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The Richest Girl in the School.

THREE little girls were going home from school together—Elsie Jameson, Dorothy Mansfield, and Marjorie Dodd. Elsie was not pretty, and her clothes were cheap and plain; but her eyes were bright, her cheeks were rosy, and her dress was tidy and trim. Dorothy walked between the others, and was so beautiful that people turned to look at her; she was slender and graceful and she always dressed in white, with blue ribbons to match her eyes. Marjorie, the third one, wore glasses; she had a very pretty face, except for the scowl that was often upon it, and her frock was of rich material and made in the latest fashion.

Dorothy left them at a corner, and waved her hand and smiled back to them till she was out of sight.

"Isn't she sweet?" said Elsie.

"Good reason why!" answered Marjorie. "Anybody could be sweet with all her money. She has a pony to ride, and goes sailing on her father's yacht, and—oh, she has everything. A lady told my mother that Mr. Mansfield is the richest man in town, so Dorothy is the richest girl in the school."

"It must be nice to have so much money," sighed Elsie.

"Yes, I love pretty clothes, don't you?"

"I—I rather think I do," replied Elsie, looking down at her brown-and-white print.

"I want to wear a silk dress to school, but mother will not let me," said her companion. "I think she might; my father is nearly as rich as Dorothy's. Goodbye;" and Marjorie skipped up the steps of her home and disappeared inside.

"I wish I could have a pretty dress," mused Elsie. "I wonder why father hasn't as much money as the other girls' fathers. It must be lovely to be rich." Her bright eyes had grown sad, and her lips drooped sorrowfully.

"What are the sober thoughts about, little girl?" asked a happy voice at her side; and Elsie looked up to see her teacher, Miss Leland. "Is it a weighty secret?"

Elsie flushed. "Marjorie Dodd was just talking about how rich Dorothy Mansfield is, and I was thinking it must be nice—that's all."

"So that's it," Miss Leland smiled. "Yes, Mr. Mansfield has a great deal of money; still, Dorothy is not so rich as you are. I was thinking of it only yesterday, and I said to myself that Elsie Jameson was really the richest girl in the school."

"Why, Miss Leland!" Elsie's eyes opened wide in astonishment.

"I mean it," said her teacher. "To begin with Dorothy, she would seem to have every good thing—everything but a strong body. Her pony was bought to keep her out of doors more; but she has to be careful even about riding, she is so frail, while I don't suppose you know what it is to be tired."

"No," agreed Elsie; "but Marjorie is as strong as I, and rich too."

"Should you like to give up your good eyesight for a little more money?"

"Oh, no!" Elsie laughed.

"And I think you wouldn't wish to be lame—like Albert Simpson; or lose your mother—like Elizabeth Hopkins; or have no baby brother—like Susan Morris; or be deaf like Nellie Johnson; or give up your place at the head of the Arithmetic class, or have no father—like Jane Cole, or——"

"Oh, Miss Leland, I am rich, and I never knew it!"

"Yes; money can never make up for the loss of such riches as you have—you are truly the richest girl in the school."

Selected.

"Like Sheep."

"LIKE sheep without a shepherd," was the description of the people in the time of Jesus. They had no guide, no protector. They wandered aimlessly along the heath or followed blindly along the road, were carried away by sudden impulse or rushed hither and thither in wild alarm and craven fear. How different the condition of the flock following the firm footstep of the shepherd with watchful eye and strong, steady gait, and ready protecting arm. The silliness of sheep is proverbial. They are the least intelligent of animals, frightened by every footfall, scared by every sound, the easy prey of everyone who may attack. They rush without reason, they scatter without sanity. Yet they follow docile enough the one they trust, even into danger and to death. Even the footsteps in the snow are guide enough as long as they are tranquil and unmolested. But the merest fright robs them of all sense—the ghost of a shadow of a shade—the sudden sigh of a sound, and they are knocked helplessly silly—"silly," yes that's the word—the silly sheep! And the peoples are like sheep! Still, as when the description was first used—"sheep without a shepherd." Easily scared, ready to rush into any danger at the merest sound. A bright star at night, that flashes unexpectedly, and they hide from an invasion. The mellow moon shining between the trees and they fancy a conflagration; footprints on the snow and they imagine an army—Europe at this moment is panic stricken, Christendom is in a blue funk. The nations are rushing to arms. Even the biggest and strongest are increasing their armies by tens of thousands of soldiers. And worst, most marvelous of all, the silly sheep are heading the lambs together and bleating to their yearlings to protect them from the danger. It is bad enough that the nation is wasting its substance in scare-inspired, craven living; it is a thousand times worse that boys and girls not long out of their cradles are blatantly made the "defenders of their country."

Like sheep! Yes, but the innocent lambs gambol at their play, and there is no scoutmaster to threaten them with the butcher's knife, and no war hero to scare them with his cries of Wolf! wolf!



The Fatherland.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Belov'd by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole:
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,

There is a spot of earth, supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.

"Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?"

Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Jack and the Clock.

"WHY is it I am like the clock?"
Said laughing Jack to me.
"Because I have two hands and face,
As anyone can see."

The difference 'twixt the clock and Jack
Is quite, too, plainly seen;
I wish they were alike in this:
That face and hands were clean.

Katherine's Seventh-day.

"DEAR me!" sighed Katie, when she got up one Saturday morning.

"What can be the matter?" said mamma, laughing at the doleful face.

"Oh, there's thousands and millions of things the matter!" said Katie, crossly. She was a little girl who did not like to be laughed at.

"Now, Katie," said mamma, this time seriously, "as soon as you are dressed, I have something I want you to do for me down in the library."

"Before breakfast?" said Katie.

