

RIDDLE-RHYMES



PN 6371

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I have three sides and corners three — As any boy and girl may see —
E can tell the name of me ?



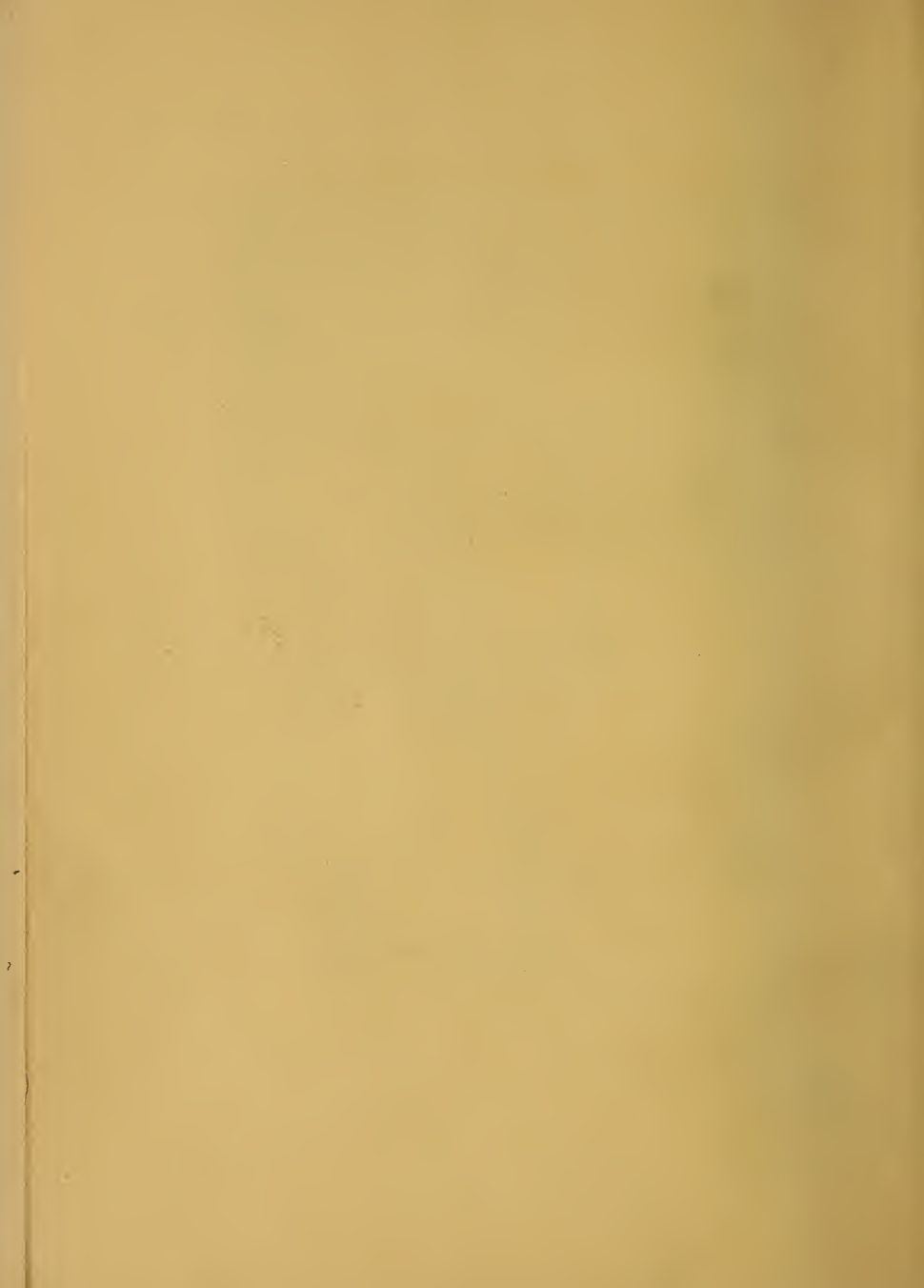
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Charles S. Pratt

RIDDLE--RHYMES

BEING LII WIT--WAKING PUZZLE--POEMS
FOR CHILDREN WITH THINKING--CAPS
INVENTED, VERSIFIED AND ARRANGED
FOR A YEAR OF SATURDAYS BY THE
RIDDLE--RHYME MAKER



Pictures and Decorations
by H. P. Barnes



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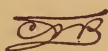
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To
the Honor-List and Prize-Winner Children
of "Little Folks"
these LII Guessing-Poems are Dedicated
by the Riddle-Rhyme Maker



A WORD FOR THE FATHERS AND MOTHERS

THE first riddle was made, and maybe guessed, by prehistoric man.

