

LORRAINE

AND THE

LITTLE PEOPLE OF SUMMER

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ELIZABETH GORDON





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
I WONDER WHY?
LORAINÉ AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE
LORAINÉ AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF SPRING



LORRAINE
AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE
OF SUMMER





JAMES
MCCRACKEN

"We have been working hard on the summer apples," said the Master Colorist

✓ LORRAINE
AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE
OF SUMMER

By
ELIZABETH GORDON

*Author of "The Butterfly Babies' Book," "The Dolly and
Molly Series," "Lorraine and the Little People,"
and "Lorraine and the Little People of Spring"*

Illustrated by
JAMES McCracken ✓



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JAMES
MCCRACKEN

Queen o' Sleep flew softly by

LORAINÉ

AND

THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF SUMMER

QUEEN O' WEEDS

When Loraine had bidden the Little People of Spring good-by, she made up her mind that she would stay awake until twelve o'clock, the hour the Queen of Spring had said that the Summer People would come.

But Queen o' Sleep, who knows what is best for little folks in such matters, flew softly by and waved her wand, and the *next* thing Loraine knew, it was next morning and Sunbeam was dancing on the counterpane.

"Lazy Loraine," he called, "you've slept all the way from Spring into Summer! Get up now and let's play out of doors."

So Loraine splashed into her bath and out of it, put on her new play apron suit and

her barefoot sandals, and raced Sunbeam downstairs to the breakfast room.

Grandfather was there, reading the paper and chatting with Grandmother, and when Loraine had kissed them both, Grandmother said, "Here's a little girl who needs her breakfast on this perfectly new Summertime day."

"That's a fact," said Grandfather. "It *is* Summer to-day. And when it is Summer in Maine *I* think that's about all anyone could ask for. What do you say, Loraine?"

"If it's any nicer than Spring," said Loraine, "I shall not know what to say. But what are we going to do to-day, Grandfather?"

"I've got to go to town, dear," said Grandfather. "Can you keep busy at home this morning?"

"Why, Grandfather, of course I can," said Loraine cheerily. "I'll weed my garden this morning and give the weeds to Woofy the

Mother Pig. What's the name of those weeds that look like silver in the morning dew, Grandfather?"

"Those are called pigweeds, and Woofy will be very grateful for them," said Grandfather.

Lorraine waved good-by to Grandfather until he was out of sight, and then she got her garden gloves and basket and began work on the weeds.

She had given Woofy the Pig one basket full and was at work on the next one, when she thought she would rest a bit.

It was very still in the garden—just the sort of stillness that the Little People like, thought Lorraine. And she had no sooner thought it than a laughing, chanting, teasing little voice said:

Good morning, Lorraine,
It's going to rain,
And your work is in vain,
For they'll all grow again.

“Now I wonder,” said Loraine, “just who that can be. I’ve never heard such a fascinating voice before.”

“Here I am, Loraine—over here on the tallest weed that you’ve left standing, poor thing,” said the voice.

And, sure enough, there she was, just the prettiest little person in all the world, dressed in a silvery gray-green dress all spangled in dew diamonds.

“Why,” said Loraine, “who in the world are you? You are *so dear!* Why have you never come to see me before?”

“Never needed to,” laughed the little person. “I’m Queen o’ the Weed People, and up till now you’ve let my weeds alone. But of course, when you pull them out, *we’ve* got to put them back, or it wouldn’t be long until I’d not have a weed in my queendom!”

“I don’t ’specially care just how many you have in your queendom,” said Loraine,



"I'm Queen o' the Weed People"

laughing, "but I wish you had not quite so many in my garden."

Queen o' Weeds laughed and said, "Step lively there, Seed Sowers, and get those new seeds in."

And then a whole band of Little People began running up and down the rows of vegetables, sowing seeds, and singing:

Scatter the seeds of the silvery weeds,
Fill all the hours full of kindest deeds,
Scatter the seeds of the weeds that will be,
For that's what's expected of you and of me.

"It's funny to hear you talk about 'scattering seeds of silvery weeds,' and call it 'kindest deeds,'" said Loraine. "Don't you *know* what harm you are doing?"

"Harm?" said Queen o' Weeds. "Harm? Far from doing harm, Loraine, we are doing good."

"Well, I s'pose," said Loraine, "that it is all in how you look at it, and I *hope* you think so, but *I know* that if I did not



A whole band of Little People began running up and down the rows of vegetables, sewing seeds, and singing

pull the weeds from my garden every day or so, it would soon be *all* weeds and I should have no garden at all.”

“Pre - cisely,” said Queen o’ Weeds. “And, may I inquire, if you were not pulling weeds this morning, what would you be doing?”

“Oh,” said Loraine, “I’d be in the hammock, I s’pose, reading or thinking.”

“Idling,” said Queen o’ Weeds, reprov-
ingly. “Idling, that’s what you’d be doing.

So this par-tic-u-lar minute I'm saving you from one of the worst faults in the world."

"Perhaps you are," said Loraine, "but I don't seem to be very grateful to you for 'it.'"

"That's your old-fashioned point of view," said Queen o' Weeds, "but you'll outgrow that. Tell me, what did Woofy say when you gave her the basket of weeds?"

"She ate them, every one, and asked for more," said Loraine.

