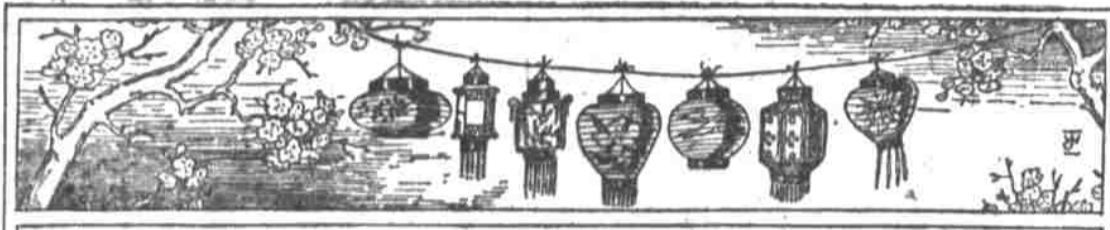


FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL



THE LITTLE BROTHER OF LOO-LEE

By MARGARET JOHNSON

IN flowery, fair Cathay,
That kingdom far away,
Where, odd as it seems, 't is always night
when here we are having day,
In the time of the great Ching-Wang,
In the city of proud Shi-Bang,
In the glorious golden days of old when sage and poet
sang,

There lived a nobleman who
Was known as the Prince Choo-Choo.
(It was long before the Chinaman wore his beautiful
silken queue.)
A learned prince was he,
As rich as a prince could be,
And his house so gay had a grand gateway, and a wonder-
ful roof, sky-blue.

His garden was bright with tints
Of blossoming peach and quince,
And a million flowers whose like has not been seen
before or since;
And set 'mid delicate odors
Were cute little toy pagodas,
That looked exactly as if you might go in for ice-cream
sodas!

A silver fountain played
In a bowl of carved jade,
And pink and white in a crystal pond the water-lilies
swayed.
But never a flower that grew
In the garden of Prince Choo-Choo
Was half so fair as his daughter there, the Princess
Loo-Lee Loo.

Each day she came and sat
On her queer little bamboo mat.
(And I hope she carried a doll or two, but I can't be
sure of that!)
She watched the fountain toss,
And she gazed the bridge across,
And she worked a bit of embroidery fine with a thread
of silken floss.

She touched her wee guitar,
The gift of her prince-papa,
And she hummed a queer little Chinese tune with a
Chinese tra-la-la!
It was all that she had to do
To keep her from feeling blue,
For terribly lonely and dull sometimes was poor little
Loo-Lee Loo.
Her father had kites to fly
Far up in the free blue sky
(For a Chinaman loves with this elegant sport his
leisure to occupy);
And what with his drums and gongs,
And his numerous loud ding-dongs,
He could have any day, in a princely way, a regular
Fourth of July.

Her mother, the fair Su-See,
Was as busy as she could be,
Though she never went out, except, perhaps, to a
neighboring afternoon tea;
She was young herself, as yet,
And the minutes that she could get
She spent in studying up the rules of Elegant Etiquette.

So the princess nibbled her plums,
And twisted her dear little thumbs,
And lent sometimes a wistful ear to the beating of
distant drums;
Until one April day—
Tsing Ming, as they would say—
She saw at the gate a sight that straight took Loo-Lee's
breath away.

Two dimples, soft and meek,
In a brown little baby cheek,
Two dear little eyes that met her own in a ravishing
glance oblique;
A chubby hand thrust through
The palings of bamboo—
A little Celestial, dropped, it seemed, straight out of
the shining blue.

A playmate, a friend, a toy,
A live little baby boy—
Conceive, if you can, in her lonely state, the Princess
Loo-Lee's joy!
How, as fast as her feet could toddle
(Her shoes were a Chinese model),
She hurried him in, and almost turned his dear little
wondering noddle.
"Oh, is it," she bent to say
In her courteous Chinese way,
"In my very contemptible garden, dear, your illustrious
wish to play?"
And when he nodded his head
She knew that he would have said,
"My insignificant feet are proud your honored estate
to tread!"

Oh, then, but the garden rang
With laughter and joy—ting, tang!
There was never a happier spot that day in the realm
of the great Ching-Wang!
And oh, but it waned too soon,
That golden afternoon,
When the princess played with her Ray of the Sun, her
darling Beam of the Moon!

