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BROTHER BEARS AND OTHER STORIES



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THE BROTHER BEARS AND OTHER STORIES

By
ANNA WILLIAMS ARNETT
"

Illustrated by LUDWIG and REGINA



BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY
CHICAGO

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1927

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The Brother Bears

THERE were four little brother bears who lived in Cave Cottage at the edge of Woodland Grove.

The four little brother bears were always together. Wherever one went, they all went.

When they went to the Hollow Stump

School House, they took hold of each other's paws and walked there together.

And Miss Brown Bear, the lady bear teacher, let them have four little seats all in a row.

When they read from their tree bark readers, they all read together. They sang together and played together.

One day Miss Brown Bear said to the bear children, "Put your paws on your desks, children, and listen to me. I have something nice to tell you.

"We are to have a vacation. We will have no school for a week. Day after to-morrow will be Christmas. That is the reason we are to have a vacation."

Then all the little bear children clapped their paws and said, "Goody, goody! Hurrah for Christmas!"

On the way home all the little bear children began to talk about the fun that they would have, hanging up their stockings for Santa Claus to fill with sweet things to eat.

Now the four little brother bears had never before heard of Santa Claus. They had no stockings for him to fill.

The other bear children told them that Santa Claus never stopped at places except where there were stockings hanging up.

If they had no stockings to hang up, then Santa Claus would not leave them any sweet things to eat.

You know bears are as fond of sweet things as are little boys and girls.

When the four little brother bears got home, they talked it over. They felt that they must get each of them a stocking to hang up Christmas Eve. So the next morning they started out to hunt stockings.

As they were passing under a large tree, Chippie Squirrel threw a nut and hit the Biggest Little Bear on the nose.

“Ouch!” said Biggest Little Bear, and rubbed his nose with his paw.

“Hello, you four little bears! Where are you going?” called Chippie Squirrel.

“We are looking for stockings. Please tell us where we can find them,” said the Middle Sized Brother Bear.

“Why do you want stockings?” asked Chippie Squirrel. “Are your feet cold?”

“No, our feet are not cold, but we need stockings to hang up Christmas Eve for Santa Claus to put sweet things in,” said the Smallest Brother Bear.

“Go and ask Mr. Billy Goat. I saw him eating one once,” said Chippie Squirrel.

“Thank you,” said the four brother bears, and they started to Goat Cliff where Mr. Billy Goat lived.

They saw him standing on a rock and called to him, “Please, Mr. Billy Goat, can you tell us where we can find some stockings?”

Mr. Billy Goat rubbed his whiskers and thought a while, then said, “I found one once down by the pond after some boys had gone in swimming. It was hanging on a bush. I ate it, but it made me very thirsty. I think



you can find something better to eat than stockings.”

“Oh, we don’t want them to eat,” said the four brother bears.

“We want to hang them up for Santa Claus to put sweet things in.”

“Very well, then,” said Mr. Billy Goat, “if

you will go down to the pond you may find some stockings hanging on the bushes there.”

“Oh, thank you, Mr. Billy Goat,” said the four brother bears, and they hurried to the pond. They looked all through the bushes but not a stocking could they find.

Mr. Frog heard them talking and came up to see what was the matter.

“Oh, Mr. Frog, can you tell us where to find some stockings?” they asked.

Mr. Frog cleared his throat and croaked two or three croaks.

Then he said, “You will find stockings on two-legged animals. One of them passed by here only a few minutes ago. He went up to that big house you see on the hill.”

“Thank you, Mr. Frog,” said the four little bears.

Then they hurried as fast as they could, for it was almost dark. They went up the path to the top of the hill and climbed over the fence into the yard.



And oh, joy! There, hanging on a rope, were four little black stockings all in a row! They were just exactly what the four little brother bears needed.

“One apiece for us,” said the Biggest Brother Bear to the others.

“And mind you be careful of them. We are only borrowing these stockings and must return them in good order.”

Then each little bear put up his right front paw and pulled off a stocking.

And each little bear held his stocking tight while all four bears ran as fast as they could back to Woodland Grove and their Cave Cottage home.

There they hung up the four little stockings in a row and went to bed.

And will you believe it? The next morning each little stocking was full of the sweetest sweet things that anyone could wish.

There were four little pots of honey, one for each of the little bears, and other sweets that little bears like.

They ate and ate and ate and were as happy as could be.

That night they carried the four little stockings back up the hill to the big house.

They climbed over the fence into the yard and hung the stockings up in a row again just as they had found them.

Then the four little brother bears went home and dreamed about Santa Claus.

Little Boy Green

LITTLE BOY GREEN was a green velvet doll. Dicky Dock found him Christmas morning peeping roguishly over the top of his biggest, longest stocking, hung up for Santa Claus to fill.

“Merry Christmas!” shouted Little Boy Green, and when Dicky Dock lifted him out of his stocking, Little Boy Green took off his little green velvet cap and danced a jig.

After that Little Boy Green and Dicky Dock were the best of friends. Wherever one went the other was sure to go.

But one day Dicky Dock went somewhere and did not take Little Boy Green nor did he tell him where he was going.

Little Boy Green was lonesome without Dicky Dock. “I must find out where Dicky Dock went,” said Little Boy Green.

So he went out to the barnyard and found Mrs. Yellow Hen scratching up bugs for breakfast.



“Please, Mrs. Yellow Hen, tell me where Dicky Dock went,” said Little Boy Green.

“I cannot tell you,” said Mrs. Yellow Hen, “but if you will use your eyes, you can find out.”

Little Boy Green went down to the pond and there he found Mrs. Duckie Quack Quack

teaching her downy little ducklings to swim.

“Please, Duckie Quack Quack, tell me where Dicky Dock went,” said Little Boy Green.

“Quack, quack!” said Duckie. “I cannot tell you, but if you will use your eyes, you can find out.”

Little Boy Green went out to the field, and there he found little Mr. Field Mouse.

“Please, Mr. Field Mouse, tell me where Dicky Dock went,” asked Little Boy Green.

Little Mr. Field Mouse was combing his whiskers and did not answer. Little Boy Green asked him again.

Little Mr. Field Mouse stopped combing his whiskers long enough to say, “I cannot tell you, but if you will use your eyes, you can find out.”

“The same old story,” grumbled Little Boy Green.

Then he went out to the orchard. There he found Mrs. Wren sitting on her nest knitting some tiny hoods for her baby Wrens.

“Please, Mrs. Wren, tell me where Dicky Dock went,” said Little Boy Green.

Mrs. Wren waited until she counted her stitches and then said, “I cannot tell you, but if you will use your eyes, you can find out.”

Little Boy Green went to Uncle Bushy Tail who was busy cracking a nut.

“Please, Uncle Bushy Tail, tell me where Dicky Dock went.”

Uncle Bushy Tail’s mouth was full of nut so he couldn’t talk and he went on rolling the nut around in his mouth.

Little Boy Green asked him again.

Uncle Bushy Tail chewed and chewed until the nut was eaten. Then he threw the shell away and said, “I cannot tell you, but if you will use your eyes, you can find out.”

Little Boy Green went down to the brook and found Mr. and Mrs. Minnow and all the little Minnows busy catching flies.

“Please, Mr. Minnow, tell me where Dicky Dock went,” said Little Boy Green.



“I cannot tell you,” said Mr. Minnow, “but if you will use your eyes, you can find out.”

By this time Little Boy Green was very tired. So he sat down by the brook to rest and think.

“What can they all mean by telling me that I can find out if I will use my eyes? I am sure my eyes are as good as theirs, even

if they are made of velvet. I am too tired to go any further. I shall go home and get some dinner.”

So Little Boy Green got up and turned around to go back to the house—and what do you think he saw? The very person he had been hunting all this time—Dicky Dock himself!

There Dicky Dock was, right behind Little Boy Green and Dicky Dock had been following close behind Little Boy Green all this time!

“Why didn’t you use your eyes, Little Boy Green?” laughed Dicky Dock. “After this, when you are hunting anything, use your eyes.”

They both had a good laugh and then they went home together, singing this song:

Little Boy Green,
Come, use your eyes.
The cat’s in the cream
And eating the pies.

Wee Willie Squirrel

WEE WILLIE SQUIRREL lived with Father and Mother Squirrel in a cozy home in an old hollow tree.

Father Squirrel had bought the home of the Three Bears. He gave the Three Bears one hundred chestnuts for it.

Wee Willie loved to play hide-and-seek with the little neighbor squirrels. They had so much fun!

One day Wee Willie was playing hide-and-seek with three little neighbor squirrels.

He thought it would be fun to hide some place where the three little squirrels would have to hunt a long time before they could find him. So he ran away down the path and hid behind a mossy stone.

He heard the three little squirrels chattering to each other, saying, "Where in the world is Wee Willie? Where can he be hiding?"

Wee Willie chuckled to himself and



thought, "What a good joke I've played on them! They'll be a long time finding me here."

Just then he heard a rustling sound behind him. He turned around and saw sly old Mr. Fox sneaking toward him.

Wee Willie was young, but he had learned that foxes cannot be trusted. He gave one whisk of his fluffy little tail and ran with all his might.

Old Mr. Fox ran after him.

Mr. Fox's legs were much longer than Wee Willie's. He could run faster than Wee Willie.

Mr. Fox was just about to catch Wee Willie by the tail when the squirrel came to a tree.

And whisk! Wee Willie was up the tree, and old Mr. Fox cannot climb trees.

So old Mr. Fox had his run for nothing; but he stayed down under the tree.

He soon grew tired of waiting for Wee Willie to come down and went away.

After a while Wee Willie came down and started home. He walked and ran, and ran and walked. But no home nor squirrels did he see.

He now felt very tired. Even his frisky little tail was tired and trailed along on the ground behind him.

He sat down to rest for a little while.

Poor Wee Willie was lost, and it was growing dark. The birds had stopped singing and gone to sleep. Everything was quiet.



It grew darker and darker. Wee Willie could no longer see the path. He put his two little paws over his eyes and began to cry.

Just then a golden lantern twinkled through the trees. Then another and another. The lanterns shone and twinkled nearer and nearer.

The lights shone on Wee Willie.

They were firefly lanterns.

The fireflies saw Wee Willie sitting there alone, crying, and they flew right to him.

“Wee Willie, what is the matter?” asked the leader of the fireflies kindly.

When Wee Willie told him, the firefly said, “Don’t cry, Wee Willie. We will light the way home for you. Come with us.”

Then the golden firefly lanterns led the way and lighted up the pathway so Wee Willie would not stumble.

All through the woods they led him, safe to his very door. How good it felt to be back with Mother and Father Squirrel in their home in the old hollow tree!

