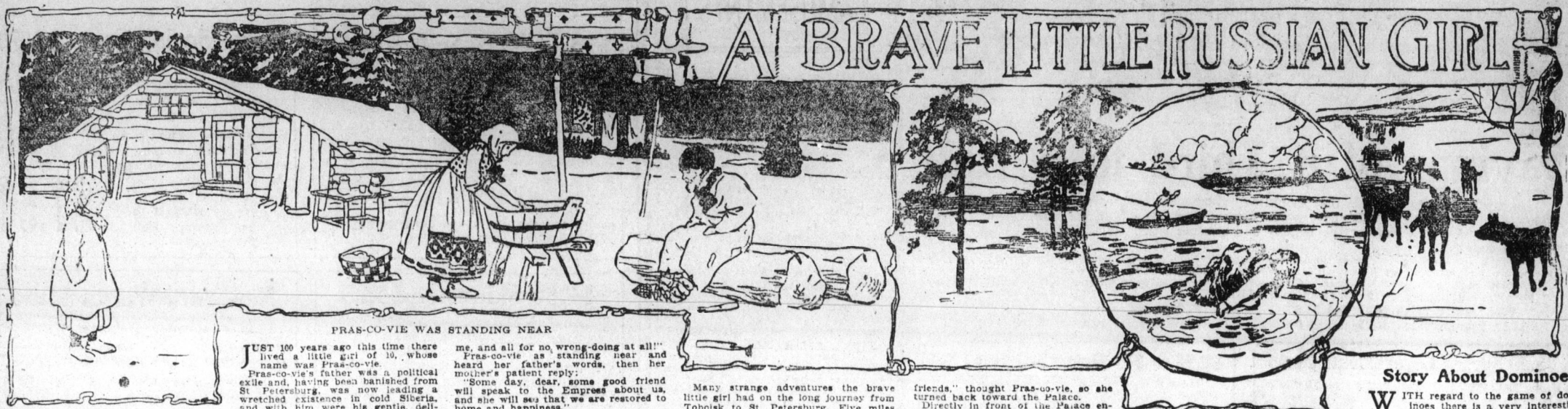


A PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



A BRAVE LITTLE RUSSIAN GIRL

Story About Dominoes

WITH regard to the game of dominoes there is a very interesting story connected with its origin. It runs thus: There were two monks who had been committed to the penalty of a long seclusion, and were condemned to keep absolute silence. To relieve the monotony they played a game by showing each other small flat stones marked with black dots. By a well-understood arrangement the monk whose hand was used at first informed the other player by repeating in an undertone the first line of the verse: "Cantate Domino" ("Sing unto the Lord"). In time the monks completed the set of stones and formulated the rules of the game, so that by the time they were free to come out from their punishment they had found the game so interesting that on teaching it to the other members of the monastery it became a favorite and lawful pastime. It soon became popular all through Italy and from there extended to the whole world. The first line of the verse, "Cantate Domino," the monks had used as a signal was reduced to the word domino, and the name as you know has stuck to the game ever since.

Plays Violin Without Hands

Frank Clawson, of Atlanta, Ill., is a handless violinist. Many years ago he was caught in a blizzard, and his hands were frozen so badly that amputation was necessary. For a long time violin was silent, but his love for the instrument inspired him to experiment, and he now is able to play it as well as when he had two hands. Mr. Clawson made a bent wire contrivance to fasten on the strings of his violin, and by the use of these and holding the violin between his knees he is enabled to use the instrument with great skill.

A Needle-and-Thread Tree

The Mexican may tree furnishes a needle and thread ready for use. The tip of each dark green leaf is a slender sharp needle that will be carefully drawn out by the use of the thumb. The thread is a strong, smooth fibre attached to the needle and capable of being drawn out to a great extent.

Your Pets in June

IF YOU have canaries in your house you will be interested to know that the pet canary gives signs of joy again before her first brood have been reared. You should not find providing her with plenty of nesting material, or she will very likely commence plucking the feathers from her young to line the nest.

