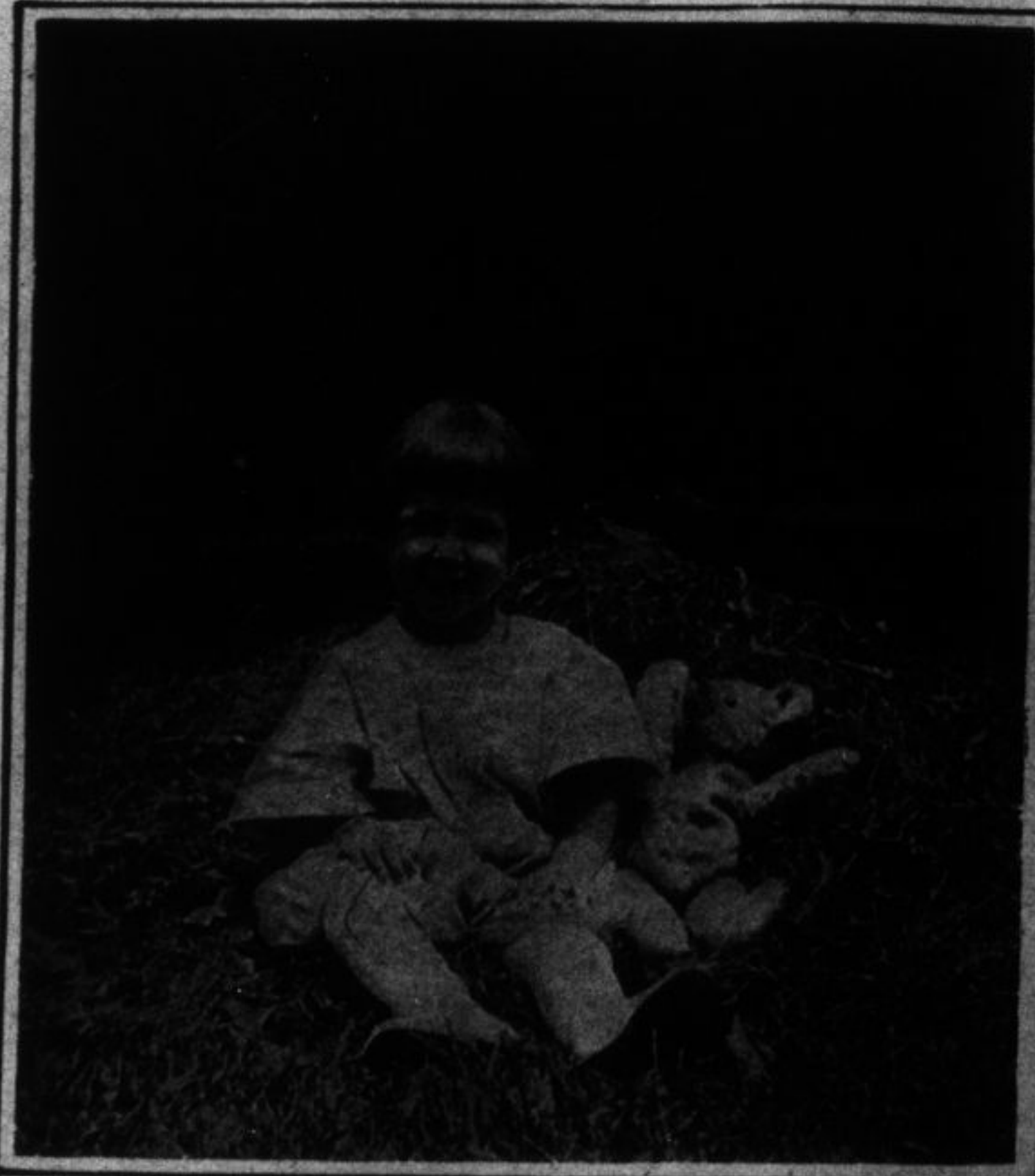


THE GREAT OUTDOORS CALLS TO YOU

Have we solved the H. C. of L.? Hundreds of rabbits doing nothing and here's a little boy just found out that rabbits lay eggs. The hen had better get busy. (Below to right.)



Poor Teddy Bear. Her cruel Mistress forsakes her, as she succumbs to the lure of the camera-man. For the time being she is relegated to the hay-pile. This little girl has just discovered a "Daisy-mine"; and just you wait till you see the big bouquet mother gets to-morrow. (To the right.)



"Get up there Jumbo," but Jumbo sees the neighbor's cat and he hesitates between duty and pleasure. The stern voice of his Mistress once more bids him get a move on. Such is life.

He loves me, he loves me not, he loves—All doubt now gone, for a daisy couldn't tell a lie. (Right.)



A cake of laundry soap and daddy's pipe pass away an afternoon here. Did you ever try it?



Children and Flowers! Nature's benign appeal. In hedgerow, field, and garden lifts its voice. And rapture which no carking care alloys. In possession of those wild flowers children feel. —John Hazelhurst.



"Shake there old man." This canine delights to sit upon the stone balustrade, and doesn't it look sculptural?



The daisy amused my fond fancy. So artless, so simple, so wild; Thou emblem, said I, of my Phillis. For she is simplicity's child.—Burns.



From the madding crowd We wing our way to the woods or mountain height In the solitudes of nature find delight.