

# AQUARIAN AGE

## STORIES

### FOR CHILDREN



Volume II

THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

*Mt. Ecclesia*  
*Oceanside, California, U. S. A.*



# Aquarian Age Stories for Children

VOLUME II

*Compiled by a Student of*

THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP TEACHINGS



**The Rosicrucian Fellowship**

International Headquarters

Mt. Ecclesia

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## DEDICATION

A love for children, combined with a sensitivity to the deeper truths of life, enabled the authors of these stories, which have been published over a period of years in *Rays from the Rose Cross*, to express in an appealing way many phases of the wisdom of Nature. To these friends we gratefully dedicate *Aquarian Age Stories for Children*.

Many boys and girls are aware of the "little people" and other forces of Nature mentioned in these stories. Many others, we hope, will be encouraged to become acquainted with them through reading this little volume.

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## LUCILE MEETS THE THOUGHT FAIRIES

MYRTLE HILL LEACH

UCILE and Anne were cousins. Lucile was visiting at Anne's house, and what a good time they were having! Anne was two years older than Lucile and taller and stronger. But she was very kind to her younger cousin. The largest apple, the juiciest peach, and the cake with the most frosting on it always went to Lucile. Lucile rode Anne's pony and played with her dolls and dishes. Even when she broke one of Anne's tiny china plates, Anne was not cross.

But at last Lucile and Anne quarreled. They wanted to play school, but each thought she should be the teacher. Anne thought that she should be teacher because she was the older, and Lucile thought that she should be teacher because—well, just because.

So they quarreled. And Anne lay in the soft grass under the apple tree and cried herself to sleep. And Lucile lay in the soft grass under the peach tree and thought angry, wicked thoughts about Anne.

Suddenly she was startled to see a great crowd of tiny ugly, dwarfed, crooked creatures standing all

around her. They were all grinning at her, and she hid her face in terror. The most hideous creature of all, who seemed to be the leader, spoke to her in a harsh, rasping voice:

"We are the *Hate Fairies*, Lucile," he said. "It is our work to carry hate thoughts and angry, unkind thoughts from one person to another. We have had to work very hard this afternoon carrying that kind of thoughts from you to Anne and from Anne to you. You are now going to the land of the Hate Fairies, and there you must live until you find the way out."

Lucile tried to scream and run away, but she could not, and felt herself being carried along by the mob of dark, grinning creatures. They entered a dark cave which seemed to be in the heart of the earth. The air inside the cave was cold and damp, and Lucile shivered and wished she could see one little ray of sunshine. There was no light at all in the cave, but Lucile could see the white faces of sick people gleaming in the darkness.

"People who dwell in the land of *hate* and *anger* are usually ill," said the leader, who was standing close to Lucile. "And they weep, you see. They are never happy."

"Will I get sick and miserable like these people?" asked Lucile fearfully.

"If you stay here long you will," answered the leader. "And the longer you stay, the harder it is to find the way out. This cave keeps getting deeper and blacker and farther from sunshine and health and happiness."



"Oh, dear!" cried Lucile, and then a very wicked and hideous fairy stepped close to her for she was thinking, "Well, maybe Anne will have to come here, too, and then she will be sick and unhappy, and I will be glad."

Before she had quite finished this bad, unkind thought, the fairy seized her arm, and on she went still farther into the dark cave. Lucile was very frightened now. How would she ever get out of this place? She could not, would not, stay here. "Why did not these other people get out?" she wondered. She turned on the leader and stamping her foot angrily demanded that he take her out of the cave at once.

"You must find the way out yourself," he said calmly. "These other miserable people could get out if they really wished to, but they had rather stay here. They will not do the one thing that would free them."

"What is it?" cried Lucille. "I will do it."

But the fairies only grinned at her in their ugly way.

Just then Lucile saw Anne. Anne's face was very sad, and she was crying. Suddenly Lucile felt sorry for Anne. She ran to her cousin and put her arms around her. And a tiny ray of light seemed to shine for a moment in the dark cave.

"Oh, Anne," Lucile was crying too, now, "Oh, Anne, you are sick and you are unhappy, and I am so sorry. You have been so good to me. Why I love you, Anne."

Instantly something happened. Lucile heard the

Hate Fairies give a loud frightened yell as they disappeared in the blackness beyond her. Then she was surrounded by marvelously beautiful creatures with great white wings and shining bands around their foreheads.

"We are the *Love Fairies*," said one, "and we



have come to take you to a happier place than this. But we could not come until you found the magic key that would free you from the spell of these evil creatures and open the door of the cave."

"What do you mean by the magic key?" asked Lucile curiously.

"The words, '*I love you*,' whether thought or spoken aloud, are the magic key that opens wide the heavy door and makes it possible for us to lead you to the bright land of the Love Fairies. The Hate Fairies are very much afraid of us for we are stronger than they. By the way, the terrible giant, FEAR, lives a little farther on in this cave, but he never, never comes to our happy country. But come, let us leave this place."

Lucile and Anne followed these glorious beings (for Lucile's kindness had rescued Anne also—it often happens that way) and soon they came to a warm, sunny hilltop where little birds, joyous and unafraid, sang and flew about. There were multitudes of fragrant flowers, and everyone was healthy, smiling, and happy. This land of the Love Fairies was very pleasant, and Lucile decided to stay always.

Then—Lucile sat up in the soft grass under the peach tree and Anne sat up in the soft grass under the apple tree. Lucile smiled and Anne smiled.

"Let's play school," said Lucile, "and you may be teacher."

"No, indeed," said Anne, "you will be teacher."

They both laughed, and Lucile settled the matter cleverly.

"Well, let's go make candy and divide it equally." And they did.

And afterwards whenever Lucile happened to think about it she could not help but wonder whether her adventure with the thought fairies was a dream or—not a dream. What do you think?

## THE ADVENTURER

FLORENCE BARR



IT WAS a dull, dark, rainy morning, just the nicest kind of a day to stay indoors. The windows were closed, and a bright fire was burning in the fireplace.

A fly was having a wonderful time walking on a mirror over the fireplace. It was very much pleased with itself and much amused at its reflection in the glass. It would fly away, and then fly back quickly to the mirror. This was great sport, and with its many, many eyes it could see when a hand was raised to catch it. Tiring of the mirror, it suddenly remembered that flies could walk on the ceiling. So it flew up there and walked ever so far across the ceiling, never once falling. This made it very venturesome, so it looked about for something else to do.

What a noise! A door was opened, and someone crossed the room and opened a window. Now that the fly looked about, it saw the sun was shining brightly, the rain was over, so it flew straight to the open window and out into the warm sunshine.

It was just a little fly without much experience. And for once it was alone—no one to say: "Don't go there"; "Be careful." Oh, it was delightful to be free. Now was the time to see the great wide

world it had heard so much about. So it flew over to a honeysuckle vine where a bee was gathering sweetness from the flowers and buzzing merrily. It watched the bee admiringly. Then the bee flew away and the fly went too. Into the woods they went, for the bee was a wild bee and lived in the woods. As they flew along together they became good friends.

"Do you like the woods?" buzzed the bee.

"This is the first time I have ever been here," replied the fly.

"Oh," said the bee, "then take care where you go. Don't be too venturesome. Be happy and enjoy yourself, but keep a sharp lookout for flytraps or you may get caught."

"Silly bee," thought the fly; "I'm all eyes, and quick and sure-footed. I have nothing to fear. I will have my great adventure."

"Well," buzzed the bee, "I must be going." Buzz, buzz, and it was gone. And the fly was all alone.

Lighting on a nice cool green flower to rest, the adventurer looked down into this strange blossom. A rustle in the leaves nearby startled the ever-watchful fly, and a bird warned: "Be careful; that Jack-in-the-pulpit looks very pious, but he bears watching." Now do you know this made the fly more venturesome than ever. It could take care of itself, it thought, and it would make friends with this Jack-in-the-pulpit. Was he not known as the woodland preacher?

The fly seemed to hear a little voice saying: "Come down into my pulpit. Don't be afraid."

You know Jack-in-the-pulpit, don't you? How

straight he stands in the flower, with a wonderful leaf folded in such a way that it makes a pulpit with a sounding board overhead.

"Don't be afraid," said the wee voice.

"Who's afraid?" said the fly, "I'll be right down."

Down, down, ventured the tiny visitor, admiring the beautiful shiny, striped walls of green and maroon and black. At the foot of the pulpit were the pret-



tiest clusters of tiny flowers, round and greenish. The fly lighted on one of these flowers, and a wee voice said: "We are the little flowers that Jack guards so carefully until by and by we become bright scarlet berries. And then out of his pulpit Jack will step so everyone can see the scarlet babies."

The fly was quite thrilled to have discovered Jack-in-the-pulpit's secret. It was stuffy down at the

foot of the pulpit, so the adventurer started to crawl out for a breath of air. But that was not so easy, for the walls were very slippery, and its feet did not hold. Strange, it could walk on a ceiling or a shiny mirror, but this was different. Then all of a sudden the fly remembered what the bee had said. Just suppose this were a flytrap! But no, this could not be, for Jack was a preacher. Weak and weary and quite exhausted from trying to escape, finally the tiny adventurer called out in a frightened, weak little fly voice: "Oh, kind bee, if you are near please come to my rescue." Then too tired to try again the fly dropped on the floor of the pulpit at Jack's feet completely exhausted.

A lusty buzz, buzz, buzz, made the adventurer stir. The bee had lighted on the same flower.

"Kind bee, please help me," said the fly.

"Where are you?" buzzed the bee, looking down into the flower but not venturing in.

"Way down here," said the fly.

"Quick!" said the bee; "look for the opening in the flap." So the fly made one more try for escape and, yes—it found the opening in the flap in front where the leaf folds together. It didn't feel very venturesome now, just glad to be alive.

"Thank you, kind bee," humbly said the fly. "You saved my life. I was a foolish fly."

"Yes," buzzed the bee, "but we are all foolish sometimes. There is always a way out though if we can only find it."

Then the bee and the fly flew away together and became even better friends.

## THE LITTLE SHADOW

D. D. ARROYO



ESSIE'S small face was very red, and tears were streaming down her cheeks as she stamped her foot angrily and cried: "I don't care! This doll is mine, and Marie took it away. I slapped her and I'm not sorry!" She held the doll defiantly in her arms, and stamped her foot again, still sobbing.

Mother shook her head sadly and said, "Oh, Bessie, Marie is only a little girl. She's just barely three, and here you are a big girl of five. It was very wrong of you to slap her. You could have let her play with your doll for a little while, just as well as not. You know you always get your things back. Now, what shall I do with you? I do so want you to understand and be kind. Especially to be kind to those who are younger than you. Little children who are younger than you are don't understand all the things you do. You know that, and that is why you should be kind and helpful to them until they are as big as you are. When Marie is as old as you are now she won't take things, because she will know better."

Bessie had grown quieter as her mother talked. She felt ashamed, but she did not want to admit it. This



was what always happened to her. Her temper just came up like a big black cloud inside of her, and she forgot to be kind and good. She got real mad and hurt people. Then she cried and cried and stamped her foot. Much later when she thought about these things she could not understand it at all. It was as though it were some other little girl inside of her doing all the bad things . . . because she knew the real little girl she was didn't want to do them at all. Yet they happened all the time. She didn't know what she could do about it. She just forgot and got mad all over again each time.

Mother took her hand now and led her out onto the sunny porch in the back yard. "Look," she said, "see how you have a shadow. See how much bigger it is than you are. See how it sometimes goes in front if your back is to the Sun. Then see how it jumps in back of you and follows along if you are turned about. It sometimes gets smaller than you are even. But it always follows you as long as you are in the sunlight."

Bessie looked up at her mother in surprise. She wondered what this had to do with her being a bad girl. She knew it would have something to do with it. Mother didn't scold very often. Instead she had ways of telling things so that it made you want to try to be better. That was what scolding was supposed to do, but scolding never did.

Mother sat down on the porch steps, and pulling Bessie gently over beside her, went on talking. "I'm going to tell you a story about a shadow. I want you to listen very carefully, and then I'm going to let you sit here alone for a while and think about it." That,

too, was the way Mother did things. After the story, you had to think about it, and then you knew what you could do about it to make the story fit in your own life. Some stories can be made to help you like that.

Mother's soft voice continued: "Once there was a little girl. She was pretty and had a nice home. She had everything a little girl needed to be a fine little girl. Sometimes little girls don't have everything they need. It's harder for these little girls, but there was no excuse for the little girl I'm telling you about. She had what she needed—except being nice inside herself. She could be very nice when she wanted to be, but other times she had a very bad temper. When she got mad, she did just awful things. She was cruel sometimes. Very often she made others unhappy. Then after she had these bad temper fits she felt unhappy too. Still, she just kept right on having temper fits just the same. But one day a very strange thing happened to her. She was just terribly mad. She had kicked her best friend. Then she stamped her foot and screamed and cried so much that it hurt everyone's ears to hear her. No one wanted to be near her. They just walked away and left her alone, and that's when this strange thing happened. Can you guess what it was?"

