

BAPTIST FEATURES

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CHILDREN'S PAGE
October 20, 1955

PEPPERMINT STICKS
BY: Carl W. Stahl

Benny had a friend. His friend was Jose the little Mexican boy. They were playing near the beet-worker's cabin Jose's family lived in. Jose's parents were pulling up long rows of beets, each day. The farm where they worked was near where Benny lived.

Benny and Jose pretended that they were hauling beets from the field. They had topped some real beets. With these in a wagon they pulled them to the shanty they called the sugar factory.

First Jose rode and Benny was the horse. Then Benny rode and Jose pulled.

After they had been playing awhile, Jose's mother came to the door.

"Maria!" she called. "Maria!"

In a few seconds they saw Maria, Jose's young sister, come running as fast as she could in answer to her mother's call.

"Does she always run like that when your mother calls her?" asked Benny.

"Si (yes)," said Jose, "but today she has a special reason. Mother promised her a peppermint stick. That is the candy we like best."

Maria came out of the shanty. Her dark eyes sparkled. Her white teeth shone in a wide smile. In her hand she held a peppermint stick.

"Jose," she called. "Mother wants to give you a peppermint stick, too."

Jose ran into the house and soon came out with two peppermint sticks.

"For you," he said, holding out one of the sticks to Benny.

"Thank you." Benny took the candy. "And thank your mother for me."

"I will," Jose promised.

In a little while Jose's mother again came to the door.

"Maria!" she called. "Maria!"

"What is it this time?" Benny asked, when he saw Maria leave her doll and run toward the shanty.

"She is to help with the dishes," Jose explained.

"Does she know that?"

"Si. Maria is Mother's little helper," Jose said. "We all run when she calls for she is our mother."

"I never thought of that before," said Benny.

"From now on I'm going every time my mother calls me. I am going even when I know she wants me to work."

Jose nodded his head.

"That is good," he agreed.

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BUTTERFLIES

BY:Gladys Cleone Carpenter

One of the most beautiful of all God's creations is a butterfly. And how strange to watch its life-history and to know that it was once a caterpillar. No, it never was a worm, for worms can't transform.

The swallowtails are a very attractive butterfly family. They are easily recognized because of a tail on each of the lower wings.

The tiger swallowtail is the lovely yellow and black one we often see.

Quite similar with more black and much bigger is the giant swallowtail.

Then we have a black one, a blue-green one and a gray and red striped called the zebra.

Among the thistle blossoms one may see a lovely orange spotted butterfly with rose on its underwings. This is the painted lady. And there are any number more of flying beauties.

The life span of many butterflies ends with the warm days. But the mourning cloak folds its bark colored underwings beneath the bark of a tree and hibernates. Then in early spring it is one of the first butterflies to appear.

The monarch butterfly, the orange and black one so common everywhere especially on the milkweed, migrates going South in swarms as do the birds.

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LEFT OUT
BY:Ellen Brown

This little pig went to Sunday School;
This little pig stayed home;
This little pig stayed for church;
This little pig had none;
This little pig cried "Wee, wee, wee--
I wish I had gone."

This is a game for two to play. Each get a pencil and at the same time both of you start drawing a path from the arrow. Do not cross any inside lines. The first one to find the path to the arrow: END, wins.--Reuben S. DeLong
NOTE TO EDITORS; The above is for cut A.