

**What's O'clock.**

BY MARIAN ISABEL HURRELL.

With the sunlight on her hair,  
Little Kitty stands,  
Telling mother "What's o'clock,"  
In the meadow lands.  
Grave and sweet her winsome face,  
('Tis a picture fair),  
Rosy lips are pouting—see!  
Yet no frown is there.  
"One o'clock, and two o'clock,"  
Kitty smiles in glee;  
"There 's lots of time for play,  
Mother dear," says she.  
Still she blows the downy flakes,  
From a ball of white;  
On the air they float away,  
Oh, so soft and light!  
Mother says 'tis time to bid  
Meadow lands good-bye,  
For each sleepy little flow'r,  
Soon will close its eye.  
"Three o'clock, and four o'clock—  
Five!" Ah, dearie me!  
Mother, after all, is right;  
It is time for tea.



Now the sleep of our tiny neighbours, the ants, is not very marked, but there is no doubt that they sleep some. Mine drew their legs up toward the body, and when I touched one of them she immediately began to cleanse herself; she even yawned as would a human being when awakened from sleep. The ordinary sleep of this community was, as near as I could observe, about three hours.

Many insects are provided with a complete set of combs and brushes, and the ants have their share of these conveniences, and they are so attached to their bodies that they never get lost.

But while other insects perform their own toilets, the ants call in a friend to assist. One ant lay quietly down on its side and the friend commenced operations. First it took the face and licked it thoroughly, even the tiny jaws were held apart so that they were more convenient to work upon.

As soon as the face was cleansed, the cleaner went to the chest and rubbed and washed it thoroughly, then the thigh, and first one leg and then the other received attention, then up the other side to the head.

Occasionally another ant would come along to help, but she soon stopped and left it to the original worker. The ant which was being treated, appeared to have full enjoyment of the process; she relaxed all her muscles, and lay back with the look of a perfect picture of surrender and ease. She gave her limbs limp and supple to her friend, and simply seemed as happy as a good-natured baby having its bath.

There is no doubt to the observer of the pleasure that they take in this process. I saw one ant kneel down before another, and thrust forward her head, expressing as plainly as if she had asked in so many words, the fact that she wanted to be sponged and combed. And the ant to whom she went understood as well as if she had a spoken language, and immediately commenced to rub and lick the head, and give her a regular massage treatment.

The life of our insect neighbours is not all work; there are many pleasures that we do not think of as we see them going about their daily work of trying to get a living to provide for their hungry brood of children. They are as light-minded in certain directions as are their human brothers, and they like to have a good time occasionally as well as human babies.

Perhaps their sense of well-being depends as does ours, on their habits of personal cleanliness, for we find that some of them are as dainty in their care of themselves as a well brought up child.

Eva saw a collection box outside one of the hospitals, and dropped a much-cherished penny in it. Then she stood and looked at it, and, when nothing happened, she turned to nurse and asked:  
"Nursie, how long will I have to wait for the chocolate?"

**How Insects Make Their Toilets.**

(Lilian C. Flint.)

We are inclined to think of insects as coming into the world fully equipped as to their dressing, and once born, that they never have to think of their personal appearance. But it requires but a few minutes watching a hive of bees, or a fly on the window pane, to see that the care of their earthly tabernacles forms quite an important item in their economy.

We see an animal washing and stroking its young, but we have not perhaps given attention enough to some of the insect settlements near us to see to what perfection they have brought the care of the body. Some of them have developed a regular system as massage, and seem to enjoy it as much as do their human

neighbours.  
Watch the little people of the earth as they begin to tumble out of their beds. They are not running foolishly about, from anywhere to anywhere, but they are a wholesome, thoughtful inhabitant, engaged in doing many things to make life easier.



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Photo by W. H. Bartlett

"SO TIRED."

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