

GORDON CHILDREN'S SERIES

WATERMELON PETE

AND
OTHERS



ELIZABETH GORDON

Once there was a little bird,
With flashing wings of blue,
Who told to me the stories, dears,
Which I have told to you.





CPW.



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Walter T. Huntington

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THE ELIZABETH GORDON
CHILDREN'S SERIES

THE BUTTERFLY BABIES' BOOK

WATERMELON PETE AND OTHERS

GRANDDAD COCO NUT'S PARTY

DOLLY AND MOLLY AT THE SEASHORE

DOLLY AND MOLLY AT THE CIRCUS

DOLLY AND MOLLY AND THE FARMER MAN

DOLLY AND MOLLY ON CHRISTMAS DAY

WATERMELON PETE

WATERMELON PETE AND OTHERS

By
ELIZABETH GORDON

Author of
THE BUTTERFLY BABIES' BOOK
THE DOLLY AND MOLLY SERIES
GRANDDAD COCO NUT'S PARTY



Pictured by
CLARA POWERS WILSON

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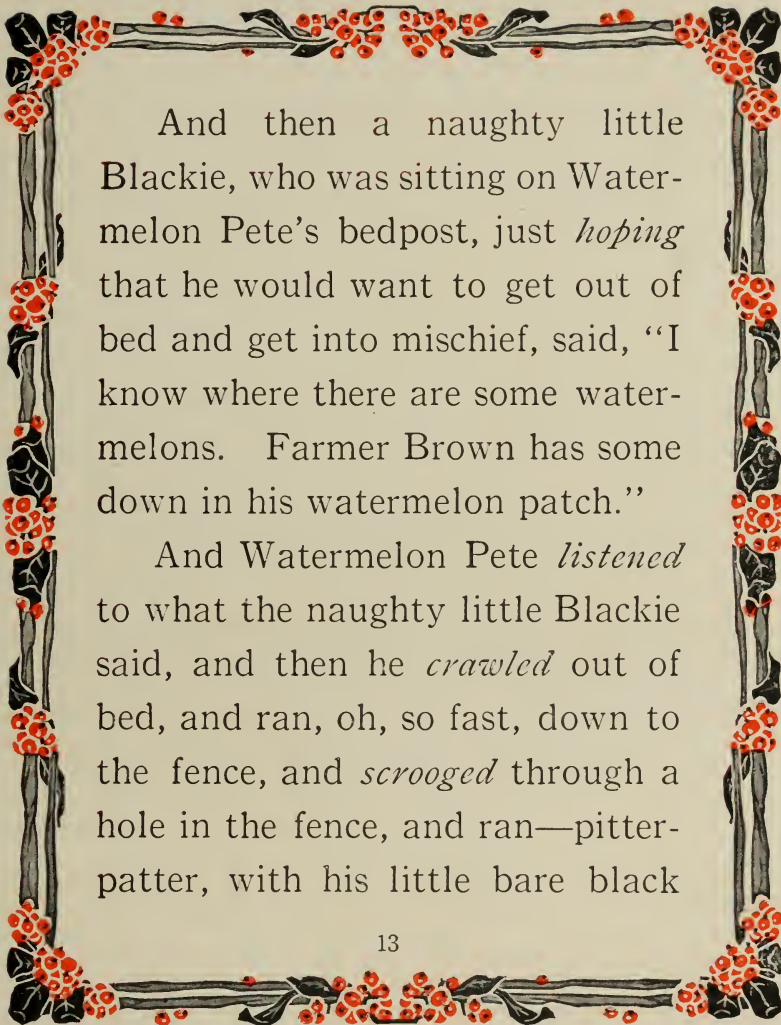
WATERMELON PETE

Once there was a little darky boy, and his name was Watermelon Pete. They called him Watermelon Pete because his mouth was just the shape of a *big*, slice of *ripe* watermelon.

One night when old Mr. Moon was looking in Watermelon Pete's window, and shining so bright that he couldn't go to sleep at *all*, all at once he began to feel hungry. And he said, "Oh, dear, I wish I had a nice *big* piece of watermelon to eat!"

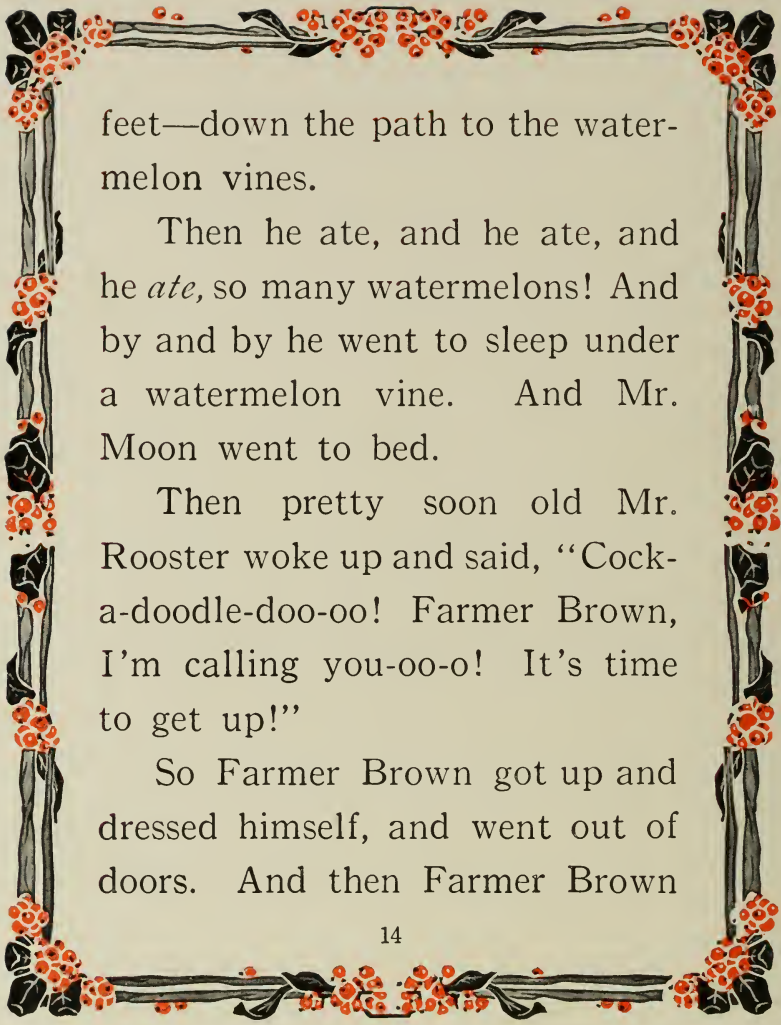


ELEANA POWELL WILSON



And then a naughty little Blackie, who was sitting on Watermelon Pete's bedpost, just *hoping* that he would want to get out of bed and get into mischief, said, "I know where there are some watermelons. Farmer Brown has some down in his watermelon patch."

And Watermelon Pete *listened* to what the naughty little Blackie said, and then he *crawled* out of bed, and ran, oh, so fast, down to the fence, and *scrooged* through a hole in the fence, and ran—pitter-patter, with his little bare black



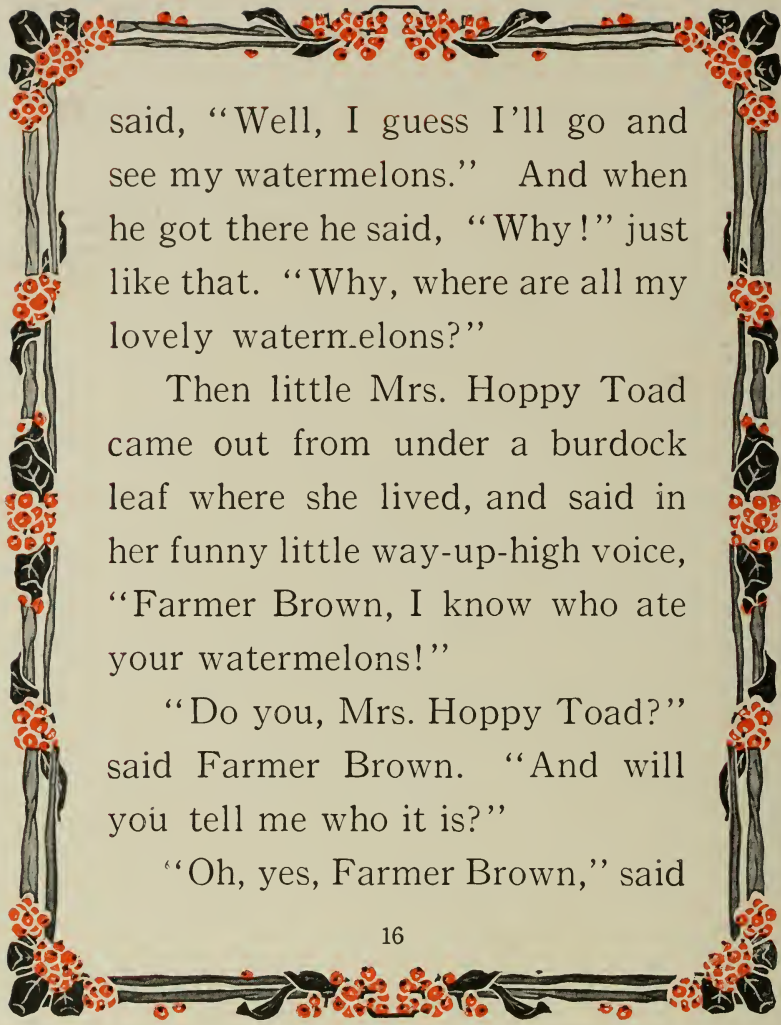
feet—down the path to the watermelon vines.

