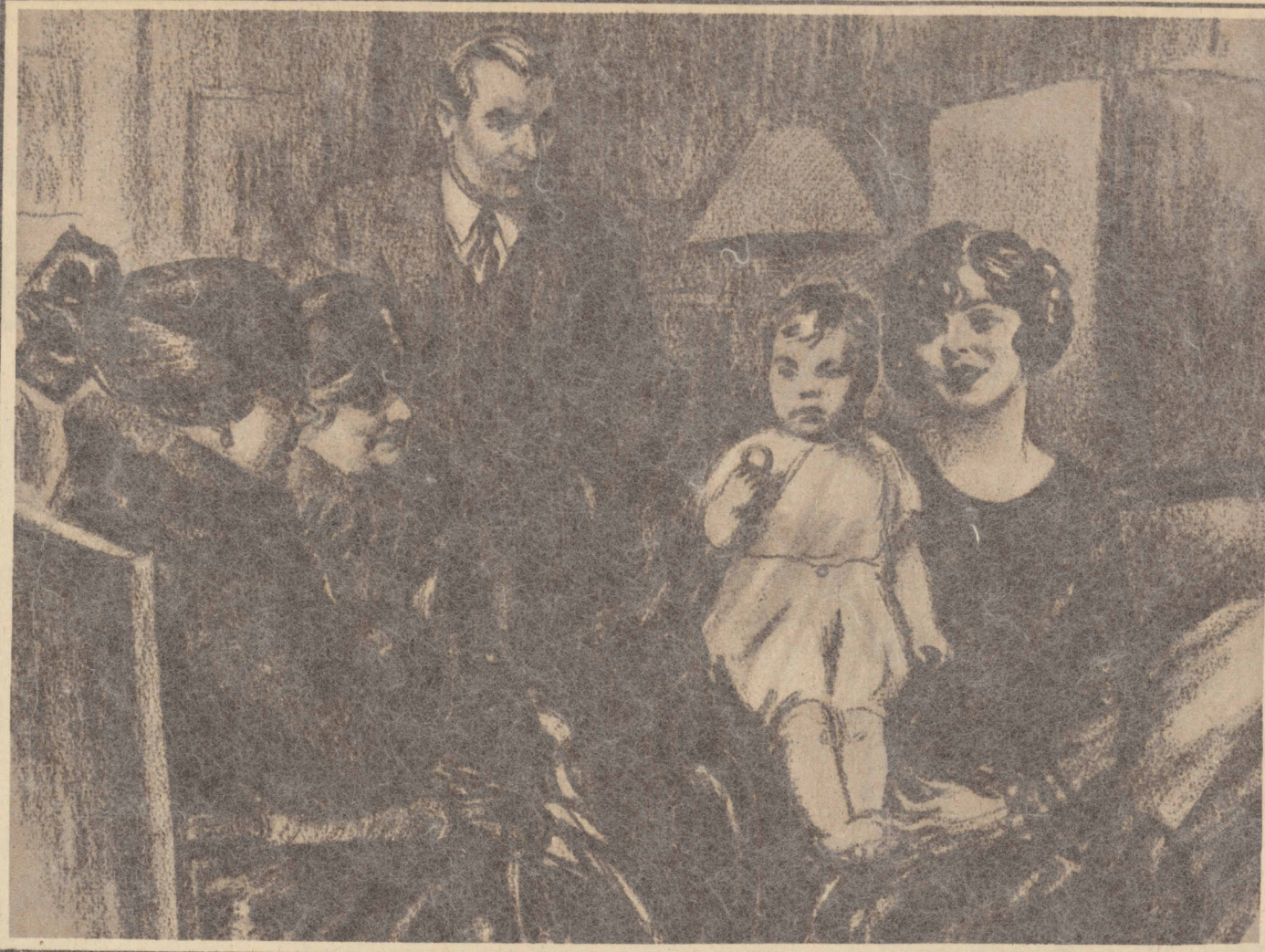


The Cute Child

By W. E. HILL



The cuter the parents the cuter the child. Mamma has taught little June the cutest parlor trick. It's a sort of game with the callers. June says "Boo!" and then a grown-up gives a big jump and pretends to be scared to death. Then over again. And over and over. It's a great game, only kind of wearing on the grown-ups after the fifteenth "boo."



The wise cracker. Take the word of a fond parent that Fredricka is hot stuff. "B-R-I-G-H-T," spells Rica's mother to the caller across Fredricka; "never misses a trick. Really, I shouldn't tell this before her, but it was too cute! She was playing store with another little girl, and they were making believe they couldn't pay so much. 'Well,' said Rica, 'you know you can always sell a bond.' Wasn't that too cute of her? Imagine!"

The little roughneck. Berta is always ready for a good roughhouse or a romp. Loves to leap upon grown-ups and pummel them. Very musing to the clothes. Calls her father "Pops" and is considered too cute even when most active.



The hard boiled article. Uncle Howard has just asked Elsa, a so-called modern child, what she wants Santa Claus to bring her. Elsa, the darling kiddie, with just the faintest suspicion of a yawn, replies sweetly: "How much do you want to spend?"



The affectionate child is nicknamed Cherie, and mamma, grandmamma and Auntie Edie are bringing Cherie up as a sort of feminine Eros. "Cherie, dear, run out and give Cousin Marshall a nice kiss and a big teddy bear hug!" cry mamma, grandmamma and Aunt Edie in chorus, and, after just the tiniest hesitancy, Cherie will strangle hold Cousin Marshall and bestow many moist kisses till called off by mamma. "Isn't she sweet!" Aunt Edie will exclaim. "Did you ever see such a little flirt!"



The inquiring child who asks the difficult questions. Wants to know if there were only one cat and dog left in the world could they have kittens? And what is space made of? And what are endocrine glands? Very hard to live up to.



The delicate child is a frequent sufferer from overexcitement. A party or a big Christmas tree, or a birthday cake followed by fireworks, will like as not throw him into a slight but active indisposition. Here we see young Ernest being piloted from a little friend's box party after overeating from a box of chocolate almonds plus overstimulation from the play.



"O, Edna, why are the little colored babies so much cuter than the white ones?"



The budding genius. Will you just look at what Wetzel has done! "Really, it's much better than lots of the things you see in the magazines!"



The frank child. Babe just comes out with everything. The most dreadful family skeletons trickle forth with that lovable, child-like naivete so dangerous in a large family. "Uncle Matt," Babe is asking, "why did you tell Auntie May that mamma had piano legs? They don't look a bit like the legs on our piano. Mamma says she doesn't know what you mean either!"