

two parts of water and three of milk; and from six to seven or eight months, equal parts of milk and water.



The Vacation Fund

Cherry Vale and Craigville, with the boarding-houses under the patronage and supervision of the Working-Girls' Vacation Society of New York, are now full. The generous contributions of our readers have increased the happiness in the lives of hundreds of working-girls in New York and Brooklyn.

The letters that come to one of the editors from girls now in the country, the guests of our readers, are daily proofs of the new current of vitality that will increase the working power and endurance of girls who need both.

No letter from Cherry Vale omits to mention the "beautiful rooms." "The loveliest rooms I ever saw." "Such a beautiful house!" And these expressions are tributes to the school-girls whose generosity and interest have made Cherry Vale what it is—a home giving every evidence of refined taste. Craigville has great possibilities; time and money are needed to develop them. Only the barest necessities have been provided. There is opposite the house a wagon-house, which could be made a perfect little assembly-room, where the girls could dance, play games, and have the singing-meeting Sunday evenings. The building of a little stage would make tableaux possible, and on rainy days this wagon-house would be a haven. The old mill, just below, would make a fine dining-room and kitchen, leaving all the rooms in the house sleeping-rooms. The possibilities of Craigville are to be realized through the interest of school-girl readers, who have shown so conclusively that the "other girl" is a companion from whose life she will remove every limitation in her power. Not only shall the working-girl have a vacation, but she shall have it in a house made beautiful. She shall be given the opportunity to enjoy her life, at least for two weeks, at her highest, for all about her shall minister to that which is best and noblest in her.

The sum of fifty dollars has been received for the furnishing of a room at Craigville, a thank-offering from an invalid for the money which enables her to buy what she needs to make her life comfortable, and for the love which makes it happy.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$3,076 14
C. R. and A. I., Danbury, Conn.....	13 00
Mrs. A. I. B., Danbury, Conn.....	12 00
E. B. K., East Orange, N. J.....	25 00
From a Friend.....	5 00
I. H. N.....	3 00
A Friend, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	50 00
Mrs. I. O. P., Springfield, Mass.....	10 00
L. G., Fort Leavenworth, Kan.....	5 00
In Memoriam, E. P. H.....	15 00
One of Mount Vernon Seminary's "Old Girls".....	5 00
A Thank-Offering, Bristol, Vt.....	10 00
F. L. P., Camp Verde, Tex.....	1 00
King's Daughters of Memorial Church, Springfield, Mass.....	5 00
R. B. S., Ash Grove, Va.....	1 00
R. T. G., Fairfield, Conn.....	10 00
F. H. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	5 00
H. B. S., New York, N. Y.....	2 00
L. S. C., Utica, N. Y.....	5 00
Woman's Circle.....	10 00
S. J. T., Topsfield, Mass.....	3 00
H. R. T., Topsfield, Mass.....	3 00
A. M., Springfield, Mass.....	2 00
For Ramona School in New Mexico, from King's Daughters of Memorial Church, Springfield, Mass.....	10 00
Agnostic, Bar Harbor, Me.....	2 00
M. E. L., Bar Harbor, Me.....	1 00
F. M. G., Bar Harbor, Me.....	2 00
In Memory A. W. M.....	10 00
T. D. W., Quincy, Ill.....	25 00
A Friend, Fall River, Mass.....	1 00
I. L. L., New Haven, Conn.....	5 00
E. S., Columbus, O.....	10 00
A. A. S., Northeast Harbor, Me.....	20 00
Total.....	\$3,352 14

NOTE.—Checks should be made payable to The Outlook Company.



There is to be erected in Lisbon, in honor of Donna Felipa de Perestrello, the wife of Columbus, a statue.

The Strange Story of Johnny

By Lucretia P. Hale

In Two Parts—I.

A singular thing happened in the Purley family one day. Johnny came down to breakfast with three pairs of legs! They heard him tumbling about on the stairs and making a great noise, and his brother Will went out to see what was the matter with him.

