

For the Younger Children....



THE BROWNIES AND THE WATER FAMINE.

The town was much in need of rain,
That seemed to linger o'er the main,
And leave the country, sad to see,
With scarcely water for the tea.
(And this says naught of bird or beast,
Whose sufferings hardly were the least.)
The wells were deepened in the hope
Of striking veins of greater scope,
And pumps were rattled out of use
For water they could not produce.
When Brownies met, as day withdrew,
The situation to review,
Said one: "The land we love so dear
Is passing through a test severe.
There may be water in the sea
That suits the sailor to a T,
Providing he can hold his grip
Upon the yard, and keep his ship;
The wave no doubt this moment breaks
Along the shores of upper lakes,
And in the river known as wide,
Some water may to ocean glide.
But let me speak my feelings out:
There's not much freshness hereabout;
The grass no more is green and good;
The forest stands like kindling-wood;
A match ignited through mishap
Might change the features of the map;
And if a chance was ever nigh
For work, it looks us in the eye."

"These people think they know it all,"
Another said, "and yet they fall
To digging where, since Adam's day
A gill of water never lay."

"They churn the pump for hours, and yet
Bring nothing in return that's wet.
We know where babbling springs are found
Of which they ne'er got sight or sound;
We'll bring from there a good supply
Before the stars have left the sky.
Though we for fields may nothing do,
Nor cause the trees to leaf anew,
We'll aid the people of the town
That are in heart so broken down.
Away to that clear spring we'll troop
To bring them water for their soup,
And raise their spirits with a sup
Of something from their morning cup."

Within five minutes by the clock
That overlooked the village block,
They took the highway in a string
That led them to that hidden spring.
Some had a cart or dray, and more
Pushed jolting wheelbarrows on before,
With vessels new, or odd and old,
That would the precious water hold.
They carried churns, the whirling kind,
And some for dasher-work designed,
But, as they hoped, in proper trim
To carry water to the brim.
They soon were on the homeward track,
And of supply there was no lack.
For, let the reader bear in mind,
That which the Brownies seek they find.
They rode upon the water cart,
That took the liquid at the start
Where, bursting from the granite rent,
The treasure found a generous vent,
Though, guarded well by rocks and trees,
The place was not approached with ease,
And wheels ran high, and wheels ran low,
And called for many a "turn and go!"
Said one: "We've heard of floods that
swept

The people seaward as they slept,
And buried homes in water quite
Until the town was out of sight;
But here's a midnight flood, I think,
That comes to save instead of sink.
And old and young will bless the day
The Brownie band came round this way."

The fountain basin in the square,
So dry for weeks, received their care,
And soon the splashing water fell
Into each deep and empty well,
And pumps that oft were worked in vain
Now answered quickly, free as rain,
Till people drank a double share,
While pots were boiling everywhere.
The bubbling kettle sang a tune
That lifted every spirit soon.
And joy was spread throughout the town,
In every district, up and down,
For homes were all with plenty stored
Until the rain of autumn poured.
—Palmer Cox, in St. Nicholas.

GAME OF BEAN BAG.

Two captains are chosen, who select an equal number of players for their sides. The sides stand so that they are in two lines facing each other. Each captain stands on the right-hand end of his line. By this arrangement the captains are then diagonally opposite. Each captain throws a bean bag to the player opposite. These players throw the bags across to the players second in line. These second players throw the ball back to the opposite side, but to the players next to those who had the bags last. This plan is continued down both lines, so that every one has a turn to throw and to catch each bag. The bags return in the same way. Playing with the two bags makes the game very interesting, especially since the bags cross in about the middle of the line. When a player misses a catch or throws to the wrong person he must join the line at the other side. After each bag has been up and down the line twice the game is ended. The side having the most players wins the game. To keep score, count the players on each side at the close of the game. If one side has six players and the other side eight the score is six to eight. When the players on one side are fewer than those of the other, the end player of the short side throws the bag to each of the extra players on the long side before it starts back down the line.—Washington Star.

