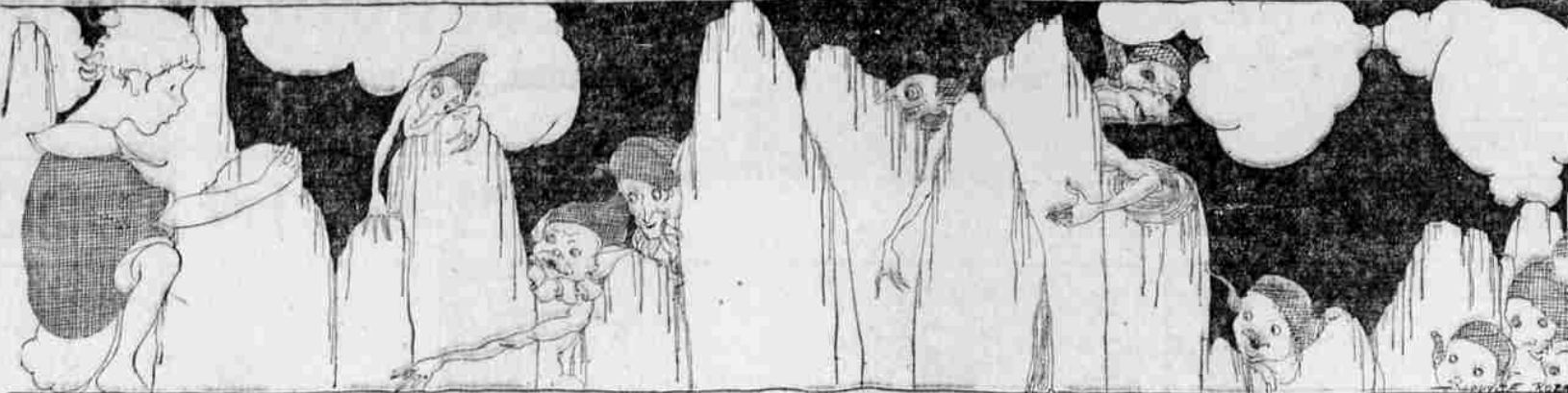


# Our Boys and Girls



## "Curious Little Chaps Were They, and They Had a Lot to Say"

concealed himself in a cluster of rose-bushes.

Presently the four doves dropped their feather dresses and Bahram saw that they were four charming and lovely Peris or fairies.

Soon they began to frolic in the water and Bahram noticing one of them in special, loved her and was determined to secure her for his bride.

Now Bahram was well aware that if he could obtain the feather dress of a Peri she could not fly away from him, so very cautiously he crept along to where the feather robes were lying, and, picking up one, retreated to his shelter among the roses.

Presently he heard the Peris talking together, and said Husn-Banu, the youngest:

"My sisters, I have heard that the White Demon has brought to his castle the handsomest young king in the world. He is of the mortal race of men, but there is none to compare with him anywhere!"

And another of the Peris said: "It is even true what you say, this King Bahram is like none other; he is so gracious and handsome."

And then said a third Peri: "Let us don our feather robes and go and have a look at this paragon of beauty."

"We must be careful," said Husn-Banu, "and not allow ourselves to be seen by him, for should he behold us he may fall in love, and that would be a disaster."

"A disaster, indeed," cried they all, for a Peri may not wed a mortal."

Then three of them donned their feather dresses, but the youngest could not find hers.

"Alas!" she cried, "I knew some ill would happen, for I had an unhappy dream last night about my feather robe!"

But the other three sisters were frightened, and, taking wings, flew swiftly away, leaving Husn-Banu weeping and lamenting.

Then King Bahram came out from among the roses, and so engaging and handsome was he that the Peri fell in love with him on the spot.

Willingly did she listen to his fond words. "I love you, beautiful Peri, and would fain have you for my dear wife."

And the Peri consented, and finally

Little Tommy had a dream—  
Made him holler, made him scream;  
Told you what, it was no joke,  
Though 'twas caused by funny folk.  
When he went to sleep one night  
Goblins, gnomes, popped into sight—  
Took him to a shady vale;  
Tommy screamed without avail.  
Curious little chaps were they,  
And they had a lot to say;  
Disagreeable things galore,  
They kept repeating o'er and o'er.  
Then Tommy said: "I've had enough  
Of all your horrid, tiresome stuff.  
Be off! Be off! you're not my friends!"  
And so with that the story ends.  
Except that Tommy with a scream  
Now shook off his horrid dream:  
Then, as he woke and looked around,  
A lot of pleasant thoughts he found.

strong heart, but he knew nothing of her dream and she had told only ragged clumsy little Marie of her wish, and dolls can not talk—at least, this one could not.

But one night there came one from afar. His twinkling eyes, his ready smile, his long, flowing robe and his worn instrument marked him as a minstrel; his thin gray hair, his withered cheeks and his rough, heavy staff—a wandering minstrel! He supped with her father and they talked and little Jane listened as his deft fingers touched the responsive strings of his sensitive instrument and brought forth sounds that pleased her ear until she felt sleepy.