"You see, I was wishing for more legs yesterday," explained Johnny. "I have so many errands to do, I get tired with only one set of legs, and I thought two more pairs would just do it. Now I can go off on the morning errands before school with my regular legs. Then, by school-time, for going up the school stairs, I can take the new front ones. They will do for the school errands, and that will leave another pair for afternoon work."

Johnny was such a quick, ready fellow that he was called upon by everybody to run errands. He was very proud of having been promoted to the upper class in school, at the very top of the building, and he was constantly being sent on errands up and down the three flights of school stairs.

Mrs. Purley was a little troubled about the new legs. "What are you going to do about shoes?" she exclaimed.

"I thought I could change round," said Johnny. "I don't need any on my 'off' legs."

But he started away with three pairs—his own "best" shoes, and his second best, and a pair of his brother Will's, as Will was to stay at home that morning.

"I should like to have you take that bag of papers to my office," said his father, as he took up his newspaper.

"And I have a note for your Aunt Emmeline," said Mrs. Purley. "I have lost the address of her carpet-woman, that she left me, and I must send for it."

Will gave Johnny his library card, and wanted him to pick out a "real interesting" book.

His father's office and Aunt Emmeline's house and the library were all in different directions, so Johnny was glad enough to use a fresh set of legs by the time he had reached the school stairs, and he ran up merrily.

"It will come hard on shoes," said Mrs. Purley at night, when Johnny was resting off, and she shook her head as she looked at the row of six muddy shoes in front of the kitchen fire.

"Why did not you choose dogs' legs, while you were about it?" asked his brother Will; "then you would not have needed so many shoes; and the dogs trot along so easily."

"I have watched the dogs," said Johnny, "but I don't believe their 'off' legs rest much while they are up in the air—they have to keep them all going pretty steady. Besides, I know it would make me dizzy holding my head down so. I couldn't see so much, and people would brush against me and knock me about. I don't want to be a dog; I had rather be a boy."

"I am afraid we make you lead a dog's life," said his father, "because we all send you around on so many errands. But I do not see how we can help it, there is so much to be done."

So it went on for a week or more. Johnny did three times as many errands as ever he had done before. The family always found something new for him to do, whenever he came home, and he was forever traveling from one end of the town to the other, or up and down stairs when he was in the house.

"I am anxious about you, Johnny," said Mrs. Purley, one night. "I am afraid you are losing your appetite; you don't eat as much as when you had only one pair of legs."

"I think he needs two more mouths," said Mr. Purley, laughing; "he can't provide food enough for all these legs with one mouth."

"I don't seem to want to eat tired on account of them," said Johnny, "but I do feel the 'tiredness' of each set of legs. I can get round faster than I could with one set, and

the legs themselves don't get so tired, but I feel the tiredness all over of the three sets."

"You can't seem to sit down comfortable," said his mother.

"It would be better if you had them put on differently," suggested Will; "if they went out like spiders' legs, they wouldn't be so much in the way, and you could have a lot of them."

"I feel as if I had had enough of legs," said Johnny, "and I don't want any more to see to. I do so much running that I don't get a chance to study."

"And we don't see anything of you at home," said his mother. "I missed you ever so much about putting down the carpet yesterday. The woman evidently expected somebody would help her in lifting the furniture round, and she asked me if I had not any boys—they were such a help in stretching out the carpet. I told her I had two boys, but Will was off that day at his cousin's, and you were away on errands. I miss you about bringing up the wood, and holding my yarn for me, and we are none of us so cheerful when you are away."

"I am not sure but some more arms would be more useful than the legs," said Johnny, after thinking. "As long as I am only more tired with six legs, I don't know but I might get along as well with two if I could only now get rid of the others. Then, if I had some extra arms, I might be doing one or two things at once. I could be turning over the dictionary and the grammar at the same time, and I might be holding your yarn while I was picking up the pins from the floor, if I only had my seat low enough."

Will thought the arms would not be so much in the way as the extra legs.

But they were all much surprised when Johnny came down the next morning with only his old one pair of legs, but with six arms. He was very lively.

"Such a comfort," he exclaimed, "to have only my dear old legs again! I had such a beautiful night's sleep. I dreamed that those tired old legs had gone, and some fresh arms had come instead, and here they are!"