For when the shadows crept
Where the folded lilies slept,



THE TORTOISE TEST

Out into the garden all at once the prince her father
stepped,
With a dignified air benign,
And a smile on his features fine,
And a perfectly gorgeous gown of silk embroidered
with flower and vine.
A fan in his princely hand,
(Instead of a gentleman's walking-stick it was carried,
you understand),

"Oh, what do I care!" she said,
"If he only may stay," she plead,
"I will give him the half of my bowl of rice and all
of my fish and bread!"
"Dear, dear!" said the Prince Choo-Choo,
"Now here is a how-do-you-do!
Is there nothing, O Jasmine-Flower, instead? A para-
sol pink or blue?
A beautiful big balloon?"
But she wept to the same old tune,



AND THE GIFTS THAT WERE BROUGHT FOR LITTLE FING-WEE WOULD FILL ME A CHAPTER OR TWO

In splendor of girdle and shoe,
In a glitter of gold and of blue,
With the fair Su-See at his side came he, the lordly
Prince Choo-Choo.

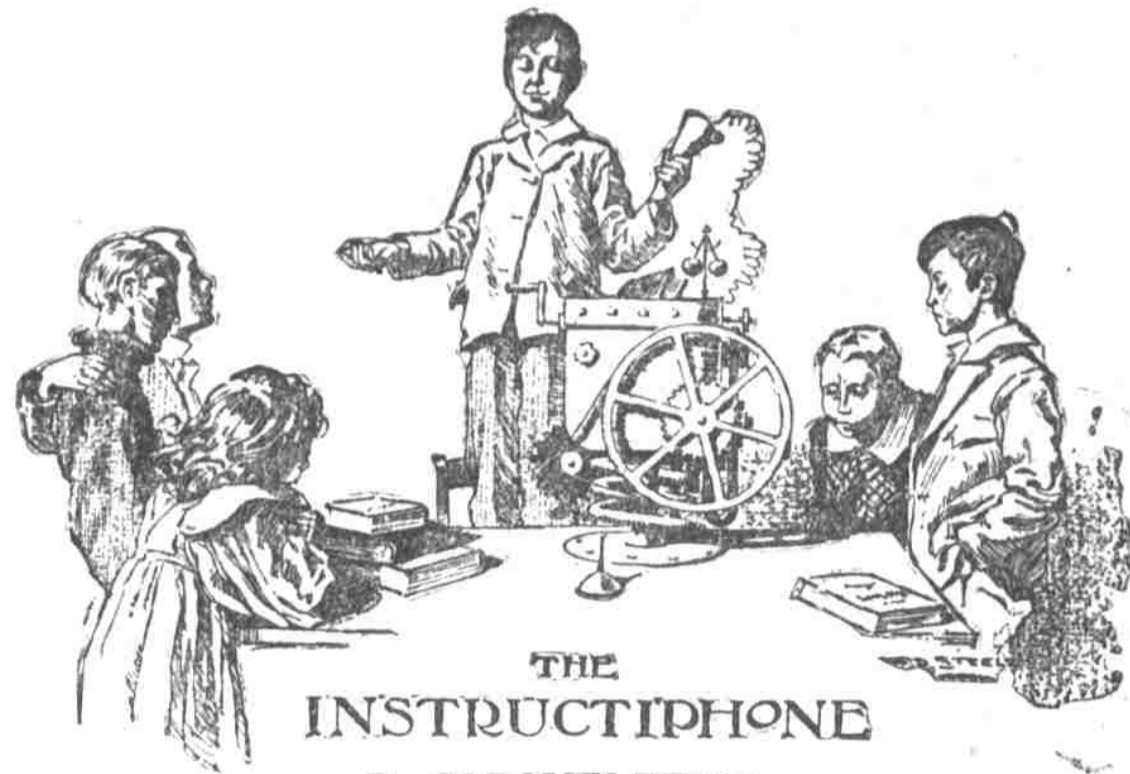
The princess bent her brow
In a truly Celestial bow,
Saluted her father with filial grace, and made him the
grand kotow.

(For every child that 's bright
Knows well the rule that 's right,
That to knock your head on the ground nine times is
the way to be polite.)

"And pray, what have we here?"
In language kind though queer
The prince observed. "It looks to me like a little boy,
my dear!"
"Why, that 's what it is!" in glee
The princess cried. "Fing-Wee—
Most Perfectly Peerless Prince-Papa, a dear little
brother for me!"

