

POULY EVANS' STORY PAGE for God Cannol be everywhere and so he made mothers " OUR MOTHURS — GOD BURS THINK!"



ID BERRY BOYS'CAMP

"Well, now, see here, my lads. I'm orrier than I can tell you that your nother and I cannot take a vacation ating of any sort ourselves this summer, but there is no reason why you sannot."

Make Your Cabin out of Trees.

mer, but there is no reason why you cannot."
"But it takes money, dad."
"Mighty little, boys. I have seen the day when money was plentiful, and so I know what I am saying when I tell you that money cannot buy fun. In fact, the least expensive fun is often easily the most enjoyable."

By this time the three boys were sittling up and listening eagerly, for their father's remarks were certainly anything but disheartening.

"What do you suggest that we do, dad?" asked George.

His father looked at him quizically. "What do you want, boys. Never mind whether it is possible or not, what do you want to do?"
"Go camping," said all three in a breath."



What do you think you will need?"

Joe— ka tent first of all, and that costs money."

Mr. Berry smiled.

"Why, boys, even when I did not have to count my pennies I went camping more than once without a tent."

"How?" asked Frank, eagerly.

"Now, see here, boys, do you know what I am going to do? I'm going to let you solve your own problem. You want to go camping. For how long?

Two weeks? All right, for two weeks, then. Now, first write down a list of the things you must have for your camp. Then put yourselves back in

ghts of some sort. me means of cooking and cooking

atensils.

A place to eat and dishes.

Food for two weeks.

Fishing outfit, etc.

"Now the shelter—what would the ackwoodsmen do about that?" asked

lows?"

"Make a fire outdoors and hang up a kettle?" ventured Frank.

"Ye-es, I reckon so. And as for utensils for cooking, mother can help us out, can't she? A place to eat—"Oh, we can make a table easily enough," said, George, "and mother will give us dishes."

"Yes, she'll do it," agreed Joe. "Then come the food for two weeks and fishing outfit."

"Oh, say, boys, let's go to Dad now and talk it all over with him," suggested Frank, who was impatient to be doing instead of planning.

So the three boys sought their father out in the chicken-yard, where he was feeding his poultry, and told him what had been the result of their thinking.

"God hows. You have placed year."

"Aw. Dad, we aren't softies," protested Frank.

"All I ight,"
smiled Mr. Berry,
"just lay pine, needles to take the place of a mattress, then, and they will make you sleep as the best mattress can never do."

"Ho w a b o u t chairs" asked Joe.
"Here is your idea for them," and Mr. Berry made another sketch. "How's that for a lounging c h a i r? Ordinary gunny-sack makes the seat, you see."

"Hu r r a h for Dad!" she ou t e d George, "our camping is a go, I see now, boys. How about food, Dad?"

"Oh, a bushel of potatoes from the garden, a sack of cornmeal, ten peunds of flour and a dozen cans of corn will do you, boys, It's the simple Mfe in camp, you know. Mother will add salk and such things, and perhaps a little coffee; but for meat you must depend on your luck with hook and line."

"Hurrah!" shouted Frank, swinging his cap in air, "that's the life for me. I don't envy the Jenkins kids any more."

"The fishing outfit, Dad?" reminded George.

George.

"Make your rods, of course. And I guess I can spare you the few cents necessary to buy the tackle. So you see, boys, that practically without money and without price you can have one of the times of your life."

"Thanks to a trump of a father!" added Joe.

The plan was carried out, and a few days after Berry Camp was established. Father and mother went out behind old Jerry to pay their lads a visit. visit.

"It's all right, lads," approved Mr.
Berry, after he had inspected every
nook and cranny of the camp.

"And, oh, Dad! there has been such
fun in the making!" cried enthusiastic

out an owner in one of the many inlets.

And while they were gone Mrs.

Berry delved into the recess under the
buggy seat and brought loaves of
breas fresh from the oven, a roll of
delicious home-made butter, a can of
new milk, another of oream, a heaping dish of fruit salad, a jar of crabapple preserves, another of homepeaches, sliced, and a slab of homecured bacon.