And Johnny seized a chair to fetch it to the breakfast-table with one pair of hands, while he picked up his knife and fork with another pair, and passed up another pair for his tumbler of milk.

"Dear, dear me!" said his mother; "I can't think what has happened to Johnny. And I was just noticing your shoes were all worn out, and wondering where I could find three new pair."

"How about the errands this morning?" said Mr. Purley.

"I was thinking I should have to start early," said Johnny. "That is why I am hurrying up with my breakfast."

"Suppose I take my bag of papers to the office myself?" said Mr. Purley. "There are not very many of them to-day, and I have not much else to take. That will spare you one errand."

"It is a fine day," said Mr. Purley, "and I may as well walk round to your Aunt Emmeline's myself. I was going to send a note by you, Johnny. But if you haven't but one pair of legs I don't believe you had better travel over to the other end of the town with it."

"I believe I will go to the library myself for my book," said Will. "I am not quite sure what kind of a book I should like, and I may as well look up one."

"Hurrah!" cried Johnny, flinging up all his arms at once. "I shall have a fine resting-time for my legs! But I will do a lot of work with my arms. I will put in the coal, mother, this minute, for here it is at the door, and I shall have time before school, and then you need not pay a man extra to do it. I hear the cart tumbling it down on the sidewalk, and I will be down at it before anybody else gets hold of it. I will take my back arms, because they won't be so useful about my books, and I can save up the others."

"I can't think what is the matter with Johnny," said Mrs. Purley, "such strange things happen to him. I never heard of a boy having so many legs before."

"The other boys are all afraid of him," said Will; "they thought at first that he was chaffing, and that he had got

them up himself. But I am glad the legs are gone, they looked so odd. He did not look like a regular boy, but now he can fold up his off arms and keep them out of the way."

"Jones said to me the other day," said Mr. Purley, "that he should think I would hire Johnny out for the dime show, and we might get a lot of money for it. But I told him we could not spare Johnny, legs or no legs, not only because he earns us money, but because he is the life of the house."

"That is it," said Will. "Johnny can do anything he pleases, and everybody likes him all the same, no matter how he looks. If he had as many claws as a lobster, they would all admire him."

Johnny came up in fine spirits. "The coal is in," he exclaimed, "and now I must wash those hands with my front ones. I used only my back hands."

"You are a fine boy," said his father. "I saved a bit of money by buying my coal now in summer, and you have saved me from paying a man to take in the coal."

"I have got a plan to bring you in some more money," said Johnny, "if you and mother are willing. To-morrow is Saturday and a holiday, and I want you and mother to let me have the day. I had rather not tell what it is till it is all over."

"You forget about the ball-game," said Will. "I thought we might go up together, and you would have a great chance, with all your hands."

"Yes, Johnny," said his mother; "you ought to take the holiday for games. You work hard enough through the week."

"There's time enough for games," said Johnny, "and I shall have time for a bit of work for you, mother, now, before I go to school. Let me see. I can brush the front of my coat with my front hands while I wash the coal off of my back hands with the middle ones."

"I might help," said Will. "It seems to me it is going to be a great deal of work to clean up all your hands. I have found it about as much as I can do to keep one set clean."

"You never did as much work with yours in a week," said his father, "as Johnny does every day with his two hands. But I must be off with my papers."

Johnny did fewer errands that day, but his hands proved very helpful, and he came home to dinner in fine spirits.

On his way home from school in the afternoon he was delayed. A fire broke out in a street not far from his home. Will heard the cries of "Fire!" and the sound of the engines, and went out to see what was the trouble.

He came back and told his mother there was a fire going on in the next street, and a great crowd there.

"They seemed to have plenty to help," he said; "men and boys bringing out things, and I thought I might as well come away."

"It is time Johnny was home," said his mother. "I dare say he has stopped at the fire. I hope nothing has happened to him!"

"Oh, he'll take care of himself," said Will. "Nothing bad happens to Johnny."

But time passed on, and Mrs. Purley became more anxious. She did not like to send Will out, and she felt there was no use in going out herself. She was much relieved when she at last heard Johnny's voice as he was coming in at the door. There were three men with him, however, almost carrying him.



