

# LITTLE FOLKS

## Glad I am a Girl.

A clock can run, but can not walk;  
My shoe has a tongue, but can not  
talk;  
A comb has teeth, but has no  
mouth;

And pins have heads, but have no  
necks;  
And needles have to hold their  
threads  
Right in their eyes—how it must  
vex!

If I were a needle, comb, or shoe,

bonnets and—yes, making faces!  
Dorris turned around so quickly  
she saw them both with their eyes  
squinted shut and their tongues  
stuck out. One made a worse face  
than the other. Dorris wondered  
whether it was Bessie or Anna. The  
faces they made were so comical  
Dorris couldn't help laughing at first,  
but the next minute she felt sad.

'I don't believe they like me,'  
she confessed, and that made her  
knees feel so curiously weak she  
sat down to rest, pretending to pick  
clover blossoms.

On went the Bean girls until  
they reached the grove and disap-  
peared. It seemed to Dorris that  
she had been sitting beside the path  
an hour before she began to won-  
der what the children were playing.  
Slowly she walked to the edge of  
the grove where she heard shouts  
and laughter, and soon came upon  
Anna Bean and Bessie Bean play-  
ing jump the rope. Dorris thought  
they were jumping ropes until she  
saw Anna and Bessie, she didn't  
know which, throw away the one  
she was using and break another  
from a wild grape vine.

Dorris had never tried to jump  
rope, and the way Anna and Bessie  
handled the wild grape vines  
seemed wonderful.

'Oh, I wish I could do that!' she  
whispered.

A few minutes afterward, hear-  
ing her mother calling 'Dorris,  
Dorris,' she ran back to the road  
where mother and Aunt Helen  
were waiting in a carriage.

'It was too bad to call you,' said  
Aunt Helen, 'but I had to drive to  
the village on an errand for your  
Uncle John, and we didn't like  
to go away without telling you.  
Which would you rather do, stay  
and play with Anna and Bessie or  
go with us?'

'Go with you,' was the prompt  
reply as Dorris scrambled into the  
carriage and snuggled close to her  
mother. In the village Dorris saw  
bright-colored skipping ropes in the  
postmaster's store.

'Do buy me one,' she begged  
her mother. 'I want to learn to  
jump the rope. The Bean girls use  
wild grape vines for skipping ropes



A north wind blows the smoke  
straight south.

Bottles have necks, but have no  
heads;

## The Better Way.

(By Frances Margaret Fox, in  
'The Child's Hour.'

When Aunt Helen sent Dorris  
out to play with the Bean children  
she didn't expect to see her in the  
house until noon. Dorris kissed  
her mother good-by and ran down  
the narrow path to the front gate  
to meet the little girls.

She meant to say that her name  
was Dorris Brown, that she came  
with her mother to visit Aunt Helen  
two days before, and that, as it had  
rained all the while, she hadn't  
been outdoors until that morning.  
She intended to explain that when  
Aunt Helen saw them coming down  
the road she was sure they were go-  
ing to the locust grove just below the  
house, and that they would be glad  
to have another little girl to play  
with.

Before Dorris could reach the  
gate the Bean children saw her and  
crossed the road.

'Hullo!' ventured Dorris, open-

I never should know what to do;  
My head is really in a whirl,  
I'm glad I am a little girl.

—'The Christian Work and Evange-  
list.'

ing the gate and wishing that she  
were barefooted, too. No answer  
from the little Beans.

'Good morning,' again ventured  
Dorris, and again the Bean children  
stared without saying a word. Dor-  
ris wondered which was Anna and  
which was Bessie.

'I—I came out to play with you,'  
she went on. At that Anna Bean,  
and Bessie Bean looked at each  
other and laughed. Still Dorris  
couldn't decide which was Bessie  
and which was Anna. She followed  
the fence on her side of the road,  
while the Bean children stuck to  
the opposite path. At last Dorris saw  
the strangers whisper and laugh,  
the two sunbonnets nodded vigor-  
ously, and away ran the Bean girls  
swiftly towards the grove.

Dorris could run. 'Maybe they  
want to play race,' she argued, 'and  
I can beat them.'

Next thing she knew Dorris was  
far ahead of the sisters, who were  
walking slowly, swinging their sun-