

DULUTH VISITORS LEAVE FOR TEXAS



GEORGE, WILLIS AND CATHERINE MARY CASHIN.

Catherine, Mary, George and Willis Cashin, who have been visiting their grandmother, Mrs. Mary Putnam, 1523 East Fourth street, for some time, returned to their home in Houston, Texas, Friday. Mrs. Putnam accompanied them south, where she will remain for six weeks.

Genevieve

Gilbert, Minn., Feb. 15, 1921. Dear Aunt Betsy: The Tiny Tots corner has been very interesting to me, especially the letters which have been sent to you by so many school children.

I am 12 years old and am in the eighth grade.

I have a dear mother and father, two brothers and one sister, and we are all very happy together, although my oldest brother is going to college and we are all very anxious to have him home. Your loving niece, GENEVIEVE BROWN.

Charity

2314 Wilkins Avenue, Duluth, Minn., Feb. 8, 1921.

Dear Aunt Betsy: I thank you very much for printing my letter in the paper. I am glad I found Aunt Betsy for she is the only aunt I got in this country.

I will let you know that I am not strong so I cannot go to school. I can not do much so I thought I would join your corner. I am a little Christian girl. I love to go to Sunday school. I am glad that I am well enough to go to Sunday school. I would like to see you so I would know who I was writing to. One of your readers, CHARITY STERNER.

Helen

Eveleth, Minn., Feb. 13, 1921.

Dear Aunt Betsy: I am in the fifth grade and 10 years old. I have two sisters and two brothers. I am very much interested in the Tiny Tots' corner. One of your happy readers, HELEN DECKER.

Mabel

Ely, Minn., Feb. 13, 1921.

Dear Aunt Betsy: I am very interested in the Tiny Tots' corner and at last I have ventured to write. I am 10 years of age and in the fifth grade at the Lincoln school. I like to read the stories and letters of the Tiny Tots' corner. And I hope to have my letter printed soon. Yours truly, MABEL E. EDWARDS.

Elma

Tower, Minn., Feb. 15, 1921.

Dear Aunt Betsy: I have been reading the Tiny Tots' corner each Sunday. I had a chance and would like very much to join. I am in the fifth grade and am 11 years old. Yours truly, ELMA KAUPPI, Box 172.

Audrey

Tower, Minn., Feb. 1, 1921.

