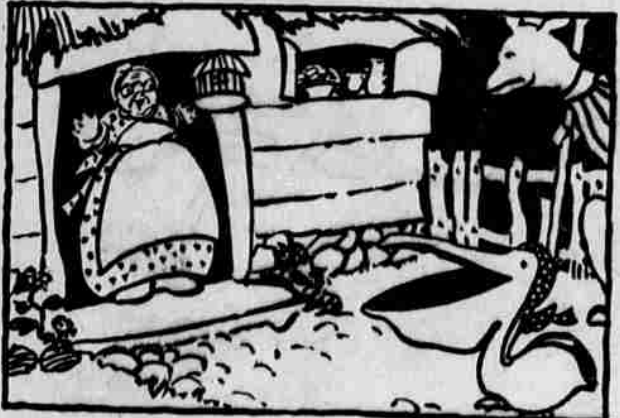


Our Boys and Girls



"I'm tired pulling you around, Peggy. Let's rest at your cozy cottage."



"Madam, will you give us a bite to eat?"
"Not unless you earn it. What can you do?"

The Beetle

BETTY was only a little girl, so she did not know that most insects are harmless and that there is no reason in the world why one should be afraid of anything that is some thousand times smaller than oneself. Little girls have to learn many things, and this was one of the things that Betty had not yet learned.

When she was piling up the sand and saw a harmless beetle she screamed loudly and tried to get up, but with her foot buried in the sand she stumbled and fell down again. In the meantime the beetle, frightened at the movement, had buried deeper into the sand and Betty, feeling sure that it was burrowing to find her toes, indeed with the sensation of the beetle already between her toes, screamed and writhed and fought painfully to get up. At last she managed to get her foot from the sand and ran screaming around the house, where the other children were standing, expecting something horrible to have happened. As soon as Betty could

get her breath she told the story of the awful bug that had attacked her. Billy led the half dozen children to the sand pile, some of them almost as much afraid as Betty and others bravely conquering any fear that they might have felt as they did not wish



HOW HE STOOD.

"Well Thomas, how are you making out at school?"
"Pretty good. I'm up next to the head of my class."
"That's fine. How many are in your class?"
"Two of us."



A SWEET CLOWN.

"Say, Tim!"
"What, Jim?"
"Why are you so spoiled this morning?"
"The Baby Bear walked over me while I slept. He said I looked so sweet I must have some honey about me."

to seem to have less courage than Billy. When the beetle was unearthed Billy shouted with laughter. He took it in his hands, but Betty cringed and covered in such a frightened way that he did not dare to ask her to touch it and see how harmless it was. But Billy tied a thread to its head and then he drove it along, which Mary thought was a cruel thing to do. Benny found another beetle and with a thread tied to its head the two beetles were allowed to run to see which one would get to a certain point first. In the race one beetle stumbled over the other, and the two threads were very much mixed up. In the meantime Betty had become interested, and when she saw that the beetles did no harm to anyone she began to take their part and to pity the "poor little beetles." She insisted that they be allowed to go where they pleased and even caught the threads away with part of them. By that time she was not nearly so much afraid of beetles as she had been and was inclined to pet and protect them, if she could ever make up her mind to touch one of them.

world as you are."
"No, no," answered the Brahmin. "I am the one who must go. You are needed here for our daughter and young son, though it is like your goodness to offer."
"Father," then exclaimed his young daughter, "neither you nor our dear mother need go, for I will take your place. I am of no value compared to my noble parents."
To this the Brahmin would not consent. "No, my daughter, your place is here with your mother to comfort her when I leave you; though I thank you for your filial devotion."
Then the little son of the Brahmin who was so young that he could not as yet speak, distinctly cried out: "Do not cry, dear mother, nor my dear father. I will go to the giant Baka, and I think I must kill him with my little sword!"
And the innocent child held up a long spear of grass which he called his sword.
Proud, indeed, was the Brahmin of his little son, who thus early showed such a brave spirit.
"My son, it must not be. You must

Why Stories

THEY ARE THE BEST OF ALL.

(A Legend of India)
In the far away times of the past there lived in India a brave prince named Bhima, who was not only brave, but generous and charitable.

As it happened, however, he had some treacherous enemies who were ever on the alert, trying to destroy him.

At one time when he was obliged to flee from his own town, he took refuge in another near which resided a fierce and cruel giant named Baka.

He was a very wicked giant, was this Baka, and the terror of all the people in the country round who were in constant dread of his cruel deeds.

The town in which Prince Bhima was harbored was in especial fear of the giant for so powerful was he that no one had ever been able to oppose him.

