

## In The Play Room.

"Neglect no opportunity of doing good."—ATTENBURG.

Questions, replies and communications on all subjects of interest to or from the children are cordially invited. Address HAZELKIRK.]

## A School Day.

"Now, John," the district teacher says,  
With frown that scarce can hide/  
The dimpling smiles around her mouth,  
Where Cupid's hosts abide:  
"What have you done to Mary Ann,  
That she is crying so?  
Don't say 'twas nothing—don't, I say,  
For, John, that can't be so."

"For Mary Ann would never cry  
At nothing, I am sure.  
And if you've wounded Justice, John,  
You know the only cure  
Is punishment! So come, stand up:  
Transgression must abide  
The pain attendant on the scheme  
That makes it justified."

So John steps forth, with sunburnt face,  
And hair all in a tumble,  
His laughing eyes a contrast to  
His drooping mouth so humble.  
"Now Mary you must tell me all—  
I see that John will not,  
And if he's been unkind or rude,  
I'll whip him on the spot."

"W-we were p-playin' p-pris'ner's b-base,  
An' h-he is s-such a t-tease  
An' w-when I w-wasn't l-lookin', m-ma'am  
H-he k-kiss me—if you please!"  
Upon the teacher's face the smiles  
Have triumphed o'er the frown,  
A pleasant thought runs through her mind  
The stick comes harm'ess down.

But outraged law must be avenged,  
Begone, ye smiles, begone!  
Away, ye little dreams of love,  
Come on, ye frowns come on!  
"I think I'll have to whip you, John  
Such conduct breaks the rule:  
No boy, except a naughty one  
Would kiss a girl—at school."

Again the teacher's rod is raised,  
A nemesis she stands—  
A premium were put on sin,  
If punished by such hands!  
As when the bee explores the rose  
We see the petals tremble  
So trembled Mary's rose-bud lips—  
Her heart would not dissemble.

"I wouldn't whip him *very* hard!"  
The stick stops in its fall,  
"It wasn't right to do it, but  
It didn't hurt at all!"  
"What made you cry then, Mary Ann?"  
The school's noise made a pause,  
And out upon the listening air,  
From Mary comes—"BECAUSE."

## Answers to Puzzles.

(From Last Issue)

CHARADE.

I. Hare, bell.

Puzzles.

I. ENIGMA.

I am a liquid, but to drought b-long,  
Though in the right am always in the wrong,  
Buried in earth, I float aloft in air,  
Linked in repose, I'm never free from care.  
In the very midst of torrid heat I roll  
In Arctic too but never reached the pole,  
Yet in the sky, at greater distance far  
I shine attendant on the Polar star  
With morn I rise and lead the sun's red ray,  
But no one ever sees me in the day.  
Nor yet in dewy eve I take delight,  
And though in darkness do not know the night,  
With double sound I aid old ocean's roar,  
Sail with the barque, but never leave the shore:  
No river rolls but I control its banks,  
Soldiers and sailors hail me in their ranks,  
I always in the battle front appear,  
And in retreat I cover up the rear,  
With emperor and empress I am seen,  
But do not bow to either king or queen.  
The lawyer's robe and Westminster I grace,  
But ah! in Equity I find no place:  
Without me rapid cure was never made,  
Though medicine manages without my aid:  
I lead religion and am hea! of Rome,  
Yet midst all Protestants I find a home:  
Of marriages I must a witness be,  
With heart or heartless 'tis the same to me!  
Sweet with the rose or savage with the thorn,  
For love or sympathy I was not born:  
Yet vice my presence never did beguile,  
Truth, honor, virtue, own me with a smile,  
Without me friends are fiends—I make fiends friends  
And more I claim—but here my story ends.

## An Hour With the Children.

HUGO.—You can manage your dog by being kind to him; kindness is the first step towards training all animals.

ROBBIE.—A book is a suitable gift for your little friend, and inexpensive too.

WILLIE MAY.—The first translation of the Bible was the celebrated Greek version of the Old Testament, called the Septuagint, made B. C. 285. The meaning of the title is seventy, and was bestowed upon this work because of the approval of the version by the Sanhedrim, the highest Jewish Tribunal, composed of seventy-one members.

