

PUSS JUNIOR and the



MAN in the MOON DAVID CORY





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**PUSS JUNIOR
AND THE MAN IN THE MOON**

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**BOOKS BY
DAVID CORY**

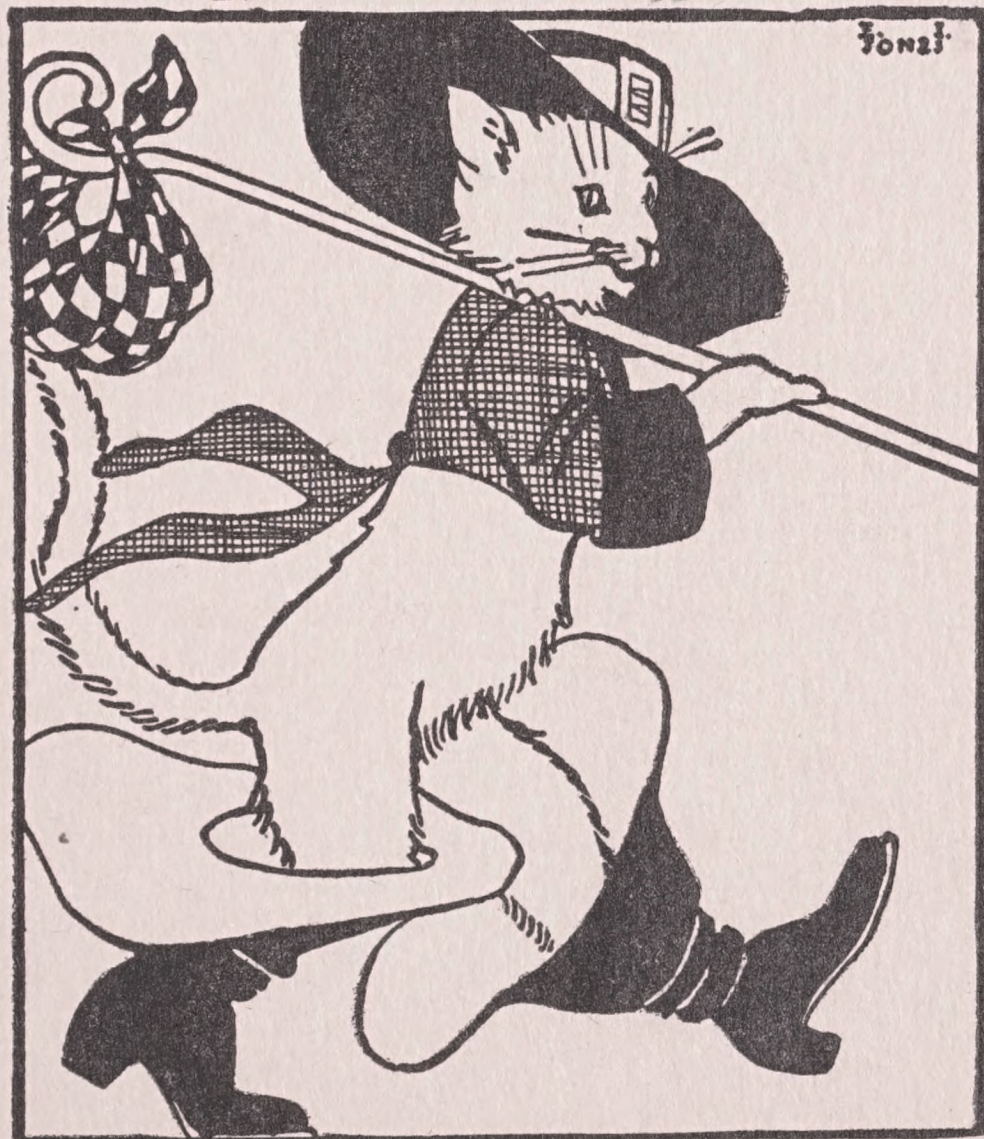
**PUSS JUNIOR AND ROBINSON CRUSOE
PUSS JUNIOR AND THE MAN IN THE MOON
PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND THE GOOD GRAY HORSE
PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND TOM THUMB
PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., AND OLD MOTHER GOOSE
PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., IN NEW MOTHER GOOSE LAND
THE ADVENTURES OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.
FURTHER ADVENTURES OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.
PUSS IN BOOTS, JR., IN FAIRYLAND
TRAVELS OF PUSS IN BOOTS, JR.**

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Puss Junior

and the Man in the Moon

Magie
by David Cory



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PUSS JUNIOR
AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

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**PUSS JUNIOR
AND THE MAN IN THE MOON**

LITTLE SOAPHY SOAPSUDS

WHEN little Soaphy Soapsuds
It's very sad to tell—
Was leaning from her window
Into the street she fell.

She slowly drifted down and down,
In colors gay and bright,
Until she hit a trolley car,
And then she busted quite.

And this happened in Soapbubble Town, New Mother Goose Land. And wasn't it strange, Puss, Junior, was on the trolley car, the very trolley car on which little Soaphy fell. You see, our little traveler had left his good gray horse in the country, for he had gone lame, and so Puss was obliged to continue his journey on foot.

But after a while he had come to the trolley line and had boarded a car, and when he reached Soapbubble Town little Soaphy Soapsuds and all her neighbors were leaning out of windows to see the son of the famous Puss in Boots.

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

“Oh, dear me,” sighed Puss, Junior, “Little Soaphy Soapsuds has come to the same sad end that Humpty Dumpty did.” And then on went the trolley car with our little traveler, and by and by they came to the end of the line, where Puss got off.

Of course he was now in the country, and there were few houses to be seen, but Puss was used to lonely roads and deep forests, so he trudged along whistling a merry tune, for he knew how to whistle by this time as well as a canary bird. And after a while he came to a stile, and there stood a funny little man with a fishing pole.

“Good-day, Mr. Fisherman,” cried Puss, touching his cap like a soldier. The little man looked up and smiled. “And how is my good Sir Cat?” he cried, and then he took a little silver fish out of his pocket and handed it to Puss.

“Cats are fond of fish, I know for certain,” laughed the funny little fisherman.

“You are right, my good sir,” said Puss, “and with your kind permission I will eat this tender little whale,” and in a few minutes Puss had wiped his whiskers with his pocket-handkerchief, which goes to show you that

LITTLE SOAPHY SOAPSUDS

the little whale had disappeared down our small traveler's throat.

"And now whither are you bound?" asked the fisherman.

"I am on my way to find my father, the famous Puss in Boots," answered Puss.

"Come with me," said the little man, "for we can talk while we walk, and that will make the miles seem shorter." So Puss went along with his new friend and in the next story you shall hear about the old woman who kept a boot shop.

BOOTS, SLIPPERS AND SHOES

YOU remember in the last story how Puss, Junior, had met a funny little fisherman who had given him a little whale to eat, and then how they both had traveled along together. Well, after they had gone for several miles they came to a little village. And then, all of a sudden, a little bird began to sing—that same little bird you know is always singing these New Mother Goose Melodies:

There was an old woman
Who kept a fine store,
Where she sold boots and slippers
And shoes by the score.

“Ha, ha!” laughed Puss, Junior, and “He, he!” roared the little fisherman, and then the old woman came out of her house under the hill and asked them what they were laughing about. And this so startled the two that they couldn’t answer at once, which made the old woman angry.

BOOTS, SLIPPERS AND SHOES



“Don’t you laugh at me,” she cried, raising her crutch and pointing it at them, “don’t you laugh at me!”

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

"We are not laughing at you," cried Puss. "We were only laughing at the song the little bird sang."

"What song was that?" asked the old woman, and she lowered her crutch.

"Why, didn't you hear it?" asked Puss, but the old woman again said she had not, so Puss changed the subject and asked her if she could direct him to the Castle of my Lord of Carabas.

"I am the son of Puss in Boots, who is Seneschal to my Lord."

"And why, then, do you not know the road?" asked the old woman. "You are a fine son not to know his way home. Even a prodigal knows that."

"I do not wonder that you ask me," replied little Puss, Junior, gently, "but I have never traveled before in New Mother Goose Land, and therefore I do not know my way."

"And where have you been traveling, may I inquire?" scowled the old woman, for I verily believe she thought Puss was trying to deceive her.

"In Old Mother Goose Country and part of Fairy Land," replied Puss, Junior, and he looked so honest as he spoke that the old

BOOTS, SLIPPERS AND SHOES

woman changed at once. She leaned forward and patted him on the back.

“My dear Puss, Junior, it’s a long journey from here, but a brave heart and a stout pair of legs will take you there. Never fear, Follow this road over the hill and then take the one to your right when you reach the valley.”

“I will go with you as far as the cross roads,” said the fisherman, and then he and Puss said good-by and went on their way, Puss to find his dear father and the little fisherman to take home his basket of fish to his wife and family,

TOMMY TITTLE MOUSE

TRAVELING in a strange country like New Mother Goose Land was not an easy thing, and Puss, Junior, had need of a brave heart to keep him going. Everything was so different from Old Mother Goose Country, although he always expected to find the old familiar friends and nursery melodies.

Well, after he had said good-by to the fisherman at the crossroads, as I told you in the last story, Puss kept bravely on, and by and by he came to a little wooden house under a clump of trees. And then, do you know, that same little bird who is always singing these New Mother Goose Melodies began to twitter and the words of his song were these:

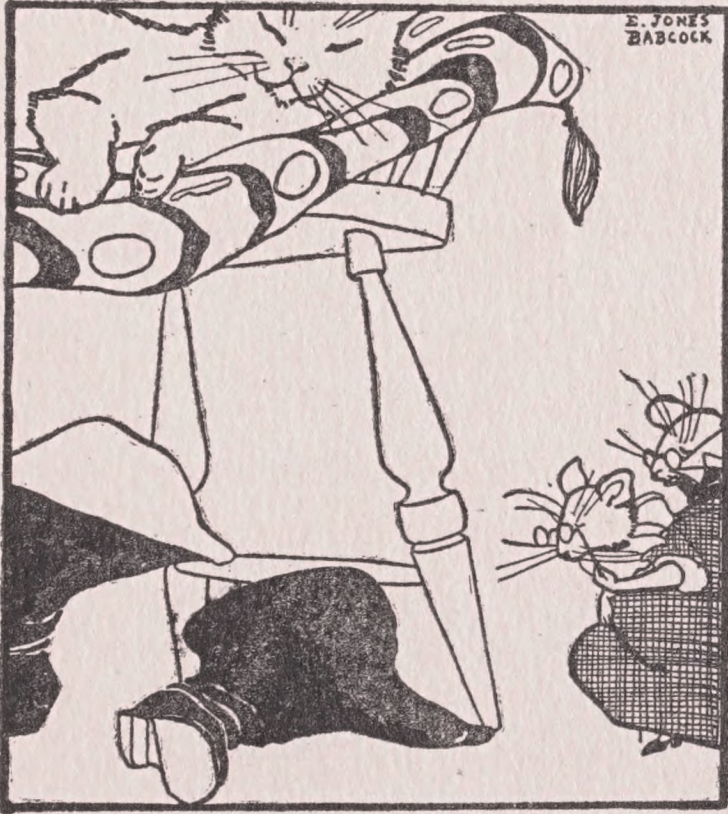
Little Tommy Tittle Mouse
Lives in a funny house,
In the corner of the floor
He has a round hole for a door.

So Puss pushed open the door of the little wooden house and peeked in. At the other

TOMMY TITTLE MOUSE

end of the room, for the front door didn't open into a hall, you know, Puss could dimly see a little mouse sitting up on his hind legs,

"Helloa, Mr. Tittle Mouse," said Puss, Junior, for he didn't mean to try to catch him and didn't care a snap if timid old Mr.



Tittle Mouse was so frightened that he jumped into his hole in the corner of the room and told Mrs. Tittle Mouse he had seen a giant robber cat, with boots and spurs and sword and plume and, well, everything else that a bold robber might wear.

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

And this made the lady mouse very curious, so she peeked out of the hole.

"I won't hurt you," laughed Puss, who had sat down on a chair to rest his tired legs. "I'm a traveler and am seeking my famous father, Puss in Boots. So cheer up, my little mice, for Puss, Junior, never harms any one except in self-defense."

Pretty soon he fell fast asleep. When he woke up Mrs. Tittle Mouse said in a high, squeaking voice: "Maybe I can direct you to your father's house. I lived at the Castle of my Lord of Carabas before I married Mr. Tittle Mouse, and a grand place it is, and a grand cat is your father, the illustrious Puss in Boots, Seneschal to my Lord and Lady Carabas." After this long speech the little mouse coughed and smiled at Puss, who bowed politely.

"It is a difficult road from here," continued Mrs. Mouse, "for New Mother Goose Country, while it has all the up-to-date methods, does not offer to us animals the loving care which we received from dear Old Mother Goose." As she finished speaking a loud knocking was heard at the door, but who it was I must tell you in the next story.

ONE TO TEN

WELL, as I told you in the last story, there came a loud knocking at the door of the little wooden house where Mr. Tommy Tittle Mouse lived and where you remember, Puss, Junior, was making a call in order to find out how best to reach his famous father, Puss in Boots.

