

BAPTIST FEATURES

Released by BAPTIST PRESS
127 Ninth Ave., N., Nashville, Tenn.

CHILDREN'S PAGE
December 8, 1955

PEPPERMINTS WITHOUT PENNIES

By: Mary Burhoe

Millie and Jane were hippety-hopping along, hand in hand, It was a nice day in the fall, not too warm and not too cold. And the two were on their way to a nice place--a candy and ice-cream store.

Jane was almost nine, a year older than Mil, and in the next higher grade at school. Her curly bobbed hair was brown, and so were her sparkling eyes, while Millie's pale gold hair was straight and in pigtails, and her eyes were deep blue.

Millie greatly admired her friend and tried to be like her.

"Wherever Jane is--at school or at church or at a party--she always knows just what to say and how to act," Millie often said to herself. Mil was shy and felt uncomfortable with strangers.

Chattering gaily, the two little girls arrived at the store, where Jane was to buy ice cream to take home for dessert, as her mother had told her. While the salesgirl was busy scooping out the strawberry and vanilla into a carton, Jane daintily helped herself to a few pieces of candy from the trays on the counter--not the big nougats or chocolate marshmallows, but tiny little peppermints and jelly beans. And she slipped half of them into Millie's hand.

Outside the store the two friends parted, for it was almost dinner time, and Mil's home was in a different direction from Janes .

"Thank you, Jane, for the candies," Millie said, as she popped a peppermint into her mouth. And again she thought how wonderful her friend was, always knowing just how to behave.

The next day was Saturday, and in the afternoon Millie's father said, "Want to go for a walk, Mil? I'm going to do some errands across the river."

It was fun to be with Daddy, who always had stories to tell while they walked over the long bridge. Mil liked to look in the store windows too.

After Daddy had done all the other errands, he took Mil into a hardware store, where the proprietor was a friend of his. While the two men talked, the little girl explored the big, old-fashioned store and helped herself to a shiny nail from each bin, dropping the treasure into her coat pocket.

As soon as she and her father reached home, though Mil felt a little tired, she spread the nails out on a table to count and arrange for her play store.

Noticing their shiny newness, her father inquired, "Where did you get them, Millie child."

When she told him, he said nothing but looked very solemn. And Mil herself began to feel unhappy and ashamed of what she had done.

Finally she faltered, "Daddy, I want to take them back."

Immediately her father brought their coats from the closet, and they started out through the cold dusk. A chilly wind had risen, and the walk over the bridge seemed twice as long as before.

Fortunately the store was still open. And with her father to help her, Mil managed to replace each nail in its proper bin.

"Yes, Daddy, of course I remember 'Thou shalt not steal,'" Millie told him on the way home, "but I didn't think it meant the littlest things like pins or nails--or peppermints."

"Right is right and wrong is wrong," he answered, "whether you are thinking of a nail, or a new sled, or a diamond as big as a peppermint."

Millie never forgot that walk, and she never again even thought of getting peppermints without pennies.

(Baptist Press Syndicate, all rights reserved, used by author's permission)

BLITZY BLUMP--HELPER
By: Solveig Paulson Russell

Mr. Blitzy Blump and his pert little wife were sitting in the park. Mr. Blitzy Blump stretched and yawned.

"I'm getting sleepy here," he said. "I think I'll go for a walk."

"All right, but please remember that you are very forgetful," said his pert little wife, clicking her knitting needles. "And watch where you go so that you'll remember the way back here. I do want to end this piece or I'd walk with you."

Mr. Blitzy Blump got up, but just before he started off Mrs. Blitzy Blump whisked a big ball of yarn out of her basket and slipped it into his pocket. Then she grabbed the free end of the yarn and smiled as she watched him start off, unwinding the yarn behind him.

"Now if he forgets the way, at least I can tell by the yarn which way to find him," she chuckled.

Mr. Blitzy Blump walked along the street looking at this and that and enjoying the fresh air.

Suddenly he came upon a little shop with an open door. He smelled fresh paint; he sniffed it curiously; he turned in. When he got inside his eyes grew big and round with amazement. The shop was just filled with merry-go-round horses. And there was a man wearing a big old apron and slapping paint furiously on a half-finished black beauty. The man looked at Mr. Blitzy Blump, and then he sighed.

