OUR BOYS AND GIRLS---Conducted by Polly Evans

WHEN MARGERY WENT TO ST. MARY'S

HATS, gowns, girdles, stocks, photographs, books, dainty lingerie, golf clubs, a racquet and innumerable odds and ends on chairs, tables, bed and window; an open trunk fairly yawning to be packed, and on the floor Margery bent with rueful countenance to pick up the contents of an overturned workbox.

"I'll never get them all in—never," she muttered. "Packing is just hateful, anyhow. I'd rather never go away than do it. Why haven't I a maid like Nancy has? I don't believe she ever lifts her finger. Wait till my ship comes in. Won't I luxuriate!"

"Margery! Margery! where are you? Can I come up?" called a sweet voice.

"Yes, indeed; that is, if you can find a spot to roost on," said Margery, as Nancy Blair appeared in the doorway. "Did you ever see such a mess? Here, wait till I clear a place for you," and Margery ruthlessly swept a pile of freshly laundered skirts from the window seat to the floor.

"Margery, is it true? Tom tells me you are going away to school to-morrow. It's so exciting I can't believe it. What shall I ever do without you this winter?"

"Well, Nannie-Pannie, I'm scheduled to go; but from present appearances my clo' and sich will not go along. Dear me! I suppose I might as well get something in; so here goes!" and Margery, roughly folding a dainty white gown, deposited it at the bottom of the big trunk.

"Oh, Margery! don't do that! It will be ruined!" cried Nancy. "All the heavy things should go in first. Here; let me pack for you."

"Nancy, the idea of your packing when you have a maid to do everything for you! I only wish Providence had given me one, too."

Nancy laughed.

Just Then Nancy Blair Appeared in the Doorway

"I may have a maid, but I have also a mother who believes every girl should be self-reliant. Why, when I was in Paris last year I took lessons from a professional packer. Give me plenty of tissue paper, and I'll show you what a wonder I am. Here, while I work, you straighten that ribbon box and tell me all about it. I'm crazy to hear."

"On Tuesday," Margery began, "father's firm told him he must go at once to Japan on business, and might take mother along. Of course, as Aunt Rebecca has been a missionary in Tokio for the last ten years, mother was wild to see her; but there I was, too young and beautiful"—and Margery screwed her rather plain face into a funny knot—"to shift for myself, while, alas! poverty prevented the improvement of my mind by travel.

"Mother said she wouldn't go, and I was about to suggest a winter of martyrdom at Aunt Priscilla's—whom I just detest, my dear, if she is my aunt—when a letter arrived from Mrs. Marsden saying they had to take Frances out of St. Mary's on account of illness, and would I, as a great favor, fill her place, for which they had paid a year in advance?

"So here I am off to-morrow, and mother and father sail Saturday. That is, if I ever get packed—Why, Nancy Blair! how did you do it? Why, almost everything is in! You certainly are a wonder! I would have been all night getting that pile straight. You sweet thing! I wish you were going along to room with me! I wonder if I'll be homesick?"

"Oh, I hope not! It's so splendid for you, and you always make friends so easily, and I'll write you every day," said Nancy, bravely hiding her own distress at the loss of her dearest friend. "Only, Margery, don't like any new girl better than you do me."

"Of course not, goosie, as if I could. Anyhow, you have such a lovely home and can always buy whatever you want, you can't be so very lonely," replied Margery, who had an undue respect for wealth as a producer of happiness.

"Margery, dear, I wish you wouldn't talk that way. I know I am a very lucky girl that father and mother can give me so many nice things, but there are some things money cannot do," and Nancy looked rather sad.

Only yesterday the doctor had said she must leave school and lead a perfectly quiet life, because of her heart. To ambitious Nancy, always at the head of her class, this was a terrible blow; the harder to bear since Margery would be away.

"I must go now, Margery," said Nancy, a sudden thought striking her; "I'll see you again before you leave."

That evening, as Margery, her trunk locked and strapped, was somewhat disconsolately wondering if no one would come to bid her good-bye, there was a sudden ring at the doorbell, and a dozen or more girls and boys, each with a large package, entered the room.

