

For The Children

THE THINGS AT HOME. By Carolyn Bailey.

All up and down the land I go
With mother, making calls,
And sit in chairs so much too high
In strange and different halls,
And can not think of things to say,
And feel so pleased to start away.

But when we come to home again,
I'm glad as glad can be
To see the very oldest toys
All waiting there for me—
The horse with missing tail, the blocks,
And all the soldiers in their box,

The wagon with the broken shaft,
The doll that will not talk,
The little duck that ran so fast,
And now can't even walk.
They all are friends so tried and true
Because of what they used to do.

And every day when I'm away
I know they miss me so.
I never ought to leave them once—
They're sensitive, you know—
And just to comfort them a mite
I take them all to bed at night.
—The Youth's Companion.

THE RED-HEADED BOY.

By Alice Daly.

"There's that awful red-headed boy in a fight!" The sharp voice belonged to the sharp-faced teacher of the fifth grade, who happened to be on duty at the noon recess. She hurried to the struggling boys, and with the assistance of another teacher, managed to pull them apart.

"Young man," she addressed the owner of the red hair, "this is not the first fight you've had on these grounds, but I certainly hope it will be the last." She marched the panting boys to the principal's office.

In the meantime, a red head had appeared at an upstairs window; one glance from a pair of intelligent brown eyes took in the situation, and the head disappeared.

"Yes, I saw him, with my own eyes, rush at the other boy, grab him by the collar and fling him down!" The sharp voice was pitched so as to enter the principal's ear, and penetrate to his rather kind heart, arousing it to execute a righteous judgment on the red-headed culprit.

"Be seated, boys. What grade are you in?" the red-headed boy looked up.

"Indeed, I'm sorry to say he is still in mine!" The sharp voice had emphasized "still."

"Did you attack this boy first?"

"With my hands, yes, sir."

"Why do you say 'with my hands'?"

"Because he attacked me first, with his tongue."

The principal looked at the other boy, who grinned and flushed.

There was a tap on the door. "Come in!" called the

principal; and a tall young woman with red hair and brown eyes entered. She looked sympathetically into the eyes of both boys, causing them both to blush with shame.

The red-headed boy blushed, because he remembered the fight he had the previous year; and how this red-headed teacher from another grade had walked all the way home with him. How she had told him that God had made both their heads red; how he had numbered each of those red hairs; how it did not just happen to be red, but that God had permitted it to be that color; and that it was wrong to fight about it, because it was like reproaching his Heavenly Father for making it red.

"Have a seat, Miss McClain; I'm glad you have come. Now," to the black drooping head, "how did you attack him first with your tongue?"

Both boys' faces got redder. After an embarrassing silence, the red head was thrown back, and a pair of honest blue eyes looked at the principal.

"He don't want to tell you, because Miss McClain is here. Please, Miss McClain, go out! Then you come back when we holler 'come.'"

The blue eyes looked beseechingly into the brown ones. The principal raised his eyebrows; the thin lips of the sharp-faced teacher curled contemptuously; Miss McClain laughed merrily.

"Excuse me, Professor; but perhaps you don't understand. Why, it's something about red heads. You see Pat is so sensitive on the subject that he can't realize that I'm not at all so. Don't mind me, Ernest, just speak the truth," but the boy only looked more ashamed of himself.

Miss McClain smiled knowingly at the principal. "He called him a red-headed, freckled-faced Irishman, I expect. Was that it, Pat?"

"Ask him." Pat Dillon nodded his red head toward Ernest's black one.

Ernest raised his black eyes, full of tears of shame, to his teacher's intellectual face; and the look in her eyes brought him to his feet.

"Professor," he stammered, "I—that's exactly what I said, only—that wasn't all. I said his mother nearly whipped him last night because she saw a light through the transom and thought he was still reading after she had told him to put out his light and go to bed, but she found it was only the light from his head. I—I didn't know how low down it was, until—until Miss McClain came in."

Pat was on his feet before Ernest had finished.

"It was my fault! I promised Miss McClain last year that I would stop and spell 'God made it red,' before I fought about it; and I forgot today; but it is the first red-headed fight I've had since I promised her," and they all believed it.

The principal rose and shook hands with the boys.

"Now shake hands with each other!—that's right. Pat, my boy, I believe this is to be your last fight on account of your hair. Now, I want you to study your hardest, so I can promote you to Miss McClain's room.