

Always in a Hurry.

I know a little maiden who is always in a hurry;
She races through her breakfast to be in time for school;
She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry.
And comes home in a breathless whirl that fills the vestibule.

She hurries through her studying, she hurries through her sewing,
Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure were a crime;
She's always in a scramble, no matter where she's going,
And yet—would you believe it?—she never is on time.

It seems a contradiction until you know the reason;
But I am sure you'll think it simple, as I do, when I state
That she never has been known to begin a thing in season,
And she's always in a hurry because she starts too late.

Topsy's Babies.

"I must teach the kittens some tricks," said Alice, one day. "They are getting so big and plump! Don't you think they are old enough to learn to do things, mamma?"

"Well, little daughter, suppose you try teaching them," said mamma. So Alice went to the door, and called: "Kittens, kittens, kittens! Come Tip! Come Trot! Come, kittens!" Now, their real names were Tipkins and Trotkins; but Alice always called them Tip and Trot for short.

When the kittens heard their little mistress call, they came running as fast as their fat little bodies and short little legs would let them come; for "kittens, kittens, kittens!" almost always meant, "Here is some nice warm milk to drink."

Alice gathered the funny little things up in her arms. They looked just exactly alike, for Tipkins had a black spot on the end of his tail, and Trotkins had a black spot on the end of his tail, too. Tipkin's eyes were blue, so were Trotkin's. Tipkin's nose was black, and Trotkin's nose was black, too. Alice often wondered how their mother, Topsy, ever told them apart.

"Now," said the little girl, "you have grown to be such big pussies that it is time you learned to work. You must earn your dinner. What do you say to that?"

"Meow, Meow!" said Tipkins. "Meow, Meow!" said Trotkins. "Meow, meow, meow!" said Tipkins and Trotkins together. Which seemed to mean, "That we will, little mistress, only show us how."

Alice took a tiny bit of meat in her fingers, and let one of the kittens smell of it; then she said very slowly, "Now, pussy, roll over." The kitten liked the smell of the meat very much, so he said, "Meow, meow!" but he did not know in the least what "roll over" meant, so he did nothing. "Roll over, kitty" said his little mistress again, but he only said, "Meow, meow, meow!" once more. Then Alice made pussy lie down, and she gently rolled him over with her hand, saying very slowly as she did so, "Roll over." After this she gave him a bit of meat.

Then it was the other kitten's turn. He had no more idea than his brother what "roll over" meant; but, after Alice had said the words two or three times, she gently rolled his plump little body over, too, and then she gave him a nice bit of meat also. Then she set a big saucer of milk down in front of her pets, and so ended the first lesson of Tipkins and Trotkins.

This was only the first of many lessons, however. Alice worked very patiently with the kittens every day for a whole month; and, at the end of that time, both Tipkins and Trotkins knew just what she meant, and would roll over every time she told them to, even though they got not a scrap of anything good to eat in return.

Tipkins seemed to think it was great fun, and would sometimes roll over and over five or six times without stopping, just as Alice herself often rolled on the

grass when at play. But Trotkins never seemed to like doing it, and would turn round and round until he was fairly dizzy before finally lying down. Then, as he rolled over, he would give a funny meow, as much as to say, "I don't like to; but, if I must I will."

Tipkins learned to ring a small call bell by striking it with one of his front paws. Trotkins could never be coaxed to touch this bell; but he would sit by when his brother rang it, and cry, "Meow, meow, meow!" Alice thought this was very funny, and she said that Trot sang while Tip did the playing.

Both kittens learned to jump over a stick when their mistress held one out in her hand, about a foot from the floor; and Alice taught Tipkins to jump through a small wooden hoop, but she never could persuade Trotkins to even once try to jump through the hoop.

Soap Bubbles.

For three days it had been "misty-moisty" weather.

"Too damp for my chickies to be out-of-doors," said mama, as Alice and Harry came into the room where she lay—not very ill, to be sure, but not able to be up and go down stairs.

