

Our Boys and Girls.

A TRUE FAIRY TALE.

Do you know of the house
Where ginger-snaps grow?
Where tarts for us children
March out in a row?
Where wishing is having?
Where— isn't it grand!—
Just up in the garret
Is real Fairyland?
Where youngsters can caper
And romp and halloo,
For they always do right,
Whatever they do?
You don't know the house?
Then, oh, deary me,
I'm sorry for you!
Why, it's grandma's, you see!

—In Myth-land.



BOY'S GYMNASIUM TRICKS.

"Mother, can't I buy a ticket to the gymnasium for this summer?" asked Rob Royse.

"How much does it cost?"

"Four dollars; but that includes baths, and—and just lots of things."

"Could your little brother go in on your ticket?"

"No, of course not, but—"

"Then I am sure we can't afford it, Rob," she said firmly.

"But, mother, I need it so! I'm all stooped over and weak-armed, and thin as a rail," he pleaded.

Mrs. Royse sighed, for what Rob said was true, and her great anxiety was to see her two boys grow strong and straight. Still, they could hardly afford the four dollars just now, and she could not give to one and not to other. So she answered quietly.

"Alden needs it, too, dear," adding after a pause, "I wonder if we could not have a gymnasium of our own?"

"If we had a big barn we could, but we can't stand up in our coal-shed."

"What about the back yard—an outdoor gymnasium?"

"That big, old bare lot!"

"Yes. It needs to be big and bare, and the high fence around it is just the thing. The dead apple tree will make a fine hold for our swinging ropes, and we can easily fix up the place for basket ball, horizontal bars, and all those things."

"And we'll have swinging ladders," put in Rob, suddenly all enthusiasm, "and Dollard Wright has a pair of saw horses he'll give us. Say, mother, wouldn't it be nice to have Dollard in our gym?"

Mrs. Royse looked dubious. "We don't want a crowd of boys—it would soon give us trouble; but three would make it nicer than two, so if you promise to ask no one else, you may have him in it."

"And between us we have money enough to buy our Indian clubs right off. Mayn't I go over and tell him about it?"

Away he bounded, leaving his mother smiling over her work and planning how to transform the ugly back yard into a first-class gymnasium.

"I'll make them a floor-mat by sewing together those two old mattresses in the attic, and covering them with denim. It can be kept in the lattice porch at night. The best thing about the plan is that the boys are developing their muscles and they are in the open air at the same time, and happy at home where I can be with them.

Maybe I shall get a little physical culture myself!" laughed the wise little woman.

That night the charter members of the Royse gymnasium held a caucus as Rob called it, and the most enthusiastic member of all was Mr. Royse himself.

"The first thing we must do will be to rake and clean the yard till it looks like new," he said. "Then I'll see that the ropes are up good and strong. If a punching-bag doesn't cost too much, we will have one in the corner."

This was greeted with cheers, Dollard exclaiming: "Oh, let me buy that! Father was going to give me a gym ticket, and I'll just take the four dollars to get apparatus. We can invent so many nice games with the apparatus."

"I know one already!" cried Alden. "It's to put a tin can—an opened one—on the end of a pole, and see how many times you can throw it up and catch it on the pole again. It takes lots of practice."

The older boys smiled over this, but Mrs. Royse declared that it would be fine training for the muscles of the back. Although they tried it next day 'just for Alden's sake,' Rob and Dollard got plenty of fun out of the tin cans during that jolly summer.

Indeed the whole gymnasium was a grand success. To be sure no grass grew in the Royses' back yard that year; but there are many things better than grass. The boys developed some respectably big muscles, and became very skilful in their games. And since there were only three of them it takes four to play most games, Mrs. Royse was often coaxed to leave her work and join them.

When she declared she was "getting more physical culture than the house-work could stand," the boys resolved to help. They washed dishes, made beds, swept rooms, and, in fact, as Dollard said, they "turned girl, so that she could turn boy when the work was done."

"We're a Mutual Aid Society," she explained to Mr. Royse, while Alden whispered, confidentially: "Do you know, father, I never used to love mother as much as I do now. She's so jolly and always plays so fair!"

When fall came, Mrs. Wright offered the use of her big attic for the winter, and here, though somewhat hampered by low rafters, the boys continued their muscle training.

"Are you satisfied with your summer's gymnasium ticket, Rob?" asked Mrs. Royse, with a smile, as she helped him gather up his school books on the opening day.

"Well, I guess so!" he exclaimed, heartily. "And it didn't cost four dollars, either, did it?"