Then the knocking became louder and louder, and the parrot in the cage by the window pulled the curtains to one side and peeked out. And then she turned and said:

“One, two.....Here is Lou,
Three, four.....At the door.
Five, six.....In a fix
Seven, eight.....Let him wait.
Nine, ten.....He'll knock again.”

Of course, Puss, Junior, had come inside the room and, like a well-behaved cat, had closed the door after him, and I suppose it had one of those clicking locks so that no one could open it from the outside unless he had a key. And then, just as the parrot said, the knocking commenced again.

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

“Shall I open the door?” asked Puss, but Mrs. Tittle Mouse began to scream.

“No, No! Don’t you know who Lou is?” Of course Puss didn’t, and why should any one expect him to know Lou in New Mother Goose Land. Don’t you know how some people are always asking you if you don’t know Mr. This and Mr. That or Mrs. That and Mrs. This?

“Lou is the pussy cat who lives next door,” whispered Mrs. Mouse, “and we never let her in for fear she might eat us. Even Polly Parrot is afraid of her. Yes, we have to be very careful, for now-a-days there are spies on every hand. Why, for a week or more an old owl sat outside the window watching Mr. Tittle Mouse every time he came out of his doorway.”

Well, after a while the knocking stopped, and then Mrs. Tittle Mouse told Puss, Junior, how to reach his father’s castle, and Puss promised her in return that he would go to the house next door and persuade Lou, the pussy cat, to let the Tittle Mouse family alone. So he went across the little lawn that separated the two houses and knocked on the door of Lou’s house.

ONE TO TEN

And in a few minutes it was opened by a very nice looking lady cat. In fact, Puss thought she was quite charming, and in return she thought Puss, Junior, the handsomest cat she had ever laid eyes on.

And I have no doubt he was, for his cap and feathered plume were most becoming, and his high red-topped boots, with their silver spurs, made him look like a soldier—and everybody loves a soldier.

I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY

YOU remember in the last story that Puss, Junior, was making a call on the Pussy Cat who lived next door to Mr. Tittle Mouse. Well, after Puss, Junior, had taken a seat in the sitting room, he said in a gentle voice:

“I love little Pussy
Her coat is so warm,
It’s soft and so glossy
And just fits her form.

She uses her tail
As a muff for her feet,
And always she’s cleaning
Her face to be neat.”

This pleased Miss Pussy so much that she brought out some cake and cream, and didn’t Puss, Junior, have a lovely feast? And after he had made her promise not to hurt Mr. Tittle Mouse, he started off again on his journey to find his father, and by and by, as he was trudging along a dusty road, he came to a spring, and as he was thirsty he took a drink and then sat down to rest.

I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY

And while he sat there a big hay wagon drove by, and when the farmer saw our small traveler, he called out, "Don't you want to ride with me?" Of course Puss did, and up he jumped on the seat beside him and then



the farmer said "Git-ap!" to the horses and away they went.

"I'm surprised that you haven't an automobile hay wagon," said Puss. "In New

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

Mother Goose Land everything is so up-to-date.”

“I have one,” laughed the farmer, “but it is in the shop for repairs, so I brought out the old wagon to-day, and well, here you are and here I am,” and then he said “Git-ap!” and flicked a fly off the bay horse with the tip of the whip.

“I like old things best,” sighed Puss. “You know, I’ve had a harder time in New Mother Goose Land to find my dear father, the famous Puss in Boots, than in Old Mother Goose Country. You see, for a long, long time Mother Goose herself took me with her on her Gander. Then, too, I had a good gray horse who carried me faithfully for many, many miles.”

“Cheer up, my friend,” said the farmer. “What you need just now is a good supper and a night’s rest. After that you’ll feel like a new cat. You shall come home with me.”

“Thank you,” said Puss, Junior, and he cuddled up to the kind farmer, and, would you believe it? he was soon fast asleep, and he never woke up until he heard the farmer’s wife open the kitchen door and ask: “John, where did you get such a cute cat?”

STORY-TELLING

WELL, the farmer's wife carried Puss, Junior, into the house while the farmer unhitched the horses and put them in the barn. And, of course, Puss woke up and looked around, for he had forgotten that he had fallen asleep on the seat of the old hay wagon, as I told you in the last story, and had only waked up when the farm horses stopped at the farmhouse and the good-natured farmer had called out, "Mary, come and see what I have here!" And, of course, his voice woke up our small traveler.

As soon as Puss had smoothed himself and curled his whiskers, and the farmer had returned from the barn, supper was ready, and after that was over, they all sat in the sitting room around the table where a big lamp made everything bright and cosy. And then Puss told a story, one of his adventures, and as he was now quite accustomed to story-telling, he wasn't the least bit embarrassed.

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

“One day,” he began, after curling his mustache and crossing his right leg over the left, “one day, in Old Mother Goose Land before I crossed the border and came to this country, I was traveling with my good, little comrade, Tom Thumb. He was a most interesting little fellow, for he had been at the Court of King Arthur, and had met many royal persons. Well, as I was saying, Tom Thumb and I were traveling together when we came to a deep wood. And after we had gone for some distance we came across the Fairy Queen, who told us to be careful of a wicked witch who had shut up a beautiful maiden in a gloomy tower.

“Well, as both Tom Thumb and I were anxious for adventure, we thanked the Fairy Queen and hastened on, determined to find the tower and rescue the maiden. By and by we heard a voice, saying, ‘Rapunsel, let down thy hair!’ So we crept forward and presently saw an old witch standing at the foot of a high tower. In a few moments a coil of beautiful golden hair came down and the wicked witch climbed up to a little window.

“Tom and I waited patiently until the

STORY-TELLING

wicked witch came down and went away. Then we stood at the foot of the tower and called to Rapunsel, for this was the beautiful maiden's name, to let down her hair, and when she did we climbed up. You can imagine how happy she was when we told her we would rescue her.

“Just then we heard the voice of the wicked witch, so we hid in the closet.”

At this point Puss stopped, for it was late. “I will finish my story to-morrow,” said our little traveler, and then they all went to bed, as you who read this story must, but to-morrow I promise to tell you more about Puss, Junior, and his travels.

ANOTHER STORY

YOU remember in the last story I left off at the place where Puss, Junior, had said good-night to the farmer and his wife, because it was so late and he didn't want to sit up any longer to finish his story of adventure. Well, the next evening after supper he commenced where he had left off. He was telling them about Rapunsel and how the wicked witch had carried her away to the desert.

“Of course,” said Puss, Junior, “when Tom Thumb and I reached the woods after climbing down from the tower, we looked in vain for Rapunsel. By and by we heard a footstep, and whom should we come across but the Prince who was in love with her. But, alas! the poor fellow had lost his eyesight.

“You see, when the wicked witch had discovered him in the tower with Rapunsel, he had leaped from the tower into a bramble patch and had lost his sight.

ANOTHER STORY

“Well, as I was saying, as soon as we came up to the poor blind Prince he turned to us and said: ‘Have you seen my beloved Rapunsel?’ ‘We are seeking her ourselves,’ I answered, and then I told him about the wicked witch, and after that we three set out together to find the lost Rapunsel, and after many days of travel we came to a desert.

“Tom Thumb, who had wandered off some distance, suddenly shouted, ‘I see camels approaching. Let us wait. Perhaps they will carry us across this sandy sea!’

“After a while the camels drew near and we saw there were three, one for each of us, and when they came up to where we waited they knelt down for us to mount, which we did, after lifting up Tom Thumb, for he was so small he could not look over a toadstool. Then we set out to cross the desert. The sun beat down and burned our faces and the sand blew and blinded our eyes, but still we pressed forward, and after a long time we came in sight of an oasis.

“As we drew near the cluster of palm trees we saw a woman standing on the edge of the sand looking toward us. And no sooner had we come up to where she stood than she gave

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

a cry of joy, and the Prince, on hearing her voice, shouted 'Rapunsel! Rapunsel!'

"Then he leaped from off his camel and folded her in his arms. Rapunsel was so happy at finding her Prince that tears of joy fell from her eyes, and some of these touched his eyes and made them well again.

"Then we mounted the camels and made off toward the castle, which we reached in safety that evening."

BOY SCOUTS

THE next morning, Puss, Junior, bid the kind farmer and his wife good-by and started off once more to find his dear father, Puss in Boots.

He was still on foot, for as I told you in the first story of this book, the Good Gray Horse was in the country with a sprained ankle. Neither was Goosey Goosey Gander there to carry our little pussy cat traveler on his back. He had gone to make dear Old Mother Goose a visit. So now you can understand why Puss, Junior, is traveling on foot.

Well, by and by, as he made his way through this wonderful New Mother Goose Country, he met a little Boy Scout. And, then, all of a sudden, one thing after another happened so quickly that I must hurry to tell you before everything is all over:

One little Boy Scout beating a tattoo!
A little comrade heard the call—then there were two.

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

Two little Boy Scouts climbing up a tree,
Along came another one—then there were three.

Three little Boy Scouts standing by the door;
Running out they met a Scout—then there were four.

Four little Boy Scouts in the water dive!
Another one swam up to them—then there were five.

Five little Boy Scouts doing lots of tricks;
Their captain shouted "Shoulder arms!" Then there were six.

Six little Boy Scouts looking up to heaven;
An airship brought another down—then there were seven.

Seven little Boy Scouts got to school quite late;
They found a scholar in the room—then there were eight.

Eight little Boy Scouts dressed up very fine;
They caught a little colored one—then there were nine.

Nine little Boy Scouts chased a speckled hen;
They bumped into another Scout—then there were ten.

Ten little Boy Scouts yelling "Hip, hurrah!"
This is all there is to tell—these are all there are!

"Come on, boys!" cried Puss. "Follow me!" And he waved his sword and all the little boys marched after him until they came to the village, where there was a recruiting station. And when the general saw Puss, Junior, at the head of the ten little Boy Scouts, he said: "You shall be a major, my dear Puss, Junior."

"My father, the famous Puss in Boots, is Major Domo to my Lord of Carabas," re-

BOY SCOUTS

plied our little hero, saluting the general. "And he will be delighted to learn that I am a major also!"

This made the general laugh, for of course it wasn't the same thing at all, you know. But what's the difference, anyway? And who cares? for in New Mother Goose Land everybody is as happy as can be unless they do something wrong, when, of course, they are not.

But very few boys and girls do wrong, which makes it a lovely place to live in, and I suppose when you little boys and girls who read this story are grown up you will tell your children, just as I am telling you, about this New Mother Goose Land which little Puss, Junior, has discovered.

OLD NAGGETY NOGG

NOW let me see what our dear little pussy cat did after leaving the ten Boy Scouts whom he met in the last story. Of course he kept on traveling, for he was anxious to find his dear father, the famous Puss in Boots. And so would anyone who had lost his kind father, let me tell you.

Well, by and by, along in the late afternoon, as the sun went down behind the hill, little Puss, Junior, saw an old white horse hitched to a milk wagon. He was quietly standing by the roadside resting from a hard day's work.

So Puss stopped and talked to him, hoping that the milkman would soon come along and offer to take him home for the night. But, dear me, Puss waited and waited until finally he said:

"I don't believe I'd better wait any longer. I'm afraid your master will be a long time in coming."

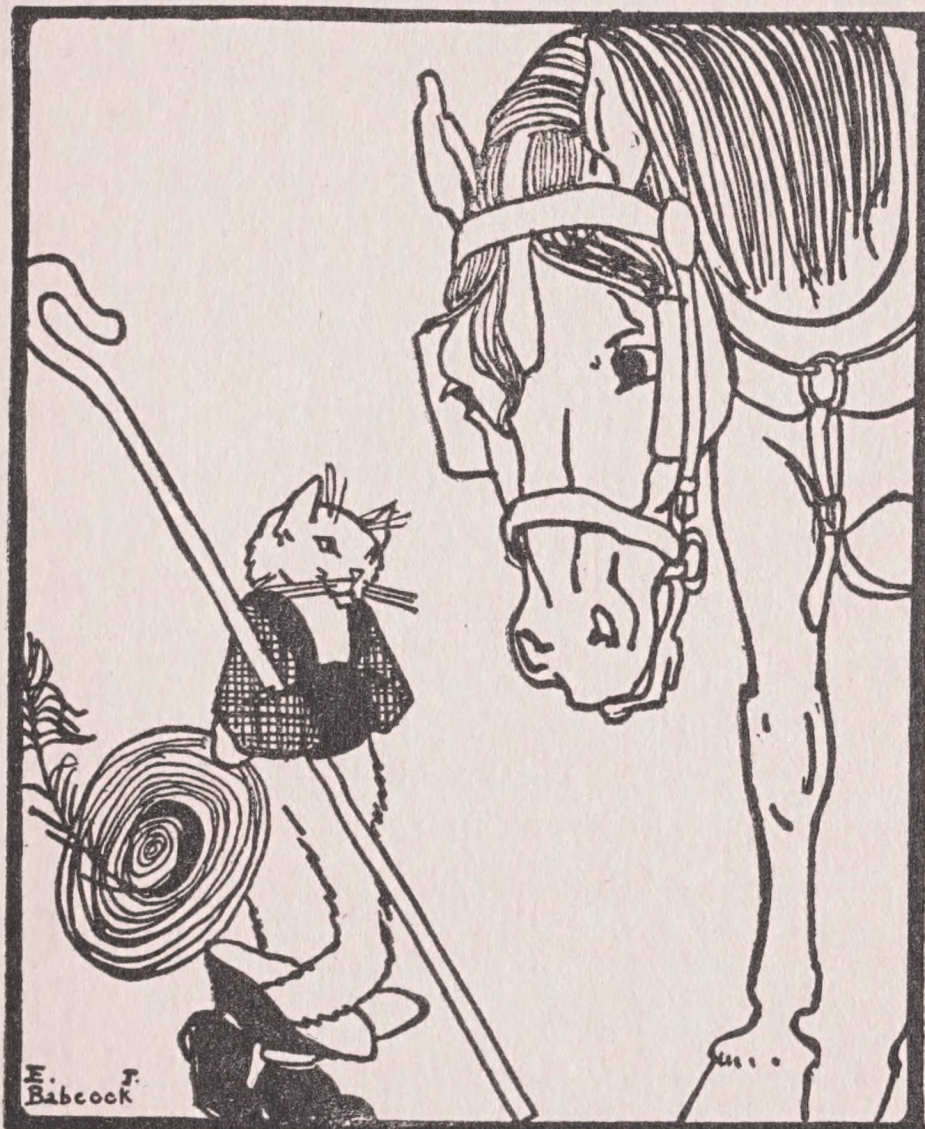
"Maybe, but he'll come all right," replied the old milk horse. "He always does."

