. He did not wake up until the sun woke him, shining warm and bright through the window. They stopped on the mountain top for another breakfast.

When they were a mile from the ranch his cousin Peggy came to meet them on her pony—there was great excitement as they kissed through the window. Then there was Auntie Claire all smiles to welcome them. Auntie Letha and Uncle Billy were there, too. They gathered around a big roaring fire and were so happy they forgot little boys should be in bed at seven—so Pat sat up until nine.

Then it was Christmas eve. The tree was loaded, and piles of packages on the floor around it, the red candles were lighted. Then Pat heard bells—silvery bells—way in the distance. Uncle Billy held him tight

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in his arms. "Listen, Pat, they are coming nearer and nearer." At last Pat heard a loud: "Whoa, Dunner, whoa, Blitzen."

Then beautiful Mother called, "Come in Pat—Santa Claus has been here." He was a little dazed with all the beauty and glory of it. There was such a deep undercurrent of joy that tugged at his little heart. Then Cousin Charles went to the tree and called out Pat Waldron, Peggy Green; then in turn all the other dear ones, and soon Pat was snowed under. Gifts just rained on him—he opened them as fast as his little hands could fly—and shouted with glee at each new treasure. Then the happy evening ended with Christmas Carols.

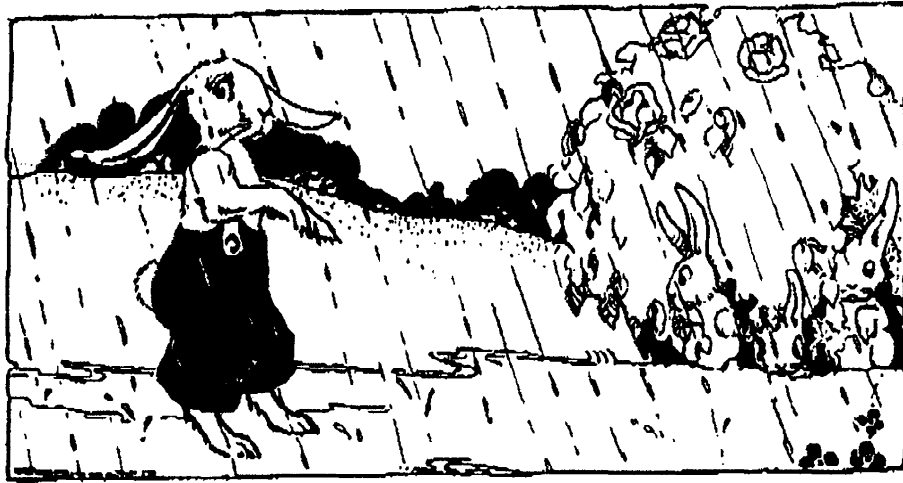
The next day was Christmas and Pat, after a hearty breakfast, rode the pony, played with the Collie, chased the chickens, and no one said "Don't", and he had twelve thousand acres to play in.

Then came dinner with sixteen at the table. Dear old Grandpa Green with his snow-white hair asked the blessing—then every one enjoyed the turkey and other good things. They stayed a whole week and Pat will never forget the wonderful times he had, not even if he lives to be a hundred.

When they got home Gamma-Honey tucked a tired little boy into bed. After he said "Our Father," and "Now I lay me down to sleep," he said: "Thank your, dear Lord, for such a nice Christmas, and forgive my sins, dear Lord, and forgive Gamma-Honey's sins, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Amen."

And Grandma Honey felt clean, white, shriven! because she knew the dear Lord would not overlook a prayer like that straight from Pat-boy's little heart!

Anna M. Luckey.



The Bunnie Triplets

DADDY Bunnie was a wise old rabbit. He built his home under a pepper tree. In this way he would not have to buy pictures for his walls. All he had to do was stand in his door and look up through the lacy green leaves and watch the red berries twinkle against the blue sky. Then the berries, when they were dried, made the loveliest fire! First, there would be a rush of blue smoke through the red berries; then suddenly they turned to shining gold.

One day a most unusual thing happened—it rained. Daddy Bunnie, coming up the hill from work, his blue overalls soaking wet, was longing to sit by his pepper-berry fire. He could smell the cabbage cooking, when Ma Bunnie came to the door, her shoulders shaking with sobs, and holding her blue checked apron to her eyes.

"What ever has happened?" shouted Daddy Bunnie.

"The Triplets are lost! My little babies are gone!"

"There! There! Now, don't cry. I'll find

the Triplets." He patted her on the shoulder with his wet paw, and started off in the rain, calling, "Jack Bunnie! Jennie Bunnie! Teddy Bunnie! Where are you?" But there was no answer. When he had hopped a long way from home he called again, and out from under a rose bush ran the Triplets.

"Oh, Daddy, we're so glad you came! We're so wet and hungry!"

Daddy tried to hug them all at once. They hurried home, and Ma Bunnie met them at the door, and hustled them out of their wet clothes and into their nice comfy pajamas. Then they sat near the fire and got nice and warm, while Ma Bunnie dished up the cabbage, carrots, and nice hot sassafras tea.

