

Stories and Rhymes for Young Children

STORY HOUR SERIES

SELECTED AUTHORS

Stories and Rhymes for Young Children

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Stories and Rhymes for Young Children

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Mother Goose Rhymes

Part 1
Personal to the Child

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
Bake me a cake as fast as I can:
Pat it, and poke it, and mark it with a B
Put it in the oven for Baby and me.

This little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had roast beef;
This little pig had none;
This little pig said, "Wee, wee!
I can't find my way home."

Eye winker,
Tom Tinker,
Nose smeller,
Mouth eater,
Chin chopper,
Chin chopper.
Brow bender,
Eye peeper,
Nose smeller,
Mouth eater,

Chin chopper,
Knock at the door–peep in,
Lift up the latch–walk in.

Warm hands, warm, daddy's gone to plough;
If you want to warm hands, warm hands now.

(A finger play)
There were two blackbirds
    Sitting on a hill,
The one was named Jack,
    The other named Jill;
Fly away, Jack!
Fly away, Jill!
Come back, Jack!
Come back, Jill!

Dance, Thumbkin, dance,
    [*Keep the thumb in motion.*]
Dance, ye merrymen, every one;
    [*All the fingers in motion.*]
For Thumbkin, he can dance alone,
    [*The thumb only moving.*]
Thumbkin, he can dance alone,
Dance, Foreman, dance,
    [*The first finger moving.*]

Dance, ye merrymen, every one;
[*The whole moving.*]
But Foreman, he can dance alone,
Foreman, he can dance alone.

[And so on with the others–naming the second finger "Longman", the third finger, "Ringman," and the fourth finger "Littleman". Littleman cannot dance alone.]

Dancy-diddlety-poppity-pin!
Have a new dress when the summer comes in;
When summer goes out,
'Tis all worn out,
Dancy-diddlety-poppity-pin!

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master;
And she shall have but a penny a day,
Because she can't work any faster.

Dance, little baby, dance up high
Never mind, baby, mother is by;
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There, little baby, there you go;
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards, round and round;

Dance, little baby, and mother will sing,
With the merry chorus, ding, ding, ding!

To market, to market, to buy a plum bun;
Home again, come again, Market is done.
To market, to market, to buy a plum cake,
Back again, back again, baby is late.

To market, to market, to buy a plum bun,
Back again, back again, market is done.
To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, dancing a jig;
Ride to the market to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

Here we go up, up, up,
    And here we go down, down, downy;
And here we go backwards and forwards,
    And here we go round, round, roundy.

    Ride, baby, ride,
    Pretty baby shall ride,
And have a little puppy-dog tied to her side,
And a little pussy-cat tied to the other,

And away she shall ride
To see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother.

Here am I
Little jumping Joan;
When nobody's with me,
I'm always alone.

This is the way the ladies ride:
Tri, tre, tre, tree,
Tri, tre, tre, tree!
This is the way the ladies ride,
Trie, tre, tre, tre, tri-tre-tre-tree!

This is the way the gentlemen ride:
Gallop-a-trot,
Gallop-a-trot!
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot!

This is the way the farmers ride;
Hobbledy-hoy,
Hobbledy-hoy!
This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy hobbledy-hoy!

Tickle ye, tickle ye in your hand,
If you laugh you are a man,
If you cry you are a baby,
If you dance you are a lady.

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady upon a white horse,
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

What are little boys made of, made of?
What are little boys made of?
Snips and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails;
And that's what little boys are made of, made of.

What are little girls made of, made of, made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice;
And that's what little girls are made of, made of.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
    How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle-shells
    And pretty maids all in a row.

Pease porridge hot,
    Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot,
    Nine days old.
Some like it hot,
    Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
    Nine days old.

Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a Queen;
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the King.

    Hush thee, my baby,
    Lie still with thy daddy,
Thy mommy has gone to the mill,
    To grind thee some wheat
    To make thee some meat,
And so, my dear baby, lie still.

Bye, baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit's skin,
To wrap his baby Bunting in.

Diddle, diddle, dumpling,
    My son John
Went to bed
    With his stockings on;
One shoe off,
    The other shoe on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling,
    My son John.

Hush-a-bye-, baby,
On the tree-top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks
The cradle will fall,
Down will came baby,
Bough, cradle and all.

Good night,
Sleep tight,
Wake up bright
In the morning light,
To do what's right,
With all your might.

Part 2

Animals and their Doings

Ding, dong bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Lin.
Who pulled her out?
Little Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy was that
To drown the poor, poor pussy-cat
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn.

I like little pussy, her coat is so warm.
And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm;
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But pussy and I very gently will play.

"Bow, wow,"
Says the dog;
"Mew, mew,"
Says the cat;
"Grunt, grunt,"
Goes the hog;

And "Squeak,"
Goes the rat.
"Who-Who,"
Says the owl;
"Caw, caw,"
Says the crow.
"Quack, quack,"
Says the duck;
And what sparrows
Say, you know.

A cat came fiddling
Out of a barn,
With a pair of bagpipes
Under her arm;
She could sing nothing
But fiddle-cum dee,
The mouse has married
The bumble-bee;
Pipe, cat; dance, mouse:
We'll have a wedding
At our good house.

Diddledy, diddledy, dumpty:
The cat ran up the plum-tree.

Half a crown
To fetch her down;
Diddledy, diddledy, dumpty.

Hey! Diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
While the dish ran away with the spoon.

Great A, little a,
Bouncing B!
The cat's in the cupboard,
And she can't see.
A, B, C, tumble-down D,
The cat's in the cupboard and can't see me.

Bow-wow-wow!
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tommy Tinker's dog,
Bow-wow-wow!

Rub a dub dub,
Three men in a tub;

And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker;
Turn 'em out, knaves all three!

There were two birds sat on a stone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
One flew away, and then there was one,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
The other flew after,
And then were was none,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
And so the poor stone
Was left all alone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing,
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the King?

The King was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;

The Queen was in the parlour,
    Eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden
    Hanging out the clothes;
When up came a blackbird,
    And snapped off her nose!

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor robin do then,
    Poor thing?

He'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
    Poor thing!

Higgledy piggledy, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Sometimes nine, and sometimes ten,
Higgledy, piggledy, my black hen!

Once I saw a little bird
    Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, "Little bird,
    Will you stop, stop, stop?"

And was going to the window
    To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
    And far away he flew.

Mary had a pretty bird,
    Feathers bright and yellow,

Slender legs; upon my word,
    He was a pretty fellow.

The sweetest notes he always sung,
    Which much delighted Mary;

And near the cage she'd often sit,
    To hear her own Canary.

I had a little cow; Hey-diddle, ho-diddle!
I had a little cow, and it had a little calf;

Hey-diddle, ho-diddle; and there's my song half.
    I had a little cow;
    Hey-diddle, ho-diddle!
I had a little cow, and I drove it to the stall;
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle; and there's my song all!

Little Bo-peep
    Has lost her sheep,
And can't tell
    Where to find them;

Leave them alone,
    And they'll come home,
And bring their
    Tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
    And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke she found it a joke,
    For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
    Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her
    Heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind 'em!

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
    The clock struck one,
    And down he run,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

Bah, bah, black sheep,
    Have you any wool?
Yes, sir, yes, sir,
    Three bags full;

One for my master,
    And one for my dame,
And one for the little boy
    Who lives in the lane.

Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children all gone,
All but one, and her name is Ann,
And she crept under the pudding-pan.

    Fiddle-de-dee,
    Fiddle-de-dee.
The fly shall marry the bumble-bee.
They went to the church and married was she,--
The fly has married the bumble-bee.

Three blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a carving-knife;
Did you ever see such a thing in your life?
    As three blind mice!

1, 2, 3, 4, 5!
I caught a hare alive;
6, 7, 8, 9, 10!
I let her go again.

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
    Where have you been?
I've been to London
    To visit the Queen.
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
    What did you there?
I frightened a little mouse
    Under the chair.

Three little kittens lost their mittens,
    And they began to cry,
    "O mother dear,
    We very much fear
    That we have lost our mittens."

    "Lost your mittens!
    You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie."
    "Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
"No, you shall have no pie."
    "Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

Three little kittens found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"O mother dear,
See here, see her
See! We have found our mittens."

"Put on your mittens,
You silly kittens,
And you shall have some pie."
"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh, let us have the pie.
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r."

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
"O, mother dear,
We greatly fear
That we have soil'd our mittens."

"Soiled your mittens!
You naughty kittens!"
Then they began to sigh,
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
Then they began to sigh,
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, meow."

The three little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry;
"O mother dear,

Do you not hear,
That we have washed our mittens?"
"Washed your mittens!
Oh, you're good kittens.
But I smell a mouse close by!"
"Hush, hush! Mee-ow, mee-ow!
We smell a mouse close by!
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"

Part 3

Other Children and Other People in Relation to the Child

Little boy blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where's the boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haystack, fast asleep.
Will you wake him? No, not I;
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.

Simple Simon met a pieman
    Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
    "Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
    "Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
    "Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
    For to catch a whale;
All the water he could find
    Was in his mother's pail!

Simple Simon went to look
    If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much,
    Which made poor Simon whistle.

He went to catch a dicky bird,
    And thought he could not fail,
Because he had a little salt,
    To put upon its tail.

He went for water with a sieve,
    But soon it all ran through;
And now poor Simple Simon
    Bids you all adieu.

When little Fred went to bed
He always said his prayers.
He kissed mamma and then papa,
And straightway went upstairs.

The girl in the lane, that couldn't speak plain,
    Cried, "Gobble, gobble, gobble."
The man on the hill, that couldn't stand still,
    Went hobble, hobble hobble.

"To bed! To bed!"
Says Sleepy-head;
"Tarry awhile," says Slow;
"Put on the pot,"
Says Greedy-sot;
"We'll sup before we go."

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and took out a plum,
And said, "What a brave boy am I!"

There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed and lay upon straw.

Johnny shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair,
And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon
To tie up his bonny brown hair.
And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?

And why may not I love Johnny,
As well as another body?
And here's a leg for a stocking,
And here is a leg for a shoe,
And he has a kiss for his daddy,
And two for his mommy, I trow.
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Johnny has gone to the fair.
He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

Three wise men of Gotham,
Went to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger
My song had been longer.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

There was an old woman
Lived under a hill;
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run.
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs, in his nightgown,
Rapping at the window, crying through the lock,
"Are the children in their beds? For now it's eight o'clock."

I'll tell you a story
About Jack a Nory,--
And now my story's begun.
I'll tell you another
About his brother,--
And now my story is done.

The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts, he stole the tarts,
And took them clean away.

The King of Hearts called for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore;
The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more.

I'll sing you a song,
Though not very long,
Yet I think it as pretty as any;
Put your hand in your purse,
You'll never be worse,
And give the poor singer a penny.

There was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half;
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall,
And that's all.

Goosey, goosey, gander,
Who stands yonder?
Little Betsy Baker;
Take her up, and shake her.

There was a little boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay;
And owl came out and flew about,
And the little boy ran away.

Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
And let's drink tea.

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
They're all gone away.

There was an old woman tossed up in a basket
Ninety-nine times as high as the moon;
But where she was going, no mortal could tell,
For under her arm she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," said I,
"O whither, O whither, O whither so high?"
"I'm sweeping the cobwebs off the sky!"
"Shall I go with thee?" "Ay, by and by."

When Jacky's a very good boy,
He shall have cakes and a custard;
But when he does nothing but cry,
He shall have nothing but mustard.

"Little girl, little girl, where have you been?"
"Gathering roses to give to the Queen."
"Little girl, little girl, what gave she you?"
"She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe."

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children, she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She spanked them all soundly and put them to bed.

Little Polly Flinders,
Sat among the cinders,
    Warming her pretty little toes;
Her mother came and caught her,
Spanked her little daughter,
    For spoiling her nice new clothes.

Little Miss Muffet,
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey;
There came a great spider,
Who sat down beside her,
Which frightened Miss Muffet away.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so, betwixt them both, you see,
They licked the platter clean.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a milking, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.

"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.
"Say, will you marry me, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.

Little Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper;
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.

How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How will he be married
Without e'er a wife?

Curly locks! Curly locks! Wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine,
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream!

Cock a doodle-doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling-stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock a doodle-doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling-stick,
Sing doodle, doodle doo!

Cock a doodle do!
My dame will dance with you
While master fiddles his fiddling-stick
For dame and doodle doo.

Part 4

Days and Nights, Weeks and Months and Years, Time and the Weather, Etc.

How many days has my baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

A diller, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
And now you come at noon.

Cock crows in the morn,
To tell us to rise,
And he who lies late
Will never be wise.

For early to bed,
And early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy
And wealthy and wise.

Solomon Grundy,
    Born on a Monday,
Christened on a Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday.
    This is the end
    Of Solomon Grundy!

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace.
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go.
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for a living;
And a child that's born on Christmas Day
Is fair and wise, good and gay.

If you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on Wednesday, sneeze for a letter;
Sneeze on Thursday, something's better;
Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on Saturday, joy tomorrow!

As John and Jane
Walked through the lane,
    One very pleasant Sunday,
    Said John to Jane,
    "Unless it rains,
Tomorrow will be Monday."

Daffy-down-dilly
Has come up to town
In a yellow petticoat
And a green gown.

March winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers.

In April's sweet month,
When leaves begin to spring,
Little lambs skip like fairies,
And birds build and sing.

A sunshiny shower,
Won't last half an hour.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November.
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting Leap-year, that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day,
Little Johnny wants to play.

As the days grow longer
The storms grow stronger.
When the days begin to lengthen
Then the cold begins to strengthen.

One misty, moisty morning
    When cloudy was the weather,
    I chanced to meet an old man
    Clothed all in leather;
    Clothed all in leather,
    With cap under his chin,--
How do you do, and how do you do,
    And how do you do again?

Bring the hoop, and bring the ball,
Come with happy faces all;
Let us make a merry ring,
Talk and laugh, and dance and sing.
Quickly, quickly, come away,
For it is a pleasant day.

Rainbow at night
Is the sailor's delight;
Rainbow in the morning,
Sailors, take warning.

Part 5

Plays, Games, Riddles, Counting Rhymes, Etc.

Here we go round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush;
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
On a cold and frosty morning!

This is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes;
This is the way we wash our clothes,
On a cold and frosty morning!

This is the way we dry our clothes,
Dry our clothes, dry our clothes;
This is the way we dry our clothes
On a cold and frosty morning!

This is the way we mend our shoes,
Mend our shoes, mend our shoes;
This is the way we mend our shoes,
On a cold and frosty morning!

This is the way the ladies walk,
Ladies walk, ladies walk;
This is the way the ladies walk,
On a cold and frosty morning!

This is the way the gentlemen walk,
Gentlemen walk, gentlemen walk;
This is the way the gentlemen walk,
On a cold and frosty morning!

Girls and boys, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into the street.
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
You find milk, and I'll find flour,
And we'll have pudding in half an hour.

(A child hides something in one hand, and then places both fists endways on each other, saying–)
Handy-dandy riddled ro,
Which will you have, high or low?

Now we dance looby, looby, looby,
Now we dance looby, looby, light;
Shake your right hand a little,
And turn you round about.

Now we dance looby, looby, looby,
Shake your right hand a little,
Shake your left hand a little,
And turn you round about.

Now we dance looby, looby, looby,
Shake your right hand a little,
Shake your left hand a little,
Shake your right food a little,
And turn you round about.

Now we dance looby, looby, looby,
Shake your right hand a little,
Shake your left hand a little,
Shake your right foot a little,
Shake your left foot a little,
And turn you round about.

Now we dance looby, looby, looby,
Shake your right hand a little,
Shake your left hand a little,
Shake your right foot a little,
Shake your left foot a little,

Shake your head a little,
And turn you round about.

Gay go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town.

"Bull's eyes and targets,"
Say the bells of St. Marg'rets.

"Brickbats and tiles,"
Say the bells of St. Giles'.

"Halfpence and farthings,"
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

"Pancakes and fritters,"
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

"Two sticks and an apple,"
Say the bells at Whitechapel.

"Old Father Baldpate,"
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

"You owe me ten shillings,"
Say the bells at St. Helen's.

"Pokers and tongs,"
Say the bells at St. John's.

"Kettles and pans,"
Say the bells at St. Ann's.

"When will you pay me?"
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

"When I grow rich,"
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

"Pray when will that be?"
Say the bells of Stepney.

"I am sure I don't know,"
Says the great bell at Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head.

London Bridge is fallen down,
    Fallen down, Fallen down,
London Bridge is fallen down,
    My fair lady-o.

How shall we build it up again?
Up again, up again?
How shall we build it up again?
My fair lady-o.

Build it up with silver and gold,
Silver and gold, silver and gold.
Build it up with silver and gold,
My fair lady-o.

Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Stolen away, stolen away,
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
My fair lady-o.

Build it up with iron and steel,
Iron and steel, iron and steel,
Build it up with iron and steel,
My fair lady-o.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Bend and bow, bend and bow,
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
My fair lady-o.

Build it up with wood and clay
Wood and clay, wood and clay
Build it up with wood and clay,
My fair lady-o.

Wood and clay will wash away,
    Wash away, wash away,
Wood and clay will wash away,
    My fair lady-o.

Build it up with stones so strong,
    Stones so strong, stones so strong,
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
    My fair lady-o.

When a twister a-twisting would twist him a twist;
For twisting a twist, three twists he will twist,
But if one of the twists untwists from the twist,
The twist untwisting untwists the twist.

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers;
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

Little Nancy Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.
A candle.

In marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk;
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
Nor doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.
Egg.

Higher than a house, higher than a tree
Oh, whatever can that be?
A star.

Formed long ago, yet made today,
Employed while others sleep;
What few would like to give away,
Nor any wish to keep.
A bed.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
Not all the King's horses
Nor all the King's men
Could set Humpty Dumpty up again.
An egg.

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?

Eeenie, meenie, minie, mo,
Catch a tiger by the toe.
If he hollers let him go,
Eenie, meenie, minie, mo.

Part 6

Stories, Proverbs, Paradoxes, Experience Rhymes, Rhyming Alphabets, Etc.

Old Mother Goose, when
    She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
    On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
    'Twas built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
    For sentinel stood.

This is her son Jack,
    A plain-looking lad;
He is not very good,
    Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
    A live goose he bought:
"Here! Mother," says he,
    "It will not go for nought."

Jack's goose and her gander
    Grew very fond;

They'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother,
The news for to tell.
She called him a good boy,
And said it was well.

The King of France went up the hill,
With twenty thousand men;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

And every fiddler he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;

"Twee tweedle-dee, tweedle dee," went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare,
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.

Tom he was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
And all the tune that he could play
Was "Over the hills and far away,"

Over the hills, and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off.

Now, Tom with his pipe made such a noise
That he pleased both the girls and boys,
And they stopped to hear him play
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill
That those who heard him could never keep still;
Whenever they heard they began for to dance,--
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play;
So Doll and the cow danced "the Cheshire round,"
Till the pail was broke, and the milk on the ground.

He met old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe and she used her legs;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke,
She began for to fret, but he laughed at the joke.

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there be one, try and find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

I saw a ship a-sailing,
    A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! It was all laden
    With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
    And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
    And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
    That stood between the decks
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
    With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck
    With a packet on his back;

And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! Quack!"

I saw three ships come sailing by,
Come sailing by, come sailing by–
I saw three ships come sailing by,
New Year's Day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them then,
Was in them then, was in them then?
And what do you think was in them then,
New Year's Day in the morning?

Three pretty girls were in them then,
Were in them then, were in them then–
Three pretty girls were in them then,
New Year's Day in the morning.

One could whistle, and another could sing,
And the other could play on the violin–
Such joy was there at my wedding,
New Year's Day in the morning.

Oh that I was where I would be!
Then would I be where I am not!
But where I am I must be,
And where I would be, I cannot.

In times of prosperity friends will be plenty,
In times of adversity not one amongst twenty.

See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all the day.

Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me ree,
None are so blind as those that won't see.

I love sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
    I love sixpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
    And took fourpence home to my wife.
Oh, my little fourpence, pretty little fourpence,
    I love fourpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
    And I took twopence home to my wife.
Oh, my little twopence, my pretty little twopence,
    I love twopence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
    And I took nothing home to my wife.
Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little nothing,
    What will nothing buy for my wife?
I have nothing, I spend nothing,
    I have nothing better than my wife.

There were three jovial huntsmen
    As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
    All on a summer's day.
All the day they hunted,
    And nothing could they find
But a ship a-sailing,
    A-sailing with the wind.
One said it was a ship,
    The other said Nay;
The third said it was a house
    With the chimney blown away.
And all the night they hunted,
    And nothing could they find,
But the moon a-gliding,
    A-gliding with the wind.
One said it was the moon,
    The other said Nay;
The third said it was a cheese,
    And half o' 't cut away.

A man of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds;
For when the weeds begin to grow,
Then doth the garden overflow.

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-hearted fairy, heigh ho, heigh ho!
He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho!
As the light-hearted fairy, heigh-ho, heigh-ho!
His nectar he sips
From the primrose's lips,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-footed fairy, heigh ho, heigh ho!
His night is the noon,
And his sun is the moon,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

Bryan O'Lin and his wife and wife's mother,
They all went over a bridge together;
The bridge was broken, and they all fell in;
"Here's a nice mess!" quoth Bryan O'Lin.

One, two,
Buckle my shoe;
Three, four,
Shut the door;

Five, six,
Pick up sticks;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;
Nine, ten,
A good, fat hen;
Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve?
Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a-courting;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a-kissing;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a-waiting;
Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach's empty.
Pray, dame, give me some supper.

If wishes were horses,
    Beggars would ride;
If turnips were watches,
    I'd wear one by my side.

Birds of a feather flock together,
    And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
    And so will I have mine.

If all the world was apple-pie,
    And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
    What should we have for drink?

A was an apple pie;
B bit it;
C cut it;
D dealt it;
E eats it;
F fought for it;
G got it;
H had it;
J joined it;
K kept it;
L longed for it;
M mourned for it;
N nodded at it;
O opened it;
P peeped in it;
Q quartered it;
R ran for it;
S stole it;
T took it;
V viewed it;
W wanted it;
X, Y, Z and ampersand (&)
All wish'd for a piece in hand.

My story is ended,
My spoon is bended;
If you don't like it,
Go to the next door
And get it mended.

A Child's Garden of Verses

Robert Louis Stevenson

Bed in Summer

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

A Thought

It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink.
With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place.

At the Seaside

When I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
    To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup,
In every hole the sea came up,
    Till it could come no more.

Young Night Thought

All night long and every night,
When my mamma puts out the light,
I see the people marching by,
As plain as day, before my eye.

Armies and emperors and kings,
All carrying different kinds of things,
And marching in so grand a way.
You never saw the like by day.

So fine a show was never seen.
At the great circus on the green;
For every kind of beast and man
Is marching in that caravan.

At first they move a little slow.
But still the faster on they go,
And still beside them close I keep
Until we reach the town of Sleep.

Whole Duty of Children

A child should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able.

Rain

The rain is raining all around,
    It falls on field and tree.
It rains on the umbrellas here,
    And on the ships at sea.

Pirate Story

Three of us afloat in the meadow by the swing,
    Three of us aboard in the basket on the lea.
Winds are in the air, they are blowing in the spring,
    And waves are on the meadow like the waves there
        are at sea.

Where shall we adventure, today that we're afloat,
    Wary of the weather and steering by a star?
Shall it be to Africa, a-steering of the boat;
    To Providence, or Babylon, or off to Malabar?

Hi! but here's a squadron a-rowing on the sea –
    Cattle on the meadow a-charging with a roar!
Quick, and we'll escape them, they're as mad as they can be,
    The wicket is the harbor and the garden is the shore.

Foreign Lands

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships.

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

Windy Nights

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

Travel

I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow; –
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats; –
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar; –
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum; –
Where are forests, hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and cocoa-nuts
And the negro hunters' huts; –
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes; –
Where in jungles, near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear

Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin; –
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house.
Not a stir of child or mouse.
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light,
There I'll come when I'm a man
With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining-room;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights and festivals;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

Singing

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
    And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
    In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
    The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
    Is singing in the rain.

Looking Forward

When I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great.
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys.

A Good Play

We built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.
We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, "Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake"; –
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.
We sailed along for days and days
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.

Where Go the Boats?

Dark brown is the river,
    Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever,
    With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
    Castles of the foam.
Boats of mine a-boating –
    Where will all come home?

On goes the river
    And out past the mill.
Away down the valley.
    Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
    A hundred miles or more.
Other little children
    Shall bring my boats ashore.

Auntie's Skirts

Whenever Auntie moves around,
Her dresses make a curious sound;
They trail behind her up the floor,
And trundle after through the door.

The Land of Counterpane

When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill.
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

The Land of Nod

From breakfast on all through the day
At home among my friends I stay;
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do –
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain-sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see.
And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the land of Nod.
Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

My Shadow

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow –'
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nurse as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an errant sleepy-head
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

System

Every night my prayers I say,
And get my dinner every day;
And every day that I've been good,
I get an orange after food.

The child that is not clean and neat,
With lots of toys and things to eat;
He is a naughty child, I'm sure –
Or else his dear papa is poor.

A Good Boy

I woke before the morning, I was happy all the day,
I never said an ugly word, but smiled and stuck to play.

And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood.
And I am very happy, for I know that I've been good.

My bed is waiting cool and fresh, with linen smooth and fair.
And I must off to sleepsin-by, and not forget my prayer.

I know that, till tomorrow I shall see the sun arise.
No ugly dream shall fright my mind, no ugly sight my eyes,

But slumber hold me tightly till I waken in the dawn,
And hear the thrushes singing in the lilacs round the lawn.

Escape at Bedtime

The lights from the parlour and kitchen shone out
    Through the blinds and the windows and bars;
And high overhead and all moving about,
    There were thousands of millions of stars.

There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,
    Nor of people in church or the Park,
As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon me,
    And that glittered and winked in the dark.

The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter, and all.
  And the Star of the Sailor, and Mars,
These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall
    Would be half full of water and stars.

They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,
And they soon had me packed into bed;
But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes;
And the stars going round in my head.

Marching Song

Bring the comb and play upon it!
Marching, here we come!
Willie cocks his highland bonnet,
Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party,
Peter leads the rear;
Feet in time, alert and hearty,
Each a Grenadier!

All in the most martial manner
Marching double-quick;
While the napkin like a banner
Waves upon the stick!

Here's enough of fame and pillage,
Great commander Jane!
Now that we've been round the village
Let's go home again.

The Cow

The friendly cow all red and white,
    I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might,
    To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
    And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
    The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass
    And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
    And eats the meadow flowers.

Happy Thought

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

The Wind

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;

And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass –
    O wind, a-blowing all day long,
    O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all –
    O wind, a-blowing all day long,
    O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
    O wind, a-blowing all day long,
    O wind, that sings so loud a song!

Keepsake Mill

Over the borders, a sin without pardon,
    Breaking the branches and crawling below.
Out through the breach in the wall of the garden,
    Down by the banks of the river, we go.

Here is the mill with the humming of thunder.
    Here is the weir with the wonder of foam.
Here is the sluice with the race running under –
    Marvelous places, though handy to home!

Sounds of the village grow stiller and stiller,
    Stiller the note of the birds on the hill;
Dusty and dim are the eyes of the miller,
    Deaf are his ears with the moil of the mill.

Years may go by, and the wheel in the river
    Wheel as it wheels for us, children, today.
Wheel and keep roaring and foaming forever,
    Long after all of the boys are away.

Home from the Indies and home from the ocean.
    Heroes and soldiers we all shall come home;
Still we shall find the old mill wheel in motion,
    Turning and churning that river to foam.

You with the bean that I gave when we quarreled,
    I with your marble of Saturday last,
Honored and old and all gaily appareled,
    Here we shall meet and remember the past.

Good and Bad Children

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain, through all bewild'ring,
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places –
That was how, in ancient ages
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory –
Theirs is quite a different story!

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies.
Hated, as their age increases.
By their nephews and their nieces.

Foreign Children

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions overseas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine;
You must often, as you trod
Have wearied not to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.
    Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
    Little frosty Eskimo,
    Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh! don't you wish that you were me?

The Sun's Travels

The sun is not a-bed, when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play.
Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea,
And all the children in the West
Are getting up and being dressed.

The Lamplighter

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;
    It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at tea-time and before you take your seat,
    With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the
        street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
    And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;

But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
And oh! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him tonight!

My Bed is a Boat

My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

At night, I go on board and say
Good-night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do:
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.
All night across the dark we steer;
But when the day returns at last

Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

The Moon

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbor quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

The Swing

How do you like to go up in a swing,
    Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
    Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
    Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
    Over the countryside –

Till I look down on the garden green,
    Down on the roof so brown –
Up in the air I go flying again.
    Up in the air and down!

Time to Rise

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head?"

Looking-Glass River

Smooth it slides upon its travel,
    Here a wimple, there a gleam –
        O the clean gravel!
        O the smooth stream!

Sailing blossoms, silver fishes,
    Paven pools as clear as air –
        How a child wishes
        To live down there!

We can see our colored faces
    Floating on the shaken pool
        Down in cool places,
        Dim and very cool;

Till a wind or water wrinkle,
    Dipping marten, plumping trout,
        Spreads in a twinkle
        And blots all out.

See the rings pursue each other;
    All below grows black as night
        Just as if mother
        Had blown out the light!

Patience, children, just a minute
    See the spreading circles die;
        The stream and all in it
        Will clear by-and-by.

Fairy Bread

Come up here, dusty feet!
    Here is fairy bread to eat.
Here in my retiring room,
Children, you may dine
On the golden smell of broom
    And the shade of pine;
And when you have eaten well,
Fairy stories hear and tell.

From a Railway Carriage

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle;
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes,
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill and there is a river,
Each a glimpse and gone forever!

Winter Time

Late lies the wintry sun a-bed,
A frosty, fiery sleepy-head;
Blinks but an hour or two; and then,
A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies,
At morning in the dark I rise;
And shivering in my nakedness
By the cold candle, bathe and dress.

Close by the jolly fire I sit
To warm my frozen bones a bit;
Or, with a reindeer sled, explore
The colder countries round the door.

When to go out, my nurse doth wrap
Me in my comforter and cap;
The cold wind burns my face, and blows
Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod;
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;
And tree and house, and hill and lake,
Are frosted like a wedding-cake.

The Hayloft

Through all the pleasant meadow-side
    The grass grew shoulder-high,
Till the shining scythes went far and wide
    And cut it down to dry.

These green and sweetly smelling crops
    They led in wagons home;
And they piled them here in mountain tops
    For mountaineers to roam.

Here is Mount Clear, Mount Rusty-Nail,
    Mount Eagle and Mount High; –
The mice that in these mountains dwell.
    No happier are than I!

Oh, what a joy to clamber there,
    Oh, what a place for play.
With the sweet, the dim, the dusty air,
    The happy hills of hay.

Farewell to the Farms

The coach is at the door at last;
The eager children, mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swang upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hayloft door,
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

North-West Passage

1. Good Night

Then the bright lamp is carried in,
The sunless hours again begin;
O'er all without, in field and lane,
The haunted night returns again.

Now we behold the embers flee
About the firelit hearth; and see
Our faces painted as we pass
Like pictures, on the window-glass.

Must we to bed indeed? Well then,
Let us arise and go like men,
And face with an undaunted tread
The long black passage up to bed.

Farewell, brother, sister, sire!
O pleasant party round the fire!
The songs you sing, the tales you tell;
Till far tomorrow, fare ye well!

2. Shadow March

All round the house is the jet-black night;
    It stares through the window-pane;
It crawls in the corners, hiding from the light,
    And it moves with the moving flame.

Now my little heart goes a-beating like a drum
    With the breath of the Bogie in my hair;
And all round the candle the crooked shadows come
    And go marching along up the stair.

The shadow of the balusters, the shadow of the lamp,
    The shadow of the child that goes to bed –
All the wicked shadows coming tramp, tramp, tramp
    With the black night overhead.

3. In Port

Last, to the chamber where I lie,
My fearful footsteps patter nigh,
And come from out the cold and gloom
Into my warm and cheerful room.

There, safe arrived, we turn about
To keep the coming shadows out,
And close the happy door at last
On all the perils that we passed.

Then, when mamma goes by to bed,
She shall come in with tip-toe tread,
And see me lying warm and fast
And in the Land of Nod at last.

The Child Alone

The Unseen Playmate

When children are playing alone on the green,
In comes the playmate that never was seen.
When children are happy and lonely and good,
The Friend of the Children comes out of the wood.

Nobody heard him and nobody saw,
His is a picture you never could draw,
But he's sure to be present, abroad or at home
When children are happy and playing alone.

He lies in the laurels, he runs on the grass,
He sings when you tinkle the musical glass;
Whene'er you are happy and cannot tell why,
The Friend of the Children is sure to be by!

He loves to be little, he hates to be big,
'Tis he that inhabits the caves that you dig;
'Tis he when you play with your soldiers of tin
That sides with the Frenchmen and never can win.

'Tis he, when at night you go off to your bed,
Bids you go to your sleep and not trouble your head;
For wherever they're lying, in cupboard or shelf,
'Tis he will take care of your playthings himself!

My Ship and I

O it's I that am the captain of a tidy little ship,
    Of a ship that goes a-sailing on the pond;
And my ship it keeps a-turning all around and all about;
But when I'm a little older, I shall find the secret out
    How to send my vessel sailing on beyond.