"Well, I'll wait a few minutes longer," said

OLD NAGGETY NOGG

Puss, stroking the old horse's pink-white nose.

"There he is!" cried the old horse.



Puss looked up into the gathering dusk and saw a man approaching. But he evidently did not see Puss, for he stepped on the hub of the wheel and got into the seat, and

picking up the lines, cried: "Git-ap, old Naggety Nogg!"

"Whoa!" cried Puss. "Won't you give me a ride? It's so dark I'll lose my way."

The milkman looked down from his seat at Puss. "All right, Sir Cat," he laughed, "climb up, and I'll take you home to my good wife."

Puss did as he was bid, and in a moment was seated beside his new friend.

"Git-ap!" cried the milkman, and then turning to Puss, he whispered, "Listen, and you'll hear old Naggety Nogg sing as he jogs along."

"Jockety jog, jockety jog!
I'm not afraid of the bark of a dog.

"Jockety jog, jockety jog!
I'm not afraid of the croak of a frog.

"Jockety jog, jockety jog!
I know a toad from a pollywog.

"Jockety, jog, jockety jog!
I'll not stumble over that log.

"Jockety jog, jockety jog!
Over the hills and over the bog."

"He's a fine old horse," said the milkman. "Do you know, Sir Cat, that he has as much intelligence as a man? He brought me home

OLD NAGGETY NOGG

one night, one stormy night, through a strange country and over a lonely road."

"Yes; he told me about it," said Puss. "I like him better than any horse I ever met, even my own horse, my good gray horse that I once owned."

"We're getting near home," said the milkman. "Do you see that little light way, way yonder, through the trees?"

"Yes," said Puss.

"That's a candle in the sitting room window," said the milkman. "My little wife always puts it there to show me where home is." Just then the old horse commenced to sing again:

"Jockety jog, jockety jog!
Safe home through all the fog.

"Jockety jog, jockety jog!
Safe home, Reuney K. Rogg.

"Jockety jog, jockety jog!
Safe home, old Naggety Nogg."

A BIG BULLY

AFTER he had eaten his breakfast at the farmhouse, Puss again started off in search of his dear father. By and by a man on horseback came riding by.

“John Cook had a little gray mare,
He, haw hum!
Her back stood up and her bones they were bare,
He, haw hum!
John Cook was riding up Shutter’s Bank,
He, haw hum!
And there his nag did kick and prank,
He, haw hum!”

All this took place so suddenly that Puss had barely time to escape the heels of the little mare. But, goodness! how John Cook did swear! He beat his mare with whip and spur. He was most cruel hard on her. And this made Puss, Junior, furious and he drew his sword and commanded John Cook to stop. But all of a sudden, just as

“John Cook was riding up Shutter’s Hill,
He, haw hum!
His mare fell down and she made her will,
He, haw hum!”

A BIG BULLY

And after that:

“The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf,
He, haw hum!
If you want any more you may sing it yourself!
He, haw hum!”

said John Cook, angrily, coming out of the stable door, for Puss had followed him up the hill, so angry that he had a good mind to teach him a lesson for being so cruel.

“Bah!” exclaimed Puss, Junior. “You are a brave man to beat a little mare. Very brave indeed. Come out here and I will cross swords with you; that is, if a big hulking swain like you knows what a sword is!”

“Scat!” yelled John Cook, but before he could repeat his insulting word, Puss pinked the big bully in the leg with his sword. “Stand and fight, you coward!” cried Puss, his whiskers bristling with anger and his tail as big around as a rolling pin. But John Cook had fled. He had run into the barn and barred the door.

“He, he!” laughed a big red rooster. “A brave man that! He runs at the prick of a pin!” and he gave a loud cock-a-doodle-do.

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

“I dare you to come out,” called Puss, but John Cook was no warrior; he was just what his name implies; he could beat an egg or mash a potato, but nothing more.

HUNGRY PEOPLE

AS soon as the cowardly John Cook was out of the way, the big red rooster walked with Puss, Junior, down the road for some distance. Then they both sat down on a low stone wall and Puss related a story about a hen who hatched out ducklings and a duck who hatched out chickens, and then how everything came out all right when they first changed the children from one to the other. And while they sat there who should come by but little Tom Thumb and a Blackbird.

Well, as Puss, Junior, had just finished his story, he got up and stretched himself. Then he shook hands with the rooster and said, "We must be going now, for we have many miles to travel."

"That's right," cried the Blackbird, flapping his wings, as Tom Thumb climbed up on Puss, Junior's, shoulder.

"Good-by, Mr. Rooster!" and our three

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

small travelers went down the road, leaving the rooster perched on the stone fence, looking wistfully after them.

"Howdy do," said Puss as a small toad jumped across the highway.

"Croak," said the toad, "I'm hungry, I think, To-day I've had nothing to eat or to drink; I'll crawl to a garden and jump through the pales, And there I'll dine nicely on slugs and on snails."



"That's an easy way to get one's dinner," cried the Blackbird; I could eat a slug or a snail myself." "You don't eat toads, do you?" asked the toad in an anxious tone.

HUNGRY PEOPLE

“No, we don’t,” laughed Puss, Junior, tickling him with a straw. “Skip along, Mr. Hoptoad, and get your dinner; you might show my friend the Blackbird a slug or two, he’s half starved, I imagine.” Before the Toad had time to hop away, a big frog jumped out of a pool and stood up beside Tom Thumb.

“I’m taller than you,” he croaked.

“You’ll have to eat a good dinner and grow some more,” answered Tom Thumb.

“Ho, ho!” quoth the frog, “is that what you mean? Then I’ll hop away to the next meadow stream; There I will drink, and eat worms and slugs too, And then I shall have a good dinner like you.”

As he finished speaking, the frog turned to Puss, Junior, and asked, “How are you, Sir Cat? Come with me to the brook and I’ll show you how to catch some fine fish.”

“I will come with you, Mr. Frog,” replied Puss, Junior, as the Blackbird flew after Mr. Toad. On reaching the brook, little Tom Thumb poked his head out of Puss, Junior’s, pocket. “It seems everybody is getting something to eat except me.”

“Don’t you like fish?” asked the Frog.

“When it’s cooked,” answered Tom Thumb.

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

“But I don’t see much chance of fried fish. As I said before, everybody will have dinner except me. The Blackbird and Mr. Toad will dine on snails and slugs, and you and Puss, Junior, will feast on fish, while poor Tom Thumb can suck his thumb and look on.”

“Don’t worry, little comrade,” replied Puss, Junior, “let me get a meal of fish and I’ll promise you a fine supper.”

A FAT SMOKER

WHILE I was writing the last story, what do you suppose happened. Why, the Good Gray Horse came galloping by and as soon as he spied Puss, Junior, he stopped just like that, he was so glad to see his little master.

“There’s a bag of cookies tied to my saddle,” he said, which delighted Tom Thumb, who, you remember, was afraid he might get nothing to eat.

As soon as Puss and Tom Thumb were seated on the Good Gray Horse, he set off at a good clip, the Blackbird flying just overhead, but Mr. Frog and Mr. Toad knew better than to leave their quiet home in the green meadow.

By and by they heard someone singing:

“There was a fat man of Bombay,
Who was smoking one sunshiny day;
When a bird called a snipe
Flew away with his pipe,
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay.”

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON



“It’s too bad,” said Puss, Junior, gazing down at the angry fat man of Bombay. “If I catch the snipe I’ll give you back your pipe.”

“Don’t you smoke?” asked the man.

A FAT SMOKER

"No," said Puss, "but why do you ask?"

"I was only thinking," said the man, "that if you ever did catch that rascally snipe, and you didn't know where I was, you could keep the pipe."

"Well, that is very generous of you," said Tom Thumb. Just then who should come by but the Pig Without a Wig.

"I don't believe that snipes care for smoking. I think he took it because his name rhymes with pipe.

"Do you really?" said the Bombay man, somewhat relieved. "Perhaps he was only playing a joke."

"Maybe it will make him sick," said the pig, taking off his hat and scratching his head.

"My goodness!" exclaimed the Bombay man, "but you're bald."

"I know it," said the Pig with a flush, quickly putting on his hat, "I've just ordered a wig at the barber's."

"If you ever come to India," said the fat man from Bombay, "you must come to see me. By that time I shall have a new pipe."

Just then the Blackbird shouted: "I have found your pipe! I tried to lift it, but it's

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

too heavy. Come with me and I will show you where it is.”

“Don’t fly so fast,” cried the fat man from Bombay, “I can’t run like a deer nor fly like a bird.”

And wasn’t he delighted to find his pipe? Well, I just guess he was. And, although



he was all out of breath from running, he at once lighted it and commenced to puff. He couldn’t help puffing anyway, so I suppose he thought he might as well puff on his pipe.

“Farewell, my friend,” cried Puss, Junior,

A FAT SMOKER

“now that you have your pipe, I will continue searching for my dear father!” and off he rode with little Tom Thumb on the Good Gray Horse. And the Blackbird? Oh, yes, of course. He went home to his wife, and the Pig Without a Wig stopped on his way to the office at the barber shop to try on his new wig.

STRANGE STEEDS

“**L**ITTLE fishie in the brook,
Pussy catch him with a hook;
Then we'll fry him in a pan,
Tom Thumb eat him like a man,”

sang Puss, Junior, leaning over the brook and keeping a sharp lookout for a fish. But I guess every little fish heard him, for not one came anywhere near the bank, and Puss at last grew tired and disgusted.

Tom Thumb, who had crept out of his pocket, sat close by, feeling very hungry. A big Bull Frog had already eaten his supper. Half a dozen flies were safely tucked away under his yellow waistcoat, so he was feeling quite satisfied with everything.

“Tom,” said Puss, Junior, coming over to where little Tom sat on a toadstool, “I’m a poor fisherman; let us seek a place to eat and sleep. Toads and frogs seem to have an easy time getting their food, but for us it’s most difficult.”

STRANGE STEEDS

Tom seemed to think this a good idea, so they both said good-by to the Frog and set out once more. The Blackbird was nowhere in sight, so they just left him behind. If he couldn't come back in time, it was his own fault.

It was now growing dark, and it was time



to be indoors, as well as at a supper table. On and on they trudged, keeping a sharp lookout for a house. At last, they came across a little hut. There was no light in the window, so Puss pushed open the door.

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

“High diddle doubt, my candle’s out!
My little maid is not at home!
Saddle my hog and bridle my dog,
And fetch my little maid home,”

shouted a little man who was seated at a table.

“Will you give us a good supper if we do?” said Puss.

“That I will,” answered the queer little man.

“Very well, then,” replied Puss, “Tom and I are ready. Show us your hog and show us your dog, and we’ll ride away and fetch your little maid home.”

The queer little man then led them around to the rear of the hut. In a little shed stood a very nice looking dog, which the queer little man bridled at once. Then he took down a saddle and placed it across the back of the fat hog, who was in a pen next to the shed.

“Now, who will ride the dog?” asked the queer little man.

“I will,” said Tom, so Puss jumped on the hog, and away they went.

PEEP, PEEP

OF course, a dog can run faster than a pig, and very soon Tom Thumb was far ahead of Puss, Junior, who, nevertheless, kept urging on his fat steed. The queer little man watched them until they disappeared; then he went into his house.

Now the dog every once in a while put his nose to the ground so as not to lose the trail.

“Do you think you can find the little maid?” asked Tom Thumb.

“Leave that to me,” replied the dog, and he kept on at a good rate. Some distance behind them Tom could hear the pig panting and grunting as he tried to keep up.

