

BOYS' AND



GIRLS' PAGE.

CHARLES DICKENS'S CHILDREN OF FANCY KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE READING WORLD



Little Nell



Little Emily



The Marchioness



Florence Dombey



Estella



Esther Summerson



Jenny Wren



The Infant Phenomenon



Morleena Kenwigg

WHAT AFFECTIONATE ROMPERS SAID

"Oh, mamma, dear, I don't want to wear rompers any more please," said John. "Only babies wear them, and when I had four candles on my cake you said I was your little man."

"But what will you wear when you go to your sand pile?" asked mamma.

"I'll wear suits. Just the same kind that Laurie wears. He doesn't wear rompers; I hate rompers!"

"Oh, Johnnie, dear, save your breath or you won't have any left to talk to papa with when he comes home," said mamma as she went out of the room.

Johnnie cuddled down on the cushions of the window seat. It was very warm outside, so he lay quite still and watched the branches of the maple trees as they bowed politely to each other in the pleasant breeze, but all the time he thought of nothing but rompers and how horrid it was to wear them.

Suddenly he became aware that someone was talking. The voice of the speaker seemed to come from the top bureau drawer. It was a tiny thread of a voice, but Johnnie understood everything that was said.

"Well, well, did you hear that?" the voice was saying. "Johnnie isn't going to wear us any more. I suppose now we will be sent to the day nursery. His mother always sends his clothes there when he outgrows them."

"He hasn't outgrown me yet," said another tiny voice. "There's easily another six months wear left in me."

"What good will that do if he won't wear us any more. Mark my words, we'll all be sent to the day nursery. Dear me, I do hope they keep their children out in the fresh air a good deal. I'm so used to playing outdoors that I never could get used to staying in a poky room all day."

"What disappoints me most," said the first voice, "is that I had counted on going to the seaside with the family. I was speaking to some of last year's rompers that had been saved to use as a pattern. We had quite a long chat while the seamstress went to lunch. The old rompers said that the happiest days of his life had been spent at the seaside. He said that from early morning until lunch time and even afterward Johnnie wore rompers, and he said the air at the beach took the starch right out of him."

"Took the starch out of Johnnie?" exclaimed another voice. "Why, they don't starch little boys, you silly. The old rompers meant that the salt air took the starch out of himself. He said he was nice and limp all the time he was down there."



"I said still another voice. "That because I am just a three year size and only worn when all the rest of you are in the wash that you think I shan't miss Johnnie too. The way you talk one would think there was nothing to lose but good times. Have you stopped to think that the real loss will be Johnnie?"

"Why, all the three year sizes were just wild about him. There were a dozen of us, all out from the same piece. When we were sent to the laundry we used to glance up and down in the suds to help Katie get the dirt out. She used to hang us on the line all in a row, and we would flap our arms and legs dry as fast as we could so as to get back to our little friend. I can't imagine what ails the child that he should want to give us up."

"I wish," said a stiff, unfriendly little voice that came from the drawers where the suits were kept, "that you rompers should stop talking and let us go to sleep again. We were having a much needed rest when that awful Johnnie woke us up with the news that he was going to stop wearing you. If he thinks he is going to

"Why, Johnnie, to whom are you talking?" said mamma, as she came into the room.

"To my rompers," said Johnnie.

His mamma crossed the room hurriedly and felt to see if his forehead was hot. It wasn't a bit and she laughed happily. "Goodness Johnnie, how you worried me," she said. "I thought you were raving. Do you know you have slept over an hour?"

"Then it was a dream after all," said Johnnie. "Do you know I thought my rompers were so sorry that I wasn't going to wear them that they cried?"

"You would be the one to cry if you gave up rompers," said mamma. You have no idea how uncomfortable a stiff suit is to play in. Why, the collars would hurt your neck and the cuffs would scratch you."

"I know they would," said Johnnie as he rubbed his eyes. "I heard them say so."

But mamma only laughed and said: "Dear me, what a vivid dream that must have been."

NONSENSE RHYMES.

The fish that was put 20/ and a with it they'd off its & the fish said There was enough left 4 a

Here is the correct reading of the last Nonsense Rhyme, the parts indicated by a device of any kind being placed in brackets:

The [motor car] was [sticking in the] mire.

A [little] [man] was [tinkering with] the [tire].

If [it would] have [been] a [little] funny. If [it were] [not] [for] the [money]. The [man] who [drove] it [had] [to] pay [for] [hire].

The two syllables in the first line might be motor car, or auto car, or anything that had the accent on the first. A man that trundles a grindstone round the streets and mends umbrellas and tea kettles is usually called a tinker, because a knife grinder does not do anything else but grind knives.

