

sitting there at a rude, bare, board, with its customary bacon and corn pone.

“Hands up, Rufe Slocum!”

“Oh God! Rufe, they got ye now! Why didn't ye listen to me?”

Rufe said nothing, but, just exactly as his father and grandfather had done, he returned a stolid stare as he stood there with raised hands, although he knew it meant the penitentiary for life.

Silently the woman got Rufe's clothing together, and tied a red bandanna around the bundle.

“Well Rufe, we must start,” said the officer.

Sal went forward to bid him farewell—to them a farewell unrelieved by hope of any communication or any return. Both the other Slocums had died under long imprisonment. She put her hands on his breast, and as he bent his head she whispered a few words. She did not kiss him. It is not the custom of the mountaineers.

In the front of the party walked Rufe, his head high, his lips silent. After two or three hundred yards he stopped, turned, and for the first time spoke: “You-all know when a man's leavin' his home fer life ye allus let him do one thing he axes.”

“Yes, Rufe, if we can. What do you want?” asked the officer.

“Wall, kin I jist git one more drink from the old spring?”

“Yes, that's little enough to ask. Go on.”

Rufe went to the spring, which was slightly off the road. He lay down in the tall grass to drink, then quickly sprang to his feet, clasping his trusty rifle to his breast, and turned with the gun in his hands.

But the officers had been on the alert, and quick as a flash both guns were leveled at him before the tall man could take aim.

“Drop that gun, Rufe Slocum! I suspected some of your tricks.” The voice of the officer rang out clear among the mountains.

The gun dropped, and with it all the hope out of Rufe's eyes. Just as his ancestors had been taken away before, so was he now. With dogged footsteps he walked on down the road.

From the shelf of rock overhanging the spring came a cry as of a mountain panther robbed of her young,

“Rufe, Rufe, I done all I knowed how to save ye!”

