With Books terly the plain living and high-thinking of an old New England family. (Hough-ton, Mifflin & Co., New York.)

Travels in Mexico.

Mrs. Harriet Wright Sherratt's account

LIFE.

There's nothing sadder than the years That have no useful trend; There's naught that weakens like the tears The heart cannot defend;

There's nothing fainter than the hope That has no polar star, Nor. narrower than must be the scope That reaches out too far.

The springtime's bud will end in them, Will burst and be the rose; The early summer's rare perfume Is born of winter snows. The harvest-time's uncounted wealth-The autumn's bend of fruit-

Aid ever, as the dawning glows, he morning star grows Price the rays the sun god throws Above the mountain's brim We lose the lesser in the great-

Worships the glorious sun. By love and faith, and hope and light, The winter's trust, the spring's delight,

The summer's fruiting hour-perso make the full and rounded year; and years make life supreme, Through which we know the emil's, the tear,

To sow, fo reap, to dream. Washington, D. C.

STORY OF BROOK FARM

Experiment of Noted Americans in Social Reform-Late Publications.

"Brook Farm," by Lindsay Swift, is a history of the experiment in social reform known as Brook Farm, with a blographical and critical account of the distinguished persons associated with it-Dana, Curtis, Ripley, Alcott, Channing, Dwight, Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne, Hecker, Bromson and also of many of the lesser known members and visitors. The subject is one of lasting interest, since it not only involves the lives and works of such eminent American names, but throws so clear and illuminating a light on the conditions of that intellectual and social ferment in New England which attended its literary period. The influences of Brook Farm are traced not only in letters, but also in religion and politics, and especially in the formation of the working men's movements, which came in the next gen-eration, and in which members of Brook Farm took so leading a part. The book is a motograph on the subject, and ex-hausts its intercets; and, though not written by a believer in all Brook Farm was stood for, is sympathetic and does while being fully alive to the many hum-ors and sidelights of the experience. It is such an illustration of New England character and conditions as is too seldom The Macmillan Company, New

THE DRAMA.

a portrait of Mr. Scott, who dedicates his clime and country" who are "by right and honor incorporated" in it, and to his "faithful wife, herself an artist," who encouraged him in his task. In attempting to blend the outlines of the history of the stage for the last 50 years with personal reminiscenses, Mr. Scott has endoavored to avoid "acrimonious controversy," which is an excellent thing to avoid. Mr. Scott not only gives his reminiscences of actors and actresses, but he publishes a number of letters that are most characteristic of their writers, including one from Lady Bancroft, who salutes him as "Dear Scot-

Essays by Harry Thurston Peck.

Twelve papers are included in Harry Thurston Peck's "What Is Good English and Other Essays." The author asserts that the writer of the best English "is he whose language responds exactly to his mood and thought, now thundering and surging with the majestic words whose immediate ancestry is Roman, now rippling and singing with the smooth har-rippling and singing with the smooth har-monies of later speech, now forging shead with the irresistible energy of the Saxon, and now laughing and wantoning in the easy lightness of our modern phrase."

"The Progress of Fonetik Refawrm" ridi-cules what Mr. Deckender. cules what Mr. Peck calls the languagelinkers, against whom true scholarship and right reason will defend the dignity, book list, which newspapers sometimes ask their readers to suggest, as the greatest of literary humbugs. In "A Great National Newspaper" Mr. Peck takes the position that the United States has no newspaper of National scope, and that there is a broad field for such a journal. Among other essays are: "Honore de Baixac," "Stephane Mallarme," "The Human Side of Tennyson," and "Robert G. Ingersoll." (Dodd, Mead & Co., New

A Literary Fake.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, announce that the story recently published by them under the title of "Aboard the American Duchess," a story purporting to be the work of an American author who writes under the name of George L. Myers, is a plagarism of a story published some years back by Hendon Hill, of Lon-don, entitled, "The Queen of Night," Mr. Hill's material has been Hill's material has been appropriated by the American writer, such appropriation constituting a wrong against the English author and his publishers, and also, of course, against the American publishers who accepted as an original work the story "Aboard the American Duchess." The publishers make the announcement in order to caution American readers against the purchase, under a wrong impression of the story, issued under the title of "Aboard the American Duchess."

