

A PAGE FOR THE LITTLEST JUNIORS

THE LOST WHITE CAT

VI.—THE MOUSE IN NELLIE'S BLOUSE.

"GRANDMA," said Nellie, running into the house with her little mouse in her hand. "Please, I want a piece of cheese to catch the mouse that's in the hole Uncle Jack and I have dug to plant the tree in."

GRANDMA cut off a small piece of cheese with a sharp knife and gave it to Nellie. "Be careful and don't fall into the hole," she called as Nellie ran out of the door.

NELLIE threw the cheese down to the little mouse, but he did not see it. She leaned farther and farther over to watch him, and the first thing she knew she felt herself falling, falling, and then there was a teeny-weeny squeak from the mouse, just as her head struck the bottom and she saw a bushel basket full of stars.

WHEN she scrambled up, there was no mouse to be seen anywhere. Then she felt something moving inside her blouse, and heard a little squeak. She ran into the house as quickly as she could. "Oh, grandma!" she cried. "The mouse is in my blouse. Do get him out, quick!"

"WHERE is the mouse?" said grandma. "She ought to be here to catch him if he jumps out. Come, kitty, come kitty!" she said, as Pussy Blanche peeped out from behind the door.

JUST as grandma touched the first button on Nellie's blouse, the mouse jumped out. Pussy Blanche sprang after him, and then such a chase as there was. Over a stool, under every chair, around the table half a dozen times and into grandma's knitting bowl. A needle fell down here, the mouse dropped there. And then the mouse disappeared. Pussy Blanche stopped running and began to sniff here and poke her nose there. When she came to the mouse, she stopped, and settled down, her tail switching slowly back and forth and her eyes very large and bright.

GRANDMA took hold of the needle and moved the mouse just a little, and out dashed Mr. Mouse straight into the waiting arms of Pussy Blanche. And then,—well—that was the end of Nellie's mouse.



HIDE AND SEEK IN OSTRICHVILLE.
—From Collier's Weekly.

SUSIE SMITH'S BACK YARD.

Around our house the trees are tall,
The flower beds prim and neat,
The paths are graveled, all of them,
There's one hard, rustic seat.
And James, the gardener, says, "Look out!
You shouldn't play so hard."
'Tis then we scamper off, and stay
In Susie Smith's back yard.

You never saw such nice, long grass;
A big old hammock, too;
An apple tree with spreading limbs,
A barn that's almost new.
The finest swing, that goes so high,
And sends you down all jarred.
The loveliest place in all the town
Is Susie Smith's back yard.

I hope the Smiths won't move away,
And take their children, too;
I wouldn't know just where to play;
I wonder what I'd do?
No park could be like that, I know,
Policemen all on guard;
I'd like to stay till I grow up
In Susie Smith's back yard.
—Alix Thorne in The Youth's Companion.



IMPOSSIBLE.

Bob—Couldn't I be the mother sometimes, instead of always being the doctor?
Nellie (scornfully)—How could you be the mother when you haven't got a lap?

—From Punch.

Met With His Match.

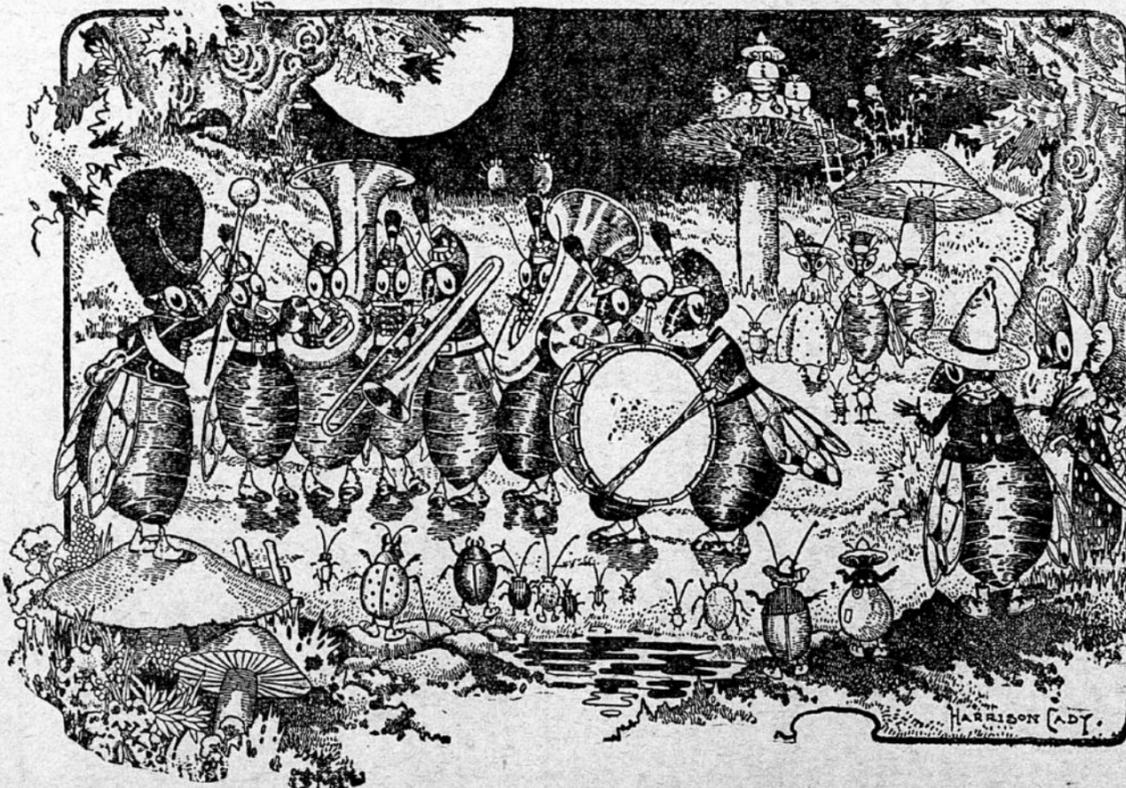
The clever Dr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, met with his match while examining a student.
He said, "And you attended the class for mathematics?"
"Yes."
"How many sides has a circle?"
"Two," said the student.
"What are they?"
What a laugh in the class the student's answer produced when he said, "An inside and an outside."
But this was nothing compared with what followed. The doctor said to the student, "And you attend the moral philosophy class, also?"
"Yes."
"Well, you would hear lectures on various subjects. Did you ever hear one on cause and effect?"
"Yes."
"Does an effect ever go before a cause?"
"Yes."
"Give me an instance."
"A man wheeling a barrow."
The doctor then sat down, and proposed no more questions.

"SIX O'CLOCK."

Two blue eyes that open wide
At six o'clock in the morning;
Two soft cold feet against your side
At six on a winter morning.
Two lips ready with a kiss
No one would be content to miss,
But, oh, how sleepy mother is
At six o'clock in the morning.

Two blue eyes with lids dropped low
At six o'clock in the evening,
Two small feet that weary grow
At six on a winter evening.

Why can't the Sandman stay away
Just at the very time of day
When busy mothers have time to play,
At six o'clock in the evening?
—Mabel L. Fairweather in Good Housekeeping.



THE MUSIC OF THE BEETLE BAND.

O, the Moon stoops low to listen, from across the Milky Way, and the festive Toadstools glisten when the Bugs begin to play. You may rave about your music, on the Sea or on the Land, there is none—for those who like it—that can best the Beetle Band.—Big Bug.—Holiday Magazine.