STORIES FOR LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN.

When Little Patrick Became Worthy of His Name.

LITTLE Patrick Ryan's birthday fell on the 17th of March, the day devoted to the celebration of the great Saint Patrick. And that was why little "Pat"—as he was commonly called—happened to be named in honor of the good Irish saint.

"I wish I could do something great and be called Patrick instead of plain Pat," said little Pat to himself one day after he and his mother had been talking over the coming birthday and the plans for a party. "But I'm just a little Irish kid and don't know what I can do to make myself uncommon. At present I'm no more than Johnny Woods, Fred Smith, Fatty Thompson and Snubby Travis. And all those kids are just common kids."

Then Pat was called to run an errand for his grandmother, who lived in Pat's home and was Pat's best chum of all the family. Somehow, dear old grandmamma knew just what children wanted and she understood Pat's wants as well as she knew his needs. She never forgot that while Pat was to have plenty of good wholesome bread and milk and vegetables and fruit for his meals, he loved a nice fat doughnut or a "turnover" pie occasionally, and with her own ready hands she made the doughnuts and "turnover" pies for him.

"Granny," said Pat to the old lady, after he had performed the errand for her, "do you know what I should love to do?—I should love to do something—something—well, something that everybody can't do, you know. I want to be deserving of the name of Patrick, but until I do something worth notice I must remain plain Pat Ryan. And I don't like the name of Pat. I want to have my full name, granny, dear."

"Bless my boy," smiled the old lady. "Well, you'll do something yet, sonny, that will make you a real hero, and then every one must call you Patrick. But—come to the kitchen with me—I've got a fine 'turnover' pie in the oven baking for a certain young laddie that I know. And it's an apple pie, too, with a sprinkling of brown sugar on top."

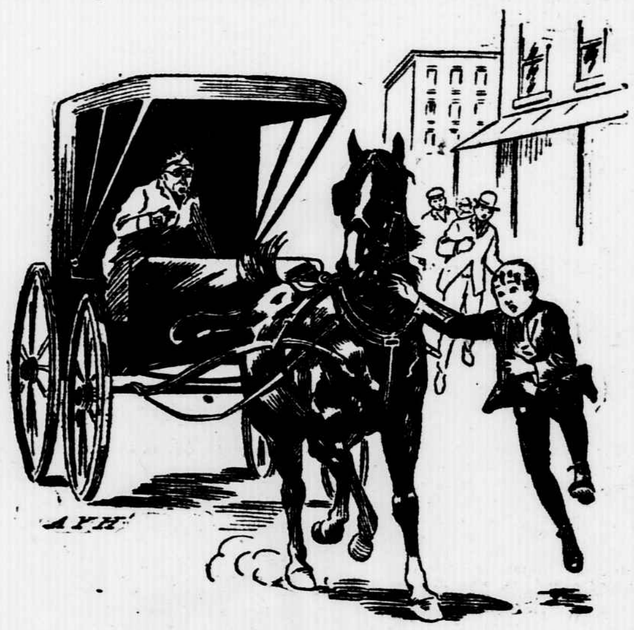
"Um, granny, that sounds good!" And Pat smacked his lips and ran off to the kitchen ahead of grandmother. And for the time his eagerness to do something worthy of the name of Patrick was forgotten in his enjoyment of the spicy smell that came from the big cooking oven. "It's "turnover" all right, all right," he cried, laughing with happy anticipation as grandmamma entered the kitchen.

The days passed and preparations were made for the 17th, St. Patrick's day and little Pat's birthday. About twenty young guests had been invited and a fine time was expected by Pat. Indeed, he knew everything would go off splendidly, for dear old grandmother had superintended everything pertaining to the party. And secretly she had baked a little—very little—"turnover" apple pie for each invited boy and girl. "I know what they will enjoy," she had said to herself. And she was right; for though apple pie as a rule is very indigestible when eaten at night (and Pat's party was to take place at 8 o'clock in the evening), dear old grandmother's pie was not the heavy kind. She knew how to bake "child's pie," a secret few of today understand.

