**The Doll's House**

1

When dear old Mrs. Hay went back to twn after staying with the Burnells she sent the children a doll's house. It was so big that the carter and Pat carrid it into the courtyard, and there it stayed, propped up on two wooden boxes beside the fed-room door. No harm culd come to it; it was smmer.

2

And perhaps the smell of paint wuld have gone off by the time it had to be taen in. For, really, the smell of paint coming from that doll's house (' Sweet of old Mrs. Hay, of course ; most sweet and generous ! ') but the smell of paint wooden boxes was quite enough to make anyone seriously ill, in Aunt Beryl's opinon. Even before the sacking was takn off.

There stod the Doll' house, a dark, oily, spinach green, picked out with bright yellow. Its two sold little chimneys, glued on to the roof, were painted dred and white, and the door, gleaming with yellow varnish, was like a little slab of toffee.

3

4

Four windows, real winows, were divided into panes by a boad streak of blue. There was actually a tiny porch, too, painted yellow, with big lumps of congaled paint hanging along the edge.

5

But perfect, perfct little house! Who could possibly mind the smell. It was part of the joy, prt of the newness. " Open it quickly, someone ! " The hok at the side was stuck fast.

Pat prized it opn with his penknife, and the whole house swung back, ad there you were, gazing at one and the same moment into the drawing-room and dinng-room, the kitchen and two bedroms.

6

That is the way for a house to open ! Why don't all houses open like that? How much ore exciting than peering through the slit of a door into a mean little hall with a hatstand and two umbrellas! That is isn't it? wat you long to know about a house when you put your hand on the knocker.

7

Perhaps it is the way God oens houses at the dead of night when He is taking a quiet turn with an angel. " O-oh! " The Burell children souded as though they were in despair. How much more exciting than peering through the slit of a door It was too marvelous ; it was too much for them. They had never seen anything like it in their lives. All the roms were papered.

8