

THE CANDY PRINCESS



OF CANDY delicious the princess was made; The colors she wore were of every known shade; And pretty she was, no one ever could doubt Who saw her enthroned with her courtiers about.

The princess was gentle and mild as a dove; Toward subjects showed nothing but kindness and love; All people adored her and called her a queen, The like of which Toyland had never yet seen.

The night that we speak of she felt very sad, For one can't feel dull and the same time be glad. Said she: "To a ball I must hasten today, And there midst the fairies dance sadness away."

So long danced the princess at Fairyland's ball She had not reached home ere the rain 'gan to fall. The sun rose in glorious splendor at dawn On a puddle of candy—the princess was gone.



CLEVER BUNNY

BUNNIES are sometimes more clever than you'd think. And naughty boys are sometimes fooled, as Arthur was.

Arthur owned the finest little pony you ever saw, and a handsome pony-cart—all painted in nice colors and just the right size for a boy.

When you have a pony like this you



IN DANGER

don't become tired of him, so it is no wonder that nearly every day Arthur liked to have a little drive.

Now, if there was one thing Arthur liked as much as ponies, it was a bunny. He had all kinds of rabbits at home, but he always wanted more.

So, when on this morning he was driving merrily along the road that led to



BUNNY'S ESCAPE

the river driveway, he drew up suddenly, you may be sure, as he saw before him as cute a bunny as one might wish. It was sitting on the trunk of an old tree, most of which had been blown away.

Arthur stole quickly down from the pony-cart, and tip-toed around in back of the tree. It wasn't hard to climb up the tree, Arthur was but a few feet



LEFT BEHIND

away, and, oh! he was sure he had the rabbit, when, all at once, it gave a big jump and landed right on the seat. And the pony started away, leaving Arthur behind.

IF ONLY I COULD If only myself could talk to myself As I knew him a year ago, I could tell him a lot That would save him a lot Of things he ought to know. —Rudyard Kipling.

A FLOATING ISLAND

EVERY ONE knows of that great animal, the alligator, that lives in Florida. Part of the time its home is in water, part of the time on dry land. In warm weather it plays in the river or bayou, or rolls about on the sand and mud, sunning itself on the banks of the stream; but when winter comes it buries its great body in the mud and settles down for a long sleep. It has no love for cold weather, and no notion of making itself uncomfortable, when it can just as well take a good, long cold-weather nap. Not such a bad plan, is it?

Sometimes it happens that the seeds of grass and weeds are blown into the wet soil, and quickly spring up, green and fresh, on the back of the alligator. As a rule, these tender plants are shaken or washed off when the great creature wakes up and rolls into the water; but now and then the mud clings, the young plants stick fast, and when the half-wakened monster floats downstream, it looks like a moving island. A poor little plover once made a mistake and built its nest on a sleeping alligator. Some boys who were out fishing saw above the weeds and water grasses, and, thinking there might be a covey of the pretty creatures and a settlement of nests there, dropped their tackle and rowed out to it. When their boat came bumping up against the sleeping animal, suddenly it opened its huge jaws and rolled from side to side, and also how dry, and, with one wild snort, plunged down to the bottom of the bayou and washed off mud, grass and nest. So the little plover had to seek another home. —E. A. MATTHEWS.

WHAT BIRDS SAY

THOSE who know much about birds tell us that the birds' notes are quite distinct and sound like the following words. What do they say to you?