“Are you all right?” Tom Thumb called back to Puss, Junior. “Why don’t you ask me?” said the pig, “I’m the one that’s doing all the work.”

Suddenly the dog turned up a lane and then stopped at the door of a pretty little white house, and as soon as Puss, Junior, arrived on his pig, they both dismounted and knocked on the door.

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

The door opened and the light of the lamp on the table shone upon a funny little old woman. "What do you wish, my dears?" she asked, looking at Puss, Junior, and little Tom Thumb.

"We've come to fetch the little maid who



lives with the queer little old man whose candle always goes out," said Puss, Junior.

And just then a sweet voice from another room called out: "Tell them to wait, Grandmother, please; I'll be out in a minute."

So the old lady asked them in, but Puss

PEEP, PEEP

said, "I'm afraid, ma'am, to leave the pig; he might run off."

And then Tom said: "I'm afraid my dog might run away, too." So the old lady left the door open to make things more cheerful, as it was growing very dark and gloomy outside.

And when the little maid appeared the dog barked and the pig grunted, and after that they all started off for the little maid's home. And pretty soon she looked up to the sky and commenced to sing in a low voice:

"I have a little sister; they call her Peep, Peep;
She wades the water, deep, deep, deep;
She climbs the mountains, high, high, high.
Poor little thing! She has but one eye."

"She's talking about that bright star," said Puss, Junior. And the dog barked and the pig grunted, as if to say, "You are right, Mr. Puss, Junior."

MY BONNIE CRAVAT

“Jeanie come tie my,
Jeanie come tie my,
Jeanie come tie my bonnie cravat;
I’ve tied it behind,
I’ve tied it before,
And I’ve tied it so often I’ll tie it no more.”

THE queer little man stood in his doorway singing this song as Puss, Junior, astride the pig, and Tom Thumb on the back of the dog, with the little maid walking between, arrived at the gate of the queer little house.

“No wonder you can’t tie your cravat,” said Jeanie; “your candle’s out and the house is dark,” and she ran indoors, leaving Puss and Tom to put the pig in his pen. As for the dog, he seemed perfectly able to look out for himself.

“Didn’t we promise to bring your little maid home?” asked Puss after the pig was safe in the pen for the night. And the queer little man, who was standing perfectly still while Jeanie tied his long, flowing cravat, answered: “That you did, and you have done

MY BONNIE CRAVAT

it!" And then he tried to look at Puss, but Jeanie held the ends of the cravat so tightly that he could scarcely move his head.

"How about supper?" asked Tom Thumb.
"That was part of the bargain. If we



brought back Jeanie, we were to have supper."

"Now that I've tied the cravat, we will see about something nice to eat," cried Jeanie. But when she went to the cupboard there was nothing left. "Who has been to the cupboard?" she cried in dismay. "Somebody has stolen the cake!"

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

The queer little man jumped up in a hurry, while Puss and Tom looked at each other as much as to say, "No supper!" And just then an owl flew up to the window and called out: "A ragged man, all tattered and torn, is sitting under a tree in the wood eating cake. Where he got it I don't know, but it might be yours." And then the owl flew away, with a hoot-ti-toot.

"Come, Tom," cried Puss, Junior, "there's work for us. Let's capture the tramp."

"I will help you," said the dog, and in a few minutes the three were stealing softly toward the wood.

The moon was up, and threw a silver path along the grass, and as they looked about them they heard the owl hoot three times. And then, all of a sudden, they saw the man all tattered and torn.

MASTER TEAGUE

WHEN Puss, Junior, and Tom Thumb looked closely at the man all tattered and torn, they saw he had a gun. It was carelessly thrown across his lap, but had not the moon shone brightly on the steel barrel our two small heroes would probably never have noticed it.

“He is armed,” whispered Tom Thumb.

“He has eaten our supper by this time,” replied Puss, “so what’s the use of bothering with him?”

But, oh, dear me! before Tom Thumb had time to reply the tramp looked their way. And when he saw them he said, “My name is Teague. What would you have?” Puss, remembering his Mother Goose, answered quickly:

“Ho! Master Teague, what is your story?”

“I went to the wood and killed a Tory; I went to the wood and killed another,” replied Master Teague, picking up his gun.

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

“Was it the same, or was it his brother?” asked Tom Thumb. And then Master Teague went on in his sing-song way to tell what he did with the poor, unfortunate Tory.

“I hunted him in, and I hunted him out,
Three times through the bog, about and about;
When out of a bush I saw his head,
So I fired my gun and shot him dead.”

And then Master Teague swung his gun over his shoulder and marched up and down in the moonlight, and after a while he turned to look at Puss, Junior, and Tom Thumb, but they were nowhere to be seen, for while Master Teague was reciting his adventures in rhyme, our two small travelers had thought it was a good time to disappear.

Puss, Junior, had picked up Tom and put him in his pocket, and then had sped swiftly through the woods, and after he had run for about a mile he took Tom out of his pocket and sat down to rest.

“I don’t like the looks of Master Teague,” said Puss.

“I don’t like the looks of his gun,” said Tom.

“Two very good reasons for leaving,” said Puss. “But here we are, without supper, and

MASTER TEAGUE

far away from any house. We might as well make a bed of leaves!"

"Let's go on a little further," said Tom. So they once more resumed their journey, and presently through the trees they saw a little light, and pretty soon they came to a pretty little cottage. It was covered with creeping vines and from the small red chimney the smoke curled up through the trees like a long gray feather.

THE LITTLE HEN

AS soon as Puss, Junior, and Tom Thumb had knocked upon the front door of the pretty little cottage it was opened by a little yellow hen, who bowed and invited them in. By the light of the big open fire Puss, Junior, could see a little old man sitting at the farther end of the room. He was eating his supper, but on hearing the door open, asked in a thick, cracked voice, "Who is it?"

"Puss in Boots, Junior, and Tom Thumb, Esq.," replied our two small travelers. And then the little hen led them over to the table and said:

"Grandfather, you see before you two famous characters."

"Sit down, my friends, and sup with me."

This was just what Puss and Tom most desired at that moment; they did as they were bid and presently they were enjoying a most delicious meal. Pretty soon the little old man said:

THE LITTLE HEN

“I have a little hen, the prettiest ever seen,
She washes me the dishes and keeps the house clean;
She goes to the mill to fetch me some flour,
She brings it home in less than an hour;
She bakes me my bread, she brews me my ale,
She sits by the fire and tells many a fine tale.”

“What kind of stories does she tell?” asked Tom Thumb, crossing his small legs and gazing into the fire, for he felt very comfortable just then, with a fine supper under his waistcoat.

“Well, one of her stories,” said the little old man, drawing his chair up to the fire and sitting down between Puss, Junior, and Tom Thumb, “is about the giant and the beanstalk. She’s the little hen that laid the golden eggs for the giant, you know.”

And when he heard this Puss, Junior, jumped to his feet and ran over to the little hen, who was busy clearing the supper table. “Don’t you remember me?” he said.

And the little hen replied, “Of course, I do. I have never forgotten what you did for me at the Giant’s House.”

“And I sha’n’t forget how you met me at the top of the beanstalk and showed me the way to his castle,” replied Puss.

“Come, come,” cried the little old man,

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

“leave the supper dishes, you two. Come over to the fire and let us hear Puss, Junior, tell the story of Jack and the Beanstalk.”

So they all sat down and waited for Puss to commence.

A BEANSTALK TALE

PUSS, JUNIOR, looked into the glowing fire for a few minutes before he commenced to tell of his adventure with the Giant of the Beanstalk. "I think the little Hen might tell something, too," he said, as she flew up on the lap of the little old man. "She really knows more about the Giant than I do."

"All right," said the little old man, stroking the bright yellow feathers of the little hen, "she'll do her part, I'm sure. You just commence the story, Sir Cat, and let the rest take care of itself."

Then Puss settled himself comfortably back into his big armchair and commenced:

"One fine morning I came to a modest little cottage, in the garden of which was growing an immense beanstalk reaching up and up until its top was hidden in the clouds. As I stopped to look at this wonderful thing, a sad-faced woman came to the door and asked if I had seen anything of her son Jack.

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

“I replied, ‘No, ma’am. Hasn’t he climbed down yet?’ ”

“What!” she exclaimed, “did he climb up the beanstalk?” I told her I thought he had,



and that if she would permit me I would climb up after him. It took me but a short time to reach the top, for I took off my boots and held them with my teeth, so as to climb the faster.

“When I reached the top and looked about

A BEANSTALK TALE

me I saw this little hen. She had just crawled out of a small thicket close by.

“Do you remember what you said to me?” asked Puss, Junior, with a laugh.

“Look out for the Giant, I’ll wager,” cried little Tom Thumb, who had grown very excited over Puss, Junior’s, story.

“No, I didn’t,” said the little hen.

“Tell us what you did say, my dear,” said the little old man.

“I made up a little rhyme:

“To lay every day
Is all work and no play,”

said the little hen.

“Then I asked her where Jack was,” said Puss, “and she told me to follow her and she would lead me to the castle. And as soon as we came into the room where the Giant was, the first thing he said was, ‘Lay, lay!’”

“And I was so tired,” said the little hen, “that I asked him to let me off just once. But he wouldn’t. And then Puss, Junior, shook his staff at him and told him to let me alone, and the Giant laughed and said he would if Puss would tell him a story, which Puss agreed to do.”

A NARROW ESCAPE

“WELL, did the Giant like your story?” asked the man.

“I guess he did,” replied Puss, Junior. “But he did not keep his promise. He made the little hen lay a golden egg after I had gone to bed. You see, it was this way: I went upstairs and at midnight I crept down again to find Jack. But, oh, dear me! There was the Giant fast asleep with the little hen held tight in his big hand. So I tiptoed into the kitchen and woke up Jack, who was sound asleep in a chair, and whispered to him that we must rescue the little hen.

“‘How shall we begin?’ he asked, looking anxiously about, for he was terribly afraid of the Giant.

“‘I’ll pull her gently from under the Giant’s hand and give her to you,’ I said. ‘Then you can run over to the beanstalk and climb down as fast as you can. The Giant will run after me, but if I can’t run faster than that great big clumsy fellow, he can

A NARROW ESCAPE

catch me!' And then Jack and I crept back to the Giant's room."

"Yes, I can see you now," said the little hen, standing up on the old man's lap and looking admiringly at Puss, Junior. "I



never would have dared to crawl out from under the Giant's hand, but you pulled me out so gently that it never woke him."

"How Jack did run!" laughed Puss, Junior. "If he hadn't tripped over a chair I don't believe the old Giant would have waked up until morning. But when he heard the noise

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

he opened his eyes and then he chased me all the way to the seashore, where he would have caught me if it hadn't been for the owl with the pea green boat. I jumped aboard just in time and pushed off from the land. And then how that Giant did yell!"

"How did you and Jack escape?" asked the little old man, turning to the little hen.

"Oh, that was easy," she replied. "Jack climbed down the beanstalk, and when the Giant was halfway down Jack took his mother's ax and cut the beanstalk, and the Giant fell down and broke his neck."

CINDERELLA

AFTER the story of Jack and the Beanstalk was finished, Puss, Junior, toasted his toes in front of the fire, and pretty soon the little old man began to snore, and this made Tom Thumb so sleepy that he, too, fell asleep. But the little yellow hen was wide awake and so was Puss, Junior, for they had become so excited in telling their adventures with the Giant that they didn't feel the least bit sleepy.

And just then the wind, which was blowing through the forest, came down the chimney and scattered the ashes all over the floor and some blew in the little old man's face.

"Botheration!" he exclaimed, waking up with a start. "My beard nearly caught on fire. But never mind. Tell us another tale, my good Sir Cat."

Puss, Junior, wrinkled his forehead; then he scratched his head, and after that he said, "I will tell you about Cinderella. One eve-

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

ning, as I was walking through a deep forest, I saw a little light through the trees.

“So I hurried on, and pretty soon I came to a small house, and when I looked through the window I saw Cinderella sitting alone by the fireside. She seemed very sad, for every



now and then she wiped her eyes with her apron. Suddenly a queer little old woman, with a high peaked hat, bounced in through the door. And the next minute Cinderella's old dress changed into a magnificent gown.

CINDERELLA

Then the queer little old woman waved her wand, and in pranced six little mice drawing a coach."

"What do you suppose would have happened to you, Mr. Puss, Junior, if you had dashed in and eaten one of those little mice?" said Tom Thumb.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Puss, "but I didn't. I just hung on to the window-sill and looked in. Suddenly the little mice drew the coach out of the room, and when they were outside of the house the old woman waved her wand, and, lo and behold, there stood six beautiful white horses and a coach big enough for Cinderella to ride in.

"In another moment she ran out of the house, her little glass slipper going clinkerty-klink on the stone walk. Then the footman helped her in and closed the door, and after that he blew his beautiful silver horn and away rattled the coach to the ball.

"And just as it disappeared in the darkness the fairy godmother said to me, 'come inside, my dear Puss, Junior, and sit down by the fire.'"

A LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER

“**T**HAT’S very interesting,” said the little old man as Puss, Junior, related how Cinderella had driven off in the beautiful coach. “But why didn’t you ask her fairy godmother to give you a coach and four instead of a saucer of milk?”

“I never thought of it,” said Puss, Junior, with a sigh. “I suppose I might have; although, perhaps, other people’s godmothers are not very obliging. I guess everybody should have a godmother of his own.”

“Very likely,” said the little old man, “but go on with your story. There must be more to tell.”

“Oh, yes, there’s more,” said Puss, Junior. “But this is the disagreeable part. You see, I then went to sleep by the fire, because Cinderella’s godmother told me to get a good rest and to leave early in the morning, before Cinderella’s two big, cross sisters came downstairs. But I didn’t,” said Puss with a laugh.

A LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER

“I overslept myself, and the first thing I knew there were heavy footsteps coming down the stairs, and in walked the two sisters, I had already pulled on my boots, so I stood up and politely said ‘Good morning.’ But



all they did was to cry ‘Mercy!’ Before I could jump to one side they caught up a broom and brushed me through the door, and then I tumbled headfirst down the cellar steps; and after that they banged the door down and made me a prisoner in the dark cellar.”

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

“Weren’t you frightened to death?” asked the little hen.

“No; I was mad!” said Puss, his hair standing up on the ridge of his back and his tail twice the size of a wooden roller. “It makes me mad to-day to think of it.”

“Calm yourself, my good Sir Cat,” cried the little old man. “Let us have the story, for it is of great interest.” So Puss went on.

“I don’t remember how long I remained in that dreadful dark place, but at last I heard the cellar door open, and in the twinkling of an eye I dashed up the steps into the sunlight. There stood Cinderella. She had none of her pretty clothes on; only her everyday working dress. But she picked me up in her arms and whispered:

“‘Puss, dear Puss in Boots, I met such a lovely Prince last night. So I dropped one of my little glass slippers, and I know he’ll bring it to me. For this morning, oh so early, a little blue bird stood on my windowsill and sang:

“‘Harken to the Blue Bird true;
Your Prince to-day will come to you;
Your little shoe of glass he’ll bring
And a golden wedding ring.’”

LITTLE NANNIE ETTIGOAT

THERE was a great clapping of hands as Puss, Junior, finished his story about his adventure with Cinderella. The old man said he would like to have seen the little glass slipper, and the little yellow hen said she would like to have seen the blue bird.

And then Tom Thumb looked up at Puss, Junior, and said: "My dear, dear Puss, you certainly have had wonderful adventures. I have always wanted to meet Cinderella. I love all the Mother Goose characters, but Cinderella always pleased me most."

"Well, some day you shall meet her," said Puss, Junior. "Some day, after we have met all the dear people in Mother Goose, you and I will retrace our steps, and I'll take you to my old home. Yes, back to my old garret where I first saw the portrait of my illustrious father," and then Puss, Junior, curled his whiskers and sat up very straight, for he felt proud to think that he had gone through so many wonderful adventures.

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

And then the little old man got up and said:

“Early to bed and early to rise
Will make us all healthy and wealthy and wise.”

“Very well, Grandfather,” said the little



yellow hen, and she got out the candles. And when they were all lighted, she showed Puss and Tom to their room at the head of a crooked little flight of stairs. It had two small windows shaped like stars, and the moonlight made little gold stars all over the

LITTLE NANNIE ETTIGOAT

carpet. Puss set his candle down on the little pie-crust table, and said:

“Little Nannie Ettigoat
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.”

“Then my good Sir Cat,” said the little yellow hen with a bow, “you had better blow out ‘Little Nannie Ettigoat’ and undress yourself by the light of the little gold stars on the carpet.”

Well, it didn't take Puss and Tom long to get into bed, and they both were so tired that they fell asleep as soon as their heads touched the soft white pillow. And the little gold stars on the carpet stayed there until the big yellow sun in the morning chased them back into the sky again.

LOOK BEFORE YOU OPEN

“The cock’s on the housetop blowing his horn;
The bull’s in the barn a-threshing of corn;
The maids in the meadows are making of hay;
The ducks in the river are swimming away.”

THIS is the Mother Goose melody that Puss, Junior, sang as he jumped out of bed. The sun shone brightly on the floor, and Puss leaned over and picked up a pin, saying, “To-day my fortune will begin, for I have found a silver pin!”

Well, before long he and Tom Thumb were dressed, and when they came downstairs the little yellow hen had the breakfast table already set; the kettle was boiling away and singing a song; from the oven came the odor of hot biscuit, and the bacon in the pan frizzled and sizzled.

The little old man came in with a big red rose, which he put in a vase and placed on the table. And after the coffee was made, they all sat down and you can well believe the food tasted mighty good. The little yellow

LOOK BEFORE YOU OPEN

hen was a fine cook, and as everyone had a fine appetite breakfast was soon over.

“And now, my pretty little hen,” said Puss, Junior, giving his scabbard a slap with his paw, “I must be off upon my journey of adventure.”

“We shall miss your stories,” said the little old man, giving his hand to Puss. And then he turned to Tom Thumb and said: “We may meet again; always remember that the little old man and the little yellow hen will always be happy to see you both again.”

And after that Tom jumped nimbly on Puss, Junior’s, shoulder and our two small travelers once more set out upon their journey. And by and by, as they went through the forest they came to a hut of rough logs. It looked deserted, but Puss, Junior, was careful not to push open the door. Instead, he peeped through a crack.

And it was mighty well he did, for inside the one large room stood a fierce black dragon. His eyes were like coals of fire and his great wide open mouth was like a fiery furnace. Puss took just one look and then picking up Tom Thumb, put him in his pocket and ran swiftly away.

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

And after a while Puss whispered to Tom, "I'll tell St. George about this fierce beast. He'll be glad to have a chance to kill another dragon!" And some day in another book I'll tell you how Puss found the good knight.

THE TOAD PRISONER

HERE we are again—you and I, reading another story about little Puss, Junior. But before we go any further, let us see where we left off last night—or was it this morning when we left Puss and Tom Thumb in the forest. Well, never mind. They are out of the forest by this time and are coming to a pretty village in dear Old Mother Goose Land. All of a sudden a little boy with a fiddle under his arm came crying down the street.

“What’s the trouble,” asked Puss, and the little boy answered that his mother was ill, and he could find nothing to do to earn a penny.

“Come with us,” said Puss, cheerily, “we will find a way,” and by and by they met a kind man who asked Jackie to play in the orchestra. So the happy lad bid Puss, Junior, and Tom Thumb good-day and went to work at his new job.

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

Just as he turned the corner, the kind man came back and told Tom Thumb he needed a little man for his theatre.

“I will pay you well,” he said, “and all the little boys and girls will clap their hands when you come on the stage.”

“This is a good chance for you,” said Puss. “If I come across a circus, I’ll join it!” Then he and Tom Thumb bid each other good-by and Puss rode off on his Good Gray Horse.

All of a sudden he saw a little yellow bird who commenced to sing:

“Lucy Locket
Lost her pocket;
Kitty Fisher
Found it;
Nothing in it,
Nothing in it,
But the binding
Round it.”

“Run and tell Lucy,” said Puss. And off flew the yellow bird to find the little girl.

“Heigh-ho,” said Puss to himself. “I wish I’d meet some one who could tell me where to find my dear father,” and then, all of a sudden, a great rock rolled down the side of the mountain and crashed into a tree. And would you believe it, that great rock split in

THE TOAD PRISONER

two and out hopped a toad who had been imprisoned there for maybe a thousand years.

But when Puss spoke to him, he didn't understand a word. No Siree. I guess he had never heard Mother Goose language. Well, anyway, little Puss felt sorry for him, so he picked him up, and placing him on the saddle, rode off and by and by he came to an oak tree around the roots of which grew three large toadstools.

And underneath one sat a little fairy, dressed in rose leaves trimmed with thistle-down.

"Oh, ho! Sir Cat," she said, "where did that old-fashioned toad come from?"

And then Puss looked at him and for the first time noticed that he wore very strange clothes. And after Puss had explained to the little fairy how the toad had come out of the great rock, she said:

"Give him some of this toadstool to eat. Maybe it will cause him to speak." And would you believe it? As soon as that toad had eaten just a little piece he opened his mouth and spoke Mother Goose language even better than you or I can. And he told how he had once been a king in his toad coun-

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

try, and that there had been a great earthquake, and he had been buried for a long, long time.

“But I will reward you,” said the Toad. “Ask me for what you will, and I will grant it, for I have still my magic gold ring.”

So the little fairy wrinkled her forehead and tried to think what she most wanted. And Puss sat on his Good Gray Horse and tried to think what he most wanted, while the toad hopped around and ate flies. And, O dear me! Both Puss and the fairy took so long to make up their minds that all of a sudden a great big snake swallowed the toad and glided away to his home in the rocks.

“Gracious me!” said the Good Gray Horse, “I would have wished for a quart of oats right away.”

But Puss and the little fairy never said a word, for they both were dreadfully provoked with themselves for being so slow.

DR. AUSTEN

“FORGET about Wishing Toads,” advised the Good Gray Horse, as he trotted out of the forest with little Puss, Junior, on his back. “We must find your dear father!” But hardly had he finished, when something happened.

Dr. Austen went to Boston
In the bright sunshine;
He slipped his heel on an orange peel
And nearly broke his spine.

And then, of course, he couldn't walk, so Puss, Junior, helped him on his Good Gray Horse and took him to Boston, New Mother Goose Land, of course, and not the big U. S. A.

“How do you feel, doctor?” asked our little traveler as they entered the city.

“Well, just middling,” replied the good man, “I feel sort of queer and strange noises I hear, and I very much fear I'll be laid up in bed!”

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

It is quite remarkable that being so ill he should be able to talk in rhyme, but of course



everybody, more or less, and I really think a good deal more, talks poetry in Mother Goose Land.

DOCTOR AUSTEN

“Where shall I take you?” asked Puss.

“Up Bean street till you come to Brown-bread avenue,” replied Doctor Austen.

So Puss followed his directions and pretty soon they came to a nice little house and as soon as they stopped at the gate a motherly woman came out of the front door. And, oh, dear me, she was frightened when she saw how lame the good doctor was. He could hardly walk, you see, and if the Good Gray Horse hadn't knelt down, just like a camel, he never would have been able to get off the saddle.

“Lean on me,” said the old lady, and she helped the good man into the house and made him lie down on the couch in the sitting room, where two big seashells looked down at you from the mantelpiece and the peacock feathers winked at you from a tall vase and the tidies on the backs of the chairs seemed to say, “Come, lay your head against us and we'll put you to sleep.”

Well, anyway, if they didn't exactly say that, they seemed to invite you to sit down, and so Puss, who was quite tired with his ride, jumped up on a chair, and, would you believe it, he fell fast asleep in a few minutes?

That's just what he did, for he was all

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

fagged out holding the doctor on the Good Gray Horse. So when the old lady saw him asleep she sent her hired man out to the front gate, where the Good Gray Horse was tied to the hitching post, and he took Puss, Junior's, faithful steed to the barn, where he had a good supper of oats.

And then the old lady went into the kitchen and made some tea biscuits for supper and stewed some apples. And then she set the table and put on the frosted cake and when Puss, Junior, woke up supper was ready.

After the table was cleared and the dishes washed, the old lady and Puss, Junior, had a friendly chat before bed time. And then the Cuckoo came out of her little Clock House and sang—

“Time for bed—
Come, run up stairs—
Brush your teeth,
Then say your prayers.
And after that
You'll sleep till morn,
When the little
Red Rooster blows his horn!”

TROUBLE A-PLENTY

The Little Red Rooster crowed so hard,
From his house in the kind old lady's yard,
At half past five the very next morn,
That he almost broke his little tin horn.

UP jumped Puss, Junior, and hurried down to breakfast. But good Dr. Austen was unable to leave his room.

“I will lend him my Good Gray Horse for a time,” said generous little Puss, Junior, as he bid the old lady good-by, and off he went in his red top boots to find his dear father.

After a while he saw in the distance a farm house. So he hurried on, thinking perhaps if the farmer were kind hearted, he might get a saucer of milk. But, Oh dear me! When he came into the farm yard he saw a sad sight. There stood the farmer's wife with three mouse tails in her hand. Dear, dear! And close by stood the three little mice.

“What's the trouble?” inquired Puss, Junior.

“Trouble a-plenty!” answered the farmer's wife.

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON



"These naughty mice
Will not be nice.
They eat my cake,
Keep me awake.
Nibble, Nibble,
Scamper and squeak,
I've not slept a wink
For over a week!"

TROUBLE A-PLENTY

But the poor little mice began to cry.
Maybe they were sorry for the farmer's wife
—and perhaps they wanted their tails. How-
ever, I can't tell you for certain, for just then
Yankee Doodle Dandy came riding down the
road.

He had a feather in his hat,
A stick of macaroni
That waved above him like a whip
To scare his dappled pony

He pranced about like anything,
And sang a hip-hurray,
Till all the little boys and girls
Forgot about their play.

The Rooster and his cackling hen
Danced up and down the lane,
The Mooley Cow stood on the fence
Until she had a pain.

