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CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

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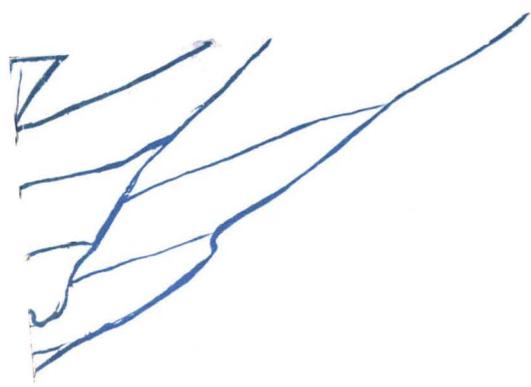
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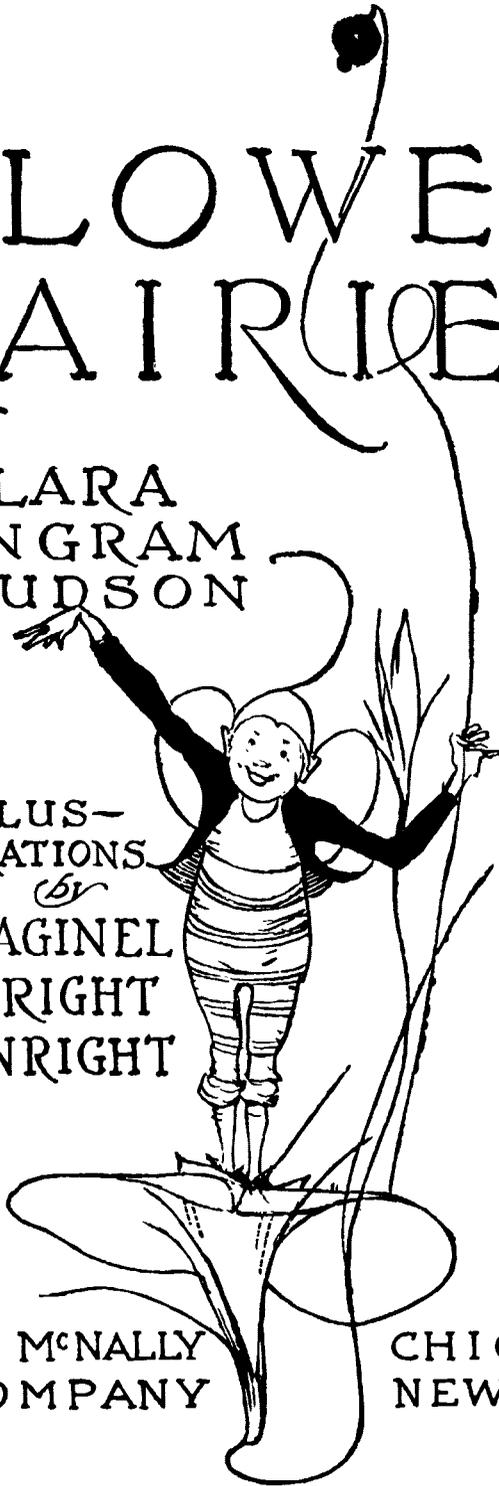
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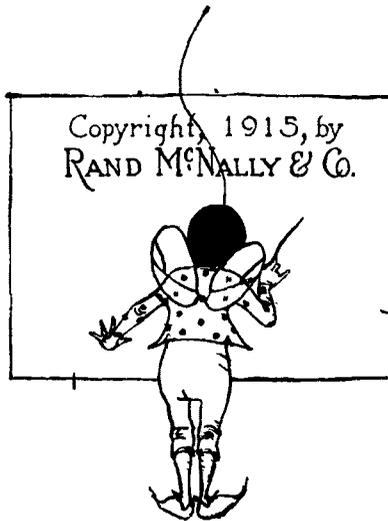
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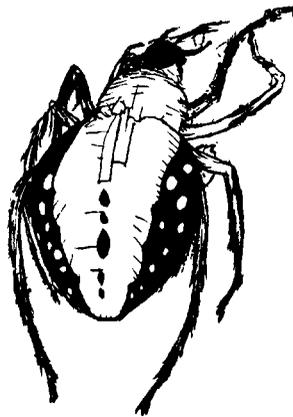
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JUN 10 1915

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To
my daughters
ALICE and MARY
for whom
these stories were
first written



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FLOWER FAIRIES

JUST A BEGINNING

ONCE upon a time, in the long, long ago, this world was just a baby world and everything on it was very different from the way it is now — oh, very different!

All the flowers, in all the forests, were snow-white in that long-ago time when the world was a baby world, for babies always have white things around them. So all the flowers were white, and the clouds were white, and the soft, white snow covered the ground all winter through, so the dead, brown leaves could hide.

In those days the world seemed very small and baby-ish instead of big and covered with oceans and mountains and forests. Of course, it was n't really truly little, for worlds don't grow bigger as people do — but the things on them change, something like the lines on people's faces.

But you see, in that long-ago time there were no airships in which people could fly up and see how big

the world really was; and there were no trains to take people a long distance; and there were no boats to carry people across the ocean; the only way to get anywhere was to walk, and you know when you just walk you can't go very far or find out very much about the world. Try it some day. Walk as far as you can — then shut your eyes and pretend you know only what you have seen on that walk! You don't know much about Italy or China that way, do you?

It would n't have done any good if there had been airships and trains and boats, for there were no people to ride in them. Nobody lived on earth then — only fairies, and fairies don't ride on trains. And really, the fairies then cared very little for exploring the world and finding out how big it was and such things, for each band of fairies was so happy in its own forest and playing by its own brook that there was no time to hunt in other forests.

You see, the world was different then in a good many ways — for one thing, the fairies had n't learned the difference between work and play. So, bright and early, they got up and did all the things they had to do. Then they did all the things they wanted to do; and they could n't tell which was the most fun. Was n't that a joke on the fairies?

Each little fairy slept in a flower at night, so just before sunrise the flower would unfold its petals ever so little, to wake the fairy up. Then the fairy would open his eyes and stretch — oh, it's such fun to stretch good and hard in the morning — and that would make the flower open out wide so the fairy could jump down to the ground. Of course all the brothers and sisters and cousins of fairies got up in just the same way and at the same time, and they all had a very jolly scramble down to the brook to take their baths. They thought it was lots of fun to take a bath in the brook. After they had splashed around awhile and got all freshened up, each fairy dipped the tips of his fingers in the water and ran as fast as he could back to the flower where he had slept. There he shook his fingers over the flower so that the glittering drops washed the petals. Fairies wash the flowers every day, even now — only grown folks don't know it. They sleep until after the fairies are in hiding for the day (nowadays fairies play only at night; that's the reason you never see them), and then when people get up and walk into their gardens, and see the fresh drops of water on the flowers, they say, "Oh, see the dew!" And they never even think about the fairies.

By that time the fairies were so hungry they could n't



Fairies wash the flowers every day, even now

think of anything but breakfast. So they folded their arms, stood on tiptoe and fluttered their wings, and up they flew to the nearest flower for breakfast. All night long the flowers had been working so that in the morning a golden drop of honey lay in the heart of each blossom, all ready for some little fairy to come and eat it. That's an easy way to get breakfast, I'm sure!

After that, all the little fairies went to school and the big fairies'tended to their work so they could surely be through by afternoon and all play together before sundown. At the close of day, when the sun had gone

to rest for the night and the stars had lit their candles so the fairies could see to go to bed, each fairy snuggled down into his own little flower bed and dreamed of the wonderful things he would do the next day.