For I mean to grow as little as the dolly at the helm,
    And the dolly I intend to come alive;
And with him beside to help me, it's a-sailing I shall go.
It's a-sailing on the water, when the jolly breezes blow
    And the vessel goes a divie-divie dive.

O it's then you'll see me sailing through the rushes and
        the reeds,
    And you'll hear the water singing at the prow;
For beside the dolly sailor, I'm to voyage and explore.
To land upon the island where no dolly was before,
    And to fire the penny cannon in the bow.

My Kingdom

Down by a shining water well
I found a very little dell,
    No higher than my head.

The heather and the gorse about
In summer bloom were coming out,
    Some yellow and some red.

I called the little pool a sea;
The little hills were big to me;
    For I am very small.
I made a boat, I made a town,
I searched the caverns up and down.
    And named them one and all.

And all about was mine, I said.
The little sparrows overhead.
    The little minnows too.
This was the world and I was king;
For me the bees came by to sing.
    For me the swallows flew.

I played there were no deeper seas,
Nor any wider plains than these.
    Nor other kings than me.
At last I heard my mother call
Out from the house at evenfall,
    To call me home to tea.

And I must rise and leave my dell,
And leave my dimpled water well,
    And leave my heather blooms.

Alas! and as my home I neared,
How very big my nurse appeared,
    How great and cool the rooms!

Picture-Books in Winter

Summer fading, winter comes –
Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs,
Window robins, winter rooks.
And the picture story-books.

Water now is turned to stone
Nurse and I can walk upon;
Still we find the flowing brooks
In the picture story-books.

All the pretty things put by.
Wait upon the children's eye,
Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks
In the picture story-books.

We may see how all things are,
Seas and cities, near and far.
And the flying fairies' look
In the picture story-books.

How am I to sing your praise,
Happy chimney-corner days,
Sitting safe in nursery nooks,
Reading picture story-books?

My Treasures

These nuts, that I keep in the back of the nest
Where all my lead soldiers are lying at rest,
Were gathered in autumn by nursie and me
In a wood with a well by the side of the sea.

This whistle we made (and how clearly it sounds!)
By the side of a field at the end of the grounds.
Of a branch of a plane, with a knife of my own,
It was nursie who made it, and nursie alone!

The stone, with the white and the yellow and grey,
We discovered I cannot tell how far away;
And I carried it back although weary and cold,
For though father denies it, I'm sure it is gold.

But of all of my treasures the last is the king,
For there's very few children possess such a thing;
And that is a chisel, both handle and blade,
Which a man who was really a carpenter made.

Block City

What are you able to build with your blocks?
Castles and palaces, temples and docks.
Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,
But I can be happy and building at home.

Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea,
There I'll establish a city for me:
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,
And a harbor as well where my vessels may ride.

Great is the palace with pillar and wall,
A sort of a tower on the top of it all,
And steps coming down in an orderly way
To where my toy vessels lie safe in the bay.

This one is sailing and that one is moored:
Hark to the song of the sailors on board!
And see on the steps of my palace, the kings
Coming and going with presents and things!

Now I have done with it, down let it go!
All in a moment the town is laid low.
Block upon block lying scattered and free,
What is there left of my town by the sea?

Yet as I saw it, I see it again,
The kirk and the palace, the ships and the men,

And as long as I live and where'er I may be,
I'll always remember my town by the sea.

The Land of Story-Books

At evening, when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,

And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of Story-books.

Armies in the Fire

The lamps now glitter down the street;
Faintly sound the falling feet;
And the blue even slowly falls
About the garden trees and walls.

Now in the falling of the gloom
The red fire paints the empty room:
And warmly on the roof it looks,
And flickers on the backs of books.

Armies march by tower and spire
Of cities blazing, in the fire; –
Till as I gaze with staring eyes,
The armies fade, the lustre dies.

Then once again the glow returns;
Again the phantom city burns;

And down the red-hot valley, lo!
The phantom armies marching go!

Blinking embers, tell me true,
Where are those armies marching to,
And what the burning city is
That crumbles in your furnaces?

The Little Land

When at home alone I sit
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies –
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play;
To the fairy land afar
Where the Little People are;
Where the clover-tops are trees,
And the rain-pools are the seas.
And the leaves like little ships
Sail about on tiny trips;
And above the daisy tree
    Through the grasses,
High o'erhead the Bumble Bee
    Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro
I can wander, I can go;
See the spider and the fly,
And the ants go marching by
Carrying parcels with their feet
Down the green and grassy street.
I can in the sorrel sit
Where the ladybird alit.
I can climb the jointed grass;
    And on high
See the greater swallows pass
    In the sky,
And the round sun rolling by
Heeding no such things as I.

Through that forest I can pass
Till, as in a looking-glass.
Humming fly and daisy tree
And my tiny self I see.
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain-pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land
Drifting near to where I stand,
Straight I'll board that tiny boat
Round the rain-pool sea to float.
Little thoughtful creatures sit
On the grassy coasts of it;
Little things with lovely eyes
See me sailing with surprise.

Some are clad in armor green –
(These have sure to battle been!) –
Some are pied with ev'ry hue,
Black and crimson, gold and blue;
Some have wings and swift are gone; –
But they all look kindly on.

When my eyes I once again
Open, and see all things plain:
High bare walls, great bare floor;
Great big knobs on drawer and door;
Great big people perched on chairs
Stitching tucks and mending tears,
Each a hill that I could climb,
And talking nonsense all the time –
O dear me,
That I could be
A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
A climber in the clover tree,
And just come back, a sleepy-head,
Late at night to go to bed.

Night and Day

When the golden day is done,
Through the closing portal,
Child and garden, flower and sun,
Vanish all things mortal.

As the blinding shadows fall
    As the rays diminish,
Under evening's cloak, they all
    Roll away and vanish.

Garden darkened, daisy shut,
    Child in bed, they slumber –
Glow-worm in the highway rut,
    Mice among the lumber.

In the darkness houses shine,
    Parents move with candles;
Till on all, the night divine
    Turns the bedroom handles.

Till at last the day begins
    In the east a-breaking,
In the hedges and the whins
    Sleeping birds a-waking.

In the darkness shapes of things.
    Houses, trees and hedges,
Clearer grow; and sparrows' wings
    Beat on window ledges.

These shall wake the yawning maid;
    She the door shall open –
Finding dew on garden glade
    And the morning broken.

There my garden grows again
    Green and rosy painted,
As at eve behind the pane
    From my eyes it fainted.

Just as it was shut away,
    Toy-like, in the even,
Here I see it glow with day
    Under glowing heaven.

Every path and every plot,
    Every bush of roses,
Every blue forget-me-not
    Where the dew reposes,

"Up!" they cry, "the day is come
    On the smiling valleys;
We have beat the morning drum;
    Playmate, join your allies!"

Nest Eggs

Birds all the sunny day
    Flutter and quarrel
Here in the arbor-like
    Tent of the laurel.

Here in the fork
    The brown nest is seated;
Four little blue eggs
    The mother keeps heated.

While we stand watching her,
    Staring like gabies,
Safe in each egg are the
    Bird's little babies.

Soon the frail eggs they shall
    Chip, and upspringing
Make all the April woods
    Merry with singing.

Younger than we are,
    children, and frailer,
Soon in blue air they'll be
    Singer and sailor.

We, so much older,
    Taller and stronger,
We shall look down on the
    Birdies no longer.

They shall go flying
    With musical speeches
High overhead in the
    Tops of the beeches.

In spite of our wisdom
    And sensible talking,
We on our feet must go
    Plodding and walking.

The Flowers

All the names I know from nurse:
Gardener's garters, Shepherd's purse,
Bachelor's buttons, Lady's smock,
And the Lady Hollyhock.

Fairy places, fairy things.
Fairy woods where the wild bee wings,
Tiny trees for tiny dames –
These must all be fairy names!

Tiny woods below whose boughs
Shady fairies weave a house;
Tiny tree-tops, rose or thyme,
Where the braver fairies climb!

Fair are grown-up people's trees,
But the fairest woods are these;
Where, if I were not so tall,
I should live for good and all.

Summer Sun

Great is the sun, and wide he goes
Through empty heaven without repose;
And in the blue and glowing days
More thick than rain he showers his rays.

Though closer still the blinds we pull
To keep the shady parlour cool,
Yet he will find a chink or two
To slip his golden fingers through.

The dusty attic spider-clad
He, through the keyhole, maketh glad;
And through the broken edge of tiles,
Into the laddered hayloft smiles.

Meantime his golden face around
He bares to all the garden ground,
And sheds a warm and glittering look
Among the ivy's inmost nook.

Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the World, he goes.

The Dumb Soldier

When the grass was closely mown,
Walking on the lawn alone,
In the turf a hole I found
And hid a soldier underground.

Spring and daisies came apace;
Grasses hide my hiding place;
Grasses run like a green sea
O'er the lawn up to my knee.

Under grass alone he lies,
Looking up with leaden eyes,
Scarlet coat and pointed gun.
To the stars and to the sun.

When the grass is ripe like grain.
When the scythe is stoned again.
When the lawn is shaven clear,
Then my hole shall reappear.

I shall find him, never fear,
I shall find my grenadier;
But for all that's gone and come,
I shall find my soldier dumb.

He has lived, a little thing,
In the grassy woods of spring;

Done, if he could tell me true,
Just as I should like to do.

He has seen the starry hours
And the springing of the flowers;
And the fairy things that pass
In the forests of the grass.

In the silence he has heard
Talking bee and ladybird,
And the butterfly has flown
O'er him as he lay alone.

Not a word will he disclose.
Not a word of all he knows;
I must lay him on the shelf,
And make up the tale myself.

Autumn Fires

In the other gardens
    And all up the vale,
From, the autumn bonfires
    See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
    And all the summer flowers,

The red fire blazes,
    The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
    Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
    Fires in the fall!

The Gardener

The gardener does not love to talk,
He makes me keep the gravel walk;
And when he puts his tools away,
He locks the door and takes the key.

Away behind the currant row
Where no one else but cook may go,
Far in the plots, I see him dig,
Old and serious, brown and big.
He digs the flowers, green, red, and blue,
Nor wishes to be spoken to.
He digs the flowers and cuts the hay,
And never seems to want to play.

Silly gardener! summer goes,
And winter comes with pinching toes.
When in the garden bare and brown
You must lay your barrow down.

Well now, and while the summer stays,
To profit by these garden days,
O how much wiser you would be
To play at Indian wars with me!

Historical Associations

Dear Uncle Jim, this garden ground,
That now you smoke your pipe around
Has seen immortal actions done
And valiant battles lost and won.

Here we had best on tip-toe tread,
While I for safety march ahead.
For this is that enchanted ground
Where all who loiter slumber sound.

Here is the sea, here is the sand.
Here is simple Shepherd's Land,
Here are the fairy hollyhocks,
And there are Ali Baba's rocks.

But yonder, see! apart and high.
Frozen Siberia lies; where I,
With Robert Bruce and William Tell,
Was bound by an enchanter's spell.

Envoys

To Willie and Henrietta

If two may read aright
These rhymes of old delight
And house and garden play,
You two, my cousins, and you only, may.

You in a garden green
With me were king and queen,
Were hunter, soldier, tar,
And all the thousand things that children are.

Now in the elders' seat
We rest with quiet feet,
And from the window-bay
We watch the children, our successors, play.

"Time was," the golden head
Irrevocably said;
But time which none can bind,
While flowing fast away, leaves love behind.

To My Mother

You too, my mother, read my rhymes
For love of unforgotten times,
And you may chance to hear once more
The little feet along the floor.

To Auntie

Chief of our aunts – not only I,
But all your dozen of nurslings cry–
What did the other children do?
And what were childhood, wanting you?

To Minnie

The red room with the giant bed
Where none but elders laid their head;
The little room where you and I
Did for a while together lie
And, simple suitor, I your hand
In decent marriage did demand;
The great day nursery, best of all,
With pictures pasted on the wall
And leaves upon the blind –
A pleasant room wherein to wake
And hear the leafy garden shake

And rustle in the wind –
And pleasant there to lie in bed
And see the pictures overhead –
The wars about Sebastopol,
The grinning guns along the wall,
The daring escalade,
The plunging ships, the bleating sheep,
The happy children ankle-deep
And laughing as they wade:
All these are vanished clean away.
And the old manse is changed to-day;
It wears an altered face
And shields a stranger race.
The river, on from mill to mill
Flows past our childhood's garden still;
But ah! we children never more
Shall watch it from the water-door!
Below the yew – it still is there –
Our phantom voices haunt the air
As we were still at play.
And I can hear them call and say:
"How far is it to Babylon?"

Ah, far enough, my dear,
Far, far enough from here –
Smiling and kind, you grace a shelf
Too high for me to reach myself.
Reach down a hand, my dear, and take
These rhymes for old acquaintance' sake!

Yet you have farther gone!
Can I get there by candlelight?"
So goes the old refrain.
I do not know – perchance you might –
But only, children, hear it right,
Ah, never to return again!
The eternal dawn, beyond a doubt,
Shall break on hill and plain,
And put all stars and candles out
Ere we be young again.

To you in distant India, these
I send across the seas,
Nor count it far across.
For which of us forgets
The Indian cabinets,
The bones of antelope, the wings of albatross,
The pied and painted birds and beans,
The junks and bangles, beads and screens,
The gods and sacred bells,
And the loud-humming, twisted shells!
The level of the parlour floor
Was honest, homely Scottish shore;
But when we climbed upon a chair,
Behold the gorgeous East was there!
Be this a fable; and behold
Me in the parlour as of old,
And Minnie just above me set
In the quaint Indian cabinet!

To My Name Child

Come day soon this rhyming volume, if you learn with
proper speed,
Little Louis Sanchez, will be given you to read.
Then shall you discover that your name was printed down
By the English printers, long before, in London town.

In the great and busy city where the East and West are met,
All the little letters did the English printer set;
While you thought of nothing, and were still too young to play,
Foreign people thought of you in places far away.

Ay, and while you slept, a baby, over all the English lands,
Other little children took the volume in their hands;
Other children questioned, in their homes across the seas:
Who was little Louis, won't you tell us, mother, please?

Now that you have spelt your lesson, lay it down and go and
Play,
Seeking shells and seaweed on the sands of Monterey,
Watching all the mighty whalebones, lying buried by the
breeze,
Tiny sandy-pipers, and the huge Pacific seas.

And remember in your playing, as the sea-fog rolls to you,
Long ere you could read it, how I told you what to do;

And that while you thought of no one, nearly half the world
away
Some one thought of Louis on the beach of Monterey!

To Any Reader

As from the house your mother sees
You playing round the garden trees,
So you may see, if you will look
Through the windows of this book,
Another child, far, far away,
And in another garden, play.
But do not think you can at all,
By knocking on the window, call
That child to hear you. He intent
Is all on his play-business bent.
He does not hear; he will not look,
Nor yet be lured out of this book.
For, long ago, the truth to say,
He has grown up and gone away,
And it is but a child of air
That lingers in the garden there.

Selected Poems for Young Children

The Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat

By Eugene Field

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
    The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
    Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
    (I wasn't there; I simply state
    What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "mee-ow!"
The air was littered an hour or so
With bits of gingham and calico
    While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place
    Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
    (Now mind: I'm only telling you
    What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do?"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,

Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw–
And oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(Don't fancy I exaggerate –
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole the pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that?
(The old Dutch clock it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod

By Eugene Field

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe –
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked of the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"

said Wynken
Blynken,
and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea –
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish –
Never afeared are we;"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam.
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be!
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea –
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
and Nod.

The Sugar-Plum Tree

By Eugene Field

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop Sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.
When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person can climb
To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing;

But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below –
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so:
You say but the word to that gingerbread dog,
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows and peppermint canes,
With stripings of scarlet and gold
And you carry away the treasure that rains
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty nightcap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

The Dream Ship

By Eugene Field

When all the world is fast asleep,
Along the midnight skies–

As though it were a wandering cloud–
The ghostly Dream-Ship flies.

An angel stands at the Dream-Ship's helm,
An angel stands at the prow,
And an angel stands at the Dream-Ship's side
With a rue-wreath on her brow.

The other angels, silver-crowned,
Pilot and helmsman are
But the angel with the wreath of rue
Tosseth the dreams afar.

The dreams they fall on rich and poor,
They fall on young and old;
And some are dreams of poverty
And some are dreams of gold.

And some are dreams that thrill with joy,
And some that melt to tears;
Some are dreams of the dawn of love,
And some of the old, dead years.

On rich and poor alike they fall,
Alike on young and old,
Bringing to slumbering earth their joys
And sorrows manifold.

The friendless youth in them shall do
    The deeds of mighty men,
And drooping age shall feel the grace
    Of buoyant youth again.

The king shall be a beggarman,
    The pauper be a king,
In that revenge of recompense
    The Dream-Ship dreams to bring.

So ever downward float the dreams
    That are for all and me,
And there is never mortal man
    Can solve that mystery.

Love Me – I Love You

By Christina Rossetti

Love me – I love you,
    Love me, my baby;
Sing it high, sing it low,
    Sing it as it may be.

Mother's arms under you,
    Her eyes above you;
Sing it high, sing it low,
    Love me – I love you.

Angels

By Christina Rossetti

Angels at the foot,
    And angels at the head,
And like a curly little lamb,
    My pretty babe in bed.

Baby, Sleep

By Christina Rossetti

Lie a-bed,
Sleepy head,
Shut up eyes, bo-peep;
Till day-break
Never wake: –
Baby, sleep.

Mix a Pancake

By Christina Rossetti

Mix a pancake,
Stir a pancake,
    Pop it in the pan;
Fry the pancake,
Toss the pancake,
    Catch it if you can.

Lullaby

By Christina Rossetti

Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Flowers are closed and lambs are sleeping;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Stars are up, the moon is peeping;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
While the birds are silence keeping,
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Sleep, my baby, fall a-sleeping,
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

Sing Me a Song

By Christina Rossetti

Sing me a song. –
What shall I sing? –
Three merry sisters
Dancing in a ring,
Light and fleet upon their feet
As birds upon the wing.

The Swallow and the Snail

By Christina Rossetti

Swift and sure the swallow,
    Slow and sure the snail:
Slow and sure may miss his way,
    Swift and sure may fail.

The Rainbow

By Christina Rossetti

If all were rain and never sun,
    No bow could span the hill;
If all were sun and never rain,
    There'd be no rainbow still.

Clouds and Rainbows

By Christina Rossetti

Boats sail on the rivers,
    And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
    Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
    As pretty as you please;

But the bow that bridges heaven,
    And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
    Is prettier far than these.

If I Were a Queen

By Christina Rossetti

"If I were a queen,
    What would I do?
I'd make you a king,
    And I'd wait on you."

"If I were a king,
    What would I do?
I'd make you a queen,
    For I'd marry you."

The Caterpillar

By Christina Rossetti

Brown and furry
Caterpillar in a hurry,
Take your walk
To the shady leaf, or stalk,
Or what not,
Which may be the chosen spot.

No toad spy you,
Hovering bird of prey pass by you;
Spin and die,
To live again a butterfly.

What?

By Christina Rossetti

What is pink? a rose is pink
By the fountain's brink.
What is red? a poppy's red
In its barley bed.
What is blue? the sky is blue
Where the clouds float thro'.
What is white? a swan is white.
Sailing in the light.
What is yellow? pears are yellow,
Rich and ripe and mellow.
What is green? the grass is green,
With small flowers between.
What is violet? clouds are violet
In the summer twilight.
What is orange? why, an orange,
Just an orange!

Kindness

By Christina Rossetti

Hurt no living thing:
    Ladybird, nor butterfly,
Nor moth with dusty wing,
    Nor cricket chirping cheerily,
Nor grasshopper so light of leap,
    Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,
Nor harmless worms that creep.

Selected Stories for Young Children

A Teeny-Tiny Story [1]

Anonymous

Once there was a teeny-tiny lady.
She lived in a teeny-tiny house.
One winter night the teeny-tiny lady had been asleep
    a teeny-tiny while.
All at once she heard a teeny-tiny noise,
    "Tap, tap, tap! Tap, tap, tap!"
At first she hid her teeny-tiny head.
But she heard the teeny-tiny noise again,
    'Tap, tap, tap! Tap, tap, tap!"
She jumped out of her teeny -tiny bed.
She took the teeny-tiny candle in her teeny-
    tiny hand.
Then she stole down the teeny-tiny stair.
She looked under her teeny-tiny table.
There was nothing under the table.
She looked under her teeny-tiny chair.
There was nothing under the chair.
She went back up her teeny-tiny stair with her
    teeny-tiny candle.
She got into her teeny-tiny bed.
Soon the teeny-tiny lady heard the teeny-tiny
    noise again.
She took her teeny-tiny candle.
She stole down her teeny-tiny stair.

She looked under her teeny -tiny table.
Out jumped a teeny-tiny...!
"A mouse! A mouse! A mouse!"
cried the teeny-tiny lady.
And up her teeny-tiny stair she ran.

The Little Red Hen [2]

Anonymous

A little red hen was looking for something to eat.
She found some grains of wheat.
She said,

"Cluck, cluck! Cluck, cluck!
These grains I'll sow.
The sun will shine,
The wind will blow;
And many days
Of sun and rain
Will make each one
A head of grain.

Who will help me sow the wheat?" asked Little Red Hen.

"Not I," said the duck.
"Not I," said the mouse.
"Not I," said the pig.
"Then I will sow it myself," said Little Red Hen.
And she did.

When the grain was ready to reap, Little Red Hen said,

"Cluck, cluck! Cluck, cluck!
If grains you sow,
The sun will shine,
The wind will blow.

And many days
Of sun and rain
Will make each one
A head of grain.

"Who will help me reap the grain?" asked Little Red Hen.
"Not I," said the duck.
"Not I," said the mouse.
"Not I," said the pig.
"Then I will reap it myself," said Little Red Hen.
And she did.

When the wheat was reaped, Little Red Hen said,
"The windmill's arms
Go round and round.
And so the grain
To flour is ground;
Now I must take
The wheat to mill,
Across the field
And up the hill.

"Who will help me take the grain to the mill?"
asked Little Red Hen.
"Not I," said the duck.
"Not I," said the mouse.
"Not I," said the pig.
"Then I will take it to the mill myself," said Little Red Hen.
And she did.

When the wheat was ground, Little Red Hen said,

"I'm ready now
The bread to bake,
And I will make
A big round cake.
I sowed and reaped
And ground the wheat;
Now I'll have bread
And cake to eat.

"Who will help me eat the bread and cake?"
asked Little Red Hen.

"I," said the duck.

"I," said the mouse.

"I," said the pig.

"No, I will do it myself," said Little Red Hen.
And she did.

The Three Billy Goats Gruff [3]

Once upon a time there were three Billy Goats, and one was a very large Goat, and one was a middle-sized Goat, and one was a tiny Goat, but the three had the very same name, which was Gruff.

One morning the three Billy Goats started away from home, for they had decided to go far, far to a hillside where there was a quantity of green grass, and they might eat of it and make themselves fat.

Now, on the way to the hillside there ran a brook, and over the brook was a bridge, and under the bridge lived a Troll with eyes as large as saucers, and a nose as long as a poker. And this Troll was fond of eating Billy Goats.

First of all came the youngest Billy Goat Gruff to cross over the bridge. Trip trap, trip trap, his little feet pattered upon the boards.

"Who is that tripping over my bridge?" called up the Troll in a surly voice.

"Oh, it's only I, the tiniest Billy Goat Gruff, going over to the hillside to make myself fat," the Goat called back in a wee, small voice.

"I am coming to gobble you up, Billy Goat Gruff," said the Troll.

"Oh, no, pray do not take me," said the tiniest Billy Goat Gruff; "I am too little, that I am. Wait until the second Billy Goat Gruff comes along. He is ever so much bigger than I."

"Well, be off with you," said the Troll.

Then came the middle-sized Billy Goat Gruff, to cross the bridge. Trip trap, trip trap, his middle-sized feet pattered upon the boards.

"Who is that tripping over my bridge?" called up the Troll.

"Oh, it's only I, the middle-sized Billy Goat Gruff, going over to the hillside to make myself fat," the Goat called back in a middle-sized voice.

"I am coming to gobble you up, Billy Goat Gruff," said the Troll.

"Oh, no, pray do not take me," said the middle-sized Billy Goat Gruff; "I am a little larger than the tiniest Billy Goat, but I am not large enough to make a mouthful for you. Of that I am quite sure."

"Well, be off with you," said the Troll.

Then, last of all, came the great Billy Goat Gruff, to cross over the bridge.

Trip trap, trip trap, his great feet tramped across the boards.

"Who is that tramping over my bridge?" called up the Troll.

"It is I, the great Billy Goat Gruff, going over to the hillside to make myself fat," the Goat called back in a great voice.

"I am coming to gobble you up, Billy Goat Gruff," said the Troll.

"Come along," said the great Billy Goat Gruff.

So the Troll, whose eyes were large as saucers and his nose as long as a poker, came hurrying up to the top of the bridge, – but, ah, this is what happened to him.

There on the bridge stood the great Billy Goat Gruff with his feet firmly planted on the boards and his head lowered, and so soon as the Troll came near – rush, scamper – the Goat tossed the Troll so high with his horns that no one has ever seen a Troll under a bridge from that day to this.

Then the great Billy Goat Gruff went on to the hillside, and the three Billy Goats ate, and ate, and made themselves so fat that they could scarcely walk home again.

Goldilocks and the Three Bears [4]

There was once a little girl whose hair was so bright and yellow that it glittered in the sun like spun-gold. For this reason she was called Goldilocks.

One day Goldilocks went out into the meadows to gather flowers. She wandered on and on, and after a while she came to a forest, where she had never been before. She went on into the forest, and it was very cool and shady.

Presently she came to a little house, standing all alone in the forest, and as she was tired and thirsty she knocked at the door. She hoped the good people inside would give her a drink, and let her rest a little while.

Now, though Goldilocks did not know it, this house belonged to three bears. There was a GREAT BIG FATHER BEAR, AND A MIDDLE-SIZED MOTHER BEAR, and a dear little baby bear, no bigger than Goldilocks herself. But the three bears had gone out to take a walk in the forest while their supper was cooling, so when Goldilocks knocked at the door no one answered her.

She waited awhile and then she knocked again, and as still nobody answered her she pushed the door open and stepped inside. There in a row stood three chairs. One was a GREAT BIG CHAIR, and it belonged to the father bear. And one was a MIDDLE-SIZED CHAIR, and it belonged to the mother bear, and one was a dear little chair, and it belonged to the baby bear. And on the table stood three bowls of smoking hot porridge.

"And so," thought Goldilocks, "the people must be coming back soon to eat it."

She thought she would sit down and rest until they came, so first she sat down in the GREAT BIG CHAIR, but the cushion was too soft. It seemed as though it would swallow her up. Then she sat down in the MIDDLE-SIZED CHAIR, and the cushion was too hard, and it was not comfortable. Then she sat down in the dear little chair, and it was just right, and fitted her as though it had been made for her. So there she sat, and she rocked and she rocked, and she sat and she sat, until with her rocking and her sitting she sat the bottom right out of it.

And still nobody had come, and there stood the bowls of porridge on the table. They can't be very hungry people," thought Goldilocks to herself, "or they would come home to eat their suppers." And she went over to the table just to see whether the bowls were full.

The first bowl was a GREAT BIG BOWL with a GREAT BIG WOODEN SPOON in it, and that was the father bear's bowl. The second bowl was a MIDDLE-SIZED BOWL, with a MIDDLE-SIZED WOODEN SPOON in it, and that was the mother bear's bowl. And the third bowl was a dear little bowl, with a dear little silver spoon in it, and that was the baby bear's bowl.

The porridge that was in the bowls smelled so very good that Goldilocks thought she would just taste it.

She took up the GREAT BIG SPOON, and tasted the porridge in the GREAT BIG BOWL, but it was too hot. Then she took up the MIDDLE-SIZED SPOON and tasted the porridge in the MIDDLE-SIZED BOWL, and it was too cold.

Then she took up the little silver spoon and tasted the porridge in the dear little bowl, and it was just right, and it tasted so good that she tasted and tasted, and tasted and tasted until she tasted it all up.

After that she felt very sleepy, so she went upstairs and looked about her, and there were three beds all in a row. The first bed was the GREAT BIG BED that belonged to the father bear. And the second bed was a MIDDLE-SIZED BED that belonged to the mother bear, and the third bed was a dear little bed that belonged to the dear little baby bear.

Goldilocks lay down on the GREAT BIG BED to try it, but the pillow was too high, and she wasn't comfortable at all.

Then she lay down on the MIDDLE-SIZED BED, and the pillow was too low, and that wasn't comfortable either.

Then she lay down on the little baby bear's bed and it was exactly right, and so very comfortable that she lay there and lay there until she went fast asleep.

Now while Goldilocks was still asleep in the little bed the three bears came home again, and as soon as they stepped inside the door and looked about them they knew that somebody had been there.

"SOMEBODY'S BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR," growled the father bear in his great big voice, "AND LEFT THE CUSHION CROOKED."

"AND SOMEBODY'S BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR," said the mother bear, "AND LEFT IT STANDING CROOKED." "And somebody's been sitting in my chair" squeaked the baby bear, in his shrill little voice, "and they've sat and sat till they've sat the bottom out;" and he felt very sad

about it. Then the three bears went over to the table to get their porridge. "WHAT'S THIS!" growled the father bear, in his great big voice, "SOMEBODY'S BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE, AND LEFT THE SPOON ON THE TABLE." "AND SOMEBODY'S BEEN TAKING MY PORRIDGE," said the mother bear in her middle-sized voice, "AND THEY'VE SPLASHED IT OVER THE SIDE." "And somebody's been tasting my porridge," squealed the baby bear, "and they've tasted and tasted until they've tasted it all up," and when he said so the baby bear looked as if he were about to cry.

"IF SOMEBODY'S BEEN HERE THEY MUST BE HERE STILL," said the mother bear; so the three bears went upstairs to look.

First the father bear looked at his bed. "SOMEBODY'S BEEN LYING ON MY BED AND PULLED THE COVERS DOWN," he growled in his great big voice.

Then the mother bear looked at her bed.

"SOMEBODY'S BEEN LYING ON MY BED AND PULLED THE PILLOW OFF," said she in her middle-sized voice.

Then the baby bear looked at his bed, and there lay little Goldilocks with her cheeks as pink as roses, and her golden hair all spread over the pillow.

"Somebody's been lying in my bed," squeaked the baby bear joyfully, "and here she is still!"

Now when Goldilocks in her dreams heard the great big father bear's voice she dreamed it was the thunder rolling through the heavens.

And when she heard the mother bear's middle- sized voice she dreamed it was the wind blowing through the trees.

But when she heard the baby bear's voice it was so shrill and sharp that it woke her right up. She sat up in bed and there were the three bears standing around and looking at her.

"Oh, my goodness me!" cried Goldilocks. She tumbled out of bed and ran to the window. It was open, and out she jumped before the bears could stop her. Then home she ran as fast as she could, and she never went near the forest again.

The Story of the Three Little Pigs [5]

There was an old sow with three little pigs, and as she had not enough to keep them she sent them out to seek their fortunes. The first that went off met a man with a bundle of straw and said to him: "Please, man, give me that straw to build me a house."

Which the man did, and the little pig built a house with it.

Presently a wolf came along and knocked at the door of the little house, and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in." To which the pig replied:

"No, no, not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin."

The wolf then answered: "Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew the house in, and ate up the poor little pig.

The second little pig met a man with a bundle of sticks, and said: "Please, man, give me those sticks to build a house." Which the man did, and the pig built his house with it.

Then along came the wolf, and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin," said the pig.

"Then I'll puff, and I'll huff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew the house in, and ate up the poor little pig.

The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks, and he said: "Please, man, give me those bricks to build a house with."

So the man gave him the bricks, and he built his house with them, and the wolf came as he had come to the other little pigs, and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin."

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

And he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and he huffed and he puffed, but he could not blow down the house.

So he said: "Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips."

"Where?" said the pig.

"Oh, in Smith's Home-field; and if you will be ready tomorrow morning at six o'clock, I will call for you, and we will go together and get some for dinner."

"Very well," said the pig; "I will be ready."

But the little pig got up at five and got the turnips before the wolf came (as he did about six) and said: "Little pig, are you ready?"

The little pig said: "Ready! I've been and come back again, and got a nice potful for dinner."

The wolf felt very angry at this, but thought that he would get even with the little pig somehow or other.

So he said: "Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple tree."

"Where?" asked the pig.

"Oh, down at Merry Garden," replied the wolf; "and if you will not deceive me, I will come for you at five o'clock tomorrow and get some apples."

Well, the little pig got up next morning at four o'clock and went for the apples, hoping to get back before the wolf came; but he had far to go, and had to climb the tree, so that just as he was coming down from it he saw the wolf coming, which frightened him very much.

When the wolf came up he said: "Little pig, are you here before me? Are they nice apples?"

"Yes," said the pig. "Shall I throw you down one?" And he threw it so far that while the wolf was gone to pick it up the little pig jumped down and ran home. The next day the wolf came again, and said to the little pig:

"Little pig, there is a fair at Shanklin this afternoon. Will you go?"

"Oh, yes!" said the pig; "I will go. What time shall you be ready?"

"At three," said the wolf. So the pig went before the time, as usual, and got to the fair and bought a butter churn. He was going home with it when he saw the wolf coming. So he crept into the churn to hide, and by so doing he turned it round and round, and it rolled down the hill with the pig in it, which frightened the wolf so that he ran home without going to the fair.

He went to the pig's house and told him how frightened he had been by a great round thing which came downhill past him.

Then the little pig said: "Ah! I frightened you then, I did. I had been to the fair, and when I saw you I got into the churn and rolled downhill."

