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THE KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN'S HOUR

Edited by LUCY WHEELOCK

IN FIVE VOLUMES

ILLUSTRATED

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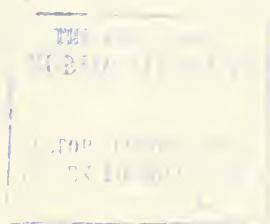
VOLUME I

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Compiled by SUSAN S. HARRIMAN

NAS

HARRIMAN





"NOW MY DEARS, . . . DON'T GO INTO MR. MCGREGOR'S GARDEN"

Harrison, Susan S.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON
NEW YORK

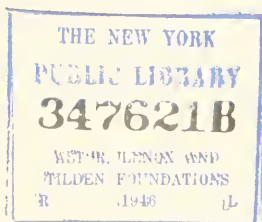
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"The Wake-Up Story," "The Go-Sleep Story," by Eudora Bumstead; published by Youth's Companion.

Selections from "Favourites of a Nursery of Seventy Years Ago"; published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Johnny's Breakfast" (from "Little People"), by R. H. Elkin; published by Augener, Ltd.

"The Little Plant" (from "The Plant Baby and its Friends"), by Kate Louise Brown; published by Silver, Burdett & Company.

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“Why the Bear has a Short Tail,” “Why the Wren Flies Close to Earth,” “Why the Magpie’s Nest is not Well Built,” “Why the Tail of the Fox has a White Tip,” by Florence Holbrook (from “The Book of Nature Myths”); published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

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“The Little Gray Pony” (from “Mother Stories”), by Maud Lindsay; published by Milton Bradley Company.

“Old Jan, the Cobbler,” “A Thanksgiving Basket” (from “The Browne Readers,” Book IV); published by Ginn & Company.

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“The Little Steam Engine” (from “Riverside Second Reader”); published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

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Selections from Finger-Play “Santa Claus,” by Emilie Poulsson; published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

“The Dutch Twins,” “The Japanese Twins,” “The Eskimo Twins,” by Lucy Fitch Perkins; published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

“The Tale of a Black Cat” (from “The Oak-Tree Fairy Book,” by Edward Clifton Johnson); published by Little, Brown & Company.

“The Big Booboo and the Little Booboo,” by Gertrude Smith; “The Ballad of a Runaway Donkey,” by Emilie Poulsson; “The Conceited Mouse,” by Ella Foster Case, “The Howlery Growlery Room,” by Laura E. Richards; “Fiddle-Diddle-Dee” (from “A New Baby World”); published by The Century Company.

“The Gingerbread Boy” (from “The Riverside First Reader”); published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

“The Table and the Chair,” by Edward Lear; published by Little Brown & Company.

“Of Pins,” “A Short Tale” (from “Songs of Sixpence”), by Abbie Farwell Brown; published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

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“The Elf and the Dormouse” (from “Artful Anticks”), by Oliver Herford; published by The Century Company.

“A Teeny-Tiny Story,” “Lambikin,” “Billy Boy and His Friends” (from the “Haliburton First Reader”); published by D. C. Heath & Company.

“Lullaby” (from “Little-Folk Lyrics”), by Frank Dempster Sherman; published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

“Evening Prayer,” by R. H. Elkin (abridged).

“Watching Angels,” by Christina G. Rossetti; published by Little, Brown & Company.

“The Good Night” (from “John Martin’s Book, The Child’s Magazine”), by John Martin; published by John Martin’s House, Inc.

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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

TO THE MOTHERS AND FATHERS

FROEBEL'S call "Come let us live with our children," was first sounded three quarters of a century ago. Child students, child psychologists, welfare workers, teachers, and mothers have responded to this call.

Kindergartens have been established all over the civilized world. There are kindergartens in China, kindergartens in Japan, kindergartens in India, and in all European countries. A kindergarten unit is now working in France to aid in the task of reconstruction. Serbia, Greece, and Russia are calling for such service. America is the true home of the kindergarten. The system has here found its best development and its most universal acceptance.

America is the land of opportunity. The kindergarten gives to each child a chance to get the right start in life through the right training. But many children in our country

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

are denied a kindergarten training. We have over four million children of kindergarten age and only half a million of them are in kindergartens.

Congress now makes an appropriation for a Kindergarten Division in the Bureau of Education. We may hope for more kindergartens in many cities and towns where there is an urgent need of such schools. But many children live in isolated homes or in small villages where a community kindergarten is not possible. For these children a kindergarten in the home is desirable. Mothers would like to know how to give their children some of the benefits of this training. There is a daily programme in the kindergarten which includes songs, stories, play, building and designing, hand-work, and familiar talks or conversations about the things of common interest.

The same programme is the best one for the home kindergarten. Children in every home should have songs, stories, plays and games, and materials which little hands may use and which furnish means of genuine employment.

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

Every child has a right to have his questions answered by some wise and sympathetic elder, and there should be time for the intimate and friendly talk which children love, and for the bedtime talk.

What mother in her busy day is equal to all these things? Even if her child is in a kindergarten for a part of the day her coöperation is necessary. She is really the first teacher. She is society's agent to give first aid to the *uninjured*. Where may she seek for aid in her great task?

The five volumes of the KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN'S HOUR have been prepared by teachers of long experience as helps to mothers who would be true guides and teachers to their children.

In the first volume, Mrs. Susan S. Harriman has made a collection of stories and rhymes for the youngest children. Some of our old favorites are here and some new ones. A large place has been given to stories in verse which make the first step in literature. When the reading stage comes, this may be the child's own book.

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

The second volume, prepared by Mrs. Maude C. Nash, gives suggestions for many home activities. The joy of making things is one of the great sources of satisfaction in child life as it is in adult life. We hope this book may help mothers to meet a child's constant demand for "something to do." Nature materials and the common brown paper, spools, and boxes found in any home may be utilized for delightful products of a child's skill. The illustrations of Mrs. Nash's book show what may be done with common things.

Mrs. Winthrop Packard brings into the third volume her stores of wisdom gained by living, playing and talking with her own children. Her "Talks to Children" should prove useful talks for other mothers who wish to know how to answer the many "what and why" questions.

"Talks to Mothers" is the title of the fourth volume of the Series. It is written in the hope that it may help mothers to a larger vision of their mission and of their opportunities.

In the fifth volume Miss Alice Wyman has collected simple melodies and rhythms for home

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

use with the little children. America is not a musical nation because there are so few singing homes. The World War has shown us the great value of community and camp singing. Faith, hope, and courage were strengthened by patriotic songs. Love, joy, and hope are kindled by the home songs. A very little child loves to sing. He does sing much of the time. The spirit of song may be lost for lack of nurture. This book of songs will have fulfilled its mission if it leads mothers here and there to open its pages and say, "Come, let us sing together."

Many of the rhymes in the books and helpful hints for occupations for children and for plans of work have been contributed by students in the Wheelock School in the classes of 1920 and 1921.

The interest and sympathy of these students has been a constant source of inspiration and encouragement. I acknowledge gratefully their coöperation in the preparation of this series of books.

For many years I have trained classes of young women to go out to help in the world's

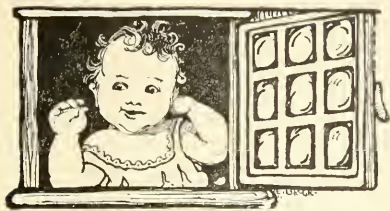
EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

work. Some of them find their work in the schools: some in their own homes. With each succeeding year, and with all the new avenues of service open, I more firmly believe that the greatest task and highest opportunity offered to a woman is to "train up a child in the way he should go." Nothing that is done for a child can be burdensome or disagreeable, if it is seen in its relation to the child's development, and as a part of the daily service a mother renders in the making of the new world. We hope it is to be a better world. It will be. It must be if homes become true gardens of childhood and mothers wise gardeners.

To Miss J. Helen Kenyon I owe cordial thanks for her assistance in the arrangement of material and for her invaluable coöperation and advice in the preparation of the books for the press.

LUCY WHEELLOCK

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN



The WAKE-UP STORY.

By Eudora Bumstead

THE sun was up and the breeze was blowing, and the five chicks and four geese and three rabbits and two kitties and one little dog were just as noisy and lively as they knew how to be.

They were all watching for Baby Ray to appear at the window, but he was still fast asleep in his little white bed, while mamma was making ready the things he would need when he should wake up.

First, she went along the orchard path as far as the old wooden pump, and said, "Good Pump, will you give me some nice, clear water for the baby's bath?"

And the pump was willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.

Then she went a little farther on the path, and stopped at the woodpile, and said: "Good

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Chips, the pump has given me nice, clear water for dear little Ray; will you come and warm the water and cook his food?"

And the chips were willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath,
The clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and cook his food.

So mamma went on till she came to the barn, and then said: "Good Cow, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the woodpile has given me clean, white chips for dear little Ray; will you give me warm, rich milk?"

And the cow was willing.

Then she said to the top-knot hen that was scratching in the straw: "Good Bidly, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the woodpile has given me clean, white chips, and the cow has given me warm, rich milk for dear little Ray; will you give me a new-laid egg?"

And the hen was willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath,
The clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and cook his food.
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright;
The top-knot Bidly an egg new and white.

THE WAKE-UP STORY

Then mamma went on till she came to the orchard, and said to a red June apple tree: "Good Tree, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the woodpile has give me clean, white chips, and the cow has given me warm,



rich milk, and the hen has given me a new-laid egg for dear little Ray; will you give me a pretty red apple?"

And the tree was willing.

So mamma took the apple and the egg and the milk and the chips and the water to the house, and there was Baby Ray in his night-gown looking out of the window.

And she kissed him and bathed him and dressed him, and while she brushed and curled his soft, brown hair, she told him the Wake-Up story that I am telling you:

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath,

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

And the clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and cook his food.
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright,
The top-knot Biddy an egg new and white:
And the tree gave an apple so round and red,
For dear little Ray who was just out of bed.

BABY'S BREAKFAST

BABY wants his breakfast,
Oh! what shall I do?
Said the cow, "I'll give him
Nice fresh milk — moo-oo!"

Said the hen, "Cut-*dah* cut!
I have laid an egg
For the Baby's breakfast —
Take it now, I beg!"

And the buzzing bee said,
"Here is honey sweet.
Don't you think the Baby
Would like that to eat?"

Then the baker kindly
Brought the Baby's bread.
"Breakfast is all ready,"
Baby's mother said;

RINGELY RINGELY

“But before the Baby
Eats his dainty food,
Will he not say ‘Thank you!’
To his friends so good?”

Then the bonny Baby
Laughed and laughed away.
That was all the “Thank you”
He knew how to say.


Emilie Poulsson

RINGELY RINGELY

RINGELY ringely dah-re-roon,
My baby has slept till almost noon;
Ringely ringely dah-re-roon,
My baby shall have his breakfast soon.

Ringely ringely dah-re-roon,
Here’s his milk, and here’s his spoon;
Ringely ringely dah-re-roon,
He’ll be a month older when comes next
moon.

Mrs. Follen



Johnny's Breakfast

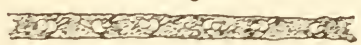
*A spoonful for the Teddy Bear,
Then one for Baby John;*



*A spoonful now for Bunny Bear -
Another one for John;*



*One for the smiling Cow down there -
A little one for John;*



*One for the Lamb -
Why, I declare!*



The bread and milk's all gone!

R. H. Elkin.



MORNING HYMN

KINDERGARTEN PRAYER

Two little eyes to look to God,
Two little ears to hear his word,
Two little lips to sing his praise,
Two little feet to walk his ways,
Two little hands to do his will,
And one little heart to love him still.

Anonymous

MORNING HYMN

FOR A LITTLE CHILD

Now before I run to play,
Let me not forget to pray
To God who kept me through the night
And waked me with the morning light.

Help me, Lord, to love thee more
Than I ever loved before,
In my work and in my play,
Be thou with me through the day.

Anonymous

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

NEARLY READY

IN the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel sleet,
Little flowers begin their growing
Far beneath our feet.
Softly taps the Spring, and cheerly,
“Darlings, are you here?”
Till they answer, “We are nearly,
Nearly ready, dear.”

“Where is Winter, with his snowing?
Tell us, Spring,” they say.
Then she answers, “He is going,
Going on his way.
Poor old Winter does not love you;
But his time is past;
Soon my birds shall sing above you, —
Set you free at last.”

Mary Mapes Dodge

THE LITTLE PLANT

IN the heart of a seed
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.

A DEWDROP

“Wake,” said the sunshine,
“And creep to the light”;
“Wake,” said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard
And it rose to see
What the wonderful
Outside world might be.

Kate Louise Brown

A DEWDROP

LITTLE drop of dew,
Like a gem you are;
I believe that you
Must have been a star.
When the day is bright,
On the grass you lie;
Tell me then, at night
Are you in the sky?

Anonymous

The DANDELION.

O DANDELION, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?
I just wait here in the tall green
grass
Till the children come to play.



O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?
I wait and wait till the cool
dews fall
And my hair grows long
and white.

And what do you do when
your hair is white,
And the children come
to play?
They take me up in their
dimpled hands,
And blow my hair away.

Anonymous



APPLE BLOSSOMS

APPLE BLOSSOMS

THERE is a day
That comes in spring
When apple trees
Are blossoming.
They blossom out
So quick some morn
It's like a giant
Popping corn.

And from my window
I can smell
The apple blossoms
Very well.
And leaning from
My window-cliff
I sniff
And sniff and sniff.

Then just as quick
They drop away.
I wish the apple
Trees would stay
In bloom at least

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

A week or two;
But that is not
The way they do.

Almost at once
The petals fall
Down on the grass
And garden wall.
They go adrift
On every breeze
Like snowflakes off
The apple trees.

It is the oddest
Thing to see;
The lawn as green
As green can be,
And then the orchard
Where each row
Of apple trees
Stands in the snow.

Ralph Bergengren



“WHEN APPLE TREES ARE BLOSSOMING.”

LITTLE PRINCESS SUNSHINE

LITTLE PRINCESS SUNSHINE

By Isa L. Wright

IN the far-off days of the "Used-to-be," two little children played together, sailing their boats in the waters of the fountain place. And as they played a little wee man, bent and old, came up to them.

"I am athirst," he said, "and mine old eyes are not so good as they once were. I see no cup to drink from."

"There is none," Winda replied, giving her black curls a toss as she went on sailing her boat.

But Wanda looked up and smiled. "I'll get you one," said she. And as she ran, her hair was a golden glow about her face and her skin gleamed white in the sunlight. And when she returned, the little wee man drank his fill of the fountain water. Then from his pocket he brought forth something brown and sear and withered, and handed it to Wanda.

"My blessings upon you who had so much to give to me!" smiled the little wee man.

Then he reached into another pocket and

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

turned to Winda. "And to you who had nothing to give to me, my blessings also!" And he gave her, too, a little brown something, withered and sear.

"Horrid old brown thing!" thought Winda to herself. "What shall I do with it?" she asked of him.

"Plant it." The little wee man smiled pleasantly.

"And then what?" Winda inquired.

"Whatever you shall give to it, it will return to you a thousand fold." And the little wee man was gone.

"Now, what could a brown, shriveled-up thing like this ever give to me?" said Winda with a toss of her head.

"I don't know," said Wanda, as she smoothed the little dried thing in her hand. And then they planted them.

Winda dug a little hole in a corner of the garden plot, and dropped into it her gift from the little wee man. "There!" she said crossly, as she threw the dirt over it, "I'm glad that's done!" And she put up a crooked stick to mark the place. "I'm sure it will not grow,

LITTLE PRINCESS SUNSHINE

and if it does, I know it will have ugly flowers on it.”

Wanda dug a hole for hers in another corner of the garden plot, and when she had planted the little brown thing, she smoothed the dirt about it and patted it down and laughed as she laid a circle of little white pebbles around, to mark the place. Then she ran for a cup of water. “Now, little brown thing,” she smiled, “I’ve given you a drink and tucked you up in bed, and I hope you will have very happy dreams.” And when she stood up she was singing to herself.

“How can an ugly brown thing like that have happy dreams?” Wanda asked.

“I don’t know,” Wanda answered, “but I hope it will.” Then she looked down at the garden plot. “I wonder what lovely thing you will grow to be, little hard ball,” she laughed.

The days passed. Every morning Wanda watered the corner of the garden plot, circled with little white pebbles, and every morning, when Wanda did n’t forget, she watered the little corner marked by the crooked stick. And then one morning in shining spring a little leaf

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

pushed its green head above the ground in Wanda's garden corner. But though Winda looked and looked, only the bare brown earth looked back at her. "I knew it would n't grow," she said as she tossed her head.

"I'm sorry," said Wanda, "but you can look at mine. It must have had happy dreams, Winda, and it is coming up to tell us about them."

And every day after that it told them more and more about its beautiful dream. Slowly a tall stem lifted itself in air, and many green leaves peeped through the ground, arranging themselves on the stem like court ladies-in-waiting and lords-in-attendance upon a princess who was to come. Every morning Wanda seemed to grow happier and happier, and every morning the stem grew taller and more stately, till at its peak there came a slender bud. It swelled and grew and burst one merry morning into a white, white lily.

"The princess has come!" Wanda called.

But Winda had grown tired of playing in the garden and was so far away that she could not even hear, so far away that she never came

LITTLE PRINCESS SUNSHINE

back to see the regal lily that lifted its stately head above the green leaves — leaves that bowed, and swayed in the wind like ladies-in-waiting and lords-in-attendance at high court. “Oh, you beautiful!” cried Wanda. “Your heart is as golden as the sunshine and your face is as white as the snows!” And she laid her cheek against it.

Then there arose from the unfolded lily a fragrance so sweet that passers-by from the street beyond breathed deeply of its perfume and turned to look.

“Oh, you beautiful!” cried Wanda again.

“All that you have given unto it, it will return to you again a thousand fold,” said a quiet voice.

Wanda turned, but there was nobody in sight.

Now in that far country where Wanda lived, the King’s little son was very ill. Long days he lay upon his bed and neither spoke nor answered when he was spoken to. The court physicians and the wisest men of the land debated long upon his illness and what might be done

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

to cure him. But always he lay quiet and listless with closed eyes and pallid face.

“He must be roused!” said the physicians. “If something can be found that will interest him, he will live.”

So they searched through the country far and wide. They brought him rare and costly toys, they played for him beautiful music. They gathered from near and far all things new and wonderful, birds and pictures and the sweetest of sweet singers. But the little Prince heeded none of them and the Mother Queen bowed her head at his bedside and waited day after day.

“Go forth and seek still farther!” cried the King. “Seek newer places for the strange, the wonderful, the unusual.”

And farther and farther still went the seekers after that new thing that might rouse the little Prince. And so it happened one morning as Wanda stood by her lily, the court crier found her. The peal of his trumpet rang through the air as he spoke.

“In the name of the King, I summon you to appear before him. The Royal Prince is ill,

LITTLE PRINCESS SUNSHINE

and if it may be that your wonderful lily can rouse him, he will live.”

And so it was that Wanda rode away with the court herald, the lily beside her, on and on and on to the palace where the little Prince lay with closed eyes and the Mother Queen with bowed head waited.

As Wanda came in through the door, the heart of the white lily seemed to grow still more golden and a fragrance, sweet beyond words, floated in and filled the room. The little Prince breathed more deeply, his eyelids quivered, his fingers moved, and then he opened his eyes.

“What is it?” he asked in a whisper.

And when he saw the lily, he stretched out his hands and smiled. And Wanda smiled back and put the flower in his hands. Then the little Prince laid his cheek against it and smiled again.

It was the King who spoke first. “The half of my kingdom is yours,” he said to Wanda. “Ask what you wish and it shall be granted.”

But Wanda shook her head. “I have no wish,” she said, “now that the little Prince is better.”

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

And the Mother Queen put her arm around Wanda and smiled.

For many a day there was rejoicing in the kingdom. Far and wide the herald pealed his trumpet and far and wide went the glad tidings. "The Prince will live! The Prince will live!" And those who had bowed their heads lifted them high and laughed. So was the whole kingdom glad once more. But no gladder one was there among them than Wanda as she played with the little Prince as the days passed. She watched the roses come back into his cheeks and the blue shine brighter in his eyes. And always the lily was with them, still golden and white.

"It doesn't seem to fade at all," said Wanda.

The little Prince was wise. "It will never fade," he said. "It is just like you. Its heart is as golden as the noonday sun and its face as white as the morning beams. It will sleep, but it will never fade."

And the words of the little Prince came true. Day after day the lily sent its fragrance through the house and garden and its white

LITTLE PRINCESS SUNSHINE

petals stayed unchanged. And then one morning, Wanda and the little Prince woke to find it gone from its earthen box. All that was left was the dry brown bulb that the little wee man had first given Wanda. And as she bent to pick it up, a voice said close to her ear, "All that you gave to it, it has returned to you a thousand fold."

Wanda turned and there stood the little wee man. But before she could answer him, he bowed low before her. "I salute you, Little Sunshine Princess!" he said, and then he was gone.

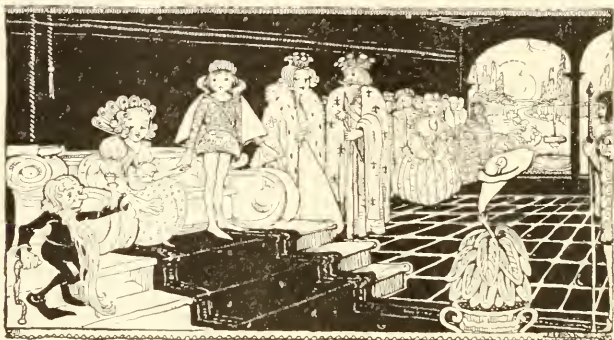
And the little Prince laughed and clapped his hands, as he came toward her. Then he bent his knee and took Wanda's hand in his and smiled as he said, "I, too, salute you, Little Sunshine Princess!"

And through the garden gate came the King and the Mother Queen and all the ladies-in-waiting and the lords-in-attendance. All in a minute, it seemed, Wanda was seated in a golden chair with the little Prince beside her and the King was saying, "Long life to our Little Princess Sunshine!"

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

And those who waited before the golden chair, bowed low and cried, "Long life to our Little Princess Sunshine!"

The little Prince held his head high and his laugh rang out clear and strong. "Long life to



the Little Princess Sunshine!" he shouted, "and she is mine!"

Then he took Wanda by the hand and ran with her to the far end of the garden.

And the Little Princess Sunshine she has been ever since. And though the brown bulb flowers every year into beautiful lilies, and though no country far or wide can boast so rare a blossom, yet the King and Mother Queen and the little Prince do say that a thousand times more beautiful is their Little Sun-

THE MAGIC FLOWER

shine Princess, whose heart is as golden as the sun of noonday and whose face is as the white beams of the morning.

THE MAGIC FLOWER

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. Every one 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,

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

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.

THE MAGIC FLOWER

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 every one who passed; and what they said was no more than what was true.

But as for the neighbor’s dooryard it was as

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

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 MAGIC FLOWER

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 doorstone; they filled the corners; and in the

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

midst of them was the neighbor, raking and cleaning as busily as if she were the wee woman herself.

“T is 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

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.

THE LEGEND OF THE POND LILY

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 tree-top 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

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

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

THE SONG OF THE FLUTE

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

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

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

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.

THE SONG OF THE FLUTE

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 near by 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.

Near by 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 sing-

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

ing 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.

THE SONG OF THE FLUTE

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.

Near by 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.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

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 near by 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 SONG OF THE FLUTE

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.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

He stayed with them to rest and to refresh Himself and to teach them many wonderful things.

Then He went on to make some one 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.

· SPRING

SAID a little seed hiding under snow,

“I feel to-day I’d like to grow.”

Said a leaf-bud folded up so tight,

“I’m sure I’ll burst before ’t is night.”

Said a bluebird singing in a tree,

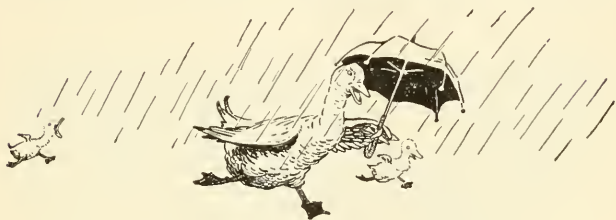
“It feels like spring to-day to me.”

Anonymous

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

“I,” SAID the duck, “I call it fun,
For I have my pretty red rubbers on;



They make a little three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud — quack! quack!”

“I!” cried the dandelion, “I!
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry.”
And she lifted a tousled yellow head
Out of her green and grassy bed.

“I hope ’t will pour! I hope ’t will pour!”
Purred the tree-toad at his gray bark door;
“For, with a broad leaf for a roof,
I am perfectly weather-proof.”

Sang the brook, “I laugh at every drop,
And wish they never need to stop

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Till a big, big river I grew to be,
And could find my way to the sea.”

“I,” shouted Ted, “for I can run,
With my high-top boots and my rain-coat on



Through every puddle and runlet and pool
I find on the way to school.”

Clara Doty Bates

HAPPINESS

WHAT are you thinking of, my pretty maid?
“I’m thinking how happy I am,” she said.
And what is your happiness, my pretty maid?

THE BIRD AND ITS NEST

“Oh, flowers, and summer, and sunshine,”
she said.

And what will you do, when the flowers are
dead?

“I’ll try to be happy without them,” she said.

Anonymous

THE BIRD AND ITS NEST

WHAT does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
“Let me fly,” says little birdie;
“Mother, let me fly away.”
“Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.”
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

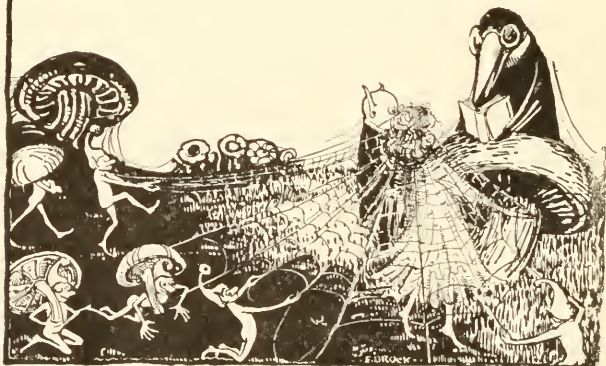
What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
“Let me rise and fly away.”
“Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.”
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

Alfred Tennyson

SIGNS

I THINK to-day was washing day:
I saw, on passing by,
The little Fairy handkerchiefs
Spread on the grass to dry.

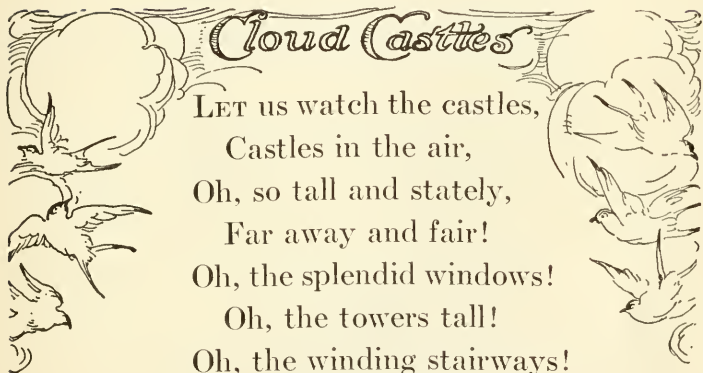
There is to be a wedding soon,
The busy spiders spin
A gauze to make the Fairy bride
Her veil so soft and thin.



CLOUD CASTLES

For fear that showers may descend
The Fairies have supplied
Umbrellas for the wedding guests,
Their finery to hide.

Abbie Farwell Brown



LET us watch the castles,
Castles in the air,
Oh, so tall and stately,
Far away and fair!
Oh, the splendid windows!
Oh, the towers tall!
Oh, the winding stairways!
We may have them all!

Let us climb the stairways,
Let us mount the towers,
Then look down at leisure
On this world of ours;
We will see the cities
Where we cannot go;
Where the long roads lead to
We will surely know!

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

All the ships a-sailing,
Oh, so far away,
To the wonder countries
We will see to-day!
All their white sails gleaming,
Colors flying bright,
And the foam behind them
Sparkling in the light!

We've no wings for flying,
But we need not grieve —
We will do these wonders
All in make-believe!
Under whispering maples
Oh, what fun to lie,
Wide-awake, yet dreaming
Of castles in the sky!

Minnie Leona Upton

THE WIND

WHO has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.



“WIDE-AWAKE, YET DREAMING OF CASTLES IN THE SKY!”

ECHO

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

Christina G. Rossetti

ECHO

I SOMETIMES wonder where he lives,
This Echo that I never see.
I hear his voice now in the hedge,
Then down behind the willow tree.

And when I call, "Oh, please come out,"
"Come out," he always quick replies.
"Hello, hello," again I say;
"Hello, hello," he softly cries.

He must be jolly, Echo must;
For when I laugh, "Ho, ho, ho, ho,"
Like any other friendly boy,
He answers me with "Ho, ho, ho."

I think perhaps he'd like to play;
I know some splendid things to do.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

He must be lonely hiding there;
I would n't like it. Now, would you?

Anonymous

SEWING

If Mother Nature patches
The leaves of trees and vines,
I'm sure she does her darning
With the needles of the pines;

They are so long and slender,
And somewhere in full view,
She has her threads of cobweb,
And a thimbleful of dew.

Anonymous

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;

THE LITTLE LAND

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 thing as I.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

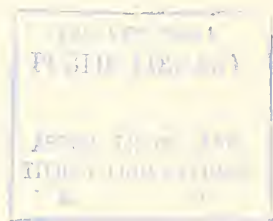
Through the forest I can pass
Till, as in a looking-glass,
Humming fly and daisy tree
And my tiny self I see,
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain-pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land
Drifting near to where I stand,
Straight I'll board that tiny boat
Round the rain-pool sea to float.

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;



“STRAIGHT I’LL BOARD THAT TINY BOAT
ROUND THE RAIN-POOL SEA TO FLOAT”



WHERE DO ALL THE DAISIES GO?

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.

Robert Louis Stevenson

WHERE DO ALL THE DAISIES GO?

WHERE do all the daisies go?

I know, I know!

Underneath the snow they creep,
Nod their little heads and sleep,
In the springtime out they peep;
That is where they go!

Where do all the birdies go?

I know, I know!

Far away from winter snow
To the fair, warm South they go;

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

There they stay till daisies blow,
That is where they go!

Where do all the babies go?

I know, I know!

In the glancing firelight warm,
Safely sheltered from all harm,
Soft they lie on mother's arm,
That is where they go!

Isabella F. Bellows

THE TWO LITTLE MAPLE LEAVES

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

THE TWO LITTLE MAPLE LEAVES

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 blue-bird.

“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 Sleepy-land 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

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

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.

THE TWO LITTLE MAPLE 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 top-most 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

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

those who are robed for winter.” And with a whistle and a shout he was off. And the two little leaves hung in the tree-top, 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 ACORN

THE LITTLE ACORN

By Lucy Wheelock

IT was a little acorn that hung on the bough of a tree. It had a tender green cup and a beautifully carved saucer to hold it. The mother oak fed it with sweet sap every day, the birds sang good-night songs above it, and the wind rocked it gently to and fro. The oak leaves made a soft green shade above it, so the sun could not shine too warm on its green cover, and it was as happy as an acorn could be.

There were many other acorns on the tree, and I am sure the mother often whispered loving words to all her babies.

The summer days were so bright and pleasant that the acorn never thought of anything but sunshine and an occasional shower to wash the dust off the leaves.

But you know that summer ends and the autumn days come. The green cup of the acorn turned to a brown cup, and it was well that it grew stiffer and harder, for the cold winds began to blow.

The leaves turned from green to golden

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

brown, and some of them were whisked away by the rough wind. The little acorn began to grow uneasy.

“Is n’t life all summer?” it said.

“No,” whispered the mother oak, “the cold days come and the leaves must go and the acorns too. I must soon lose my babies.”

“Oh! I could never leave this kind bough,” said the frightened acorn. “I should be lost and forgotten if I were to fall.”

So it tried to cling all the closer to its bough; but at last it was alone there. The leaves were blown away, and some of them had made a blanket for the brown acorns lying on the ground.

One night the tree whispered this message to the lonely acorn: “This tree is only your home for a time. This is not your true life. Your brown shell is only the cover for a living plant, which can never be set free until the hard shell drops away, and that can never happen until you are buried in the ground and wait for the spring to call you into life. So let go, little acorn, and fall to the ground, and some day you will wake to a new and glorious life.”

THE LITTLE ACORN

The acorn listened and believed, for was not the tree its sheltering mother? So it bade her farewell, and, loosing its hold, dropped to the ground.

Then, indeed, it seemed as if the acorn were lost. That night a high wind blew and covered it deep under a heap of oak leaves. The next day a cold rain washed the leaves closer together, and trickling streams from the hillside swept some earth over them. The acorn was buried. "But I shall wake again," it said, and so it fell asleep. It might have been cold; but the frost fairies wove a soft, white snow blanket to cover it, and so it was kept warm.

If you had walked through the woods that winter, you would have said the acorn was gone, but then you could not have seen the life slumbering within the brown cover. But spring came and called to all the sleeping things underground to waken and come forth. The acorn heard and tried to move, but the brown shell held it fast. Some raindrops trickled through the ground to moisten the shell, and one day the pushing life within was set free. The brown shell was of no more use and

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

was lost in the ground, but the young plant was to live. It heard voices calling it upward. It must arise. "A new and glorious life," the mother oak had said.

"I must arise," the acorn said, and up the living plant came, up to the world of sunshine and beauty. It looked around. There was the same green moss in the woods, the same singing brook.

"And I shall live and grow," it said.

"Yes," called the mother oak, "you are now an oak tree. This is your real life."

And the tiny oak tree was glad and tried to stretch higher towards the sun.

THE LITTLE PINE TREE WHO WISHED FOR NEW LEAVES

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

THE LITTLE PINE TREE

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.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

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

THE SEED-BABIES' BLANKET

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.”

THE SEED-BABIES' BLANKET

By Mary Loomis Gaylord

“DEAR me,” said Mother Nature, as she tucked the last of her seed-babies in bed, and spread over them a blanket of leaves, “King Winter will soon be here, and I am afraid this covering is not enough to keep my babies from his icy grasp. I must get them another blanket. What shall it be? Let me see. It should be something soft and light. And for babies, of course, it should be white.”

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

So she went to Mr. North Wind, and said:
“Oh, Mr. North Wind, please bring to me

“A blanket pure and white,
Soft as down, and sparkling bright,
To wrap my little seed-babies.”

But Mr. North Wind said: “I cannot unless Jack Frost will give me some of his silvery powder.”

So Mother Nature called to Jack Frost:
“Oh, Jack Frost, please give Mr. North Wind some of your silvery powder, that he may make for me

“A blanket pure and white,
Soft as down, and sparkling bright,
To wrap my little seed-babies.”

But Jack Frost said: “You must ask the clouds to give me some vapor, then.”

So Mother Nature called to the Clouds, and said: “Oh, kind Clouds, please give Jack Frost some of your vapor, that he may change it into silvery powder, and give it to Mr. North Wind, that he may make for me

“A blanket pure and white,
Soft as down, and sparkling bright,
To wrap my little seed-babies.”

THE SEED-BABIES' BLANKET

But the Clouds said: "We must wait until Old Ocean sends us more vapor."

So Mother Nature said to the Ocean: "Please, Old Ocean, send more vapor to the little Clouds, that they may give some to Jack Frost, that he may change it into silvery powder and give it to Mr. North Wind, that he may make for me

"A blanket pure and white,
Soft as down, and sparkling bright,
To wrap my little seed-babies."

But the Ocean said: "The Sun must send us some heat fairies, first."

So Mother Nature said to the Sun: "Dear old Father Sun, please send some of your heat fairies to Old Ocean, that he may send vapor to the Clouds, that they may give some to Jack Frost, that he may change it into silvery powder and give it to Mr. North Wind, that he may make for me

"A blanket pure and white,
Soft as down, and sparkling bright,
To wrap my little seed-babies."

And the Sun said: "Gladly!" and sent forth a host of little heat fairies that called the vapor

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

from the Ocean to the Clouds, and the Clouds gave some to Jack Frost, and Jack Frost changed it into silvery powder, and gave it to Mr. North Wind, and Mr. North Wind made for Mother Nature

“A blanket pure and white,
Soft as down, and sparkling bright,
And covered her little seed-babies.”

THE SNOWMAN

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 to-morrow.”

THE SNOWMAN

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 to-night,” 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

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

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 should n’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

THE SNOWMAN

go to the Winter King's palace, and ask him if he cannot do something to keep the sun from shining to-morrow."

"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.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“Did n’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 have n’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 is n’t he in bed? Come here, Jack Frost, and tickle his toes.”

THE SNOWMAN

“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 to-morrow. 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

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

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.

AT GRANDPA'S FARM

By Isa L. Wright

THERE was a great commotion in the barnyard at Grandpa's farm. The red rooster crowed: "Have you heard the news? Have you heard the news?" And the Plymouth Rock answered him.

AT GRANDPA'S FARM

“Ma-a-a,” bleated the spotted calf to its mother.

“Yes, I know,” mooed the red cow, “and I am just as glad as you are about it.”



