

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Good November day, everyone! How pleasant can a dull day get? But cheer up, Indian Summer is on the way!

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"The heart is a garden; and never a seed  
Dropped into its fertile mold,  
But grows and grows, be it thistle or rose;  
Weed or blossom, its leaves unfold.  
Our thoughts are the seeds that grow to be  
The plants that shall live through eternity."

A Cloak for Mother Earth

Mother Earth is a good friend to all the trees, giving them food at all seasons, and in times of storm and tempest when they roll and sway and the wind tries to tear them from their places, saying to him, "Hold fast hold on to me with all your might. You can depend on me."

Once the trees remembering these things met together to decide upon a gift that they might offer to Mother Earth to show their love and gratitude. A great oak presided at the meeting, and there came to the gathering the ash, the maple, the beech, the poplar, and many others.

"My friends," said the oak, we are met together to decide upon a gift for Mother Earth, to show our love and gratitude,"

"There are our leaves," said a little tree timidly. We might make her a winter cloak of them."

"Of course we could," said the trees, rustling joyously. "We could make her a nice warm mantle against the winter's cold."

"But it must be very beautiful," said the maple. "I will give her scarlet and gold for my part." And I will give purple," said the poplar. And I, russet," said the oak. And I, brown, said the beech.

"Oh, what a beautiful cloak, but how shall we send it?" "Leave that to me," whistled the wind. I will be your messenger." And he blew through the tree-tops and they shook their heads and waved their arms and flung their gay leaves to him, and he carried them down to Mother Earth, and she covered herself with them and lay snug and warm.

How thankful Mother Earth was to receive such a beautiful cloak! She slept so soundly that she began to snore and all the leaves shook with laughter.

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Did you know?

That the beavers not only cut down trees for the purpose of making dams, but they also use the smaller upper branches as a storage supply of food anchoring them under water for the winter's use.

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That once upon a time, the late Mr. Henry Ford 1, the millionaire, met a little urchin, on the street in Detroit, and talked to him. He was well-pleased with his conduct and offered to give him five dollars, if he would report back on how he had spent it. This, the boy did and Mr. Ford was so amazed at his wise spending and thrift that he gave him a gift of a thousand dollars. This boy was well paid for good conduct.

Indian Summer

Ho, Indians by the hundred  
Are roving through the land -  
Tribe after tribe are making  
Their camps on every hand!

Smoke from their midnight camp-fires  
Hangs in the valley still -  
Dropping a soft blue curtain  
Across the distant hill!

Strange that to Autumn corn-fields  
They always choose to go;  
Pitched there by tens and hundreds  
Brown wigwams stand in rows!

Whist! Hosts of leaves a-flutter!  
Each gaudy crimson one  
Is but a painted redskin  
A-dancing in the sun!

- Daisy M. Moore.