

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE

"KING LION'S STRENGTH."

You have all heard about Samson and what a strong man he was. Well, this story is about another strong man who was a king—known as the elector of Saxony. It all happened many years ago.

One day this king went into a blacksmith's shop to have new shoes put on his horse, and while he was waiting for the blacksmith to make the shoes the king showed his friends who were with him how strong he was by picking up several horseshoes and breaking them in two with his hands.

Then he pretended that he was very much astonished at the poor shoes that would break so easily, and shouted to the blacksmith, "Have you no better shoes than these?"

The blacksmith smiled to himself, for

though the king did not know it, the blacksmith was a very strong man also.

So when the shoeing was done the king threw down a silver coin on the anvil to pay for the work, and what did the blacksmith do but break the coin in two with his strong fingers.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "but I have given you good horseshoes and expect a good coin in return." The king threw down another coin, and the blacksmith broke that, and five more, one after the other as fast as the king laid them down.

The king was much crestfallen over this and threw down a gold coin. "The others perhaps were made of bad metal," he said, "but this gold piece is good, I hope."

Then he rode away, leaving the blacksmith laughing over the joke.

THE ELEPHANT KNOWS SOMETHING

A celebrated author once told a tale about an elephant that would, indeed, have been remarkable had it been true, and so skillfully did he manage the fanciful story—leading on from point to point—that the reader finds himself nearly half through before he realizes how impossible it all is.

The author starts by pointing out how very sensible elephants are, what wonderful things they have been taught to do, and as most people are ready to acknowledge this, it does not come as a great surprise to learn that this particular elephant was taught to read.

Of course such a thing is quite out of the question, but it is this willingness to believe wonderful stories that has led to so many "wonderful stories" being told.

Then, too, we are not always careful in attaching the right meaning to what we hear and see.

Thus, if we go to a circus and see performing elephants, we are apt to consider as proofs of intelligence the little tricks which are merely the outcome of training.

The fact that very few lessons are enough to teach an elephant to do these tricks may show that he has a strong memory and a lively brain, but he does not really understand the object of the task.

elephant evidently considered, for he presently lowered the end of his trunk till it touched the floor in a line with the coveted prize, as though taking careful aim.

Another moment and it had vanished into the great mouth, the just reward of perseverance and resource.

An Indian officer once, taking a horse ride in the forests of Ceylon, encountered a domesticated elephant, that showed something very like courtesy.

The traveller says that he had not proceeded far when his horse stopped suddenly, started by a loud noise which came from a neighboring patch of forest.

It was a series of hoarse, short grunts, repeated again and again.

The horse was with difficulty induced to go on, and its terror was only increased when a few paces brought them in sight of a large elephant.

The latter animal had evidently been left by its master to continue its labors alone, and with conscientious zeal the business was being attended to.

This consisted of the removal of an immense beam of wood along a narrow pathway, and the limited space made the task such an awkward one

YOUR SISTERS' HOUSEPARTY



Nor knowest thou what argument,
Thy life to thy neighbors' creed has lent,
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

A SUMMER IN TOWN

"I simply can't fly another inch," said Mrs. Robin as she settled down on a teacup and sighed.

Mr. Robin frowned. "I told you you were getting too fat down south there," he said. "Now, what are we to do? We can't set up housekeeping in the centre of a city."

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Robin, sharply. "I've always heard of the conveniences of city life and I mean to try them. I see a lovely location for a house, about half way up, and a neat little wood upon it, behind the carving of a tall palace."

"Best place in the world," she cried. "Solid, substantial, private, wind-proof and proof—I'm going to raise it. You'd better look out—you'll find it's food proof, too," grumbled Mr. Robin, but his wife only turned up her bill at him.

"That's your lookout, not mine," she said. "Here I am for the summer—hurry, there's a beautiful start for our nest looking down this minute."

It was a small wooden raft, but small as it was, it was heavy for them. Still between them they caught it and pulled it in to the great delight of the little girl who had dropped it, and who leaned so far out to watch that she nearly tumbled after—and the Robins couldn't have caught her, no matter how they might have tried.

She made up her mind to help them some more, and the Robins found a great many wonderful things that made their home the handsomest and snugest they had ever had.

"It's the conveniences of city life," said Mrs. Robin. "I told you how it would be, didn't I?" Then Mrs. Robin had found a wonderful window sill where bread crumbs grew and bits of green stuff.

