

# TAKE FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS



**Boogie-Land.**  
There's a wonderful land called Boogie-Land,  
In the other side of the moon;  
Here the big round sun steaks still doth stand,  
And it's always afternoon;  
At times of year it is always May,  
And there's never too nor snow;  
It never can tell the time of day,  
For the Boogie-Land clocks don't go.

Boogies are built in Boogie-Land,  
No cities nor towns are there;  
A beautiful tree in blossom stand,  
In the sunlight everywhere;  
A leaves don't fall, nor the roses fade,  
And the birds don't fly away;  
And both in the sunlight and the shade  
It is just so warm each day.

Boogies never labor in Boogie-Land,  
And nothing is bought nor sold;  
And nobody there can understand  
Why people should strive for gold;  
Here sugar grows on a sugar tree,  
And cream in the rivers flow;  
And bon-bone always are furnished free—  
Wouldn't you like to go?

Wonderful land is Boogie-Land,  
In the other side of the moon;  
And the people there are a happy band,  
And life is a blessed boon;  
And tell me what do you wonder  
At this wonderful Boogie-Land?  
And pack our traps, with a friend or two,  
And sail for that land away.

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Sparrow had fully recovered, there was nothing to longer detain them. Mrs. Sparrow replied, that she would like to wait until the little boy of the house came home from school, for he always threw a handful of crumbs out, the very first thing, and then she would like to tell him good-bye.

"I saw him down the lane this morning on his way to school, and I called to him, but I don't suppose he knew me so far away from him; every one I look so much like young Mrs. Wren," said Mrs. Sparrow, with a fit of her wings.

Mr. Sparrow said, "Nonsense!" that she must remember that she was the mother of a half-grown family, and besides she didn't arrange her feathers as stylishly as did young Mrs. Wren.

At this, of course, Mrs. Sparrow was very indignant, and she resented that he was a good deal older than she was, and that, if she caught him as she was, as looking at young Mrs. Wren she would pull the feathers out of his top-knot.

The children came flying home just then, and as Mr. Sparrow did not believe in quarreling before them, he again retreated to the farthest limb of the tree.

**Timely Caution.**  
Mrs. Sparrow then proceeded to tell the young sparrows about the trip South. They were advised to study carefully the country they would pass over, as here Mrs. Sparrow put her wing over her eye—they would not always have a mother to watch over them. They were cautioned to avoid all bad company, especially that of owls and hawks. Then Mrs. Sparrow told them of the intended visit to the little boy in the house, and to each one, remember their manners, and let folks see that they had been brought up properly.

Just then I heard the side gate slam, and I saw Teddie coming up the walk, with his schoolbooks in a strap over his shoulder. I went right down and told him what the birds had said, for I was anxious that they should not be detained, when they had such a long journey before them.

Teddie threw out a handful of crumbs at once, and they were all enjoying them so much. Mrs. Sparrow, with her restless, dainty ways, was hopping around, and before each crumb, chirping her thanks, and the rest were intent on getting the most crumbs possible, in the most graceful, dignified manner—when, suddenly, the big cat, Spot, came bounding around the corner.

I screamed, and so did Mrs. Sparrow, and away they flew—all but poor Baby Sparrow. Spot had him fast in his cruel claws, and, before Teddie or I could reach him, he had crushed out the poor little life. As I picked up the little dead bird and smoothed the ruffled feathers, I heard Mrs. Sparrow crying in the tree top.

**The Southward Flight.**  
We buried Baby Sparrow at the foot of the tree, and as we covered the tiny grave, we saw the rest of the family starting away to the Southland. A gentle breeze stirred the bright feathers on their breasts, and the last rays of the setting sun touched them until they looked like animated flowers, and so they drifted away from our sight.

Now Teddie and I are wondering whether Mrs. Sparrow will blame us for Baby Sparrow's death, or will she understand and come back to us next Summer.

**JENNIE BRYAN SHELLABARGER.**  
**MR. BEAR'S MEAN TRICK.**  
Inveigles Mr. Wolf into an Argument With Angry Bees.

I was telling you last week, writes Mr. Bear, in the Inquirer newspaper of Philadelphia, about capturing a bank robber and living at the time near a farmhouse where there were several hives of bees. A bear is as fond of honey as a boy is of candy, and is never able to get enough. I had my eyes on those hives, and in prowling around them smelled delicious honey, but don't you think I didn't know

young multnomah athlete.

Then, above the hubbub, I distinctly heard Mrs. Sparrow asking, in very decided tones, the rest of the family to leave her alone with Baby Sparrow, and he added something about being in very way capable of managing her own affairs. Of course, at this time there was a good deal of muttering. Then one sparrow flew away, at the call of a passing friend, and the other two, saying something about promising to meet some one, crept to the ground, while dithering little Mr. Sparrow hopped along to the very end of the farthest limb of the tree, where he sat in injured silence.

Now Mrs. Sparrow, with her sweetest, sweetest tones, began to try to get Baby Sparrow out of his nest, and, finally, as she still cuddled low therein, silent and sooty, I heard her telling him of the cold winter that was coming, how the here and there blew until every leaf was down, and how the great drops of rain would fall and drench the nest, and then would come the snow, with no leaves to cover him, and he would be frozen quite stiff.

