ams Story Page



two birds went limping away, very much ashamed and covered all-over with sticky meal.

Then Snapper crept in between the palings and wagged his tail still more as he lapped up the food and licked the inside of the pan until it was quite clean and shiny.

When the other chickens came home they were very much disappointed to find their breakfast all gone, and they talked about it together so loudly that the gardener came to see. He looked from the empty pan to the two unhappy birds, who were trying to get out of sight in a corner.

Then he looked at Snapper, who was licking his lips. He shock his head and went away, but after a time he came back with a fresh pan of meal, which he set down in the poultry yard, after he had chained Snapper up and had put Peter and Speckleback in a little coop all by themselves.

By this time they were heartly sorry they had been such greedy birds, and they resolved never to be-

OCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!" crowed Peter Bantam, standing on his tiptoes and appling his wings against his sides.

He could not crow like a grown-up cock yet, but he thought he did very well indeed; so he crowed again at the top of his funny, squeaky voice, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Suddenly he stopped, for to his surprise he saw that the breakfast pan, full of nice, warm meal, had been placed in the fowl-pen much earlier than usual. He looked at it first with one bright eye, then with the other.

"This is very lucky!" said he. "None of the other chickens has come back from its morning walk in the fields. I shan't call them. I shall just eat it every bit myself before they come."

So the greedy little thing put his head in, and began to eat as fast as ever he could.

Before long, Peter's brother, Speckleback, ran up. When he saw what was

mond rings that new

do you think they are hat ugly Miss Jones

oh, some people have all. Yes, Mr. Jenkins, little bit cold too this is on the top floor; I

better air, you know, light. No, I—that is,

wouldn't be in that price-too much sun

that draught of air

if the basement door is is running down ter-

take that cream by

Mr. Blings, I.J. like on't think it's healthy water in a closet—well,

ter isn't so bad, Mi ke to carry mine u really enjoy it. Wha

brought to the table

Jones: she's saying l, I guess, to that

Mrs. Judge Carter ? Shut up her town here for a few days

dresses like a lady. the minute she came that she was differ-

? Why, you haven't e yet. Oh, you want

Miss Jones—going to theatre—oh, good-by.

bald! really, I never man. I don't see who

him? Why, how could

Mr. Jenkins? There is between us—I never

know-never-oh, in-ou, Mr. Jenkins-well,

telling-as my grand--what did he say,

he said—dear me I forgotten it—he was a

you know—he used to range, I can't remem-

pshaw! I have really tyou so, Mr. Jankins.

my room every even-are? Really engaged? ing. Don't they have here, Mrs. Stubbs? I

uld be more partic-

es in—yes, I can't eat

UELLEN TETERS.

one year to five as it

year. In the present

while thirty-six from five have died in the

pronchitis seems very twe have resulted from e largest number of

one years of age died on, inanition and pre-there being fourteen

down and could not k. Everything I ata.

nursing others I had esults of Dr. Chase's

esolved to try it. As eatment I have gain o my own work alone entirely different per-Loynes, nurse, Phil

to magning the

when your fival ad-fall Order Journal

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faritime Provinces.

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causes.

10 POUNDS.

ing down to that unen siew with the

going in, he did not call the others, either, but he began to help himself as fast as he could, like Peter.

When Peter looked up to take a breath, he saw Speckleback.

"I found this first! Go away, you horrid, greedy bird!" he cried, crossly.

"Go away yourself; it's as much mine as yours!" returned Speckleback, angrily.

"I won't!" snanned Peter ruffing out

as yours!" returned Speckleback, angrily.

"I won't!" snapped Peter, ruffling out his feathers.
Speckleback flew at him, and they fought, and scratched, and pecked and tore each other's feathers out, until Snapper, the dog, came racing around to see what was the matter.
At last Speckleback tumbled Peter ker-plash into the middle of the pan.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Snapper.
"You're a pretty retelling the pan.





HERE is Georgie Giraffe, who attends Mrs. Hippo's kindergarten. Isn't he a thin, funny-looking fellow, though? And, such a long neck as he has! Would you think this is his photograph? Well, it is.

Take a pencil, and, beginning at 1, trace it to 2, and so on, taking care to keep between the lines, until you come to 24. Try it on tracing paper first, if you wish.

Why, I declare, if he hasn't an umbrella with him! All ready for showers!

Kids.

I wonder why some Pas have none, And others have so many. It seems the poor Pas have the most And rich ones haven't any.