"Well," said Queen o' Weeds, "of course she would. That's Woofy's salad, and she needs it just as much as you need your nice tender vegetables. And how would she ever get any, pray tell, if it were not for me? You surely would not pull up your vegetables for her—now, would you?"

"Indeed," said Loraine, "I most cert'nly would not."

"Well, then," said Queen o' Weeds, "do you begin to see what I mean?"



And all the little Seed Sowers sang, "Good-by, Loraine"

"I think I do," said Loraine. "You mean that everything that grows is good for something, don't you?"

"Nice little child," said the Queen, "that's it. But we must go now. Good-by, Loraine."

And all the little Seed Sowers sang, "Good-by, Loraine."

"Shall I help you weed your garden?" asked John the Hired Man next day.

"No, indeed, thank you," said Loraine. "I must pull my own weeds or they won't do me any good. 'Sides, it's fun!"

THE MOSS CARPET WEAVER

“O Loraine!” called Grandfather, one morning in early Summer. “Get your sweet-grass Indian basket and come along. John the Hired Man is going to help me fix the five-barred fence in the high pasture, and you can pick wintergreen berries while we work.”

“Oh, that will be fun,” said Loraine. “I’ll be only a minute.”

So she got her basket, and whistled for Brownie, who came trotting to her, glad to be allowed to go anywhere with his little mistress.

It was so beautiful, away up there on the hill with the green of the wild meadows stretched out before them, that Loraine said she could just sit and look at it all the morning long, but Grandfather laughed and said that she would much better fill her

basket with berries and told John the Hired Man to show her how to find them.

“What are wintergreen berries, John?” asked Loraine.

“Why, wintergreen berries, that’s all I know,” said John the Hired Man. “We youngsters used to call them ‘Iv’ry plums’—here’s a nice bed of them right here. Good ’s you’ll find, I guess.”

Loraine thought to herself that she would look in the dictionary just the minute she got back to the house and find out all about wintergreen, but as soon as she had eaten some of the red berries she laughed and said, “Oh, now I know! Wintergreen is what they put in candies, and Nora the Cook has something in a bottle marked ‘Wintergreen’ that she uses for flavoring.”

“You’re a pretty smart little lady,” said John the Hired Man. “But I must go now, and I will call you when we are ready to go home.”

The berries were so plentiful that Loraine filled her basket very quickly. But in reaching for one more nice bunch she put her hand in a ground sparrow's nest, and the poor frightened little mother bird flew away with a "whirr" and sat on the top of the five-barred rail fence and chattered and *chattered!*

"My, you poor little birdie!" said Loraine. "I would not have done that for anything."

"Of course you would not," said a funny little man with a long gray beard who was sitting cross-legged on a big rock just above her. "And a ground sparrow with an ounce of sense would know that, just to look at you."

"Why, whose dear little grandfather are you?" asked Loraine. "I have never before seen any but quite young Little People."

"Oh, as to that," said the gray-bearded one, "I can look young if I want to use



"My, you poor little birdie!" said Loraine

my magic, but where's the use in being as old as the world if one doesn't look it?"

"You look perfectly beautiful to me," said Loraine. "I adore grandfathers, but I'm just full of cur'os'ty to know who you are and what you do. Please tell me."

"Why, I'm the Moss Carpet Weaver," said the gray-bearded little person. "The fairies could never in the world use the cold, hard rocks to keep house on if they were not carpeted with something very soft and warm. I have many workers, most of them very lazy—like that bunch of idle young chaps over there on the fence, who are supposed to be planting and pruning lichens to make the wood beautiful. But, as you see, they're just sunning themselves."

Loraine looked, and, sure enough, there were twelve little fellows, in gray suits and red caps, and beards nearly as long as the Moss Carpet Weaver's very own, sitting cross-legged, and very truly idling.



*“In the Summer time, in the Summer time,
We work the long day through-oo-oo”*

As they saw Loraine, each one took off his red cap, made a bow, winked his left eye, crossed his left leg over his right leg, and began to sing:

In the Summer time, in the Summer time,
We work the long day through-oo-oo,
To make the world, to make the world,
More beautiful for you-oo-oo,
For you, Loraine, for you-oo-oo!

“Why don’t you do it then, and not sing about it?” asked the Moss Carpet Weaver.

We've planted all the lichens,
We've pruned the lichens too,

sang all the little fellows, each winking his right eye, and crossing his right leg over his left leg—

We've planted all the lichens,
And now what shall we do?

“Go and tell that foolish sparrow bird to stop her chattering and get back on her nest before her eggs are all cold,” said the Moss Carpet Weaver.

The twelve jolly little chaps uncrossed their legs all at once and ran over to the little mother bird and whispered something to her, and, after awhile, the little bird hopped back on her nest and settled down as though nothing at all had happened.

“Lo-raine!” called Grandfather just then. “We're going ho-ome.”

“That's *my* grandfather calling *me*,” said Loraine, “so I must go.”

“Take a bit of moss to remember me by,” said the Weaver cordially. “It is magic moss, and if you will put it in a bowl with some water, it will keep flowers fresh for days, if you’ll stick their stems through it.”

“That’s lovely to know,” said Loraine, “and I’ll try it as soon as I get home.”

“Nora, please, will you lend me a bowl to keep my moss in?” asked Loraine when she had reached home with her treasures.

“Why, bless the child!” said Nora the Cook. “And *where* did you get the fairy moss?”