HOME OF THE SHETLAND PONY.

Just off the coast of Scotland there is a group of islands called the Shetland Islands. On one of this group of Shetlands the men are so large they are almost giants, for they are tall, strong and broad shouldered. Their wives and children, too, are fine looking and intelligent. Only twenty-five miles away from this island of Fetlar is one called Muckle Roe.

There the men are small, ill-shapen, homely, and, in fact, look almost like queer little dwarfs. These people are so very loyal to each other that they do not like to welcome any of their neighboring islanders to live in Muckle Roe. For this reason these queer people make very little progress. When the people of Shetland Islands reach the age of twenty they feel rather sure of a long life, for over half of the population live to be seventy years old and many of the people lead vigorous out-of-door lives until they are past eighty years of age.

The Shetland ponies are known the world over. They are shaggy little animals weighing only about one hundred pounds, but they are very hardy, sure footed and sensible. Their coats are usually some shade of brown, though some are of such a rich black that they are considered very beautiful. For this reason the black ponies are the most valuable. The sheep of Shetland are small, having short tails and short horns. Some are white, other gray white; still others are brown or black. Because the wool grown on the native sheep of Shetland is finer than that grown on any other sheep, Shetland wools are sold a great deal in their natural colors for fancy work. The wool is so fine that it can be spun into threads finer than lace threads. It is a Shetlander's boast that a stocking made of the wool of one of these native sheep may be drawn through a lady's ring. The cows of these islands are small, and usually marked with several colors. The native pigs of Shetland are unlike the native "porkers" we are used to seeing, for they are quite slim, on account of being fed on fish. Their meat, too, has a different flavor, for the taste of fish is even in the pork.—Washington Star.

THOMAS EDISON.

This is a true story about a man who is alive to-day. He has invented a talking machine, has given us the electric lights and has invented hundreds of useful things which give comfort to people all over the world. He has even made an instrument to measure the heat of the far-off stars. Sixty-three years ago, when this great man was born, no one dreamed that some day the name of Thomas Edison would be so famous. As the little boy grew into childhood he asked many questions which were difficult to answer, for he wanted to know the why and how of many things. When young Edison was twelve years old he began to earn money, for he started in business as a newsboy, selling fruits, peanuts and papers on the train. His brightness and pleasantness gained many customers.

With the money earned he bought powders and liquids to use for experiments. All of these jars and bottles of things were kept in an old baggage car and labeled "poison," so that no one would interfere with them. Soon Edison wanted to print a paper of his own, so bought some old type from a printing office. His shop was in the baggage car where he kept his chemicals. After being a newsboy for four years an accident happened which caused young Edison to change his work. The baggage car in which the boy kept his chemicals and printing press caught fire by the falling of a bottle of phosphorus on the floor. So angry was the conductor that after putting out the fire he boxed Thomas Edison's ears and threw his materials out of the car. Later Edison set up his printing press at his home.

As the boy grew older he studied telegraphy from a Mr. McKensie, who took great pains in teaching Edison, for Edison had risked his life to save that of Mr. McKensie's child, who was playing on the track of a moving engine. The great inventor as a young man was not very successful in keeping positions, for his employers complained that he had too many plans of his own.

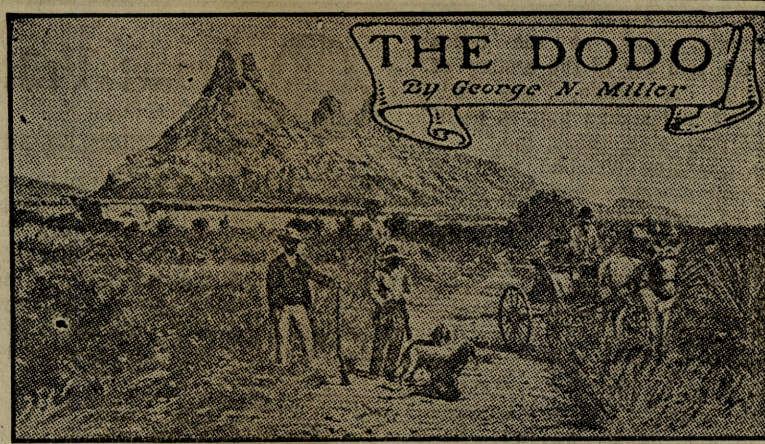
As the man grew older these plans and many more were worked out until Thomas Edison has given pleasure and comfort to millions of people by the work of his hands and brain. This untiring worker still spends much of his time in trying to discover better ways of doing things.—Washington Star.

