



FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

BUNNY BOB'S JOKE

BUNNY BOB COTTONTOT was the youngest and naughtiest and dearest and cunningest of all the seventeen little Cottontots. He was round and brown and fuzzy, the sweetest little rabbit one ever saw, and what a light, jolly, frolicsome, mischievous, little heart he had beating a gay tattoo in his little, furry breast! And perhaps it was because he was always so busy thinking up tricks to play that he was so absent-minded sometimes.

"A mercy it is," his mother would say, "A mercy it is, I do declare, that your head is stuck on your body, or you would certainly forget it."

Well, one morning just as the sun peeped over the hill, Bunny Bob woke up. All his little brothers and sisters lay curled up fast asleep. It was the first time in ever so long that Bunny Bob had waked up first, and he looked around, quite proud of himself.

"I won't call them at all," he thought, "I'll just get up as quiet as a mouse and I'll tip out and get a bite of breakfast, then I'll go off to school. When they wake up they'll wonder where I am, and maybe look for me then when they get to school they'll find I got there first! Tee-hee! Tee-hee! What a joke that will be!"

Up he got and tipped out as quiet as a mouse, then he sat up and washed his face (not very carefully, and he didn't do his ears at all, for he was in a hurry, besides his mother wasn't

watching him), then he ran down Thorn Lane, which led into Farmer Husk's Turnip Field. There he took a little nibble, and gathered some leaves—oh, cabbage leaf, one may, apple leaf and one beet leaf—for they were used for books in Miss Pufftail's Primary Rabbit School.

In the field a huge yellow pumpkin lay with the dew shining on it, as if it were perspiring hard, and the brown and yellow leaves in the woods came drifting down.

"Now," said Bunny Bob, pausing and scratching his forehead, "have I forgotten something? Have I? Have I?"

He could not think of a thing that he had forgotten, yet he had a feeling that he had. So he sat down and raked his little brains, but he could not think of a thing he might have forgotten. Still he felt uncomfortable. The sun was peeping over the hill and he could not wait, so off he humped, holding his books tight, off to school, to Miss Pufftail's Primary Rabbit School, saying his one times one table over and over, as that was the only one he knew.

The school was a cleared place in

the middle of a field. She'll fix you! You don't pay anything to be in this school. She'll put you out, she will, just wait and see if she won't!

But the spider went on spinning, with a cross frown on her forehead.

Well, Bunny Bob waited and waited and waited and nobody came. The sun came up higher and dried the dew on the school room floor. Bunny Bob's books wilted up. He grew rather hungry.

"I don't know what time it is," he said, at last, "but I guess I bet—"



A SPIDER WENT UP FROM THE SIXTEEN LITTLE COTTONTOTS.

ter walk down the road a little way and meet the others coming. They'll be just as surprised."

"Yes," asked his mother, sternly, "hopped down the road. He went very slowly, but he reached the Turnip Field and no bunnies did he meet. He began to feel worried.

"Maybe something has happened," he thought. "A dog might have eaten Sister Winkle. Or maybe a—Man, with a gun—"

He did not finish this painful thought, but began to hop very fast for home. What a relief! As his home came into view he saw little figures skipping about and knew they were his brothers and sisters. He hurried as fast as he could and soon reached home.

"Where have you been?" cried the sixteen little Cottontots in one breath.

"I got lost," he said, "I was coming out of the Bunny Hole, where have you been?" They had been running away again. Go to! Willow tree and nibble me a switch! Once, I'm going to tell you!

Bunny Bob began to cry.

"I didn't run away," he said. "I went straight to school, and nobody came so I came back."

A shout went up from the sixteen little Cottontots, and even Mother Cottontot laughed.

"Oh, Bunny Bob, Bunny Bob!" she said. "You'd forget your own head!"

"Why?" asked Bunny Bob, drying his eyes, and looking around. "What are you all laughing at? I meant to

WATCHING THE FIRE.

ONCE there was a little lad Who to visit used to go Where an open fire they had That with logs would burn and glow.

And he'd sit and watch the flame Till his face got shiny red, Or his mamma maybe came And would take him off to bed.



HE LOVED LOOKING AT THE FIRE BETTER THAN HIS GAME OR TOY. OF IT HE'ER SEEMED TO TIRE— WASN'T HE A FUNNY BOY?