"Now, Triplets, tell us just what happened."

"Well, we wanted to see the big city of Garvanza. We hopped and hopped, but could not find it. Then a big black thing with burning red eyes—as big as this house—nearly ran over us. It made such a noise

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we could not hear each other. So we hid under the rose bush. We knew Daddy would come for us. We're terribly sorry we ran away and caused so much worry."

"Well," said Daddy Bunnie, "we forgive you this time; but see it does not happen again. You are not to leave this yard until Sunday."

Saturday evening Jackie Bunnie, Jennie Bunnie, and Teddy Bunnie were playing in front of their house, when they saw coming up the hill a big black thing—just like the one that nearly ran over them. They called Ma Bunnie, and nearly knocked her down in their haste to scramble under the bed.

"Don't be frightened, Triplets," called

Ma Bunnie; "it's Daddy in our new Ford." So the Triplets came out, their eyes sticking out with amazement, and there sat Daddy smiling at them.

Sunday morning Ma Bunnie packed a big basket with carrot cake and other good things and tucked it in the car. Then she and Daddy sat in the front seat and the Triplets in the back. They drove through Garvanza to the Arroyo and had a wonderful picnic. Coming home it was dark, and the Triplets said: "Now, be careful, Daddy, and don't scare some other little Bunnies." Daddy promised.

So ended a happy day for Jackie Bunnie, Jennie Bunnie, and Teddy Bunnie.

Anna M. Luckey.

Jim Would Take the Stove Pipe

JIM, Bob, Boyd, and Henry Hen, as the boys called him, were under the China umbrella tree, planning how to spend the rest of the day. Saturday, as Boyd complained, only came once a week.

The boys ranged in age from ten to twelve, and called themselves "The River Gang."

A young-looking woman in a pink gingham dress came out on the porch. Hen lay flat behind the boys in hope she would not see him.

"Henry," she called, "you have not finished the lawn." Seeing the other boys, she added: "I'm baking ginger cookies; how would you like to help Henry finish the lawn, then have some cookies and lemonade?"

The boys piled out. "Sure, Mrs. Martin, we'll help."

In a short time the lawn was mowed, trimmed, and raked. Mrs. Martin came out with a large pitcher. The boys could hear the ice tinkling a merry tune against the glass. Then she brought out a huge platter of cookies. She knew the capacity of small boys.

"Come, boys, and help yourselves. You have done a fine job of the lawn."

The boys needed no second invitation.

As they sat and feasted on the cool porch, Bob said, with his mouth full:

"Boyl but these cookies are good. Geel your mother is a peach, Hen."

Chorus from the boys: "She sure is!"

"Now," said Jim, who was the leader of the gang, "let's go down to the river and dig a dugout."

This meeting with general approval, Hen got a shovel and they started. At Jim's house they stopped for a hoe; then Jim got three lengths of stove pipe and tied them together.

"Aw! don't take that. Ya can't use stove pipe in a dugout."

"C'mon, Jim; leave yer old stove pipe."

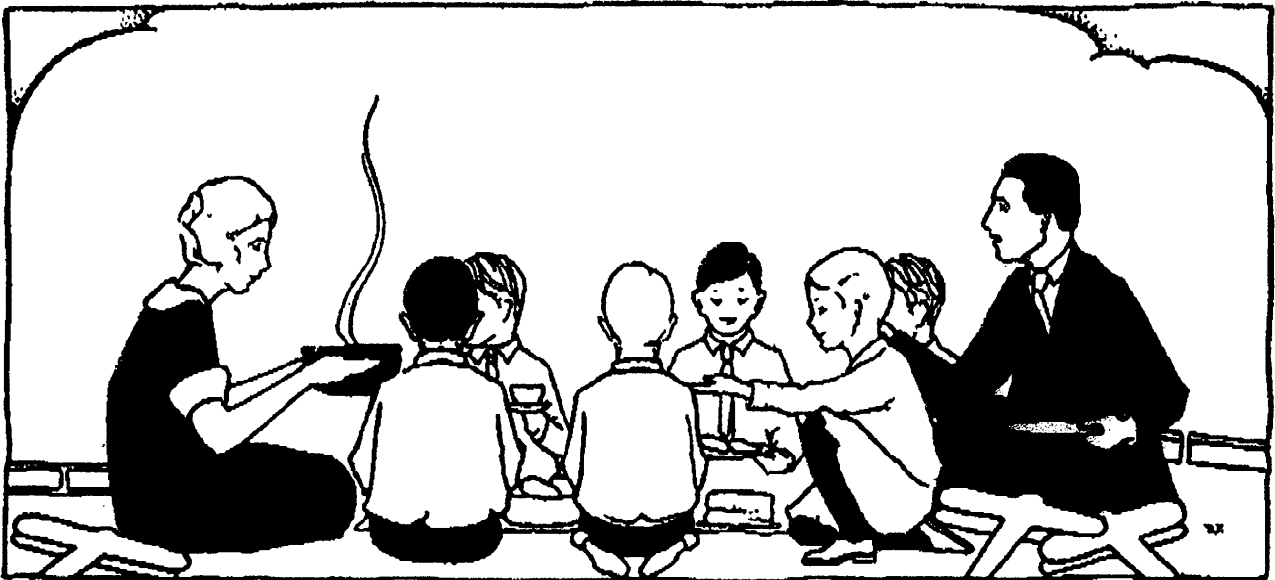
But Jim swung the pipe on his back and followed the boys. He helped dig till the dugout was large enough for them all to crowd in; then he went down to the river to see an old man whom every one liked and called "Dad" Conley. He and Jim were great friends. The boys saw him coming back with pieces of lumber. He made several trips, and brought back, besides the planks, a hammer, saw, and nails.