I don't know what that first riddle was, for sure. It may have been one of the lost riddles of old time --- or it may have survived, and you and I may have guessed it in our young days, as the children, mayhap, are guessing it today in its twentieth century form.

Today the boys and girls are asking each other the familiar riddle :

“What is it that goes first on four foot, then on two feet, and last of all on three feet ?”

Likewise the little Greeks of Sophocles' time repeated an old riddle of Theban legend, the riddle the Sphinx propounded to Œdipus :

“What being has four feet, two feet and three feet ; only one voice ; but whose feet vary, and when it has most is weakest ?”

FOR THE FATHERS AND MOTHERS

Twenty-four centuries intervene between these two versions of the riddle --- and yet it has not greatly changed.

Now the Sphinx did not invent it --- and I have no doubt it is older than the man who invented the Sphinx --- older than the earliest civilizations of Egypt and the East.

And since its answer is Man --- man who goes first on hands and knees, then erect on two feet, and in old age hobbles with a cane --- it may well have been contemporary with the earliest men, in those prehistoric days when the third foot was not a gold-headed cane, but a gnarled club of defense and offense as well as support --- indeed, it may have been the very first riddle itself !

Whatever be the truth about the old riddle whose answer is Man, it is certain that riddles have been popular in all ages and among all peoples.

Even Solomon, according to Josephus, once had a riddle-guessing contest with Hiram, king of Tyre --- in which he won a considerable prize, only to lose it again to a subject of Hiram's who appears to have been a better riddle-maker than either of the kings. The Queen of Sheba, too, attempted to pose Solomon with enigmas.

If we may believe Plutarch, the poet Homer actually died of chagrin at not being able to guess this riddle of two boys who went hunting :

FOR THE FATHERS AND MOTHERS

“All they caught they flung away, and all they could not catch they carried home.”

And the poet Virgil has depicted a trial of wits between shepherds.

Riddles are found in the Koran and in the Bible --- Samson's riddle being of course familiar to every one :

“Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.” (Judges 14: 14.)

And there are ancient collections of riddles in Arabic and in Persian.

Riddles in poetic form were common in Greece six hundred years before Christ --- Cleobulus, one of the “Seven Sages,” having been celebrated for his metrical enigmas.

In the Middle Ages, the art of riddle-making was further developed. Riddles were even used to convey sacred truths, as in this :

“Demand : What bare the best burden that ever was borne ?

“Response : The ass that carried our Lady when she fled with our Lord into Egypt.”

French, German and English riddle-books of this

FOR THE FATHERS AND MOTHERS

period still exist in MS., and some were printed at an early date.

During the Reformation, the diversion of riddle-making and riddle-guessing suffered a brief eclipse, but in the seventeenth century it emerged again into the radiance of popular favor, especially in France, where poetical riddles became the rivals of the sonnets and madrigals of the day. Indeed, so fashionable was the riddle that the "Mercur de France" printed a fortnightly collection, and the man who guessed them achieved social distinction. Learned treatises on the art of riddle-making were published, and the French riddle-makers included such brilliant writers as Boileau, Voltaire and Rousseau.

The poets, indeed, have been writers of metrical charades and other enigmas from Theocritus to Schiller; and among the later English may be counted Cowper and Praed.

So the Protean riddle---the riddle of a thousand shapes---has come down through the ages. And it continues to flourish among all peoples, from the Zulus of South Africa to the peasants of Northern Russia, among savages and among the highly civilized---appearing and re-appearing, in the simple old forms, and in forms new, elaborated, obscure.

FOR THE FATHERS AND MOTHERS

One might go further, and trace the evolution of the enigma in the larger modern literature, from Shakespeare to the creator of Sherlock Holmes. One might claim the denouement of "The Merchant of Venice" as Portia's solution of the riddle of granting the letter of the law and at the same time effectually blocking its fulfilment. One might point out that half the fiction of the day is based on some blind intricate problem, where the reader takes the thread put in his hand by the author and follows it through labyrinthine ways to the hidden secret at the end. And the popular detective novels are confessedly riddles --- riddles much ramified, it is true, but riddles all the same. From this point of view, the author of the Sherlock Holmes stories is an arch-propounder of conundrums, and Sherlock Holmes himself the apotheosis of the guesser.

