

A PAGE FOR THE LITTLEST JUNIORS

A NEW LITTLE SILVERLOCKS

By Claressa Dixon.

MISS SUSIE BAIRD was very tall and large. Miss Jane Baird was very short and thin. Miss Sophie Baird was taller than Miss Jane and shorter than Miss Susie. Miss Susie Baird's voice was heavy and deep, like the bass voice of a man. Miss Jane's voice had a funny little squeak like that of a scared mouse. Miss Sophie spoke as other people do, neither very soft nor very loud.

They lived in a quiet street. All the houses in their row were just alike and each house had at its back a tiny garden the size of a bedquilt.

One day they found that a piece of fence had fallen between their yard and their neighbor's, and a little dog had come thru and scratched up their onion bed looking for moles.

The three Misses Baird crept thru the broken fence and set forth to find the owner of the dog, Miss Susie in front carrying the little creature, Miss Sophie next and Miss Jane last.

Nobody knows how Little Silverlocks got out of her mother's yard. After she was out she did not know which house to go into, because they were all alike.

A baker's boy ran thru Miss Baird's gate to leave a loaf, and before it was closed Little Silverlocks had gone inside.

Three roses were blooming where Silverlocks could reach them. She pulled them all; not the thorny



Why, it's only a baby

stems; just the lovely soft blossoms. By-and-by she climbed the steps and entered the kitchen thru the open door.

"Where's mama? I don't see mama," she kept saying, for she did not know that she had gone into the wrong house.

Presently Silverlocks spied the porridge on the stove. She climbed on a chair and tried to dip a spoon into the porridge, but the chair was too high for her. She tangled her feet among the cushions and fell off. Then she tried another chair, but it was so low that she could not reach the porridge pot with her spoon; in trying to do it she upset the chair. Then she tried standing on Miss Sophie's chair. This was just right. She set the saucer on the edge of the stove and dipped spoonfuls of porridge into it until it was full. Some drops fell on the stove and burned slowly, filling the room with smoke. Then Silverlocks tried to carry the saucer from the stove to the table, but it was too hot to handle, so she pushed it into Miss Susie's chair and sat in front of it in Miss Jane's chair, which she tipped over when she rose from it.

Such a very little girl as Silverlocks could not eat her breakfast off a cushioned chair without leaving some queer looking marks. After she had finished it was hard to say whether it was covered with a cushion or a pancake.

Silverlocks next went looking for her mama from room to room below stairs, then upstairs, where there were three beds for the three Misses Baird.

By this time Silverlocks was sleepy. She first climbed upon one of the beds. It was so long that when she lay in the middle her head did not touch the pillow.

Then she tried another bed and it was so full of pillows that she had to lie crosswise to make room for her feet, because it would never do to put her shoes on a pillow.

So Silverlocks rolled down and next tried Miss Sophie's bed. It was neither too long nor too soft nor too anything; it was just right. Silverlocks lay down upon it and fell asleep.

When the three ladies returned to their kitchen, Miss Baird lifted her great voice and thundered: "There's been a burglar here. We've been robbed of our roses and somebody's set the mush on the fire and spilled it in my chair!"

Then Miss Jane squeaked out in her funny little high voice:



It was just right

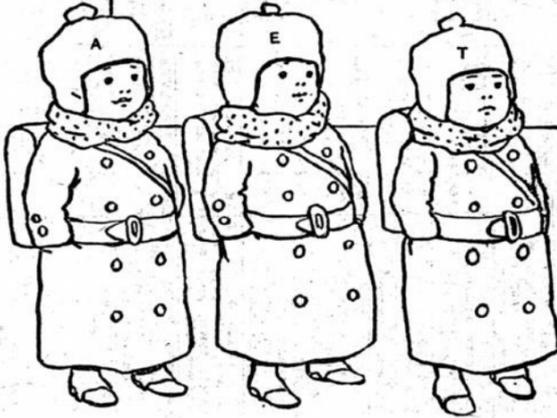


PLANTING TIME.

To plant a tree and make it grow You first must dig a hole, you know; A nice, deep hole where roots can spread. "I'll make it with my spade!" cried Ned. "This little tree must stand up straight; 'Till hold it while you dig," said Kate. "I'll water it," said Baby Bell;

"I'll bring the water from the well." But still another help you need If you would have this tree succeed, And spread its branches far and wide For birds to come and nest inside. "I'll shine upon it," said the sun; "I'll finish what you have begun." —The Sunbeam.

A RIDDLE RHYME FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.



