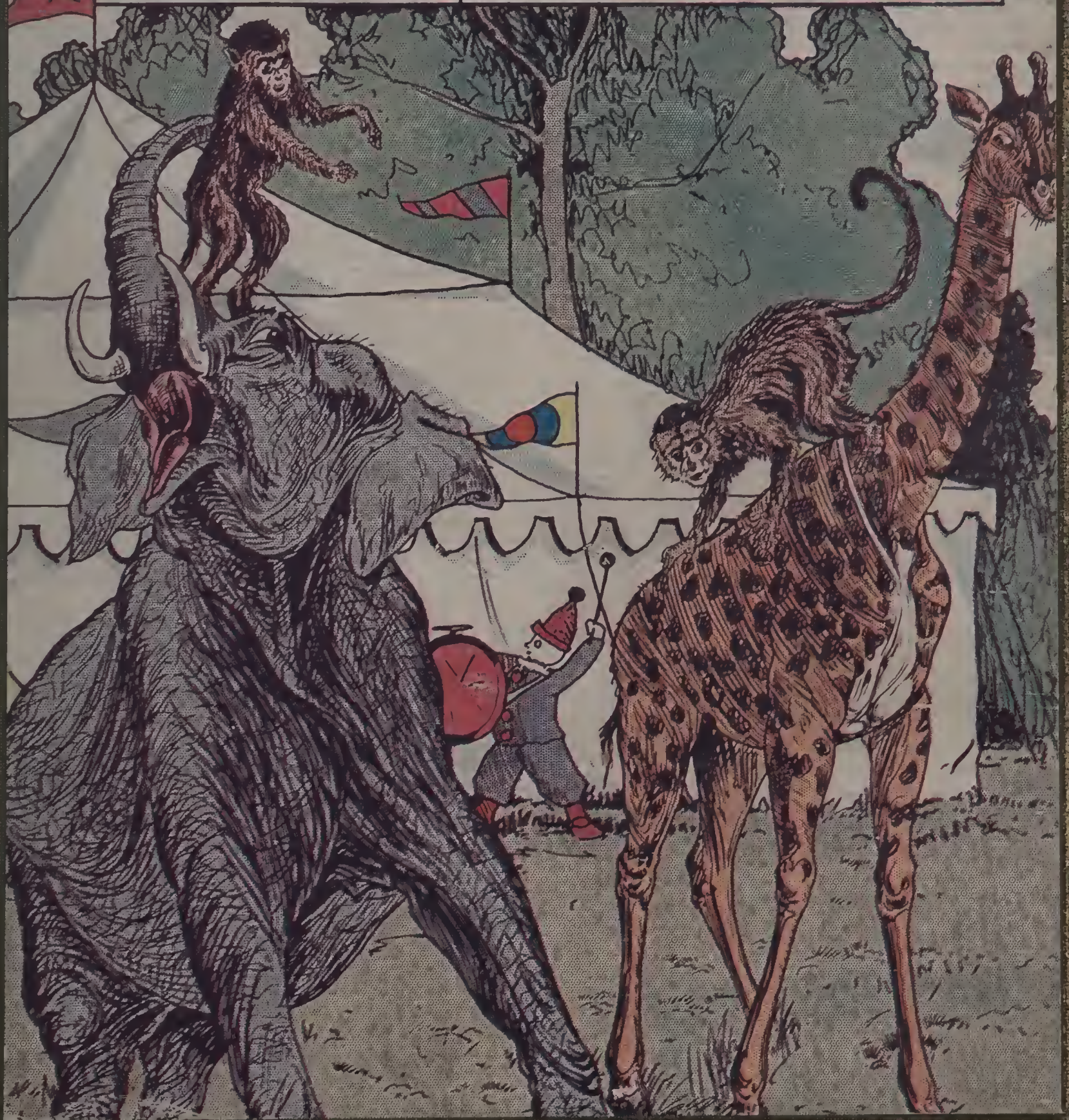
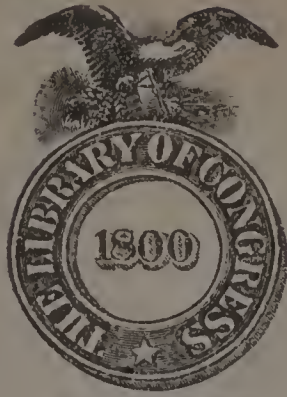


CIRCUS ANIMALS IN FUNLAND





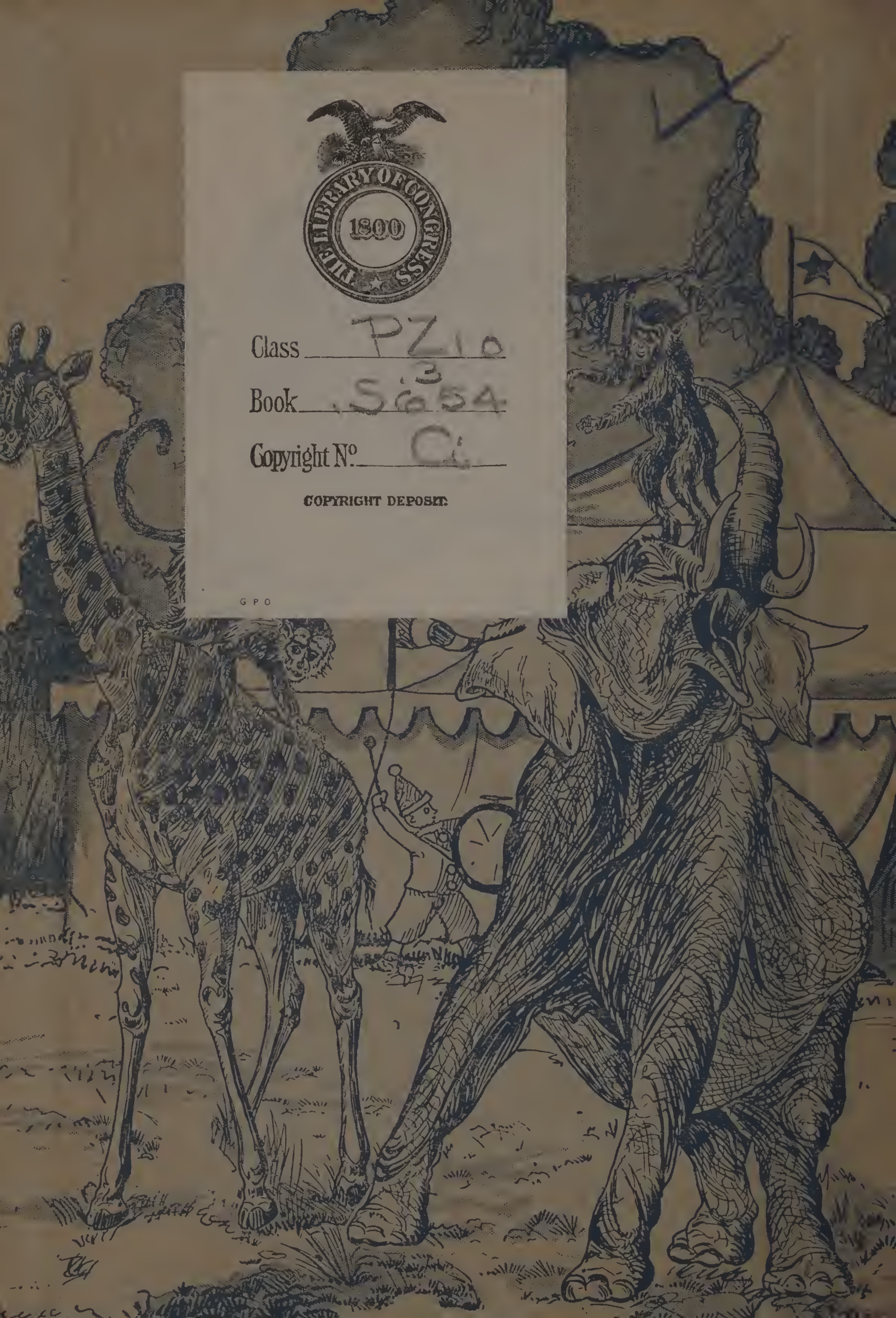
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*Circus Animals
In Funland*





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NECK



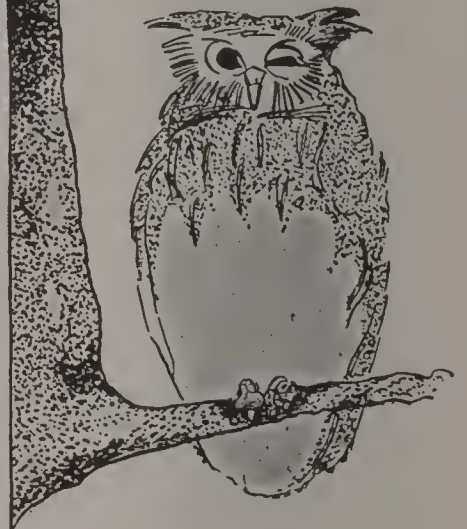
"OLD MAN
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'TIGHT"



"OLD MAN
SLY-FOOT"

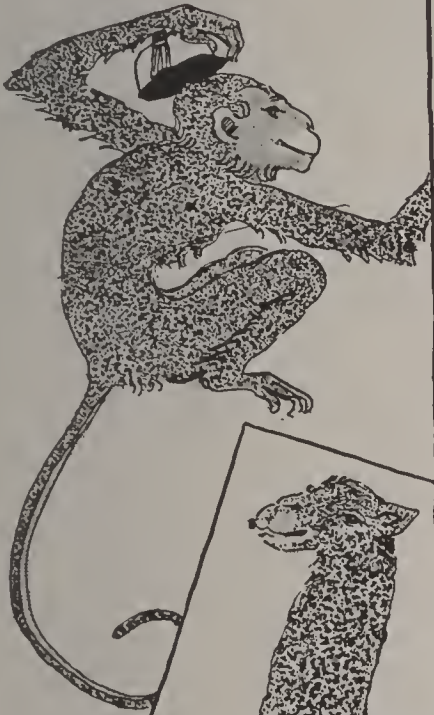


"OLD
MAN
PLENTY
SHY"



"OLD MAN
WHO! WHO!"

"OLD MAN
IMITATOR"



"OLD MAN
BUILDER"



"OLD MAN
ROAR-A-BIT"



"OLD MAN-NEVER-THIRST"



"TINY TAIL"



Put It on Hug-Me-Tight's Head

Circus Animals In Funland

By *Laura Rountree Smith*



Illustrated by

Mae H. Scannell, Olive Lofts and Constance Enslow

Cover Drawing by Alexander Key

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Publishers

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OTHER TITLES
UNIFORM WITH THIS BOOK

- Denton's Fanciful Tales
- Mother Brown Earth's Children
- Robin Redbreast's Home
- Little Folks from Etiquette Town
- Real Nature Stories
- Eskimo Island and Penquin Land
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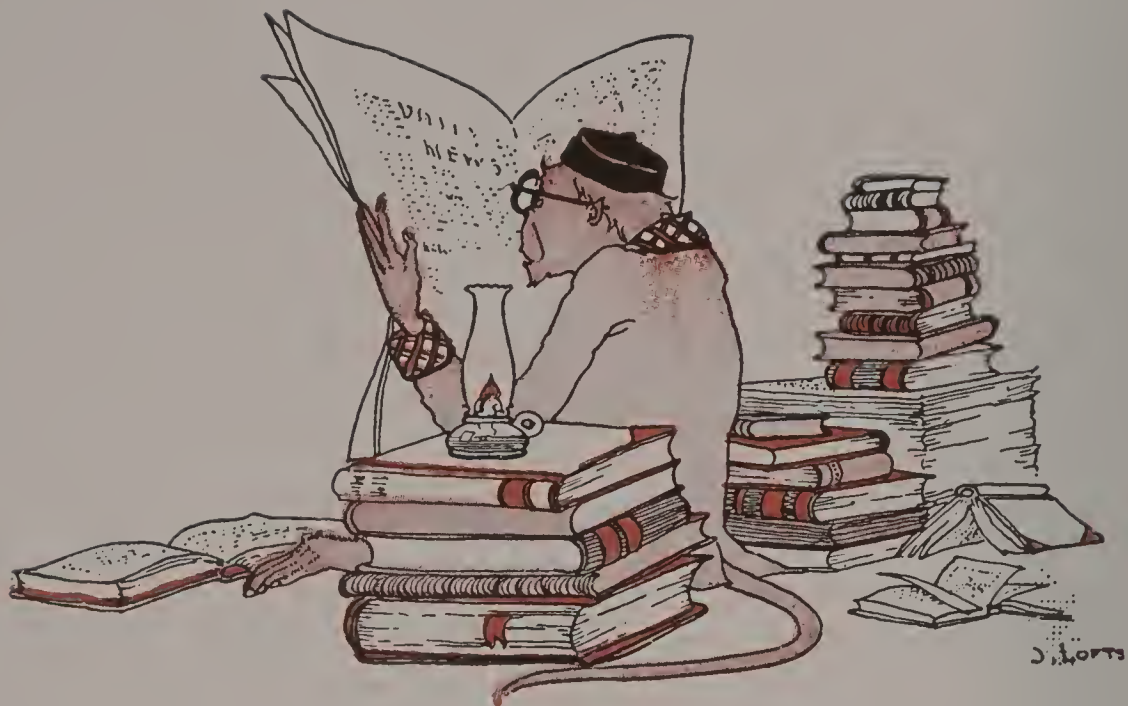
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A Just Right
Made in the U. S. A.

