

# PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



appearance, and she climbed around in the hills, with her big stick and her steely-crowned hat, and the first time she came in at Rose Cottage, "Baby Nell" thought she was a witch, and ran to the house and hid.

Once Mrs. Allen was quite ill for a few days and Mrs. Fox kindly came and did all her work and looked after the children. While she was there, she incidentally mentioned that her birthday was on the 15th, and that she did wish her folks "back East" were with her, for her sister, Ann, always remembered and baked her such a beautiful cake. "But land sakes! What'd a body want to go to work and bake a birthday cake for herself for?"

Mrs. Allen saw quite plainly that she would be expected to contribute the cake, with as much cheerfulness and grace as possible, but until the morning before Mrs. Fox's birthday it slipped her mind entirely.

On Thursday morning she remembered the auspicious occasion, in the midst of a pounding headache, and at breakfast she talked it over with Polly and Dick. "You children have to drive down to the store and get me some red sugar," she said, for Mrs. Fox had said Sister Ann always made a pink and white cocoanut cake; "and when you get back," she continued, "you'll have to go to Bronson's after eggs."

Usually the children were quite as much afraid of Joe as they were of old Nick, the bull, but this time his swartzy visage was beautiful to them, and to his "Buenos tardes!" they responded joyfully.

After Joe had led away their captor, Polly and Dick resumed their journey; got the eggs for Dick's mother, and reached home with no further adventures.

Then the cake was baked—an imposing pink and white structure, "six stories high," as Baby Nell expressed it—and next morning (Friday) bright and early, Polly and Dick started to carry it to Mrs. Fox.

"Be careful, children!" called Mrs. Allen, as they started down the hill path. "Why don't you go around through the gate?"

"This is quicker, Mamma, and we want to go fishing on our way back," responded Dick.

The path was steep and ran through tangles of manzanita, madroño and poison oak. "Here, Polly!" said Dick, "let me carry that cake; you'll drop it, sure as guns!"

"No such thing; I guess I'm as good a mountain-climber as you are, Dick Allen!" indignantly retorted Miss Polly.

She had, however, no more than said this, when she slipped and fell down the slippery path. She not hurt—nothing ever hurt Polly—but the two top layers of the cake slid half off, and there was a crack in it which Polly, as she carefully slid the layers back, said was just like the course of the Yukon River.

"Now, don't you think I'd better take it, Miss Polly?" inquired Dick.

"No, thank you, Mr. Allen, we've slid most of the way now, and I'll just keep it."

Mrs. Fox was, of course, greatly pleased with her birthday surprise.

"But my sakes!" she exclaimed, "your ma didn't think my birthday was today, did she? 'Taint till Sunday!"

The children sat on the porch behind the rosevine and enjoyed the cookies and the strawberries and cream which Mrs. Fox brought them, and then they went home and told Mrs. Allen all about it.

She sank into a chair and laughed till she cried. "Where's the paper, Polly?" she finally asked.

Polly got the day's newspaper, and it bore the date, "Friday, May 12."

"Why, how could I have made such a mistake?" said Mrs. Allen. "The paper

**Rainbow and the Wave.**  
One day a little wave—indeed, he wasn't naughty.  
Though the others tried to hush and keep him still,  
Said: "You mustn't think, comrades, that I'm quarrelsome or haughty,  
But I want to be a rainbow, and I will!"  
So the sun came shining gladly, and the wind  
And the little wave leaped up to catch the light:  
And for half a glorious minute, with only sunbeams to it,  
He flashed in seven colors on the sight.  
So when behind your task the harder ones come trooping,  
While the senses only pace and pleasure crave,  
And o'er humdrum work your heavy head is drooping—  
Just think you of that rainbow and that wave.  
—Harris Prescott Spofford in St. Nicholas.

