

WHERE THE GREAT RED OWL LIVED.

BY EVERETT MCNEIL.

NEAR a great wood there once lived a father and mother who had one child, a little boy by the name of Wilson. One day, when Wilson, put on a very naughty child, the father said to him: "Wilson, if you are not a better boy I shall have to take you to the Great Hollow Tree Where the Great Red Owl Lives."

Now the father had a beautiful china dish which had been given to him by his mother, who received it from her great-grandfather, who brought it with him from China, and he valued this dish above all his treasures.

Wilson had been forbidden to touch the china dish, but one day, when his father was out and his mother was not looking, he climbed up to the mantel whereon sat the dish and picked it up to see what was in it; but even as his hands touched the dish his foot slipped and he fell, and the treasure was broken into a hundred fragments.

That night the father said: "Wife, there is nothing else to be done; the boy must learn to obey. Wilson, put on your little red cap and kiss your mother good-by. I am going to take you to the Great Hollow Tree Where the Great Red Owl Lives."

Then the father took Wilson by the hand and led him past the Huge Black Rock and the Crooked White Brook and the Big Red Oak, and came to a tree more mighty than any of the others. When they were close to this tree a queer gruff voice called: "Who! Who! Who!"

"What was that, father," Wilson asked. "That was the Great Red Owl," the father answered.

"Who! Who! Who!" again called the queer gruff voice.

"It is Naughty Wilson, Naughty Wilson," the father answered. "I have brought him to thee."

Then a door opened in the side of the hollow tree, the father thrust Wilson in through the opening, and the door swung shut.

At first all was dark, but on looking up Wilson saw what he took to be two bright lights shining high above his head.

"Who! Who! Who!" came the queer gruff voice from the direction of the shining lights.

Wilson now saw that the lights were slowly coming nearer and growing brighter. Presently it became so light that he could see a red ladder leading up toward the top of the hollow in the tree, and the lights seemed to be coming down this ladder. Nearer and nearer came the two bright lights, louder and louder sounded the gruff "Who! Who! Who!" of the queer voice, and then, with a hop and the flutter of wings, the Great Red Owl swung himself down the ladder and stood before Wilson. The bright lights were his two round eyes.

"Who! Who! Who!" said the Great Red Owl, blinking with both eyes at Wilson and nodding his head slowly. Then, suddenly extending one of his huge claws toward Wilson, he said: "Shake hands, Naughty Wilson."

Wilson held out his hand. The owl gripped it tightly and began slowly to draw the hand toward him until it was directly under his beak. Then he made a quick peck at the back of the hand.

Wilson screamed with fright.

"Who! Who! Who!" said the great owl. "Naughty Wilson has the mark of the Great Red Owl on his hand. Who! Who! Who!" he began to hop slowly up the ladder, and soon Wilson was again alone in the darkness at the bottom of the hollow tree.

"Who! Who! Who!" called the Great Red Owl from the top of the long red ladder.

Then Wilson heard something come scurrying swiftly down the ladder, and felt a furry little animal climb up his leg, over his waist and up on his shoulder.

"I will be good! I will be good! Oh, Mr. Red Owl, I will be good!" Wilson shouted.

"Who!" said the Great Red Owl.

