OUR BOYS and GIRLS

The Puppy's Progress

THE WHITE GOAT, STARTLED FROM DAY DREAMS OVER HIS GRASS,—FELL INTO A REGULAR PANIC.

IT HAD been quiet enough by the bank of the river before the big black dog came. I must explain that it was a Breton River and that the children in little black gowns, white caps and colored aprons, who sat quietly knitting on the grass, were Breton children who sometimes talked French, which you might have understood, and sometimes Breton, which you certainly would not have understood, and which you would have thought a very funny sounding language. The children were grouped under a tree not far from the bank of the river. Near them a white goat belonging to the mother of two of them was tied to a stake quietly grazing. Some little boys—not nice little boys, as you will presently discover—were playing close to the water and a little American girl and her mother, who had come from a nearby city to spend the day, were sitting on a bench nearer the water. And—oh, yes—a little further off there was a wicked looking old man with one eye who used a stick when he walked. He sat on another bench by himself, not looking quite so wicked at first glance as he afterward turned out to be.

And as I have said, up to the moment that the big black dog appeared upon the scene nothing much had happened. But when he did come with a bounce and a bark and with the puppy who thought him quite a wonderful dog running after him and imitating his manner as best he could, he created all the excitement he could have wished for in his vainest moments.

The puppy had left his home that day—a very much overcrowded home where he was not especially well cared for—and had cast in his fortunes with those of the big black dog. Now, the black dog was a well meaning, amiable person, but perhaps a trifle too proud of his bigness and blackness and of the commotion he could stir up if he chose. So he started in at once to make his presence felt and rushed about in a circle in the neighborhood of the goat, barking violently. He would not really have hurt any one for anything in the world, but the white goat, startled from day dreams over his grass, did not realize that, and he fell into a regular panic. I can't undertake to say what he thought the black dog was or what he imagined he was going to do to him, but he just completely lost his self-control and started off at a run pell-mell. He forgot that he had horns and that the black dog had none. He forgot everything. He just wanted to get away from that great, careering black monster at any cost, and after running blindly in any and every direction he finally remembered his friends, the children, and ran behind them for protection.

You might have thought that the children would have run away from the goat, but they were on intimate terms with him; he was in the habit of going in the house with them, if he felt like it, so they were not at all afraid of him. But when they saw that great black creature leaping about they too were seized with panic and ran shrieking and falling over each other into the next field, over the stone wall.

The black dog's thirst for excitement gratified, he ran lightly off in search of other adventures. But the puppy, the poor, foolish puppy, lingered behind instead of staying with the black dog, who was big enough to have protected him. He had, indeed, intended to remain with him, but being a puppy he could not hold one idea in his head very long, and he was quite likely to start violently off for somewhere, then stop before he got there, and forget where he was going or what he was going for. Upon this occasion he had an idea of playing with the children and the strange white beast that was so ready to run about. But, unfortunately, he was misunderstood both by the goat and the little girls, who drove him away very harshly. I am afraid that they even threw sticks and stones at him. And after dodging them nimbly and looking a little troubled and puzzled, the puppy finally wandered off in the direction of the boys by the river, for, being a puppy, his heart naturally went out to children. And I have often thought that if children realized the utter trust and belief that puppies have in them they would not play any of the cruel tricks on them that they sometimes do.

Well, the little boys—who, as I said at the beginning, were not nice little boys—pretended to play with the puppy and coaxed him up to them. Then, when he went so gladly and confidently, they picked him up and threw him into the river. The puppy had never been in the water before. Of course he knew how to swim by instinct, but the water was very cold, for it was early in the Summer, and the quick, terrible fall through the air took his breath and set his little heart to beating. Worse than that, the sides of the river were walled up with smooth stone for several feet above the water and there was no place where he could get a foothold. So he swam very fast up and down the edge looking for a place to climb up and not finding any. After a time one of the boys ran down a little ladder set close against the wall that was used for getting up and down from the boats and pulled the puppy out, none too gently, and threw him on the ground. He ran off then, looking suddenly very small with his fuzzy hair all wet and clinging to his little body. Then, when he was at a safe distance he shook himself and sat down, shivering and keeping a wary eye upon the little boys. When they came he dodged them and ran off. He was not so happy as he had been, what with the shock of finding out that the little boys were not his friends, and he sat off by himself, looking a little dazed and lonely. But, being a puppy, his memory for grievances was not very strong, and after a time he moved off very gayly again. The little American girl who had been indignantly watching all this had just been on the point of starting out with her mother to tell the little boys what she thought of them when they rescued the puppy.