boldly, 'beside, we could run faster than a bear any day.'  
"But I wish you myself, but now go through the Pine Woods," continued my sister. I wished no deed, but we had entered the dreaded woods. How quiet and dismal they seemed! The tall pines stretched out great branches, all heavy with snow, which often sifted down on our heads. The only light came from a little strip of sky, far above the tree tops.  
"Remember his claws, Elizabeth!" whispered Maria, stepping faster. I glanced hurriedly over my shoulder, down the snowy road, and what did I see but a long, brown animal, with his nose to the ground, trotting toward us!  
"The bear! the bear! it's coming!" I cried, and grasping our pals tightly, we rushed wildly ahead. Once I stumbled, but scrambled to my feet again and sped on. Never was road so long. Our throats grew dry; our breaths came in little gasps, but we dared not slacken speed. The bear didn't gain on us, and at last—O joy! we could see, peeping above a little rise of ground, one of the farm chimneys, a welcome sight.

motherly, housewifely smile died from her face.  
Alas! Father and the children were gone—were lying dead in the little graveyard on the hill. Dead—all but William, and he was in a far country, hoping for a long-delayed rescue from siege.  
The faded blue eyes grew bright with tears. Outside the old-fashioned windows the maple trees waved uncertainly, and the dahlias grew dim. Grandma looked sternly at them until they became clear again. Her's was a brave heart.  
"I dunno as I can eat anything now," she said to herself. "I must have overhauled myself getting dinner. I guess I'll step over to Mrs. Rogers' and ask 'em all over to supper tonight."—Chicago Tribune.

**The Old Rocking Horse.**  
Battered and broken and worn and old,  
Benefit of his mane and tail,  
A veteran charger staunch and bold,  
He has weathered life's fiercest gale.  
The hero of many a gallant raid,  
In many a bloodless war,  
A soldier of fortune, undismayed,  
By battle and wound and scar!  
"Natch the gutting touch of a little hand  
He has traveled many a mile  
Through the wonderful realms of "Playilla  
Land,  
Where the spirits of fancy smile.  
But, strange to say, in his boldest fight,  
Though he hallooed or roared not—  
Through all his travels by day and night—  
He has stood in the self-same spot!  
He was ridden far, he was ridden hard;  
He has borne fierce burns and blows,  
And oft, as his reward, a kiss on his worn-out nose.  
And though he is rather the worse for wear,  
And is crippled and scoured and old,  
In the eyes of his master he still is fair  
And worth his weight in gold.  
—Herald and Prexyter.

**Bees Put Through Her Paces.**  
A neighbor, Miss Lane, lent the children her horse, and Mrs. Allen enjoined them to drive carefully, as the road to the village was down hill all the way and old Bees was apt to stumble.  
But as soon as the redwoods shut them off from view of the house, Polly remarked: "I think Bees would go considerably faster than Miss Lane ever drives her, don't you, Dick?"  
"Yes, I do," agreed Dick. "Miss Lane's afraid somebody'll give her a little exercise. Let's just see how quick we can get down, if she gets a move on!"  
The cottages flew by; dogs barked, and people ran out to see if Miss Lane's old Bees was running away. She had never been known to make the trip to the village in less than three-quarters of an hour but this time it was actually only 20 minutes from the time they started that they pulled up in front of the little combination store and postoffice at Glen Ellen.  
After they got the mail and had made their purchases the children reflected that

