

FOR THE JUNIORS



The Carpenter Lad.

"WHO shall build me a wonderful house,
With a hundred rooms or more,
With diamond windows and pearly roofs
And gold set in the floor!"

"I," says the happy carpenter lad,
"With my saw and hammer and fyle,
If I wrap it up will you carry it home
Or send for it after a while?"

Baby Bear's Party.

BABY Bear loved the birds, and so Mother Bear was not much surprised when Baby Bear dropped his wee porridge spoon at the breakfast-table, and said in a shrill voice:

"Let's invite all the birds to a party!"
"We will give the party to-morrow," said Mother Bear. "But what shall we offer the birds to eat?"

"Blackberries and honey," replied Father Bear.

"Once I saw a robin eat a wiggly worm!" said Baby Bear.

"I'll tell you what we better do, Father Bear," said Mother Bear. "You take a walk round the edge of the woods and find out what the birds like best to eat."

Father Bear set out gaily enough, but he came back looking sad and discouraged.

"We can't have the party!" he said. "I have been asking questions, and what do you suppose I have learned? The robins eat worms, and they eat so many that we couldn't dig enough to satisfy one robin!"

"Then suppose we give a little party, and invite only catbirds?" said Mother Bear.

"Catbirds!" exclaimed Father Bear, in a big, gruff voice. "Catbirds eat grasshoppers—thirty grasshoppers at a time! You can't buy jumping grasshoppers by the quart."

"How about the handsome kingbirds?" asked Mother Bear.

"Kingbirds must have gadflies," grumbled Father Bear, "gadflies by the peck!"

"How about the swallows?" questioned Mother Bear. She had noticed that Baby Bear was winking hard to keep back the tears.

"Swallows must have flies!" roared Father Bear, for he was all out of patience. "And spotted squash-beetles! I'd look well stooping over in our garden five or six hours trying to catch squash-beetles for company!"

"We might ask chickadees," ventured Mother Bear. She saw two big tears rolling down Baby Bear's cheeks, and that is why she mentioned chickadees. "They like crumbs."

"One chickadee," said Father Bear, in gentler tones, "would much prefer five thousand five hundred and fifty canker-worm eggs in a day. I think we'll not invite chickadees!"

"Cedar birds?" murmured Mother Bear.

"Cedar birds dine on caterpillars. We

could fill the wash-tubs, I suppose, and pass them round!"

"Blackbirds spend half their lives chasing insects and eating weed seeds. Our old friend phoebe-bird works for the farmers. She eats weevils that spoil wheat and peas and beans. The woodpeckers eat house-flies. Woodpeckers and meadow-larks, hawks and all owls have strange appetites!"

Baby Bear covered his face and wailed. This would be a sad story if it ended here, but it does not.

The birds loved Baby Bear, and when they found out why he cried so loud, they came in flocks to comfort him.

After that, when Baby Bear awoke, he always saw hundreds of birds in the garden searching for bugs, worms and grasshoppers.

And that is the reason why the Three Bears have such a wonderful garden.—Youth's Companion.

Say What You Mean.

"BE sure to put your rubbers on," said Mary Ann to me;
"It's raining cats and dogs outside,
As you can plainly see."

And when I skipped and shouted out,
And clapped my hands with joy,
Why, Mary Ann, she said to me,
"Land's sake! what ails the boy!"

"Come on," I cried to Mary Ann,
As out the door I popped;
"We'll catch most forty-seven cats
Before the rain has stopped."

But Mary Ann, she dragged me back
And laughed her face all red;
It wasn't really raining cats
Or puppy dogs, she said.

That's just a "spression" some folks use,
To mean "it's pouring rain"—
I'm very cross with Mary Ann,
But she won't fool me again.

The Wind's Tales.

AT night when everything is still
The wind it speaks so loud and shrill.

And tells the strangest tales to me,
I wonder how such things can be.

It says the moon man comes at night,
And walks the streets till morning light;

Then when he can no longer stay
He goes home by the Milky Way.

It says a black and ugly bear
Is living on our dark hall stair,
To chase me up to bed at night,
Though never yet he caught me quite.

And oh! the very worst of all,
It says the grey bat on the wall
At night creeps underneath the sheet,
To nibble at my tired feet.

The wind it tells strange tales to me,
I wonder if they true can be.

—Harper's Magazine.

She Knew.

PRESIDENT TAFT was out for a walk in Washington one day when a flaxen-haired little girl ran out in front of him, held up her finger, and exclaimed in a shrill baby voice:

"I know who you are!"

The President, thinking it not at all unusual that she should possess this information, but willing to gratify her, asked:

"Well, who am I?"

"Aw," she said teasingly, "you're Humpty Dumpty."—Everybody's.

Three Guests.

By Jessica Nelson North.

I HAD a little tea party,
This afternoon at three.

'T was very small,
Three guests in all,
Just I, Myself, and Me.

Myself ate up the sandwiches,
While I drank up the tea;

'T was also I
Who ate the pie,
And passed the cake to Me.

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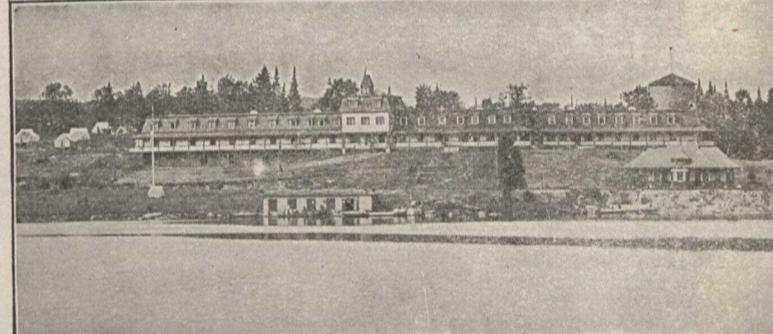
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