

LITTLE FOLKS

A Little Book of G. I's.

(Bertha Gerneux Woods.)

'I never saw anybody like you for invariably doing the nice, thoughtful thing, Alice!' Marcia spoke with loving admiration. 'You always seem to remember the old people's birthdays, and you never forget who has been sick or out of town. Now I always mean to do things like that myself, but I am so forgetful and I'm constantly making little breaks. I just came up on the car with Milly Brown. I used to know her quite well, and she has always seemed to think a good deal of me. Well, she's just back from Ohio. I suppose it's the first long trip she ever took in her life. She told me months ago she was going, and she seemed so full of it and happy—I felt sorry this morning that I had so completely forgotten it. She told me she had been back a week, and I blundered into saying: "Oh! have you been away?" And then I showed so completely that I'd forgotten all about it, I know she felt disappointed, and disconcerted, too. You could see some of the enthusiasm die out of her face, and she flushed. I wish I had your memory, Alice!'

'I'm afraid you overrate me, dear,' Alice said, smilingly. 'I forget often, too. But I'll let you into a state secret—I help my memory out by keeping a little note-book.'

'Yes, and I call it her little book of G. I's. (Good Impulses),' chimed in Alice's sister, Margaret. 'She is always making a memorandum of some one who needs something or other that she can give. I imagine she has a happiness page, and a misery page, and oh, dear! I don't know how many other pages.'

Alice accepted the impeachment with a smile.

'Well, it really is the greatest help,' she said, 'if your memory is at all inclined to be treacherous, to make yourself remember by jutting down a few words in your note-book. For instance, there was the dearest old lady, yesterday, telling me how she always dreads a certain anniversary, and how lonely it makes her feel. She merely happened to speak of it, and it would have been pretty sure to slip out of my mind if I hadn't put the date down in my note-book as soon as I had the chance. Now it will be an easy thing to send her a little note or a flower, or

The Baby's Side of the Story.

(By Annie Douglas Bell, in 'Our Little One's Annual.')

A swimming in the bathtub,
Oh yes, it's lots of fun,
And I'm the jolliest baby
That's living under the sun.

The children come a visiting
And make a dreadful din:
'Just see his funny little nose;
This dimple in his chin.'

And if I scowl and crook my face
They think it only fun!
Then hug and kiss me all the more;
I'd like to make them run.

I'm often cross, and naughty too;
But then, who would not be?
This world has a lot of troubles
For a little boy like me.



Off come my dainty little boots,
The pink-tipp'd toes to see,
And when I twist them in and out,
They laugh and shout with glee.

They roll me up in a blanket
And toss me like a ball;
I sometimes think I had rather
They would not come at all.

Then mother folds me in her arms,
And sings her sweetest lay;
So that's the very happiest time
Of all the livelong day.

If I am the jolliest baby
Amid this shade and shine,
My mother is the dearest mother,
If only 'cause she is mine.

possibly run in to see her on that afternoon. Oh, dear! no, that isn't anything. You are both just as full of such good impulses yourselves.'

'I believe I'll try it,' said Marcia. 'Isn't it a good thing the coats have such respectable pockets in them this year? I have a little memorandum book down in the depths