"Hello, Margery, we've come to give you a surprise party. Tell us where to dump this stuff," said Dick Reed.

What an evening it was! No time for regrets or anticipatory homesickness in that merry crowd. Music, jesting and an impromptu chafing dish feast kept every one lively.

"What fun it has been!" said Margery, "I did so dread my last evening at home. How did you ever think of it?"

"Oh, it was Nancy, you might know. She always thinks of all the nice plans to make people happy. She said she wanted you to have a good send-off," answered Carton Randolph. "Good-night; we'll all see you at the train."

The next morning, early as it was, the whole crowd was at the train to bid farewell to their young friend. They showered her with flowers and candy, and kept up such a merry chatter sadness was impossible.

"Margery, Margery, don't forget me, and do write often," whispered Nancy, brushing away the tears as she said good-bye. "And, Margery, here is something to open the first time you are homesick."

"I'm afraid it will never be opened if I wait till then," laughed Margery; "but thank you immensely all the same."

Margery was soon to learn boarding school was not home and old friends. She bore up bravely through the parting with her parents, and was quite cheerful until bedtime; then a great wave of homesickness swept over her, and she burst into tears.

Groping for a handkerchief, she struck Nancy's package. Opening it quickly, she found a number of boxes marked "homesick cures" and numbered from 1 to 12.

Tearing off the wrappers, marked Attack No. 1, Margery found within a gay Japanese silk kimono like one she had long envied Nancy and a letter from her friend.

In her pleasure at her unexpected gift Margery quite forgot her woes.

"What a darling Nancy is!" she thought as she was dropping off to sleep. "But I don't know that she has struck a very good cure for me, as I'm so crazy to see what is in those other boxes I'll have to get homesick just to find out."

Polly Evans and Jacky See the Largest Crater in the World

Wore Masks to Protect Them

Dear Boys and Girls:

THE wandering valise—containing four steamer tickets, all of our money and Polly Evans' glasses!—after a five days' visit to Hawaii, concluded at last to return to its owners, and, thanks to our friend, the "King of Maui," it was sent promptly over the intervening twenty-five miles from the landing wharf, at Maalala Bay, to our friends' home, where we were visiting in Haiku, so as to reach us on Saturday and enable us to begin our trip to the great crater of Haliakala on Sunday.

This crater, you remember, is the hugest crater in the whole world. It is 10,000 feet above sea level, and if you try to walk all around the edge of it you must prepare for a twenty-seven-mile walk! What do you think of that? And from our friends' home the horseback ride to the crater and back was thirty-two miles! Do you wonder that Jacky and his auntie had to have a preliminary horseback ride or two, so as to get into practice for this longer, harder ride?

Well, we started out Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and you should have seen us! Uncle Charlie was on a mule, which was loaded down with saddlebags, and, as it was raining, he himself was enveloped in a great yellow oilskin raincoat. So also was Cousin Dick, whose mount was the tiniest, humblest-looking little mule you can imagine. The rest of us were mounted on horses, and we, too, were in oilskin raincoats. The ladies—two of us—had also to cover our faces with funny-looking muslin masks to protect our complexions from the fearful sunburning which is sure to befall all who neglect this precaution. Jacky said "No! no!" when a mask was offered him, but he lived to regret his folly, for all the skin later peeled off his poor face and neck.

AN EARLY START

By 6 o'clock we reached "Olinda," a charming mountain rest house, owned by a son of our "king," who had kindly placed it at our disposal. Here we were 4000 feet above the sea and chilly. So the big, open wood fire in the parlor proved very welcome indeed.

"Early to bed and early to rise," being the motto of all crater visitors, we soon opened the big linen closet and helped ourselves to blankets for the night. All the doors and windows were opened wide to admit the fresh mountain breeze, and presently nothing but Uncle Charlie's snore disturbed the quiet of the house.

By 4 we were all up, and half an hour later the fine breakfast which Uncle Charlie had cooked had been dispatched. One pair of saddlebags were filled as tightly as possible with luncheon and placed on the stoutest mule. Everybody donned oilskin coats again, for a cloud had settled down on us already and soaked us to the skin.