And that was a day in the long ago.

FAIRY NAMES

THERE were so many, many fairies in the forest, and they were all so much alike, that it was hard work even for them to tell one from the other. So the Queen Fairy said, "I am going to give each of you a number; then when I call, you can tell whom I want." The bigger fairies helped her, and they called all through the forest, "When the sun is high in the sky, come to the queen's green palace to be numbered!"

The queen, of course, had many palaces, as all queens do. There was a pink one east of the forest, where the sun rose, and a crystal palace where the brook jumped down over the rocks, and a green palace in the heart of the forest. To enter it, the queen went to the greenest, quietest part of the forest, and there was a mossy cave all arched over with branches of trees and shrubs covered with white blossoms and green leaves. Right in the center, in front of the door of the cave, was a mossy green throne where the queen could sit. And just a little farther out was a tall, pale green flower — we call it Jack-in-the-pulpit now — and in it the queen



The birds would come to drink at the pool and stay and talk with the queen

could sit when she wished to be high up above the other fairies, or to see a long distance. At one side of the palace was a tiny little brook. The water in it ran very quietly and gently, making dainty little pools that the queen used for mirrors. She liked very much to sit in her high flower throne and let the wind wave her over the water pool so she could see herself and the leafy green overhead reflected in the clear water. Sometimes she would reach out her hands, and the tiny fishes would wave their fins and flash a signal of greeting to her. The birds would come to drink at the pool and stay and talk with the queen, and even the water spiders would weave designs for her on the surface of her pool. Of course she liked her green palace!

When it was nearly noon on the day the fairies were to be numbered, the queen went to the dressing room of the green palace to array herself in her most queenly robes. She put on soft white skirts made from the thinnest flower petals, then white silk stockings and slippers carved from a pearl shell. Her dress, which was made of white, satiny water-lily petals, was put on her by her maids of honor. When all else was ready, they called in the gray spiders, who were dressmakers to the queen, and they went up and down all over her dress until they covered it every bit with silvery cobwebs of lace. The

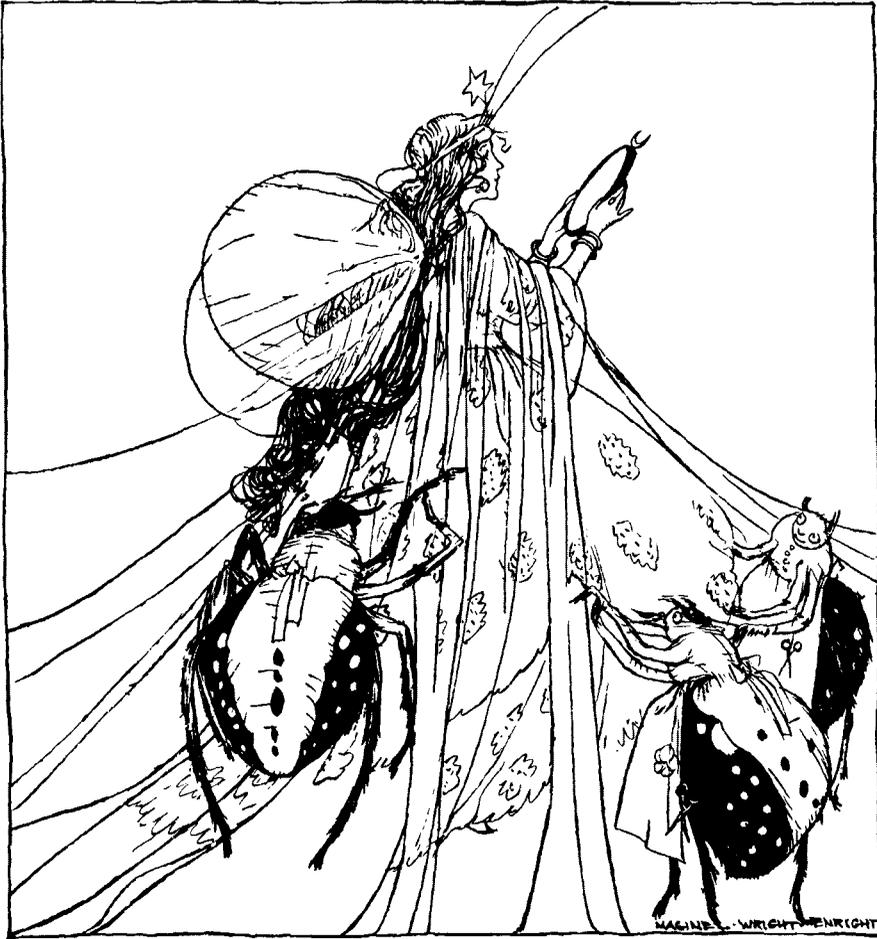
queen was beautiful to look at, and all the fairy maids who helped dress her were very proud of her, for she was kind and wise as well as beautiful. When all was ready, the queen put on her head her golden crown with the star on it, and then walked out and climbed up into her flower throne.

Just then the sun was high in the heavens, and all the fairies came trooping up to be numbered.

The queen was very happy to see so many of her subjects all at once, and she nodded and smiled at each one as she gave the number — “One, two, three, four, five, six,” and so on. About the time she got to “seventy-seven, seventy-eight, seventy-nine,” she got pretty hoarse, but she was a determined little queen, and very anxious to number all her subjects in one day, so she kept bravely on — “one twenty-nine, one thirty, one thirty-one,” and so forth.

When she reached “one sixty-seven, one sixty-eight, one sixty-nine,” she was so sleepy she could hardly keep her eyes open, and she had forgotten all about her lace dress and golden crown and pearl slippers. All she could think about was keeping her eyes open and saying the numbers straight.

“Three forty-seven,” — her voice grew softer — “three — forty — eight, three — forty — ni ——” Her



They called in the gray spiders, who were dressmakers to the queen

voice trailed off to nothing; the Fairy Queen was fast asleep.

Now of course when a queen goes to sleep everybody has to wait quietly until she wakes up, unless the queen

has ordered them to call her. So all the fairy people sat down where they were and whispered quietly together and waited. But she slept quite a little while — until the sun began to drop in the sky and everybody was wondering how in the world she was to get through all the rest of the numbering that day — when she awoke.

She sat right up on her throne, and looking around, said, “Why are you all sitting around there looking at *me*?”

Everybody was a little frightened, for they did n't wish to displease her. Finally a little girl fairy right under the throne plucked up courage to say, “If you please, O Queen, you told us to come and be numbered, and so we are waiting for you to begin.”

Then the queen remembered all about it — that she had sent for them to be numbered and that she had numbered as far as three forty-nine and gone to sleep. She looked around at the hosts of fairies yet to be numbered, and she looked at the sun fast sinking in the sky, and exclaimed, “I think numbering fairies is *very* stupid business!”

All the fairies nodded their heads and waited, for they had no idea what she would do next.

“I don't want you numbered, anyway. Think how

it would sound to say, 'Nine Hundred and Sixty-seven, come carry my train!'"

Then she noticed for the first time that every fairy was dressed in his or her very best clothes in honor of the day, and that every single fairy had stuck in the front of his or her hair a favorite flower or leaf or twig.

A happy thought occurred to her. She waved her magic wand over the host of fairies and cried, "All the flowers and twigs and leaves that you wear in your hair shall stay fresh forever, and your name shall be the name of that which is on your brow!"

