

THE BOYS AND GIRLS

A Song of Snow-Time

Sing a song of snow-time
Now it's passing by,
Million little fleecy flakes
Falling from the sky;
When the ground is covered,
And the hedg, and trees,
There will be a gay time
For the chickadees.

Boys are in the school house,
Drawing on their slates
Pictures of the coating place,
And thinking of their skates;
Girls are nodding knowingly,
Smilingly about,
Thinking of a gay time
When the school is out.

Three o'clock, four o'clock,
Bang! goes the bell;
Get your hats and cloaks and wraps,
Hurry off pell-mell!
Bring along the coasters all
If you want some fun;
Up to the hill-top
Jump and slide . . . run!

Steady now! Ready now!
Each in his place!
Here we go, there we go,
Down on a race!
Sing a song of snow-time,
When the flakes fall;
Coast-time, skate-time,
Best time of all!

The Mysterious Player

"Molly," mamma called, softly, "don't, dear! Baby's just beginning to get sleepy."

The sharp little patter of trills and scales on the piano kept on, undiminished.

"Molly, stop playing at once!" Mamma's voice had the ring of command in it, but the patter of notes still continued. She did not dare to move, for baby's eyes were narrowing drowsily to little blue slits, and they must not fly open again. When at last the noise stopped, they were shut, and baby had landed on Noddle's Island after a long trip on a "choppy" sea.

Molly tiptoed into the room. "Molly," mamma said, gravely, "didn't you hear me tell you to stop drumming on the piano?"

"Why, I never, mamma!" whispered Molly, surprised, "haven't been in the music room at all!"

"Then it must have been Faith, but it didn't sound like her. She really plays little tunes?"

"Faith's out in the hammock, mamma."

"Why!" mamma said. "And the boys are gone. Who could—Hark!"

The patter of notes again, running up and down the keyboard. Molly's eyes grew big with astonishment.

It was a queer little tuneless jig, with rests and "andantes" and "fortissimos" playing tag through it, and A flats and B sharps stepping on each other's heels.

Then it stopped short. Mamma held out her hand to Molly, and they stole part to the music room door together. No one there. Peter Purr lay curled on the sofa in a doze, not looking at all as if he had just seen a ghost. So the queer little mystery stayed undiscovered until, a day or two after, Molly suddenly stepped right into the middle of it. She

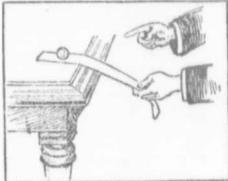
was hurrying through the hall when she heard the piano "going" again in the funny way.

"O, my!" she thought. "There 'tis playing on itself again—why-ee!"

For she had stopped at the door, and there was Peter Purr playing a tune all to himself! Peter Purr! Who ever would have thought? Molly stood and watched him do it. He leaped from the piano stool to the keyboard, and whisked lightly back and forth, in great delight at his own music. His soft, padded toes stuck the notes gently and made funny trills and quavers. Over and over again the tune played under his feet, and then it came to a sudden end. Peter Purr leaped down to the floor, and before Molly could unscrew the little round "O!" of astonishment her lips made, he was fast asleep on the sofa.

The Standing Coin

Take a long, narrow strip of paper and upon it place a five cent piece in an upright position, as shown in the picture. Take the end of the paper in the left hand and strike it rapidly and



forcibly with the right. Give a sudden pull, and you have the paper in your hand, while the coin stands in the position it did before. It would seem as if the coin must fall, but try it, and with a little practice you will be able to accomplish the trick.

Some Good Conundrums

We won't vouch for the novelty of all the following brain-twisters, for no one ever broaches a conundrum in a company but some one has heard it before. However, not one of you have seen all of these:

Why is the letter A the best remedy for a deaf woman? Because it makes her hear.

Why is bread like the sun? Because when it rises it is light.

Which was the largest island before Australia was discovered? Australia.

What trade should be recommended to a short person? Grocer (*grow, sir*).

When is money wet? When it is due (*deu*) in the morning and missed (*mist*) in the evening.

What is the difference between the Prince of Wales, an orphan, a bald-headed old man, and the gorilla? The first is an heir apparent, the second has re'er a parent, the third has no heir apparent, and the fourth has a hairy parent.

What is larger for being cut at both ends? A ditch.

Why is a watch dog bigger by night than by day? Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.

Under what conditions might hand-

kerchiefs be used in building a wall? If they became brick (*be cambric*).

If Rider Haggard had been Lew Wallace, who would "She" have been? She would have "Ben Hur."

Which is the most dangerous season of the year to walk in the woods, and why? In the spring, because the trees shoot, the flowers have petals, and the bulrush is (*bull rushes*) out.

If the alphabet were invited out to supper, which of the letters would get there late? All those letters which come after "L."

Mother's Way

Whenever I am had all day
Until I'm really ashamed to pray,
I wait till mother comes to say,
"Good night, dear child." That's mother's way.

And then, somehow, I don't know why,
I tell her everything and cry.

She hugs me then and tells me away
I feel less sad. That's mother's way.

And mother kneels down by my bed
And pulls my face close to her head,
And we both snuggle down and pray,
That's why I'm glad for: mother's way.

Three Things

Three things to love: Courage, gentleness, affection.

Three things to admire: Intellect, dignity, and gracefulness.

Three things to hate: Cruelty, arrogance, and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in: Beauty, frankness, and freedom.

Three things to like: Cordiality, good humor, and cheerfulness.

Three things to avoid: Idleness, loquacity, and flippancy.

Three things to cultivate: Good books, good friends, and good humor.

Three things to contend for: Honor, country and friends.

Three things to govern: Temper, tongue, and conduct.

Two things to think of: Death and eternity.—Henry Van Dyke, D.D.

Politeness Taught in School

Said the teacher to the grammar class,
To which our boys belong.

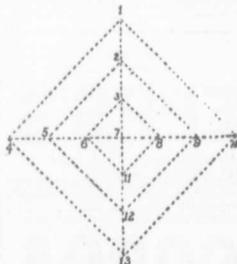
"The horse and cow is in the field,
Now, what in that is wrong?"

"The cow and horse is in the field,"
Spake one in manners versed;

"Because, you know, 'tis more polite
To mention ladies first."

Try to Solve This Puzzle

The puzzle is to trace over the dotted lines without going over any part of a



line twice until the whole diagram has been covered, the pen to be taken off the paper only once between starting and finishing.