

**THE BARNES
FAMILY: A SMILE
ON EVERY PAGE**

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The Barnes Family: A Smile on Every Page by Florence S. Craig

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FLORENCE S. CRAIG

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The
Barnes Family

A SMILE ON EVERY PAGE

BY
FLORENCE S. CRAIG

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**This little story
is lovingly dedicated
to the school children of America**

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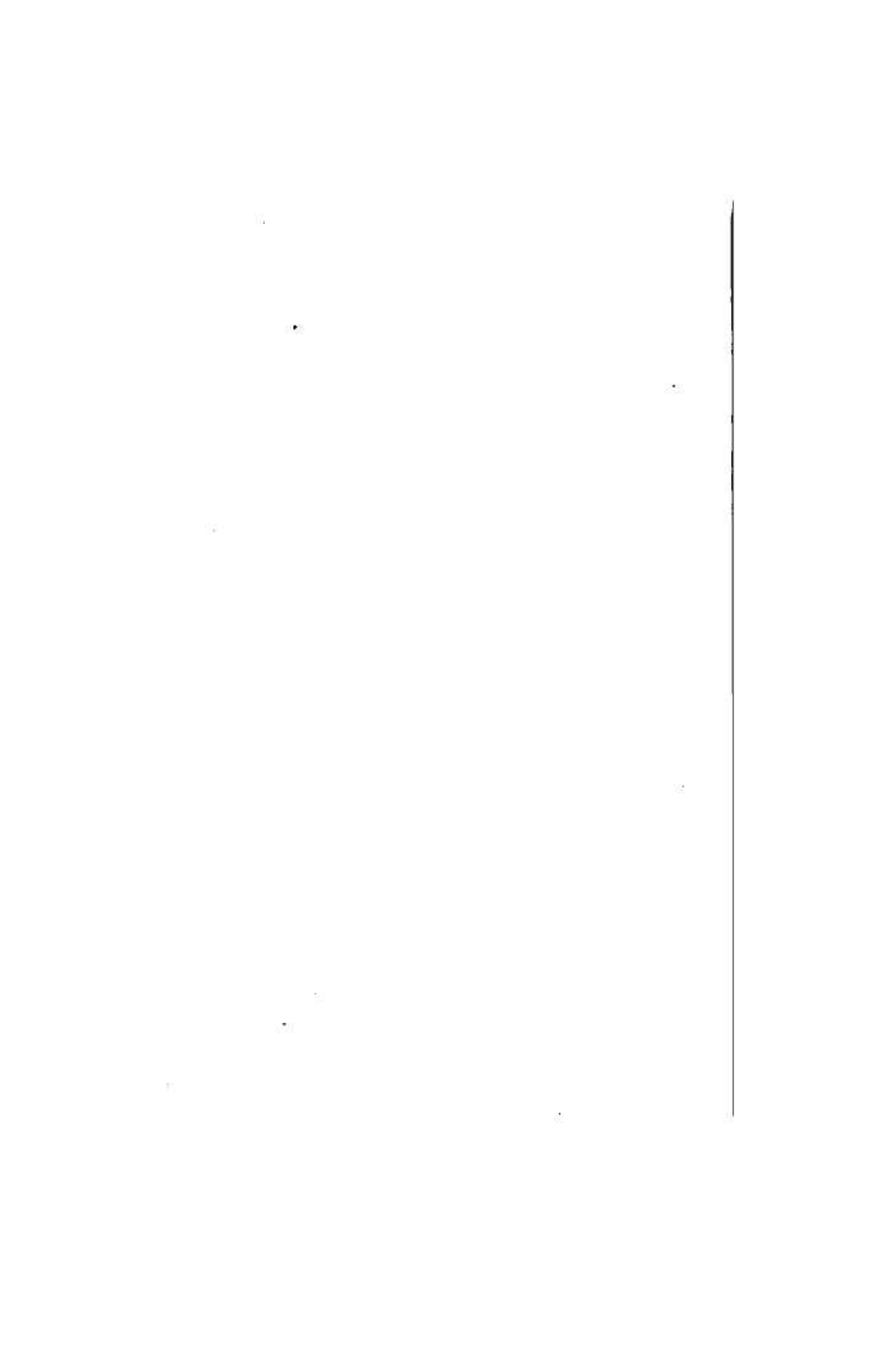
AUTHOR'S PREFACE

Who has not heard of "The Barnes Family?" All of us know them, if we will just think a moment. They may live across the street from you, or just around the corner.

What little boy who reads these pages has not a friend like Willie or Johnny Barnes—and what little girl does not know a Tildy or a Minnie?

And poor Mrs. Barnes, worn out little mother, you may hear her any day from your own front porch, calling out to her runaway children.

Oh yes, we all know Mrs. Barnes and her family.



CHAPTER I.

THE RUNAWAYS

"Spare the rod and spoil the child," said Solomon.
"Give him a capsule," says Mrs. Barnes.

"Johnny! Oh Johnny! Johnny Barn-es-es-s-s!" called the little woman standing in the kitchen doorway, shading her eyes with her hand.

No answer coming, Mrs. Barnes turned disconsolately back into the kitchen, muttering to herself, "I wish I could give Johnny a capsule every morning that would keep him out of mischief all day. It seems to me that in this age of patent medicines there ought to be something discovered that would make children mind."

Walking over to the stove, she began to stir some fruit that was boiling in a kettle.

"I see Johnny climbing over Bob Dale's fence," cried Tildy, her eldest daughter.

"Didn't I tell him I would whip him if he went over there again! I'll just have to wear him out."

"It don't do any good to tell him," said Tildy, philosophically, as she stepped out of doors to give some scraps to the dog.

"Ma, oh Ma! Willie's pumping water in his new straw hat!" she called back.

"Whatever am I to do!" exclaimed Mrs. Barnes, sinking down on a chair and wiping her damp hands on her apron. "All this fruit to put up, and the children a running me wild."