Now began the real work of our trip. Up and down over a frightfully rocky trail, sometimes through gulches so precipitous that we considered it safer to dismount and walk through them. After a time the trail became so very slight and obscure that the only way we could keep track of it was by looking over the white cloths tied to bushes here and there to mark the trail. We no sooner emerged from one cloud than we got into another, and what, with the great, heavy oilskin coats weighing on our shoulders, and what with the sopping wet muslin masks sticking to our faces, we two ladies were not precisely comfortable. This Polly Evans is willing to confide to you boys and girls, but not for a moment did we admit it to the gentlemen in our party! Not a murmur escaped our lips.

Finally, we got above the clouds into the glorious sunshine, and now the mountain slope was so steep that the only way to get our poor, tired steeds safely up was by zigzagging them hither and thither, instead of sticking straight to the path, and even then we could feel them panting painfully, while Cousin Dick's mule gave out completely and had to be unsaddled and picketed and left there on the mountain side until our return, Cousin Dick completing his progress to the top on foot.

A SLOW CLIMB

At last, after five hours' steady climbing (to cover a distance of only six miles!) we reached the top and, dropping from our tired horses, hastened to the edge, whence we obtained our first view of a crater.

And oh! what a view; although, strictly speaking, it was not the crater that we saw at first, but a vast lake of clouds filling the crater, great silent clouds heaving, floating, curling, waving, now dazzling white in the sunlight, then a restful gray in the shade. We were struck dumb by the grandeur of the sight. In silence we gazed, and there is no telling but we should have been rooted to the spot, if we had not had Jacky with us to break the spell.

"Gee!" he sighed, "isn't it great! But I'm hungry. Let's have some grub." At which everybody laughed, and we proceeded at once to clamber over the huge chunks of lava rock a little way down the inside of the crater to a shelf-like place, where we unpacked the contents of our saddle bags, and were soon consuming our "grub" with the keenest sort of appetites.

"Now, I want a drink," announced Jacky.

"There!" exclaimed Uncle Charlie, "we've gone and left our canteen behind somewhere; I wonder where?"

"H—m! Guess I left it down where we picketed my mule," ventured Cousin Dick.

So our whole party had to go thirsty until on our return trip we reached the place where the canteen had been left. Meanwhile, however, the clouds began to drift out of the crater, and gradually, one by one, the numerous huge cones in the bottom of the crater began to make their appearance. Hundreds of feet below us as they were, the huge holes in their centres seemed comparatively small; but on turning our field glasses on them we realized how vastly large and deep they are.

WAS IT PART OF THE MOON?

"And every one of those holes once belched forth volumes of fire, smoke and melted lava," said Uncle Charlie. "Think of that, Jacky!"

"Yes," put in Cousin Dick, "and this island and all the islands of the Hawaiian group, were coughed up by this and the other volcanoes. There—look straight ahead across the water, and you can see Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, the active volcanoes, on the island of Hawaii. Sixty miles away they are. Isn't that a grand panorama?"

"Indeed it is!" agreed every one most heartily.

"I noticed in a Honolulu paper," said Polly Evans, "that Professor Pickering, of Harvard University, has just been visiting those two volcanoes, and he says Hawaii is a piece of the moon dropped down into the sea. How about that?"

"Don't know," replied Uncle Charlie, rather indifferently. "He is probably correct. He ought to know. Well, we must be off for home, children."

So, after we had taken some pictures of the views we liked best, pictures that will probably turn out to be very poor, however, on account of the dazzling light and the tremendous distances) and pictures of our party, including the funny muslin masks, we mounted our steeds and began the hard downward journey home.

Oh! how difficult it was! Every step to be watched so closely for fear of a bad stumble and fall. So many deep breaks in the path, requiring a good hold on the saddle in order for one not to pitch over the horse's head as he stepped down. How often, for the sake of the relief and of limbering up our knees, did we dismount and go ahead, leading our horses after us. But oh! there were so many, many stones to pick our way by, and over and between, that we were glad enough to resume our seats in the saddle.