—*Kitty Leache.*





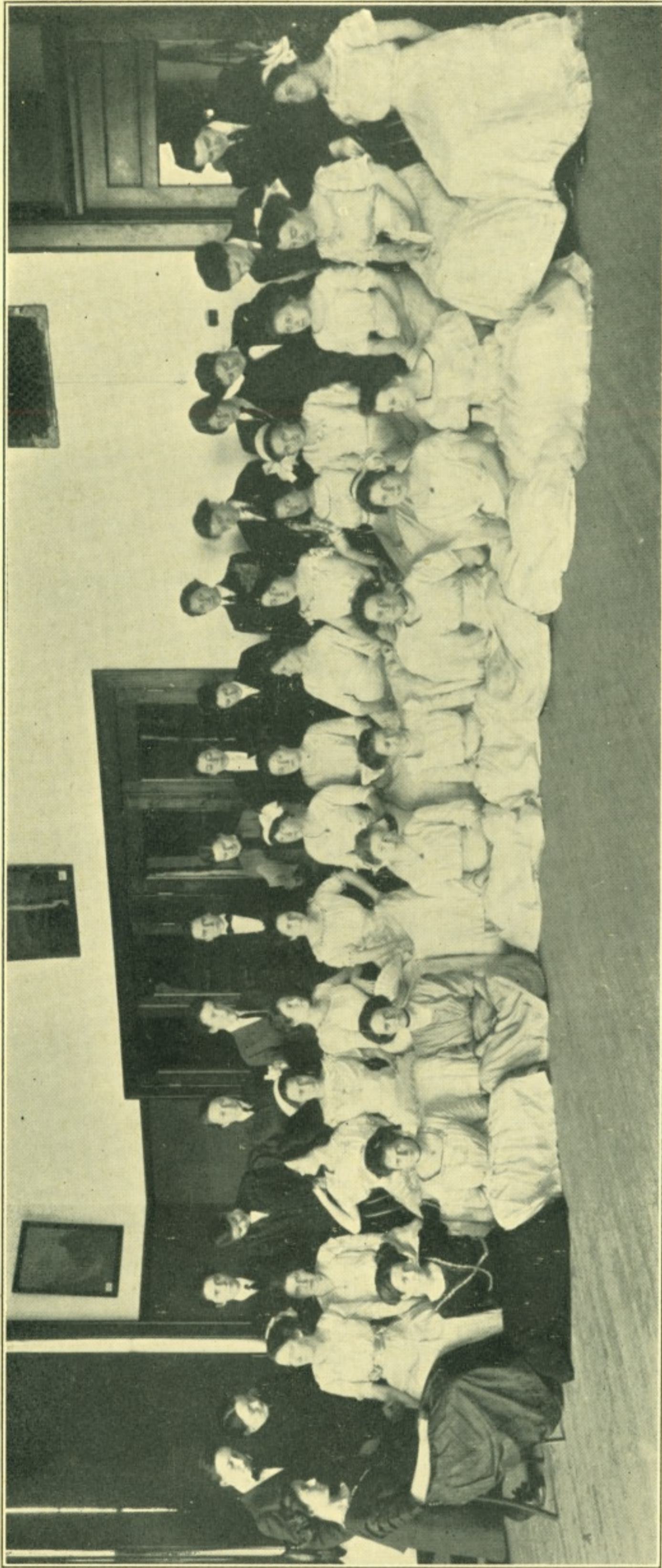


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GERMAN CLUB



# German Club

## *Motto*

“Dance for the day is coming  
When we can dance no more.”

## *Officers*

RHODA McCORKLE.....President  
ALMA HARPER.....Secretary and Treasurer

## *Executive Committee*

Amelia Brooke	Frances Mackey
Inez Hopcroft	M'Ledge Moffett
Grace Rhodes	

## *Members*

Eunice Baker	Janet Green	Janet Miller
Lucile Bell	Pearl Haldeman	M'Ledge Moffett
Ruth Bell	Kathleen Harnsberger	Ola Neikirk
Rosa Block	Alma Harper	Pattie Puller
Amelia Brooke	Katherine Henley	Grace Rhodes
Virginia Brown	Inez Hopcroft	Ruth Round
Laura Buchanan	Sallie Hulvey	Katherine Royce
Margaret Burke	Florence Keezell	Bessie Rucker
Inez Coyner	Mildred Lewis	Deane Scott
Annie Davis	Mary Liggett	Marcia Scott
Helen Drummond	Frances Mackey	Sarah Shields
Virginia Dudley	Lucy Madison	Frances Sibert
Virginia Earman	Susie Madison	Lois Sterling
Emily Ellis	Rhoda McCorkle	Vada Suter
Marceline Gatling	Lizzie McGahey	Mary Thom
Hannah Goddard	Mary McLeod	Jessie Thrasher
Leila Vaughan		Maude Wescott





## Glee Club

*Motto*

Squeal Little Pig, or Die

*Favorite Song*

Fairy

*Meeting Place*

Up in the air

*Time of Meeting*

Thursday, just before supper

MISS LIDA CLEVELAND.....*Director*  
 RUTH ROUND.....*Accompanist*  
 MAUDE WESCOTT.....*Business Manager*

*Members*

Emma Baker  
 Hilda Benson  
 Virginia Brown  
 Alice Cale  
 Susan Corr  
 Minnie Diedrich  
 Martha Eagle  
 Alpine Gatling  
 Octavia Goode  
 Pearl Haldeman  
 Frances Mackey  
 Inez Coyner, 1st violin  
 Emily Ellis, 2d violin

Lucy Madison  
 Mary McLeod  
 Ola Neikirk  
 Ruth Round  
 Bessie Rucker  
 Fannie Scates  
 Elsie Shickel  
 Charlotte Smith  
 Lois Sterling  
 Maude Wescott  
 Willye White  
 Dean Scott, 1st mandolin  
 Marcia Scott, 2d mandolin



## The Descendants of Marion's Men

Upstairs in room Number Twenty-three two blue-eyed, freckle-faced little boys with their arms thrown around each other's neck were sleeping soundly.

Down in the back yard a council of war was in progress. John Quinn, tall, gaunt, sandy-haired chief of the Palmetto Cottage orphans, stood on the black upturned kettle and spoke thus to his assembled tribe: "By yonder grinning moon, and by all them goobers I planted yestiddy, we've left our beds to-night to decide on the ways and means of initiating them two speckle-nosed orphan twins that was imposed upon us to-day!"

"Bet your life! aint they pillish?" officiously broke in several youngsters who had not yet earned their war-paint of pokeberry juice. These, were immediately knocked over by an elderly medicine man of fourteen years.

After much bickering and debate among the tribe, the warriors, the only ones who had the power of franchise, passed these resolutions:

"While the Matron says blessing at breakfast to-morrow morning, Carl of the Cow-lick and Joe the Swift-kicker are to knock them two twinses' chairs from under them. If they don't blab on us, so far, so good!