Stories by Sarah Orne Jewett,

Short stories compose "The Queen's Twin," by Sarah Orne Jewett, including among them the "Dunnet Shepherdess," with its unique heroine. The little story describes the whim of a woman who, knowing that Queen Victoria's age is the same as her own, makes it her amuse-ment to follow the royal movements from day to day, rejoicing and sorrowing as occasion demands. The pretty, harmless fancy brightens her life and really cons her in trouble, "Where's Nora?"
"Bold Words at the Bridge" are good moles her in trouble. Irish stories. Of a different style is "Martha's Lady," which, in the dignified and aristocratic Miss Pyne, etches deeply in lines which all will recognize as masBermoothes" is complicated by the strug-gle there between the Established Church and Puritanism. The interplay of loyalty and religion under the interference of Master Dwight and the leading Puritans forms the motive of the plot of the story, which is told by the heroine in her simple and et narrative. (The Macmillan Co., New

Nature's Miracles.

Elisha Gray is a name to conjure with in matters scientific, and especially in those associated with electricity. He has written a series of familiar talks for the unscientific for what he calls "Nature's Miracles"-wonderful things which are subservient to the rule of law. Professor Gray explains in popular phrase the formation of the underground foundations of the earth, with hints as to the geologic growth of the earth's crust below and the making of its soils above, and many cur'ously interesting facts about such component parts as ilmestone, coal, slate, sait, etc. Passing on to the air, he gives lucid explanations of the atmosphere, temperatures, clouds, winds, weather predictions, dew, snow and ice, meteors, the sky, liquid air, etc. And under the subject of water he treats of rivers and floods, tides, water and ice, and the energy stored therein, glaciers, the ice age, the glacial period and its widespread effects on surface, soils and climates. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.) teresting facts about such component parts of her travels in Mexico. "Mexican Vistas as Seen From Highways and Byways of Travel," is both an entertaining and instructive book, for "these neighbors of ours, who speak a different language, think different thoughts and live different lives from our earn are well worthy of our seridifferent thoughts and live different lives from our own, are well worthy of our serious consideration, our aympathy, and our friendship." "My first bit of advice to the traveler intending to visit Mexico," writes the author, "is to be vaccinated. The ideal way for those who love sea travel is to enter Mexico by land and leave it by water." It is the small stream, the Rio Grande, that separates "two races, two civilizations, two tycles." What

Miss Grace Sorenson, formerly of Portland, has begun publication at Omaha, Neb., of a monthly magazine for and by school children. The name of it is "The Children of the United States." It consists exclusively of stories, poems and letters written for and by pup'ls under two civilizations, two cycles." What is. Its object is to encourage children in Mrs. Sherratt saw among out-of-the-way literary work and to furnish a magazine Agtecs in their homes, agriculture, arts of common interest to all school children.



MR. CLEMENT SCOTT.

Clement Scott's Reminiscences of Actors and Actresses.

Clement Scott's 'The Drama of Yester-day and Today' is just published in two imposing volumes by the Macmillan Commany. The frontishings of each volume is to the school—of which both the teacher and the pupils were Indians.

MARCH MAGAZINES. "A class of beginners in geography was called up. Each of the children, aged from 8 to 10 years, was asked to give the number of his house (every house on every classes). "Caspar Whitney has bought Outing and crossroad in Mexico is numbered) then the name of the street on which he lived and the name of the municipality. From the municipality the children were led on to the district in which they lived, its officers and their duties, and finally to the officers of the republic. 'In time,' said the teacher, 'they will make excursions into other ountries, thus learning geography, history and national law from the starting point of their own front doors. My methods of teaching in all branches are Socratic. I never tell a child a truth; I let him find it out for himself. When his premises are wrong I question him until he sees

where his argument leads him."

Of the President of Mexico the author writes in the highest terms. President Porfirio Diaz "Is as intelligent and progressive as the best American. Under his wise rule Mexico is taking great strides forward, and it is to be hoped that his days may be long in the land. The most popular woman in the country is Senora Ding the sweet-faced wife of the Presi-This simply attired, gracious wife of a great ruler is a thorough gentlewom (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.)

The Afrikanders.

Le Roy Hooker has summed up what h tinkers, against whom true scholarship and right reason will defend the dignity, in South Africa" in a volume to which he purity and permanence of the English gives the general title, "The Afrikanders." tongue. "Fifty Books" condemns the best-book list, which newspapers sometimes the early settlement of the Cape by the Dutch, of the different "treks" to the north, and of the development of the sit-uation which ultimately brought about the existing war. The historical part of the book, which includes 16 of the 17 chapters, brings the story of the feud from Its beginning, in 1795, down to the 11th of October, 1899, the date of President Kruger's historic ultimatum. The 17th chapter con tains a condensed but valuable treatment of the physical, industrial, commercial and political conditions of those portions of South Africa which constitute "the country of the Afrikanders." (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.)