Then the wolf was very angry indeed, and declared that he would eat up the little pig anyhow, and that he would get down the chimney after him.

When the pig saw what danger he was in, he hung a potful of water and made a blazing fire, and just as the wolf was coming down he took off the cover and in fell the wolf; so then the little pig put on the cover again in an instant, boiled him up and ate him for supper, and lived safe and happy ever afterward.

Chicken Little [6]

Once upon a time there was a tiny, tiny, chicken, and her name was Chicken Little. One day Chicken Little was scratching in the garden where she should not have been, and a bit of a rose leaf fell upon her tail.

"Oh," cried Chicken Little, "the sky is falling. I must go tell the king."

So Chicken Little ran and she ran, and she met Henny Penny.

"Where do you travel so fast, Chicken Little?" asked Henny Penny.

"Ah, Henny Penny," said Chicken Little, "the sky is falling, and I must go and tell the king."

"How do you know that the sky is falling, Chicken Little?" asked Henny Penny.

"I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a bit of it fell upon my tail," said Chicken Little.

"I will go with you to the king," said Henny Penny.

So they ran along together, and they met Ducky Lucky.

"Where do you travel so fast?" asked Ducky Lucky.

"Ah, Ducky Lucky," said Chicken Little, "the sky is falling, and Henny Penny and I go to tell the king."

"How do you know that the sky is falling, Chicken Little?" asked Ducky Lucky.

"I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a bit of it fell upon my tail," said Chicken Little.

"I will go with you to the king," said Ducky Lucky.

So they ran along together, and they met Goosey Loosey.

"Where do you travel so fast, Chicken Little?" asked Goosey Loosey.

"Ah, Goosey Loosey," said Chicken Little, "the sky is falling. Henny Penny and Ducky Lucky and I go to tell the king."

"How do you know that the sky is falling, Chicken Little?" asked Goosey Loosey.

"I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a bit of it fell upon my tail," said Chicken Little.

"I will go with you," said Goosey Loosey.

So they ran along together, and they met Turkey Lurkey.

"Where do you travel so fast, Chicken Little?" asked Turkey Lurkey.

"Ah, Turkey Lurkey," said Chicken Little, "the sky is falling, and Henny Penny and Ducky Lucky and Goosey Loosey and I go to tell the king."

"How do you know that the sky is falling?" asked Turkey Lurkey.

"I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a bit of it fell upon my tail," said Chicken Little.

"I will go with you to the king," said Turkey Lurkey.

So they ran along together, and they met Foxy Loxy.

"Where do you travel so fast, Chicken Little?" asked Foxy Loxy.

"Ah, Foxy Loxy," said Chicken Little, "the sky is falling, and we go to tell the king."

"Do you know the way to the king's house?" asked Foxy Loxy.

"No," said Chicken Little.

"No," said Henny Penny.

"No," said Ducky Lucky.

"No," said Goosey Loosey.

"No," said Turkey Lurkey.

"Then come with me and I will show you," said Foxy Loxy. And he led them all into his den, and they never, never came out again.

The Gingerbread Boy [7]

Anonymous

Once upon a time there were a little old woman and a little old man.

One day the little old woman made a boy out of gingerbread.

She put it into the oven to bake.

By and by she opened the oven door, to see if it was done.

Out jumped the Gingerbread Boy!

Away he ran, out of the door and down the road.

The little old woman and the little old man ran after him.

But the Gingerbread Boy looked back and called out,

"Run! run! as fast as you can!
You can't catch me,
I'm the Gingerbread Man!"

And they could not catch him.

The little Gingerbread Boy ran on and on.

Soon he came to a cow.

"Stop, little Gingerbread Boy," said the cow;

"I should like to eat you."

But the little Gingerbread Boy called out,

"I have run away from a little old woman,
And a little old man,
And I can run away from you,
I can!"

The cow ran after him.
But the Gingerbread Boy looked back and called,
"Run! run! as fast as you can!
You can't catch me,
I'm the Gingerbread Man!"
And the cow could not catch him.

The little Gingerbread Boy ran on and on.
Soon he came to a horse.
"Please stop, little Gingerbread Boy," said the horse; "you look very good to eat."
But the little Gingerbread Boy called out,
"I have run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A cow,
And I can run away from you,
I can!"
The horse ran after him.
But the Gingerbread Boy looked back and called,
"Run! run! as fast as you can!
You can't catch me,
I'm the Gingerbread Man!"
And the horse could not catch him.

By and by the little Gingerbread Boy came to a field where a man was working.
The man saw him running, and called,
"Do not run so fast, little Gingerbread Boy; you look very good to eat."

But the little Gingerbread Boy ran faster and faster.
As he ran, he called,

"I have run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A cow,
A horse,
And I can run away from you,
I can!"

The man in the field ran after him.
But the Gingerbread Boy looked back and called out,

"Run! run! as fast as you can
You can't catch me,
I'm the Gingerbread Man!"

And the man could not catch him.

Then the little Gingerbread Boy saw a fox.
By this time, the little Gingerbread Boy was very pleased with himself.
He was pleased that he could run so fast.
So he called out to the fox,

"I have run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A cow,
A horse,
A man in a field,
And I can run away from you,
I can!
Run! run! as fast as you can!
You can't catch me,

I'm the Gingerbread Man!"
"O ho!" called the fox, "we will see about that!"
The Gingerbread Boy ran just as fast as he could.
But the fox could run faster.
He caught the little Gingerbread Boy, and ate him up.

The Little Steam Engine [8]

Anonymous

A little steam engine had a long train of cars to pull.

She went along very well till she came to a steep hill. But then, no matter how hard she tried, she could not move the long train of cars.

She pulled, and she pulled. She puffed, and she puffed. She backed and started off again. Choo! Choo! Choo! Choo! –

But no! the cars would not go up the hill.

At last she left the train and started up the track alone. Do you think she had stopped working? No, indeed! She was going for help.

"Surely I can find someone to help me," she thought.

Over the hill and up the track went the little steam engine. Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Choo, choo! –

Pretty soon she saw a big steam engine standing on a side track. He looked very big and strong. Running alongside, she looked up and said:

"Will you help me over the hill with my train of cars? It is so long and so heavy that I can't get it over."

The big steam engine looked down at the little steam engine. Then he said:

"Don't you see that I am through my day's work? I have been all rubbed and scoured ready for my next run. No, I cannot help you."

The little steam engine was sorry, but she went on. Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Choo, choo!

Soon she came to a second big steam engine standing on a side track. He was puffing and puffing, as if he were tired.

"He may help me," thought the little steam engine. She ran alongside and asked:

"Will you help me bring my train of cars over the hill? It is so long and so heavy that I can't get it over."

The second big steam engine answered:

"I have just come in from a long, long run. Don't you see how tired I am? Can't you get some other engine to help you this time?"

"I'll try," said the little steam engine; and off she went. Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Choo, choo!

After a while she came to a little steam engine just like herself. She ran alongside and said:

"Will you help me over the hill with my train of cars? It is so long and so heavy that I can't get it over."

"Yes, indeed!" said this little steam engine. "I'll be glad to help you, if I can."

So the little steam engines started back to where the train of cars had been standing all this time. Both little steam engines went to the head of the train, one behind the other.

Puff, puff! Chug, chug! Choo, choo! Off they started!

Slowly the cars began to move. Slowly they climbed the steep hill. As they climbed, each little steam engine began to sing:

"I-think-I-can! I-think-I-can! I-think-I-can! I-think-I-can! I-think-I-can! I- think-I-can! I think I can – I think I can – I think I can I think I can –"

And they did! Very soon, they were over the hill and going down the other side.

Now they were on the plain again; and the little steam engine could pull her train, herself. So she thanked the little engine who had come to help her, and said good-bye.

And as she went merrily on her way, she sang to herself:

"I-thought-I-could! I-thought-I-could! I-thought-I-could! I-thought-I-could! I thought I could - I thought I could – I thought I could – I thought I could I thought I could I thought I could –"

The Story of Ibbity [9]

Once upon a time there was a little brown boy named Ibbity. He lived in a warm country where there are jungles and tigers and sandy deserts. Now Ibbity was always wondering about things, and one day he said to his mother: –

"I wonder, oh, I do wonder what is the strongest thing in the world."

But his mother could not tell him, so Ibbity started off by himself to find out.

He went a long, long way, and at last he came to a tree. Up the tree climbed Ibbity and looked abroad over the jungle and the desert for something very big and strong. But just then the top of the tree broke. Bump, down fell little Ibbity to the ground.

"Oh, Tree, you are the strongest thing, are you not?" cried Ibbity, sitting up and rubbing his head. "You are able to throw Ibbity to the ground."

"No, I am not as strong as the wind," sighed the tree, "it was the wind that broke my branch."

Then Ibbity ran far away to the place where the wind was blowing the sand in the desert, and he said:–

"Oh, Wind, the tree threw Ibbity, but you broke the tree. Are you not the strongest one?"

"No, I am not the strongest one," said the wind, "the hill is able to stop my blowing."

So Ibbity ran on and on, until he came to a high hill, and to the hill he said: –

"Oh, Hill, the tree threw Ibbity, and the wind broke the tree, but you are able to stop the wind. Are you not the strongest one?"

"Not I," said the hill. "At my feet lives a small mouse. She is cutting a tunnel straight through me."

So Ibbity went down the hill, and looked around in the bushes until he found a small brown mouse. To the mouse he said:–

"O Mouse, the tree threw Ibbity, the wind broke the tree, and the hill can stop the wind, but you have dug a tunnel through the hill. Are you not the strongest one?"

"No," said the mouse. "Cannot the tiger catch me?"

So Ibbity traveled to the jungle, where the tiger lives, and he said: –

"Oh, Tiger, the tree threw Ibbity, the wind broke the tree, the hill is able to stop the wind, and the mouse has dug a tunnel through the hill, but you can catch the mouse. Are you not the strongest one?"

But the tiger was caught fast in a net, and he said to Ibbity:

"No, this rope is stronger than I."

And Ibbity said to the rope: –

"Oh, Rope, the tree threw Ibbity, the wind broke the tree, the hill can stop the wind, the mouse has dug a tunnel under the hill, the tiger is able to catch the mouse, but you have caught the tiger. Are you not the strongest one?"

"No," said the rope, "for the fire burns me."

So Ibbity ran and ran until he came to a fire, and to the fire he said: –

"Oh, Fire, the tree threw Ibbity, the wind broke the tree, the hill stops the wind, the mouse tunnels the hill, the tiger catches the mouse, the rope catches the tiger, but you are able to burn the rope. Are you not the strongest one?"

"No," said the fire, "my heat is less than that of the great sun."

Then Ibbity looked up at the sky, and he called loudly to the sun: –

"Oh, great Sun, the tree threw Ibbity, the wind broke the tree, the hill stops the wind, the mouse tunnels the hill, the tiger catches the mouse, the rope catches the tiger, the fire burns the rope, but your heat is greater than that of the fire. Are you not the strongest one?"

Then the sun winked its large yellow eye at Ibbity, and never a word did it say, for it was too far off to hear Ibbity's little voice.

So Ibbity clapped his hands and cried, "I have found the strongest one. It is the sun."

And little Ibbity went home again to tell his mother.

Master Chanticleer and Dame Hen [10]

Once upon a time, in the pleasant summer weather, Master Chanticleer and Dame Hen started out for the woods to gather hazelnuts. On the way they came to a brook. They tried to fly over it, but, splash, into the water fell Master Chanticleer.

Then Dame Hen ran about, clucking and crying, until at last she came to a farmer's house. Straight in at the dairy door she flew, crying: "Cluck, cluck, cut-ca-da-cut."

"What ails you Dame Hen?" asked the Hand Churn.

"Master Chanticleer lies at the bottom of the brook," cried Dame Hen.

"Sad news, sad news," cried the Hand Churn, and it leaned against the dairy door and began grinding and groaning.

"What ails you, Hand Churn?" asked the Door.

"Sad news, sad news," cried the Hand Churn; "Master Chanticleer lies in the bottom of the brook. Dame Hen clucks, and I grind and groan."

"Ah, me," cried the Door, and it opened wide, and began whistling and slamming.

"What ails you Door?" asked the Axe, from its post in the woodshed.

"Sad news, sad news," said the Door; "Master Chanticleer lies in the bottom of the brook. Dame Hen clucks, the Hand Churn grinds and groans, so I whistle and slam."

"Ah, me," cried the Axe, and it began chopping and rending with all its might.

"What ails the Axe?" cried the Goodman, who sat in the garden tying broom straws.

"Sad news, sad news," cried the Axe; "Master Chanticleer lies in the bottom of the brook. Dame Hen clucks, the Hand Churn grinds and groans, the Door whistles and slams, so I chop and rend."

"Ah, me," cried the Goodman, and he began tearing his brooms in sunder.

"What ails you, Goodman mine?" asked Goody from the kitchen where she was stirring the porridge over the fire.

"Sad news, sad news. Goody," said the Goodman; "Master Chanticleer lies in the bottom of the brook. Dame Hen clucks, the Hand Churn grinds and groans, the Door whistles and slams, the Axe chops and rends, so I tear my brooms."

"Ah, me," cried Goody, and she began throwing the porridge against the kitchen walls.

Now when Dame Hen saw all the strange things which were going on, – how the Hand Churn was grinding and groaning, how the Door whistled and slammed, how the Axe was chopping and rending, how the Goodman tore his brooms, and Goody threw the porridge, – she became frightened.

She ran as fast as she could, and never stopped until she came to the brook where Master Chanticleer had fallen in when he was looking for hazelnuts. What do you think she saw?

There on the bank sat Master Chanticleer, shaking and preening his feathers. He had not gone to the bottom of the brook at all, for a duck had been so kind as to help him out.

So Master Chanticleer and Dame Hen hurried to the farm together. They told the Hand Churn and the Door and the Axe

and the Goodman and Goody that the sad news was a joke after all. And Goody gave them both some corn.

Little Red Riding-Hood [11]

There was once a little girl whose father and mother loved her so dearly that they thought nothing too good for her. Her mother made for her the prettiest of little dresses; her stockings were of fine yarn, and there were bright buckles on her shoes. Her mother also made for her a little cloak and hood of red cloth, and the little girl looked so pretty in them that her mother called her Little Red Riding-Hood.

Little Red Riding-Hood had a grandmother who was so old that sometimes she lay in bed all day and felt too weak to get up.

One day the mother called the little girl to her and said, "My child, I have put a pat of butter and some fresh eggs and a wheat cake in this basket. Take it and carry it to your grandmother. Run along quickly, and do not loiter nor stop to talk to anyone along the way, for I want you to get back before the afternoon is late."

"Yes, dear mother," said the little girl, and she took the basket in her hand and set out for her grandmother's house.

At first she ran along briskly and stopped for nothing, but the fields were full of pretty flowers. "I am sure," thought Red Riding-Hood "that my grand-mother would be glad to have a bunch of daisies and buttercups." She began to pick one here and another there until she had quite a handful.

Presently she heard feet padding along the path, and the old gray wolf came trotting by.

"Good-day, Red Riding-Hood," said the wolf.

"Good-day," answered the child.

"And where are you going this fine bright day with your basket on your arm?"

"Oh, I am going to my grandmother's house. She is so old that sometimes she lies in bed and cannot get up, and I am taking her some butter and some fresh eggs and a wheaten cake."

"And where does your grandmother live?"

"She lives over beyond the wood in a little white house with a thatched roof and green blinds, and the path runs straight there."

The wolf had now learned all he cared to know. He bade Red Riding-Hood good-bye and trotted on briskly.

As soon as he came into the wood where Red Riding-Hood could not see him he began to gallop. On and on he galloped as fast as he could, for he was anxious to get to the little white house with the thatched roof and the green blinds before Red Riding-Hood did.

In the depths of the wood a woodcutter was busy at his work. He saw the old wolf go hurrying by, and he wondered what he was after. "He's up to some mischief or other, and that is sure," said the woodcutter. And he shouldered his axe and followed on after the wolf to see what he was going to do.

On went Mr. Wolf, and presently he came to the edge of the forest, and there stood the little white house with the thatched roof and green blinds, and the path led straight up to the door, so the wolf knew that must be where the grandmother lived. He stopped and looked all about him, for

he did not want anyone to watch him. He saw no one, however, for the woodchopper had hidden behind some rocks. Then the wolf knocked at the door, rap-tap-tap!

Nobody answered, so he knocked again, rap-tap- tap! Still no one answered, and there was no stir within the house, though the wolf cocked his ear and listened carefully. The wolf pulled the latch-string, the latch flew up, and he pushed the door open, and slipped inside. He looked about, and there was nobody there, for the old grandmother had been feeling stronger that day, so she had dressed and had gone out to see a neighbor.

The old wolf hunted about until he found the grandmother's bed gown; then he pulled it on over his big hairy body. He tied on a big ruffled cap and put the grandmother's spectacles on his nose, and after that he crawled into bed and drew the coverlet up under his chin.

The woodcutter, outside, wondered what the wolf was doing in the house, but he did not hear a sound, so he sat down to watch and see what would happen next, and as he was very tired he fell fast asleep.

It was not long before Little Red Riding-Hood came running along, and she was in a great hurry, for she had spent a long time gathering flowers. The woodcutter did not see her, however, for he was asleep. The little girl ran up to the door and knocked upon it, rap-tap-tap!

Then the old wolf made his voice very faint and weak like the grandmother's. "Who is there?" he asked.

"It is I, grandmother; Little Red Riding-Hood," answered the child.

"Pull the latchstring, and lift the latch," said the wolf.

Red Riding-Hood lifted the latch and pushed the door open and went in.

There was not much light in the room, for the wolf had pulled the curtains across the window.

"I am not able to get up, dear child," said the wolf, still in the same weak voice. "Put your basket on the table and come over here."

Red Riding-Hood did as she was told. She put the basket on the table and came over to the bedside, but as she came closer she thought her grandmother looked very strange.

"Oh, grandmother, what great big eyes you have," said she.

"The better to see you, my dear," answered the wolf.

"But, oh grandmother, what long, long ears you have."

"The better to hear you, my dear!"

"But, grandmother, what big sharp white teeth you have!"

"THE BETTER TO EAT YOU!" howled the wolf, and he sprang out of bed and caught Red Riding-Hood by the cloak.

The little girl cried out, but at this moment the woodcutter burst open the door and rushed in. The howl had awakened him from his sleep, and just in time. He struck the wolf such a blow on the head that it fell down dead.

Then he took Red Riding-Hood up in his arms and comforted her, for she was crying bitterly. She was frightened and her pretty red cloak had been torn. He wiped her eyes, and promised to walk home with her, but first, he said, they must wait until the grandmother came home.

When she came at last, and heard the story and saw the wolf lying there on the floor, she could not thank the

woodcutter enough. And indeed, if it had not been for him the little girl would certainly have been eaten by the wolf.

But from then on Red Riding-Hood was careful to obey her mother, and not to loiter on the way when she was sent on errands.

The Old Woman and Her Pig [12]

Anonymous

An old woman was sweeping her house one day, when she found a sixpence.

"What shall I do with this little sixpence?" she asked. "I will go to market and buy a little pig."

As she was coming home from the market with the pig, she came to a stile. The pig would not jump over the stile.

She went on a little way and she met a dog. She said:

"Dog, dog, bite pig!
Pig will not jump over the stile,
And I shall not get home tonight."

But the dog would not.

She went a little farther and she met a stick. She said:

"Stick, stick, beat dog!
Dog will not bite pig;
Pig will not jump over the stile,
And I shall not get home tonight."

But the stick would not.

She went a little farther and she met a fire. She said:

"Fire, fire, burn stick!
Stick will not beat dog;
Dog will not bite pig;
Pig will not jump over the stile,
And I shall not get home tonight."

But the fire would not.

She went a little farther and she met some water. She said:

"Water, water, quench fire!
Fire will not burn stick;
Stick will not beat dog;
Dog will not bite pig;
Pig will not jump over the stile,
And I shall not get home tonight."

But the water would not.

She went a little farther and she met an ox. She said:

"Ox, ox, drink water!
Water will not quench fire;
Fire will not burn stick;
Stick will not beat dog;
Dog will not bite pig;
Pig will not jump over the stile,
And I shall not get home tonight."

But the ox would not.

She went a little farther and she met a butcher. She said:

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox!
Ox will not drink water;
Water will not quench fire;
Fire will not burn stick;
Stick will not beat dog;
Dog will not bite pig;
Pig will not jump over the stile,
And I shall not get home tonight."

But the butcher would not.

She went a little farther and she met a rope. She said:

"Rope, rope, hang butcher!
Butcher will not kill ox;
Ox will not drink water;
Water will not quench fire;
Fire will not burn stick;
Stick will not beat dog;
Dog will not bite pig;
Pig will not jump over the stile,
And I shall not get home tonight."

But the rope would not.

She went a little farther and she met a rat. She said:

"Rat, rat, gnaw rope!
Rope will not hang butcher;
Butcher will not kill ox;
Ox will not drink water;
Water will not quench fire;
Fire will not burn stick;
Stick will not beat dog;
Dog will not bite pig;
Pig will not jump over the stile,
And I shall not get home tonight."

But the rat would not.

She went a little farther and she met a cat. She said:

"Cat, cat, catch rat!
Rat will not gnaw rope;
Rope will not hang butcher;
Butcher will not kill ox;
Ox will not drink water;
Water will not quench fire;

Fire will not burn stick,
Stick will not beat dog;
Dog will not bite pig;
Pig will not jump over the stile,
And I shall not get home tonight."

"Go to the cow and bring me some milk, and I will catch the rat," said the cat.

So away went the old woman to the cow.

The cow said, "If you will go to the haystack and bring me some hay, I will give you the milk." So away went the old woman and brought the hay to the cow.

The cow gave the old woman the milk.

Then away went the old woman with the milk to the cat.

Then the cat began to catch the rat;
The rat began to gnaw the rope;
The rope began to hang the butcher;
The butcher began to kill the ox;
The ox began to drink the water;
The water began to quench the fire;
The fire began to burn the stick;
The stick began to beat the dog;
The dog began to bite the pig;
The little pig jumped over the stile,
And so the old woman got home that night.

The Pancake [13]

Once upon a time there was a good housewife who had seven hungry children. One day she was busy frying pancakes for them, and this time she had used new milk in the making of them. One was lying in the pan frizzling away, – ah! so beautiful and thick, – it was a pleasure to look at it. The children were standing round the fire, and the goodman sat in the corner and looked on.

"Oh, give me a bit of pancake, mother! I am so hungry!" said one child.

"Ah, do, dear mother!" said the second.

"Ah, do, dear, good mother!" said the third.

"Ah, do, dear, good, kind mother!" said the fourth.

"Ah, do, dear, good, kind, nice mother!" said the fifth.

"Ah, do, dear, good, kind, nice, sweet mother!" said the sixth.

"Ah, do, dear, good, kind, nice, sweet, darling mother!" said the seventh.

And thus they were all begging for pancakes, each one more prettily than the one before, because they were so hungry and such good little children.

"Yes, children dear, wait a bit till it turns itself," she answered, – she ought to have said, "till I turn it," – "and then you shall all have pancakes, beautiful pancakes, made of new milk; only look how thick and happy it lies there."

When the pancake heard this it got frightened, and all of a sudden it turned itself and wanted to get out of the pan, but it fell down in it again on the other side; and when it had been fried a little on that side too, and felt a little stronger in the back, it jumped out on the floor and rolled away like a wheel, right through the door and down the road.

"Halloo!" cried the goodwife; and away she ran after it, with the frying pan in one hand and the ladle in the other, as fast as she could, and the children behind her, while the goodman came limping after, last of all.

"Halloo! won't you stop? Catch it! stop it! Halloo there!" they all screamed, the one louder than the other, trying to catch it on the run, but the pancake rolled and rolled, and before long it was so far ahead that they could not see it, for the pancake was much smarter on its legs than any of them.

When it had rolled a time it met a man.

"Good day, Pancake," said the man.

"Well met, Manny Panny," said the pancake.

"Dear Pancake," said the man, "don't roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you."

"When I have run away from Goody Poody and the goodman and seven coaxing children, I must run away from you too, Manny Panny," said the pancake, and rolled on and on till it met a hen.

"Good day, Pancake," said the hen.

"Good day, Henny Penny," said the pancake.

"My dear Pancake, don't roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you," said the hen.

"When I have run away from Goody Poody and the goodman and seven coaxing children, and from Manny Panny, I must run away from you too, Henny Penny," said the pancake, and rolled like a wheel down the road.

Then it met a cock.

"Good day, Pancake," said the cock.

"Good day, Cocky Locky," said the pancake.

"My dear Pancake, don't roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you," said the cock.

"When I have run away from Goody Poody and the goodman and seven coaxing children, from Manny Panny and Henny Penny, I must run away from you too, Cocky Locky," said the pancake, and rolled and rolled on as fast as it could.

When it had rolled a long time it met a duck.

"Good day, Pancake," said the duck.

"Good day, Ducky Lucky," said the pancake.

"My dear Pancake, don't roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you," said the duck.

"When I have run away from Goody Poody and the goodman and seven coaxing children, from Manny Panny and Henny Penny and Cocky Locky, I must run away from you too, Ducky Lucky," said the pancake, and with that it fell to rolling and rolling as fast as ever it could.

When it had rolled a long, long time it met a goose.

"Good day, Pancake," said the goose.

"Good day, Goosey Poosey," said the pancake.

"My dear Pancake, don't roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you," said the goose.

"When I have run away from Goody Poody and the goodman and seven coaxing children, and Manny Panny and Henny Penny and Cocky Locky and Ducky Lucky, I must run away from you too, Goosey Poosey," said the pancake, and away it rolled.

So when it had rolled a long, a very long time it met a gander.

"Good day, Pancake," said the gander.

"Good day, Gander Pander," said the pancake.

"My dear Pancake, don't roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you," said the gander.

"When I have run away from Goody Poody and the goodman and seven coaxing children, and from Manny Panny and Henny Penny and Cocky Locky and Ducky Lucky and Goosey Poosey, I must run away from you too, Gander Pander," said the pancake, and rolled and rolled as fast as it could.

When it had rolled on a long, long time it met a pig.

"Good day, Pancake," said the pig.

"Good day, Piggy Wiggy," said the pancake, and began to roll on faster than ever.

"Nay, wait a bit," said the pig; "you needn't be in such a hurry-skurry; we two can walk quietly together and keep each other company through the wood, because they say it isn't very safe there."

The pancake thought there might be something in that, and so they walked together through the wood; but when they had gone some distance they came to a brook.

The pig was so fat it wasn't much trouble for him to swim across, but the pancake couldn't get over.

"Sit on my snout," said the pig, "and I will ferry you over."

The pancake did so.

"Ouf! ouf!" grunted the pig, and swallowed the pancake in one gulp; and as the pancake couldn't get any farther,–well, you see we can't go on with this story any farther, either.

The Go-Sleep Story [14]

By Eudora Bumstead

"How can I go to bed," said Benny, the flossy dog, "till I say goodnight to Baby Ray? He gives me part of his bread and milk, and pats me with his little soft hand. It is bedtime now for dogs and babies. I wonder if he is asleep?"

So he trotted around in his silky white night-gown till he found Baby Ray on the porch in mamma's arms.

And she was telling him the same little story that I am telling you:

The doggie that was given him to keep, keep, keep,
Went to see if Baby Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep.

"How can we go to bed," said Snowdrop and Thistledown, the youngest children of Tabby, the cat, "till we have once more looked at Baby Ray? He lets us play with his blocks and ball, and laughs when we climb on the table. It is bedtime now for kitties and dogs and babies. Perhaps we shall find him asleep." And this is what the kitties heard:

One doggie that was given him to keep, keep, keep,
Two cunning little kitty-cats, creep, creep, creep,
Went to see if Baby Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep.

"How can we go to bed," said the three little bunnies, "till we have seen Baby Ray?" Then away they went in their white velvet nightgowns as softly as three flakes of snow. And they, too, when they got as far as the porch, heard Ray's mamma telling the same little story:

One doggie that was given him to keep, keep, keep,

Two cunning little kitty-cats, creep, creep, creep,
Three little bunnies with a leap, leap, leap,
Went to see if Baby Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep.

"How can we go to bed," said the four white geese, "till we know that Baby Ray is all right? He loves to watch us sail on the duck-pond, and he brings us corn in his little blue apron. It is bedtime now for geese and rabbits and dogs and babies, and he really ought to be asleep."

So they waddled away in their white feather nightgowns, around by the porch, where they saw Baby Ray, and heard mamma tell the "Go-Sleep" story:

One doggie that was given him to keep, keep, keep,
Two cunning little kitty-cats, creep, creep, creep,
Three pretty little bunnies, with a leap, leap, leap,
Four geese from the duck-pond, deep, deep, deep,
Went to see if Baby Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep.

"How can we go to bed," said the five white chicks, "till we have seen Baby Ray once more? He scatters crumbs for us and calls us. Now it is bedtime for chicks and geese and rabbits and kitties and dogs and babies, so little Ray must be asleep."

Then they ran and fluttered in their downy white nightgowns till they came to the porch, where little Ray was just closing his eyes, while mamma told the "Go-Sleep" story:

One doggie that was given him to keep, keep, keep,
Two cunning little kitty-cats, creep, creep, creep,
Three pretty little bunnies, with a leap, leap, leap,
Four geese from the duck-pond, deep, deep, deep,
Five downy chicks, crying peep, peep, peep,
All saw that Baby Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep.

The Little Gray Pony [15]

By Maud Lindsay

There was once a man who owned a little gray pony.

Every morning when the dewdrops were still hanging on the pink clover in the meadows, and the birds were singing their morning song, the man would jump on his pony and ride away, clippety, clippety, clap!

The pony's four small hoofs played the jolliest tune on the smooth pike road, the pony's head was always high in the air, and the pony's two little ears were always pricked up; for he was a merry gray pony, and loved to go clippety, clippety, clap!

The man rode to town and to country, to church and to market, uphill and downhill; and one day he heard something fall with a clang on a stone in the road. Looking back, he saw a horseshoe lying there. And when he saw it, he cried out:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?
If my little gray pony has lost a shoe?"

Then down he jumped, in a great hurry, and looked at one of the pony's forefeet; but nothing was wrong. He lifted the other forefoot, but the shoe was still there. He examined one of the hind feet, and began to think that he was mistaken; but when he looked at the last foot, he cried again:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!"

Then he made haste to go to the blacksmith; and when he saw the smith, he called out to him:

"Blacksmith! Blacksmith! I've come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!"
But the blacksmith answered and said:
"How can I shoe your pony's feet,
Without some coal the iron to heat?"

The man was downcast when he heard this; but he left his little gray pony in the blacksmith's care, while he hurried here and there to buy the coal.

First of all he went to the store; and when he got there, he said:

"Storekeeper! Storekeeper! I've come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!
And I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's feet."
But the storekeeper answered and said:
"Now, I have apples and candy to sell,
And more nice things than I can tell;
But I've no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony's feet."
Then the man went away sighing, and saying:
"What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!"

By and by he met a farmer coming to town with a wagon full of good things; and he said:

"Farmer! Farmer! I've come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!
And I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's feet."
Then the farmer answered the man and said:

"I've bushels of corn and hay and wheat,
Something for you and your pony to eat;
But I've no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony's feet."

So the farmer drove away and left the man standing in the road, sighing and saying:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!"

In the farmer's wagon, full of good things, he saw corn, which made him think of the mill; so he hastened there, and called to the dusty miller:

"Miller! Miller! I've come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe,
And I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's feet."

The miller came to the door in surprise; and when he heard what was needed, he said:

"I have wheels that go round and round,
And stones to turn till the grain is ground;
But I've no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony's feet."

Then the man turned away sorrowfully and sat down on a rock near the roadside, sighing and saying:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!"

After a while a very old woman came down the road, driving a flock of geese to market; and when she came near the man, she stopped to ask him his trouble. He told her all about

it; and when she had heard it all, she laughed till her geese joined in with a cackle; and she said:

"If you would know where the coal is found,
You must go to the miner, who works in the ground."

Then the man sprang to his feet, and, thanking the old woman, he ran to the miner. Now the miner had been working many a long day down in the mine, under the ground, where it was so dark that he had to wear a lamp on the front of his cap to light him at his work! He had plenty of black coal ready and gave great lumps of it to the man, who took them in haste to the blacksmith.

The blacksmith lighted his great red fire, and hammered out four fine new shoes, with a cling! and a clang! and fastened them on with a rap! and a tap! Then away rode the man on his little gray pony - - clippety, clippety, clap!

Mrs. Tabby Gray [16]

Mrs. Tabby Gray, with her three little kittens, lived out in the barn where the hay was stored. One of the kittens was white, one was black, and one gray, just like her mother, who was called Tabby Gray from the color of her coat.

These three little kittens opened their eyes when they grew old enough, and thought there was nothing so nice in all this wonderful world as their own dear mother, although she told them of a great many nice things, like milk and bread, which they should have when they could go up to the big house where she had her breakfast, dinner, and supper.

Every time Mother Tabby came from the big house she had something pleasant to tell. "Bones for dinner today, my dears," she would say, or "I had a fine romp with a ball and the baby," until the kittens longed for the time when they could go too.

One day, however, Mother Cat walked in with joyful news.

"I have found an elegant new home for you," she said, "in a very large trunk where some old clothes are kept; and I think I had better move at once."

Then she picked up the small black kitten, without any more words, and walked right out of the barn with him.

The black kitten was astonished, but he blinked his eyes at the bright sunshine, and tried to see everything.

