

# Our Boys and Girls



"This is My Garden," Said the Live Boy

## Lucy's Boat Ride

ONE day Lucy Atterbury commenced to cough and sneeze, and she continued coughing and sneezing, so her mother sent for the family physician, who said: "I think that girlie of yours, Mrs. Atterbury, has the whooping cough. She can not go to school at present, and perhaps she can not go until next September."

"O! Dearie! Dearie! Me!" cried Lucy, "what will I do with myself for so many weary weeks. I dearly love to go to school, and I dearly love to play with my little girl friends."

"I know how hard it will be for you, little girlie," said the kind old physician, "but the weather is quite moderate most of the time, so on clear days you can take your doll for a ride in her go-cart and you can go jolting in your pushmobile, and there are lots of things you can do, because the medicine I am going to have you take will prevent you from feeling ill. Then, too, if there are any children around here who have had the whooping cough, perhaps they will play with you."

"But doctor, if I just say I have a bad cold and am not going to school until I am cured the children will play with me, and then I won't feel so lonely," said Lucy.



## "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 whooping 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 bad cold. But in a few days she began coughing so continually and so violently that there wasn't a particle 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 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 a beautiful sunny morning, and Lucy and her mother spent most of the time on the second deck.

And the little girlie made some acquaintances, because there was a family of children taking the ride who were also just recovering from the whooping cough.

When the boat reached Philadelphia Lucy and her mother first walked up Arch street and they saw Benjamin Franklin's grave in an old burying ground at Fifth and Arch streets.

And next they walked to Chestnut street and Lucy was greatly interested in seeing the State House.

Then Mrs. Atterbury said: "We will go to Wanamaker's store at Thirtieth and Chestnut streets," where they enjoyed a good wholesome lunch.

"Now for the big department, mother, dear!" cried Lucy.

How wonderful the handsome dolls seemed to Lucy. "They are all so sweet and dear and beautiful. I'd like to have every one of them," said the little girl.

Who could scarcely believe it possible when her mother said: "It is time we are starting for the boat, which leaves the wharf at 3 o'clock."

"How I hope those children will be

Spring Lady comes a-smiling,  
Oh, so fair and so beguiling,  
Wakes the flowers from their sleeping.

One by one they come a-peeping,  
Suddenly she starts a-frowning,  
Weeping tears all earth a-drowning.

Spring flowers in their bowers  
Laugh aloud at growing showers  
—William A. Roberts.

## Why Stories

### WHY THE HAZEL STICK WAS LUCKY.

(A Welsh Legend.)

DAVID was driving a herd of cattle to London, but before he went he cut himself a good stout hazel stick at the edge of a moor before he left Wales.

David reached London in safety, disposed of the cattle and set out on his homeward way, still carrying his stout

vast room brilliantly illuminated with 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 asleep.

The stranger who was in reality a wizard, said to David:

"That is Owen the Warrior, who will one day awake and rule over the land. See, he holds the ancient sword of the Kings of Britain!"

All through the wonderful under-



## Now and Then in Bugville

drawbridge, it was broad daylight and the children could all see how it was worked.

When they had gone through it in the morning Mrs. Atterbury and Lucy were in the cabin looking at the funnies in the morning paper, so they had known 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 each 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 this Spring, you can take turns visiting each other almost every afternoon."

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.

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  
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.

stick of hazel.

As he was crossing London Bridge, a stranger stopped him and asked him where he had gotten his stick?

"In Wales, where I come from," said David. "But why do you ask?"

"Because," replied the stranger, "it is a very remarkable stick, and beneath the tree from which it was cut a great treasure lies buried."

David was very much impressed and said:

"Then, if that is so, you had better



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

"Very well," said the stranger, "I will." And the two set out for Wales 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 deeper and deeper they came to a flight of steps.

Down they went and were led to a

ground dwelling David and his companion went, examining everything they saw with the greatest interest.

