

# FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

## The May Pole



THIS is the May-time of the year  
The time that girls and boys hold  
Such fun you hardly ever find  
As round the Pole you ribbons  
wind.

Bring out the Pole with ribbons gay  
And we can dance the time away.  
Now under one, now over go,  
Tipping lightly—heel and toe.  
The ribbons gay float in the air,  
The children skip now here—now  
there.

Around the Pole—out on the lawn,  
Come join the dance, the fun is on.

Now in, now out, keep going 'round,  
So fast you scarcely touch the ground,  
Pull tight, pull hard, now dance again,  
And wind your fancy-ribboned chain.  
The Pole with ribbons tightly wound  
Is such a sight—hard to be found.  
A pretty thing to meet your glance  
Come then and join the May Pole  
dance

## A Grant Anecdote

U. S. GRANT.  
Born April 27, 1822; Died July 20, 1885.

GENERAL GRANT was a lover of horses. The following anecdote is told about him and the way he felt toward a bad-tempered driver who mistreated a hired horse.

One day, during the Civil War, an army was marching along the country roads in Virginia. The men in their stained blue-coats looked tired and old. Behind the marching soldiers came a number of wagons that carried the provisions.

The horses that drew the heavy wagons looked as tired and foot-sore as the men. Nearly all of the drivers were very kind to the poor animals. They kept a sharp eye on the road to see which side was the better, and in every way tried to make things as easy as possible for the horses.

On one of the wagons, however, there was a cross and tired driver, who not only scolded his horse, but often used the whip. Finally he came to a marshy place and it seemed impossible for the horse to budge the wagon. The man became so angry



"You Scoundrel, Stop Beating That Poor Horse!"

To see what the General would do. The General gave a signal to one of his officers, who rode forward and saluted.

"Send another man to drive this wagon," he ordered, "and have this fellow tied up to a tree for six hours as a punishment for his cowardly action to a horse."

## Old Knapsack's Plea for Peace

LITTLE Bobbie was "playing soldiers" in the nursery. He divided his men and cannon into the two forces, one of which he named the Allies and the other the Germans. Then a fierce battle ensued, with Master Bobbie as the commander-in-chief of both armies.

Of course, in real warfare such a procedure would have been impossible. But Bobbie, you see, had a way of being commander-in-chief to two armies fighting each other without being unfair to either of them.

Really, his plan was quite simple. He stood the Allies in rows on the floor at one end of the nursery, and the Germans at the other. Each side had a cannon—terrible, dreadful implements of war despite the fact that all they could shoot was a marble forced out of their gaping mouths by a spring suddenly released.

Of course Bobbie would have liked it much better had they been real cannons with real smoke and real bullets.

But, lacking these, he set the spring on the cannon in the Germans' camp, dropped the white marble into the barrel of the gun, knelt down and took careful aim at the forces of the Allies standing so valiantly in rows at the other end of the room. Then he released the spring and cried out "Bang! Bang!" Straight down the floor the deadly marble sped and mowed down a whole row of brave wooden soldiers.

Bobbie waited until the "smoke of battle" had cleared away and then marched over to the camp of the Allies, to be their commander-in-chief for a while. He set the spring on their cannon and dropped the same white marble into its barrel. Knelt down, he took careful aim at his former comrades in arms and released the spring, crying out "Bang! Bang!" with just as much fervor as he had before. A whole row of wooden Germans bit the dust.

Just then the morning paper came with its interesting photographs of battle scenes in the cruel war now being waged in Europe. So he placed his little stool between what was left of the two armies, and sat down upon it with the paper open before him.

Goodness, how tired he was! The pictures were certainly thrilling—but why couldn't he hold his eyes open—instead of blinking and blinking—and—

"Attention!" cried a curt voice suddenly.

Bobbie looked around and to his amazement discovered a tiny soldier peering out at him from the center of the open newspaper.

"Attention!" cried the small authoritative voice again. And its owner hopped lightly to the floor and stood, stiff as a ramrod, and saluted. "I am called Old Knapsack," he said. "I believe I have the honor of addressing the commander-in-chief of these two hostile armies."

Bobbie tried to click his own heels together, return the salute and reply in the affirmative; but somehow, he couldn't so much as crook his little finger.

"Yes, they call me Old Knapsack," the queer little soldier continued. His uniform was covered with dust and his gold lace was sadly tarnished, but he was so alert and so full of spirit that he seemed to be a real soldier.

"So you've been playing at war,"



With the paper opened out before him.

## May-Day Customs In England

WITH the coming of the month of May, Spring is indeed at hand; and mankind, as well as all Nature, wakes up from the long Winter sleep and hails with joy the beginning of the season of flowers and sunshine.

Over in England—at least in times



of peace when there is no cruel war such as the one now devastating Europe—even to this day the coming of May is heralded far and wide; and several of the ceremonies are peculiar ones.

