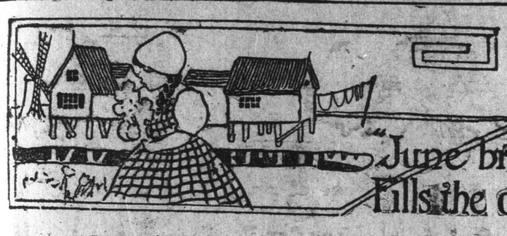
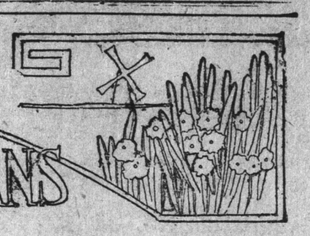


Our Boys and Girls

"June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies"

CONDUCTED BY POLLY EVANS



BIRDS' NESTS

THERE is nothing more delightful, is there, boys and girls, than watching the nests of the spring birds?

If you have never enjoyed the pleasure, do so at once. Next time you catch sight of a grown bird flitting from tree to tree, follow it quietly and patiently until you discover where its nest is.

Then the first time you have an opportunity while the parent birds are away in search of food, climb carefully up, or ascend a ladder and take a peep in at the nest and the fledglings.

Notice the nest—built of bits of cotton or hair or feathers. If this were only earlier in the year you could have helped build the nest by placing bits of material within sight of the birds and they would have used it very thankfully.

Then notice with what skill and taste the birds convert the material into attractive nests. They are natural-born carpenters, architects and artists, and, like human beings, some of them excel others.

Nesting time, although a very anxious season, on account of their enemies, is the happiest season in all the year for the birds. For their other troubles—cold and hunger—are past. Now they have the joys of mating and of bringing up little sons and daughters. No wonder they sing their hearts out in beautiful song! For now it is worth their while to be patient and brave, and work hard for food. Love makes them happy.

They are very wise, however. They do not build a nest until they have first made sure that food of the right sort can be had in plenty to provide for the little mouths of the hungry fledglings that are surely coming.

Of course, you have noticed and admired the wonderful variety of nests—some large, others small; some deep, others shallow; some in trees, others on the ground; some built to last, others built carelessly just for temporary use.

When the young are to have a down covering of feathers and to be able to run about soon after their birth—as is the case with baby gulls, ducks, snipe, partridge and quail—there is no need of a durable nest; so a few straws and leaves are loosely patched together.

Red-Winged Blackbird's Nest

But where the birdies are to have few or no feathers for some days, and when they are to hang out, as the oriole babies do, in mud and sun and wet weather, they need a deep, well-lined cradle, so neatly closed at the top that the rudest wind may not rock the babies out; so tightly tied on that it will not drop from the bough; so nicely completed at the bottom that babies' feet will not be cold; so loosely woven at the side that the fresh, sweet air can creep in for babies' lungs.

Then, too, the king of bill that a bird possesses makes a great difference, for his bill is the bird's chief tool. Oriole's bill, sharp as a bodkin, is easily turned to weaving purposes; grosbeak's thick and clumsy bill will only admit of laying his nest loosely together; whippoorwill's queer beak and feet make a hollow in the soft earth; humming bird's needle makes a nest much like felt and moss woven together; nuthatch with his strong little pick makes a cradle in a hollow stump; March wren, with her long bill like a knitting needle, weaves a basket nest. Looking at an empty last year's nest, we can almost tell by the make-up the sort of tools the builders carried with them.

Ah, these nests are wonderful things! And what a wonderful Heavenly Father who created them and taught them how to build!

But more wonderful are the beautiful little eggs, and still more wonderful is the development of the tiny little bits of feathered life that come out of them!

Doesn't it seem silly as well as cruel to disturb the happy parent birds and steal their eggs just to put away in a collecting drawer and possibly smash up in some accident?

Don't be egg collectors, boys and girls.

Nest of a Long-billed Marsh Wren

Swing Song

SWING, swing, here we go,
Now up high,
and now down low.
Sometimes slow,
sometimes fast,
Till I touch the trees at last.
O how sweet is holiday
When you swing the time away;
When you hold the rope and go,
Now up high,
and now down low.

