

Our Girls and Boys

Conducted by Polly Evans

"April Showers Bring Forth May Flowers"



"MAC," THE YELLOW DOG

BY MCKINLEY BROWN, PER ELLA H. BROWN.

THE only bulldog on the street and the only yellow one in town. My name is McKinley, and I was named after a President, as maybe you guessed. I have been to church, to college—a whole term—and I have often ridden on the cars, but I am not going to tell about those things today.

I am 8 years old now, but when I was a puppy my master's friends used to say when they heard my name, "Well, Mack, old boy, that's a good name!" but the friends of my mistress often said, "That's just the name for a yellow dog, but I wonder if they meant it. In those days I lived in a city and knew ever so many dogs and cats. I always liked cats, but they most always run away from me, and when I try to catch them they run all the faster, or else spit at me, and I don't think that's very nice. Sometimes I shake them a little to teach them better manners.

There was one cat I liked especially well; she was gray, and lived next door in a big block. I remember we were going to live in a block one day where the janitor said they couldn't have dogs nor children in the block, my master said he'd go where he could have those luxuries; he hasn't any children, and I should have been real friendly and called to people and barked for

The Polar Bear's Curiosity

MANY wild animals are very inquisitive. The polar bear is said to be attracted by anything out of the common.

Hayes, the Arctic explorer, declares that one was so fascinated by a steamer that in her eagerness to find out what this strange thing was she came so near it that both she and her two cubs were killed.

Sailors when chased by polar bears have taken advantage of this habit to secure their own safety. They have their flight they throw away anything—a handkerchief or other article, something easily colored for choice. The bear can't pass it. But while the animal is busy examining the thing the seamen are gaining ground and escaping from danger.

Of course, in some cases it is not mere

THE PIGGIES' BEDTIME

IT IS bedtime in the Piggie family. This is a well-regulated family, and every little porker has to be bathed before going to bed.

Some of the children have got into their nighties and taken up their candles, you see, and are saying, "Wee, wee! Good night, mother, dear," and she is grunting, "Oo, oo! Good night, my dears. Now, scamper away to bed while I bathe the baby."

Little Peggy's Sticklebacks

PEGGY had had a bad cold, and was miserable. Of course, lessons were not to be thought of, and all her ordinary games and books seemed very dull. So that when Peggy's mother one day saw a man in the street selling small glass bowls full of little fish, she bought one at once in the hope that Peggy would feel interested. And she did.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, "What dear little fish and such a nice little baby bowl. I do believe they are hungry; just see how they are poking their noses out of the water. What will they eat?"

"Well, dear, crumbs of bread, I should think. Goldfish eat them, I know. You shall have the bowl on the table while you have tea, and then you can feed them."

Peggy had only just finished when a gentleman came into the nursery. "Uncle Rex!" she cried, joyfully, "why, I thought you were not coming for two whole days yet."

"Nor was I," replied Uncle Rex, "but I found I could get away, and here I am."

"That is nice. Oh, I have such a lovely thing to show you. The fish are new to-day. Aren't they darling?"

"They are, indeed, Peggy; but you will not keep them long in that little globe, I'm afraid."

"Why not?" asked the little girl, anxiously. "Will they get out?"

"Oh, no," laughed Uncle Rex. "But they will die. There is no room for so many. Do you see how they are crowding on the surface of the water?"

