

THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD'S STORY-BOOK

KATHLEEN P.
STONE





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**THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD'S
STORY-BOOK**



THEY BEGAN TO MIX THE FINEST MUD PIES YOU EVER SAW.
Page 15.

THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD'S STORY-BOOK.

by

KATHLEEN P. STONE



Illustrated by Florence Liley Young

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THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD'S STORY-BOOK

CHAPTER I

MAKING MUD PIES

Ned and Rose lived in a city, on the same street. Rose's house was just across the street from Ned's. Rose was five years old, and Ned was four. No other little children lived near them on that street, so of course Ned and Rose played together most of the time. Rose had brown curly hair, and Ned liked to

stand behind her, and poke his finger inside the curls, when Rose wasn't watching him. Rose's house had a big veranda in front, and the children often played there. Just behind Ned's house was a wood-shed, and in it was a big cook-stove, that no one used now, because it was so old. But Ned and Rose loved to play in that wood-shed, and when they made mud pies, outdoors, they carried them in there, and put them in the oven to bake. Not really! Because there was

no fire in the stove. They were just making-believe.

One morning, when Rose, lying in her little bed, opened her eyes, the sun was just beginning to shine in her window, and she thought: "Won't this be a lovely morning to make mud pies! Ned and I can make a whole ovenful."

Just then Mother called her, and Rose jumped up, and hurried to dress. Mother had to fasten all her buttons for her, but Rose could do all the rest. And very soon

she was eating her breakfast.

Presently she said to her mother, "I s'pose Ned wishes I'd come over to his house to play, this morning." Her mother laughed, and said, "Yes, I suppose he does."

"Well, shall I go, Mother?"

"Yes," Mother said, "if you wish."

So Rose finished her breakfast, and all the time she was thinking about the mud pies she wished to make. Then she said: "Mother! I wish I had some nice mud-pie dishes. All Ned and I

have is just a can-cover, and some old cans, and a broken plate that his mother gave us, and some pieces of a broken cup that we found in the alley, and some bottles that I took from our garbage-can, and—”

Her mother laughed then, and said. “That sounds like heaps of dishes to me.”

“Yes, but we want some nicer ones.”

“Well,” Mother said, “let me see what I can find.”

So they both went in the pantry, and Mother found

two little glass dishes, just cracked a tiny bit, and an old spoon, and a cup with the handle off. She gave them to Rose, and Rose was so pleased that her eyes shone. She said: "Oh, thank you, Mother. May I go over to Ned's house now?"

"Yes, dear. Watch for cars when you cross the street."

"All right, Mother. Good-by."

Rose ran outdoors, with the dishes in her hands.

She found Ned, sitting on his front steps. He said,

“Hello, Rose! What are you doing with those dishes?”

Rose said: “Mother gave them to me for mud pies, Ned. Aren’t they nice? Let’s make some now.”

Ned was as pleased as could be, and the two children ran around the end of the house, to the backyard. And there they began to mix the finest mud pies you ever saw. Rose mixed hers first, in the cup without a handle, and stirred them with the spoon her mother had given her. Ned picked some daisies

and little green clover-leaves to use for icing. Then Rose poured her mud-pie mixture into the two little glass dishes her mother had given her, and Ned pressed it in tightly, so it wouldn't spill. Rose pulled all the little white petals off the daisies, and sprinkled them over the top of one of her cakes for icing, and Ned put a row of little green leaves all around the edge.

Then Ned pulled all the little yellow parts off the daisies, and crumbled them

into little bits, and used them to ice the other cake, and he put a row of little green clover-leaves around the edge. Weren't those cakes pretty! One had white icing, and one had yellow, and each one was decorated around the edge with rows of green leaves. Rose carried one into the wood-shed, and Ned carried the other. They opened the big oven, and set their cakes inside, and closed the door. There was no fire in the stove, you know,—just make-believe.

Rose said, "We'll leave those cakes till they are well cooked, and while they are baking let's go out and make some more."

But Ned was tired of making mud pies. He said, "Rose, come in the house, and let's see if Mother will let us have some cookies." So the children went into the house.

Ned's mother said: "Good morning, Rose. How is your mother to-day?"

"She is pretty well, thank you," said Rose.

Then Ned's mother asked,

“What have you been playing, all morning?”

Ned said, “We’ve been making mud pies, but after they are all made, we can’t really eat them, Mother, can we?”

“No,” laughed his mother, “I suppose not. Let me see if I can find you something better than mud pies,” and she went into the pantry. Ned looked at Rose and smiled, and Rose smiled back at him, and whispered, “Cookies, I s’pect.” But it wasn’t cookies; it was two

nice big red apples, one for each of them.

The children said, "Thank you," and scampered out in the yard to eat them. They were sweet apples, and it didn't take long for two hungry little children to eat them every bit,—all but the cores.

Rose took a seed from the core of her apple, and laid it on the palm of her hand. Then she placed the other hand over it, and said, "See, Ned. This is a trick Mother showed me." And she shook

the apple-seed inside her hands, and said:

“Ippin, pippin, Paradise,
Tell me where my lover lies.
North, south, ‘yeast’, west,
Where is the one that I love best?”

Then she opened her hands, and the sharp end of the apple-seed pointed right in the direction of Rose’s house.

“See!” she said to Ned. “It is pointing at my house. That means I love Mother best.”

So then Ned tried a seed in his hands, and said the little rhyme, just as Rose told him. And he said “yeast” instead

of "east," just as Rose did. And when he opened his hands, the seed pointed right at Rose. Wasn't that funny! Ned said: "Huh! I don't love you best, Rose. I love my mother best."

"I guess you didn't shake the seed hard enough, Ned," said Rose. And just then she heard some one call her. "There is Mother calling me," she said. "It must be lunch time. Good-by Ned. Come over after lunch," and away she ran, across the street, to her home.

CHAPTER II

CLIMBING TREES

Ned and Rose were playing on the lawn, in front of Rose's house. Rose had her mama-doll, named Peggy, and her Teddy-bear. Ned had his little wheelbarrow, and he had been giving the dolly and Teddy a ride in it. Rose ran beside the wheelbarrow when Ned pushed it. The sun was pretty hot, too, and soon the children felt so warm that they stopped under one of the shady trees.

“Dear me!” said Ned. “I must take off my sweater.” And he pulled it off.

Rose said, “I think Peggy must feel too warm.” And she pulled off Peggy’s little sweater.

Ned said, “I am going to hang my sweater on the tree.” And he tossed it up over a low branch, just where he could reach it.

Rose thought that was a funny place to hang clothes, and she said, “Ned, put Peggy’s sweater there, too.”

Ned took the sweater, and

he tossed it up, but he threw it a little too high, and it caught in a higher branch, up beyond his reach.

“O my!” he said. “Now I can’t get it down.”

“Let’s get a stick,” said Rose. “Then we can reach it.”

So the children ran around to the back of the house, and found a stick that was nearly as long as Rose. They took it to the tree, and tried to get the doll’s sweater down, by poking it with the stick, but it didn’t come down. It seemed to be caught on a little twig.

Rose nearly cried then. She thought Peggy would never have her sweater again.

Then Ned said: "I know what I'll do, Rose. I'll climb the tree and get it."

Oh, Rose thought that was a wonderful thing to do.

Ned caught hold of a low branch, and pulled himself up. The branches were so low, and so close together, it was easy to climb. Pretty soon Ned crept out on a branch, until he was just able to touch the sweater. He threw it down to Rose, and

she was so glad that she danced all around, and said: "O goodie, Ned! Thank you!" And she ran to put it on Peggy.

