

LITTLE FOLKS



A World of Trouble.

(By Edna Payson Brett, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World').

A wee gray mouse on a pantry shelf
Sat nibbling her midnight tea;
A banquet meet for a princess to eat,
Yet sighed as she munched, did she
And quoth, 'Ah me! if it weren't
for cats,
How pleasant this world would
be!'

A tabby cat on a sunny step
Was lapping her morning tea;
She'd milk and mice and she'd
ev'rything nice,
Yet sighed as she lapped, did she,
And cried, 'Dear, dear! if it weren't
for dogs,
How lovely this world would be!'

A prudent pup in a hiding place
Was gnawing his midday tea;
'With silly kits to be scared into
fits,
And sumptuous bones,' mused he,
'Alack, alack! if it weren't for
boys,
A heaven this world would be!'

The Adventure of Peter and Polly.

Peter Waddle, just fresh from a combing, with his fluffy tail fluffier than ever and a new pink bow on his new leather collar, sat on the backyard walk.

Peter was six months old, and the most trusting Angora kitten that ever mewed to be cuddled. He loved everything and everybody, even the housemaid, who shooed him out of her way twenty times in a morning. In fact, the reason for his sitting on the walk was because Nora had just closed the door on him.

He held no hard thoughts against Nora. He knew she would save him the best of the chicken bones, and see that he had plenty of gravy on his potatoes. So he sat in the sun and blinked.

Now all was different with Polly Coddle. Polly Coddle could get into the same yard with Peter Waddle, but she did not belong there. She lived in a shabby yard on the other side of a tall fence, where housemaids were unknown. She had a three-colored coat of fur, and wore no leather collar, nor any kind of bow; and the nearest she had ever come to chicken bones was to smell feathers thrown away in some ash barrel. But she was like Peter in this—she was only six

months old, and had come to sit in the sunshine.

Peter spied her as she was giving a final touch of cleaning to her bib. 'Something more to love,' he thought, and started along the walk. But to his amazement this 'something more' humped its back, flattened its ears, and spit. This was a reception so unexpected that Peter halted.

Thereupon Polly Coddle let her ears come back to their natural position and curled her tail complacently round her toes.

'I may be poor,' was what she seemed to say, 'but I'm proud, too, and I don't know that kitten.'

Peter sidled round and said, 'Miau!' He meant it in the friendliest spirit, but Polly was not used to friendliness. She got up and, with one eye on Peter, moved nearer her own fence. Peter, mistaking this for an invitation to play, made another dash, but this time was brought up so abruptly by Polly Coddle's bristling manner that he barely saved himself from a backward somersault. He looked at Polly. Polly looked back, unwinking.

Peter considered. When he wanted anything in the house, and they would not give it to him at once, he sat up on his hind legs. He certainly wanted that three colored kitten to play with him.

Perhaps she was like the people in the house. Sitting up might move her.

He rose on his hind legs, dropped his front paws as he had been taught, and waited. Polly looked at him out of sleepy eyes, and went on with her washing.

Peter dropped on all fours again. He felt about discouraged. There was one thing more, however. He had known it to happen that he got his way sometimes if he rolled over. He did not like to do this. He felt so silly afterward, but he would try it.

He made ready, squirmed, twisted, squirmed some more for good measure, gave a big flop, and it was done! And whether it was the plummy tail waving aloft, as Peter went over, or whether Polly Coddle thought a kitten who could tumble like that must be nice to play with, is not certain; but no sooner had Peter righted himself than Polly drew near, put a cautious paw on the tip of Peter's tail, allowed him to sniff noses with her, and in another minute the two were rolling one another over as if they had been lifelong friends.

And then into the midst of this frolic came an interruption. Somehow, from somewhere, through the unlatched front gate or over the low front yard fence blundered—a dog. Turning the corner of the