THE SPIDER WENT ON SPINNING WITH A CROSS FROWN ON HER FOREHEAD.

a dell, among little pine trees, and when Bunny Bob arrived all out of breath not a soul was in sight, not even Miss Pufftail, who always came early and cleared away the spider webs. The brown carpet of pine needles was quite damp with dew and the early morning sun peeped shyly down through the trees.

"Tee-hee!" laughed Bunny Bob. "How surprised they all will be!"

And he sat down with his back to a tree and waited. He waited and waited and waited, and he said his one times one table over three times with hardly a mistake, then he saw a big red spider and told her about the joke he was playing on his brothers and sisters but the spider was cross and busy, so she only grunted and seemed unwilling to talk.

"All right," said Bunny Bob, "just wait until Miss Pufftail comes in,

A "W"

WHEN your friends call on you and conversation lags, as it sometimes will even in the best regulated companies, give them each a pencil and a slip of paper and introduce this literary game to them. You read the following questions aloud and ask them each to write the same of a well-known book as the appropriate answer. For instance—the first question is, and I must tell you that all the answers form a complete story of the courtship and marriage of a Colonial couple—who was the bride?

Answer: Jane's Merciful. Answer: John Halifax Gentleman.

From what place did she first see him? Window in Thrums.

Where did they meet? Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush.

Where did the girl live? On Quality Street.

In deciding whether to marry him what did she pass through? The Crisis.

When she finally said "yes" how did she feel? The Awakening.

What did the groom give her as a wedding gift? The Black Pearl.

What gift did she receive from royalty? The Queen's Necklace.

In what did they ride to the church? The Bishop's Carriage.

Handy Friends

IT is wonderful how eight little fingers and two chubby thumbs can make themselves useful at the close of the year. Now if you will but look on your fingers as so many fairies, and assign to each, fairly a place and an occupation, the ten will never come in conflict, and you will be amazed to find how much they can accomplish, and how well their work will be done.

Imagine, for instance, two lovely fairies who call themselves "Queens of Childhood" presenting themselves before you. They promise to be useful to you in your washing and dressing; they will assist you in buttoning your shoes and combing out tangles in your hair.

"Oh, stay with me," you cry, "and assist me."

"We will," they answer; "see that you treat us well, and they disappear beneath the little pink nails of your thumbs."

Next come two slender fairies who bow low and say "We are Queens of the Household. We will help you make your bed and keep your room in order. Shall we stay?"

"Please do," you answer delightedly, "for those are the very things I find so hard to do, and while you speak the two settle on the skinned fingers and disappear under the skinned nails of your hands."

"We are Queens of your School-days," say the next two. "We keep you out of mischief while in school, and we stay you won't neglect us, will you?" and as you nod your head they disappear in the long fingers.

"We must not be neglected, either," say the next two fairies.

"Who are you?" you ask, and they tell you that they can knit and sew and crochet and embroider, and you are only too glad to have them dwell in the ring fingers.

Now there are only two fairies left, and little roguish fairies they are. They skip towards you, and in silvery voices say, "We are Queens of Play, and you will like us, for all boys and girls do; but we will remain only if you promise not to neglect the other eight fairies for us. We are the smallest and dare not take the lead."

"You say 'I'll heed all you say, dear Fairies,'" and the two settle in the little fingers.

This sounds like a dream-story. Perhaps it is a fancy, but it is one which, if applied to your daily work, will make things easier for you to do. Remember the fairies promised to assist you only if you treat them well, and the way to treat them well is to do your best.

No doubt you are all as busy as can be preparing Christmas gifts for parents, teachers and friends. A home-coming present is always more appreciated than a bought one, and many easy pretty things can be made with little expense and trouble. Get the ten fairies to help you and see what the Handy Friends can fashion.

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THE CROW AND THE SERPENT



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CHEESE

MY!" said Jamie, as he swallowed the last bit of pie and followed it with a bite of yellow cheese. "That's pretty good." He sighed and looked at his empty plate thoughtfully. "Why is it, mother," he asked, "that we all ways have cheese when we have pie for dessert? Where does cheese come from anyway? Can't you tell me a story about cheese, mother?" he begged. "Yes, if you really want to know," answered his mother. So Jamie settled himself comfortably and listened closely.