Guesser! --- guessing! --- that is the point to which I have all along been leading up. For I wish to emphasize the fact that riddle-guessing is not merely an amusement, but an intellectual exercise and development.

Guessing! --- it is not "guessing" at all --- it is a quickening act of perception, of imagination, of comparison, of co-ordination, of reasoning --- in brief, of thinking!

Not long ago I attended a teachers' meeting, where sixteen teachers endeavored to answer the question of the

FOR THE FATHERS AND MOTHERS

day's topic: "What is the greatest need of my school?" These "greatest needs," it appeared, were largely material, or verging on the immaterial, ranging from a "dictionary" to a "dipper," from "order" to an "organ." At the last a teacher rose and said with some earnestness that the greatest need in her school was "something to make the children think!"

Ah! "Something to make the children think!"

Now I do not imagine that this need is confined to the children of one little district school. Is it not rather universal?

Somebody has said that the way to learn to read is --- to read! And it is equally true that the way to learn to think is --- to think! But how shall we start the process when the child hangs back, when the little mind balks? How shall we stimulate the power of attack? How shall we establish the habit of initiative, the habit of thinking?

You may know ways. Somebody else may know others. I have discovered one way myself. But all these ways must lead, not drive, must allure, not force. All these ways must begin with something interesting to think about --- something that interests the child.

Once establish the habit of attack, the habit of think-

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ing, in the face of interesting things, and inevitably there will come confidence, and readiness of initiative, in the face of the uninteresting and the difficult.

I said I had discovered one way to make children think.

Several years ago I was led to write a series of riddles in verse, including charades and various sorts of puzzle-poems, for a dozen numbers of "Little Folks." The demand obliged me to write a second series the following year, a third the year after --- and the fourth is now under way. From the several series this little book of Riddle-Rhymes has been collected.

Now, during these years, month by month hundreds of letters, thousands altogether, have come to me from children all over the country --- telling how much they enjoyed the Riddle-Rhymes, reporting their answers, and often giving the successive steps in the solution and the reasons for their conclusions.

These thousands of letters have emphasized two things: the great interest of the children in the Riddle-Rhymes, and the educational value of the intellectual exercise of solving them.

At first I was impressed by the pleasure-giving; but soon I was more impressed by the evident brain-training,

FOR THE FATHERS AND MOTHERS

the development of the power to reason. I felt I could give that teacher of the little sixteenth district school a hint or two.

And so I say I have discovered one interesting thing that will make children think.

If you have any doubt of this, the next time you see a little child hanging back from some dull problem, in arithmetic, for instance, just substitute the candle riddle of Mother Goose. Note how the numb mind becomes alert, how the balking brain springs to the initiative--- how the child thinks! And when the answer is guessed--- that is, reasoned out--- ask what the "red nose" is, what the "white petticoat," and why "the longer she stands the shorter she grows."

You may be surprised, as I have been, by the logic of a little child's mind.



A WORD FOR THE CHILDREN

HOW many weeks are there in a year? Fifty-two, do you say? Yes; that is right --- and that is why there are LII Riddle-Rhymes in this book --- because in fifty-two weeks there are fifty-two Saturdays, and, as the title-page says, the book is made for a "year of Saturdays."

Now, a book of Riddle-Rhymes is not like a book of stories. It's a bit like a box of candy --- you don't want to take it all at once.

Besides, if you take only one Riddle-Rhyme each Saturday, and read it and guess out the answer, the book will be new for a whole year. In that way, too, you will see what the title-page means when it says the Riddle-Rhymes are "arranged for a year of Saturdays" --- you will see that many of the Riddle-Rhymes fit exactly the seasons, and even the days, when you come to them.

Of course, if you are very fond of riddles, and charades, and puzzle-poems, you can read as many a day as you

A WORD FOR THE CHILDREN

like--- and then you can take them up again, and try them on your friends and playmates, and enjoy the book the whole year round in that way.

Having said so much about the title-page, perhaps I ought to say a word about the dedication --- "to the Honor-List and Prize-Winner Children of 'Little Folks.'"

"Little Folks," as some of you may know, is the magazine "for youngest readers, little listeners, and lookers at pictures."