The various kinds of coins were easily recognized as "money," but the sticking point seems to have been the drove of cattle. Some of the youngsters tried to make "herd" do for "hired." The sign at the end is one of the kind always used when things are for hire.

WHAT MOTHER MEANT.

Mrs. Plumpty Duff felt queerly. She was not sick, for the only sick hen in the flock she ever saw was Old Blackie, who fell over in a fit and was carried away, never to come back. Mrs. Plumpty was a fine, great Golden Wyandotte and all the spring she had laid eggs joyously, hopping off her nest with the loudest cut-out-cad-dah-ah of any pullet. Indeed, she felt rather superior to the Plymouth Rocks and Leghorns and put on airs in the yard to the admiration of Don Carlos.

She felt decidedly stupid and when that woman person they called Mother took her egg away from under her—she stayed on it more—she felt quite angry and said "Rr real cross."

She wondered what mother meant; there were a number of these woman persons about the farm, but this one they called Mother.

Day after day passed and she hugged her egg tightly, only to lose it; but at last Mother came, just at dark, and took her so rudely off her nest and carried her to another where there were a lot of eggs. Ah! she understood now. She had laid no more since her last, a ridiculous egg about as large as a pebble. What would Don Carlos say if he knew?

Mother said: "Give this to your dolls to play with," to one of the little girls.

Mrs. Plumpty Duff was mortified when she heard that and looked her nest of eggs over every day and turned them to see that she did not commit another such indiscretion.

Once she got very angry indeed when Dame Partlett, old enough to know better, crowded in beside her and insisted on laying an egg.

They had quite a quarrel and broke one of her lovely eggs. She was so provoked she tossed Dame Partlett's out on the floor and that was broken too. She didn't care a feather!

AUNT MARY'S ANAGRAMS.

Although there were only two words, the meaning of which could be changed in that last sentence they were enough to make an anagram read quite differently from the original and most of the young people found out just how. Here is the original form:

One fair, sweet morning there were little, sharp peeps and soft stirring under her yellow breast.

Now she knew what mother meant! By and by a little head peeped out from under her wing, then a soft, downy, yellowish ball—a chicken! Her children! Two, four, five, six—more than she could count.

Fourteen in all, but would you believe it Mrs. Plumpty Duff could only count to ten? Very soon she found herself and her chicks in a nice yard with a real, little home. What fun it was to live all alone in a house by yourself with your dear chickens!

A time of anxiety came when, a month

THE ODOR OF FLOWERS.

"How sweet these flowers smell," you say, as you hold them up for your playmates to inhale the delicate odor. Then you take them home and put them in water, and all day long those flowers continue to fill the room with their perfume.

Something must have the flower to make this odor, yet the flower does not seem to get any smaller. It must give off something of itself to the air around it, or you could not smell it.

The perfume of the flower comes from what we call a volatile oil; that is, an oil that will evaporate if it is exposed to the air. Some oils do not evaporate easily, and you might leave a drop of sewing machine oil on a piece of glass and find it there days and days afterward.

The most common of the volatile oils is turpentine, which comes direct from the trees. As these oils are continually passing into the air the supply must be continually renewed. You can smell turpentine or benzine instantly if it is left open in a room, and in a short time it will all disappear or evaporate and a glass of benzine would soon be empty, as it would all go off in smell. You cannot smell sewing machine oil unless you put it very close to your nose.

The flowers that give perfumes to the air are continually renewing their supply of volatile oil, which is very useful to the plant in two ways: In the first place the odor kills the flower and would otherwise destroy it, and in the second place the delicate perfume attracts insects that carry the pollen from one flower to the other.

It is the flower that turns to seed, and the seed that falls to the ground, and produces other flowers in due time, but in many flowers these seeds require something from another flower to make them grow, and this something is brought to them by various insects that fly about, attracted by the brilliant colors of the flowers and their odor.

Some flowers have no perfume, or a disagreeable one, and these do not require the services of insects. Some of the smallest flowers, which are difficult to find and might be overlooked, have a very attractive perfume which induces the insects to hunt them up. The violet is one of these modest little ones, and its perfume is among the most delicate of all.

So you see the odor of the flowers that you like so much is not entirely for your benefit. There are millions of tiny insects in the world that even if just as much as you do, and even if their noses are very small, compared to yours, they know a good thing when they smell it.



As Busy Belinda was seen to peer - Beneath the Sofa - said Grandma - dear - what do you search for - high and low - ? Said Belinda - that stitch you dropped - you know !

SOME CURIOUS ARITHMETIC.

Here is a little sum which a gentleman was in the habit of exhibiting around London in years gone by, and which he insisted was a perfectly correct sum in addition:

3414
74813
340
43374813

Perhaps you can discover how he loved it to be what he said.