JUN 27 1928

INTRODUCTION

*Old Man Imitator you know,
Is the comical MONKEY in the show,
And next I introduce to you,
The OWL as Old Man Who-Who.
In walks now I do declare,
Old Man Hug-Me-Tight, the BEAR,
Old Man Sly-Foot, the WOLF, is around,
And he scarcely makes a sound.
Old Man Builder, the BEAVER, works busily,
He is useful in any community.
Read on, if you form the habit,
You'll meet Tiny-Tail, the RABBIT,
Old Roar-a-Bit, the LION, see,
He is just as friendly as can be,
Old Man Plenty-Shy, the DEER,
In the woods awaits you here,
Old Man Rubber-Neck, the GIRAFFE,
Is very sure to make you laugh,
The CAMEL, Old Man Never-Thirst,
Comes in last—he is never first.
Of good things you will never lack,
When you open the POPULAR PEDLAR'S
PACK.*



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The Popular Pedlar



THE COMICAL CIRCUS

Let's have a circus in the woods,
And entertain guests as we should;
Old Man Imitator's wise,
He'll plan for you a nice surprise.

One day Old Man Imitator called
all his animal friends together and
said,

“A circus is the very thing
To entertain in fall or spring.”

“Hear, hear,” cried Old Man Hug-
Me-Tight, waltzing round and round.

“Circus tricks, who can do circus tricks?” asked Old Man Builder.

Old Man Tiny-Tail came hoppety-skip along, jumping a rope and singing,

“To jump the rope I formed the habit,
Said Old Man Tiny-Tail, the Rabbit.”

Old Man Plenty-Shy tried to make a remark, but the other animals all made such a noise that he could not be heard.

Old Man Hug-Me-Tight waltzed round and round, holding a stick as a partner. He looked very comical, and Old Man Builder said,

“I can jump through a hoop if I don’t mistake it,
A very good trick indeed I’ll make it.”

Old Man Who-Who cried,

“I can shout a bit, though I cannot sing,
I’ll fly around the circus ring.”

Old Man Plenty-Shy started to speak again, but the animals kept up such a stream of talk, planning their tricks that no one even noticed him, and he stared at them out of his great brown eyes.

Old Man Rubber-Neck remarked,

“There’s just one thing I surely know,
I’m the tallest animal in the show.”

Old Man Roar-A-Bit said,

“I’ve wanted a circus for such an age,
I’ll travel along in my nice, new cage.”

They all cried “Hurrah” at that, and said, “We all ought to have cages or wagons or something and form a real circus day parade!”

Old Man Sly-Foot took from his covered basket a new drum and beat it, waltzing up and down, singing,

“I’ll be the drummer in the show,
Around the circus ring, I’ll go.”

Old Man Imitator knew so many tricks he could not count them all, and Old Man Plenty-Shy cried out so he could be heard at last,

“I never was a brilliant talker,
But I will be the tight-rope walker.”

They all clapped loud and long.

Did I say “ALL?” Well, I am mistaken, for Old Man Never-Thirst was **STUBBORN AND SET, AND WOULDN’T BE MOVED**. He said,

“I may have quite old-fashioned ways,
But I don’t like your circus days.”



Hurrah for the Clown

The other animals went on planning a real circus.

They made a circus ring and a tent, and Old Man Sly-Foot said,

“As I am going to be the drummer,
I’ll take tickets from each new-comer.”

The animals practiced their tricks to be sure they could do them well, and when the great day came, they marched through the woods waving banners like a real circus day parade.

Old Man Roar-A-Bit stayed outside the tent, and roared with delight as all of the animals trooped inside.

Old Man Imitator did only such tricks a monkey could do, and Old Man Tiny-Tail jumped the rope 66 times without stopping.

Old Man Hug-Me-Tight made a real hit with his waltzing.

Old Man Who-Who flew round the ring and every one said of Old Man Rubber-Neck, "What a remarkable neck. What a tall animal."

Old Man Plenty-Shy was a fine tight-rope walker, and the audience held their breath as he balanced himself gracefully on the rope.

Old Man Sly-Foot stood by the tent flap still singing,

"I am Sly-Foot, I beat the drum,
See the big crowd, they come, they come."

Sure enough, the crowd came along into the tent all the afternoon.

Old Man Builder jumped through so many hoops he could not see straight.

Suddenly, without any warning, and in single instant of time, some one in the audience cried,

“Where is the Clown, the Circus Clown?
He ought to be riding up and down!”

Soon all the audience were calling for the Clown.

WHERE WAS THE CLOWN?

The animals stared at each other and asked the same question, sure enough, they had quite forgotten the need of a Clown.

The crowd was getting restless and even whispered,

“We just call this an animal show,
If there is no Clown, we’d better go.”

At this very minute there was heard the sound of a tramp, tramp, tramping,

and in came Old Man Never-Thirst
with the Popular Pedlar on his back.

They all cried,

“Hurrah, hurrah, we give three cheers,
We’ve loved this Pedlar for years and years.”

The Popular Pedlar jumped off the
Camel’s back and opened his pack. It
contained just one thing, a CLOWN
SUIT AND CAP.

He put them on, in the twinkling of
an eye, jumped on the Camel’s back,
and sang,

“Ho, ho, I’ll hand you back your money,
If you don’t think the Clown is funny.
In red and white strip-ed gown,
Ha, ha, ho, ho, he’s come to town.”

He took off his cap and shook it, and
out fell red candy, and yellow candy,

and white candy, right into the laps of the audience. He continued to sing,

“’Tis easy to become a Clown,
And sing your verses up-side-down,
The Clown is really full of mirth,
He’ll give you all your money’s worth.”

Then he took a pair of stilts from the Camel’s back and walked around the ring, with Old Man Rubber-Neck, until the crowd cried,

“’Tis funny now we do declare,
Around the ring they go, two of a pair.”

The Popular Pedlar shouted then,

“Where’s the pop corn, and red lemonade?
You forgot them also I am afraid,
Look again in the Popular Pedlar’s pack,
To carry surprises I have the knack.”

Then Old Man Imitator looked in the pack, and though it was empty a few minutes before, it now contained



glasses and glasses of red lemonade, and bags and bags of popcorn, and a red balloon, for every girl animal, and a blue balloon, for every boy animal.

The crowd shouted,

Hurrah for the Clown, the Circus Clown,
We are very glad he has come to town.”

They had a merry time you may be sure.

When the Circus was over, Old Man Imitator said to the Popular Pedlar, “When will we meet again?”

To which the Popular Pedlar replied,

“Perhaps in sunshine or in rain.”

They all laughed as he danced away, carrying his wonderful pack, and shouted,

“HURRAH FOR THE POPULAR
PEDLAR’S PACK,

WE HOPE THAT SOON HE’LL
JOURNEY BACK,

WE THINK HE MAKES A FUN-
NY CLOWN,

AND HOPE HE’LL COME BACK
TO OUR TOWN,

TO PLEASE US ALL HE HAS
THE KNACK,

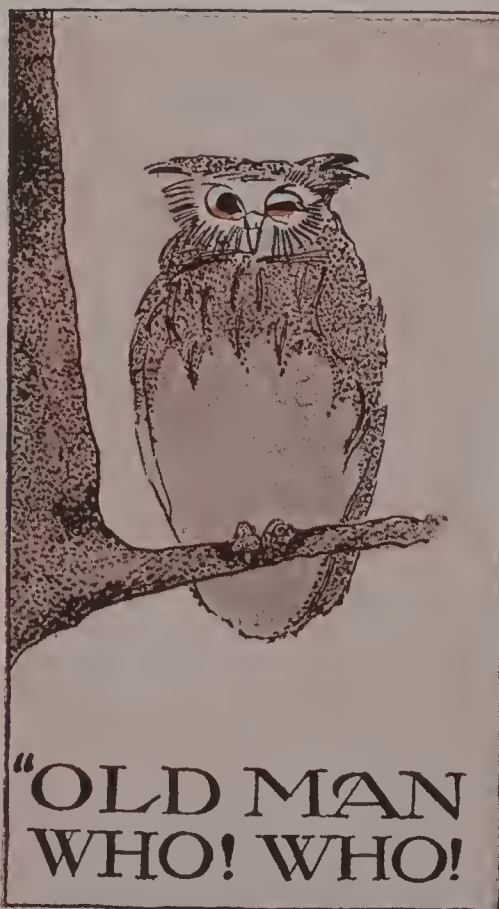
HURRAH FOR THE POPULAR
PEDLAR’S PACK.

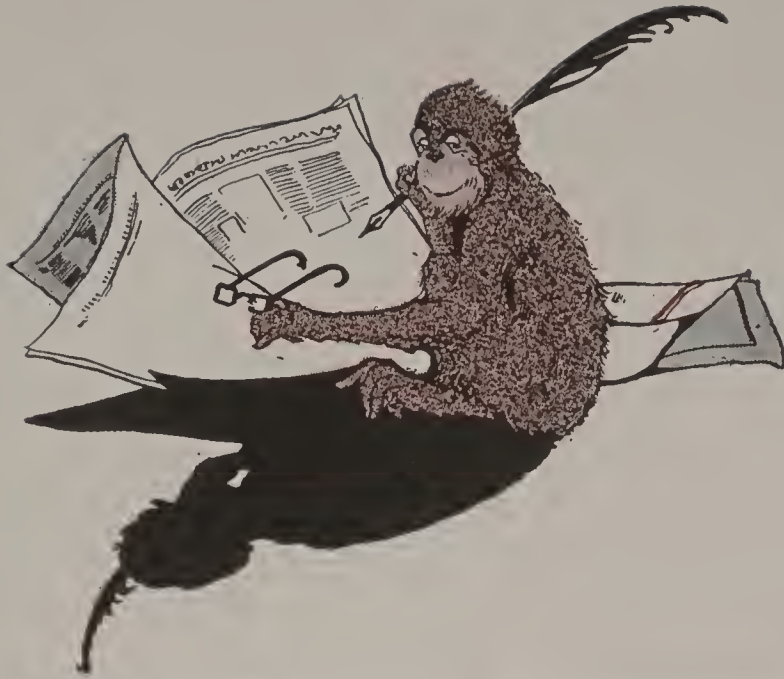
IF YOU WILL LOOK IN THIS
FUNNY BOOK,

PERHAPS YOU’LL SEE WHAT
PATH HE TOOK,

SO, WINK YOUR EYE AND DO
NOT SIGH,

WHEN HE CALLS TO YOU,
“GOOD BYE, GOOD BYE.”
OF TALES LIKE THESE HE
HAS A STACK,
HURRAH, HURRAH FOR THE
PEDLAR’S PACK.”





