

## For the Children

There once was a boy who asked for a pie  
In a piping voice up high, up high;  
And when he asked for a salmon roe  
He spoke in a voice down low, down low;  
But when he said he had no choice  
He always spoke in a medium voice.  
I cannot tell the reason why  
He sometimes spoke up high, up high;  
And why he sometimes spoke down low  
I do not know, I do not know;  
And why he spoke in the medium way,  
Don't ask me, for I cannot say.

—Arthur Macy.

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### GATHERING KNOWLEDGE.

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Wakeman, pausing on the sidewalk to let the grade pupils, just released from bondage, rush by, "that school must be more interesting than it was in my time. The children acquire so much general knowledge nowadays—so much that is useful—"

"They do," agreed Mrs. Northrop, promptly. "Now here comes little Johnny Greenfield—we'll ask what he learned. Here Johnny! Tell us what your lesson was about to-day?"

"About octagons," replied blushing Johnny.

"And what," pursued Mrs. Wakeman, "is an octagon?"

"It's a many-sided animal," piped the lad, "that grabs you when you go in swimming."—Youth's Companion.

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### THE FAULTFINDER.

The woodchuck lived in a hole, and he asked the rabbit to make him a visit. Now the rabbit was very glad to go, and the woodchuck did his best to make him have a good time.

The first day the rabbit said, "Mr. Woodchuck, when you eat you always pick things up in your paws and put them in your mouth. Now that is not very nice, because your paws might be dirty. I put my mouth down and just eat it up," and the woodchuck said, "Thank you, sir."

A little later the rabbit said, "Mr. Woodchuck, when you eat you sit up on your hind legs. That is not the right way to do. When I eat, I put my front paws down," and the woodchuck said quite politely, "Thank you."

Pretty soon the rabbit said, "Mr. Woodchuck, when you are thirsty you go to the pond to drink. Now my mother taught me to get up early in the morning and eat the clover with the dew in it, and you won't need to drink. That is a nicer way." And the woodchuck said, still politely, "THANKS."

Next day the rabbit said, "Mr. Woodchuck, when you go to sleep you put your nose down between your paws and curl yourself up in a little ball, so you can't see anybody. Now I lay my chin down on the ground on my paws and always sleep that way, which is much safer." And the woodchuck said, pretty politely, "I'll think about it."

Next day the rabbit said, "Mr. Woodchuck, when you eat carrots you strip off all the outside with your teeth and then eat the carrot. This is very wasteful. But I eat the whole thing right through—" and Mister Woodchuck said, "See here, if my way of living doesn't suit you, you can just get out." Then he felt that he had been a little bit rude, so he said, "Goodby, Mr. Rabbit, good-by." And the poor rabbit had to get out.—St. Nicholas.

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### SPELLING "KITTEN."

A dear little girl,  
With her brain in a whirl,  
Was asked the word kitten to spell.  
"K-double i-t-  
T-e-n," said she,  
And thought she had done very well.  
"Has kitten two i's?"  
And the teacher's surprise  
With mirth and impatience was blent.  
"My kitty has two,"  
Said Marjory Lou,  
And looked as she felt—quite content.  
—M. F. Harmon.

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