Old Mother Hubbard hurried by
All on her way to town,
But when she saw this Yankee lad
She almost tumbled down.

At last his prancing little horse
Stood still as still could be
And Yankee Doodle doffed his cap
And shouted lustily —

“Helloa!” And he shouted so loudly that
the Man in the Moon must have heard him.

For the Man in the Moon
All dressed in brown
From out of a cloud
Came tumbling down.

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON



I guess he was weary
Of green cheese and whey
And longed for a pudding—
I really can't say.

TROUBLE A-PLENTY

But when he asked for cold plum porridge,
Yankee Doodle advised him not to try it.

“You’ll burn your mouth
If you go South!”

But the Man in the Moon only laughed
and turned away.

A ROYAL WELCOME

AS the Man in the Moon walked down the road toward the South, Yankee Doodle exclaimed, "Let him burn his mouth with cold plum porridge. I can't help it."

"Nor I," answered Puss, Junior.

"We had better be on our way toward the city," said Yankee Doodle.

"I think so, too," said Puss, "and as your pony seems impatient to be off, give him the rein and we will reach the town in no time." Away went the pony, seeming to know that our little hero was anxious to reach his destination.

As they neared the town they heard a great hue and cry. Everybody was standing on the street corners, as if there was a parade to be seen.

"What is it?" asked Puss.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Yankee Doodle Dandy. "But we'll soon find out." This was very true, for in a few minutes they heard voices crying:

A ROYAL WELCOME

Hark, hark! the dogs do bark,
Beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags and some in tags,
And some in velvet gown.

“They are not very polite,” cried Puss, Junior.

“Oh, they don’t mean us,” replied Yankee Doodle Dandy. “How could they? You have a fine suit and a pair of elegant boots. As for myself, just look at my feather!”

“To be sure,” said Puss. “It must be somebody else.”

This was true, for at that instant a procession was seen advancing along the main street. It was a motley crew; some were indeed dressed in rags, while others were garbed in beautiful clothes. A band was playing merrily and the flags were flying in the breeze. As our two travelers approached the band suddenly changed its tune, and “Yankee Doodle, doodle-do,” rang out loud and clear.

“Hurrah!” cried a small boy on the sidewalk, “who cares for the procession now! Here’s Yankee Doodle Dandy!” Immediately, all eyes were turned toward Puss and his comrade.

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

“Hurrah! hurray!” yelled Yankee Doodle Dandy, swinging his cap in the air.

“Three cheers for the ‘Red, White and Blue!’ ” yelled Puss.

Everybody joined in, and the band changed from “Yankee Doodle Dandy” to this song. Even Puss began to sing, for everyone was joining in the wild chorus.

Yankee Doodle Dandy reined in his horse and shouted: “Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present Puss in Boots, Junior!”

“Glad to see you, Puss!” yelled the crowd. “Welcome to our city!” and half a dozen men lifted Puss on their shoulders and carried him off to the tavern.

PUSS, JUNIOR, MAKES A SPEECH

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY followed Puss, who turned around as he sat upon the shoulders of the enthusiastic crowd, and cried, "Ladies and Gentlemen, allow me to present the famous Yankee Doodle Dandy."

"Give us some macaroni!" shouted a voice.

"Lend us your feather!" called another.

"I'll give you \$10 for the pony!" cried a third.

"Not for sale!" laughed Yankee Doodle Dandy.

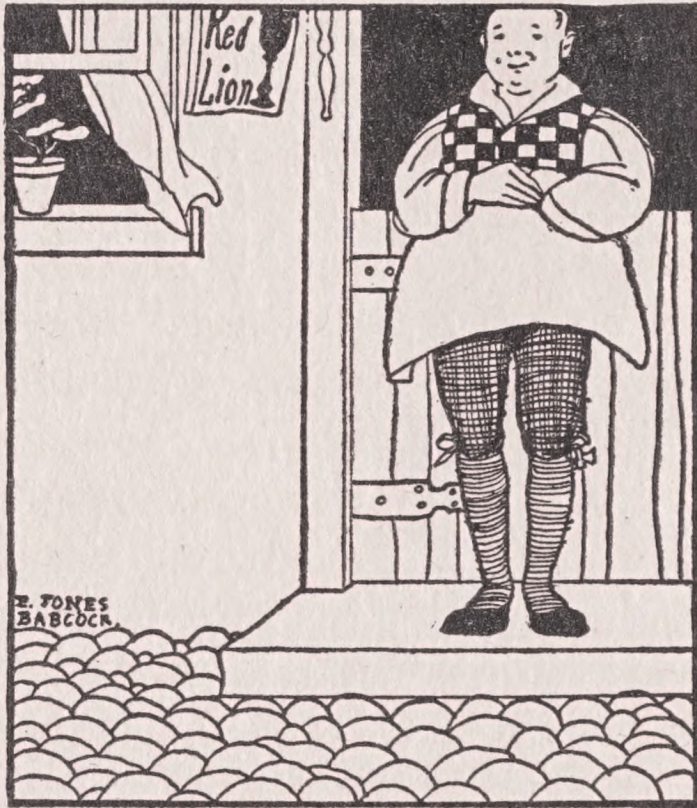
By this time they had reached the tavern. The owner, on hearing all the noise, opened the door and stood ready to receive them.

"Good-morrow, gentlemen!" he cried. "Come in and make yourselves at home."

As soon as Puss, Junior, and Yankee Doodle Dandy reached the small veranda in front of the tavern, they turned and bowed to the crowd.

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

“We certainly appreciate your kind words,” cried Puss, who had scrambled up on the railing so as to get a better view, “and Yankee Doodle Dandy and myself feel greatly complimented!”



“Speech! Speech!” yelled the crowd.

“My good friends,” began Puss, “it is with much pleasure that I thank you for our kind reception to your beautiful town. It is seldom that I have been received with such an outburst of good will. It would be vain indeed for me to take much of the credit.

PUSS, JUNIOR, MAKES A SPEECH

My comrade here, Yankee Doodle Dandy, deserves the larger share. He is well known to you all, either personally or in song. I move that we give three cheers for Yankee Doodle Dandy!"

This set the crowd crazy, and yell after yell resounded in the air.

Yankee Doodle Dandy then came to the front and waving his feathered cap in the air, waited until all were silent:

"Ladies and gentlemen," he commenced, "my good comrade beside me," and here he laid his hand upon little Puss, Junior, "is a most modest cat. But his virtues shall not remain unnoticed. He is now a famous traveler in search of his illustrious father, Puss in Boots. I venture to say there is none among you who has not read that fascinating story, 'Puss in Boots.' It is indeed a nursery classic. And now the son of that famous cat is seeking the hero of the story, his father, the noble Puss in Boots. Any of you who has the slightest knowledge of his whereabouts will confer a great favor by advising his son, Puss, Junior, where he may be found."

"If it please you, sir," cried a small boy in

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

a high, shrill voice, "my grandmother told me some time ago of a famous cat that lived many miles from here. But she didn't say where."

"Well, my little man," answered Yankee Doodle Dandy, "that sounds very well, but if you could tell me 'where' it would be better."

PUSS TRAVELS TO BABYLON

AS Puss, Junior, and Yankee Doodle Dandy were about to say good-by to the crowd and retire for a rest in the little tavern they heard a voice singing:

“How many miles is it to Babylon?
Three score miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle light?
Yes, and back again!
If your heels are nimble and light,
You may get there by candle light.”

“I think that’s the place my Grandmother said Puss in Boots lives,” cried the small boy.

At this Puss, Junior, was very much excited. “Can it be true, I wonder!” he cried.

“Don’t ask me,” said Yankee Doodle Dandy. “It may be so, but I never heard of any famous cat living there.”

“Well, I shall set out for Babylon as soon as I have my lunch,” replied Puss, “for if it is the truth my journey is at an end; and if it be not so, no harm has come.”

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

Then bowing to the people, he and Yankee Doodle went inside the tavern for their noon-day meal. When this was over Puss thanked him for his kindness in giving him a ride on his pony, and bidding him good-by continued his journey in search of his father.

It was a beautiful afternoon. The road was broad and level and Puss sped away like a good fellow. The red tops of his boots shone brightly in the rays of the sun and the owl's feather in his cap waved in the breeze. He swung his stick up and down as he marched along, humming at times a little song.

"Gracious me," he said to himself, "what wonderful things I am seeing and what interesting people I am meeting. I shall have tales of adventure by the score to recite to my father after I have once found him!"

The hours sped quickly by, and Puss had gone many miles. It was now almost candle light.

"My heels are nimble and light enough; or at least they were," said Puss to himself, "although I confess that at this moment they don't feel as light as they did. I wonder how much further away is Babylon? It ought to

PUSS TRAVELS TO BABYLON

be in sight pretty soon, unless I am on the wrong road."

For a mile or two more he plodded along. The sun was getting close to the western hills and the sky was all over gold and purple, pink and green. The sun had almost completed his journey, and yet our little friend was still trudging along, anxiously looking for a distant steeple to cheer him with the thought that at last the town of Babylon was near at hand.

"If it gets dark I shall be in a bad fix!" he exclaimed, "for one doesn't like to arrive in a strange place after nightfall. No doubt all the cats in town will be about and I shall have to fight my way in." Nevertheless he kept bravely on his way and after a short time entered the city.

THE GOOSE SHIP

THE twinkling stars shone down upon
The quiet streets of Babylon;
All Mother Goose Land lay asleep;
The River Dee, so broad and deep,
Seemed like a silver ribbon spun
Beside the walls of Babylon.

Suddenly, moving swiftly across the sky, Puss saw an old woman upon a snow-white gander. She appeared to be descending toward the earth, so he waited until the gander alighted.

“Good evening, Mother Goose!” he cried, hardly able to conceal his delight at the chance to be able to speak to this celebrated person.

“The same to you,” she replied. “Whither are you bound?”

“To Fairy Land,” he answered. “I must cross that country to find my famous father, Puss in Boots.”

“’Tis a long journey by foot,” replied the old woman. “Would you care to ride with me on my fast gander?”

“Is there room to spare?” asked Puss politely.

THE GOOSE SHIP

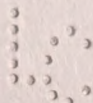
“Yes, indeed,” she replied, “he has a broad back and a stout pair of wings. Before many moons we will be home again. We fly even faster by night, so we count by moons rather than by suns. But, before we start, my feathered steed must have water.”

“Yonder runs a crystal stream,” said Puss, “and the water is very fine for I but lately drank of it myself.”

The gander, on hearing this, waddled quickly over to the brook, where he drank long and deep.

Puss took a little silver cup from his pocket, and filling it with water, offered it to Mother Goose. After he had also taken a drink, they seated themselves upon the gander’s back and in a short time were traveling through the air at a great rate.

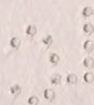
Toward midnight Puss began to feel very hungry and was much relieved when Mother Goose took some sweet cakes from a little basket on her arm. It was great fun to watch the gander turn his long neck backward while still flying swiftly and pick crumbs from the old lady’s hand. Puss saved a little piece with frosting on it and fed the gander, who winked in quite a friendly way.



PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

The wind whistled and the gander's wings made a strange noise as they beat the air in rhythmic time. On they flew, under the white clouds that were now turning to pink and blue, gold and purple, as the sun rose slowly in the east.

Over the earth the mist was slowly rising and the tree tops waved sleepily in the breeze. Faint chirpings from the birds could be heard at times as the gander flew closer to the earth. The morning star was twinkling in the sky. It almost tinkled, Puss thought, like a silver bell to tell the little children in the nurseries that the curtain of night was slowly rising from the play house of the day.



SKY-RIDING

IT seemed to Puss in Boots, Junior, that he had scarcely fallen asleep when he heard the strains of a pretty song outside.

Boys and girls, come out and play,
The moon does shine as bright as day.
Come with a whoop, and come with a call,
Come with a good will or come not at all.
Lose your supper and lose your sleep,
Come to your playfellows in the street.

“I won’t lose my supper,” said Puss, Junior, hastily pulling on his boots, “for I’ve already had it.”

You see, Puss, Junior, and Mother Goose had come across some old friends who had invited them for a week-end.

At that moment the gander began quacking. The Man in Brown was also awake. Puss, Junior, heard him coming down the stairs. In a minute the whole household was up and about. Even the good wife of the Man in Brown was bustling around, but, the baby was still in the land of dreams. Mother Goose also appeared just as Puss, Junior, was opening the door.

“Where are you going, my dear?” she

asked, while the gander stood up and flapped his wings, as much as to say, "I'm ready for anything in the shape of a lark." Perhaps he thought some bird was in the frolic. I'm sure I don't know, but at all events he undoubtedly thought there was something exciting about to happen.

"As long as we are all up and awake," said Mother Goose, suppose we show the children what a wonderful sky-horse I have," and with these words she seated herself upon the gander. Puss waited a moment, then he seated himself behind her.

The moon was certainly shining with all its might. In fact, it was almost as light as day. The children stood quietly around, looking with wide open eyes at the gander.

"You don't think he can carry us both, I suppose?" asked Mother Goose, with a kind smile. "Well, you just wait and see."

