



# Kiddies' Korner

By MADREE PENN



## DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

MASTER GALAGO.

One of the fairies had been sent by the fairy queen to find out about some of the animals and creatures in far off countries, so she could tell the fairy queen.

Then the fairy queen would whisper the stories to Daddy before he told Nick and Nancy his evening tale.

This was the story one of the little creatures told to the fairy who was on this trip for the fairy queen.

"Hello, who are you?" asked the fairy, as she saw a quite new kind of animal.

"I'm myself, who do you expect me to be?" asked the animal.

"Now, now," said the fairy, "don't let's joke."

"What will we do?" asked the animal. "Weep?"

"Of course not," said the fairy.

"What shall we do that is in between weeping and joking?" asked the animal.

"Let's talk," said the fairy.

"But I won't be able to understand you and you won't be able to understand me," said the animal. "I don't talk your language and you don't talk mine."

"We understand each other now, don't we?" asked the fairy.

"Yes, we seem to," said the animal.

"That is because a fairy can understand animals and birds and children



"Who Are You?"

and grownups, and all sorts of queer creatures," said the fairy.

"That's lucky," said the animal.

"Shall we talk, then?" asked the fairy.

"I don't mind," said the animal, "if you don't mind if we talk right away now. Don't suggest that we wait until the morning, for I haven't much use for the morning. In fact I don't

like the morning at all. Did you say you were a fairy?"

"Yes, I am a fairy, and so I can sleep when I want to, also."

"What do you think we're going to talk about?" asked the animal. "At present I can't think of anything to say."

"Oh, I can," said the fairy.

"Well, now, that's lucky, too," said the animal.

"I want you to do the talking, but I will ask the questions," said the fairy.

"I want to know who you are, you see."

"I'm a galago," said the animal. "As you see, I'm somewhat larger than a rat, and yet I look quite like a fox."

"My body is shaped very much like that of a fox, and I'm about the size of a rat. There, that about describes me, doesn't it? And my eyes are big and dark and they can see far, far into the night."

"Don't you like the daytime?" asked the fairy.

"Not in the least," said Master Galago. "I like the nights. Then I go hunting for my food."

"What do you eat?" asked the fairy. "Oh, anything good," said Master Galago. "Bugs and insects and worms are always delicious, and small snakes are pleasant."

"According to your taste," laughed the fairy.

"My hands, or paws, or whatever you choose to call them help me in my climbing about."

"I'd call them hands," said the fairy. "They look much like hands, don't they?"

"They do," said Master Galago. "Now you think you know something about me?"

"Yes," said the fairy, "but none too much."

"Well, I hate to bother you, or to hurry you," said Master Galago, "but it is almost morning now and I must have my rest. Do call again some other night."

"Thank you," said the fairy. "I will." And so she said good-by to Master Galago, an animal who lives far off in East Africa, which is shown in the maps, but which can't be seen from where we are, no, no indeed!

### IN DEAR OLD ENGLAND.

A clergyman who was not disinclined toward an occasional glass hired an Irishman to clean out his cellar. He brought out a number of empty whisky bottles and, as he lifted each one, looked to see if there was anything in it.

The clergyman, who was walking on the lawn, noticed him and said: "They are all dead ones, Mike."

"They are," answered Mike. "But there is one good thing about it, they all had the minister with them when they passed away."—Titi-Bits.

## The Scrap Book

LATE HOUR NOT THE CAUSE

John Leaned Against Bell-Push and Kept the Whole Family Awake.

They were standing outside the front door having a final chat after his evening call.

He was leaning against the door-post, talking in low, dulcet tones. She was listening and gazing up rapturously into his eyes.

Suddenly she turned round. The door had opened; and there, just inside, stood her father, clad in a dressing gown.

"My dear father," she asked, "what is the matter?"

Her dear father ignored her question.

"John," he said, addressing the young man, "you know I've never complained about your staying late, and I'm not going to complain now; but, for goodness' sake, stop leaning against the bell-push. Other people want some sleep, even if you don't."

### STAMPS BY LUNAR MEASURE

Government's Stickers for One Year's Use Would Make Strip 763,220 Miles Long.

Until within very recent years all of our postage stamps were printed for the government by a private concern under contract by the year. Nowadays they are turned out at the big factory in Washington that makes Uncle Sam's paper money.

The work is better done and at a great saving. There is a saving in ink (which is made on the premises); there is saving in gum (likewise of home manufacture), and there is saving of the profit that formerly went to the contractor.