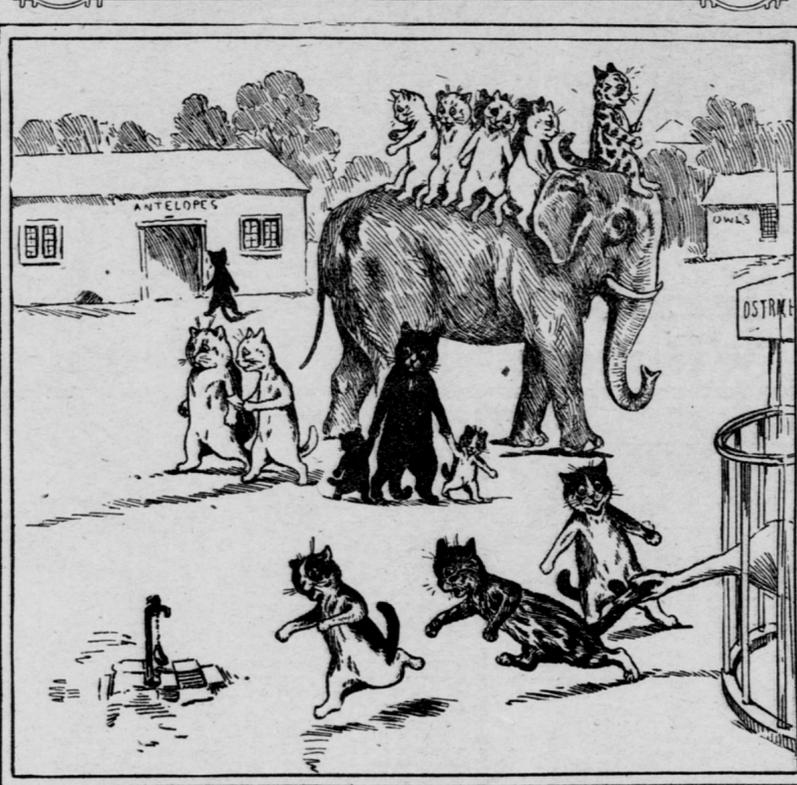
"Yes; I thought they were hungry."

Pro-Russ or Pro-Jap?

Looking at this picture one way it looks pro-Russian, but turn it the other way and it looks equally pro-Japanese, doesn't it?

THIS SIDE UP FOR PRO-RUSSIAN.

Nine Kittens at the Zoo



THEY HAD A RIDE ON THE ELEPHANT

TO SOME people large families seem no fun at all, but the nine kittens would certainly make them change their minds. For these nine brothers and sisters have about the best time that ever was.

The other day they went to the Zoo, and you should have seen them.

First they went to the monkey house and gazed at the monkeys, who returned the compliment, blinking and winking at them very attentively the while, and then scrambling to the tops of their cages and chattering shrilly at the nine kittens as if to say, "If only we were in our native forests we'd show you a trick or two."

The nine kittens thought the monkeys were very funny, but as they were caged, there was nothing to do, so the nine kittens trooped out of the house and went to where the bears were kept. "Mercy, I'm afraid!" meowed Whittey, the baby of the family, the moment she set eyes on the first huge, uneasy-looking bear. "Take me away, quick!"

But at last they came to the place for fun. That was the elephant house. Spot, the eldest of the nine kittens, was acquainted with the head keeper, and he proposed that they should have a ride on an elephant.

"Hurrah!" cried every one of the nine kittens.

So Jumbo was led into the open air. He knelt down, while all the kittens who were not afraid clambered up on his back. Then he slowly lifted himself up and obediently followed the keeper down the path.

"Geel! isn't this fine?" shouted Spot, seated proudly on Jumbo's head.

"I'm afraid I'll tumble off!" whimpered Snowball, who was away back near Jumbo's tail.

But pretty soon they got over all the fear they had felt at first, and were having a jolly good time riding up and down the path, when all of a sudden Spotty let out a ear-splitting yell, at which every brother and sister kitten shivered in his very whisker ends with fright. But how the keeper

PUZZLES AND PROBLEMS

NOW PUSSYCAT ANSWER MY RIDDLE

Reversible Words. (Each of the missing words is spelled the same backward as forward like "level.")

Little... had a gun that level.

He also had a horn which he loved to... sound. Every day at the dinner table he... once he got something in his... and, I tell you, it... hurt!

What Two Animals?

Where Did They Live?

The letters in each name form the name of a city or town in England. 1. Mr. OLIVER LOP lived in... 2. Mr. DON- NOL in... 3. Mr. R. MOTHSPOUT in... 4. Mr. S. E. MERCHANT in... 5. Mr. LOBSTER in... 6. Mr. HAMM I. BRING in...

