

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

By Aunt Julia

The Careless Girl



"Dela, Dela, where is the needle?"

"The needle? The needle?" Dela repeated to herself as she tapped her forehead. "Mother, I must have left it on . . . the sofa."

"Is the sofa the right place for a needle? Go and look for it."

"It is not on the sofa, Mother," Dela called.

"Look for it. You might have dropped it on the floor."

Dela looked down. Then she looked up. And she looked around the room.

"Look for it on the floor," her mother suggested.

Dela did not want to stoop.

"It is not anywhere, Mother."

"Last week you lost a needle. Yesterday you lost another. And today you misplaced a third."

"O Mother, you need not worry so much. A needle costs less than a centavo."

By and by, Dela's friend, Anita came.

"Dela, Father is taking us to town to see the parade. How would you like to go with us?"

"Hooray! Yes. I shall ask Mother if I may go."

As soon as her mother said "Yes," Dela rushed into her bedroom and pulled her Sunday dress from the hanger. Rip! A piece of edging was almost torn off her pretty dress.

Angry with herself, Dela cried,

"Mother, please let me have a needle and a piece of fine thread."

"I don't have any. Run to the store and buy a needle," her mother answered.

As Dela started to go, she heard the honking of an automobile.

"It is my father," Anita explained. "He cannot wait any longer. I have to run along. I am sorry, Dela," And Anita ran back to the car.

Dela was disappointed. But she knew she was to blame. In her anger, she seized the cushion on the sofa. She wanted to throw it into the farthest corner.

"Ara! What is that?" she cried. "It must be the needle," she thought.

She pressed the cushion between her hands carefully. There! The bright head of a needle popped out. To Dela, it seemed to be grinning and saying, "Good for you, careless girl."