The trip down was quickly made, nevertheless, we reaching "Olindo" in two hours and a half. Maybe we were not hungry! Jacky's stomach fairly stuck out of his eyes! We did not stop even to bathe our faces and hands, but sat

A Crater in Action

right down to the fine hot dinner which had been prepared for us by the Japanese caretaker.

Then came a beautiful sunset, which we watched from the piazza. Below us lay the vast plain charmingly green with sugar cane, rising gradually into the magnificent Wailuku range of mountains, which cross the entire island from shore to shore. To our left the Pacific Ocean and the Island of Lanai. To our right the Pacific Ocean and an unbroken horizon. Away off in the distance a glimpse of the Island of Molokai. Look in your geographies, and you can see on the map the view we had from the piazza of "Olinda."

After the sunset we were glad enough to relax our weary limbs and backs as we took a little nap. Then we gathered around the great open fire again and told stories till Jacky's head began to droop and Uncle Charlie said: "To bed, all of us!"

Next morning we were off again, stopped at the "King of Maui's" for a basket of luscious fresh figs, then on again, and by noon we reached home, tired but supremely happy.

Next day we went back to Honolulu, and the next letter will tell you about our further experiences.

POLLY EVANS.

A VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN

Jack Horner's Pie.

DID ANY of you boys and girls ever see a crocodile? That enormous reptile which is bigger than any animal known except the elephant, the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus. It sometimes is thirty or forty feet long, and has a huge jaw that can take in at one gulp a horse or a man. This horrid reptile used to be considered sacred by the ancient Egyptians. Sometimes the crocodile was tamed, ornamented with gold rings and precious stones set in its ears and bracelets on its feet. It was then set up for the worship of the people, who would feed it with cake and baked meats and wines. It seem strange, does it not, that any one could worship such a frightful-looking god? Probably it was because the natives of Africa held it in such terror that they wished to appease it.

There seemed to be one thing that did not dread the crocodile, and that was a little bird of which Herodatus and other ancient writers tell us. It would hop in the crocodile's huge jaw when it was lying on the shore asleep and feed with its bill on the debris within the terrible teeth. Herodatus called this bird a trochilus, and many persons have tried to discover what bird it really was. Some think it was a wagtail or sandpiper, while others believe it to be a kind of plover, or the sic-sac, or crocodile bird. Modern students have found, however, that there really are certain birds which have this habit of going safely into the crocodile's jaws.

HOW OFTEN have Polly Evans' girls and boys seen Burmah on the map of Asia, up there on the northeastern corner of the Bay of Bengal; but how many know much more about it than that the English now rule there, and the people generally worship the god Buddha? Yet the Burmese children have the queerest and most interesting things happen to them from the time they are babies; at least, they seem interesting to us, who live such very different lives. Imagine our babies swinging in cradles from the ceiling, or being tattooed, or smoking big cigars, or having no last name the same as their father's and mother's, or being carried on their mother's back!

A Burmese baby's cradle is made out of an old basket, or is, perhaps, woven out of bamboo and vines and leaves. It is suspended by strong vines from the roof, and there the little stranger hangs out of harm's way for all its sleepy times in the early months of its life, just like a little bird in its nest. Sometimes the mother gives the cradle a push as she goes to and fro about her work, and then mistress or master baby aways back and forth like a pendulum.

What do you think is the very first festival given in this Burmese baby's honor? A play called a Zat Poay. This is given by the child's father to his friends, and is a very great occasion, indeed. All the Burmese are very fond of the theatre, and, indeed, until recently it was hard to find a man of that country who had not at some time in his life been an actor. To celebrate birthdays or great events throughout the little Burman's life, instead of their being given a jolly party such as our boys and girls would enjoy, there is always a Zat Poay.

The next important event is the naming day. This comes when baby is two weeks old, and all the friends and relatives are invited to a feast and Zat Poay. Now, you know that the little Burmese has no last name, but how in the world do you think he gets his first name? Why, he is named according to the day of the week on which he is born. The alphabet is divided up among the days of the week, and a child born on Monday, or Taninla, for instance, must be called by some name beginning with K, G and N; and so on through all the seven days.

