

MISSIONARY STORIES
FOR LITTLE FOLKS

First Series, Primary

MARGARET T.
APPLEGARTH

A decorative border featuring stylized floral and leaf motifs, including what appear to be roses and other blossoms, framing the text.

MISSIONARY STORIES FOR LITTLE FOLKS

First Series: Primary

BY

MARGARET T. APPLGARTH

AUTHOR OF "MISSIONARY STORIES FOR LITTLE FOLKS,
SECOND SERIES: JUNIOR," ETC.

WITH 52 DRAWINGS
AND VERSES



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TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE WORLD

	PAGE
FIRST STORY. "The World God Made for Us."	7
SECOND STORY. "The Family God Made for Himself."	13
THIRD STORY. "How the Artist Forgot Four Colors."	19
FOURTH STORY. "God's Helpers."	27

JAPAN

FIFTH STORY. "The Little House-That-was-Made-of-Paper."	32
SIXTH STORY. "The Cradle-That-Walked-on-Two-Feet."	39
SEVENTH STORY. "The Temple-That-Had-Five-Roofs."	45
EIGHTH STORY. "The Fish-That-Swam-in-the-Air."	50
NINTH STORY. "The Little Girl-Who-Turned-the-Shoes-Around."	56
TENTH STORY. "The Man-Who-Was-a-Horse-all-Day."	63
ELEVENTH STORY. "The Fairy Mirror."	69
TWELFTH STORY. "Monkey Tails and Other Tales."	77

NEGROES (AMERICA AND AFRICA)

THIRTEENTH STORY. "Cotton Tails and Other Tales."	85
FOURTEENTH STORY. "The House-that-was-Built in-Half-an-Hour."	92

	PAGE
FIFTEENTH STORY. "How the Turtle Saved His Life.".....	99
SIXTEENTH STORY. "The Banana Tree-that-was-Dressed-Up.".....	105

INDIA

SEVENTEENTH STORY. "Elephant Tails and Other Tales.".....	113
EIGHTEENTH STORY. "The Way They Eat Supper in India.".....	120
NINETEENTH STORY. "A Crocodile Tail and a Monkey Tale.".....	126
TWENTIETH STORY. "How Ramaswami's Father Came to Wear Spectacles.".....	133
TWENTY-FIRST STORY. "Ramaswami's Mother Earns a Rupee.".....	140
TWENTY-SECOND STORY. "The Little Girl-Who-'Almost'-Had-to-be Turned-Away.".....	147

WORLD-CHILDREN'S DAY

TWENTY-THIRD STORY. "God's Little Garden."....	154
--	-----

MOUNTAINEERS OF KENTUCKY

TWENTY-FOURTH STORY. "The Lonely-House-That Had-No-Neighbors.".....	160
TWENTY-FIFTH STORY. "The Little Girl-Who-Never said-Please.".....	167
TWENTY-SIXTH STORY. "The Sunbonnet Baby."... ..	173
TWENTY-SEVENTH STORY. "The Get-Well-Room."..	179

Contents

5

IMMIGRANTS

	PAGE
TWENTY-EIGHTH STORY. "The People-Who-Come Here-in-Boats.".....	185
TWENTY-NINTH STORY. "Pig-Tails and Other Tales."	191
THIRTIETH STORY. "The Lady Whose Feet Were Welcome.".....	198

ALASKA

THIRTY-FIRST STORY. "The House-That-Was-Made- Out-of-Ice.".....	204
THIRTY-SECOND STORY. "What Happens to the Es- kimo Sun in Winter.".	209
THIRTY-THIRD STORY. "Totem Pole Land.".....	215
THIRTY-FOURTH STORY. "How We Get Our Pink Fish.".....	220

CHINA

THIRTY-FIFTH STORY. "In a Chinese Kitchen."....	224
THIRTY-SIXTH STORY. "The Dragon-that-Swallows the-Sun-Every-Day."...	232
THIRTY-SEVENTH STORY. "Turtle Tails and Chicken Tales.".....	238
THIRTY-EIGHTH STORY. "A Ride in a Wheelbarrow."	245
THIRTY-NINTH STORY. "Little Miss Daffodil."....	252
FORTIETH STORY. "How a Toy Rooster Preached a Sermon.".....	259
FORTY-FIRST STORY. "The Little-Boy-Who-Was- Called-by-a-Girl's-Name."	267
FORTY-SECOND STORY. "What the Grandfather Did with the Idols.".....	274

AMERICAN INDIANS

	PAGE
FORTY-THIRD STORY. "The Cradle-That-Hung-in-a-Tree."	279
FORTY-FOURTH STORY." "One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns."	285
FORTY-FIFTH STORY. "How the Ducks Got Their Fine Feathers."	291
FORTY-SIXTH STORY. "The Jesus Road."	296
FORTY-SEVENTH STORY. "The Great Pow-wow" ...	302

ARABIA

FORTY-EIGHTH STORY. "Camel Tails and Other Tales."	309
FORTY-NINTH STORY. "The House-That-Wears-an-Overcoat."	315
FIFTIETH STORY. "Donkey Tails and Other Tales."	322
FIFTY-FIRST STORY. "The Land Where Jesus was Born."	329
FIFTY-SECOND STORY. "The Gifts That the Wise Men Brought."	337

FOREWORD TO TEACHERS

THESE Primary Stories have purposely been kept very simple, and the fact that they come in groups,—several about one country, with the same characters appearing in each, will give every Teacher a good opportunity to conduct a little review lesson before telling the new story.

Teachers beginning this series in any other month than January are, nevertheless, requested to start in with the first story and proceed regularly with each successive story, since there is an evolution of thought to be developed and those first lessons about God's World and God's Family are the foundation of the whole course. For the stories are designed not only to give local color about the people in lands where our missionaries work, but also to create an attitude toward God's Fam-

Foreword to Teachers

ily, who, because they know nothing about Him, *fear* the peaceful, lovely phenomena which He has so thoughtfully placed in His world for us all. When once you have instilled this attitude in the minds of your children, who are "Our Church of To-morrow," you will have formed the first incentive for "*giving*" and "*going*" and "*telling*": any definite reasons for which are often so sadly lacking in our grown-up "church of to-day."

M. T. A.

Rochester, N. Y.

FIRST STORY

THE WORLD GOD MADE FOR US



“And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: ‘The World is a Story Book
Thy Father hath written for thee!’”

(ANON.)

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: You can make this little picture of God’s World very beautiful by coloring the trees and grass green and the sky blue. Make the little girl’s dress the color you like best of all!

“THE WORLD GOD MADE FOR US”

ONCE upon a time there were no trees, no grass, no flowers, no vegetables, no birds, no animals, no fishes, no men, no women, no children—there was even no dry land and no light, because once there was a time when God began to make His World; and before He began, there was nothing anywhere.

Nobody knows how He did it all, because there was no man living to see it, but many, oh, ever and ever so many years later, God put a few ideas about how He made His World into the mind of a man, and that man told his children, and by and by a great-great-great-great-grandson of that first man wrote down the few things God had put in their hearts, and what he wrote is in the first few chapters of our Bible. That is

the only way we know anything at all about it.

The Bible tells us that after everything was made, God looked at each thing in His World and said: "It is good!" I want to show you today with what love and care God made everything, so that every time you and I look at His trees and His birds and His flowers and His animals we can say, too: "It is good!"

Did you ever think, for instance, about how carefully God made all the little birds? For one thing, He made so many different kinds—there are red birds and yellow birds, green birds and black birds and blue birds, brown ones and white ones, too. Some birds are really perfectly huge, like the eagle, and others are ever and ever so tiny, like the humming bird. God made wings for them so they could fly and bills for them so they could eat and help build their soft nests; and tucked away inside the throat of each bird, big or little, He put a song of some kind—so

that every day, in rain or shine, you can hear His birds singing in their own way: "God is good!"

As for the flowers, you cannot imagine how the world would be without them, can you? No dandelions—no roses — no violets — no pansies — no daisies: my! *how* we would miss them! Yet we hardly take time to think how carefully God made them in that wonderful beginning, how tenderly He painted their pretty petals, or how lovingly He is still taking care of them to-day. He sends His rain and His sun and His wind to help them grow, and although God did not tuck any song inside His flowers, I cannot help but know that as each little flower opens and fills the air with its sweet smell, that is *its* way of saying: "God is good."

I wonder if you knew we could hardly live without God's trees?—Not only because they are very beautiful to look at, or even because they shade us from the hot sun, but because we use the trees to build our houses and make our chairs

and tables and beds, we burn the trees to keep us warm, we eat the fruit of the trees when we are hungry, we make boats out of trees when we sail on the water and cars out of trees when we travel on the land. Yet after all these years and years in which people have used God's trees, there are still enough for years and years more. God made even the biggest oak tree to grow out of a tiny acorn, and large maple trees to grow out of those cunning maple keys we love to play with. And although He did not put any song into the trunks of His trees, I think that whenever His wind blows through their leaves you can really hear them whispering over and over: "God is good!" "God is good!"

As for His animals I simply cannot take time enough to tell you how wonderfully God made them and taught them how to live! You and I would miss the animals if there were none, not only because we love to have pets, but because animals give us food to eat, and their heavy skins of wool and fur keep

us warm in winter, and make soft covers for the books we read and the furniture we use.

So you see that God did not make any of the wonderful things in His World for Himself, but all of them for us, His family! So while He surely *likes* the birds and flowers and trees and animals, it is only the children in His family that He *loves!*

It is very much like what happens when mother has tucked you in bed and you are sound asleep: then she tiptoes around the nursery and picks up your little broken doll, your wooden horse, your toy soldiers, your train of cars, your Teddy Bear—she is so careful to put them where they will be safe for you to use tomorrow, not because she really loves *the toys*, you know, but oh! how she does love *YOU!* God is just like that: He made His world full of playthings so that His dear family might have everything they needed to make them happy.

SECOND STORY

THE FAMILY GOD MADE FOR
HIMSELF



LITTLE BROTHER HYMN

"If every little child could see
Our Saviour's shining face,
I think that each one eagerly
Would run to His embrace.

Though black the hand, red, brown or white,
All hearts are just the same;
Each one is precious in God's sight,
Each one He calls by name.

And those who hear in every land
With loyal hearts and true,
Will grasp some little brother's hand
And lead him onward, too."

(ALFRED R. LINCOLN.)



“THE FAMILY GOD MADE FOR HIMSELF”

LAST Sunday I told you how God made His World for us, His Family, and how after it was all made He said: “It is good!” And although that was thousands and thousands of years ago His birds and His flowers, His trees and His animals are each still saying: “God is good!” So now I want to tell you how God made His Family, although I am sure you know already that Adam and Eve were the first members of His Family, and that God gave them His World to play in.

For a while they were very happy giving names to His birds and His flowers, His trees and His animals, but one day they did the only thing that God had asked them not to do! Then they were very unhappy, and somehow when Adam and Eve had sons and daughters of their own, they did things that *they* ought not to do; then when

they grew up, and had sons and daughters they also did things they ought not to do! Although that was thousands and thousands of years ago the children of those first members of God's Family who are living in God's World today are still doing things they know they ought not to do!

Why, I dare say, you can think right away of something wrong you have done, yourself, can't you? *Everybody can!* And yet God keeps on loving us and giving us all the beautiful things in His World to play with. He even gave us His own dear son Jesus. It ought to make us say what all the birds and flowers and trees in God's World keep saying day after day: "God is good."

You and I do say it every Sunday in Sunday School, and every night when we pray, and when we say grace before meals! But some of the members of God's Family never sing a song to Him, or pray a prayer to thank Him, because—now do listen!—*because they don't know anything at all about God! Not*

one thing! They don't know that He made the World, that He packed it full of beautiful things for them, they don't know that He loves them or that He sent Jesus specially to tell us all how much God loves us. They never heard even a word about any of these things!

That just gives you an idea how perfectly huge God's World is, and how many, many members there are in God's Family, scattered here and there all over His World.

Now, I wonder which one of you here has the biggest family? Has anyone of you two brothers or sisters? . . . Anyone got three brothers or sisters? . . . Four? . . . Five? . . . Six? . . . Seven? . . . Well, now tell me this: do you all look exactly alike? Has everyone in *your* family got brown hair, (Mary)? No? And has everyone in *your* family blue eyes like yours, (Philip)? No? Well, has everyone in your family freckles like yours, (Sammy)? No? . . .

Why, that is just exactly the way it

is in God's great big Family, scattered all over His World:—some of them who live in a large place called China have *yellow* skins, and some who live in another large place called Africa have *black* skins, while others in a place called India have *brown* skins, and ever and ever so many of His Family have *white* skins, like yours and mine. But the color of their skin doesn't make a bit of difference to God!

I don't believe your mother loves (Kate) best of all your family because she has golden hair, or (Ruth) best because she has blue eyes. Mothers aren't that way: somehow they just can't help loving every single one of their children! And God is that same way! I really don't believe He ever even *notices* the color of anybody's skin. He must have liked *all* the different colors, because He made them that way Himself, you know.

Another beautiful thing is that He understands what everybody *says*. That is a little like your mother, too. For if

there is a Baby in your family, you will remember how sometimes the Baby tries hard to say something, and *you* simply can't understand a single word he babbles! But your dear mother smiles and says: "Baby says he's hungry," or "Baby says he likes the pretty picture on the wall." You see, God made mothers so they *could* understand their children, just as He understands every single child in *His* Family.

It doesn't make a bit of difference to Him if the yellow members of His Family talk Chinese, or the brown members talk Telugu, or if we white members talk English—He understands us all, because He made us. And down in my heart I feel that since it doesn't make any difference to God what language His children talk or what color their skin is, He wouldn't want it to make any difference to you and me, either.

But I do think we should all feel very sorry that some of the members of God's Family never even heard about Him, don't you?

THIRD STORY

HOW THE ARTIST FORGOT FOUR COLORS



LITTLE CRADLES

All over the earth they are swaying,
The nests where the little ones lie,
And the faces, black, brown, white or yellow,
Are watched by the Father's kind eye.

Because, long ago in a manger,
The Dearest of little ones lay,
Our hearts turn with prayer to the Father
To bless every baby to-day.

(THE MISSIONARY HELPER.)

Something for you to do: Paint the five faces the
colors they ought to be.

“HOW THE ARTIST FORGOT FOUR COLORS”

ONCE upon a time a very beautiful church was being built, and before it was done all the people said: “Now the time has come to get the very finest artist in the world to make us a wonderful picture in glass, for our stained glass window over the choir.”

So, as Grown-Up people have a way of doing, they left it to a very wise Committee to choose the artist and the subject of the picture. Because the name of the church was to be “The Church of the Christ-Child” they wanted the picture to be about little children, so they chose as a subject that lovely hymn we sometimes sing in Sunday-school:

“Around the throne of God in Heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band, singing:
Glory! Glory!
Glory be to God on High.”

You know how artists work, don't you? With a great big sheet of white canvas and a queer oval thing called a *palette* for his colors with a hole for his thumb—just like the card pictures you have in your hand? Well, our Artist painted and painted and painted, day after day, until he made what he knew was the very best picture he had ever painted, and he loved every inch of that canvas: For there was Jesus, and all around Him the dearest, loveliest, happiest children you can imagine, singing—oh, you could almost *hear* them singing, “Glory! Glory! Glory be to God on High,” as they stood around the Saviour with their golden heads thrown back and their sweet white throats full of beautiful music!

The Artist was perfectly delighted with his work, and as it was all done, he sent word to the wise Committee to come the next morning to see it, to be sure they liked it—before he started the glass window picture, you understand?

Then he went to bed. And he ~~went~~ to

sleep, still very happy over the finished picture in his studio. But in the middle of the night he was quite sure he heard a little noise in the studio where his precious picture stood . . . he listened . . . yes! he *knew* he heard sounds there! So he got up and hurried in, and there he found a Stranger with His thumb through the Artist's palette, actually painting on the Artist's picture!

The Artist rushed up, crying: "Oh, Stop! Stop! You are ruining it! Oh, look what you have done already! You have spoiled it—and alas! alas! the Committee are coming tomorrow morning."

The Stranger turned calmly around, and just as calmly He said: "When I came in the room I saw that you had spoiled it yourself, so I am merely making it right. You had five colors left on your palette, why did you use only one color for the faces of the little children? Who told you their faces were all white in Heaven?"

The artist looked surprised as he tried to think: "Why, no one ever *told* me, Sir, but I always thought of it that way!"

The Stranger smiled kindly: "But now, of course, you see how wrong you were. I have simply used these other colors and made some of the faces yellow and some brown and some red and some black, for these little ones have come from many lands in answer to my call—"

"Your call?" asked the Artist, puzzled, "What call was that, Sir?"

The Stranger's wonderful voice replied in words that sounded strangely familiar: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Then the artist knew that the Stranger must indeed be the Lord Jesus Himself, but even as he knew it, the Stranger was gone, and the Artist was alone facing his changed picture. And as he looked he smiled happily: for there were some dear

little yellow children with slant-up eyes, and he knew they were singing "Glory! Glory! Glory be to God on High" in Chinese! And next to them were quaint little brown children with great brown eyes, and next to them black children, and next to *them*, dear little red children: the happiest, loveliest lot of children, and white ones, too!

The Artist looked and *looked* and LOOKED, he was so pleased picking out where the children came from: "You came from India, you dear little brown fellows with turbans and you cunning brown girls in gay shawls! You brown boys with red caps are from Arabia; and you little black children—you're from Africa; while you red ones live near me right in America,—you're American Indians." It *seemed* as if he kept on standing there looking and looking, and loving it better and better all night long . . . when all of a sudden *he woke up*, to find the morning sun shining in the window, and there he

was: in bed! He simply could not understand!

He rushed into the studio, and there stood his picture—and all the little faces were *white*, just like yours! Then he knew he had had a *dream*, but such a beautiful dream he could never forget it again.

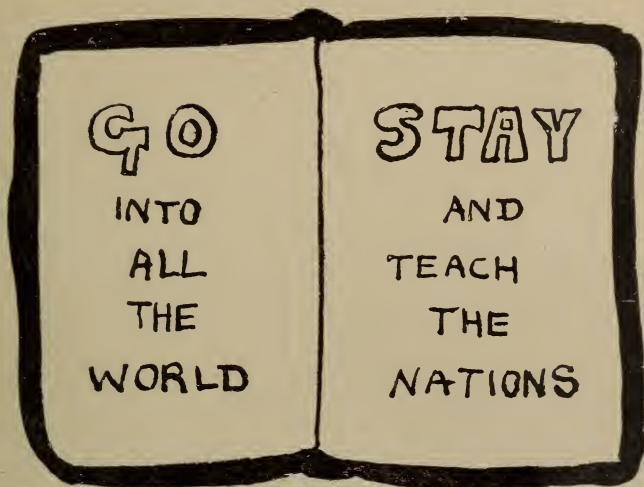
You will remember that the Committee were coming that morning to judge the picture, and oh! how he worked trying to make it look exactly the way the Stranger had made it look in his dream:—and sure enough, one by one quaint little yellow faces with slant-up eyes, and little brown faces with great brown eyes, and smiling black faces with smiling eyes, began to appear, and that picture became just as lovely as the dream picture had been.

Then the wise Committee arrived, and *they* loved it, right off! only of course they used big long words about it, the way Grown-Up people do: “Captivating!” and “Entrancing!” “Fascinating!” “Such marvelous character-

ization!" And oh dear me! a great many other equally big words, but one sweet quiet lady, the mother of lively little boys and girls just like you, said with a happy sigh: "Why, it's *God's Family* at home with Him, isn't it? I love it!"

And I think *God's Family* will always mean *all* those five colors to you and me, won't it?

FOURTH STORY
GOD'S HELPERS



Two words in the Bible are harder to obey
Than you ever dreamed of: one's *Go*, and one's *STAY!*
It's hard for God's Helpers to *GO* o'er the sea
And far from their families and loved ones to be.
It's hard for God's Helpers to *STAY* over there
And teach heathen people for Jesus to care.
But soon they are busy as busy can be
And I think they are happier, really, than we!

“GOD’S HELPERS”

LAST Sunday you will remember we had a story about an Artist, and a Dream, and Five Colors: black, brown, red, yellow and white; and we learned that all the little children in God’s Family belong to one of the five colors! You and I belong to the white members of God’s Family, which makes us happy, because more of the white people know about God and how much He loves His family than any other color knows. But there are still thousands and thousands of white children, and millions and millions and *millions* of yellow children and black ones and brown ones and red ones who know nothing at all about God, who never even heard how He made His World so that the members of His Family could enjoy it. No, they live all their lives being afraid of everything out-

doors and everything indoors; and because they seem to need to worship something they have carved ugly little figures of men and women out of wood, or chiseled them out of stone, and they kneel down before these carved bits of wood and stone the way we kneel before God—because they don't know any better.

I am glad to say there have always been members of our church who have wanted these other members of God's Family to know about Him, just as you and I do, so they have done a very beautiful thing: they have raised money and sent Christian teachers and preachers way over across the seas to the place where the Yellow children and the Brown children in God's Family live. So every single day, the money that you and I, and our mothers and fathers give, helps one of our missionaries to tell these other members of God's Family about Him.

For these teachers and preachers who go over the sea to tell about God are

called *missionaries*, and they are really very wonderful, interesting people, although isn't it funny?—they never seem to know how wonderful or interesting they are!

No indeed, they are so busy all day long telling about God that they never have a minute to think about themselves, so I just want to tell you a few things myself, so you can always remember that a missionary is a very brave, fine person.

In the first place, everybody likes best to keep right on living with their own families and their old friends, don't they? But our missionaries have to kiss their families goodbye, then they get into railroad trains or into great big ships, and they travel for days and days, sometimes for weeks and weeks, every day getting further and further from their families, and nearer and nearer to the members of God's Family who never heard of Him.

Then when they get to the end of their journey, they settle down to live

among all these strangers, and quite often they can't understand a single word that is said to them—because you will remember I told you the members of God's Family talk in all sorts of languages. Of course God understands what they say perfectly, but our missionaries have to learn the new words, and it takes a long time and is very hard. They make the funniest mistakes, sometimes, or really dreadful mistakes, and perhaps for several days they get homesick and wish they could see their dear mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers.

But God has a beautiful way of His own in taking care of our missionaries, and they forget themselves in learning the new words for "book," "house," "hungry," "thank you," "isn't your baby pretty?" or "won't you come to our little new church?"

Our missionaries do all kinds of beautiful things for anybody who needs their help, and sometimes they help people whom you and I would not like to touch

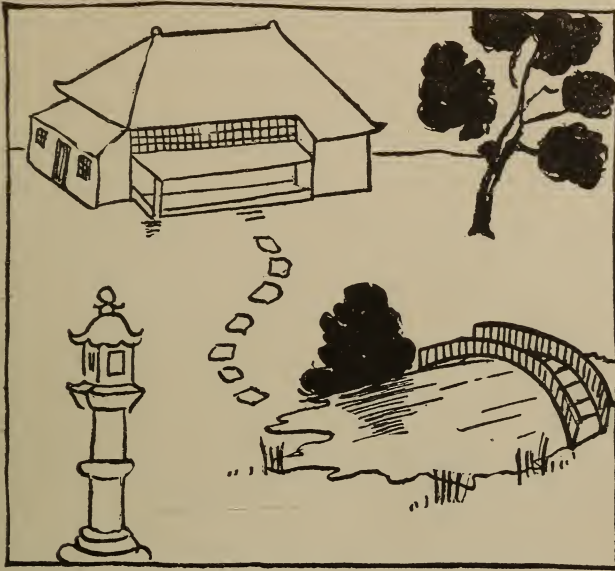
or even look at: people who are terribly sick and covered with all kinds of dirt, but our missionaries know that God loves people like that just exactly as He loves anybody else, so *they* love them, too.

So these other members of God's Family get to love our missionaries, because they are kind and good; then little by little they learn about God, and they get to love *Him*, because He is even more kind and good than our missionaries.

Don't you love to think that every single day our missionaries are spending all their time spreading the news that God is good and that He loves everybody everywhere? I do! And every Sunday from now on I am going to have a new story about some of these members of God's Family whom our Missionaries are helping.

FIFTH STORY

THE LITTLE HOUSE THAT WAS MADE OF PAPER



"The little children of Japan
Are fearfully polite;
They always thank their rice and tea
Before they take a bite,
And say, 'you make us most content,
O honorable nourishment.'

"The little children of Japan
With toys of paper play,
And carry paper parasols
To keep the rain away;
And when you go to see, you'll find
It's paper walls they live behind!"

(ANON.)

“THE LITTLE HOUSE-THAT- WAS-MADE-OF-PAPER”

AWAY, away, oh, ever and ever so far away in a beautiful country called Japan, in a queer little town, there is a dear little garden and a dear little, queer little house made of paper! Such a funny little house, like the one on your cards,—for although the outside is built of wood, the windows are made of paper, and the walls are made of paper, and the sliding doors are made of paper! You can imagine how careful the Japanese children have to be, not to fall clear through the wall into the next room!

The whole floor is covered with soft pretty matting, and nobody sits on chairs in the little houses that are made of paper, but they tuck their legs under them and sit right down on the floor all day long! Grandfather and grand-

mother, father and mother, uncles and aunts and children—*everybody* sits that way; and at night they don't use beds at all; no, they roll themselves up in a quilt and lie right down on the matting, and for pillows they use hard little blocks of wood, which sounds dreadfully uncomfortable, I know, but everybody in Japan is used to that kind of pillow, you see!

The queer little house is very different from yours and mine,—for we have our nicest porch and our parlor right in the front of the house, don't we? So it will be the first thing visitors see. But in Japan the prettiest part of the house is at the back because that is where the dear little garden is, and whenever the people who live in the queer little house want to, they just begin sliding back the paper walls until all the rooms become *one* room, opening right into the pretty garden. In this garden there is a tiny lake with a tiny bridge over it, and a queer stone lantern, and some lovely flowers. Quite the loveliest place you

ever saw. It sounds like a fairy story, I know, but there are hundreds and hundreds of queer little houses and dear little gardens all over Japan. So you see this is a really-truly story!

Nobody dares to wear shoes in these dear little, clean little houses, for the matting must be kept clean enough to sit on, so that is the reason why they always leave their funny wooden shoes at the door, and only wear stockings in the house.

Now let's pretend the father is having his breakfast—of soup and rice, if you please! Of course he is sitting on the floor, and in front of him is the tiniest little red lacquered table you ever saw, with legs only four inches high. The soup and rice are in two little red bowls without handles. He *drinks* the soup right from the bowl, for they don't use spoons very much in Japan, and he must hold the bowl in *one* hand, not two, if he wants to be polite—which he does! But to eat the rice out of the other bowl he uses two

strange little sticks called chop-sticks, instead of a fork.

While he is sitting there all alone at the tiny table, a little servant dressed in a kimono, slides back one of the paper doors and comes in carrying a tray. She puts the tray before the father, and then she does the funniest thing: she kneels down on the floor, and bows her head way over till her nose bumps the floor, and she says very politely: "Bestow your distinguished attention to my miserable pickles, O master!" So the father takes a pickle, which seems a strange thing to eat for breakfast, and then the little maid bumps her nose to the ground once more before she backs out of the room.

You can see by this how very polite people are in Japan, where everybody bows to everybody else, and kneels down to do it, too, quite often.

But where is the mother, you say? And why doesn't she eat breakfast with him? Well, mothers never eat with fathers in Japan, they politely wait un-

til afterwards. Our missionaries are changing all that, and some of the men who aren't Christians in any other way yet, have decided to eat with their wives. It certainly does seem much nicer.

In the room where the father is eating, there is a shelf with a row of ugly old idols on it, idols with queer long heads and ugly faces that the family worship every day. The father has taught his little son (Ko-i-chan) to bow down to these idols and lay offerings of tea and rice before them every morning. You would not think it possible that such a wise-looking father could believe that these little brass idols really take care of his family if they are worshipped every day, and that they will punish families who forget to worship them.

That is another thing our missionaries are trying to change in Japan.

SIXTH STORY

THE CRADLE THAT WALKED ON TWO FEET

The Japanese sister jumps rope all the day,
And skips 'round the yard in her Japanese play,
While tied on her back is her brother,
dear me!
His head is as wobbly as wobbly can be!



SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: You must paint her dress blue and sash pink, and remember that "butterfly" in Japanese is "CHO."

“THE CRADLE-THAT-WALKED- ON-TWO-FEET”

IN the queer little, dear little house that was made of paper was a “Cradle-that - walked - on - two - feet,” but you would never, never guess that the cradle was really a little girl, a perfectly darling little girl in a pink kimono with a huge blue sash and big wing-like sleeves. Her name was “Cho,” and if you could have seen her dancing over the tiny bridge in the tiny garden you would not be at all surprised to know that “Cho” means *Butterfly*, for she certainly looked exactly like a big pink and blue butterfly skipping around. She fitted this little verse somebody wrote about a little Japanese girl:

“I like to see her flutter by,
She looks so like a butterfly.”

But I know you must be wondering how a butterfly could ever be a *cradle!*

The truth of the matter is that all day long the mother of the family expected our little Butterfly to take care of the wee little baby, who looked so exactly like a Japanese *doll* that our missionaries in Japan are always surprised when they see those cute slanting eyes begin to blink, and that cunning wobbly head bob up around! Of course it would have kept Butterfly at home all the time taking care of the baby, if fathers and mothers in Japan had not long ago thought of the nicest plan: they just fastened the baby on the sister's back and there he slept all day long. Whatever his Cradle-on-two-feet did, he had to do, too! When she jumped rope, the baby jumped rope, and although his sleepy little head wobbled around dreadfully, he never cried about it. He just let it wobble! Which shows you how good Japanese children are.