“Out in the high pasture,” said Loraine. “Did you ever see any before?”

“Sure ’tis the same that grows on the big rock behind my father’s house in the County Clonmel,” said Nora the Cook, “and many’s the time on a moonlit evening the Little People—but I’m afraid my bread is burning!”

“O Nora,” begged Loraine, “do you know any Little People?”

But Nora said that if she ever had known any it was a long time past now, and not a word more would she speak.

Loraine smiled as she stuck her bowl of moss full of pansies and sweet alyssum.

“I’m sure Nora did know the Little People in Ireland,” she said, smiling to herself.



THE SHAKER OF SEEDS

“Hello, Sunbeam!” called Loraine cheerily, as she awoke on a bright morning late in June.

“Oh, hello!” said Sunbeam. “Hurry and get dressed and come outside, because I have no time at all to waste this morning. I’ve got very important work to do, *very* important.”

Lorraine laughed. “O you funny little Sunbeam, always bobbing around making people happy, what *is* your ‘very important work’?”

“I’m helping my brothers, the Sun Rays, to ripen the wild strawberries in the south field,” said Sunbeam.

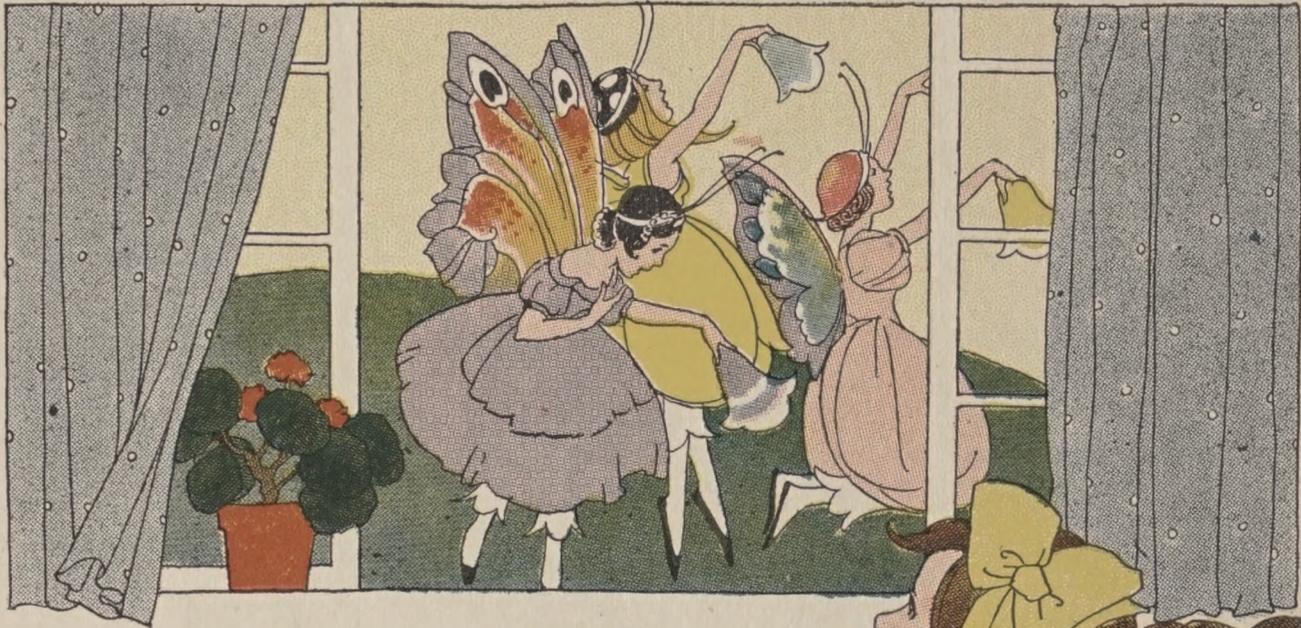
“You may run right along then,” said Loraine, “because if there is anything I like, it is strawberries. And wild ones must be per’fly *de-licious*.”

As Loraine dashed out into the garden before breakfast to get an old-fashioned rose to put by Grandmother's plate, John the Hired Man came by. "Good morning, Miss Loraine," he called. "I noticed as I came by the south field yesterday that the wild strawberries are ripening."

"John the Hired man says that strawberries are ripe over in the south field, Grandmother," said Loraine at breakfast. "May I go and get some this morning?"

Grandmother smiled and said, "Of course," and Nora the Cook, who was coming in with breakfast just then, said, "Bless the child! I'll make you a short-cake, with whipped cream on it, if you can find enough berries."

Loraine could hardly wait to finish her breakfast, and after that it did seem as though Sunbeam would never get the dew dry on the grass, though all the little Zephyrs helped fan it.



All the little Zephyrs helped fan it

But presently John the Hired man called from the yard where he was chopping wood, "Come out here, Miss Loraine, and I'll show you how to make some birch bark baskets to put your strawberries in."

It was so much fun to make the baskets that the minutes flew, and by the time she could make one herself the dew was gone, and Loraine, looking very Scouty indeed in her new khaki suit, was on her way to the berry field.

It was a lovely morning, sunny and bright, and there was a saucy old bluejay sitting on the tallest fence post whose beak was as red as could be from the berries he had been eating, who called out, "I know, I know, you've come for berries, you have, you have! Quit it, quit it, quit it!"

