# GOOD MORNING!

*THIS PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN'S ENJOYMENT.*

**An Unusually Interesting Department Today—Read Editor's Letter for News as to the Junior Society Letter.**

### A Little Philosopher.

The days are short and the nights are long,
And the wind is napping cold;
The tasks are hard, and the sums are wrong,
And the teachers often scold.
But Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the way?
"It will all come right
By to-morrow night,"
Says Johnny McCree to-day.

The plums are few and the cake is plain,
The shoes are out at the toe;
For money you look in the purse in vain—
It was all spent long ago.
But Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the street?
Would you have the blues
For a pair of shoes,
While you have a pair of feet?

The snow is deep, there are paths to break;
But the little arm is strong;
And work is play if you'll only take
Your work with a bit of song.
And Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the road?
He will do his best,
And will leave the rest
To the care of his Father, God.

The mother's face is often sad,
She scarce knows what to do;
But at Johnny's kiss he is bright and glad—
She loves him; and wouldn't you?
For Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the way?
The troubles will go,
And "I told you so,"
Our brave little John will say.
—Margaret E. Sangster, in southern Churchman.

### How Ada Lost the Race.

Six boys sat upon the edge of the little board wharf with their legs hanging over the water. On one side the narrow creek broadened out into a wide bay. On the other ground sloped up a few hundred feet to where the summer hotel stood. It was at this hotel that these boys were staying.

A line of rowboats and a couple of sailboats were fastened along the edge of the wharf. The tall masts of the sailboats shot far up over the boys' heads, and the nets, tin cans and other things used in their crabbing excursions were scattered over the boards.

"'Spose this is the last crabbing for the summer," grumbled Wilbur Hastings, looking admirably down at the heap of crabs in the boat beside him.

"Yes!" Hall Gray threw himself flat on his back to stare up into the cloudless sky. "Nothing but horrible school and lessons, lessons, lessons, to look ahead to after to-morrow!"

"School ain't so bad," put in Wilbur's brother, Grant. "Sometimes I feel now as if I'll like something regular to do."

"Do? There's lots to do here," spoke up De Witt Pell.

"Yes, I know. But something like work, I mean something I was obliged to do."

"First time I ever heard of a fellow anxious to work," grunted Albert Robinson.

"Nonesense, Al!"

"Fact!"

"Live and learn, my boy. You'll know lots if you keep on."

"Well, I think so, too," began the boy who had not spoken, Will Ross. "That is, I like school, and I think there's plenty of fun to be had if you go at it right. We have a tennis club and a baseball club and a debating society at our school, and there's something going on every day."

"Yes, that's so, assented De Witt, who lived in the same town Will did. "We have lots of sport at those clubs."

Wilbur looked interested.

"That sounds good. Now if we had something like that. But its stupid studying with a tutor and only a couple of other fellows."

"We have girls at the clubs, too,' said De Witt.

"Girls!"

"Oh, yes. Not the baseball club, of course, but the tennis and the bicycle unions and the debating society."

"We had a good bicycle parade last fall," went on Will. "The girls and boys rode alternately, and the 'bikes' were all dressed out with ribbons, and we had races and evolutions and all kinds of performances."

"What's evolutions?"

"Oh, tricks. Standing up on the bicycle, and all kinds of fancy riding."

"Then we had prizes," put in De Witt. "Will, do you remember about that Copeland girl and the big race—the girl that was such a rider, you know?"

"About how she broke down, or gave up on purpose, we all thought, and how Fred Archer won after all? And how he wanted to race over again, saying she didn't have a fair chance, but she wouldn't? Yes, it was queer!"

De Wit looked up and smiled in his slow way.

"I know something about that I never told," he said.

"Well, do tell us all you know," demanded Al, impatiently. Your've told so much. Now let's hear it all—the whole story!"

"Let De Wit tell it, then," answered Will. "If he knows something about it that I don't it'll be new to me, too."

De Witt leaned back against one of the posts and looked at the other boys.

"I don't know that I'm much of a story-teller, but it was queer. And I always held my tongue because she asked me to. And I always thought she was a sort of trump—that girl."