Out in the barnyard there was a great noise, for the white hen had laid an egg, and wanted everybody to know it; but

Mother Cat hurried on, without stopping to inquire about it, and soon dropped the kitten into the large trunk. The clothes made such a soft, comfortable bed, and the kitten was so tired after his exciting trip, that he fell asleep, and Mrs. Tabby trotted off for another baby.

While she was away, the lady who owned the trunk came out in the hall; and when she saw that the trunk was open, she shut it, locked it, and put the key in her pocket, for she did not dream that there was anything so precious as a kitten inside.

As soon as the lady had gone upstairs Mrs. Tabby Gray came back, with the little white kitten; and when she found the trunk closed, she was terribly frightened. She put the white kitten down and sprang on top of the trunk and scratched with all her might, but scratching did no good. Then she jumped down and reached up to the keyhole, but that was too small for even a mouse to pass through, and the poor mother mewed pitifully.

What was she to do? She picked up the white kitten, and ran to the barn with it. Then she made haste to the house again, and went upstairs to the lady's room. The lady was playing with her baby and when Mother Cat saw this she rubbed against her skirts, and cried: "Mee-ow, mee-ow! You have your baby, and I want mine! Mee-ow, mee-ow!"

By and by the lady said: "Poor Kitty! she must be hungry;" and she went down to the kitchen and poured sweet milk in a saucer, but the cat did not want milk. She wanted her baby kitten out of the big black trunk, and she mewed as plainly as she could: "Give me my baby – give me my baby, out of your big black trunk!"

The kind lady decided that she must be thirsty: "Poor Kitty, I will give you water;" but when she set the bowl of water down Mrs. Tabby Gray mewed more sorrowfully than before. She wanted no water, – she only wanted her dear baby kitten; and she ran to and fro, crying, until, at last, the lady followed her; and she led the way to the trunk.

"What can be the matter with this cat?" said the lady; and she took the trunk key out of her pocket, put it in the lock, unlocked the trunk, raised the top – and in jumped Mother Cat with such a bound that the little black kitten waked up with a start.

"Purr, purr, my darling child," said Mrs. Tabby Gray, in great excitement; "I have had a dreadful fright!" and before the black kitten could ask one question she picked him up and started for the barn.

The sun was bright in the barnyard and the hens were still chattering there; but the black kitten was glad to get back to the barn. His mother was glad, too; for, as she nestled down in the hay with her three little kittens, she told them that a barn was the best place after all to raise children.

And she never afterwards changed her mind.

The Gold Bugs [17]

Once upon a time there were two green and glittering gold bugs, and one said to the other: –

"The day is warm and sunny, let us go out and play."

"We will," said the second gold bug, and they decided to play at dancing.

So the two green, glittering gold bugs went down to a brook nearby, and there, shining and floating above the water, they saw two glorious dragon flies, one green, and one blue.

"We will dance with these dragon flies," said one gold bug. "I choose the blue one."

"You cannot have her," said the other gold bug, "I choose her."

"I will dance with the blue dragon fly," said the first gold bug.

"You shall not dance with the blue dragon fly," said the second gold bug.

So they quarreled until two other gold bugs came along, and asked the dragon flies to dance with them, so that was an end of the matter.

The two green and glittering gold bugs then said they would play at something else.

"We will play hide and seek," said the first gold bug.

''No, we will play tag," said the second gold bug.

"I will play nothing but hide and seek," said the first gold bug.

"And I will play nothing but tag," said the second gold bug.

"I am going to hide," said the first gold bug; so he went away and hid himself beneath a clover leaf, but, ah, there was no one to blind, and then go and look for him.

"I will run," said the second gold bug; so he ran, but, ah, there was no one to catch him. It was not fun to play that way, and there was an end of the matter.

The two green and glittering gold bugs then said they would play at something else, so they went to a tall bell flower to swing.

"I will sit inside, and you shall rock me," said the first gold bug.

"No, I will sit inside first, and you shall rock me," said the second gold bug.

So they quarreled as to which should swing first, and in their quarreling they tore a petal of the beautiful bell flower, so they could not swing at all, and there was an end of the matter.

"Tut, tut, what is the meaning of this?" asked an old gold bug who came crawling along just then. "Why do you two green and glittering young things quarrel this bright morning?"

"We cannot play, and we are very unhappy, grandfather," said the two gold bugs. "We do not wish to play the same games."

"Silly, silly," said the old gold bug, and as he crawled away, he turned his head about, and he said, "Take turns, take turns. Turnabout is fair play."

Now it had never occurred to the two green and glittering gold bugs that to take turns is the best way to play, and they decided to try.

They went back to the brook, and there were the two beautiful dragon flies, again floating over the water. So the first gold bug danced with the green dragon fly, and the second gold bug danced with the blue dragon fly; and then they changed about until they could dance no longer.

After that they played tag, and the first gold bug chased the second gold bug until they were tired. Then the first gold bug hid himself, and the second gold bug tried to find him, which was very good fun indeed.

And last of all they found another bell flower, and they rocked each other all the afternoon, until it was time to go home.

So they had a very good day after all, did those green and glittering gold bugs, for they had learned that to take turns is the best way to play.

"I Don't Care" [18]

Adapted by Susan S. Harriman

Out in the barn was the old mother dog and her puppies. Such pretty puppies; some all black, some black with white feet and some white with black tails and ears. And such funny puppies! always tumbling over each other and biting each other in fun; and such good puppies, always doing what their mother said, excepting one. Brownie was a naughty puppy. Always when his mother called him away from danger he would just say, "I don't care." Once he fell down a hole just because he did not come when his mother called; and once he was scratched by a cat because instead of minding he went out of the door, saying, "I don't care."

One day Brownie said: "I'm tired of the barn. I am going out in the road."

"No," said his mother, "the road is a dangerous place for puppies and you will get hurt."

"I don't care," said Brownie, and away he ran.

At first the road was very pleasant and very quiet. He trotted on, smelling of everything and saying to himself, "I want to see the world. I don't care what Mother says."

But pretty soon the road became crowded with horses and wagons.

"Look out puppy!" cried a driver. "This is no place for you."

"I don't care," said Brownie and went on.

"Get out of the road," cried the driver of a big truck. "You ought to be at home. That's the place for puppies."

"I don't care," said Brownie. But just then he heard great shouting, and turning around he saw some boys chasing him. They threw a stone, and at last Brownie was afraid. He dashed through a window and fell into a cellar where a man ran at him with a stick. Up the steps dashed Brownie, trembling all over, and into a doorway. "Shoo!" cried a woman with a broom, and out he went into the street, not knowing which way to turn.

"Oh! if I could only get home," said Brownie. "If only I had minded Mother!"

Just then he heard the voice of his master.

"Why Brownie! How came you here so far from home?" and he felt himself lifted in strong arms. He snuggled down trembling, hiding his head in his master's coat.

All the way home Brownie kept saying, "I was naughty, I was naughty," and when at last he was put in the barn he cuddled up by his mother and said before he went to sleep, "Mother dear, I do care."

The Snowman [19]

By Maud Lindsay

Once upon a time there was a man who was made of snow. He had sticks for his arms, and coals for his eyes; his nose was made of an icicle, and his mouth was a bit of bent twig, which turned up at the ends, so he looked as if he were smiling.

"He's the finest snowman we've ever seen," said the children who made him; and they joined hands and danced around him till their mother called them in to supper.

"Good-bye," they called to him as they climbed the fence that divided the field from the yard. "Good-bye. We will bring you a hat tomorrow."

There were a half-dozen of the children, and the youngest of them was a little boy who had never helped to make a snowman before. He thought of this one all the time he was eating his supper, and even after he had gone to bed that night. He knew just how the snowman looked with his smiling mouth and stick arms.

"I wish we had taken him a hat tonight," he thought, as his eyelids dropped down like two little curtains over his eyes.

"Archoo! archoo! I wish that you had," said something outside the window; and – do you believe it? – it was the snowman sneezing as hard as he could!

"This is what comes of standing out in the cold bareheaded," he said. "I shall sneeze my head off – I know I shall. Archoo! archoo! archoo!"

"Dear me!" said the little boy. "I will get you a hat, but it will have to be my sailor, for I wear my new hat to church and to parties, and my every-day cap will not fit you, I am afraid – we made your head so large."

"The sailor will do nicely," said the snowman, "if I may have it at once. As it is, I am catching my death of cold. Archoo! archoo! archoo!"

When the little boy heard this, he jumped out of bed and ran to the cupboard and got the sailor hat from the top shelf and gave it to the snowman. "How do I look in it?" he asked as soon as he had put it on.

"Well enough," answered the moon, who had been watching all the while; "but you will have to make haste if you want to go anywhere before daylight."

"Don't you hear what the moon is saying?" said the snowman to the little boy. "What are you waiting for?"

"Am I going anywhere?" asked the child.

"Of course," answered the snowman. "Why shouldn't you go?"

The little boy could not think of an answer to this; and the next thing he knew he was out of the window with the snowman.

"Where are we going?" asked he.

"Why," said the snowman, hurrying away into the street, "I have never thought of that, but since you speak of it I think we had better go to the Winter King's palace, and ask him if he cannot do something to keep the sun from shining tomorrow."

"Oh!" said the little boy, for his mother had promised that he might go to his grandmother's if the day was fine. He had no

time to say anything about this, however, for just then the snowman cried out:

"I have dropped one of my eyes, and I cannot go on without it."

"Dear me, dear me!" said the little boy. "How shall we ever find it?"

But while he was talking, a little dog that he knew very well came by. His name was Fido, and he could find anything that was lost. He had found the little ball when it rolled under the house, and his master's overshoes when everybody else had failed; and when he heard of the lost eye he started back at once to look for it.

"Don't worry," said the little boy; "Fido will find it." And sure enough, in the twinkle of a star he was back with the coal in his mouth! The little boy put it in its place as quickly as he could, for the snowman seemed to be in a hurry.

"Didn't you see that we were at a baker's shop?" he said. "I know I must have been near the oven, too, for one of my ears is almost melted off."

"Why, you haven't any ears!" said the little boy. "We did not know how to make them."

"No ears?" cried the snowman. "Then how do I hear what you say? But there now, you are only a little boy, and cannot know everything. Besides, here we are at the palace, and you must be quiet."

The little boy had thought he was passing the schoolhouse where his big brothers and sisters went to school, but when he went inside he saw that he was wrong, and the snowman was right, for in the place where the teacher's desk should have

been, was a throne; and on the throne sat the Winter King with icicles in his beard.

As soon as he saw the snowman and the little boy, he began to talk very fast:

"What has this little boy been doing? Why isn't he in bed? Come here, Jack Frost, and tickle his toes."

"Oh! no, no," cried the snowman. "He has done nothing wrong. He is one of my best friends, and I have brought him here with me to ask you not to let the sun shine tomorrow. I don't want to melt."

"Ah! hum! ha!" said the King. "I don't know about that. You will have to melt sometime, won't you?"

"Of course," said the snowman; "but I'd like to last as long as I can."

It made the little boy very sad to hear him talk in this way. He thought he would rather not go to his grandmother's than to risk the snowman in the sun.

"We are very fond of him," he said to the King. "He's the finest snowman we've ever seen, and he looks just as if he were smiling."

"So he does," said the King, looking at the snowman again; "and since you ask it I'll tell you what I will do. I cannot keep the sun from shining, but I will ask the North Wind to freeze the snowman, and perhaps he will last anyhow."

When the snowman heard this he began to dance, and as the little boy had hold of one of his stick arms he had to dance too. Together they danced out of the Winter King's palace, down the streets, into the field, where they found the North Wind waiting for them.

The first thing he did was to blow the hat from the snowman's head.

"Archoo! archoo!" sneezed the snowman. "I know I shall catch cold."

And "archoo!" sneezed the little boy; and he sneezed so loud that he waked himself up, for – do you believe it? – he had been asleep and dreaming all the time!

One part of his dream came true, though, for when he looked out of the window, the next morning, there stood the snowman in the field frozen hard.

The Lion and the Mouse [20]

A fierce old lion had been out hunting all night. In the morning he lay down to take a nap, and was having a good sleep, when a little mouse crept out from among the leaves.

It went jumping along, sniffing this way and that, and ran right over the old lion's nose. Oh, but the little mouse was frightened when the lion's paw came down upon it! It shook all over, but it squeaked out: "Oh, please do not kill me, good lion. I did not mean to waken you. Truly, I did not. I just came because I thought you might have something good for me to eat, after your hunt, and I was creeping over very quietly to see. Do let me live, good lion. If you will, I will do something for you sometime. Just see if I do not!"

The old lion could not keep from laughing when the little mouse said this. He laughed so loud that the ground shook where he lay, and the poor little mouse was frightened more than ever. "You help me?" said he. "Ha! ha! ha! I would just like to see you do that!" "Well, I am not hungry; and if I were, you would not make a mouthful. I think I will let you go, but don't you dare to waken me again. If you do, you shall suffer for it."

One day when this old lion was out walking in the woods, he found himself caught in a net which the hunters had laid for him. He tried to break the heavy ropes, but they were too strong for him, and the harder he tried to get away, the tighter the ropes were drawn. He roared so loud that his voice could be heard far, far away.

The little mouse whom the lion had spared was not very far off.

It heard the voice of its friend, and set off at once to see what was the matter.

"Why do you cry so, Mr. Lion?" said the little mouse.

"Just see these ugly ropes," said the lion. "I cannot move."

"I will set you free," said the little mouse. "Do not worry. Just be quiet."

Then the mouse began nibbling at one of the ropes with its little sharp teeth, and soon that was in two. It cut another and another until the lion could shake himself free.

Then the tired little mouse looked up into the lion's face and said, "Mr. Lion, are you not glad that you did not kill me?"

"Yes," said the lion, "I have learned from you, little teacher, that it pays to do a kind deed every time one gets a chance."

The Hare and the Tortoise [21]

(Aesop's Fables)

Now, little children, if you will sit still and listen, I will tell you a story about a Hare and a Tortoise, and how one day they tried to outrun each other. The Hare is a pretty creature somewhat like a rabbit; he has long legs and can run very fast.

But the Tortoise wears a great shell on his back, and creeps along very slowly.

The Hare one day laughed at the short legs and slow pace of the Tortoise, but the Tortoise laughed too and said, –

"Though you should run as fast as the wind, I will beat you in a race."

The Hare thought it very foolish of the Tortoise, but he agreed to run the race, and they decided the Fox should choose the course. They were to run from the seashore where the Tortoise lived to the edge of the forest where the Hare lived.

The Crow gave the word for them to start; he called out, –

"Caw! Caw! Caw!" three times, as loud as he could. I suppose he meant to say, "Go! Go! Go!"

At first, as you may suppose, the Hare went ahead. His light feet sprang on the ground and he bounded along, shaking the dew off the flowers, and it did not seem to tire him at all.

By and by he thought he would look around and see where the Tortoise was, but the Tortoise was way, way behind, nowhere in sight.

"Well," thought the Hare to himself, "there is no use in running very fast; I may as well take a nap. There is the tree in sight; it will not take me long to run to it."

So the Hare crouched down in the long grass and went to sleep.

But the Tortoise did not stop a moment; he was on his way, moving as fast as he could.

That was not very fast to be sure, but then he did not stop for an instant.

He was hungry, but he did not stop to eat; he was thirsty, but he did not stop to drink.

All the Birds by the roadside laughed at him, and told him the Hare must have reached the forest long ago. But still the Tortoise went on; for, as he said, he could but try.

Well, when he came to where the Hare lay fast asleep the Tortoise could hardly believe his eyes.

You may be sure he did not stop to rest there, but jogged on as fast as he could.

When at last the Hare woke up and looked about him, there was the Tortoise at the edge of the forest.

He reached the tree first and the Hare had lost the race.

North Wind and the Sun [22]

(Aesop)

The North Wind and the Sun had a dispute one day, each thinking himself stronger than the other.

"See how strong I am," said the Wind; "I can make that great tree bend, and I can break the little flowers off their stems;" and North Wind went rushing and roaring about to show how strong he was.

"Yes," said the Sun; "but I can melt the ice, and help the flowers and trees to blossom. But see! here comes a man, climbing up the hill; he has a cloak on; now we will see which of us can make him take his cloak off. The one which does it will be the stronger. You may begin, Mr. North Wind."

So the Wind began to blow about the poor man. It pulled and tore at his coat and tried to get it off, and the Rain and Hail came and beat on the poor man and tried to help the Wind, but the harder it blew the tighter the man held his cloak about him.

"Now," said the Sun, "it is my turn."

So the Wind stopped blowing, and the Sun began to shine soft and warm on the poor man.

It dried his wet cloak, and soon he began to open it, and the Sun made him so warm he had to take his cloak wholly off; and soon his hat came off too, and then he was so warm he had to take all his clothes off and take a bath in the river.

So which was the stronger, the Wind or the Sun? Persuasion is better than force.

The Fox and the Grapes [23]

(Aesop)

It was a very warm day. "I am so hungry and so thirsty," said the Fox, as he came along the dusty road.

"Ah, there are some fine juicy grapes! What luck! I will have those grapes."

So he gave one great leap up toward the vines.

But he could not quite reach them.

Again he jumped.

And again and again.

But each time he fell back more and more out of breath.

Then he sat and looked at them.

"Sour old things!" he growled. "I would not eat one of them. They are not good enough for a Fox. I will leave them for the greedy Birds. Birds will eat anything."

Then he went away; and the grapes rubbed their soft cheeks against one another and laughed softly at the silly old Fox.

The Dog and His Shadow [24]

(Aesop)

A dog had stolen a piece of meat for his dinner.

"Now for a feast." said the Dog. And away he trotted with the meat in his mouth.

On his way home there was a brook to cross. The water was very clear and very still. The Dog saw his own shadow in the water.

"There is another Dog with another piece of meat," thought he.

"R-r-r-r," growled he, looking down into the water.

"R-r-r-r," growled the Dog in the water, looking up at him.

"I will have that piece of meat," thought the greedy Dog on the bridge. So he growled again and showed his teeth.

The Dog in the water showed his teeth too.

That made the Dog on the bridge angry. Snap! Snap! and down went the meat into the water, and the greedy Dog had nothing but his own thoughts to dine upon. I wonder if they were pleasant.

The Ant and the Dove [25]

(Aesop)

A little Ant had fallen into the water. "Oh, help! help! I shall drown!" cried the Ant.

A Dove in a tree near by heard the little Ant cry for help.

"I will throw down a leaf," said the Dove.

"Here, little Ant, is a leaf. Climb up on it and you will float to the shore."

"Oh, I thank you, kind Dove!" answered the Ant, as he reached the shore. "You have saved my life."

A few days later the Dove was busy building her nest.

Nearby was a man with a gun.

"He is going to shoot the Dove," cried the Ant. "I must stop him!"

So the Ant ran up to the man and bit his heel.

"Oh, my heel, my heel!" screamed the man; and he dropped his gun.

This startled the Dove and she flew away.

When the man was gone she flew back and said, "I thank you, little friend. Today you have saved my life."

The Tale of Peter Rabbit [26]

By Beatrix Potter

Once upon a time there were four little Rabbits, and their names were

Flopsy,
Mopsy,
Cotton-tail,
and Peter.

They lived with their Mother in a sandbank, underneath the root of a very big fir tree.

"Now my dears," said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, "you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden: your Father had an accident there; he was put in a pie by Mrs. McGregor.

"Now run along, and don't get into mischief. I am going out."

Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella, and went through the wood to the baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail, who were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries.

But Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight away to Mr. McGregor's garden, and squeezed under the gate!

First he ate some lettuces and some French beans; and then he ate some radishes. And then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley.

But round the end of a cucumber frame whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor!

Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees planting out young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, "Stop thief!" Peter was most dreadfully frightened; he rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate.

He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other shoe amongst the potatoes.

After losing them, he ran on four legs and went faster, so that I think he might have got away altogether if he had not unfortunately run into a gooseberry net, and got caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new.

Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears; but his sobs were over heard by some friendly sparrows, who flew to him in great excitement, and implored him to exert himself. Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve, which he intended to pop upon the top of Peter; but Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him, and rushed into the toolshed, and jumped into a can. It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in, if it had not had so much water in it.

Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the toolshed, perhaps hidden underneath a flowerpot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.

Presently Peter sneezed "Kertyschoo!" Mr. McGregor was after him in no time, and tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window

was too small for Mr. McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work.

Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go. Also he was very damp with sitting in that can.

After a time he began to wander about, going lippity – lippity – not very fast, and looking all around. He found a door in a wall; but it was locked, and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath.

An old mouse was running in and out over the stone doorstep, carrying peas and beans to her family in the wood. Peter asked her the way to the gate, but she had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not answer. She only shook her head at him. Peter began to cry.

Then he tried to find his way straight across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently, he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water cans. A white cat was staring at some goldfish; she sat very, very still, but now and then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive. Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her; he had heard about cats from his cousin little Benjamin Bunny.

He went back towards the toolshed, but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe scritch, scratch, scratch, scritch. Peter scuttered underneath the bushes. But presently, as nothing happened, he came out, and climbed upon a wheelbarrow, and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing onions. His back was turned towards Peter, and beyond him was the gate! Peter got down very quietly off the wheel-barrow, and started running as fast as

he could go, along a straight walk behind some black currant bushes.

Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped underneath the gate, and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden.

Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scare-crow to frighten the blackbirds. Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got home to the big fir tree.

He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit-hole, and shut his eyes. His mother was busy cooking; she wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost in a fortnight! I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening.

His mother put him to bed, and made some chamomile tea; and she gave a dose of it to Peter! "One tablespoonful to be taken at bedtime."

But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail had bread and milk and blackberries, for supper.

Why the Bear Sleeps all Winter [27]

Once upon a time, little Brother Rabbit lived, quite sober and industrious, in the woods, and just close by lived a big, brown Bear.

Now little Brother Rabbit never troubled his neighbors in those days, nor meddled with their housekeeping, nor played any tricks the way he does now. In the fall, he gathered his acorns, and his pig nuts, and his rabbit tobacco. On a frosty morning, he would set out with Brother Fox for the farmer's; and while Brother Fox looked after the chicken yards, little Brother Rabbit picked cabbage, and pulled turnips, and gathered carrots and parsnips for his cellar. When the winter came, he never failed to share his store with a wandering field mouse, or a traveling chipmunk.

Now, in those days, old Bear was not content to do his own housekeeping, and doze in the sun, and gather wild honey in the summer, and fish through the ice in the winter. He was full of mischief, and was always playing tricks. Of all the beasts of the wood, the one he loved best to trouble was sober little Brother Rabbit.

Just as soon as Brother Rabbit moved to a new tree stump, and filled his bins with vegetables, and his pantry with salad, along came old Bear and carried off all his stores.

Just as soon as Brother Rabbit filled his house with dry, warm leaves for a bed, creepy, creepy, crawly, along came old

Bear, and tried to squeeze himself into the bed, too, and of course he was too big.

At last, Brother Rabbit could stand it no longer, and he went to all the beasts in the wood to ask their advice.

The first one he met was Brother Frog, sitting on the edge of the pond, and sticking his feet in the nice, cool mud.

"What shall I do, Brother Frog?" asked Brother Rabbit; "Brother Bear will not leave me alone."

"Let us ask Brother Squirrel," said Brother Frog.

So the two went to Brother Squirrel, cracking nuts in the hickory tree.

"What shall we do, Brother Squirrel?" asked Brother Frog; "Brother Bear will not leave Brother Rabbit alone."

"Let us ask Brother Mole," said Brother Squirrel, dropping his nuts. So the three went to where Brother Mole was digging the cellar for a new house, and they said: –

"What shall we do, Brother Mole? Brother Bear will not leave Brother Rabbit alone."

"Let us ask Brother Fox," said Brother Mole.

So Brother Mole, and Brother Squirrel, and Brother Frog, and Brother Rabbit went to where Brother Fox was combing his brush behind a bush, and they said to him: –

"What shall we do, Brother Fox? Brother Bear will not leave Brother Rabbit alone."

"Let us go to Brother Bear," said Brother Fox.

So they all went along with little Brother Rabbit, and they hunted and hunted for old Bear, but they could not find him. They hunted and hunted some more, and they peeped in a hollow tree. There lay old Bear, fast asleep.

"Hush," said Brother Fox.

Then he whispered to Brother Frog, "Bring a little mud."

And he whispered to Brother Squirrel, "Bring some leaves."

And he whispered to Brother Mole, "Bring some dirt, little brother."

And to Brother Rabbit he said, "Stand ready to do what I tell you."

So Brother Frog brought mud. Brother Squirrel brought leaves. Brother Mole brought dirt, and Brother Rabbit stood ready.

Then Brother Fox said to Brother Rabbit, "Stop up the ends of Brother Bear's log."

So Brother Rabbit took the mud and the leaves and the dirt, and he stopped up the ends of the log. Then he hammered hard with his two back feet, which are good for hammering. And they all went home, for they thought that old Bear would never, never get out of the log.

Well, old Bear slept and slept, but after a while he awoke, and he opened one eye. He saw no sunshine, so he thought it was still night, and he went to sleep again.

After another while, he awoke again, but he heard the rain and sleet beating outside, and it was very warm and dry inside.

"What a very long night," said old Bear, and he curled up his paws, and he went to sleep again.

This time, he just slept, and slept, until it began to be very warm inside the log, and he heard in his dreams the footsteps of birds outside.

Then he awoke, and he stretched himself, and he shook himself. He rubbed his eyes with his paws, and he poked away the mud, and the leaves, and the dirt, and he went outside.

But was he not surprised?

It had been a frosty night when he had gone to sleep, and now the woods were green. Old Bear had slept all winter.

"That was a fine, long sleep," said old Bear, as he set out for little Brother Rabbit's house to see if he had anything good for breakfast; "I shall sleep again, next fall."

So every summer, old Bear plays tricks on little Brother Rabbit, but when the fall comes, he creeps away to a warm, dark place to sleep until spring.

And so have his grandchildren, and his great-grandchildren ever since.

Lazy Jack [28]

Once upon a time there was a boy whose name was Jack, and he lived with his mother upon a dreary common. They were very poor, and the old woman got her living by spinning; but Jack was so lazy that he would do nothing but bask in the sun in the hot weather, and sit by the hearth in the winter time. His mother could not persuade him to do anything for her, and was obliged at last to tell him that if he did not begin to work for his porridge, she would turn him out to get his living as he could.

This threat at length roused Jack, and he went out and hired himself for the day to a neighboring farmer for a penny; but as he was coming home, never having had any money in his possession before, he lost it in passing over a brook.

"No, no!" said his mother, "you should have put it in your pocket."

"I'll do so another time," replied Jack.

The next day Jack went out again, and hired himself to a cow keeper, who gave him a jar of milk for his day's work. Jack took the jar and put it in the large pocket of his jacket, spilling it all along the way home.

"Dear me!" said the woman; "you should have carried it on your head."

"I'll do so another time," replied Jack.

The following day Jack hired himself again to a farmer, who agreed to give him a cream cheese for his services. In the

evening Jack took the cheese, and went home with it on his head. By the time he got home the cheese was completely spoiled, part of it being lost, and part matted with his hair.

"Oh dear!" said his mother; "you should have carried it very carefully in your hands."

"I'll do so another time," replied Jack.

The day after this Jack again went out, and hired himself to a baker, who would give him nothing for his work but a large tomcat. Jack took the cat, and began carrying it very carefully in his hands, but in a short time Pussy scratched him so much that he was compelled to let him go.

When he got home his mother said to him, "You silly fellow! you should have tied it with a string and dragged it along after you."

"I'll do so another time," said Jack.

The next day Jack hired himself to a butcher, who rewarded his labors by the handsome present of a shoulder of mutton.

Jack took the mutton, tied it to a string, and trailed it along after him in the dirt, so that by the time he got home the meat was completely spoiled.

This time his mother was out of patience with him, for the next day was Sunday, and she was obliged to content herself with cabbage for her dinner.

"You ninnyhammer!" said she to her son; "you should have carried it on your shoulder."

"I'll do so another time," replied Jack.

On the Monday Jack went once more, and hired himself to a cattle keeper, who gave him a donkey for his trouble.

Although Jack was very strong he found some difficulty in hoisting the donkey on his shoulders; but at last he accomplished it, and began walking home with his prize. Now it happened that in the course of his journey there lived a rich man with his only daughter, a beautiful girl but unfortunately deaf and dumb. She had never laughed in her life, and the doctors said she would never recover till somebody made her laugh. Many tried without success, and at last the father, in despair, offered her in marriage to the first man who could make her laugh. This young lady happened to be looking out of the window when Jack was passing with the donkey on his shoulders, the legs sticking up in the air, and the sight was so comical and strange that she burst into a great fit of laughter and immediately recovered her speech and hearing. Her father was overjoyed, and fulfilled his promise by marrying her to Jack, who was thus made a rich gentleman. They lived in a large house, and Jack's mother lived with them in great happiness until she died.

The Two Little Maple Leaves [29]

By Isa L. Wright

Once there were two little leaves that grew side by side in the top of a tall maple tree.

They were green as green could be. Their stems were green and the branch on which they lived was green, as green as the violet bed at the maple tree's roots. Every morning the sun wakened the two little leaves and every night the cool dark put them to sleep, and day after day they swung on the topmost branch of the tree.

"We shall always play together here," they said to each other.

"Always?" asked a little bluebird.

"Always," said the little leaves. "Not quite always," said the old maple tree. "When fall comes, you will put on your winter dresses. Maple leaves never wear green dresses in the fall. The North Wind comes with his chariot and you will sail away with him for a merry ride. Then you will rest in a new Sleepyland and Father Winter will tuck you in bed beneath a white coverlet of snow."

But the little leaves only laughed. "We like our green dresses best," they said, "and we do not care to ride with the North Wind." And they swung faster than ever in the sunlight.

Days passed. The flowers closed their eyes and seed pods nodded from the blossom stems. Fall days crept in and one by one the maple leaves all took off their green summer dresses

and put on russet and crimson and golden ones. The maple tree was aflame with color.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the children who passed by, "the maple tree looks like a flower garden in the springtime. But see those two little leaves in the top! They have forgotten to take off their summer dresses. Little Leaves," they called, "aren't you going to the North Wind's party?" But the little leaves only smiled and went on dancing.

Autumn swept over the land and the days grew chill. The little leaves drew their summer clothes more closely about them and shivered a little.

The big brown tree shook her branches and called to them.

"All the world knows," she said, "how a maple leaf should dress in autumn. Put on your winter clothes. The air is growing colder."

"It will be warmer by and by," smiled the little leaves.

And then one day came the big, blowy, North Wind.

His breath stung the cheeks of the two little leaves and tingled their toes till they ached and sent a sharp chill piercing through them.

"All ready!" he called. "Button your crimson coats tighter, my leaves, and fasten your brown dresses close. Tie your golden scarfs around your heads and put on your yellow mittens! We are off for a merry ride!"

One by one he lifted them into his chariot, the little and the big, the red, the brown, the gold, and the russet leaves. Oh, there was a load of them, and how they laughed and shouted and sang as they climbed in. For the merriest day in the long, long year for them was the North Wind's gala day.

The two little leaves were left in the topmost branch all alone.

"Take us! Take us!" they cried, as the North Wind climbed in.

"In faded summer clothes?" asked the North Wind. "Nay, none ride with me but those who are robed for winter." And with a whistle and a shout he was off. And the two little leaves hung in the treetop, cold and tired and sad.

"Poor little children!" said the maple tree, as she looked up at them.

"Poor little children!" said the North Wind to himself, as he rode along, for he was sorry. Then he stopped a little breeze that was blowing past. "Hurry to the maple tree," he said. "Two little leaves hang in the topmost branch in their faded summer dresses. They are cold and tired. Take them down to the violet bed and tuck them in."

And so it happened that the little leaves let go their hold on the top branch and found themselves slowly sinking, down, down –

"Good-night!" called the bare brown tree.

"Good-night!" said the two little leaves. Then they shut their eyes, for Mother Nature was hushing them to sleep.

The Little Pine Tree Who Wished for New Leaves [30]

Adapted from a German Legend

Out in the woods there grew a little pine tree, and its leaves were long, slender, green needles.

But the little tree did not like its needles.

"I wish that I had beautiful leaves," it thought. "I wish that I might have leaves different from any of the other trees. If I could have my wish, I would have leaves all of shining gold."

After a while it came night, and the little tree went to sleep, and the Angel of the trees walked through the woods. In the morning the little tree had leaves of shining gold.

"How very beautiful I am!" it thought. "How my leaves sparkle in the sun! Now I shall always be happy!"

Foolish little pine tree! It was not happy for long.

In the night a man came to the woods with a bag. He picked off all the gold leaves, and took them home with him. Then the poor little tree had no leaves. "What shall I do?" it cried. "I will not wish for gold leaves again. How pretty glass leaves would look! They would sparkle in the sun, but the man would not take them. I wish that I could have leaves of glass."

That night the Angel of the trees walked through the woods again. In the morning, when the sun peeped over the hill it looked at the little pine tree. All the other trees looked at it, too.

How beautiful it was! It had glass leaves now, and they sparkled in the bright sunshine. The little tree was happy all the morning. But in the afternoon black clouds hid the sun, and the rain came down. The tree shivered in the wind. When the shower was over, there were no glass leaves to sparkle in the sunshine. The wind had broken every one, and they lay on the ground under the bare branches.

"I will not wish again to be better than my neighbors," cried the pine tree. "If I had big green leaves like them I should be happy."

Then the tree went to sleep, and once more the Angel of the trees walked through the woods. When it was morning the pine looked just like the other trees, for it had fine, large green leaves.