A heedless young man, who has not profited by the blunders that his unguarded tongue has caused him to make, was introduced at a reception to an elderly and somewhat peculiar lady, whose hobby is the collecting of relics and antiquities of all kinds.

After a few minutes' conversation the lady rose to depart, when young Mr. Heedless said, in his airiest manner:

"I am so glad to have met you, Miss B—. I have always been interested in curiosities and antiquities of every sort, and am glad to have met you on that account."

—*Youth's Companion*.

For the Little People

A Queer Nest

By Mary Allaire

It was a big field of waving grasses and daisies, with here and there great, beautiful clumps of clover. Bees hummed, butterflies seemed to dive and swim through it. One day a gentleman walked through the tall grass, and walked almost on top of a nest of kittens; five beautiful gray and white kittens looked into his face with the most kindly expression. When he told what he found in the field, the children in the cottages were wild with excitement, and before many minutes the kittens found themselves in the arms of as many children. Such a world of pet words no kittens ever heard before! Such whispers of affection! Such quantities of milk! Never were a family of kittens so surprised. One gray kitten found herself decorated with a bright red satin ribbon, another with blue. Boys claimed the other kittens, and so they were not decorated.

The next excitement was naming the kittens. "I shall call mine Frolic," said the owner of the one wearing the blue ribbon, "because she is so playful."

"I think mine is lazy," said the owner of the red-ribbon kitten, "but I shall not call it Lazy, but Cuddledown; Lazy would be too pointed, and might hurt her feelings. I shall call her Cuddledown."

"Mine is Good," said the baby.

After the kittens came, you always knew where to find the children.

Behind one of the cottages was a wood-house in which were some packing-cases. In one of these a great bed of new-mown hay was made, and the five kittens put to bed. They took most kindly to the new civilization of beds, saucers, and much petting. That first night we all went to see them, and fell in love with them as much as the children had. Ten blue eyes looked up at us as if they had always known us. But, alas! finding kittens is one thing, but keeping them quite another.

The next evening a gray and white cat was met a mile away, and followed us home. We knew where she lived, and tried to drive her back, but she would not go. Through the tall grass and bushes she came, keeping up a queer call which, if we had understood, we would have known was, "I want my babies." Big folks are very stupid sometimes. Again and again through the night came the mother cat asking for her little children, who were shut up in the wood-house, and we did not understand her. Morning came, and the kittens were let out to breakfast. The old cat came round the back of the house, and gave a glad call, which the kittens answered. The mother had found her kittens. All day she tried to lead them back, but the children watched, and would not let her. Her owner did not want the kittens, and the old cat would not stay at home without them.

Some of the children went off on a picnic for the day, and when they came home the kittens were gone; the mother cat had led them home to the house on the hill.

What could be done? At last a delegation of children visited the owner of the mother cat, and she consented to keep two of the kittens; three, Cuddledown, Frolic, and Good, came home, and were received with great rejoicing. Such tender care no kittens ever had. Not only care, but training. The adopted mothers did not believe it right for all the kittens to eat out of one saucer, so they fixed the covers of tin boxes with straight wooden handles, and then tried to train each kitten to eat out of its own dish. I am sorry to say the kittens gave evidence of greediness, and en-

joyed their meals much better when all three ate out of the same dish.

The ribbons were taken off the kittens' necks, and when we asked why, we were told that Mrs. Miller did not approve of ribbons; the favorite book of this group of children was "Our Home Pets: How to Keep Them Well and Happy," by Olive Thorne Miller.¹

One of the boys has built a house for the kittens, with a slat front and a door. The old mother cat will not give up her claim, but persists in coming from her house on the hill and tries to woo her three children back again. But the children care for the kittens, and try hard to make the mother cat understand that her children are being brought up under the best authority and according to rule; but she cannot understand.

A Loving Little Lady

She was the dearest little lady in the land, we all thought; her hair was like threads of gold; her eyes always made you think of

Where did you get your eyes of blue?
Out of the skies as I came through—

they were so blue. She was so dainty and sweet that no one thought of any but words of love for her.

