

# LITTLE TALES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE



## Game of Sheep and Wolf.

**T**EAR a piece of paper into as many pieces as there are players, and on each piece write some number representing an hour in the day. As there are only twelve hours, there can be only twelve numbers, but if more than twelve are playing you can make some of the numbers half hours until there are the required amount.

On one piece mark a cross and then shake all the numbers in a hat, each player drawing one out. The man who gets the slip with the cross on it, it "It," or the "Wolf," while the other players are called the "Sheep."

A ring is then formed by the sheep, the wolf standing in the middle. The sheep then call out, "What time will you dine today, old wolf?" and Mr. Wolf calls out any hour he happens to think of. The sheep then, who holds the slip corresponding to the number called by the wolf, starts to run. If he can get around the ring three times before being caught by the wolf he is safe; if not, he must be "wolf." The game keeps up until all have had their turn at being "wolf," and this does not take long, for the wolf is not supposed to call the same number twice.

## A Black and White Boy.

Billy watched mamma writing a letter to father, who was far away, and he thought he would like to write one, too. But mamma said: "No, you might spill the ink."

Billy did not think he would, but he waited until mamma had left the room, and then he climbed upon the chair, and there in front of him on the desk were the pretty ink bottle and a pen.

"I can write, too," cried Billy, and reached across to seize the pen, when the sudden movement upset the chair under his feet, and down went Billy, ink and all.

When mamma came in to see what caused the crash she found a funny little boy with big blotches of ink all over his face, and I am afraid mamma was pretty angry at seeing her carpet all spoiled, so Billy did not appear at the supper table that night.

## Baby's Weather.

When baby's eyes are stormy,  
And we smile at her in vain,  
Grandma shakes her head, and murmurs  
She's afraid it's going to rain.

When the baby's eyes are dancing,  
Shining like two stars with fun,  
Grandma smiles and says she's certain  
We shall have a spell of sun.

## Story of a Bullfrog.

The cave of a green-skinned hermit is formed by two stones, moss covered and cold, near the shore of a shallow lake. He seldom leaves his dwelling by day, but nightly prowls around the water—the terror of animals even larger than himself, for his is a well-known and exceedingly daring appetite, indeed.

Snails and such prey are easy victims for one who can leap as nimbly and as far as their green-backed enemy, and the quarrelsome crawfish, despite their claws, are often devoured by the hungry hermit.

Sadder than these is the fall of an occasional chick or duckling, whose life goes out in the stomach of the voracious bullfrog. You have probably guessed that this strange hermit is none other than the celebrated bullfrog of America.

At night the bellowing of this old frog often frightened the children who visited the country around the lake, till one day he proved that he had some kindness in his heart.

During the rainfall his mood was most cheery. He actually smiled, and, chatter-

ing to some scampering tadpoles, asked why they hurried and darted so aimlessly thither and thither. Such sociability from the hermit before dinner was startling, and poor, frightened tadpoles, without any tongues, what could they answer?

They opened their queer little mouths and wriggled their flat tails, trying not to seem afraid of being gobbled up.

"When I was a tadpole like you," began the frog.

"O-o-o!" went the mouths and eyes of the amazed tadpoles. They were just baby tadpoles, and had not yet learned that the frog in the shiny green coat had been a little black grubby thing like one of them.

"When I was a tadpole," continued the frog, "I took better care of my tail. My advice to you, young people, is to guard your tails. Do not wriggle them so much for nothing at all and keep them from the tips of the water tigers. You will lose them soon enough."

Every tadpole's tail in the lake became quite still, and tears from those baby eyes fell fast.

"You needn't cry," piped the hermit, kindly. "You will not lose the whole tail at once. And you will first develop forelegs. You will then come into possession of a tongue, while the body takes up the tail, a little at a time, to add to its own growth. Two more legs will make their appearance, and bye and bye you may, perhaps, be as handsome as myself."

"O-O-O!" rounder and rounder became the tadpoles' eyes and mouths in their joy.

With legs like the frog's they would be able to live on land if they chose, or to swim for years if they liked, as he had done.

It was the talk of the lake, as they had heard more than once, that the hermit had lived for years without any support for his feet but the water. That was before he found the mossy cave. And his particular boast was that none in the frog race could surpass him in swimming.

The tadpoles were grateful for the information given by their grown-up relative, and, as they slowly skimmed over the water, they resolved to guard their tails and grow into splendid big bullfrogs, in order to live in moss-grown castles, each by himself.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Extra Good Soldiers.

Robert, a 4-year-old American citizen, recently went a-visiting in a big fort, where he was entertained nobly by officers and men. One day he was taken in state to see a drill on the parade ground, and just as he got there the line was standing immovably at "Attention!"

Robert's acquaintance with soldiers had been intimate, but not wide, having been gained entirely from the tin soldiers in the box which was presented to him for his birthday. Therefore he promptly noticed a great and surprising difference between the soldiers on the parade ground and those at home, and he expressed it solemnly in a shrill voice that reached the ranks:

"Them's extra good soldiers, I guess!" remarked he. "They don't fall down at all, does they?"

## Tom's Clever Trick.

Many New York girls and boys, as well as out-of-town young visitors to the city, will recall Tom, the big performing elephant who furnished daily amusement for his young audiences with tricks and other marvelous performances in the Central Park menagerie. That is to say, his performances seemed marvelous for a heavy elephant whose natural position was on all fours, and who did not speak English, even though it almost seemed as if he

understood it. Old Tom finally became so dangerous that about two years ago he had to be quietly put away by a dose of poison.

