

## THE BOYS AND GIRLS

### Work and Play

The busy sun got up today.  
"Now while the children are at play,  
I'll do my work," he said.  
At six their play was still not done.  
"Tut, but I'm tired!" said the sun,  
"It's time to go to bed."

### When Snow First Came

BY DONALD A. FRAZER.

Many hundreds of years ago, so the Vancouver Indians say, when winter came around there would be plenty of cold weather, with wind and rain, but no snow. It is with the first arrival of snow that our story has to do.

In a village on the west coast of Vancouver Island the cold weather came on as usual and found the Indians prepared to receive it. Each house had its winter provisions in. Long rows of Salmon, split open and kept flat with little sticks, hung along the rafters, and everywhere were strings upon strings of dried clams, both fish and clams growing browner and browner every day with the smoke; for these Indians did not have stoves or chimneys in their houses, but built their fires on the earthen floor and the smoke wandered all over the house till it escaped through holes in the roof.

At one end of the village lived a young widow named Ayish. She was the finest-looking woman in the tribe, and all the young braves were continually making love to her. This, of course made her very vain. She began to think she was much better than all the rest, and that nobody could do anything as well as she. Her fish were always the best smoked, her mats the prettiest woven, and so on, till, you may be sure, nearly every other woman was jealous of her.

Away at the other end of the village lived Igwa, the oldest and ugliest woman in the village. Nobody ever spoke to her except to scold or growl at her. She never minded, however, but just went on with her own work and kept herself to herself.

One morning old Igwa, as usual, was the first one up in the village. She kindled her fire and then went outside. O, what a sight met her eyes! Everything was all white, white. She could not think what had happened. Stooping down she picked up some of the white stuff. How cold it was! She tasted it.

"Cold, cold," she said, "too cold to eat."

Taking a little into the house she

set it near the fire. It soon melted.

"It will not cook," she said. "The fire only turns it to water; it is no good." Then she went on getting her breakfast.

The village was soon astir, and great was the surprise at the new white substance that covered every-thing.

Some one looked towards Ayish's house and cried, "What is the matter with Ayish? She must be crazy."

She was throwing all her winter's provisions of salmon and clams outside. They all ran to her and inquired what she was doing.

"Why I am throwing away these old things," she said, "I am tired of eating them, and I am going to lay in a supply of this nice new food that the Great Spirit has sent down from the clouds in the night."

"O, how clever Ayish is to think of that!" they all cried. "We will do the same."

In a little while all the Indian houses were emptied of their winter supplies, and every one was busy carrying in baskets of snow, and ranging them on the rafters and around the walls.

All did this excepting old Igwa. When she saw what her neighbors were doing, she quietly went to work, gathered up the scattered fish and clams, and piled them up in her own house till it was so full that she had scarcely room enough left to turn around.

This went on all day, and at night the Indians went to bed as usual. During the night a thaw set in which, combined with the heat of the fires in the houses, caused the snow piled up inside to melt. Ayish was awakened by a cold drop falling on her face. She started up. The sound of dripping water could be heard all over the house.

"Surely the roof must be leaking," said Ayish to herself.

Getting up she peered through the darkness over her head. There, from every one of the baskets o' the new food that she had gathered so carefully the day before, the water was falling in tiny streams.

"O foolish woman that I am!" she cried; "I thought I had gathered food, but I have gathered nothing but frozen water."

In the other houses it was just the same. And when morning came, they all rushed to Ayish's house and reproached her for deluding them into throwing away their good food for this frozen water.

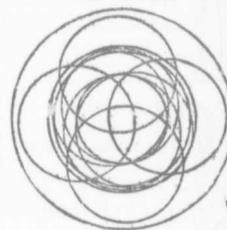
Then they went down to house and begged her to give back their food. But she said, "If you want it back, you will have to buy it back."

With that they began to thrash her; but she appealed to the who said that she was in the "She has taken that which you thrown away as useless," he said the people, "and now it belongs her."

So each man had to buy back clams and his salmon from old Igwa who thus became the richest person in the tribe, while poor Ayish learned a lesson and was not so proud of herself after that.

We, too, might learn this lesson from Ayish; never part with what until you are sure that the new better.

### Count the Circles



Can you tell how many circles shown here?

### Done to a Crisp

A small boy was undressing one evening before the open fire in his nursery. His mother gave him his nightshirt and told him to hang it to the fire to warm.

She left the room for a minute and returned quickly when she heard a boy's voice:

"Papa, is this shirt done when it's brown?"

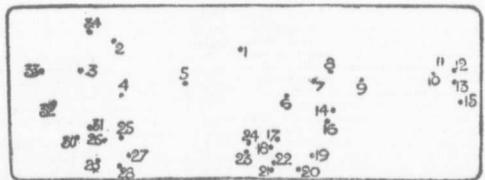
### Sleeps in the Snow

A Minnesota mother puts her 18-months-old baby to sleep in the snow. She says: "Little Corinne sleeps out of doors every day. One day when it was ten degrees below zero she slept for six hours in her basket out on the upper porch overlooking the lake. Yesterday when the wind brought her in she was covered with about three inches of snow. The basket in which she was lying was completely covered with snow. She had a hot water bag at her feet and was well tucked in, and was perfectly happy. She seldom has a cold, and the strangest part of it is that she never takes cold except inside the house, and putting her outside will cure a cold immediately. She is a fine baby, and is always well and strong."

"You say you got rid of that counterfeit quarter I gave you, Sam?" "I never did, boss." "But don't you know it was wrong to pass it?" "I didn't 'zactly pass it, boss; you see, I was passin' round de plate in church las' Sunday, an' I jist exchanged it"

Fred—"What do you think of my argument?" Will—"Sound; it is certainly sound." Fred—"And what else?" Will—"Nothing else—merely sound."

### A Drawing Puzzle



Join with a pencil line the dots shown in the picture, beginning with 1, then 2, and so on. When you have finished this a certain reptile will be revealed.