Secondly, when them two twins are on their way home from school to-morrow afternoon, Jim the Biscuit-grabber and Phil the Swift-runner are to waylay these innocents, blindfold them, make them swallow a tablespoonful of sand and pepper, equal parts, and have them finish off with two acorns. If they don't tell the Matron, all right!

Thirdly and lastly, the whole tribe, after the lights are out, are to take these two twins around by the silo, past the red gum tree, down by the crick, over the rail fence, and down in the second woods, where they are to hunt snipe. And if they don't cry and tell the Matron, they shall join our tribe, and we will let them share our gravy, and they can have as much hominy and molasses as we do!"

"All who agree to stand by these resolutions," said the chief, who had resumed his upright position on the ebony kettle, "raise your left thumb and make the sign of the skull in the sand!" Twenty thumbs were raised in the air, twenty chicken-feathers were taken from behind twenty ears to outline the gruesome symbol on the white sandy walk in twenty different places.

\* \* \* \* \*



The breakfast bell rang. Twenty boys marched into the dining-room. Hamilton and Ralph, the "two twins" fearlessly stood behind the chairs assigned them by the Matron. The blessing was asked. All sat down—except two little boys who unexpectedly found themselves under the table.

"Tell me who did such a rude thing!" cried the matron.

"Me and Hammie are 'scendants of Marion's Men, and don't tell tales," said the spokesman of the duet. An unmistakable grunt of approval went around the tables.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was five o'clock in the afternoon. School was out at the Calvin Orphanage. Boys and girls were streaming out of the red brick schoolhouse with its white Corinthian pillars. They were taking the different paths that led to the various vine-covered cottages which lay snugly hidden among the oak and gum trees. The air was laden with the odor of Marcéhal Neil roses, clematis, and honeysuckle.

The twins were the last to leave the schoolhouse. They were walking slowly along, talking of their plantation home that had to be sold because "Father died and lost all his money."

Just then two Indians jumped from behind a tree and quickly pulled them under the bridge, where no matron's eye could penetrate. While the dose of pepper and sand was being administered, the twins winked back the tears and gulped down the concoction; but revenge burned in their blue eyes.

On being questioned by the Matron at supper as to why they did not eat their bread with "real butter" on it, they replied, "Everything we eat somehow tastes like sand."

The boys gasped. There was a tense atmosphere until the Matron said, "You poor dears, you shall have some indigestion tablets tonight."

Two lineal descendants of the Revolution went to bed that night armed with two bed slats; they were prepared for any move on the part of the aggressive Indians.

The clock in the hall struck eleven. Two warriors stole down to the Matron's door, where a prolonged snore greeted them. Then on they crept to Number Twenty-three; but two white-robed figures brandishing bed slats disputed their entrance.

"Shoo! Be quiet! We come in peace," they whispered; and two slats were lowered and two thankful little voices bade them enter.



“Put on your coats and come with us to the woods, where we will hunt snipe, which only flies at midnight.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The Indians had gone to drive up the snipe. The “Descendants of Marion’s Men” stood alone in the woods holding a flower sack open, waiting to receive the birds. The owl with his big shining eyes looked down from the top limb of the sycamore and asked the ’possum sleeping in the hollow, “Who? Who? Who?”

“Ralph,” said Hammie, “it’s mighty still here! Let’s scrape up some of these pine needles and fill the bag and go on back to the cottage.”

Not looking behind them, and fearfully looking before them, they tumbled over the rail fence, splashed through the creek, and, shivering and shaking, passed the silo, where the boys were anxiously waiting their return.

“What did you ketch?” cried they.

“A bagful of common sense,” answered Hammie, as he threw the pine needles over those boys standing nearest.

The next morning the Matron on coming down to breakfast saw a sight which did her heart good. Hammie was enthroned on Chief John’s shoulder, while Ralph straddled the neck of Jim, the Biscuit-grabber. The other boys were lined up in military fashion. The Matron, being a wise woman in her generation, knew an announcement was at hand: “Miss Simpkins, we are no longer Indians, but from now and forever we are Marion’s Men!”

“Three cheers for the ’Scendants of Marion’s Men!” cried everybody; “there’s nothing pillish about them two twins!”