THE ANIMALS' COMMUNITY PICNIC

Old Man Never-Thirst, you see,
Is a helper in the community,
And I hear Old Man Imitator say,
“Let’s have a picnic every day!”

Old Man Imitator, the Monkey, sat
reading the daily paper.

Suddenly, without any warning, and
in a single instant of time, he looked
over his spectacles and said, chuckling,

“We’ll follow the fashion as well as we can
With a picnic on the community plan!”

“Who? who?” cried Old Man Who-
Who from the branch of a tree near by.

Old Man Imitator never stopped for a minute to answer, but swung by his tail from one tree to another, calling all the animals in the woods. He said,

“It tickles me just like a feather,
Come on, come on, let’s get together.”

Old Man Hug-Me-Tight, the Bear was in favor of the community picnic right from the start you may be sure, and he smacked his lips, as he said,

“If I can find a cent of money,
I’ll bring with me a pot of honey.”

Old Man Sly-Foot, the Wolf, said,

“Perhaps I’ll bring a chicken or two,
In every community there are a few.”

Old Man Roar-A-Bit, the Lion, became as tame as a kitten at the thought of the good things to eat, and Old Man Builder, the Beaver said,

“Ha, ha, ho, ho, what do you think?
I’ll build a roller skating rink.”



A Cabbage Under Each Arm

Old Man Tiny-Tail, the Rabbit, came running along with a cabbage under each arm, and Old Man Plenty-Shy, the Deer, was lingering about to hear what was said, though he took no part in the animals’ talk.

Old Man Rubber-Neck, the Giraffe, was heartily in favor of the community picnic, but Old Man Never-Thirst was

STUBBORN, AND SET, AND HE
WOULDN'T BE MOVED.

He said,

“You can picnic in this community,
But, Sirs, you cannot count on ME!”

He sniffed the air, and went on to say he always felt shy and uncomfortable in company, and besides, he had no new blanket to wear.

So saying, he left the animals and went tramp, tramp, tramp, about his business.

Old Man Imitator p a t t e d , and coaxed and teased, as he ran after the Camel, but he was STUBBORN, AND SET, AND HE WOULDN'T BE MOVED, so, of course, the picnic party had to go right on and plan without him.



Mr. Rubber Neck Tried to Count Them at the Picnic

When they had spread their red and white checked table cloth on the ground, Old Man Rubber-Neck stretched his long neck and said,

“It’s a community picnic, that is clear,
Are we all here? Are we all here?”

They tried to count noses, but every one moved about so much, setting the picnic table cloth, that it was a difficult task.

About as they were ready to sit down to the feast, Old Man Imitator fell behind. Where do you suppose he had gone? He went back to whisper something to Old Man Never-Thirst.

At first the Old Man was **STUBBORN, AND SET, AND WOULDN’T BE MOVED**, but by and by he began to wink one eye, and wink the other

eye, and finally he nodded his wise old head as he seemed to agree to something.

Old Man Imitator went back and joined the picnic party just as they were beginning to miss him.

It was a wonderful picnic party in the woods.

Every one told jokes and funny stories, and they had a great many good things to eat.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, and without a word of warning, the animals set up a cry.

“I am so thirsty,” said Old Man Hug-Me-Tight.

“I am so thirsty,” said Old Man Sly-Foot.

“I am so thirsty,” said Old Man Roar-A-Bit.

Then Old Man Who-Who, and Old Man Builder, and Old Man Tiny-Tail,

and Old Man Rubber-Neck, and Old Man Plenty-Shy, joined the chorus.

Do you know, those animals were so thirsty that the entire picnic party would have been spoiled, if they had not heard at that very minute, Old Man Never-Thirst lumbering along.

He came along sniffing the air.

He could detect a spring or stream, as easily as you could an ice cream cone.

In less time than it takes to tell it, Old Man Never-Thirst had discovered a stream very near the picnic grounds, and all the animals took a good refreshing drink of water.

Old Man Imitator said,

“Who is the best picnic-er, let’s agree
Right here, in our own community?”

A great shout arose ,“Old Man Never-Thirst, because he found water when we were SO thirsty. If we had not had water to drink our picnic would have been spoiled. Hurrah, for Old Man Never-Thirst.”



Was Stubborn and Set and Would Not Be Moved

Then, they ran this way, and that way, and offered the Camel a piece of pie, and a tart, and a chocolate cake.

He was never so popular before in all his life.

Every one wanted to lend him skates and give him a roller skating lesson, on the new roller skating rink, that Old Man Builder had made.

Old Man Plenty-Shy whispered to Old Man Hug-Me-Tight, and so on, but Old Man Roar-A-Bit could not whisper to save his life, so he let the "cat right out of the bag," crying, at the top of his lungs,

"He's a community worker, it is true,
We will buy him a blanket so nice and new."

No sooner said than done.

All the animals were so thankful for the fine drink of water that Old Man Imitator passed his cap, and soon the bright pennies went jingling in.

At that very minute the Popular Pedlar came along, singing,



Came Along Singing

“Am I on the right road, I’ve lost track,
But I carry a blanket within my pack!”

“A blanket, a blanket, a blanket,”
the animals all shouted!

In less than an hour the bargain was
made for the blanket, and the Popular
Pedlar got a fine ham sandwich in the
bargain.

The Popular Pedlar sang a song,
“I have not journeyed far or long,
But of funny things there are a stack,

In the Popular Pedlar's pack,
Some things buy, and some things borrow,
I will visit you tomorrow,
And the next time that I come back,
You'll cry, 'Hurrah, for the Pedlar's pack.' ”

Waving his cap gayly, the Popular
Pedlar went off down the road.



OLD MAN HUG-ME-TIGHT'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

Old Man Hug-Me-Tight likes honey,
But he has no ready money,
And he's very cross, for he has no cap,
To wear, on his long, long winter nap!

Old Man Hug-Me-Tight, the Bear,
stood at the entrance to his den and
growled and growled, for it was snow-
ing and blowing, and he had not set-
tled down yet to his winter nap.

Old Man Imitator came swinging
by, shouting,

“Ho, ho, for the snow, the beautiful snow,
Winter is coming we know, we know.”

Then Old Man Hug-Me-Tight growled louder than ever,

“I’m ready for my winter nap,
But I need a new night cap.”

Old Man Imitator said,

“Don’t you feel so sad because
Christmas is coming with Santa Claus.”

Then he swung by his tail from the tree and made comical faces, but Old Man Hug-Me-Tight would not cheer up.

Old Man Sly-Foot, the Wolf, went limpety, limp along, with his little covered basket. He was humming a little song to himself,

“I’ll not tell you, though you ask it,
What is in my covered basket!”



I Am Ready for My Winter's Nap, but I Need a New Night Cap

Suddenly he came to a stop and set his basket down and said,

“Long years ago I learned to howl,
But tell me, Sir, why do you growl?”

Old Man Hug-Me-Tight replied,

“I’d like to sleep for years and years,
But I’m afraid I’ll freeze my ears!”

To this, Old Man Sly-Foot replied,

“Write to Santa Claus, mayhap,
He will bring a new night cap.”

So saying, Sly-Foot went limpety, limp, along with his funny little covered basket. The animals always wondered what he carried in that covered basket.

Old Man Builder, the Beaver, came loafing along at this very minute, singing,

“Build for to-day and for to-morrow,
It will save you from much sorrow.”

He stopped when he heard such a great growling and asked what was the matter.

Old Man Hug-Me-Tight said,

“If you needed a night cap, you’d not wonder
Why to-day I growl like thunder!”

Old Man Builder was quite interested and said,

“Hang your stocking up with care,
Perhaps you’ll find a night cap there.”

Then he went along to finish building his wonderful house over on the dam.

Old Man Tiny-Tail, the Rabbit, came by next, singing,

“I have to sing, I formed the habit
When I was but a little Rabbit.”

At that, Old Man Hug-Me-Tight growled louder than ever, and Tiny-Tail stopped, bowing politely, and said,

“I’m your willing servant, it is true, Sir,
Is there anything that I can do, Sir?”

Old Man Hug-Me-Tight replied,

“I need a night cap, I’ve been told,
To keep me from the winter cold.”

Tiny-Tail thought a few minutes and said,

“Santa’s sleigh bells jingle so,
He’ll soon be coming o’er the snow.”

In a few minutes Old Man Rubber-Neck, the Giraffe, stretched his great neck as he came along, remarking,

“I think I’ve heard that sound before,
Hug-Me-Tight’s growl sounds like a roar.”

Old Man Hug-Me-Tight said,

“I may have a sad mishap,
If I have no new night cap.”

He was thinking, I am sure, that he might freeze his ears on his long, long winter nap.

Old Man Rubber-Neck had nothing to say further, so he went ambling along, and Old Man Never-Thirst, the Camel, was **STUBBORN AND SET, AND WOULDN’T BE MOVED**, so he did not stop at the Old Bear’s den to hold any conversation.

Old Man Plenty-Shy peeped out from the bushes and said nothing, though he did a heap of thinking, and

Old Man Roar-A-Bit was so busy roaring over his own troubles, that he paid no attention to any one else.

Old Man Imitator was a great reader, and he could imitate anything anybody else did, so he set his wits to work, and called all the animals together.

They held a council in the woods that December day. Old Man Imitator said,

“Why does he sleep all winter, I wonder,
And why does he growl like distant thunder?”

Old Man Sly-Foot suggested,

“He goes to sleep, as every one knows,
To save some fuel, I really suppose!”

The animals applauded at that, and Old Man Builder suggested,



OLIVE LOFTS 29

They Held a Council in the Woods

“I don’t think Old Sly-Foot’s right,
Perhaps he sleeps to save his lights.”

They all laughed at that idea, and
Tiny-Tail suggested,

“Perhaps he sleeps here in the wood
Because he’s short of winter food.”

At this, they all looked serious, for
they all knew what it was to be hungry
in winter.

Old Man Imitator said,

“I’ll give an invitation, hearty,
To Hug-Me-Tight’s Pound Party.”

All were in favor of a pound party,
but Old Man Never-Thirst. He was
STUBBORN AND SET, AND
WOULD’NT BE MOVED, even though
he could have carried so many things
upon his back.

The animals shouted,

“I’ll take a pound of sugar and tea,
And pretty near always they could agree.”

Old Man Never-Thirst said,

“If I had a pound I wouldn’t give any,
Even if I bought it for a dime or a penny.”

He was a selfish Old Fellow, as you could see with one eye shut, and he was always **STUBBORN AND SET, AND WOULDN’T BE MOVED.**

All the rest of the animals planned for a surprise party on Christmas Eve, and they even bought a great stocking and filled it with good things for Old Man Hug-Me-Tight.

Old Man Sly-Foot suggested,

“Perhaps now he will stay awake
To enjoy his presents for our sakes.”

They all applauded, even though they did not know what he carried in his little covered basket.

Every hour it grew nearer and nearer Christmas Eve.

At last all the animals came together.

They had pounds and pounds of good things to eat.

As they came near the den, they heard the Old Man growling,

“A night cap, a night cap,
A fortune for a night cap,
I don't care for Christmas a rap,
I want a winter night cap!”

At that, the animals whispered nervously, they hoped some one had brought a night cap, they did hope

among other things the night cap had not been forgotten.

In they trooped, shouting, "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas."



They put their presents down on the floor and Old Man Hug-Me-Tight opened each one in turn, and thanked

his friends politely. So far, there was no night cap.

Suddenly, without any warning, and in a single instant of time, they had a real surprise, for in rode their old friend, the Popular Pedlar, on the Camel's back.

Old Man Never-Thirst, the Camel, shouted,

“One good turn deserves another,
I love the Pedlar like a brother.”

He still wore the wonderful blanket bought from the Popular Pedlar.

The Pedlar bowed and scraped and said,

“You see I always have the knack,
To carry something in my pack.”

They all held their breath, and no

one dared to wink an eye-lash even, while the Popular Pedlar began to unstrap his pack.