Mary Paget.

The time of Miss Minnia Caroline Smith's novel, "Mary Paget, a Romance of Old Bermuda," is that of James I, and the historic frame to the story is the shipwreck of the Sen Venture, which inspired Shakespeare with the theme for "The Tempest." Mary Paget is a beautiful girl whose love "And "New Designs." "Siring Fashionable Follies." "Skiring Costume, also the usual array of fine illustrations of patterns of artistic designs, with timely articles on "Early Spring Fashions," "New Materials for the Coming Season," "Becoming Colors for Blondes and Brunettes," "New "Wrinkles" in Dress." "Fashionable Follies." "Skirt Notes," "Pretty Frocks for Young Folks" and "New Designs." Mary Paget.

MARCH MAGAZINES.

Caspar Whitney has bought Outing and has become its editor. Among his associates are Fletcher Harper, great-grandson of one of the three original founders of Harper & Brothers; Robert Bacon, one of the Corinthian yachtsmen that sailed Columbia against Shamrock; David M. Goodrich, captain Harvard '98 crew; S. R. Bertron and Walter Camp, both old Yale athletes; C. C. Cuyler, the well-known Princeton ex-athlete, and S. F. Houston, the prominent University of Pennsylvania alumnus.

ough "The Biography of a Grizzly"
"The Autobiography of a Quack" have run their course in the Century, Dr. Weir Mitchell and Ernest Seton-Thompson are both contributors to the March numare both contributors to the March num-ber of that magazine. Mr. Seton-Thomp-son begins a study of "The National "Zoo" at Washington," in which he shows wild animals to be as interesting in captivity as in their natural state of freedom. His text is of course fully illustrated. Dr. Mitchell, in "Dr. North and His Friends," preimportant serial he has written since "Hugh Wynne," It is a novel embodying the results of a long life of observation, ction and experience. A study of Robert Herrick, by Thomas Balley Aldrich, eketches the poet's life, and claims for him a unique position in English litera-

ture as "a great little poet."
A story of adventure by Brigadier-General Funston will doubtless attract as much attention as any other feature of the March St. Nicholas. It describes with characteristic vigor a day, 10 years ago, when he and another youth were "Storm-Bound Above the Clouds" in the mountains of Northern Colorado. General Funston is famous for his bravery and dash, yet there were moments in this frightful experience that he frankly confesses he

would not care to live over again.

McCall's Magazine for March has a photo-engraving of Miss Mary Manner-ing, the beautiful English actrees, on the front cover. The number contains three colored plates, the first one a handsome walking costume; also the usual array of

the edges were in every case exquisitely waved, beaded and scalloped. It was not without fear that she walked about upon the floor, for a noise as of water boiling came from beneath, while her footsteps made a dangerously hollow sound. She broke off a piece of crust that had softened from being near the edge of a rill, and found that it covered

off every hour, she had not long to wait before seeing a geyser in action. The fountain of the Mount Tabor reservoir, viewed from a proper distance, looks somewhat as did Old Faithful to May. The stiff column of water, by varying from the perpendicular, reminded her of the pictures of the leaning tower at Pisa, in Italy, Though the water was boiling hot, there was so little spray that she and the others were not afraid to go near enough to touch the column with

Other Objects of Interest.

After the eruption, craters of many different sizes and shapes were inspected. ing into their awful depths and listening



An auctent cow full

Upon a strip of

joins its edge;
The children called her "Mary."
Pet had she been for many a day;
To all the household

Who, on her butter.
milk and cream,
Had thrived for

Sleek was her coat and soft her voice, She seemed to be contented;

But underneath her frontal bone Rerbrain was much

And daily as she looked about Upon the stretch of

can't go out

And travel some,"

Fin tired of being

Whene'er I rub this hateful feace

want to kick the traces.

And chew the cud and eat the grass That grows in other places."

floomient.

He saw her in the
stubble.

A quick resolve he took. Next day
The cow, amid the wailing
Of all the children, were away.

Behind a stranger trailing.

