

## LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

### DANIEL'S PRESENT FOR MOTHER

ADAPTED BY PANCITA FLORES

DANIEL clutched his money tightly in his hand as he hurried down the street. Tomorrow was Mother's birthday and Daniel knew what he wanted to buy for Mother—the most beautiful red scarf he had ever seen. How very happy she would be when he gave it to her! Daniel had been helping Daddy every day for a long, long time so that he could earn enough money. He looked at the two bright fifty-centavo pieces in his hand.

"A whole peso I've earned," thought Daniel proudly. "That's just enough to buy that pretty red scarf."

Daniel was walking along to the store so fast that he almost bumped into Dolores, the little girl who lived next door. She was standing in the middle of the sidewalk crying.

"Oh, dear!" thought Daniel. "I wonder what's the matter. Maybe I can help her, but I must not stop too long because I have to buy Mother's present."

The little girl was crying so hard that she didn't even notice Daniel.

"Hello, Loling," said Daniel. "Why are you crying?"

"I—I—lost my m-money," she sobbed, as she rubbed her eyes hard, "and n-now I can't buy my m-mother a birthday present."

"Is tomorrow *your* mother's birthday, too?" asked Daniel.

"Yes, and I was going to buy her a present, but I lost my money," and the little girl began to cry again.

"Oh, dear me!" thought Daniel sadly. "Now, what can I do about this?"

He knew how bad *he* would feel if he had lost the money he had earned,

and couldn't buy anything for *his* mother's birthday.

"Where did you lose your money?" asked Daniel. "We may find it."

But Dolores shook her head sadly. "I don't know where I lost it," she said. "I had thirty centavos—a twenty-centavo piece and two five-centavo pieces. I put them in my pocket and kept my hand right there so they wouldn't fall out. But look!" She turned her pocket inside out so that Daniel could see the hole down in the corner of it.

"My m-m-money's—all gone, and n-now I c-can't buy a present," and once more she began to cry.

"Please don't cry," begged Daniel. "Let's walk back and see whether we can find it." But no matter where they



*How happy and proud they were!*

looked or how hard they looked, they couldn't find even one piece of the money.

"I guess it's no use, Daniel," said Dolores sadly. "I'll just have to tell Mother why I didn't give her anything. Thank you for trying to help me anyway." Then she started slowly down the street.

Daniel watched her as she trudged along. He felt very sorry because he couldn't help her. He looked at the two fifty-centavo pieces still clutched tightly in his hand.

"No," thought Daniel, "I couldn't give her any of my money. Why, I wouldn't have enough left to buy that pretty red scarf for Mother."

Then he remembered how Mother had always told him never to be selfish. He knew that she wouldn't be happy to have a beautiful present if Dolores' mother didn't have any present at all.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," cried Daniel, running down the street after Dolores as fast as his legs would carry him. "I have a splendid idea. Look!" And Daniel held out his two fifty-centavo pieces. "I'm going to buy something for my mother, because tomorrow is her birthday, too, but there's enough money here for both of us."

"Oh, no," said Dolores. "Then you wouldn't be able to buy what you want to."

"I don't care," answered Daniel bravely. "There are lots of nice presents that don't cost so much. Come on."

The two children hurried down the street until they came to the big store. Daniel tried not to look at the red scarf in the window. He remembered the sign, ₱1.00, which had been there when he had looked at it before.

"Oh, Daniel," said Dolores, happily, pointing to a lovely plant with red blossoms growing in a pot. "I know Mother would just love that. Do you suppose that a plant like that would cost too much?"

"That plant is twenty-five centavos," said the smiling clerk who had been watching the children. "Would you like it?"

"Yes," said Daniel. "We'd like to buy it." He tried not to feel too sad as he gave the clerk one of his fifty-centavo pieces.

The clerk wrapped up the plant in shiny green paper, and gave Daniel his change. Dolores hugged her beautiful gift tightly in her arms. Daniel was glad when he saw how happy she was over her purchase.

"And now, what can I do for *you*?" asked the clerk, smiling at Daniel.

"I wanted to get a scarf. But I have only seventy-five centavos left," answered Daniel. "Have you any scarfs for seventy-five centavos?"

"Oh, yes," answered the clerk. "We have all kinds of beautiful scarfs. Here's a pretty blue one."

Daniel looked at it sadly. It wasn't nearly so pretty as the red one in the window.

"And here's a green one," said the clerk, holding up another scarf.

"Have—have—you any red ones?" asked Daniel timidly.

"There's a very nice red one in the window. Would you like that?"

"Oh, that's the most beautiful scarf of all," said Daniel. "That's the one I was going to buy. But it costs a peso," he added, sadly.

"Not any more it doesn't," the clerk

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laughed. "We marked it down to seventy-five centavos this morning. Would you like to buy it?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Daniel excitedly. "That's the one I want."

How happy and proud the two children were as they hurried along home, Dolores holding her plant tightly in her arms, and Daniel with his package tucked carefully under his arm.

The next day when Daniel gave Mother her present, he told about Dolores and how she had lost her money.

"I was so afraid I would not be able to get what I wanted for you, Mother," said Daniel.

Mother put on the beautiful red scarf. How pretty it looked!

"It's just lovely, Daniel," said Mother happily. "It is the prettiest scarf I ever saw. But even if you had not been able to buy me this one you would still have given me a very wonderful gift. For the nicest present of all is knowing that my son is so unselfish that he has helped make someone else's mother happy, too."