

Our Boys and Girls.

Edited by Aunt Busy.

This department is conducted solely in the interests of our girl and boy readers. Aunt Busy is glad to hear any time from the nice and neatest who read this page, and to give them all the advice and help in her power.

Dear Lassies and Laddies: How are the happy June days passing? Happy and busy, Aunt Busy trusts. Do not get too busy to write to her, dears, and do not be so happy that you will neglect to make others happy.

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Sorry for the heathen. You'd better feel sorry first for yourself today and keep from being one yourself. Lynn jumped up from the curbstone and took Harry by the arm.

"Go right home," he shouted to him, "and get dressed! Hurry! There'll be plenty of time if you hurry. It was you that Mr. Duncan wanted to take in his automobile. He made a mistake between us. That's all. When I grow up I am going to have sense enough to tell boys apart."

When Harry got the idea he held back a little. But Lynn was determined. "It's yours. It was meant for you. I am not going to take it from you. You wouldn't. Would you?"

This was why, when the big cream-colored automobile stopped at Lynn's gate. Mr. Duncan found two boys standing on the curb. Lynn explained. "I mixed you up, did I?" said Mr. Duncan, screwing his eyes into twinkling slits as he looked from one boy to the other.

No girl need spend a day in a room devoid of ornamentation. Almost anything that is a picture can be made attractive in the girl's room. A little taste, a bottle of paste, an old magazine and a few scraps of silk will do much toward making a room look pretty.

One young woman, more ingenious than many of her sisters found that her muslin window curtains were giving out in places. Over one of the rents, after she had caught it together with fine thread, she hung a dainty calendar, over another was suspended a college flag.

Once upon a time there were two little children, a boy and a girl, who had no mother. Their mother had died and their father had married an ogress, and had become so much like her that he came very near eating his own children, taking them for two good-sized grasshoppers.

But the old lady laughed and said: "There is no such land. We belong to the Ogre that lives in the forest, and he treats us very mean. No, we don't know what happiness is."

When it was announced that the Girls' Aid Society would meet at the house of Miss Johnson on Wednesday afternoon, two hearts beat a trifle faster.

It was the first time in weeks that the society had met at Grace Johnson's. Not that this was any reason for Grace's heart to flutter so absurdly, but there was one particular girl in the society with whom Grace was not on friendly terms.

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A few mornings ago I was on an elevated train in New York City. Facing me, as I sat down, was a uniformed messenger boy. He had just finished reading a newspaper and was going to tuck it away under the seat.

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"mother told me everything to do. I shut doors quietly, keep my hat off in a room, clean my feet well before I go in, move around softly, and when I am told to do something, if at first I do not understand clearly, I excuse myself and ask what to do, all over again; but I never start on my errand till I know all about it."

There was organized in New York some time ago a "Kind Word Society," its chief object being the giving of assistance and finding employment for working girls who had lost their positions.

Why not have societies organized for the express purpose of saying kind words, not only to those in distress, but to everybody? Why not have societies the members of which shall pledge themselves to always speak kindly?

It does not follow that one thinks kindly because he speaks kindly. Many people are sweet and gracious in their manner and words simply because the common rules of politeness compel them to be polite and courteous.

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The other "Aid Girls" did not dream how much had been done that afternoon to promote the Kingdom of Christ.

ORDER OF THE SMILING FACE. We've formed a new society—The order of the Smiling Face. An honored member you may be. For every one may have a place.

The rules are simple, as you see. Make up your mind to join today. Put on a smile—and you will be An active member right away.

There is something that is getting too scarce in this world and that is the sweet, old fashioned girl. We want girls in this world—home girls, girls who are their mothers' right hand.

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