"No. Do you notice how sturdy Alden has grown during the summer? He looks like a different boy."

"Sure enough! And Dollard and I have got biceps like a blacksmith's. Just feel that! I tell you mother, it's funny that every boy doesn't get up a gym of his own. Don't you think so?"—*The American Boy.*



You Are Tired.

Your color is not good. Restless one moment, fretful and blue the next. The world's out of joint. You're out of joint with the world. Not temper, not feeling, but weakness. Neglect is unwise. You grow steadily worse. Get good rich blood, then feel new vigor, strength, buoyancy. You'll see a dozen things to do; you will do them too, if you use Ferrozone. It sharpens the appetite, and you enjoy your food; you get color and old time strength comes back. That's because Ferrozone aids the digestion, makes red blood. Ferrozone is strength for the nerves and work for the brain. Be sure of the name, Ferrozone. Sold by all druggists and medicine dealers.

THE ORANGE SECRET.

It was told me by Maritza, a little Greek girl in far-away Turkey, and I am going to tell it here and now to everyone because I never have found an American child who had discovered it.

I was finishing my breakfast one morning when I heard a little sound at my elbow. It was Maritza, who had slipped off her shoes at the outer door, and come so softly through the open hall that I had not heard her.

After I had taken the parcel of sewing her mother had sent I gave Maritza two oranges which were left in a dish on the table. One of them was big and the other quite small.

"One orange is for you," I said, "and the other you may carry to Louka. Which one will you give him?"

Maritza waited a long while before answering. At any time she would have thought it very rude for a little child to answer promptly or in a voice loud enough to be easily heard; but this time she waited even longer than good manners required. She looked one orange over and then the other. After a little more urging from me she whispered, "This one." It was the big one.

Curious to know of the struggle which had made her so long in deciding, I said, "But why don't you give Louka the small orange? He is a small boy."

Maritza dug her little stockinged toes into the carpet and twisted her apron-hem before she answered.

"Is not Anna waiting for me at the gate?" she said. "Anna and I will eat my orange together. Mine has twelve pieces and the other only eleven. Anna would not like to take six pieces if I had only five."

"You cannot see through the orange secret and this is it:

If you look at the stem-end of an orange, you will see that the scar where it pulled away from the stem is like a little wheel, with spokes going out from the center. If you count the spaces between these spokes, you will find that there are just as many of them as there will be sections in the orange when you open it; and so you can tell, as Maritza did, how many "pieces" your orange has.

Perhaps you think every orange has the same number, just as every apple has five cells which hold its seeds; but you will find that it is not so. Why not? Well, I do not know. But, perhaps, away back in the history of the orange, when it is a flower, or perhaps when it is only a bud, something may happen which hurts some of the cells or makes some of them outgrow the rest. Then the number of cells is fixed; and, no matter how big and plump and juicy the orange becomes, it has no more sections than it had when it was a little green button, just beginning to be an orange.

The next time you eat an orange, try to find out its secret before you open it.—*Julia E. Twichell, in Little Folks.*



A LONESOME BOY.

The boy sat cuddled so close to the woman in gray, says the *Youth's Companion*, that everybody felt sure he belonged to her; so when he unconsciously dug his muddy shoes into the broadcloth skirt of his left hand neighbor, she leaned over and said, "Pardon me, madam, will you kindly make your little boy square himself around? He is soiling my skirt with his muddy shoes." The *New York Times* tells the story:

The woman in gray blushed a little, and nudged the boy away.



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"My boy?" she said. "My goodness, he isn't mine!"

The boy squirmed uneasily. He was such a little fellow that he could not touch his feet to the floor, so he stuck them out straight in front of him like pegs to hang things on, and looked at them depreciatingly.

"I am sorry I got your dress dirty," he said to the woman on his left. "I hope it will brush off."

The timidity in his voice made a short cut to the woman's heart, and she smiled upon him kindly.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she said. Then as his eyes were still fastened upon hers, she added, "Are you going up-town alone?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "I always go alone. There isn't anybody to go with me. Father is dead and mother is dead. I live with Aunt Clara in Brooklyn, but she says Aunt Anna ought to help do something for me, so once or twice a week, when she gets tired out and wants to get rested up, she sends me over to stay with Aunt Anna. I am going up there now. Sometimes I don't find Anna at home, but I hope she will be home today, because it looks as if it was going to rain, and I don't like to hang around in the street in the rain."

The woman felt something uncomfortable in her throat, and she said, "You

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