



For Every Boy and Girl



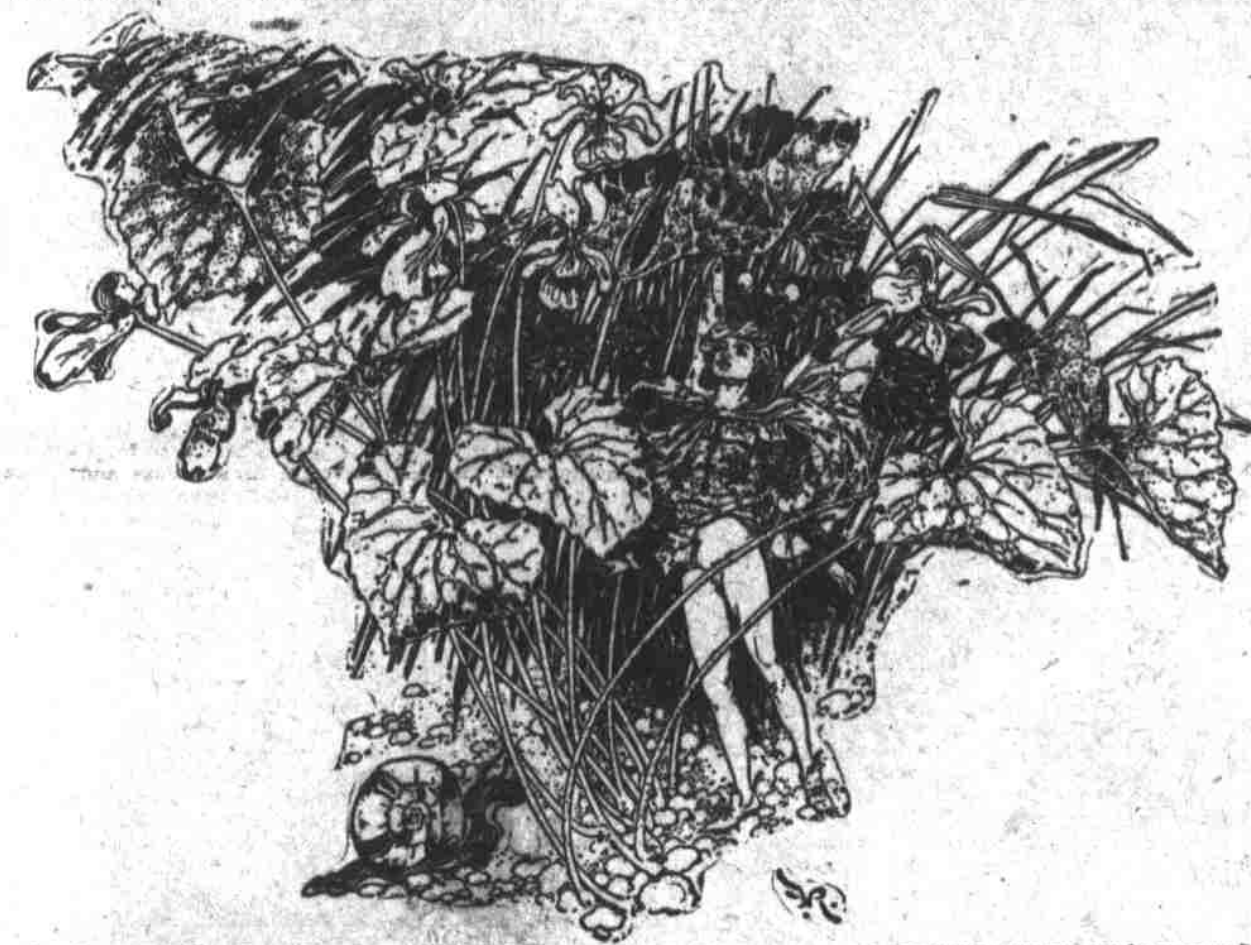
PERIZAD AND PERIZADA

By Alice Brown

ONCE upon a time there was a fairy that wanted everything there was, twice over. His name was Perizad, and he had a sister whose name was Perizada, and she loved him very much. It was curious about Perizad and the way he wanted things. If any one gave him a drop of honey, he would say before he drank it:

"Where is the rest?"
If he were dancing with the other fairies in the fairy ring, he would call, while his feet were flying:
"Let us dance some more!"
And every night when the moonlight was bright and wonderful, he would say:
"I wish there were two moons. Then it would be light."