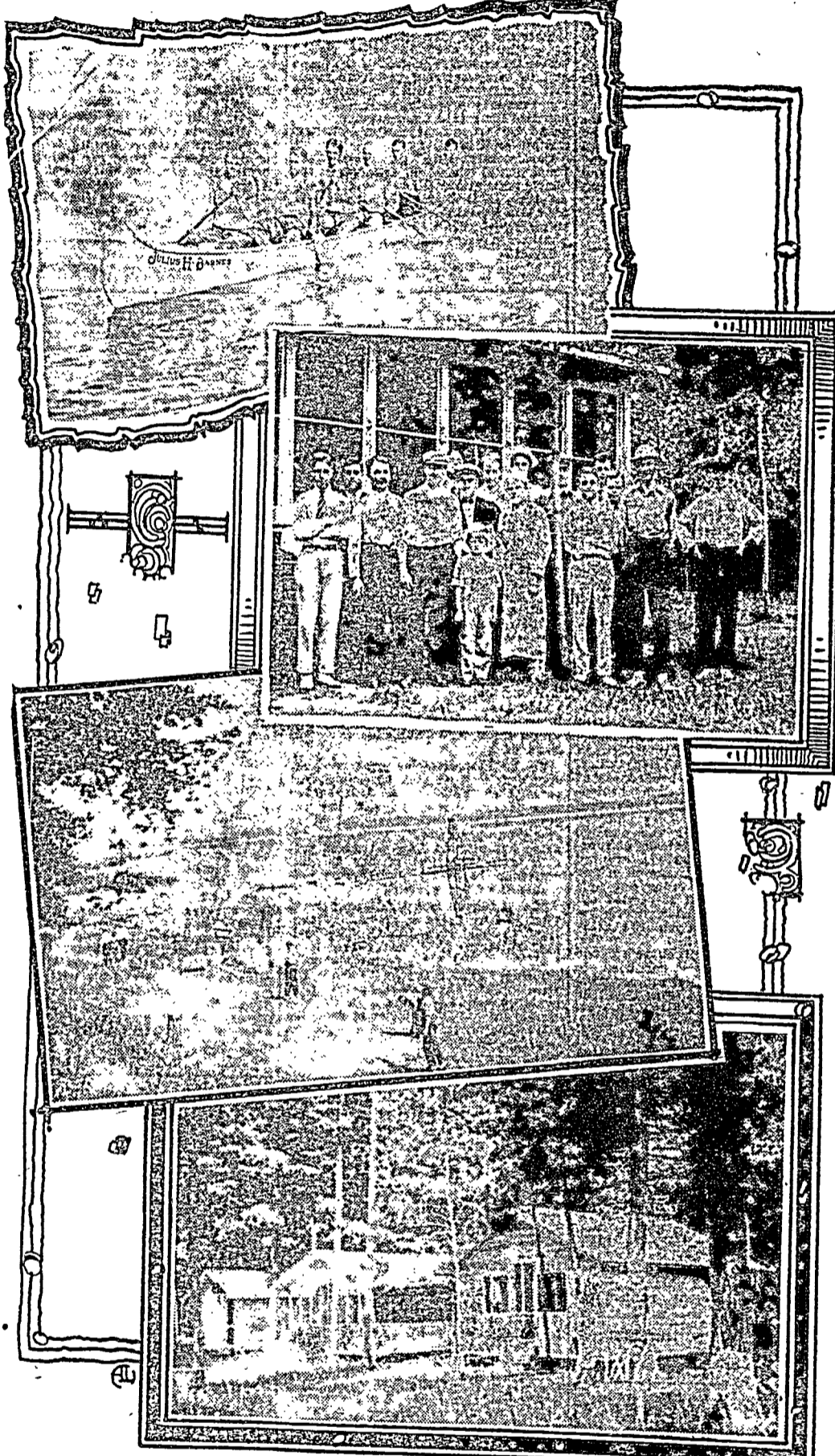
Dear Aunt Betsy: I have read the stories that are in the Duluth Sunday paper, and found that they are interesting. From yours, AUDREY ANDERSON.

Lillian

Duluth, Minn., Feb. 13, 1921.

Dear Aunt Betsy: I have been reading the Tiny Tots' corner, so I thought I would write. I am in the fifth grade at school and 11 years old. I would be pleased to see my letter in the Tiny Tots' corner next Sunday. LILLIAN PECHACEK.

Y. M. C. A. Campers Bitten by "Photography Bug"



Since its establishment in 1913 Camp Miller, the Senior Y. M. C. A. resort on Sturgeon lake, 50 miles southwest of Duluth has each year attracted many of both Duluth's young and old manhood for two weeks or a month of life "next to nature."

The camp property consists of 59 acres of cleared and wild land and is equipped with a large dining hall, assembly hall and five sleeping lodges. A complete fleet of boats and canoes is at the disposal of the campers. The camp will be further improved and equipped this season from proceeds of the senior "Y" minstrel entertainment given last Tuesday evening.

The accompanying photographs show various modes of camp life enjoyed by "Y" members. Top—Appetite building exercise in pulling the piddle. Upper center—Party of campers posing for the camp "photography bug." Lower center—A view of the lake from the camp front showing the slide and high dive. Bottom—Three of the five sleeping lodges. They are large enough to accommodate 16 men each.

Ruth

224 East Seventh Street, Duluth, Minn., Feb. 13, 1921.

Dear Aunt Betsy: Your Tiny Tots' corner is very good. I like to read it very much. I am 10 years old and in the B fifth grade. When I get home from school I help my mother. I have to go to Sunday school so I will close. Yours truly, RUTH GOLBERG.