"She's a fine bicycle rider," said Will, consideringly.

"Oh, yes; she'd been riding several years, you see, and it was her idea to start the club. I knew her father had plenty of money, and he helped several fellows to get 'bikes' of their own by letting them pay for them a little at a time. He was a nice man—Mr. Copeland—and Ada was a jolly sort of girl. I never saw a girl so quick to get her lessons, and she'd give a fellow a tip about examples, or help one of the little chaps about a lesson any time at all."

"She must have been different from some girls I know," commented Wilbur, scornfully.

"Well, she was, or, that is, she was lots different from some other girls, and just the nicest girl I ever knew. Old Miss Smith called her a 'tom-boy' once, because she climbed fences, but I told Miss Smith I thought if it made girls such bricks as that to climb fences, they'd better all begin and climb 'em!"

"Huh! Well, the story," said Wilbur.

"Well, the bicycle races were to come off next day, you know, and it was the day before at recess and we were all talking it over. There were a dozen fellows standing around the door. You know all their names. Well, so there's no use telling 'em all. And they all talked about the chances and the riders, and they all agreed that it seemed likely that Ada Copeland would win the short distance race anyway, for she was awfully quick at a dash, and as I told you, most of the fellows were rather new riders.

"Well, presently the fellows ran off to play ball. And I looked around and there was Ada sitting in the window. I remember then that she stayed in to help Frank White with his sums. She smiled and reddened and seemed pleased, and I knew she had heard what the fellows said. And just at that minute Fred Archer came around the corner of the school-house. When he saw me there he said 'Hallo!' and I said 'Hallo!' and then he sat down and began to talk, too. And of course he talked about the bicycle races and how it was all to be, and the chances of the winners, and who he thought would take each prize. Of course he couldn't really know, but as it turned out he made pretty good guesses, for he knew what each one could do.

"Fred was one of the beginners. He had a new bicycle, and he had only just begun to pay for it. But he was a pretty smart fellow, and already they had talked his name over as one of the probable winners for the short race, if it wasn't for Ada Copeland's fast drives in just those short races.

"So I said to Fred, 'Well, I suppose Ada will win that short race?'

"And then Fred broke down and told me a secret he had. He said his father didn't care much for him to have this bicycle anyway, and had rather made fun of his riding at first. But he was getting quite pleased now, because Fred seemed likely to turn out such a fast rider. So his father had told Fred that if he could win the dash race the next day he should have the money, slapdown, to pay for his bicycle. So Fred was anxious to get it, for if he didn't get it that day he would have to earn the money by doing odd work when he could. And it would take a long time to pay that way for that bike.

"And I hate to have the money run on so long," Fred said. "Mr. Copeland has been very kind about it, but of course he helped me as a favor, and I want to pay him."

"Well, of course, we neither of us could tell who would win that race. So we didn't talk much more, for Fred seemed to think likely Ada would beat him, although he didn't say much about it. And presently the bell rang, and recess was over.

"When school was out that day Ada came out of the door when I did, and she said: 'I want to speak to you a minute,' so I waited and walked home with her. And she didn't say much at first, but presently she said, blunt out: 'De Witt, I don't want you to tell those boys I was in the window to-day while they were talking.'

"So I looked at her and she looked kind of red in her face, and I said: 'Don't you want me to tell Fred Archer either?' And she said 'No, certainly not!' that she didn't want Fred to know, particularly, and I mustn't say anything about it.

"So then I had to promise her that I wouldn't tell it, but I couldn't tell what on earth was the reason, for it seemed a very little thing, and I thought it was only some nonsense, and I said: 'All right,' and laughed. And then we talked about something else.

"Well, the next day the race came off. You remember that part, Will?"

"Oh, yes; but the other fellows don't. Go ahead with your story, De Witt."

"Gracious! I never expected to turn out a story-teller. And it isn't so much of a story after all. Only a putting two and two together, you know, and finding they made four.

"Well, when the short race was called, the riders all came up, and I remember I noticed when they started that Ada had a handkerchief tied around her waist."

