

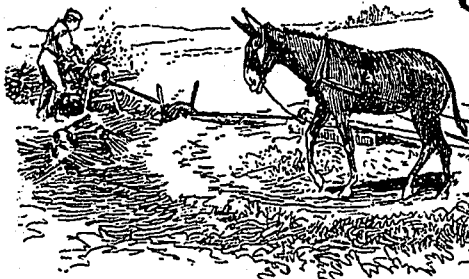
# ALL ABOUT A BROOM



With a whistle or a song  
"Jack, get up!" or "Jen, go long!"  
Plough and plant till set of sun;  
Now our broom's begun.



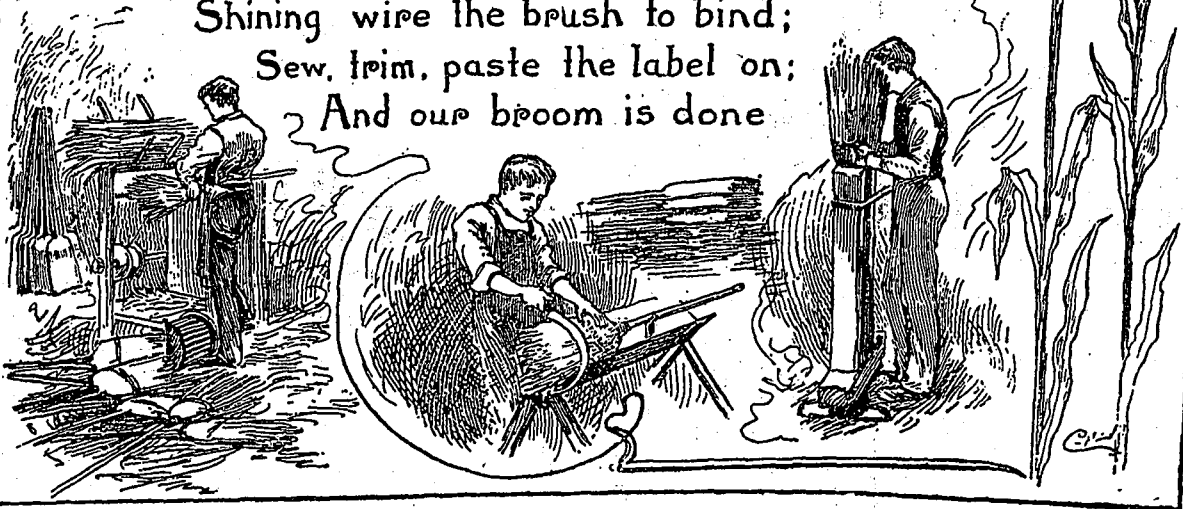
Showers of April, suns of May, "Go long Jack!" and "get up, Jen!"  
Heat of June, and lo! today Up the field and down again  
August crowns with tossing plume. Gather in the plumes with brown  
All our field of broom. Heavy seed weighted down



Clickety! Clackety! "Get up Jack!"  
Turn the scraper round and back,  
From the pliant brush we need  
Now to scrape the seed



Round the handle, neatly wind  
Shining wire the brush to bind;  
Sew trim, paste the label on;  
And our broom is done



## THE LITTLE LOG-CABIN.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

It stood, half hidden in shrubberies, on the edge of a large country place; and all their lives long the Harmony children had used it as a play-house. It was their special property, and the delight of their hearts. No other children whom they knew had just such a little log-cabin as theirs.

The outside was built of rough logs, mortised at the corners, like the houses of the early settlers. The chinks between the logs were stuffed with rough cement; and over this, and over the logs, moss and lichens had gradually grown, till the whole wore a beautiful mottled green and brown color, which made the building look very old. May, the eldest of the Harmony girls, delighted in this look of age, and helped it on by sticking now and again a bit of lichen or a tuft of red-capped moss, which she had brought from the woods, into the chinks.

Inside were two rooms, besides a rough little staircase, leading into a tiny loft. One room was a kitchen, with a stove in it. It was a small stove, but quite large enough to boil molasses for candy, or to bake potatoes in; or hold two or three saucepans at a time with experimental messes in them. There was a kitchen table, too, with wooden chairs, and a set of dresser shelves, with frilled-paper edges, on which stood a row of queer old dishes and cups; many nicks and cracks adorned them, but they were warranted to last a long time yet, as they had lasted a long

time already; besides,—which was an advantage,—they were not so overwhelmingly valuable that any one need grieve very much if they did break. That was one reason, perhaps, why the children liked them so much.

The other room had a wide fireplace, with iron dogs and a crane, from which hung a lot of real pot-hooks and hangers. Do any of you know what these are? The furniture in this room was of a very old-fashioned kind. The children had begged it from their mother, and from various aunts and uncles, in whose garrets they had discovered it, stored away and useless.

To tell half the tale of the delightful times which the Harmony children had in the log-cabin would be impossible. It was a place for bad weather, and good weather as well. The very sight of it seemed to suggest something to do or something to play at; and from April to November they never tired of it.

