

## ❧ LITTLE FOLKS ❧

### Quite a Man.

(H. A. F., in 'Sunday Reading for the Young.')

Georgie and Floss were born in India, but as little children do not flourish in that hot country, they were sent to England to be brought up by their grandmother.

Georgie came first, and when he had been just two years at Moor Hall there came a letter to say, 'We are sending little Floss home,'

Nurse didn't laugh when Georgie utterly refused that evening to put on his pinafore for tea. 'Men don't want pinafores,' he said. And so there came two ugly stains on his nice blue blouse, a long stain of milk and a round blob stain of jam.

Next day Miss Palmer, the daily governess, complained that Georgie was very untidy about the legs, his stockings all loose, and she was ashamed to take him out walking.

He explained it all to Floss when that little fuzzy-headed sister arrived. 'I'm to take care of you,' he said. 'I'm older than you, a heap older.'

'Yes,' said Floss; 'give me your ball.'

But Georgie did not consider it a man's business to give up to a girl, so he put the ball safe behind his back, and Floss stuck her finger in her mouth and wondered.

Real big men generally gave her what she asked for, she thought in her little soul.

And so the days went on. Floss was a dear little girl, obedient and gentle when alone, but somehow since she came there was always trouble in the nursery.

'It's all along of Master Georgie trying to be a man,' Nurse said to Mrs. Desmond, his grandmother.

It was of no use talking to Georgie. Father had written in a letter that he must be a man, and a man he would be, not a baby any more.

So he ran away out walking, and refused to go to bed, would not be washed by nurse, and altogether behaved like a very foolish little boy while thinking he was a man.

'I shall have to complain of him to his father,' said poor, troubled Granny, 'for he takes no notice of what I say,' and then she sighed.

Georgie heard the sigh, but his round face only looked hard and cross. They ought to let him be a man and do as he chose, and then it would be all right. Didn't he lead Floss quite safe across the broken bridge that morning? What did Nurse make such a fuss for, and say he'd kill his little sister before he'd done?

'I'll wait one mail more,' said Granny. 'I don't want to tell tales of the little lad, but he is troublesome now.'

Georgie did happen to be more manageable for the next three days, and Granny thought it quite a nice reward for him, when he and Floss were asked to a children's party at the Manor. But, after all, they nearly did not go, for Nurse fell ill, and who was to take them to the house?

'I'll take care of Floss,' said



'GIVE ME YOUR BALL.'

(People always call England home wherever they may live.) 'We grieve to part with our darling, but Georgie must take care of her; he must be quite a man now!'

These words were read to Georgie. He was six, and wearing out his second knickerbocker suit. He nodded his head in reply. 'Yes, I am quite a man,' he said. They can send Floss to me; I'll take care of her.'

Granny laughed at this, but

But Georgie protested it was 'All right; come along.' And then a piece of string hanging down Georgie's back told a tale. He had thrown his garters under the bed, and tied his knickerbockers up with string.

'It's a cricketing belt like all men wear,' he declared when Nurse found him out; 'do let me alone, Nurse.'

The little lad was in a terrible hurry to be a man, you see.