



When Lucy Ler
Was very wee
She cried, the fun-
ny thing,
"Because," said
she,
"No one took me
To my mamma's
wedding."



How Do You Treat Your Mother?

The editor of this column would like to know just how you treat your mother? Are you ever cross, or impatient, or even a little bit snappy with her? Do you ever break your promise? We know a little girl that is very fond of cutting up newspapers in wee little bits, and every morning just as regularly as she eats her breakfast, and you may be sure that is pretty regular, she goes to her mamma and says: "Please, mother, let me cut just this piece of paper, and I will pick up all the scraps, sure." But by the time she is through cutting, she forgets all about the scraps and her promise, and then poor mamma, already tired, has to stoop down and pick them up, bit by bit. Don't you think it was very wrong of that little girl to make a promise and then break it? Suppose her mamma had promised to give her a new doll on her birthday, or to bring her some lady-fingers or candy from down town, and then didn't do it? She would be dreadfully disappointed and might, perhaps, cry over it. So don't you think a little girl's promise to her mamma is just as binding? There are no two things more dishonorable than to break a promise and to tell an untruth. There is another little girl who always gets cross whenever her mamma dresses her, and she sometimes says some very saucy things to her.

Just make this a sort of confessional and tell the editor of Lilliput Land, in strict confidence, what, and she won't break her promise not to tell, exactly how you behave to your mother.

Baby Ruth's Lullaby.

Big and little folks all know Baby Ruth Cleveland, but not every body knows the pretty lullaby Baby Ruth's mamma sings to her every night as she rocks her to sleep. Here it is:

"Rockaby, lullaby, hush in the clover
Crouching so drowsily, crying so low,
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little Rover,
Down into Wonderland,
Down to the Wonderland go.

Rockaby, lullaby, hush in the clover,
Tears on the eyelids that waver and weep,
Rockaby, lullaby, hush over,
Down on the motherworld,
Down on the other world sleep.

Getting Out of Bed the Wrong Way.

Whenever little boys and girls are cross, it is a sure sign they must have gotten out of bed the wrong way.

As a general thing, Leonard is a very good little boy, indeed, but even the best little boys will sometimes get up in the morning feeling cross at everything and everybody, without knowing just why. When this happens to Leonard, his mamma will say: "Oh, Leonard, jump right into bed again, quick."

"But why, mamma?"

"Oh, I'm sure you got out of bed with the wrong foot, so get into bed again dear, and try to get out with the right foot this time."

So Leonard will take off his shoes and stockings and climb into bed again.

"Which foot must I put out first, mamma?"

"I don't know, Leonard," says his mother, "only be sure and put out the right foot. I can always tell two minutes after you get up if you have put out the right one."

And then Leonard is so busy looking for the right foot to put out of bed first, that he forgets he ever was cross.

I think if every little boy and girl would follow Leonard's example, and get back into bed again when they get up cross in the morning, and stay there until they find the right foot, it would be ever so much nicer. Don't you think so, too?

Number One.

"I tell you," said Bobbie, eating his peach
And giving his sister none,
"I believe in the good old saying that each
Should look out for Number One."

"Why, yes," answered Katie, wise little elf,
"But the counting should be begun
With the other one, instead of yourself,
And he should be Number One."

Too Much for Her.

Seven-year-old Alice was sitting in her little rocking chair, cutting out a beautiful, brand-new dress for her doll, and her little sister asked her to lend her the scissors.

"No, sister," said Alice, with a wise little shake of the head, "I have had too much experience already in lending things. I have loaned mother 50 cents of my money and that's the last of it, so I can't let you have the scissors."

Royal Ladies.

There is a very beautiful building in London called the People's palace, which is intended just for poor people, and every week some great singer or actor or reciter will go there and help with an entertainment, which is free to all these poor people who never get any amusements anywhere else. The corners under the roof of this building are held up by figures that represent all the famous queens. One of these queens, Elizabeth, we always read of as "good Queen Bess," but she was not very good, for all that. Queen Bess was very fond of fine dresses, and spent a great deal of money on her clothes that had better have been spent for her poor people. She was so vain that when she began to grow old, and her face became wrinkled, she never looked in a mirror. Her waiting maids used to play some fine tricks on her, too, and instead of painting her cheeks as they always had to do they would smear all the paint on her nose, for as the queen would not use a mirror they knew she would never find out the difference. She was very particular to make all her people listen to her whenever they spoke, and even the servants, when waiting on the table, had to kneel three times before they placed anything on the table.

For all her vanity, cruelty and hard tempered she was a smart woman and ruled England cleverly, which was really the reason she was called "good Queen Bess." She was not a good woman, but a good queen.

Next week there will be another queen story published in Lilliput Land.

Something for Little Girls to Learn.

There were two kittens, a black and a brown, And grandmamma said with a frown,
"It never will do to keep them both;
The black one we'd better drown."

"Don't cry, my dear," to tiny sis,
"One kitten's enough to keep;
Now run to nurse, for 'tis growing late
And time you were asleep."

The morning dawned, and rosy and sweet
Came little sis from her nap.
The nurse said, "Go into mamma's room
And look in grandma's lap."

"Come here," said grandma, with a smile,
From the rocking chair where she sat,
God has sent you two little babies;
Now what do you think of that?"

Sis looked at the babies a moment,
With the wee heads, yellow and brown,
And then to grandma soberly said,
"Which one are you going to drown?"

Fish That Play Tag.