Bessie silently shook her head and Mother went on with the story. "Well, she was left all alone in the garden. The Sun was shining down, and her shadow danced up and down just as she did. All of a sudden though, it just stepped away from her. The shadow spoke as it did this saying, 'Little girl, I'm tired of following you around. I'm not going to stay with you

any longer. You will be the only little girl in all this land without a shadow. And I won't come back until you stop making everyone so miserable. Why, just look at the way you've been shaking me up and down every time you get into one of your tantrums. No shadow likes that. A shadow wants to follow a nice person around. Goodbye until you become nice!' And the shadow walked away.

"Soon she began to feel very lonesome. She got so she didn't like to walk in the sunshine any more, for then everyone noticed that she had no shadow and wouldn't come near her. They just stood a distance away and pointed at her, some of them saying, 'Look, there's a strange little girl. She has no shadow! She must be very bad if her own shadow won't follow her any more!'

"This made the little girl very unhappy, and she began to feel sorry for the way she had treated others. Soon she began trying to be more kindly and considerate in her feelings toward others, and not to lose her temper. She tried so hard that after a while she didn't have tantrums any more. Losing one's temper is just a bad habit, after all, and people can learn to form the good habit of NOT losing their tempers—if they try. The little girl was rather surprised to learn that this was really true, although her mother had told her that it was. Now her shadow came back, and all her friends did, too. She was her real self now, and a lovely playmate."

Mother stood up. "Please think about this story, Bessie. I think you will find that it will help you with your temper."

Bessie heard the door behind her close quietly as Mother went into the house to prepare supper. It was only a fairy story, of course—she knew that. Nobody ever heard of such a thing as a shadow not staying with anyone. That was silly. But she knew what the story meant all right. She knew how the little girl must have felt. If such things could happen it would be just awful. It would be almost like not having on a dress, if you didn't have your own shadow with you. She knew it was going to help her remember not to get mad any more. Every time she looked at her shadow it would be a reminder.

She slipped off the porch, and her shadow went gaily along with her. She crossed the yard to Marie's house. She felt very bad when she saw the sharp red flush on Marie's small face where she had slapped her a short while before. She sat down and handed the doll to her, saying, "There, Marie, you can play with it. I'm sorry."

Marie smiled up happily with forgiveness in her eyes. Wanting to make up for her meanness Bessie said, "I'll tell you a story, Marie." So she explained about shadows to Marie, and then told her the story that Mother had just told her. They were sitting together happily when Bessie heard Mother calling her in to supper.

She skipped home with her shadow skipping along in back of her. Throwing herself into Mother's arms, she said, "Mummy, my shadow followed me. It's fun watching it, and I'll try to remember not to shake it up and down by being mad any more."

Mother gave her a kiss and replied: "That's just

what I hope you'll do, dear. I want you just as lovely inside as you are outside."

Bessie laughed happily, for everything was all right now. She wanted to be nice inside, too, the way Mother said. It felt so much better being that way.

## THE FAIRIES' MINISTRY

CLARA HUFFMAN


Fairies with their tiny brushes  
Lightly paint the daisies' lips;  
Golden hearts in pure white clusters  
Blossom from their finger tips.

Orange lily, purple aster,  
Bluebell, flag, anemone,  
Violet and sweet wild roses,  
Gorgeous itinerancy.

All the colors of the rainbow  
With true artistry they wield;  
Painting from their jeweled boxes  
Flowers in our woods and field.

## A JOURNEY WITH THE FAIRIES

EMMA MARY COATES

 LITTLE TAD stood on the back porch of the pretty white cottage where he, his mother and daddy, and his dog, Jock, were spending the warm, beautiful days of summer. And, by the way, we must not forget to mention Arabella Ann.

Arabella was the cook. Tad could always coax a cookie from Arabella, and she made the nicest turnovers that any five-year-old boy could wish for.

Just now, however, he wasn't thinking of either cookies or turnovers; he was thinking of something else. He had overheard a friend of Arabella telling her about an echo that could be heard from the seashore near the house. Now Tad liked to know about everything, and he wondered what an echo could be. So that night, when his mother had tucked him into bed, he said, "Please, Mother, tell me. What is an echo?"

"An echo, little son," repeated Mother. "Where did you hear about an echo?"

"I heard someone telling Arabella about one that could be heard from the seashore," replied Tad.

"Oh, I see," laughed Mother. "Well, Tad, an

echo is a fairy, and a fairy usually lives in a big, empty cave or building."

"A fairy. Oh! Mother, did you ever see one? What do they look like? And what do they do?" cried Tad.

"Answer to question one," replied Mother with a smile. "No, I never saw an echo. No one can, we only hear them. What do they do? Whenever anyone calls out near his home they always answer by repeating just what is said."

"But that is rude," objected Tad.

"Oh no," gravely answered Mother, "because they do it in such a nice, friendly way."

"I wonder," Tad remarked, his eyelids beginning to droop, "I wonder if I were to go down by the seashore, and sit very still, if an echo fairy wouldn't just happen along."

"I'm afraid not, lad," his mother said as she darkened the room. "Now sleep tight and pleasant dreams."

The next morning, Tad and Jock stood outside. "I think, Jock," Tad said reflectively, "that we might go down and look for one of the echo fairies. Don't you?" he gravely asked. Jock replied in the affirmative by briskly wagging his tail. Jock was such a comfortable companion; he always agreed, no matter what was proposed.

So the two set forth, quite forgetting to mention their destination. They soon reached the seashore, but didn't know just where they would find the fairy. They wandered on and on. At last it was Jock who found her. He paused to bark at a saucy

red squirrel, who at once began to scold him soundly. Tad didn't notice this, for as Jock barked, from somewhere back of them came the sound of more barking.

"It's the echo fairy, Jock," cried Tad. "You found her. You found her."

Then Tad called as loudly as he could, and at once the sound came back to him, sweetly and clearly, as only a fairy could send it. Tad called and called, but still the fairy didn't seem to grow tired or impatient.

"Oh Jock," cried Tad, "How I wish she would come out so we could see her! Perhaps if we keep very still, she will think we are gone and come out. Let's try it."

So the small boy and the big dog curled up under a willow tree and waited. They kept very still. It seemed a long time; it was quite warm and soon the small boy's head began to nod. It was almost more than he could do to keep awake.

Then something happened, for coming toward him, under the trees, was the prettiest little creature that one could wish to see. She was so tiny, no larger than one of Tad's toy soldiers, and was dressed all in russet brown. On each shoulder were wings of a delicate shade of green, her head was covered with golden curls, and on her feet she wore tiny, golden slippers.

Tad was sure this was the echo fairy and he didn't dare move for fear she would disappear, but when she came near, she waved her wand, then said gaily: "Well, Tad, so you and Jock were waiting to see me. I am the echo fairy."



"Oh! I knew you were, I was sure of it," cried Tad, "and we thought you might come if we waited. You don't mind, do you?" he asked.

"Why should I?" laughed the fairy, as she saw the anxious look on the small face. "I knew you were here; if I had not been willing for you to see me, you wouldn't have."

"But tell me," said Tad, "are there many echo fairies, and are they all as pretty as you?"

Again the fairy laughed, and her laughter sounded like the ringing of silver bells. "Yes, there are many of us," she told him, "and we all look alike. If you were to see any of the others, you couldn't tell us apart."

"What are the other fairies called?" Tad wanted to know.

"They are called Echo; we all have the same name. Now I am going for a ride. Would you like to come? You may if you wish."

"I don't see anything to ride in," Tad told her. "And where are you going?"

In answer, Echo placed a golden flute to her lips and sounded a clear, sweet note.

Tad's eyes were large and bright with wonder. What a splendid time he was having! Then he saw a big turtle swimming toward them through the waves.

"Oh! what a big turtle," he exclaimed. "I never saw one so large as that."

The fairy smiled: "That is our steed," she told him. "What a nice ride we shall have."

Tad looked at her in astonishment. "Why, I can't go with you, I am too big."

"You must leave all that to me," Echo told him, "and trust me."

Then she touched both Jock and Tad lightly with her wand; they at once began to grow smaller till they too were the size of the fairy. How queer it did seem, and the turtle, who all this time had been quietly waiting, looked larger than ever. He was so large that Tad was just a little afraid of him, until he saw a merry twinkle in his eyes as he looked at them.

Echo took Tad by the hand and started for the water, but still Tad hung back. "I'll get wet," he cried, "and both Jock and I may be drowned."

But the fairy smiled and said again: "You must trust me. I will see that both you and Jock get safely back."

Then all three climbed upon the back of the turtle, who slowly swam out to sea. All at once he dived, and Tad found, to his surprise, that both Jock and he could breathe just as easily under the water as above it.

What marvelous things Tad saw! They passed large fish, who looked at them curiously; some of them came up quite close; they saw enormous caves, all hung with beautiful seaweed. The floors of these caves were strewn with stones of all colors, and all through them could be seen numberless little fishes, playing together as happily as little children do.

Once they passed something that loomed large and dark. This, the fairy told Tad, was a shipwrecked vessel. Tad knew all about shipwrecks, for Arabella

Ann's brother was a sailor, and when he came to visit her he often told Tad marvelous tales of shipwrecks and foreign lands.

All this time the turtle was swimming along, guided by the fairy, who would touch him lightly with her wand whenever she wanted him to turn.

"We had better go back now," the fairy said to Tad. "We have come quite far enough."

She turned the turtle around and they started back, but just then something happened. The turtle stopped and refused to go farther. "I must have something to eat before I make the return journey," he said firmly, and in spite of all the Echo could and did say, he refused to take them back before he ate his dinner.

"Oh dear, what shall I do," grieved the fairy. "I simply must get home soon and I must also see you and Jock safely back. How dreadfully selfish of the turtle. I will never trust him to carry me about in the water again. Let us walk on and see if we can't find someone who will help us."

As they walked along the ocean floor Tad said, "Please tell me, Echo, why is it that Jock and I can breathe under the water? And why don't we get wet?"

Echo held out her wand. "It is this," she told him. "When I touched you with this, you became the same as I. As soon as we return I am going to change you both back as you were."

Just then they walked around a big rock and saw before them a large castle.

"Oh, here is where the ripple fairies live," cried

Echo with relief. "I am quite sure they will help us."

"Who are the ripple fairies?" asked Tad. "And what do they do?"

"They are the ones who on still days make the ripples that you see on the surface of the water," replied Echo. "But let us find out if any are at home. It is time we were starting back."

She knocked on the door as she spoke. It was opened by a fairy about the size of Echo, only this one was dressed all in green, and Tad just couldn't decide which he considered the more beautiful.

"Oh, Ripple," cried Echo. "I am so glad you are at home, we are in a lot of trouble. I do hope you will help us."

"Of course I will," laughed Ripple, "that is, if I can. But who is this with you?" she asked, giving Tad and Jock a welcoming smile.

"These are two little friends of mine," replied Echo. "I brought them for a ride." And then she told how badly the turtle had treated them.

"That was very naughty of him," responded Ripple. "I am going to tell my sisters about it and we shall have to punish him. But come inside, and I will try to find some way to help you."

Tad, Jock and Echo went inside and Tad looked about him wonderingly; they were in a large room and here were more of the colored stones he had noticed in the caves. They sat down on a huge pile of soft sea-moss, and watched with much interest the tiny goldfish which flitted here and there, darting from one corner to another and peeping out curiously

from behind curtains of sea-weed at the strange guests.

Just then the ripple fairy entered the room. "Our chariot will be ready in a moment," she said. "But I wish you might stay longer, for there are many wonderful places down here that I am sure Tad and Jock would like to see."

"I know there are," replied Echo, "but I must return as soon as possible, for I must have Tad and Jock back before they are missed."

Tad was wondering what the chariot would be like when it drew up before the open doorway. It was an immense pearl, shaped like a boat, and attached to it by ropes of seaweed, were six beautiful goldfish, driven by a tiny fairy, about half the size of Ripple. She gave them a friendly little greeting, then quickly disappeared.

"You will soon be home now," Ripple said. She had climbed into the chariot with them and carried a wand with which to guide the goldfish, who were restless and eager to start.

How short the journey seemed to Tad! He thought they had only just started when the ripple fairy stopped the chariot in the shallow water at the exact spot where they had embarked on the turtle's back.

They climbed out and watched her as she drove away with a merry smile and a friendly wave of the hand.

"Well, Tad, did you and Jock have a good time?" the echo fairy wanted to know.