Butterfly and all her friends loved to play ball like this—Butterfly would bounce her ball up and down, up and down, keeping time by singing a little

song. Each time it came up she struck it back with her hand, but *whenever she missed* it, then all her friends would dash up and mark her face with a piece of black charcoal! Sometimes when she had missed a great many times her face got as black as ink!

One day the mother said she and the grandmother were going to take the children to see the beautiful cherry blossoms which everyone dearly loves in Japan. Butterfly put on her very prettiest kimono and tied on her very best sash, then she stood still to be turned into a cradle when the baby was tied on her back. At the front door everybody slipped into their wooden shoes—'geta,' as they are called—and the mother who never had worn a hat in all her life opened a paper parasol and away they all walked to the orchard where the cherry trees were in bloom.

Their wooden shoes made the greatest clatter as they walked along. It sounded like this: clackety-clack! Clackety-clack!

When they got there, the air was sweet with the smell of the cherry blossoms and very happy-looking people were sitting around looking up at the blue sky through the branches. Some of them even wrote little verses about how much they loved the blossoms and fastened them on the tree branches. Butterfly carefully picked a branch on which there was a whole row of tiny pink buds, almost ready to burst into bloom. She would carry this home carefully, and would spend a long time trying to put it in a vase in the very prettiest way. She would twist it this way and that way until it looked just right, then she would put the vase on a tiny table that stands in a little raised alcove in the nicest room of their house. Although she never had been to school, and probably might never go, her mother thought it was just as necessary for her to fix the flowers beautifully as your mother thinks it is necessary for you to learn to read and write.

The grandmother and mother were

hungry after their long walk, so they went into a teahouse in the garden and they all had tea. Oh, yes, of course, even the baby! You ought to have heard him coo as he gurgled the tea down his throat!

SEVENTH STORY

THE TEMPLE THAT HAD FIVE
ROOFS



This is the temple that had the five roofs,
Though the idol inside could never give proofs
That he heard the big bell, that boomed out so loud,
Whenever the courtyard was filled with a crowd.

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: Paint the five roofs
green; right under each roof paint the woodwork yel-
low, and make the doorway red. You know about
how the grass ought to look, and the kimonos, too!

“THE TEMPLE-THAT-HAD-FIVE-ROOFS”

LAST Sunday we left the “Cradle-that-walked-on-Two-Feet,” and who was really our little Japanese friend Butterfly, sitting under some cherry blossoms drinking tea with her mother and grandmother and brother — and of course the Baby, too! So today I am going to tell you what they did on their way home.

They met the father just as they were leaving the cherry orchard, and when they were passing a queer, tall, thin building that had five roofs, he said: “Let us go in the temple and worship the honorable Buddha.”

So they went inside the red gateway, near which was a great stone trough full of clear water, with a long-handled wooden dipper floating on it.

“Come here!” said the father.

So Butterfly and Ko-i-chan and the mother and the grandmother all came and stood in a row beside the trough. They held out their hands, and the father took the dipper, and poured water over them. When their hands were quite clean, they even rinsed out their mouths, too! Then they walked to the great door of the temple itself, where the father said: "Now we must take off our shoes."

So they all slipped their toes out of their wooden shoes, and went into the temple just as the big bell in the courtyard rang out with a great boom—*boom*—BOOM—so loud that it made the air shiver and shake, and even the tiny bells on the eaves of the pagoda tinkled!

Inside, the temple was one big shadowy room, with tall red columns all about. There was another bell to ring to wake up the brass idol called *Buddha*, which was quite the roundest, homeliest thing you ever saw. The father bought a little piece of paper from a priest with his prayer written

on it, and did something that will seem too silly for words to you and me, yet it is so sad, too, that we simply cannot laugh about it: for he put that tiny piece of paper with his prayer written on it *into his mouth*, and he chewed it all up into a little wet paper wad.

Then he took it out of his mouth, and threw it at the idol, and he believed, just as *all* the people in Japan believe, that if that little wad of paper sticks to the idol then the prayer will be answered; but if it falls on the ground, then they think the idol is not willing to answer the prayer. And oh dear! this paper prayer did fall on the ground, and Butterfly's father left the-pagoda-that-had-five-roofs, feeling quite unhappy.

On the paper prayer was written these words: "Grant that my miserable family may dwell in happiness, O Buddha, and that my sons may be brave and strong, and serve their country."

It seems so very queer that he thought a big brass idol, who was nothing but a

huge ugly *doll*, could answer a prayer. Because you and I know that there is only one thing that can make a family really happy, and only one thing that can make sons brave and strong in the finest way,—and that one thing is the love of Jesus in their hearts.

So while the Pagoda-that-had-five-roofs is very pretty to look at, with its green roofs and its red door, yet I wish there was no ugly Buddha inside it, don't you?

EIGHTH STORY

THE FISH THAT SWAM IN THE
AIR!



“If I had my wish
For each Japanese fish
I tell you what it would be:—
That each boy in Japan,
Like young Ko-i-chan,
Should love Christian-i-ty.”

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: Color the fish red, and choose your own color for Ko-i-chan's kimono and sash.

“THE FISH-THAT-SWAM-IN- THE-AIR”

THE last few Sundays we have heard a good deal about little Butterfly, and the baby brother that had his cradle on her back, so today I thought I would tell you about her older brother Ko-i-chan, who wears a kimono and a sash, too, and has big sleeves like butterfly wings. These sleeves are really pockets, you know, just imagine having pockets two feet long! Ko-i-chan keeps lots of things in them: he has a *paper* handkerchief, a few marbles, a ball, and when he goes to school he carries a tiny *stove* in his sleeve, a very funny place for a stove, don't you think so? But, you see, there are no furnaces in the houses that are made of paper, and it gets ever so cold!

Everybody made a great deal of Ko-i-chan because he was a boy, and I

thought you might like to hear about his birthday. There is one very, very queer thing about birthdays in Japan—all the little girls have theirs on the very same day in *March*, and all the little boys have theirs on the fifth day of *May*! And even if there should be a brother and sister who were *twins*, he would have to have his birthday in May, while she had hers in March!

You can easily know when the birthday of all the boys in Japan has come, because in front of every house where a boy lives a tall pole is set up, and at the top of the pole large paper fish are fastened,—a fish for each boy who lives in the house. Each paper fish has a great round mouth and round eyes, and a string is fastened to the mouth so that when the wind blows into the mouth it fills the whole fish until it bobs around and flaps its paper fins exactly as if it were alive and swimming in the air!

Of course it was the baby boy's birthday, too, so on the pole in front of Ko-i-chan's dear little, queer little house

was a huge pole with two big paper fishes swimming around up in the air—which showed everybody in the village that two boys lived in the house.

Ko-i-chan knew that the huge fishes were the kind called *carps*, but he was not at all sure why they always chose that kind for the flag poles. So he did just exactly what you and I would do, he asked a question:

“Honorable father,” he said, “why do all the boys have carps on their poles?”

“Because the carp is a very plucky sort of fish,” answered the father, “he isn’t a lazy fish that only wants to swim down stream with the water. He swims *up* the rivers, *against* the water, and he even jumps up the water falls. That’s the way I want you to be, I want your life to be brave and strong like the carp.”

Then his father got out a lot of tiny wooden soldiers, enough for a whole army, there were toy guns, too. Ko-i-chan set the soldiers up in a row as if they were marching. There were ever

and ever so many flags, too, for the boys' birthday is always called the Feast of Flags. The Japanese flag is all white with a big red ball in the center.

While Ko-i-chan was playing with his soldiers and his flags there was a caller at their house who interested the whole family very much. It was a lady with blue eyes, and perhaps you can guess that she is *our* missionary, yours and mine, because the money you and I give for missions has sent her to Japan to tell the people there about God.

Our Mrs. Missionary paid a very short call at the dear little, queer little house that was made of paper, partly because she had a great many other calls to make, and partly because she simply could not get used to sitting on the floor! But she stayed long enough to admire the wooden soldiers and the flags and the huge paper fishes, she drank a cup of tea and tied up all the cookies that she couldn't eat in her handkerchief, the way it is polite to do in Japan. You can just imagine what fun it was for

her little daughter when Mrs. Missionary came home from making calls!

But before our missionary left she invited them all to come to *her* house the next day. She bowed very politely to the grandmother, the mother, Butterfly, Ko-i-chan and the Baby to show she meant each one of them. They bowed back very politely, and Butterfly leaned so far over she bumped her nose to the ground. Then our missionary stood up, and her knees felt so stiff and prickly she knew they had gone to sleep. But our Japanese family were far too polite to smile. They kept bowing and bowing, promising to visit her tomorrow, and thanking her for honoring their poor house with her distinguished presence!

NINTH STORY

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO
TURNED THE SHOES
AROUND



“The little children of Japan
Wear mittens on their feet,
They wear no hats at all to go
A-walking on the street.
And wooden stilts for overshoes
They wear out on the avenues.”

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: This time you can choose any of the colors you love the best for their pretty kimonos.

“THE LITTLE GIRL-WHO-
TURNED-THE-SHOES-
AROUND”

LAST Sunday perhaps you remember that our Mrs. Missionary paid a visit to the dear little, queer little house-that-was-made-of-paper to invite all the family to visit her the next day. I am sure you want to know about that visit, and about Mrs. Missionary and her tiny daughter, Miss Missionary, whose special job at home was *turning the shoes around!* Of course you don't know what in the world I mean, so I will have to tell you in a minute,—after the company arrives!

Such scrubbing and rubbing as went on before Butterfly and Ko-i-chan and the Baby were ready! The Japanese people are really very fond of taking the hottest baths you ever dreamed of, the water was so boiling hot that Butterfly and Ko-i-chan simply *squealed.*

They stood in a regular barrel full of this steaming water, there was a little stove right in the side of the barrel to heat it up.

But finally they were all dressed in their very nicest kimonos and sashes, the Baby was gurgling with delight as they slid back the paper screen door and slipped into their wooden shoes, waiting there for them! Then clickety-clack, clickety-clack, they began clattering along the street toward Mrs. Missionary's house; the Baby went sound asleep, and how his head did wobble as his cradle-that-walked-on-two-feet scuffled along!

"Here we are," said the mother, so they stopped and knocked at our Mrs. Missionary's front door, and while they waited of course they slipped their feet out of their wooden shoes, and left them on the door step, while they paddled softly into the house in their stockings. You should have seen everybody bowing to everybody else and saying "*Ohayo*" (sounds like "Ohio") which means

“How do you do?” in Japanese. Our Mrs. Missionary tried to get them to sit on the chairs and sofa, but no! they liked sitting on the floor the best, thank you!

And meanwhile where is the tiny Miss Missionary? Oh, she is doing her very own little job out on the front doorstep where all the wooden clogs were left! For of course when the visitors slipped out of their shoes, they left them pointing toward the *door*, and our tiny Miss Missionary was out there *turning them around*, so they would point toward the *street*:—Then when the guests were ready to leave they could slip into their shoes and walk right off, for it would be ever and ever so impolite in Japan for guests to have to turn their own shoes around on the doorstep. Wasn't that a funny job for little Miss Missionary?

After it was all nicely done, she came into the parlor and bowed to everybody all over again, and felt very shy to find everyone looking at her light curly hair.

Butterfly's mother said to our Mrs. Missionary: "It must make you very unhappy to have had the honorable hair of your small daughter *fade* so quickly, even her honorable eyes have lost their brown color!"

Then how little Miss Missionary did giggle!

"I growed that way!" she said, "I like having curly golden hair and blue eyes. I like it better than straight black hair and brown eyes."

Then Butterfly giggled, and Ko-i-chan giggled, and the Baby gurgled a cute Japanese coo, and suddenly everybody felt very much at home. They wanted to see how you played on that queer box called a piano, so Mrs. Missionary played a little tune that you and I know very well, while Miss Missionary sang the dear words: "Jesus loves me, this I know, For the Bible tells me so."

When the song was over, Mrs. Missionary asked them if they knew about Jesus, and they said no they had *never*

even heard the name before. Think of that!

So then Mrs. Missionary spent a whole hour telling them about Christmas, Jesus' Birthday, and about how the Baby in the manger grew up, and how much good He did—dear me! the grandmother and the others could have listened *forever!*

Our Mrs. Missionary promised to come very soon to tell them more about Jesus, she asked them to come to our church, too, and then just before they left she went into another room and wrapped a Japanese Bible in a square colored silk, like a handkerchief, the way Japanese people wrap their packages, and she gave it to the grandmother, with a bow: "This is the honorable book that tells about Jesus. Perhaps you will like to read it when you get home."

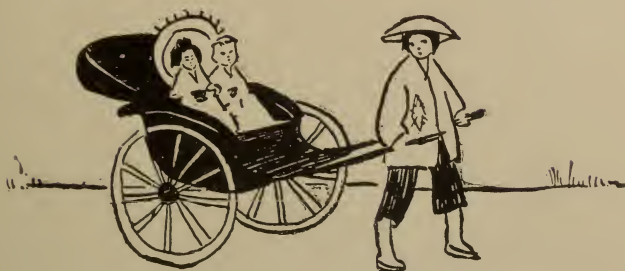
The grandmother sighed as she bowed politely: "I do not know how to read, and my daughter cannot read, but Ko-ichan goes to school, he shall read to us."

Then little Miss Missionary piped up: "Oh, mother dear, do let's have Butterfly come to our school every day, then she won't have to grow up and not know how to read!"

Everybody liked the idea, and if Butterfly's father would only say "yes," then perhaps Butterfly could start in the very next day. So they bowed to each other again and went to the door where their shoes were politely turned 'round facing the street!

TENTH STORY

THE MAN WHO WAS A HORSE
ALL DAY



This is the man who played horse all day:—
A queer kind of horse, for he often would say:
“Where will you go?” and “How long will you stay?”

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: Paint the wheels of the little carriage red and the rest of it brown. Choose any color you like for the children's kimonos. The “Horse” usually wears a blue coat and a yellow straw hat!

“THE MAN-WHO-WAS-A-HORSE- ALL-DAY”

Do you remember the story we had last Sunday about Butterfly and Ko-i-chan visiting our Mrs. Missionary, and how it was decided that Butterfly should go to our very own school, the school which your money and my money pays for in Japan?

Today your picture shows Butterfly and Ko-i-chan on their way to school in a very funny-looking carriage, drawn by a man-who-plays-horse-all-day! The funny carriage is called a jinrikisha—will you please say that word with me: “*jin-rik-isha*”—and it only holds *one* grown-up person, although there is plenty of room for two children, as you see.

The father decided it was a great deal too far for Butterfly to walk the first

few days, so he hired a jinrikisha, and off the children started, as happy as happy could be!

The man-who-was-a-horse-all-day trotted along and felt happy, too; really he was an unusually nice kind of a horse, because when you talked to him, he could *talk back!*

Butterfly said to him: "You may drive me to the Christian School—I really think I am going to learn to read! That will be wonderful."

Then the man-who-was-a-horse-all-day said over his shoulder: "I am a Christian now and I have one poor little daughter in that school myself, she can read and sing as well as any boy!"

"And does she know the story about Jesus which the honorable white teacher tells?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the nice man-who-was-a-horse-all-day, "she knows *all* the stories about Jesus, she comes home from school and tells her mother and me all about Him, so we know the stories, too. Now that we belong to the

Christian Church we are the happiest family in all Japan!"

"We are r-ather happy in our family, I guess," said Butterfly, "all but father. For the other day his paper prayer did not stick to the honorable Buddha."

Then the man-who-was-a-horse-all-day said: "When you learn more about Jesus, you must tell your honorable father, then he will know how foolish paper prayers and stone idols are. I used to pray to the idols, too, until my little girl learned about Jesus at school."

All this interested Butterfly very much, and when they got to the school she was simply jumping up and down on the seat! But once inside the big strange building, she felt very shy, for there were so many little girls all looking at her. She fell on her knees and bowed way over until her nose bumped the floor before our Miss Missionary, the teacher. Then all the girls sang her a welcome song, and that was the way her wonderful morning began.

In Japan they learn arithmetic with *beads* strung on a *wire*; and they learn to *write* with a *brush*, instead of a pen; and the writing paper comes in *rolls*, instead of sheets as ours does. Butterfly was very anxious not to make any mistakes, but of course she did, because she had never been in school before. The little girl who sat next to her on the floor was the daughter of the nice man-who-was-a-horse-all-day, and because she was a Christian now she never laughed at any of these mistakes, or at the funny big blots she made, but she tried very hard to help Butterfly.

After school our Miss Missionary, the teacher, rode home with Butterfly in the queer grown-up baby-carriage, called a jinrikisha, pulled by the man-who-was-a-horse-all-day. Miss Missionary stopped at Butterfly's house, and left some colored picture cards, the kind we have in Sunday School; she told the grandmother and mother what the pictures were about: This one was the shepherds looking at the Baby Jesus,

who was born on Christmas Day; this one was Jesus after he was grown up, healing sick people; and this one showed him blessing little children. They all loved the stories and the pictures. I can't help but be glad we have our very own missionaries in Japan—aren't you glad, too?

ELEVENTH STORY
THE FAIRY MIRROR



"Here is the secret this story should tell,
I hope you have learned it already quite well:—
We look like the people we care for the most
When about our own selves we see nothing to boast."

“THE FAIRY MIRROR”

ONCE in a while it rains very, very hard in Japan, oh *dreadfully* hard, and because their umbrellas were made of paper and the skirts of their kimonos were long enough to get wet, both Butterfly and Ko-i-chan had to stay home from school one *very* rainy day. Their faces looked perfectly horrid: there were frowns and scowls and tears and pouts all over them, and they cried so hard that it seemed as if it rained *in-doors* about as hard as it did *out-doors!* I suppose you have made that kind of a rain-storm yourselves — ages ago, haven't you?

Then up spoke the nice Japanese grandmother: “Suppose I tell you a fairy story,” said she; and will you believe me, the frowns and the pouts and the scowls and the tears faded away in

exactly two seconds! Queer, wasn't it? This was the way she told them the story of the Fairy Mirror, which all little Japanese children love:

“Honorable one, if you will lend me your distinguished attention, I will fill your worshipful ears with the story of a happy little family, who lived in a dear little, queer little house next door to a pagoda that had five roofs. This was many, many years ago. Whenever the winds of heaven blew, the bells on the eaves of the pagoda tinkled softly, and the little family were very happy. There was a mother and father and a little girl baby.

“One day as the mother sat in her tiny garden beside the tiny lake, her husband walked into the garden in a great hurry,—he fairly skipped over the little white stepping stones. This is what he said: ‘The distinguished Head of my business has ordered me to leave this day on a business trip to the Great City. I have rushed home to say good-bye to you and our little one.’

“He never had left her before, and so many tears came into her eyes that she could hardly see him as he took the baby into his arms and whispered good-bye to them both. Then he hurried away down the village street, away and away, until his figure got smaller and smaller in the distance.

“‘But he will come back before long,’ she whispered to the baby she had tied on her back, and the baby wobbled its head to say ‘yes’! In a week he did come back again from the Great City, with many wonderful stories of the marvelous things he had seen there: great big houses, big parks, hundreds of jinrikishas in the streets, huge stores full of beautiful things.

“‘See what I bought for you!’ he said, handing her a present tied up in a big handkerchief. She opened it quickly, but could not imagine what such a strange thing was: *for* on one side it was silver, the handle was silver, while the other side was bright and smooth and clear.

“‘Look in it!’ he said, smiling. So she looked in. Then he asked her what she saw. ‘Oh, I see a beautiful lady, a *very* beautiful lady,—indeed, I never saw such a pretty face or such smiling eyes or such a lovely blue kimono, although it really seems to be just the color of the one I have on, isn’t that strange?’

“Then how he did laugh! For perhaps you have guessed that his present was a mirror; but at that time very few people in Japan had ever seen a looking-glass, so that is why she did not know that the beautiful lady she saw in the glass was not a picture, but her very own self! Of course he told her her mistake, and then she laughed, too; only after that she got into the habit of carrying the precious mirror in the long sleeve of her kimono, so that she could look at herself just as often as she wanted. Every time she looked at herself she thought: ‘I certainly am very beautiful!’ Then one day she said: ‘I will put the mirror away for I am

getting vain, and the gods will be envious of me.'

"So she hid the mirror away, and for years and years she forgot all about it. Her baby grew up into a dear little girl, and then into a beautiful young lady, who *looked exactly like her mother, although she never knew it!* And they were all very happy.

"But the moon is not always round, and flowers are not always in blossom, and sorrow came to this family, for the dear little mother was so very sick that the doctor 'threw away the spoon,' which means he gave up hope of her getting well again. They offered rice and incense to the idol, but it did no good. So the mother said to her daughter: 'Cherished one, I shall soon have departed to live with my ancestors, when I am dead I know you will miss me, so I am going to leave this present with you. When I am gone and you are lonely, look at it and you will see my face.'

"So after the dear little mother had

died, the daughter looked every day at the present her mother left her, which was the old, old mirror, of course. And there she always saw her mother's dear face. Sometimes when she felt sad, her mother's face looked sad, too; when she was smiling, her dear mother's face smiled, too. Only instead of looking pale and sick and tired the way her mother had looked for years, the face she saw was lovely and rosy. The young girl whispered to it: 'Cherished mother, it makes happiness bloom in my mind to see you looking so well. I miss you, dear one, but every day I arrange the flowers and serve the tea the way you taught me.'

"The father heard his daughter talking to some unseen person, so one day he said: 'To whom are you talking, my daughter?'

"'I am talking to the honored mother,' she said, 'she gave me this mirror, and every day I look in and see her, and I talk to her. Although I never can hear her answer me, I know she tries,

for I see her lips moving and her eyes smiling at me.'

"The father patted her on the head, but he did not tell her that the lovely face she saw in the mirror was *her very own*, growing more and more like her dear mother's every day, because she was trying so hard to live as her mother wanted her to live."

When the grandmother finished Butterfly said: "Oh, then it wasn't a *fairy* mirror, at all, was it?"

"Of course not!" said Ko-i-chan, "It was just an every day mirror, but it worked magic on her, didn't it, honorable grandmother."

"Indeed it did," said the grandmother nodding. "And she never grew vain or conceited, either."

TWELFTH STORY

MONKEY TAILS AND OTHER
TALES



These are the children in lovely Japan—
Butterfly, Baby and nice Ko-i-chan,
About whom I've told you as well as I can.

“MONKEY TAILS AND OTHER TALES”

I AM sure you have been to the Zoo and seen the funny little monkeys jumping around and looking so sober and wise; but perhaps you never knew that over in Japan, where Butterfly and Koi-chan live, there are monkeys hopping around in the bamboo trees in their garden, chattering away in monkey language, day and night.

“I wish I knew what the monkeys talked about all the time,” said Butterfly to her grandmother.

Without saying a word the grandmother opened a cabinet and took out three carved monkeys which she gave to Butterfly. One monkey had his hands over his eyes, which meant “*See no evil*”; the second monkey had his hands over his ears, which meant “*Hear no evil*”; and the third monkey had his

hands over his mouth which meant "*Speak* no evil."

Ko-i-chan and Butterfly loved the three monkeys, and the grandmother said she hoped they would always remember to do what the monkeys taught; never to *see* anything bad unless they could do something to help, never to *hear* anything untrue unless they could correct it, and above all, never to *say* anything untrue themselves.

Well, one day as Butterfly was walking home from our very own mission school she passed a queer ugly idol sitting in a shrine beside the road, and there she saw her mother kneeling and putting a tiny little apron of the baby's around the neck of the idol. She piled up some small stones at the idol's feet, crying big hot tears all the time.

"Why, honorable mother," said Butterfly, "what *can* be the matter? What are you doing all this for?"

"Our precious baby is terribly sick," cried the mother, "I do not think he can live, so I am giving the honorable idol

these playthings to amuse him. Perhaps he may enjoy making our baby well." Then she rubbed the stomach of the stone idol because that was where the baby at home was sick.

Butterfly knew that a little Japanese girl should never tell her mother that she was doing wrong, but Butterfly knew about the real God now and about Jesus, and she knew this idol was nothing at all. Yet she thought it would be impolite to tell her mother. So she looked at the ugly stone idol called Jizo Sama, and thought how silly he looked all dressed up in the baby's apron, then she heard a *chattering* up in the tree above her. She looked up and there sat a wise old monkey looking down at her. He scratched his head, and then he put his hands over his eyes.

"See no evil!" Butterfly whispered to herself, then she remembered her grandmother had said: "*Unless you can help.*"

So Butterfly felt suddenly very brave: "Dear honorable mother," she

said, "at the mission school we learn that these idols are no good at all, because they are only wood and stone. The true God can't be seen, but He hears prayers. He doesn't like to see us worshiping idols." Then down in her heart she prayed a little prayer that Jesus would teach them somehow the way to make their dear baby get well.

The mother walked sadly home; but there in front of their dear little, queer little house was our Mrs. Missionary just getting out of her jinrikisha, which was pulled by the man-who-was-a-horse-all-day. Ko-i-chan had run over to her house to get her, and here she was with hot water bottles and some bottles of medicine! The mother told what she had done for the baby—about the apron on the idol, and the stones, and rubbing the idol's stomach.

"Not a bit of good!" said our Mrs. Missionary, rushing in where the poor pale baby was having a dreadful time, wailing the thinnest, forlornest little wail you ever heard.

Now our Mrs. Missionary knew a good deal about babies, because God had given her some of her very own to bring up, and she had lived in Christian lands where most mothers learn the right way to bring babies up. For it really is very queer, but the mothers who live in lands where people are not Christians make dreadful mistakes in bringing up babies!

So first of all our Mrs. Missionary asked what the baby had had to eat. When she found he had had candied peas and beans, a *pickle* and some *tea*, she sighed a funny hopeless sigh, the way you do when you wish people had better sense, only you don't dare tell them so.

She filled the hot-water bottle, and gave the baby some medicine, she softly rubbed the baby and sang a nice sleepy lullabye, very soft and low:

“Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus lay down his
sweet head,

The stars in the sky looked down where
he lay.

The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the
hay!"

Over and over she crooned it, soft
and drowsy; the nice hot water bottle,
and the medicine and that gentle voice,
quieted the baby and he went to sleep.
Then he had more medicine, and more
rubbing—oh very gentle rubbing.

The grandmother and the mother
thought it was perfectly wonderful, but
our missionary knew it was just plain,
everyday *Common-sense*, the kind your
mother and my mother had, because
they lived in a Christian land. So right
then and there she said: "Once a week
at our church I am going to have a
mother's meeting, so you can learn these
simple things to do for your baby. Will
you come?"

Of course they said "Yes," and they
said they would bring their neighbors,
too.

Just then the father came in the

room. When he saw our Mrs. Missionary he reached in his big sleeve and pulled out the Bible which she had given the family weeks before when they visited her.

“I have been reading this book,” he said, “and I believe it. I have no use for our idols any more. I desire that we shall all be Christians.”

You never saw a happier family. Ko-i-chan shouted “*Banzai*” which means “Hurrah” in English. But all the time Butterfly remembered the wise old monkey with his hands over his eyes, who had dared her to “speak up!”

THIRTEENTH STORY

COTTON TAILS AND OTHER
TALES



"Jemima's face is black as ink,
Her hair is curled with many a kink,
And yet she's very nice, I think!
It's no surprise to me that she
Is just as bright as bright can be.
In school she learns the very rules
They teach in all the white folks' schools."

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: I think Jemima would like to have you paint her dress red. I am afraid the patch is another color, though! You can decide what you think it is!

“COTTON TAILS AND OTHER TALES”

THERE are some members of God's Family whose skins are very, very black, who live here in America with us, down South where the cotton grows. I suppose every one of you has seen a *negro*, for that is the name we give to these black members of God's Family. Sometimes I have heard very rude boys and girls call these black people “niggers,” but I don't believe that you and I will ever want to make the least bit of fun of them as long as we remember that God loves them just exactly as well as He loves you and me, and that He likes the color of their skin just as well as he likes ours.

Down South there are really more negroes than white people, and lots of them work on great big farms called plantations where the cotton plants are raised.

Once there was a cute little black girl named Jemima whose mother was busy all day picking off the soft white wads of cotton. Jemima loved to sit in the shade of a big tree and watch her mother and the other women. They wore red bandana handkerchiefs tied on their heads, and all morning long she could see red heads bobbing up and down. Every day she tried to make friends with two shy little molly cottontail rabbits who lived in the bushes near there.

“You jes’ come here and play with me, you molly cottontails, you!” she begged. But the minute the rabbits heard her voice, off they scampered with such big leaps that all she could see of them was their funny little white tails.

One morning a very nice white lady walked by. She stopped to watch the pickers. When she saw Jemima, she asked her to go and get her one of the little cotton balls, so over Jemima trotted. When she came back, the lady said: “I wonder if you wouldn’t like to

come to my school with me this morning?"

I wish you could have seen Jemima's black eyes roll around in excitement and her white teeth show as she grinned.

"Deedy I would like to! Yes *ma'am!* You jes' wait till I go tell mammy."

So she skipped over to the red bandana handkerchief she could see way off, which she knew belonged to her mother. Her mother stood up straight a minute, to rest her tired back.

"That's real nice of the lady, I'm shore, Jemima. Mind you be a good gal! Goodbye Honey!"

I'm afraid you wouldn't have liked that schoolhouse very much, although it seemed very fine to Jemima and the other little black girls and boys. They had to sit on very hard benches so far from the floor that their short little legs dangled way up in the air! There were no desks, either,—but then, none of the little black girls and boys knew that you ought to have desks in school, so they were very happy without them!

You see, our Government does not have schools in little out-of-the-way villages where the plantations are, so this missionary teacher was starting a school for her church. I think when the members of her church at home know more about what she is doing they will want to send her money right away for desks and chairs with short legs!

