



The Children's Corner

SNOWDROPS

By LIVINGSTON B. MORSE

It was a bleak morning. Connie turned sleepily to the window, saw the rain whipping the elm twigs across the panes, listened to its fierce roaring in the tree-tops, and in spite of the fact that the hall clock had just chimed seven, she cuddled down in her snug little bed for "just a minute more" before jumping out into the cold room to begin the day's work.

But even such an agreeable pastime as staying in bed on a winter's morning may, if there is work to be done, result in unpleasant consequences, as Connie was soon to learn. A few moments later Mrs. Lyndon, coming in from the next room, cried in astonishment:

"What, daughter, not up yet! Why, it's a quarter past seven. Jump up at once, child, or you will be late for breakfast and school."

Now, Connie was possessed of the sweetest disposition imaginable, and usually she was sunshine itself. But even real sunshine, you know, is sometimes hidden by the clouds, and this happened to be one of Connie's cloudy mornings.

In the first place, Connie had put on both stockings before she noticed that there was a hole in one of them that required darning. So off they came, and a new pair had to be put on in their place. That was one cause of delay. Next she discovered that the shirt-waist which she had laid out for the morning lacked two buttons; and then she remembered that she had intended to sew them on the day before, but just as she had seated herself with her work basket, all ready to begin sewing, William had called to her that he was going to take the sled into the woods for a last load of cordwood, as the snow would not hold much longer, so she tossed aside her work basket to go with him; it was late when she returned, and so she had forgotten all about the buttons.

There was no remedy but to sew them on at once, and in her hurry she pricked her finger severely. That made her so irritable that when Rob looked in at the door to tell her that breakfast was ready she told him crossly to go downstairs and leave her alone, that she would come down when she chose to do so. At which answer Rob, who was not used to see his sister in such a mood as this, departed in great surprise.

When at last she reached the breakfast room, twenty minutes late, the family were just finishing the meal. Her father bade her good-morning as usual; but no comment upon her being late was made, and Connie sat down with a very red face and tried to eat her oatmeal and milk, but she found it a difficult task. Scarcely had she begun to eat when the bird began to chirp insistently, reminding her that she had forgotten to give him his bath and breakfast. Up she jumped impa-



CONNIE KISSED HER ON BOTH CHEEKS

tiently to attend to his wants, and here was another delay. When she sat down to the table once more, real storm clouds were brooding over her pretty face. She knew that she was cross, and was ashamed of herself for feeling so. Neither mother nor father had

blustering March wind have no terrors for them; see how bravely they hold up their bright little faces, full of promise for all the sweetness and beauty of the year." And then she whispered, with her arm about Connie's shoulder: "My little girl cannot

do better than take the brave, cheerful little snowdrop for her thought through the day. If she looks at it aright she will find its influence and example very helpful."

That was all her mother said; but Connie understood full well, and as she packed her little basket of luncheon

especially when one is not in a good humor and in danger of being late for school. As she started to cross the broad village street, on the farther side of it she caught sight of old Mrs. Melny with her basket full of parcels, for she had been out early to do her morning shopping. Connie hesitated to cross, for she knew that Mrs. Melny, who was a great talker, would be sure to stop her and ask after her father and mother, and that would mean a longer delay.

She had just determined to remain on the lower side of the street where she was, when she saw Mrs. Melny slip on a bit of ice and fall to the ground, while the market basket flew out of her hand and the parcels were scattered far and wide. Connie hesitated.

But her hesitation lasted but an instant. How contemptible that would be! She thought of the snowdrops and their patient bearing of the cold in order that they might show happy, smiling faces to the world, and then she ran swiftly across the street, helped the old lady to her feet, and, having gathered the scattered bundles, restored them to the basket.

"I am so sorry that you fell, Mrs. Melny," she said; "and I do hope that you have not hurt yourself." Mrs. Melny declared that she was not hurt in the least. "Only shook up a bit," and she was profuse in her thanks to Connie for her helpfulness. Just then Dr. King came by in his buggy and stopped to ask what was the matter.

He offered at once to drive Mrs. Melny home, which relieved Connie from further responsibility, and she ran on to school with all possible haste in order to make up for lost time. She reached the door just as the bell was ringing, and, panting from her long run and with cheeks ruddy from the exercise in the fresh morning wind, she sank breathless into her seat.

Before very long she heard a whining voice behind her: "Oh, dear, I've left my history at home; now I can't study, and I shall miss my lesson again, and that will make twice this week; oh, dear!"

It was Rosa Hill, who was mumbling to herself. She was the most shiftless

and careless girl in the school, always losing or spilling her books, and Connie was loth to commit her clean, well-kept history to the keeping of Rosa's grimy fingers. She turned her back resolutely and closed her ears to the appealing voice, when suddenly the thought of the snowdrops came to her—brave little flowers, coming up in the cold to give pleasure and promise of the spring. Turning to Rosa, she whispered:

"Rosa, if you'll ask Miss Prentice to let you study with me, you may sit here beside me, and we can both study from one book."