**BRUIIN'S ROUND OF CALLS**  
**Farmer Heaton Takes a Bear to the District School and Two Small Scholars Have a Scare.**  
Laura was visiting Great-Aunt Elizabeth in the country. The farm was a delightful place when the sun shone on the wide yard and green meadows, but today it was very different. Patter, patter, sounded the rain on the shingles, while Laura sat close to Aunt Elizabeth and took a sewing lesson. The little girl didn't like the rain and looked very sad every time the big drops gashed against the pane. But out in the yard where the tulips and daffodils grew, the shower was very welcome. The flowers all stretched out their little stiff petal petticoats to catch the water, and their tall, green leaves grew greener still.  
"Dear, dear," groaned the little girl, "I just believe I shan't ever learn to sew."  
"You are pausing in her work to watch Aunt Elizabeth's nimble fingers. "Is my needle just like yours?" said Laura, thinking a moment.  
"Oh, yes," smiled her aunt. After a moment she asked, "Did I ever tell you, Laura, about the bear that visited the school?"  
"No, no," cried Laura, "but I want to hear all about it," and while the little head bent lower over the seam, Aunt Elizabeth told the story.  
**The District School.**  
"The district school," said she, "was a mile from my father's farm in New York State, but we always went, rain or shine, my little sister Maria and I, even when the snow lay deep, or when the mud made it hard for us to pick our way."  
"One Wintry day we started for school, bright and early. There had been a snow storm in the night, and we walked in the great furrows made by the wood sleds, each of us carrying a little tin dinner pail. The icy wind nipped our noses, and whistled around our ears, but our knitted hoods were warm and comfortable, and we trudged merrily along, reaching the school house at 8 o'clock. After warming our red fingers at the horse-block stove, where a great wood fire roared, we sat down at the rough little desks with our spelling books.  
"Rap-rap!" sounded on the schoolroom door, "rap-rap!"  
"Miss Knapp, the teacher, opened it, and whom should she see but old Farmer Heaton. He called out in a very loud voice, "Teacher! teacher! Bring out your young ones! I've got suthin' to show 'em."  
"But we all trooped and saw the strangest sight. On a low wood sled, with only bottom boards and stakes at the sides, sat a curious-looking animal, with a shaggy brown coat like a great dog. Its nose was pointed, and its little eyes looked restless and half frightened, as they watched the children. A chain around its neck was fastened to the sled stakes.  
"A Young Bear."  
"It's a young 'ar," explained Farmer Heaton, "mild enough now, but will be

**GRANDMA'S "MAKE-BELIEVE."**  
**Prepares a Splendid Feast, but None Mortal Came Save Himself.**  
Grandma adjusted her glasses carefully and took down the calendar which hung on the end of the cupboard. It was a bright-hued calendar, with a spirited picture of a healthy young farmer

**SAFETY.**  
"Half crying and completely out of breath, we managed to scramble to the door step, calling loudly, 'Father! father! Our rushed mother to see what the matter was, and we sobbed out our story."  
"See, girls," said mother, "there goes your bear now, down the road. He looks to me very much like Nep, Neighbor Brown's shepherd dog. And so it proved. Today, our good old friend, who never frightened any one, was trotting soberly home."  
"Several days after, we heard that the bear had really escaped, and had been seen by some boys, making for the ice-bound Hudson, and I hope he found his home and friends."  
While Aunt Elizabeth had been talking, the little needle had tripped gaily along, till now both seam and story were done.

**GAMES FOR CHILDREN.**  
**Amusements That Would Help Pass a School Winter.**  
The New York School Journal gives these as 10 of the games which, with occasional variations of visiting times, kept one primary school happy through a long, cold Winter, and caused rainy days in the Fall and Spring to be hailed with delight. They are placed in the order in which the children liked them best. The rule was that no game should be played twice in the same week:  
1. Cat-mouse.  
2. Hawk and hen.  
3. Needle's eye.  
4. Green gravel.  
5. Drop the handkerchief.  
6. Hide the button-hook.  
7. Button, button.  
8. Color.  
9. Introducing to the King and Queen.  
10. Ruth and Jacob.  
The first of these, and the most popular, "cat-mouse," explains the Journal, requires two players, and a doorkeeper. The smaller child is the mouse and hides behind a desk while the cat goes out. Then the cat is called in and chases the mouse around the room until he touches him. If the mouse is not caught at the end of one minute, the teacher calls time and chooses another cat and mouse. This is a lively game and gives exercise in turn to each member of the school.  
"Hawk and hen" is an impromptu variation of cat-mouse, in which the children pretend to fly. Schoolroom "drop

**POLLY IN THE SOUTHLAND**  
**Being a Truthful Record of Various Adventures in Which a Little Alaskan Maid Engaged.**  
When a letter from Uncle Fred, at St. Michael, Alaska, came to Rose Cottage, with the news that Cousin Polly was coming to spend a year in California, there was great excitement.  
"You must take care that she doesn't get too warm, or she'll melt," wrote Uncle Fred. "See that she has plenty of whale blubber, and tell auntie to keep her little fur boots mended."  
Baby Nell and her 10-year-old brother, Dick, were sure that Polly would be a dumpy, fur-clad little Eskimo, like those in their primary geography, but when a dainty little maiden, in a blue serge suit, stepped down on the platform at Glen Ellen station, their time-museum dream faded.  
On the first day little Miss Polly's manners were of frigid politeness, and she was such a contrast to the romping chil-