—*Ruth MacCorkle.*





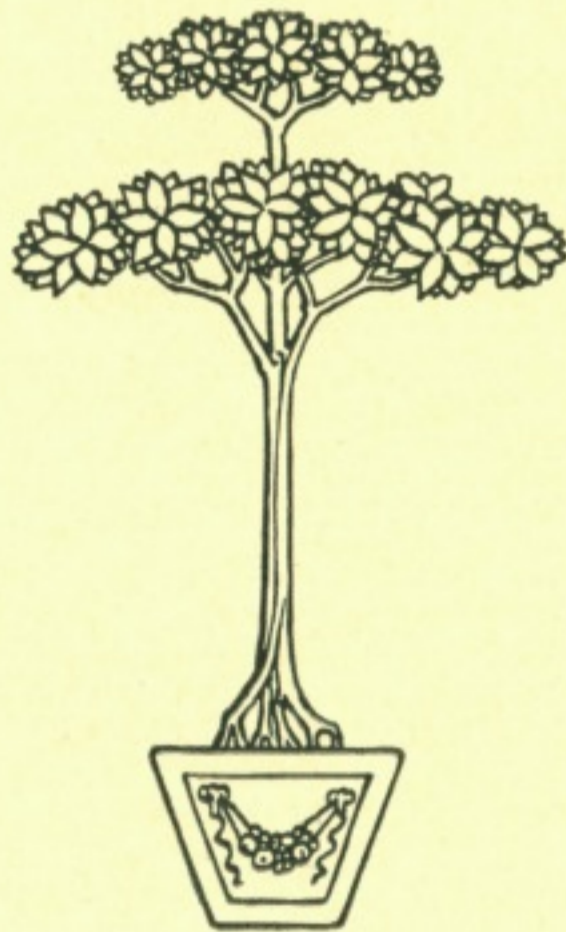
## All Sorts of Girls

We went to the Normal  
On a visit informal,  
To view the fair students out there.  
They were seen by the score—  
Two hundred or more—  
Enough to make mortal man stare.  
Short girls and tall girls,  
Large girls and small girls,  
Dark girls and fair girls,  
Plump girls and spare girls,  
Blondes and brunettes and a mixture,  
Gray eyes and brown eyes,  
Black eyes and blue eyes—  
A charming and composite picture.  
There were gay girls and sweet girls,  
Grave girls and neat girls,  
Prim girls and trim girls,  
Mature girls, demure girls,  
Sly girls and shy girls,  
Quiet girls, glad girls—  
No bad girls or sad girls.  
Among these fair scholars—  
Clad in all sorts of hues,  
Short sleeves, and Dutch collars,  
And high or low shoes—  
There were puffs, waves, and rats,  
And smooth, shining plaits;  
All sorts of tresses,  
All sorts of dresses—  
But no hobble skirts.  
Some girls are romantic,  
Some may be pedantic,  
There even may be a few flirts.  
Some are poetic,  
Some are aesthetic,  
And all are athletic.



Studying, talking, working, or walking—  
Cheerful, composed, and polite—  
Reading or writing, compiling, reciting,  
Dusting or sewing, cooking or hoeing—  
With all their excursions and other diversions,  
Busy from morning till night.  
Lucky girls, plucky girls,  
With staunch and true blood in their veins,  
The German, Scotch-Irish, the English, and French—  
It shows in deft hands and clear brains.  
They have all the 'ologies, 'isms, and arts,  
All sorts of lectures for minds and for hearts,  
Make all sorts of drawings, of maps and of charts,  
And all sorts of breads, of stews, and of tarts;  
They have all sorts of games  
For muscle and brain,  
Indoor and outdoor, for sunshine or rain,  
And — *all sorts* of names—  
Scriptural, classical, fanciful, plain.

—*Mrs. John Paul.*





## The Call of the Highlands



T WAS a quiet evening in far away Scotland in the year 1746. Down through the hazy purple of the early northern twilight, along the narrow path that led to a little spring at the foot of the hill, there came a young girl. Tall, straight, and well-rounded, with frank blue eyes that looked from under a crown of light hair, she was a typical daughter of the North Country. She walked with the easy, swinging gait of a free hill-woman, and to the rhythm of her footstep swung the pails she carried. Seating herself upon a moss-grown log by the spring, she rested her cheek on her hand, and looked solemnly down into the liquid mirror at her feet.

