

CONDUCTED BY POLLY EVANS 'HO' THE MERRIE FIRST OF MAIE . BRINGS THE DAUNCE AND BLOSSOMS GAIE . TO MAKE OF LYFE A HOLIDAY.





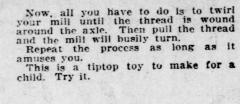
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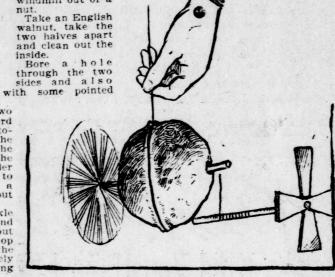
instrument.
Then make two

OME of Tom Tit's experiments have been made with nuts. You know all sorts of stunts can be done with nuts-baskets can be carved, little images, boats, etc., etc. Now, see if you can construct a windmill out of a

walnut, take the two halves apart and clean out the through the two sides and also

sails of cardboard and put them to-gether to form the mill, as shown in the picture, fastening the whole to a slender nail as an axle, to which you fasten a bit of long, stout thread. Thrust your axle through the nut, and bring the thread out through the top hole. Then paste the two halves securely together with strong





More Forfeits.

A SHORT time ago Polly Evans gave you a selection of forfeits from the Book of Indoor and Outdoor Games. Here are a few more. They will come handy next time you play a game that ends up with paying forfeits:

1. A boy or girl may be told to lie down at full length on the floor and rise with the arms still folded.

2. A German band is announced as about to give a performance. Three or four of the company are requested to imitate the sound of some musical in-

strument in concert-to some popular and familiar air.

3. Elindfold a person, and then let each of the company give him a spoonful of water from a glass until he guesses who it is that is feeding him. 4. A favorite sentence for transgressors of the laws of games is the following: Two persons stand at opposite ends of the room, each holding a lighted candle. They advance slowly, and with deep gravity look into each other's faces. When they meet the following

dialogue takes place:
"The Princess Hügger-Mugger is dead, defunct and gone." "Can it be possible! Alack and alas!"
They then retreat to their starting points with the same solemnity. The fact that they must not smile makes it very difficult to retrain

#### Only a Rat.

IT WAS on one of the electric rail-ways running out of London. It is a new line, but it worked smoothly, without a hitch, until one day it was tied up for thirty minutes.

Everything came to a standstill. Passengers fumed. Conductors wondered and fretted. They could get no signal to go ahead, and had to hold their trains There was lively telegraphstationary. ing and telephoning, but all to no pur-

At last the trouble was located, and wins the victory.

what do you think it was? At a city station a rat had gnawed the insulating layer off the signal cable! Probably the inquisitive rodent got a severe shock, as inquisitive folk are likely to. At any rate, the place was patched up, the leak in the subtle electricity was stopped, the signals began to work, the trains began to move, brows smoothed out, and the trouble was over. But it had cost thirty minutes, multiplied by no one knows how many peo-ple. And all because of a rat's teeth.

Moral No. 1: Don't meddle. Moral No. 2: Mischief runs far from the starting point More moral: Watch the little things. Moral to end with: When your part in the world goes wrong, don't jump to the conclusion that the universe is out of joint; it's probably only a rat.

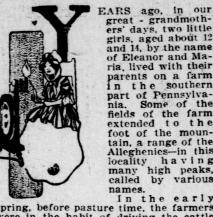
#### Open the Gates-A Game.

THERE is a game by this name that has been played. But a better form of it is the following: Choose two captains, one Turkish and one Greek. They should stand with arms lifted high and hands joined in an arch. under which all the other players should pass, one by one, each grasping the next one's clothes, and all singing: "Open the gates as high as the sky

At the word "by" the two captains should suddenly lower their clasped hands and make a prisoner of the one who happens to be passing at the mo-

And let the Sultan and his troops pas

Then the prisoner must be asked: "Will you be a Turk or a Greek?" and he must take his place behind the cap-tain of his choice. When all the players have been caught and have chosen their captains they engage in a "tug-of-war," and the side that succeeds (within five minutes) in lodging the other from its position



EARS ago, in our great - grandmoth-ers' days, two little girls, aged about 12 and 14, by the name of Eleanor and Maria, lived with their parents on a farm in the southern part of Pennsylva-nia. Some of the fields of the farm extended to the foot of the mountain, a range of the Alleghenies—in this locality having

In the early spring, before pasture time, the farmers were in the habit of driving the cattle to the mountain in the morning to feed on the young leaves, tender buds and branches, and in the evening they were

brought home by a farm hand or some member of the family.