The richest man I know in town Has just one small boy only; But Pa says, Gad! he pities him In that big heuse so lonely.

It seems to me 'twould be so nice' if kids all come out even;
And when I asked Pa why they don't,
He said, "Be quiet, Stephen!" Then families all'd have bills like Pa, For us five kids together. He says, would bust a cattle man, We wear out so much leather.

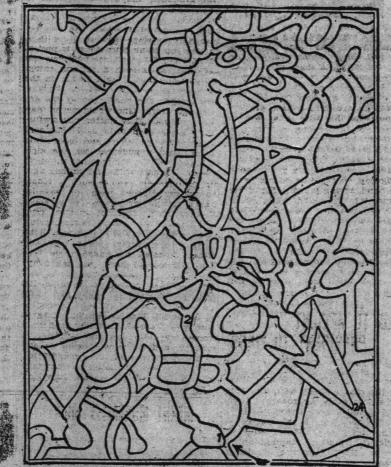
But when the circus comes to town
Pa's glad he has so many.
For he has more fun takin us
Than if he hadn't any.

My Pa says some day that he'll be
Too old to go on workin',
And then he hopes that none of us
Our duty will be shirkin'.

You bet we won't! We all love Pa.
But wouldn't it be funny
To have your father hangin' 'round
And askin' you for money!

I've mest a quarter in my bank
Te buy a bullet-moulder,
But now I think I'll save it up
For Pa when he gets older.
—Selected. Wonderful Little Girl. Little Daisy, who was only 4 years old, had a triend aged 8, whom she thought very wonderful. One day she was telling her mother all about her.
"Just fink, mammal" she said. "Margery can dress herself, an' button her own boots an' shoes, and bwush her hair, an button little Teddie's clothes, an' hold tiny baby sister, and put on her own coat an' gaiters, an'-an' "trying to think of still greater marvels—"I spect she could even spank harself an' save her mother the trouble, if she tried!"

Polly Evans' Puzzle---Find the Giraffe



Never More Than Twelve. Old Gentleman—Can you tell me what time it is, my lad? My watch has stopped.
Small Boy—'Bout 12, sir.
Only 12? I thought it was more.
Small Boy (puzzled)—'It's never any
more here, sir, it just begins at 1 again.

Isn't This So? Every hour you are sulky and unfor-giving you find it easier to be cross and more difficult to be agreeable.

The Snowy Tree Cricket: My gown is of snowlest gauze.

I must practise with never's pause;

Prom now until dawn I like trilling my song,



A LL day and night, in sunshine and shadow, in moonlight or starlight, you can hear my violin. The most nimble-fingered planist cannot begin to catch up with me, for I often play a thousand notes a minute.

You will have to look sharp if you want to find me, for the green of the leaves among which I live shows right through my glassy wings. Even my deadliest enemies, the keen-eyed birds, seldom spy me out. My life is truly one of luxury, for when I am hungry all i have to do is to creep out on to one of the branches where new leaves are bursting forth and there I find dinner ready served—quantities of dainty plant lice. Nothing makes for me a more delicious meal than the juicy green mites.

Then what a service I am rendering the farmer at the same time, for if I did not devour the little fellows they would be ruining his crops.

MARGARET W. LEIGHTON,

The Queen of Holland, when a child, was in consequence of her position shut away from many youthful pleasures, and often denied the companionship of those of her own age.

On ene occasion she was heard to say to a supposed refractory doli: "Now, be good and quiet, because if you don't I will turn you into a queen, and then you will not have anything to play with at all!"

Is This You? Who owns eight fingers and two

Sing a Little.

Loyalty. Never permit yourself to comment unfavorably upon a friend. If you have a complaint, carry it in person to the individual concerned. Loyalty is the life breath of real friendship; and if there was more loyalty there would be fewer broken friendships.

Puzzles and **Problems**

What Vegetables?

What Vegetables?

Can you tell what vegetables are the answers to the following conundrums?

1. The plural of a letter in the alphabet.

2. Causing work or trouble, and a word meaning to decay.

3. A vehicle, a word meaning the time you have lived.

4. A cooking vessel, a vowel, and a part of the body.

5. A color and article used on the dinner table.

6. A word asking permission and plural personal pronoun.

ersonal pronoun.

7. A term used in grammar and a word meaning to cut off.

6. A boy's name, a vowel and a part of the body.

9. A small industrious animal and an adjective,

10. What the Chinaman calls his braid, a verb and a part of a plant.

11. The one who guesses the most.

Changed Words.

