

PZ

8

.B95

Ma

FT MEADE  
GenColl

# THE MAGIC HOUSE

BY

LOUISE HARVEY BUTTLER



PICTURES BY  
HAZEL FRAZEE



Class PZ8

Book B95

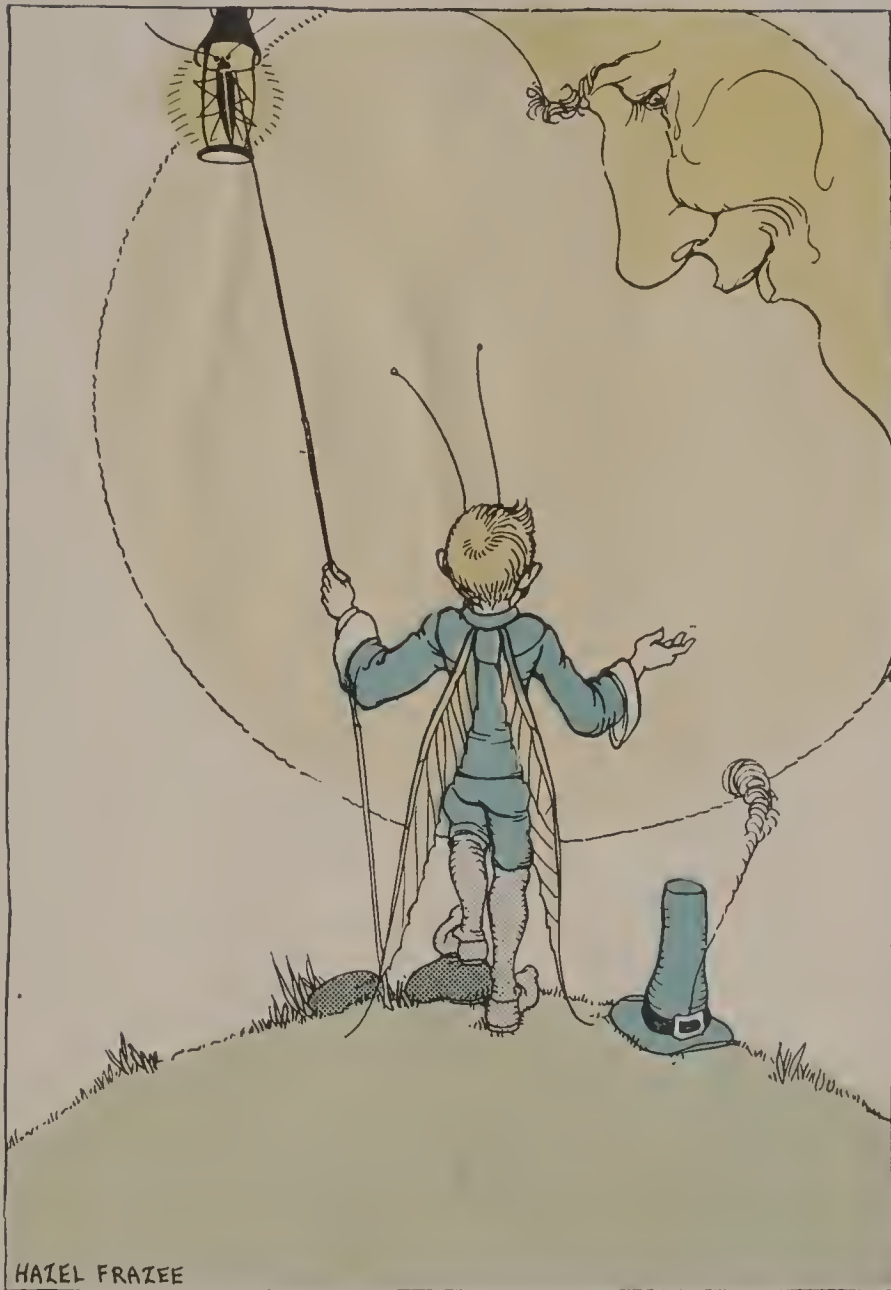
Copyright N<sup>o</sup> Ma

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT





# *The Magic House*







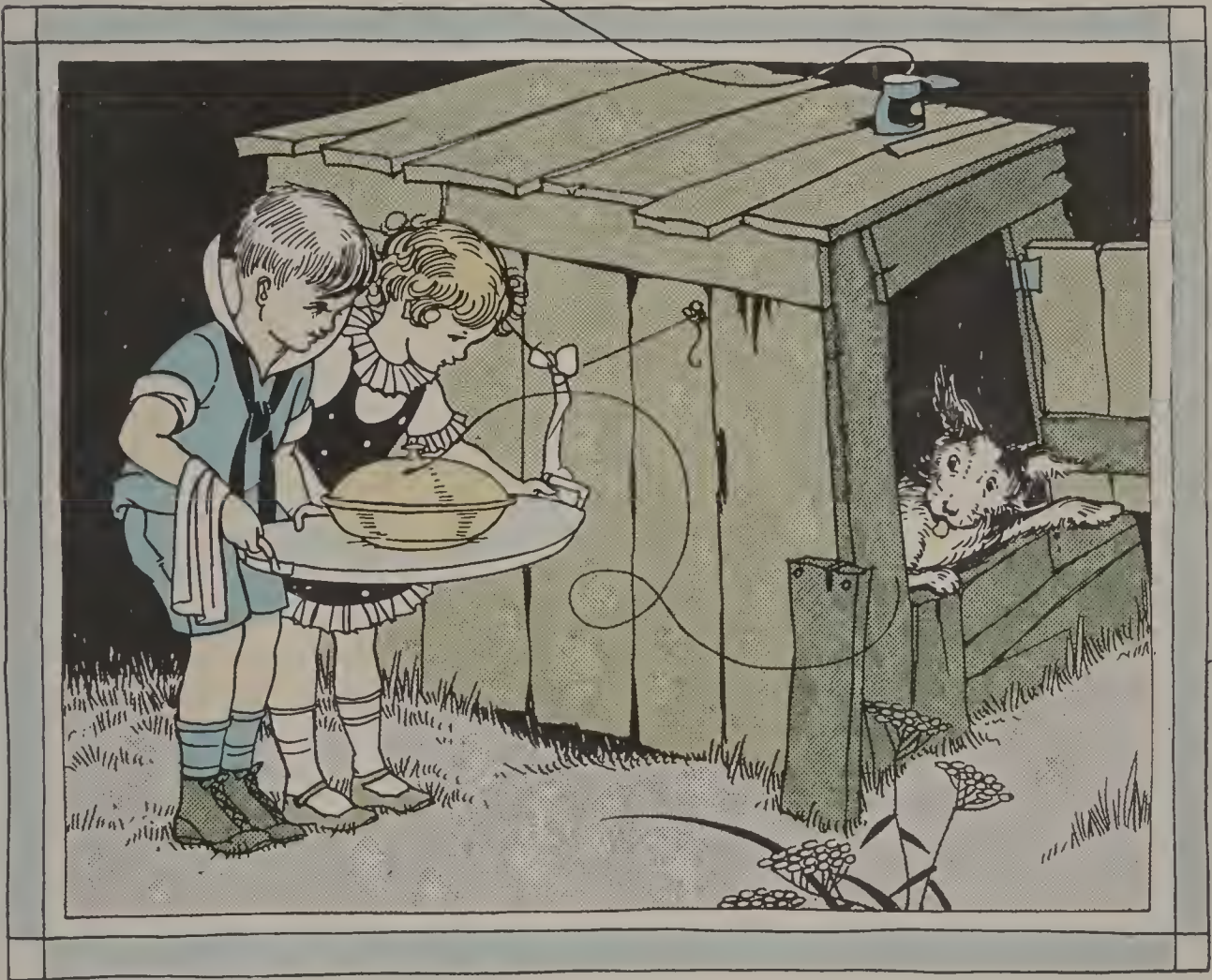


*"Sometimes our beds will run away."*  
Story of Peter and the Giant—Page 48



# THE MAGIC HOUSE

*By Louise Harvey Buttler*  
*Illustrations by Hazel Frazee*



ALBERT  WHITMAN  
&  CO.  
CHICAGO

© 1925

PZ8  
D95  
ma

**THE MAGIC HOUSE**  
Copyright 1928  
By Albert Whitman & Co.



**OTHER WHITMAN TITLES**

- OLD-TOLD TALE OF LINCOLN**  
By Mollie C. Winchester
- THE JOLLY LITTLE CLOWN**  
By Florence Fairchild Pease
- RED AND GOLD STORIES**  
By Frances Kerr Cook

**"A JUST RIGHT BOOK"**  
Printed in the U. S. A.

DEC 29 1928

©ClA 2518



### *Introduction*

Once upon a time, when I was a little girl, I lived down by the big ocean. My playmate was another little girl who lived by the big ocean, too.

Every day we played along the smooth, sandy beach, threw pebbles into the clear water, played "catch the waves," built great sand castles and made sand pies.

But my little playmate loved best to just sit and watch the sea gulls as they soared way up high in the air almost touching the sky; loved to listen to the sea wash up on the shore. She loved the woods, too, and knew just where the wild flowers grew, their names and where to find them; just where each woodland path led and what the birds were calling.

By and by she grew up to be a librarian. Then, on bright clear Saturday afternoons she gathered about her many happy little

children from all parts of the village to tell them stories; stories she had heard the waves whisper to her long, long before; stories she had learned from the flowers, the birds, and the forest folk.

Now she has two dear little children of her own, Bobby and Betty, who love to hear the same stories of the sea fairies who live down deep in the sea, the Little Christmas Tree, Christopher Cricket, and the Fairy Ring.