Then Ned very carefully climbed down the tree, but it was pretty hard work, and he scratched his arm, and tore a hole in his stocking.

But when Rose asked him, "Was it hard to do, climbing the tree?" he said, "No it was just as easy as could be," because he wanted Rose to think he was big and strong.

“I think I’d like to climb a tree,” Rose said.

“Oh, no! You mustn’t,” Ned said. “It is too hard for girls.”

But Rose said, “I’m going to do it, just the same,” and she put her foot up on a very low branch and held on tightly with her hands, and said, “You will see Ned. I can climb, too,” and she started to climb.

The branches were so close together, like stairs, that it seemed easy to go up, and she took two or three steps, then two or three more.

She called to Ned, "See me, Ned." But Ned called back: "Rose, stop! That is as far as I went."

Rose didn't stop, though. She went up and up, farther and farther, and poor Ned was so afraid that she would fall, that he called to her, "Rose, come down, or I'll tell your mother."

Rose stopped, and looked down at Ned, and she seemed to be a long way from the ground. It made her feel sick and dizzy to look. She leaned against the tree, and

held on very tightly to a branch, and said, "Oh, I'm 'fraid I'm going to fall!" And she began to cry.

Poor Ned didn't know what to do. He said, "Hold on tight, Rose, and I'll come and get you," and he started to climb the tree.

Rose was more frightened than ever, then, and she cried, "Oh, no, Ned! Get Mother." And she cried so loudly that Ned ran as fast as he could go, to the house for her mother.

Pretty soon he and her

mother came back, running, to find poor little Rose still crying, up in the tree. Her Mother started up after her, very slowly and carefully, a branch to a step, until she could touch Rose's dress. She held it tightly in one hand, and said, "I have hold of you, Rose, so you can't fall. Put your foot down on the branch below you."

Rose didn't feel so afraid with Mother there, and she put her foot down, and found the branch. And then she stepped down with her other

foot, and Mother helped her, and held her from falling, and so, a step at a time, they climbed down, until Mother stepped off the lowest branch to the ground, and lifted Rose the rest of the way.

Rose was so glad to be down on the grass again, and yet she was still frightened, and she cried harder than ever, till the tears made pink streaks down her dirty little face. Ned was so glad to have Rose safe again that he cried, too. Rose's mother laughed at both of them.

Mother said: "Rose, you must never, never climb trees again. You might have fallen, and hurt yourself dreadfully."

"I will never do it again, Mother," said Rose.

Mother went in the house, but looked out many times to see if Rose were there. And what do you suppose she saw? Rose and Ned stuck that long stick straight into the ground, and played it was a tree. And they hung poor Peggy on the top of it by her dress, and played she had climbed up, and couldn't get down.

Then Ned picked up the Teddy-bear, and told him to climb the tree. Ned lifted Teddy up the stick till he reached Peggy, and said, "Now lift her down."

He tried to wrap Teddy's arms around Peggy, but the stick fell over, and Peggy had a fall, clear down to the ground. It didn't hurt her, though, because Peggy wouldn't break. Then both children had to go to be washed clean for lunch.



“NOW LIFT HER DOWN.”—Page 34.

CHAPTER III

THE SICK DOLLY

Rose had a doll-baby named Rosemarie with eyes that closed and opened, and she could cry almost like a real baby, if she was tipped forward a little. Rose loved her the best of all her dollies, and, mind you, she had fifteen! Her baby brother, called "Laddie", had a doll, too, that he took to bed with him every night, a little rag doll, dressed like Little Bo-peep. He just

couldn't say Bo-peep, so he called his dollie Peepo.

One day Rose was playing with her dolls on the veranda, and little brother Laddie played beside her with Peepo. Rose decided to make her baby doll a dress, and ran off to get a needle and thread, because she could sew a little. She was five years old, you know.

While she was gone, Laddie dropped Peepo, and picked up Rosemarie. He held her very carefully in his arms and tipped her back till her eyes

shut. Then he made her sit up, and her eyes opened. He found that if he shook her, it would make her cry. So he held her by one leg, with both his little baby hands, and shook her back and forth. And when she cried, he laughed and laughed, and thought it was great fun.

He didn't mean to hurt the dollie, because he was a dear little boy, and just as good as could be, but he shook her so hard that her leg came off. It was a cloth leg, sewed on, and the stitches broke, one

by one, as he shook her. So he laid that leg down on the floor, took her by the other leg, and kept on shaking her.

Well, Rose found her needle and thread, and ran to Mother with them. "Please thread it," she asked. "I can't do it myself, I am in such a hurry." Mother laughed and threaded the needle, and Rose ran off to her doll again.

But there was more trouble. Before she reached the veranda, she heard her baby doll crying, and she ran faster, thinking: "What is the mat-

ter with Rosemarie? I hope she hasn't fallen off the veranda."

But when Rose reached the veranda, and saw wee Laddie with the baby doll, she was as cross as could be. She snatched her dollie from him and cried, "You naughty baby! You mustn't make Rosemarie cry."

Just then Rose noticed that one of her baby doll's legs had come off, and right away she burst into tears. Mother heard Rose scolding Laddie, and crying. She came out to

the veranda, to see what could be the matter, and by that time Laddie was crying, too.

“What is the trouble?” asked Mother. “Rose is crying, Rosemarie is crying, and Laddie is crying, all at once. What is it all about?”

“Laddie pulled Rosemarie’s leg right off her stomach,” said Rose, with tears. Wasn’t she a funny little girl, to think dolly’s legs were fastened to her stomach?

Mother took Rosemarie in her hands, and looked at the

torn leg. The other leg was half off, too. Wasn't that dreadful!

Mother said: "Don't cry, Rose. I can sew this on in a jiffy, and you'll never know it was torn. We'll play your baby is sick, and I am the doctor."

Rose began to laugh then, with the tears still on her cheeks. "Oh, yes, Mother. Let's have a hospital and my baby can have an operation."

"That's what we must do," said Mother. She picked Laddie up, and kissed him,

and he stopped crying, too. Then every one was happy. Mother sat down, and, with Rose's needle and thread, sewed Rosemarie's legs on again, very firmly, while Rose pretended she was the nurse, and that she must give the baby ether.

Then they put the baby to bed, in Rose's doll-bed, and Mother filled a little bottle with water, and gave it to Rose with a spoon, and said, "Now this is medicine for this sick child, and you must give her a little every hour, till



MOTHER SEWED ROSEMARIE'S LEGS ON AGAIN.—Page 42.

she is better." Wasn't that fun! Rose played all the morning that her baby was sick, but by lunch time the medicine was all gone, and the sick dollie much better. And, really, her legs looked just as good as new.

CHAPTER IV

HIDE-AND-SEEK

Ned liked to play hide-and-seeK, and one morning, when he had gone over to Rose's house to play, he said, "Let's play hide-and-seeK."

Rose liked it, too, so she said: "All right, Ned. I choose to hide first."

So Ned sat on the back-steps and hid his face, and counted up to twenty-five, while Rose ran away and hid. Then he hunted for her, here and there and everywhere,

behind the hedge, and behind the big willow-tree, and around the house, and under the front-steps. And where do you suppose he found her? Inside an empty barrel, that stood beside the wood-shed. It was so high for Rose to climb out, that Ned had to upset the barrel carefully, and let her crawl out, while the barrel was on its side.