"What can we do?" thought the children.

"Oh mama, can you please give us two empty spoons?" asked Harry. Mama told him where to find them, for she usually kept some in a machine drawer for just such requests. Harry brought the spoons, got a wash-bowl and seemed to be washing his hands, but he really was making soap-suds. Then both the children dipped their spoons in the soapy water, rubbed the wet end on the soap in the soap-dish, and then blew through the spoons.

Place your finger over the hole till you blow again. And when you stop to take a new breath put your tongue over it, and the bubble will keep its size."

Then both Alice and Harry touched the bubbles they were blowing together, and often they became one large one, into which both were blowing.

Then Harry found a reed stem and stuck it into his spoon, and stood on a chair, so that the bubbles would be high up in the air. He would blow them the size of very large oranges, and throw them over toward mama, who tried to fan and blow them up toward the ceiling.

"Oh Harry, look! I blew that bubble in two," said Alice, as two smaller bubbles chased away from her, followed by "a tiny baby one," as Harry called it.

"But just see here, Alice," and Harry was throwing a small bubble off the end of his spoon, catching it and blowing a new one immediately. "I just now blew seven that way," said he. So Alice tried it. By this time papa had come home, and after a few minutes of admiring the size and pretty colors of these fairy balls, they went down to supper, as happy as if the sun had been shining all day.

Paper Doll People

"I always thought twins had everything alike!" sobbed Hope as she sat with her head in Auntie's lap.

"Well not everything," said Auntie. "You don't want Scarlet Fever because Faith has it, do you?"

"No-oo," said Hope, "but I didn't want Faith to have it, either! We've never been apart before."

"Be sensible, child!" said Auntie, "it's much harder for Faith than for you; she must be kept away from the other children for six long weeks: you can go out and play any time."

"But she's the only one I want to play with! I believe I do wish I could have it, too, then we'd play dolls together."

"Is that what you miss most?" asked Auntie.

"Of course we miss our children most," answered Hope. "Some of the family belong to me and some to Faith; she wouldn't take the children to bed with her 'cause they might lose their hair with the fever."

"You poor little doll mother!" said Auntie, giving her a very loving kiss, "suppose you run right up to my post-card album and bring down the pictures the family had taken at the seashore last summer."

"Yes Auntie," said Hope, wiping her swollen eyes.

When Hope came back with the post-cards, Auntie took out the embroidery scissors and began to cut.

"Oh, you'll spoil our picture! You'll spoil our picture!" cried Hope as she saw the scissors going in and out around the two figures.

"I am spoiling the picture," said Auntie, "but guess what I am going to make out of it?"

"I don't know," said Hope looking very much puzzled.

"Well, what does this look like?" asked Auntie.

"Oh, it's a paper doll!" cried Hope, "and it's one of us—I don't know which."

"I think it's Faith for she has a way of holding her arms akimbo."

Hope took the scissors and began cutting as if her life depended on it. In a few minutes there were two paper dolls with faces just alike.