As for Perizada, she was always trying to take things away from herself and give them to Perizad, and if she had owned a moon he would have had it at once. Only it would have done no good, for when it was up in the sky he would have looked at it longingly and said, "I wish there were four moons instead of two."



"WE'RE SO BIG!" THE VIOLETS SHOUTED ALL TOGETHER.

"WE KEEP GROWING AND GROWING, AND WE CAN'T HELP IT."

This went on until the Fairy Wish-Taker came round on his yearly visit, and he not only looked into the fairies' fern houses to see that they were in order, but he looked behind their thoughts. When he looked behind Perizad's thoughts, he only smiled and nodded pleasantly at her, so that she felt quite happy; but when he came to Perizada, he wrinkled his brow and said, "Dear me! dear me!"

Now Perizad was lying on a mullein leaf, at the moment, thinking about things he would like. But when the Wish-Taker said, "Dear me! dear me!" he came to his feet and stood there on the leaf, looking very brave and handsome. For Perizad was one of the loveliest fairies ever made, dressed all in green and white from top to toe. The green was like new spring leaves, and the white was like frost.

"Why do you say 'dear me'?" he asked of the Wish-Taker.

"I saw something," said the Wish-Taker.

"Behind my thoughts?"

"Yes, behind your thoughts."

Then Perizad laughed.

"Give you three guesses," he said.

"Oh, no," said the Wish-Taker, so coolly that Perizad looked round to see if the wind had changed. "You needn't give me any. I could take them if I wanted them. But I don't use guesses. I know. You were wishing that you could live two days in one."

"Only through the summer," said Perizad. He spoke confusedly, because Perizada was looking at him, and he saw that she was troubled or sorry.

The Wish-Taker nodded.

"Yes," said he, "only through the summer."

Then, although no one had asked him any questions, Perizad began talking and frowning all at once. He looked down at his handsome green feet, and spoke fretfully, as if some one had blamed him.

"Summer days are very nice; but they're not quite nice enough. If I could join two together, perhaps they'd be nice enough. Perizada, I don't see what you're looking like that for. I'm not saying anything wrong, am I? He could see it anyway when he looks behind my thoughts."

Now it is against the law to be sad in Fairyland, but in spite of that Perizada gazed down at her little green feet and drew a long breath. She would have cried, perhaps, except that fairies have not learned how. But it was plain to her that Perizad was getting into trouble.

"You really want to live two days in one?" asked the Wish-Taker, looking sharply at Perizad.

"Perhaps you don't understand that you'll use up all the other days in the year? You may not have any winter."

Perizad turned a somersault and stood on his head on the mullein leaf.

"I don't want any winter," said he.

"We may have to take a few days out of the spring and autumn."

"I can spare 'em," Perizad reversed himself and stood up very shiny and handsome on the mullein leaf.

"It's an expensive business," said the Wish-Taker.

"I can afford it," said Perizad.

Then the Wish-Taker changed his manner at once.

"Very well," said he, as short and sharp as you please; "I think we can arrange it. This year we'll pack up the days just as hard and tight as we can, and you shall have

two in one. You don't want winter. You needn't have it. You don't want autumn. You needn't have it. We'll make up as many summer days as we can manage, and you shall have them all at once."

Now Perizad was so happy that standing on his head was not enough. He went over and over on the mullein leaf until he was nothing but a little green wheel. But Perizada sat still, looking very sad. Perizad came up-right as a thought struck him.

"But none of the rest will like it," he said.

"The rest of whom?" asked the Wish-Taker.

"Us—the fairies."