'Walt and I'll bring htm," one of the

as was the little strunger's name, seemed very glad to see, and addressed as

out the two little girls felt acquainted next

Millie, whose home was in Washington,

D. C., told of dancing echool and chil-

dren's parties, and city life, while all

can go to see her; she isn't very far from here," she said.

"Til ask Mama," Millie replied. The "Mama" sounded queer to May, who had

always heard the word pronounced "mam-ma," with the accent on the first syllable.

"Mama" said she had no objection, pro-

vided Lloyd, Millie's brother, accompanied

gentle expression in the soft dark eyes, and stroked admiringly the black coat and

wavey mane. May realized then that she would rather have Deedle than matiness

at irregular intervals, and, during a two-

days' stay, the Sedmans saw only one other than Old Faithful in action. This

did not produce a column resembling the fountain of Mount Tabor reservoir, but

instead was shaped like a spreading oak

tree, and "feeders," or tiny geysers played around the foot. They saw it

by moonlight and beautiful indeed was the

Travel through the pine forests was

resumed the following day and contin-ued until the "paint pote" were reached.

Never had May known there could be such pretty mud as that which sputtered,

bubbled and steamed in these natural ket-

tles. She observed gray, pearl-white, lavender and many shades of red and

pink among the different colors, each pot

or kettle having its own separate color.

Yellowstone Canyon.

A few days later, they were clambering

over a stone wall of Yellowstone Can-

and dancing parties.

So the three went through the

May had to talk about was Deedle.

They Visit Deedle.

They went almost immediately,

My thoughts are suicidal; I've got four legs, an.

Now, Mary's owner, it befell,
Was, in financial trouble,

And when his

day.

prairie, why I

where Chicago

"Tis a wondrous pretty bubble, Purple, yellow, red and green; To blow it better well might trouble Elfin king or fairy queen.

Freddle sits and blows a bubble; Froggle watches white it grows Lurger till 'tis three times double Froggle's bead and Freddle's nose.

Froggie and the Bubble.

What makes Preddle look so knowing? Sure there's mischief in his brain While the bubble keeps on growing Now he smiles and smiles again.

He is looking in the bubble, He's a very silly frog; There he only sees his double, Thinks it is Miss Polly Wog.

Now his untile grows wide and wider, There is meaning in his lock-There's Miss Wog. Were I beside her Like two builfrogs in a brook "We would sweetly sing together,

Polly high and Proggie low This is lovely singing weather, She looks sweet; I guess I'll go." "Gung!" cries Frog. and upward leaping Hito the bubble bright and round; The next instant Fred is weeping. Frog is sprawling on the ground.

"You have burst my pretty bubble," Freddie cries as Frog books up; And, oh me! what lots of trouble Broke my pipe and upset my cup."

—S. K. Simons in Brocklyn Eagle.

IN THE LAND OF GEYSERS

Experiences of a Little Mountain Maid Among the Wonders of Yellowstone Park.

The dusty cavalcade, consisting of buggy, spring wagon, "mess wagon" and a little girl on horseback, stopped at a dwelling, the only one within a radius of many miles. A freckle-faced boy came out to learn what was wanted, while other children appeared at the doors and windows of the house.

"I believe we're near a geyser basin?" the driver of the spring wagon said, questioningly.

"It's right on top the hill yonder," the freckle-faced boy replied; "but you'll have to hitch your horses somewhere down here and walk up," he added. So the members of the camping partyfor such it was-dismounted and commenced the ascent which was to give them their first glance of Yellowstone National Park, but not before May Sedman, the little girl on horseback, had exchanged friendly glances, and a few sentences as well, with the children unexpectedly come upon at the edge of a pine forest. They were the first children she had seen with in an even longer time than had been spent in making the trip, for her home was a ranch situated in a lonely nock of the Wyoming Rockles, and when there she was companionless, except for the black pony Deedle, upon which she had ridden to the Yellowstone.

It was without an inkling concerning what awaited her that May, in company with the grown-up members of the party, proceeded to the top of the hill.

Strange Surroundings.

