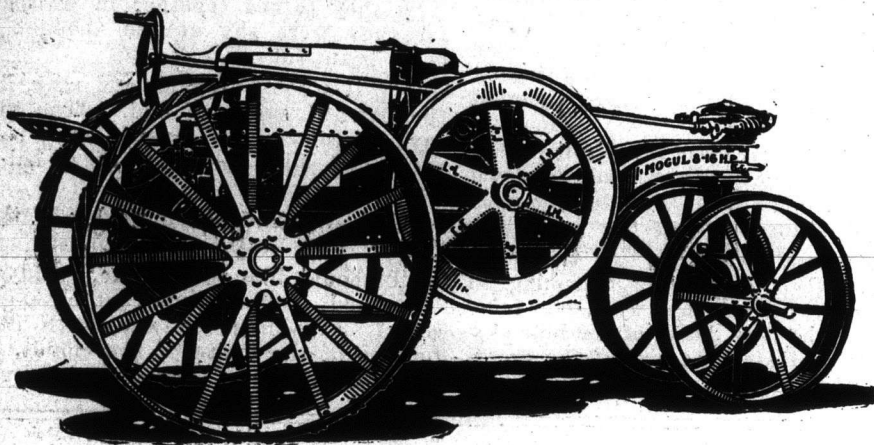


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says she has seen a child with eyes like the blue of the sky. Oh, I hope I may be blue."

"I have thought for days," said a third bud, trembling at his own boldness, "how lovely it would be to have a color like the purple of the mountains. I know that the vine loves the mountains."

One warm night a rain fell very softly and crept to the roots of all the flowers, and before dawn came the rain ceased, and when it was morning, the sunlight broke gloriously over a bright, world glistening with raindrops still undried.

Then the morning-glory vine stretched toward the sky in gladness, for everywhere about it hung floating blossoms more wonderful than anything it had dreamed of—blossoms of rose-pink like the dawn, blossoms as lovely as the skies and the eyes of little children. Some had little flecks of white upon the blue. Some had borrowed the deep pink of the heart of the rose, and one, which had

the blossoms, every one, with loving fingers, then went away leaving them growing, and there was a glad light on his face.

But the purple blossoms, ungathered, dropped little seeds when the summer was over, so that when spring came again many more purple blossoms grew.

And if any little child should see a purple morning-glory, he may know it grew from a seed of the morning-glory that loved the purple mountain-tops and thought of them always. And where he sees the blue morning-glory blossoms he will know that they grew from the seeds that loved the blue skies and that the pink blossoms grew from the seeds that loved the rosy dawn.

When sweeping a dusty carpet or rug first scatter pieces of wet newspaper over it and it will then sweep clean without raising dust.



In Santa's Pack of Toys—A Bear, a Duck and a little White Cat

thought of the mountain-tops, was purple, and this blossom, which, as a bud, had been almost too shy to speak, was the largest bloom of all.

Each was like the thing of which it had dreamed. And everyone who looked at the morning-glories saw, as though in a mirror, the thing which had lent to each its color.

"This morning-glory is like the sky at dawn," said a gentle nurse. I will gather it for the sick lad, and he will take heart again."

"See, mother!" cried little Mary, "my morning-glory vine is all in blossom, and I have brought you some flowers that look like bits of the blue sky."

"My little girl always brings mother bits of the blue sky." Mary's mother answered, looking down into her little daughter's eyes as she kissed her. And Mary, kissing back, did not know that mother was thinking of her own blue eyes.

But an old man stood long, and looked at the purple blossoms.

"My eyes are dim," he said, "so that I no longer see my beloved mountains; but the spring has brought me these lovely flowers to remind me that the purple hills are still there." He stroked

Billy Popgun under the Sea

By Milo Winter

Billy was bewildered by his recent swift journey down into the sea, and by the beauty of the place. He did not move from his seat on Old Moss Back until he was told to slide down to the ground. How light he was on his feet! He could almost float without touching anything. Just an occasional push on the soft moss and weeds would send him drifting about in a most surprising manner. What little uneasiness he may have had at first soon left him, and by seizing a weed now and then and by pulling hard, he rushed through the water like a fish. He went dodging in and out among the great shells and coral-trees until he had quite lost sight of the Turtle.

For a while Billy floated on his back. He was in this position, looking up through the green water at the strange creatures that swam above, when a great shadow slowly came over him, the shadow of some sea-monster with a huge body and many long, waving, snakey arms. This creature was descending on him with all its arms outspread, as if he were bent on entwining Billy with every one of them.