

For Every Boy and Girl

The Home Outing of Mrs. Herrick.

By Rhodes Campbell.

A Tale of a Tea Table.

By Ellen Manly.

Betsy Bobby baked a bun—
A beautiful big, bewitching one,
So light that it fairly shone with pride,
With currants a-plenty safe inside.

Patsy Poppy peeled a peach,
A pear, and a plum, and put them each
In a tiny pie with a frosted top,
As fine as those in the baker shop.

Dora Dobby cried, "Dear me!
What a capital time to give a tea!"
And she put the little red table out,
With three little chairs set round about.

And Betsy Bobby's Baby Blue,
And Patsy Poppy's Precious Prue,
And Dora Dobby's Daisy Dee,
Were asked to come to a charming tea.

Three little maids to the pantry flew
To look for the dishes pink and blue,
And a terrible tragedy happened next—
And my! but the three little maids were vexed.

Young Puppety Pup came racing by,
And the little red table caught his eye;
Then never a bit he cared—not he—
That he hadn't been asked to the dainty tea;
But he ate up Betsy Bobby's bun,
With all of the currants—every one,
The three little pies at a single bite,
And everything else there was in sight!

But never a word the three guests said,
As they gazed with a smile right straight ahead;
And never they showed the least surprise,
Although right under their very eyes,
The rule and ravenous Puppety P.
Ate all that they were to have had for tea!

Which shows us plainly that Baby Blue,
And Daisy Dee, and the Precious Prue,
Were well brought up, and clearly knew
That the proper, ladylike thing to do
Was never to make remarks at tea,
Whatever they chanced to hear or see!

A CONTRARY PET.

By Annie Willis McCullough.

My pony's like a naughty child, and likes to have his way,
So, when I want to travel on, he always wants to stay!
And when I want to make a stop, right past the drive he'll spin,
And then, when I've no errand there, insists on going in.
He bumps me over hummocks when he ought to go quite slow,
And if I try to hurry him he shakes his head, "no, no."
I wish he'd stop a minute, but he's started out to roam;
I don't know where we're going, but I hope he'll take me home!

PLEASE.

By Stella George Stern.

If a baker baked a bun
And put a big plum in it
Who, do you think, would get it with ease—
The child that whined and pouted,
The child that grabbed and shouted
Oh, no, not one of these.
Not these it can't be doubted.
If a baker baked a bun,
And put a big plum in it,
It seems to me that the child that said, "Please,"
Would get it in a minute.

SLEEPY-TIME SONG.

By Anne F. Barr.

When sleepy winds sing low, sing low,
And stir the shadows on the lawn,
Then, lullaby, 'tis time to go,
The way the sun has gone.
The silver moon is hung on high
To light the sleepy sun to bed—
Lay down, like him, your golden head;
We'll sing your lullaby,
The winds and I.

The sleepy winds sing low, sing low—
They're calling gentle dreams to you!
In fairy-lands where poppies blow
The dreams they bring you blow.
The pink is fading from the sky,
The stars are peeping one by one;
So sink to sleep, my little son;
We'll sing your lullaby,
The winds and I.

LIGHT-HEARTED and ready for work, the Herrick girls were at home again after visiting for the first few weeks of their summer vacation.

Elise, the eldest, taught the English branches in a girls' school in the West.

Elizabeth, fifteen, and Marion, twelve, were two growing school-girls, and had spent a month with an aunt at her country place on the Hudson.

"Dear me!" said Marion, yawning, as the three sat in the library, "how dull Fraxton seems after such charming times at Aunt Isabel's, and the beautiful house with trained servants, with nothing to do from morning till night but one's own pleasure!"

"It does spoil one. I'm afraid, if we were rich, Marion, we'd be 'outy an' 'errid,'" said Elizabeth.

"Yet here is Elise, who has been so gay, and had tennis and golf parties in her honor, and has been a belle of the society-courses, and she's already sewing on a dress for a poor youngster who has none for the Sunday-school picnic next week. The needle fairly squeaks, it is so hot! She is doing it for sunshine, but who wants sunshine this weather? I prefer shade." Elizabeth lay back in her big chair and fanned vigorously.

"Stop being so frivolous and pun-making, Betty," said the elder sister. "If you'd gather this sleeve you'd be cooler than groaning in that lacy chair. I've been thinking as well as sewing—yes, it is wearing, and far from complimentary."

