



# BOYS' AND



# GIRLS' PAGE.

## TICKLESOME ANTICS OF MERRY MIKEY MONK AND HIS CUT UP FRIENDS



TEDDY

JOHNNY

BOBBIE BABOON.

MIKEY MONK.

BROWNIE MONK.

GEORGIE GORILLA.

BUGLER BILLY.

Boys and girls, would you like to see How the monkeys formed a company, And how they practised every day To hold their guns in the proper way?

Beautiful uniforms of blue, Muskets and swords and pistols, too; A glorious flag, a life and drum; The monkeys certainly made things hum.

And now I'm going to try to tell About each one so you'll know him well. Whichever which one you like the best, So as not to embarrass the rest.

Here is the picture of Mikey Monk Learning against this old tree stump; He's very strong, but not so tall, Though much the wisest of them all.

He is a thoroughbred Chimpanzee And captain of the company. At his command "Right about face!" Each monkey steps to his proper place.

Bobbie Baboon is the next one who Holds command in the Monkey Crew; He's a brave and warlike brute, He's such a brave and warlike brute.

By DAVID M. CORY.

Brownie Monk is the next in place, With a ruff of whiskers round his face; He heads the band, for he can sing 'Most any patriotic thing.

He waves his tail in his paw, Keeping time to the music's score.

This is his picture; don't you think He has an awful cunning wink? Georgie Gorilla is immense, He's always put to great expense. He has to buy such great big clothes, His shoes are big, too, goodness knows! Here's Bugler Billy, every morn To wake the monkeys he toots his horn.

It's lots of fun to see them creep Out of their tents when half asleep. Teddy, being the littlest one, Was chosen to beat the kettledrum. They find it easy to keep their feet In perfect time to his regular beat. The standard bearer, Johnny, there, Carries the flag high in the air.

He loves our beautiful flag, don't you With its silver stars and its red and blue?

The rest of the monkey company Are just as brave as they can be; And now we're going to have some fun In hearing the wonderful things they've done.

### SOME OLD CONUNDRUMS.

The solution of the enigma in verse which began, "I contain many gallons of drink," is

A PIPE.

The list beginning with eleven great men and fifteen celebrated women, which may be expressed by a thing in common everyday use, looked very formidable, but the thing that will express them all is

INK.

The answer to the little riddle, "Who was the first whistler and what did he whistle?" is, The wind. Over the hills and far away.

Here is an enigma that was a great favorite about seventy years ago and which has puzzled a great many thousands of persons, both young and old, since then. It was written by a very celebrated man, whose name you will learn when the answer is printed next week:

I am not in youth nor in manhood nor age, But in infancy ever am known; I'm a stranger alike to the fool and the sage.

And though I'm distinguished in history's page, I always am greatest alone.

I am not in the earth nor the sun nor the moon— You may search all the sky—I'm not there.

In the morning and evening, though not in the noon, You may plainly perceive me, for, like a balloon, I am midway suspended in air.

I am always in riches and yet I am told, Wealth never did my presence desire; I dwell with the miser, but not with his gold.

And sometimes I stand in his chimney so cold, Though I serve as a part of the fire.

I often am met in political life— In my absence no kingdom can be— And they say there can neither be friendship nor strife.

No one can live single, no one take a wife Without interfering with me.

My brethren are many and of my whole race Not one is more slender and tall, And though not the oldest, I hold the first place.

And even in dishonor, despair and disgrace I boldly appear 'mong them all.

Though disease may possess me and sickness and pain, I am never in sorrow nor gloom; I triumph in wit and in wisdom I equally bloom.

I'm the heart of all sin and have long lived in vain, But I never shall be found in the tomb; Here is an old riddle that has puzzled many of those whose hair has now been gray for many years:

If a church is built so that it faces the south and the sun shines on both east and west sides about equally, on which side of that church would a tree grow best?

Perhaps some of the boys and girls that read THE SUN are learning to speak French, and if so, here is a good example of the kind of conundrums they ask the little tots that are born and bred on French soil:

Quelle est la plante sur laquelle on recette le plus longtemps quand on apprend la botanique?