If she is seen doing this the young ones must be at once moved from her reach and placed in a separate compartment, or another cage, with the cock, who will undertake the duty of feeding them.

If you are having trouble with your pigeons, perhaps you will be helped by this piece of information: That 25 per cent of the ailments of pigeons are due to drinking impure water. Fresh, soft water should be given every morning and the drinking vessels cleaned thoroughly.

Remember this about your dog: That food is not good for dogs; it is unsuitable for them and weakens their digestion. In very cold weather it may be given with the chill off, but not at this time of the year.

There is no doubt that cats have a regular language of their own. Champseury, the great French authority, says: "Pussy" is uttered in countless different ways, and he has been able to distinguish sixty-three distinct sounds. Each means something, and is never used except for that particular thing.

May Rain Healthy

In Germany, during the month of May, hundreds of children run about the streets without hats on when it rains. It is generally believed that May rain is most healthy, and that when it falls on their bare heads the children will grow quicker and gain in strength.

The Seismograph

THIS is the picture of the seismograph—the earthquake foreteller—which was first put into use by the Japanese in 1871, and has since been adopted by all nations.

Every oscillation of the earth, no matter how slight, causes the needle in this instrument to scratch a line on a plate of glass, whose surface is covered with a thin film of lampblack.

Story of Robber Fox

RIGHT back in the month of May, many months ago now, Robber Fox woke up one evening with a bad temper and a good appetite, and as for his appetite, well, when he had taken a short stroll in the cool evening breeze, that only got worse.

"Thousands of white-tailed rabbits were hopping about in and out of their holes, and on them Robber Fox fixed his bright, hungry eyes as he crept stealthily forward under the thick bushes. A little way ahead, not more than a dozen yards, there were five fat young rabbits, having no end of a game. They were leaping this way and that way. 'One of them will leap my way presently,' thought Robber Fox, 'and then I'll—'

But he had not waited long when an old rabbit, which was keeping watch on the top of a molehill, spied his cruel, glittering eyes. He gave a sharp warning cry and in a moment hundreds and hundreds of white tails were disappearing down as many deep, dark holes. Oh, dear! how that old thief of a fox did gnash his teeth! And how his fur bristled up on his back, and how his eyes shone with rage!

If the young bunnies had seen him, not one of them would have been able to sleep that night, I'm sure. 'Never mind,' cried Robber Fox, almost choking with anger. 'I'll have rabbit for supper yet.' He thrust his head into a hole several sizes too small for his body to follow, and noticed in what direction the burrow ran.

After following this overhead for a few steps, with his keen nose to the ground, he at last caught the scent of his prey underneath, and he was no cleverer than that, but he traced this out to the end.

Then Robber Fox began to dig down, down into the soft red-and-brown soil with his strong paws. And the earth flew this way and that way, and every moment the hole grew deeper. He meant to break through the ceiling of the bunnies' burrow and then—well, then he would have rabbit for supper. After digging for some time, he had made a passage quite six feet deep; and now he could hear the bunnies' mousings about a few inches below him and talking.

Father Brown Rabbit was scolding little Jack Rabbit for not watching out for Robber Fox.

PRAS-CO-VIE WAS STANDING NEAR

JUST 100 years ago this time there lived a little girl of 10, whose name was Pras-co-vie.

Pras-co-vie's father was a political exile and, having been banished from St. Petersburg, was now leading a wretched existence in cold Siberia, and with him were his gentle, delicate wife and little daughter, Pras-co-vie.

One day her poor mother, after breaking through ice to obtain water, started to the family washing, and her fingers ached with pain and cold. All at once the father threw himself down on a log and sighed deeply.

"Oh, my wife!" he groaned, "to think that you and little Pras-co-vie should have to go through such suffering with me, and all for no wrong-doing at all!"

Pras-co-vie was standing near and heard her father's words, then her mother's patient reply: "Some day, dear, some good friend will speak to the Empress about us, and she will see that we are restored to home and happiness."

"I fear not," groaned the discouraged man.

"Why the Empress?" asked Pras-co-vie.