"To yourself?" asked Marion.

"To all of us," said Elise. "Has it ever occurred to you elegant young women that while we have been butterflies of pleasure, if not of fashion, our dear mother has been here nursing grandmother through a long and tedious illness, and never letting us know about it for fear of spoiling our visits?"

"It's hard to realize it when we are away," murmured Elizabeth. "With us 'seein' is believin', and then mother never complains, and always seems so calm and pleasant. But she must be tired out. Nursing is the hardest work."

"We're a selfish lot, at least Betty and I are," said Marion, impulsively.

"I plead guilty, too," Elise declared. "But we must do something to redeem ourselves. Mama must have a vacation."

"Oh, you know, Elise, there's no money to spare for any more jaunts," said Elise, quickly. "I've offered her part of my earnings—I can't save half I ought to—but she won't touch it, as she thinks I need it for fall and winter clothes. But I've thought of another way—not so attractive, but far better than no vacation. Why not invite her to visit us for two or three weeks? Of course, when we're at home we help, but the brunt falls on her. Now let us big, hearty girls take every bit of the house-work on our hands and make a visitor of our mother. We can do several simple, nice things for her entertainment. Let us make a little sacrifice for her, instead of her making dozens every year for us."

"The very thing," cried Betty. "My conscience does prick, and it will be fun, too. Nobody but you, Elise, would think of such a thing."

"We must write a formal invitation and send it at once. Let me see! Get paper and pens from my desk—my very sweetest note. How will this do?"

"The Misses Herrick request the pleasure of a two weeks' visit from Mrs. Lucy Herrick, beginning on Wednesday afternoon next at four o'clock. An early reply is requested."

ELISE HERRICK.
ELIZABETH HERRICK.
MARION HERRICK.

The next day—Tuesday—came a note in the mail. Three heads bent anxiously over the fine, pretty writing. They read:

"Mrs. Lucy Herrick accepts with pleasure the invitation from the Misses Herrick to visit them at their charming home. She will arrive promptly at four o'clock, Wednesday afternoon. She hopes that at the end of the two weeks the young ladies will return with Mrs. Herrick for a protracted stay at her own home."

"Pretty neat, that last," Marion cried, and they all laughed. Then they went to work in earnest. Wednesday, directly after breakfast, Mrs. Herrick was hurried off to spend the day with her mother, four squares away. Then the three, in morning dress, worked with a will. They had lunch, instead of the usual country noon dinner, to give themselves more time.

By four everything was in order, and the girls, in pretty afternoon dress, awaited their guests—for grandmother was coming to tea, also.

They arrived promptly. Mrs. Herrick in her lavender lawn, and Madam Avery in a thin black-and-white gown with old lace.

The rooms of the cottage were partly darkened and cool, with flowers and vines everywhere.

A few moments later three friends of the mother's came—a surprise planned by the girls.

Every one seemed in a gala mood. There was a cool breeze on the piazza, so the guests adjourned thither later.

When supper time came, the mother could not repress a little gasp of astonishment. The table was beautifully decorated with ferns and white roses, with Elise's best embroidered centerpiece of ferns on a white ground. The prettiest china and silver were in use, and vines were on the walls.

Marion was a model waitress in white cap and apron. Elise had the few hot dishes for the first course. She served coffee from the urn, a family heirloom, and tea for Madam from Elizabeth's Chinese teapot. The veal pâté had been the skeleton at the feast, but they were a success in spite of dire misgivings, while Elise's delicious light rolls were highly praised.

Elizabeth gave for a second course her famous vegetable salad, served with thin slices of brown bread and olives.

The last course was sliced peaches chilled, with

whipped cream, and Elizabeth's nut-cakes and Marion's peppermint wafers.

After tea there was a new game, led by Elizabeth. Then Elise came in to play many pretty airs, like "Jock o' Hazeldean," "Bonnie Dundee," and "The Campbells are Coming," with variations. The three sisters sang some lively songs.

Marion said afterward that she didn't know what they would have done if they had had gentlemen,



as they liked such hearty dishes; but one guest was a widow, another unmarried, and the husband of the third was out of town. Madam Avery's one lodger came for her, and escorted the others home also.

As soon as the door closed behind the guests, Mrs. Herrick said eagerly, "Now, girls, we must get those dishes out of the way." Her remark was met by a lofty stare from Elise. "Guests do not ask about kitchen arrangements," she said; "but if you are troubled, Mrs. Herrick, you may be allowed a glance into our culinary department."

