



Our Boys and Girls

CONDUCTED BY POLLY EVANS



"Mother, the Pot Boils Over!"

THIS game may easily include boys as well as girls.

Required: A child to represent the mother, an eldest daughter, a younger daughter, 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, them. The eldest daughter is also to look after the dinner and not let the pot boil over. 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 she is putting the house to rights, sweeping the floor, and tidying up generally. Meanwhile the children have their play, 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?"

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

Mother—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: "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.

Daughter—Oh mother, please, please, 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

Boy's back yard switchback

BOYS who cannot spend more than 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.

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.

Now make a very low bed car. Run two axes through the bed, trimming the ends of the axes, so that they will turn freely inside the holes in the wheels.

When you have slipped the wheels upon the axes, 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. Make rails of two by four timbers. Fit 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.

Next cross-tie 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 lay the rails on them.)

For your trial trips, load the car with stones or other ballast and send it down the track. If all goes well for two or three trips you may safely venture to ride in the car yourself. You can improve on the plan described here, if you wish, by applying your own clever wits to the problem.

How Ben Won Out--A Story

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

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

"I wouldn't peel potatoes at that railroad speed for anything. Then have another job given me for my pains. Take the potatoes into the basket in front of him, he gathered up the various basins and buckets and carried them into the salley, saying cheerily:

"Here are your potatoes, Cooky! What's the next job?" and as Ramp heard this, he yawned and walked away.

No wonder that Ben, with his pleasant, cheery ways, was a general favorite on board, and all from the captain to the lowest fellow got rheumatic fever and had to be landed in New York. Ben's potatoes were all perfectly free from skin, or specks, and his peeling was much the cheapest.

So Ben won the eight-dollar prize, and he was paid for his dinner, and better still, he had an offer to stay at the tautant at good wages as long as he wished.

E. A. B.



"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 careful."

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 fizzling 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.

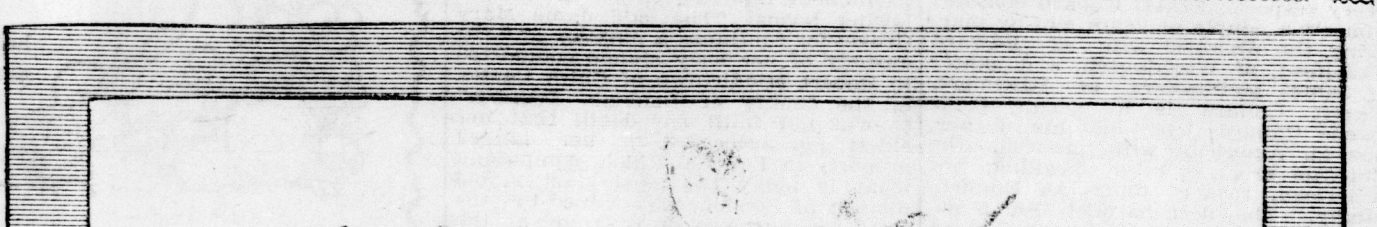
The mother then wrings her hands out of the water in the tub and comes hurrying in. She misses Monday.

Mother—Where's Monday?

Daughter—Oh mother, please, please, 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



THE DOLLY'S HOSPITAL

Yes, accidents 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 nurse.

My patient has conjecture; her lungs are getting worse.

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 with a mishap.

The steps? Well, not exactly; he fell by the front door.

Our ambulance, you see, has most elegant corps.

And I'm certain any dolly whose case Will find herself well treated in our Sister Mabel's ward!

M. E. M.

A Tale Without Words

A SQUARE MEAL

He could not beg. He had no wish to starve. Night was coming, he must find 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 hungry than ever. He stopped and took 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," he said, with a little laugh.

"You! You have never peeled a potato with those white hands of yours!" said the restaurant man scornfully.

"Haven't I? That's all you know," said Ben with his hand on his chest.

"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 possessed."

"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 pay me for your meal, and if you don't, it won't break me; so that's settled."

And almost before Ben could say yes, or no, he was seated at a marble-topped table, with a plate of hot beef and meat and vegetables in front of him.

Puzzles and Problems

Editor's Puzzle.

A consonant.
A cry like a pigeon.
A death.
A faithful duty.
According to rules of logic
A vowel.
A light wagon.
A deputy.
One who carries for favor.
Can any one tell who the editor is? (Read the star letters beginning the top.)

Enigma.

The answer to the following enigma is a well-known line from Longfellow's "Evangeline." It consists of eight letters.
My 27, 4, 3, 18, 5, 47 means to complete.
My 1, 15, 46, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23 is an anagram.
My 9, 7, 17, 40, 42/19, 14, 15, 28, 23 is an anagram.
My 22, 16, 21, 48, 2 is a noted band master.
My 24, 11, 31, 30, 25, 24, 43, 29 is one of the oceans.
My 36, 20, 26, 15 is cozy.
My 24, 28, 32, 41 is to reject a lover.
My 20, 28, 12 is part of a sailing vessel.
My 8, 41, 27 is to project.

