

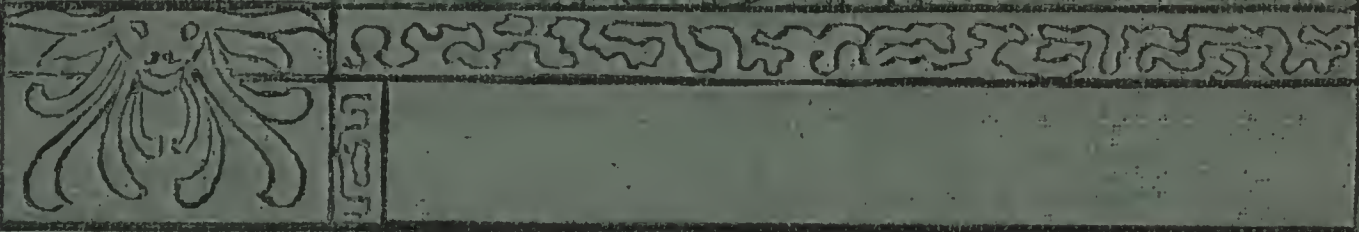
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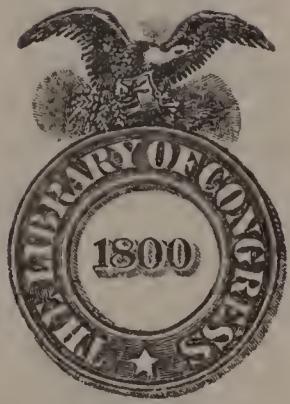
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THE STORY OF A PUMPKIN PIE



TOLD IN VERSES BY
WILLIAM E. BARTON
AND IN PICTURES BY
A. M. WILLARD





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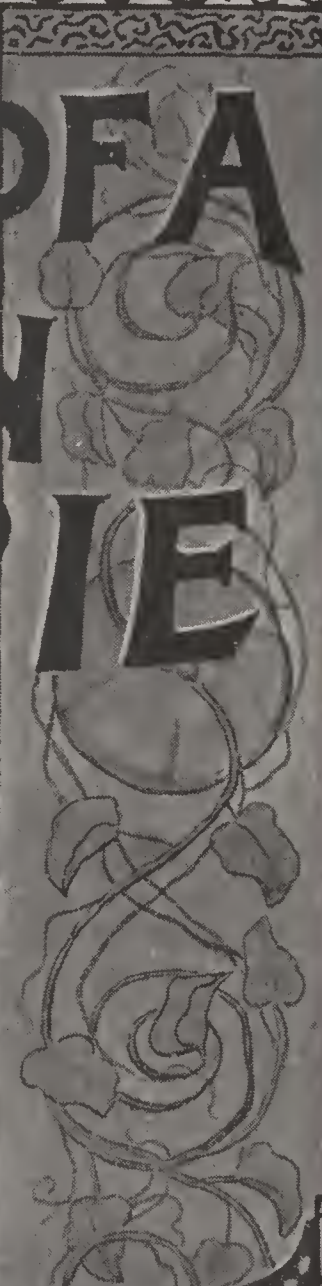
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BOSTON THE PILGRIM PRESS CHICAGO



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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

The author and artist of this book are so much better known in connection with other kinds of literary and artistic work, that a word concerning its origin will be in order. Just before Christmas, 1897, Mr. Willard, the artist, sent to his friend Dr. Barton twenty pencil sketches illustrating the evolution of a pumpkin pie. Dr. Barton wrote some verses to accompany them for his own children. They gave so much pleasure to his little people and to others, and were enjoyed by so many older people as well, that the author and artist have consented to give them to other children.



Dr. Barton is well known as the author of more pretentious works in theology, history, and fiction, and Mr. Willard is known as the painter of "Yankee Doodle," the most famous patriotic picture painted in this country. His "Minute Men of the Revolution" is hardly less noted, and not less meritorious. His comical pictures also are widely known, with humor varying from the quiet Sunday smile that goes with "Pitching the

Tune," to the rollicking, boisterous laugh belonging to "The Drummer's Latest Yarn."

But Mr. Willard first became known to the public as a painter of



children. His first pictures to attract attention of the public were a pair called "Pluck," representing a home-made cart occupied by some little folks, and drawn by a dog in hot pursuit of a rabbit. These made their

advent twenty odd years ago when the chromo was in its glory, and found their way into thousands of homes.

It is interesting to notice the recurrence of the theme in these pictures. There is still a dog, and the children must be a generation younger than those in "Pluck," but they are the same sturdy, industrious, plucky little people.



Mr. Willard's children are always wholesome and attractive. They are honest, happy, unspoiled little folks, full of fun and ingenuity, and good companions for boys and girls everywhere.

THE PUBLISHERS.



