

A PAGE FOR THE LITTLEST JUNIORS

THE LOST WHITE CAT

I. SHE FINDS JACK.

"MEOW, Meow!" said Pussy Blanche on the door. "Mama," said a voice the other side of the door, "Mama, I hear a crying. I am sure she must be lost." Then the door opened and there stood the nicest little that Pussy Blanche had ever seen. She had nice, kind and she wore an apron that Pussy Blanche knew meant she was cooking.

"YOU poor little," said the little. "Are you hungry?" "Meow!" said Pussy Blanche. The little went to the table and poured some milk from a pitcher into a bowl and then calling, "Come kittie, come kittie!" led Pussy Blanche over beside the stove where she set it down. But Pussy Blanche could not eat in a strange place. She must go around and smell of everything, and get acquainted.

SHE crawled under the sink and smelled of a pair of shoes. She lifted one small and tapped a string of bells hanging on the wall. She jumped into a little rocking

chair that had a nice soft cushion in it, but she could not stop to curl herself up on it and rest awhile.

ON a chair under the window there was a little box. She jumped up on the chair with a purr and smelled it and then cuffed it gently. B-r-r-r-bang it went. The lid flew up and the most dreadful little bobbed up and as his head wobbled from side to side, he kept saying, "Jack! Jack!" in a squeaky, teeny-weeny voice.

PUSSY BLANCHE was so scared she jumped to the table and the next thing she knew her feet sank into something warm and very, very sticky. "Oh! Oh!" cried the little girl. "You have spoiled my candy! Go 'way, you naughty, go 'way!" "Meow, meow," said Pussy Blanche. "I don't like this house. Let me out. Meow!" And even when she found herself out on the porch again, a lost white cat, she thought it was better than being with that bobbing thing that kept saying "Jack! Jack!"

Dolly Varden's First Party.

Her mother called her "Doll"; her grandpa called her "Dolly Varden"; and she was a little girl four years old. One day her father brought her a letter from the postoffice. It was small and pink, and looked good enough to eat. Dolly Varden could not read, so her father read it for her. It said:

"Miss Jenny Barry requests the pleasure of Miss Dolly Varden's company next Wednesday afternoon from three till five o'clock."

Jenny Barry was another little girl, a very dear friend of Dolly Varden's, who lived just a little way round the corner.

When Dolly Varden heard what was in the letter she was so pleased that she danced round the house all day, singing:

"I'm going to a party—a really, truly party—to Jennie Barry's party—yes, I am!"

Wednesday came at last, and as soon as dinner was over Dolly Varden begged to be dressed at once, for fear she would be late at the party.

So mama brushed the nice long curls over her fingers, put on the little red shoes and a white dress with a little red sash, and said, "You may go now, if you

do not like to wait." But Dolly Varden went into the parlor and sat down in a big armchair near the window. She did not want to be the first one there, and so she waited, thinking some other little girls would come along soon, and she could go with them.

But no little girls came that way, and so she watched and waited and grew very tired, for you see she had to sit very still so as not to muss the white dress.

After a long time mama came into the parlor. "Why, Doll," she said, "what are you waiting for? You must hurry, now; it is half past three."

"There haven't any little girls gone yet, mama, and I don't want to get there the first one."

Pretty soon mama came in again, and said, "Come, Doll, if you are going at all you must start now. It is four o'clock."

But Doll said, "Oh, I'm afraid if I go now I'll be the last one there, and I'd hate to be."

So Dolly Varden still sat in the big armchair and watched; and no little girls went by, because they had all gone around another corner long before, and she grew very unhappy indeed.

She wanted to go to the party, but she was afraid to, and the more she thought of it the worse she felt.



TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.
'Twas said the Rat got up to speak
(It was the Goph-er tat-tled)
And on-ly made a fun-ny squeak,
So bad-ly was he rat-tled.

—From Harper's Magazine.

And there was the party just round the corner!

Pretty soon the big tears began to roll down over the pink cheeks, and after a little the nice long curls were all in a little heap on the arm of the big chair.

Then, all of a sudden, the front door opened, and a little girl came in. She looked round and saw Dolly Varden all dressed up, crying in the big armchair. The little girl ran over to her, and put her arms around her, and said, "Why, Dolly Varden! Why couldn't you come to my party?"

Then Dolly Varden sobbed while she said, "I—I could. But I didn't want to be the first one there, and then I—I was afraid I'd be the—the last one, and—and so I didn't come at all! Oh-h-h-h!"

Then Jenny took her arms away from round Dolly Varden, and folded them, and stood up straight and said, "Well, you are a baby, and I'll never invite you to another party as long as I live!" and she went home.

She kept her word, for she never had another party. But Dolly Varden was invited to many others, and she always went early, for she had decided that it was better to be the first one than the last one, and better to be the last one than not to go at all.—Youth's Companion.



Drawn by Louis Burks, A Fourth Grade, Lake Harriet School.

Dufferin: a True Dog Story.

The Scotch superintendent of a street railway in a Maine city owned a splendid and valuable collie, which he named Dufferin, in honor of his illustrious countryman. The new theater in this city was to be opened by a popular actress. Every seat had been sold two weeks in advance.

On the night of the opening there was a fierce storm. The snow was several inches deep, and the railway people worked loyally until all the people had been conveyed to their homes.

Before leaving home that evening, the superintendent told his wife not to expect him until the blizzard was over; and turning to the dog he said: "Dufferin, take good care of your mistress and the baby, and be sure to watch the house while I am at the office."

About twelve o'clock that night Dufferin rushed into his mistress' room, which was full of smoke, and jumping upon the bed, licked her face and barked furiously.

At last, his mistress recovered sufficiently to realize that the house was on fire. She arose, snatched up a blanket, and wrapped it around her little baby. Then, closely clasping the child, she groped her way thru the suffocating smoke out of the fiercely burning house, followed by Dufferin.

The tempest tossed her thin garments about her, while her bare feet were almost frozen as she stood in the deep snow, and watched their pretty home burn to the ground. Dufferin had obeyed his master, and had saved two lives.—Corilla Banister in The Holiday Magazine.

Mike—Phwat's th' biggest fish ye iver caught, Pat?
Pat—Sure, Oi niver caught him. He got away—
Judge.



THINGS TO REMEMBER

If little girls would bear in mind
That hair was made to comb,
There wouldn't be so many snarls
Of all kinds in the home.