



# For Every Boy and Girl



## CELEBRATING ARBOR DAY

By A. L. SYKES

"Oh, mother, mayn't I go to school now? I feel just as well," said seven-year-old Robby, as he raised his curly yellow head from the couch and looked at his mother with eager eyes.

Mother's lips were smiling as she went about her work, but her eyes were saying "no" very plainly to Robby.

"But, mother, I don't have to have the measles just because the children next door have them, and to-day is Arbor Day. When Tommy Morris said, 'I christen thee George Washington, I was going to wave the flag and say, 'Grow thou, and flourish, O Tree, and now I can't do it.' It cannot be helped, my boy; you must not go to school until I am sure that you are quite, quite well, but, if you wish, you may walk up the road as far as the shade grows, and try to find a sunny face to bring back with you."

The tears came into Robby's eyes, and I am afraid that he slammed the gate in a rebellious mood, as he went out of the yard onto the pleasant country road, shaded by great waving trees.

"Just 's if I'd have the measles," he grumbled. "I guess mothers don't know how boys feel, and anyway I'd be sure to wave the flag and see the tree planted before I get 'em."

The day was very warm, and when Robby came to the last tree, he sat down under its shade and looked along the road that stretched away in the distance, white with dust and unshaded from the sun.

"Men have most all the trouble, anyway," sighed Robby. "Here I am sitting under a tree when I want to be planting one; and last night I heard father say that he might lose his position now that the new manager had come, and then he would have to be idle for a while."

Robby's face was not at all sunny as he sat with his elbows on his knees, but suddenly a bright idea came into his mind as he noticed the multitude of acorns strewn about the ground.

"I'll do it," he said aloud, and he stuffed acorns into his pockets, his hands and even his sleeves, until he looked like a very fat Robby indeed.

He found a clam shell just as he needed it, and trotting out into the hot sunshine, he dug a hole in the soft ground of the roadside, planted an acorn, carefully covered it, stamped the earth down, and set up a little stick to mark the place. On he went a few steps and repeated the action, measuring the distance between his prospective trees by lengths of a straight stick. Acorn after acorn he planted, until one side of a long stretch of road was shaded in his fancy by green waving branches, and then he trudged back to the beginning, loaded himself again with acorns and began work on the other side of the road.

How hot the sun was, and how his short legs ached, and how tired and thirsty he felt!

"Wish I had a drink," thought Robby, and then he remembered that people who plant things always water them if they expect them to grow. Almost at the end of his two rows of acorns a little white cottage was set in a glowing garden, and Robby decided that he would ask for help to carry out his plan. He went through the white gate and along a path bordered by curious-looking boxes, which Robby knew were beehives, because he saw the bees flying in at the tiny doorways.

An old, old lady came out on the little porch. She wore a queer frilled bonnet, and from it shone her round, red apple-cheeks and her kind, bright blue eyes. She gave Robby a drink from a cup which was painted with green leaves and pink roses, but when he asked her if he might have water from her pump to water his acorns, she hesitated and finally said: "I like you because you want to make a green-shaded road before my house, and then I can walk into town without feeling too warm, but my bees don't like boys, and I am afraid that you might make them nervous."

Robby's eyes filled with two great tears, and the Bee-Woman, looking down into them, thought that they looked like two blue lakes.

"Well," she said, "if my bees like you, you may take the water," and she led him down the path where the busy bees were flying thick and fast. They lit on her

hands and her frilled bonnet, and seemed to know that she was their good mistress. Some settled upon Robby's hands and face, and he stood perfectly still, trying to think that he liked bees very much, and was not at all afraid. At length the Bee-Woman said, "You are a good boy, and my bees do like you, so you may take this big tin pail and the cup and carry all the water you need."

It was hard work carrying water in the large tin pail, but Robby made many journeys, and poured cupful after cupful upon his buried acorns. When it was all finished, and he had thanked the Bee-Woman, and had given her her cup and pail, he remembered that he had been away from home a long, long time, and that he was, oh, so hungry! His feet seemed very heavy and hard to lift, and when he tried to run out of the road as a flying team came behind him, he stumbled over a stone, and fell on his face, and was so tired that he lay quite still. In a moment the horses were checked, and the driver of them leaped from the carriage and took Robby up in his arms.

"Hurt, my man, or just scared?" he asked, smiling down at Robby.

"Just tired, I think," answered Robby.

"You were going my way. Won't you have a lift?"

"Mother says that I must never go with strangers, but I think that you are the new superintendent, and, anyway, I believe you're good," said Robby, smiling into the stern face.

"That's a joke on me," said the man, quickly turning away his face as he lifted Robby up on the high seat and jumped up beside him. "What might your name be?" he asked.

"Robby Trevitt."

