





Lucy's Boat Ride

she continued coughing and time on the second deck. sneezing, so her mother sent for the And the little girlie made some acfamily physician, who said: "I think quaintances, because there was a family that girlie of yours, Mrs. Atterbury, has of children taking the ride who were the whooping cough. She can not go to also just recovering from the whooping school at present, and perhaps she can cough not go until next September."

Lucy, "what will I do with myself for Arch street and they saw Benjamin so many weary weeks. I dearly love to Franklin's grave in an old burying go to school, and I dearly love to play ground at Fifth and Arch streets. with my little girl friends."

little girlic," said the kind old physician, in seeing the State House. "but the weather is quite moderate Then Mrs. Atterbury said: "We pushmobile, and there are lots of things you can do, because the medicine I dear!" cried Lucy.

will play with you." "But doctor, if I just say I have a with me, and then I won't feel so lone- leaves the wharf at 3 o'clock."

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"Flowers in Their Bowers Laugh Aloud at Growing Showers"

"That wouldn't be honorable, Lucy," said the physician. "You must not allow your little friends to run any risks; it's no fun to have an attack of whoop ing cough. Say 'my doctor thinks I've got a cold which is going to turn into whooping cough, so you'd better run home and ask your mamma if you've ever had it and if they have any objections to me playing with you."

Lucy was indeed sorry that she was not going to be allowed to attend school, and she hoped very much she was just suffering with a had cold. But in a few days she began coughing so continually and so violently that there wasn't a partievle of doubt in any one's mind that she had the "horrid whoopers," as she called them.

Her playmates were very few, but she made the best of her trouble, as every one should always do, and the doctor told her when he came to see her on Monday that she might take a boat ride up to Philadelphia if her mamma could spare the time to take her, "and be sure and keep away from any other children who may be on the boat," he said.

Oh! how delighted Lucy was with the "This is My Garden," Said the Live Boy idea of spending such an enjoyable day after being so lonely, and her mother, seeing her so joyous, rejoiced with her, and in a few days took her for the boat ride on the Delaware river. It was NE day Lucy Atterbury com- a beautiful sunshiny morning, and menced to cough and sneeze, and Lucy and her mother spent most of the

When the boat reached Philadelphia "O! Dearie! Dearie! Me!" cried Lucy and her mother first walked up

And next they walked to Chestnut "I know how hard it will be for you, street and Lucy was greatly interested

most of the time, so on clear days you will go to Wanamaker's store at Thircan take your doll for a ride in her go- teenth and Chestnut streets," where cart and you can go jolting in your they enjoyed a good wholesome lunch. "Now for the big department, mother,

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**HIT it boy! Hit it a mile!" all the boys are yelling to Edgar as he steps up to the bat. And when the very first good pitch comes over he does it,

but can you guess how far?
No, you're wrong, but if
you'll take your pencil and
starting at the first number

1, continue to draw a line through dots 2, 3, 4 and so

on to the highest number you can find out for sure. Then start at the second dot

I and do the same in order to complete the distance. Be

sure and save all your Pen-eil Pictures after you've

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am going to have you take will prevent. How wonderful the handsome dolls you from feeling ill. Then, too, if there seemed to Lucy. "They are all so sweet are any children around here who have and dear and beautiful. I'd like to had the whooping cough, perhaps they have every one of them," said the little girl.

Who could scarcely believe it possibad cold and am not going to school ble when her mother said: "It is time until I am cured the children will play we are starting for the boat, which

"How I hope those children will be

Spring Lady comes a-smiling. Oh, so fair and so bequiling,

on the boat again, mother," said Lucy.

"They told me they expected to return on that boat." And how glad she was when the first persons she saw were the three children WHY THE HAZEL STICK WAS

waiting at the top of the stairs for her.

The children's mother had ridden up and down the Delaware river many times, and she pointed out many points of interest to Lucy and Mrs. Atterbury, who were taking the ride for the first time because they had been living out in Indiana until a short time before Lucy was taken with her cough.

