

LITTLE FOLKS

Edith's Cure for the Blues.

(By Bertha W. Henderson, in
'Sunday School Times.')

Little Edith Morris has had the 'blues,' as the family called them, so many times in her short life, that they threatened to become chronic. Grandma said it was her liver, papa said she studied too hard, while thoughtless Tom said, 'She is just cross.' Mamma felt very sorry about it, and dreaded the appearance of the blues, which so quickly changed a sunny little girl into such an unlovely one.

As Mrs. Morris returned from shopping one day, Tom greeted her at the door with the announcement, 'Edith's got the blues again!'

'Oh, dear! has she?' said Mrs. Morris, adding, anxiously, 'I hope you have not been worrying her.'

But Tom only shook his head as he hurried off to join some friends at basket-ball. A few minutes later, as Mrs. Morris passed the door of Edith's room, she was very much surprised to hear her singing softly.

'Well, Tom must be mistaken this time,' she thought, as, pushing the door open, she peeped in upon a pretty picture. Edith wearing her prettiest house dress, and a rose in her hair, was arranging a bouquet of violets on the mantel, and had just finished decorating the little room with pretty pepper branches. The furniture had been dusted and polished till it fairly shone in the bright sunlight.

At Mrs. Morris's surprised 'Why, dear, what is it?' Edith ran quickly to her, exclaiming:

'Oh, mamma, it does work! Isn't it lovely?'

'What works, dear? I don't understand.'

'Why, Miss Alice's cure! She told me yesterday what she did, and I just thought next time I'd try it, too. And so to-day, when I began feeling blue, I did what she said, and decorated for the blues. And oh! aren't you glad, for they are all gone, and I am so happy?'

Mrs. Morris did not at all understand, but she only said, as she kissed the bright little face:

'Indeed I am glad, darling; and how very pretty your room looks!



Three Little Posts.

Three little posts stood all in a row.
Over three little posts went three little boys,

'Now, what we are for, we'd like to know,
For 'leap frog's' a game that youth enjoys.

Said they; and just then, with joyous cry,
Said the three little posts with a laugh, 'Ho! ho!

Three little boys came racing by.
Now, what we are for, of course, we know.' —F. L.

I am sure, if this is all it takes to cure those dreadful blues, my little girl will never let herself have them again—will she?'

'No, indeed, I sha'n't, mamma; and as soon as I feel them coming, I'll begin to decorate right away, and scare them off. Miss Alice is always so sweet, and I was so glad when she told me how she kept the blues away, for maybe I can be as sweet as she is.'

'What can the child mean?' Mrs. Morris asked herself when alone in her own room. 'I shall ask Alice about it, for I am quite puzzled.'

When Miss Alice, who was Mrs. Morris's dearest friend, dropped in that evening, Mrs. Morris carried her off to her own little sitting-room, and when they were comfortably seated, came to the point at once:

'Now I want to know all about this new cure.'

'What new cure? What are you talking about, Eleanor?' asked Alice, in surprise.

'Why,' you know. What was it you told Edith yesterday about decorating for the blues?'

'Decorating for the blues? Why, yes; I told Edith I was going to decorate for the Blues, but what has that to do with the 'cure' you asked about?'

'Why, she said you told her to decorate to cure the blues, and to-

day I found her trying it. It effected such a wonderful cure that I thought I would ask you where you got your idea.'

Miss Alice was thoughtful for a moment, then, smiling brightly, said:

'Tell me, Eleanor, what did the child do?'

After Mrs. Morris's explanation, Alice laughed softly, and said: 'I see it all now. I remember meeting Edith yesterday on my way to our mission, and told her I was going to decorate for the Blues.'

'To stimulate interest by a little friendly competition, we have classified the mission Sunday-school into two divisions—the Reds and the Blues. The Blues gave a reception to the Reds, and as I am one of the Blues, I helped in decorating the room.'

'I supposed Edith knew about our mission and the Reds and Blues, and did not think of her taking it in the way she has, though I am not at all sorry; and,' thoughtfully, 'I'm not sure but that she is right, after all.'

Edith is a young lady now, and has often laughed over her curious mistake; but she still insists it was an excellent idea, and even now, when she feels herself getting blue, if you chanced to peep into her room, I would not be at all surprised if you should find that she had been 'decorating for the blues!'