Mrs. Robin threw upon the new life, and so in time did the four little Robins who popped their heads out of the pretty blue-green eggs one day.

"Really, I'll miss this home dreadfully," said Mrs. Robin, as she lined her family up for their flight south in the autumn.

The child was at the window where good things had grown all summer, and Mr. Robin fluttered and said, "Goodbye" as plainly as a robin could, and the little girl understood and nodded.

"Come back again," she cried. "Thank you," said Mr. Robin. "I will."

VERY LONG PLANTS.

The longest plants in the world are seaweeds. One tropical variety is known which measures in length, when it has reached its full development, at least 70 feet, or about one eighth of a mile.

A PENNY TRICK.

Place a penny flat on the table, then seize it by the edges between the points of two pins. You may raise it without difficulty. Blow against the open surface and you will see the coin twist round and round.

SAVING BLUEBELL

Little Lucy Case had lots of good times, for she had four brothers, all old enough not to tease and not one of them too old to play.

But they were busy a good deal of the time and there were no little girls near, so Lucy was lonely sometimes, till one day Brother Ben brought her home a kitten. Lucy named her "Bluebell" on the spot.

When Bluebell had been with Lucy nearly a year there was a horrible noise one night that woke Lucy up, but before she had a chance to be frightened Brother Ben rushed in, rolled her tight in her blankets and ran downstairs with her. Their house was burning.

Ben carried her to another house across the way and went back to work at the fire, when suddenly his mother cried, "Lucy—where's Lucy?"

"Safe—I took her to Mrs. Hunt's" answered Ben, but his mother shook her head. "She's not there," she called and everybody stopped a moment, anxious, busy as they were. Lucy was a great deal more precious than the burning house!

Ben suddenly spoke one called, "Look there," and pointed.

The fire lit up the whole inside of the burning house, and there they could see, coming down the stairs, the flames lighting up her white night gown and her tumbled curls, their Lucy!

Every one rushed toward her, and she laughed at them, shook her head, started to run herself, and in a second was safe among them, wondering why they looked so frightened and why her mother was crying.

"I had to go back," she explained. "We forgot Bluebell, and I couldn't leave her there alone, could I?"



They grew to love each other very much.

OLD RANGER.

Old Ranger was a big red setter who lived on a farm. Ranger's mistress was very sick.

He missed her and looked so unhappy that his master stopped to pet him when he came out on to the porch with another man, whom everybody called "Doctor."

"She doesn't seem any stronger," the doctor said. "If the weather would only change, or she could eat something, I might have something to say for her."

"No," and Ranger's master shook his head sadly. "She did say she'd like a bit of quail, but after this hot summer they've all gone. Ranger and I hunted hours yesterday, but we didn't see any game at all, did we, old boy?"

Ranger's master was so sad he never noticed that Ranger followed the doctor away, trotting along in the cloud of dust his buggy left behind it.

But he missed him at dinner, and when he did not come for supper either, he got worried, for he was very fond of Ranger. "Where can he be?" he thought, as he went to the gate to look up and down the road for the tenth time, when suddenly, far away, he saw coming a little cloud of dust.

Nearer and nearer it came, and finally out of it appeared four tired red legs, and a drooping plump tail, and then Ranger trotted to his master's feet and laid a fat young quail!

And, all dirty as he was, it was in his mistress' room that Ranger had his supper, gnawing the biggest bone he ever had, while she nibbled her quail and smiled over at him.

"You dear old doggie—I do believe you've saved my life," she said, patting his head.

THE GRAY WOLF.

Ever so many years ago there lived a very poor man. His family had very little to eat and wear. He had several daughters, the youngest of which was so lovely and good that she was known throughout the whole land as Princess Beauty.

One cold winter night a big gray wolf went to the poor man's door and rapped loudly. He told the poor man that if Beauty would marry him he would give him a beautiful home and all the money they wanted. He put it into the smallest loaf. It is yours."

At first Beauty would not listen, but when she thought of how poor her father was and how comfortable she could make them, she consented to marry the wolf.

Upon his back the gray wolf carried Beauty, many many miles away to a beautiful palace. It was beautiful inside and glistened with jewels. It made Beauty feel dizzy until she became used to it, and then she wished her sisters were there to see it, too.

But when she looked at the ugly wolf she thought she was paying dearly for her lovely home. The wolf was very kind to Beauty, though, and wished so much that she could love him.

