



888

46

**THE YELLOW CAT
AND HER FRIENDS**



Santa Claus was covered with snow.

THE
YELLOW CAT
AND HER FRIENDS

By
GRACE VAN RENSSELAER
DWIGHT: ILLUSTRATED BY
EDITH DIMOCK



NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1905

PZ10
.3
I 97
Ye

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
Two Copies received
SEP. 15 1905
COPYRIGHT ENTRY
Sep. 8, 1905
CLASS a AAC: NWA
125761
COPY B.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

Published September, 1905



12-11-44

CONTENTS

	PAGE
HOW THE YELLOW CAT CAME TO ANNE	I
THE SHADOW BOY	11
WHAT HAPPENED IN THE DOLL'S HOUSE	21
THE GREEDY RABBITS	31
THE BROWN SHOES' STORY	41
THE NEW DOLL	51
WHAT THE SUNFLOWER SAW	61
THE FOOLISH YOUNG ROBIN	73
A TEA-PARTY IN FAIRYLAND	81

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Santa Claus was covered with snow <i>Frontispiece</i>	✓
Ben awoke	18 ✓
“Where are you going?” asked the twins	24 ✓
The carriage started	26 ✓
It was only an apple falling	36 ✓
The little rabbits had the stomach-ache	38 ✓
“I hope it isn’t one of those walnut dolls”	56 ✓
“I am from China”	56
“If you can’t see with your eyes,” said the violets, “we couldn’t”	64 ✓
Mrs. Sunflower had so many black eyes that all the flowers trembled	70 ✓
His wings refused to work at all	78 ✓
The fairies were wonderstruck	86 ✓
They walked away with these little parasols	86
The fireflies were beginning to light up Page	89 ✓

HOW THE YELLOW CAT
CAME TO ANNE

HOW THE YELLOW CAT CAME TO ANNE

MRS. SANTA CLAUS went to the door of her house and looked out. She could not see Mr. Santa Claus coming up the road nor hear the jingle of his sleigh-bells, so she went back to the fire and began filling a stocking. She put an apple and an orange and broken candy in the foot and was adding a top when there was a wild jingle of sleigh-bells. Then the door opened and in stepped Santa Claus. He was covered with snow and icicles were hanging from his beard.

“Well,” said he, warming his hands by the fire, “how are you getting along?”

How the Yellow Cat Came to Anne

“This is the last stocking to fill,” said Mrs. Santa Claus. “Did you get any more letters?”

Santa Claus pulled some letters from his pocket. They were from boys and girls all over the world telling Santa Claus what they wanted on Christmas. “Maisie wants a tricycle,” said Mrs. Santa Claus.

“And so does her sister Helen,” said Santa Claus. “Suppose I take Maisie a blackboard?”

“Oh, no!” exclaimed Mrs. Santa Claus, “that would not do at all.” So Santa Claus went over into the corner where the tricycles were kept and rolled one out. Mrs. Santa Claus shook her head.

“It is too big,” said she, “Maisie’s legs would never reach the pedals.” So Santa Claus got a smaller one.

“Ben wants a drum,” said he, reading another letter.

How the Yellow Cat Came to Anne

“But Ben’s mother has sent you a letter asking you not to give him a drum.”

“If I don’t give Ben a drum, what shall I give him?” asked Santa Claus.

“I think he would like roller-skates,” said Mrs. Santa Claus. So Santa Claus tied up a pair of roller-skates for Ben, though he would much rather have given him a drum.

Then some one began to call up the chimney, and Santa Claus put his ear close to the fireplace to listen.

“Please don’t forget the Cat, Mr. Santa Claus,” was what he heard. “This is Anne.”

“Anne wants a Cat,” said he to his wife.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus went to work, and a very busy time they had of it! So many girls wanted dolls and go-carts, and so many boys wanted fire-engines and velocipedes, that it took a long time for old Santa to get ready to start out on his journey. They fastened the drums and dolls’ houses

How the Yellow Cat Came to Anne

and pop-guns and tricycles on the back of the sleigh, and in the pack they put the dolls and blocks and Noahs' arks and tops and tea sets, until the pack was so large it almost hid Santa Claus from view.

Mrs. Santa Claus said: "Oh, my dear, whatever you do, don't let any one see you!"

"No one ever has caught me yet," said Santa Claus.

"But last year some one nearly did," said his wife.

"That was because the doll's house was so big I could hardly get it down the chimney," answered Santa Claus, filling his pockets with strings of pop-corn.

Mrs. Santa Claus threw nuts and apples and candies into the bottom of the sleigh, and then with a ringing of bells the reindeer started and Santa Claus was off.

Mrs. Santa Claus went back into the house and was packing up the broken toys

How the Yellow Cat Came to Anne

when she heard a strange little noise. She thought perhaps it was the doll in the corner who had lost her wig, but when she heard it again, it was a soft, clear, little "Meow!" from the Yellow Cat; Santa Claus had forgotten to take her to Anne.

"What shall we do?" cried Mrs. Santa Claus, but the Yellow Cat only rolled her great eyes and answered, "Meow!"

Mrs. Santa Claus ran to the window and looked out, but Santa Claus by this time was miles away. So she took the Yellow Cat in her lap and fastened on its little red collar. There was nothing to be done but wait for Santa Claus's return.

When he came back the sun was just beginning to rise. The pack on his back was empty and the sleigh had not a toy left in it.

"O Santa Claus," cried his wife, "you forgot the Yellow Cat for Anne!"

Santa Claus sighed. "What shall we

How the Yellow Cat Came to Anne

do?" he asked. "I hardly dare to try to take it to Anne now."

Mrs. Santa Claus was so sorry that Anne would not have the Cat on Christmas morning that she asked Santa Claus to try anyway. So the Yellow Cat was put in a basket and rode beside Santa Claus on the seat of the sleigh. The reindeer shook their heads when they started out again, for they were tired.

"Good-by, Yellow Cat!" called Mrs. Santa Claus, waving her apron.

"Meow!" called back the Yellow Cat.