Now, I have just been telling your fathers and mothers that I made these Riddle-Rhymes first for "Little Folks," and that thousands of children have written me letters about them, telling how they liked them, and how they guessed them, and their answers. For several years, each month, the names of those who sent correct answers have been published in an Honor List. Besides this "honorable mention," three or four times a year prizes, twenty perhaps, have been offered, not for correct answers only, but for the best drawings of the answer, or the best little essays about the answer. Well; those boys and girls who sent the right answers, and those who sent the best drawings and essays, are the "Honor-List and Prize-Winner Children" of the dedication.

A WORD FOR THE CHILDREN

In my talk with your fathers and mothers, I have said something about the way riddles have been told, and guessed, and liked, by all peoples from the earliest times; and about famous riddles; and about famous men and women who made or guessed them. Perhaps your fathers and mothers will talk with you about these things --- about riddles that were told long ago, before the first Christmas, and which are still told today.

There is one old riddle which many of you know as well as your fathers and mothers, or your grandfathers and grandmothers. Those who don't will like to find it here. It is from Mother Goose. It is this:

“ Little Nancy Netticoat,
With a white petticoat
And a red nose ---
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows. ”

I wonder how many minutes it will take those who never read this before to guess it!

One thing I want to say right here.

Don't ever give a thing up because it seems hard at first. You all know the story of Bruce and the spider --- if you don't, that's another thing to ask your fathers and mothers.

A WORD FOR THE CHILDREN

Don't be discouraged. You know the old song :

“ If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again ! ”

The harder you have to work or study, the gladder you will be when you do succeed.

Among those thousands of letters of which I have told you, were letters from children only four, five and six years old ---and they sent the right answers, too, though some had to print their little letters all in funny big capitals with a lead pencil.

When you take up a new Riddle-Rhyme, first read it through carefully. If you have n't guessed it when you reach the last word, read it again, a verse or a line at a time. If it is a charade, read over the “ my first,” “ my second,” “ my third,” sections one at a time, and think what each section, each word, means--- sometimes a single word will hold the clue to the whole answer. When you think you have the right word, or syllable, see if it fits, not only the part of the description that gave you the hint, but all of it.

For example: if the description says something has a back and teeth, don't be sure at a jump that it is a child--- for a dog has a back and teeth, too --- and so

A WORD FOR THE CHILDREN

has a comb, and a rake, and a harrow. If it also says the something has no feet or hands, or that the teeth are white as pearls, or iron teeth, or wooden, or of ivory, why, then you should be able to guess closer the truth.

Remember that several things may fit one or more parts of the description, but that the right thing must fit all parts, every word.

If you come to a new form of riddle, one you don't know how to solve, ask your fathers and mothers to show you the way --- and then try another of the same kind by yourself.

And now I will tell you one or two little secrets about the pages that follow.

When you have read the first Riddle-Rhyme --- and likewise each of the others --- you will see in the lower right corner of the page three letters : P. T. O.

If you have n't guessed the answer, don't mind the P. T. O. --- just try again. But if you think you have it, or if after trying and trying again you give it up, and come finally to the P. T. O. once more, why, then I advise you to do it --- that is, Please Turn Over !

And when you turn the leaf, you will see at the very top an interrogation mark --- which means just what you were saying as you turned the leaf : "What can it be ?"

A WORD FOR THE CHILDREN

And then you will see a line running down and winding up in a coil in the middle --- like the tangle the Riddle-Rhyme seemed when you could n't guess it. But if you follow the coiling line to the centre, you 'll find it is not a tangle; you 'll find that it unwinds, and you will follow the easy curve down to the bottom of the page, and there you will see --- the Answer!

The exclamation point at the end of the curved line means the way you say the answer if you have guessed right, and also the way you say it if you did n't guess it but wonder how it was you could n't.

Last of all, there is the cover --- which perhaps ought to have come first. What I have here been telling you will give some hints at the meaning of the cover design --- but I have n't said a word to you about the Sphinx --- you might ask your fathers and mothers about that.

And now the Riddle-Rhyme Maker hopes you all will have good times with the book, and that it will help make merry even more than a "year of Saturdays." And if ever any of you should want to tell how many of the LII Riddle-Rhymes you guessed without the help of the P. T. O., why, just write, in care of the publishers, to the Riddle-Rhyme Maker,





RIDDLE--RHYMES

RIDDLE--RHYMES

I

WITHOUT beginning, without end,
Howe'er I go, I always bend ;
Where'er I go, companions nine,
One, two, or more, are often mine :
And less am I than e'en the least,
Yet, one and all, they are increased
Ten-fold if I beside them stand,
The humblest one of all the band !