One day he found her crying bitterly. It made him very unhappy and he laid his ugly head in her lap and cried, too, to think she was so unhappy with him. Beauty had a very kind heart and she was sorry for the poor wolf who loved her so dearly.

She laid her hand on his head and two pearly tears fell from her beautiful eyes upon his ugly body. As soon as they touched him he changed into a handsome young prince and he and Beauty lived very happily ever after.

So, you see, all wolves are not just real unchangeable wolves, and just a little headrap and a kind word can change the ugliest kind of an ogre into the nicest Prince Charming you ever saw.

THE SMALLEST LOAF.

There once lived an old baker who was very fond of children. Often he would plan pleasant surprises for them.

One day he invited a large number of girls and boys to come to his bakery shop. To each child as he walked down the street the old baker said, "Well, my child can you come to my bakery at 4 o'clock?"

At four o'clock a large crowd had gathered. The children felt sure he had some pleasant surprise for them. They were not disappointed, for there was a large basket filled with nice, fresh loaves of bread. How the children pushed and scrambled for them!

Among the crowd was a little girl. She was so small that she did not wish to scramble into the crowd, but stood quietly aside. After the children had each snatched a loaf and ran gleefully away she stepped up to the basket and took the last loaf. It was very small.

She thanked the baker and ran home with it. When she cut it out fell a brand new gold piece. Thinking there had been a mistake she ran back to tell the baker.

"No," said the baker, "there is no mistake. I put it into the smallest loaf. It is yours."

GOOD DOG BARRY.

Did you ever hear about Barry, the most famous dog in the world? Barry was a St. Bernard dog, and very large and strong, and very gentle. He lived way up in the Alps mountains in Switzerland, where it is cold almost all the time, and people get lost and sometimes freeze to death before they are rescued.

Barry lived with some monks who had a monastery up in the mountains, and they were very good men, and trained Barry to hunt for travellers who were lost in the snow.

When he found one who had fallen half frozen in the drifts, Barry would run back to the house barking all the way for help. Then the monks would follow him and carry the poor traveller to their warm home and care for him.

Barry knew all about the dangerous places in the mountains, and when there would be a snow slide he would bound off to the spot to see if anybody was hurt under it.

One of the wonderful things he did was to save the life of a little boy who had gotten lost in the snow. The boy was still conscious when Barry found him, and the dog made him understand that he was to climb up on his broad back and hold on to his shaggy neck. The little boy did this and Barry took him straight to the monk's house, where they gave him a warm supper and took care of him until he was sent home.

You will be surprised when I tell you that Barry saved forty lives in the twelve years he lived with the monks. That was a great many, wasn't it? and the monks and the other friends of Barry must have been very sad when he finally died.

THE CLEVER JUDGE.

One day two cats were walking through a large cellar. They found a nice piece of cheese. Each eyed it greedily.

"Who shall divide the cheese?" asked the first cat.

"I, of course," said the second.

"No, you shant. You will take more than your share."

They quarrelled for some time. Finally they agreed that their friend the monkey would be judge and divide it.

Along came the monkey with his scales. He bit the cheese into two pieces and put them on the scales.

The first piece was much larger and heavier than the second. So he took a large bite from the heavier piece.



Waiter, take my order, please
A KNOWING TERRIER.

THE CUTENESS OF BIRDS.

"I was much amused one afternoon" says an observant naturalist, "by a little family scene on the twig of an elm tree, where a fly catcher had her tiny brood of five, just out of the nest, all perched in a row. She was feeding them and the little dots, took their rations with great content, as often as the mother caught an insect and flew back with the morsel to each open beak in turn.

The regularity with which she kept count, feeding one after another, in exact order, from top to bottom of the row, was very interesting.

Presently one small chap grew impatient, and while the mother was away fluttered over and crowded himself into the place next to the bird last fed, exactly as if he had planned to get the next fly. He sat there, looking very sobby and innocent, when the mother returned, but she saw the trick at once and gave the insect to the right bird, and I fancied she whisked the interloper with her wing as she passed, by way of cuffing his ears. Probably he was the rogue of the family and she knew him too well."

THE TIRED BEE.

There was once a very busy bee. He worked hard all day, flying from flower to flower, sipping the sweet nectar and then flying back to his hive and depositing it in the honeycomb.