And to this day every fairy wears something — a spotted leaf, a green twig, a white violet, or a yellow stem — in the front of his hair, and when you wish to call a fairy by name you look at his forehead and call him Spotted Leaf, or Green Twig, or whatever you see on his brow.

And so the fairies were named.

SUNSHINE FLOWERS

WHITE VIOLET was a dainty little fairy maid with golden hair and filmy wings. Her dresses were always of the finest of white satin and she wore a tiny gold chain around her hair, and a pure white violet hung from the chain right above her brow. She played and romped and had a beautiful time all day, and never bothered about her clothes at all, for if they showed the least sign of getting mussed and soiled she would stop her work or play and say, "Muscus, cleanus!" Quick as a flash they would all be clean again, and pressed as nice as you please! That is surely an easy way to get freshly dressed, is n't it?

One morning White Violet finished all the work she had to do and started off with Green Twig and Silver Grass to play in the forest. Their favorite place was where a tiny spring bubbled out of the side of the hill and ran trickling down over the white pebbles to join the brook in the valley. When the bright drops dripped from pebble to pebble, they made gorgeous rainbows on which the fairies played jump-the-rope. Then, when they tired



And ever since then there have been some golden flowers

of that, they played London Bridge on rainbows. One side would stand on one bow and the leader would reach across to the leader on the next rainbow, and then the side that broke down would tumble helter-skelter into the water. Then such shouting and splashing as there was! And when they all stood laughing and dripping on the dry bank, they shook themselves and shouted, "Muscus, cleanus!" and in a twinkle everybody was as clean and tidy and fresh as could be, and off they scampered for more fun!

"Let's play giant in the cave," said Green Twig, for all boys, even fairy boys, love to play pirates and giants, and such games. They went around to the other side of the hill where there was a beautiful mossy cave, and spent the rest of the morning playing giant.

About noon, White Violet was lying at one side of the cave where the great giant (Green Twig) had thrown her, when she looked toward the door and noticed ever so many sunbeams dancing in the air.

"Oh," she cried, jumping to her feet, "let's not play giant any more — let's catch sunbeams, and after we have a great, great many, we'll play a game with them!"

Green Twig thought that would n't be much fun for he could n't see any sunbeams, and anyway he liked

to be the giant. But Silver Grass was charmed with the idea. White Violet showed Green Twig some tiny sunbeams dancing in the air, and he at once became interested and agreed to catch as many as he could for the game.

“But how shall we carry the sunbeams after we have caught them?” asked Silver Grass.

“Oh, just in your hands, I guess,” said White Violet, who really had n’t thought anything about it except that it would be fun to catch them.

“That won’t do for me!” shouted Green Twig. “I have a handful already!” And sure enough, while the others were barely getting started, he had caught a whole handful of dancing sunbeams, and was vainly trying to stuff them into his pocket.

“I know a better scheme than that,” said White Violet gayly. “We can find some spiders and have them weave bags for our sunbeams.”

“Just the thing!” shouted Green Twig and Silver Grass together. And off the three scampered to where three fat green and black spiders were busily spinning silvery nets from branch to branch on the bushes.

“If you please,” said White Violet to the fattest and jolliest of the three, “will you spin us a bag to put our sunbeams in?”



"If you please," said White Violet, "will you spin us a bag to put our sunbeams in?"

"Of course, we shall be glad to," said the spider, and he and his brothers went to work. In a twinkling three dainty bags were ready, and White Violet and Green Twig and Silver Grass thanked the spiders, slung the bags on their shoulders, and started off to catch the sunbeams.

All afternoon they ran and flew over the meadows and through the woods, catching the golden beams and putting them in their cobweb bags. Other fairies, seeing them having such a jolly time, called out, "What are you doing? What are you putting in your bags?"

And the three fairies would reply, "We 're catching sunbeams! Don't you want to get some?" The other fairies always said they did, so before long *all* the fairies were chasing sunbeams.

Nobody noticed that the big old sun was getting lower and lower, and that the birds were going to their nests, until — all of a sudden, it seemed — the sun was gone and there were no more sunbeams to catch! Then everybody sat down and drew a long breath and wondered what in the world they would do with the sunbeams now they had them.

"I'll tell you what to do," said White Violet. "We are all too tired to play with our sunbeams to-night, so let's put them in our flower beds and go to sleep, and then in the morning we'll be ready to play with them the very first thing."

Everybody thought that was a fine idea. So all the fairies who had started late and gathered only a few sunbeams sprinkled them in the center of the flower, then climbed in, pulled the petals shut, and went to sleep.

Those who had started early and had a bag full of sunbeams, dumped their bright gold in the center of the flower and all over the sides too.

And every fairy went to sleep — and they slept so soundly they never knew that in the middle of the night

the Queen Fairy waved her wand in a dream, and changed all the sunbeams to gold and melted the gold into the flower. The fairies never even guessed when she did it!

But in the morning when they waked up, there, in the very center of every flower, was a spot of gold, and the flowers that were entirely full of sunbeams the night before were all turned to gold.

And ever since then there have been some golden flowers — buttercups, golden glows, and marigolds — but in the heart of every flower is a spot of gold where the sunbeams lay.

PANSIES FOR THOUGHTS

ONE morning the Queen Fairy wakened with a feeling that she was going to think of something *very* nice, but she could n't quite tell what it was. All the time she was taking her bath and watering her flower bed and tidying her palace she tried to remember what the *very* nice thing was, but she could n't remember. Then, just as she was going to climb into her flower throne, she suddenly knew — “Why, of course!” she exclaimed. “I am going to have a party! I dreamed all about it!”

So she climbed up into her flower throne and called her messengers to her.

“Go quickly,” she commanded, “and tell all the fairies in my kingdom that I will have a party this afternoon, and they must come to it.”

So the messengers flew quickly over the kingdom and told all the fairies they were invited to the queen's party that very afternoon.

Then indeed there was hurrying and scurrying in the forest, for the queen's parties were rare treats and

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every single fairy wished to look his very best. The spiders were busy weaving lace frocks, and along the sides of the brook were rows of fairies combing their hair and arranging their jewelry while they looked in the water mirror.

About noon everybody was ready to go when Leaf Bud said to Smooth Pebble, "Don't you think we ought to take the queen a present? Maybe it is her birthday."

"Yes," said Smooth Pebble thoughtfully, "I think that is a very nice idea; but what shall we take? The queen already has everything she wants."

"I know," said little Leaf Bud. "We can take her a fresh flower — nobody has enough of those!"

"Just the thing!" replied Smooth Pebble brightly. "Let's tell everybody we see to take her a pansy!"

So they did. Everybody was so glad to take a present to the queen that when all had laid their flowers before her the ground was nearly covered with snow-white pansies — there were no colored ones then, you know.

The queen was very happy to think her subjects had been so thoughtful as to bring her lovely gifts. She was anxious to keep the flowers fresh and new, so she asked all the fairies to stand their pansies in the brook

— at the edge — until the party was over, and they did. The brook looked very queer and very pretty with its border of white pansies along each bank.

After the flowers were fixed the fairies played many kinds of games for an hour. By that time they were tired enough to sit down on the smooth grass and eat the dinner the queen had prepared for them. There was honey and dew in tiny cups, and every good thing that fairies enjoy.

But they could n't understand what the queer, silvery pile of threads in the center of the circle was for. When all had finished eating, the queen said, "This center pile is a pile of cobweb threads — the beginnings are here and the ends are somewhere in the forest. Go and search for the end, for there you will find a gift from me."

