

Our Boys and Girls
CONDUCTED BY POLLY EVANS

"When Spring has passed away
and warm July has come to stay,
Then my milk white cherry tree
turns as red as red can be."

HUNTED BY A WILD HORSE

LADY ANEMONE



sometimes perilous, work to descend a couple of hundred feet into one of these gorges and scale the other side again. I have often, when a lad, inquired whence came the succession of these mighty hollows along this and other

The Devil's Darning Needle

QUICK, run away, or he'll sew up your ears!" the children cry in the country when they see a big "darning needle" fly by. The word "darning needle" is a slang expression for a large dragonfly. It is sometimes called, is known by its long, slender tail, great gauzy wings and its habit of hovering in the air. It is a harmless little fellow, but for some unknown reason it won a reputation for being a blood-sucking insect, the almost empty shell with its head, legs and body clinging stiffly to the swaying stalk, while the living insect is doubled up on top of the stalk. It is a very common pest, and it crawls up to the top of the stalk as soon as it is disturbed. It is a good deal stronger and its wings expand more than twice as far as those of a fly. With the weak and without the beautiful iridescence for which it is famous, it is a very unattractive

[illegible]

its final shell appears. Once out in the warm sunshine this outer shell begins to crack down the middle of the back, and Master Dragonfly must, with his wings out, let a great weight of his old self fall away. He is a boy or girl can chance upon him during the process. He sometimes comes to the ground, and his tail wholly free, and looks as if he were

French they have the prettier name, demoiseille, or damsel. They are lords of great power, but love best the sun testunshine. This seems to invite them to come out in the bright day, and excursions on the wing, but on dull days they are often listless, letting the wings be taken under the fingers, and without resistance.

FLUFFY'S FIRST FLIGHT

I MADE a call to-day and stayed a full hour, in spite of the most obnoxious inospitality on the part of my host and hostess. Bad manners, wasn't it?

The house where my friends lived was some seven eight feet above the ground, in a little poplar tree. Thorny twigs of osage orange formed the frame of the nest, and the inside was lined

if he had ever tried his wings a few times before, and he must have felt strong enough to find himself flying so unexpectedly.

Mother Jay could not have been away for some dashing up with newwened protests, and I shrink back my chair, feeling very much ashamed of myself for not having been a cradle full of babies.

Slv Old Fox and Billie Be



"He, he!" giggled Billie Bear. "Won't they be scared, though?"

"They will, will they?" muttered Mrs. Katz, who was awed and had heard every word of the conversation. "They

The next minute down fell all in a heap on top of as Bear, and she! pop! boom! every last one of the glass balls about their heads. It was the mischievous plotters

So she quietly slipped over to the kitchen and got the saw, and then she reached out, and when Old Fox could see Jack Robinson she seized both stiffs, held on to them with a firm grip and sawed with all her might.

MRS. MOUSE'S

How many bumps to be cuddled and kissed?
 Nobody knows but mother.

How many hats has she hunted to-day?
 Nobody knows but mother.

A Tale of T
EVERYBODY knows
 uses his to say
 And that baby, my
 uses hers to say

HOLIDAY 

ms "Good-!e! We're off to Anti-Cat-ville where we can celebrate the holi- day in peace and comfort!"

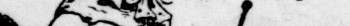
Careless, bustling through the way. Nobody knows but mother. How many handkerchiefs willfully strayed, How many ribbons for each little maid, How for her cate, can a mother be paid? Nobody knows but mother.

Strange to say, I help him climb a tree While the peacock seems just to show his van Squirrels hopping through have theirs simply Fishes in the purling

How many muddy shoes all in a row?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many stockings to darn, do you know?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many little torn aprons to mend,
How many hours of toil must she spend,
Just at times when her dear old work
Is very, very small.

Their just to make
Brindle also has one, a
keep the flies away
Bobbie put one on his
fly the other day.

Still, it's puzzling; look
is very, very small



What is the time when her day's work will end?
Nobody knows but mother.

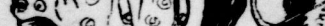
How many lunches for Tommy and Sam?
Nobody knows but mother.

Cookies and apples and blackberry jam?
Nobody knows but mother.

Then consider why a
one at all, at all.

So it seems almost a
little man.

Why these tails are
guess and tell us if



Nobody knows but I do.
Nourishing dainties for every "sweet tooth."
Toddling Dottie or dignified Ruth.
How much love dignified the labor, forsooth?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many cares does a mother heart
Some tails and some heads there

Nobody Knows But Mother.
HOW many buttons are missing to-
 day?
 Nobody knows but mother.
 How many playthings are strewn in her
 way?
 Nobody knows but mother.

Nobody knows but mother.
 How many joys from her mother love
 has she?
 Nobody knows but mother.
 How many prayers for each little white
 heel?
 Nobody knows but mother.

Nobody knows but mother.
 How many tears for her babes has she
 shed?
 Nobody knows but mother.