Upon a certain Saturday in early April Eleanor and Maria asked their father if they might ride old Billy, the family horse, to the mountain to bring home the cattle. Their father consented, but told them to be careful and not to stay late. The girls were delighted, for they, had been indoors most of the day taking lessons in spinning and working samplers, as all young girls in those days had to learn to sew, knit and spin, there were no sewing machines then, and not only had everything to be made hand, but, first, the flax and wool

had to be spun. The girls started in high spirits, rid-ing astride old Billy, one behind the other, for the evening was one of those delightful ones in April when the air is warm and balmy, and the birds, particularly the robins, were singing as though their throats would burst with

As Eleanor and Maria rode along to-As Eleanor and Maria rode along toward the mountain they felt as happy as the birds, for, happiness is a part of vouth; it is such a joy just to be living, and the world is so fresh and lovely and holds so much in store.

"Maria," said Eleanor. "we must make old Billy step a little faster, for do you see how long the snadows are growing? Twilight will soon be coming on and you know it gets dark sooning on, and you know it gets dark sconer in the mountains than in the open country, so we must hasten."

#### TEMPTED TO LOITER

"Oh, Eleanor, just stop for a minute to listen to the birds. How they sing this evening! There is the sweet note of 2 lark across the fields; and do you of 2 lark across the fields; and do you hear that dear little song sparrow? They are among the first spring birds. I heard them in February, when the snow was on the ground."

"Yes," said Eleanor. "Isn't it levely to hear them sing." Wouldn't the country seem quiet without the birds? I just love them, and don't know now boys can be so cruel as to kill them and rob their nests. Why, I even like the crows, with their 'caw-caw,' as they fly over the fields and woods."

"I believe the robins are the last birds "I believe the robins are the last birds going to sleep at night, for often they sing after dark in the spring even-ings," said Maria. 'And then in the morning, about 4 o'clock, they are the first to get awake, and all begin to sing so loud that it seems as though they thought they had overslept themselves and were calling to each other and saving, 'Waken up, waken up, or

you'll not get your share of early worms!" "Don't you wish we had no school these spring days?" asked Eleanor. "I just hate the single rule of three, and I'm so afraid of the master, with his red, he is so atom and cross." rod; he is so stern and cross."
"Wasn't it dreadful," said Maria, "the
way he whipped Betsy Brewer, just beway he whipped Betsy Brewer, just be-cause he caught her drawing pictures on her slate when she should have been doing her sums in arithmetic?"
"Well, if he ever comes toward me with his rod I shall just snatch up my sunbonnet and run and never go back, said Eleanor. "I wish, anyhow, we didn't have to go to school, nor learn to work samplers, knit stockings and spin. It is so much more fun to be out of doors



bit like girls.

barn or gathering wild flowers along the creek."
"Oh, let us go for wild flowers to-mor"Oh, let us go for wild flowers to-mor"The woods row," exclaimed Maria. "The woods along the creek are full of them. The violets are thick in some places, and the hepatica, anemones, blood root and wild columbine are all in bloom." Perhans Davie will go with us for he

the foot of the mountain. The sun had already set behind Casey's Knob, the highest beak, and the shadows of evenng were beginning to fall over the valhas his rabbit traps set somewhere along 'I do hope the cows are not very far up the mountain, for it always seems, lonely in the mountains about this time in the evening," said Eleanor.
"I think I hear them now, and they are not far away," answered Maria. "Isn't that old Brindle's bell tinkling? Hurry up, Billy! Hasten your steps and don't be so lazy! Night is coming on." The girls had proceeded some little way up the mountain when Maria exclaimed: "Oh! I see such lovely arbutus there among the moss—the first I've seen this spring. We must have some to take home."