Then he ate, and he ate, and he *ate*, so many watermelons! And by and by he went to sleep under a watermelon vine. And Mr. Moon went to bed.

Then pretty soon old Mr. Rooster woke up and said, “Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo! Farmer Brown, I’m calling you-oo-o! It’s time to get up!”

So Farmer Brown got up and dressed himself, and went out of doors. And then Farmer Brown





said, "Well, I guess I'll go and see my watermelons." And when he got there he said, "Why!" just like that. "Why, where are all my lovely watermelons?"

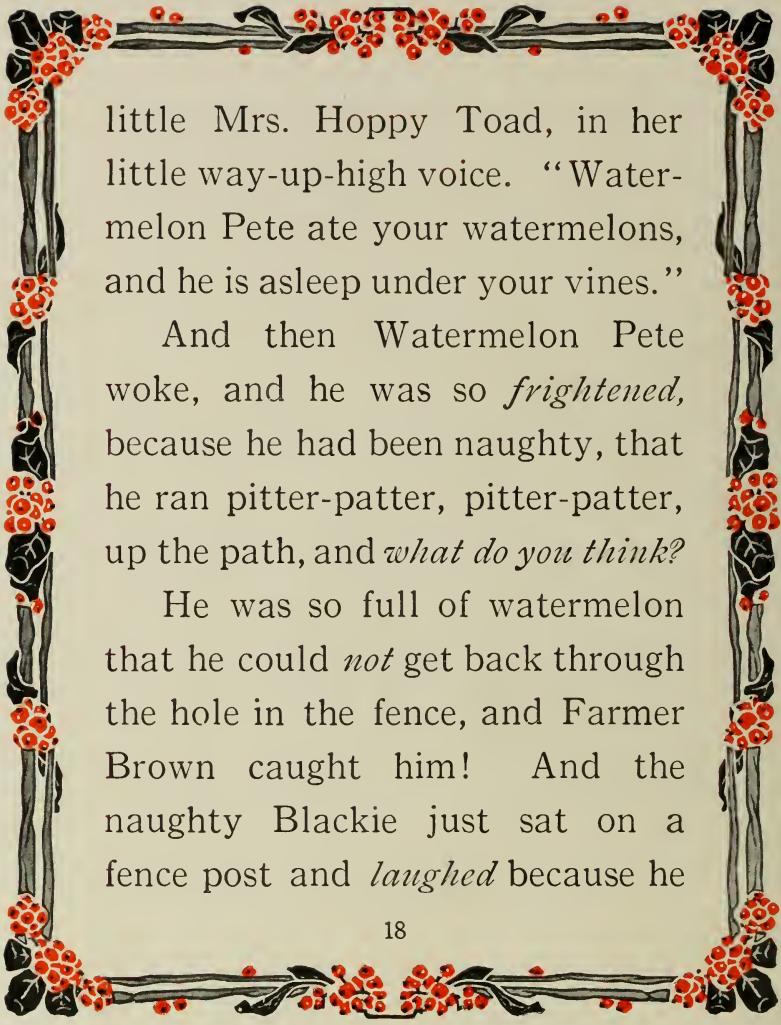
Then little Mrs. Hoppy Toad came out from under a burdock leaf where she lived, and said in her funny little way-up-high voice, "Farmer Brown, I know who ate your watermelons!"

"Do you, Mrs. Hoppy Toad?" said Farmer Brown. "And will you tell me who it is?"

"Oh, yes, Farmer Brown," said



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little Mrs. Hoppy Toad, in her little way-up-high voice. “Watermelon Pete ate your watermelons, and he is asleep under your vines.”

And then Watermelon Pete woke, and he was so *frightened*, because he had been naughty, that he ran pitter-patter, pitter-patter, up the path, and *what do you think?*

He was so full of watermelon that he could *not* get back through the hole in the fence, and Farmer Brown caught him! And the naughty Blackie just sat on a fence post and *laughed* because he



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had made Watermelon Pete get into mischief!

And Watermelon Pete said, "Please, Farmer Brown, please don't punish me, and I will *never* eat your watermelons *any more*."

And Farmer Brown said, "All right, Watermelon Pete, I will let you off this time. But you must never listen to that naughty Blackie again. Now go and get the cow and milk her, and then come to breakfast."

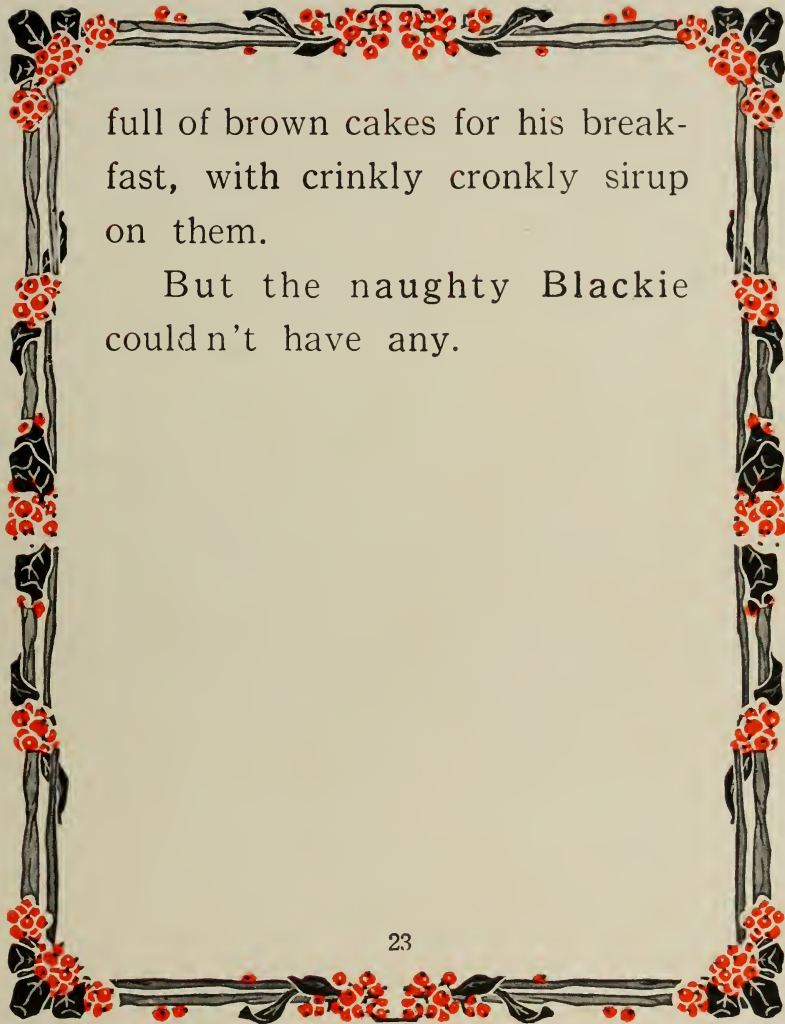
And Mrs. Farmer Brown gave Watermelon Pete a whole plate



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full of brown cakes for his breakfast, with crinkly cronkly sirup on them.

But the naughty Blackie couldn't have any.



