

THE BOYS AND GIRLS

Mary's Lamb
New Version of an Old Story About
a Little Girl's Pet.
Mary had a little lamb,
His 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 paint,
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. Johnnie was
caught by some of the people at the
hotel, which was not so difficult, as
Johnnie had been lame from his
birth.

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

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

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

"But Johnnie Bear was a bad, little,
mischievous bear. There was no-
thing 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.
Johnnie, 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 Johnnie
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 Johnnie Bear, looking
at her maliciously out of his little
bright eyes. If she punished Johnnie
she left her kitten to suffer, and per-
haps break its back falling off. If
she helped her kitten and left that
wretch of a Johnnie Bear to get down
in safety—"

"The kitten settled it by giving a
pleading meow-meow. Its mother no
longer hesitated, but, taking it by the
scruff of the neck, crawled down the
tree, leaving Johnnie triumphantly
perched on his bough, chuckling over
the trouble he had made."

Then Mr. Seton showed a picture
of Johnnie 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.

Johnnie 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 butter-
fly 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 Johnnie. Hav-
ing found a wasp's nest in a tree,
they 'sied' Johnnie on to it.

"Oh, Johnnie! honey, honey, John-
nie!" they called.

Johnnie looked at the nest and



Two Canadian Johnnie Bears.

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

"Honey, Johnnie. Nice honey!"
they called to him, and at last ap-
proaching very shyly, he timidly
reached out a paw and touched the
queer thing. The next thing anyone
knew Johnnie 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, Johnnie sat down on
the grass, pulled his nest apart, and
though surprised to find no money in-
side, 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 on 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 with-
out 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 fol-
lowing sentences, which are perhaps
even better than those that have already
been printed on this page:

Six little thistle sticks.
Flesh of freshly-fried fish.
Two toads, totally tied, tried to trot
to Jedburg.

The sea ceaseeth, but sufficeth us.
Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snar-
ed sickly six sickly silky 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 heart,
A sunbeam of joy, bidding sorrow de-
part,
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 dis-
cussion 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."