But the big leaves looked so good and juicy that an old goat came along, and he ate every one for his dinner.

"Alas!" cried the little tree. "A man took my leaves of gold. The wind broke my leaves of glass. A goat ate my large green leaves. I wish that I had my long, green needles again!"

The Angel of the trees was listening to all that the little pine tree said. The next day the birds flew to the little tree, and they were happy to see that it was covered again with long needles.

"Now, we may build our nests here," they said.

"Yes," said the tree. "I will hide your nests with my needles, and in the winter I will keep you safe and warm. Gold leaves, glass leaves, and large green leaves were very fine; but nothing is so good for a little pine tree as its own long needles."

Story of an Acorn [31]

Once there was a little Acorn on an old oak-tree, and the rain fell upon it, and the sun shone on it, the wind tossed it, all to please the little Acorn and help it to grow. The Acorn looked out on the world all day long and saw a great many things. How the great oak was beloved, how useful it was; people loved to stop beneath it, school children loved to play in its shadow, meek old cows came there for shelter, the little birds loved to sing among its branches; and the little Acorn said, "I wish I could do good to everybody as the tree does, but I am only a little Acorn; I can only sit here and swing. The North Wind comes a long way and sees a great deal, perhaps he could know of something a little Acorn could do." So the next time the North Wind came along she said, "Oh! North Wind, do you know of anything a little Acorn could do to help somebody?"

The North Wind gave her a friendly toss and said, "Be content and grow." Said the Acorn, "I will ask the East Wind." When the East Wind came by she said, "Oh! East Wind, do you know of any good a little Acorn can do?" The East Wind answered rather roughly, "Stay where you are and grow." So when the South Wind came, the Acorn said, "Oh! South Wind, do you know of any good such a little Acorn can do?" The South Wind kissed her and said, "Stay right here, dear, and grow." When the West Wind passed by, she asked him, "Oh! West Wind, do you not know of something I can do?" The West Wind answered, "Stay right there in your cup and grow."

So the little Acorn sat, day after day, on the bough and grew, and grew, till one day there came a great wind and shook her off, and tossed her far away upon the ground. "Now," said the frightened little thing, "here's an end of me and all my aspirations! I do so want to do something, but here I am upon the ground, and in a hole, too, and not able to help even myself; I shall soon be covered up and forgotten." The wind blew the leaves and the dirt over her, and the rain beat her down still farther into the earth, till she was quite out of sight. "This, then," she said, "is my grave." But the sun warmed the spot, and the rain moistened it, and soon the little Acorn felt a strange, wonderful life swelling within her, till she cried out, "Oh! my heart, how you reach upward!" and two bright green leaves pushed up above the ground, and farther up to make room for more, till at last the little Acorn found that she had become a tree, and was dearly loved by those she was able to shelter and comfort.

The Anxious Leaf [32]

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?" And the leaf said, "The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground."

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go until you want to."

And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily as if nothing could pull it off. And so it grew all summer long until October.

And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some were scarlet, and some were striped with both colors.

Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on their beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, too, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it; and when it was very bright in color it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and

so the leaf said, "Oh, branches! Why are you lead color and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work clothes, for our task is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your work is finished."

Just then a little puff of wind came and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire, in the air, and then it dropped gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and fell into a dream and never waked up to tell what it dreamt about.

The Lost Lamb [33]

There was once a little girl who lived in a beautiful country a long way from here; this country was Germany, and the little girl's name was Gretchen.

She had a brother smaller than herself and he was called Fritz, and they owned a very large dog whose name was Carlo.

Every morning the dog would go with Gretchen's father to tend sheep, for the father was a shepherd, and that is the way he earned his living, just as your papa does by doing one thing, like a carpenter, painter, tailor or shoemaker.

Sometimes the father had to go away and be gone all night, and then Gretchen and Fritz had to stay from school and take care of the sheep.

Gretchen's father and mother lived in a wooden house in the valley, which is the low land between high hills or mountains. They had to travel up the steep hillside where the green grass grew, so the sheep could nibble it and grow very large. Then the sheep were sheared, which means that all their beautiful white wool was cut off and made into yarn for stockings and mittens and worsted, such as our colored balls are made of, or into cloth, so that people could have some clothes to wear.

When our Gretchen and her brother had the care of the sheep their mother would have to send a little boy with their dinner, which usually was some fresh milk and black bread.

After dinner Fritz would play on his flute, which he always carried with him, tied around his neck with a piece of blue ribbon, and Gretchen would finish the sewing her mother had given her.

There is one thing they wore which we never see. You know our shoes are made of leather, which is the hide of an animal. Theirs were made of wood, and when they walked you could hear them very plainly because they made a great deal of noise.

When they went to school they had to take them off and put them on the floor against the wall, and each child had his or her name marked inside. One morning Gretchen's father said, "Gretchen, you cannot go to school today; I must go to the city and Fritz must go with me to get a pair of shoes."

So, although Gretchen wanted very much to go to school, she said, "Yes, my father."

The children in that country never say papa. Then Gretchen called the dog and drove the sheep before her to the hillside and then sat down and rested.

When it began to grow dark she called the sheep, and she sent the dog after those who would not come; he would bark very fiercely, and then they ran to our little girl, but when they were counted, Gretchen found that one sheep was missing, and she did not dare go home without it. She called the dog and said to him, "Carlo, I must find the other sheep; will you please take the others home while I go and look?"

Carlo looked at her, wagged his tail and barked just once.

So she went towards home a little way, and the sheep knew they were going home, so they ran very fast, and Carlo barked

if one stayed behind to nibble a little more of the sweet grass. Then Gretchen called and looked around and behind the rocks, and walked until her feet ached, then she sat down and waited awhile, thinking perhaps she would hear the sheep "Baa." But it was all very quiet and grew darker, and by and by the stars began to twinkle, and she counted them until there were too many. Then she took off her heavy wooden shoes and went on again.

When she reached the top of a hill she thought she saw a white speck way down as far as she could see. She ran and found the lamb all tired and hungry, and when she called it tried to come, but she found its leg was broken. She tied her handkerchief, which she wore on her head instead of a cap, around the broken leg, and tried to carry the lamb, but it was heavy. After going a little way she had to stop, and laying it tenderly down on the ground she sat down beside it and wondered what she should do.

All the time she was growing hungry and frightened, then she cried a little and said her little prayer, and knew nothing more till Carlo and the neighbors with torches were beside her.

One of the men lifted her up and they took the lamb and went home.

Her brother stood at the door with outstretched arms ready to receive her.

After she was warmed and fed her mother pulled out the trundle bed from under her own and put her into it.

In the morning when her father heard the story, he called her to him and told her he was proud of his little girl, and

Gretchen felt as if she could go through as much again to hear her father say that to her.

Thumbling [34]

There was once a king and queen who wished very much for a little child. They wished for one so much, that one day when a fairy visited them, they asked her to tell them where they could get one. The fairy told them that they would find a child in a beautiful flower which she gave them. The queen took it home and kissed the flower, when pop! it opened, and right in the center of the tulip, on its beautiful green stamens, sat a maiden, no bigger than half of your thumb. She was so small that the queen named her Thumbling.

The Queen loved Thumbling very much, and made her a cradle out of a walnut shell with violet leaves for a mattress, and a rose-leaf for the coverlid.

In this she slept at night, and in the daytime played upon the table or among the flowers, where a tulip-leaf made her a nice little boat in which she sat and sang.

Once when she was sleeping, the wind blew the cradle out of the window. It fell into the garden where there was an ugly old toad. He felt sorry for poor Thumbling's rough awakening, so he took the cradle and hopped away with it to his home in the swamp. It was wet and marshy beside the stream, so the toad put the cradle on a lily-leaf while he got the guest room ready for Thumbling. In the morning she awoke and began to cry, for she did not like her new island home with water all around it.

When the toad had his room ready he swam out to get the cradle to put in Thumbling's new room for her bed. While he was gone Thumbling cried still louder, for she did not want to go and live with the toad. The fishes heard the noise and pushed their heads up and saw the pretty little maiden weeping.

They wished they could help her and swam down out of sight. Very soon the stalk of the lily-leaf began to tremble, and in a minute Thumbling found herself floating down the stream in her new house, far away from the ugly toad.

As Thumbling sailed away down the stream, she noticed a yellow butterfly fluttering about her. She invited him to ride with her, and he, being pleased with Thumbling, alighted on the leaf, and together they sailed away. Thumbling threw her girdle over the butterfly and fastened it to the leaf. In this way she sailed much faster.

They had not gone far when Thumbling was caught up in the claws of a great hawk and carried high up into a tree.

Thumbling was very much frightened, and she thought of the poor butterfly fastened to the leaf, and hoped someone would free it so that it could get something to eat. The great bird fed her with sweets from the flowers and brought other birds to see her. The other birds did not like her, and though she was so very pretty, they did not want her to live with them, so they put her on a daisy and left her to do as she liked.

Through the summer she was happy, and lived on honey from the flowers; she made her a bed of grass blades, and drank the dew which stood every morning upon the leaves.

Summer and autumn passed, and the snow began to fall. All the trees and flowers shed their leaves, and the birds, who had sung so sweetly, went away. Then Thumbling wrapped herself in a torn brown leaf and shivered with cold.

She wandered into a cornfield, where a field-mouse spoke to her and asked her to come home and dine. The mouse was very much pleased with Thumbling and told her that she might stay all winter, if she would keep the house clean and tidy. To this Thumbling agreed.

One night she saw a Swallow numbed with cold lying on the ground. She made a blanket for him of hay and covered the poor bird's head with a leaf. The bird was not dead, as Thumbling thought, only cold. The bird moved when the warmth from the leaf began to be felt. This frightened Thumbling, who was so very much smaller than the bird, but she took courage and laid the wraps closer about him.

The Swallow was better next day, and Thumbling nursed him, bringing water in a flower petal.

"I thank you, pretty child; I have been famously warmed and cared for, and soon will be strong enough to fly about in the warm sunshine."

"It is so cold, why will you not stay with me?" said Thumbling. The Swallow remained with Thumbling the whole winter, but when Spring came she flew out into the warm sunshine.

"Would you not like to come and live with me?" one day said the Swallow. "You can ride on my back, you are such a small maiden, and I will carry you far away, over mountains, over trees, to where the warm country lies," and Thumbling

jumped on the Swallow's back and fastened her girdle to one of the strongest feathers, and so they travelled.

"This is my house," said the Swallow at last, "but you must not live here."

Thumbling looked about her, and there at the window of the house where the Swallow had built her nest sat her own dear mamma.

Oh! how glad she was to see her, and thanking the Swallow for bringing her home, she crept into her mother's arms – and there on the window sill was a nut-cradle, just like her own dear bed, waiting for her.

Adapted from Hans Andersen.

The Lark and Her Young Ones [35]

A Lark had made her nest in a wheat field. All summer the little Larks had been growing strong and large.

All summer long the wheat had been growing fat and ripe.

Now the Larks were nearly old enough to fly. Now the wheat was nearly ripe.

One day the farmer came to look at his wheat.

Said the farmer to his son, "The wheat is nearly ripe; go and ask our neighbors to help us harvest."

"Oh, dear!" peeped the little Larks, "we must get ready to fly away."

"There is no need to move yet," answered the mother.

"But are you not frightened?" asked the baby Larks.

"Not as long as the farmer depends upon his neighbors," answered the Lark with a wise smile.

In a day or two the farmer came again to look at his wheat.

Said the farmer to his son, "The wheat is nearly ripe; go and ask our uncles and our cousins to help us harvest."

"Oh, dear!" peeped the little Larks, "we must get ready to fly away."

"There is no need to move yet," answered the mother.

"But are you not frightened?" asked the baby Larks.

"Not as long as the farmer depends upon his relatives," answered the Lark with a wise smile.

In a day or two the farmer came again to look at his wheat.

Said the farmer to his son, "The wheat is nearly ripe; go and sharpen the scythes. Tomorrow I will begin to harvest."

"Now, children," said the mother Lark, "it is time for us to fly."

The Magic Flower [36]

By Maud Lindsay

Once upon a time there lived a wee woman whose bit of a garden was a delight to all eyes. Such flowers as she had! And in the midst of them, green as an emerald and smooth as velvet, was a grass plot with never a weed upon it. And through the grass ran a garden walk as white as snow. Everyone who saw it declared there was no prettier garden in the King's country and what they said was no more than what was true.

Early and late the wee woman worked to keep her garden fair and lovely, but in spite of all her care whenever the east wind blew it brought with it a whirl of trash from her neighbor's dooryard, and scattered it among her flowers.

Alack and alas, what a dooryard was that! Except for the trash that was always upon it, it was as bare as the palm of your hand; and there was a heap of dirt and ashes as high as a hillock in front of the door. Everybody who passed it turned his eyes away from it, for there was no uglier spot in the King's country; and that is nothing but the truth of it.

Whenever the wee woman looked from her windows or walked in her garden she saw the dooryard and many was the day when she said to herself:

"I wish I were a thousand miles away from it." And if she made up her mind, as sometimes she did, that she would trouble no more about it, the east wind was sure to come with

a whirl of its trash. Oh, it seemed as if she were always cleaning because of that dooryard!

And what to do about it she did not know. She puzzled and planned, she wished and she worked, but she had come to the end of her wits, when one day, her Fairy godmother came to see her.

"Never fret," said the godmother when she had heard the trouble. "In your own garden grows a magic flower that can set things right; and if you will only tend it and watch it and wait long enough you shall see what you shall see."

And when she had pointed out the flower, she went on her way, leaving the wee woman much comforted.

She tended the flower and watched it and waited to see what she should see; and while she was watching and waiting, the flower burst into bloom. The loveliest bloom! Every blossom was as rosy as the little clouds at sunrise; and the wee woman's garden was more beautiful than before because of them.

"'Tis the prettiest garden in the King's country," said everyone who passed; and what they said was no more than what was true.

But as for the neighbor's dooryard it was as bare and ugly as ever. The heap of dirt and ashes grew larger every day; and whenever the wind blew from the east it brought a whirl of its trash into the wee woman's garden just as it had always done. The wee woman looked each morning to see if the magic of the flower had begun to work, but morning after morning nothing changed.

"It is long waiting and weary watching for magic things to work," said she to herself; but because of what her Fairy godmother had told her, she tended the flower from day to day, and hoped in her heart that something might come of it yet.

By and by the blossoms of the flower faded and fell and after them came the seed. Hundreds and hundreds of feathery seed there were, and one day the wind from the west came by, and blew them away in a whirl over the fence and into the neighbor's dooryard. No one saw them go, not even the wee woman knew what had become of them; and as for the dooryard, it was as ugly as ever with its ash heap and its trash. Everybody who passed it turned his eyes away from it.

The wee woman herself would look at it no longer.

"I will look at the magic flower instead," she said to herself, and so she did. Early and late she tended the plant and worked to make her garden fair and lovely; but she kept her eyes from the dooryard. And if the wind from the east blew trash among her flowers, she raked it away and burned it up and troubled no more about it.

Summer slipped into autumn and autumn to winter and the flowers slept; but at the first peep of spring the wee woman's garden budded and bloomed once more; and one day as she worked there, with her back to the dooryard, she heard passers-by call out in delight: "Of all the gardens in the King's country there are none so pretty as these two." And when she looked around in surprise to see what they meant she saw that the neighbor's dooryard was full of flowers – hundreds and hundreds of lovely blossoms, every one as rosy as the little clouds at sunrise. They covered the heap of dirt and ashes, they

clustered about the door stone; they filled the corners; and in the midst of them was the neighbor, raking and cleaning as busily as if she were the wee woman herself.

"'Tis fine weather for flowers," said she, nodding and smiling at the wee woman.

"The finest in the world," said the wee woman; and she nodded and smiled too, for she knew that the magic flower had done its work.

The Legend of the Pond Lily [37]

By Ellen Miller Donaldson

Many, many years ago a little star asked her mother, the moon, if she might come to the earth to live. She had seen the little Indian children at play down there, and she loved them.

The moon mother said, "You may drop to the mountain-top; I shall be near enough to watch you still."

So early in the morning the star dropped to the mountain-top. All day long she was happy. The sun kept her warm; the moon mother and the sister stars were sleeping not far away.

Then it rained, and a wonderful rainbow came and touched the top of the mountain.

But after a while the rainbow left, and the star was lonely. The sun went out of sight, and the moon mother was busy keeping the sister stars twinkling all night long. The little star grew frightened. Early the next morning she dropped to a hilltop below the mountain.

All day she was happy there. The sun was still near enough to keep her warm, and she knew where the moon mother was. To her great joy some little Indian children whom the star loved came up to play; but after a while the sun went off, the children returned to their wigwams, and the star became very lonely again.

At the foot of the hill lay a beautiful forest, and just about dawn the lonely little star dropped to the top of the highest tree. She found this a wonderful place to stay. The treetop was

green and the shade cool and sweet. All day long the leaves whispered secrets to her and the birds sang their best songs.

But after a while the leaves stopped whispering and went to sleep, and most of the birds flew home to their different nests. Those that nested in the tree grew drowsy. All the music of the day stopped and the noises of the night began. The star was very much frightened.

Just by the side of the forest stretched a lake that the Indian children called Shining Water. The star made up her mind she would drop into the lake and so be nearer still to the Indian children. About an hour after twilight she dropped into Shining Water.

Now it happened that the little Indian children were seated about the lodge fire listening to their chief as he told them wonderful tales, and they saw the star fall. It looked to them as if it had fallen from the sky, and they cried, "See, the Great Spirit has sent us a star to live in our Shining Water! In the morning we will go and find it."

Early in the morning they pushed their little canoes far out on Shining Water to find the star. Backward and forward they paddled in the crystal water until at length they saw a gleam. They sent their canoes swiftly toward it. When they reached the spot they found a beautiful blossom with petals of snow and a heart of gold. It was the little star, which had turned to a lovely flower when it touched the surface of Shining Water.

The Indian children loved the flower and gave it a name. They called it Wa-wa-ta-see, which means star flower. That was hundreds of moons ago, but even now, whenever the Indian children see a star fall, they say, "The Great Spirit has sent us

another star flower to live in Shining Water." And when day breaks they run down to the edge of the lake and push their canoes far out on Shining Water and find the new-fallen flower. All day long they push their little boats in and out among the beautiful star flowers; and every night, listening to the tales round the camp-fire, they watch for new star flowers to fall.

The Song of the Flute [38]

By Ellen Miller Donaldson

Hundreds of years ago, in a land far over the sea, a land where the sky is always blue and where all day long beautiful flowers smile up at the sun, in this happy land lived a little shepherd boy. No one knows his name. He is remembered as the Little Shepherd Boy with a Beautiful Song in his Heart.

His father was dead. There were only the little boy and his mother. The mother kept the home, the little boy kept the sheep, and they were happy.

All summer long he was out under the big wonderful trees guarding the sheep.

Day after day he listened to the beautiful music of the day and he learned a song to carry in his heart.

One day he made a flute. This is the song he played upon it.

He listened to the birds as they sang their morning song. He learned the song of the birds. He heard the secrets the rustling leaves whisper to each other all day long. He learned the song of the whispering leaves.

Way up on the high, rugged mountain nearby was a spring. Day by day it worked its way through the crevices of the rock until it went tumbling down the mountain-side, through the grassy fields to join the big, blue, blue sea. All the way it sang its sweet song to the ferns and blue violets on its banks and to little children at play. He learned the song of the brook.

Nearby was a lake, like a gem among the trees. The little lad loved to sit on the shore and hear the song of its waves. He learned their song.

He loved the wild storm with its dashing rain and far-away thunder. He learned the song of the storm.

This is the beautiful song the little shepherd boy carried in his heart – the song of the singing birds; the song of the whispering leaves; the song of the brook; the song of the waves, and the song of the storm. At night when he went home he played to his mother. She loved the song her little shepherd boy played upon his flute.

One day his mother sent him to the big, busy city. Never before had he been there alone. He was up early, standing by her as she prepared his lunch, telling her of the wonderful things he would do and see.

Early in the morning he started out, down the long, dusty road into the wonderful sunrise of red and orange and gold – the little lad with his flute and the beautiful song in his heart.

All day long he was busy. In the afternoon as he was passing along a street, he saw a man and his wife sitting at the door of their humble home. They were old and bent and blind. They were sad, too, and tired of the noise and confusion of the city. "Would that we might leave the city," they said, "and hear the noises of the woods and fields."

Just then the little shepherd boy came along. He stopped and played to them the beautiful song he carried in his heart – the song of the singing birds; the song of the whispering leaves; the song of the waves; the song of the brook, and the song of the storm. As the old couple listened, they were happy, for it

seemed to them that they were hearing the songs of their old home in the country which they had left years before.

As he went on he saw a little lame boy sitting alone. He was lonely, for all his mates had gone off to play. The shepherd boy stopped and played to him his beautiful Heart Song, and the little lame boy was happy.

Nearby sat a mother rocking her child. The child was sick and could not sleep. The mother was tired and sad and discouraged. The little boy played to them the song he carried in his heart. Soon the little child slept while the mother listened and was happy.

Then the little lad went home through the purple twilight and told his mother of his beautiful day with his flute and his song.

One day the little lad was sick. Many doctors came and went. None could cure him. There was no one to tend the sheep. There was no money to keep the home.

Just outside of the city were caves, the homes of very poor folk. The mother took her little sick boy out into the desert and found a cave home. Above was the blue sky, and as far as eye could see was the white desert sand.

Just in front of the cave stood two wonderful desert lilies. No one knew how they came to be there, but there they stood tall and red and beautiful, a bit of cheer to the little sick lad. The lilies were not lonely, for the birds and gorgeous-winged butterflies stopped to rest nearby and told them wonderful stories of the far-away town. Now they had the little sick shepherd boy to cheer.

The little boy longed to be well again. One day an old man stopped at the cave home to rest and to eat his lunch. He was going from one town to another. When he saw the sick boy he said, "Would that the little sick lad might see the Wonderful Master who goes about healing sick folk."

Then the mother told him how she had spent all she had trying to cure her shepherd boy.

The man replied, 'The Wonderful Healer wants no money. He goes about healing the rich and the poor alike. He cures many sick folk each day. It is only love he would have in return." Then the old man went on his way. Far into the day the mother and the little shepherd boy talked of this Wonderful Healer.

"Maybe he will be coming this way and will stop to rest," said the little lad. The mother said, "If he would come, we would give him a gift. What could it be?"

The little shepherd boy exclaimed, "I would play my song of the flute for him. Maybe it would rest him if he were tired. Oh, my mother, I wish he would come."

And then he came to them, the Wonderful Healer. He went to the little sick lad and healed him. Then the little shepherd boy took up his flute and played more beautifully and more wonderfully than ever before the beautiful song he carried in his heart – the song of the singing birds; the song of the whispering leaves; the song of the brook; the song of the waves, and the song of the storm. And the Master loved the song.

He stayed with them to rest and to refresh Himself and to teach them many wonderful things.

Then He went on to make someone else happy. As He came out from the cave home, He stopped and touched the lilies as if thanking them for being a bit of beauty and cheer to the little sick boy.

Then He went on into the busy world, and following Him was the little lad. So they went on down the long, dusty, sunshiny road together – the Wonderful Master and the Little Shepherd Boy with the Beautiful Song in his Heart, while the mother stayed in the cave home and was happy.

The Wishing Book [39]

Anonymous

Long, long, long ago, in a land far, far, far away, lived a little girl. She was so little everybody called her Wee-wee.

Wee-wee had no father or mother. She had no home. She went from place to place asking for something to eat.

Sometimes she went to homes where good, kind people lived. They always gave her something.

Sometimes she called at homes where the people were unkind, and they would not give her anything; no, not so much as a little piece of bread.

So sometimes Wee-wee had to go without anything to eat for days.

One night as it was growing dark Wee-wee came to a little town. She went from home to home asking for something to eat, but no one would give her a piece of bread.

Poor little Wee-wee walked away into the woods. She sat down under a tree, and cried and cried and cried.

"Why do you cry, my child?" asked a little, wee voice.

Wee-wee looked down. There in the grass was the prettiest little fairy ever seen. "Who, who are you?" asked Wee-wee. "I am the queen of the fairies. Now tell me why you cry."

"Oh, fairy queen, I have no father, no mother, no home. Nobody wants me. Tonight no one will give me a piece of bread. One man set a big black dog on me."

"You poor child," said the fairy. "Don't cry. Look at this pretty picture-book."

She opened a big book and showed Wee-wee many pretty pictures. There were pictures of good things to eat, pictures of good clothes, pictures of pretty homes.

"What a pretty book," said Wee-wee. "I am glad you like it," said the queen, "for I am going to give it to you."

"Give it to me!" cried Wee-wee. "Oh, thank you. If I have the pretty pictures to look at, I shall forget the unkind people."

"This is a fairy wishing-book," said the queen. "Whenever you want anything, just open your book to the picture of the thing you want and say:

"'Fairy queen, I call to you,

Make my picture wish come true.'"

Before Wee-wee could say "Thank you," the fairy flew away.

"Can it be true?" said Wee-wee. "I will try it right away."

She opened the book to a picture of a bowl of bread and milk and said:

"Fairy queen, I call to you,

Make my picture wish come true."

At once, she found in the grass beside her a big bowl of bread and milk.

"This is the best bowl of bread and milk I have ever eaten," she said. "Now I think I shall wish for some clothes."

Opening the book to the picture of the pretty clothes, she said:

"Fairy queen, I call to you,

Make my picture wish come true."

At once she had new clothes from her hat to her shoes. She began to be happy.

Then she opened her book to the picture of a little home, with trees growing all around it. Again she said:

"Fairy queen, I call to you,

Make my picture wish come true."

At once, before her, was as pretty a little home as fairies could build.

Wee-wee walked inside. Here everything was just as nice as it could be. A bright fire danced in the kitchen fireplace and threw long shadows on the walls. There was a little chair just before it. She ran over the house, looking at everything.

"How happy I am!" sighed Wee- wee, as she went to bed. "No longer shall I have to go about asking for bread. Now I can help poor people. I will bring them here and be good to them."

And so Wee-wee and the poor people she helped were happy ever after in their pretty little home. They had everything they wanted, and never had to spend any money. And I wish I had a fairy wishing-book. Don't you?

Raggedy Ann Stories

Preface and Dedication

As I write this, I have before me on my desk, propped up against the telephone, an old rag doll. Dear old Raggedy Ann!

The same Raggedy Ann with which my mother played when a child.

There she sits, a trifle loppy and loose-jointed, looking me squarely in the face in a straightforward, honest manner, a twinkle where her shoe-button eyes reflect the electric light.

Evidently Raggedy has been to a "tea party" today, for her face is covered with chocolate.

She smiles happily and continuously.

True, she has been nibbled by mice, who have made nests out of the soft cotton with which she has been stuffed, but Raggedy smiled just as broadly when the mice nibbled at her, for her smile is painted on.

What adventures you must have had, Raggedy!

What joy and happiness you have brought into this world!

And no matter what treatment you have received, how patient you have been!

What lessons of kindness and fortitude you might teach could you but talk; you with your wisdom of fifty-nine years. No wonder Rag Dolls are the best beloved! You are so kindly, so patient, so lovable.

The more you become torn, tattered and loose-jointed, Rag Dolls, the more you are loved by children.

Who knows but that Fairyland is filled with old, lovable Rag Dolls – soft, loppy Rag Dolls who ride through all the wonders of Fairyland in the crook of dimpled arms, snuggling close to childish breasts within which beat hearts filled with eternal sunshine.

So, to the millions of children and grown-ups who have loved a Rag Doll, I dedicate these stories of Raggedy Ann.

Johnny Gruelle

Introduction

Marcella liked to play up in the attic at Grandma's quaint old house, 'way out in the country, for there were so many old forgotten things to find up there.

One day when Marcella was up in the attic and had played with the old spinning wheel until she had grown tired of it, she curled up on an old horse-hair sofa to rest.

"I wonder what is in that barrel, 'way back in the corner?" she thought, as she jumped from the sofa and climbed over two dusty trunks to the barrel standing back under the eaves.

It was quite dark back there, so when Marcella had pulled a large bundle of things from the barrel she took them over to the dormer window where she could see better. There was a funny little bonnet with long white ribbons. Marcella put it on.

In an old leather bag she found a number of tin-types of queer looking men and women in old-fashioned clothes. And there was one picture of a very pretty little girl with long curls tied tightly back from her forehead and wearing a long dress and queer pantaloons which reached to her shoe-tops. And then out of the heap she pulled an old rag doll with only one shoe-button eye and a painted nose and a smiling mouth. Her dress was of soft material, blue with pretty little flowers and dots all over it.

Forgetting everything else in the happiness of her find, Marcella caught up the rag doll and ran downstairs to show it to Grandma.

"Well! Well! Where did you find it?" Grandma cried. "It's old Raggedy Ann!" she went on as she hugged the doll to her breast. "I had forgotten her. She has been in the attic for fifty years, I guess! Well! Well! Dear old Raggedy Ann! I will sew another button on her right away!" and Grandma went to the machine drawer and got her needle and thread.

Marcella watched the sewing while Grandma told how she had played with Raggedy Ann when she was a little girl.

"Now!" Grandma laughed, "Raggedy Ann, you have two fine shoe-button eyes and with them you can see the changes that have taken place in the world while you have been shut up so long in the attic! For, Raggedy Ann, you have a new playmate and mistress now, and I hope you both will have as much happiness together as you and I used to have!"

Then Grandma gave Raggedy Ann to Marcella, saying very seriously, "Marcella, let me introduce my very dear friend, Raggedy Ann. Raggedy, this is my granddaughter, Marcella!" And Grandma gave the doll a twitch with her fingers in such a way that the rag doll nodded her head to Marcella.

"Oh, Grandma! Thank you ever and ever so much!" Marcella cried as she gave Grandma a hug and kiss. "Raggedy Ann and I will have just loads of fun."

And this is how Raggedy Ann joined the doll family at Marcella's house, where she began the adventures of Raggedy Ann, told in the following stories.

Raggedy Ann Learns a Lesson

One day the dolls were left all to themselves.

Their little mistress had placed them all around the room and told them to be nice children while she was away.

And there they sat and never even so much as wiggled a finger, until their mistress had left the room.

Then the soldier dolly turned his head and solemnly winked at Raggedy Ann.

And when the front gate clicked and the dollies knew they were alone in the house, they all scrambled to their feet.

"Now let's have a good time!" cried the tin soldier. "Let's all go in search of something to eat!"

"Yes! Let's all go in search of something to eat!" cried all the other dollies.

"When Mistress had me out playing with me this morning," said Raggedy Ann, "she carried me by a door near the back of the house and I smelled something which smelled as if it would taste delicious!"

"Then you lead the way. Raggedy Ann!" cried the French dolly.

"I think it would be a good plan to elect Raggedy Ann as our leader on this expedition!" said the Indian doll.

At this all the other dolls clapped their hands together and shouted, "Hurrah! Raggedy Ann will be our leader."

So Raggedy Ann, very proud indeed to have the confidence and love of all the other dollies, said that she would be very glad to be their leader.

"Follow me!" she cried as her wobbly legs carried her across the floor at a lively pace.

The other dollies followed, racing about the house until they came to the pantry door. "This is the place!" cried Raggedy Ann, and sure enough, all the dollies smelled something which they knew must be very good to eat.

But none of the dollies was tall enough to open the door and, although they pushed and pulled with all their might, the door remained tightly closed.

The dollies were talking and pulling and pushing and every once in a while one would fall over and the others would step on her in their efforts to open the door. Finally Raggedy Ann drew away from the others and sat down on the floor.

When the other dollies discovered Raggedy Ann sitting there, running her rag hands through her yarn hair, they knew she was thinking.

"Sh! Sh!" they said to each other and quietly went over near Raggedy Ann and sat down in front of her.

"There must be a way to get inside," said Raggedy Ann.

"Raggedy says there must be a way to get inside!" cried all the dolls.

"I can't seem to think clearly today," said Raggedy Ann. "It feels as if my head were ripped."

At this the French doll ran to Raggedy Ann and took off her bonnet. "Yes, there is a rip in your head. Raggedy!" she said and

she pulled a pin from her skirt and pinned up Raggedy's head. "It's not a very neat job, for I got some puckers in it!" she said.

"Oh that is ever so much better!" cried Raggedy Ann. "Now I can think quite clearly."

"Now Raggedy can think quite clearly!" cried all the dolls.

"My thoughts must have leaked out the rip before!" said Raggedy Ann.

"They must have leaked out before, dear Raggedy!" cried all the other dolls.

"Now that I can think so clearly," said Raggedy Ann "I think the door must be locked and to get in we must unlock it!"

"That will be easy!" said the Dutch doll who says "Mamma" when he is tipped backward and forward, "For we will have the brave tin soldier shoot the key out of the lock!"

"I can easily do that!" cried the tin soldier, as he raised his gun.

"Oh, Raggedy Ann!" cried the French dolly "Please do not let him shoot!"

"No!" said Raggedy Ann "We must think of a quieter way!"

After thinking quite hard for a moment. Raggedy Ann jumped up and said: "I have it!" And she caught up the Jumping Jack and held him up to the door; then Jack slid up his stick and unlocked the door.

Then the dollies all pushed and the door swung open.

My! Such a scramble! The dolls piled over one another in their desire to be the first at the goodies.

They swarmed upon the pantry shelves and in their eagerness spilled a pitcher of cream which ran all over the French dolly's dress.

The Indian doll found some corn bread and dipping it in the molasses he sat down for a good feast.

A jar of raspberry jam was overturned and the dollies ate of this until their faces were all purple.