And by the time the fishers returned
home, lo! there was a dinner spread
out on the table that was fit for a
king—with an appetite!

A TEACHER was instructing a class of boys, and had spent half an hour trying to drive into their heads the dif-

ference between man and the lower animals, but apparently with little success. "Tommy," he said, coaxingly, to a little chap, "do you know the difference between, say, me and a pig, or any other brute?"
"No." replied Tommy, innocently, but another teacher standing by laughed.

Dreams are said to be promoted by warmth and chilled by the cold; hence the Asiatics are rich dreamers, while the Eskimos sleep soundly without dreaming at all.

Uncle Sam and Madam Columbia.

Some things in the following story of one Fourth of July frolic may prove suggestive to you boys and girls who are planning to give a good time to your triends next Fourth. Robert and Dora, who got up this frolic, made their invitations out of red cardboard, cut the width and depth of giant firecrackers. They pasted two pieces together, with a string slipped between them at one end.

A lot of red bunting was used to decorate the lawn and porches, also paper lanterns (for the frolic was set for 5 to 8 o'clock), but United States flags, large and small, were made most conspicuous in the decorative scheme.

Robert made up to represent Uncle Sam, and Dora made up to represent Madam Columbia. And they two received their little guests, who, by the way, all came at almost the same time, so that Robert and Dora were soon at liberty to take the lead in games.

Mother had previously prepared a fine



player after his appearance slipping around behind the screen to receive another cardboard square and represent a second State or Territory (induding Porto Rico and all the other island territories), until the last of Uncle Sam's and Madam Columbia's children had been exhibited and recognized by the audience.

It was a very jolly game, and put everybody in the frame of mind to enjoy the games that followed—stage coach, pull-a-way, minister's cat, etc.

Then came nice, cool refreshments, the star feature of which was watermelon—great, red-ripe, cold slices of luscious watermelon.

way, all came at almost the same time, so that Robert and Dora were soon at liberty to take the lead in games.

Mother had previously prepared a fine new game for them to play. With Robert and Dora's help, she had made a huge shoe, large enough for a child stooping somewhat to pass through. She cut a hole in one side and concealed it with a screen. Then on the opposite side she placed a short flight of home-made steps, which she found already made in the basement.

Then she prepared the requisite number of cardboard squares, with strings to hang them about the neck, and on each one lettered the name of a State or Territory of the Union.

When it was time to play the game, Robert and Dora selected a dozen of the boys and girls to play while the rest of the children were to act as guessers. The players were lined up behind the screen, and about each one's neck was hung a cardboard square, the plain side out. Then Robert ascended the stepladder and announced to the other boys and girls that like the old woman that lived in the shoe, he and Madam Columbia had so many children they didn't know what to do. They were so scattered that it was all he and she could do to keep track of them.

At this point the first player crept into the shoe, and, stepped out on the ladder beside Unicle Sam.

"This child was one of our first thirteen," announced Uncle Sam, "and his largest city is Boston."

"Oh, Massachusetts!" called out the guessers.

Next appeared a little girl.

"This child was also one of our

ments, and are drawn in cartoons.

The llon—king of beasts—for instance, represents Great Britain. Oftentimes he is pictured with a man-o'-war man's cap on his head and a turndown saifor collar, in the attitude of "on guard," as if on some rocky cliff overlooking the enemy.

Similarly the king of birds—the eagle—represents the United States of America and also the German Empire.

The American eagle is represented as having feathers growing in such a way as to form a stars-and-stripes pattern, and as a strong creature with powerful wings, beak and talons.

The German eagle is pictured in martial character, with a military helmet on his head, a decoration hanging from his neck, and a very German-like arrangement of feathers.

Russia's national animal is the bear, big, shaggy and flat-footed. Formerly the wolf-which to so common in Russia—was rather favored as a national animal, but the wolf is so often confused with the fox, lynx or even dog, that it has lost popularity as a national emblem. The Russian bear usually appears in pictures with a Russian cap on its head.

That cockbird known as the "Gallie fowl" is the national bird of France. He is usually pictured with wooden sabots on his feet, a cap of liberty set jauntily on his head and a medal

WHENCE IT COMES

the average person to bear patiently an unjust criticism or disagreeable remark. Only the patience of a kindly spirit can do that.

trouble about their politeness.