Perhaps the most remarkable of Tom's tricks was one of which his trainer was very proud, not only because it was difficult, but because it was novel as well. Tom would stand upon his hind legs on a strong box, take from his keeper's hand a boy's mouth organ, gracefully curl his trunk back until it rested on his forehead and then alternately blow and draw his breath through the musical reeds of the toy.

Bears have been trained to beat a drum and to wrestle, seals have been taught to play ball and ponies to play see-saw, but Tom's proud keeper thought his pet overtopped all other performing large animals in this novel musical solo.—St. Nicholas.

## The Owl and the Lark.

Oh, the Owl and the Lark  
Went a-sailing after dark,  
And they boated and they floated down  
The river to the sea;  
On their mandolins they played,  
And such merry music made  
That the donkey in the distance fairly  
Laughed aloud in glee.

The tide was ebbing fast,  
And the boat went drifting past;  
The donkey gave a whistle as he munched  
A thistle bloom,  
And he said, "It's my belief,  
They will surely come to grief,  
And the motion of the ocean will precipitate their doom."

The boat it sped along,  
And so merry was their song  
That the moon very soon wondered what  
The noise could be;  
Peering over the horizon,  
She exclaimed, "Well, that's surprisin'!  
Do those strangers know the dangers of  
This shiny, briny sea?"

Then the boat gave a lurch,  
The Lark wobbled on her perch;  
She was handlin' her mandolin, when  
Overboard it went.  
But the Owl said, "Now, my dear,  
I will get it, never fear!"  
And with an oar he dashed and splashed  
To reach the instrument.

But alas! the boat upset  
In the watery waves so wet,  
And both the quaking, shaking birds were  
Dumped into the deep;  
The Owl was washed aground,  
But the little Lark was drowned,  
Which caused the Owl to yowl and howl,  
And moved the moon to weep.  
—Carolyn Wells in St. Nicholas.

## An Orphan Defined.

The word "orphan" occurred in the Sunday school lesson. Miss Ida V. Stamps asked if any of the little boys in the class knew what an orphan was. There was no response. Thinking to help the little fellows to search out the right answer, Miss Stamps, the teacher, said:

"Why, children, I'm an orphan; now, can't you tell me what an orphan is?"

"Up went the hand of a little boy.

"All right, Johnnie," said the teacher, "that's a good boy. You tell us what an orphan is."

"An orphan," replied the little fellow, without the slightest hint of a smile and with deep earnestness—"an orphan is a young lady what wants to get married and can't."—Lippincott's.

## Dog Saves a Boy's Life.

Harry Steffens, 8 years old, 57 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, owes his life to Prince, his St. Bernard dog, and there is nothing too good for the big pet today. Harry was playing with Prince in Pearl street, near Myrtle avenue. He was on roller skates, when he suddenly slipped and fell. He was right in front of a heavily-laden truck, which was coming at a rapid pace. Prince had been frolicking along at the boy's side, and as the lad fell almost under the feet of the horses the dog grabbed

him by the collar and dragged him out of danger.

After dragging Harry out of the path of the truck, Prince would not allow any of the men who witnessed the incident to touch him, licking the boy's face and whining until Harry jumped to his feet.

After seeing his young master was all right, Prince jumped about, barking with joy, and allowed the women who had assembled to pet him. A physician, who was in the crowd, examined Harry and said he had escaped injury. The women would have made Prince sick feeding him bonbons if Harry had not decided to take him home.

## Story of the Wood Told.

A boy was sitting near the stove watching the fire burn. All at once he fancied that he heard a voice speak to him and he thought it was a piece of wood. The wood said: "Once upon a time I was a seed that had fallen off a tree. I lay on the ground for a week. Then some clouds spread over the sky and it began to snow. The snow covered me and I lay on the ground all winter in the warm snow. When spring came I began to grow. I grew until I was 15 years old. One day a wood-cutter came along and cut me down. He put me into a wagon and rode down to the woodyard. I lay in the woodyard about a month and then your father came and carried me to your house." This was all the piece of wood said.

## Awake and Asleep.

Creeping so swiftly all over the floor,  
Now here by the window, now there by the door,  
Herself pulling up by chair and by bed,  
Getting many a bump on her dear little head;  
Little sharp eyes spying every stray pin,  
Little mouth open to put them all in;  
Laughing and growing with frolicsome glee,  
As merry a child as you'll anywhere see;  
Our dear little wide-awake baby.

A little warm thing cuddled down in a heap,  
Her soft cheeks aflush with the roses of sleep;  
Little smiles hidden all safely away,  
To be brought forth again at the dawn of the day;  
Little feet resting, and little hands, too,  
Which is more than by daylight they ever can do.

Tucked in with many a kiss and caress;  
Many angels watch o'er her! May God ever bless  
Our dear little sound asleep baby!  
—Babyland.

## Pointed Paragraphs

Many a strong-headed man is weak-minded.

"Age makes some men wise to their lack of wisdom.

It is getting the kite on a string that makes it soar.

Spinsters look upon the engagement ring as a promising affair.

Men love women less than they love to have women love them.

A bachelor's idea of a fatal flirtation is one that ends in marriage.

Many a man who thinks he is wedded to the truth is a grass widower.

A man always likes his mother-in-law among his most distant relatives.

His satanic majesty never offers to go into partnership with a busy man.

It isn't necessarily a compliment to say a man is sound. Some men are all sound.

An up-to-date Cincinnati divorce lawyer has on his business card "Missed marriages a specialty."

Fifteen million clocks were made in this country last year, yet there are men who can't get tick at the corner grocery.—Chicago News.