So saying Elise led the way, and behold! the kitchen in perfect order, and not a dish in view!

Mrs. Herrick looked her amazement, but she only said: "What well-trained servants you must have!"

"Yes, the waitress cleared the table, then ate her own supper; then the housemaid came from the parlor to relieve the cook, who had most of the dishes washed. The cook left the dish washing to play on the piano," Elise explained.

"I don't know when I have enjoyed myself more; but I hope you will not go to any undue labor for the remainder of my stay."

"With servants so well trained as ours, madam, nothing is a labor, and entertaining but a joy and pastime," said Elizabeth. "Marion," she added, "show Mrs. Herrick to her room."

The latter was in beautiful order, the bed decked out in the best bed-linen, with freshly laundered covers on dressing-table and chiffonier, and with flowers about the room.

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Marion asked if their guest wished a maid's services. Receiving a brief negative, she quickly withdrew to throw herself on the couch down-stairs and give way to laughter.

"Oh, it is such fun! and mother acts it out so well, if she did forget about the dishes!" she said to her sisters.

The next morning a friend, who was in the secret, called in her carriage to take Mrs. Herrick driving "with friends she wished her to meet"—who proved to be two neighbors. In the afternoon they all sat quietly with their work on the piazza.

One day Elise and her mother returned some calls long due, and everywhere Elise explained that her mother was visiting her, and begged them to call.

Friends planned to call different days, and, entering into the spirit of the thing, Mrs. Herrick was invited out informally more than she had been for a year. She thoroughly enjoyed it, and her hostesses declared she looked ten years younger. Elise rearranged the pretty gray hair in a new style which she had learned when away, and it proved vastly becoming. Elizabeth and Marion did all the mending, and Elise, who was unusually deft with her needle, made over a white dress for her guest, so that it looked like new. Elise tried to economize and yet have palatable meals, and she found a certain excitement in her growing success.

But both she and her sisters also realized, as they never had before, how much care, how many unexpected things, turned up every day; how dull the round of household tasks may become in years of performance. They could not understand this fully in three weeks' time; but they received a new impression of a mother's duties and responsibilities in a cookless household where strained means required the most careful economy. They had supposed themselves well informed and helpful assistants to their mother, and Elise especially was most capable; but it is a very different thing to help an efficient housekeeper when other things do not interfere, and to have the whole care of a household. Even now the care was divided among three, although Elise took the lead; and Elizabeth broke out one day, when interruptions innumerable had delayed the work, and the heat was almost unbearable: "To think of mammy going on this way for years and years, and sewing for us and planning to keep down expenses, and trying to dress three girls before Elise took care of herself!"

"And here I might have saved more and bought her a new dress, instead of just a hat. I don't see why and how my money goes so, when I've always been taught to economize. I must do better next year," Elise said.

"And Elizabeth and I must help more at home. Even when we go to school we might do more, with some planning and extra effort," Marion declared.

"Mercy!" Elizabeth, who never could be grave very long at a time, laughed. "Just hear the reform bills presented before the House of Herrick! If we keep on the millennium will soon arrive and we shall all be grown-up angels. And here my magazine awaits me, and Antoinette La Rue is impatiently expecting Elise to go to the Maernaghtons' garden-party, and Marion must bend her mind to plan to-morrow's breakfast, as it is her turn. I'm going to forget that I'm one third Cinderella and enjoy my beloved 'Rebecca' while our guest lolls at her ease in her room. She certainly enjoys her visit more than any guest we ever had." And Elizabeth ran off with a light heart.

The two weeks came to a close; and Mrs. Herrick, who had been driving with a friend, drove up to the gate, and was met by her family with a welcome which was far too heartfelt to be mere acting.

Marion flung her arm about her. "Oh, I'm glad Mrs. Herrick is gone, mammy dear!" she said. "She was pleasant, and a 'real lady,' as Bridget used to say; but I have missed you! Elise is the best elder sister, but mothers are so comfy!" This was unusual from the usually quiet Marion. The other two hovered about her as they all went into the house.

