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CHILDREN'S PAGE

BILLY'S SHARING PLAN By Grayce Krogh Boller

Billy looked thoughtfully around the reading room of the Christian Center. He had promised to dust the tables and chairs and straighten the magazines this afternoon.

"There isn't much to read," he rubbed his cheek as he looked around. "Not many magazines to straighten. Only a few books."

Billy thought of his big bookcase at home with all his books in it. He looked at the man sitting by one of the tables, thumbing the pages of the same magazine over and over again.

"This place needs more books!" Billy decided. "It needs more magazines!"

When he reached home an hour later, Billy looked at his bookcase again. He took out two books which he had read so often that he almost knew them by heart.

"Mom, have you any magazines you don't want?" he asked, taking one of the carrot strips Mother was cutting.

"Some," Mother smiled. "Why? Want to cut something out?"

"No," Billy shook his head, munching the carrot thoughtfully. "Got any books?"

"A few," Mother's eyes were questioning. "Why?"

"I'm going to start a new project for our Sunday school class," Billy explained. "The reading room at the Center needs books and magazines."

"That is a fine idea!" Mother nodded. "I'll give some of ours. I'll tell the ladies in my class about it, too."

"Okay!" Billy smiled, and began to set the table.

On Sunday, he hurried to Sunday school early. He wanted to tell his teacher, Miss Sweeter, about his idea.

"That is a good idea!" she cried when Billy had told her. "We'll get to work on it right away."

"I have a big wagon to help haul the books and magazines," Billy offered.

"We'll need it," Miss Sweeter told him.

As soon as the boys and girls heard about the need for books and magazines, they were anxious to help. Billy knew when the ladies in Mom's class heard about it, they would want to help, too.

The very next afternoon, as soon as school was out, Billy took his big wagon. He began to ring doorbells and ask for books and magazines for the Christian Center. Some people gave him some right away. Some promised to later. Some asked him to come back on Saturday. Almost everyone either gave or promised to give.

"I can come each month for your used magazines," Billy told those who gave. "That way you can get rid of them before they begin to clutter your place."

"It is a good idea," everyone agreed.

When the wagon was piled high with books and magazines, Billy hauled it down to the Center. Other boys and girls were putting some on the tables and bookshelves. Mom was there, too, with those she had collected.

By Saturday, the shelves were almost full. Each table had a pile of magazines on it. There were more people coming to read, too, now that there was something to interest them.

"All because one small boy had an idea," Mom ruffled Billy's hair as they looked at the crowded room.

"I just wanted to help," Billy grinned up at her. "And I guess I did!"

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WHAT IS IT?

By Elsie Simon

It speeds and makes a dreadful noise,
It goes right through red lights,
But policemen never stop it for
The thing's within its rights!

It's fiery red but it destroys
The fires which are bad luck,
By now I'm sure you've guessed--
The answer's, "A fire truck."

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INDEPENDENCE DAY

By Elsie Simon

There's a holiday in summer
That makes us all feel gay,
It's the birthday of our nation
It's Independence Day.

It's then we go on picnics
And raise our flag up high,
And take the time to thank God for
Our fine Fourth of July!

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