He said,

“Try to be patient just a minute,
I have left, just one thing in it!”

Old Man Who-Who peeped in the den, hooting merrily. He sang a song about a night cap.

The Pedlar unstrapped this strap, and unbuckled this buckle, and at last he opened his pack.

Old Man Rubber-Neck was first to see that he had left in it, a white lace night cap, with blue ribbon bows upon it.

The Popular Pedlar put it on Hug-Me-Tight's head, saying,

“Though your head I did not measure,
To present it gives me pleasure.”

It fitted so well that Old Man Hug-
Me-Tight growled pleasantly,



Went Around Hugging Everybody

“Any one can take a nap,
When he wears a new night cap.”

He was so happy that he hugged
everyone, though Old Man Plenty-Shy

was the last to get a hug, for, as usual, he stood in the corner.

They all shouted,

“Old Man Imitator is bright,
He can also read and write,
Hug-Me-Tight is glad because
The Pedlar played Old Santa Claus,
To our homes we'll journey back,
Hurrah, hurrah for the Pedlar's pack!”

They went home two and two, on that Merry Christmas Eve.

Old Man Hug-Me-Tight had not a stingy bone or a lazy bone in his body, so he divided his presents with the Popular Pedlar.

I wonder if he slept all winter. I forgot to ask him.



"OLD MAN
ROARABIT"

THE ANIMALS' THRIFT SCHOOL

“The animals say in fall or spring,
We often hear the school bells ring,
To be on time we all remember
Is the rule in glad September.”

Old Man Roar-A-Bit called all the
animals together and said,

“Though we are quite wild as a rule,
Let's ring a bell and go to school.”

It was September, and everywhere
over all the earth, school bells were
ringing.

Old Man Imitator said,

“I can already read and write,
But I’ll go, a teacher to invite.”

The animals applauded at that, and Old Man Hug-Me-Tight went around hugging everyone.

Old Man Plenty-Shy even got interested then, and he piped up,

“I may be speaking out of turn,
But some lessons we can learn.”

They all agreed except Old Man Never-Thirst. He was **STUBBORN AND SET, AND WOULDN’T BE MOVED.**

He said,

“A school room holds no charm for me,
I will stay beneath this shady tree.”

Old Man Rubber-Neck stretched his long neck and inquired,

“If the Popular Pedlar came with his pack,
Wouldn't you carry *him* upon your back?”

Old Man Never-Thirst did not reply,



Was a Great Reader.

but he walked off with a disgusted manner.

Old Man Imitator came back swinging by his tail from tree to tree, shouting,

“Little Miss Thrift, from Thrift Town,
Is our teacher, wearing cap and gown.”

Sure enough, down the path came Little Miss Thrift, and, sure enough, she was straight from college, wearing cap and gown.

She put all the animals to work at once, and soon they had made this motto on the earth in front of them,

“Save to-day, in that way
You’ll throw nothing good away.”

Little Miss Thrift taught them a comical song,

“Paper and string, paper and string,
Of such things we like to sing.”

Old Man Roar-A-Bit said,

“Bread comes in paper, where they make it,
In shiny paper, I don't mistake it.”

Old Man Hug-Me-Tight said,

“I remember I pay good money,
For a bag on my pot of honey.”



I Pay Good Money

Old Man Builder said,

“The paper that we throw away,
Would build a school-house here to-day.”

Old Man Rubber-Neck said,

“Every parcel that we bring,
Has paper on it, and some string.”

Little Miss Thrift was pleased to see that they knew so much already and she said,

“If you want to help the nation’s good,
You must also save some food.”

“Green leaves,” said Old Man Plenty-Shy.

“Fat Sparrows,” said Old Man Who-Who.

“Green Cabbages,” said Old Man Tiny-Tail.

“Ripe coconuts,” said Old Man Imitator.

At this very minute, suddenly, and without an instant of warning, Old Man Roar-A-Bit cried out,



I Am Longing for a Cage

“To-day I do not tell my age,
But I am longing for a cage.”

Little Miss Thrift said,

“An old piano box would do.
Then we could make a cage for you.”

Old Man Imitator said,

“That’s true, and if we can commence
We’ll take bars from an iron fence.”

Of course the cage would have to
have iron bars.

Old Man Who-Who said,

“Please do not go off in a rage,
Tell me, why do you want a CAGE?”

No one would answer for one hour
and thirty-two minutes, and then Old
Man Plenty-Shy said,

“He wants to leave us, I’m afraid,
To join the Circus Day Parade.”

Old Man Roar-A-Bit did not say
whether that was true or not, but he
roared,

“If you once saw me in a rage,
You’d be glad I had a cage.”

Now, that was all he would say about
the matter.

Old Man Imitator said,

“I have learned to read and write,
But how I’d like to make a kite.”

Then all the animals looked very
wise and sang as before,

“Paper and string, paper and string,
Of such things we like to sing.”

Old Man Builder said,

“If we had material, you know,
“We’d make a lantern before we go.”

At this exciting minute, Old Man
Never-Thirst came, tramp, tramp,
tramping along, and on his back was

the Popular Pedlar. He came singing,

“In the Popular Pedlar’s pack,
Are so many things I can’t keep track,
Of paper and string, there is no lack,
In the Popular Pedlar’s pack.”

“Paper and string,” shouted all the animals in less time than the twinkling of an eye.

The Pedlar got off the Camel’s back. He took down his pack, the lock went “click, click, click.”

In the pack was brown paper, and yellow paper, and white paper, and green paper, and pink paper, saved from pink paper parcels, and blue paper saved from blue paper parcels.

He said,

“I’m the Popular Pedlar, it appears,
I’ve saved my paper for years and years!”

They all shouted, “Hurrah! Hurrah!”
and they made wonderful paper kites
and paper lanterns out of the paper
and string from the Popular Pedlar’s
pack.

Old Man Tiny-Tail remarked,

“Though I am but a Tiny Rabbit,
I’m going to form the saving habit.”

Little Miss Thrift gave him a brass
medal and hung it on a string round
his neck.

She said,

“For years and years we all could sing,
Of things made of paper and made of string.”

They all would have been happy as
happy could be, if Old Man Roar-A-



Bit had not been thinking about joining the Circus Procession. He roared louder and louder, saying,

“I’ll interrupt you at this stage,
I really must have a Lion’s cage.”

Old Man Never-Thirst knew that something must be done at once, so he went ambling along through the for-

est, and soon returned with an old piano box and a few iron rails from a worn out fence.

Old Man Builder said,

“I’m the Builder, oh, my stars,
Here he comes with iron bars.”

Such a merry time as they had, making a cage for Old Man Roar-A-Bit,

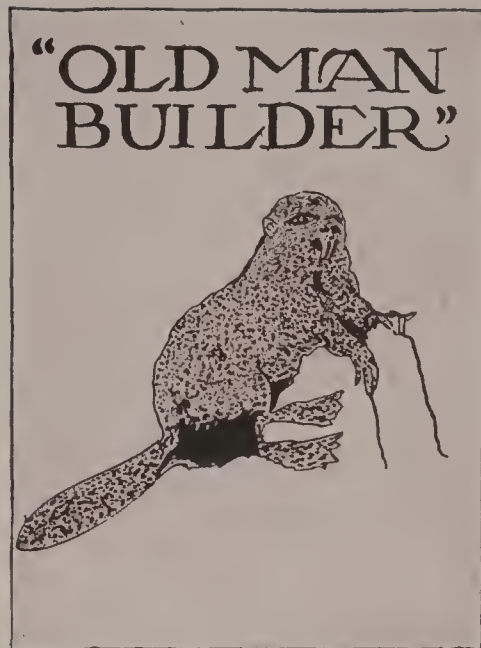


They Made Paper Kites

and in the late evening they all went home by lantern light, swinging their new paper lanterns as they went along, singing,

“Paper and string, paper and string,
Of such things we like to sing,
To save a bit we’ve caught the knack,
From the Popular Pedlar’s pack,
Just wait before you turn the page,
You’ll see the Lion in his cage,
Paper and string, paper and string,
Of such things we like to sing.”





OLD MAN BUILDER'S BIRTH- DAY PARTY

“We all give invitation hearty,
To Old Man Builder's Birthday Party,
And on the note is R. S. V. P.,
Which means, 'You must reply to me.' ”

Said Old Man Builder, the Beaver,

“I've wanted a mirror it appears,
For a day, six months and 99 years,

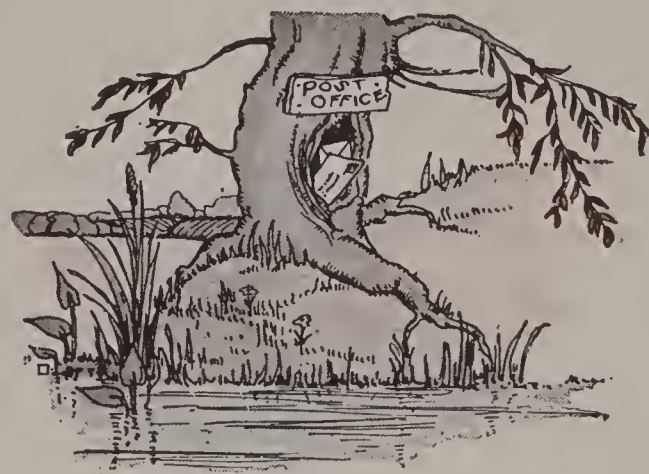
If I give invitation hearty,
Perhaps I'll get one for my Birthday Party."

He sat down then, and wrote invitations to his Birthday Party. He then took a swim in the pond where he had built his house and dropped his invitations in the nearest Post Office Box on the bank.

When he got home he helped finish building his house. It was made of mud and sticks. All the time he kept singing a song his grandmother taught him, "Work like a Beaver, work like a Beaver."

When Old Man Imitator got his invitation to the Birthday Party, he sat down and wrote a note accepting it.

He said to himself,



The Post Office on the Bank

“I must take a present, you know,
When to the Birthday Party I go.”

Old Man Hug-Me-Tight was so pleased to be invited to a real, true party that he waltzed round and round all by himself, singing,

“Though I have only a quarter in money,
I will buy him a pot of fine honey.”

Old Man Roar-A-Bit said,

“If I lived in a book on a shining page,
I hope they'd make me a gilded cage,

I'm a very funny fellow, you know,
And to the Birthday Party I'll go."

This was such a long speech for him to make that he never said another word all day, even when the other animals passed by and said, "How do you do?" he only touched his cap and kept his thoughts to himself.

Old Man Who-Who flew right back to the Beaver's home and said,

"Old Man Beaver, I accept, with pleasure,
I will bring you a birthday treasure."

It was then and there that he found out about the mirror. He surprised Old Man Builder and heard him singing,

"I hope I'll not shed many tears,
"I've wanted a mirror for years and years."

Old Man Who-Who flew back and told all the animals about the mirror, but they shook their heads and said,

“It seems the request is rather funny,
Specially as we are short of money.”

Still each animal went on plotting and planning what presents they could take to the Birthday Party.

Old Man Plenty-Shy said,

“I am very timid, as you see,
A party is no place for me.”

Just then Little Tiny-Tail came by and said,

“I’ll get a back seat for you, you know,
To the Birthday Party you’d better go.”

Old Man Sly-Foot came hoppety-skip along with his covered basket, singing,

“I’ll not tell you though you ask it,
What present is in my covered basket!”



In My Covered Basket

Old Man Rubber-Neck said,

“In my head there is a notion,
I’ll not like the water’s motion.”

Sure enough, they would have to
ride in a canoe to reach Old Man
Builder’s Home.

All the animals agreed to meet to go together to the party except Old Man Never-Thirst. He was **STUBBORN AND SET, AND WOULDN'T BE MOVED.**

At last they started with all sorts of paper bags and paper parcels, in which they carried presents for Old Man Builder.