Patient Explanation.

"Something wrong with my right foot," said the man at the hotel counter. "Could you direct me to a good carpenter?"

"Excuse me," said the clerk, with a sly glance of amusement at the lady bookkeeper, "but of course you mean a chiropodist."

"No. I'm going to be patient with you, young man, and tell you I want a good carpenter. My right leg is a wooden one."—Washington Star.



SCENE IN THE ISLAND OF MAURITIUS, THE LAST HOME OF THE DODO.

The average student of geography knows that the Island of Mauritius lies in the Indian Ocean, about 600 miles east of Madagascar, and that it belongs to England, but he might not be able to tell whether Mauritius is notably distinguished from a score of other islands lying in the southern hemisphere, although the name Mauritius calls up before two classes of minds pictures almost as vivid as does the fateful names of Elba or St. Helena.

One of these classes consists of the lovers of romantic literature all over the world, to whom the name Mauritius suggests the tender and pathetic idyl of "Paul and Virginia," of which this island was the theatre.

The second, and much smaller class, are the paleontologists, or students of extinct animal forms, to whom Mauritius is memorable as the last home of the dodo, a grotesque and clumsy bird, with only rudimentary wings, which appears to have been extirpated about the year 1650.

In an elaborate and costly work on the dodo, published in London in 1848, under the patronage of Prince Albert, is found the following quaint description of the dodo, taken from Sir Thomas Herbert's journal of his visit to Mauritius in 1626:

"The dodo comes first to our description. Here (and nowhere else that ever I could see or hear of) is generated the dodo (a Portuguese name it is, and has references to her similes), a bird which for shape and rareness might be called a Phoenix (wer't in Arabia); her body is



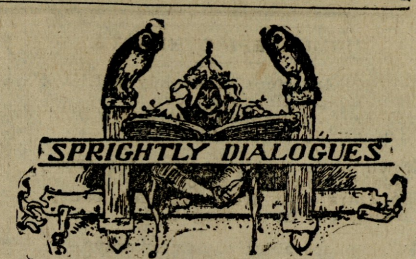
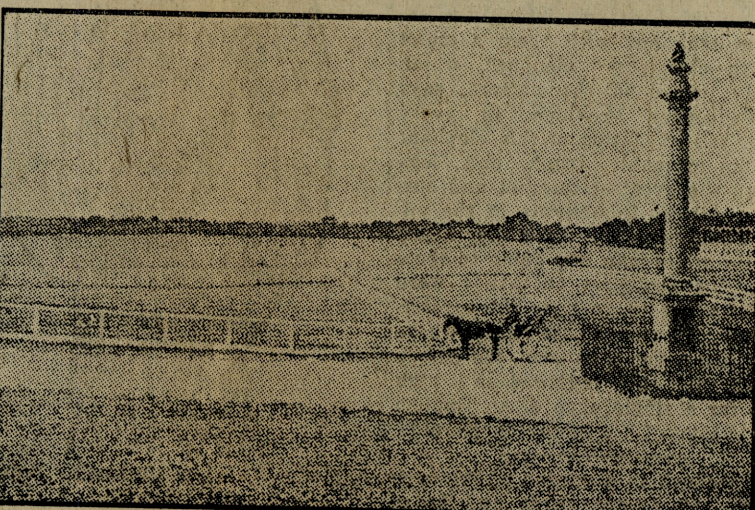
THE DODO.

