Is the first of July it be rainy weather. When Spring has passed away OUF BOYS AND GIPL Siturns as red can be." CONDUCTED BY POLLY EVANS



clude boys as well as girls.

Required: A child to represent the mother, an eldest daughter, some younger children, a child to represent a witch, and a child to represent a pot.

The mother names the children after the days of the week. She tells her eldest daughter that she is going to wash, and that she expects her to take good care of the children, and adds: "Now, be sure not to let the old witch take them." The eldest daughter is also to look after the dinner and not let the pot boll over. Then the mother goes away to her washing, which is at a little distance from home. (She is seen going through all the motions of washing.)

The eldest daughter then bustles around making believe the telest. The eldest daughter then bustles around, making believe she is putting the house to rights, sweeping the floor and tidying up generally. Meanwhile the children have a lively time playing and finally get in their elder sister's way. She gets angry and pretends to beat them very hard.

Just then the witch, very much stooped and leaning on a stick, raps at the door with her knuckles. "Come in," says the eldest sister. "What do you want?"

washtub.
The witch returns and asks: "Please, will you lend me your tinder box? My fire's quite gone out."

Daughter—Yes, to be sure, if you'll bring it bear in the control of the control

bring it back quickly.
Witch—Oh, yes. You shall have it in half an hour.
While the daughter is looking for the tinder box, the witch runs off with Tuesday, the pot immediately boils over, the same dialogue goes on between Tuesday, the pot immediately boils over, the same dialogue goes on between mother and daughter; she coming, and finding Tuesday gone, beats the daughter. Thus, all seven children are stolen by the witch, who borrows a different article each time—gridiron, poker, etc. Finally the eldest daughter is taken off, too, with some trouble. This leaves the pot all alone. How it hisses and fizzes as it boils away up more than ever heas it boils away up more than ever before. In rushes the worried mother,
only to find her eldest daughter gone.

Then the mother goes after her lost
children. She comes to the witch's
house, and this dialogue goes on:

Mother—Is this the way to the witch's Witch-Oh, no; there's a horrible wolf that way.

Mother—Shall I go this other way?

Witch—Oh no; there's a fierce cow that

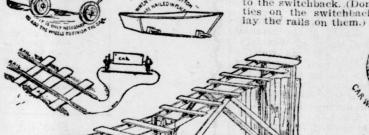
"Mother, the Pot Boils Over!" Boy's back yard switchback How Ben Won Out-A Story The pot boil over again. The daughter cries, and promises to be more care. Boy's back yard switchback Boy's back yard switchback PAMP was the laziest member of the ship's crew. And, unlike of winning of winning of winning of winning.

BOYS who cannot spend more than a few days, all told, at the shore, or at any of our recreation the chall make their own switch. a few days, all told, at the shore, or at any of our recreation parks, should make their own switchbacks in their back yards.

Make your wheels of thick, strong wood. Better have them sawed out at some woodworking factory. Then attach a second and smaller wheel (called the flange) with the grain of this wood crossing the grain of the other wood at right angles. at right angles On the other side of the wheel fasten

a strip of wood (across the grain also) with screws. This is to prevent the wheel from splitting. When you have a properly sized hole bored through the exact centre of each of your four wheels this part of your job may be called finished. may be called finished.

Now make a very low-bed car. Run

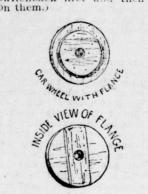


From D.C. Beard's , Jack of all trades.

turn freely inside the holes in the wheels. When you have slipped the wheels upon the axles, hold them in place by means of hardwood pegs, driven through holes in the hub.

Now for the track and starting platform. Build as shown in the picture, using the back fence as a brace. Be sure you have a very strong frame, and if necessary plant a couple of strong posts to help out. Your track must be straight—that is, it must have no curves.

straight—that is, it must have no curves. Make rails of two by four timber. Fat them to the car by running the car over them flat on the ground to see that they are exactly the right distance apart. Have them just right, not too wide nor too narrow. I crossties on them like a ladder then turning the whole affair over fasten to the switchback. (Don't nail the cross-ties on the switchback first and then





three trips you may safely venture to ride in the car yourself. You can im-prove on the plan described here, if you wish, applying your own clever wits to the problem.

