

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

PERCY AND HIS PARTNER

ONE day a new boy came to school. He had a high forehead and wore glasses and he seldom laughed and seldom smiled. His name was Percival Adonis Jones, and he came from Canada. The other children at first made fun of Percy, but he beat them at their lessons. He always got a hundred in everything and behaved like a grown-up person. He never giggled or twisted around or shuffled his feet—some of the best of children will do—he sat up very straight and stiff, with his toes turned out and his elbows at his sides. "I don't believe he's real," said Tom Parker. "I'm going to stick him with a pin and see!" Tom was a bad one! He fastened a pin on the end of his ruler and reached over to stick Percy, when Percy turned around, for he could see what went on behind him in his glasses. "Thank you, Tom," he said politely, and took the ruler and kept it! So nobody tried to play any more tricks on Mr. Percy.

would be 'thief!' Oh, oh, oh! I don't want to marry a thief!" "But think of the time you've saved!" cried Percy. "Well, what'll I do with it now that I've saved it?" asked Lottie, with a twinkle in her eye. "You might study tomorrow's lesson."

foot of the class!" "I know! I know!" cried several others. "What is it, Amy?" asked Percy. "The Nile! The River Nile!" "Right!" said Teacher. Tom told you to go to the foot of the class!"



He Took A Stick And Wrote On The Ground.

"Oh, let me count 'em!" cried all the other little girls in one breath. "We got thirty-six buttons!" said Lottie proudly. Down from the fence came Percy. "Girls," he said, "let me show you something! You're wasting a lot of time counting out these buttons like this. Let me show you a better way to tell fortunes—I've been watching and listening and I notice that the little rhyme you say has eight words in it—that is, eight husbands, I suppose. Lottie says she has thirty-six buttons. Well, this is how I would work it out."

"I can't," cried Tom, choking with laughter. "I'm paralyzed!" Percy rushed and grabbed Tom by the collar, but Tom wiggled away and began to run off. Percy chased him, waving his stick and crying: "I shall chastise you!" The whole "school" jumped up and joined in the chase, around and around the school yard. Such whoops and yells! Well, the bell rang and the youngsters had to line up and march in. "I'll make you behave next time!" laughed Percy, digging Tom in the ribs. When they got into their room Miss Alice, their teacher, scarcely recognized Percy, so rosy were his cheeks and shining his eyes. She had another

surprise, for Tom was her worst pupil, he just never knew his lessons, although he was always first in games and sport. When she asked him what river flowed through Egypt, he hopped right up and said: "The River Nile!" After school Tom took Percy by the arm.

"Come on, Percy," he said, "I got an idea to tell you. Let's be partners." "What do you mean?" asked Percy. "I mean," answered Tom, "I suppose you are my partner, then you'll have to help me with my lessons." "Well, I'd be glad to do that," said Percy. "I was really very pleased when I heard you give the right answer for the river flowing through Egypt. I taught you that."

"Yes, you did," agreed Tom, "and I'll tell you, I was glad I knew it! I'm tired of being the dunce and being kept in." "I'll teach you your lessons," said Percy, eagerly. "I love to teach!" "Well then, I'll tell you what I'll do to repay you," said Tom. "I'll teach you to play."

"Play what?" asked Percy. "Isn't it a waste of time?" "Didn't you enjoy recess today? and didn't you feel better for a little fun?" asked Tom. "Course you did! I bet you can't throw a ball or swim or skate or play leap-frog!"

"I know I can't," said Percy, wistfully. "I was always taught at home and so I never had a chance to play with other boys." "All right then!" cried Tom. "Shall we be partners? Is it a go?" "I will!" cried Percy, solemnly. "Shake!"