That you, too, may hear these stories, their mother, who was really my little playmate of long ago, has written some of them down on paper, touched them with her magic wand and turned them into this little book for you; so,

*“If you believe in fairies  
As I truly hope you do,  
In the Land of Make Believe,  
This book was made for you.”*

*Adelene J. Pratt*





## CONTENTS

	Page
Introduction, Adelene J. Pratt.....	5
The Magic House .....	11
The Sea Fairy .....	18
The Sea Fairy's Adventure .....	26
The Sea Fairy's New Home.....	32
The Sea Fairy's Children.....	39
Peter And The Giant.....	45
The Cloud Fairies .....	69
The Christmas Story .....	81
The Fairy Ring .....	94
The Little Blue Man.....	107
Hilda Watt .....	115
Button—Button—Who Has The Button?.....	127
Sir Peter Swizzle .....	137

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page
“Sometimes our beds will run away”.....	Frontispiece
It didn't take very long to build the house.....	10
Mother wouldn't let him come into the house.....	13
Soon little Gruff was a mass of suds.....	15
She had many fish to wait on her.....	19
The driver was a hard shell crab.....	20
“Good evening, beautiful queen,” said he.....	21
He spilled tea all over his nice new clean shirt front.....	23
“The king will be riding a spouting whale”.....	25
She slipped into his skin.....	27
Out it came, dripping wet, a wonderful full moon.....	29
She was tossed way up.....	30
She took all her lovely gauze dresses.....	33
The preacher was a funny old turtle.....	35
Ten darling little babies, all asleep.....	37
They couldn't walk one step.....	40
“No, I mean to take care of them all, myself”.....	41
Where they played about, so happy to be free.....	43
A clown sold colored candies.....	47
There he was, out under the window.....	49
A story the moon had told him one night.....	51
He had saved them from some troublesome woodchucks..	53

	Page
There was the tallest man he had ever seen.....	55
Threw him into a box.....	57
He was soon snoring loudly.....	59
The giant's wife gave him a candle.....	61
She called loudly, "Salamander!".....	65
Down in the ocean Salamander fell.....	67
Perched on the camel's back were two tiny fairies.....	71
There she keeps all the little stars polished brightly.....	73
They love to peep down through the cracks.....	75
Shadow landed on the edge of a chimney.....	77
She jumped nimbly ashore.....	79
"Why, it's a little pine tree".....	83
She loved the cold and frosty nights.....	89
She reached out her arms so lovingly.....	93
What did he see?.....	95
A bright green frog was beating time.....	97
Then came the Fairy Queen.....	99
They danced and danced.....	101
Away they all scampered.....	103
Home, to the foot of the tree.....	105
Christopher Cricket was peeling potatoes.....	111
Until a sudden gust of wind blew her away.....	117
The fairy steering her to her own front gate.....	133
Then Mother Rabbit tucked them all in their comfortable little beds .....	151



*It didn't take very long to build the house.*



## *The Magic House*

Once upon a time, very near the big ocean, lived a little boy and his sister, Bobby and Betty.

They were good children and they played happily together. Their only playmate was a little raggedy dog. He was named "Gruff," because he growled at every one who came near the children.

Such a dirty little dog he was!—so dirty that Mother and Father wouldn't let him come into the house, and he had to sleep in a box under the back porch.

Bobby and Betty couldn't bear to go indoors and leave him outside; so

they decided to build a tiny play house in the back yard, where they could all live together, at least all day.

They found plenty of old boxes and boards along the beach. These they pulled home in a little wagon. Father gave them nails and a hammer; so it didn't take very long to build the house.

It had a window that really opened, and a door with a rusty hinge; a door knocker, and even a chimney made out of a tomato can.

All summer long they played, in and out of the little house. Often they had their luncheon there, eating it on a tiny table made out of a square hat box that had been washed in by the waves.

Gruff always shared the meal and



*Mother wouldn't let him come into the house.*

sat at the table with Bobby and Betty.

Then when supper time came and Mother called them into the big house, they would put Gruff in his little straw bed, now in the play house, where he slept until morning.

The days were growing cold. Winter was coming. What would they do then about the little playmate? They wanted so very much to take him in by the nice warm kitchen fire!

“I have it!” said Bob. “Let’s give him a bath—then Mother won’t mind.”

So Betty ran into the big house and brought out the little tub Aunt Minty had given her for Christmas, a bath towel and a cake of fine scented soap that Mother kept in the guest room!

Bob brought some nice warm water in a pail, and soon little Gruff was a mass of sweet smelling soap suds. But when Bob lifted him up to put him into the tub he trembled with fear, and begged in the most pitiful voice, “Please, Bob, don’t put me in the tub! I’m so afraid of water—my Father and Mother never liked it and I don’t either!”

Bob dropped him quickly. Both he and Betty were so frightened at first



*Soon little Gruff was a mass of suds.*

that they didn't know what to do, for they never expected to hear a dog talk! But poor little Gruff looked so helpless and unhappy that it seemed silly to be afraid of him. They began to smile again in their usual happy way. "Can you really talk, Gruff?" they demanded. "We didn't know dogs could talk!"

"Yes, I can talk," Gruff answered, "but only when I'm in this little house, for it's a magic house, you know. The boards and boxes you built it of came

out of the sea, and they had been washed in by the waves. The mermaids had touched them with their fairy wands and made them enchanted!”

This was certainly exciting! Bob and Betty forgot all about Gruff's bath, for which he was thankful, and after he shook himself three times he was perfectly dry and quite himself again.

“Tell us about the mermaids, Gruff!” they pleaded. But Gruff shook his head. “Not tonight,” he said. “You'll have to wait until tomorrow. Your Mother is calling now.”

True enough, Mother was calling, and they had to leave him. They bade him goodnight and ran off to their suppers, their little snow white beds

and the land of dreams. They thought morning would never come, but it did, and true to his promise, Gruff told them the story of "The Sea Fairy."



### *The Sea Fairy*

Many, many years ago there lived way down in the bottom of the sea, a very beautiful sea fairy, with long raven-black hair.

She lived in a lovely castle built of colored rocks, with sea weed growing all over it.

She had many fish to wait on her and take care of her. They all loved her dearly, for she was as charming and kind as she was beautiful.

Every day she would go for a long drive, out through the channel and currents, riding in a chariot made of a large pink shell, and drawn by two large horse shoe fish. The driver was a little old hard shell crab, who sat





*She had many fish to wait on her.*

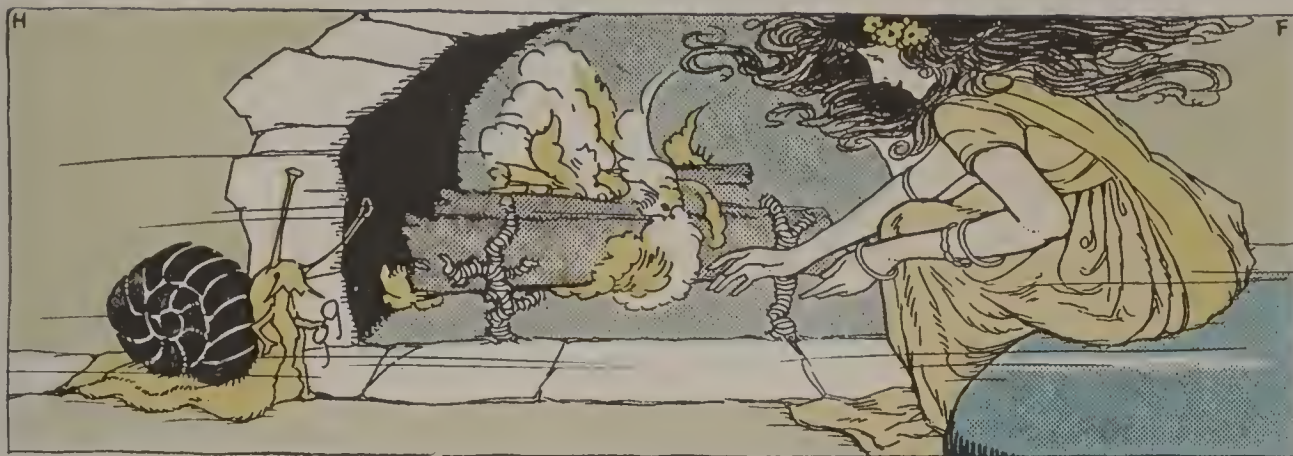


*The driver was a hard shell crab.*

ever so stiffly on a seat cut from a large piece of coral.

She always wore a dress of filmy gauze, and a starfish in her crown. In her hand she carried a long golden wand given to her when she was tiny by an old, old fairy.

She was happy as the day was long, but she was lonely too. One day when she was sitting in front of the open



*“Good evening, beautiful queen,” said he.*

fire in one of the rooms of her castle, wishing she had some one to play with, and to ride about with her, she heard a gentle knock.

“Who’s there?” she called. Out came a tiny snail from under the hearth. “Good evening, beautiful queen,” said he, taking off his horn rimmed spectacles, “why do you look so sad?”

“Because I am lonely,” she replied. “Won’t you sit down and chat with me? I will clap my hands and my attendants will bring us a cup of tea

and some nice fresh molasses cake. We can talk better after we have had a bite to eat and some tea to drink.”

She had hardly spoken when in came a tall eel carrying a wonderful tray made of mother-of-pearl, and on it two of the thinnest cups and saucers that were ever seen, steaming hot tea and delicious gingery smelling cake. The little snail was not accustomed to such dainty service, and he spilled his tea all over his nice new clean shirt front.

The sea fairy sipped her tea and pretended not to see her companion's distress, so that soon he was at ease, and he began to tell her why he had come—in answer to her wish.

“I come from the king of all the fish,” he explained. “Like your own



*He spilled tea all over his nice new clean shirt front.*

self, he lives a lonely life. He rides about on a great big fish, always hoping to find a mate.

“If you will follow my instructions, doing exactly as I say, you will find him at the end of the day, where the tide changes back and forth.

“First, you must find a large fish, cut off his head and dress up in his long shiny skin; then, go out with the

tide and wait for the moon to bring you back again. The king will be on the top of a very large wave, riding a spouting whale. Don't lose your head, but watch your chance and swim up with the misty spray."

With these words, the little snail made a low bow and disappeared.

"Oh, oh, oh," Bob and Betty interrupted eagerly, "did the sea fairy queen do what the little snail told her to?"

"Wait and see," Gruff replied, "I must eat my breakfast first. I'm so hungry, I must have at least a drink of milk." Betty carried the dishes to the big house when he had finished, and lost no time in running back to the Magic House to hear how the sea fairy found the king of all the fish.



*"The king will be riding a spouting whale."*

"Ready now, Gruff?" she asked politely.

Little Gruff scratched his head with his hind paw thoughtfully, then he continued his story.

### *The Sea Fairy's Adventure*

The sea fairy was up with the sun, bathed and dressed, and slipped out of the castle so quietly that no one heard a sound. She hid behind a big rock and waited until an enormous fish came swimming along. Quickly she touched him with her wand, cut off his head, slipped into his skin, and started off to find the tides.

It was easy to glide through the water now, and soon she came to a big sign, "THIS WAY TO THE UNDERTOW," nailed on an old log. She knew she would find the tides there, so she hurried along—only nineteen minutes more, and there she was, just in time to catch the rising





*She slipped into his skin.*

tide. It was going in and she went along with it, way up on the shore. Such fun riding on the waves, and then high and dry on the sand!

There she sat and looked about, waiting for the tide to turn. It seemed hours, and she became somewhat impatient, for you see she was not very comfortable on land in the fish's skin.

She wiggled about, turned and twisted—it was tiresome, to say the least. Then it began to grow dark. Suddenly a very bright light shone back of the ocean, growing brighter and brighter, until all of a sudden the tiniest spot of gold appeared. It grew and grew, first very slowly, then all of a sudden, pop, out it came, dripping wet, a wonderful full moon—smiling at her, too.

Then a large wave came way up, and another, then each wave grew smaller and smaller, so she decided it was time to return to the sea.

And she wasn't a second too soon, for the tide was just going out and she realized that at last it was time to meet the king.

Down, down, and under she went.



*Out it came, dripping wet, a wonderful full moon.*

Then whirl, whirl, whirl and a sudden jerk! She was tossed way up into the spray; and there in the moonlight was the biggest fish she had ever seen, drifting in the path of the moon, and riding on his back was,—why, some one like herself, some one with raven hair, playing on a silver wind harp. The companion she had longed for!

