

A PAGE FOR THE LITTLEST JUNIORS

The Story of Twinkle, Tray and Trot

VIII.—Going to Grandma's.

TROT was all bundled up in his  and  and , waiting for papa to come with the  to go to grandma's. Tray was rushing back and forth and sniffing at the , as he always did when he thought something nice was going to happen. By and by there was a whistle and there was papa at the  with old Ned and the .

"RUN along, Trot," said mama, "while I carry out the .

Papa tucked them all in, and pinched Trot's  three times, "just to see if there was a little  there," he said.

OLD Ned liked the snow and the fresh air and it seemed as if he could not keep his  on the ground. He pranced along as if he were a little colt. He tossed his head and snorted at every . He shied at every . Papa found he had his  full to keep him in the road.

TRAY was racing about in the snow with his  to the ground just as he did the day he found Twinkle asleep on mama's best fur . And then, all at once a little animal with very, very long  and just a bunch of fur for a , jumped up from somewhere. Old Ned jumped. Then the , the owner of the long, long  and the short, short , began to run. And he ran with a great jump across the road just ahead of old Ned. The old  could not stand that. He snorted and jumped again—and—and—there they were all out in the snow, and the  was rolling over and over and saying, "Me-aouw! Th-h-h! Me-aouw!" for they could not go off to grandma's and leave the little black  at home alone, you know.

WHEN he saw what he had done, old Ned was ashamed of himself. He did not try to run, but stood with his  down just as Trot did when his mama told him he had been a naughty . Mama held him while papa set the  right side up, and picked up  and the  and put them back in their places. Then, with a laugh, they climbed in again, and old Ned started off soberly for grandma's.

THE FLY'S MORNING BATH.

By Annie M. Byer.

It was the loveliest rose bush! The glossy green leaves were almost hidden by clusters of pretty pink roses.

As the glad sunlight touched the mountain-top a fly came from the heart of a rose, balanced himself on one foot, and with his curious thousand eyes looked for a dewdrop.

Just at that moment a sun-ray kissed the rose-bush, and hundreds of dewdrops shone like jewels in the light.

The fly spread his gauzy wings and traveled until

he found a drop of dew in a crumpled rose leaf. Then swinging gracefully forward, he plunged his head and face in the bath. I guess it was cold, for he shook himself with a little shiver, and held his face up to the sun to dry.

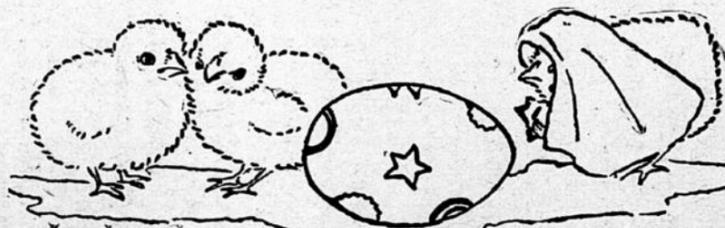
He then dipped his right front foot into the rose-leaf bath tub, and lifting it up to the side of his body, shook tiny sparkles of water all over himself, using his feet as sponges.

After bathing himself nice and clean, he flew to a peach tree, and finding a pink, juicy peach, ate his breakfast with the greatest satisfaction.—From Youth's Companion.

INDOOR SNOWSTORM.

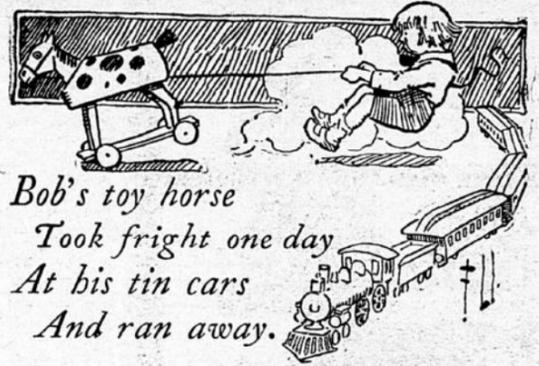
A writer tells of an indoor snowstorm on a very clear, cold evening at a party given in Stockholm, Sweden. Many people were gathered in a single room, which became so warm as to be insufferable. The window sashes were found frozen and a pane of glass was smashed out. A cold air current rushed in and at the same instant flakes of snow were seen to fall to the floor in all parts of the room. The atmosphere was so saturated with moisture that the sudden fall in temperature produced a snowfall indoors.

Altho the population of the Chinese empire is about 425,000,000, yet the enormous areas of Manchuria, Mongolia, Tibet and Chinese Turkestan have between them only 13,500,000 inhabitants.



"Why is Miss Chick wearing mourning?
Haven't you heard? That was her brother who
was boiled in that egg!"

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Bob's toy horse
Took fright one day
At his tin cars
And ran away.

THE STARRY SCHOOL.

The little stars, they go to school,
Along the Milky Way,
The Great Bear is the teacher fierce,
The stars are bright, they say.

At school they learn the shining deeds
By comets bold and brave,
And all a little star child needs
If it would well behave.

When recess comes they dance and bear,
And play at many things,
And plague and tease poor Saturn
By hanging on his rings.

The Big and Little Dippers
Hurry so they scarce can think,
And try to keep them happy
By giving each a drink.

The school is lit by Jupiter
And all his little moons,
And songs are sung by morning stars
In many wondrous tunes.

The shooting stars have heaps of fun,
Such dazzling pranks they play,
And when the teacher looks for them,
Flash; they are far away!

The Dog Star keeps a faithful watch
Lest any far should stray,
And when the school's over back they troop
Along the Milky Way.

—Bessie Warren Campbell.

A BEAR HAD THE TOOTHACHE.

A bear had got the toothache very badly
(I only tell the story I have heard,
So don't, I humbly pray,
Be hard on me, and say,
"The whole affair is totally absurd").

A bear had got the toothache very badly
And to his kind and gentle mother said:
"It's all this side the jaw,"
(And he touched it with a paw);
"I wish 'twas on the other side instead!"

Now by and by the bear, I am glad to mention,
Of all his pain could find no little trace,
But scarce a week had flown
When he murmured with a groan:
"I've got it on the other side the face!"

"I shouldn't mind at all if I could shift it
To where it was a little while ago.
For oh, it seems to me
That the place for pain to be
Is where you haven't got the pain, you know."

Now if you think this bear a little silly,
And laugh at what he ventured to suggest,
O wait, I beg you, do
Till you've had the toothache, too,
And tell me then which side you like it best.
—John Lea, in Cassell's Little Folks.

"Young man," said the pompous individual; "I did not always have this carriage. When I first started in life I had to walk."
"You were lucky," chuckled the youth. "When I first started in life I couldn't walk."—Chicago News.



A GOOP PARTY

"Please come to my party!" said Jenny to Prue;
"I'm going to have Willy, and Nelly, and you;
I'm going to have candy and cake and ice-cream;
We'll play *Simon-the-Slipper*, we'll laugh and we'll scream.
We'll dress up in caps, we'll have stories and tricks,
And you won't have to go till a quarter past six!"
But alas! "When she mentioned her party, at tea,
Her mother said, "No! It can't possibly be!"
So Jane had to go and explain to her friends,
And that is how many a Goop party ends!
Just speak to your mother *before* you invite,
And then it's more likely to happen all right!"



—From The Holiday Magazine.