

## Our Boys and Girls.

### THE WOMAN WITH A BABY.

'Mid the herd of human porkers crowd-  
ed on the trolley-car  
All is selfishness and jostle, making age  
and sex no bar;  
Men collapse in seats, and stay there,  
letting shrinking ladies stand  
With a look of indignation — and a  
strap in either hand,  
Yet there's one thing that you've not-  
iced never fails to make a stir —  
When a woman with a baby comes, they  
all make room for her.

I have sat in stuffy coaches on a crowd-  
ed railway train,  
Listening to case-hardened travellers,  
who declare with might and main  
That they'd see the railroad company in  
hades' fiercest heat  
Long before they'd even think of giving  
anyone a seat.  
Then, ere scarce they'd cease their boast-  
ing, they would rise without demur  
For a woman with a baby, they must all  
make room for her.

There is something sweet, Madonna-  
like, in pictures such as that,  
And it makes the lowest ruffian feel like  
taking off his hat;  
For it bears him back to babyhood when  
loving mother arms  
Closely clung to him and kept off e'en  
the least of earth's alarms.  
So, no matter what his station, he will  
evermore defer  
To a woman with a baby — he has re-  
verence for her.

Once I dreamed I stood in heaven, just  
inside the pearly gate,  
While to every new arrival good St.  
Peter said: "You're late;  
For the places all are taken, and the  
harps are all in use,  
Golden streets are just so crowded that  
I had to call a truce."  
Then a little tired-out woman lugged a  
baby into view,  
And St. Peter said: "We're full up, but  
we'll find a place for you."  
—Strickland W. Gilliam, in Leslie's  
Weekly.

### ELIZABETH'S REWARD.

DELLA HINE MERTZ.

Elizabeth burst into the sitting room,  
and throwing down books and hat on  
the couch, dropped down beside them,  
and said to her mother, who sat by the  
window, sewing.

"Mother, Richard"—one of the high  
school boys — "has invited me to go  
to the 'Drill,' and you remember it takes  
place this afternoon."

Elizabeth was a high school girl, and  
you all know how the girls look forward  
to the drills, and wonder among them-  
selves if they shall be fortunate enough  
to receive an "invite." While Elizabeth  
bounced up and down upon the couch,  
and talked rapidly to her mother, the  
telephone bell rang, and, springing from  
her seat, she hastened to the phone to  
receive the message, the instrument be-  
ing on the wall at her right hand.

Mrs. Hill, Elizabeth's mother, was  
amazed to see the deep scowl which ap-  
peared on her daughter's brow, and,  
leaving her place at the window, hur-  
ried to Elizabeth's side, saying with  
deep concern,

"What can be the trouble, dear, to  
cause you to frown as you are doing?"

In the meantime, Elizabeth had placed  
her lips to the mouthpiece of the tele-  
phone and answered, "All right," in any  
but gracious accents. Replacing the re-  
ceiver, and turning to her mother who  
still stood by her side, with anxious  
eyes, Elizabeth answered.

"Robert" — her father's errand boy—  
"has gone home with a violent head-  
ache, and father has telephoned for me  
to come to his office to take Robert's  
place, as father will be extra busy, and  
it is necessary for him to have some one  
in the office whom he can trust to run  
errands. It is a shame," she continued,  
"I do not believe Robert is one bit sick.  
He has heard of the drill and has played  
off sick so that he may be able to at-  
tend it. I shall go, of course, but it  
does seem too bad! Father has never  
asked for my assistance before, and why  
I am needed just at this time, seems  
hard!"

Mother felt worse than Elizabeth  
about the matter, and said:

"I will go, dear, in your place."

"You sweet little mother! you shall  
do no such thing," replied Elizabeth, and  
put loving arms around the unselfish  
woman, who was always willing to do  
the things others shirked.

"Do you think I would allow you to  
go in my stead?" replied Elizabeth, "not  
much! Well, good-bye, mumsie; tell  
Richard when he calls for me why I  
cannot go with him, please;" and, kis-  
sing her mother, she started off, hailed  
an approaching car, and in a quarter of  
an hour was standing before her father  
in his down-town office.

"Well, Pop!" she said cheerfully, not-  
icing with compunction the worried  
lines in his forehead, "here is your new  
office boy."

At the sound of the sprightly voice,  
the furrowed brow smoothed out, as if  
by magic, and the worried, hurried law-  
yer turned a relieved face to his little  
daughter, and answered,

"Heigh-ho! I knew my small Mer-  
cury would not fail me! I wish you  
to take these letters to the post-office.  
You need not hurry, for I want you to  
remain until the four o'clock mail is  
distributed. When you return with the  
letters and papers, prepare to hustle for  
the next hour and a half."

Elizabeth took the letters her father  
handed to her with a smiling face, and  
Mr. Hill gave his attention to a man  
who was awaiting his turn of the busy  
attorney's time.

The smile faded from Elizabeth's  
countenance as she stood in the hall,  
waiting for the elevator. She frowned  
in the lift, on the street, and in the post  
office, as she sat, dolefully, on a chair,  
watching for the mail to be placed in  
the boxes.

While sitting there she thought — as,  
alas we all do when things do not go  
our way — of all the unpleasant  
events of the week, and this was Thurs-  
day. To begin with, on Monday her  
pet canary died; Tuesday she flunked in  
Latin for the first time that term; Wed-  
nesday she had a flare-up with her chum  
and had lost the beautiful hat pin her  
Uncle James brought to her from over  
the sea; to cap the climax, this.