He looked at her quite as wistfully



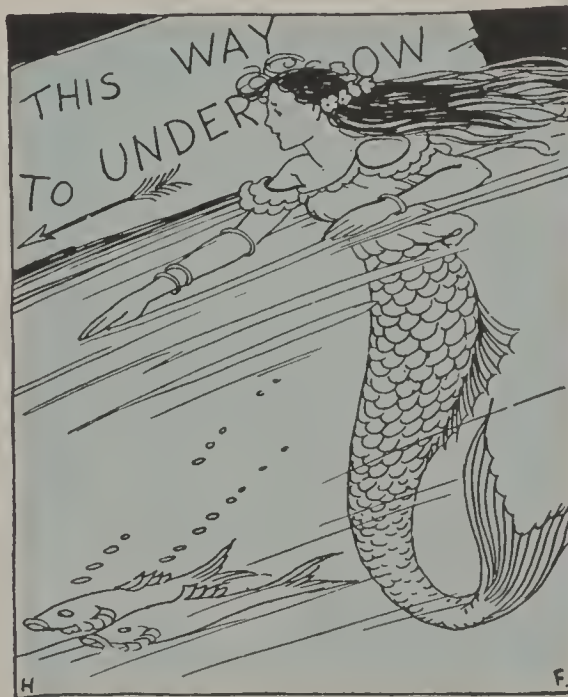
*She was tossed way up.*

as she did at him, and her heart filled with joy. Without a word, they rushed into each other's arms. They forgot all their loneliness, and remembered only their happiness in finding each other.

Gruff paused. "Go on, Gruff," Betty urged, "tell us what became of the sea queen after she found the sea king!"

It was raining outside, and Gruff was glad to have the children inside the Magic House with him, where it was warm and cozy.

“All right,” he agreed. “I know you’ll especially like this.”



*The Sea Fairy's New Home*

The king had the biggest castle, so he took his queen home to live with him, and all her fish attendants went with her, and she took all her lovely gauze dresses.

Such good times as they had! Tea parties and picnics, and all the cakes and sweets they wanted!

Every Sunday they went to church, the prettiest church way down in a hollow. All the fish were there and many sea animals, dogfish and catfish and sea spiders. The preacher was a funny old turtle who read all his sermons out of an old, old book that he had found in a boat that had lost its way and fallen down to the bottom of the sea.



*She took all her lovely gauze dresses.*

The queen lived happily with her king for a long, long time. Her happiness would have been quite perfect if it had not been for one wish which she cherished way down deep in her heart.

One day as she sat all alone waiting for the king to return home after a race he was having with a shark, she heard a queer tapping sound, and turning her head slowly, what do you think she saw?

Yes, the same timid little snail she had seen long ago, coming out from under her hearth!

“How do you do,” she greeted him cordially. “Where have you been all this time? Sit down and make yourself quite at home.”

The little snail sat down wearily.





*The preacher was a funny old turtle.*

He was very tired and glad to be made so welcome.

“You are very happy,” he said, “and you seem contented. Is there never a wish in your heart?”

The queen burst into tears. “How did you guess?” she asked. “So many times I’ve wished we had some little children to enjoy all our pleasures with us. How we should love them!”

“You shall have your wish,” the snail promised.

The queen was so overcome she could hardly express her gratitude and before she could ask any questions, the snail made a low bow as before, and disappeared.

Later the king arrived, and as he had beaten the shark in the race, he was very proud.

As soon as he had taken off his spurs and refreshed himself with a drink of ice water, the queen told him the good news the snail had brought.

He was as pleased as she was, and they talked it over and wondered when the babies would arrive, and what they should call them, and where they should send them to school!

It was late, time to go to bed.

Soon every one in the castle was sound asleep.



*Ten darling little babies, all asleep.*

Suddenly the queen was awakened by hearing the most beautiful music. At first it seemed to be way off in the distance, then it came nearer and nearer, floating right in through the open window; and with it a very dim light, just a glow that seemed to come in through the room and pass on out through the other side of the house.

Then the music ceased. It was quiet

again, but a wonderfully sweet odor remained, a blend, it seemed, of the loveliest flowers, roses and violets, pansies and lilies, perhaps.

And next morning what do you think they found? Babies, ten darling little babies, all fast asleep in the daintiest little blue cradles!

“Oh, don’t stop, Gruff,” Bob and Betty both begged excitedly. “We want to hear more about the babies.”

“Very well,” Gruff said, and he continued his story.



### *The Sea Fairy's Children*

The king and queen could hardly believe their eyes! Ten darling little pink cradles like delicate shells, and in each one a little baby, wrapped in a soft white blanket.

Such fun as they had watching them have their warm milk out of funny round bottles! Of course, all the queen's attendants wanted to be nursemaids, but the queen said, "No, indeed, I mean to take care of them all by myself!" She did, too, and very good care she gave them, never leaving them until they were big enough to look after themselves.

Then one day the king decided it was time they started to walk, so he



*They couldn't walk one step.*

came into the nursery where they always played; and the queen set them on the floor, first one, then another. But what do you suppose? They couldn't walk one step, they just flopped over on their little fat stomachs.

Why? Why, because they had no legs, just fins and long bodies like the



*"No, I mean to take care of them all, myself."*

fish, but head and arms like real babies. The queen started to cry, but the babies didn't seem to mind—indeed, they seemed to think it was some new kind of a game.

“Don't cry, beloved one,” the king said to the queen, and he told her that the babies were really little mermaids who could swim like fish and yet be like real people. The queen felt somewhat comforted, and couldn't help but laugh at the comical antics of the jolly babies. A few days later, when the king and queen took them out in the garden for a frolic, what do you suppose they did? Those babies swam right off in the water, up, up, through the waves, and into the sunshine, where they played about on top of the water, so happy to be free and in the open air.





*Where they played about, so happy to be free.*

And when they came back, they made the king and queen promise to let them go out every moonlight night to float on the waves; this was what they wished more than anything in the world.

They grew and grew, year after year, larger and larger, more and more beautiful. Ten beautiful daughters, each with long hair. Such

beautiful hair! So beautiful that each was given a comb of pure gold to comb it with, and to each was given a golden wand.

And if you will go down by the sea, late at night when the moon is full, and everything is very still and there is no one about, I think you will hear them, humming the sweetest music you ever heard, as they float on the crest of the waves, combing their long locks.



### *Peter and the Giant*

For two whole days it stormed; first rain, then snow—then rain and snow together.

Everything was very slippery, and the wind blew as if it would tear the very house down!

Bob and Betty watched from the playroom window all day long. Mother wouldn't let them go out, not even to the Magic House, where Gruff had to remain. He did bark some times to let the children know he was there, and was hungry.

Father carried out his dish, filled with nice warm broth and bread, or sometimes mush and milk, three times a day.

But Bob and Betty had to remain inside, and play in the big house. There had been a circus the first day, with all the toy animals. The dolls went, dressed in their best Sunday clothes. The tent was a gorgeous one, made from a quilt of many colors, which Bob spread over two chairs.

A clown doll sold yellow and white colored candies which the children found in a big, egg-shaped candy box which the Easter bunny had brought them, and which had lain away forgotten during the long summer months.

There had been a tea party with real tea and cake, and a picnic down behind the sand dunes—there was a wonderful place to play sand dunes behind the sofa in Mother's living room!



*A clown sold colored candies.*

Mother had told stories. The bubble pipes were used over and over again, and they had even helped dear old Katie make a pie out of the left over dough, just big enough for the dollies to eat.

Hark! “Whoof! Whoof! Whoof!”  
That must be Gruff!

There he was out under the window. “Oh, Mother, please let him in!”  
Such pleading little faces—Mother couldn’t refuse. So Bob flew to the

door, opened it just a crack, and there stood the little dog, his tail wagging so hard, it nearly broke off.

He was all wet, but the children soon dried him on Bob's new gray sweater!

Up in the playroom they went. Little Gruff trotted along, sniffing at everything, even growling at a stuffed cat of Betty's.

He seemed much interested in the two little white beds, side by side, tied together with a heavy piece of white cord.

"When I go to sleep," Betty explained to him, "sometimes our beds *will* run away in the night—out the window they go, and float away off in the darkness. Sometimes when I wake up, I cry and cry to go home and



*There he was, out under the window.*

I can't find the way to steer it back; so Bob tied them together, and now they don't go away any more."

Gruff listened very attentively, his mouth wide open, showing his teeth as though he were smiling.

They played hide and seek all over the house—up stairs in the attic, down stairs in the cellar—they had a fine romp, then Mother called them.

“Supper time,” she said. “Wash your hands and faces.” And there was bread and milk for all three in the nursery.

Gruff was allowed to sleep in the cellar where it was nice and warm, and he slept so soundly he didn't wake up until Father called him in the morning to go out for a little run.

The wind had died down, and the sun was out, so as soon as Betty and Bob finished their breakfast out they went to play in the Magic House. Gruff joined them, welcoming them most heartily, and without any urging began to tell them a story the moon had told him one night when he had gone out to bark in the moonlight.





*A story the moon had told him one night.*

“The moon was full and the night very clear,” he began.

“Is it a true story?” interrupted Bob. Gruff nodded his head. “Yes, the moon said so, anyway.”

And this is the story Gruff told Betty and Bob as they sat huddled close beside him.

Once upon a time, there was a little boy named Peter, who lived with his

father and mother in a low, rambling stone house, right by the edge of the sea.

There was an older brother, Don, who spent much of his time off in the woods hunting. A fairy whom he met in the woods once gave him a magic wand to protect himself with, should he ever encounter danger.

He had always been very kind to the fairies and had saved them from some troublesome woodchucks that *would* scratch up their "green" where they danced in the moonlight.

Little Peter was allowed to play down along the beach all day long, but he must never, never get in any boats that were drawn up on the shore.

The ocean was calm, like a great



*He had saved them from some troublesome woodchucks.*

big lake—but there was a tide, and when it was high, the water was very deep.

Peter was a good little boy and *almost* always obeyed his parents; but one day he found an old oar, and it was quite natural that he should climb into one of the boats to see if the oar would work.

He played at rowing the boat for a

long time, then he thought it would be fun to push the boat out into the water, just a little bit, then a little bit more,—until off it went, and so suddenly that he lost his balance and fell down backwards in the boat.

The oar flew out of his hands, and before he knew what had happened, he was drifting off to sea.

The beach was deserted, so his cries for help brought no one. He had drifted and drifted way out to sea, and it was growing dark. He was very cold, and so frightened. He had no coat, and he was hungry besides. He cried and cried and cried, until finally he was so weary he curled up like a kitten and fell fast asleep.

How long he slept he never knew, but when he opened his eyes, it was



*There was the tallest man he had ever seen.*

no longer dark. The sky was a soft gray, tinted a pale pink at the edge of the water—the sun was just getting up.