When Santa Claus reached the chimney of Anne's house he listened awhile, and then started to climb down; but when half-way he heard a boy's voice and a girl's voice, and knew that Ben was up and trying his roller-skates. There was no way of getting the Yellow Cat in then, so back Santa Claus went, and he was thinking of taking her home with him, when he saw the chimney of

How the Yellow Cat Came to Anne

the barn. So he took the Cat to the barn and left her in there, where the gardener found her on Christmas morning. Then Santa Claus said: "Good-by, Yellow Cat!" and the Yellow Cat cried: "Meow! meow!" And Santa Claus jumped in his sleigh and was off, driving very fast so none of the boys and girls would see him.

Anne was delighted with the Yellow Cat, although she never knew why the gardener, instead of Santa Claus, brought it to her on Christmas morning.

THE SHADOW BOY

THE SHADOW BOY

BEN was sent to bed without his supper. Cook made a fresh plum-cake for tea, and there was strawberry jam to eat with it. Ben lost his share of both. His mother sent him to bed for teasing his sister. Her name was Anne.

Anne had a doll called Arabella. While Anne was in the house, Ben found Arabella asleep on the piazza. He caught her by one of her arms and ran off with her. When Anne came back she looked for her doll.

“What are you looking for?” asked Ben, coming up the walk.

“For Arabella,” answered Anne. “Have you seen her?”

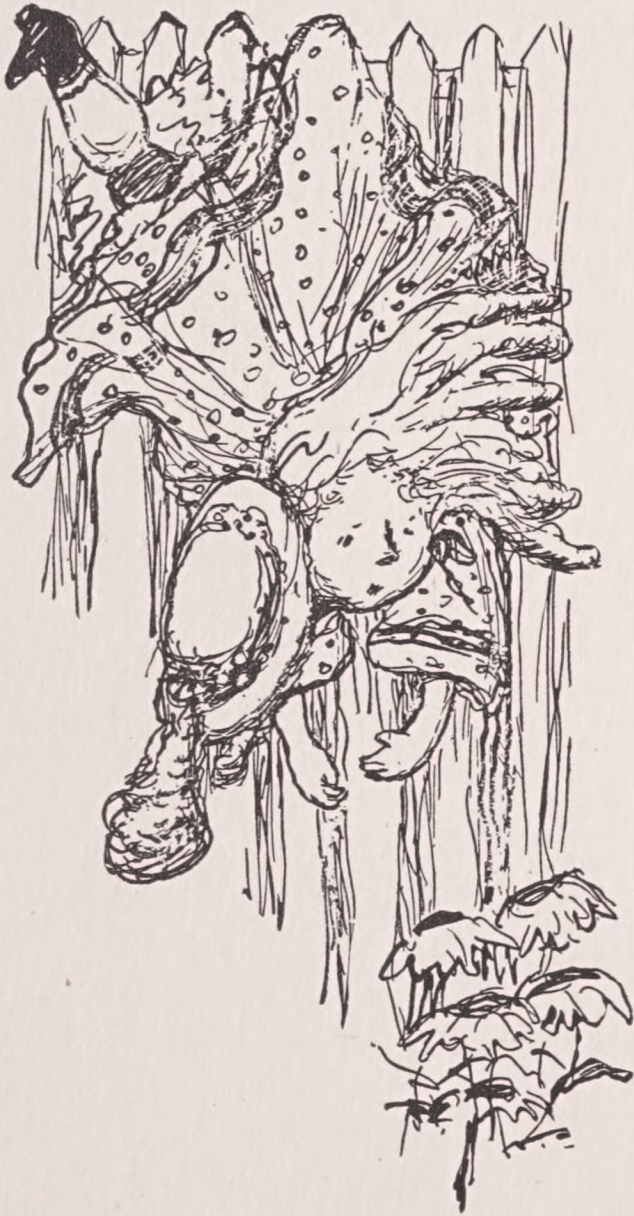
“Perhaps the dog took her,” said Ben.

The Shadow Boy

Anne shook her head.

“You have taken her!” she declared.

“Last time I saw her,” said Ben, “she was walking toward the fence.”



Anne ran down the walk. She screamed when she saw Arabella. Arabella was hanging on the picket fence by her skirts, with arms outstretched and hat over one ear.

Ben disappeared around the house, laughing. Anne took Arabella for a ride in the doll's carriage in the garden. Suddenly

Ben sprang out from behind the apple-tree. His face was covered with paint and he had

The Shadow Boy

feathers in his hair, like an Indian. He danced, and gave strange cries. Anne turned toward the house, Ben followed her, mimicked her walk, repeated whatever she said, and pretended to roll a doll carriage and talk to his doll Arabella. His mother overheard him and sent him to bed.

He wondered if Cook would bring him some cake; but as she did not, he tried to go to sleep. Presently he heard a rustling noise, and opened his eyes to find his fairy godmother sitting beside him.

“Well, my dear,” said she, “aren’t you in bed early to-night?”

“Yes,” explained Ben, “I was sent to bed without my supper.”

“What did you do?” asked the godmother.

“Teased my sister,” said Ben.

“You tease a good deal, don’t you?” said the fairy; “once before you were sent to bed for that.”

The Shadow Boy

“I mimicked Nurse then,” answered Ben.

“You must like to mimic and tease,” said the godmother.

“I do,” said Ben.

“No supper,” murmured the godmother with a shake of her head; “then you are hungry. Let me see if I have something in my pocket for you. Yes, here is a pill.”

As Ben swallowed it he heard the godmother say, “You will be a Shadow Boy now, and can mimic as much as you wish.”

He did not know what it meant to be a Shadow Boy, but soon found out. He lived on the streets. Whenever boys or girls walked out, he followed them. If a boy rolled a hoop, or ran, or used his roller-skates, he chased him. Sometimes he went ahead, and was in fear of being stepped on.

He followed the girls at play, too, and imitated whatever they did. The children called him the Shadow Boy, and laughed at

The Shadow Boy

his long legs and arms. They used to skip and turn to see him follow them around. They waved their hats and made faces, and the Shadow Boy did the same. He walked miles, and grew very tired. He waited outside the churches and schools for hours. When they came out they cried: "Chase me, Shadow Boy, chase me!" and he ran after them all the way home. When he saw a child coming along the street he wanted to hide, but could not.

One Saturday he worked hard all day. Late in the afternoon he sat down by the wayside under a tree to rest. He heard footsteps behind him, but did not turn his head for fear it was a child.

"Are you the Shadow Boy?" asked a deep voice.

"Yes," said Ben.

"Do you chase boys and girls?" inquired the voice again.

