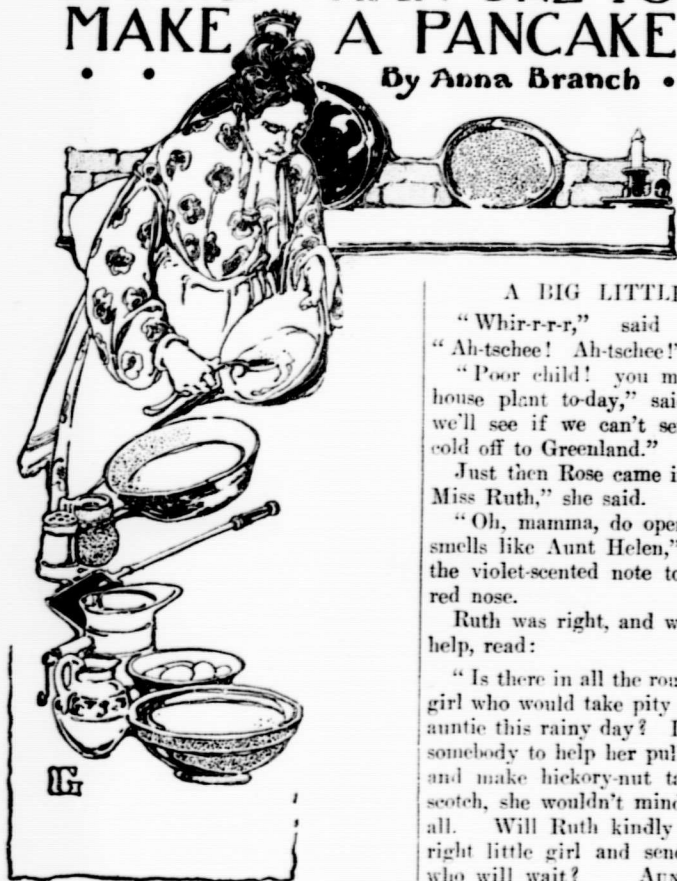


MORE THAN ONE TO MAKE A PANCAKE

By Anna Branch



MORE THAN ONE TO MAKE A PANCAKE.

The farmer's wife said she was going to make a pancake.

"Ho!" said the flour. "She can't make it without me. I mix it."

The milk said, "She can't make it without me. I wet it."

The pan said, "She can't make it without me. I hold it."

The fire said, "She can't make it without me. I bake it."

When the woman went to get the flour, the mice had eaten it all up.

When she went to get the milk, the little boy had drunk it.

When she went to get the pan, a neighbor had borrowed it.

When she went to make the fire, the wood was wet and wouldn't burn.

"Dear, dear!" said the woman. "How shall I make my pancake!"

Then she walked three miles and borrowed flour of her mother-in-law.

Then she went and milked the cow.

Then she ran over to the neighbor's and brought back the pan.

Then she went and chopped wood and made up the fire.

"Ah!" said the farmer's wife. "It takes more than one to make a pancake!"

A BIG LITTLE WORD.

"Whir-r-r," said the door-bell. "Ah-tsee! Ah-tsee!" said Ruth.

"Poor child! you must be my little house plant to-day," said mother, "and we'll see if we can't send this naughty cold off to Greenland."

Just then Rose came in. "A note for Miss Ruth," she said.

"Oh, mamma, do open it quick! It smells like Aunt Helen," and Ruth held the violet-scented note to her poor little red nose.

Ruth was right, and with her mother's help, read:

"Is there in all the round world a little girl who would take pity on a poor lonely auntie this rainy day? If the auntie had somebody to help her pull molasses candy and make hickory-nut taffy and butter-scotch, she wouldn't mind the weather at all. Will Ruth kindly try to find the right little girl and send her by John, who will wait? AUNTIE HELEN."

Dear me! Wasn't it too sad that Aunt Helen should have chosen this day of all others for her candy-making? I don't wonder that there were more than "cold" tears in Ruth's eyes as she watched John go back to auntie's without her; do you?

Even Mac, her funny little dog, saw something was wrong, and trotted off.

Ruth soon heard an odd sound in the hall that made her forget her own troubles for a time, and she really laughed at the funny sight she saw over the banister. There was Mac, yowling, coaxing and leading one of the fat little puppies of Di, the stable dog. The little fellow had never been out visiting before, and was afraid to be in a strange place without his mother. Mac was in earnest, however, and soon had the puppy at his mistress' feet.

Mother brought the sugar bowl, and for awhile Ruth had a funny little sugar party, and then every lump made her think of the fun she would have had if she could have gone to Aunt Helen's.

"What a sorry-looking little hostess!" said mother, passing through the hall a little while later. "Aren't your visitors pleasant?"

"Oh, yes, mother; but everything makes me think what a lovely time I would have had at Aunt Helen's."

"Now, my girlie, let us send the puppy back to poor anxious Di, and let Mac go too if he wants to, then I will tell you a story."

"Once upon a time there was a little girl who was given a wonderful little word to use just as she pleased. There were just three letters in the word: B U T. She could have put them away out of sight, or she could have hung them up in the sun where they would have been all bright and shining. But, instead, she took this little word and stretched it and twisted it until she made a wall of it, high and wide enough to shut out all the sunshine. Then she sat down in the shadow of the wall and thought there was no sunshine in the world."

"Mother, your eyes look smily in the corners as if your story was about me" said Ruth, looking puzzled.

"Well, dearie, you remember you said you were having a nice time with the dogs, but— This made me think how that one little word can sometimes stand in the way of our sunshine, if we will let it. We have happy homes, but we would like to live somewhere else. We are going to have a lovely walk, but we wish we could go to drive."

Just then there was a double tap at the door, and there stood Aunt Helen, wrapped in a waterproof and carrying a basket.

"As the little maid couldn't come to the candy, the candy had to come to her," said auntie, laughing.

FRED'S SERMON.

This was Fred's sermon on honoring parents:

"H' means to hear what they say. Sometimes you can't hear when you are real near, if you'd rather not; but you must always rather."

"O' means obey—that's to mind what you're told, as well as to hear it."

"N' is to hear and obey now. Don't say: 'Wait a minute.' Don't think: 'I'll mind next time.' Now is the word."

"O' again means 'onest. We owe it to our parents, because they loved us and took care of us when we were little shavers, and couldn't do it ourselves."

"R' stands for right. It is right, because God says so; if it weren't, he wouldn't have put it in the Bible."

Maybe some of you can spell better than Fred, but we doubt if you can preach as well.

When you come to God for pardon, it is not necessary to waste time trying to explain why you did it.