Suddenly she was awakened by a wonderful lullaby and a soft sweet voice close, close to her ear—Marie was singing! Her little Marie who never changed, even in dreams, was singing:

"Once, in a moonlit wood, I found  
A silver ribbon, all unbound.  
Farther it stretched than I could see  
And laughed and gurgled merrily  
O'er smooth white stones and held each  
star  
As if they were not up so far.  
Your brook it was from up above  
God's measure? His yardstick of  
love!



"Oh, beautiful Lady Moon and twinkling little stars I wish you would come down and play."



"Throw down some flowers, beautiful Flower Queen."

## Why Stories

### WHY KING BAHRAM WON HIS BRIDE.

(A Persian Legend).

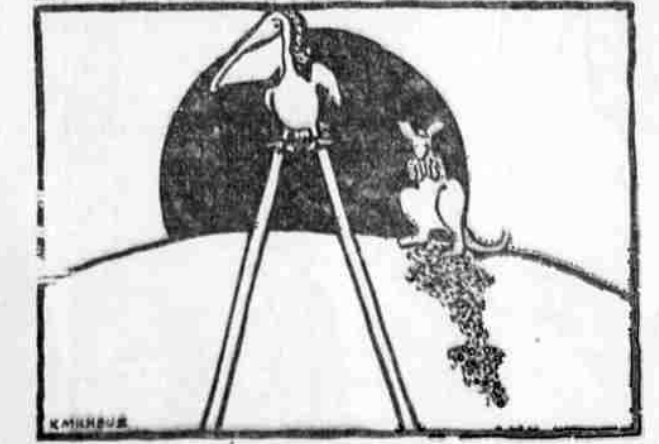
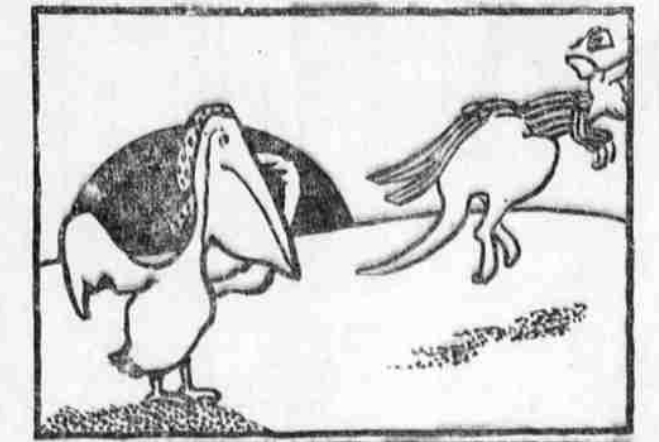
VERY many ages ago there reigned in Persia a good and handsome king, named Bahram, but, in spite of his being a king, he was once carried away by a demon to the mountain at the end of the world and shut up in a splendid palace.

The palace was far finer than anything Bahram had ever seen and he spent many hours in examining the countless treasures which it contained. Wearied at last, he falls asleep, but after a little while was awakened by the fluttering of wings.

Looking up he saw four most beautiful doves sitting above him on a golden dome.

Never had Bahram seen anything so lovely as these doves, and while he was looking at them with admiring eyes they rose in the air and flew away to the lake, whose waters Bahram could see sparkling in the light of the sun.

Quickly rising the young king followed and, coming close to the lake,



Said Peggy Pelican, pathetically: "Cuthbert Kangaroo travels too fast for my taste. I must invent a scheme to outdistance him." So she contrived a pair of stilts.



HONK HONK  
WATCH YOUR FOOT!  
ONE PEEL.

LOCK WHATS COMIN'—  
CLASS, HUH?

WHY IS THAT FELLA  
RUNNIN' BEHIND  
ON FOOT?

HES THE  
FOOTMAN!

Put the 8th letter of the alphabet in front of 1st and 20th letter.

## A Lively Yacht Race in Bugville

she married the king, and they were carried by friendly genii to Persia, and lived there long and happily.—Philadelphia Record.

### WHY JOCK THOUGHT FOWLS HAD BUT ONE LEG.

(A Scotch Legend).

POOR Jock was a simpleton, and many were the queer mistakes he made and the queer things he said.

One day he was passing by the home of the lord of the county, in which a dinner had just been cooked for the master.

The dinner was on the table, but as yet no one had come to partake of it.

"It's a pity such a good dinner should go to waste," said Jock, as he looked at the tempting food.

He especially noticed a fine, fat chicken, beautifully roasted, though someone had taken off one of the legs, perhaps a cat, perhaps a hungry servant.

In came the master and flew into a great rage when he saw but one leg on the chicken, and accused Jock of having taken it.

"I did not," declared Jock; "and that chicken had only one leg, and you can see it there before you."

"It had two legs," said the angry lord.

"But," declared silly Jock, "no fowl has two legs, fowls have only one."

Still the master was angry and continued to berate Jock.

