

It is the first of July it be
rainy weather
more than
usual weather

Our Boys and Girls

CONDUCTED BY POLLY EVANS

"When spring has passed away
and summer has come to stay,
Then my milk white cherry tree
turns as red as red can be."

Fourth of July in Paris



chasing the half-grown boys, who, of whatever nation, have a fashion of coming too prominent for the committee on such exciting occasions. Midway down the street stands a tall pole in the middle of a ring of sawdust. At the top is a great cedar wreath, and from this hang dozens of chocolate, buns, a long "bûche" of bread, a doll, a case of pencils, a gleaming pocket-knife. At the foot is a group of eager-eyed children waiting none too patiently for the fun to begin, and outside their mothers, in white cap and as eager as the children.

The pole is called the Mat de Cocagne. It has been called, and the trophies above are for those who can reach and cut them from the wreath. Long beforehand the committee is chosen and their names written on a list. As each one's turn comes, his name is called, and he slides down the pole on a white string is hung around his neck, and he is the first to reach the bottom. For a long time the scissors are not needed. Finally the thickest boy of the crowd, and the white cap nod. He is almost in reach. He slips back. He with effort. His little face is purple with excitement. The air is full of noise and confusion. He is slowly losing ground. Then, relaxing his hold, he swings swiftly down, the multitude with one groan coming down, as it were, with him.

FUN FOR OLDER FOLKS

Finally a large boy reaches the top and great shouts and cuts off the longest sausage. The other boys evidently believe there is some virtue in his coat, and he good-naturedly lends it to each new aspirant. Others fill their pockets with sawdust, which they scatter on their legs on the journey upward to give them better purchase.

At last the time is up and the crowd changes its place in front of the bust to take place where the Jeu de Boules is held. The sign of the trial of the little girls who are all bearded and all lines of benches, on which the mothers sit, mark off a course which the girls are to run. The girls are dressed in coats, aprons, collars and cuffs, ribbons and bows. The girls are arranged in pairs, and the mothers sit on the benches. The girls are to run a course which the mothers sit on the benches. The girls are to run a course which the mothers sit on the benches.

THE CHILDREN'S AFTERNOON

But the most interesting part of the afternoon belongs to the children to whom the afternoon belongs. The different wardens, or, as we would say, the programme, which usually consists of a little street running out of the head, so to speak, against a white stone, where stands a small shrine. Probably has placed the bust of Liberty on a tall, thin man, with a very red face, which gets colder and redder through

Curious Mr. Bunny and His Fate



MR. BUNNY smelled a carrot! He was sure he did. Where was it? Not in the tall man's garden.

Better not fool around tall man's nor small man's garden, advised Mrs. Bunny. Apt to get into trouble, if you do.

But Mr. Bunny wanted to know where that delicious carrot odor came from. Hadn't smelled anything so good since the children.

Grandpapa brought a carrot home one day long, long ago. So every chance he got Mr. Bunny stole away from home, loped swiftly and cautiously from one corner to another, constantly on the lookout for carrots—until at last in a clearing away from the tall man's and small man's houses he spied something yellowish with green leaves! Was this the carrot?

The nearer he crept the surer he felt that it was the carrot! Nearer, nearer, nearer! A deep, heavenly sniff of the delicious odor! Then at last a wee little nibble! But boom, bang! An awful smash! His stomach, and a back smash, a tremble, and Mr. Bunny lay dead! Poor Mr. Bunny! If he had only not been so curious!



Elephant Sausages.

HOW would you like to eat elephant sausages? I don't think that you are likely to be asked by mother elephant meat is not on sale at the butcher's, though for some reason the elephant, though a delicious animal to eat, would be very nice to eat.

pounds no wonder he was surprised. Since his discovery he has measured the ball carefully and has found that it continually rotates at the rate of about



seven inches in a year. Although learned scientists have studied into the matter, no one has been able as yet to account for the peculiar action of the ball. Most of the scientists are inclined to think that the sun's rays cause the rotation. But how? That has not been explained by anybody.

Adventurous Duckling.

IN Central Park, New York, the children are very fond of watching the ducks and swans that inhabit the lake. One duck, who is the proud mother of a large family of ducklings, has been having a lot of trouble of late keeping them within bounds.