Peter looked about him, and there standing close beside the boat, was

the tallest man he had ever seen, and he was grinning from ear to ear. He seemed altogether too pleased to have found the little boy!

“Ho, ho!” the giant laughed, “a nice savory morsel you will make for my breakfast!” And picking poor Peter up, he chucked him roughly into his pocket.

Peter was thankful to be where it was warm even if he couldn't see, and by the swinging motion he knew he was being carried through the water, and he hoped homeward.

Soon he learned his hope was in vain, for a few more strides of the giant brought him on the shore. Peter could tell by the grinding of the big feet on the sand. Then, “Hello, wife! I have a prize!” he heard the giant call.



*Threw him into a box.*

Up to the castle he marched, pulled little Peter out of his pocket, and threw him into a box that stood in the corner.

Dame Minc'em'all, the giant's wife, looked at the frightened child, and shook her head sympathetically. It didn't seem fair for her great big husband to pick on little boys and girls,

and it made her heart sick when he talked of eating them!

“I have a fine hot breakfast for you, Salamander,” said she. “Come, it’s all ready and will soon be cold.”

He was quite willing to sit down, for he had been out all night fishing, and had caught nothing—except poor little Peter.

He was terribly hungry—ate two whole pigs, and fourteen loaves of bread—seventeen big cups of coffee, and four ostrich eggs, scrambled in butter!

Much refreshed after this repast, he pulled off his boots, slid down in his chair, and was soon snoring loudly.

Old Dame Minc’em’all gave Peter a bowl of warm milk with bread in it, and two sugar cookies with raisins on them.





*He was soon snoring loudly.*

Then she busied herself in the kitchen, so Peter thought he'd slip out of the door and run away. No sooner did he reach the side of the house, however, than he realized his mistake, for there stood two enormous bloodhounds, growling in such a blood curdling way that he was nearly frightened to death.

He looked down the beach past the dogs, and there were dozens and dozens of great hard shell crabs, walking up and down the shore.

The poor little boy was helpless, for he realized that he was a prisoner in a strange land. He was sure he could never escape. If he had only minded his Mother and Father! If he had stayed out of that boat, he would be safe at home right now!



*The giant's wife gave him a candle.*

He was a brave little boy, however, and he determined to wait patiently. Maybe his courage and patience would be rewarded!

That night, as soon as it was dark, the giant's wife gave him a candle, and told him to climb up a ladder that stood in the kitchen to a loft above where he was to sleep.

Up he went obediently, and he was so sleepy and tired he tumbled right into the trundle bed, clothes and all. Soon he was fast asleep.

Was he dreaming? Surely he heard

soft music, but it seemed a long way off. Peter lay very still and listened. *It was music*, the softest, sweetest music he had ever heard. He jumped out of bed and flew to the window. It was bright moonlight, he could look way out to sea. There were little objects bobbing about on the water, and he could see something moving towards him. Yes, and as it came nearer, it kept growing larger all the time. Surely he was awake—he rubbed his eyes and pinched himself—then looked again. There it was, larger still, large enough now so that he could see that it was a boat, a row boat with someone seated at the oars, which looked like silver in the moonlight.

On and on it glided, until Peter

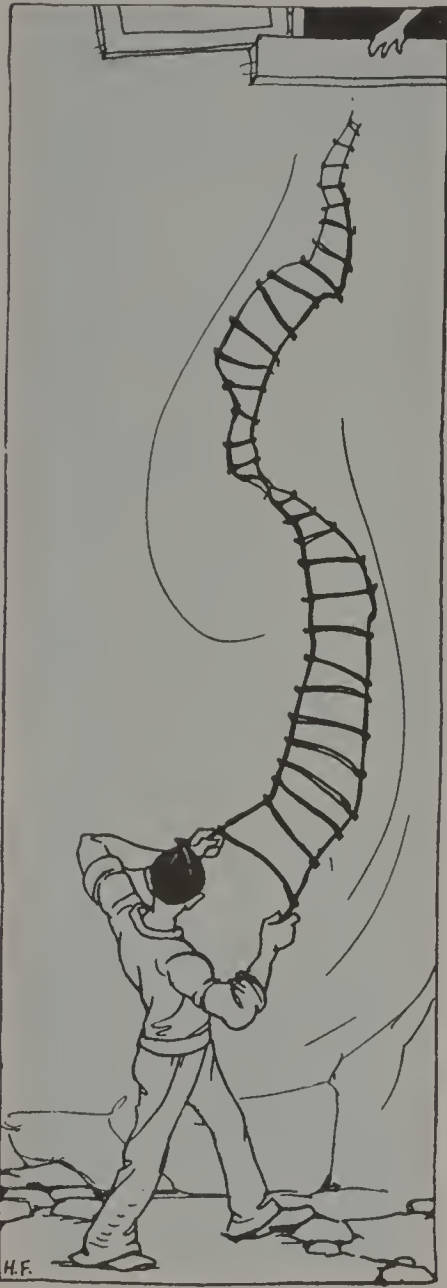
could see it clearly and recognize its occupant—yes, it was Don, his big brother!

Peter was overjoyed, of course—but only for a moment. He remembered those awful crabs, those horrible dogs. Don could never get past them!

But the little boat, now a full grown boat, was grating on the sand; out Don jumped, and just as the crabs reached out their long sharp claws to grab him, he touched them with his magic wand, and what do you suppose? They turned over on their backs, perfectly helpless, for all the world like big beetles!

And the dogs met the same fate, as they pounced on him.

There he was, safe and sound, high



and dry, looking all about and listening carefully for any alarm.

He gave a low whistle; Peter knew that whistle, and answered it in the same low tone.

Don heard him and followed the sound right to the foot of the window — looked up — whispered, “Catch this rope ladder—fasten it to the bed and climb out — quick — don’t lose a second!” Peter obeyed hastily, he didn’t lose even part of a second. He did exactly as he was told to do, and Don caught him in his arms as he fell with a leap.



*She called loudly, "Salamander!"*

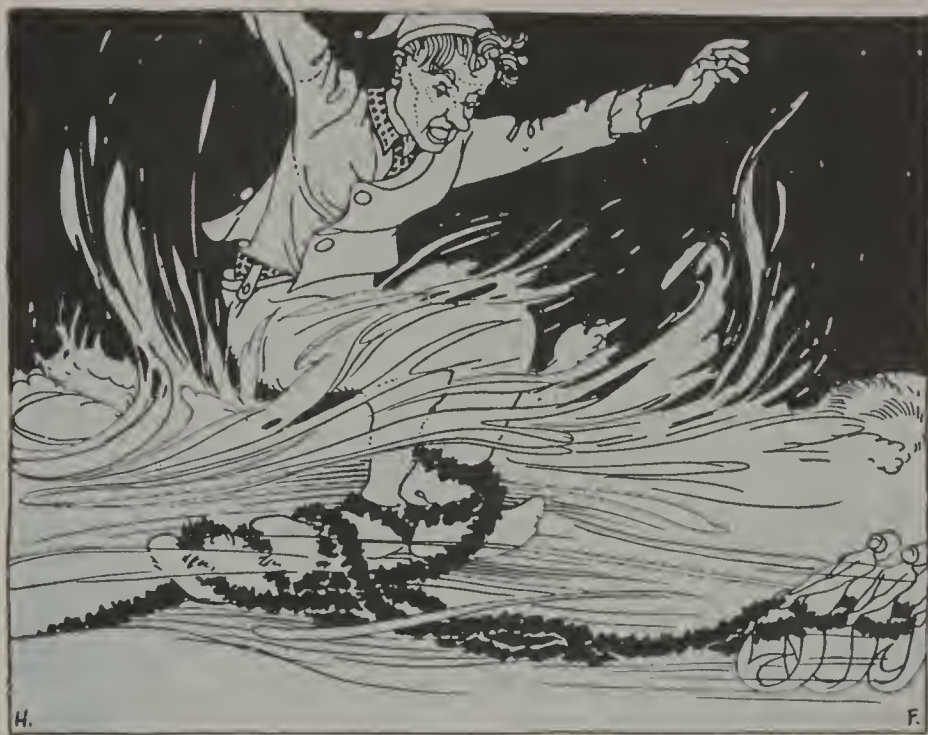
The old wife had sharp ears and she feared her husband's wrath. She heard the whistle, and crept up the ladder to see if all was well. When she found Peter had gone, she called loudly, "Salamander-hurry!" But she didn't call half loud enough. Don and Peter reached the boat before she could make the giant hear. He was only half awake then, for he forgot

his seven leagued boots and he couldn't go very fast without them.

The minute they were in the boat Don grabbed the oars and pushed off; rowed as hard as ever he could. Peter was so worried he began to cry, for he could see the giant down on the beach calling after them and waving his arms wildly.

He plunged into the sea after the boys, striding on and on, almost reaching them. Yes, one more stride, and he could touch the stern of the boat—but, splash! Down in the ocean Salamander fell; and he never got up again, for the mermaids Peter had heard singing as they combed their golden hair in the moonlight had known all about the wicked old giant, and when they saw him wading out





*Down in the ocean Salamander fell.*

into the sea after Peter and Don, they quickly found some sea weed ropes and laid them criss cross along the bottom of the ocean.

As he walked over them they pulled them up—tripped him, and tied him down tight, so he couldn't get up; and the more he struggled the tighter they drew the ropes. At last they had him fast!

Don and Peter reached home without any more trouble, and Peter

promised always to mind his Mother and Father and never go out in the boats again. He had learned that harm always comes to children who disobey!

From that day until now the ocean has waves, because the old wicked giant is trying to get up. Sometimes he kicks and struggles so violently that it makes very big waves, and every one says there's a storm brewing because the ocean is so rough. But we know better, don't we? We know it is Salamander fast at the bottom of the sea and tugging hard to get loose. But never again will he be free—the mermaids tied him too tight!

*The Cloud Fairies*

“I’m glad,” Bob said early one morning, “that it’s windy, for I’m going to fly my kite.”

“Oh, let me fly it too?” asked Betty, always wanting to do what brother Bob did.

“No, you’ll have to get one of your own, Betty. Get Mother to help you make one—mine’s too big for you.”

Bob never stopped to wonder whether Mother was busy or not! But like the darling mother she was, she stopped her work and hunted with the children in the cellar until they found two long narrow strips of wood, one longer than the other, and they fastened them together in the center with a tack, covered the frame carefully

with some old red paper, tied a tail on it, then a long, long piece of string, and Betty's kite was ready!

Off she ran with Bob, not forgetting to say "Thank you." Always close behind the children, little Gruff barked encouragingly, as the little gusts of wind took hold of the kites and tossed them higher and higher, way up to the clouds.

Then the most exciting thing happened! The sky was very gray, clouds floating all about, white ones, purple ones, some tinted pale pink, some deep pink, some bright yellow, all lining up, one behind the other as though in a parade.

Suddenly a great big one came floating into line. Why, it was a camel, a big cloud camel with two humps,



*Perched on the camel's back were two tiny fairies.*

just like the one in the circus last summer. He had a very long neck, and his head was stretching up as though trying to reach something higher. Perhaps he wanted to eat some green cheese out of the moon—you know they say the moon is made of green cheese.