Can you take the letter "!" from (1) a word meaning angry and leave a word meaning to scold; (2) an article of furniture and leave to burn; (3) a wreck and leave to go very quickly? Buried Names.

Can you tell Polly Evans five names of boys and girls that are buried in the following sentences? following sentences?
Let them make a noise; the fir is a fine tree; she had neither hat nor mantle; he is in the navy.

Alphabet Puzzle, 1. What letters are especially liked by oys? 2. What letters are used only by print-

ers?
3. What letters are made for service?
4. What letters are best to eat?
5. What letters are most stylish in China?
6. What letters see most?
7. What letters see most?
8. What letters are most comfortable?
(Answer the above with the plural of some letters of the alphabet. For example, "K's.")
9. Which letter is a second person promoun?

be"? Find two letters that combined Find other letters that combined

To chop into fine bits. 5. Boys who wait on ladies.

Answers to July 1 Puzzles

TWO SAYINGS "Two heads are better than one."
"Look before you leap."

Queen's Birthday Puzzles. Quito
Quito
Query
Quest
Queer
Koran
brave
Clive
aCtor
Tiber
tOwer
HeRod
Paris
Maria
Star letters—Queen Victoria.

Geographical Anagrams 1. Cape Horn. 2. ensington. 3. Athlone, 4. Dartmouth. 5. Barnstable. 6. Galway.

Omitted Central Letters. Noise nose.
Waive—wave.
Deiry—defy.
Paint—pant.
Bairn—barn.
Malze—maze.
Alias—alasi
House—hose.
Mouth—moth.
Bound—bond.

Riddle in Rhyme Four merry fiddlers played all night, To many a dancing ninny; And the next morning went away, And each received a guinea."

How Coral Creatures Eat

In Far worse plight than the old
woman who "had so many children
she didn't know what to do" is the
caretaker of little coral creatures, who
have so many mouths that it is simply
impossible to feed them all.

This is the case of Custodian Spencer,
at the Aquarium, in Battery Park.
There was a time when he tried to give
them a meal a day, by spearing minute
particles of food with the point of a
slender stick and offering one of these
to every mouth or two of the mass of
tenacled openings that make up the
surface of the coral rock. But this was
speedily found to be too laborious an affair, and now they are fed three times
a week with minute bits of shredded
clam, or sometimes oysters strewn
through the water near them.

The tiny, filmy tentacles, something
like an eighth of an inch long, reach out
for these; and when one gets a dinner
and his next-door neighbor does not
(though the dinner-grabber gobbles
down his bit of clam without any apparent regard for his hungry brother),
he nevertheless has a mysterious way
of imparting nourishment to him afterward; and it so happens that if a half or
even a third of the tiny creatures get a
meal the rest of them never go hungry.

Glasses Undesirable. Tommy (on a visit)—Do your specs magnify, grandma? Grandma—Yes, Tommy.
Tommy—Do you mind taking them off while you cut my cake?

W HEN Grandpa's birthday comes it is July and perfectly lovely out on his farm.

Well, last week it was his seventy-sixth birthday, and he celebrated by siving Jim and Bert and me and Cousin Katle and Cousin Phil a birthday treat. Wasn't that lovely of him?

My, but we did have the best time! Grandpa put on his wide-brimmed hat and went out with us, and each of us carried a net to catch butterfiles with.

Katle asked him if it wasn't wrong to catch butterfiles. "No, said Grandpa," nor do I think it is wrong to kill them for specimens, because, beautiful though they are, 'they destroy thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of crops."

So we ran this way and that chasing the swift, fluttering little things, and by the time we had caught all Jim and Phil wanted for their collections, we were tired out.

"Now, lie down here in the shade of ..."

wanted for their collections, we were tired out.

"Now, lie down here in the shade of this haystack," said Grandpa, "and we'll talk."

"Grandpa," said Bert, "one of the boys at school said the other day that caterpillars can stop trains, and he wasn't joking, either. It isn't true, is it?"

"Yes, it is," said Grandpa. "There and it is the said Grandpa. "There and it is the said Grandpa. There are times, Bert, when the caterpillars so in one spot in tremendous numbers, when that spot happens to be a rail track, their crushed bodies make trails so slippery that the train is politively stopped. I have heard of grasshoppers and even potato bugs doing the same thing."

"I think I should love to be a naturalist and study insects all my life," remarked Jim, "if only it was a useful life."