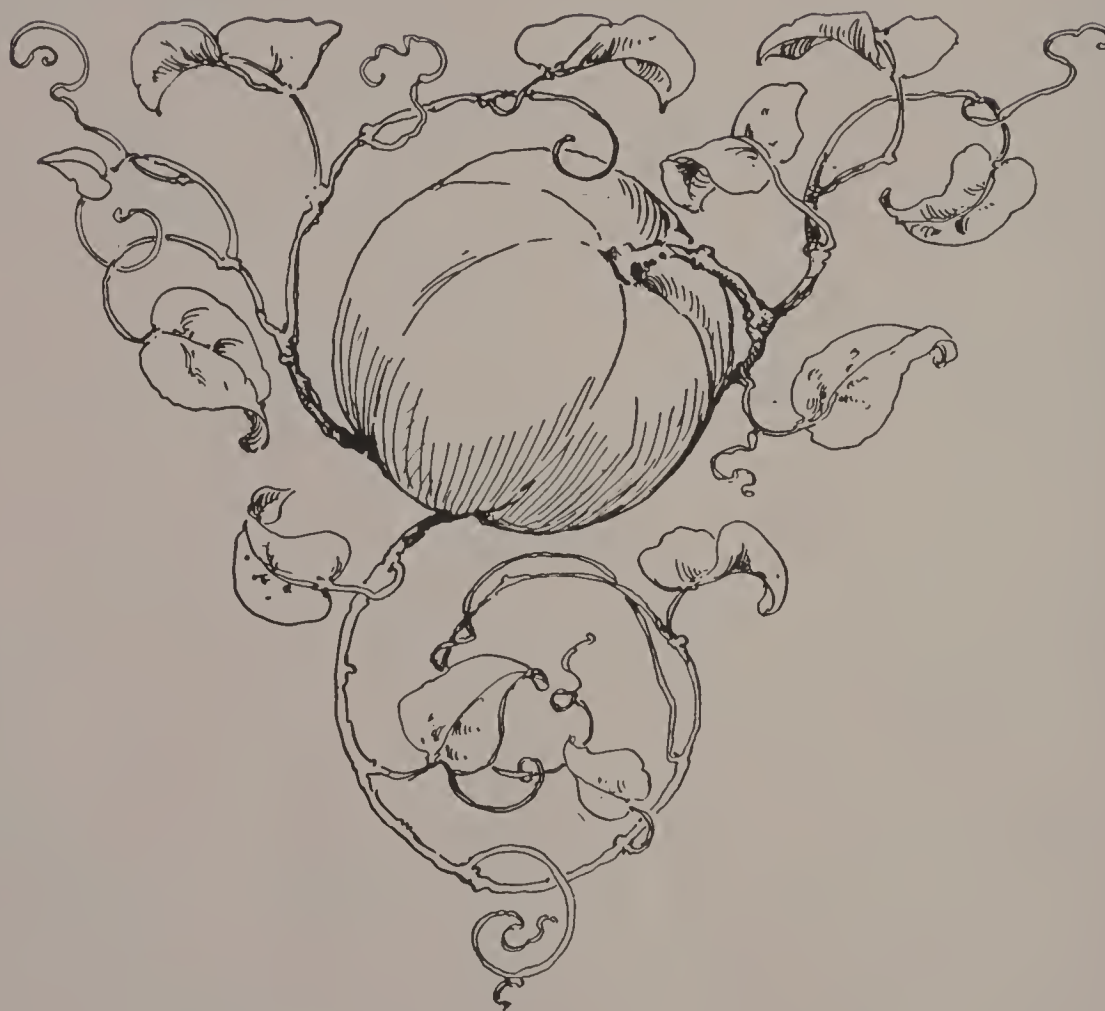
INTRODUCTION

This is the tale of a pumpkin pie
And of Charlie and Fred. Just how and why
They labored with their sister Nell
And Towser helped, this book will tell.

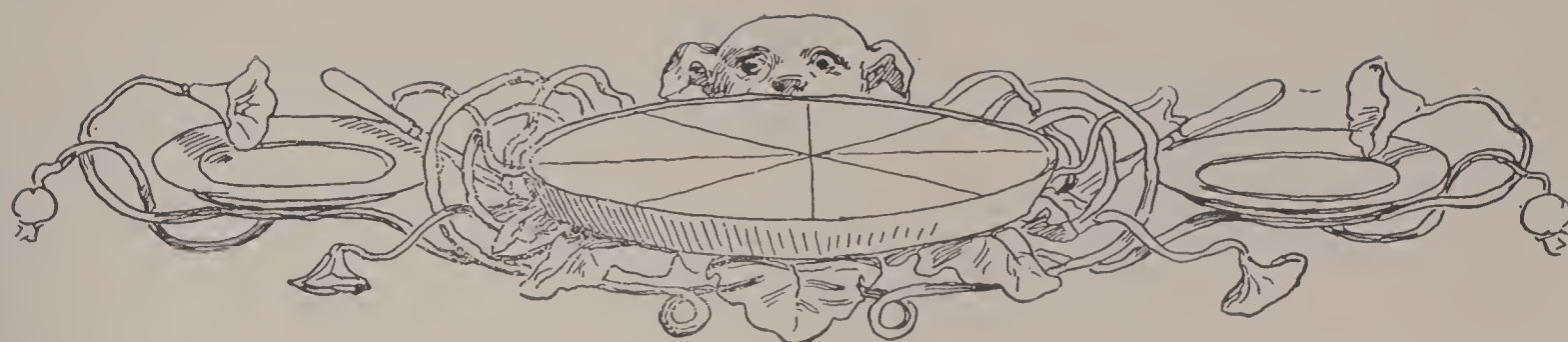
All boys and girls who read it through
Will know what they themselves should do.
If they will work, and wait, and try,
They, too, may have a pumpkin pie.

Where shines the sun with mellow light,
And grass grows green and flowers are bright,
There live our girl and jolly boys,
In all the farm home's cares and joys.

They drive the cows adown the lot
Where cool the creek, though days are hot;
In health and happiness they dwell,
And what they do I now will tell.







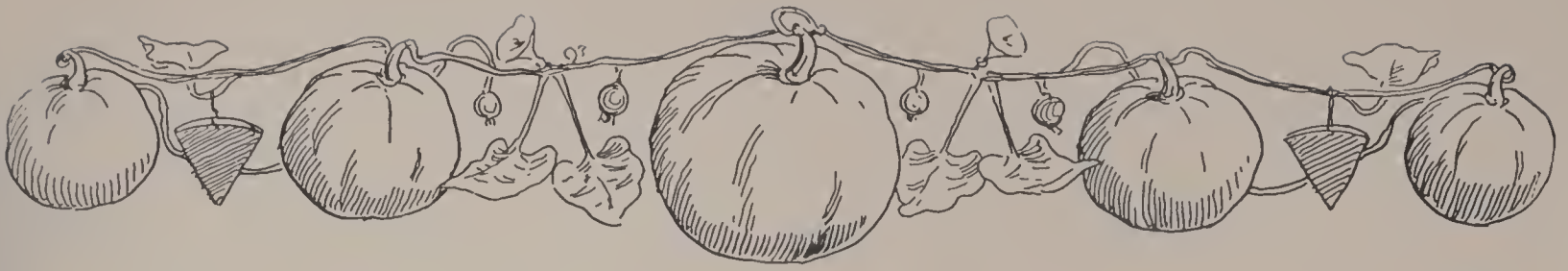
I

“Hurrah!” cried Carl, “the sun shines gay;
The winter’s gone. It’s warm to-day!
Let’s gather sticks in the garden lot
And make a jolly fire. Why not?”

