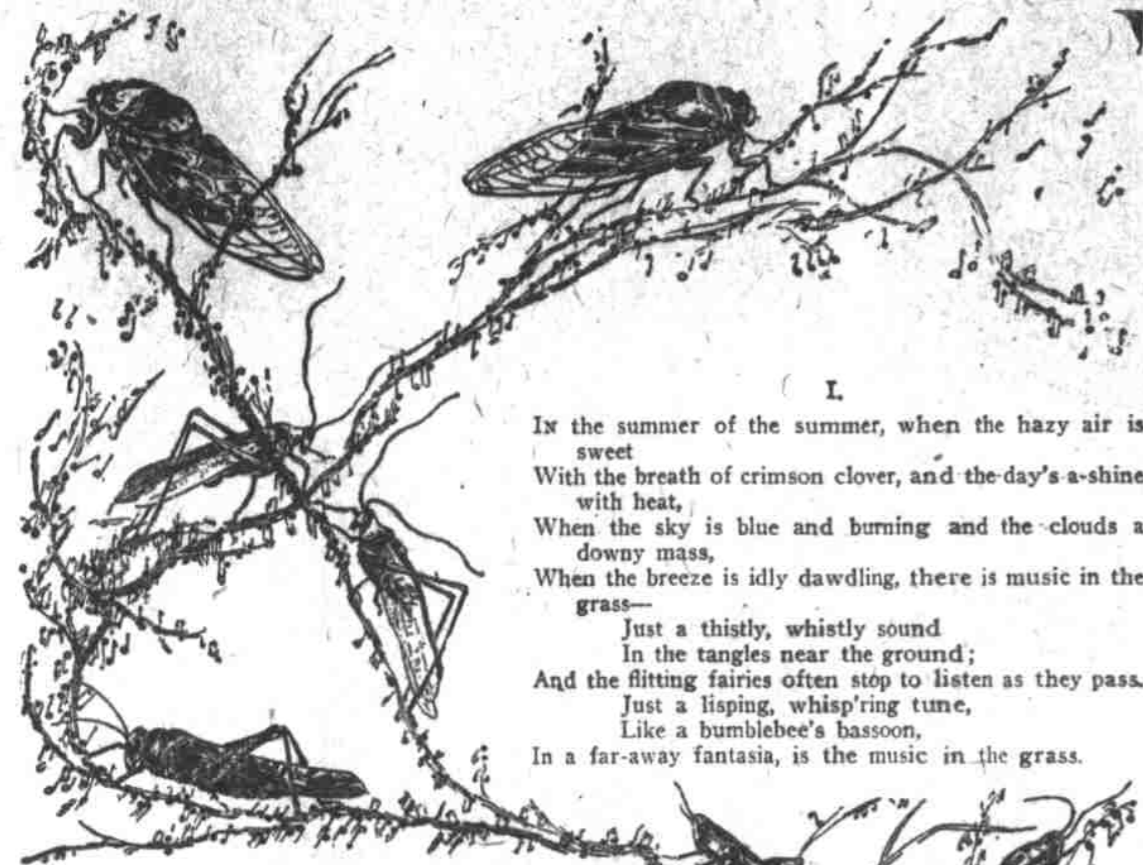




For Every Boy and Girl

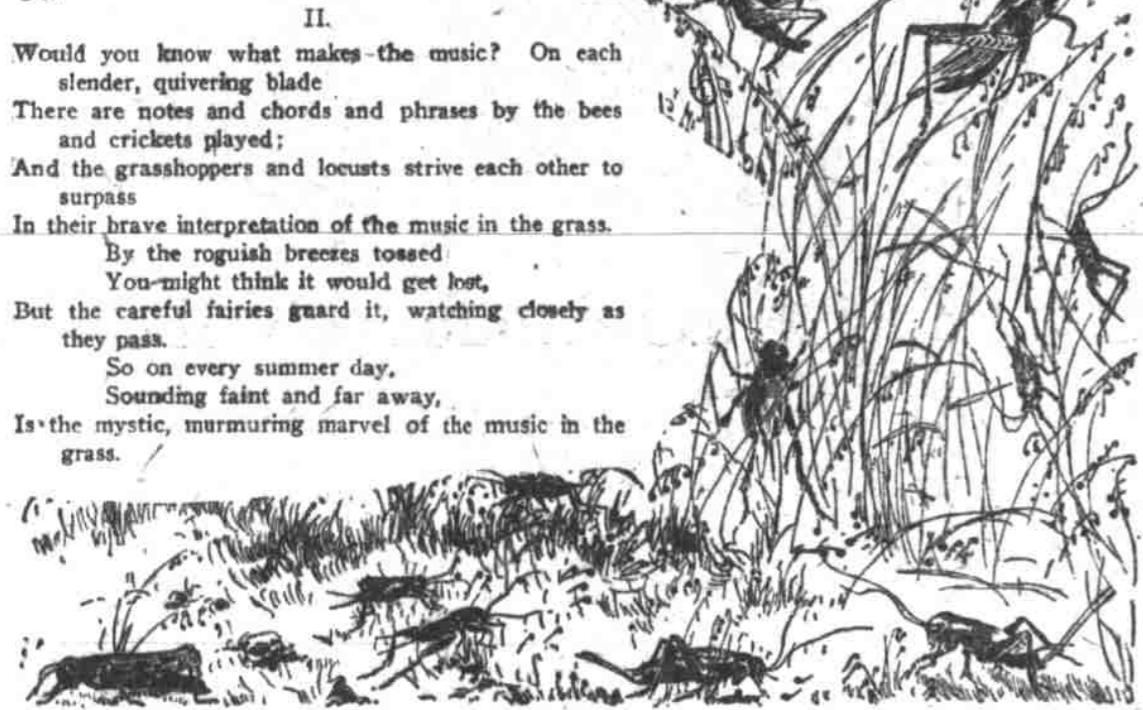


The Crickets' Music



I.

In the summer of the summer, when the hazy air is sweet
With the breath of crimson clover, and the day's a-shine
with heat,
When the sky is blue and burning and the clouds a
dowry mass,
When the breeze is idly dawdling, there is music in the
grass—
Just a thistly, whistly sound
In the tangles near the ground;
And the fitting fairies often stop to listen as they pass.
Just a lisping, whisp'ring tune,
Like a bumblebee's bassoon,
In a far-away fantasia, is the music in the grass.



II.

Would you know what makes the music? On each
slender, quivering blade
There are notes and chords and phrases by the bees
and crickets played;
And the grasshoppers and locusts strive each other to
surpass
In their brave interpretation of the music in the grass.
By the roguish breezes tossed
You might think it would get lost,
But the careful fairies guard it, watching closely as
they pass.
So on every summer day,
Sounding faint and far away,
Is the mystic, murmuring marvel of the music in the
grass.

"His back's too slippery for us to ride. He ought to have a—what is the little thing they have for you to ride in?" asked George.

"A powdah," said Anastasia, gravely.

"No, a howdah," corrected George. "But I'm going to try to ride him. I'll bet he's run away from that circus that was at Pittsfield last Saturday. Edna Dean went, and she told me the elephant gave lots of children a ride."

They were now in front of the mighty beast, who put out his trunk for the peanuts that he supposed they had. George picked up an apple and gave it to him instead, and the old fellow crunched it in his great jaws, and asked for more.

"I wish we could ride him," said George, wistfully.

"It's too far to climb; he hasn't any branches," said Anastasia. (She could climb a small tree with branches by herself.)

"I tell you what let's do," said George, patting the elephant's trunk. "I'll take the hammock down and throw it over him, and then tie it under him with the long ropes, and then we can have something to hold on to."

It would never have entered the head of any one but a venturesome boy to do such a thing, but it did not take him long to unhook the hammock. Then he made the elephant walk out clear of the trees, and, after several attempts, flung the hammock over his back. Anastasia stood by and gave George mature advice as to the best way, but he used his own judgment, as a self-reliant boy is apt to do, even if a four-year-old is his counselor, and in a surprisingly short time the new-fangled saddle was adjusted and tied in its place.