What Animal?

Here are two broken outline pictures for you to finish, boys and girls. Then can you tell Polly Evans what animals they represent?

"I'd Razzor Walk."

Margaret, aged 3, had been out walking with her father. When they were about to return her father asked if they should walk or ride back home. She answered: "I'd razzor walk, if you'll tarry me." M. E. TAYLOR.

For an Artificial One.

A little girl who was sick in bed was given a pair of slippers by a lady who was her mother's friend, whom the child called Aunt. Her papa said, "You have a very nice auntie!" (The child answered, "Yes, for an artificial one.") (NO NAME.)

Locomotive Could Do That.

Tommy had drawn the picture of a locomotive on his slate, and his father asked him why he didn't draw the cars, too.

"Oh!" answered Tommy, "the locomotive can draw them."

REGINA HOLETON.

Bessie's "Imposition."

"Mamma," said little Bessie one day at the table, "I'm to write something to read next Friday at school, but I forget the name of it."

"An essay?" suggested her father.

"No, an oration," prompted her sister.

"No—I remember it now; it's an imposition," said Bessie. MAUD TAYLOR.

What Drug?

Camp—Camp.

Hidden Proverb.

"A cat may look at a King."

Riddles.

1. Because a miss has only two feet, and a mile has 5280.
2. Because they put out tubs to catch soft water when it is raining hard.
3. The sun.

Buried Names of Girls.

Nora, Helen, Enid, Mildred, Isabel, Ada, Frances, May.

Transposition Puzzle.

Patsley, Weaving, Pillow, Athlete, Indiana, Sarator, Ilpari, Emmsillien, Young.

"How Animals Get Well"

INTERESTING all animals are, and very curious are the habits of many; but really the most wonderful thing about them all is the way they recover from their sicknesses.

In his book of stories, referred to, W. J. Long tells some remarkable things he knows from personal observation.

One day, while sitting quietly by a brook in the woods, he saw a woodcock flutter out into the open and make its way to a place on the bank where there was a lot of sticky mud and clay.

At first he took soft clay in his bill from the edge of the water and seemed to be smearing it on one leg near the knee. Then he dattered away on one foot for a short distance and seemed to be pulling tiny roots and fibres of grass, which he worked into the clay that he had already smeared on his leg.

Again he took more clay and plastered it over the fibres of grass, and more and more till one could plainly see the enlargement, working away with strange, silent intencness for fully fifteen minutes.

Then he stood perfectly still for a full hour under a overhanging sod, where the eye could with difficulty find him; his only motion meanwhile being an occasional rubbing and smoothing of the clay hardened enough to suit him, whereupon he fluttered away into the brook and disappeared in the thick woods.

The woodcock had a broken leg, and he had gathered into a clay cast to hold the broken bones in place until they should knit together again.

It is well known that an animal, if it gets caught by the leg in a trap, will deliberately bite off its foot or leg in order to escape. Kind-hearted trappers therefore arrange their traps so that at the first pull they slide into deep water, dragging the animal after them and causing them to drown.

One time Mr. Long caught a muskrat in this way, and when he exactly the poor, drowned creature he discovered that he, too, had been caught in some other way. The trap had bitten his leg off only a few days before.

The wound was not yet healed, and the amazing thing about it was that he had covered it with some kind of sticky vegetable gum, probably from some pine tree that had been split or barked close to the ground where musquash could reach it easily. He had smeared it thickly all over the wound and well up the leg above it, so that all dirt and even all air and water were excluded.

When a coon's foot is shattered by a bullet he will cut it off promptly and wash the stump in running water, partly to reduce the inflammation, and partly, no doubt, to make it perfectly clean. As soon as he uses the stump again he will wound freely, as a dog does, to cleanse it, perhaps, and by the soft massage of his tongue to reduce the swelling and allay the pain.

John Wesley once wrote a book about the use of plants as medicines used by physicians, and people generally had been discovered by watching a snake in a hole. He sought out certain plants to heal their diseases.

