

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVII.

TORONTO, JANUARY 18, 1902.

No. 2.

## THE EMPEROR.

We call him the emperor, because he rules everybody in the house. We all have to rise early because the emperor will have it so. He likes his breakfast at half-past six o'clock; and he wants all his subjects to be present when he takes his breakfast of bread and milk.

If papa is not in his seat, the emperor will refuse to eat. In vain does Lucy say, "Here, you little tyrant, take your milk." "No, no," says the emperor, sternly. "Papa, papa!"

So upstairs I run, and say, "Are you almost ready, sir? Baby is calling you. He won't taste a drop of milk, because you are not in your seat."

"Tell his Majesty that, as soon as I can put on my boots, I will be present," says papa, laughing, "I felt at one time as if I could head a rebellion to put down the emperor; but soon I found that early rising was really doing me good; and now I am one of his most loyal subjects."

When papa appears at the breakfast-table, he kneels down; and the emperor, with a vigorous cry of "Papa, papa!" flourishes his spoon, and gives him a kiss; whereupon papa rises, cries, "*Vive l'empereur!*" (Live the Emperor!) and sits down to his coffee.

The emperor is very gracious to his sister Emma. Our girl Lucy, who takes care of him, says that Emma rules the emperor as no one else can. Unlike most emperors, he is very tender-hearted, and would not hurt a fly. The cat likes him, because he never pulls her tail, or tries to choke her.

## HOW EDITH HELPED.

Edith's sister, Mildred, sat in the fire-light in her own pleasant room rocking and thinking. She had a great deal to think about, because she had been away on a very queer visit. She had been taking her turn at a College Settlement. Perhaps

you don't know what that is, so I will put it into the little words that seem to be made purposely for boys and girls in the First Reader.

You know that in every great city there are ever so many boys and girls who are dirty and very poor, and, I am afraid, very wicked, too.

Now, I do not know just how it first began, but at any rate some of these

so bright and pretty that the little neighbours will love to come to see us. And we will make it so clean that they will want to make themselves neat and clean. So little by little we will help these brothers and sisters of ours to know the Christ child and grow like him." And it is these houses that are called College Settlements.

When the college girls have their long vacations, or after they are through studying all the wise books which we could not understand even if we were in the Sixth Reader, they take turns in going to live among these poor little boys and girls.

Now you see why Edith's sister, Mildred, had so much to think of that she did not hear the pit-pat of little bare feet, until a soft hand touched her.

"You little ghost! Why aren't you in dreamland this minute?" said this dear, big sister, gathering the small ghost in her arms.

"Oh, sister, I have been thinking about Jinksie, and Patsie and Reddie, and all the rest, until there isn't the least bit of sleep in me. Please tell me more about them."

"Dear, your eyes are wide as owls' eyes now, and if I tell you more stories your head will be so full that it will toss about all night. The best thing to do is to ask the good Father in heaven to take care of his little ones to-night wherever they are sleeping, and then go to sleep yourself, so that your body and mind will grow strong. Then some time you can help wonderfully."

"Yes! but I want to help now!" said Edith, laying a coaxing hand upon her sister's neck.

"That will not be hard to do, dear. Tomorrow we will work for Jinksie Crane. Jinksie is the lame one, you know. I can think of something we can both do for him; but not one word will I tell you about it unless you spend the whole long night in the Land of Nod!"

In another minute Edith was carried in



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grown-up girls in colleges got to thinking. Maybe the ones who began the thinking had little brothers and sisters at home. Or maybe it was only because they loved a little Child, who was put into a manger bed when he was a baby. But at last from thinking they went to doing. "Why not put our spending-money together," they said, "and get a house right where these poor little people live? We will make it