Swing, swing, who's afraid
Tho' the branches
touch your head?
For the rope is
thick and strong,
And the tree has stood for long.
Grip the rope
and hold it tight,
Then you're sure to be all right.
Swing, swing, here we go,
Now up high,
and now down low.

—Frank Ellis.

Clever Sayings.

"Tommy, what is nothing?" inquired the teacher of the new recruit.

"When you hold a horse's head for a man, and he says 'Thank you!'"

* * *

Teacher—What bird was it that Noah sent out of the Ark?

Small Lad—A dove.

Teacher—I'm surprised to find that the smallest boy in the class is the only one who could answer it.

Big Boy—His father keeps a bird shop, sir.

* * *

"Well, my little man, how many fish have you caught?" inquired a gentleman of a small boy who was angling in a canal.

"When I've ketched another I shall have one," came the reply.

* * *

Tommy was sent to the chemist to buy a pennyworth of salts for himself.

"You needn't give me full weight, sir," he said, "It's me that's got to take it."

* * *

Bobby was admiring the fat boy at the circus.

"Mamma," he exclaimed, "what a kind mother he must have!"

* * *

A teacher asked a child what s-e-e spelt. The pupil hesitated.

"What do I do when I look at you?" asked the teacher.

"Squint," was the unexpected reply.

—X. Y. Z.

Musical Game.

YOU will enjoy this game.

Blindfold half of the players, seat them in a circle and have a vacant place at the right hand of each one.

The remaining players gather in the middle of the room, and remain perfectly still while some one plays a very familiar air on the piano. Then they creep cautiously to the vacant chairs. Sitting down, they begin to sing, disguising their voices as much as possible.

The blindfolded players must try to recognize their respective neighbors by their voices. The minute the piano stops the singers cease to sing. Then the leader of the game calls out, "All the blind people will now please name their right-hand neighbors."

All who succeed may play on the other side, and new blind players must be chosen in their places.

R. R. R. E.

Round the rugged rocks the ragged rascals ran to reach the rural races.

Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round:
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round.
Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?

Now Three Little Chicks Ran Away

MABEL was 6 years old and she lived in a beautiful country home. All day long during the summer months she played out in the open air, and perhaps you can imagine what jolly times she had roaming about. She took long walks down through the meadow, and sometimes she went wading in the shallow brook that sparkled merrily in the bright sunshine. And everywhere she went, Shag, the shepherd dog, never failed to go trotting along beside her.

He was a dear old playfellow, and no little mistress ever had a more faithful and loving guardian. And when they were both tired out with their romping Shag would stretch himself out on the grass, and Mabel would lay her head against his soft, shaggy coat and take a nap. But no matter how drowsy the warm sunshine made him feel, Shag would never go to sleep himself. He just lay there and watched, to see that no harm befell his little mistress. And as long as Mabel's mamma knew that Shag was with her little girl she felt sure that she was safe.

FIERCE FURRY MONSTERS

One bright, sunny morning, when Mabel went out to the pasture lot to see the chickens, she made a discovery that filled her with the greatest delight. Speckle, her pet hen, had a wonderful family of cute little chicks! The fluffy little things were running in and out of the coop and keeping up a constant chatter of "peeping." At first they were terribly afraid of Mabel, and crowded close to their mother inside the coop. But after a time they became bolder, and came hopping timidly forth from between the lower slats. One of them was pure white, another totally black, while the tiniest one of them all was just like a bit of yellow fluff.

The white one Mabel called Whitey, the black one she called Blacky and the tiniest one she called Baby Yellow. And before many days had gone by these three little chicks knew their names, and would come hurrying up to her whenever she called to them.

Nearly every day Speckle took her family of little ones across the pasture lot, and a wonderful world it seemed to these eight little chicks. But as soon as she reached the fence at the other end of the field she would always turn around and go back. She told her children that beyond the fence dwelt fierce furry monsters with sharp claws and cruel whiskers. And worst of all, they had a horrible habit of eating little chicks.