Then Ned hid, and Rose found him right away, behind a chair on the front veranda. And after they had both had two more turns at hiding,

Ned said, "Let's go over to my house, Rose, 'cause I've thought of a good place to hide over there, where you will *never* find me."

"I can, too, find you," said Rose. "Ha, ha, you'll see Mr. Ned!"

So they went over to Ned's house, and Rose hid her little pink face in her arms, and counted up to twenty-five, while Ned ran off to hide. Then she began to look for him.

She looked in dozens of places,—all around the house,

behind the trees, in the long grass, in the garage, in the woodshed. O dear! No sign of Ned. Rose was so hot and tired now that she sat down on the steps to rest a minute, and to think.

Dear, dear! There was a shoe, right down by the steps, of the woodshed. It was surely one of Ned's shoes. He must have dropped it there. Rose looked at it a minute, and thought: "Ned's mother wouldn't like it, if she knew Ned's shoe was there. He must be in his stocking-feet,

so he can go quietly, 'cause he's afraid I'll hear him."

And just then, what do you suppose happened? The shoe wiggled. It certainly did. Rose opened her mouth to scream, she was so surprised. Then she dropped down on her knees and looked carefully at that shoe. She gave a shout, caught hold of it, and began to pull.

Mr. Ned's foot was inside that shoe, and there was Ned himself, under the shed, in a nice little tight hole that just fitted him, all but that one foot.



SHE GAVE A SHOUT, AND BEGAN TO PULL.—Page 48.

So Rose caught him, and now it was her turn to hide. Ned began to count. Rose wanted to find a place to hide, where Ned never could find her. He had found such a fine place, when he hid. She wanted to find one even better.

Ned had counted all the way up to ten, when she ran off. And by the time Ned said, "Twenty-five," no Rose was to be seen. He stood up and looked around, and first of all he peeped into that nice little hole under the shed,

where he had been. No Rose was there.

So he began to look for her. He looked in all the places he could think of, and then went around and looked in them all again. Then he sat down to think, too, just as Rose had done. But he could think of nothing to help him.

“I wonder if Rose went home,” he thought. “I guess I’ll call her, and see.” So he called, “Rose, it’s not fair for you to go home.” Then he waited a minute, but there was no sound of Rose, so he

called again, "Rose, say 'Hoo-hoo!'"

He listened, and he heard, "Hoo-hoo-oo!" But it sounded very low and faint. He thought it came from the wood-shed, so he went in there, and looked around. There was nowhere to hide in there. He saw just four bare walls; some kindling-wood piled against one wall; the old cook-stove that Mother didn't use now. He went over to the stove, and looked behind it. No Rose was there.

And then, almost under his

nose, he heard "Hoo-hoo-oo-oo!" How it made him jump. It seemed to come right out of the stove. Why, Rose couldn't be in there, in that black, smutty place. He lifted a stove-lid, and looked in, but of course she wasn't there. The inside was empty and black, not half big enough for Rose.

"Hoo-hoo-oo!" called Rose again. And this time it seemed so close to Ned, and he was so surprised that he nearly dropped a stove-lid on his toes. Then he just stood,

and looked at that stove. Rose's voice seemed to come right out of it, and yet she wasn't there.

All at once Ned smiled and then he laughed. Then he danced and shouted, "The oven!" and pulled open the oven-door, and there inside, curled up so tightly that she was almost smothered, was Rose.

Ned had to pull her out, just as he did out of the barrel, and she had been curled up in there so long that she could hardly stand for a

minute. Then she stood up and rubbed her leg, which had gone to sleep, and said to Ned, "It was a gooder place to hide even than your hole under the wood-shed, wasn't it?"

"I guess it was," said Ned. "I'd never have found you, if you hadn't hoo-hooed. I thought you were in the stove, Rose!" And then didn't those two funny children laugh!

CHAPTER V

POPPY-SHOWS

Did you ever make a poppy-show? It is heaps of fun. Rose's mother showed her how to do it, and Rose thought it was lovely. She said, "Mother, I want to show Ned."

"He is coming over to play, this afternoon," said Mother. "You can show him then. I'll give you some paper, and here is a piece of glass for Ned."

Rose had a large piece of

window-glass in her hand. Mother had glued a strip of cotton around the edge of it, so Rose wouldn't cut herself. And she had fixed another large piece of glass, just like it, for Ned.

Rose took the two pieces of glass and the two sheets of paper out to the veranda, put them down carefully on a table there, and began to look for Ned.

It wasn't long before she saw him coming across the street. She ran to meet him, and said: "Ned, Mother has

showed me a new game, and we can play it this afternoon. Come up on the g'randa, and I'll show you." (Rose always said "g'randa" for "veranda.")

She and Ned ran up the veranda-steps, and she showed him the two sheets of white paper, and the two large pieces of glass.

"What are they for?" asked Ned.

"To make a poppy-show with," said Rose. "We have to pick all the different kinds of flowers we can find, and pull off the colored petals"

(Rose's mother had taught her that word) "and stick the petals on the sheet of paper in all kinds of pretty ways."

"What is the glass for?" asked Ned.

"That's to cover the paper with," said Rose, "to hold the petals down and press them flat. Let's see who can make the prettiest one."

"Oh, yes," said Ned, "first the paper, and then the flower-petals, and then the glass."

"Yes," said Rose. "And when we finish, we have to pay pins to see each other's

poppy-show. I'll say a little verse. It goes this way:

“A pin, a pin, a poppy-show.
Pay me a pin, and I'll show you
a show.

“And you must give me a pin, Ned, and I'll show you the poppy-show I've made.”

“Oh,” said Ned, “and then you give me a pin to see *my* poppy-show.” And off they ran to find flowers. They brought buttercups, daisies, clover-blossoms from the field, and pansies from the garden. Mother gave each of them

three sweet-peas and some nasturtiums.

They pulled off all the colored petals, and Rose put her buttercup petals around the edge of her paper. Next she put a row of nasturtiums, then a row of green clover-leaflets, with little white daisy-petals in between. And in the middle of her sheet of paper she put three pansies, and a little ring of sweet-pea petals around them. When she had all in place, she put her glass over them, and it pressed them down,



THEY BROUGHT BUTTERCUPS, DAISIES, AND CLOVER-BLOSSOMS FROM
THE FIELD. — Page 59.

and made them look very pretty.

“Come and see, Ned,” she called.

“A pin, a pin, a poppy-show.
Pay me a pin, and I’ll show you
a show.”

Just then Ned called, too:
“Oh, Rose! I’ve finished.
Come, see mine.

“A pin, a pin, a poppy-show.
Pay me a pin, and I’ll show you
the show.”

And then Mother had to come out with little Laddie, to see the shows. She gave Rose two pins, one for Laddie

and one for herself, and Ned came running up with a pin, too. They all looked at Rose's pretty flower-show, and Mother said it was one of the prettiest she had ever seen.

Then Ned said, "Come and see mine." And Mother gave Ned two pins, one for herself and one for Laddie, and Rose gave him a pin. She gave him back the very pin he had given her.

Ned took them down to the other end of the veranda to see his poppy-show. And

how do you suppose he had made it? He had picked big handfuls of green grass, and sprinkled it all over his paper. He had pulled all the petals off his flowers, and sprinkled them all over the grass, and then put his glass down on top, to press it all down. It looked very pretty.