**Bird That Builds A Nest of Thorns.**

From the *Alex. Merc.*

The little brown bird of Central America builds a nest that should belong to a bird five or six times as large as it is; and, to prevent other birds from disturbing its home while it is away, it builds as a protection a fence of thorns leading to it.

When Martin When looks for a home for his chicks a tree where two branches are separated about two feet apart. Across these two branches she and her mate lay a little platform about six feet in length. Near the trunk of the tree is built a dome shaped nest about a foot in height. The sides of this nest are all interwoven with thorns. Next a covered passageway is built from the nest to the end of the platform in as crooked a manner as possible. Thorns stick out all over the nest and the passageway itself, and every few inches on the inside of the tunnel little pieces of thorns are placed in such a way that one could not pass further with the passageway than the end of the tunnel is a narrow gateway of thorns.

## LESSONS IN THE ELEVATING ART OF KITE FLYING

Almost every boy likes to fly a kite occasionally and it always gives him double the pleasure if he has made it himself. There are many wonderful and curious shapes available for kites, the Chinese being especially skillful in making all kinds of birds and animals; but the simplest form, usually called the tail kite, is the best for a boy to begin with as he can learn all the principles of kite flying from it. Before he attempts any such stunts as building aeroplanes he should be able to build a tail kite that will fly and stay upright.

All the material necessary for a good tail kite is a piece of cane or a barrel hoop, a straight stick or lath, some paper and paste and a ball of string.

The first thing is to bend the piece of cane or hoop to the size and shape that you want for the top of the kite. The best shape is a semi-circle and for a good kite the span should be at least two feet.

While the hoop or piece of cane is still any such stunts as building aeroplanes he should be able to build a tail kite that will fly and stay upright.

All the material necessary for a good tail kite is a piece of cane or a barrel hoop, a straight stick or lath, some paper and paste and a ball of string.

The first thing is to bend the piece of cane or hoop to the size and shape that you want for the top of the kite. The best shape is a semi-circle and for a good kite the span should be at least two feet.

While the hoop or piece of cane is still any such stunts as building aeroplanes he should be able to build a tail kite that will fly and stay upright.

The next thing is to put in the stem or backbone of the kite. Any good stiff lath will do for this, but it must not be too heavy and must have holes bored at each end to tie to. An excellent backbone may be made of one of those long round sticks that carpenters cut into short pieces for wooden dowels, which can be had at any tool shop for a few cents.

The backbone should be a trifle more than once and a half the length of the string that joins the head, so that if you have tied the top at a distance A, B, your stem will be about the length C, D.

Let the stem stick up a trifle beyond the top at C and tie it firmly to the notch you made there. Now tie a string to A, run it through the hole at the bottom of the backbone at D, and up again to B.

Turn the edges over the top and the strings at the sides and paste them down firmly. If you use paper it is just as well to paste an extra slip about two inches wide all along the backbone and over the cross string as to hold the paper of the face of the kite firmly against the frame. Cloth should be glued or sewed.

The next thing is to tie a piece of string about fourteen feet long to the point D for a tail. Fold up pieces of newspaper about four inches wide, so as to make little rolls and tie them into the tail with good firm knots about a foot apart. These knots will use up some of the length of the tail, but when it is finished it should be at least four times as long as the backbone. Some boys tie a sinker at the end of the tail to make the kite fly steadily if the paper tail is not heavy enough, but always have the paper rolls, as their graceful waving motions in the air add much to the appearance of the kite when it is flown.

The final touch is to make the bridle, which is a piece of string running from the top C to the point D, and it must have a certain amount of slack in it so that it can be raised at least six inches from the face of the kite, like this:

Having tied a knot in the end of your flying string, which should be wound on a short stick with the far end under fast to the stick, pass your knot up under this little loop in the bridle and then behind it, as shown in Fig. 1.