Just at the mention of it, Mrs. Sparrow saw her feathers closer about her and huddled. I could see that what she said was having the desired effect on Baby Sparrow, too, for he began to stir around and finally crawled out and sat, wobbly and uncertain, on a limb.

**Flies Down.**  
Mrs. Sparrow was all of a flutter at her success, and flew down to the ground, where, after a great deal of coaxing, Baby Sparrow followed. It was more like a fall than a fly, but he caught himself just before he reached the ground, and then seemed to give him confidence, for, after resting a moment, he flew back into the tree. I don't believe he lit on the limb he intended to, but that didn't matter very much; I was as glad as the rest to see him fly.

He sat there in the tree very quietly, for a long time, and I drew a chair to the window and sat down to watch him. After awhile, he began to twitter and chirp, and then he began to talk to me. He said it was delightful—the rush of the soft air under him, as he flew.

Then he said he believed it must be the most wonderful thing in the world to be able to sail away up above the very tops of the trees—clear up to the clouds, and then, suddenly, to my great astonishment, he spread out his wings and away he flew, with such a glad, sweet noise, I called the whole family after him. Then what a time they had flying round and round the tree, and all laughing and talking at the same time.

**Time for Departure.**  
Later in the day I heard Mr. Sparrow saying his wife that they really must be off to the South, for the cold nights were getting his voice, and now that Baby

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**Explains to Mr. Wolf.**  
"Now, then, all you've got to do is to jump against a hive and push it over and help yourself. Don't be a pig and eat up all the honey away from me."

"But what are you going to do?" he asked.

"I'm going to watch the house and give the alarm if the farmer comes out."

"But why can't I watch?"

"Because I have the best eyes. Every one knows that a bear can see further than a wolf. It seems to me you are turning coward. If you don't want honey just say so, and I'll get the fox to help me out."

"I'm no coward, as I'll soon show you!" said the wolf, and with that he leaped up against one of the hives and tipped it over. Then he ran around and put his head in after honey. I heard him saying, "Yum! Yum!" as he found it, but it wasn't long before he found something

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## DUKE GAVE DOUGHTY AID

Was Only a Cat, Yet He Helped Tom and Jake Out of a Very Nasty Difficultly With a Bear.

Tom Hardy had built a canoe. And this was no light achievement in the Spring of 1900, when, between fighting Indians and clearing a part of the wilderness into some semblance of a plantation, the Maine settlers, boys and men, had little time for other occupations. Tom could remember how, when a little fellow, the war cries of the Indians echoing through the forest had startled him many a night and sent him with a frightened, stifled sob to his mother's bed, there to creep into her protecting arms and be lulled to sleep again.

But the Hardy's had some weeks that Spring during which they were unmolested by the Indians, weeks in which Tom, do-

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toward the boat, and was almost upon it when like a tiger, the Duke of York sprang on its head. This momentary check gave Tom an opportunity to reach for the musket Jake had dropped as he fled. Grasping it firmly the boy nerved himself for a steady aim, the Duke of York meanwhile holding the bear at bay in his frenzied clutch.

There was a quick discharge, a fierce growl, a baffled cry that rent the air, and the bear dropped, rolled on its side and lay dead on the ground.

Tom gave the canoe a push, and, with a beating heart, jumped ashore. The Duke of York sprang to him with many rapturous contortions of his little body.

"You did it, Duke," the boy cried, excitedly. "You did it! You fought him tooth and nail, like a good 'un. You're the spunkiest, knowestest cat in America."

The cat purred ecstatically, while Tom, assisted by Jake, who, now that the danger was over, had swum to shore, dragged the bear's body to the big, clumsy canoe and lifted it in.

There was no duck shooting that day. Homeward bound, the boys swiftly paddled up the river with their prize. Jake, who had played coward, leaving Tom to fight it out alone, could barely await their

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You will know him at once by his long tail, which he spreads out when flying. He is reddish brown in color, and makes a sound like 'chuck chuck' when disturbed.

"His nest, built in one of the bushes of the hedgerow, is, like the catbird's, made of leaves, bark and twigs, but built more carefully and lined with grasses and roots. It is never placed far from the ground, but is hard to discover, for the reason that it is so well concealed and the mother bird leaves it so quietly when disturbed. The eggs in it are white, covered with brownish markings, and not green, like the catbird's.

"If you should find the nest the birds are very brave, and will try to frighten you away by flying at you or making a sort of hissing noise. At other times, however, the brown thrush is timid and shy, and they stay in pairs by themselves. Two broods of little birds are raised each year. One brood is reared in May, the other in June.

"Brown thrushers have a very pretty song, which is a trifle broken in sound, but they do not try to imitate the notes of other birds, as the catbird sometimes does, and their song is not so harsh. They hunt for food like the catbird, sometimes on the ground, but more frequently in the shrubbery, while their relatives, the wood thrush and robin, hunt for their food mostly on the ground.

"The brown thrasher is more like the catbird than any other of the thrush family, while the Wilson's thrush resembles the hermit thrush, and the wood thrush the robin, yet they all have distinct traits and still are near relatives, for they all belong to the family of thrushes."

**HIS CURIOSITY PUNISHED.**  
**Inquisitive New York Monkey Gets Himself in a Squeeze.**

A new lock was recently put upon the door of the monkey cage in Central Park, New York. The monkeys watched the