On each side of the dugout he put planks; then two across the top; in these he sawed a hole to fit the stove pipe. Then he built an oven with rocks, wedged in the pipe with smaller rocks, daubed the whole thing with wet clay, then ran the pipe through the hole in the planks above. He had just finished when Dad Conley came and laid a piece of sheet iron across the top of the stove, and it was complete. Dad also offered the loan of a frying pan.

Hen and Bob went home to beg some potatoes to roast in the ashes and some bacon to fry.

What possessed Jim to lie on his back, stick his head in the oven, and look through the pipe we will never know. While admiring the speck of blue sky with white clouds floating by he heard a queer, grinding, rushing noise, and the next minute he was in total darkness. The only speck of

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light came through the pipe, and in place of the sky he saw tree branches.

Boyd, coming up from the river with drift wood, saw the land slide. He yelled with all his might:

"Dad! Dad! Come quick! Jim is buried alive!"

Together they ran to the dugout. The pipe leaned at a perilous angle. Getting as close as he could, Dad shouted:

"Can ye breathe, me boy? Are ye all right?"

Jim's voice came faintly through the pipe:

"Yes, I can breathe."

"Run, Boyd! run get help!"

Dad was exhausted when help arrived. As fast as he shoveled, dirt, sand, and

gravel slid down. The men whose heavy trucks on the bank above had caused it to cave in came to help, and in a short time Jim was pulled out. The heavy planks had saved him from being crushed, and being able to breathe through the pipe, he was unharmed.

That evening the boys' families gathered at the river for a picnic supper. Jim built another stove on the sands. He lassoed the stove pipe and succeeded in pulling off one joint. The boys all helped, and soon they had a roaring fire. They proudly dispensed fried steak and hot coffee, all the while glowing with pride as Jim told for the hundredth time of his thrilling adventure.

Anna M. Luckey.



Nancy Neil

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(Nancy Niel was a real little girl, who is living today, now a proud grandmother.)

NANCY was a fly-away, butterfly kind of child that every one loved. She was only three, and lived with her mother, grandmother, and grandfather, in a little red house set against the side of the hill.

Nancy loved to run in the front door, up the stairs, and out on the terrace under the peach tree. Stretching up her little arms, she could touch the lovely, pink blooms. She looked like a peach blossom herself in her pink dress. It was low necked, puffed short sleeves, and the full skirt came almost to her tiny ankles; for Nancy was born during the Civil War.

One day she turned to come down the outside steps, when she saw a tall man in an officer's blue uniform staring up at her. She was so startled she fell and rolled down the hill. The man caught her and held her high in his arms.

"Why, it's little Nancy—my little girl!"

Nancy's screams brought her mother running out, and Captain Fred held wife and child in his hungry arms.

"Take her, mother; I've frightened her. Do you know, when I saw that child in her pink dress, under a cloud of pink blossoms, outlined against that vivid blue sky, it was like a glimpse of heaven!"

Nancy ran under the long grape arbor to her other grandparents' large stone house to tell them the glad news—Daddy had come home.

That evening, as they sat at dinner, the table lighted with tall candles, Uncle William came, carrying the first kerosene lamp any of them had ever seen. After welcoming his brother, he told them about his oil well, and that his and Grandpa Neil's houses were now lighted with oil lamps. They put out the candles and marveled at the bright light the lamp made.

Nancy stood in great awe of her father, and it was a week before she would kiss



him. One day he opened a little box and took out some carved baskets made out of peach seeds and knives and forks made out of pink-and-white striped cedar wood. They were beautifully made and polished as smooth as glass. He laid them in a row on his knee. Nancy came closer and closer, and finally leaned against his shoulder, while he told her how he had made the pretty things for her while he was in the hospital after being wounded at Shenandoah Valley. He would always be lame, he told her; but she would be his little helper and would do his errands for him.

This made Nancy feel very proud. She would carry notes to her grandpa in the big house, bring Daddy's slippers, and every evening she went with her little tin pail to bring warm milk from Grandpa's nice cow.

As Daddy grew stronger he planned to move to West Virginia. He meant to found a colony in the mountains. Six families promised to join him there when he was ready for them.