Then out ran Fred, and Helen, too,
And Towser came to help them through.
They raked the sticks, the weeds they brought,
And every brier and twig they sought.

It made a heap ere they did stop;
Fred’s head was lower than the top.
They lit the pile, the flames rose high;
They laughed to see the bright sparks fly!





II

Said Carl next day, "Now, Fred, we've found
That we can work. Let's plow the ground.
We'll make a garden all our own,
And have a pumpkin in it grown."

A forkéd stick they quickly got,
And started there to plow the lot.
Carl was a horse, the dog another;
The plowman was the younger brother.

They turned a furrow deep and wide,
And Helen walked the plow beside;
And Nell cried, "Gee!" and Fred said, "Whoa!"
And merrily did the plowing go.





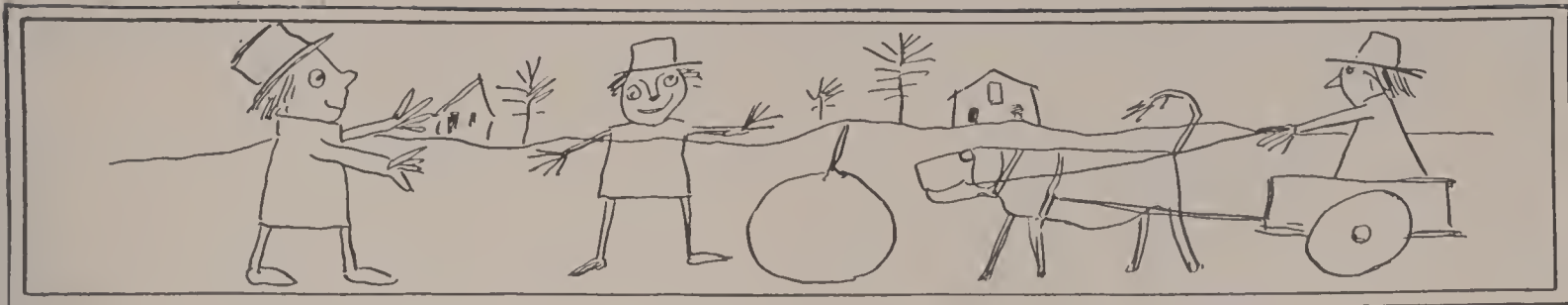
III

But though they toiled and did not shirk,
Their plowing proved too much like work.
The plow was dull, the harness frail,
Their plowing seemed but doomed to fail.

Old Towser, who did not complain,
Showed that he felt the heavy strain,
And when they looked across the patch,
Their furrow only seemed a scratch!

Carl panted hard and scratched his head.
“I’ve had enough of that!” he said.
And Helen said, “Wait, boys, I’ll show
You how to plow with spade and hoe!”





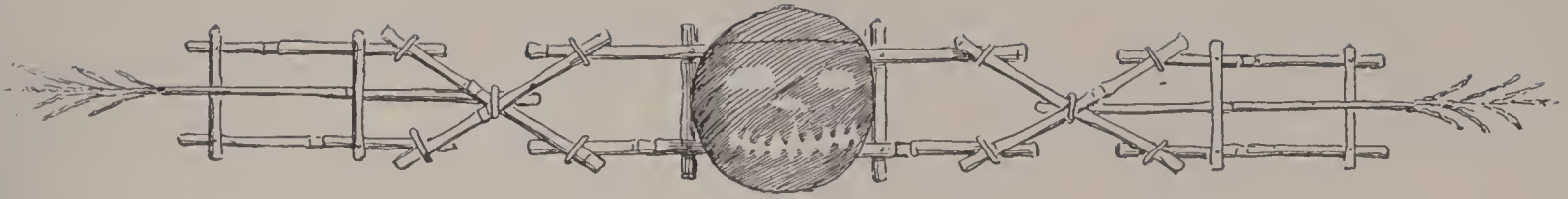
IV

They dug away till almost noon,
With spade and hoe and great big spoon.
And Towser dug at a wee round hole,
Pretending that he smelt a mole.

The hours sped by as if on wings;
Swift goes the day that pleasure brings.
And deep they dug the mellow soil,
And raked it smooth with patient toil.

The noon bell rang; they cried, "Look here!
See how we're digging, mother, dear!
We're nearly through. It can't be noon!
Keep dinner hot; we'll be there soon!"





V

How good the dinner was that day!
It makes folks hungry, thus to play.
They ate their fill of bread and meat,
And mother smiled to see them eat.

Soon as the dinner-hour was done,
Back to the garden did they run;
And Helen bore, as swift she ran,
Some pumpkin seeds in a small tin pan.

Fred dug a hole that was nice and round,
And Charlie planted them in the ground;
And Towser gazed as though he wanted
To eat the pie before 't was planted!





VI

They waited for the seeds to start;
And patience is as great an art
As farming is; but you must know
Without it pumpkins will not grow!

So many times they looked in vain,
They thought they would not go again.
Busy with other kinds of play,
A week or more they stayed away.

They waited till they 'most forgot,
But one day, crossing o'er the lot,
They went to look, and cried, "At last
They're up, and they are growing fast!"