“Quack! quack! quack!” squawked the old duck to her ducklings. “This is the day of days for us.”

“Th-th-s-s-s,” hissed the geese. “We all know about it, too.”

“Cheer! cheer! cheer!” sang a little finch. It was he who brought the news to the barnyard. He was singing in the tree by the window when he heard Grandmother tell it to Grandfather. And she read it in the letter the postman brought. Then little bird told it to the spotted calf. The spotted calf bleated it to the red cow. The red cow mooed it to the white geese and the waddling ducks. And the big brown drake, who was never known

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

to keep a secret a minute, squawked it to the whole barnyard.

“Thomas is coming to-day to visit us!”

“Gobble, gobble, gobble!” sputtered the old turkey. “I like Thomas. His face is as



freckled as my eggs.”

“And he has a smile for every freckle,” added the speckled hen.

“I hope all my eggs hatch out into freckled children.”

“Is everybody ready for Thomas?” asked the big sun, with his shiniest smile.

“Indeed and indeed we are!” mooed the red cow. “Is n’t my richest cream waiting for him? And butter, too, as yellow as gold?”

“Good!” shone the old sun. “Your cream will go nicely with the red-cheeked peaches I am ripening for him.”

“And don’t forget us!” called the wheat-stalks from the field. “We gave the flour to make the bread your golden butter will be spread on.”

AT GRANDPA'S FARM

“And I can just hear him laugh when he finds my tail feathers in the hedge,” gobbled the turkey. “I put them there for him, to make an Indian feather piece.”

“S-s-s,” hissed the geese; “a coverlet of down from our breasts we gave him.”



“I helped to make his feather pillow,” cackled the speckled hen; “and wait till he tastes my eggs, freshly laid. There is a nest of them.”

“I raised a family of ducklings for him to play with,” quacked the old mother duck. “What more could one do for Thomas?”

“Wee-ee-ee,” squealed the little pink pig. “I am very little now, but when I am big I shall give him bristles from my back to make a hairbrush. I’m going out now to watch for Thomas.” And away he went so fast that he bumped his nose against the gardener.

“Don’t you root around in my garden,” shouted the gardener. “I am saving the nicest

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

vegetables in the garden for Thomas. He is coming to visit us to-day."

"Here I am this minute!" said a merry voice, and — would you believe it? — there



stood Thomas, and the old sun was shining right down on his freckles.

Little pig followed him to the barnyard squealing at the top of his shrill little voice, and shaking his little fat sides with joy.

I can't begin to tell you all the fun they had. If you had been anywhere near, you would have heard a happy little boy laughing and shouting, hens a-cackling, a wee calf bleating, turkeys gobbling, cows mooing, and a little piggy's squeal high above them all. Oh, it was a merry, merry day!

Grandmother made Thomas the Indian feather piece and he wore it all day long. You should have seen the old turkey strut around. She was so proud of Thomas and his feathers.

AT GRANDPA'S FARM

The yellow goslings swam in the pond for him. "Do your best!" said their mother. And you may be sure they did, for Thomas clapped his hands and wished he could jump right in and swim with them.

The mother cat carried all her babies by the napes of their necks and put them down in front of Thomas. Then she washed them all clean with her rough tongue.

The mother dog trailed all her romping puppies over the farm after him and Thomas



shouted and

played with them and tried to help them catch their tails.

I can't begin to tell you all the good things he had to eat. Of course there was the fresh bread, right out of the oven, and the butter to spread on it, yellow as gold. And there were eggs, freshly laid, and cookies from a stone jar, and the very nicest vegetables from the gar-

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

dens and peaches and cream. And if there was a happier boy in all the world than Thomas, then I have never heard of him.

And when the day was over, and he was tucked in his own little bed under the down coverlet, with his head on the feather pillow, he said to his mother, "Oh, how I do love to visit a farm!"

And strange to say, just at that very minute, all the animals in the farmyard were going to bed, and they were saying: "Oh, how we do love to have Thomas visit us!"

PIGGYWEE'S LITTLE CURLY TAIL

By Isa L. Wright

PIGGYWEE woke up one bright morning and squinted his little piggy eyes at his mother. "My tail does n't curl, does it?" he asked.

"No," said Mrs. Pig; "I'm afraid it does n't."

"But I want it to," wailed Piggywee. "I like curly tails." And Piggywee began to cry.

"Hush, my child!" Mother Pig admonished. "Be thankful you have a tail at all.

PIGGYWEE'S LITTLE CURLY TAIL

The bunnies do not have any, and they don't cry."

"I don't care," said Piggywee; "I want my tail to curl. Why does n't it?"

"How can I tell?" Mother Pig shook her head. "You had better ask Grandfather Owl. The children say he is very wise."

So Piggywee ran crying to the woods. "Grandfather Owl," he called, "why does n't my tail curl?"

"Whoo-oo-oo?" asked Grandfather Owl, opening his big eyes.

"Me, me, Piggywee! Why does n't my tail curl?"

"Tut! tut!" answered Mr. Owl. "How old are you, Piggywee?" And he screwed his head to one side and peered down at the little baby pig.

"I'm five days old, Grandfather Owl," wailed little Piggywee, "and I want my tail to curl."

"Hm-m-m-m," said the wise bird in the tree. "Five days old and crying already."

Piggywee cried some more. "How can I help it, when my tail will not curl?" he asked.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

The old owl ruffled his feathers and closed one eye. "Piggywee," he began gravely, "if you cannot make yourself stop crying, how can you expect to make your tail curl?"

"If I don't cry any more, will it curl?" asked little Piggywee.

"You never can tell," smiled Grandfather Owl, and he closed his other eye and went to sleep.

The next day Piggywee came back again. "Grandfather Owl," he called out in his happiest little squeal, "I don't cry any more. I am six days old and I have stopped crying. Now will my tail begin to curl?"

The old Owl popped out his big, staring eyes. "Six days old," he said, half to himself. "What have you been doing in those six days, anything besides eating and sleeping and crying?"

"No-o-o," admitted Piggywee.

"Well, well!" laughed Grandfather Owl. "Six days old and you have done nothing but eat and sleep and cry. And still you expect your tail to curl." And Mr. Owl closed up one of his big eyes.



“HELLO, PIGGYWEE!” HE CALLED OUT

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PIGGYWEE'S LITTLE CURLY TAIL

“If I do something better than eat and sleep and cry, will my tail curl?”

“You never can tell,” smiled Grandfather Owl, and he closed his other eye and went fast asleep.

Little Piggywee walked home very slowly. “I must find something to do,” he said to himself, “that is better than eating and sleeping and crying.”

Just then Billy Boy passed him on the path.

“Hello, Piggywee!” he called out.

“Hello!” said Piggywee. “How old are you, Billy Boy?”

“Me? I am six to-day.” And Billy Boy held his head up high, and then he stooped and patted the little pig on his pink back. “How old are you Piggywee?”

“I am six, too.” But Piggywee looked down at the ground as he said it. “What do you do, Billy Boy, besides eat and sleep and cry?” he asked.

How little Billy Boy did laugh! “Why, Piggywee,” he said, “are n't you ashamed of yourself? You ought to know that I don't

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

cry. Only babies cry, and a boy six years old does n't want to be a baby, does he?"

"No-o-o," admitted Piggywee. "I don't cry either, now. I used to, but I stopped it. But what do you do besides eat and sleep?"

"Oh, lots of things." Billy Boy stopped to think a minute. "I take care of my sister while Mother is busy, and I bring in wood for her, and I have a nice time playing and watching the birds build their nests. I laugh and I sing and run errands for my mother. Oh, there are hundreds of nice things to do. What do you do, Piggywee?"

But Piggywee was ashamed to tell, and he ran home as fast as his little piggy legs could carry him.

And the next morning he went back to Grandfather Owl.

"Grandfather Owl! Grandfather!" he called. "I do lots of things now besides sleep and eat!"

Grandfather Owl squinted his blinking eyes. "Well, well!" he said, looking down. "So here is little Piggywee back again. And what are the lots of things you do besides eat and sleep?"

Piggywee laughed loud and hard, and his

PIGGYWEE'S LITTLE CURLY TAIL

little fat sides shook. "The very jolliest things I do, Grandfather Owl. I take care of my brothers and sisters when my mother goes to the woods, and I carry home acorns for her, and I play around and laugh and squeal and grunt and have a good time all day. To-morrow I am going to help the farmer shoo the chickens out of the garden, and he is going to let me follow him up and down the rows in the corn-field and root up the big lumps. It will be lots of fun." And off ran Piggywee, laughing and shaking his little fat sides and so happy that he forgot all about his tail not curling. And Grandfather Owl ruffled his brown feathers and winked one eye and smiled.

Days passed by and, though Grandfather Owl waited in the big oak tree and wondered, no Piggywee came back to ask why his tail did not curl. "I wonder what that funny little pig is doing," said the wise old owl to himself one merry, merry morning. So with a hoot and a flap of his wings, off went Mr. Owl to the gnarled tree by the side of the farmer's corn-field. There was the farmer going up and down the rows of tasseled corn and trotting

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

after him with many a merry squeal was little Piggywee.

“To-hoo! To-hoo!” called Grandfather Owl.

Piggywee came running. “Oh, Grandfather Owl,” he declared as he trotted up close to the tree, “I’ve been having the best fun. I have n’t even had time to come down and tell you about it. The farmer says I am the biggest helper he has.” And Piggywee laughed and squealed as happily as though the whole world were having a gala day. Nobody would ever have guessed that he had sighed and cried and whined and pined because his little tail would not curl.

“Having a good time, are you?” smiled the wise old owl.

“Oh, such a good time!” Piggywee told him. “Is n’t the corn beautiful with its silk tassels? And is n’t this a lovely world, so full of happy things to do?”

“Yes, yes!” agreed the old owl, “it certainly is. But what’s that I see way at the end of your back?”

Piggywee twisted his little fat side around

PIGGYWEE'S LITTLE CURLY TAIL

and he twisted his little fat head around, and all of a sudden he saw what Grandfather Owl saw — what do you suppose? — why, there was his little pink tail all curled up.

How he did squeal! “Why,” he said, “I’ve been having such a good time that I forgot all about my tail. When do you suppose it began to curl?”

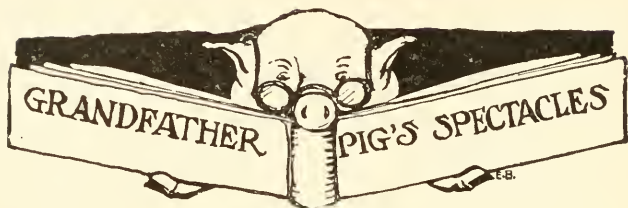
“You never can tell,” said the wise old owl.

Just then the farmer started down a new row of corn. “Good-bye!” called Piggywee, and off he trotted after him, his little squinty eyes almost shut up with smiles.

“Rustle! rustle! rustle!” went the silk-tasseled corn.

And “Wiggle! wiggle! wiggle!” went little Piggywee’s curly tail.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN



By Isa L. Wright

LITTLE RED HEN was pattering along the path with her little yellow feet when she noticed Grandfather Pig's house. The curtains were all down and the door was shut.

"Well, well!" said Little Red Hen, and she pattered right up to the door.

"Grandfather Pig, are you within?" she called.

And a gruff voice answered, "Yes, Little Red Hen, I am within, and likely to stay there too, for I have lost my spectacles."

"Lost your spectacles! Where?" asked Little Red Hen.

"Somewhere in the world," the pig answered. "I had them on when I took my twilight walk, but when I came home and pushed back my green cap, the better to see the keyhole, they were gone."

GRANDFATHER PIG'S SPECTACLES

"I am so sorry," Little Red Hen told him; "but you come out, Grandfather Pig, and lie under the apple tree, and I'll hunt for them."

"Come out without my spectacles!" Grandfather Pig gave a grunt. "I can never go into the light again until I find them."



"I'll hurry," said Little Red Hen, and patter, patter, patter, went her little yellow feet, here and there and everywhere. And Grandfather Pig waited in his little house with the curtains all down and the door closed.

And Little Red Hen, as smart as she is,
(And some folks say she's a little "wiz")
Searched high and low and low and high,
But not a spectacle could she spy.

"Never mind," said the old pig. "If you will just go down and tell my grandchildren about it, they will be glad to look for them."

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

So patter, patter, patter went Little Red Hen's yellow feet until she came to the house of Mrs. Pig and her eight little pink piggies.

"Grandfather Pig has lost his spectacles!" she cried, "and he cannot go out in the light until he finds them."

"Lost his spectacles!" said Mrs. Pig and the eight little piggies. "Where?"

"Somewhere in the world. He had them on when he took his twilight walk, but when he came home and pushed back his green cap, the better to see the keyhole, they were gone."



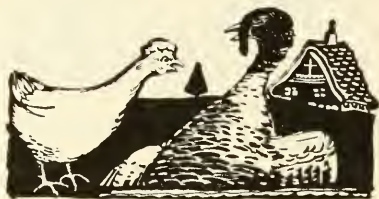
"We can find them," said the eight little pink piggies, and trot, trot, trot, went their little pink legs, here and there and nearly everywhere.

But though they looked every place they knew,
Over, around it, and under it, too,

GRANDFATHER PIG'S SPECTACLES

They found no spectacles, little or big,
That seemed to belong to Grandfather Pig.

Mrs. Pig thought a minute. "The turkey wanders far by day, and climbs high in the trees by night," she said. "Maybe she could find them."



So patter, patter, patter, patter, and trot, trot, trot, went Little Red Hen and Mrs. Pig and the eight little pink piggies, till they came to Mrs. Turkey and her brood of little turkeys.

"Grandfather Pig has lost his spectacles!" they all cried. "And he cannot go out in the light till he finds them."

"Shocking!" exclaimed Mrs. Turkey. "Where did he lose them?"

"Somewhere in the world," they told her. "He had them on when he went for his twilight walk, but when he came home and pushed back his green cap, the better to see the keyhole, they were gone."

"We will do our best to find them," said

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Mrs. Turkey as she shook her red wattles.

“Come on, children!”



And step, step, step, went the legs of Mrs. Turkey and all the

little turkeys, here and there and nearly everywhere.

They searched the farm in field and nook
And every place where eye could look,
But though they stretched and craned their necks,
They simply could not find those “specs.”

“There goes Mr. Barnswallow, eating his way through a swarm of gnats!” cried Little Pink Piggie. “He is up high in the world and sees a great deal. He might be able to find them.”

So patter, patter, patter, and trot, trot, trot, and step, step, step, went Little Red Hen, and Mrs. Pig and the eight little pink piggies, and Mrs. Turkey and her brood of little turkeys, till they came to Mr. Barnswallow.

“Oh, Mr. Barnswallow!” they called, “Grandfather Pig has lost his spectacles

GRANDFATHER PIG'S SPECTACLES

and cannot go out in the light till he finds them."

"My!" Mr. Barnswallow said as he hopped along the ground to meet them.



"Where did he lose them?"

"Somewhere in the world," they all answered. "He had them on when he went for his twilight walk, but when he came home and pushed back his green cap, the better to see the keyhole, they were gone."

"I know where Grandfather Pig takes his twilight walks," said Mr. Barnswallow. "I'll just hop around on the ground and dart about in the air and do my best to find them."



And hop, hop, hop, went Mr. Barnswallow's little legs.

But though he used his brightest eyes,
In every place a swallow flies,
And searched with all his swallow might,
Those spectacles were not in sight.

Then Little Red Hen had a sudden thought. "If any one can find them, Little Boy's puppy dog can. He finds everything."

So patter, patter, patter, and trot, trot, trot,

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

and step, step, step, and hop, hop, hop, went Little Red Hen, and Mrs. Pig and the eight little pink piggies, and Mrs. Turkey and her brood of little turkeys, and Mr. Barnswallow, till they came to Little Boy's puppy dog.

"Oh, Puppy Dog!" they cried out, "Grandfather Pig has lost his spectacles and cannot go out in the light till he finds them."

"Poor Grandfather Pig!" said Puppy Dog. "Where did he lose them?"

"Somewhere in the world," they told him. "He had them on when he went for his twilight walk, but when he came home and pushed back his green cap, the better to see the keyhole, they were gone."

"Grandfather Pig goes a long way for his twilight walk," said Little Puppy Dog. "My master, Little Boy, has sharper eyes than I when he wants to use them, but as he is not here I'll do my best to find the spectacles. In fact I think I know where they are right now. I played with spectacles this very morning."



GRANDFATHER PIG'S SPECTACLES

And head over heels went Little Puppy Dog,
tumbling down the path to get the spectacles.

And tumbling back in just a
minute,
His puppy mouth had some-
thing in it,
And spectacles, just as you
thought,
Was what that little puppy
brought.



“I knew Puppy Dog could find them!”
cried Little Red Hen. “He has the sharpest
eyes in the world.”

“No, indeed!” answered Puppy Dog, biting
his tail. “The sharpest eyes in the world be-
long to my master, Little Boy. But I do the
best I can. Let’s go and surprise Grandfather
Pig.”

So patter, patter, patter, and trot, trot, trot,
and step, step, step, and hop, hop, hop, and
tumble, tumble, tumble, went Little Red Hen,
and Mrs. Pig and the eight little pink piggies,
and Mrs. Turkey and her brood of little tur-
keys, and Mr. Barnswallow, and Little Boy’s
puppy dog.

“Oh, Grandfather Pig!” they cried, “Little

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Boy's puppy dog has found your glasses, and now you can come out in the light."

And Grandfather Pig opened the door a wee little bit and took the glasses, and felt of them. "Ah me! Ah me!" he wailed. "They are n't mine at all. My glasses have horn rims." And he shut the door.

Puppy Dog pricked up his ears. "I hear a whistle!" he told them.

And just then up came Little Boy.

"Oh, Little Boy!" they all called to him, "Grandfather Pig has lost his spectacles, and cannot go out in the light till he finds them."

"I'm sorry," said Little Boy. "Where did he lose them?"

"Oh, somewhere in the world. He had them on when he went for his twilight walk, but when he came home and pushed back his green cap, the better to see the keyhole, they were gone."

Grandfather Pig opened the door a wee little crack. "Please find my spectacles, Little Boy," he called.

And just that minute a big gust of wind came and blew Grandfather Pig's door wide

GRANDFATHER PIG'S SPECTACLES

open. Little Boy ran quickly to shut it for him, for Grandfather Pig was blinking his eyes.

“Please find my spectacles for me, Little Boy,” he cried again.

Then Little Boy gave a wee little peek,
And laughed till the tears rolled down his cheek.
“Come out!” he said, “and have no fears!
Your spectacles are behind your ears!”

And Grandfather Pig felt, and sure enough
there they were.



“Thank you, Little Boy,” he laughed, “they must have slipped there when I pushed back my green cap, the better to see the key-hole.”

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Little Puppy Dog tumbled over again. "Did n't I tell you," he barked, "that Little Boy had the sharpest eyes in the world?"

Then they all laughed, and patter, patter, patter, and trot, trot, trot, and step, step, step, and hop, hop, hop, and tumble, tumble, tumble, off they went home again.

TO A FIREFLY

FIREFLY, firefly, bright little thing,
Come, light me to bed and my song I will sing.

Give me your light as you fly o'er my head,
That I may joyfully go to my bed.
Give me your light, o'er the grass as you creep,
That I may merrily go to my sleep.

Come, little firefly, come, little beast,
Come, and to-morrow I'll make you a feast.
Come, little candle that flies as I sing,
Bright little fairybug, night's little king.

Come, and I'll dance as you guide me along,
Come, and I'll pay you, my fly, with a song.

Anonymous

DUCKY WIDDLE-WADDLE

The ADVENTURES of **DUCKY-WIDDLE-WADDLE** *and FISHY-FLIP-FLOP*

By Isa L. Wright

DUCKY WIDDLE-WADDLE swam across the blue lake and pushed his way through the reed rushes on the bank. He did not even look back at the little fishes as he waddled over the green grass. "I'm tired of the pond," he said. "I'm tired of swimming around and waddling on the grass. I want to have some fun. Other folks have lots of fun, but I don't."

"Neither do I," said a voice close by. Ducky Widdle-Waddle looked back and there was Fishy Flip-Flop looking at him from the water. "I'm tired of this lake, too," asserted Fishy Flip-Flop. "I'm tired of flipping up in the air and flopping back again. The whole world has a better time than I do."



STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“Then,” said Ducky Widdle-Waddle, “let’s go out in the whole world and have some fun,



and let’s not come back till we find the happiest place in it.”

“All right,” answered the fish, and with a flip and a flop out on the grass she came.

Now the first person they saw was Robin Chirp-Chirp. He was hopping along the grass

DUCKY WIDDLE-WADDLE

in the meadow, looking for worms and singing,
“Chirp! Chirp!”

“What a lot of fun he is having!” cried Fishy Flip-Flop. “Let us go and have some fun with him!”

So Fishy Flip-Flop stood up on his two front fins and Ducky Widdle-Waddle spread out his yellow web feet and they followed after Robin Chirp-Chirp. And such a commotion did they make that Robin Chirp-Chirp stopped.

“My!” he cried, “what funny sound is that?” And he dropped the worm that he held in his mouth and turned around. When he saw Ducky Widdle-Waddle and Fishy Flip-Flop, how he did laugh! “What a pair of sillies!” he said to himself. “Did you ever see anything so funny in your life?” And he laughed some more. “What are you folks trying to do?” he asked.

“Oh,” said Fishy Flip-Flop, “we are just trying to hop around on the grass and hunt for worms and sing ‘Chirp! Chirp!’ the same as you do.”

Then Robin Chirp-Chirp laughed and

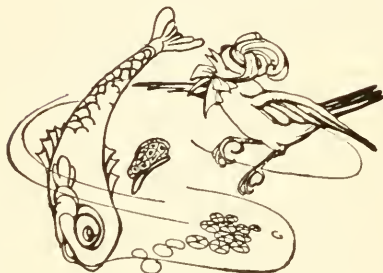
STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

laughed and laughed till it seemed as though he never would stop.

“What are you trying to do that for?” he asked.

“Just to have some fun,” said Fishy Flip-Flop.

“Well, well, well!” said Robin Chirp-Chirp, and he laughed again so hard and so long that his feathers stood up straight.



“You seem very merry,” said Ducky Widdle-

Waddle. “Is this the happiest place in the world?”

“The happiest place in the world!” repeated Robin Chirp-Chirp. “I should say it was n’t. But” — and he gave his tail a merry little flirt — “the happiest place in the world is n’t far from here.” And away he flew.

“My front fins are nearly broken in two,” said Fishy Flip-Flop; “my throat is hoarse trying to sing like a robin.”

DUCKY WIDDLE-WADDLE

Ducky Widdle-Waddle gave a squawk. "Who wants to sing 'Chirp! Chirp!' all day? Not I," he said. "But if the happiest place in the world is not far from here, then let us go on and find it." So with a flip and a flop and a widdle and a waddle, on they went.

They had not gone very far when they met Puppy Yap-Yap. He was rolling and tumbling on the grass and barking and trying to catch his little tail.

"What a lot of fun he is having!" cried Fishy Flip-Flop. "Come on, Ducky Widdle-Waddle! Let us go and have a good time with him!"

So they left their flip and their flop and their widdle and their waddle and they followed after Puppy Yap-Yap. But such a funny commotion did they make that Puppy Yap-Yap stopped his romping to listen.

"What a funny sound I hear!" he said to himself. And he turned around. Then how he did laugh, when he saw them. "Such a pair of sillies!" he told himself. "Did you ever see anything so funny in your life?" And he laughed some more. "What are you folks trying to do?" he questioned.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“Oh,” said Ducky Widdle-Waddle, “we are just trying to roll and tumble on the ground and catch our tails and say, ‘Yap! Yap!’ the same as you do.”

“What are you doing that for?” asked the puppy.

“Just to have some fun,” said Fishy Flip-Flop.

“Well, well, well!” said Puppy Yap-Yap, and he laughed and laughed till his tail stood straight up in the air.

“You seem very gay,” said Ducky Widdle-Waddle. “Is this the happiest place in the world?”

“I should say not,” laughed Puppy Yap-Yap, “but the happiest place in the world is not far from here.” And he gave his long ears a shake and off he trotted.

“I don’t think it is any fun to tumble around after your own tail,” said Fishy Flip-Flop.

“Nor to sing ‘Yap! Yap!’ all day long,” added Ducky Widdle-Waddle. “But if the happiest place in the world is not far from here, let us go and find it.”

DUCKY WIDDLE-WADDLE

So with a flip and a flop and a widdle and a waddle, off they went.

Now they had not gone very far when they saw Piggy Squealer. He was rooting around in the field and wiggling his little curly tail and squealing with all his piggy might.

“Oh, see Piggy Squealer!” cried Fishy Flip-Flop. “He is having the most fun in the world. Let us go and have some fun with him!”

So they left their flip and their flop and their widdle and their waddle and they followed after Piggy Squealer. And they tossed the dirt so high and made such a commotion that the pig stopped rooting.

“What funny noise is this that I hear?” asked Piggy Squealer. And he turned around. And when he saw what he saw, he laughed and laughed. “What a pair of sillies!” he exclaimed. “Did you ever see anything so funny in your life?” And then he asked them, “What are you folks trying to do?”

“Oh,” said Fishy Flip-Flop, “we are just trying to root around in the ground and wiggle our tails and squeal the same as you do.”

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“What are you doing that for?” asked Piggy Squealer.

“Just to have some fun,” answered Ducky Widdle-Waddle.

“Well, well, well!” said Piggy Squealer, and he laughed so hard that his little tail curled up tight.

“You seem very merry,” Ducky Widdle-Waddle said. “Is this the happiest place in the world?”

“I should say not,” Piggy Squealer answered. “But the happiest place in the world is not far from here.” And giving his tail another little wiggle, off he trotted.

“It is n’t any fun to wiggle your tail all day, and root in the ground,” said Fishy Flip-Flop.

“And who wants to squeal till his throat is hoarse?” added Ducky Widdle-Waddle. “But if the happiest place in the world is not far away, let us go and find it.”

So with a flip and a flop and a widdle and a waddle, off they went again.

Now as they went slowly on their way, they saw Mr. Buzzy-Bee. He was dangling his legs

DUCKY WIDDLE-WADDLE

in a hollyhock, sucking out the honey and buzzing with all his busy might.

“See what a good time Mr. Buzzy-Bee is having!” cried Fishy Flip-Flop. “Let us go and have some fun with him!”

So once again they left their flip and their flop and their widdle and their waddle and



they followed after Mr. Buzzy-Bee. But alas and alack! when they tried to dangle themselves in the flowers, over tumbled the hollyhock stalk, Ducky Widdle-Waddle, Fishy Flip-Flop, Mr. Buzzy-Bee and all.

“What are you folks trying to do?” asked Buzzy-Bee as he rolled out of the dust.

“Oh, we are just trying to dangle ourselves in the hollyhocks, and suck out the honey, and sing ‘Buzz! Buzz!’ the same as you do,” said Ducky Widdle-Waddle.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“What are you doing that for?” asked the Bee.

“Just to have some fun,” Fishy Flip-Flop told him.

“Did you ever hear of anything so funny in your life?” laughed the bee to himself, and he kept on laughing till his buzzer would not go any more.

“You seem very merry,” Fishy Flip-Flop said to him. “Is this the happiest place in the world?”

“No, indeed!” said Buzzy-Bee very emphatically. “But the happiest place in the world is not far from here.” And dangling his legs some more, off he flew.

“I am tired of dangling myself in flowers and singing other people’s songs,” said Fishy Flip-Flop.

“And I am tired of saying ‘Buzz! Buzz!’” replied Ducky Widdle-Waddle. “It makes me dizzy.”

Just then there came to them the sound of music. “Some one is singing,” cried Fishy Flip-Flop. “And it is Little Girl Happy.”

And sure enough it was. They could see her

DUCKY WIDDLE-WADDLE

sitting on the doorstep of her own little home.
And this is what she was singing:

“Time to work and time to rest,
Each one in his place is best.
Though afar we like to roam,
The happiest place is always home,
Yours for you and mine for me,
The happiest place is home.”



Ducky Widdle-Waddle looked at Fishy Flip-Flop, and Fishy Flip-Flop looked at Ducky Widdle-Waddle and they laughed and laughed and laughed.

“Are n’t we a pair of sillies!” said Fishy Flip-Flop.

“I never heard of anything so funny in my life,” answered Ducky Widdle-Waddle.

And they laughed some more, and then,

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

with a flip and a flop and a widdle and a waddle, off they went. And the last time I heard anything about them they were both swimming merrily around in their own blue lake, singing to themselves. If you had been close to the water's edge, and understood the language of a duck and a fish, you would have heard these words:

“Time to work and time to rest,
Each one in his place is best.
Though afar we like to roam,
The happiest place is always home,
Yours for you and mine for me,
The happiest place is home.”



“the happiest place is home”

THE BARNYARD

WHEN the Farmer's day is done,
In the barnyard, ev'ry one,
Beast and bird politely say,
“Thank you for my food to-day.”

THE CLUCKING HEN

The cow says, "Moo!"
The pigeon, "Coo!"
The sheep says, "Baa!"
The lamb says, "Maa!"
The hen, "Cluck! Cluck!"
"Quack!" says the duck;
The dog, "Bow Wow!"
The cat, "Meow!"
The horse says, "Neigh!"
I love sweet hay!"
The pig near by,
Grunts in his sty.

When the barn is locked up tight,
Then the Farmer says, "Good-night!"
Thanks his animals, ev'ry one,
For the work that has been done.

Maud Burnham

THE CLUCKING HEN

"WILL you take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day?
There's barley in the barley-field,
And hay-seed in the hay."

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“Thank you,” said the clucking hen;

“I’ve something else to do;

I’m busy sitting on my eggs.

I cannot walk with you.

“Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck,”

Said the clucking hen;

“My little chicks will soon be hatched.

I’ll think about it then.”

The clucking hen sat on her nest,

She made it in the hay;

And warm and snug beneath her breast

A dozen white eggs lay.

Crack, crack, went all the eggs,

Out dropped the chickens small!

“Cluck,” said the clucking hen,

“Now I have you all.

“Come along, my little chicks,

I’ll take a walk with you.”

“Hallo!” said the barn-door cock,

“Cock-a-doodle-do!”

NURSERY SONG

NURSERY SONG

As I walked over the hill one day,
I listened, and heard a mother-sheep say,
“In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
As my little lamb, with his nimble feet;
With his eye so bright,
And his wool so white,
Oh, he is my darling, my heart’s delight!”
And the mother-sheep and her little one
Side by side lay down in the sun;
And they went to sleep on the hillside warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen and what did I see
But the old gray cat with her kittens three!
I heard her whispering soft: said she,
“My kittens, with tails so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the
world.

The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe she,
May love their babies exceedingly;
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking-chair.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

I love my kittens with all my might,
O I love them at morning, noon, and night.
Now I'll take up my kitties, the kitties I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm
stove."

Let the kittens sleep under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten;
She clucked and she scratched and she bustled
away,

And what do you think I heard the hen say?
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine.
You may hunt the full moon and the stars, if
you please,

But you never will find ten such chickens as
these.

My dear, downy darlings, my sweet little
things,

Come, nestle now cozily under my wings."

So the hen said,

And the chickens all sped

As fast as they could to their nice feather bed.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS

And there let them sleep, in their feathers so
warm,

While my little chick lies here on my arm.

Mrs. Carter

THREE LITTLE KITTENS

THREE little kittens lost their mittens;

And they began to cry,

Oh! 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.

The three little kittens found their mittens,

And they began to cry,

Oh! mother, dear, see here, see here,

See, we have found our mittens.

Put on your mittens, you silly kittens,

And you may you have some pie.

Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,

Oh! let us have the pie,

Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
Oh! mother, dear, we greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens.
Soiled your mittens! you naughty kittens!
Then they began to sigh,
Mi-ow, mi-ow, mi-ow.
Then they began to sigh,
Mi-ow, mi-ow, mi-ow.

The three little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry;
Oh! mother, dear, do not you hear,
That we have washed our mittens?
Washed your mittens! Oh! you 're good kittens.
But I smell a rat close by
Hush! hush! mee-ow, mee-ow.
We smell a rat close by,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

Mrs. Eliza Follen

WALTER AND HIS DOG

WALTER AND HIS DOG

THERE was a little boy,
And he had a piece of bread,
And he put his little cap
On his head, head, head.

Upon his hobby-horse
Then he went to take a ride,
With his pretty Spaniel Flash
By his side, side, side.

Little Walter was his name,
And he said to little Flash,
“Let us gallop round the house,
With a dash, dash, dash.”

So he laid down his bread
In a snug little place,
And away Walter went
For a race, race, race.

But Flash had a plan,
In his little roguish head,
Of taking to himself
Walter's bread, bread, bread.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

So he watched for a moment
When Walter did not look,
And the nice piece of bread
Slyly took, took, took.

When Walter saw the rogue,
He cried, "Oh, naughty Flash";
And he showed his little whip
With a lash, lash, lash.

But Flash looked so good-natured,
With his tail curled up behind,
That his aunty said to Walter,
"Never mind, mind, mind.

"Flash is nothing but a puppy;
So, Walter do not worry;
If he knew that he'd done wrong,
He'd be sorry, sorry, sorry.

"So don't be angry, Walter,
That Flash has had a treat;
Here's another piece of bread
You may eat, eat, eat."

THE WEE NEST

So Walter took his bread
And then to Flash he cried,
“Come, you saucy little dog,
Let us ride, ride, ride.”

Mrs. Follen's Little Songs

THE WEE NEST

By Maud Lindsay

ONCE upon a time two little birds built a wee
little nest in a pink rose tree.

(And a little boy saw them; but he did not tell,
For it was a secret, he knew very well.)

The nest was round and cozy and soft; and
when it was finished the mother bird put eggs
in it — the prettiest eggs!

(And the little boy peeped in the nest to see,
But he was as careful as he could be.)

The mother bird sat on the nest almost all the
time to keep the eggs safe and warm; and when
she was tired the father bird took her place.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

(And the little boy watched them, and wondered, too,
What would become of those eggs of blue.)

Day after day the mother bird sat on the nest; but one morning she flew away singing her sweetest song. The father bird sang, too, for something wonderful had happened. The pretty blue eggs were broken, but in their place were — what do you think? Baby birds, cunning and weak and wee.

(The little boy counted them, one, two, three,
Three baby birds in the pink rose tree.)

The father bird and the mother bird were busy all day getting their babies something to eat.

(And the little boy threw them some crumbs of bread:
“Perhaps they’ll like these for their dinner,”
he said.)

The little birds grew very fast. It was not long before they were ready to learn to fly.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST

Mother bird and father bird showed them how to spread their wings, and hold their feet; and the little birds tried to do just as they were told.

(And the little boy laughed to see them try;
They were so funny, and fat and shy!)

At first they could only fly from the rose tree to the ground; but soon their wings grew strong, and then away they went over the rose tree, over the fence, into the world.

(And the little boy called as he watched them fly,
“Dear little birdies, good-bye, good-bye.”)

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST

“To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?”

“Not I,” said the cow, “moo, oo, moo, oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

I gave you a wisp of hay,
But did n't take your nest away:
Not I," said the cow, "moo, oo, moo, oo!
Such a thing I'd never do!"

"To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bobolink! Bobolink!
Now, what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "bow wow!
I could n't be so mean, I trow —
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, "bow wow!
I could n't be so mean I trow."

"To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice warm nest I made?"

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST

“Bobolink! Bobolink!
Now, what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?”

“Coo, coo! coo, coo! coo, coo!
Let me speak a word, too —
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?”

“Not I,” said the sheep, “oh, no!
I would not treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine:
Baa, baa,” said the sheep, “oh, no!
I would n't treat a poor bird so.”

“To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?”

“Bobolink! Bobolink!
Now, what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?”

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“Coo, coo! coo, coo! coo, coo!
Let me speak a word, too.
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?”

“Caw, caw,” cried the crow,
“I should like to know,
What thief took away
A bird’s nest to-day?”

“Cluck, cluck,” said the hen,
“Don’t ask me again,
Why! I have n’t a chick
That would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,

And she wove them together.

I’d scorn to intrude

On her and her brood;

Cluck, cluck,” said the hen,

“Don’t ask me again.”

“Chirr-a-whirr! chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry: ‘For shame!’”

BIRD THOUGHTS

“I would not rob a bird,”
Said little Mary Green;
“I think I never heard
Of anything so mean.”

“’T is very cruel, too,”
Said little Alice Neal;
“I wonder if he knew,
How sad the bird would feel!”

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind his bed;
For he stole that pretty nest,
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He did n’t like to tell his name.

Lydia Maria Child

BIRD THOUGHTS

I LIVED first in a little house,
And lived there very well;
I thought the world was small and round,
And made of pale blue shell.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

I lived next in a little nest,
Nor needed any other;
I thought the world was made of straw,
And brooded by my mother.

One day I fluttered from the nest,
To see what I could find.
I said, "The world is made of leaves,
I have been very blind."

At length I flew beyond the tree,
Quite fit for grown-up labors.
I don't know how the world is made,
And neither do my neighbors.

Anonymous

THE WISE ANT

Anonymous

ONE morning a little ant went out to look for food.

"Soon winter will be here," she said. "The ground will be covered with ice and snow. Then what can I get to eat? I must gather my food now and store it for the cold winter."