- Robin—"Quick! Quick! Do you think what you do, do you think—what you do, do you think—Purty! I-oh-purty! Dear! Dear! Think of it, think of it!"
- Bobolink—"Bob-o-lee, Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link."
- Wren—"Caw-w!"
- Cedar bird—"Tze! tze! tze!"
- Bobwhite (quail)—"Bob-bob-white! More-more-see!"
- Goldfinch (yellow bird)—"Ker-chee-chee-chee, whee-e, whee-e."
- Humming bird—"Moose-like squeak."
- Oriole—"Will you? Will you really, really, truly?"
- Song sparrow—"Oit, oit, oit, chip, chip, chip, chee-chee-wiss, wiss, wiss!"
- Thrush—"Drop it, drop it, cover it up, cover it up, pull up, pull it up!"
- Screech owl—"Hoo, hoo, whee-die, whee-die!"
- Scarlet tanager—"Chip-chirr! Pehaw! Wait-wait-wait for me, wait-wait-wait!"
- Blackbird—"Kong-quer-ree" or "Bob-a-lee, a-bob-a-lee!"

EGGS THAT JUMP

YOUR friends will be mystified completely if you do this trick very carefully.

Take a number of eggs; remove the yolk and whites, so that only the shells remain.

To each of these shells paste one end of a strand of fine silk, attach the other end to one of your fingers.

In doing the trick, be sure that your audience are far enough away to be unable to see the silken threads.

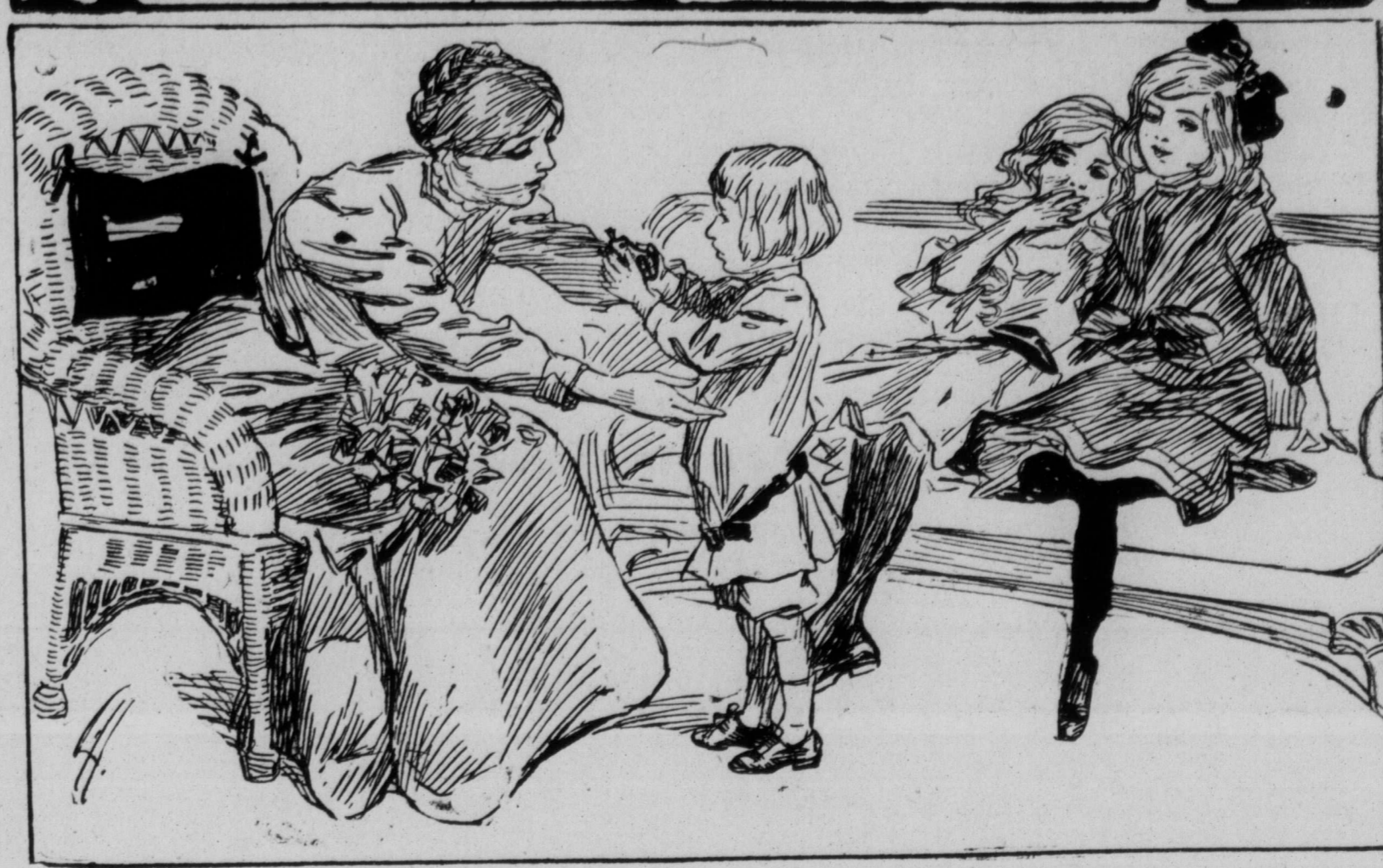
Now say that you will be able to make the eggs leap into the air by magnetizing them with your fingers.



