

# Our Boys & Girls

Conducted by Polly Evans

"March brings breezes sharp and chill, Shakes the dancing daffodil."

## Jessamine and the Rabbits



Jessamine's parents were dead. She lived with a peasant and his wife, who were both old and stinky. At an age when most little girls spend their time playing with dolls, Jessamine had to work all day long. She swept the floor, washed the dishes, milked the cow, hunted the eggs; and, when she was not busy at something else, she knit woolen socks.

Jessamine would have liked to feed the cow and the goose, but the old woman fed the goose herself, six grains of corn twice each day. The old man fed the cow. A very small bunch of hay and three small carrots were thought enough. If the carrots were large ones, he cut them into halves and called each half a carrot. This was just enough to whet the cow's appetite. After she had eaten it, she would go out in her rocky pasture and eat the sparse grass and bushes down to the roots. By nibbling all day long the cow got enough to keep her alive.

**Feeding the Cow**

One day the old man was making a rabbit trap down in the orchard. He was in a great hurry to finish it, so he sent Jessamine to feed the cow. She fed the three carrots, and the old man bade her. Then she went to the haystack. She stayed there a long time. You need not think she was counting the straw, for she was counting. She was not quite so stingy as that. He looked at Jessamine's eager face and hid at her short arms.

"Give the cow an armload of hay," he said. "Just what you can carry in your arms at one load; not a straw over, now mind you."

Jessamine tried again and again. When she moved a hay stack from her head that she would rake it all back and lay it again. After a while she was so skillfully and walking very steadily, Jessamine dropped her hay before the cow, who had been watching with greedy eyes.

"Hal! hal!" said the gray goose. "I wish you had the key to our corn chest. I thought it was a small hay stack coming across the yard. I did not know till you dropped it that there was a girl under it."

So the poor old cow had one good feed. When she had eaten it she lay down under a tree and chewed her cud.

Old Simon finished his trap and batted it with a cabbage leaf. As he came to the house he saw the cow lying under a tree.

"Dame Prudence! Dame Prudence! The cow is sick," he shouted.

Simon had not been used to seeing his cow take her ease.

Simon and Dame Prudence went to market. Dame Prudence carried a bag of red peppers, a firkin of butter, a basket of eggs and some other things. Old Simon was loaded with two hams, a cheese, a jug of cider and one goose that had become too fat to be carried. He struggled over the fields in search of food or to lay eggs. Simon had hoped to snare a rabbit to carry home, but he had lost his trap the last thing before starting, but it was empty.

Jessamine cleaned the house and finished piling the wood that Old Simon had begun. Then she knit until time to milk the cow. After her generous feed, she gave more milk than usual. The crock would not hold it. Her feet slipped and she caught at the shelf to save herself from falling. It gave way. Jessamine, the sheep and the dishes came tumbling down. The fire was broken by the god-banded teapot, the blue plates, the cups and saucers, all of Dame Prudence's best dishes were broken. Jessamine was bruised and smarting, too, but she did not think of that. She ran to the cow shed and crept into an empty barrel in the farthest corner.

## TRICKS AND GAMES

### Amusing Suggestions for the Entertainment of Young Folks

EVER so many people would like to have their fortunes told by the appearance of the leaves in their tea cups, but very few people know how to tell the fortunes.

The way to do is this: After you have all drawn your tea—leaving just a few drops with the leaves—first make a wish, and repeat it three times in your mind; then twist the cup around so as to shake up the leaves as much as possible. Do this three times (from left to right) then turn the cup upside down and, setting it on a saucer, twist it again three times, left to right, then looking in and read their fortune.

I have a fortune rhyme to use:

"One leaf alone, you'll be;  
Two together, the priest you'll see;  
Three in groups, your wish you'll gain;  
Four, a letter from loving awn;  
Five, good news, or a letter bring;  
Six, a row, a row, a row you'll sing;  
Seven together, great fortune waits  
For you, so be sure to cup fate."