When recess time came the girls trooped out for ten minutes' breathing spell on the breezy playground. But little Alice Clark, a delicate child, complained that she would have to stay in all by herself, as her mother had forbidden her to go out in the cold wind that day. Connie had been looking forward eagerly to that freshening up in the clear, tingling air. She had her hood on, and was tying the strings already to go out, but at Alice's peevish complaint she stopped. The thought of the snowdrops came to her again and she paused. It was not an easy thing to do, but she resolutely laid aside hood and cape.

"Never mind, Alice," she said cheerfully; "I will stay in with you and we will look at the animal pictures in the big geography. Won't that be nice?" At noon most of the girls went home for luncheon; but Connie, and others who lived at the far end of the village, were in the habit of bringing their luncheon with them. When the girls took down their baskets at the end of the morning session, Fanny Price discovered, to her dismay, that her basket, which she was sure she had placed carefully in the corner of the entry, was overturned and empty.

"Now who can have taken my luncheon?" she cried indignantly. "I call it too horribly mean for words!"

Of course every girl hastened to deny a knowledge of the theft. Then Maud Farrell spoke up:

"Oh, I know, Fanny; it must have been Ned's big dog. Don't you remember, we saw him scud past the window

with something in his mouth just after that noise occurred in the entry; and you know when Miss Prentice looked out she found the outside door open?"

Undoubtedly that was the solution. But however satisfactory it might be as proof that none of the girls was the culprit, unfortunately it did not restore Fanny's luncheon.

"Well," said she dolefully, "to-day I fast. I shall pretend that I am a prisoner deserted in a tower and slowly starving to death, and see how it feels."

The girls all laughed at this. Fanny looked so funny as she stood there mournfully, with the empty basket up-side down in her hands.

None of them had brought a very hearty luncheon and all of them had good, healthy appetites, which the fresh air and the morning's work had served to sharpen. Connie lifted the cover of her own luncheon basket and peeped in. The two delicate tongue sandwiches and the square of brown spice cake—of which she was particularly fond—looked very tempting. But she hesitated a moment only, then she said:

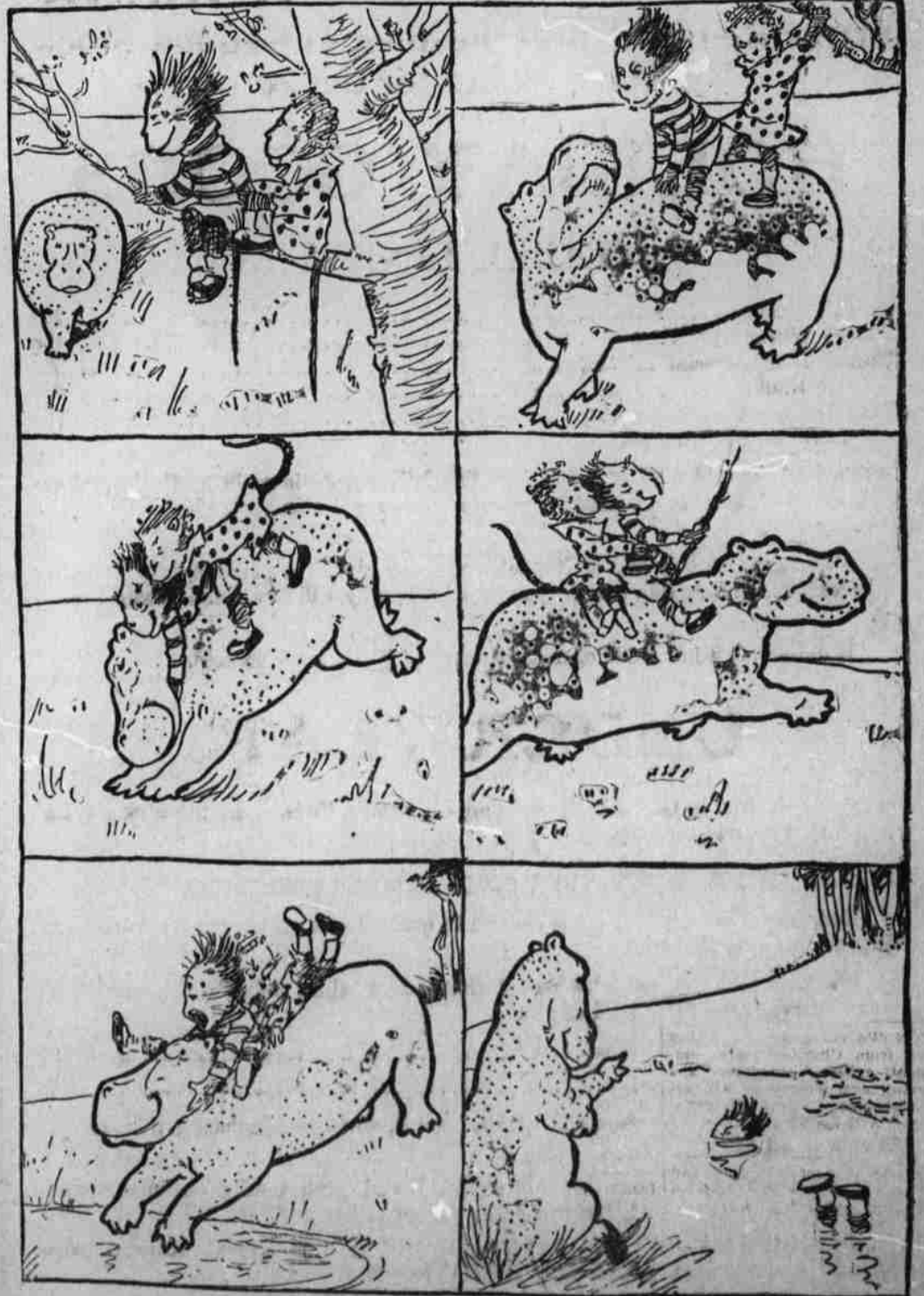
"Girls, let's all divide our luncheons with Fanny. We can each of us give her something from our own baskets without really missing it. I'll start with a tongue sandwich," and she handed it to Fanny with a smile.

