

# BAPTIST FEATURES

Released by BAPTIST PRESS  
127 Ninth Ave., N., Nashville, Tenn.

CHILDREN'S PAGE  
May 10, 1956

## THE GOLD-HANDLED SNOWFLAKE By Florence J. Johnson

Nancy counted her pennies. Surely fifty pennies would buy the white vase that was like a snowflake and had two gold handles.

She put the pennies in her little red purse. The dime and the nickel that were left in her bank Father had given her that morning. They would buy Mother's Day flowers. Mr. Anderson at the flower shop had promised to save violets for her--just enough violets to put in a little white vase with gold handles.

A bell tinkled as Nancy opened the door to the shop. Miss Hannah was kneeling on the floor, dusting.

"Hello, Nancy." Miss Hannah looked up. "I have only a few more pieces to dust. Then I'll have finished these shelves."

"I don't have to hurry." Nancy went up to the shelf that held the vases. "The little white vase with the gold handles--does it cost more than fifty cents, Miss Hannah?" she asked fearfully.

"That one?" Miss Hannah was beside her. "Yes. It's a dollar. But I have others at fifty cents, and this kitten is only thirty-five cents. It's for your mother, isn't it? She likes cats, I know."

Nancy looked at the kitten. Instead of a ball between its paws it was holding a small round vase. It would hold violets nicely, but her eyes went back longingly to the vase with the two gold handles.

Fifty pennies were not enough. There wasn't time to earn more by caring for the Newton twins. Mother's Day was next Sunday, and today was Friday.

"Such dust!" Miss Hannah picked up the little white vase, and shook her head. "I wish I could get someone to help me. I had a girl for two days, but she was careless and dropped several pieces of china."

"Dusting!" Nancy caught the word. She looked around the small shop with the rows and rows of shelves filled with gifts of all kinds.

"Could I help you, Miss Hannah? Grandmother lets me dust the things in her living room cabinet. I like to dust beautiful things!"

"Hmmm!" Miss Hannah looked at her, and then at the little white vase. "I know your grandmother is very particular. So am I. Do you think your mother would let you help me this afternoon? You can dust the lower shelves. If you help me until five o'clock, you may take the little white vase with you. You will have earned it."

"Oh, Miss Hannah!" Nancy's eyes sparkled with joy. "I have fifty cents that I've saved."

"Father's Day is coming soon." Miss Hannah smiled. "Here is a clean dustcloth. You may start with this shelf. I'll call your mother. No, I won't tell her why you are doing it--just that I needed some extra help, and you came in at the right moment."

Five o'clock came, and Nancy looked proudly at the shelves she had dusted. The little vases and tiny knickknacks didn't show a speck of dust, and she hadn't broken a single piece.

"When I'm big, I'm going to have a shop just like this," she said as she watched Miss Hannah wrap the little white vase. "You won't have to put it in a box, Miss Hannah. I'm going to leave it with Mr. Anderson. He's going to put fresh violets in it tomorrow. Mother likes violets. So do I. They're a part of my name. Nancy Violet."

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"Hmmm!" Miss Hannah looked at her. "You're a good little worker, Nancy. I like the way you dust. You don't skip the corners. And I know your mother is going to like her Mother's Day gift--the little white vase and violets from Nancy Violet."

Nancy skipped happily out of the shop. She was glad now that she had learned how to dust the beautiful things Grandmother had in her cabinet. It had helped her to earn the gift she wanted to give her mother.

"Be careful and particular with little things," Grandmother had said when she showed how to dust out the little places with a small brush. "If you do, you will be able to do the big things when the time comes."

Just like this, Nancy thought, remembering her grandmother's advice. If I hadn't known how, Miss Hannah would never have let me handle the beautiful things she has in her shop, and for Mother's Day Mother wouldn't get violets and a snowflake with gold handles.

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IT'S SPRING  
By Muriel M. Gessner

New green leaves are showing,  
The daffodils growing,  
Soft breezes are blowing.  
It's spring!

Gay robins are singing,  
White lily bells ringing,  
Bright bluebirds go winging.  
It's spring!

The tulip bud's swelling,  
In hearts, joy is welling,  
All earth now is telling  
It's spring!

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