"No, you can have your breakfast first," mamma answered, laughing again at the cloudy little face.

Katie was very curious to know what this was, and, as perhaps you are, too, we will skip the breakfast and go right into the library.

Mamma was sitting at the desk, with a piece of paper and a pencil in front of her.

"Now, Katie," she said, taking her little daughter on her lap, "I want you to write down a few of the things that trouble you. One thousand will do!"

"O mamma, you're laughing at me now," said Katie; "but I can think of ten at least this very minute."

"Very well," said mamma, "put down ten." So Katie wrote:

"1. It has begun to rain so that we can't go out to play.

"2. Minnie is going away, and I'll have to put up with that horrid little Jane Bascom at school.

"3. ———."

Here Katie bit her pencil, and then couldn't help laughing. "That's all I can think of just now," she said.

"Well," said her mother, "I'll keep this paper a day or two."

That afternoon the rain had cleared away, and Katie and her mamma, as they sat at the window, saw Uncle Jack come to take Katie to drive; and oh, what a jolly afternoon they had of it!

Next day, when Katie came home from school, she said: "Oh, mamma, I didn't like Jane at all at first, but she's a lovely class-mate. I'm so glad, aren't you?"

"Oh!" was all mamma said; but somehow it made Katie think of her Saturday troubles and the paper.

"I think I'll tear up the paper now, mamma, dear," she said, laughing rather shyly.

"And next time," said mamma, "why not let the troubles alone until they are a certainty.

There are many of them that turn out very pleasant, if you only wait long enough. By waiting, you see, you can save the trouble of worrying at all."

Selected.



The Play Chase.

FOLLOW them up in the biting March wind— Follow your playmates, who've left you behind;

Let the paper scraps show you the pathway to find,

But heed not the wind be it ever so high, And till you have caught them up, never say die.

The nations are gathering now for the fray, From the bright early morning till late in the day, They are drilling and planning, like children at play;

But they'll get into trouble as sure as fate, If they don't stop it all until it's too late.

For their play, like the boys', isn't harmless at all; You may follow the chase, you may scramble the ball,

And the worst that may hap is a bruise or a fall; But you cannot play safely with knife or with gun, And you cannot undo it, when murder is done.

Nor does any one purchase a very sharp knife To keep it unused for the rest of his life.

But if nations will multiply weapons of strife, And hold them all ready to use at their will, They will find it a difficult thing to keep still, And not to be eager to bluster and kill.—w. o. c.



Toilets of Ants.

"ANTS have fine and coarse combs, sponges, hair-brushes, and soap. They are remarkably clean."

The speaker was a nature student. He bent over the artificial ants' nest, or formisary, that stood on his table under glass.

"Watch this lady making her toilet," he said. "She won't mind."

The little black ant seemed to be carefully tying and untying knots in herself. The small black body twisted and turned. The tough little black limbs darted through the air.

"That is her fine tooth-comb she is using now," explained the student. "It is affixed to the tibia of the foreleg. It has a short handle, a stiff back, and sixty-five fine teeth. Nothing can escape it."

"Now she is sponging her back. Yes, the tongue is her sponge, the flat surface of the tongue. They are equipped with hemispherical bosses—short, stiff, blunt bristles. See her brushing her left foreleg with it. Doesn't it work admirably?"

"Now she is combing the hairy underpart of her body with her coarse comb. It is attached to the tarsus, and has forty-five coarse teeth—an excellent instrument for rough work."

"She is giving her legs a good soap bath now. She draws them, you see, through her mandible, or upper jaws. The mandibles are serrated, and they secrete a fluid that is quite like soap-suds, a superb toilet lotion, which cleanses the skin and makes the hair brilliant and supple."

"Brushes, combs, toilet lotions, soap, and sponges, nature has given them all to the little black ant."

**Put-Off Town.**

DID you ever go to Put-off Town,
Where the houses are old and tumble-down,
And everything carries and everything flags,
With dirty streets and people in rags?

On the street of Slow lives Old Man Wait
And his two little boys, named Linger and Late,
With unclean hands and tousled hair,
And a naughty sister named Don't Care.

Grandmother Growl lives in this town
With her two little daughters, Fret and Frown;
And gentleman Lazy lives all alone
Around the corner of street Postpone.

Did you ever go to Put-off Town,
To play with the little girls Fret and Frown,
Or visit the home of Old Man Wait,
And call for his boys to come to the gate?

To play all day in Tarry-street,
Leaving your errands for other feet,
To stop, or shirk, or linger, or frown,
Is the nearest way to this old town.

The Story of Esau Wood.

ESAU WOOD sawed wood. Esau Wood *would* saw wood! All the wood Esau Wood saw Esau Wood would saw. In other words, all the wood Esau saw to saw Esau sought to saw.

Oh, the wood Wood would saw! And oh, the wood-saw with which Wood would saw wood.

But one day Wood's wood-saw would saw no wood, and thus the wood Wood sawed was not the wood Wood would saw if Wood's wood-saw would saw wood.

Now, Wood would saw wood with a wood-saw that would saw wood, so Esau sought a saw that would saw wood.

One day Esau saw a saw saw wood as no other wood-saw Wood saw would saw wood.

In fact, of all the wood-saws Wood ever saw saw wood Wood never saw a wood-saw that would saw wood as the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood would saw wood, and I never saw a wood-saw that would saw as the wood-saw Wood saw would saw until I saw Esau Wood saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.

Now, Wood saws wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.

Oh, the wood the wood-saw Wood saw saw would saw! Oh, the wood Wood's woodshed would shed when Wood would saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood!

Finally, no man may ever know how much wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw, if the wood-saw Wood saw would saw all the wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw.

❧❧❧ *Woman's Home Companion.*



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