The Shadow Boy

"Yes," said Ben.

"Do you enjoy it?"

Ben groaned. "No, I hate it!" he said.

"You are fond of mimicking, of course?" said the voice.

"Oh, no, not any more!" said Ben. "I used to be a real boy. I wish I could be one again. When I see my godmother I am going to ask her to change me back."

"Do you think she will?" asked the voice.

"I hope so," said Ben. He turned, and found that the voice was that of his godmother. She stood smiling at him.

"Perhaps I have another pill in my pocket," she said, hunting for it.

Ben looked up and saw a child coming down the street.

"Oh, godmother, do change me! I don't want to chase any more children!" he cried.



Ben awoke.

The Shadow Boy

His godmother gave him the pill, and as the child passed by him he swallowed it. He could feel himself changing into a real boy. When he opened his eyes he found Anne asleep in the bed beside him, and Arabella sitting in her little chair, and he knew then that he was no longer the Shadow Boy.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE
DOLLS' HOUSE

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE DOLLS' HOUSE

THE Dolls' House belonged to Anne. It stood in one corner of the nursery. There were living in the Dolls' House a Mama Doll, a Papa Doll who wore a sailor suit, a grown-up daughter named Pinkie in a pink silk dress and lace underclothes, the Twins who stood on the floor, and the Baby Doll, who slept in the baby carriage and was taken care of by a colored nurse.

I must tell you what happened in the Dolls' House one night.

The Papa and Mama Dolls left the kitchen where they had been sitting and went into the parlor.

What Happened in the Dolls' House

A new toy had been left in the parlor, and though the Papa and Mama Dolls tried very hard, they could not make out what it was. It certainly was a queer-looking thing.

"Where is Pinkie?" asked the Mama Doll.

Pinkie called down, "I am in bed."

"Then dress, and come down quickly," said Mama Doll, "for there is a new toy here in the parlor, and it is so very strange-looking that we can not tell what it is."

Pinkie got into her lace underclothes and silk dress in great haste. She awoke the Twins, who were asleep on the sofa.

"Where are you going?" asked the Twins.

Pinkie was sitting before the little bureau with the looking-glass, curling her hair.

"To see a new toy in the parlor," said Pinkie.



“Where are you going?” asked the twins.

What Happened in the Dolls' House

“So are we,” said the Twins, and at once got down from the sofa.

“Where did the new toy come from?” asked the Twin in red.

“And what is it?” asked the Twin in blue.

Pinkie did not know, so she asked them to tie the bow on her hair and be good children.

They tied the hair-ribbon so tight that Pinkie gave a scream, but the Twins were quite sure it was better that way than to be always falling off.

They found the Mama Doll and the Papa Doll still looking at the new toy. Papa Doll was lying flat on his back, looking up at it, but Mama Doll was behind a chair.

“Why, it's nothing but a baby carriage,” said Pinkie when she first saw it.

“Oh! is that all?” cried the Twins.

What Happened in the Dolls' House

“We have one baby carriage already,” said the Blue Twin.

“Perhaps this is a go-cart,” said the Red Twin.

The colored nurse wanted to put the Baby Doll in it, but the Mama Doll would not let her.

“We do not know what it is,” said the Mama Doll.

“If it had horses with it, I should know what it was,” remarked the Papa Doll.

“If it had horses,” said Pinkie, “we could go for a ride.”

“Oh, if it only were a carriage!” exclaimed the Twins.

“I have never been in a carriage,” said the Red Twin.

“You have been in a baby carriage,” said the Blue Twin.

The Papa Doll kept poking the little carriage and trying to make the wheels go



The carriage started.

What Happened in the Dolls' House

round. "Well," said he at length, "as it has no horses, my dears, get in, and I will draw you."

Pinkie and the Twins stepped in, but the Twins fought so hard to sit on the end of the seat that Pinkie had to sit between them. She leaned forward to tell Papa Doll to start, when she hit a little wheel in front, and before Papa had time to climb in, the wheels turned and the carriage started without him.

It flew by the Mama Doll's chair, and almost knocked the colored nurse and the Baby Doll down. It went around the parlor several times, then out into the hall, upsetting the umbrella-stand and the card-receiver, tore around the dining-room table, and then back into the parlor again.

Pinkie and the Twins sat very still. Several times they opened their mouths to cry, but instead they said, "Oh! oh!"

What Happened in the Dolls' House

The Mama Doll wrung her hands as they flew by her. The colored nurse stood on a chair and screamed, which woke the Baby Doll, and the Papa Doll ran after them, calling, "Here! here!"

Soon Pinkie was able to turn the wheel and stop the carriage.

It stopped so suddenly that the Twins almost fell off the seat. The Papa Doll then got in and took them all for a ride. It was great fun, for soon they could fly in and out among the furniture without upsetting it. They took turns in riding until the Twins were too sleepy to keep awake any longer. Then they left the little carriage in the parlor just where they had found it.

The Mama Doll and the Papa Doll stole back into the kitchen again; the colored nurse and the Baby Doll went out on the piazza; the Twins fell asleep on the sofa, and

What Happened in the Dolls' House

Pinkie took off her silk dress and lace underclothes and crept into bed.

It was not till a long time afterward that the dolls found out that the new toy was a Dolls' Automobile.

THE GREEDY RABBITS

THE GREEDY RABBITS

THE rabbits had a secret. Over in the corner of the wire cage they were whispering, with their heads close together, and their tiny pink noses wiggling as they talked. There were four rabbits in all—Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit, and two babies, all with long pink ears and stubby tails. The Yellow Cat, who lived in the garden, walked by several times and wondered what they were talking about. At last she stopped, and said: “Good morning, Mrs. Rabbit. Are you and the children well this morning?”

Mrs. Rabbit put back her ears in surprise. “Yes, Miss Tabby,” said she, “we are very well indeed.”

The Greedy Rabbits

“Oh,” said the Yellow Cat, “I thought perhaps something was the matter!”

But Mrs. Rabbit shook her head, and Mr. Rabbit said “Humph!” so crossly that the



Yellow Cat walked away with her tail high in the air. She met the White Cat out walking, who lived next door, and told her about the rabbits.

The White Cat said: “They always were a cross family. For my part, I don’t like rabbits anyway; they have such horrid little tails.”

So both cats looked at their own fine tails, and forgot the rabbits, who continued to whisper.