Loud laughed the Prince Choo-Choo,
And I fancy he said "Pooh-pooh!"
(That sounds very much like a Chinese word, and
expresses his feelings, too!)
And the fair Su-See leaned low.
"My Bud of the Rose, you know
If little Fing-Wee our son should be, your honors to
him must go!"

But the princess's eyes were wet,
For her dear little heart was set
On having her way till she quite forgot her daughterly
etiquette.



THE INSTRUCTIPHONE

By CAROLYN WELLS.

There was a youthful genius once, a boy of thirteen
years,
Named Cyrus Franklin Edison Lavoisier De Squeers.
To study he was not inclined, for fun he had a bent;
But there was just one article he wanted to invent.

"It 's a sort of a contraption which will work itself,"
he said;
"And, without studying, will put my lessons in my
head."
He thought and puzzled o'er his plan, he worked with
might and main
To utilize the wondrous scheme, within his fertile
brain:

Until at last the thing was done, and to his friends
said he:
"It is the Wonder of the Age! Success I can foresee!
My great invention is complete, and—'t is no idle
vaunt—
I 'm sure that my Instructiphone will fill a long-felt
want.

"The action is quite simple—I will try to make it clear:
This funnel-shaped receiver I apply, to my right ear
Then in this hopper I will put whate'er I wish to
learn—
A page of history or of Greek,—and then this crank
I 'll turn.

"The topic goes into this tube, a sort of phonograph
Which acts directly on my mind—it does, you need n't

laugh!
I do not have to think at all, for as I pull this chain,
My wonderful machine transmits the knowledge to my
brain."

The plan was good, the works were fine, and yet there
was a flaw;
When Cyrus turned the crank around, the neighbors
watched with awe.
He confidently pulled the chain with motion quick and
deft;
If knowledge entered his right ear—it came out at his
left!

He tried again,—a page of Greek; he tried a theme
occult,—
A message and an errand,—every time the same result!
Then Cyrus knew that somehow his machine had
missed its aim;
For though the works ran smoothly, it was always just
the same!

No matter what the book might be, or what it was
about,
It would go in at one ear,—at the other 't would come
out!
So, in his laboratory, baffled Cyrus, sitting lone,
Strives to correct the sad defect in his Instructiphone.
But it is my opinion, there 's no fault in the machine:
The trouble is that Cyrus is like other boys I 've seen.

"My father adopted a son,
His father the same had done;
Some thousands of years ago, it appears the custom
was thus begun."
He stopped for a pinch of snuff;
His logic was sound, though tough;
You may rightfully follow what plan you please, if
it 's only antique enough!

"A son," he thoughtfully said,
"To serve me with rice and bread;
To burn the paper above my grave and honor my aged
head!
Oh, try me the tortoise sign
With a tortoise of ancient line;
If he turns his toes straight in as he goes, the boy is
certainly mine!"

Oho! but the garden rang
On that wonderful night—ting, tang!
When a banquet meet was served the elite of the city
of proud Shi-Bang!
And all who passed that way
Might read in letters gay
As long as your arm, "The Prince Choo-Choo adopts
a son to-day!"

There was knocking of heads galore;
There were trumpets and drums a score;
The gay pavilions were lit with millions of lamps from
ceiling to floor.
And oh, but the chop-sticks flew
In the palace of Prince Choo-Choo,
And the gifts that were brought for the little Fing-Wee
would fill me a chapter or two.

But with never a single toy,
The princess cried for joy,
Nor cared she a jot that they all forgot it was she who
had found the boy!
Her dear little heart it sang
Like a bird in her breast—ting, tang!
There was never a happier child that night in the realm
of the great Ching-Wang!

And her mother, the fair Su-See,
She looked at the little Fing-Wee—
There were mothers in China some thousands of years
before you were born, trust me!
She looked at the children two,
And down in the dusk and the dew,
With a tender mist in her eyes she kissed the Princess
Loo-Lee Loo!



No Cause For Alarm

"I 'd rather have little Fing-Wee, papa, than anything
under the moon!"
Then the prince he called for lights,
And he called for the Book of Rites,
And all of the classical literature that he loved to read
o' nights;
And he read till the dawn of day
In his very remarkable way,
From end to beginning, from bottom to top, as only
a Chinaman may.