Mother couldn't decide whose was nicer, Rose's or Ned's. Rose was so pleased with both hers and Neds, that she danced from one to the other, looking at them. Then she said, "Let's keep them

here till Daddy comes home, and show him." So she and Ned laid them carefully, side by side, on a settee that was on the veranda. Then they ran off to play.

Little Laddie sat on the floor near the settee. He reached up for the edge of the seat, to pull himself up on his feet. He wanted to see the poppy-shows. But he caught hold of the edge of a pillow instead, and pulled it right down on the glass that covered Ned's show.

Rose's mother came out on

the veranda a little later, with her sewing. She went over to the settee, and sat down on the cushion, and, O dear! there was a crackling and breaking sound that made her jump up quickly. What do you suppose she'd done? She'd sat right on Ned's poppy-show, and ruined it. The glass was broken, the paper was torn, and the grass and flower-petals were spilled on the settee and on the floor.

She felt very sorry, and called the children. When they came running up to the

veranda she said: "Ned, I'm so sorry. I sat on your poppy-show, and broke the glass all to pieces. Isn't that too bad." Ned was sorry, too, and Rose nearly cried.

Then Ned said, "Maybe if I had a cookie I'd feel better." That made them all laugh, and Mother ran in the house, and brought out cookies for both Ned and Rose. And she promised Ned she would get him a new piece of glass the next day. That made Ned feel happy again.

CHAPTER VI

UNCLE JIM

Rose had several uncles, but the one she liked best of all was Uncle Jim. When he came to visit, there were always good times for Rose and Ned. They had excursions to the Beach, rides in the street-car, and trips to the Park to see the animals there. When they were at home, they played games on the lawn with him, and he bought them new toys, and sometimes ice-cream cones. Uncle

Jim was the nicest kind of an uncle. Ned called him Uncle Jim, too, although he was not really Ned's uncle, but Rose's. Rose liked to share him with Ned.

So one day, when Mother told her that Uncle Jim was coming for a visit, she jumped up and down with joy, and asked, "Mother, may I go over to Ned's house, to tell him about it?"

Mother said "Yes," and off she ran.

Ned saw her coming, and ran out to meet her.

“Oh, Ned!” she cried. “Uncle Jim is coming for a visit.”

“When?” asked Ned.

“Why, I don’t know,” Rose said. “I was so excited, I forgot to ask Mother. I’ll go and ask her now,” and she started to run home. But Ned caught her arm, and said: “Wait, Rose. Wait for me. I’ll ask Mother if I may go with you,” and he ran in his house to find *his* mother.

“Mother,” he said, “Uncle Jim is coming on a visit. Rose came to tell me. I wish I could go over to her house.

We want to ask her mother about it.”

Ned's mother laughed to see how excited he was, but she told him to go. So he and Rose ran across the street to Rose's house, and in the door at the back, to the kitchen.

“Mother!” called Rose. “We want to know when Uncle Jim is coming.”

Mother wasn't in the kitchen, so Rose called again, and just then she and Ned heard some one speaking in the next room.

They ran to the door and

peeped in, to see who was there with Mother. And then what do you suppose happened?

Rose cried out, "There's Uncle Jim!" And Ned shouted, "Oh, it's Uncle Jim!" And both children rushed into the room, and threw their arms around him. It really was Uncle Jim, and he and the children hugged each other as hard as they could. He had come earlier than they expected, and they were so surprised that they could hardly believe it was true.

So he made them stand back till he could look at them, and see how they had grown. And he lifted them, to see how heavy they were. Then he said: "I left my overcoat in the hall, and there is a parcel in one pocket. I wish some one would bring it here."

The children both ran out to the hall, and their little hands went into all the coat-pockets, till Rose found the parcel and took it in to Uncle Jim.

He said: "Thank you. Now

let's see who can guess what is in it."

"Candy," said Rose, and Ned guessed peanuts. "Ice-cream cone," cried Rose, and Ned said "Skipping-ropes," because he saw Rose's skipping-rope on the back of a chair, and he couldn't think of anything else to guess.

Uncle Jim laughed. He was busy unwrapping the parcel. And what do you suppose was in it? Two funny little toy ducks. Each one was about as long as your longest finger, and ran on wheels.

There was a button in each one, to wind it up.

“Will it go, Uncle Jim?” asked Rose.

“Wind mine up!” cried Ned.

“Show me how to wind mine!” cried Rose.

Uncle Jim wound one up, and had Ned hold it by the back wheels, so it couldn't go. And then he wound up the other. He set them on the floor together, and they ran along on the wheels, pecking as if they were eating corn.

Rose and Ned laughed until they couldn't laugh any



ROSE AND NED LAUGHED AT THOSE FUNNY LITTLE DUCKS.

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more, at those funny little ducks. Ned laughed until he had to lie down on the floor, and there he lay until Uncle Jim sent one duck straight at him. Then he jumped up in a hurry, pretending he was afraid that the duck would peck him.

Uncle Jim taught the children how to wind up the ducks, and they went out on the veranda to play with their new toys, leaving Uncle Jim for a while to talk to Mother.

CHAPTER VII
IN THE PARK

The next morning Rose was up, bright and early, and after breakfast she stood by Uncle Jim's chair, looking at him with such bright eyes that he suspected she had something to say to him.

So he asked her, "What are you thinking about, Rose?"

She didn't want to tell, at first, till Uncle Jim coaxed her to. Then she said, "I am wondering where you are

going to take Ned and me to-day."

Everybody laughed then, and Rose's daddy said, "I didn't know he was going to take you anywhere."

"He always does, Daddy," said Rose. She felt a little shy because every one was laughing at her.

"Of course we must go somewhere," Uncle Jim said. "Where would you like to go?"

"To the Park," said Rose, right away.

"That is a fine place to go," Uncle Jim said. "Run over to

Ned's house, and tell him we are going."

Rose ran off at once, and when she came back, a little later, Ned was with her, and he was all ready to go. Rose had to rush up-stairs and brush her hair, and change her dress. Mother went up, too, to see that all the buttons were fastened right. Then the two children were ready, and Uncle Jim said to Mother, "Good-by; we shall not be back to lunch." That made Rose feel very much excited.

Off they started, and it

wasn't long before they reached the Park. There were animals and birds in cages, and Ned wanted to see them, first of all. Rose liked them, too. They fed peanuts to the monkeys, and to the bears. Yes, indeed, the bears loved the peanuts. Mr. Bear would take a whole peanut, shell and all, in his mouth, crack it with his teeth, swallow the nut, and let the shell drop from his mouth. There was a big cage, as big as Mr. Bear's cage, full of little bright-yellow canaries, that were so

pretty the children couldn't leave them, till Uncle Jim said, "Let's see the kangaroos." Then they forgot the canaries.

Kangaroos are funny animals, with very, very big tails. They sit up on their hind legs and tails. And they can jump a long, long way. They come from a country called Australia, and that is far away, across the ocean. Ned and Rose thought they were wonderful. "They look as if they had their front paws cut off, they're so short," said Ned.



THEY FED PEANUTS TO THE BEARS. — Page 79.

Next, the children saw some deer in a closed yard, and then some goats. The goats had little stone houses, with sloping walls like the sides of a tent, and one goat ran up the stone side of his house, and lay down for a nap on the roof.

They saw a big white polar bear in his cage, and he swung his head from side to side, all the time. Rose thought he looked very sad, and Uncle Jim said, "Perhaps he is homesick." You know polar bears come from a land where there

is always ice and snow, and Ned said, "I guess he keeps turning his head, because he is looking around for an iceberg."