"No, they won't like it. So they won't have it. I shall put you in a Large Place, where there will be two days in one."

"Alone?" he asked.

"Yes, all alone."

"Perizada and I?"

"No; Perizada doesn't want it, either."

"If you please, I should like it beyond everything," said Perizada, in a very small and very sad voice; "if Perizad is there."

two days in one. The time went very quickly because the two days had not been put end to end, to make one, but laid together, one flat on the other, and fastened tight. For a long time Perizad had a great deal to do, exploring the Large Place, and he was not lonely at all. Sometimes, when he found a bigger flower than usual he did wish Perizada could see it, and once when he came on a great fairy ring and danced in it all night long, he began to have a queer little feeling inside him, because he was dancing alone; but afterwards he sat down in the moonlight to rest and think it over, and he remembered that he could tell Perizada all about it sometime—and then he got up quite happily and began dancing again. So it went on and on and it was always summer, and the sun was always hot and the flowers were always brilliant. And Perizad went around looking and tasting by day and dancing by night, and he looked and tasted and danced so much that his eyes and his nose and his legs all felt very queer. But still he thought he liked the way he felt, because that was what he had wanted, and he had got it. But one morning he closed his eyes for just a minute because the sun seemed to him so bright, and when he opened them everything had changed. The flowers were still standing there, but they were different. Perizad looked at them for a moment until he stopped being puzzled and was almost afraid. Now very few fairies know how to be afraid, and when Perizad found that he had learned the way, he did not like it at all. He hurried over to the violets, where they stood straight and tall on their big green stems.

"What's the matter?" cried Perizad. "What's the matter?"

"We don't know," said the Violet that was always talking. "Something dreadful is the matter, but we don't know what it is."

"Are you frightened?" asked Perizad, and his teeth chattered.

"We think it's because the summer is over," said the Violet. "We are almost sure it is over, outside this Large Place, and if it is, we ought to be withered."

"Then why don't you wither?" cried Perizad. He felt as if somebody might do something and all would be well.

"We don't know how," wailed the Violet. "Summer is over, and autumn hasn't come; and we don't know how."

Suddenly Perizad thought of the Wind, because the Wind is such a traveller that he has learned a great many things, and can answer all sorts of questions. He straightened himself up very stiff and asked:

"Where is the Wind?"

"The Wind has died," moaned the Violet. "He dies down in the summer. Then he comes to life and rises in the autumn; but if there isn't any autumn, what can he do? He has died down, and there he stays."

Perizad thought for a moment.

"Well," said he, "we must simply get the better of this thing. We mustn't let it get the better of us."

Then he saw a Squirrel sitting on a branch, and the Squirrel's tail was drooping and his head hung heavily. It seemed to Perizad as if the Squirrel felt as he did, and as the violets did, and that he wished he might die down like the Wind.

"Holloa!" said the Squirrel. He looked down at Perizad and blinked a sleepy eye. "Seen anything of autumn around here?"

"No," said Perizad.

"I'm tired of waiting," said the Squirrel. "Nothing ripens. The fruit's a sight. The nuts are green."

Perizad had a choking in his throat. He felt a little homesick, though he did not know what the sensation was. But he climbed a twig skillfully and slapped the Squirrel on the back. He spoke gruffly into the gray ear.

"It's summer time," said he. "Didn't you know that? What do you want better than summer?"

But the Squirrel only turned on him a dull glance.

"I like brown leaves," said he.

Perizad looked down at the trembling green forest and through the flowery glade, and there was something queer at the bottom of his heart. He had heard about heart-aches.

"Is this an ache?" said he.

But the Squirrel did not hear. He had dozed off again, and he was murmuring something about nuts and hollow trees and snow.

The next day it was just the same. The flowers kept on standing straight and tall; but when Perizad spoke to them they answered him quite feverishly. And the worst of it was that they seemed to know that all their misfortunes were due to him, and they talked quite shockingly about it. Perizad heard them sometimes when he was wandering about in his green and white

little feet and saw the shadow of a bushy tail, as the Squirrel and the Rabbit hurried away toward the outer world, where the nuts were riper and winter coats were more advanced in the making.

