

THE BOYS AND GIRLS

The Reason Why

"When I was at the party,"
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh but me—
I didn't laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty—bless her little heart!—
Had been so sweetly kind.
"Why didn't you laugh, darling?
Or don't you like to tell,"
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,
"Cause it was me that fell!"

The Winter Sleepers

There are some kinds of animals that hide away in the winter that are not wholly asleep all the time. The blood moves a little and once in a while they take a breath. If the weather is mild at all, they wake up enough to eat.

Now, isn't it curious they know all this beforehand? Such animals always lay up something to eat, just by their side, when they go into their winter sleeping places. But those that do not wake up never lay up any food, for it would not be used if they did.

The little field mouse lays up nuts and grain. It eats some when it is partly awake on a warm day. The bat does not need to do this, for the same warmth that wakes him wakes all the insects on which he feeds. He catches some, and then eats. When he is going to sleep again, he hangs himself up by his hind claws. The woodchuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake; yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for, do you think? On purpose to have it ready for the first moment he wakes up in the spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out of his hole.

A Giant Snow Image

The accompanying picture shows a remarkably clever piece of carving in snow, executed by a man in Weston, near Toronto, a few years ago. It was modelled after the style of an Egyptian sphinx and stood about seven feet high. The snow was piled up in the ordinary way, by rolling big snowballs across the lawn, and the carving was done with an old knife. This work

of art was constructed on a Christmas day, and it stood an object of considerable interest, until a spell of mild weather melted it down.

Two Jolly Games

Blind Man's Buff Improved—Select one of the players to be blindfolded and seat the others around the room, giving each a number. When the conductor calls "all change" each one takes a seat in a different part of the room. The conductor then calls out a number to which the one hearing it has to respond by rising to his or her feet, but should that one fail to respond through forgetting the number or any other reason, a forfeit has to be paid. In event of correct response the bearer of the number proceeds to the person blindfolded and touches his hand in token of being ready for his tasting which is for the blindfolded one to tell the name of the one called up, he being allowed as many guesses as may be fixed on. He may guess from the feeling of the hand, head or face, by asking him to laugh, talk or sing, or anyway that suggests itself. The one under examination may answer in a feigned voice until the final number fixed on is reached, when he is to give an answer in his natural voice. Should his identity be found out he has then to be blindfolded and all parties change and remount, but if not discovered the blindfolded one still retains his position.

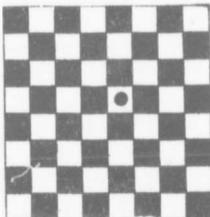
Matching Handkerchiefs—This is a merry game and may be started at a minute's notice. If a party numbers twelve, for instance, let there be twelve numbers (1 to 12 inclusive) distributed among them. Each player folds the number under the corner of his or her handkerchief, pinning it there securely out of sight. Then all toss their handkerchiefs in a pile on the carpet in the centre of the room, and the hostess mixes them well. Somebody strikes up a lively tune on the piano, and the players all start in a frolicsome circuit around the room, keeping time to the music. At any point in the playing the pianist may stop suddenly. This is a signal for each player to seize a handkerchief from the pile. In a second the music starts again, and the players continue their merry-go-round, unwinning, as they go, the handkerchiefs' corner to find out their number. At this point the hostess drops eleven more hand-

kerchiefs in the same place with duplicate numbers, except one, pinned carefully out of sight.

Again, at an unexpected moment, the music makes a full stop, and the players scramble for the handkerchiefs, one player, of course, securing none; then all rush back into the circuit, turn square about to avoid dizziness, each, while examining the second handkerchief to find out if it holds the duplicate number. If not, it is tossed back into the pile, and when the music makes another stop, still another rush is made, everybody eager to secure a handkerchief, and, if possible, the desired number. Those who have gained their duplicate may retire from the game. This lively scramble goes on until all but one are matched. The one who fails must bear the jokes and prophecies of the luckier ones.

A Coin Puzzle

Near the middle of this board you will see a coin. The puzzle is to pass



the coin over all of the squares and back to the starting point in sixteen straight moves. Can you do it?

How Birds Drink at Sea

"When I was a cabin boy," said an elderly sailor, "I often used to wonder, seeing birds thousands of miles out to sea what they done for fresh water when they got thirsty. One day a squall answered that question for me. It was a hot and glittering day in the tropics, and in the clear sky overhead a black rain cloud appeared all of a sudden. Then out of the empty space over a hundred sea birds came dartin' from every direction. They got under the rain cloud and they waited there about ten minutes, circlin' round and round, and when the rain began to fall they drank their fill. In the tropics, where the great sea birds sail thousands of miles away from shore, they get their drinking water in that way. They smell out a storm a long way off; they travel a hundred miles, maybe, to get under it, and they swallow enough raindrops to keep them goin'."

Love's Young Dream

Father—Now, see here! If you marry that young pauper, how on earth are you going to live?

Sweet Girl—Oh, we have figured that all out. You remember that old hen my old aunt gave me?

"Yes."
"Well, I have been reading a poultry circular and I find that a good hen will raise twenty chickens in a season. Well, the next season that will be twenty-one hens; and as each will raise twenty more chicks, that will be 420. The next year the number will be 8,400, the following year 168,000, and the next 3,360,000! Just think! At only fifty cents apiece we will then have \$1,680,000. Then, dear old papa, we'll lend you of some money to pay off the mortgage on this house."
—New York Weekly.

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