

FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL



THE LITTLE OLD STORY

By GRACE MAGGOWAN COOKE.

THERE was once a little old man and a little old woman, and they lived in a little old house on a little old farm. They had a little old cow and a little old horse and a little old dog and a little old cat.

One day the little old man dug him a load of potatoes and started off to the little old town

He found the little old man in a store, where he had just sold his potatoes and was putting his little old pocket-book in his little old pocket.

"Why, bless me, here's Topsy!" the little old man cried when he saw the little old dog.

Topsy took the little old man's coat-edge between his teeth and pulled at it. "Topsy, Topsy! Is there

anything wrong at home?" the little old man asked him; and when the little old dog kept on pulling, the little old man ran out to the little old hitching-rail, untied the little old horse, jumped in his little old wagon, and whipped up the little old horse to as fast a trot as he could travel.

When finally he got to his little old house he saw no little old woman anywhere about, so he quickly drove back to the little old barn, and there she lay, still groaning on the ground.

The little old man picked up the little old woman in his arms and carried her into the little old house and laid her on the little old lounge. Then they sent for the little old doctor, and he came in his little old



TIPSY TOOK THE LITTLE OLD MAN'S COAT-TAIL BETWEEN HIS TEETH AND PULLED AT IT.

buggy with his little old fat gray horse and gave the little old woman a little old pill, so that she was soon well again.

But they all knew that if it had not been for the little old dog the little old woman might never have got well, so they gave him the best there was in the house to eat; but they sold that little old cow to the little old dairyman, who lived in a little old house back of a little old hill. And every day the little old dog Topsy would trot down to make a visit to his friend the little old cow.



SHE PICKED UP HER LITTLE OLD FEET AND KICKED THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN OVER.

to sell them. The little old woman took a little old bucket and went out to the little old barn to milk the little old cow. But no sooner had she begun her milking than the little old cow picked up her little old feet and kicked the little old woman over. She was so badly hurt that she could not get up, so she lay on the ground calling to the little old dog, "Topsy, Topsy, O Topsy!"

The little old dog came and walked around the little old woman and knew not what to do. By and by she began saying, "Go for your master, Topsy! Go for your master, Topsy!" The little old dog, who was sitting looking at her with his little old tongue hanging out of his little old mouth, trotted off down the road to town.



HE GAVE THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN A LITTLE OLD PILL.

THE DREAM OF "ROGET."

(A Tautological Tale.)
By GRACE FRASER.

Most of you have seen Dr. Roget's "Thesaurus of English Words," the standard reference-book. Now this "thesaurus" (which word means "treasury") is a system of verbal classification. You take all the words and phrases that mean pretty much the same thing, range them in a row, make these rows into sections, call the sections by appropriate names, and—there you are!

Falling asleep, one night, over Roget's curious book, I dreamed that I was Roget himself, and a very fat man into the bargain. A gentleman behind me was admonishing me to hasten, with the words:

"Come, come, my good fellow, bowl, trundle, roll along!"

"H'm," thought I, "what it is to be stout! Quoting my very words, is he? I'll show him!" And turning, I exclaimed:

"Go! begone! get you gone! get away! go along! be off! off with you! get along with you! go about your business! go your way! avant! aroynt! away with you!"

"Whew!" cried the saucy man. "What an irascible, susceptible, excitable, irritable, fretful, fidgety, peevish, hasty, quick, warm, hot, touchy, testy, pettish, waspish, snappish, petulant, peppery, fiery, passionate, choleric fellow it is!"

"This annoyed me.

"Sir," I said, "you shall not ridicule, deride, laugh at, mock, quiz, rally, flout, twit, roast, taunt, or make game of me; this is ill treatment, annoyance, molestation, abuse, oppression, persecution, outrage, of a kind that I shall not stand!"

The man apparently wanted to fight, for he continued meditatively: "What a corpulent, stout, fat, plump, chubby, chub-faced, lubberly, hulky, unwieldy—"

This was more than flesh and blood could stand. I tried to chastise him, but he turned into a police-

man, took me to the station, and accused me before a judge of attempting "by tooth and nail, vi et armis, at the point of the sword, and at one fell swoop, to be violent, to run high, ferment, effervesce, run wild, run riot, to break the peace, to out-herod Herod, and to run amuck."

I denied the charge with vigor. "It is false, untrue, unfounded, fictitious, invented, ben trovato, counterfeited, spurious!" I cried. "The policeman is a hypocrite, tale-teller, shuffler, dissembler, serpent, and Baron Munchausen. I am innocent, stainless, unspotted, inoffensive, dove-like, lamb-like, with clean hands and with a clear conscience. I demand atonement, reparation, compensation, propitiation, amends, and satisfaction."

"Take them all, Mr. Roget," said the judge; and I was going for the policeman when I awoke. And so the conversation, which could hardly be called a model of conciseness, brevity, terseness, compression, condensation, or pithiness, came to a close, termination, conclusion, finis, finale, finish, determination, and end.

THE BAT: A FABLE.

By H. P.

A mouse, one time, rendered a service of some importance to one of the eagles of Jupiter. "Ask," said the grateful bird, "anything that you desire, and in the name of my master, Jove, I promise to grant it to you."