Perched on the camel's back were two tiny, tiny fairies, one as fair as a lily, the other dark as an Indian. There they sat, one behind the other, riding astride the cloud camel.

This was even better than flying kites!

“Let’s watch the fairies,” Betty said. But they had no sooner let their kites down to the ground than the camel floated away after the other clouds, taking the fairies with him.

“Oh, well,” Bob said, “it’s getting late anyway. We can put our kites away until the next windy day, and play awhile in the Magic House.”

So Gruff led the way to the Magic House, and once inside, they shut the door and looked eagerly at Gruff. Well they knew the stories he could tell.

“Would you like me to tell you about those cloud fairies?” he suggested.

“Indeed we would,” said the children.

Well, he began, they belong to



HAZEL  
FRAZEE

*There she keeps all the little stars polished brightly.*

Mother Sky-Scraper who lives way up in the clouds, in a great big castle made of beautiful white snow. There she keeps all the little stars polished brightly, and lights them almost every night as soon as it is dark.

She has so many children she can't count them! And many haven't any names!

But a very queer thing about Mother Sky-Scraper's children is, they have to play in the house when it's clear and sunshiny, but when it rains out they go, all about the clouds, climbing way up, sometimes twice as high as the highest mountain you ever saw.

They love to peep down through the cracks to see what the earth children are doing, and often they





*They love to peep down through the cracks.*

ride down on the rain drops to play with the earth fairies.

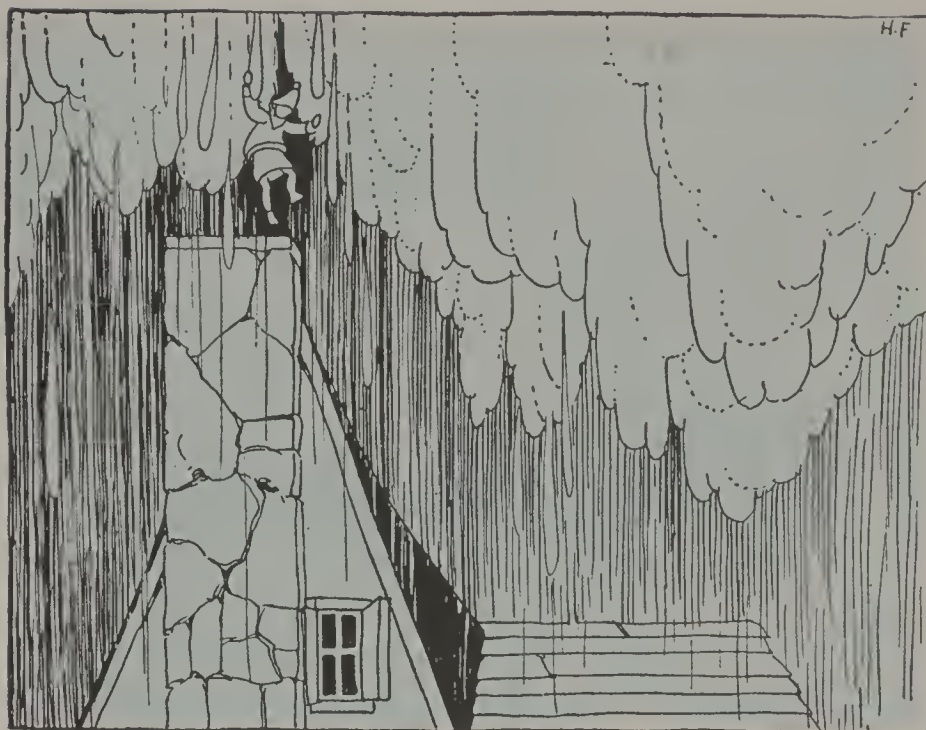
One day two of the liveliest little cloud fairies, named Sunshine and Shadow, found a big storm was brewing. They danced about, singing:

*“The clouds are very gray  
Pushing and crowding  
Everything out of the way!”*

and they looked around until they found the blackest thunder cloud. They hid behind it until the rain started to pour down, then off they darted into the shower, each on a big drop of rain.

Sunshine landed on a lily pad, way out in a pond. Shadow fell on the edge of a chimney of a tall brick house, but Sunshine didn't know this, and she was much distressed, for she had expected that Shadow would land right beside her. What should she do?

Just then a turtle came bobbing up to the surface of the water to see what all the disturbance was. Quick as a flash Sunshine spied him. “Oh, please,



*Shadow landed on the edge of a chimney.*

carry me on your back to the shore, won't you, Mr. Turtle?" she begged.

"Of course I will," he replied, backing up to the lily pad so she could step aboard. Then he ferried her across to a regular landing bridge which had been built by Billy Beaver. She jumped nimbly ashore, threw her good friend a kiss, and ran up under some May apple umbrellas to watch for Shadow.

She called and called, hoo-hooed and hoo-hooed, until a little swallow came flying right down in front of her, carrying on her back—whom do you suppose? Yes, it was Shadow, and she began breathlessly to tell Sunshine what had happened.

It seemed that Mrs. Swallow had her nest right in the chimney where Shadow landed, and when she heard the little cloud fairy crying she tried to comfort her. Shadow told her all about their flight and how she had lost Sunshine.

“Well, well, you just put your arms around my neck,” Mrs. Swallow had told Shadow, “Hold on tight, and we’ll just fly around until we find Sunshine!”

And true enough, you see, they did!



*She jumped nimbly ashore.*

Weren't they happy to find each other! It made Mrs. Swallow's motherly heart happy too because the little fairies were happy again.

Pretty soon they saw a bright, bright light that reached way up into the sky—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, purple—why it looked like a great big horse shoe, or a croquet wicket. And they knew that the

storm was over, because that is what the rainbow tells us, so just as the sunshine reached its rays down to the earth, the little fairies clasped it tightly and climbed back up to cloud land, safe once more.

And if you watch the clouds the next time you see them floating across the sky, who knows but that you may see an elephant, or a lion, or a great, big bear, or even an ostrich, or a camel, or even a tiny piggy with a curly tail, and *perhaps* you may see them all, each behind the other, following in a long parade. Anyway, watch sharp and think hard!

*The Christmas Story*

*'Twas the day before Christmas!  
And all through the house,  
There was stirring and bustle,  
Which disturbed Mr. Mouse.*

Father took Bob and Betty out in the woods to gather the Christmas greens.

Of course, little Gruff trailed along. Out over the brook they went, across the fields, down beyond the river.

There was holly, with bright red berries to gather—laurel, with crisp, shiny leaves. These they piled up on two long poles roped together. Betty carried the front ends and Bob the back.

It was great fun—on they trudged

through the woods until they came to a clearing.

As far as the eyes could see across the open country, there was nothing but field after field of brown, stubby, dry grass and marsh land. Not a sign of any living thing, except way down in the little hollow there was a small green speck.

“Let’s go see what it is,” suggested Bob.

Off they tramped, though quite a long distance to walk, and the ground hard and bumpy. They were very curious and quite ready for adventure.

“Why, it’s a little pine tree!” And there, standing all alone, was the most perfect Christmas tree one ever saw!





*“Why, it’s a little pine tree.”*

“Let’s take it home,” both children shouted at once. “I have a knife,” said Bob, “I can easily cut it down.”

“Wait a minute,” said Father.

“How would you like to take the tree, roots and all, so we can plant it later on?”

That would be just the thing to do, they agreed. So Father very carefully pulled up the tree—pretty hard

work too, as the ground was frozen.

One, two, three—out it came with a jerk. He then lifted it up over his shoulder and started off for home.

Then they filled a tub with earth and put the tree in it; placing this in the living-room where it blossomed forth on Christmas morning.

Santa Claus had hung the branches full. There were golden balls, candy canes and baskets, sugar plums, a top, a doll, toys—in fact, all the things children love best on Christmas. And a beautiful bright shining star, right on the top.

Every one who saw it said, “This is the most beautiful tree we have ever seen.”

For two weeks the tree remained in the house, fresh and green. Then one

mild day, Mother and Father undressed it, putting the balls and tinsel away for another year.

Then the tree was taken out in the yard and planted, right next to a beautiful tall, stately pine tree, that had been planted at the side of the porch in the Fall. "So the big tree can take care of the little Christmas tree," said Betty.

Gruff was barking—what was the matter? Off they ran to the Magic House where he had been watching for them.

"Come in, children," he called, "I have a story to tell you—the story of that little lone pine tree.

"She told this to me, Christmas night after you had all gone to bed. No one remembered to put me out—

so I curled up and went to sleep under her branches.

“I was awakened by a strange sound, as though someone were crying very softly, but as I listened, I found the Christmas tree was murmuring, and this is what she told me.”

Once upon a time! (really seven years ago) she was a tiny seed-baby, living way up in the mountains in a beautiful pine country with her big heavy Father, and tall slender Mother, and all the Aunts and Uncles.

There was a dear little stream of water running right past them, that rippled over some stones, and bathed their roots on hot, sultry, summer days.

The little seed-baby was holding tight to its Mother's long, smooth

fingers, as all the other little seed-baby brothers and sisters were, rocking back and forth, like a big cradle, in the breeze, very contented and happy.

Suddenly a strong gale of wind came along, w-h-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o, w-h-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o, w - h - o - o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o! and lifted the seed-baby right up in its arms and carried it miles and miles away.

Over forest and rivers, over swamps and meadows, the wind swept her along, until it came to a lonely spot.

There the little seed was dropped. Down she fell, down, down, to the cold, hard ground.

Oh! so dizzy and frightened; she cried and cried—cried until the ground was all wet with tears, soften-

ing it a bit so she could snuggle down under the earth.

She was so tired and sleepy, and she wanted her Mother.

So the kind warm sunshine put her to sleep.

Then the snow came, covering up the little seed with a nice warm, white, feathery blanket, keeping it warm, until Spring came with its gentle rains, tapping on the crusty, brown earth.

*Tap, tap, tap!*

*Rap, rap, rap!*

*It's time Little Sleepers to wake up!*

*You have had a long nap,*

*On Mother Earth's warm lap,*

*Come, Lazy Sleepers, come get up!*

The Little Sleeper's feet were very stiff and cramped, so it began to stretch and crack open its coat that felt so tight. The little arms reached



*She loved the cold and frosty nights.*

out, then pop—up came the head—right out into the sunshine.

Everything was so fresh and bright she started to reach up, higher and higher, to see what was beyond.

The rains brought her refreshing drinks, and the little roots found her food.

So the seed grew and grew, day

after day, and month after month, and year after year.

There wasn't a single tree to speak to, so she often sighed from loneliness.

The little creepers tried to comfort her, telling her all about the little ants and bugs—the gentle winds whispered tales of the forest folk. But the tree still cried for her Mother.

She loved the cold and frosty nights out under the stars, loved to have the snow flakes fall softly down over her branches, kissing them ever so lightly.