On just such an evening one year ago she had sought this little shaded nook and had sat on the old log, but not then alone.

Jean MacLeod was held to be the bonniest lass in Lochinvar. Many a lad had secretly cherished visions of her led as his bride to the little kirk in the village; and it was gossiped about that she might have looked even higher. But Jean had smiled on all alike, and very few knew that she had given her heart to young Robin MacGahey, a neighbor lad. Indeed, Robin himself had been for a long time far from sure of it, so lightly had she seemed to look upon his proposals. However, those had been happy days for the girl, and her eager heart had well nigh overflowed with joy.

Then had come the parting. Robin, all afire for adventure, and eager to see the world, had started to London to make his fortune. They had come to the little spring to say good-bye, neither knowing what a long good-bye it was to be. Bravely they had planned and talked of the future, but always in Jean's heart was the thought of the parting. At length Robin had read this in her eyes and had said, "I'm na gaun awa' for a', Jean. I'll come back to you and the Highlands. I couldna stay awa' frae them. Sometimes, lass, I think they maun have a soul that talks to mine, and the soul of 'em looks out frae your e'e."

Then they had pledged themselves "for a' and a'," and, side by side, up through the twilight shadows they had gone, Jean singing softly for him "Lochinvar No More."

Hardly had Robin crossed the Border before war had swept like a whirlwind over Scotland. For Bonnie Prince Charlie had landed at



Moidart near the end of August. Her father and brother had gone—the good gray head and the sunny young one both to fall in the Chevalier's cause, the one slain in battle, the other perishing on his way home. Nobody was left her but Robin; and Jean was still waiting for the Highlands to call him back—always sure that he would come, and never losing heart, although for this long, long year she had heard no word from him.

Suddenly filling her pail, she arose and went back along the narrow path, but with a new purpose in her heart. Robin had not come to her; she would go to him; for her simple faith never dreamed that her lover could prove untrue, or that a London lady could for him outweigh her rustic charms.

That very night, packing up her little treasures for the London journey, she gently laid among them her dead brother's woollen Highland bonnet, which a neighbor had brought back to her after they had buried the lad in the far-away glen. As she touched it, she felt a scrap of paper in the double brim. She drew it out. It was a fragment torn from a letter. The handwriting was Robin's!

Only a corner of the page was left—the last words of four different lines—"Jean," "America," "Come," "Robin." From this fragment her heart and brain pieced out the whole story: Of course Robin had turned back when he had heard that Charlie would be King of the Highlands. Of course he had drawn a brave sword in his defense through all the mad excitement and peerless heroism of those thrilling and tempestuous months. He must have, like so many others, after the fateful fight at Culloden, been forced to flee to the New World. He must have sent her messages and a letter by her brother—and this was all that had reached her, "America" and "Come"!

In America—but where?

A party of the neighbors were making ready to sail at once for Virginia.

"Virginia," thought Jean, "I have heard that there are mountains in Virginia. I shall find Highlands there, and why not Robin?"

So the long voyage was lightened for many a weary Scotchman by the sight of Jean's brave face and shining eyes; for with the thought of the new land always came the new hope, "There are Highlands there, and why not Robin?"

It took only a short while for the sturdy Scotch to make themselves



rude homes in the hills of Virginia. It was near the close of a sultry August day, and Jean had seized her pail and run down the little path, already worn, to the spring at the foot of the hill.

Standing there in the early evening, with the fresh green all about her, a sweeter picture never graced Virginia's gallery of fair women. Her hair was blown back, her cheeks were flushed, and her wide childlike eyes fixed on the blue mountains, but her thoughts were among other mountains far over the sea. The call of the Highlands was strong in her young blood, and a longing for home possessed her.

A sudden clatter struck her ear. It was not far away. Half frightened, she stepped aside behind a clump of tall bushes that fringed the spring. Half a dozen riders came into view—strong, sturdy, broad shouldered men who sat well their horses. Coming to the spring, they dismounted, and each in turn lay down to drink from the cool fresh water.

Jean felt the burning of her flushed cheeks as she peered through the close-woven bushes; but the sudden turn of a horseman almost stopped her hurried heart-beat. Never could there be two such forms—never another such face—she knew every line and feature of it. It was Robin at last! She had found him!

Her lips opened to cry out to him, but her voice choked as in a dream. She could search the world over for him, and yet she could not call him to her now! Must he go away and never know how close they had been together?

