

GUNTY BEE'S CORNER

Edited by Cora Roche Howland.

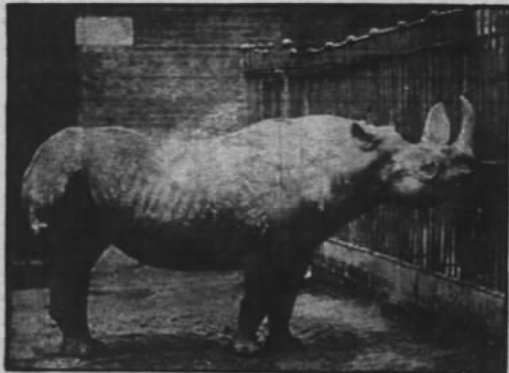
Two-Horned Rhinoceros.

DEAR CHILDREN: We are always hearing stories about famous men, and people point out to us the lessons of their lives. Less often we are told about famous boys and those who become famous men. This is natural, for the things that boys do are not always noted at the time, and it is only when later they have become great that some one recalls incidents that might have been forgotten, that history records the bravery of their boyhood. Among the stories that have lived about famous boys is one of Garibaldi's.

A woman fell off the dock; she was a large woman and much frightened, and not one of the men who stood about dared to jump to her rescue, but a boy there was unafraid. He struck the water nearly as quickly as she did, with a daring that was reckless, and managed to keep her up until help came, acting at once with a kindness and a quickness that was remarkable. These traits the man Garibaldi also showed. He was so alert that no one knew when to expect an attack from him and his soldiers, so indirect sometimes that it seemed impossible that he could succeed, but always so brave and big of heart that even to this day the world has loved to talk about him.

Then there's a story about an old painter who used to watch a little fellow in his studio making drawings with his brushes and his colors, always persevering and trying again. "That boy will beat me some day," said the old painter to himself, and he was right, for the boy was Michael Angelo.

Another great painter, Cimabue, when walking in the fields, was attracted by a humely little boy, who, as he watched his sheep, was drawing a picture of them upon a stone with a piece of slate for a pencil. The artist was so pleased with the child's rough work that he bade Giotto leave his sheep and go with him to Florence, where he would teach him how to paint. Then there was another boy who used to crush flowers to get color and who painted with this the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol, making all sorts of pictures, and he as the years passed became the great artist Titian. These boys are all of Italy. Another day I will write to you about great boys of other countries.



The two-horned rhinoceros has one horn on its forehead and one on its nose. These horns are curious because they spring not from the bone but from the skin, and merely

rest on the bone as a support. They're remarkable, too, as powerful weapons, and with them the animal can root up bushes or small trees, the foliage or fruit of which it wishes to eat.

THE TALE OF THE LEMONADE FALLS.

I WAS sitting by the window watching impatiently for the Moon and wondering what her story would be about. All of a sudden a glimmer of light fell upon the carpet, and, looking up quickly, I saw the kindly face of the Moon smiling down upon me.

"What shall I tell you about tonight?" she asked.

"Anything you like," I replied.

"Well," she said; "would you like to hear about the Lemonade Falls?"

"Yes," I answered. And here is the story she told:

away to their place of punishment, a little Fairy stepped forward and asked if she might say a word or two.

"Certainly," said Capt. Stork.

"My name is 'Teddy Bear,'" she said, "and it was I who ruined your machine. I couldn't bear to have the Teddy Bears suffer for what I had done. I did it because I hate Father Time. You all know that I am Peter Pan's fairy. A little while ago Father Time told Peter his age. As soon as he knew how old he really was, little furrows began to show in his forehead and before I knew it he was a grown man. Now he is down on Earth working in a

Squirrels' Foster Mother.

Dear Aunty Bee: A boy I know took some baby squirrels home with him and let the mother cat bring them up with her baby kittens. When they were bigger he made a nice home for them on the lawn in front of his house. He screened in a squirrel house that he made from big boxes. The squirrels are big now, and sometimes the cat comes to meet them.

FRANK SAILOR, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Two Kittens.

Dear Aunty Bee: I want to tell you about my two kittens. One is gray and the other is black and white.

When we give the gray one some water to drink it will paw the water because it sees its own image. Once it got near our bookcase, which has a glass door, and began to paw the glass rapidly, for it saw its image.

The white cat is not as lively. It did not know what to think of the gray one when it began to hit the bookcase door.

GARRETT THIESSEN, Stanwood, Ia.

Kind Dog.

Dear Aunty Bee: The other day we saw a pretty sight. A dear little kitten with a blue ribbon around its neck had wandered out into the street and was afraid to cross the ditch, which was full of water from the thaw. A big Newfoundland dog came along with a little boy and the dog picked the kitten up in his mouth and carried it to the sidewalk without hurting it at all. Then he went down the street with his master, wagging his woolly tail.

JOHN CRADDOCK.

BEARS.

BY LOUISE T. H. HOPE.

