

For Boys And Girls

Where's Mother?

Bursting in from school or play,
This is what the children say,
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by,
"Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain,
This same question comes again:
From the boy with sparkling eyes,
Bearing home his earliest prize,
From the bronzed and bearded son,
Perils past and honors won,
"Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we may vainly ask,
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace,
Let us love her while we may,
Well for us that we can say,
"Where's mother?"

Mother, with untiring hands
At the post of duty stands,
Patient, seeking not her own,
Anxious for the good alone
Of her children as they cry,
Ever as the days go by,
"Where's mother?"

Beba.

[By Clara Marcelle Greene.]
You never saw anything, I suppose,
Quite as cunning as Beba. I never did.

Now you don't know who Beba is,
Do you? I know what you think she is,
A kitten. Maybe she is, and maybe
she isn't. I am not going to tell you
just now. But Beba is the most fasci-
nating thing in our neighborhood,
whatever she is.

Everybody thinks so. Everybody
files to the window when anybody else
exclaims: "There's Beba! or, 'Look—
see Beba!'"

We all run, with our book, or our
knitting, or our sewing, in hand, and
crowd our faces to the window, and
don't get them away again, either, just
as long as that little being is in sight.
It isn't very long, but it is so much
stay long in one place. That is why
everybody wants to see her every min-
ute there is a chance.

Why, even our Sally ran in from the
pantry with her dishcloth in her hand,
and stood right up in the window with
us to look. Do you suppose I made
her go back? No, I hadn't the heart.

In fact, I did not notice either dish-
cloth or Sally, till Beba ran out of
sight. Then we all laughed, and Sally
laughed, too, as she hurried away.

Sometimes Beba is on the sidewalk,
sometimes on the fence. Sometimes
she is wading ankle-deep in the gutter,
and sometimes sitting flat in the street
making mud pies—eating them, too!

There! now I've told you that Beba
is a little girl. For nothing but a little
girl could be called Beba and make
mud pies. Kittens could not do that.
I meant to tell you pretty soon, but
not quite then. However, it's all right.
She's just as cunning, whether you
know or not.

Sometimes she wears a hood, but it
is on hind side before; sometimes a
hat, but it hangs from the back of her
neck by a string. Sometimes she comes
out with her brother's old felt hat on,
but often with none at all, and her
hair hangs and flies in little yellow
wisps all around. Often she drags an
old rag baby by the arm, or hugs it
tight with its one foot where its head
should be.

And kittens—oh, if you could see her
handle kittens! She would pick them
up and swing one out of the win-
dow by the tail. She gave another a
bath in the floor pail where the ser-
vant had been washing the steps.

When no one is about, Beba drags
her little baby sister out of the cradle
by her dress, squeezes her into her
own little doll carriage, and runs her
up and down the room, the baby
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Beba has lovely blue eyes, and a
dainty white skin when it is clean. It
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world could keep it so.

Just one thing more I must tell
about her, that you may know what
a right little heart she really has.

An old colored woman went by and
another child called after her:
"Nigger, nigger, hullo nigger!"

Beba clenched her bit of a fist, and
rushing up to her playmate, gave her
a hit, exclaiming:
"Don't you 'peak dat, you naughty
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A String of Names.

[By Charles N. Slinnett.]

"Oh—how pretty!" cried Beba, stop-
ping suddenly in her run down the
hill.

"Oo!" cried her little cousin, as they
caught sight of the flowers right at
Beba's feet.

"I didn't know the innocence had
blossomed yet," said Rhoda.

"We ought to call it Housonia,"
spoke her sister, in a rather sharp
voice. "Mamma wants us to speak

things by their truly names. And
that's what the botany says."
"Well, Amelia, do see how white and
innocent it looks," Rhoda quickly re-
plied. "And lots of folks call it by
that name. It's easy to remember,
too, when you look right down at the
color of it."

"But bluest is what we say out here
in the country," spoke Beba, quite de-
cidedly. "And a good part of the
blossoms are pale blue, and the rest
are bluish when you look real sharp
at them."

"If that's the way you're going to
favor things, I guess I'm right, for I
said Hous-tonia. And aren't there
rocks and stones all round here? And
don't it look like a little house in a
stonier place? Shouldn't most any-
body could see that?"

And Amelia put on a very dignified
look as she glanced at the other girls.
She looked as though she meant to
say a good deal more, too. But just
then her cousin Sam shouted from the
wall at the top of the hill as he
thrust a handle over into the pasture.

"Here's rubbers for all of you. Mother
says you'll need them, 'cause it's
damp at the foot of the hill. See that
your cousins put theirs on, Bessie,
Margaret Sarah Craig!"

"Oh, dear, he knows I don't like to
be called by all my names," said Beba,
with a toss of her head. "And it was
rather mean, I think, for my aunts
to give me both their names—such a
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"Mother said the other day that she
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"Oh, yes," laughed little Amelia, with
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The Poets.

An Epitaph.

Imperial was the palace of his life;
With memory you may roam its
chambers yet.

