

# For the Little Folks

## MR. FRISKY'S PHILOSOPHY.

The fat little squirrel up in the tree  
Sighed over and over, "Oh, dear me!  
Now were I a bird and could I fly  
I'd have some nuts—but food is  
high!"

Just then came a wind, and Frisky  
found  
The lovely nuts lay thick on the  
ground.  
"Dear me!" he chattered, "Now isn't  
this good?  
There has been a decided fall in  
food!"

'Tis ever so. When things hang  
high,  
If they're meant for us a wind'll come  
by  
And will scatter our blessings within  
our reach—  
If I write a line more I'll begin to  
preach.

So here's to young Frisky, the nuts  
and us all,  
May we be on the watch for our  
blessings' fall.—Washington Star.

## CASABIANCA.

Mamma was going out calling.  
Theo had watched her while she  
puffed her pretty hair and pinned on  
her best collar and got out her  
white gloves. It must be very inter-  
esting, making calls; much nicer  
than being left at home with Peggy,  
who was ironing and almost sure to  
be cross. A little crease had been  
folding itself in and out between  
Theo's eyes ever since he knew mam-  
ma was going, till a sudden thought  
smoothed it out in a flash.

"Mamma, couldn't I go calling,  
too?" he asked. "I'm 'most sure I'd  
bother Peggy if I stay at home and—  
and"

"Where would you like to go?" in-  
quired mamma.

Theo considered. Don wasn't at  
home, Marjorie had company, and  
Marie was taking her nap. Anyway,  
those wouldn't be calls!—they'd be  
just every-day play visits. Calls  
were for grown-ups. "I'd like to call  
on old Mrs. Philipps," he said slowly.  
"She's about the grown-upse lady  
I'm acquainted with."

Mamma smiled, but she only said,  
"Why, yes, I should think you might  
go there if you can be very polite.  
Calls are, you know, and always  
try not to make their hostess any  
trouble, or stay too long."

Theo thought it over. Yes, he'd  
try it, especially if he could have on  
his best suit and the kid gloves Aunt  
Emilie had sent for his birthday.  
Mamma helped him get ready, even  
waiting till she had pushed every  
chubby finger into those gloves and  
buttoned the fat wrists out of sight.

Mrs. Philipps came to the door her-  
self when Theo rang the bell. She  
was a tall, stately old lady with  
white hair and a manner that never  
had made Theo feel quite at home  
with her. It was because he never  
would have dreamed of making her a  
"play visit" that he thought of com-  
ing to call.

"What do you want, little boy?"  
asked Mrs. Philipps.

"I've come to call on you," ex-  
plained the visitor. "Mamma's gone  
calling and I—I have, too." Theo  
was a little uncomfortable. He  
hadn't expected to have to account  
for his coming.

"Well, did you ever? Come in and  
have a seat. But I'll have to get you  
to excuse me while I take a short  
nap. I've been so drowsy all after-  
noon I can't keep awake any longer.  
I'll only be a very few minutes."

Theo said, "Certainly," because he  
thought that was the polite thing to  
say, but he really didn't believe Mrs.  
Philipps heard him. She had drop-  
ped into her big chair, untied her  
cap-strings, and closed her eyes. Just  
then the clock struck three. When  
it struck four, Theo felt for his  
clean handkerchief, and wiped a wet  
spot off his sleeve and another off his

cheek, but he didn't make a sound.  
He remembered what mamma had  
said, and he was trying to obey—  
only about staying long, and that he  
felt he couldn't control.

It was almost half-past four when  
Mrs. Philipps woke up. Her caller  
still sat where she had put him, his  
eyes were heavy, and the corners of  
his mouth were drooping down in-  
stead of curving up as they usually  
did; but his shoulders were straight  
and his kid gloves were folded  
patiently together, with the chubby  
fingers still inside them.

Mrs. Philipps stared for an in-  
stant, then suddenly remembered.  
Then she looked at the clock, rubbed  
her eyes, and looked again. After  
that she did the most surprising  
thing,—just gathered her caller up  
in her lap and kissed him.