One by one they come a-peeping. Suddenly she starts a-frowning, Wakes the flowers from their sleeping, Weeping tears all earth a-drowning.

LUCKY.

(A Welsh Legend.) AVID was driving a herd of cat-asleep. tle to London, but before he went he cut himself a good stout hazel stick at the edge of a moor before he

left Wales. The days were getting long and David reached London in safety, dis- See, he holds the ancient sword of the bright so when the boat turned into the posed of the cattle and set out on his Kings of Britain!" Christianna river and went through the homeward way, still carrying his stout. All through the wonderful under-

Laugh aloud at growing showers 4-William A. Roberts.

Spring flowers in their howers

many lamps.

At one end of the room was a large table and at one end of it sat a mighty man in a curiously carved chair. In one hand he held a great sword,

his head rested on the other, and he was in a deep slumber. At his feet lay a great dog, also sound

The stranger who was in reality a

wigard, said to David "That is Owen the Warrior, who will

one day awake and rule over the land.

WINDOW PANE WRITING.

Don't write upon the wirdow panes When they are filled with frost or vast room brilliantly illuminated with steam;

For this will leave some dreadful stains To show when other duties teem.

If you must write to show your skill A better plan we would advise; Just try your copy books to fill, And cross your t's and dot your i's.

The Little Cat

ILLIE was such a little boy that he did not know that it was wrong to pull a cat's tail. Budsie was also a little boy, but never, never would Budsie have pulled a cat's tail. In the first place, Budsie was afraid of a cat and would never have thought of taking liberties with its tail. Willie was not afraid of a cat and he did not know any better, so he did pull the cat's tail. Now, the strange thing about it was that the little cat liked Willie, and when he pulled her tail she people, and while the cat had a grievance, she did not seem to think that it made any difference who had to suffer for it as long as some one suffered, so that cat turned around and jumped upon poor Budsie, who had never done a thing to the cat. Marion saw the whole thing, but she thought that the cat must kow what she was about, so she said, "Budsie, why did you pull the cat's tail?" "I did not," said Budsie, indignantly. "That old cat knocked me down and I did not touch her tail. I am going to get a longhandled broom and smash her head if she does not keep out of the way." Bud- never done a thing, but that was the sie thought he was safe in saying that, way of life, so he whistled and went as the cat, having jumped upon his off. shoulders and knocked him down, had promptly scampered off to some remote safe place, known only to her, in the basement

Fred, the second janitor, was coming up the steps when the cat passed him, that she was angry.

"What you children been doing to morning Mrs. Atterbury and Lucy were "In Wales, where I come from," said glittering gold pieces, and as the wizard Beatrice?" he asked, "for Beatrice was Insistently he mews his ditty. the name of the little cat.

"That old cat knocked me down,"

Both David and the stranger took a handled broom and break her neck,"

"Budsie says he's going to get a long-

simply ran away. But cats are like some "Not When it Rains," Said the Stone Boy

in astonishment, as it had never entered his head that a cat's neck could be broken.

"I didn't, neither," he said. "For goodness' sake," said Marion,

'say I didn't, either, not neither." "It's all the same in Dutch," said Fred, "but don't anybody break that cat's neck, or there will be trouble in this house."

Budsie knew there was something wrong, that he was blamed when he had

BIRD MUSIC.

The mocking bilrd Knows tune and word Of forest songs and sings them all, The red bird's trill Will bring a thrill

The thrushes' sweet notes do enthrall. The cathird thinks he is a kitty The oriole

Pours out his soul In merry bars to tell his glee. Demure and wee

The chickadee handful of the gold coins and ascended said Marion. Budsie opened his mouth Sings songs much longer far than he.

Willie Moth - Well 1 guess I'll go in that cupboard. change Moth - Bont you think of it? It's full of camphor bulls. Wille Moln - I don't mind that for lived in a drug store the last Poodle -What yer growlin bout Tabby? bout Tabby? Cat -Why, I went in to have my life insured, and blamed if I don't have to pay for nine policies. There yees Miss Ant. she has the smallest waist of any girl in Bugville.