“Thank you, dear golden friends,” said Wee Willie, and he watched them twinkle away into the forest, while he waved his little paw at them to say “Good-by.”

Then and there he decided that he would be a little more careful when he played hide-and-seek again.

Little Toy Dog

LITTLE TOY DOG had bright black eyes and silky hair. He had a saucy little nose with which to sniff, sniff, sniff. He had four little feet with which to tritty, trutty, tritty, trot, and scratch, scratch, scratch. He had a little tail that he could wag, wag, wag, and thump, thump, thump.

He had two rows of white teeth with which to chew bones and balls and slippers and other chewy things.

But Little Toy Dog had no bark!

One day Little Toy Dog was sitting on the porch. He saw a dog that looked just like himself only larger.

Big Dog looked at Little Toy Dog and said, "Bow-wow-wow! How do you do?"

Little Toy Dog said nothing.

Big Dog said, "Why don't you bark? Say 'Bow-wow-wow' to me."

"I cannot make that noise," said Little Toy Dog. "What do you call it?"

“That is barking,” said Big Dog. “When I want people to pay attention to me, I bark ‘Bow-wow-wow!’ just like that. Sometimes they are afraid of me when I bark. You will never be a real dog until you can bark.”

When Big Dog went away Little Toy Dog said to himself, “I must learn how to bark and show Big Dog that I *am* a real dog.” So Little Toy Dog trotted down the steps and down the walk.

Pretty soon he met Mrs. Pullet, wearing her new wrist watch. Mrs. Pullet wore the watch on her leg because she had no wrist.

“Please, Mrs. Pullet, can you teach me how to bark?” asked Little Toy Dog.

“I do not bark; I cackle. It sounds much prettier than barking. Besides, when I cackle I have something to tell the world. You would better learn to cackle. I should be glad to teach you,” said Mrs. Pullet.

“Oh no, thank you, Mrs. Pullet, cackling wouldn’t do at all. I must learn to bark,” he said.



Mrs. Pullet lifted her leg to look at her watch. "Dear me, I must hurry on home," she said.

So on trotted Little Toy Dog.

Next he met Dr. William Goat, carrying his medicine case.

"Please, Dr. William Goat, can you give me some kind of medicine to make me bark?"

"Let me see your tongue," said Dr. Goat.

Little Toy Dog stuck out his tongue.

“By the hair on my chinny, chin, chin! I never saw a tongue like that!” exclaimed Dr. William Goat.

He then took a bottle from his medicine case.

“Here is a bottle of dogwood bark. Take a teaspoonful three times a day. That ought to make you bark,” said Dr. Goat.

Little Toy Dog hurried home to try his medicine.

After he took one spoonful he found that he could growl a little—gr-rr-r—just like that.

After he had taken two spoonfuls he could bark a weak little bark—wow-wow-wow—just like that.

But after he had taken three spoonfuls he found he could bark as fiercely as the big dog—*bow-wow-wow!*

Mr. and Mrs. Wren

Wee-chee, chee-chee, wee-wee-weeny!
We're as happy as happy as can be,
For a fine little house have we
In the top of the old apple tree!

EARLY one morning Mrs. Wren was wakened by something drip, drip, dripping on her tail. She peeped out from under her wing.

“Peep! peep! peep!” chirped Mrs Wren, which meant, “What in the world is the matter? What is this dripping on my tail?”

She felt it again—drip, drip, drip. Mrs. Wren shook herself and water sprinkled all over her. Then she looked up to see where the water came from. She found the wind had torn away part of the roof of their cozy nest.

“Peep! peep! peep!” chirped Mrs. Wren, which meant, “Wake up, Daddy! wake up! wake up!”

Mr. Wren peeped out from under his little



wing and chirped, “Peep! peep! peep!” which meant, “Oh, my dear, it is too early to wake up. Go to sleep.”

But Mrs. Wren pecked him with her sharp little bill until he chirped, “Oh, very well, my dear, I’ll wake up.”

Mrs. Wren pointed with her little claw to the top of their nest.

“Peep! peep! peep!” chirped Mrs. Wren,

which meant, "See what has happened to our roof! It is leaking."

"Peep! peep! peep!" chirped Mr. Wren. "What a pity! What a pity! What shall we do?"

"As soon as it stops raining, we must find a place to build a new nest," chirped Mrs. Wren.

After a little while it stopped raining and Mr. and Mrs. Wren hurried out to get some breakfast. They found some nice insects. They ate them, and then they started out to hunt for a place to build a new nest.

They hunted all day, and when evening came they were hot and tired. But they had not found a place to build their nest. The other birds had taken all the good places.

Mr. and Mrs. Wren perched upon a branch of the old apple tree to rest.

Mrs. Wren fanned herself with a leaf.

"Peep! peep! peep!" chirped Mr. Wren. "My dear, what shall we do?"

"Peep! peep! peep!" chirped Mrs. Wren.

“We’ll have to sleep in the old nest to-night and hunt again to-morrow.”

“I hope it doesn’t rain to-night,” chirped Mr. Wren. “I’ll take a look at the sky to see if there are any clouds.” Mr. Wren hopped up to a higher branch and looked up. Then he gave a quick chirp. “What in the world do I see?” he cried.

“What do you see that is so strange?” asked Mrs. Wren.

Mr. Wren pointed with his little claw. Mrs. Wren looked up and what do you suppose she saw?

Just wait till I tell you.

It was a house—a little bird house up in the apple tree!

“A house! a lovely little house!” cried Mrs. Wren.

“Do you suppose it grew in the tree?”

“No; I think Teddy put it there. Teddy is the little boy who lives in the brown house near by. I saw him making one yesterday. It looked just like this one.”



“Let us go and look at it,” chirped Mr. Wren.

So they flew up to where the little house was.

When they got there they saw something written over the door.

This is what it said, “For Mr. and Mrs. Bird, from Teddy.”

“Oh, Daddy!” chirped Mrs. Wren, “Teddy put the little house here for us! Isn’t that lovely! What a dear little house! We’ll move in right away.”

They did move in right away, and none too soon, for that night it rained again. It just poured!

But Mr. and Mrs. Wren were snug and dry in their little new house.

They chirped, “Wee-chee, chee-chee, wee-wee-weeny! Thank you, Teddy, for our lovely, dry little house!”

By and by there were five darling little baby Wrens in the new house.

They kept Mr. and Mrs. Wren busy feeding their five hungry mouths.

Every morning Mr. Wren perched by the door of the house and sang:

Wee-chee, chee-chee, wee-wee-weeny!
We’re as happy as happy can be,
For a fine little house have we
In the top of the old apple tree.

The Lost Little Robins

THERE were two little robins who lived in a cherry tree with their father and mother. They had learned to fly, but their wings were not yet strong enough to fly very far. Father and Mother Robin had often told them that they must never fly out of the cherry tree when they were gone.

But one day when Father and Mother Robin were gone, those naughty little robins flew out of the cherry tree.

Then, when nothing happened, they flew farther—a little farther—then still a little farther.

“Chee, chee,” chirped one little robin, “my wings are tired.”

“Tree, tree,” chirped the other little robin, “let’s go home.”

But alas! when the little robins tried to go home, they could not find the way back.

“Dear me,” said one little robin, “we must find some place to stay.”

“Dear me,” said the other little robin, “I want something to eat.”

Just then they saw a house not far away.

“Let’s fly over to that house,” said one little robin.

“Maybe there is a kind little boy there who will give us something to eat,” said the other little robin.

So they lifted their tired little wings and flew over to a rose bush near the door. The door was open and they heard voices.

One voice said, “Freddy, run down to the store and get a loaf of bread, please.”

A cross little voice answered, “I don’t want to. I’m busy playing.”

The little robins looked at each other. One little robin shook his head. The other little robin shook his head.

“This is no place for us,” said one little robin.

“He is a cross little boy,” said the other little robin.

So they lifted their tired little wings and



flew away. They stopped to rest in a pear tree. As they sat there resting, they heard a strange sound.

“What is that?” chirped one little robin.

“What can it be?” chirped the other little robin.

One little robin peeped over a big leaf. The other little robin peeped over a leaf. They looked right into two big, fiery eyes.

Big Eyes saw the two little birds peeping over the leaf.

Then Big Eyes sharpened his claws and began to climb the tree.

Up, up he crept, closer and closer to the little birds.

One little robin chirped, "Chee, chee! Who are you?"

The other little robin chirped, "Tree, tree! Who are you?"

But Big Eyes never made a sound. Up and up, nearer and nearer, he crept.

The little robins were frightened.

"Go away!" chirped one little robin, and he shook his claw at Big Eyes.

"Go away!" chirped the other little robin, and he shook his claw at Big Eyes.

But Big Eyes paid no attention and kept climbing nearer and nearer. The little robins were so frightened that their feathers stood straight out.

Suddenly a little boy came whistling by. He saw Big Eyes and the little robins.

"Scat! you big, bad cat!" shouted the boy. "Let those little robins alone!"

And scat the big, bad cat did. He was down the tree and out of sight before the little robins could wink an eye.

“Chee, chee. What a nice little boy!” said one little robin.

“Tree, tree! Thank you, kind little boy,” said the other little robin.

After the little boy had gone, the little robins sat winking and thinking of what they should do next.

By and by they heard the tinkle, tinkle of a bell. It was old Bossy Cow coming home from the pasture.

“Chee, chee! Let’s follow old Bossy Cow,” said one little robin.

“Tree, tree! Let’s do,” said the other little robin.

So they lifted their tired little wings and flew along.

They flew along near old Bossy Cow until they came to a gate.

Old Bossy Cow stopped at the gate and mooed, “Moo, moo, moo!”



A dear little girl, with fluffy brown hair, came out of the house and ran down the path to the gate and opened it.

Old Bossy Cow walked though the gate, and right after her flew the little robins.

“Oh, you darling little birds, where did you come from?” cried the little girl.

“Chee, chee! We are lost,” chirped one little robin.

“Tree, tree! We are hungry,” chirped the other little robin.

“You poor little birds!” said the dear little girl, and she ran into the house to get some bread crumbs for them. She scattered the crumbs on the ground, and how those little robins did eat!

While they were eating, two big robins flew down from a tree—and oh, joy! they were Father and Mother Robin.

Then they all flew away to the old cherry tree.

Soon the two tired little robins were cuddled warm and snug in the nest under Mother Robin’s wings.

“Chee, chee!” said one little robin, and the next minute was sound asleep.

“Tree, tree!” said the other little robin, and the next minute *he* was sound asleep.



The Lucky Pewees

EARLY one day Mrs. Pewee said to Mr. Pewee, "My dear, this nest house we lived in last year is very dirty. You'll have to mend it, too, before I can clean house."