When the morning of the 17th arrived everything was bustle and hurry in the home of young Patrick. Of course, Pat had to attend school as usual, but the preparations for the evening event went on during his absence, for there were grandmother, mother, Aunt Kate and Bridget, the house servant, to get things in readiness for the great event. "I'll have John hitch up the horse to the buggy and I'll go to the florist for green ferns and leaves, and to the store for green ribbon, for the decorations must be in keeping with the day," said grandmother, as full of enthusiasm as though she were a child again. But was not it her dear little Pat—who was already great in her eyes—whose birthday was to be celebrated that evening? And was it not the greatest joy for her to help with the arrangements and to make the party a glorious and happy success?

It was a few minutes before 4 o'clock when grandmother, in cape and bonnet, climbed into the little black-covered buggy to which was hitched old Custer, a fine, spirited horse, but one as gentle as a dog.

Grandmother was used to driving Custer and took up the lines and called out to him to trot along. Custer, feeling sprightly and in need of exercise, for the weather was cold for March, and Custer had been standing in the warm barn for days together without once feeling the bit between his teeth, pricked up his ears and trotted off down the street at a lively gait. At the corner old Custer took the turn so suddenly that poor old grandmamma in trying to keep her balance on the seat let fall the lines. They were jerked over the dashboard by the quick swaying of the buggy, and when grandmamma again became settled comfortably in her seat she found the guiding lines gone.



The Little Figure Leaped Into the Air.

In vain she called out to Custer to stop. On and on he went, his speed quickening, for he was in the spirit to travel and felt no restraining hand. Down the almost deserted street he went, now turning his gait into a swinging gallop. Poor old grandmamma sat white and silent, realizing her great danger. As she was traversing the residence streets there were few persons about and those few hardly grasped grandmamma's dilemma before the buggy was out of sight around a corner.

After a few minutes old Custer turned into one of the busiest streets of the town and there his excitement grew. Vehicles were passing him every which way and he became nervous and frightened and must have wondered why the driver had ceased to guide him. He probably did not understand that the flapping strings about his hind feet were the guiding lines and that the dear old lady in the buggy could not turn him this way or that, according to their path of safety. So he went at a run, his head thrust out, his nostrils dilating, his eyes full of fright. He did not turn out of the way of other horses and vehicles and often he and his precious freight came within an inch of disaster.

A crowd of pedestrians grew and followed the runaway horse, but it seemed no one could reach old Custer's head to stop him in his madness. Several men make the dash toward his bridle, but the next instant Custer was far away from them, turning corners and dashing through streets wildly. And all the time dear white-faced old grandmamma sat perfectly still, not daring to move lest she be thrown to the earth, for the frail buggy was rocking like a boat on troubled water.

Within a few seconds after old Custer's advent into the busy part of the town the streets were thronged with an excited and anxious crowd of people, for the occupant of the buggy had been recognized and the cry went from throat to throat that "dear old Grandmamma Brown was in danger of a sudden and terrible death," for the pursuing people expected to see the buggy thrown over against a lamp post or a telephone post at any moment.

Just as the danger was growing, for old Custer had headed toward a railroad track on which were passing an engine and several freight cars, there dashed from the pursuing crowd of men and boys one little figure, a figure slight and swift. With almost superhuman effort one slim arm was swung out, the little figure leaped into the air and Custer's head was jerked quickly to one side, the old horse dropping to his haunches, while the buggy, rolling upon him, came to a sudden standstill.

The crowd gathered about, cheering the brave boy who had come just in time to prevent a most horrible accident—maybe a most terrible death for both woman and horse, for the railroad tracks were only about 100 yards distant when old Custer was brought to such a sudden stop.

Then the brave boy who had saved the life of dear old Grandmamma Brown came from the horse's head and, going to the buggy, looked into the face of the dear old lady who was smiling as quietly as though nothing had happened. "Well, granny dear, you had a close call." It was Pat's voice that spoke and dear little Pat's eyes that looked so lovingly at the old lady. And then it was that grandmamma broke down and wept, wept from very happiness and pride, for she understood that it was her own dear little Pat who had saved her from fatal accident. Holding out her hand to him, she whispered through her tears: "You are a hero, dear sonny, a real hero, and you deserve your birthday to fall on the glorious 17th of March. Come, fix the lines and let us be going home together. Your father and mother will be proud of you this day. Is old Custer calm and reassured, poor old horse? He must have wondered why some hand did not guide him safely."