THE COURT LACKEYS SAID "GO AWAY"

Rabbit, who was still looking toward the roof, with his ears standing right up straight and twitching nervously.

"Do you hear anything?" he asked.

Mrs. Rabbit listened, and presently her two ears grew as bright with fear as it is a wonder they didn't light up like a pair of candles.

They were just in time, and that's all. Robber Fox's paw came through the roof just as Mrs. Rabbit left the room with her young one.

They really reached old Bunny Gray Tail's burrow, who was their own particular friend. He gave them a capital supper, their supper, and made them welcome until they could dig a fresh burrow.—W. J. Chinneck.

The Last Straw

IT was Saturday night, and owing to the temporary absence of his wife, it fell to Mr. Brown to attend to the usual process of giving his eight-year-old son a bath and putting him to bed.

He had left his evening paper with a man's reluctance, and had hurried matters along with more speed than the little chap was accustomed to. However, he endured it all without a protest until it came to the prayer. It was his last after "Now I lay me," to ask the Divine blessing upon a long list of relatives and friends, calling each by name.

POOR, TEARFUL PRAS-CO-VIE!

Many strange adventures the brave little girl had on the long journey from Tobolsk to St. Petersburg. Five miles from home, she had a narrow escape from the wolves, and owed her rescue to a trained bear, which was wandering in the vicinity, and grabbing her across between his teeth, swam with her across a lake to a safe place.

There a caravan picked her up, and when they asked her where she lived, she said: "My home is in St. Petersburg, and I want to get back there."

So they took her all the way to the capital, and when she got there she went straight to the Palace. But the court lackeys stared at her hard and said: "Go away, little girl. What does the Empress want with such a you?"

So poor, tearful Pras-co-vie wandered around a while on the boulevards, watching the fast-flying sledges and gayly chattering people, none of whom paid her the least attention.

"But this is doing no good, and soon I shall starve to death if I find no friends," thought Pras-co-vie, so she turned back toward the Palace.

Directly in front of the Palace entrance stood a colossal statue of Peter the Great. Here a thought struck Pras-co-vie. Yes! she would do it. She tolled up the steep steps leading to the base of the statue and there, where any one passing by would be sure to see her, she raised her hands in supplication to the dumb figure towering above her.

Presently the jingling of silver sleigh-bells approached, crew close, stopped! "Such a strange place for a child," exclaimed a sweet voice. Bring her down to me, Michael.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM WOLVES

And that was the beginning of happiness for Pras-co-vie. For, what do you suppose? Why, the lady was the Duchess, who was the Empress's favorite sister, and when she learned from Pras-co-vie that the child wished to see the Empress, she took her straight into the Palace, and there the brave little girl told her story and made her plea for her father and mother.

The Empress was grieved to hear of her old friends' sad fortunes, and immediately obtained his pardon from the Emperor.

Before many weeks Pras-co-vie had the joy of welcoming her father and mother back to St. Petersburg, and from that time on they were a happy, prosperous family.

THE LADY WAS THE EMPRESS SISTER

THE STORY OF SYLVIA

WHEN Sylvia was brought to us she was hardly more than a baby, and one of the prettiest babies I ever saw.

She was a gray squirrel, with a sunny, frisking, bushy tail and lovely, big, dark eyes—two marks of beauty highly esteemed in squirrels.

If Sylvia WAS only a baby, she was a very independent one, with a strong will of her own, which she first manifested by stating firmly that very early, either that handling was most distasteful to her, and that a cage was quite too wretched an affair for her to honor with her presence.

Boys' Life Brigade

THIS was more than flesh and blood could stand, and lifting his little head he exclaimed, with tears of indignation, "Papa, who's running this prayer, you or me?"—Harpers Magazine.

A Jolly Game

BOOKBINDERS is a game described by Mrs. Kingsland.

The leader stands in the centre of a circle. Each one holds out his hands, palms upward, and upon them a book is placed.