Zero, or Cipher (0)

II

IT 'S named as if it grew upon a tree,
Or were two pages in a book,
Yet mostly it abounds when trees are bare,
And can't be read though close you look ---
And though it 's always being turned, alack,
It 's very apt to find itself turned back !

?



“ A New Leaf ”

III

I HAVE a head,
But no body below,
And only one leg
On which to go ;

Yet I can trot,
And can gallop and run,
As if I had four
Instead of one ;

For when I go
It is never alone,
But with two small legs
Besides my own.



Hobby-horse

IV

MY 'first' is in snow, but not in rain ;
My 'second' in knot, and also in skein ;
My 'third' is in rat, but not in mouse ;
My 'fourth' is in hut, but not in house ;
My 'fifth' in pencil, and also in pen ;
My 'sixth' in slate, and in sponge again.
On my 'whole,' all shod in shining steel,
You glide like a bird, or a boat on its keel,
You curve, you turn, in a thousand ways,
In the merry sport of the winter days.



S-k-a-t-e-s

V

THEY go in pairs, like gloves and hose,
Yet have no fingers and no toes ;
And, 'most as bad, whatever comes,
Alas, " their fingers are all thumbs ! "

?



Mittens

VI

MY 'first' is one-half of a hollow 'twixt hills ;
My 'second' two-thirds of a fowl ;
My 'third' is four-fifths of a sort of string ;
My 'whole,' if you 're wise as an owl,
You 'll guess --- and better, much better, you may
Get the answer itself on a February day.



Val-en-tine

VII

MY 'first' is what the cleanly do,
And so, of course, you do it, too ;
My 'second' rhymes with ring and sing,
New meaning to a verb will bring ;
My 'third' 's the measure used alway
By those who deal in coal and hay.

My 'whole' was one both good and great,
True boy to home, true man to state ;
He was the first when right meant war ;
And first when peace the new land saw ;
And first today, as he was then,
Within the hearts of his countrymen !

?



Wash-ing-ton



?



VIII

MY 'first' is a fruit, red, yellow, or black,
By girls and by boys well liked but, alack,
Liked better by robins and various birds,
Who gather the crop without any words ;
On my 'second' my 'first' by a slim stem hangs ;
My 'whole' a small hatchet hit terrible bangs,
A hatchet held fast in a famous boy's hand,
Which made it the famousest one in the land.



Cherry-tree

IX

WHAT day is least of all the days,
And why the least, for works and plays---
The day of all the months and years
With fewest smiles and fewest tears ?



February 29th

X

I MAKE the lakes like marble floors ;
I bridge the brooks for children's feet ;
I gather in the winter's cold,
And drive away the summer's heat.



Ice

XI

MY 'first' lies somewhere in a thicket,
Or in the bushes hides ;
My 'second' 's carried in a basket,
Or in a watch abides ;

My 'third' rides out in every carriage,
Or in a parlor car ;
My 'fourth,' in truth, is in mid-ocean,
Or in some whale afar.

My 'whole' 's a shy and timid creature,
Most swift of foot, and --- well,
If of its ears and tail I told you,
Its name you 'd quickly tell !



H-a-r-e

XII

I ROAM the world,
And surely every one
My voice has heard,
Since first the world began ;
Yet never one,
By star or moon or sun,
My form has seen ---
Nor child, nor oldest man.

?



Wind

XIII

WERE I to say each hour has sixty,
There 'd be but little riddle in it ---
For every one, from five to fifty,
Would guess its name in half a ----- !



Minute

XIV

MY 'first' is made of a million,
And a million times a billion,
Yes, more than ever you reckoned,
Of the small things that are my 'second.'

My 'second' are round and shiny,
And sometimes, too, they are briny ---
The briny kind roll down faces,
And the ancients caught them in vases.

My 'whole' in a drouth bring gladness,
In seasons of wet bring sadness ---
They flood the lowlands and cellars,
And open ten thousand umbrellas.



Rain-drops

XV

I AM a little thing that goes,
From dawn to dark, from dark to dawn :
I always go, I never stop,
Yet never am I gone.

The flowers and birds are glad of me ;
I laugh and sing along my way :
I always go, I ne'er come back,
And yet I always stay.

?