A Remarkable Stone Ball.

A FEW years ago a gentleman erected a monument in a garden in Ohio, cemetery, which consisted of a heavy pedestal surrounded by a massive ball—half made of stone.

Nothing unusual was noted about this monument until a year ago, when the caretaker observed with astonishment that the ball had made a partial rotation. Considering its weight—420

LITTLE MARY AND HER PETS

SEE Little Mary out feeding her pet chicken. She is taking the corn scattering it on the ground. Close to the garden fence is her favorite piggy, and he is waiting to be fed, too. For he knows his turn will soon come. Though he is a pig, he is not a hog, so chicky has no fear that he will try to snatch her food away from her.

Mary's favorite birdy is just flying away, for he has finished eating the food Mary brought him.

You can see Mary's house in the distance. The birdy is flying toward it. Mary lives in a foreign land, where the little girls wear wooden shoes, pinnafores and bonnets.

Can you copy this picture in perforation board with your colored wools? See if you can.

PUZZLES and PROBLEMS



Double Acrostic.

8-Letter word.
1-A letter herb first bitter brings:
This plenty as the flowers in spring.

6-Letter word.
2-And next a country you must name:
With elephants both wild and tame.

9-Letter word.
3-A golden flower pluck for me:
You'll find it on the sunny lea.

5-Letter word.
4-An antelope you next must chase:
Africa is its native place.

12-Letter word.
5-About a tree I wish to know:
That in a distant land doth grow.

6-Letter word.
6-In order next a native bird:
And then a law-term often heard.

5-Letter word.
7-A word, when we rightly state,
Is the reverse of what we state.

3-Letter word.
8-And, last of all, an eagle free:
To capture it but out to sea.

What Four English Towns?

Your towns in England are pictured in these puzzles. Can you tell Polly Evans what they are?

1. A large black bird.
2. A large black bird.
3. A large black bird.
4. A large black bird.

Double Acrostic.

The initial letters of the following double acrostic spell what we usually experience in that month.

1. Rippe.
2. Another place.
3. A large black bird.
4. A large black bird.
5. Yello.

Concealed Parts of a House.

Can you find four different parts of a house concealed in the following sentences?

1. Did you hear the word?
2. I will show the word.
3. A small thing bird arrived?

What Address?

Ms JOHN +
47 R.I.P STREET

Who can tell Polly Evans what address is indicated in this picture puzzle?

Geographical Enigma.

Thames. Sachem. Muse. Steam. Massachussets.

1. T-ruth. 2. T-rout. 3. Brook.

Behadings.

Behad: 1. Plan of a play and leave share.
2. To injure and leave a part of the body.
3. To pierce and leave a water-fowl.
4. A girl and leave to help.
5. A small thing bird and leave a part of a foot.

A Cargo of Tea.

1. T-table. 2. T-ale. 3. T-ill. 4. T-ingle.
5. T-ill. 6. T-rain. 7. T-wine. 8. T-witch.
9. T-rs. 10. T-art. 11. T-rasson.

Two Versions.

Two small boys are attending kindergarten. Both tried to sing for mamma. One sang "I am a Little, Too, Sir," the other "I am a Painted Rooster." Mamma was much amused. She learned afterward from their teacher that the words were "I am a Little, Too, Sir." MARY K. MATHIS.

Tom Tit's Experiment

HERE is a simple experiment by which you may imitate the sound of cathedral bells in your own room, and perhaps one of the strangest things about it is that no one but yourself will be able to hear them really.