Quickly the crowd dispersed, knowing that all danger was past and that grandmamma and Pat wanted to be alone, for the emotion of each was battling for expression.

Pat soothed old Custer, who now seemed to be very peaceable again, and gathering up the dusty lines he climbed into the buggy and told Custer to "get up." And as he and grandmamma rode homeward, going first to the florist's for green ferns and leaves, and to a shop for green ribbon, Pat said: "Grandmamma, you are very calm to have passed through so dangerous an experience. Most any other old lady would be hysterical."

"I have forgotten the danger of the incident, sonny, in remembering your brave deed. You risked your life for old granny. It was a noble thing to do, and you shall be called from henceforth by your full name, for you deserve it. You are not a saint, child, but no saint is greater than a great hero, and you are hero Patrick, named for the great Saint Patrick. And no one shall call you plain Pat any more."

A flush of pride crossed Pat's face and his heart beat high. Then, pressing one of the dear, wrinkled old hands of grandmamma, he said: "Granny, I had no thought of becoming a hero—of being brave—when I ran out through that crowd to get hold of Custer's bridle. I only saw that you were in danger and I said to myself, 'I must save granny at all costs.'"

Then nothing was said for several minutes, but granny's lips twitched and her eyes moistened. And after a little she said: "Your party shall be the grandest that any boy ever had in this town, for you are the dearest and bravest boy, and deserve that it should be so. Tonight we celebrate the birthday of two Patricks—Saint Patrick of old and Hero Patrick of today—the latter my own dear little sonny-boy."

The Influence of St. Patrick's Day.

TIM and Fred had had a "scrap"
About some trivial thing,
And sticks and stones and ugly names
Did at each other fling.

And for a solid week these boys,
When out of school, did fuss;
They kept their parents in a stew,
Their own tempers in a muss.

But on St. Patrick's morning, bright,
Tim to his mother said:
"I'm sorry that I've 'acted up'
Toward my school pal, Fred."

And on that very self-same morn
Fred to his mother went,
And said: "'Tis true that Tim and I
An ugly week have spent.

"We used to be the best of chums,
Like a brother toward a brother,
And it is wrong for us to fight,
And so abuse each other."

And on the way to mass that morn
Fred saw his old chum, Tim,
And with a genial smile he ran
Right up and said to him:

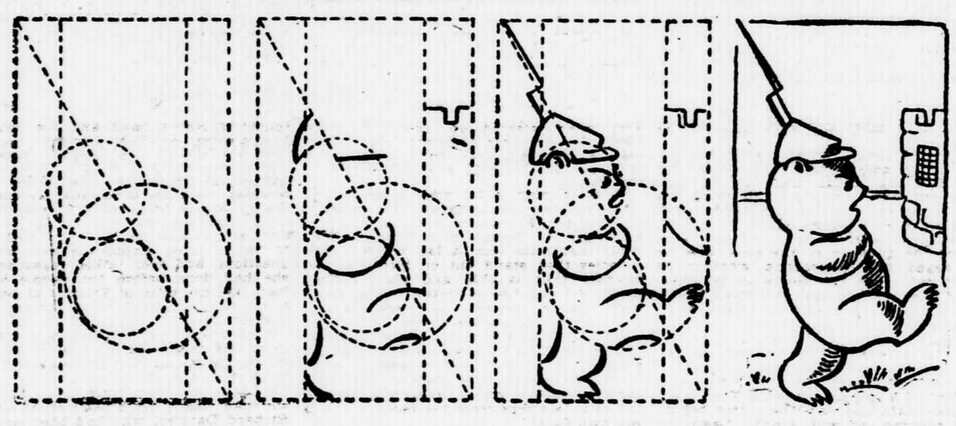
"If good St. Patrick, long ago,
Could from old Ireland drive
The poisonous reptiles all away,
So that no harm should thrive,

"Why shouldn't we drive from our hearts
All envy, hate and spite,

And love each other as of old,
And live our lives just right?"

And Tim, his heart-a-throb with joy,
Said: "I am with you there,
For on St. Patrick's glorious day
Good should reign everywhere."

THE TEDDY BEAR PLAYING SOLDIER.