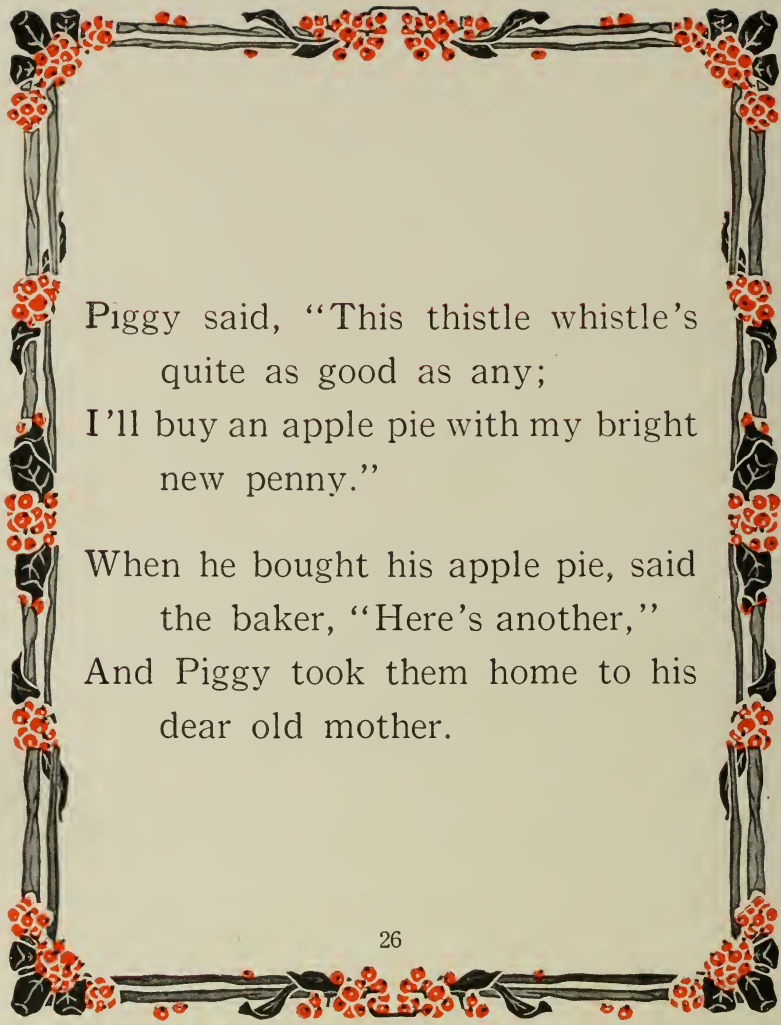
C.P.W.



PIGGY'S THISTLE WHISTLE

A funny little Piggy to the market
went,
To buy himself a whistle with a
bright new cent.

But the shop man said, "I have no
penny whistle,"
So Piggy made himself one from a
prickly thistle.

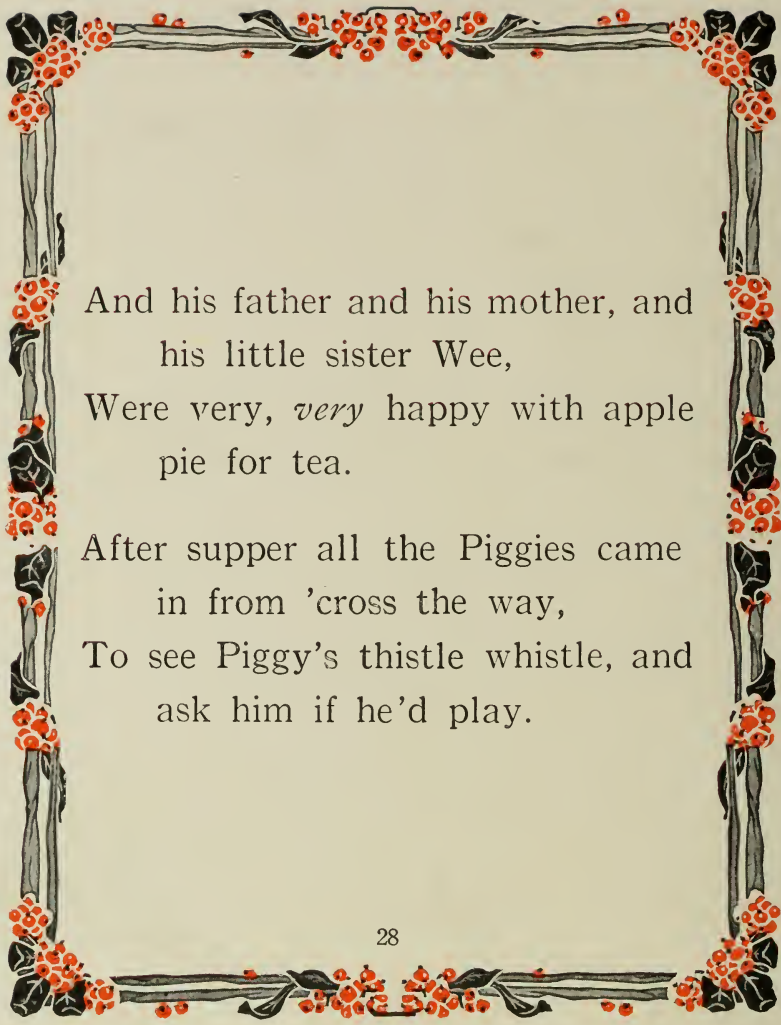


Piggy said, "This thistle whistle's
quite as good as any;
I'll buy an apple pie with my bright
new penny."

When he bought his apple pie, said
the baker, "Here's another,"
And Piggy took them home to his
dear old mother.



CPW.



And his father and his mother, and
his little sister Wee,
Were very, *very* happy with apple
pie for tea.

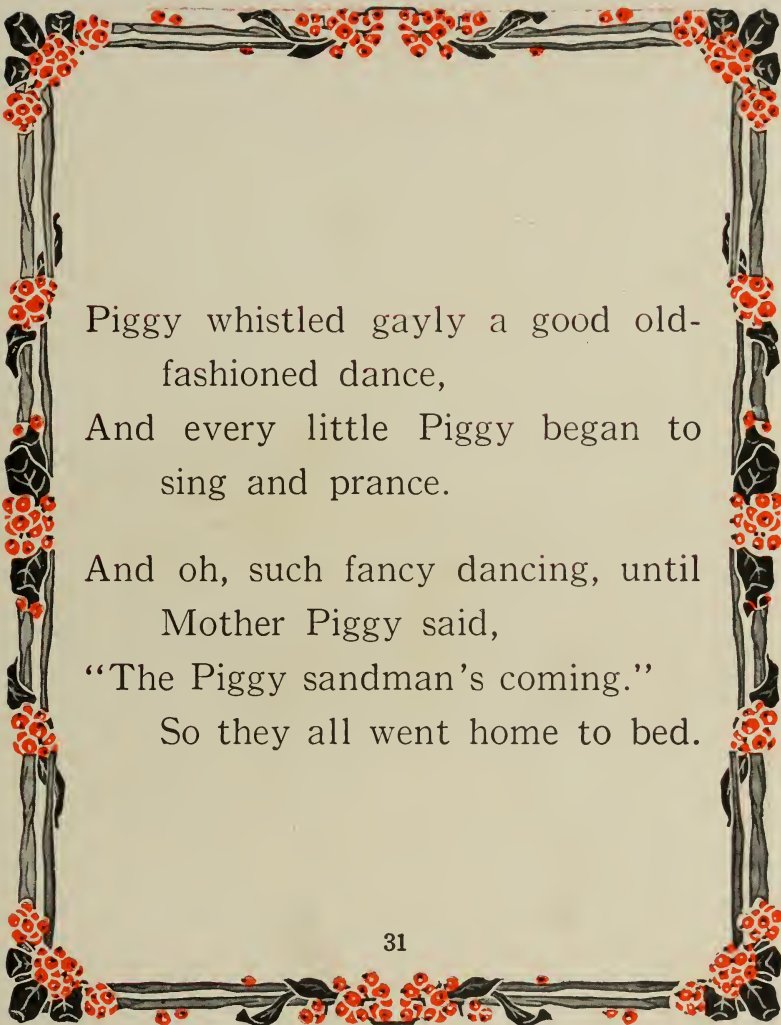
After supper all the Piggies came
in from 'cross the way,
To see Piggy's thistle whistle, and
ask him if he'd play.



CPW



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Piggy whistled gayly a good old-
fashioned dance,
And every little Piggy began to
sing and prance.

And oh, such fancy dancing, until
Mother Piggy said,
“The Piggy sandman’s coming.”
So they all went home to bed.





LADY BUG GOES SHOPPING

Mosquito was strolling one day
through the town,

Enjoying the balmy spring air,
When whom should he meet, with
her two little babes,
But dear little Lady Bug fair.

“Lady Bug, Lady Bug, what do
you seek

In the streets of the busy town?”

“Sir, I’ve been to the spiders to
buy me a web,

For my polka-dotted gown.”



“Lady Bug, Lady Bug, fly away
home,”

Said old Mr. Grasshopper Gray,
“The town crier fears that your
children will burn;
Your house is on fire, they say.”