"I did," replied Tad, "and I am sure Jock enjoyed it too. Didn't you, Jock?"

Jock jumped up and down and barked such a funny little bark; he was so very, very tiny.

The echo fairy laughed and extending her wand, touched each of them with it, then quickly disappeared in the direction of the cave where she lived.

The sunlight, falling on Tad's eyes awakened him. He sat up and looked all about. Jock was standing close beside him, whining softly.



"Oh! Jock," cried Tad, "didn't we have a nice time? I just know it wasn't all a dream. Let's hurry home now, so I can tell Mother about it."

They started off, then paused as Tad noticed the ripples in the sunlight, on the surface of the water.

"See, Jock," he cried, "Those are the ripple fairies, aren't they?"

Jock put his head on one side in a very wise way, one of his ears standing straight up; then he wagged his tail and barked assent. And as he did so, from the hillside behind them, came sweet and distinct the reply of Echo.

## THE PERTURBED LITTLE TREE

KAY RANDALL



HE LITTLE tree was frightened. Well, maybe not exactly frightened—but terribly perturbed.

Of course there had been other times. There was that time when it had been so comfortably asleep. Well-l-l, not entirely asleep, but dozing in the nice, comfortably warm, dark soil. It had been so grand just to lie there in the friendly soil, stretching once in a while to take the kinks out. But one day a very ambitious stretch had pushed his head out of the soil, and a luxuriant yawn was changed into a startled screech. The situation had really been very difficult. Try as he might he could not withdraw his head beneath the friendly soil.

The soil had been rather unsympathetic, too. Always before it had been very friendly, advising the little tree to spread its roots outward to make easier the collection of food. And this same soil had been so helpful in storing food and moisture in just the proper place—like spreading a banquet table right before one, though of course the little tree did not know about tables. But now the soil only laughed over his awful predicament.

"What shall I do?" the little tree whimpered. "It is so strange having my head uncovered."

"Strange, indeed," had scoffed the unfeeling soil. "My goodness gracious, must I support you completely all your life? Just you stop whimpering and absorb all you can of that wonderful sunlight."

"What is sunlight?" the little tree had inquired.

"Silly," the soil had retorted, "just you look over your head and you will see the Sun. No mistaking it."

Of course the little tree didn't know it, but as all this happened rather early in the morning, the Sun was just starting his travel across the sky. So when the little tree looked up, there, sure enough, was the Sun. It smiled in the most friendly fashion, so the little tree smiled right back, feeling very good indeed. Why, this condition was excellent when he stopped to think of it.

"Why did you not tell me before of this delightful place?" he had reproached the soil, dropping his gaze to it. "You knew about this all the time," he accused.

The soil made no response save to chuckle heartily. The little tree sighed in contentment. Again he turned his face to the Sun. He gazed so long at this friendly object that he was almost blinded. He finally transferred his gaze back to the soil and blinked and blinked until his sight became normal again. Then he had started looking about on all sides. He was closely surrounded by a veritable forest of little trees just like himself—only the little tree had not called it a forest or anything, because he



did not know what to call it. And some of his companions were ever so much larger than he.

"Hi, there," he had presently called, addressing the salutation to the nearest one, who was many times taller than he.

"Were you addressing me?" coldly inquired the tall one with great dignity—only the little tree did not know about dignity, so he just wondered. But it did make him feel funny.

"Yes, sir," the little tree had responded, rapidly recovering himself. "What place is this?"

"This," the taller tree had explained, "is a nursery."

"What is a nursery?" the little tree had wondered.

"It is a place," the taller tree had returned, "where infant trees like you are cared for until it is time to go."

"Go?" The little tree was becoming more and more puzzled. "What is go?"

"Why, it is —er-r, *go*." The taller tree was evidently in difficulties—maybe he really did not know the answer.

"Don't you know what *go* is?" the little tree had persisted. But before the taller tree could answer their surrounding fellows had all laughed right out loud, swaying with their merriment, just as the taller tree seemed to sway with chagrin—only of course their swaying might have been because a little prankish breeze came dancing through and pushed each of the trees playfully back and forth.

The other trees had not offered an opinion, and even the soil was no help, for it had advised, "Don't

ask so many questions. Just wait, and in time you will find out."

"What is time?" the little tree had wanted to know. But the soil made no answer. After that the little tree had contentedly spent the day alternately looking at the Sun and his fellow trees.

But later he was again perturbed, even more so than when he had stretched his head right out of the soil. He had noticed that the Sun was playing some sort of a game. It seemed to be racing or chasing something or somebody right across the sky, but who or what it was the little tree had been unable to discover. And then, all at once, the Sun had run right out of sight. It surprised the little tree so much he screeched again—a more dignified tree screech this time, however.

"Whatever has happened?" the little tree had timidly inquired of no one in particular.

"It's night, silly," the surrounding trees had chorused.

"What is night?" the little tree had wondered.

"Time for you to go to sleep," said the taller tree who had answered his questions earlier in the day. Then because he had felt a little ashamed of himself he had added, "The Sun has just gone to sleep so he will be fresh in the morning—and you had best do the same."

The little tree had wanted to know what morning was but concluded he had better not ask. He was still perturbed, but in no time at all he was asleep and did not even dream once through the whole night.

The following morning he had been much sur-

prised. Of course the Sun was there, and all the other trees and the soil. But the surprising thing was that although he could not remember stretching—and always before he had known when he stretched—stretched he must have because his head was much higher—closer to the Sun, you know—than when he had gone to sleep. Such surprising things happened—and all at once, too.

But the little tree was happy—even with all his scares—and as the days passed he had noted with satisfaction that even during the day his head was getting higher and higher, closer and closer to the Sun. He had taken the soil's advice and scarcely asked a question now. His surroundings did not bother him now; he was so accustomed to them. He knew, without being told, that his body was called a trunk, and was he proud the day a little leaf had come out right on his very own trunk! It stayed there, too, making a very beautiful decoration, the little tree had thought. He did not mention it, however, since he had noticed that some of his companions were adorned with two and even three leaves. But he did not envy them. Not at all. There was, it had seemed to him, a point where too much finery just might not be in good taste. Anyway he had decided he would just wait and see how things turned out. And so time had passed, months of course, only the little tree did not know this because he could not read a calendar.

And something that moved had come among his group and tied something to his trunk. It had felt uncomfortable at first but soon he got used to it.

As a decoration it might have had value except that all of his fellows had the same things attached to their trunks, so it had not given him any advantage. These somethings that moved among his group were quite queer. They did not look like trees, that is, not very much. And they made queer sounds when they spoke. The little tree had wondered what it would be like to move as they did, though perhaps he could never move exactly as they did because they had two trunks. He had tried to pull his roots loose so that he might try the experiment, but he had had to give it up because the soil clung to them so stubbornly he could not budge them. And the only answer he had received when he questioned the soil was the admonition, "Don't be silly." He had wondered, rather wistfully, what silly meant, but decided against asking.

After enjoying an untroubled life for another period of months, during which his head kept getting nearer and nearer the Sun, he was again per . . . . No, this time he was really frightened. Some of those things that frequently moved among his group had come and looked at the thing tied to his trunk. And one of them had said, "Here is just what you are looking for, a sturdy Golden Glow Peach." This had sounded so funny that the little tree was almost convulsed. One of these things that moved had called him a Golden Glow Peach when he, and all his fellows knew, just as sure as sure, that he was a tree. But his laughter had been choked off when something hard had gone down through the soil very roughly, and had even cut off a portion of one of

his roots. And then suddenly his roots were out of the soil and he was moving right through the ranks of his fellows without even touching the soil. He had tried to scream but it got clogged in his sap so that he scarcely had been able to breathe. He had heard faintly the taunting voice of the taller tree, who had answered so many of his questions, saying, "Now you will know what *go* is."

If this was *go* the little tree had decided he did not like it the least little bit. In fact when he had recovered somewhat from his fright he resented it greatly. Just because he had asked about *go* had not meant that he really wanted to know. He had not been able to understand why he had to be shown merely because he had been inquisitive. Life was certainly becoming complex.

The *go* was not so bad, as he later discovered, for his roots had been placed back into a friendly soil that immediately closed about them in the most reassuring way. So the little tree had returned to his normal state of inquisitiveness, and looked about this new home eagerly. The Sun was still running races across the sky, which was comforting; and the soil was just as friendly as the old soil had been. Then he had taken a closer view of his surroundings. His companion trees were much farther away from each other, he had discovered, than in the nursery, and apparently he was the only little tree in this strange new place.

A large, grandfatherly tree was quite near and the little tree appealed to him for information.

"Is this a nursery?" he had wanted to know.

The grandfather tree had chuckled in a friendly fashion and then said, "No, this is an orchard."

"What is an orchard?" the little tree had questioned.

"A place where trees live," had been the reply. "But I thought that place was a nursery; at least that is what the other little trees told me."

"Well," the grandfather tree had explained, "there are places and places. Trees live in both the nursery when they are young, and in the orchard when they are older."

"Oh," the little tree had excitedly shaken the six limbs he had grown during his stay at the nursery, "a nursery is a nursery, but an orchard is a *go*."

"A *go*?" The grandfather tree had been very much puzzled until the little tree had explained about how the taller tree at the nursery had said there would be a time to *go*.

"I see." The grandfather tree had chuckled. "No, an orchard is not a *go*. A nursery is a nursery, and an orchard is an orchard, but what happened between the two is *go*."

This had not really helped the little tree very much, but he decided not to ask any more questions about it then.

"You are quite a big tree," the grandfather tree had approved, which gave the little tree a feeling of importance which was very nice—something like the nice feeling he had felt when stretching. "Next year," the grandfather tree had continued, "you will have fruit."

"What is fruit?" the little tree had demanded.

"Wait and see," the grandfather tree had returned, and then, just like the soil had once said, he added, "just wait and in time you will know."

Such queer answers, the little tree had fretted to himself. Why were his questions not answered? It had seemed to him that it would have been just as easy to answer the questions as to tell him to wait. But he soon forgot it in his interest in himself and his surroundings. He had many leaves now, but instead of being on his trunk they were on his limbs. They gave him quite an effect, he had decided.

And so, many more months passed by. More limbs came out, and his older limbs kept growing longer and longer, and more leaves appeared. The little tree really had been thrilled down to his roots. And then one day something began to happen. He was not scared, or even perturbed, but he did wonder when his sap started working down to his roots instead of upward through his trunk and limbs.

"Do not think anything about it," the grandfather tree had counseled. "You are getting ready for the winter sleep."

"But I sleep each night," the little tree had protested. "And if I am to sleep during this winter—what is it? Does winter come between day and night or between night and day?"

"Neither," the grandfather tree had replied. "You have been through it before at the nursery, but you were too young to remember. Just wait, and in time you will find out."

But the little tree had been experiencing such a feeling of drowsiness that he had not resented the answer he had so often heard before. And he kept

getting drowsier and drowsier so that he was not aware of it when his leaves fell off. And soon he forgot everything and drifted into a deep sleep.

Later, he had awakened—the grandfather tree told him it was springtime. Of course the little tree—he was bigger now even if he had slept—had really wanted to know what springtime meant, but he was too busy to ask. His sap, he had found, was coursing strongly through his trunk and limbs; the Sun was shining gaily; and his leaves were fairly popping out. Life, it had seemed to him, was very much worth while. This feeling, he had decided, must have some connection with the thing called spring, although he guessed there was no use wondering how this came about since he and all his tree friends had been asleep, so there was no one to answer his questions on such subjects.

And then, one day, he had been terrifically surprised because little white and pink things were suddenly all over his branches. Nothing frightening, of course, and really they were quite decorative, even more so than the leaves. He had been rather proud of this addition to his wardrobe. He noticed that the grandfather tree also had the same things on his limbs, only a great many more, of course, so he asked him for an explanation.

“They are blossoms,” the grandfather tree had explained. “First the blossoms, then the fruit.”

The little tree had decided against asking for information concerning fruit—he had done so once without result. Anyway he was very much occupied with events. Birds and bees were around all the time



now. He had secured their names from the grandfather tree. They were lots of company and good fun. The birds would sit on his limbs and make pleasant noises—they were really quite pleasing. Of course their language was much harsher than the soft sighing tree language. And the bees seemed to get a great deal of pleasure from the blossoms, for they were around them and inside of them throughout the day.

Then there came a day of consternation—his blossoms were falling. He had appealed to the grandfather tree for advice. "My blossoms are falling off," he had excitedly called. "Am I going to fall apart?"

"Not at all," the grandfather tree had reassured. "You are just getting ready for the fruit. You are a peach tree so your fruit will be peaches."