"Oh, sir," said the mouse, eagerly, "I have long felt the mortification of living among such vulgar creatures as the bats, and have ardently desired to associate with the more refined society of the birds. If you could but grant me wings, my happiness would be complete."

"Consider well what you ask," said the eagle, gravely. "Nature has placed you in a certain grade of society, and you need not hope that wings alone will make you a bird."

"I have considered the matter thoroughly," said the

mouse, "and feel certain that if I had but wings I could at last associate with those I have so long envied and admired."

"Very well," said the eagle; "be it so!" and, instantly, wings springing from the mouse's shoulders, the first bat was created.

His ambitious desires, however, were not realized; for the birds, perceiving that he still had ears and a tail and was, besides, covered with hair, would not associate with him, while, upon the other hand, his own pride had withdrawn him from his old companions.

"Alas!" said the poor, lonely animal, "why was I not contented with the humble sphere that nature intended me to fill? My very wings, that I hoped would be my pride, now prevent me from walking upon the ground, where I belong."

So mortified and disappointed was he that thenceforth he ventured out into the world no longer by daylight, but only at night, when all other creatures had retired.

THE PENCIL BEWITCHED.

"Then tell me, what are the tasks I must perform to win the princess's hand?" said the handsome young prince.

"There is but one," replied the prince's fairy godmother.

"Is it difficult?" the prince inquired.

"You may try it and see," she answered. "Here is the picture of an envelope. You are to draw this without looking on the paper."

"With my eyes open?"

"Certainly," answered the fairy godmother, "but you must not look at the paper."

"Can I use a mirror?"

"If you think it will help you," the fairy said. And then, with a diagram of the envelope before him, the prince boldly set out to make a copy.

Suppose you try his experiment, and see if you find, as he did, that the pencil had been bewitched?

Directions.—Place a piece of paper, pinned down, on a table. Then arrange a book, or screen of some sort, so that you cannot see your hand or pencil, except as reflected in a mirror held before you.

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SMILING, SLIP ASLEEP.

By Alex Jeffrey.



Live, my child, so that each day
Bring its share of work and play;
So that you can truly tell
There are some who love you well;
So that when night's shadows creep
You can, smiling, slip asleep.

Good night, mamma; papa, too.
One more day they've lived for you;
One more day of joy is done,

One more night of peace is won.
Now the shadows round us sweep,
You can, smiling, slip asleep.

Into sleep we softly slide
When the heart is satisfied.
Yes, you've had a happy day—
Cheery work and gladsome play;
And as darkness gathers deep
You can, smiling—s-l-i-p—s-l-e-e-p.

MY GARDEN.

By Eric Parker.

Oh, in my garden every day
It should be always playtime,
And every bird should have a nest,
And all the world be May-time!

And everywhere would be my own,
And there would grow together
White winter flowers and buttercups,
All in the sunny weather.

The rain should never come by day
To stop the blackbirds' singing;
The wind should only sometimes blow,
To set the bluebells ringing.

The butterflies would let me come
And look quite closely at them,
And birds and rabbits sit quite still
In case I wished to pat them.

And by the walks I'd watch a brook
Run in and out and under;
And then, could not the flowers do
Without the rain, I wonder?

Oh, in my garden every day
It should be always playtime,
And every bird should have a nest,
And all the world be May-time!

SECOND SIGHT ON A BICYCLE-TRACK.

By J. C. Beard.

The rule that governs this little circular bicycle-track is a very simple one, and yet there seems to be a mystery about the way in which it works. Let the one who plays the trick, and whom we will call the station-master, go away to some place from which he cannot see what you do. Start an imaginary bicycle along the track at any station marked by a flag. Beginning with the number on the disk opposite the flag at which you start (say 8 at the bottom of the illustration), and calling the next station "nine" (even though it is marked 3, if you are counting to the right), count the stations as you pass them. Go as far as you please, then return, stopping when the number of flags you have passed coming back reaches the same number as that at which you stopped in going forward, and the station-master, on being shown the station from which and the direction in which you started, will be able to tell you where you finished your return journey.

Begin, for instance, at station 8, at the bottom of the illustration; call this station (as it is marked) "eight," the next, say to the right, "nine" (never mind what it is marked), and so on until you have gone forward as far as you care to, say until you have counted to fifteen, that is, at the disk 5 at the right, near the top. Now return, calling the flag from which you start back again "one," and reckoning each flag you pass as an additional one until

you have counted a number equal to that at which you left off in going forward (namely fifteen), and the station-master will astonish you by telling you that your course is finished at the disk in this case marked 7, at the upper left.

Try it and see. The secret of the trick is as simple as the rule that governs the track. All the station-master, therefore, has to do is to count along, in the opposite direction from that in which you say you started off, as many stations as are indicated by the number on the disk opposite the flag at which you began your course—include that initial station in the count.

If there were only one starting-point the final would always occur at the same station; but as a starting station at will may be used, the trick may be made to appear more confusing. If, instead of eight or any other number, you should call the station from which you start "one," and count forward a number, and the same number back again, you would, of course, bring up at your starting-point; where, if you call the station from which you begin your run "eight" (or any other number, depending upon the station from which you choose to start), you will pass it on your return, and go beyond it eight or many stations as will equal the number of your starting-point.