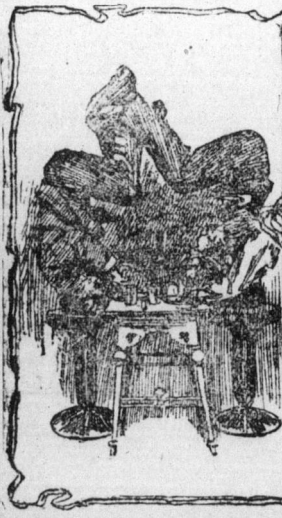
The leader then goes around the circle, catching up the books in turn, and trying with each book to strike the hands that hold it.

Each one tries to withdraw his hands before they are struck.

The same leader continues until he succeeds in striking some one's hands, whereupon the victim must take his place.

The Art of Walking on One's Head

YOU boys and girls have all been to show and seen trained dogs walk on their hind legs, and you know that it required long and difficult



and were born in Denmark. When they were tiny little boys they began this practice of not only standing on their heads, but walking, as it were, on their heads; that is, making little hops or bounds from point to point until they reached whatever destination they had in view. In the great amusement and admiration of their playmates.

They kept up the practice as they grew older and needed to make their living by exhibiting their skill in it. Finally, when they came of age, they decided to "do" Europe in this remarkable manner. So they started out from their Danish home and walked on their heads from town to town until at last they reached Paris.

Imagine, if you can, the amazement of the gendarmes when they beheld Baptiste and Franconi hopping down the boulevard from the Place de l'Opera or the Rue Drouot on their heads!

"Here, stop that!" ordered the Prefect of Police. Even after the brothers had explained that they were only walking in a manner which was second nature to them, the Prefect shook his head and said: "You must keep off the boulevards for fear of accidents, but I will permit you to give exhibitions in certain places."

So every day the brothers good-naturedly walk on their heads to please crowds of gaping men, women and children, doing things that seem to us most wonderful—reading the newspapers, blowing their noses, eating, drinking, going downstairs, operating an automobile; in fact, almost anything that you and I can do on our feet they do with equal ease on their heads!

When, in connection with the fire-drill is the ambulance work which all the boys are taught to do. This means that they will know not merely how to rescue people from burning houses, but also how to restore them to health and even to life, in case they have been injured.

The boys wear a brigade uniform and many companies have made a great reputation for fire-drill work.

Wouldn't this organization be a fine thing for American Sunday-school boys?

THIS is a remarkable feat practice for them to learn the trick. You and I, of course, walk on our two legs with ease. But you must remember that the human race has had 6000 years of practice to make it perfect in the art of walking. Perhaps 6000 years ago human beings found it as difficult as dogs do now to walk on two extremities.

Suppose I ask you: Is there any other way for you and me to make our bodies travel than by using our legs? Most people would certainly say "No." But a good many people in Europe have found out otherwise, for they have seen the two young men who are now astonishing Paris by going around easily and nimbly on their heads!

They are brothers, about 25 years old.

BUT TO STAND ON ONE'S HEAD AND RUN AN AUTOMOBILE IS STILL MORE REMARKABLE

PLEASE DO NOT HANDLE

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Like most babies, she usually had her own way. Her sharp yellow teeth were as good as a

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THE MANX CAT

THERE once was a cat from the Isle of Man. And a dignified cat was he; When the other kittens their fun began, And chased their tails and frolicked and ran.

He shook his head And answered: "Such frolics are not for me!" "But, why," said I to the stately cat, "Do you never join the fun?" "I do not," he answered, "for I am like that. Each day you'll grow more sleepy and fat."

Come, don't be a snail. Go, chase your tail!" Said he: "I AIN'T GOT NONE!" —C. M. BUSH.

A Precaution.

What did you do with that letter that was on my table?" asked a man of the colored boy who dusts his office. "I tucked it to do postoffice, sah, and put it in a hole."

"What did you do that for? Didn't you see there was no address on the envelope?"

"I saw there was no writin' on de 'velope, but I loved yer old dat on put-pos, so I couldn't tell who yer was writin' to."

THE SEISMOGRAPH

THIS is the picture of the seismograph—the earthquake foreteller—which was first put into use by the Japanese in 1871, and has since been adopted by all nations.

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