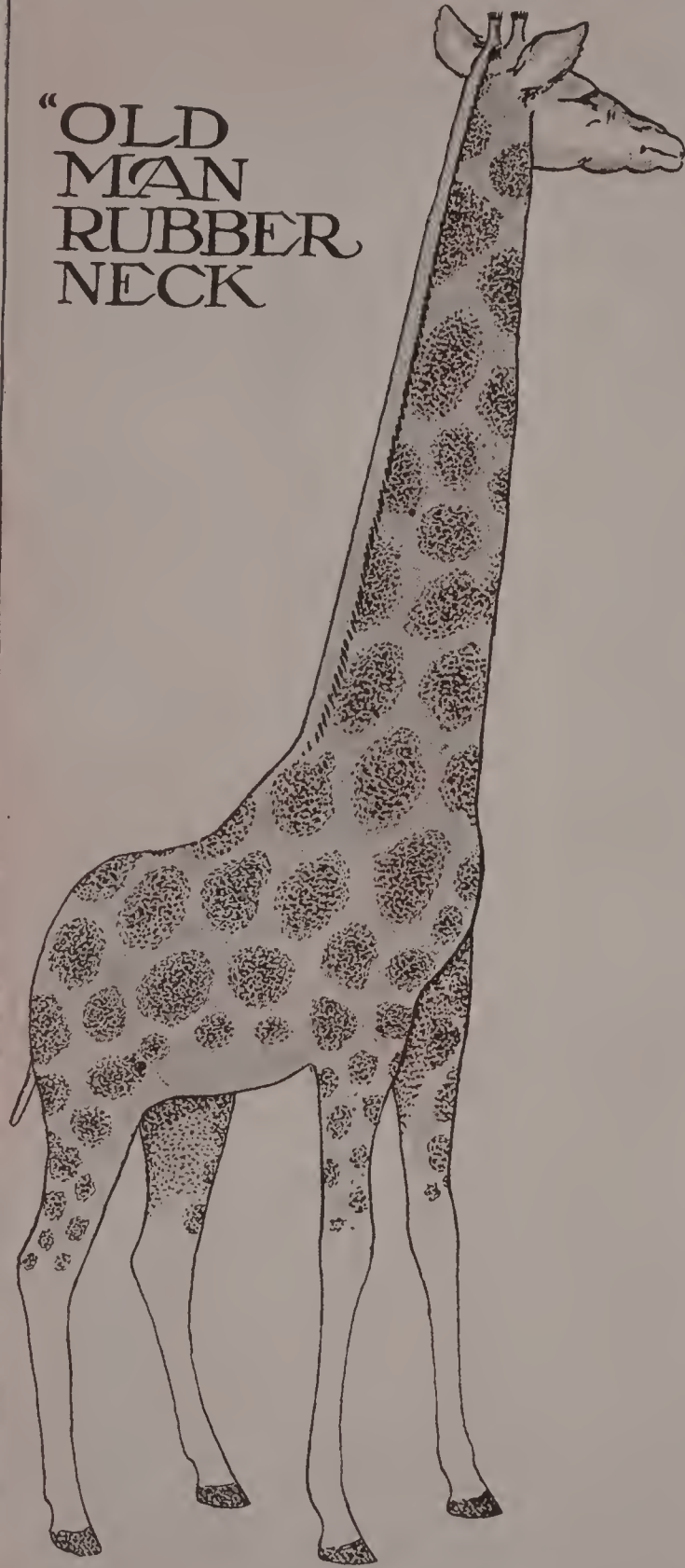
They rode away, away, away in a canoe, and at last came to Old Man Builder's home, and a wonderful home it was.

Said Old Man Rubber-Neck, the Giraffe,
"If I try to get in, I'll have to laugh!"

They all set up a shout, sure enough he had much too long a neck to take with him indoors anywhere.

At this very minute Old Man Builder

“OLD
MAN
RUBBER
NECK



was swimming out to meet them. He used his great big tail like a paddle

He saw he could not entertain all his friends in his home, though it contained many rooms, so he suggested that they hold their party under the shady trees on the bank near-by.

They said one after another,

“We brought you presents, as you see,
Please accept this bag from me.”

Old Man Imitator gave him a gold watch that went tick, tick, and it sang a little rhyme,

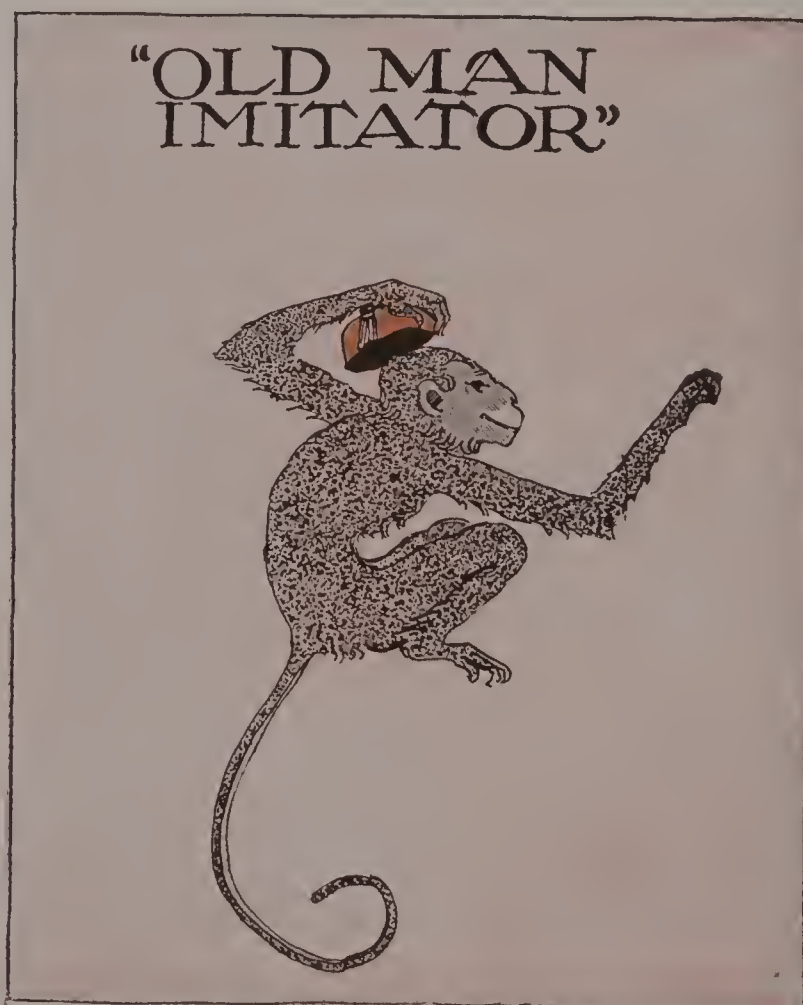
“Tick, tick, in song and rhyme,
I bring you a happy time.”

“Did you get what you wanted?”
asked Old Man Sly-Foot.

Old Man Builder said,

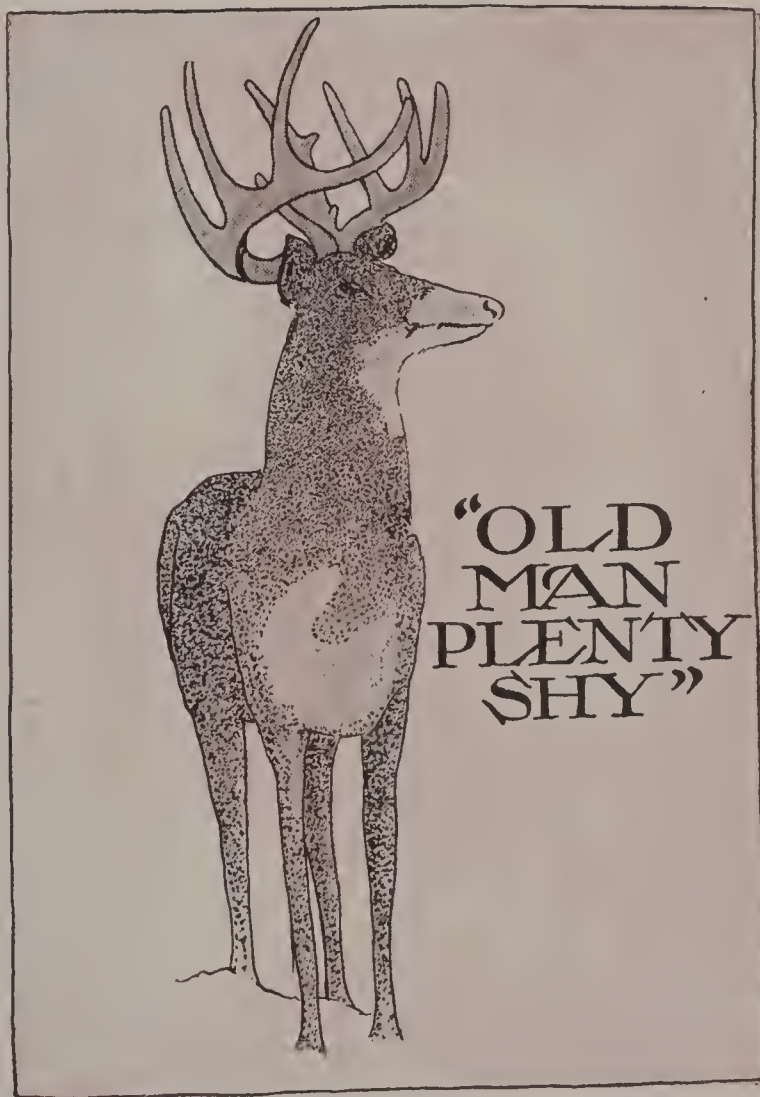
“I am so happy I have to sing,
I got all I wanted but just one thing.”

Then Old Man Hug-Me-Tight gave
him a pot of honey, and Old Man Roar-



A-Bit gave him roots of water lilies,
and every time he got a present Old

Man Sly-Foot asked, "Did you get all you wanted?" and every time Old Man Builder replied,



"I am so happy I have to sing,
I got all I wanted but just one thing."

Old Man Who-Who brought him a neat little package filled with bark of trees and said,

“Enjoy your breakfast if you please,
I brought you bark from the poplar trees.”

Old Man Plenty-Shy was not to be left behind, so he said,

“Enjoy your dinner, if you please,
I brought you bark from willow trees.”

Old Man Rubber-Neck said,

“Enjoy your supper if you please,
I brought you bark from old birch trees.”

Old Man Builder bowed his thanks, and Old Man Tiny-Tail gave him a cabbage, and Old Man Sly-Foot next set down his covered basket.

Every one wondered what was in the covered basket.

Up came the cover at last, and out came a little music box that played a merry tune,

Then to show they all felt pleasure,
They danced to music's merry measure.

Old Man Sly-Foot knew he had brought the most expensive present so he asked as before, "Did you get everything you wanted?"

Old Man Builder replied,

"I am so happy I have to sing,
I got all I wanted but just one thing."

All the presents had been given, and I don't know what in the world they would have done next if they had not heard a tramp, tramp, tramping behind them.

There came Old Man Never-Thirst and on his back the Popular Pedlar, shouting,

“A birthday present brings so many smiles,
I’ve traveled to get here for miles and miles.”

They all said,

“Hurrah for the Pedlar, hurrah for his pack,
He carries surprises upon his back!”

Old Man Sly-Foot whispered right into Old Man Builder’s ear, “Did you get everything you wanted?” and before Old Man Builder could reply, the Popular Pedlar got off the Camel’s back and opened his pack. “Snip, snap,” went the clasps, and there inside lay a shining mirror.

They all shouted with joy and said,

“He wanted a mirror, we all declare,
To see how to comb his wonderful hair.”



Thank You for Everything

Old Man Tiny-Tail helped carry the mirror into Old Man Builder's home and all the animals danced and sang.

“The Popular Pedlar has such a knack,
Of carrying presents upon his back,
Of his kindness we cannot keep track,
Hurrah for the Popular Pedlar's pack.”

When the sun set they all went home declaring it was a wonderful Birthday Party, and Old Man Builder said,

“I thank you for everything, my dears,
I’ve needed that mirror for years and years—
I thank you again in accents hearty,
We had a wonderful Birthday Party.”