From bunchgrass, rocks and dust they stepped upon a floor glistening white, except for the pools or hot springs that studded it, and the rills that trickled over the surface. Everything but the sk and the scene that could be looked back upon was unfamiliar. The pools reminded May of sapphires and emeralds, according as they were deep blue or deep green, although she found some blue in the center and changing to green around the edges. She thought that the bowls were more beautiful than any that could manufactured, and she discovered them to be deep-so deep that, as far down as she could peer, their glistening white walls showed through the water. As for circumferences, she came upon some so small as to make the bowls seem mere cups, but whether of cup or bowl,

a substance like jelly, prettily mottled

with golden and green.
"There's nothing to see here," the guide remarked, after a half hour's time and although May was disposed to disagree with him, she went on with the rest of the party into the geyser basin proper. Here again her eye was attracted by the glistening white sinter, forming a floor and massed in the craters of geysers greater even than those of Iceland. she missed the exquisite bits of color lent by pools to the other floor. Thanks to "Old Faithful," which goes

Fascinating as proved the pastime of lookto the rumbling proceeding therefrom, May became quite as interested in the persons who walked about or stood around the craters, and were the only dark ob-lects in this strange, white world. She noticed especially a little girl, dressed like the little girls in fashion-books that made fantastic by crags and planacles that kind of writing, but Patty had never

ranch from large Eastern cities. The littie girl was about her own age, and was very pretty, having golden hair, which she wore in long, large curls. May felt anxious to become acquainted with her. The tourists had their camp along the edge of the woods, and just off the sinter floor. That evening about 10 o'clock the Sedmans, who were gathered around. Roor. That evening about 10 cent the Sedmans, who were gathered around their fire, heard calls of "Millie! Oh, Mil-ile!" then a faint, frightened voice an-swering, "Yes; here I am!"

"A child's lost, I guess," one of the party said. The faint voice sounded near-er and nearer, until finally the same little girl May had been admiring stepped into

gether yellow, as the name would indicate, but glinting rich reds and blues, when sunlight struck the canyon. Here they watched Yellowstone River dashing precipice so high that after having made the leap, the stream was so far that it seemed merely a narrow

The trip held another delightful experience. One clear morning May had galloped ahead, when, upon turning a curve in the road, a dazzling mass of white and purple rose before her. She knew the purple to be water, by the way it rippled and gleaned. "Mammoth Hot Springs," the guide said.

when she turned back for information. She found the glistening white to be huge scallops, arranged terrace-fashion, each a little higher up and a little further back than the one below. And upon every scallop lay one of those exquisite purple pools. She was told that it was possible to incrust any metal or mineral object, by allowing it to remain at the edge of one of the pools for several

May found that one of Deedle's shoes was loose, so she had it taken off, encrusted and afterwards mounted on red velvet, as a souvenir of the trip.

May Meets Millie Again. The Sedmans remained at Mammoth Hot Springs two weeks, but instead of camping, they went to the hotel, which was very fine for that country, having electric lights and other wonderful things "Will you tell me how to get to my besides handsome furniture which had father?" she asked. "I hear him calling, been shipped from the East. May was

Then followed dire

disorder:

Che cow was swalflowed in a blar
Of blood, machines,
and sawder.
And then pafeitioned
into cans:
No regulem der
her chanted.
But, strange to say,
abehad her way,
Her last desire was

Her last desire was

A hundred pounds of

Mary went.

Across the bounding ocean,
And traveled over veldt and stream

And Suiu's Sultan gazed in glos
And lously cried, "What is it?".
And boys in blue on
Cuba'o Inle
Asked, "ain't it
rather heavy?"
A little place was
called "free
lunch,"

eaten on the

So hapless Mary tray-

Though somewhat

And, through the

and see his lantern, but I can't make him | delighted, when she learned that Millie

hear me answer. I can't reach him on the little girl she had met in the goysel account of the marsh." basin, was there also. They were to-

men said, lighting a lantern and start-ing out. Within a few minutes, he re-turned with a companion whom Mille, such circumstances, so that, as a result

Her purpose was effected. A true cosmopolite was she

Built on the broadest plan;

basin, was there also. They were to gether most of the time during the tw

of the Yellowstone Park trip, May had the pleasure of receiving letters which gave her fascinating glimpses of the life

of a little girl in a great city, while Millie was told about Deedle and things

befalling a little girl of the mountains

spondents got the most pleasure fro

truly she is, Cyril."

Cyril, proudly, "Cyril White, that's a -

but she printed one, so there!"

again.

dancing parties.
does, nor near-Patty Parker, can your larger goysers have their eruptions kitty write a letter?"

This

you and looking across at the opposite just how to unmix the letters and make side, in order to view the architecture, words out of them. "Cipher," people called

And it is hard to say which of the corr

letters she received. A. MAGUIRE.

"GLORY" INDITES A LETTER.

Being a Most Remarkable Kitty, She

Weltes It in Cipher.