"Yes, I saw that," broke in Will. "I asked if she lamed it, but she shook her head."

"Well, it was just after they started," went on De Witt. "Ada's bicycle swerved and then she just seemed to save herself from falling. The others dashed on, of course. I was among them, but I hadn't a ghost of a chance. Fred ran right away from us all, and came in first easy. As for Ada, she jumped off, and didn't even try to overtake us. And then the shouts went up. 'Fred Archer wins!' 'Fred wins!'

"Fred was fair through. He offered to race over with her, but Ada wouldn't. Said it was all right, and she might break down again. I remember all that," concluded Will.

"Oh, yes. It was all square enough; It was only long afterwards, when I was thinking about it, that I remembered what Fred had told me the day before, and that Ada had sat in the window and heard him tell it."

After a few seconds' silence, Wilbur asked:

"Didn't Ada ever say anything about it again?"

"She asked me once if I had told any of the boys she had overheard them, but I hadn't and I said so. It was that started me thinking about it, but I never told Ada what I thought."

"Well," said Wilbur with a long-drawn breath, "of course, a girl that would do a thing like that is a trump! But I don't believe all girls are like that!"

"Now, see here," exclaimed De Witt, looking at Wilbur with a fine scorn. "I tell you there's one girl like that. And I just bet there's lots more; only you don't happen to know 'em! And you'd better just wait till you do, before you say too much about it!"

And then the boys picked up their nets and went in to supper.—Eva Lovett, in New York World.

### "SWIPES."

**This Story for Very Small People.**

"Yes, m'm, there are two of us. Sorry, but we always go together, and if you can't take him, I can't go." This was spoken very decidedly, and the firm little mouth of the speaker drew into a hard red line, as she said it.

"But, my dear child, we don't take dogs in school. He must wait outside till you finish your lessons," the teacher, a delicate, perplexed-looking young woman, replied.

There was no answer, but the quaint little figure, slowly gathering up her friend under her arm, turned decidedly, and started down the road. This was her first day at school, and the joys of learning were notaing in comparison to the joys of freedom and the company of Swipes.

The teacher looked after her despairingly. She did not understand children very well, but she understood grown people, and after all the "child is father of the man" in a deeper sense than we often realize.

"Bessy," she said, "will you wait while I ask you something? Can you answer for Swipes' behavior in school? I mean, if he behaved badly, and made the other children laugh, would you mind if he were put out?"

This appeal to Bessy's sense of justice had its effect, for after a moment's hesitation, with one small thumb tucked into her mouth, and her dusty little shoes shuffling together in her agitation, she finally settled matters by retracing her steps towards the school-house, merely remarking, as she looked up at the teacher—

"No, I guess not. But couldn't I be put out, too?" Miss Barnes wisely made no reply to this, but pushed her little pupil gently into the school-room, and shut the door after her.

After Bessy had been shown to a seat, and the mysteries of a "column" of spelling explained to her, Miss Barnes turned her attention to the recitation of one of the classes, and Bessy faded a little from her mind.

It was Bessy's first glimpse of life, however, and she was by no means inclined to take things in a matter-of-course way.

Swipes was not used to a school-room, so he investigated the slate Bessy's next neighbor was using, and finding it looked interesting and did not taste badly, licked a while sum in long division into meaningness with one stroke of his tongue, and quite indifferent to the wrath of the author of the sum, proceeded to lick her too, all over, by way of easing his feelings.

Bessy, during this little scene, was trying to learn spelling, but the novelty of the situation, and her sympathy with Swipes, prevented her from giving due attention to the business.

Presently Miss Barnes looked up and caught a twinkle in Bessy's eyes and shaking of her small shoulders, which showed what was going on.

Swipes' head was tucked under the child's arm, and his face showed the nearest approach to laughter that he thought fit to show under the circumstances.

"Bessy," said Miss Barnes, sharply, "learn your spelling, and pay attention, or you will have to stay after school." Bessy looked at Swipes for light, but that adventurous person was now trying a new game, which consisted in walking across the desks and smelling each ink-well disdainfully as he passed it. The whole school was in a roar. Miss Barnes felt that something must be done.