As soon as she gave her feathered steed a gentle tap he rose majestically from the earth. In a short time he was far above the house-tops. Looking down, Puss, Junior, could barely see the heads of the children as they stood gazing upward.

"Well, well," exclaimed Puss, "I never

SKY-RIDING

thought I would resume my journey until morning, but those children woke us up—and here we are!”

“Yes, we are certainly here,” replied Mother Goose, with a laugh. “And as long as we had a nice supper and a comfortable nap, I see no reason for not resuming our journey. We have many miles to go before we reach my little house in the wood.”

“Have we?” asked Puss, Junior, rather sleepily, for although he had been suddenly awakened from a sound sleep to take an aeroplane ride, as it were, the gander’s feathers were wonderfully soft, as soft as the little bed he had been sleeping in.

Away went the gander, over the tree tops, higher and higher, until he came close to the clouds.

“Dearie me,” said Old Mother Goose, “it looks like rain,” but Puss, Junior, was now sound asleep.

“We must find shelter by morning,” whispered the old lady to her feathered steed. “Fly close to the earth. Perhaps we may come across a cottage.” As they slowly descended they found themselves just over a great forest.

ROBIN HOOD

GOODNESS me! How the lightning flashed and the thunder roared as little Puss, Junior, with Mother Goose and her Gander landed near a tall oak tree.

“This will never do!” she exclaimed. “We must find better shelter or we will be drenched to the skin.” And just then, all of a sudden, a voice began to sing:

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Is in the mickle wood!
Little John, Little John,
He to the town is gone.
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Telling his beads,
All in the greenwood
Among the green weeds.
Little John, Little John,
If he comes no more,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
We shall fret full sore!

“This must be Sherwood Forest, where Robin Hood and his merry men hold sway,” exclaimed Mother Goose as the last echo of the song died away. And pretty soon after that Robin Hood and his band of archers came by.

ROBIN HOOD

“Good morning, mother,” he cried, bowing low.

“The same to you, brave sir,” replied Mother Goose. “If I mistake not, it is the good Robin Hood to whom I speak.”

“The very same,” he replied, “but seek ye not shelter from the storm?”

“We do indeed,” spoke up Puss, Junior, “but thus far we have found nothing but trees.”

And then you should have heard all the merry men laugh. “Cats have no liking for a wetting,” they cried.

To tell the truth, the Gander was the only one who didn't mind the rain, for the drops of water rolled off his back, leaving him as dry as could be under his feathered coat.

Just then a Potter who had been to town to sell his pots came driving by.

“Hold!” cried Robin Hood, seizing the horse's bridle. “Take these three strangers home with thee. They are in sore need of shelter for the night.”

Of course the Potter was afraid of Robin Hood's great bow, and he drove off at a rattling pace, with Mother Goose and the Gander and Puss, Junior, comfortably seated

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

in his little wagon. But before he started he gave Puss a big umbrella to keep off the rain-drops that trickled through the leaves in the lovely greenwood.

Well, by and by they turned up a narrow lane and arrived at the Potter's cottage, where his wife made them all comfortable for the night. Even the Gander slept in the kitchen, for he was no ordinary bird, you know, but one of Mother Goose's most famous characters,

ON THE WING

IT was a "misty, moisty morning" when little Puss, Junior, awoke in the Potter's cottage. The rain was dripping from the roof, and the earthen pots which the Potter kept in his little yard were full of water. In the distance Sherwood Forest stood wet and dreary.

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Puss, pulling on his boots. "I wonder if Mother Goose will ride her Gander a wet day like this." And then he ran downstairs to watch the Gander, which was already outdoors waddling about in a pool of water and having a fine time wetting his feet. And every now and then he flapped his wings and gave a great hiss.

"What do I care for a little rain?
It washes off each dusty stain,
It makes my feathers clean and sleek
So I can curl them with my beak!"

"Very fine!" cried Mother Goose. "I declare I never knew he could talk in poetry,

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

although many of the little people in Mother Goose Land speak in rhyme."

"He's a pretty wise old Gander," answered Puss, Junior. "He doesn't say much, but I know he thinks a lot."

"Some people do their thinking aloud," replied Mother Goose. "That's why they're so tiresome."

Just then the Potter came in from the yard, where he had been looking after his pots, and said:

"The wind is coming from the west, and by the time we have finished our breakfast, the sun will be shining."

And pretty soon the sun broke through the clouds, scattering the mists and drying up the little pools along the roadway.

"We had better be on our way," said Puss, Junior.

"Or on our wing," laughed Mother Goose, turning to the Potter to drop some silver coins in his hand in payment for her night's lodging. Puss had already paid for his, so there was nothing more to do but mount the Gander's back and be off.

As they flew over Sherwood Forest they heard the horns of the hunters and the bay-

ON THE WING

ing of the hounds. The trees glimmered in the early light, and all the little leaves were bright and shiny after their rain bath. And as the sun rose higher the deer left the hill-sides and came down to the cool dales where the birds sang and twittered.

And pretty soon after that the children came out of the little cottages and went merrily on their way to school, but they didn't see Puss and Old Mother Goose, for the Gander was up so high that he looked no larger than a little sparrow.

Over the chimneys and over the steeples,
Over the towns and the busy peoples,
Over the valleys and over the hills,
Over the lakes and the rivers and rills,
If you had the chance, now wouldn't you choose
To be on the Gander with dear Mother Goose?

And in the next story you shall hear how Puss met a stranger traveler up in the sky country. And maybe something about the Rainbow Slide. But of course that depends a great deal on the Weather Man and his big thermometer.

SKY PILOTS

NOW let me see. Puss was riding with dear Old Mother Goose on her Gander, and they were up so high in the sky that the school children could hardly see them, and thought the Gander was a little bird.

Well, by and by, after a while, they met an Old Woman riding on a broom.

“Gracious me!” exclaimed Puss. “Are there only women in the sky country? The one we met a few days ago was riding in a basket. Now this one is astride of a broom. I wonder what the next one will have. Perhaps a Zepp or an aeroplane!”

Just then Mother Goose began to sing:

“There was an old woman who rode on a broom,
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
And she took her old cat behind for a groom,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.”

“Why, sure enough, there is a cat,” laughed Puss, Junior. “I didn’t see him at first.”

The Old Woman was too busy talking to her cat to notice Puss, Junior, and Mother

SKY PILOTS

Goose at all. Indeed, she was having a dreadful time, for he wanted to go home right away. But

“The old woman would not go back so soon,
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
For she wanted to visit the Man in the Moon,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.”

And then her cat humped up his back and said:

“I’ll go back myself to our house,
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
For there I can catch a good rat or a mouse,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.”

And goodness, gracious me! Before the Old Woman could stop him, he jumped off and slid down to earth on a rainbow, frightening almost to death a little robin in an apple tree.

“Oh, birdies dear, I just now saw
A most alarming thing;
A cat came flying from the sky
Upon a rainbow wing.
What shall we do, if from this time,
A cat can fly as well as climb?”

“Let him go!” cried the Old Woman. “I don’t see why I should postpone my trip to the Man in the Moon on account of Tom. He’s always hungry. If he wants to slide down a rainbow, all right. I won’t take the chance.”

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

“Did you say you were going to visit the Man in the Moon?” inquired Mother Goose.

“I did,” replied the Old Woman. “But, dearie me! Tom has upset me dreadfully. I hope he reaches home safely.” And then she turned her broom steed toward the east.

“Let’s go, too,” suggested Puss, Junior. So kind Mother Goose told the Gander to follow the Old Woman up the beautiful sky road to the Moon House.

GREEN CHEESE

THE Gander with Mother Goose and Puss, Junior, on his back had all he could do to keep up with the Old Woman who Rode on a Broom; but by and by, after a while, they reached the moon, which was just rising in the east, when all of a sudden

“The Man in the Moon looked out of the moon,
Looked out of the moon and said:
’Tis time for all children on the earth
To think about going to bed!”

“But we’re not children!” snapped the Old Woman who Rode on a Broom.

“I wasn’t speaking to you,” answered the Man in the Moon. “I was sending a wireless down to the children.”

“Why, isn’t that nice!” cried Mother Goose. “I’m sure it’s a great help to parents. I understand that getting children to bed is a difficult matter.”

“What did you do before the wireless was invented?” asked Puss, Junior, curiously.

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON



“Used my moonbeams for wires,” answered the Man in the Moon. “But on stormy nights, of course, I couldn’t send any message.”

GREEN CHEESE

“And now you have no trouble at all?” inquired Mother Goose.

“None in the least,” he answered, “but won’t you come in?” So the Gander landed them safely on the doorstep, and the Old Woman dismounted and rested her broom steed against the doorpost.

“Walk right in,” cried the Man in the Moon. “Make yourself at home. We have nice green cheese for supper. Do you like green cheese?”

“Very much,” answered Mother Goose.

“Extremely fond of it,” replied the Old Woman. But, oh, dear me! little Puss, Junior, knew he wouldn’t like it, so he said nothing.

“What say you, Sir Cat?” asked the Man in the Moon.

“Well,” replied Puss, “I never ate any cheese, so I really don’t know; but I have smelt some, and if it tastes the way it smells, I’d rather be excused.”

And then how the Man in the Moon did laugh. “This is Green Cheese, my boy. It’s very young and tender. I’m sure you’ll like it.”

Well, by this time it was dark, and as Puss

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

peered through the tiny Moon window he couldn't see the earth at all, only stars everywhere. They winked and blinked and twinkled and crinkled and made a soft music like chimes. It was all very strange to Puss, Junior, and as he turned away from the window Mother Goose came and stood close beside him.

"You don't feel homesick, do you, Puss, dear?"

"No-o——" he answered, "but you know how a cat feels in a strange house."

Up in the Moon, ever so high,
The Moon Man sleeps all day,
But when it is night, and the stars are bright,
He just starts in to play.
He opens the door of his big moon house,
And throws some cheese to his little tame mouse,
And then he goes motoring all the night
Till the roosters crow in the morning light.

BACK TO EARTH

WELL, the next morning a little Star Rooster woke the Moon House people with his lusty crowing, and when breakfast was over, Mother Goose set off with Puss, Junior, on her faithful Gander. Toward noon they landed near an old mill.

“Helloa,” cried a voice, and a small cat ran out to meet them.

“Where can we get our dinner?” asked Mother Goose.

Just then a big bumble bee flew by. Puss hurried after him, but couldn’t catch him until he settled on a clover blossom.

“I feel hungry for honey,” said Puss, breathless with his exertion. “I think some honey would be about the nicest thing in the world.”

The bee stopped humming and looked at Puss. “Why don’t you make your own honey?” he asked, rather sharply. “I’m tired of having other people get my honey.”

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

“That’s true,” replied Puss. “I never thought of it in that light. But I have money. Will you take money for honey?”

“What use is money to me?” replied the bumble bee.

“Why, aren’t there any stores about?”

“Nothing but the big bee hive,” replied the bee “and that’s only a savings bank.”

Puss then turned away disappointedly. “Good-by, Mr. Bee,” he said. “I’ll go back to Mother Goose, for I am very hungry, and as long as you have no honey, I won’t bother you.”

“We’ve just arrived,” Mother Goose was saying, “and we still have a long journey to pursue, so if you can direct us to a house, where we may get some breakfast, we shall be much obliged to you, Miss Pussy.”

“Follow me,” said the little cat, “for yonder is the farmhouse, where the farmer and his wife and his children live with me.”

“Where she lives with them,” said Puss under his breath to Mother Goose, as he followed the small cat toward the little white farmhouse.

“What’s the difference,” asked Mother Goose, “whether she lives with them or they

BACK TO EARTH

live with her as long as we get a good dinner for ourselves and the Gander?"

"Quite right," answered Puss, "the dinner is the main thing, after all." So they all set out at a brisk walk.

"Wait for me," said the Gander. "I'm not a fast walker, you know."

At that instant the "rusty, dusty miller" came to the doorway of the old mill.

"Any corn to grind?" he asked, with a broad grin.

"No, my good sir," replied Puss, Junior, "we are in search of food, for we have eaten nothing since this morning."

"Mercy me!" exclaimed the miller, with a still broader grin, "you have fasted long."

"We will fast still longer if we remain here talking idly," answered Mother Goose. "Come, let us hasten, for talk never cooked a dinner."

This seemed a wise remark, for all her companions immediately started off at a brisk trot. The little cat ran ahead and presently stopped before a large white farmhouse.

"I will knock on the door, and when the farmer's wife comes you can tell her what you want. She wouldn't listen to me, you

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know, for I'm only an ordinary sort of a cat," said the little cat, turning to Mother Goose.

"You're a very obliging little puss," answered Mother Goose, raising the old-fashioned knocker and letting it fall with a whack.

The words were no sooner out of her mouth than the door opened and a kind-looking woman stood before them.

"Goodness me!" she exclaimed. "What have we here? A gander and a cat with boots on, and——Oh, I really beg your pardon," she added in great confusion, "I did not recognize you at first, my dear Grandmother Goose."

"Mother Goose, not Grandmother Goose," Puss ventured to correct her.