"You dear little gentleman. You're  
a boy in a thousand—a real Casa-  
bianca. Please, please forgive me."

Theo didn't know why she called  
him such a queer, long name; but  
he understood what followed very  
well indeed, for Mrs. Philipps could  
make the most beautiful cookies in  
the shortest time. And she assured  
him that it was time for the call to  
end and the "play visit" to begin,  
and it didn't matter how long that  
lasted.

It was tea-time when he felt, with  
a rosy apple in each jacket pocket,  
a bag of cookies in one hand, and a  
slice of cake in the other.

"Come again soon, Casabianca,"  
Mrs. Philipps called after him.

"I will, thank you," he smiled back;  
and he kept his word, for they were  
the best of friends after that. Mam-  
ma told him the story of Casabianca.  
Ask your mother to tell it to you.  
—Elizabeth Price, in the Sunday  
School Times.

## A DUTCH KERMESS.

While in Holland two years ago  
we visited a county fair, or kermess.  
It was in a little village, and I do  
not believe I have ever seen anything  
much funnier—or dirtier, for that  
matter.

They had quite a number of filthy  
tents erected along the street, but  
the main attraction was the merry-go-  
round, on which one could ride a  
great number of times for one-third  
of a cent. The organ played only  
two tunes, and we soon grew heavily  
tired of them, but the Dutch peas-  
ants seemed to like them better the  
oftener they were repeated.

In some of the booths one could  
buy the most brilliant pink, yellow  
or green candy sticks for what would  
be less than nothing here in Amer-  
ica; in others, the most awful cakes,  
while in still others one could even  
have his fortune told or take a  
chance on anything one could pos-  
sibly think of costing from a tenth  
of a cent to a dollar in American  
money. They were all positively  
filthy, both the things to be sold and  
the persons who sold them, but I do  
not think I have ever seen such ab-  
solute content as I did on the faces  
of those dirty, ragged, little Dutch  
peasant girls and boys as they went  
along, eyes and mouths wide open,  
staring at the wonderful sights—to  
them—while tightly grasping a bright  
pink candy stick in one hand and a  
greasy doughnut in the other. Every-  
where were laughter, singing and  
joy.—Helen E. Mount, in the New  
York Tribune.

## LET THE FAIRIES HELP.

A fairy grotto, with a wishing well  
and magic mirror and a fairy god-  
mother presiding over it is sure to  
make a children's party a success.  
The grotto may be more or less re-  
alistic, as circumstances permit. Real  
water and real rocks add to the pleas-  
ure and real plants and vines ought  
to be used for the decorations. If  
there is real water in the well, the  
gifts which the children fish up  
should be of a kind that water will

not injure. Only the mirror should  
not be real. It is only a piece of  
ordinary glass sunk horizontally in a  
frame of rocks and smilax. A series  
of pictures selected to indicate the  
future of each one of the little folks  
is in readiness, and as each child  
peers into the mirror the picture is  
changed. Thus a boy who loves the  
sea will behold a gallant battleship  
riding on the waves, the little girl  
who is fond of books will see a learn-  
ed person in cap and gown, and the  
child who longs to be a great singer  
will see some famous prima donna.—  
New York Tribune.

## MARJORIE'S HUNDRED.

Marjorie, aged nine, had not been  
having very satisfactory reports from  
school. Her father finally said, "Mar-  
jorie, for the first hundred you get  
I'll give you a dollar."

Time went on, and the reward  
could not be claimed. One day the  
child was taken violently ill. Her  
mother sent for the doctor. When  
he had gone, Marjorie said, "Mamma,  
am I very ill?"

"No, dear, your temperature is a  
little over a hundred; but the doctor  
thinks you will be all right in a  
day or so."

Smiles broke through Marjorie's  
tears.

