

## For the Children

AN' EAT, AN' EAT, AN' EAT.

Our cellar's full as it kin be  
'Ith eatables. There's ham,  
An' beef, an' chicken, headcheese, an'  
A great big leg of lamb.  
A feller's mouth jis' waters when  
He sees sich piles o' meat.  
I wish't 'at I could go down there  
An' eat, an' eat, an' eat.

There is a dozen lemon pies  
'Ith yaller cream on top,  
An' twenty-seven jelly cakes.  
I'm jis' as mad as hop  
'Cause mother sez I got to wait.  
By jing, it would be sweet  
To git inside that cellar, an'  
Jus' eat, an' eat, an' eat.

There's pecks an' pecks o' pickled beets,  
Potato salad, too.  
There's cherry pies an' cookies, just  
A-starin' straight at you.  
I'd like to git down cellar now,  
Away from all the heat.  
I'd sit in there fer half a day  
An' eat, an' eat, an' eat.

Both Maw an' sister Emeline  
Has cooked fer days an' days.  
The threshers 'll be here to-night.  
They hev sich hungry ways  
'At we'll hardly have enough.  
I never seen the beat  
The way them fellers kin sit down  
An' eat, an' eat, an' eat.  
—B. C. Saturday Sunset.

\* \*



"Say, Pa, won't you buy me a drum?"  
"No, I'm afraid you'd disturb me with the noise."  
"No I won't, Pa; I'll only drum when you're  
asleep."—Life.

\* \*

### I WONDER WHY.

(By Mazie V. Caruthers.)  
I wonder why, when mother's tucked  
Me in an' I'm alone,  
My room should seem so different?  
Now, if I hadn't known  
That great black Something by my bed  
Was just a chair, I'd 'most  
Been half afraid it was a giant  
Or Mr. Bluebeard's ghost!

My curtain, flowered pink by day,  
Hangs long and limp and white,  
So like a lady Goop I feel  
A little scairt at night.  
I try to be courageous, but  
When you're alone in bed  
You think of all the awful things  
In fairy tales you've read,

And, first you know, queer shadows steal  
From out the corners, so  
Right where I hung my clothes I'm sure  
There's Something moves, and oh,  
I feel a crawly, creepy chill  
Way from my head to feet,  
And little girls feel comf'tabler  
To hid beneath the sheet!  
—Lippincott's Magazine.

\* \*

A teacher in a small school had been giving some talks on the protective colouring of animals, and she felt sure that her questions would be answered correctly. "Why do we find that so many worms have a green colour?" she asked.

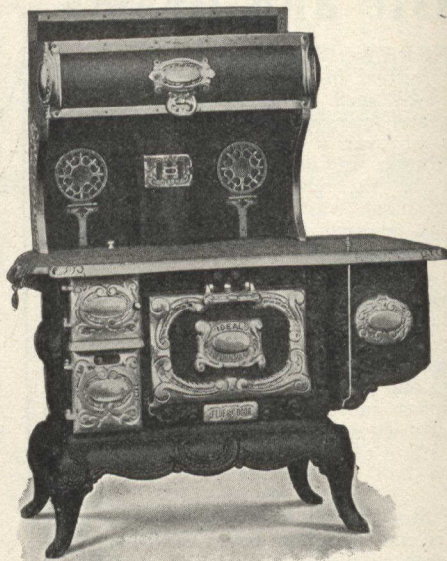
Willie, the youngest, was called upon. "'Cause they aren't ripe yet," he said. "When they're ripe they're butterflies." — Youths' Companion.

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