

LITTLE FOLKS



How Charlie Bathed Alone.

(A. L. Hannah, in the 'Little One's Annual.')

'May I go in bathing, mamma?' asked Charlie, as he and his mother walked down to the beach.

'Why, no, dear; not this afternoon. I do not care to bathe, and you could not go in alone, you know.'

So Charlie, who was a wise little boy and had learned to make the best of things, began to play in the sand.

Pretty soon, however, his attention was attracted by a little boy who was having a splendid time in the surf. It was not the regular bathing-hour, so the little fellow had the whole ocean to himself, and he was splashing about in grand style. Charlie could not understand it at all. Why would he be in danger, if another little boy could go in in safety?

'Mamma,' he said at last, 'that little boy is lots littler than I am, and he is in all alone. See! there

is a great big wave coming, and I should think his mamma would be afraid that he would be washed away.'

But the little fellow's mother did not seem to be in the least worried. She sat quietly on the beach, and watched her boy tumbling about in the water, as though he was not in the slightest danger.

In a minute more, Charlie understood the reason. On came the big wave, tumbling and tossing; but before it reached the little bather, whom Charlie watched very anxiously, he saw him suddenly skip backward. In another instant, he was lying high up on the sand. Then Charlie noticed that there was a small rope tied to a belt about his waist, by which his mother had pulled him in.

'O mamma!' he cried, 'that is a very nice plan—oh, a very nice plan indeed! Don't you think that you would let me go in, in such a very safety way? Will you harness me to-morrow, mamma?'

Mamma was so much pleased

with the 'safety way' of bathing that the next day two little boys might have been seen, harnessed, as Charlie expressed it, and tumbling about in the surf together. Of course they made each other's acquaintance immediately, and soon become firm friends.

They both decided that bathing at the end of a rope was by far the most enjoyable way.

Three Little Rules.

Three little rules we all should keep

To make life happy and bright—
Smile in the morning; smile at noon;

And keep on smiling at night!

—Stella George Stern, in 'St. Nicholas.'

I TELL YOU what's a funny thing,
And that's a pollywog;
He sheds his tail and grows some legs,

And then he is a frog.

—Waif.