But this explanation never satisfied Blacky and Whitey, and they planned to run away and see for themselves what lay in the forbidden field on the other side of the pasture fence. They felt sure that it was full of something good to eat, and that their mother did not want them to go there for fear they might eat too much and get sick. And like many other little ones, who are not always foolish chicks, their greediness got them into trouble.

If they had only gone alone, perhaps, no one would have felt very sorry for them. But they got dear little Baby Yellow to accompany them. At first their timid little sister was very much afraid, but they coaxed and coaxed, and finally she consented to go with them.

So one afternoon, when their mother was busy scratching in the ground for things to eat, they slipped away. When they came to the fence they quickly passed underneath to the other side. And for a long time they went on and on, with Blacky leading the way.

Then all at once the first little chick stopped and turned about.

"Why, it's just the same here as on our side of the fence," he said to Whitey in a tone of disappointment, "so what's the use of going any farther?"

"That's what I think!" piped up Baby Yellow. "Let's go home to mother. I'd much rather be near her than out here all alone."

So they agreed to return home, and Blacky once more led the way. They went on and on—a very great distance for little chicks to travel—until finally Baby Yellow became so tired that she could scarcely toddle along.

ESCAPED AFTER ALL

Then all of a sudden Blacky stopped and faced about.

"We're lost," he said to Whitey, looking as though he wanted to cry. "Oh dear! Oh dear! What shall we do?"

"It's all your fault, Blacky Speckle!" sobbed Baby Yellow. "And now we'll never see mother again." And brave brother Whitey cuddled close to his forlorn little sister to comfort her.

By this time it was growing dark, and nearby on the grass lay something with an opening that seemed as big as the entrance to a cave. But though it was only an old boot that some one had thrown away, it made an excellent hiding place for three weary, lost little chicks. So they crept forlornly inside.

Through the long hours of the night they huddled close together, trembling with fear at the strange and terrible noises that sounded without. Suddenly Blacky caught sight of two green balls of fire gleaming brightly in the darkness outside. They came nearer and nearer, while a horrible sniffy noise sounded close by.

"It's that fierce monster that mother told us about!" he said in a terrified whisper to Whitey. "And it's going to eat us up!" Baby Yellow gave a scared little "peep" and squeezed herself as far back into the toe of the boot as she could get.

But these three little chicks escaped, after all. There came a fierce growl without, and the cat scampered away as fast as she could go. And there was Shag—dear old Shag—wagging his tail in a friendly way, and feeling immensely pleased with himself that he had found the three little chicks. He told them not to be the least afraid, and that as soon as it got light he would lead them home. And so he did, after keeping watch before the boot as long as it was dark.

"You can thank your little mistress for getting back to your mother," he told them as they went along. "Her papa told her that you were lost, and she sent me out to hunt for you. And it's a good thing I found you just as I did, or else you'd have been eaten up by Mr. Cat."

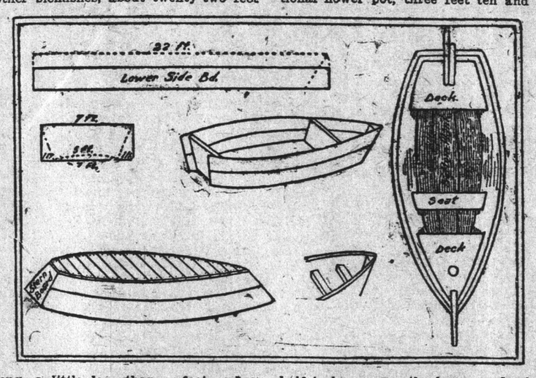
"I'm never, never going to run away again," said Baby Yellow. "It's much nicer to stay home with mother."

And Blacky and Whitey thought so, too.

BOY'S HOME-MADE BOAT

ANY of you boys can make a good enough home-made boat, if you have a few tools and the amount of persistence that is necessary to make a success of anything else in the world.

Use good straight-grained wood. Pine is as good as you can use. Pick out four boards as nearly alike as possible, and free from large knotholes or any other blemishes, about twenty-two feet long, a little less than a foot and a half wide and an inch thick.



Trim off the two pieces for the sides of the boat until they exactly correspond.