THE WISE ANT

She had not walked far when she met an old woman, who was crying.

“Why do you cry, old woman?” asked the little ant.

“Should I not cry?” said the old woman. “The mice are eating all the grain in my barn, an old fox is killing all my hens, and a big wolf is killing my sheep.”

“Why do you not kill the mice, the fox, and the wolf?” asked the ant.

“How can I?” said the old woman. “When pussy goes into the barn, the mice run to their holes; and they will not go into any trap I set for them. The fox comes in the night; and the wolf is stronger than I.”

“I will kill the mice, the fox, and the wolf, if you will give me a bowl of grain,” said the ant.

“You kill the mice, the fox, and the wolf!” cried the old woman. “How can a little ant like you do so much?”

“I know a way,” said the ant. “Will you give me the bowl of grain if I kill them all?”

“Yes, little ant, and it will be a big bowl of grain that I will give you!”

The ant went to a field back of the barn.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

First she carried some little pieces of cheese to the field. Then she ran to the barn.

“Oh, little mice, little mice!” she called. “There is some nice cheese in the field back of the barn. Would you not like some?”



“Thank you for telling us about it,” said the mice; and away they ran to the field. Then the ant ran to Mrs. Pussy.

“Oh, Mrs. Pussy,” she said, “there are some mice in the field back of the barn. Can’t you catch them?”

“Can’t I catch them!” said pussy. “Just come and see!” And away she ran.

When the little ant came to the field, pussy had killed every mouse. There they all lay on the grass.

Then the ant ran to the old woman. “The mice have all been killed,” she said. “Come and see them.”

When the old woman saw them, she said,

THE WISE ANT

“Good, little ant; but how are you going to kill the fox and the wolf?”

“Wait and you will see,” said the ant.

The little ant now ran to the wood where the old fox lived.

“Mr. Fox, Mr. Fox!” she called. “There is a nice, big hen in the field back of the barn.”

“I’ll soon eat her up,” said Mr. Fox; and off to the field he ran.

The ant now ran to see a dog.

“Good Mr. Dog,” she said, “an old fox is in the field back of the barn.”

“Bow-wow,” said the dog. “He won’t be there long.” And away ran the dog.



When the ant came to the field, she found the body of the old fox. The dog had killed him.

Then the ant ran again to the old woman.

“Old woman,” she cried, “the fox has been killed. Come and see him.”

“Good, good, little ant!” said the old woman, when she saw the body of the fox, “but how can you kill the big wolf?”

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“Just wait and you will see,” said the ant.
Away to the wolf’s den ran the little ant.



“Mr. Wolf,” she said,
“there is a big sheep in
the field back of the
barn.”

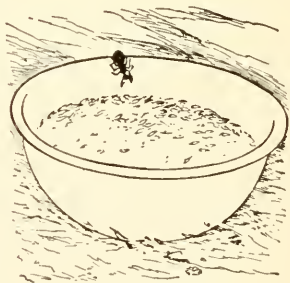
Away to the field ran
the wolf. But the wise
little ant had told the
dogs he was coming. It
did not take the big, strong dogs long to kill
Mr. Wolf.

Once more the little ant went to the woman.

“Come and see the
wolf,” she said. “He
has been killed, too.”

When the old woman
saw the wolf, she was
ever and ever so glad.

“Here, little ant,” she
said, “here is your bowl
of grain. Is it not a big bowl? Thank you,
you wise little ant.”



The little ant carried the grain home. All
winter long she had all she wanted to eat.

THE SNAIL AND THE ROSE-TREE

THE SNAIL AND THE ROSE-TREE

By Hans Christian Andersen (adapted)

AROUND the garden ran a hedge of hazels; beyond this hedge lay fields and meadows in which were cows and sheep. In the garden stood a blooming Rose-Tree; and under this Rose-Tree lived a Snail, who had a good deal in his shell — namely, himself.

“Wait till my time comes!” he said; “I shall do something more than bear roses or nuts, or give milk, like the Rose-Tree and the Hazel-Bush, and the cows!”

“I expect a great deal of you,” said the Rose-Tree. “But may I ask when it will be?”

“I take my time,” replied the Snail. “You’re always in such a hurry. You don’t rouse people’s interest by making them wait.”

When the next year came, the Snail lay almost in the same spot, in the sunshine under the Rose-Tree, which again bore buds that bloomed into roses, until the snow fell and the weather became raw and cold; then the Rose-Tree bowed its head and the Snail crept into the ground.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

A new year began; and the roses came out, and the Snail came out also.

“You’re an old Rose-Tree now!” said the Snail. “You must hurry and come to an end, for you have given the world all that was in you. It is clear and plain that you have borne nothing but roses. How can you answer for that? In a little time you will be nothing at all but a stick. Do you understand what I say?”

“You frighten me!” said the Rose-Tree. “I never thought of that at all.”

“No, you have not taken the trouble to think of anything. Have you ever thought why you bloomed, and how it is that your blooming comes about — why it is so and not some other way?”

“No,” said the Rose-Tree. “I bloomed in gladness, because I could not do anything else. The sun shone and warmed me, and the air refreshed me. I drank the pure dew and the fresh rain, and I lived and breathed. Out of the earth there came a power within me; from above there came down a strength. I saw a new and growing happiness, and I had to

THE SNAIL AND THE ROSE-TREE

bloom over and over again. That was my life. I could not do anything else.”

“You have led a pleasant life,” said the Snail.

“Yes, indeed! Everything I have was given to me,” said the Rose-Tree. “But more still was given to you. You should do something wonderful for the world.”

“I’ve no intention of doing anything of the kind!” cried the Snail. “The world is nothing to me. What have I to do with the world? I have enough of myself and in myself.”

“But must we not all, here on earth, give to others the best we have? I have only given roses. But you — you who have so much — what have you given to the world? What do you mean to give?”

“What have I given — what do I mean to give? The world is nothing to me. You may give your roses if you like. You can’t do any better. Let the Hazel-Bush bear nuts, and the cows give milk for the world. I shall think of myself and not of what I can give to the world.”

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Then the Snail went into his house, and closed the door after him.

But the Rose-Tree went on blooming and making the world beautiful.

THE LITTLE RED HEN

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.

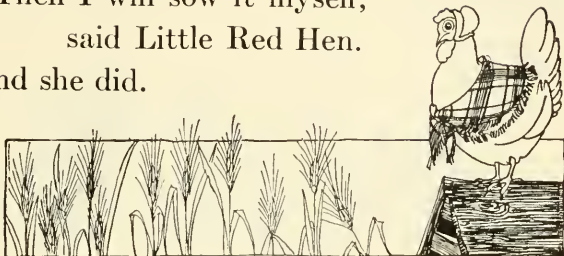
THE LITTLE RED HEN

“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.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“Then I will reap it myself,” said Little Red Hen.
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.

THE LITTLE RED HEN

“Then I will take it to the mill myself,” said
Little Red Hen.
And she did.

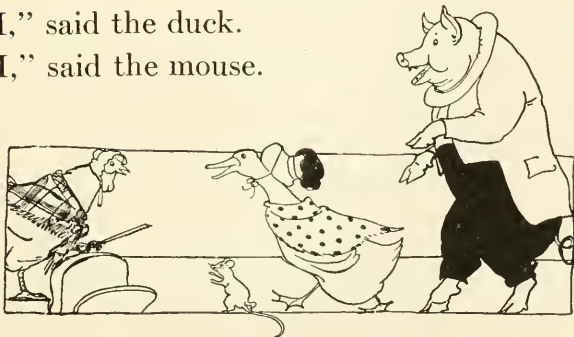
When the wheat was ground,
Little Red Hen said,
“I’m ready now
The bread to bake,
And I will make
A big round cake.
I sowed and reaped
And ground the wheat;
Now I’ll have bread
And cake to eat.



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

“I,” said the duck.

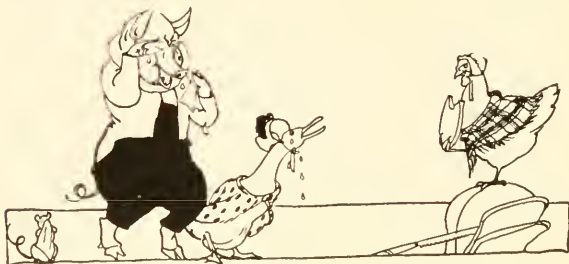
“I,” said the mouse.



STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“I,” said the pig.

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



THE CONCEITED MOUSE

By Ella Foster Case

ONCE upon a time there was a very small mouse with a very, very large opinion of himself. What he did n't know his own grandmother could n't tell him.

“You'd better keep a bright eye in your head, these days,” said she, one chilly afternoon. “Your gran'ther has smelled a trap.”

“Scat!” answered the small mouse; “'s if I don't know a trap when I see it!” And that was all the thanks she got for her good advice.

“Go your own way, for you will go no

THE CONCEITED MOUSE

other," the wise old mouse said to herself; and she scratched her nose slowly and sadly as she watched her grandson scamper up the cellar stairs.

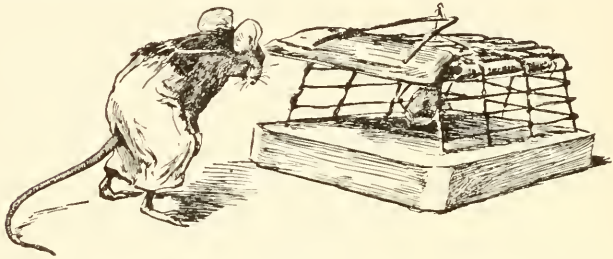
"Ah!" sniffed he, poking his whiskers into a crack of the dining-room cupboard, "cheese —



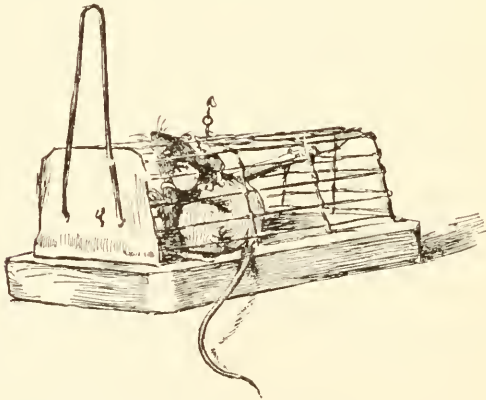
as I'm alive!" Scuttle — scuttle. "I'll be squizzled, if it is n't in that cunning little house; I know what that is — a cheese-house, of course. What a very snug hall! That's the way with cheese-houses. I know, 'cause I've heard the dairymaid talk about 'em. It must be rather inconvenient, though, to carry milk up that step and through an iron door. I know

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

why it's so open — to let in fresh air. I tell you, that cheese is good! Kind of a reception-



room in there — guess I know a reception-room from a hole in the wall. No trouble at all about getting in, either. Would n't grandmother open her eyes to see me here! Guess I'll take another nibble at that cheese, and go



out. What's that noise? What in squeaks is

THE CROW AND THE CHEESE

the matter with the door? This is a cheese-house, I know it is — but what if it should turn out to be a — O-o-o-eeee!” And that’s just what it did turn out to be.

THE CROW AND THE CHEESE

Anonymous

A CROW found a piece of cheese.

She flew with it to a tall tree.

A wise old fox saw her.

He wanted the cheese.

“That is too much cheese for a crow,” he said.

“I would like a bite of it.

I must get it.

I think I know how to make the crow drop
that piece of cheese.”

He walked under the tree and looked up at the
crow.

“My good crow,” he said, “how pretty you
are!

What pretty wings you have!

How bright your eyes are!

They look like two diamonds.

The other birds say you cannot sing.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

I know this is not true.

I know you can sing many sweet songs.

Do sing just one song to me."

The crow liked what the clever fox said.

She wanted to show that she could sing a sweet
song.

"Caw! caw! caw! caw!" she called.

When she opened her bill to say "caw," the
piece of cheese dropped to the ground.

The wise old fox caught it.

He ran away with the piece of cheese, and left
the crow in the tree.

THE OLD LION

Anonymous

A LION had a big, dark den.

Whenever he came out of his den, the other
beasts were frightened.

They all ran away.

By and by, the lion grew old.

He could not walk about.

He lay in his den all day.

"The poor lion cannot come out," said the
other beasts.

THE OLD LION

“He is too old.

Some one should go and see the poor old lion.”

One beast went into the den, but he never
came out again.

Then another beast went into the den, but he
never came out.

Many beasts went into the den, but none ever
came out.

One day a fox went to visit the old lion.

“Are you at home, old lion?” he called.

“Yes, come in, come right in,” said the lion

The fox looked down at the ground.

He saw some tracks on the sand.

“Come in, come in and see me,” called the lion

“Why do you not come in?

I cannot come out to see you.

Do walk in.

I should like to chat with you.”

“No, thank you,” said the fox.

“I think I will not come in to-day.

I see some tracks out here on the sand.

They all go into the den.

I see no tracks coming out.

I think I will walk away.

Good-day, old lion.”

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

WHY THE BEAR HAS A SHORT TAIL

By Florence Holbrook

ONE cold morning when the fox was coming up the road with some fish, he met the bear.

“Good-morning, Mr. Fox,” said the bear.

“Good-morning, Mr. Bear,” said the fox. “The morning is brighter because I have met you.”

“Those are very good fish, Mr. Fox,” said the bear. “I have not eaten such fish for many a day. Where do you find them?”

“I have been fishing, Mr. Bear,” answered the fox.

“If I could catch such fish as those, I should like to go fishing, but I do not know how to fish.”

“It would be very easy for you to learn, Mr. Bear,” said the fox. “You are so big and strong that you can do anything.”

“Will you teach me, Mr. Fox?” asked the bear.

“I would not tell everybody, but you are such a good friend that I will teach you. Come

WHY THE BEAR HAS A SHORT TAIL

to this pond, and I will show you how to fish through the ice.”

So the fox and the bear went to the frozen pond, and the fox showed the bear how to make a hole in the ice.

“That is easy for you,” said the fox, “but many an animal could not have made that hole. Now comes the secret. You must put your tail down into the water and keep it there. That is not easy, and not every animal could do it, for the water is very cold; but you are a learned animal, Mr. Bear, and you know that the secret of catching fish is to keep your tail in the water a long time. Then when you pull it up, you will pull with it as many fish as I have.”

The bear put his tail down into the water, and the fox went away. The sun rose high in the heavens, and still the bear sat with his tail through the hole in the ice. Sunset came, but still the bear sat with his tail through the hole in the ice, for he thought, “When an animal is really learned, he will not fear a little cold.”

It began to be dark, and the bear said, “Now I will pull the fish out of the water.

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How good they will be!" He pulled and pulled, but not a fish came out. Worse than that, not all of his tail came out, for the end of it was frozen fast to the ice.

He went slowly down the road, growling angrily, "I wish I could find that fox." But the cunning fox was curled up in his warm nest, and whenever he thought of the bear he laughed.

WHY THE WREN FLIES CLOSE TO THE EARTH

By Florence Holbrook

ONE day when the birds were all together, one of them said, "I have been watching men, and I saw that they had a king. Let us too have a king."

"Why?" asked the others.

"Oh, I do not know, but men have one."

"Which bird shall it be? How shall we choose a king?"

"Let us choose the bird that flies farthest," said one.

"No, the bird that flies most swiftly."

THE WREN FLIES CLOSE TO EARTH

“The most beautiful bird.”

“The bird that sings best.”

“The strongest bird.”

The owl sat a little way off on a great oak tree. He said nothing, but he looked so wise that all the birds cried, “Let us ask the owl to choose for us.”

“The bird that flies highest should be our king,” said the owl with a wiser look than before, and the others said, “Yes, we will choose the bird that flies highest.”

The wren is very small, but she cried even more eagerly than the others, “Let us choose the bird that flies highest,” for she said to herself, “They think the owl is wise, but I am wiser than he, and I know which bird can fly highest.”

Then the birds tried their wings. They flew high, high up above the earth, but one by one they had to come back to their homes. It was soon seen which could fly highest, for when all the others had come back, there was the eagle rising higher and higher.

“The eagle is our king!” cried the birds on the earth, and the eagle gave a loud cry of happiness. But look! A little bird had been hid-

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

den in the feathers on the eagle's back, and when the eagle had gone as high as he could, the wren flew up from his back still higher.

"Now which bird is king?" cried the wren. "The one that flew highest should be king, and I flew highest."

The eagle was angry, but not a word did he say, and the two birds came down to the earth together.

"I am the king," said the wren, "for I flew higher than the eagle." The other birds did not know which of the two to choose. At last they went to the oak tree and asked the owl. He looked to the east, the west, the south, and the north, and then he said, "The wren did not fly at all, for she was carried on the eagle's back. The eagle is king, for he not only flew highest, but carried the wren on his back."

"Good, good!" cried the other birds. "The owl is the wisest bird that flies. We will do as he says, and the eagle shall be our king."

The wren crept away. She thought she was wise before, but now she is really wise, for she always flies close to the earth, and never tries to do what she cannot.

THE TAIL OF THE FOX

WHY THE TAIL OF THE FOX HAS A WHITE TIP

By Florence Holbrook

“I MUST have a boy to watch my sheep and my cows,” thought an old woman, and so she went out to look for a boy. She looked first in the fields and then in the forest, but nowhere could she find a boy. As she was walking down the path to her home, she met a bear.

“Where are you going?” asked the bear.

“I am looking for a boy to watch my cows and my sheep,” she answered.

“Will you have me?”

“Yes, if you know how to call my animals gently.”

“Ugh, ugh,” called the bear. He tried to call softly, but he had always growled before, and now he could do nothing but growl.

“No, no,” said the old woman, “your voice is too loud. Every cow in the field would run, and every sheep would hide, if you should growl like that. I will not have you.”

Then the old woman went on till she met a wolf.

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“Where are you going, Grandmother?” he asked.

“I am looking for a boy to watch my cows and my sheep,” she answered.

“Will you have me?” asked the wolf.

“Yes,” she said, “if you know how to call my animals gently.”

“Ho-y, ho-y,” called the wolf.

“Your voice is too high,” said the old woman. “My cows and my sheep would tremble whenever they heard it. I will not have you.”

Then the old woman went on till she met a fox.

“I am so glad to meet you,” said the fox. “Where are you going this bright morning?”

“I am going home now,” she said, “for I cannot find a boy to watch my cows and my sheep. The bear growls and the wolf calls in too high a voice. I do not know what I can do, for I am too old to watch cows and sheep.”

“Oh, no,” said the cunning fox, “you are not old, but any one as beautiful as you must not watch sheep in the fields. I shall be very glad to do the work for you if you will let me.”

THE TAIL OF THE FOX

“I know that my sheep will like you,” said she.

“And I know that I shall like them dearly,” said the fox.

“Can you call them gently, Mr. Fox?” she asked.

“Del-dal-halow, del-dal-halow,” called the fox, in so gentle a voice that it was like a whisper.

“That is good, Mr. Fox,” said the old woman. “Come home with me, and I will take you to the fields where my animals go.”

Each day one of the cows or one of the sheep was gone when the fox came home at night. “Mr. Fox, where is my cow?” the old woman would ask; or, “Mr. Fox, where is my sheep?” And the fox would answer with a sorrowful look, “The bear came out of the woods, and he has eaten it”; or, “The wolf came running through the fields, and he has eaten it.”

The old woman was sorry to lose her sheep and her cows, but she thought, “Mr. Fox must be even more sorry than I. I will go out to the field and carry him a drink of cream.”

She went to the field, and there stood the

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fox with the body of a sheep, for it was he who had killed and eaten every one that was gone. When he saw the old woman coming, he started to run away.

“You cruel, cunning fox!” she cried.

She had nothing to throw at him but the cream, so she threw that. It struck the tip of his tail, and from that day to this, the tip of the fox’s tail has been as white as cream.

WHY THE MAGPIE’S NEST IS NOT WELL BUILT

By Florence Holbrook

A LONG time ago all the birds met together to talk about building nests.

“Every Indian has a wigwam,” said the robin, “and every bird needs a home.”

“Indians have no feathers,” said the owl, “and so they are cold without wigwams. We have feathers.”

“I keep warm by flying swiftly,” said the swallow.

“And I keep warm by fluttering my wings,” said the humming-bird.

THE MAGPIE'S NEST

“By and by we shall have our little ones,” said the robin. “They will have no feathers on their wings, so they cannot fly or flutter; and they will be cold. How shall we keep them warm if we have no nests?”

Then all the birds said, “We will build nests so that our little ones will be warm.”

The birds went to work. One brought twigs, one brought moss, and one brought leaves. They sang together merrily, for they thought of the little ones that would some time come to live in the warm nests.

Now the magpie was lazy, and she sat still and watched the others at their work.

“Come and build your nest in the reeds and rushes,” cried one bird. But the magpie said “No.”

“My nest is on the branch of a tree,” called another, “and it rocks like a child’s cradle. Come and build beside it.” But the magpie said “No.”

Before long all the birds but the magpie had their nests built. The magpie cried, “I do not know how to build a nest. Will you not help me?”

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The other birds were sorry for her and answered, "We will teach you." The blackbird said, "Put the twigs on this bough"; the robin said, "Put the leaves between the twigs"; and the humming-bird said, "Put this soft green moss over it all."

"I do not know how," cried the magpie.

"We are teaching you," said the other birds. But the magpie was lazy, and she thought, "If I do not learn, they will build a nest for me."

The other birds talked together. "She does not wish to learn," they said, "and we will not help her any longer." So they went away from her.

Then the magpie was sorry. "Come back," she called, "and I will learn." But by this time the other birds had eggs in their nests, and they were busy taking care of them, and had no time to teach the lazy magpie. This is why the magpie's nest is not well built.



Adapted by Ellen C. Babbitt

A MONKEY lived in a great tree on a river-bank.
In the river there were many crocodiles.

A crocodile watched the monkeys for a long time, and one day she said to her son: "My son, get one of those monkeys for me. I want the heart of a monkey to eat."

"How am I to catch a monkey?" asked the little crocodile. "I do not travel on land, and the monkey does not go into the water."

"Put your wits to work, and you'll find a way," said the mother.

And the little crocodile thought and thought.

At last he said to himself: "I know what I'll do. I'll get that monkey that lives in a big tree on the river-bank. He wishes to go across

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the river to the island where the fruit is so ripe.”

So the crocodile swam to the tree where the monkey lived. But he was a stupid crocodile.

“Oh, Monkey,” he called, “come with me over to the island where the fruit is so ripe.”

“How can I go with you?” asked the monkey. “I do not swim.”

“No — but I do. I will take you over on my back,” said the crocodile.

The monkey was greedy, and wanted the ripe fruit, so he jumped down on the crocodile’s back.

“Off we go!” said the crocodile.

“This is a fine ride you are giving me!” said the monkey.

“Do you think so? Well, how do you like this?” asked the crocodile, diving.

“Oh, don’t!” cried the monkey, as he went under the water. He was afraid to let go, and he did not know what to do under the water.

When the crocodile came up, the monkey sputtered and choked. “Why did you take me under water, Crocodile?” he asked.

“I am going to kill you by keeping you un-

THE MONKEY AND THE CROCODILE

der water,” answered the crocodile. “My mother wants monkey-heart to eat, and I’m going to take yours to her.”

“I wish you had told me you wanted my heart,” said the monkey, “then I might have brought it with me.”

“How queer!” said the stupid crocodile. “Do you mean to say that you left your heart back there in the tree?”

“That is what I mean,” said the monkey. “If you want my heart, we must go back to the tree and get it. But we are so near the island where the ripe fruit is, please take me there first.”

“No, Monkey,” said the crocodile, “I’ll take you straight back to your tree. Never mind the ripe fruit. Get your heart and bring it to me at once. Then we’ll see about going to the island.”

“Very well,” said the monkey.

But no sooner had he jumped onto the bank of the river than — whisk! up he ran into the tree.

From the topmost branches he called down to the crocodile in the water below:

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“My heart is way up here! If you want it, come for it, come for it!”

The monkey soon moved away from that tree. He wanted to get away from the crocodile, so that he might live in peace.

But the crocodile found him, far down the river, living in another tree.

In the middle of the river was an island covered with fruit-trees.

Halfway between the bank of the river and the island, a large rock rose out of the water. The monkey could jump to the rock, and then to the island.

The crocodile watched the monkey crossing from the bank of the river to the rock, and then to the island.

He thought to himself, “The monkey will stay on the island all day, and I’ll catch him on his way home at night.”

The monkey had a fine feast, while the crocodile swam about, watching him all day.

Toward night the crocodile crawled out of the water and lay on the rock, perfectly still.

When it grew dark among the trees, the

THE MONKEY AND THE CROCODILE

monkey started for home. He ran down to the river-bank, and there he stopped.

“What is the matter with the rock?” the monkey thought to himself. “I never saw it so high before. The crocodile is lying on it!”

But he went to the edge of the water and called: “Hello, Rock!”

No answer.

Then he called again: “Hello, Rock!”

Three times the monkey called, and then he said: “Why is it, Friend Rock, that you do not answer me to-night?”

“Oh,” said the stupid crocodile to himself, “the rock answers the monkey at night. I'll have to answer for the rock this time.”

So he answered: “Yes, Monkey! What is it?”

The monkey laughed, and said: “Oh, it's you, Crocodile, is it?”

“Yes,” said the crocodile. “I am waiting here for you. I am going to eat you.”

“You have caught me in a trap this time,” said the monkey. “There is no other way for me to go home. Open your mouth wide so I can jump right into it.”

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Now the monkey well knew that when crocodiles open their mouths wide, they shut their eyes.

While the crocodile lay on the rock with his mouth wide open and his eyes shut, the monkey jumped.

But not into his mouth! Oh, no! He landed on the top of the crocodile's head, and then



sprang quickly to the bank. Up he whisked into his tree.

When the crocodile saw the trick the monkey had played on him, he said: "Monkey, you have great cunning. You know no fear. I'll let you alone after this."

"Thank you, Crocodile, but I shall be on the watch for you just the same," said the monkey.

THE OX WHO WON THE FORFEIT

THE OX WHO WON THE FORFEIT

Adapted by Ellen C. Babbitt

LONG ago a man owned a very strong ox. The owner was so proud of his ox, that he boasted to every man he met about how strong his ox was.

One day the owner went into a village, and said to the men there: "I will pay a forfeit of a thousand pieces of silver if my strong ox cannot draw a line of one hundred wagons."

The men laughed, and said: "Very well; bring your ox, and we will tie a hundred wagons in a line and see your ox draw them along."

So the man brought his ox into the village. A crowd gathered to see the sight. The hundred carts were in line, and the strong ox was yoked to the first wagon.

Then the owner whipped his ox, and said: "Get up, you wretch! Get along, you rascal!"

But the ox had never been talked to in that way, and he stood still. Neither the blows nor the hard names could make him move.

At last the poor man paid his forfeit, and went sadly home. There he threw himself on

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his bed and cried: "Why did that strong ox act so? Many a time he has moved heavier loads easily. Why did he shame me before all those people?"

At last he got up and went about his work. When he went to feed the ox that night, the ox turned to him and said: "Why did you whip me to-day? You never whipped me before. Why did you call me 'wretch' and 'rascal'? You never called me hard names before."

Then the man said: "I will never treat you badly again. I am sorry I whipped you and called you names. I will never do so any more. Forgive me."

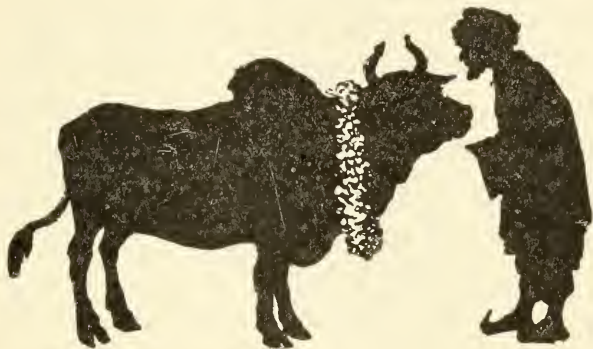
"Very well," said the ox. "To-morrow I will go into the village and draw the one hundred carts for you. You have always been a kind master until to-day. To-morrow you shall gain what you lost."

The next morning the owner fed the ox well, and hung a garland of flowers about his neck. When they went into the village the men laughed at the man again.

They said: "Did you come back to lose more money?"

THE OX WHO WON THE FORFEIT

“To-day I will pay a forfeit of two thousand pieces of silver if my ox is not strong enough to pull the one hundred carts,” said the owner.



So again the carts were placed in a line, and the ox was yoked to the first. A crowd came to watch again. The owner said: “Good Ox, show how strong you are! You fine, fine creature!” And he patted his neck and stroked his sides.

At once the ox pulled with all his strength. The carts moved on until the last cart stood where the first had been.

Then the crowd shouted, and they paid back the forfeit the man had lost, saying: “Your ox is the strongest ox we ever saw.”

And the ox and the man went home, happy.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

THE GREEN LIZARD

By Harry Thurston Peck

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Mabel, who lived in a cottage with her Grandma, and her brother Walter, and Jane the cook. The cottage was not very near any other houses, but was away out beyond the village and near a large wood. The wood was very big, and the trees in it were great tall trees all covered with leaves, and having thick vines around them, so that even in the middle of the day it was shady and cool; and when the sun began to go down it was so dark that you could hardly see.

Mabel loved the big woods because when the sun was hot she could go under the trees and play on the moss in the shade of the branches; and there was a lovely little brook there with real fishes in it, and sometimes Mabel would go in wading, and the little fishes would swim around her feet and make believe bite them; but they did n't really bite, because they were such little fishes and had n't any teeth. And ever so far down in the woods, where it was

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very shady, Mabel used to find strawberries growing, and blackberries, and little red check-erberries all under the green leaves.

One day, late in the afternoon, when the sun grew very hot, Mabel was tired of playing with her dolls, so she got a little basket and said to Grandma:

“Grandma, may I go down in the woods and see if I can pick some strawberries for supper?”

“It’s pretty late,” said Grandma; “but you can go if you won’t wander too far away and be out after dark. You know, Mabel, there are animals in the woods that might hurt you; and they come out from their caves as soon as it begins to grow dark.”

“Oh, I’m not afraid of animals!” said Mabel; “and I won’t be late. I’ll pick you a basketful of strawberries and then I’ll come straight home.”

So off she went, with her little sun-bonnet on her head and with her basket on her arm, down into the big shady woods. When she reached them she strolled along under the trees over the beautiful soft moss, where the shadows made it nice and cool, and where the birds

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perched under the thick leaves and sang when they saw her coming; for they all remembered Mabel, and liked to see her playing around in the woods.

Pretty soon she looked for the place where the strawberries were, and she picked and picked, and went farther and farther into the bushes, until she had gone a long way, and had filled her little basket nearly full of ripe red berries. And as she picked, the sun sank down behind the hills, and the evening began to come on, and the little frogs in the brook came out of their holes and peeped.

“Gracious!” said Mabel, all of a sudden, “it’s getting late. I must go home right straight off.”

But just as she had picked up her basket and was looking for her sun-bonnet on the ground, she heard a queer little sound like the squeak of a mouse.

“What’s that?” said Mabel; and she looked all around her to see where it was. But there was nothing that she could find; only the same queer little squeak kept on, as though some one was hurt and was crying with pain.

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Mabel looked up into the trees, and peered around in the grass, and looked among the bushes, but she could n't find out where it was.

"Well!" she said, "that's funny!" and she stooped down to pick up her sun-bonnet: when all of a sudden right at her feet she saw what it was that was making the noise. There, down in the moss, was a little bit of a lizard about as long as Mabel's finger. It was bright green, and had a little yellow spot on its head like a gold crown; and when it saw Mabel looking down, it squeaked again as loud as it could.

"Dear me!" said Mabel. "What's the matter, little lizard? Don't you feel well?"

And then she saw what the trouble was. A big stone had fallen on the end of the lizard's tail, and held it down so tight that the lizard could n't get away.

"Why, you poor little lizard!" cried Mabel. "Here, I'll help you."

So she took both her plump little hands and gave the stone a big push, and away it went off from the lizard's tail. The lizard jumped up and whisked his tail around and felt of it to see if it was broken. When he found that the

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tail was all right, he climbed up on the stone and looked up into Mabel's face.

"You are a good girl," said the lizard. He had a pleasant voice and a very good-looking face, only his nose was rather long.

"Why, I did n't know that lizards could talk!" said Mabel.

"I can," said the lizard, "I am the King of all the Lizards. Don't you see my crown?" And he pointed with one foot to the little yellow spot on the top of his head. "I can talk and I can do other things, and I'm going to do something for you, because you were so good to me and because you rolled the stone off my tail."

"Oh," said Mabel politely, "you're quite welcome. I hope your tail is n't hurt."

"Not a bit," said the lizard; "and see here; I'm going to do something for you that I would n't do for any other little girl. I'm going to make you so that you can understand animal talk, and so that all the animals will understand you when you talk. And besides, I'm going to teach you how to make all animals good to you."

THE GREEN LIZARD

“How’s that?” asked Mabel.

“This way; just listen.” And the lizard puffed out his cheeks and began to whistle a little call. It was like this:



“Now,” said he, “you do it after me.”

So Mabel puckered up her lips and tried to whistle the call; but she had never learned how to whistle and so she only gave a funny little wheeze that made the lizard laugh so that he nearly fell off the stone.

“Try again,” said the lizard, after he had got his face straight once more.

So Mabel tried again and again. She made more little wheezes and she puffed and blew until she was nearly out of breath; and by and by she did make a noise that sounded something like the call.

“Good!” said the lizard. “That’s the way! Try some more.”

So Mabel tried some more, and pretty soon she could really do it quite well.

“Now,” said the lizard, “if you want any

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animal to be your friend, just whistle that way to him. That's the call of all the animals. Be careful and don't forget it. Good-evening."

And before Mabel knew what he was doing, the lizard had jumped off the stone and darted down into a hole in the ground.

"Well!" said Mabel, "that's the funniest thing I ever heard of. A lizard talking and teaching me to whistle! But dear me! how late it's getting! I must hurry home as fast as I can."

It really was growing very late. The sun had gone away from the sky and the woods were so dark that Mabel could hardly see where she was going. All the little birds had gone into their nests and the butterflies were safe at home. It was very still except for the tree-toads and the frogs in the brook peeping mournfully, and every little while Mabel could hear strange rustlings in the leaves. She tried to remember the way home, but the woods looked so different now that she could n't think which way to go. She began to be frightened; and all of a sudden, way off in the distance, she heard a long howl.

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“What’s that?” said Mabel. “Oh, I’m so frightened!”

In a minute or two she heard the howl again — “O-o-o-w!” — a long, wild cry. She knew it must be some animal, and she remembered what her Grandma had said. Again and again she heard it, and she knew that it was coming nearer. She began to run, but the poor little thing had quite lost her way, and she was really getting farther and farther into the woods. It was so dark that she stumbled over the bushes and the roots of the trees, and twice she fell down. Nearer and nearer came the strange howl, and before long she could hear something moving through the bushes. She was now in an open place where it was a little lighter; and, as she looked back, all of a sudden she saw a great wolf pushing through the underbrush, and coming straight at her. He was twice as big as the biggest dog, and his long red tongue was hanging out of his mouth between his teeth.

Mabel thought of Grandma and Walter and how they would never know what had become of her; and then she remembered what the

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lizard had told her. The wolf was almost touching her and she was frightened to death, but she made up her mind to try to whistle the call. Round she turned and looked right in the wolf's face. She could feel his breath, her lips trembled, but she gave the whistle.

"O-o-o-w!" said the great wolf, and he stopped as quick as a wink.

Mabel whistled again. The wolf put his tongue in his mouth and hung his head down. Then Mabel saw that his face looked very pleasant, and she was n't afraid any more. After all, he was just like a big dog.

"Wolf," said Mabel, "I want you to be my friend!"

"All right," said the wolf. He had a big growling voice, and he spoke in wolf-talk, but Mabel could understand what he said.

"I've lost my way, Wolf," said she; "please show me the way home. I live at Grandma's."

"I know," said the wolf; "I've seen you playing around in the daytime. Put your hand on my neck and I'll show you the way."

So Mabel put her hand on the wolf's neck and they went along together. His fur was

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very soft and long, and Mabel rested her hand on it as she walked, for she was very tired. On they went through the woods. The wolf was not much of a talker, and Mabel could not think of anything to say, so they kept very still. At last they got to the edge of the woods.

“There!” said the wolf, pointing with his big paw; and Mabel could see through the dark her home with a bright light shining from the window.

“Good-bye, Wolf,” said Mabel. “Thank you very much. I knew you were a good wolf and would n’t ever hurt little girls, would you?”

“No,” said the wolf in a rather queer voice, and Mabel thought he looked rather sheepish, and that he hung his head rather low.

“Well, good-night,” said she, and she put her arms round his big furry neck and gave him a hug.

“Oh!” said the wolf; and he licked her hands with his rough tongue, and then trotted back into the dark woods.

Mabel’s Grandma was standing on the veranda. She was dreadfully worried because Mabel was so late.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“Mabel! Mabel!” she called as she looked out into the dark.

“Yes, Grandma,” said Mabel. And Grandma just rushed down the steps when she heard the little voice, and gave Mabel a whole lot of kisses, for she had been afraid that her little girl would never come back home again.