Best of all, they went to see the elephant-house next, and there inside was the elephant, chained to the floor, so he couldn't get away. "Why does he have such big ears?" said Rose.

"He fans himself with them, when he gets too warm," said Ned, "and they help to keep the flies away."

That made Uncle Jim laugh

a little. Then Rose said: "What makes his skin so loose? I b'lieve it is coming unfastened." Wasn't she a funny little girl?

Ned said, "I think the elephant feels cooler if his skin is a little loose, Rose."

Uncle Jim asked them if they would like to swing, so they went to the playground. There were plenty of swings there, and *teeters*, and slides, and chutes, and merry-go-rounds, all for little children. Rose and Ned went on the swings first, and Ned swung

very high; but Rose was afraid, and wouldn't go high, at all.

Next they tried a teeter, and Ned thought it was lovely, but Rose was afraid when her end of it went away up in the air. When it came down to the ground again, she slipped off very quickly, and if Uncle Jim hadn't caught the teeter, Ned would have had a dreadful bump.

By this time the children began to feel hungry, and Uncle Jim took them to a neat little tea-house at the

edge of the Park, where they had lunch and ice-cream, too.

After lunch, they took a ride in a street-car, and got off at the other side of the Park, where there was a lake, with boats on it.

Of course they wanted a ride in a boat, so Uncle Jim put them in one, and took the oars, and rowed out across the lake. There were many fish in the water. "I wish that we could feed them," said Rose. Uncle Jim promised her she might, as soon as he could row to shore, and when

they reached it, what do you suppose he did? He bought them a little package of cookies at an ice-cream stand. The children threw little bits of these cookies in the water at the edge of the lake and swarms of little fishes came to eat them. This was the best fun of all. Cooky after cooky went into the water, and more and more little fishes came to dine.

Then something else came—a pair of black ducks. “Shoo them away, Ned!” Rose cried. “They will eat all the cooky-

crumbs. Oh! They are scaring away the fishes.”

What do you think those ducks did? One of them put his head down under the water, and caught a little fish, right in his bill. He tossed it around till the fish's head pointed right down Mr. Duck's throat. Then the duck swallowed, and that was the last of that little fish. Next, the other duck caught a fish, and pretty soon each duck had had three.

It made Ned feel as cross as a bear, and Rose almost cried.

They threw stones at the ducks, and the little fishes were so frightened that they all swam away.

Then Uncle Jim said it was time to go home. The children were sorry to leave the lovely Park, but they had had a fine time, and were tired now. So they went home on the street-car, where Rose had a little nap in Uncle Jim's arms. And when they reached home, it kept Rose and Ned busy until bed-time telling their mothers about all the things they saw.

CHAPTER VIII

AT THE BEACH

Uncle Jim wanted to go to the Beach for a whole day. Rose was so excited she could hardly stand still, because she knew Uncle Jim would take her, and probably Ned, too.

She said to her mother: "Uncle Jim is going to the Beach for a whole day, Mother. He told me so. I guess I must be going, too, because he had a twinkle in his eyes."

“We must all go,” said Rose’s mother. And then Rose was so happy she didn’t know what to do.

They planned to start next morning,—Rose and Ned and their mothers, the two babies, and Uncle Jim. The two daddies were going to come, later.

They had to have a lunch, of course, and Ned and Rose tiptoed around, first in Rose’s house, and then in Ned’s, sniffing the air.

My! they smelled good things! There were cakes and

cookies, and little bits of pies and tarts, and all sorts of jammy, spicy, fruity smells.

When Rose went to bed that night, she thought, "I'm so excited, I'll never be able to go to sleep." But she went to sleep as soon as her head touched the pillow, and when she awoke in the morning, it seemed as if it were only a few minutes since she had gone to bed.

But Mother was downstairs, and Daddy, and Uncle Jim. Rose could hear them talking. And the sun was

shining brightly, for it was a beautiful day.

Rose jumped up, and tried to dress so fast that her fingers tangled up in the buttonholes, and one stocking went on wrong side out. And she couldn't find her petticoat, so she dressed without it. She put her dress on backwards, and was in such a hurry she didn't take time to change it, but buttoned it on backwards, and hoped Mother wouldn't notice.

She ran down-stairs and into the dining-room. Uncle

Jim caught her in his arms, and said, "Good morning, Rose." Then she ran to kiss her daddy, and say "Good morning" to him.

And then Mother came in from the kitchen, and saw the dress was on backwards, right away. But she laughed, and said Rose might leave it so till after breakfast. Then she sent Rose upstairs to brush her teeth, and wash her face and hands.

After breakfast, Uncle Jim and Rose packed the picnic-basket. Mother showed them

what to put in, and she rolled up a great many little parcels of sandwiches, and all those nice-smelling spicy cakes and cookies and tarts and pies and fruit, that the children had smelled the day before. And she put in bottles of milk for the children, and sugar and a coffee-pot, and more other things than I can remember.

When they had finished, in walked Mr. Ned, with a nice little brown-linen suit on, all ready for the Beach. He said his mother had her basket all packed, too. So Rose and her

mother went up-stairs to dress. Rose had a little brown-linen dress, almost the color of Ned's suit, which she put on.

By the time they were dressed, they heard a loud toot-toot, honk-honk, outside. That was Uncle Jim with a car. They ran downstairs, and Mother, Rose, Ned, little Laddie, and the picnic-basket were all soon packed away, inside the car.

Uncle Jim then drove them over to Ned's house, to get Ned's mother and Baby Sister.

The two mothers and two babies sat in the back seat, while Rose and Ned sat in front with Uncle Jim, and watched him drive the car. Wasn't it fun!

It was a long way to the Beach. Ned wanted to drive the car, so Uncle Jim let him hold his hands on the steering-wheel, but Uncle Jim held on, too. Rose had her baby doll in her arms, and she held her up, to let her look out the car-window, and pretended to tell her all about the things they saw.

Then they reached the Beach. The sand was hot in the sun, and the water sparkled and danced. There were crowds of people, a few swimming, but most of them were lying or sitting on the sand, or walking about.

Rose and Ned ran down to the water's edge at once, then rushed back to their mothers, to ask if they might go in swimming. Rose's mother took her in the car, and undressed her there, put on her bathing-suit, took her hand and they walked down to the

water. In a few minutes came Ned and his mother, and then Uncle Jim in a bathing-suit. Then both the daddies came, ready for a swim. They had come on the street-car. Rose's mother and Ned's were the last to get ready. They put the babies down, to kick and play in the sand, and sat there beside them. Rose's daddy took her hand, and waded out into the big waves with her, and Ned's daddy took him.

The children didn't like it

very well out there. The water was cold, and when a big breaker came in, that almost went over Rose's head even though she was up in her daddy's arms, she got a whole mouthful of salt water. So she asked to go back to shore, and Ned did, too. They liked best to play in the little waves, at the edge of the water, and dig in the sand with a stick they found.

The grown-ups swam away out, and had a fine time, and the children stayed on the

sand, and had a good time, too.

Then their fathers and mothers and Uncle Jim came out of the water and dressed. But Rose and Ned kept their bathing-suits on, and lay in the sand, and threw it over each other, and dug their toes down in it.

Just then, up came Rose's daddy with a big ball for them to play with. Wasn't that fun! They would toss it to each other, then throw it in the water a little way, and run in after it. Rose

tried to sit on it in the water, to hold it down, but it bounced up from under her every time. When Ned tried to help her sit on it, it bounced away from him, too. You try it, some time, and you'll see. The only way they could hold it under water was with their hands.