Loraine laughed, "I'm sure there will be plenty of berries for us both, you fasc'inating old bluejay, and I'm not going to 'quit it,' so fly away and don't be so greedy."



There was a saucy old bluejay sitting on the tallest fence post

There were more ripe berries than Loraine had expected, so she decided to get enough for everybody, and she stayed to fill both her baskets.

But when they were filled, she sat down under the big maple tree to rest and listen to the chatter of the Rose-breasted Grosbeaks.

The Grosbeaks are very sociable birds and love company. But presently she became aware of a tiny voice near her which sounded as though it's owner was in very deep distress.

“I’ve lost it, I’ve lost it! I don’t see how I could have, but I’ve lost it! I’ve lost the seed shaker!”

“Oh, I don’t believe you have, dear,” answered a sweet, soothing voice. “Where did you last have it?”

“Why,” sobbed the sobby one, “I had it a little while ago when I was following Loraine as she picked the ripe berries, and I was sprinkling the baby ones with the little green seeds. And I must have dropped it in the grass. I hope Loraine did not step on it. She’s *very large!*”

“I wonder,” said Loraine, “if I picked it up. I’ll look and see.”

So she did, and, sure enough, lying right in plain sight on the top of her last basket of berries was the dearest little salt-shaker looking thing. It was no bigger than a baby’s thimble. She was *so* excited that she could hardly speak, but at last she managed to call out, “O Strawberry Lady

in the floppy hat, is this what your sobby little person has lost?"

"My stars, Loraine!" said the Strawberry Lady. "I thought you were asleep. Yes, indeed, that *is* the lost seed shaker of the Shaker of Seeds! Where did you find it?"

"In my basket of berries," said Loraine. "But why did your Shaker of Seeds feel so badly about it? You must have many others."

"Well, you see, Loraine dear," said the Strawberry Lady, "she was feeling like that because she had been careless, and she was afraid that Mother Nature would not trust her with the work any more. And, besides, the Color Sprites would not have been willing to work on a berry without seeds, because it would look dreadfully unfinished—like a house without windows, you know. But, thanks to you, Loraine dear, it's all right now."



A whole flock of Little People flew over the field

Then a whole flock of Little People flew over the field, singing as they worked:

Strawberries ripe and strawberries red,
For Loraine to eat with her milk and her bread.
Strawberries crimson and spangled with dew,
We're glad as we can be to ripen for you.

“What lovely berries,” said Grandmother, when Loraine got back, “and how nicely you gathered them. There is not a green one among them, and no leaves.”

“It would not be fair to pick the green berries,” said Loraine.

QUEEN OF LOVING THOUGHTS

Nora the Cook had been making raspberry jam, and Loraine had been helping her. It was so pretty when it was in the little glass jars, that Loraine asked Nora the Cook if she would please make some jelly just that color.

But Nora the Cook said that raspberries alone would not make jelly, because the something that made fruit "jell" was not in raspberries; but that if Loraine would go out in the garden and gather some red currants to mix with them, she would be ever so glad to make the jelly for her.

"Oh, goody!" said Loraine. "I'll do that."

It was a hot day, late in July, and there were very few currants left, because the robins had been helping themselves, and so had the sparrows, but it was fun to hunt for them.

They looked like little strings of coral beads, and Loraine was thinking how lovely a necklace made of them would look on a pale green dress, and how pretty Big Sister would look in the dress. She had not known before how very much she missed Big Sister. She could just 'magine how she would look in the pale green gown with the crimson beads.

"Something like this, Loraine?" called a merry little voice, and there was the *dearest* little person, perched on the tip top of the currant bush, wearing the very dress that Loraine had "'magine'd,' with the very same string of coral beads.

"Why, you *dear*, exquisite little person," said Loraine. "You look just 'xactly like my own darling Big Sister. Please tell me who you are."

"I am the Queen of Loving Thoughts," said the little person, "and because we know that you are the teenciést bit homesick, we



There was the dearest little person

thought that you would like to see what your loving thought of Big Sister looks like.”

“I’m not ’zactly homesick, Queen,” said Loraine, “but it is a long time since I’ve seen my family. And I wish, I *nearly* wish, that I had been thinking of Mother dear when you came along.”

“O Kindest Heart!” called the Queen of Loving Thoughts. “Come here and show Loraine how her mother looks this very minute.”

Then Loraine thought she must be really dreaming, because another dear little person came who was just the image of Mother dear, as she always was in Loraine’s thoughts, wearing a perfectly a-dorable little gray dress with rose-colored ribbons. And her eyes were just like Mother dear’s, and when she spoke it was with Mother dear’s voice.

“Be good and be patient,” she said. “It will be such a little while now until Mother comes.”



Another dear little person came, just the image of Mother dear

“I never can thank you enough,” said Loraine. “You have made me very happy. And now I’ll finish getting the currants.”

When the Little People had flitted away, Loraine was very light-hearted and happy, and as she worked she sang a little song which she made right there and then:

In all the world, there is no other
Who’s half so sweet as one’s own mother.



“Well, what of it?” inquired the Robin Bird Baby

“Well, what of it?” inquired the Robin Bird Baby, saucily. “All the world knows that.”

Lorraine laughed. “Do you happen to know what month this is, Robin Bird Baby?” she asked.