“Shall we try it to-night?” asked Mrs. Rabbit.

“By all means,” said Mr. Rabbit, lying flat on his stomach and stretching out his hind legs;

The Greedy Rabbits

“for the moon will be out to-night and light up the garden, and we can play among the shadows.”

“It seems to me,” remarked Mrs. Rabbit, offering a clover-leaf to one of the babies, “that it will be a great deal of work to dig our way out under this wire.”

Mr. Rabbit nodded his head, but before he had time to speak both the little rabbits cried: “Oh, do let’s try it, mama!”

“Then,” said Mrs. Rabbit, “be sure not to let the gardener know about it, for he would be very angry if he found out that we were planning to run loose in the garden, where the lettuce and cabbages grow.”

So both little rabbits kept very quiet, although it was hard for them not to smile when the gardener came to give them their supper.

The Yellow Cat walked by waving her tail and saying, “I am on my way to the

The Greedy Rabbits

White Cat's party. Too bad that you can not all go with me."

When all was quiet in the garden, and even the birds were asleep, the rabbits began



to dig their way out. They found it very hard work indeed; even Papa Bunny grew tired.

"Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Rabbit, stopping her work for a moment, "my paws are a sight from the dirt!"

"So are mine," declared Papa Bunny; "but think of the lettuce in the garden."

"Oh, yes, Mama, think of the lettuce!" cried the little rabbits.

So Mrs. Rabbit went back to help in the digging, and at length the hole was large enough for baby rabbits to crawl through.

"Mind, children; don't run away," panted Mrs. Rabbit, trying to squeeze through.



It was only an apple falling.

The Greedy Rabbits

The little rabbits had to wait for the hole to be dug big enough for their parents to go through, though even then Mr. Rabbit got a fine squeezing and had to stop to catch his breath.

“Shall we eat or play?” asked Mother Rabbit; but hardly had the words left her lips, when the children and their father cried: “Oh, eat, by all means!”

They scampered over to the lettuce-bed, the little rabbits making so much noise with their talk and laughter that Mrs. Rabbit had to say “Hush!” several times.

It was just like a picnic. They had never seen so many good things to eat before—lettuce and cabbage-leaves to nibble, and carrots and radishes and parsley.

They were so busy they did not say a word. Once they thought they heard the Yellow Cat coming, but it was only an apple falling from the tree.

The Greedy Rabbits

After they had eaten all that they could possibly hold, they played tag, and hide-and-seek among the vegetables, and hop-sotch over the shadows which the moon made.



At length Mrs. Rabbit said: "Come, my dears, we must go back, for it is late, and some one might see us."

"Just one more game of tag, Mother, please!" cried the babies; but Papa Rabbit declared they must go.

Back to the cage they ran, and after much trouble crawled through the hole. It was a tight squeeze for them.



The little rabbits had the stomach-ache.

The Greedy Rabbits

They were too excited to sleep, and whispered over their good time until they heard the Yellow Cat coming home from the party. But before long the little rabbits began to feel sick, and then the Papa and Mama Rabbits felt sick too—such awful stomach-aches as they all had, only the Papa and Mama had bigger ones, of course. The baby rabbits lay on their sides, their paws crossed and the big tears rolling down their cheeks. Papa and Mama tried to help them, but it was a long time before they grew better.

They were still so ill when the gardener came with their breakfast that they could not eat. He wondered what was the matter, but he did not find out until some time later, when he saw the lettuce-bed.

The Yellow Cat never found out their secret.

THE BROWN SHOES' STORY

THE BROWN SHOES' STORY

ONE night, when all was quiet in the nursery, the little Red Slippers looked around the corner of the crib and called "Hello!" The Brown Shoes, which stood on the shelf over the fireplace, pretended not to hear.

"Hello!" called the Red Slippers again.

"What is it?" asked the Brown Shoes.

"Are you so old," asked the Red Slippers, laughing, "that you can not hear?"

The Brown Shoes answered: "It is all Mrs. Clock's fault. She is ticking so loud that I can not hear a thing."

At this Mrs. Clock was very angry, and instead of replying, screamed out the hour. The Brown Shoes fairly shook on the shelf.

The Broken Shoes' Story

“Where have you been to-day?” asked the Red Slippers, when old Lady Clock had gone back to her ticking.



“Around the world,” answered the Brown Shoes, and yawned so hard that a button burst off and fell to the floor.

“Good gracious!” cried the Red Slippers. “Don’t do that again, or you will be punished by nurse.”

“I hope,” said the Brown Shoes, “I shall never have to do so much playing again. It was all on account of the dog, too.”

“The dog!” cried the Red Slippers in astonishment. “Do you mean the white woolly one that Santa Claus brought?”

The Woolly Dog in the crib above heard this, and called out: “No, little Red Slippers! Please won’t you and Brown Shoes stop your talking and go to sleep?”

“I mean a real dog,” declared the Brown

The Brown Shoes' Story

Shoes, not noticing the Woolly Dog. "The children have named it Jack. It barks so loud that it sounds like a lion. It is fastened to a string, and it pulls us everywhere."

The Red Slippers walked nearer the mantel, and the Brown Shoes leaned over.

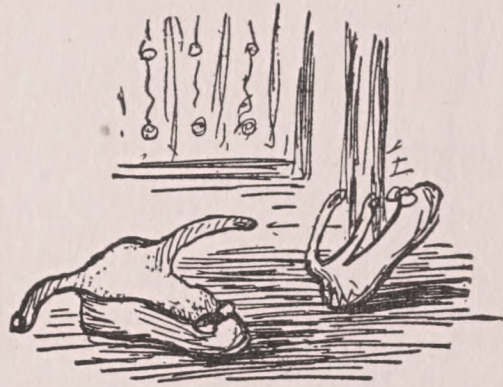
"I wouldn't dare come down," explained the Brown Shoes, "for this dog would surely eat me if it found me."

The Red Slippers gave a cry.

"Oh, it won't hurt you!" said the Brown Shoes. "It likes the buttons on me you see."

The little Red Slippers pulled the bows over to cover up their buttons, nevertheless, and asked the Brown Shoes to go on with the story.

"I came near not being worn at all today," said the Brown Shoes. "Nurse was



The Brown Shoes' Story

going to have the Black Shoes go out, and then, as it looked like rain, she sent me instead. That is the trouble of being the oldest shoes in the nursery."

