

# A PAGE FOR THE LITTLEST JUNIORS

## WHEN THE TOYS REFUSED TO PLAY.

CHAPTER VIII—WHERE WILLABELLE WENT.

THE snow white went along hippity-hop-hippity-hop and Willabelle kept her eyes shut tight. Her heart felt as if it were just behind her, and she knew if she opened her eyes she should scream, and if she screamed she should open her lips, and her heart would fall out. Suddenly the snow white stopped as if he had run against a stone. His hands let go their hold and Willabelle felt herself falling—falling—and she opened her eyes, oh! so quick.

"THIS is Toyless Land," said the snow white. "Once there was a little girl who said she was tired of her dolls and toys, and wished she could be a grown-up. So many other little girls had said the same thing, and so many little boys had wished they could be boys, that at last the Toyland people became angry and said they would not play. I have been busy for two days, gathering up those dolls and boys and bringing them to Toyless Land. Goodby. Amuse yourself. I must go back for another ungrateful little girl."

WILLABELLE thought it would be very easy to amuse herself, because there were so many dolls and boys in sight. She sat down on a rug and pushed back her hair so that she could be sure and see everything. She watched ten minutes and not a boy did anything more than walk around whistling, and with his hands in his pockets while the girls just sat around and looked at each other.

"OH, goodness me!" said Willabelle at last. "Why don't they do something? Why don't those boys get up a game of marbles, or spin tops, or do something? Say, little girl!" she cried at last, "why don't you play marbles?"

"BECAUSE there isn't any marbles!" said the girl. "And we can't find anything to make a marble out of, and even if we had a marble, there isn't anything for a top."

"WHY don't you roll up a top real hard?" said Willabelle. The girl yelled as loud as he could and turned a top. "Say!" he said, "you're right smart for a girl. Come on, fellows! We can play marbles!"



### MAY DAY.

The bluebird sings upon the hill,  
The wild flowers are awake,  
The blossoms smile on bush and tree  
For little hands to take.

Within the cedars by the road  
The robin builds her nest;  
Four dainty eggs of spotted blue  
She broods beneath her breast.

The buttercups within the grass  
Are yellower than gold,  
And glittering drops of diamond dew  
Their tiny goblets hold.

The sky is blue, the air is sweet;  
Come, boys and girls, and bring  
The blossoms home with happy feet,  
Singing a song of spring.

—Barbara Griffiths in The Sunbeam.

### A RECIPE FOR FUN.

Take two little girls and a long, long pipe,  
And four rosy cheeks puffed out round,  
With two pairs of hands and a bowl of soapsuds,  
And four slippers which just touch the ground.

Now dip the long pipe in the deep, foaming bowl,  
And blow till the cheeks seem to split;  
Then watch the frail bubble grow big and grow big;  
Oh, there's no fun that quite equals it!

Then look as the bubble hangs trembling in air,  
And shines like a many-hued sun;  
But never get cross while awaiting the turn  
To blow—for that spoils the fun!

—Selected.

### SPRING FLOWERS.

The cherry's a-bloom in the orchard,  
The lilac's a-bloom on the wall;  
But the pinks are a-bloom in your own pretty cheeks—  
And they're the best blossoms of all!

—Good Housekeeping.

### THE GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK

Twenty-nine, thirty  
A bushel of wheat  
And a bushel of rye,  
All who are not ready  
Hollo 'I!'

"I, I, I!"  
"Oh, dear me!" and Nellie's head went down on the hitching post again. "I'll not count but ten more, and then I'll come. Now, I'm coming."

"I, I, I!"  
"That's not fair. I said I was coming, and I'll not count another one!"

"I, I, I!"  
"Why—why—that's funny! They're all hidden!" and Nellie began to peep cautiously round. Not a child was in sight, so she edged off a little from the goal and looked behind the big lilac bush by the gate. No one was there. Then when she had looked all round to see whether any heads were peering out from corners, she ran quickly to the end of the house.

"I, I, I!"  
"Oh, my!" and back she flew to the hitching post. No one was there. Just then she caught sight of a familiar blue calico dress. "One, two, three for Annie Madison behind the cherry tree!"

"What made you girls so slow!" she asked, when they were all sitting near the hitching post afterwards. "I wasn't slow. I was hidden long before you reached thirty," said Annie. "And we, too!" shrieked the twins.

"And so was I!" panted Louise.  
"Well, then, what made you call 'I'!"

"We didn't—not one of us," they answered.  
"Now isn't that funny? Who did?"  
"I, I, I!"  
The five girls looked frightened.  
"Who do you suppose it is?" whispered Annie.  
"It's that Smith boy next door," said Nellie, "and I'm going in to tell him what I think of him."  
Grandmother Smith was sitting behind the vines on the porch, and as Nellie came toward the gate she called: "Come in, Nellie, and see Tom's parrot. He's had a good time this afternoon listening to you girls and calling 'I' himself."  
"I, I, I!"  
"Oh, girls, come here and see Tom's parrot! It's the one that's been calling all the time."—Jewels.

### THE SPECKLED CHICKEN.

Ophelia May was a little girl nine years old. Her father sent her away to a boarding-school in the sunny Southland where she lived. At home Ophelia May had a little speckled chicken that would follow her around the yard and eat out of her hand. At school she was lonely and homesick. It seemed to Ophelia May that she could have been happy if she could have had her pet chicken with her.

One evening there was an entertainment at the school and Ophelia May had a piece to speak. Before the entertainment began all the little girls in the program met, except Ophelia. Where was she? Not in her room, nor in the dining-room; she had not been at supper, the girls said.

They began to search for her, and at last some one said: "She was so homesick today, maybe she has started to walk home." Suddenly George Washington Jackson, the colored gardener, came in, saying, "I've found her; here she is."

The girls and the teachers all ran out doors and there, by the corner of the house, close up to the gray stones, lay Ophelia May, tear-stained, dirty and sound asleep, with a speckled chicken clutched in her arms, and around the chicken's neck was a bright red ribbon. It was Ophelia's new hair ribbon.

After that Ophelia was always allowed to feed the chickens, and when school was over and she returned to her home the speckled chicken went with her in a basket.—Adapted from the Sunbeam.

### Didn't Agree.

The irritated father of a truant boy was filling up sundry holes in the back garden, where the urchin had "prospected" for bait a few hours before, when a neighbor who happened to be leaning over the fence remarked, with a praiseworthy effort to say something consoling: "Well, your boy, at any rate, is a faithful disciple of Izaak Walton."

"Him!" exclaimed the father, stopping to rest a moment, and leaning dismally on the spade-handle. "He ain't a disciple of nobody! All he's good for on earth is to sit all day and fish!"



ROLLER SKATE TIME IN KITTENVILLE.

—St. Nicholas.