“Yes, indeed I do,” said the Robin Bird Baby. “It’s the month of Caterpillars, big, fat fuzzy ones! I like this month, I do.”

“O you funny, fat, speckly Robin Bird Baby!” laughed Lorraine. “All you think about is something to eat. It’s the month

of July, and I have not seen my mother since March.”

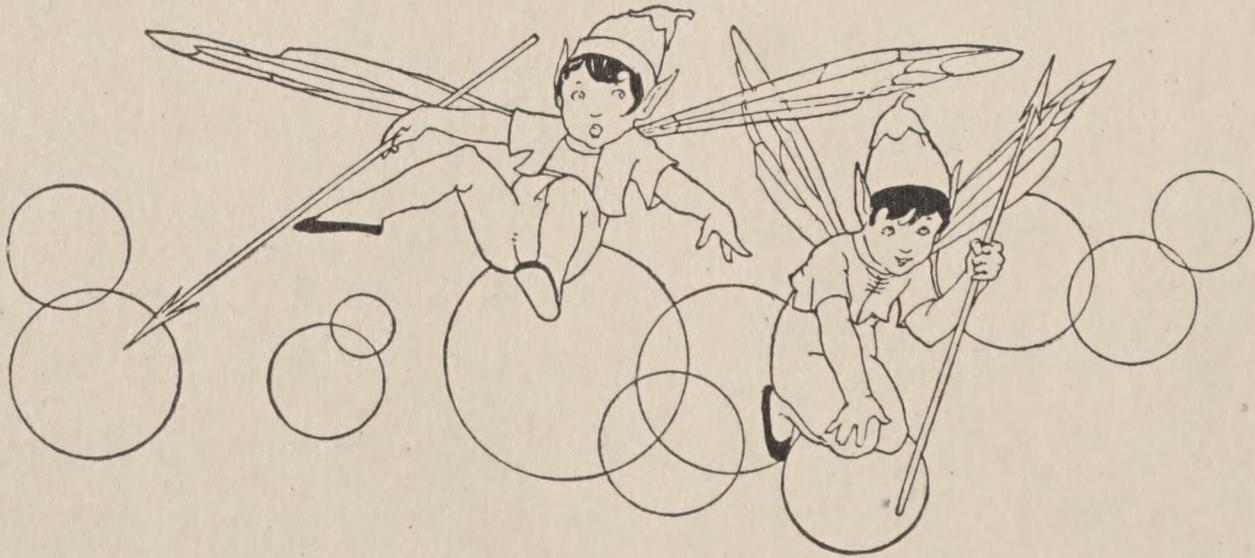
“Cheer up, as my father is so fond of saying,” said the Robin Bird Baby. “Something tells me that you will see her before very long.”

It was a very happy and light-hearted little girl who ran home with the currants, and picked the strings all out and washed the berries clean, and then watched the jelly so that it would not boil over—you cannot always depend absolutely on the funny little Bubble Breakers, you know.

But after the jelly was made and set away to cool, Loraine put on a cool white dress and ran out to the porch to sit with Grandmother. And just then the postman came, and there was a letter for Loraine from Mother dear, who said that in two weeks more they would be coming, and that after a visit at the farm they would all go to the seashore.

“Oh, I’m so glad, aren’t you, Grandmother dear?” asked Loraine.

“Yes, dear,” said Grandmother. But her eyes were a bit misty, and her smile very tender, as she murmured to herself, “and a little bit sorry over the glad, too, little Loraine.”



THE FLOWER GOWN MAKER

“I believe I’ll make a dress for Tiny Doll this afternoon, Grandmother,” said Loraine, one pleasant day in Summer.

“That will be splendid,” said Grandmother. “You will find some nice materials in my piece basket.”

“Oh, thank you, Grandmother,” said Loraine. “I will take this piece of primrose yellow silk if you are quite sure you do not need it. And I’ll take my sewing basket out to the sleepy seat in my garden, it’s so nice and cool out there.”

“That is a good place to be,” said Grandmother. “I shall take a nap myself.”

It proved to be cool and delightful on the sleepy seat. The Morning-Glories that Loraine had planted in the Springtime were in bloom now, and climbing all over the trellis, making a real arbor. The big bumble-bees

were booming in and out of the purple bells of the flowers, and the katydids were practicing on their violins.

Lorraine took great care to make the dress for Tiny Doll daintily, and when, at last, it was finished she was quite satisfied with it. So then she curled up on the sleepy seat to rest a bit. But she had scarcely settled herself when she heard a sharp cry of distress, and some one said, "Oh, you stuck me, Gown Maker!"

"Well, then, don't wiggle around so, Dotty Dandelion," said a sharp little voice. "I can't spend much time on you. You're not supposed to be here, anyway. You don't belong to the garden flowers, you know."

"I know it, Gown Maker," said Dotty Dandelion, "but I'm here, and I'm going to the party, and that's why I want this white dress made. I never could stay awake at night when I was young and wore simple little yellow slips, but now that I'm grown



She heard a sharp cry of distress

up, I'm going to wear fluffy dresses and stay up all night long if I want to."

"Anyone is welcome to go to the party in my place," murmured Four o'Clock sleepily.

"That's the way I feel about it," said California Poppy. "I like to go to bed early and get up early."