Tea leaves short and tea leaves tall  
Bring you company great and small.  
Tea leaves small and tea leaves fine  
Are, of bad luck, the surest sign.  
Tea leaves few and clean the rim,  
Your cup with joy o'er flows the brim."

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## Tricks and Games

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### Home at Last

"Just to think," she said, "if it had not been for you, where would my little Yellow Eyes be now? I do hope you can stay with us, but it will have to be as Grandfather says."

"I never heard of such a thing!" cried the great-grandfather when she told him the story. "Man is our enemy and always has been. To take one of his young to raise is bound to bring trouble, bound to bring trouble."

Then they talked the matter over and came to a conclusion. Cloverleaf and Pinky were to go back to their home with the people in the big house up on the hill. They are good people to little girls, though don't you ever get in reach of them. They would think no more of making a pie out of you than you would of eating a carrot top."

Jessamine played with Yellow Eyes, Thistlefur, Leaper, Cloverleaf and Pinky from that Saturday to the next Saturday, and then they all went with her as far as the oak tree there, and the hill. Father Rabbit went clear to the front gate, when somebody opened a door, and he darted off like a flash. Jessamine passed up the walk and into the house, where she found a happy home.

"They look so happy and so bright. They laugh, as though to see us here was quite a pleasant sight."

"I don't know what they're called at all. The other duckling said: 'I only know it's nice by two such dear things to be fed.'"

"They never come and swim like us. But if they're not two little ducks, I'm sure they ought to be."

Clifton Bingham.

### In the Rabbits' House

Jessamine, herself, had to explain how she happened to come, for Yellow Eyes would do nothing but eat.

"Thistlefur and Pinky patted her hands."

"You shall stay here always and be our little sister," they whispered.

Mother Rabbit looked serious.

"At least, child," she said, "I can't take you in with the young ones to-night, and in the morning when Grandfather wakes up we will hear what he has to say."

Cloverleaf brought Jessamine a chair, while Leaper slipped a turnip into her hand.

"No bad men ever find our burrow," said Leaper. "If you are out in the fields and see a man with a gun, you must run like a streak of lightning and hide in the brush, but if he has no gun nor dog, you may stand up and look at him before you run. If he has a gun, you must come to a trap, no matter what goodly it is in."

Yellow Eyes looked up quickly.

"I was caught in a trap!" he cried. "In a bad man's trap. There was the biggest great-grandfather when she told me the story. 'Man is our enemy and always has been. To take one of his young to raise is bound to bring trouble, bound to bring trouble.'"

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### Stunts for Sketchers

SOME time ago Polly Evans gave you some sketches of a couple of faces something on the order of these for you to complete as skilfully as you could. Here are two more, and, if possible, funnier ones. See what you can do with them.

**April Fool Trick.**

TAKE sofa cushions, books, dishes, and scatter them in the middle of the floor. Then select some one, and tell him to walk all around and between the articles, so as to familiarize himself with the relative positions of the various articles.

Then blindfold him and tell him to pick his way between all these articles without touching any of them. In the meantime, the skilful sketcher should carefully remove all the articles.

It will prove very funny to see the blindfolded player stepping and stumbling along so as to avoid the articles which he believes to be in his path. He will be so pleased to think he has succeeded. Then he will look so silly when he discovers he has been made a fool of.

## By Elizabeth Kane Rhein



### He Implored Her to Return

ING for the gods to return. If he had known he would have longer that they would not come back, but that they did come back, and the hundred rivers poured over him.

When he recovered he found himself changed in form and mind. His shout-

back, most lovely Scylla. I implore you! If you will come back I will make you happy and do all in my power to please you. I love you most dearly, come back."

She only ran up higher on the cliff, and, who she found that he could not possibly come after her away up there, she turned and called back to him: "What are you, fish or man? Or are you a god of the sea?"

Glaucus held out his arms to her and in the saddest voice possible said: "Once I was mortal and followed the sea for a living, but now I belong wholly to it. Then he told her that he was no sea animal, but that he was a god; that neither Poseidon nor Triton ruled higher than he, and that she should be proud to have him love her. But Scylla only laughed and shook her beautiful head and ran away so far he could not see her. Glaucus was in despair, so he plunged into the deep sea, where none but the fish could see his grief.