"Why, it is a useful life," corrected Grands.

railst and study insects all my life," remarked Jim, "If only it was a useful life."

"Why, it is a useful life," corrected Grandpa. "The man who studies the potato bug and tells us farmers how we may save our potato crops from its ravages; the destructive weevil, and tells the cotton raiser how to get rid of it; the white butterfly, and tells the truck farmer how to keep it off his cabbages—why, Jim, he is a public benefactor and a very useful man!"

"Jim's bean studying the caterpillars," said Bert.

"Is that so? What have you learned about them, Jim?" asked Grandpa.

"Awfully interesting things," said Jim; "for instance, I found out the other day that, like people, some of them like to live with a but of other caterpillars all together, while others like to live a hermit life, all alone, away from the rest.

"I killed several caterpillars to study their bodies, inside and out. There's the spinning outfit, of course, at one end, but I found the silk thread comes out of the other end, through a little hole in the lower lip. Then inside the body there are two long bags of sticky substance, which are connected with the lower lips by a tube. When the sticky fluid comes out through the tube the air hardens it into silk thread."

"Tiptop, Jim!" exclaimed Grandpa.

"Why, how very interesting!" said both Katle and I. "Do go on and tell some more things, Jimmy."

"Well—did you know that the caterpillars are very stylish and change their clothing as soon as it feels a little tight or outgrown?"

"They do. They put on three or four new suits before there are suits before them.

"They do. They put on three or four new sults before they are half-grown. And then-"
"Oh, then, do they change to butter-

you mean."

'Oh, yes. I couldn't remember. Well, what happens next?"

'Well, each little chrysalis that I watched hung by the tip of its funny little tail to a fence rall or slept snugly inside the cocoun that covered its body (all but the tail) for several days. Then they cracked open their skins and came out with six legs and four wings.

"But the wings were so crumpled up

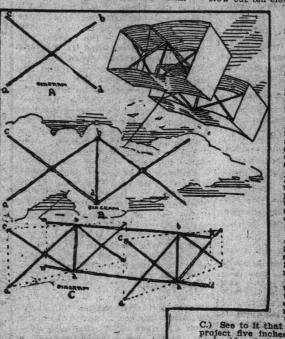
warned Grandpa, with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"Yes," said Jim; "then they change to butterfiles; all their sixteen legs are gone, and they haven't a sign of eyes, noses, mouths or even heads. And all they can do is to wiggle their funny lit-te talls." tle tails." Oh, I know-teacher described one the other day, and she called it a Kiss-a-" 'Ha, ha!" laughed Jim, "a chrys-alis,

that they couldn't fly at first. So they clung with their feet to the cracked skin and trembled and fluttered and trembled and fluttered until all the wrinkles and folds came gradually out and the wings spread out and caught the sunlight and—"

Directions for Making a Fine Box Kite

S OME of the boys have been asking for directions for making a box-kite. Do it this way, boys: Select eight pieces of bamboo — stiff, slender ones—of as near the same weight and length as possible, the length being eighteen and three-quarter inches. Now cut ten eleven-inch sticks, of the



nd three-quarter inches.

even-inch sticks, of the
same weight, if possible. These are to
be used for the uprights and stretchers
of your kits.

Next, measure the
exact middle of your
eight bamboo sticks
and bind them secureity together in
pairs at the middle
of each, using waxed
thread for the purpose. (See Figure
A.) And cut notches
in the ends of the
sticks. These are to
accommodate the
eieven-inch uprights
and stretchers.

Next, as you see in
Figure B, insert an
upright to bind two
pairs of cross-sticks
together, doing the
same with the two
other pairs of crosssticks.

It is now time to It is now time to cut a couple of

cut a couple of bamboo connecting sticks, each thirty inches long and as near alike in weight as possible. Bin a them securely over the ends of the two eleventhe ends of the two thread. (See Figure C.) See to it that the connecting sticks project five inches and a half beyond each side of the resulting framework. Next, bind the eight other stretchers

How to Make a Parachute

Windmills and parachutes are among the nicest of playthings for, those summer days when there is a little wind blowing.

Here is a design for a parachute. Make it of a square of tissue p a p e r, with four pieces of cotton fastened to the corners of it.

Take the other four ends of cotton and gather them to a bit of cardboard cut to represent a man.

This man really serves as a balance to the parachute, but to all appearances he is the brave aeronaut risking his life for the sake of an adventure in the sky.

Who is She?

There is a little maiden— Who is she? Do you know? Who always has a welcome Wherever she may go.

