

## FOR FRIDAY AFTERNOONS

## SUMMER DAYS.

Winter is cold hearted;  
 Spring is yea and nay;  
 Autumn is a weathercock  
 Blown every way:  
 Summer days for me,  
 When every leaf is on its tree.

— Christina G. Rossenti.

## BEES.

Bees don't care about the snow:  
 I can tell you why that's so:  
 Once I caught a little bee,  
 Who was much too warm for me.

— Frank D. Sherman.

## JUNE EXAMINATIONS.

What do you think the daisies said,—  
 The laughing, swaying mass,  
 Today as from exams I came,—  
 "Lousia, did you pass?"

Then all the clover-blooms called out,  
 Like children in a class,  
 And these were just the words they said,  
 "Louisa, did you pass?"

Out rang the winds, out sang the birds,  
 Out spoke the tall June grass,  
 The merry brook paused just to ask,  
 "Louisa, did you pass?"

I hurried home to shut them out,  
 And there I found — alas —  
 Mama and Grandma, and they said,  
 "Louisa, did you pass?"  
 — ALICE E. ALLEN, in the Farmer's Wife

## COMPARISONS.

By LAURA CHAUNCEY PECK.

The robin cannot even talk;  
 He hops along the garden walk,  
 And from his look it's plain to see  
 That he would like to play like me.  
 I'm sure he quite dislikes a worm;  
 He has to eat them when they squirm.  
 It's strange, no matter how I try,  
 I never can make out to fly.  
 And tho' I work my very best,  
 I cannot build a robin's nest.

— Youth's Companion

## THE BIRTHDAY GIFT.

By LOUISE TAYLOR DAVIS.

Last week I had a birthday, and my father said to me,  
 "I'll give you anything you want. Now, son, what shall  
 it be?  
 How would you like a phonograph?" But I just answered  
 "No.  
 I'd rather have a puppy, 'cause a puppy loves you so!"

So then he laughed and said that he would try and get a  
 pup,  
 And on my birthday morning, the minute I woke up,  
 The fattest little furry dog was sitting on my bed!  
 There's nothing in the world that I'd rather had instead.

He follows me around all day and sleeps with me at night;  
 He loves to bark at me and growl, and then pretend to  
 bite.

His little legs are wobbly, and he can't run fast, but oh!  
 I'm glad I've got that puppy, 'cause a puppy loves you so!

— Exchange

## A DANDELION STORY.

A dandelion grew in a garden plat  
 In the shade of an old stone wall;  
 Her slender leaves made an emerald mat,  
 Where the stem grew straight and tall.

In the cool spring days she had worn a hood  
 That was small and tight and green;  
 She wore it as long as she possibly could,  
 Till many a hole was seen.

Then she sent down word through her stem and  
 mat  
 To the storehouse under her feet,  
 That she needed at once a bright new hat,  
 With trimmings and all complete.

It was fine as silk and yellow as gold  
 Like a star that had fallen down;  
 With brightest trimmings and all complete  
 The gayest hat in town.

And she next wanted a summer hat,  
 Adorned with small white plumes;  
 So they sent her one, in place of that  
 They had sent with yellow blooms.

For many a day she waved and danced,  
 And bowed to the birds and bees;  
 For many a day the sunbeams glanced  
 Through leaves of the friendly trees.

But a brisk little wind went by one day,  
 "Please give me your hat!" he cried.  
 He carried the little white plumes away,  
 And scattered them far and wide.

— Exchange