"O California," said her cousin, Shirley Poppy, "you mean you'd rather go to bed early and not get up till noon! You *are* lazy."

"There *you* are, Shasta Daisy," said the Flower Gown Maker. "And now do be careful and not get your white dress spoiled, and don't get yourself all wilted."

"O Gown Maker," said Shasta Daisy, "it's no *fun* keeping still."

"You're not supposed to have any fun," said the Flower Gown Maker, "before a party. You're next, Morning-Glory."

"Indeed, I'm not next, I'm sleepy," said Morning-Glory, "and I'm going to sleep right now, so good night, everybody."



“There you are, Shasta Daisy,” said the Flower Gown Maker

“Well, dear me!” said the Flower Gown Maker. “If everyone in this garden is going to sleep, I may as well go home.”

“Oh, please, dear Flower Gown Maker,” begged a little voice, “don’t go before you make me a new dress—a yellow one.”

The Flower Gown Maker laughed and said, “You know quite well, Holly Hock, that I cannot possibly make you a yellow gown. I’ll make you a new pink one.”

“Oh, I don’t want pink. I shall not enjoy myself one bit in pink,” said Holly Hock, pouting a bit.

“You can’t help having fun, the lawn is so smooth and nice since John the Hired Man clipped it this afternoon. There now. Holly Hock, you are all ready. Who’s next?”

“We are,” said the Sweet Peas, “but there isn’t much to do for us, only just fluff our ruffles a bit, that’s all.”

“Sweet Peas, easy to please,” said the Flower Gown Maker. “There you are, my dears, and now I’ll rest myself a bit.” And she flew up on the sleepy seat, almost in Loraine’s lap. “Why, Loraine,” she said, “I was so truly busy that I did not see you at all. What a darling little dress that is—just the color Holly Hock wanted.”

“It’s for Tiny Doll,” said Loraine. “She’s the smallest one in my family.”

“It is beautiful,” said the Flower Gown Maker. “Who taught you to sew so nicely?”

“Oh, Grandmother taught me,” said Loraine. “But tell me, Flower Gown Maker, are the Flowers going to have a party?”

“Oh, yes,” said the Flower Gown Maker. “It’s going to be a very, very grand affair to welcome the Asters and Golden Glow who are opening to-day.”

“Oh,” said Loraine, “how I wish I could see it! What time will it be, please?”

“It is ordered for Moonrise,” said the Gown Maker. “And now I must run and dress American Beauty Rose, and there’s not a moment to spare.”

“Supper is ready,” called Nora the Cook, and Loraine gathered up her things and ran to the house.

“Please, Grandmother,” said she at the supper table, “may I stay up until the moon rises to-night?”

“I’m afraid my little girl would be very sleepy,” said Grandmother. “The moon does not rise until nearly twelve o’clock.”



The Trumpet Flowers made so much noise

“Well, I surely could never stay awake until then,” laughed Loraine as she kissed them all good night and ran off to bed.

But, after all, she saw the party, for the Trumpet Flowers made so much noise announcing the arrival of the Asters and the Golden Glow that she awoke. Very softly she raised her curtain and looked out on the smooth lawn. It was a wonderful sight, for all the flowers were there and seemed to be having such fun! And could it be possible? She looked again to be quite

sure, and it *really was* Holly Hock in the daintiest little yellow gown, dancing and having a lovely time. "Now I wonder," said Loraine, as she crept back to bed, "wherever she got that yellow dress."

"Loraine," said John the Hired Man the next morning, "I found this out by the sleepy seat this morning," and he held up the little yellow silk dress that belonged to Tiny Doll. It was all crumpled.

"Didn't do it any good lying out in the dew all night, did it?" said Nora the Cook.

Loraine smiled. "I'm glad I dropped it," she said to herself.



THE COMMODORE

“I wonder,” said Nora the Cook, one morning in Summer, “if some one would kindly go and get me some green peas? I need two quarts more, and John the Hired Man says that he cannot spare time to get them for me.”

“I’ll go,” said Loraine. “I *love* to pick green peas. Only you must promise me, Nora, that you will make some pea shell soup, ’cause I just adore it. It’s such a pretty color.”

“Sure, I’ll make the green soup for you,” laughed Nora the Cook, “unless it’s ashamed of yourself you are to be robbing Woofy the Pig of the pea shells. But run along, Childie, and here’s your little sweet-grass Indian basket to put the peas in.”

Swinging the sweet-smelling basket on her arm, Loraine ran across the fields, with



Lorraine ran across the fields

Sunbeam racing ahead and her shadow following along after her, until they came to the pea patch, which was just across from the potato field.

The basket was soon filled with the plump, sweet peas, and, knowing that they were needed for dinner, Loraine had already started toward home when she heard voices—Little People's voices. She had never heard those particular ones before, she was sure of that. They came from the direction of the potato field, and they were very much in earnest, to say the least.

“I've never known Little People to be angry,” said Loraine to herself, “and those over there are almost. I wonder what has happened. I'll just tippy-toe over there and find out.”

Whatever it was that had happened, they were very much in earnest, because as Loraine drew nearer she heard a commanding little voice saying, “You must not

come into this potato field, and if you try to, it will be far from pleasant for you."

"Pooh," said another little person, swaggeringly, "who's afraid of a lot of make-believe sailor people like you? We shall come in because it's our field and our food, and I don't see how you expect to stop us."