In London, great, busy, up-to-date London, the chimney sweeps have a unique procession which, you may be sure, these little soot-covered lads enjoy to the uttermost.

They array themselves in fantastic costumes of their own devising and parade through the principal streets of the city, laughing and whistling and cheering. Every now and then certain ones of them "pass the hat" among the crowd of onlookers; and not many people are unwilling to toss a sixpence or two to the roguish little beggars.

Always, in the procession, there is a float built like a flower-covered bower, above which waves the British flag; and in which is seated a sweep grot-

tesquely dressed. So long as the procession is moving the grotesque figure conceals himself in the draperies; but when it comes to a halt, he steps forth and enacts a pantomime with another sweep who is standing on the street and is usually dressed as a burlesque actress in a gown elaborately be-

But to return to the English children and their celebration: Loaded down with the flowers and watched by their admiring elders, they come to the old, weather-stained May-pole and decorate it with the blooms and dance around it.

Long streamers and garlands are fashioned of the blooms and one end of each streamer is attached high up on the pole and the other is held by one of the children; then, as they dance round and round, the streamers move with them and become intertwined, thus forming a most pleasing picture in the warm May sunshine. And all about them, too, are the Hawthorn trees in bloom.

There is another English May-day custom in which the child also figures. This is held high up in the tower at Magdalen college, Oxford, when boy choristers, in their vestments, meet there at five o'clock in the morning and sing matins while the great bells peal a welcome to May.

A short distance from Oxford it is the custom for the children to carry garlands of flowers from door to door. They also fashion a beautiful floral crown of great size which is carried in procession by four children who are followed by a "lord" and a "lady" (a boy and a girl respectively) nicely dressed, with their wrists bound together by a white handkerchief.

In another part of the British Empire, Canada, a Queen of the May is chosen and a celebration is held around a huge May-pole. By popular ballot a ruler is chosen, robed and crowned. Then, all make obeisance to her. The crown she wears and the sceptre she bears are both cunningly fashioned of the Spring's choicest blooms.

Looking back into the past, record has been found of a number of queer English May-day customs. For instance, at one time the fair milkmaids of London, early in the morning, used to deck themselves in flowers and fantastic costume and lead their cows, also garlanded with blossoms, through the streets. And they danced around the animals and, all together, had a very merry time.

Another queer custom was that of having a man dance with a most peculiar adornment. The upper half of his body was covered by a large frame which was concealed in blankets of flowers. Attached to the frame-work were a number of flags, or silver drinking cups. Only his legs were visible and, as you can well imagine, he presented a most fantastic appearance.

### To Remove Adhesive Plasters.

Every one who has had occasion to use adhesive plaster is familiar with the line of adherent, discolored material that is left on the skin around the edges of the plaster when the strip is

## Pretty Stories of Spring Flowers

ONCE upon a time an old man was travelling along a mountain side. He was leaning on his staff; his back was bent and his limbs were weak and weary.

"What is this?" he cried as his eyes caught sight of a tiny blue flower almost under his foot. "Such loveliness in this rugged place," and he stooped to pick it from its stem.

"Wait a moment," sighed the wind. "Look beyond, and you will see things really worthy while."

The old man raised his head, and lo, two huge rocks separated and



He filled his knapsack with this new-found wealth.

there loomed before him a cavern. He entered, and beheld the most wonderful jewels, and masses of gold and silver.

"My luck has turned," he said. "With these I can do great things."

He filled his knapsack with this new-found wealth, and was about to retrace his steps to his humble home, when the two huge rocks closed again, catching the knapsack that the old man had fastened on his back, inside the cave.

There he stood, as poor as before, but he was grateful, "for," he mumbled, "a little more and I would have been shut in, too. I'll go home and stay there."

"Forget-me-not," cried a little voice from under his foot, and the tiny blue flower stretched up its head in pleading.

He took the blossom home to his wife who, after hearing the story of the lost jewels, kissed the flower tenderly and said: "We still have our little 'Forget-me-not' to cheer us."

To this day, the lovely small blue flower is called Forget-me-not.

The Greeks had many gods. One of the most important ones was the god of the sun, and his name was Apollo.

Apollo loved many maidens, and occasionally he became very fond of good-looking youths. One in particular, Hyacinth by name, was loved by this great god.

Zephyr, also, was fond of Hyacinth. He was the god of the west wind, and he was bitterly jealous of the favor Hyacinth showed toward the sun god.

One day Apollo invited Hyacinth to play quoits with him in the garden of the gods. Oh yes, the gods were sports, and played all sorts of games. Hyacinth was scoring, and Apollo seemed pleased, while Zephyr, who

hovered unseen in a tree, resolved to be revenged.