(To be concluded next week.)

## The Flying Cone--A Chinese Toy

THIS interesting and, in many respects, remarkable toy had its origin in China, where the peddlers use it to attract the attention of the humming sound that it produces. Of course, it was made of heavier material and of a larger size in its original form, but when it was introduced into Europe it became so popular that men, women and children played with it, and an eminent scientist, a professor in the University of Oxford, spent some of his time in studying its movements, and finally succeeded in explaining it mathematically.

To make the toy, fit together two cones at their points. Then get two small light sticks, about two feet long each, and fasten a string a yard long to an end of each.

The player holds the other ends of the sticks, one in each hand, allowing the string to rest on a table. He then places the double cone on the right-hand stick, at the middle point, where

### Little Ducks

"HAT are these things," one little duck  
Unto his brother said,  
"Why come to see us every day  
And throw us crumbs of bread?"  
"They look so happy and so bright. They laugh, as though to see us here was quite a pleasant sight."

"I don't know what they're called at all. The other duckling said: 'I only know it's nice by two such dear things to be fed.'"

"They never come and swim like us. But if they're not two little ducks, I'm sure they ought to be."

Clifton Bingham.

### Water Gobs

When he opened his eyes he found himself sitting on a big rock in the bottom of the river, and all the water gods were sitting around him. They were very pleased to have him with them and received him most graciously. They admitted him to the honor of their society, but they told him that he could not become one of them unless they had obtained the consent of Oceanus and Tethys, the sovereigns of the sea. So he was compelled to sit on this rock and wait for ten days and ten nights until the gods could communicate with their king.

Glaucus wished himself many times back on earth again, as it was very wet and dull sitting down at the bottom of a river alone, for all the gods left him while they went to seek permission of Oceanus and Tethys that he might stay with them. Oceanus and Tethys agreed he could stay, and that all that was mortal in him should be washed away.

To effect this a hundred rivers must pour their waters over him. Then only would he lose all sense of his former nature and all consciousness. Poor Glaucus! Little did he know what was in store for him! He sat on the long rock for ten days at the bottom of the river longly for his fate.

## Chip Stone--A Game for Boys

CAN BEARD, in one of his Handy Books, tells how to play the game of "Chip Stone." Boys who are not familiar with it will be glad to learn how it is played.

In the gravel pit, or somewhere along the river, creek, lake or seashore, may be found disk-shaped stones called "chip stones." These stones are used in the game of Chip Stone. The pure white or semi-transparent skippers, about the size of a half dollar, are the best. An old-fashioned copper cent will do.

A bull ring about five feet in diameter is made on the ground, or two law lines about five feet apart are drawn on the sidewalk, and each boy, as in marbles, has a bull ring stone placed in a row between the two law lines. If in a small circle in the center of the ring.

In turn each player spins his top and plugs at the skippers in the ring or between the law lines; if his top fails to spin, he "lays in" another skipper.

"What's top 'dies', stops spinning--inside the ring, he 'lays in' another stone. But if his top spins as it should, he takes up a medal won by his shovel and drops it so that the peg hits the edge of a counter; he continues to scoop up and drop the top so long as it will spin, or until he has knocked a counter over the law line or outside the ring, in which case, as in marbles, he has another turn.

Chip Stone is really a game of marbles in which sailors or skippers are used for ducks and the counters are used for counters. Each boy takes great pride in his collection of trophies, each of which he considers a medal won by his superior skill as a top spinner.

For fun, a boy can play with a wooden spoon with your good pocketknife. Red cedar is the best wood for the purpose, but any other kind will do well enough.

## Them's 'The Loved Spots.'

A TEACHER in a West Side school tells that she has had the Old Oaken Bucket to her class and then directed the pupils to make drawings of objects suggested by the poem. She identified two attempts to portray the "wide spreading stream" and the "mill that stood by it." But there was one drawing she couldn't puzzle out. It consisted of a cluster of small circles. She asked the ambitious artist what the picture represented.