"Oh!" the little tree had acknowledged the information half-heartedly. It did seem such a shame to lose one's blossoms when they were so very attractive. He was sure he would feel naked or however one felt with less than a full quota of adornments.

But he survived the tragedy and had become quite engrossed watching the growth of his first fruit. At first he had been rather disappointed. The little green, knotty things were not pretty like his blossoms, and anyway he had expected something quite different. He couldn't picture exactly that which he had expected, the only thing he had been sure of was that he was not satisfied. But little by little, day by day, he had revised his opinions. There was no denying the fact they were getting better looking every day—all six of them. He had become quite

enthusiastic and had even bragged just a little bit concerning his prowess to the grandfather tree. The grandfather tree had chuckled good naturedly.

But now came the day of real tragedy—the day we first made the acquaintance of the little tree. He had noticed those same things that moved on top of the soil at the nursery also moved in the same way in this orchard. At first he had been very suspicious of them, for he feared that he was destined for another *go*. But when nothing happened he gradually lost his suspicions, and he had even welcomed them coming round in a way—especially when they admired his dress of leaves and blossoms. But lately they had been admiring his fruit—had even touched them. He had not minded—much. Poor things. They didn't have any such large golden fruit as he had.

But horrors! These things that moved about the orchard pulled off his beautiful fruit—all six of them! Dastardly! How could he survive such a blow? His beautiful fruit—his only fruit!

Mournfully he told the grandfather tree of the terrible act; told him of all the care he had taken of his fruit; of the pride he had in them—all gone for naught.

And the grandfather tree with gentleness consoled him. "Little tree, you have completed a cycle of your life. You were placed here to perform a duty."

"Who did that?" demanded the little tree. "Nobody ever told me about a duty. There have been *go's* and *times* and *winters* and *springtimes*, but never any *duty*."

At which the grandfather tree laughed heartily through all his many branches. "Listen," he said. "The things that took your fruit are called men. They think they placed you here. But that is not so. God, who made you, did that. And God gave you a duty to perform. He wanted you to grow



leaves, after you had grown sturdy limbs. Then the birds could find rest and shade with you."

"Who made the birds?" inquired the little tree. "Have they a duty? And why don't they grow their own shade?"

"Now, now," reproved the grandfather tree, "not

so many questions. I am telling you about yourself, though I'll tell you this about the birds: God made them as well as all other things."

"Is God a tree like us?" the little tree wanted to know.

"No," replied the grandfather tree. "Now let me finish with you. After your leaves were grown then the blossoms came. This you were to do as the first step to growing fruit. But also you added beauty to the world—and that is as important as fruit, really—for you were very pretty in your green leaves and pink blossoms."

The little tree preened himself. It was good to be appreciated, he thought.

"Also," continued the grandfather tree, "the blossoms contained food for the bees you so greatly admired. Then came the fruit which men will eat, for they cannot eat sunlight as you do."

"I do not like them eating my fruit," said the little tree. "My peaches were so pretty."

"That," continued the grandfather tree, as though he had not been interrupted, "is why you are a tree. Just look what you have accomplished. You have sheltered birds, fed the bees, been a thing of great beauty, and now you have fed man. That is the duty God gave you as your share of life's work. Next year you will do it all over again."

"Well," mused the little tree, "I hope God is satisfied. As for next year—I'll wait and in time I'll know—maybe."

## MARKY AND THE ANGEL

D. D. ARROYO



MARKY sat on the porch and looked out into the garden. He sighed deeply. It was growing dark, and the flowers were nodding gently in the evening breeze. It was like they were bending their heads politely saying, "Good evening, Marky!" Sometimes he felt as though they really might say something like that if they could talk. Some of them had beautiful little mouths painted on their faces, but they never said anything—not out loud, that is. But Marky was sure they thought things you could hear, if you listened with your heart and not with your ears.

The fireflies winked brightly across the garden, and for a moment Marky wished he could fly like that and shine so prettily. And then he sighed again, this time quite sadly. Behind him he heard his mother ask, "Why, Marky, what's the matter? Such a deep sigh for a little boy."

Marky looked up at his mother. You could always tell your troubles to Mother. She wouldn't laugh the way Sally Ann down the street had laughed when he talked to her this afternoon about his trouble. He tumbled his words out, "Mother, have you ever

seen an angel—an honest to goodness real angel?"

Mother smiled. "Is that what is troubling you?"

Marky nodded, and Mother sat down beside him on the porch steps. "Well, I'll tell you, Marky. They aren't so easy to find, and maybe you don't look in the right place."

"Does it take awfully sharp eyes to see angels, Mother? Maybe my eyes aren't strong enough? Would I need glasses to see one?" Marky asked excitedly.

Mother took Marky's hand in hers. "Not quite that, Marky. Angels are different from the fairies and gnomes and the little elemental folk we've read stories about. Angels are—well, they are like older brothers and sisters to us."

Marky shook his head puzzledly. "How?"

"It's—well, they went through a stage of evolution similar to our human one many ages ago. It's like your big brother, Tommy. He's already graduated from school, and you're still in school. So he knows many things you don't, and can help in many ways you haven't yet learned."

"But," Marky protested, "I'll grow fast and catch up."

"Of course, you will," Mother replied, "just as someday we'll all be like the angels."

Marky smiled brightly at this thought. "Tell me more about the angels."

Mother continued. "Well, the angels have their work to do, the same as we do. In all of God's universe, each Being has its own part to do, and angels have work to do especially for us. We are

their younger brothers and sometimes we are very difficult younger brothers to help, I'm afraid."

"How?" asked Marky.

"Oh," Mother answered, "once the angels were closer to men, and many people were able to see them and receive help directly from them. You know there are stories about it in the Bible."

"Why isn't it like that now?" Marky asked with troubled eyes.

Mother explained, "Because men became wicked so their eyes no longer could see the angels. They felt so grown up they no longer had pure enough souls to commune with their angel brothers. They were more interested in seeking excitement and fun—as they called it. They hurt each other in this kind of fun, and the angels could not come near such wickedness. They stay away from selfishness, and greed, and evil today, for where these things are the heart is not pure enough to commune with angels."

Marky sighed. "What work do they do?"

Mother answered, "They have different kinds of work to do. Some direct the fairies and the elemental kingdoms so these little creatures are able to grow and learn. Some angels are the builders of the universe. They help nature form mountains and rivers. They help mothers to build the tiny baby bodies when a child is to be born. They work with the thoughts of men and weave the best thoughts that hover over a community so that the evil thoughts will not bring evil upon the people. Sometimes the thoughts are so horrible it is difficult for them."

Marky nodded understandingly.

"That's why you want me to not get mad and think good things isn't it? Do my prayers help them, too?"

Mother nodded. "Oh, yes, every one of us helps in that way so the world can grow to be a happier place. You see, too, many evil thoughts make droughts, famines, and floods. Nature returns to man just what man sends out. The angels hovering near try to inspire man so he can deserve a better life. Every good deed they bless and expand so that all men may reap the benefit."

Marky asked, "And are there angels who work in music and in the forests?"

"Yes," Mother answered. "They work in the ethers in watery substances of the universe. They weave all the patterns we see, because they are wiser and know how to obey all the laws. We humans haven't learned obedience yet. Think of the damage we would do by our ignorance without their help."

Marky smiled. "Do you think I'll be able to see an angel someday, Mother—really see one?"

"Perhaps, you will be one of the blessed ones who have such vision," Mother answered.

Marky thought a moment. It was the dearest wish of his heart to know more about the wonderful Beings called angels.

The next day he told his father about the things Mother had told him, and his father nodded and said: "Your mother is right. There's just one thing I can add to what she has told you. It might help you to see an angel some day."



Marky's face brightened and his eyes sparkled. "What will help me to see an angel, Daddy?"

His father answered, "Well, Marky, your mother has told you about the being good part—trying to be like the angels so that your wishes are like their own wishes and so your eyes will be more in tune with the light. The other part is *wanting*. What you want very deeply is sometimes given to you when you do all the rest of your part."

Marky clapped his hands. "But I do want to. All the time I keep trying. When I work in the garden I think of the little fairies and elves also working there, and then of the wonderful angels who are directing the little fairies, too."

Across the room Mother smiled at them both. She had just come in from the garden and her arms were full of flowers. "Still talking about angels, Marky?"

Dad and Marky laughed back at Mother, and Dad said, "Yes, and do you know I've heard people say it is sometimes easier to see them in great and beautiful forests where the loveliness of nature is more in tune with them than the disharmony that exists where people are unloving."

Mother said, "Marky, has Daddy told you about where we are going on his vacation?"

Dad said, "No, I wanted you to be with us. You see, Marky, your mother and I thought that perhaps on this vacation we would go camping in one of the national forests near here."

Marky spoke softly, "And I can really look for an angel there, can't I?"

Mother and Dad nodded, and they kissed Marky

tenderly as he started off to bed to dream of his vacation in the forest where he could see an angel.

And Marky's dream did come true. Marky was in the forest where the family was camping. He had been having a splendid time sitting so quietly under a tall elm tree that the young deer had come close by. His heart was full of love for the beautiful little creatures as he offered them pieces of bread from his pockets.

His heart was full with happiness and peace, and while he sat there a wonderful thing happened. As he looked up at the tree he saw long flowing sheaths of light brightened into the pattern of an angelic figure before his eyes. The forest was still and yet there seemed to be the swell of music everywhere about him. He felt great waves of love washing through him, and a beautiful face smiled upon him.

Marky felt as though all the love and light and goodness in the world were pouring through him. He saw the sweet face still regarding him from the great height, and then the light was so bright he had to close his eyes. Even with his eyes closed he still felt the music and love and brightness all about him.

When he opened his eyes, Mother and Dad stood beside him. Their hands rested lightly upon his shoulders. He looked up at them inquiringly. They smiled down upon him, and he knew from the glow in their eyes that they had seen the angel, too.

Marky asked softly, "Some day will I be like that?"

It was Mother who answered, "Some day all of us will be like that, Marky, and the world will be a very wonderful place when we all are so beautiful and loving."

# SLEEPING OUT

EDNA BLEVINS LEWELLING

Sometimes in summer when it's hot,  
My mother, dad, and I,  
Ride 'till we reach the mountain top,  
Then sleep out 'neath the sky.

We don't take tents and things like that,  
Just blankets on the ground.  
And then the wind comes slow and soft  
And doesn't make a sound.

The leaves all whisper very low,  
Indeed, they never shout!  
I try, and try, and try to hear  
Just what they talk about.

I never yet have understood  
A single word they say,  
Although I've listened many nights,  
And thought of it by day.

The fairies, they are different,  
I hear most every word,  
They laugh and sing and tumble 'round,  
The jolliest way I've heard.

My mother says it's just the brook,  
That there's no fairy band.  
But I believe that she's too old  
To really understand.

## A GARDEN FANTASY

MAUDE H. WILKINSON



HE MOON came slowly up over the hill and looked down on a mass of gaily colored flowers which were growing in an old-fashioned garden.

When the Moon saw the Blue Dragon-fly, for whom she was looking, her round face beamed brighter, and she said: "Blue Dragon-fly, it is time to get up."

Blue Dragon-fly was asleep in the heart of Pink-rose, but when the Moon spoke to him, he moved his wings a little, and went to sleep again.

"Is that the way you behave when I take the trouble to call you?" chuckled the Moon, as she looked at her dainty little friend of whom she was very fond. "I must make a brighter light and see if that will rouse you," she added as she sent a stronger ray to him.

Blue Dragon-fly opened one eye; closed it again, and went back to sleep.

The Moon looked very much puzzled and said: "Dear me, I wonder if there is anything the matter with him? He usually gets up at once when I call him."

"No, he is all right," replied Pink-rose, in whose

## A GARDEN FANTASY

heart Blue Dragon-fly was sleeping. "I wished him to stay here, so I have given him a large dose of perfume to make him sleep for a long time; then when I waken him, he will have forgotten all about his work, and will stay with me. So please go away and leave us alone."

Pink-rose drew herself together in such a way that the Moon saw it was of no use to argue with her, for the little rose had folded her soft petals round Blue Dragon-fly like a curtain, which completely hid him from view.

"Well, well," mused the Moon to herself, "of course I do not blame Pink-rose for loving the little fellow, for we all do, but that is no reason why she should wish to keep him all to herself. I had no idea Pink-rose was so selfish. Anyway, seeing that Blue Dragon-fly asked me to awaken him, I must do so, and see that he goes to his work; but how shall I do it?"

The Moon remained quiet for a few minutes, wondering who might be able to help her. Then her eyes turned in the direction of a small village a short distance away.

"Hello, Breezie," she said, addressing a small puff of wind, "I see you are at your pranks as usual."

"Yes," replied Breezie laughing, "I am trying to blow this old man's hat off. Look!" and he gave a sharp puff that nearly did the trick. However, the old man was too quick for him, and caught his hat in time.

