

# LITTLE FOLKS

## A Morning Call.

(By Helen M. Richardson, for the  
'Child's Hour'.)

Let's go and see Aunt Jane this morning! said Marjory to her cousin Loretta. Marjory had done everything she could think of to entertain her cousin during her stay at the farm except to take her to Aunt Jane's.

'Yes, let's!' replied Loretta. She didn't know anything about Aunt Jane, nor where she lived, but everything in the country had been so beautiful that she was sure Aunt Jane's must be a nice place to go to. You see, Loretta lived in the city.

'We will take Leonora and Theodora with us,' proposed Marjory. 'Cause Aunt Jane will be int'rested to see them. She likes dolls.'

Marjory put on her wide-rimmed, plain straw hat, which looked rather countrified, she thought, beside Loretta's stylish city hat with its two large red roses on one side of it. Loretta's frock, also, was made with elbow sleeves in the latest city fashion; indeed she was a little city girl, even to the Dutch cut of her hair.

But Marjory, in her sensible long-sleeved dress, with her long, wavy hair and wide-open brown eyes, made just as pleasing a picture to look at, Marjory's mother thought.

Leonora and Theodora, being dolls, were dressed to please their little mothers, and were both very attractive looking dolls when they set off with Marjory and Loretta to visit Aunt Jane.

'Don't stay long enough to tire Aunt Jane; she isn't very strong, and two children make more noise than one,' Marjory's mother cautioned as they started off down the road.

'No, mamma,' answered Marjory, 'this is going to be a doll call, and we will tell Leonora and Theodora they mustn't stay but just fifteen minutes.'

As the little girls walked along, holding their dolls very carefully, for they wore their best dresses, the sun grew hot, and Loretta suggested that they sit down under a tree by the roadside and rest a while.

'Yes, let's! It won't make any difference what time we get to Aunt Jane's, 'cause she is lame and can't work, but always has to sit in a chair,' agreed Marjory.

So they found a shady place



under a walnut tree, and set their dolls with their backs against a stone wall with instructions to 'stay right there,' and not to 'go running about, 'cause we want you to be nice and clean when we get to Aunt Jane's,' Loretta confided to Theodora.

She must have been a very obedient doll, for she sat so still that a little squirrel who was also cut for a morning walk sat right down in her lap and began to turn a nut around in his mouth and at the same time watch Marjorie and Loretta with his bright eyes.

The little girls sat just as still as their dolls, but it was not because they were afraid of frightening the squirrel—no, indeed! I shall have to confess that they were both asleep!

You see, it was a hot day and the grass was soft and cool and everything was so still around them that before they knew it the lids had dropped over their eyes, and the wind and the sun had enticed them off to dreamland.

Little Bushy Tail, the squirrel, finding that these strange looking creatures whom he had found sitting under the tree from which he

was gathering his winter supply of nuts were as still as the tree itself, was very curious to know more about them. So at every trip he made back to the tree for nuts he climbed cautiously to the lap of Marjory or Loretta, or one of the dolls, stood on his haunches with his tail over his back, and peered into their faces with his little bright eyes to try to find out what in the world they could be.

'Oh, my!' Marjory suddenly exclaimed, opening her eyes. And then she sat very still, for Bushy Tail's bright, twinkling eyes were close to hers. Loretta awoke about the same time, and said 'Oh, my!' too, very softly. But wise little Bushy Tail knew very well that two pairs of open eyes might mean danger and scudded out of Marjory's lap and up the tree trunk and was soon scolding at them from a branch above their heads.

The children sat for some time watching the squirrel as he jumped from limb to limb of the tree, scolding and chattering; and then all at once Marjory exclaimed as she rubbed her sleepy eyes: 'Seems as if it must be most dinner-time.'