Fac-simile of a drawing supposed to have made from life by Zanen.

round and extremely fat, her slow pace begets that corpulence; few of them weigh less than fifty pound; better to the eye than stomach; greasie appetites may perhaps commend them, but to the indifferently curious, nourishment but prove offensive.

"Let's take her picture; her visage darts forth melancholy, as sensible as nature's injurie in framing so great and massie a body to be directed by such small and complementall wings as are unable to hoise her from the ground, serving only to prove her a bird; which otherwise might be doubted of; her head is variously drest, the one half hooded with downy blackish feathers; the other perfectly naked; of a whitish hue, as if a transparent lawne had covered it; her bill is very hoked, and bends downwards, the thrill or breathing place is in the midst of it; from which part to the end, the colour is a light greene mixt with a pale yellow; her eyes be round and small, and bright as diamonds; her cloathing is of finest downe, such as you see in goss-lins; her trayne is (like a Chynese beard) of three or four short feathers; her legs thick, and black, and strong; her tallons sharp, her stomach fiery hot, so as stones and iron

WOLFE'S MONUMENT ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC.



SPRITLY DIALOGUES

A SCALEY STORY.

A Major loved a maiden so
His warlike heart was soft as
He would often kneel to her and say,
"Thou art my life and only Ray.
Oh, if but kinder thou wouldst be,
And sometimes sweetly smile on Me
Thou art my earth, my guiding star;
I love thee near, I love thee Fa.
My passion I cannot control—
"Thou art the idol of my Sol."
The maid suggests his asking pa.
The Major cries, "What, I? Oh, La!"
The Major rose from bended knee,
And went her father for to Si.
The father thought no match was finer—
The Major once had been a Minor.
They married soon and after that
Dwelt in the rooms all in one Flat.
So happy ends this little tale,
For they lived on the grandest Scale.
—Young's Magazine.

POKER IN TEXAS

"Can he play poker?"
"I guess so. Nobody seems to want to play with him."—Houston Post.

ELEMENTARY.

Stranger (to boy looking at the monkeys at the Zoo)—"Guess you're going to be a naturalist some day?"
Boy—"Nope. Cartoonist!"—Puck.

TIT FOR TAT.

He—"I'll be glad when you women cut out those big hats."
She—"And I'll be glad when you men cut out those big shoulders."—Puck.

SLIGHT IMPOSSIBILITY.

Ethel—"Poor Harold—he has brain fever."
Bertie—"Impossible. Could a worm have water on the knee?"—London Opinion.

REASON ENOUGH.



Mr. Kicker—"I bought these shoes in August and they didn't last till Thanksgiving."

Mr. Bumshoe—"You bought them too soon!"—New York Telegram.

JOURNALISM IN GOTHAM.

"Got anything good?" inquired the city editor.

"Brutal murder neatly done."
"Well, play up strong on the inhuman interest."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE LAY OF THE BARNYARD.

Mrs. Cochon China—"What a common woman Mrs. Black Spanish looks."

Mrs. Black Orpington—"Well, my dear, what can you expect? Why, she lays eggs for the trade!"—The Tatler.

BACHELORS, TAKE WARNING.

Hobbs—"Alienists say that single men are much more liable to insanity than married."

Dobbs—"Sure they are! Single men are always in danger of going crazy over some woman."—Boston Transcript.

SHORTHANDED.

Gunbusta—"What are your charges?"
Gypsy Plamist—"I'll read your hand for one dollar."

Gunbusta—"You ought to do it for ninety cents; I've got one finger missing."—Judge.

HIS CHOICE.

Judge—"You are privileged to challenge any member of the jury now being impanelled."

"Well, then, yer Honor, O'll foight the shmall mon wid wan eye, in the corner, there ferninst yez."—Metropolitan Magazine.

PROVED.

"How can you prove that the ultimate consumer is a myth?" asked one statesman.

"Easily," replied the other. "The gods on high Olympus indulged in banquets, showing that a myth is an ultimate consumer; therefore the ultimate consumer must be a myth; Q. E. D."—Washington Evening Star.