A PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Five Adventurous Pigs

NEVER were five pigs more startled than Mother Pig and Billy and Jacky and Peggy and Eliza when they caught sight of the Angora goat glaring fiercely at them.

You remember the story you had last week, do you not, about Mother Pig and her children escaping from the home pen and starting out to see the world? About their starting out to travel on a railroad handcar and their narrow escape from being run over by a fast night express? And about their wandering into a farm and prowling about the barnyard to see what might be seen? It was while they were doing this, you remember, that Timbalo, the Angora goat, spied them and immediately began glaring fiercely at them as if to say, "What business have you here?"

They were sorry, indeed, they had not been more observant when all of a sudden Mother Pig gave one terrific squeal.

"Children, children, run for your lives!"

One terrified glance at the billy-goat! Then you should have seen them take to their heels. In about thirty-six seconds they were over the fence, and, oh! it was a jump for fat Mother Pig.

Not till they reached the highway did they stop to take breath again. And after that Mother Pig carefully avoided farms and barnyards. So they wandered about pretty hungry and pretty forlorn all the rest of that day. But they never wandered far away from the railroad track, for their hope, you remember, was that they might fortunately find the handcar back on the track again and might continue their travels on it.

At last, when darkness began to draw on, they turned their noses toward the railroad track, and there, sure enough, was the handcar on the track. No men were in sight, strange to say, so Mother Pig hustled her family aboard, and lost no time starting down the track as fast as the children could work the "pump-handle."

Now, although they did not know it, of course, the great city was only five miles away, and so it was not so very late that night before its twinkling lights and houses and chimneys became visible, and filled them with the wonder and excitement that country people always feel when they see a big city for the first time.

Pretty soon they passed large factories and packing houses, one of which gave forth a strong odor of sausage.

"Goodness, children!" exclaimed Mother Pig, "that smells dangerously like the smokehouse near the home pen, and you know no piggy who ever got into that house ever came out again. So, let's hurry past this place!"

Suddenly they saw a lantern swinging, and heard a gruff voice ejaculate: "Well, what in thunder is this?"

"Run, children!" panted Mother Pig, and the next instant, deserting the handcar, she and her four children scurried away as fast as their legs would take them.

They happened to enter a very fashionable avenue, on which they presently encountered a pompous man with a blue uniform, gilt buttons and a wicked-looking club.

"Children, children!" groaned Mother Pig, "see that awful looking creature? What shall we do? Oh, how foolish I was to bring you away from home. The world is full of peril for pigs. Oh, what to do!"

Billy was ready with a good suggestion.

"I'll tell you, mother, let's go into the big house yonder, where the door stands so hospitably open and such a stream of light is shining out."

Anywhere to escape the policeman, for that was what he was! So they scrambled up the immaculate marble steps into the luxurious hallway of the elegant house.

It happened, somehow, that no one was there to dispute their entrance. And how should they ever guess that they would not be as welcome here as they had been at the pigpen where they had spent the previous night?

Delighted with the hallway, they wandered into the drawing room, where many candles were ablaze with lights and many mirrors reflected so many apparently real and live pigs that Mother Pig was filled with joy and squealed a friendly "How do you do? This is as unexpected as it is delightful!"

Still not a human being in sight! And the reason was that a family wedding was going on in a neighboring church, taking all of the household away except the butler and the cook, who just at that moment were out at the back sharing some wedding cake with the cook next door.

Peggy and Eliza could only murmur a faint "Wee! wee! wee!"—they were so dazzled by what they saw; but Billy and Jacky, without stopping to oh! and ah! disappeared at once through an open doorway to explore the rest of the house.

All at once there was a squeal of delight, followed by another.

"Oh! Jacky and Billy have found something interesting!" exclaimed Mother Pig. "Come, Peggy and Eliza!"

And, hurrying helter-skelter out of the drawing room, they followed the direction of the squeals they had heard, finding Billy and Jacky at last in front of a huge thing with black and white teeth and a stool.

Mother Pig raised her nose and touched the teeth, then shrieked with mingled terror and delight at the flood of sounds that came from them. (It was a piano, you understand.)

