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0 R T H E C H L D R

PROTECTIVE COLOURING.

By ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK.

MILY despised her play frocks. "Just green linens and brown ging-hams, old grass colour and dirt colour. Muriel Willoughby's mother lets her wear blue dresses and pink dresses, and lovely white shoes and stockings," she complained, as she sat on the piazza steps.

"Protective colouring, little girl," laughed her uncle, who was making her a willow whistle. "Your mother knows the way you play."

"What does 'protective colouring' mean, Uncle Ralph?" asked Emily,

"What does 'protective colouring' mean, Uncle Ralph?" asked Emily, slowly.

"Once upon a time," began Uncle Ralph, not looking at her nor answering her question, "once upon a time there was a green caterpillar, just the colour of the grass and leaves he crawled upon. And one day this caterpillar said to himself, 'What a plain little thing I really am! No one notices me. I might as well not be alive at all.' He was so cross that he didn't eat another bit of rose-leaf, but instead he spun himself a nice, white, webby cocoon hammock, and slept a long, long time. By and by, when he woke up, he felt different. He wasn't a crawly worm any more. He had wide, downy wings. And then he cried, in the gladdest surprise, 'I'm a beautiful painted butterfly! Now people will look at me and praise me!' And they did. As he flew, zigzagging over the clover-fields, a man with a butterfly-net cried, 'What a fine specimen! I must have him!' The butterfly was so pleased at this admiration that he let himself be easily caught. He never got away again. Sometimes it's a good thing to be just quietly plain," Uncle Ralph went on; and then, as if to point his moral, wild screams and scoldings came from round the corner. They were followed by Muriel Willoughby, pulled along by an angry nurse, her dainty pink frock covered with mud-splashes, her white shoes dripping.

"Uncle Ralph" asked Emily suddenly "Muriel Willoughby didn't have dripping.

"Uncle Ralph," asked Emily, suddenly, "Muriel Willoughby didn't have any protective colouring, did she?"—Youth's Companion.

WINDOWS.

By Iosephine Preston Peabody.

Once, and in the daytime too, I made myself afraid:

Playing Eyelids Up and Down, with the window-shade,

Till the Houses seemed to watch the

People going by; And they kept me looking too—won-dering Where, and Why.

(If I were that other Boy,-if I were

those Men
Going by with things to sell,—Oh,
who would I be then?)

Windows with their eyebrows high, Windows like a frown,— Ones that think it over so,—with the

curtains down;

Tall ones, that are somehow sad; shal-

low ones that blink,
All the Windows you can see, make
you think and think.

(If I were that Old Man-and I looked up at Me,

Watching from the window here, oh then, how would it be?)

Sometimes they are golden, with shin-ing in their Eyes;

Every time time like surprise, time the sun sets, it happens

And so bright-I almost forget the

dream I made.

But I keep it for the days I want to make myself Afraid.

(If I were that Boy who Limps-now it's dark and snowing.

And if I were going Home-oh, where would I be going?)
—Current Literature.

THE LITTLE APPLE.

Translated by J. MACKLIN BEATTIE. I have a little apple,

So bright and red to see; Within, five cunning little rooms Just like a house there be.
In every little room there lives
Two seeds so black and fine,
They lie and dream together
All day of bright sunshine.

-Kindergarten Review.



A Well-filled Table.

MY DAY.

By Morgan Shepard.

I wonder where the Days all go, And what makes Other Days? Some hurry by, and Some are slow, But not One ever stays.

I wish I knew a way to keep A long and Happy Day; But when I sleep they always creep So silently away.

I'd like to keep a Day with me— The One that was the best; It would maybe just let me see What happens to the rest.

If I could only hide behind The Day I loved, and peek; It wouldn't mind if I should find How Days can make a Week.

And I would take him by the hand, And he and I would go
To Sunrise Land where Days all
stand Just waiting in a row.

And I would see the Hours grow To make my dearest Day; And then I'd know why Some are slow.

While Others rush away.

—Youth's Companion.

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