He exacted a terrible tribute from the unhappy town, for every day the people were obliged to send him a great dish of food carried by one of the inhabitants of the town, and this poor food-bearer was always eaten as well as the food he carried.

One night Bhima was being sheltered by a poor Brahmin and after lying down to rest, he chanced to overhear the conversation of his hospitable host and his family.

"Alas!" said the Brahmin, "this is the last night I can be with you, for the lot has fallen to me to carry Baka his dinner, and of course, I will never see you more, my dear wife and children!"

Then said his wife: "My dear lord, it is not fitting that you should sacrifice your honorable and useful life. Let me bear the food to Baka on the morrow. I am not as necessary in the

BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES



I went out to my uncle's garden and saw his new rose. It smells so heavenly all year long. I'll have to pay a thousand dollars for it. Pencil in the dots and see what it is.

grow up to help your mother. I am the only one to go to Baka."

Bhima hearing this affecting conversation, was desirous of having its cause explained and on the morrow asked the Brahmin to tell him what it meant.

When the Brahmin spoke of the voracious Baka and the toll he exacted from the unhappy city, Bhima rose up and announced:

"Baka shall devour no more of your people for I myself will go out and slay him."

In vain the good Brahmin protested, saying it would be a breach of hospitality did he allow a stranger guest to take his place. Bhima was firm in his determination to battle with the monster.

Accordingly the next day accompanied by the sorrowing Brahmin and many lamenting people, Bhima set out with his sword girdled at his side, ready for the combat.

The giant was enraged when, instead of a fine dish of food being brought to him, he had Bhima's sharp sword offered to him, and made a rush as if he would have borne the rash prince to the earth.

Bhima, however, was more than a match for the wicked giant and, in a short time had dispatched him and freed the people from his cruel tyranny forever.



THE KEY.

Fo and the Widow

ONCE upon a time the Chinese god Fo while wandering about the world stopped at the house of a poor woman who was a widow.

Poor as the widow was, however, she was very charitable and, seeing that Fo was miserably clad, with no proper inner garment, she sat up all night to make him a shirt, for she did not know that Fo was only going up and down the earth to see how the people were acting, and if they were charitable to the needy or the reverse.

In the morning the widow gave the shirt to Fo, saying:

"You poor man, here is something I have made for you so that you will be more comfortably clothed!"

Now Fo knew how poor the woman was, and what a sacrifice she had made of the little store of linen she had woven to sell, in taking so much for a garment for him.

"Thank you many times, my good woman," he said; "and may you be rewarded many times over for your charity to a poor wanderer."

"Indeed it is not much to do for you," said the widow; "You are more in need than I am."

"But rewarded you shall be," said Fo; "and may the first thing you begin to do after I go away be what you will continue to do until the sun sets this evening."

The first thing as it happened that the widow started to do after Fo had taken his departure was to get out her little piece of linen, measure what was left and take it to the town to sell.

She thought scarcely at all of the words Fo had spoken; she was only intent on the work which she was to do.

She accordingly began to measure her linen.

"It seems very fine to me," she com-

mented. "I thought it was coarser than it really is, and there is more of it than I imagined."

There certainly was a great deal of linen, for she measured and measured, and yet it did not come to an end.

The hours sped on until it was noon, and still the widow sat measuring out lengths of beautiful fine white linen.

The day was passing, but when afternoon came still was she measuring out length after length of the good linen.

The afternoon passed, and the sun was near its setting, but the weary widow was still measuring.

And when it was all sold she had gained enough money to make her comfortable in her old age.

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"I can pick your apples for you—a basket at a time."



"I can beat your carpets for you." And so they had a nice supper and a nice bed that night.

RIDDLES.

What is that which flies high, flies low, has no feet, and yet wears shoes? Dust.

Why is a watch like a river? Because it doesn't run long without winding.

was full of gold and we could take it and go down the valley and get on the train and never stop until we came to the end of the world."

"Just now I should rather have cheese sandwiches," said Harry and opened the box. But instead of the nice tidy sandwiches that his mother had put up for their luncheon the box was filled with lumps of metal.

Harry was so astonished that he fell backwards and dumped the metal on the grass. "Who has played a trick on us," he asked. Nellie said that she had seen the sandwiches placed in the box and that he had carried it all the way up the hill.

"I am so hungry," said Harry, "and this old gold or whatever it is won't make you less hungry and I don't want to go to the end of the world."

"Neither do I," said Nellie very much afraid. "I wish that the stuff that you found in the box was sandwiches." "Now," said Harry, "let us eat and don't you make another single wish until we get home."

"But," began Nellie. "Don't you dare to wish anything."

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