With gay shouts each fairy picked up a cobweb and started off to find his gift. They had to go very carefully, for cobwebs are easily broken, and these crossed and recrossed each other many times.

White Violet and Leaf Bud found theirs ran close together, so they helped each other over hard places and at the end found their gifts on either side of a smooth, flat rock. And what do you suppose the gifts were? Magic paint boxes! Think of that!

White Violet knew at once what hers was for, and started to paint some pictures on the rock. She painted clouds and trees and birds, and was so happy that she forgot all about being polite, until Leaf Bud reminded her. Together they picked up their boxes and started back to thank the queen.

There they found dozens of happy fairies, laughing and shouting and thanking the queen for their gifts.

“Dear friends,” said the queen, holding up her hands for them to keep quiet, “I am so glad you like the paint boxes. Now I will tell you how to use them; they are magic paints, and anything you paint with them will stay colored that way forever, so be very careful how you use them. Now, for a beginning, I want each of you to paint for me the white pansy you brought me to-day!”

“How shall we paint it?” asked Leaf Bud. “What colors do you like best?”

“I like all the colors,” answered the queen. “You must look at what you like best, and paint the color that it makes you think about.”

So the fairies all set to work, and everything was very quiet except for the swish of their brushes and the sounds of mixing paint.

White Violet looked up at the clear blue sky, and painted her pansy dainty blue with flecks of white.



Silver Moss tumbled into the brook and spilled all his paint

Leaf Bud looked at the golden sun, and painted hers yellow, with streaks of black for the branches of the trees she saw against the sky. Green Twig thought of the dark corners of the forest, and painted deep purple like the dusky shadows. Spotted Leaf thought of the twilight, and painted the rose of the clouds, the blue of the sky, and the purple of the coming night all on the face of one flower.

But poor little Silver Moss thought and thought so hard about what color he should paint his flower, that he fell off the rock he was sitting on and tumbled into

the brook and spilled *all* his paint. So one little pansy stayed pure white.

When the flowers were finished the queen was delighted with them. "I think these are much prettier than all white ones," she said gravely, "for when I look at *these* pansies I can guess what you were thinking about."

So she waved her wand and ordered that all pansies ever after should be colored like those.

And the party was over.

So always the pansies are colored for the skies and the trees and the shadows and the sunshine, and every pansy stands for a loving thought.

FIRE

OVER in a far corner of the forest was a rocky hollow where once a brook had been. All around the hollow stood tall sycamore trees with their white branches spread out toward the sky.

At one time the fairy school was held in the sycamore trees because the white trunks and branches were so good for the fairies to learn to write on, but the brook below tempted them to stay down and play instead of climbing up to school, so the Queen Fairy dried up the brook and changed the school to another part of the forest.

But this morning was vacation, and the sun shone, and the leaves the early frost had brought to the ground gleamed goldy brown in the sunlight.

Spotted Leaf, Green Twig, and Gray Moss came frolicking along the path, chasing each other and playing leaf-tag, until they saw the hollow where the brook had been and noticed the many smooth, round stones over which the brook had once flowed.

“Oh, let’s play duck-on-the-rock!” cried Gray Moss gayly.

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“All right!” shouted Spotted Leaf, “I’ll get the duck,” and down he scampered among the stones, searching until he found the very smoothest and roundest stone of all. This he carefully placed on top of a large, smooth rock in plain sight, where all could hit it. Then each fairy picked up a handful of stones and started to throw. You see, the small round stone was the “duck” on a rock, and the fun of the game was to hit the “duck” and make it fall off the rock.

They threw, and shouted, and laughed at each other’s failures, and had such a merry time they did n’t notice that some of their friends had come up and begun to throw too. Finally there were nine fairies all throwing and shouting and laughing at once, and how the sparks did fly!

Faster and faster came the rocks until, all at once, three rocks hit the little stone duck all at once, and off it flew into a pile of dead, brown sycamore leaves — the stiff, cracky kind, you know.

No, that is n’t the end of the story.

You know, if rocks hit each other hard enough, sparks of real fire come, and when these three rocks hit the little duck rock, a trail of sparks splintered off into the dead, brown leaves and set them on fire, and they all burned up! Now Gray Moss, Spotted Leaf, and



They had never been frightened that way before

Green Twig had never seen any fire before, and they thought it was a new kind of flower the Queen Fairy had suddenly made, so they ran up to pick some, but it

burned their hands, and when they turned to run away it burned their wings and frightened them. They had never been frightened that way before, and they could n't understand it at all, so Green Twig made his hands into a trumpet and blew and whistled to call the older fairies to come and take care of him — but nobody heard or answered.

Then Spotted Leaf made his hands into a trumpet and blew and whistled — but nobody heard or answered. Then Gray Moss tried to make his hands into a trumpet, and all the other fairies tried too, but their fingers were stiff where they had burned them and they could n't blow with them. So they all sat around rather quietly and watched the fire. First it flamed higher and hotter and crackled like a giant eating his food; then little flames like tongues ran out clear to the edges of the dead leaves, to lick every bit of the good from them; then the fire danced a wild dance, and threw its arms in air, and clapped its hands; then it grew smaller and smaller, until with a flicker and a sigh — it went out! And the sparks in the ashes twinkled and flashed like fireflies at night, and then they too were gone. The fairies sat very still to see what wonderful thing would happen next; and they watched closely — but nothing happened — and nothing happened!

And then they all drew a big sigh and slowly got up and pinched themselves to see if it was n't all a dream. No, they were awake!

What strange thing had happened? Very cautiously they crept up to the gray ashes, and then when nothing hurt them, they grew bolder, and kicked the ashes and searched carefully for more of this wonderful fire, but it was all gone — every bit.

“Oh,” cried Gray Moss, “let's hurry and tell the Queen Fairy and our fathers all about it, and maybe they can get us more of those queer warm flowers!” So away they scampered toward home, half running, half flying, so eager were they to get there and tell their news.

The queen saw them coming and sat out on the very edge of her throne flower, for she could see they had something interesting to tell her.

But they were so eager that they all talked at once, and she could hardly understand them at all; so she raised her hand and said, “Gray Moss, you may speak first. Tell me what you have seen.”

“Dear Queen,” said Gray Moss, “we were playing duck-on-the-rock when suddenly a beautiful flower, very wonderful and different from any we have ever seen, appeared in the midst of the dead, brown sycamore

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leaves. It grew and grew, and waved its petals, but when we reached out to pick it, it stung our hands so they still hurt. Then, while we watched, it grew smaller and smaller until the red was all gone. Only some pieces of gray stuff, which crumbled to powder when we touched them, were left. So we hurried to ask you what this is and where we can find more of the curious flowers.”

“My children,” said the queen, “I understand it no more than you do, for I have never, with all my magic, seen or heard of such a flower. I cannot even see a picture of it in my mind.”

“Oh, I know what we can do,” said Green Twig, clapping his hands, “we can paint a white flower to look like the new flower, then the queen will know what it is like!”

So, shouting and laughing for joy, they hurried off for their magic paint boxes.

Green Twig was the first to get his ready, and strapping it on his back he climbed up on a big white geranium and carefully painted it a gorgeous red. Then he clambered down and looked up at it from the ground. “No,” he said, “that’s the color all right, but it is n’t one bit like the new flower — I’ll see what the others are doing.”