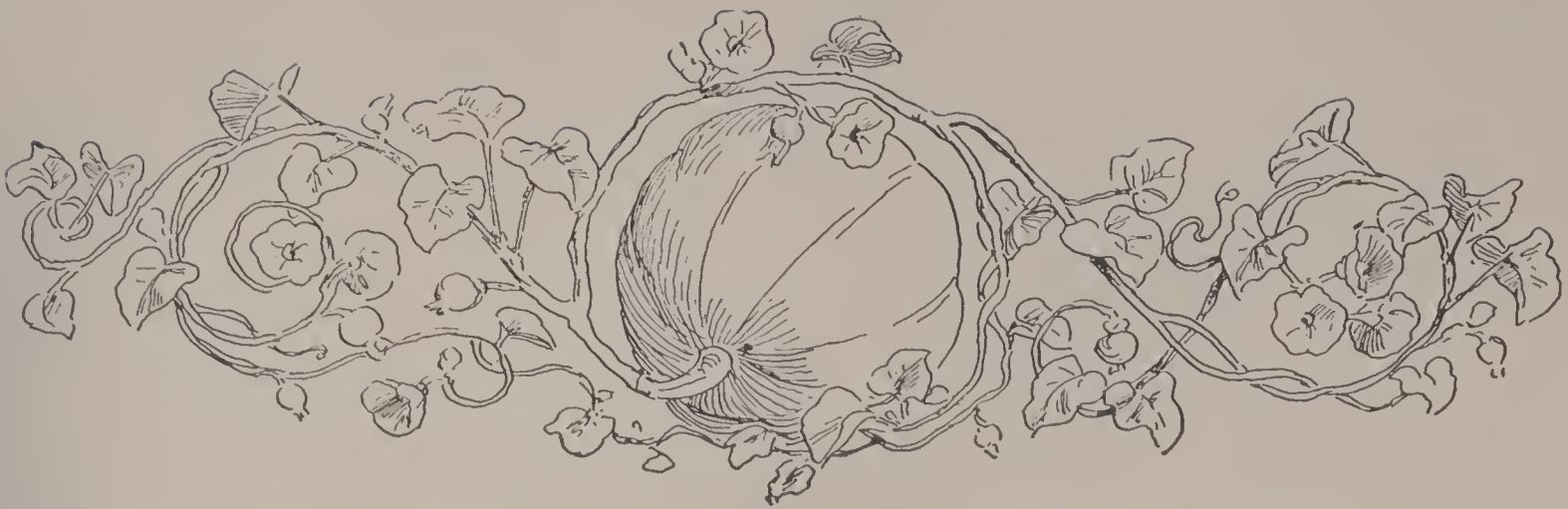
VII

Well, after that there was much to do,
But day and night the wee vines grew.
Each day they helped their mother dear,
Each week some wonder did appear.

A yellow flower one day they found,
In two weeks more a green ball round,
That grew upon the pumpkin vine:
And Carl and Fred cried, "This is fine!"

Fred watched it with an eager eye
And said, "Now we shall have some pie!"
And Helen called old Towser near
And said, "A baby pumpkin, dear!"





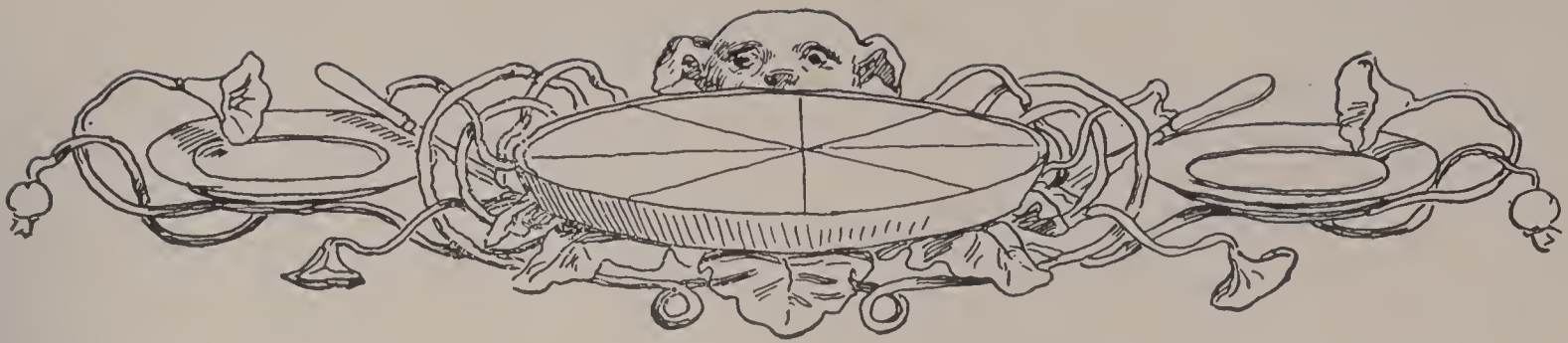
VIII

So June passed on, and warm July,
And up the corn grew rank and high ;
Beyond where they their seed had sown,
The cornfield stretched, a forest grown.

Upon the fence the children sat
With bare brown feet and torn straw hat.
Between the corn-rows on the ground
Their pumpkin lay, large, green, and round.

And Charlie said, " Our pumpkin soon
Will be as big as the great round moon."
And Towser peered o'er the fence so high
With a knowing look in his wise old eye.