A NOVEL SUPPER For YOUNG FOLKS

A ST. PATRICK'S day supper for young folks is both unique and interesting, as well as being most artistic. It is given in this way:

Decorate the parlors and dining room with festoons of ferns and other green vines and leaves, with streamers and bows of green ribbon holding them in place around the walls, over mantels and on the supper table. White blossoms may be added to the vases and bowls of green vines and ferns here and there. In fact, green should predominate everywhere, only being relieved by white.

Beside each cover at table place a dainty card bearing the name of the guest to occupy that place, and have painted in water colors a wreath of shamrock about the name, thus making of the card a pretty souvenir. A tiny green ribbon may be thrust through one corner of the card, tied into a little bow, with a loop long enough to be fastened to the shoulder of the guest, thereby preserving the souvenir from injury during the evening's festivity.

The young hostess should be dressed in white with a green ribbon sash crossed, Scottish fashion, over the left shoulder and knotted on the right side a little below the waist. Green paper caps should be supplied to the guests and when all have donned them the sight is very pretty.

The refreshments may be called by Irish names, in honor of St. Patrick. There may be St. Patrick sandwiches, Shamrock salad, Emerald ice, Blarney cake and Killarney nectar and any other "fancy dishes" that are appropriate for a supper and which may boast of Irish names.

If each guest is requested to come prepared to relate some bit of history pertaining to either St. Patrick or the festivals held in different countries on the date of the good saint's birth, the evening will be made a very instructive as well as a most enjoyable one. Young girls and boys, try giving a St. Patrick's supper. You will not regret having done so.

PROGRESS OF THE DAY.

Bathing in the snow is a common custom in Russia.

The average life of a dog is from ten to twelve years.

Light, heat and oil are the worst enemies of the rubber tire.

Fifteen cities of the United States have 300,000 population or over.

Nearly all of the world's supply of asbestos comes from Canada.

Pigments of more than 400 different colors are secured from coal.

The population of Russia is increasing at the rate of 2,300,000 per year.

Of the 147,000,000 of Russia's population 100,000,000 are peasants.

The American eats more than his own weight in sugar every two years.

In one year the escapement wheel of a watch makes 731,860 revolutions.

Ninety per cent of the neuralgic headaches are attributed to eye defects.

The total number of sailing vessels in the world is double that of steamers.

In point of geographical elevation Madrid is the highest city of Europe.

The sugar production of the United States does not grow with the consumption.

One-fifth of our sugar consumption is produced at home, one-fifth is brought from our own islands and the remaining three-fifths from foreign countries.

The sugar bill of the country aggregates a million dollars for every day of the year.

The daily receipts of the railroads of the United States amount to seven million dollars.

At the present rate the excavations at Pompeii will not be completed until the year 1970.

The city of Milwaukee has almost abolished the use of horses in all municipal departments.

The wire hairpin was first made in 1545, in England. Prior to that wooden skewers were used.

In proportion to the population there is more money in circulation in France than any other country.

The Chinese government spent $100,000 last year toward the assistance of Chinese students studying abroad.

The Sublician bridge, at Rome, now in ruins, is the oldest in history. It is made of wood and was erected in the seventh century.

The United States annually produces more corn than all other countries of the world combined—2,927,000,000, out of 3,888,000,000 bushels.

The world's tobacco crop amounts to 2,201,000,000 pounds. Of this 690,000,000 pounds are produced in the United States, more than that of any other country.

The total rainfall of this country, including snow, and that on water areas, was given as 215,000,000,000,000 cubic feet a year. Half or more is evaporated. About one-third flows into the sea. The remaining one-sixth is either consumed or absorbed. Of the 70,000,000,000,000 cubic feet flowing annually into the sea less than 5 per cent is used for power. It is estimated that 85 per cent to 95 per cent of the volume is wasted in freshets or destructive floods. There are in the United States proper 232 streams navigated for an aggregate of 26,115 miles, and as much more is navigable by improvement.

PUZZLES and ANSWERS

Hidden Artist Puzzle.

If you will take the initial letter of a one-syllable word from each of the following sentences, and write them in the order in which they come, you will see the name of a great French woman artist:

Learn well the lesson the industrious bee teaches.
Old age should always be respected.
Forget not to value the old friend.
Remember well the good precepts you hear.
Each boy must mark out his own path in life.
Many a storied urn tells history of the past.
He is rich who is happy.

Letter Enigma.