"Bessy, do you remember what you said about your dog when you came this morning? He must go out now and you must learn your lessons without him."

To Miss Barnes' great surprise, though there were tears very near the brown eyes, and a suspicious quiver in the voice, which asked, "Can't I go, too?" when it was replied that she could not, Bessy offered to put Swipes out herself. And indeed it was very well, for though that badly-behaved person was as good natured as possible, he did not understand what was being done with him, and when he was finally tied in the shed, wept very audibly as the morning went on. When school was over, and Bessy was called to give her name, she stood by Miss Barnes' desk, with Swipes, whom she had rescued from durance vile, clutched tightly under her arm, and gave her name, "Bessy Lois Maynard," and then added "Swipes Maynard, same age. He can't write, but I'll do it for him, and there are two of us, you see."

Miss Barnes watched the two as they trotted down the dusty road, and a queer little smile turned the corners of her mouth, which nearly turned to tears, for her eyes were quite wet while she put away the books. When Bessy's report came in for that month, and Mr Maynard was reading what he thought a fine record for Bessy's progress, he came to one cypher and written above it in the teacher's hand, "To Swipes' account, for conduct unbecoming."—Class and Club.

### Grandpa's Way.

My grandpa is the strongest man!
Of course I love him dearly;
But really it does seem to me,
He looks at things so queerly.

He always thinks that every day
Is right, no matter whether
It rains or snows, or shines or blows,
Or what the kind of weather.

When outdoor fun is ruined by
A heavy shower provoking,
He pats my head, and says, 'You see
The dry earth needs a soaking."

And when I think the day too warm
For any kind of pleasure,
He says, "The corn has grown an inch—
I see without a measure."

And when I fret because the wind
Has set my things all whirring,
He looks at me, and says, "Tut! Tut!
This close air needs a stirring!"

He says, when drifts are piling high,
And fence-posts scarcely peeping,
"How warm beneath their blanket white
The little flowers are keeping!"

Sometimes I think, when on his face
His sweet smiles shines so clearly,
It would be nice if every one
Could see things just so queerly.
—Youths' Companion.

### The Little Mother.

There are not many more interesting charities than the one which gives the young elder daughters of very poor families in the city a summer outing for a day or a week. There are none more unwelcome to the families from which the little women come. For in all these families the elder sister is a sort of second mother; she saves the first mother countless steps when at home, and when the mother is away from home she takes her place, clearing up and cleaning as much as may be, making the food ready when there is any food, seeing to the fire and the room and the babies generally; and whether the mother is at home or abroad this eldest child is always to be seen carrying in her arms or on her hip a baby big enough to give her a spinal curvature.

Although she always takes as good care as she knows how of her especial baby, and sees that it has its full share of any street entertainment going, and loves it as her own flesh, yet she does not always love babies as a race; one of her kind, taken out of town to a lonely house of elderly people, cried out with joy at being in a place where there were no babies! But they never stay to think whether they love them or not; the babies are there to be cared for, amused, fed, and lugged about, and they "mind" them as if that duty were a fact of the universe, something as natural and commonplace as the air or so much of the sky as they see.

It is not always easy, then, to obtain the consent of the authorities of the poor home to the temporary departure of this valuable personage, she is far too necessary an article to them. When you ask for her you are reminded of the beggers in the Azores, who go begging with a servant to carry the bag; for the little creature is really as much a servant and general factotum in her home as the Marchioness was in the home of Miss Sally Brass. Of course, if she is gone she is sadly missed; the next eldest may be too undersized to struggle with the jug of beer from around the corner, may not be discreet enough to be trusted with the other children and the matches; and even if father and mothers want the little girl to have the outing in sweet country air they do not see the way clear to doing without her.