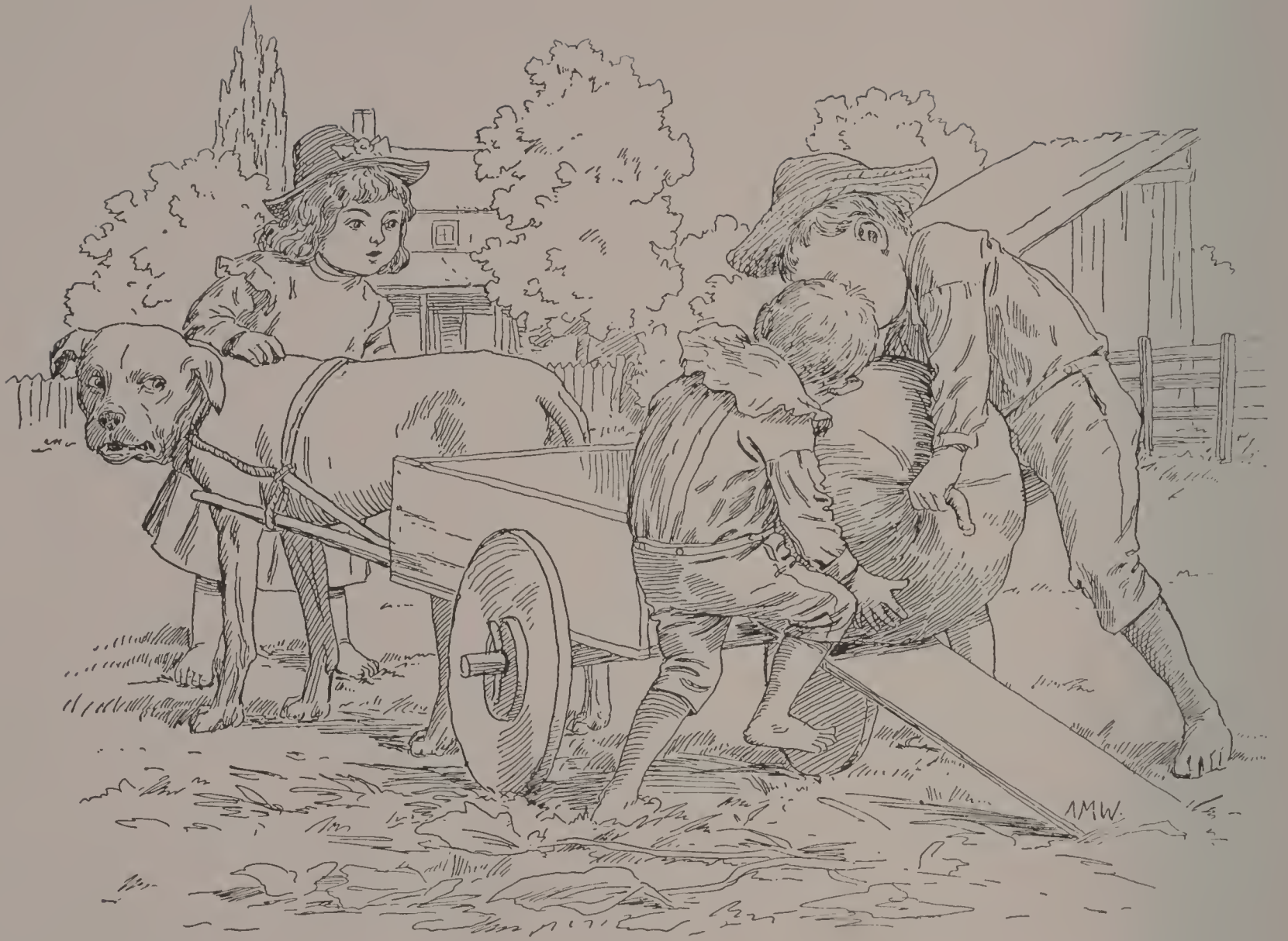


IX

When autumn came, the children three,
With books and lunch and noisy glee,
Went off to school, their tasks to learn,
And Towser waited their return.

And then, so short had grown the day,
They had but little time for play,
But drove the cows, the chickens fed,
Then supper ate and went to bed.

But Saturdays they viewed their prize,
And, lo, it grew to monstrous size!
And autumn sunbeams shining down
Colored the pumpkin golden brown.





X

Then came October clear and chill,
With frosts that unripe pumpkins kill.
They shivered in their beds so warm
Lest Jack Frost should their pumpkin harm.

But by and by they all agreed
Their pumpkin now was ripe indeed.
And on the next bright Saturday,
'T was warm, and fine for work or play,

They harnessed Towser to the cart
And for the garden-lot did start.
The pumpkin loaded they with skill,
While Helen held old Towser still.





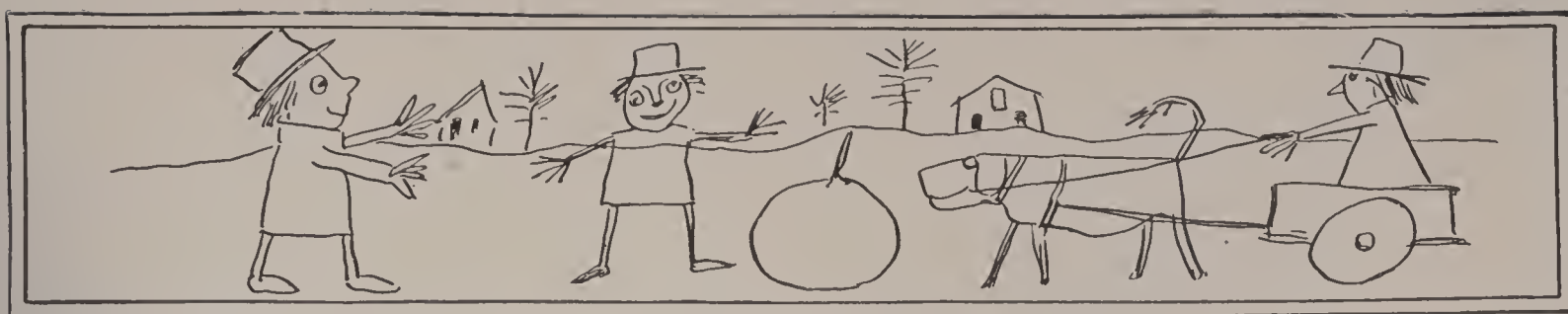
XI

Behold the pumpkin borne in state
Adown the field and toward the gate,
With Helen perched upon its crest,
And Towser doing quite his best!

No queen upon a gilded throne
More royally than Helen shone;
No steed more proud than Towser bore
A princess to the palace door.