One evening he was very, very tired. He looked around and found he had flown a long way from home. It would be after dark before he could get back, for he was so tired he could not fly fast. He knew that by the time he reached home the doors would be closed and the other bees gone to bed. He decided to fly to a nearby hive and ask for shelter for the night.

The bees of this hive said: "No, we have no room for tramp bees."

The poor tired bee felt very sad. He flew to a tulip and told his sad story. "The tulip felt sorry for him and said, 'You may stay here in my house all night and rest.'" She then closed her doors.

The tired bee found a nice, soft bed inside and protection from the wet dew that night.

In the morning, as soon as the sun awoke, the tulip opened her door. The tired bee was rested now. He thanked her kindly and flew quickly to his own hive.

Soon the tulips will be in bloom. Watch some night when the sun is setting and see how they close their doors.

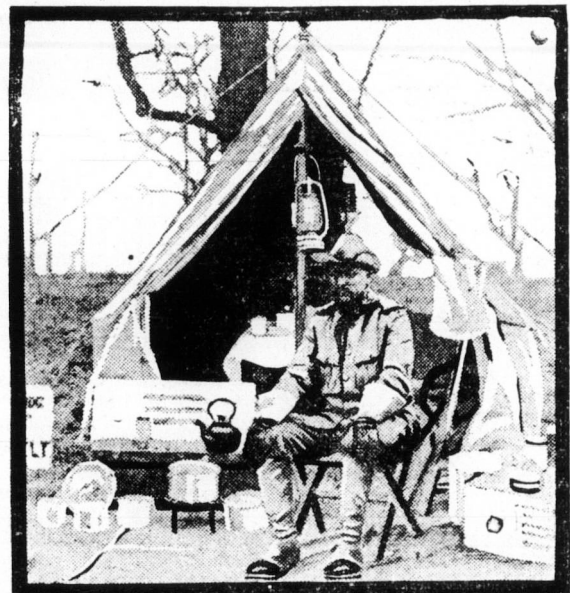
A HUNTER'S CABIN.



Boys who live close enough to some woods to be able to make frequent trips there will find it full of fun to put up a hunter's cabin for permanent use.

Make it in two sections, arranging four forked sticks for the campfire between the sections.

At the extreme inner end of each section you can arrange a locker. To serve also as cupboard and safe for your kettle, dishes and other valuables



"TEDDY'S" TENT FOR AFRICAN USE.

He performs it, mechanically, as a parrot talks, he acts in obedience to his master's wishes.

But when we seek for proofs of his wisdom we must observe him under no special guidance acting for himself.

Many years ago a famous student of animals and their ways was visiting one day a menagerie that once existed in London, England, at a place called the Exeter Exchange. Here he came upon an elephant "at home."

A few minutes before some other visitors had brought food for the great animal and among the remains of this a potato still lay outside the bars of the huge cage in the floor of a narrow passage along which the sightseers passed.

Thrusting his trunk between the upright beams, the elephant made futile efforts to obtain the potato, but it lay some inch or two beyond his reach.

Consideration was necessary, and the

that the poor elephant was sorely tried by having to manoeuvre the load first right and then left with wearing repetition.

Who can wonder that a little impatience was shown and the grunts of ill-humor were now and then heard?

As the sound of the horse's approach fell on its ears, the elephant dropped the load and gazed for a moment on the new-comers.

Then, realizing that they would require the whole of the narrow path, he stepped on one side, forcing his great body into the brushwood.

The horse's terror was now almost too great to control, but his master urged him on, filled with astonishment to see that the elephant appeared to notice this terror as well, and sought to lessen it by giving them a wider berth.

When at last they were all safely past, the elephant turned to his work, seeking no excuse to leave it undone,

The Black Cricket.



My coat indeed is black,
But of music I've no lack.
I can pipe you a sweeter tune
Than any singer of June.

Happiest and most contented of all the field musicians, I sit in my doorway beneath the flat stone and play to the sun as he sinks behind the hill. I chirp merrily to the first star that twinkles in the evening sky, and when I am tired of making music I go marking. Grass, roots, fruit and vegetables I gather to keep my cupboard

well filled against a rainy day. Vegetation though I am, once in a while my mouth waters for the taste of a juicy worm or a spicy bug. Then, indeed, I have to be spry and catch my nimble meal.

Watch, how, while I fiddle for you, and raising my short wing covers rub them together lengthwise and fill the twilight with a flood of sweet music.

"DIXIE BITS" THE PLAYERS SEE