Then bring it around over the bridle loop and through its own loop, as in Fig. 2 and then haul the long end tight. This will give you a knot that cannot slip, but which may be easily untied and shifted to another place on the bridle if the kite does not fly properly at the first attempt.

## UNCLE NAT'S WALKING STICK

"I don't want the old thing! It's nothing but an ordinary piece of wood, anyway." Nat Merriman slammed the door behind him as he left the house for his half mile walk to school.

Mrs. Merriman sighed heavily as she watched her son of 14 years disappear around the bend in the road. She was a widow and Nat was her only child and named for her brother, whose death occurred about two weeks previous to the opening of this story.

Nat had passed his last year in the humble home of his sister, and although he was reputed to have quite a sum of money laid away he had always pleaded poverty, and the amount he paid his sister for his board was much less than it ought to have been.

Since the decease of the old gentleman no trace of any bank book or will could be found, and although Mrs. Merriman felt certain that her brother had accumulated quite a sum of money, nothing could be found to give any clue as to what he had done with it. He had about \$25 on hand at the time of his death, and this was all his sister could get hold of to pay his funeral expenses.

Just before he died he called his name to his bedside and gave him the watch that he had worn for years, also his cane, which was a very plain affair. Young Nat was much pleased with the watch but his mother had half a mind to split it up for kindling wood. This she told him he must not think of doing, and she herself hid it away carefully, feeling sure that when Nat grew up he would feel differently about the cane and prize it because it had been carried by his uncle.

Mrs. Merriman had all she could do to scrape enough together to pay the necessary expenses, in spite of the fact that Nat got odd jobs to do out of school hours, and helped in every way that he could.

About a year after the death of Nat's uncle the lad got hurt while sliding, and was unable to step on his left foot for more than a week. During this time he found his uncle's cane very useful, and it became his constant companion. One day at school one of the other boys was looking at the cane over and discovered what appeared to be a very small crack near the upper end. He twisted it a few times and found that the seeming crack increased.

Calling Nat to him he asked if he knew

that the top of his cane came off. Nat replied that he did not and taking it in his hands, he soon had the top entirely off. He held the lower part up to his eye and peered into it, for it was apparently hollow. He could see nothing, but heard a slight rattle as though something was inside the hollow part.

Shaking it and at the same time turning it upside down the two boys were much surprised to behold a small metal tube sliding out. Nat grabbed it eagerly and found that it had an opening. Try as best he might, he could not start the little cover, so placing the tube in his pocket and also screwing the top onto his cane he hurried home as fast as his lame foot would permit.

"Mother, mother!" he called at the top of his voice, and Mrs. Merriman hurried to the door. Breathlessly Nat told her of the discovery, and together they attempted to open the little metal tube, which was about six inches long. It was several moments before they made any progress, but at last the cover came slowly off in the hands of Nat.

He shook the tube and a roll of paper fell out. Opening this he saw some writing, and inside this roll of paper was a small sealed envelope. He tore the envelope open and several greenbacks of large denomination fell out. Excitedly he counted the bills and found they amounted to \$200.

As soon as he could collect his wits he read the note, which was in his uncle's handwriting:

DEAR NAT: I hope it won't be too long before you find the contents of this canister. I don't believe in banks, so I hid my savings in this way. They are for you, but I trust you will be man enough to care for your mother when she needs you.

YOUR UNCLE NAT.

Mrs. Merriman wept, while Nat danced about the room in sheer delight. The money left in the unique way by the old gentleman proved a great help to both Nat and his mother. Nat insisted upon his mother's taking about half of it to pay off a mortgage on their home, and the remainder he put in the bank until he was ready to enter a business college two years later.

**Tilting Rock of Argentina.**

From the *Springfield Republican.*

In Argentina they have had a tilting rock so famous that its destruction seems to have been regarded as a national calamity and has led to suggestion of its restoration, as if it were a sacred relic of a Venetian cathedral.

It was so balanced upon the edge of a cliff that the wind alone was said to have set it oscillating and excursions were made to it from Buenos Ayres, distant about 200 miles.