Then what did venturesome Billy do but clamber up on the stool, whence he found he could easily reach the "teeth" with his sturdy forefeet. And what sounds he produced from them! And what thrills went through Mother Pig and the other three children, fairly intoxicating them so that before they knew it they were circling and pirouetting about on the floor in a sort of waltz.

And not one of them in the least dreamed of interruption, till of a sudden, like a clap of thunder, came the exclamation: "My gracious! What 'ave we 'ere?" from the doorway.

There was the butler, amazement written all over his stupid English face! Mother Pig set up a shriek of terror and rolled off the sofa where she had thrown herself down to recover breath. Billy, Peggy and Eliza collapsed into a pitiful heap on the floor, while poor Jacky, tumbling panic-stricken from off the stool, caught a leg between the pedals and broke it, alas!

"Sho! Sho! You dirty beasts!" roared the butler waving his arms about in a very threatening manner. Now, if Mother Pig had only known it, Mr. Butler would not for the world have touched her, lest he should soil his immaculate livery, which had been donned especially for the wedding reception to follow the ceremony at the church.

But not knowing it, and being in a frenzy of fright, she let forth an ear-splitting squeal and bolted past the appalling butler to the open front door. Close at her heels flew Peggy, bumping against the butler who, in his precipitate retreat, stumbled over squealing Billy and Eliza.

By the time he had recovered his wits all the pigs were gone—all, that is, except poor, crippled Jacky.

"Well, I'll do declare!" exclaimed the butler, "'e's a cunnin' lookin' beast, so 'e is! And, poor thing, 'is leg is broke!" (For he was a soft-hearted fellow.)

And, procuring a large newspaper, he wrapped it about Jacky and picking him up bodily, carried him squealing to the basement. And there he nursed the broken leg so that it would do to limp about on, at least. And then, being such a soft-hearted fellow, he told his master about Jacky, and got him to send the little fellow to his country place, where Jacky may be seen any day alive and well.

The rest of the family, sad to say, did not share Jacky's good fortune. Although in the darkness they got separated, by morning they found themselves united—in the Pound!

But their days in the Pound were few in number and full of apprehensions. Sure enough, they disappeared one morning, and the cats told the dogs they heard the men say, "Those pigs are all sausage meat now!"

Do As You Please.

SAID the animals once, "We are tired of man;
He's a trouble and worry and tease;
We will just take a trip, and go sailing away
To the county of Do As You Please."

So they sailed away in a steamer so grand,
With their luggage and children and wives;
The funniest folks in the funniest clothes
You ever did see in your lives.

But they were so merry that none of them cared,
And they laughed, and ate cocoanut ice,
And jam and bananas and lettuce and hay,
And everything else that is nice.

And at sunset they came to a beautiful land,
Where they hoped to live happy and free;
But they rushed for the shore in such desperate haste
That some of them fell in the sea!

Poor Bunny O'Bobtail and Tortoise MacSlow
Had a ducking, I grieve to relate,
While Sir Monkey escaped by the tip of his tail
And the presence of mind of his mate.

And the Goat kicked the Duck, and the Baby Seal squealed,
And the Sea Serpent savagely hissed,
For, somehow, just doing the things that they pleased
Seemed to give all their tempers a twist.

So the very next morning, the very first thing,
They all bundled back to the ship,
And came back with delight to their homes and to men,
And have never since been on a trip.

E. D. F.

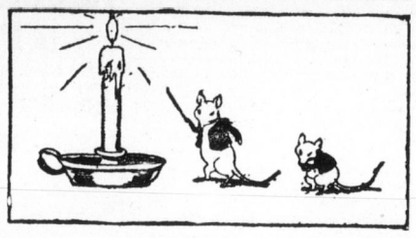
Peter's Lost Whiskers

THE candle was alone on the table (except for the candle-stick, which did not count, for it was made of tin and had no feelings).

It was a very hot evening, and the candle felt faint and weak.

"I wish some one would come and put me out," sighed the candle; "it's altogether too hot to work."

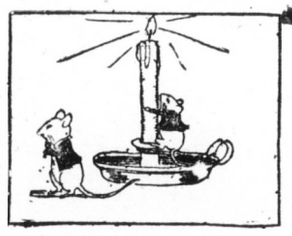
Presently she became aware of a little head with two big ears and two bright eyes, and a great deal of whiskers, peeping at her over the edge of the table.