The day Jemima went there the teacher said she was going to tell them a story about what the cotton plant grew into, so she put down on the table the soft white cotton ball which Jemima had picked for her. Then she put down a spool of white cotton, then a piece of white muslin, then a piece of paper, then a Bible.

She had some verses written on the blackboard, which she now read out loud:

“Sing, oh, sing, for the cotton plant,
Bravely may it grow,
Bearing in its seeded pod
Cotton white as snow!

Spin the cotton into thread;
Weave it on the loom;
Wear it now, dear little child
In your happy home.

When you've worn it long and well
Will it worthless be?
No, a book made from this dress
You yet, in time, may see.

Sort the rags and grind the pulp;
Make the paper fair;
Now it only waits for words
To be printed there.

Thoughts from God to man sent down
May these pages show.
Sing, oh! sing, for the cotton plant!
Bravely may it grow!"

When she got through, every child there understood how the cotton balls their dear black mammies were picking out in the fields would be turned into thread some day, and the thread would be woven into cloth for dresses,

and when the dresses were nothing but rags, the rags would be made into paper and on the paper would be printed the Bible.

I think it was a beautiful thing for this missionary to teach these cute little black children every day, don't you?

FOURTEENTH STORY

THE HOUSE THAT WAS BUILT IN HALF AN HOUR



“In order to have a roof overhead,
I’m built in a hurry,” the little house said,
“The days are so hot, and the nights are so warm,
I’m really most used in time of a storm.”

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: Mud walls are brown
in color, and palm leaves are green, so now you know
just how to paint this picture, I think!

“THE HOUSE-THAT-WAS-BUILT- IN-HALF-AN-HOUR”

ONLY a few of the Black members of God's Family live in America, like Jemima about whom I told you last Sunday; all the rest of the Black Family, oh, millions and millions of them, live far across the sea in a big country called Africa. Although the Black people in Africa look exactly like the Black people in America, whom you and I can see almost any day on our streets, still they *dress* so differently, and *talk* so differently, and *live* so differently that I thought you would like to hear about them and meet one of the families.

Let's begin with the house! That certainly looks different from any house in America, for it is very low, like a beehive, it has no windows and even the doorway is so low that the grown-up people have to stoop way over to get in.

Inside there is no floor but the Earth, and there are no tables or chairs or beds, either! Just a few pots standing around, one is full of water and another has corn in it!

I can just hear you saying: "Well, this *is* a strange house!"

So now is the time to tell you it was built in half an hour! Think of that! For half an hour is only half the time we sit in Sunday school! The houses you and I live in take weeks and months to build, because we have cellars, and floors, and windows, and an upstairs and a downstairs, with thick solid walls everywhere. But when the black father of a black family in Africa wants a new house he cuts down four nice straight bamboo trees. He makes four poles from these and sets them up in the Earth for the four corners of his house.

Then the *mother* does the rest! She lays some big leaves from the bamboo tree along the sides, and she plasters them with mud from the village street.

It is so hot in Africa that the mud walls dry out right away. Then for a roof she carefully lays on layer after layer of big bamboo leaves and some straw, too, so the rain can't soak through. And behold! the house is done!

There is almost always a nice fat black baby inside these funny houses—the baby never wears any clothes, it doesn't have to, because the weather is always so hot in Africa. There is an elephant's tooth tied by a string around the baby's neck, but that is not to help keep him warm, of course, but to protect him from evil spirits.

“What are evil spirits?” I hear you asking.

I'm glad to say there really and truly are no such thing in God's World, of course; but oh dear! the black people don't know about *God*, so they are afraid of His wind and His rustling palm leaves, of His animals and His rivers. They think a dreadful spirit lives in everything they can see, and if they don't wear a charm around their necks,

like the black baby had, then the evil spirit will hurt them. It is all very foolish for them to be afraid, but they don't know any better.

The mother and father hardly wear any clothes, either, only on their arms and faces they have some queer-looking marks which they cut right into their black skins *on purpose*, because they think it is very beautiful to have colored tattoo patterns all over them. Just the way you and I think it is very beautiful to have colored patterns embroidered on the *dresses* we wear. Our dresses wear out, even the ones we like the best; but their skins never wear out, of course, so they always have the patterns on their arms and faces!

There is a dear little black girl named "Rustling Grass" living in the hut, and a little boy called "Lazy Legs"; of course this is what their names mean in English, they sound quite different in the African language, for Rustling Grass is "CHIKONDAWANGA" and Lazy Legs is "NWAEKE," names en-

tirely too hard for us to pronounce very often!

All day long you could hear the patter of bare black feet and the tinkle of bangles and beads as Rustling Grass trotted around with her mother. The mother wore a great big basket on her back, so Rustling Grass had a smaller basket on *her* back, fastened with a strap over her forehead. Something was always in her basket, perhaps a heavy jug of water,—really too heavy for her to carry. It makes her bend way over until her back is tired.

These little black children have no toys in their hut, and no toy stores in all Africa, but come outside and we shall find that Someone—the Friend of Little Children, surely—has been filling their whole world with playthings for little black children: long narrow palm leaves which float on the river like tiny canoes, little round nuts for cups to play house with, bamboo bark to build little houses: God has packed His World full of things for the little black chil-

98 House Built in Half an Hour

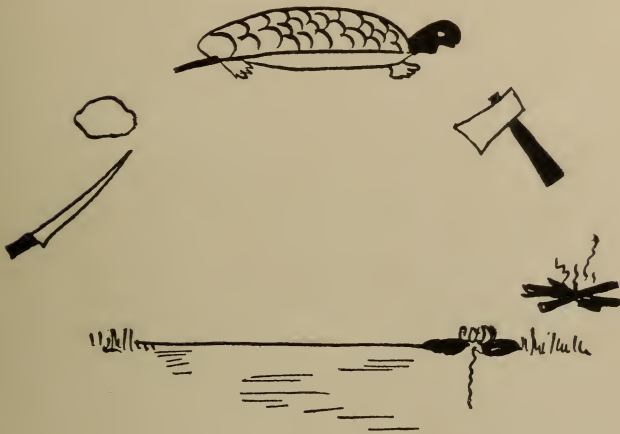
dren, but the black father and mother do not let Rustling Grass and Lazy Legs play very long.

No, they do quite hard things when they are still young. Lazy Legs helps set traps to catch the wild animals which they will eat; or he climbs trees and helps gather the milky sap of India rubber, while Rustling Grass gathers firewood and learns to plant seeds and care for vegetables. But all the time, morning, noon and night they see something in God's beautiful World to be afraid of: in the pretty twigs, in the wings of the birds, in the vegetable leaves, or right in the doorway of the tiny hut-that-was-built-in-half-an-hour. Always afraid that something will hurt them!

How I wish that they knew there is nothing to fear, and that in God's World each bird and each leaf and each gentle breeze is whispering over and over: "God is good!" "God is good!"

FIFTEENTH STORY

HOW THE TURTLE SAVED HIS
LIFE



Turtles are really so funny to draw
One hardly can tell a jaw from a claw!
But if one could draw his brains one could see
How knowing and wise a Turtle can be!

“HOW THE TURTLE SAVED HIS LIFE”

THERE are weeks and weeks in Africa when it does nothing but pour down rain all day long! They call it the Rainy Season. Sometimes we think April is rather a rainy uncomfortable month here in America, but just think how suddenly the sun pops out and the World is bright and clear again! But in Africa it just keeps right on raining and raining. It is horrid and damp everywhere, but Lazy Legs and Rustling Grass forget all about it when their mother tells them the old, old stories that black mothers have told to little black girls and boys ever since there were little black girls and boys in Africa. One of these old, old stories which everyone liked about the best was called “How the Turtle Saved His Life.”

This is the queer jerky way the black mother told it, while the rain was pouring down in torrents out doors:

“This is the story of the Turtle of Koka. A man of Lubi la Suku caught a Turtle in the bush. Back he comes to his village. The wise men in the Palaver-House look at his Turtle and say: “No good! No good at all! Kill it!” “But how shall we kill it?” asks one.

The Headman of the village had the right to speak first, so he said: “Cut it with hatchets!”

Then was the Turtle frightened, for hatchets and he were not friendly. So he spoke up and said:

“Turtle of Koka
And hatchet of Koka:
Hatchet not kill me a bit.”

Next the Headman’s son arose, brave and strong was he. “Kill him with stones,” he said.

Poor Turtle felt sick with fear, for

stones and he were not friendly. So he said by mouth:

“Turtle of Koka
And stone of Koka;
Stone will not kill me a bit.”

Then a mighty hunter of elephants roared at the Headman: “Cast him into the fire!”

Scared Turtle was hot with unhappiness, for fire and he were not friendly. So he said:

“Turtle of Koka
And fire of Koka,
Fire will not kill me a bit.”

Up rose a feeble old fellow, the silly one of the village. “Kill him with knives,” he piped in his squeaky voice.

Poor Turtle felt out of his head, for knives and he were not friendly. But he said:

“Turtle of Koka
And knife of Koka
Knife will not kill me a bit.”

Then all the men in the Palaver-House put their heads side by side and they whispered: "This Turtle—what shall we do with him? How shall we kill him if fire and knives, hatchets and stones cannot hurt him?"

Then one little man, quiet and timid, spoke up: "There is water in the river. Throw him in where deep water flows over the rocks. Then he will drown!"

Then the Turtle changed his song. "Woe is me!" he sobbed, "How shall I do? I shall surely die in the deep water! Oh woe! Oh woe! How can my masters be so cruel!"

So the Headman laughed: "Ha! Ha!" said he, "at last we have found the way to kill him! Toss him in the river, my brothers."

So they tossed him in the river where the water was deep. As the happy Turtle slid down into the muddy water which was his old home, he sang:

"In water, in my home,
In water, in my home!"

Then the villagers said to the Headman: "Turtle has fooled us all! We were going to kill him with hatchet but he tells us: 'Hatchets not kill me a bit.' But when we spoke of the river, he cried: 'Now will I die for sure.' So we threw him in—*but we saved him!* Ha!' And now, children, my tale is told—finished."

But Rustling Grass said just what little girls all over God's World say to the Story Teller: "Just one more! Just one more!"

But the mother has corn to grind for the father's cakes, and things to be baked, so that is all she tells them to-day. Anyhow, they know all her stories by heart, because they are so very, very old.

SIXTEENTH STORY

THE BANANA TREE THAT WAS
DRESSED UP



“Lord, bless the little children
So far across the sea,
The children of dark Africa
Whom no one loves like Thee!”

(SELECTED.)

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: “Rustling Grass” would like a red belt around her waist, and I guess you know about what color bananas and leaves ought to be, but don’t forget to leave the towel and bandages white!

“THE BANANA-TREE-THAT- WAS-DRESSED-UP”

I AM sure you haven't forgotten about “Rustling Grass” and “Lazy Legs,” the little black children in Africa whom we met last Sunday, whose real names are “CHIKONDAWANGA” and “NWAEKE.”

Today I have a story about a banana tree that grew near their house, which was all *dressed up* in white cloth! Think of it! The trunk of the tree was wrapped in the cloth and the top was covered with a towel. A small bundle was tied to the tree and a little brass bowl was down on the ground at the foot of the tree. What *do* you suppose it can all be about?

It's like this: Do you remember my telling you before that these black people in God's Family were afraid of *Evil*

Spirits all the time? Well, once the witch-doctor, who was supposed to know all about evil spirits, said to the mother of little Rustling Grass: "Bananas are taboo to your family—you must never eat a banana, or eat anything that has even been wrapped in the big leaf of the banana tree. You must tie this sacred bundle on the banana tree near your house, and take good care of the tree, then maybe the Banana tree spirit will not hurt you!"

So the mother of Rustling Grass told her husband all that the witch-doctor had said about bananas being taboo in their family, that nobody must ever dare eat a banana, and so on. The father helped her dress up the tree in the white cloth and the towel, and he hung the bundle on the tree and placed the white bowl of rice down at the roots. They even *danced* around the tree, hoping to please the banana tree spirit. And Rustling Grass and Lazy Legs were told over and over again that they must never, *never* eat a banana or something

dreadful would surely happen to them. They believed every word of it, too, and nothing could have made them disobey. That is, nothing until a missionary lady came to their village!

She was the most astonishing person they had ever seen, for her skin was white like the clouds, and everybody else they knew had skin as black as coal! She had eyes as blue as the sky, and everybody else they knew had eyes as brown as the mud in the village streets. So it was no wonder they tagged around after her everywhere she went, exactly like "Mary had a little lamb"—you know?

Well, when she saw their banana tree all dressed up she was ever so surprised, and asked them what it all meant. So they told her.

Of course you know what she *thought*, but all she said then was: "Some day you will all know better, please God!"

She started a little school in their village—a queer school it was, for the walls only went part way up to the

leafy roof so that more air could come in, and sometimes a naughty monkey would climb up and sit on the broken wall, blinking solemnly at all those quiet black boys and girls learning to write and listening to stories of Jesus.

After school was over the children would patter home on their bare feet and tell their parents these stories about Jesus, and then the fathers would go to the Palaver-House of an evening and listen to the wise words concerning God from this white-teacher-from-over-the-sea.

Some of the real old men in the village would say: "Oh yes! we all know that God made the world—but after He made it everybody in Africa knows He forgot us. Everybody knows that. He just forgot all about us."

"No! No!" said the missionary gently, "He has never forgotten any of us for one single littlest minute! He sent Jesus to tell us so."

Then, by the dim light of a lantern she would tell them the same dear

stories of Jesus that she had told the children in school, and the men would nod their heads and say: "If it were true, how good it would be!"

One day Rustling Grass said to her brother: "Lazy Legs," she said, "how will we ever know for sure that God loves us, unless we prove it?"

"What do you mean?" asked Lazy Legs.

"Well, this is what I mean," said Rustling Grass. "The White Lady from over the sea says that there are no such things as evil spirits, that God made everything and takes care of us every single minute. Now how will we ever know whether there are really banana tree spirits or not unless we *eat a banana* and find out what happens?"

"EAT A BANANA!" gasped Lazy Legs, his eyes like saucers, he was so surprised. "Oh you wouldn't *dare!* The witch-doctor told us *never* to eat them! The banana tree spirit would hurt us——"

"But the White Teacher says there is

Banana Tree That Was Dressed Up 111

no spirit," said Rustling Grass, wondering what to believe.

Without another word she climbed up the tree, broke off a yellow banana and ate it right up!

Lazy Legs was scared stiff, but absolutely nothing happened to Rustling Grass all that day, so the next day she ate another banana! Nothing happened *that* day, so then Lazy Legs himself climbed up and they *both* ate bananas, and nothing at all unusual happened to anybody!

So hand in hand Rustling Grass and Lazy Legs went to the Palaver-House where their father and some other men were talking to the missionary.

"We have eaten bananas and nothing has happened to our family," they said. "So we don't believe in the banana tree spirit any more."

But instead of being angry at them, their father said to the missionary: "We will take the white cloths off the banana tree, and we will not put rice in the bowl any longer. My family will all

eat bananas again. You must stay here and tell us more every day about the wonderful God who does not forget us, but takes care of us every day."

So that is the way there came to be a tiny church in that village, because Rustling Grass dared eat a banana!

SEVENTEENTH STORY

ELEPHANT TAILS AND OTHER
TALES



"This is an idol so ugly and grim,
No wonder small boys are afraid of him!
It seems very useless to offer him rice
And even burn incense to make him feel nice."

“ELEPHANT TAILS AND OTHER TALES”

PERHAPS you have been in the Zoo and have seen a big gray elephant, with great floppy ears and a queer long trunk, and you must have wondered where its real home was. So today I am going to tell you a story of an elephant in India, where elephants live, and where all the members of God's family have very brown skins and talk in a language you and I do not know.

The strange thing about this elephant is that he is not a *live* elephant at all, but is carved out of stone; yet the little boys and girls of India are dreadfully afraid of him! Not because he can bite, for as I said he is *stone*, so he *can't* move one inch, but you will see why they are afraid later on.

There was once a little brown boy in India named Ramaswami, whose father

was a goldsmith. In India they would say he belonged to the goldsmith *caste*. Everybody in India could tell in a minute what caste he belonged to because he had a queer mark on his forehead. All the men, women and children in the goldsmith caste have it on their foreheads, too. How funny it would be if people in America were all divided into castes with queer marks on their foreheads, and you could look at them and say: "That man makes leather things," or "that boy's father is a baker," or "that girl's family have *always* been priests." For in India, whatever a Hindu great-great-great-grandfather did, everybody else in his family has to keep on doing, even down to little boys like Ramaswami, who knows perfectly well that when he grows up he will make gold necklaces and bracelets as his father does.

But unfortunately Ramaswami's father was having some trouble in his work; not because the brown people did not buy his bracelets and ear-rings and

necklaces! Oh no! they were crazy about the pretty things he made, and most of the young women even wore *toe-rings* and *rings in their noses*, bought from his shop in the bazaar.

But perhaps you can see that when a design has to be cut into soft yellow gold you have to have very good eyesight, and sometimes Ramaswami's poor father could hardly see: He would rub his eyes, and blink, but instead of helping everything looked darker than ever.

"I do hope the gods are not sending me blindness!" he said to himself. "It is a long time since I have been to the temples and taken a present to the idols. This very day shall Ramaswami and I make a little pilgrimage."

Now it is going to give you a big surprise to know that there are people in India who worship *elephants!* Yes, really! For the stone elephant I told you about at the beginning of this story was an idol, and it was to his shrine that Ramaswami and his father made their little pilgrimage.

Before they left home Ramaswami's mother had woven garlands of bright yellow marigolds to hang around the stone elephant's neck, and as Ramaswami carried them on his arm he asked about "Ganesa," which is the elephant-god's name. His father told him the elephant was the god of *prudence* and *policy*, two big grown-up words which meant that he was supposed to be very wise indeed.

After a long time they reached the little temple, and there on a stone platform, about as high as a table, sat the big elephant-god Ganesa. You can see from your cards how perfectly hideous he was! Do you see his elephant's head and trunk? His *four* hands? And perhaps you notice that he is sitting on a large stone *rat*! Although his picture is horrid to look at, you can just imagine how much worse he seemed to poor Ramaswami who actually *saw* the huge black idol! He saw those terrible eyes painted to look very fierce, his great white tusk sticking straight out

at Ramaswami, his fiery red tongue and his big black trunk raised up to one side as if to strike a poor little boy!

I'm sure I don't blame him for being *scared stiff*, and crying a little bit, too, do you?

Ramaswami's father laughed: "He won't hurt you, he is stone and cannot move. So make your salaam to the Lord Ganesa."

So Ramaswami and his father made what they call a "salaam" in India, by bowing and touching their hands to their foreheads. They hung the marigold wreaths around the elephant's neck and they poured some *ghee*, which is melted butter, over his head. This was to put him in a good humor, you know. Then Ramaswami's father rubbed the big painted eyes of the elephant, then he rubbed his own eyes, and he said: "Hear, oh Elephant-god, thou whose eyes see far and know everything, make well the eyes of thy worshipful slave."

You would not think anyone *could* be so foolish as to pray to a stone elephant,

yet we cannot laugh about it, for there is something in their poor dark hearts that makes them want to put their hands together and say prayers when they are in trouble. Nobody ever told them about Jesus, so they made these queer gods with their own hands, and although the gods were only stone *dolls* really, it was all they had to worship.

It certainly is all wrong, isn't it?

EIGHTEENTH STORY

THE WAY THEY EAT SUPPER IN INDIA



“See them kneel
To eat their meal
Off a leaf.
'Tis very brief,
Sauce and rice
They think are nice.
One thing looks queer:—
No women here?
Oh, no, they wait!
Although they hate
To find food gone
That they had hoped
to feed upon.”

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: Paint Ramaswami's turban green and his jacket blue. His father's turban is white, and his jacket red, his baggy trousers are yellow.

“THE WAY THEY EAT SUPPER IN INDIA”

LAST Sunday we had an elephant tale about India, do you remember? We saw a little boy Ramaswami and his father worshipping a perfectly hideous stone elephant, so that the idol would cure the sore eyes of Ramaswami's father.

Well, that evening they had to walk home through the *jungle* about sunset time, and how Ramaswami's father did hurry! For in the jungle things grew almost as high as a man's head, and so thick together that dreadful animals, called tigers, and great snakes, called cobras, could easily hide, ready to spring out and kill people. Up in the branches of the trees lively monkeys jumped around and chattered to each other, while bright green parrots made a dreadful noise squawking!

Ramaswami thought it was rather exciting in the jungle, still he was not sorry when he saw smoke rising from a little village in the distance, for he knew it was his own village, and that over the little smoking fires the evening rice was being cooked, and that his mother would be glad to see him.

Sure enough, she ran to the door of the little mud hut, saying: "The apple of my eye has returned, and the rice is boiling in the pot for him."

So Ramaswami and his father sat down on the floor and began their supper at once. You never knew such a queer meal. The very first thing that happened was when Ramaswami's mother put a little bit of rice in a tiny bowl and told her little daughter to put it before a wooden idol that stood on a little shelf. Then the mother scooped big white balls of rice into the plates, but the *plates* were big green plantain leaves! Yes indeed, *fresh green leaves!* A very easy way to get new dishes, I am sure.

The Way They Eat Supper in India 123

She poured a brown sauce over the rice, and I am glad you don't have to eat that sauce, for it is so very hot and peppery that it would make great tears run down your cheeks! Neither Ramaswami nor his father used knives or forks or spoons; oh no! they just popped the rice into their mouths with their *fingers*, and soaked up the sauce with some hard little cakes. But the worst of the whole meal was that Ramaswami's mother and sister did not eat with him and his father. They just waited on him, and then they sat down on the floor like human letter Z's, and watched the men folk eat and eat and eat! They were very nice about it, too. Ramaswami's mother thought her husband looked very handsome in his big white turban and his bright green jacket with a broad red belt twisted around his hips. You see, she was used to waiting until the men were through before she could begin eating whatever they had left in the brass bowl.

Sometimes there was *very* little left,

because the father and brother had eaten too much. Then the mother and sister went hungry. So many people in India are always hungry, yet every day they save a little rice out of the pot for the idol, because they are afraid of him.

I don't believe you ever realized before what nice things we white members of God's family have to be thankful for! Not only *dishes* and *knives* and *forks* and *chairs*,—they are just *things*; but we have *love* in our families, we like to sit down to eat our meals together, and if there is not enough to go around, why dear me! then we each take our proper share! You can't imagine your father eating what mother and sister ought to have, can you? That is what living in a Christian land has done for us, and it is only right for us to thank God for our daily food at each meal because He has given us so much.

After their strange supper Ramaswami's father said his eyes hurt him

worse than ever, probably because he had been walking in the hot sun so long. I am sure you would like to whisper to him that a *doctor* could do him more good than any hideous elephant idol. But of course you do not know yet that there was no real doctor in his village, nor in the village next to his, nor in the village next to *that*, nor for miles and miles and miles!

To be sure, there were strange Hindu men in each village who *said* they were doctors, but when Ramaswami's father had gone to the one in his village about his sore eyes, what *do* you suppose he did? Why he put a piece of red hot iron on top of the father's head *to let the pain out!* Oh, how it hurt! That just shows you he didn't know a thing about being a doctor, for he only made the poor eyes ache still more. So then Ramaswami's father tried the elephant-god. I do wish he could have a *good* doctor, don't you?

NINETEENTH STORY

A CROCODILE TAIL AND A
MONKEY TALE



This
is
a
tale
That
of
course
isn't
true
But
I
thought
it
might
be
amusing
to
You!

“A CROCODILE TAIL AND A MONKEY TALE”

Retold from the “Jatakas”

RAMASWAMI’S father kept on having a terrible pain in his eyes, so that he simply could not go to his shop to make gold bracelets and necklaces. He stayed home, and sat in the shade, with his hands over his eyes, and one day he told Ramaswami this story which his mother had told to him years before, when he was a little boy himself:

“Once there was a great river where many Crocodiles lived, and beside the river there was a big tree where some Monkeys lived. One day a Crocodile said to her son: ‘My son, catch a monkey for me for I want the *heart of a monkey* to eat!’

“‘But how can I catch a monkey?’ asked the little Crocodile. ‘For I don’t

travel on *land*, and the Monkeys never go in the *water*?’

“ ‘Oh, if you put your wits together you’ll find a good way,’ said his mother. So the little Crocodile thought and thought. And finally he had a bright idea!

“ ‘He swam to the tree where a Monkey was sitting, looking across the river at an island where cocoanuts grew.

“ ‘Hello, Monkey!’ called the Crocodile, ‘come on over to that island with me and get a nice cocoanut!’

“ ‘But I can’t swim!’ said the Monkey, ‘so how can I go?’

“ ‘Jump on my back, and I’ll take you,’ said the Crocodile. So the Monkey jumped down on the Crocodile’s back, and off they went, splash, splash through the water.

“ ‘This is a fine ride you are giving me!’ said the happy Monkey.

“ ‘I’m glad you like it,’ said the Crocodile. ‘How do you like *this*?’ and he swam down way *under* the water.

“ ‘Stop! Stop!’ spluttered the poor

Monkey choking, 'what ever made you do that?'

" 'I'm going to *drown* you, so I can take your heart home for my mother to eat,' said the Crocodile.

"But the Monkey was ever so clever. This is what he said: 'What, you want my *heart!* How I do wish you had told me, then I would have brought it along.'

" 'Oh dear!' said the stupid Crocodile, 'have you left it at home in your tree?'

" 'Yes, it's there, so if you want it, you'll have to take me home first. But since we are so near to those cocoanuts, please take me there first.'

" 'No! no! Monkey!' said the Crocodile, 'we'll go get your heart first.' So back he splashed to the shore. But no sooner had the Monkey jumped onto the bank than *whisk! zip!* he was up in his tree, looking down at the stupid Crocodile as he said: 'My heart is up here, silly Crocodile. Come up and get it!'

"The Crocodile was so mad at being

fooled, that the Monkey thought it would be wise to live in another tree after that. But the Crocodile saw him far down the river, in the new tree by the river.

“Now in the middle of the river was another island with cocoanut palms, and halfway between the riverbank and the island was a very big rock. Every day the Crocodile saw the Monkey jump from the bank of the river to the rock, and then to the island, and he said to himself: ‘I’ll get that Monkey yet, some night when he is jumping home!’

“So all day the Crocodile swam around watching the Monkey eat cocoanuts, then toward night the Crocodile crawled out of the water and lay on the rock, still as still could be!

“Pretty soon the Monkey started for home, but just before he jumped over to the rock he thought: ‘How queer and high the rock looks tonight! Oh, I guess the Crocodile must be on it!’

“But he never let on that he knew what it was. He just went to the edge

of the water and cried: 'Hello, Rock!'

"No answer from the still Crocodile! So he called again! No *answer*. Then the clever Monkey said: 'Why don't you answer me tonight, Mr. Rock?'

"Then the stupid Crocodile said to himself: 'Oh! I see! The rock must answer the Monkey every night. I'll have to answer for the rock this time.' So he answered: 'Yes, Monkey, what is it?'

"How the Monkey did laugh then! 'Why, it's you, Crocodile, is it?'

"'Yes,' said the Crocodile, 'I'm waiting here to eat you up!'

"'Oh dear!' groaned the Monkey, 'I'm caught this time! Oh well! Open your mouth wide so I can jump right into it!'

"Now, of course, you don't know what the Monkey knew, that when Crocodiles open their mouths *wide*, they really *have* to shut their eyes! So while the stupid Crocodile lay on the rock with his huge mouth wide open, and his eyes tight shut, the Monkey jumped.

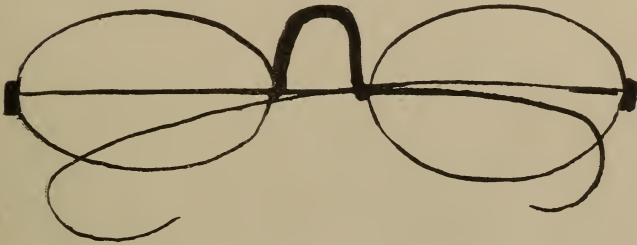
But not into his mouth! Oh dear, no! He landed on top of the Crocodile's head, and then jumped onto the shore. Up he whisked into his tree.

“When the stupid Crocodile saw the trick the clever Monkey had played on him he said: ‘You are a very wise animal. I think I won't waste any time trying to catch you again.’

“ ‘Oh, won't you?’ said the Monkey. ‘I'll keep one eye out for you just the same.’ ”

TWENTIETH STORY

HOW RAMASWAMI'S FATHER
CAME TO WEAR SPECTACLES



Poor Ramaswami was worried, we're told,
Because his nice father, who made things from gold,
Had eyes that were aching so terribly hard
He just had to sit around home in his yard.
But then came our Doctor, so clever and bright,
And gave him some glasses, and brought back his
sight.

“HOW RAMASWAMI’S FATHER CAME TO WEAR SPECTACLES”

LAST Sunday I told you what a terrible pain Ramaswami’s father felt in his eyes, and how he could not see to cut beautiful patterns on bracelets or necklaces. Instead, he had to sit home day after day in the shade of their little mud hut, holding his head in his hands, wondering if he ever could see well again.

The whole family were hungry, for when a goldsmith cannot work, there is no money to buy food. One morning Ramaswami’s mother cried as she said: “Alas! There is no rice for the pot, and no food for the stomach. But what can we do? It is the will of the idols!”

Then Ramaswami made up his mind the only thing to do was to pray once more to the village idol, and give it a present. It was terribly hot weather:

all the green grass had withered and turned brown, the mud streets had great cracks in them where the mud had dried into cakes, and even the village well had run dry, so that Ramaswami's sister had only been able to draw a tea-cupful of water in her big stone jar.