The tin soldier fell from the shelf three times and bent one of his tin legs, but he scrambled right back up again.

Never had the dolls had so much fun and excitement, and they had all eaten their fill when they heard the click of the front gate.

They did not take time to climb from the shelves, but all rolled or jumped off to the floor and scrambled back to their room as fast as they could run, leaving a trail of bread crumbs and jam along the way.

Just as their mistress came into the room the dolls dropped in whatever positions they happened to be in.

"This is funny!" cried Mistress. "They were all left sitting in their places around the room! I wonder if Fido has been shaking them up!" Then she saw Raggedy Ann's face and picked her up. "Why Raggedy Ann, you are all sticky! I do believe you are covered with jam!" and Mistress tasted Raggedy Ann's hand. "Yes! It's JAM! Shame on you. Raggedy Ann! You've been in the pantry and all the others, too!" and with this the dolls' mistress dropped Raggedy Ann on the floor and left the room.

When she came back she had on an apron and her sleeves were rolled up.

She picked up all the sticky dolls and putting them in a basket she carried them out under the apple tree in the garden.

There she had placed her little tub and wringer and she took the dolls one at a time, and scrubbed them with a scrubbing brush and soused them up and down and this way and that in the soap suds until they were clean.

Then she hung them all out on the clothes-line in the sunshine to dry.

There the dolls hung all day, swinging and twisting about as the breeze swayed the clothes-line.

"I do believe she scrubbed my face so hard she wore off my smile!" said Raggedy Ann, after an hour of silence.

"No, it is still there!" said the tin soldier, as the wind twisted him around so he could see Raggedy. "But I do believe my arms will never work without squeaking, they feel so rusted," he added.

Just then the wind twisted the little Dutch doll and loosened his clothes-pin, so that he fell to the grass below with a sawdusty bump and as he rolled over he said, "Mamma!" in a squeaky voice.

Late in the afternoon the back door opened and the little mistress came out with a table and chairs. After setting the table she took all the dolls from the line and placed them about the table.

They had lemonade with grape jelly in it, which made it a beautiful lavendar color, and little "Baby-teeny-weeny-cookies" with powdered sugar on them.

After this lovely dinner, the dollies were taken in the house, where they had their hair brushed and nice clean nighties put on.

Then they were placed in their beds and Mistress kissed each one good night and tiptoed from the room.

All the dolls lay as still as mice for a few minutes, then Raggedy Ann raised upon her cotton-stuffed elbows and said: "I have been thinking!"

"Sh!" said all the other dollies, "Raggedy has been thinking!"

"Yes" said Raggedy Ann, "I have been thinking; our mistress gave us the nice dinner out under the trees to teach us a lesson. She wished us to know that we could have had all the goodies we wished, whenever we wished, if we had behaved ourselves. And our lesson was that we must never take without asking what we could always have for the asking! So let us all remember and try never again to do anything which might cause those who love us any unhappiness!"

"Let us all remember," chimed all the other dollies.

And Raggedy Ann, with a merry twinkle in her shoe-button eyes, lay back in her little bed, her cotton head filled with thoughts of love and happiness.

Raggedy Ann and the Washing

"Why, Dinah! How could you!"

Mamma looked out of the window and saw Marcella run up to Dinah and take something out of her hand and then put her head in her arm and commence crying.

"What is the trouble, Dear?" Mamma asked, as she came out the door and knelt beside the little figure shaking with sobs.

Marcella held out Raggedy Ann. But such a comical looking Raggedy Ann!

Mamma had to smile in spite of her sympathy, for Raggedy Ann looked ridiculous!

Dinah's big eyes rolled about in a troubled manner, for Marcella had snatched Raggedy Ann from Dinah's hand as she cried, "Why, Dinah! How could you."

Dinah could not quite understand and, as she dearly loved Marcella, she was troubled.

Raggedy Ann was not in the least downhearted and while she felt she must look very funny she continued to smile, but with a more expansive smile than ever before.

Raggedy Ann knew just how it all happened and her remaining shoe-button eye twinkled.

She remembered that morning when Marcella came to the nursery to take the nighties from the dolls and dress them she had been cross.

Raggedy Ann thought at the time, "Perhaps she had climbed out of bed backwards!" For Marcella complained to each doll as she dressed them.

And when it came Raggedy's time to be dressed, Marcella was very cross for she had scratched her finger on a pin when dressing the French doll.

So, when Marcella heard the little girl next door calling to her, she ran out of the nursery and gave Raggedy Ann a toss from her as she ran.

Now it happened Raggedy lit in the clothes hamper and there she lay all doubled up in a knot.

A few minutes afterwards Dinah came through the hall with an armful of clothes and piled them in the hamper on top of Raggedy Ann.

Then Dinah carried the hamper out in back of the house where she did the washing.

Dinah dumped all the clothes into the boiler and poured water on them.

The boiler was then placed upon the stove.

When the water began to get warm, Raggedy Ann wiggled around and climbed up amongst the clothes to the top of the boiler to peek out. There was too much steam and she could see nothing. For that matter, Dinah could not see Raggedy Ann, either, on account of the steam.

So Dinah, using an old broom handle, stirred the clothes in the boiler and the clothes and Raggedy Ann were stirred and whirled around until all were thoroughly boiled.

When Dinah took the clothes a piece at a time from the boiler and scrubbed them, she finally came upon Raggedy Ann.

Now Dinah did not know but that Marcella had placed Raggedy in the clothes hamper to be washed, so she soaped Raggedy well and scrubbed her up and down over the rough wash-board.

Two buttons from the back of Raggedy's dress came off and one of Raggedy Ann's shoe-button eyes was loosened as Dinah gave her face a final scrub.

Then Dinah put Raggedy Ann's feet in the wringer and turned the crank. It was hard work getting Raggedy through the wringer, but Dinah was very strong. And of course it happened! Raggedy Ann came through as flat as a pancake.

It was just then, that Marcella returned and saw Raggedy.

"Why, Dinah! How could you!" Marcella had sobbed as she snatched the flattened Raggedy Ann from the bewildered Dinah's hand.

Mamma patted Marcella's hand and soon coaxed her to quit sobbing.

When Dinah explained that the first she knew of Raggedy being in the wash was when she took her from the boiler, Marcella began crying again.

"It was all my fault, Mamma!" she cried. "I remember now that I threw dear old Raggedy Ann from me as I ran out the door and she must have fallen in the clothes hamper! Oh dear! Oh dear!" and she hugged Raggedy Ann tight.

Mamma did not tell Marcella that she had been cross and naughty for she knew Marcella felt very sorry. Instead Mamma put her arms around her and said,

"Just see how Raggedy Ann takes it! She doesn't seem to be unhappy!"

And when Marcella brushed her tears away and looked at Raggedy Ann, flat as a pancake and with a cheery smile upon her painted face, she had to laugh. And Mamma and Dinah had to laugh, too, for Raggedy Ann's smile was almost twice as broad as it had been before.

"Jess lemme hang Miss Raggedy on de line in de bright sunshine for half an hour," said Dinah, "an' you won't know her when she comes off!"

So Raggedy Ann was pinned to the clothes-line, out in the bright sunshine, where she swayed and twisted in the breeze and listened to the chatter of the robins in a nearby tree.

Every once in a while Dinah went out and rolled and patted Raggedy until her cotton stuffing was soft and dry and fluffy and her head and arms and legs were nice and round again.

Then she took Raggedy Ann into the house and showed Marcella and Mamma how clean and sweet she was.

Marcella took Raggedy Ann right up to the nursery and told all the dolls just what had happened and how sorry she was that she had been so cross and peevish when she dressed them. And while the dolls said never a word they looked at their little mistress with love in their eyes as she sat in the little red rocking chair and held Raggedy Ann tightly in her arms.

And Raggedy Ann's remaining shoe-button eye looked up at her little mistress in rather a saucy manner, but upon her face was the same old smile of happiness, good humor and love.

Raggedy Ann and the Kite

Raggedy Ann watched with interest the preparations.

A number of sticks were being fastened together with strings and covered with light cloth.

Raggedy Ann heard some of the boys talk of "The Kite", so Raggedy Ann knew this must be a kite.

When a tail had been fastened to the kite and a large ball of heavy twine tied to the front, one of the boys held the kite up in the air and another boy walked off, unwinding the ball of twine.

There was a nice breeze blowing, so the boy with the twine called, "Let 'er go" and started running.

Marcella held Raggedy up so that she could watch the kite sail through the air.

How nicely it climbed! But suddenly the kite acted strangely, and as all the children shouted advice to the boy with the ball of twine, the kite began darting this way and that, and finally making four or five loop-the-loops, it crashed to the ground.

"It needs more tail on it!" one boy shouted.

Then the children asked each other where they might get more rags to fasten to the tail of the kite.

"Let's tie Raggedy Ann to the tail!" suggested Marcella. "I know she would enjoy a trip 'way up in the sky!"

The boys all shouted with delight at this new suggestion. So Raggedy Ann was tied to the tail of the kite.

This time the kite rose straight in the air and remained steady. The boy with the ball of twine unwound it until the kite and Raggedy Ann were 'way, 'way up and far away. How Raggedy Ann enjoyed being up there! She could see for miles and miles! And how tiny the children looked!

Suddenly a great puff of wind came and carried Raggedy Ann streaming way out behind the kite! She could hear the wind singing on the twine as the strain increased.

Suddenly Raggedy Ann felt something rip. It was the rag to which she was tied. As each puff of wind caught her the rip widened.

When Marcella watched Raggedy Ann rise high above the field, she wondered how much Raggedy Ann enjoyed it, and wished that she, too, might have gone along. But after the kite had been up in the air for five or ten minutes, Marcella grew restless. Kites were rather tiresome. There was more fun in tea parties out under the apple tree.

"Will you please pull down the kite now?" she asked the boy with the twine. "I want Raggedy Ann."

"Let her ride up there!" the boy replied. "We'll bring her home when we pull down the kite! We're going to get another ball of twine and let her go higher!"

Marcella did not like to leave Raggedy Ann with the boys, so she sat down upon the ground to wait until they pulled down the kite.

But while Marcella watched Raggedy Ann, a dot in the sky, she could not see the wind ripping the rag to which Raggedy was tied.

Suddenly the rag parted and Raggedy Ann went sailing away as the wind caught in her skirts.

Marcella jumped from the ground, too surprised to say anything. The kite, released from the weight of Raggedy Ann began darting and swooping to the ground.

"We'll get her for you!" some of the boys said when they saw Marcella's troubled face, and they started running in the direction Raggedy Ann had fallen. Marcella and the other girls ran with them. They ran, and they ran, and they ran, and at last they found the kite upon the ground with one of the sticks broken, but they could not find Raggedy Ann anywhere.

"She must have fallen almost in your yard!" a boy said to Marcella, "for the kite was directly over here when the doll fell!"

Marcella was heartbroken. She went in the house and lay on the bed. Mamma went out with the children and tried to find Raggedy Ann, but Raggedy Ann was nowhere to be seen.

When Daddy came home in the evening he tried to find Raggedy, but met with no success. Marcella had eaten hardly any dinner, nor could she be comforted by Mamma or Daddy. The other dolls in the nursery lay forgotten and were not put to bed that night, for Marcella lay and sobbed and tossed about her bed.

Finally she said a little prayer for Raggedy Ann, and went to sleep. And as she slept Marcella dreamed that the fairies came and took Raggedy Ann with them to fairyland for a visit, and then sent Raggedy Ann home to her. She awakened with a cry. Of course Mamma came to her bed right away and said that Daddy would offer a reward in the morning for the return of Raggedy.

"It was all my fault. Mamma!" Marcella said. "I should not have offered the boys dear old Raggedy Ann to tie on the tail of the kite! But I just know the fairies will send her back."

Mamma took her in her arms and soothed her with cheering words, although she felt indeed that Raggedy Ann was truly lost and would never be found again.

Now, where do you suppose Raggedy Ann was all this time?

When Raggedy Ann dropped from the kite, the wind caught in her skirts and carried her along until she fell in the fork of the large elm tree directly over Marcella's house. When Raggedy Ann fell with a thud, face up in the fork of the tree, two robins who had a nest near by flew chattering away.

Presently the robins returned and quarreled at Raggedy Ann for laying so close to their nest, but Raggedy Ann only smiled at them and did not move.

When the robins quieted down and quit their quarreling, one of them hopped up closer to Raggedy Ann in order to investigate.

It was Mamma Robin. She called to Daddy Robin and told him to come. "See the nice yarn! We could use it to line the nest with," she said.

So the robins hopped close to Raggedy Ann and asked if they might have some of her yarn hair to line their nests. Raggedy Ann smiled at them. So the two robins pulled and tugged at Raggedy Ann's yarn hair until they had enough to line their nest nice and soft.

Evening came and the robins sang their good night songs, and Raggedy Ann watched the stars come out, twinkle all night

and disappear in the morning light. In the morning the robins again pulled yarn from Raggedy Ann's head, and loosened her so she could peep over the side of the limb, and when the sun came up Raggedy Ann saw she was in the trees in her own yard.

Now before she could eat any breakfast, Marcella started out to find Raggedy Ann. And, it was Marcella herself who found her. And this is how she did it.

Mamma Robin had seen Marcella with Raggedy Ann out in the yard many times, so she began calling "Cheery! Cheery!" and Daddy Robin started calling "Cheery! Cheery! Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheerily Cheerily! Cheery! Cheery!" And Marcella looking up into the tree above the house to see the robins, discovered Raggedy Ann peeping over the limb at her.

Oh, how her heart beat with happiness. "Here is Raggedy Ann," she shouted.

And Mamma and Daddy came out and saw Raggedy smiling at them, and Daddy got the clothes prop and climbed out of the attic window and poked Raggedy Ann out of the tree and she fell right into Marcella's arms where she was hugged in a tight embrace.

"You'll never go up on a kite again, Raggedy Ann!" said Marcella, "for I felt so lost without you. I will never let you leave me again."

So Raggedy Ann went into the house and had breakfast with her little mistress and Mamma and Daddy smiled at each other when they peeped through the door into the breakfast room, for Raggedy Ann's smile was wide and very yellow. Marcella, her heart full of happiness, was feeding Raggedy Ann part of her egg.

Raggedy Ann Rescues Fido

It was almost midnight and the dolls were asleep in their beds; all except Raggedy Ann.

Raggedy lay there, her shoe-button eyes staring straight up at the ceiling. Every once in a while Raggedy Ann ran her rag hand up through her yarn hair. She was thinking.

When she had thought for a long, long time. Raggedy Ann raised herself on her wobbly elbows and said, "I've thought it all out."

At this the other dolls shook each other and raised up saying, "Listen! Raggedy has thought it all out!"

"Tell us what you have been thinking, dear Raggedy," said the tin soldier. "We hope they were pleasant thoughts."

"Not very pleasant thoughts!" said Raggedy, as she brushed a tear from her shoe-button eyes. "You haven't seen Fido all day, have you?"

"Not since early this morning," the French dolly said.

"It has troubled me," said Raggedy, "and if my head was not stuffed with lovely new white cotton, I am sure it would have ached with the worry! When Mistress took me into the living-room this afternoon she was crying, and I heard her mamma say, 'We will find him! He is sure to come home soon!' and I knew they were talking of Fido! He must be lost!"

The tin soldier jumped out of bed and ran over to Fido's basket, his tin feet clicking on the floor as he went. "He is not here," he said.

"When I was sitting in the window about noon-time," said the Indian doll, "I saw Fido and a yellow scraggly dog playing out on the lawn and they ran out through a hole in the fence!"

"That was Priscilla's dog, Peterkins!" said the French doll.

"I know poor Mistress is very sad on account of Fido," said the Dutch doll. "Because I was in the dining-room at supper-time and I heard her daddy tell her to eat her supper and he would go out and find Fido; but I had forgotten all about it until now."

"That is the trouble with all of us except Raggedy Ann!" cried the little penny doll, in a squeaky voice, "She has to think for all of us!"

"I think it would be a good plan for us to show our love for Mistress and try and find Fido!" exclaimed Raggedy.

"It is a good plan. Raggedy Ann!" cried all the dolls. "Tell us how to start about it."

"Well, first let us go out upon the lawn and see if we can track the dogs!" said Raggedy.

"I can track them easily!" the Indian doll said, "for Indians are good at trailing things!"

"Then let us waste no more time in talking!" said Raggedy Ann, as she jumped from bed, followed by the rest.

The nursery window was open, so the dolls helped each other up on the sill and then jumped to the soft grass below. They fell in all sorts of queer attitudes, but of course the fall did not hurt them.

At the hole in the fence the Indian doll picked up the trail of the two dogs, and the dolls, stringing out behind, followed him until they came to Peterkins' house. Peterkins was

surprised to see the strange little figures in white nighties come stringing up the path to the dog house.

Peterkins was too large to sleep in the nursery, so he had a nice cozy dog-house under the grape arbor.

"Come in," Peterkins said when he saw and recognized the dolls, so all the dollies went into Peterkins' house and sat about while Raggedy told him why they had come.

"It has worried me, too!" said Peterkins, "but I had no way of telling your mistress where Fido was, for she cannot understand dog language! For you see," Peterkins continued, "Fido and I were having the grandest romp over in the park when a great big man with a funny thing on the end of a stick came running towards us. We barked at him and Fido thought he was trying to play with us and went up too close and do you know, that wicked man caught Fido in the thing at the end of the stick and carried him to a wagon and dumped him in with a lot of other dogs!"

"The Dog Catcher!" cried Raggedy Ann.

"Yes!" said Peterkins, as he wiped his eyes with his paws. "It was the dog catcher! For I followed the wagon at a distance and I saw him put all the dogs into a big wire pen, so that none could get out!"

"Then you know the way there, Peterkins?" asked Raggedy Ann.

"Yes, I can find it easily," Peterkins said.

"Then show us the way!" Raggedy Ann cried, "for we must try to rescue Fido."

So Peterkins led the way up alleys and across streets, the dolls all pattering along behind him. It was a strange

procession. Once a strange dog ran out at them, but Peterkins told him to mind his own business and the strange dog returned to his own yard.

At last they came to the dog catcher's place. Some of the dogs in the pen were barking at the moon and others were whining and crying.

There was Fido, all covered with mud, and his pretty red ribbon dragging on the ground. My, but he was glad to see the dolls and Peterkins! All the dogs came to the side of the pen and twisted their heads from side to side, gazing in wonder at the queer figures of the dolls.

"We will try and let you out," said Raggedy Ann.

At this all the dogs barked joyfully.

Then Raggedy Ann, the other dolls and Peterkins went to the gate.

The catch was too high for Raggedy Ann to reach, but Peterkins held Raggedy Ann in his mouth and stood up on his hind legs so that she could raise the catch.

When the catch was raised, the dogs were so anxious to get out they pushed and jumped against the gate so hard it flew open, knocking Peterkins and Raggedy Ann into the mud. Such a yapping and barking was never heard in the neighborhood as when the dogs swarmed out of the enclosure, jumping over one another and scrambling about in the mad rush out the gate.

Fido picked himself up from where he had been rolled by the large dogs and helped Raggedy Ann to her feet. He, Peterkins, and all the dolls ran after the pack of dogs, turning

the corner just as the dog catcher came running out of the house in his nightgown to see what was causing the trouble.

He stopped in astonishment when he saw the string of dolls in white nighties pattering down the alley, for he could not imagine what they were.

Well, you may be sure the dolls thanked Peterkins for his kind assistance and they and Fido ran on home, for a faint light was beginning to show in the east where the sun was getting ready to come up.

When they got to their own home they found an old chair out in the yard and after a great deal of work they finally dragged it to the window and thus managed to get into the nursery again.

Fido was very grateful to Raggedy Ann and the other dolls and before he went to his basket he gave them each a lick on the cheek.

The dolls lost no time in scrambling into bed and pulling up the covers, for they were very sleepy, but just as they were dozing off, Raggedy Ann raised herself and said, "If my legs and arms were not stuffed with nice clean cotton I feel sure they would ache, but being stuffed with nice clean white cotton, they do not ache and I could not feel happier if my body were stuffed with sunshine, for I know how pleased and happy Mistress will be in the morning when she discovers Fido asleep in his own little basket, safe and sound at home."

And as the dollies by this time were all asleep, Raggedy Ann pulled the sheet up to her chin and smiled so hard she ripped two stitches out of the back of her rag head.

Raggedy Ann and the Painter

When housecleaning time came around, Mistress mamma decided that she would have the nursery repainted and new paper put upon the walls. That was why all the dolls happened to be laid helter-skelter upon one of the high shelves.

Mistress had been in to look at them and wished to put them to bed, but as the painters were coming again in the early morning, Mamma thought it best that their beds be piled in the closet.

So the dolls' beds were piled into the closet, one on top of another and the dolls were placed upon the high shelf.

When all was quiet that night, Raggedy Ann who was on the bottom of the pile of dolls spoke softly and asked the others if they would mind moving along the shelf.

"The cotton in my body is getting mashed as flat as a pancake!" said Raggedy Ann. And although the tin soldier was piled so that his foot was pressed into Raggedy's face, she still wore her customary smile.

So the dolls began moving off to one side until Raggedy Ann was free to sit up.

"Ah, that's a great deal better!" she said, stretching her arms and legs to get the kinks out of them, and patting her dress into shape.

"Well, I'll be glad when morning comes!" she said finally, "For I know Mistress will take us out in the yard and play with us under the trees."

So the dolls sat and talked until daylight, when the painters came to work.

One of the painters, a young fellow, seeing the dolls, reached up and took Raggedy Ann down from the shelf.

"Look at this rag doll, Jim," he said to one of the other painters. "She's a daisy," and he took Raggedy Ann by the hands and danced with her while he whistled a lively tune. Raggedy Ann's heels hit the floor thumpity-thump and she enjoyed it immensely.

The other dolls sat upon the shelf and looked straight before them, for it would never do to let grown-up men know that dolls were really alive.

"Better put her back upon the shelf," said one of the other men. "You'll have the little girl after you! The chances are that she likes that old rag doll better than any of the others!"

But the young painter twisted Raggedy Ann into funny attitudes and laughed and laughed as she looped about. Finally he got to tossing her up in the air and catching her. This was great fun for Raggedy and as she sailed up by the shelf the dolls all smiled at her, for it pleased them whenever Raggedy Ann was happy.

But the young fellow threw Raggedy Ann up into the air once too often and when she came down he failed to catch her and she came down splashy head first into a bucket of oily paint.

"I told you!" said the older painter, "and now you are in for it!"

"My goodness! I didn't mean to do it!" said the young fellow, "What had I better do with her?"

"Better put her back on the shelf!" replied the other.

So Raggedy was placed back upon the shelf and the paint ran from her head and trickled down upon her dress.

After breakfast, Mistress came into the nursery and saw Raggedy all covered with paint and she began crying.

The young painter felt sorry and told her how it had happened.

"If you will let me." he said, "I will take her home with me and will clean her up tonight and will bring her back day after tomorrow."

So Raggedy was wrapped in a newspaper that evening and carried away.

All the dolls felt sad that night without Raggedy Ann near them.

"Poor Raggedy! I could have cried when I saw her all covered with paint!" said the French doll.

"She didn't look like our dear old Raggedy Ann at all!" said the tin soldier, who wiped the tears from his eyes so that they would not run down on his arms and rust them.

"The paint covered her lovely smile and nose and you could not see the laughter in her shoe-button eyes!" said the Indian doll.

And so the dolls talked that night and the next. But in the daytime when the painters were there, they kept very quiet.

The second day Raggedy was brought home and the dolls were all anxious for night to come so that they could see and talk with Raggedy Ann.

At last the painters left and the house was quiet, for Mistress had been in and placed Raggedy on the shelf with the other dolls.

"Tell us all about it, Raggedy dear!" the dolls cried.

"Oh I am so glad I fell in the paint!" cried Raggedy, after she had hugged all the dolls, "For I have had the happiest time. The painter took me home and told his Mamma how I happened to be covered with paint and she was very sorry. She took a rag and wiped off my shoe-button eyes and then I saw that she was a very pretty, sweet-faced lady and she got some gasoline and wiped off most of the paint on my face.

"But you know," Raggedy continued, "the paint had soaked through my rag head and had made the cotton inside all sticky and soggy and I could not think clearly. And my yarn hair was all matted with paint.

"So the kind lady took off my yarn hair and cut the stitches out of my head and took out all the painty cotton.

"It was a great relief, although it felt queer at first and my thoughts seemed scattered.

"She left me in her work-basket that night and hung me out upon the clothes-line the next morning when she had washed the last of the paint off.

"And while I hung out on the clothes-line, what do you think?"

"We could never guess!" all the dolls cried.

"Why a dear little Jenny Wren came and picked enough cotton out of me to make a cute little cuddly nest in the grape arbor!"

"Wasn't that sweet!" cried all the dolls.

"Yes indeed it was!" replied Raggedy Ann, "It made me very happy. Then when the lady took me in the house again she stuffed me with lovely nice new cotton, all the way from my knees up and sewed me up and put new yarn on my head for hair and – and – and it's a secret!" said Raggedy Ann.

"Oh tell us the secret!" cried all the dolls, as they pressed closer to Raggedy. "Well, I know you will not tell anyone who would not be glad to know about it, so I will tell you the secret and why I am wearing my smile a trifle broader!" said Raggedy Ann.

The dolls all said that Raggedy Ann's smile was indeed a quarter of an inch wider on each side.

"When the dear lady put the new white cotton in my body," said Raggedy Ann "she went to the cupboard and came back with a paper bag. And she took from the bag ten or fifteen little candy hearts with mottos on them and she hunted through the candy hearts until she found a beautiful red one which she sewed up in me with the cotton! So that is the secret, and that is why I am so happy! Feel here," said Raggedy Ann. All the dolls could feel Raggedy Ann's beautiful new candy heart and they were very happy for her.

After all had hugged each other good night and had cuddled up for the night, the tin solder asked, "Did you have a chance to see what the motto on your new candy heart was. Raggedy Ann?"

"Oh yes," replied Raggedy Ann, "I was so happy I forgot to tell you. It had printed upon it in nice blue letters, "I LOVE YOU."

Raggedy Ann's Trip on the River

When Marcella had a tea party out in the orchard, of course all of the dolls were invited, Raggedy Ann, the tin soldier, the Indian doll and all the others – even the four little penny dolls in the spool box. After a lovely tea party with ginger cookies and milk, of course the dolls were very sleepy, at least Marcella thought so, so she took all except Raggedy Ann into the house and put them to bed for the afternoon nap. Then Marcella told Raggedy Ann to stay there and watch the things.

As there was nothing else to do, Raggedy Ann waited for Marcella to return. And as she watched the little ants eating cookie crumbs Marcella had thrown to them, she heard all of a sudden the patter of puppy feet behind her. It was Fido.

The puppy dog ran up to Raggedy Ann and twisted his head about as he looked at her. Then he put his front feet out and barked in Raggedy Ann's face. Raggedy Ann tried to look very stern, but she could not hide the broad smile painted on her face.

"Oh, you want to play, do you?" the puppy dog barked, as he jumped at Raggedy Ann and then jumped back again.

The more Raggedy Ann smiled, the livelier Fido's antics became, until finally he caught the end of her dress and dragged her about.

This was great fun for the puppy dog, but Raggedy Ann did not enjoy it. She kicked and twisted as much as she could, but the puppy dog thought Raggedy was playing.

He ran out the garden gate and down the path across the meadow, every once in a while stopping and pretending he was very angry. When he pretended this, Fido would give Raggedy Ann a great shaking, making her yarn head hit the ground "ratty-tat-tat". Then he would give his head a toss and send Raggedy Ann high in the air where she would turn over two or three times before she reached the ground.

By this time, she had lost her apron and now some of her yarn hair was coming loose.

As Fido neared the brook, another puppy dog came running across the foot-bridge to meet him. "What have you there, Fido?" said the new puppy dog as he bounced up to Raggedy Ann.

"This is Raggedy Ann," answered Fido. "She and I are having a lovely time playing."

You see, Fido really thought Raggedy enjoyed being tossed around and whirled high up in the air. But of course she didn't. However, the game didn't last much longer. As Raggedy Ann hit the ground the new puppy dog caught her dress and ran with her across the bridge, Fido barking close behind him.

In the center of the bridge, Fido caught up with the new puppy dog and they had a lively tug-of-war with Raggedy Ann stretched between them. As they pulled and tugged and flopped Raggedy Ann about, somehow she fell over the side of the bridge into the water.

The puppy dogs were surprised, and Fido was very sorry indeed, for he remembered how good Raggedy Ann had been to him and how she had rescued him from the dog-pound. But

the current carried Raggedy Ann right along and all Fido could do was to run along the bank and bark.

Now, you would have thought Raggedy Ann would sink, but no, she floated nicely, for she was stuffed with clean white cotton and the water didn't soak through very quickly.

After a while, the strange puppy and Fido grew tired of running along the bank and the strange puppy scampered home over the meadow, with his tail carried gaily over his back as if he had nothing to be ashamed of. But Fido walked home very sorry indeed. His little heart was broken to think that he had caused Raggedy Ann to be drowned.

But Raggedy Ann didn't drown – not a bit of it. In fact, she even went to sleep on the brook, for the motion of the current was very soothing as it carried her along – just like being rocked by Marcella.

So, sleeping peacefully, Raggedy Ann drifted along with the current until she came to a pool where she lodged against a large stone.

Raggedy Ann tried to climb upon the stone, but by this time the water had thoroughly soaked through Raggedy Ann's nice, clean, white cotton stuffing and she was so heavy she could not climb.

So there she had to stay until Marcella and Daddy came along and found her.

You see, they had been looking for her. They had found pieces of her apron all along the path and across the meadow where Fido and the strange puppy dog had shaken them from Raggedy Ann. So they followed the brook until they found her.

When Daddy fished Raggedy Ann from the water, Marcella hugged her so tightly to her breast the water ran from Raggedy Ann and dripped all over Marcella's apron. But Marcella was so glad to find Raggedy Ann again she didn't mind it a bit. She just hurried home and took off all of Raggedy Ann's wet clothes and placed her on a little red chair in front of the oven door, and then brought all of the other dolls in and read a fairy tale to them while Raggedy Ann steamed and dried.

When Raggedy Ann was thoroughly dry. Mamma said she thought the cake must be finished and she took from the oven a lovely chocolate cake and gave Marcella a large piece to have another tea party with.

That night when all the house was asleep, Raggedy Ann raised up in bed and said to the dolls who were still awake, "I am so happy I do not feel a bit sleepy. Do you know, I believe the water soaked me so thoroughly my candy heart must have melted and filled my whole body, and I do not feel the least bit angry with Fido for playing with me so roughly!"

So all the other dolls were happy, too, for happiness is very easy to catch when we love one another and are sweet all through.

Raggedy Ann and the Strange Dolls

Raggedy Ann lay just as Marcella had dropped her – all sprawled out with her rag arms and legs twisted in ungraceful attitudes.

Her yarn hair was twisted and lay partly over her face, hiding one of her shoe-button eyes.

Raggedy gave no sign that she had heard, but lay there smiling at the ceiling.

Perhaps Raggedy Ann knew that what the new dolls said was true.

But sometimes the truth may hurt and this may have been the reason Raggedy Ann lay there so still.

"Did you ever see such an ungainly creature!"

"I do believe it has shoe buttons for eyes!"

"And yarn hair!"

"Mercy, did you ever see such feet!"

The Dutch doll rolled off the doll sofa and said "Mamma" in his quavery voice, he was so surprised at hearing anyone speak so of beloved Raggedy Ann – dear Raggedy Ann, she of the candy heart, whom all the dolls loved.

Uncle Clem was also very much surprised and offended. He walked up in front of the two new dolls and looked them sternly in the eyes, but he could think of nothing to say so he pulled at his yarn mustache.

Marcella had only received the two new dolls that morning. They had come in the morning mail and were presents from an aunt.

Marcella had named the two new dolls Annabel-Lee and Thomas, after her aunt and uncle.

Annabel-Lee and Thomas were beautiful dolls and must have cost heaps and heaps of shiny pennies, for both were handsomely dressed and had real hair!

Annabel's hair was of a lovely shade of auburn and Thomas' was golden yellow.

Annabel was dressed in soft, lace-covered silk and upon her head she wore a beautiful hat with long silk ribbons tied in a neat bow-knot beneath her dimpled chin.

Thomas was dressed in an Oliver Twist suit of dark velvet with a lace collar. Both he and Annabel wore lovely black slippers and short stockings.

They were sitting upon two of the little red doll chairs where Marcella had placed them and where they could see the other dolls.

When Uncle Clem walked in front of them and pulled his mustache they laughed outright. "Tee-Hee-Hee!" they snickered, "He has holes in his knees!"

Quite true. Uncle Clem was made of worsted and the moths had eaten his knees and part of his kiltie. He had a kiltie, you see, for Uncle Clem was a Scotch doll.

Uncle Clem shook, but he felt so hurt he could think of nothing to say.

He walked over and sat down beside Raggedy Ann and brushed her yarn hair away from her shoe-button eye.

The tin soldier went over and sat beside them.

"Don't you mind what they say, Raggedy!" he said, "They do not know you as we do!"

"We don't care to know her!" said Annabel-Lee as she primped her dress, "She looks like a scarecrow!"

"And the Soldier must have been made with a can opener!" laughed Thomas.

"You should be ashamed of yourselves!" said the French dollie, as she stood before Annabel and Thomas, "You will make all of us sorry that you have joined our family if you continue to poke fun at us and look down upon us. We are all happy here together and share in each others' adventures and happiness."

