

LITTLE FOLKS

The Tables Turned.

(Ally Phillott, in the 'Child's Hour'.)

'Oh, mother! How I wish my dollies would suddenly become alive, and speak to me!' exclaimed Winifred Grey. 'It would be so delightful!'

'Do you think so?' said her mother. 'I fancy I should be rather startled if one of your dollies spoke; but there are dolls made with a phonograph inside them, to speak when they are wound up.'

'Oh, no, mother, I don't mean that! I mean "real, live, proper" speaking.'

'Well, I think your dollies are very nice as they are, darling. You would

up out of the armchair, in which she seated herself, with her victim sprawling helplessly on her lap, and proceeded to strip off her garments, in spite of all her struggles.

'How dare you!' sputtered Winifred, nearly choking with indignation. 'If you don't stop at once, I'll lock you in the toy cupboard for a month!'

'If "you" don't be quiet, I'll lock "you" in the toy cupboard,' returned Molly.

'Don't you see, I've become alive as you wished? And now I'm going to show you how it feels to be bundled about like a doll, at your owner's good will and pleasure.'

slate sponge, very rough and gritty, with which she scrubbed Winifred's face, holding her meanwhile by her hair. Then she wiped it with a few rough dabs of her pocket handkerchief, which was anything but spotless clean. After that she dressed her in one or two ill-fitting garments, twisting and screwing her limbs carelessly about while she did so. Then came the hair dressing process, which was perhaps the most painful of any—for the cruel Ettie actually fastened the hair back with a pin run straight into the scalp.

'How dare you! How dare you!' shrieked the helpless Winifred. 'I "will" punish you for this!'

But Ettie took no notice and went on calmly amusing herself and torturing the poor victim.

Presently she looked out of the window, and seeing that the weather was brighter, she flung Winifred in the toy cupboard on a medley of boxes, trains, horses, carts, running tops, and all sorts of hard uncomfortable things, exclaiming, 'Come along, Molly! let's go outdoors for a game.'

Molly jumped up gleefully, and the pair rushed off together.

The time dragged slowly on. It seemed days since Mrs. Grey had left the room, and Winifred lay prone where Ettie had thrown her, getting colder and colder every minute, and longing intensely for her mother's return. At last she got so numbed and chill that her senses seemed to be going, when all at once she felt a touch on her arm, and heard her mother's voice, saying, 'Wake up, my pet! You have been fast asleep, and the fire is nearly out.'

'Oh, mother dear!' cried Winifred, jumping up, 'I have had a horrid dream? How glad I am to wake up and find it is not real.'

The Sparrow's Clock.

(Isla May Mullins, in the 'Youth's Companion'.)