**POLLY SLIPPED AND FELL ON THE SLIPPERY PATH.**  
It wouldn't do to go back as fast as they came or they would be questioned about their driving.  
"Let's go fishing," said Dick. "We can get Will Jones' tackle; he went to the city yesterday."  
They tied the horse to a fence and Dick fished along the creek while Polly went after poppies. She soon had a heaping, golden armful, but Dick had poor luck, as Sonoma Creek is pretty thoroughly fished out. So they returned the fishing tackle and started home.  
They got back about 10 o'clock, and thought there would be plenty of time to go to Bronson's and return before noon, if they hurried.  
**A Serious Adventure.**  
After climbing the hill back of the house and crawling under the barbed-wire fence, where Polly, of course, wore a great hole in her sleeve, the children started across the grain field. Ordinarily, they went by the county road, but just now they were bent on saving time.  
"I guess we can't hurt the old grain much worse than Miss Lane's turkeys," remarked Dick, "they're in here all the time."  
Just then they heard an ominous bellop, and it sounded near.  
"What's that?" whispered Polly.  
"It's Bronson's bull, and he's in this field! Run, Polly! we'll have to climb that oak over by the fence."  
They reached the fence not a moment too soon, and scrambled up into the oak's friendly branches. Polly first, with the aid of Dick's "boost," and then he pulled himself up after her. The bull came belloping after them, shaking his head and tearing up the ground as he came.  
He knocked the fence over and commenced going the tree, Polly was scared almost to death, but Dick, in very manly fashion, reassured her, by remarking that

**SOME THINGS ABOUT SNAILS.**  
**Deaf, Dumb, Blind and Slow, but Not Altogether Stupid.**  
There are some slow little walkers that move round and round our gardens. You have often seen and wondered and ex-

**HIS REPUTATION EASILY WON.**

**THREE-SQUARE PUZZLE.**

**Little Japanese Kozos**  
**Active Lives of Small Apprentices Lads, in the Mikado's Far-Off Realm Beyond the Sea.**  
The little Japanese apprentice is called a "koso" and he belongs to a poor or middle-class family who cannot undertake the burden of his support and education in the home. To apprentice a boy to some useful trade means to make a good provision for his future, and the Japanese idea seems to be that the sooner this arrangement is made, the better. When the parents have decided upon what calling the son shall enter, or have found a good opening for him, perhaps in the business of a friend, he leaves his home with his parents, and is bound over to his new master with a long career before him as "koso" before he can aspire to be a workman with wages, and finally a master himself, if he develops any ability in his trade.  
The first born son in an Oriental family is of so much importance that in Japan he rarely becomes a "koso," unless his parents are too poverty-stricken to support him; but that does not often happen in a country where living is so cheap that small ones can be reared at the cost of a few "sena" a day. If economizing must be done, the unfortunate younger sons who suffer by it, and are generally apprenticed.  
**Country Boys.**  
Most of the "kozos" in a Japanese city are country boys, so that when they leave their homes they may not return again for many years. It is not uncommon for a child to become a "koso" at the age of 5 or 6 years. If the master considers the boy bright and strong, and likely to do well in the trade, he pays the parents a good sum of money, and agrees to give the boy a home, food and clothing until he is 15, when the apprenticeship is over. The name, by the way, means little priest. Inquiry does not develop the reason why this term is applied to them. Some say that it is because the "koso" shave their heads; still their hair is allowed to grow out again, and not kept shaved like that of the priests. The master probably finds it more economical to have his "koso" trim cut every month. The "koso" leads a busy life; one that is filled with work from early in the morning till late at night, but he rarely receives unkind words or neglect, or suffers hardships, according to the Japanese conception. Probably a small American boy of any class would object to working as hard as the average Japanese apprentice. The Japanese are a race uniformly gentle in their relations with each other, and harsh words are rarely heard, at the "koso" is sure of a home where he not only has all the rice that is good for him to eat, but is free from the nagging which people are so apt to give other people's children.  
**Seen Everywhere.**  
The "koso," says the Philadelphia Inquirer, in an article on the subject, from which these facts are taken, are to be seen everywhere in the streets in Japan, and in all the stores. If they are apprenticed to a "tabi" maker (the "tabi" are the white cotton-socks with a separate piece for the big toe), they sit all day on the little platform within the door of the shop, stitching away on the white socks, and deftly fitting in the ivory fastenings. Generally there are four or five at work at once, and the eldest is put in charge. He checks all unseemly mirth in the presence of a customer, and interferes when conversation becomes too loud and turns into squabbling, for small boys are much the same the world over.  
In the streets "koso," with their masters' name printed on the front or back of their blue cotton frocks, which, with skin-tight trousers of the same color, make their costume, trundle carts with lumber and carpenter's tools, or charcoal, or some kind of grain. Generally the marks of their avocations are so smeared over their round countenances that it is superfluous to look at the cart to see what they are doing. They always seem good-natured and happy, and have a glow of health on their brown cheeks which anybody might envy.  
**Two Holidays.**  
"Kozos" have two holidays only during the entire year, and one wonders why they were selected because they seemed the most appropriate for the little fellows, or whether it just happened that way, for they are the two holidays which appear on the Buddhist calendar as odd-days in the Buddhist purgatory.  
Of course, such a place never existed in the early Buddhism, but it has gradually grown in the imagination of devout believers, and the list of the torments is catalogued.