They shook hands, then Tom cried: "Come on! It's my turn now, then after a while we'll go over to your house and it'll be your turn!" It was a fine partnership! Tom surprised Miss Alice more and more every day. As for Percy, he was a changed boy. He still got a hundred in everything, but he sometimes laughed and often smiled, his cheeks were always rosy, and he prided himself on being Tom's scholar. Never more did he sit on the fence and watch the others during recess. He was always eager in all the games. "I'm so glad Tom has gotten acquainted with your Percy," said Tom's mother to Percy's mother. "His teacher says he is doing splendidly at school, and before he began to go with Percy, why, I used to be afraid to look at his card!"

THE LITTLE PINE TREE

LITTLE girls and boys are not the only things in the world that are at times discontented. No indeed, for there was once a little pine tree that stood away out in the forest and it grew tired of its pretty green needles. Now you would imagine that just because its needles were always green that it would have been very happy and contented, for it knew that many of the trees when they had their leaves turn color when the frost came, but they lost their foliage entirely for several months of the year and there they stood shivering in the cold. Not so with the pine, but this foolish little tree grew weary of its color, and it sighed, "Dearie me, I wish I was like the other trees!"

A fairy was passing over head at that moment and heard the complaint. "Indeed," she said as she stopped to talk to the pine. "Tell me your trouble and I'll try to remedy it." "Well," answered the pine, "My needles are always the same old green, and there are many trees about me that are very similar and even prettier. Now I'd like to have silver leaves, not needles, and then I'd be the loveliest tree in the whole world. If you could do this little thing for me I'd be the happiest tree in the universe."

"I am most unfortunate in my choice," it whined to the fairy who came in answer to its call, "I should have been content with being green, and that's what I'd like to be now, only instead of needles, please let me be regular leaves." "It shall be as you say," said the Fairy, and the Pine, unlike other pines was arrayed in broad green leaves. A Billy-goat was passing by later in the day and saw the green leaves, and thinking how very inviting they looked he began to nibble and never stopped until the tree was stripped. The little Pine wept aloud in its discontent, and for the last time the fairy came to its aid. "Now what would you have me do?" she asked. "This is positively the last request



The Fairy Waved Her Wand And In A Twinkling The Needles Were Changed To Shining Silver Leaves.

that I will grant you, so think well before you speak." "Silver leaves are fine, and glass leaves are pretty," said the Pine. "Green leaves are good to eat, and other leaves may be all right for other trees, but I have come to the conclusion that my needles are the best for me. If you please kind fairy give them back to me and I'll never be discontented again." The Fairy seeing that the Pine was really in earnest, waved her wand and in a twinkling the little Pine stood robed in beautiful green needles, which it was happy to wear for the rest of its life.

THE WELL

WHEN I LOOKED DOWN INTO THE WELL, I SAW SOME STARS RIGHT IN THE BOTTOM; NOW, I JUST CAN'T HELP WONDERING HOWEVER THAT THE OLD WELL GOT 'EM. MY BROTHER SAYS PERHAPS A COMET SHOT DOWN AND BURSTED WHEN IT FELL. NOW, DON'T YOU THINK THAT IT WAS LUCK THAT IT JUST LANDED IN OUR WELL?

A LITTLE LESSON IN ZOOLOGY

Peculiar Variety of Lizards. THE following interesting study of lizards is taken from "History Of The Universe." "In contrast with the slow-moving armored turtles and crocodiles the lizards are mostly quick, active, small in size and unprovided with armor, the skin covered with small horny scales. They are wholly terrestrial, most abundant in arid or desert regions, but they live almost everywhere except in the cold temperate and arctic zones. Their small size, quick movements, dexterity in hiding, and ability to live in rocky and desert places, enable them to compete very well with small mammals, and they are a numerous and varied race. For the most part they live upon insects and are very adept in catching them. A few lizards attain a considerable size. The monitors of Africa, East Indies and Australia reach a length of six or seven feet; in the tropical parts of the New World the Iguanas attain an equal size.