As she walked up the avenue, after  
receiving her mail, her attention was at-  
tracted by a glittering display of jew-  
elry in the window of a goldsmith, and  
she stopped and gazed at the beautiful  
baubles. A pin cushion stuck full of  
hat pins caught her eyes, and she  
thought, with a sigh, that her birthday  
and Christmas were a long way off, and  
that her pin money for weeks and weeks  
ahead was pledged.

She particularly admired a silver hat  
pin in the shape of a golf stick, with  
the picture of a girl in golfing costume  
in the act of striking a ball, on the end  
of the pin. How she did desire it! Her  
thoughts were far away, and when she  
heard a well known voice say, "A penny  
for your thoughts," she turned with a  
start to see Uncle James standing by  
her side.

"I was looking at the 'pretties,'" she  
answered, waving her hands towards  
the show window.

"Yes, but I know you were thinking  
of some special article. Come, tell me  
which one," remarked Uncle James.

"The silver hat pin shaped as a golf  
stick," replied his niece.

"I think you have very good taste,"  
said uncle.

The man and maid entered the store,  
and the obliging jeweler came forward  
to wait on them. Uncle James asked to  
see the pin, and the salesman went to  
the window and returned with the "golf  
stick" in his hand.

Uncle James directed the smiling  
showman to wrap the pin, and when he  
had done so, and handed the parcel to  
him, Uncle James presented it to Eliza-  
beth, with an elaborate bow.

Elizabeth's skies were blue once more.  
She forgot her troubles, and thought  
this old world of ours was a pretty  
good sort of a place after all. She  
thanked her uncle, and, bidding him a  
cheery farewell, hastened to her father's  
office, and, as he had foretold, the next  
hour and a half was a busy time for the  
little maiden. She ran hither and thither,  
every once in a while raising her  
hand to her hat — where she had placed  
the hat pin — to take a comforting feel-  
ing of the "sporty" gift.

At six o'clock Mr. Hill closed his  
desk, and said, "Come, daughter, now  
we shall hie us homeward." When they  
reached the street he remarked, "In here  
a moment, Elizabeth," and led the way  
to the candy store on the corner, and  
our heroine was further rewarded by  
being made the recipient of a box of  
bonbons. Then they hailed a trolley,  
and were soon in sight of home.

Mother saw them coming, and open-  
ed the door to the returning ones before  
they rang the bell. She ushered them  
in most graciously, and listened with in-  
terest to her daughter's recital of her  
pleasant encounter with Uncle James,  
and admired the jaunty hat pin. Then  
she said:

"I have good news for you, Eliza-  
beth. Richard called and told me to  
tell you that the drill was postponed  
until tomorrow afternoon, as General  
Carnes — the noted and brave soldier  
who was to review the cadets — was de-  
tained. Richard will be on hand to-  
morrow afternoon to escort you to the  
parade ground."

A good night's rest restored Robert  
to his accustomed good health, and he  
reported in the morning at the office for  
duty, much to the relief of all the Hills.

In the afternoon, Elizabeth, decked  
out like the other girls in long stream-  
ers of ribbon, in the colors affected by  
their favorite companies of cadets — in  
this instance dark blue and white — sat  
enthroned in state in the grand stand.

How those boys and girls did root  
and wave canes, also decorated with the  
brilliant ribbons, when their favored  
ones appeared.

During the general excitement, Eliza-  
beth's chum, who was present, spoke to  
her; it flashed through her mind that  
she could make up her Latin, and it was  
a very happy girl who recounted her ex-  
periences of the day at the dinner table  
that evening, to father and mother. But,



To the Weary Dyspeptic.  
We Ask this Question:

Why don't you remove  
that weight at the pit  
the Stomach?

Why don't you regulate the  
variable appetite, and condition the  
digestive organs so that it will not  
be necessary to starve the stomach  
to avoid distress after eating.  
The first step is to regulate the  
bowels.

For this purpose  
**Burdock Blood Bitter**  
has no Equal.

It acts promptly and effectually  
and permanently cures all derange-  
ments of digestion: It cures Dys-  
pepsia and the primary causes leading  
to it.

best of all, our little friend had the com-  
fortable feeling of knowing that she had  
earned her reward.—Chris. Standard.

Why Elmer Wanted to Hide His Shoes

"I'm not going to blacken my shoes  
this morning," said Elmer.

"Why not," asked Remmy, whose  
shoes were already black and shiny.  
Two brothers were getting ready  
for school.

"Oh! because — what's the use?  
"One use is that mamma expects  
to," said Remmy. Another — well, they  
look nicer."

"Anyhow," Elmer went on, sulking,  
"I'm not going to do it. They won't be  
blackened."

"Nothing stays done," said wise Re-  
mmy; "everything has to be done over,  
and over, but they can't be left undone."

"My shoes are going to be left, any-  
how," Elmer said decidedly. "Cor-  
let's go to school," so the boys took  
their hats and started off.

When they went into their class room  
they were surprised to find a new teacher  
there.

"Good morning, boys," she said kindly  
to them, and they said, "Good morn-  
ing," to her.

"She's nice, ain't she?" Elmer whis-  
pered to Remmy.

"Yes, indeed."

After they had all taken their seats  
and it was time to begin lessons,  
the teacher said:

"Now boys, I am going to be your  
teacher, and before we start to work  
I want to tell you something that I like  
to see. I like to see boys looking neat.  
They may not have fine clothes,  
but they can have clean hands and fa-  
nicely combed hair, and blackened shoes.  
All the boys in this class are large  
enough to do these things for them-  
selves."