When Ramaswami looked around for a present for the idol all he could find was this water in the stone jar, so he took that in a little brass bowl to the temple. There sat the great stone idol, motionless as a giant doll. Ramaswami timidly knelt and dashed the cool water over the idol, as he said: "Give back my father's eyes, O Vishnu." In the courtyard he saw the sacred temple animals with garlands of flowers around their necks, and he bowed to them, hoping each thing he did might please the idols.

Then as he was lazily walking home he heard strange singing and saw a crowd of people listening to a man talking. That man belongs to you and me! He is *our* missionary, sent over to India

by our very own church to spend all his time telling the brown people about God.

Of course Ramaswami hurried over to find out what was going on. He never had seen a white man before, so he wriggled right through the crowd and got right up close to him. He rather liked what our Mr. Missionary was saying, but he couldn't help but laugh at the queer pieces of glass the man wore fastened on his nose! He never had seen jewelry like that before. So he piped right out: "Sahib! Why do you wear pieces of glass fastened on your nose?"

Our Mr. Missionary answered that once his eyes had hurt him a great deal, but as soon as he began to look through these pieces of glass, called *spectacles*, then he could see perfectly. It made Ramaswami think of his poor father's eyes at once.

"O stranger—Sahib!" he begged, "walk to my home and see my father. He sits in darkness unable to see. We

belong to the goldsmith caste, but now he cannot work, and there is no rice for our pot, and no food for our stomachs."

Of course our Mr. Missionary went. Ramaswami's father got up from the shadow of his mud hut, and touched his hand to his forehead. "Salaam Sahib!" he said politely, which means in English: "Good-morning, sir!"

Well, our Mr. Missionary spent a long time telling the family about our Hospital at *Ranipettai*, where sick eyes could be treated—for money, if the people were rich; for love, if the people were poor. He explained that there were schools there, too: a school where Ramaswami could learn wisdom; a *lace* school where Ramaswami's mother could learn to make lace to support the family, and last of all, a boarding-school where Ramaswami's sister could be sent to school.

You ought to have heard the family laugh at that! They thought it must be a joke! "What? Send a *girl* to school, Sahib?" they asked. "Surely

a *girl* can't learn how to read or write?"

But our Mr. Missionary told how he knew lots and lots of girls who could read just as well as boys. Dear me! they *couldn't* get over being surprised! Then our Mr. Missionary felt sorry for them because they were so poor, he said he was starting home that day in his bullock cart, it was only twenty miles, so he would take them with him. They decided that was the best thing to do, although the brown people in India are not fond of leaving their homes to live somewhere else, they think the idols on their shelf will not like to be moved!

But when they finally got to Ranipettai—will you say that name with me: "Ranipettai,"—it means, "Place of the Queen"—then they were glad they had come. For in the Hospital one of our Dr. Missionaries took care of Ramaswami's father. He did all sorts of things to his eyes, then he bandaged them up, and persuaded the father to get into the bed!

To tell the truth, Ramaswami's father was afraid of that bed! You see, he had never even seen one before, because the brown people in India sleep on the floor. So the bed hardly seemed *safe*, it was so high up from the floor, and I suppose Ramaswami's father felt the way you and I would feel if we had to sleep on the roof!

However, he slept there a whole month, and every day a Bible woman came in and told him stories about Jesus, so that he became very much interested. At last the doctor took off the bandages, and gave him some pieces of glass to fasten on *his* nose: *spectacles*, of course—and then he really was the proudest, happiest man in all India, for he could *see*, and down in his heart was a new love for Jesus. Next Sunday I will tell you what happened to the rest of the family.

TWENTY-FIRST STORY

RAMASWAMI'S MOTHER EARNS
A RUPEE



Here are the bobbins and here is the thread
That earns for these women their own daily bread,
They have all their collars and dollies for sale,
And oh! but they're dainty cob-webby and frail!

“RAMASWAMI’S MOTHER EARNS A RUPEE”

LAST Sunday while we heard about Ramaswami’s father in our Hospital, having his eyes made well, the rest of the family were having a wonderful time going to school. Yes, *all* of them, even the mother!

She went to a Lace School in Rani-pettai, where one of our missionaries teaches poor women to make lace, and although she was not very quick in learning to do it, because her fingers all seemed to be *thumbs*, yet she did finally finish a small piece of lace. Just a small queer little piece of lace, with several mistakes in it. But along came a nice American visitor, and when she saw the crooked little piece of lace, and looked at the dear brown fingers of Ramaswami’s mother, and heard the story about Ramaswami’s father—why then

she did the nicest thing, *she bought the piece of lace!* She even paid entirely too much for it, because she was sorry for the family. She laid one rupee in those dear brown hands: one rupee is worth thirty-three cents in our money! Thirty-three cents seemed a great deal of money to Ramaswami's mother, but instead of spending it for rice or a new saree for herself, this is what she did:

Smiling all over her dear brown face she went to the Hospital and said to Ramaswami's father: "The one and only God has given much happiness to our family, the noble doctor has given you back your eyes and these pieces of glass to fasten on your nose! Is it right that we should take all this for nothing? *No!* So let us hide this rupee under the leaves of the betel-nuts for the doctor to find. It will be our present to Jesus."

Don't you really think that was a lovely thing for her to do? So they put the rupee on a little tray, and covered it over with the leaves of the betel-nut, with some betel-nuts on top and one

little plantain, which is like a banana, you know! They handed the tray to our doctor with many a deep salaam, and he never knew until hours later that the rupee was hidden there. It made him have a nice warm feeling around his heart to know how much these new friends appreciated what he had done!

All this time Ramaswami was having a beautiful time in *his* school, and his sister, Anandabai, was having an even better time in *her* school, because she simply could not get over being surprised that girls could learn to read!

This is the way she began to learn. She sat on the floor and began tracing the Hindu alphabet in some *sand* spread out before her. Such funny little *hooks* and *curves* as she did have to make! Then by and by when she knew how to make them, the teacher gave her a slate, and she scratched away on that with a great deal of noise and pleasure. She loved the school, and the teachers, and the other scholars. She was working specially hard, because one of the

little girls had told her that at the end of the school year, every girl who passed her examinations always received a doll. For the Primer class, the cunning dolls were only two inches long; for the older class, three inches long; indeed, every year you stayed in that school you got a bigger doll—*if you passed*, of course!

Anandabai had never had a doll in all her life; in fact, she had never *seen* one until she came to our school; so she made up her mind she would stay at that school until she had earned every single doll, big, little, that a girl could earn! Then she would go back to her village with her head packed full of knowledge and her arms loaded down with dolls; and she would swagger down the village street while all the neighbors would say: “There goes Anandabai! Have you seen her wonderful dolls? She knows more than any girl ever knew before—she even knows more than *any man in the village!*!”

Now of course this was a very fool-

ish, silly thing for her to think,—by and by she saw how conceited that would be, but not right away. No! it took time for our missionaries to teach her, you see!

Well, at the end of six weeks her father left the hospital with his eyes cured, and the first thing he thought of was getting back to his own village to begin making bracelets and necklaces again. They decided to leave Ramaswami in school, but Anandabai would be needed at home, to get water from the well, to grind the corn, and milk the goat!

Well!! You can just imagine how Anandabai felt to think of going home without a single doll, or a bit of knowledge,—of course, no one could admire her *yet!* So she begged and begged to stay till the end of the year, anyhow; till she earned one tiny doll, at least. Our missionaries wanted her to stay, too, only, of course, it *was* a pretty tight squeeze to keep her in their crowded school. But the girls were

quite willing to keep on sleeping closer and eating a little less, if only Anandabai could stay. So finally her mother and father rode back to their village in a squeaky bullock cart, but Anandabai stayed on at school. Next Sunday I am going to tell you about the little girl-who-was-almost-turned-away!

TWENTY-SECOND STORY

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS
ALMOST TURNED AWAY.



Room for one more
On the schoolhouse floor?
Well—yes—though 'twill squeeze
These nice girls on their knees,
Who can now understand
How to write in the sand.



“THE LITTLE GIRL WHO ‘AL-
MOST’ HAD TO BE TURNED
AWAY”

LAST Sunday I told you how Ramaswami and Anandabai were left at school, when their mother and father returned to the old village, after the father's eyes were cured. Perhaps you remember that Anandabai specially wanted to stay, so she could earn a little doll at the end of the year, to show it off to the people in her village when she went home. Then every one would say: “Isn't it wonderful? Anandabai is a girl, but she can actually *read!* And she earned a doll at her school. No one is so bright as Anandabai in all our village.”

We decided last Sunday that this was a queer vain way to feel, and Anandabai thought so herself before long.

You see, she began to watch our missionaries, and some of the brown girls who never worshipped idols now, but were Christians. Anandabai watched *every single thing they did*; and she saw they were quite different from the heathen girls who worshipped idols: they spoke kindly to each other; they did not mind eating less food, so Anandabai could stay at school; they never grabbed for things at meal-time that did not belong to them; they never bragged about themselves, saying: "I am a good scholar, you never see *me* making mistakes in class!" Yet that was what Anandabai had said once. She felt a little ashamed of it, now.

"When I get grown up, I'm going to be exactly like these Christian girls," Anandabai said to our Missionary.

"Don't wait until you're *grown up*," our Missionary answered, "the only time to begin being a Christian girl is *now, right away*. So begin *tomorrow*, dear!"

And under the big twinkling stars

that night, Anandabai put her brown hand into the white hand of our Missionary, as she whispered: "Tomorrow then! You shall see me begin to be a Jesus girl!"

The very next day while all the girls were eating chota hazri in the courtyard, sitting in two long lines with their plates on the ground before them, there was a big commotion at the gate: loud voices, and the sound of crying.

Anandabai crept to the gate to find out what it was all about. There she saw a little girl, just her own age, sitting in back of a bullock cart, crying as if her heart would break. A man in a green turban was salaaming to our Missionary, and saying over and over: "But Mem Sahib, you said last year when you visited our village that my daughter would be welcome in your school. So her mother has packed two clean sarees and some rice, and we have traveled three days, only to have you say 'There is no room in the school?'"

Then our Missionary began to explain

all over again: "I am so sorry, but you see our school was crowded even at the beginning of the year, and since then I have kept crowding in one more girl, then another girl, and by and by another girl, then still one more, until four months ago I squeezed in the very last girl I possibly could! I am so sorry—so very sorry——"

Then Anandabai ran up very timidly. She remembered telling our Missionary the night before that on the next day she would begin being unselfish. Well, the new day had come, and here was her chance.

"Heaven-born!" she said to our Missionary, "ask the little stranger girl to dry her tears. I was the last little girl you squeezed in, so now that I have learned my alphabet and know about Jesus, should I not return to my mother's village to draw water from the well, and grind the corn, and milk the goat; then the stranger girl can squeeze into my place!"

Well,—our Missionary was never

more astonished, and the new little girl crying in the bullock cart sniffed the way you do when you feel sure the worst is over!

But the other girls in the school said: "No, no, Exalted Teacher, why should Anandabai leave! We will squeeze a little tighter — there are only two months more!"

Even when our Missionary said it would be ever so uncomfortable, and no! she really could not allow it, a perfect chorus of voices said: "Oh please! please let them *both* stay!"

So they did. And there was more love in everybody's heart because Anandabai had been so good to the new little girl who *almost* had to be turned away.

There really is some more to my story, for the next year a little school was started in Anandabai's village, so she lived at home, and everybody in the village really was proud of her, because she knew more than any of the other girls, and had earned one doll. But Anandabai knew better than to be vain

about such a little thing as knowing the alphabet.

“No,” she said to herself, “if I live to be a hundred I can never know all our Missionary knows, or do as much good as she does. But I just think I’ll *try!*” And of course that’s all anybody can do!

TWENTY-THIRD STORY

“GOD’S LITTLE GARDEN”



These five small pansy faces, a message sweet can
tell,
I hope you'll listen to them, and heed their message
well:

“My heart is God's little garden,
And the flowers blooming there each day,
Are the *things* he shall see me doing,
And the words he shall hear me say!”

—Selected.

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: Leave one little pansy
white, that's for you and me; then paint one yellow
for Little Miss Daffodil, a Chinese girl; one black,
for Rustling Grass; one brown for Ramaswami and
one red for the One Little, Two Little, Three Little
Injuns.

“GOD’S LITTLE GARDEN”

EVERY once in a while I see a little boy or girl who reminds me of a certain flower. You know what I mean, for you have often heard people say: “Mary’s eyes are as blue as *forgetmenots*,” “Ruth’s cheeks are like pink *roses*,” “Tom’s lips are as red as *poppies*.” But the other day it occurred to me in looking at some pansies that they are almost exactly like the faces of God’s Family!

It isn’t at all hard to pretend that the white pansies are the white members of God’s Family, that means you and all the other white children in God’s world. Then the *black* pansies certainly must be—who do you suppose? *Of course!* The black negro people in Africa! Surely you haven’t forgotten about their little houses-that-are-built-in-half-an-hour, or about the banana

tree-that-was-all-dressed-up! The *yellow* pansies are the Japanese children in God's Family. I think you remember their dear little, queer little-houses-that-were-made-of-paper, and the cradle-that-walked-on-two-feet, and the pagoda-that-had-five-roofs where they worshipped the ugly idol. The *brown* pansies are certainly the dear little brown children of India. I have just been telling you Elephant tales about their elephant-god and about Ramaswami and Anandabai. As for these *reddish-colored* pansies, they are the American Indians who live here in our country, although I haven't had time to tell you about *them* yet.

Well, you know the minute you see a pansy that it *is* a pansy, whatever color it is, don't you? In the same way, we can always know that everybody we see is a member of God's Family, whatever color they may be!

Now let me tell you the history of the pansies. They weren't always *flowers*. No, once they were only queer-

looking seeds like these. [The teacher is requested to have some pansy seeds, also five pansies of the above mentioned colors to illustrate this story.] How very small the seeds do look! Here are five of them, all exactly alike as far as you or I can see. Once somebody planted five seeds just like these down in the earth of a pretty garden, God sent His rain and His sun to help them grow, and somehow he taught them how to split open when the rain had wet them and the sun had warmed them. Then tiny little green shoots began growing higher and higher, until finally they pushed right out into the sunlight. They still kept on growing, and you could plainly see little leaves, then little buds—then what? Yes, *five little pansies!* But although the *seeds* all looked alike, and the *plants* all looked alike, and the *buds* all looked alike, one flower had *white* petals, another *black* petals, another *brown* petals, another *yellow* petals, and another *reddish* petals! The minute they opened their

petals the same sweet smell seemed to breathe the words: "God is good!" And if you had your eyes shut, you couldn't tell one flower from the other: the color was the *only* difference.

God has given each child in His great big Family a little garden of his very own, in which we are each to plant the seeds of love and kindness. I know a little verse that tells the whole story:

"My heart is God's little garden,
And the flowers growing there each
day,
Are the *things* he shall see me doing,
And the *words* he shall hear me say."

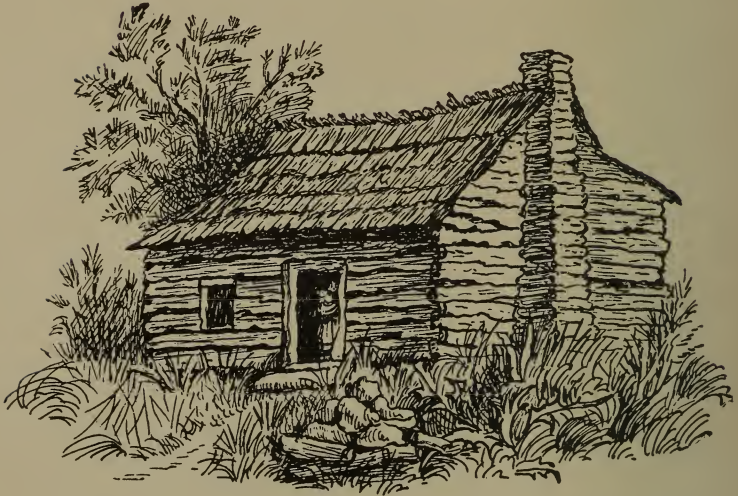
But just as all the pansy plants needed God's sun to help them grow right, so every little child needs God's Son, Jesus, to help *him* grow right. All over God's world our missionaries are busy telling the children of God's Family that their hearts are God's little gardens, and showing them how to grow right. But the sad part about it is that

there aren't nearly enough missionaries to go around among all of God's Family who never heard of Him, so whenever you look at little pansy faces smiling up at you from a garden, I want you to remember the little yellow and black and brown and red faces of God's Family. And I want you to pray that just as all the dear pansy faces seem to say "God is good!" so God wants to see all the little red and yellow and black and brown faces smiling as *they* sing, "God is good!"

I think it is very nice to know that it doesn't matter what color their faces are. Just the way a black pansy is exactly as sweet as a yellow pansy or a white pansy. You won't forget all this the next time you see pansies, will you? For Children's Day can't be a *real* Children's Day until every single child all over God's world joins with us in singing: "God is good!"

TWENTY-FOURTH STORY

THE LONELY HOUSE THAT
HAD NO NEIGHBORS



“How lonely it is!” the Lonely House thinks
While its one lonely window solemnly blinks,
“I’ve nothing to look at but hills, all the day,
For all of my neighbors live so far away.”

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: I think it would comfort the Lonely Little House if you painted its wood-work brown, and the grass green. The mother in the doorway wants a new blue dress, too!

“THE LONELY HOUSE-THAT- HAD-NO-NEIGHBORS”

I HAVE told you stories about a dear little, queer little house-that-was-made-of-paper, and other stories about the little house-that-was-built-in-half-an-hour, so today I have another story about a very Lonely House-That-Had-No-Neighbors!

It seems to me it must be ever so friendly for one little house to look across the street and see smoke curling out of the chimney of the house over there. “Well, well!” says the first little house to himself, “they must be getting supper over at the Smiths!” Or perhaps when the little house looks right next door and sees fresh white curtains at the windows, can’t you just imagine how green with jealousy he must feel until the people who live inside him put

curtains at *his* windows, too? Yes, having neighbors is very cheerful!

The little house I am going to tell you about today has *no neighbors at all*, and no nice curtains at the windows, either. Not even any glass in the windows!

I hear you asking: "What kind of a family live inside?"

Well, they're *white* people, just exactly like you and me, in lots of ways. I mean they speak the same language, and they have the same color skin, and they live in America with us, but each lonely-house-that-has-no-neighbors is tucked in among the trees in a valley with oh! *so many* hills all around it! Just hills—and hills—and hills—everywhere! And it's awfully hard to get from one lonely - house - that - has - no - neighbors over to another lonely-house-that-has-no-neighbors. That is because the roads in these hills are very poor—all stony and steep, sometimes a river runs right across a road in one place, and a tree grows right in the middle

of the road in another place. And sometimes there isn't any road at all, oh, dear!

So you can plainly see it isn't much fun to live in a lonely-house-that-has-no-neighbors, although I really haven't told you the worst about it yet. It seems to me it's bad enough not to have any other family to play with or look at, but just suppose there wasn't really room enough in the lonely-house-that-has-no-neighbors for the family that lived in it! Suppose there was only one room, with a bed in one corner, a smoky fireplace where mother did all the cooking, two very uncomfortable chairs that father made out of boxes, and a queer old tipsy table and a spinning-wheel! From the ceiling hang strings of onions, and red and green peppers, and a ham!

"That is a queer way for American children to live," you say, "only *one* bed when there are so many in the family." Of course all these families who live in these lonely-houses-that-have-no-neighbors are very poor, and

they can't afford to have beds enough to go round, or chairs enough, either. I am sorry to say the poor mothers and fathers are so tired all the time that they just settle down, and keep right on being poor and miserable, because there doesn't seem to be anything else to do.

The fields are all so steep and stony that it is very hard to raise potatoes and corn. Once I heard that a farm on the side of a hill was so very steep that one day when the poor farmer was ploughing he actually fell right out of his own farm down the hill!

“It all sounds perfectly horrid,” you say, “but maybe they spend lots of time *reading* in the lonely-houses-that-have-no-neighbors.”

No, for that's *another* unpleasant thing about being one of these lonely Americans shut in by the lonely hills: for neither the mother, nor the father, nor any of the children can read at all! That means they never saw a Bible,

most of them, so they really know next to nothing about God.

“Well,” you say, “I think they need a *missionary* or two!”

And that is just what lots of the grown-up people in our church thought, too. So they sent some missionaries down among those beautiful mountains of Kentucky, and they gave them a horse so they could climb up and down the hills and valleys to find all the lonely-houses-that-have-no-neighbors.

I think it was a great surprise even to our missionaries to find so many, many lonely families tucked away in the woods and the valleys: unhappy families who quarreled, and had no funny little family jokes the way our families do. Families who never read books or newspapers, and so never knew what was going on all over God's world among *His* Family.

“We must have a school for them,” said one missionary.

“And a church!” said another missionary.

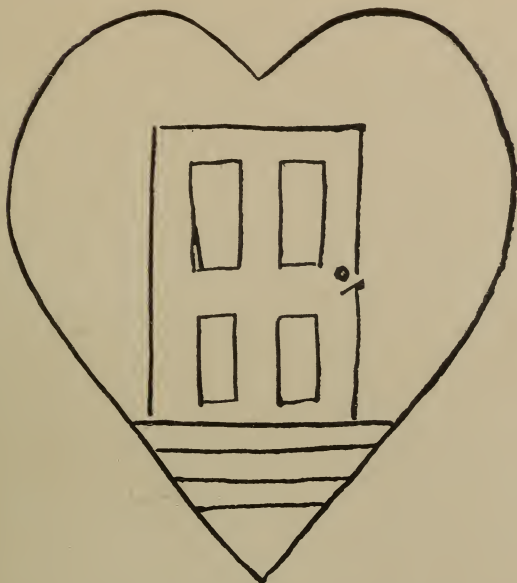
“And a nurse!” sighed a third missionary, who found ever and ever so many sick people who had no medicine to take because there was no doctor anywhere. “A hospital, too!” said the first missionary.

All these things take money, of course, *lots of money*, but the people who go to our church gave it, so now in those mountains there are several perfectly good schools, full to the brim with nice little mountain girls and boys; there are nice little churches packed with the lonely families from houses-that-have-no-neighbors. There is a hospital, too, and a doctor and nurses. So it isn't *quite* as lonely in those mountains as it used to be, because our church is helping.

But there is lots to do yet, and next Sunday I am going to tell you about a little mountain girl - who - never - said - please!

TWENTY-FIFTH STORY

“THE LITTLE GIRL WHO NEVER
SAID PLEASE”



All over God's world the same thing is true
Which now I am going to whisper to you:

“Hearts like doors open with ease,
To very, very little keys,
Never forget that two of these
Are: ‘I thank you’ and ‘If you please.’”

—SELECTED.

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: Hearts are always red,
as of course you know, and doors are usually brown;
so now you know how to paint this picture!

“THE LITTLE GIRL-WHO- NEVER-SAID-PLEASE”

IN the first place it wasn't at all her fault that she never said "Please!" because nobody ever taught her! She never even *heard* anybody say it—neither her mother, nor her father, nor her brothers, nor her sisters, nor her aunts, nor her uncles! For the people who live in the lonely-houses-that-have-no-neighbors have gotten into very bad habits,—they grab what they want, and are really unpleasant and impolite almost all of the time.

When our missionaries came to the mountains of Kentucky they listened and *listened* and LISTENED, but they never heard *anybody* say "*Please*" or "*Thank You.*" So when I tell you about the Little Girl-Who-Never-Said-Please, you must know that she wasn't

the only one, for everybody else was just like her in that way.

To begin with, of course she lived in a lonely little house-that-had-no-neighbors. And there weren't enough beds, or dishes, or even tin pans! Speaking of *pans*, her mother had to use the same pan to get the water in from the brook, to mix the bread in, to feed the cow from, and to gather the chips for the fire! Not because she *wanted to*, but because there was no other pan in the house.

The little girl's name was Sookie. One day when she was down by the brook getting some water in the one-and-only-tin-pan, who should come calling but one of our missionaries, on horseback.

This is what Sookie's mother said to our missionary: "How do, stranger! 'Light, and hitch your beastie!"

So our missionary got off and hitched her "beastie" to a tree, and came over to shake hands with Sookie's mother. Sookie was far too shy to come any

nearer than the corner of the house, where she could "peek" at this lovely stranger with the soft sweet voice.

Our missionary looked around the dirty, ugly, lonely little house and decided she couldn't possibly say anything nice about that, so she looked at God's beautiful world instead, and said: "What beautiful hills you can see from your front door! I just *love* them!"

But Sookie's poor tired mother said: "Yes, I guess maybe they are pretty to some, but I get so tired it seems like I can't look up as high as the hills. It seems like I just can't look over 'em."

Do you know, our missionary would have given anything to get out her pocket handkerchief and just *cry* and *cry*? She felt so sorry for Sookie's poor tired mother. But missionaries know better than to cry in public, so she acted just as cheerful as she could while she told about the lovely new school for boys and girls that was to begin "day after tomorrow." She said it wasn't a very big school, so each family could

only send *two* of their children, and did she have two she wanted to send! You ought to have seen Sookie come rushing up then.

“Now mammy,” she said, “you ain’t aimin’ to send only the boys, be you? You’ll send me, won’t you?”

There were five children in the family, and it was hard to know which two to choose, but finally she decided Sookie could go.

Happy? Why Sookie was fairly bubbling with happiness! She could hardly wait for school to “take up,” as they say in the mountains. She counted this way: “Tomorrow I eat, then I sleep, then I comb my hair, and then I roll away to school!”

So when school did begin no one was there earlier than Sookie and her brother. They did one queer thing the minute school began, they *took off their shoes and stockings!* You’ll never guess why! No: not because it was too *warm!* No: not because they were *uncomfortable,* although I think they

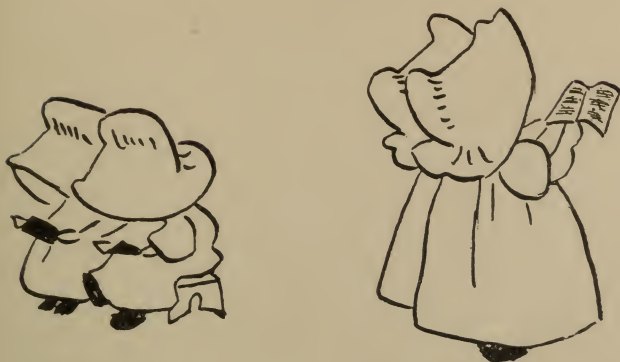
were. But that wasn't the real reason. For they took them off to *save them*. Shoes and stockings are dreadfully expensive things, so expensive that Sookie was *wearing her mother's*, and she wanted to make them last forever and ever, so that is why she took them off to save them.

Sookie listened hard to everything that happened that day, and she heard the teacher say "please" very often. Then she heard some of the girls who lived at the school all the time say "please." These girls came from lonely-houses-that-had-no-neighbors far off in the hills, and they learned their good manners from our missionaries. Sookie heard them saying: "Oh *please* help me do this," or "Oh thank you so much for that"; and somehow it sounded very nice and friendly to Sookie. She decided to say it herself, all the time.

She even made her brothers and sister say "Please," and next Sunday I want to tell you how even the Sunbonnet Baby learned to say "Please."

TWENTY-SIXTH STORY

THE SUNBONNET BABY



The Sunbonnet Babies—God loves them, I know,
Loves babies and bonnets of gay calico!
How nice it will be when they go to our school
To sing and to read and to learn things by rule.

“THE SUNBONNET BABY”

SOMEHOW we get so used to seeing people wear hats, that we think everybody in God's Family wears them. Yet the yellow people in faraway Japan, and the black people in Africa never wear hats at all, while the brown mothers and daughters in India just pull part of their dresses up over their heads like a shawl. But right here in our own country, in the Kentucky mountains where the lonely-houses-that-have-no-neighbors are full of little girls-who-never-say-please, the women and girls wear *sunbonnets*. You can see a picture of them on your Take-home cards, and I have a story for you today about the Sunbonnet Baby who seems to be nearly falling off the back of the horse.

One day Sookie, her sister, came home from school, and found the Sun-

bonnet Baby crying loudly outside the closed door of their lonely-house-that-had-no-neighbors. Although really it was worse than crying, it was *howling*, and nobody liked a Howler, you know!

So Sookie rushed over: "What yer mean makin' such a racket?" she asked, shaking the Sunbonnet Baby *hard*.

"Want ter git in the house," howled the Baby.

"Well, say 'please' then," Sookie commanded. But the Howler had never heard of such nonsense before.

"Go ahead—say 'please!'"

"Why-for I say 'please?'" howled the Sunbonnet Baby.

"Well," said Sookie, "I learnt a nice little poem at school today that tells why. You-all just listen:

"Hearts, like doors, open with ease
To very, very little keys:
Never forget that two of these
Are 'I thank you,' and 'If you please.'"

The Sunbonnet Baby had never heard a poem before, so she stopped howling

and actually smiled. "Please!" she lisped, so Sookie opened the door to the Lonely-house-that-had-no-neighbors and they went in.

"Now that yer indoors, what do yer want?" asked Sookie.

The Sunbonnet baby smiled: "I wants a kiss!" she said.

"A kiss?" said Sookie, "whatever made yer think of *kisses*."

"Missionary lady gives me kisses—I likes 'em. I wants one *now*. Where is the missionary lady?"