After Mabel had had a fine supper in her high chair in the cozy dining-room, and when Grandma had undressed her and was putting her to bed, she said:

“Oh, Grandma, I left my strawberries in the woods!”

“Never mind, Mabel,” said Grandma. “We can go together to-morrow and get them. But now I want to tell you how frightened I was to have you out so late. Don’t you remember I told you how there were animals in the woods? Well, this afternoon, your Uncle Robert was here and he said that only yesterday, when he was going along the path, he saw something in the bushes that looked like a wolf! Think of that!”

“Oh,” said Mabel, “I don’t believe a wolf would hurt a little girl, do you, Grandma?”

THE ANIMAL PARTY

“What, a wolf!” said Grandma. “Why, Mabel, a wolf is the worst animal in the world! If you had met a wolf he would have eaten you all up — every bit of you!”

Mabel did n't say anything, but she laughed a little to herself, and then turned over in her crib and curled up on her soft white pillow and went fast asleep.

THE ANIMAL PARTY

By Harry Thurston Peck

“MABEL,” said Grandma one morning, “do you know what to-morrow will be?”

“No,” said Mabel, who did not understand the question. “What will it be?”

“Why,” said Grandma, “your birthday.”

“No!” said Mabel. “How old shall I be to-morrow, Grandma?”

“What? Don't you remember? Why, to-morrow you'll be six years old.”

“Really?” cried Mabel. “Dear me! Why, Grandma, I thought that I should feel so different when I grew up; but I don't. I feel just the same as I did when I was only a little girl.”

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Grandma smiled. "That is n't strange, Mabel," she said. "Do you know, I am more than sixty years old, and I think I feel just the same as when *I* was only a little girl. But we must do something for your birthday, because you have been so good and thoughtful all the year. What would you like best?"

"Oh, let me see. Why, I should like best of all to have a party. You know I've never had a party; and now that I'm real old I think I ought to have one. Let me have a birthday party, will you, Grandma?"

"A birthday party?" said Grandma. "Well, I should be very glad to let you have one, only you don't know enough children about here; and there is n't time to send out invitations to your cousins, because they live so far away. You see there are no children of your own age near by except Walter, and the farmer's little daughter, and Jack who lives over the hill. That would n't be enough. No, I'm afraid you'll have to think of something else."

Mabel went away and sat in the window for a while, thinking. Pretty soon she came running back again.

THE ANIMAL PARTY

“Oh, Grandma!” she cried. “I’ve got a perfectly lovely idea. I can have the party after all.”

“Why, how so, Mabel?” asked Grandma. “What kind of a party can you have?”

“An animal party!” cried Mabel, her eyes sparkling. “It will be such fun!”

“A what?” asked Grandma.

“An animal party. I’ll ask all the animals I know, and get them all together in the grove in front of the house, and give them a nice dinner, just as though they were children. Won’t that be splendid!”

Grandma laughed.

“Well, Mabel,” she said, after a moment, “you are really a very original little girl. Now what animals would you ask?”

“Oh, let me see. There are our own animals, first of all. There’s Rex, and Towser, and the Goat (if he will be *very* good), and the Gray Rat under the pump. They can all come and help receive the other animals with me. Then I’ll ask the Frogs from the bridge, and the Mooly Cow, and the Kitty-Cat, and the Little Pig. Won’t it be fun getting them all together!”

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“Yes, it will be very droll,” said Grandma, who was much amused at the idea. Then Mabel thought a little and hesitated.

“Grandma,” she said.

“Well, Mabel?”

“There’s one more animal that I’d like to ask, only — only — I don’t quite know what you’ll think about it when I tell you.”

“Why, what animal is that, Mabel? I think you’ve mentioned all the animals that you know. You surely aren’t going to ask the Cross Dog.”

“No,” said Mabel shaking her head; “it is n’t the Cross Dog.”

“Then what animal is it?”

“Well,” said Mabel, slowly, “it’s — it’s a wolf.”

“Wha-a-t?” gasped Grandma, her eyes opening very wide. “A wolf! What on earth do you mean, Mabel! Why, a wolf eats little girls! A wolf is a terrible wild beast!”

“Oh, no, Grandma,” said Mabel. “This is a good wolf, and he would n’t hurt anybody. I’ve known him some time, only I did n’t want to say anything to you about him, be-

THE ANIMAL PARTY

cause I knew that you'd be afraid. But please let me ask him, because he's one of my best friends."

Grandma said nothing for a long time, but looked at Mabel very intently. Finally she said:

"Mabel, it seems to me that you are a very strange little girl, and that things happen to you in very curious ways. I have thought so for a good while, only I didn't know how to explain it, and I don't know now. I remember how you tamed Rex; and I believe that you can do things that no one else can do. If you ask the wolf, I feel that you will be safe where any other little girl would be in great danger; and so I shall not forbid your doing it. But I shall stay in the house myself, for I am afraid of wolves, and Walter must stay in, too. I will look out of the window and watch everything that goes on. Some day, perhaps, I may understand it all; but I certainly don't now."

Then Grandma took her work-basket and went upstairs to her room. Mabel clapped her hands, and ran down to the barn where Rex was standing, all saddled and ready for her

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

morning ride. Mabel told him about the party, and that she was going to invite the other animals. So when she had climbed up on his back, they went down the road, first of all to see the Frogs at the bridge. Mabel invited all of them; but after the Frogs had talked it all over, they thought that the five baby frogs were too small to go to parties yet; and so, as they could not be left alone, the Mamma Frog would have to stay with them. So the Papa Frog said that he would be the one to come to the party. Next, Mabel asked the Mooly Cow and the Kitty-Cat, and finally the Little Pig. They all promised to come. Then Mabel rode into the woods, and stopped in the darkest part and whistled the call. Pretty soon she heard an answer, and the Good Wolf appeared among the bushes.

“Wolf,” said Mabel, “I want you to come to my birthday party to-morrow afternoon. I’m going to have a Goat, a Pig, a Mooly Cow, a Kitty-Cat, a Rat, and a Frog.

“Ha!” said the Wolf, licking his chops. “That’ll be good eating. Yes, I’ll come.”

“No, no!” cried Mabel, “I did n’t mean

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that! You must n't eat them, because they're my company."

"Oh!" said the Wolf, looking rather disappointed. "I did n't know."

"Yes," said Mabel; "they're my company. You'll have lots of meat to eat; but you must promise to be very, very good, and look as pleasant as pie, and not growl once. Will you?"

"All right," said the Wolf.

"The other animals are coming at about half-past two," said Mabel; "but I want you to come at three o'clock."

"What does that mean?" growled the Wolf. "What's three o'clock?"

"Oh, Wolf!" cried Mabel. "Don't you know how to tell time yet? You ought to be ashamed of yourself — and such a big Wolf, too! Well, I'll tell you in another way. When you hear the big bell in the church steeple across the fields go boom! boom! boom! to-morrow, then you come as quick as you can to the party. It's in the grove in front of my house. Now don't forget, will you, Wolf?"

"No, I won't forget," said the Good Wolf; and Mabel rode home at a gallop.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“They’re all coming, Grandma!” said Mabel, gayly, as she clattered into the yard. “Every one of them.”

“And is the — the Wolf coming?” asked Grandma, in an anxious voice.

“Oh, yes; he’ll be here.” And Mabel went on to the barn. Grandma wondered more than ever.

The next day at two o’clock, Mabel had made all her plans for the party, and was being dressed in her best party dress. She had her hair curled in long ringlets all about her merry little face, and Grandma fastened a rosebud at the side of her head. She wore a light-blue silk with knots of ribbon, neat little shoes with tiny silver buckles, and a big lace collar fastened by a dainty pearl pin. Around her neck was a string of pearl beads that Uncle Robert had brought her from Rome. She was as pretty as any picture when she went out into the grove, after looking at the nice things that she had got together for the animals to eat. She stood in the center of the grove, in the shade of a big elm tree, all ready for her company to come. First of all came Rex, trotting down from the

THE ANIMAL PARTY

stable. John had curried and brushed him till he was as glossy as satin.

“Ah, good-afternoon, Rex,” said Mabel cordially. “I’m so glad you’ve come early, for I want you to receive with me. Stand right here beside me.”

Rex neighed politely, and did as she asked. Scarcely had he taken his place, when Towser trotted in, with his tail in the air. Mabel shook his paw, and put him at her left. Next came the Goat, and soon after the Gray Rat. The Rat looked a little uneasy at being so far from its home under the pump, and seemed a little afraid of Towser; but Mabel was so friendly as to put it quite at its ease in a minute.

Then a sound of heavy steps was heard in the road, and presently the Mooly Cow walked in, swishing off flies with her tail.

She knew Rex and Towser, and, after being introduced to the other animals, went up and stood by Rex, who was about her own size. Next the Kitty-Cat pattered in. She had washed her face and paws till they were beautifully clean, and she wore a pink ribbon around

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

her neck. She looked rather hard at the Rat for a moment, but then went over by Towser, and sat down by his side. Not long after, they heard a sharp trot, and the Little Pig ambled in. He was as clean as could be, and his tail was curled up tight over his back, in his best party style. He went up to the Goat, and began to talk to him about the weather. Presently a sort of hippety-hop was heard, and the Green Frog appeared, his back shining in the sun. Mabel shook his damp claw, and talked with him a moment, and then gave him a place next to the Gray Rat. All the animals were now paired off, and were talking in a lively way, all of them having a splendid time.

It was nearly three o'clock. Mabel looked down the road, and then raised her little hand to show the animals that she had something to say to them. They all stopped talking to listen.

"Animals," she said, "I think I ought to tell you that there is one other animal coming who will be here in a minute. I want to tell you about him now, so that you'll not be a bit afraid when you see him. He is an old friend of mine, and you may be sure that he will be

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very, very good, so you need n't worry about him."

The animals all pricked up their ears, and looked interested.

"Yes," added Mabel, "he will be here in a minute, and I will tell you who he is. He is a — Wolf."

The animals gave a big jump, and looked greatly frightened — all except Rex and Towser.

"Now, mind," said Mabel; "he is a Good Wolf, and won't hurt any of you. I think I hear him coming now."

Sure enough, the sound of footsteps was heard on the road. All the animals except Rex and Towser were very nervous.

"Here he is," cried Mabel, as she went forward to the opening in the grove; and just at that moment the great Wolf came moving through the grass in plain sight. The animals stared at him as hard as they could. Most of them had never seen a wolf before, and their hearts beat very fast. He seemed enormous, as he walked into the grove. His great thick legs, his big head and jaws, his sharp claws,

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

his big eyes, all looked fearful to them at first.

“Good afternoon, Wolf,” said Mabel. “You are just in time, and we are all very glad to see you. You know Rex and Towser; let me introduce you to the other animals. This is the Gray Rat; this is the Frog; here is the Mooly Cow, and the Kitty-Cat; and this is the Little Pig. I think you have met the Goat before.”

The Goat ducked his head, and looked embarrassed. He would have liked to run away; but the Wolf looked so pleasant that he felt better in a minute. All the animals noted how politely the Wolf smiled and bowed when he was introduced to them.

“Now,” said Mabel, “as you’re all here, I will have refreshments served. Towser, will you please go over to the kitchen-steps and bring the basket to me in your mouth?”

In a few minutes Towser was back again, carrying the basket which Mabel had very carefully got ready that morning. She took it from him, and opened the cover. The animals all looked interested. First, she took out something for the Wolf; because she thought it just

THE ANIMAL PARTY

as well to give him something to do. So she handed him a great roast-beef bone, with about two pounds of beef on it, almost raw. He was so glad to get it that he gave a big growl of joy. The animals all jumped. Then she took out some toasted cheese for the Gray Rat, a package of dried flies for the Frog, and some chop-bones for Towser. The Goat had three apples in a paper-bag. He ate the bag off very carefully first, and then began on the apples. Then she gave the Cow four large turnips, and brought out a bag of oats for Rex. At the bottom of the basket was a large square of pig-cake, that she had cooked herself for the Little Pig. It was made of bran and potato-peelings, mixed up together, and was stuck full of horse-chestnuts, which pigs like as much as children do plums in a pudding.

When the animals had had their food given them, they all fell to eating as fast as they could. They munched and chewed and nibbled, stopping now and then to chat; and Mabel was delighted to see that they were having a splendid time, all except the Frog. He seemed to be uneasy. He hitched his shoulders

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up, and rolled his eyes, and finally he stopped eating altogether, though he had only half finished his dried flies.

Mabel went up to him, to see what was the matter. Then she noticed that his skin had a curious cracked look, and that its green color had grown very dim.

“What’s the matter, Frog?” she asked softly so that no one could hear.

The Frog wriggled uneasily, and shifted about on his fore-paws, and then croaked out;

“No water!”

Mabel understood in a minute. She knew that he was not used to being out of the water for so long a time, and she saw that the skin was getting parched and dry on his back. She looked around. All the animals were busy eating and talking.

“Come,” she said, “I’ll give you some water.”

Then she took him quickly up in her hands, and slipped away with him to the house. She carried him upstairs very carefully into the bath-room, where there was a fine big tub lined with porcelain. The Frog looked into it eagerly, and then groaned.

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“No water!” croaked he.

“Oh, but there will be water,” said Mabel.
“I can have the tub full of it in a minute.”

The Frog looked doubtful. He did not see how she could fill the tub with water when there was no water there. He croaked sorrowfully.

“Now, see,” said Mabel, putting one hand on the faucet.

The Frog looked; she turned the handle, and, swish! a great stream of cold water began pouring into the bath-tub. The Frog was so surprised that he nearly fell out of her hand.

“Do you see that?” said Mabel, laughing.
The Frog thought that it was magic.

Pretty soon the tub was half full.

“Jump!” said Mabel.

The Frog gathered up his hind-legs and gave a jump — plunk! splash! down into the bath-tub. Oh, how good the cool water felt to him! He swam about, sometimes sinking to the bottom, and sometimes floating on the top, as happy as if he were in his own brook. When he had had a good swim, Mabel lifted him out, his skin all glistening and shiny with the water that dripped from his back, and carried him

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

carefully in a soap-dish back to the grove. Then he croaked in a contented sort of way, and nestled down in the grass to eat the rest of his dried flies with a splendid appetite.

The animals were now as much at home as could be. They walked about chatting together, and they were no longer afraid of the Good Wolf. They were even glad that he had come; because now they could tell all their friends how they had seen a real, live wolf, and how they had heard him talk. The Little Pig went up close to the Wolf, and walked all around him, looking at him very carefully; and the Gray Rat even went up behind him, and touched his hind-paw, so as to be able to say that it had actually felt of a Wolf.

About five o'clock the Mooly Cow noticed that the sun was going down, and knew that it was time for her to go home and be milked. So she went up to Mabel, and told her how she had enjoyed the party, and said good-bye. Next the Little Pig left, then the Frog, then the Kitty-Cat, and last the Wolf. Mabel's own animals then went to the back yard—Rex to his stable, Towser to his dog-house, the Goat



“ THEY HAD ALL HAD A SPLENDID TIME, AND SO
HAD MABEL ”

THE RHYME OF THE HOUSE

to the orchard, and the Gray Rat to the pump.
They had all had a splendid time, and so had
Mabel. She picked up the basket, and went
back to the house with a sigh of satisfaction.

“I think I’ve had a lovely party,” she said
to Grandma, as she went in at the door.

“Yes, I really think you have,” said
Grandma, who had watched the whole affair
rather anxiously from an upstairs window.

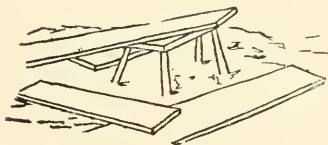
THE RHYME OF THE HOUSE

THIS is the house all
painted white
That the carpenter
buidled snug and
tight



To shelter the little children.

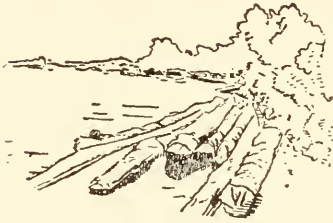
These are the boards that were planed just right
To use for the house
all painted white
That the carpenter
buidled snug and
tight



To shelter the little children.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

These are the logs of sturdy might



That were sawed
into boards that
were planed just
right

To use for the house
all painted white,

That the carpenter builded snug and tight
To shelter the little children.

These are the trees that the axe so bright
Chopped into logs of sturdy
might,

That were sawed into boards
that were planed just
right,

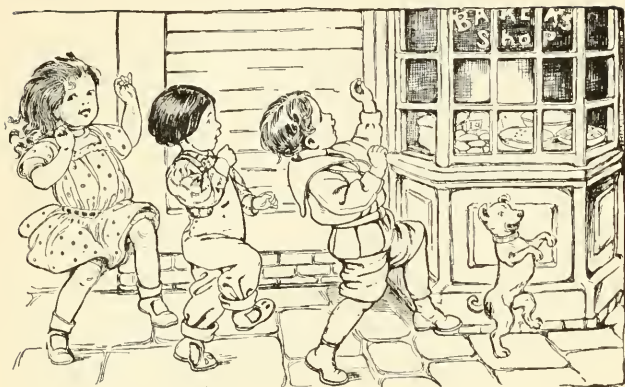
To use for the house all
painted white

That the carpenter builded snug and tight
To shelter the little children.



Grace L. Klock

TO THE BAKER'S SHOP
TO THE BAKER'S SHOP



A HIPPIITY hippity hop! Heigh-ho!
Away to the baker's shop we go!
The baker makes buns;
They are two for a penny.
If you have n't the money,
You cannot get any.
A hippity hippity hop!

Anonymous

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

BABY'S SUPPER

“WHO'LL give Baby his supper?”

“I,” said Mamma; “the table I'll spread,
And bring from the pantry the milk and the
bread,
And Baby shall have his supper.”

“Who'll give Baby his supper?”

“I,” said Molly, who lives at the farm,
“I'll milk the cow that stands in the barn,
And Baby shall have his supper.”

“Who'll give Baby his supper?”

“I,” said the rustling, fragrant hay;
“I'll feed the cow from day to day,
And Baby shall have his supper.”

“Who'll give Baby his supper?”

“I,” said Peter; “the grass I'll mow,
And make the hay in the barn to stow,
And Baby shall have his supper.”

“Who'll give Baby his supper?”

“I,” said the horse; “I'll do my part;

HUNGRY-BOY

I'll draw the hay Peter puts on the cart,
And Baby shall have his supper."

"Who'll give Baby his supper?"

"I," said the rain; "in the ground I will sink,
And give to the grass roots many a drink
That Baby shall have his supper."

"Who'll give Baby his supper?"

"I," said the sun; "I'll shine all day,
To make the grass grow and ripen for hay,
And Baby shall have his supper."

"Who'll give Baby his supper?"

Mother, and Peter, and Molly, the maid,
The cow, and the field where the good hay is
made
Help to give Baby his supper.

Lucy Wheelock

HUNGRY-BOY

By Susan S. Harriman

ONCE there was a little boy who was called Hungry-Boy. Of course that was not his real name. He must have had another name to use at school, and to write when he was a grown-up

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

man. But I can tell you why he was called Hungry-Boy. It was because every time he came for dinner he said, "Oh, Mother! I am so hungry"; until at last she used to say, "Here comes Hungry-Boy." But she knew he must be hungry, because he played so hard and went so many errands for her; because he always ran so fast, and especially because he grew so fast.

Every day there was one particular errand for Hungry-Boy, and that was to go to the baker's for a loaf of bread. Sometimes he went before breakfast, sometimes at noon. But one day he went just before supper, and when he looked at the baker's window it was empty. And when he went in and asked for a loaf of bread, the baker said:

"I'm sorry, Hungry-Boy, but I have sold every loaf."

Hungry-Boy did not know what to do and on the way home he thought, "I know Mother can make biscuits to-night and there will be more bread at the baker's to-morrow; but suppose — just suppose — there should n't be more bread, what *would* we all do?"

HUNGRY-BOY

Now Hungry-Boy did not know how many friends he and all other children have in the world. He did not know that farmers everywhere were hearing the wind say:

“Farmer, farmer, sow the wheat,
Hungry-Boy needs bread to eat”;

and that every farmer was starting out with his strong horses to plough the fields. They turned over the earth till it lay in furrows to be warmed and dried by the spring wind and the sunshine.

And this was just what Farmer Goodheart was doing the day Hungry-Boy could not buy a loaf of bread. And a few days later when the earth was dry and warm, Farmer Goodheart harrowed it till it was smooth. Then he said, “Now I must plant,” and he scattered great baskets of wheat-seed over the brown earth. Then as he finished, he looked up at the sky and said:

‘Clouds give rain, and sun give heat,
Hungry-Boy needs bread to eat.’

Then he went home to his supper and to sleep after his hard work.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

A week later he went to look at his field and it was no longer brown, for the wheat was growing; and every week it was taller and thicker till at the end of the summer it had turned golden-yellow and every little plant held at the top a little handful of wheat-seed. As Farmer Goodheart looked at it, it seemed to say:

“Farmer, farmer, cut the wheat,
Hungry-Boy needs bread to eat.”

So he called his men and horses and they cut the wheat and carried it to the barn and threshed it till all the wheat-seeds came out. “What a fine lot of wheat,” said the farmer, and as he gathered it into bags he called:

“Miller, miller, grind the wheat,
Hungry-Boy needs bread to eat”;

and the miller said, “The mill is ready,” and soon the great wheels began to turn, and the heavy rollers began to crush the wheat till it came out all fine and white. “Fine flour for bread,” said the miller; and as he poured it into barrels, he called:

“Baker, baker, your ovens heat,
Hungry-Boy needs bread to eat.”

TO THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP

So the baker made the flour into bread and put it into the hot oven, and soon his window was full of brown loaves for Hungry-Boy to buy.

The best of the whole story is that everywhere there are farmers and millers and bakers working from morning till night to feed hungry-boys.

TO THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP



A HIPPIITY hippity hop! Heigh-ho!
Away to the blacksmith's shop we go!
If you have a pony
That's lost a shoe,

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

You can get her another
All shining and new.
A hippity hippity hop!

Anonymous

THE LITTLE GRAY PONY

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, up hill and down hill; and one day he heard something fall with a clang on a stone in the road. Looking back, he

THE LITTLE GRAY PONY

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 hindfeet, 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.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

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.”

THE LITTLE GRAY PONY

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

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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!

OLD JAN THE COBBLER

OLD JAN THE COBBLER

Anonymous

IN a little old village far away in a land beyond the sea, there lived a little old shoemaker and his little old wife.

Everybody in the village called the little old man Old Jan the Cobbler. It seemed as if he had always been old. It seemed as if he had always been in the little old village.

Old Jan had made tiny soft shoes for the little babies. When they had grown old enough to go to school, he had made their strong, heavy school shoes. When they had grown to be men and women, he had made their fine, soft leather shoes and their soft kid dancing-slippers. Now some of them were old men and women, and Old Jan the Cobbler was still making shoes for them.

But even though he had made all these shoes, Old Jan was not rich. Indeed, he was very poor, for when any one came into his little shop to have a pair of shoes made, Old Jan would take only a few pennies over what the leather had cost him. He gave his work for almost nothing.

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In this way he became so poor that at last he had only just enough leather left to make one more pair of shoes.

“Well, wife,” said Old Jan one evening, “after all these years of hard work we have come in our old days to nothing. This is the last piece of leather I have, and there is no money to buy more.”

The old couple were sitting in their little shop that had once been the parlor of their little old house. Old Jan, in cap and leather apron, was sitting before his workbench, while his little old wife, seated in a rocker before the small fire that kept the little shop warm, was busily knitting a pair of warm woolen stockings for her husband.

She dropped her knitting and turned quickly toward Old Jan as he spoke.

“Is that all there is left?” she cried. “Oh, Jan, what shall we do? We are both too old to seek other work; indeed, no one would hire us. What shall we do? Oh, to think that we must starve in our old days!” And the poor little old woman began to cry bitterly.

“Never mind; don’t cry, wife,” said Old

OLD JAN THE COBBLER

Jan, and he got up from his workbench and went to comfort his little old wife. "Don't cry! A way will be found. I have not given all these years of honest work for nothing. Something is sure to happen to help us out of our trouble. We will hope for the best."

Then Old Jan went back to his workbench. He cut out a pair of shoes from his last piece of leather and laid them upon the bench, ready to be made the first thing in the morning. Then he and his wife went to bed.

Poor little old couple! they were both too proud to ask their neighbors for help. Yet their neighbors would gladly have helped them, for everybody loved Old Jan the Cobbler and his little old wife.

Early the next morning, almost before the sun was up and there was light enough to see, Old Jan arose and went into his little shop.

What was his surprise to find the pair of shoes that he had cut out the night before lying upon his workbench, all finished and beautifully made! Old Jan rubbed his eyes.

"Am I still asleep and dreaming?" he cried.

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But, no! for there were the finished shoes upon his workbench.

He took them up in his hands and felt of them here and there. What wonderful work! What beautiful seams, so finely and firmly stitched!

“Wife, wife!” he called, “come and see what wonder work is this!”

“Who could have done it?” said his wife, as she looked at the beautiful shoes. “No one in the village could have stitched such fine, firm seams. Who could have done it?”

Old Jan shook his head. “I don’t know,” he said. “Perhaps a way has been found.” And he carefully placed the wonderful shoes in the show window of his little shop.

Many of the village folk passed Old Jan’s house that day, and each and all stopped to look at the shoes that had been placed so carefully in the show window of his little shop. They looked and nodded and spoke to one another.

“Old Jan is doing better work than ever,” they said. “How beautifully those shoes are made! How finely and firmly the seams are stitched!”

OLD JAN THE COBBLER

Soon a customer came into the little shop. "Those are very fine shoes you have in the window, Old Jan," said he. "If they fit me, I'll buy them and pay you well for them."

Old Jan carefully lifted the wonderful shoes from the show window and brought them to the customer.

The shoes fitted the man exactly; indeed, they fitted him as if they had been made just for him. He was so pleased with the shoes that he paid Old Jan twice as much money as he had asked for them.

With this money the old cobbler bought leather enough to make two pairs of shoes. He cut out the shoes in the evening and laid them upon his workbench ready to be made the first thing in the morning. But when he arose and went into the little shop the next morning, he found the two pairs of shoes all finished and beautifully made!

"Some one is surely helping us out in our old days," said Old Jan. "Surely a way has been found." Then he carefully placed the two pairs of shoes in the window of the little shop.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Before the day was over the shoes were sold. Strange to say, they had fitted exactly the two customers who had come into the shop to buy them, and so pleased were these men with the shoes that they had paid Old Jan twice as much money as he had asked for them.

Old Jan now bought leather enough to make four pairs of shoes. He cut them out in the



evening and laid them upon his workbench as before, and in the morning there were the four pairs of shoes all finished and ready to sell.

This went on for some time. Each night the old cobbler would cut out the shoes, and each

OLD JAN THE COBBLER

morning he would find them ready to put in the show window. It was not long before the old couple were living in comfort again.

“I should like to know who is so good to us,” said Old Jan, as he and his little old wife sat by their cozy fire one evening.

“We can very easily find out who is helping us,” answered his wife. “To-night cut out the shoes and put them upon the bench as you have always done. Then, instead of going to bed, let us hide behind the curtain, and in that way we shall see who these good people are.”

So Old Jan cut out a pair of shoes and laid them upon his workbench. Then he and his wife hid behind the curtain and waited.

Just as the clock struck twelve the door of the little shop opened. Into the room, without a sound, came two tiny elves. They were shivering and shaking with the cold, for what clothes they had on were all in rags.

They softly tiptoed over to the fire, which was still burning brightly, and put out their tiny hands to warm them.

“The Good People!” whispered Old Jan to his wife, his eyes round with wonder. “The

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Good People from the caves in the mountains!”

The elves quickly and quietly went to the workbench and took up the shoes that Old Jan had cut out. They worked without a sound and so quickly that you could hardly see their fingers. Stitch, stitch, stitch! the needles fairly flew over the seams. Almost before the old couple had a chance to see them at work, the elves had finished the shoes and were gone!

“Do you remember when we were children how the old people used to tell of the elves that lived in the caves up in the mountains?” said Old Jan, as they came from behind the curtain.

“Yes,” said his wife. “I remember hearing my grandmother say that the Good People often came down to the village to help the poor. But no one has seen them since then, and I thought that they had gone to other lands long ago.”

“It seems not,” said Old Jan. “They were down in the village that night when I cut out what I thought was my last pair of shoes.”

OLD JAN THE COBBLER

“Oh, the dear, kind Good People!” said his wife. “How they have helped us!”

“I wonder if there is any way in which we can help them?” said Old Jan.

“Yes, I think there is,” said his wife. “Did you see how they shivered with the cold when they came in, and how ragged their clothes are? I shall make each of them a suit of clothes.”

“I’ll make them some shoes!” said Old Jan.

So the next day the grateful old couple went to work, and by evening the two suits of clothes and the two pairs of shoes were ready. Old Jan put them upon the bench where he had always put the shoes. Then he and his wife hid behind the curtain and waited for the elves.

At midnight the door of the shop opened and the elves softly tiptoed into the room. They went to the fire to warm themselves as before, then hurried over to the workbench.

Nothing was to be seen but the two pairs of shoes and the little suits of clothes. The elves looked at each other and wrinkled their tiny brows. Then one little man picked up the coat of one of the suits. He tried it on. It fitted

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him exactly! The other little elf tried on the other coat. That, too, was just right!

Then the little men understood. Off came their ragged clothes, and in a twinkling they had put on the new clothes and shoes.

How happy they were! They danced and sang about the little shop.

Just then the old couple peeped out from



the curtain. The elves saw them. "Thank you, kind people!" they sang, and then they danced out of the little old shop and were never seen again. But Old Jan and his little old wife never wanted for money so long as they lived.

THE LITTLE STEAM ENGINE

THE LITTLE STEAM ENGINE

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 some one 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

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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

THE LITTLE STEAM ENGINE

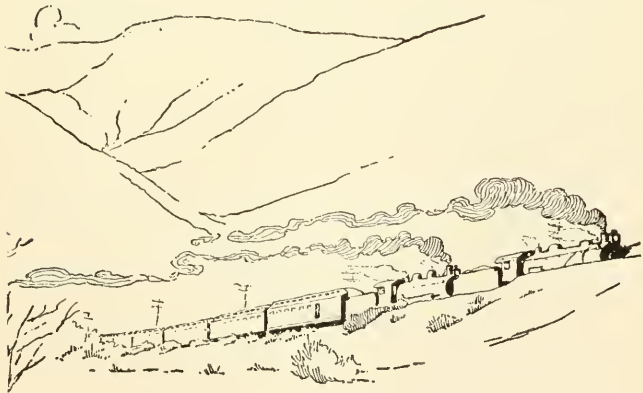
off she went. Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Choo, choo! —

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.

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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 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 HILLMAN AND THE HOUSEWIFE

THE HILLMAN AND THE HOUSE- WIFE

By Juliana Horatia Ewing (adapted)

IT is well known that the Fairy People cannot abide meanness. They like to be liberally dealt with when they beg or borrow of the human race; and, on the other hand, to those who come to them in need, they are invariably generous.

Now there once lived a certain housewife who had a sharp eye to her own interests, and gave alms of what she had no use for, hoping to get some reward in return. One day a Hillman knocked at her door.

“Can you lend us a saucepan, good mother?” said he. “There’s a wedding on the hill, and all the pots are in use.”

“Is he to have one?” asked the servant lass who had opened the door.

“Aye, to be sure,” answered the housewife; “one must be neighborly.”

But when the maid was taking a saucepan from the shelf, the housewife pinched her arm and whispered sharply: “Not that, you good-

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for-nothing! Get the old one out of the cupboard. It leaks, and the Hillmen are so neat, and such nimble workers, that they are sure to mend it before they send it home. So one obliges the Fairy People, and saves sixpence in tinkering!”

Thus bidden the maid fetched the saucepan, which had been laid by until the tinker's next visit, and gave it to the Hillman, who thanked her and went away.

In due time the saucepan was returned, and, as the housewife had foreseen, it was neatly mended and ready for use.

At supper-time the maid filled the pan with milk, and set it on the fire for the children's supper.

But in a few minutes the milk was so burnt and smoked that no one could touch it, and even the pigs refused to drink it.

“Ah, good-for-nothing hussy!” cried the housewife, as she refilled the pan herself, “you would ruin the richest with your carelessness! There's a whole quart of good milk wasted at once!”

“*And that 's twopence!*” cried a voice that

THE HILLMAN AND THE HOUSEWIFE

seemed to come from the chimney, in a whining tone, like some discontented old body going over her grievances.

The housewife had not left the saucepan for two minutes, when the milk boiled over, and it was all burnt and smoked as before.

“The pan must be dirty,” muttered the good woman in vexation, “and there are two full quarts of milk as good as thrown to the dogs.”

“*And that ’s fourpence!*” added the voice in the chimney.

After a thorough cleaning, the saucepan was once more filled and set on the fire, but with no better success. The milk boiled over again, and was hopelessly spoiled. The housewife shed tears of anger at the waste and cried:

“Never before did such a thing befall me since I kept house! Three quarts of new milk burnt for one meal.”

“*And that ’s sixpence!*” cried the voice in the chimney. “You did n’t save the tinkering after all, mother!”

With that the Hillman himself came tum-

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bling down from the chimney, and went off laughing through the door.

But from then on the saucepan was as good as any other.

HOFUS THE STONE-CUTTER

A Japanese Fairy Tale

ONCE upon a time in Japan, there was a poor stone-cutter, named Hofus, who used to go every day to the mountain-side to cut great blocks of stone. He lived near the mountain in a little stone hut, and worked hard and was happy.

One day he took a load of stone to the house of a rich man. There he saw so many beautiful things that when he went back to his mountain he could think of nothing else. Then he began to wish that he, too, might sleep in a bed as soft as down, with curtains of silk, and tassels of gold. And he sighed:

“Ah me! Ah me!

If Hofus only were rich as he!”

To his surprise, the voice of the Mountain Spirit answered:

“Have thou thy wish!”

HOFUS THE STONE-CUTTER

When Hofus returned home that evening his little hut was gone, and in its place stood a great palace. It was filled with beautiful things, and the best of all was a bed of down, with curtains of silk and tassels of gold.

Hofus decided to work no more. But he was not used to being idle, and time passed slowly — the days seemed very long.

One day as he sat by the window he saw a carriage dash past. It was drawn by snow-white horses. In it sat a prince, while before and behind were servants in suits of blue and white. One was holding a golden umbrella over the prince.

When the stone-cutter saw this, he began to feel unhappy, and he sighed:

“Ah me! Ah me!

If Hofus only a prince might be!”

And again the same voice that he had heard on the mountain answered:

“Be thou a prince!”

Straightway Hofus was a prince. He had servants dressed in crimson and gold, and he rode in a carriage with a golden umbrella over his head.

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For a short time he was happy, but one day, as he walked in the garden, he saw that the flowers were drooping, the grass was dry and brown. And when he rode out he felt the hot sun burn him in spite of his umbrella.

“The sun is mightier than I,” thought he, and then he sighed:

“Ah me! Ah me!

If Hofus only the sun might be!”

And the voice answered:

“Be thou the sun!”

Straightway the great sun he became. He burned the grass and rice-fields, he dried up the streams. Rich and poor alike suffered from the terrible heat.

One day a cloud came and rested in front of him, and hid the earth from his sight. He was angry and cried:

“Ah me! Ah me!

If Hofus only a cloud might be!”

And the voice answered:

“Be thou a cloud!”

Straightway a cloud he became. He floated before the face of the sun, and hid the earth from it.

HOFUS THE STONE-CUTTER

Then day after day the cloud dropped rain. The rivers overflowed, and the rice-fields were covered with water. Towns were swept away. Only the great rocks on the mountain-side stood unmoved midst the flood.

The cloud looked at them in wonder, then he sighed:

“Ah me! Ah me!
If Hofus only a rock might be!”

And the voice answered:

“Be thou a rock!”

Straightway a rock he became. Proudly he stood. The sun could not burn him and the rain could not move him.

“Now, at last,” he said, “no one is mightier than I.”

But one day he was waked from his dreams by a noise — tap! tap! tap! — down at his feet. He looked and there was a stone-cutter driving his tool into the rock. Another blow and the great rock shivered; a block of stone broke away.

“That man is mightier than I!” cried Hofus, and he sighed:

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“ Ah me! Ah me!

If Hofus only the man might be!”

And the voice answered:

“ Be thou thyself!”

And straightway Hofus was himself again — a poor stone-cutter, working all day upon the mountain-side, and going home at night to his little hut. But he was content and happy, and never again did he wish to be other than Hofus the stone-cutter.



BETTY'S DOLLY

Anonymous

This is Betty's Dolly.
Betty sings this song.



THIS IS THE WAY

This is the way
I wash her clothes,
Wash her clothes,

BETTY'S DOLLY

Wash her clothes;
This is the way
I wash her clothes,
So early in the morning.



This is the way
I iron her clothes,
Iron her clothes,
Iron her clothes;
This is the way
I iron her clothes,
So early in the morning.



This is the way
I scrub her floor,
Scrub her floor,
Scrub her floor;
This is the way
I scrub her floor,
So early in the morning.

This is the way
I sweep her house,
Sweep her house,
Sweep her house;
This is the way



STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN



I sweep her house,
So early in the morning.