One by one the riders mounted and rode down the path. The last horseman was just springing to his saddle when he heard a shy sweet call close beside him, "Robin!"

His eyes swept the scene around, then flashed back to the spring, as Jean MacLeod stepped full into view.

For a minute neither spoke. Then he held her close as he whispered words for her ears alone.

Afterwards she told him her story, adding, "Ye said ye wad come back, Robbie; ye didna, sae I came to ye."

"We'll stay," he said simply, as he looked first at her and then at the enfolding hills. "We'll stay, my lass; and we'll build a wee hame in the glen, here close by the mountains. These are no our Highlands, Jean, and I'll no say they're better; but wi' ye and they I'll bide me cantie."



## Romeo *and* Juliet

Does Juliet lean from that window?

Is Romeo standing below,  
With face upturned to his lady,  
As loth, so loth, to go?

No, that's just a chicken-pox tableau;

The damsel upstairs "broke out,"  
That other below is her roommate—  
She'd like to "break in," no doubt.

The quarantine's long, and it's rigid;

They gladly would peep and would chat  
Through transom, and even through key-hole,  
But cannot make headway at that.

But now they can talk through the window,

Where the prisoner fair doth lean,  
With the exile far down beneath her  
Enacting a balcony scene.



# The Standard Dictionary

(Revised to suit the Normal School)

- A**—“That wee bit heap of leaves and stibble,  
That costs us mony a weary nibble.”
- Apperception**—That which enables one to grasp the logical sequence of the bulletin board.
- Borrower**—One who desires all but your life.
- Cute**—The one word applicable in any place and under any condition.
- Dining-room**—Place of confusion of tongues, where the Chinese famine is apprehended, but where the chief danger arises from galloping consumption.
- Education**—A study of the ways, means, and methods by which one can coax, inveigle, wheedle, push, drive, or pull a child along the paths of learning.
- Faculty**—Our guardian angels.
- Fraternity**—A tabooed subject.
- Grade**—Slope on which spirits rise or fall after examinations.
- Hash**—A heterogeneous conglomeration of miscellaneous incongruities.
- Homesickness**—A state of mind in which even the *grass* is blue.
- Itis**—Disease common among school girls, symptoms being a markedly superior air and an unusually lofty height at which the head is carried. It is very contagious, and the patient should be quarantined at once.
- Joke**—An oasis in the desert of studious solemnity.
- Kisses**—Unmistakable signs of a crush.
- Lesson**—The necessary evils inflicted upon innocent students in direct violation of all laws made by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals.
- Man**—The minus quantity.
- Nap**—Pastime frequently indulged in during study-hour.
- Office**—A very present help in time of trouble.
- Practice Teaching**—The blot on the memory of those who have had it, the despair of those who now have it, the dread of those who have yet to have it.
- Quiz**—That form of lesson which requires a brief written statement of one's lack of knowledge on a certain subject.
- Quiet**—A condition always sought for, but rarely obtained.
- Rising Bell**—An unwelcome as well as needless expenditure of time and energy.
- Study Hour**—The time when quiet (?) reigns and genius burns.
- Time**—That elusive thing for which you are always wishing and which is gone before you know you have it.
- Training School Pupils**—The observed of all observers.
- Utopia**—The Normal as it appears to the recipient of a box.
- Walk**—A board structure worn thin by the tramp of many feet.
- Wedding**—A big Easter surprise.
- Xaminations**—Those things which show how little you know.
- Yesterday**—The day on which we look back with apologies and vain regrets.
- Zoo**—Dormitory No. 2.









CAUGHT UNAWARES



## The Mirror of All Courtesy

Mr. Burruss:

“This was the noblest Roman of them all.”

Mrs. Burruss:

“Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls.”

Miss Bell:

“The best conditioned and unwearied spirit  
In doing courtesies.”

Mr. Heatwole:

“He gives us the very quintessence of perception.”

Dr. Wayland:

“He was ever precise in promise-keeping.”

Miss Elizabeth Cleveland:

“Because right is right, to follow right  
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.”

Miss Shoninger:

“Those about her  
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour.”

Miss Lancaster:

“There’s nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.”

Miss Sale:

“She doeth little kindnesses  
Which most leave undone, or despise.”

Miss Annie Cleveland:

“Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.”