But best of all she loved the frozen icicles that hung so tightly to her boughs, for in the morning they glistened like radiant diamonds, making the little tree feel happier, because she seemed to be making the world brighter.



And what do you suppose? The tree said Christmas day was the very happiest day she had ever known, not just because she filled the whole house with her wonderful fragrance and good cheer, but because she was able to hold all the beautiful gifts that were to make others so happy, and the little tree held her branches so stiff, so still, the toys and golden balls and tinsel could not slip off.

And it was a Merry Christmas.

The Christmas tree was planted in the ground, where the sun could shine on her, and the rain fall all over her branches, and help her grow.

The tall, stately pine looked down on her so tenderly, and, think of it—recognized her little long lost baby. A mother always knows her little ones, you know.

And she reached out her arms so lovingly — leaned toward the little tree, just close enough to touch the top of her head, and the little pine felt a warm glow all through her heart, and she knew her Mother—knew that she was safe at last.

The Mother tree had been uprooted by a nursery man, who had carried it in a big green truck to Bobby's home, where it had been planted.

The old tree had mourned and mourned, for the seed-baby the wind had swept away.

But now she was perfectly contented, because she had found her long lost baby.

There they stand, hand in hand, side by side, swaying in the breeze; growing more and more beautiful, year after year, giving pleasure to all who pass by.



HAZEL FRAZEE

*She reached out her arms so lovingly.*

*The Fairy Ring*

*Birthday candles!  
Tall and white,  
Shedding light—through the long dark night.  
Fairies see them and find their way  
To the fairy ring, where they dance till day.*

Drop-drop-drop—not a sound could be heard in the forest, except the drop of an acorn, now and then, falling to the ground from the tall, old trees.

All was very still—not even the rustle of the tiniest leaf.

A chipmunk crept out of his hole in a stump, looked all about, very cautiously slid down to the ground. All was safe.

The night was very dark. No animals were about, and all the insects seemed to be fast asleep.

The little wife “Fluffy-tail” was



*What did he see?*

snug and warm in the nest cuddling two tiny new babies.

“Brownie,” for that was the chipmunk’s name, ran along the tiny path to gather nuts for breakfast.

On and on through the forest he went, up and up the narrow, winding path to the top of the hill, crowned with tall, slender, white birch trees, that looked just like white candles,

nodding on a birthday cake, leaning over a bit because the cake had been too hot when they were placed there.

When he reached the edge of the ring of birches he suddenly stopped—What did he see? Tiny, tiny figures, moving about; around and around, carrying, now a chair, now a bench, then a table, then another. All so busy, to and fro.

He was so astonished, he “froze.” (That is what all small animals are taught to do when very young.) Crouching down close to the ground, he watched.

Yes, something was going to happen, and he was going to wait and see.

He peeked through the bushes—924 crickets, 89 katydids, dressed in their short, red jackets, with rows of “bach-



*A bright green frog was beating time.*

elors buttons” down the sides, were perched on round pink toadstools.

A bright green frog with funny big glasses on his nose was beating time with a reed and making a deep noise in his throat—k-k-junk! k-junk! k-junk!

Just beyond was a patch of soft green moss—surrounding this, thousands of lightning bugs were turning on the lights.

Then the moon peeped out from the meadow below, casting a very soft glow over the whole world.

From a distance, way back in the forest, was a path, dimly lighted by glow worms. Down this came some tiny fairies blowing on their trumpet-flower horns, skipping and hopping along. Then came all the little fairies in their dainty pale green, blue and yellow dresses, that the darning-needle dressmakers made out of butterflies' wings. Sewing them with thread that Mrs. Spider made, yards and yards, all in a web.

Then came the Fairy Queen, dressed in gold and silver, and sparkling with diamonds—tiny glass "lady's slippers" on her tiny feet, and a Queen Anne's lace handkerchief in her pocket.





*Then came the Fairy Queen.*

On either side, protecting her from any danger, were two fierce looking snails, with long horns. Following them came ten gray field mice, wearing larkspurs on their boots, mounted on snapping turtles' backs. Then all her attendants, swaying and humming, carrying sweetgrass baskets, filled with candytuft that they scattered about as they glided along to the foot of the throne, where they grouped themselves, half on either side.

The Queen raised her goldenrod wand, smiled, and sat down on her throne.

Such a happy party, such merry music, all were eager for the fun.

A fierce looking "snapdragon" approached Her Majesty, the Queen. On



*They danced and danced.*

bended knee, asked in accents loud and clear—"What is the command of our Fairy Queen to be?"

She raised her wand, waved it about her head three times—all the little fairies bowed their heads low—then all was ready—Go!

The dance began, and they danced and danced, and they danced and they danced, only stopping long enough to have a refreshing drink of milk from the milk weed that a stout black beetle poured out of a pitcher, made from a pitcher plant, into little "buttermilks" — sometimes to eat some honey cakes that "Yellow Jacket," the bee, served.

But hours fly along in the moonlight, and only too soon Mr. Sun sent his rays up into the sky to tell the



*Away they all scampered.*

fairies they must return to the woods and their tiny beds.

Fairies must sleep when it's daytime. So Miss Morning Glory, in her purple gown, told the Bluebells to ring the fairy chimes.

*Ding Dong!  
Fairies come along.  
Sun's rays,  
Set the world ablaze.*

*So  
Pitter patter  
Little creatures' laughter  
Fades away  
Until another day.*

A yellow tiger roared, a dog-toothed violet barked, some catnip meowed.

Then an enormous elephantear trumpeted three times. The spell was broken. Away they all scampered, back to the thicket, in the heart of the forest, no one knows exactly where. But this we do know—fairies always bathe in the early morning dew, before they close their eyes. And this is why the Dew-man always leaves it about on the grass, in the early morning, especially, at the edge of a wood.

And if one doesn't believe there are fairies he must find a patch of moss at the entrance to a forest, and when



*Home, to the foot of the tree.*

the moon is full he will see them, dancing all through the night.

Poor little “Brownie” rubbed his eyes—had he been asleep?

He was very stiff. He had been crouching for hours. But he had his bag of nuts safe.

He must hurry home before “Fluffy” should miss him, and soon “Midget” and “Tip” would wake up, so hungry.

Stretch — s-t-r-e-t-c-h — first one foot, then another.

Scratch, scratch, scratch, scratch, then jump, frisk about, run, run, all the way home, to the foot of the tree. Up the bark stairs—pop in the hole, and home!





*The Little Blue Man*

“Spring has come. Spring has come,” sings Christopher Cricket. “Spring, Spring, glorious Spring. Yes, the snow is still on the ground and the ice on the pond, but I tell you Spring is on the wing!

“It woke me up out of my long winter’s nap today—*here* in this dark, snug cellar, where I’ve lived for three long, happy years. I love it, and my nice warm soft bed—but it’s time to wake up and chirp.”

Bobby heard him as he lay all tucked in his snowy white bed, called Mother back again, after all the “good-nights” had been said, to ask her to listen to the cricket’s song. Then a very strange thing happened!

The light that shone in from the hall, cast a shadow on the wall, just behind the little light by the bureau—was it a shadow?

No, it was a tiny little blue man, old and bent, but with a very smiling face. See how his eyes sparkled with fun—yes, and he was nodding his head, very slowly. Then off came his tall, pointed, blue cap—and he bowed low.

Down he jumped, crossing the room limpety, limpety, on his tiny cane.

Bob was after him in a hurry—down the hall, down the stairs, all the way to the cellar.

It was very dark except for a dim light under the wood pile.

The little blue man crept along through the cracks between the logs,

Bob close behind, until they suddenly popped right into the coziest, cleanest little room ever seen.

Christopher Cricket was hopping about on his hind legs with his little gray apron on, peeling potatoes and carrots to drop in a little pot that was filled with boiling hot water, standing on a tiny cooking stove. Dried ants and other bugs were hanging all about for future meals — and there was the table all set, tablecloth, knife, fork and spoon, yes, and a napkin.

There was his cute little brass bed over in the corner, where he had slept all winter, (and surely he had borrowed it from Betty's dolls' house.) The warm covers were thrown back to air, and there was his cute little lantern hanging on a splinter of wood!

Coffee was cooking, steaming hot. Christopher insisted on sharing this with the little blue man and Bob—Bob who had always begged so hard for just a taste of Father's coffee. My, it was good! How hard it would be to submit to the "no, not until you are older," after this feast. And they had pie too, mince and cocoanut, the biggest pieces Bob had ever seen.

Then it was time to wash the dishes. Bob had unpleasant memories of drying dishes when Corinthia was sick, so he suggested returning to his bed.

But the little blue man had another surprise—Punch and Judy!

"What are you doing in your glass globe house there in the living room! Why, it's as big as the pond back of Mr. Peck's, where we go in swimming in



*Christopher Cricket was peeling potatoes.*

the summer—and look at Judy! With Mother's best pink apron on—the one with lace ruffles and ribbon ties in the back—and Mother's beauty lace night cap!

(And Judy had her hair done up in little funny knobs all over her head, just like Mother does Betty's when she wants curls.)

Judy was dusting the rocks and stones with a feather duster, and cleaning the moss with a carpet sweeper. Punch was turning the little ice cream freezer, wearing Father's long tail coat—and his tall black hat that no one could ever touch!

The little blue man and Bob sat on the edge of the bowl and splashed their feet in the water—wasn't it fun! And it didn't matter a bit, because

Bob had run off in such a hurry he had no slippers on.

Then a great big alligator crawled up with a beautiful silver coronet under his arm, s-p-l-a-s-h! The green bull frog from Mother's flower dish was swimming about in the water, with all the yellow daffodils stuck in his back!

He had a big bass drum and traps hanging around his neck, and there were two snails, each with an enormous saxophone — and there sat a little speckled spider with a banjo — with Father's horn rimmed spectacles on!

“One, two, three,—let's go,” shouted the alligator, “begin dancing!”

The little fish wheeled about on the tips of their tiny tails, singing softly, “clap, clap, carpners! (partners!) clap,

clap, carpners! One foot, then the other foot, and turn yourself around!”

They bowed low, they swayed back and forth—up and down, round and round, quite in time to the music. But why was no one playing the piano?

Bob was sure he could, for he had often watched “Brother Lahr” play. Flop—he dived right down on the—hard floor! Where was he—what had happened? Father was quietly picking him up and snuggling him back in his little bed.

“Was it a bad dream,” asked Mother, “or was it just an undigested crust of bread and milk?”





*Hilda Watt*

Once upon a time there was a little girl who wished and longed to be a princess. So one day when she was walking along the edge of a forest picking flowers and pretending she was one, a little old woman jumped right up out of a hole in the ground. My! but she did have a cross looking face!

The little girl was so frightened she nearly turned to stone. Then the little old fairy, she was a wicked old fairy too, held out her wand and said in a very shrill voice, "So you want to be a princess, do you? You are not satisfied and happy to be just a good little girl!"

“Well, I am going to teach you, no matter what you are now, where you are, *you must* be contented.”