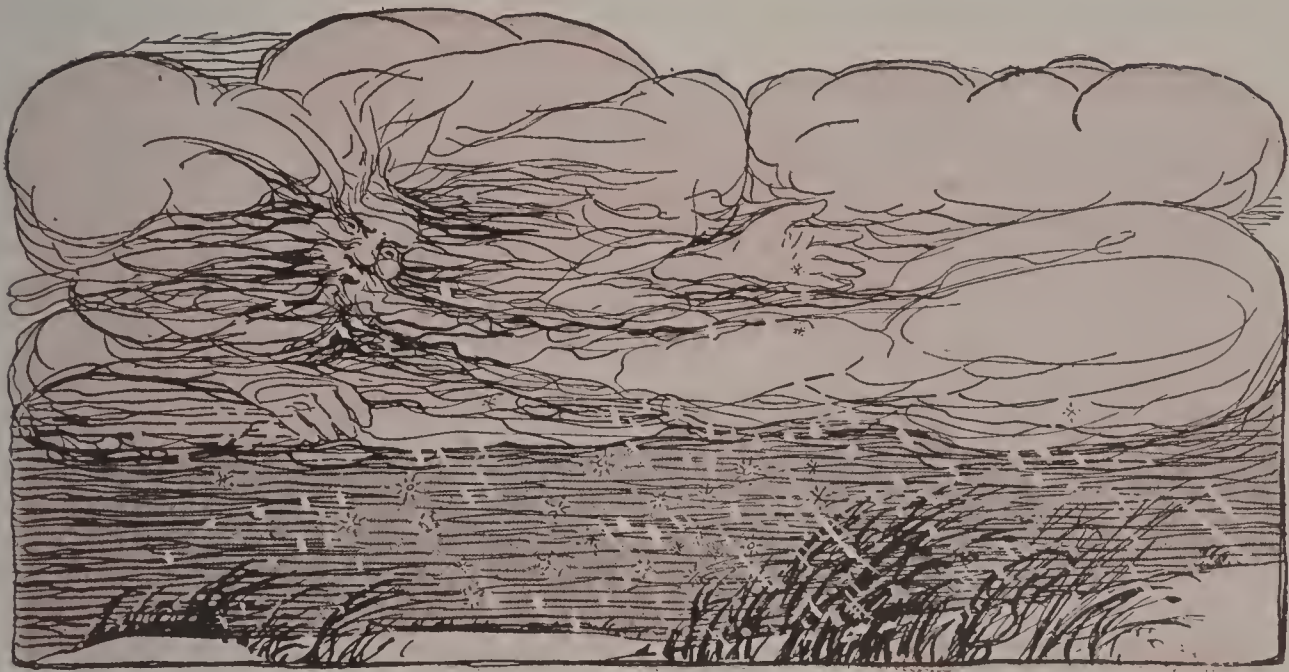
Book Two

Jolly Polly and Curly Tail



Learning Their A B C's

JOLLY POLLY AND CURLY TAIL



The North Wind Blows

DADDY-DO-LITTLE'S HOUSE

“The North wind blows with stormy gale,
Who is so happy as Curly-Tail?
Tap, tap, tap, the parrot came,
But did not want to tell his name.”

Little Curly-Tail lived in a little wee
house at the edge of the woods.

One bright September day he danced about and sang a merry little song.

While he was singing, he heard, “rap, a, tap, rap, a, tap,” on the window pane. Looking out, he saw a large Pretty Parrot on the window-sill.

Curly-Tail curled his little tail up tighter and tighter and said,

“I’m really very glad you came,
Tell me, Sir, what is your name?”

The Parrot replied,

“Ha, ha, ha, I’m very jolly,
But don’t ever call me POLLY!”

Curly-Tail opened the window of his little wee house and the Parrot came in saying,

“Tell me your name, tell me your age,
But first of all find me a cage.”

“Do you like living in a cage?” asked Curly-Tail “I would much rather live in a little wee house.”

The Parrot sat perched upon a chair and said again,

“Tell me your name, tell me your age,
But first of all find me a cage.”

Then Curly-Tail danced and capered about and all the time his little tail curled up tighter and tighter.

Finally he stopped dancing and said,

“Guess my age—perhaps you’ll fail,
But my right name is Curly-Tail.”

The Parrot guessed, “five” and “six,” and “four” and when he was tired guessing Curly-Tail’s age he said,

“I can do without your age,
But really I must have a cage.”

Curly-Tail wanted to please his visitor, so he went up-stairs and found a large, paste-board box.

He took the box down stairs and began to make a cage.

The Parrot hopped about from one chair to another saying,

“Such a cage will never do,
Make it of wire, with a door or two.”

Curly-Tail saw that something must be done at once so he said,

“How to make a cage I do not know,
To Daddy-Do-Little we will go.”

“Who is Daddy-Do-Little?” inquired the Parrot.

Curly-Tail turned a backward somersault and said, “To think that you

never heard of Daddy-Do-Little! ha, ha, ha.”



Curly Tail Turned a Backward Somersault

As the Parrot kept asking who Daddy-Do-Little was, Curly-Tail finally replied,

“As sure as my tail is slightly curled,
He’s the oldest dog in the wide, wide world.”

“Oh, ho what does he know about making Parrot cages?” inquired the Parrot, looking cross-eyed.

Curly-Tail said,

“He knows everything I am told,
For he is six hundred and two years old.”

Curly-Tail put on his little white neck tie and his gold rimmed spectacles, and taking the Parrot in a covered basket carrying the handle in his mouth, went merrily along.

He said, “You had better not talk until we arrive safely at Daddy-Do-Little’s house.”

At that very minute, not a second before, or a second after, they met Billy Long-Beard, the goat who made a bow and said,

“Curly-Tail, I have to ask it,
Whom do you carry in your basket?”

Before Curly-Tail could answer, the Parrot forgot to keep still and shouted,

“Go to bed, sleepy head,
Enough said, enough said.”

Billy Long Beard was so scared to hear a voice come out of a covered basket that he scampered away as fast as his legs could carry him.

Soon they arrived safely at Daddy-Do-Little's house. He stuck his head out the window and said,

“I do little, as you've heard say,
But this is not my visiting day.”

Curly-Tail curled his tail up tighter and tighter and said,

“I have a parrot of tender age,
Please tell me how to make a cage.”

Daddy-Do-Little said,

“Please take the bird and go away,
But call on me another day.”

Curly-Tail said,

“I do not really mean to tease,
But let us in, dear grandpa, please.”

Daddy-Do-Little hesitated while he
said,

“It will put me in a rage,
To have to make a parrot cage.”

The Parrot thought it was time to
take a hand in this business, so he said,

“I cannot stay, 'tis time to fly,
So I call goodbye, goodbye.”



The Goat Made a Bow

Daddy-Do-Little really wanted them to come in all the time, so he said,

“The Parrot comes with noisy din,
Open the door, come in, come in.”

Daddy-Do-Little opened the door himself and soon they were all safely seated in his cunning little work-shop.

He had a tall perch in his work shop and that pleased the Parrot who flew up on it at once.

Curly-Tail said,

“Daddy, before we turn the page,
Let me buy wire for his cage.”

Daddy-Do-Little said,

“When I read, it seems like ages,
Before I ever turn the pages.”

Then he tried to count out some money from his money box, so Curly-Tail could go and buy wire for the Parrot's cage, but he declared,

“Money goes and money comes,
But my fingers are all thumbs!”

Curly-Tail could not count either,
and Daddy-Do-Little said,

“To school we all will have to go,
Counting and other things to know.”

The Parrot said,

“Begin with one, just for fun,
When you count, then you're half done.”

Daddy-Do-Little said, “Who is doing
this counting I'd like to know?”

Curly-Tail suggested that he take
the whole money-box to the store and
let the clerk take out money for the
wire.

This he did, and soon went down to
the store and back with wire for the
Parrot's cage.

The Parrot shouted excitedly,
“Don't forget the door. Don't forget

the swing, don't forget the place for food and drink."

Daddy-Do-Little got excited too, and shouted,

"I'd rather be lazy as can be
Than have a parrot for company."

They all laughed at that, for Daddy-Do-Little was not noted for being an active worker, and perhaps that is the way he got his name.

By and by the cage was done.

It had a neat handle upon it.

The Parrot jumped into it and said,

"I'll do a kindness for you some day,
Daddy-Do-Little, good day, good day."

Curly-Tail took the handle of the cage in his mouth or put the cage on his back, or the cage floated along over



Who Is Counting This Money?

his head, I can't quite remember which,
and they went merrily homeward.

Daddy-Do-Little shouted after them.

“If you would learn to count by rule,
You had better start this year to school.”

Curly-Tail sang,

“In September school bells ring,
We'll go to school in fall or spring.”

The Parrot cried,

“Go to bed, sleepy head,
Enough said, enough said.”

Curly-Tail curled up on the mat by
the fire and went to sleep.

He dreamed all night long he heard
school bells ringing.



They Went Merrily Homeward

LITTLE NO-NAME

Ding, dong, ding, dong,
Ring bells in October,
Ding, dong, ding, dong,
Our vacation is over.

Next day Curly-Tail said, "I must hurry, hurry, hurry, or I will be late to school. Will you go with me, Polly?"

The Parrot replied,

“Open my cage and I’ll keep house,
I’ll be alone and still as a mouse.”

Curly-Tail let the Parrot out of the cage, picked up his little dinner-pail and ran to school, while the school bells were ringing “ding, dong, ding, dong.”

The Parrot said in a whisper,

“Were my wings not stronger,
My stay here’d be longer.”

He flew away, and away, and away.
As he passed Daddy-Do-Little’s house he heard the old fellow saying,

“I’m Daddy-Do-Little, it’s no fair,
To live alone, with none to care.”

The Parrot pricked up her ears and called, “Hello.”

Daddy-Do-Little said,

“I see a Parrot bright and gay,
Did I ask for visitors today?”

Then the funniest thing happened.

The Parrot who wouldn't tell his name jumped right on the arm of Daddy-Do-Little's chair, and began to sing “Rock-a-bye-baby on the tree-top.”

He sang the song over and over, and before you could wink an eye lash Daddy-Do-Little was fast asleep.

The Parrot made a fire in the old run down, tumble down kitchen stove, and got a fine dinner, and when Daddy-Do-Little woke up he was so glad of company, he said,

“If you'd like a golden cage,
You'll find one if you turn the page.”

The Parrot cocked his head on one side and said,

“What o’clock? Go to bed,
Enough said, enough said.”

Daddy-Do-Little replied,

“To some it may seem quite absurd,
But I think you the rarest bird.”

Daddy-Do-Little tried to coax the Parrot to tell his name but he would only laugh, “Ha, ha, ha,” and soon they were both laughing merrily.

Daddy-Do-Little went to his Toy Shop and got the golden cage and the Parrot jumped inside and began to enjoy his swing, swinging to and fro, to and fro.

The Parrot hung from the swing head downward. He walked about pigeon-



The Parrot Sang "Rock-a-Bye Baby"

toed. He laughed and sang and did all the tricks he knew, but never once would he tell his name.

At exactly four o'clock, not a minute before, or a minute after, Curly-Tail came dancing along and cried, "Daddy-Do-Little, have you seen Polly?"

"I'm very sad and rarely jolly,
When you try to call me Polly,"

shouted the Parrot in one breath.

Daddy-Do-Little laughed and Curly-Tail laughed, and his funny little tail curled tighter and tighter.

Daddy-Do-Little rarely did anything he could help doing, and he had never been to school much when he was young, and when he went he did

as little as he could, so now in his old age he was trying to learn a few things.

He said,

“Curly-Tail, now as a rule,
You learn some lessons in your school.”

Curly-Tail bowed politely and said,

“As I went back and forth again,
I learned to count to number ten.”

Daddy-Do-Little put on his enormous amber-rimmed spectacles and said, One-four-two.

“It will never do, it will never do.”

shouted the Parrot in his shrill voice.

“One, four, three, one seven, six, two,”

Said Curly-Tail, “I am counting too.”