"My kitty is prettier than yours-now

Cyril hugged Glory up very tight, indeed.

No kitty in the world was any dearer,

and she wasn't a mite to blame for the

"My kitty's the prettiest," said Patty

"Ye-es, I know," Cyril agreed honestly,

"but she doesn't know as much as mine

"Glory wrote one the other day," said

ful little boy that went to Patty's school. "Well, maybe she didn't write a letter,

"In truly, honest, a, b, c's! Cross-your-heart, Cyril White?"

"Cross-my-heart, she did. Patty Parker!

It wasn't real easy to read, though, 'cause 'twas in a kind of cipher, you know."

Patty Didn't Know.

But Patty didn't know. She hadn't been

hearing as much about the war as Cyril

had and didn't know that the war mes-

sages had been sent back and forth in a

queer mixture of letters that nobody could understand except a few people who knew

With British troops

A section to the Arc-

runs, Klondyke

in mester

heard of cipher. She looked over at Cyril and Glory and scowled a little. "I-don't-believe-it!" she cried.

"Patty! Patty!" her mother said, stern-iy, but she "didn't-believe-it," either. She was afraid Cyril was telling the dreadful thing that begins with an 1 and ends with an e and has an i in the middle. "I'll go home and get the letter; come, Glory," Cyril said, brightly.

They came back with it in a few minutes, and, surely enough, there were the neat little printed letters, a good deal neater and straighter than Patty could print! To be sure, they were dreadfully mixed up. It was hard to believe they could mean words, but of course that was the "cipherness" of it, as Cyril said. This was Glory's letter:

This was Glory's letter:

I y; o u g m f e r t y o p 8 l k s a 4.

"Oh-my-sakta!" murmured Patty.

"Til 'xpiain it to you," said Cyril. "Glory won't care. Now listen—this is what it means: 'I know where there's a fam'ly of mice, in the cornhouse. Don't tell Patty Parker's cat."

Glory Purred. Cyril's eyes were full of mischief, as he rend it in a solemn little voice. Glory looked over his shoulder and purred, as she were saying, "Right-every word!

How that boy Cyril does understand my When Patty had looked astonished long enough to satisfy Cyril—and even Glory, then Cyril explained just how it was. Patty's mother had already guessed, I sus-

a writing machine, you know," said Cy-"Papa'd just loaded it with a new ity sheet o' paper, and then gone away to see the gardener a minute. That's when Glory did it. She jumped up and walked back and forth on the keys, and every single step, her feet struck 'em (same as you strike piano keys, only you don't do it with your feet!), and that printed the little bits of purple letters on the sheet o' paper. When papa came back, there was Glory's letter all writ-

'Purr-r-r!" agreed Glory. "So, you see," laughed Cyril, "it doesn't matter much about the freckle on her nose—she's such an educated cat!"—Annie Hamilton Dowell, in Rising Education.

PROMPTNESS AT SCHOOL Tencher Devises Plan to Abolish

Tardiness Among Pupils. Persistent late-coming to school is not mly annoying to pupils and teacher, but it is a pernicious habit in the offenders, and one that will cling to them through life. Chauncey M. Depew, the famous railway president, United States Senator and after-dinner speaker, realized how much one's success in life depends on promptness, when he said that his greatest fear was that of being behind time, it is therefore writers. It is, therefore, writes Z. Irene Davis, in Teachers' Magazine, pleasing to learn of Teachers' Magazine, pleasing to learn of a grammar teacher who so successfully abored for promptness on the part of her ouplis that she created in them a sentinent so strong against tardiness that the offenders put forth every possible effort toward punctuality rather than run the A section to the Arctic wastes,
By Norsemen
staunch was
taken,
And maden treat, on
gala days,
When it supplanted,
bacon. cauntlet of their schoolmates' disapproval. The following pretty device was the in-trument of her success. Money was aised to procure a handsome velvet banraised to procure a handsome velvet ban-ner, decorated with flowers and edged with fringe. It was suspended by a silk cord and proved a beautiful, as well as useful ornament. A friendly rivalry for punctu-ality was set up by establishing the rule that the "room" that sustained the great-ent promptness during the week could dis-play the hanner for the succeeding week day the banner for the succeeding week. The inventor's grammar-room soon be-came known as the "banner-room," al-though each lower grade, inspired by emuation, vainly strove for the coveted honor.

