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CHILDREN'S PAGE
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RED ROSE
By Ellen Brown

"Joe, will you stay here and look after Joy while I go to the grocery store?" asked his mother.

Jo thumped his marble. "Plop," went the marble in the hole.

"I did it! I did it!" he said happily. "Now you try," he said to Arthur. "What did you say, Mother?"

"I said, 'Will you look after Joy while I go to the grocery store?'," Mother said again.

"Oh, yes. I will. Where is she?" He stopped playing marbles. "I'll be back in a minute, Arthur."

"She's in the house cutting out paper dolls," mother told Joe.

Joe went in the house to find Joy.

"Joy, will you bring your paper dolls outside? You can cut them in the back yard. Then Arthur and I can keep playing marbles while I watch you."

"Yes," Joy said. She began picking up her paper doll book. She picked up her scissors. She went outside and sat down on a nice smooth patch of grass under the oak tree.

Joe ran back to Arthur. "It's your turn." Arthur rolled his marble. "Plop," went the marble. They played and played. Ever so often Joe looked back to see that Joy was all right.

"I don't see why mother wants me to watch her," Joe said. "She sits and sits. Nothing will happen to her. Look, there comes Mike."

Mike ran to the fence which separated the two yards. "Joe, you and Arthur come go with me to the drug store, and I'll buy you an ice cream."

"We can't," Arthur spoke up quickly. "We're watching Joy. Joe's mother said not to leave Joy for a minute."

"Come on, Arthur," Joe begged. "It will only take a minute. She'll be all right."

"I'll stay with her. You go," Arthur said.

Joe hopped over the fence. He was off like a greyhound. Arthur watched Joy cutting paper dolls. He practiced shooting marbles. "Plop," went the marble in the hole.

"Oooch," said Joy. Arthur jumped up and ran to her. She was rubbing a scratch on her wrist. "Oooch," said Joy.

"Don't worry," Arthur said, "we'll find some medicine for it. He helped her in the house. He looked for medicine. He couldn't find any.

"We'll go to my house, Joy," he told her. "I'll know where the medicine is there." He held her hand and helped her across the street. He went in his house and found a nice red bottle of medicine. "We'll paint your scratch a pretty red color. Then you'll have a red rose on your wrist." He painted a red rose on Joy's wrist on the scratch. He went over the scratch a little. But Joy was so interested in the red petals of the flower she forgot to hurt.

"That's pretty. That's pretty," said Joy.

"We'd better take you back home now." And he helped her across the street again. He heard Joe and Mike calling.

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"Joy! Joy! Joy!"

"I have her," Arthur said. "She's safe--she's right here with me."

Joe was so happy to see Arthur he almost hugged him.

"Thank you, Arthur. I was afraid you'd left like we did and Joy had run off. I shouldn't have left. I didn't do right at all. I'll never leave again when mother asks me to keep her."

"Pretty flower, pretty flower," said Joy pointing to the red rose Arthur had painted on her wrist.

"Thank you, Arthur," Joe said again. "Thank you for looking after her and painting the red rose."

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GUESS ME

By Ellen Brown

I have four legs
But not one shin;
I have a top
But cannot spin.

You eat with me
But I've no teeth,
And lots of feet
Are underneath.

I have no arms,
One foot, one head;
Yet everyone
By me is fed.

Answer--(Dinner table)

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