By this time Gray Moss had found a white rose, and was painting it red as fast as he could. "That does n't look one bit like the new flower," scoffed Green Twig, "and, anyway, roses smell sweet, and the new flower was bitter, and burned." And he went to find what Spotted Leaf was doing.

He was perched up on the top of a tall, tall plant called the canna, and painting the queer-shaped white flower as fast as he could. Just as he was ready to come down he spilled some yellow paint on one side of the flower he had painted, and he could n't get it off; so he climbed down anyway to look at his handiwork.

Green Twig and Gray Moss came up just then, and as they were looking at the newly painted flower a breeze came by and blew and shook the canna till the blossom waved and waved its petals joyously.

The three little fairy boys laughed and clapped their hands. "That's like the new flower — just like the new flower! Call the queen to see it!"

The queen came quickly and saw the curious red and yellow canna shaking its gaudy petals in the breeze, and was so pleased with its curious beauty that she waved her wand over it, and over the geranium and the rose, so they would stay in their new colors forever.



"It is n't one bit like the new flower"

And ever since then, some of the geraniums are red to remind people of the strength of the flames, and some of the roses are crimson to make people remember the warmth of the fire, and always the cannas are red and yellow like real flames.

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MORNING-GLORY TRUMPETS

ONE morning in the early summer a messenger from a near-by forest appeared before the Queen Fairy and delivered a message, carefully wrapped in a silken cocoon.

The queen was greatly pleased to receive a really truly letter, for fairies seldom get letters, so she called to all the fairies playing near by and asked them to help her read it.

They immediately stopped their play and gathered round the queen. She unwrapped and unwrapped, until folds of shimmering web were spread out before her and she could plainly read the letters painted on the silk.

The note said:

“DEAR FLOWER QUEEN:

“I have many times heard from the birds and the bees tales of your beautiful house, until I am very anxious to see your forest for myself. If it is convenient for you to be at home, I will come and make you a call

to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Please give my messenger your answer.

“Your friend,

“CRYSTAL QUEEN.”

A great clapping of hands greeted the reading of the message, and the queen exclaimed, “Of course I'll be home!”

But she must write an answer. So she called three fat, sleepy-looking silkworms to her, and very soon they had woven a silky roll on which the queen printed a note telling Crystal Queen that she would be at home, and that Crystal Queen would be most welcome. The messenger took the roll of silk, carefully wrapped it in a brown covering, and departed.

When he was out of sight all the fairies heaved a big sigh and looked at each other. A fairy queen from another forest to visit them! Who had ever heard of such a wonderful thing happening! What could they do to make her visit pleasant and happy? Everybody was very still, thinking and thinking.

“I have an idea,” cried the queen, clapping her hands. “Let's have a pageant for her.”

“A pageant!” exclaimed White Violet. “What is a pageant?”



She called three fat, sleepy-looking silkworms to her

“A pageant,” replied the queen, “is a parade that tells a story, and it must all be very beautiful.”

“But what story could we tell in a parade?” asked Green Twig. “I can’t think of anything that would do.”

“Well,” said the queen, who had been thinking hard, “I think we could have a pageant of a day, and

represent the sunrise, and the noon, and the night, in our parade. Would you like that?"

"Just fine!" shouted the fairies together. "Only you must tell us what to do."

"You who are on that side," said the queen, waving her right hand, "are the morning. Your costumes must show the colors of sunrise. You in front of me are the noontime, and you must show the brilliant gold and white of the sun at noon. You over there," waving her left hand, "are the sunset, and you must show how the sunset glow fades to night. Now you must all get to work on your costumes at once, for there is much to do and only this day for working."

As she waved her hand for them to depart she added, "Be here before ten in the morning, and bring with you a trumpet painted to match your costume."

As soon as she finished speaking, the fairies hurried off to their homes to begin work. All the afternoon they worked gathering silky flower petals, taking them to the spiders to be woven together, and painting on them the beautiful colors of the sky. Throughout the whole forest was heard the hum of preparation.

At last night came, and the tired fairies were glad to stop and rest. Everything was ready except the trumpets, and those could be fixed in the morning. So

with tired fingers but light hearts the fairies tumbled into their flower beds for the night, and all night long they dreamed wonderful dreams of pageants.

Bright and early in the morning every fairy hopped gayly down to the ground, so happy they could hardly wait until ten o'clock.

White Violet, Sparkling Shell, and Leaf Bud had been separated in the crowd before the queen when she planned the parade, so each was in a different part of the pageant; but they agreed to bring their costumes to White Violet's home, to help each other dress.

Leaf Bud was in the morning section, and her dress was rosy pink with silver lace over it, so that when she moved it looked like the morning sunshine. On her head she wore a crown of diamonds which sparkled like the dewdrops on the flowers. Sparkling Shell represented the noon. Her dress was made of white, satiny water-lily petals, and she wore a golden girdle and a golden band in her hair. White Violet was an evening fairy. Her dress of pale violet-blue, like the evening sky, had silver stars all over it, and her girdle was of rose color like the sunset clouds. On her head she wore a tiny band of gold, to which was fastened a golden crescent.

When they were all dressed they ran to where the morning-glories grew, to pick their trumpets. But they

had forgotten that the morning-glories were all white, and the queen had said the trumpets should match their costumes. So quickly they ran home, slipped on their aprons, and painted the morning-glories gorgeous colors of rose and yellow and blue to match their dresses.

By this time it was nearly ten o'clock, and they put their paint boxes away and hurried off to the queen's palace. There they saw dozens of other fairies in beautiful costumes, all carrying gayly painted morning-glory trumpets. The queen had them hide behind some tall bushes so they would n't be seen until the pageant began.

Promptly at ten o'clock a beautiful red bird flew down from the trees, and on his back rode the Crystal Queen. When the bird reached the ground the queen daintily stepped down and greeted the Flower Queen. Flower Queen took her hand, and together they flew up into the Jack-in-the-pulpit throne.

When they were comfortably seated Flower Queen gave a signal, and the pageant began.

From behind the bushes groups of fairies dressed in the sunrise colors marched out, all playing fairy music on their morning-glory trumpets. After them came the noontime fairies, in white and gold and waving dazzling golden banners in the sunshine. Following them came



A beautiful red bird flew down from the trees, and on his back rode the Crystal Queen

the sunset fairies, the most beautiful of all, in their colors of violet, blue, and rose.

The Crystal Queen was so delighted with the parade that she stood up and clapped her hands all the time it was going by.

When it was over, the Flower Queen invited all the fairies into her cave palace, which was the largest of her houses, to have lunch with the two queens. The fairies were delighted with the idea, and setting their trumpets down on the mossy banks, they trooped into the cave.

There they had such a jolly time, eating lunch and making speeches and playing games, that they never once thought of the flower trumpets out in the sun. At two o'clock, when they came out of the cave rested and ready for another march, *what* do you suppose they found? All the dainty morning-glory trumpets which they had left standing, the broad ends down, in the sun, had curled up and faded until they looked like dirty white pipes standing on mussed-up frills! And though each fairy picked up his trumpet and blew and blew, trying to get it back into shape again, it was too late; the trumpets were all spoiled.

Ever since then, the morning-glories open out in the morning fresh and gay, but by noon they curl up and

fade, because the fairies left them too long in the hot sun.

And the colors of the morning-glories are the colors of the sky — at morning, at noon, and at sunset — just as the fairies painted them for the pageant long, long ago.

