

# BAPTIST FEATURES

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AS TOLD BY A LITTLE BROWN BEAR

By Alice W. Norton  
Illustration No. 2 - Girl holding Bear

The first thing I remember ever happening to me was a severe shaking. I learned later that the shaking was caused when a big box fell from the top shelf of a big department store and tumbled to the floor. I was reposing in the box at the time, along with several of my friends.

The top of the box came off and all of us little bears landed in various spots on the floor. In the scramble to put us back in the box someone stepped on me and mashed one of my legs. Therefore I was doomed for a long time to belong to nobody, for nobody seemed to want a little crippled bear.

The Christmas season came and when Christmas had passed I was the only little brown bear that remained in the show window. I was very sad left there alone in the big show window, for I had smiled as brightly as any of the perfect little brothers when the children stood in front of the window. Even when the great New Year Sale took place I failed to attract anybody's attention, so I was confined to my dark box again and laid away.

Maybe I would have spent another year in the big, dark box had it not been for a charity auction that was soon to take place. I was contributed with a lot of other damaged goods to one of the ladies who was serving on the gift committee.

To leave the big black box sent little waves of joy through me. I determined to smile so brightly at the charity auction that somebody would buy me in spite of my game leg; sure enough, when I took my place among the other toys I wore the best smile a game-legged fellow ever wore, and presently a bunch of children walked up.

"I want that lovely bisque doll," declared one girl instantly.

"I want that little woolly sheep," said another.

"I want the little brown bear," said a third, "and I want him bad!"

To be wanted at all was more than I expected, but to be wanted that much brought dimples into my cheeks, and sparkles into my eyes. Alas, being wanted, and being bought, at a charity auction are two different things, and presently I found myself in the hands of an auctioneer.

Just because the girl who admired me set a price on me, somebody else began to want me worse, and soon it seemed to me I was the most popular article in the whole show. Eventually I heard the auctioneer call "Six dollars--going, going, gone--SOLD!"

Immediately I was handed over to a tall, thin gentleman, who began to examine me carefully. When he discovered my game leg, I knew he wasn't pleased any longer with his purchase. The girl who had wanted me so much was standing near, and we kept looking at each other hopefully while my new owner continued to examine me. Then all of a sudden he gave me a tight little squeeze and tossed me smack into the arms of the girl who had wanted me all the time.

"There," he laughed, "take him if you like him, I don't want him--he's got a game leg."

"Yes," said the girl, "I discovered that before he was put up for sale, but I wanted him all the same, and I do thank you so much for giving him to me."

Then the little girl hugged me up tight in her arms and moved out of the crowd. A waiting car took us home, and in that girl's playhouse I have held a place of honor ever since. Nobody but me knows how glad I am that the man who bought me

gave me away, for today, though still a little crippled bear, I am admired by a girl who enjoys playing with me.

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BALLOONS

By Kay Cammer

I hate balloons,  
They always break,  
And then I feel  
An awful ache.

It's so hard to understand  
About the shreds left in my hand.

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THE SEWING BEES

By Marion S. Curry

The ladies have their sewing bees  
Yet all the bees I know  
Get honey from flowers and buzz around;  
I've never seen them sew.

But voices do resemble drones  
And when you prick your finger  
You suddenly find a needle  
Feels exactly like a stinger.

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