

# LITTLE FOLKS

## What Ted Remembered.

Teddy was out in the backyard playing with Johnny Gibbs. They were playing steamboat, and had just had such a dreadful disaster when mamma came to the door.

'I want you to go down street for me, Teddy,' she said. 'I must have some baking-powder and vanilla before I can finish my baking.'

'But I'm all smashed up, mamma,' answered Teddy, from under a pile of rubbish. 'They'll pull me out 'fore long, and find out if I'm killed or not. If I ain't p'raps I can go bime-by.'

Mamma laughed. 'I don't see how I can wait, my son. Judging from appearances I do not think you are killed, and I can join the rescuing party and help you out. I want my baking-powder as soon as possible.'

Ted crawled slowly out. 'I wish things could be made without things,' he said rather vaguely. 'Or else I wish papa would keep a store himself right here at home, then I wouldn't always have to stop right in the most interesting place. Couldnt you anyhow get along without 'em?'

'No, my dear, but if you go right along quickly you will soon be back. As a general rule I want my little boy to do errands for me because he loves me, but since you were in such a critical condition I will give you two pennies to spend. Now don't forget, Teddy, baking-powder and vanilla. Say it over five times to be sure.'

'Bakin'-powder and verniller—I won't forget—see if I do—bakin'-powder and verniller, do you care what kind of candy I get?'

'No, just what you like, if it comes within your means. What is it you are to get for me?'

'Bakin'-powder and verniller—won't forget, never.'

'Perhaps not, but say it over to yourself on the way, and go as quickly as you can.'

Down the road ran Ted. 'Bakin'-powder—I'll get a candy cigar—verniller—and p'raps a chocolate mouse. Bakin'-powder,—I don't know but I'd rather have just taffy,

it takes longer to eat it, 'couse it sticks to your teeth. What was that other thing mamma wanted? I should like a whole pound of candy once. Oh, dear! I can't remember what that other thing was, an' I kept saying it like everything! Well, if I get one maybe she can get along without the other. I'll ask Mr. Clark what he supposes it was, maybe he will remember for me. I most think I won't get the cigar, after all. I'd have more



TEDDY.

fun, I guess, if it was all one kind. When you can't have much of a thing you just git goin' and it's gone. I'm goin' to get all taffy.' Having settled the momentous question in his mind Ted flew over the ground.

'I want—two cents worth of taffy,' he said rather breathlessly as he bounded into the store.

'All right,' answered Mr. Clark, pleasantly. 'Anything else?'

Ted's face grew blank. 'Y—es, sir—my mother she wants—why, she wants—something. I kept saying it over and over and I don't anyway see how I forgot. It was something to bake with.'

'Sugar, spices, extracts, soda?' questioned Mr. Clark, but Ted shook his head.

'I think you had better run right back and find out. Shall I keep your candy for you until you come back?'

'No, sir, thank you, I think it will kind of—encourage me to have it with me.'

'All right,' said Mr. Clark, laughing.

So Ted trudged back home, and somehow it seemed much longer to him this time, in spite of his encouragement.

'Hurry,' called mamma from the door. 'I am waiting for the baking-powder.'

'There!' exclaimed Ted, 'I knew, I knew what 'twas, only you see I I couldn't think, and Mr. Clark couldn't either. I said it over lots of times, and what was the other?'

'Oh, Teddy Arnold, you did not go and forget both, did you?'

'Why, no, I don't think I really forgot 'em; I remembered the candy, but somehow I couldn't think what the names of the other two things were.'

'Oh,' said mamma, in a funny tone, 'I see—a distinction, without any difference, wasn't it? Well, now you go right back and I will keep your candy for you. If you do not remember this time you can not have it at all. Baking-powder and vanilla.'

And now, wasn't it funny, Ted remembered this time without the least trouble?

'Hereafter,' said mamma, 'I will not pay you until you get home, I think.'—S.S. Messenger.

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