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## Why Dan The Lion Grows White

*Abbie Phillips Walker*

Mr. Dan De Lion awoke one morning to find growing near him pretty Miss Daisy. Dan was ever bold, but this pretty little flower growing so close beside him made Dan bolder than ever.

He turned his bright face toward her and spoke. "Miss Daisy," he said, "in this beautiful world, there cannot be two more certainly made for each other than you and I. Just look at the yellow of your gown. Doesn't it just match the yellow of my clothes? Now, what do you say if we are married and live in this field where the sunshine is bright and warm, as two happy lovers should?"

Miss Daisy shook out her white-petaled skirt and looked down at the ground. Then she turned a sidewise glance at Dan, who was swaying with impatience, waiting for her answer.

"The sky is so beautiful and blue today," she said, "I cannot think about anything else. Perhaps tomorrow I will give you my answer."

So poor Dan had to be content and wait until the morrow, but when the sun rose the next morning and Dan asked Miss Daisy for her answer, she replied that the sun was so bright and warm she could think of nothing else.

"But," she said, "perhaps tomorrow I shall be able to think about your proposal and give you your answer."

So Dan De Lion sat all day with his face bright and happy because he felt sure the morrow would certainly bring rain, and then Miss Daisy would have time to think about him.

The next morning, the raindrops were falling fast on the meadow, and Miss Daisy's upturned face never once looked toward her lover. She was drinking the longed-for water and had no time to notice poor Dan.

The next morning after the rain, everything was so clean and fresh, and all the flowers were so bright and happy that Dan again spoke to Miss Daisy of his love.

"Oh, the world is so beautiful and fresh this morning, I cannot think of anything else," replied Miss Daisy as she flirted the dewdrops from her white skirt.

But Dan was not discouraged. He still waited and hoped for his answer. But one morning, poor Dan awoke with a head quite white. He had grown old with

waiting, and his long, white locks fluttered in the breeze.

Then one day, Miss Daisy grew tired of the beauty around her. She cast her eye toward her lover, and to her horror, she saw he was quite bald. Not even one spear of white hair was there on his head.

"Oh," exclaimed Miss Daisy, "how funny you look. Why, you are old, Mr. Dan De Lion. I could not think of marrying you now. Good day."

And that is the reason, so the meadow flowers say, that the Dandelion grows faded and old with long white locks on its little round head. Long ago, its ancestor waited so long for Miss Daisy's answer that he grew old and bald.



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