When the time came to take the boat Mother wanted to go on the Kanawha

Belle; she had been on this boat, and knew they would be comfortable. When Daddy came home she was disappointed to hear her passenger list was full, and they had to go on the Greyhound.

Nancy enjoyed the boat very much. The next morning she saw an orange floating in the water; a boat hand fished it out of the water and handed it up to her. Then she and her mother saw other things floating down the river—pieces of burned wood, fruit, and vegetables. Then came in sight the hull of a boat. When they drew near they found it was the Kanawha Belle. A great many of the passengers and crew were badly burned. They were brought on board the Greyhound, and every one helped nurse them until they reached Charleston, where they were put in hospitals. It was Nancy's first sight of suffering, and she never forgot it. Daddy took her on his knee.

"You see, dear, it's not best for us to always have our own way. Sometimes our Heavenly Father has other plans for us, and we are saved much suffering."

When they arrived in Charleston Daddy bought two horses. The white one, called Ned, was very gentle; so Mother put on a long brown skirt and Daddy put her on Ned. Back of the side saddle he strapped a blanket for Nancy. She held tight to Mother, and loved every bit of it. Daddy rode Bill and Grandpa and Grandma were driven out in a buckboard.

It was eighteen miles, and they were all glad when they arrived. There was a small, two-roomed log house on the place. Daddy built a roaring fire in the fireplace. The hired man and the furniture had arrived, so in a short time they were all comfortable.

There were three rows of Concord grapes, twenty feet long. By taking out the center row there was a space twenty feet long and fifteen feet wide. Daddy built a summer house and trained the vines over it. At one end he built a Dutch oven

eight feet high; it was of stones gathered on the farm. Nancy took great delight in helping to gather them. The oven would hold twelve loaves of bread, six pies, and room for Nancy's favorite cookies, besides. It was heated by filling it full of dry oak wood. When the fire had burned to a bed of coals they were taken out with a long-handled shovel. Then the bread and other goodies were slid in and the strong iron door tightly closed. Nancy never failed to be on hand when the door was opened. Nothing ever smelled quite so good as the freshly baked bread and the spicy cookies and the flaky pies.

Daddy made chairs and a table, and the family took all their meals there. Nancy never got over the glory of the sunsets. The sun, like a ball of fire, would sink behind the purple hills; the sky would flame in crimson and gold, lighting up the happy faces with a rosy glow. Then, while the family sipped their coffee, Grandma would carry a sleepy little girl off to bed.

Then they had a log-raising. Daddy planned a story-and-a-half log house. They would use the small house for kitchen and one bedroom; the new house would have a large living room, and two bedrooms upstairs.

After the logs had been gotten ready, they had a house-raising; neighbors came for miles around. While the men notched the logs and built the house the women helped Mother and Grandma cook. Long tables were set in the summer house. They made pies, rolls, fried chicken, and coffee. There was much joking and laughing, and every one enjoyed the good things.

On Sunday afternoons Grandma took Nancy for long walks in the woods. They would come home laden with dogwood blossoms, wild roses, violets, lady slippers, and ferns. In cool, shady places Nancy found carpets of softest green moss and toadstools—pink, yellow, and brown. She just knew they were the fairies' tables and the moss their carpets. She begged Grandma to make some clothes for the fairies.

Grandma did—blue-silk dresses and dainty muslin underwear. Nancy packed them in a little box and put them under the largest toadstool she could find, and the next morning they were gone; so she just knew the fairies were wearing them.

One day the hired man brought home a root that looked like a man. He flattened the head and Mother painted a face on it and glued a piece of black, woolly cloth on the back for hair. Then Grandma made a black-broad-cloth suit, a white shirt, and a flowing blue tie. She crocheted shoes, stuffed them with cotton, and tied them on. Nancy called this root-doll the Old Man, and loved him better than any toy she had.

So the happy years flew by. And Nancy was six.

There was great excitement. General Grant was coming to Charleston, and the whole family were going to hear him. Nancy wore a white dress with a red-and-blue sash. Daddy told her that when he was in the war he was under General Grant. All the people in the nearby towns came to hear Grant, and it was a great day. He was a very poor speaker, but they did not mind. It was General Grant, the biggest man in the country, they came to see.

Then it was Easter Sunday, and Grandma told Nancy she could not come into the summer kitchen, because she had some secrets with the Easter rabbit that Nancy could not hear. Mother invited the Hoffman children to help Nancy hunt Easter eggs. Grandma had baskets of eggs hidden in such cunning little nests. She had colored them blue with logwood, yellow with mullen leaves, red with cochineal, and some she had wrapped in bright calicoes, then boiled them, and it made very pretty eggs, as the dye in the calico all came off on the eggs, making them all flowered and striped.