VIMALS THAT BETOKEN



Honey Bee Messengers THE secret of good manners is un-selfishness. Those who live a life of service for their fellow-men have no Natural politeness springs from a kindly heart. The polish that is acquired from education is but a veneer, and cannot well stand the wear and tear of life.

No amount of education in courtesy, either at home or in school, will enable

DID you know, boys, that ordinary honey bees can be trained like carrier pigeons?

Now, wouldn't you like it, if you had half a dozen bees and could send messages by them? Well, you can do it just as easily as not, so suppose you do.

Arrange with friends of yours at a distance of ten or fifteen miles at the same time so that you may interchange messages.

Now for the work. Take a butterfly net and catch a door so similar to the door of the hive that the bees are quite unconscious of entering a trap.

Take the box of bees with you to your friend's home, and then on your return take a box of his bees with you. Arrived home, sit down and write as many messages as there are bees on bits of paper, each of which has been slit at one end and bent as shown in the picture.

Meanwhile, set a dish of honey or syrup in a closed room, and having set the bees free in this room, let them feed to their fill.

Now with ordinary mucilage, stick a message to each bee's thorax, between, the wings and the head, and take good care not to let any of the mucilage run over its wings or legs. Hold the bee in the grip of a pair of tweezers during the operation, and you are now ready to open the win-

line" for home, as they will do, you may be sure.

A bee's rate of speed is about twelve miles an hour, so it will be almost no time until the bees reach the home-hive. But the messages sticking upon their backs will prevent them from entering, and so your friend will soon see them crawling about on the outside of the hive.

For your messages you will have to employ some sort of cipher, as the slips of paper are too tiny to accommodate much writing. Suppose you



Can you come Saturday?
Baseball game.
If pleasant weather.
You can employ the letters of the alphabet also as a cipher. And the use of dots and other marks over and under and beside the figures and letters can indicate certain things in addition. So you can easily communicate almost any sort of message by means of your complete cipher code.

The Flowers of God

THE flowers got into a debate one

Robbie's Press

Robbie's Press

O NE day papa took Robbie down to see the presses print the books and papers and pictures, and the little boy was very much interested.

"Papa," said he, "let me come down every day and run the presses."

"Oh, I couldn't let you do that," said his papa, "but maybe I'll have a little printing press made for you, just your size."

The weeks and months passed away and papa forgot all about his promise, but Robbie didn't. It was fully a year later that he came home from Sunday school and said: "Papa, teacher said that God made the world in six days. Is that so?"

"I guess it is," said papa.

"The water and the dirt and the trees and the dogs and birds' nests and everything."

"Yes."

"Gee, whis!" said Robbie, "that was quick work. Six days to make all the world, and you've been a year and alin't sot that printin' press done yet!"

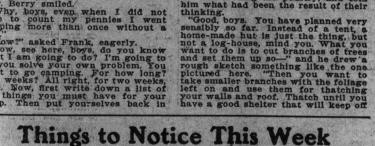
—The American Boy.

PRETTY SMOKE PICTURE A BOY who has made them says that
A smoke pictures are very pretty
decorations to place on one's room
walls. He has done so. He says to
take a piece of drawing paper and
hold it over the flame of a lamp—the
chimney being off—until it is smoked
thoroughly and is quite black, being
careful not to let it scorch.

After doing this, select some picture
—a snow scene is preferable—and
trace it upon the smoked paper with
a toothpick or match. With your finger rub off the soot in places where
the model is light.

A little practice will enable you to
make very pretty pictures.

JOHNNY (proudly)—I can count up to ten on my fingers, mummle. Mother—I saw a little boy today, no older than you are, who can count up to fifty.



If you go for a walk in the woods you are almost sure to find some ants' nests. They look like heaps of fine needles and little bits of leaves and twigs. On a sunny day you will often see long columns of ants marching home with little pieces of twig to add to the walls of their house. Sometimes they carry leaves a good deal bigger than themselves.

Ants' Care of the Babies.

A great number of ants live in one hest, and some of them spend their time collecting food, while others look after the babies.