Genevieve

5081 Eleventh Street, North Virginia, Minn.

Dear Aunt Betsy: I like to read the Tiny Tots' corner and hope to see my letter among them. I am in the B sixth grade and go to the Roosevelt school. I will be 11 on Feb. 23, 1921. A loving member, GENEVIEVE McCABE.

Dorothy

326 One Hundred and Second Avenue West, Duluth, Minn., Feb. 13, 1921.

Dear Aunt Betsy: I would be glad

How the Friends Found Happiness

Billy Beaver soon became tired of his winter quarters and started off on a journey. He hadn't gone far when he met Fluffy Red Squirrel.

"Where are you going on this lovely frosty morning, Billy Beaver?" asked Fluffy Red Squirrel.

"Oh, me," sighed Billy Beaver, gulping hard and wiping his eyes on his flat tail. "I'm going in search of happiness. Have you any idea where she can be found on this frosty cold morning?"

"Indeed I have not," replied Fluffy Red Squirrel. "But if you don't mind, Billy Beaver, I'll just go with you, for I've been very unhappy for ever so long. Maybe I can help find food for you on the journey."

"Maybe so," replied Billy Beaver joyfully. "But come along if you'd like."

Paw in paw the two friends trotted along the road. Soon they met Bobby Rabbit, who was sitting beside the road weeping bitterly.

"Oh dear, oh dear, what shall I do? I'm so miserable," wailed Bobby Rabbit. "My tail's so short I can't do anything with it."

"Isn't that queer?" exclaimed Billy Beaver. "My tail's so broad and flat it makes me tired to carry it. Maybe I'm able to have what we want."

"Indeed I'll go with you," replied Bobby Rabbit, quickly brushing the tears from his eyes. "Maybe on the way I can find a long tail, and paw in paw away the three friends hopped across the fields and along the stream."

They hadn't gone far when they heard dogs baying and the sharp shots of a gun sounded through the still air. Bobby Rabbit hid under a pile of brush. Billy Beaver jumped into the stream and with his broad tail paddled to the other side, while Fluffy Red Squirrel ran up the trunk of a tree and fastened himself on a limb clinging with all four feet and his long bushy tail.

There the three friends stayed until the dogs had passed, then they all came together on the edge of the stream and built a great, big bonfire and sat down to chat.

"Lucky my tail wasn't any longer," laughed Bobby Rabbit. "or I never could have hid in that brush pile."

"Well, I'm sure glad my tail was broad and flat," laughed Fluffy Beaver. "or I never could have gotten across that stream."

"As for me," chuckled Fluffy Red Squirrel, "my tail has worried me for ever so long. But, dear me, I was glad I had it to help me hold on to that limb. Guess the best way to find happiness is to try to be glad of our blessings."

"Guess you're right," laughed his two friends. "The best way to be happy is to be contented."

The three friends sat the biggest part of the night around the bonfire telling tales, and when the morning light streaker the sky they all trotted home as happy as could be.

Florence

5014 Oneida Street, Feb. 17, 1921.

Dear Aunt Betsy: Well here I am, and I want to tell you I received your surprising letter and copies and I want to thank you. Uncle Tribune must be a great big good man (like my paper) to print all the tots' letters, and by the way, no school for three days had a half, Hur-rah! an' I hope the girl with the green eyes will love this letter also. Your loving bob-haired niece, FLORENCE DONOVAN.

Among the prominent participants in the dedication ceremonies of the suffrage monument soon to be placed in the national capitol in Washington will be the Rev. Olympia Brown who is now in her eighty-seventh year and the last survivor of the early American suffrage pioneers.

Ellen

Cloquet, Minn., Feb. 4, 1921.

Dear Aunt Betsy: I have read the letters of the Tiny Tots' corner. They interested me very much, so I thought I might write to you, too.