“Oh dear, oh dear! what a lot of work it is to clean house!” said Mr. Pewee. “Can’t we wait and build a new nest?”

“No indeed!” said Mrs. Pewee. “We’ll not have time to build a new house. You know how late we are now.”

“When shall we begin to clean house?” asked Mr. Pewee.

“To-morrow morning,” answered Mrs. Pewee, “and we must get up at four o’clock, so we can have an early start.”

That night Mr. and Mrs. Pewee tucked their heads under their wings as soon as the sun went down, so they would waken early. That is the way birds go to bed, you know.

The next morning, just at the peep of dawn, Mrs. Pewee chirped, “Peep, peep!” which meant “Come, come, Daddy, wake up! We must get to work.”

Then Mr. Pewee peeped out from under his wing with one eye and chirped, “Peep, peep!” which meant, “Oh, my dear, it isn’t light enough, yet.”



But Mrs. Pewee pecked at him with her sharp little bill until he wakened and sat up and stretched himself. Then he opened his eyes very wide and gave an astonished chirp, which meant, “What in the world is this I see?”

“What do you see that is so strange?” chirped Mrs. Pewee. “What is it that you see?”

“Look up there,” chirped Mr. Pewee, nodding his head toward the branch above them. Mrs. Pewee looked up.

“A house! a bird house!” she cried.

They both hopped up to the house and peeped in the door.

“A lovely, new, clean house, just what we want!” cried Mrs. Pewee. “Where do you suppose it came from?”

“I saw Jimmy working on it yesterday,” said Mr. Pewee. “I heard him say he won the prize for making the best bird house in town. He must have put it up here for us to live in. Now we’ll not have to clean house after all, hurrah!”

“How lovely to have a new, clean house!” said Mrs. Pewee. “We must thank Jimmy for it.”

So they moved into the new bird house and soon there was a family of dear little Peewees. And such a happy time as they all had in the new house that summer!



The Greedy Robins

Two little robins lived in a tree.
They were greedy as greedy could be.
Their bill of fare they would not share,
So they lost their dinners, the little sinners!

THERE were two little robins. They were funny little robins. They lived in a cherry tree. Father Robin sang, "What cheer! what cheer! Hear! hear! Our home is in a cherry, cherry, tree, tree! tree!"

Mother Robin sat on the nest. She kept the little robins warm. One day the little robins were hungry.

One little robin said, "Chee, chee!" And the other little robin said, "Tree, tree!"

Then Father Robin flew away to find a fat worm for their dinner.

Soon he saw a very big, fat worm. "Here is a good dinner for my little robins," said he.

Then Father Robin carried the big fat worm to the nest. "Chee, chee!" said one little robin. "Give it to me."

"Tree, tree!" said the other little robin. "Give it to me. Give it to me."

"Now what shall I do?" said Father Robin. "I have but one fat worm and two greedy little birds."

"Chee, chee!" said one little bird. "Give it to me. Give it to me."

"Tree, tree!" said the other little bird. "Give it to me. Give it to me."

"I know what I'll do," said Father Robin. "I'll eat it myself." And he did.

So those greedy little robins lost their dinners.

The Naughty Little Pig

ONCE upon a time there was a little white pig.

Little White Pig was always squealing “Wee-wee! wee-wee!”

So Father Pig called him Piggy Wee-wee. And Mother Pig called him Piggy Wee-wee.

Piggy Wee-wee lived in a nice little house. They called it Corncob house.

Father Pig had built it of corncobs.

Yes, Father Pig had saved the cobs every day, after they had eaten off the corn for their dinner.

When he had saved enough corncobs, he built this lovely house for his little family.

Not many little pigs had such a lovely home. But Piggy Wee-wee was not satisfied.

One day that naughty little pig ran away. He ran out of the yard. He ran down the road.



He met Mrs. Ducky Waddle.

“Quack! quack! where are you going, Piggy Wee-wee?” quacked Mrs. Ducky Waddle.

“I am going out to see the world,” said Piggy.

“Quack! quack! you’d better run home to your mother.”

“I am big enough to take care of myself,” said Piggy Wee-wee.

Then he wiggled his snout and tossed his head and ran on.

Soon he met Mother Biddy, the white hen.

“Cluck! cluck! where are you going, Piggy Wee-wee?” clucked Mother Biddy.

“I am going out to see the world,” said Piggy Wee-wee.

Wee-wee, “Cluck! cluck! you’d better run home to your mother.”

“I am big enough to take care of myself,” said Piggy Wee-wee. Then he wiggled his snout and tossed his head and ran on.

By and by he met Auntie Pigeon.

“Coo-coo! coo-coo! where are you going, Piggy Wee-wee?” cooed Auntie Pigeon.

“I am going out to see the world,” said Piggy.

“Coo-coo! coo-coo! you’d better run home to your mother.”

“I am big enough to take care of myself,” said Piggy Wee-wee.

Then he wiggled his snout and tossed his head and ran on.

By and by he came to the woods.

He found some hazelnuts. Um! um-mm! how good the hazelnuts tasted!

Piggy ate and ate. Then he found some nice, black, sticky mud. He waded and waded in the nice, black, sticky mud until his pretty white suit was black and muddy as it could get.

Then he found a fence.

He rooted and rooted with his little snout until there was room for him to squeeze under the fence.

As he came up on the other side of the fence he heard a fierce “grr-grr” growl, and something caught him by his little ear.

It was a big black dog.

The big black dog dragged him along by his ear over the rough ground.

It hurt dreadfully.



“Wee-wee! wee-wee!” squealed Little Pig as loud as he could.

But the big black dog dragged him along and dragged him along.

He could not get away.

“Wee-wee! wee-wee! he is killing me! he is killing me!” squealed Piggy.

Mother Bidly heard Little Pig squealing, and came running.

Mrs. Ducky Waddle heard Little Pig squealing, and came waddling.

Auntie Pigeon heard Little Pig squealing, and quickly she came flying to help him

Mrs. Ducky Waddle flew at the big black dog and pecked him with her big flat bill.

Mother Bidly flew at the big black dog and scratched him with her sharp claws.

Auntie Pigeon flew at the big black dog and pecked him with her little sharp bill.

The big black dog let go of Little Pig's ear and ran away as fast as he could.

"You'd better run home to your mother now," quacked Mrs. Ducky Waddle.

"You'd better run home to your mother now," clucked Mother Bidly.

"You'd better run home to your mother now," cooed Auntie Pigeon.

And Piggy Wee-wee did run home to his mother. He ran home as fast as he could and he stayed there.

Duckie Quack Quack

There was a little duck,
And its color was all black.
And when it heard a noise,
It always said, "Quack, quack!"

DUCKIE QUACK QUACK was a little black duck. All his brothers and sisters were white. They lived in the pond down by the saw mill.

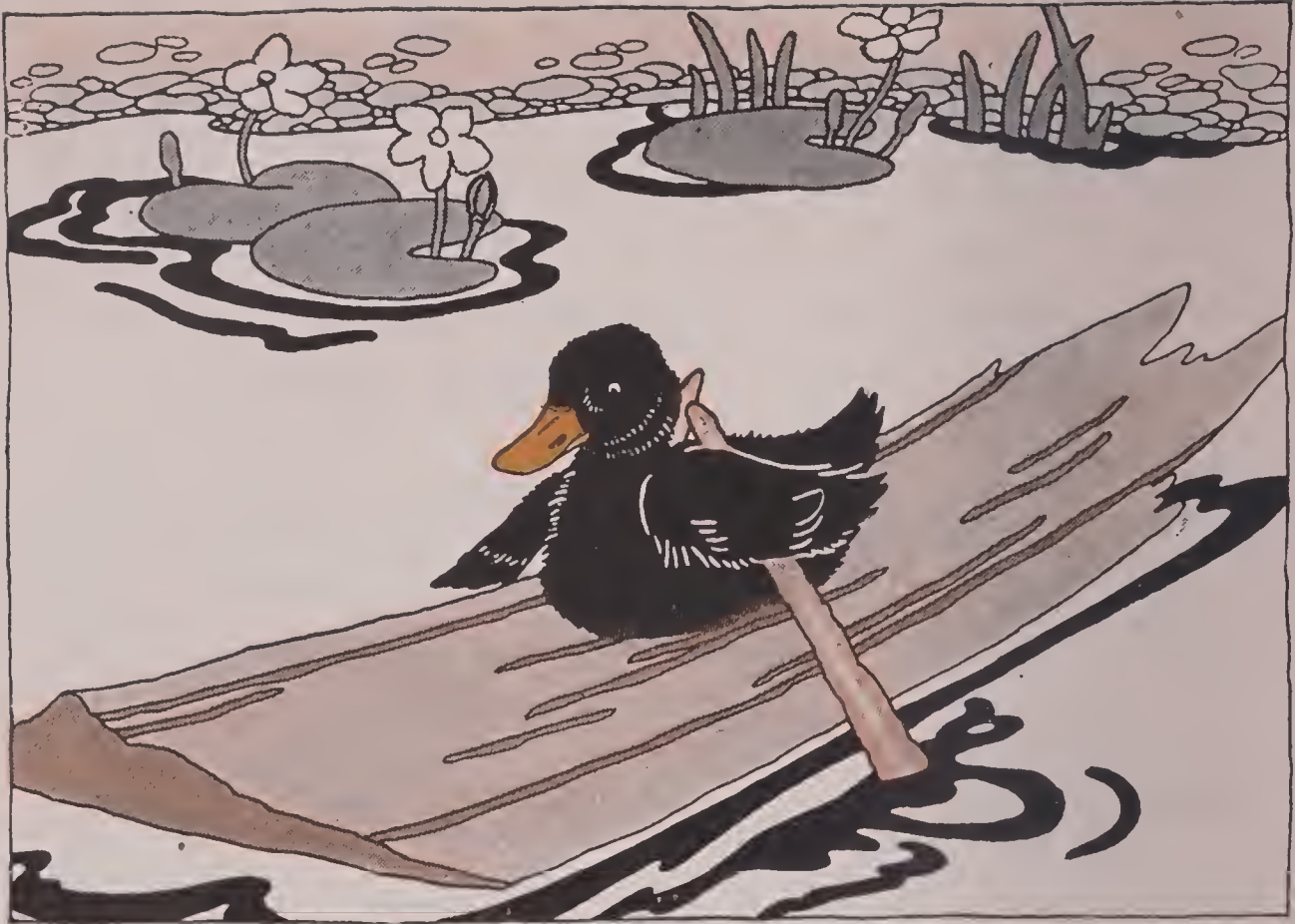
How do you think Duckie Quack Quack got his name? Such a funny name!