"Trevitt; that's my head man's name, isn't it?"

"Yes, he's my father," answered Robby, proudly.

"Afraid he's going to lose his head," said the man, but so softly that the boy did not understand the words. Robby thought that he would be kind and polite, and tell the new friend about his afternoon's work, so he pointed out the two long rows of wet spots decorating the roadside.

"Do it all yourself?" asked the man.

"Yes," said Robby.

"How long have you worked?"

"Ever since dinner," answered Robby.

"Tired?"

"Yes—es," hesitated Robby; but he continued, brightly, "I wasn't when I was working."

"What on earth did you want to do it for?"

"Oh, I wanted to celebrate Arbor Day, and I couldn't go to school, so I celebrated alone; and anyway I think that this road will look much better with rows of trees, don't you?"

"Yes," answered the man; and he said not another word until he drew up his horses before Robby's own home and lifted him down beside his mother, who was waiting anxiously at the gate.

"This is Mrs. Trevitt, I believe," he said; and then he asked: "Has this boy of yours brought his father up to be like himself?"

"I think so," said Robby's mother, laughing.

"If that is the case, please tell your husband not to look any farther for a new berth; we can't spare him," said the new superintendent; and then he drove away.

Robby's mother looked at her small son, with clothes and shoes dusty and water-stained, and at his soiled face and hands burned scarlet by the sun, and said, "Oh, Robby, Robby!"

"Oh, mother, mother! I didn't walk a bit farther than the shade; I only worked farther. I planted trees and flowers. Can't you forgive me?"

"I'll try to, this time, Robby," she said, "considering that you haven't the measles yet, and that your teacher was here to say that so many children were absent to-day she had decided to postpone the Arbor Day exercises until next week, and, best of all, that we have such good, good news to tell father when he comes home."

"Goody! goody!" shouted Robby, quite forgetting that he was tired, and jumping round and round his mother, he cried: "Now I can say, 'Grow thou, and flourish, O Tree.'"

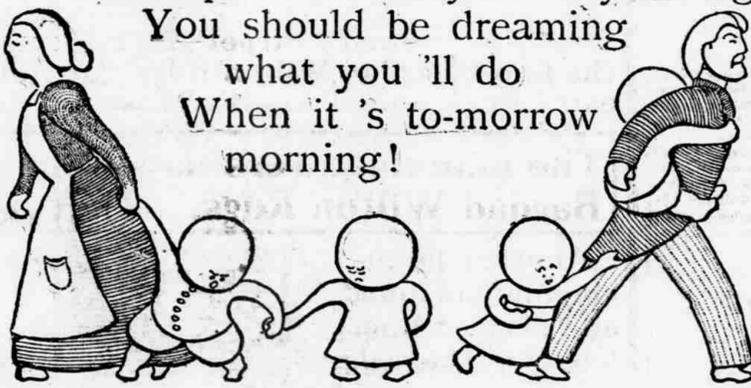


By GELETT BURGESS.

THE night is different from the day,  
It's darker in the night,  
How can you ever hope to play,  
When it's no longer light?

When bed time comes it's time for you

To stop, for while you're yawning,  
You should be dreaming  
what you'll do  
When it's to-morrow morning!



## THE LITTLE WANDERER

By ROSS B. FRANKLIN

SOME time ago, a consignment of homing or carrier pigeons left San Francisco for Auckland, New Zealand, to be used in carrying communications between Auckland and Great Barrier Island; and among the little feathered messengers was a bird named Pete, which belonged to me. Pete was always known as a wise fellow, his intelligence at times causing people to marvel. But Pete was a tramp; that is, he could not be depended upon if sent on a long trip, often loitering on the way to hunt food or to play, perhaps staying out hours when he should have been absent only minutes. So Pete was shipped away to be used as a loft-bird—one which stays at the home loft to attract returning messengers. Well, he went this time because he couldn't help it; but his cunning played a fine trick on his new owners. This bird was taken two thousand miles by land to San Francisco; two thousand and eighty-nine miles by water to Hawaii; thence, two thousand two hundred and forty miles by water to the Samoan Islands; thence, sixteen hundred miles by water to Auckland—in all nearly eight thousand miles; and—now Pete is at home again!

