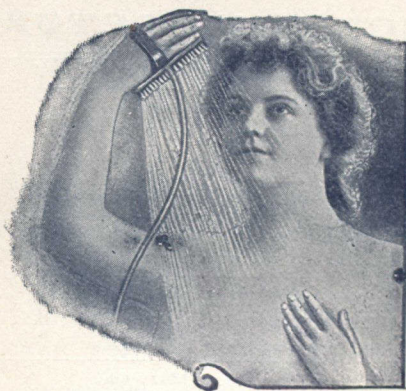




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For the Children

NONSENSE VERSES.

Why, we spiders invented our flying machine
Long ago, before newspapers ever were seen!
Simply spinning out gossamer threads in the breeze,
We are lifted up gently, far over the trees.
"Only try it!" said Grandfather Spider to me.
"Tis so simple! Just try it, my dear, and you'll see!"

—L. J. Bridgman.

A toothless and lisping old panther
Once said, "Though not much of a danther,
Came a party thith way—
With a gun—I dare thay
I might take a few thepth that would anther."

—Elizabeth J. Gould.

WISHES.

BY ALICE V. L. CARRICK.

"Frank has a watch." This sounds to you like only a sentence from the First Reader, but really it was a whole story, and a very sad one, too, to the small boy who was saying it over and over to himself. For Frank, who lived iust across the way from Johnny, was no older than he was, and yet, there, ticking away in his jacket pocket, was a fat silver watch, a wonderful thing, to be dragged out and consulted and dangled before his playmates' admiring eyes.

"But I can't have one yet. Father said so. Not till I'm twelve, anyhow. Three whole years!" Johnny thought, sadly. "And Uncle Charles said 'If wishes were horses, beggars would ride,' my boy, 'I'm sick of that old thing!'"

And then because, I suppose, there are no fairies now except thought fairies, good and clever ideas that pop into our minds and show us the easiest paths, one of them whispered and kept whispering the rest of the rhyme in his mind:

If turnips were watches,
I'd wear one by my side.

And it talked to him until Johnny thought and thought, and then jumped up with a whoop that sent the cat flying in terror from her door-step doze.

"Why shouldn't turnips be watches?" he cried. "I've my own garden that father gave me last year, and I'll plant the seed, and raise a whole lot of turnips, and sell them at the market!"

He ran off to tell his mother, and she, like all mothers, was as pleased as he was, and thought of other seeds for him to sow—radishes, lettuce, cucumbers, summer squash, and great golden pumpkins.

There never was a garden more carefully tended than this. All day long the sun seemed to shine there, as if to make the crops hurry and grow. Johnny worked early and late, tying up his bunches of radishes for market, weeding and thinning out the turnips so that they would have room to grow large and round and white. And in the autumn, when the last of the heavy yellow pumpkins was sent to the shop, and John counted up his gains, there was enough for a round, fat watch like Frank's, and, still more wonderful, for a chain held it in its place, and made its owner the envy of the neighbourhood. And now, whenever Johnny takes it lovingly from his pocket to look at the time, and as it lies under his pillow at night, it seems to be always ticking away the same thing:

If wishes were horses
Beggars would ride;
If turnips were watches
I'd wear one by my side.
And turnips were, so Johnny says.

A SECRET.

There was a small maiden named Lou,
Always had a great secret for you;
When you'd put down your ear,
All the better to hear,
Why, this was the secret—just "Boo!"
—M. H. C.

Mothers, Listen!

Do not spend your nights walking the floor with Baby, but put your child in one of our LITTLE BEAUTY HAMMOCK COTS, where children never cry. Swings itself to and fro, up and down, with every movement.

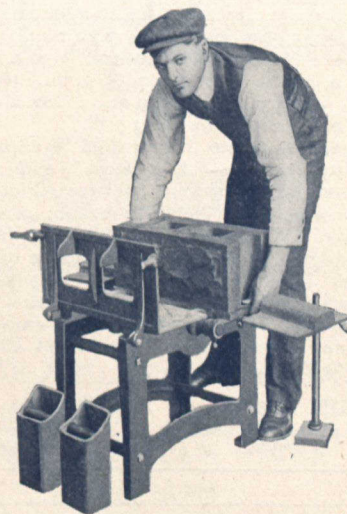


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