Every morning, as soon as he heard the buzz of the big saw in the sawmill, Duckie would begin to quack as loud as he could.

He thought he could make more noise than the sawmill. And he tried his best to do so. So they named him Duckie Quack Quack.

One day while Duckie was swimming about, he saw a board floating along on the water.

"What a nice boat that board would



make!” thought Duckie. “If I had something to use for oars, I could row as boys and girls do.”

So Duckie swam about until he found two sticks that were just right to use for oars. With the oars tucked under his wings, he climbed upon the board and sat down. Working first one wing and then the other, he began to row around the edge of the pond.

Chicken Little was out hunting worms. She saw Ducky and called out, "May I go boat riding with you, Duckie Quack Quack? Please, may I go with you?"

"Yes, if you will sit still and not upset the boat," answered Duckie Quack Quack.

"I will sit very still, Duckie," promised Chicken Little.

So Duckie rowed up close to the edge of the pond and Chicken Little got on the board and sat down.

Then Duckie rowed on.

Soon they heard some one calling, "Duckie Quack Quack, please, may I go boat riding with you?"

They looked around and saw Mousie Longtail sitting under a daisy, combing his whiskers.

"Yes, if you will sit still and not upset the boat," answered Duckie.

"I will sit very still," promised Mousie Longtail.

So Duckie rowed up close to the edge of

the pond to let Mousie get on the board.

They were having a fine ride when they saw Young Squirrel, sitting in the sun, eating a nut.

As soon as Young Squirrel saw them, he dropped the nut and called out, "Please, may I go boat riding with you, Duckie Quack Quack?"

"Yes, if you will sit very still and not upset the boat," answered Duckie.

"I will sit very still," promised Young Squirrel.

So Young Squirrel got on the board and sat down. Then away they went, rowing out over the shining water.

By and by they began to sing. Their singing wakened old Mr. Frog, who was taking a nap.

"What is all this noise about?" croaked Mr. Frog, poking his head up out of the water. Then he saw the board boat and the singers on it.

"Huh! Do they call *that* singing?"



croaked old Mr. Frog, who was very proud of his fine voice. "If they should hear *me* sing, they would never sing again."

So Mr. Frog cleared his throat, opened his mouth and began to sing as loud as he could. Young Squirrel had never heard a frog sing and the sudden noise frightened him, making him jump to his feet.

This upset the board boat, and splash! over they all went into the water!

“Oh, we shall drown! We shall drown!” cried Chicken Little and Young Squirrel, for they could not swim. “I’m sure we shall drown!”

“Quick! quick! Jump on my back, Chicken Little,” cried Duckie. “I can swim!”

“Quick! quick! Catch hold of my tail, Young Squirrel,” cried Mousie Longtail. “I know how to swim.”

So Duckie swam to shore with Chicken Little on his back. And Mousie Longtail swam to shore with Young Squirrel holding onto his tail.

Then they all scrambled up out of the water and shook themselves.

Young Squirrel, because of his bushy tail, seemed the wettest.

Chicken Little hopped off Duckie’s back and there they all were—safe! They sat down in the sunshine to dry.

And what do you think they saw? There,

on their board boat, sat old Mr. Frog, singing with all his might, "Croak, croak, croak!"

"Now, what do you think of that!" said Duckie.

"What do you think of that!" cried Chicken Little."

"Think of that!" cried Mousie Longtail.

"Wait a minute," said Young Squirrel.

"Just wait a minute!"

And before you could wink, he had scrambled up a tree with a big hard hickory nut in his mouth.

He dropped the hickory nut right on old Mr. Frog's head.

Mr. Frog stopped in the middle of a croak, jumped off the board and swam away as fast as he could.

"My goodness!" said Mousie Longtail.

"Oh!" cried Chicken Little.

"Dear me!" quacked Duckie Quack Quack.

Then Young Squirrel came down the tree and they all got on the board boat again and had a fine boat ride.

Bunny Pink Nose

LITTLE Bunny Pink Nose lived in a lovely home with bushes for walls. Green leaves hung over the windows for curtains. Moss made a soft carpet.

One morning Mrs. Pink Nose said to Mr. Pink Nose, "Father, our little Bunny needs some new shoes."

Mr. Pink Nose said, "Well, I will take him down to Rabbit Town and get a pair for him."

So Mrs. Pink Nose washed little Bunny's face and put on his little orange coat and hat.

When they were ready they got into their car and drove away to Rabbit Town.

Mr. Pink Nose took them to the Cotton-tail Shoe Store, where they bought Bunny a lovely pair of tan shoes.

Bunny was so proud he wanted every one to see his new shoes.

While his mother was busy in the Long



Ears Dry-goods Store buying a new dress, little Bunny hopped out the door and started down the street.

He walked along, and soon he met Kitty Mew-Cat carrying a red-and-white candy cane.

“What fine new shoes you have, Bunny Pink Nose,” said Kitty Mew-Cat. “May I walk along with you?”

And Bunny was prouder than ever.

Then he met Miss Froggie Croak carrying a new toadstool parasol.

“What lovely new shoes you have!” cried Miss Froggie Croak. “Will you walk along with me under my toadstool parasol?”

“Yes, thank you,” said Bunny, and he felt very proud.

So they walked along and walked along until they met Miss Duckie Waddle, wearing a yellow tulip hat.

“Quack, quack,” said Miss Duckie Waddle, “what beautiful tan shoes you have, Bunny Pink Nose! May I waddle along with you?”

This made Bunny so proud and happy that he hopped three hops on one foot and turned a somersault besides.

Then they walked along and walked along until they met Brownie Chipmunk wearing his new red pants.

“What pretty tan shoes, Bunny Pink Nose!” squeaked Brownie Chipmunk. “May I walk along with you?”

This made Bunny so proud that he wiggled his ears and stuck up his nose.

Then they walked along, and suddenly around the corner bounced Big Black Wolf. He glared fiercely at Bunny and growled, “What are you doing with those tan shoes?”

“My father bought them for me,” answered poor little Bunny. He was frightened so he could hardly speak.

“Come along with me,” growled Big Black Wolf.

“Oh, please, Mr. Wolf, let me go to my mother,” pleaded Bunny.

“If you don’t come with me I’ll bite your ears off,” growled Big Black Wolf.

So poor little Bunny had to go with Big Black Wolf, and whenever Bunny did not walk fast enough, the wolf snapped at Bunny’s ears and made him hop along faster.

By and by they reached Big Black Wolf’s

den in the woods, and poor little Bunny crept shivering into a corner. Big Black Wolf growled, "Take off those shoes!"

Poor Bunny took off his pretty tan shoes and gave them to Big Black Wolf. The wolf put them on his ugly feet, but they were too small for him. They were so tight he could not walk in them.

When Bunny saw how tight the shoes were for Big Black Wolf, he thought, "If I run now, Big Black Wolf cannot catch me, for the shoes are so tight he cannot run in them."

So while Big Black Wolf's back was turned, Bunny hopped to the door as fast as he could hop.

Big Black Wolf started after him, but he could not run because the shoes hurt his feet. He stopped to pull off the shoes.

"Just wait till I get off these shoes!" he called. "You'll never get away from me again."

But the shoes were so tight, and it took him so long to get them off, that Bunny was out



of sight by the time the wolf was ready to run. Bunny had hid in some bushes by the side of the road.

Big Black Wolf could not find Bunny, so he went back to his den.

When Bunny was sure the wolf was gone,

he hopped out into the road, but he was lost and did not know the way home. He sat down and began to cry.

“Why are you crying, Bunny Pink Nose?” said a voice close behind him.

Bunny turned around and saw dear old Turtle Go Slow.

“Oh, dear Turtle Go Slow, I am lost and cannot find my way home,” cried Bunny.

“Well, never mind, Bunny. I will take you home. Climb on my shell and I will give you a nice ride.”

So Bunny climbed up on the shell of good old Turtle Go Slow, and just as the sun went down he rode up to his home in the bushes.

You can be sure that Bunny’s father and mother were glad to see him.

They thanked Turtle Go Slow, and invited him to stay for supper. The next day Mr. Pink Nose went down to the Cottontail Shoe Store and bought another pair of little tan shoes for Bunny and brought them home to him.

Bunny and the Waffles

ONE bright, sunny morning little Bunny Pink Nose was awakened by his mother calling.

“Wake up, Bunny! I need some milk for breakfast. Hurry and dress and hop down to the Wiggle Wiggie Store and get a pint of milk for me—that’s a dear little bunny boy.”

Little Bunny Pink Nose opened one eye, sniffed his little pink nose and said, “I’m so sleepy, Mother. We won’t need any milk today.”

“Oh, very well,” said Mother Pink Nose. “I wanted the milk to make some nice, brown waffles for breakfast to eat with butter and honey. But we can get along with toast and tea.”

Bunny sat up in a hurry with both eyes wide open.

“Did you say brown waffles with butter and honey for breakfast?”



“Yes, I said brown waffles with butter and honey,” answered Mother Pink Nose.

Bunny jumped into his little blue rompers quicker than you can say

“Jack Sprat,
Get my hat,”

and started down the walk.

“Wait a minute, Bunny! You haven’t any money,” called Mother Pink Nose.

So Bunny hopped up and down while his mother went into the bedroom and got a dime from the dresser drawer.

“Here is the dime for the milk. Be careful and do not lose it, Bunny,” said Mother Pink Nose.

Bunny put the dime into his little pocket and then hopped away as fast as he could.

As he was passing Mr. Poodle Dog’s house, he saw the three little Poodle Dogs, Fido, Fun and Fuzzy, out in the yard playing circus.

Fido was standing on his head waving his tail in the air. Bunny stopped to watch him.

“Hello, Bunny! You can’t stand on your head,” barked Fuzzy.

“Yes, I can!” answered Bunny.

“Let’s see you, then,” barked Fuzzy.

Bunny laid back his pink ears; down went his head and up went his little tail.

“Pretty good!” barked Fido. “I didn’t think a rabbit could stand on his head. Rab-

bits are pretty smart after all. Come in and play with us.”

“No, I can’t stop to play,” said Bunny. “I must hurry down to the Wiggle Wiggle Store to get some milk for Mother.”

And Bunny hopped out of the yard and away after the milk.

