

## THE BOYS AND GIRLS

**The Brown Hen and Red Rooster**  
Said the little red rooster to the little brown hen,  
"You ain't laid an egg since God knows when."  
Said the little brown hen to the little red rooster,  
"You ain't been coming 'round as often as you us'er."

J. W. S.

### His First Money

For some time Homer had known that money is useful—one can buy such nice things with it. Next he learned that having pennies given one by grown-up folks is not the same thing as to earn them by doing some work. Homer thought he would like to be a wage-earner.

So at the breakfast table he asked father for work.

"Hum-m!" said Mr. Barber, looking thoughtfully at the small figure of his son. "Nearly every day men come into my office looking for employment, and now you want work! What could you do, if I may ask?"

"Oh, I could do most anything," said Homer, gleefully.

Father thought a little. The desire to work is such a fine one that it ought to be treated seriously, even in such a small person.

"Very well," he said finally. "Do you remember the kindlings that a man unloaded yesterday over the back fence? Well, you may carry them to the wood-shed and pile them up neatly. When I come home tonight, I will pay you."

Homer worked bravely, but how tired he did get! You see, he was very little, and even laborers much older get tired of their work sometimes. But he kept manfully at it.

At night Homer sat on the gate post, waiting for his father, and proudly led him to the wood-shed to see the neat pile of kindlings.

"The work is certainly well done," said Mr. Barber. "I will pay you promptly as soon as you send in your bill."

"Bill? What's that?" asked Homer, puzzled.

"It is the custom in business," explained father, "to present a bill, a written statement of goods sold or work done, together with your charge. We must be business-like, of course."

Homer was a trifle disappointed, for he had expected his wages at once. But, still hopeful, he asked his father to explain a little, and then he was hard at work again, this time with pencil and paper.

At the end of fifteen minutes he presented this "bill!"—

Mr. A. B. BARBER,

Dear Sir,  
You O me 17 cents for carrying wood.

Yours with love, HOMER.  
"This bill," said his father, "is not exactly like others that I have seen, but there is something about it that I like, after all!"

The bill passed round at the supper table seemed to please everybody. Indeed, grandma smiled and smiled until she had to wipe away a tear!

Homer's eyes were sparkling. Father counted out seventeen cents—one dime and seven shining new pennies—and laid them on the table.

"Will you kindly write me out a

receipt for this money, Homer?" he said.

"What's a receipt?" demanded Homer, a little tired of "the law's delay."

"A receipt is a written statement that you have received your money. It will insure me against having to pay this bill a second time," said Mr. Barber, gravely.

Again Homer toiled over a pencil and sheet of paper, until he finished this receipt—

Dear Father,

I've been paid.

HOMER.

"Don't you think," asked mother, in a low voice, "that we ought to correct the spelling?"

"No," said father, quickly. "He will learn to spell soon enough, and I intend to keep these papers just as he wrote them. There is more in them than the spelling."



A Swedish girl just come to Canada.

And he did keep them. Just a few days ago Homer, now a grown-up business man, with boys and girls of his own, came to visit his father and mother. And father, now a white-haired old gentleman, generally called "grandpa" nowadays, opened a drawer in his desk and took out that very "bill" and "receipt," which he had kept, oh, ever so many years. The papers were yellow with age. He told them all how Homer earned his first money.

### Curious Habits of Foxes

The animals on which the fox usually preys are often left untouched round his own home; and it is even asserted that nothing is killed on the side of the hill in which that home is made.

In a small patch of nettles within a few feet of the mouth of the fox's earth a partridge placed her nest and

brought off her brood. Round this nettle bed the cubs were constantly to be seen, and in it they played hide-and-seek. In another case the entrance to an earth was surrounded by five or six rabbit holes the tenants of which were unmolested by their next-door neighbors.

In a third a litter of cubs was placed in a large pit surrounded by fencing, from which there was no escape, and in which there were a number of rabbits. None of these was attacked by the cubs, though they would seize a dead rabbit in full sight of the person who had shot and thrown it to them.

### Good Games

**Magical Music**—One goes out and a handkerchief is hidden. One plays on the piano and indicates by the music when the finder is near the hiding-place. When far away, the music is low, but becomes louder as the right spot is approached. This can be varied by giving the player something to do.

**A Menagerie**—A whole menagerie can be made with a little ingenuity. A duck by placing a board on a boy's back and covering it with a shawl. Newspapers cut in strips for the tail, and the head made out of cloth or paper. The elephant by two men bending their bodies at right angles, the one behind placing his hands upon the hips of the other and covering all with a grey shawl, making tusks and trunk and so on.

**Egyptian Mummies**—A few who have never seen the game must be blindfolded. Then double up their right hands and mark a face upon them with burnt cork. Dress them in a long white skirt as a baby and place the hands upon the left arms. Then take off the bandages.

### A Springtime Ditty

The crocus now begins to croak;

The wind flower soon will blow;

The hurry of the hurricane

Will drive away the snow.

The violet now vainly vies

With Ethel's eyes of blue;

Her lips are Love's apocalypse—

I'll take a chance or two.

Ah, sweet it is to bill and coo

When she to con is willing;

An Easter hat will soon be due,

And I must do the billing.

So let your catechisms mew,

Your ancient dogmas bark;

The spring is here with all things new;

Away with care and cark!

**Self-Answered**—We have often thought how nice it would be if ex-aminers in schools would ask automatic book-action questions that would not require too much of the students—like these:—1. Watt was the name of the inventor of the steam engine? 2. Where was the terminus of John Gilpin's famous ride? 3. Witchcraft was persecuted by the Puritans of New England? 4. Wye is a river running in Wessex, England? 5. The inventor of the sewing machine is called Howe? 6. If Sir Walter Scott's dog was worth fifty pounds, what was his novel Kenilworth?—Washington Life.

A school boy has figured out the amount of travel necessary to grow 40 acres of corn. He says a farmer travels 90 miles in cutting the stalks, 90 miles in harrowing, 90 miles each for lyster and drill, 45 miles for harrowing, 270 miles for cultivating, 45 miles for husking, or in all 720 miles, not counting the trips to and from the field.