Now, that night Marcella did not undress the two new dolls, for she had no nighties for them, so she let them sit up in the two little red doll chairs so they would not muss their clothes. "I will make nighties for you tomorrow!" she said as she kissed them good night. Then she went over and gave Raggedy Ann a good night hug. "Take good care of all my children, Raggedy!" she said as she went out.

Annabel and Thomas whispered together, "Perhaps we have been too hasty in our judgment!" said Annabel-Lee. "This Raggedy Ann seems to be a favorite with the mistress and with all the dolls!"

"There must be a reason!" replied Thomas, "I am beginning to feel sorry that we spoke of her looks. One really cannot help one's looks after all."

Now, Annabel-Lee and Thomas were very tired after their long journey and soon they fell asleep and forgot all about the other dolls.

When they were sound asleep, Raggedy Ann slipped quietly from her bed and awakened the tin soldier and Uncle Clem and the three tiptoed to the two beautiful new dolls.

They lifted them gently so as not to awaken them and carried them to Raggedy Ann's bed.

Raggedy Ann tucked them in snugly and lay down upon the hard floor.

The tin soldier and Uncle Clem both tried to coax Raggedy Ann into accepting their bed (they slept together), but Raggedy Ann would not hear of it.

"I am stuffed with nice soft cotton and the hard floor does not bother me at all!" said Raggedy.

At daybreak the next morning Annabel and Thomas awakened to find themselves in Raggedy Ann's bed and as they raised up and looked at each other each knew how ashamed the other felt, for they knew Raggedy Ann had generously given them her bed.

There Raggedy Ann lay; all sprawled out upon the hard floor, her rag arms and legs twisted in ungraceful attitudes.

"How good and honest she looks!" said Annabel. "It must be her shoe-button eyes!"

"How nicely her yarn hair falls in loops over her face!" exclaimed Thomas, "I did not notice how pleasant her face looked last night!"

"The others seem to love her ever and ever so much!" mused Annabel. "It must be because she is so kind."

Both new dolls were silent for a while, thinking deeply.

"How do you feel?" Thomas finally asked.

"Very much ashamed of myself!" answered Annabel, "And you, Thomas?"

"As soon as Raggedy Ann awakens, I shall tell her just how much ashamed I am of myself and if she can, I want her to forgive me!" Thomas said.

"The more I look at her, the better I like her!" said Annabel.

"I am going to kiss her!" said Thomas.

"You'll awaken her if you do!" said Annabel.

But Thomas climbed out of bed and kissed Raggedy Ann on her painted cheek and smoothed her yarn hair from her rag forehead.

And Annabel-Lee climbed out of bed, too, and kissed Raggedy Ann.

Then Thomas and Annabel-Lee gently carried Raggedy Ann and put her in her own bed and tenderly tucked her in, and then took their seats in the two little red chairs.

After a while Annabel said softly to Thomas, "I feel ever and ever so much better and happier!"

"So do I!" Thomas replied. "It's like a whole lot of sunshine coming into a dark room, and I shall always try to keep it there!"

Fido had one fuzzy white ear sticking up over the edge of his basket and he gave his tail a few thumps against his pillow.

Raggedy Ann lay quietly in bed where Thomas and Annabel had tucked her. And as she smiled at the ceiling, her candy heart (with "I LOVE YOU" written on it) thrilled with

contentment, for, as you have probably guessed, Raggedy Ann had not been asleep at all!

Raggedy Ann and the Kittens

Raggedy Ann had been away all day,

Marcella had come early in the morning and dressed all the dolls and placed them about the nursery.

Some of the dolls had been put in the little red chairs around the little doll table. There was nothing to eat upon the table except a turkey, a fried egg and an apple, all made of plaster of paris and painted in natural colors. The little teapot and other doll dishes were empty, but Marcella had told them to enjoy their dinner while she was away.

The French dollie had been given a seat upon the doll sofa and Uncle Clem had been placed at the piano.

Marcella picked up Raggedy Ann and carried her out of the nursery when she left, telling the dolls to "be real good children, while Mamma is away!"

When the door closed, the tin soldier winked at the Dutchboy doll and handed the imitation turkey to the penny dolls. "Have some nice turkey?" he asked.

"No thank you!" the penny dolls said in little penny-doll, squeaky voices, "We have had all we can eat!"

"Shall I play you a tune?" asked Uncle Clem of the French doll.

At this all the dolls laughed, for Uncle Clem could not begin to play any tune. Raggedy Ann was the only doll who had ever taken lessons, and she could play Peter-Peter-Pumpkin-Eater with one hand.

In fact, Marcella had almost worn out Raggedy Ann's right hand teaching it to her.

"Play something lively!" said the French doll, as she giggled behind her hand, so Uncle Clem began hammering the eight keys on the toy piano with all his might until a noise was heard upon the stairs.

Quick as a wink, all the dolls took the same positions in which they had been placed by Marcella, for they did not wish really truly people to know that they could move about.

But it was only Fido. He put his nose in the door and looked around.

All the dolls at the table looked steadily at the painted food, and Uncle Clem leaned upon the piano keys looking just as unconcerned as when he had been placed there.

Then Fido pushed the door open and came into the nursery wagging his tail.

He walked over to the table and sniffed, in hopes Marcella had given the dolls real food and that some would still be left.

"Where's Raggedy Ann?" Fido asked, when he had satisfied himself that there was no food.

"Mistress took Raggedy Ann and went somewhere!" all the dolls answered in chorus.

"I've found something I must tell Raggedy Ann about!" said Fido, as he scratched his ear.

"Is it a secret?" asked the penny dolls.

"Secret nothing," replied Fido, "It's kittens!"

"How lovely!" cried all the dolls, "Really live kittens?"

"Really live kittens!" replied Fido, "Three little tiny ones, out in the barn!"

"Oh, I wish Raggedy Ann was here!" cried the French doll. "She would know what to do about it!"

"That's why I wanted to see her," said Fido, as he thumped his tail on the floor, "I did not know there were any kittens and I went into the barn to hunt for mice and the first thing I knew Mamma Cat came bouncing right at me with her eyes looking green! I tell you I hurried out of there!"

"How did you know there were any kittens then?" asked Uncle Clem.

"I waited around the barn until Mamma Cat went up to the house and then I slipped into the barn again, for I knew there must be something inside or she would not have jumped at me that way! We are always very friendly, you know," Fido continued. "And what was my surprise to find three tiny little kittens in an old basket, way back in a dark corner!"

"Go get them, Fido, and bring them up so we can see them!" said the tin soldier.

"Not me!" said Fido, "If I had a suit of tin clothes on like you have I might do it, but you know cats can scratch very hard if they want to!"

"We will tell Raggedy when she comes in!" said the French doll, and then Fido went out to play with a neighbor dog.

So when Raggedy Ann had been returned to the nursery the dolls could hardly wait until Marcella had put on their nighties and left them for the night.

Then they told Raggedy Ann all about the kittens. Raggedy Ann jumped from her bed and ran over to Fido's basket; he wasn't there.

Then Raggedy suggested that all the dolls go out to the barn and see the kittens. This they did easily, for the window was open and it was but a short jump to the ground.

They found Fido out near the barn watching a hole.

"I was afraid something might disturb them," he said, "for Mamma Cat went away about an hour ago."

All the dolls, with Raggedy Ann in the lead, crawled through the hole and ran to the basket.

Just as Raggedy Ann started to pick up one of the kittens there was a lot of howling and yelping and Fido came bounding through the hole with Mamma Cat behind him. When Mamma Cat caught up with Fido he would yelp.

When Fido and Mamma Cat had circled the barn two or three times Fido managed to find the hole and escape to the yard; then Mamma Cat came over to the basket and saw all the dolls.

"I'm s'prised at you, Mamma Cat!" said Raggedy Ann, "Fido has been watching your kittens for an hour while you were away. He wouldn't hurt them for anything!"

"I'm sorry, then," said Mamma Cat.

"You must trust Fido, Mamma Cat!" said Raggedy Ann, "because he loves you and anyone who loves you can be trusted!"

"That's so!" replied Mamma Cat. "Cats love mice, too, and I wish the mice trusted us more!"

The dolls all laughed at this joke.

"Have you told the folks up at the house about your dear little kittens?" Raggedy Ann asked.

"Oh, my, no!" exclaimed Mamma Cat. "At the last place I lived the people found out about my kittens and do you know, all the kittens disappeared! I intend keeping this a secret!"

"But all the folks at this house are very kindly people and would dearly love your kittens!" cried all the dolls.

"Let's take them right up to the nursery!" said Raggedy Ann, "and Mistress can find them there in the morning!"

"How lovely!" said all the dolls in chorus. "Do, Mamma Cat! Raggedy Ann knows, for she is stuffed with nice clean white cotton and is very wise!"

So after a great deal of persuasion, Mamma Cat finally consented. Raggedy Ann took two of the kittens and carried them to the house while Mamma Cat carried the other.

Raggedy Ann wanted to give the kittens her bed, but Fido, who was anxious to prove his affection, insisted that Mamma Cat and the kittens should have his nice soft basket.

The dolls could hardly sleep that night; they were so anxious to see what Mistress would say when she found the dear little kittens in the morning.

Raggedy Ann did not sleep a wink, for she shared her bed with Fido and he kept her awake whispering to her.

In the morning when Marcella came to the nursery, the first thing she saw was the three little kittens.

She cried out in delight and carried them all down to show to Mamma and Daddy. Mamma Cat went trailing along, arching her back and purring with pride as she rubbed against all the chairs and doors.

Mamma and Daddy said the kittens could stay in the nursery and belong to Marcella, so Marcella took them back to

Fido's basket while she hunted names for them out of a fairy tale book.

Marcella finally decided upon three names; Prince Charming for the white kitty, Cinderella for the Maltese and Princess Golden for the kitty with the yellow stripes.

So that is how the three little kittens came to live in the nursery.

And it all turned out just as Raggedy Ann had said, for her head was stuffed with clean white cotton, and she could think exceedingly wise thoughts.

And Mamma Cat found out that Fido was a very good friend, too. She grew to trust him so much she would even let him help wash the kittens' faces.

Raggedy Ann and the Fairies' Gift

All the dolls were tucked snugly in their little doll-beds for the night and the large house was very still.

Every once in a while Fido would raise one ear and partly open one eye, for his keen dog sense seemed to tell him that something was about to happen.

Finally he opened both eyes, sniffed into the air and, getting out of his basket and shaking himself, he trotted across the nursery to Raggedy Ann's bed.

Fido put his cold nose in Raggedy Ann's neck. She raised her head from the little pillow.

"Oh! It's you, Fido!" said Raggedy Ann. "I dreamed the tin soldier put an icicle down my neck!"

"I can't sleep," Fido told Raggedy Ann. "I feel that something is about to happen!"

"You have been eating too many bones lately, Fido, and they keep you awake," Raggedy replied.

"No, it isn't that. I haven't had any bones since the folks had chicken last Sunday. It isn't that. Listen, Raggedy!"

Raggedy Ann listened.

There was a murmur as if someone were singing, far away,

"What is it?" asked Fido.

"Sh!" cautioned Raggedy Ann, "It's music."

It was indeed music, the most beautiful music Raggedy Ann had ever heard.

It grew louder, but still seemed to be far away.

Raggedy Ann and Fido could hear it distinctly and it sounded as if hundreds of voices were singing in unison.

"Please don't howl, Fido," Raggedy Ann said as she put her two rag arms around the dog's nose. Fido usually "sang" when he heard music.

But Fido did not sing this time; he was filled with wonder. It seemed as if something very nice was going to happen.

Raggedy Ann sat upright in bed. The room was flooded with a strange, beautiful light and the music came floating in through the nursery window.

Raggedy Ann hopped from her bed and ran across the floor, trailing the bed clothes behind her. Fido followed close behind and together they looked out the window across the flower garden.

There among the flowers were hundreds of tiny beings, some playing on tiny reed instruments and flower horns, while others sang. This was the strange, wonderful music Raggedy and Fido had heard.

"It's the Fairies!" said Raggedy Ann. "To your basket quick, Fido! They are coming this way!" And Raggedy Ann ran back to her bed, with the bed clothes trailing behind her.

Fido gave three jumps and he was in his basket, pretending he was sound asleep, but one little black eye was peeping through a chink in the side.

Raggedy jumped into her bed and pulled the covers to her chin, but lay so that her shoe-button eyes could see towards the window.

Little Fairy forms radiant as silver came flitting into the nursery, singing in far away voices. They carried a little bundle.

A beautiful light came from this bundle, and to Raggedy Ann and Fido it seemed like sunshine and moonshine mixed. It was a soft mellow light, just the sort of light you would expect to accompany Fairy Folk.

As Raggedy watched, her candy heart went pitty-pat against her cotton stuffing, for she saw a tiny pink foot sticking out of the bundle of light.

The Fairy troop sailed across the nursery and through the door with their bundle and Raggedy Ann and Fido listened to their far away music as they went down the hall.

Presently the Fairies returned without the bundle and disappeared through the nursery window.

Raggedy Ann and Fido again ran to the window and saw the Fairy troop dancing among the flowers.

The light from the bundle still hung about the nursery and a strange lovely perfume floated about.

When the Fairies' music ceased and they had flown away, Raggedy Ann and Fido returned to Raggedy's bed to think it all out.

When old Mister Sun peeped over the garden wall and into the nursery, and the other dolls awakened, Raggedy Ann and Fido were still puzzled.

"What is it, Raggedy Ann?" asked the tin soldier and Uncle Clem, in one voice.

Before Raggedy Ann could answer, Marcella came running into the nursery, gathered up all the dolls in her arms, and ran down the hall, Fido jumping beside her and barking shrilly.

"Be quiet!" Marcella said to Fido, "It's asleep and you might awaken it!"

Mamma helped Marcella arrange all the dolls in a circle around the bed so that they could all see what was in the bundle.

Mamma gently pulled back the soft covering and the dolls saw a tiny little fist as pink as coral, a soft little face with a cunning tiny pink nose, and a little head as bald as the French dolly's when her hair came off.

My, how the dollies all chattered when they were once again left alone in the nursery!

"A dear cuddly baby brother for Mistress!" said Uncle Clem.

"A beautiful bundle of love and Fairy Sunshine for everybody in the house!" said Raggedy Ann, as she went to the toy piano and joyously played "Peter-Peter-Pumpkin-Eater" with one rag hand.

Raggedy Ann and the Chickens

When Marcella was called into the house she left Raggedy sitting on the chicken yard fence. "Now you sit quietly and do not stir," Marcella told Raggedy Ann, "If you move you may fall and hurt yourself!"

So, Raggedy Ann sat quietly, just as Marcella told her, but she smiled at the chickens for she had fallen time and again and it had never hurt her in the least. She was stuffed with nice soft cotton, you see.

So, there she sat until a tiny little humming-bird, in search of flower honey hummed close to Raggedy Ann's head and hovered near the tall Hollyhocks.

Raggedy Ann turned her rag head to see the humming-bird and lost her balance – plump! she went, down amongst the chickens.

The chickens scattered in all directions, all except Old Ironsides, the rooster.

He ruffled his neck feathers and put his head down close to the ground, making a queer whistling noise as he looked fiercely at Raggedy Ann.

But Raggedy Ann only smiled at Old Ironsides, the rooster, and ran her rag hand through her yarn hair for she did not fear him.

And then something strange happened, for when she made this motion the old rooster jumped up in the air and kicked his feet out in front, knocking Raggedy Ann over and over.

When Raggedy Ann stopped rolling she waved her apron at the rooster and cried, "Shoo!" but instead of "shooing" Old Ironsides upset her again.

Now, two old hens who had been watching the rooster jump at Raggedy ran up and as one old hen placed herself before the rooster, the other old hen caught hold of Raggedy's apron and dragged her into the chicken-coop.

It was dark inside and Raggedy could not tell what was going on as she felt herself being pulled up over the nests.

But, finally Raggedy could sit up, for the old hen had quit pulling her, and as her shoe-button eyes were very good, she soon made out the shape of the old hen in front of her.

"My! that's the hardest work I have done in a long time!" said the old hen, when she could catch her breath. "I was afraid Mr. Rooster would tear your dress and apron!"

"That was a queer game he was playing, Mrs. Hen," said Raggedy Ann.

The old hen chuckled 'way down in her throat, "Gracious me! He wasn't playing a game, he was fighting you!"

"Fighting!" cried Raggedy Ann in surprise.

"Oh yes, indeed!" the old hen answered, "Old Ironsides, the rooster, thought you intended to harm some of the children chickens and he was fighting you!"

"I am sorry that I fell inside the pen, I wouldn't harm anything," Raggedy Ann said.

"If we tell you a secret you must promise not to tell your mistress!" said the old hens.

"I promise! Cross my candy heart!" said Raggedy Ann.

Then the two old hens took Raggedy Ann way back in the farthest corner of the chicken coop. There, in back of a box, they had built two nests and each old hen had ten eggs in her nest.

"If your folks hear of it they will take the eggs!" said the hens, "and then we could not raise our families!"

Raggedy Ann felt the eggs and they were nice and warm.

"We just left the nests when you fell into the pen!" explained the old hens.

"But how can the eggs grow if you sit upon them?" said Raggedy. "If Fido sits on any of the garden, the plants will not grow, Mistress says!"

"Eggs are different!" one old hen explained. "In order to make the eggs hatch properly, we must sit on them three weeks and not let them get cold at any time!"

"And at the end of the three weeks do the eggs sprout?" asked Raggedy Ann.

"You must be thinking of eggplant!" cried one old hen. "These eggs hatch at the end of three weeks – they don't sprout – and then we have a lovely family of soft downy chickies; little puff balls that we can cuddle under our wings and love dearly!"

"Have you been sitting upon the eggs very long?" Raggedy asked.

"Neither one of us has kept track of the time," said one hen. "So we do not know! You see, we never leave the nests only just once in a while to get a drink and to eat a little. So we can hardly tell when it is day and when it is night."

"We were going out to get a drink when you fell in the pen!" said one old hen. "Now we will have to sit upon the eggs and warm them up again!"

The two old hens spread their feathers and nestled down upon the nests.

"When you get them good and warm, I would be glad to sit upon the eggs and keep them warm until you get something to eat and drink!" said Raggedy. So the two old hens walked out of the coop to finish their meal which had been interrupted by Raggedy's fall and while they were gone, Raggedy Ann sat quietly upon the warm eggs. Suddenly down beneath her she heard something go, "Pick, pick!" "I hope it isn't a mouse!" Raggedy Ann said to herself, when she felt something move. "I wish the old hens would come back." But when they came back and saw the puzzled expression on her face, they cried, "What is it?"

Raggedy Ann got to her feet and looked down and there were several little fluffy, cuddly baby chickies, round as little puff-balls.

"Cheep! Cheep! Cheep!" they cried when Raggedy stepped out of the nest.

"Baby Chicks!" Raggedy cried, as she stooped and picked up one of the little puff-balls. "They want to be cuddled!"

The two old hens, their eyes shining with happiness, got upon the nests and spread out their soft warm feathers, "The other eggs will hatch soon!" said they.

So, for several days Raggedy helped the two hens hatch out the rest of the chickies and just as they finished, Marcella came inside looking around.

"How in the world did you get in here, Raggedy Ann?" she cried. "I have been looking all about for you! Did the chickens drag you in here?"

Both old hens down behind the box clucked softly to the chickies beneath them and Marcella overheard them.

She lifted the box away and gave a little squeal of surprise and happiness.

"Oh you dear old Hennypennies!" she cried, lifting both old hens from their nests. "You have hidden your nests away back here and now you have one, two, three, four – twenty chickies!" and as she counted them, Marcella placed them in her apron; then catching up Raggedy Ann, she placed her over the new little chickies.

"Come on, old Hennypennies!" she said, and went out of the coop with the two old hens clucking at her heels.

Marcella called Daddy and Daddy rolled two barrels out under one of the trees and made a nice bed in each. Then he nailed slats across the front, leaving a place for a door. Each Hennypennie was then given ten little chickies and shut up in the barrel. And all the dolls were happy when they heard of Raggedy's adventure and they did not have to wait long before they were all taken out to see the new chickies.

Raggedy Ann and the Mouse

Jeanette was a new wax doll, and like Henny, the Dutch doll, she could say "MAMMA" when anyone tipped her backward or forward. She had lovely golden brown curls of real hair. It could be combed and braided, or curled or fluffed without tangling, and Raggedy Ann was very proud when Jeanette came to live with the dolls.

But now Raggedy Ann was very angry – in fact, Raggedy Ann had just ripped two stitches out of the top of her head when she took her rag hands and pulled her rag face down into a frown (but when she let go of the frown her face stretched right back into her usual cheery smile).

And you would have been angry, too, for something had happened to Jeanette.

Something or someone had stolen into the nursery that night when the dolls were asleep and nibbled all the wax from Jeanette's beautiful face – and now all her beauty was gone!

"It really is a shame!" said Raggedy Ann as she put her arms about Jeanette.

"Something must be done about it!" said the French doll as she stamped her little foot.

"If I catch the culprit, I will – well, I don't know what I will do with him!" said the tin soldier, who could be very fierce at times, although he was seldom cross.

"Here is the hole he came from!" cried Uncle Clem from the other end of the nursery. "Come, see!"

All the dolls ran to where Uncle Clem was, down on his hands and knees.

"This must be the place!" said Raggedy Ann, "We will plug up the hole with something, so he will not come out again!"

The dolls hunted around and brought rags and pieces of paper and pushed them into the mouse's doorway.

"I thought I heard nibbling last night," one of the penny dolls said. "You know I begged for an extra piece of pie last evening, when Mistress had me at the table and it kept me awake!"

While the dolls were talking, Marcella ran down-stairs with Jeanette and told Daddy and Mamma, who came upstairs with Marcella and hunted around until they discovered the mouse's doorway.

"Oh, why couldn't it have chewed on me?" Raggedy Ann asked herself then she saw Marcella's sorrowful face, for Raggedy Ann was never selfish.

"Daddy will take Jeanette down-town with him and have her fixed up as good as new," said Mamma, so Jeanette was wrapped in soft tissue paper and taken away.

Later in the day Marcella came bouncing into the nursery with a surprise for the dolls. It was a dear fuzzy little kitten.

Marcella introduced the kitten to all the dolls.

"Her name is Boots, because she has four little white feet!" said Marcella. So Boots, the happy little creature, played with the penny dolls, scraping them over the floor and peeping out from behind chairs and pouncing upon them as if they were mice and the penny dolls enjoyed it hugely.

When Marcella was not in the nursery, Raggedy Ann wrestled with Boots and they would roll over and over upon the floor. Boots with her front feet around Raggedy Ann's neck and kicking with her hind feet.

Then Boots would arch her back and pretend she was very angry and walk sideways until she was close to Raggedy. Then she would jump at her and over and over they would roll, their heads hitting the floor bumpity-bump.

Boots slept in the nursery that night and was lonely for her Mamma, for it was the first time she had been away from home.

Even though her bed was right on top of Raggedy Ann, she could not sleep. But Raggedy Ann was very glad to have Boots sleep with her, even if she was heavy, and when Boots began crying for her Mamma, Raggedy Ann comforted her and soon Boots went to sleep.

One day Jeanette came home. She had a new coating of wax on her face and she was as beautiful as ever.

Now, by this time Boots was one of the family and did not cry at night. Besides Boots was told of the mouse in the corner and how he had eaten Jeanette's wax, so she promised to sleep with one eye open.

Late that night when Boots was the only one awake, out popped a tiny mouse from the hole. Boots jumped after the mouse, and hit against the toy piano and made the keys tinkle so loudly it awakened the dolls.

They ran over to where Boots sat growling with the tiny mouse in her mouth.

My! how the mouse was squeaking!

Raggedy Ann did not like to hear it squeak, but she did not wish Jeanette to have her wax face chewed again, either.

So, Raggedy Ann said to the tiny little mouse, "You should have known better than to come here when Boots is with us. Why don't you go out in the barn and live where you will not destroy anything of value?"

"I did not know!" squeaked the little mouse, "This is the first time I have ever been here!"

"Aren't you the little mouse who nibbled Jeanette's wax face?" Raggedy Ann asked.

"No!" the little mouse answered "I was visiting the mice inside the walls and wandered out here to pick up cake crumbs! I have three little baby mice at home down in the barn. I have never nibbled at anyone's wax face!"

"Are you a Mamma mouse?" Uncle Clem asked.

"Yes!" the little mouse squeaked "and if the kitten will let me go I will run right home to my children and never return again."

"Let her go Boots!" the dolls all cried, "She has three little baby mice at home! Please let her go!"

"No, sir!" Boots growled, "This is the first mouse I have ever caught and I will eat her!" At this the little Mamma mouse began squeaking louder than ever.

"If you do not let the Mamma mouse go Boots, I shall not play with you again!" said Raggedy Ann.

"Raggedy will not play with Boots again!" said all of the dolls in an awed tone. Not to have Raggedy play with them would have been sad, indeed.

But Boots only growled.

The dolls drew to one side, where Raggedy Ann and Uncle Clem whispered together.

And while they whispered Boots would let the little Mamma mouse run a piece, then she would catch it again and box it about between her paws.

This she did until the poor little Mamma mouse grew so tired it could scarcely run away from Boots.

Boots would let it get almost to the hole in the wall before she would catch it, for she knew it would not escape her.

As she watched the little mouse crawling towards the hole scarcely able to move, Raggedy Ann could not keep the tears from her shoe-button eyes.

Finally as Boots started to spring after the little mouse again, Raggedy Ann threw her rag arms around the kitten's neck. "Run, Mamma mouse!" Raggedy Ann cried, as Boots whirled her over and over.

Uncle Clem ran and pushed the Mamma mouse into the hole and then she was gone.

When Raggedy Ann took her arms from around Boots, the kitten was very angry. She laid her ears back and scratched Raggedy Ann with her claws.

But Raggedy Ann only smiled – it did not hurt her a bit for Raggedy was sewed together with a needle and thread and if that did not hurt, how could the scratch of a kitten? Finally Boots felt ashamed of herself and went over and lay down by the hole in the wall in hopes the mouse would return, but the mouse never returned. Even then Mamma mouse was out in the barn with her children, warning them to beware of kittens and cats.

Raggedy Ann and all the dolls then went to bed and Raggedy had just dozed off to sleep when she felt something jump upon her bed. It was Boots. She felt a warm little pink tongue caress her rag cheek. Raggedy Ann smiled happily to herself, for Boots had curled up on top of Raggedy Ann and was purring herself to sleep.

Then Raggedy Ann knew she had been forgiven for rescuing the Mamma mouse and she smiled herself to sleep and dreamed happily of tomorrow.

Raggedy Ann's New Sister

Marcella was having a tea party up in the nursery when Daddy called to her, so she left the dollies sitting around the tiny table and ran down stairs carrying Raggedy Ann with her.

Mama, Daddy and a strange man were talking in the living room and Daddy introduced Marcella to the stranger.

The stranger was a large man with kindly eyes and a cheery smile, as pleasant as Raggedy Ann's.

He took Marcella upon his knee and ran his fingers through her curls as he talked to Daddy and Mamma, so, of course, Raggedy Ann liked him from the beginning. "I have two little girls," he told Marcella. "Their names are Virginia and Doris, and one time when we were at the sea-shore they were playing in the sand and they covered up Freddy, Doris' boy-doll in the sand. They were playing that Freddy was in bathing and that he wanted to be covered with the clean white sand, just as the other bathers did. And when they had covered Freddy they took their little pails and shovels and went farther down the beach to play and forgot all about Freddy.

"Now when it came time for us to go home, Virginia and Doris remembered Freddy and ran down to get him, but the tide had come in and Freddy was way out under the water and they could not find him. Virginia and Doris were very sad and they talked of Freddy all the way home."

"It was too bad they forgot Freddy," said Marcella.

"Yes, indeed it was!" the new friend replied as he took Raggedy Ann up and made her dance on Marcella's knee. "But it turned out all right after all, for do you know what happened to Freddy?"

"No, what did happen to him?" Marcella asked.

"Well, first of all, when Freddy was covered with the sand, he enjoyed it immensely. And he did not mind it so much when the tide came up over him, for he felt Virginia and Doris would return and get him.

"But presently Freddy felt the sand above him move as if someone was digging him out. Soon his head was uncovered and he could look right up through the pretty green water, and what do you think was happening? The Tide Fairies were uncovering Freddy!

"When he was completely uncovered, the Tide Fairies swam with Freddy 'way out to the Undertow Fairies. The Undertow Fairies took Freddy and swam with him way out to the Roller Fairies. The Roller Fairies carried Freddy up to the surface and tossed him up to the Spray Fairies who carried him to the Wind Fairies."

"And the Wind Fairies?" Marcella asked breathlessly.

"The Wind Fairies carried Freddy right to our garden and there Virginia and Doris found him, none the worse for his wonderful adventure!"

"Freddy must have enjoyed it and your little girls must have been very glad to get Freddy back again!" said Marcella. "Raggedy Ann went up in the air on the tail of a kite one day and fell and was lost, so now I am very careful with her!"

"Would you let me take Raggedy Ann for a few days?" asked the new friend.

Marcella was silent. She liked the stranger friend, but she did not wish to lose Raggedy Ann.

"I will promise to take very good care of her and return her to you in a week. Will you let her go with me, Marcella?"

Marcella finally agreed and when the stranger friend left, he placed Raggedy Ann in his grip.

"It is lonely without Raggedy Ann!" said the dollies each night.

"We miss her happy painted smile and her cheery ways!" they said.

And so the week dragged by

But, my! What a chatter there was in the nursery the first night after Raggedy Ann returned. All the dolls were so anxious to hug Raggedy Ann they could scarcely wait until Marcella had left them alone.

When they had squeezed Raggedy Ann almost out of shape and she had smoothed out her yarn hair, patted her apron out and felt her shoe-button eyes to see if they were still there, she said, "Well, what have you been doing? Tell me all the news!"

"Oh we have just had the usual tea parties and games!" said the tin soldier. "Tell us about yourself, Raggedy dear, we have missed you so much!"

"Yes! Tell us where you have been and what you have done, Raggedy!" all the dolls cried.

But Raggedy Ann just then noticed that one of the penny dolls had a hand missing.

"How did this happen?" she asked as she picked up the doll.

"I fell off the table and lit upon the tin soldier last night when we were playing. But don't mind a little thing like that. Raggedy Ann," replied the penny doll. "Tell us of yourself! Have you had a nice time?"

"I shall not tell a thing until your hand is mended!" Raggedy Ann said.

So the Indian ran and brought a bottle of glue. "Where's the hand?" Raggedy asked.

"In my pocket," the penny doll answered.

When Raggedy Ann had glued the penny doll's hand in place and wrapped a rag around it to hold it until the glue dried, she said, "When I tell you of this wonderful adventure, I know you will all feel very happy. It has made me almost burst my stitches with joy."

The dolls all sat upon the floor around Raggedy Ann, the tin soldier with his arm over her shoulder.

"Well, first when I left," said Raggedy Ann, "I was placed in the Stranger Friend's grip. It was rather stuffy in there, but I did not mind it; in fact I believe I must have fallen asleep, for when I awakened I saw the Stranger Friend's hand reaching into the grip. Then he lifted me from the grip and danced me upon his knee. 'What do you think of her?' he said to three other men sitting nearby.

"I was so interested in looking out of the window I did not pay any attention to what they said, for we were on a train and the scenery was just flying by! Then I was put back in the grip.

"When next I was taken from the grip I was in a large, clean, light room and there were many, many girls all dressed in white aprons.

"The stranger friend showed me to another man and to the girls who took off my clothes, cut my seams and took out my cotton. And what do you think! They found my lovely candy heart had not melted at all as I thought. Then they laid me on a table and marked all around my outside edges with a pencil on clean white cloth, and then the girls re-stuffed me and dressed me.

"I stayed in the clean big light room for two or three days and nights and watched my Sisters grow from pieces of cloth into rag dolls just like myself!"

"Your SISTERS?" the dolls all exclaimed in astonishment, "What do you mean, Raggedy?"

"I mean," said Raggedy Ann, "that the Stranger Friend had borrowed me from Marcella so that he could have patterns made from me. And before I left the big clean white room there were hundreds of rag dolls so like me you would not have been able to tell us apart."

"We could have told you by your happy smile!" cried the French dollie.

"But all of my sister dolls have smiles just like mine!" replied Raggedy Ann.

"And shoe-button eyes?" the dolls all asked.

"Yes, shoe-button eyes!" Raggedy Ann replied.

"I would tell you from the others by your dress, Raggedy Ann," said the French doll, "Your dress is fifty years old! I could tell you by that!"

"But my new sister rag dolls have dresses just like mine, for the Stranger Friend had cloth made especially for them exactly like mine."

"I know how we could tell you from the other rag dolls, even if you all look exactly alike!" said the Indian doll, who had been thinking for a long time.

"How?" asked Raggedy Ann with a laugh.

"By feeling your candy heart! If the doll has a candy heart then it is you, Raggedy Ann!"

Raggedy Ann laughed, "I am so glad you all love me as you do, but I am sure you would not be able to tell me from my new sisters, except that I am more worn, for each new rag doll has a candy heart, and on it is written, "I love you," just as is written on my own candy heart.

"And there are hundreds and hundreds of the new rag dolls?" asked the little penny dolls.

"Hundreds and hundreds of them, all named Raggedy Ann," replied Raggedy.

"Then," said the penny dolls, "we are indeed happy and proud for you! For wherever one of the new Raggedy Ann dolls goes there will go with it the love and happiness that you give to others."

Uncle Wiggily's Adventures

A Note From the Publisher

If you are not familiar with Uncle Wiggily stories, the following letter, which was found inside an old copy of the book, best explains their value.

