For the Children

WILLIE'S SPEECH.

I am just a little fellow and I can't say much. My speech is this: I am glad I am a boy. I had rather be a boy than a girl, or anything. Boys have good times. They can swim and skate and coast, ride horseback, climb trees, play hop toad, make cartwheels of themselves, and slide down the bannisters, and most girls can't. I wouldn't be a girl—no, not if you'd give me the best jack-knife in the world.

The fishes live in the little brook, The birds live in the tree.

But home is the very nicest place
For a little child like me.

—Lima Culver in Kindergarten Review.

WHICH?

By Jay Russell Jewell.
Mr. Ch! and Mr. Ah!
Are two jolly little things,
And we love to have them with us
For the merry times each brings.
When we hear that it is story-time,
Or when our kites fly high
And sail way up above us And sail way up above us, As if they'd touch the sky-

When Betty's six years old to-day,
And the birthday cake's aglow,
With its candles shining brightly
On the frosting just like snow—
Or when the circus p'rade goes past,
And all of us just try
To see what's in the wagons
With their little doors so high—

It's then that Mr. Oh! and Ah! Come skipping on their toes,
And keep us feeling jolly
And forgetting all our woes.
But—Mr. Ouch! and Mr. Ow!
Are two cowards we should shun,
With their fretful, whining voices Always spoiling all the fun.

They're with us when we tumble down, Or when our tops won't spin, Or when we have our faces washed, And our jam is spread too thin!

Now when you choose your comrades,
Which pair will you allow,
Dear, jolly Mr. Oh! and Ah!
Or Mr. Ouch! and Ow!

A dear little English girl told a friend the other day that it might be winter in the A dear little English girl told a friend the other day that it might be winter in the daytime, but it was always summer at night. When asked for an explanation, she said that her bed was always surrounded by buttercups and daisies and harebells and wild fox-gloves and sorrel and clover. And they talked to her in her dreams, and told her how the fairies washed their faces in the dew of the morning long before she was up, and how they breathed little messages into their ears, so that they might repeat them to her directly she should wake. When the child was asked how it came that these especial flowers were always with her, she solemnly said, "I will tell you a secret. One summer some people plucked all these flowers and threw them away in the road. And I picked them up lest any one should tread on them, and took them home and gave them water till they died. And now their ghosts come to me and say 'Thank you' to me whenever I go to sleep." Could prettiness reach a greater height?—Toronto Sunday World.

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THE NEW BABY

THE NEW BABY.

THE NEW BABY.

She has my crib, she has my name,
(They called me "baby" 'fore she came)
And now they just say "son' and "Dick".
I'll have to grow up pretty quick
Because she has my mother, too,
And I don't know what I shall do!
I want her just the same at night
To hold my hand and hug me tight,
And sing to me, and let me creep
Into her lap and go to sleep.
"My nose is broken," but I know
It's not my nose that hurts me so.
Why, I can feel the zackly part,
It aches and aches all round my heart!
—Youth's Companion.

Don't Walk the Floor with Baby

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where babies never cry.

NOTE

Doublesprings attached to the bassinette hang from the standards and respond to the slightest movement of the child.

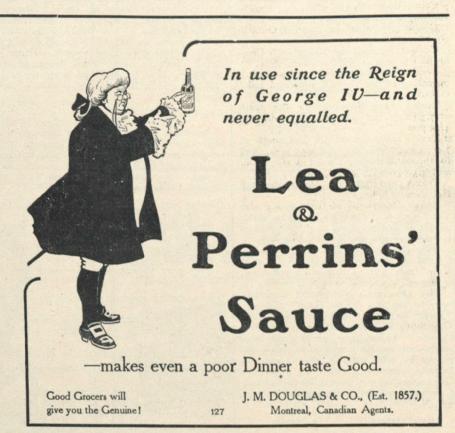


THE LITTLE BEAUTY наммоск сот

During the day your time is valuable, taken up with other duties, and at night you need your rest.

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