Each day also has some animal sacred to it, and the child must always make offering to his god of a candle made of gay, colored wax and shaped like his special animal. Thus Monday's child would offer a tiger candle; Tuesday's, a lion; Wednesday's, a tusked elephant; Thursday's, a rat, and Friday's, a guinea pig. If one happens to be born on Saturday or Sunday, then the little Burmese has fabled animals—a dragon or a strange creature, half bird, half beast.

PRETTY soon the young Burmese boy is tattooed and the girl has her ears pierced. Of course, this means another Zat Poay. Now Polly Evans thinks this time the girl certainly has the better of it. For it is so much less painful an operation. Besides, there is a feast, and the musicians play gay tunes to drown the little girl's cries while the sharp gold needle is run through her ear. If the truth must be told, the girls of Burmah are something of cowards; for they make much more fuss over the slight pain of ear-piercing than the boys do over the agony of tattooing.

It can't be done all at once, this tattooing, and sometimes the last and ceremonial operation does not come till the young Burmese is quite a big boy. But just imagine how gay looking that boy is when it is all through, and the pain, which is sometimes so severe as to require opiates, is all forgotten! That boy may have dots and animals and charms picked out on him; and sometimes he has a very brilliant picture done in red in a shaven spot on his head; or sometimes the pictures tell a story or allegory from the waist to the heels. Can you see what the Burmese admire in such a barbarous practice? Some of you may have seen a tattooed man in a circus, and know how very ugly he looks.

You all know that a baker's dozen means thirteen for twelve; but did you ever hear how it gained its name? In the old days there used to be heavy fines and penalties if a tradesman gave short weight or measure. So the bakers, to be very sure they would not be punished, would give an extra loaf with every dozen. This was called the vantage loaf. Often people speak of "giving a man a baker's dozen," which means a sound whipping—all he deserves and one more.

Often, too, the baker's dozen is called the devil's dozen in reference to the number thirteen, which a great many people think unlucky. There are a great many different reasons given why the number thirteen is unlucky. Some people think it is because of Judas Iscariot at the last supper of our Lord; others say it is because that number of witches assemble at each of their great feasts. Polly Evans hopes none of her girls and boys believes either in witches or an unlucky thirteen. As for the first, we all know nowadays there are no such persons, though our ancestors feared them greatly; and the second superstition is equally foolish. Polly Evans has often sat down thirteen at a table; once she did it every meal for a fortnight, and yet all those people are still alive.

WHAT would you call this picture? Why, corn, of course, every one answers; that is, if you are an American. If you were a Scotch child, you would probably call oats corn; while, if English, you might give this name to wheat, barley, rye and oats. Here in the United States we mean but one thing when we speak of corn—that is maize or Indian corn. We call other cereals grain or else by their proper names.

Little Karl's Angel

LITTLE PEGGY had been very ill. For days no one believed she would get well. No one, that is, but Karl, Peggy's twin, and, of course, he was little and did not really know.

Once when the doctor, who came many times a day, shook his head and the trained nurse looked worried and father and mother were very, very sad. Karl climbed into mother's lap and said consolingly:

"Don't cry, mother, my Peggy is goin' to get well and play with me, 'cause an angel all white and shiny came last night and whispered right in my ear and told me so. She said: 'Little Karl, we would like to have your Peggy very much up in our heavenly home, and we have a lovely golden house all ready for her, but since you would be so sad and lonely down on earth without her, the dear Lord says she shall stay with you a little longer.'"

Through all the dark days that followed Karl never once could be shaken from his belief in his angel visitor, and often the little fellow's faith helped his sorrowful parents when all hope seemed gone.

On the dreadful day when the doctor told them, "Little Peggy will not be here in the morning," Karl grew very indignant.

"She will, too," he cried. "Dr. Carlton is a bad, naughty man to say she won't. My angel told me Peggy would stay with me, and she knows."

That night poor fevered Peggy suddenly began to get better. She looked around, called "Karlie," and when her brother appeared smiled faintly at him and fell into a refreshing sleep.