This is the way
I bake her cake,
Bake her cake,
Bake her cake;
This is the way
I bake her cake,
So early in the morning.



This is the way
I take her to call,
Take her to call,
Take her to call;
This is the way
I take her to call,
So early in the morning.



This is the way
I take her to ride,
Take her to ride,
Take her to ride;
This is the way
I take her to ride,
So early in the morning.

A VOCATION

KITTY-TOWN

KITTY has built a wonderful town;
And now she is sauntering up and down,
Proudly admiring her perfect street,
With mill and town-hall quite complete;
With trees and hedges and a gate,
And all laid out so nice and straight!
Is n't it rather clever of Kitty
To build such a wonderful city?

R. H. Elkin

A VOCATION

LET those who will
The hammer ply,
And others make
The sawdust fly.
It is all
The same to me
If I can
A painter be.

Paint I think
Is lovely stuff.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

If I ever
Had enough,
I would go
Around and sing
While I painted
Everything.

I would paint
The barns and walls
And churches
And the city halls
And all the houses
Every one,
And start again
Where I'd begun.

And when I'm grown,
Soon as I can,
I mean to be
A painter-man.
I'd give up
My milk and bread
If they'd let
Me paint instead.

Ralph Bergengren

BLOCK CITY

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 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?

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

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.

Robert Louis Stevenson

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 bedclothes, 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,

BOBBY'S MUD-PIE MAN

And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

Robert Louis Stevenson

BOBBY'S MUD-PIE MAN

By Isa L. Wright

BOBBY and Betty were making mud pies in the back yard. There was nice red clay there and it made the nicest kind of pies that you could roll out with a rolling-pin. Betty was six years old, but Bobby was only four. Nevertheless, he made just as round, trim pies as one could wish to see. Of course they made them just as Mother did, and they said, as they rolled them out, just what Mother said when they watched her making pies:

“Round as the Moon a pie should be,
With eyes and nose and mouth, you see,
And good things, too, to make it sweet,
And fit for any king to eat.”

Bobby yawned as he rolled out a very, VERY big pie.

It was past the children's nap-time. “Mine

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

is a King Pie," he said, and he blinked his eyes sleepily.

Their mother came to the door. "It's nap-time, children," she called. "Come in and climb up on the bed. I am going to the store."

"Yes, Mother," they called back; and they both jumped up and put the mud pies out on a box in the sun to bake. Then Betty turned to go.

"I'll just watch them for a minute," said Bobby, "to be sure they do not burn." Then he yawned again and leaned against the chestnut tree.

"Don't you run away, Little Pies, till I come back," called Betty.

Bobby laughed. "Mud pies run away! How could mud pies run?"

He blinked his eyes as he heard Betty's shoes drop on the floor.

Then he laughed again. What a funny thing to say! Mud pies could n't run away. Of course they could n't.

"Why not?" said a strange voice from somewhere.

BOBBY'S MUD-PIE MAN

Bobby looked all around. There was nobody in sight.

"Why not, I say?" asked the same voice again.

"Oh, I don't know," said Bobby. "I guess because they have n't any legs or feet."

"No legs or feet?" The strange Somebody was laughing. "Just look!"

And then right before Bobby's very eyes, that biggest mud pie on the box thrust out his two legs with two feet on them.

Bobby opened his eyes wide. "I did n't know mud pies had feet," he said.

"Of course you did n't," said the Mud-Pie Man. "There are lots of things a little boy does n't know. Besides I did not have them until the sun grew them for me."

"The sun?" Bobby repeated.

"Of course the sun. Does n't the sun grow the flowers and put green in the leaves?"

"Yes," said Bobby.

The Mud-Pie Man stretched his legs. "They are strong enough to run with right now," he announced. And quick as a wink, he jumped down from the box, seized Bobby

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

by the hand, and whisked him across the lawn through the front yard and down the street. Then he stopped a minute and squinted up at the sky. And all of a sudden it was not day any more. The moon was shining.

“Do you see any clouds around the moon?” asked the Mud-Pie Man. “I can’t see very well. You gave me only one eye. But never mind. I’ll do the best I can with that. I am very grateful to you for making me. Are there any clouds around the moon?”

“No,” said Bobby. “And I’m sorry I gave you only one eye.”

“It does n’t matter,” replied the Mud-Pie Man. “I can get along very well with this one. It will grow bigger. And, besides, I can have the head artist paint me a blue one when we get there. I am very fond of blue eyes.”

“Oh!” said Bobby.

“Also, we are rather late,” went on the Mud-Pie Man. “So come on. They are waiting for us. I can see that even with one eye.”

“Who is waiting for us?” said Bobby.

“Why, the party, of course. A birthday

BOBBY'S MUD-PIE MAN

party does n't begin till every one is there, does it?" The Mud-Pie Man looked at Bobby and smiled out of his one eye.

"I did n't know we were going to a party," Bobby replied.

"Of course you did n't," laughed the Mud-Pie Man. "I did n't know it myself till a few minutes ago."

Then he lifted Bobby up onto a moonbeam and away they sailed.

"I think it is lots of fun to go to a birthday party," said Bobby.

"So do I," answered the Mud-Pie Man, "and I am much obliged to you for giving me a birthday." And there they were at the big, big door of the moon.

The Moon Man himself opened it. He had little black, beady eyes and white whiskers, as long as Santa Claus's.

"Welcome to Moonland!" he shouted, as he shook hands with Bobby.

Then he bowed low to the Mud-Pie Man.

"Did you tell Bobby why you brought him here?" he asked.

"No," said the Mud-Pie Man; "I kept it

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

for a surprise. Everybody enjoys a surprise.”

From away back somewhere, a bell began to ring.

“Enter!” said the Moon Man. That was the way they talked in the story Mother read to Bobby the night before. He remembered it now.

The big moon door swung wider open and there in a long banquet hall was a well-set table with chairs of all sizes around it. Behind each chair stood a Mud-Pie Man. There were dozens of them. But not one of all the dozens was as big and fat and fine-looking as the one Bobby had made.

The Moon Man gave his arm a flourish and stepped behind a big chair. For you must know that the Moon Man is not little. “This is Bobby,” he said to all the tableful of Mud-Pie Men. And every one of them, little and big and black and brown and gray, saluted the little boy in very grand fashion. The only thing Bobby could think to say was “Thank you!” but he said it very bravely, though he felt rather strange with so many Mud-Pie Men

BOBBY'S MUD-PIE MAN

all looking at him. Every one of them had two eyes, too. "I wish I had given my Mud-Pie Man two eyes," he thought again.

Then the Moon Man lifted Bobby's Mud-Pie Man up into a great gold chair and everybody stood very still. Even the clock stopped ticking.

"Have you decided what you will name him?" asked the Moon Man of Bobby.

Bobby thought a minute. The boy next door to him had a dog just the color of the Mud-Pie Man. "I'd like to call him 'Dubs.'" Bobby spoke very loud. All the tableful of Mud-Pie Men bowed their heads and said very softly and reverently, "Dubs, Dubs."

"You are his Godfather," said the Moon Man, handing Bobby a small gold crown. Then he whispered something.

Bobby lifted the gold crown onto the Mud-Pie Man's head and said: "I crown you, Dubs, King of all the world of Mud-Pie Men."

"Hail! Hail!" said the tableful of Mud-Pie Men. "Hail to Dubs, King of all the world of Mud-Pie Men!"

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Then they all sat down and ate bread and jam.

"I am very glad you made my mouth so big," said King Dubs. "I am very fond of bread and jam."

"So am I," replied Bobby. "My mother gives it to me for lunch nearly every day."

"I believe I hear some one calling you, Bobby," said the Moon Man, helping himself to some more jam.

"I think it must be my mother," said the little boy. "She wants me to take my nap."

"Of course," said King Dubs; "and now that you mention it, I feel like taking a nap myself." And he blinked his one eye at Bobby and smiled.

"I wish I had given you two eyes," Bobby said, looking very hard at King Dubs. And then — would you believe it — it was Mother's eyes that he was looking at, and he was not in the moon at all, but in his own yard.

"Why, Bobby," Mother was saying, "you have been sound asleep against the chestnut tree. What a funny place for a nap!"

Bobby rubbed his eyes and blinked them

ELAINE'S VALENTINES

hard. Then he looked over at the box. There was the biggest Mud-Pie Man, and he looked as though he were asleep. Yes, he had only one eye. Bobby turned back to Mother.

“When King Dubs wakes up, I shall paint him another eye.”

“Yes,” said Mother. “What color do you think you will make it?”

“Why, blue, of course,” smiled Bobby. “King Dubs is very fond of blue eyes.”

ELAINE'S VALENTINES

By Elizabeth Thompson Dillingham

It was Valentine's Day, and Cupid was dancing his way through the woods. Cupid, you know, is like a baby angel, with snowy wings and curly hair. He always carries a dear little bow and a quiver of arrows.

As he came out of the woods, he met a pussy cat. “Good-day, Mrs. Cat,” said Cupid. “Have you sent a valentine yet?”

“A valentine! Pray, what is that?” asked the cat in surprise.

“It's something you send to one you love.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

This is Valentine's Day, O Pussy Cat mine! All the world is sending tokens fair and fine. I pray thee, send a valentine." And the funny little boy shot an arrow into the air, and was about to fly after it, when the cat cried, "Wait a minute, pretty Cupid. Will you not help me?"

"I'm sorry," smiled Cupid, "but I only put the thoughts into people's hearts, and they do the rest. I'll write some verses for you, though," he added, "and leave them here by this oak tree." And with that he spread his wings and flew away, while the cat gazed after him.

"There's no one I love better than little Elaine, and she's sick," she said. "I believe I can send her something."

She turned to go back to the barn, and was picking her way carefully over the snowy path, when she met a squirrel.

"Good-day, Mrs. Cat," said he. "Where are you going?"

"To find a valentine for little sick Elaine," said the cat.

"What's a valentine?" asked the squirrel.

ELAINE'S VALENTINES

“It’s something you send to one you love.”

“There’s no one I love better than little Elaine,” said the squirrel. “When she was well, she fed me every day. I’ll send her a valentine.”

“Very well,” said the cat. “Meet me under the big oak tree at the edge of the woods.”

They hurried away, and soon the cat met a robin.

“Where are you going?” asked the robin.

“To find a valentine for little sick Elaine.”

“Elaine sick!” cried the robin. “That explains why she has n’t thrown out any crumbs for me. I began to be sorry I had n’t gone South this winter. I’ll get a valentine for her. Only wait for me.”

And away he flew, straight off toward the sunny South.

When the cat reached the barn, she ran up the stairs to the loft.

“Coo-a-roo, coo-a-roo,” said the pigeons who lived under the roof, and out of the window they flew, all but one beautiful snow-white dove that watched to see what Mrs. Pussy Cat was about to do.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Straight to a pile of hay she went, and, jumping up, "Purr-rr!" she said. There was a soft little rustling sound, and three baby kittens sat up in the hay. "Miew," said the little gray kitten. "Miew," said the little black one. "Miew," said the little yellow one.

Their mother looked them over carefully. Then she took the tiny black one in her mouth. "Come, my child," she said; "you are to be Elaine's valentine."

The black kitten shut its eyes and kept very still while Mrs. Pussy Cat hurried down the steep stairs, out of the barn, and along the path to the big oak tree at the edge of the woods. The snow-white dove flew along, too, just overhead, and there, under the tree, the squirrel was waiting.

"Churr-rr, churr-rr," he said. "See these fine chestnuts I found in my pantry for Elaine!"

"Purr-rr, purr-rr," said Mrs. Pussy Cat, putting the little black kitten down on some soft moss. "Here is my valentine for Elaine."

"Miew," said the little black kitten.

"Cheer up, cheer up," sang the robin, flying

ELAINE'S VALENTINES

through the woods. In his beak he carried a great red rose. "Straight from the sunny South," said he.

"Coo-a-roo, coo-a-roo, I love Elaine, too. What shall I do?" sang the dove.

"You shall carry the valentine verses that Cupid promised to write," said the cat, looking all about the oak tree. "There they are. See the little white letter up high on that branch!"

They all looked up, and there was a tiny letter tied with a red ribbon and fastened to the tree by a little golden arrow.

"I'll get it," said the dove, and, flying up, she slipped the red ribbon over her head and found she could carry the note very easily.

Then off they started — the cat, the squirrel, the robin, and the snow-white dove, each with a gift for little sick Elaine.

At the house they stopped, and the robin flew to Elaine's half-open window. "She's asleep," he called softly. "Let's go in and leave our valentines on her bed."

No sooner said than done, and then they all hurried away.

The robin called back through the window,

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“Cheer up, wake up, wake up!” Then he too flew away.

Elaine opened her eyes and looked and looked, for there on her bed were four fat, shiny chestnuts, a great red rose, a dear little black kitten, and a tiny letter which read:

“Little friend, so kind and true,
These valentines we send to you
Our very dearest love to tell.
We hope that you will soon be well.”

Elaine caught up the pussy and hugged it close. “Oh, oh, oh!” she cried.

“Miew,” said the little black kitten.

OUR FLAG

By J. Helen Kenyon

WHEN you see the flag waving in the sky remember that the colors mean something.

The red says, “Be brave.”

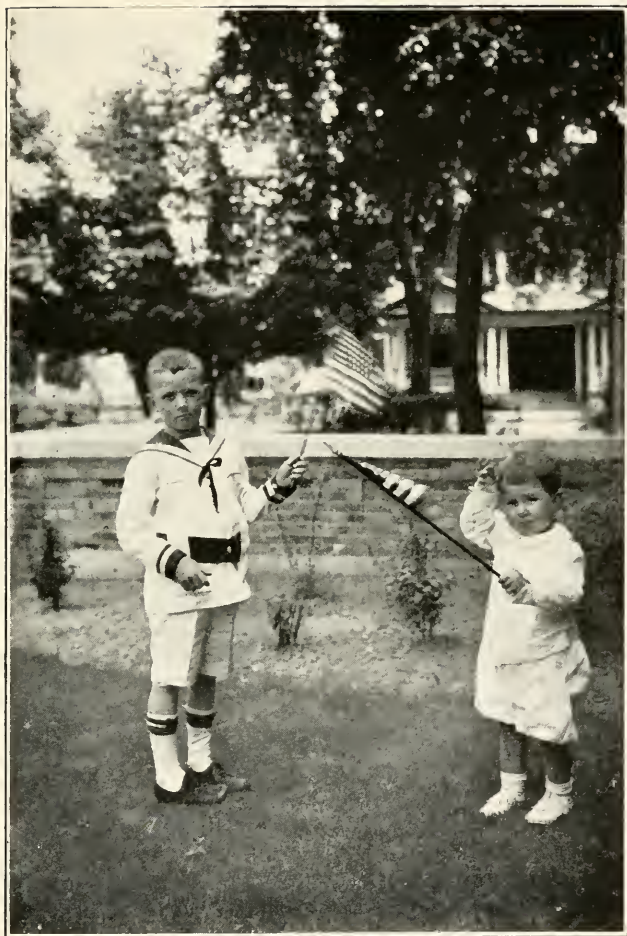
The white says, “Be pure.”

The blue says, “Be true.”

What State do you live in?

There is a star for every State.

Count the stars on the flag.



SALUTING THE FLAG

NEW YORK
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1894

OUR FLAG

You have a birthday every year. So has the flag.

The birthday of the flag comes on June 14th.

To show how happy and proud we are to have a flag that tells us to be brave, and pure, and true, we put it out and look at the beautiful colors.

We try to be just what it tells us to be.

When we salute the flag it means that we give our hands, our heads, and our hearts to America.

America is our own country.

It is the country that we love.

We call our flag the flag of the free.

When we sing the "Star-Spangled Banner" we say:

"Oh, long may it wave,

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

We must never let the flag fall to the ground.

We must love and obey what it tells us to do as we love and obey our fathers and mothers.

When the flag goes by we must remember what a poet who loves it says:

"Hats off!

The flag is passing by!"

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

A HALLOWE'EN STORY

By Elizabeth Thompson Dillingham

ONCE upon a time a big orange pumpkin was growing just outside a stone wall, far off in a field, all alone. The farmer had gathered all *his* pumpkins and stored them carefully in his great barn. But no one knew of the big orange pumpkin growing just outside the wall, all alone. The big orange pumpkin was lonely.

"I wish I belonged to some one," said he.

"Miew, miew! I do, too," cried a little black pussy cat, stretching herself and jumping down from the stone wall where she had been sleeping.

"It will soon be winter," said the big orange pumpkin; "let's go find some one to belong to."

"Yes, let's do," said the little black cat eagerly. "I want to belong to a little girl with a sweet face and shining eyes."

"And I," said the big orange pumpkin, "want to belong to a jolly little boy who whistles and sings when he works. Let's hurry right away to find them."

A HALLOWE'EN STORY

“Yes, let’s do,” said the little black cat.

So off they started — the big orange pumpkin rolling and tumbling along, and chuckling to himself as he went, and the little black cat pit-patting along on her soft little cushions, purring because she was happy.

On and on they went, over the fields and through the woods. It began to grow cold, oh, so cold, and dark too. The little black cat shivered as the wind whistled through the trees.

“See here,” said the big orange pumpkin, “you can’t sleep outdoors to-night. What shall we do?”

Just then they saw a man coming along the path with a bundle of wood on his back.

“Ho, Mr. Woodcutter!” cried the pumpkin, “have you a knife?”

“That I have,” said the merry woodsman. “What can I do for you, my fine fellow?”

“Just cut off a piece of my shell where the stem is, and scoop out some of my seeds, if you please,” said the pumpkin.

No sooner said than done.

“There, my little black pussy cat,” said the

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

pumpkin, "when you wish to sleep to-night, you may curl inside and be as warm as a sun-beam."

"But will you not come home with me?" asked the woodsman.

"Have you a little girl with a sweet face and shining eyes?" asked the little black pussy cat.

"Have you a jolly little boy who whistles and sings when he works?" asked the big orange pumpkin.

"No, ah, no," said the woodsman, "but I have a pig and some hens."

"Then we'll go on," said the pumpkin, "but thank you kindly."

So on they went, and on, until the stars began to shine. Then the tired little pussy cat curled in her hollow nest, put on the cover, and went to sleep.

In the morning they went on again, but before long it began to rain. The pussy cat's soft fur was soon very wet.

"You poor little thing," said the big orange pumpkin; "curl inside your house and I will trundle you along."

"But it's so dark inside, and I could n't see

A HALLOWE'EN STORY

where we were going," cried the pussy cat, holding up a tiny, dripping paw.

"Windows!" cried the pumpkin. "Of course, windows! How stupid of me! Wait here under this fence, my little friend, until I come back."

Then off he hurried across the road to a carpenter's shop.

"Ho, Mr. Carpenter!" cried the pumpkin, "have you a knife?"

"That I have," said the jolly carpenter. "What can I do for you, my fine fellow?"

"Just cut some windows for me, if you please."

So the carpenter took a sharp knife and cut four windows — just like a face he made them, two for eyes, one for a nose, and one for a mouth, and he laughed as he did it.

When he finished the mouth, the pumpkin laughed, too.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried he. "What a relief to have a mouth to laugh with! Ha, ha, ha!" And he laughed all the way back in the rain to where the little shivering pussy cat was waiting.

And she laughed, too, and climbed inside

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

her coach, and put on the cover. So on through the rain they went, and on and on. Just as dark was drawing near, they came to a wee brown house by the side of the road. In the yard was a little boy picking up chips and putting them into a big basket. He whistled as he worked, and then he began to sing:

“If wishes were horses, then beggars might ride;
If turnips were watches, I’d wear one by my side.”

Then the door opened, and a little girl with a sweet face and shining eyes stood on the threshold.

“What *do* you wish, John?” she called.

“Oh,” laughed the boy, as he came in with the chips, “I wish I had a pumpkin for a jack-o’-lantern, for this is Hallowe’en.”

“And I wish I had a pussy cat to love,” said the little girl.

“This is the place for us,” whispered the big orange pumpkin; and he rolled up to the door, bumpity bump!

“Look, John!” cried the little girl, “here’s your jack-o’-lantern! The Fairies must have sent it. Is n’t it a beauty?”

“There’s something inside,” said John,

A THANKSGIVING BASKET

snatching off the cover, and out jumped a tiny black pussy cat, straight into the little girl's arms.

“Oh, oh!” they cried.

And when mother came home in the dark, a jolly jack-o'-lantern with a candle inside was shining out of the window at her, and close beside it sat a little black pussy cat.

A THANKSGIVING BASKET

Anonymous

IT was the day before Thanksgiving Day. Little Gray Squirrel was sitting all alone in her little house in the hollow oak tree.

Gray Squirrel could not run about like the other squirrels. One day, when she had been out gathering nuts for the winter-time, she had caught her foot in a trap that some bad boys had set in the woods.

She had pulled and pulled, and, at last, she had managed to get her foot out of the trap. But her foot was broken! Poor Gray Squirrel had hopped and jumped on one foot, and, somehow, she had managed to reach home.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

That had happened more than a month ago. All that time Gray Squirrel could not move outside the door of her house. Before she had hurt her foot she had gathered a few nuts. She had eaten only a few each day to make them last. Now they were all gone and to-morrow was Thanksgiving Day! Poor little Gray Squirrel! She felt very sad sitting there all alone.

“I wonder how Gray Squirrel is getting along,” said Mrs. Red Squirrel to herself. “It’s a shame! I have n’t been to see her for days and days. I know what I’ll do! I’ll fix up a basket of good things and take them down to her for her Thanksgiving dinner.”

Mrs. Red Squirrel took her biggest basket down from the hook. From the cupboard in her hollow-tree home she filled the basket with as many chestnuts as she thought she could carry. Then she started off for little Gray Squirrel’s house.

Soon she came to Mrs. Brown Squirrel’s house. Mrs. Brown Squirrel was out in her garden digging up some of the nuts she had put there for the winter.

A THANKSGIVING BASKET

“Good-afternoon, Mrs. Red Squirrel,” said Mrs. Brown Squirrel. “Where are you going with your basket this lovely day?”



“I’m going down to little Gray Squirrel’s house to take her a Thanksgiving dinner,” answered Mrs. Red Squirrel.

“Oh, do let me put some of these fine hickory nuts into your basket,” said Mrs. Brown Squirrel. “I have plenty, and I shall feel so happy to think that I can give some of them to little Gray Squirrel.”

Mrs. Brown Squirrel put so many hickory

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

nuts into the basket that Mrs. Red Squirrel had all she could do to carry it.

“Thank you kindly, Mrs. Brown Squirrel,” said she, and off she started again.

Soon she came to Mr. Rabbit’s bramble house. Mrs. Rabbit was standing at the door.

“Good-afternoon, Mrs. Red Squirrel,” said she. “Where are you going this lovely day?”

“I’m going down to little Gray Squirrel’s house to take her a Thanksgiving basket,” answered kind Mrs. Red Squirrel.

“Oh, just wait a minute!” said Mrs. Rabbit. “I have something that I can send, too. Some boys were having a picnic the other day, in the woods back of my house. When they went away I ran around there and found ever so many good things they had left. Wait just a minute and I will get them from my cupboard.”

Mrs. Rabbit ran into her house and opened her cupboard in the dry grass and straw.

“Come in, Mrs. Red Squirrel,” she called; “come in with your basket.” And Mrs. Red Squirrel went into the little bramble house.

“Here are the peanuts I found,” said Mrs.

A THANKSGIVING BASKET

Rabbit. "I know Gray Squirrel will like them. I have plenty of cabbage and carrots stored away, and I really don't need the peanuts. You may take this red apple too. Perhaps Gray Squirrel will eat it."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Red Squirrel. "You are very, very kind."

"Oh, no, not at all!" said Mrs. Rabbit. "It makes me feel so happy to think that I can help little Gray Squirrel."

"Thank you, all the same," said Mrs. Red Squirrel; and once more she started off for little Gray Squirrel's house.

The basket was very heavy now, and it was all Mrs. Red Squirrel could do to carry it.

"Why, Mrs. Red Squirrel!" said a voice, "where are you going with that heavy basket?"

Mrs. Red Squirrel looked about and saw Mr. Rabbit sitting among the brambles by the roadside.

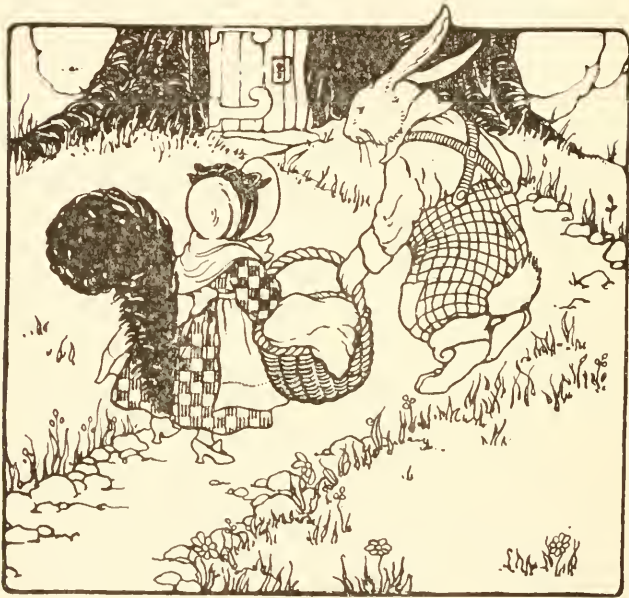
"I am going down to little Gray Squirrel's house to take her a Thanksgiving basket," answered Mrs. Red Squirrel.

"Did you stop at our house?" Mr. Rabbit

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

asked. "I think Mrs. Rabbit may have something for your basket."

"Yes, I stopped at the house on my way," said Mrs. Red Squirrel, "and Mrs. Rabbit



gave me some peanuts and a red apple for my basket."

"I am very glad she thought of them," said Mr. Rabbit. "Now, you must let me help you carry that heavy basket."

"Oh, thank you," said Mrs. Red Squirrel,

A THANKSGIVING BASKET

“but I think I can manage it the rest of the way. I’m almost there now.”

“Never mind,” said Mr. Rabbit, “I can help you carry it for even a little way.” And he took hold of the other side of the heavy basket.

Mrs. Red Squirrel was very glad to have Mr. Rabbit’s help, for the basket was indeed too much for her to carry alone.

They soon reached the hollow oak tree in which little Gray Squirrel lived. Mr. Rabbit knocked at the little door.

“Who’s there?” called a sad little voice.

“How do you do, little Gray Squirrel?” answered Mr. Rabbit. “This is Mrs. Red Squirrel. She has brought you a Thanksgiving basket.” And they opened the door and went in.

Little Gray Squirrel had been crying because she felt so lonely and hungry.

“Oh, Mrs. Red Squirrel,” said she, “how can I thank you!”

Then Mrs. Red Squirrel told little Gray Squirrel about Mrs. Brown Squirrel and Mrs. Rabbit. “And Mr. Rabbit helped me carry the basket,” said she.

Little Gray Squirrel felt very happy to

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

know that she had so many friends. To-morrow would be Thanksgiving Day indeed!

The wonderful Thanksgiving basket lasted little Gray Squirrel all winter long, and that was all she needed, for, when the warm spring-time came, her foot was quite well and she could run about again!

A GOOD THANKSGIVING

SAID Old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,

If you want a good time, then give something away."

So he sent a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price,
And the shoemaker said: "What a big bird!
How nice!

And, since such a good dinner's before me, I
ought
To give Widow Lee the small chicken I
bought."

"This fine chicken, oh, see!" said the pleased
Widow Lee,

"And the kindness that sent it, how precious
to me!

A GOOD THANKSGIVING

I would like to make some one as happy as I —
I'll give Washwoman Biddy my big pumpkin
pie."

"And, oh, sure," Biddy said, "'t is the queen
of all pies!

Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my
eyes.

Now it's my turn, I think, and a sweet ginger
cake

For the motherless Finigan children I'll bake."
Said the Finigan children, Rose, Denny, and
Hugh,

"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a
slice

To poor little lame Jake — who has nothing
that's nice."

"Oh, I thank you and thank you!" said little
lame Jake;

"Oh, what a bootiful, bootiful, bootiful cake!
And, oh, such a big slice! I will save all the
crumbs,

And will give them to each little Sparrow that
comes."

And the Sparrows they twittered, as if they
would say,

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Like Old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give something away."

"*Marian Douglas*"
Annie Douglas Robinson

THE STRANGER CHILD

A LEGEND

By Count Franz Poggi (translated)

THERE once lived a laborer who earned his daily bread by cutting wood. His wife and two children, a boy and girl, helped him with his work. The boy's name was Valentine, and the girl's, Marie. They were obedient and pious and the joy and comfort of their poor parents.

One winter evening, this good family gathered about the table to eat their small loaf of bread, while the father read aloud from the Bible. Just as they sat down there came a knock on the window, and a sweet voice called:

"O let me in! I am a little child, and I have nothing to eat, and no place to sleep in. I am



THE CHRISTMAS TREE

“O, clap, clap the hands,
And sing out with glee!
For Christmas is coming

THE STRANGER CHILD

so cold and hungry! Please, good people, let me in!"

Valentine and Marie sprang from the table and ran to open the door, saying:

"Come in, poor child, we have but very little ourselves, not much more than thou hast, but what we have we will share with thee."

The stranger Child entered, and going to the fire began to warm his cold hands.

The children gave him a portion of their bread, and said:

"Thou must be very tired; come, lie down in our bed, and we will sleep on the bench here before the fire."

Then answered the stranger Child: "May God in Heaven reward you for your kindness."

They led the little guest to their small room, laid him in their bed, and covered him closely, thinking to themselves:

"Oh! how much we have to be thankful for! We have our nice warm room and comfortable bed, while this Child has nothing but the sky for a roof, and the earth for a couch."

When the parents went to their bed, Valen-

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

tine and Marie lay down on the bench before the fire, and said one to the other:

“The stranger Child is happy now, because he is so warm! Good-night!”

Then they fell asleep.

They had not slept many hours, when little Marie awoke, and touching her brother lightly, whispered:

“Valentine, Valentine, wake up! wake up! Listen to the beautiful music at the window.”

Valentine rubbed his eyes and listened. He heard the most wonderful singing and the sweet notes of many harps.

“Blessed Child,
Thee we greet,
With sound of harp
And singing sweet.

“Sleep in peace,
Child so bright,
We have watched Thee
All the night.

“Blest the home
That holdeth Thee,
Peace, and love,
Its guardians be.”

THE STRANGER CHILD

The children listened to the beautiful singing, and it seemed to fill them with unspeakable happiness. Then creeping to the window they looked out.

They saw a rosy light in the east, and, before the house in the snow, stood a number of little children holding golden harps and lutes in their hands, and dressed in sparkling, silver robes.

Full of wonder at this sight, Valentine and Marie continued to gaze out at the window, when they heard a sound behind them, and turning saw the stranger Child standing near. He was clad in a golden garment, and wore a glistening, golden crown upon his soft hair. Sweetly he spoke to the children:

“I am the Christ Child, who wanders about the world seeking to bring joy and good things to loving children. Because you have lodged me this night I will leave with you my blessing.”

As the Christ Child spoke He stepped from the door, and breaking off a bough from a fir tree that grew near, planted it in the ground, saying:

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“This bough shall grow into a tree, and every year it shall bear Christmas fruit for you.”

Having said this He vanished from their sight, together with the silver-clad, singing children — the angels.

And, as Valentine and Marie looked on in wonder, the fir bough grew, and grew, and grew, into a stately Christmas Tree laden with golden apples, silver nuts, and lovely toys. And after that, every year at Christmas time, the Tree bore the same wonderful fruit.

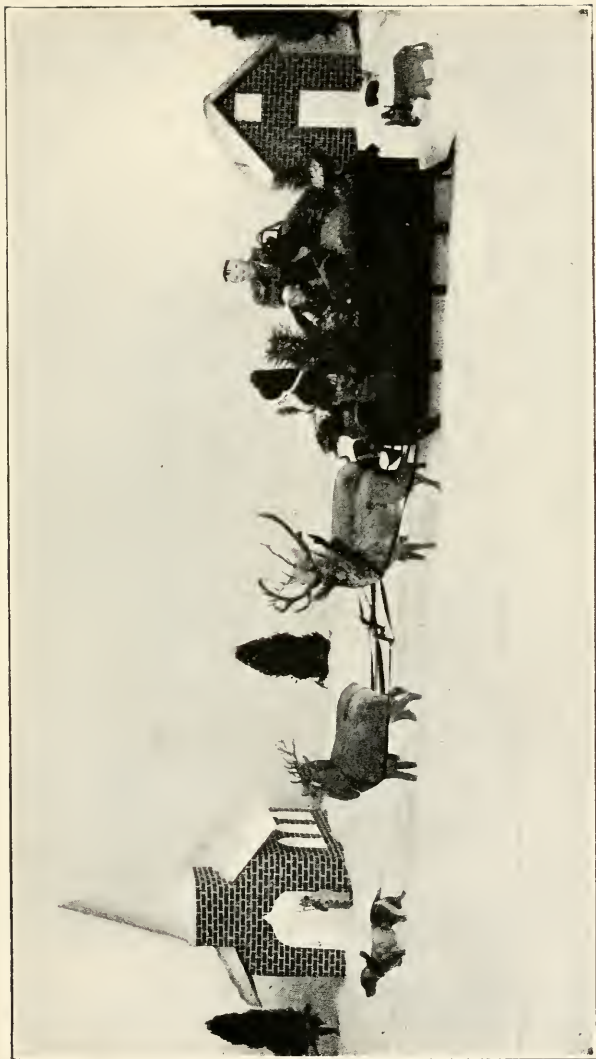
And you, dear boys and girls, when you gather around your richly decorated trees, think of the two poor children who shared their bread with a stranger child, and be thankful.

KIT AND KAT

By Lucy Fitch Perkins

THIS is a picture of Kit and Kat. They are twins, and they live in Holland. Kit is the boy, and Kat is the girl.

Of course their real names are not Kit and Kat at all. Their real names are Christopher



THE TINY REINDEER

“Now swift o’er the snow
The tiny reindeer
Are trotting and bringing
Good Santa Claus near.”

THE ASTOR LENOX
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TILDEN FOUNDATION

KIT AND KAT

and Katrina. But you can see for yourself that such long names as that would never in the world fit such a short pair of twins. So the Twins' Mother, Vrouw Vedder, said, "They cannot be called Christopher and Katrina until they are four and a half feet high."



Now it takes a long time to grow four and a half feet of Boy and Girl. You know, chickens and puppies and colts and kittens always grow up much faster than twins. Kit and Kat ate a great many breakfasts and dinners and suppers, and played a great many plays, and had a great many happy days while they were growing up to their names. I will tell you about some of them.

THE DAY THEY WENT FISHING

One summer morning, very early, Vrouw Vedder opened the door of her little Dutch kitchen and stepped out.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

She looked across the road which ran by the house, across the canal on the other side, across the level green fields that lay beyond, clear to the blue rim of the world, where the sky touches the earth. The sky was very blue; and the great, round, shining face of the sun was just peering over the tops of the trees, as she looked out.

Vrouw Vedder listened. The roosters in the barnyard were crowing, the ducks in the canal were quacking, and all the little birds in the fields were singing for joy. Vrouw Vedder hummed a slow little tune of her own, as she went back into her kitchen.

Kit and Kat were still asleep in their little cupboard bed. She gave them each a kiss. The Twins opened their eyes and sat up.

“O Kit and Kat,” said Vrouw Vedder, “the sun is up, the birds are all awake and singing, and Grandfather is going fishing to-day. If you will hurry, you may go with him! He is coming at six o’clock; so pop out of bed and get dressed. I will put some lunch for you in the yellow basket, and you may dig worms for bait in the garden. Only be sure not

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to step on the young cabbages that Father planted.”

Kit and Kat bounced out of bed in a minute. Their mother helped them put on their clothes



and new wooden shoes. Then she gave them each a bowl of bread and milk for their breakfast. They ate it sitting on the kitchen doorstep.

This is a picture of Kit and Kat digging worms. You see they did just as their mother said, and did not step on the young cabbages. They sat on them, instead. But that was an accident.

Kit dug the worms, and Kat put them into a

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basket, with some earth in it to make them feel at home.

When Grandfather came, he brought a large



fishing-rod for himself and two little ones for the Twins. There was a little hook on the end of each line.

Vrouw Vedder kissed Kit and Kat good-bye.

“Mind Grandfather, and don’t fall into the water,” she said.

Grandfather and the Twins started off together down the long road beside the canal.

The house where the Twins lived was right beside the canal. Their father was a gardener, and his beautiful rows of cabbages and beets and onions stretched in long lines across the level fields by the roadside.

Grandfather lived in a large town, a little



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way beyond the farm where the Twins lived. He did not often have a holiday, because he carried milk to the doors of the people in the town, every morning early. Sometime I will tell you how he did it; but I must not tell you now, because if I do, I can't tell you about their going fishing.

This morning, Grandfather carried his rod and the lunch-basket. Kit and Kat carried the basket of worms between them, and their rods over their shoulders, and they were all three very happy.

They walked along ever so far, beside the canal. Then they turned to the left and walked along a path that ran from the canal across the green fields to what looked like a hill.

But it was n't a hill at all, really, because there are n't any hills in Holland. It was a long, long wall of earth, very high — oh, as high as a house, or even higher! And it had sloping sides.

