



Mother Nature's Stored-up Goodies

Ask Your Mother To Read This To You

Gaily tripping through the meadows,
Where the sweet, wild-violet grows,
Little Mabel, with her basket,
Sings, as merrily she goes.

Here and there she stoops to gather,
Like a dancing butterfly,
Flowers and herbs whose radiance rivals
Sunset in the western sky.

Now with tiny hands she severs
Bark of crimson from a tree;
And she sings with voice of gladness:
"Sweetest blossoms grow for me."

Echo, listening to the warbling,
As it sounded through the lea,
Opens wide her mouth to answer,
"Sweetest blossoms grow for me."

"Well, perhaps," cries little Mabel,
"For you, too, the flowers grow;
But the secret of their virtues,
That not e'en the fairies know."

Just to tease the little maiden,
Like an arrow from the bow,
Swiftly naughty Echo's answer
Comes to Mabel, "Fairies know."

"If you wish to make me angry,"
Was the little Mabel's cry,
"I will go where I can't hear you,
So I think I'll say Good-bye."

And the Echo's voice so mocking
Floated out like Summer's sigh—
Through the trees, down by the brooklet,
Mabel hears the soft "Good-bye."

Weary with her morning ramble—
Wearystepingstone-bridgedstreams—
Mabel rests beside the brooklet—
Soon tired eyelids close in dreams.

Fifty little dancing fairies—
Fifty, maybe, more or less—
Float about the sleeping maiden,
With their fleecy, tinsel dress.

Fifty little dancing elfins—
Fifty, maybe, more or less—
Peep within the maiden's basket;—
What they're after I can't guess.

Lo! they take her herbs and flowers—
Take the strips of crimson bark—
Take them where the water trickles
From a great rock, high and dark.

Out from places 'neath the tree trunks
Brought they forth strange-looking pans,
Held them high to catch the water
With their own wee, funny hands.

Herbs, to make the weak grow stronger;
Bark, to make the blood flow pure;
Berries strange, a perfect tonic;—
Stirred the elfins this strange cure.

Soon 'twas finished; dark as seaweed
Was the liquid, now complete;
Only add a little water,
Sugar, too, to make it sweet.

And a drink that rivals nectar,
Which the very gods thought good,
Is complete, all bright and sparkling—
Rich and strengthening as food.

"Now, ere wakes the little Mabel,"
Said a tiny elfin dame,
"We must call this preparation
By a most appropriate name."

"Why not call it," said a fairy,
"By that name from whence it came—
What think you of 'Earth's hid treasures?'"
Turning to the elfin dame.

But the owl, with voice of wisdom,
Raised a slight objection here:
"Earth's too low—wants something higher—
Say Hires Extract to make Root Beer?"

Hires Extract, 'twas thus they named it;
And then little Mabel woke,
Rubbed her eyes, and said, all dazed-like,
"Some one's playing me a joke."

Thus she thought, as in her basket
Neatest little parcels laid;
All her herbs were turned to liquid—
All her tonic ready made.

Hires Extract was thus discovered
While the little Mabel slept;
But the recipe so wondrous
Hires himself has always kept.

If you've enjoyed this little fairy tale,
ask your daddy to bring home a bottle of

Hires Household Extract

It is the concentrated juices of healthful herbs and pungent roots and the bark of certain trees, and different kinds of berries and flowers. All of these things are Mother Nature's stored-up goodies. They are good for grown-up folks and little folks to use.



Make it up NOW
For Your 4th of July Outing

Most everybody likes to have some kind of beverage on hand in the house. Root beer, made from Hires Extract, is the ready drink for all the family—everyone can enjoy without question its wholesome refreshment. Heat dispelling and blood cooling, this sparkling, foaming drink offends the good taste of no one. It is also easily and quickly made. Just stir together five gallons of pure water, four pounds of sugar, half a yeast cake and a bottle of Hires Extract. A few bottles kept on hand will meet the thirst need of a hot evening.

Beware of any extract where "Artificial Flavor" appears on the label. Many so-called root beer extracts are merely decoctions of oils, flavoring and coloring matter; many of them are by-products of coal tar, positively injurious. Insist on Hires, known for over forty years for its purity and the goodness of the root beer it makes.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY
Philadelphia Pennsylvania