"Why she's not *here*, Baby, she's at her home!" Then Sookie sat down on the floor and began to think about kisses herself. Had anybody ever kissed her? Well, of course, years and years before *somebody* must have! But somehow she couldn't remember about it, at all. Her mother was always too busy working in the garden, or making butter, or weaving, or making candles, or cooking, to waste any times on kisses. And her father was rather too cross to even *think* of kissing anybody, and her

brothers never heard of such a thing, maybe. Suddenly she knew how badly she wanted a kiss, herself.

"I tell yer what, Baby," Sookie said, "I'll kiss yer myself."

"No! No!" said the Sunbonnet Baby, howling all over again, "I wants my missionary lady."

Just then their mother rode up to the door on their big bony horse, with several baskets of berries.

"Sookie," she called, "I'm goin' to the crossroads, to try an' sell these berries!"

Sookie ran over to her. "I reckon there's room on the back of the beastie for me and Baby, we want to go see the missionary lady something fierce."

So up they scrambled on the black horse, and away they rode to the crossroads. A wagon happened to pass just then, and Sookie's mother sold all her berries. Then they rode to our missionary's house. It was in her front yard that the Sunbonnet Baby almost fell

off the horse, she was in such a hurry for her kiss.

Sookie called after her: "Now, Baby, what yer goin' to say to the lady first off?"

The Sunbonnet Baby looked up at our missionary and said: "If you please!"

How our missionary did kiss her. She kissed Sookie, too. So then Sookie said to her mother: "Mammy I'm aimin' to kiss you every day now."

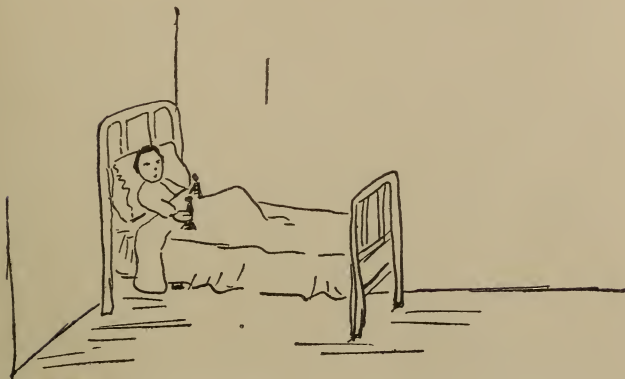
Something nice and warm woke up in the mother's heart. "I reckon that will be real nice, Sookie," she said, "I allow I clean forgot how nice kissin' was, I been so busy and tired."

The Sunbonnet Baby looked up at her mother: "*If you please, mammy!*" she said.

So then her mother kissed her, and I guess everybody knows there's nobody in the whole world a baby would rather kiss than—*mother!* And it was just one more dear friendly thing that our missionary had taught Sookie's family.

TWENTY-SEVENTH STORY

THE GET WELL ROOM



This boy is sick, the days seem long
Because inside him things are wrong.
But in our Get Well Room he lies
And likes our Doctor, kind and wise.

“THE GET WELL ROOM”

SOOKIE and the Sunbonnet Baby had a brother named Udell, who had been very sick in the lonely-house-that-has-no-neighbors; he was sick for a long time before our missionary nurse heard about it. As soon as she heard, she got on her horse and rode over the steep stony hills to leave him some medicine in a bottle.

You all know how medicine bottles look, don't you? How they have a piece of paper pasted on the outside of the bottle where the directions are written. “Directions” are words that tell you how to take the medicine—how many pills to take, and whether to put them in water or take them dry on your tongue. Well, our missionary nurse left the bottle and rode away hoping the pills would help Udell, for she knew how horrid it must be to be sick in one of these lonely houses, where the cold wind whistled through the cracks in the

walls and the smoke from the open fireplace made poor sick eyes water and smart.

After she left the mother who lived in the lonely house picked up the bottle and remembered something our missionary had entirely forgotten,—she remembered that she *could not read a single word of the directions* on the bottle!

“Why don’t yer give me my medicine, mammy?” Udell asked.

“I don’t dast give it to you,” his mother said, “for I can’t tell what this here writin’ on the bottle says.”

“Leave me look at it!” Udell said, and by the way, you can see that Sookie had not taught him to say “please” yet! So Udell looked, but he could not read either.

“I reckon we will just wait till Sookie comes home from school this afternoon, for Sookie can read most anything,” his mother said, and she began washing the few old cracked dishes and her one tin pan.

But Udell was so tired of being sick, it seemed as if he couldn't wait all the hours until school was over, so he did what you and I know right away was a *dreadful* thing to do: he ate all the pills at once! They tasted dreadfully, and of course they made him begin to feel queerer and queerer inside. He even cried a little, which boys don't generally do unless things are pretty bad. His mother was very much scared, for when Sookie came home from school she read off the label on the bottle these words: "Take *one* pill in a teaspoon of water *every four hours.*" And of course you remember Udell had eaten all the pills at once, without *any* water.

"I reckon you'd best take Udell on the beastie right down to the Hospital, mammy," said Sookie. "I reckon he's gettin' powerful sick."

So the father saddled their bony old horse, and rode all the way to the Hospital with Udell in his arms.

Now at our Hospital in the Kentucky mountains we have one room called

"The Get Well Room," especially kept for poor sick children like Udell, who come from draughty, smoky, lonely log cabins. Udell had never slept in a clean white bed before, although for a long while he was so sick he hardly knew where he was. But by and by he got better, then he liked to have our nurse call him "Dear," and every time Sookie stopped in from school to see him she would say: "I hope you remember to say 'Thank you' and 'Please' to the doctor and the nurse!"

"Of course, I do," Udell said proudly, "and I clean my teeth now every day, which is more than you do!"

"How do you do it?" Sookie asked curiously.

"This is my very own tooth brush," Udell explained, "and I just swish it around up and down, up and down over my teeth with plenty of water! If you say 'please' to the nurse, maybe she'll give you a brush of your own. She says I must *never* let anybody else use mine, *never.*"

Our missionaries have brought some very nice things to Sookie's family. Just plain everyday things like "Please," and "Thank you," and "Kisses," and "Toothbrushes,"—things that you and I have always known about because there is happiness in our homes. But I almost think the Get Well Room was one of the kindest, loveliest things our missionaries thought of. For the Get-Sick-Times would have been dreadful in the cold lonely-house-that-had-no-neighbors, and the Getting-Better-Times would have seemed so long and dreary there. Did you know that the children in our churches and Sunday schools and Mission Bands gave their offerings specially for this Get Well Room? I love to think that you and I can have a share in it, and that every day our dear missionaries are teaching Sookie, and Udell, and the Sunbonnet Baby, and all the other mountain children, the nicest ways to say "Thank you!"

TWENTY-EIGHTH STORY

THE PEOPLE WHO COME HERE IN BOATS



From far across the sea they come
And live in some unpleasant slum.
They work all day to make for you
The things without which you can't do:
Both clothes and coal and food and shoes,
And lots of other things you use.

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: You will need lots of colors for this family, for all the shawls and mufflers and skirts are very bright, and so are the bundles. *They* don't like patches, poor dears, but they look nice in pictures, I think.

“THE PEOPLE WHO COME HERE IN BOATS”

JUST about this time of the year, when summer comes around, ever and ever so many fathers I know have a way of saying to their families: “Come on, children! Let’s pack up now, and go for our vacation.” Probably you know some boys and girls who have gone away like that, do you?

Sometimes they go in the train, sometimes in automobiles, sometimes in great big boats. They travel for a whole day, and have a beautiful time afterwards playing in the sand, or on the farm, or in the mountains. But when the summer is over, they all come back home again; the boys and girls go to school, the fathers go to business every morning, and the mothers—well, *you* know what mothers do! Just about *everything*, don’t they?

I have a story for you today about a very different kind of travel. Far away over the sea somewhere, a father says to a mother, in one of the languages you and I do not know,—but *God* knows it: “Little mother,” says this father, “let us pack up and go to *America!*”

Then such a babble of little voices! “Shall I need my old patched coat in America, mother?” one child asks, “and can I take all the kittens?” another one says.

“Well, that’s nice,” I hear you say, “but are they coming all this way for a vacation, just to see the sights?”

Oh dear no, they are coming over here to *live*, but they will be so poor and have to work so hard that they will probably never get time to see any of the sights, at all.

“Then why do they come if they have to work so hard?” you ask me.

Well, it’s like this: over where they live the father can’t *begin* to make as much money as he can here, he can’t buy enough food over there to feed all

the hungry stomachs, or enough clothes to cover all the shivering backs, or enough shoes for all the busy feet. So he comes to America because he can get more money here.

There are white fathers from Italy and Russia, brown fathers from India and Arabia, yellow fathers from Japan and China: just hundreds and hundreds of fathers from all over God's world who decide to come here and live.

They load themselves down with huge bundles, then they crowd themselves into big boats, and the big boats come sailing, and sailing, and sailing over the blue ocean to America.

Of course you never knew about it before, but most of the things that we have to eat and to wear are made by these fathers who come to America in big boats.

The coal that we burn in our furnaces is mostly dug out of the earth by the fathers of little Slavic children; the yards and yards of woolen and cotton cloth that we see piled up in our stores

was woven by the fathers and mothers of little Bohemian and Polish children. For, oh yes! the *mothers* work, too! That is because they are so *poor*. Your suits and coats that you bought in the store were made by the mothers and fathers of little Jewish children. Your shoes, your gloves, your father's collars and cuffs and shirts, your furniture, your canned vegetables—really almost *everything* in your house was made by these fathers from over the sea. They work out in the streets, too, digging away to make streets and sidewalks for us.

It really seems as if most things we use would just *stop*, if these fathers who came here in boats, should suddenly decide to go home again. But luckily they *want* to stay, although it certainly can't be much fun for them to work, work, work in the dirty coal mines, or the busy noisy factories, or even out in the muddy streets where they may get run over unless they are careful.

When you go home just look around

your home, and see everything with *new eyes*. And perhaps when you pray to Jesus tonight you will want to say: "Please bless all the people who came to America in boats, and who have made our shoes and our furniture and our clothing for us."

TWENTY-NINTH STORY

PIG-TAILS AND OTHER TALES



This little girl came here from Japan,
She's learning our ways as fast as she can.
I think every one of us ought to think twice
Before we hurt her with words that aren't nice,
For if we should live in Japan for a while,
We'd find that we, too, were all out of style!

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: Paint her nice kimono
and sash in your two favorite colors.

“PIG-TAILS AND OTHER TALES”

I AM sure you have not forgotten what I told you last Sunday about the fathers from all over God's world who came to America in boats, bringing their families with them, have you? Or how almost everything we have to eat and wear and use in our homes was made by them?

Of course you and I understand how it is that these fathers and their children speak different languages from ours, and dress differently, and act differently. For we know that is the way God made His Family, the way He likes them to be, each part of the family different from every other part. Just the way your sister and brother don't look exactly like you. Since it doesn't matter to God what language the people

in His Family speak, or how they dress, it doesn't matter to you and me, either.

But there *are* girls and boys in America who aren't polite enough to overlook the way these children-from-over-the-sea dress and talk. I think it *must* be because they don't know the secret about God's Family that you and I know! For they nickname the little Jewish children "Sheeny," and the Italian children "Dagoes," and the little Slavic children "Wops." They think they are being very smart and funny, and that white children like ourselves are the *only* nice children there are. You can tell from all my stories about Butterfly, Ko-i-chan, Rustling Grass, Lazy Legs, Ramaswami and Anandabai that other children in God's Family are *every bit* as nice as we are. Here is a story to prove it!

Once there was a little girl from Japan whose father worked in New York City. She went every day to one of our public schools.

I'm sure you haven't forgotten how

beautifully polite everyone is in Japan, so this little Japanese girl kept on being beautifully polite here in America. Whenever she came into the class-room she bowed way over to the teacher, and when she stood up to recite she bowed again very politely. Even when the little girls in her grade spoke to her she bowed to *them*. And would you believe it? But some of the rude boys and girls in her grade made fun of her! They made fun of her dear Japanese eyes which slanted up at the corners. They thought it was very funny to nickname her "Slant-Eyes."

She was very quiet and polite, so it was no fun to keep teasing her about her eyes, and they made fun of her dear little blue kimono with the blue sash and the big sleeves. "Big Sleeves! Big Sleeves! Big Sleeves has her wrapper on!" they shouted in a sing-song way after her, on the street. I think that really hurt her feelings, for one day she came in an American dress like yours and mine, so then the foolish girls and

boys began making fun of her *hair*. It was bobbed evenly all around her head, except for two long locks that hung on either side of her face.

“Pig-tails! Pig-tails! Funny little Pig-tails” they chanted at her, at recess; until this dear little Japanese girl from over the sea began to think it was perfectly dreadful to go to school in America.

But that very night one of the worst little American girls, who had started all the teasing, had a dream. Although she never knew it was a dream until she woke up, of course.

Somehow or other Mary Smith knew she was way over the sea in Japan. It began by her hearing Japanese voices saying: “What a perfectly hideous little girl!” Now Mary had often heard people tell her mother how pretty Mary was, so she was a little mad! The Japanese voices went on: “Isn’t her hair the most ridiculous color? Yellow, instead of black! Poor ugly girl, I even believe her eyes are blue instead of

brown. Poor faded eyes. They don't even slant up at the corners as pretty eyes should."

Then someone else said: "Did you ever see anything so absurd as her funny dress? Just look at that big white collar? What can it be for? To keep her warm? And see her tight sleeves, she can't carry even a fan in them! And dear me! Just look at those silly shoes, tightly buttoned all the way up. She must have to wear them right in the house. I suppose she has no manners at all."

Then next Mary was in a Japanese school, standing up to recite. And oh, the mistakes she made! They actually had to nudge her, and remind her it was *very* impolite to forget to bow to the teacher. It was also wrong to call the teacher "Miss So and So," she should say "*Honorable* Miss So and So." If ever a little girl was unhappy Mary Smith was that girl, yet the Japanese girls were very polite and never laughed out loud.

Then she woke up, and knew it was only a dream! But when she got to school she told her dream to all the rude children who had been laughing at the little Japanese from over the sea.

“Don’t let’s ever laugh or make fun of her any more,” said Mary Smith. “Why, I made mistakes every minute in Japan, girls, *every minute!* I couldn’t eat my rice with their *chopsticks*, I couldn’t write in school with their *brushes* instead of pencils, I couldn’t even *bow* right. How do I know that her way of doing these things isn’t every bit as good as our way? So don’t let’s make fun of her again. For I tell you girls, *it hurts!*”

And they never did!

I know you never will, either.

THIRTIETH STORY

THE LADY WITH THE WELCOME FEET



Up lots of stairs and down back alleys
Our fearless missionary sallies.
In wintry cold, in summer heat,
This Lady-with-the-Welcome-Feet
Becomes a friend to all who lead
A very lonely life indeed.
I like to think that through the hours
The work she does is really *ours*,
Because our church directs her feet
To Japanese on every street.

“THE LADY WITH THE WELCOME FEET”

I KNOW you have not forgotten my stories about the people who come here in boats from places all over God's world, and who live in our cities, and work all day long making the things we use every day. You remember the story about the Japanese girl in the New York school, too, don't you? And the way some of the children made fun of her quaint Japanese ways, until Mary Smith had an uncomfortable dream that she was in Japan, making the queerest kinds of mistakes all day long!

Well, just as Mary Smith felt uncomfortable and lonesome in Japan, so the Japanese people feel ever so uncomfortable and lonesome here in America. You see, they can't understand the words we American people

say, and they can't read our books, so I guess you can see what they need most of all is a *friend* to help them!

But where can they find this very special kind of a friend? Not the *storekeeper* where they buy the things they eat—for he, poor man, only wants their money, he hardly takes time to notice that they seem unhappy and lonesome. And the *Landlord* isn't their friend, oh no! he just wants their money, too, and it doesn't matter to him that they are uncomfortable in the dark, ugly room in his big dark ugly house. And the *Policemen* aren't friends of theirs, either. No, somehow the Policemen just finds fault with the queer Japanese way they have of doing things, and because he can't understand the very polite words they say in Japanese, he thinks they must be saying something *dreadful!*

But I can hear you say: "But how about their neighbors, can't *they* be friends?"

Well, they *could*, of course, only they

don't very often take time to even think about other people who are uncomfortable and lonesome, because that is the way they feel themselves! For they are ever so poor, they are crowded into dark, ugly rooms, they have to work very hard all day, and everything gets so cluttered up and dirty that nobody can feel very happy! One neighbor doesn't think very much about another neighbor, I'm afraid.

So I think it is a very beautiful thing that God has put it into the hearts of some of the people in our church to have a missionary of our very own to go to visit these Japanese families who live in New York. One of the nicest parts about it, is that they chose a Japanese Christian man and his wife to be our missionaries, because it really is a great deal friendlier for the lonesome, uncomfortable people to have someone who knows all that they know.

When the Japanese father goes to work, and the Japanese children go to school, then the dear little Japanese

mother is all alone in the horrid little room in the dirty big building. But she cleans everything up as spick and span as she can, and then, oh dear! she hears a *knock at the door!* She feels a little scared, for she doesn't know a single word of English except "yes!" and of course lots of times "yes" isn't at all the proper thing to say to strange people, you know! So she tiptoes over, and opens the door a crack, and pokes out her nice little nose.

"O-hay-o!" ("ohio") says a voice in the dark hall outside. That means "How do you do?" in Japanese. *Well*, she nearly falls over she is so delighted, and in walks our missionary. They do have such a nice time chattering away in Japanese, and bowing to each other. Our missionary knows *just* how to help her best, and she invites her to come to a special house you and I have in New York, where hymns and preaching are all said in Japanese. When it is time for our missionary to hurry off to another family, the polite Japanese

mother says: "Your honorable feet are always welcome in my miserable room!"

Something nice and warm sings in her heart all day, because she has found a friend! Then when she goes to our special house to the service she meets other Japanese people whom she never dreamed lived in New York, and she learns about Jesus. She brought her idols all the way over from Japan with her, but after our "missionary-with-the-welcome-feet" visits her again and again and again, she begins to love Jesus very much, and before long she and her husband and the children join our church.

I like to think we have this missionary to be friendly with all these lonely, uncomfortable Japanese people in New York, don't you? And it's nice that when they all go back to Japan in big boats they will find more missionaries of our very own way over there, too, and a church of our very own to go to on Sundays.

THIRTY-FIRST STORY

THE LITTLE HOUSE THAT WAS
MADE OUT OF ICE



This is the home of the small Eskimo,
Made out of ice and glistening white snow.
There isn't much color on anything there,
It's just as snow-white as this picture is bare.

“THE HOUSE-THAT-WAS-MADE- OUT-OF-ICE”

B'RRRRR! How would you like to be real, real cold today? So cold that you would have to bundle up in all the warm clothes you have? I think it would be fun, so let's pretend we are going on a trip toward the North Pole, to a very cold country called *Alaska*, where there is snow all the year round, both winter and summer.

Everything for miles and miles and miles is simply covered with glittering white snow, and there can't be *trains* or *automobiles* or *wagons* because there are no roads. So we will have to ride on a sled pulled by dogs, oh such *frisky* fierce-looking dogs! But how they can fly over the snow, and never dump you into a snowdrift, either!

Way off in the distance there is a funny little round white mound, per-

haps you think it is only a lot of soft snow, but I may as well tell you right away that it is a *house!* And it's all made out of ice, every bit of it, even the furniture inside.

I can just hear you saying: "Dear me! what a dreadful cold house it must be," but it *really* is almost *too* warm when all the family crowd inside it. It looks like a giant white bowl turned upside down, doesn't it? It is built of blocks of ice, and is called an "igloo." The doorway is made very low, and the family have to crawl in on their hands and knees. Just think how much cold air and snow could blow in if the hole were larger.

It is very dark inside the igloo and the roof seems very low. There is a hole at the very top, you can call it a chimney or a window, whichever you like. All around the edges of the round room is a platform of ice on which soft fur skins are laid to make beds and chairs. The table is a slab of ice, **on** which is a dish made out of bones, **with**

moss and grease burning in it. Ugh! What a dreadful smell it makes! Somehow the oil heats up the inside of the igloo, especially with so many people in there.

First of all there is somebody, in a fur suit with fur trousers, cooking something over the dish of burning moss and grease. I suppose you would never guess that it is the *mother* of the family, on account of her trousers. But you see up in Alaska where it is so cold it is a much warmer way for her to dress; besides she never heard of *skirts* until she met a missionary. Perhaps you would notice a queer bumpy-looking lump on her back, and you would feel sorry because she was deformed. But that is the baby in his cradle! You can't imagine a cosier, warmer cradle than inside the back of her nice fur coat.

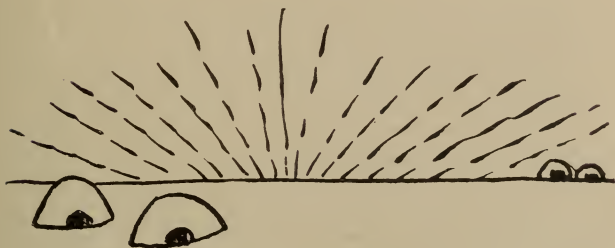
In the igloo there is an older woman with only two teeth left,—that is the grandmother. Then there is a funny little white ball which shyly keeps its

face turned from us—that is the little Eskimo girl. The bigger brown fur ball is her brother. He is shy, too, because they have never seen any other white people, except the missionary.

They are very kindly going to invite us to eat with them, but I'm wondering if we will like what they give us—for so little of their food will be cooked! They eat the meat of the bear and the reindeer without cooking it, and they never cook fish, either. In fact their very name, "Eskimo," means *Raw Fish Eater*. They eat almost every inch of a seal, but although I have heard that the raw blubber of the seal tastes a little like fresh cream, I think neither you nor I would like the way it smells. So I am rather glad we can get dinner in our very own homes today, because our trip is over for this time. Next Sunday we will go back again.

THIRTY-SECOND STORY

WHAT HAPPENS TO THE ES- KIMO SUN IN WINTER



The Eskimo sun fairies dance in the
winter,
With colors enough to scare even a
printer,—
There's yellow and orange and purple and
red—
They race up the sky, then they race
back to bed!
Yet even more cheerful, we understand,
Are the schools and the churches in
Eskimo-land.



SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: Paint yellow, orange,
green, purple and red streaks in the sky. Perhaps
you could even remember that grown-up people call
it "Aurora Borealis!"

“WHAT HAPPENS TO THE ES- KIMO SUN IN THE WINTER”

LAST Sunday we went on a visit to a queer little Eskimo igloo up in Alaska—the little round house-built-of-ice. I suppose you remember how we had to travel on a sled drawn by four or five dogs, because Alaska is a country where there is snow all the year round.

One very strange thing about Alaska I did not tell you last week, and that is about the *sun*. It keeps dark in Alaska for three months every winter, and they do not even *see* the sun. Then after three months, it begins to get light for a little while at noon, and as spring comes on the days get longer and longer until at last it hardly gets dark at all, all day long. The Eskimo people hardly know when to go to bed! Of course that part of it is ever so nice for the children, but just think how unpleasant it would be to live in a country where it gets dark six weeks before Christmas, and stays

that way for three long bitter cold months.

It is then that the family stay in the little round ice igloo, and while the bone dish of burning moss is spluttering and making a dreadful smell, the children sprawl out on the fur rugs and their grandmother tells them this story of what happens to the sun in winter. Of course it's not *true*, for it's a fairy story.

“Once upon a time there was sun all the year round in Eskimo-land, but that was before the fairies that live in the sun learned to dance. Then they were good little fairies, who quietly went to bed every night when it got dark. They not only went to bed, but they went fast asleep, and they slept until the sun said ‘Wake up,’ then they jumped out of bed and put on their pale yellow dresses and the first thing the Eskimo people knew it was *morning*. Because the fairies had walked right in through the ice window and made the darkness bright.

“Well that was all very nice, and the way it should be, but one day the sun said: ‘Dear Sun Fairies, I am going to be away longer than overnight this time. It will be months before I get back, because I am going to make things especially hot on the other side of the world. While I am gone I expect every one of you to stay in bed. I don’t want these Eskimo people to see you at all until I get back. It will do them good to be in the dark for a while, do you understand?’

“‘Oh yes, sir, we understand!’ sang the fairies, and shut their eyes tight, pretending they were fast asleep. But they squinted enough to see the sun packing up for his hottest trip somewhere. Then off he tiptoed, and Eskimo-land was ever so dark. Dark like it is today. Eskimo people did not know what to make of it. They did not know whether it was day or night. They just hated it.

“The fairies hated it, too. But they kept on staying in bed, only they had

their eyes wide open. 'I can't stand this any longer,' said one fairy, 'this is too dismal for words.' So she slipped out of bed and put on her yellow dress and skipped right up the sky! But all the time she kept whispering a soft '*S'sh*' to the clouds and the stars, it sounded like silk rubbing on silk, and they knew it meant: 'Don't tell on me for doing this, will you?' Then up jumped another fairy: 'I'm all *slept out*, too!' she whispered, and she put on *her* yellow dress and danced up in the sky, whispering '*S'sh*.' Then all the fairies got up, and some put on red dresses and some put on green ones and some put on violet ones, and they all danced in the sky.

"Then the Eskimo people rushed out of their dark igloos to see the beautiful lights in the sky. 'It is the sun fairies!' they shouted to each other, but the dancing fairies whispered '*S'sh*.'

"Well, every winter since then the fickle sun has left the Eskimo-land for some other place, but just as often as

they dare the sun fairies dance in the sky in their brightest dresses, and you can still hear them say 'S'sh.' "

How the Eskimo children did love the grandmother's story! There is just this much truth in it, that during the three long dark winter months there *really are* great northern lights in the sky called Aurora Borealis, and if you listen very hard you really can hear something that sounds like silk rubbing on silk. Even the missionaries say so.

The missionaries don't like the dark winter months, either, but the Eskimo people love the mission schools and churches after they got used to the idea. But it was hard work to do it, oh *so* hard! Then, too, one church *ran away*, and another was *eaten up by dogs!!* Yes, that is really true, even if does sound queer: for one church was carried away by a great stream of water, and the other was made of whalebone covered with seal skins, and some hungry dogs really did gobble it up for their supper.

THIRTY-THIRD STORY

TOTEM POLE LAND



A totem pole is a family tree
Showing an Indian's An-ces-try.
Here are some bears, and here are
some birds
Telling his story without any
words.

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: Use
your very brightest greens and
reds and blues and yellows to
paint these hideous heads. Aren't
they fierce?

“TOTEM POLE LAND”

FOR two Sundays we have been on a visit to a very, very cold part of Alaska where the Eskimos live; so today we will visit another part of Alaska, where there is snow only in winter, and where trees and grass and vegetables can grow in the summer, and men can get wood to build their houses, instead of using blocks of ice!

Their houses are not at all pretty, we would call them *shanties*, but in front of some of the houses stand the queerest poles you ever saw in all your life! Very tall poles with queer carved faces on them, the faces often painted red, black, blue, yellow or green.

“What *can* they be for?” I hear you ask. Well, a totem pole is simply the way these Alaskans have of writing down their family names and histories!

Every family believes that way, way back there was an *animal* member of their family, maybe it was a *bear*, so the bear is carved at the top of the pole. Then someone from a *bear* family married someone from a *raven* family, so then a big ugly bird is added to the pole; after which comes a history of family events in other carvings. After it is all done, he paints it in bright colors and puts it up in front of his log cabin and feels ever so proud of it.

In Alaska they eat a great many animals we never see except in the Zoo. Seals and whales and bears. A man who has a bear carved at the top of his totem pole has to be almost *dying* from hunger before he would think of eating bear meat! If it should happen that there was absolutely nothing else to eat, and he was simply *starving*, then he *might* eat just a little bit of bear meat, but he would feel very badly about it and say: "I am so sorry to have to *eat my friends!*"

This grown-up man is very sure that

all kinds of dreadful evil spirits live in the air and the trees and the water. When the sun is setting he is afraid that wicked goblins may be dancing right into his house, and when night comes on he thinks he can hear horrible demons howling in the darkness. So it is no wonder that when he is so afraid of evil spirits, all his children are dreadfully afraid too.

When someone in an Alaskan family gets sick they send for a "medicine-man!" He is a fearful sight, for his face is painted in all sorts of colors, and he wears a big jingling necklace of bear's teeth around his neck, and on his head are reindeer horns!

He comes dancing into the little house beating noisily on a drum: Thumpety-thump! Thumpety-thump! You see he thinks an evil spirit has gotten into the sick person, and he is trying to drive it away.

I am glad that there are missionaries in Alaska to tell all these poor scared

people that God's world is packed with love and goodness, so they need not be afraid. As soon as the Alaskans know about Jesus they love Him just the way you and I do.

THIRTY-FOURTH STORY

HOW WE GET OUR PINK FISH



The fishes called salmon are always quite pink,
And they taste very nice, so most people think!
They're caught in Alaska, in wild rocky rivers,
So dang'rous it gives us comfortable shivers.
In many a factory all over that land
Ten thousand pink salmon are now being canned.

“HOW WE GET OUR PINK FISH”

WE have been having very short little vacation trips to Alaska every Sunday recently, so today I thought I would take you *fishing* up there!

It is going to be far more exciting than any fishing you ever heard of before, so perhaps it would be better for us just to *watch*. To begin with, we shall see the father of the family get out his canoe, which he made by himself, out of skins. It is so light that he can carry it on his back from his house to the river, yet it is so strong that his wife and the three children can sit in it.

Even his little son knows how to paddle the canoe, for he often has to go out all alone to catch some pink fish for supper. Pink fish are called *salmon*: I wonder if you ever ate one? When the little Alaskan boy goes out all alone, he does not take a fishing rod with hook

and line as a white boy would, because he *spears* the fish!