For the stem piece (or bow piece) use a piece of oak, the shape of a triangle, and a little longer than necessary. You can cut off the extra length later. Make another oak stem piece the same length and about two or three inches wide (about twice the thickness of the side pieces).

Out of a two-inch pine board you may now make your stem piece. If you wish your boat to be a neat and pretty shape, make the stem piece narrow—otherwise make it fairly wide. Cut off the corner so as to make it look like a conventional flower pot, three feet ten and a half inches across the longer end, nine and a half inches across the shorter end, and three feet four inches along the sides.

Now for a brace upon which to model your boat. Every boat must have one. Use a two-inch pine board, seven and a half feet long and two and a half feet wide. Then measure two diagonal lines, as indicated in the picture, each a foot from the end, and saw off the corners.

Now lay the lower side boards on a level place and rule a line from a point one and a half feet from the end and saw off as you see in the picture. They must be exactly alike.

Set the side boards on their shorter edges and set the brace between them. Fasten the stern ends securely together by means of rope, and pull the bow pieces together until they touch, then rope them together. When you have done this, push the brace up until it is nine feet from the bow, and nail it temporarily in place.

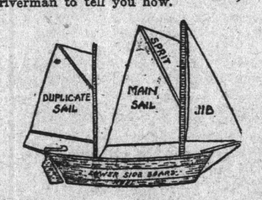
Next, you must put your bow piece in place, and after that fasten the side board on it with screws. Now for the stern piece. This must be carefully placed and exactly right before you fasten the side boards to it.

Having progressed so far, now loosen the ropes and make the upper side boards fit properly on the lower ones, then nail there.

All the above work can be saved by your using two wide side boards in place of the two sets of narrower boards; but they are difficult to obtain of such good quality that they will not crack.

All you now have left to do is to plane off the superfluous ends of the boat, make a deck, seats, keel, etc., and your boat is ready for putty, paint or launching.

If you want to rig up a sail, ask any riverman to tell you how.



Puzzles and Problems

A Riddle.

Who can tell Polly Evans the answer to this riddle, which was made up over 100 years ago by the famous Dean Swift?

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet.
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursu
It can never fly from you.

Termination Puzzle.

All the words described below have the same termination. Can you give the list of words?

The dwelling place of a recluse.
A charitable institution for the young.
Where the church minister lives.
A large number of persons.
Protection; help to one in an inferior position.
A large parcel.

Cross-Word Enigma.

In SLIP, but not in SEED.
In ASHES, but not in AIR.
In NICE, but not in NEED.
In FRAIL, but not in FAIR.
In RAVE, but not in RIGHT.
In AND, but not in ARE.
In NEAR, but not in NIGHT.
In CALL, but not in CAR.
In IPECAC, but not in INK.
In SHOALS, but not in SINK.
In CHILL, but not in COLD.
In OATS, but not in OLD.

One of my answers you will find to be
A large city of the United States.
My other, when you visit, you will see
One of the magnificent golden gates.

What States?

Can any of you tell what States of the Union are described below?

1. A lodging house; coloring matter; a girl's name. 2. Public avenue of travel; a feature of the face; earth. 3. A numeral; a vowel; to view. 4. A young woman; a form of the verb to be; a taste; a feature of the face.

What Familiar Maxim?

This picture represents a familiar maxim. Can you read it?

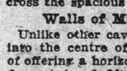
Greedy Ducks.

Some ducks we had were the greediest things alive. They fought over the entrails of members of their own flock who had been killed. They ate the soap on wash days, and were furious because they could not eat the soiled clothes.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles and Problems

Match Puzzle.

By altering the position of seven of the eleven matches you get



Riddle.

One longs to eat and the other eats too long!

What Nation?

Incomplete Sentences.

1. Munroe. 2. Well. 3. Trouble. 4. Luxury. 5. Busy.

Polly Evans' Eight Words.

1. Delight.
2. Manners.
3. Cabinet.
4. Portmanteau.
5. Comprehensive.
6. Report.
7. Opportunity.
8. Interred.

What Birds?

Parrot, Flamingo, Ostrich.

Obeyed Orders.

