

THE BOYS AND GIRLS

Reminding the Hen

"It's well I ran into the garden,"
 Said Eddy, his face all gaww;
 "For, what do you think, mamma,
 happened?
 You will never guess it, I know.

"The little brown hen was there
 clucking;
 'Cut-cut!' she'd say, quick as wink;
 Then 'Cut-cut' again, only slower;
 And then she would stop short and
 think.

"And then she would say it all over,
 She did look so mad and so vexed;
 For mamma, do you know, she'd for-
 gotten
 The word that she ought to cluck
 next.

"So I said, 'Ca-daw-cut, ca-daw-cut,'
 As loud and as strong as I could,
 And she looked 'round at me very
 thankful;
 I tell you, it made her feel good.

"Then she flapped, and said, 'Cut-cut—
 ca-daw-cut';
 She remembered just how it went,
 then,
 But it's well I ran into the garden—
 She might never have clucked right
 again!"

Our Common Birds

Did you ever think what a lone-
 some, cheerless place the country
 would be without the chirp and song
 of birds, the flutter of wings in the
 tree-tops and the beautiful outlines of
 their graceful bodies against the sky
 as they swiftly rise or descend in
 their airy flights?



Meadow Lark

Did you ever think of the mother
 love in a bird which prompts her to
 countless journeys after food for her
 nestlings? Hungry she may be her-
 self, but not until each gaping mouth
 is filled and the brood settles down to
 slumber does she supply her own
 needs. Did you ever see a bird which
 nests on the ground, playing "sojer"
 and hopping along the path in front
 of you with drooping wing as though
 badly hurt? You ran after it, but it
 managed to keep out of your reach
 until, just as you thought you could
 put your hand on it, away it flew as
 strong as ever. It was only leading
 you away from its nest and its precious
 eggs.

There are few things so amusing or
 interesting as a "convention" of spar-
 rows or blackbirds. They seem to
 gather for miles around, and tree
 after tree is alive with them. They
 do not try to observe parliamentary

rules, for they all talk at once and
 probably—as in our human conven-
 tions—those who know least have the
 most to say. I often wonder what
 they are arguing about; they are so
 earnest over it all and so determined
 to be heard.



Yellow Warbler

If we knew more about birds we
 would not be so ready to kill them.
 Boys on the farm are taught that birds
 destroy grain and fruit and must
 therefore be put out of the way. Late
 investigations have proved that in the
 case of most of our common birds this
 is a mistake, and instead of being
 enemies of the farmer they are his
 best friends.

What Peggy Lent

Peggy watched Mrs. Toomey go
 away with a look of relief on her
 tired face.

"O mother," Peggy said, "I wish I
 could lend something to somebody,
 too!"

"Well, why not?" said her mother,
 cheerily.

"Truly?"
 Peggy hurried to the door, but Mrs.
 Toomey's calico dress was just a lit-
 tle blur of dingy red in the distance.
 It was too late to call her back.

"And there isn't anybody else with
 seven little mites o' children and a
 landlord," Peggy said, coming back
 into the kitchen slowly.

"Besides," she added, as a sudden
 afterthought, "I spent my money yes-
 terday—I forgot.

Mother smiled. "Never mind, dear
 heart," she said; "there are other peo-
 ple to lend to besides Mrs. Toomey,
 and plenty of other things to lend be-
 sides money. Now run out on the
 verandah steps and eat your lunch-
 eon."

It was cool and shady out there;
 but just outside the reach of the great
 leafy branches of the lime-tree how
 sunny and hot! Peggy munched her
 cake and pitied the people going up
 and down the street. She made be-
 lieve the avenue was the desert of
 Sahara, and it really did make a good
 one. There was such a wide stretch
 of glaring white dust to cross from
 curb to curb. Only of course—Peggy
 laughed at the idea—of course there
 wasn't a steady procession of camels
 going up and down the Desert o'
 Sa'rah! On the avenue the cam—

ment the horses and the cars—went
 back and forth always.

"There goes that blind music
 teacher; he's going to cross the Des-
 ert o' Sa'rah," mused Peggy, lazily.
 "He always stops a long time and
 listens first. I shouldn't like to cross
 the Desert o' Sa'rah in the pitch dark
 either—my, no!"

Out on the curbstone the blind man
 waited and listened. His face was
 turned toward Peggy sidewise, and it
 looked anxious and uncertain. There
 were so many wheels rumbering by!

"He's going to give Tillie Simmons
 a music les—"
 But Peggy never finished that word.
 A sudden wave of pity swept over
 her. The next moment the blind man
 on the corner felt a little hand slip
 into his and a shy voice was saying
 something in his ear.

"It's me—I'm Peggy," it said. "I'll
 lead you 'cross the Desert o' Sa'rah
 just as soon as that 'lectric car goes
 by—there, now!"

Together they crossed the wide,
 hot avenue in a whirl of dust. Peg-
 gy's bare yellow head caught the sun-
 light like a nugget of gold. On the
 further curbing she slipped away and
 ran across again. By and by she re-
 membered the return trip the blind
 man must take.

"I'm going back there and wait for
 him so's not to miss him," she de-
 cided promptly. And away she flew.

But it was hot—my!—on the other
 side of the avenue! There was no
 tree there and Peggy thought it
 wouldn't be polite to sit on other
 people's doorsteps.

"Tillie Simmons takes pretty long
 music lessons," she thought, with de-
 finite sympathy for Tillie; and a gen-
 eral compassion for everybody else
 who had to wait around on sunny
 avenues without a hat on.

The return trip across the Desert
 of Sahara was made safely and the
 blind man plodded his careful way
 home with a happy spot in his heart.
 And Peggy—Peggy went home with
 a glad spot, too. She had never
 thought to be glad for her eyes be-
 fore.

Mother opened the window and
 beckoned to Peggy. "Well, was it as
 nice as you thought, dear?" she said
 smilingly.

"What—was what as nice, mother?"

asked puzzled Peggy.

"Lending things to people."

"Why—why I haven't lended a sin-
 gle thing to anybody, mother!"



Wild Canary

"No, not a single thing—two things,
 dear, I think you must have enjoy-
 ed it very much."

Peggy looked decidedly astonished.
 What in the world had she lent to
 anybody? Two things, mother said.

"O!" cried Peggy suddenly, laugh-
 ing up at her mother. Then her face
 sobered and grew gentle.

"Yes—oh, yes, I did it," she said.

Said he: "I've brought some roses."

Her answer seemed irrelevant:

It was, "How cold your nose is."