Diamond.

Can you find the words to form the following diamond?

A consonant.
A domestic animal.
A beautiful sea growth.
A death.
A famous English Queen, 700 A.D.
A consonant.

Girl's Name Puzzle.

What five girl's names, when placed in a column will contain the following letters in the order indicated, so as to spell the name Julia?

J
U
L
I
A

Diagonal.

What nation is the answer to the following diagonal?

A summer month.
A writing material.
A precious stone.
Big or important.
Powerful.
Respectful obedience.
Instruments of war.
Not trained.

Prize Stories by Boys and Girls

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 had very little chance to know about life on a farm about her.

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 Helen was perfectly sure that when she saw her run away from some goose that were hissing at her. One day, after they had become better friends, they went into the woods to gather nuts.

When they were almost ready to return home they heard a low growl or grunt behind them. Helen perfectly 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, too.

And then the animal rushed out, and it was—a pig.

DOROTHEA JONES.

Can You Change Fish Into 2 & 3's?

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.

But 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 mother, and leaving her parents far behind?

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 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 you a Fourth of July surprise party!" Cousin Gwendolin made this joyful announcement some hours later to her bewildered companion, who needed no second invitation.

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 tea was served, the party was pronounced a success.

High and Low

A BOOT and a shoe 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 answer, he said to the slipper: "The slipper went off to the ball!"

J. B. TABB.

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 door in the front and put a little lock on it. I cut 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. I was so angry that I took the wire and they did not understand why they can't open it any more.

HAROLD GROVER.

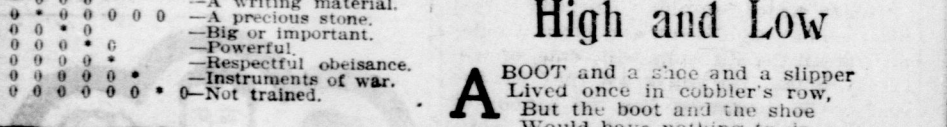
Nicky's Revenge

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 brothers if he might go.

"You?" cried Fred. "Well, I guess not. Come along, Frank."

Nicky, I'm sorry you can't go, but if you did, you couldn't shoot a squirrel. He made up his mind to get revenge. 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, who had moved the lion, Nicky's father helped

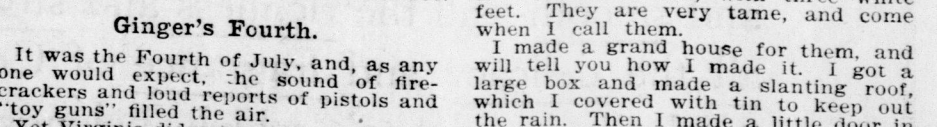


Where is the Hostler?

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.



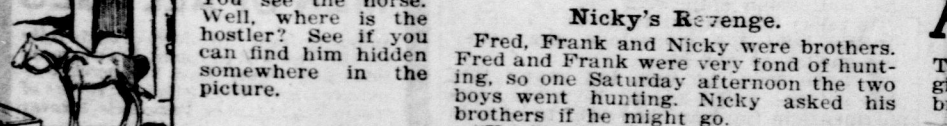
2d change D O T
3d change D O G
Do you see how she did it?
You do? All right. Now can YOU change FISH into HENS?
Of course you can! But can you do it in NOT MORE THAN EIGHT CHANGES?
Try it and see.



In the Country.

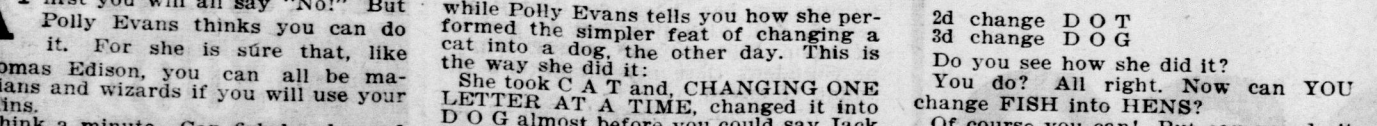
One lovely day in June my aunty called for me to take me home with her to the country. I thought what a grand time I could have there, and so I did. I would go after the cows in the evening and help bring them in from the pasture fields, and play in the orchard.

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



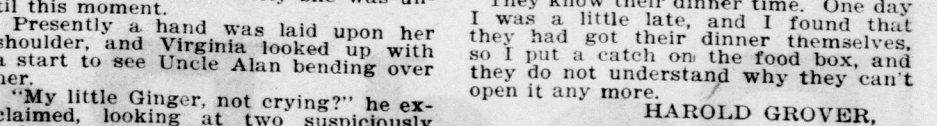
Numerical Enigma.

I am composed of ten letters and I mean words.
My 4, 7, 10, 2, 6 is dangerous to take.
My 1, 8, 2, 7, 3 means disagreeable.
My 9, 5, 4 means does.



What Word?

There is one word in the English language that can appear six times consecutively in a



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There is one word in the English language that can appear six times consecutively in a