

The Snow Fairy

By Martha B. Thomas



DON'T suppose two noses were ever pressed more forcibly against a window-glass than those belonging to Jerry and Sally. If you were to look at them from the outside, in their front yard, for instance, they would not seem like noses at all; you would say that Jerry and Sally had small, white pears on their faces, and pretty squashed pears at that! This is what a window-glass does to two children who have the whooping cough and are standing as closely as possible against the nearest thing to getting out—a window.

Jerry dug his fists down into his pockets and looked as cross as a bear. Sally blinked very fast to keep the tears from rolling down her cheeks, and her two pig-tails quivered unhappily.

"We'll miss the party and the games and the goodies and every-thing!" she wailed.

"I don't care about the old party!" declared Jerry scornfully. "What I want is to get out and make a snow-man. Look at all this perfectly good snow going to waste! I call it a shame!" And you would have thought by his tone that all blizzards were invented for the express purpose of giving little boys the opportunity of playing in it.

"Mary Randall's going to wear her new pink dress and her slippers!" sniffed Sally, "and I have a red dress and new slippers too-o!" This last thought was almost too much, and one large tear did manage to tumble over and down her cheek. Jerry pretended not to see it. Perhaps he was having trouble with his own eyes, though of course boys never cry, not even when tomorrow's Christmas and everything is spoiled because of whooping cough.

"Mother said we should have to have a party by ourselves and make believe that lots of people came to it," said Sally.

Jerry grunted. He didn't care much for this make-believe stuff—too dim, and. "Let's sit down in front of the open fire," suggested Sally, "and tell stories. I'm tired of looking out of the window. Perhaps something nice will happen; who can tell?"

So the two children settled themselves in front of the fire. They drew up two low stools and they each sat with their elbows on their knees and their chins in their hands. It was very warm and cozy. The logs crackled and sputtered as though they were doing their best to cheer other people up, and the dancing flames had a regular parade up-and-down the wood. It was



"I Call It a Shame!"

late afternoon and growing a little dark.

Suddenly Sally's pig-tails stuck out straight behind her in surprise.

"What's that?" she whispered, and her eyes were big as saucers.

"Where?" asked Jerry, a little startled too.

"I saw something white flit in at the door!"

"So did I."

The children looked cautiously around. Nothing was to be seen.

Just an ordinary room, a bright fire and two children in front of it.

"Funny—" mused Sally.

There was the faintest rustle by the clock on the mantel. It sounded like snowflakes talking together.

"There! I heard something again!" said Sally.

Both children stared at the clock for that was where the sound came from.

It was quite dark by this time, except for the light from the logs, so it was natural that Jerry and Sally did

Our Christmas

WHEN the shades of evening gather And the Christmas time is here, And you go home from your labor To enjoy the Christmas cheer— When the Christmas tree is lighted And the children gather 'round, There is one thing must be present If the greatest joy is found.

There must be inner conscience Telling you with truthful voice That you've done something for someone That will help that one rejoice— Some poor stranger, widow, orphan, Someone that you did not owe, Ah, the gift need not be costly To relieve another's woe.

And the greatest gift at Christmas That a person e'er received Was to know that through his efforts Someone's suffering was relieved; For the Master, on whose birthday All the Christmas gifts are given, Will see that act and send to him A Christmas gift from heaven.—Thomas G. Andrews in Kansas City Star.

not at first see the little person perched on the edge of the mantel.

"How do you do?" asked a tiny voice. It tinkled like a fairy sleigh-bell.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Sally. Jerry just winked his eyes very fast. "Here I am up by the clock," tinkled the voice again.

And sure enough, there she was indeed! The children saw her now. A wee, slender bit of a thing about the size of a sweet pea. And she was the whitest creature you could imagine. Snowflake ruffles with crystal trimming, icicle jewels in her hair, and eyes bright and frosty as stars.

Jerry and Sally gasped. Sally wanted to jump up and hug her. But you can't do that with a Snow Fairy; she'd melt all to pieces in your fingers, and then where would you be?

"I have come to pay you a little call," laughed the fairy, "because I like to talk with children who are ill and can't go out. I just came from a house down the street where a baby is cutting a tooth. Such a cunning baby! I played hide and seek under its chin, and you should have heard him



Away They Went.

gurgle! He forgot all about that tooth that was making so much fuss about coming through. I left him kicking up his heels and crowing like a young rooster."

Sally and Jerry laughed. "Shall I dance for you?" asked the Snow Fairy politely.

"Oh, yes!" beseeched the children. Up jumped the white little person, and in the twinkling of an eye she had begun. The children never saw such dancing in their lives. Never!

The Snow Fairy promised on top of the clock; she whirled like a crystal prism. She jumped down and made a low bow to a china shepherdess, and then the shepherdess threw away her crook and danced with the fairy. Away they went, whirling and bobbing and turning and dipping. They jumped over vases; they looked out behind pictures; they flew through the air until you could not tell which was the Snow Fairy and which the china shepherdess.

Jerry and Sally clapped their hands and laughed until they could laugh no longer. They forgot all about parties and new slippers and making snow-men.

Then the strangest thing happened. They could not see the Snow Fairy at all. She wasn't there, and if you'll believe me, the china shepherdess was standing stiffly in her old spot as though she'd never had a thought of moving in her life.

"Dear me!" said Sally rubbing her eyes.

"Dear me!" said Jerry, rubbing his Mother came in soon after that. She stood smiling down upon them.

"Both you children were sound asleep on your stools when I was in here before. Do come and have something good to eat. I have a little party all ready for you."

And Sally and Jerry never said a word about the Snow Fairy. But they were as cheerful as cherubs the rest of the day.

HE CLIMBED RIGHT DOWN THE CHIMNEY



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