Mrs. Brooke:

“When pain and anguish wring the brow  
A ministering angel thou.”

Mr. Heatwole

Dr. Wayland

} “You two are book men.”

Miss Scott:

“My business in this state  
Made me looker on here in Vienna.”



Miss Scott:

“My business in this state  
Made me looker-on here in Vienna.”

Miss Lida Cleveland:

“She was ever fair and never proud,  
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud.”

Miss Loose:

“And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,  
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.”

Mr. and Mrs. Johnston:

“Two plummets dropt for one to sound the abyss  
Of science.”

Miss King:

“Come forth unto the light of things,  
Let Nature be your teacher.”

Miss Loose

Miss King

Miss Harrington

Mr. Johnston

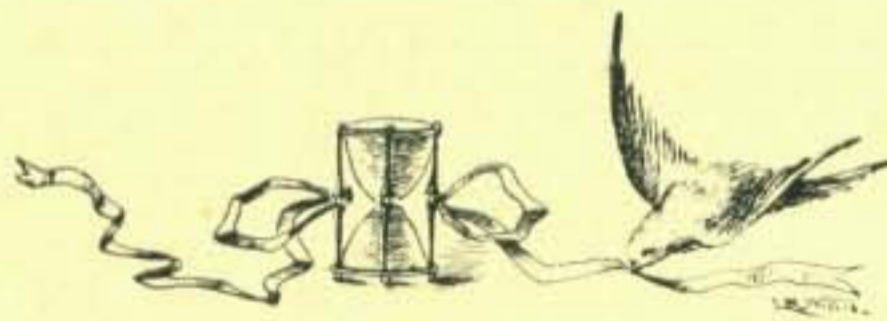
“They have measured many a mile.”

Miss Harrington:

“Here comes the lady! O, so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint!”

Miss Speck:

“The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.”





## The Making *of* the Flowers

God made the flowers, long, long, ago,  
And fashioned them all just right.  
The roses He made from the sunset's red  
And the snow-cloud's fleecy white.

The little violet faces came  
From the rainbow's loveliest hue;  
And they smiled when he made them rich and dark,  
The deepest of all that's blue.

The cowslips came from the very spot  
Where the green and the yellow blend;  
The marigolds grew in the pot of gold  
That hangs at the rainbow's end.

The gentians came from the big blue dome,  
The lovely hepaticas too;  
Forget-me-nots are the tiny scraps  
That were left when He was through.

—*Ruth Conn.*



## The One Essential



RAGEDY, attired in a torn gingham pinafore, sat on the steps of a small brick house on one of the side streets of Washington, with her little round elbows on her knees and her rosy, dimpled face propped between two chubby brown hands. At the advanced age of eight she had discovered that her "doll was stuffed with sawdust" and that life was all trials and tribulations.

She took pleasure no more in the good things of this world, and cast from her as of no avail the erstwhile joys of her existence. If you doubt it, just look at the huge slice of bread, butter, and brown sugar lying neglected on the step beside her. A policeman came by and pulled a lock of her hair farther over her face, and a big, brown dog came and investigated the stubbed toes of her shoes with a great deal of interest; but still she sat there pensive.

Finally, with a long sigh and a look of disgust at the brown sugar on the bread, now plentifully besprinkled with flies, she marched into the house and back to the kitchen, where her mother was making apple dumplings for dinner.

"Mother," she announced, "I don't like Washyton. Let's go back home."

Mrs. White turned around with a jerk, the rolling pin still in her hand. "Kitty White, I don't want to hear you say that again. Just think what a nice home we have here, and how much money father is making, and the nice school you can go to next winter."

"I don't want to go to school; I never had to at home; and there are no blackberries growing in the fence corners; and there are no pigs to squeal when you come close to the pen; and I want my dear lame petty-hen, I do!"

"Katherine Elizabeth White, I am ashamed of you, crying about a lame chicken, and an ugly one at that! Here, take this apple and go play, I am busy."

Kitty took the apple and went back to her doorstep, where she was delighted at the sight of two little sparrows pecking busily at the bread.

"O-o-o-o-h!" cried Kitty, and started gleefully towards them; but the sparrows did not appreciate her efforts toward friendliness, and flew away chirping to each other.



"Nassy things!" sighed Kitty, "my dear lame petty-hen wouldn't treat me that way."