But the time came when, much as they loved the log-cabin, they outgrew it. Children do not remain children always. Even so delightful a plaything as this lost its zest. The two elder boys went to college, and Fred, the third, to boarding-school. May grew into a young lady; even the twins began to look forward to the time when they should be young ladies too. The cabin, which had rung with so much laughter, took on a dull, deserted air, and sometimes, for weeks at a time, none of its former occupants would go near it.

"I hate to leave it so," May said one

day to her mother; "but what can we do?"

"I wish we could think of some use to put it to," replied Mrs. Harmony. "It is a pretty little place. It seems a pity no one should enjoy it."

"If we lived nearer the village, it would be easy to ask children up to play in it," suggested May. "There are the Allens, and the Prevosts, and Linie Peyton's children; they would like nothing better. But it is too far for such little things to walk, and the hill is so steep."

"I was not thinking of just that sort of thing," her mother said. "The children you mention all have nice play-places of their own. I was thinking of the poor."

"But there are so few really poor people hereabouts."

"I know. But think of the hundreds and hundreds just beyond, in the city."

This talk was the beginning of the plan which, later on, restored the play-house to its place in the affections of its former occupants, or made it dearer than ever to them. May and her mother both thought the matter over; and the result of their united thinkings was that, once a week, for all the summers from that time forward, a party of poor women and children, selected by the City Missionary Society, have been asked to come out for a long day in the little log-cabin.

The first of these parties was on the first of June, six years ago; and, as the others have all been exactly like it, I will tell you what the arrangements were. It was judged best to limit the number to eight

women at a time, with as many children under ten years old as they chose to bring. Older children, Mrs. Harmony said, would have a chance at country outings through the Fresh Air Fund. So she asked only babies.

The morning was beautiful; and I may as well mention here what is a curious fact,—that all through the six summers there has not once been a storm on what the Harmonys like to call "Friends' Day." For other entertainments there have been thunder-gusts and rain-storms in plenty; but on the days when the poor women came for their treat the sun has invariably shone, as if he loved to see the sight.

Some one sent by the City Mission met the mothers at the ferry, and saw that they were properly started, each with a return ticket provided by Mr. Harmony, on the eight o'clock train. A big three-seated waggon met them at the end of the short railway journey, and by half-past nine they were safely up the long hill and at the door of the log-cabin, where Mrs. Harmony and the children were waiting for them in a state of great excitement.

Oh, such tired, shabby-looking women, and such pale little babies! There were three babies in this party, and two little boys just big enough to toddle about alone. The first thing was to give them all a drink of fresh country milk, and put the babies to sleep, all three at once, in the roomy, century-old cradle. The twins took turns in the rocking, rather quarrelling over who should have the first turn, while their sister helped the older people off with their bonnets, and made them comfortable in the shade of the trees,—for it was a warm day.

By-and-by the gardener appeared with some nice young peas and summer squashes, and a basket of strawberries, and Mrs. Harmony suggested that the mothers should prepare these for their dinner. She could easily have had this work done for them; but she thought, and very wisely, that a little something to do would make them feel more at home, and the day seem shorter. Loaves of nice bread, a plate of freshly churned butter, and a big pitcher of milk, appeared to help on the meal, and, at half-past twelve, a joint of roast beef, hot and savory, from the kitchen of the big house. So the city guests had a good hearty dinner, after which they washed the queer old plates and cups from which it had been eaten, and which they considered quite beautiful, and put them back in their places on the shelves.

Then they sat under the trees resting and talking, or strolled into the woods picking wild flowers,—for the place was large, and there were plenty of daisies and dog-tooth violets and purple flags and yellow buttercups to be found. And as the hours went on, it seemed as if with each the pale babies grew a little rosier, and the tired mothers a little less tired-looking. May came in her village-cart, and gave some of the women a short drive to see the wide view from the brow of the hill half a mile away, and the twins carried off the two little boys for a run down the lawn. Mrs. Harmony meanwhile was talking with the mothers, and learning something of their histories and their needs. The histories were pretty short and the needs very evident; but it was all interesting, and she saw her way to help along more than one of them.

At half-past four a treat of ice-cream and cake was served, and then the waggon came round to carry the guests back to the station. They drove away, each with a big bunch of wild flowers, looking back, as they descended the hill, to kiss their hands to the twins, who stood far out in the road beyond the gates to watch them depart. It seemed dreadful that they must go back to their narrow homes in the close city so soon; but even one day in the cool, delicious green of the country was good for them, and the sense that some one cared for their pleasure was better still.

"I have seldom enjoyed a day so much," Mrs. Harmony observed, as she and the children walked back to the house. "Generally, when you give a party, you are rather uncertain as to whether or not your guests have had a good time, but to-day I did not have the least doubt about it."

"I should think not," cried Ethel, the impulsive twin. "How those boys did