But Breezie was a persistent little fellow, and always liked to have his own way. He laughed and

said: "Good for you, old fellow, but I shall get your hat yet." So after waiting a few seconds Breezie gave another unexpected puff; but again, the old man was too quick for him, and the wind did not get his hat.

After watching him a few minutes, the Moon whispered mysteriously: "Breezie, I know someone with whom you can have a better time."

"Indeed," replied Breezie, turning to the Moon for a moment. "I think that is hardly possible, for I am having a wonderful time right here."

Then the Moon beamed brighter, for she saw something that Breezie did not see. Just then the old man went up the steps leading to a large house, opened the door, and went in.

Now the Moon loves a joke, and a merry twinkle crept into her eyes as she remarked: "Perhaps you had better remain here, for you certainly are having great fun. I shall find your cousin instead."

Breezie turned a somersault as he replied: "Yes, I think so too, but thanks for the offer. Good-bye," he called, as he blew round to continue his pranks. When he saw the old man was not there, he became very boisterous, and roared: "Shivering icicles, where has he gone?"

"Behind that green door at the top of those steps," said the Moon with an unusually sweet smile. "Now you can come with me."

Breezie twisted and turned for a few seconds, in a very bad mood, but seeing nothing could be done, he burst out laughing and replied: "It is all right with me. Now I am ready to give someone the best

teasing he ever had," and he gave several more wild twists and turns.

"That is good," said the Moon, "I want you to waken Blue Dragon-fly, to whom Pink-rose has given an over-dose of perfume. You must creep around him and make him shiver. Then maybe his soft couch will not seem quite so comfortable. He lives a few miles from here in Mrs. Brown's garden; I am sure you have been there many times."

Breezie shook with laughter as he said: "Indeed I have. I had a great time last winter teasing that nice fat old lady. I am only too glad to have an excuse to go there again, and renew our acquaintance. I will be there in a few minutes."

"Very good," said the Moon, as she turned toward the garden. A few seconds later Breezie blew in, full of mischief, and went from one flower to the other calling: "Blue Dragon-fly, where are you?"

The Moon watched Breezie's wild capers for a few minutes, and then said: "It is quite possible I can tell you where Blue Dragon-fly is."

"Of course you can," Breezie replied, as he danced lightly round a rose, "but I do not want you to tell me, for I am having a splendid game of hide and seek." Then he bounded off to another rose which he shook quite roughly, saying: "Is Blue Dragon-fly's perfumed couch hidden in your heart, Regal-rose?"

"No, Blue Dragon-fly did not favor me with his company. Go your way, you are disturbing my petals," Regal-rose replied in a peevish tone.

"My dear," Breezie whispered in a tantalizing

way, "you look far more attractive when you are slightly ruffled. I really must loosen your petals a little more," and he gave her another playful shake.

"Go away, you rude fellow, or I shall prick you," said Regal-rose with a toss of her head.

"My dear, your prickly temper cannot hurt me. In fact, the more you prick me, the better I like it, for then I want to go on teasing you," and Breezie shook her so hard, that her silly dignity fell from her.

Breezie danced merrily round Regal-rose saying: "Now you look more like a regal rose. But I must go, for if I stayed with you, I might like you too well, and it would never do for Breezie to fall in love with anyone. Good-bye, my dear," Breezie called airily as he blew off to continue his pranks somewhere else.

"What a wild little fellow he is," thought the Moon. It may be a long time before he finds Blue Dragon-fly; perhaps it was not the wisest thing to have brought him here. There is no telling what damage he may do. I wonder what I had better do?"

The Moon looked around the garden hoping to find a solution to her problem. Suddenly she caught sight of the garden lawyer, Brown Owl, standing at the door of his house in the hollow stump of an old oak tree.

"Why of course he is the one to give me advice," thought the Moon. Then she called: "Brown Owl, I wonder if you can spare me a few minutes of your valuable time on a matter of great importance?"

Brown Owl drew himself up with great dignity and blinking his eyes several times by way of a bow,



replied slowly: "I am always glad to be of service to you, Madam Moon. What is the trouble?"

"Thank you," said the Moon, "I felt sure you could help me. A terrible thing has happened. Blue Dragon-fly has been drugged by Pink-rose, who has suddenly turned very selfish and wishes to keep him to herself. She has locked him up in her heart and keeps him asleep with her perfume."

The owl settled himself comfortably, and fixing his large round eyes thoughtfully on the Moon remarked: "You did quite right in coming to me; this is a very serious matter, and will need much careful thought. I am the one to handle such a delicate affair. Please go away; I must be alone to deliberate over the case quietly and carefully."

Knowing that Brown Owl prided himself on his "slow but sure" method of thinking, the Moon after thanking him added most emphatically: "Blue Dragon-fly has most important work to do, and must be awakened within the next half-hour."

Drawing himself up a little straighter, the Owl remarked: "Please do not try to hurry me, for it is against my nature to think a matter over quickly. I am sure Blue Dragon-fly did not take time to think, before he entered Pink-rose's heart. I have often told him he was too hasty, and I . . ."

Once started on that subject, the owl would go on for hours, if he could get anyone to listen, and realizing that time was precious, the Moon hastened to interrupt him; "Yes, I know how you feel on that subject, Brown Owl, but I repeat, that if you do not find a solution of the problem in thirty minutes, your

thinking will have been of no use," and she turned away quite annoyed.

With a look of mournful wonder in his big yellow eyes, the owl slowly shook his head and sedately entered his house to ponder over the matter in his own way.

Just then the Moon caught sight of Honey-bee, whom she was amazed to see about at that hour.

"What on earth are you doing out of your hive, Honey-bee?" called the Moon. "All good bees should be at home this time of night."

"Hush," whispered Honey-bee. "Please do not speak so loud. I know what you say is true, but I am so tired of making honey that I am playing hooky."

Looking very serious, the Moon remarked: "What would happen if Mother Nature saw you?"

"Oh, please do not mention it to her," pleaded Honey-bee, looking around nervously.

The Moon smiled, saying: "I never tell tales, unless I am obliged to. But probably it is a good thing you did leave the hive, for I need someone to help me, and perhaps you will do."

"Yes, indeed, if I can help you in any way, I shall be glad to do it," replied Honey-bee, very much relieved.

Then the Moon told her about Blue Dragon-fly, adding: "If you could get inside Pink-rose's petals, and buzz loud enough, I believe you could awaken him."

"Dear me," the little bee replied flippantly, "what strange creatures roses are; you never know what

they are going to do next. We certainly must do something at once. The situation needs quick action and thought, and I am the one to do it. I shall fly right over and demand that Pink-rose release Blue Dragon-fly at once. If she refuses I shall tell her that no bee will ever visit her again, and that will be a great disgrace." And off she flew.

The Moon watched her go with a look of despair.

"I am sure she will never succeed," mused the Moon sadly. "Honey-bee acts too quickly, and the Owl too slowly; what a pity they cannot be put in a bag and shaken up together. There is only one thing to do; I must try and find someone else to help me."

After a moment's thought, her round face beamed with pleasure.

"How stupid of me, to have wasted all this precious time," she exclaimed. "Why did I not think of Love-bird? He is the very one to help me. He is always so charming, and has such coaxing ways with him, that he does more to keep the garden in order than anyone else."

Turning her bright rays on the slender drooping branches of a beautiful weeping-willow tree in the corner of the garden, the Moon called softly: "Love-bird, I am sorry to disturb you, but there is a serious matter which needs straightening out; you have always been so good in helping us when things went wrong, that I felt I must come to you."

Love-bird looked up at the Moon, and replied in a soft, happy little voice: "You know, Madam Moon, there is nothing I really enjoy better than unraveling tangles; tell me all about it."

As Love-bird listened, a sad look crept into his eyes, and putting his head on one side he remarked: "Poor Pink-rose, does she not realize that keeping Blue Dragon-fly to herself will never really make her happy? I *will* go over at once, have a quiet talk with her, and show her a better way." So, kissing his little mate, and telling her where he was going, Love-bird flew off.

"At last, I have found the right one," beamed the Moon breathing a great sigh of relief.

When Love-bird reached Pink-rose, he could hear Honey-bee as she talked, buzzed, and threatened Pink-rose; but the more noise she made the closer Pink-rose drew her petals together and refused to listen. Finally, Honey-bee turned to the Moon, saying in a disgusted voice: "I have done all I can to make Pink-rose listen to me. If I cannot do anything with her, no one else can, so I think you are foolish to waste any more time trying to save Blue Dragon-fly. Anyway, I have other matters to attend to, so good-bye," and she sailed away.

"Good-bye," said the Moon. "I hope Mother Nature does not see you," she added thoughtfully.

Love-bird perched on a branch near Pink-rose and began cooing softly. After a few minutes, Pink-rose unfolded her petals a bit, and sent a waft of perfume to him, by way of a friendly greeting. Love-bird took no notice, but went on quietly cooing. He seemed to have a magic power, for Pink-rose gently opened her petals saying: "How charming you are, little bird; your singing is very soothing. I cannot

understand what you are saying but I am sure it is something wonderful."

"Yes, love is always wonderful," gently replied Love-bird.

"Love! What do you know about it?" asked Pink-



rose in a dejected voice.

"A great deal, and it makes me very happy," Love-bird answered, coming a little closer.

Pink-rose gave a deep sigh and whispered sadly: "I, too, was very happy before I loved Blue Dragon-fly. I locked him up in my heart, because I was

afraid someone would take him from me, and since then I have been very unhappy." Pink-rose gave another sigh and two dewdrops fell from her eyes.

"My dear," said Love-bird, "the reason you are so unhappy is because you have tried to keep Blue Dragon-fly all to yourself. That is a very selfish thing to do; and you know selfishness will rob you of your beauty, and you will become bad-tempered, withered, and have no more delightful perfume to send to your admirers. Then Blue Dragon-fly will leave you.

"If you will take my advice, my dear, send Blue Dragon-fly back to her work; for we must all help to keep our garden beautiful. While he is away, send out your sweetest perfume, and you will grow more charming, for that is the work Mother Nature has planned for you. Then Blue Dragon-fly will come back. When he sees how busy you have been, how well you have done your work he will love you more than ever."

"Can that be true?" Pink-rose whispered hopefully.

"Yes, it is very true," smiled Love-bird.

"And now that you know the secret of happiness, and how to keep your beauty, I must bid you good-bye, Pink-rose," and Love-bird flew away.

As Pink-rose watched Love-bird disappear over the tree-tops, a radiant light shone in her face. Then unfolding her petals very gently, she let the cool night air lightly touch her little lover. After a moment she whispered tenderly, "Blue Dragon-fly, it is time to go to your work."

"Dear me," said Blue Dragon-fly drowsily, "I .

suppose it is. Do you know, Pink-rose, I really believe you must have some magic power, for I have never had a more refreshing sleep." With an admiring glance, he added: "I wonder if you know how lovely you look in the moonlight, or how very sweet your perfume is? When I have finished my work, I should like to come back and see you again, if I may, Pink-rose."

Pink-rose was so happy that she did not even hear Breezie as he came puffing along. Finally he blew into her face, saying: "Perhaps you are the rose, my beauty, who has locked Blue Dragonfly in her heart, and will not let him go to his work. Do you realize what a wrong thing that is to do?" continued Breezie giving Pink-rose a gentle shake.

"I did not realize how wrong it was, until someone showed me a better way," answered Pink-rose quietly "Then I let him go."

Breezie twisted and turned, working himself into a terrible fury as he roared: "There, I have been fooled again. Now I will play the very mischief!" and he blew away.

As Pink-rose watched Breezie going off in such a temper, she sent her sweetest perfume to him, and with a wise look she smiled to herself saying: "I hope Love-bird pays you a visit before long, Breezie. I am sure it would do you a world of good."

No sooner had Breezie disappeared, than up flew Brown Owl and settled himself on a nearby tree. Turning his mournful eyes upon Pink-rose, he announced solemnly: "Pink-rose, I hear that you have

broken a garden law, by keeping Blue Dragon-fly from his work, and after much careful thought I . . .”

“I am sure what you are about to say is very wise, Garden Lawyer,” interrupted Pink-rose sweetly, “but you are too late. Love-bird has been here ahead of you. He told me the right thing to do, in a kind and beautiful way, so I have released Blue Dragon-fly, that he may go to his work.”

Brown Owl blinked his yellow eyes in a bewildered way, and after taking time to think over Pink-rose’s reply, he remarked in a dejected voice: “All my careful thinking is wasted. Too . . . Whoo to you.” And he flapped heavily back home wondering why it was that someone always got ahead of him.

