

THE flowers in the garden were looking at one another as if to say, "Where can little Pilaring be? The sun is up but she has not come down yet."

Her pet puppy tiptoed into the garden.

"Where is Pilaring? Why is she not with you?" the flowers asked.

"Ssh! Softly," Beauty, the dog, warned. "Our Pilaring is sick. She cannot come."

The flowers looked sorrowfully at one another. Everyone thought of what it could do for the little girl.

There was a long hush in the garden. Even the wind sighed as it went

LITTLE STORIES

By Aunt

What A Little Sam

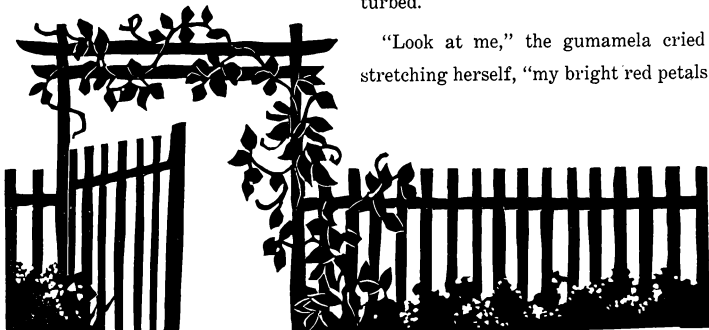
through the garden. Then loud voices came from the gate.

"There is Pilaring on her bed. I alone can see her from my pergola," the violet morning glory boasted.

"What does she care for you?" the red gumamela hissed with flaming eyes. "Who cares for your dull color?"

"Quiet please!" pleaded the sampaguita, "our Pilaring must not be disturbed."

"Look at me," the gumamela cried stretching herself, "my bright red petals



FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

Julia

Sampaguita Can Do

can be seen anywhere. When she opens her eyes she will see me at once."

"Ha! Ha!" roared the morning glory. "How can she when you are so short."

"She loves you both," whispered the sampaguita. "She will smile at you as soon as she opens her eyes. Only be quiet."

But Pilaring did not open her eyes. She did not like the bright sunshine in the garden. There was a throbbing pain in her head and her brow was hot.

"I wish I were bigger and brighter," the little sampaguita sighed. "Pilaring might be pleased with me."

The little sampaguita breathed her scent into the gentle morning breeze. "Brush her cheeks gently with your cool breath," she begged.



Tenderly the thin breeze touched the sick girl's cheeks. Pilaring with closed eyes took a deep breath and smiled.

"It is my sweet sampaguita," she murmured.

Without opening her eyes, she called the maid.

"Make me a sampaguita gariand," she whispered, "and hang it over my head."

When the morning glory looked through the bedroom window again, she saw a necklace of white modest sampaguitas gently swaying just above Pilaring's pillow.

Seeing Pilaring's joy, the sampaguita buds smiled their sweet content.