"Well, all joking aside, girls," said Mrs. Herrick, "I am so happy! How well you have done! I did worry a little over the expense, but I hear that Elise met the extras with her own pocket-money, and the regular expenses are as usual. And what a rest it has been to me you cannot think! I am very proud of my girls, and I'm going to tell you a secret: Mothers get rather blue sometimes, thinking that all their sacrifice and labor is taken as a matter of course, and a charming little plan like this cheers and comforts her immensely."

"Elise planned it," said Elizabeth, generously.

"But I never could have carried it out without the girls. I had no idea they were so capable," Elise declared.

The mother hurried out into the kitchen to get the supper. She looked into the refrigerator. There was the fruit, the cold sliced ham on the platter.

"I believe I shall have French toast," she thought, and then started, for Elizabeth stood by her side.

"I'm going to beat the eggs," that irrepressible announced. "You're not going to be out here alone working. I think company is so enlivening, and it oils the wheels, even of a silly fifteen-year-old. And, mother, Marion and I are going to have regular tasks even when we're in school. Elise has talked it over with us. We have always helped by snatches, but now we're going to help every single day, and all null together."

Elizabeth beat the eggs vigorously as she sang: "United we stand, divided we fall!"

But her mother did not answer as usual. She knew this daughter's aversion to kitchen work, and unexpectedly a mist came before her eyes. The future years took on a rosier hue, for she saw at once that not only in the homely every-day tasks, but in the more close companionship, she was not to be alone, but with three to help, not hinder. One had already taken her share of the burden, but now the others were to put their strength, willing shoulders to lift it further; and lo! it was a heavy burden no longer, but light as air.



PENNY SAD — PENNY GLAD

When a little penny's dingy
And a dull and ugly brown,
From the fingers of the butcher-boy
And every one in town,
I feel sorry for the penny,
And I say it is too bad—
Don't you think the little penny must be sad?

Then I rub it on the carpet
With all my main and might,
Till it gets all warm and shiny,
And so pretty and so bright,
That I'm sure it has forgotten
All the troubles that it had—
Don't you think the little penny must be glad?

THE TWO EXTREMES.

By Edwin Gabin.

Oh, Mistress Carrie Carroway was such a careless girl,
With buttons off and clothes away and hair all out of curl!
A fly-about, a scatter-brain, a frolic and a tease—
And ah, the way, 'midst other things, she dropped and lost her 'g's'!

And therefore "talkin'," "walkin'," therefore "bein'!"
"Seein'," "snowin'!"
And likewise "nothin'," "somethin'," likewise "tryin'!"
"dyin'," "goin'!"

And vainly did her parents threaten various disgraces
Unless she thought about her "g's" and put them in their places.

While Mistress Katie Katterkit, the opposite was she;
So prim and economical, as doubtless you'll agree:
For whenever she found one word that answer might for two—
Or sometimes three—without delay she made that one word do!

Oh, "won't" and "won't" and "can't" and "sha'n't"
are ordinary samples.
With "ain't" and "ain't" and "ain't" as more curious examples.
And thus to serve her purpose she the English language twisted,
Till such a strange vocabulary never had existed.

Now, here are lassies, different they as pencil may present;
The one so very profligate, on thrift the other bent,
And yet when you would come to choose, somehow to me it seems
The proper path for taking lies betwixt the two extremes.

Instead of Mistress Carroway, of letters so uncaring—
Instead of Mistress Katterkit, of words so very sparing—
I think, or, rather, I am sure, my model would be neither:
So cautious be, oh girls and boys, of patterning on either!

A CHILD PONDERERS.

By Nancy Byrd Turner.

The moon has gone the other side the world—
I wonder why?
Last week she was a tiny feather curled
Far in the sky;
Maybe the hard wind blew her, light and swift
Across the Western sea,
And some to-morrow she will softly drift
Out of the East to me.

The leaves are falling, falling from the trees,
Like colored snow;
What makes them move without a breath of breeze
I want to know?
The air is just as still, yet ceaselessly,
Gently from bough and stem
They're dropping, dropping earthward—can it be
An angel touches them?

I found a lovely shell down on the shore,
Scalloped and thin;
They told me that it held the ocean's roar
Always within.
I tried to find the water in my shell
To pour it on the ground—
It did not hold a drop, I cannot tell
What made that singing sound.

To-night a star fell yonder from the sky!
I saw it dip
Down toward the world like a far firefly;
Then curve and slip
Somewhere—somewhere. The air is dark and deep,
The other stars aglow
All safe and shining, but I cannot sleep—
Where did the lost star go?