THE MONITOR.





She Stood Beside Her Swallow.

[Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen.]

NURSED A SWALLOW

HEN daddy took his big chair Jack and Evelyn curled up beside him for their bedtime story. So he told them: "Try to imagine a tiny bit of a girl as big as my thumb. Her name was Thumbelisa, and as she had been stolen from her mother she lived in a hole with an old field mouse. Here a solemn old mole fell in love with her and took her to see his home. On the way Thumbelisa found a dead swallow.

"Now, she loved birds, and it made her sad to see a dead one lying in the old mole's path. So she plaited a mat of hay and spread it over the swallow. She also took some soft cotton wool which the old field mouse kept around the edge of her den and tucked it around under the swallow. So it no longer lay on the cold. frozen ground.

"'Goodby, little bird,' she said when she left it, 'and thank you for your sweet song you gave me when the trees were all green and the sunshine warmed us."

"Then she lay her head down on the bird's wing and was quite startled at a sound. The bird sounded as if something was thumping inside it. 'Twas its heart.

"You children see that the swallow wasn't really dead, and the warm covering Thumbelisa had brought for it had revived it. In the autumn all swallows fly to warm countries, you know. If one happens to be late, oftentimes it feels the cold and the frosts so much that it drops down as if it were dead.

"Thumbelisa shook with fright, for the swallow was very big beside her, only one inch high. But she gathered all her courage together and packed the wool more closely around the bird. She even fetched a leaf of mint that was her own coverlet and laid it over the swallow's head.

"The next night she crept down to see how her bird was getting along. She found it so feeble that it could hardly open its eyes to look at her. She stood beside her swallow with a bit of tinder wood in her tiny hand, for she had no other lantern to light her on her trip to the mole's passageway.

'Many, many thanks, you sweet child,' said the sick swallow. 'You have warmed me beautifully. Soon I shall have the strength to fly out into the sunshine again.

"'Oh, swallow,' she answered, 'it is so cold outside! It snows, and it freezes. So stay in the nice warm bed I have made for you, and I will come every night and take care of you.'

"Then she fetched her friend a good drink of fresh water in a leaf and stole back to her own home in the old field mouse's hole," daddy ended.

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AVOID THE SHADOWS.

Don't cloud the present by the

happiness by a distant misery

which may never come at all or

you may never live to see. Every

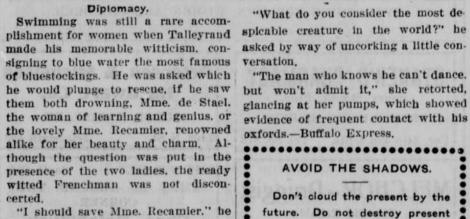
substantial grief has twenty

shadows and most of them shad-

ows of your own making .- Syd-

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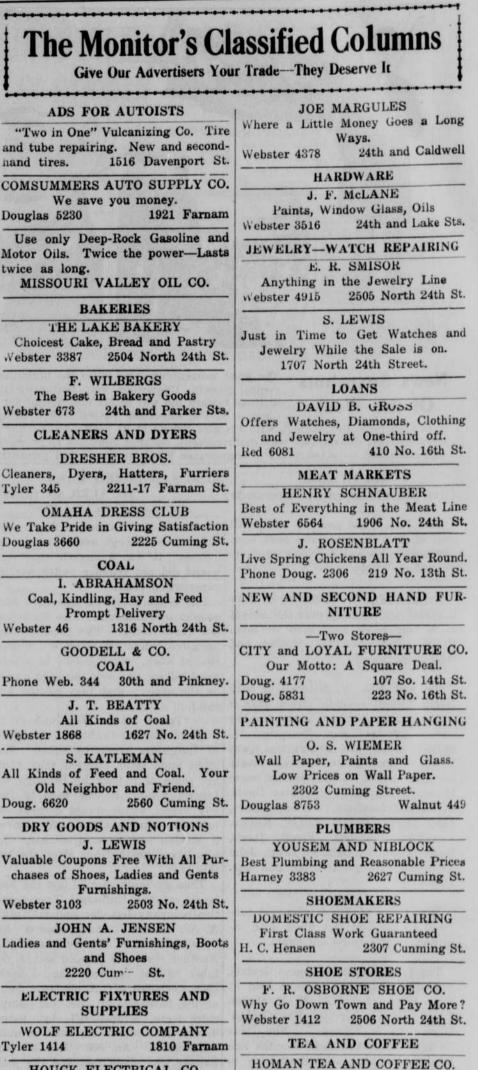
ney Smith.



"I should save Mme. Recamier." he replied unhesitatingly. "Mme. de Stael knows so much that doubtless she knows how to swim."

First Actor-How are the acoustic properties of the new playhouse? Second Actor-Fierce. Your voice carries finely out to the audience, but you can barely hear the applause!-Woman's Home Companion.

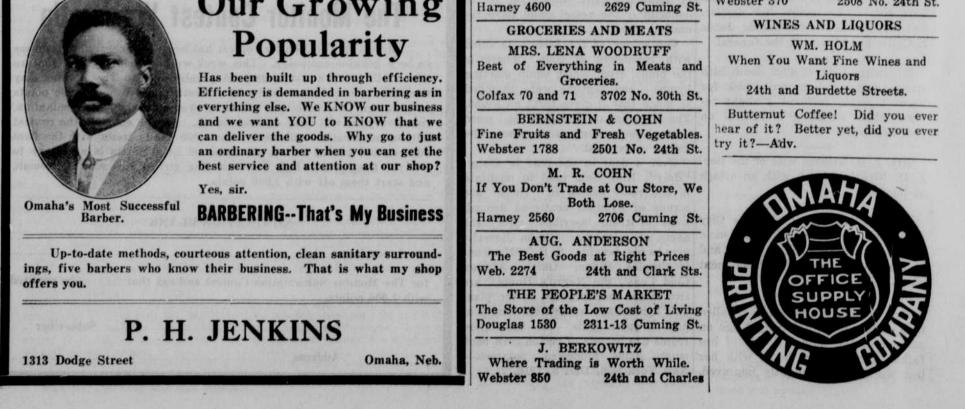
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