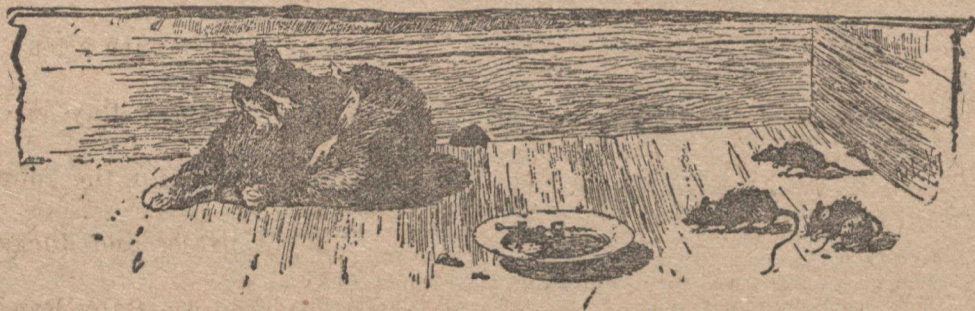


LITTLE FOLKS

Cutey Wee.

The closet under the stairs at the end of the hall was dark and dusty. It was never used except to store things not in use—or if the children played Indian, when it served as tepee for the squaws. If mother wanted to find anything in the closet, she had to swing the door far back, and even then it was not very light, so it is no wonder that, in a shadowy corner, long after winter things were put away till



another season, one little warm red-lined overshoe lay unseen and forgotten. In front of this overshoe a little gray mouse stood one day in delighted surprise. I am sure she stood up on her hind feet and clapped her front ones, and said, 'If this isn't just the place for Cutey Wee!'

Now Cutey Wee was a very much petted and spoiled little mouse baby. They had lived in the cellar; but the nest was destroyed, and only little Cutey Wee had been rescued. And now, if Mrs. Mouse wasn't thinking about her, Mr. Mouse was, and they would go from roof to cellar if Cutey Wee gave her tiniest squeak. So Mr. Mouse was brought to the closet to look at the little red-lined overshoe, and of course he agreed with Mrs. Mouse, and so the family moved, which means only that Cutey Wee was brought to the closet and dropped into the overshoe.

Because of the elegance of this new apartment, Mrs. Mouse began to put on airs. She was not afraid of anybody, and she was interested in everything. I saw her stand on her hind feet in front of book after book on the lowest book-shelf, looking up at them, and I suppose she was thinking of Cutey Wee's going to school.

But the doll-house attracted her most. She studied over the little chairs and swinging cradles, and I wonder why she did not think of moving in there, for everthing was

just the right size. But before a little wardrobe she stood fascinated and, when she left the playhouse, she held by her teeth a little white dress, only two inches long, with blue bows on the shoulders.

'Look!' she cried to Mr. Mouse when she got home, 'this is for Cutey Wee.'

Do you suppose Cutey Wee put it on, bows and all, and sat there in the little overshoe? Well, even if she didn't, Mrs. Mouse knew it was what the dolls had, and nothing was too good for Cutey Wee.

Nor was that all. Whether Cutey Wee squeaked, 'Mamma, I must have a hat,' I do not know, but Mrs. Mouse brought her hats and caps and coats and more dresses, 'all from the doll-house.'

So Cutey Wee sat in the midst of her finery, more of a spoiled little mouse than ever. Yet Mrs. Mouse looked at her little daughter anxiously.

'I am afraid Cutey Wee is lonely,' she thought. And as she searched the pantry for crumbs, she kept wondering what she could do.

That night she went back to the play-house, went up to a little chair where a wee dolly sat, and, catching her dress in her mouth, carried her down the side of the play-house, away across the floor to the dusty closet where Cutey Wee sat alone in the little overshoe, and put her down beside her.

Did ever a Mrs. Mouse do such a thing before? Did ever a spoiled mouse baby have such a gift brought her? Or did ever a little doll have such an adventure?

Don't think I have made all this up. No, indeed! I was a little girl then, and the doll-house was mine. And I missed the little dresses, and I missed the little doll, and no one could understand the strange way in which they had disappeared. Then one day the little red-lined overshoe was found in the closet, and mother showed it to me.

I saw them there myself, all the little clothes I had lost, and the little doll Arabella, and sitting by her was Cutey Wee.—'Little Folks.'

Ten Little Smiles.

(By Albert F. Caldwell, in the 'Sunbeam'.)

One little smile ran off alone to play,
Conquered a pout it found on the way.

Two little smiles instead of one
Overtook a second pout—my, what fun!

Three little smiles said, 'Come along with us,'
Meeting a wee frown in a needless fuss.

Four little smiles at a merry pace
Whisked off a baby frown from an anxious face.

Five little smiles—a very jolly mix!—
Overtook another pout; smiles now six!

Six little smiles (over half eleven)
Enticed away another frown; now the smiles are seven.

Seven little smiles—what a lucky fate!—
Met a tiny woe-begone, little band of eight.

Eight little smiles all in a line,
Surrounded a pucker—see, the smiles are nine!

Nine smiles now in all—courageous little men—
Took a stray pout prisoner, and swelled the ranks to ten!

Isn't it amazing (yet it's really true)
What a single little smile all by itself can do!

Ruby's Charity.

(By Lilian Gibson.)

'Mother,' said Ruby, 'I wish I could help that old man who lives in the little yellow house next to Parsons.' People say that he is nearly starving, but still when they take him anything he always refuses it, no matter how nice it is. Why does he?

'Well, you see Ruby,' mother replied, 'People do not like to accept charity when they are proud, as this old man is. I think he would like it better if they gave him some work instead of money and food.'

Ruby thought long and deeply. 'Any way,' she said at last, 'I