The little Red Slippers could hardly wait to hear about the dog, so they said, "But when did the dog come?"

"At breakfast-time. It barked outside of the dining-room window and cried until the children let it in. It is a white dog, with a short tail and a black ear. It was very hungry, and the children fed it," went on the Brown Shoes. "Nurse said it must be sent away again, but the children wouldn't let it go."

"I should love to see it," said the Red Slippers.

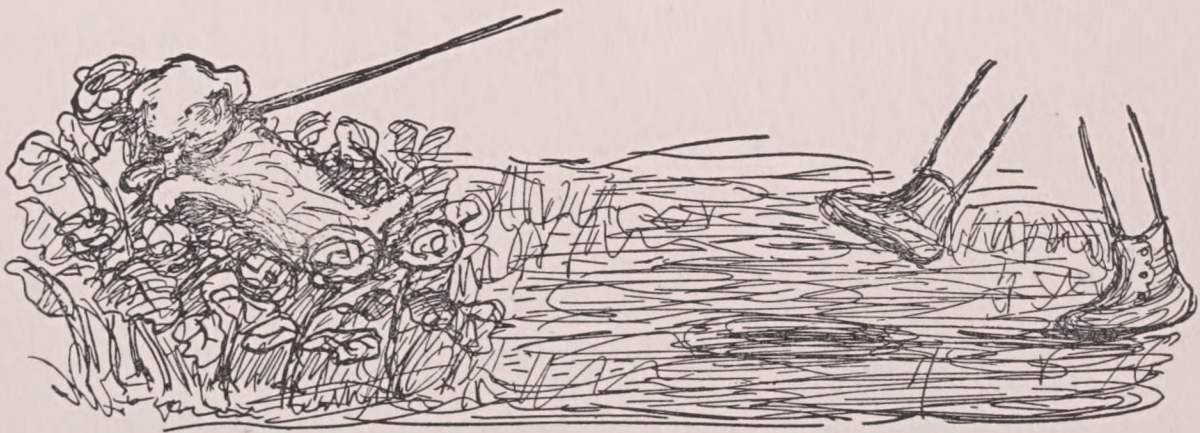
"Oh, no, you wouldn't!" declared the Brown Shoes, "for it would nibble your toes. It did mine, and its teeth are sharp and fine like needles. Such a time as we had with

The Brown Shoes' Story

it! It pulled us all around the streets and through a new flower bed the gardener had just dug. He ran after us, but the dog thought it was some kind of a game and laughed and played until we landed in the middle of a mud-puddle. You know the Yellow Cat, I suppose?" asked the Brown Shoes.

"Yes, I have seen her," answered the Red Slippers.

"This afternoon she was eating a chicken-bone in the garden, when the dog saw her, ran after her and tried to take the bone away. The Yellow Cat went to strike him



The Brown Shoes' Story

with her paw, but when she saw his horrid teeth she was so frightened, she turned and ran up the apple-tree."

"It must be an awful dog!" sighed the Red Slippers, looking around at the door in fear.

The Woolly Dog was hanging out of his crib, laughing as he heard the story.

"What fun!" exclaimed he. "I hope the dog went up the tree, too."

The Brown Shoes were so angry that they almost burst off another button.

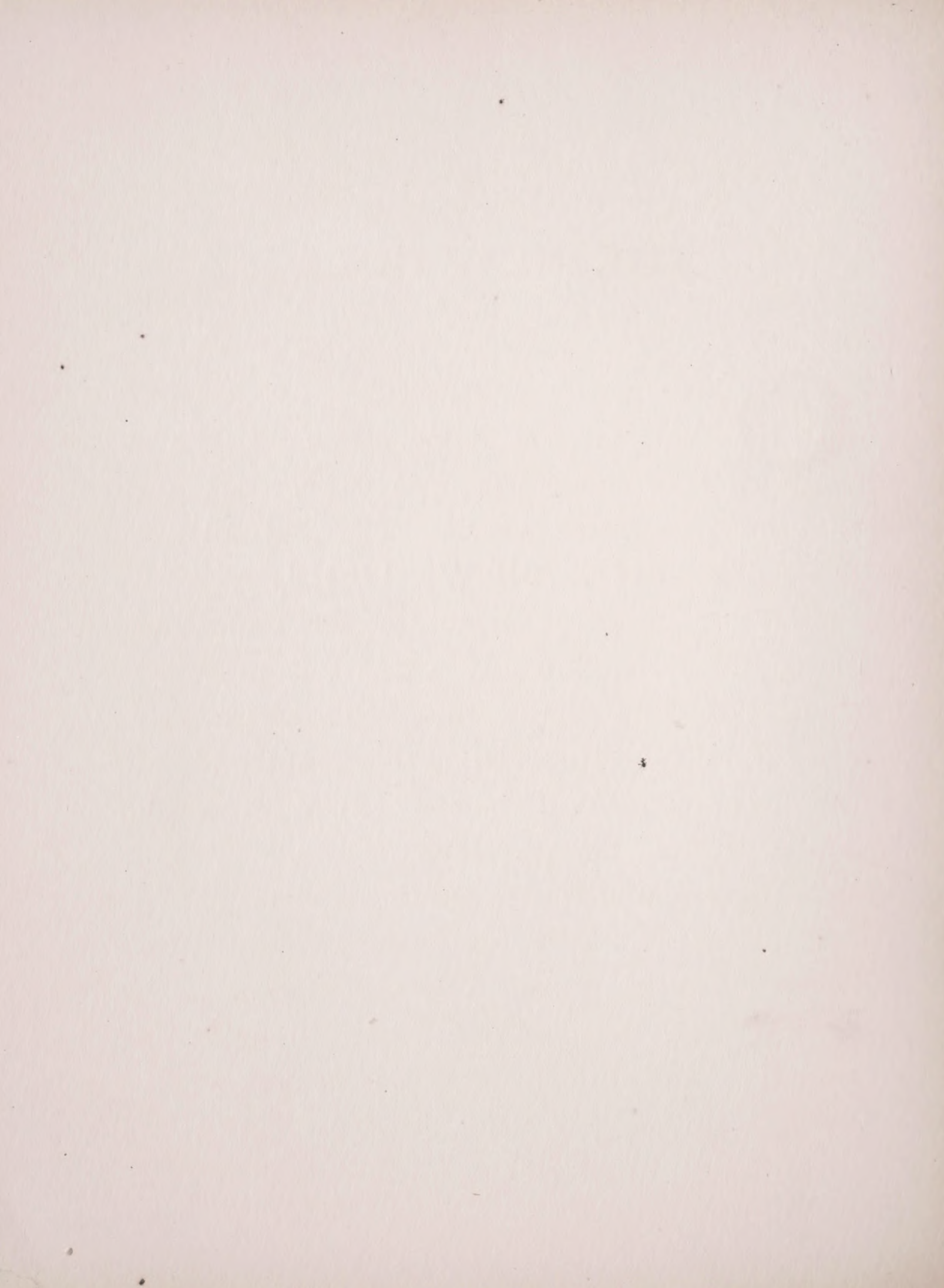
"The Yellow Cat stayed in the tree all afternoon," said the Brown Shoes, "and if the dog did get the chicken-bone, he did not get her."

