

Young People

The Bur and the Nut

Prickly-Bur said to Hazel-Nut,
 "Ho, ho! I have children three,
 And I've shut them tight away from
 sight,
 Where the girls and boys can't see,
 In a green-spiked cell I have hid them
 well
 At the top of the chestnut-tree!"

Then Hazel-Nut said to Prickly-Bur,
 "Hush, hush! I hide but one,
 But I've wrapped it round all safe and
 sound,
 And I think my work well done,
 For I've tucked it away from the light
 of the day,
 From the rain and the dew and the
 sun!"

But Jack Frost came with his magic
 wand
 Of delicate hoar-white frost,
 And he said, "My will o'er valley and hill
 No power has ever crossed."
 And he found the cell that was hid so
 well,
 And the children out he tossed.

Then he spied the hut of the Hazel-Nut,
 That she thought no one could see,
 And threw on the ground what inside he
 found,
 While he laughed aloud in glee:
 "Ho, ho! My will o'er valley and hill
 No power has ever crossed,
 Hear, Prickly-Bur! Hear, Hazel-Nut!
 It is I—the King—Jack Frost!"

A Wonderful Land

By Annabel Hadley

Oh, Grandma-town is a wonderful land,
 With paths that lead to—everywhere;
 Where children wander hand in hand,
 Some silken shod, some little feet bare.

There are stories for boys and stories
 for girls,
 Of fairies and fluffies and "boog-ley
 boos,"
 Of little Bo-Peep with her hair in curls,
 And Cinderella with tiny glass shoes.

There are kisses for bruises and hugs
 for pains,
 And the sweetest of cookies to drive
 away tears;
 There are walks that lead through flow-
 ery lanes,
 And lullaby songs that banish fears.

There are stories of goodies in Grandma-
 town,
 A room full of dollies short and tall,
 Or animal toys with soft coats of brown,
 And there's grandma herself, which is
 best of all.

Bubbles

By Belle Lawrence.

"It isn't so much fun playing soap-
 bubbles!" sighed Ted, as he laid down
 his pipe and strolled over to the win-
 dow.

"O dear," cried Bessie, "Frankie's
 broken my pipe-stem, and I can't blow
 nice ones at all!"

"Well, well! What's all this about?"
 asked a deep voice, and the children saw
 Uncle Ned standing in the doorway.

"Now what shall it be to-day?" he
 said, as the children gathered round him.

Ted suggested Indian stories, Frankie
 preferred to hear about wild animals,
 and Bessie insisted on fairy stories, as
 both the former frightened her. But as
 Uncle Ned was about to protest, fear-
 ing trouble ahead, his eyes rested on the
 abandoned pipes.

"Why, let's have some soap-bubble
 tricks!" he exclaimed. And as Uncle's
 suggestions were always met with in-
 stant favor, they all clambered into
 chairs round the table.

"Now first," said he, "we'll see if we
 can't make a soap-bubble blow out a
 candle."

When Ted was despatched to the kit-
 chen for a common tin funnel, he took

from the mantel a wax candle, lighted
 and placed it in the center of the table.
 Then he took the funnel, immersed it in
 a bowl of soapy water, and blew a
 soap-bubble. Oh, such a large one! The
 largest one the children had ever seen.

"It is almost as big as the world,
 isn't it?" exclaimed Frankie, clapping
 his hands.

Next uncle took the small end of the
 funnel with his finger and placed it very
 near the flame of the candle. Then he
 removed his finger, and the flame grew
 dim; it fluttered and spluttered, and
 finally went out, and the beautiful big
 bubble burst.

The children began to beg for another
 trick.

"Just one more to-day," laughingly
 exclaimed Uncle Ned, "and this shall be
 known as the 'Dance of the Soap-Bub-
 bles.'"

First he selected a piece of strong
 paper, which he held before the fire,
 and then rubbed briskly with his hand.
 On the baize covering of the nursery-
 table he quickly blew three soap-bub-
 bles, and then placed the paper just a
 little distance above them.

Suddenly before the astonished eyes
 of the children the bubble began to
 stretch itself toward the paper. "O
 my!" exclaimed Frankie. "Looks al-
 most like an egg!" In fact, this was
 the shape it was taking. Which ever
 way Uncle moved the paper the bubble
 followed. Soon he had them all hop-
 ping and dancing about on the table.
 And such fun as the children had watch-
 ing them!

"How I wish I could do that!" sighed
 Ted.

"And so you may," said Uncle Ned,
 "but you must be careful that the paper
 does not get too near the bubbles."

After many failures, the children were
 able to make the bubbles dance gaily.
 Ted whistled a tune, and declared they
 "almost kept time."

With Father's Music

Bragdon, the composer, was working
 on his symphonic poem, when the baby's
 lusty cry was heard from the nursery.
 Bragdon bore it manfully for five min-
 utes, expecting baby's mother to come
 to the rescue. Then he opened the door
 and shouted up-stairs:

"What is the matter? Harry, are you
 teasing the baby?"

"No, papa."
 "You must be doing something to
 make him cry."

"No, papa—truly! All Ethel and I
 did was to try to sing him to sleep with
 your lullaby."

Face Pictures

We write our lives upon our faces deep,
 An autograph which they will always
 keep.

Thoughts cannot come and leave behind
 no trace

Of good or ill: they quickly find a place
 Where they who will may read as in a
 book

The hidden meaning of our slightest look.

Reach for the things above—to those who
 climb

Steps ne'er are wanting; ever the sublime
 Allures us onward, and our lives will be
 Just what we make them, to eternity.

What they now are, the face will surely
 show,

Like footprints on a field of untrod snow.

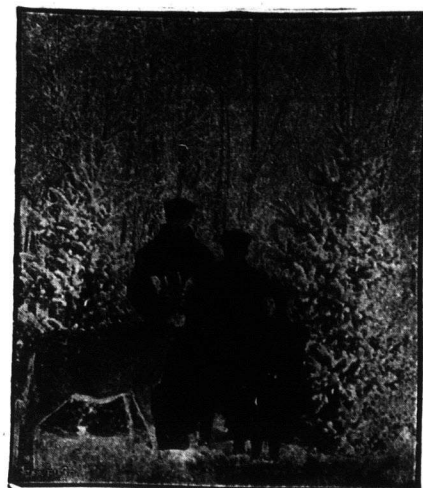
Time deepens all the lines, or dark or
 fair—

Lines carved by grief, or chiselled deep
 by care.

Thoughts into actions very quickly grow,
 Actions are seeds which everyone must
 sow.

They reap the richest harvest of good
 deeds

Who sow but loving words, most precious
 seeds.



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