"Once upon a time when I was a little girl , this was my favorite story-telling time--to be read from Uncle Wiggly's Adventures. My Aunt read it to me every night on Monday through Friday just before bedtime. I wish I had all those stories—there must have been hundreds, because she read new ones to me for years every summer and she had cut them out and kept them until I came up to see her when school was out for summer vacation each year. And what I liked best was that the characters in the stories had real personalities—and were very quaint and interesting and quite believable. Also they talked to each other a lot and had friendly conversations that taught me how to treat other people and how to think about some everyday problems and find answers sometimes. Old Uncle Wiggily was a very patient and friendly and wise Rabbit—a lot like my grandmother and also like my great-uncle. I hope you know people like that in your everyday life, too—since wise, loving rabbits are pretty hard to find."

Uncle Wiggily Starts Off

Uncle Wiggily Longears, the nice old gentleman rabbit, hopped out of bed one morning and started to go to the window, to see if the sun was shining. But, no sooner had he stepped on the floor, than he cried out:

"Oh! Ouch! Oh, dear me and a potato pancake! Oh, I believe I stepped on a tack! Sammie Littletail must have left it there! How careless of him!" You see this was the same Uncle Wiggily, of whom I have told you in the Bedtime Books – the very same Uncle Wiggily. He was an Uncle to Sammie and Susie Littletail, the rabbit children, and also to Billie and Johnnie Bushytail, the squirrel boys, and to Alice and Lulu and Jimmie Wibble-wobble, the duck children, and I have written for you, books about all those characters. Now I thought I would write something just about Uncle Wiggily himself, though of course I'll tell you what all his nephews and nieces did, too.

Well, when Uncle Wiggily felt that sharp pain, he stood still for a moment, and wondered what could have happened.

"Yes, I'm almost sure it was a tack," he said. "I must pick it up so no one else will step on it."

So Uncle Wiggily looked on the floor, but there was no tack there, only some crumbs from a sugar cookie that Susie Littletail had been eating the night before, when her uncle had told her a go-to-sleep story.

"Oh, I know what it was; it must have been my rheumatism that gave me the pain!" said the old gentleman rabbit as he looked for his red, white and blue crutch, striped like a barber pole. He found it under the bed, and then he managed to limp to the window. Surely enough, the sun was shining.

"I'll certainly have to do something about this rheumatism," said Uncle Wiggily as he carefully shaved himself by looking in the glass. "I guess I'll see Dr. Possum."

So after breakfast, when Sammie and Susie had gone to school, Dr. Possum was telephoned for, and he called to see Uncle Wiggily.

"Ha! Hum!" exclaimed the doctor, looking very wise. "You have the rheumatism very bad, Mr. Longears."

"Why, I knew that before you came," said the old gentleman rabbit, blinking his eyes. "What I want is something to cure it."

"Ha! Hum!" said Dr. Possum, again looking very wise. "I think you need a change of air. You must travel about. Go on a journey, get out and see strange birds, and pick the pretty flowers. You don't get exercise enough."

"Exercise enough!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Why, my goodness me sakes alive and a bunch of lilacs! Don't I play checkers almost every night with Grandfather Goosey Gander?"

"That is not enough," said the doctor, "you must travel here and there, and see things."

"Very well," said Uncle Wiggily, "then I will travel. I'll pack my valise at once, and I'll go off and seek my fortune, and maybe, on the way, I can lose this rheumatism."

So the next day Uncle Wiggily started out with his crutch, and his valise packed full of clean clothes, and something in it to eat.

"Oh, we are very sorry to have you go, dear uncle," said Susie Littletail, "but we hope you'll come back good and strong."

"Thank you," said Uncle Wiggily, as he kissed the two rabbit children and their mamma, and shook hands with Papa Littletail. Then off the old gentleman bunny hopped with his crutch.

Well, he went along for quite a distance, over the hills, and down the road, and through the woods, and, as the sun got higher and warmer, his rheumatism felt better.

"I do believe Dr. Possum was right!" said Uncle Wiggily. "Traveling is just the thing for me," and he felt so very jolly that he whistled a little tune about a peanut wagon, which roasted lemonade, and boiled and frizzled Easter eggs that Mrs. Cluk-Cluk laid.

"Ha! Where are you going?" suddenly asked a voice, as Uncle Wiggily finished the tune.

"I'm going to seek my fortune," replied Uncle Wiggily. "Who are you, pray?"

"Oh, I'm a friend of yours," said the voice, and Uncle Wiggily looked all around, but he couldn't discover any one.

"But where are you?" the puzzled old gentleman rabbit wanted to know. "I can't see you."

"No, and for a very good reason," answered the voice. "You see I have very weak eyes, and if I came out in the sun, without

my smoked glasses on, I might get blind. So I have to hide down in this hollow stump."

"Then put on your glasses and come out where I can see you," invited the old gentleman rabbit, and all the while he was trying to remember where he had heard that voice before. At first he thought it might be Grandfather Goosey Gander, or Uncle Butter, the goat, yet it didn't sound like either of them.

"I have sent my glasses to the store to be fixed, so I can't wear them and come out," went on the voice. "But if you are seeking your fortune I know the very place where you can find it."

"Where?" asked Uncle Wiggily, eagerly.

"Right down in this hollow stump," was the reply. "There are all kinds of fortunes here, and you may take any kind you like Mr. Longears."

"Ha! That is very nice," thought the rabbit. "I have not had to travel far before finding my fortune. I wonder if there is a cure for rheumatism in that stump, too?" So he asked about it.

"Of course, your rheumatism can be cured in here," came the quick answer. "In fact, I guarantee to cure any disease – measles, chicken-pox, mumps and even toothache. So if you have any friends you want cured send them to me."

"I wish I could find out who you were," spoke the rabbit. "I seem to know your voice, but I can't think of your name."

"Oh, you'll know me as soon as you see me," said the voice. "Just hop down inside this hollow stump, and your fortune is as good as made, and your rheumatism will soon be gone. Hop right down."

Well, Uncle Wiggily didn't like the looks of the black hole down inside the stump, and he peered into it to see what he could see, but it was so black that all he could make out was something like a lump of coal.

"Well, Dr. Possum said I needed to have a change of scene, and some adventures," said the rabbit, "so I guess I'll chance it. I'll go down, and perhaps I may find my fortune."

Then, carefully holding his crutch and his satchel, Uncle Wiggily hopped down inside the stump. He felt something soft, and furry, and fuzzy, pressing close to him, and at first he thought he had bumped into Dottie or Willie Lambkin.

But then, all of a sudden, a harsh voice cried out:

"Ha! Now I have you! I was just wishing some one would come along with my dinner, and you did! Get in there, and see if you can find your fortune, Uncle Wiggily!" And with that what should happen but that big, black bear, who had been hiding in the stump, pushed Uncle Wiggily into a dark closet, and locked the door! And there the poor rabbit was, and the bear was getting ready to eat him up.

But don't worry, I'll find a way to get him out, and in case we have ice cream pancakes for supper I'll tell you, in the next story, how Uncle Wiggily got out of the bear's den, and how he went fishing – I mean Uncle Wiggily went fishing, not the bear.

Uncle Wiggily Goes Fishing

At first, after he found himself shut up in the bear's dark closet, where we left him in the story before this, poor Uncle Wiggily didn't know what to think. He just sat there, on the edge of a chair, and he tried to look around, and see something, but it was too black, so he couldn't.

"Perhaps this is only a joke," thought the old gentleman rabbit, "though I never knew a black bear to joke before. But perhaps it is. I'll ask him."

So Uncle Wiggily called out:

"Is this a joke, Mr. Bear?"

"Not a bit of it!" was the growling answer. "You'll soon see what's going to happen to you! I'm getting the fire ready now."

"Getting the fire ready for what; the adventure, or for my fortune?" asked the rabbit, for he still hoped the bear was only joking with him.

"Ready to cook you!" was the reply. "That's what the fire is for!" and the bear gnashed his teeth together something terrible, and, with his sharp claws, he chewed big splinters off the stump, and with them he started the fire in the stove, with the splinters, I mean, not his claws.

The blazing fire made it a little brighter in the hollow stump, which was the black bear's den, and Uncle Wiggily could look out of a crack in the door, and see what a savage fellow the shaggy bear was. You see, that bear just hid in the stump, waiting for helpless animals to come along, and then

he'd trick them into jumping down inside of it, and there wasn't a word of truth about him having sore eyes, or about him having to wear dark spectacles, either.

"Oh, my! I guess this is the end of my adventures," thought the rabbit. "I should have been more careful. Well, I wish I could see Sammie and Susie before he eats me, but I'm afraid I can't. I shouldn't have jumped down here."

But as Uncle Wiggily happened to think of Sammie Littletail, the boy rabbit, he also thought of something else. And this was that Sammie had put something in the old gentleman rabbit's valise that morning, before his uncle had started off.

"If you ever get into trouble, Uncle Wiggily," Sammie had said, "this may come in useful for you." Uncle Wiggily didn't look at the time to see what it was that his nephew put in the valise, but he made up his mind he would do so now. So he opened his satchel, and there, among other things, was a long piece of thin, but strong rope. And pinned to it was a note which read:

"Dear Uncle Wiggily. This is good to help you get out of a window, in case of fire."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, "that's fine. There the bear is making a fire to cook me, and with this rope I can get away from it. Now if there's only a window in this closet I'm all right."

So he looked, and sure enough there was a window. And with his crutch Uncle Wiggily raised it. Then he threw out his satchel, and he tied the rope to a hook on the window sill, and,

being a strong old gentleman, he crawled out of the window, and slid down the cord.

And Uncle Wiggily got out just as the bear opened the closet door to grab him, and put him in the pot, and when the savage black creature saw his fine rabbit dinner getting away he was as angry as anything, really he was.

"Here! Come back here!" cried the bear, but of course Uncle Wiggily knew better than to come back. He slid down the rope to the ground, and then he cut off as much of the rope as he could, and put it in his pocket, for he didn't know when he might need it again. Then, catching up his valise, he ran on and on, before the bear could get to him.

It was still quite a dark place in which Uncle Wiggily was, for you see he was underground, down by the roots of the stump. But he looked ahead and he saw a little glimmer of light, and then he knew he could get out.

Limping on his crutch, and carrying his valise, he went on and on, and pretty soon he came out of a dark cave and found himself on the bank of a nice little brook, that was running over mossy, green stones.

"Ha! This is better than being in a bear's den!" exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit. "My, I was so frightened that I forgot about my rheumatism hurting me. That was an adventure all right, and Sammie was a good boy to think of that strong cord. Now what shall I do next?"

Well, Uncle Wiggily sat down on the bank of the brook, and he looked in the water. Then he happened to see a fish jump up to catch a bug, so he said to himself:

"I guess I will go fishing, just for fun. But if I do happen to catch any fish I'll put them right back in the water again. For I don't need any fish, as I have some lettuce and cabbage sandwiches, and some peanut-butter cakes, that Susie's mamma put up in a cracker-box for me."

Well, Uncle Wiggily looked in his valise, to make sure his lunch was safe, and then, taking a bent pin from under his vest, he fastened it to a part of the string Sammie had given him. Then he fastened the string to a pole, and he was ready to fish, but he needed something to make the fishes bite – that is, bite the pinhook, not bite him, you know.

"Oh, I guess they'll like a bit of sweet cracker, Uncle Wiggily thought; so he put some on the end of the pin-hook, and threw it toward the water.

It fell in with a splash, and made a lot of little circles, like ring-around the rosies, and the rabbit sat there looking at them, sort of nodding, and half asleep and wondering what adventure would happen to him next, and where he would stay that night. All of a sudden he felt something tugging at the hook and line.

"Oh, I've got a fish! I've got a fish!" he cried, as he lifted up the pole. Up out of the water with a sizzling rush flew the string and the sweet cracker bait, and the next minute out leaped the big, savage alligator that had escaped from a circus.

"Oh, ho! So you tried to catch me, eh?" the alligator shouted at Uncle Wiggily.

"No – no, if you please," said the rabbit. "I was after fish."

"And I'm after you!" cried the alligator, and, scrambling up the bank, he made a jump for Uncle Wiggily, and with one sweep of his kinky, scaly tail he flopped and he threw the old

gentleman rabbit and his crutch and valise right up into a big tree that grew near the brook.

"There you'll stay until I get ready to eat you!" exclaimed the alligator, as he stood up on the end of his tail under the tree, and opened his mouth as wide as he could so that if Uncle Wiggily fell down he'd fall into it, just like down a funnel, you know.

Well, the poor gentleman rabbit clung to the topmost tree branch, wondering how in the world he was going to escape from the alligator. Oh, it was a dreadful position to be in!

But please don't worry or stay awake over it, for I'll find a way to get him down safely. And in the story after this, if the milkman doesn't leave us sour cream for our lemonade, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the black crow.

Uncle Wiggily and the Black Crow

Let me see, where did I leave off in the last story? Oh! I remember. It was about Uncle Wiggily Longears being up in the top of the tall tree, and the alligator keeping guard down below, ready to eat him.

Well, the old gentleman rabbit was wondering how he could ever escape, and he felt quite badly about it.

"I guess this is the end of my adventures," he said to himself. "It would have been much better had I stayed at home with Sammie and Susie." And as he thought of the two rabbit children he felt still sadder, and very lonely.

"I wonder if Susie could have put anything in my satchel with which to scare an alligator," thought Uncle Wiggily. "I guess I'll look." So he looked, and what should he find but a bottle of toothache drops. Yes, there it was, and wrapped around it was a little note Susie had written.

"Dear Uncle Wiggily," she said in the note, "if you ever get the toothache on your travels, this will stop it."

"Ha! That is very kind of Susie, I'm sure," said the rabbit, "but I don't see how that is going to make the alligator go away. And, even if he does go, I wonder how I'm to get down out of this tall tree, with my crutch, my valise and my rheumatism?"

Well, just then the alligator got tired of standing on the end of his tail, with his mouth open, and he began crawling around. Then he thought of what a good supper he was going to have of Uncle Wiggily, and that alligator said:

"I guess I'll sharpen my teeth so I can eat him better," and with that the savage and unpleasant creature began to gnaw on a stone, to sharpen his teeth. Then he stood up on the end of his tail once more, under the tree, and opened his mouth as wide as he could.

"Come on now!" he called to Uncle Wiggily. "Jump down and have it over with."

"Oh, but I don't want to," objected the rabbit.

"You'll have to, whether you want to or not," went on the alligator. "If you don't come down, I'll take my scaly, naily tail, and I'll saw down the tree, and then you'll fall."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "What shall I do?"

Then he happened to think of the bottle of toothache medicine that he held in his hand, and, taking out the cork, he dropped the bottle, medicine and all, right into the open mouth of the alligator, who was again up on his tail.

And the alligator thought it was Uncle Wiggily falling into his jaws, and he shut them quickly like a steel trap and chewed on that bottle of hot toothache drops before he knew what it was.

Well, you can just imagine what happened. The medicine was as hot as pepper and mustard and vinegar and cloves and horse radish all made into one! My! how it did burn that alligator's mouth.

"Oh my! I'm shot! I'm poisoned! I'm bitten by a mosquito! I'm stabbed! I'm all scrambled up" cried the alligator. "Water, water, quick! I must have water!"

Then he gave a big jump, and, with his kinkery-scalery tail, he leaped into a big puddle of water, and went away down in under, out of sight, to cool off his mouth.

"Oh, now is my chance! If I could only get down out of the tree!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "But with my rheumatism I'm afraid I'll fall. Oh dear! What shall I do?"

"Don't be afraid, I'll help you!" exclaimed a kind voice, and then the voice went on: "Caw! Caw! Caw!" and Uncle Wiggily, looking up, saw a big black crow perched on a limb over his head.

"Oh, how do you do!" spoke Uncle Wiggily, making a bow as well as he could. "Can you really help me down?'

"Yes," said the crow, "I can. Wait until I get my market basket. I was just going to the grocery, but I'm in no hurry. I'll save you first."

So that crow flew off, and in a moment he came back with a big basket in its bill.

"Hop in!" the black crow called to Uncle Wiggily, " and I'll fly down to the ground with you, and you can run off before the alligator comes out of the water. I saw what you did to him with those toothache drops, and it served him right. Come on, hop in the basket."

So Uncle Wiggily got in the basket, and the crow, taking the handle in his strong beak, flew safely to the ground with him. And that's how the old gentleman rabbit got down out of the tree, just as I told you he would.

So he and the crow walked on some distance through the woods together, after Uncle Wiggily had picked up his crutch and valise, which had fallen out of the basket, and they got

safely away before the alligator came out of the water. And wasn't he the provoked old beastie, though, when he saw that his rabbit supper was gone?

"Where are you going?" asked the crow of Uncle Wiggily, after a bit, when they got to a nice big stone, and sat down for a rest.

"I am seeking my fortune," replied the old gentleman rabbit, "and trying to get better of my rheumatism. Dr. Possum told me to travel, and have adventures, and I've had quite a few already."

"Well, I hope you find your fortune and that it turns out to be a very good one," said the kind crow. "But it is coming on night now. Have you any place to stay?"

"No," replied the rabbit, "I haven't. I never thought about that. What shall I do?"

"Oh, don't worry," said the crow. "I'd let you stay in my nest, but it is up a high tree, and you would have trouble climbing in and out. But near my nest-house is an old hollow stump, and you can stay in that very nicely."

"Are there any bears in it?" asked Uncle Wiggily, careful-like.

"Oh, no; not a one. It is very safe."

So the crow showed Uncle Wiggily where the hollow stump was, and he slept there all night, on a soft bed of leaves. And when he awakened in the morning he had breakfast with the crow and once more started off to seek his fortune.

Well, pretty soon, in a short while, not so very long, he came to a little house made of bark, standing in the middle of a

deep, dark, dismal woods. And on the door of the house was a sign which read:

"If you want to be surprised, open this door and come in."

"Perhaps I can find my fortune in there, and get rid of the rheumatism," thought Uncle Wiggily, so he hopped forward. And just as he did so he heard a voice calling to him:

"Don't go in! Don't go in there, Uncle Wiggily!" The rabbit looked up, and saw Johnnie Bushytail, the squirrel boy, waving his paws at him. Well, Uncle Wiggily started to jump back away from the door of the little house, but it was too late. Out came a scraggily-raggily claw, which grabbed him, while a voice cried out:

"Ah, ha! Now I have you! Come right in!" And then, before you could shake a stick at a bad dog, the door was slammed shut and locked, and there Uncle Wiggily was inside the house, and Johnnie Bushytail was crying outside.

"That's the end of poor Uncle Wiggily!" said Johnnie. But it wasn't. For I'll not leave the old gentleman rabbit alone in the house with that clawy creature. And in the next story, providing our wash lady doesn't put my new straw hat in the soap suds, and take all the color out of the ribbon, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and Fido Flip-Flop.

Uncle Wiggily and Fido Flip-Flop

Well, as soon as Uncle Wiggily found himself inside the bear's den – oh, just listen to me! That was in the other story, wasn't it? Yes, we left him in the funny little house in the woods, with the clawy creature grabbing him.

Now, what do you suppose that clawy creature was? Why, a great, big owl, to be sure, with round, staring, yellow eyes, and he had grabbed Uncle Wiggily in his claws, and pulled him inside the house.

"Now, I've got you!" cried the owl. "I was just wishing some one would come along, and you did. Some of my friends are coming to tea this afternoon, and you'll do very nicely made up into sandwiches."

Wasn't that a perfectly dreadful way to talk about our Uncle Wiggily? Well, I guess yes!

"Now you're here, make yourself at home," went on the owl, sarcastic-like, as he locked the front door and put the key in his pocket. "Did you see the sign?"

"Yes," said Uncle Wiggily, "I did. But I don't call it fair. I thought I would find my fortune in here."

"The sign says you'll be surprised, and I guess you are surprised, aren't you?" asked the owl.

"Yes," answered the rabbit, "very much so. But I'd rather have a nice surprise party, with peanuts and lemonade, than this."

"No matter," said the owl, snapping his beak like a pair of shears, "here you are and here you'll stay! My friends will soon arrive. I'll now put the kettle on, to boil for tea."

Well, poor Uncle Wiggily didn't know what to do. He couldn't look in his valise to see if there was anything in it by which he might escape, for he had dropped the satchel outside when the owl grabbed him, and he only had his barber-pole crutch.

"Oh, this is worse and worse!" thought the poor old rabbit.

But listen, Johnnie Bushytail is outside the owl's house, and he's going to do a wonderful trick.

As soon as he saw the door shut on Uncle Wiggily, that brave squirrel boy began to plan how he could save him, and the first thing he did was to gather up a lot of acorns.

Then he perched himself in a tree, right in front of the owl's door, and Johnnie began throwing acorns at it. "Rat-a-tat-tat!" went the acorns on the wooden panels.

"Ha! Those must be my friends!" exclaimed the bad owl, opening the door a little crack so he could peek out, but taking care to stand in front of it, so that Uncle Wiggily couldn't slip out. But, of course, the owl saw no one. "It must have been the wind," he said as he shut the door.

Then Johnnie Bushytail threw some more acorns at the door. "Pitter-patter-patter-pit!" they went, like hailstones in an ice cream can.

"Ah, there are my friends, sure, this time!" thought the owl, and once more he peered out, but no one was there. "It must have been a tree branch hitting against the door," said the owl, as he sharpened a big knife with which to make the sandwiches.

Then Johnnie threw some more acorns, and the owl now thought positively his friends were there, and when he opened it and saw no one he was real mad.

"Some one is playing tricks on me!" exclaimed the savage bird. "I'll catch them next time!"

Now this was just what Johnnie Bushytail wanted, so he threw a whole double handful of acorns at the door, and when the owl heard them pattering against the wood he rushed out.

"Now, I've got you!" he cried, but he hadn't, for Johnnie was up a tree. And, for the moment, the owl forgot about Uncle Wiggily, and there the door was wide open.

"Run out, Uncle Wiggily! Run out!" cried Johnnie, and out the old gentleman rabbit hopped, catching up his valise, and away into the woods he ran, with Johnnie scurrying along in the tree tops above him, and laughing at the owl, who flew back to his house, but too late to catch the bunny.

"That's what you get for fooling people so they'll come into your house," called the squirrel boy. "It serves you right, Mr. Owl. Come on, Uncle Wiggily, we'll get away from here."

So they went on together until it was time for Johnnie to go home, and he said he'd tell Uncle Wiggily's friends that he had met the old gentleman rabbit, and that he hadn't found his fortune yet, but that he was looking for it every minute, and had had many adventures.

Well, Uncle Wiggily went on some more, for quite a distance, until it was noon time, and then he sat down in the cool, green woods, where there were some jacks-in-the-pulpit growing near some ferns, and there Uncle Wiggily ate his lunch of lettuce sandwiches, with carrot butter on them, and gnawed

on a bit of potato. Just as he was almost through, he heard a rustling in the bushes, and a voice exclaimed:

"Oh, dear!"

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggily, thinking perhaps an adventure was going to happen to him. "Who are you?"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the voice again.

Then, before the old rabbit could jump up and run away, even if he had wanted to, out from under a big bush came a little white poodle dog, with curly, silky hair. He walked right up to Uncle Wiggily, that dog did, and the rabbit wasn't a bit afraid, for the dog wasn't much bigger than he was, and looked very kind.

"What do you want, doggie?" gently asked Uncle Wiggily.

The dog didn't answer, but he gave a little short bark, and then he began turning somersaults. Over and over he went, sometimes backward and sometimes frontward, and sometimes sideways. And when he was finished, he made a low bow, and walked around on his two hind legs, just to show he wasn't proud or stuck up.

"There!" exclaimed the poodle doggie. "Is that worth something to eat, Mr. Rabbit?"

"Indeed it is," answered Uncle Wiggily, "but I would have given you something to eat without you doing all those tricks, though I enjoyed them very much. Where did you learn to do them?"

"Oh, in the circus where I used to be, I always had to do tricks for my dinner," said the doggie.

"What is your name?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Fido Flip-Flop," was the answer. "You see they call me that because I turn so many flip-flops," and then Uncle Wiggily gave him some lunch, and told the dog about how he, himself, was traveling all over in search of his fortune.

"Why, that's just what I'm doing, too," exclaimed Fido Flip-Flop. "Suppose we travel together? and maybe we'll each find a fortune."

"That's just what we'll do," agreed Uncle Wiggily.

And then, all of a sudden, before you could open your eyes and shut them again, two savage foxes jumped out from behind a big stump.

"You grab the dog and I'll grab the rabbit," called the biggest fox, and right at Uncle Wiggily and Fido they sprang, gnashing their teeth.

But don't worry. I'll find a way to save them, and if the canary bird doesn't take my lead pencil and stick it in his seed dish I'll tell you in the following story about Uncle Wiggily doing some tricks.

Uncle Wiggily Does Some Tricks

When those two savage ducks – oh, I mean foxes – when those two savage foxes jumped out of the bushes at Uncle Wiggily Longears and Fido Flip-Flop, as I told you in the other story, the rabbit and the poodle doggie didn't know what in the world to do.

"Run this way!" called Fido, starting off to the left.

"No, hop this way!" said Uncle Wiggily, hopping to the right.

"Stand right where you are!" ordered the two foxes together. And with that one made a grab for Uncle Wiggily. But what did that brave rabbit gentleman do but stick his red-white-and-blue crutch out in front of him, and the fox bit on that instead of on Uncle Wiggily. Right into the crutch the fox's teeth sank, and for a moment Uncle Wiggily was safe. But not for long.

"Ah, you fooled me that time, but now I'll get you!" cried the fox, and, letting go of the crutch, he made another grab for the rabbit.

But at that instant Fido Flip-Flop, who had been jumping about, keeping out of the way of the fox that was after him, cried out quite loudly:

"Look here, everybody but Uncle Wiggily, and, as for you, shut both your eyes tight."

Now the old gentleman rabbit couldn't imagine why he was to shut his eyes tight, but he did so, and then what do you

s'pose Fido Flip-Flop did? Why, he began turning somersaults so fast that he looked just like a pin wheel going around, or an automobile tire whizzing along. Faster and faster did Fido Flip-Flop turn around, and then, all of a sudden, he began chasing his tail, making motions just like a merry-go-round in a circus, until those two foxes were fairly dizzy from watching him.

"Stop! Stop!" cried one fox.

"Yes do stop! We're so dizzy that we can't stand up!" cried the other fox, staggering about. "Stop!"

"No, I'll not!" answered Fido Flip-Flop, and he went around faster that ever, faster and faster and faster, until those two bad foxes got so dizzy-izzy that they fell right over on their backs, with their legs sticking straight up in the air like clothes posts, and their tails were wiggling back and forth in the dirt, like dusting brushes. Oh, but they were the dizzy foxes, though.

"Now's your chance! Run! Run! Uncle Wiggily! Run!" called Fido Flip-Flop "Open your eyes and run!"

So the old gentleman rabbit opened his eyes, took up his valise which he had dropped, and, hopping on his crutch, he and the poodle doggie ran on through the woods, leaving the two surprised and disappointed foxes still lying on their backs, wiggling their tails in the dust, and too dizzy, from having watched Fido Flip-Flop do somersaults, and chase his tail, to be able to get up.

"Why did you want me to shut my eyes?" asked Uncle Wiggily, when they were so far away from the foxes that there was no more danger.

"That was so you wouldn't get dizzy from watching me do the flip-flops, answered the doggie. "My, but that was a narrow

escape, though. Have you had many adventures like that since you started out to seek your fortune?"

"Yes, several," answered the rabbit. "But turning flip-flops is a very good thing to know how to do. I wonder if you could teach me, so that when any more foxes or alligators chase me I can make them dizzy by turning around? Can you teach me?"

"I'm sure I can," said Fido. "Here, this is the way to begin," and he did some flip-flops slow and easy-like. Then Uncle Wiggily tried them, and, though he couldn't do them very well at first, he practised until he was quite good at it. Then Fido showed him how to stand on one ear, and wiggle the other, and how to blink his eyes while standing on the end of his little tail, and then Uncle Wiggily thought of a new trick, all by himself.

"I'll stick my crutch in the ground, like a clothes pole," he said to Fido, "and then I'll hop up on it and sing a song," which he did, singing a song that went like this:

"Did you ever see a rabbit
Do a flipper-flopper-flap?
If not just kindly watch me,
As I wear my baseball cap.

"It's very strange, some folks may say,
And also rather funny,
To see a kinky poodle dog
Play with a flip-flop bunny.

"But we are on our travels,
Adventures for to seek,

We may find one, or two, or three,
'Most any day next week."

And then Uncle Wiggily hopped down, and waved both ears backward and forward, and made a low bow to a make-believe crowd of people, only, of course, there were none there.

"Fine! Fine!" cried Fido Flip-Flop. "That's better than I did when I was in the circus. Now I'll tell you what let's do."

"What?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Let's go around and give little shows and entertainments, for little folks to see," went on the poodle doggie. "I can turn flip-flops, and you can stand on your head on your crutch, and sing a song, and then we'll take up a collection. I'll pass my hat, and perhaps we may make our fortune – who knows?"

"Who, indeed?" said Uncle Wiggily. "We'll do it."

So off they started together to give a little show, and make some money, and, as they went on through the woods, they practised doing the tricks Uncle Wiggily had learned.

Well, in a little while, not so very long, they came to a nice place in the forest – an open place where no trees grew.

"Here is a good spot for our show," said Uncle Wiggily.

"But there is no one to see us do the tricks," objected Fido.

"Oh, yes, there are some ants, and an angle worm, and a black bug and a grasshopper," said Uncle Wiggily. "They will do to start on, and after they see us do the tricks they'll tell other folks, and we'll have quite a crowd."

So they started in to do their tricks. Fido turned a lot of flip-flops, and Uncle Wiggily did a dance on the end of his crutch, and sang a song about a monkey-doodle, which the angle worm

said was just fine, being quite cute, and the grasshopper made believe play a fiddle with his two hind legs, scratching one on the other, and making lovely music.

But, all of a sudden, just as Uncle Wiggily was standing on his left ear, and wiggling his feet in the air, which is a very hard trick for a rabbit, what should happen but that out of the woods sprang two boys.

"There's the dog! Grab him!" cried one boy. "Never mind about the rabbit! Get the trick dog!" And the boys rushed right up, knocking Uncle Wiggily down, and grabbing Fido Flip-Flop. And they started off through the woods with him, while Uncle Wiggily cried out for them to come back. But they wouldn't.

Now please don't feel badly, for I'm going to tell you in the next story how Uncle Wiggily saved Fido, and also how the rabbit went to Arabella Chick's surprise party – that is I will if our automobile doesn't turn upside down, and break my ice cream cone.

[If you would like to read what happens next, go to www.librariesofhope.com. You will find "Uncle Wiggily's Adventures" by Howard R. Garis in the Story Hour Series online library for Stories and Rhymes for Young Children.]

Sources of Selected Stories for Young Children

1. Stories for Little Children, Compiled by Susan S. Hardman by Anonymous

2. Stories for Little Children, Compiled by Susan S. Hardman by Anonymous

3. Firelight Stories, by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

4. Mother's Nursery Tales, by Katharine Pyle

5. Rhymes and Stories, by Marion Florence Lansing

6. Firelight Stories, by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

7. Stories for Little Children, Compiled by Susan S. Hardman by Anonymous

8. Stories for Little Children, Compiled by Susan S. Hardman by Anonymous

9. Firelight Stories, by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

10. Firelight Stories, by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

11. Mother's Nursery Tales, by Katharine Pyle

12. Stories for Little Children, Compiled by Susan S. Hardman by Anonymous

13. Rhymes and Stories, by Marion Florence Lansing

14. Stories for Little Children, Compiled by Susan S. Hardman by Eudora Bumstead

15. Stories for Little Children, Compiled by Susan S. Hardman by Maud Lindsay

16. Mother Stories, by Maud Lindsay

17. Firelight Stories, by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

18. Stories for Little Children, Compiled by Susan S. Hardman

19. Stories for Little Children, Compiled by Susan S. Hardman by Maud Lindsay

20. Classic Stories for the Little Ones, by Mrs. Lida Brown McMurry

21. The Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, by Boston Kindergarten Teachers, from Aesop's Fables

22. The Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, by Boston Kindergarten Teachers, from Aesop's Fables

23. The Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, by Boston Kindergarten Teachers, from Aesop's Fables

24. The Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, by Boston Kindergarten Teachers, from Aesop's Fables

25. The Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, by Boston Kindergarten Teachers, from Aesop's Fables

26. Stories for Little Children, Compiled by Susan S. Hardman by Beatrix Potter

27. Firelight Stories, by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

28. Rhymes and Stories, by Marion Florence Lansing

29. Stories for Little Children, Compiled by Susan S. Hardman by Isa L. Wright

30. Stories for Little Children, Compiled by Susan S. Hardman, adapted from a German Legend

31. The Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, by Boston Kindergarten Teachers, adapted from American Kindergarten

32. Classic Stories for the Little Ones, by Mrs. Lida Brown McMurry

33. The Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, by Boston Kindergarten Teachers, by Wilhelmina S. Harris

34. The Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, by Boston Kindergarten Teachers, adapted from Hans Andersen

35. The Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, by Boston Kindergarten Teachers

36. Stories for Little Children, Compiled by Susan S. Hardman by Maud Lindsay

37. Stories for Little Children, Compiled by Susan S. Hardman by Ellen Miller Donaldson

38. Stories for Little Children, Compiled by Susan S. Hardman by Ellen Miller Donaldson

39. Stories for Little Children, Compiled by Susan S. Hardman by Anonymous