

# LITTLE FOLKS

## How 'Buds' Kept Children's Day.

(By Mrs. Helen Hall Farley, in 'New York Observer.')

It was late in a cold and stormy autumn when Timothy Bud and his family took possession of the old Hawthorne place, which had been willed to him. Neither Mrs. Bud nor the three little daughters were pleased with the new home. In fact, it was not really prepossessing in its present condition. But—as Mr. Bud declared emphatically—'there were possibilities.'

'How can you judge a house un-

had brought it about without any help from the Buds. The three small Buds ran about the grounds in ecstasy. 'Ohs' and 'ahs' flew about like birds on the wing.

'Oh, the dear yard!'

'Oh, see the violets!'

'Oh, the sweet, sweet hyacinths!'

'Oh, the jonquils!'

It was thus the 'Ohs' flew as the days went by.

'Oh, isn't it lovely to have such a garden right in the heart of the city?' cried out Felicia Bud, the eldest of the three Buds.

cinths, came the tulips of various hues, the crocuses and the daffodils.

And then the lilies!

It was then—when the lilies bloomed—that the Buds suddenly realized their opportunity.

'We can't, we mustn't, keep all these flowers for ourselves!' declared Felicia, and the other Buds agreed with her.

So they began with loving ministry to divide their wealth of flowers with those who had none.

'It doesn't matter to whom we give them if its some one who needs them,' said Celia.

'I guess I know a little girl who needs some flowers,' observed little Rose eagerly. 'Don't you know that little girl who always sits at an upper window on Elm St.?'

'Oh, yes, I know who you mean,' said Celia, 'the little girl who looks as if she didn't have any friends.'

'Perhaps she hasn't any friends,' suggested Felicia; 'wouldn't that be dreadful?'

They all looked sober for a minute, and then a smile broke over the face of the youngest Bud as she said, sweetly thoughtful:

'We can be her friends—we three—can't we?'

'Of course we can!' from Celia.

'And we will!' from Felicia.

Every week day the three Buds walked a couple of blocks through Elm St., on their way to and from school. The day after the one on which they had resolved to be friends to 'the little girl who looked as if she didn't have any,' they started a little earlier than usual to school. They stopped on Elm St., and delivered a big bunch of lilies to the little girl at the upper window. This was the beginning of an exceptionally sweet ministry. In the wake of the lilies came other flowers as beautiful and as much loved—for the little girl at the upper window. Sometimes the three Buds ran in for a brief call, though usually they did not, but fresh flowers never failed to come at the right time. They waved their hands and smiled toward the upper window, and a frail little hand belonging to a 'shut in' with a radiant face, waved to them. But the child who sat at the upper



IT WAS SWEET TO SEE SMALL PALE FACES GROW RADIANT.

til you wash it and dress it and make it look it's best?' he asked smilingly, 'and how can you judge the grounds when the trees are bare and brown and the snow lies thick on the ground? Just wait and see how things will look when spring comes!'

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Ah, how delightfully changed was the old Hawthorne place when spring came! Mr. and Mrs. Bud and the three small Buds had each and all a hand in 'washing and dressing the house and making it look it's best,' as Mr. Bud quaintly described it. It had been painted and papered and fixed up generally to the satisfaction of all the family. But the greatest change was outside, and dear old Mother Nature

'Oh, I just love it!' was the eager response of the second Bud, whose name was Celia.

'So do I,' said Rose, the youngest.

You see, the Buds had never before lived where there was a garden, hence their joy.

'We can have flowers on the table every day,' they said, and they took turns in picking and arranging them.

They not only decorated the dining table and filled the vases throughout the house, but pinned flowers in their mother's hair and on the lapel of their father's coat. The more they picked, the more there were. I could not begin to tell you of all the flowers that grew on that dear old place. After the violets, the jonquils, and the hya-