EUGENE
 OTHER TAILS
 ALL TAILS GO
 AN END

How many thimbles and spools has she
How many burns on each fat little fist.

FLUFFY'S FIRST FLIGHT

ry
ht
he
to
ay
ew
to
es.
ew
in.
ere
ng
ere
two
ery
nd
ell
the
ted
uts.

at
ned
but
the
and
sed
rds
g
tly
his
saw
orm
eak
ped
lost
ngs
the
he
n I
was
of a
lose

you
Sur-
quire
aper,
some
row

circle
ound
tton,
side.
dust,
that
and

petals
want
eatly
it re-
s are
t by

you
Sur-
quire
aper.
some
row

circle
ound
tton,
side.
dust,
that
and

petals
want
eatly
it re-
s are
ut by
d the

both
tying
hang
of
each
centre

**MRS. MOUSE'S
HOLIDAY** 

ms

"Good-bye! We're off to Anti-Cat-ville, where we can celebrate the holiday in peace and comfort!"

ba.

A cartoon illustration of a woman in a polka-dot dress and a cat mask, holding a cane and walking away from a small, startled cat. The woman is walking towards the left, and the cat is following her from the right. The cat has a surprised expression with wide eyes and an open mouth. The woman's dress has large polka dots, and she is wearing a headscarf. The background is simple, with a few lines suggesting a path or ground.

Nobody Knows But Mother.

HOW many buttons are missing to-day?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many playthings are strewn in the way?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many thimbles and spoils has she mislaid,
How many burns on each fat little fist?

Nobody knows but mother.
 How many hats has she hunted to-day?
 Nobody knows but mother.
 Carelessly hiding himself in the hay?
 Nobody knows but mother.
 How many's a handkerchief he willfully
 strayed.
 How many ribbons for each little maid,
 and how many for her cat, can a mother be
 paid?
 Nobody knows but mother.
 How many muddy shoes all in a row?
 Nobody knows but mother.
 How many stockings to darn, do you
 know?
 Nobody knows but mother.
 How many little torn aprons to mend,
 how many hours of toil must she
 spend.
 What is the time when her day's work
 will end?
 Nobody knows but mother.
 How many lunches for Tommy and
 Sam?
 Nobody knows but mother.
 Cookie and apples and blackberry jam?
 Nobody knows but mother.
 Nourishing dainties for every "sweet
 tooth."
 Toddling Dottie or dignified Ruth,
 How much love sweetens the labor,
 forsooth?
 Nobody knows but mother.

How many cares does a mother heart
know
Nobody knows but mother.
How many joys from her mother love
flow?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many prayers by each little white
bed.
How many tears for her babes has she
shed.
How many kisses for each curly head?
Nobody knows but mother.

EVERYBODY knows that doggy
uses his to say "I'm glad."
and that boby, near the doggy,
uses hers to say "I'm mad."

He says to the monkey uses his to
help him climb a tree.
and that boby, near the monkey, uses
hers to show his vanity.

She's hopping through the treetops
have theirs simply for a show.
in the purring but they need
theirs just to make them go.

He also has one, and it serves to
keep the flies away,
put one on his kite to make
it fly the other day.

It's puzzling; look at bunny; his
very very small,
consider why a bullfrog hasn't
one at all, at all.

He seems almost a riddle, little girlie,
little man,
and these tails are all so different,
guess and tell us if you can.

THEY ARE

THEY ARE
dread
For nobody
The young
They have
Then open
in;
Oh! she's
Her nose
"I have
chime
But here
She spoils
Nor yet
But she
And she
start
From
They fo
old
And al
And g

LONGER THAN
OTHER TAILS, BUT
ALL TAILS COME TO
AN END!

was east, and the chimney
 he old brown house seemed
 smiled and nobody joked
 gles grumbled, the old folks
 some home chilled and weary.
 the door, and a girl came
 is homely—very;
 as pug, and her cheek was
 cut a dimple from brow to
 she was bright and cheery.
 not a word of the cold or
 the gloom about her.
 ended the fire, and lighted
 up.
 it on the place a different
 it had without her.
 that the house was a dull
 ce,
 from base to rafter,
 departed from every face
 the upper part of the
 full of pins.

the girl who will smile and
be all glad together!
For fair is a lesser thing,
An unselfish heart can bring
Joy in the darkest weather.

MARY A. GILLETTE.

thing nice for you
 ke for mother. Sur-
 the all right. All you require
 yellow crinkled paper,
 brown material, some
 and a yard of narrow
 material into a circle
 a saucer, run round
 a very strong cotton,
 ch from the outside.
 th bran or sawdust.
 on up tightly so that
 bubble-like pad, and
 cotton firmly.
 large sunflower petals
 paper—you will want
 and sew them neatly
 centre so that it re-
 When the petals are
 e the back next by
 eece of stuff round the
 ribbon and sew both
 e back of pad, tying
 a pretty bow at the
 by.
 us out the edge of each
 s, and stick the centre

lesome Sum.
If I've a chance.
ates the rule.
his experience.