"You oughter put salt on their tails," called a voice close by, and turning Kitty saw a boy about her own age standing in the door of the next house, with such a friendly grin on his face that every freckle seemed to glow.

"Say, you come over in my back yard an' I'll show you somethin' a whole lot nicer than sparrows." And Kitty, forgetting for the moment her own woes and her hen, went.

With one chubby hand clasped confidently in his grimy one, she trotted through the house and out of the back door, and peered with bated breath over the top of a wooden box. But when she discovered two toads half hidden in the grass, down deep in the box, Kitty's interest was turned to disgust, and she turned her back on both Tommy Tompkins and his toads, and retreated precipitately to the other side of the yard.

Now those same toads were the pride of Tommy's heart; and, what was more, this little girl whom his mother had said was from the country—which from all he could gather is a queer place where people don't know much—was the first who had failed to be impressed by their charms.

In fact, only the day before, a boy had paid two bird's eggs and a lightning bug for the pleasure of watching them catch a fly; so Tommy was justly indignant, and squared himself in front of Kitty with the challenge, "I'd like to know why you don't like them toads. What have you got nicer than them in the country? Nothin', I bet."

"Nicer than them nassy things? Why, just lots! You poor thing, haven't you ever been to the country?" And Kitty with great pity in her heart for this benighted boy, who had never lived anywhere but in the stupid city, plumped herself down on the ground and proceeded to give Tommy a graphic description of the joys of paradise, ending with a full account of the virtues of the dear, lamented, lame "petty-hen" and her awful fate; for she had been sold to a man who had shut her in a coop and carried her away.

By the time Kitty had finished, Tommy had just one ambition on earth, and that was to become the possessor of a "lame petty-hen who was yellow all over and ate out of your hand."

He wavered somewhat in his ambition the next Sunday afternoon when his father took both children to the Zoo. Down deep in his heart Tommy could not see how anything could be smarter than the monkeys.



or handsomer than the scarlet flamingo. But he didn't say this very loud; for Kitty, no matter what cute trick the monkeys did, always had something to tell about her lamented chicken that was far superior; and she even avowed that yellow with just a little bit of black on the wings was much more beautiful than red feathers with great long legs.

Day after day Kitty filled Tommy's mind with the deeds of the departed and described her so vividly, even down to the little "cluck" she gave when she was pleased, that he would have sacrificed toads, bird's eggs, and lightning bug—all—to restore her to her mistress.

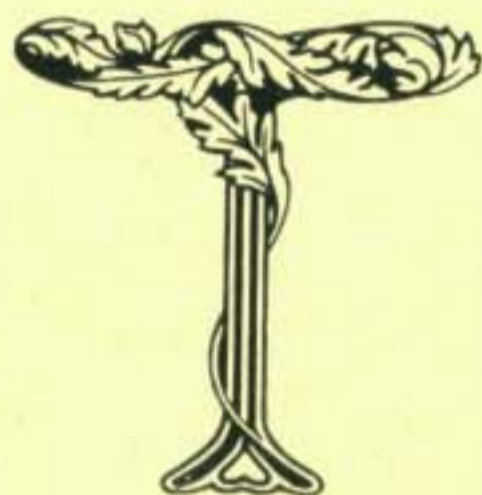
One day Tommy's mother sent him to the store around the corner. Kitty trotted along for company. She stood outside while he went into the grocery.

"Cluck!" fell on Kitty's ear like sweetest music—"Cluck!"

Down went the little girl on her knees beside a chicken coop. Her eyes shut tightly. She feared to open them lest she should find that some other hen too could say "Cluck!" like that. She looked. There in the midst of leghorns and Plymouth Rocks, her head up and turned to one side as if listening inquiringly, was Dear Lane Petty-Hen!

In response to Kitty's ecstatic whispers she clucked replies entirely satisfactory to her little mistress, who would not budge from the spot until Tommy had run home with the great news and brought Mrs. White to see. The mother ransomed the prisoner, and Petty-Hen was borne home in Kitty's arms, closely attended by the admiring Tommy.

—*Stella Meserole.*





## Helping



LITTLE VIOLET, sad and weary,  
Standing by the roadside dreary,  
Drooped its head upon its breast,  
While the sun sank in the west.

A little dewdrop came and cheered it,  
Kissed its face — the violet reared it  
Once again toward the sky.  
Thus a friend may help, thought I.

— *Anna M. Brunk.*