Brook

XVI

NOW in and out of rings and holes,
With fellows gay, it swiftly rolls,
Or lightly hops ;
Then into bags and pockets small,
With its companions one and all,
It quickly pops.



Marble

XVII

MY 'first' is the color that oftentimes lies
In a golden-haired little child's eyes ---
In the sky just after an April shower ---
In the dear forget-me-not flower ;
My 'second' is something that flies in the air,
And lives in a nest somewhere ;
My 'whole' is a kind of my 'second' that sings,
And carries my 'first' on its wings.



Blue-bird

XVIII

MY 'first' is one of twelve that make
The time 'twixt birthdays two ---
One of the twelve that come and go
And leave their gifts with you.

My 'second' 's one of thirty-one
That make my 'first' always ---
The time to play, the time to work,
And do the good you may.

My 'whole' 's a 'second' of my 'first':
'Tis then a girl may go
And be a queen, and wear a crown,
For just an hour or so!

?



May-day

XIX

THEY 'RE variously shapen,
Though often they are round,
And like old treasure-boxes
They 're hidden in the ground.

And some day they will open,
And you may see the show
Of all the jewel colors
That in the rainbow glow :

The yellow of the topaz,
The deepest ruby-red,
The sky-blue of the sapphire,
A hundred yet unsaid.

And, wonder of all wonders,
These jewel colors rare
Are free to all the children,
As free as light and air.



Seeds

XX

MY 'first' is a step that the light-hearted take,
And something the hurried and flurried
folk do ;

My 'second' is part of a popular game ---

Just half it, in fact, if you cut it in two ;

My 'third' is made strong with a thousand
weak things,

All twisted and twined, in and out, through
and through ;

My 'whole' is a plaything made out of my
'third' ---

And when you would play it my 'first' you
must do.



Skip-ping-rope

XXI

A HEAD have I, but not a nose,
Nor eye, nor ear, as you 'd suppose,
And yet of service I am full ---
Though you may have to push and pull ;
No hands have I to clasp and fold,
Yet many things I fix and hold ;
Nor any feet, yet out and in
I bravely go through thick and thin !



Pin

XXII

I HAVE no head, no hands, no feet ---
Yet I've an eye when I'm complete,
And, though it has not any sight,
And cannot tell the day from night,
I still can make my way about,
Through many holes go in and out ---
And always in my path I bring,
Or take with me, an eyeless thing !



Needle

XXIII

MY 'first' is the world Columbus reached
When he sailed out west from the Old;
My 'second' is what Columbus did
At the end of his voyage bold;

My 'third' is something Columbus saw,
'Twixt the sea and the sky of blue,
On October the twelfth, that wonderful year
Of fourteen and ninety and two.

My 'whole' is a dog, black, shaggy and big,
Even ready a life to save ---
The dog that is known as the children's friend,
And is gentle as he is brave.



New-found-land

XXIV

BY roadside wild, or garden path,
Alike I gladly grow ;
By cottage door, or palace gate,
In yellow, white and red I blow.

Though I a country child make glad,
Or some great queen adorn,
I send my fragrance freely forth,
But guard my beauty with a thorn.



Rose

XXV

BY day, by night,
We come, we go,
With sound and with light,
With rain and with snow ;

We rainbows wear,
And heaven we roam ;
We live in the air,
Yet the sea 's our home.

?



Clouds

XXVI

I 'M always rather thin, and often slim ;
I have a back, but neither head nor limb ;
And, oddly, I have teeth, yet do not bite ;
I serve both boy and girl, both man and beast ;
The good and bad, the greatest and the least ---
I smooth the rough, and set the crooked right.

?



Comb

XXVII

MY 'first' has often been called
"Good servant, bad master" ---
In stoves, it gives us much good,
Outside, makes disaster.

My 'second' never is good ---
When ice is a-thinning,
It oft of terrible things
Is but the beginning.

My 'third' is fully two-thirds
A pronoun possessing ---
And yet to hear it so called
Is really distressing.

My 'whole' is red and is round,
And comes from Chinee-land ---
Yet, strange, we use it to praise
The birth of our free-land.



Fire-crack-er

XXVIII

MY 'first' is in jar,
My 'second' in bowl;
My 'third' is in cliff,
And my 'fourth' is in knoll;
My 'fifth' and my 'sixth'
Both in comet are ---
And my 'whole' cleaves the night
Like a shooting star!



