

The Flowers on the Roadside

MINI was a city girl. She had pretty dresses and beautiful toys. She had a garden of big dahlias and precious orchids. She had lovely roses growing in large vats.

On Thanksgiving Day, Mini's parents took her to the country for a ride in their new car.

A little girl was picking wild flowers on the roadside.

"What a poor girl!" Mini exclaimed. "She has no garden of beautiful flowers. Mother, please let me talk to her."

The car stopped and the country girl looked up.

"What is your name, little girl?" asked Mini.

"Ana," the girl answered smiling.

"Come with me and I shall give you plenty of roses and dahlias. I have a beautiful garden."

"Thank you. But I don't like roses from gardens. I like these little flowers on the roadside better. These maka-hiya blossoms are soft as powder puff. The blue ones look like the eyes of the angels in our church."

"What will you do with them?" Mini asked.

"To decorate our table. We shall have frogs for dinner. I have to go now."

Mini looked at her parents with puzzled eyes.