Do you happen to know that fish have their own games and sports just like other animals? They don't like to be washed, however, and are very quick to detect inquisitorial eyes. But they play "tag" and "hide-and-seek" and "leap-frog," and seem to enjoy it the best in the world. They generally choose a leader, and then away they dart, in and out among the piles and posts, until finally the leader is "tagged," and the game stops until another is chosen. In playing leap-frog they jump, one after another, over bits of stick floating in the water, and this feat they will repeat again and again. Kindness will tame all animals, and one may soon train a pet fish to come right to the surface of the water and eat out of the hand.

There is a gentleman in New Orleans who is fond of raising goldfish, and has several hundred. So well do his pets know him that when his step is heard they flock to the edge of the water, tumbling over each other at a great rate, and take their food direct from his hand.

When the Moon Was Cheese.

A long time ago, when Mother Goose was alive and her friends and relatives were living around her, the woman who swept the cobwebs out of the sky and milked the cow that jumped over the moon made a fine, large cheese and set it in her pantry window to dry.

They she took her knitting and went over to see Mother Goose.

As Mother Hubbard and her dog were there, she had such a pleasant visit that she stayed to supper and did not go home till bedtime.

About dark Tom, the Piper's Son, who was always prowling about, spied the cheese in the window and for mischief took and set it up in the hubs of a dead tree near the garden wall.

Soon Simple Simon passed, and, seeing such a tempting treat with no stingy peddler near to ask him for a penny, he climbed and took a large piece from the middle and thought it as dainty a dish as any set before the king.

By and by the Three Wise Men, who afterward went to sea in a bowl, came along and one exclaimed:

"See how dim the moon is!"

"And how very near the earth," said the second.

"And it's full moon, too!" added the third, "I never saw the like before!"

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" cried they all, and then they looked, and talked, and wondered, and at last started off to bring a spyglass and study out all about the strange sight before it disappeared.

Then Tom, who had overheard the Three Wise Men, hurried to carry the cheese back before they found out what had deceived them, for fear of a worse whipping than when he stole the pig.

The spyglass was brought, but the moon, which had been on a visit behind some clouds, shone out as bright and as far off as usual and the Three Wise Men mourned that they were too late to make any new discoveries.

Afterwards they wrote books full of long, dry, hard words, telling why the moon came so near the earth; and, if people doubted it, Simple Simon would declare he saw it too, and it was made of green cheese, and Tom the Piper's Son, would chuckle and say: "You know Simple Simon never tells lies."

At last people remembered that in old, old times it was said the moon was made of green cheese, and every month, when she was finished, a mother rat came each night and carried off a piece to her children until it was all gone.

Mother Goose would only smile and look wise when asked what she believed about the story, but the woman who milked the cow that jumped over the moon and gave little Miss Muffit who sat on a tuft plenty of curds and whey could shake her head with:

"I can't tell what happens in the moon, but I know a rat ate a big hole in the middle of my green cheese the night I took supper with Mother Goose."

Words That Will Jingle.

There was a servant called Kate,
Who sat on the stairs very late,
When asked how she fared,
She said she was scared,
But was otherwise doing first rate.

Around and around a dusty little room
Went a very little maiden with a very big broom.
And she said, "Oh, I could make it so tidy and so trim
Were I a little bigger, and my broom not quite so big."

How Little Great-Grandmother Saw the Skipping Sally.

Once upon a time, when great-grandmother was a little round-faced girl, she did something very naughty. Do you want to hear it?

Well, great-grandmother lived in an old town on the east coast of England, and every day when she went out she saw the dark, tossing waters of the North sea, which always seemed to me to be lit up by fewer sunbeams than any other sea in the world. The sea was full of ships, and the town of sailors. Great-grandmother's own father was a sailor and was often away for a long time together sail-

ing to far off countries, from which he brought back the strange birds and shells and curiosities that filled the house. He had many sailor friends, too, who used to come to the house often when he was at home, and sometimes when he was away. Little great-grandmother was very fond of one of these friends, who was called Captain Merriman, and who would always take her upon his knee and say, "Well, honey, when are you coming to see the Skipping Sally?" And little by little great-grandmother began to set her whole heart on seeing the Skipping Sally. So one day—it was after dinner and the house was very still, for Peggy was busy in the kitchen, and great-grandmother's mother was lying down with a headache—great-grandmother skipped down from the bed where she was laid to take a nap, tied on her bonnet and Spencer with very determined fingers, reached down by the help of a chair her "trick-box" from the shelf and took out the four pennies, which was all it held. Such great, big, heavy pennies you never saw; they were bigger and heavier than a silver dollar, and it was all great-grandmother could do to hold two in each hand. And then a few minutes more and she was out of the house and out of the garden and down the hill to the quay where the great ships were lying. There was a little boat just being pushed off from the shore and little great-grandmother called out to the men, "Please take me to the Tipping-Tally!" But they only laughed at her and shouted rudely, so that she would have begun to cry, only just then a man who was putting some oars in another boat turned round and said, "Jump in; I'll take you to the Skipping Sally!" Then he lifted her in, and she put two of her pennies on the seat by her to pay him for taking her out, and kept two tightly clasped in her hot little hand to pay for going home again. The waves were very green and very rough, and great-grandmother was just beginning to feel very miserable and wanting to cry for her mother, when she heard a great shout and then her sailor said: "Hey, Captain, I brought you a visitor." Then she looked up and saw Captain Merriman looking down on her and stretching out her arms to him, saying, as a big tear dropped down on her green Spencer, "Captain Merriman, I came to see the Tipping-Tally, and take me home to mine mounver."

And so he did, right away.