"Indeed it is *not* your field," said the first speaker. "Why, it belongs to Loraine's people, and the potatoes are growing for her to eat. And how can they grow, pray tell, if robber bugs like you eat the tops off?"

"Come on, fellows," said the second voice. "Let's show these imitation sailors what a band of desperate Potato Beetles can do."

Then they came out in the open, and Loraine saw that they were really and truly a desperate band of Potato Beetles, all dressed in yellow and black armor.

They fairly *threw* themselves against the Commodore and his Marines, who were guarding the potatoes, but they were quite ready for them. Over the tops they went and attacked those Beetles so swiftly that in almost no time at all there was not a Beetle in sight.

“Now,” said the Commodore, “we will camp here. So, my brave lads, you may choose yourselves each a hammock and get some rest.”

“Aye, aye, Sir,” said each little Marine, and in a trice—and a trice is a very short time, indeed—each little Marine was stowed away inside a potato blossom, and sound asleep.

The Commodore sat down to think things over, and then he saw Loraine. He saluted, and said, “Good morning, Loraine. Did you happen to see the skirmish?”

“Indeed I did, Commodore,” said Loraine. “It looked like real war to me.



Over the tops they went and attacked those Beetles

But what is the matter, and why are the Potato Beetles enemies of yours?"

"Why, that's the funny part of it," said the Commodore. "They're not my enemies—they're yours."

"Mine?" said Loraine in great surprise. "I've never seen them before in my life! How can they be *my* enemies?"

"Let me ask you, Loraine," said the little Commodore. "Isn't anyone who would take your food away, leaving you to starve, your enemy?"

“Why, surely,” answered Loraine.

“Well,” said the Commodore, “that is exactly what these Beetles are doing. Left to themselves, they would eat every bit of green off the potato tops, and the potatoes would never grow any more. And you wouldn't have any, that's what!”

“It's kind of you to take all this trouble for me, and I thank you very much,” said Loraine. “But how did you know that our field was in danger?”

“Oh,” said the Commodore, “we're the Irish Potato Marines, and we're supposed to know where the enemy is at all times. But Fleecy Cloud met us the other day and told us your field was in particular danger. So, of course, we set sail for here at once.”

“I certainly 'preciate what you have done,” said Loraine. “And now I must run home. Thank you again for coming.”

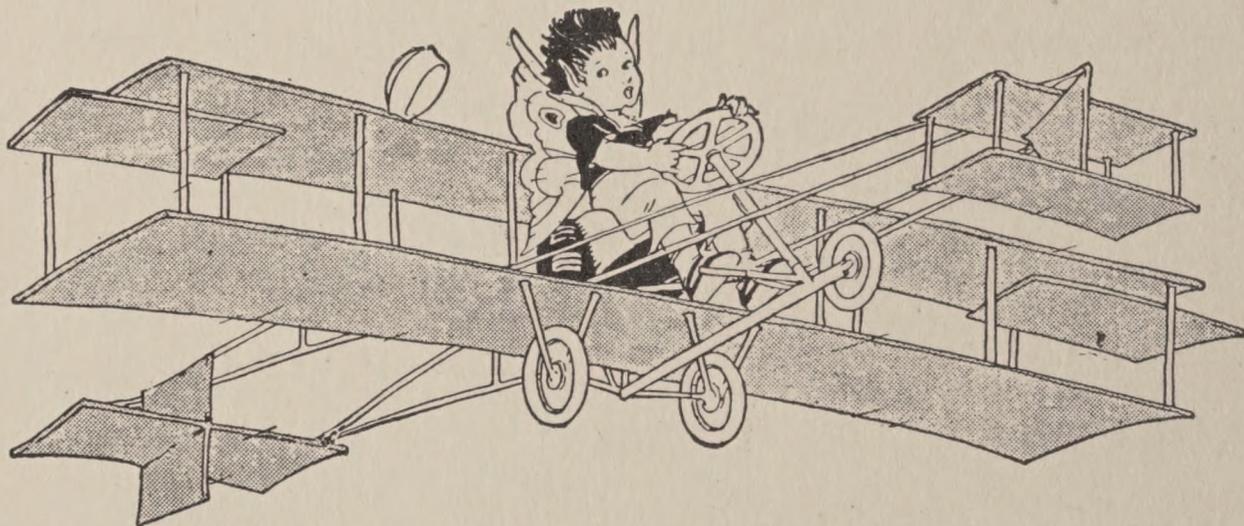
“Pipe all hands,” said the Commodore, “and sing a song for Loraine.” And every

man Jack of them sat up in his potato blossom hammock and sang:

We'll come in our shallop, we'll prance or we'll
gallop,

Or sail through the air in our new aeroplane,
For we're sure and we're steady and all the time
ready

To come when we're needed to little Loraine.



"We'll sail through the air in our new aeroplane"

"I guess I'll spray the potato tops soon,"
said John the Hired Man that evening.

"Yes, better do that to-morrow, John,"
said Grandfather. "It's a wonder the beetles
have not eaten them all before now."

Loraine smiled a little to herself.

THE MASTER COLORIST

“Wake up, Loraine! Wake up, Loraine! I’m dancing on your counterpane,” sang Sunbeam, one bright Summer morning.

