

# A PAGE FOR THE LITTLEST JUNIORS



## The Cock on the Church Spire.

A small black cock stood on the tip of a tall church spire. He was not a live cock, but he could turn round and round. What made him move? The wind moved him.

There was an E to tell that the wind blew from the east, and a W to tell when it blew from the west. There was an N to show when the wind was north and an S to show that it was south.

The black cock looked like a brave cock, he held his head so high. The north wind made him cold, but the south wind warmed him. The east wind made him wet, but the west wind soon dried him. The black cock did not care which wind blew on him as a live cock would have done. He stood up straight and brave all the time.

The folks who went by the church did care. They looked up at the black cock and said, "It will be cold, for the wind is north;" or "It will be hot, for the wind is south;" or "We shall have rain, for the wind is east;" or "It will be fine, for the wind is west."

So you see that the black cock was of use, tho he could not crow or eat corn as those you have seen on the farms do.

One day the north wind blew so hard that it broke off the rod on which the black cock turned, and the poor thing fell to the roof of the church. John saw him fall, and ran to a man who was near, and told him. The man climbed up and got the poor cock and brought him down. The black cock was much bruised and scratched by his fall.

But the man got a new rod for him to turn on, and he bought some gilt paint and a soft brush, and soon made him shine as bright as gold.

Then the man took him up to the top of the tall church spire, and set him in his old place once more.

He seemed to know that he was made to tell the way of the wind. So, too, he seemed glad to look like gold, like the sun he loved.

In the race to reach him first, the north wind beat all the rest, and gave him a whirl to the north. "Whizz! Whizz!" he cried.

And the small boy clapped his hands up at him and cried, "Crow, cock, crow!"

But the gold cock did not crow—he just whizzed round and showed the folks that the wind was north.

—Little Folks.

### To Lose the Hole.

"Why, Mabel," said a mother to her 4-year-old daughter, "you've got one of your stockings on wrong side out."

"I put it on that way," explained the little miss, "'cause there's a hole on the other side."

### JOCK, THE SHEEP DOG.

A large flock of sheep were being taken from one pasture to another. They came to a narrow bridge over a creek, and here the foolish creatures got jammed; not having the sense to draw back, several hundred were all crowded together.

The shepherd, quite at a loss what to do, called his dog. "Jock," he said, "send them back!"

The knowing animal looked at the sheep, and seeing that there was no room to pass, leaped on the back of the nearest, and made his way over the backs of those beyond until he reached the bridge; then he drove the sheep back.

### JOEY.

Joey was a white cockatoo with a yellow plume on the top of his head. He was born in the Solomon Islands, and came to England when quite young. He was fond of fun and was very clever in imitating what he heard.

One day he wanted to get from the back of the chair on which he stood to the back of another chair close by. He kept stretching out his great claws, but the distance was too great. He made many attempts, and then was heard to remark: "How are you going to set about it, Joey? How are you going to set about it?" Sometimes Joey would pretend to have a bad cold; he would sneeze and wheeze, and then say: "Joey catch cold; handkerchief!" He was a funny fellow.

### BRAVE ANNABEL LOU.

Annabel Lou is only two,  
And one can't tell—that is, very well—  
What Annabel Lou is going to do.

Annabel Lou is afraid of a mouse,  
Or a dog or a bird or a fly or a cat;  
But she's not afraid to stroke the fur  
Of a great, big fox, and give him a pat,  
And pull its tail, and handle its claws,  
And put her hand in its open jaws.

Annabel Lou is only two,  
And one can't tell—that is, very well—  
What Annabel Lou is going to do.

But perhaps I should say, to be quite fair,  
That claws and fur and tail and head.  
Are not exactly as first they grew,  
And are harmless quite, for the fox is dead,  
And it hangs round the neck—indeed, 'tis true,  
Of the beautiful mama of Annabel Lou.  
—St. Nicholas.

### A TOO-BUSY TONGUE.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight,  
nine, ten—there!" said Tom.  
"Learning to count?" asked Uncle Jack.  
"No; I'm keeping my tongue busy so I shan't  
say some cross words," said Tom.  
—The Mayflower.



My Muff's so very  
big and new—  
Said Jane: "I'm quite  
shut out from view.  
My Muff is out of  
sight 'tis true—  
But oh! I fear that I  
am too!"

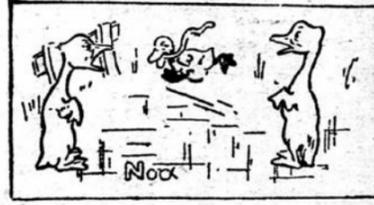
# MOTHER GOOSE PICTURE STORIES



### ALL THINGS COME TO HIM WHO WAITS



1—Ducky and Drakey squabble over their dinner—



2—While Daddies waits and carries off the prize.—Children's Magazine.



On Christmas night, when all was done, "And I am 'Please,'" the small one said, "And I will sit upon your head if in the new year you should dare, To ask for things unless I'm there." The third one said, in accents mild, "By nature I am like a child. But it enrages me when you Answer your ma the way you do. Hereafter, Sallie, don't you dare To make reply unless I'm there! Promise to use, 'Yes ma'am' next year Or I will fill your soul with fear." Then Sallie, trembling, said: "All right! I'll use you all after tonight."