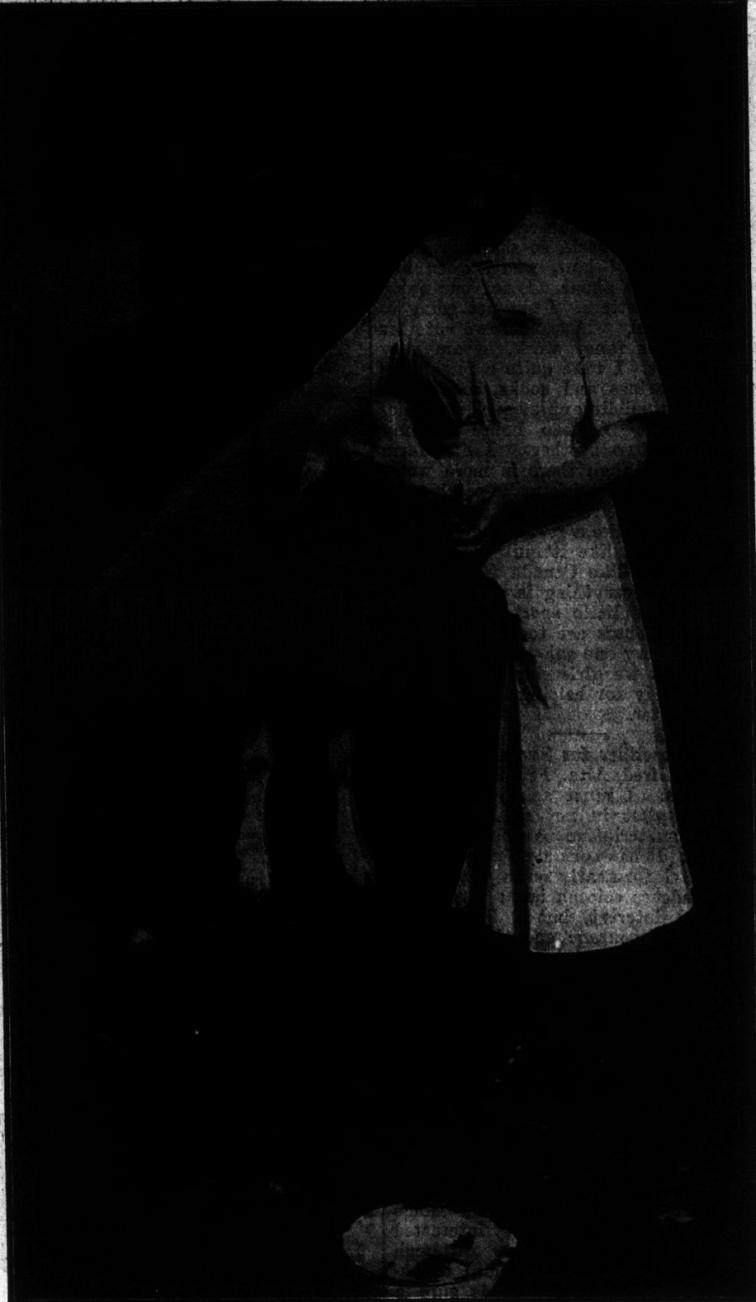
"How can you make them stand up, Auntie?" asked Hope.

"We'll put on an easel-back," said Auntie, and she cut out two pasteboard strips to paste on the backs of the dolls.

"I'm going to put us right together side by side," cried Hope. "Oh, Auntie, it's almost like being together again!"

"Now," said Auntie, "I think it will be fun to make paper dresses like the ones you wore that day."

"Lay the dolls on this sheet and draw all around their waists, draw flaring skirts and, on the shoulders, draw oblong pieces to bend back."



The Pet Lamb

As Tipkins and Trotkins grew older, their mother, Topsy, taught them to hunt for mice in the big dark barn, and to catch moles and grasshoppers in the field. They had less and less time, as the days went by, to play with their little mistress, and Alice found them so sleepy, when they did have time, that at last she gave up trying to teach them any new antics.

As the months passed by, they grew sleek and fat. They were kittens no longer, but had grown as large and could hunt as well as mother Topsy; and, although they learned no new tricks now, the old ones taught them by their little mistress were never forgotten by Tipkins nor Trotkins.—Jane L. Hoxie, in the Kindergarten Review.

"Look mama! Oh, look!" excitedly exclaimed Alice, as an immense bubble grew at the end of the spoon. First it had rosy colors, then greenish, then a wonderful golden tint, gradually changing to a rich purple and indigo, then—snap!—it was gone. Each tried to see which could blow the largest bubble, and they soon found they could spend no breath on exclamations, so they tried to call out without taking the spoons from their mouths; but this made such funny little grunts and squeals that they could not blow for laughing.

"Oh mama, see my bubble grow small!" said Alice.

"Yes, dear. The hole in the spoon is so large, the air comes out rapidly.