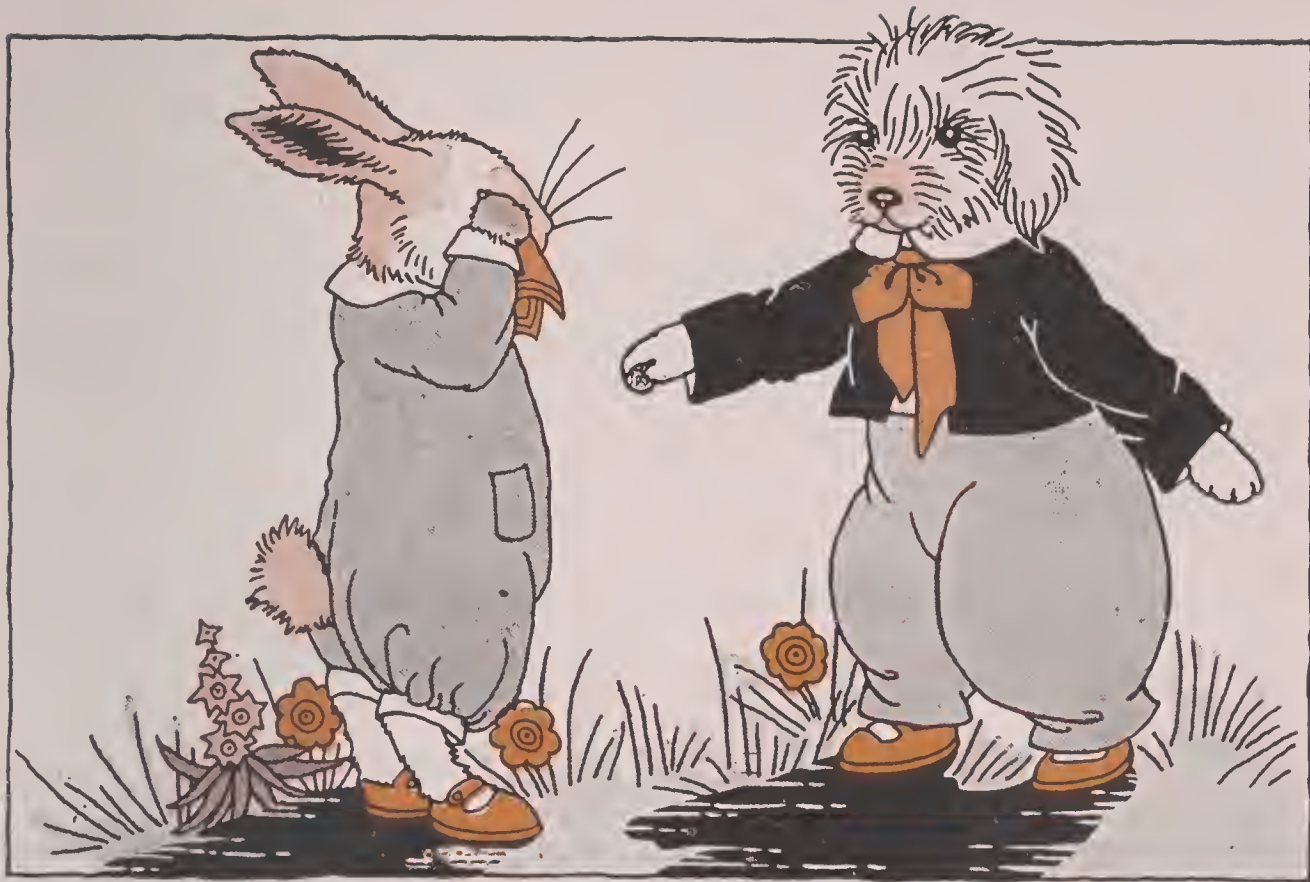
Soon he came to the Wiggle Wiggle Store. He went through the turning gate and got a pint bottle of milk.

Then he reached into his little pocket for the dime to pay Mr. Wiggle Wiggle for it—and—what do you think? The dime was gone!

Poor Bunny! He didn’t know what to do. He hadn’t the least idea what to do.

“How could I have lost that dime?” said Bunny.

“Are you sure you had a dime?” grunted Mr. Wiggle Wiggle. And he wiggled his snout and scowled so hard at the poor little rabbit that Bunny felt as if he really had done something very bad indeed.



So Bunny put back the milk and started right home.

“Oh me, oh my!
I want to cry!”

said Bunny. “Now we can’t have any nice, brown waffles and honey for breakfast.”

And he hopped away slowly and sadly toward home.

By and by he came to Mr. Poodle Dog’s house. As he was passing, Fuzzy came running out.

“Have you lost something, Bunny Pink Nose?” barked Fuzzy. “Tell me what you have lost.”

“Oh Fuzzy, I lost the dime Mother gave me for the milk,” answered Bunny Pink Nose, beginning to cry.

“Well, here it is,” barked Fuzzy. “It dropped out of your pocket when you stood on your head,” and he held it up in his paw.

“Oh, thank you, Fuzzy! I am so glad you found it. Now we can have brown waffles with butter and honey for breakfast,” said Bunny.

Then he hurried back to the Wiggle Wiggle Store where old Mr. Wiggle Wiggle gave him the milk, took the dime, and grunted “Thank you.”

When Bunny got home he told his mother all about the lost dime.

Then Mother Pink Nose made the nicest brown waffles and sent Bunny over with three waffles with butter and honey for the three little Poodle Dogs.

Bunny and the Moving Pictures

UNCLE PINK NOSE was standing before the mirror trimming his whiskers and singing his favorite song.

“Are you going to the moving pictures to-night?” asked little Bunny Pink Nose. “Please take me, Uncle Pink Nose. I’ve never been to a moving picture.”

“If you are a very good little bunny, I will take you to-morrow night to see a moving picture,” said Uncle Pink Nose. “But you must be good all day to-day and all day to-morrow.

“Do you think you can do it?”

“I’ll be good, Uncle Pink Nose,” said Bunny. And sure enough, little Bunny was as good as it is possible for a little rabbit to be.

So the next evening at seven o’clock Mother Pink Nose had Bunny ready to go to the show.

Uncle Pink Nose took Bunny by his little

paw, and they were soon going through the door of the Rabbit Town Theater.

“Why, it’s all dark!” whispered little Bunny, holding very tight to Uncle Pink Nose’s paw. “Maybe we’d better go home.”

“It needs to be dark so we can see the pictures,” answered Uncle Pink Nose.

They were shown to their seats by a rabbit dressed in a pretty red suit and holding a searchlight in one paw.

Then in about five shakes of a rabbit’s tail, suddenly Bunny saw a little rabbit almost like himself. It was up on the platform where a big curtain hung.

“What is that little rabbit doing up there, Uncle Pink Nose?” asked Bunny.

“Hush! Sh-sh-!” whispered Uncle Pink Nose. “You must keep quiet when you come to see moving pictures. This is a picture of a little rabbit named Peter Rabbit. The pictures will tell the story of Peter Rabbit. If you are quiet, and watch the picture, you will see what happens to him.”



Bunny sat very still for quite a while and watched Peter Rabbit go into a garden and nibble delicious turnip tops. It made Bunny hungry.

Then suddenly a big man came through the gate and started after Peter.

This excited Bunny so greatly that he jumped right up on the seat and yelled, "Run, Peter, run for your life!" And every one of the lady and gentlemen and

children rabbits turned and looked at Bunny.

Uncle Pink Nose pulled Bunny down into his seat and whispered, "If you don't keep still, I'll never again bring you to a moving picture."

Bunny was quite ashamed. Yes, quite ashamed.

"I forgot it was just a picture rabbit, Uncle Pink Nose," said he.

At last the picture ended; the lights were turned on, and every one started at once for the door.

Bunny kept a tight hold of his uncle's paw, and finally they found themselves out on the sidewalk.

Soon little Bunny Pink Nose was at home, and while his mother undressed him for bed, he told her the moving picture story of Peter Rabbit.

And always after that when Bunny went to see a moving picture, he sat still in his seat all the time.



Bunny and Mrs. Kangaroo

“ONE, two, three—jump! One, two, three—jump! One, two, three—jump!” counted Mrs. Kangaroo.

Now, why do you suppose Mrs. Kangaroo was counting, “One, two, three—jump?”

I will tell you why she was counting.

Mrs. Kangaroo was trying to teach little Boo-Boo Kangaroo and little Loo-Loo Kangaroo how to jump. You know kangaroos have to jump, for they cannot run.

“Now, ready! One, two, three—jump!” counted Mrs. Kangaroo.

But little Boo-Boo was so clumsy that he fell over his long tail.

“You silly child! Watch me,” said Mrs. Kangaroo.

And she jumped so high that she went over the fence.

And what do you think came out from under the fence?

Little Bunny Pink Nose.

He had been sitting under the fence watching Mrs. Kangaroo and her little kangaroos for a long time.

“How do you do?” said Mrs. Kangaroo.

“Can I help teach your children how to jump?” asked Bunny.

“If I had some music, I’m sure they would

do much better," answered Mrs. Kangaroo.

"I'll get my little red drum," said Bunny. And off he skipped.

He beat the drum so loud that those little kangaroos jumped clear over a bush.

And they kept on jumping. They jumped on and on.

Mrs. Kangaroo called to them to stop. "Come back! Come back!" she called.

But those little kangaroos just kept on jumping. On and on they jumped, faster and faster.

Suddenly out came a big brown dog. The dog began to chase them.

Oh my! how scared the little kangaroos were!

Mrs. Kangaroo stood up on her strong hind legs, and in three and a half big leaps, was up beside the big dog.

Then she hit him with her hind foot, ka-thug!

"Oh wow, wow-wow-oo!" howled the dog, as he rolled over and over.



Then little Boo-Boo and Loo-Loo jumped up into their mother's soft, warm pocket and cuddled down.

They were glad to be safe with their dear mother again.

They cuddled down and went to sleep while their mother and Bunny talked together all the way home.

Bunny and His Airplane

“I WISH I could fly,” said Bunny one day, as he watched the birds flying across the sky.

A long-legged crane standing near by heard what Bunny said.

Mr. Crane stretched his long neck around. He looked at Bunny and said, “You may never be able to fly, still, you can have a ride in the sky.”

Bunny sat up very quickly. “How can I have a ride in the sky?”

“On my back,” said Mr. Crane. “I shall fly across the lake in a few minutes. You may go with me, and I’ll bring you back on my return trip in an hour.”

“How wonderful!” exclaimed Bunny. “I am ready to go any time.”

“Very well, but you must put on your little green coat and your red cap and ask your mother if you may go,” said Mr. Crane.

Bunny hurried home to ask his mother and to get his coat and cap.



Soon he came hippity-hopping back with his coat and cap on.

“Hurrah! Mother says I may go!” shouted Bunny.

“Put your arms around my neck and climb upon my back,” said Mr. Crane.

How wonderful it was to be sailing through the air!