My first is in sun, but not in moon:
My second is in dish, but not in spoon:
My third is in arrow, but not in bow:
My fourth is in marsh, but not in low:
My fifth is in rake, but not in hay:
My sixth is in horse, but not in dray:
My seventh is in clock, but not in hour;
My eighth is in king, but not in power.
My whole spells a plant
That in Ireland grows,
And always at springtime
It blossoms and blows.

Beheadings.

(1) Triply behead to become discouraged and leave two of a kind. (2) Behead a piece of very hard stone and leave that which is used in dressing fresh wounds. (3) Behead a solemn promise and leave a projection of rock.

Rebus.

Curtailings.

(1) Triply curtail a beau and leave that which is very bitter. (2) Curtail small pebbles and leave a last resting place. (3) Curtail to look for anything and leave to behold with the eye.

Labyrinth Pear Puzzle.

A poor, hungry little worm saw a fine ripe pear lying on the ground, and he decided to eat his way into the pear's heart. He entered at the stem—the line of eating being marked at the beginning by an arrow. Take a sharp pencil and see if you can follow the little worm's course as he ate and ate inside the pear, hunting for the sweet heart around the core. The latter is marked by a dot.

Conundrums.

Why was the elephant late in leaving the ark?
Because he stopped to pack his trunk.
What sort of men are always above board?
Chessmen.
What chin is never shaved?
Ur-chin (your chin).
When was wit a father?
When a pun became apparent (a parent).
When was Napoleon most shabbily dressed?
When out at Elba (elbow).
When are fields of grain like rocks?
When both are blasted.
When are men's heads like mountains?
When capped.
When is a house like an eagle?
When it has wings.

Answers to Puzzles.

Letter Enigma—Garden.
Hidden Novelist Puzzle—Scott.
Beheadings—(1) Arrest-rest. (2) Bloom-loom. (3) Brag-rag.
Curtailings—(1) Ward-war. (2) Country-count. (3) Germany-germ.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

What Happens When Nature Spreads Clean Sheet on Earth.

From the Toronto Globe.

When nature spreads a clean sheet under the drooping branches of the cedars and among the naked trunks in the open woods the northern inhabitants begin at once to imprint it with records of their activity. The squirrels must make new paths to their stores of beechnuts buried deep under the white covering. They can move lightly over the soft snow but a light track ends in a burrow where a hiding place has been visited. The snow packed deep on an adjacent log and a few beechnut shells tell where the visitor has enjoyed a meal. From this the track proceeds with a leisurely lope, the hind feet covering the marks of the fore feet, but a squirrel does not long continue leisurely. More extended leaps show a sudden haste, and the widely separated hind feet pass beyond the crowded fore feet at every bound.

Near the edge of the cedar swamp the long, easy lope of a mink passes down the sloping shore toward the open expanse of ice. The naked woods and well-padded rocks are a temptation to follow. The track leads out over the ice, the fore feet and obliterating hind feet so close together that they make but a single impression. The course is toward an air hole, a peculiarity of the ice on the northern lakes, and on the way the new trail of a fox is found crossing from shore to shore with mathematical accuracy. The fox laid out and followed a course across the lake without deviation or curve, and his short steps were regulated with his usual precision. The mink's track leads with less regularity toward the airhole in the ice, where without any hesitation he plunged in. Coming out, he left traces of mud on the ice and snow. Evidently he dived to the bottom, and as he sat down with wet coat before starting for the shore he must have secured a clam, snail or dead fish.

Near the shore a junco has made a diminutive imprint on the new page by hopping among the scattered seeds of the silver birch. Sheltered by crowded spruces on the shore, the crooked trail of a partridge winds through the snow. Such walking must be laborious, for the bird's distended toes sink down through the soft snow, and he wades and waddles along, making a deep groove with his breast. This track starts from the half-filled hole in which he alighted and probably spent part of the night under cover. It was fortunate the fox did not come his way. Where the short, crooked track ends there are marks of the distended tail feathers and the flapping wings that noisily took the air. The long leap of the active hare is seen more frequently than any other record on the new page.