My brother has a dog; he pulls us on a sled. I belong to the Y. M. C. A. I go every day I can. We play games and have lots of fun. Your truly, ELLEN MLEOD.

Marie

1923 Broadway, Superior, Wis.

Dear Aunt Betsy: I read the letters in the Tiny Tots' corner and they are very interesting. I am 11 years old. I am in the Sixth A grade. I go to the Blaine school. I hope to see my letter appear in next Sunday's paper. Yours truly, MARIE BURGNER.

What's in a Name?

Mabel is translated to mean beloved and certainly the name has a right to its significance. Since it comes from the old Keltic word meadhall, meaning "joy." The fashionable miss of today who spells her good old fashioned name "Maybelle" does not realize that she is trying to paint the lily; no name more redolent of poetry exists today than Mabel.

Mabel appears first as Meadhall, the daughter of Eochaid Freidheach, king of Erin, was so called, and was such a beloved heroine of Irish romance that Congal Claen, according to the old story, bid the men of Connaught, her husband's kingdom to "Remember Meave in battle."

What Do You Know About Washington? Tiny Tots, Here Is Your Chance to Tell

Next Tuesday, boys and girls, is the birthday of one of the very greatest men who ever lived—George Washington. In every school in our great country this week, boys and girls and teachers will talk of Washington, reread and retell stories and anecdotes of the famous, well beloved former President and pause to do him honor.

For the best 300-word essays on George Washington by boy or girl between ages of 8 and 11 years, awards of \$2.00, \$1.00 and 50c prizes will be made by Aunt Betsy. Send your essays to Tiny Tots corner, care of Aunt Betsy, The News Tribune.

School Children Are Invited to Write Letters

This page is to belong to the Tiny Tots of the northwest. All the children are asked to write letters to their Aunt Betsy, who edits this page, and the best letters received each week will be published in the page on Sunday. Remember to write on one side of the paper only and to keep the letters short.

Martha

Duluth, Minn.

Dear Aunt Betsy: I was reading the Tiny Tot's corner letters and I would like to join it. I go to the Nettleton school and I am in the fifth grade. I have some skates. I go skating a great deal. I am 11 years of age. I have two brothers. Their names are Bernard and Joe. I think they are going to write a letter too. Tell some of your nieces to write to me. Your happy member, Martha Levandusky.

Bernard

Duluth, Minn., Feb. 14, 1921.

Dear Aunt Betsy: I am six years old. I go to the Nettleton school. I am in room 3. I cannot write very good yet so my sister is writing this letter for me, and I have a little white dog. I also have some skates. Your new member, Bernard Levandusky.

Joe

Duluth, Minn., Feb. 14, 1920.

Dear Aunt Betsy: I am 8 years old. I go to the Nettleton school. I am in the A Third grade. I have a pair of skates, but I don't think there will be skating any more this winter. I am going to close my letter now. Yours truly, Joe Levandusky.

Trygve

724 East Eighth Street, Duluth, Minn., Feb. 14, 1921.

Dear Aunt Betsy: Sunday morning the first I look for in the paper is the "Tiny Tots' corner," and then next, "Hans and Fritz."

Leslie

Grand Rapids, Minn., Feb. 13, 1921.

Dear Aunt Betsy: I am 11 and can't go out to play. I like to watch the children outside. And I feed the birds and they bump one another around to get something to eat. From your friend, LESLIE BURNS.

Fern

2514 W. Huron Street, Feb. 14, 1921.

Dear Aunt Betsy: I am 10 years old, in the B fifth grade. I have just been reading Tiny Tots' corner. I would be pleased to see my letter in the paper next Sunday. FERN LA BELLE.

Dear Aunt Betsy I read the Tiny Tots Corner every Sunday. There sure are some cute letters there. I sure think that little poem was cute. But I do not know who galashes means. I am going to look it up in the dictionary. I go to the B. C. School and I am in the B. C. Grade. I am 10 years old and hope that is not too old to write to you. Well close and get to work your loving niece Margaret Levandusky 115 N. Du ave