R-o-c-k-e-t

XXIX

MY 'first' makes half the round world light,
Yet one by one
Makes shadows run
To that great shadow we call night.

My 'second' --- well, it's either half
Of something sweet
And good to eat
That makes the little children laugh.

My 'third' is used to capture things
That move in air,
And also where
They go with fins in place of wings.

My 'whole' 's my 'second' plus my 'third,'
And when in place
It hides the face,
Nor lets my 'first' shine in, I've heard.



Sun-bon-net

XXX

WHEN new, it is all the time opening and
shutting ;

When older, 't is oftener busy in cutting ;

Older still, it may lie, shut tight as a locket,

Forgotten at last in some old jacket pocket.



Jack-knife

XXXI

MY 'first' is a food that is salted and smoked,
And by some is thought very good ;
My 'second' 's a name for make-believe things,
Like scarecrows and nutmegs of wood.

My 'whole' like the nest of an oriole hangs,
A-swing from the branches of trees,
And invites the tired and lazy folk all
To sleep or to rest at their ease.



Ham-mock

XXXII

THE 'first' is what the chickens do
When they come out of eggs;
The 'second' is the French for "and";
The 'whole' can pound in pegs ---
For, though it's mostly like an ax,
It's like a hammer, too :
I know the name of it quite well ---
Do you, and you, and you ?



Hatch-et

XXXIII

I LIVE in the house with Tommy,
Though nobody bids me stay ---
Indeed, every one of the family
Would like to drive me away.

I woke up, they say, the Baby,
Asleep in the Grandma's lap ;
I spoiled, so I heard him tell Grandma,
The Grandpa's afternoon nap.

They drive me away from table,
Away from the window, too ;
They whisk me from books and from pictures,
And scold, whatever I do.

So Tommy was set to catch me ;
And, oh, how Tommy did try !
But Tommy, he never will catch me,
Because, you see, I 'm a ----- !



Fly

XXXIV

MY 'first' is what you will do today,
When you look at a flower, or boulder
gray,

When you watch a train go whizzing by,
Or a fleet of clouds afloat in the sky.

My 'second' is what you did yesterday,
When you watched the base-ball boys at play,
When you looked at the last new picture-book,
Or the photograph that somebody took.

My 'whole' goes up, and my 'whole' goes down,
Like lips in a smile, like lips in a frown;
Yet, when it goes up, it goes down, too ---
Which seems a bit odd, I think --- don't you?

?



See-saw

XXXV

GOWNED all in white and capped in red,
I show you oft the way to bed ---
But if you go not soon to sleep,
If me at service long you keep,
Though closed the door and window-way,
I slowly vanish quite away!



Candle

XXXVI

THE 'first' is in hat, yet not in hood
The 'second' in evil, but not in good ;
The 'third' is in height, though not in space ;
The 'fourth' is in mouth, yet not in face ;
And the 'fifth' is in you, but not in me :
Now, what do you think the five can be ?
I'll tell you --- that each is sign of a sound
That is sweet or mellow or ringing or round.



The Vowels --- a, e, i, o, u

XXXVII

MY 'first' 's not yellow, red, or blue,
Or any bright and lovely hue ---
And yet, though none of them you see,
In it all colors blended be.

My 'second' 's hidden in the dark,
Long years and years, by tough tree bark,
Until by buzzing saw set free
For any boy or girl to see.

My 'whole' is black as coal, or night,
And yet on it appears in white,
A picture now, and now a rule,
For you, and you, to learn in school.

?



Black-board

XXXVIII

I have three sides and corners three --- As any boy and girl may see ---
But who can tell the name of me?



Triangle

XXXIX

I HAVE no wings,
And yet I fly,
With just a tail,
Up in the sky.

And when you try
To pull me low,
The higher up
I try to go.

But when you let
Me have my way,
I fall to earth,
And there I stay.



Kite

XL

OF course my name I cannot tell ---
That is for you to guess ---
And yet quite near a well you 'll find
My ' first, ' I will confess.

And father, mother, uncles, aunts,
And cousins, if you please,
And brothers, sisters, grand-folk, too ---
My ' second ' is all these.

When autumn comes, my ripened ' whole ' ---
Quite oft appears in pies ---
Yet may at night scare timid folk
With flaming mouth and eyes.



Pump-kin

XLI

MY 'first' is the end of some pointed thing,
A pen or a pencil, a sword or a spear ;
My 'second' a singing canary may be,
Or a hare with a very long ear,
Or a deer.