Daddy-Do-Little got out his old corn-cob pipe and soon they were all count-

ing as fast as they could, while he smoked until a wreath of smoke went up to the ceiling.

They had a good time until Curly-Tail said to the Parrot,

“You know we’re very glad you came,
But please do tell us your right name.”

The Parrot answered in a jolly way,

“This statement I learned out of school,
We must look for an April Fool.”

Daddy-Do-Little said, “If you will stay here all night, both of you, you can start to school tomorrow.”

The Parrot did not say whether he would go to school or not tomorrow, He just pretended to fall asleep.

Curly-Tail danced about and his little tail curled up tighter and tighter.



Counting as Fast as They Could

He counted to ten and counted backward.

The Parrot began to talk in his sleep. He said "Little No-Name is tired, Little No-Name is tired."

Curly-Tail said,

"Little No-Name is queer without doubt, Whom can the Parrot be talking about?"

Daddy-Do-Little managed to wake the parrot up and said,

"It is October, as I remember, Tell us your name before December."

The Parrot would only say, "Little No-Name is tired."

Daddy-Do-Little said, "It's not half as bad to be tired as lonesome, be still, please, I want to hear Curly-Tail talk a while."

Curly-Tail said, "There is so much to learn in school in the fall. All the leaves are turning red, the birds are flying southward. We must not let Jack Frost nip our ears and toes."

"Little No-Name is tired" commented the Parrot.

Daddy-Do-Little smoked harder and harder and shouted,

"Will you be still? I'll cover the cage,
You make a noise for one of your age."

No sooner said, than done,

Daddy-Do-Little took a big shawl and covered the Parrot's cage.

Curly-Tail danced round and round, and all the time his tail curled tighter and tighter, and he danced up the staircase to bed.

Daddy-Do-Little went stumbling up stairs saying,

“Mr. Parrot, it is a shame,
That you will not tell your name.”

The Parrot would only say, “Little No-Name is tired.”

When Daddy-Do-Little got to bed, he heard the patter, patter, patter of little feet.

Curly-Tail came pattering down the hall with his lighted candle. He whispered in Daddy-Do-Little’s good ear “Suppose the Parrot’s name should be ‘Little No-Name?’ Suppose he is trying to tell his name all the time?”

They went down stairs and Curly-Tail danced before the Parrot’s cage and Daddy-Do-Little took the shawl from the cage.



Daddy-Do-Little Covered the Parrot's Cage

They said in one breath,

“To keep us waiting is just a shame,
Are you really *Little No-Name?*”

The Parrot only winked his sleepy
eyes and said,

“Go to bed, sleepy head,
Enough said, enough said.”

After that they often called the
Parrot, “Little No-Name,” though they
did not know whether that was his real
name or not.





We Must Hurry! Hurry!

CURLY TAIL GOES TO SCHOOL

Daddy-Do-Little so funny,
Cannot even count his money,
He is lonesome as you see,
So we'll keep him company.

Daddy-Do-Little woke up early next
morning and said,

“Here I lie as still as a mouse,
Some one else is up in the house.”

Curly-Tail danced into the room and said,

“As surely as school bells are ringing,
I can hear that Parrot singing.”

They listened, and sure enough, the Parrot was singing “Rock-a-bye Baby on the tree-top.”

Daddy-Do-Little shouted,

“You sing before seven,
You’ll cry before eleven.”

The Parrot chattered very fast then in Parrot language and Curly-Tail said, “Dear me, I must hurry, hurry, hurry, or I will be late to school.

Daddy-Do-Little said,

“I would like to go with you,
Though I do little, that is true.”



Curly Tail with His Lighted Candle

The Parrot said,

“To school, to school we all will go,
Things to learn and things to know.”

Daddy-Do-Little looked over his enormous amber rimmed spectacles, and said, “Do you know, Sir, I seldom went to school in all my life, and I can count pretty well for an old fellow,

“Two, six, seventeen, five,
I am glad to be alive.”

Curly-Tail knew that Daddy-Do-Little was counting wrong, but he was too polite to laugh. He stuffed his little paw into his mouth to keep silent, but the Parrot said,

“Your counting sounds a little FUNNY,
Daddy, where do you keep your money?”

Daddy-Do-Little looked very fierce and said, "Who told you about my money? Who told you about my counting?"

They all went to eat their breakfast. The Parrot said,

"I'll go to school and read a page,
If you will put me in a cage?"

"Too much talking, too much noise, will no one help me find my money-box?" shouted Daddy-Do-Little.

He looked up stairs and he looked down stairs and he could not find his money box.

Curly-Tail said, "Look in the Toy Shop."

They looked, and there sure enough, was the money box safe and sound.

The Parrot jumped into his cage shouting,

“Close the door, I’ll go to school,
I will try to keep each rule.”

Daddy-Do-Little said, as he shut the door of the cage,

“We don’t know your name or age,
But we’ve got you in a cage.”

Curly-Tail said, “Please come to school with us Daddy.”

Daddy-Do-Little shook his old head. He did not go to school that day or the next or the next, but one bright October morning he said,

“I will go to school today,
It’s more fun than a holiday.”



Curly Tail Danced into the Room

What a time old Daddy-Do-Little had, trying to get ready to go to school.

He could not find his new boots.

He could not find his high collar.

He could not find his corn-cob pipe.

The bell rang for school and Curly-Tail danced about saying, "We will be late, we will be late."

Daddy-Do-Little said,

"Whether the day is hot or cool,
I really like to go to school."

The Parrot sat in his cage, crying, "Good bye, good bye." It only made Daddy hurry faster.

At last they were ready and started merrily to school.

Daddy-Do-Little carried the Parrot's cage.

Suddenly he stopped stock-still in the road.

“What is the matter now?” asked Curly-Tail.

Daddy said,

“My fur and whiskers, in this old town,
The rain is surely falling down.”

Sure enough the rain began to fall,
“patter, patter, patter.”

They got a little wet but soon arrived at school.

The teacher was so pleased to see Daddy-Do-Little that she gave him a rocking chair by the window and set the Parrot in the cage on the window-sill.

All the animals were learning their A, B, C's.

“Where does ‘Z’ come, I don’t see,
I’m just as stupid as can be.”

Shouted Daddy-Do-Little to the surprise of all.

The teacher said,

“Try to be patient whatever you do,
We’ll come to ‘Z’ in a minute or two.”

However, they did not come to “Z” that day or the next or the next.

They all began to read a story about Mexico, and the Parrot shouted so loudly that no one could hear.

He beat his wings against the cage and called, “Good bye, good bye, take me home, take me home.”

The teacher dismissed school very soon.

All this time the rain was falling.



They Got a Little Wet

The four and twenty scholars got to the door and said, "We forgot our four and twenty umbrellas, Oh dear."

Then Daddy-Do-Little blew three times a puff from his old corn-cob pipe and made a magic rug and invited the four and twenty scholars to ride home with them.

They stopped four and twenty times to let the scholars out before they stopped at Daddy-Do-Little's house in the woods.

All this time the Parrot kept calling, "Take me home."

Daddy-Do-Little said,

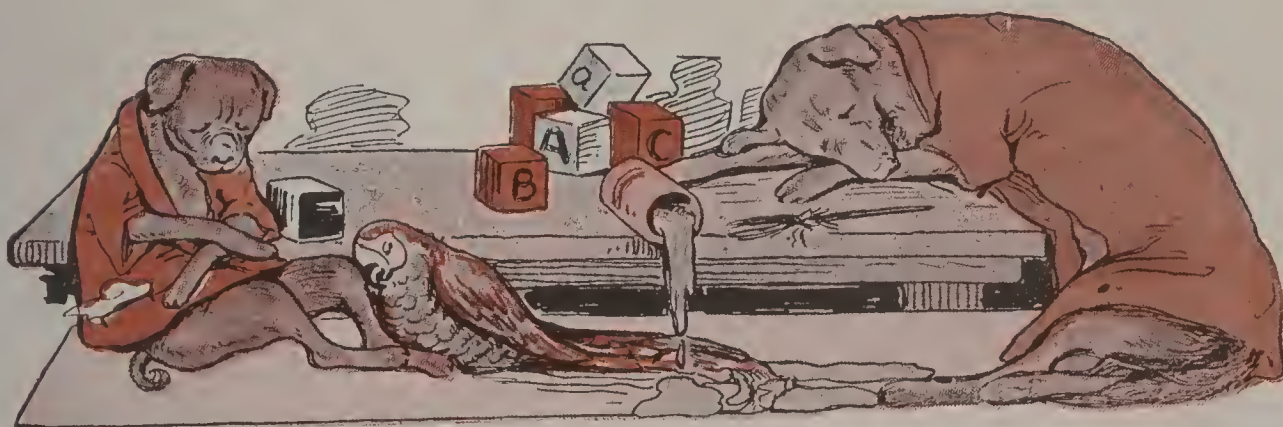
"Such a noise I never knew, Sir,
Really it will never do, Sir."

Then the Parrot said,

“The school made me homesick you know,
For my own home in Mexico.”

Then Daddy-Do-Little opened the
cage door and said,

“Come into my workshop if you please,
And we will make some ‘A, B, C’s.’”



“And the Parrot Fell Asleep Too”

They all went into the shop where
the toys were made.

Daddy-Do-Little painted some “A,
B, C’s” on blocks, and Curly-Tail fell
asleep, and the Parrot fell asleep too.

Daddy-Do-Little said,

“The alphabet I can begin,
But wonder where does ‘Z’ come in?”

He nodded his head to and fro and
soon fell asleep in his work-shop.





Whisk Bound! He Was Away This Time

THE CLOCK FAIRY

Light and airy, light and airy
Have you seen the clock's wee fairy?
Watch the hands upon her face,
As they try to run a race.

One day Curly-Tail danced down
stairs very quietly so he would not
wake Daddy-Do-Little.

Daddy-Do-Little got up quietly and went down stairs one step at a time so he would not wake Curly-Tail.

He said, fiercely,

“I’m a healthy fellow and never sick,
But some one has played on me a trick.”

Curly-Tail tip-toed into the room to see what was the matter.

The door of the Parrot’s cage was open, and he was nowhere to be seen.

Curly-Tail said,

“He may be back in an hour or so,
He may have travelled to Mexico.”

Daddy-Do-Little said,

“He’s gone away ’tis very clear,
And left old Daddy lonesome here.”



They Hurried Down the Path

Curly-Tail was determined to find the Parrot.

He said,

“I’ll run down the path as still as a mouse,
Perhaps he is in my little wee house.”

Daddy-Do-Little got out his old corn-cob pipe and began to smoke saying,

“I’m old and cross and rather blue,
But I will walk along with you.”

So, saying they hurried down the path that led to Curly-Tail’s little wee house at the edge of the woods.

They could not find the Parrot.
Curly-Tail said,

“I don’t like to see your sorrow,
I’ll try to bring him back to-morrow.”

He put on his red coat and cap and started down the path singing merrily,

“Curly-Tail in song and rhyme,
Always has a jolly time.”

He had only gotten as far at the gate, when Daddy-Do-Little called, “Come

back, come back, come back, you have forgotten your lunch.”

Sure enough Curly-Tail had forgotten his lunch and Daddy-Do-Little was in such a hurry to call him back that he forgot to talk in rhyme.

Curly-Tail came back and got cookies out of the cookie jar and tied them up in his little red pocket handkerchief and started off as before.

He shut the door with a “click” and started to run down the path when Daddy-Do-Little called, “Come back, come back, come back, you have forgotten your overshoes, and what if it should rain?”

Curly-Tail laughed, for he hardly ever wore overshoes but he came back to please Daddy-Do-Little.

He put on his little overshoes, though by this time the sun was shining, and Daddy-Do-Little called,

“Don’t forget to come back soon,
I’ll wait for you ’till afternoon.”

Curly-Tail thought he was safely off this time, but Daddy-Do-Little called,

“What if rain falls and the cold wind blows?
You’ll get wet from your head to your little
toes.”

Curly-Tail came back good naturedly, with a hop and a skip and a bound.