"Oh!" he said. "I'm glad you aren't Mr. Horace Higgletoe! He's coming to see whether he wants to buy new horses for his merry-go-round, and I've had so many interruptions I'm way behind with this job! I hope you don't want anything!"

"Oh, no, I just--" began Mr. Blitzy Blump, but before he could say anything more the telephone rang loudly and the man jumped to answer it.

When the painter hung up the receiver he frowned. "Now that takes the cake!" he shouted. "My wife's run out of gasoline right downtown. I'll have to take my truck and get her car started again! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I'll never be through by the time Horace Higgletoe comes! I may not even be here!"

Mr. Blitzy Blump stroked his chin in a thoughtful way for a moment and then he said, "Now, now, my good fellow! Don't get excited! I'm here! I'll finish the painting. I'll stay until Mr. Wigglewoe comes."

The shopman was so relieved he didn't even notice that Mr. Blitzy Blump hadn't said his customer's name right. He just pulled his apron off, snatched his cap, and pushed the brush into Mr. Blitzy Blump's hand.

"Paint this and that other one black!" he said, rushing out the door.

Then Mr. Blitzy Blump had fun! He dipped the brush into the black paint and swished it over the merry-go-round horse, painting him a beautiful gleaming black. Then he took another brush and painted a silver mane and silver tail. He painted a blue eye--and then he saw a can of red paint.

"Ah, red! Such a beautiful color! And so gay! The second horse I'll paint red. Red? or was it yellow? Which color did the man say? I can't remember!" Mr. Blitzy Blump stroked his chin and a smear of paint spread over it. "I'll paint him red and yellow!" he said.

And that's what he did--big patches of both colors. And then he put on some dots of green and blue.

"Ah, he is much prettier than the others," said Mr. Blitzy Blump. I'll just fix up the others a bit, too."

So he did. He put dots and rings and curlicues and crosses and even flowers of different colors on the other horses in the shop.

He was having so much fun that he jumped and spilled a big drop of purple paint when he suddenly heard a great shriek behind him. The shopman stood there wringing his hands.

"My horses!" he screamed. "I'm ruined! They're ruined! Oh, whatever will I do? Nobody ever say horses like these before! Nobody will buy these creatures!"

Blitzy Blump's heart thumped and tears started to his eyes, but before he could open his mouth to say a word another man bustled into the shop.

"I'm Mr. Horace Higgletoe," he said, "I've come to see--well, well, WELL! What have we here? Such delightful horses! I've never seen the like. Ah-- these are wonderful--so gay, so enchanting! The children will love the merry-go-round with these! I'll take every one in the shop!"

The poor shopman sat down weakly with a dazed happy look on his face. As for Mr. Blitzy Blump, he wiped his hands on his apron and then looked up to see his pert little wife standing in the doorway rolling up the ball of yarn that had led her to him. She smiled.

"Oh, what a dear, remarkable man you are, Blitzy Blump!" she said. "I've heard every word these two men said. You may be forgetful but you are never dull. Mr. Higgletoe is right. The children will love these horses, even though they'll never know that they were decorated by Blitzy Blump himself!"

Then she kissed his forehead right between a green splash and a yellow dot.

(Copyrighted material used by permission)

Talking With God
By Harriet A. Roorbach

Daddy put up our Christmas tree tonight.
It nearly touched the ceiling.
I like the spicy smell
And the pine cones here and there.
I'm glad that I could hang silver icicles.
I reached lots higher
Than I could last year.
Mother and Daddy fixed the lights
And hung the big star at the top of the tree.
Our tree is so pretty.
When I placed the creche beneath the tree
I thought about when Jesus was a baby.
Mother lit the candle
I brought from Sunday school.
I liked singing the Christmas carols.
As we watched the soft light
Daddy read the story of the
First Christmas from the Bible.
We talked about all the things that make
Christmas a happy time--
The tree, the wreaths, the candles,
The carols, and the secrets and surprises.
Dear God, I thank you for all these things.

(Copyrighted 1955, all rights reserved)

THE GLORY OF GOD
By Ellen Brown

The Christ Child in a manger lay
Upon that first glad Christmas day:
The angels from the heavens sang
And with their joy the heavens rang.

A glow shown from a star on high,
A guiding light beamed in the sky;
The heavens and the firmament
Proclaimed that God's son had been sent.

(Baptist Press Syndicate, all rights reserved, used by author's permission)