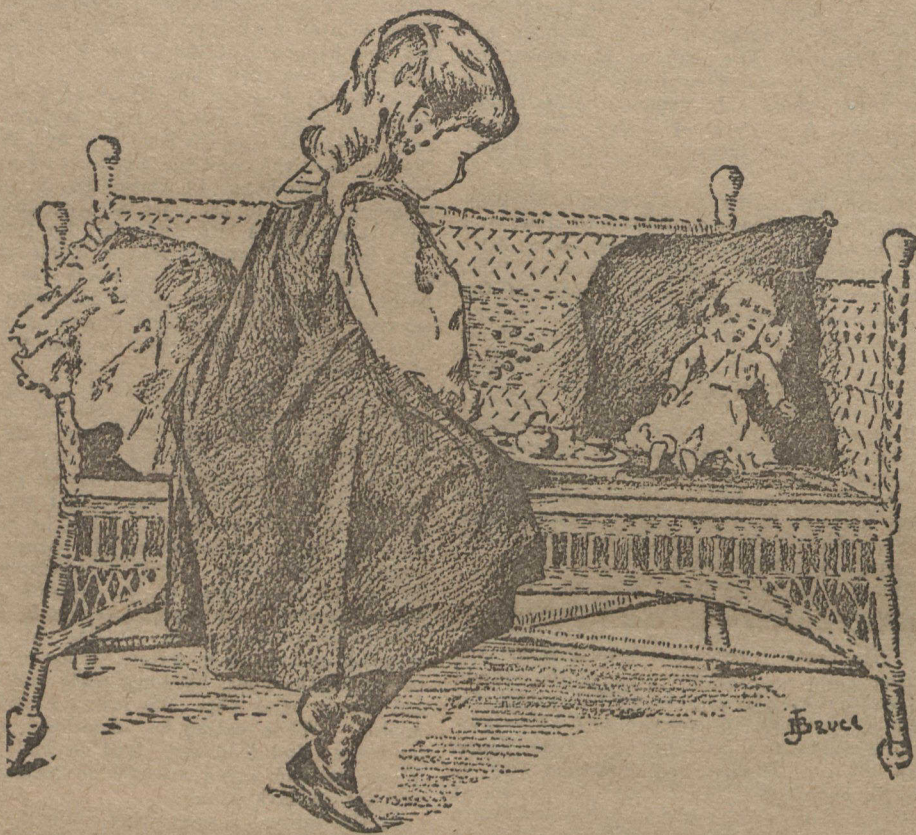
It did seem to be a very hard matter to get a certain little brown head and pair of sturdy feet of the Craig household started mornings. They were everywhere when once about, but to start them was the trouble.

Christmas was over, you know, and there was nothing interesting to wake up for; so Father Craig called, Mother Craig entreated, and Sister Sue pinched and tickled in vain.

Roy was always late to breakfast, and tumbled into his seat at school, spent and breathless, at the last moment, leaving behind him an equally spent and breathless household, which had finally succeeded in getting him off.

He was only seven years old, it was true, but Mother Craig said such tardiness would never do, for a boy who was tardy would grow into a tardy man.

She lay awake one morning, thinking about it, almost unhappy over it in spite of the bright sweep of sky which her window framed, and the gay



'IT WOULD BE SO DELIGHTFUL.'

not like them any better if they became, what the Scotch people call, uncanny; which they certainly would do, if they spoke like human beings.'

Mrs. Grey was just then called out of the room, so she left Winifred alone, curled up in a large armchair.

Presently she heard a rustling noise, and turning round, found her biggest doll, Molly, a huge creature with very red cheeks, and staring blue eyes, standing by her side. To her amazement, Winifred saw that Molly had suddenly grown to at least four times her natural size, while she herself had dwindled into a small creature, no bigger than a good-sized kitten.

'Now, then!' said Molly in a loud dictatorial voice, 'I'm going to undress you, and do your hair. Perhaps I shall give you a bath as well. I shall see!'

'Indeed, I shall not let you do anything of the kind!' said Winifred with great indignation. 'Who ever heard of a child being undressed, and bathed at this time in the afternoon?'

'We shall see,' answered Molly. 'I am mistress now, and you can't help yourself, whatever I do to you.'

With this she grabbed Winifred roughly round the waist, and lifted her

'My goodness! How you have bundled me about sometimes!'

While she was speaking she had removed all Winifred's clothes. This done, she tucked her under her arm, head downward, and went to search in the cupboard for the bath and brush, and comb, but catching sight of a book, she immediately dropped her helpless victim on the floor, and seating herself close by, became absorbed in a story, and forgot everything else.

It was a bitterly cold afternoon, and in spite of the warm fire, poor Winifred felt miserably chilled, and begged that she might be dressed again, but Molly appeared stone deaf, and only moved presently to go and reseat herself, with her absorbing book, in the armchair.

Then another doll, named Ettie, who had also increased immensely in size, came up to where Winifred lay sprawling, and picked her up, saying, Molly, if you have done playing with Winifred, I'm going to have her for a little while.'

'All right,' replied Molly, 'I don't want her; but do wash her face, it's downright grimy,' and she was immediately absorbed in her book again.

Ettie produced from the cupboard a