



"WHAT WAS THAT?"

## "WON'T WHITNEY."

Queer name for a boy, I admit, but you will be interested in hearing how he came by it. His mother named him Arthur, and he must have been about ten years old before the name "Won't" found him out and clung to him. They were having a grand snow fight, four against four, taking turns systematically, and having a regular bombardment; suddenly one of the four to which Arthur belonged gave a little squeal, and put both hands to his head. Arthur was bending down at the time, gathering a ball of the soft snow; he looked up quickly. "What was that?" he said. "Some of you fellows put ice in your snowball; that isn't the thing, you know."

"Never mind," called out the leader of his side, "Burt isn't hurt much. Stop your yowling, Burt, and take your turn; don't stop to talk, Arthur; they are one ahead now."

"All right," said Arthur, aiming with great skill the ball he had made, "only I won't play with fellows who throw iceballs; there's danger in them."

"Are you afraid of 'em?" asked his captain, with the slightest possible curl of his lip.

"Of course I am," said Arthur. "I'm always afraid when there's anything to be afraid of. My father says he has known iceballs to do life-long mischief, and that is reason enough for being afraid of them."

Two minutes afterwards his own captain threw an iceball which struck his opposing captain's ear, and gave a stinging blow. Arthur had his ball ready to send, but lowered his hand. "Look here," he said, "let us understand one another. Are we to have a fair game or not? I want it understood that I won't play ball with boys who throw ice."

"Seems to me you are rather free with your 'won't's'" said the captain, who for some reason felt cross that day. "If you belong to my company you will do as you are told."

"That's all right," said Arthur good-naturedly "only I want to be understood. If there is another iceball thrown by our side I won't belong to your company. My father doesn't approve of that way of playing, neither does professor Barrett, and you know it."

"Bow wow!" said the captain, though what that had to do with the argument I do not think he could have told. He was

so foolish in a very few minutes as to send another ball, made almost entirely of ice, with a thin coating of snow. Arthur saw him make it, heard the outcry of the boy who was hit, and dropping the ball he had ready, walked away, whistling. In vain they shouted after him that it was not fair; in vain they remembered that he was the best shot they had; they had lost him! "I said I would not belong if you sent another ball of that kind," he answered to their calls, "I thought you knew I meant what I said."

From that hour began his nickname.

"Oh! he won't come back," said Burt Hunter; "he's as obstinate as a cat; when he says he won't, he won't."

How the boys teased him! They shouted after him, "Does your mother know you're out this cold afternoon?" They offered him bits of silk to tie up his ears; they brought a little white mitten about large enough for the cat, and begged him to put his dear little nose into it, so it would not get hurt with a snowball.

To all of this Arthur replied only by good-natured laughs. In the course of time the boys forgot to tease him, or rather they found that it did not pay, because he was so unconcerned about it, and he became as popular as ever. Only his old name "stuck," as the boys say. In truth it was often on his lips. "I won't do it." "I won't go." "I won't have anything to do with you fellows, in that case," were sentences which became so common that at last it grew to be generally understood what could and could not be expected of "Won't" Whitney. The years passed, and the boys of Ward school No. 5 were far separated. One day in an Eastern town two rather lonely boys sat in their rooms in the fourth story of a large boarding school. They were new scholars and a little homesick.

A knock was heard at the door of one room, and the other boy, listening, could hear parts of a conversation. Presently came the words:

"No boys, you needn't coax me; I'm obliged for the invitation, and for your good intentions, and all that, but we may as well understand one another from the beginning, it will save trouble. I can tell you now, just as well as at any time through the term, that I won't have anything to do with any such schemes as that. I came to school to study and to have as good a time as I could get and keep the regulations;

and I won't if I know myself, and I think I do, enter into any fun of any sort, kind or description, which is contrary to rules."

Before the astonished leader of the five boys who waited could make any reply, the door of the next room opened with a bang, and the voice of the other new scholar said, "If that isn't Won't Whitney out here, then my name isn't Burt Hunter."

"Halloo, Burt!" and, "Hurrah for Won't!" said both boys at once, and shook hands as heartily as young fellows will, who have not seen one another in three years.

"His name is Arthur," explained Burt Hunter to his roommate next day, "but we boys used to call him 'Won't,' because he was as bold as a lion and as set as a stone wall. When he made up his mind he could say 'I won't' every time, no matter who coaxed him; and he's the same old chap still. I heard him last night telling what he wouldn't do, just as he used to. 'There's one thing I'll say for Whitney,' added the boy, musingly, "his 'won't's' are always on the right side—the side a fellow wishes he had been on when he gets home and in bed, and thinks of his mother. I've made up my mind to train in his company, and if I were you I'd give up that little plan you were telling me about and 'fall in' with us. We'll have no end of fun, trust 'Won't' for that; he's a great fellow for fun, and never gets into any scrapes. I'll tell you what it is, I believe a whole lot of 'Won't's' with backbone to 'em would make a big difference in this school. I've only been here a week, but I've discovered so much. I don't know as I would have thought of it if Won't Whitney hadn't come just at the right minute; but as it is my mind is made up. What do you say to our getting up a W. O. N. T. Society?"—Pansy.

## THE SLICED BOY.

BY REV. J. F. COWAN.