It was a mouse! and if there was anything in all the world she hated, it was a mouse. Yet here she was, fixed tight in a candlestick, and quite unable to run away!

Then, to her horror, another mouse appeared, just like the first, only much smaller.

"Come along, Timmy," squeaked the



first mouse, "here is a candle—the best eating in the world. We are in luck!"

It was little Timmy's first visit to the big world outside the attic, and he looked big-eyed and serious, for he had never seen a lighted candle before.

"What's the 'yellow part' at the top for?" he asked. "It dazzles my eyes."

Now Peter was a mischievous fellow, and even cruel, for he heartlessly undertook to make "game" of his little brother.

"Oh, that," he replied, "that's the best part of all. Mm! it does taste good—and smell good! Just climb up and get a sniff of it, Timmy." (For he thought it would be such fun to see Timmy burn his poor little nose.)

"Huh-uh!" muttered Timmy, shaking his head. "I'd rather not, Peter. Let's go look at something else. Cheese is awfully good. Let's find some."

"No, sir!" exclaimed Peter. "I'll not go another step with a cowardy cat. Afraid of a candle! Why, you baby! Go back home to mother and the girls."

This cut Timmy's pride to the quick, and without a moment's hesitation he turned and leaped up on the candle-stick. Then he began working his way slowly up the candle, drawing nearer and nearer to the bright, yellow flame.

But his weight was more than the backboneless tallow could hold up. So, before Timmy could quite reach the top, Miss Candle fainted "dead away," and fell—where do you suppose? Why, right on top of snickering Peter!

Yes, squarely on top of Peter, who had been so busy stuffing his mouth with a handkerchief to keep from laughing aloud that he had not noticed Miss Candle's collapse.

Ugh! how the hot grease sizzled down his neck and scorched his back all the way down to his tail! How it singed his two dainty ears and alas! —worst calamity of all—burnt his beautiful whiskers all away, down to every last hair!

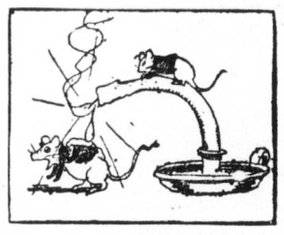
And how he squeaked! and how little Timmy squeaked—for Timmy was horribly frightened, thinking wicked Miss Candle was about to eat his big brother up.

You can imagine how happy, how very happy and thankful they both were to see home again, and how humble Peter was!

At first Mrs. Mouse who was standing at the door, looked very much frightened, for she had heard the awful squeaks in the distance and had thought that a cat had surely got them.

But when she heard Peter's tale of woe, her fright turned to anger.

"Aha, you bad boy!" said she, "so you are suffering precisely what you meant poor little Timmy should suffer through your cruel jest. Well, you are being well punished, so I



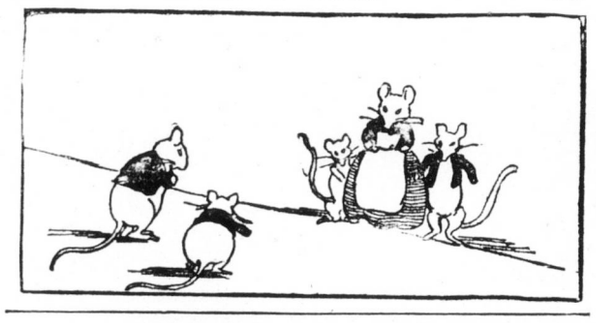
shall not add any punishment."

Peter's whiskers were never beautiful again, and his little coat was ruined. And—just think of it!—he had to creep shame-facedly about the house in his mother's dressing gown until she could afford to buy him a neat little kimono for his convalescence.

And he had to stand a lot of fun being poked at him by his brothers and sisters and cousins, who thought it was a pretty good joke on Peter that the tables should have been so neatly turned on him instead of on innocent little Timmy.

Peter has made up his mind never again to attempt a practical joke on anybody.

S. B.



HAVE you ever tried making a fountain, boys and girls?

Ask your mother for three tin baking pans, one quite large, one smaller and the third smallest of all.