She called him to her now. The puppy listened with interest, turning his head to one side as he listened, but he was still a little skeptical. After a moment, however, unable to withstand her any longer, he ran up to her with his funny little sideways run. Then the little girl made a great fuss over him, and this excited him so that he jumped up on her lap and got her gown all muddy, which she did not seem to mind, although her mother objected some. So reluctantly the little girl put the puppy down, and after several unsuccessful attempts to get upon her lap again he ran off to make other friends. Unluckily he was not as yet a good judge of character. And so, although he had learned in this, his first day out in the world, that it was not always wise to follow the example of large dogs and that little boys were to be distrusted, he had no idea as yet that there were old men who were not quite so nice as they should be. So when the old man with one eye deceitfully called the puppy up to him, the puppy ran up gladly and wagged his tail, an operation which made his whole body wiggle sympathetically. Then the wicked old man took him up in his arms and walked over to the extremely naughty boys and handed him over to them. And the little boys promptly threw the puppy into the water again, and the bad old man stood there and chuckled as if there were something funny in the sight of a frightened puppy struggling to keep his poor little nose above water.

Fortunately for the puppy the little girl and her mother saw it all and they did not wait this time, but hurried right over to the bank of the river and told the little boys what they though of them. But the little boys only grinned as if it were a joke, although the old man seemed to think it just as well to walk off as if he had nothing to do with the affair.

"You wicked, cruel little boy; pull that little dog out of the water this minute!" cried the little girl in English, which, of course, had no effect upon the little boys except to make them laugh, it was such a very funny sound. But the little girl's mother said something in French about a gendarme. Then the little boys exchanged glances of consultation and after a moment one of them went down the ladder, to which the puppy was now clinging with trembling paws. But the puppy had had his trust in little boys too cruelly shaken by this time and he only suspected more mischief, so when the little boy put out his hand to take him he growled as fiercely as he knew how. And since the little boy was not very brave—for little boys who torment cats and dogs are never brave—he was quite alarmed when the puppy displayed his milk teeth, and ran up the ladder again.

Meanwhile a flat-bottomed boat came slowly down the stream toward them. In it sat a farmers' wife who had rowed over to the village on some errands, accompanied by a maid servant and a large, absent-minded brown dog, who looked as if he had never had a trouble in his life.

As the boat came up close to the ladder to which the shivering puppy was clinging, the little girl's mother told the whole story to the farmers' wife, who listened sympathetically.

"Cannot you take him home with you?" asked the little girl's mother, "for in a few hours we must go away on the train and I am afraid these wicked little boys will torment him to death."

The Breton woman looked at the puppy and said he was a nice little dog and that she would take him home with her, and she told her maid to pull him into the boat. But by that time the puppy had begun to feel that the hand of every man was against him, so he growled again threateningly and the maid was afraid to touch him.

Then the farmers' wife, who thought rather slowly, although she was a kind-hearted woman, couldn't think of any way to get the puppy into the boat, and said that she was afraid they would have to leave him after all.

"But, madam, it is not possible to leave him like that!" exclaimed the little girl, who had remembered her French by this time. "He will die."

The woman shook her head then and seemed very much affected at the thought of the puppy's death, but did not seem to know how it was to be avoided. Then the little girl—who had been brought up to play very much like a little boy—ran down the ladder herself, put out her hands without any fear and picked up the puppy, which did not utter a single growl, but even, she insisted afterward, looked up at her and tried to smile. Then she put him in the boat, and, of course, the first thing he did was to shake himself, which the farmer's wife thought was very funny. Then she patted the seat beside her, and the puppy jumped up on it and began to wag his tail again. Then the woman said again that he was a nice little dog, and after repeated goodbys in the pretty Breton fashion, they rowed away.

The little girl remembered for a long time how the puppy looked as he stood in the stern of the boat with a wistful face turned toward the shore. Once he made as if he would jump into the water, but evidently the recollection of his recent painful experience restrained him. He was a little doubtful about the last sudden change of scene. He was glad to get out of the water and he was more than glad to get away from the little boys. He was favorably impressed with the farmer's wife. But he distrusted leaving the place he had known.

And the little girl and her mother stood on the shore until the funny, flat-bottomed boat, with the white capped Breton women, the brown dog (which had paid very little attention to the whole affair) and the anxious puppy had drifted far from sight.

"Do you think when he grows up he will have to draw a cart?" asked the little girl. She felt a little bit like crying.