It is quite hard, for he has to stand up in the front of the tippy canoe, with his spear in his hand. There is a line fastened to the end of the spear, so that he can pull it back after he has thrown it.

Along swims a nice fat pink salmon, very fast. *Splash! Zip!* The boy has thrown the spear, and hit the fish, and in a minute there is the big pink salmon squirming wildly around in the canoe. Now that he has caught the family supper, he hurries home with it!

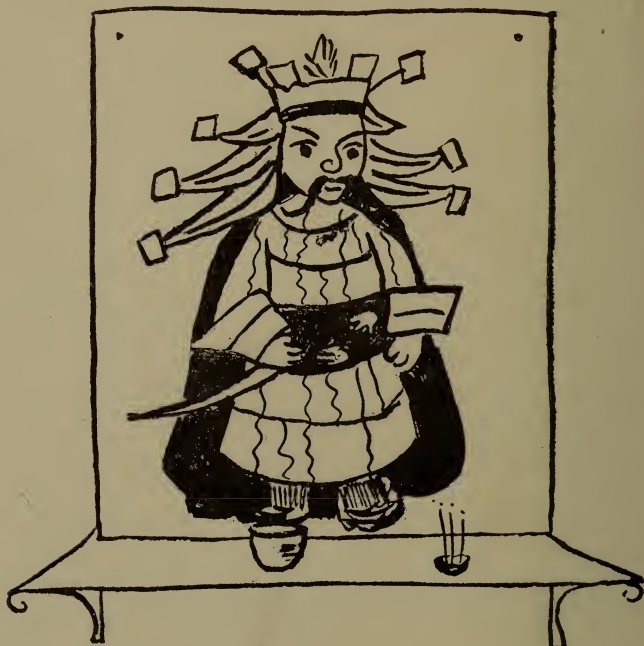
But even that is easy, just catching one fish for supper, compared to what the father does when he spends day after day catching pink fish, for of course he can't stay in one place all the time, he has to go down the river in his canoe. The river is full of rocks and the water rushes over the rocks with a tremendous noise! *Swish, swash, swirl, bang, zip, bang, swirl, swish, swash!* It really looks as if no canoe could possibly

get through such angry wild water. The little boat tosses around, this way and that way, but the father knows how to guide it and finally he reaches calmer water where there are many pink salmon.

The next time you go to the grocery store on an errand for mother, I wish you would find the shelf where there are rows and rows of cans marked "Salmon." On each one will be a picture of a big pink fish which some nice Alaskan father caught for you and me to eat.

And I think maybe an Alaskan mother in a salmon factory cut up the pink fish and put it into the cans which you can see in your grocery store. It is not very nice in the salmon factory, for it smells of all the fish, but she is poor and needs the money for her family. But I think when her children grow up maybe they will have a better time, because they can go to the mission school, and learn to read and to play and to worship God.

THIRTY-FIFTH STORY
IN A CHINESE KITCHEN



On the wall of the kitchen this idol is pasted,
And once every day some good rice is wasted
By filling the bowl, which is placed on the shelf,
As if the old idol could eat it himself!
Of course being paper, he can't eat at all,
He can't even budge from his place on the wall!

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: You can't possibly put
too many different colors on the idol, for every bit
of his dress and his hat are a different shade!

“IN A CHINESE KITCHEN”

I AM going to take you into a Chinese kitchen today, and show you a little Chinese girl who is watching the Chinese cook get dinner ready. Most of the boys and girls in God's Family about whom I have told you so far have rather pretty names, like Butterfly, and Rustling Grass and Sookie, but nobody could possibly like the name of this little Chinese girl, she didn't like it *herself*, for it was “*Not Wanted.*”

The truth of the matter is that when she was born her father and mother had three little daughters already, and *had* hoped the new baby would be a *boy*. So when they found they had another girl they didn't much care what they called it, because she really was “not wanted.” That seems as good a name as any to show the gods they weren't very well pleased. But now “Not Wanted” had

no father and mother, any more, and lived with her grandmother, and you will see that the poor dear was "not wanted" there, either!

So now let us go back to the Chinese kitchen, which we will find very different from ours. For one thing the windows are made of *paper*, so they do not let in very much light, but oh! so much cold air! The kitchen range is not bright and shining like the one in your house, but it is built of earth and bricks, and they call it a *Kang*. On the wall above it is a little shelf, where the picture of a perfectly hideous man is pasted, he is all shades of red and blue and yellow and green. You will be terribly surprised to know that "Not Wanted" took a little bowl of rice, and laid it on the shelf before him, saying in Chinese:

"Come God of the Kitchen,
Oh, Grandfather Chang!
Come, here is your pudding
And here is your t'ang.

Go fly up to heaven
Begone in a trice
Forget all the bad
And tell only what's nice."

[Translated by ISAAC T. HEADLAND]

So you surely have guessed that the horrid old paper picture is really an *idol*, a paper *kitchen* god to whom the Chinese offer rice every day because they think he spends his nights up in heaven telling about them, and if they give him rice maybe he will tell only the good things. Once a year they get a new paper god for the kitchen.

But even stranger than the kitchen was the dinner which was not at noon, nor in the evening, but in the *middle of the afternoon*, for in China they only have two meals a day, the first is called "early rice" and the second is called "late rice." They eat *rice* so much in China that they talk about it a great deal,—instead of saying "good morning" to their friends, they say "Have you eaten your rice?" And once when

“Not Wanted” fell down and broke her right hand everybody said: “‘Not Wanted’ has broken her *rice* hand”—because, you see, everybody eats rice with the *right* hand!

So this was “late rice” they were going to have, and you never saw so many women and girls as sat down at the table with her! You might almost think it was a boarding-house, but it was only her grandmother, her sisters, her aunts and cousins who all lived in the same house, and ate their meals together, while the grandfather, uncles and boy cousins lived in other rooms far distant where the women never went.

Each little sister and cousin and aunt took a bowl from a side table and filled it from the great wooden bucket of steaming rice, over which they poured the juice and leaves of some boiled cabbage. Then they each picked up a pair of chop sticks, and sat down at the table. They held the bowls close to their mouths, and pushed the food into their mouths with the chopsticks. They have

a funny proverb in China which says: "The stomach loves surprises," and I think a Chinese stomach gets them! For besides the rice they eat bamboo sprouts, raw fish, salted squash seeds, candied lotus roots, eggs that are really *very* old, and queer sticky dishes with vermicelli floating around in it. When they have chicken, they throw the bones *under the table*, even the grandmother! Never once during the meal was there a time when thanks were spoken to the kind Father in Heaven who sent them this food, because in China the people do not know about God at all, they only worship *idols*,—even in the room where they are eating this queer meal, there was a hideous brass idol sitting up on a shelf and staring straight across the room with his ugly brass eyes.

There was one thing about "Not Wanted" that nobody liked, and that was her *temper*! She kept losing it, all the time; although you could really hardly say it was *lost* when you could hear it slamming doors, and saying

cross words, and slapping people, and being really a very noisy, disagreeable temper! It made her family keep right on *not wanting* "Not Wanted," although I think it was partly their fault, because they never loved her enough or spoke gently to her.

I told you that her own mother and father had died, and by this time her grandmother was so tired of this cross-patch granddaughter that one of her uncles finally said: "Tomorrow I will try to *sell* the little nuisance, or else I will give her to those white-faced missionaries to keep. So don't worry any more about her, honorable mother, I will surely get rid of her tomorrow for you!"

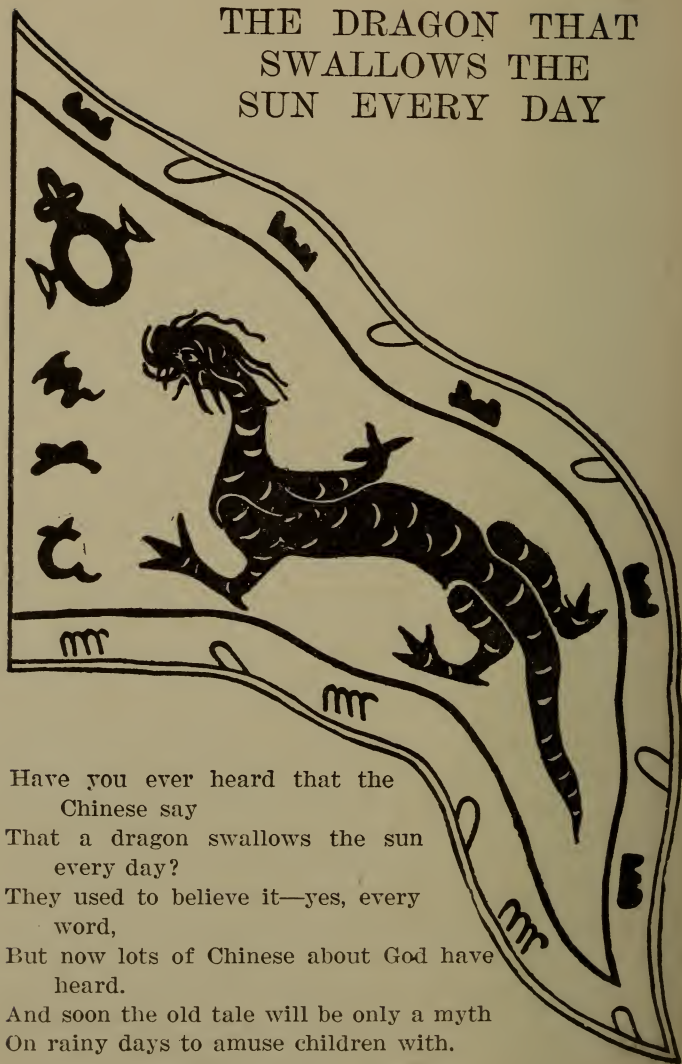
So all that night poor little "Not Wanted" cried and cried, although she did it very quietly, because her grandmother kept a stick on hand to beat the children if they cried too loud.

"Not Wanted" had heard the most dreadful stories about our missionaries. She had heard that they took out the

black eyes of little yellow Chinese girls and sent them over to America for the poor white girls whose ugly eyes were blue! She had even heard that the missionaries cut up little Chinese girls into tiny pieces and put them in medicine bottles to send to America for medicine! Did you EVER hear such nonsense? But poor little "Not Wanted" believed every word of it, so no wonder she cried all night long.

THIRTY-SIXTH STORY

THE DRAGON THAT
SWALLOWS THE
SUN EVERY DAY



Have you ever heard that the
Chinese say
That a dragon swallows the sun
every day?
They used to believe it—yes, every
word,
But now lots of Chinese about God have
heard.
And soon the old tale will be only a myth
On rainy days to amuse children with.

“THE DRAGON-THAT-SWAL-
LOWS-THE-SUN-EVERY-
DAY”

LAST Sunday I told you about a little Chinese girl named “Not Wanted” who had such a horrid temper that her uncle was either going to *sell* her, or give her to a missionary. Poor “Not Wanted” hardly knew which of the two dreadful things she would rather have happen, so I fear she was ever so happy the next day when her uncle had a perfectly terrible *toothache*. He groaned and he moaned all day long, and of course could not think of leaving the house.

“But I shall be well tomorrow!” he said crossly, so poor “Not Wanted” felt unhappy all over again.

Now it happened that on this very day, queer old Blind Chun, the Story Teller, came into their courtyard, feeling his way with a stick. The grand-

mother and the aunts hobbled away to find pieces of cash, which they gave him so he would tell them stories.

This is one of the stories he told, which everyone had heard lots of times before—it's only a fairy story to us, but most of them believed it, I think! "Celestial ladies!" said Blind Chun bowing very low, "I would fill your worshipful ears with a story of the great god Pwan-Ku. For be it known to you that at the beginning of time the great god Pwan-Ku formed the earth with hammer and chisel. He toiled and he worked for *eighteen thousand* years, and each day that he worked he got *six feet larger* than he was the day before! Finally he got so very big, that to make room for him the heavens began rising way, way up in the air and the earth grew larger and larger. Then when the heavens were round and the earth was smooth, he died. I tell you the truth, when I say that his giant head became mountains; his mighty breath the great winds and clouds; and his voice became

the thunder. His arms and legs were the four poles; his veins, the rivers; his muscles, the hills; and his flesh, the fields. His eyes became the stars; his skin and hair, the grass and trees; and the insects which he touched became *people*. Surely I speak only the truth!"

The minute he was through "Not Wanted" spoke up! "Oh but, Blind Chun, last time you told us a very different story about the earth, and I don't see how *both* can be true. You said before, that the whole earth was built on the back of a perfectly huge *dragon*."

Blind Chun scratched his old head, and smiled: "Your ears are as long as the rooftree of a pagoda, young lady! I fear you have stored too much wisdom in your stomach! But both stories are quite true, for the earth is indeed built on top of the great dragon who swallows the sun every day!"

"Hurry up and tell us about that!" said "Not Wanted."

So Blind Chun said: "Way down

under the earth the dragon lies asleep. Some people say it is a giant turtle—maybe so. Anyhow it doesn't do to dig down very far in the earth because if you tickle his ribs, he will wake up and be very angry. He rolls over, and then that makes an earthquake. Buildings topple over, and people get hurt. It has often happened. When the white Christian people built their schoolhouse they dug way down in the ground to make a *cellar*. They did not know what we Chinese people know about the dragon, so down they dug and will you believe me? The dragon snorted and snorted; the Christians said it was only a *thunder storm*, but he did it to show them he was furious."

"My! what a tremendous big dragon he must be!" said "Not Wanted," shuddering.

"Yes, he is just as big as the earth!" said Blind Chun. "When it rains, the dragon is playing with his *pearls*, splashing them on the earth for the fun of seeing them bounce back. And every

single night he wakes up, opens his big jaws and swallows up the sun. He has his spirit servants—wind and water, thunder and lightning. Everybody in China knows this is true, because the old Chinese flag had a picture of the dragon swallowing the sun on it.”

But one of the boy cousins who went to school said: “But China has a new flag now, sir, with five stripes: red, blue, yellow, white and black. And I have heard it is all nonsense about the dragon!”

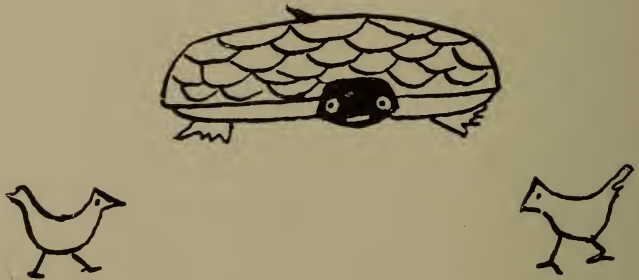
“That is the way with life!” said Blind Chun, as he left, “the young people think they know everything. These stories *sound* true, don’t they?”

“Not very!” said the young cousin, but “Not Wanted” said: “Can’t you come again tomorrow? I’m hoping my uncle won’t be over his toothache!”

Which was not very kind of her, was it?

THIRTY-SEVENTH STORY

TURTLE TALES AND CHICKEN
TAILS



I think this tale teaches something quite right
That to older people we be most polite!
There's room in God's world for everyone here,
And we'll be old, too, in some far-away year!

“TURTLE-TALES AND CHICKEN TAILS”

A CHINESE toothache can hurt even worse than an American one, because no one knows what to do for it, so the poor uncle of our little Chinese friend “Not Wanted” had such a big swollen cheek that he simply could not leave the house to take her anywhere to get rid of her, as he had threatened. “Not Wanted” was perfectly delighted, especially as Blind Chun, the Story Teller, came groping his way into their courtyard again. The grandmother and the aunts found some more Chinese cash for him, so he started right in with this Turtle Tale, which they had heard many times before, of course:

“Once upon a time there was an old farmer named Ah-Po, who lived five hundred years ago. Ah-Po knew everything. The people would say to

him: 'Will it rain today?' and he would answer: 'Not today, but you will need your bamboo hats at this time tomorrow.' Well, one day Ah-Po caught a big mountain turtle. It was so very large that it took both of Ah-Po's sons to carry it home.

" 'We will not kill the turtle,' said Ah-Po, 'for he is too old to eat. We will keep him and watch the rings grow round his legs each year.' So they gave him a nice corner in the barnyard, and fed him rice and water.

"Now Ah-Po kept many chickens, and for three months the turtle and the chickens lived quite happily together. Then one day the young chickens walked up to the turtle and began to laugh at him. 'Aren't you ever going back to your own home?' they asked. 'You are so large that you take up some of our room. We need it all. You foolish old thing, do you suppose our fathers and mothers want you? No, not one of us likes to even see you around. I suppose it will be years before you die.

Yet nobody likes you! You are not clean, you make too much dirt. Look at your water bowl this minute, it is upside down, and your rice bowl is all mussy, with rice on our floor. Too many flies come here to see you, none of our family like flies!’

“Well, the turtle waited until the silly young things had finished scolding, then he said: ‘Do you think I came here myself? Who put me here? Do you suppose I like being cooped up here in jail? I never eat any of your rice, and I never disturb any of you. If our master sold your whole family he would only get one piece of silver for all of you. So who are you to find fault with me?’

“So the chickens hurried home and told their mother all about it. Then the next day the old hen herself walked up to the turtle and said: ‘How dare you scold my children? How dare you say all my family are only worth one piece of silver? Do you think you are worth anything yourself? You are so tough

your own master could not eat you, and the market people would never buy you. I suppose you'll just live on in our yard a thousand years or so. Then you will die, and they will throw you into the Nobody-Knows-Lake.'

“Then the turtle said: ‘I am a mountain turtle. I come from such a wise family that it is hard for man to catch me. Very learned men like doctors know that my skin is good for skin disease, my forefeet are good for the devil-sickness in children, for they drive the devil away. My shells are good for sore throat, my stomach is good for stomach-ache, and my bones are good for toothache. Once when some of your chickens were sick, the master fed them three turtle eggs and they got well. So you can see I am a very useful creature. Yet I have to stay cooped up in this horrid place with your silly children. They steal my rice, yet I never bother *you*. If I had some of my own people here, other big *young* turtles, then you would not dare come near us, for they

would snap at you. But I have gotten over the snapping age. It is like this with me: I know that yesterday your silly young chickens scolded me; today *you* scold me; tomorrow and the next tomorrow generations of unhatched chickens will hop over here to scold me—but I will be living on and on, long after our master has chopped off your heads and eaten you up. I am so old that I am wise, I know that the earth is large enough for all creatures, but you think the earth was made only for *chickens*. If you should be able to scare me away today, tomorrow you would begin on the poor dog, and the next day you might even try to get rid of the master. This barnyard is large enough for birds, chickens, ducks, geese, pigs and myself. It makes our master happy to have us all here. Now I am done. Go away.'

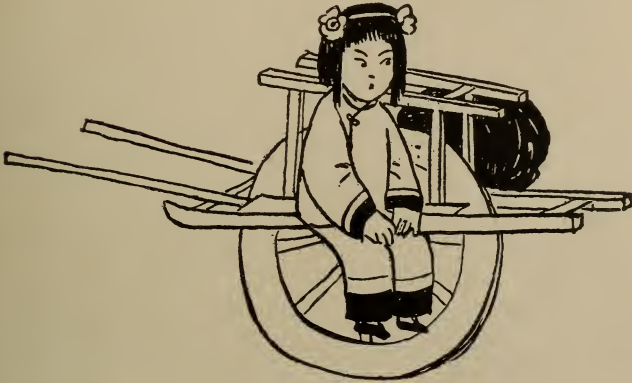
“So the chickens went away quite ashamed. The mother hen said: ‘Children, the turtle is right. It is foolish to want everything. We must all live

in peace with one another. The barnyard is not ours, we only use it a little while till we die. We must remember to honor old age. It is sometimes hard to live to be old. So let us be gracious to the turtle. I want you to bow to him every morning, for everyone knows in China that youth must reverence old age.' "

When the story was over the grandmother said to Blind Chun: "That is a good story, and the best part of it is that young people in China do reverence old people, and bow to them."

THIRTY-EIGHTH STORY

“A RIDE IN A WHEELBARROW”



You've heard of jinrik'shas and queer bullock carts,
But oh! to be there when the *wheelbarrow* starts!
“Squeak!” says the wheel as it slowly goes round,
“Squawk!” it remarks as it rolls o'er the ground.
“Boo-hoo!” cries “Not Wanted,” so terribly scared
To think that in China no one for her cared.

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: Paint her little jacket
yellow, and her little trousers green, and the roses
in her hair red!

A RIDE IN A WHEELBARROW

OF course you all know what a wheelbarrow is, but I am quite sure you never thought of being trundled through the streets of a city, the way "Not Wanted" was trundled through the streets of Amoy, the morning her uncle took her away from home to get rid of her. Probably you remember that she had a very disagreeable temper, and there were enough little girls to feed in their household, anyway!

Little girls in China (all who are not Christians yet, I mean) have their feet bound up into a very small space so they will fit into the tiniest silk shoes you ever saw. Of course, it hurts them so much and makes their feet so useless that they never can walk far all the rest of their lives, and that is one reason why in China women and girls ride in wheelbarrows.

I just wish you could have seen "Not

Wanted" perched on one side of *her* wheelbarrow, with her bundles of clothes and her quilt on the other side! Even though she was wearing her very best yellow jacket and bright green trousers, she was crying as if her heart would break as she remembered all the perfectly *awful* things missionaries might do to little Chinese girls: pull out their eyes, cut them all up, whip them and starve them, and oh, dear! lots of other *ridiculous* things! Just think what a wonderfully pleasant surprise she will have when she actually meets our dear missionary!

Her uncle walked ahead of her on the street bowing very politely to the people he met. He did it like this: he bowed way over, he shook his own hands as he said very politely: "Your miserable servant is sublimely honored to look upon your worshipful countenance!" Then the friend he met bowed too, and said: "You use up the air in great compliments, for it is your humble slave who is glorified by this momentous oc-

casation!" You can see how exceedingly polite they are in China, and what high-sounding words they use!

Before they got to the missionary's, they passed a temple, so her uncle went in and made an offering to the hideous old wooden idol inside. Then on they went through such narrow streets with such bumpy stones that "Not Wanted" was almost spilled out a number of times. But finally they reached a big wall, and at a high gate her uncle knocked loudly until the gatekeeper opened it. Her uncle sent in a big green visiting card to the missionary, and was ushered into a room with a rocking-chair in it. He had *never seen one before*, and was very careful not to sit in it!

But when our missionary came in she sat down in the rocking-chair with perfect safety! The uncle made a fine bow, then he said: "Honored Lady, I have outside a worthless little worm of the dust whom I wish to bestow upon you. She is no good in our household.

She makes nothing but trouble under our roof-tree. If there is no room in your honorable home, I think I can sell her for a long string of cash to a man in the city."

You can imagine how horrified our missionary felt to hear him speak so easily of selling any little girl.

"But why do you want to get rid of her?" she asked.

"She is like a little tempest," the uncle explained. "She miserably weeps and wails like the storms of heaven when her bound feet trouble her; she kicks and fights and steals when her worthless little stomach wants rice that is cooked for others; she is entirely useless to us, but we heard of your gracious goodness in keeping the unwanted girls of poor families, so we thought you might condescend to pack away this small nuisance of ours."

I am sure you agree with me this was a very flowery way of telling how nobody wanted "Not Wanted," and our missionary was curious to see what this

naughty girl looked like. So she went out to the courtyard, and there sat "Not Wanted" in her wheelbarrow, howling and crying!

"I bestow her upon you!" said the uncle bowing, "she is as your own, to beat and correct as your fancy pleases."

"Not Wanted" screamed and shrieked and yelled, she hit around with her arms and shouted: "I don't want to stay with the white devil! I don't want to be eaten alive! O honorable uncle, take me back to my grandmother's rooftree." But her uncle had walked calmly away and left our missionary face to face with this howling cyclone!

Well, she patted her on the back, and tried to comfort her until "Not Wanted" calmed down a little, and sniffled, and wiped her nose on the sleeves of her little yellow jacket! Our missionary did not like to see that, so she sent one of the little girls off to bring a handkerchief for this new friend.

She came back in a minute and bowing in her nicest fashion offered the handkerchief to "Not Wanted."

"What is it for?" "Not Wanted" asked, between sniffles, for she had never seen a handkerchief before.

"It is to wipe your honorable nose and your heavenly eyes," the little girl answered, and started to wipe the tears from "Not Wanted's" wet face.

Then *how* she did scream! "No! no!" she said, "it is magic! You are trying to bewitch me!" She ran away so very much frightened that our missionary finally said to all the happy little girls who live in our Orphanage: "Suppose we just let her alone a few days; smile at her kindly and think of her lovingly; then she will get used to us and love us, I think."

So for three days everybody smiled at "Not Wanted," and offered her goodies, but she was still very much scared, so she just watched them, and watched them, and watched them!

THIRTY-NINTH STORY

LITTLE MISS DAFFODIL



Little "Not Wanted" was not to blame
Because she had a horrid name,
But when she became Miss Daffodil
She changed, and changed, and changed, until
Her grandmother said with great surprise:
"I hardly can believe my eyes!"

“LITTLE MISS DAFFODIL”

Do you remember last Sunday how “Not Wanted” was brought to our own nice Orphange in Amoy, and was the most frightened, unhappy little girl in all China?

Well, the next day she cried a good deal, too, and she stood off in a corner to watch all the other happy jumping little children, who seemed to love our missionary a lot. “Not Wanted” decided that surely *this* missionary had never eaten any little Chinese girls yet, nor ever would, for all these children had their two black eyes still safe and sound in their heads, and they did seem too happy for words.

She watched them playing, and eating, and singing, and saying grace before meals, and on the third day a queer thing happened! Down in “Not Want-

ed's" heart something seemed to feel very warm and comfortable, something in her little throat began to sing, something in the tips of her tiny little shoes began to want to jump and skip, and she herself tagged around after our missionary all day, like a small shadow! Can you guess what was the matter? Why, it was *love* that was doing this!

Someone was loving her, and petting her, someone was praising her when she did things right, someone was very patient with her when she did things wrong, someone was showing how that Jesus is a real Friend for little children, and "Not Wanted" was beginning to feel *almost* the happiest little girl in China, when the very nicest thing of all happened.

Our missionary said: "'Not Wanted,' I really think you need a brand new name, dear, because I'm sure you know that you *are* wanted here! I wonder what name you would like best?"

"Not Wanted's" face screwed up

into cute little dimples and smiles, and she giggled shyly.

“Oh, I know!” said another little orphan, “let’s call her ‘Wu Fah Din!’ ” Now in English that means *Daffodil*, and this little girl thought that was what “Not Wanted” looked like, with her yellow jacket and her green trousers. So from that minute she became “Little Miss Daffodil” to everybody.

Our missionary told her what bright and sunny flowers daffodils are, always nodding their dear yellow heads as if they were saying, “Yes, I’ll be merry and cheerful, of course I will!” Little Miss Daffodil loved it. She promised to be exactly like them, if she could; and I know Jesus helped her, for she got all out of the habit of grabbing for things and being cross and pouting.

One day she begged for a great favor, she asked our missionary if she couldn’t please be trundled back in a wheelbarrow to her grandmother’s house to pay a call.

Now our missionary hoped that Miss

Daffodil could do some good in that dark dingy house, and even thought they would want to take back this little new sunbeam. So she let her go, and you never saw a more excited lot of aunts and cousins and sisters, or a more astonished grandmother.

“What! is this ‘Not Wanted?’” they said. “This smiling girl with big unbound feet who dances around so happily?”

Little Miss Daffodil made a deep bow to her grandmother as she said politely: “Yes, it is the same girl, aged one! But I have a nice new name now, and I wash all over every day, and I clean my teeth, and say a prayer to Jesus before I eat my rice. There is smiling in my heart all day long, the honorable Jesus put it there.”

“Jesus?” asked the grandmother. “I never heard of Him before? Who is He?”

“Well,” said Daffodil sitting down beside her, “it’s like this: Jesus is God’s son, and we sing songs to him,

and pray to him. I guess you never heard that our idols really aren't any good at all. But the missionary says they are only wood and stones, they can't hear anything, or see anything, or eat anything we give them. God doesn't like to see us bowing to idols. But God never hurts us, even when we do wrong. He just loves us. And Jesus loves us. It's awfully nice, isn't it?"

They thought it was so nice to have this jolly, happy little girl, so brimful of queer new stories, that the grandmother said to the grandfather: "Aged one," she said, "permit me to keep the small granddaughter under our rooftree once more, and to send her to the Christian school each day in the wheelbarrow. She makes sweet flowers bloom in our lonely house."

The grandfather solemnly hemmed and hawed and looked important, as only Chinese grandfathers can look. Then he said: "There shall be rice under our rooftree to feed her, and a wheelbarrow shall carry her to school."

So that is the way the story of Jesus entered that dark dingy house, for every day when Daffodil was trundled home from school, she would tell her grandmother and aunts and cousins the new story she had heard that day, until they all knew about the Babe of Bethlehem; the Wise Men; the Kind Friend of all little children; and all the other dear stories about Jesus.

FORTIETH STORY

HOW A TOY ROOSTER
PREACHED A SERMON



“Cock-a-doodle-do!” the real live roosters call,
But from the toy tin rooster there came no word, at
all!

Nor could he give a single proof
That he could well protect their roof.
I'm glad they learned that God takes care
Without that silly rooster there!

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: Paint the ridge of the
roof red and the tiles green.

“HOW A TOY ROOSTER PREACHED A SERMON”

I HOPE you remember my other stories about “Not Wanted,” whose ugly name was changed to the pretty one of Little Miss Daffodil, after she went to our very own mission school in Amoy, and found out about Jesus. For today I have a story about her home, which may seem funny to you, although I think it is rather sad, too.