So they were tempted to jump off old Billy, and while he nibbled at the young leaves they enjoyed gathering the deliciously fragrant arbutus, with its delicate pink waxen flowers and trailing dark green leaves. What a joy it was to find the lovely star-shaped flowers half hidden under the leaves and Suddenly they heard a noise, and, looking up, saw the cattle rushing down the mountainside, leaping over and tram-pling down the underbrush, and appar-ently in terrible fright. The girls knew

About this time the girls had reached

by their actions that something serious was the matter, and looking around for a rock or stump from which to spring upon their horse, to their dismay, they could see neither. So they hastily climbed a sapling which they fortunately happened to spy, and from this mounted their horse and followed the frightened herd as fast as they could.

#### A WILD FLIGHT

They had proceeded but a short distance when they heard the screams of a wild animal, repeated at regular intervals, and close behind them, until they had reached the foot of the mountain and gained an open field. Old Billy must have felt the danger, too, for, urged by the terrified girls, he followed the cattle at a lively rate of speed across the field The girls were almost breathless with

fright and excitement when they reached the house, and after they had told their parents all about their adventure and described the peculiar screams of the wild animal, their father said he was sure they had been followed by a panther, and had made a miraculous es-

And, sure enough, his surmise was correct, for next morning his neighbor told him he had had one of his finest cows killed the night before in a field adjoining the mountain, and it had undoubtedly been the prey of a hungry panther.
Eleanor and Maria never again ventured to the mountain alone, and as long as they lived they narrated time and again to their children and grandchiliren this story of their escan panther. JESSIE BOWLES FISHER.

#### Prince Goo-Goo-Ram-Ba-Loo-Kis-Tan A Story for Discontented Boys

RINCE GOO-GOO-RAM-BA-LOO-KIS-TAN once upon a time said to himself: "I am a-weary of shooting at the deer with my bow and arrow, and I am tired to death of putting on my pea-green hunting suit in the morning and my black velvet promenade suit at midday and my turquoise and white satin dinner suit in the afternoon, and my ermine-trimmed prince-of-the-line suit when I sit beside my father

"I don't like the homely little sweet-heart I'm going to have to marry some day, even if she is going to be the Queen of all Kat-chil-i-wee-mee when her father dies. "I'll just go off somewhere and see new sights, so I shall." No sooner said than done. The King's royal skiff was rocking idly at the quay. Into it leaped Prince Goo-goo-ram-ba-loo-kis-tan, and in a trice the graceful oars were fastened in the locks and put

in court.

Away off, miles and miles down the wide river, out into the great sea rowed the discontented Prince. Finally Prince Goo-goo-ram-ba-lookis-tan grew pretty tired, and began to look around for a place to put in his boat and find food and rest.

Spying a little cove, he made straight for it, and as he gazed ahead saw a or it, and as he gazed ahead saw a shining yellow spot.

"What can that be, I wonder," said Prince. Goo-goo-ram-ba-loo-kis-tan. Then he discovered that the yellow thing was a fair haired maiden, very beautiful, indeed, who was washing shells on the shore.

"What is Your name, beautiful girl?" "What is your name, beautiful girl?" asked the Prince, just as soon as he could jump out of his boat, "Good-for-nobody," answered she, and

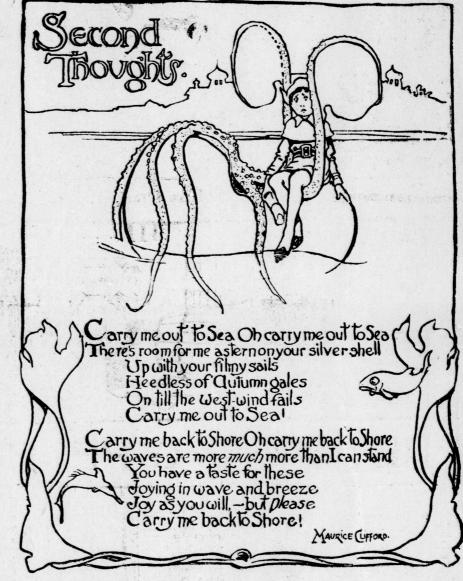
showed her charming teeth in a fascinating smile.
"May I come to your house?" asked "If you want to be called 'Nobody' you may, for I am good only for nobodies," she replied. the Prince.