“Your story is old, Mr. Grass-
hopper Gray,”

The Lady Bug said, “for you see
My cottage is standing, my children
are safe,
For I took them shopping with
me.”



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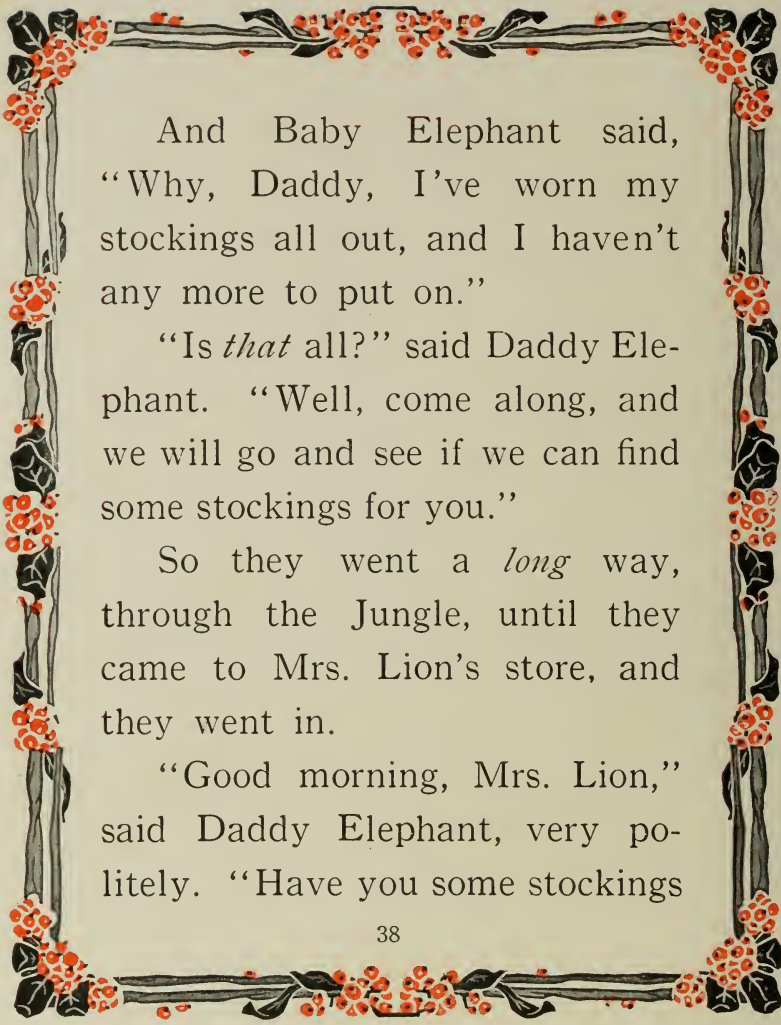
LITTLE BABY
ELEPHANT
AND
HIS NEW CLOTHES

Once there was a Daddy and a Mammy Elephant, and they had a little Baby Elephant.

When Daddy Elephant came home one day he found his dear little Baby Elephant crying great big tears!

And Daddy Elephant kissed him, and said, "Why, what's the matter with my little Baby Elephant?"





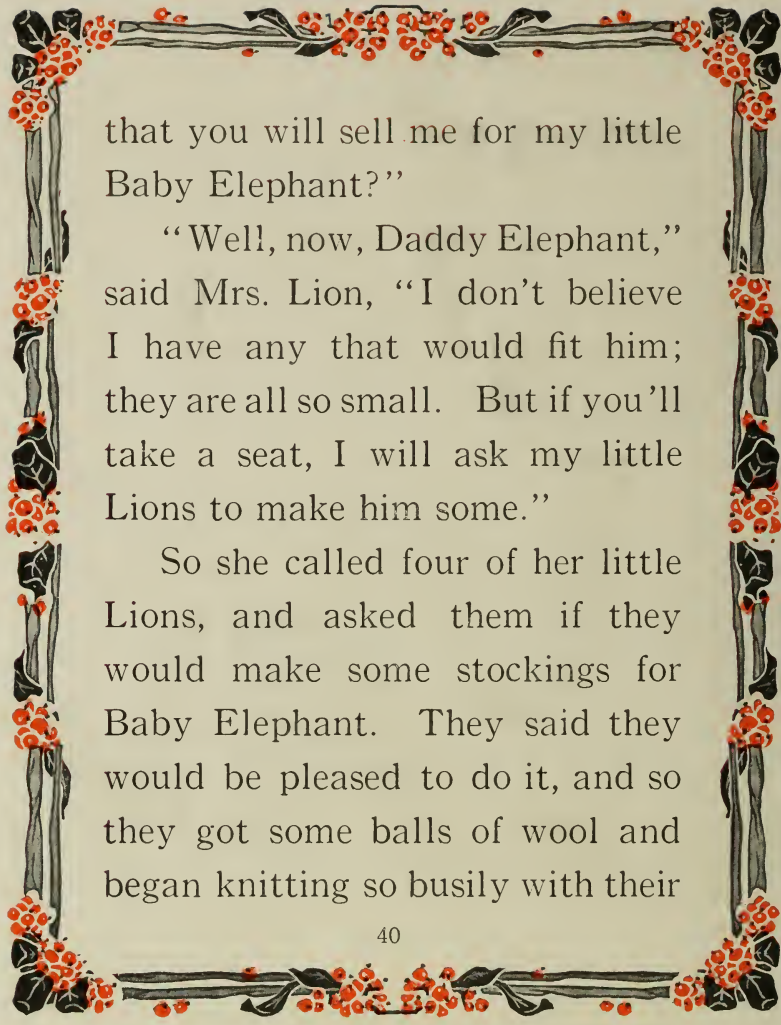
And Baby Elephant said,
“Why, Daddy, I’ve worn my
stockings all out, and I haven’t
any more to put on.”

“Is *that* all?” said Daddy Elephant. “Well, come along, and we will go and see if we can find some stockings for you.”

So they went a *long* way, through the Jungle, until they came to Mrs. Lion’s store, and they went in.

“Good morning, Mrs. Lion,” said Daddy Elephant, very politely. “Have you some stockings



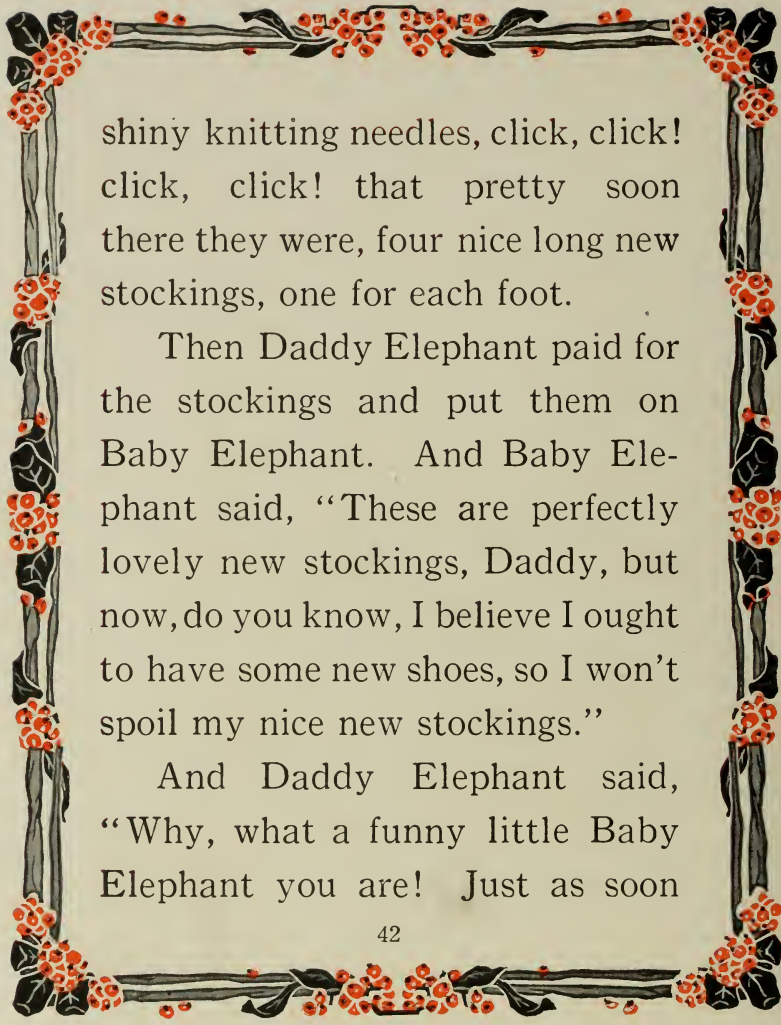


that you will sell me for my little Baby Elephant?"