"I didn't suppose googligahs were so big," said the little girl. "How can we get up?"



Y TRAVELER

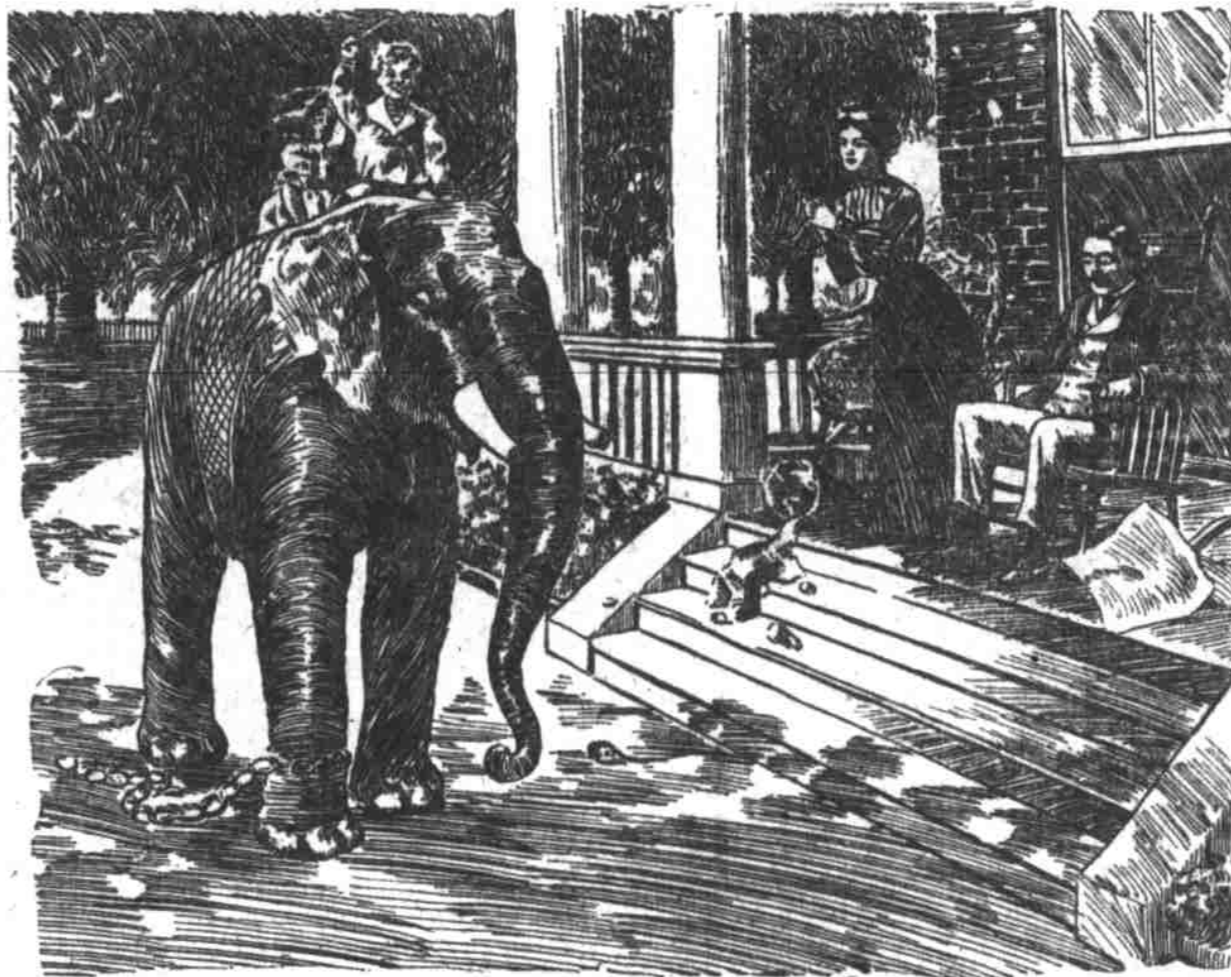
By E. L. SYLVESTER

She looked so bright and happy,
Starting off the other day,
That I could not but wonder
Which way her journey lay.