How thankful and surprised every one was. Karl kept saying over and over: "I knew my angel was right! I knew my angel was right!"

Now, while Peggy was very ill, she had been the best little patient possible, but since she was better I am very sorry to say she was quite cross and fractious.

She simply would not take the good, nourishing broths that the doctor ordered; as for her medicine, she just shut her lips up tight and absolutely refused to swallow it. Mother and the nurse were quite distracted for fear the little girl would grow worse again.

Then Karl took a hand.

One day when Peggy was particularly stubborn and hard to manage, he said to her, reprovingly:

"Peggy Thomas, my angel didn't leave you down here with me to be a naughty girl. She said you were to stay for company for me, but I'm afraid she took your company manners up to heaven with her by mistake, and you'll just be an old crossie all the rest of your life, and be snappy like old Mrs. Jones, I believe you are growing to look like her right now."

"Oh, Karlie, you don't really think so. Oh, oh, get me a looking-glass, quick. I wouldn't look like Mrs. Jones, cross old thing, not for fifty hundred plates of ice cream."

"Well," said Karl, "maybe you ain't just exactly like her, but you're pretty cross-looking, and I'm sure my angel wouldn't think you were very nice for that home she has all ready for you."

"Who is your angel, Karlie? I didn't never hear of her before, and what home do you mean?"

Then Karl told his sister all about his dream of an angel, who to the boy seemed a very real visitor.

"Karlie," said the deeply impressed Peggy, "if an angel gave me back to you, I mustn't never fight with you no more, and I must get well just as quick as I can, too."

"That's right, dear," said father, who entered the room just then, "a little girl who has been so wonderfully cared for should be very thankful, and do everything possible to get perfectly well. Now, I'll tell you what to do. Each time you take your tonic pleasantly father will give you fifteen cents to put in this fine new monkey bank I have here, and each time you eat a big bowl of broth you shall have ten cents. Think how much money you can earn by the time you are well."

"Goody, good," cried Peggy. "Karlie, run tell mother I'll take my ugly old tonic and broth both right off to once."

PUZZLES and PROBLEMS

A Word Square.

* * * * * to give.
* * * * * a horseman.
* * * * * farewell.
* * * * * requirements.
* * * * * belief.

A Riddle.

Which has most legs, one cat or no cat?

A Charade.

When Johnny hears the school bell ring
He steps my second o'er,
It being composition day,
His troubles are in store.
Right ruefully he grasps my first,
His ideas will not flow,
His metal stirrings are my third
The essay is no go.
And so my fourth he sadly casts
Upon the vacant sheet,
One single letter—'tis my fifth,
Is all his eyes doth greet,
And then the class in g'ography
Is called on to begin
To tell the bounds of all the States,
To Johnny-boy's chagrin.
"Now, tell me," teacher sternly asks,
"What lies to east and west
And north and south of all my whole?"
Says Johnny, "I'll be blest
If I know anything at all
'Bout what we have to-day,"
And so, kept in for two whole hours,
Poor Johnny has to stay.

Double Beheadings and Curtailings.

Doubly behead and doubly curtail the following words, rearrange the remaining letters, place the new words one under the other, and the initials will spell an American city located by a compromise.

1. To wreathe around and make intelligence.
2. A voracious bird and makes defensive sprays.
3. To exist and make wickedness.
4. The largest of quadrupeds and make a mass.
5. A kind of clover and make a form of the verb to be.
6. An unbroken horse and make a negative.
7. Showy and make clotted blood.
8. To christen and make the point.
9. Perplexing and make not the same persons.
10. A memorandum book and make a diminutive of Edward.

What Town and State?

The following pictures represent a small town and the State it is in. Can you locate it for Polly Evans?

Jumbled Rivers.

Are you fond of geography? Then show Polly Evans how easily you can guess the following rivers:

Acramin—A river of South America.
Aannsauughe—A river in the eastern United States.
Peerlnd—A river of Russia.
Bismaez—A river of Africa.
Taakgisnney—A river of China.
Perro—A river of Australia.
Ragenno—A river of France.
Brite—A river of Italy.
Coonrio—A river of Venezuela.