Here was the throne-room of his in-
tellect,
Sumptuous for purple tapestries; and
here

The aerial domed hall of his eloquence;
And here the innumerable-alcove li-
brary

Of his vast erudition; and here drowsed
The rosy and many-mirrored hair of all
His fine poetic visions; and here
gleamed

The sanctum of his heartiest friend-
ships, fair
With clustering lights, heaped fruit,
And here, august and sculptural, abode
The shrine of his white honor. Oh, in
truth,

Imperial was the palace of his life!
Yet memory, if you will, may lead you
past

The cobwebbed gloom of yonder bolted
door,
And show you there the assassinated
shape
Of Charity. Long since he smote her
dead.

And hid her thus, to molder through
the years
In that dark haunt, once beautiful, but
now
Dolorous with mildewed garniture—
So be it!

On this the imperial palace of his life.
—EDGAR FAWCETT.

Life's Changes.

"There is a nest of thrushes in the
glen;
When we come back, we'll see the
glad young things."

He said. We came not by that way
again,
And Time and thrushes fare on eager
wings.

"Yon rose," she smiled—"but no, when
we return,
I'll pluck it then." 'Twas on a sum-
mer day.

The ashes of the rose in Autumn's urn
Lie hidden well. We came not back
that way.

We do not pass the selfsame way
again,
Or, passing by that way, nothing we
find
As it before had been; but death, or
stain,

Hath come upon it, or the wasteful
wind.
The very earth is envious, and her
arms
Reach for the beauty that detained
our eyes;

Yea, it is lost, beyond the aid of
charms.
If, once within our grasp, we leave
the prize.

Thou traveler to the unknown Ocean's
brink,
Through Life's fair fields, say not,
This joy I'll prove"; for never, as I
think,

Never shall we come back this self-
same way!
—From the Westminster.

Winnie's Gone to Jesus.

By Llewellyn A. Morrison.

Winnie's gone to Jesus,
Brief and few the days,
Tarnished she to please us,
With her winsome ways;

Miss we now the smiling,
And the tender grace
All our hearts beguiling,
Miss the rosy face.

Miss the dimpled fingers,
Miss the laughing eyes,
Whose bright love-light lingers,
Yet we hush our cries.

Lost our lips should blame him
For this heavy cross;
Lost we harshly name him
In our grief and loss.

He is always tender,
All his gifts are wise;
He for love did lend her
From the jeweled skies.

Just to show the treasure
Filling heaven above,
And to teach the measure
Of the Father's love.

By this gift to win us
To be his alone,
Make the heart within us
Perfect, like his own;

Help us in our dullness,
By this crucial call,
Understand the fullness
Of his grace for all.

When he smiled, she to him
Spread her pretty hands,
Just as if she knew him,
Human bonds or bands
Could not then detain her
From his loving hands.

Nothing could restrain her,
For she loved him best,
In resigned submission
To his blessed will.

Waiting the fruition
Which must follow still,
All our praise is given,
Counting jewels o'er—
We have one in heaven—
Ours forever more.
London, Ont.

LONDON PARK.

They Occupy Nearly Twenty-Five Per
Cent of the Total Area of
the City.

The British metropolis makes a
splendid showing in the matter of pub-
lic parks. Within the five mile radius
of Charing Cross there are no less than
53 ground areas, apart from cemete-
ries, nearly the whole of them
greatly exceeding twenty acres in ex-
tent (Rugby Park, with 69 acres, be-
ing the largest), representing a total
of about 424 acres, being an average
of 30 acres each. Immediately be-
yond this radius stretch the vast
spaces of Richmond Park, Wimbledon
Common, Greenwich Park, Blackheath
and the Crystal Palace. Within the
four-mile radius, the space occupied by
the Thames, cemeteries, churchyards,
canals, square-gardens, recreation
grounds, represent 7,735 acres out of a
total area of 22,162 acres. In other
words, the "lung spaces" of London
approximate very closely upon 25 per
cent of its total area. Within three-
quarters of a square mile in Blooms-
bury there are sixteen spacious
squares and other spaces, aggregating
about 75 acres, or a sixth of the whole.

WHERE ARE THEY?

[Philadelphia American.]
Sinuous—Where, I say, are all the
promising college graduates of the past
few years?

Rooter—Striking out, blame 'em. They
can't play ball a little bit.

Voice Culture.

Pupils Should Be Taught How
to Use the Vocal Chords.

Women, it can be said with truth,
have by their activities in public life
had forced upon them a new test, and
one which the wise woman, irrespec-
tive of her age, today will endeavor
to meet with intelligence and with
ease. Recently there was a gathering
of women of probably more than aver-
age intelligence. A number of women
and one man spoke. The comments
made after that meeting were instruc-
tive from many points of view. They
may be summed up in ejaculatory sen-
tences something like the following:

"What a relief it was to hear a man
speak at that meeting!" The group to whom
she spoke evidently did not under-
stand it. It was to ask a man to speak
by saying: "Why, his voice proved
conclusively that women should not
speak in public."

"But there's something else you're
thinking of the most," urged Bessie,
with a look of relief as she heard
what her aunts thought of her name.

"Yes—well, I was just seeing how
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