

BAPTIST FEATURES

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CHILDREN'S PAGE
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PHILIP'S FAT OVERALLS BY: Rose Leion

"Hello, Mother," said Philip walking into the kitchen, "I'm home."

"Hello dear! Have some milk and a cookie?"

Philip sat down on a kitchen chair, CIUNK!

"What was that?" asked Mother.

"Oh, just the nails in the back pocket of my overalls," said Philip.

He stood up and turned around. His back pocket on one side stuck way out.

"You have too many nails in that pocket!" said Mother.

"Oh, no, just three," said Philip. And to prove it, he took out a handkerchief, an old golf ball, six pieces of crayon, his red top, and then, THREE BIG NAILS.

"You have too many things in your pocket," said Mother. "You are ruining your overalls!"

"Well, it's the only pocket I've got! Why don't you sew another pocket in the back on the other side?"

Mother sewed a back pocket on the other side. Philip put his handkerchief, the golf ball, and three of the six pieces of crayon in the new pocket. His overalls looked much better.

Next day, Philip came into the kitchen again and sat down, CIUNK! CIUNK!

"Philip, stand up and turn around!" said Mother.

Philip did.

Now both back pockets of his overalls were stuffed to bursting.

"What have you in those pockets, now?" asked Mother.

"Just a few marbles, see?" Philip took out his handkerchief, the golf ball, three pieces of crayon, some nails, a pencil, a whistle, some walnuts, and four marbles from the new back pocket.

"Do you want to see what I have in my other back pocket, Mother?" he asked.

"No thank you, Philip! You are ruining your overalls! Do you want me to sew on another pocket?"

"Yes, please," said Philip.

Mother sewed on a new pocket in the front on the right. By Friday, that was full, too!

Mother sewed a new pocket in front on the left. In three days, that too was bulging.

By the next Friday, Philip had six back pockets, and four front pockets!

When he walked into the kitchen and sat down, he sounded like this: CIUNK, CIUNK, CIUNK, CIUNK, C-R-A-S-H!

"Philip, you look tired," said Mother. "Don't you feel well?"

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"I feel so fat," said Philip.

"Perhaps you've gained too much weight," said Mother. "I'm going to weigh you."

Mother took Philip's hand and they went upstairs to the scales in the bathroom. CLUNK, CLUNK, CLUNK, CLUNK, up the stairs went Philip.

Clunk, CLUNK, he stepped on the scales.

"Fifty pounds! Mercy me, you've gained five pounds in one week! No wonder you feel fat! Your hands and face don't look any fatter, s-t-i-l-l you certainly do look fatter around the legs. Your new overalls will never fit!"

"I haven't gained any weight," said Philip, "but I think my overalls have!"

"We'll see," said Mother.

She unwrapped some new overalls. Philip put them on.

Philip stepped on the scales again. He didn't make any noise this time.

"Forty-five pounds," smiled Mother. "Just right!"

"Now I suppose I'll have to start sewing pockets on these new overalls, though," she sighed.

"No, Mother, one pocket is enough. I know what to do!"

Philip took his old overalls with the bulging pockets and hung them on a hook in his room.

"Now I have everything I want, but I don't want everything at one time. I'll just take three things at one time."

Philip took his handkerchief out of the left front knee pocket. He took a top out of the upper right pocket. He took some string out of the lower left back pocket. He put them in the pocket of his new overalls.

"When I get tired playing with my top, I'll put it back in my old overalls and get something else to play with. That'll be better."

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PLAYING POSSUM

BY: Jacqueline Ruth Rowland

The possum is a silly chap,
He always wants to take a nap.
A kitten likes to romp and play,
And when you chase him, runs away,
But Mr. Possum--not at all;
He just curls up into a ball.
Those beady eyes are shut up tight.
He really is the queerest sight,
When paws, nose, whiskers--all's so still
You really think he's dead--until
You quietly creep out of sight,
To watch this fellow curled up tight.
Slowly the furry ball unbends,
For Mr. Possum just pretends.

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OUR FRIEND, THE DOCTOR

BY: Elsie Simon

The doctor is God's friend and mine,
God taught him what to do
To make me feel real well and strong
The way a child likes to.

The doctor is so kind and smart
He can help me feel good,
So I will do just what he says
As mother thinks I should!

Time yourself in working this. Within the next fifteen minutes, can you trace a path beginning at the arrow: no crossing of lines, and coming out at the arrow.--Reuben S. DeLong

NOTE TO EDITORS: The above is for cut B.