Sunday morning the seven Hoffman children came down the side of the hill. There were five girls and two boys. The girls came first, walking single file, all dressed in pink calico made with tight

waists, long skirts and sleeves. Their father got a bolt of pink calico and a bolt of coarse, unbleached muslin; this their mother dyed a dull blue and made up like the pink ones for every day. Baby Hoffman was painfully shy, so Nancy gave her the Old Man to hold; that made her happy, while the rest hunted Easter eggs.

Grandma announced a prize would be given to the one who found the most eggs. And would you believe it? Tim, who was only four, found the most, and was presented with a fine box of candy. Then they played Ring-Around-a-Rosey, Drop-the-Handkerchief, and Blind-Man's-Buff. Then Grandma called them, and such a feast as they found in the summer house! The Hoffman children had never seen anything like it, and for once had their fill of all kinds of sweets and other goodies. They shyly thanked Mother and Grandma for a good time, and as the sun was setting filed up the hill like a pink streak.

On Monday Nancy went to school for the first time. The one-roomed schoolhouse stood at the foot of their hill. Nancy liked her teacher and learned very fast. On Sunday they had church services and Sunday school in the schoolhouse. Sometimes a preacher came out from Charleston, and when he did not, Daddy read the sermon. He was also superintendent of the Sunday school. Mother trained a small choir and led the singing. Grandpa played the small organ. Nancy loved the doxology best of all. She would look up at a large pine and wonder if it was listening, too.

One day she came home from school to find a lovely lady sitting in the living room. She wore a brown-velvet riding habit, and her hair hung in two long bronze braids over each shoulder. She was so beautiful Nancy held her breath.

"Isn't this little Nancy? Come, shake hands with me."

"Oh!" Nancy breathed. "I thought the Madonna had stepped down out of her frame."

"Oh! no, dear. I'm Mrs. Appleton, and the Colonel is with you father looking over his wonderful vineyards and orchards.

"So you are Nancy. I have a little girl, too—just your size. Do you suppose Mother would let you visit me and play with Mabel?"

Then Mother came in to say lunch was ready. There were home-cured hams, eggs, rolls fresh from the Dutch oven, strawberries and thick, yellow cream, and such coffee as only Grandma could make. Mrs. Appleton declared she had never eaten a meal she had enjoyed so much, and complimented mother on her cooking; but Mother told her Grandma was the cook. Mother did the housework and sewing and tended the flowers; Grandma took care of the chickens, cows, and garden; the hired man plowed and planted, and Captain Neil was the only one who had an easy time. He only superintended the work of the farm, sold the produce, was postmaster, county supervisor, and ——. But such a shout went up she could not finish. Colonel Appleton said it certainly sounded easy, and wanted to know what he did with his spare time! It was such a happy time for them all, and a friendship was formed that day that lasted all their lives.

Mrs. Appleton rode an Arabian pony, called Zadie. She was a beauty, with long, wavy mane and tail. When they started Mrs. Appleton made her rise on her hind feet.

"You see, Nancy, she is bowing to you."

She rose gracefully, stood upright a second, then came gently down on all fours again. Horse and rider made a beautiful picture, and Nancy was so fascinated she was almost late for school.

A few days after the visit a letter came from Mrs. Appleton. She invited Mother and Nancy for a week-end. Nancy was dazed with joy.

"Oh! Mother, is it really true we are going?"

Mother assured her it was really true. Then Nancy capered like a wild Indian and ran to tell the Old Man.

Daddy went with them and stayed to lunch, then went on to Charleston. Mabel and Nancy liked each other at once.

"We live on Mill Creek. Where do you live?"

"We live on Blue Creek."

Questions flew thick and fast, and they soon felt well acquainted. They ran all over the place, played games, and had a wonderful time. They enjoyed best of all their rest time. Mrs. Appleton would tuck them up on the couch, cover them with a silk crazy-patch quilt, and read Alice in Wonderland to them.

When Nancy got home there was a great surprise for her. Bossy cow had a cunning little calf; it was all he could do to walk on his long, wabby legs. By the time he was a month old Nancy was driving him all over the place, hitched to her little wagon.

Then Christmas came. That, you know, is just the happiest time of all the year. They had a wonderful time with a tree, holly, and mistletoe out of their own woods. When all the gifts had been distributed, enjoyed, and things had quieted down a bit, Nancy heard sleigh bells.

"Oh!" she cried, "is Santa coming again?"

"Come and see, dear."

Nancy went to the door, and there was Dan, the calf, with a shining new harness and sleigh bells, hitched to the cunningest red sleigh, with red robe and everything just perfect. Mother put on Nancy's coat and cap and mittens, lifted her in, and she drove to the gate and back, the proudest little girl you ever saw.

Anna M. Luckey.



Jacquelin

THERE is no doubt in the world about Jacquelin being a California child. When the Helping Angel said to the Mothering Angel, "Where do we get the coloring for the new baby?" the Mothering Angel said:

"She is to be a California baby; so you take this golden basket and fly down to California and imprison some golden sunshine for her hair, baby roses for her little mouth and to tint her cheeks, and cut two patches from the blue sky for her eyes. We will surround the blue patches with dark fringe, and she will have the most beautiful eyes in the world."