"Well, now, Daddy Elephant," said Mrs. Lion, "I don't believe I have any that would fit him; they are all so small. But if you'll take a seat, I will ask my little Lions to make him some."

So she called four of her little Lions, and asked them if they would make some stockings for Baby Elephant. They said they would be pleased to do it, and so they got some balls of wool and began knitting so busily with their



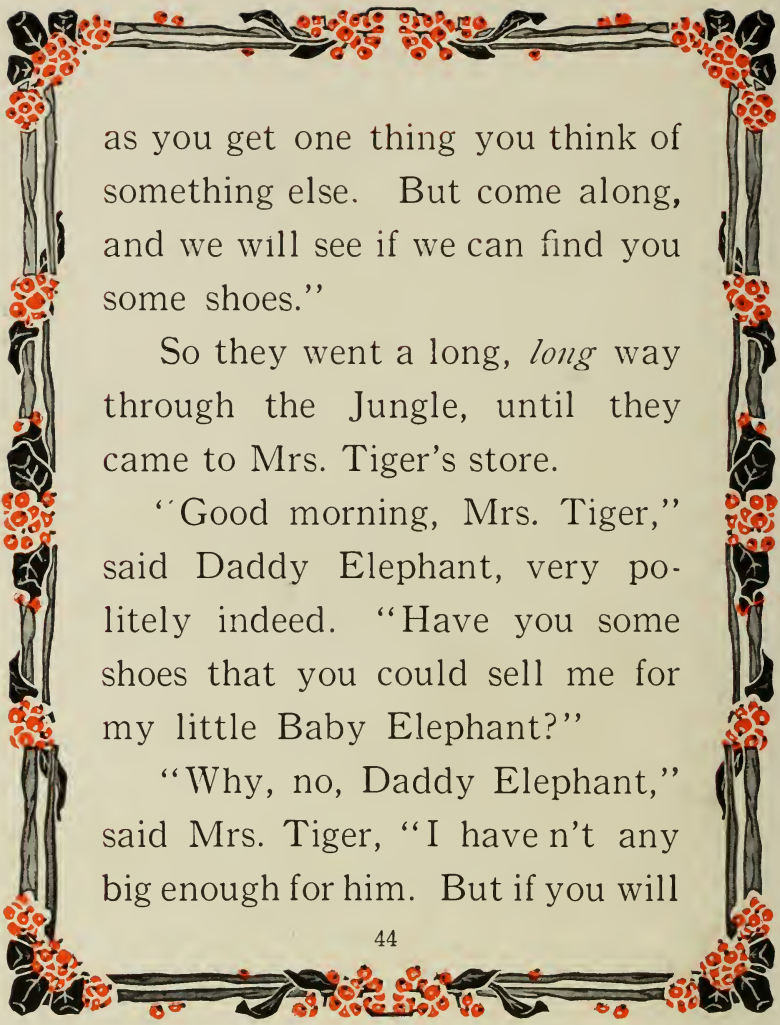


shiny knitting needles, click, click!
click, click! that pretty soon
there they were, four nice long new
stockings, one for each foot.

Then Daddy Elephant paid for
the stockings and put them on
Baby Elephant. And Baby Ele-
phant said, “These are perfectly
lovely new stockings, Daddy, but
now, do you know, I believe I ought
to have some new shoes, so I won’t
spoil my nice new stockings.”

And Daddy Elephant said,
“Why, what a funny little Baby
Elephant you are! Just as soon





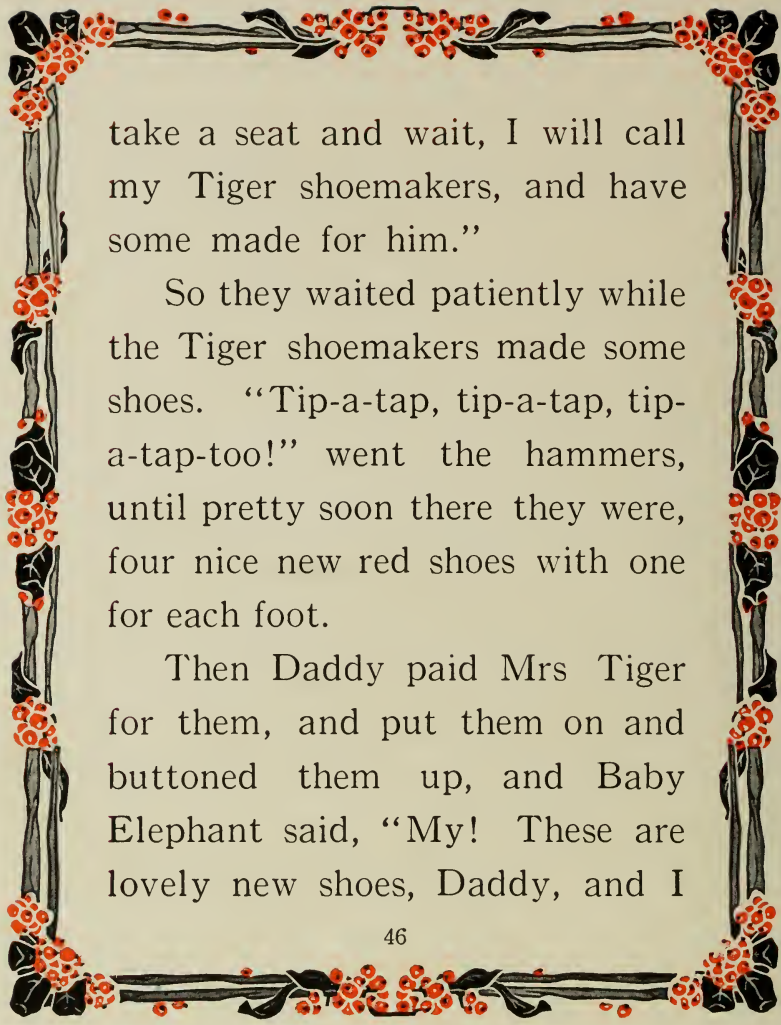
as you get one thing you think of something else. But come along, and we will see if we can find you some shoes.”

So they went a long, *long* way through the Jungle, until they came to Mrs. Tiger’s store.

“Good morning, Mrs. Tiger,” said Daddy Elephant, very politely indeed. “Have you some shoes that you could sell me for my little Baby Elephant?”

“Why, no, Daddy Elephant,” said Mrs. Tiger, “I have n’t any big enough for him. But if you will





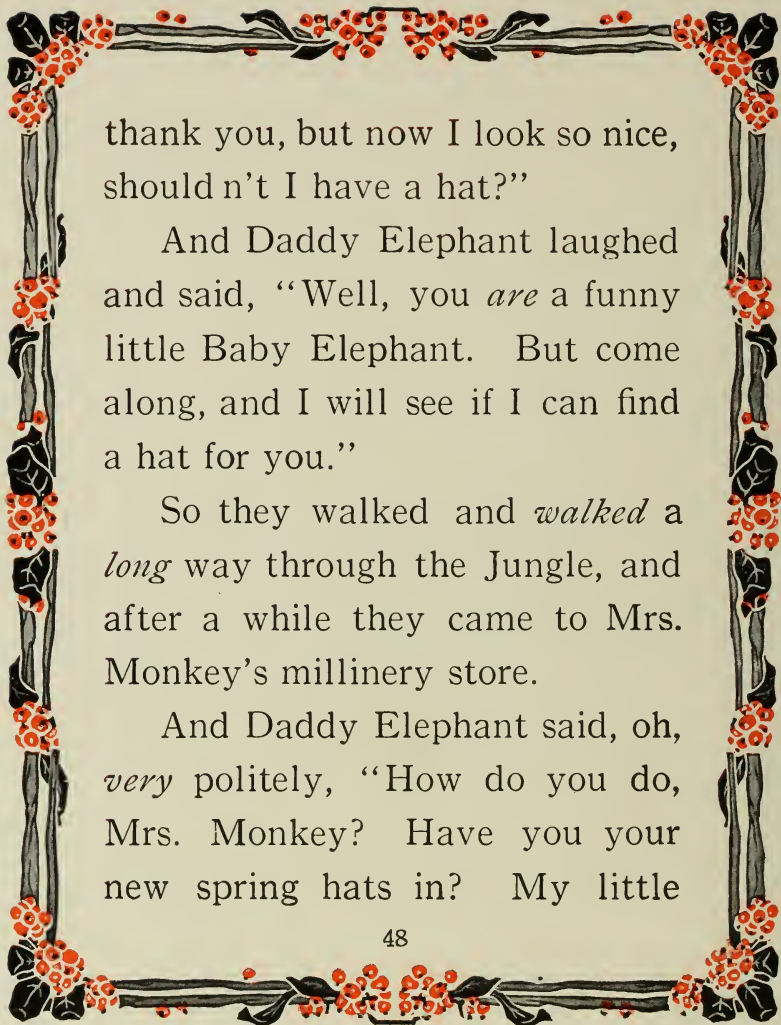
take a seat and wait, I will call my Tiger shoemakers, and have some made for him."

