

All About the Make-Believes

ALICE A. LARKIN.

"It rains pitchforks, Helen Mitchell, and now we can't go on any picnic to-day."

"Nor make sand pies."

"Nor have strawberry ice cream."

"There won't be any fun at all."

"Maybe the sun will come out before dinner. Grandpa says, 'Rain before seven, clear before seven,' you know."

"O, but it won't, 'cause it's dark as dark can be."

Grandma and Aunt Nellie at work in the kitchen heard the plaintive voices and knew that now was the time for something to be done.

"I'll finish these dishes," grandma said suddenly, "if you'll attend to those children. I don't want them to be homesick the first week of their visit."

But Aunt Nellie was already halfway up the back stairs. "Don't you worry one minute," she called back cheerfully. "I can manage, and I'll be down in almost no time at all."

These were busy days at the old farm in Glenwood and the old house was well filled, for Grandpa and Grandma Mitchell were entertaining their eight grandchildren. There were the four Mitchells, Herman, Elsie, Raymond and Helen; the three Pierce children, Roger, Frank and Mary; and Dorothy Vose, the smallest of them all.

This was the first stormy day since they came to Glenwood. Perhaps it wouldn't have caused so much disappointment if grandpa hadn't promised to take them all on a straw-ride to Dover, five miles away; but now that was altogether out of the question.

"Grandma," Helen Mitchell began, coming into the big, old-fashioned kitchen, were grandma was putting away the last dish. "Have you got any—?" But she suddenly stopped, for Aunt Nellie was coming down the back stairs with her arms full of red and white crepe paper, while a toboggan cap the same light material, all covered with red stars, crowned her head.

"O! O!" Helen exclaimed excitedly. By this time Aunt Nellie was completely surrounded with boys and girls.

"O, Auntie Nell, what are they?" they cried. "And who is going to wear them? Aren't they too funny for anything?"

"These caps and sashes belong to the make-believes," Aunt Nellie hastened to explain.

"The what?" Herman Mitchell expressed the wonder of them all.

"Why, to use make-believes, of course. Some of my little school folks used them in an entertainment last winter. Now if you know of anyone who wants to be a make-believe for one whole day just tell him or her to say 'I'!"

"I! I!" came a loud chorus of voices.

All right then; now we're ready for business. First you must all make believe you're somebody else. Herman isn't a Mitchell at all to-day; he's Bobby Bumper.

How the children did laugh as Aunt Nellie decorated him with the white sash with red letters on it, and put the red cap with its stars and tassels on his head. Elsie Mitchell soon became Mollie Muffitt, while her sister was Bettie Budget. Raymond suddenly turned into Billy Bluecut. The three Pierce children weren't Pierses at all, but Andy Antle and Peter Peanut and Bonnie Boeper, while Dorothy Vose became Millie Midget. By the time the caps and sashes were all arranged everyone was laughing and talking at once. How could anybody with such a funny name look sorry even if it did rain pitchforks outside?

"Attention!" Aunt Nellie commanded as each one stood up for her inspection. "Now we're ready for the make-believe

motto; everybody say it after me. Ready!"

"We're the jolly make-believes;

Here's our motto true,

If the sky is black with clouds,

Make believe it's blue.

If you find on every hand,

Work that must be done,

Don't you care a single bit;

Make believe it's fun."

Over and over they repeated it; then Auntie Nellie taught them to sing it. At last even Dorothy could tell it almost by herself. Then such a day of making believe as those children had. Mollie Muffitt and Betty Budget helped grandma make sandwiches. Bobby Bumper turned the ice cream freezer, a task that he didn't usually like. Peter Peanut and Andy Antle helped grandpa with his work at the barn. Then, when everybody was ready, they put on their wraps and took their umbrellas, and, though it still rained very hard, they made believe it was a fine picnic day, and went out to the big farm, where grandma and Aunt Nellie arranged the dinner near the hay-mow. The boys had swept and cleaned the room and even put up a swing in the carriage house.

The rain on the roof sounded louder and louder, but nobody cared, for weren't they having a real picnic?

When it was all over, and grandma and Aunt Nellie had told all the stories they could think of, the dishes were packed up, and everybody went back to the house. Then the older girls made believe that it was fun to wash and wipe dishes, while grandma and Aunt Nellie rested.

"It's been the nicest picnic we ever had, grandma," Mary Pierce declared, as they sat in the cosy sitting room an hour later. "I just love to make believe things." And every one of the children agreed with her. The last thing Aunt Nellie heard from the little folks that night was somebody singing very softly the words of the song she had taught her nieces and nephews that rainy day:

"We're the jolly make-believes;

Here's our motto true,

If the sky is black with clouds,

Make believe it's blue.

If you find on every hand,

Work that must be done,

Don't you care a single bit;

Make believe it's fun."

—In Junior Epworth Herald.

Boys

There are ever so many kinds of boys—Rollies and Tommys and Fauntleries; Boys that are crude and blunt and rough.

And boys that are made of finer stuff. Boys who try, in their blundering way, A kindly, chivalrous thing to say, And only succeed in stumbling over Some words whose meaning is left in doubt.

Boys who are awkward, boys who are bold,

Boys who will never do as they are told;

Boys who are bashful and painfully shy.

Who can't be at ease, however they try, Boys who are dull and boys who are bright;

Boys who are always ready to fight,

Boys with ambition and boys without,

Boys who whistle and boys who shout;

Boys who wheedle and boys who tease,

Boys who wear holes in their trousers—knees.

And, of them all, which is the best?

Away ahead of all the rest?

'Tis not a matter we need discuss—

He's just the boy who belongs to us!

—Carolyn Wells, in Life.

Scripture Alphabet

And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God. (Rom. 13: 28.)

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. (Rom. 12: 21.)

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. (Matt. 11: 28.)

Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you. (James 4: 8.)

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down through the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. (James 1: 17.)

For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. (John 3: 16.)

Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give unto your bosom. (Luke 6: 38.)

How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvations? (Heb. 2: 3.)

I am the way and the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me. (John 14: 6.)

Jesus wept. (John 11: 35.)

Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. (Prov. 4: 23.)

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer. (Psa. 19: 14.)

Make me to hear joy and gladness: that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice. (Psa. 51: 8.)

Now is the accepted time: behold now is the day of salvation. (2 Cor. 6: 2.)

O satisfy us early with Thy mercy: that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. (Psa. 90: 14.)

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. (John 14: 27.)

Quench not the Spirit. (1 Thess. 5: 19.)

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them. (Eccl. 12: 1.)

Sing unto the Lord a new song, and His praise from the end of the earth. (Isa. 42: 10.)

Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. (Psa. 37: 3.)

Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. (Isa. 8: 6.)

Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. (John 3: 3.)

Whosoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets. (Matt. 7: 12.)

Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith: prove your own selves. (2 Cor. 13: 5.)

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. (Matt. 5: 14.)

Zealous of good works. (Titus 2: 14.)

The above alphabet may be made a very interesting social exercise in any Junior League or other company of boys and girls.—Ed.