

LITTLE FOLKS

A Baby in India.

(By Mrs. W. B. Capron, in 'Mission Dayspring'.)

Here is a baby going to sleep in this swinging cradle. You can see the bamboo which is put across two beams in the house, and the ropes for the cradle. There is a huge fan made from a leaf of the palmyra tree. Sometimes mosquitoes trouble

The jewel of my eye will be a king.

Yes he will. Nanna annana na.

The mother will go on with her little lullaby till the baby is asleep.

Another kind of cradle is more common than this. A long, wide strip of thin cloth is tied at the ends, and these ends are tied into a strong rope which is long enough to have the other end tied on the beam. The baby is swung in this



A SWINGING CRADLE IN INDIA

the baby, and sometimes small eye flies, and the fan will be useful.

The mother is singing the baby to sleep. The tune is generally a chant and a few notes, as if for a chorus. The chorus is something like our tra la la, and the chant is made up at the time. I once heard a mother singing:

'We'll buy the silver anklets.

Yes we will. Nanna annana na. We'll buy the silver wristlets.

Yes we will. Nanna annana na.

and you see the outlines of the chubby form. This is cool and comfortable, though you might not think so. Poor mothers who work in the fields suspend these hammock-like cradles from the branches of trees, and the baby is thus quite safe from ants and insects.

The Hindu girls who have learned to sing sweet hymns in the Mission schools will sing them when they are rocking the babies to sleep.

Theodore's Best Enemy.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.'

'O, dear,' sighed Mother, 'there comes Theodore's best enemy.'

Aunt Marcia looked up from her crocheting.

'His best enemy!' in surprise. 'I suppose you mean best friend.'

Mother sighed another gentle sigh, this one a little longer than

the other. 'No. but I wish I did,' she said, 'he's such a dear little enemy!'

'Why!'—Aunt Marcia was looking out of the window—'it's—it must be—the little boy Teddy told me about on the way up from the depot! He said he had a red sweater just like his own, and I'm certain he said they were very intimate—yes, I remember his very word, "in'mate"!'

'They are,' agreed Mother. 'They

are very in'mate—enemies! Wait and see for yourself. It does not usually take very long.'

Aunt Marcia waited—and saw. It took a little less than five minutes. All at once the beautiful, sunshiny peace of out-of-doors was spoiled by an angry voice—two angry voices. They both seemed to be trying to make the most noise.

'I didn't!'

'Yessir, you did!'

'I guess I know!'

'No, you don't; I know!'

'Then I'm a-going right home, so there!'

'I just as lives—just as liveser, so!'

'He won't go home,' Mother murmured, the sorry creases in her dear face that the angry voices always creased, 'not any farther than the gate. Then Theodore will call him back and they'll make up—and begin again.'

'I see,' nodded Aunt Marcia gravely, 'I begin to understand. How long is there usually between?'

'Five, ten, fifteen minutes—or two minutes,' Mother said, sorrowfully, 'never more than fifteen.'

It was a little less than nine minutes by the dainty watch at Aunt Marcia's belt. The voices this time went up, up, up. There they stayed and said fierce, threaty things as fast as they could say them. It was awful! Aunt Marcia shuddered.

'Something ought to be done,' she exclaimed. 'Why not try doughnuts?'

'I've tried those, and cookies—and peppermints. They relieve, but never cure,' Mother rejoined sadly, 'nothing cures. I am getting discouraged.'

'Wait!' Aunt Marcia dropped her pretty lapful of wools and got up. 'I think I have it—Arbitration!' And she was gone, with a whirl of crisp skirts, out to the battlefield.

The two intimate little enemies were standing, red-faced and wrathful, glaring at each other. Between them, on the gravel walk, lay a gritty-looking stick of candy. At sight of Aunt Marcia both children began to make explanations at once.

'He bit 'cross my mark!'

'No, I never!'