



The Children's Salon

Say ?

If you were a mouse
Would you take any risk with a trap,
That goes off with a snap,
For an old bit of cheese?
Or would you go to bed
With a whole neck and head,
And a hungry pain spoiling your ease?

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Well, mes enfants, (these are OLD MADAME's own words she uses when she talks in French to her little ones) here it is the month in which we are thankful. No, I hear you, Rose, we are thankful all the year, so it is the month when we all come together to thank the good God that he has given us so many good things. Then we have Thanksgiving Day. OLD MADAME is very thankful and grateful that she is still with the dear little SALON children. So many of you write me now and tell me so many wonderful and interesting things, and I have so many of your pretty photographs upon the walls of the SALON that I can smile at you all the time. You all smile back at me, don't you?

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Now, here are some things to laugh about. Isn't Rose a funny girl?

Rose's mother went into the nursery one day, and overheard her little girl saying:

"Now, Dolly, 'ou musn't be cwoss, or twy to get away or cw. If 'ou don't let me fix 'ou up, folks won't say 'ou is nice and kiss 'ou. Be still, now."

"Why child! What are you doing?" her mother asked, when she came up close to Rose and noticed that she was pulling out the doll's hair in handfuls.

"Combin' Dolly's hair," the little tot replied.

This next happened when Donald was at the seaside last summer.

DONALD—Where would you get to if you sailed right over there?

SISTER—Calais, I suppose.

DONALD—That's in America, isn't it?

SISTER—Oh, Donald! Where's your geography?

DONALD—In my box at home, thank goodness.

This is one of Cyril's naughty jokes. Wasn't he silly?

MOTHER—Mercy me! The dentist has pulled the wrong tooth. LITTLE CYRIL (gleefully)—I fooled him bully. "Fooled him?" "Yes'm. I told him that was the one. I knew if he touched th' achin' one it ud hurt awful."

OLD MADAME heard this with her own ears.

So Wise.

A fairy sat on a rose leaf edge—
The children have grown so wise,
one need'nt hide in a roses heart
For fear of questioning eyes,
Nor shake the gold dust out of one's hair,
Lest a sunbeam show it unaware.
One may tilt and sway in the gold green grass,
One may wander fairy-free,
For, of course, if the children don't believe
They will never look to see.

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[Now, here is a little piece you can learn to recite. Perhaps you wouldn't think it, but Bobbie can say this right off without once being prompted!]

Written for the SALON.

Child's Hymn.

Loving Saviour, meek and mild,
Kindly look upon each child,
For each voice on joyful wing
Humble gratitude doth bring.
Lord, to us a blessing give,
Helping each for Thee to live;
Earthly blessings having giv'n,
Take us all to dwell in heav'n.

ANNA ALLAWAY.

[Now here is a story a kind girl sent you, and all the way from California. I hope she will send us some more, don't you?

Written for the SALON.

A Winged Party.

"Oh, girls! whatever are we going to do to-day to kill time," said Kate Morgan, to a group of schoolgirls gathered in the wide hall of B— Seminary. "Here is one whole day of twelve hours, and I for one have not an idea in my head how to spend it."

"Were you ever guilty of having an idea in your head, Kate?" saucily responded her friend, Dolly Lope.

"I do not remember one in the course of my acquaintance with you, and I am sure the girls will agree with me in saying the same."

This speech produced a loud burst of laughter from the group, for Kate was the brainy one of the crowd, and was specially noted for airing her ideas; but Kate did not deign to notice this lively thrust, and went on in the same serious strain.

"I am sure it is no subject for jest to spend a holiday—and that Thanksgiving—within these college walls. I had looked forward to having such a glorious time this Thanksgiving, and had made fifty plans, more or less, to fill in the day; but