There is such a wall of earth all around the country of Holland, where the Twins live. There has to be a wall, because the sea is higher than the land. If there were no walls to

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shut out the sea, the whole country would be covered with water; and if that were so, then there would n't be any Holland, or any Holland Twins, or any story. So you see it was very lucky for the Twins that the wall was there. They called it a dyke.

Grandfather and Kit and Kat climbed the dyke. When they reached the top, they sat



down a few minutes to rest and look at the great blue sea. Grandfather sat in the middle, with Kit on one side, and Kat on the other; and the basket of worms and the basket of lunch were there, too.

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They saw a great ship sail slowly by, making a cloud of smoke.

"Where do the ships go, Grandfather?" asked Kit.

"To America, and England, and China, and all over the world," said Grandfather.

"Why?" asked Kat. Kat almost always said "Why?" and when she did n't, Kit did.

"To take flax and linen from the mills of Holland to make dresses for little girls in other countries," said Grandfather.

"Is that all?" asked Kit.

"They take cheese and herring, bulbs and butter, and lots of other things besides, and bring back to us wheat and meat and all sorts of good things from the lands across the sea."

"I think I'll be a sea captain when I'm big," said Kit.

"So will I," said Kat.

"Girls can't," said Kit.

But Grandfather shook his head and said:

"You can't tell what a girl may be by the time she's four feet and a half high and is called Katrina. There's no telling what girls

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will do anyway. But, children, if we stay here we shall not catch any fish.”

So they went down the other side of the dyke and out onto a little pier that ran from the sandy beach into the water.

Grandfather showed them how to bait their



hooks. Kit baited Kat's for her, because Kat said it made her all wriggly inside to do it. She did not like it. Neither did the worm!

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They all sat down on the end of the pier. Grandfather sat on the very end and let his wooden shoes hang down over the water; but

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he made Kit and Kat sit with their feet stuck straight out in front of them, so they just reached to the edge — “So you can’t fall in,” said Grandfather.

They dropped their hooks into the water and sat very still, waiting for a bite. The sun climbed higher and higher in the sky, and it grew hotter and hotter on the pier. The flies tickled Kat’s nose and made her sneeze.

“Keep still, can’t you?” said Kit crossly. “You’ll scare the fish. Girls don’t know how to fish, anyway.”

Pretty soon Kat felt a queer little jerk on her line. She was perfectly sure she did.

Kat squealed and jerked her rod. She jerked it so hard that one foot flew right up in the air, and one of her new wooden shoes went — splash — right into the water!

But that was n’t the worst of it! Before you could say Jack Robinson, Kat’s hook flew around and caught in Kit’s clothes and pricked him.

Kit jumped and said “Ow!” And then — no one could ever tell how it happened — there was Kit in the water, too, splashing like

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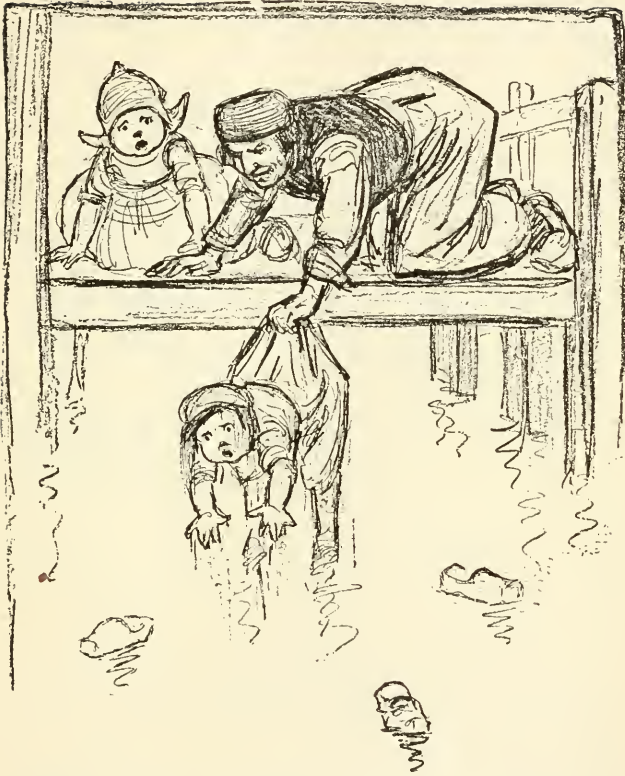
a young whale, with Kat's hook still holding fast to his clothes in the back!

Grandfather jumped then, too, you may be sure. He caught hold of Kat's rod and pulled hard and called out, "Steady there, steady!"

And in one minute there was Kit in the shallow water beside the pier, puffing and blowing like a grampus!

Grandfather reached down and pulled him up.

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When Kit was safely on the pier, Kat threw her arms around his neck, though the water was running down in streams from his hair and eyes and ears.

“O Kit,” she said, “I truly thought it was a fish on my line when I jumped!”

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“Just like a g-g-girl,” said Kit. “They don’t know how to f-f-fish.” You see his



teeth were chattering, because the water was cold.

“Well, anyway,” said Kat, “I caught more than you did. I caught you!”

Then Kat thought of something else. She shook her finger at Kit.

“O Kit,” she said, “Mother told you *not* to fall into the water!”

“T-t-twas all your fault,” roared Kit. “Y-y-you began it! Anyway, where is your new wooden shoe?”

“Where are both of yours?” screamed Kat.

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Sure enough, where were they? No one had thought about shoes, because they were thinking so hard about Kit.

They ran to the end of the pier and looked. There was Kat's shoe sailing away toward America like a little boat! Kit's were still bobbing about in the water near the pier.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" shrieked Kat; but the tide was going out and carrying her shoe farther away every minute. They could not get it; but Grandfather reached down with his rod and fished out both of Kit's shoes. Then Kat took off her other one and her stockings, and they all three went back to the beach.

Grandfather and Kat covered Kit up with sand to keep him warm while his clothes were drying. Then Grandfather stuck the Twins' fish-poles up in the sand and tied the lines together for a clothes-line, and hung Kit's clothes up on it, and Kat put their three wooden shoes in a row beside Kit.

Then they ate their luncheon of bread and butter, cheese, and milk, with some radishes from Father's garden. It tasted very good, even if it was sandy. After lunch Grandfather said,

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“It will never do to go home without any fish at all.”

So by and by he went back to the pier and caught one while the Twins played in the sand. He put it in the lunch-basket to carry home.

Kat brought shells and pebbles to Kit, because he had to stay covered up in the sand, and Kit built a play dyke all around himself with them, and Kat dug a canal outside the dyke. Then she made sand-pies in clam-shells and set them in a row in the sun to bake.

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They played until the shadow of the dyke grew very long across the sandy beach, and then Grandfather said it was time to go home.

He helped Kit dress, but Kit's clothes were still a little wet in the thick parts. And Kat had to go barefooted and carry her one wooden shoe.

They climbed the dyke and crossed the fields, and walked along the road by the canal. The road shone, like a strip of yellow ribbon across the green field. They walked quite slowly, for they were tired and sleepy.

By and by Kit said, "I see our house"; and Kat said, "I see Mother at the gate."

Grandfather gave the fish he caught to Kit and Kat, and Vrouw Vedder cooked it for their supper; and though it was not a very big fish, they all had some.

Grandfather must have told Vrouw Vedder something about what had happened; for that night, when she put Kit to bed, she felt of his clothes carefully — but she did n't say a word about their being damp. And she said to Kat: "To-morrow we will see the shoemaker and have him make you another shoe."

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Then Kit and Kat hugged her and said good-night, and popped off to sleep before you could wink your eyes.

MARKET DAY WITH FATHER

One afternoon Kit and Kat were playing around the kitchen doorstep, while their Mother sat on a bench by the door, peeling some onions for supper. It was not yet supper-time, but Vrouw Vedder was always ahead of the clock with the work.

Kit and Kat had a pan of water and were teaching their ducklings to swim. They each had one little fat duckling of their very own. The ducklings squawked when Kit lifted them over the edge of the pan into the water.

“Don’t do that, Kit,” said Kat. “The ducklings don’t like it. You did n’t like it when *you* fell into the water, did you?”

“But I’m not a duck,” said Kit.

“Well, anyway, they’re tired and want to go to their mother,” said Kat. “Let’s do something else! I’ll tell you what! Let’s go out to the garden and help Father get the boat loaded for market.”

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“All right,” said Kit. “May we, Mother?”

“Yes,” said Vrouw Vedder; “and you may ask Father if he will take you to market with

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him to-morrow if it's fair. Tell him I said you could ask."

"Oh, goody, goody!" said Kit and Kat, both at once; and they ran as fast as their wooden shoes would take them out into the garden.

They found their father cutting cabbages and gathering them into piles. He was stopping to light his pipe, when they reached him.

"O Father!" said Kit and Kat both together. "May we go on the boat to market with you to-morrow morning? Mother said we might ask!"

Father Vedder blew two puffs from his pipe without answering.

"We'll help you load the boat," said Kit.

"Yes," said Kat, "I can carry a cabbage."

"I can carry two," said Kit. "We'll both be good," said Kat.

"Very well," said Father, at last. "We'll see how you work! And to-morrow morning, if it's fair, I'll see! But you must go to bed early to-night, because you'll have to get up very early in the morning, if you go with me! Now you each take a cabbage and run along."

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Father Vedder went back to his work.

Kit and Kat ran to the cabbage-pile. Kat took one, and Kit took two — just to show that he could.

“When Father says ‘I’ll see,’ he always means ‘yes,’” Kat said to Kit.

Perhaps it seems queer to you that they should go to market in a boat, but it did n’t seem queer at all to the Twins.

You see, in Holland there are a great many

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canals. They cross the fields like roadways of water, and that is what they really are. Little canals open into big ones, and big ones go clear to the sea.

It is very easy for farmers to load their vegetables for market right on a boat. They can pull the boat out into the big canal, and then away they go to sell their produce in the town.

The canals flow through the towns, too, and make water streets, where boats go up and down as carriages go here.

The Twins and their father worked like beavers, washing the vegetables and packing them in baskets, until their good old boat was filled with cabbages and onions and beets and carrots and all sorts of good things to eat.

By that time it was nearly dark, and they were all three very hungry; so they went home.

They found that Mother Vedder had made buttermilk porridge for supper. The Twins loved buttermilk porridge. They each ate three bowls of it, and then their mother put them to bed.

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This is a picture of the bed!

The bed opened like a cupboard right into the kitchen, and it was like going to bed on a shelf in the pantry.

The very next thing the Twins knew, it was morning, and there was Vrouw Vedder calling to them.

“It’s market day, and the sun is almost up.

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Come Kit and Kat, if you want to go with Father," she said.

The Twins bounced out like two rubber balls. They ate some breakfast and then ran to the boat.

Father was there before them. He helped them into the boat and put them both on one



seat, and told them to sit still. Then he got in and took the pole and pushed off.

Vrouw Vedder stood on the canal bank to see them pass. "Be good children; mind Father, and don't get lost," she called after them.

Kit and Kat were very busy all the way to town, looking at the things to be seen on each side of the canal.

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It was so early in the morning that the grass was all shiny with dew. Black and white cows were eating the rich green grass, and a few laborers were already in the fields.

They passed little groups of farm buildings, their red-tiled roofs shining in the morning sun; and the windmills threw long, long shadows across the fields.

The blue blossoms of the flax nodded to them from the canal bank; and once they saw a stork fly over a mossy green roof, to her nest on the chimney, with a frog in her mouth.

They went under bridges and by little canals that opened into the main canal. They passed so close to some of the houses that Kit and Kat could see the white curtains blowing in the windows, and the pots of red geraniums standing on the sill. In one house the family waved their hands to Kit and Kat from the breakfast table, and a little farther on they passed a woman who was washing clothes in the canal. Other boats filled with vegetables and flowers of all colors passed them. And they were going to market too. Only no other boat had twins in it.

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“Good day, neighbor Vedder,” one man called out. “Are you taking a pair of fat pigs to market?”

By and by they came to the town. There were a great many boats in the canal here, and people calling back and forth to each other from them.

Kit and Kat saw a boat that the Captain’s family lived in. It was like a floating house.

The Twins thought it must be grand to live on a boat like that, just going about from town to town, seeing new sights every day.

“We should never have to go to school at all,” said Kit.

They wished their own boat were big enough to move about in; but Father told them they must sit very, very still all the time.

There were houses on each side of the canal, in the town, and people were clattering along over the pavement in their wooden shoes.

The market-place was an open square in the middle of the town. It had little booths and stalls all about it. The farmers brought their

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fresh vegetables and flowers, or whatever they had to sell, into these stalls, and then sat there waiting for customers.

Kit and Kat helped their father to unload the boat. Then they sat down on a box, and Father gave them each some bread and cheese to eat; for they were hungry again. They put



the cheese between slices of bread and took bites, while they looked about.

Soon there were a good many people in the square. Most of them were women with market baskets on their arms. They went to the

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different stalls to see what they would buy for dinner.

A large woman with a big basket on her arm



came along to the stall where Kit and Kat were sitting.

“Bless my heart!” she said. “Are you twins?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” said Kit and Kat. And Kat said, “We’re five years old.”

“O my soul!” said the large woman. “So you are! What are your names?”

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“Christopher and Katrina, but they call us Kit and Kat for short.” It was Kat who said this. And Kit said,

“When we are four feet and a half high, we are going to be called Christopher and Katrina.”

“Well, well, well!” said the large woman. “So you are! Now my name is Vrouw Van der Kloot. Are you helping Father?”

“Yes,” said the Twins. “We’re going to help him sell things.”

“Then you may sell me a cabbage and ten onions,” said Vrouw Van der Kloot.

Father Vedder’s eyes twinkled, and he smoked his pipe. Kit got a cabbage for the Vrouw.

“You can get the ten onions,” he said to Kat. You see, really Kit could n’t count ten and be sure of it. So he asked Kat to do it.

Kat was n’t afraid. She took out a little pile of onions in a measure, and said to Vrouw Van der Kloot,

“Is that ten?”

Then Vrouw Van der Kloot counted them

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with Kat, very carefully. There were eleven, and so she gave back one. Then she gave Kat the money for the onions, and Kit the money for the cabbage.

Father Vedder said,

“Now Kit and Kat, by and by, when you get hungry again, you can go over to Vrouw Van der Kloot’s stall and buy something from her. She keeps the sweetie shop.”

“Oh! Oh!” cried Kit and Kat. “We’re hungry yet! Can’t we go now?”

“No, not now,” said Father. “We must do some work first.”

The Twins helped Father Vedder a long time. They learned to count ten and to do several other things. Then their father gave them the money for the cabbage and the ten onions they had sold to Vrouw Van der Kloot, and said,

“You may walk around the market and look in all the stalls, and buy the thing you like best that costs just two cents. Then come back here to me.”

Kit and Kat set forth on their travels, to see the world. They each held the money

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tightly shut in one hand, and with the other hand they held on to each other.

“The world is very large,” said Kit and Kat.

They saw all sorts of strange things in the market. There were tables piled high with flowers. There was a stall full of birds in cages, singing away with all their might. One cage had five little birds in it, sitting in a row.

“O Kit,” cried Kat, “let’s buy the birds!”

They asked the woman if the birds cost two cents, and she said,

“No, my angels; they cost fifty cents.”

You see, now that the Twins could count ten, they knew they could n’t get the birds for two cents when they cost fifty. So they went to the next place.

There, there were chickens and ducks for sale. But the Twins had plenty of those at home. There were stalls and stalls of vegetables just like Father’s, and there were booths where meat and fish and wood and peat were sold. But the Twins could n’t find anything they wanted that cost exactly two cents.

At last, what should they see but Vrouw

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Van der Kloot's fat face smiling at them from a stall just full of cakes and cookies and bread, and chocolate, and honey cakes, and goodies of all kinds.

The Twins held up their money.

There on the counter was a whole row of St. Nicholas dolls with currant eyes, and they

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knew at once that there was nothing else in all the market they should like so much!

“Do these cost two cents apiece, dear Vrouw Van der Kloot?” asked Kat.

“No,” said Vrouw Van der Kloot; “they cost one cent apiece.”

The Twins were discouraged.

“I don’t believe there’s a single thing in this whole market that costs just two cents,” said Kat.

“Keep still!” said Kit. “Let me think.”



They sat down on the curb. Kat kept still, and Kit took hold of his head with both hands

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and thought hard. He thought so hard that he scowled all over his forehead!

“I tell you what it is, Kat,” he said at last. “If those St. Nicholas dolls cost one cent apiece, I *think* we could get two of them for two cents.”

“O Kit,” said Kat, “how splendidly you can think! Does it hurt you much? Let’s ask Vrouw Van der Kloot.”

They went back to the good Vrouw, who was selling some coffee bread to a woman with a basket.

“O Vrouw Van der Kloot,” said Kat, “Kit says that if those St. Nicholas dolls cost one cent apiece, he *thinks* we could get two for two cents. Do you think so?”

“Of course you can,” said Vrouw Van der Kloot; and she winked at the lady with the bread.

“But you’ve got two cents, and I’ve got two,” said Kat to Kit. “If you should get two St. Nicholas dolls, why, I should have my two cents left; should n’t I? Oh! dear, it won’t come out right anyway!”

“Let me think some more,” said Kit; and when he had thought some more, he said,

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“I’ll tell you what let’s! You get two with your two cents, and I’ll get two with mine! And I’ll give my other one to Mother and you can give your other one to Father!”

“That’s just what we’ll do,” said Kat.

They went back to Vrouw Van der Kloot.

“We’ll take *four* dolls,” said Kat.

“Well, well, well!” said the Vrouw. “So you’ve figured it all out, have you?” And she counted out the dolls — “One for Kit, and one for Kat, and one for Father, and one for Mother, and an extra one for good measure!”

“O Kit, she’s given us one more!” said Kat. “Let’s eat it right now! Thank you, dear Vrouw Van der Kloot.”

So they ate up the one more then and there, beginning with the feet. Kit bit one off, and Kat bit the other; and they took turns until the St. Nicholas doll was all gone.

Then they took the four others, said good-bye to the good Vrouw, and went back to Father’s stall. They found that Father had sold all his things and was ready to go home.

They carried their empty baskets back to the boat, and soon were on their way home.

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The Twins sat on one seat, holding tight to their dolls, which were growing rather sticky.

The boat was so light that they went home from market much more quickly than they had come, and it did not seem long before they saw their own house. There it was, with its mossy roof half hidden among the trees, and Vrouw Vedder waiting for them at the gate.

Dinner was all ready, and the Twins set the four St. Nicholas dolls in a row, in the middle of the table.

“There’s one for Father, and one for Mother, and one for Kat, and one for me,” said Kit.

“O Mother,” said Kat, “Kit can think! He thought just how many dolls he could buy when they were one for one cent! Is n’t it fine that he can do that?”

“You’ve learned a great deal at the market,” said Vrouw Vedder. But Kit did n’t say a word. He just looked proud and pleased and put his hands in his pockets.

“By and by, when you are four and a half feet high and are called Christopher, you can go with Father every time,” said Vrouw Vedder.

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"I can think a little bit, too," said Kat. "Can't I go?"

"No," said Vrouw Vedder. "Girls should n't think much. It is n't good for them. Leave thinking to the men. You can stay at home and help me."

THE JAPANESE TWINS AND BŌT'CHAN

By Lucy Fitch Perkins

AWAY, away, ever so far away, near the western shores of the Ocean of Peace, lie the Happy Islands, the Paradise of Children.

Some people call this ocean the "Pacific" and they call the Happy Islands "Japan," but the meaning is just the same. Those are only their grown-up names, that you find them by on the map, in the geography.

In a little town near a large city on one of the Happy Islands, there is a garden. In the garden stands a house, and in that House there live Taro, who is a boy, and Take,¹ who is a girl.

¹ Pronounce Tah'-kay.

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They are twins. They are Japanese Twins and they are just five years old, both of them.

Of course, Taro and Take do not live alone



in the house in the garden. Their Father and Mother live there too, and their Grandmother, who is very old, and the Baby, who is very young.

Taro and Take cannot remember when Grandmother and Father and Mother happened, because they were all there when the Twins came; and the Twins could not possibly imagine the world without Father and Mother and Grandmother.

But with the Baby it was different. One day there was n't any Baby at all, and the next day after that, there he was, looking very new but

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quite at home already in the little house in the garden, where Taro and Take lived.

“Taro” means eldest son, and the Baby might have been called “Jiro,” because “Jiro” means “second,” and he was the second boy in the family; but from the day he came they called him just “Bōt'Chan.” That is what they call boy babies in Japan.

“Take” means “bamboo,” and the Twins' Father and Mother named their little daughter “Take” because they hoped she would grow up to be tall and slender and strong and graceful like the bamboo tree.

Now, can you think of anything nicer in this world than being Twins, and living with a Mother and Father and Grandmother and a Baby Brother, in a dear little house, in a dear little garden, in a dear little, queer little town in the middle of the Happy Islands that lie in the Ocean of Peace?

THE DAY THE BABY CAME

Taro and Take were standing right beside their Father early one morning when the nurse came into the room with a bundle in her arms.

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It was a queer-looking, knobby kind of a bundle, and there was something in it that squirmed!

The nurse looked so happy and smiling that the Twins knew at once there must be something very nice in the bundle, but what it was they could not guess.

Taro thought, "Maybe it's a puppy." He had wanted a puppy for a long time.

And Take thought, "Perhaps it's a kitten! But it looks pretty large for a kitten, and it does n't mew. Kittens always mew."

And they both thought, "Anyway, it's alive."

The nurse carried the bundle across the room. She knelt down on the floor before the Twins' Father and laid it at his feet.

The Twins' Father looked very much surprised, and as for Taro and Take, they felt just exactly the way you feel when you look at your stocking on Christmas morning.

They dropped down on their knees beside the bundle, one on each side of their Father. They wanted dreadfully to open it. They wanted so dreadfully to open it that they had

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to hold their hands hard to keep from touching it, but they never even laid a finger on it, because the nurse had given it to their Father!

Taro just said aloud: "Is it a puppy?"

At the very same moment Take said: "Is it a kitten?"

And then their Father said: "I have n't opened the bundle yet, so how can I tell? We must ask the nurse. What is it, Natsu?"

And Natsu, the nurse, put her two hands together on the matting in front of her, bobbed her head down nearly to the floor, and said: "It is a little son, Master. Will you accept him?"

Then the Father sat right down on the floor, too, between Taro and Take. He took the little squirming bundle in his arms, and turned back the covers — and there was a beautiful baby boy, with long, narrow eyes and a lock of hair that stood straight up on the top of his head!

"Oh! oh! Is he truly ours — a real live baby, for us to keep?" cried Take.

"Would you like to keep him?" her Father asked.

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Take clapped her hands for joy. "Oh, yes, yes!" she said. "For then I can have a little brother of my own to carry on my back, just the way O Kiku San carries hers! I've never had a thing but borrowed babies before! And O Kiku San is not polite about lending hers at all! Please, please let me hold him!"



She held up her arms, and the Father laid the little baby in them very, very gently.

Taro was so surprised to see a baby in the bundle that he had not said a word. He just sat still and looked astonished.

"Well, Taro, how is it with you?" said his Father. "Would you like to keep the Baby, too?"

"I'd even rather have him than a puppy!" said Taro very solemnly. And that was a great deal for Taro to say, for he had wanted a puppy for ever so many weeks.

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“So would I rather have him than a puppy,” the Father said; “ever so much rather.”

Just then the Baby puckered up his nose, and opened his little bit of a mouth — and a great big squeal came out of it! You would never have believed that such a big squeal could possibly come out of such a little mouth. And he squirmed more than ever.

Then Natsu, the nurse, said, “There, there, little one! Come to your old Natsu, and she will carry you to Mother again.”

“Let me carry him,” Take begged.

“No, let me,” said Taro.

But Natsu said, “No, no, I will carry him myself. But you may come with me, if you want to, and see your Mother.”



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So Taro and Take and their Father all tip-toed quietly into the Mother's room, and sat down on the floor beside her bed.

They sat on the floor because everybody sits on the floor in Japan. The bed was on the floor, too.

It was made of many thick quilts, and the pillow a little block of wood! We should think it very uncomfortable, but the Twins' Mother did not think so. She lay with the wooden pillow under her head in such a way that her hair was not mussed by it — instead, it looked just as neat as if she were going to a party. And it was just as nice as a party, because they all had such a happy time together watching the new baby.

Bōt'Chan acted just like all the other babies in the world. First he got his fist into his mouth by accident, and sucked it. Then he got it out again without meaning to, and punched himself in the nose with it — such a funny little nose, no bigger than a small button! Then he opened his mouth wide and yawned.

“See how sleepy the little mouse is,” said

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the Mother. "Run out and play now, my children, and let him rest."

Taro and Take left the room softly and went out on the porch. They sat down on the top step to talk over the wonderful thing that had happened.

THE ESKIMO TWINS

By Lucy Fitch Perkins

THIS is the true story of Menie and Monnie and their two little dogs, Nip and Tup.

Menie and Monnie are twins, and they live far away in the North, near the very edge.

They are five years old.

Menie is the boy, and Monnie is the girl. But you cannot tell which is Menie and which is Monnie — not even if you look ever so hard at their pictures!

That is because they dress alike.

When they are a little way off, even their own mother can't always tell. And if *she* can't, who can?

Sometimes the Twins almost get mixed up about it themselves. And then it is very hard

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

to know which is Nip and which is Tup, because the little dogs are twins too.

Nobody was surprised that the little dogs were twins, because dogs often are.



But everybody in the whole village where Menie and Monnie live was simply astonished to see twin babies!

The name of the 'Twins' father was Kesshoo. If you say it fast it sounds just like a sneeze.

Their mother's name was Koolee. Kesshoo and Koolee, and Menie and Monnie, and Nip

THE ESKIMO TWINS

and Tup, all live together in the cold Arctic winter in a little stone hut, called an "igloo."

THE TWINS GO COASTING

One spring morning, very early, while the moon still shone and every one else in the vil-



lage was asleep, Menie and Monnie crept out of the dark entrance of their little stone house by the sea.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

The entrance to their little stone house was long and low like a tunnel. The Twins were short and fat. But even if they were short they could not stand up straight in the tunnel.

So they crawled out on all fours. Nip and Tup came with them. Nip and Tup were on all fours, too, but they had run that way all their lives, so they could go much faster than the Twins. They got out first.

Then they ran round in circles in the snow and barked at the moon. When Menie and Monnie came out of the hole, Tup jumped up to lick Monnie's face. He bumped her so hard that she fell right into the snowbank by the entrance.

Monnie did n't mind a bit. She just put her two fat arms around Tup, and they rolled over together in the snow.

Monnie had on her fur suit, with fur hood and mittens, and it was hard to tell which was Monnie and which was Tup as they tumbled in the snow together.

Pretty soon Monnie picked herself up and shook off the snow. Then Tup shook himself, too. Menie was rolling over and over down

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the slope in front of the little stone house. His head was between his knees and his hands held his ankles, so he rolled just like a ball.

Nip was running round and round him and barking with all his might. They made strange shadows on the snow in the moonlight.

Monnie called to Menie. Menie straightened himself out at the bottom of the slope, picked himself up and ran back to her.

“What shall we play?” said Monnie.

“Let’s get Koko, and go to the Big Rock and slide down hill,” said Menie.

“All right,” said Monnie. “You run and get your sled.”

Menie had a little sled which his father had made for him out of driftwood. No other boy in the village had one. Menie’s father had searched the beach for many miles to find driftwood to make this sled.

The Eskimos have no wood but driftwood, and it is so precious that it is hardly ever used for anything but big dog sledges or spears, or other things which the men must have.

Most of the boys had sleds cut from blocks of ice. Menie’s sled was behind the igloo. He

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ran to get it, and then the Twins and the pups — all four — started for Koko's house.

Koko's house was clear at the other end of the village. But that was not far away, for there were only five igloos in the whole town.

First there was the igloo where the Twins lived. Next was the home of Akla, the Angakok, and his two wives. Then there were two igloos where several families lived together. Last of all was the one where Koko and his father and mother and baby brother lived.

Koko was six. He was the Twins' best friend.

The air was very still. There was not a sound anywhere except the barking of the pups, the voices of Menie and Monnie, and the creaking sound of the snow under their feet as they ran.

The round moon was sailing through the deep blue sky and shining so bright it seemed almost as light as day.

There was one window in each igloo right over the tunnel-entrance, and these windows shone with a dull yellow light.

In front of the village lay the sea. It was covered with ice far out from shore. Beyond

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the ice was the dark water out of which the sun would rise by and by.

There was nothing else to be seen in all the Twins' world. There were no trees, no bushes even — nothing but the white earth, the shadows of the rocks and the snow-covered igloos, the bright windows, and the moon shining over all.

Menie and Monnie soon reached Koko's igloo. Menie and Nip got there first. Monnie came puffing along with Tup just a moment after.

Then the Twins dropped on their hands and knees in front of Koko's hut, and stuck their heads into the tunnel. Nip and Tup stuck their heads in, too.

They all four listened. There was not a sound to be heard except loud snores! The snores came rattling through the tunnel with such a frightful noise that the Twins were almost scared.

"They sleep out loud, don't they?" whispered Monnie.

"Let's wake them up," Menie whispered back.

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Then the Twins began to bark. "Ki-yi, ki-yi, ki-yi, ki-yi," just like little dogs!

Nip and Tup began to yelp, too. The snores and the yelps met in the middle of the tunnel and the two together made such a dreadful sound that Koko woke up at once.

When he heard four barks he knew right away that it must be the Twins and the little dogs.

So he stuck his head into the other end of the tunnel and called, "Keep still. You'll wake the baby! I'll be there in a minute."

Very soon Koko popped out of the black hole. He was dressed in a fur suit and mittens just like the Twins.

The three children went along together toward the Big Rock. Monnie rode on the sled, and Menie and Koko pulled it. The Big Rock was very straight up and down on one side, and long and slanting on the other. The Twins were going to coast down the slanting side.

They climbed to the top, and Menie had the first ride. He coasted down on his stomach with his little reindeer-skin kamiks (shoes) waving in the air.

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Next Koko had a turn. What do you think he did? He stood straight up on the sled with the leather cord in his hand, and slid down that way! But then, you see, he was six.

When Monnie's turn came she wanted to go down that way, too. But Menie said: "No. You'd fall off and bump your nose! You have hardly any nose as it is, and you'd better save it!"

"I have as much nose as you have, anyway," said Monnie.

"Mine is bigger! I'm a boy!" said Menie.

Koko measured their noses with his finger.

"They are just exactly alike," he said.

Monnie turned hers up at Menie and said, "What did I tell you?"

Menie never said another word about noses. He just changed the subject. He said, "Let's all slide down at once."

Koko and Menie sat down on the sled. Monnie sat on Menie. Then they gave a few hitches to the sled and off they went.

Whiz! How they flew!

The pups came running after them. In some places where it was very slippery the

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

pups coasted, too! But they did not mean to. They did not like it. The sled was almost at the end of the slide when it struck a piece of



ice. It flew around sideways and spilled all the children in the snow.

Just then Nip and Tup came sliding along behind them. They could n't stop, so there

THE ESKIMO TWINS

they all were in a heap together, with the dogs on top!

Menie rolled over and sat up in the snow. He was holding on to the end of his nose. "Iyi, iyi!" he howled, "I bumped my nose on a piece of ice!"

Monnie sat up in the snow, too. She pointed her fur mitten at Menie's nose and laughed. "Don't you know you have n't much nose?" she said. "You ought to be more careful of it!"

Koko kicked his feet in the air and laughed at Menie, and the little dogs barked. Menie thought he'd better laugh, too. He had just let go of his nose to begin when all of a sudden the little dogs stopped barking and stood very still!

Their hair stood up on their necks and they began to growl!

"Hark, the dogs see something," said Menie.

Monnie and Koko stopped laughing and listened. They could not hear anything. They could not see anything. Still Nip and Tup growled. The Twins and Koko were children of brave hunters, so, although they were scared, they crept very quietly to the side of the Big Rock and peeped over.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Just that minute there was a dreadful growl! "Woof!" It was very loud, and very near, and down on the beach a shadow was moving! It was the shadow of a great white BEAR!

He was looking for fish and was cross because everything was frozen, and he could not find any on the beach.

The moment they saw him, the Twins and Koko turned and ran for home as fast as ever



their short legs could go! They did not even stop to get the precious sled. They just ran and ran.

Nip and Tup ran, too, with their ears back and their little tails stuck straight out behind them!

If they had looked back, they would have

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seen the bear stand up on his hind legs and look after them, then get down on all fours and start toward the Big Rock on a run.

But neither the children nor the little dogs looked back! They just ran with all their might until they reached the Twins' igloo. Then they all dived into the tunnel like frightened rabbits.

When they came up in the one little room of the igloo at the other end of the tunnel, Kesshoo and Koolee were just crawling out of the warm fur covers of their bed. Menie and Monnie and Koko and the little dogs all began to talk at once.

The moment the Twins' father and mother heard the word *bear* they jumped off the sleeping-bench and began to put on their clothes.

They both wore fur trousers and long kamiks, with coats of fur, so they looked almost as much alike in their clothes as the Twins did in theirs.

The mother always wore her hair in a top-knot on top of her head, tied with a leather thong. But now she wanted to make the bear think she was a man, too, so she pulled it down

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and let it hang about her face, just as her husband did.

In two minutes they were ready. Then the father reached for his lance, the mother took her knife, and they all crawled out of the tunnel.

The father went first, then the mother, then the three children and the pups. At the opening of the tunnel the father stopped, and looked all around to see if the bear were near.

The dogs in the village knew by this time that some strange animal was about, and the moment Kesshoo came out into the moonlight and started for the Big Rock, all the dogs ran, too, howling like a pack of wolves.

Kesshoo shouted back to his wife: "There really is a bear! I see him by the Big Rock; call the others."

So she sent Monnie into the igloo of the Angakok, and Menie and Koko into the next huts. She herself screamed: "A bear! A bear!" into the tunnel of Koko's hut.

The people in the houses had heard the dogs bark and were already awake. Soon they came

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pouring out of their tunnels armed with knives and lances. The women had all let down their hair, just as the Twins' mother did. Each one carried her knife.

They all ran toward the Big Rock, too. Far ahead they could see the bear, and the dogs bounding along, and Kesshoo running with his lance in his hand.

Then they saw the dogs spring upon the

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bear. The bear stood up on his hind legs and tried to catch the dogs and crush them in his arms. But the dogs were too nimble. The bear could not catch them.

When Kesshoo came near, the bear gave a great roar, and started for him. The brave Kesshoo stood still with his lance in his hand, until the bear got quite near. Then he ran at the bear and plunged the lance into his side. The lance pierced the bear's heart. He groaned, fell to the ground, rolled over, and was still.

Then how everybody ran! Koko's mother had her baby in her hood, where Eskimo mothers always carry their babies. She could not run so fast as the others. The Angakok was fat, so he could not keep up — but he waddled along as fast as he could.

“Hurry, hurry,” he called to his wives. “Bespeak one of his hind legs for me.”

Menie and Monnie and Koko had such short legs they could not go very fast either, so they ran along with the Angakok, and Koko's mother, and Nip and Tup.

When they reached the bear they found all

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the other people crowded around it. Each one stuck his fingers in the bear's blood and then sucked his fingers. This was because they wanted all bears to know how they longed to kill them. As each one tasted the blood, he called out the part of the bear he would like to have.

The wives of the Angakok cried: "Give a hind leg to the Angakok."

"The kidneys for Koko," cried Koko's mother when she stuck in her finger. "That will make him a great bear-hunter when he is big."

"And I will have the skin for the Twins' bed," said their mother.

Kesshoo promised each one the part he asked for. An Eskimo never keeps the game he kills for himself alone. Every one in the village has a share.

The bear was very large. He was so large that though all the women pulled together they could not drag the body back to the village. The men laughed at them, but they did not help them.

So Koolee ran back for their sledge and

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

harnesses for the dogs. Koko and Menie helped her catch the dogs and hitch them to the sledge.

It took some time to catch them, for the dogs did not want to work. They all ran away, and Tooky, the leader of the team, pretended to be sick! Tooky was the mother of Nip and Tup, and she was a very clever dog. While Koolee and Koko and Menie were getting the sledge and dog-team ready, the rest of the women set to work with their queer crooked knives to take off the bear's skin. The moon set, and the sky was red with the colors of the dawn before this was done.

At last the meat was cut in pieces and Kes-shoo and Koko's father held the dogs while the women heaped it on the sledge. The dogs wanted the meat. They jumped and howled and tried to get away.

When everything was ready, Koolee cracked the whip at the dogs. Tooky ran ahead to her place as leader, the other dogs began to pull, and the whole procession started back to the village, leaving a great red stain on the clean white snow where the bear had been killed.

THE TALE OF A BLACK CAT

Last of all came the Twins and Koko. They had loaded the bear's skin on Menie's sled.


"It's a woman's work to pull the meat home. We men just do the hunting and fishing," Menie said to Koko. They had heard the men say that.

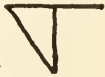
"Yes, we *found* the bear," Koko answered. "Monnie can pull the skin home."