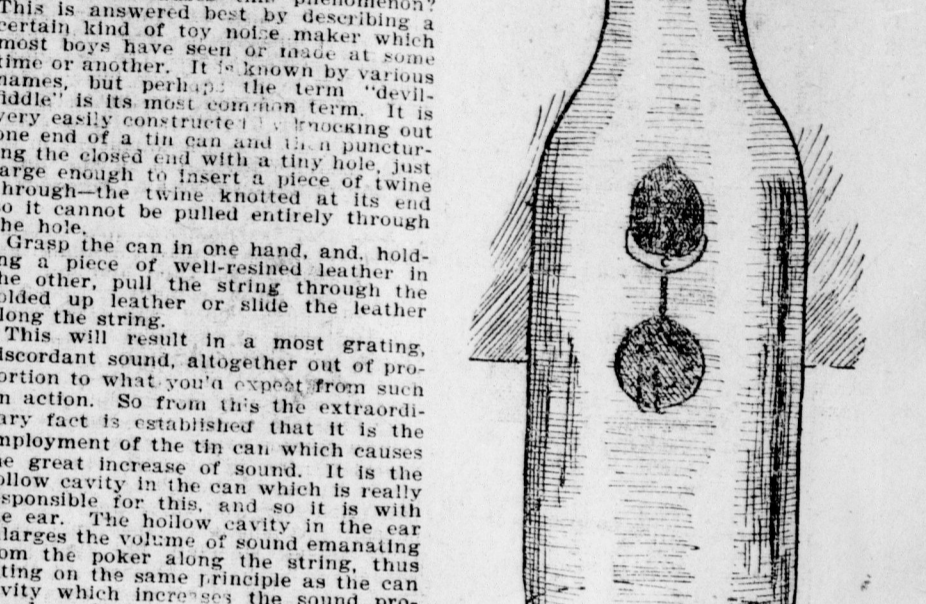
Secure a yard of twine and loop it about in the middle. Slip the loop around the handle of a end of the string in either hand. Wind some of it round each of your first two fingers, shutting out all sound and swinging the dangling poker until it touches the wall.

You will be surprised to perceive a series of heavy tones such as ring out from a cathedral clock as it moves out of the hour, yet, while the room may be crowded with people, no one but you will be able to hear the mysterious tones unless they try the same experiment.

But what causes this phenomenon? This is answered best by describing a certain kind of toy police maker which most boys have seen or made at some time or another. It is known by various names, but perhaps the term "devil-fiddle" is its most common term. It is one end of a tin can and in a punctured hole at the other end is a piece of string, which is fastened to its end so it cannot be pulled entirely through the hole.

Grasp the can in one hand, and holding a piece of well-resined leather in the other, pull the string through the hole in the leather or slide the leather along the string.

This will result in a most grating, discordant sound, altogether out of proportion to what you expect from such an action. So from this the extraordinary fact is established that it is the employment of the tin can which causes the great increase of sound. It is the hollow cavity in the can which is really responsible for this, and so it is with the ear. The hollow cavity in the ear from the poker along the string, thus acting on the same principle as the can cavity which increases the sound produced on the string attached to it.



Bottle Trick.

YOU will have to go to this experiment very carefully. But when you get a lot of pleasure out of it, and it will not be easy for others to imitate.

Get a good-sized bottle with a wide mouth and a good cork stopper. Then dip carefully into halves; clean it out, then bore a hole through each side, and run the two ends of a wire frame together again. Then put the halves to crack or hole with wax. Before you do this, however, bore a small hole in the bottom of the nut (C) and leave unsealed. This is to serve as an air-hole.

Now arrange the bottom of your wire frame so that it will support a Having done this, fill your bowl with water, and test the floating qualities of

A Match Trick.

BEND a wooden match in the middle, which will, of course, almost break it. The two parts being only held together by a few fibres. Now moisten an empty bottle with a penny cause the penny to fall into the bottle without either touching or breathing on it. By being able to discover any means without assistance, yet, though hard to discover, it is by no means difficult to do. Dip your finger in a glass of water, match, allow a few drops to fall upon the broken part. Swollen by the moisture, the fibres of the wood will tend to straighten themselves, and little by little you will see the angle of the match grow larger and larger, until at last longer supporting the penny, the latter will fall into the bottle.



Freddy's New Shoes.

WHEN Freddy's father came home one night he had a box under his arm. Fred guessed what was in the box. His father had bought him a pair of new shoes.

Fred liked the trim new shoes. When he came down to breakfast next morning he had them on.

"This is Saturday," said his mother. "Your old ones today," said his mother. "But when Joe Green came to ask him to go down town with him, Fred ran off with his new shoes on.

The boys started on the railway track. They ran races on the rails. "There, I beat," cried Fred, as he reached the crossing first. "I beat," cried Joe. "I beat," cried Fred, as he turned to see where Joe was. His foot went down on the crack between the rail and the cross walk. "Ouch," he cried. "It hurts, and it is so tight I can't get it off." He twisted and turned.