By and by Perizad and Perizada sat down together by the side of a still spring and looked into it at the picture of the autumn sky.

"I shall never wish for things again," said Perizad.

"Except you, Perizada." It would be nice if there were two of you.

Then Perizada laughed as we do when we are very happy. She put her hand gently upon his head, and bent it over the pool. And as he leaned, she leaned also.

"Look, Perizad," she said, "there is one Perizada in the pool. And look at me. Here is another. So there are two Perizadas, and one is as happy as the other, because their two dear Perizads have come back from the Large Place."

"A pretty joke to play on us! I know all about it. A summer wind crept in one day and he told me the pickle you'd got us into. Summer, indeed, and two days in one! It's all very well for you, lounging round here with your hands in your pockets, staring at us. How would you like to work double time, and grow twice your size, and yawn your head off, and be told it was going to be summer forever and no time to sleep?"

"Look, Perizad," she said, "there is one Perizada in the pool; and here is another."

little feet and saw the shadow of a bushy tail, as the Squirrel and the Rabbit hurried away toward the outer world, where the nuts were riper and winter coats were more advanced in the making.

By and by Perizad and Perizada sat down together by the side of a still spring and looked into it at the picture of the autumn sky.

"I shall never wish for things again," said Perizad.

"Except you, Perizada." It would be nice if there were two of you.

Then Perizada laughed as we do when we are very happy. She put her hand gently upon his head, and bent it over the pool. And as he leaned, she leaned also.

"Look, Perizad," she said, "there is one Perizada in the pool. And look at me. Here is another. So there are two Perizadas, and one is as happy as the other, because their two dear Perizads have come back from the Large Place."

"A pretty joke to play on us! I know all about it. A summer wind crept in one day and he told me the pickle you'd got us into. Summer, indeed, and two days in one! It's all very well for you, lounging round here with your hands in your pockets, staring at us. How would you like to work double time, and grow twice your size, and yawn your head off, and be told it was going to be summer forever and no time to sleep?"

"Look, Perizad," she said, "there is one Perizada in the pool; and here is another."

little feet and saw the shadow of a bushy tail, as the Squirrel and the Rabbit hurried away toward the outer world, where the nuts were riper and winter coats were more advanced in the making.

By and by Perizad and Perizada sat down together by the side of a still spring and looked into it at the picture of the autumn sky.

"I shall never wish for things again," said Perizad.

"Except you, Perizada." It would be nice if there were two of you.

Then Perizada laughed as we do when we are very happy. She put her hand gently upon his head, and bent it over the pool. And as he leaned, she leaned also.

"Look, Perizad," she said, "there is one Perizada in the pool. And look at me. Here is another. So there are two Perizadas, and one is as happy as the other, because their two dear Perizads have come back from the Large Place."

"A pretty joke to play on us! I know all about it. A summer wind crept in one day and he told me the pickle you'd got us into. Summer, indeed, and two days in one! It's all very well for you, lounging round here with your hands in your pockets, staring at us. How would you like to work double time, and grow twice your size, and yawn your head off, and be told it was going to be summer forever and no time to sleep?"

"Look, Perizad," she said, "there is one Perizada in the pool; and here is another."

little feet and saw the shadow of a bushy tail, as the Squirrel and the Rabbit hurried away toward the outer world, where the nuts were riper and winter coats were more advanced in the making.

By and by Perizad and Perizada sat down together by the side of a still spring and looked into it at the picture of the autumn sky.

"I shall never wish for things again," said Perizad.

"Except you, Perizada." It would be nice if there were two of you.

Then Perizada laughed as we do when we are very happy. She put her hand gently upon his head, and bent it over the pool. And as he leaned, she leaned also.

"Look, Perizad," she said, "there is one Perizada in the pool. And look at me. Here is another. So there are two Perizadas, and one is as happy as the other, because their two dear Perizads have come back from the Large Place."