We're more than soldiers, let us say;
Three words are we, as plain as day.
But if you wish to spell us out,
You'll have to let us move about.

Then bid us all sit down to ———,
And we will ——— as you can see,
Just as our fathers ———, we'll say,
Then stand again and go our way.



—St. Nicholas.

"Somebody's turned my chair over!"
And Miss Sophie said as other people say things:
"I see the mark of a heel in my chair."
Then they ran upstairs to look for the burglar.
First Miss Baird looked at her bed and said, in her deep voice:
"It's been on my bed."

Next Jane squeaked, "It's been on my bed."
Then they all ran to Sophie's room.
Little Silverlocks had often heard the story of "The Three Bears." When the three voices of the three Misses Baird began speaking, she was not sleeping soundly; she heard them as in a dream, and thought that she must be in the house of the Three Bears.

Then, when the high voice of Jane sounded in the next room she suddenly was wide awake. When the three ladies entered Sophie's room, Silverlocks jumped out of the bed, ran to an open window and sprang upon the sill, but she could not leap to the ground and run away, like the other Little Silverlocks, for Miss Baird caught her in her arms, while the three ladies all said together:

"Why, it's only a baby!"
"I'm not a baby. I'm a g'eat big girl. Are you the Three Bears?"

Miss Sophie thought Silverlocks asked: "Are you the three Bairds?" so she answered, "Yes."

"In the book they wear all-over furs; I don't see the furs."
"We wear them when the weather is cold."

"Will you hug me too tight?"
"No; only just tight enough. Your mama must be looking for you; we'll take you home to your mama."

They gave Little Silverlocks candy and many other things that were not good for her, and then they took her to her mother.

Some days afterward she saw a new picture of the Three Bears. And she said:

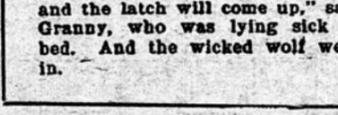
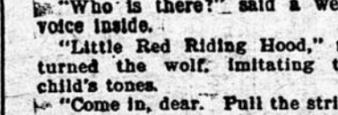
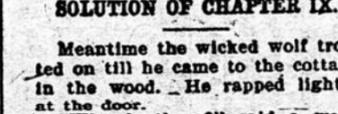
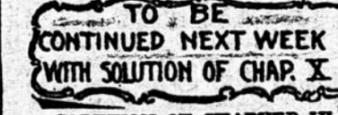
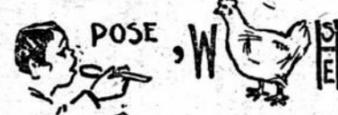
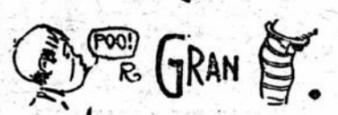
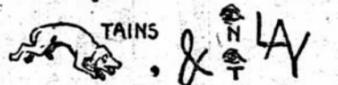
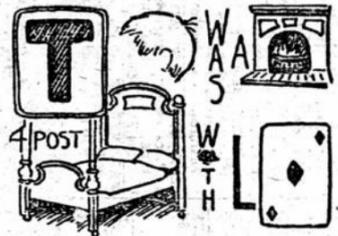
"Bears is very nice ladies with dresses on. They hug just tight enough. Furs are for cold days; these bears must be VERY cold. My neck didn't be sewed on again; it didn't broke off, at all, 'cause when I comed on the window there wasn't any jump to my legs. The bear-lady took all the jump f'om my little legs."

THE NAUGHTY LITTLE THIMBLE.

Once, in the days of Long Ago,
A little Thimble refused to sew.
It said, "I don't care what you want to do—
I'm tired of shoving the needle thru!
"I'm tired of helping the Doll's clothes to fix,
And getting, myself, just nothing but pricks,
Sometimes on that side, sometimes on this!
And then, if by chance the needle I miss,
"Tho not my fault, I am thrown on the floor!
So I really don't think I'll work any more—
I'll drop softly down, and roll over there,
And hide away under the big rocking-chair!"
—Little Folks.

CAN YOU READ THIS STORY OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD?

CHAPTER X



TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK WITH SOLUTION OF CHAP. X SOLUTION OF CHAPTER IX.

Meantime the wicked wolf trotted on till he came to the cottage in the wood. He rapped lightly at the door. "Who is there?" said a weak voice inside. "Little Red Riding Hood," returned the wolf, imitating the child's tones. "Come in, dear. Pull the string and the latch will come up," said Granny, who was lying sick in bed. And the wicked wolf went in.