"No, I think he will learn to drive the sheep," her mother consoled her, "and the farmer and his wife will be very good to him and proud of him. But for some time I think he will like little girls better than little boys, until he learns that all little boys are not cruel."

But I am inclined to think that the puppy will forget all about that cruel treatment in a day or two. For, as I said before, puppies have short memories and go around the world believing that every one is kind and charming and ready to play with them. And I am sure that the little boys and girls who read this will not want to do anything to spoil this beautiful trust that puppies have in them.

THE FAIRY FORTUNE

HOW TO MAKE FAIRY FORTUNE CARDS.

Cut out each one of the pictures separately. Put these in a little pile as you finish them. Be sure to cut just along the outside lines only.

When you have done this, cut out eighteen cards from a piece of pasteboard, making them just a little larger than the pictures. Be sure to have the cards of uniform size, as the pack will not look nice unless it is neatly done. Do not use pasteboard that is too heavy—bristol board is best, but if you want to give the cards away for a present, or if you want to have them very, very nice indeed, mount the pictures on thin cards such as you can buy by the package at the stationers'.

After you have made or bought your cards, mount the given pictures upon them, using good paste without lumps. As you finish each card allow it to dry under a heavy book or weight, but be careful no paste adheres to it.

Make the cards carefully and neatly and you will have a game that will last a long time and give other people, as well as yourself, a great deal of fun. Elsewhere in the page you will see how the fairy fortune cards are used.

Fairy Fortune With the Cards

OF course the Fairy Fortune is "just pretend" play. It is all "just supposing" things that might happen, and that is just the fun of it, because nobody ever knows what will happen. So you can pretend all kinds of good and funny things. The Fairy fortune Cards will tell you some of them and this is how you tell fortunes that are just pretend:—

There are 18 cards in the fortune pack. The first ten are about things that are going to happen while you are a little girl or boy. The last eight (from number 11 to number 18) refer to when you are "grown up."

So, first, take out the numbers 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 and put them aside by themselves so that the pictures do not show. If a little girl's fortune is to be told take out the three cards numbered 11, 12, 14. If a little boy's fortune is to be told these may all be left as they are. Number 15, if it refers to a little girl, means that she will be a rich woman, and number 18, if a little boy's fortune card, means that he will take care of a pet animal at home. When you have placed these cards aside shuffle the other ten cards and then put them down on the table.

Suppose you wanted to tell a fortune for a little boy eight years old—this is how you do it:

You would first ask him how old he was (if you are more than ten years old you can't have your fortune told with these cards). Well, suppose he says he is eight years old, you take the pack of cards and hold them so that nobody will be able to see the pictures, and you count out eight cards—one for every year of his age—and you turn up the eighth card; if that is a number eight it means that he will go on a pretend journey. If it is number three it means that he will have a present some time. If the card is number two then the little boy must turn around three times for luck and wish a wish, and you must take out three cards from the pack you have been counting from and put the wish card into the pack with the three and shuffle them. Then you count out three cards again, and if the little boy gets the wish card again perhaps he will get his wish if the wish fairy doesn't play pretend.

Now you take all the pack of ten cards again, and you ask the little boy when his birthday comes. If he says it comes in March, March is the third month, and you count out three cards and turn up the third and it will be his fortune, unless you turn up the wish card again, and if you do you will follow out the directions already given. Those born in November or December, the eleventh and twelfth months, count as one and two.

Next you ask the little boy the date of his birthday. If he says it is March 2 you take your pack of ten cards again, and after you have shuffled them, you count out two—and that is more of his fortune.

If the date of the little boy's birthday is any number larger than ten, like seventeenth or twenty-fourth, count seven or four as the case may be. The card turned down will continue the fortune.

Next, ask him what day he was born on. If he says Thursday, Thursday is the fifth day of the week, so you shuffle the ten cards up again and count out five and turn up the fifth card, and that is more of his fortune and ends the time when he was just a little boy. If he doesn't know what day he was born on, ask him to write the day he likes best, and take that day, and if he doesn't care, take the number nine, which stands for a holiday.

Next is what happens when he is "grown up," and you put aside the pack of ten cards and take the small pack you put aside at the beginning. You shuffle them up so that no one can see the pictures, and then you count three cards out twice for luck, and turn down the sixth card, and that will be the pretend thing that the little boy is going to be when he grows up, and the Fairy Fortune is ended.

Of course it is all "pretend" anyway, so you must take it all as fun. If the same cards come into the Fairy Fortune more than once it just means that the Fairy or her brother, the Good Gnome, has decided that the pretend Fortune has got to be what they have selected, and that that is surely the pretend thing they want to have happen. Meaning of the fortune cards:

No. 1—The Lucky Fairy; means good luck.