The Red Slippers were about to speak again of the real dog, when Mrs. Clock rang out. She raged for so long a time, that the Brown Shoes fell asleep and could not answer any more questions.

The Broken Shoes' Story

The little Red Slippers crept under the crib, but the Woolly Dog sat up, and said, "I wish the dog had gone up the tree, too." As no one answered this, the dog went to sleep, and Mrs. Clock ticked away in the silence.

THE NEW DOLL



THE NEW DOLL

ONE morning Arabella went out to ride in the dolls' carriage. When she came back into the nursery she was much excited, so much so that all the other dolls noticed it.

Just as soon as Anne left the room and closed the door, Arabella said, "I know something that none of you other dolls know."

All the dolls looked at one another, and no one pretended to know anything except Mabel Ellen, the rag doll, who said, "No, sir; I know something, too."

"But it isn't the same thing," said Arabella; "because no one else could know it."

"It may not be the same thing," answered Mabel Ellen, "but it is something."

The New Doll

“When did you hear this, Arabella?” asked Pinkie, leaning out of one of the windows in the Dolls’ House.

“This morning,” said Arabella, feeling the locket and chain around her neck.

“Do tell us!” urged the Indestructible Doll in the corner.

“Yes, please!” echoed the Brownie Sailor, and all the other dolls; even Mabel Ellen, the rag doll, cried, “Oh, do!”

Arabella would much rather have had them guess, but as none of the dolls would do this, she had to tell them.

So Arabella said, “I will tell you, but you must not tell.”

All the dolls shook their heads, and said, “No, we won’t.”

“Cross your hearts,” said Arabella solemnly. And all the dolls crossed their hearts.

Then Arabella leaned forward. “There

The New Doll

is going to be another doll in the nursery to-day," she said, and stopped, for some of the dolls looked pleased, and some looked as though they were going to cry; but all were surprised.

"I hope," said the Peanut Doll, from the mantel, "that it is not one of those Walnut Dolls, for if it is, I won't stay."

"No, it isn't a Walnut Doll, I know," went on Arabella, "and I think Anne said it was a China Doll."

All the dolls turned and looked at Flora Louise, the China Doll. She grew red in the face.

"Another China Doll!" cried she. "I think it is mean!"

"You can't expect to be the only China Doll in the nursery always," said Mabel Ellen.

And Pinkie murmured, "Of course not!" However, she was glad that it was not another doll with a pink silk dress. Flora

The New Doll

“It isn’t a Walnut Doll, is it?” asked the Peanut Doll, scrambling down from the mantel.

“No, it’s not a Walnut Doll, either,” whispered Mabel Ellen.

“I am from China,” said the new doll, fanning herself as she looked about.

“But you are not a China Doll,” said Flora Louise, going up to her.

The doll from China smiled. “No,” she answered, showing her little pink feet. “No Chinese dolls are china.”

The Chinese doll was so smiling and friendly that Flora Louise almost wished that she was made of china.

All the dolls stood in a circle about the new doll, and she let them play with her fan and parasol.

“What is your name?” asked Arabella, pulling her chair nearer.

“San Goo,” said the Chinese doll, “and my sister’s name is San Loo.”

The New Doll

“Is your sister coming too?” inquired Pinkie.

“No; she is over in China,” said San Goo. “I came from China on a great big ship.”

All the dolls opened their eyes wide at this.

“I know where China is,” remarked the Peanut Doll, “because when I was growing up I saw some boys and girls digging in the garden, and they said they were going to dig through to China.”

“They would have to dig a long while,” laughed the Brownie Sailor.

San Goo shook her head. “I came on a ship,” said she. “I do not know the other way.”

“What small feet you have!” said Arabella, putting up her feet and showing her white stockings and red shoes.

“All Chinese dolls have small feet,” said

The New Doll

San Goo; "but I would love to try on a pair of your shoes."

So Arabella promised to let her try the red ones on just as soon as it grew dark. That night all the dolls listened to San Goo's stories.

She told them about the Chinese mothers and their doll babies, and many stories of mice and pigeons that they had never heard before.

The next morning, when Anne went into the nursery, she found Arabella in her stocking feet.

San Goo was asleep in the chair beside her, with her feet held out in front of her and Arabella's shoes on.

The shoes were much too large for San Goo.

San Goo woke up, and looked so sad when the shoes were taken off that Anne gave her a pair of shoes and stockings too.

The New Doll

The stockings were white and the shoes red, just like Arabella's.

And that is why San Goo makes every one laugh who sees her in the nursery with her little black eyes and her little red dress and fan, and her little Chinese feet in shoes and stockings.

WHAT THE SUNFLOWER
SAW

WHAT THE SUNFLOWER SAW

THE Eyebrights were the first flowers to wake up. They looked at the sun and nodded, then at the trees; then they thought they would like to look at the Eyebrights in the next garden, but they could not because of a tall board fence. The Eyebrights were lonely at first, for they had no one to play with, but before long the Violets woke up. The minute the Violets stirred the Eyebrights called "Hello!" The Violets nodded lazily. "We are glad that you are awake," said the Eyebrights, "for now we shall have some fun."

The Violets yawned, and asked, "Aren't there other Eyebrights near?"

What the Sunflower Saw

“Perhaps,” said the Eyebrights, “but we can’t see because of the high fence. You are taller than we are; can you see over it?”

The Violets stretched, but they could not see over it.