On tables on every side lay piles of glittering gold pieces, and as the wizard told David:

"You may take a handful if you wish, but you must never put any in your purse or pocket to carry away."

Both David and the stranger took a handful of the gold coins and ascended to the upper earth again.

Several times after this first visit did 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 dwelling.

### CHILDREN'S DREAM.

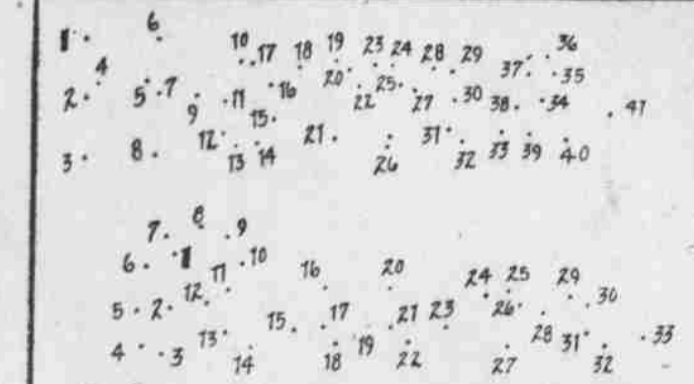
Do you know  
How the little children go  
In their dreams  
To where the fairy breezes blow  
And the happy flowers grow,  
By laughing streams?

Oh, child dreams  
Swinging on the bright sunbeams,  
Whisper low  
To me as I linger here,  
Whisper softly in my ear,  
Where do dreams of childhood go?

### A THOUGHT FOR THE DAY:

This above all—to thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

## BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES

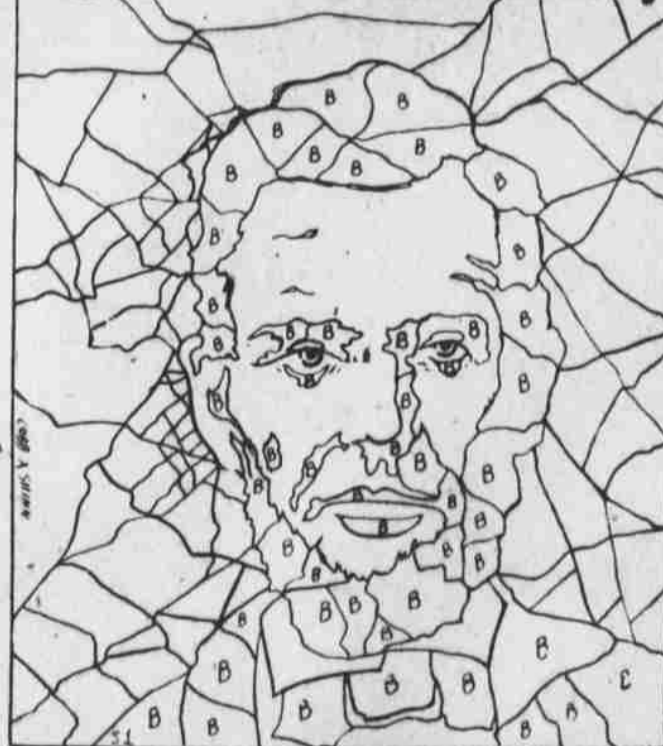


"HIT it boy! Hit it a mile!" all the boys are yelling to Edgar as he steps up to the bat. And when the very first good pitch comes over he does it, but can you guess how far?

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 1 and do the same in order to complete the distance. Be sure and save all your Pencil Pictures after you've drawn them.

## HIDDEN SKETCHES

### WHO IS THIS GREAT AMERICAN?



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

**SPINACH.**  
FILM OF FRINGE. •  
MOVIE OF WHISKERS.

SAY MISTER, THEM'S NICE WHISKERS YOU'VE GOT.

YEAH, PURTY NICE.

IS IT HARD TO RAISE WHISKERS?

NOT SO HARD IF YOUR CHINS FERTILE.

WHAT GOOD ARE THEY?

SAVES USIN' A NAPKIN.