

## THE BOYS AND GIRLS

### "The Family Cat"

I can fold up my claws  
In my soft velvet paws,  
And purr in the sun  
Till the short day is done;  
For I am the family cat.

I can doze by the hour  
In the vine-covered bower,  
Winking and blinking  
Through sunshine and shower;  
For I am the family cat.

In the cold winter's night,  
When the ground is all white,  
And the icicles shine  
In a long silver line,  
I stay not to shiver  
In the moonbeam's pale quiver;  
But curl up in the house  
As snug as a mouse,  
And play Jack Horner  
In the coziest corner,  
Breaking nobody's laws,  
With my chin on my paws;  
Asleep with one eye  
And awake with the other;  
For I am the family cat.

### How Rex Brought Up the Turkeys

Rex was a lovable little curly puppy, just old enough to be into all sorts of mischief, but cunning and anxious to please as could be. His mother had been the pet of the Graham household for years, and her untimely death by lightning when Rex was a tiny chap made him the especial protégé of each member of the family, from two-year-old baby Grace to seventy-year-old Grandpa Graham.

All summer the turkeys had caused Mrs. Graham no end of trouble. The farm was big, and the turkeys, young and old, seemed to take peculiar interest in exploring those portions furthest from the barnyard, particularly at nightfall, or when a storm was brooding and it was imperative that they should be under shelter. Mrs. Graham and little Joe, his mother's helper in the chicken yard had run themselves nearly down time and again in their efforts to locate the runaways before they were drowned. Rex usually took a deep interest in the proceeding, but up to the time of our story he had not given any material assistance, being content to look on from a distance.

One evening, however, Mr. Graham was at hand when the usual hunt for the turkeys was about to begin. "Why don't you teach that rascally pup to help you out, mother?" he said to his wife, and calling Rex, he clapped his hands and ordered him off after the turkeys.

Rex bounded away, apparently understanding just what was wanted of him, and was soon out of sight beyond the orchard hedge.

"Smart pup, that," remarked Mr. Graham, congratulating himself on his thoughtfulness in helping his wife out of her difficulties. And with that he dropped the matter from his mind, and went off toward the cow-lot swinging a shiny milk-pail in each hand.

Mrs. Graham and Joe continued their search, slowly bringing in one turkey after another until all but one brood had been accounted for. Suddenly Baby Grace, who had toddled after them, stumbled and fell, strik-

ing her wee nose so that the blood flowed unceasingly for a few minutes. Mrs. Graham gathered Baby Grace in her arms, and ran to the house, calling to Joe to get her some water. They both busied themselves over the little one for some time, forgetful of Rex and the still absent turkeys. At last the comforting process was over, and the two started forth on their search again, leaving Grace curled up in grandpa's willing arms. A succession of glad barks from Rex caused him to go first toward the chicken-yard.

"What if he did find them, mama!" exclaimed Joe, hurrying on.

"Wuf! wuf! wuf! r-r-r-r-r-r!" and Rex bounded to meet them, seemingly beside himself with sheer joy. He jumped up in vain attempts to kiss Joe, and almost tripped Mrs. Graham in his excitement. Whirling around he raced ahead, leading them straight to the coop which they had left vacant. There, in a sorrowful heap, just inside the coop, were the little turkeys, with their feathers awry and their necks limp—dead, every one. And from a tree in the orchard came the plaintive call of the mother-turkey, so quickly bereft of her entire

bright eyes of Rex, and held up a warning finger. "He carried out your commands as best he could," she said in soft, low tones.

Mr. Graham stooped, and patted the curly head, murmuring something about his being too young to understand, then placing him in Joe's arms, they returned silently to the house.

Joe is almost a young man now, and Rex has long ago learned the correct method of bringing up the stray turkeys and chickens, but the story of his first attempt is often related, much to the amusement of the two boys who have joined the family group since that day, and have now relieved Joe and his mother of all responsibility in regard to the turkeys.

### Game of Duplicate Letters

Here is a game that can be started at a moment's notice anywhere and that will make fun for many a quarter of an hour that otherwise would lag.

One girl propounds a question such as:

"If I were a lamp post, what would you do with me?"

The girl whose turn is next must answer with a sentence that shall have at least three words in it that begin with the same letter as the noun "lamp post." For instance, she might reply:

"I would leap loyally to light you."

The next girl may ask:

"Will you lend me a dollar?"

The reply may be:



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family, a lesson on playing truant which it is feared she was slow to comprehend.

For a moment Mrs. Graham and Joe stood amazed and wordless. Just then Mr. Graham came along with his pails full of rich, warm milk. Noticing the group about the coop, he stopped, when his eyes alighted on the telltale turkeys. "Well I never! Rex, you naughty—" Mr. Graham began, but his wife saw the bewildered look the stern words brought to the

"I dare say I would donate it if I were not so dolefully poor."

The answers that are made on the spur of the moment are often so ludicrous that they would make an owl laugh.

Question—If it takes a farmer two weeks to dig a barrel of apples, how long will it take a mosquito to crawl through a barrel of molasses? Answer—There is no place like home.