The morning hours, but when the sun has become broiling hot we become aware of being little shadows which jerk out of the trees' surface. These are geckos which have been basking, motionless, very dark gray, almost blackish, just like the color of the bark upon which the last season's moss has been scorched to a black cinder. It is difficult to spy a gecko while it is glued on to such a tree. Only the little heady eyes betray it, watching you carefully. Nothing appears more easy than catching that motionless thing. You put out your hand and it is gone; like a flash it has moved a foot higher up or down. It does not seem to run; it glides along, dodging over to one side or the other of the tree. Towards evening the geckos become lively. One after another appears on the surface, upon a tree or at the entrance of the cave, and they all move about in their peculiar rushing jerks. Spiders, mosquitoes, flies, moths form their principal diet, and the hunting goes on well into the night. Those which take up their abode inside the house become almost domesticated. They are strange sights when hunting for flies, running up and down the papered walls; but we fairly gasp when they come to the upper corner, calmly bend over and with the next jerk slide along the whitewashed ceiling. We are accustomed to flies performing such feats, but at animals five inches long, supple and flat, we are inclined

to draw the line. However, that is the way of geckos, and—be it confessed—the more we ponder over the mechanism of their fingers and toes, of true lizards many are of very odd appearance and interesting habits. The 'flying dragons' of the East Indies have wing-like membranes shaped very much like the wings of a butterfly when extended, supported by long extensions of the ribs, and used as parachutes in long leaps from tree to tree. They are not much larger than a large butterfly, so that the name 'dragon' is rather a misfit as to size. Another remarkable type is the Frilled Lizard of Australia, with very long, slender legs and tall and a large frill around the neck, which it erects when brought to bay. It runs ordinarily on its hind legs, the fore legs hanging down, the long tail balancing the body. In shape the frill has an absurd resemblance to the great bony neck frills of the Horned Dinosaurs, and the long legs and the biped gait are also singularly like certain Dinosaurs. It is said to reach a length of two or three feet. The quaint little 'Horned Toad' of the Western United States, too, suggest some of the extinct Armored Dinosaurs. The ugly, poisonous Gila Monsters of the same region, brightly colored in orange and black, are well-known examples of warning coloration, the col-



Gecko. the less we comprehend how such little vacua can support or suspend such heavy creatures from a dry and often porous surface." "Among the fifteen hundred species

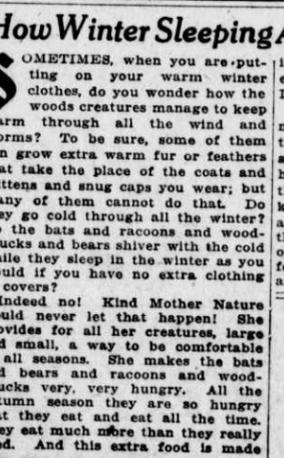
DOROTHY'S NEW GAME

(To be played on a rainy day.) NOW, Dorothy, there's not one bit of use in asking me that question again. You cannot go out of doors to play! Do please be a good little girl and look at some pretty books in the library." Dorothy turned from the window where she had been standing and started for the library. "That's always the way," she thought to herself, "I can't do anything I want to! Just because I had the measles three whole weeks ago, I can't wade in puddles or wall in the rain or anything I want to! Who wants to look at books all the time? Everybody tells me to 'look at the pretty pictures!' and I'm so tired of pretty pictures!"



see—dear me no! In one hour, there was given in that library, a party—a lovely dinner party! The hostesses and guests were dolls cut out of the waste paper basket! Think of that! The table was the big thin books set on a pile made by the middle-sized books; the chairs were the four fat volumes and the dishes and the guests as well as the hostesses were cut from thrown out envelopes by one busy little girl. Such a gay party as it was too! Mother, on her way to another room, heard gay talk and stopped to investigate. "What's this I hear?" she asked as she walked into the room. "It's a dinner party mother," replied Dorothy in a happy voice, "won't you come?" Of course mother would! She sat down on the rug and had tea from a paper cup and declared it was the best tea she had had in many a day. "I believe I like waste paper doll parties even better than wading in puddles," decided Dorothy and she poured another cup of tea all around.