Next get a yard-long section of gas pipe from the plumber, also a length of rubber hose, a tiny rubber ball and a yard or so of fine wire.

Ask the plumber to run the gas pipe through the three pans and solder the openings to prevent leaks. That is, do so if you think you cannot do the job yourself.

Now fasten one end of your fine wire to the little ball and run the wire through the pipe, fastening it at the lower end so as to keep the ball resting loosely on the upper end.

By this time your fountain is nearly ready. The largest pan is at the bottom and the other two pans are above it at intervals of about 12 inches, the pipe rising 12 inches above the smallest pan.

Now set the fountain wherever you wish it to be, close to a spigot or reservoir. Take your rubber tubing and fitting it over the lower end of the gas pipe, connect the latter with the spigot of your water pipe or reservoir.

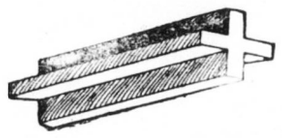
Turn on the water and it will play nicely out of the top of your pipe, lifting the ball as high as the wire will let it rise.

If you want a prettier effect, bore a hole in the pipe between pans, and thus give the water two or three additional openings through which to play.

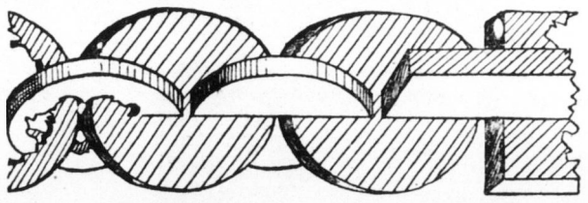
Paint the whole fountain white or green and it will be real good looking.

How to Whittle a Chain.

It isn't every boy who knows how to whittle a beautiful chain out of wood. But every boy dearly loves to whittle, and no real boy who is permitted to carry a knife would dream of being without one. So every boy will be interested in studying these pictures and seeing how well he can work out the directions with his own good jack-knife.



If your knife has two finely tempered blades—one large and one small—it is just right for this purpose.



And any clear, straight, grained wood will do for the chain. The harder the wood, the more difficult your work, but more beautiful your chain.

Cut a piece of wood 12 inches long, 1 inch wide and ½ inch thick. Draw guide lines on it, as shown in the picture, making them straight and true, as the success of your chain depends very much on them.

The four corners of the stick must now be whittled away, leaving you a cross-shaped piece—cross-shaped at each end, that is. Do this work with great delicacy and care, in order not to cut too deep and spoil the whole job.

Now you have to plan the links of the chain. If you want them to be of exactly equal size, you must previously outline them, of course.

Now your stick is 12 inches long. Suppose you want twelve links. Then each one, of course, must be 1 inch long. Mark as indicated in the picture. One set of links overlapping the other set.

So far, so good. Now the most difficult task of all is to shape and loosen the links. Before doing this, study these pictures carefully to find just what parts have to be cut away.

Use the small blade and work slowly and surely. When at last you have finished the cutting work—all the links being loosened and shaped properly—sandpaper them smooth.

Unsatisfied

THERE was a little chicken that
was shut up in a shell;
He thought to himself, "I'm sure
I cannot tell
What I am walled in here for—a shocking
coop I find,
Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind."

He went out in the barnyard one lovely
morn in May;
Each hen he found spring-cleaning in
the only proper way.
"This yard is much too narrow—a
shocking coop I find,
Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind.

He crept up to the gateway and slipped
betwixt a crack,
The world stretched wide before him,
and just as widely back.
"This world is much too narrow—a
shocking coop I find,
Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind.

"I should like to have ideals, I should
like to tread the stars,
To get the unattainable, and free my
soul from bars,
I should like to leave this dark earth
and some other dwelling find,
More fitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind.

"There's a place where ducks and
pleasure boats go sailing to and fro,
There's one world on the surface and
another world below."
The little waves crept nearer, and, on
the brink inclined
They swallowed up the chicken with an
enterprising mind.

—Adelaide G. Waters.

Just Planted

Little Robbie, aged 4, was one day walking around the cradle, where lay a wee, bald-headed baby.

Robbie regarded him earnestly for a while, and then, looking up, said:

"Mamma, dis baby's hair hasn't tum up yet."

