

# BAPTIST FEATURES

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127 Ninth Ave., N., Nashville, Tenn.

CHILDREN'S PAGE  
July 7, 1955

TOMMY AND THE TOPSY TURVIES  
BY: Janet Gossard Turner

Tommy and the twins and little Pinkie threw pebbles into the pretty, shallow pool. They liked to watch the wide rings of water dance to the edge.

"The big lilies won't be blooming any more this year," said Marcia. "Wish there were some fish or snails or something else in the pool for us to watch."

"Anyway," Morris said, "we need some kind of pet."

"A dog or a cat wouldn't be happy here," said Tommy. "Neither would all the people in this big apartment house!"

"Oh, well," cried Marcia, "let's have a game of hide-and-seek!"

There were a lot of places to hide in the court of the big apartment houses. There was a hedge all around, and big clumps of bushes, and there were the half-dozen little doorways that led to different apartments.

"Eight, nine, ten!" shouted Tommy. "Ready? Here I come!"

As he turned and ran across the grass a huge drop of rain splashed his face and then another, and another, pell-mell.

"Just when we got started!" scolded Marcia.

"Come on to my house," called Tommy.

"I'll take your sweaters," he said as he opened the closet door. Then he stumbled over his boots and bumped into the first hook. His overcoat and his raincoat and his sweater and his cap fell on him all at once!

Marcia and Morris and little Pinkie laughed. Tommy was angry because his clothes fell. He felt like pushing them all into a corner. Instead he moved the cap and sweater to another hook and put the coats on hangers. Then he tucked his boots into a shoebag.

"Let's play the marble game," suggested Morris.

Tommy went for the board.

"The marbles are in the toy basket in my room," said Tommy.

When Tommy reached into the basket for the marbles, his fingers got tangled in a lot of string. He pushed his hand down to the bottom and upset the basket. Blocks and toys and boxes spilled all over the floor. In disgust Tommy crammed the things back into the basket. Then he remembered that he had probably left the marbles outdoors.

"May we look at your books?" asked Marcia. "Of course," said Tommy, "any of them."

Pinkie reached up for a bright red book. When he touched it a whole pile of books fell from the shelf.

"No wonder your books toppled," said Morris. "The Topsy Turvies have been in them!"

Before Tommy could ask Morris what he meant, the telephone rang for the twins and Pinkie to come home for dinner.

"Oh, dear!" complained Marcia, "we hardly got to play at all!"

As Tommy let the children out the door the postman handed him a letter.

"Oh!" he cried as he spied the big round handwriting. "It's from Cousin Paul!"

(more)

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-2- Tommy and the Topsy Turvies

Paul was coming to spend a week, he wrote. He would come on the bus tomorrow morning! They wouldn't need to meet him because the bus would come right by the apartment house.

"Yippee!" shouted Tommy. Paul was only a year older than he, so they always had a great deal of fun together.

"He can sleep on the davenport," said Mother. "But won't it be too bad if he has to keep his bag under your couch and dive under everytime he wants a pair of socks?"

Tommy giggled. Then he began to wonder. Only a minute after Tommy climbed in bed that night he seemed to see funny little figures sliding down the broad, gleaming path the moon made. They landed pell-mell on his quilt. He tried to rub his eyes to see if he was dreaming, but he was too tired even for that.

The busy little people leaped for the top cupboard and knocked down the stuffed toys that weren't already on the floor. They jumped to the floor and pushed over the pile of books Tommy had been sorting. They climbed to the top of the chest and toppled the wobbly pile of puzzle boxes that were there.

Who on earth were they? Oh, they must be the Topsy Turvies Morris had mentioned.

Tommy was trying to get out of bed to drive the elves away when he heard a loud knock at the door.

That must be Paul! But Tommy couldn't move to let Paul in! And the floor was piled so full that Paul couldn't get the door open. Tommy was afraid that Paul would go right back home again if he couldn't get in.

Again Tommy tried to raise himself and he waked himself up! Then he knew it wasn't Paul at the door at all, but Father calling him to breakfast. He looked around. He must have been dreaming, for the room looked just as it had when he went to bed last night--and that was bad enough!

Tommy hurried through with his breakfast. Then he went back to his room. He folded his bed back to air. He finished putting the books on the shelves. He sorted the contents of the toy basket and put all the blocks in a sack.

When Paul came, Tommy saw him look at the untidy pile of puzzles on the bed. "Do the Topsy Turvies get in your things, too?" laughed Paul. "Come on, I'll help sort. I love puzzles."

"Fine," said Tommy, "but first let's go get the twins and little Pinkie. They will be surprised at my nice, neat room!"

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## THE GOLD CLOCK

Martha hated getting up in the mornings. Sometimes she was late to school because she didn't get up when she was called. So when her mother went to Europe one summer, she brought Martha a beautiful little gold clock from Switzerland.

Martha was delighted, and set the clock on the mantel in her room where she could listen to its friendly little tick-tick, tick-tick. It seemed as though it were a real live person talking to her.

"Martha, you and I are just alike," the Swiss clock said to her one day.

"How can a girl be like a clock?" Martha laughed.

"We both have two hands and a face," the clock went on. "And we have to be wound up to make us run."

"You have to be wound up, but I don't." Martha declared.

"Wouldn't your body run down if you did not eat or sleep? Wouldn't your mind run down if you didn't study? And your soul would surely run down if you didn't read your Bible and pray."

Martha was amazed at the little gold clock's wisdom.

"Our inner works are more important than our outer cases," the clock ticked on. "You are a pretty girl, and I'm shining gold on the outside, but if our inner works run down or get full of dust, we're no good to anybody."

"Our inner works?" Martha questioned, smiling.

"Yes, when dust sifts into my wheels, I can't keep good time. Neither can you when unkind thoughts, or cross, angry feelings sift into your heart."

"It is funny how much alike we are," Martha mused.

"There's still another way we could be alike," ticked the little Swiss clock. "I wear the name of my maker where everyone can see it. Do you?"

Martha looked thoughtful. She had recently accepted Christ as her Saviour. Was she wearing his name so that every one would know that she belonged to him? She wondered.

"The Gold Clock," is from the book, Shining Armor by Edna Ewing Kelley.

MY DOLLIES' CART  
BY: L. Mildred Harris

My Daddy made my dolls a cart  
So I could take them for a ride  
He used a wooden box he had  
And put a wheel upon each side.

He smoothed the roughness all around  
And nailed a back and sides on it.  
Then with a smaller box he made  
A place where all the dolls could sit.

He screwed a handle on in front  
And checked until each part was right,  
Then painted it until it shone--  
A bright red trim on creamy white.  
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NOTE TO EDITORS: Copy for the week of July 14, 1955 , will come next week.