"Perhaps you're bound for London?"
Said I, in kindly tone,
"For Paris, Rome, or Venice,
Or maybe for Cologne?"

"Or do you travel farther—
To India or Japan?
To Turkey, Persia, Egypt,
Siam, or Hindustan?"

Then, smiling at me gaily,
She replied: "I'm going down
To Daisyville, New Jersey, sir,
To visit Gran'ma Brown."



"MRS. FERRY ROSE TO HER FEET, NOT KNOWING WHETHER TO SCREAM OR TO LAUGH. MR. FERRY SANK INTO HIS CHAIR AND GASPED."

"I don't see how to get up unless I climb a tree and drop down on his back. We'll go over to that big maple," answered George.

"Why, the googligah will put us on," said Anastasia, with a drawing down of the corners of her mouth that showed how simple she thought herself not to have suggested it before.

And the googligah did. He seemed to understand what was wanted, for as soon as Anastasia stood in front of him and held up her fat little arms, he curled his trunk around her and lifted her up.

"Oo-oo! it's like swinging," said she, as she went up.

"Hold tight to the hammock," said George; and then, when she was in place, he went to the elephant and was lifted to his high seat.

"Say, this is great!" he shouted. "Let's go and surprise your folks."

Mr. and Mrs. Ferry were sitting upon the west veranda when they heard very heavy footsteps approaching the house.

"What in the world—!" exclaimed Mr. Ferry.

And then around the corner of the house from the lane that led to the orchard came Zamba with his precious freight.

Mrs. Ferry rose to her feet, not knowing whether to scream or to laugh. Mr. Ferry sank into his chair and gasped.

Handsome little George was perched just back of the big ears, and rode the animal with the easy grace of unaffected childhood. Anastasia, her eyes bright and her cheeks red with excitement, sat with her legs straight out in front of her and her chubby hands grasping the meshes of the hammock. She looked like a substantial fairy queen.

She explained matters in a moment: "I always wanted a googligah, mama, and so this one came to me out of the orchard. I wish we'd seen him when he was little, like my china elephant."

Just then big brother Horace came home from the post-office on his wheel. He uttered a shrill cry of delight. "Have you found him? Oh, I want to get on his back! It's Zamba, and he swam across the Housatonic last night. They supposed he was drowned; but a milkman thought he saw him this morning, and his keeper was down at the post-office asking people about him. Here he comes now."

Mr. Ferry helped Anastasia and George down, and

the big beast stood looking at the group with his little beady eyes.

Anastasia was equal to the occasion. "This isn't Zamba at all. It's my own googligah, and I've named him 'Gooky.'"

But, much to her sorrow, the circus man proved to her father's satisfaction that it was not really Gooky, but Zamba, and he was led away to an accompaniment of wailings from Anastasia.

"And poor Horace didn't have a ride!" she said, as the good-natured beast, led by his keeper, turned the corner that led to Cornwall.

WHO HAS FOUND IT?

By EVA WAHLÉN

O H, OH, OH, I've lost my button," whined Jack Slinker. "Who has found my button?"

"How did it look?" asked the hired boy, who was chopping wood.

"It gleamed like silver, and there were four holes in it. Oh, oh, oh!" whined Jack.

"Who has found Jack Slinker's button?" cried the hired boy to all who went by.

"How did it look?" asked the milk-maid who drove by with her cans.

"It was silver and had four holes in it."

"I'll inquire from people I meet on the way," said the girl, and started off.

The first person she met was a knife-grinder. "Have you found Jack Slinker's button?" the girl asked.

"No; how did it look?" the knife-grinder queried.

"It was silver or gold, I've forgotten which, but it was large and precious."

"I'll inquire on the way," said the knife-grinder, and so they parted.

After a while he reached the inn. There sat a peddler with his bundle.