Dominoes for Children

DOMINOES are not difficult to make. Beat half a pound of butter to a cream, adding gradually two cupfuls of sugar; add the yolks of four eggs. Beat thoroughly; then fold in the well-beaten whites and three cupfuls of pastry flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Pour into greased shallow pans to the depth of half an inch. Bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes.

When done, turn out on a cloth to cool, and when cold cut with a sharp knife into oblong pieces the shape and size of a domino. Cover the top and sides with white icing; when this has hardened, dip a wooden skewer into melted chocolate and draw the lines and make the dots of the dominoes.

Children are always delighted with these little cakes.

"I Can't" and "I Can"

"I CAN'T" met "I Can" out a-walking
one day;
Said "I Can't" to "I Can,"
"What's the reason, I pray,
That you're always in spirits and I'm
always out;
That you always succeed in what you
set about,
While I can't do a thing that I wish?"

Said "I Can" to "I Can't," with a
smile in his eye,
"In asking your question you hint the
reply;
Instead of 'I wish' say in future 'I will,'
'I can' for 'I can't,' and you'll not take
ill,
It I say you'll be twice what you are."

The Longest Bridge

The longest bridge in the world is the Lion Bridge, near Saugong, China. It extends five and a quarter miles over an arm of the Yellow Sea, and it is supported by three hundred huge stone arches.

Interesting Things About a Curious Spider

"DO YOU want to hear about some curious spiders?" said Aunt Amelia one evening to the children seated around her on the porch.

"Oh! yes, tell us about them, please, or anything else interesting," answered Dick.

"Yes, you know so many curious things about insects," added Helen. "Do tell us something to while away this rainy evening."

"Well, I will first tell you about a spider that builds for himself a craft out of leaves, on which he sails over the water in search of prey. This fairy boat he makes by putting the leaves carefully together, one over another, and binding them with silken cords, which he spins."

"What a clever idea!" exclaimed Paul. "What sort of spider are these ship-builders?"

"They are members of the Dolomodes fimbriotus family—that is their scientific name—and I regret to say they are pirates, as fierce and bold as ever sailed the seas. In appearance, they are large and brown in color, having around the body a band, or sash, of rich orange, barred in an odd manner; a double row of white spots adorn the under side of the stomach, looking like buttons on a waistcoat, and the legs are a light red."

"My, what gay little fellows they are!" exclaimed Helen.

"Yes, they are very fanciful in coloring," answered Aunt Amelia. "I once watched one of these cunning sailors make his craft and launch it, and it was an interesting sight.

"Sitting along the bank of a stream one day, I noticed a spider looking for something in the grass; seizing a leaf, he lifted it and placed it on another, binding them together with silken cords; then he quickly ran after another leaf and repeated the process until he seemed satisfied with the size of his craft, when he spun his cords around the whole mass. The vessel was by this time, perhaps, an inch and a half thick and four inches across.

"Now he seized the little boat in his strong mandibles, or jaws, and drew it toward the water; resting a moment between pulls, he finally reached the edge of the stream, and the fairy craft glided into the water; the gay sailor then sprang upon it and floated away down the stream."

"How cunning he must have looked in his leafy boat!" exclaimed Dick. "Did you watch to see what became of him?"

"Yes; at first I touched him several times with a blade of grass, and how quickly he would dart under the water, appearing again when the supposed danger was over. Then soon I saw an unwary fly alight near him, and in a twinkling he dashed out into the water and seized his victim, swimming back to his raft to enjoy the feast at his leisure. After a while he darted off again after something that rippled the water, but alas! he did not come back this time to his craft.

"A hungry young frog may have spied and siezed him unawares, and his deserted boat drifted down the stream."

"And so the cruel spiders sometimes come to an untimely end," said Helen.

"Yes, it seems they have their enemies, too, as well as everything else. There is another spider," continued Aunt Amelia, "which, although it does not make a raft, has no fear of the water, and frequently goes fishing. And there is still another that lives under the water by carrying down bubbles of air with it."

—Little Chronicle.

JESSIE BOWLES FISHER.

To Salute the Flag.

MANY boys would like to know what is the proper form to use in saluting the American flag. The military salute is as follows:

Standing at attention, raise and carry the right hand smartly to a point over the right eye, thumb and fingers extended and joined, hand at an angle of 45 degrees. Drop the hand smartly to the side.