RAMP was the laziest member of the ship's crew. And, unlike many lazy people, he liked to see other people lazy, too.

Seeing Ben, the cook boy, peeling potatoes for all he was worth one day, he remarked:

tatoes for all he was worth one day, he remarked:
"I wouldn't peel potatoes at that railroad speed for anything, and then have another job given me for my pains. Take it easy. Ben. That's my advice."
Ben laughed; and, tossing the last of the potatoes into the basket in front of him, he gathered up the various basins and buckets and carried them into the galley, saying cheerily: galley, saying cheerily:

galley, saying cheerily:

"Here are your potatoes, Cookey! What's the next job?" and as Ramp heard this, he yawned and walked away, almost disgusted with Ben's energy No wonder that Ben, with his pleasant, cheery ways, was a general favorite on board, and all, from the captain to the cabin boy, were sorry when the young fellow got rheumatic fever and had to be left behind in a hospital in New York when the Dolphin sailed for England.

"We shall be back here again in two months," said the captain, as he paid Ben a visit in the hospital ward, "and you will be ready for us by then. I'll keep your berth open for you, and here is some money to keep you going till I return."

Ben got well sooner they be the say well sooner they have a say well sooner they well sooner they are sooner they well sooner they well sooner they well sooner they are sooner they well sooner they are sooner they well sooner the Ben got well sooner than he had dared

to hope, and was discharged "cured" from the hospital before the month was He had the captain's money in his pocket, and was making his way to a lodging of which the hospital people had told him, when somehow—he could never say how—his pocket was picked of all his money, and he found himself a penniless stranger in the streets of New York. What was to be done?

A SQUARE MEAL

He could not beg. He had no wish to starve. Night was coming, he must find a shelter somewhere. a shelter somewhere.

As he walked slowly and sorrowfully along the crowded street he passed a large restaurant, and the savory smell of the various meats made poor Ben feel hungrier than ever. He stopped to look in at a window, and his eye fell on a in at a window, and his eye fell on a large bill prominently displayed in it. POTATO-PEELING COMPETITION. First Prize, Eight Dollars. Second Prize, Four Dollars. Entrance Free.

Ben considered a moment, then walked boldly into the shop.
"When does the potato-peeling competition begin?" he asked the man behind the counter.
"In an hour's time, in the big hall. Do you want a ticket to view? Only 10 cents," said the man politely.

Ben shook his head. "No; I want to be one of the competitors, if I can," he said, with a little laugh.

"You! You have never peeled a po-to with those white hands of yours!" said the restaurant man scornfully.
"Haven't I? That's all you know," said
Ben, with his good-natured smile. "My
hands are white because I have been in hands are white because I have been in the hospital with rheumatic fever, but I think I can peel potatoes with any one, and I want to try, as I need the money for my night's lodging. I've had my pocket picked of every cent I pos-"Look here, stranger," said the man

who had been staring hard at Ben while he told his tale, 'you look weak and shaky, as if you would be the better for a good feed. Sit you down and eat all you can, and then you shall go in for the competition, and if you win you can nay me for your meal and if you can pay me for your meal, and if you don't, it won't break me; so that's And almost before Ben could say yes, or no, he was seated at a marble-topped table, with a smoking hot dish of meat and vegetables in front of him.

A CLOSE CONTEST

"There!" said the kind-hearted restaurant keeper, when Ben had finished a hearty meal. "You look twice the man you did! Now, come along; the competitors are taking their places, and you thors are taking their places, and you shall have a try, though how a man just out of hospital is to beat our lads here, I don't know. Some of them have been practicing for weeks, and are as

spry as spry."
"I'll do my best, if only to repay you," said Ben heartily.
He took his seat on a stool in the hall, He took his seat on a stool in the hall, beside twenty or more competitors, who each had a large basket of potatoes in front of him, and a tub into which to throw them when peeled. There was a raised gallery round the room, which was crowded with spectators, who all seemed keenly interested in the competition.