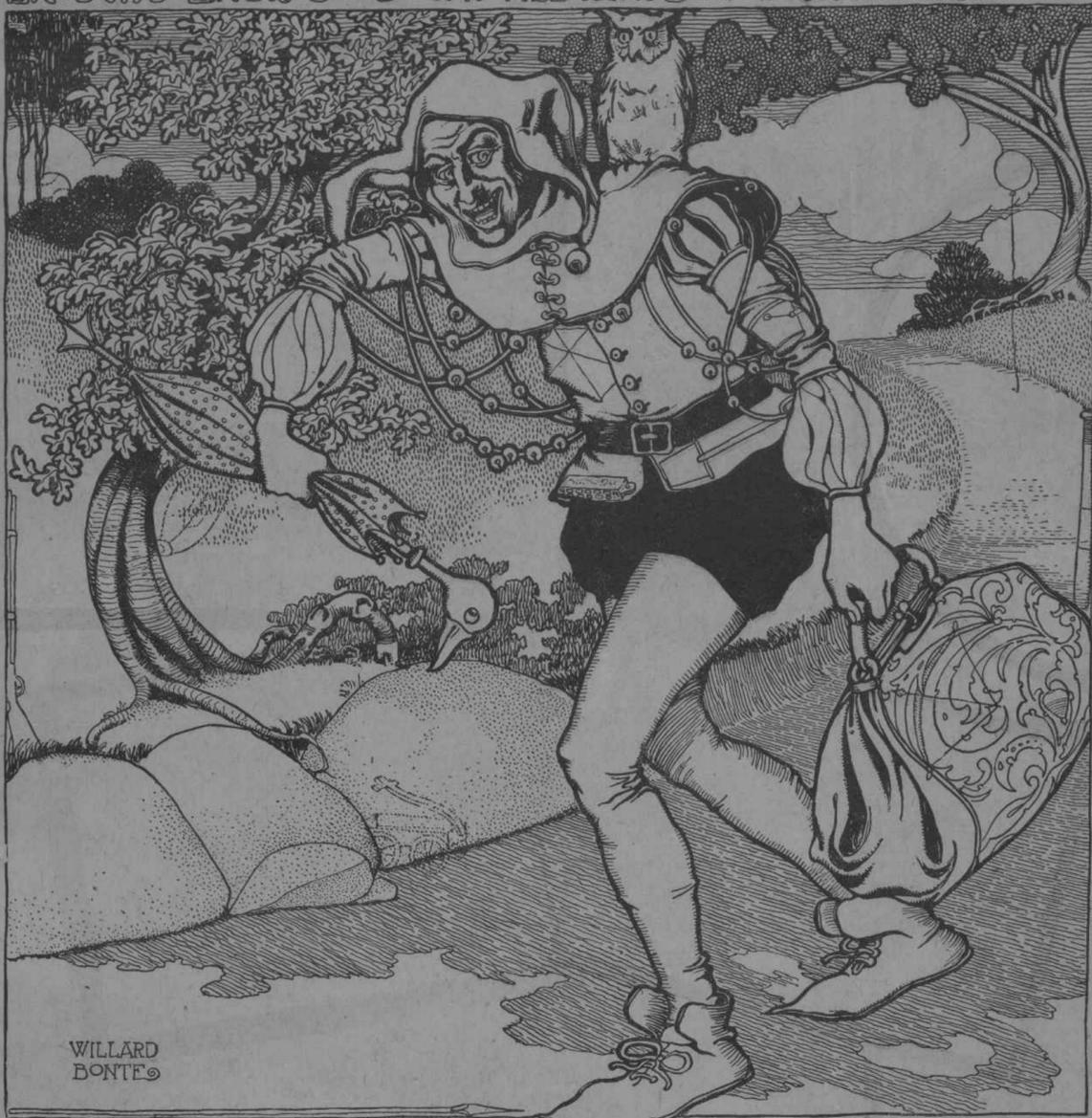
Then the animal with a long bushy tail shouted close in Wilson's ear, "Naughty Wilson! Naughty Wilson!" and hurried off his shoulder, across his waist, down his leg and up the ladder.

"Who! Who! Who!" called the Great Red Owl, sitting at the top of the long red ladder.

Then down the ladder came a huge, shaggy, long haired animal and reared himself on his hind legs in front of Wilson.

Then, hurrying down the ladder came a

FROM COUNTRY AND BEACH IN HEAPED UP MEASURE, ARE BROUGHT BACK TO TOWN ALL KINDS OF TREASURE.



WILLARD BONTÉ

Mark the treasures that have escaped and are hidden in various parts of the picture. Games will be sent to twenty-five boys and girls who mark all the objects. Address Box 2,000, Station E, New York City.

"I will be good! I will be good! Oh, Mr. Great Red Owl, I will be good!" Wilson cried. "Who!" said the Great Red Owl. "Then the huge, shaggy, long haired thing put two great paws on Wilson's shoulders and his mouth close up to his ear, and shouted in a great, rough voice, "Naughty Wilson! Naughty Wilson!" and then went clambering noisily up the ladder. "Who! Who! Who!" called the Great Red Owl, sitting at the top of the long red ladder. "Who! Who! Who!" Thou hast been named by the striped chipmunk, the red squirrel and the shaggy bear, and I have marked thee with the mark of the Great Red Owl, Naughty Wilson! Naughty Wilson! Who! Who! Who!"