No. 2—The Wish Fairy; grants the wish made.

No. 3—The Gift Fairy; means a present is coming to you.

No. 4—The Treasure Fairy; means that you are going to find something.

No. 5—The Secret Fairy; means you are going to hear some very good news.

No. 6—The Travel Gnome; means you are going on a journey.

No. 7—The Good Time Gnome; means you are going to a party or the circus or something nice.

No. 8—The Helping Gnome; means you are going to do something nice for somebody.

No. 9—The Play Gnome; means somebody you like is coming to play with you.

No. 10—The Learned Gnome; means you are going to become very wise and always know your lessons at school.

No. 11—The President Card; means you are going to be President when you grow up.

No. 12—The Policeman Card; means you are going to be a policeman.

No. 13—The Candystore Card; means that you will keep a candystore when you grow up.

No. 14—The Soldier Card; means that you will be a soldier.

No. 15—The Rich Man Card; means that you will be a rich man when you grow up.

No. 16—The Artist Card; means you will be an artist when you grow up.

No. 17—The Writer Card; means that you will write books when you grow up.

No. 18—The Pet Animal Card; means you will take care of a pet animal home when you grow up.

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS IN FUNNY LAND

BY GRACIA KASSON AND ERNEST TSCHANTRÉ JR.

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THERE was great fun in Fruitland
When Mister German Pear
With portly corporation
Walked down the gang plank stair.
Bananas called their comrades
To come and see the fun
"We'll trip up Mister German
And if we're caught we'll run.

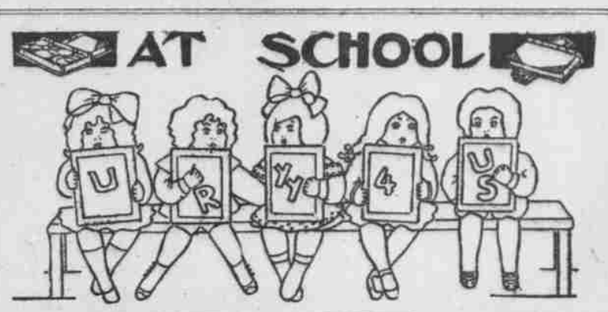
He didn't know Bananas
Were known as dangerous things.
So unsuspecting journeyed
Along the walk. There rings
A shout of mirth and laughter
When Mister German Pear,
With pipe in mouth and grip sack,
Gave one gasp of despair.

He slid upon the peeling
And fell upon his back.
His pipe dropped to the pavement.
His head received a whack;
He gathered up his grip sack
And brushed off all the dirt;
His pipe was all in pieces,
The crowd asked, "Are you hurt?"

He glared at them in silence.
And kicked the peel aside.
And brushed his dirty waistcoat
And answered them with pride:—
"In Germany the streets are
As clean as clean can be;
Things like Banana peelings
On walks we never see!"

MORE FRUITS and VEGETABLES IN FUNNY LAND NEXT WEEK

AT SCHOOL



See if you can read the sentence the children have written on their slates?

Tale of the Tailors of Tenafly

Three slender tailors went sauntering by
On the dusty road to Tenafly;
Near a tiny brown cottage they stoped to cry:
"Dame Margery, oho!
Our jackets are empty, our throats are dry;
We're anxious your sweet sangaree to try,
For the fame of that same has spread far and nigh;
Dame Margery, hello!"

Dame Margery called from her cottage door,
As she searchingly looked the three tailors o'er:
"But how are you going to settle your score—
If your pockets are empty—with me?"

"Oh, we've been a roving for three years and more,
And have picked up of wonderful tricks ten score;
We'll each do you a stunt you've ne'er seen before
To pay for the sangaree."

So the first tailor threaded a ray of light
Into the small round eye of his needle bright,
And sewed up a broken goblet so tight
That the dame no crack could find.

And the next tailor caught a gnat in its flight
Which in one of its socks had a little mite,
Of a rent; and he darned up that hole all right.
And the gnat was off like the wind.

And the third tailor took his needle small
And jabbed it into the brown cottage wall,
Then took a flying leap, high cap and all,
Clear through the needle's eye.

Dame Margery clapped her hands in glee,
Then filled a big thimble with sangaree.
"Here, drink your fill, clever tailors," said she.
They drank deep and said goodbye.

"Farewell, dear, generous Dame Margery!
We'll never forget you wherever we be;
Neither you nor your famous sweet sangaree.
Goodbye, good dame; goodbye!"