And though Monnie had found the bear just as much as they had, she did n't say a word. She just pulled away on the sled, and they all reached the igloo together just as the round red sun came up out of the sea, and threw long blue shadows far across the fields of snow.

THE TALE OF A BLACK CAT

Anonymous

ONCE there was a little boy named Tommy; and there's a  that stands for Tommy.

Tommy's house was not a very good  one. So he built a new wall on this side of it.

 And then he built a new wall on that side of it.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

You can see now that he had two nice rooms in his house, though not very large. Next he put



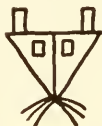
in windows to look out of—one in this room—and one in that room.



Then he made a tall chimney on this side of his house. And

then he made a tall chimney

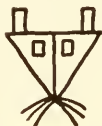
on the other side of his



house.



After that he started



some grass beside his door, like this.

Not far away from Tommy's house lived a little girl named Sally; and there's an S That stands for Sally.

S

When Tommy had finished his house he thought he would like to go and tell Sally what he had been doing, so he came out of his door



and walked along, this way, over to where she lived.

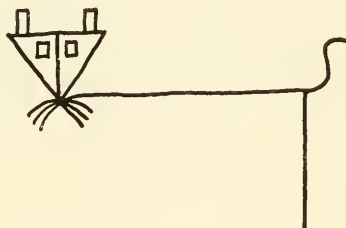
Sally was glad to see him, and he went into the kitchen and sat down and explained to her how he had built two new walls to his house and put in windows and made two tall chimneys, and how he had started the grass in front of his door.

THE TALE OF A BLACK CAT

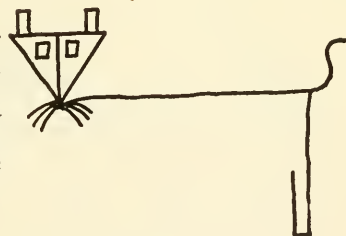
“And now, Sally,” said he, “I want you to come over and see how well I’ve fixed things.”

“I’ll put on my bonnet and go right back with you,” said Sally; but when she was ready to start she said, “We might go down cellar first and get some apples to eat on the way.”

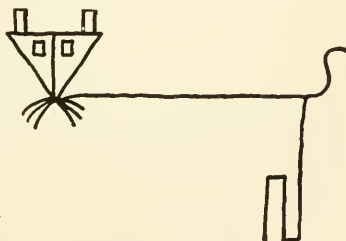
So they went down cellar, like this.



They got some apples, and then they came up outdoors by the hatchway, like this.

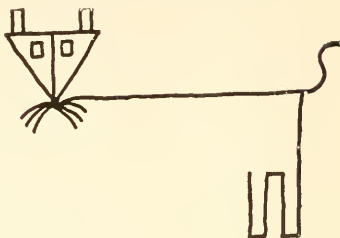


Now they started for Tommy’s house, but the walking was bad, and they had gone only a few steps when they tumbled down, like this.

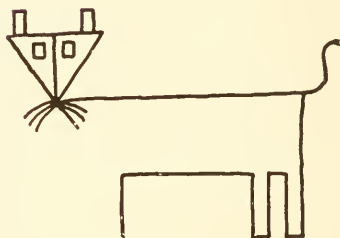


STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

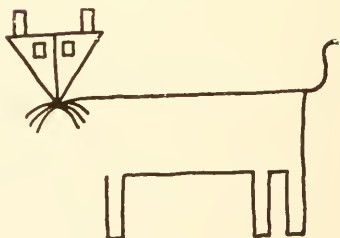
However, they were quickly up, like this.



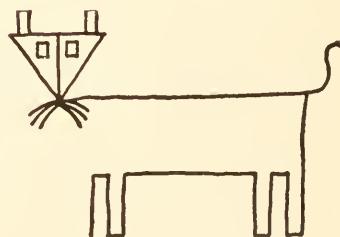
And they walked along until they were nearly to Tommy's house when they tumbled down again, like this.



And they were no sooner up on their feet, like this,

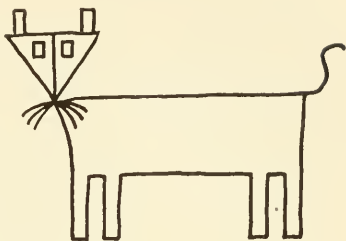


than they tumbled down once more, like this.

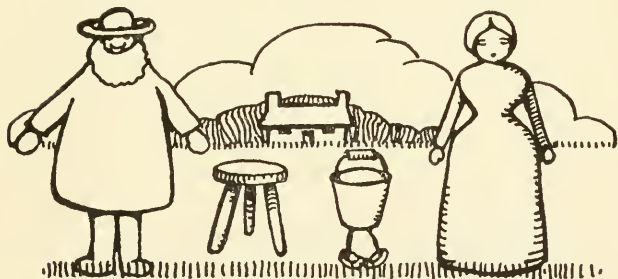


THE THREE-LEGGED STOOL

But they were nearly to Tommy's house now, and they got up and were going into the yard straight toward the door, like this,



—when Sally pointed toward the doorstep and cried out, “O-o-o-o-o-o-oh! See that big BLACK CAT!”



THE THREE-LEGGED STOOL

By Isa L. Wright

ONCE there was a little old man who lived in a little old house with his gentle wife. And most important of all, there lived with them a little three-legged stool. Now there are stools and

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

stools, the world over, little and big; but this stool was not like any other stool in the world, as you will see. It might have been made by the Happy Elves, or blessed by the Fairy of Kind Deeds, or grown in the Forest of Loving Thoughts. I cannot tell you as to that. All I am sure of is this: it was the most wonderful stool I have ever heard of and it dwelt for many a year with the little old man and his gentle wife in the little old house on the hill.

Every morning the little old man carried it to the barn, sat down on it and milked the brindled cow. Then he went back to the little old house with the milking-pail in one hand and the little three-legged stool in the other. One morning as he arose to go to the barn as usual, the little stool stirred on its three legs and said, "Why should I let you carry me to the barn every day when I am able to carry myself?"

"What's that?" said the little old man. But before he could say another word, the little stool danced away on its three legs and sat itself down by the brindled cow.

THE THREE-LEGGED STOOL

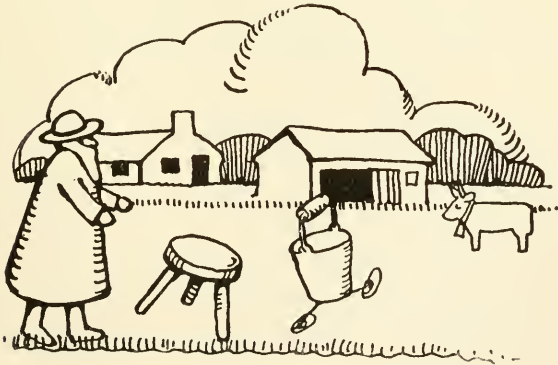
“Now that is very kind of you,” said the little old man when he reached the barn.

“Not at all! Not at all!” replied the little stool. “I have n’t had so much fun for a long time.” So the little old man sat down and milked the brindled cow.

The next morning the stool said to the milking-pail, as they stood side by side in the kitchen, “Why should you let the little old man carry you to the barn? Why not carry yourself?”

“A fine idea!” said the milking-pail.

“What’s that?” inquired the little old man. But before he could say another word, off



whisked the milking-pail with the little stool, and sat itself down under the brindled cow.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“Now that is very kind of you,” said the little old man as he sat down to milk.

“Not at all! Not at all!” laughed the milking-pail. “I have n’t had so much fun for a long time.”

So the little old man milked the brindled cow and carried the milk to the house.

And the next morning the little stool got to thinking again, as she and the milking-pail waited by the brindled cow for the little old man to come. “Oh, cow,” said the little three-legged stool, “why should you make the little old man milk you? He works hard all day long. Why not let down your milk yourself?”

“A fine idea!” smiled the cow as she chewed her cud. “A fine idea!” And when the little old man reached the barn, the pail was full of foamy milk.

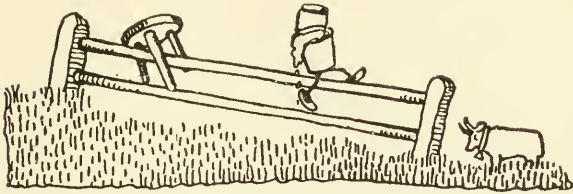
“Now that was very kind of you, brindled cow,” said the little old man.

“Not at all! Not at all!” answered the cow, switching her tail. “I have n’t had so much fun in a long time.”

And the little old man reached for the milking-pail to carry it into the house.

THE THREE-LEGGED STOOL

“Wait a minute!” called the little stool.
“Why should the milking-pail and I let you



carry the milk when between us we can take it to the house and not spill a drop?”

“What’s that?” asked the little old man. But before he could take hold of the milking-pail, it had jumped up on the stool. Tap! tap! went the three little legs, and in a minute they were safe in the house and not a drop spilled.

The little old man hurried in and told his gentle wife all about it.

“We must do something for them in return for their kindness,” said she. “Now do you give the brindled cow of our apples, and I will shine up the milking-pail and cover the little stool with red, red carpet.”

“We have but few apples left for winter,” said the little old man.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“That matters not,” smiled his gentle wife.
“We can do without ourselves.”

So the brindled cow ate of the apples and the milking-pail, shining from top to toe, smiled at the little three-legged stool all covered with red, red carpet.

Then the stool leaned over to the pail and said, “Why should the little old man toil day after day and get so little for his labor?”

“Why, indeed?” echoed the milking-pail.

“And why should we sit here in the corner all day while the little old man toils so hard? Let us bestir ourselves!”

“A fine idea!” the milking-pail answered.

“What’s that?” asked the little old man.

“We go to seek your fortune!” cried the stool. But before the little old man could speak a word, away they both danced out the door and down the road and on to the village.

By the roadside sat a strong man.

“Why do you sit here?” asked the stool.

“Why, indeed?” echoed the milking-pail.

“The little old man toils hard day after day,” the stool continued, “and gets but little for his labor.”

THE THREE-LEGGED STOOL

“If that be so,” answered the strong man, rising, “take me to him! I will gladly work hard, too, in exchange for food and comfort.”

“You shall drink your fill of my milk,” promised the pail.

“And rest on me when you are weary,” agreed the stool.

So they all journeyed back to the little old house.

“We bring you part of your fortune!” they told the little old man. “A strong pair of arms to labor for you in exchange for food and comfort.”

“Now that is very kind of you,” said the little old man.

“Not at all! Not at all!” rejoined the stranger. “I have n’t had so much fun in a long time.”

And the little three-legged stool and the milking-pail laughed till they creaked, they were so happy.

“Your face grows shinier every day,” whispered the stool to the milking-pail, a few days later.

“And your carpet face grows brighter and

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

brighter," returned the pail. Then they laughed again.

"Why should we sit here in idleness," said the stool after a minute, "when the little old man and the strong man toil hard day after day? They are getting more for their labor, it is true, but yet not half enough. Let us bestir ourselves again."

"A fine idea!" said the milking-pail.

"What's that?" questioned the little old man.

"We go again to seek your fortune," called the little stool, as it ran out the front door and down the road with the milking-pail after it.

On to the village they went, and once more they saw a man sitting by the roadside. A



tattered coat covered his thin body and his face was white and pinched.

THE THREE-LEGGED STOOL

The shiny milking-pail and the little stool stopped to talk with him.

“Why do you sit here by the roadside?” asked the milking-pail.

“I am weary and hungry,” returned the stranger, “and none will give me food.”

“Why don’t you go to the little old man’s house?” suggested the little stool. “He has very little to give, but what he has he will gladly share with you and his gentle wife will care for you until you are well again.”

“It may be,” said the stranger, “that the little old man labors hard and has need of all he earns.”

“Nevertheless, he will be glad to help you,” the little stool assured him.

“You can drink your fill of my milk,” said the pail.

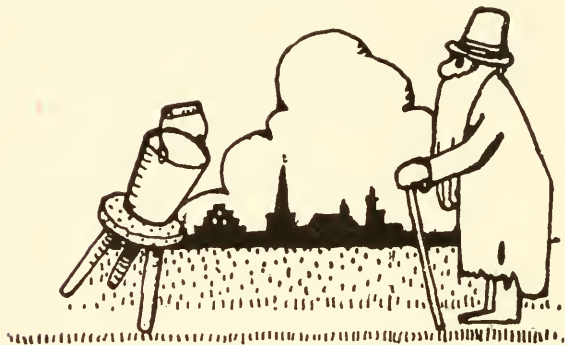
“And rest on me when you are weary,” added the stool.

So back again they journeyed to the little old man’s house.

“We bring you no fortune this time,” they called, “but only one who is weary and hungry and needs your help.”

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“And indeed I am glad to see you,” smiled the little old man as he came to meet the stran-



ger. And his gentle wife brought forward the easiest chair.

“Now this is very kind of you,” began the stranger.

“Not at all! Not at all!” answered the little old man and his gentle wife together. “We have n’t had so much fun for a long time.”

And with that they brought the best from the cupboard and set it upon the table. And the stranger ate till he was satisfied, and when night came, he was given the softest bed for sleep and rest.

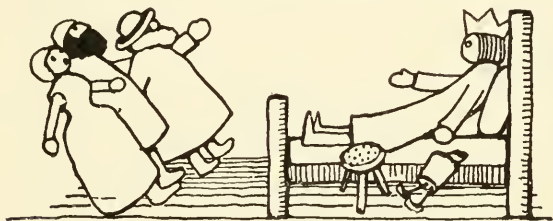
The morning came and the gentle wife prepared breakfast and put it on a tray and put

THE THREE-LEGGED STOOL

the tray on the little stool and tap! tap! tap! went the little stool up the stairs and into the stranger's room.

And the little old man and his gentle wife followed.

The little stool sat itself down by the bedside. And the little old man and his wife stood



by the door. And lo! There upon the bed, they saw, not a weary stranger, but a King with a jeweled crown upon his forehead.

“I was a hungered and you took me in, sheltered and fed me with the best you had,” he said, “and a King does not forget.”

Then the little old man and his gentle wife bowed low before the King.

“Nay,” he said, “bow not to me, but sit you here by my side, and tell me what I can do for you who did so much for me.”

But the little old man, sitting by the King's

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

side, shook his head. And the gentle wife, sitting on the other side of the King, shook her head.

“We have done nothing,” they said together. “It was the little stool that did it all.”

And the King smiled. “Since you will not wish for yourself,” he told them, “I shall wish for you.” Then he lifted his hands above them.

“I bless you for always,” he said, “with peace and happiness. And whatsoever your hands may touch shall prosper. And now, little stool” — the King turned around — “what can I do for you?”

“For me?” The little stool was so surprised he nearly tumbled over.

“For you,” said the King, and he smiled again.

“Well, as to that,” began the little stool, “if the strong man and the milking-pail and I can live always with the little old man and his gentle wife, we have nothing to wish for.”

“Nothing at all?” asked the King. “Think!”

“Well,” admitted the little stool with a

THE THREE-LEGGED STOOL

laugh, "there is one thing we have often talked about, the strong man and the milking-pail and I. We should very much enjoy a little child about the house."

"For me to work for," said the strong man.

"To drink of my white milk," added the shiny pail.

"And to sit upon me," continued the little stool, creaking his legs with joy at the thought.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried the little old man and his gentle wife.

For there, right before them was a little child with yellow curls and blue eyes and cheeks like roses in June time. And she gave the little old man a kiss on his little left cheek, and his gentle wife a kiss on the right cheek.

Then she sat down on the little three-legged stool with the red, red carpet on it. "May I have it for mine?" she asked.

And the little old man and his gentle wife nodded their heads and their eyes shone.

"And to think," said the little old man, "it was the little stool that brought it all to us."

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“Not at all! Not at all!” cried the little stool, creaking with joy. “I have n’t had so much fun for a long time.”



THE END

SUNNY BOY

By Isa L. Wright

ONCE upon a time, not very long ago, there was a little boy who liked funny things very much. He liked funny faces, and funny names, and funny noises, and funny games. He had twinkles in both of his eyes, and the corners of his mouth turned up.

One day he said to his mother, “Please tell me a funny story.”

So the little boy’s mother told him the funniest story that she knew, and he laughed and laughed, till his yellow curls danced and a little sunbeam stole right in through the win-

SUNNY BOY

dow and danced with them. Then his mother said, "Run outdoors, little Sunny Boy, and play."

So Sunny Boy put on his little white sailor hat and ran outdoors to find something more to laugh about.

"I know what will make him laugh," said a tall wheat-stalk. "He carried water to me yesterday, so I'll tickle him to-day." So she bent down very quietly and tickled Sunny Boy right in the back of his little neck. And Sunny Boy laughed and laughed. "Do it some more!" he cried.

"I can make him laugh, too," whistled the wind. "He's a playmate of mine. We often run races together." And with that, the old wind whisked Sunny Boy's hat right off his head and carried it across the yard and down the street. Sunny Boy raced after it, laughing all the way, and he caught it, too.

"I know another way to make him laugh," said the bumble-bee. "He invites me into his garden every day and lets me eat honey from the flowers. I'll make him laugh."

And "buzz-z-z-z" said the bumblebee, right

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

in Sunny Boy's ear. Then he flew to the other ear and said, "Buzz-z-z." And Sunny Boy turned first one way and then the other. "I know you, Mr. Bee!" he shouted, and he laughed, and laughed. "Do it some more! Do it some more!"

It was just then that the puppy came around the corner of the house, and heard all the fun. "Sunny Boy is my chum," he announced. "I can make him laugh." And with that the puppy bounded up where Sunny Boy was sitting and gave him a wee little bite on the ear. Then he chewed his toes with teeth as white as snow and pulled and tugged at them with all his puppy might, barking his sharp little "Oof! Oof!"

Over and over they rolled on the grass and made such a merry din that Mother came to the window and of course she laughed, too.

"Cheer! cheer!" sang a little bird as she flew by. "What is all the fun about?"

"Oh, we are just making Sunny Boy laugh," said the wheat-stalk.

"Well! well!" said the little bird. "He is the boy who puts crumbs out in the back yard for



PULLED AND TUGGED AT THEM WITH ALL HIS PUPPY
MIGHT, BARKING HIS SHARP LITTLE "OOF! OOF!"

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SUNNY BOY

me. I know how to make him laugh. Cheer! cheer!" she called.

Sunny Boy looked up. "I know you, Mrs. Mother Bird," he answered. "You have a nest in the front yard with eggs in it."

"Twee! twee! Come with me!" sang Mrs. Mother Bird.

And Sunny Boy jumped right up and followed her.

And what do you suppose he saw? Four little baby birds without any feathers on them and their yellow mouths stretched wide open.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed Sunny Boy. "You funny little babies! Your mouths are as big as your heads!" And Mother laughed, too, when she looked at them.

"There is something in the house that wants to laugh with you," she said, and you may believe that Sunny Boy hurried in.

And there was his own supper on the table waiting for him. What do you suppose it was? A big bowl of bread and milk with big raisins for eyes and nose and mouth. And the raisin mouth was wide open and laughing. And when Father came in, Sunny Boy's mouth was just

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

the same and so was Mother's, and so, of course, Father had to join in.

Even the washcloth, with which Mother washed Sunny Boy's face after supper, seemed to enter into the fun of making Sunny Boy merry.

"A washrag is a funny thing," said Sunny Boy. "It always plays the tickles with you. I like a washrag."

"So do I," said Mother, "and I'm very glad it can't wash the 'Laughs' away."

Then she tucked him into bed.

"Good-night, Sunny Boy," she whispered, "and funny dreams!"

THE BIG BOOBOO AND THE LITTLE BOOBOO

By Gertrude Smith

AND one morning Robbie's father stood by his bed, and Robbie was sleeping, and sleeping, and sleeping.

"Boo-boo!" said Robbie's father.

Robbie opened his eyes and sat up.

"Boo-boo!" he answered sleepily.

BIG BOOBOO AND LITTLE BOOBOO

“Boo-boo!” said his father again, and jumped at him.

“Boo-boo!” answered Robbie, and now his eyes were wide open.

Then the big Booboo took the little Booboo up in his arms and carried him down to the garden — for they lived all the time in the garden, and only slept in the house.

And the garden was full of roses, and daisies, and pinks, and many, many flowers besides.

In the shade of a great big tree was a tiny little lake. And what do you think? The little Booboo took off his nightgown and waded out into the lake!

He had his bath in the little lake in the garden — not in a bath-tub at all, but in the little lake in the garden.

The water came up, up, up to his chin, but he was n't a bit afraid.

“I'm a fish! I'm a fish!” he shouted, and down he splashed and swam like a fish!

He was only four years old, the little Booboo, but he could certainly, certainly do a great many things for his age. He could swim as well as his father!

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

And the big Booboo sat on a rock and watched him.

He often swam in the lake himself, and knew what fun it was.

And little maid Annie came down the walk and told them that breakfast was ready.

So out of the water Robbie came, and soon had his legs in his trousers.

For the little Booboo wore trousers, too, and a coat, and a pair of suspenders — just like his father's!

And then they went over to breakfast on the other side of the garden — where Mamma came out and joined them.

But before they sat down to the table the big Booboo stood on his head! On the smooth green lawn he stood on his head! It was a way he had, when he was glad, of surprising the little Booboo.

The table was set where the roses grew all over a shady arbor.

And little maid Annie brought out the cakes, and the toast, and the chocolate, too.

Then Mamma, all dressed in blue and white, jumped out into sight from behind a bush, and

BIG BOOBOO AND LITTLE BOOBOO

said: "Boo-boo! Who knew? Not you. I have been all the time in the garden. I saw you taking your bath!"

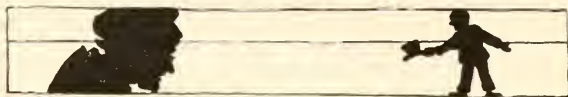


And the big Booboo laughed, "Ha! ha!"

And the little Booboo laughed, "He! he!
Did you see me?"

And so the day began — a happy, happy day.

For the big Booboo and the little Booboo
always were thinking of things to do, and hav-
ing the best of times.



THE GINGERBREAD BOY

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,



THE GINGERBREAD BOY

“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,



STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“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.



THE GINGERBREAD BOY

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,

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“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!”

FIDDLE-DIDDLE-DEE!

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.



“FIDDLE-DIDDLE-DEE!”

Anonymous

LITTLE DAVIE ran through the garden — a great slice of bread and butter in one hand, and his spelling-book in the other. He was going to study his lesson for to-morrow.

You could not imagine a prettier spot than

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Davie's "study," as he called it. It was under a great oak tree, that stood at the edge of a small wood. The little boy sat down on one of the roots and opened his book.

"But first," thought he, "I'll finish my bread and butter."

So he let his book drop, and, as he ate, he began to sing a little song with which his mother sometimes put the baby to sleep. This is the way the song began:

"I bought a bird, and my bird pleased me;
I tied my bird behind a tree;
Bird said —"

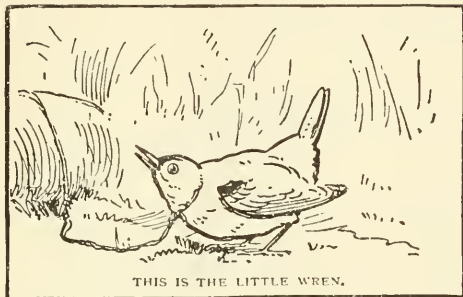
"Fiddle-diddle-dee!" sang somebody, or somebody, behind the oak. Davie looked a little frightened, for that was just what he was about to sing in his song. But he jumped up and ran around to the other side of the tree. And there was a little brown wren, and it had a little golden thread around its neck, and the thread was tied to a root of the big tree.

"Hello!" said Davie, "was that you?"

Now, of course Davie had not expected the wren to answer him. But the bird turned her head on one side, and, looking up at Davie, said:

FIDDLE-DIDDLE-DEE!

“Yes, of course it was! Who else did you suppose it could be?”



“Oh, yes!” said Davie, very much astonished. “Oh, yes, of course! But I thought you only did it in the song!”

“Well,” said the wren, “were not you singing the song, and am not I in the song, and what else could I do?”

“Yes, I suppose so,” said Davie.

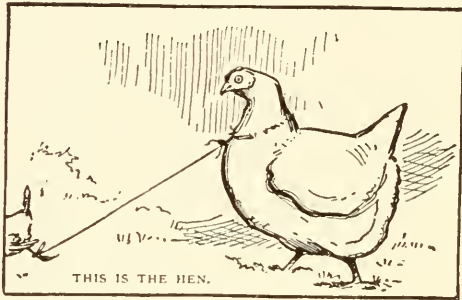
“Well, go on, then,” said the wren, “and don’t bother me.”

Davie felt very queer. He stopped a moment, but soon thought that he must do as he was bid, and he began to sing again:

“I bought a hen, and my hen pleased me;
I tied my hen behind a tree;
Hen said —”

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“Shinny-shack! Shinny-shack!” interrupted another voice, so loudly that Davie’s heart gave a great thump, as he turned around.



There, behind the wren, stood a little Bantam hen, and around her neck was a little golden cord that fastened her to the wren’s leg.

“I suppose that was you?” said Davie.

“Yes, indeed,” replied the hen. “I know when my time comes in, in a song. But it was provoking for you to call me away from my chicks.”

“I?” cried Davie. “I did n’t call you!”

“Oh, indeed!” said the Bantam. “It was n’t you, then, who were singing ‘Tied my hen,’ just now! Oh, no, not you!”

“I’m sorry,” said Davie. “I did n’t mean to.”

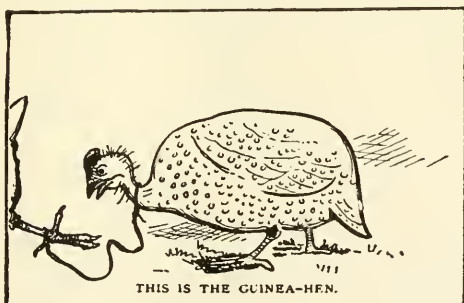
FIDDLE-DIDDLE-DEE!

“Well, go on, then,” said the little hen,
“and don’t bother.”

Davie was so full of wonder that he did not know what to think of it all. He went back to his seat, and sang again:

“I had a guinea, and my guinea pleased me;
I tied my guinea behind a tree —”

But here he stopped, with his mouth wide open; for up a tiny brown path that led into the wood, came a little red man about a foot high, dressed in green, and leading by a long yellow string a plump, speckled guinea-hen!



The little old man came whistling along until he reached the Bantam, when he fastened the yellow string to her leg, and went back again down the path, and disappeared among the trees.

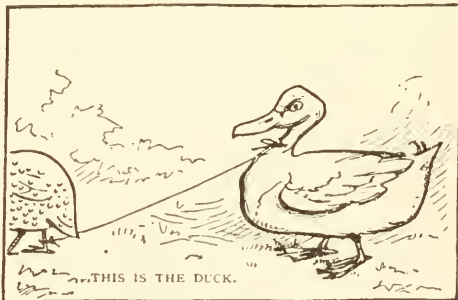
STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Davie looked and wondered. Presently, the guinea stretched out her neck and called to him in a funny voice:

“Why in the world don’t you go on? Do you think I want to wait all day for my turn to come?”

Davie began to sing again: “Guinea said —”
“Pot-rack! Pot-rack!” instantly squeaked the speckled guinea-hen.

Davie jumped up. He was fairly frightened now. But his courage soon came back. “I’m not afraid,” he said to himself; “I’ll see what the end of this song will be!” — and he began to sing again:



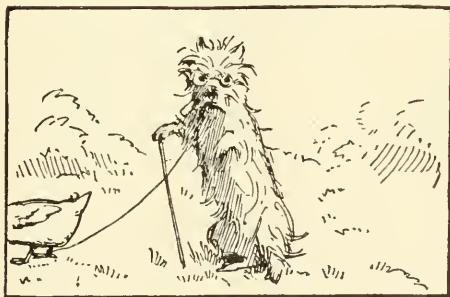
“I bought a duck, and my duck pleased me
I tied my duck behind a tree;
Duck said —”

FIDDLE-DIDDLE-DEE

“Quack! Quack!” came from around the oak. But Davie went on:

“I bought a dog, and the dog pleased me;
I tied my dog behind a tree;
Dog said — ”

“Bow-wow!” said a little curly dog, as Davie came around the spreading roots of the tree. There stood a little short-legged duck tied to the guinea’s leg, and to the duck’s leg



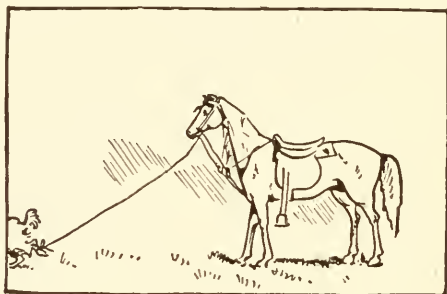
was fastened the wisest-looking Scotch terrier, with spectacles on his nose and a walking-cane in his paw.

The whole group looked up at Davie, who now felt perfectly confident. He sat down on a stone close by, and continued his song:

“I had a horse, and my horse pleased me;
I tied my horse behind a tree.”

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Davie stopped and looked down the little brown path. Then he clapped his hands in great delight; for there came the little old man leading by a golden bridle a snow-white pony, no bigger than Davie's Newfoundland dog.



“Sure enough, it is a boy!” said the pony, as the old man tied his bridle to the dog's hind leg, and then hurried away. “I thought so! Boys are always bothering people.”

“Who are you, and where did you all come from?” asked delighted Davie.

“Why,” said the pony, “we belong to the court of Her Majesty the Queen of the Fairies. But, of course, when the song in which any of the court voices are wanted, is sung, they all have to go.”

FIDDLE-DIDDLE-DEE

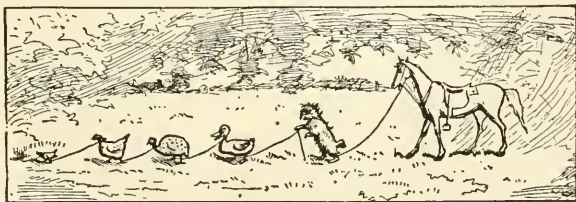
“I’m sure I’m very sorry,” said Davie.
“But why have n’t I ever seen you all before?”

“Because,” said the pony, “you have never sung the song down here before.” And then he added: “Don’t you think, now that we are all here, you’d better sing the song right end first, and be done with it?”

“Oh, certainly!” cried Davie, “certainly!”
—beginning to sing.

If you could but have heard that song! As Davie sang, each fowl or animal took up its part, and sang it, with its own peculiar tone and manner, until they all joined in.

“I had a horse, and my horse pleased me;
I tied my horse behind a tree.
Horse said, ‘Neigh! Neigh!’
Dog said, ‘Bow-wow!’
Duck said, ‘Quack! Quack!’
Guinea said, ‘Pot-rack! Pot-rack!’
Hen said, ‘Shinny-shack! Shinny-shack!’
Bird said, ‘Fiddle-diddle-dee!’”



STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Davie was overjoyed. He thought he would sing it all over again. But just then he was sure that his mother called him.

“Wait a minute!” he said to his companions. “Wait a minute! I’m coming back! Oh, it’s just like a fairy-tale!” he cried to himself, as he bounded up the garden-walk. “I wonder what mother’ll think?”

But his mother said she had not called him, and so he ran back as fast as his legs would carry him.

But they were all gone. His speller lay on the ground, open at the page of his lesson; a crumb or two of bread was scattered about; but not a sign of the white pony and the rest of the singers.

“Well,” said Davie, as he picked up his book, “I guess I won’t sing it again, for I bothered them so. But I wish they had stayed a little longer.”

THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

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 sand-bank, 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

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

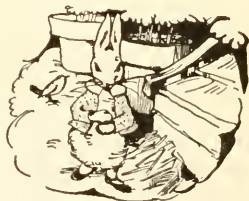
baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

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

THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

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 overheard 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

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him, and rushed into the tool-shed, 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 tool-shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower-pot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.



Presently Peter sneezed — “Kertyschoo!” Mr. Mc-

Gregor 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

THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

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 gold-fish; 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 tool-shed, but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe — scr-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scritch. Peter scuttered underneath the bushes. But presently, as nothing happened,

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

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 wheelbarrow, 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

THE GREAT WHITE BEAR

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 camomile tea; and she gave a dose of it to Peter!

“One table-spoonful to be taken at bedtime.”

But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail had bread and milk and blackberries, for supper.

THE GREAT WHITE BEAR

By Maud Lindsay

ONCE upon a time the tailor of Wraye and the tinker of Wraye went to the king's fair together; and when they had seen all the sights

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

that were there they started home together well pleased with their day's outing.

The sun was going down when they left the fair and when they came to the Enchanted Wood through which they had to pass the moon was rising over the hill. And a fine full moon it was, so bright that the night was almost as light as day.

"There are some people who would not venture in this wood at night even when the moon is shining," said the tinker; "but as for me I do not know what fear is."

"Nor I," said the tailor. "I would that every one had as stout a heart as mine."

And it was just then that Grandmother Grey's old white sheep that had wandered into the wood that eve came plodding through the bushes.

"Goodness me! What is that?" said the tinker clutching his companion's arm.

"A bear!" cried the tailor casting one frightened glance toward the bushes. "A great white bear! Run, run for your life."

And run they did! The tailor was small and the tinker was tall, but it was a close race be-

THE GREAT WHITE BEAR

tween them, up hill and down hill, and into the town.

“A bear, a great white bear!” they called as they ran; and everybody they met took up the cry: “A bear, a bear!” till the whole town was roused.

The mayor and his wife, the shoemaker and his daughter, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, the blacksmith and the miller’s son — indeed, to make a long story short, everybody who was awake in the town of Wraye — came hurrying out of their houses to hear what the matter was. There was soon as large a crowd as went to church on Sunday gathered about the two friends; and the tailor and the tinker talked as fast as they had run, to tell their thrilling tale.

“We were just coming through the wood,” said the tailor, “when there, as close to us as the shoemaker is to the blacksmith, we saw —”

“A terrible creature,” interrupted the tinker. “’T is as large as a calf, I assure you —”

“And white as the mayor’s shirt,” cried the

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

tailor. "It is a marvel that we escaped and if it had not been that I —"

"I saw it first," said the tinker; "but I stood my ground. I did not run till the tailor did."

The two would have been willing to talk till morning had not all the others determined to go to the wood at once and kill the bear.

"I cannot answer for the safety of the town till it is done," said the mayor; so every one ran for a weapon as fast as his feet could carry him.

The mayor brought his long sword that the king had given him, and the carpenter a hatchet, the blacksmith took his hammer, and the miller's son a gun; and the rest of the men whatever they could put their hands on.

The women went, too, with mops and brooms to drive the bear away should he run toward the town; and one little boy who had waked up in the stir followed after them with stones in his hands.

They very soon came to the wood, and then the question was who should go first.

"Let the tinker and the tailor lead the

THE GREAT WHITE BEAR

way," said the mayor, "and we will come close after."

"Oh, no, if you please, your honor," said the tinker and the tailor speaking at the very same time. "That will never do. We cannot think of going before you."

"I will go first if the mayor will lend me his sword," said the shoemaker.

"Aye, aye, let the shoemaker go," cried some.

"No, no, 't is the mayor's place. The king gave the sword to him," said others.

"I could kill the bear while you are talking about it," said the miller's son.

Every one had something to say, but at last it was all settled and the miller's son with the mayor's sword by his side and his own gun in his hand was just slipping into the wood when out walked the old white sheep!

"Baa, baa," she cried, as if to ask, "Pray tell me what the stir's about. Baa, baa!"

"A sheep, a sheep, a great white sheep!" cried the miller's son; and then how the people of Wraye did laugh!

They laughed and they laughed and they

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

laughed, so loud and so long that their laughter was heard all the way to the king's fair and set the people to laughing there.

But whether the tailor and the tinker laughed or not, I do not know.

•LITTLE•BLACK•SAMBO•

Anonymous

ONCE upon a time there was a little black boy, and his name was Little Black Sambo.

And his Mother was called Black Mumbo.

And his Father was called Black Jumbo.



And Black Mumbo made him a beautiful

LITTLE BLACK SAMBO

little Red Coat, and a pair of beautiful little Blue Trousers.

And Black Jumbo went to the Bazaar, and bought him a beautiful Green Umbrella, and a



lovely little Pair of Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings.

And then was n't Little Black Sambo grand?

So he put on all his Fine Clothes, and went

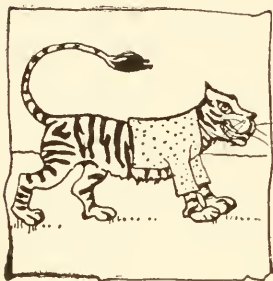


out for a walk in the Jungle. And by and by he met a Tiger. And the Tiger said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr.

Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

beautiful little Red Coat." So the Tiger said, "Very well, I won't eat you this time, but you



must give me your beautiful little Red Coat." So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Red Coat, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

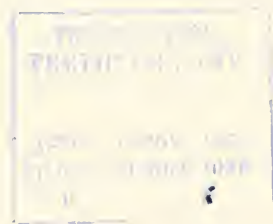
And Little Black Sambo went on, and by and by he met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!"

And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Blue Trousers." So the Tiger said, "Very well, I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful little Blue Trousers." So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Blue Trousers, and





"AND THEN WAS N'T LITTLE BLACK SAMBO GRAND?"