"To be sure," said the farmer's wife, "I beg your pardon."

"It is granted," said Mother Goose graciously, "provided you can serve us a nice hot dinner. We have traveled far and are nearly starved."

"Buckwheat cakes and syrup," answered the farmer's wife.

BACK TO EARTH

“Fine,” answered Mother Goose, “only see that you have enough and to spare.”

Our travelers then entered the dining room and were soon enjoying a hearty meal, the gander sitting up and eating as if he had always been accustomed to a table and a white cloth.

SWEEPING COBWEBS OFF THE SKY

“**C**OME,” said Mother Goose, after the meal was over and she had thanked the farmer’s wife for her hospitality, “come, dear Puss, Junior, we must be on our way; for it’s a long journey to Mother Goose House.”

“Good-by,” said Puss to the farmer’s wife; then he turned to the little cat. “Thank you, my dear Miss Pussy, also; for had it not been for your kindly guidance I feel sure I should nearly have starved.”

The Gander, in the meantime, was busily pruning his feathers as if aware that he must put everything in good shape before the journey. He flapped his wings as if to try them before venturing in the air. Then he gave his tail a twist or two to assure himself that his steering gear was working perfectly. After which he stood waiting for Mother Goose and Puss, Junior, to seat themselves upon his back.

SWEEPING COBWEBS OFF THE SKY

“Honk! honk!” cried the Gander, rising slowly from the ground, for it was no light weight he had to carry. The farmer’s wife waved her apron and the little cat her handkerchief, although Puss could hardly tell, for he was so high up that it was difficult to see anything distinctly. Away they went, fast as the good old Gander could make his wings go, through the balmy summer morning air.

Suddenly, across the sky they saw a strange sight. Puss was about to speak, when Mother Goose softly began to croon:

“There was an old woman tossed in a basket,
Seventeen times as high as the moon;
But where she was going no mortal could tell,
For under her arm she carried a broom.

“‘Old woman, old woman, old woman,’ said I,
‘Whither, oh whither, oh whither so high?’
‘To sweep the cobwebs from the sky;
And I’ll be with you by-and-by.’”

As she finished the Gander came close up to the Old Woman, who was seated quite comfortably in a large bushel basket. Over her shoulder she carried a broom, and on her head she wore a peaked hat.

“Well, well,” she exclaimed, “I’m delighted to see you, my dear Mother Goose. I hope you’ll excuse the dust which I may

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

have raised, but those cobwebs have been annoying me for some time, and I made up my mind this morning early that I would sweep them off if it took me all day and all night and even part of next day."

"Quite a job," said Puss, looking with admiration at the Old Woman. "You have a wonderful basket. It's as good as a balloon."

"Much better, I assure you," replied the Old Woman. "Balloons require constant filling with air or gas, but my basket, empty or full, sails on forever."

"I'd much rather have a Gander," whispered Puss to Mother Goose, which pleased the Gander immensely, although he said nothing.

PUSS, JUNIOR, ASKS QUESTIONS

FOR some time the Old Woman traveled with Mother Goose and Puss, Junior. The basket in which the old lady rode was certainly a wonderful one, for it kept up with the Gander without any effort. It was probably a magic basket, for otherwise how under heaven could it fly?

All this time the Old Woman was very busily engaged in sweeping the cobwebs off the sky. It seemed strange indeed to think that there could be any cobwebs up so high, but when you come to think of it, the sky does look sometimes as if it were covered with them. Then the next day, they are all gone. This is probably due to the fact that it was sweeping day for the Old Woman.

“How far do you go with your house cleaning?” finally inquired Mother Goose.

“Not often so far,” answered the Old Woman, “but it is seldom that I find anyone

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

up here to talk to, and for this reason I have gone farther to-day than usual."

"What do you do when it rains?" Puss, Junior, was growing most curious.

The Old Woman laughed good-naturedly. "Why, I go into the woods and turn my basket upside down and crawl underneath."

"How do you keep it from flying off?" asked Puss.

"What questions children—I mean cats—can ask!" said the Old Woman. "Why, my dear Puss, when my basket is turned upside down it can't fly. It is built to fly through the air and not through the earth."

"Oh, I see," answered Puss. "No matter how hard the wind might blow, it couldn't turn over."

"Exactly," replied the Old Woman, "it's as safe as a church."

Mother Goose had been an interested listener, and when the Old Woman finished, she turned and said: "You know a good deal about cobwebs. Tell me, are those cobwebs or rain clouds?"

"Gracious me!" cried the Old Woman. "They're rain clouds. I must be on my way

PUSS, JUNIOR, ASKS QUESTIONS

or I shall get a good wetting. Good-by," and she turned about and was off in a jiffy.

"Let me see," said Mother Goose, reflectively. "If it's really going to rain, we ought to find some place for shelter. I dislike getting wet, and I left my umbrella at home."

"I always do, too," said Puss, "that is, on the days when it turns out rainy."

"I think," said the Gander, "if it is really going to rain cats and dogs we had better get nearer the ground, for if we happened to be struck by a stray cat or dog, it might disarrange my steering gear."

"Fly down to that wood," said Mother Goose. "I see no sign of a house. We must do the best we can."

It began to rain at this point, and a few stray flashes of lightning warned them that the storm was fast approaching. The Gander hastened his flight and soon landed them safely in the sheltering woods.

MOTHER GOOSE HOUSE

NOW something very nice happened before I commenced this story. It stopped raining by the time the Gander looked at his watch. Wasn't that nice of the Weather Man in Mother Goose Country? Then, all of a sudden, a little yellow bird began to sing:

“Mother Goose has a house,
’Twas built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.
She had a son Jack,
A plain looking lad;
He was not very good,
Nor yet very bad.”

And pretty soon after that they reached Mother Goose's house.

There stood the little owl, with a gun over his shoulder, keeping watch. And when he heard footsteps, he ruffled up his feathers and cocked his gun.

“Who goes there? Stop and give the countersign!” he shouted.

MOTHER GOOSE HOUSE



“It’s Mother Goose and her friend Sir Cat
So put up your gun and take off your hat.
You needn’t play soldier any more,
But hang up your coat behind the door,”

PUSS, JR., AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

sang the Gander, or maybe he hissed it for all I know.

“Where is Jack?” asked Mother Goose.

“He’s still in bed,” answered the owl. “He doesn’t get up as early as this every morning.”

“No, I guess not,” answered Mother Goose, “not every morning, nor any morning,” and then she opened the door and called, “Jack, Jack! Where are you?”

“Don’t ask me, mother,” answered a sleepy voice. “You know well enough where I am.”

“He’s not a bad boy, only he loves to sleep,” said Mother Goose to Puss. “Make yourself at home while I take off my hat and cloak. It does feel good to be at home,” and the dear old lady gave a sigh of relief as she looked in the mirror to arrange her wind-blown hair,

PUSS WINS A RACE

PUSS, JUNIOR, was very much pleased with the little house, and presently he walked outside to look about. Mother Goose had plenty to do after her long absence, for the house was in some disorder owing to the fact that her son Jack was not a very orderly young man.

Presently Puss heard him coming downstairs.

On seeing his mother, Jack threw his arms about her neck. "Glad you're back, mother dear," he cried, "for it was pretty lonely without you."

Mother Goose's face beamed with pleasure. She was just going to scold him for sleeping so late, but instead she said: "And I'm glad to get home, Jack. I missed you," and she gave him a kiss.

At that moment Puss, Junior, passed by the window.

"What's that?" cried Jack, running to the door. "Why, mother, here's a cat with

boots! A dandy cat," he added, as Puss came up and shook hands.

"This is Puss in Boots, Junior," said Mother Goose. "He's on his way to find his father. I came across him many miles from here and offered to bring him to Mother Goose Land, for he tells me he has heard that his father, Puss in Boots, lives not far from the border land."

"I say, Mr. Puss," cried Jack, "let's have a race. I'm one of the best runners in school and maybe I can beat you."

"All right," agreed Puss, Junior, "only I must run on my bare toes; these boots are too heavy for a racer, you know."

"Yes, they're all right for a traveler," replied Jack, "but if you kept those on I'd beat you before you started."

Puss, Junior, smiled to himself. Jack was certainly a boaster, and Puss made up his mind that he would beat him just to teach him a good lesson.

"We'll start from this line," said Jack, making a mark on the ground. "Whoever first touches that tree by the bridge wins."

"All right," agreed Puss, and he took his stand on all fours by Jack's side.

PUSS WINS A RACE

“Hold on,” said Jack, “you can’t run on four feet. I’ve only got two.”

Puss had not bargained for this. It was not difficult for him to walk in an upright position, but he did not feel so certain about running.

“Come on,” said Jack, “you’re not afraid?”

At once Puss, Junior, took an upright position by Jack’s side and waited for the signal. The little owl fired off his gun and away they went.

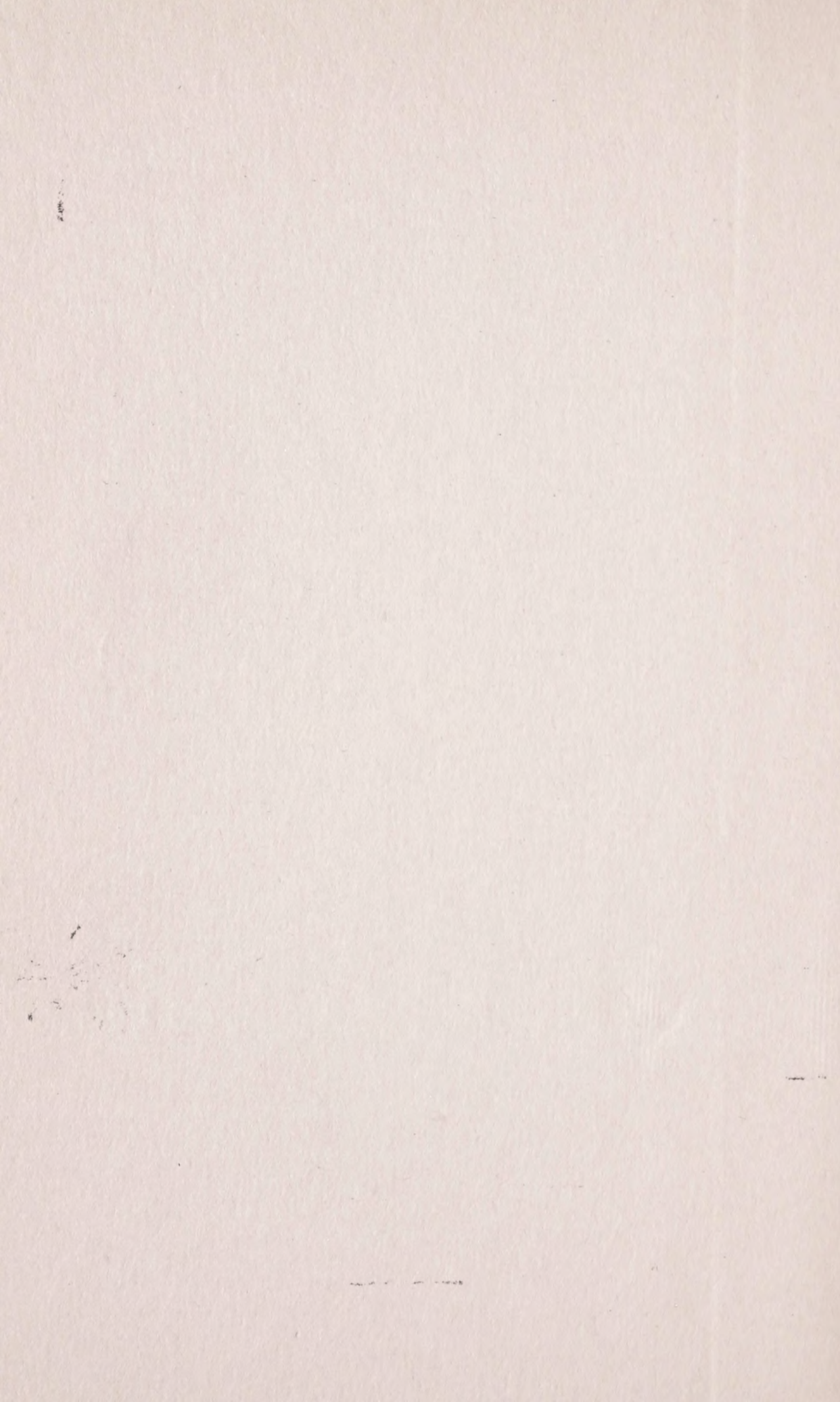
Jack certainly knew how to run, but Puss had made up his mind not to be beaten by a boy and just managed to reach the tree first. Jack looked somewhat chagrined over his defeat, but presently put out his hand and said, “I wish you’d come to school with me.”

“I don’t believe I can,” replied Puss, “for I must be on my way to find my dear father.”

And now, dear little boys and girls, we must close this book. Are you sorry that poor little Puss has not yet found his father? Well, perhaps he’ll find the famous old Puss in Boots in the next book.

Never be discouraged,
But try, try again,
Even if the sunshine
Often turns to rain.

THE END



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