"A pretty joke to play on us! I know all about it. A summer wind crept in one day and he told me the pickle you'd got us into. Summer, indeed, and two days in one! It's all very well for you, lounging round here with your hands in your pockets, staring at us. How would you like to work double time, and grow twice your size, and yawn your head off, and be told it was going to be summer forever and no time to sleep?"

"Look, Perizad," she said, "there is one Perizada in the pool; and here is another."

little feet and saw the shadow of a bushy tail, as the Squirrel and the Rabbit hurried away toward the outer world, where the nuts were riper and winter coats were more advanced in the making.

By and by Perizad and Perizada sat down together by the side of a still spring and looked into it at the picture of the autumn sky.

"I shall never wish for things again," said Perizad.

"Except you, Perizada." It would be nice if there were two of you.

Then Perizada laughed as we do when we are very happy. She put her hand gently upon his head, and bent it over the pool. And as he leaned, she leaned also.

"Look, Perizad," she said, "there is one Perizada in the pool. And look at me. Here is another. So there are two Perizadas, and one is as happy as the other, because their two dear Perizads have come back from the Large Place."

"A pretty joke to play on us! I know all about it. A summer wind crept in one day and he told me the pickle you'd got us into. Summer, indeed, and two days in one! It's all very well for you, lounging round here with your hands in your pockets, staring at us. How would you like to work double time, and grow twice your size, and yawn your head off, and be told it was going to be summer forever and no time to sleep?"

"Look, Perizad," she said, "there is one Perizada in the pool; and here is another."

little feet and saw the shadow of a bushy tail, as the Squirrel and the Rabbit hurried away toward the outer world, where the nuts were riper and winter coats were more advanced in the making.

By and by Perizad and Perizada sat down together by the side of a still spring and looked into it at the picture of the autumn sky.

"I shall never wish for things again," said Perizad.

"Except you, Perizada." It would be nice if there were two of you.

"Forever?" sobbed Perizad. "Is this going on forever?"

"Not quite forever, maybe," said the Tiger Lily, "but as long as the days last. The summer wind said you'd taken the winter and the autumn and somehow stirred them into the summer. We haven't got to the end of them yet. But I'll tell you one thing. The Tiger Lily shook with anger on her stem.

"What will you tell me?" asked Perizad, mournfully.

"If you're going to use two days in one, what you've got won't last you round to spring again. There'll be a time when it won't be summer and it won't be winter, because you've used them up. And you'll be Nowhere. That's where you will be—Nowhere."

"Well," said Perizad, "maybe that's the best place for me. As I've made my coat, so I must wear it."

"Did anybody say anything about a coat?" asked a Rabbit. He was hurrying by, but he stopped and saluted, with a paw to his forehead. "Beg pardon, sir; but if there's any news about coats, I should be glad to hear it. I never wear the same coat summer and winter, and never the same color even. If there's any chance of the winter fashions coming in—"

But Perizad had put his hands to his ears, and hurried off. He ran for a long time, and when he stopped to breathe, the sun had set and the moonlight made it bright as day. And when he took his hands away from his ears, he could hear a hoarse murmur of voices behind him, and the patter of little feet. All the animals were on his track, hunting him out of the Large Place, and all the flowers were cheering the animals on and urging them to run fast. Then Perizad began to run again, and he ran and he ran until he came up against something he could not pass. He did not see it, but he knew at once that it was the fence set by the Wish-Taker about the Large Place, and that he could never cross it. The angry voices and the pursuing steps were still behind him, and he felt as if he had not one friend in the whole world. Then he cried out loudly, not knowing what he should say, "Perizada! Perizada!" and a voice answered at once "Perizad! Perizad!"

Perizad's heart beat so loud that he thought it would choke him.

"Where are you?" he cried. "Where are you, Perizada?"

"On the other side of the fence," answered Perizada. "Take courage, Perizad, for it lacks only one minute of the end of all the days you asked for. And when the minute is over, the fence will be down, and the Large Place will be like other places."