The rules were read out, and Ben was The rules were read out, and Ben was glad to find that each competitor might use any sort of knife that best suited him, for he felt that if he could use his own little clasp knife that was always

in his pocket, he had a far better chance of winning. Then time was called and the competi-Then time was called and the competition began. The potato peelings soon rained on the floor in front of each man, and the people in the gallery called loudly on "Dick," or "Bill," or "Dan," to encourage them and cheer them on.

Ben, of course, had no friends in the gallery, but he worked steadily, though he could see that the man next to him was getting through his potatoes at a quicker rate than Ben could manage, try as he might. as he might.

That man finished first and amid great

thereing from the gallery, but Ben was a good second, and was not ashamed of his work.

Then the judges—all themselves restaurant he judges—all themselves restaurant he grant the second secon Then the judges—all themselves restaurant keepers—walked down the row, and minutely inspected the potatoes; and Ben, to his great astonishment, found the first prize awarded to him; for though he had finished a few seconds after the first man, Ben's potatoes were all perfectly free from skin, or specks, and his peeling was much the closest. So Ben won the eight-dollar prize, and honestly paid for his dinner, and, better still, he had an offer to stay at the restaurant at good wages as long as he taurant at good wages as long as he wished.

A Tale Without Words





"Let me light my pipe at your fire," croaks the witch. "My own fire's out." "Certainly, if you'll not dirty our hearth," replies the eldest daughter. "No," says the witch, "I'll be care-

While the eldest daughter pretends to be busy looking for something on the shelf, the witch wets her finger and makes a dirty spot on the hearth, catches hold of Monday and runs off as fast as she can with her, and at once the pot boils over (the child representing the pot making a hissing and fizzing noise with all her might.)

The eldest daughter calls out excitedly:

"Mother, mother, the pot boils over!" Mother-Take the spoon and skim it. Daughter—Can't find it.
Mother—Look on the shelf. Daughter—Can't reach it.
Mother—Take the stool.
Daughter—The leg's broken.
Mother—Take the chair.

Daughter-Chair's gone to be mended. Mother-I suppose I must come myself, then.

The mother then wrings her hands out

of the water in the tub and comes hurrying in. She misses Monday.

Mother-Where's Monday? Daughter—Oh, mother, please, please, couldn't help it. But some one came o beg a light for her pipe, and when went for it she took Monday off. I couldn't help it. But some one came to beg a light for her pipe, and when I went for it she took Monday off.

Mother—Why, that's the old witch.
The mother pretends to beat the eldest daughter, warns her to be more watchful next time, and be sure not to let

Monday. Rim home, dear, as fast as you can run.

Up jump Monday and all the rest of the seven children and off they run as fast as they can, followed by the mother. The witch chases them, and if she is successful in catching one, that child must play witch next time.

Mother-How about that way, then? Witch-Dear me, no! There's a mad

witch—Dear me, no! There's a mad dog that way.

The mother then insists on going into the house to look for her children, but the witch will not let her in, saying:
"Your shoes are too dirty."
Mother—I'll take my shoes off.
Witch—Your stockings are too dirty.
Mother—I'll take them off.
Witch—Your feet are too dirty.
The mother does not know for a moment just what to say, then answers:

ment just what to say, then answers: "I'll cut them off."
Witch-But the blood will run over the

threshold.
Mother-Oh, no; I'll wrap my feet up in a blanket Witch-The blood will run through the blanket.

The mother gets very angry and pushes her way into the house and, looking about, calls for her children. She finds seven children carefully hidden by the witch behind chairs. Going to one the mother, using her finger, takes a taste of her and cries:

"Why, this tastes like my Monday."

Witch—Pshaw! That's a barrel of pork. Can't you taste it?

Mother—No, no. I tell you this is my Monday. Run home, dear, as fast as you can run.