THE MAGIC PERFUME

THE sun began to drop in the western sky, and still Crystal Queen lingered. Even queens find it hard to go home when they are having a fine visit. At last she jumped up and exclaimed, "Now I really *must* go, for the night will soon be here, but first I want to give you a magic gift. I will place it on the most beautiful flower in your forest."

"The most beautiful flower!" exclaimed Flower Queen. "How can I tell which is the most beautiful, when all are so lovely?"

"You must decide," said Crystal Queen, "for my gift can go to one flower only."

"If that is the case," replied Flower Queen, "come into my garden and we will see which is the most beautiful flower of all."

Calling two or three fairies to go with them, they went into the very heart of the forest, where they found a lovely garden. In this garden was every kind of flower that grew in the forest, and it was so planned that each flower looked its very best.

Missing Pages

Pages 57-58 were lost from the original text and therefore cannot be restored.



As they entered the gate Crystal Queen exclaimed, "I don't wonder you could n't decide, for I never even imagined so many lovely flowers grew in the world! What shall we do to decide?"

"I have a plan," said Flower Queen, who had been gravely thinking what to do. "You see, flowers are not just pretty things to look at, but they have lives of their own. Sometimes a very beautiful flower is not at all good, and sometimes one not so pretty at first sight is really lovely. Now my plan is to walk up and down through the garden and listen as the flowers talk, and see which is both the prettiest and the best."

"That is a wonderful idea," said Crystal Queen. "I never knew flowers could talk."

"Only a few people can understand them," Flower Queen replied, "but if you will listen carefully perhaps you can hear what they say."

They walked on until they came to a big, stately sunflower. He proudly shook his leaves, lifted his head, and said, "You have stopped at just the right place, for you can easily see I am the handsomest flower in the garden. See how tall and grand I am, and how large and gorgeous my flowers are!"

Just then a voice from a hollyhock a little farther on called out, "O Queen, if you wish to see the very

best flower, look at me! I am as tall as the sunflower, but my flowers are of dainty colors, and any one can see I am the prettiest!" As he spoke, he opened out two new blooms, and proudly waved his stalks in the breeze.

"I don't like them very well," whispered Crystal Queen softly. "Let's look at some of the littler ones; maybe they are not so vain."

So they walked on until they came to some beautiful tulips. "Surely these are pretty and good," said the queen, as she touched the satin petals with her fingers. But as she spoke the tulip said, "I knew you would be coming here, for you can plainly see that I am the most beautiful flower that grows!"

Crystal Queen shook her head sadly. "No," she whispered, "I can't give my gift to the tulip."

And so they walked on through the whole garden, admiring the stately irises, the dainty daffy-down-dillies, and the lovely roses. But every time they were about ready to decide, the flower would speak up and *ask* for the gift.

At last they were standing quietly in a far corner of the garden, wondering what to do, when they heard a saucy little buttercup say, "The queen has n't seen *you*. Why don't you ask her to look at you?" Turning

to look for the flower to whom the buttercup was speaking, they saw a dainty little violet nestled down in the green moss.

“What do *you* think, Violet?” asked Crystal Queen. “Should I give you the magic gift?”

“Oh, no,” replied the violet, “there are so many flowers more beautiful than I. You must look at them. I am only a very little flower.”

The queens both smiled and looked very happy, for they knew that at last they had found a flower that was kind and modest as well as beautiful.

Crystal Queen opened the white pearl-box which she had been carrying and, on the face of the violet, emptied the powder it contained, saying: “Always and forever.” Then she waved her hands over the violet. Immediately the powder melted into the heart of the flower, and a deliciously sweet perfume filled the air.

“Now I must go,” said Crystal Queen, and calling her red bird she jumped up on to his back.

“I want you to come to see me some day,” she called ere she flew away.

Flower Queen and her fairies watched until the bird was quite out of sight, then, as the night was coming, they started back home.



The powder melted into the heart of the flower, and a deliciously sweet perfume filled the air

“Has n’t this been a wonderful day?” exclaimed Leaf Bud.

“It almost seems like a dream,” added Sparkling Shell.

“ We know it is n’t a dream, though,” said the queen,
“ for we have the perfume of the violet all around us! ”

And ever since then the violet has had the sweetest
perfume of all the forest flowers.

SPRINGTIME

“OH, dear, I am so tired of snow,” sighed little Sparkling Shell one day when the winter was more than half over. “I wish I could think of something different to do!”

“Tired of snow!” exclaimed White Violet. “I am never tired of the snow; it is so soft and clean and white I love to look at it and play in it. Come on, Sparkling Shell, let’s go over and play with Silver Moss and Leaf Bud. See, they are making a castle, with turrets and towers, out of the snow and ice!”

First they patted the snow down firm and hard for a good floor. Then they built the sides of tiny snowballs rolled hard and laid together like bricks. When they wished to make a window they laid some twigs across an opening, and then shook snow over them to hide the brown.

Soon the castle was up high enough for a roof, and Silver Moss and Leaf Bud scampered off for some cedar branches, while Sparkling Shell and White Violet took some pine cones and brushed the floor of the house



They built the sides of tiny snowballs rolled hard and laid together like bricks

smooth and clean, and filled up all the chinks between snowballs with fresh snow.

Then they laid the cedar boughs across for a roof and threw all the snow they could up on top to hide the brown and green.

“There, that’s good enough,” said Silver Moss. “Now I’m going to make a tower.”

“So am I,” shouted Leaf Bud. “Don’t anybody look!”

They all set to work, each hiding from the others so his tower would be a surprise. So quietly did they work that the forest was very still, the only sounds being the cracking of the ice on the branches of trees and the soft thud of snow as it blew from the trees to the ground.

“Mine’s done,” shouted Leaf Bud, “only you’ll all have to help me put it on.” So they all scampered over to where Leaf Bud was working, and there they saw a beautiful round tower with windows in the sides and a piece of cedar stuck in the top for a flagpole. They all worked hard, and together dragged the tower over to the snow castle and put it up on the front corner. Then they ran back for the other towers, and in a few minutes a lovely tower stood on the top of each corner of the castle, and the fairies stood off to admire their work.

“What shall we do next?” asked White Violet. “It seems to me that is just as pretty as we could possibly make it.”

“We might call the queen and let her see our castle; then maybe she can tell us what to do next,” said Sparkling Shell.

“Yes, maybe she ’ll know of something else to do,” they all shouted as they skipped off to the winter palace to find the queen.

You see, in the winter time there were no flowers for the fairies to sleep in, so in the fall the very first thing Jack Frost did when he came down from the North Pole was to make ice houses for them along the edges of the brook. The queen’s house was on a little hill overlooking the brook, so she could watch all her subjects when they were playing on the ice.

The queen was very happy to go to see the castle. She thought it was surely the prettiest one she had ever seen, and she promised to ask Jack Frost to put some icicles on it so it would be prettier than ever in the morning.

“Now,” said Sparkling Shell, “what *shall* we do next, dear Queen? I’m *so* tired of winter and ice and snow! I want the flowers to come.”

“Well, well,” said the queen, “I wonder what we

can do about that!" And she smiled with a little sparkle in her eyes as if she knew something very nice, only she would n't tell it quite yet.

"You may each one go in a different direction through the forest, and tell as many fairies as you can find to come to my palace when the sun is in the middle of the heavens. Then, when you are all there, I will tell you something to do."

"Oh, goody!" shouted the fairies as they hurried off. "We know it's going to be something we like," and with a hop and a skip they disappeared to do their errand.