It was like this: Of course after Daffodil really got to know about Jesus, she had no use at all for the idols. She even tried to stop the cook from offering a bowl of rice to the green and red paper kitchen god, and she *hinted* to her grandmother over and over that it was wrong to burn incense before the brass idol. But the grandmother, and the cook, too, said she might be right or she

might be wrong, it was better to be on the safe side, and keep on doing the same worship in the same old way.

That seems foolish enough to us, but up on their green tiled roof was an even stranger thing — a little toy rooster! The solemn old grandfather, in his black cap with the red button on it, had stood beside the house to watch the gardener fasten it safely up there. You will never guess why—so I shall have to tell you that the grandfather's room faced the new Christian church, which had just been built. The grandfather and all the uncles and cousins were afraid that dreadful evil spirits might fly out from that church straight into their courtyard. So the town astrologer, who was supposed to be wondrous wise, told the grandfather to fasten a tin rooster on his roof, for the rooster would surely scare away the evil spirits. For they would think he might crow and flap his wings and wake everybody up. So the tin rooster was bought, and put up on the roof, and

everybody had felt very safe in Miss Daffodil's home for two years.

One day after she had been going to our mission school for a long time she said to her grandmother: "Dear aged one, I have told you stories of Jesus for a long while now, and you always say 'Good! Good!' when I finish, yet you keep right on offering bowls of rice and incense to the idols. Just for one day let us try not making any offering to the idols, then you can see that the one and only God will take care of us."

Little Miss Daffodil was so dear and sweet now, that everybody loved to do what she asked, and her grandmother actually promised to try it,—just for one day. And oh! it was *such* a rainy day, with very high winds and so much rain that Miss Daffodil could not go to school. All day long no food was offered to the silly idols, and the aunts and cousins cooped up at home had the loveliest time, for Little Miss Daffodil read them stories from her primer and played the games our missionary had

taught her. The wind howled and raged outside and the rain dashed down on the roof making a great racket after everybody had gone to bed.

In the morning—oh dear! in stamped the old grandfather looking quite pale and scared.

“Alas! Alas!” he said, “*the tin rooster has gone from our roof!* The gods are angry with us, the evil spirits will surely hurt us now!”

Of course you and I know better, but the grandmother and aunts and cousins remembered right away that they had not worshipped the idols the day before, and they were quite sure that must be the reason the evil spirits had run away with the rooster. But they did not dare tell the grandfather what they had done; they simply tried to please the idols by offering them each a perfectly huge bowl of rice and by burning sweet incense before them all day long. They could hardly wait for Daffodil to come home from school, so they could tell her

how unlucky it was not to worship the idols.

But when she finally got home, lo and behold! our missionary was with her, and of course it would be impolite to scold a naughty child before an honored guest, so they were as polite as possible.

“Sit higher! Sit here in this best seat!” they all called. “No! No! don’t sit down near the door—sit here!”

But our missionary had good Chinese manners, and she sat quite near the door and drank a cup of tea, and ate some little cakes, wrapping all that she could not eat in her handkerchief to take home with her, for that’s the way to do in China!

Then she bowed to the grandmother and said: “I hope you have peace?”

“There is no peace in this household,” said the grandmother, and she told about how the evil spirits had done away with their tin rooster.

You should have heard Miss Daffodil giggle! Our missionary smiled, too, as

she reached in her pocket and actually pulled out the little tin rooster. She explained very politely that it really wasn't the evil spirits at all, but the very high *winds* the day before which had blown the rooster off the slippery wet tile roof and had blown him right over to the door of the Christian church, where he lay until time for prayer meeting that night.

Then he had been picked up and carried into the meeting and the minister showed it to everybody and said the rooster had blown off Miss Daffodil's roof. He said that of course a silly tin rooster could do no good, could it? Then up got a very new Chinese Christian and said he had never had a tin rooster, to be sure, but all his life he had had *paper idols pasted on his doors* to keep out the evil spirits, but now that he loved Jesus, he knew he could *trust Him* to take care of his family, so he had burned up the paper gods. Another man said he knew now that there were no such things as evil spirits in

God's world; in fact everybody had something to say about evil spirits and what they used to do before they were Christians, until you could almost say that the silly tin rooster had preached the sermon that night, couldn't you?

The grandmother took back their tin rooster, and looked very serious: "I am interested to know that so many of our honorable neighbors believe in Jesus. If they can trust Him to take care of them, perhaps some day I may come to trust Him, too."

And I surely hope she will, don't you?

FORTY-FIRST STORY

THE LITTLE BOY WHO WAS
CALLED BY A GIRL'S
NAME.



Here in his basket see "Pretty Girl" sit!
Yet this girl's a *boy*—that's queer, isn't it?
But I guess you remember his poor mother's fear
That some bad evil spirits might overhear,
And whisk her dear baby out of her sight,
If they guessed 'twas a boy she was hugging so tight!

“THE LITTLE BOY - WHO - WAS CALLED-BY-A-GIRL’S-NAME”

THERE was one person in the house where Little Miss Daffodil lived who was really more important than everybody else put together, and that was a tiny round baby boy called “Pretty Girl” to fool the evil spirits into thinking he was really a girl, and of no importance at all. He wore a girl’s earring in one of his ears, too! Think of that!

Everybody from the grandfather down to gardener loved that little boy who was called by a girl’s name, and when he grew old enough to walk around alone and talk quite plainly and learn to do things, our friend Little Miss Daffodil timidly suggested to her grandmother how nice it would be if “Pretty Girl” could go every day to the church kindergarten which your

money and my money takes care of in Amoy. She told how he could learn cunning motion songs, and little verses about his cute hands and feet, and how to build things with blocks, and how to count the colored beads on a string. Oh! ever so many fascinating things.

The wise old grandfather was asked what *he* thought about it, and after a great deal of grown-up talking between aunts and uncles, "Pretty Girl" was actually sent to the kindergarten. Sometimes he went with Little Miss Daffodil in her wheelbarrow, but he tumbled out so often, that usually the gardener put him in a basket like the one in your picture: it swung from one end of a bamboo pole which the gardener balanced on his shoulder; in the other basket was a live duck quacking noisily, while in the top bundle were some vegetables!

Your money and my money does lots of good in China, but in all the city of Amoy one of the very nicest things it does is to take care of this Kinder-

garten. "Pretty Girl" did love it all so much! He was such a little round ball of a boy that to see him trying to "fly like a birdie" made all the older children want to eat-him-right-up, he was so cunning! Every day when the gardener carried him home in his funny baby-carriage basket, he "showed off" to his delighted family. His grandfather would say: "Is there a brighter boy in all China?" Then grandmother said: "S'sh! Remember the evil spirits will be jealous of 'Pretty Girl!' A stupid little girl he is—oh, so stupid! Doesn't know anything at all! Can't learn anything, either! Stupid! Stupid! Nobody loves 'Pretty Girl'—oh no!" But of course you and I know she said all this nonsense to fool the evil spirits who might be listening.

Well, one morning the gardener came with his funny baby-carriage basket to carry "Pretty Girl" to school, but the poor little boy was very sick—hot all over, and crying because something hurt him somewhere.

His grandmother said: "Oh dear, there is a little dragon spirit inside him, let us make a dreadful noise and scare him away!"

So they beat on drums and tin pans, making a terrible racket, but "Pretty Girl" cried even harder, so then they sent for a Chinese doctor, who really was not what we would call a doctor at all. He was an *Ignoramus*, as you will soon see! For he said it was surely a dragon spirit inside "Pretty Girl." So what *do* you suppose he did? He brought out a dreadful long needle and punched it right into the baby, "*to let the pain out,*" he said. But dear me! to hear "Pretty Girl" yell, you could easily know that plan had not worked! So the solemn doctor blinked and blinked through his big horn glasses, and prescribed some doses of the following medicine: one centipede, the eye of a snake, the left claw of an eagle, the liver of a frog and a part of his grandfather's finger nail. "Grind these all up," he said, "then roll them into

three pills, after he has swallowed them, he will be well.”

So away he went. But after this medicine was swallowed, he kept right on being just as sick. The sun was setting by this time, so his mother ran out to the street and called: “Come home! Come home!” For she thought her little boy had three souls and that one of them had wandered away, and he could not be well again until it came home.

Then Little Miss Daffodil spoke up: “The Christians know how to cure the sick in their big hospital. Do let us send ‘Pretty Girl’ to them!”

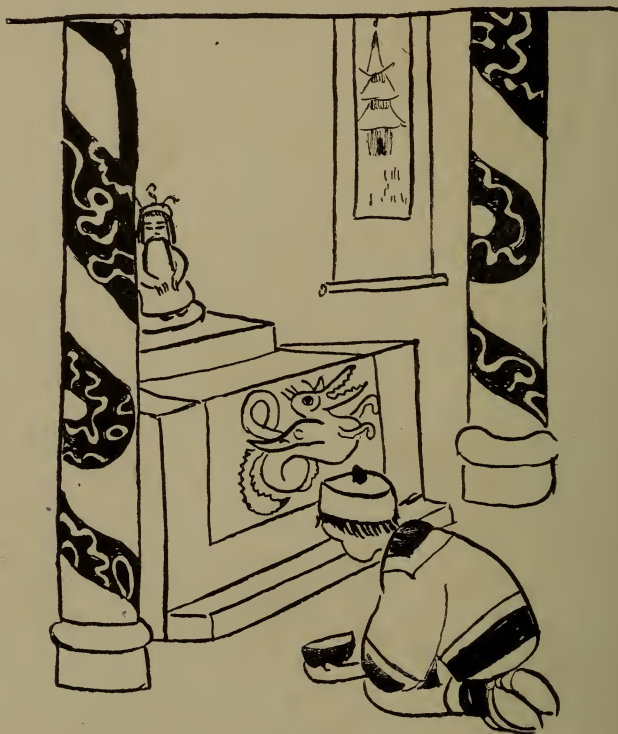
There was another grown-up talking between grandfather and uncles, then the baby was bundled up in a quilt and carried in the gardener’s basket to our beautiful hospital in Amoy. When our Dr. Missionary saw the baby and heard about the needle and the queer medicine he felt a little angry, but he knew just exactly what to do, of course. “Pretty Girl” was put in a clean white bed, and

the next day I really believe every one of his aunts and uncles and cousins called there to see him. There wasn't a thing in our hospital that they missed seeing, and luckily they got there just as a Bible woman was telling Bible stories in the children's ward. The family listened to every word, then one of the aunts said: "Oh yes! I remember! Daffodil told us that story once!"

The day that "Pretty Girl" left the hospital, the grandfather was so grateful to our Dr. Missionary that he brought him a red block of wood, on which was printed in queer black Chinese letters how thankful he was to the exalted and celestial doctor for the marvelous cure of his insignificant little grandson.

The doctor hung it in his reception room for a while, and felt very glad he had won over this family.

WHAT THE GRANDFATHER DID
WITH THE IDOLS



Little lips that God has made
'Neath the far-off temple's shade
Give to gods of wood and stone
Worship that should be God's own.

Little hands whose wondrous skill
God has made to do His will,
Offerings bring and serve with fear
Gods that cannot see or hear.

Once again dear Lord we pray
For the children far away
Who have never even heard
Jesus' name, our sweetest word.

—ANON.

“WHAT THE GRANDFATHER DID WITH THE IDOLS”

AFTER “Pretty Girl” came home from our Hospital in Amoy, and was well enough to go to school every day in his queer basket baby carriage, his grandfather got into an entirely new habit: he got into the habit of going to our church in Amoy! He liked to listen to the preacher.

“He speaks words of sense,” he said to his sons, and they would solemnly nod their heads. For in China young people know that old people know best, and they listen politely to whatever they say. Before long *they* got into the habit of going to church, too!

And one never-to-be-forgotten day the cook came into the kitchen in the morning and found there was no paper kitchen god anywhere! There were no idols on any of the shelves in that whole

house, there was no tin rooster on the roofs, no bowls of incense anywhere! Well, the cook said he simply could not cook "early rice" until he had worshipped the kitchen god! As for the grandmother and the aunts, they nearly died of fright, quite sure something awful would happen very soon. But nobody *dared* report it to the grandfather! The grandmother said he had seemed worried lately, and this would make him even more unhappy.

But lo and behold! in walked the grandfather, just then with the nicest kind of a smile all over his face; everybody bowed very politely to him.

"Why do I see such fear painted on all your faces?" he asked.

"Alas! Alas!" said the grandmother. "Every one of the idols is gone from our house, and we know something dreadful will happen. Oh, what can have happened?"

Then the astonishing grandfather did an astonishing thing; he actually said he had carried all the idols over to our

missionary's house himself that very morning, and burned them all up, so that nothing but ashes was left!

You should have seen the grandmother and the aunts and the cousins then! But Little Miss Daffodil skipped with joy! "Are you a Christian now, Honorable grandfather?" he asked.

"Yes," said the grandfather smiling, "I am a Christian. The missionary has made me see how foolish our old idols are. It took me a long time to believe him, however."

So one Sunday he joined our church in Amoy, and Little Miss Daffodil *never* was so happy before! She said to our missionary: "Perhaps if I had not been such a miserably disagreeable little crosspatch, I would never have met you, and then grandfather never could have heard about Jesus or joined the church."

And our missionary said a little sadly: "I guess that is true, dear, for there aren't nearly enough missionaries to go around in China, so we have to

depend on little school girls like you to carry the story of Jesus back home to their families.”

I wish there *were* enough missionaries in China to go around, don't you? It's nice that we can help by giving our money, though, then “Pretty Girl” and “Daffodil” can have a kindergarten and a school and a church to go to every day, and other little yellow boys and girls can hear about Jesus.

THE CRADLE THAT HUNG IN A
TREE



This is the Cradle That Hung in a Tree—
Isn't it cunning as cunning can be?
And this is "Red Beads" whose blanket so bright
Is never long out of her papoose's sight.
She weeds in the garden, she rakes, and she hoes,
And hangs up the cradle wherever she goes.

‘ THE CRADLE-THAT-HUNG-IN-
A-TREE ’

ONCE we had some stories about a Cradle-that-walked-on-two-feet—I wonder if you remember that the cradle was really a little Japanese girl who carried the baby around on her back all day long? The cradle I am going to tell you about today is just as funny, for if the mother wants to, she can fasten it on her back, or if she is busy hoeing, or digging, or chopping wood she can hang the cradle up in the branch of a tree! It rocks away up there, to and fro, to and fro, like the little lullaby we all love:

“Rockabye baby on the tree top
When the wind blows the cradle will
rock.”

Perhaps I had better tell you that the baby in the queer cradle, and the

mother digging in the garden, and the lazy father smoking a pipe in the shade of the tepee, are all some of the *red* members of God's Family. They live right here in our own America, so we call them "American Indians."

But now let me tell you some more about the cradle that hung in a tree, and about the baby asleep in it. In the first place, all Indian babies are called papooses—let us all say the word *papoose* out loud together! "*Papoose.*" Perhaps you can see from your picture that the papoose cradle is partly made of wood, but wrapped all around the baby are soft warm skins from a big animal called a moose. Bright feathers from the birds and pretty beads are sewed on his cradle, too. His little fur dress is made from rabbit skins, and he is really very comfortable up in his tree. He takes "forty winks," and then he hears a squirrel chattering to him. You and I would not know what the squirrel was saying, but the little papoose cocks his head on one side to listen, then he

gurgles with joy, for somehow or other *he understands!* But he never tells. It is really the strangest thing that all the red members of God's Family seem to understand the language of His birds and His animals better than anyone else in His Family,—they hear a certain bird call and the Indian chief says to his braves: "It is a sign that the heavens will send rain!" You and I cannot understand these things, because we live in houses, and our houses are in towns, while up in his cradle the papoose lives right among the animals in God's World and becomes neighborly with everything there.

The little house our papoose lives in is just about as queer as his cradle, it is called a *tepee*. It looks like a circular tent, with the sides made out of animal skins. The papoose's mother made it! First of all, she chopped down a tree and cut off some nice long sticks, they were for tepee poles. Then she tanned the skins of some animals her husband had shot, and sewed them to-

gether. She even painted figures of men and horses and dogs on the skins, after which the house was ready to go up. So she planted the tepee poles in a ring, and she tied them together at the top, so that they looked exactly like great capital X's. Around this she tied the skins, leaving an opening in front for the door and a hole at the top for the smoke to go out. But it does not always go out, and sometimes rain comes in, so it gets rather damp and smoky indoors. The whole family live and sleep and cook and eat inside the one round room, and I must not forget the yellow dog!

Just between you and me, I think it is a splendid thing that our papoose can spend so much time up on his tree branch getting acquainted with the sun and the birds and the squirrels.

I have already hinted at the hard work the papoose's mother does and how lazy the father seems to be! He only likes to do grand big things, like hunting and fighting and canoeing. But

mostly he likes to sit in the shade of his tepee smoking a queer long pipe. So how the Indian mother does have to work to make up for his laziness: she plants the seeds, she raises the crops, she cooks the food, she chops the wood, she even takes down the tepee and puts it up again when the lazy father decides it is time to move to another place where the hunting may be better. Then, too, she sews the soft leather moccasins that the children wear on their feet and the other clothes they wear. She knows how to weave the wonderful blankets and the soft lovely baskets that your mother loves to buy. It is no wonder that she gets tired and is always rather quiet, because she has so much to do.

We have some splendid missionaries who live with the Indians, and next Sunday I am going to tell you how one of our missionaries got acquainted with "One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns!"

FORTY-FOURTH STORY

ONE LITTLE, TWO LITTLE, THREE LITTLE INJUNS



Inside such a tepee as this, so I've heard,
Live Black Thunder, Strong Arm and little Snowbird
Three little Injuns who do lively stunts
To imitate father who goes on great hunts.

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: The tepee is a very light brown, you might pretend to help Red Beads paint patterns on it.

“ONE LITTLE, TWO LITTLE,
THREE LITTLE INJUNS”

I HOPE you have not forgotten my story last Sunday about the cunning Indian papoose whose cradle hung up in a tree, for today I want to tell you how our missionary paid a visit to the tepee where the papoose lives with his lazy father and his busy mother, and his One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injun brothers and sisters!

Our missionary rode out to their tepee on a nice saddle pony. She rode for miles and miles along a lonely mountain trail through the lonely forests, but she was not afraid because she knew God was taking care of her.

Finally she saw the round tepee. But it happened that *Red Beads*, the mother, had fastened the papoose on her back and was way off somewhere

picking berries and acorns for supper. So after our missionary had tied her pony to a tree, she feared no one was home, after all. Yet all the time six very bright eyes were looking at her from inside the tepee! Just as our missionary looked inside, there was a great scuffling of little feet, so our missionary smiled to herself as she said out loud:

“Oh, hello, Snowbird! Are you there? And you, Strong Arm? And you, Black Thunder?”

Silence! You have no idea how shy those One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns were! They never said a word, but our missionary knew a thing or two, for she sat down on a box just outside, and she took from her pocket four pieces of candy and three pretty cards. Without saying a word she put one piece of candy in her mouth and *ate it!* She knew they were watching her. When she got all through she said to herself: “Yum-yum! Good sweet candy!” Then she picked up another

piece and pretended to eat that, but *grab! grab! grab!* Some little red hands had snatched all the pieces of candy and the cards, too.

Our missionary was expecting this, so she grabbed, too, and caught the little brown arms and drew Black Thunder, Strong Arm and Snowbird up to her lap, and started telling a story right away. "Once upon a time there was a big storm, the waves were ever so high, higher than your tepee, and Jesus was in a canoe fast asleep on the lake. His friends were scared at the big waves, so they woke him up. 'Look at the waves!' they said. 'Don't you care that we may all be drowned?' But Jesus was Chief-of-the-Waves, for he made them, so He said 'Peace, be still!' and the big waves lay down flat and smooth when they heard Him. Here is a picture of it on your card, Black Thunder!"

Black Thunder loved stories, and he had listened so hard he had forgotten to eat his candy. The others were

listening with all their little red ears, too.

“What does my picture tell about?” asked Snowbird.

And that was the way our missionary got acquainted all over again with these three shy little red Indians. When she had finished her stories, Black Thunder said: “You just ought to see me shoot with my bow and arrow.”

“I should love to see you do it!” our missionary said. So Black Thunder ran for his bow and arrow. He gave her some little pebbles.

“You throw them up in the air and I can hit them,” he said. So our missionary threw pebble after pebble up in the air and Black Thunder’s arrows always hit them.

“That is wonderful!” our missionary said. Then Snowbird showed her a pretty bead collar she had made for their queer-looking old yellow dog, and while they were talking Red Beads and the papoose came home, with a big

basket full of berries and acorns for supper.

Our missionary invited them all to walk over to church the next Sunday, and up piped Black Thunder: "Will there be more stories about Jesus?" When our missionary nodded her head "Yes," then One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns said in a chorus: "We'll be there!" And they were, too; even Red Beads came with the papoose on her back. But I'll save that for next time!

FORTY-FIFTH STORY

HOW THE DUCKS GOT THEIR
FINE FEATHERS



Here are the ducks who in the Fall weather,
Were once painted gaily, feather by feather.
And if you should ask if this story is true,
I'd have to confess I don't think so, do you?

“HOW THE DUCKS GOT THEIR FINE FEATHERS”

ONE cool night in November when the moon was big and yellow, and great flocks of ducks and geese were flying over the Indian tepees, calling in strange low tones to each other, inside the tepee Red Beads and the papoose and One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns were all shivering over the fire; so Big Eagle, the lazy father, said he would tell them a fairy story. He told it this way:

“The Duck people are traveling tonight just as they have been traveling at this moon ever since the world was young. They are going away from winter because they cannot make a living when ice covers the river. You have noticed that the Duck people wear fine feathers, but you do not know how they got them, so tonight I will tell you.

“It was in the fall when leaves were yellow that it happened, long, long ago. *Napa* saw them flying over the tepees, as you see them tonight. *Napa* was clever, and he called out: ‘Hello, Duck People, come into my tepee, I will give you a big dance.’

“‘Don’t you do it!’ said the gray goose to the others, ‘*Napa* is always up to something bad.’

“But *Napa* built a cheerful fire and when it was bright he said: ‘Oh, come on into the tepee!’ and he began to sing a song in the duck-talk, and keep time with his drum. The Duck people liked the music, and came a little nearer, until pretty soon they waddled right into the tepee, and stood around the fire, watching for trouble all the time, though! Then *Napa* said: ‘This is going to be a Blind Dance, and you will all have to be painted first. Brother Mallard, name the colors. Tell me how you want me to paint you.’

“‘Well,’ said the Mallard Drake, ‘you may paint my head green, and put

a white circle around my throat like a necklace. Then I want a brown breast and yellow legs. But I don't want my wife painted that way.'

"So Napa painted him as he asked, but he painted his wife differently. Then he painted the Wood-duck, and the Canvasback, and the Teal, and the Blue-bill and the Goose, singing cheerfully all the time. They looked very pretty, and began to think they were going to enjoy themselves very much.

"'Now we are ready to dance, I guess,' said Napa, putting away his paints. 'It is the Blind Dance, so when I beat with my drum you must all shut your eyes tight and circle around the fire while I sing. Every duck that peeks will have sore eyes forever!'

"So the Duck people shut their eyes, and Napa began to sing: 'Come lovely Ducks,—Tum-Tum-Tum-Tum.'

"Around the fire they all waddled to the music, but as soon as they reached Napa, the old rascal would seize them and wring their necks, so he could eat

them, by and by. Well, everything was going along finely until one Duck peeked, and saw what was going on. 'He is killing us!' he cried. 'Let us fly!' So then there was a great squawking and quacking and fluttering of wings as the Duck people flew from the tepee. Of course most of the Duck people peeked as soon as they heard what their brother Duck said, so even to this day they still have sore, red eyes. You can see that the next time you look. And you can see the very colors Napa painted there so long ago, still very bright and beautiful. They will stay that way forever, too."

When the story was over Snowbird said: "That was mean of Napa, wasn't it?"

And Black Thunder said: "But some Indians are that way, aren't they, father?"

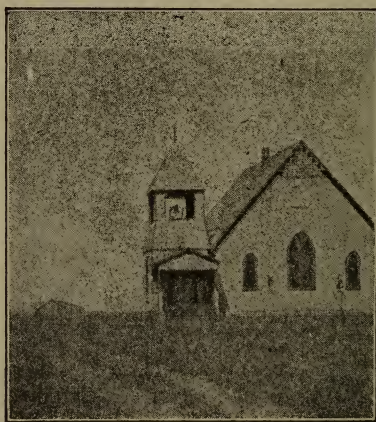
Big Eagle nodded his head, he was almost asleep again.

FORTY-SIXTH STORY
THE JESUS-ROAD



The Jesus-Road is hard to walk—
For those who like the tomahawk.
For Jesus taught us each to pray:
“Help us forgive our foes this day.”

But in our Indian church it's fine
To see new Indians fall in line,
And follow Jesus day by day,
By walking in the Jesus-way.



“THE JESUS-ROAD”

ONE Sunday Red Beads, the Indian mother, and the papoose, and One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns all walked the four long miles from their tepee to our church, because our missionary had especially invited them to come, as you probably remember.

Red Beads had on her brightest red blanket. You could see her coming a long way off, with the papoose cradle tied on her back!

I wonder if you know that the Indians never heard about Jesus until our missionaries told them; they don't even know about how God made His World, for they think that everything in the earth is full of spirits; so that there are sun spirits, and moon spirits, cloud spirits, wind spirits, tree spirits, grass spirits, stone spirits, bird spirits, squirrel spirits—oh ever and ever so

many of them, more than I could possibly tell you! The Indians worship these. There are even *tepee* spirits, and our missionaries sometimes see little pieces of red calico hanging on one of the poles of their tepees, to make the tepee spirits happy!

Although Red Beads and the children had heard our missionary tell about Jesus many times still it was hard for them to remember all she said, and just as hard to believe. The Indians do not know about Heaven, either. They think when they die they may go to a place called the Happy Hunting Grounds, where there will be plenty of good fat animals to be killed. So every Sunday when they walked four miles to our church they learned something entirely new. Quite often they forgot all about it on the way home, but Red Beads knew all the time that other Indians were very happy when they became Christians, and she liked to think sometime she would be just as happy.

Once for several weeks Snowbird

was very sick and not able to go to church and Sunday school. Our missionary asked Black Thunder about her, and he said she was so sick that their father had called in the medicine man to cure her. Our missionary was very sorry to hear that, and after Sunday school she rode over on her pony to the tepee, but the medicine man was there already.

I know you would have been scared to see him, for he looked terrible enough to frighten anybody. First of all, his face was almost all covered with paint,—white and blue and red. On top of his head he wore a pair of fierce-looking buffalo horns, and around his waist he wore a belt made out of snake skins. In his hand he carried a big rattle, which made a great noise whenever he shook it, which was far too often for poor little sick Snowbird.

When he first came he sat on the ground for a while, wrapped up in his blanket; then he got up and began to dance wildly around Snowbird, waving

his arms and shaking his rattle! I wonder if you can guess why he did it?

Well, he thought, and Black Eagle thought, and Red Beads thought that if he made noise enough he could frighten the fever spirit away. The One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns thought so, too!

Our missionary arrived when the noise was the very loudest and his dancing the very wildest. After the medicine man was all through and had stalked solemnly away, wrapped in his blanket, our missionary gave Snowbird some medicine she had brought with her, and she bathed her hot little head, and held her hand and sang her softly to sleep with sweet low hymns about Jesus. Perhaps your mother has made you feel better by singing that way, and you know how it makes you feel cooler and quieter and sleepier. Nobody can explain things like that, but our missionary knew it was true, because when she was a little girl, *her* mother had sung her to sleep that way, you see.

Every day after that our missionary rode over on her pony to help make Snowbird comfortable, and Red Beads said to Big Eagle, her husband: "The pale face people who walk in the Jesus-Road know more than our medicine man!"

Big Eagle just grunted, because he was dreaming about hunting buffaloes, but One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns piped up: "I don't see why we don't walk in the Jesus-Road, too!"

FORTY-SEVENTH STORY
THE GREAT POW WOW



Here are the people and here is the tent
To which Red Beads and all of her family went.
Here are the dogs who find it a lark
To creep into meetings and boisterously bark!

But isn't it fine that so many are there?
It surely shows how the Indians care
To hear about Jesus, and learn how to be
The kind of good Christians He must love to see.



“THE GREAT POW WOW”

I WONDER if you guessed from my other stories about Red Beads, the Indian mother, and Snowbird, Strong Arm and Black Thunder that they were really all going to become Christians? For that is just what happened. Not all in one day, of course, oh no. But after two years of walking the four long miles from their tepee to our Sunday school, they all joined our church, and they really were so different and so very happy that they did wish their father, Big Eagle, could walk in the Jesus-Road, too. But they never could get Big Eagle to go to church; it seemed too far to him; he liked best to sit around at home smoking and dreaming of the good old days, when Indians were very fierce, and hunted all day long and scalped their enemies. In those days they used to have great Pow Wows,

when great Indians would meet together and make the pipe of peace and talk big talk together. He liked to think of these things all day long.

But finally winter came, and the family were all cooped up in the tepee more than in summer, so he couldn't help but hear Red Beads singing the hymns about Jesus, and at night he saw One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns saying their prayers at their mother's knee, the way our missionary had asked them to do, and Big Eagle got interested.

He was so curious he said: "Who is this Jesus you talk about?"

You can't imagine how proud Black Thunder was to be able to tell his father all he knew about Jesus. But Big Eagle said: "I cannot understand all you mean, but I can see you are happy on the Jesus-Road."

Then by and by winter was over, and another summer was over, and one Sunday Red Beads came home from church much excited. "There is going to be

a big *Camp Meeting* this week, we are all invited."