When she was all finished and lying on the Mothering Angel's lap, the Angel of Life came flying by and breathed on her the breath of life, and she became a living soul.

Then the Angel of Light came by and

blessed her, and that heavenly light shines right through her eyes. That is why your heart goes pit-a-pat when she looks at you; you get a queer choking in your heart, just as though you had been eating a red apple and swallowed it the wrong way.

She was so lovely that when they called her daddy in to see her, lying in her little mother's arms, his eyes filled with tears.

Then the fairies came and played with her till she grew as light and graceful as a fairy herself.

Then little brother came. When he was a year old he was almost as large as Jacquelin. When she danced on the lawn he danced, too. Holding out his rompers with one chubby hand, he would tread a stately measure round and round and round, till his mother declared she had to turn him round the other way to get him unwound.

Jacquelin loved her Auntie Ree better than any one, and could always tell when

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she was coming. She would say, "Here turns Auntie Ree," and run out to meet her.

Sometimes Auntie Ree would take her for a ride in her nice, new car. Jacquelin liked that. She would sit in front and watch Auntie Ree drive.

One day she called to her mother,

"Auntie Ree turning." Her mother said, "Not today, dear; Auntie Ree is out of town."

But when Mother went out on the porch, there was Auntie turning the corner!

Now, how do you think Jacquelin knew?

Anna M. Luckey



Pat Goes to School

("Pat Goes to School" is a true story and Gramma walked a mile to the Ferry and a mile home again. This Gramma can walk further and dance longer than any daughter she has.—Author's Note.)

PAT had never been to school except his beloved Kindergarten, so it was a new experience when he started to real school. Mother packed a good lunch, for he would be gone all day, and then he and his mother walked a mile along the Bay to the ferry. Pat loved crossing the Bay. He never grew tired of watching the ferry nose its way through the restless blue and silver waves, and they passed many different kinds of boats. It was all very interesting. Pat always paid the fare and did not forget to help his mother on and off the ferry.

Then they took a school Bus and drove a mile, till they came to a new cream stucco building. It was all so new and strange Pat wished his mother could stay with him. He wanted to cry but of course he didn't, instead he smiled bravely at his mother, and tried hard to look unconscious when the children stared at him.

The play at recess was pretty rough. Pat came out of a football scrimmage with both knees skinned and his clothes covered with dust. When his mother met him at the ferry she smiled at him with a lump in her throat; she realized he was no longer a little boy; he was learning to give and take like all the rest.

Then Gramma-Honey came for a visit.

Mother was very busy so Gramma helped Pat with his lessons and met him every day at the ferry.

The first time she went the ferry was loaded with boys; she hoped Pat would see her, but he didn't. He ran up the incline with the rest of the howling, shouting mob. Down the street they raced and if they had not stopped for a fight she never would have caught up with them. Pat saw her but pretended he didn't. A big boy had knocked down a smaller one and was sitting on him.

Gramma walked up to him and said politely, "Could you tell me where Diamond Avenue is?"

"Sure, I live on Diamond Avenue," cried the red-headed Irish lad.

"Oh, do you? I wonder if any of you boys could tell me what a Diamond is."

"It's a big white stone." "It's a shiney stone that costs lots of money," came in chorus from the boys.

"That is right, now how many of you know all the Avenues and Streets are named after precious stones? Diamond, Ruby, Topaz—"

"And Jade," yelled Pat, "I live on Jade Avenue."

"My father named this Island; it's Channel Island," said Gramma-Honey. By this time the boys had all gathered around her

and she told where precious stones were found, how they were mined and polished, and of their exquisite colorings of ruby, green, blue, mauve, black and white.

Pat seeing that the rest of the gang were noticing Gramma-Honey, took her hand and announced proudly, "This is my Gramma!"

The next day was very warm, but Gramma-Honey was waiting for Pat. He came racing up the incline ahead of the boys. "Hello, Gramma-Honey, I got on fine today."

"Did you? I'm so glad. It's so warm suppose you ask your friends if they would like some ice cream."

"Hi! there, you fellows, speed up; Gramma is going to treat us to ice cream!" They went to the nearest refreshment stand and the ice cream disappeared like snow before the sun.

Then as they walked along the Bay Gramma-Honey said, "How would you like to organize into a company? Johnny, you are the tallest and could be the captain and name your aides. Then you could make it a rule that the smaller boys in the com-

pany would be protected. I know someone who will teach you to box; it's much more fun than fighting."

"Gee, boys, Ise de captain; see de medals on me chest?" boasted Johnny. He strutted up the walk like a pouter pigeon. "Come on. Jack, you and Selim are the next biggest, you can be my aides. When do we get the lessons, lady?"