My 'whole' is part of a boy's winter dress,
Yet often is used in a boy's winter play ---
It twists round the neck like a red-bean vine,
And is tied in a knot, in a way
That don't stay !



Tip-pet

XLII

ALL summer long they stay, high up,
Each safe within its own green cup;
Then Jack Frost turns them golden brown,
And sends them rattling dancing down;
While boys and girls, and squirrels, too,
Hunt all the leafy hollows through ---
And Grandpa says, a-smiling slow,
"Great ----- from little ----- grow!"

L. OF C.



Acorns

XLIII

MY 'first' is a nickname for Henry ---
The English so called a big King.
My 'second' 's a name for the tide at its ebb,
For tones that are hushed when you speak,
when you sing.

My 'third' is a short-name for evening ---
More often in verse than in prose ;
It rhymes with the green of the myriad-leaved
grass,
And chimes with the sheen of the hundred-
leaved rose.

My 'whole' is a night in the autumn,
When strange things in mirrors appear,
When fairies and witches and imps fly about ---
If ever they fly, or ever come near !

?



Hal-low-e'en

XLIV

MY 'first' is in time, but not in tune ;
My 'second' is in near, yet not in soon ;
My 'third' is in fly, but not in bee ;
My 'fourth' is in flood, though not in sea ;
My 'fifth' is in light, but not in sun ;
My 'sixth' is in two, and likewise in one ;
My 'seventh' is in wail, but not in laugh ;
My 'eighth' is in whole, though not in half ;
And my 'ninth' you 'll find, if you will hark,
Somewhere, sometime, maybe, in the dark.
My 'whole' is a ship, of lovely name,
Which sailed, long ago, to fadeless fame.



M-a-y-f-l-o-w-e-r

XLV

AS big as a cherry,
But more like a berry ---
Inside there are many small seeds, anyway ---
And always (guess well !)
It is turned into "jell,"
To go with the turkey on Thanksgiving Day.



Cranberry

XLVI

MY 'first' all the boys and girls should return
For the good things they have that they do
not earn ;

It is something the penniless even can pay ---
It should follow my 'second' without delay.

My 'second,' although it leaves one with less,
With new riches the loser will certainly bless !
And my 'second' should never be done with the
thought
That through it the least of my 'first' may be
bought.

My 'whole' is the day our forefathers set ---
The day their descendants will never forget ---
To render the Lord of the Harvest their best
Of my 'first' for my 'second' with which they
were blessed.



Thanks-giving

XLVII

EVERY boy and girl longs to possess me,
Though I 'm no good to any alone ---
Yet when there are two (can you guess me?)
They pull me till snap goes a bone !



Wishbone

XLVIII

MY 'first' is cold, yet keeps things warm ;
My 'second' thin things are, 't is plain ;
My 'whole' may make a children's play,
Or block and stop a railway-train !



Snow-flakes

XLIX

IT comes at a merry time,
And so it rhymes with jolly ---
Now guess it, you little folk,
Ned, Nelly, Will and Polly!

?



Holly

L

TEN centuries and nine ago,
In wane of year and month of snow,
With faces glad and reverent,
Across Judea's plains they went ;

And through the night a star led them
Toward the town of Bethlehem,
Where in a manger sweet with hay
The little Christ-Child smiling lay.

And as they went a great light shone,
And angels, in a shining zone,
Sang from the heavens all hushed and still,
Of peace on earth, to men good-will.

Now who were they, that wondrous night,
Who, led by song and white star light,
With gifts and worship took their way
To where the Christ-Child smiling lay ?

?



The Wise Men (or the Magi)

LI

I AM a lowly humble thing ;
I serve the peasant and the king ;
Yet once a year I 'm lifted up
To be good fortune's favored cup,
For once a year I proudly hold
A myriad things as good as gold ;
And once a year there comes to me,
Deep in the night when none may see
How all the wonders come to pass,
The children's saint, Saint Nicholas.



Stocking

LII

MY 'first' is long and slender,
Yet guides and safe controls,
When horses go a-prancing
And swift the carriage rolls.

My 'second' draw no carriage,
No harness they obey,
As free they go a-prancing
Adown the woodland way.

My 'whole' are like my 'second' ---
Yet once a year, they say,
They bear, with joy a-prancing,
A Saint upon his way !



Rein-deer

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