"But I—Perizada," cried Perizad, "what will become of me? I have used up my days, and I shall be Nowhere."

Then Perizada laughed quite merrily on the other side of the fence.

"Oh, no, Perizad," she said, "for I have taken care of that. I asked the Wish-Taker to give you all my summer days, while you were here, to use when you got out of the Large Place. I was very careful to do the sum right."

"The Wish-Taker helped me. So I think we shall be able to go on living just as we did before. The minute is over. Perizad!"

Summily the steps and angry voices died, the moonbeams deepened into the light of day, and Perizad found himself in the old home forest with brown leaves under foot and a soft wind blowing.

Perizada stood there smiling at him, dressed in a new suit of lovely brown. And Perizad knew that in all his life he had never been content as he was now.

"But, Perizada," he began, when they had looked at each other steadily for many minutes, in great delight, "where were you all the time you were saving your days for me? Were you Nowhere?"

For a moment Perizada did not answer. It seemed as if she remembered something dark and dreadful. Then she said softly:

"Yes, I was Nowhere."

"Was it—?" he paused a moment, and then he asked her, "was it hard, Perizada?"

She was still looking at him bravely.

"Yes, Perizad," she said. "But I did it."

Perizad stood thinking for a long time, and then he said: "I wish I could be sure they were happy—the ones I left in the Large Place."

"We can go there," said Perizada, quickly. "Do you not see, the fence is down! It is just like other places now. Come."

So hand in hand they went back to the Large Place. But it was nothing more nor less than a beautiful forest, in the sober tints of autumn. The flowers had withered, the leaves were falling and the wind had risen. And far in the distance they heard the fall of

THE CHICADEE

By LE ROY T. WEEKS.

The chickadee tilts
On a sycamore bough.
In cute little kilts
The chickadee tilts;
Like a brownie on stilts,
With his sweet little Fran,
The chickadee tilts
On a sycamore bough.

The chickadee wears
A cunning black cap.
In all his affairs
The chickadee wears,
Without any airs,—
The dear little chap,—
The chickadee wears
A cunning black cap.



The chickadee's song
Is "Chick-a-dee-dee."
It is not very long,
The chickadee's song;
Not much for a throng,
But it satisfies me.
The chickadee's song
Is "Chick-a-dee-dee."

The chickadee nests
In the heart of a tree.
The cats are not guests
Where the chickadee nests;
No robber molests
His little tepee.
The chickadee nests
In the heart of a tree.

The chickadee stays
All the year round.
On cold winter days
The chickadee stays;
The cat-bird delays
Till the daisies abound;
The chickadee stays
All the year round.

The City Toilers

By JEAN ELOPHE FOSTER.

And find grass growing shot with floral flame,
And watch magnolias open one by one;
Then we remember, hot tears burn our eyes,
In one rare flash of Heaven-given light,
Paupers we stand, hands full of mockeries,
Stripped of our heritage, a man's birthright.

The Shadow Baby

By PAULINE CARRINGTON BOUTÉ.

Wee Nan sits on the nursery floor
And plays the living day,
With a queer little silent playmate,
Who sometimes runs away;
Who comes and goes just as she pleases,
But never frets and never teases.
From nursery to kitchen, over the house,
She follows sweet Nan, as still as a mouse,
This queer little silent playmate!
The Shadow Baby!

All day they play when the sun is bright,
As glad as glad can be;
But the queer little silent playmate
Is quiet in her glee—
Just looks scared when the sun goes under,
And runs home, should it chance to thunder—
Runs off with never a look behind her,
And hides where never a soul can find her,
This queer little silent playmate!
The Shadow Baby!

Wee Nan stands at the nursery door
And watches the living day,
For the queer little silent playmate,
Who sometimes runs away—
Who won't come while the rain is falling,
However loud sweet Nan be calling,
She lives at the house of Dame Fair Weather,
Who sweeps the sky with a lone white feather,
This queer little silent playmate!
The Shadow Baby!