Night is the time of forest activity, and the snow that continued to fall till after dark recorded many impressions before the gray of morning. The hares have passed and repassed everywhere, the fox has pursued his solitary hunt for a sleeping partridge or the fragments of some forest tragedy. The partridge has risen from his snug shelter under the snow and tried a short walk before seeking a breakfast of soft buds in the adjacent birches. The mink has sought food over the snow and under the ice. And over it all the still moon looked coldly down, lighting up the silent expanse of the lake and tracing an infinite tanglement of shadows under the branches burdened with clinging snow.

The Squirrel's Spring Festival.

SPRING was approaching. Everything heralded the fact. The trees' sap was coming from their roots to their branches, and tiny buds were appearing on bush and bough, promising very early blossoms.

One morning a fine old gray squirrel came from his winter quarters in a huge hollow tree and sat on a bare branch, enjoying the aspect of a change of seasons with apparent delight. "Spring," he said, sniffing the air. "Spring, the most glorious of all the seasons!"

"Oh, why should you say that, dear friend Mister Graytail?" It was a soft voice that spoke, and old Mister Graytail (for that was the name of the old squirrel) turned about and looked for the owner of the voice which he had recognized as that of a pretty neighbor lady squirrel. On seeing her perched on the nearby limb he smiled and said: "Morning to you, Lady Pinknose. Isn't this a glorious dawn? See the sun coming over the eastern hills! And scent the warmth that is coming from old Mother Earth, in whose bosom sleep the billions of blossoms and grasses, only waiting to be called from slumber by the lovely maiden, Miss Spring."

"Yes, it is a divine morning, and I have come forth early to enjoy it," said Lady Pinknose. "And now I wish I had brought my son and daughter to enjoy the early spring sunshine. It's the first time that we have had warmth so early in the day during this month. But, returning to your soliloquy, Mister Graytail, you were saying that the spring is the most glorious of all the seasons. Now, I don't quite agree with you."

"What—don't agree that the spring is the most glorious of all the seasons?" asked old Mister Graytail in some surprise. "Well, how can you say such a thing? Isn't the spring just right in temperature? Isn't everything coming into life in the spring. Doesn't old Winter steal away when he hears the soft footsteps of the gentle maiden, Miss Spring?" And old Mister Graytail sat upright and wiped his nose with the end of his tail.

"Yes, the spring is very lovely," admitted Lady Pinknose. "But so is the summer. And I can say the same for autumn and the winter. They are all glorious?"

"Oh, ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed old Mister Graytail. "The winter glorious? Why? It is cold enough to freeze the hair on a brass monkey, my dear. How can you say the winter is lovely?"

"I'll admit that the winter brings us some very cold days and nights," smiled Lady Pinknose, "but with those cold days and nights come many happy hours. For instance, when the snow is flying about and the winds are howling through the branches, aren't we just too happy to be in our snug houses with warmth and with plenty to eat? And you should remember the keen enjoyment of running out for a bit of exercise and a game of hide-and-seek when the snow lies deep on the ground. Why, I've seen you as happy and merry as your own young son when frolicking in the snow. And, then, how we all gather together in some cave under the rocks and have a winter festival! Why, my good friend, how can any season be finer than the winter? It's glorious! And the winter sunshine is the most perfect of sunshines, for it never blisters nor burns, but it is just genial and welcome."

"Well, I guess you are right about the winter," agreed old Mister Graytail. "You see, I had not thought over the many joys we have together during the storms and colds. But now I do recall the many pleasures of games and social intercourse we have had during the past few months, and the colder it was the jollier we all became. Yes, I'll withdraw what I said about old Sage Winter. But I remain pat on what I have intimated about Dame Summer and her daughter, Mistress Autumn. They are both very disagreeable."

"Oh, say not so, say not so, my friend" cried Lady Pinknose. "What can be nicer than the summer? Why, think of the long, warm days when not a leaf stirs on the branches and the water in the brook looks like the sky dropped to earth. And how green everything is—trees, grass, hedges—all so fresh in the morning when laden with dew! Ah, the summer is so joyous!"

"Morning to you, Lady Pinknose. Isn't this a glorious dawn?"

"But it is hot," declared Mister Graytail. "If it were cooler I would like it more."

"No, you would like it less," declared Lady Pinknose, "for then it would be no different from the spring or autumn. So, you see, the summer, like the winter, is characteristic of itself and has advantages that the other seasons do not possess. I say the summer, the winter, the spring, the autumn are alike beautiful—delightful."