But all the same it is worth while to make the effort, to supply her place, if need be, by some other form of help, and to get the little maid away under other skies, and into a short experience of irresponsibility and freedom and joy, where for a brief time she, too, can be a child, and forget the load of care which is making her a little woman. All who have seen the ecstasy of the little girls when coming among green fields and hills and gardens, which seem to them like dreams, and into houses which seem palaces, will be glad to contribute liberally of their means to make it a more general and frequent delight. And fortunate children who already have homes in the country can do no sweeter or kinder thing than to raise money with fetes at fairs and rural entertainments, in order to furnish the means for the little mothers to drop the burden of their cares and pick up their own strength in the midst of summer pleasures.—Harper's Bazar.

### A Lucky Cat.

Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt's cat, Koko, is said to have cost, counting original price paid and cost of importation, close upon $1,000. He was born in the palace of the Mikado, and is the most beautiful, as well as the most costly cat in the country. Of unusual size, he is like a maltese cat in color and intelligence.

His mouse-colored coat is like heavy satin, so rich and showy and sleek. Every morning he has his bath and is combed and fed before he is allowed to present himself in Mrs. Vanderbilt's rose-colored morning room. His breakfast of cream and grilled bones is served in a delicate china bowl and soup plate, very like those used by children for their oatmeal. One of Koko's accomplishments is the delicate way in which he partakes of his meals. He never spills a drop of cream or touches the delicate carpet with a piece of meat or bone.—La Moure Co. Chronicle, Feb. 17th.

### Junior Society Column.

Dear Children:—The puzzles will be resumed on October 1st. In addition to those, we propose to add to your page a feature which we think will give you pleasure.

Each Sunday in this column we will publish a Junior Society Letter, consisting of an account of all entertainments given by or for children during the week preceding it. All notes must be sent in not later than Thursday, and addressed to "Father Times." Birthday parties, taffy pullings, anything, in which you small people take the lead will find a place here. Cordially,

Ed.

### Do You Know

That there are no surer tell tales than your manners and language? That a sweet-tempered little girl is much to be preferred to a pretty but bad-tempered one? That a courteous and unselfish boy is much more manly than the strongest and most athletic one, who lacks those qualities? That to tell what you know to your little friend's discredit is unworthy of a young lady or a young gentleman? That cruelty to dumb animals is base?

That it is not unmanly for the biggest boy I know to kiss his mother 'goodbye' when he goes to school each morning, nor for the biggest girl to neither tell nor listen to, anything she would shrink from having her mother hear? That no girl is lady-like who is not true, pure, and sweet; and that no boy is gentlemanly who is not brave, honest, and courteous?

### The Garden Gate.

Polly and Dick at the garden gate,
Watching the sunset's glow—
Though Polly knows it is growing late,
And Dick 'tis time to go;
But still they linger and watch and wait—
Polly and Dick at the garden gate.

They watch and wait, till the light grows dim,
Far in the western sky;
The pale new moon shows a silver rim—
The night bird flutters by;
And still they linger and watch and wait—
Polly and Dick by the garden gate.

Her fair, fair head, and his, so brown,
Are very close together
But then—the sun has just gone down—
They're talking of the weather!
How can they see it is growing late?
Polly and Dick at the garden gate.
—Good Housekeeping.

### Woman's Stages.

There are two stages of captivation in every woman's life, not counting the girlish stage of sweet 16, when one is hardly a woman, and is scarcely more than a pleasant and perchy object of view. The first of these stages, writes the editor of Harper's Bazar, is the time of mere physical charm, when the bloom is on the cheek and the sparkle in the eye, when the flesh is firm and full, the teeth brilliant, the hair shining, the step light, the shape lithe—the years from twenty to twenty-five. In the earlier of these years the fullest of searching sunlight fails to discover anything but perfection in the skin; and if in later ones gas and candle light are preferred, it is not because the beauty may not still be rich, but because one knows the evil that the process of time may work, and fears the possibilities.

In reality, at 25 a woman is still pausing at the height of her personal charm. She gained the height perhaps seven or eight years before, but if she has been careful of herself, has had small experience of sorrow and pairs and apprehension, has not had too hard work for mind or body, and had but little illness, has kept her temper and spared herself worry, she has not fairly begun the descent; or if she has, then there is a slightly pathetic charm about her as about the golden tarnish of a rose that drops its first petal, but is still the rose.—Commercial Advertiser.