So they waited patiently while the Tiger shoemakers made some shoes. "Tip-a-tap, tip-a-tap, tip-a-tap-too!" went the hammers, until pretty soon there they were, four nice new red shoes with one for each foot.

Then Daddy paid Mrs Tiger for them, and put them on and buttoned them up, and Baby Elephant said, "My! These are lovely new shoes, Daddy, and I



C.P.W.



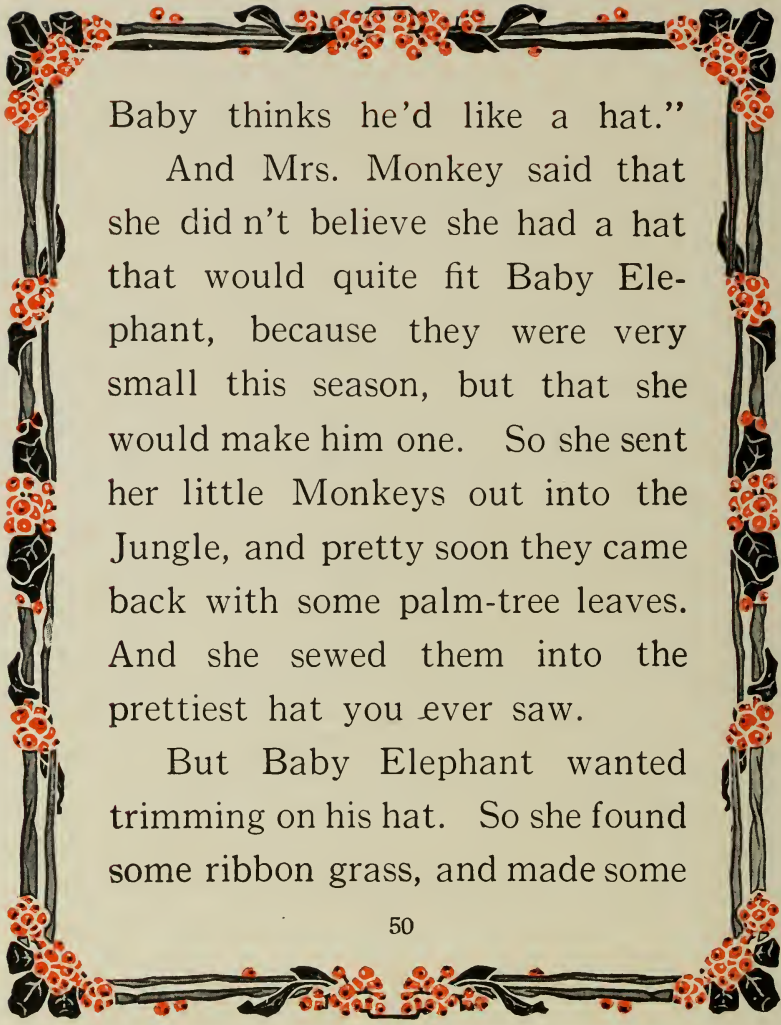
thank you, but now I look so nice, should n't I have a hat?"

And Daddy Elephant laughed and said, "Well, you *are* a funny little Baby Elephant. But come along, and I will see if I can find a hat for you."

So they walked and *walked a long* way through the Jungle, and after a while they came to Mrs. Monkey's millinery store.

And Daddy Elephant said, oh, *very* politely, "How do you do, Mrs. Monkey? Have you your new spring hats in? My little





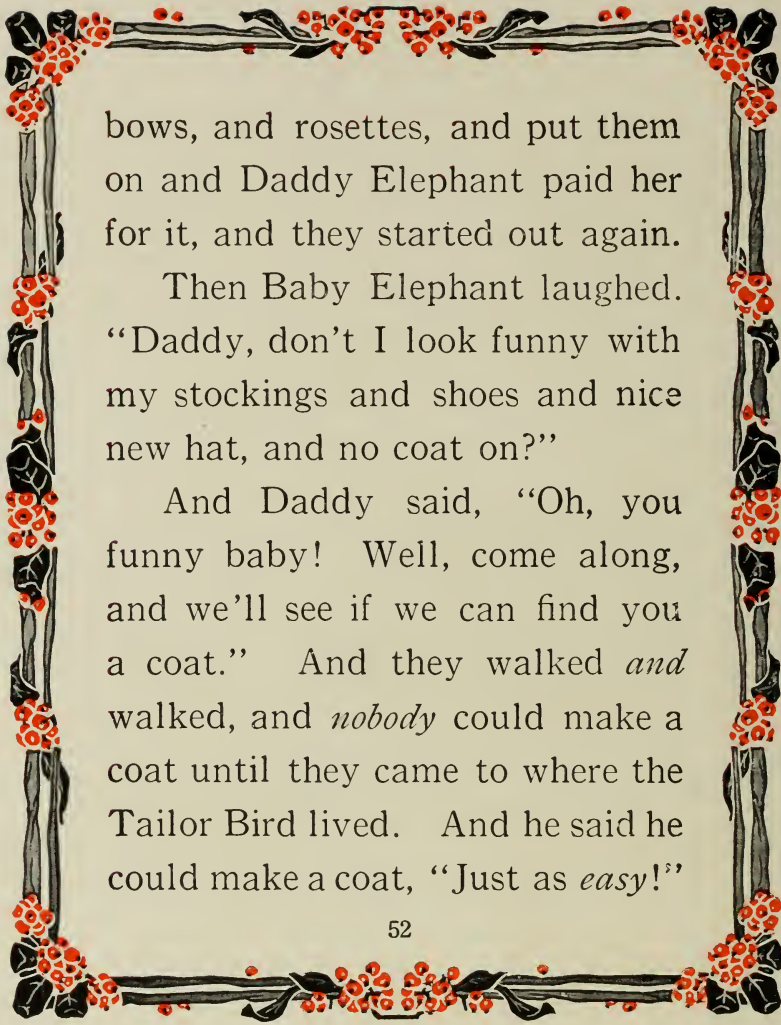
Baby thinks he'd like a hat."

And Mrs. Monkey said that she did n't believe she had a hat that would quite fit Baby Elephant, because they were very small this season, but that she would make him one. So she sent her little Monkeys out into the Jungle, and pretty soon they came back with some palm-tree leaves. And she sewed them into the prettiest hat you ever saw.

But Baby Elephant wanted trimming on his hat. So she found some ribbon grass, and made some



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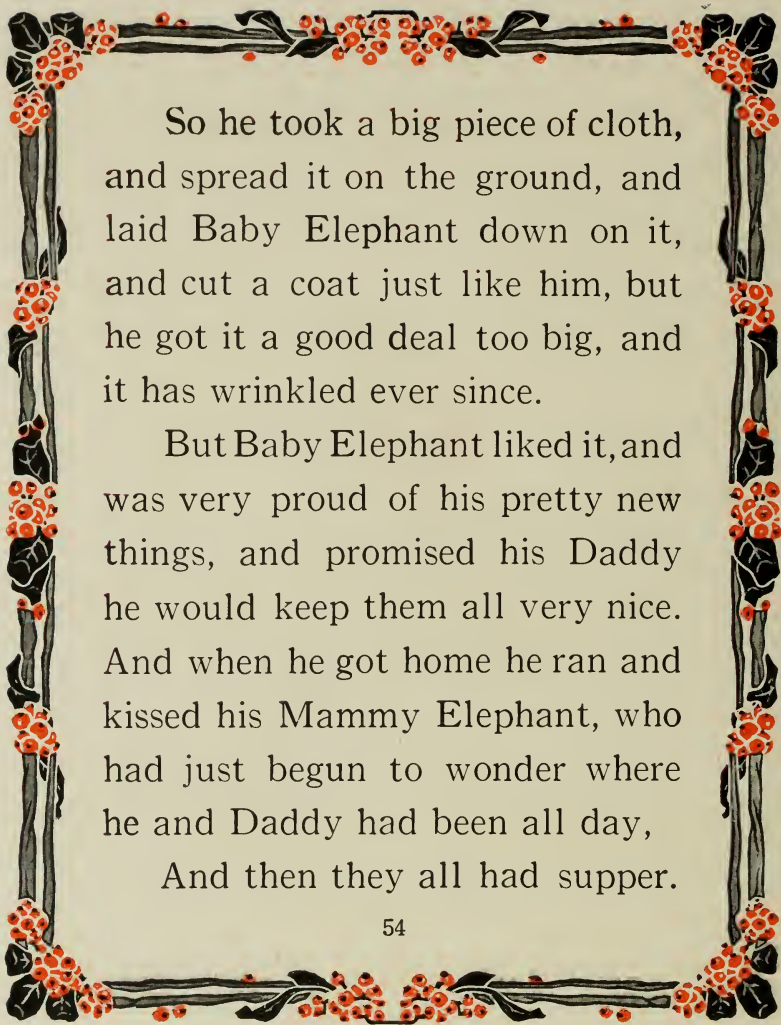
bows, and rosettes, and put them on and Daddy Elephant paid her for it, and they started out again.

