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The Jolly Animals' Club
By LILIAN LEVERIDGE

VI.
GREENIE AIMS HIGH.
IT was early morning in the Merry Forest, and the birds were, as usual, beginning the day with music. Greenie, a no-account little worm, sat upon a purple milkweed blossom, swaying to and fro in the breeze, and listening to the song of a bluebird perched on a choke cherry bush near by. Presently a large, gray bird, with a long, white-tipped tail, flew to the same bush.
"Good morning, Mr. I don't think I've met you before, have I?" said the bluebird.
"Likely not," the newcomer answered. "I'm a stranger in these parts; only came a few days ago. Nice country, this; think I'll stay."
The bluebird fluffed up his feathers proudly. "You're right there," he said. "I have yet to find a better country than the Merry Forest, and I'm quite a traveller. What might your name be, Mr.?"
"Mr. Mockingbird. The rest of my family live in the Southland, but I'm something of an adventurer, and this year I decided to explore the Northland."
"Have you heard about the Jolly Animals' Club, Mr. Mockingbird?"
"No. What about it?"
"Oh, it's the greatest thing you ever heard of," the bluebird began. "A great many birds and animals meet once a week in the Cave of Fireflies, a beautiful place all lit up at night by firefly lanterns. We have a concert every night—speeches and music and all kinds of fun. But to be a member you've got to do something good."
"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Mockingbird. "What did you do?"
"I'll tell you. There's a little old, old lady who lives among the flowers at the edge of the Merry Forest. She loves all the birds, and is very good and kind to us. She puts crumbs on her gateposts and window sills for us, and the chickadees say she never lets them go hungry in the winter-time. Well, one day she was very sick, and I sat on a rose bush just outside her window and sang to her nearly all day."
"Well, that's not much," said the mockingbird, rather scornfully. "I could do as much myself."
"It wasn't much, to be sure," assented the bluebird, modestly, "but it satisfied Professor Owl. It is he who got up the Club and is at the head of it, you know. I've just been practising my piece for the concert to-night. Can you sing?"
For answer Mr. Mockingbird sang so many songs, one right after another, that it quite took the bluebird's breath away. "What a lot of songs you know!" he said when the Mockingbird paused for breath. "I only know one. I wish you'd come with me to the concert to-night and sing."
Mr. Mockingbird laughed. "I guess your Professor wouldn't have anything to say to me," he said. "I never did a good thing in my life but eat and sing and enjoy myself."
"That reminds me. I'm hungry," said the bluebird. "I must go and find some breakfast. I hope we'll meet again. Good-bye." And with that he flew away.
All this time the little worm had been looking and listening. The bluebird's story and the mockingbird's song had affected him very strangely. He felt very sad, and sighed such a big, long sigh that his coat split all the way down and came off. That didn't matter much, for

he had a new one underneath, green and spotted with black.
"What a poor, little, no-account thing I am!" he said. "I wish I was big and had a handsome coat like those lovely birds. I wish I could do something good and join the Jolly Animals' Club and hear the concert to-night. But I'm nothing but a no-account little worm, and can't do a thing but eat. Oh, dear!"
The longings kept getting worse and worse, and Greenie didn't notice that Mr. Mockingbird was coming nearer and nearer till he lit right on the milkweed plant. Then a sudden wild thought made Greenie start and tremble. That thought was this: "This beautiful bird, the sweetest singer I ever heard, is hungry. I'll let him eat me up. It's the only good thing I can ever do."
But it would hurt dreadfully to be eaten up, and so little Greenie trembled again. But the more he trembled, the stronger grew his resolve to give up his little, worthless life for the sake of the wonderful singer.
The bird hopped nearer and nearer; Greenie never budged an inch. A look in Greenie's eyes made Mr. Mockingbird pause a moment, just as he was going to gobble up the little, no-account worm. "Why aren't you trying to get out of my way?" he asked.
"Because I want you to eat me up," Greenie answered.
"Well, you are a queer one," the bird said. "Whatever for?"
"It's the only good thing I can do."
A slow smile spread over Mr. Mockingbird's face, and then he said, "Well, I certainly admire your spirit. There's nothing small or mean about you, if you are only a little worm. Have you been listening to that bluebird's nonsense?"
"Yes," answered Greenie.
"Well, let me tell you, you've done a greater thing than he ever did in his life, and I'm going to let you live. Now, take my advice, and don't worry your little head any more about being great, but just enjoy yourself and be the best worm you can. Good-bye, little brother. I'll see you again some day."
A little later that day Mr. Mockingbird happened upon Professor Owl, and told him the whole story. "Now, what is to prevent little Greenie from joining the Club, as he wishes?" he asked at the finish.
Professor Owl looked very wise and shook his head gravely. "Not yet," he said. "It wouldn't do him any good. But keep your eye on him, and see what you will see. By the way, it seems to me your yourself have shown the right spirit for a Club member. I'd be glad to see you there to-night."



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Mr. Mockingbird was both surprised and glad, and went on his way with some new and happy thoughts.
(To be Continued.)

KITCHEN WRINKLES.
Lime powder well sprinkled where cockroaches abound will drive them away.
When starching holland pinafores put a little strong tea into the starch. This keeps the garments in good colour.
If moths are in a carpet, spread a damp towel over the part and iron it dry with a hot iron. The heat and steam will kill the worms and eggs.
When washing chamois leathers add a little ammonia to the water. This cleans them beautifully and helps to make them soft and pliable.
When mixing a roly-poly pudding, after spreading the paste with jam, sprinkle a layer of fine bread crumbs before rolling and tying up. This prevents the jam from boiling out.
Old nail holes in wood may be filled up by mixing sawdust with glue till it is the consistency of stiff paste. Press this compound into the holes and it will become as hard as the wood itself.

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