Easy Diamond.

*
* * *
* * * * *
* * *
*

In rose.
A kind of horse.
Grave.
Something to sleep in.
In rose.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles and Problems

Six States.

Badger State (Wisconsin); Bear State (Arkansas); Diamond State (Delaware); Lone Star State (Texas); Nutmeg State (Connecticut); Pine Tree State (Maine).

Numerical Enigma.

Generous, lasting, rattle, din, hat, aid, gin. A little learning is a dangerous thing.

What Is It?

A bat.

A Zigzag.

C l o g
s H e d
m a R t
M a r Y
b a S s
b A b e
N o o n
U T a h
a c H e
H u m E
l a M e
B U r r
M u s k

PERFECTLY SATISFIED

SMALL CARL, who lives out in California, not long ago was invited to a children's party. His mother bought him a beautiful new white sailor suit for the great event, and the boy could scarcely wait for the day to arrive that he might wear it.

When Carl was dressing the afternoon of the party, his mother found him in the drawing room gazing intently at his image in the big pier glass.

"Mother," said the little boy, as she entered the room, and drawing a long breath of perfect satisfaction, "Mother, don't you believe they'll think it's God coming in."

HOUSE TARGETS

HOW many of you boys and girls have ever shot at a mark? Those of you who have know what good sport it is. Indeed, it is more than just an amusement, for it trains the eye and steadies the hand. So many mothers, though, object to a pistol or rifle for their children's use that a great many boys and girls are deprived of the pleasure of learning to shoot.

One of the new games this fall should be popular, indeed, for it gives the boys and girls (and grown people, too) a splendid chance to become good marksmen without any danger of stray bullets. Better yet, it can be used in the house, and is a fine way to pass a rainy day or evening.

A target, numbered from 25 to 100, is set up on a table or wall, and the marksmen take turns shooting at it with an air pistol. The projectile is the real novelty about this game, as it consists of a short stick, with a round rubber disk on the end. This end, slightly moistened, forms a vacuum when it strikes the target, and thus sticks on the face, instead of piercing it as would the ordinary bullet.

The rubber tip prevents all danger of accident to player, or room or furniture, while the training to the eye and hand is excellent, and the fun of piling up a winning score is great.

There is also another somewhat similar game, called the harmless target. This target is set with little pins. The players throw at it from a given distance different colored feathers attached to little balls of wax.

It makes a very exciting contest when there are several players on each side, and is a fine game to teach a sense of direction and a good aim.

HURRY! HURRY!

HURRY is a word we Americans use every day—too often, in fact. If we hurry too much over things we do, especially when we are young, they are apt to be pretty badly done.

Do any of you know where this word came from? Why, just from the noises made by drivers of mules and horses to make them go faster. The Germans say hurl, while in France and Germany arrl! or harrl! is the form employed. As for the Spanish muleteer, he shouts all day long to his donkeys, "Arrl! arrl!" It is said, too, our ancestors, the old Anglo-Saxons, used to speed their horses by crying "Harrer!"

HIGH AUTHORITY

YOUNG BERTRAND LE COUNT had a wonderfully vivid imagination, which vented itself in many marvelous tales.

This trait worried his mother not a little, as she feared her small son might become untruthful.

One afternoon Bertrand rushed into his mother's room calling, "Come down, quick, mother, and see the big lion on our porch. It is champing up and down, roaring and wagging its tail and lashing its mane!"

Mrs. Le Count felt that something must be done, so calling the boy to her she talked seriously to him of the wrong of telling stories. When she had finished, she said to the apparently deeply impressed child:

"Now, Bertrand, before you go back to play I want you to go into your room, and kneel down by your little bed and ask God to forgive you."

In scarcely a minute Mrs. Le Count heard the child laughing and playing with his dog.

"Bertrand," called his mother. "I thought I told you to ask God to forgive you for telling me that naughty story about the lion. Why did you not do it?"

"Why, I did, mother, and God said, 'That's all right, Bertrand. I thought it was a lion, too.'"