The trees and hills were so far below them that people looked like tiny specks. The river looked like a silver ribbon winding among the green hills.

The cool wind swept Bunny's ears back as they rushed through the air.

As they were flying over the lake, Bunny noticed something black in the water. He leaned over to see what it could be. He was so interested he forgot to keep his arms around Mr. Crane's neck, and suddenly down, down went Bunny and dropped—ker splash! into the water.

He landed right on the back of the black thing. And what do you suppose it was? It was old Mr. Alligator, who was taking his afternoon nap.

Well, maybe you think Mr. Alligator wasn't surprised! He had never before seen a rabbit, and he didn't like to have this strange animal riding on his back. No, indeed! But what could he do?

Then Mr. Alligator thought, "I'll swim



over to that big log at the edge of the lake and scratch my back on it. That will knock this animal off, and then I'll gobble him up."

So Mr. Alligator swam over to the bank.

But Bunny Pink Nose jumped to the log, and hopped to the ground and was gone before you could say, "Jack Sprat!"

The Brownie Seed

ONCE there was a little brown seed. She had brown hair and brown eyes. And she always wore a brown dress and a little brown hat.

So every one called her Brownie.

She lived in a paper house with her brothers and sisters. They always dressed in brown too.

The outside of their little paper house had pictures of lovely red and yellow flowers on it. I wonder if you can guess what this paper house really was?

Brownie often looked at the pictures of the beautiful flowers and wished that she were as beautiful as they.

She often said, "I wish I had a beautiful red or yellow dress like those lovely flowers; I am so tired of this ugly brown dress."

Then one day a man came and bought the house and took it home with him, and all the little seeds in it.

When he came home he opened the door of the paper house and took the little Brownies out and put them each one into a house of its own.

And what kind of a house do you suppose it was?

It was a dug-out house in the ground.

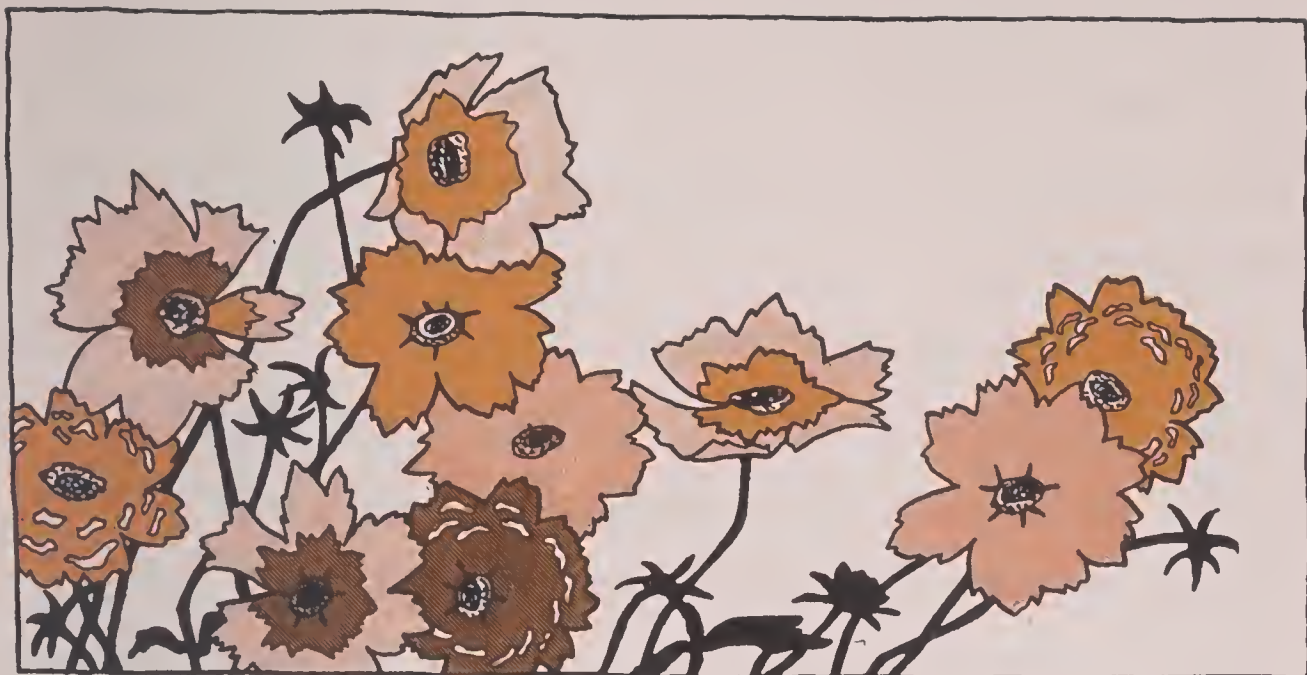
Then the man shut the door of the dug-out house and it was very dark.

“Oh dear, I don’t like this dark house!” said little Brownie. “It has no beautiful pictures on it and I am lonesome without my brothers and sisters. Oh dear! oh dear! I guess I’ll lie down and take a nap.” So she snuggled down and went to sleep.

Suddenly she was wakened by a strange sound. Tap, tap, tap!

“Some one is trying to break into my house,” thought Brownie. “It may be some terrible animal that wants to eat me. I must keep very still.”

She was so quiet she scarcely breathed, and soon the sound stopped and all was quiet



again. So she snuggled down and was going to drop off to sleep again, when suddenly, tap, tap, tap! came the strange sound again.

Poor little Brownie was so frightened and shivered so hard that the buttons on her little brown dress flew off and she found her cheeks wet with tears.

Then all was quiet again, and by and by she dropped to sleep.

When she awakened she felt warm, and a beautiful light was shining all about her. The door of her house was open, and there, with the most beautiful dresses on, were her

dear brothers and sisters. And Brownie herself had on the loveliest green dress, which soon turned into a lovely red. They were real flowers.

How happy she was!

One day she heard a tap, tap, tap! and looking up, saw bright drops of water scampering down the sky ladder. They dropped on her head and on the ground by her side.

Then she knew what it was she had heard when she was in her dark little dug-out house.

It was the soft, cool rain coming down to give her a drink, and was only tapping to open the door so she could come out.

Then little Brownie laughed and said, "I'll never be afraid any more of your tap, tap, tap, kind rain." And she never was.

She grew happier and even more beautiful as the days passed.

Big Brother and Little Brother

A rabbit and a moose,
A very strange pair,
Traveled together everywhere.

ONCE upon a time there was a poor little rabbit who was all alone in the world.

His father and mother had been caught in a cruel trap.

This left poor little Bunny without any one to care for him. He was sad and afraid.

One day Bunny saw a great wolf coming toward him. He didn't know what to do, he was so frightened.

Just then he noticed a hole in the ground made by the great hoof of Big Ben Moose. It was just large enough to make a good hiding place for a little rabbit.

So Bunny jumped into the hole and crouched down out of sight.

As the wolf was loping along he caught sight of one of Bunny's ears sticking up.

"Aha! little rabbit, I see you hiding there!"

What a nice meal you will make for me!”

“You dare not eat me, Mr. Wolf,” said Bunny. “I am Big Ben Moose’s brother.”

“Oh, you are Big Ben Moose’s little brother, are you?” said the wolf. “Well, you are nearly all ears, and ears are not good eating.” And the wolf passed on.

By and by Mr. Lynx came prowling about, hunting something for his dinner.

His sharp eyes spied Bunny hiding in Big Ben Moose’s track.

His eyes glowed like balls of fire. “Aha!” he snarled, “rabbit is just the food for a hungry lynx.”

“You dare not eat me, Mr. Lynx,” said Bunny. “I am Big Ben Moose’s little brother.”

“Is that so?” snarled Mr. Lynx.

“Well, I see a flock of wild ducks. Wild duck is much better eating than rabbit.”

And Mr. Lynx slunk away.

Nothing more happened for a long time. Bunny began to think it would be safe to



venture out again, when he noticed a bunch of grass moving steadily toward him.

“How strange that is,” thought Bunny. “Why does it move that way?”

As he watched, the grass moved nearer and nearer.

Suddenly he saw a red mouth with sharp teeth behind the grass, ready to snap him up. But Bunny jumped so quickly that Mr. Fox missed him.

“Oho! Mr. Fox, that was a sharp trick you played, carrying a bunch of grass to hide

yourself," said Bunny. "But you dare not eat me. I am Big Ben Moose's little brother."

"Who wants to eat you!" snapped Mr. Fox. "I smell a nestful of eggs in those bushes over there." And Mr. Fox slipped away.

Bunny was beginning to feel safe again, when a heavy loud sound reached his ears.

Bunny peeped out and there, beside him, stood the biggest animal he had ever seen.

"I am Big Ben Moose," bellowed the great animal. "Who are you?"

"I am Bunny, your little brother," whispered the little rabbit, half scared to death.

"I am alone in the world, with no one to care for me. You are so big and so strong! Won't you be my friend? See, I have waited here in your own hoof track."

Big Ben looked down at the tiny rabbit. And if a moose can laugh, he must have laughed at that. But the fierce look in his eyes changed to a kindly one.

"You have trusted me, little brother," he said. "I shall not harm you."



Then he bent down his great head and said, "Climb up on my antlers, little brother. There you will be out of reach of those who would harm you."

So Bunny jumped up on Big Ben's antlers and everywhere that Big Ben went, he carried his little bunny brother.

Whenever Big Ben ate leaves and berries from trees and bushes, little Bunny nibbled too.

And so Big Brother and Little Brother lived happily together.



Jimmy Jack-O'-Lantern

ONE day a little boy named Ted went to the store and bought some pumpkin seed.

He brought his pumpkin seed home. He made a little garden all his own and there he planted his pumpkin seed. Every day he went out to look at his garden, expecting to see a pumpkin vine growing. But day after

day passed and no vine grew in his garden.

One night it rained and the next morning when Ted went out to his garden, he found a tiny green blade had pushed the earth out of its way and was looking right toward the sky. Before long Ted had a pumpkin vine running all over his garden. The vine was covered with lovely yellow blossoms.

By and by the blossoms dropped off and Ted found little green knobs tucked away under the leaves. The little green knobs grew and grew until finally they grew into big, yellow pumpkins.

Then oh, the pumpkin pies they had! But the biggest pumpkin of all Ted kept.

Now, what do you suppose Ted wanted with the biggest pumpkin? Yes, Hallowe'en was coming and Ted wanted a Jack-o'-lantern, of course—a *big, scary* Jack-o'-lantern!