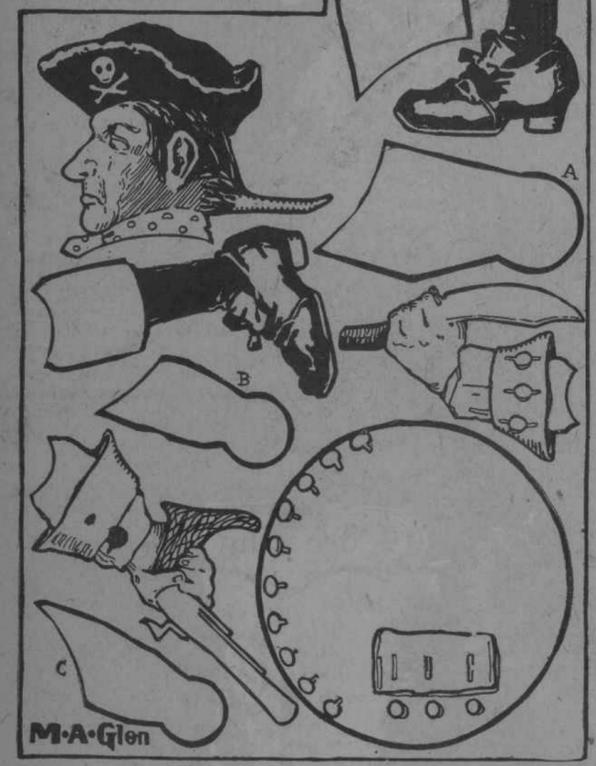
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THE PUGNACIOUS PIRATE.

Cut out the pieces and fit them together to make a savage pirate, which can be changed into different positions, the parts still fitting perfectly. The parts marked A are the upper joints of the legs, B the upper joint of the right arm and C the upper joint of the left arm. Paste the pirate on a cardboard background in the position you think the best and paint it. For the most pugnacious pirates the Herald will give paint boxes or games.



JANEY MEG'S TEARS.

Say, Janey Meg cried so many tears That each side of her wee little nose Two streams ran swiftly down until They reached her nice white clothes. And then they swished and swashed and swirled Until they drenched her through; Then ran straight down her plump right leg And filled up her right shoe.

And then they ran across and in Her left shoe, and, oh, my! Filled that, then ran up her left leg. So nothing now was dry. Another such bedraggled sight Please show me, if you can. Say, Janey Meg just wishes now She'd stopped 'fore she began. H. D'ARDEA.

WHAT THEY HAVE FOR DINNER.

If you could see the things that the people in some countries have for dinner and the way they eat them you would laugh indeed, and then if you should visit those countries and do as the other boys and girls do you would laugh still more.

I believe you would like Japan best. True, you would not have any chair to sit on, nor any knife, fork or spoon, but then you would have two dainty little sticks, especially, I believe, you would not like at all. That is live crabs, and very tiny ones, too.

Then, when every one is ready, the cover is taken off. Those crabs don't hesitate a second, but scramble out and run for their lives. But the guests are in a big hurry, too. They seize them with both hands, and filling their mouths as full as they can they swallow the wriggling things as though they were the daintiest bits imaginable. I do not know whether they are better or worse than roasted spiders. These you would get in New Caledonia, and some people who have eaten them say they taste like nuts and are very nice.

In India they would serve you roasted worms instead of fruit at dessert, and in Burmah locusts, stuffed and fried. In Siam you would be treated to ants' eggs, and some of our own Indians think they can offer a guest no greater delicacy than roasted grasshoppers. So you see there are many kinds of tastes.

Table manners also vary greatly. In Turkey you must sit cross-legged on a cushion and eat with your fingers from the same dish that every one else uses. In Arabia you must use your fingers, also, and not be surprised if your host offers you a dainty morsel with his hands. Just open your mouth and allow him to put it in. In Abyssinia, if you wish to be polite, you must smack your lips while you eat.

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B was the Boy who worked for the baker, He brought some bread to the candlestick maker; When he got there they gave him a bun And sent him back home, where the story began.

And he looks very grand in his father's old hat. Y's a Young boy who yelled "Out of my way, For I am bound to town to-day; I must see the King and all the King's men Ere pony and I will be home again."

FOUR KINDS OF WORDS.