The cart wheels rumbled o'er the road,
And creaked beneath their heavy load.
The boys cried loudly, "Here we come!
We're going to haul our pumpkin home!"





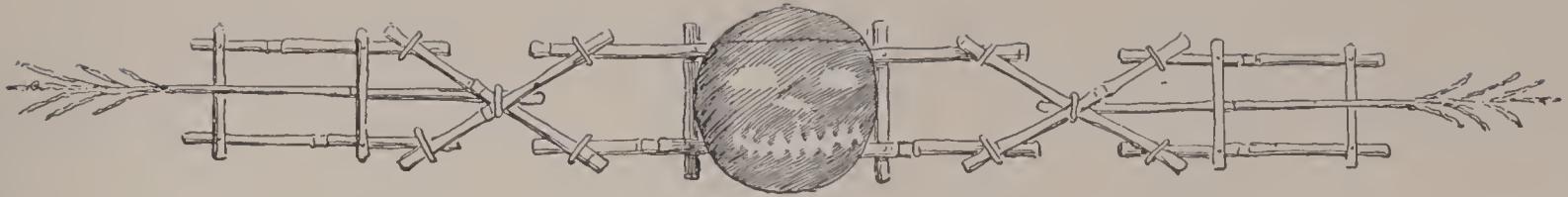
XII

“Let dogs delight to bark and bite,”
So Towser thought he had a right
To chase a neighbor's cur away
Who came intruding that high day.

He barked, he growled, laid back his ears,
'Spite Carl's rebuke and Helen's fears.
Nell tugged the lines; the boys cried, “Whoa!”
But fiercely on did Towser go!

The neighbor dog fled like the wind,
And Towser followed hard behind
They struck a stone; out tumbled Nell,
And out the precious pumpkin fell!





XIII

O Doctor Watts, thou didst not right
In telling dogs to bark and bite!
O Towser, thou didst little know
How great the wreck thy wrath would show!

The man who says that childhood's woes
Are small, but little childhood knows.
The children wept and scolded sore,
And Towser they would love no more!

But through their tears like summer rain,
The sun of hope shone out again.
One glad discovery came to light,
"The pumpkin is n't hurt a mite!"





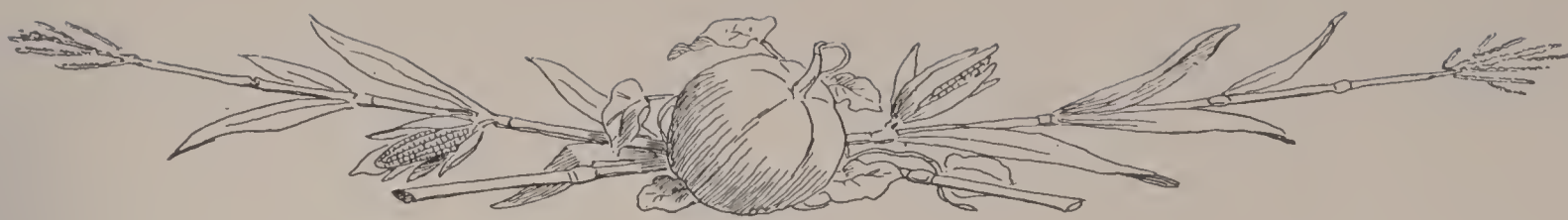
XIV

What did it matter after that
If Helen's head and Helen's hat
Were badly damaged by the fall?
The pumpkin was not harmed at all!

"Cheer up!" cried Carl. "Nell, do not cry!
It still will make a monstrous pie.
Your hat's all right. 'Twas pretty old,
And mother, I am sure, won't scold!"

They dried their tears and soon did start
To seek their steed and broken cart.
Towser, who waited them hard by,
But wagged his tail and winked his eye!





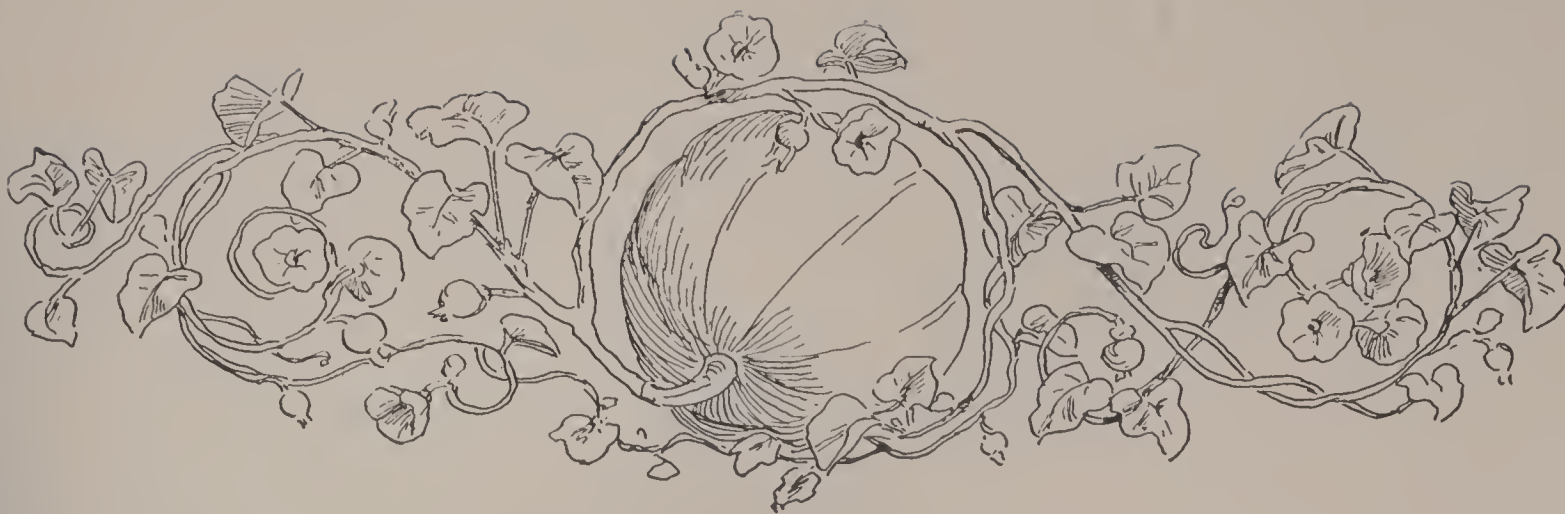
XV

The cart was broken, harness, too,
But these young folks knew what to do.
The saw and hammer quick they brought,
And all their skill and wisdom sought.