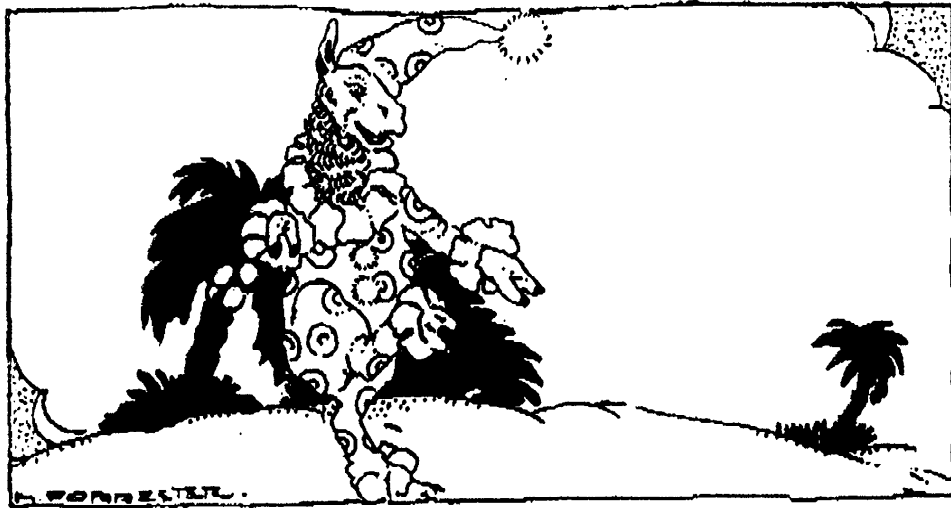
"Saturday, at three, come to my house and I'll take you to the Club."

A month later the much-harassed ferryman could not believe his eyes, for instead of the boys swarming all over the ferry they were standing in rows, Selim at the head of one row, Jack at the head of the other, while Johnny, in front of them, was giving orders.

"Selim, to the left; Jack, to the right—forward march," he commanded, as the ferry drew up to the pier.

They marched proudly ashore, while Gramma-Honey smiled and waved proudly at them. Pat proudly carried the company banner, which Gramma-Honey had given them and which read: "We protect the weak."

Anna M. Luckey.



Unnatural History for Natural Children

In Brazil a giddy young llama
Was dancing the Yama-Yama.
She was certainly cute
In her new dancing suit
Which looked very like a pajama.

Maude B. Gass

Jack Holt and Pat

IT WAS a perfect day in June. Flowers blooming, birds singing; over and above it all you heard day and night the song of the big river as it splashed and gurgled over the rocks, on its way to the sea.

Pat and his mother had arrived at the ranch the day before to spend the vacation with Auntie Claire. Now he went for a long ride on Tommy with Pete, the Indian boy, while Collie and the new German Police dog, Fritz had the time of their lives chasing rabbits. They could not catch any but it was fun just the same.

When they got home there was such a stir and bustle all over the place Pat wondered what it was all about. Mother was putting fresh sheets on the bed in the guest room, Auntie Claire was cutting long stemmed red roses for the living room. Uncle Charlie told Pete to get Jack Holt's horse out of the Court House field and put him in the corral and to see that the saddle and bridle were in order.

Pat went back to the guest room, "Mother, who in the World is Jack Holt? Is he a King?"

Mother laughed. "No, dear, he is a Movie Star; if you will look in those magazines on the living room table you will see pictures of him."