## A Cat at School

When I was a little girl the only school I could attend was a mile from our home, and I had to cross a narrow river to get to it, but my father kept a little boat, and every morning our old garden-er was sent to pull me across, and in the afternoon he came for me.

He was not my only attendant, however, for when I started out of the house I always found my big gray cat, Tom, ready to go, too, and it was a common joke to count him as one of the scholars on the school roll.

He was much more orderly and quiet than some of the children as he always marched in with steady steps to the teacher's desk, and curled himself in a comfortable position on one edge, sure that he would not be disturbed. He was quite right, for the teacher had a weakness for animals, and if it had chanced that

"It made the children laugh and play  
To see a cat in school."

I am very sure that it would not have been the cat that was punished by him.

At noon, Tom not only shared my lunch, but the teacher's too, and had, besides, many a choice scrap from the other baskets; after recess he evidently became tired of the pursuit of knowledge, for when we were called into school he would take his way down the river bank to a little village where there was a public ferry, and Tom would seat himself by the boat until some traveler came to go across, when he would spring in too, and in this manner get home in time for the family dinner.

When I got back, late in the afternoon, he would come to me with a triumphant "Meu," as if he said, "I got home first, you see."

I had no objection to this, as it seemed a harmless arrangement, but not long before Christmas, I crossed the ferry with my mother. I had, in my pocket, a silver half dollar that she had given me for the eggs I had found, and I felt like a millionaire, as I planned the different Christmas gifts I intended to buy.

My mind was so absorbed that I scarcely noticed my old acquaintance, Harvey, the ferryman, but after my mother had paid out toll he came to me, and bowing said:

"Will little miss settle her account, too?"

"What account?" I exclaimed, in amazement.

"For your gray cat, miss. I have set him across the river every school day for two months, and I think fifty cents is a reasonable charge, miss."

Harvey spoke with the gravity of a judge, and I did not notice the twinkle in his eyes, for all my lovely castles in the air tumbled suddenly to the earth, and I burst into tears. The ferryman was astonished to see how much his joke distressed me and hastened to explain that he spoke only in fun.

After school closed, Tom took a fancy to continue his excursions by water, and as our nearest neighbor was the captain of a canal boat, he followed him on board one day and went several miles, when he jumped ashore and came back again. He was observed, however, after this to frequent the canal bank very often, and when the boat came back on her trip down the river, Tom leaped on board, and remained during the rest of the journey. All this time I was shedding tears at home on account of the desertion of my pet, and great was my joy when he walked in one day and sprung into my lap in his usual caressing way.

He made many trips up and down the canal on this boat, although he never noticed any other.

A. G.

## Pink and Puss and Pitto.

## Three Little Mischiefs.

BY LELAH R. BENTON.

(Continued from last week.)

Pinch was much delighted with her visit. Her friend gave her some very pretty things from the large collection of curiosities and bric-a-brac he had. And the interior of the house was very lovely, furnished in latest styles and making Pinch express the opinion that her sister didn't know how nice it was or she would have come there to live.

"Why didn't you, Rose?" she asked after she had tried to think out the reason herself, the next day.

"Why Pinkie, he never asked me," her sister said.

"Why Rose, he said he did!"

"Rose looked at her reprovingly. "Pink," she said, "you are making that up."

"Oh, I am not," declared Pinch. "Mr. Riffraffer told me so, really, truly."

"Mr. Riffraffer told a story then." Rose decided, going away with mouth and eyes very grave.

Pink sat and pondered over this for a long time. Then she went out and took up a position on the front steps. This was not all that had bothered her. Pussy Boots, her dear Pussy Boots had not yet returned from his excursion out on the roofs. And he had that little basket around his neck. Would some one steal it and dollie's shawl and perhaps the cat too. She did wish she could see "Mr. Riffraffer" once more. The big ocean steamer was to carry him away to-morrow. Even if he did tell stories, he was awful nice. Pink began to wonder if she couldn't find his house all by herself. She wondered about it till she decided to stop wondering

