

A Legend of the Rosal

By L. V. R.

ONCE, when the night was very dark, Mother Nature wandered over her meadows. She stooped over the starry dots of field flowers and sipped the new honey from their hearts. Then she lay down on the soft, cool grass and gazed up at the stars. Like a million white jewels they twinkled down at her, their bright eyes inviting her to slumberland.

Mother Nature thought, "How beautiful the stars are! How bright and numerous they are!"

She gazed up at the stars for a long while, envying the heavens their wealth of brightness. She then looked around at the flowers scattered about her land—tiny little flowers that were the stars of the earth—and smiled. She looked at the fragrant bloom of dainty sampaguitas, sniffed the heady sweetness of dama de noche which the wind brought her from a distance. Then a thought came to her. She stood up and stretched her arms to the stars.

"I am going to create another flower," she said softly, "and I shall need your help. I shall need the help of the Wind, too, and the sun and the birds and bees. I want to create a flower that will be as lovely as the stars, but sweeter and closer to the people of my earth."

With these words, she bowed her head and thought for a while.

The stars overhead, the Wind and even the slumbering birds heard her words. Even the dew fell softer and slower as they



thought about Mother Nature's words. "We must help her," they said to each other. "We must all help her create another flower."

The next night, Mother Nature had leafy bowers of green leaves ready. She polished the small leaves till they shone with crispness, and she firmly set them up in their boughs. Then she once more made her appeal to the stars and the Wind, the birds and the bees and the dew, to help her with the creation of a new kind of flower—a flower that would be as lovely as the stars, but sweeter and closer to the touch of human hands.

The stars, the wind, the birds and the bees, and even the softly falling dew answered her call. The stars each shed off a silver tip. The wind carried it down to the earth. The birds sang songs of welcome, while the bees buzzed around with their gifts of honey.

The sparkling silver tips melted into petals of softest velvet when they fluttered

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BREAD AND CHEESE

By Doris and George Hauman

Here is a jolly fairy tale for even the smallest children. It tells in a gay, sprightly manner the story of Buttercup, a yellow cow, and Daisy, a little white lamb, who lived in a big blue barn under a smooth green hill. Life was very serene for them. They munched grass on the green hillside, lay under the crooked apple tree, and produced milk for Two Happy Children.

But Buttercup, being as near a fairy cow as any cow could be, had to obey the wishes of a Little Old Woman who lived on the other side of the hill. This Little Old Woman loved bread and cheese. Once Buttercup forgot, and a dreadful thing happened!

The book is attractively illustrated. The Haumans, parents as well as artists, seem to know just how to catch that irresistible humor which belongs in books of this happy age of childhood.

THE CHILDREN'S SECRET

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her on the side.

Irma got up and went in. The other two followed. A long conference was held. Then they went to their aunt.

"*Tia Ibana*, here is the money. Two-fifty in all." Irma placed the pile of centavos on the table. "Have it placed in a beautiful box."

On Sunday the children got up very early. They entered their mother's room on tiptoe. They swooned upon her on the bed and kissed her on the face and on the hair. After placing a box on Mother's lap, they sang,

"Happy birthday to you!

THE LOST MERRY-GO-ROUND

By Dorothy Lathrop

All children who love merry-go-rounds and the other fun-machines of childhood will find "The Lost Merry-Go-Round" a new and fascinating adventure into the world of imagination. The book contains a delightful collection of animal adventures which centers around the discovery of a grass-grown, rusty merry-go-round in Flittermouse Wood by children who were looking for a lost ball. While the children were playing with it, faint music was heard, and the merry-go-round began to move. And as each child clings to his chosen animal, the adventure stories are told—of Denny on the big dog; of Jim on the dragon which flies over the sea to Cockle Shell Island; of Peter on the bear; Rosemary on the Deer which go deeper into the woods, and so on.

The book has many interesting illustrations by the author. Pictures, in color and in black and white will delight the children.

L. V. R.

Happy birthday to you.

Happy birthday, dear Mother.

Happy birthday to you."

"That is our secret, Mother," Frida declared proudly.

"We got all the money in our bank," Ernie explained.

"Thank you, my darlings. This is a very pleasant surprise." She drew them all to her breast.

"Open the box now, Mother, and see if you like our gift." Irma suggested.

Mother carefully untied the golden ribbon and removed the pretty wrapper. Pressing the cardboard box, she asked, "Is it a little book?"

"No!" shouted Frida.

"Is it a birthday cake?"

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close to Mother Nature. She formed them into pretty sets of petals and laid them upon the bowers of green which she had prepared. The Wind gathered the fragrances of the night and breathed them upon the newly-formed flowers which shone like soft stars in the evening darkness.

The next morning, the sun, peeping out of its mountain bed, spied the starry flowers. Touching them with his rays, he gave them lovely hearts of gold—his gift to Mother Nature's new creation. The bees and the butterflies hovered around the flowers, humming and buzzing with joy at the pretty sight.

This happened a long time ago. Today, when you go into your garden, do you ever notice the lovely flowers that glow so white and sweet among their leaves of dark green? Perhaps you call them the Rosal, but once upon a time, the velvet white petals that you touch and admire were the silver tips of stars.

"Oh, No. A cake is soon finished," Irma reminded her.

"Is it a box of powder?"

"Powder is soon used up," Ernie said.

"Well, dears, yours is a real secret and I am a poor guesser."

Lifting the lid, Mother saw a pretty, brown handbag. She opened it and found sixteen centavos in a tiny purse inside.

"This is what I call useful and lasting," she declared, holding up the handbag. "But what does the money mean?"

"Sixteen stands for the date of your birth," Irma explained. "The money also serves as a bait to attract more money. It means you will never find your bag empty."

"I see! My children know something their mother does not know. I like the gift and I love the givers."

The children were happy. They were also very proud because they could keep a secret.