The babies are shut up in little white silk bags called cocoons, and on hot days their nurses bring them out into the sun. If you frighten them they will very quickly pick up the babies and carry fhem back to their nursery, under the heap of leaves.

A Horse's Toes.

How many toes has a horse on each foot? You don't know. I thought you wouldn't! He has only one, and that is the big. round hoof, on to which his shoe is nailed. The donkey is another animal that has only one toe on each foot; and horses and donkeys are called odd-toed animals. Cows and sheep have four toes on each foot, while pussy has five on each foot and four on each hind one; and if you have a dog you will find he has the same number.

The sweet-peas are growing fast now, and you will see that they are able to climb by holding on to the twigs with little arms called tendrils. The Virginia creeper that grows on so many houses would find ordinary tendrils of no use for climbing up a wall, so it has little flat pads with something like hands at their ends, which help it to cling to a smooth wall.

Some Amusing Epitaphs

Braves. Here are a few more:

Arabella's Memorial. The accompanying epitaph is to be found on a stone in a Colchester, England, characteristic in a Colchester, England, characteristic in a colchester, England, characteristic in the second of the husband's Inspiration based on experience of Arabella: "Here lye the banes of Arabella: Toung, Who, on the 1st of June, began to hold her tongue."

Roger's Sad, End.

The writing on Roses Management of the second of the second

The writing on Roger Norton's memorial is read by every one who visits Curley churchyard. It was a sad end, indeed, and the yillage poet extensive did

his best to warn others against using a razor for corn cutting:
"Here lies entomb'd old Roger Norton,
Whose sudden death was oddly brought on;
Trying one day his corn to mow off,
The razor slipp'd and cut his toe off;
The toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to;
The parts then took to mortifying.
And poor old Roger took to dying."

And poor old Roger took to dying.

An Icicle to Blame.

A curious record of an accident, occasioned by the downfall of ice, is to be found as an epitaph on the son of the then parish clerk at Bampton, in Devonshire, who was killed by an icicle falling upon and fracturing his skull:

"Bless my i, i, i, i, i, Here I lies, In a sad pickle, Killed by icicle."

Geographical Anagrams. Geographical Anagrams.

Can you tell what geographical places are indicated in these anagrams?

1. On a perch. (The southernmost extremity of a certain continent.)

2. Sing on, Kent. (A suburb of London where is one of the royal palaces.)

3. One halt. (A town in the centre of Ireland.)

4. Oh, that drum! (A coast town of Devonshire, England.)

5. Bare plants. (A town and bay of Devonshire, England.)

6. Gay law. (A county of Ireland.)

Omitted Central Letter. Omitted Central Letter.

Omit the central letter "I" of the five-letter words in the first column and leave the words in the second column—
(Example: A leader-chief (omit "I") leaves a professional cook—chef.)

1. A sound—part of the face.
2. To relinquish—to brandish.
3. To make a god—to challenge.
4. To depict—to gasp.
5. A Scotch child—a stable.
4. Indian corn—a labyrinth.
7. An assumed name—an exclamation.
Omit the central letter "u" in the following list of five-letter words, and leave the words in the second column.
(Example: A weight—pound fomit The Colored Glass Window.

Red. Blue. Green. Yellow. Blue. Yellow. Red. Green, Green,

ANSWERS TO JUNE 23 PUZZLES

Literary Love Tale.

Hard Times. Great Expectations. Jess.
Sketch Book.
Our Mutual Friend.
The Spy.
Put Yourself in His Place.
The Rose and the Ring.
The Little Minister.
Ships That Pass in the Night.
Westward, Holder Cold Curiosity Shop.
Dawh.

Puzzle of States. AVoid.
RIgid.
KRupp.
AGony.
NIger.
SNail.
AImed.
SAtin.

A Famous Dog Collector.

A Famous Dog Collector.

THE dos which bears the name of London Jack II is the worthy son of a worthy sire. He is one of the most important supporters of the London and Southwestern Railway Servants Orphanage, for he has contributed nearly 1800 toward its upkeep. This record has beaten his father's by a good deal, for London Jack I during his life collected only 2500.

