

Boys and Girls.

Capital Punishment.

Yesterday Bob Jones, w'y he
Threw a piece of chalk at me,
Right in school, an' took me square
In th' ear! I squealed fer fair;
Teacher come to where we sat,
An'—"Bob Jones, did you do that?"
She says, sharp an' awful cross.
"W'y," Bob says, "I giv 't a toss
Jest as soft—not hard a-tall.
But that baby had ter bawl!"

"You're a Har!" I yelled out
Fore I'd time ter think about
Where I 'uz at. Teacher she
Turned an' looked right clear through
me.
Nen she says: "Now both of you
Do jest what I tell you to
Take yer books an' go an' set
With the girls!"

Gee! but you bet
We felt awful cheap, becuz
We thought 'at a lickin' wuz
Easier to stan' 'an that!
But I went across, an' set
Down by Lizzie Smith—an', say!
She jest looked the other way
Like she didn't notice me.

That wuz jest at first—an', gee!
I don't blame her, 'cause, you see,
All the girls laughed, an' the boys
Groaned an' made a kissin' noise
With their mouth. But after while
Lizzie she begin ter smile
'Nen she gave a little quick
Shove to her er-rith-matic
To'rds me. An' there was about
All th' 'xamples, all worked out
With the answers right. Well, I
Copied 'em off just like pie!
Girls, y' know, can always do
Lessons—an' they like 'em, too!
Lizzie had a apple there,
An' when she had made me swear
Not to tell, she give me some,
'N showed me where she kep' her gum.
Say, I'll bet I know what's meant
By "Cap-pit-tul pun-ish-ment!"

Nuts to Crack.

Old Miss C—once lived in a burr,
Padded and lined with softest fur.
"Jack Frost" set her free with his sil-
ver knife,
But tumbled her out at the risk of her
life.

Here is Sir W—, English, you know,
A friend of my Lady and Lord So-and-
So.
Whenever you ask old Sir W— to din-
ner,
Be sure to make much of the gouty old
sinner.

There is old H—, look at him well.
A general was named for him, I have
heard tell.
Take care how you hit him! He some-
times hits back!
We love him, but find him a hard nut
to crack.

Keep Away.

There is a land of Grumbles,
And in Disagreeable Town
The children just do nothing
But grunt and scowl and frown.

I shouldn't think it pleasant
To live there long, would you?
Where grunting, scowling, frowning,
Is all that they can do?

So if ever you should travel
And stop at Grumble City,
And not come back, I think 'twould be
A most amazing pity.

On the Ferryboat.

'Twas just an average little boy
Of six or thereabouts;
I left him full of picnic, and
He left me full of doubts.

He ate bananas, sandwiches,
Sweet pickles, cake and jam,
Fried chicken and potato chips,
Ice cream and tea and ham.

To these he added pink pop corn
And quarts of lemonade;
Of what, then, was his little tum
So wonderfully made?

With bated breath I watched that child,
Expecting him to burst,
But presently, though still I gazed,
I ceased to fear the worst.

For after endless candy from
A green and sticky heap,
That satid infant sighed and yawned,
Then, smiling, fell asleep!

A Life Lesson.

There, little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass
by—
There, little, girl, don't cry!

There, little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by—
There, little girl, don't cry!

There, little, girl, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But heaven holds all for which you
sigh,
There, little girl, don't cry!

No Time Like the Present.

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely.

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

When father calls, though pleasant be
The play you are pursuing,
Do not say, "I'll come when I
Have finished what I'm doing."

If you are told to learn a task,
You should then begin it;
Do not tell your teacher, "Yes,
I'm coming in a minute."

Waste not moments nor your words
In telling what you could do
Some other time; the present is
For doing what you should do.

Don't do right unwillingly,
And stop to plan and measure;
'Tis working with the heart and soul
That makes our duty pleasure.

Playmates.

A little red house with earthen floor,
Just one small window and one small
door;
A cow and pig, and a boy to play,
And a tide to rise and fall each day.

A tide that gurgles and laughs with
glee—
The jolliest tide that one could see—
That chases the boy, and wets him,
too,
As a tide is very apt to do.

But after a time the tide goes out,
And the boy is quick to turn about,
And he follows it, and shouts with glee
As the tide retreats into the sea.

And he wanders up and down the shore,
Or seeks his couch through the small,
red, door,
And out again with the light of day
To wait for the tide to come and play.

The Story-Book.

"It's all full of lions and old grizzly
bears
And tigers and elephants, too!
And lots of things, never seen any
wheres
But just in the Ark or the Zoo!

"There's kitties and doggies and dear
little mice
And little girls playing—just look!
I guess by the time I have read it
through twice
I can say it right off of the book!

"There's rhymes about fairies and
brownies and such,
With queer little pictures in black;
And dear little children with shoes that
are Dutch
Go clickety-clackety-clack.

"All over the pages—beginning to end!
It's all just brimful of their tricks
Oh, wasn't my auntie just lovely to
send
This book for the day I was six!"

I'm Hungry.

There's my Aunt Louise,
She never finks
Only of roses and
Pansies and pinks.
A-holdin' 'em up
And paintin' 'em fine,
An' eatin' her meals
A'most any time.
Now she's a-paintin'
A lubly verbener,
And I'm jes' as hungry
As a hyener.

There's my Aunt Eva,
She's bakin' a pie
Any big boy could
Stick in his eye.
W'y don't she make it
'Normous and fat,
Round as the moon is
And high as my hat,
And say in a voice
So soothin' and mild,
"This is the pie that
I baked for the child?"

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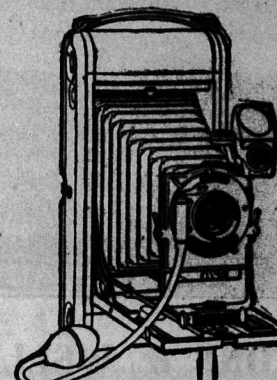
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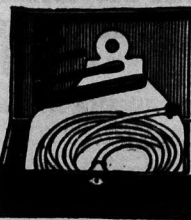
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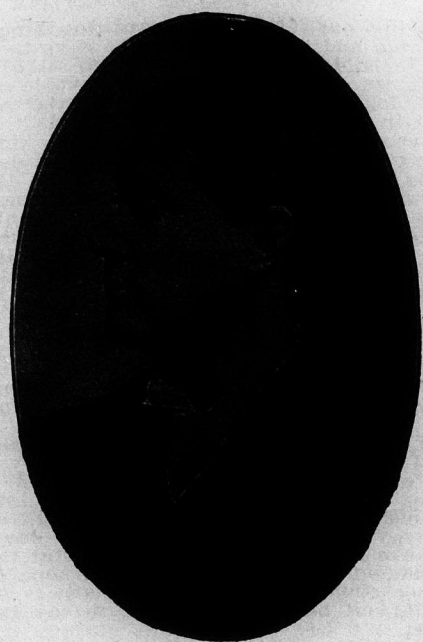


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