The wagon was in such a plight,
To mend it took till almost night.
The boys their anger soon forgot,
And Helen, too, the aching spot.

Towser so penitent appeared,
They did not chide, because they feared
To grieve him. So repose he sought
While they repaired the ill he'd wrought.



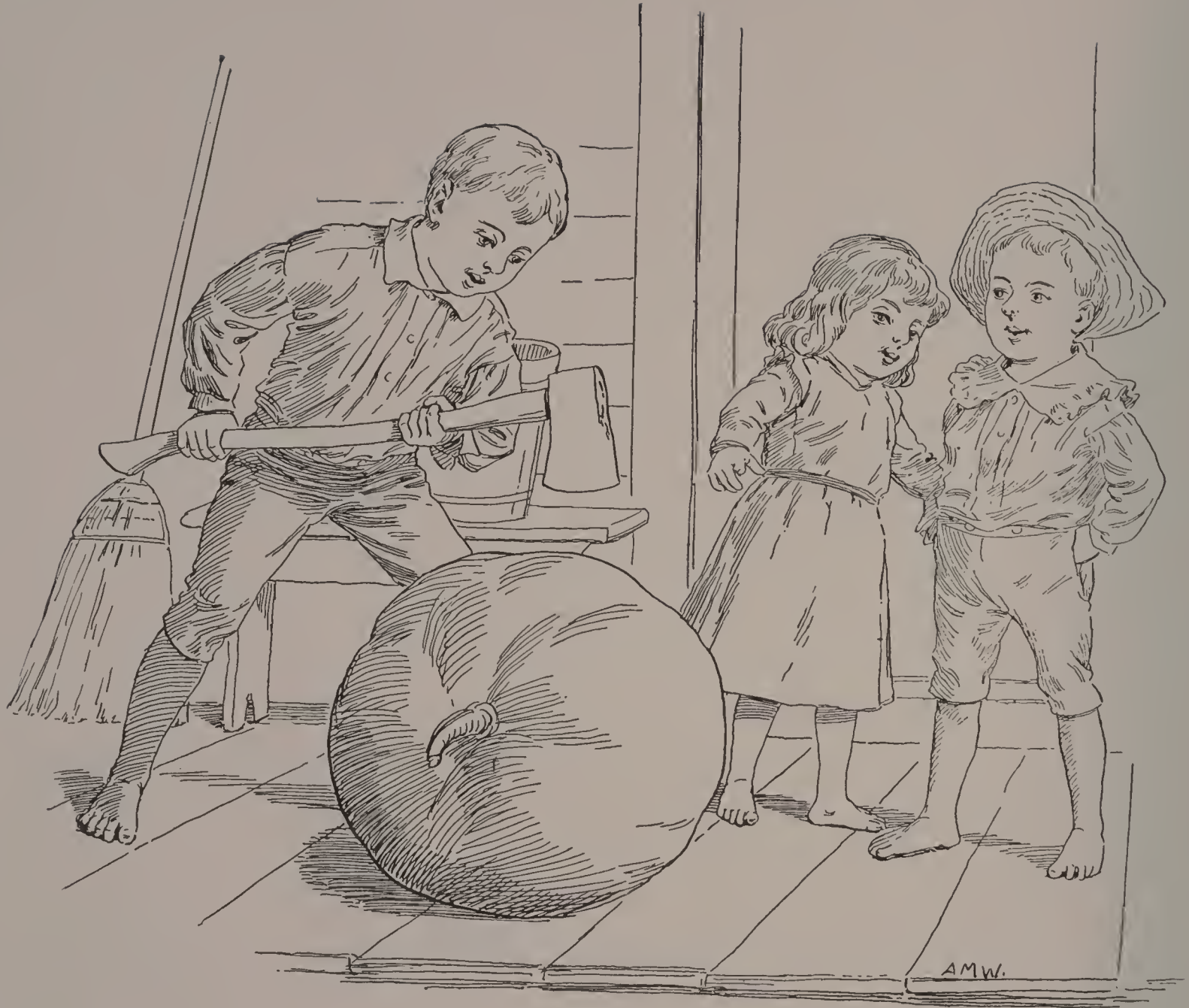


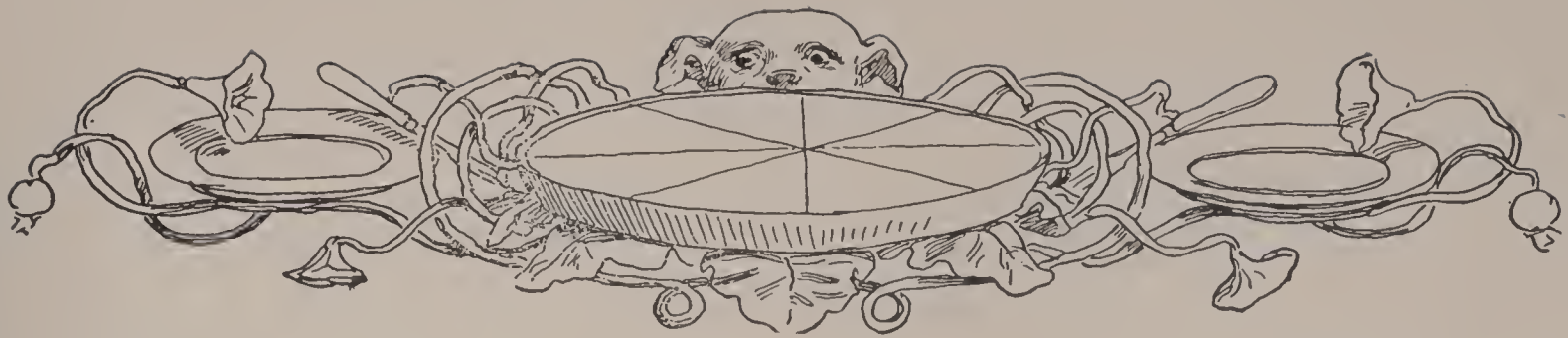
XVI

At last 't was done, and Towser stood
Harnessed and vowing to be good.
They rolled it in, and to the door
The pumpkin now with joy they bore!

