



For the Juniors



Bunny White and How He Came at Easter

ONCE there was a white rabbit that lived in a wood. It was not the same White Rabbit that Alice met in Wonderland, though it may have been a distant relation, because now that we come to think of it, they looked very much alike. They were both white, they both had long, silky ears and a very peculiar way of wrinkling up their noses which was so noticeable that it might certainly be taken for a "family characteristic." If you don't know what that is we would advise you to ask some person else, because this story is about a white rabbit, and we have no time for explanations.

Now, it would really seem quite safe to say that our rabbit was *possibly* a forty-ninth cousin on *perhaps* its father's side to the White Rabbit that Alice met. One thing, however, that we are *sure* of is, that it was a great-great-grandfather of our white rabbit that was captured by Baby Buntin's father and skinned to make a coat for Baby Buntin'. You remember the story being told in nursery rhyme. It went this way:

Bye Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap a Baby Bunting in.

The white rabbit knew the rhyme, and all his little brothers and sisters and cousins did, too. Their mothers sang it to them when they were baby rabbits, but it wasn't meant for a lullaby. It was sung as a warning of what might happen if they were not good little rabbits and minded what their elders told them.

One day in the early springtime we were sitting on a log in the woods resting after a long tramp, when suddenly, out popped our white rabbit and sat in the path and stared at us. That is how we first came to meet him. We both sat very still and presently he said:

"Does either one of you happen to be called Buntin'?"

We told him neither was.

"Are you sure you have no child at home called Baby Buntin'?" he asked, politely.

I told him we had a baby but her name was Marjory, and it made her very angry to be called baby, because she was nearly five years old.

"Oh, very well, then," said the rabbit, "I guess I'm not afraid of you two. I thought at first you had a sort of Buntin' look about you, and you know we've never had anything to do with that family since one of them skinned my great-great-grandfather to make a rabbit coat to bring home to the baby."

"We can understand your feelings exactly," I replied. "I never heard of the Buntin's, but Billie here may know them. Or perhaps it's because he owns an old Billie-goat that gives him that kind of a Buntin' look."

Billie said that was a silly joke, and that the white rabbit and I should mind our grammar. He said he had been picking up the "g's" that we had dropped off the Buntings.

"What did you do with them?" asked the white rabbit, curiously, who didn't know what a "g" was I am sure.

"Put them in my mouth," said Billie.

"Well, I want mine back," said the rabbit.

"All right. G! G! G!" shouted Billie, and the rabbit looked so frightened at the noise that I was afraid he would run away, so I said:



Bunny White Learned Many Tricks; To Eat a Cigarette Was One of Them.

"I never met such a jolly rabbit as you before. Wouldn't you like to come home with us. Marjory wants a white rabbit filled with candy for Easter, but I'm sure she would much rather have a live one."

"Very kind of you, indeed," said the white rabbit. "I don't know but what I'll go. We have got such a large family I'll never be missed at home. That's a sure thing, and when I happened to meet you I was looking for an adventure. If I don't enjoy myself I can run home again. Trot along, I'll follow you."

We kept the white rabbit out of sight until Easter morning and then made Marjory "cover her eyes and hold out her hands and see what we had brought her." She danced with delight when we put the rabbit in her arms.

"This is very satisfactory," said the white rabbit. "I think I'm going to like it here."

That was ever so many Easters ago and white rabbit has not run home yet. Marjory has taught him some clever tricks and named him Bunny White and loves him dearly.

M. H. C.

What Easter Brings

Easter comes with springtime,
Bringing opening buds,
Also birds and sunshine—
Gay hats and new duds!

The Horn-Blower of Ripon

IN many English towns the ancient custom of announcing bedtime at nine o'clock still exists. Sometimes it is done by a bell, from the custom of the curfew-bell; and sometimes it is by means of a watchman's voice, as at Lichfield. At Ripon, in the north of England, the hour when medieval Englishmen were supposed to cover their fires and put out the lights is announced by a city official known as the Horn-blower.

At the approach of the hour, the Horn-blower,

who selects his own uniform and performs his task according to his own idea of what is picturesque and proper, dons a three-cornered hat, straps a great horn to his shoulder, and proceeds, first, to the residence of the mayor. Precisely at the hour, he blows three loud, distinct blasts, which are both strong and sweet; then waits a little for the sounds to disperse and gives three more blasts. This he does every night of the year, as his predecessor has done and as his successor will do.

Then, while the echoes are still lingering pleasantly on the ear, he walks briskly over to the market-place, and though every one in town knows that he is simply going to repeat the performance, there is always an audience, large or small, and, in summer, including every strange visitor to the town, to see and hear the Horn-blower of Ripon.

When the last of the sweet notes has blown itself away over toward the hills of Yorkshire, the listeners are fully impressed with the idea that the day has actually gone, and that the time for sleep has arrived.

In some English towns, though not, I think, at Ripon, the night-watchman calls out, after his bell or horn, something like this:

"Half-past nine, the night is fine,
All is well, God save the King."

—St. Nicholas.

I'm Such a Very Stylish Child!

I'M such a very stylish child!

My relatives declare;

They like my manner—proudly mild—

The way I do my hair;

They like the way my socks are worn,

The way my guimpe stays down,

And I'm to have on Easter morn

A brand new challie gown!

Well, other little girls may play

With dolls and foolish toys,

While some may run around all day

As bold as little boys—

But oh, I'm not as light as they,

Such things just make me *wild*!

I'd rather everyone would say:

"My! What a stylish child!"

—Woman's Home Companion.

Mamma gives me ev'rything,

Calls me "Little Lamb,"

When I'm good; but I'll not say

What she gave me yesterday,

When she made me go away

From a pot of jam.

The Mouse Burglar

"OH, oh, oh!" cried little Baby Bruin one night; "there is a dreadful noise outside on the landing."

Father Bruin opened the door and peeped out. "There is nobody here," he said. "Perhaps there is someone in the attic. We will go up and see."

So up, up, up they went. When they reached the top, something tiny scampered across Father Bruin's toes. Down fell the candle with a bang!

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Old Moon, beaming on them through the staircase window. "It's only a mouse."



The Easter Parade in Feathertown.