We once had a collie dog and a cat. Every evening about 9 o'clock my mother said to the dog: "Go find Puss." The dog went out, and invariably returned driving a very much provoked puss in front of him.

Cookery Courtship

THE answers to this game may be called out aloud by the players or written in little game books prepared by the host or hostess.

The game consists in asking a list of questions, the answers to which must be some word or words associated with cooking or food.

Here are some questions and answers:

There was a wedding. The groom was a Frenchman, and his name was ——?

Answer—Julien. (Soup.)

The weather was ——?

Answer—Clear. (Soup.)

The bride was beautifully dressed in a gown trimmed with ——?

Answer—Scallops. (Fish.)

She ordered it sent from the store not on credit, but ——?

Answer—C. O. D. (Fish.)

The bride's favorite author was ——?

Answer—Lamb. (Meat.)

Her new husband was employed in the government ——?

Answer—Mint. (Sauce.)

Her mother, who disapproved of the marriage, gave the young husband the ——?

Answer—Cold shoulder. (Meat.)

The husband's favorite author was ——?

Answer—Bacon. (Meat.)

The bride dressed her hair in ——?

Answer—Rolls and puffs. (Bread.)

Her gifts from the groom were ——?

Answer—Gems. (Bread.)

When asked to marry the bride said ——?

Answer—Lettuce. (Salad.)

The best man was an official of the Chinese Embassy. His name was ——?

Answer—Chow-chow. (Relish.)

What did the bride do in the conservatory?

Answer—Piccalilli. (Relish.)

The bride was a brunette. By what nickname was she called?

Answer — Brown Betty. (Dessert.)

With what did the groom salute her?

Answer — Kisses. (Candy.)

The wedding invitations met with an accident at the printer's. What did they become?

Answer — Pie (Dessert.)

In the excitement of the wedding feast, what did the groom call his father-in-law?

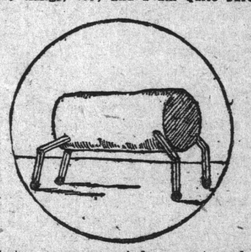
Answer — Pop. (Drink.)

What did the best man have when asked to respond to a toast?

Answer — Champagne. (Sham pain, drink.)

TOM TIT'S TRICKS

PERHAPS you have read in books of natural history about spiders which do not make webs, as most sensible spiders are supposed to do, but lie in wait for their prey and do other unspiderlike things. The spider which I am going to tell about does unspiderlike things, too; and I am quite sure



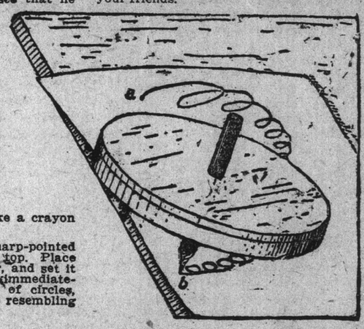
that you can never induce one to make a web. Get an old cork of a small size and some matches. Stick the matches—two—into each end of the cork, and then bend them in the middle until they crack. Do not break them through, but on one side only, so that they will bend and form your spider's jointed legs, as the picture shows. Place your spider on a table top, and you will see that he looks quite lifelike. Now get some water in a teaspoon and shake a drop of water on each of his leg-joints. They will immediately begin to move, and your spider will appear to have suddenly come to life. Of course, it will not race madly across the table or dance, but if the matches be of tough wood and the top of the table smooth, it will wiggle a good deal and astonish all your friends who see the trick.

Another interesting feature of this trick is that you can almost, if not quite, measure the number of revolutions made by the spinning top by counting the number of circles made by the pencil.

If a glass is full of water, it hardly seems possible to place anything else in it, but if you will follow out the instructions given here you can put quite a number of coins into the glass without causing it to overflow. In this way, if you are careful, you can actually put twenty or more coins into a glass which has been previously filled so full of water that it does not seem able to hold another drop without slopping over. But the secret lies in the manner of doing it. You must gently insert each coin into the water edge first, and, when it is almost completely immersed, drop it. This operation is to be repeated with coin after coin, dropping each one into the very centre of the glass. This experiment is decidedly interesting, and you will find it will amuse both yourself and your friends.