"What in the world shall we get him? I can't think of anything that will please the boy since he has so many toys."

"I don't think it ought to be so much a question of what will please him, any more as what will do the youngster the most good. There are so many things he needs to learn about. This is a big world—let's see, how would some game of animals do? He needs to know more about animals."

"Yes, about one little animal in particular, that he should be at work trying to tame. I know that you will say 'for shame, Henry; but, really, he is the most selfish, piggish—there, I won't say another word; get him the sliced animals if you want to.' And the lady stood at the counter of the toy store while her brother purchased the articles mentioned; then they both walked away.

I think someone's ears would have burned had they overheard all that was said, but the someone for whom the toy had been bought was just as much delighted with it as though he had been called "a dove" or "an angel." He put the slices together into bears and cows and buffaloes and cats, insisting that no one should do it but himself, and even crying and kicking when little sister but touched one of them, and pushing into confusion all the results of his own work because a slice of the tiger could not be made to fit on the legs of the kangaroo.

"What did I tell you?" whispered his aunt, plucking his uncle's sleeve; "I could pick out several slices that would make an animal just like —."

"Sh —! what would it be?" laughed the gentleman.

"Why, a slice of the pig, a big one; then the most restless part of the tiger, the growling section of the bear, and —."

"Sh —, he's listening."

And this ended the conversation, because the party most interested had evidently overheard the allusions to himself.

"What are you saying about me?" he demanded. "I heard you talking about slicing me!"

"Go to bed now, and never mind; we're not going to slice you up to-night. Maybe you could dream of some slices that might be put into a boy of your size, and a better boy be the outcome. Good night."

I don't suppose, really, that Howard Landers knew that "outcome" meant the new boy that would "come out" of putting some new slices into himself, but I don't

think it could have been studying over this, altogether, that muddled his brain and brought such queer ideas into his head. It may have been the impressions made by his new play—the pictures left on the retina of the eye, distorted and changed by his dreams—that still danced before him. Anyway he just kept right on slicing animals and putting the slices together, and he kept on having the same trouble to make them fit. Only the animals seemed to have two legs instead of four, and wore hats and shoes.

"What's the matter here?" he demanded of himself, as he set out a pair of saucy, bold black eyes, and tried to fit a mouth and chin to them. "This one has too much smile, and I don't think it belongs! It looks just like little Benny Brewster when he says: 'I don't care, Howard, you can have my place in the play if you want it.' Oh, here's a mouth just like Ned Tolman's when he bosses and makes you stand around. Now what kind of hands and arms do I want? Let's see, these hands are clean, finger nails and all, that don't look right. I'll put these warty black ones on; then the jacket elbows are out, too, and that's more the kind of a boy I'm making. Hello! I don't want blacked shoes in this one. The one with the pockets bulged out will be it, of course; that's a get-all-you-can-and-keep-all-you-get pocket. Hello! I hadn't noticed that his knuckles are bleeding. Been fighting, like as not. And there's something streaming down the corners of the mouth, too. Hello! he's done, but I don't like his looks. If the slices would only mix, but they won't. Hello! I've seen that fellow before—Hello! if it isn't—yes, it is me with some things that belong to some of the other boys. That isn't right. I must try it again."

And then Howard went at it again, to try to satisfy himself better. But every time he tried he found that only slices of a certain kind would go together; Benny Brewster's pleasant face with Ned Tolman's chapped and rough hands and take-all pockets were a misfit. The more he tried it the worse it worked, until he came to another resolution. "I'll tell you what I'll do; I'm just going to take the best things and put them into one boy, and see what sort of a fellow that will be."

While Howard was fumbling the cards, trying to pick out the right ones and in the right order, he noticed something that he had before overlooked, though he now remembered it had been one feature of the sliced animal cards—letters on the left hand which, when arranged in proper order, spelled the name of the animal completed.

"Hello!" he suddenly exclaimed, "H, that's the first letter of my name." And then he noticed that after the big H were smaller letters—u-m-b-l-e. He looked for an O next, and there it was again, the mouth that he said looked like Benny Brewster's; "b-l-i-g-i-n-g," it read after the O. He hurried around for a W, and when he had found a good broad pair of shoulders that looked as if they could bear a great deal of other people's burdens the W was there, and so were "a-r-m-h-o-a-r-t-e-d." And so he found that the A, with its lusty arms and neat but strong hands stood for "Activity," and the I for "Indolence" wouldn't fit at all. The R had "i-g-h-t-m-i-n-d-e-d" after it, and the D "u-t-i-f-u-l," and so on all the way through. "Hello! I like the looks of that fellow. I guess —"

I don't know what stopped the game; maybe it was the call to breakfast, but anyway a certain boy came down to the breakfast table with something shining in his eyes, and he looked as though he had not made up his mind whether to tell it or not. But it just wouldn't keep in, and so Aunt Eunice was surprised with, "I've found out something."

"Indeed! what is it?"

"Why, boys are in slices, too."

"Yes?"

"And only the same kind of slices fit."

"To be sure."

"And you want to get the good slices all through, or you've spoiled it, and —"

"You can get them, I'm sure, Howard, dear; you're learning ever so much from your game, I see."

"Oh, I guess I dreamed it," said Howard; "but it's all just as true."

And I think myself that it is.—Christian at Work.