"Very well," promptly replied the Prince, for he was madly in love with the beautiful Good-for-nobody. After that for a good many days the Prince stayed at Good-for-nobody's house. But as he had nothing in the world to do except wall, around with Good-for-nobody and watch her simper as she washed seashells and hear her say foolish things, his good sense began to come back to him. At last one day he walked down to where his lonely boat was moored and, digging his toes into the sand, began to think aloud:
"I declare! What have I done all these days that I have been here? Not. these days that I have been here? Not a single thing. Who cares for me here? Good-for-nobody doesn't, for she hasn t enough brains nor heart to appreciate any one. Why didn't I see that long ago? And no one else cares a groat for me, for I've been a nobody sure enough."

Then he fell to thisking that his life. Then he fell to thinking that his life back at the palace was a pretty useful and happy one, if there was the nuisance of changing his costumes so often. And he remembered that the Princess Kat-chil-i-wee-mee was a nice, sensible girl, if she was homely, and he was glad to recall that she didn't simper and that she did beautiful sewing instead of stu-

The waves seemed to say: "Come back home, Prince Goo-goo-ram-ba-loo-kistan! Come back home and you'll find it good enough place for you to live and So the Prince got right into his boat, and without a single good-bye (Good-for-nobedy did not miss him, anyhow) rowed fast and eagerly for home, where at sunset he arrived, and was welcomed into the arms of his mother and was gladly received by everybody else.
"Home is the place." thought the "Home is the place," thought the Prince, with a secret blush of shame. "Here I can live usefully and happily, and I have very little, after all, to make me discontented." So after that Prince Goo-goo-ram-ba-loo-kis-tan never wandered off again in search of something

pidly washing seashells.



#### "THE FAMILY CAT"

To "Petie," From a Cat-Loving Friend.



I can fold up my claws In my soft velvet paws, And purr in the sun Till the short day is done; For I am the family cat.

I can doze by the hour In the vine-covered

bower. Winking and blinking Through sunshine and shower:

For I am the

family cat. In the cold winter's night, When the ground is all white, And the icicles long silver

I stay not to shiver pale quiver; But curl up in the snug as a mouse. And

play Jack Horner In the coziest cor-Breaking nobody's

With my chin on my paws; Asleep with one eye and Awake with the other; For I am the family cat. From the Cat Journal.

## "KIDDIES AND KITTENS"

#### Sporty Parrot.

One day at a farm I saw a parrot, who had been hung out of doors, unfasten the bottom of its cage and fly out. It lit on the back of a chicken, which ran away, giving Poil a fine ride, as he yelled: "Ha, ha' I'm the stuff!"

R. K. T., Mount Airy, Pa.

#### Methodical Puss.

Our eat had three kittens, a white, a gray and a black. Every day she washed them, and laid them in a row, white in the middle. If we changed them while she was gone, she hastened, on her return, to replace the white one in the middle. R. K. T., Mount Alry, Pa.

#### Gladys and the Clock Key.

Little Gladys, watching her mother wind the clock, asked: "Muvver, what you doing?" "Winding the clock, dear, with the clock key." Shortly after Gladys wanted something in the side-board, which was locked. She ran to her mother and said: "Muvver, please div me de clock key; I want to unwind de sideboard."

#### BEATRICE PRIESTLEY. Good Back Scratcher.

Anna, aged 4, had often seen the neighbor woman scratch her back. One neighbor woman scratch her back. One day she put a kitten on her mother's back. "Don't, dear, the kitten will scratch me," said her mother.

"Well," replied Anna, "can't kitty scratch your back just as well as the lady next door scratches hers?"

FRIEDA ARM.

#### Won Her Friendship.

I once had a large white cat. She was very playful, and I liked her very much. One day my uncle gave me a little puppy, who, was very playful and wanted to make friends with Kitty. But Kitty cuffed him and sent him away. He went out, but soon returned with a mouse, which he dropped at Kitty's feet. They were friends after that.

CLYDE FORD, Le Raysville, Pa.

