

The Family Circle

WE DOLL MOTHERS.

Oh, no one knows how we must work
To keep our dolls dressed up in style—
We cannot let them go about
In clothes that would make people smile!

We've got to mind the cut and fit
Of gowns and hats and wraps they wear,
And as the fashions won't stand still
Their clothes must always be a care!

Each morning we must dress their curls,
Each morning we must tie their heads—
We must devote much of our time
Attending to their little needs!

'THE NEW GIRL'

'Oh, please let her go,' teased Angela. 'Please do. She'll like rolling around on the grass.'

Angela's mother stood reflecting, her arms plunged into the suds. Angela's mother generally had her arms in the suds unless she was ironing. There were seven children, and though their father was a sober and industrious workman, he could not, unaided, earn enough to support his family. Most mothers of a family of seven, who did their own work, would feel their hands were full enough, without doing anything extra. Angela's mother did three large washings every week besides her own.

Angela's school class was going to the park. Once or twice during the summer, Miss Phelps, the teacher of the class, took the girls over to spend the day in the park. To most city children, the green stretches of grass and the shade of the great trees are a delight, but children of Angela's sort, living the year round in the dark, cramped tenements, appreciate the park as others cannot.

Little Rose, the three-year-old sister, had been ailing all summer. And almost at the last minute it had occurred to Angela that it would be a good idea to take her to the picnic in the park. When her mother looked doubtful, Angela waxed argumentative.

'Miss Phelps won't mind. Honest, she won't. Rose's too little to pay fare, and she don't eat much. And, anyway, Miss Phelps always brings lots more than enough.' And at length the mother yielded. A day in the park would do Rosie good, and what with the washing and the care of the twins a year younger than Rosie, her own hands would be quite full enough.

The girls were to meet their teacher on the street corner near one of the car lines running to the park. Several girls were already on hand when Angela arrived, leading Rosie. They stood in a group, passing comments on each newcomer as she appeared in sight.

'There's Marty in her new middie-blouse. Marty's mother dresses her grand.'

'Look! There's the new girl hurrying to catch up with Mary Emma. And Mary Emma, she's 'most running.'

'I guess Mary Emma doesn't like the new girl,' remarked Angela. 'I don't either.'

There was a singular unanimity of feeling in regard to the new girl! The class had been organised two years before, and the original members had stuck to it loyally. The single addition had been made within three months, and was still the 'new girl.' It almost looked as if Milly would never be accepted as one of them.

She came up, smiling shyly. Her welcome was not enthusiastic, but in the excitement of the new arrivals, that was not noticed. Five minutes later Miss Phelps appeared and the picnic was really started.

Although they left about half-past nine, it was well on to eleven before they were settled in the shelter house in the park, which had been assigned them. Little Rosie played about in the grass, while the older

girls waited expectantly for luncheon. At half-past eleven a carriage appeared with the big baskets they were looking for, and emptying them took another half-hour.

'And now,' said Miss Phelps, looking at her watch, 'we will take a look at the gardens and then go over to the zoo. If any of you would rather stay here where it is quiet, very well, but don't wander off so far that you get lost.'

Angela smiled at the idea that any one would rather sit quiet in the shelter house than laugh at the antics of the monkeys. She rushed to find Rosie, but no little voice answered to her excited call, and in a minute she knew why. Rosie lay curled up on one of the girls' coats, fast asleep.

Angela stood looking down on her with uncomfortable feelings, uppermost being the wish that she had not brought Rosie. She's always so fretty when she first wakes up,' Angela said to herself. She was too big to carry. 'Why,' thought Angela, dismayed, 'she's going to spoil it all. I won't have a bit of fun.'

'Angela,' called one of the girls, 'come on.' They were already starting, Miss Phelps leading the way. And the sacrifice she had momentarily accepted seemed to Angela quite impossible. No, she would go with the others, and Rosie could sleep till they returned.

'She often sleeps longer than that at a time,' thought Angela; and it was quite true. 'And if she wakes up—but she won't.'

The procession wound its way across the velvet grass toward the garden where the beds, each a brilliant patchwork of brilliant colors, called out exclamations of delighted wonder. Miss Phelps looked over the group.

'Where's Milly?' she asked. 'I especially wanted her to see the garden, because this is her first visit.'

'Why, I thought she started with us,' said one of the girls; but it was evident that Milly was no longer one of the company, and except for Miss Phelps' regret, no one seemed to mind.

Angela was quieter than usual. The flowers did not seem as beautiful as she remembered them, and the monkeys not nearly so amusing. She was beginning to think uneasily of Rosie. It was not likely that she would wake, but suppose she did?

'I oughtn't to have brought her,' thought Angela scowling. 'She's just spoiled everything. It would have been hard to explain how this was Rosie's fault, but Angela felt quite out of patience with her little sister.'

It was nearly two hours from the time they started before they got back to the shelter house Number Six. Angela walked on ahead of the others, walked so rapidly indeed, that it was almost a run. Two hours was a long time for a child to sleep in the early afternoon. Suppose Rosie had tried to go home by herself.

Angela reached Number Six with her heart in her mouth. She remembered exactly the spot where Rosie had lain asleep, and the child was not there. Then to her ears came the sweetest sound she had ever heard, it seemed to her at that minute—her little sister's laugh. There under the trees sat the 'new girl,' with Rosie beside her.

For once Angela was at a loss. She smiled at the new girl awkwardly. 'You—you didn't see the animals,' she said.

'Why, I didn't like to leave the baby alone.' And then as a flush mantled Angela's cheeks, she added quickly, 'I liked staying. My little sister would have been about as big as she is—if she had lived.'

When they took the car for home that afternoon, Angela and Rosie and Milly—she was Milly now, not the 'new girl'—occupied the same seat. But to more than Angela, Milly, had ceased to be the 'new girl.' She was one of them.

A SENTINEL.

Fred had been reading for a long time, it seemed to Elsie, and she did wish that he would stop and play

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