Pink-rose could not help feeling a little sorry for Brown Owl. “It does seem too bad that all Lawyer Owl’s thinking should be of no use,” she added with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

Then she looked up at the Moon and sent a waft of sweetest perfume to her as she whispered: “I have kept you busy, Madam Moon, but I do not feel badly about it. I know that you always enjoy making lovers happy, so you also have had your enjoyment out of trying to help us.”


With a merry twinkle in her eyes the Moon replied: “You are right, my dear, but remember: keep busy yourself, and you will keep your beauty. So good-night, little Pink-rose.”

With a broad smile on her round placid face the Moon disappeared behind the tallest tree in the old garden.



## FELICE MEETS GREYTAIL

ELLEN D. WILDSCHUT

ERFECT," shouted the chipmunk, "I could not have done better myself."

Felice, who was walking in the woods, looked up in surprise as she heard his high-pitched voice. She was just in time to see him run over to congratulate the bushy gray squirrel who had made an enormous leap from the oak branch to the redwood.

The big squirrel, whom everyone called Greytail, bowed in a mocking manner to the impertinent small brown animal with the yellow stripes, but he thought to himself, "I'd like to *see* you do it, young fellow! Some day you may find yourself in such a *fix* you'll need all your friends to help you out." However, he said nothing aloud, for like everyone else in the woods, he knew that Cheeky, the chipmunk, bragged about his smartness, although strangely enough, no one had ever seen him do anything very clever.

Suddenly from the low bough above her, Greytail noticed Felice, and for a moment it seemed that he was ready to make another jump to get as far away as possible. Then with a startled look he stared, for he recognized Felice as the little girl he had seen in

the dell with the fairies. She was standing very still, one hand full of redwood cones she had been gathering under the tall tree. Until then it had never occurred to her that the little forest creatures could speak, or that if they did, she might be able to hear them. (By now I am sure you have realized that Felice was a very fortunate little girl who had seen and learned things which many people never know.)

Very quietly, a tiny field mouse came up to her, and in the smallest voice you could imagine, squeaked, "Please, don't think too badly of Cheeky. He's still very young and doesn't know much yet; but we do wish he'd mind his own business." Mrs. Mouse sighed a little, and then went on: "He pokes his nose into all our affairs, so we try to keep out of his way. He tells everyone when I'm building a new nest, and oh! how he gossips when Greytail calls on the pretty lady squirrel over there."

Then she looked up at Felice and asked, "Who are you? You look too big to get into any of our little homes." The little girl smiled and explained that she lived in a big house outside the woods and was just visiting in the forest with her friends. "You can hear them laughing," she added.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Mouse nervously. "I hope they won't come over here. They are so noisy."

Meanwhile Greytail, who had been listening to Felice and Mrs. Mouse, decided that he would join them, so he ran down the redwood trunk and sat down close by. He curled his beautiful plumed tail up around his back and looked at Felice with bright eyes. Her own dark eyes turned to him with a friendly

gaze, as she thought, "My, he's very handsome."

"Mousey told me your name," she remarked, trying to make her voice as small and gentle as possible so that it would not startle the little people. A few lizards ran by without waiting to see what was going on, and the dry leaves at the foot of the tree rustled as they passed through.

"I already know *your* name," said Greytail to Felice. "I was in the fairy dell when Bandy took off his long green cap to you."

"Why, I didn't see you, where were you?" she asked.

"Oh, up in a tree where I could see everything. I never thought then that I'd ever be talking to you here," the squirrel added.

"Do you like cones?" Felice held out to Greytail the handful she had gathered.

"I like nuts and acorns better," he replied, "but cones are good if one is very hungry. Did you know that the redwoods are the largest of the evergreen trees and they have the smallest cones? Yes," he went on with a funny little smile, "size is very deceptive. For instance, sometimes the biggest talkers say the least."

Felice and Mrs. Mouse looked across at each other as if they both knew that Greytail was thinking of Cheeky.

While the squirrel, who seemed to be a very wise animal, had been speaking, other mice had come up and were running around sniffing here and there, but not daring to come too close. Felice asked Mrs. Mouse what they wanted.

"They can smell the food you have," she answered.

"Why, I have nothing to eat here," said the little girl, very surprised.

"Oh, yes, you have, and I will show you where it is," replied Mrs. Mouse and she very bravely climbed onto Felice's lap and peeped into the pocket of her cotton pinafore. Then right into the pocket she went, coming out with some big crumbs of bread. Felice's astonished stare made the mice and Greytail burst out laughing—in their own way of course.

"Why, I had quite forgotten I had a sandwich in my pocket—but all of you knew it!" exclaimed the little girl.

"That is not strange to us," spoke up Greytail. "We have a very keen sense of smell which helps us find our food."

Felice thought to herself, "I never imagined that such tiny bits of food could be of use to anyone." She promised her little friends that she would never again waste even the smallest piece of food, and told them that in the winter she would put out food for the birds in her garden.

"Be sure you hang it where cats can't jump on the birds," reminded Greytail.

"All right," she agreed, "and before I go I'll empty all the scraps from the picnic basket for you." The mice wrinkled up their pointed noses with delight, while the squirrel gently waved his tail in thanks. Felice told Mrs. Mouse that she would soon come back to see them.

"All right, Felice," the squirrel and mouse both spoke together, "we'll be ready for you."

"But how will you be sure I am coming?" she asked.

"Oh, that will be easy," laughed the animals. "Cheeky never misses anything, you know."

It was not very long before Felice came back to the redwood, bringing with her a big bag of food scraps—pieces of fat, which the birds loved, and bread for the furry animals. She sat down and at once a faint scuffling sound beside her announced Mrs. Mouse.

"Oh, my!" thought Felice, "she has brought all her relatives with her; well, anyhow I have plenty for them."

A funny little whistle came from up in the tree, and Greytail arrived, followed by some of his friends, while a flock of birds were already waiting on the branches.

Felice spread out part of the food, keeping some back for late-comers, and the little animals and birds started eating. Only the faint noise of nibbling could be heard for a few minutes. Then a thin wild scream startled them. The animals stopped eating, for they all realized that Cheeky was in great trouble close by. The little girl jumped to her feet spilling the rest of the food, and asked excitedly, "Where is he?"

"Over there," called Greytail, who was already halfway to the chipmunk.

Felice and the rest were along in a moment, and her astonished eyes saw Cheeky, suspended in a loop of heavy string drawn tightly around his body, at the top of a thin willow branch about a foot above the ground. There he hung, throwing his hind end

and tail madly around in a terrific effort to free himself. Felice felt very sorry for the little fellow, who kept on making his thin, high cry, but Greytail sharply told him to be quiet, that they would help him.

The little girl leaned forward at once, her hands already outstretched to loosen the loop, but the squirrel nipped at her ankle. She paused in amazement, but immediately Greytail motioned her to stoop down so that he could whisper right in her ear.

"I'm sorry I bit you, Felice, but I had to stop you quickly. Please don't help Cheeky," he went on in a low voice. "We all know that you could free him at once, but then you see he would think it was too easy and wouldn't learn his lesson. We must make him realize how foolish he was and how serious it could have been."

So, Felice, understanding that he was right, stepped back to let them take over the job of liberating Cheeky. Greytail stood on his hind legs and began to chew on the cord around the crying chipmunk. Several of the mice, with their sharp teeth cut through the thin tough willow stalk close to the ground, so that it fell down. Then it was easier for the squirrel to gnaw through the cord. Suddenly it gave way and the chipmunk lay gasping, but free!

"Now, Cheeky," said Greytail in a very stern voice, "what were you doing to get into that trap? You've been warned many times about that kind of thing."

Cheeky managed to get out a few words, saying that he had seen the loop as he was coming to Felice's feast, and decided he'd make a leap right through it.

But he had missed his aim, so that when he touched the cord it had tightened around him while the branch had sprung up at the same time.

"O-o-o-h! I've got an awful tummy-ache," he wailed.

"Well, you're lucky that a tummy-ache is all that's wrong with you," grumbled Greytail, who was really annoyed at the silly young chipmunk. "We'll take you home and bring you your food until you are able to go out for yourself."

The squirrels helped to carry Cheeky away, while Felice called goodbye to him, but he felt too wretched to answer. Mrs. Mouse ran up to the little girl. "Don't worry about Cheeky," she told her. "He'll be all right in a few days—and perhaps wiser, too. Be sure to come and see us again." She wriggled her long thin tail, since she couldn't shake hands with her friend, then slipped off through the pine needles to follow Greytail.

Felice stood for a few moments till there were no more sounds of tiny feet moving, then very thoughtfully turned to walk home.

# THE ENCHANTED LAKE

A Tale From the Folklore of The East

MARY-ABBY PROCTOR



ONCE UPON a time, in the long, long ago, there was a king who kept going to war. He conquered his neighbors, then he went to conquer more distant lands, until, finally, he ruled over so many countries and so many people that he was called "The Great Emperor."

Everyone flattered him. He was given many wonderful gifts. He was told how noble, how great, how very, very wonderful he was, until at last he really believed it! He often said to himself, "No one on earth nor in heaven is greater than I!"

Now this was a pretty strong statement for a mere human being to make, for even the greatest and wisest earthly person cannot know more than everyone else, nor rule over everything on earth and in heaven.

One day this great and mighty Emperor went on a hunting party with his courtiers. They were all gorgeously clothed and mounted on handsome horses that danced and pranced about. The dogs leaped up and barked loudly. The horns sounded, and off through field and forest rode the gay party.



The Sun shone very bright, and after a few hours they were all weary with hunting and extremely warm with the heat of the day. Then the great and mighty Emperor told his men to rest under the trees while he went to bathe in a beautiful lake which was near by. The courtiers were frightened because the Emperor was going to bathe in this lake. It was an enchanted lake and one took great risks if even a drop of its magic water touched him.

When told of the dangers of the enchanted lake, the great and mighty Emperor proudly said, "I am mightier than any enchantment," and immediately rode to its beautiful sandy shore. His horse was fastened to a tree, his beautiful clothes carefully arranged on the shore. Then at his command his men-in-waiting left him alone. He plunged into the water. He was delighted with its soft coolness. He swam about and was very comfortable. Never for a moment, however, did he forget that he was the great and mighty Emperor. While he was enjoying himself there came to the shores of the lake a man who looked very much like the great and mighty Emperor. In fact, he was almost his double, not only in looks, but also in voice and manner.

This man quickly dressed himself in the Emperor's clothes. His majesty's followers were probably sound asleep in the cool shade. Anyway, none of them saw this man, dressed in their Emperor's clothes, ride away on his beautiful horse. Not even one of those many hunting dogs barked!

Rested, cool, and comfortable, the great and mighty Emperor swam to the place where his clothing had

been spread out in gorgeous array. Could he believe his eyes! Why, there were no clothes there! His horse was not there! No clothing! No horse! What an outrage! Someone should suffer severely!

“What, ho! my men!” Not a sound in answer to the call of the great and mighty Emperor!

By this time the Sun was fast disappearing behind the mountains. It grew very cool. The Emperor walked about the shores of the lake. Soon it was dark. He could see no one. Evidently the hunters had gone and left him—left him, the great and mighty Emperor! Truly, someone should suffer for this! Only wait till he got to his palace and sat upon his throne!

The great and mighty one soon realized that the important thing now was to find clothing and shelter. He suddenly remembered that not far from the lake there lived a knight. “Did I not make him knight and give him his splendid castle? He will be only too glad to clothe his Emperor. I will go to him.”

Before he started to go to the knight the Emperor wove into a mat some of the reeds that grew along the shore of the lake. He wrapped this mat about his body. Then he went to the castle of the knight. Though only a short journey, it was a painful one. The sharp stones cut his feet. The briars pierced his flesh. The branches of the trees caught and tangled his long hair. It was a disagreeable experience for a great and mighty Emperor! Many times he vowed that someone should suffer severely for this when he once more was in his palace and seated upon his throne.

The Emperor arrived at the castle. He beat upon the gates. He called for the gatekeeper who finally came and looked through the little window in the big gate and asked, "Who is there?"

"Open the gate," ordered the Emperor, "and you will quickly see who I am." And he swelled with pride.

The gate opened, the minion thrust out his head and said, "Who are you?"

Much disgusted the great and mighty Emperor shouted, "Wretch! I am thy Emperor!"

"Ho! Ho!" laughed the man.

"Wretch! Wretch! Go to thy master," ordered the Emperor. "Bid him send me clothing. Tell him to come and greet his Emperor!"

"Emperor!" jeered the boor. "The Emperor was here with my master not an hour ago. He came with his court from the hunt. Oh, yes! I'll call my master. I'll show him a great and mighty Emperor!" The porter slammed the gate in his majesty's face. However, he soon returned with the knight and pointing to the naked man cried, "There is the Emperor. Look at his Majesty!"