When my little brothers were coming from school one day after a storm, they found young robins whose nest had been blown to pieces. They brought them home, and put them in a cage, and the old birds fed them until they could fly. They would come back whenever

#### MARTHA HARRIS. Mischievous Willie.

Willie had been in mischief while his mother was out. When she came in he pretended he was asleep. When she asked the second time if he did the mischief he answered: "Hush! I'm mischief he answered: "Hush! I'i asleep." HELEN CARR.

#### Abraham and Isaac.

Charles and Herbert, aged 4 and 5. were playing in the yard one day last winter. Soon Charles came in wet all over, and when asked how it happened, replied: "Herbert was offering me up as a sacrifice, like Abraham did Isaac, and I rolled off the snow pile."
MINNIE VANDEGRIFT.

#### Wind-Blown Feathers.

When my Uncle Bert was a little boy he had a little dog named Zip. One day he was out playing when a dog passed by, and Zip's hair stood on end in anger. Uncle Bert saw this and cried, "Oh, mamma! look at the wind blowing Zip's feathers!

#### MARTHA A. SHARPLESS. Mutual Admiration.

Little Mary Snyder and little Frances Taylor loved each other better than any Taylor loved each other better than any one else they knew, and each thought the other the finest little girl she knew. One day little Frances was out walking when she met a lady, who said: "You are the cutest little girl in town." Little Frances looked at her a moment, and then said: "Don't you know Mary Snyder?" Very truly yours,

JOHN F. SNYDER.

# Transposition Puzzle. Diamond.

'They Rode Along Happy

as Birds'

h o t a m a boy's name.
c a l h a p a boy's name.
s a o c a boy's name.
a t i r p c a boy's name.
c d i l a boy's name.
The initial letters spell the name of a boy's name.

Buried Names of Girls. Old Mother Why wants to know if you can find the buried name of a girl in each of the owing sentences:
Ella, my doll is lost.
Janet, Helen and Herbert, you are going

also.
2. Did it mar your pleasure?
4. He lent me a book.
5. No. Ralph, you must not do it.
6. Emma, you are kind.
7. Ethel, lend me your book.
8. There is the rut he fell over.

### President Acrostic. My first is in reap, but not in sow. My second in known, also in grow. My third is in long, but not in short. My fourth in knife, also in fork. My whole is the ame of a former President.

Old Riddles. . How can you shoot 120 hares at one of?

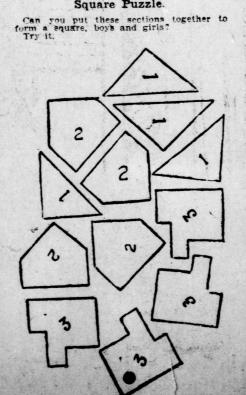
Why does a miller wear a white hat?

When is a sailor not a sailor?

Why is a hive like a spectator?

Why is a monument like a proud man?

Square Puzzle.





What Three Cities Can you tell Polly Evans what three cities are reprecities are repre-sented by these pictures?

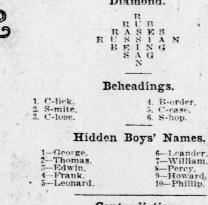




Answers to Last Week's Puzzles and Problems Word Puzzle.

Subtraction. Charades.

Word Square.



Contradictions.

IN THIS game let the first player give a proverb. The next player must try to contradict it with another proverb. For instance, the first one quotes "Out of sight, out of mind." But the second one immediately remembers to quote, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." If you want to you can make a writing game of this instead, giving each player a piece of paper with a proverb written on it for him to answer with a contradictory proverb. Here are ex-"A stitch in time saves nine." "A tear is the accident of a day, but a darn is premeditated poverty."
"A rolling stone gathers no moss."
"If at first you don't succeed, try, try "Beauty unadorned is adorned the ost." "One might as well be out of "Marry in haste and repent at lef-sure" "Happy the wooing that's not long a-doing. "Discretion is the better part of valor." "Nothing venture, nothing have." 'All's well that ends well." "A thing

"A penny saved is a penny carned."
Penny wise, pound foolish."
"A man of 40 is either a fool or a
hysician." "He who doctors himself has a fool for a physician." Puppy's Letters

There is honor among thieves." When thieves fall out, honest men get

"Fine feathers make fine birds." Handsome is that handsome does."

well begun is half done."

their dues.