On the day of Hallowe'en, Ted and his friend Billy took the big pumpkin, cut off the stem end and dug out the inside of it. They cut two big, round holes for eyes, another

hole for a nose, and a long, wide slit to make a big, grinning mouth. They put a candle inside and as soon as it grew dark, they lighted the candle—and oh, oo-oo! how scary it looked!

“Let’s call him Jimmy Jack-o’-lantern,” said Billy.

“All right,” said Ted, “the name just suits him.”

Just then Ted’s mother called the boys in to eat supper, so they left Jimmy Jack-o’-lantern on the back porch, grinning away in the darkness.

“Ho!” said Jimmy Jack to himself, as soon as the boys were gone. “Now for some fun of my own!”

Then what do you suppose Jimmy Jack did? He rolled off the porch, down the steps, and down the walk!

Mrs. Pussy Cat happened to be coming up the walk from the barn. When she saw Jimmy Jack coming toward her, she turned tail and ran as fast as she could, back to the



barn. And Jimmy Jack went after her, rolling his eyes and grinning with all his might.

Mrs. Pussy Cat jumped through the door of the barn and hid under the hay.

“What is the matter, Mrs. Pussy Cat?” asked the pig.

“Oh, I saw a great dragon with fiery red eyes and smoke and fire coming out of its mouth!” mewed Mrs. Pussy Cat. “I am so frightened my hair won’t lie down.”

“Your eyes look like balls of fire, too,”

grunted the pig, and then he turned over and went to sleep again.

After Mrs. Pussy Cat hid in the barn, Jimmy Jack-o'-lantern rolled past the barn and out into the road.

Mr. Slippery Sly Fox was prowling around looking for a nice, plump hen for his supper when he saw a great head with two fiery eyes and a great red mouth, coming toward him.

Mr. Slippery Sly Fox changed his mind about wanting a nice, plump hen for his supper. He really wasn't hungry!

"No hen for me!" said Mr. Fox, and he ran as fast as he could toward his den. But Jimmy Jack put on more speed and before the fox could get into his den, Jimmy Jack was so close he scorched Mr. Fox's tail.

"What in the world is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Fox, as Mr. Fox came tumbling into the den. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"A ghost! I've seen a dragon with fiery eyes and breathing fire and smoke. It al-

most got me! Oh, I'll never go out at night again! Never!" panted Mr. Fox.

"What fun I have!" laughed Jimmy Jack. "But I'd better hurry back to the house, for the boys may be coming out."

So Jimmy Jack-o'-lantern turned and rolled merrily along the road, hopped up the walk, and up the steps. When the boys came out of the house a moment later they found Jimmy Jack-o'-lantern on the back porch winking and grinning as when they left him, only the candle had melted almost down.

"Why, see! the candle is almost gone!" said Billy.

"I'll get another candle," said Ted.

Soon a new candle was in and lighted and the boys were ready for their fun. They didn't know Jimmy Jack had been out first having fun of his own.

And Jimmy Jack-o'-lantern never told. He just grinned to himself and looked more like a dragon than ever.

Billy's Pumpkin-Pie Party

ONE day Billy gave a party and invited all his little friends.

They set the table out under the trees. And what do you suppose they had to eat?

Yes, pumpkin pie.

Each little boy had a little pie of his own. And each little girl had a little pie of her own. Billy's Grandma made the pies.

But that wasn't all. Each little pie had four heaping tablespoons of ice cream on it.

Each little girl had a tall glass of lemonade with a straw in it.

And each little boy had a tall glass of lemonade with a straw in it.

They drank the lemonade through the straws, and that made it last longer.

Then Billy took his friends out to look at his garden and to see his biggest pumpkin. Billy called it "The Giant."

It was the biggest pumpkin you ever saw. "I'm saving 'The Giant' for Hallowe'en," said



Billy. He'll make a fine Jack-o'-lantern."

"Ho! let's call him 'Jack-o'-lantern Giant,'" said Freddie.

Then the children all ran, pretending they were afraid of the pumpkin giant. Soon it was time for them to go home.

"We have had a lovely time at your pumpkin-pie party, Billy," they said. "Good-by."

The Pumpkin Giant

Jack-o'-lantern Giant
Liked to play tricks
To scare little boys
Who put him on sticks.

Now I shall tell you of Billy and his pumpkin giant.

You remember it was the biggest pumpkin in his garden.

“What are you going to do with your pumpkin giant, Billy?” asked his friend, Danny Dawson, one day.

“I’m saving him for Hallowe’en,” answered Billy. “He will make a regular Jack-o'-lantern giant, won't he? I tell you. Dan, we can have a lot of fun with him.”

So on the day of Hallowe'en Billy and Dan took the big pumpkin and cut big holes for eyes and nose and mouth in it.

They put a candle inside and as soon as it began to grow dark, they lighted the candle. and oh, what a scary old giant he looked!

The boys themselves were almost afraid of him.

Billy found a long, stout stick and this he fastened to his bicycle so that it stood straight up.

Then the boys climbed on the fence and stuck the Jack-o'-lantern on the stick.

“Ho! he looks tall enough for a giant, doesn't he?” laughed Dan.

Just then Billy's mother called the boys to go to the store after some bread for supper.

As soon as the boys were out of sight, Jack-o'-lantern Giant suddenly came to life.

Then what do you suppose that Jack-o'-lantern did?

Wait till I tell you.

He started the bicycle going.

He wheeled down the walk.

He wheeled out of the yard and on down the road.

Uncle Jake, the old colored man who lived in a cabin near by, was just coming out of his gate.

Uncle Jake was whistling a tune when suddenly he saw “Jack-o’-lantern Giant” coming toward him in the darkness.

Uncle Jake gave a long whistle and then turned and ran for the house.

He jumped through the door like a flash. He slammed it shut and locked it.

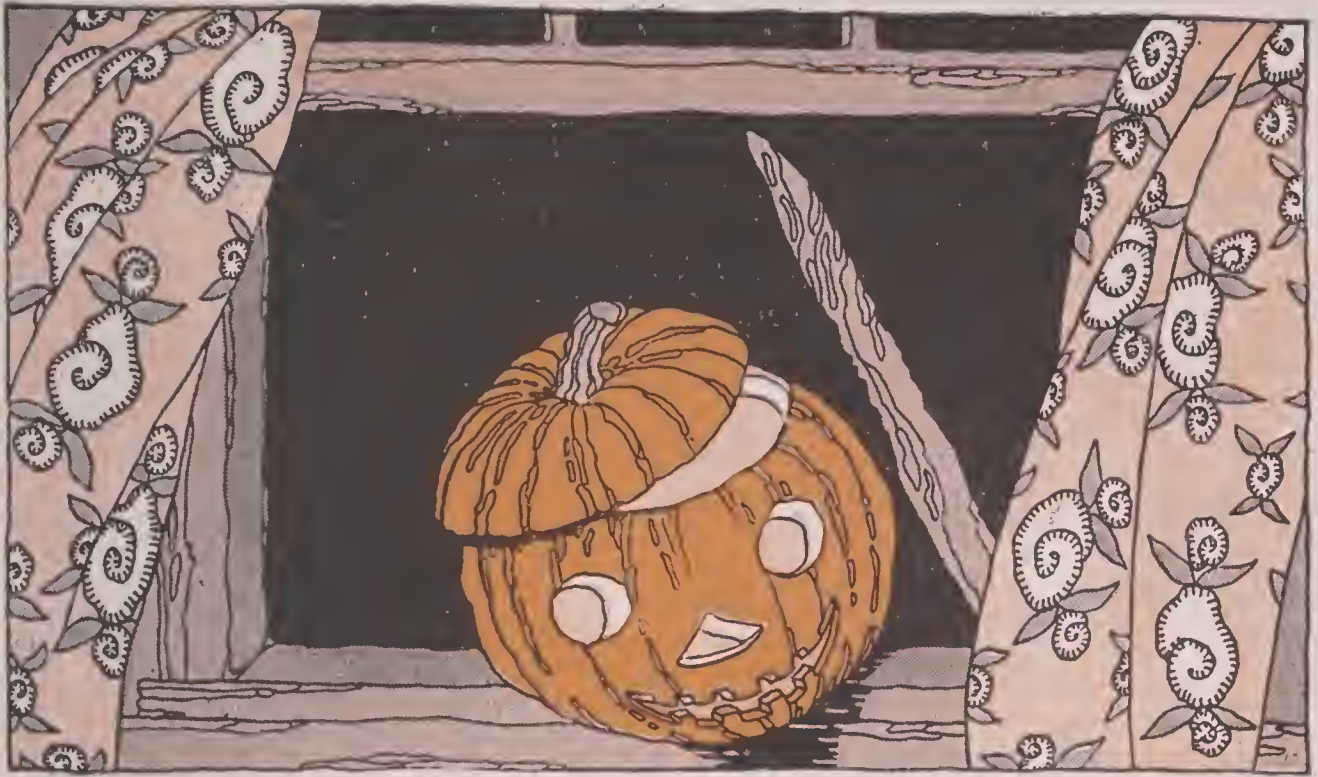
Aunt Jane, Uncle Jake’s wife, looked around and said: “What in the name of pancakes is the matter with you? You look like you had seen a ghost.”

“Ghost!” exclaimed Uncle Jake. “Why, woman, I’ve seen a giant as tall as a church. And his head was on fire.”

“You must have been dreaming, Jake,” said Aunt Jane.

“Dreaming nothing. I tell you, I saw it with my own eyes!” exclaimed Uncle Jake, and nothing could make him go out of the house again that night.

After Uncle Jake ran into the house, “Jack-o’-lantern Giant” grinned to himself and wheeled on down the road.



He came to a big oak tree and hid behind it. He kept very still.

By and by he heard Billy and Dan coming. They had got the bread and were coming home with it. They were busy talking when they passed the tree. They had gone a little way past when they heard a rustling of the branches, and, on looking up, saw two big, fierce, red eyes looking down at them.

“Run, Danny, run!” cried Billy. “There’s a wild cat up in that tree!” And run they both did!

When they reached the house they tumbled

over each other through the kitchen door.

“What in the world is the matter with you boy!” exclaimed Billy’s mother.

“We saw a wild cat up in the big oak tree!” they both panted at once, for they were all out of breath from running.

“Nonsense!” said mother. “There are no wild cats around here.”

“There was one in that oak tree, I can tell you,” said Billy.

At this moment two big, fiery eyes appeared at the window.

“There he is now!” cried Billy.

As he spoke the big pumpkin came off the stick, rolled through the window and fell on the floor.

“Our Jack-o’-lantern!” exclaimed the boys in one breath. “Why it was only our Jack-o’-lantern Giant!” and they laughed till their sides ached.

So, boys, you’d better watch your Jack-o’-lanterns next Hallowe’en, or they may play tricks on you.



