



The Story Club

by Edmund Vance Cooke

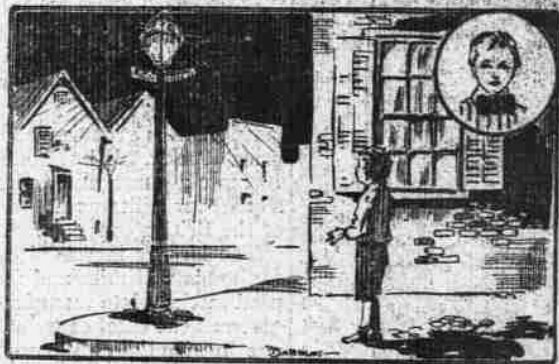


LITTLE STREET LIGHT

The Street Light on the Corner was so small it was afraid to go out in the dark, so it stayed in its little glass house all night and just went out in the daytime. However, it did the best that it could at all times and one evening, just after dark, when the little Street Light had popped into his house, there came a little girl running along, with a dime in her hand. The little girl's mamma

ed up and threw a ray of light where the dime lay and the little girl kicked it up and ran along again.

She had no sooner gone than a little boy came sobbing along. "What's the matter?" asked the little Street Light. "I'm lost!" sobbed the little boy. "Cheer up!" cried the little Street Light. "You stay right here where I can shine on you and after a while a policeman will come along and take you



was very poor and a dime seemed a large sum in her eyes, so the little girl felt very proud that she was trusted with so much money. As she came skipping along her foot stumped against something and the little dime. "O-oh o-oh!" cried the little girl, "I've lost our supper and part of our breakfast." "Cheer up! cheer up!" cried the Street Light, "I'm little, but I'll shine as big as I can." So he flar-

home. So the little light made himself as big as possible and the little boy looked up and spelled out the name of the street on the lamp post. "Oh, goody," he cried. "I know this street, only I could not tell it in the dark. I'm just a little ways from home."

"Come!" said the little Street Light to himself, after the boy had run away towards home. "I'm very small, but if I stay right here