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FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

Stories Covering Wide Range in Closing Issue of The Pinecone



THE current issue of *The Pinecone*, the School publication concludes the season; the interesting stories covering a wide range of territory, among them two contributions from little girls in far away Maine, where sullen winter still lingers.

THE PRINCE OF THE SUNBEAMS

By Alice J. King

"Where do the flowers come from? Where do the birds fly to? I wish I were a bird! Won't you tell me a story, Nanna dear?" Toddlekens was tired and sleepy, and nurse hugged him up just as close, so close, he couldn't ask another question, and told him this story.

in a corner and just then the March wind came along. 'O please wake up, my little seed,' she said. Then the March wind blew and blew but he couldn't wake up the little seed. He blew so hard he sent some rain clouds scurrying across the sky. 'O, please Little Raindrops, wake up my little seed,' said mother earth to the raindrops.

"The raindrops began gently, gently, and the little seed stirred in its bed, but didn't wake up. How those raindrops did try, but the little seed just stirred a little and slept on in its little brown case.

"Mother Earth was in despair, but just then the Prince of the Sunbeams came dancing along and he smiled so sweetly that he cheered Mother Earth's heart before he said a word: 'Is there anything I can do for you, Mother Earth?' said the Prince.

"And she said to him just as she had



A "SPRING" POEM FROM MAINE

Fly quickly, my little Birdie,
Or it may be too late;

You would really be much safer
Sitting on the garden gate.

—MARGARET OLESON, Presque Isle, Me.

"If you should take an airship at sunset and follow the last bright ray of the sun, on and on and on, you would come to the palace of the Prince of the Sunbeams. He it is who comes to the earth and makes everything bright; he sends the rain and the wind; he sends the snow in winter to wrap the flowers in, and in the spring he melts it and calls out all the pretty spring flowers. He is very strong but very gentle and if you should see him as I saw him, you would love him I'm sure."

"Did you see him, Nanna dear?" said Toddlekens. "Yes indeed, I did. He was all dressed in yellow satin and had golden curls and the happiest face in the world.

"One time, a long time ago, the good All Father sent a little seed to the Earthland and the little seed was all dark brown. The Mother Earth hid it away

said to all the others 'Oh please wake up my little seed.' Then he called his band of Merry Sunbeams and they danced around the little brown seed. It was a merry dance, all that you could see was a flash of golden curls and you couldn't hear anything at all. The little brown seed stirred a little and then a little more then she threw off her brown covers and poked her head up and tho she was pretty sleepy, Mother Earth knew she was awake.

"And every spring they go through the same performance, but Mother Earth doesn't worry any more now, because she knows that after the wind and the rain, the sunshine will come and all her little baby seeds will wake up and blossom and make her old heart glad."

* * * *

"Now if you were a bird you could fly