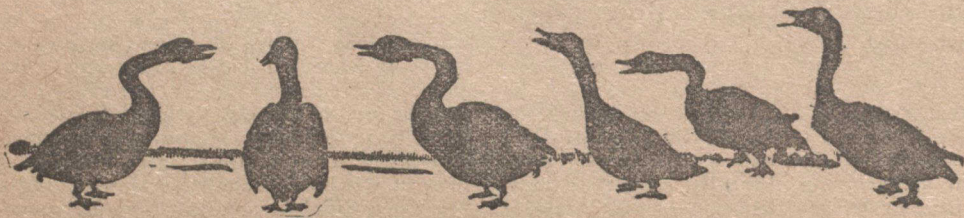


LITTLE FOLKS

How to Know a Goose.



'Mother! Mother!' cried a young rook, returning hurriedly from its first flight, 'I'm so frightened! I've seen such a sight!'

'What sight, my son?' asked the old rook.

'Oh, white creatures—screaming and running and straining their necks, and holding their heads ever so high. See, mother, there they go!'

'Geese, my son—merely geese,' calmly replied the parent bird, looking over the common. 'Through life, child, observe that when you meet anyone who makes a great fuss about himself and tries to lift his head higher than the rest of the world, you may set him down at once as a goose.'—'Friendly Greetings.'



The Making Over of Cooky.

Cooky hated cats from the very bottom of his dog heart. When Prudence became a member of the household, he eyed her scornfully. Once or twice the two had a quarrel. Afterwards they just ignored each other.

Cooky was rather old and occasionally rheumatic; so in winter

he had a box in the kitchen where he slept.

Prudence's bed was down in the cellar, and one morning Roy found two tiny kittens cuddled up beside her. He rushed upstairs with the news.

'We mustn't let Cooky see them,' said mamma; 'he might hurt them.'

So Roy guarded the cellar door, and for a while Cooky never dreamed of the new babies below

stairs. But in a few days the weather grew cold, and Roy begged that Prudence and her kittens might be brought up into the warm kitchen.

'Cooky won't pay any 'tention to 'em,' he argued. 'He never looks toward Prudence now.'

When the little family moved into their new home, however, Cooky stared. Roy caressed and talked to him, that he might have no occasion for jealousy, but he noticed only by a wag of his tail now and then. His eyes were fixed upon those furry little babies.

The cat and the dog had their meals out of doors, but that noon after Prudence had taken up her abode in the kitchen she came out to her dinner alone. Roy filled Cooky's plate and whistled, but he did not appear.

'Where can he be?' thought Roy, and was just starting in search of him when mamma called softly: 'Peep into the kitchen.'

There in front of the kittens' box sat the missing dog. He wagged his tail briskly when he spied Roy, as much as to say: 'I'm on guard now! I'll be out as soon as their mother comes back.'

Not until Prudence returned to her charge did Cooky go to dinner, and this was repeated as often as the mother left her babies. It grew to be a common thing to see the dog stretched in front of the kittens' dwelling place.

One day mamma thought it was time to clean house. Accordingly she put the kittens out on the floor while she carried their box out of doors. Neither the cat nor the dog was there. A few minutes afterwards, however, on returning to the kitchen, she found Cooky beside the kittens, licking and fondling them in great content. He was still engaged in this happy occupation when Prudence appeared. As a matter of course the mother walked up to the babies; but Cooky growled a 'No' that made her retreat to the outer door, her back high.

Mamma came in and settled matters by putting the kittens back in their box, and after that Prudence and Cooky were more friendly. As the babies grew older their mother allowed the dog to play with them as much as he pleased, and he never seemed so happy as when rolling about on the floor, the little things pulling at ear or tail.

'Those kittens have made Cooky over,' said Roy.—'S. S. Times.'