“Couldn’t you peek through the cracks, then?” asked the Eyebrights.

“If you can’t see with your eyes,” said the Violets, “we couldn’t.”

At first the Violets didn’t care what was on the other side of the fence, but after they had been awake a few days they began to wonder if there were any Violets over there. So when the Dandelions began to appear, the Violets asked them if they knew what was on the other side.

The Dandelions did not know. “We hope,” they said, “that there are plenty of other Dandelions, and that we won’t have to be eaten before we have had some fun.”

“Perhaps when the Buttercups come they



“If you can’t see with your eyes,” said the violets, “we couldn’t.”

What the Sunflower Saw

will be able to see for us," said the Eye-brights.

"We will ask the Sun when the Buttercups are going to wake up," said the Violets. That night none of the flowers folded up as close as usual, but kept watch for the Sun. When the Sun came up the Violets said, "When are the Buttercups going to wake up?" The Sun did not reply at once, and the Violets began again: "When——"

The Sun said, "I am in such a hurry now that I can't wait to answer questions. Everybody wants me; all the vegetables are calling, and the roses have hardly seen me at all."

The Buttercups, however, came before very long. There were so many of them, and there was so much to talk about, that the flowers played together from morning until night.

"We asked the Sun when you were com-

What the Sunflower Saw

ing," said the Dandelions, "and the Sun was too busy to answer."

"The Sun is always busy," said the Buttercups; "we just have to follow it around when we want to see it at all."



As the Buttercups turned toward the Sun, they saw the high board fence. "Why, what is that?" asked they.

"A terrible fence," said the Eyebrights.

"Will it hurt us?" asked the Buttercups.

"Oh, no!" said the Violets, "but we can't even see if there are flowers in the next yard to play with."

"We like it," said the Dandelions.

"We are afraid of it," said the Eyebrights, "for we have heard queer noises

What the Sunflower Saw

sometimes, and we think the fence makes them." The other flowers were all surprised to hear this, as they had not noticed any noise; but the Eyebrights said, "We hear a little noise, and a big noise, too. We do not know what it is, but it must be the fence."

"If we could only see over it," said the Buttercups, stretching, and tossing their heads.

But though they could not see they thought perhaps the Daisies could, for the Daisies grew so very tall—taller than any of the other flowers in the garden.

While they were waiting for the Daisies to grow up, the noise that the Eyebrights had spoken about was heard again. It was a loud noise and all the little flowers in the garden trembled. "That is what we meant," whispered the Eyebrights. The flowers nodded their heads, and listened a long time, but did not hear it again. They kept as far away from the board fence as possible.

What the Sunflower Saw

When the Daisies woke up there was great excitement. All the flowers talked at once, and tried to tell about the noise and the terrible fence. The daisies did not know which way to look or where to turn.

At last the Buttercups told the story, and the Daisies were amazed. "If you could only look over in the next yard and see for us," said the Buttercups.

The Daisies stretched just as far as they could, all the other flowers eagerly crying, "What do you see? What do you see?" And the Daisies had to sink back, and hanging their heads, they said, "We can't see at all."

"We shall never know what is in the next garden, shall we?" said the Violets.

"It is a shame, for we might have such fun! This is a horrid garden, anyway," said the Buttercups; "it would be much nicer to be over there."

What the Sunflower Saw

The Daisies looked up, and saw a bee flying by. "What is in the next garden?" they asked him; and the bee called back: "Ask the Sunflower; I am too busy to stop."



All the flowers were rather surprised, for they had forgotten the Sunflower. They turned, and saw it growing close to the board

What the Sunflower Saw

fence. It looked lonely and very big. It was just waking up, and was so full of sleep that they had to wait several days to speak to it. They were rather afraid of it, for the Sunflower was a giant in their eyes.

The Daisies were the only ones who would speak to it. "Please, Mrs. Sunflower," they said, "will you tell us about the garden next door?"

The Sunflower turned down her head. She had so many black eyes that all the flowers trembled. "What did you say?" asked she.

"We would like to know what grows on the other side of the fence, Mrs. Sunflower. We are too short to see. Would you mind telling us?"

Mrs. Sunflower smiled at this. "No," she said, "I will look over and see." So she turned her head and looked over the fence. Then she said, "Humph! There is a Yellow



Mrs. Sunflower had so many black eyes that all the flowers trembled.

What the Sunflower Saw

Cat there, with green eyes. I don't like cats; and there are some white things in a cage, called rabbits."

"Are there any flowers there?" asked the Eyebrights.

"Yes, a few," said the Sunflower, looking around.

"Oh, if we were only there!" said the Violets.

"Oh, yes, we wish we were there!" said the other flowers.

"No," said the Sunflower; "oh, no, you don't; for there is a cow there, a large cow, and it is in the midst of the flowers."

The Violets and Eyebrights and Buttercups and Daisies all screamed at this.

"Listen," said the Sunflower, "to the noise the cow makes." It was the same noise the flowers had heard before. "If it wasn't for the fence here," said the Sunflower, "we would be afraid of it, too."

What the Sunflower Saw

All the little flowers said, "Thank you, Mrs. Sunflower," and looked at one another, and then crept up just as near to the board fence as they could get.

THE FOOLISH YOUNG ROBIN

THE FOOLISH YOUNG ROBIN

THIS is the story of the Yellow Cat and the foolish young Robin.

The Yellow Cat, as you know, lived in the garden, and the Robin with his brothers and sisters lived in the top of the pear-tree. There were five little Robins in all, and if there had been another one I really do not know how there would have been room for it, for the five just filled the nest up.

It was a cozy little nest, made of twigs, cotton, and straw, and just high enough so that when Mrs. Robin flew away in search of food the little Robins could put their heads over the side of it and watch her.

When the little birds were old enough,

The Foolish Young Robin

Mrs. Robin began to teach them to sing. Such a noise as they made! It sounded far more like squeaking than singing. The children laughed when they heard it, but the Yellow Cat was much disturbed by it and humped her back at them. Then they must learn to fly. They were anxious indeed to try, but at first they could only hop from twig to twig and flap their wings a bit.

Mrs. Robin flew madly about. "This is the way! this is the way!" she cried, but it took a long time before the little Robins could fly at all.

Mrs. Robin used to say to them, "Never go on to the lowest branch of the tree, for you can never tell when the Yellow Cat will be around trying to catch you."