Then Baby Elephant laughed. "Daddy, don't I look funny with my stockings and shoes and nice new hat, and no coat on?"

And Daddy said, "Oh, you funny baby! Well, come along, and we'll see if we can find you a coat." And they walked *and* walked, and *nobody* could make a coat until they came to where the Tailor Bird lived. And he said he could make a coat, "Just as *easy!*"



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So he took a big piece of cloth,
and spread it on the ground, and
laid Baby Elephant down on it,
and cut a coat just like him, but
he got it a good deal too big, and
it has wrinkled ever since.

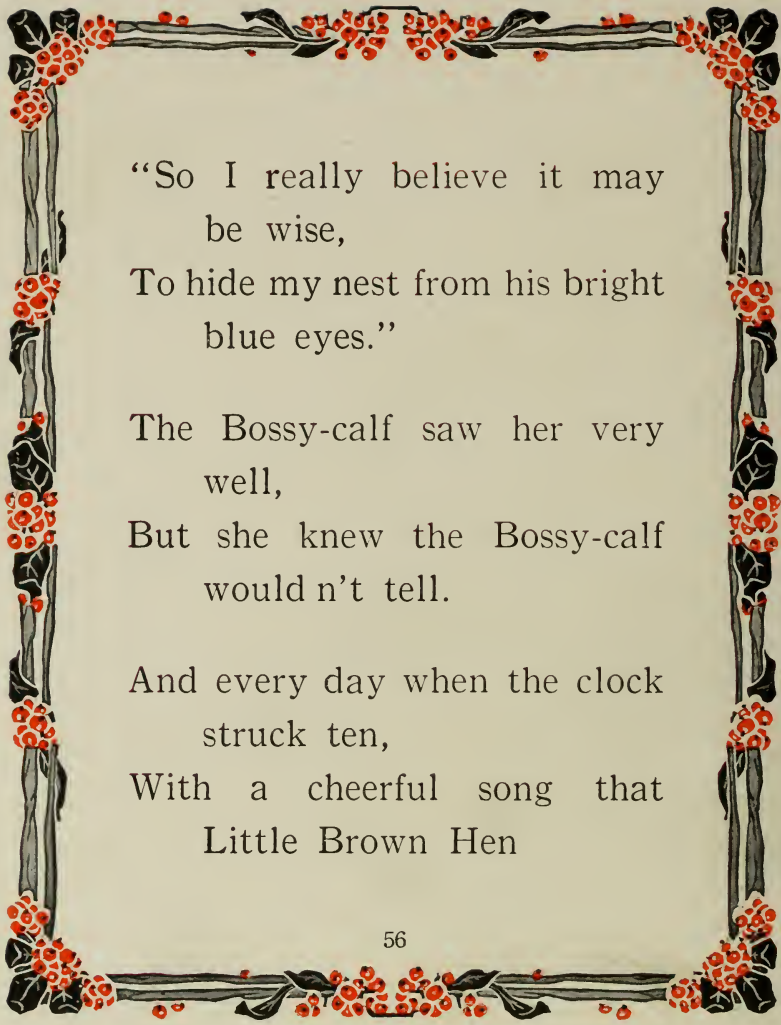
But Baby Elephant liked it, and
was very proud of his pretty new
things, and promised his Daddy
he would keep them all very nice.
And when he got home he ran and
kissed his Mammy Elephant, who
had just begun to wonder where
he and Daddy had been all day,
And then they all had supper.



LITTLE BROWN HEN

Little Brown Hen, one warm
spring day,
Made a nest in the barn, in
the clover hay.

Said Little Brown Hen, "Eggs
are so dear,
The Farmer Boy might come
in here,



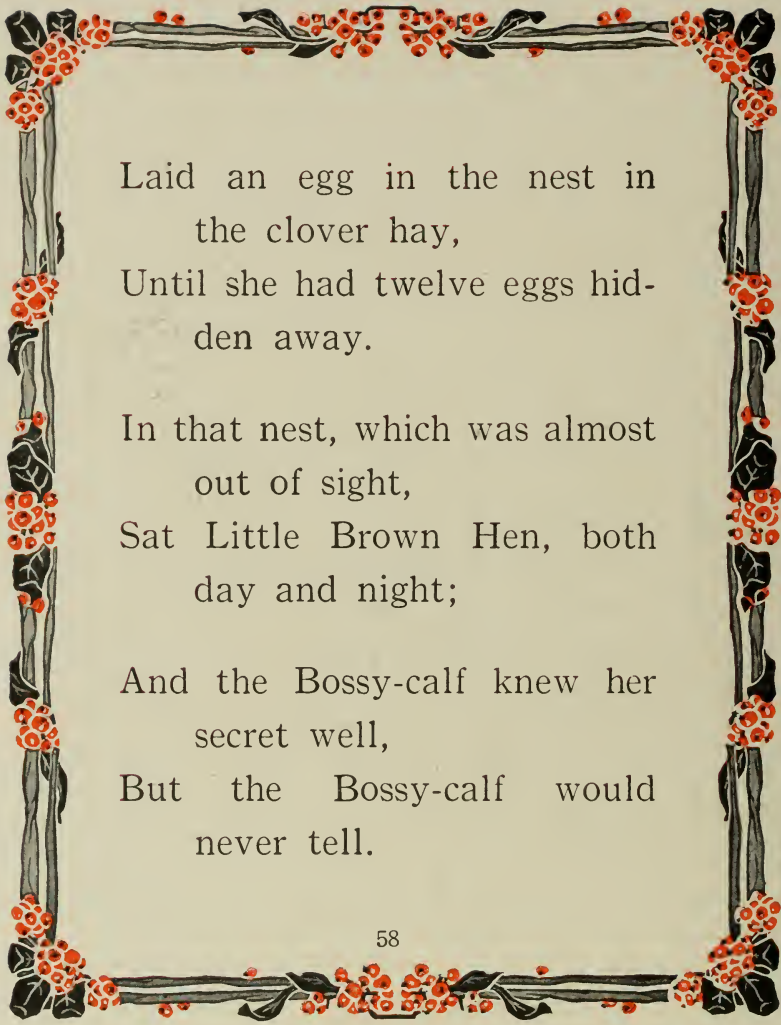
“So I really believe it may
be wise,
To hide my nest from his bright
blue eyes.”

The Bossy-calf saw her very
well,
But she knew the Bossy-calf
would n't tell.

And every day when the clock
struck ten,
With a cheerful song that
Little Brown Hen