At length said Jock: "Come with me to the hen house and I'll prove to you that chickens have but one leg."

So to the hen house Jock led the lord.

It was roosting time, and every cock and hen and pullet was asleep on its perch, standing, of course, on one leg.

"Did I not tell you so?" said silly Jock, triumphantly.

But the lord shouted out aloud: "Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!" And all the chickens woke up and began to hop down from their roosts.

"Now, Jock," said the lord, "doesn't this prove what you must have taken the leg of the fowl, for where is its other leg?"

And with Jock's words the head and neck of the fowl came out and called out: "Shoo! Shoo!" as the fowl it would have been called on the other leg for, you.

### BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES



We studied in school yesterday about the cannibals who live in Africa and eat people. They hide in the bushes and then when a victim comes by they stick him with their an' then generally take him to camp and eat him. Fallow th' dots an' see wot they stick him with.



Put the 8th letter of the alphabet in front of 1st and 20th letter.

## Dream Dust

ONCE upon a time in the land called Dreams there lived a very beautiful princess, a very young princess, a very good princess. The massive stone wall that inclosed her father's estate was very high and inside towered many magnificent and stately old trees, and here and there one found shady wonder-woods where gay colored flowers smiled and nodded to a talkative little brook that sang and gurgled happily as it leaped over smooth white stones and then slipped away under the garden wall. The spacious castle was of huge white stones and very large.

Joy, for that was the Dream Princess' name, and Marie, the clumsily-made rag doll that she loved best of all her dolls, often played alone in the highest tower of the castle. There Joy kept her smallest rocking chair, her play work-box with needles, thread and thread, and Marie's tiny cradle that had lost two of its golden knobs in the journey up the long flight of winding stone steps that led to the tower.

And it happened that one evening after tea was over that the long piece of silver ribbon that Joy loved best to wear was very ceremoniously taken from its heavy bronze box and as carefully unfolded and—Joy knew there was to be a party!

Her soft brown hair was carefully curled, her silver slippers and stockings put on, her little lace petticoat and white satin dress with fluffy sleeves buttoned and—the soft silver ribbon tied in glorious shining loops upon her hair, when—all became dark and Joy felt a cold wind that made her shiver and then she knew that again she was in the land of Really Is and was just plain Jane once more.

In the meantime there was the breakfast to cook, her father's lunch to pack, the dishes to wash and the floor of the tiny kitchen to brush and, though she sang light-heartedly at her tasks and laughed gaily at the warm soapy suds made transparent bubbles between her fingers with blue and pink and lavender lights inside, she gazed on her soiled off her apron with water-washed knees. How she longed for the feet of her satin dress, how she longed to slip her little feet into the slippers, where slippers and so warm again, as when she was a princess and her father was a king. He loved his little Jane with all of his big

### LOVE IS A FAIRY.

I'm glad love is a fairy—  
Light and airy.  
He crowds in tight  
Between my dad and me.  
When close we sit  
And feels just right,  
A perfect fit,  
Snug as can be  
When I lie comfy on my mother's lap  
And nestle there to take my noonday nap.

I'm glad love is a fairy—I declare,  
He doesn't take up room—but still he's there!

And Jane smiled and cuddled little Marie, her little Marie who never changed, even in dreams, closer to her. The friendly moon shone its silveriest. Outside, beneath waving trees, rippled softly, lest it disturb her healing slumber, the brook—Jane's living silver ribbon—from God.

### BABY BROTHER.

So still he lies in fluffy crib,  
In long white dress and lace bib.  
Outside the boys are playing ball;  
Just now I hear a home run call.  
The tennis players in our yard  
Are running fast and breathing hard.  
I'm getting ready for a swim,  
But this means nothing now, to him.  
O, baby brother, hurry, grow,  
And very soon such joys you'll know.  
Of course, you get a deal of kissing,  
But what a lot of fun you're missing!



Two ridiculous New Guinea natives came to a river. Then Cuthbert Kangaroo, who was going to separate us forever! "Peggy, I'll take you in you and make you a London Bridge." So Peggy made a bridge and then stretched the stilts—which fortunately were in reach—and Cuthbert Kangaroo hopped jubilantly across.

### A THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK:

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

### CARELESS JOHNNY.

Johnny Jones is a big boy,  
Bad as he can be,  
Instead of picking paper up,  
As he could easily,  
He throws it down in street or yard.  
And does not care a bit,  
When someone else has got to stoop  
Upon removing it.  
I really think it is a shame,  
That Johnny Jones should be  
So careless when he could be neat  
So very easily.

### BABY BROTHER.

So still he lies in fluffy crib,  
In long white dress and lace bib.  
Outside the boys are playing ball;  
Just now I hear a home run call.  
The tennis players in our yard  
Are running fast and breathing hard.  
I'm getting ready for a swim,  
But this means nothing now, to him.  
O, baby brother, hurry, grow,  
And very soon such joys you'll know.  
Of course, you get a deal of kissing,  
But what a lot of fun you're missing!