One day her mother was going out to make calls, and went into the room to see if her little girlie was all right. She found her lying on a lounge with two bright autumn leaves on her dress, but her eyes tightly closed.

"Hush! hush!" said the little girl, softly, "I've Babes in the Woods!" The last words were said very sleepily, and the little maid went fast asleep.

Another day she was taken in her carriage to the post-office. A friend stayed with her while her mamma went in to ask for letters; when she came out, the little girl asked, sweetly:

"Any 'etters for me?"

"No, dear," said her mother.

"No 'etters from baby-land?" asked the little girl, in a surprised tone.

Have you ever seen the fountain—a little boy and girl standing under an umbrella, the water going up through the handle and coming out at the top, falling in a shower over the umbrella? This is what happened when this little girl saw such a fountain the first time: She was out walking with her father, mother, and a friend in a private park one Sunday afternoon. Suddenly she began to cry—a cry that made you understand that her feelings were hurt. All sorts of questions were asked her, but what the matter was could not be found out. At last, with the big tears dropping, she pointed at the two little bronze children and said, sobbingly:

"Da dea' chillurs is detting all wetted."

The little golden head went down on her mother's shoulder, and the tears fell faster and faster as the little girl was taken home. She could not understand that the little boy and girl did not feel wet and uncomfortable.

Polly's Discovery

Up-town in New York on the line of one of the surface cars there lives a parrot. Recently men have been working in the street in front of Polly's house, getting ready for a cable road. They found rocks that had to be blasted out. And Polly soon learned the cry the workmen used as a signal of danger. Having learned it, she seemed to enjoy the spectacle of the workmen running in every direction as she gave the signal. The foreman was furious, and tried to find the man who caused

the workmen to lose so much time. One day Polly got away, and she went at once to the place that had afforded her so much amusement. She perched herself on the rocks and watched the workmen with great interest. Suddenly the danger cry was given, and the workmen ran. Polly had learned to give the cry, but she had not learned its meaning, and, all unconscious of danger, she sat still. There was a rumble, a roar, and a bang, and the earth had gone to pieces, Polly thought, or it had begun to rain stones and earth. When the earth settled again, Polly opened her eyes and saw the front of her house. Discouraged, she entered the door, but the family looked twice before they knew her. Her tail-feathers were gone, and she was covered with dust and dirt. Polly is not well enough to sit by the window and give the danger-signal.

Tommy Toddler's Dream

By John Kendrick Bangs

I had a fearful dream one night.
I dreamt I was a man.
My face it was an awful sight,
Because a beard of tan
Did cover up my cheek so white,
And down my chin it ran.

I wore a shiny beaver hat
Just like my father wears.
I had a great big silk cravat,
And, oh, such lots of cares!
So heavy were my troubles that
I'd two or three gray hairs.

The queerest thing about it, though,
I'd still my toddling walk.
No matter where I'd wish to go,
My feet my step would balk;
And when I'd try to speak, d'you know,
I spoke in baby-talk!

Then everybody laughed at me,
And I—I upped and cried;
And then their horrid mean old glee
Made me so mortified
I rushed up in the nursery
And locked myself inside.

I slammed the door—'twas made of oak—
With all my might and main;
So hard I slammed it that it broke
A part of it in twain;
And then I howled till I awoke
And changed to me again.

That's why now'days I always cry
As loudly as I can,
Why tears flow from my great blue eye
Like gravy from a pan,
When anybody says that I
'M a pretty little man!

—Harper's Young People.

Have you ever thought how marbles were made? Most of the stone marbles used are made in Germany. Only the refuse of the marble and agate quarries is employed, and this is treated in such a way that there is practically no waste. Men and boys are employed to break the stone into small cubes, which are then thrown into a mill consisting of a grooved bedstone and a revolving runner. Water is fed to the mill, and the runner is rapidly revolved, while the friction does the rest. In half an hour the mill is stopped, and a bushel or so of perfectly rounded marbles are taken out.

"Say, mister," said a little Fresh-Air child, as she watched the cattle enjoying their cud, "do you have to buy gum for all them cows to chew?"—*Youth's Companion*.

¹ Harper & Brothers, New York, publishers.