But Dorothy, despite her funny talk, was an obedient little girl and could be counted on doing what she was told to do. She went over to the book case, pulled two big books carefully out of the case and sat down on the rug to look at them. But she couldn't get interested in the pictures. "I believe I'd rather play with dolls," she said to herself, "but mother said books. I wonder if she would care." Just at that minute an idea occurred to her—ideas do that way sometimes you know! Dorothy sat perfectly still a minute then she exclaimed, "the very thing! Why didn't I think of that before? It's books and dolls too! I know mother would like to play it because it is a quiet game!" Without another word she set to work. If you had peeped into the window just then you would have seen a very busy, happy little girl—but you never in the world would have guessed what she was doing!



How Winter Sleeping Animals Keep Warm SOMETIMES, when you are putting on your warm winter clothes, do you wonder how the woods creatures manage to keep warm through all the wind and storms? To be sure, some of them can grow extra warm fur or feathers that take the place of the coats and mittens and snug caps you wear; but many of them cannot do that. Do they go cold through all the winter? Do the bats and raccoons and woodchucks and bears shiver with the cold while they sleep in the winter as you would if you have no extra clothing or covers? Indeed no! Kind Mother Nature would never let that happen! She provides for all her creatures, large and small, a way to be comfortable at all seasons. She makes the bats and bears and raccoons and woodchucks very, very hungry. All the autumn season they are so hungry that they eat and eat all the time. They eat much more than they really need. And this extra food is made

Our Puzzle Corner

TRIANGLE PUZZLE.

Jack and Mary are trying to make four triangles with six match sticks, but they can't discover the way to do it. It can be very easily done if you know how. See if you can find the way to do it.

HIDDEN FRUITS.

Madonnas or angels are in most of Raphael's paintings. When I nap please shut the door. When I said, "Philip lumber is high," he answered: "That's because it grows on high trees." The Calif I gave the gift to, was an imposter. Ferd ate like a man, although he was only five years old. At the show I saw a dog rap enthusiastically with his tail. Bob, Ana, Nancy and Joe all took part in the entertainment.

HYDRA-HEADED WORD.

I am a word of four letters, meaning "a company." Change my head, and find a kind of sea weed. Change my head, and find a sharp tooth. Change my head, and find "an extreme anguish." Change my head, and find "to suspend." Change my head, and find "to thump."

Answers.

HIDDEN FRUITS—Orange, Apple, Plum, Fig, Date, Grape, Banana.
HYDRA-HEADED WORD—Gang, Tong, Fang, Pang, Hang, Bang.

Frilled Lizard.

ors enabling the hungry bird or coyote to recognize and avoid them. "The chameleons are found chiefly in Africa, although they range into Spain and India as well. They are very odd and interesting little lizards in their habits, and their color changes have been carefully watched and studied. They are extremely slow and cautious in their movements. The changes in color are only partly protective, chiefly related to the excitement or quiescence of the animal, or to heat and cold, as was long ago stated by Linnaeus. Some of the Madagascar chameleons reach a length of two feet, but they are mostly only a few inches long."

The WORLD'S BREAKFAST

ALTHOUGH there are fences and walls in between, And some of them eat from a white satin spread And some of them eat from an oilcloth instead; Each morning when Mother is calling your name, A million more Mothers are doing the same.

And when you sit down to your breakfast and eat— You scarcely consider it much of a treat; It's a very big party for you I should say To breakfast with millions of children each day.

If all the big tables were placed in a row, I'm sure it would be a most wonderful show. For princes and paupers and rulers of state Are sitting beside you each morning at eight.

And some of them eat from a white satin spread And some of them eat from an oilcloth instead; And some of them starve while the others grow fat— It makes me unhappy to ponder on that.

They're young and they're old and they're stupid and wise You'll meet them if only you'll close up both eyes, For though our thick bodies can't do much at all— Our fancy can pierce through the thickest brick wall.

So now when you think you are eating alone Just listen a moment—the table will groan, For millions of children are sitting down too And eating their breakfasts together with you.