LITTLE BLACK SAMBO

went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And Little Black Sambo went on and by and by he met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings."



But the Tiger said, "What use would your shoes be to me? I've got four feet, and you've got only two: you haven't got enough shoes for me."



But Little Black Sambo said, "You could wear them on your ears."

"So I could," said the Tiger: "that's a very good idea. Give them to me, and I won't eat you this time."

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Purple Shoes with Crimson



Soles and Crimson Linings, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And by and by Little Black Sambo met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful



Green Umbrella." But the Tiger said, "How can I carry an umbrella, when I need all my paws for walking with?"

"You could tie a knot on your tail, and carry it that way," said Little Black Sambo. "So I could," said the Tiger. "Give it to me, and I won't eat you this time." So he got poor Little

LITTLE BLACK SAMBO

Black Sambo's beautiful Green Umbrella, and went away saying, "Now *I'm* the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And poor Little Black Sambo went away crying, because the cruel Tigers had taken all his fine clothes.

Presently he heard a horrible noise that sounded like "Gr-r-r-r-r-rrrrrrr," and it got louder and louder. "Oh! dear!" said Little Black Sambo, "there are all the Tigers coming back to eat me up! What shall I do?" So he ran quickly to a palm-tree, and peeped round it to see what the matter was.

And there he saw all the Tigers fighting, and disputing which of them was the grandest. And at last they all got so angry that they jumped up and took off all the fine clothes, and began to tear each other



STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

with their claws, and bite each other with their great big white teeth.

And they came, rolling and tumbling right



to the foot of the very tree where Little Black Sambo was hiding, but he jumped quickly in behind the umbrella. And the Tigers all caught hold of each other's tails, as they wrangled and scrambled, and so

they found themselves in a ring round the tree.

Then, while the Tigers were wrangling and scrambling, Little Black Sambo jumped up, and called out, "Oh! Tigers! why have you taken off all your nice clothes? Don't you want them any more?" But the Tigers only answered, "Gr-r-rrrrr!"



Then Little Black Sambo said, "If you want them, say so, or I'll take them away." But the

LITTLE BLACK SAMBO

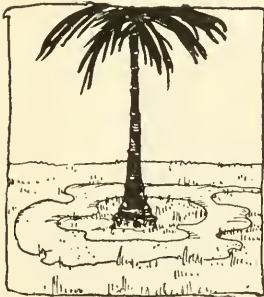
Tigers would not let go of each other's tails, and so they could only say "Gr-r-r-r-rrrrrrr!"

So Little Black Sambo put on all his fine clothes again and walked off.

And the Tigers were very, very angry, but still they would not let go of each other's tails. And they were so angry that they ran round the



tree, trying to eat each other up, and they ran faster and faster, till they were whirling round so fast that you could n't see their legs at all.



And they still ran faster and faster and faster, till they all just melted away, and there was nothing left but a great big pool of melted butter (or "ghi," as it is called in

India) round the foot of the tree.

Now Black Jumbo was just coming home from his work, with a great big brass pot in his

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

arms, and when he saw what was left of all the Tigers he said, "Oh! what lovely melted butter! I'll take that home to Black Mumbo for her to cook with."



So he put it all into the great big brass pot, and took it home to Black Mumbo to cook with.

When Black Mumbo saw the melted butter, was n't she pleased! "Now," said she, "we'll all have pancakes for supper!"

So she got flour and eggs and milk and sugar and butter, and she made a huge big plate of most lovely pancakes. And she fried them in the melted butter which the Tigers had made, and they were just as yellow and brown as little Tigers.



And then they all sat down to supper. And Black Mumbo ate Twenty-Seven pancakes,

WHAT ARE LITTLE BOYS MADE OF?

and Black Jumbo ate Fifty-Five, but Little Black Sambo ate a Hundred and Sixty-Nine, because he was so hungry.



WHAT ARE LITTLE BOYS MADE OF?

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?
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.

Mother Goose

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

THE BABY'S DANCE

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;
Then dance, little baby, and mother shall sing,
While the gay merry coral goes ding, ding-a-
ding, ding.

Jane Taylor

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

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 TABLE AND THE CHAIR

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!"

Old Rhyme

THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR

SAID the Table to the Chair,
"You can hardly be aware
How I suffer from the heat
And from chilblains on my feet.
If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk;
Pray let us take the air,"
Said the Table to the Chair.

Said the Chair unto the Table,
"Now, you know we are not able:
How foolishly you talk,
When you know we cannot walk!"

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Said the Table with a sigh,
"It can do no harm to try.



I've as many legs as
you:

Why can't we walk
on two?"

So they both went
slowly down,
And walked about
the town
With a cheerful
bumpy sound
As they toddled
round and round;
And everybody cried,
As they hastened to
their side,
"See! the Table and
the Chair
Have come out to
take the air!"

But in going down an alley,
To a castle in a valley,

OF PINS

They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day;
Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-quack,
And a Beetle, and a Mouse,
Who took them to their house.

Then they whispered to each other,
“O delightful little brother,
What a lovely walk we’ve taken!
Let us dine on beans and bacon.”
So the Ducky and the leetle
Brownny-Mousy and the Beetle
Dined, and danced upon their heads
Till they toddled to their beds.

Edward Lear

OF PINS

THE bad bumble-bee has a pin in his tail;
Mosquito has one in his nose.
The dear little kittens
Have pins in their mittens,
And *ouch!* There are pins on the rose!

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

So if you are little, and chubby, and round,
Wherever you wander or go,
The pins begin pricking
And stabbing and sticking.
They think you a Cushion, you know!

Abbie Farwell Brown

THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE

HAVE you heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
'T is 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 that I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below —



THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE

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THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE

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, gumdrops, and pep-
permint canes,
With stripings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that
rains

As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum
Tree

In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

Eugene Field

A Short Tale

LITTLE Brother Rabbit
Went to buy a habit.

“Make it with a tail for me
Just like Mister Fox,” said he.

“Make it fine and long, Sir,
Sew it good and strong, Sir.”

Then the Tailor measured him,
(Oh, alas! His eyes were dim!)

One detail escaped his plan,
Careless, careless Tailor-Man!



When the little suit was done,
Not a coat-tail, no, not one!
Sad he was to lack it,
Funny little jaeket!
Just a bob-tailed cut-away,
All the neighbors point and say,
“Little Brother Rabbit,
In his tail-less habit!”

Abbie Farwell Brown



SONG

SONG

I SAT within the shade,
And I saw — what did I see?
 A bee,
And a busy bee,
And a big and busy bee;
 A buzzing bee,
 A bumblebee,
A buzzing, bouncing, bumblebee,
And I said to the bee —
To the big and busy bee —
“Bouncing bee, busy bee,
Big and bouncing bumblebee,
Buzz in blossom, bud and bell,
 Working well,
Honey-hunter, hie thee home
 To the comb
 From the bell
 To the cell,
 From the cell
 To the bell,
Working willingly and well.”

Ann Augusta Gray

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

THE BALLAD OF A RUNAWAY DONKEY

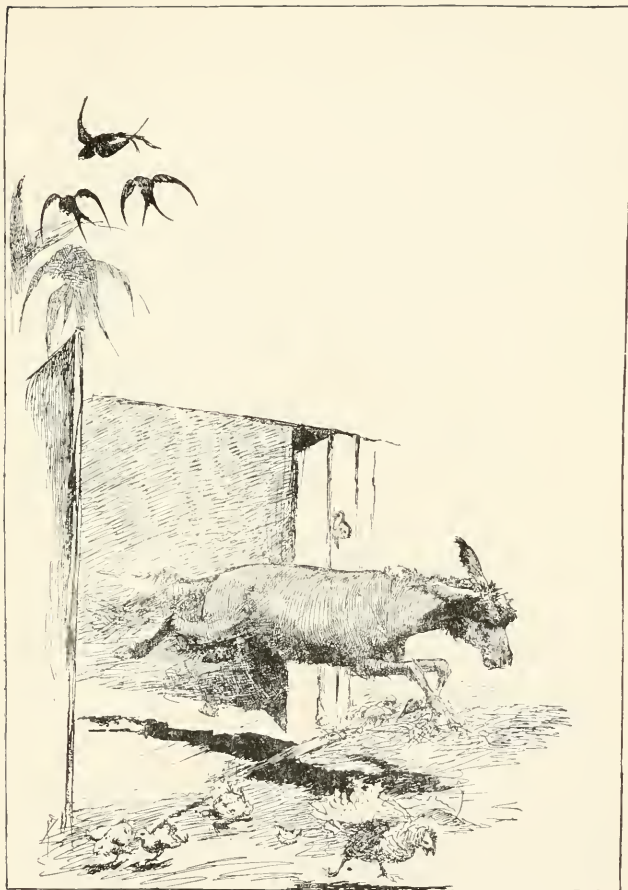
A STURDY little Donkey,
All dressed in sober gray,
Once took it in his long-eared head
That he would run away.



So, when a little open
He saw the stable door,
He ran as if he never would
Come back there any more.



Away that Donkey galloped
And ran and ran and ran



THE RUNAWAY DONKEY

THE SILLY LITTLE GRASSHOPPER

And ran and ran and ran and ran
And Ran and RAN and RAN!



And he *never*
came back!

Emilie Poulsson
(abridged)

THE SILLY LITTLE GRASSHOPPER

THERE was a little grasshopper
Forever on the jump,
And as he never looked ahead
He often got a bump.

His mother said to him one day
While they were in the stubble,
If you don't look before you leap
You'll get yourself in trouble.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

But the silly little grasshopper
Despised his wise old mother,
And said he knew what best to do
And bade her not to bother.

He hurried off across the fields,
An unknown path he took,
When lo! he gave a heedless jump
And landed in the brook.

He struggled hard to reach the bank,
A floating straw he seizes,
When quite a hungry trout darts out
And tears him all to pieces.

Anonymous

THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE



UNDER a toadstool
Crept a wee Elf,
Out of the rain
To shelter himself.

Under the toadstool
Sound asleep,
Sat a big Dormouse
All in a heap.

THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE

Trembled the wee Elf,
Frightened, and yet
Fearing to fly away,
Lest he get wet,

To the next shelter —
Maybe a mile!
Sudden the wee Elf
Smiled a wee smile,
Tugged till the toadstool
Topped in two.
Holding it over him,
Gayly he flew.

Soon he was safe home,
Dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dor-
mouse —
“Good gracious me!



“Where is my toadstool?”
Loud he lamented.
— And that’s how umbrellas
First were invented.

Oliver Herford

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

WADING ON THE BEACH

I LIKE to go a-paddling
Upon the squishy sand,
And holding up my dress, to see
How close I dare to stand.

A little wave curls very near,
Another laps my toes.
Ugh! How the sudsy foam is cold!
Ah-oo! How fast it goes!

And then I see a great big wave
Far out to sea begun.
His greeny head peers up at me,
He roars, "You'd better run!"

So then I turn and scamper back
To get beyond his reach,
But my! How fast he chases me,
Careering up the beach!

He splashes all my petticoats
As wet as wet can be,
And then he slyly creeps away;
And people laugh at me.

Abbie Farwell Brown

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG

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 to-night.”

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;



STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Pig will not jump over the stile,
And I shall not get home to-night."

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
to-night."

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 to-night."

But the water would not.

She went a little farther and she met an ox.
She said:

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG

“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 to-night.”

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;



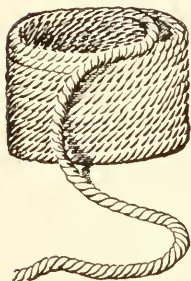
STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Dog will not bite pig;
Pig will not jump over the stile,
And I shall not get home to-night."

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 to-night."

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;



THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG

Stick will not beat dog;
Dog will not bite pig;
Pig will not jump over the stile,
And I shall not get home to-night."

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 to-night."

"Go to the cow and bring me some milk, and
I will catch the rat," said the cat.



STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

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.



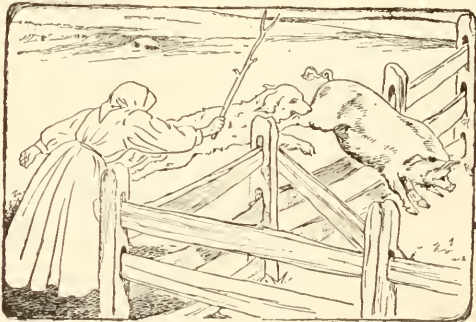
The cow gave the old woman the milk.

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;



LAMBIKIN

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.

LAMBIKIN

Anonymous

LAMBIKIN was a wee happy lamb.
One day Lambikin said,
“I’m going to the other side of the hill!
I’m going to see my granny!”
So he went hopping, jumping, and dancing
along.
Soon Lambikin saw a fox.
The fox said with a growl,



STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“Lambikin! Lambikin! I’ll eat you!”

Lambikin looked back and said,

“Don’t eat Lambikin
Till he goes to Grannikin.
Then very fat he’ll grow,
And you can eat him so.”

The fox liked fat lambs, and said,

“Well, go on to your granny’s house.

But be sure to come back this way.”

Away went Lambikin, hopping, jumping, and
dancing along.

Soon Lambikin saw a wolf.

The wolf said with a howl,

“Lambikin! Lambikin! I’ll eat you!”

Lambikin looked back and said,

“Don’t eat Lambikin
Till he goes to Grannikin.
Then very fat he’ll grow,
And you can eat him so.”

The wolf liked fat lambs,

So he said with a howl,

“Well, go on to your granny’s house.

But be sure to come back this way.”

Away went Lambikin, hopping, jumping, and
dancing along.

LAMBIKIN

Soon Lambikin met a lion.

The lion said with a roar,

“Lambikin! Lambikin! I’ll eat you!”

Lambikin looked back and said,

“Don’t eat Lambikin

Till he goes to Grannikin.

Then very fat he’ll grow,

And you can eat him so.”

The lion liked fat lambs,

So he said with another roar,

“Well, go on to your granny’s house,

But be sure to come back this way.”

Away went Lambikin, hopping, jumping, and
dancing along.

At last he came to kind old Granny’s house.

Lambikin called, “I’m here, Grannikin!

I’ve come to eat grass and grow fat.”

And then you should have seen him eat!

At last Granny said, “Lambikin, my pet, you
are as fat as you can be.

You must go home to-morrow.”

Then Lambikin said, “What shall I do?

The fox, the wolf, and the lion like just such
fat lambs as I am.

They will be sure to eat me to-morrow.”

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“No, no,” said kind old Granny.

“You shall go in a sheepskin drum.”

So Granny made a drum of sheepskin.

She put Lambikin in the sheepskin drum and
said, “Now roll away, my pet.”

Lambikin went rolling along and met the lion.

The lion could not see Lambikin.

So he roared, “Drumikin! Drumikin!

Have you seen Lambikin?”

Lambikin called out,

“Fallen into the fire, and so will you.

On, little Drumikin! Tum-tum-too!”

“The woods must be on fire,” said the lion
with a roar.

Away he ran as fast as he could go.

Lambikin went rolling along and met the wolf.

The wolf could not see Lambikin.

So he said with a howl,

“Drumikin! Drumikin!

Have you seen Lambikin?”

Lambikin called out,

“Fallen into the fire, and so will you.

On, little Drumikin! Tum-tum-too!”

“The woods are on fire,” said the wolf.

Away he ran as fast as he could go.

LAMBIKIN

Lambikin went rolling along and met the fox.
The fox could not see Lambikin.

So he growled, "Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?"

Lambikin called out,

"Fallen into the fire, and so will you.

On, little Drumikin! Tum-tum-too!"

"Lambikin is in that Drumikin as sure as I'm
a fox.

And Drumikin is nothing but an old sheep-
skin," said the fox.

"I'll soon stop your ride, Mr. Lambikin," said
the cunning fox.

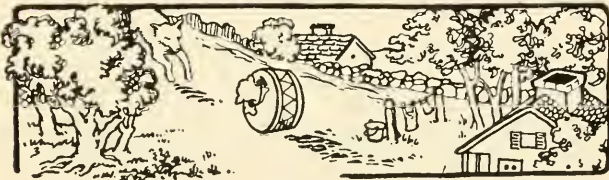
With a howl he ran after Lambikin as fast as
he could go.

But the drum was rolling safely along.

Down the side of the hill it went.

The fox could hear Lambikin as he sang,

"I'm in the Drumikin! Tum-tum-too!
I'm safe at home. How do you do?"

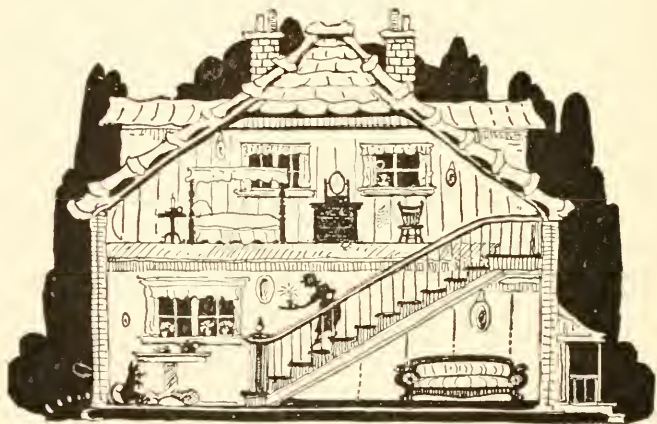


STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

A TEENY-TINY STORY

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.

BILLY BOY AND HIS FRIENDS

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.

BILLY BOY AND HIS FRIENDS

Anonymous

ONCE there was a boy named Billy.
Every one called him Billy Boy.
Billy was a poor little lad.
He had never had a home.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

One day Billy said, "I'm going out into the world to find my fortune."

As Billy was passing a barn he saw a poor old donkey.

His head was hanging down as he cried,
"Wee-haw! Wee-haw!"

"What's the matter, old Wee-haw?
Why hang your head?" said Billy.

"I'll tell you what's the matter," said the poor old donkey.

"My master gives me nothing to eat but old wheat straw.

He says I am too old to work."

"Come with me, old Wee-haw," said Billy.

"You may help me work for my fortune.
You shall have sweet hay, not old straw."

So on went Billy Boy and his friend, the donkey,
to find a fortune.

In a little while they met a poor dog.

His head was hanging down as he cried, "Bow-wow! Bow-wow!"

"What's the matter, old Bow-wow?"

"Why do you hang your head?" said Billy.

"My master says I'm too old to watch and bark at night.

BILLY BOY AND HIS FRIENDS

So he never gives me meat to eat," said the poor old dog.

"Come with me, old Bow-wow," said Billy.

"Help watch for my fortune and you shall eat meat every day."

On went Billy and his friends, the donkey and the dog, to find the fortune.

After a while they saw a poor cat.

Her head was hanging down as she cried,
"Mee-ow! Mee-ow! Mee-ow!"

"What's the matter, old Mee-ow-mee-ow?"

Why do you hang your head?" said Billy.

"My master knows that my teeth are old.

Yet he gives me nothing to eat," said the poor old cat.

"While my teeth are not sharp now, my claws are as sharp as ever.

Still it takes a long time to catch mice.

I should have meat to eat."

"Come with me, old Mee-ow-mee-ow," said Billy.

"You may help catch my fortune.

Then your claws and paws will do all that you want them to do."

So on went Billy Boy and his friends.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

After a while they saw a fat rooster.

He was sitting high up in a tree-top.

“Cock-a-doodle-doo!” said the rooster.

“What’s the matter, old Cock-a-doodle?”

Why are you singing in the tree-top at this
time of day?” said Billy.

“My master says I’m to go into the pot.

I’m to boil, boil, boil, then roast and toast till
I’m done,” said the rooster.

“Come with me, old Cock-a-doodle.

You may help me sing for my fortune.

Then no one shall boil you,” said Billy.

So on went Billy Boy, the donkey, the dog,
the cat, and the rooster.

By and by, as they were passing through a
great dark forest Billy said,

“Let us rest here, my friends.

To-morrow we will march into the forest.”

The rooster flew into a tree-top.

“I see a light, friends,” he said.

“Is it the light of the moon?” said Billy.

“No,” said the rooster, “it is not.”

“If it is not the moon, let us go and see what
it is,” said Billy.

So they went on through the forest.

BILLY BOY AND HIS FRIENDS

Then they saw the light in a little house.

The light came through the window.

The window was high above the ground.

“I can’t see into the house,” said Billy.

“I’ll make a ladder.

Come here, Bow-wow.

You jump on Wee-haw’s back.

Come, Mee-ow-mee-ow.

You bounce up on Bow-wow’s back.

Come, Cock-a-doodle.

You fly up on Mee-ow-mee-ow’s back.

Tell me what you see, Cock-a-doodle.” Cock-a-doodle said,

“I see some men sitting around a table.

They have gold in a heap on the table.”

“The men in the house are robbers,” said Billy Boy.

“I think we can drive the robbers away.

When I say, ‘One, two, three,’ make all the noise you can.

One, two, three!” said Billy.

“Wee-haw! Wee-haw!” said the donkey.

“Bow-wow! Bow-wow!” said the dog.

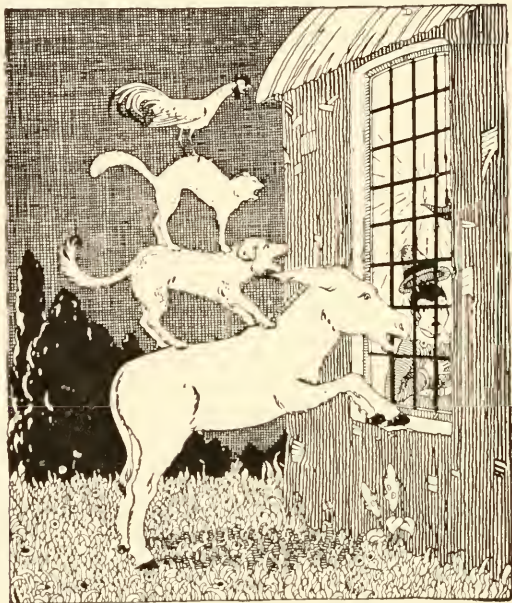
“Mee-ow! Mee-ow!” said the cat.

“Cock-a-doodle-doo!” said the rooster.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Such a noise you never heard.

The frightened robbers jumped and ran to the forest with all their might.



Then the friends went into the house.

Billy found a bed and went to sleep.

The cat jumped into a chair by the fire.

The dog lay down under the table.

The donkey lay down in some straw before the barn door.

The rooster flew to the top of a high tree.

BILLY BOY AND HIS FRIENDS

By and by, one of the robbers came back.

He stole in by the back door.

In the dark, he ran over the cat's chair.

The cat jumped up in a rage and gave him a scratch in the eyes.

The dog jumped up and bit him.

As he ran by the barn, the donkey gave him a kick. Down he went.

“Cock-a-doodle-doo!” cried the rooster.

The frightened robber jumped up and ran with all his might.

He told the other robbers that he would never go back to that house.

“There's an old woman there who tried to scratch my eyes out,” he said.

“There's a man there with a sharp knife.

He cut me with his knife as I ran.

A man at the barn had a big stick.

He gave me a knock, and down I went.

As I got up to run, a little man cried, —

‘I'll knock the noodle, too!’”

So the robbers never went back.

But Billy Boy and his friends lived there safely for a long, long time.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

THE WISHING-BOOK

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.

THE WISHING-BOOK

“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

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

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

THE WISHING-BOOK

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?

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“I DON’T CARE”

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.

I DON'T CARE

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.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

“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 HOWLERY GROWLERY ROOM

It does n’t pay to be cross —
It’s not worth while to try it;
For Mammy’s eyes so sharp
Are very sure to spy it;
A pinch on Billy’s arm,
A snarl or a sullen gloom,
No longer we stay, but up and away
To the Howlery Growlery room.

Chorus.

Hi! the Howlery! ho! the Growlery!
Ha! the Sniffery, Snarlery, Scowlery!
There we may stay,

THE HOWLERY GROWLERY ROOM

If we choose, all day;
But it's only a smile that can bring us
away.

If Mammy catches me
A-pitching into Billy;
If Billy breaks my whip,
Or scares my rabbit silly:
It's "Make it up, boys, quick!
Or else you know your doom!"
We must kiss and be friends, or
the squabble ends
In the Howlery Growlery room.

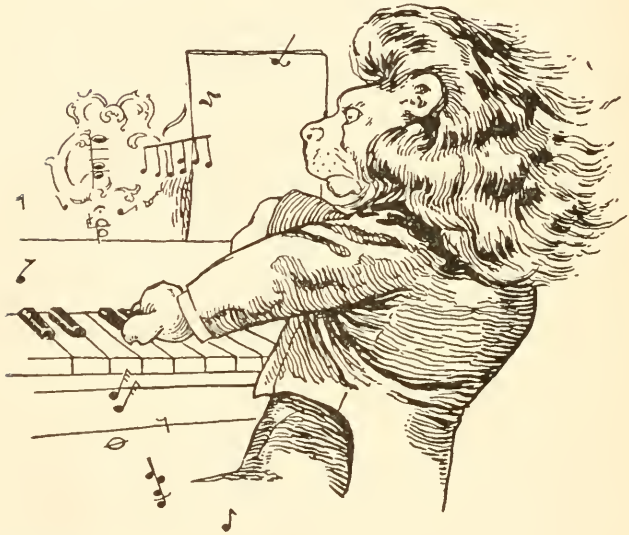
Chorus.

Hi! the Howlery! ho! the Growlery!
Ha! the Sniffery, Snarlery, Scowlery!
There we may stay,
If we choose, all day;
But it's only a smile that can bring
us away.

So it does n't pay to be bad;
There's nothing to be won in it:
And when you come to think,
There's really not much fun in it.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

So, come! The sun is out,
The lilacs are all a-bloom.
Come out and play, and we'll keep away
From the Howlery Growlery room.



Chorus.

Hii! the Howlery! ho! the Growlery!
Haa! the Sniffery, Snarlery, Scowlery!
There we may stay,
If we choose, all day;
But it's only a smile that can bring us
away.

Laura E. Richards

THE GO-SLEEP STORY

THE GO-SLEEP STORY

By Eudora Bumstead

“How can I go to bed,” said Benny, the flossy dog, “till I say good-night 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

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

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 night-gowns 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-

THE GO-SLEEP STORY

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

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

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.

STARS-WITH-WINGS

By Ellen Miller Donaldson

IN the moons of long ago the little Indian children had to find their way alone from their mothers' arms to the Land of Sleep. Sometimes they grew frightened at the noises of the night and lost their way in the darkness. They missed the daylight sounds — singing birds, whispering leaves, and running water; and they stumbled over roots and stones.

The Great Spirit was sad because his smallest children could not find their way to the Land of Sleep. So he went to the Moon Mother and asked her for some tiny stars. When she granted his request he took the stars

STARS-WITH-WINGS

down the Sky Road that leads to Mother Earth, and at the end of the journey he gave wings to each little star. After that, when the little Indian children went from their mothers' arms to the Land of Sleep, the Stars-with-Wings flew ahead of them to show them the way. They made a happy company on the road to the Land of Sleep. The little Stars-with-Wings led the way, and the drowsy children followed, while high up in the sky the Moon Mother kept loving watch.

One night when the company had reached the Land of Sleep one little child was missing. All the Stars-with-Wings went back to find him. The sun had gone to sleep behind the high mountains and the music of the day had stopped; only the West Wind was softly singing her evening song.

After a long search they found the child. He was lying fast asleep, snug and warm, under a tall tree. Lying close by on the ground was a little Star-with-Wings. It had fallen and broken its wing, but it had not stopped for a moment giving out its light for fear the sleeping child would be frightened in the dark.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

The Stars-with-Wings waked the child and guided him safely to the Land of Sleep. Then they hurried back and lifted their little hurt sister star and carried her tenderly home. It was many nights before the wing was strong enough for her to go to work again. After that, the little Indian children loved the Stars-with-Wings more than ever. They gave them a family name — Will-o'-the-Wisp.

Sometimes at twilight you see a soft, faint light bobbing here and there down in the meadows and across the marshes. "Will-o'-the-Wisp," people say, pointing to it; but *you* know that some drowsy little child is being guided to the Land of Sleep by a Star-with-Wings.

FINDING DREAMS IN THE LAND OF SLEEP

By Ellen Miller Donaldson

WHEN the Stars-with-Wings had guided the little Indian children from their mothers' arms to the Land of Sleep each little child wanted a dream to take back to its mother. So they searched the Land of Sleep for happy dreams.

The big friendly woods with their cool shad-

DREAMS IN THE LAND OF SLEEP

ows and sweet shade were in the Land of Sleep. The children found some beautiful dreams as they played in them with the little Brothers of the Wood who had come to the Land of Sleep when the sun dropped down behind the high mountains. Such a happy time they had together with the Stars-with-Wings resting near by.

They found sweet dreams as they played on the shores of a beautiful lake where all through the soft white moonlight and starlight the singing birds went skimming over its waves. The deer came down to look at themselves in its clear waters and to play with the little children. The little Indian children went sailing over the lake in their little canoes, made of ferns and sweet grasses. They guided their canoes in and out among the star lilies, with hearts of gold asleep in the moonlight. They found a dream as they played by the silver brook on its way to join the blue, blue sea. Sometimes the brook stopped singing and went softly to sleep.

They found a dream as they danced with the sweet, pale wind flowers upon the shores of

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

the lake, or played among the tall graceful reeds that stood in its shallows.

When they grew tired they stopped to listen and to get dreams from the blue violets as they told the secret of the springtime.

The arbutus, too, told them of her happy dreams which she had while sleeping under the winter snow. The dreams she told them were very beautiful. One dream was of butterflies, with wings of red and orange and gold, at play among the flowers.

The whispering leaves told them beautiful dreams of the summer-time and how the birds builded their nests.

The painted leaves were upon the trees. They made a wonderful dream as the little Indian children gathered them and tossed them high into the air and played they were scarlet butterflies.

The happy singing birds were in the Land of Sleep. The little children loved them all but they loved best the dreams of the shy hermit thrush which learned its song from the sweet laughter of happy little children and the blue bird with its cheery song and the bit of blue sky upon its wings.

WATCHING ANGELS

Just at the edge of the Land of Sleep a wonderful rainbow dropped down from the sky. Each day when the sun went to sleep the Great Spirit searched the earth and found all the tired, thirsty flowers and made them into a beautiful rainbow of red and blue and violet and green. So the little Indian children climbed the Rainbow Bridge and found some dreams as they played with the baby stars while the Moon Mother kept watch.

When they grew tired they took their dreams and went down the Rainbow Bridge. Then the Stars-with-Wings guided them safely back to their mothers' arms.

This is the way the little Indian children found, in the moons of long ago, their beautiful dreams in the happy Land of Sleep.

WATCHING ANGELS

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

Christina G. Rossetti

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN



DEAR mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night!
She was never so cunning before;
Her two little horns
Are so sharp and bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you see;
I'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends;
Oh, what a bright cradle 't would be!

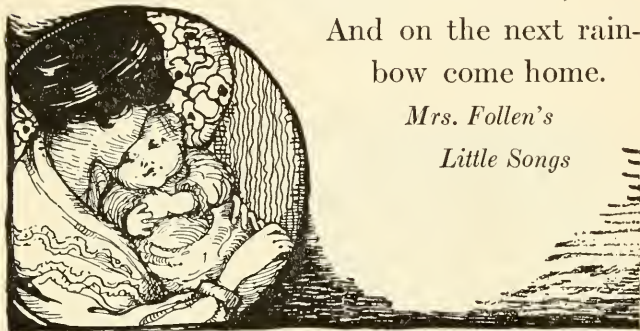
I would call to the stars
To keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes,
And there I would rock
Till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

WINDY NIGHTS

And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam;
We would see the sun set,
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rain-
bow come home.

Mrs. Follen's

Little Songs



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,

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

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.

Robert Louis Stevenson

LADY MOON

LADY MOON. Lady Moon, where are you roving?

Over the sea.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?

All that love me.

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?

Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?

Ask me not this, little child, if you love me;
You are too bold;

I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told.

THE STORY OF BABY'S BLANKET

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?

Over the sea.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?

All that love me.

Lord Houghton



ONCE a little Baby,
On a sunny day,
Out among the daisies
Took his happy way.
Little lambs were frisking
In the fields so green,
While the fleecy mothers
All at rest were seen.

For a while the Baby
Played and played and played;

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Then he sat and rested
In the pleasant shade.
Soon a Sheep came near him,
Growing very bold,
And this wondrous story
To the Baby told:

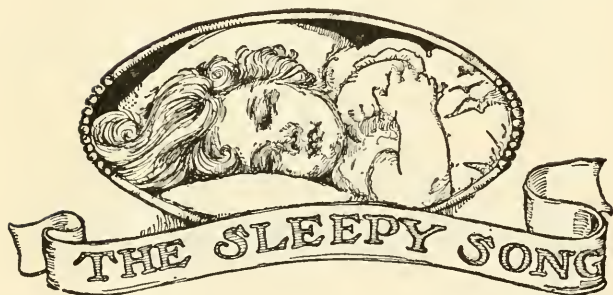


“Baby’s little blanket,
Socks and worsted ball,
Winter cap and mittens,
And his flannels all,
And his pretty afghan,
Warm and soft and fine,
Once as wool were growing
On this back of mine!

THE SLEEPY SONG

“And the soft bed blankets,
For his cozy sleep,
These were also given
By his friends, the sheep.”
Such the wondrous story
That the Baby heard:
Did he understand it?
Not a single word!

Emilie Poulsson



As soon as the fire burns red and low
And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song,
Of sheep that go over the hill.



STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are gray and white;
They follow their leader nose and tail,
For they must be home by night.



And one slips over, and one comes next,
And one runs after behind;
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,
The top of the hill they find.



And when they get to the top of the hill
They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes next —
Their colors are white and gray.



THE SANDMAN

And over they go, and over they go,
And over the top of the hill
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
And the house upstairs is still.



And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.

Josephine Daskam Bacon



THE SANDMAN

THE Sandman comes across the land,
At evening when the sun is low;
Upon his back a bag of sand —
His step is soft and slow.

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

I never hear his gentle tread,
But when I bend my sleepy head,
“The Sandman’s coming!” mother says,
And mother tells the truth, always!

I guess he’s old, with silver hair,
He’s up so late! He has to go
To lots of children, everywhere,
At evening, when the sun is low.
His cloak is long, and green, and old,
With pretty dreams in every fold —
His shoes are silken, mother says,
And mother tells the truth, always!

He glides across the sunset hill,
To seek each little child, like me;
Our all-day-tired eyes to fill
With sands of sleep, from slumber’s sea.
I try my best awake to stay,
But I am tired out with play;
I’ll never see him, mother says,
And mother tells the truth, always!

Marie Van Vorst

LULLABY

EVENING PRAYER

LORD, we pray that you will keep
Watch upon us while we sleep;
Guard us from all harm and pain
Till the day comes round again.
Bless all those whom we love best,
Father, Mother, and the rest.

R. H. Elkin (abridged)

LULLABY

SLUMBER, slumber, little one, now
The bird is asleep in his nest on the bough;
The bird is asleep, he has folded his wings,
And over him softly the dream-fairy sings:

Lullaby, lullaby — lullaby!

Pearls in the deep —

Stars in the sky,

Dreams in our sleep;

So lullaby!

Slumber, slumber, little one, soon
The fairy will come in the ship of the moon:
The fairy will come with the pearls and the stars,
And dreams will come singing through shadowy bars:

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Lullaby, lullaby — lullaby!

Pearls in the deep —

Stars in the sky,

Dreams in our sleep;

So lullaby!

Slumber, slumber, little one, so;

The stars are the pearls that the dream-fairies
know,

The stars are the pearls, and the bird in the
nest,

A dear little fellow the fairies love best:

Lullaby, lullaby — lullaby!

Pearls in the deep —

Stars in the sky,

Dreams in our sleep;

So lullaby!

Frank Dempster Sherman

THE LAND OF NOD

FROM breakfast on through all the day

At home among my friends I stay,

But every night I go abroad

Afar into the land of Nod.

MY BED IS A BOAT

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.

Robert Louis Stevenson

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;

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

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.

Robert Louis Stevenson

WHY SHOULD I FEAR?

I WILL not fear,
For God is near
Through the dark night
As in the light;
And while I sleep,
Safe watch will keep.
Why should I fear,
When God is near?

Anonymous

THE GOOD NIGHT

THE GOOD NIGHT

THE night has soft and gentle wings
That spread sweet magic everywhere;
Night whispers many cozy things
To fairies hiding here and there
In woodland, field, and air.

Night tells the Fairy of the Wind
To blow a happy dream to me,
Or move the shade, or hide behind
The window curtains, just to see
How good my dream can be.

Night asks the Fairy of the Rain
To patter on the window-sill;
Or splash against the dripping pane
To take good care of me until
I'm sleeping, still as still.

Night's fairies make a cozy noise
Behind the wall, then take a peep
At all their little girls and boys;
But oh, what careful guard they keep
While we are fast asleep!

STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

The little noises that I hear
Are fairies hidden out of sight;
They love to linger very near
To see that everything is right
All through the long good night.

Night is God's messenger of peace,
And comfort nestles in its breast
Where busy thoughts and troubles cease.
Night loves us little children best
While we all sleep and rest.

John Martin