"Now, mamma, I can have my dol-  
lar. Papa said he would give it to me  
if I could get a hundred in anything."  
—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

## FRITZ AND DINKEY.

A few weeks ago a little daschund  
was given to me. He is awfully cute  
and loves to play with me. I also  
have a cat that has six toes on his two  
front paws. He uses them just like  
hands. The dog's name is Fritz, and  
the cat's name is Dinkey. Fritz is  
a rabbit dog, and he thinks Dinkey is  
a rabbit, so he chases him. Dinkey  
doesn't like this a bit, so he runs  
away.

The other day I was in school and  
my mother wanted Fritz to go out  
with her, but he wouldn't go, because,  
I think, he thought I might come  
home from school any minute, and  
then he would not see me. He is a  
very clever dog, and when people  
pass by the house they laugh at him,  
because he is so long and has such  
short legs.

## Paper Currency Preferred.

The gold dollar in the United  
States has practically gone out of cir-  
culation and now it is rumored that  
the silver dollar is likely to follow  
it, at least to some extent, into its  
innocuous desuetude. The reason  
for this seems to be simply that the  
government has ceased its practice  
of paying the expressage on ship-  
ments of silver dollars. Banks, there-  
fore, prefer the currency, which is  
so much lighter, and in many sec-  
tions of the country in greater de-  
mand at their windows.

## Turkish Medicines.

The educational test for phar-  
macists in Turkey is not on drugs,  
chemicals, etc. It is on arithmetic,  
the Turkish and French languages  
and general smattering. Still, most  
Turks go to the native dry goods or  
grocery store for their favorite re-  
medies—oil, tallow, candle plasters,  
linseed, poultices and stuff for cam-  
omile teas, etc.

## Man's Aim.

If there is a God and a future life  
there is truth, there is virtue, and  
the highest happiness of man consists  
in striving to attain them. Man must  
live, man must love, man must be-  
lieve.—Count Tolstol.

## Treeless Natal.

The country is practically treeless,  
so far as there is any commercial  
value in the timber growing in Natal.  
The wattle tree is the only tree hav-  
ing commercial value, and its value  
lies in its bark.

When remorse does hit a self-made  
man it hits him hard.—New York  
Times.



## WHEN NEWS IS SCARCE.

You cannot stomp the busy scribe  
Who runs the press.  
He comes of a resourceful tribe,  
We must confess.

When themes are scarce to write  
about

He does not yelp,  
Nor does he raise a plaintive shout  
Imploping help.

He promptly into action floats,  
Gets busy then,  
And ties some well known anecdotes  
To unknown men.

## LOTS OF THEM.



Winnie—"I wouldn't marry you if  
you were the last man on earth."

Jack—"I know you wouldn't, I  
would have my choice then."

## TO THE HOPELESS ONES.

She (after elopement)—I received  
a letter from papa today. He writes  
that he had just finished making his  
will.

He—Did he remember us?  
She—Yes, indeed. He has left all  
his money to an asylum for hopeless  
idiots.—Kansas City Journal.

## NOT FAST COLORS.

"Aunty, don't you want some of my  
candy?"

"Thank you, dear. Sugared almonds  
are favorites of mine."

"The pink or the white ones?"

"The white ones, please!"

There was silence until the last  
piece had disappeared.

"They were all pink at first,  
Aunty."—Success Magazine.

## UNCOMPLIMENTARY.

Ella—He has his office in his hat.  
Stella—It must be unfurnished.—  
New York Press.

## HOUSE PARTY TIME.

"Do you believe in fate?" he ask-  
ed, as he snuggled closer.

"Well," answered the girl, "I be-  
lieve that what's going to happen will  
happen."—Cornell Widow.

## HIS STATUS.

"Well, my little man," inquired a  
visitor pleasantly, "who are you?"

"I'm the baby's brother!" was the  
ingenuous reply.—Truth Seeker.

## SIGHS.

"What was the bridge of sighs?"  
asked the woman who was looking  
at the picture book.

"I suppose," replied Mrs. Flimglit,  
"that it is one of those games in  
which you are obliged to make it  
spades every time."—Washington  
Star.