Long time ago all of the farmers made their own cheese, as they do their butter, now. But most of all of the cheese that is eaten now, is made in factories. Did you ever try to think how many different kinds of cheese there are? Jamie thought's moment, then said: "Well, there is cream cheese and Swiss and smear cheese and that bity kind you spread on crackers"—"Roguefort," his mother said—"And, oh, yes, Limburger cheese!" Jamie held his nose, as if he smelt it. "I guess that's all," he added. His mother smiled. "There are about forty-five more kinds of cheese—over fifty kinds, altogether. The kind we eat the most of is called cream cheese. You have heard the grocer call it New York or Wis-

consin cream cheese—that is because most of the cheese made in this country is made in the States of New York and Wisconsin. All cheese is made of fresh milk or cream. First, the milk mixed with cream is put in large kettles—vats, they are called—and warmed until it is 84 degrees Fahrenheit—that is about as warm as a pleasant summer day. Then something is put in it to make it separate into curds and whey. You know the thick part is the curd and the water of the milk is the whey. Lots of people use Rennet, which is the dried inside of a calf's stomach, to make the milk separate into curds and whey. The whey is all taken off and there is just the curd, which is really the young cheese. But you would never know it was cheese, for it has to have many things done to it before it becomes a full-grown, yellow cheese, sitting proudly on the grocer's counter, in its glass house. This young cheese must ferment. Bacteria, which are tiny, little animals you cannot see, get into it and work for a long time. This helps to make the cheese taste good. Then the curd is all broken up into small pieces, salted, and pressed into different shapes. Then it is set away for about ten days and then it is rubbed hard to take off the mold, and dipped in paraffine—you

know the kind that mother puts on her jelly—so that it cannot mould again, and put in a cool cellar to ripen—that means to get a good flavor. Then it is sold to the grocer and he sells it to you."

"But you haven't told me why we eat it with pie," protested Jamie.

"Well," answered his mother, "Pie is rather hard for people's stomachs to grind up, but cheese helps to get it down to do this. When a piece of cheese goes into the stomach, all the juices down there that are trying their best to mix up the food so that it can be turned into blood run faster and work harder than ever—the cheese makes them do this in some way. And pretty soon the pie is all digested. So you see a little cheese helps a lot."

"Swiss cheese is made in Switzerland, where there are high mountains, and many goats, from the milk which the goats give. Have you ever noticed the pretty shaped, red, shiny cheeses in the grocer's window? Those are Edam cheeses and come across the sea from Holland. They are made on the farms by the Dutch people and brought to town in carts pulled by dogs. It is a strange sight to see thousands and thousands of cheeses laid on the ground of the market place on market day, before they are washed and colored to be sent away across the ocean to different lands."

"Is Limburger cheese really good to eat?" Jamie asked. He had never been near enough to taste any, for you

know Limburger cheese smells rather strong.

"Yes, indeed," his mother said, "Limburger cheese is really the purest and richest cheese made, for the greatest care must be taken with it—not a speck of dirt can come near it, or its flavor is destroyed. The smell comes from the way it is fermented."

"And the bity kind we ate one time at the big hotel?" inquired Jamie, to grind up, but cheese helps to get it down to do this. When a piece of cheese goes into the stomach, all the juices down there that are trying their best to mix up the food so that it can be turned into blood run faster and work harder than ever—the cheese makes them do this in some way. And pretty soon the pie is all digested. So you see a little cheese helps a lot."

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and rubbed with molly bread which had been made of barley flour and pointed into fine crumbs and set away in a damp place to mold. This moldy bread is half between the pieces of curd, then it is wrapped in linen cloths and carried to big, dry caves that are cut in the limestone rocks of the hills. There it is salted and piled up to ripen. Every once in a while it is stuck with long needles so that the flavor of the moldy bread can get through it. Then it is left to dry and mold for about a month, when it is 'bity' as you call it, and ready to eat."

