

was Caillou who had bestowed this name upon himself, without knowing why. I had only half believed the latter part of her remark, because of my intimate knowledge of little men who are not yet five. I love myself in them ; I find myself again ; I know pretty well how their thoughts and imagination work ; and that is the real reason why I feel pretty certain that they never absolutely invent anything—they only rearrange ideas suggested to them.

I therefore resolved to watch Caillou, and to make sure. I felt I was getting near the truth one day, in the Tuilleries Gardens, under the fine old chestnuts there, when Caillou, whom I had been teasing a little, said, seriously :

“ You’re always rotting ” (all little boys who have big brothers use most deplorable language) ; “ you’re always rotting, and I’m going to drive my cart over you.”

Now my friend Caillou’s cart cost one franc and forty-five centimes, at the Hôtel-de-Ville bazaar, and it measures exactly eighteen centimetres in length. A ladybird would hardly notice it if he drove it over