The home-coming of this bird is little short of marvelous, and this is how he accomplished it. Watching carefully for an opportunity to escape, after landing at Auckland, Pete took to his wings, and finding in the harbor the vessel which had carried him so far from home, he radiated from its masts in every direction, searching for a familiar scene or object, which, of course, he could not find, so many thousand miles away from his American dove-cote. However, he stayed near the ship, perhaps thinking it would return to America; but when the vessel finally steamed out headed for Australia instead of the United States, Pete deserted his perch and struck out straight toward his home land. So it happened that the *Lucy Belle*, an old-fashioned sailing vessel laden with lumber from the Samoan Isles, when three days from Christmas Island, was boarded by an almost exhausted stranger; and the stranger was nobody in the world but Mr. Pete. As the old sailor is a very superstitious being, Pete was welcomed amid cries of wonder at encountering a homing-pigeon in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and was allowed to ride

wherever he chose on shipboard. The bird was kindly treated and fed, and one day, during a storm which frightened him and drove the little tramp to shelter on deck, it was discovered that he carried a small tag on one leg, bearing a number and his name. He was placed in a box with slats for bars, and in this condition came into San Francisco Bay with the *Lucy Belle*, just as happy at sight of land as any member of the crew, who considered him a mascot.

The story of the *Lucy Belle's* mascot soon spread among the shipfolk along the wharves, and in a few hours Pete was identified as having been shipped some weeks before for Auckland. Then it was that the people understood that the crafty fellow was homeward-bound.

All this is wonderful enough; but the fact that Pete reached home unaided over two thousand miles of land route is, perhaps, only less wonderful. But he did.

It was argued on the *Lucy Belle* that a bird possessing a brain wise enough to figure out an ocean voyage could reach his home on land; and after some debate, the sailors securely fastened a little story to Pete's leg, reciting his adventures so far as known to them, and turned him loose. How the dear little wanderer found his way home he alone can tell.

It took Pete nine days to travel the two thousand miles, in covering which, of course, he must have stopped often; for, if he could have gone straight home, the distance could have been made in thirty or forty hours. We who had sent him off to Auckland had not the slightest idea that he was this side of the equator, or of the world, when, one morning, not long ago, Mr. Pete quietly hopped down from the home loft, and, without any fuss whatever, joined his mates at a breakfast of corn, wheat and crumbs!

Now, what do you think of him? He will never be sent way again; for there is not sufficient money at the disposal of any one man to secure him.

If you know of any girls or boys who are discontented at home, show them this story of Pete, who so loved his humble abode of rough board and hard straw that he outwitted cunning men and defied the risks and hardships of an eight-thousand-mile journey over sea and land, in the effort to return to his home.

## The Adventurers

By HANNAH G. FERNALD.

"I am going for a voyage," quoth the Sailor-man to me; "Shall I bring you any treasures from the lands beyond the sea? My gallant ship is riding now at anchor in the bay!" So I kissed my daring Sailor-man and watched him sail away!

"I am riding forth to battle," quoth the Warrior to me; "My charger's prancing at the gate, as you may plainly see. I am riding forth to glory, but I'll come again some day!" So I kissed my gallant Warrior and watched him ride away.

My sailor's far upon the sea, my warrior's in the fight, Yet both will nestle in my arms and hold me close to-night. For the soldier and the sailor-man (be kind to them, O Fate!) Are just my merry little lads out swinging on the gate!

## Cause and Effect

By MARGARET MILLS.

A reckless young Zephyr went tearing along,  
Not heeding what he was about,  
He bumped into Black Cloud with terrible force,  
And spilled a big thunder shower out.

Two little maids, walking out hand in hand  
When the rain fell, began to cry;  
Said one: "Some bad Fairy, I know, just for spite  
Has knocked the plug out of the 'Sky.'"

## A Picture

By MARY STUART BELL.

ONE bright Autumn morning  
Came two tiny lovers,  
A sweet little maid  
And her little twin brother.

Two little round heads,  
One brown and one yellow,  
Had this dear little maid  
And her little twin fellow.

Two pairs of bright eyes,  
So big and so blue,  
To wonder and watch  
The whole day through.

Two little noses,  
How came it, I wonder?  
That up should turn one  
While the other turns under.

Four red ruby lips,  
Make two mouths, I suppose,  
Tho' they look like the buds  
Of a pretty moss-rose.

Four tiny wee shells,  
With their linings of pink,  
May make two pairs of ears,  
If about it you think.

With two little bodies,  
All dimpled and sweet,  
Now really I think  
That my picture's complete.

There are four little feet,  
To dance and to run,  
And four tiny hands  
To clasp at the fun.

Yet in all this big world,  
There are no truer lovers,  
Than a sweet little maid  
And her little twin brother.

## The Goosey Gander



There once was an old Goosey Gander,  
Whose snills became blander and blander,  
Till it took in, they said,  
The whole top of his head,  
As around he did wildly meander.



## Animal Music

By OLIVER HERFORD.

Said the Lion: "On music I dote,  
But something is wrong with my throat.  
When I practise a scale,  
The listeners quail,  
And flee at the very first note!"



## Books

If only more people would write fewer books  
How well pleased I would be!

If all of the authors would change into cooks  
'T would suit me perfectly.