and try. So our little truant, in a few minutes more was creeping off around the corner. The street she turned on to was a very busy one and the people and rushing of carts and cars half frightened her. She enjoyed her liberty too much however to turn back and she wandered on till she forgot where she started for. Suddenly she saw a little red coated mite of monkeyism at her feet. It was Pitto. She knew him. And Pitto was very friendly. He seemed to want her to follow him for he kept forging ahead and then waiting for her to catch up. Before she had gone very far she found herself in the threshold of a basement door. Pitto evidently wanted the door opened. She pushed it ajar for him. And as she did so, a faint weak voice talking in a queer way to some one made her listen in childish curiosity. It was a woman's voice, but the language was not English. Another voice replying, with tearful sorrow in it, made Pink go down the steps a little way. It was Hildegard, the little beggar girl, she felt sure when she got down further she saw she was right. Pitto was perched up on the foot of the old rickety bed on which the woman speaking in the foreign tongue was lying and the dark eyes of Hildegard looked up from an old rug on the floor.

"Oh, Pitto dear," the girl said piteously, "why didn't you bring help. Did you know we were dying here alone? Mother so sick and I with a sprained ankle and no one that knows it."

Pink was a little girl but she understood well enough to know she might do something for them. So she showed herself then.

"Oh, it is the little girl from the house where the kitty was. Oh, mother—" the rest of the speech was unintelligible to Pink but she saw the woman raise up very weakly on one elbow and heard her cry out in great excitement.

"What can I do for you," Pink asked. "I wish my mamma, was here. I'll go back and get her."

"Wait, wait!" cried Hildegard, "you must take something with you! You gave it to me in mistake the other day."

And she pointed to something her mother held out in her wasted hand.

Pink went forward slowly. She was rather timid about approaching the bed, the woman lying there was so strange looking and wild eyed Pitto approached the bed also. He reached it first. He drew near the outstretched hand softly. There! With a grab and a dive he had got what his sharp little eyes saw there and away up the steps and out into the street he went.

Hildegard's mother gave a scream and when Pink looked again she was lying in a swoon, on her ragged pillow. The little girl on the floor burst into tears. "Run, catch him!" she gasped out. "He has something belongs to you. Run!"

Pink ran! She didn't know what else to do. And down the street, after the monkey she chased. A lot of curious people joined in the race and numberless boys. Half-crying, she flew on—plump! she went into some one's arms. It was "Mr. Riffraffer." How glad she was!

"Why, where in the world are you flying to?" he asked, taking out his pocket handkerchief to dry her wet lashes.

"After the monkey!" sobbed out Pinkie, looking over his shoulder at the little animal which was now going, hand over hand, up a fire escape on a tall building across the way.

"You didn't expect to catch him did you? Your mother doesn't know where you are, I'm sure. You must let me take you home."

And not listening to her explanations, off he carried her. The house was close by as Pink found out and he took her right in the parlor before he set her down.

"I'm going right back," she declared, "just as soon as I get mamma or Rosie. There's a little sick girl and her mother's sick too. And the monkey's stole somefin' from 'em. That naughty Pitto. He is so bad. I don't like monkeys now."

"Where is the sick girl," asked her rescuer, curiously.

"Down in a dark room under that hotel around the corner. Where I saw Hildegard, you know. The little beggar girl that I named my doll after."

"Just here, there was a little rush along the hall and in burst a very beruffled, excited, quivering old cat. Pink gave a little scream and threw herself on her pet. Pussy Boots snuggled his bulging yellow eyes under her arm and lay quite still in his mistress' lap. After a few hugs and kisses Pink looked up and found "Mr. Riffraffer" gone. Pussy sat up then and began to look angry instead of frightened. And his tail jerked very fiercely in harmony with the roll of his eyes.

"You dear pussy, you!" petted Pink. "You brought my basket back all right didn't you? and the shawl—and—oh!"

What was that in the basket, nestling on the folds of Gertrude Gladys' best evening wrap?

(To be Continued.)

Hazelkirk

TAILOR—"Look here! I have worried myself sick over that bill of yours"

Casket (the undertaker)—"That's all right, old man. If worst comes to worst you can take it out in trade."

"I don't care about eating any of these preserves," said Sammy. "Ma will whip us."

"Well," returned John, "you'll never get a better chance than this. You know that ma always whips us with her shoe or slipper or whatever she's got on her feet, and before I came out of the parlor I made sure she had on those little slippers. And," he continued, brightening up, "she won't use them, because we made her a present of them!"

The preserves disappeared.