In about an hour the fairies began coming to the palace, all eager to know what surprise the queen had in store for them. A minute later she came out before them, and following just behind her were two of her helpers, carrying very mysterious looking brown bags, stuffed full of something. Nobody had any idea what *could* be in them.

"My dear people," said the queen, "one of our fairies told me this morning that you are all tired of winter sports, and are ready for the flowers of spring."

"Yes, indeed," cried all the fairies together, "we want the flowers to come, and the birds; and we want the



He noticed a squirrel trying to carry some nuts

ice to melt so we can see the fishes in the brook. We want spring!”

“Very well, then,” replied the queen, “you must all help bring the spring.”

“But how can we help?” asked little White Violet. “Jack Frost and his helpers are so much bigger and stronger than we are!”

“I’ll tell you a secret,” said the queen. “Jack Frost and his men are very strong and powerful, but there is one thing they are really afraid of — that is a flower. If they see a blooming flower coming up through the ground they pack up their snow and ice and vanish to the North Pole.”

“But how can a blooming flower come through the ice and snow?” asked Sparkling Shell.

“That is just what I’m going to tell you,” replied the queen. “I have here in these brown bags some magic seeds, and you may each have one seed. Come up now and get them, and then I will tell you how to plant them.”

So the fairies marched past the open bags and each fairy, reaching in, took one seed and held it tightly, waiting for the queen to speak again.

“Now these are magic seeds, and they must be planted differently from any other seeds or they will

never grow. Each fairy must go around through the forest and do some kind or loving act, and right there plant the seed; in the morning we will see what happens." The queen nodded and smiled at them, and waved her wand for them to go.

The fairies went away very quietly, for they were all thinking about what the queen had said and wondering what kind act they could find to do.

"I don't see what a little fairy can do in winter," said Leaf Bud, doubtfully.

"I don't either," said Silver Moss, "but I'm going to keep my eyes open and maybe I'll see something." When he had walked on a little way he noticed a squirrel trying to carry some nuts, but he was in such a hurry he dropped some.

"Here, let me help you," said Silver Moss.

"Thank you," said the squirrel. "I'm trying to take these to a friend of mine who is hungry, and I want to get there so quickly."

"I'll take part of your load," said Silver Moss. So they divided up and got to the hungry squirrel very soon.

"Thank you, Silver Moss," said both the squirrels, "that was a very kind deed." And Silver Moss went away toward home, thinking very hard.

"If that was really a kind deed, as the squirrels



Spring had come

MAGINEL
WRIGHT
EURIART

said, I must plant the seed." So he went where he had met the first squirrel, and planted his seed deep in the snow.

Sparkling Bud found a poor little gray spider who had worked so hard weaving nets that his fingers were numb and cold. She took him into her snow house to let him get good and warm. He was so grateful that she told him all about the magic seeds, and he helped her plant her seed in the snow in front of her house.

White Violet found a little sparrow with a hurt foot, so she went and got cedar twigs and soft brown moss, and fixed a comfortable bed for him to lie on, and covered him soft and warm so he could get nicely rested. Then when he was all snug and warm and asleep she remembered her seed and planted it beside him.

So all through the forest each fairy found something he could do, and the seeds were all planted before sundown.

Bright and early in the morning the fairies hopped up and ran to see what had happened to the seeds in the night. And what do you suppose they saw? At every place where a seed was planted a tiny crocus flower was lifting its head from the snow!

The fairies were so happy they ran to tell the queen, and she went all through the forest with them, hunting



White Violet found a little sparrow with a hurt foot

out the flowers and watching the dainty petals unfold. By noon there were dozens of gay crocuses — some white, some pink, and some lavender — standing bravely in the snow.

And just as the fairy queen had said, Jack Frost and his men saw the flowers and thought spring must be coming to catch them, so they gathered up all their ice and snow and hurried off to Jack Frost's kingdom at the North Pole.

And spring had come.

So every year even yet, when everybody is tired of winter, the crocuses come up through the snow and Jack Frost is frightened and runs away. Then spring comes quickly.

THE FAIRY PARTY

“ I WISH we could give a party some time,” said Leaf Bud as she and White Violet were swinging on some tall grasses over by the brook. “ We go to the queen’s parties all the time, and I think we ought to have one ourselves! ”

“ Do you think we could really have a party and invite the queen? ” exclaimed White Violet, her eyes big and wide with wonder at the idea.

“ Of course we could,” said Leaf Bud confidently, “ only we ’d have to work hard and have everything *very* nice if we intend to ask the queen. We might ask Sparkling Shell to help us.”

“ All right,” said White Violet; “ let ’s go and ask her now.”

So down to the ground they jumped, and ran off to find Sparkling Shell.

After a long hunt they found her playing with her paints in a cave by a pool, but when she found there was to be a party she gladly stopped and promised to help.



The queen stepped daintily out on the flower walk

“Where in the world shall we have it?” asked White Violet, puckering up her forehead, while the others looked straight ahead, and thought very hard.

“Oh, I know! I know!” shouted Sparkling Shell, dancing up and down until the shell on her brow sparkled like a diamond. “Let’s have it on the three big water-lily leaves out there on the pool!”

The others looked where she pointed, and sure enough, there were three beautiful green water-lily leaves, plenty big enough for a party, and just beside them were two lovely big lilies, white with golden centers, and beyond were several different kinds of white lilies standing straight and tall above the water.

“Just the very place,” they all shouted, “for we can play on two of the leaves and have our good things to eat on the other! Now let’s plan what to do!”

So they sat down on the bank and got their heads very close together, and whispered their plans for the party.

Green Twig and Silver Moss saw them together, and suspecting they were planning some fun, said, “Come on, girls, and play with us awhile.”

“Not to-day,” said Sparkling Shell proudly. “We’re too busy planning a p——”

“Ziss, hurrah, hello,” shouted Leaf Bud, as she

jumped up and put her hand over Sparkling Shell's mouth *just* in time to keep the word "party" from coming out. "You must be careful not to tell," she whispered, and then called to the boys, in her most grown-up manner, "We're entirely too busy to play to-day. You will have to excuse us!"

"All right," said the boys, "we don't care so much," and they started off by themselves.

But they had gone only a little way when Silver Moss said, "Let's sit down here and watch what they are doing, and see if it is really so much fun." So they sat down on some nice soft moss and waited and watched carefully.

Pretty soon they saw Leaf Bud go away — she hunted up the sleepy old king of the spiders and had a long talk with him. White Violet went to the palace of the king of lightning bugs, and had a long conference with him. And Sparkling Shell went to the daisy field and picked a great armful of daisies and brought them back by the pool.

"Now can you make anything of that?" asked Green Twig disgustedly, as he saw White Violet and Leaf Bud return to the bank of the brook.

"No, I can't," replied Silver Moss, and they watched carefully a little longer, but the three fairies were only

painting daisies, so they gave up trying to find the secret and started other play.

About noon every fairy in the forest was surprised to find at his home a daisy, delivered there by a fairy messenger. On every one of the white daisy petals was a word, and if they began at the right place and read straight around, they found this message, — “Come — to — a — party — on — the — pool — at — sundown.”

You may be sure there was much clapping of hands and dancing for joy all through the forest as the messages were read, for everybody loves to go to a party. Everybody wondered who was giving the party, and how it could be on a pool, but each fairy was so busy fixing his best clothes and getting ready to go, that there was really no time to find out.

All afternoon the three hostess fairies, with the help of a hundred spiders and a thousand fireflies, worked and worked, until at last everything was ready. They barely had time to slip home and change their dresses and shoes before sundown.