It was Apollo's turn next, and as he raised the quoit, Zephyr caused a breeze to spring up and the quoit flew skyward instead of down, striking Hyacinth on the temple, causing his death.

"My Hyacinth," cried Apollo, heart-broken at the death of his young friend. And to commemorate him he produced a lovely, fragrant flower he called Hyacinth and which still blooms every spring as the sun's rays become warm and the gentle zephyrs blow.

On the banks of the Tweed, so the story runs, there dwelt a proud chieftain who had a lovely daughter whom he kept prisoner in a lonely and secluded part of his castle, because she had fallen in love with the handsome son of his greatest enemy. She was not permitted to leave her chamber or see any one except a faithful attendant who felt sorry for her young mistress.

One day the lover induced this attendant to hide a ladder made of silken rope under her apron.

"Give this to your mistress," he said, "with it she can escape from her prison."

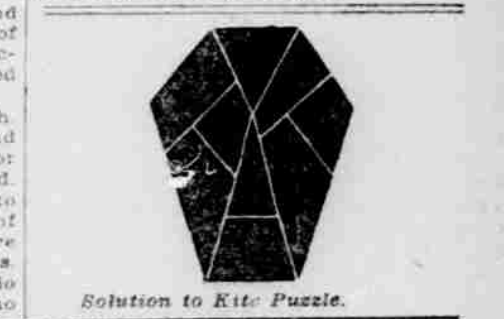
At the appointed hour the lover waited at the foot of the high wall behind which the maiden's prison was built. He saw her fasten the silken



He saw her fasten the silken ladder to the casement.

ladder to the casement and commence her perilous descent. In her great hurry to reach the ground she missed her footing, and fell—to be dashed to pieces on the wall below.

On the spot where her body lay lifeless, close to the wall, a flower sprang up, the blooms of which were just like the dark brown velvet in which the hapless maid had been dressed. And thus her sad fate is recalled by the Wall Flower.



Solution to Kite Puzzle.

## The Circus'll Soon Be Here



URRAH! and hurrah! I'm as glad as can be—  
It's the dandiest time of the year.  
My pennies I'll have to save up carefully,  
For the circus'll soon be here.

Just think of the acrobats swinging on high  
Whom the people will gaze at with fear!  
And the clowns—Gee! I'm sure that I'll laugh till I cry  
When the circus is really here.

The freaks and the side-shows I'll visit of course,  
For they're said to be terribly queer.  
There's a lady all spangly who rides on a horse  
In the circus that's coming here.

Oh, say! I'm so thrilled that I jump up and down—  
For the moment is drawing quite near:  
Soon the snowy white tents will be pitched in the town,  
And the circus'll really be here!

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER

### HIDDEN SEWING ARTICLES.

You will need less eggs, the more you beat the cake.  
Charles plays pool as well as billiards.  
You look chic, Otto, notwithstanding your necktie shift.  
You must look sharp in shooting game.  
Say "ta-ta," Percy, and I'll know you'll mean thank you.

### WORD PUZZLE.

The following sentences contain words which are pronounced alike, but spelled differently and with different meanings:

- The news was such a surprise that the — felt he needed a little —.
- The — looked over the — fields and sighed.
- We could not find the — of the — we heard in the evening.
- A beautiful — was to be given to the one who would — it.

### WORD PUZZLE: 1. Hair and air; 2. Bern and barren; 3. Cause and cane; 4. Era and over.

### Hidden Sewing Articles: Needles, spool, cotton, pin, tape.

### KITE PUZZLE.



This boy has flown his kite so high it has disappeared in the clouds. See if you can find a kite by cutting out the black spots and fitting them together.

### Trapping a Coyote.

The coyote is one of the stiliest and hardest of all fur-bearing animals to trap. He delights in digging up traps, springing them, eating the bait and otherwise disturbing the set without

getting caught. His sense of smell is very acute. The best way to trap him is to build a bonfire over the set after the traps have been properly placed. Throw into the embers some bacon rinds, chicken bones or, better yet, bones of sage hen or grouse. The coy-

ote habitually searches about campfires for stray bits of meat and is therefore less wary. The fire obliterates the traces of the set, eliminates the tracks and smell of a human being, and the odor of the burned meat will attract him from a long distance.

He is more likely to walk into the trap thus disguised with the remnants of a campfire than any other unless you have a carcass literally surrounded with traps with a severe winter on and no other carcasses within miles.

—W. F. Wilcox in Farm and Fireside.

removed. This adherent substance resists scrubbing with soap and all ordinary means of removal. Even scraping with a knife fails to remove the grime and stickiness completely. But a few drops of gasoline, benzine, ether or chloroform on a piece of cloth will

remove the stain as if by magic. The basis of adhesive plaster is rubber, and the four substances mentioned are rubber solvents.—Los Angeles News.

All the news, all the time.—The Argus.