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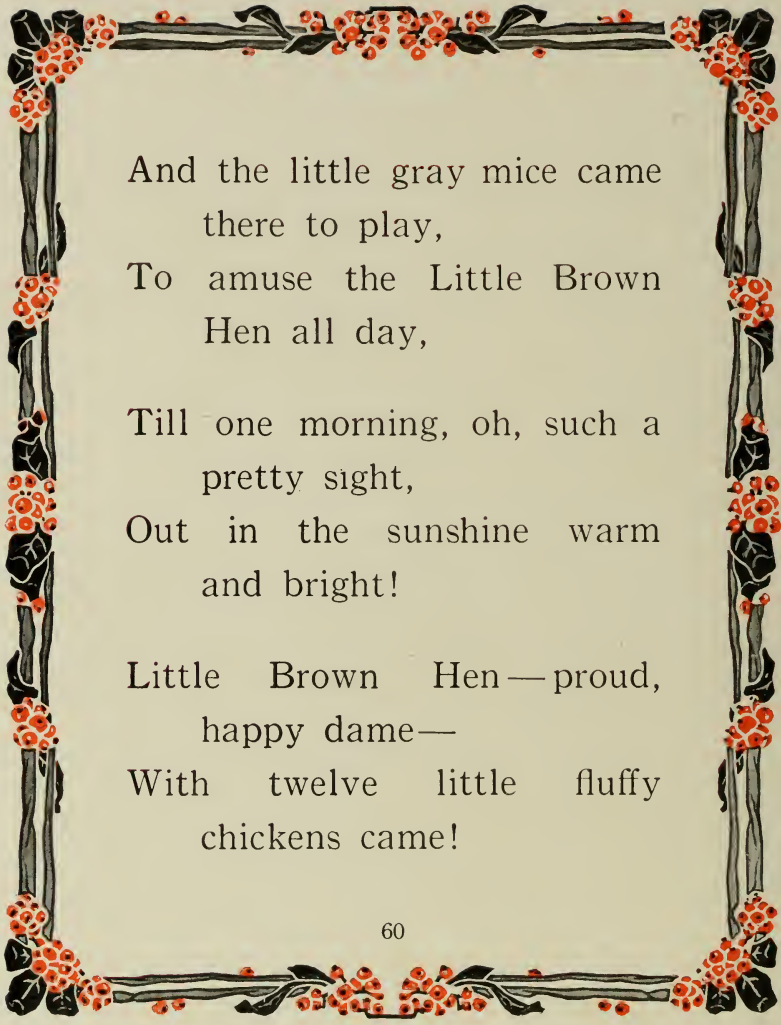
Laid an egg in the nest in
the clover hay,
Until she had twelve eggs hid-
den away.

In that nest, which was almost
out of sight,
Sat Little Brown Hen, both
day and night;

And the Bossy-calf knew her
secret well,
But the Bossy-calf would
never tell.



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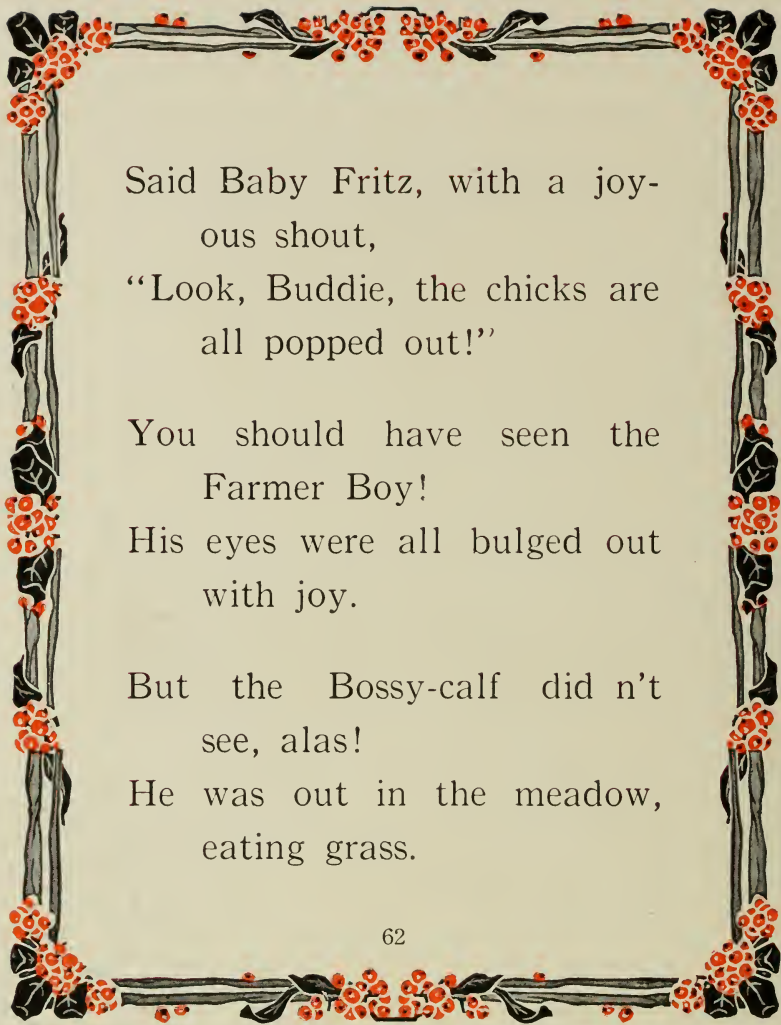


And the little gray mice came
there to play,
To amuse the Little Brown
Hen all day,

Till one morning, oh, such a
pretty sight,
Out in the sunshine warm
and bright!

Little Brown Hen — proud,
happy dame —
With twelve little fluffy
chickens came!





Said Baby Fritz, with a joy-
ous shout,
“Look, Buddie, the chicks are
all popped out!”

You should have seen the
Farmer Boy!
His eyes were all bulged out
with joy.

But the Bossy-calf did n't
see, alas!
He was out in the meadow,
eating grass.





THE LITTLE BROWN DOG
AND THE LITTLE WHITE CAT

The Little Brown Dog had a little
cold nose,

O me, O my!

The Little White Cat had pins in
her toes,

O me, O my!

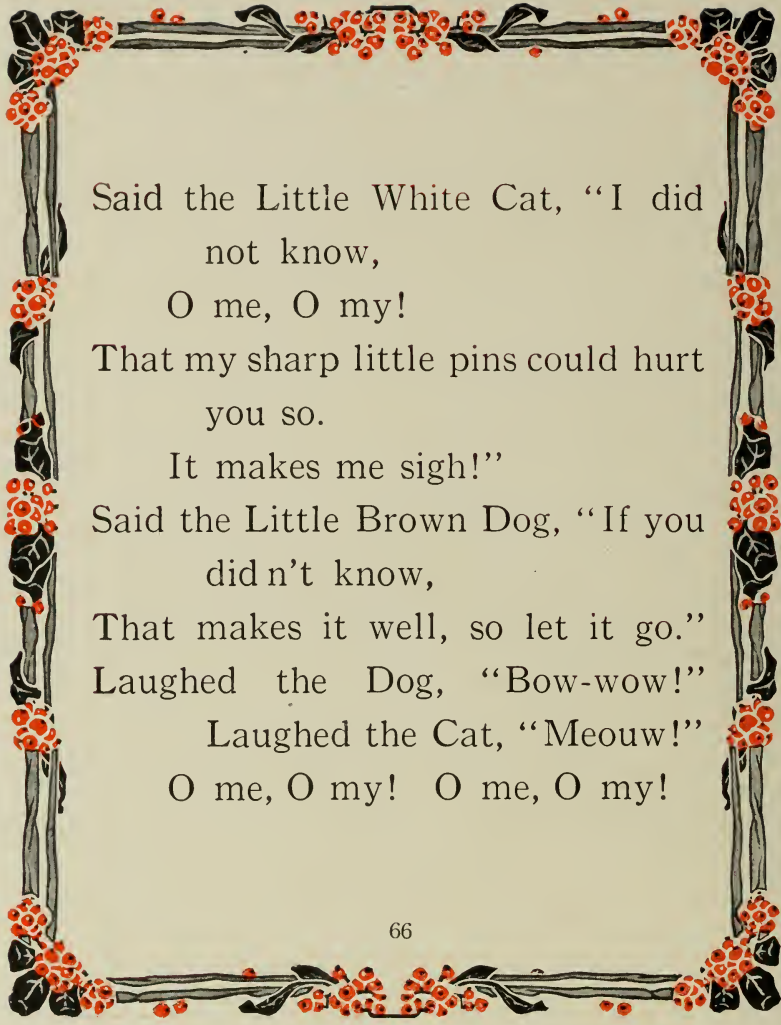
The Little Brown Dog poked his
little cold nose

Too near the pins in the little Cat's
toes!

Said the Dog, "Woo, ow!" Said the
Cat, "Meouw!"

O me, O my! O me, O my!





Said the Little White Cat, "I did
not know,

O me, O my!

That my sharp little pins could hurt
you so.

It makes me sigh!"

Said the Little Brown Dog, "If you
did n't know,

That makes it well, so let it go."

Laughed the Dog, "Bow-wow!"

Laughed the Cat, "Meouw!"

O me, O my! O me, O my!



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Said the Little Brown Dog to the
Little White Cat,

“O me, O my!

There’s a bowl of cream on the
kitchen mat.

O me, O my!”

They ate the cream, and after that,
The best of friends were the Dog
and Cat,

And the Cat sings, “Meouw!” and
the Dog, “Bow-wow!”

O me, O my! O me, O my!



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THE WOODPECKER BIRD
AND THE OWL

Said the woodpecker bird,
 “I have just overheard
 Wise Owl telling how to
 be happy.

“You must sing your own song,
 Stay where you belong,
 And play fair with every
 chappie.”



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C.W.

I begged him for another, but
He flapped his wings of blue
And wouldn't say another word,
But laughed- and off he flew.