THE SECRET OF THE TRICK

Of course, as you move a finger upward and downward, the shell attached to the other end of the strand of silk will move up and down. You can gain a pretty effect by making them dance in time to music.

Ronald's Present



GIVING "TOADY" TO "MUVVER"

THERE, I think that will do now," said sister Edna, carefully fixing her bouquet of flowers. She ran up to the house with them, and soon sister Florence followed, with another bouquet.

For it was mother's birthday, you know, and mother loved flowers, so what nicer gift was there? Wee Ronald was left behind. He wanted "flowers not just same as sister Edna or sister Flo"—and he couldn't find any. Those big trees weren't far away. But he wasn't going to give up yet. "Muvver" should have her "present."

He marched sturdily along the flower beds, looking with all his might for a nice "possey." Then, with a funny little hop, a great toad bobbed right in the garden path.

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Mending Betsy Ann



THE BURIAL OF DOLLY

THERE'S no use trying to tell how I love Betsy Ann, 'cause I just can't do it. But no dollie was ever treated half so nice, I know, and no dollie was ever so nice as Betsy Ann.

I never did like mice. I never did think a mouse was cute—and I know I never will now, for it was a bad, wicked mouse that brought on all the trouble. Betsy Ann doesn't like mice, either.

My play-closet—where I keep all my playthings, you know—is roomy and comfy. I put Betsy Ann there 'cause I didn't think she rested well when she slept with me. She was always so muzzled looking in the morning.

Now, no mouse has a right in my play-closet. I'm sure Betsy Ann told

him so the night she saw him there, and I guess it was for that he bit off her head! Yes, he did! He carried it away with him, too.