Now and Then in Bugville

drawbridge, it was broad daylight and stick of hazel, the children could all see how it was

in the cabin looking at the funnies in David. "But why do you ask?" the morning paper, so they had known "Because," replied the stranger, "it is nothing about it, but the three children were only too glad to tell Lucy all they knew about it.

Much to every one's astonishment, when the children were talking about their home they discovered that they were only living two squares away from Lucy. "How is it?" they asked their mother, "that we have never seen ach other before we met on this dear old boat?"

"Because you don't go to the same school. But now as you all have to take a holiday his Spring, you can take turns visiting each other almost every And so through the lovely May and

June days, until the time came for Lucy to go to her grandma in the country, there were few lonely days. 0 It is a very lonesome thing

To be an only child-I'm told just what to do and say. And answer meek and mild. If I'd a little brother, now,

Or sisters, just a few,

My uncles, aunts and family

Would watch their manners, too. They'd share my joys, every one, And share my troubles, too, They'd share the blame of all the

noise And everything I do.

They'd share my clothes-the nicest a "Very well," said the stranger, "I ones

And all that's in my purse, They'd share my cookies, too, and yet I should be none the worse!

Small families are a mistake, And that's what I tell mother, When she is buying dolls for me, And then she buys another! -Amy Smith.

As he was crossing London Bridge, a panion went, examining everything they and, seeing her fur standing up, knew stranger stopped him and asked him saw with the greatest interest. When they had gone through it in the where he had gotten his stick?"

a very remarkable stick, and beneath the tree from which it was cut a great your purse or pocket to carry away." treasure lies buried."

David was very much impressed and



come back with me and we'll search for the tree."

will." And the two set out for Wales Where do dreams of childhood go? at a very brisk pace. When they reached the moor they found the tree and they began to dig

beneath it. Soon they found there was a hollow space beneath it, and as they dug down And it must follow, as the night the deeper and deeper they came to a flight

of steps. Down they went and were led to a

ground dwelling David and his com-

On tables on every side lay piles of told David: "You may take a handful if you wish, but you must never put any in said Budsie.

to the upper earth again. Several times after this first visit did "Then, if that is so, you had better they re-enter the wonderful cavern, always finding fresh wonders to explore and admire, and taking the handful of golden money.

> One day, however, David, unmindful of the warning of the wizard, not only took a handful, but put one of the shining pieces in his purse, not wanting to mix it with the others, as it had on it the likeness of a very early king.

The next day, when the two men went to revisit the cavern, they were unable to find the opening. The ground where they had dug was closed up, and though they tried over and over again, never again did they find the magic steps that led to the underground dwell-0

CHILDREN'S DREAM.

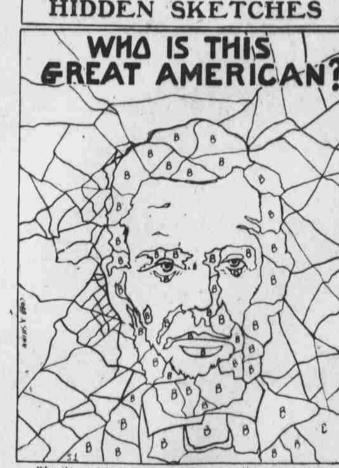
Do you know How the little children go In their dreams To where the fairy breezes blow And the happy flowers grow, . By laughing streams?

Oh, child dreams Swinging on the bright sunbeams, Whisper low The me as I linger here, Whisper softly in my ear,

A THOUGHT FOR THE DAY:

This above all to thine own self be true, day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man."



When this great American was twenty-one years old he had only six books. But he know every one of them almost by hear If you do not know who it is, just take your pencil and make the spaces black that have a letter 8 in them. Thursday-Senatur Harding.

FILM OF FRINGE. . MOVIE OF WHISKERS.



drawn them