When the western sky grew pink and the big red sun was just ready to cover his head for the night, the queen and all her subjects arrived at the party.

And such a beautiful scene they saw before them!

From the shore to the big lily leaves were stretched



Leaf Bud and White Violet were swinging on some tall grasses

ropes of flowers held together by silver strands to make a wide walk. All the tall lilies had been painted blue or pink, and a family of fireflies was shut up in each lily so that they glowed like huge blue and pink lanterns hung from the clouds. From lily to lily the busy spiders had woven silver strands, and the thousand fireflies marched up and down, over and over, along the silver ropes until the whole pond seemed a blaze of light and color.

The queen and her subjects stood on the bank watching the beautiful scene before them. Then when the twilight faded to night and the stars peeped out

overhead to see what made all that beautiful light and color on earth, the queen stepped daintily out on the flower walk. Everybody followed her out to the big lily leaves, and the party began.

Such dances as they danced and such games as they played only the Old Man in the Moon saw, and he has never told a word about it. At midnight they had a lovely supper of honey and candied violets, and then the fun went on until the stars got tired watching and went to sleep, and the Old Man in the Moon dropped down behind a hill, and the eastern sky glowed pink.

Then everybody told White Violet and Leaf Bud and Sparkling Shell what a lovely party it had been, and said good-by and went sleepily and happily home.

But was that all that was left from the party? No, indeed! For, do you know, ever since then the tall water lilies have been pink and deep blue, and the daisies! In every daisy field you will find some daisies with queer markings on the white petals. Grown folks will tell you they are "variegated," but you know better; they are really the marks left from the fairy letters.

And from them we read about the fairy party.

FORGET-ME-NOT

FOR three long days the rain had fallen — rain and more rain — until all the fairies in the whole forest thought the sun must be lost so it could n't shine any more. It really seemed as if, each night, all the water that came down as rain during the day must be drawn up into the clouds again only to come down as more rain the next day. That seemed really the only way; for the fairies did n't believe the clouds could hold, all at once, as much water as fell in those three days.

At last, though, the rain stopped, but still the sun forgot to shine and everything in the forest seemed gray and wet and sappy.

“Oh, dear,” sighed Green Twig, peeping out of the flower where he had been hiding during the rain, “it's so very dismal and wet looking; but I can't stay here any longer. I just must stretch.”

So down he jumped into the soft, spongy mud beneath the flower, and off he went to find a playmate.

First he whistled under Leaf Bud's flower, then under Silver Moss's, but no answer. So he went on



until he came where White Violet lived, and there he did n't try whistling — he simply shook the flower stem so hard that White Violet thought there must be a dreadful wind storm, and she peeked out between the petals to see what could be the matter.

“It's stopped raining,” said Green Twig. “Come on down, and play.”

“All right,” said White Violet, daintily flying down to the ground. “But what can we play when everything is so wet?”

“Oh, we can find something to do,” said Green Twig gayly, “but first let's make the others come with us.”

He and White Violet went from flower to flower, laughing and shaking the stems, until all their fairy playmates were tumbled out to the ground.

“Now that you have us down in the mud, what shall we do?” asked Leaf Bud crossly. You see he had just been dreaming a beautiful dream about sailing in the sunny clouds, and he did n't like being waked up and tumbled into the mud.

“Oh, I don't know what to do,” said Green Twig, for now that the fun of waking everybody up was over, he could n't think of anything to do, either.

“Well,” said Silver Moss dismally, “you know we can always ask the queen.”



The rain had fallen until all the fairies in the whole forest thought the sun could n't shine any more

“Yes,” they all shouted, brightening up with that cheerful idea, “let’s go and see the queen, for she always knows of something to do.”

They all started toward the palace, but they had a sorry time getting there, for the mud splashed with every

step, and big drops of water dripped from the trees. The fairy wings got limp and damp, and the pearly shoes all splashed, till finally they took turns and somebody said "Muscus, cleanus," all the time. In that way they got to the palace fairly tidy.

The queen must have seen them coming, for she leaned out of her flower and called, "How do you do, everybody? I am so *very* glad to see you. I was n't expecting any visitors to-day! Come right into my palace."

She jumped down and led the way to a lovely dry spot under some big May-apple leaves, which were just like umbrellas. And there they all played until a lot of the water had soaked into the ground and everything was much dryer.

But still the sun did n't shine, and the sky was as gray as could be.

"Oh, dear," sighed Sparkling Shell, "I'm so tired of romping here! I want the sun to shine, and the sky to smile!"

"Of course we all want that," said the little queen gravely. "I think I would rather see the blue sky than anything I know of, but with all my magic I can't change the sky. I'll tell you what we *can* do, though," she added, her face brightening into a smile. "Each of you get

your paint box, and I'll tell you a splendid thing to do."

Everybody was off with a skip and a jump, and it was n't more than two minutes before every fairy was back again, paint box in hand.

"Now," said the queen, "what do you *most* want to see? Answer carefully!"

Everybody looked around and up and down; they saw the gray sky, the gray earth, and even a gray, muddy brook tumbling over the rocks. Almost with one voice they shouted, "We want to see the blue sky!"

"Just as I thought!" said the little queen. "Now look at this flower." She held up a little white flower made with four tiny white petals. "Do you see any of these growing around?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed!" cried White Violet. "There are lots of them along the edge of the brook."

"That is true," replied the queen. "Now I want you to paint these flowers the color of the sky."

The fairies set to work very happily. They were selecting their flowers, getting out their brushes, and mixing their paints, when Green Twig exclaimed, "Oh, dear, I can't remember what shade of blue the sky is!" That made all the other fairies stop to think — and nobody could remember exactly what shade of blue the sunny sky had been.

The queen saw the trouble they were in and held up her hand for them to stop work and listen.

“All the spring,” she said, “I have been watching the sky and looking at it morning and night and noon-day; maybe some of its blue is stored in my eyes.”

So they looked into her eyes and saw love, and kindness, and the blue of the sunny heavens. And every fairy began painting at once, and in a short time all the tiny flowers that had been white were as blue as the queen’s shining eyes, and the ground looked as if tiny pieces of sky had dropped down from heaven.

Just then the clouds parted, and from a blue sky the sun looked out on all the fairies so busily at work.

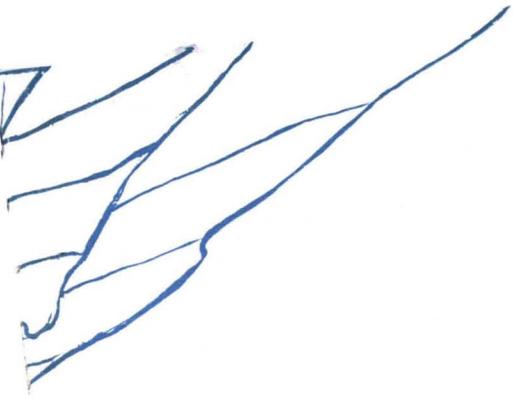
At last every little flower was painted, and the brushes all cleaned and put away. Every fairy was happy to see such beautiful work well done.

“I wish this flower had a name,” said White Violet, softly touching the velvety blue petals. “Maybe it has. I’ll ask the queen.”

“No,” said the queen, when she was asked, “that flower is too little to have a name. But every time you look at it, please think of the sunshine and the blue sky, and forget me not.”

And ever since that day those tiny blue flowers, the color of the sky, have been called forget-me-nots.





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