"That is a lot of trouble, isn't it?" said Jamie, as he scrambled down from his chair, feeling very wise to think that he knew so much about cheese.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

GIFT PUZZLE

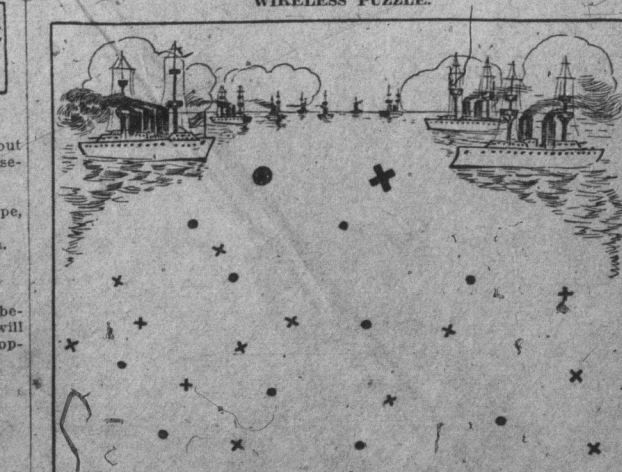
Mary was a little undecided about her Christmas list so at last she selected the following:

- For sister ver, pi, fo, sil, ce, e.
- For brother kes, l, are, fo, pe, re, sha.
- For mother se, ss, cu, va, t, gla.
- For father ung, be, lo, ro, ing.

HALF DIAMOND PUZZLE

If the following are written one below another, they spell the name of something very popular at Xmas.

- A consonant.
- A part of the foot.
- A girl's name.
- A single of nails.
- A young person.



WIRELESS PUZZLE.

Here are two fleets. The dots indicate the positions of the ships in one fleet and the crosses the positions of the adversary's ships. The Admirals of each fleet wants to send a secret wireless message to all of his ships. Two messages must travel in straight lines between the ships without crossing. See if you can show how this can be done.

WHEN MOTHER'S ILL

WHEN mother's big and well strong. We just clasp hands and race along; There's nothing that she doesn't know; Like pretty walks and where to go.

But when she's ill she asks for me To set her tray with toast and tea And braid her hair and make her bed And fluff the pillow for her head.

Now isn't that a funny trick For me so small to grow up quick?

WHY DO WE ALWAYS HAVE CHEESE WHEN WE HAVE PIE FOR DESSERT?

Why do we always have cheese when we have pie for dessert? Because pie is hard to digest and cheese helps to get it down. Cheese is made from milk and is very nutritious. It is also a good source of calcium and protein. So, when you have pie, it's always a good idea to have some cheese with it to help with digestion and provide extra nutrients.

RAIN! RAIN!

SUSIE just after rain they were and Cath town to in the st it was r Catherine little tots wet feet go away; come back old nursery rhyme. "It was as much of it could repeat; but she rest of it, anyway, as from the way in which the window-pane with the hands. her chubb beside her on the big, Suse's seat and both of them broad with catching the rain. Haven't noticed how fascinating you yours the rain? Not as much it is to see the snow flakes fall, so as was so fascinating. of course, how far—how many, many miles they passed before have fallen you can wonder what strange they must have seen way up know about such things happen there about the miraculous journey of those rain-drops—first as rain, on the earth, next or the the clouds that next sucked then when the clouds of air strikes a colder stratum mist or condenses and the mist of air water again and falls to changed—to repeat the process earth on!

all over neither Suse nor little Of thinking of such things, for Jane quite old enough to know they say you see. But they were about the steady downpour fascinated it intensely.

and if Jane squealed. "You're squawking when Jane squealed your squawking she was most excited it meant. And, this time, Jane over and squeal—showing that raved much excited. Further she squawked her fists upon the more excitedly.

little matter, Jane," asked "Suse, Duggie!" agreed Jane. "Upon the wind's again, and out and then on the Suse's street, was the dog's shaggy, wettest. He dog forty feet. It was going to she from the side of a w. And distance Suse could see of course, the same af-

Presently, Jane S
"Poor little doggie!
And then she
away to find Catherine
Now it wasn't exactly
vince Catherine that
doggie should be
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But Mammy did not
Instead, she thought hi
little Jane loved him, ob
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and got him, no one came
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And—oh yes, his name
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them on a rainy afterno
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would not have had him
Jane called him "Walm
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Solution to Wireless P