

LITTLE FOLKS

Goody Two Shoes and the Birds.

(By S. E. Winfield, in the 'Child's Hour'.)

Goody Two Shoes was feeding the birds, her hair and skirts all blown askew by the warm spring wind, and her little fat, sturdy legs were firmly planted to keep her from being blown away by the same playful wind.

Goody was very fond of feeding the birds, and they were friendly with her, even the 'Britishers' would flutter about her feet for crumbs. Uncle Jim said it was because she rooted round on the ground with them, and sat down in the dust to play with them, that they took her for some queer little yellow-and-white bird.

Sitting on the fence watching, was Dickie. If he was envious of the friendliness between Goody and the birds (birds never took to Dickie) he hid it beneath sarcasm, as he said,

'Pooh! you think you're awful smart feeding those two or three old sparrows. You ought to see the man on the Common, he has hundreds of squirrels and pigeons and sparrows all over him, and in his pockets and on his arms.'

Goody looked at him severely as she said,

'I don't b'lieve he has hundreds of um. You never saw a hundred birds in your life, Dickie.'

'Well, there's just heaps of them. You just ought to see them, Goody.' Then a thought struck him.

'Let's go, Goody. We can just take the 'lectric and go right in to the Common.'

'Oh! mamma wouldn't like it. She left me alone with Mary.'

'She'd let you go with a man to take care of you like me,' said Dickie, from the height of his ten years.

Goody was wild to go, and it took but little teasing to make her steal into the house, take her hat and coat from the hat-rack, and steal out again.

It was with a guilty heart that she ran the length of the street with Dickie and climbed into the car. It seemed so funny to be

riding in a car without mamma, that she almost guessed she must be homesick; but Dickie talked a steady stream, and pointed her out places, so that it seemed but a very little while before they were getting out of a car in the subway. Then they climbed up out of the big hole, and there was the Common all before them with its grass fast growing green, and its paths over which people were hurrying to and fro.

'My! what a lot of folks,' chirped Goody, holding fast to Dick's hand as she hopped and skipped along beside him.

'Course there's lots. This is a



big city and there has to be people in it.'

'Oh, see, Dickie, there's something runned along the ground. Was it a rat?'

'A rat, no Goody, it was a squirrel; look at him, there he goes up that tree. Isn't he a beauty?'

'Will he bite us Dickie?'

'Bite? No, you silly. Of course he won't. He'll bite a nut, that's all. Come on Goody, there's the man I told you of over there.'

The children stood wide-eyed to watch what many people watch every day—the man with the pigeons, fat, sleek, well-fed birds, which waddled and pecked and cooed about his feet. Some perched with fluttering wings on his outstretched arms, to feed from his

hands, and one, even, perched on his head, pecking at the crumbs on his cap.

Farther up the patch a man with a pocketful of nuts was coaxing the squirrels to feed from his hands, to sit on his shoulder, and even to feed from his pockets. And this, within touch of the bustle and roar of the heart of the city.

'It's puffy lovely,' sighed Goody. 'Does he find 'em so every day?'

'Sure,' said Dickie, 'and sometimes there are several of them, the men I mean, at a time.'

'Spouse one of 'em would come to me?' asked Goody wistfully.

'Does the little lady want to feed the pigeons?' asked the man.

'If you please, sir,' said Goody prettily.

'Then come here little one near me.'

Goody stepped over daintily. There was a wild flutter among the pigeons, and then they settled back again, and while Goody held out her hand with the grain in it, one snow-white bird rose, and, with fluttering wings, picked from the tiny hand.

'The dove of peace, and the little child that leads us,' murmured the old man, while Goody sighed with rapture.

But the afternoon was getting away, and Dick and Goody had yet to get home, and Goody wanted to reach home before her mother, so her mother would not be frightened.

'Oh, we'll get home,' said Dick valiantly, 'don't you fuss.'

But he found it was much easier to take a car from home, and come in to Boston, than it was to take a car from that crowded noisy station underneath the ground.

Car after car he let go past, not knowing which one he wanted to take. It grew noisier and more crowded. People eyed the two children with curious gaze, and Dick, in desperation, was going to ask the stern official, what car he wanted, when he felt a grip on his shoulder, and heard the well-known voice of his young Uncle Ted, as he said:—

'Hullo, where are you eloping to