> Little Girl's Lament. My brother Will, he used to be The nicest kind of girl. He wore a little dress like me, And had his bair in curl. We played with dolle and tea sets then, And every kind of toy; But all those good old times are gene; Will turned into a boy.

Marriera made blee fittle mile With pockets in his pants, And cut off all his yellow curls And gent them to my gunta; And Will, he was expleased, I believe He almost jumped with joy; But I must own, I didn't like Will turned into a boy

And now he playe with horrid tops I den't know how to spin.

And marbles that I try to shoot,

But never hit nor win,

And leapfrog—I can't give a "back" Like Charite, Frank or Roy. Ob, no one knows how bad I feel Since Will has turned a boy.

I have to wear freels just the same, And now they're meatly white; I have to set and just be good, While Will can climb and fight, But I must keep my drezes nice And wear my hair in curl; And worst-oh, worstest thing of all-

And worst on, ...
I have to stay a girl.

-McCall's Magazine.

His Mistake as to American Girls. A Louisville girl, who was recently b Germany, met a young English officer who was in the same city, and, in fact, in the same house with her for two months, studying German for his promotion. Like most Europeans, he had the usual absurd ideas about the girls of this eccuntry, who, in the minds of the un-traveler, are rather hoyden creatures, who smoke and have other musculine

pine forest to the spot where Deedie was freekle on the end of her nose, Glory graning. And how proud May was of her, when Lloyd and Millie spoke of the After dinner one day, in the early acusintanceship of the couple, the officer offered the Louisville girl a cigarette, and pon her refusing it he said:

"Why, I thought all the girls in the Inited States smoked." "So we do," replied the girl, "but never cigarettes; only pipes. If you will get that pipe off the mantelpiece in the next "My sakes, no! I never heard of such oom I shall be charmed to smoke with

Not suspecting the loke she was playing on him, the officer brought the pipe and filled it, and it was not until he saw polite to say it, but you spell it i-i-e."
Patty's mother looked up in suprise. She had always thought Cyril the most truththe wry faces his friend made in attempting to carry out the joke that he appreciated the situation. He was continually

telling the American in a tone of sur-prise that she was just like the girls at home in England, and her rejoinder was: "Lieutenant, don't you think a lady is a lady the world over?"-Louisville Cour-The letters removed name an American states-

Behead a boy's name, leave a color. Behead to tell and leave to make 3 3. Behead the ending of a prayer and leave

5. Hehead a small anchor and leave the brink

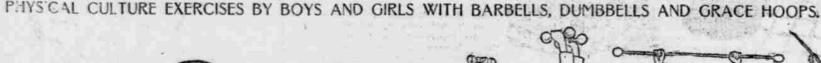
 Behead piaced and leave help.
 Behead the religion of Mohammed and cave to shut violently. S. Behead the back of the neck and leave a

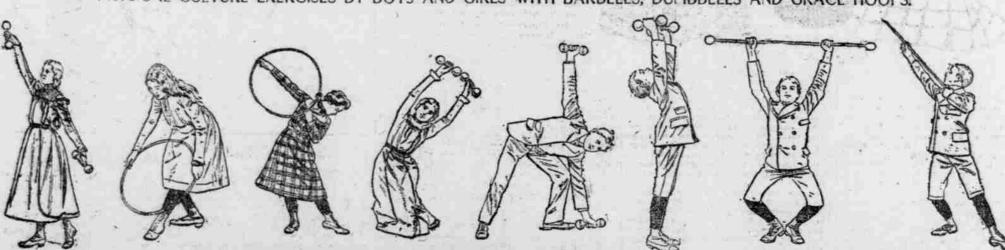
During the summer thrushes get up be-fore 3 o'clock in the morning, and don't go to bed until after 9 o'clock at night; so they work nearly 19 hours, says "Our Animal Friends." Blackbirds are not so industrious. They work only 17 hours, but during that time they feed their little ones

between 40 and 50 times.

My first is in cry, but not in sob, My second in ink, thought 'tis not in blot. My third is in door, but not in knob, My fourth is in cold, though absent from hot. My fifth is in put and not in place My sixth is in nose, but not in face. My whole is something girls and boys Like, sometimes, better than their toys.

Teacher-in this stanza what is meant by the line, "The shades of night were falling fast"? Bright scholar-The people were pulling lown the blinds.-Exchange.





OBJECT LESSON, SHOWING HOW ST RENGTH AND GRACE AND PROPER POISE OF BODY MAY BE ACQUIRED.