But still the shoe was fast. "I'll tell you what I'll do," said Joe. "I'll unlace your shoe and take it off." Just then the boys heard something that made their hearts stand still. It was a shrill whistle.

In a moment an engine came around the curve.

What would you have done, if you had been in Joe's place?

Joe gave Fred's shoelace a jerk. "Pull hard," he said.

Joe pulled and Fred pulled. Out came Fred's foot from the shoe, and the two boys rolled down the bank together.

When the train passed, they ran back to the crossing. "Fred's new shoes are new to me," said Joe. "I'm glad it was only my shoe and I'm glad you helped me get it off."—Little Chronicle.

Not Big Enough.

One day, while mother was walking along the street, she stopped to patronize an extremely small newsboy. "I hope you don't sell papers on Sunday," she said. "No, mum," he said, sadly. "I ain't big enough to carry 'em yet."—CLYDE F. LITTLE.

Boat Shells.

ALL you go for a row in that silver lane which the moon has made on the dancing water? Boats are very rare here on the sand. There are round bottom, flat bottom, and medium ones. Take which you will, but before you run on your sail you must get some water nymphs in order to fit your boat.

How came all these little boats to be lying about on the sand? you ask. Do you know, my friend, that once upon a time the home of a limpet that crept about on the rocks searching for

tender seaweed, which the outgoing tide had left moist and well suited for them. Suppose you had seen one of these boats lying down on a rock and wished to take it home with you. The moment Mr. Limpet felt the touch of your fingers upon his back, he would have clung with all his might to the rock, and no power of yours could have moved him to open his door, even the smallest crack.

It is only when the limpets are dead that their boat-shaped houses are torn up by the waves on to the beach for children to play with.

MARGARET W. LEIGHTON.

Help As You Go.

Do the work that's nearest, though it's dull at times. Helping when you can. Lame dogs avoid stiles.

The Lion and the Monkey



Potpourri for Mother.

NOW is the time, boys and girls, for you to prepare a delightful surprise for mother—a rose jar, or, for the French call the contents of the jar, "potpourri." You have only to utilize now the flower leaves in the home garden, and, later, the aromatic herbs and weeds gathered on vacation rambles, to enjoy all the year that delicious odor which is one of summer's enchantments.

Commence when the roses are fully open, or have already fallen to the ground, and collect the petals, and, after a thick layer of salt, add more salt, a second sprinkling of salt, and so continue all through the rose season, until, and keeping the jar tightly sealed when not so engaged.

After the roses are gone, use other fragrant flowers, violets, carnations, scented, orange buds, slips of rose briar twigs, and spicy leaves of pinks. Also, leaves of the lemon verbena, sage, lemon and rue, and lavender, chips of cedar and bay bark, and a little fresh layer of sawdust, sprinkle with salt as before, and an occasional gill of strong brandy.

This compound of potpourri will diffuse delicate blossomy odor suggestive of a window whenever you open the jar. It will probably wish to keep it in her bedroom, where the delicate perfume will be delightful.

Habits.

NED was watching grandpa put on his shoes. Why do you turn 'em over to shoe 'em before you put 'em on?" he asked.

"Did?" said grandpa.

"Why, yes, you did; but I didn't see anything come out. I have to shake the sand out of my shoes 'most every morning."

Grandpa laughed. "I didn't notice that I shook my shoes. Ned, but I got in time before putting them on when I was in India."

"Why did you do it there?"

"To shake out the scorpions or centipedes, or other nuisances that might be hidden in them."

"But you don't need to do it here, for we don't have such things. But I know, but I formed the habit, and now I do it with my shoes."

"Habit is a queer thing, isn't it?" said Ned, thoughtfully.

"It's a very strong thing," said grandpa; "remember that, my boy. A habit is a chain that grows stronger every day, and it seems as if you are growing faster than a good one. If you are old, form them when you are young, and let them be growing strong all the while you live."

Medicine on Chairs.

When mamma was cleaning house she was polishing the floor, and then she put little sister said she was putting medicine on the chairs.

ANNA M. SCHEBLER.