"I don't suppose you've found Jack Slinker's gold button, have you?" asked the knife-grinder.

"No," the peddler abruptly replied.

"How did it look?" asked the inn-keeper, eyeing the peddler's bundle suspiciously.

"It was as large as a hen's egg, and of pure gold," said the knife-grinder, banging the table with his fist. "I'm not so sure about his having lost it," he went on. "I shouldn't be surprised if some one has stolen it."

And he, too, looked at the peddler and his bundle.

ZAMBA

THE CIRCUS ELEPHANT

By CHARLES BATTRELL LOOMIS

THE circus train had run off the track, owing to a misplaced switch, and four of the cars containing the animals were overturned. Most of the beasts were recaptured; but the elephant found himself in the river, unharmed, and in the darkness of the night he swam to the opposite shore; and when the papers recorded the accident next morning, they said that "Zamba," the Indian elephant, had been drowned in the Housatonic River.

Anastasia Ferry was an imaginative child of four summers. She held long conversations with her dolls, and firmly believed that they could talk, and that she could understand them. She also knew that she could make-believe read a paper as well as the biggest grown-up that ever sat by the hour, with spectacles on nose and paper in hand, making up news out of his own head.

The morning after the accident, very early in the day, Anastasia was playing under an apple-tree in the orchard with her little neighbor, George Davol. He was nine years old, but often played with her, partly because he sympathized with her imaginings, and partly because there were few children of his own age in South Hanaford. Anastasia liked him because he did not tell her, as her brother Horace, wise in his twelve years, did: "Your dolls can't talk, and your dog is only made of excelsior and cloth."

She was playing "sickness" with George. He had "broken" his arm by having two horses fall on him, and he had come to the hospital in a "waterbree" (automobile) to be mended. She was head nurse, and she was going to put a new arm on him if there was any power in "glueclage."

George lay in a hammock, with I don't know how many thicknesses of shawl on the injured member, while she gave him "parrygoekie," and told him that he had "pendycitus" of the arm—a dread disease.

She was mixing the imaginary medicine in an equally imaginary cup, when she looked up the orchard and saw an elephant reaching among the apple-boughs, with his trunk, for apples.

Some children would have been surprised, and others might have been at least frightened; but she was neither astonished nor alarmed at what she saw. All animals were her friends, from the "trembling wolf-fish" that her father had told her about, to the "ogre-bear" that she thought she had seen in the whortle-berry-patch, a strange beast that had smiled at her. But of all the animals, real or imaginary (and one was as real as another to her), the elephant, or "googligah" was her favorite. "Googligah" was her name for elephant, because she generally preferred her own names to those of her elders. She had a china one and a leaden one and a cloth one, and a book full of pictures of elephants performing all sorts of tricks; and while her mother had once told her that elephants were not what you might call common in New England, still she thought that it was very natural that one should come there once in a while. So she said to George: "Oh, there's a googligah in the orchard." And George, whose back was to the immense beast, supposed it was more of her imaginings, and said, "That's good. Maybe he'll take us out riding."

"Yes; that's what he's come for, my dear," said Anastasia, gravely. "The doctor said that when your arm was all mended you could go out riding, and this kind googly has come to take us both."

Something in her manner, and the intentness of her gaze, caused George to turn his head, and he gave a little exclamation of surprise, though not of fear, at what he saw.

"Good gracious!" said he, forgetting his broken arm and leaping from the hammock. "Wonder where he came from?"

"Now what's the use of wondering?" said Anastasia, with the oldest air imaginable. "He has come to take us out riding, and you must get right up and go to him."

George took Anastasia by the hand, and they walked fearfully up to the elephant, who, having been used to children from the earliest days of his captivity, saw nothing unusual in their approach.



MRS. HAIRPIN TO MISS TRIMBLE: "MY DEAR, IF I WERE YOU I WOULDN'T ASSOCIATE WITH MISS MAGNIFYING-GLASS. YOU'VE NO IDEA OF THE WAY SHE EXAGGERATES EVERYTHING!"