Puzzles and Problems

Editor Puzzls.

cry like a pigeon, Little. Faithful duty. ording to rules of logic vowel. light wagon. • 0 0 0 0 0 A deputy. • 0 0 0 0 0 0 A convent. • 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 One who curries for favor. Can any one tell who the editor is? (Read the star letters beginning at the top.)

Enigma. The answer to the following enigma is a well-known line from Longfellow's "Evangeline." It consists of forty-eight letters.

My 27, 4, 3, 18, 5, 47 means to complete.

My 1, 6, 45, 46, 10 is a child's disease.

My 9, 7, 17, 40, 42/19, 14, 13, 26, 33 is an My 22, 16, 21, 48, 2 is a noted band master. My 24, 11, 31, 30, 25, 23, 43, 29 is one of the

36, 29, 35, 15 is cozy. 34, 28, 32, 41 is to reject a lover. 20, 38, 12 is part of a sailing vessel. 8, 44, 37 is to project. Diamond.

Can you find the words to form the fol-A consonant.
A domestic animal.
A beautiful sea growth.
A death officer.

Legendary Polish Queen, 700 A.D. Meadow.
A consonant. Girl's Name Puzzle. What five girls' names, when placed in column, will contain the following letters in an order indicated, so as to spell the name

Diagonal.



Hostler? Look at this picture, boys and girls, You see the horse. Well, where is the hostler? See if you can find him hidden somewhere in the picture.

Where is the

Numerical Enigma. imposed of ten letters and I mean

What Word?

Parts of Body. Foot Hand ringers

· Change Puzzle. Four Buried Trees.

Arithmetical Puzzle. 1 cat kills 60 rats in 90 minutes. (If 1½ cats kill 1½ rats in 1½ minute, then 1 cat kills 1 rat in 1½ minutes, and 1 cat kills 60 rats in 90 minutes.)

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles and Problems Hidden Boys' Names. Henry, John, Charles, Robert, Edward.

Legs Back Key:-Heaydee, ay equals a; dee equals d equals Head.

The man had a 50-cent coin, a 25-cent coin and four dimes. Ash. Elm. Cedar. Pine.

Yes, axidents will happen-so Susan tells us all: It's well to be provided-whatever may befall; So Mabel is the sister, I'm just a-common narse,
My patient has conjecture; her lungs are getting worse,
But Dr. George's stereoscope will soon
set matters right;
The other patients in their beds are

HOSPITAL

Oh, Archie is a 'bationer, his doll's arm has a sling.
The Spanish juice he's giving her will

The lady in the corner, who shows such signs of woe,
Our stock of caps and aprons is getting rather, low. So she has to be the mother of that sorely wounded Jap,

Who on the steps of Russia has met The steps? Well, not exactly; he led by the front door,
Our ambulance, you see, has a most And I'm certain any dolly whose case

with a mishap.
e steps? Well, not exactly; he fell is rather hard,
Will find herself well treated in our
Sister Mabel's ward!

Prize Stories by Boys and Girls

(To each writer of the following stories Polly Evans has awarded a hand-

Helen's Vacation.

Helen was going to spend her vacation in the country, and she was perfectly delighted at the idea, for she was a city girl, and so had very little chance to know about life on a farm. She found a boy at the farm about her

own age—12; but he was very shy, and Helen thought that he laughed at her, for she was obliged to ask questions about almost everything that she saw.

The cows with their long horns frightened her, and Robert certainly did laugh when he saw her run away from some geese that were hissing at her.

One day, after they had become better friends, they went into the woods together after wildflowers. together after wildflowers.

Venen they were almost ready to return home they Leard a low growl or grunt behind them. Helen remembered hearing the men say that a bear had been seen in those woods, and she became so pale that she could hardly move. Robert was quite as frightened,

And then the animal rushed out, and it was-a pig. DOROTHEA JONES.

Jack and Brownie.

Jack and Brownie.

I have two rabbits, whose names are Jack and Brownie. Brownie is a very dark brown, with a white tail. Jack is a reddish brown, with three white feet. They are very tame, and come when I call them.