The Yellow Cat looked like a terrible monster; even the sight of her made them tremble. She used to lie under the tree and blink her great eyes at them and they called

The Foolish Young Robin

her the green-eyed monster on account of her unfriendliness.

One day a great rain-storm came. Mrs. Robin knew that after it the ground would be covered with fine worms ; so she left the little Robins to go and pick up one for their supper. "Now, my dear children," said she, when about to start, "be sure that you take good care of yourselves while I am gone. Don't quarrel, and, above all things, don't leave the nest, for fear the Yellow Cat should be about." The little Robins nodded their heads and promised to be good little birds. "Very well," said Mrs. Robin, "and I promise you, my dears, that I will bring you home a fine worm for your supper.

Then away she flew, and the little birds fell a-talking about the fine supper they were to have.

Great was their surprise when one of their brothers said, "I am going out for a little fly."

The Foolish Young Robin

“Oh, no, no, brother!” they cried in great alarm.

But this foolish young Robin said, “Pshaw! who is afraid?”

At this the other four began to cry, and beg him not to go lest the Yellow Cat should be about.

“Oh, I am not afraid of the Yellow Cat!” said he, with a toss of his head.

In vain did they try to stop him, for he flew about and called back to them to come along with him.

The other little Robins remembered what their mother had told them and would not leave the nest.

Their disobedient brother flew about, and so delighted was he at the way he could fly, that he quite forgot where he was going, and not until he reached the lowest limb of the tree did he remember the Yellow Cat. Then he suddenly looked down, and there she stood,



His wings refused to work at all.

The Foolish Young Robin

her eyes fixed on him, all ready to spring if he flew off the limb.

The foolish young Robin was so frightened that he could hardly cling to the branch of the tree. His heart beat loud, and his wings refused to work. His brothers and sisters saw him and began to cry. What a noise they made. Mrs. Robin heard them and flew home, and saw at once the trouble of her bad boy. She flew at the Yellow Cat, and screamed so loudly, that finally the man in the garden heard the noise and drove the Yellow Cat away.

The foolish young Robin flew back to the nest to his brothers and sisters, and a fine scolding Mrs. Robin gave him for disobeying her.

He was so scared that he could not eat any supper at all, and so missed the fine worm which his mother had provided.

A TEA-PARTY IN FAIRYLAND

A TEA-PARTY IN FAIRYLAND

ONE day Anne went to a party in Fairyland. It happened in this way: She lay down on the sofa and closed her eyes. In a short time a little fairy hopped out of the fireplace. The fairy put her head on one side and listened a moment. "Hello, little girl!" she said, walking over and touching Anne lightly on the forehead.

"Hello!" said Anne, sleepily; "who are you?"

"I am a fairy," answered the little figure.

Anne gave a cry of pleasure. The fairy held up a warning forefinger. "Hush!" said she, "for no one must hear us. I have just come from Fairyland."

A Tea-Party in Fairyland

“Is it a long way to Fairyland?” asked Anne.

“A long way, indeed,” answered the fairy. “How would you like to go there?”



“Oh, please take me!” cried Anne, clapping her hands; “I have never been.”

“You are altogether too large to go to Fairyland,” said the fairy. “You would look like a giant there, and all the little people would be afraid of you.”

“Oh, dear!” exclaimed Anne; “I don’t want them to be afraid of me. What shall we do?”

The fairy pulled out her wand, saying, “I shall have to change you into a tiny girl, so lie still.” She touched Anne with the wand on her face, her hands, and her feet, and instantly Anne could feel herself shrink-

A Tea-Party in Fairyland

ing up. She was no larger than the smallest doll.

“Now we are all ready to start,” said the fairy, taking her hand; “we must hurry, or we will be late for the party.”

“Is there going to be a party?” asked Anne.

“Yes; a tea-party,” murmured the fairy, and then they flew up the chimney and away.

The party had begun when Anne and the fairy reached Fairyland, and the fairies were much excited about it. They had on their best dresses and pointed caps, and said, “Thank you” and “If you please” when spoken to. They were surprised to see a little girl at their party. Many of them stopped playing with a spider to come and look at her. When Anne spoke they trembled, for her voice seemed deep and gruff.

“Please tell us how you play,” said the fairy who was giving the party.

A Tea-Party in Fairyland

Anne looked about for a place to sit down.

"Sit on this yellow squash blossom," whispered her friend. Anne obeyed, though she was afraid it would not hold her. She had forgotten how small she had grown.

The fairies sat around her on nasturtium blossoms and rocked gently back and forth. Anne told them about kindergarten and riding a tricycle, and they listened, wonderstruck.

"It must be fine to ride a tricyle," said one little fairy.

"Yes," said another, "for all we do is swing on a spider's web sometimes."

Just then a large June Bug came crawling in among them. Anne screamed, but the fairies cried, "Give us a ride, Mr. June Bug."

Mr. June Bug was very good-natured and drew them for some time. Anne began to



The fairies were wonderstruck.

They walked away with these little parasols.

A Tea-Party in Fairyland

feel hungry, and wondered when it would be time for the party.

She asked her friend, and the fairy replied, "Very soon now; I see they are getting it ready."

There were no sandwiches and ice-cream, such as children have at their parties. Instead, the fairies nibbled the little peppers which grew on the nasturtium vines. They seemed to enjoy these, and ate so many that Anne did not tell them how unpleasant she thought they were. She threw hers away when no one was looking.

The fairy next to her said, "Aren't these good?" Anne did not reply.

Next they passed little flowers from which the fairies sucked the honey. These took the place of ice-cream. When they had sucked all the honey they wanted, it was time to go home. Each little fairy got down from her seat, shook out her skirts, straightened her

A Tea-Party in Fairyland

cap, and then solemnly picked a green nasturtium leaf to use for an umbrella. They said "Good night," and walked away holding the parasols over their heads.

Anne wanted to stay longer, but the fairy said, "No, it is growing late, and the fireflies are beginning to light up." So they traveled home, and before Anne had time to thank the fairy she had disappeared up the chimney. Then Anne woke up.

"Perhaps," said she, rubbing her sleepy eyes, "it is nice to be a fairy, but I would rather be a little girl and eat ice-cream."

L O F C,

(1)

THE END



The fireflies were beginning to light up.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0002556800A