"I was thinking of the little boy, 'them's the loved spots that my infancy knew.'"

**Sorrow of Different Sort.**

Little brother, aged 4, had learned to sing "All Sorrow Will be Over When I Get Home." After coming home from a trolley ride one day he sat on the steps and sang, "I'm sorry, awful, when I get home." LAURENCE ADAMS.

## Puzzles and Problems

What Kind of Medicine? This picture puzzle represents a kind of medicine, with whose name most of you are familiar. What is it?

Numerical Square Puzzle. Take the figures from 1 to 9 and put them in a square with two lines drawn each way in it, and have the figure in each cell and every way you count.

An "X" Puzzle. To imitate. To sing. To pay out money. What was found in water. A girl's name.

Enigma. I am composed of eleven letters. My 1-2-3-4 is a weapon. My 1-2-3-4-5 is something that gamblers do with. My 5-6-7-8 is an animal. My 2-3-10-11 is a great writer. My whole is the name of a great writer.

Misfit Authors. See if you can rearrange correctly, placing each author with his own work: Edna Lewis wrote "The First." E. P. R. wrote "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Mrs. Martine wrote "Little Men." A. Edgar

## Stories Concerning Little Pets and Cats

**Homesick Ned.** Ned was 6 years old. He and his mother had been visiting a long distance from home. Ned had never served a whipping and was not used to it. When his mother picked him up and said, "Poor little fellow, he is getting homesick."

That is the way Ned got out of his whipping.

HAROLD S. GROVER.

**Billy's Teeth.** A teacher in one of the kindergartens used to ask her little pupils every morning if they cleaned their teeth. She had in her room a very little boy, whom we will call Billy. After a while Billy left that school and went to another.

In the new school the teacher never asked the pupils if they had cleaned their teeth, so Billy left off cleaning his teeth. One day his mother, noticing the color of his teeth, said to him, "Billy, your teeth are in a terrible condition. I see you have not cleaned them for a long time."

"Oh, said Billy, 'I wash my teeth, but I don't have to clean our teeth any more at my new school.'"

E. M. S.

**Not Stepmother.** Little sister came crying to my sister Louise the other day, with a sore on her thumb. Louise examined it and told her that it was a "stepmother." Oh, but mamma, she said, "I don't know what that was for."

MILDRED PIATT.

**Cover This Bone, Please.** A little girl of 5 years, seeing her friends getting served the second time at table, looked up wistfully at her aunt, who, noticing her anxious look, asked what she wished, pointing to the bone of a mutton chop she had eaten. She said slowly: "Will you please put some more meat on this bone?"

VIVIAN MILLARD.

**A Cat That Loved a Bird.** Mary had for pets a cat and a sparrow. The sparrow was very tame and had the liberty of the kitchen and was very happy. Now, the cat loved the little bird and allowed him to sleep on his back and to eat out of his saucer, and they were very good chums.

One day a strange cat came in the house, and seeing a nice fat sparrow, he thought this would make a good breakfast. The bird, accustomed to a cat, did not in the least suspect his murderous intentions. In a twinkling the bird was the strange cat's prey. Now the sparrow's friend, Fussy, seeing his playmate being borne away by the intruder, ran after him.

How he released the little captive no one knows. We only know that, after some time, Fussy reappeared, triumphant, holding his little friend in his mouth. He was so delighted of his new mother, and he got an extra dose of petting that day.

I know that this story is true because little Mary happens to be my grand-mother.

MANON DE HUNKERSDORFF.

**Ruth's Answer.** Teacher--Ruth, what kind of gum comes out of the trees of the West Indies?  
Ruth--Chewing gum.  
PERCY JONES.

**He Knew Different.** "True happiness," remarked the moralist, "is found in the pursuit of something other than in catching it."  
"Huh!" growled the demoralizer. "Tell that to some man who never chased an owl."