I made a grand house for them, and will tell you how I made it. I got a large box and made a slanting roof, which I covered with tin to keep out the rain. Then I made a little door in front and put a little lock on it. I cut out a little window and made a sliding screen to fit.

out a little window and made a sliding screen to fit.

I put a little box on their house to keep their food in. Then I made a yard, which I covered with wire. I cut a door in the wire and made a door, on which I put a padlock. Then I painted the whole thing.

They know their dinner time. One day I was a little late, and I found that they had got their dinner themselves, so I put a catch on the food box, and so I put a catch on the food box, and they do not understand why they can't

open it any more. HAROLD GROVER, In the Country.

One lovely day in June my aunty called for me to take me home with her to the country. I thought what a grand time I could have there, and so I did. I would go after the cows in the evening and help bring them from the pasture fields, and play in the orchard.

At last I became so homesick. There came a great thunderstorm and it lightninged so that I got so frightened that aunty had to take me home as soon as it had stopped raining. (It was only a drive of three and one-half miles.)

Can You Change Jish Into Hens?

High and Low

A BOOT and a shee and a slipper
Lived once in cobbler's row,
But the boot and the shoe
Would have nothing to do
With the slipper, because she was low.
But the King and the Queen and their

On the cobbler chanced to call;
And as neither the boot nor the shoe would suit. The slipper went off to the ball

-J. B. TABB.

Nicky's Revenge. Fred, Frank and Nicky were brothers. Fred and Frank were very fond of hunting, so one Saturday afternoon the two boys went hunting. Nicky asked his heathers if he might go brothers if he might go.
"You!" cried Fred, "Well, I guess not. "You!" cried Fred, "Well, I guess not. Come along, Frank."

"All right," said Frank. "Good-bye, Nicky. I'm sorry you can't go; but if you did, you couldn't shoot a squirrel."

This made Nicky feel angry, and he made up his mind to get revenged. So he walked down the road to his father's museum. His father was not in, so he managed to drag the stuffed lion to the middle of the road that led through the wood. There he set it down.

It was dark and the boys were coming home. When they saw the lion they fainted. Then Nicky slyly removed the lion. Nicky's father helped

T first you will all say "No!" But A Polly Evans thinks you can do it. For she is sure that, like Thomas Edison, you can all be ma-gicians and wizards if you will use your Think a minute. Can fish be changed into hens? Before you answer that question, however, suppose you listen

while Polly Evans tells you how she performed the simpler feat of changing a cat into a dog, the other day. This is the way she did it:

She took C A T and, CHANGING ONE LETTER AT A TIME, changed it into D O G almost before you could say Jack Robinson! 1st change CAT

2d change DOT 3d change DOG Do you see how she did it? You do? All right. Now can YOU change FISH into HENS?

Of course you can! But can you do it in NOT MORE THAN EIGHT CHANGES? Try it and see.

Ginger's Fourth.

It was the Fourth of July, and, as any one would expect, the sound of fire-crackers and loud reports of pistols and "toy guns" filled the air.

Yet Virginia did not seem to realize the fact as she sat on the top step of the broad veranda with her face buried in her hands. Was it only a fortnight since the great steamer had sailed away from England, bearing her with it, and leaving her parents far benind?

It seemed ages, though the child hardly realized how lonely she was until this moment. Presently a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and Virginia looked up with a start to see Uncle Alan bending over

a start to see Uncle Alan bending over her.

"My little Ginger, not crying?" he exclaimed, looking at two suspiciously red eyes.

"No, Uncle; only—thinking."

And being wise, that gentleman refrained from asking any more questions.

"Ginger! Ginger! hurry up and dress, papa is going to give us a Fourth of July surprise party." Cousin Gwendolin made this joyful announcement some hours later to her bewildered companion, who needed no second invitation.

who needed no second invitation.

I cannot describe what a delightful time they had, with the many sky rockets, Roman candles and other innumerable fireworks. But from the first torpedo's crack till the dainty ices were served, the party was pronounced a "perfect auccess".