So she touched the little girl with her magic wand, and turned her into a little bird, a tiny little brown and gray wren, that sat and blinked at the little wicked old fairy until a sudden gust of wind blew her away.

Then the little wren flapped her tiny wings and flew way up into the very tallest tree in the forest.

There she perched on a swaying branch—my! how far she could see. Little Jenny Wren didn't know the world was so large.

Fields and fields, hills and valleys, brooks and streams, way over the river and beyond the high blue smoky-looking mountains where the “THREE BEARS” lived.



*Until a sudden gust of wind blew her away.*

Such a big wide world! Which way should a little bird fly? It was growing dark — soon the sun would be dropping its golden head down upon those feathery white, soft looking clouds, floating along the horizon.

So she spread her wings and flew about, here and there and everywhere — looking for a place to rest for the night.

Tree after tree she searched, but they did not offer her any shelter. Finally she found a very old oak tree that had the tiniest little round hole in the side of a huge trunk, high above the ground, and about the size of an eye.

In Jenny darted, making sure first that no one else was inside—there she cuddled up like a tiny ball of feathers until mother sun touched her so *gently*, early in the morning.

What was that noise? Such a chattering she had never heard. All the birds of the air were talking and calling.

*Wake up, wake up,  
Birds and beasts and flowers,  
It's time to sup,  
We must interrupt  
Those who keep late hours!*

Jenny Wren shook herself—plumed her feathers — smoothed them all down (that's the way birds wash their faces and hands!), then hopped out of her little hole, and joined the feathered folk of the forest.

They all stared at her—stared so hard, called her such names, she flew away off on a distant bush by herself.

Some impudent big Blue Jays chased her all around, squawking “Here, here—here, here—here, here.”

Then a saucy Cardinal chirped out, “Is it true? Well, well—well, well—well, well.” Four jet black Starlings tried to pick her with their long, sharp bills.

By this time poor Jenny was so frightened, so hungry and so faint (because she had gone supperless to

bed) she fell right into a bramble patch, and she couldn't get out again! What could she do now! Her little heart was beating like a drum and her wing was broken.

"See here, see here," cried a little kind-hearted Killdeer, flying right down in the underbrush and helping Jenny up on a firm twig, just as Bartholomew Wren came rushing along—Bartholomew, who always carried a popgun over his shoulder.

All the birds knew him and were afraid of him, tiny as he was. So the cowardly Blue Jays and naughty Cardinal bird scuttled away, leaving the little Wrens and Kitsy Killdeer in peace. With the help of Bart and Kitsy, Jenny managed to hop out of the thicket. But how could she ever get

back to her hole in the tree? She couldn't stay in the open long after this terrible experience. She started to cry in her rose-colored handkerchief that had such a good smell.

In an instant Bartholomew folded his wings about her and whispered in her ear, "I am going to take you home with me, to my cute little downy nest that I built in a large spreading plum tree. It is just in full bloom and is a mass of beautiful, white, fragrant blossoms—quite the proper place to take a little bride."

Kitsy knew Sammy Swallow very well—he lived in Parson Hogan's chimney. Sammy knew exactly how to marry birds. He had often heard the parson read the ceremony, as he sat quietly listening in his chimney corner.

Kitsy flew all the way up to Sammy Swallow's nest. Sure enough, he was at home.

She had to perch on the chimney to rest until she could catch her breath, she had hurried so fast.

Yes, indeed, he would perform the marriage. So together they returned to the thicket.

Seeing so much excitement, a crowd of curious birds had gathered about in a circle. They were chattering and chirping and flying about until Mrs. Bluebird suddenly lighted right down in their midst. "How de do, how de do people!" she said, and at once arranged a pretty wedding for the little Wrens under a bower of spring beauties.

Sammy made Jenny and Bart



promise to live together in peace and love as long as they lived. Then there was much merry making.

Overhead in the topmost branch of a budding maple tree a Lark burst forth, "Children, there you are," then sang the most beautiful trills you ever heard.

Bartholomew and Jenny Wren started off for their home, very happy and very grateful to all the little helpers.

Strong Patrick Oriole carried Jenny on his back all the way to the edge of her nest, as her wing was still very painful.

As soon as Jenny was able to fly again, she and Bart had great fun together, hunting worms and seeing who could fly the highest.

One day Jenny laid a tiny brown and white-speckled egg, the next day she laid another, and the next day another, until she had laid six eggs—six tiny, tiny eggs. She was so careful of them; she never went away from them for fear they might become chilled.

Bart carried her meals to her for fourteen days, then there were six cunning, wriggling, featherless birds!

Such a hustling time to feed so many mouths until they were big enough to hop out of the nest to help themselves.

When the summer days began to shorten and the nights were growing cold, Bart told Jenny that it was time to prepare to move south, where it was warmer.

It had been so beautiful in the plum tree. They had been so happy together with their dear baby birds, that were now big enough to make homes for themselves. They loved the little cosy home.

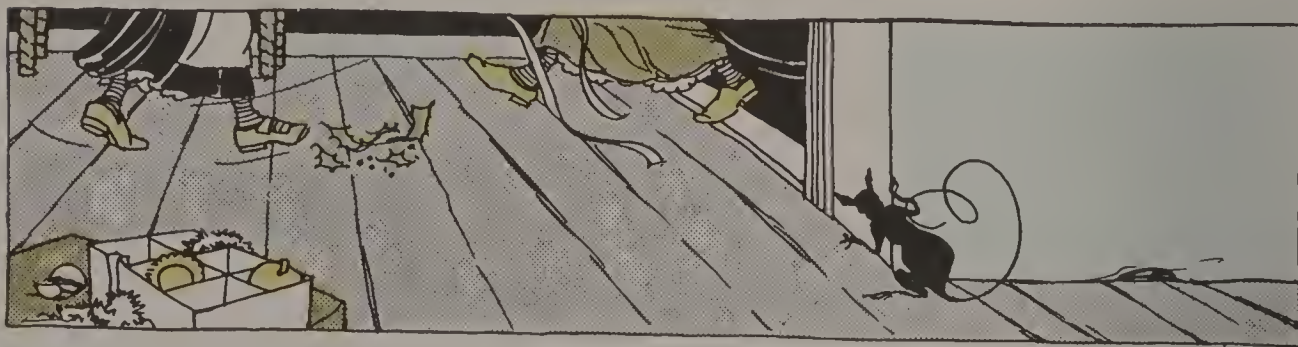
But it was time to leave it. Bartholomew had a few things to attend to before starting off on the long journey.

Jenny sat waiting for him to come for her. Why was he so long? All day long she waited, until the sun dropped down into the tree tops. Then she anxiously went to look for him. Poor little bird. All she found of him was his tiny precious head! A naughty cat had caught him and eaten him all up. She was so heartbroken she would have died on the spot, but the

same little old woman who had turned her into a bird appeared and changed her with her wand back to a little girl again.

There she stood, right in the same place on the edge of the woods, that the little wicked fairy had found her.

Hilda Watt ran all the way home to her mother—ran so fast the old witch hadn't time to say "Jack Robinson." And Hilda was so glad to be home again! So glad to see her mother, she never wished to be anything else but a good little, sweet little, kind little girl.



*Button—Button— Who has the Button?*

“K-chinkity, k-chinkity, k-chinkity, k-chinkity.”

Betty sat straight up in bed. What was that funny noise!

“K-chinkity, k-chinkity, k-chinkity, k-chinkity.” It was all dark in the room, except for a ray of light that crept in from the hall.

She rubbed her eyes to make sure she was awake. Yes, it was over in the corner—where Mother was sewing in the afternoon, while the children cut paper dolls.

She must have forgotten her tin button box, for there it was, right on the floor under the chair where she had sat.

Was the lid rising? Up it rose very slowly but very surely — something was peeping out—dozens and dozens of big round eyes—looking straight at her. Bang! Off went the lid and out popped the buttons—big ones, little ones, tiny ones, black ones, white ones, pearl ones and bone ones—all came tumbling out on the floor, one after the other.

They had queer long, thin arms and spindley legs. All were racing about, pell-mell—then catching hold of each other's hands, making a circle, sang,

*“Ring around a rosy,  
A pocket full of poseys,  
Hush, hush, hush,  
We all tumble down!”—K-Chinkity.*

Then off they go—“Pussy wants a corner,” or “Tag,” or “Hide and seek.” Such a frolic one never saw. Betty's

head swam so fast she had to lie down on her pillow.

Then they scampered over to the bed. They reached up and caught tight hold of the fringe of the counterpane and climbed up on the foot of the brass bed. A great big, big, white, pearl button came puffing up last of all. "Such a climb up that quilt, and I'm not as spry as I was once! Been through too many washings, and my eyes are not as good as they used to be, either!"

The birthday doll, who always slept by Betty, crawled softly out from under the bed clothes and tiptoed down by the chattering buttons. Hush! What was she saying? So much noise would wake her little mistress! "Well, well, who are you?"

asked a little impudent black button.

“I am Doll Rosey,” curtsyed the birthday doll very politely. “And when did you come here?” persisted the same little black button.

“I came when the little fairy turned a key in Betty’s heart, changing the number from four and a half to five. That was last March. Next year the fairy will come again and turn it to six.” This made the buttons laugh so hard they all fell over backwards, heels over their heads, with a terrible k-chink.

“Button, button, who has the button?” They all scrambled back in their places on the foot of the bed and stared at Doll Rosey.

“Who is that very uneasy button blinking its eyes all the time?” asked



Doll Rosey. (She was perched on the knob of the foot rail.) “Oh, that is Priscilla Prink,” replied the biggest of all the buttons. “She always keeps to herself and is very proud and haughty, because she was once on Cinderella’s party dress.

“She often tells us wonderful stories, though. The one we like best is about a little girl.” (Betty turned over, and all the little buttons fell over with a terrible k-chink.) “Go on,” reminded Doll Rosey. So all the buttons scrambled back to the foot rail, and the big button continued:

“A little girl wished she could fly—fly way up in the clouds, and see all over the world.

“One day she was sitting out under a big maple tree in the garden. Sud-

denly a little fairy stood right in front of her. She smiled up at the little girl and said, 'What is your wish? I am the Wish Fairy.'

"'Oh!' said little Esther (that was the little girl's name), 'I want so much to fly way up in the sky.' She hardly had finished speaking when she found herself rising up in the air, higher and higher, just like the mist, and floated away—up through the clouds until she reached Cloud Land.

"There was Mother Skyscraper scurrying about with a long taper, lighting the little stars, for it was growing dark.

"Then Esther peeped down through the clouds at the earth. She saw all the little children just going to bed with their little white nighties on, and her Mother was calling her!



*The fairy steering her to her own front gate.*

“Little Esther felt very hungry and wanted her supper, but she wanted her mother more, for I think she was a tiny bit homesick. You know all little children want their mothers when

twilight comes creeping over the great sky.

“She wished that the little Wish Fairy would come and take her home, and in less than half a second there was the Fairy steering her right down to her very own small front gate!”

