

way as daintily as she could through the soft snow.

'I'm following in your footsteps, Gertrude,' Patty called out, planting her storm rubbers in her friend's tracks. 'And in two senses of the word,' she added mentally, as she gained Gertrude's side and slipped an affectionate hand through her arm.

'How are you enjoying your holiday week?' asked Gertrude. 'Haven't the days seemed to fly? I meant to do some studying, but I haven't found time for it yet.'

'Neither have I,' said Patty, seriously. 'At least not school studies; but I've taken up a new study that isn't in the books. You're partly responsible for it,' she added, smiling at her friend's mystified look. 'Some time I'll tell you more about it; but now I'll have to go in here. Poor Mrs. Brown is so miserable this winter, and I've been promising to run in and read to her.'

The Scrapbook League.

(By Effie Stevens.)

'I do wish we lived in a city instead of way out here in the country on a farm,' sighed Alice discontentedly, as she folded up the letter which she had been reading for the dozenth time since receiving it. 'Then perhaps I might belong to a sunshine club such as Cousin Grace writes about. She says they do such lovely things to help other people, besides having nice times among themselves.'

'Huh!' exclaimed Ted. 'A sunshine club may do very well for girls, but I'd rather belong to a boys' brigade. They wear real uniforms and have drills, and go into camp once a year. I tell you, it must be fine. Will Rogers, that city boy who was visiting at Deacon Brown's last summer, told me all about it. They had one in the church he attended, and he belonged.'

'I wish it was against the law for it ever to rain on Saturdays,' wailed Fay, as she flattened her nose against the windowpane and watched the rain trickle down its outer surface. The others were too used to Fay's odd remarks to heed this one.

'If I hadn't this old cold I wouldn't have to be shut up in the house with a pack of little girls, rain or no rain,' grumbled Ted.

'Why, Ted Robinson!' cried Alice indignantly, 'I'm a year and nine months older than you are.'

'You play dolls, anyhow,' taunted Ted. 'Children, children,' called their mother from the kitchen, 'it isn't nice to quarrel.'

'We are not quarrelling,' spoke up Alice promptly. 'We are only arguing.'

'Well then,' said her mother, 'please argue in the future in tones that don't sound quite so much like quarrel tones.'

The children laughed, and so the indoor storm which had threatened was averted. 'It's a club, it's a club,' chanted little Beth happily from her perch beside the dining-room table, as she bent her curly head over the scrapbook she was making. She had caught the new word from the conversation of the older children, and this was her own quaint little way of learning it.

'You're a love, anyway,' declared Alice, rushing over to her small sister and giving her a big bear hug.

'What do you know about clubs, baby?' Ted asked in tones of good-natured banter. Boylike, he could not resist an opportunity to tease.

'I do,' insisted little Beth, who was proof against all teasing. 'It's a scrapbook club, all myself.'

'O Ted!' exclaimed Alice excitedly, 'Let's be a Scrapbook League, and wear badges, and make scrapbooks.'

'I used to make scrapbooks when I was a child,' remarked Fay patronizingly.

Alice and Ted choked back their laughter with difficulty, for Fay was only nine and a half now, and they did not wish to hurt her feelings.

'We'll make 'em just like Beth's,' grinned Ted.

Beth's scrapbooks were folded pieces of brown wrapping paper on which she pasted recklessly and often upside down, much to the amusement of the older children, the pictures which she cut from old newspapers and flower catalogues with her wide-bladed, blunt-pointed kindergarten scissors. She never seemed to tire of making them nor to long for some new pastime.

'There are lots of old papers and magazines

The Prince and the Beggars.

(By Dorothy Deane, in 'Scattered Seeds'.)

Like a prince in his old-time story
He sits at his palace gate;
About him bent and hoary
The ragged mendicants wait.
The prince is a daring fellow,
Wears velvet and cloth of gold,
A tunic and cap of yellow;
Rags shelter them from the cold

Then I open the study shutter,
And scatter their daily bread,
They come with a rush and a flutter,
Where the bountiful feast is spread.
For the 'prince is my yellow canary,'
The beggars, so gay and free,
Are only the sparrows wary,
That live in the old elm tree.



He quaffs from a crystal chalice,
They stoop to the wayside spring;
He dwells in a lordly palace,
They hide beneath Winter's wing
They covet his royal splendor,
His ease and his tunic gay;
The bars of his cage are slender,
They think him as free as they.

My little gold-bird is a poet,
He pipes me a roundelay;
A captive—he does not know it,
And sings in a blithesome way.
But at times in his prison narrow,
He wishes that he might be
A gay little beggar sparrow,
Out in the old elm tree.

which we might have, in the attic,' continued Alice, ignoring her brother's remark. 'There are pieces in them that are worth saving, and I know mamma will make us some of the nice starch paste which she makes for Beth.'

'But where will we get our scrapbooks?' queried Ted, at last really interested. 'I have several stiff-covered, five-cent copybooks which I bought for Beth to scribble in,' said their mother, who had entered the room in time to hear their plan. 'They will make nice books to keep, if the pieces are pasted in neatly, and they are not so large that you need grow discouraged in your attempt to fill them. I can easily get Beth some more the next time I go to town.'

The old papers and the copybooks were produced, and the children were soon gathered about the big table, busily engaged in cutting out pieces and pictures and pasting them into their scrapbooks. They became so interested in their new employment that they forgot all about the rain which had threatened to spoil their holiday.

Their mother showed them how to paste one wide column or two narrow newspaper columns of printed matter down the middle of each page, leaving a margin of an inch or more on each side. This made it possible for the book to be closed when it was filled without having to cut out any of the pages.

She also suggested that instead of filling their books with clippings on various subjects, as people usually do when they set about

making a scrapbook for their own amusement, each select some special subject and fill the book with articles about it.

Alice took 'Holidays' for her subject, and was surprised to find so many pieces in the papers about the origin of the various holidays—Thanksgiving, Christmas, St. Valentine's Day, Easter, etc.—and the manner in which they are celebrated in her own or in other lands. Ted chose 'Air Ships' for his subject and became intensely interested in it. Fay filled her book with pictures of dogs and anecdotes and information about them.

Of course that first afternoon was only the beginning, but the time sped so rapidly that the children were amazed when their mother told them they must put away their work, as it was time to set the table for supper.

'I never knew an afternoon in the house to be so short,' Ted remarked.

Other stormy Saturdays and parts of the long winter evenings, after the lessons for the following day had been prepared, were spent upon the scrapbooks.

When the first ones were finished they made a nice addition to their small supply of books, and as each had read not only all the pieces which he had put into his own book, but those the others had used as well, all had acquired quite a little interesting and instructive information.

The children had enjoyed filling their first books so much that they were eager to start new ones, and their father said that he was