Along came Ned's mother now, with two little pails and two shovels. Oh my, such fun! They filled the pails with sand, and packed it in tightly, then turned it out on the Beach, and the sand

looked like a cake, just the shape of the pail. They made a whole row of these sand-cakes.

Then Ned said, "Let's knock them all over, with the ball." Ned threw the ball, hit two sand-cakes, and knocked them all to pieces. Rose threw it, and hit one; and so they kept it up, till no more sand-cakes were left.

The next thing to do was to build a sand-house. Then Rose remembered a little poem her mother had taught her. Do you know it?



THEY MADE A WHOLE ROW OF THESE SAND-CAKES.—Page 102.

“When I was down beside the sea,
A wooden spade they gave to me,
To dig the sandy shore.
My holes were empty, like a cup,
In every hole the sea came up
Till it could come no more.”

She and Ned dug deep holes in the sand, to see if the sea would come up in them. And sure enough, it did.

Finally Rose was tired, and lay down in the sand, with the ball in her arms, and Ned covered her with sand, all except her head. Then he lay down, too, and tried to cover himself, till Rose

laughed at him, wiggled out from her sand-pile, and covered Ned.

What do you suppose the two little babies were doing? Laddie was sitting in the sand, picking up tiny baby handfuls of it, and throwing it as far as he could. Ned's little sister was pouring sand on top of her own curly head, and filling her little bits of pockets. Every one was happy, you see.

The grown-ups were very hungry now, and began to spread out their lunch on a

smooth dry bit of sand, between two big logs. It wasn't long before they had a little fire burning, and the coffee-pot hung on a stick, over the fire. Picnic lunches always taste good. Soon the children were tucked full of sandwiches and milk and fruit, and cakes and cookies. You would never believe it, if I told you all the things they ate. Ned's mother said, "I guess it must be the sea air," and maybe that was the reason. And the babies ate bread-and-butter sandwiches

and drank milk, and each one had a cooky.

After lunch, the children played a little longer. Then their mothers dressed them, and they all went for a walk along the Beach. They came to a cunning little tea-house, and Ned and Rose each wanted an ice-cream cone. Their mothers both said that they did not need them, but Uncle Jim was sure that they could eat them, and they did!

At last Rose's mother said: "I think we should go home. It is getting late." Then they

all went back to the car. Ned's daddy said Ned had grown so much since he had eaten that big lunch, that he didn't believe there would be room for him, but there was. It was hard to pack them all in, and the lunch-baskets, too, but they managed it, at last.

“Good-by, lovely Beach!” Rose cried, and Ned said, “We'll come again, next week.” And then both children went fast asleep, and the next thing they knew, they were home.

CHAPTER IX

A LOVELY SURPRISE

Uncle Jim said he must go home the next day. He told Rose and Ned it would take him more than half the day to get home, so it seemed like a long, long way, to the children.

Then he told them something that made them feel very happy. He said that when Christmas came, he was going to send for them to come to the town where he

lived, and visit Rose's Aunt Grace. She was Uncle Jim's sister, and she and Uncle Ben, and their little girl, Louise, lived on a big farm close to the town where Uncle Jim lived.

"She's mother's sister, and Uncle Jim's sister, too." Rose explained to Ned. "And Louise is my little cousin, only she isn't little. She's bigger'n I am, Ned. She's eight years old."

The children felt very excited and happy when they began to think of the visit

they might make at Christmas time.

“Shall we go all alone?” asked Rose.

“No,” Uncle Jim said. “I think Mother will probably come with you; and little Laddie, too.”

The children went up-stairs with Uncle Jim that evening, and watched him pack his suit-cases, Rose helped him, bringing his shaving-cream and razor from the bathroom, while Ned folded his socks for him.

Both children felt very

sorry to think he was going away again. But when Rose's little lip began to come out, and the corners of her mouth drooped, as if she were going to cry, Uncle Jim would talk to her about the farm, and how she and Ned were coming at Christmas time, perhaps. And then Rose forgot to cry.

Finally, the children and Uncle Jim had the suit-cases all packed. Ned's mother came, to take Ned home, and Rose went to bed. Rose asked Mother to call her in

the morning, when Uncle Jim woke, and Mother did, although it seemed to be very early to Rose.

Rose dressed and had her breakfast with Daddy and Uncle Jim, but she was so sleepy she couldn't eat much. Then a car came to the door, to take Uncle Jim to the station, and Rose begged to go, too. Her daddy said she might go, if she would promise not to cry.

She climbed in the car, and sat between her daddy and Uncle Jim, and they were

driven to the station. It was a big place. Long trains waited for passengers on the tracks outside the gates. Uncle Jim kissed Rose good-bye at the gate, and said "Good-bye" to her daddy. And because he was afraid Rose was going to cry, he whispered to her: "Mother has a surprise for you, when you get home. Good-bye, Rosie! I think we shall see each other at Christmas time."

This made Rose's eyes sparkle, and she wondered what the surprise was, that

Mother had. She watched Uncle Jim get on his train, waved good-bye to him, and never cried a bit. Then his train went "Puff, puff" away from the station, and Daddy took Rose home. She wondered, all the way, what her surprise could be.

When she reached home, she asked Mother for it at once. Mother said, "It is in a box in the kitchen, one for you and one for Ned."

On the kitchen floor was a big box made of wooden slats, with open spaces between

them, and inside was—guess! There were two little puppies, such fat, funny, round, dear little things. One was a brownish-red color, and the other was black and white.

Uncle Jim had told Mother to let Rose choose whichever one she wanted, and Ned should have the other. At first, Rose couldn't make up her mind which one she liked the better, but finally she chose the reddish-colored one. Her Mother said his name was Rufus, and the little

black - and - white one was named Andy.

Then Mother telephoned to Ned's house to ask if Ned might come over. In a few minutes, in came Ned, having just finished his breakfast. You see, he wasn't up as early as Rose. Rose pulled him by the hand into the kitchen.

"See, Ned!" she cried. "Aren't they lovely! The red one is mine, and the black-and-white one is yours."

Oh, wasn't Ned a happy little boy! How the children



“THE RED ONE IS MINE, AND THE BLACK-AND-WHITE ONE IS YOURS.”

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loved their puppies! There was a note, too, from Uncle Jim, telling them the puppies' names. "I love this puppy. He's so sweet," said Rose. "But I love him twice as hard 'cause Uncle Jim gave him to me."

"So do I, mine," said Ned.

CHAPTER X

TWO LOST CHILDREN

Rose was lonesome after Uncle Jim left, so Mother promised to take her out to the Park again, some day soon. And then little Laddie began to cut a tooth, which hurt him, so that he cried a great deal, and was cross. Mother said she would not be able to go for a few days, till the baby boy felt better.

Rose was disappointed, and she and Ned talked about the

Park, and what fun they had had there with Uncle Jim.

Then Ned thought of a plan. He said, "Rose, let's get some money from our banks, and go on the street-car ourselves, to the Park."

That pleased Rose ever so much, and she said, "If we find the way to the Park all ourselves, probably Mother will let us go often."

"We could go every day, then," said Ned.

Rose wanted to start at once. "I'll get some pennies from my bank, Ned," she said.

“You get some, too, and let’s go, right away.”

So Rose ran in the house to get her bank, and Ned ran home to get his. Rose’s bank was a big, black iron rooster. She had found out that, with a thin-bladed knife to help her, she could shake pennies out of her bank. So she shook out some of them on the table, but she didn’t tell her mother about it.