Come here, puppy, say your letters—
A and B, and C and D;
You must learn them, like your betters,
Or you'l! be a dunce, you see.

Bark them after me quite clearly— This is D for dog you know; That means you, I love so dearly. Stand quite still—don't fidget so.

What is that? You're not attending.
And you'd "rather romp and play"?
So would I; we'll stop pretending,
And just put the book away.

-E. D. Farrar.

## NAN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY SOUVENIRS

NAN was going to have a birthday party out at grandway party out at grandma's house.
Ten little girls were coming to spend the afternoon and stay to supper. There was only one thing that troubled Nan, and she went out into the kitchen where grandma was frosting cakes, the afternoon before the party, to talk about it. The cakes looked so good that Nan never could have stood it if grandma had not baked her tasters. patty pans, of every single kind of

"Everything is too good for anything," said Nan, leaning her elbows on the table, "except I wish I did have silvernears for the party."
"Goodness me." said grandma, "what's "Things for them to take away to 'member my party with, for always," answered Nan. "Silvernears is the best "Oh. yes. souvenirs; yes, I see. Well, we must see about them, then. Didn't

we must see about them, then. Didn't you tell me there were twelve kittens down at the barn?"
"Yes," said Nan, "and—oh, grandma, you said they'd have to go, some of them anyway, 'cause the farm was getting overrun with cats; but, grandma, you wouldn't say so if you could see wouldn't say so it you could see them once; they are the sweetest, cunningest, dearest—"" said grandma calmly, "they always are. But why not give them to the party for sourenirs?"

"Oh, grandma, you are the dearest—you always think of the perfectest got through laughing, said yes."

things! Of course, there'll be one apiece and two for me-and you don't mind the two for me, do you, grandma? And, of course, grandma said she didn't mind. So the next day, when the ten little

guests went away, after having the

most charming time, they each took with them a kitten, in a box with slats

fixed so that it could breathe; and after they were all gone Nan went down to the barn. When she came back she looked very soler. "I wouldn't have thought." she re-marked, "that I could have felt so lone-ly without ten kittens. I hope I'm not

getting selfish." And grandma smiled And grandma smiled.

The next day grandma was upstairs, when she heard Nan calling; and then, rushing up the stairs, accompanied by a chorus of mewing, she burst into the reom, her cheeks very red and her eyes very bright, with ten boxes piled up in her arms. up in her arms.

"Oh. grandma," she cried, "the party all came back and brought their silvernears! They said their mamas said they were just as much obliged, but they had so many kittens now they do not really need any more, and—oh, grand really need any more, and-oh, grandma, don't you think we can keep them

And, of course, grandma, when she

### Supposing.

Supposing trees grew down, like beets, in orchard and in dell;
To climb for pears and oranges we'd simply dig a well!

Supposing rain was black as ink; imag-ine what a sight 'Twould often make of picnickers, at-tired in pretty white!

Supposing birds were eagle-big, and walked instead of flew;
I'd like to know what chance there'd be to take a stroll, don't you?

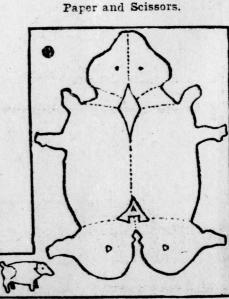
Suppose that snow was hard and het, instead of soft and cold. How dreadfully the people who slipped down in it would scold?

Supposing fishes swam in air, as thick as in the sea.

'Mid whales and sharks and porpoises, how frightened we would be: Supposing we fell up, just think how very far we'd fall! And presently the earth would have no people left at all!

Why Not? Four-year-old Margaret was looking at the pictures of some animals, when, turning to her sister, she said: "Mattie, if you call the animals with the lines on lions, do you call the ones with the dots 'dotties?'

MATTIE FITZPATRICK.



Take paper and seissors and cut out a design like this. Then fold over, and result will be a first-class pig. Polly Evans would be pleased to know if any of you succeed in sketching original cut-out pictures of animals—say a bear, an elephant or a bird of some kind—with good results.