Jack II, in recognition of his substantial aid to the orphanage, has been decorated with seven silver medals, awarded by the Board of Management for each £100 collected for the charity. Most travelers to and from Waterloo Station are familiat with him, for he is a general favorite. His special friends are the children, and the coins his admirers gave him during last year amounted to the handsome total of £134 16s.



The Colored Glass Window.

A gentleman having a window placed in his hall, decided on having it of colored glass—the colors to be red, blue, green and yellow. The window was to contain sixteen panes—four each way—and the panes were to be so arranged that every one of the four colors would be represented in each row, column and diagonal. The glazier commenced by inserting the top and side as follows:

Rad. Blue, Green, Yellow.

Maud Muller.

Blue. Green,
You will see that there were still six panes (indicated by stars) to be inserted. The glazier had, unfortunately, mislaid his plans, and was, therefore, in a bit of a fix as to how to dispose of the remaining six pieces of glass so as to fulfil the above conditions. He found it out at last.

Can you find out, too, and tell Polly Evans how the panes were arranged?

RB DTHAE.

A Deserted Village.
Faerie Queen.
The House of Seven Gables.
The Betrothed.
Very Hard Cash.

Old Curiosity Shop Dawn, Hamlet, In Varying Moods, Come Into the Garden, Maud. Fell in Love With His Wife,

Picture Puzzle. Mark Twain, Bunyan, William Dean Howells.



God?"

But all the flowers cried out: "No, you are no flower at all; you are a come-outer!"

Then God's wind, blowing over the garden, brought this message to them: "Little flowers, do you not know that every flower that answers God's sweet spring call, and comes out of the cold, dark earth, and lifts its head above the sod, and blooms forth, catching the sunlight, and flinging it back to men, taking the sweet south wind from God, and giving it back to others in sweet and blessed and health-giving fragrance—do you not know they are all God's flowers?"—Lyman Abbot.

ITTLE Cirence Osborne, of Winchester, Mass., who is only 4 years old, has been awarded a bronze medal by the Moss Humane Society for the rescue from drowning of his cousin, Josephine Mulien, of the same age, on January 8. He is the youngest person ever to receive recognition from the society for heroism.

The children had gone on an ice pond, and the girl broke through. Clarence caught her hand. He was unable to pull the girl out, but getting down on his knees, he kept her head above water, all the while yelling for help.

Mrs. Osborhe went on the ice and got hold of her child. Even then he did not let go, and dragged Josephine to safety.



THE flowers got into a debate one morning as to which of them was the flower of God, and the rose said: "I am the flower of God, for I am the fairest and the most perfect in beauty and variety of form and delicacy of fragrance of all flowers."

And the crocus said: "No, you are not the flower of God. Why, I was blooming long before you bloomed. I am the primitive flower. I am the first one."

And the lily-of-the-valley said, modestly: "I am small, but I am white; perhaps I am the flower of God."

And the trailing arbutus said: "Before any of you came forth I was blooming under the leaves and under the snow. Am I not the flower of God?"

But all the flowers cried out: "No,

FOUR-YEAR-OLD HERO





v its investment ss made is wonderful. there was neither sil-ported to the Orient.

ared a large and in-ge of the Oriental

ADVERTISING

FOR THE EXHIBITIO

out their advertising t being completed this

At the top of it is on," and the date in comes a large shield

nich is the Canadian

ille the remainder of

en up with a picture buildings, grounds,

of the shield pictures anged, while at the pictures of horses are placed.

s are placed.

s also a very creditaa book of over one
nd is very prettily ars minutely with the
ations in all classes,
formation as to the
throughout the city.

are now being sent ble exhibition in the ces as well as in up-

AT ST. MARTINS

June 28.—The annual

the superior school sday afternoon. A

the parents and tiendance, and Prin-

his pupils acquitted creditably. Beside I work gone through

ber of recitation ade by Revs. C. W.

d. S. Savoy. A prize ed to Jack Marr for lish. George Charlton sen valedictorian, de-se in a pleasing man-

where an advertiser

ment to a paper say-rtion paid he would ight as well say, "If

ay, I will continue;
will quit."—P. V.