A good form of salute for a boy not in uniform or engaged in military exercise is that of raising the hat with the right hand and drawing the left arm to the left side.—American Boy.

A Familiar Figure.

The little ones were being taught to read by the word method and had learned to recognize the word "cat" wherever it appeared. The next lesson was the expression "a cat," and the teacher, not knowing but that Junior had learned some of the letters at home, pointed to the word "a" and asked him what it was. After studying it closely for a moment or two, with many a twist and wriggle, he suddenly announced:

"Miss Jay, it's a piece of a cat!"

—Little Chronicle.

Jolly Outdoor Games

OF COURSE, you boys and girls all know how to play jackstones. But you may not know all the games that can be played with jackstones.

Do you know "Cats in the Well," for instance? It is played in the following fashion:

Roll the jacks from the hand to the ground; these are the cats.

Then place your left hand near them, with the first lightly closed, the thumb and first finger forming the opening to one well.

Jack may now be thrown up, and, while he is in the air, one of the four cats on the ground must be picked up and put in the well.

Repeat the operation with the second, third and fourth cats until all have been drowned in the well. The left hand may now be taken away, leaving the dead cats in a bunch.

Now Jack may be tossed up, and this time all four cats must be picked up before Jack comes down.

Here is a game played with a ball, called "Black Baby." Do you know it?

It is a jolly, noisy game, and must be played on level, soft ground.

Make holes, one for each player, about three feet apart and all in a line. Each boy must stand by and guard his particular hole, while the boy at one end tries to roll the ball (use a common hollow India-rubber ball or a soft yarn ball, covered with leather) slowly along the line of the holes, so that it will drop into the hole at the extreme other end.

If he succeeds, then the boy at the other end tries to roll it back to him in the same manner.

But this cannot go on very long without the ball falling to go the full length of the line and dropping into one of the many holes between ends.

As soon as this happens, all the players except the one who guards the hole holding the ball scamper away for dear life, crying "Black baby! black baby!" while the boy on guard snatches the ball up and "fires" it as hard as he can at the boy he thinks he can come nearest to hitting.

If he misses the boy then all the players return to their places, and a little piece of coal—a "black baby"—is put into the hole that had just been guarded.

If, however, he hits the boy, then the boy who was hit must quickly pick up the ball and "fire" it at some one else. This is the beginning of a wild "crackabout," which lasts until some one unluckily misses and hence gets a "black baby."

As soon as any boy gets two "black babies," he is called "black baby half whitewashed."

The unlucky boy who first gets three "black babies" must take the ball, walk to a fence or tree or wall, and, resting his left hand and right foot against the support (which he must face), must throw the ball over one shoulder as far as he can behind him.

Then he must bend his back, resting his head against the wall, while all the other boys take turns pelting him with the ball, throwing it from the spot where it lighted after he threw it over his shoulder.

If any boy misses his back, then he can seize the ball and pelt the misser.

The Noble Life

True worth is in being, not seeing;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by-and-by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure;
We cannot do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

Ten Little Servants

TEN trusty servants,
Helping us all day,
Ten little servants,
Never wish pay.

When you are sleepy,
They help you to bed,
In summer they are white,
And in winter are red.

They put on your shoes,
And also your hat,
They buckle your skates,
And do this and that.

Can you guess the name
Of this good little band?

Rats That Eat Crocodiles

SEEING that a crocodile lays upward of twenty eggs, it seems wonderful that in regions like the Upper Nile these big and savage reptiles do not increase to such an extent as to become masters of the whole country around the river. Fortunately, a sort of swamp rat has found that crocodile eggs are good to eat, so digs them up from the mound in which the parent had buried them to hatch and devours them by the dozen.

Buffalo Devoured by Insects

A SINGLE wood-ant has been seen to attack and kill a caterpillar which actually weighed as much as twenty-seven of its opponents. The driver-ants of Central Africa at times march through the forest in solid columns hundreds of yards wide. They stop at nothing. Whatever is in their way is covered with savage insects, whose powerful jaws bite like fire. A buffalo has been found devoured and skeletonized by these relentless insects.