## LOOSE WINDOW SILLS

A little boy who was looking at a new brick house the other day told his father that they had forgotten to fasten the windowsills down, as there was no mortar under any of them.

The reason that the windowsills in a brick wall are left without any mortar under them is to prevent them from being broken in two at the middle. As all houses settle a little after they are first built the piers at the side of the windows would press the ends of the windowsills down, and if the middle was held up by bricks and mortar the sill would break in two.

It is sometimes a very difficult thing to avoid this tendency of the settling to crack stone sills or plinths some time after the building is finished. If you ever go to the Library of Congress at Washington and look at the plinths under the beautiful Corinthian columns of white marble in the main entrance hall you will see that most of them have been cracked in that way, and it was impossible to take them out and put in plinth and base in one piece without taking down the whole building.

**THE VIRGINIA REEL.**

At almost all children's parties they finish up with a dance which in America is called the Virginia reel and in England Sir Roger de Coverly. Grown people are just as fond of this dance as the youngsters, but it naturally belongs to the children, as the idea of it was taken from a very old children's game called the sheepherd, which is still very popular in France.

The children form a line and then the leader stands a little to the left and the next child a little to the right and they raise their hands as high as their heads and form a barrier, which all the sheep must pass through. The next child in line becomes the shepherdess and calls to her little lambs to follow her through the barrier, which they do while singing a little French song.

After the last sheep has passed safely under the two children that formed the barrier drop into line at the end, and the two at the head of the line form the next barrier and so on, until every child has had a turn at being part of the barrier for the others to pass under.

**Self Evident.**

From the *Manhattan Mercury.*

A tramp applied to a Manhattan woman the other day for something to eat. "Poor man," she said, "have you a wife or family?" "No, madam," he indignantly replied, "do you suppose that I would depend upon total strangers for something to eat if I had a wife?"

## MR. TUMBLEBUG, HIGHWAYMAN

Probably you are all acquainted with the family of tumblebugs, the big black beetles who scuttle about in the meadows. You may not know, though, that they are of very aristocratic descent and that thousands and thousands of years ago in old Egypt their ancestors, called scarabs, were regarded as sacred and their images engraved on the tombs of kings and of the necks of mummies as symbols of immortality.

Whether or not the tumblebugs today know anything of their distinguished lineage, they seem to bother very little about it as they hurry back and forth in the fields in search of food. There is a grown up man, a very old man by this time and a famous one, who has become so interested in these scarabs that he has written chapters and chapters about them, all fascinating reading, more interesting than most stories. His name is Jean Henri Fabre. This spring if you have a chance you might watch some of these beetles and see if you can detect a daring highway robbery such as he tells about.

In the first place, you will see a tumblebug making a ball of his food, some nice rich manure he has found in the meadow. He makes the material together with the toothed shield on top of his head, gathers it under him with his curved claws and presses it with his body and his claws until he has made it into a perfect ball. Then he starts off with his trophy, embracing it with his hind claws and travelling backward, using his forelegs for levers. In this way he means to take it to his underground dining hall.

But what a stupid fellow he is! Instead of going the easiest way, along the valleys and level places, he insists on climbing utterly unnecessary hills. Again and again he comes upon disaster. The ball rolls down the slope, taking the beetle along with it. Undismayed, he scrambles to his feet and shoves it again. Ten or more times, perhaps, this happens, and then he either gets it to the top or decides that he will take the level road.

But sometimes, before he has gone any distance, up comes another beetle, apparently very desirous of lending a helping hand. Tumblebug No. 1 accepts his aid; they seem to work together as partners. But in reality the new beetle is no partner at all. All he wants is to get the ball away from the first one, under cover

of helping him. Or if he can't do that he means to be an uninvited guest at the feast when they finally roll the food into the banqueting hall.