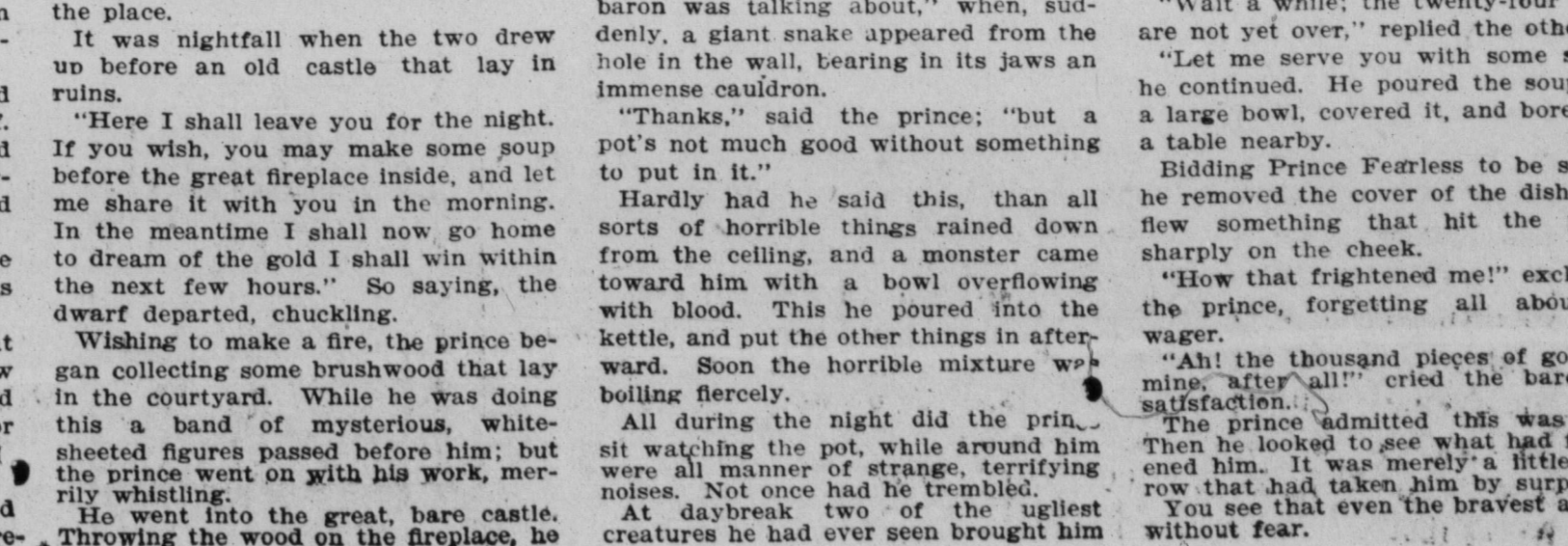
My how I cried and cried when I saw Betsy next morning! I couldn't help it, for, really, I did love the dollie so.

But, as Betsy was dead, I didn't think it was right to keep her without any head. Next day I buried her under the rosebush, first saying my prayer and bidding her good-bye. And a robin on the bush sang a sad, little song. I'm sure he understood.

I suppose you think my story ought to end here, but there's some more to it—though there wouldn't have been if it hadn't been for Ben. Ben's my brother, and he found—what do you

think! Yes, it was Betsy Ann's head. One day when he was hunting for some of his tools he came across it, down in the cellar.

WHEN PRINCE FEARLESS BECAME AFRAID



THIS name really fitted the prince. At least, no one had ever known him to show fear.

Only that day he had fought three terrible giants and vanquished them single-handed. As for his skill and bravery in battle, none could equal him.

For his neighbor Prince Fearless had a powerful baron, who was a dwarf. The baron was himself a coward, and was jealous of the prince for his bravery, but he was also very wise, and knew many things in magic.

The prince was riding back to the castle after his fight with the giants when he met the baron.

"Prince," said he, "people say that you are entirely without fear. I know of a place where, I'll wager a thousand pieces of gold, you wouldn't stay for twenty-four hours without being frightened."

"Ah! the thousand pieces of gold are mine, after all!" cried the baron, in satisfaction.

"I should like to try it," returned Prince Fearless; "if I fail, you shall receive a thousand pieces."

As dusk was fast coming on, the baron told the prince to follow him, and he would lead him straightway to the place.

The prince admitted this was true. Then he looked to see what had frightened him. It was merely a little sparrow that had taken him by surprise.

It was nightfall when the two drew up before an old castle that lay in ruins.

"Here I shall leave you for the night, if you wish, you may make some soup before the great fireplace inside, and let me share it with you in the morning. In the meantime I shall now go home to dream of the gold I shall win within the next few hours." So saying, the dwarf departed, chuckling.

You see that even the bravest are not without fear.

Wishing to make a fire, the prince began collecting some brushwood that lay in the courtyard. While he was doing this a band of mysterious, white-sheeted figures passed before him; but the prince went on with his work, merrily whistling.

He went into the great, bare castle, throwing the wood on the fireplace, be-

started a fire, and sat before it to warm himself.