It is a huge job. During the last year the bureau of engraving printed 50,000,000,000 postage stamps. That (approximately) was the number required by the 110,000,000 people of the United States for mailing letters and parcels—an average of 454 stamps for every man, woman and child.

If all these 50,000,000,000 stamps were placed end to end in one strip, how far would the latter extend? A small calculation will show.

If you started at one end of the strip in a railroad train and traveled continuously day and night at a speed of sixty miles an hour, it would take you nearly a year and a half to reach the other end. You would get there in 12,720 hours, or 529 days.

This strip would be 763,220 miles long. In other words, it would extend from the earth to the moon, back to the earth, then back to the moon again, with enough of its length left to encircle the globe nearly twice at the equator.

Spread out in a single sheet, the 50,000,000,000 stamps (representing our annual requirement for mailing purpose) would cover 2,375 acres, or fourteen and two-thirds square miles. To make that number of postage stamps requires 1,750 tons of ink and 2,125 tons of gum.

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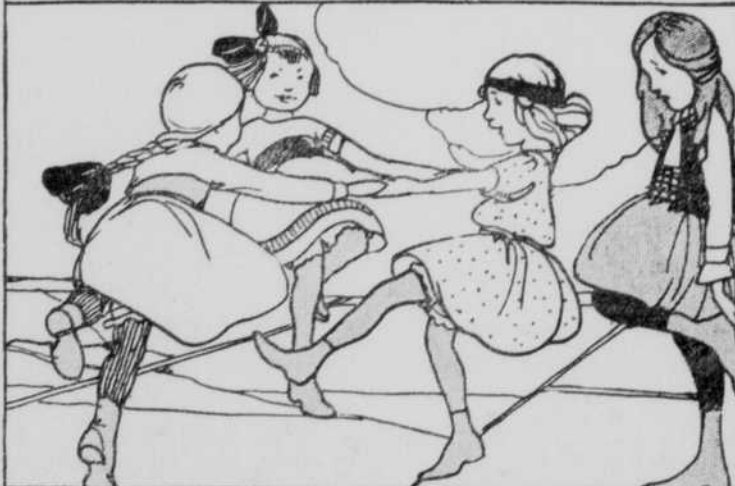
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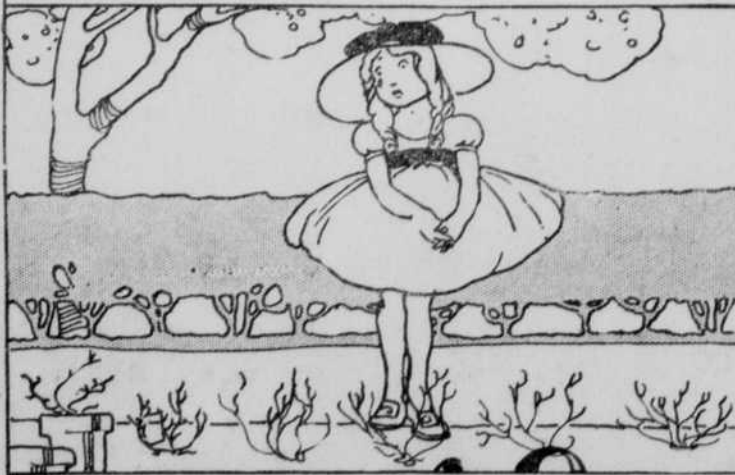
## THE MOTHER GOOSE FAIRY BOOK

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By Eleanor Schorer



Are you contrary, you little girl or boy who is reading this story or having some one (probably mother) read it to you? Do you always wish to play some different game from the one suggested by your playmates? When mother wants you to do an errand, do you always act stubborn and ask to do something else?



But the seeds, being mischievous little things, decided to play a trick on Mary. They planned to be just as contrary as she and grow with their roots above ground and their flowers and leaves hidden beneath the earth. How disappointed Contrary Mary was! Then she thought how often she made people as unhappy as the contrary seeds made her!



I hope you are not that kind of child, but whether you are or not, I will tell you of one of Mother Goose's children who was just such. No doubt you all remember her. Her name is Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary. One day she was given a lot of seeds to plant in her garden. Quite anxiously she waited for them to grow into beautiful blooms.



Straightway she changed, and Mother Goose asks all contrary children please to do so too. An amiable disposition, smiling face and good temper are the most beautiful flowers to plant in life's garden. They will gain you friends and playmates and make mother as happy as Mother Goose is that Contrary Mary is now a sweet child.

CUT OUT AT THE MARGIN AND PASTE IN BOOK OR TIE ON CARDBOARD THROUGH THE HOLES INDICATED IN THE MARGIN.