At first it seems harmonious. The two apparent partners harness themselves to the ball, the owner pushing behind, the assistant dragging it in front. But on the level ground this does not work very well. The helper can't see where he is going and finds himself in the way. He decides to keep still, but as for leaving tumblebug No. 1 to struggle on alone, no, indeed. He couldn't think of such a thing, especially as that would cut him off from his share of the feast. So he gathers his legs up under his body, makes himself as flat as possible and clings to the surface of the ball, letting the owner roll him and the ball together. As M. Fabre, who tells about this in the "Life and Love of the Insect," says: "A singular helper this, who has himself driven in a carriage to secure his share of the victuals."

At other times, tumblebug No. 2 is far less peaceful. He flies through the air, drops down heavily upon a ball which is being rolled by its owner, and, with the back of his toothed armlets, knocks tumblebug No. 1 off his property. Then follows a great battle. Beetle No. 1 struggles to his feet, and moves around the ball trying to find a favorable spot to attack the invader. The latter spins around on the roof of his citadel, always facing him. If the owner tries to climb up, the other cuts him off. Sometimes the owner resorts to violent measures; he snakes the ball, which staggers and rolls, carrying with it the robber, who tries to keep his position on top. Sometimes, though, a false step brings him to the ground, and then there is a claw to claw combat. Hear M. Fabre tell about it:

"Robber and robbed grapple at close quarters, breast to breast. Their legs twist and untwist, their joints interwine, their horny armous clashes and grinds with the rasping sound of filed metal. Then that one of the two who succeeds in throwing his adversary and releasing himself hurriedly takes up a position on the top of the ball. The siege is renewed now by the robber, now by the robbed, as the chances of the hand to hand conflict may have determined. The former, no doubt a hardy filibuster and adventurer, often has the best of the fight. Then, after two or three defeats, the

### NONSENSE RHYMES.

When the CALL  
went 2   
He h Ad him  
SELF FILE   
As nard  
is & the  
did   
know; We are  
d 2 re   
their R.F.F.

Here is the correct reading of the last nonsense rhyme, the parts that were indicated by a device of any kind being placed in brackets:

[Three rabbits] were [chased] by [three dogs].  
That [raced] them all [over] some [logs].  
[But] the [dogs] had [to] stop.  
And the [bunnies] [to] hop.  
On reaching the [pens] for the [hogs].

Although they guessed it from the context, it is probable that very few children know that the illustration at the end of the top line was a chase. This is a frame of iron used by printers for holding type in place after it is set, so that it can all be lifted at once and placed in the printing press.

The butt hinge we have had before, and in these days of player pianos every boy or girl should be able to recognize a stop, which is pulled out or pushed in to control the various tones of a musical instrument, like an organ.

**Free Ride Home for the Weary.**

From the *Kansas City Journal.*

If Kansas City complies with department requests metropolitan police will be strictly up to date. A vehicle to be used in taking drunken men to their homes will be asked, accordingly to statements that were made by the commissioners and W. E. Griffin, chief of police, at the meeting of the board yesterday.

When the department's needs go before the council, Chief Griffin said, "should like to recommend that the appropriation include the cost of a vehicle of some kind to be used to take intoxicated persons to their homes instead of taking them to the police stations."

jected beetle wears and returns philosophically to the heap, there to make himself a new pellet. As for the other, with all fear of a surprise at an end, he harnesses himself to the conquered ball and pushes it whether he pleases. I have sometimes seen a third thief appear upon the scene and rob the robber. No, can I honestly say I was sorry.

Let us suppose that the first beetle we are watching, with, perhaps, the help of a selfish but not actively thieving comrade, has gotten his ball to the burrow he has prepared. We will find this a hole about the size of one's fist, dug in soft earth or sand, with a short passage, just large enough to hold the ball, connecting it with the upper air. The beetle, or beetle, roll the ball in, stir up the entrance passage with his feet, and sit down to eat. There is just room for them and the ball; the air is mild and moist in the cavern, the orchestral music of the crickets filters through from outside. We will leave them at their feast, wondering, with M. Fabre, at "that marvellous chemistry which out of fifth brings forth the flower, the wing of our eyes, and the beetle's elytra (wing cases), the ornament of our lawn in spring."