Fanny demurred at first; but the others were equally generous, and insisted on sharing their good things with her; and they all grew very merry in "feeding their prisoner," as they called it.

When Connie reached home that afternoon, her mother was waiting for her in the Cozy Room. But one glance at her little daughter's bright face told her that the ugly temper had fled.

"Well, little girl," she asked, as Connie kissed her on both cheeks, "and did you remember the Snowdrops today?"

"Yes, mother, I did," whispered Connie, with her arms clasped about her mother's neck. "And, oh, I can't begin to tell you what a help they were!"



WHEN THE HIPPO SCORED

HERE'S fat Mr. Hippo," cried Jerry to Jack. "He's waddling our way; come, let's jump on his back!" And ten seconds later, to Hippo's surprise, two mischievous monkeys had dropped from the skies. He thought, "I'll shake off this bold couple with luck."

But the harder he tried it the tighter they stuck. So he started to run at a beautiful pace, with a plan in his head and a smile on his face. Of his private intention the pair did not dream. The hippo taken a header right into the stream; and then, while they spluttered and struggled and sank,

He made them this speech from the opposite bank: "Before we take action 'tis well to reflect. Or things may occur which we scarcely expect. When starting this trip you completely forgot that I am amphibious, whereas you are not." —D. A. COURTNEY.



The Elephant's Last Note

DADDY ELEPHANT was a very clever kind of person called a philosopher, and he was very sad when he found out that Jumbo was not clever also. So he made up his mind that Jumbo would have to be a blacksmith. Now, Jumbo was very fond of watching the blacksmith blowing his bellows and hammering the red-hot iron till the sparks flew out; but he did not wish to be a blacksmith in the very least, because there was one thing he liked doing better than anything else in the world, and that was playing the trumpet. So he always said that he wanted to be a band, and he used to practice with all his might till he could play "Marching Through Georgia," all but the last note.

Now, when Uncle Lion heard him doing so well he promised expense to himself when he could play the last note. So Jumbo practiced harder than ever. But he liked playing "Marching Through Georgia" so much that, when he got near the end, he was always in such a dreadful hurry to start again that he could never manage to play that last note.

Well, one day, when he wasn't thinking, he very nearly did it, and Uncle Lion was so excited about it that he took his curly staff and went out to tell everybody. And when he turned the corner whom should he bump into but Bobby Bear? So he started to tell him about it. And he pretended that the curly staff was the trumpet, and did "Deedle-deedle-dee" to show him how Jumbo played. But before he got to the last note somebody else came along, so he had to start all over again. And then two more people came, and he had to start once more. And then more and more people arrived till there was a great crowd, and Uncle Lion was never getting near the last note. So Jerry Horse, who had really been to Georgia and knew all about march-

ing through it, said he would show them how it ought to be done. But his deedle was so like a silly sort of a jiggle that everybody just laughed at him and began to run away. So Uncle Lion called after them that they had better just come round and hear how Jumbo did it.

Well, they all went round, and heard Jumbo practicing like anything. But every time he tried he missed the last note. They listened to him trying five times, and he was starting again for the sixth when Willie and Winnie Wolf began to feel very sad about it. And when they felt like that they just couldn't help howling. That, of course, made Uncle Lion dreadfully angry, and he was just going to bite off their heads when Daddy Elephant ran out and caught up Peter Pig under his arm; for Peter had been jumping across the flower beds. Peter let out a piercing squeal and Jumbo, who at that moment came to the end of his tune, nearly jumped out of his skin with fright—and played the last note by mistake!

Old Grandpa Rabbit

GRANDPAPA Rabbit is old and wise. He sees a lot with his two big eyes. And the dear old gentleman also hears a very great deal with his two long ears. Grandpapa Rabbit is growing stiff. But he still can run like a racer if a dog comes into the garden where he and his family take the air. He goes out for exercise once a day, and likes to see the young chicks at play. If they get on his back he does not mind. For Grandpapa Rabbit is good and kind. —SHEILA BRAINE.