**Her Companion Disturbed.**  
Polly was evidently very well satisfied where she was, but presently she inquired what auntie was going to have for breakfast.  
"Everything good," said Dick, "but the oranges are gone, and mother said if we wanted any, to go up to the orchard and pick some."  
"Oranges! Off the trees?" squealed Polly, and she immediately began to scramble down. From that time on times were lively at the cottage under the oak.  
The road up the canyon from Glen Ellen is bordered with little Summer homes which are occupied by San Francisco people who leave their breezy city in the Summer and go up there to get warm; but, in the cottage just below Mrs. Allen's, the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Fox, lived all the year around, and rented half their house to "Summer folk."  
Mrs. Fox was a woman of very peculiar

**Enigma.**  
My first is in food, but not in eat.  
My second is in our, but not in sweet.  
My third is in book, but not in read.  
My fourth is in trinket, but not in bead.  
My fifth is in brick, but not in stone.  
My sixth is in company and also alone.  
My seventh is in lake, but not in pond.  
My eighth is in loving, and if you ever find one, keep it safely as one of the ornaments of your collection. The shell is a heavy one, marked with brown stripes, and the snail's body is gray. He enjoys his dinners and his slow perambulations all Summer. On the approach of winter he selects a snug corner, and there he makes a close cover for himself out of leaves and dirt, fastening them together with a sticky fluid which Nature has provided him to do the work.

**WICKED REVEGE OF THE JEALOUS RIVAL.**

**FROGGIE AND HIS SWEETHEART'S DREAM OF BLISS DISTURBED.**

**PUSSY CAUGHT THE LINE.**  
A well-known Boston architect has a tender spot in his heart, and once spent several hours devising a way to rescue a kitten that had fallen into one of the neighboring ditches in the walls of an apartment in the Boston Postoffice Building. The kitten had been imprisoned several days without food or water, and the flea was 46 feet in depth.  
Notice of the matter was brought to the architect late of a Saturday afternoon. The cries of the kitten could be faintly heard and the would-be rescuer at first

**THE ESKIMO.**  
Green on the hill that Mrs. Allen wondered if her Arctic life had anything to do with it.  
The next morning the people of Rose Cottage were awakened early, by the sound of a by-the, sweet whistle in the garden. The rollicking notes of "Smoky Moke" came gaily in at Auntie's open window, but when she looked out, that classical air was finished, and she heard "Whistling Rufus" over toward the ravine.  
Auntie looked in Polly's room, and it was empty. Then she sent Dick to find her, which he did, high up in the branches of a great oak which overhung the ravine.  
"How did you get there?" Dick demanded.  
"Climbed," replied Polly; "but I can't get down unless I fall down."  
"Well, you'll just have to come down the way you got up, if you don't want to go hitching down the canyon," remarked Dick.  
Polly was evidently very well satisfied where she was, but presently she inquired what auntie was going to have for breakfast.  
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