The proud and mighty ruler said in his proudest and mightiest tones, "Draw near and kneel to your Emperor, Sir Knight!" The knight looked very much surprised while the Emperor added, "I—I, the Emperor, made thee knight. I gave thee this castle. I now give thee a greater gift—I grant thee leave to clothe thy Emperor with thy garments!"

"You dog! You rascal! Get out!" shouted Sir Knight. "Know you, you fellow, that not an hour

ago the great and mighty Emperor sat at meat at my table." The knight grew more and more enraged. "Beat this fellow! Drive him from the gates!"

How the gatekeeper laughed as the servants beat the poor man. "Lay on well!" he shouted. "It is not every day you can whack an Emperor."

The great and mighty Emperor limped away, bruised and bleeding. "Worthless fellow! I gave that knight all he hath. See how he repays me! Wait, ah, wait until I sit upon my throne again! Verily, he shall be severely punished!" Then he began to feel that circumstances were very disagreeable for him. "Now, where shall I go? What next shall I do? Ah! I will go to the Duke! I have known him all my days. With him have I feasted and hunted. Why! the Duke was in my hunting party today! Surely he will know his Emperor!"

As he stumbled along, the Emperor began to think—to really think. He asked himself why it was his people did not know him. His kingliness, his greatness should be plain to see even if he were not garbed in kingly raiment.

Suddenly there was the sound of a voice, very near, right in his ear! The mighty Ruler was startled. He looked about. He could see no one. Yet a voice had plainly said to him, "True greatness is humble. It proclaims not itself, yet it is like the Sun. It can not be covered up. True greatness gives him who has it great beauty—beauty that no throne, no crown, no kingly raiment can bestow."

The voice went on: "Wisdom and worth can not

be disguised by lack of clothes, nor by dirt and wounds. On the other hand, any foolish fellow with a throne, a crown, a palace and admiring, flattering courtiers can *appear* to be a prince."

The great and mighty Emperor plodded on to the Duke's great hall. But he was not as bold and as sure of welcome as he had been before when he knocked at the gates. At the third knock the gate opened and its porter saw a man clad only in a mat of rushes, his hair a mass of tangles, his body stained and bleeding.

"Go to the Duke, I pray thee. Say to him that the Emperor stands at his gate. Say to him that his Emperor has been robbed of clothing and of his horse. Go quickly! I command thee!"

The amazed porter closed the gate and hastened to his master. "Your Grace, there is a madman at the gates! He is unclad. He is bruised, dirty, wild. He bade me say to your Grace that your Emperor is at the gate."

The gates flew open. His grace, the Duke, failed to recognize the Emperor!

"Do you know me? I am your Emperor! Only this morning you hunted with me. You will remember that I left you to bathe in the lake. While I was in the lake some wretch stole both my clothing and my horse. And—and I—I—I have been beaten by a base knight!" Could it be possible that the voice of the great and mighty Emperor trembled? It certainly sounded less haughty than usual.

"Put the fellow in chains! It is not safe to have such a wretch free," commanded the Duke, then

added: "Give him bread and water, and straw to lie on."

"Strange, strange," murmured the Duke as he returned to his guests in the big hall, and to whom he said, "A madman at the gates. He must have been in the forest this morning while we were resting, for he told me that he himself was the Emperor; that he left us to bathe in the lake and that someone stole both his clothing and his horse. Yet you know that the Emperor rode back with us."

They all talked about this strange man. Some murmured, "The lake, the enchanted lake!" Yet it did not seem possible that anything could have happened to their Emperor as they had seen him less than an hour ago.

The great Emperor lay chained in a dark cell. He was sore and wounded. "Wait, wait, until I am again upon my throne! I'll teach those rascals a lesson." But the mighty Ruler never dreamed that it was he, the great and mighty, who was learning the most wonderful lesson of his life.

"Am I so changed that even the Duke does not know me?" Then his thoughts wandered to the palace. "There is one who will know me, let me wear what I may! I will go to her!"

After long, painful effort the chains were loosed and the unhappy man fled from his cell toward his own palace. When morning came he was at the palace gates. The great Ruler lifted his hand and knocked—knocked at his own gates!

The porter looked at the wild, unclad man. "Who are you? What do you want?"

"Let me pass! I am your Master. I am your Emperor!"

"You, my Master! You, the Emperor! Poor fool. Look here." The porter threw open the gates and pointed to a hall. There sat the Emperor on his throne. By his side was the Queen—his beloved Queen! Oh, the agony he suffered!

"Let me go to her! She will know me!"

The noise made by the porter and the Emperor reached the great hall where there was a feast with many guests. The nobles came out to see what the trouble was. Behind them came the Queen and the Emperor.

Choked with rage, with fear and anxiety, when he saw these two he could barely speak; but he hoarsely cried: "I am your lord and husband," stretching out his hand to his beloved Queen. "Surely you know me!"

The Queen shrank back with fear. "Gentlemen," said the man who was with the Queen, "What shall be done to this wretch?"

"Kill him," said one. "Beat him!" shouted others.

The great and mighty Ruler was thrust roughly from the palace; each gave him a blow in passing. The gates of his own palace closed upon him. He fled. He knew not where he went. By and by he came to the lake where he had bathed. He was cold, hungry, sore, and bruised; he wished he were dead. He knelt on the ground, he beat his breast. He put his head to the dust and cried, "I am no great and mighty Ruler. I am no wonderful Emperor. Once I thought there was no one greater than I on earth

or in heaven. Now I know I am nothing—a poor sinful man. There is no one so poor, so mean as I! God forgive me for my pride.” Tears ran from his eyes. He arose and washed his face in the clear waters of the enchanted lake. He turned around. There were his clothes! There was his beautiful horse eating the sweet, green grass!

His Majesty quickly dressed. He mounted his horse. He rapidly rode to his palace. As he drew near, the gates opened wide. Servants came out, one held his horse, another helped him to dismount. The porter bowed low as he said, “I marvel, your Majesty, that I did not see you pass out through the gates.”

The great and mighty Ruler entered. In the magnificent hall he again saw the nobles, the Queen with the man by her side—the man who had called himself the Emperor. The nobles did not look at this man, neither did the Queen. They saw only their Emperor enter the hall and went to greet him. The man also came forward. He was clad in white, shining robes, not in kingly garments.

The Emperor bowed his head to him in the white robes and murmured, “Who art thou?”


“I am thy Guardian Angel,” answered he who was clad in shining white. “Thou wert proud and set thyself on high. Therefore thou wast brought low. But thy kingdom, which I have guarded is now given back to thee, for now thou art humble. Only the humble are fit to rule.”

The Angel disappeared. None other had heard his voice. The Emperor once again sat upon his throne, and he ruled humbly, but wisely, ever after.



## BILLY'S SOUL

HELEN BOYD

VER since he could remember the hump always had been there. Once he asked his mother about it, but she just gathered him into her arms and said, "There, there, son, mother loves you just the same."

Of course Billy was glad that his mother loved him, but he did wish he could find somebody who would tell him all about the hump. There were so many, many questions he wanted to ask about it. "Perhaps," he would whisper to his little Scotch terrier, "perhaps the angels dropped me when they were bringing me here. What do you think about it, Bobs?" But the little Scotch terrier would just wag his tail and lazily blink his eyes as much as to say, "It's really too big a question for such a little dog to answer," and so Billy found out that he could get no information in that quarter.

One day when he was sitting in the garden in his little wheel chair, he noticed a particularly beautiful rose. As he leaned over and caressed it gently with his thin little fingers, he murmured dreamily, "I wonder if flowers have souls just like people."

"Why, of course we have," he was astonished to

hear a voice say, and although he looked everywhere he could not see a single person.

"Here I am," the voice chirped up. This time Billy looked straight at the rose and was surprised to see a dainty little fairy peeping out from among its petals.

"Why—why—who are you?" gasped Billy, his big eyes very round.

"I'm the soul of this rose," answered the fairy with an airy grace.

"And have all the other flowers, souls, too?" inquired Billy looking rather puzzled.

"Why, of course," said the fairy promptly. I thought everybody knew that."

Suddenly Billy remembered about the hump and wheeling his chair a little closer to the fairy he said eagerly, "Oh, do you think you could tell me about this—" here the little boy swallowed rather hard, "this hump? Why do I have it?"

There was silence in the garden for a moment, then the fairy said very slowly and impressively, "Everything has a purpose, you know."

"But I really don't want it, you see," persisted Billy. "It seems rather silly to have it when it isn't a bit of use," he went on in a plaintive little voice, "and, besides, I can't play and have a good time like other little boys."

"I don't know whether I can do anything for you or not," said the fairy. "However, I will call a meeting of the fairies tonight and we will talk it over."

"And will you tell them that I want to be straight





and strong like other boys?" came in tense tones from Billy.

The fairy nodded her head and said, "Be here tomorrow afternoon and I will let you know the answer." Then the rose petals closed up and the little creature was lost to view.

Just then some visitors sauntered into the garden and catching sight of Billy, one of them, a very beautiful girl, murmured, "How dreadful!" She didn't mean Billy to hear, but he did catch the words, and later, when his mother went to get him, she found him a quivering little bundle of wounded feelings.

"Why, Billy, son!" she exclaimed. "You mustn't cry so. See—you are making mother feel bad."

"But—but, she looked at me so, mother." Then he sobbed out his story in her arms.

"Listen, son," his mother said quietly. "Your body is only the little house in which you live. It's your soul inside of you that really counts."

Then Billy's face cleared because he remembered about the fairy and all the way to the house he kept whispering, "Tomorrow, I'll know—tomorrow I'll know."

As his mother tucked him in bed that night she wondered at the happy, peaceful look on his face. When she bent over to kiss him, she said tenderly, "What makes my little boy so happy tonight?" And Billy murmured sleepily, "It's a secret, mother dear—perhaps—tomorrow," and his voice trailed off into dreamland.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day he was in a fever of excitement.

He could hardly wait for the afternoon to arrive so anxious was he to see the fairy again. When his nurse placed him in his wheel chair she noticed his flushed cheeks and said with great concern, "I do hope, Master Billy, you are not catching anything."

"Oh, I'm all right, nurse," returned Billy, his eyes shining. "But I do wish you would hurry." Then he gave her careful directions as to where he wished his chair placed.

Just as soon as the nurse had disappeared into the house, Billy cried softly, "I'm here, fairy—rose," and the next instant the fairy's face came peeping through the petals.

"What did they say?" began Billy eagerly.

"S—sh," whispered the fairy. "The Queen decided to hold a meeting right here in the garden and here she comes now."

Looking up, Billy saw a fairy coming down the path. She was dressed in shining raiment which glittered when she walked. She stopped in front of Billy's chair and said, "Are you the little boy who wants to be made well and strong?" Billy nodded, too overcome to speak.

The Queen then waved her wand over the garden and immediately little faces peeped out from all the flowers.

"Listen, fairies," commanded the Queen. "Here is a little boy who wants to be made straight and strong. As the fairies started to talk she held up her wand and said, "Wait! We will let him speak for himself."

Billy felt rather shy at being the center of so much

attention, but he knew they were waiting and so he began: "I—I want to be like other boys—so that I can play all of their games. Besides, if I didn't have any hump the people wouldn't look at me and say, 'How dreadful!' Please, fairies," cried Billy appealingly, "please take away the hump!"

The fairies talked among themselves for some time and although Billy listened intently he could not make out a word they were saying.

At length there was silence and then the Queen spoke: "Billy, I'm afraid we shall not be able to take away the hump, but we will help you to build such a beautiful soul that people will love you wherever you go—just for yourself, and they will forget all about the hump."

Of course Billy was disappointed—bitterly disappointed. He kept his face hidden for some time because he knew it was stained with tears, and he was rather ashamed to let the fairies see that he had been crying.

Presently the Fairy Queen continued: "And we will give you such a wonderful imagination that you will be able to make up games that other boys would never think of. And whenever you wish you may enter 'Make-believe land,' and have the most wonderful adventures there. You see this land is meant for little boys like you. The door is locked to boys who are straight and strong."

And suddenly Billy felt a wonderful peace steal over him, and he became very, very happy. When he lifted his head he discovered that the Queen and all the fairies had disappeared and that his nurse

was coming for him.

"Why, Master Billy," she exclaimed in astonishment. "You—you look different somehow!"

"I feel different and I am different, nursie dear," replied Billy sweetly as he leaned back in his chair. "After this I am going to be the happiest boy alive." On his face a strange, sweet expression rested which comes only to those who have sensed the reality of holy things.

## UNDINES

PATSEY ELLIS

Did you ever seen the undines  
Dance among the reeds and willows?  
Have you ever heard their laughter  
As they ride the foaming billows?

