

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

When "The Children's Hour" was introduced into the columns of the REVIEW last month, it was hardly anticipated that the feature would prove so popular and that the contest would bring in so many splendidly written lines. Up to the moment of our going to press there have been entries received from some eight hundred children representing schools throughout the Maritime Provinces, in many cases almost every member of rural schools appearing to have competed.

In the January issue I mentioned that the entries must be received at this office not later than February. I have now decided to make the closing date for this competition February 20th, and the result of same will be published in the March issue. I have been pleased to receive so many letters along with the contest entries, and trust that you boys and girls will often have occasion to write me. If there are any features you would like introduced in "The Children's Hour" let me know, and I will do my best to grant your wishes. Remember that all communications in connection with this page are to be addressed to,

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When John Scrubbed the Floor.

Company was coming and John's mamma had been very busy sweeping and dusting and baking.

To-day she was going to scrub the kitchen floor and then all would be ready. But just as she had everything ready she was taken sick and had to lie down.

"Oh, John! what shall I do?" she asked. "Your father will bring your aunt and uncle back with him to-night."

"I'll scrub the floor, mamma," said John.

"Oh, no, John! It's too hard work for you. I think you can get Mrs. Alvin to do it. Run and ask her to come right over. I'll take a nap and then I'm sure I'll be all right."

"I'll go now," said John, as he ran out of the house.

But Mrs. Alvin was not at home and his mother was asleep when he returned. "I'll do it," he said to himself.

And he set to work as he had seen his mother do, and in an hour the floor was all scrubbed as white as could be.

Then he went out to the woodshed for wood with which to fill the woodbox. It had rained the night before and the ground was soft and muddy. John forgot to wipe his feet on the mat and made great tracks of mud across the floor. As John turned around he spied them.

"Oh!" he gasped. "My clean floor? I forgot to wipe my feet. Mother is always telling me to wipe my feet, but I always forget. Oh, dear! I'll have to scrub it again. That's just what mother had to do last week when I tracked up her floor."

He slowly got the brush and more soap and water and scrubbed the dirty places.

"There!" he said; "it's done, and I'll be careful and wipe my feet hereafter."

And he really did, and every time he saw the door mat he thought of the time he had to scrub the floor twice and that helped him to remember.

A Good Reason.

They say that February
So flower-like is and dear,
The English poets call her
"The Snowdrop of the Year!"
They'd have another reason
If they lived over here
And knew her storms, to call her
"The snow-drop of the year!" — A. E. A.

The Flag Month.

F for the last short month.
Her days are loyal — very,
Like little Flags they flutter by,
Red, White, and Blue against the sky,
And "Hip, Hurrah! Hurrah!" they cry —
"Three cheers for February!" — A. E. A.