Each spot she makes the brighter ; As if it were the sun, And she is sought and cherished And loved by every one.

You certainly can guess,
You certainly can guess,
What! must I introduce her?
Her name is—CHEERFULNESS.

Don't Forget.

to the notched ends of the cross-sticks, as you see in Figure D, and you are ready for stringing the framework, as indicated by dotted lines in Figure D.

After you have stretched the string to your satisfaction, take hot glue and paint every joint with glue.

Now cover the framework with light, strong cloth that will not stretch, leaving the two broad sides of each half of the framework open for the wind to circulate through. Hem every raw edge of the cover, and use waxed thread to bind a ring to the belly of one half-kite, to which you may fasten your kitestring.

Funny Funnel

THIS magic toy consists of a small funnel placed inside a larger one and joined to it only at the top, thus forming an open space between the two funnels, as you see in the plo-

the two funnels, as you see in the ploture.

The handle being held in one hand, and the opening at the tube being stopped by a finger of the other hand, the inside funnel may be completely filled with water, so as to allow the water to flow from the interior into the open space between the two funnels.

Then the thumb may be placed on the aperture at the bottom of the inside funnel, and the finger removed from the opening at the tube. All the water in the tube proper will, of course, run out, but the water in the space between the f w os funnels will not, being kept up by the atmospheric pressure from below, which is not counterbalanced by any corresponding pressure from above (on ac-

count of the two funnels being united at the top).

But the moment you remove your thumb the air will rush from above through the aperture and counterbalance the air pressure from below, immediately forcing the water out from the space between the funnels.

Thus, to all appearances, you cause a fresh supply of water to come forth by some magic power. If you work the trick successfully, you can make it seem to gush forth from some one's ear or elbow.

The trick will delight and mystiff boys and girls.

There Was an Old Man.



e a friend to yersel, and liners will.





Sing a little on your way—
What's the use of whining?
Make your life a holiday,
Keep the sun a-shining!
Sighs and tears are useless things,
Smiles and songs are better;
When a lass or laddle sings
Care will break its fetter!

Who owns eight fingers and two thumbs.
Yet does not fail, whatever comes, To try to keep the nails so neat That they are like pink rose leaves sweet?
Who keeps ten nails a-shining so That haif a score of haif-moons glow? Who keeps all nails so fair and trim That no dark clouds disturb a rim? Who travels up the hills so steep, Though air is keen, though strong winds sweep.
Yet keeps the lips so tightly pressed, That all the air that seeks the chest No other way to journey knows Than that which leadeth through the nose?
Who travels over hills and dales, Yet never, never, never fails, Whene'er the foot Toward ground is put To let the ball Upon it fall
Before the heel shall touch at all? Who thus walks on with grace and ease?
Who thus makes every step to please?
—Lettie Sterling.

Sing a little—what's the use
Of this dull complaining?
Let the rills of laughter loose
Where the tears were raining;
Presto! all the clouds are gone,
All the roads are sunny,
All horizons show the dawn,
All the weeds have honey!
—By Willis Warren Kent.

The Colored Class Window. The six panes of glass were arranged thus:
Yellow. Red. Green. Blue. Red. Yellow. Red. Blue. Yellow.

A Wounded Grizzly

A Wounded Grizzly

A Wounded Grizzly is a mean thing to fight, and if there is a tree handy it is a pretty good thing to climb if anything gets wrong with your shooting-irons. I do not think a grizzly will climb a tree, though brown and black bears will. Any bear is pretty sure to fight if crippled, but I know there is this difference between a black or brown bear and a grizzly If you meet a black bear face to face unexpectedly, give him five seconds and he will be out of sight, but meet a grizzly the same way and give him five seconds, and you will be out of business.

About the most fascinating way to hunt bear, which is even better than night work, is to trail him right to his home, and meet him in broad daylight on his own doorstep, as it were. It can be done, but everything must be just right. The ground might be covered with a light fall of snow, and the snow ought to be melting. Then the twigs won't break. One has to be very careful, and when Bruin is found, which is generally at the foot of a large tree, one must never forget that instead of one there may be two, and in that case, one must be able to shoot fast and straight, and implicit confidence in the gun he carries is about the best stock in trade a man can possess.

About the wirest place to shoot a How Coral Creatures Eat About the surest place to shoot a bear, to stop him quickly, to my way of thinking, is directly in the brain. It is really not a hard shot usually at short range, and it puts him out mighty quick.—Charles A. Sartin, in Field and Stream.