

THE BOYS AND GIRLS

Mary's Lamb

New Version of an Old Story About a Little Girl's Pet.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was painted on,
And everywhere that Mary went
She'd drag that lamb along.

She dragged it into school one day,
It made the teacher laugh
To hear the scholars ask if it
Was dog, or horse, or calf.

Next day the teacher put it out,
For it took the scholars' minds
From books and sums and grammar
rules,
And things of kindred kind.

Now this lamb's feelings were much
hurt

When put out in the rain,
So off it ran—that is, the point,
And ne'er came back again.

Johnny Bear and His Pranks

JOHNNIE Bear is the baby cub whose acquaintance Ernest Thompson Seton made away out in the Yellowstone Park. Johnny was caught by some of the people at the hotel, which was not so difficult, as Johnny had been lame from his birth.

In a recent lecture Mr. Seton told his young friends a lot of new stories about Johnny.

"Johnny is immortal," he said, "Yellowstone Park is never without its Johnny—sometimes there are two of him—and I keep hearing new stories about him."

"The hotel cat and the hotel poodle were sworn enemies even before Johnny arrived on the scene, and he made matters worse. Then it became a triangular duel. Johnny liked nothing better than to get in a safe place and watch the others fight."

"But Johnny Bear was a bad, little, mischievous bear. There was nothing he loved better than to tease the old mother cat's kittens. So one day he chased one of the kits till it ran up a tree."

"That is always a silly thing for a kitten to do, because it is sure to lose its head when it gets up a little way. Johnny, who was an adept at tree climbing, was up and after it like a flash. But he didn't see the old cat, who could climb a tree every bit as well as he could, and who rushed out of the house and up after Johnny before he knew what was coming."

"But when the old cat got up to where the tree divided she was in a quandary. On one branch was her baby, hanging on for dear life; on the other was Johnny Bear, looking at her maliciously out of his little bright eyes. If she punished Johnny she left her kitten to suffer, and perhaps break its back falling off. If she helped her kitten and left that wretch of a Johnny Bear to get down in safety—"

"The kitten settled it by giving a pleading meow. Her mother no longer hesitated, but, taking it by the scruff of the neck, crawled down the tree, leaving Johnny triumphantly perched on his branch, chucking over the trouble he had made."

Then Mr. Seton showed a picture of Johnny on the screen, a quaint, comical little figure, balancing him-

self on his hough like a boy sitting in a swing, while the retreating figure of mother cat, with her darling in her mouth could be seen in the distance.

Johnny was as fond of honey as any boy or girl. When he found a wild bees' nest he would sit down beside it and kill off all the bees, bringing down his fist upon them as accurately as a boy captures a butterfly in his hat. The bees all dead, he would put in his paw and bring out the honey, and when the honey was all gone he would clean up any drops that might have fallen around, devour the wax, and wind up by eating the dead bees.

"But once some of the men played a mean, mean trick on Johnny. Having found a wasp's nest in a tree, they 'sied' Johnny on to it."

"Oh, Johnny! honey, honey, Johnny!" they called.

Johnny looked at the nest and



Two Canadian Johnny Bears.

was skeptical. He had never seen honey just like that before.

"Honey, Johnny. Nice honey!" they called to him, and at last approaching very shyly, he timidly reached out a paw and touched the queer thing. The next thing anyone knew Johnny had the nest firmly gripped between his front paws and was making for the river like mad. In he leaped, swimming like a fish till he reached the opposite side. Then the wasps, having all fallen off or been drowned, Johnny sat down on the grass, pulled his nest apart, and though surprised to find no honey inside, ate all the contents, several nice, fat grubs.

"Then he wound up by stuffing down the nest itself. When he got through he looked just the shape of the nest. And why shouldn't he? He had it all inside him."

They Wanted to Know

Down in a remote section of the southwestern state is a little town which no railroad approaches nearer than thirty-two miles. The news of the world is worn out and probably denied by the time it reaches there, and the little town makes no news for itself. There has been, however, at least one event in the annals of the place. That was when a new bank was started. It was only a branch bank, but that did not dim its luster or novelty in the eyes of the citizens.

The first depositor was "Si" Fox. Si was a man of means, but had trusted for the safety of his money to his yarn sock and his gun. Now he felt that as the leading citizen of the town he ought to encourage the new enterprise. He put in a thousand dollars as soon as the bank opened.

An hour later he came back and asked how money was taken out. The method of making out a check was explained, and Si made out one for one thousand dollars. The cashier was surprised at the sudden withdrawal, but paid it without remark. Si took his money and walked down to a group of men and displayed it. The group entered into a warm but low-voiced discussion.

In ten or fifteen minutes Si walked into the bank again, and told the cashier that he wanted to deposit a thousand dollars.

"Why, sir, what is the matter with you?" asked the clerk. "You deposited a thousand about an hour ago, and took it out before it had got cold, and now you want to put it back again."

"Well, my friend," said Si, "me and the boys just wanted to find out how the thing worked."

Some More Tongue Twisters

Do you want some very good tongue exercise? You can get it by reading or attempting to read rapidly the following sentences, which are perhaps even better than those that have already been printed on this page:

Six little thistle sticks.

Flesh of freshly-fired fish.

Two toads, totally tied, tried to trot to Jedburg.

The sea ceaseeth, but sufficeth us.

Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared sickly six sickly sixty snakes.

She stood at the door of Mr. Smith's fish-source shop, welcoming him in.

Swan swam over the sea; swim, swan, swim; swan swam back again; well swam, swan.

A haddock, a haddock, a black-spotted haddock, a black spot on the black back of the black haddock.

Susan shineth shoes and socks, socks and shoes shineth Susan. She ceaseeth shining shoes and socks, for socks and shoes shock Susan.

Your Ambition

"What wouldst thou be?"

A blessing to each one surrounding me;

A chalice of dew to the weary head,
A sunbeam of joy, bidding sorrow depart,

To the storm-tossed vessel a beacon-light,

A nightingale song in the darkest night,

A beckoning hand to a far-off goal,
An angel of love to each friendless soul.

Such would I be.

Oh, that such happiness were for me.

—Frances R. Havergal.

A Cheery Bishop

The Bishop of London is an optimist who always has a good word to say for everybody, even if the person under discussion may seem to have no admirable qualities. One day, when he had been standing up for a particularly disreputable specimen of humanity, a friend said to him:

"How is it that you can always think of something pleasant to say about everybody under the sun?"

The bishop laughed.

"Well, you see," he said, "there is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it does not become any of us to speak ill of the rest of us."