

den when no one is looking, had already planted marigolds in that very bed. Soon the green shoots came pushing up, and they grew and grew, until one summer morning they nodded their bright yellow crowns at everybody who passed. Eunice saw them, and then she remembered.

"My pennies have grown in the bank!" she cried, and ran into the house to call mother and Aunt Eunice to see the wonderful sight. "You can pick all the golden money you want to," she said, proudly.

She was so proud and happy that it was hard for mother to tell her that she had chosen the wrong sort of bank for her money to grow in.

"Come along, honey girl!" said Aunt Eunice, "I ought to have explained that day. See, we'll put this gold dollar in the big bank down-town, and we'll watch it really and truly grow every year."

But the marigolds were so big and

yellow that Eunice liked to pretend they had grown from her bright pennies. And this is the reason that the Applebys always call marigolds "money flowers."

Altogether Different

"Did he say he knew me when I was a girl?"

"No, he said he knew you when he was a boy."

The New Pupil

By G. W. Douglas

Helen and Mary and Eleanor were playing school one afternoon, when Helen's father found them.

"What are you doing, girls?" he asked. "We are not girls. We are school children, and Mary is the teacher," Helen replied.

"Oh, pardon me?" said he. Then, in

a different manner, he went on: "Breakfast was late this morning, teacher, and I couldn't get to school on time. Mother will write an excuse, and will bring it this afternoon."

He sat down and pretended to study. Eleanor giggled, but Mary and Helen had seen him do the same thing before, so they went on with the school.

"Eleanor, how much are three times four?" the teacher asked.

"I don't know the times, yet, teacher. I know only the ands and the lesses," Eleanor replied.

"Then you don't belong in this grade," said the teacher, sternly. "I'll have to put you back in the first grade. The children here know the ands, the lesses, the times and the intos. Now we'll have the class in reading. The big boy may read first."

Helen's father stood up with his book open before him. This is what he read in a clear, serious voice that made them all laugh:

When the Moon Became Dark

"Hey, diddle, diddle, when the cat played the fiddle

The cow jumped into the moon, And the little dog howled alone in the dark,

For the light went out so soon."

"That isn't right?" said the teacher.

"It doesn't go that way!" Eleanor exclaimed.

And the teacher was too excited to notice that both Helen and Eleanor had left their seats and were pressing against the "big boy's" book to see what was in it.

"I never heard it like that," said Helen. "It goes, 'Hey diddle, the cat and the fiddle,' not the 'cat played the fiddle.'"

"Maybe this isn't right, either," said the big boy. And he read:

A Cure for Sleeplessness

"Little Bo-Peep lost her sleep,

And doesn't know where to find it. Put her to bed, and cover her head,

And then she'll never mind it."

Mary suddenly remembered that she was the teacher.

"Children, take your seats!" she commanded.

Helen and Eleanor sat down, but the big boy still stood up. Mary reproved him for disturbing the school.

"I haven't finished my reading lesson, yet," the big boy said. "I want to read about 'Naughty Mary.'"

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary,

How does your garden grow!

With little squeals and angry yells,

To get my way, you know."

Mary hung her head and looked sorry. Then the man said he thought school had kept long enough. The three girls gathered round him, and Helen asked:

"Father, does it really say those things?"

He showed her the book, and there were some loose pages lying in it with typewriting on them.

"Oh, yes, it does!" she exclaimed. "Here is one you didn't read. It is 'A Sad Song about a Picnic.'"

"Read it! Read it!" Mary and Eleanor both demanded. And Helen read this:

"Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of pie,

Four and twenty little girls screaming out, 'O my!'

For the pie was sat upon by the careless lad,

Wasn't that a thoughtless thing without a blotting-pad!"

And as Eleanor started for home, she said to Helen, "Haven't you a nice father?"

"Indeed I have!" said Helen.

The Quarrel

Now, Willie Johnson, yesterday,

He make a face at me, an' say

He's glad he ain't a little girl,

'Cause he don't have no hair to curl

An' his face don't have to be clean—

An' so I tell him 'at he's mean,

An' I make faces at him, too,

An' stick my tongue out! Yes, I do!

Nen me an' Willie Johnson fight.

I know 'at girls must be po-lite

An' never get in fights—but he

Got in the fight; it wasn't me.

An' so I tore off Willie's hat

An' give him just a little pat

Up 'side his face, an' he just cry

An' run home like he's 'fraid he'll die!

So pretty soon his mama, she

Come to our house—an' looked at me!

Nen goes right in where mama is—

She tooked 'at tored-up hat o' his.

An' Missus Johnson she just told

My mama lots o' things, an' scold

About me, too—'cause I'm outside

An' hear—th' door is open wide.

Nen Willie come out wif his pup

An' say "Hullo!" So we maked up,

Nen get to playin' an'mal show—

His pup is a wild li'n, an' so,

W'y, he's a-trainin' it, an' I'm

Th' aujence mos' near all th' time.

An' nen our mamas bofe come out.

His mama she still scold about

Me slappin' him—an' they bofe say:

"Hereafter keep your child away!"

An' nen they see us playin' there

An' they bofe say: "Well, I declare!"

—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in Harper's Magazine for September.

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