Some day you may find an undine,  
Hiding in a shower of rain—  
See one peeping from a bubble,  
If you look with might and main!



# THE LITTLE PRINCE

FLORENCE BARR



AR above the treetops and the fluffy clouds, yes, even beyond the blue sky, long ago dwelt a King. His kingdom stretched far and wide, and everyone in it was so happy that it was called the Kingdom of Happiness. Soft strains of music and dainty rainbow colors floated in the air in that faraway land. Then one day it seemed as though a jarring note was struck. The King listened, and the murmuring sound of discord came closer. Presently the King called a little Prince to him and said: "The earth children seem not to have happy hearts, and the love light is growing dim. Someone must go to these earth children and carry a fresh love light."

"Oh, Father, let me go," said the little Prince.

This pleased the King. But he knew it would not be an easy task and so he said: "Are you ready to go, my son? It is dark in the earth world, and sometimes it will be hard to light the love light."

"Yes, Father, I am ready to go whenever you send me," said the Prince.

So the King called some of his messengers in the Kingdom of Happiness and said: "My son, the little Prince, is going on a long journey to a far-away land.

Make everything ready for his visit to the earth children." The King's messengers talked among themselves, and soon great preparations were being made for the going away of the Prince.

In a village in the earth world lived a beautiful young woman. She lived in a little house surrounded by a garden. Often she sat in the garden and read. The birds would fly around her and sometimes a white dove would perch on her shoulder and coo to her. Mary was the young woman's name; she had a winsome manner and a sweet smile. As she went about the village doing kind deeds, she made many people happy and everyone loved her.

In that earth land was a king who ruled in a most unkind way. He really made his people sad. His kingdom was very different from the Kingdom of Happiness above the blue sky. Because so many people were unhappy Mary's heart was sad. She did not like to see others suffer; she wanted them to be happy and unafraid.

There was one story Mary particularly liked and which she read over and over. In it the King of the Kingdom of Happiness had promised to send the Prince of Peace to save the earth children. Mary often talked with the King, her Heavenly Father, and told Him she longed for this little Prince to come. One day after she had been talking with the King, she felt very happy. And she began to sing, and her heart felt so light and gay. She thought the birds sang sweeter and that even the sunlight was brighter than usual. It seemed to grow lighter in the garden, and then right in front of her, sur-

rounded by beautiful rainbow colors, stood an Angel. The Angel spoke to Mary and told her that her Heavenly Father was going to keep His promise to the earth child, and that he would send the Prince of Peace to her to love and cherish for her very own.

You can imagine how happy this made the lovely Mary. In the evening when her husband came home, she told him of the visit of the Angel, and so Joseph was happy too. Then they began to plan for the coming of the little Prince.

In olden days people paid taxes just as they do nowadays. One evening Joseph came home and said: "Mary, dear, it is time for us to go to Bethlehem to pay our taxes." Then Mary and Joseph started right away. Mary rode on a donkey, and Joseph walked beside her. They were both so happy at the thought of the coming of the little Prince that they talked about it as they went along.

After a long, hard journey they reached Bethlehem. Joseph made Mary as comfortable as he could, and then went to see about getting a room in the inn. He was gone quite a while, and when he came back to Mary he said: "My dear, there is not a room left in the inn. There is nothing but the stable where the cattle are kept. But it is nice and clean."

And Mary said: "That is all right, Joseph dear, I do not mind in the least. We shall be comfortable, and I am so tired that I shall go right to sleep." So they went into the stable. The cows mooed as if to welcome them, and their soft, kind eyes seemed to show pleasure at the coming of Joseph and Mary.

On a bed of soft, sweet-smelling hay Mary was

comfortable and happy. She thanked her Heavenly Father for His wonderful promise, and then she slept.

In the Kingdom of Happiness the Angels were busy starting the little Prince on his journey to the earth world. An Angel took him up gently and carried him, saying: "Go, pretty child, and carry a message of love and happiness to the children of earth. The light of love is in your eyes, and it will never grow dim. A spark of light glows in your heart, and it will grow brighter and brighter."

And the King was pleased and said: "My son, you have a great work to do to make brighter the love light in a darkened world. Bless you, my child."

From the Kingdom of Happiness to the earth world stretched a bridge of love, and across this bridge the Angel carried the heavenly Prince. The singing Angels and the Angels of Light attended him. Angelic music floated out clear and sweet on the starlit air. Soon all the heavenly host were praising God and singing: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

After reaching the earth the bright light of a certain beautiful Star guided the Angel to Mary. As the Angel gave the little Prince to her he said: "Guard him carefully, for he is the gift of God."

Then Mary and the Prince were suddenly bathed in brightness. As she looked into his eyes, she marveled at the love light there. Every baby has light in its face, but this little one had the light of God in his eyes. The angelic music and the bright Star attracted many people, and soon there were visitors

crowding in to see the baby Prince. Shepherds came from the field nearby. They had seen the Star and followed it, and it had led them to the place where the babe lay in a manger.



Now, dear children, this is the story of a little Prince of Peace, the Light Bearer to the children of earth, whose birthday we celebrate each Christmas day.

The Star that stood over the place where the Prince lay shines today just as brightly as it did then, lighting each little child on its way across the bridge of love from the kingdom of earth to the Kingdom of Happiness. Let us follow the Star and keep our love light burning bright to light others on the way to happiness and joy.

# OH! MY TUMMY!

MARJORIE BRINKLY

**A playlet for children which brings  
out the importance of proper eating.**

## SCENE I

### *THE CHARACTERS*

*(In the order in which they appear)*

Tommy Ache, *a boy about ten years old.*

Bad Dreams, *a boy dressed in a black robe with red streamers.*

Sadie Pickle, *a thin little girl dressed in green.*

Soggy Whitebread, *a little boy in a gray robe.*

Fatty Doughnut, *a fat boy.*

Katie Kandy, *a smirking little girl.*

Mrs. Red Meat, *a large girl, with a determined air.*

Good Dream, *a little girl dressed as a fairy in white with silver wings.*

Brownie Bread, *a little boy in brown and gold.*

Pattie Butter, *a little girl in yellow and gold.*

Molly Milk, *a little girl dressed in white with a tall hat.*

Sonnie Honey, *a little boy dressed in amber.*

Goldie Orange, *a little girl dressed in orange.*

Reggie Vegetable, *a little boy dressed in green.*

The Setting, *a room with couch and other ordinary furniture.*

Tommy Ache *is found lying asleep on the couch, but is rolling and tossing, and finally awakens with sharp pains and holds his stomach, groaning and crying.*

*(Enter Bad Dreams, who shuffles around, glaring and looking ugly.)*

Tommy Ache. *(Between groans.)* Who are you?

Bad Dreams. *(In a deep voice, slow and rumbling.)*

Roll and toss, and twist and turn,

You've eaten things that you should spurn,

And I am here to see that you

Shall suffer for misdeeds you do.

*(Menacingly.)*

I have a lot of friends with me,

They'll tell you why we all agree

To do our work with equal share,

To make your dreams a long nightmare.

Tommy Ache. *(Still groaning and crying.)*

Go away, I don't want you hanging around here!

Bad Dreams. *(Unheeding, beckons to his friends.)*

Come on, friends.

*(Enter Sadie Pickle and Soggy Whitebread.)*

Sadie Pickle. *(In a high-pitched voice.)*

I pickle your heart,

And tickle your tongue.

I make you old

Before you are young.  
I'm sweet and I'm sour,  
And good and bad.  
I never miss tempting  
A little lad.

Tommy Ache. (*In a pain-stricken voice.*) I'll never  
eat you again.

(*Turns over and tries to get comfortable.*)

Soggy Whitebread. (*In a thick voice.*)

Soggy, soggy white bread,  
Makes your tummy feel like lead,  
Makes you tired and want to sleep,  
Makes you ache so you have to weep.  
Soggy, soggy white bread.

Tommy Ache. (*Crying and sobbing.*) Oh, let me  
alone!

(*Continues to roll and toss and hold his stomach.*)

(*Enter Fatty Doughnut, slowly and lazily.*)

Fatty Doughnut.

Doughnuts, and cakes, and piecrust am I!  
I certainly am a lazy guy;  
My clothes are greasy and mussy and creasy,  
But I should worry, and sigh and cry,  
I'm much, too much of a lazy guy!

Tommy Ache. (*Desperately.*)

I wish all you awful people would go away and  
never show up again. I think you are a bad lot. Get  
out! (*Reminiscently.*) I used to know a sweet little  
girl named Katie that would help me if she were here.  
(*Enter Katie Kandy all smiles and smirks.*)



Katie Kandy.

When you eat me a little, I'm nice and sweet,  
If you take me too much, I'm sure to cheat;  
But a lot depends on the way you treat me.  
Especially on the time you eat me.  
Down-in-the-mouth, and Out-at-the-heels,  
That's what I am between your meals;  
But if you want me when I don't hurt,  
Then only take me for your dessert.

Tommy Ache.

And I thought you were a good friend. Where's  
Mrs. Red Meat? She's substantial.

*(Enter Mrs. Red Meat with a determined air.)*

Mrs. Red Meat.

I'll tell you what and tell you quick,  
You can't chase aches and pains with a stick;  
It does no good, while I'm your food,  
Cause I'm the one who makes you sick.

*(Sing-songy.)*

Oh, I'm Mrs. Red Meat,  
Leg o'veal and pickled pigs feet;  
Sausage, liver, and head cheese, too.  
Roast o'beef and porky stew.  
Fried ham, and burnt up steak,  
Peppery leaves and hashed up fake;  
I always promise to build up fast  
But, always fail you at the last.  
I laugh and lie and like to cheat;  
He, he! Ho; ho! I'm Mrs. Red Meat.

*(Tommy Ache, motioning them all away, lies back  
on the couch and after much rolling falls asleep.)*

## SCENE II

*(Enter Good Dream, dancing around lightly, very gracefully, and awakens him.)*

Good Dream.

I am the good nutrition fairy;  
See, my wings are light and airy,  
Light and airy are my wings,  
And happy is my heart that sings.  
If you don't like an awful dream,  
Or aches and pains that make you scream,  
Then hark to what I have to say,  
And you'll feel well most every day.

*(Beckons to good food friends.)*

*(Enter Brownie Bread and Pattie Butter, who come quickly in and begin straightening his pillow and smoothing his head.)*

Brownie Bread.

My name is little Brownie Bread  
And if you will eat me instead  
Of all my enemies you've just seen,  
I'll make you plump instead of lean.  
Let me tell you a secret, too;  
I'm very needful also, to you  
For without me, I shall not lie  
You're just as apt as not to die!

Tommy Ache. *(Sitting up and smiling broadly.)*

Oh, I like you people. Who is this little girl?

Pattie Butter.

Brownie Bread is my fast friend.  
And when a summons to him you send,  
I always come in a big flutter,  
For I am his sister, Pattie Butter.

Eat lots of me,  
For I'll pave the way  
And none of the loiterers  
Will care to stay.

Tommy Ache. (*His pain vanished, straightens out  
and looks happy.*)

Sit down, I'd like you to stay a while.

(Molly Milk and Sonnie Honey come in singing  
"Happy Days Are Here Again.")

Molly Milk.

I have hidden inside of me,  
All the chemicals, you see,  
That you need to build you strong,  
So that nothing will ever go wrong.

Raw milk you need.  
So look to your feed,  
Young and old to me should come,  
If they want the wheels to hum.

Sonnie Honey. (*In a high sweet voice.*)

I'm the sweetest person around,  
And joy and happiness ever abound,  
If you call on me to sweeten the taste,  
Not dead sugar who only makes waste.

I have a cousin, Cottage Cheese,  
And don't you even dare to sneeze;  
For together we come, hand in hand,  
The best combination in the land.

Tommy Ache. Bring up a chair and make yourselves comfortable. I'm very glad you came.

*(Enter Goldie Orange and Reggie Vegetable hand in hand.)*

Goldie Orange.

I come to you all sunny and bright,  
And make your dreams both funny and light,  
I'm closely related to Good Dreams Fairy,  
And will make your days so happy and merry.  
If you stick to me, you'll never rue,  
The day I was introduced to you.  
I'll be faithful to you ever so long,  
And make your life a happy song.

*(Goldie Orange turns to Reggie Vegetable and introduces him.)*

This is Reggie Vegetable, he is last but not least.  
Reggie Vegetable.

My other name is Mineral Salt,  
And to Bad Dreams I put a halt;  
Eaten three times as much or more,  
I'll change your system from the very core!  
Carrots, veggies, squash and greens,  
Change the color of the scenes;  
They're all relations of mine you'll find.  
And to you we'll all be ever kind.

*(They all join hands dancing around Tommy Ache, and all sing "Happy Days Are Here Again.")*