Loraine opened her eyes with a chuckle, and said, “Thank you for calling me, Sunbeam. I wanted to get up early because I must get some Black-Eyed Susans for my vases this morning.”

So after Loraine had fed the chickens, and had dusted her own room, she got her sweet-grass Indian basket and some scissors, and raced Sunbeam to the brookside.

Loraine was 'specially happy that morning because Daddy and Big Sister and Mother dear were coming very soon now. But she was a little bit sad, too, because she loved the farm and all the dear people on it. And then all at once, right on top of her thoughts, plump! came a hard green



She was sitting under the tree by the brook

apple, which had fallen from the tree under which she was sitting by the brook.

“Now, careless,” said a tiny voice just above her, “see what you’ve done! You knocked that apple off the tree.”

“I’m not careless,” said another voice, “and you have no right to say so.”

“What’s all this argument about?” asked a very businesslike little voice.

“But, Master Colorist,” said the first

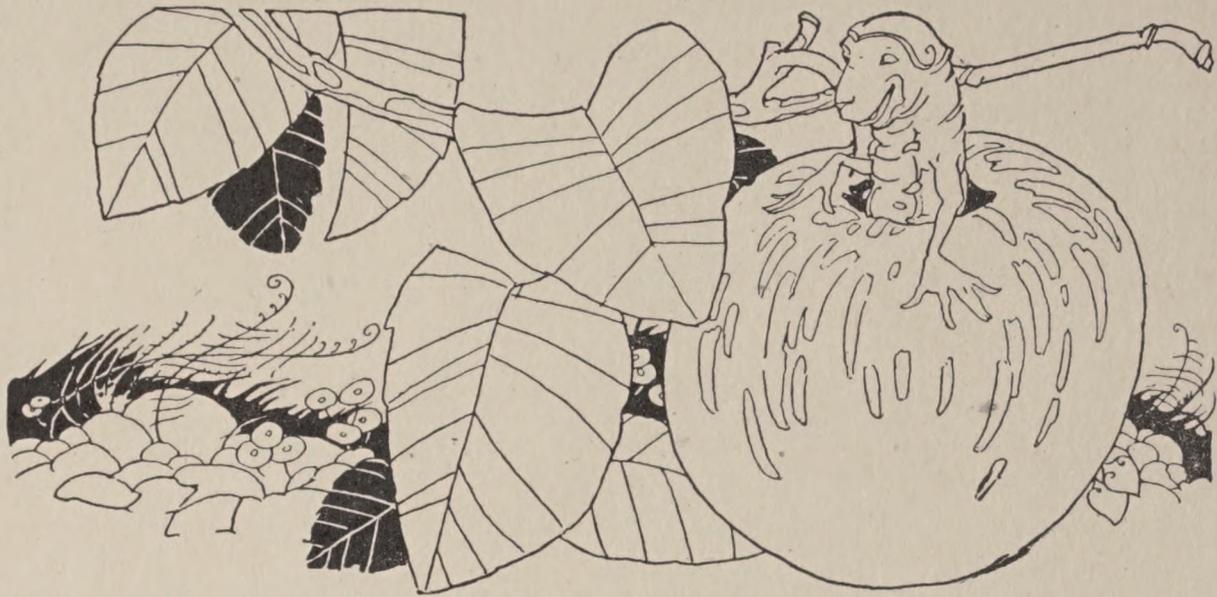
speaker, "Red Streak *was* careless. He knocked an apple off the bough, and I had just yesterday finished coloring it green. There's a whole day's work wasted, and besides, it hit Loraine on the head. He did it on purpose, I know he *did!*"

"Certainly I did it on purpose," said Red Streak. "Apple Worm lives in it, and he stuck his head out and laughed at me just as I was beginning to paint it. So, as it would never have ripened, I threw it down. But I did not dream that Loraine was sitting under the tree, and Greenie can't *say* I'm careless."

"I won't say it any more," said Greenie. "I beg your pardon, Red Streak."

"You'd better ask Loraine's pardon," said the Master Colorist. "How are you, Loraine?" he called. "Have these unruly children of mine been disturbing you?"

"Deed they have not," said Loraine, "but I was a bit surprised when the apple



Apple Worm stuck his head out and laughed

fell. I thought North Wind had knocked it down. Are the apple people very busy right now?"

"Well, indeed we are," said the Master Colorist. "We have been working hard on the Summer apples, because we want you to have some, and Sunbeam says that you are going away.

"Oh, we're a busy crew,
There's always work to do,
But we thank our lucky star,
We're as busy as we are,
For we love to work, Loraine, for you-oo-oo."

“That’s a pretty song,” said Loraine.

“Well, we must all get to work now,” said the Master Colorist. “And you may tell Nora the Cook that any time after to-day there will be lots of new apples to bake for your breakfast.”

“Thanks,” said Loraine. “I’ll tell her.”

When her basket was filled, Loraine challenged Sunbeam to a race home, and she was so much in earnest about winning, that she did not look up when she got to the lawn, but ran plump into Mother dear’s arms, and was caught, Susans and all, right tight against Mother dear’s heart.

Daddy got the next hug, and Big Sister had to come inside that one and share it with Daddy, because it seemed that he would never let her go.

“Hold me tight, Daddy,” said Loraine, “for I’m so happy that I’m ’fraid I’ll pop open just like Snap Dragon does when I touch him with my littlest finger!”

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