Up jumped a little round, fat, black button, “And who is that?” asked Doll Rosey. “Oh, that’s ‘Jetty.’ She was once on Red Riding Hood’s cloak, and there sitting right next to ‘Jetty’ is ‘Roley,’ who was on Jack Sprat’s coat. ‘Slip,’ who was on Miss Muffet’s dress, is always hopping about. ‘Whitie’ came off Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary’s gown, and ‘Oval’ was worn by Old Mother Hubbard when she went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone. ‘Stick’ was from the shoe of the

Old Woman (who lived in that shoe), who had so many children, you know. While 'Ruff' belonged to Georgie Porgy, Puddin' and Pie. 'Hardy' came off of Jack Horner's trousers, and 'Pearl' was from Rock-a-Bye Baby's dear little white dress. 'Greenie' popped off of Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater's coat, because he had such a fat stomach."

"Have all the buttons names?" asked Doll Rosey. "Indeed, yes," replied the oldest of all the buttons, "and they all have wonderful histories. There is one that came from Alice in Wonderland, and one that came from Peter Rabbit, and there is one of Little Black Sambo's buttons that was on his beautiful red coat, and one of dear old Ratty's buttons that he lost when

he was hunting for Moley in the wild wood.

“Yes, there are buttons from the dresses of all the children you ever read about, or heard of, and if you had time they would each one tell you his story.”

At that all the buttons jumped up, making such a k-chinkity, chink noise, shouting in chorus, “I’m first! I’m first!” Betty sat right up in bed and cried out, “Mother!”

But Mother said, “It’s only the rain and hail, dear, bumping against the window pane. It’s been storming hard for hours.

*Sir Peter Swizzle*

Sir Peter Swizzle was a monkey—a little, tiny, brownish-gray monkey.

He was born way down in South America, where it is sunny and warm.

Peter loved to lie in his snug little bed that Mother Monkey made for him, way up in a tall palm tree. It swayed back and forth in the breeze, rocking him to sleep as though he were in a big cradle.

Mr. and Mrs. Cebus only had one baby. They were young themselves, and it was with great pride that they showed little Peter to all the furry, chattering tribe.

Each visitor brought a gift to the first born; there were small cocoanuts, gourd rattles, bones for him to cut his

precious teeth on, figs and dates, and strings of bright red berries—*these* he liked best of all.

When Peter was six weeks old his mother carried him out for a trip through a tall grove of banana trees. She carried him on her back, just as any mother might carry her baby. It was delightfully warm as she scrambled on and on, way down along the big blue ocean.

There was an enormous boat—she had never seen one before. She was very curious.

Squatting down on a little clearing, high up on a bank where she could watch the people moving about, back and forth, back and forth, like a colony of busy ants, she watched them walk out on a long pier, across a plank and load the boat with cargo.



Suddenly from behind, someone seized her baby monkey and ran, quick as a flash, down through the bushes and disappeared.

Mother Cebus was so frightened she didn't know what to do. Then, realizing that little Peter was gone, she rose up on her hind feet and called—called and called most plaintively, but there was no answering cry. Terror seized her heart—she felt as if she would just die if she did not find her baby.

So she tore wildly through the bushes in the direction that her little monkey had gone. Down, down, over tangled roots and marshy wet ground, until she reached a wide path. This she even ran down, even though she scented live people—*that* smell which always filled her with fear.

This road led right straight down to the dock she had been watching, but there were so many people standing on it she slid into a thicket where she could watch and wait. The boat was moving out from the shore. Didn't it look beautiful—like a great white bird gliding out over the soapy water.

There on the upper deck stood a woman! Surely she was holding little Peter, cuddling him up tight in her arms! Yes, he looked safe and comfortable, and contented, too, but Mother Cebus wanted her first born more than she ever had wanted him in her life.

Her one impulse was to rush down and plunge into the water and swim out after him. But she did not like

water, and then the boat was sailing so fast she knew she could never catch it.

She sat sorrowfully watching the big steamer until it finally melted entirely away. There wasn't even the tiniest speck of it anywhere.

After silently sitting awhile, looking off longingly into space, she got up and climbed back up over the thickly wooded path, never stopping once until she reached her tree home. Father Monkey met her joyfully, for he had missed her, but when he discovered Peter was not with her he became very sad. Mother Monkey told him all about the experience they had just had, then hopelessly they laid down and cried themselves to sleep.

What happened to Peter?

Well, on that big boat was a dear, sweet lady who never had had a baby of her own, and she thought she would just love a little monkey.

She asked the captain of the boat if he could get her a very fine, rare monkey.

He was sure he could, so he sent one of his men on shore, a native of South America, who knew the country and the habits of the animals.

This South American was hunting around when he found Mother Cebus and her baby. He also knew there was nothing finer than a Cebus monkey.

He didn't make a sound as he walked through the woods. When he saw Mother Monkey he darted over

and just snatched the babe right off the mother's back and, quick as a flash, ran all the way down to the boat.

My, wasn't the Sweet Lady delighted with her prize, and she paid the native a whole lot of money!

She treasured Peter so much she let him sleep right in her stateroom, in a little box that was lined with a soft, warm blanket, and fed him milk out of a tiny little bottle, just as a baby is fed.

Peter loved to be petted, and he loved to be held in this Sweet Lady's soft, warm lap.

And so they sailed along for days and days, and had the very best of plays, until one day they landed in New York.

Then he was hustled and jostled ashore, and had to ride over such bumpy streets until they came to a beautiful big brown-stone house.

Peter was carried out and put down in such a glorious glass room, filled with all kinds of growing plants and vines and sweet-smelling flowers. He was happy at once and pranced about with joy.

Here he lived and played and slept. He would scamper up among the vines and climb way up to the very top of the greenhouse and peek out at the sky above.

Sometimes his Sweet Lady would carry him into her living room, to play with him and introduce him to some of her friends. He always sat right down on the little chair at his

Lady's side, and drank a cup of tea out of a tiny tincup. Peter liked milk and sugar in his tea, and he never spilled a drop, either! He was very well behaved—would stand up on his hind legs and shake hands, and make a bow when the visitors took their leave.

He had fourteen different suits, with hats to match! Peter loved to be dressed up; he loved to be taught tricks and, best of all, he loved his dear, Sweet Lady.

When summer came, the Sweet Lady and her good husband always went way off in the mountains, where they lived in a small log cabin, right out in the woods.

Of course they supposed Sir Peter Swizzle (as they called him) would just enjoy this.

So they had his little trunk packed with all his clothes and he traveled with them in a long train of cars that went crawling and puffing up through the mountains like a huge hissing dragon.

It took many hours to reach their summer camp, so they were very tired before they heard the conductor call "West Port." There they changed from the cars to a stage coach, that carried them twenty-five miles still farther—up, up, way up, along the trail to Mount Marcey, really the highest peak in the Adirondack Mountains.

Here they lived in a little shack built out of rough logs.

But Peter did not like the cabin—it was too cold. He shivered and cried,



and coaxed to be taken back to his sunny glass house.

The Sweet Lady and her husband could not understand his chattering. They expected to stay in those wonderful mountains many weeks.

So one dark night, when all was very quiet and still (the Lady and her husband fast asleep), little Peter crawled out of his bed and crept along to the front door, that was always wide open.

Away he ran, down through the deep, dense forest of pine trees and birches, trying to find his house.

He ran all night, and all the next day, but he couldn't find his home!

Finally, when he was so weary, so hungry and footsore, he sat down to rest. He didn't know which way to

turn, for he was lost—and all that was most dear to him was lost.

He sniffed the wind; he put his ear down to the ground to hear any familiar sound. But the wind told him nothing—the ground told him nothing. Then he put his little head in his hands and wept—wept so piteously that a little mother rabbit, who was out hunting food for her young, hurried over to Peter and brushed up close against him.

He felt the soft, warm fur, and it made his heart jump—where had he ever rubbed close against such soft, warm fur?

Peter couldn't remember, but he knew he had a very comfortable feeling stealing all through him. Looking up, Molly Cotton Tail's kind, anx-

ious face gave him courage to tell her his sad plight.

Molly thought a minute, then said, "Come right along home with me. We will shelter you; we will gladly share our food and nice snug, warm house."

Peter was so forlorn and heartsick he agreed to do as Mother Rabbit asked, and he thanked her very politely and trotted right along with her to her rabbit warren.

But when he found that she lived under the ground, down a deep, dark passageway, his courage failed!

He was accustomed to the open and the treetops, but she called for him to follow, and as he was more afraid of being left behind, down he crawled after her.

When they reached the bottom

there was a lovely light little room, so cosy and warm. Peter was overcome with delight, and in five minutes he was romping and playing with "Stumpy," "Spotty" and "Speck," Mother Rabbit's three children.

Soon Molly had a fine carrot stew ready, steaming hot, with delicious plump dumplings ready to pop right out.. My, how appetizing they did smell, and Peter was more hungry than he had realized.

They all sat down to a neatly set table—white tablecloth and napkins; they ate with spoons, too.

Then Mother Rabbit tucked them all in their comfortable little beds, and Peter was never so happy in his life, for Mother Rabbit kissed him good-night, right on his funny little wet mouth!



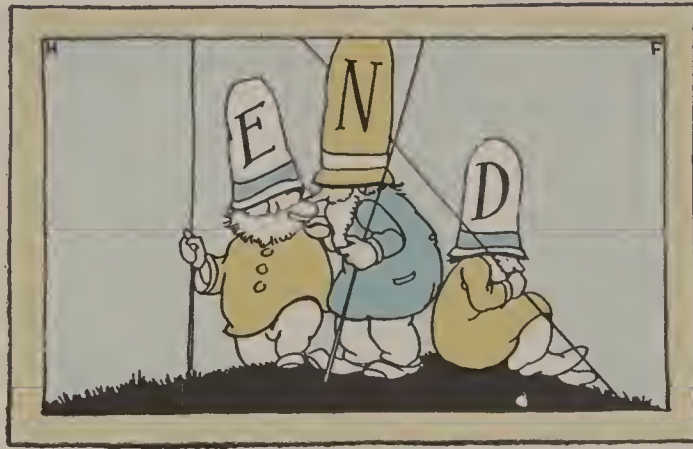
*Then Mother Rabbit tucked them all in their comfortable little beds.*

Peter lay dreaming of his Sweet Lady and her husband. He had a longing for them, for he did love them. But he was so glad to find some furry folk to live with, who knew all about the big outdoors and the things only animals understand.

All day long he chased about with the little bunnies, learning his lessons from Mother Rabbit—how to hunt, to freeze, and how to protect himself in case of danger.

If one could only find the spot, way up on the side of the quiet old mountain, “Rooster Comb.” It’s a beautiful place!. A great rock guards the entrance to the grassy clearing, and there are five tall white birch trees that stand like white sentinel candles lighting the paths all about at

night, and right there is where Sir Peter Swizzle lives, with “Molly Cotton Tail” and her three soft, fluffy little rabbits. And it is hard to tell which is the happiest!





















LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00025719906