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OUR YOUNG FOLKS

The Vegetable Party.

It was lonely in the great, big cellar, and the vegetables decided to break the monotony of their stay there by having a little frolic. All winter they had been cooped up in that dark, suffocating place, with nothing to do but count the days till they should be cooked.

Gradually the turnips had seen themselves thinned out, the front-row ranks, so to speak, being carried by the panfuls to the kitchen, where Bridget mercilessly peeled off their skins and cut them into slices preparatory to going, first into the big cooking kettle, and thence to the dinner table, where they would bid farewell to turnipdom forever.

And the potatoes had suffered the same onslaught from the cook and the cook's assistant, until now their number was appallingly small. And the cabbages, the carrots, the parsnips, the onions, the

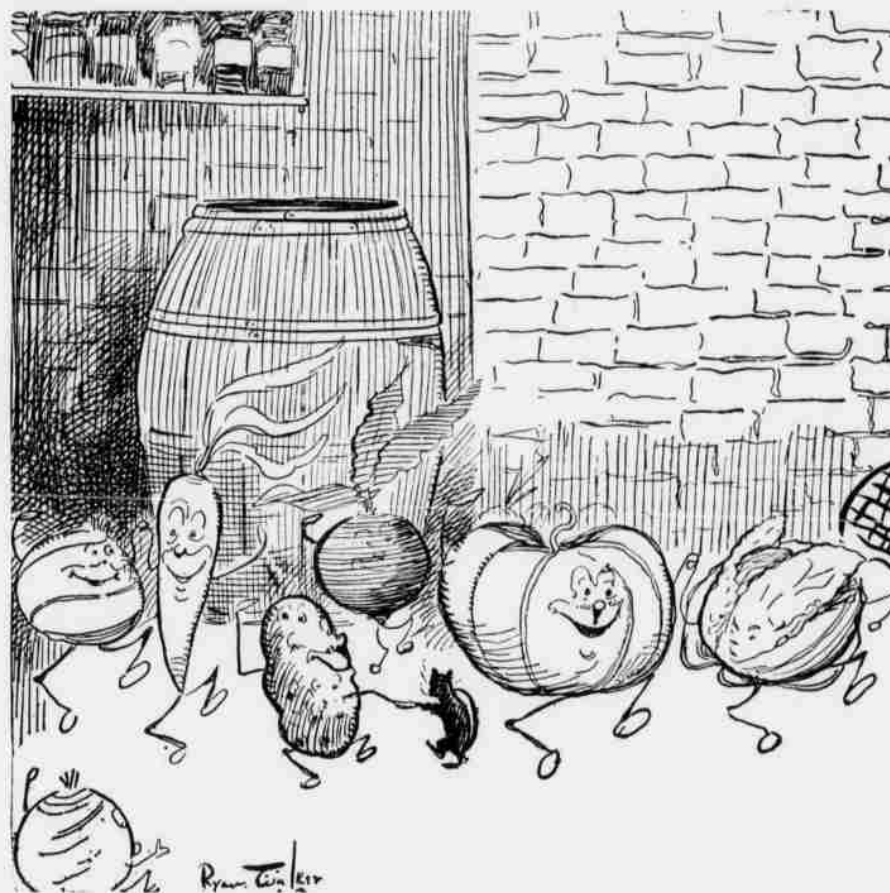
big shiny skinned white onion, the prominent one of the basket. "Let's make merry today, for tomorrow we may be smothering a steak or flavoring a salad."

"Yes, or floating in the soup," suggested one of the Misses Carrot.

Then Mr. Pumpkin rolled out into the middle of the cellar and assumed an important air, said: "Friends, the Carrots, the Onions and my humble self, have begun to discuss plans for a party tonight. Our numbers are becoming less with the advent of each day, and if we are to enjoy a taste of social life it behooves us to—"

"Get a move on ourselves," put in a big Potato, who sat high up on a small mound of his fellows.

"I suppose you call that Irish wit," said the Pumpkin, somewhat put out by the Potato's interruption. "However, as you are but a common Potato, I shall



"AWAY WHIRLED MR. POTATO WITH MRS. MOUSE."

pumpkins and the beets were likewise in demand by those formidable enemies to vegetable kind.

It was a great yellow pumpkin who first thought of a farewell-to-earth party. The idea came to him one evening as he bade good-by to one of his close companions who was carried up stairs to be made into pies.

Mr. Pumpkin (we shall make their names proper when occasion demands) turned to a couple of carrots on the evening just alluded to, and remarked: "My dears, how would a party strike you?"

"A party," repeated the larger and pinker carrot of the two: "why I think it would be great. Would we dance?"

"Well, I guess!" nodded the pumpkin, smiling. Hereupon the Misses Carrot both laughed heartily. Then Mr. Pumpkin turned to a basket of onions and asked what their pleasure would be in the matter.

"A dance by all means," exclaimed a

over look the breach of good manners on your part. Now, to proceed with my remarks—but what was I saying when that ill-bred spud interrupted me?" and Mr. Pumpkin turned his inquiry on the big shiny Onion, who had spoken a few moments before.

"You were saying that if we would taste the social side of life it behooves us—"

"Yes, yes, it behooves us—that's the word!" exclaimed Mr. Pumpkin. "It behooves us to—"

"Get a move on ourselves?" again broke from the Potato.

"Say!" said Mr. Pumpkin, flushing to a deeper yellow, "am I to be thus annoyed by your rude interruptions every time I come to a certain point in my remarks? I'll not stand it!"

"Then sit, I pray you!" remarked the Potato, dryly.

"Well, I'll sit on you in a way that will make myself felt," angrily retorted the