"Well, I'll grant that the summer is better than I had thought it," admitted Mister Graytail. "Since listening to your description of some of its beauties I have changed my mind regarding it. I guess the heat is balanced by the many lovely calm days and long, peaceful nights when the moon shines like a second sun, all veiled to make it cooler. Yes, I should not like to be without the summer—old Dame Summer, as we call it." And Mr. Graytail again rubbed his nose with his broad tail. "But I shall still contend that I do not in the least see much beauty in the autumn. It has falling leaves, gray days, hazy skies and everything is dying."

Lady Pinknose sighed. "Sir Mister Graytail, you are a poor reasoner. What? Everything dying! Not at all. Everything is ripening in the autumn. What if the leaves do fall? So do the nuts fall. And were it not for the fallen nuts, where, oh! where would we poor squirrels be? We find our food in the autumn, and then is our great harvest time. Ah, how little you seem to appreciate nature's changes and the splendid things they bring forth!"

"Yes, I hadn't thought about the harvest time coming in the autumn," confessed Mister Graytail. "But you must admit that the days of autumn are gray and drear."

"There you are again," said Lady Pinknose, growing a bit impatient. "What could be nicer than gray days following the perpetual sunshine of summer? After we have feasted, so to say, on sunshine and green, is it not kind of nature to bring gray, dull days full of soft shadow and cool winds with the falling of leaves and nuts and the ripening of the harvest? Ah, ah, my good friend, learn to read the book of Nature better, to understand her bounties and beauties, and then you'll have no complaint to make against any of the four delightful seasons, each so different from the other, yet all so perfect as a whole."

"I guess you are right, Lady Pinknose, and I thank you for your kind reasoning and practical philosophy," said Mister Graytail. "I always thought myself a pretty wise old squirrel, but have found this morning that a young lady squirrel—about half my own age—can teach me. And I have enjoyed taking the lesson, too." Hereupon old Mister Graytail wiped his nose and eyes with his tail, smiling happily. "And I have just conceived the notion of having a spring festival and to invite all the squirrels in the wood, telling each to bring with him all his knowledge of Nature and to take part in the discussion about the seasons. What say you, Lady Pinknose?"

"I like the idea, Mister Graytail. A spring festival will open the minds and hearts of the heretofore thoughtless squirrels and make them realize the blessings of Nature's gifts. And I say that it will be a good plan to follow up the spring festival with a summer festival, then an autumn festival, and lastly, a winter carnival. I say carnival for the winter, for it must be the gala time when only merriment and good cheer shall abound among us."

"A splendid idea," my wise friend," said Mister Graytail. "And you shall be appointed queen of the festivals and of the carnival."

At this moment a number of squirrels came running out of their houses in the hollow trunks of trees and began crying in a voice of happiness: "Oh, how glorious the day is to be! Spring is coming again! And then will come the buds and flowers and the birds to sing to us, and the soft winds to rock us to sleep at night as we sit on the open boughs."

"Come one and all of you to my house this evening," sang out old Mister Graytail, waving his paws toward the squirrels that were appearing in the trees about him. "Come here this evening, for we shall talk over a plan for a spring festival to be participated in by every squirrel in the wood."

"Hurrah, hurrah!" cried all the squirrels, gayly waving their tails. "We'll be there, friend Mister Graytail. A spring festival just suits us to a T."

And that is how the squirrels of the wood held a grand spring festival, and the date happened to fall on the 17th of March, the good St. Patrick's day. And while the people in the towns were celebrating the memory of the good saint the squirrels were celebrating the beautiful spring, for they had no way of knowing about great saints, for they had only read in the Book of Nature and had not learned all the things that people know.

And it is quite safe to say that the squirrels will hold a festival for each of the other seasons, save winter, when will be held the carnival of joy.

Fun.

Willie—Say, pop, it says in this paper that another octogenarian is dead. What is an octogenarian?

Pop (not up on such things)—I don't know, but they must be sickly things; you never hear of 'em but what they're dying.

Little Tommy (in lower berth on train)—Say, mamma, I'm sleepy. I want to go to bed.

Mamma—Hush! Tommy, you're in bed now.

Little Tommy—No'm I ain't. I'm asleep in a chiffonier.