She was afraid, if she did that Mother would say, “No, Rose, you cannot go.” She picked up her money, found

her hat, and ran out to the sidewalk, to wait for Ned.

There came Ned, across the street, and when he reached Rose he showed her his hand, full of pennies, just as hers was. They put the money in Ned's pocket, because his was deeper than Rose's, and hand in hand the two children went down the street.

It was a lovely sunny day, and they felt very happy and important, as they walked along. They came to the corner, where the street-car stopped, and Rose looked at

Ned, and he at her. Rose's little heart was beating faster than usual. She had never been on a street-car without a grown-up person to hold her hand, and she felt that perhaps Mother wouldn't like this. She knew she should go home. So did Ned. But they didn't go.

Instead, there came a street-car, and the children climbed on it, among a crowd of grown-up people, who were getting on, too. They forgot to give the conductor some money, and he thought

some of the grown-ups who had just stepped inside, were in charge of these two little children. So he didn't ask them for tickets.

Rose and Ned found a seat by the window, and sat there, watching the streets, as the car rushed along. "We should be nearly to the Park now," said Ned. Then Rose remembered. "We went on two cars to get to the Park, when we went with Uncle Jim."

"So we did," said Ned. "Let's get off, and get on the next car."

The children waited till the car stopped again, and then stepped off. They went on another car, going in a different direction, and they rode miles and miles, but no Park did they see.

By and by the conductor said, "End of the line" and every one in the car got off. The conductor came to Rose and Ned and said, "Here's where you get out, children." They were rather afraid of the conductor, so they got out. They didn't tell him they wanted to find the Park.

“Let’s walk a while, and see if we can find it,” said Rose. So they walked hand in hand. They were almost out in the country, and they walked on and on, hotter and more tired all the time.

Ned said, “I don’t believe the Park is on this street, Rose.” And Rose was so tired and frightened that she burst into tears.

“Don’t cry, Rose,” said Ned. “We’ll get on the street-car, and go home again.” But now they couldn’t find the street-car line. Once Ned

thought he saw it ahead of them, and he let go of Rose's hand, and started to run. He tripped, and fell on his knees, and skinned one pretty badly, and then he *nearly* cried. Rose wiped the dust off his knees with her dress, and then she wiped the tears from her eyes, with her dress. Ned looked for his handkerchief to rub his face, and he couldn't find it, so Rose wiped his face with her dress again. Now the dress was pretty dirty, and Ned's face was streaked with dust, and Rose's little



ROSE WIPED HIS FACE WITH HER DRESS. —Page 126.

face was a sight to behold. The only clean spot on her face was where the last tear had trickled down and it had washed a little clean path for itself through the dust and dirt.

The two children decided they would stop at the next house, and ask the people there where the street-car track was. But just then a man in an automobile came by, and Ned waved and shouted at him, till the man stopped.

“Where is the street-car track?” asked Ned.

The man laughed. “Which one do you want?” he asked.

“One that will take us home,” said Rose.

“Where do you live, children?”

Ned told him their address, and the man looked rather surprised. “I never heard of such a street,” he said. “Jump in and let’s see if we can find some one who knows where it is.”

The children gladly climbed into the car, and he drove on

and on. Ned told him all about how they had tried to find the Park, and that made the man laugh. But he said, "You must never try it again, till you get older. You'll get lost every time, if you do."

"Yes, sir," said Ned, very meekly.

Then the man stopped his car by a big stone building, and helped the children to get out. Rose was fast asleep now, and he had to carry her. They went into a big, cool room, and there was a policeman, behind a desk or at

least Ned thought he was one.

The man spoke to the policeman, and told him how the children had tried to find the Park and had got lost. Then Ned told the policeman where he lived, and what his name was, and saw him take down a telephone from his desk, and call a number.

In a minute somebody spoke at the other end of the telephone wire, and the policeman said to Ned, "Come here and talk in the 'phone." Ned was too tired to feel surprised

at this, or at anything else. He just did as he was told, He stood by the telephone, and said, "Hello" into it, and there was his mother's voice! Ned was so glad to hear her that he burst into tears, "Oh, Mother!" he said, "I'm so glad I've found you! We'll never go away like that again!"

CHAPTER XI
HOME AGAIN

It wasn't ten minutes after Rose and Ned had left the house, before Rose's mother missed her. She said to herself: "I guess Rose must have gone over to Ned's house. She shouldn't have done that without asking me." She looked out of the window, and couldn't see Rose over in Ned's yard, and thought she must have gone in Ned's house.

So she went back to the

kitchen, where she was busy, making a cake. And after the cake was in the oven, she put little Laddie to bed for his nap.

Then she changed her dress, brushed her hair, and thought: "As soon as my cake is baked, I'll run over to Ned's house to see what the children are doing. Rose is a little scamp to run over there, without asking me, first, if she might go."

So pretty soon the cake was baked, and Rose's mother went across the street to

Ned's house. "I mustn't stay more than a minute," she said to Ned's mother, when she got there, "as I left Baby asleep, up-stairs. I just came over to see what the children are doing. Rose didn't ask permission to come over. She went without telling me a thing about it."

"Why, dear me!" said Ned's mother; "I haven't seen the children for some time. The last time I saw them, they were over in your yard."

"Where do you suppose they have gone?" said Rose's

mother. "Perhaps I had better look for them."

Ned's mother stood on the steps and looked up and down the street, while Rose's mother ran home, looked in her back-yard, and all through her house, calling "Rose, Rose!" Then she came outdoors, and called across the street, "They are not here." The two mothers felt a little frightened now. They went up the street, and down, and looked in every one's yard, and called and called.

By and by they found two

little boys, who said they saw Ned and Rose going down the street, hand in hand, quite a long time before. And then, back in her house, Rose's mother found the little black iron rooster lying on its side, on the table, with a knife beside it, and she knew Rose must have been taking money out of it.

Perhaps Rose had gone to the candy store. She ran to that place at once. No Rose was there! The storekeeper said he hadn't seen her at all, that morning.

Ned's mother telephoned to his daddy, and then to Rose's daddy. The daddies called up the Police Station, and then came home. They looked everywhere and asked all sorts of people if they had seen two little children. They asked a man who lived near the street-car line, and he remembered seeing Ned and Rose come down the street, and he said he thought they got on a street-car.

What a time they all had! The poor mothers were so frightened, and every one was

so worried and upset. Ned's daddy said, "Perhaps they've tried to go to the Park or the Beach." So he went to the Park, and Rose's daddy went to the Beach, to see if they could find the children there.

Rose's mother carried Laddie over to Ned's house, and she went off to look in all the candy stores near their street. Ned's mother stayed at home to look after the babies, and to wait for any one who might come with news of the children. She sat in the window, so that she could watch Rose's

house, too. Then she went out in the yard, and into the house again, then out on the steps. She was so frightened that she couldn't keep still.

Just then the telephone rang, and she ran to answer it. Maybe it was one of the daddies. A man's voice asked, "Hello! Is this Mr. Scott's house?" Mr. Scott was Ned's daddy.

"Yes," said Ned's mother.

"This is the Police Station," said the man's voice in the telephone. "I have two little children here."

“Oh, how thankful I am!”
said Ned’s mother.

“And the little boy claims
your address as his home.”

Then Mrs. Scott heard a lit-
tle voice say, “Hello, Mother!”

“Ned!” she cried. “Is it
you, Ned?”