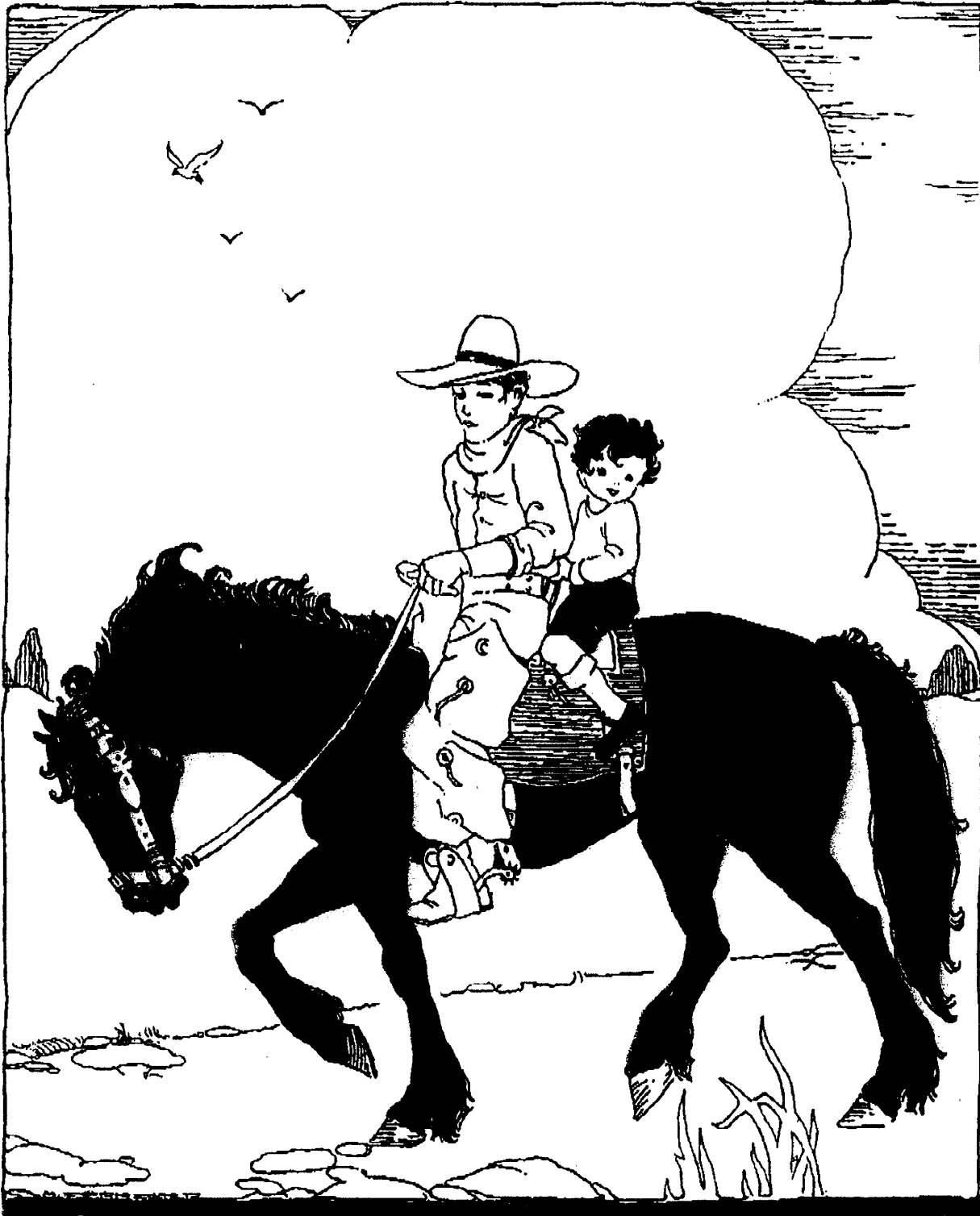
"Mother! mother!" yelled Pat. "Here he is! He is wearing a Cowboy hat and frying bacon over a camp fire. It says 'Jack Holt making his new picture!'"

"Yes, dear, now see if you can find Jack's little boy, Timmie, all dressed up like a Cowboy."

When Pat found the picture his joy knew no bounds!

"Mother, do you 'spose he could come up here? Boy I'd love to play with him! Wouldn't it be fun! We could both dress like Cowboys and help Uncle Charlie. We could go after the cow and—and—do lots of things."

"You certainly could. Now come to the kitchen with me; I'm going to make dark



brown secrets." Which meant cookies with so many raisins and dates in them they were a rich dark brown.

The long day wore on. Pat was afraid to leave the house for fear he would miss the arrival of the guests. At last he saw a car coming round the river bend. Pat fled to his room to presently appear in white

duck, his hair slicked down and his eyes big with excitement.

He slipped into the living room behind his mother. Uncle Charlie saw him, "Come, Pat, I want you to meet Jack Holt." Pat put his hand in that of the big man and grinned till one of his front teeth wiggled.

"Why, how do you do, Pat?" Then bend-

ing over he took Pat's chin between his thumb and finger, "That tooth seems about ready to come out," he said.

"Yes, mother says it must come out, but the string keeps slipping," replied Pat.

"Don't you worry; we will see about that string later," smiled Jack Holt.

It was very warm so the whole family went to the river to swim; Pat, in his Irish green bathing suit looked too cute for words. He was very proud of the fact that he could go in swimming with all the big folk.

When the shadows began to lengthen Uncle Charlie made a fire. As it burned down to glowing coals he fried chicken and made coffee. Auntie Claire brought potato salad and sandwiches. Oh! how good things did taste as they sat under the trees.

After supper Pat lay on his back watching the stars come out, one by one, till all of a sudden the sky was filled with stars. He was getting sleepy when Jack whispered something to him; he held Pat's hand as they strolled away under the trees. When they got back Pat was laughing so hard every tooth in his mouth showed except one

and he was swinging that on the end of a string.

As Pat was trudging up the hill to go to bed Jack Holt said to mother, "You know I feel badly, I told Pat if he would let me pull his tooth and put it under his pillow he would find a gift in the morning. That the good fairies never fail to leave a gift in exchange for a first tooth. But I haven't a thing."

Mother said, "I'll have Charlie drive me to Clovis. We can find something." When they explained to Mr. Smith what they wanted he gladly opened his shop. "Why I know Pat, bless his little freckled face. I couldn't have him disappointed." They found a long red box filled with shiny pencils and pen holders—just the thing for a good little boy to take to school.

It was twenty-six miles to Clovis so when they got home every one was asleep. Mother slipped the box under Pat's pillow.

In the morning Pat sat up; he stuck his tongue in the place where his tooth had been, then dived under his pillow and came up with a whoop of joy, the red box in his hands.

Anna M. Luckey