Yet Charlie held to Towser's rein,
Lest he should chase a dog again.
But never horse more faithful proved
Than Towser to the lads he loved.

And mother met them at the door:
"I never saw the like before!"
Was what she said; and her surprise
Was better than a hundred pies!





XVII

Thanksgiving Day was drawing near
With memories of a happy year.
The children to the woodshed went
And to the axe their backs they bent,

In golden crescents cut their prize
To make it into pumpkin pies;
Yet saved the seeds to plant next spring,
That these might other pumpkins bring.

A smaller pumpkin had they still,
And carved it out with wondrous skill.
Made eyes and mouth, put in a light,
A funny lantern 't was at night!





XVIII

Then mother cooked each golden slice,
And seasoned it with sweet and spice,
And rolled the crust so crisp and thin
To bake the precious pumpkin in.

The children pressed the table nigh,
Until the oven claimed the pie,
And then with appetites most keen
They scraped the pan and licked it clean.

Old Towser, who was always there,
Looked up and seemed to want a share.
When their share ended his began,
For after them he licked the pan.





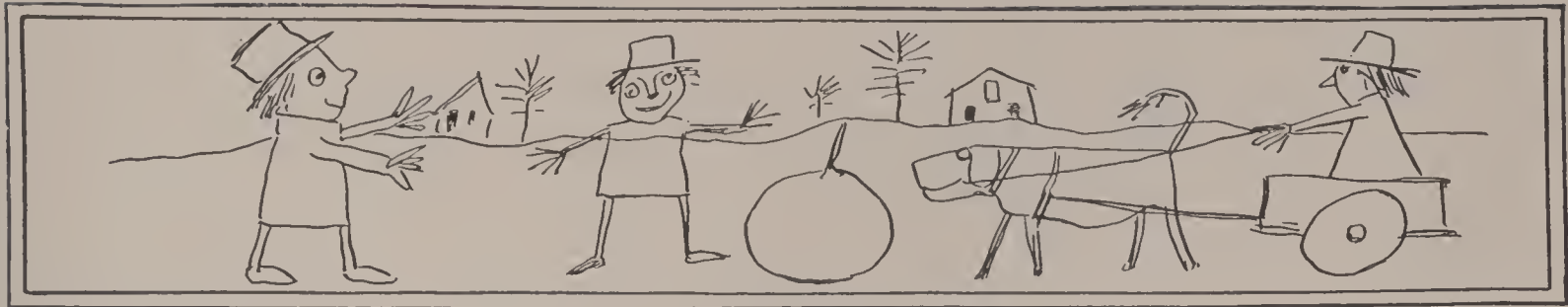
XIX

And so Thanksgiving Day came round,
And at the church our children found.
They sat quite still, and did no wrong,
But, oh, that sermon seemed so long!

The minister to the people read
The words the governor had said,
And told the reasons why, thought he,
They all should very thankful be.

The children homeward took their way,
Thankful for pumpkin pie that day.
Old Towser shared their homeward pace
With solemn look and Sunday face.



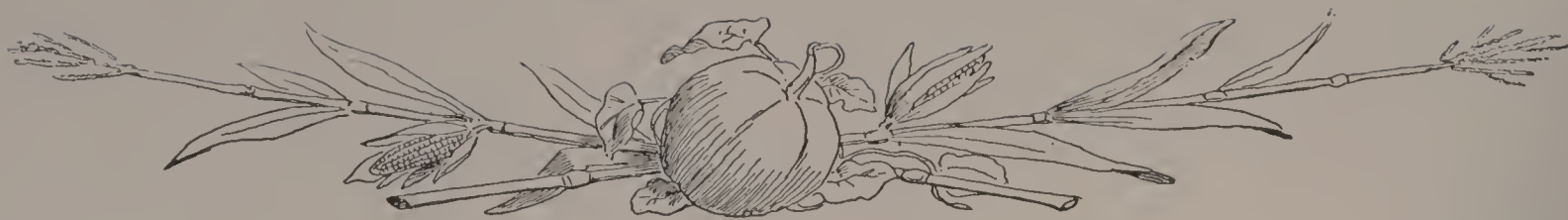


XX

When half the turkey disappeared,
And all the table had been cleared,
Father and mother said that they
Had had enough to eat that day.

But all the children said, "Not I!
We're ready now for pumpkin pie!"
So mother cut them each a slice,
And, bless my heart, but it was nice!

Fred took a great delicious bite,
And Carl one larger had in sight.
But Helen said, "Towser, come here!
I'll give you half of mine, you dear!"



CONCLUSION

Now you who've read this story through
Will know next spring just what to do.
For patience and hard work, you know,
Are needed to make pumpkins grow.

To raise a pumpkin pie, you need
Some other things than pumpkin seed.
But patience seeds take long to grow,
And now's the time of year to sow!

If you begin to practice now,
By spring, I think, you'll know just how.
And all you learn, I'm glad to tell,
Is good for other things as well.

If all you children do your best,
Mother will gladly do the rest.
And when Thanksgiving Day draws nigh
I hope you'll get your pumpkin pie.

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