You know already what
little Ned told his mother,
and you may be sure that he
meant it.

Wasn’t she happy! “Is Rose
all right?” she asked.

“Yes, she’s here asleep,”
said Ned’s voice. “She’s so
tired. So’m I.”

The tears came in her eyes then. She knew the poor little children must be very tired, indeed. "Daddy will come and get you soon," she said.

So the next thing was to get one of the daddies on the telephone. They both had promised to call her up, while they were away, to see if she had had any news about the children. So it wasn't more than a minute or two before the telephone rang again. It was Ned's daddy. Ned's mother felt very glad to be

able to tell him where the children were.

And then, in a few minutes more, the telephone rang again, and this time it was Rose's daddy. And Ned's mother told him, too, where the children were. The two daddies, one at the Beach, and one near the Park, started right away for that Police Station.

Just then Rose's mother, all tired out, came up the steps of Ned's house and opened the door, and she felt so sad that she began to cry. Ned's

mother ran to meet her, and threw her arms around her, and said: "Don't cry. The children are safe." And she told her all about it. Weren't they glad and happy, then!

It was more than an hour later, before the daddies reached home with the children. Oh, such dirty, tired little ones! But they were so glad to come home, that nothing else seemed to matter.

Rose and Laddie, and Daddy and Mother went home. Rose and Ned were each given a bath, and sup-

per, and put to bed. And they never woke till next morning.

When Rose woke, Mother was leaning over her bed, to give her a good-morning kiss, and ask her if she felt rested. Rose did, and while she lay there, she told Mother all about how she and Ned had tried to find the Park. Mother explained to her how dangerous it was for little children to go away, alone, and Rose promised she would never do it again.

“I don't want to, anyhow,



WHEN ROSE WOKE, MOTHER WAS LEANING OVER HER BED.

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Mother," she said. "It was so hot, and I was so tired and hungry and miz'able."

Just then Ned's mother came across the street, and into the house.

"Do you know what Ned says?" she asked.

"He says that he and Rose were trying to find the Park."

"Yes, that is what Rose says."

"And they took money out of their banks."

"Yes. I know Rose did."

"And rode on two street-cars."

“Did they do all that? And Rose says they walked a long, long way.”

“Yes, and they had a ride in an auto.”

“It is a mercy we ever found them.”

“Yes, isn't it?”

Ned and Rose never tried to go alone again. They knew now that they couldn't find the way without an older person to help them. That was a good thing for them to learn, wasn't it?

CHAPTER XII

WRITING LETTERS

“Oh, Mother!” called Rose one morning, just after the postman had gone, “here are three letters for you in our door.” Mother came to see. “Two for me,” she said, “and one for you.”

“For me?” cried Rose, very much surprised. “Oh! Shall I open it? Who wrote to me, Mother? Is it really for me? Will you read it, please?” Rose was so excited that she nearly tore her letter in two,

trying to open the envelope. So Mother helped her.

Inside were two post-card pictures, one for Rose, and one for her to give Ned. Ned's picture was a funny one, of a puppy chewing a shoe, and on the back was:

“Is this the way your dog behaves? **UNCLE JIM.**”

Rose's showed a little boy, sitting alone under a tree, with his mouth pulled down at the corners, and with big tears on his cheeks. Underneath was printed, “I cry for you 'most every day.” On the

back Uncle Jim had written: "This is just the way I feel. Why don't you write to me, to cheer me up?" Uncle Jim meant it for a joke, of course, but when Mother read it to Rose, Rose's eyes filled with tears, and she looked very sad.

"I feel just the same as Uncle Jim does," she said, in such a tearful voice that Mother caught her in her arms, and hugged her, and told her Uncle Jim had just sent the picture for a joke. Then she told Rose to run

across the street, and take Ned's picture to him.

Rose came back in about ten minutes with Ned, and both children came into the kitchen, where Mother was busy.

"Mother," said Rose, "we want to write a letter. Will you help us?"

"Of course I will," said Mother. "A letter to Uncle Jim?"

"Yes, a long one, too," cried Rose. "I'll get the pen and ink."

She ran off, while Mother

covered the kitchen table with newspapers. Back came Rose with pens and a bottle of ink, and some of Mother's best note-paper.

Mother said: "No, Rose, not that paper. I'll get you some." She took her nice note-paper in her hand and went out.

The children sat down by the table, and Rose gave Ned a pen. Then she unscrewed the top of the ink-bottle, and dipped her pen in the ink. She made little marks on the edge of a newspaper. Ned

dipped his pen in the ink, too. He made little marks on another piece of newspaper.

Rose's little puppy came in the kitchen, through the open door. He pushed his little nose against Rose, then ran around the table to visit Ned. Ned reached down to pat him. Then he lifted the puppy in his arms, and the little doggie, sitting in Ned's lap, could just manage to get his front paws on the table. This made Rose laugh. She held out her arms to him.

“Come!” she called. “Let me have him, Ned.”

The puppy tried to climb up on the table. Ned pushed him, a little, and there he was, right on the table. He ran across, to Rose.

“Oh-h-h!” cried Ned. “See what he did!”

He had upset the ink, and a big black puddle was spreading over the newspapers.

“Mother!” screamed Rose. And at once Mother came in from the dining-room. She had pencils and paper in her hand. She dropped them on

a chair, ran in the pantry, and came back with cloths in her hand to sop up the ink. Then she folded the newspapers that were black with ink, and sent Ned down to the furnace-room with them. And everything about the table was clean and white now. The cloths and papers had caught all the ink.

“This scamp of a puppy did it, Mother,” said Rose.

“I thought it was wiser for you to use pencils,” said Mother, “so I brought them with me. I hoped to get here



“OH-H-H!” CRIED NED. “SEE WHAT HE DID!”—Page 153.

in time to rescue the ink, but I was just a minute too late."

"Never mind, Mother," said Rose, "We can use pencils just as well."

That made Mother laugh.

Then Ned came back, and Mother gave each child a sheet of white paper and a pencil. Rose knew all the letters, but she couldn't spell words yet. Ned knew the letters, too. So Mother told them how to spell the words.

"D," she said, and each child printed a "D," "E," said Mother; "A, R; that makes

'Dear.' Now leave a little space and print U-N-C-L-E. That is 'Uncle'. Now leave another little space, and print J-I-M. That is 'Jim'."

"Oh-h-h!" said Rose softly. "All my fingers feel stiff, except my thumb." It was hard work for such a wee girlie.

"What do wish to tell Uncle Jim?" asked Mother.

"Tell him I miss him too much," said Rose sadly. Mother helped her to print it.

"Now sign your name, dear," she said. "The letter is long enough."

Mother helped Ned to print his letter while Rose was putting a row of x's across the top of her letter, for kisses.

“Shall I draw him a picture, Mother?” she asked.

Mother thought they should each draw a picture, and that kept them busy for several minutes. Then she brought them an envelope, on which she had written Uncle Jim's name, and the children folded their letters, and put them in the envelope.

“It makes a nice fat letter,

doesn't it?" said Ned, smiling with delight.

Mother put on a stamp, and the children ran off to the nearest letter-box.

Here is a copy of Rose's letter, and the picture she drew. Do you like her boat with the two children in it? I think they must be Ned and Rose, don't you? And two more are swimming in the water. And the sun and two stars are shining together up in the sky. Wasn't that a funny mistake for Rose to make?

* * + + * * * * + + + +

DEAR UNCLE JI
M

I MISS YOU
TOO MUCH
ROSE



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