The Easter Flower Choir

MABEL was walking in the garden one early spring day. She started when she heard a soft little voice, then a sigh.

Mabel stopped and stooped to listen. She heard the voice again.

“Please, somebody help me,” said the voice.

The voice came from a large clod of earth. As Mabel looked, she saw a bit of red showing underneath.

“Who are you, and what can I do to help you?” asked Mabel.

“I am Lady Tulip. Please lift this heavy earth clod away. I fear I shall tear my Easter gown if I try to pass it.”

Mabel hurried and lifted the clod out of the way and Lady Tulip straightened herself up with a sigh of relief.

“Thank you, little girl,” she said. “Mother Nature sent me. She wished me to be here in time for Easter. I belong to the Flower Choir. The Flower Choir always sings on Easter morning. If you waken at dawn on Easter morning and listen, you will hear us sing.”

“Thank you, dear Lady Tulip. That would make me very happy,” said Mabel.

She then walked over to a rose bush to pick off some dry leaves. Near by she heard a tiny voice singing. It was very faint, but

beautiful. Mabel stopped and listened. She heard the words:

Easter time is coming, coming,
Beautiful Easter Day!
The bells will be ringing, ringing,
On beautiful Easter Day!"

Mabel followed the direction of the music and it led her to a sheltered corner of the yard. There she found some purple flowers and there was a sweet fragrance in the air.

"Were you singing?" asked Mabel.

"Yes, little girl, it was I," said a tiny voice. "My name is Hyacinth. Mother Nature sent me. She wished me to be here in time for Easter Day. I belong to the Flower Choir. The Flower Choir always sings on Easter morning."

"It is a beautiful song," said Mabel.

"If you will waken at dawn on Easter morning, you will hear the Flower Choir sing," answered the Hyacinth.

"That would make me very happy, dear Hyacinth," said Mabel.

Then she walked on down the path. She noticed something yellow showing through the bushes. She found some bright yellow flowers.

One yellow flower smiled and said, "I am Lady Crocus." Spreading out her yellow skirts, she made a little bow and said: "Mother Nature sent me. She wished me to be here before Easter Day."

"Do you belong to the Flower Choir?" asked Mabel.

"Yes, and I must practice my song."

Then Lady Crocus raised her head and sang:

Easter time is coming, coming,
Beautiful Easter Day!
The bells will be ringing, ringing,
On beautiful Easter Day!

"If you awaken at dawn on Easter morning, you will hear us sing," said she.

"Thank you, dear Lady Crocus, that would make me very happy," said Mabel.

Then Mabel walked on to the end of the

path. And there at the end of the path stood the most beautiful flower of all. She was tall and slim and dressed in pure white.

She was the Queen of the Garden.

“Oh, how beautiful!” cried Mabel.

“I am glad that you love me,” said the Queen, “for I love you. I am the Lily Queen. Mother Nature sent me to tell the world of love. Easter is the time to remember that love rules the world.”

“Are you Queen of the Flower Choir?” asked Mabel.

“Yes, and if you waken at dawn on Easter morning, you will hear us sing.”

“That would make me very happy, dear Queen,” said Mabel.

That night Mabel dreamed of the flowers and at dawn she was awakened by the sweetest music she had ever heard.

She ran to the window. A gentle breeze lifted the white curtain and the fragrance of many flowers came to her. She sat by the window and listened.



It was the Flower Choir singing:

Easter morn is dawning, dawning,
Beautiful Easter Day!

The story of God's love telling, telling,
This happy Easter Day!

The Flower Choir sang until the sun rose over the hills, then the music grew fainter and fainter and finally stopped. Mabel never forgot the beautiful Easter song of the Flower Choir.

Have you ever heard the flowers sing?

Takamere and the Coyotes

TAKAMERE was a dear little, dark little Indian girl. Her hair was as black as a black-bird's wing. Her eyes were as black and sparkling as two black diamonds.

But you should have seen dear little, dark little Takamere smile. An adorable dimple came dancing into her rosy right cheek when she smiled.

Her pretty red, red lips were like the bow her father carried when he hunted the buffalo. And her teeth were as white as pearls.

Dear little, dark little Takamere lived away, away out on the prairies. There were no trees except down by the river. There were no hills except away, away off in the distance. Her playmates were the jolly little prairie dogs and the Indian ponies.

Takamere had a little pony of her very own. She called her pony Starlight, because he had a white star on his forehead.

And how she loved to ride away, away



over the prairies, with the wind singing through her hair!

One day Takamere rode away and away over the prairies to the far-away hills. She rode on and on. By and by the sun went down, down behind the hills.

Takamere said, "I must hurry home, for it is almost dark."

Just then she heard the call of a coyote. How wild and lonely it sounded! Then she heard the call of another coyote. Then another, and another.

Starlight pricked up his ears and listened. He too had heard the far-away call of the

coyote. He stamped his hoofs and sniffed the air.

“Hurry, my Starlight! Hurry and carry me home! The coyotes are coming! the coyotes are coming!” cried Takamere.

Starlight shook himself and with a bound started homeward.

But on the coyotes came, faster and faster.

“Oh, Starlight, run swiftly, and carry me home!” pleaded Takamere.

Starlight ran faster and faster.

Nearer and nearer came the coyotes. Takamere could see their fierce eyes and their red mouths.

“Faster, faster, Starlight! Oh, run faster!” pleaded Takamere.

Starlight stretched out his neck, laid back his ears and ran like the wind. Takamere clung to his mane with all her strength. The wind whistled in her ears as on and on they ran. Suddenly a light gleamed through the darkness.



“A camp-fire! Oh, Starlight dear, it is a camp-fire!” cried Takamere. And straight toward the fire ran Starlight.

In a moment more Takamere was safe in the arms of her father, Great Chief Eagle.

They had built the fire to guide Takamere safely home.

When the coyotes saw the fire, they were frightened and turned and slunk away. Great Chief Eagle took his dear little, dark little Takamere home to her mother's wigwam.

Her mother took Takamere in her arms and rocked her and sang to her.

This is the song she sang:

The coyote howls on the prairie wild,
The south wind sweeps through the trees,
But safe from harm is my darling child,
While the south wind sweeps through the trees,
While the south wind sweeps through the trees.

The lone wolf calls from the hill far away,
The moon rides high in the sky,
But safe on her bed I my child do lay,
While the south wind sings "Lullaby,"
While the south wind sings "Lullaby."

And soon dear little, dark little Takamere was fast asleep.



Happiness Castle

THE Mountain of Happiness was a very high mountain. Whoever climbed to the top of it could see over all the country.

On the top of the Mountain of Happiness stood a beautiful castle built of white marble.

This beautiful castle was called Happiness Castle.

It was so large it had a hundred windows, but only one door.

Around the castle grounds was built a great wall.

And in this great wall there was only one gate.

Every evening as the sun went down, it shone on the west windows of the castle. This made the windows throw a beautiful golden light over the valley below, even after the sun had set.

The people in the valley would look up at the mountain-top and say, "What a beautiful place to live! But it is so hard to reach."

The Prince who lived in the castle would let no one enter who had not proved himself or herself to be worthy.

Down in the valley lived a little girl whose name was Mary. Now, Mary wished more than anything in the world to live in Happiness Castle. She thought about it every day. At last she thought she would try to prove herself worthy.

So one bright morning she started up the mountain-side.

She climbed up and up. She grew very tired, but she would not give up.

Toward evening she reached the castle wall. She found the one gate. It was a tall, silver gate with bars close together. She rang the silver bell.

A tall man dressed in a silver and white uniform came to the gate.

“What is your wish?” asked the man in a kind voice.

“I wish to enter Happiness Castle,” answered Mary.

“You may not enter until you prove yourself worthy,” answered the man.

“You must live near the silver gate for a month. During that time, every word that you speak that is true, will help to unlock the gate.

“But every word that is not true, locks it again.

“If, at the end of the month, only true words have been spoken, the silver gate will swing open and you may enter the grounds of Happiness Castle.

“Near the gate is a little house. A kind little woman lives there with her children. She will care for you until the month is up.”

Then the man closed the door.

Mary went to the house, where she found the woman and her children. She lived with them. She helped the woman with her work and she played with the children.

At first it was hard to remember always to tell the truth. But she was very careful and, as time went on, it grew easier.

Finally the last day of the month came. The woman took Mary to the silver gate, while the other children watched to see what would happen.

Mary stood by the gate and waited. Hour after hour passed. Then, just as the setting sun lighted up the windows, the silver gate swung wide open and Mary entered the castle grounds.

She found the man in the silver and white uniform standing inside the gate smiling kindly at her. He took her by the hand and led her along a winding path.

They passed a fountain of sparkling water. Everywhere were beautiful trees, birds and flowers. They passed a lake of clear water with water lilies floating on the top. Graceful, white swans were swimming about.

Mary had never dreamed of anything so beautiful. At last they reached the door of the palace. It was a golden door.

The man rang a golden bell. A man

dressed in a red and gold uniform came to the door.

“Here is a little girl who wishes to enter Happiness Castle,” said the man in silver and white. “She has passed the Silver Gate of Truth.”

The man in red and gold said, “Little girl, this is the Door of Kindness. You may not enter until you prove yourself worthy. You must live near the golden door for a month.

“Every word that you speak that is kind, helps unlock the door. Every word that is not kind, locks it again.

“If, at the end of the month, only kind words have been spoken, the Golden Door will swing open and you may enter the palace.

“Near the door is a little house where lives a kind little woman. She will care for you until the month is up.”

Then the men went away. Mary went to the little house and found the woman and her children.



At first it was hard to remember always to speak kindly. Many times the children were cross and rude to her and she would find herself just ready to speak ugly, cross words in return. Then she would think of the Door of Kindness and smile again.

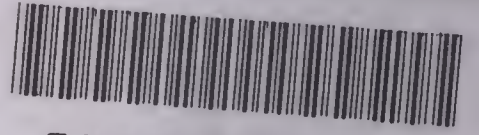
Finally the last day of the month came and the woman took her to the Golden Door. There she waited and waited. Hour after hour she waited. The sun went down, and it was growing dark. Poor little Mary began to think over all the things she had said in the last month.

“I must have said something unkind, after all,” she thought. And her eyes filled with tears.

Suddenly a bright light shone around her. She looked up, and saw the Golden Door wide open.

Her heart leaped for joy! There, in the doorway, with a smile of welcome in his eyes, stood the Prince of Happiness Castle. He took Mary by the hand and led her into the beautiful Palace of Happiness to live with him always, behind those shining golden windows. She was happy because she had tried so hard to be true and kind.

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