Big Eagle opened his eyes: "What is a Camp Meeting?" he asked lazily.

"It is like the Pow Wows that used to be," said Red Beads. "All the Indians will meet together and hear big talking for several days."

"Let us go!" he said.

So the next week Red Beads was very busy taking down the tepee, and rolling up the skins into a big bundle, which she tied upon two of the poles. One end of these she fastened to the pony, the other dragged along the ground, something like a cart without wheels. She packed up everything else and carried it herself, although you would suppose she already had enough with the papoose tied on her back! Big Eagle just carried his gun, he was too proud to carry anything else! Then off they started!

Other families were starting, too, and it was a pretty sight to see the bright blankets and feathers, and the wagons

traveling along over the hill into the beautiful green valley of Medicine Creek.

When they got there, the tepee had to be put up again, and our One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns were made wildly happy by having white ribbons pinned on them marked "*Courier*," which meant they were to be busy passing hymn books, carrying chairs, and doing other little useful things all day long. You know yourself how much more fun it is to *do* things, than just to sit around doing nothing!

There were several things about those meetings that Snowbird, Strong Arm and Black Thunder thought were very funny indeed. One was the Camp Crier, an Indian man who was chosen to cry out the time for the beginning of each service. The children liked to hear him lift up his great voice—he really could be heard for *half a mile*! Think of that! The other thing that amused them was the *Dog Committee*. It was their duty to keep all the dogs

out of the tent while the meetings were going on. This was really hard work, for almost every family there had been followed by a dog! I quite forgot to tell you that the yellow dog had followed our One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns to the Camp Meeting. One day he crept into the tent, and sneaked right up to the platform, he cocked his head on one side very wisely, exactly as if he understood every word the preacher said! And he did not like it very well when the Dog Committee chased him away, either!

The meetings were perfectly splendid. Every day a minister told the Indians about Jesus, and then some of the Indians would get up and tell how happy they were walking in the Jesus-Road. One day, the very nicest thing of all happened—at least it was nicest for our One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns! for Big Eagle, their father, stood up in the meeting and said he was going to begin to walk in the Jesus-Road, too.

So this is one of those nice stories about the red members of God's Family where everybody lived happily ever after!

FORTY-EIGHTH STORY

CAMEL TAILS AND OTHER
TALES



Over the sands, so yellow and hot,
Travels the camel, and minds it not:
 God made him so
 That he easily can go
Without many things that we need a lot.

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO: Suppose you paint the hot sand yellow and the camel brown, and the cover on the camel red, then you will know how the desert looks.

“CAMEL TAILS AND OTHER TALES”

FAR, far across the sea, near the place where Jesus was born, is a big country called Arabia, where there are big deserts. Perhaps you know that a desert is a big bare piece of land covered with hot yellow sand. It is bare because nothing will grow there. It is a very long and dangerous journey across the desert in Arabia, because there are no roads anywhere—just sand, sand, sand, and it is very hard to get water there.

There is no nice green grass for the animals to eat—nothing but thorns and dry wood, but when God made His World He made the camels especially to live in these deserts, so men could travel there. He made the camel's mouth very hard inside, so that he could eat the thorns and even the bits of wood,

too, if he has to! Sometimes there are big sand storms in the deserts,—*people* and *horses* are killed in the storm because they don't know what to do. But the clever old camel buries his head in the sand when he sees the cloud coming, and pulls it out after the storm is over. God taught him to do that on purpose to live in the desert.

Then when the journey is over, the camel folds his front legs under him as he kneels down, then he bends his back legs, too, so that it is easier for the man on his back to get off.

God's Family who live in Arabia are called *Arabs*; some of them live in towns while others live in tents wherever they may wish to pitch them. Today I would like to tell you a story about a little Arabian baby named Ibrahim, whose mother and father live in a tent near the desert, like the one you have in your picture. The father owns two camels, and takes people on trips across the desert.

When Ibrahim was only a day old,

they rubbed a brown powder all over his body, and painted his eyelids, then they wound him up in a piece of calico and tied a string around him, exactly as if he were a package of candy! Indeed his mother almost thought he was that, for she whispered to him: "You jar of milk and honey! You sweet pomegranate blossom!"

So there he lay, all tied up tight with a close-fitting bonnet on his head. There were a few blue beads on the bonnet,—not nearly so much to look pretty, though, as to keep off the *Evil Eye*. By this time, you and I ought to know all about what evil *spirits* are, but *Evil Eye* is a new thing to fear, isn't it? It means about the same thing, because the Arab mother thinks any stranger who *looks* at her precious baby can make it get sick and die. So besides the blue beads, Ibrahim's mother tied a piece of paper around his arm, on which was written a few verses from the Koran, the one book everyone knows in Arabia.

I think you would be amazed at the way the mother herself was dressed, although she looked exactly like all the other women in Arabia. She wore two dark skirts, one of which she brought up over her head like a shawl. When she went out-of-doors she wore a black veil, oh, a very heavy one indeed, across her face, so that only her eyes showed. This was so that no one could see her face.

Perhaps it was lucky that Ibrahim's father was poor, because richer women were not allowed to walk on the street at all. But she was so poor that she had to carry her own water jar to the village well, to draw water. She carried the jar on her head, exactly the way women did hundreds and hundreds of years ago when Jesus lived in that very land. And she knew just how to hold her head so the jar never fell off. She washed the clothes down by the river, too, and sometimes when she was down there she heard a voice crying from the steeple of a tall building: "Come to

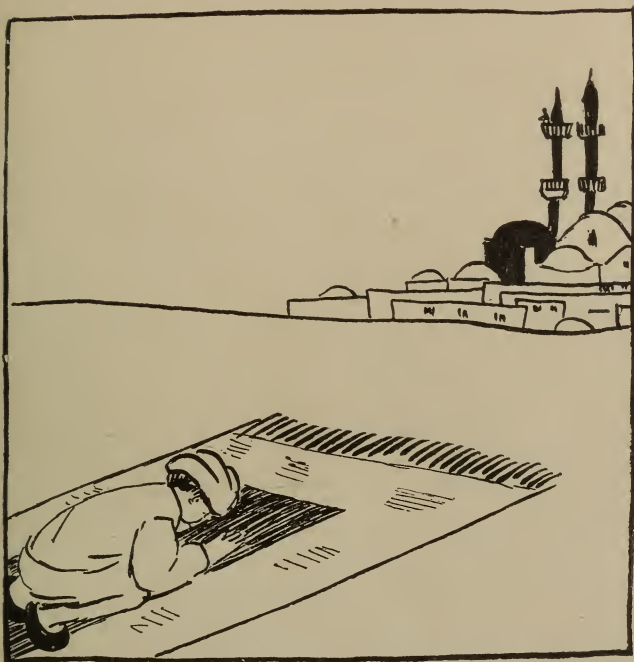
prayer! Come to prayer! Allah is Great! There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet!"

Everybody in all that town would fall on their knees and pray. Five times a day the man came out in the steeple and called "Come to prayer!" and five times a day everybody fell on their knees, wherever they were, by the river, or in a shop, or on the desert, or in their homes.

I can hear you saying: "I'm afraid they aren't Christians, are they?" I am sorry to say they aren't, and next Sunday I will tell you more about this curious custom.

FORTY-NINTH STORY

THE HOUSE THAT WEARS AN
OVERCOAT



Five times a day
The Arabs pray,
And many foolish words they say,
As on their rugs they kneel them down,
And bow their heads toward Mecca-town,
While in their minds, in visions float,
The House-that-wears-an-overcoat.

“THE HOUSE-THAT-WEARS-AN- OVERCOAT”

Do you remember my telling you last Sunday about the brown Arab members of God's Family, who live in a far-away country called Arabia, near a great desert? Perhaps you remember also that the family were poor, and lived in a tent, and that the mother pulled a black veil over her face whenever she went to the well for water, or to the river to wash the clothes. But above all, I hope you remember that wherever they are, indoors or out-of-doors, these Arabs bow down on their knees five times a day with their faces turned toward Mecca.

For today I am going to tell you how Ibrahim's father went to this city called Mecca, and how these people happen to pray five times every day.

Ibrahim's father owned two camels, and a man from his town came to him and said: "I am going to make a pilgrimage to Mecca—how much will you charge to take me on your camels?"

Well, then they had a big quarrel, for Ibrahim's father began by asking too much, and the man offered too little, because that is the queer way they have of doing things in Arabia. "No! No!" said the man, "I will only pay *half* what you ask!" Then Ibrahim's father pretended to get mad, and it took them ten minutes to agree on the price they each knew was right!

But finally they really got off. They had to take plenty of food and water to last for days and days, because they had to go over the desert, where nobody lives and where there is no water, no trees, no grass, just sand—sand—hot, hot sand. . . .

Day after day after day the patient old camels kept walking and walking and walking over the hot sand, and I am sure you must be wondering what

can make anybody want to take such a long tiresome trip to the city called Mecca? What *can* be in Mecca to make it worth while?

It would not seem worth while to any of us, or to our fathers and mothers, for the only thing at Mecca is the House-that-Wears-an-Overcoat!

I guess you never heard of anything so queer before, did you? So while the camels are stalking their dreary way over the hot sands of the desert, let me tell you about this queer house. It is large and square, and they call it the *Kaaba*. There is absolutely nothing *inside* it, so nobody goes in. But all over the outside there is always the most beautiful embroidered silk cloth which covers it all up just like an overcoat! And every year a wonderful *new* overcoat is carried on the back of a camel across the desert, so that last year's old silk overcoat can be taken off, and cut up into little pieces. Pilgrims to Mecca buy these old pieces of silk as charms against sickness and the

Evil Eye! Did you *ever* hear of anything so queer?

And now, listen very hard, while I tell you why the city of Mecca and the House-that-Wears-an-Overcoat seem so important to the brown members of God's Family in Arabia.

For once there lived in Mecca a man named Mohammed—will you say his name with me: "*Mohammed*"—who pretended to have wonderful dreams. Oh yes, he even said that in one dream God said to him: "Mohammed, from now on you are my prophet, you are greater than any prophet that has ever lived." So when Mohammed told his dream to the people he even dared to say he was greater than the Lord Jesus, and he began to start a new religion called *Mohammedanism*,—after his own name, you see! Quite a number of people believed his dreams, but not nearly enough to suit him, so what *do* you suppose he did? He said all the Arabs who did not become Mohammedans would be killed right away! Of

course the poor Arabs did not want to be killed, so it was no wonder they all promised to be Mohammedans *at once*. That is the way his new religion spread and spread and spread all over that part of God's World, until today one out of every seven persons in all God's Family is a Mohammedan.

It was because their great prophet, Mohammed, was born in Mecca that the Arabians always faced toward Mecca five times a day when they prayed, and it was also the reason they wanted to visit Mecca and the House-that-Wears-an-Overcoat.

By this time Ibrahim's father and his two camels were almost in Mecca, so both the men changed their clothes and put on the special kind that pilgrims have to wear. They went to a holy well, called *Zem Zem*, to bathe and drink the water. Then they went to the House-that-Wears-an-Overcoat, and walked *seven* times in front of it, each time touching a Black Stone in one of the walls. *And that was all there was to it!*

It seems foolish to have come way over the desert just for that, but they think it will do them lots of good. I am so glad you and I have some missionaries of our very own in Arabia to show these people that Mohammed was really only a very sinful man, and that Jesus is the only one in all the world good enough to be worshipped.

FIFTIETH STORY

DONKEY TAILS AND OTHER
TALES



I know our donkey must be wise
A baby's cries to recognize!
I guess he knows a thing or two
That would seem very queer to you!
You see, his ears are made so long
He hears things as he walks along:—
He hears the Arabs say that water
Will hurt an infant son or daughter,
That "Evil Eyes" can make boys sick,
But missionaries cure them quick!

“DONKEY TAILS AND OTHER TALES”

LAST Sunday I told you how Ibrahim's father took a long trip across the desert to Mecca, to visit the House-that-Wears - an - Overcoat. After he had traveled all the long way back home over the desert, he found his little baby Ibrahim very sick, his head was very hot and he cried so much that his mother gave him some cucumbers and figs to keep him quiet.

“Dear me!” you say, “what dreadful things to give a baby!”

Well, she didn't know any better; the mothers in Arabia are almost all just as ignorant as that about their babies.

“It is the Evil Eye!” she said to her husband, so he tied a little bag around Ibrahim's neck. In the bag was some holy earth he had brought all the way from Mecca, he had picked it up right

in front of the House-that-Wears-an-Overcoat.

“That will surely make him well!” said the father. But Ibrahim kept on getting *worse* of course, for you and I remember the cucumber and the fig! So his mother sent for the village barber, who said it was black blood that made him sick, so he cut a little vein in Ibrahim’s wrist and let some blood run out. But Ibrahim was just as sick as ever afterwards. So, poor as they were they sent for the village doctor, a dirty horrid-looking man with a red fez on his head.

“Give me 50 cents,” he said, “and I will give you medicine that will drive away *twenty* Evil Eyes!”

But Ibrahim’s father said he did not have 50 cents.

“Ah indeed!” sneered the dreadful old Arab doctor. “But you and your camels have been to Mecca, I hear! Was no money paid for the use of your camels? Ha! Ha! I know *everything!*”

“Well, here is 20 cents,” said Ibrahim’s father. “You make my baby well for 20 cents.”

“I humbly lick the dust beneath your feet,” smiled the oily old doctor, “but only when I have 30 cents in my hand will I make your baby well.”

“Oh do give him the 30 cents,” said Ibrahim’s mother, who saw the poor baby was getting worse all the time. So the doctor got his 30 cents, but *what* do you suppose his medicine was?

Why, he wrote on paper some verses from the Koran, and *made the baby swallow the paper!* That was all he did. He went away proudly, and Ibrahim’s mother felt dreadfully to see that the baby was even worse than before!

Then you and I really did something to help, for one of our very own Dr. Missionaries was riding by on his little donkey, when he heard a baby wailing and crying inside the tent. So he got off, and started to go inside to see what the matter was. Doctors know what certain kinds of crying mean, and he

knew that Ibrahim's cry came from a baby who was *sick*.

You ought to have seen how quickly Ibrahim's mother covered her face so this strange man in a white suit could not see it! But our Dr. Missionary was used to that; in fact, that is the reason why we have to have some lady doctors in Arabia!

Well, after our Dr. Missionary had looked at Ibrahim very carefully, he gave him some of our kind of medicine and said: "I would like to take him to my hospital. I can make him well there."

"How much will it cost?" Ibrahim's father asked anxiously.

"It will cost what you can afford to pay," said our doctor, seeing how very poor their tent was. "If you have no money at all, we will do it for nothing."

"May Allah reward you for your goodness!" said Ibrahim's mother.

Our Dr. Missionary said nothing just then, but he made up his mind that sometime soon she must learn about

Jesus; and she did, too. For when the doctor went walking off with Ibrahim safely packed into the straw basket hanging by the donkey's side, the mother and father walked along beside him. There wasn't a thing in our Hospital that they missed seeing: the neat nurses, the white beds, the kind doctors, the low voices, the soft tender hands that undressed Ibrahim from his tight calico bandages.

"Please wash him!" our Dr. Missionary said to the nurse.

"No! No!" called Ibrahim's mother, "do not *wash* him, he has *never been washed!*"

Then they had to show her other babies in the hospital who were washed every single day of their lives. Nice fat gurgling babies, cooing in Arabian talk; "Well," she said finally, "wash him, but don't use any more water than you have to!"

He bawled and squawled and behaved dreadfully during the bath, because such a queer thing as water all over him had

never happened to him before. But afterwards he felt a little better, and went to sleep.

He stayed in the hospital three days, and all that time his mother hung around, and watched things with all her eyes. She heard the Bible women telling stories about Jesus, and for a whole year after she carried the baby home she kept going to the beautiful church you and I have in Arabia. Then one day she and the father, and Ibrahim, too, joined our church and were very happy.

It was all owing to our good Dr. Missionary who heard a sick baby cry, and packed him into the straw donkey basket. So I think this is a very good donkey tale, don't you?

FIFTY-FIRST STORY

THE LAND WHERE JESUS WAS
BORN



The star at the top of the Christmas tree,
Has one little message for you and for me,
It says: "Above all your toys and your fun,
I'm whispering that Christmas was really begun.

"Away in a manger, far over the sea,
With shepherds adoring, and bending the knee,
I'm twinkling up here in the hope that you may
Help spread the dear story of glad Christmas Day."

“THE LAND WHERE JESUS WAS BORN”

IN just a few days it is going to be Christmas Day—the one day that every Christian boy and girl loves the best of all the days in the year! I wonder if you know what God’s very first Christmas present to His Family was? Why, it was the gift of His Son, Jesus! We sang about it a few minutes ago:

“Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his
sweet head,
The stars in the sky looked down where
he lay,
The little Lord Jesus, asleep in the
hay.”

Of course, that was in the long, long ago time; but the angels and the stars can never forget what they saw that

first Christmas night. I think the babies help them to remember! White babies in your home and my home; yellow babies in China, with black slanting eyes; brown babies in India playing in the dust; red Indian babies laced in tree cradles; Eskimo babies in furry bags; little black babies in Africa—the stars and the angels can't see one bit of difference between any of them! And each little baby has his own little angel to watch over him—Jesus told us so!

But it makes me feel a little sorry to remember that when I will be having a merry Christmas in my home, and you will be having a merry Christmas in *your* homes, there will be homes and homes all over God's World where His Family won't even know it is Christmas at all,—because they never so much as heard of Jesus. I am so glad God sends His angels to watch over all the little children all over His World, no matter what color they are, or whether their parents know about Jesus or about Christmas.

I wonder if you ever thought that when God sent the baby Jesus into His World as a first Christmas present, He was born way over the sea near the land where our little friend Ibrahim lives. It is very curious that Mary the mother of Jesus did some of the very same things to Jesus that Ibrahim's mother did to Ibrahim. For the Bible tells us that on that first Christmas Day when Jesus was born Mary "wrapped the baby in swaddling clothes," which means exactly the same kind of calico bandages that Ibrahim's mother wound round and round her baby, so that his legs and his arms could not move. And I think possibly Ibrahim's mother even laid Ibrahim in a manger, just as Mary laid Jesus; for in Ibrahim's tent there was a trough full of hay where the camels ate their food, and when his mother wanted Ibrahim safely out of the way, I haven't a doubt she laid him in there for a while!

You will remember that when Jesus came to live in God's World, He started

by being the carpenter's little Boy, so we feel sure there was work as well as play for Him, because His parents were poor, just as Ibrahim's parents were poor. Probably He used to go to the village well with Mary, His mother, just as Ibrahim goes to his village well with *his* mother. Mary carried her water jar on her head, just the way Ibrahim's mother carries hers today. I think Jesus went out on the hillsides with Mary to gather fagots of brushwood for the fire, and He helped drag them home, the way Ibrahim helps his mother today. Perhaps Jesus helped Mary spread the grain out in the sun to dry or the olives to ripen, just as Ibrahim helps his mother. Or when Mary ground the corn into flour, perhaps Jesus helped turn the handmill, just as Ibrahim helps his mother.

I like to think that the little boy living today in the same land where Jesus lived so many years ago, is doing the very same things that Jesus did; but wouldn't it be splendid if he could grow

up and do the same things that Jesus did when *He* grew up? You will remember what those things were: helping the people who needed help, being gentle to those who were in trouble, making sick people well again, loving little children.

God made Jesus His first Christmas gift to His Family, so everybody in the Family could know the way to live. But it is not easy to live like Jesus. A great many people never even try at all; a great many others *try*, but they don't get along very well. But I think you and I can see from the stories I have been telling you all this year that our *missionaries* are really and truly living like Jesus: for they spend all their time and their strength in helping people, and telling them about Jesus, and teaching them the things they need to know. It is never easy work, but they keep right at it, all the time!

So today I want to ask you something, now listen hard: If Jesus is God's first Christmas gift to us, and if

He keeps right on giving us all the nice things we have,—our homes and schools and churches and pictures and toys—don't you *really* think we might give some Christmas present to God?

I dare say that this very minute we each have some little Christmas present all ready for mother, and one for father, perhaps one for grandmother, and brother and sister. But surely we oughtn't to leave God out, when He just gives us *everything* we have!

Now what do you suppose He would rather have the very best of all? I will tell you. I think He would just love to hear you and me say to Him: "Dear Father in heaven, thank you for all your beautiful Christmas presents to me! The only present I have to give you is myself. If you can use a little boy—a little girl—like me this year, I want you to please use me. Amen."

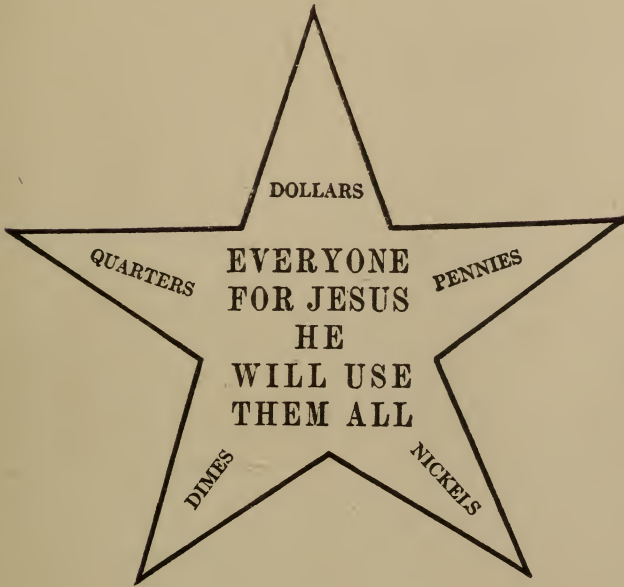
And of course, when you give a Christmas present, you never try to grab it back, do you?

So since we've given ourselves to God

to use, let's try all this year to do what we can to help the other children in God's Family to know about Him; then perhaps *next* Christmas a good many yellow children and brown children and red children can have a merry Christmas, too.

FIFTY-SECOND STORY

THE GIFTS THE WISE MEN
BROUGHT



Pennies and nickels and dollars and dimes
Seem made to give children very good times.
But when we remember God's World I don't see
How we can ever forgetful be
Of children who, black, red, yellow, and brown
Are made to stone idols their heads to bow down.
I think that God wants us like Wise Men to be,
And give all we can very cheerfully.

“THE GIFTS THAT THE WISE MEN BROUGHT”

It wasn't very long after the first Christmas Day, years and years ago, when Jesus was born, that over in that far-away land three men set out on a journey to find Him. We call them the Three Wise Men, and what do you suppose they traveled on? Why, on *camels* of course, the very same kind of camels that Ibrahim's father rode when he went to visit the House-that-Wears-an-Overcoat. Day after day the Three Wise Men kept riding and riding on their camels across the desert, following a beautiful new star in the sky, until finally the star stood still over the stable where Jesus was.

Then the camels knelt down in the queer way camels have of doing, and the Three Wise Men got off their backs

and went into the poor little stable to worship Jesus.

The Bible does not tell us a single word these Wise Men *said*, which seems queer because what wise people say is usually important; but the Bible does tell us what the Wise Men *did*: for they each gave Jesus a beautiful present. One of them brought him precious gold; another rich frankincense; another wonderful myrrh. They were all very expensive presents, worth a great deal of money.

It is a strange thing, but ever since that day, whenever people come to worship Jesus they bring him presents,—precious things, like money, that they *could* use for themselves, but they really want to bring it to Jesus. Every Sunday in our church we can see people bringing their presents of money to Jesus, we call it the “*Offering*.” In Sunday school we have an offering, too,—all of it for Jesus.

Did you ever stop to think what happens to these presents of money for

Jesus? It seems to me you *must* have guessed, for every Sunday all this year I have been trying to tell you in one way or another! When I kept talking about *our* Mr. and Mrs. Missionary here, and *our* Hospital there, *our* mission school in that country, and *our* orphanage in the other country, I meant that these precious presents we bring to Jesus every Sunday, all go to help pay for *our* work in these far-away places.

So after this I hope you will love the Offering time the very best of all! Make up little stories in your own mind about which members of God's Family you hope will get the money for their mission. Perhaps you will do it like this: "Let me see—I guess today I want the money to help tell the 'Cradle-that - Walked - on - Two - Feet' about Jesus"—she was the little Japanese girl who carried the baby on her back all day, you remember? But the minute you decide to send the money there, you will say: "No, after all, I really think I'd rather send it to the little red chil-

dren whose cradles hang up in the trees"; but you're sure to change your mind again when you remember the lonely sunbonnet children in the Kentucky mountains, or when you think of the brown children in India who worship elephant idols. You really will have an awful time deciding! You will be so afraid there won't be enough to go around if you give a little of the offering to each country.

And sometimes there really *isn't* quite enough money to go around! Then all the men and women who have charge of our missions feel very unhappy, because they know how badly every single one of our missionaries is needed to tell the members of God's Family about Jesus.

But I don't believe the people in our church who love Jesus will ever stop bringing Him offerings when they come to worship, do you? For by the time you and I are grown up we will be giving all we can, and we will be telling these very stories I have been telling

you to our very own little girls and boys. So then *they* will give! Sometimes I think the only reason people in our church don't bring bigger presents of money to Jesus is because they don't know where it is all going, the way you and I know.

I suppose we could bring more if we only tried. The Wise Men brought *precious* gifts to Jesus, things they really might have enjoyed keeping for themselves. None of us has a great deal of money, but every once in a while we spend five cents for candy or gum. Tell me this: What would the person who wanted to help God's Family do with that money? You answer that question yourself, and next Sunday see if we can't have a very much bigger offering for Jesus.

Just think how lovely it will be when every single little child in all God's Family knows about Him! Then when Sunday comes around, all over God's World their dear little voices will be singing with you and me: "Jesus loves

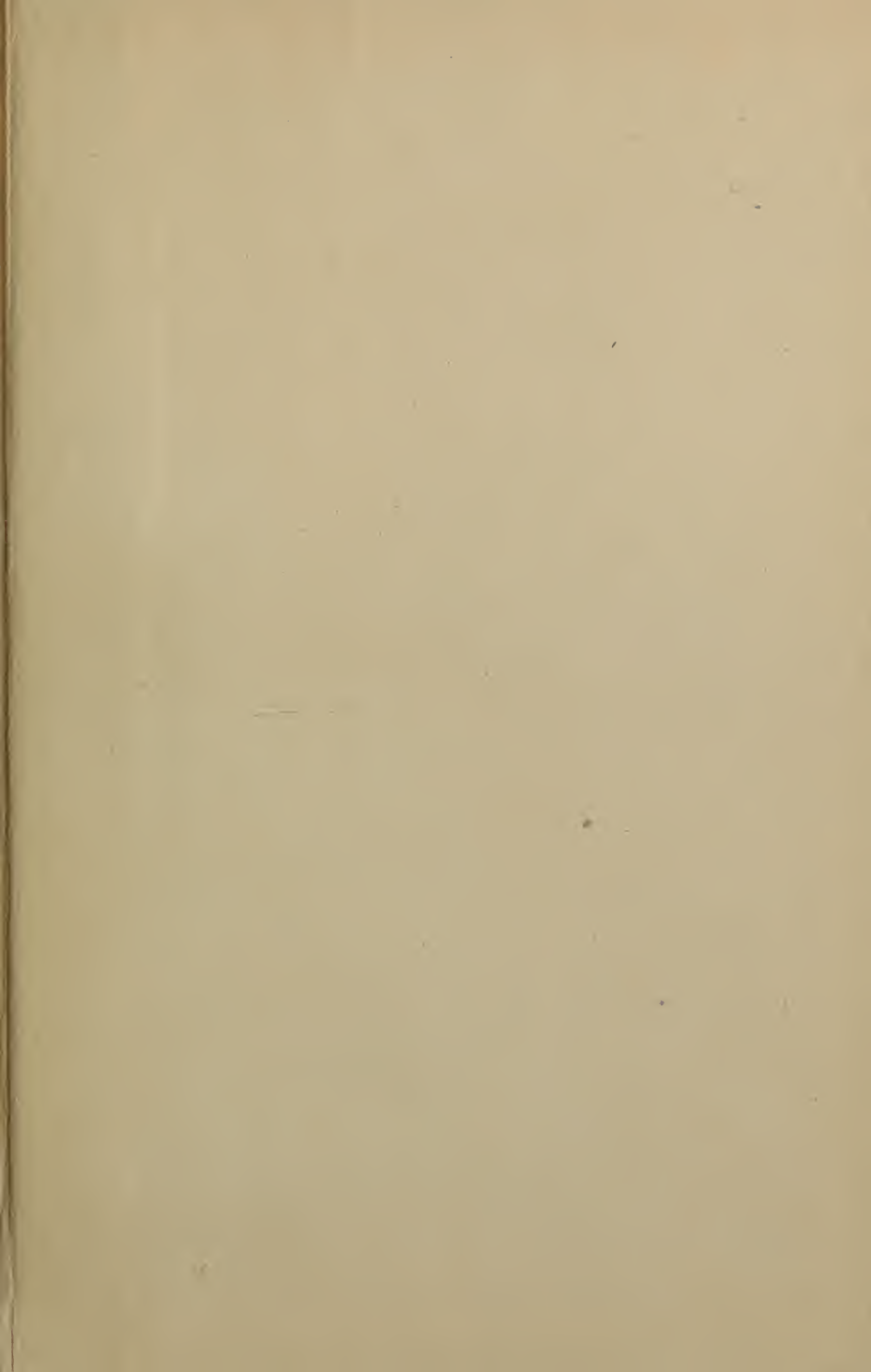
me, this I know.' And it won't matter at all that some of the children will sing in Chinese, and some in Japanese, some in Hindu and some in English, for God understands us all exactly alike.

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