"If they heal animals, they will heal men," said he.

So you see that it is worth as interesting to find out how animals get well when they are sick or hurt.

A Jolly Play Story Game

A JOLLY good game can be played according to the following directions, from the Book of Indoor and Outdoor Games.

The company agrees upon as many names as there are players—each in turn contributing one. Each person writes these words at the top of his sheet of paper, and the game consists in writing a short story, introducing the nouns in the order in which they have been given.

At the end of the time agreed upon they are read aloud by the leader or hostess, while the others try to guess the authorship. For instance, the nouns proposed are boy, favorite, horse, wood, girl, dragon, fire, flags, cigarette, photographs, prize, ring.

One player will perhaps produce something like this:

"I took a boy to the circus the other day. Among favorites one horse was easily first; many seemed made of wood. The one we favored was ridden by a dashing girl, who looked as if she could manage a dragon as easily as the horse. Her eyes were full of fire."

So it went all through the Zoo. The nine kittens had a glorious day of it. They say they have ever so much more fun than folks do who have tiny, little families.

What do you think, boys and girls?

BABY'S BREAKFAST AND WHAT BECAME OF IT



SEE BABY'S BREAKFAST; DOESN'T IT LOOK GOOD?

WHY, WHERE'S MY BREAKFAST? NOTHING LEFT FOR BABY? BOO-HOO!

Engraving on Eggs for Easter

FOR Easter, why not engrave on eggs?

In this way you can do something very nice for your friends, especially if you have some talent for drawing. Or, if you cannot draw, perhaps some artistic friend will help you out to the extent of sketching your design for you.

Having selected some nice, smooth eggs, and having determined upon some designs—rabbits, chickens, lilies, crosses, etc.—dip your eggs, one at a time, into melted white wax.

Then, with a needle or some other pointed instrument, scratch your design or motto, or both, on the egg's surface through this wax.

Next dip the egg into a strong solution of vinegar and leave it for some time, the length of time depending on how deeply you wish your design to be cut into the egg by the acid. Practice will soon make you familiar with the length of time required for this vinegar bath.

After this, all you have to do is scrape off the wax, and behold the design or motto cut into the surface of the egg clean and clear!

Suppose, on the other hand, you want your design or motto to appear in raised form on the surface of the egg. Then just reverse the process described above—instead of scratching the design or motto, scratch AROUND the design or motto, remove the wax from all around the design or motto, then pour in the vinegar solution, and the acid will eat all the parts of the egg that are not covered with wax.

The result will be that when you take the egg out and clear away the wax from the design or motto the latter will appear in raised form!

This is interesting work. Try it, boys and girls.

Kittens & "Kiddies"

cats had kittens. One of the families of kittens was drowned, the other mother cat took two of her four babies and gave them to the cat who had lost her own. WASHBURN.

ELIZABETH HAGEY.

Cat and Chicks.

My father had a mother cat with four kittens. Lots killed a rooster hen and ten chicks, leaving one chick alive. Mother cat took pity on the chick, making it one of her family, caring for it until it became a full-grown hen.

DONALD McCLARIN.

Affectionate Cat.

Brother had a cat which was very fond of us.

Once we went on a journey, leaving him in the care of a neighbor.

When we returned he saw us coming a long way off and ran to meet us, jumping over the carriage wheels until mamma's lap.

K. H. C.

A True Story of an Affectionate Cat.

A lady rented a house and found two cats in the cellar—one with three legs; its companion never would eat until the cripple cat ate first.

Next day she let the cat with three legs go upstairs first; would lick its fur.

Lying down, the unfortunate cat would rest on the other's breast.

GEORGE DAY BROMLEY.

Cats Are Not All Cruel.

My grandma found a little people under the stove. It annoyed pussy by chirping. Puss took it out with her mouth and drew it up close in her arms and it followed her for two months. This is a true story.

FREDERICK L. LIOTT.

Unselfish Cat.

Two years ago this summer, when we were in the country, two of the barn