THE MAN FOUND

THE HORSE HE PUT ON THE DATE FARM HAD SHED A SHOE IN WINTER

THE MAN FOUND THE HORSE HE PUT ON THE DATE FARM HAD SHED A SHOE IN WINTER

SOME OLD CONUNDRUMS.

The answer to the little riddle in verse beginning "I'm strangely capricious, I'm sour or I'm sweet," is AN APPLE.

The allusion in the last two lines of the riddle is to the apple that Eve gave to Adam in the Garden of Eden.

In the charade "My first is nimble,

my second innumerable and my whole fatal," the answer is

QUICKSAND.

Here are the answers to the three conundrums, all of which referred to the letters of the alphabet:

1. If the alphabet were invited out, the time that U, V, W, X, Y and Z would go would be after tea.
2. A schoolmistress that teaches girls is like the letter C because she forms lassies into classes.
3. The letter D is like a wedding ring because we cannot be wed without it. (we wed.)

Many of the riddles that are very obvious as soon as you know the answer look as if any one could solve them at once, but this is not always the case. Here is one that was quite a favorite about the time that Andrew Jackson was President of the United States:

There was a man bespeke a thing, Which, when the owner home did bring, He that made it did refuse it, He that bought it would not use it, And he that had it could not tell, Whether it suited ill or well.

The following charade would be more difficult to guess if it were not for the last line of the second verse:

My first's the gayest, saddest thing, That heaven to mortals giveth, It flutters most on rapture's wing, It withers o'er the grave.

My next is sought with toil and pain In various realms to find, The search, alas! how very vain! Its home is in the mind.

Just like a sweet and humble flower, It fills the haunts of pride and power, Pops, fashions and parade.

Lady, mayst thou on whose fair breast, My whole with beauty glows, Enjoy within that peace and rest Which it alone bestows!

Here are three conundrums for you to puzzle your friends with after you have guessed them yourself:

1. What is always placed upon the table, often cut, but never eaten?
2. If you throw a white stone into the water under a tree, what does it become before it reaches the bottom?
3. What is a man like who is in the midst of a deep river and cannot swim?

PATSEY'S PUZZLES.

When Patsey went to the studio that afternoon he found that Mr. Pantoor had gone away to the country for a few days, but had left him the answer to that last puzzle. The question was, "If five times six is 44, what will a fourth of 30 score?" and the answer written on the back of the card was only the one word:

ELEVEN

Patsey could not see why this should be so at all, and as he was afraid to meet the boys until he understood the answer himself, he dropped into the corner drug store that evening and tried the joke on the clerk.

The clerk gave it up, but when Patsey told him the answer he saw through it at once. "Of course," he remarked, "that's only a catch. The question really is, what is a fourth of five times six, and the answer should be seven-and-a-half. But when you substitute 44 for 30, you must substitute the fourth of 44 for the fourth of 30."

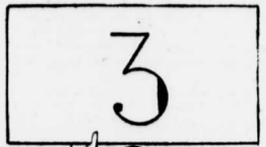
Patsey did not quite see this, but fortunately for him the boys did not see it either, and did not want to own up to it, but they knew he had the right answer.

"But, we've got you in a corner at last," Billy grinned, slapping Patsey on the back. "We've got something new. Sleepy Ike here has hit upon something you can't do."

"Faith, there's many a thing I can't do besides flying," observed Patsey.

"Well, we're going to see if you can draw," replied Billy. "After all these years around artists and their work you should be able to draw most anything, so take this one along and let us see what you can make of it."

Patsey put the card into his pocket, thinking to himself that he would have to lose it or make some excuse for the delay in getting the answer, as Mr. Pantoor would not be back for a week. But he set the card up on his employer's desk all ready for him, so that the first thing he would see when he got back to his desk would be one of his manikins holding it up:



TURN THIS 3 INTO A 5 WITH ONE CONTINUOUS LINE

QUININE.

Although you may not have had to take any of this bitter medicine you must have heard of it as a cure for fevers. Quinine and Peruvian bark come from the cinchona tree.

The value of this Peruvian bark as a cure for fevers was discovered in a peculiar way. The natives of the country where it grew knew nothing of its virtues, although the suffered terribly from fevers. A tribe who was in the habit of drinking the water from a neighboring pool discovered one day that it had all turned bitter and was unfit for use through a storm having blown down some cinchona trees that had fallen into the lake, so they had to go some distance for water.

Not long after two of the tribe fell ill of the fever, and as they were too weak to go so far for water they drank out of the old pool and were astonished to find that the fever soon began to get better.