Now another trick—to make a crayon write all by itself.

Out of pasteboard and a sharp-pointed lead pencil make yourself a top. Place it on a sheet of white paper, and set it to spinning. The pencil will immediately begin to make a series of circles, curves, etc., more or less resembling handwriting.



Big Natural Cave Found in Montana

AN immense natural cave that promises to rival the wonders of the Mammoth Cave or the Wind Cave of the Black Hills has recently been explored at Lime Spur, Mont.

The cave is a recent discovery, and few know of its existence. Not more than four persons have entered the underground region.

The mouth of the cave is at the top of Lime Spur Mountain, in Jefferson canyon, about forty-two miles from Butte, on the Northern Pacific Railroad. It is about half a mile from a lime quarry owned by D. A. Morrison, who also owns the land where the cave was found. It was discovered by accident, and it was only recently that a serious effort was made to find whither the caverns led.

In many respects the Lime Spur cave has no equal. At a depth of about 300 feet below the mouth of the cavern the chambers widen into rock-ribbed halls, the walls of which are covered with beautiful gypsum and stalactitic tapestry. Translucent columns of stalagmitic formation rise from the rock-strewn floor to the lofty ceilings; festoons of curiously wrought flowers of gypsum, studded with sparkling crystal, reflect the light from the torches of the visitors, and strange colonnades of pure white cross and recross the spacious chambers.

Walls of Milky Whiteness.

Unlike other caves, this cavern plunges into the centre of the mountain, instead of offering a horizontal passage. The first descent is of fifty feet into a chamber which is the home of bats. Clinging in clusters to the milk white walls or flying about, startled by the candles, the strange creatures seem to speak of the mysteries of the caverns.

From the first landing there is a long incline, which ends abruptly in another jump of 150 feet. Rope ladders are used here, the ends being fastened to huge stalagmites.

At the bottom of the second landing the cave widens into a series of immense chambers. One room is oddly like the interior of a cathedral, with organ loft, chancel and all. A long row of stalactites which reach from the lofty ceiling to the floor resemble an immense pipe organ.

The stalactites vary from six inches to an inch in diameter, and when struck a heavy blow with a hammer give forth a deep, sonorous sound that fills the cavern with weird harmony. The tone is of singular sweetness, and when the blow is repeated several times the cathedral is flooded with melody.

The passage leads from one chamber to another until another descent begins. This time the path leads down a steep incline to a depth of 800 feet below the mouth of the cave. Here a wonderfully beautiful sight meets the gaze. On every side are walls of milky whiteness and oddly shaped lacework of stalactitic formation. The ceilings are high above. Grottoes of bewildering beauty are on every hand.

On one side one hears the rush of water. A stream of cold water six inches in diameter gushes from a hanging wall and splashes on the floor. The water is only a few degrees above the freezing point.

A strong current of fresh air rushes up from down below and the exploring party seeks to discover the source. The air is bracing and seems charged with ozone just as in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky. After breathing the air for a time fatigue is forgotten.

Plunges Into Centre of Mountain.

Plunging down another long decline, the wonders increasing at every step, the party encounters a curious phenomenon. A distant rumbling is heard in a far-off region. It gathers in volume until a great sweep of wind blows out the lights. The air rushes upward until it finds outlet above. The rumbling is surmised to be vibration of the mighty stalactites, but whence comes the fresh air can only be conjectured. It is supposed that miles away there is an outlet, which causes a strong current of air to circulate through the spacious chambers. The reverberating sounds come at intervals of five minutes.

Occasionally the passageway narrows until one must creep on his hands and knees. The fantastic formation of the walls seems to increase as one goes downward. The sides of the grottoes are marked with waves and ripples of white incrustations, while the floor is strewn with flakes that have fallen from the ceiling and sides.

By carefully observing the route the exploring party was able to penetrate to the depths of the mountain. Sounds of a waterfall were heard that re-echoed among the stately columns.

A Bird's Nest.

A BIRD'S nest. Mark it well, within, without;
No tool had he to work, no knife to cut;
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert;
No fire to join; his little beak was all.
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another?