He picked up his little umbrella, and whisk! bound! he was away this time before the old fellow could stop him.

Daddy-Do-Little looked at the hall clock and said,

“It is late as like as not,
But I cannot read this clock.”

Daddy-Do-Little did not know how to tell time.

Just then the clock began to strike and Daddy-Do-Little tried to count the strokes, but he could not remember whether seven came before, or after five, and so he got all mixed up and could not tell the time.

He shook his fist at the clock and said,

“You may think it very funny,
To tell time I’d give some money.”

Then the most wonderful thing happened.

The door of the clock opened and out came the Clock Fairy with a happy smiling face.

She said,

“Daddy-Do-Little how do you do, Sir?
Do you want to tell time too, Sir?”

Daddy-Do-Little was so surprised he looked over his enormous amber rimmed spectacles and said,

“By my whiskers, don’t get too near,
You’re the Clock Fairy that is clear.”

“Ha, ha, ha,” laughed the Clock Fairy, “Look at my hands, one is longer than the other, Ha, ha, ha, look at the numbers all over my face.”

“I point to the hour, with my short hand,
Daddy-Do-Little can you understand?”

Daddy-Do-Little said, “Yes, yes, yes.”



Daddy-Do-Little Was So Surprised

The Clock Fairy continued, "I point to the minutes with my long hand, and my hands run a race all day, all night round and round and round."

Daddy-Do-Little said, "Yes, yes, yes."

The Clock Fairy said,

"I'll tell you a secret about each hour,
I'll tell you the best that's in my power."

She said, "Whenever I want to tell the hour my long hand points to twelve."

She continued talking in this way, and can you believe it, in less time than it takes to tell it, Daddy-Do-Little learned to tell the time, and he was delighted you may be sure.

The Fairy said, "When I get tired telling time I take a rest, then some one comes and winds me up again,

“You often hear me in the clock,
Singing, softly, “tick, tick, tock.”

As the Fairy sang the last few words she sprang back into the clock, “click” went the door and all was still except “tick, tock.”

Daddy-Do-Little put his ear close to the clock, all was still inside.

He opened the door of the clock and found a key and wound it up.

The Clock Fairy began to sing,

“You’re just as wise as you can be,
Thank you for using the little key.”

Daddy-Do-Little was used to doing so little that he was tired now, and fell asleep.

He dreamed that he was making clocks in his work-shop.

All this time Curly-Tail was going merrily down the road and he asked every one he met if they had seen a Parrot.

Every one answered,

“Shout again a little stronger,
So the story will be longer.”

He understood that no one had seen the Parrot, so he went on his way singing as before,

“Curly-Tail in song and rhyme
Always has a jolly time.





Can You Tell Us the Way Home?

FIFTEEN LITTLE CURLY TAILS

The Fifteen Little Curly-Tails
On a picnic go,
Swinging little dinner-pails,
They cry, "Ho, ho, ho."

Little Curly-Tail went with a hop and a skip and a bound until he came to the home of the Fifteen Little Curly Tails.

They were hanging up a big washing on the line, and they said to Little Curly-Tail, "Hurry, hurry, hurry, help us hang the washing on the line."

Curly-Tail helped hang up the handkerchiefs and towels and said, "Why are you all in such a hurry?"

The Fifteen Little Curly-Tails did not have time to answer, all they could cry was, "Hurry, hurry, hurry."

Little Curly-Tail ran to and fro with clothes pins, and the Fifteen Little Curly-Tails soon had all their washing on the line.

Then they said, "Mother Curly-Tail

said we could go on a picnic if we got the washing hung up by ten o'clock."

Just at that very minute the clock struck.

The Fifteen Little Curly-Tails held their breath till they counted ten.

Curly-Tail said, "As I came just in time to help you, may I go on the picnic too?"

Mother Curly-Tail poked her head out the window and said, "Your dinner pails are ready and you may start on the picnic."

Curly-Tail danced until his little tail curled up tighter and tighter, and he said, "I don't need any dinner pail my cookies are tied up in a handkerchief."

Mother Curly-Tail said,

“How did you happen along
Singing a merry little song?”

Curly-Tail said, “I am looking for a Parrot.”

Mother Curly-Tail said “Was he a real live Parrot with green and red feathers? Did he cock his head on one side? Did he sing “Rock-A-Bye Baby?”

“Yes, yes, yes, ” shouted Curly-Tail.

Mother Curly-Tail continued, “Did he say no one must call him Polly?”

Yes, yes, yes,” shouted Curly-Tail.

“Did he say,

‘Go to bed, sleepy head,
Enough said, enough said.’ ”

“Yes, yes, yes. Where did you see him?” cried Curly-Tail eagerly.

“I read about him in the animal newspaper, enough said,” replied Mother Curly-Tail.

The Fifteen Little Curly-Tails picked up their fifteen little dinner pails and started with Curly-Tail down the road toward the deep woods for a picnic.

They had a fine picnic in the woods and all would have gone well in the woods I am sure, if they had not taken the wrong path homeward.

Instead of getting nearer home as it grew darker and darker they went deeper and deeper into the deep woods.

The Fifteen Little Curly-Tails began to weep and wail, “We are lost in the deep, deep woods.”

They sat on a log to rest side by side. Curly-Tail did not cry, he said

“Come follow your nose, when the north wind
blows
It will lead you somewhere as every one
knows.”

They all said, “Do you know the way,
oh can you tell us the way home.”

I don't know what would have hap-
pened next if they had not seen a light
ahead.

The light was coming nearer and
nearer every minute.

They heard the “patter, patter, pat-
ter” of footsteps and some one called,

“I'll keep on searching without fail,
Till I find Little Curly-Tail.”

“Here I am, Daddy-Do-Little,” cried
Curly-Tail.

“Here we all are,” cried the Fifteen
Little Curly-Tails.



The Home of the Fifteen Little Curly Tails

Daddy-Do-Little was so surprised he set down his rusty, musty old lantern and cried,

“I’m very old and rather wise,
But you all take me by surprise.”

They all had a great time hugging and kissing you may be sure.

On the way home Daddy-Do-Little asked the Fifteen Little Curly-Tails if they liked school. They said they liked better to play in the woods.

Daddy-Do-Little said,

“I have learned my A. B. C’s
But I cannot get to Z’s.”

The Fifteen Little Curly-Tails set down their fifteen little dinner pails and began to recite the alphabet so fast it made Daddy-Do-Little’s head swim.

He said after them,

“A, B, C, and X, Y, Z,
The letters really puzzle me.”

When the Fifteen Little Curly-Tails got home they waved their fifteen little pocket handkerchiefs and called “Good bye, good bye.”

Daddy-Do-Little put Curly-Tail in his pocket and carried him home the rest of the way.

He told him about the Clock Fairy and said he wanted to go to school and learn many things.

Just then the clock began to strike.
It struck twelve for it was midnight.

The Clock Fairy came out and made a bow and said,

“Twelve o’clock, go to bed,
Or you’ll wake a sleepy-head.”

Curly-Tail cried, “Oh, oh, oh what a beautiful Fairy.”

Daddy-Do-Little said,

“The long hand tells the minutes,
The short hand tells the hour,
'Tis twelve o’clock without a doubt
Sweet Fairy in your bower.”

The Fairy made a low bow and jumped back in the clock. The pendulum swung to and fro, to and fro.

Daddy-Do-Little, said, “Come into my work-shop and you will see I am making a little clock for Curly-Tail.”

Curly-Tail was pleased to see his little clock you may be sure, and he said, “I wonder if every clock has a Fairy inside.”



They All Had a Great Time

Daddy-Do-Little said,

“In story-books you turn the page,
To find a Parrot in a cage.”

Curly-Tail laughed and said, “I will
go and find the Parrot tomorrow.”

Daddy-Do-Little puffed away at his
corn-cob pipe and said,

“Oh Curly-Tail no, no, no,
To school we all will have to go.”

Curly-Tail thought it funny that the
old fellow liked to go to school, and he
laughed until the tears ran down his
cheeks.

He said, “The Fairy is teaching you
time at home. Why do you want to go
to school?”

Daddy-Do-Little replied,

“I’m old, but ’tis not against the rule,
For folks like me to go to school.”

Curly-Tail laughed again and went skippety, hoppety up to bed.

Daddy-Do-Little dreamed that he was in school and had to wear a Dunce Cap because he was so slow to tell the time.

Curly-Tail dreamed that he was dancing about the woods looking for their friend the Parrot.

The Parrot was so near at that very minute he could have peeped in at the window of the little wee house in the woods.

He sang himself to sleep with a sleepy song,

“All the animals are jolly,
But I’ll not let them call me Polly,
Wherever I go I will not fail,
To come back to Little Curly-Tail.”

That sleepy song sounded as though Curly-Tail would not have to look for the Parrot much longer.





Book Three
Tale of Curly Tail



Daddy Do-Little Shook His Japanese Parasol

THE TALE OF CURLY-TAIL



A VISIT TO MRS. SANTA CLAUS

Daddy Do-Little it is true,
Wears a coat red, white, and blue,
He's happier than I can tell,
The new coat fits him very well!

One December day, Curly-Tail, the dearest little dog in the world, jumped upon his Rocking Horse and rocked away, away, away.

He said, "I will go to Santa Claus' work-shop, perhaps I will find our old Parrot."

He rocked away all day, and when night came he found a little cave in the woods. He went in and curled up and fell asleep.

Next day he woke up early and cried,

"I've lost the right path, without fail.

This is a joke on Curly-Tail!"

He rocked away, away, away, again, and soon he said, "Some one is coming down the path, I hear the patter, patter of little feet."

Then he set up a shout, for who should be coming to meet him but the Fourteen Little Darling Dogs?

They all set up a shout, crying,

“Ha, ha, ha, the lost is found,
Rocking, rocking o’er the ground.”

Curly-Tail got down from the Rocking Horse and said, “I am going to Santa Claus’ work-shop and this Rocking Horse knows the way, who will go with me?”

“I will, I will, I will,” cried the Fourteen Little Darling Dogs in one breath, so Curly-Tail got on the Rocking Horse and rocked away, away, away, and the Fourteen Little Darling Dogs ran on behind.

“I see a light ahead,” shouted the first Little Darling Dog. “I see a light,” shouted the next, and the next.

They came to a little wee house in the woods.

Curly-Tail without waiting for an invitation rocked right in the open door, crying, “Hurrah for Mrs. Santa Claus! Here we are, the whole Curly-Tail family!”

Mrs. Santa Claus was so surprised she cried,

“Ha, ha, ha, ha, by my frilled cap,
I surely must be taking a nap!”

She tried to count the Little Darling Dogs, but they danced about her so fast, she never knew which ones she counted twice, and which ones she never counted at all!



Hurrah for Mrs. Santa Claus

Curly-Tail begged, “Please let us go into Santa Claus work-shop!”

Mrs. Santa Claus said,

“This thing I will tell you true,
Such an idea will not do.”

She said Santa Claus was not at home, and she never let any one go in his work-shop.

Then the first Little Darling Dog sat down on the floor and began to grumble, and the next Little Darling Dog began to weep, and the next Little Darling Dog got a scowly face, and such a noise you never heard.

Only Curly-Tail kept good natured.

He rocked gently to and fro on his wonderful Rocking Horse and said, "You make as much noise as Daddy Do-Little when he is lonesome."

Mrs. Santa Claus said, "Who is Daddy Do-Little?"

Curly-Tail replied.

"He's the laziest animal in the woods,
He always did little if he could."

The Fourteen Little Darling Dogs,
said,

"If you could only hear him grumbling,
You would think 'twas thunder rumb-
ling."

Mrs. Santa Claus said, "If the old fellow had a new coat, perhaps he

would not be so lazy or grumble so much. Here is my work basket, and some cloth, go to work if you please.”

Mrs. Santa Claus opened a slide in the wall and disappeared!

“Ha, ha, ha,” cried the Fourteen Little Darling Dogs.

Curly-Tail cried, “Hurrah! hurrah, we will make Daddy Do-Little a new coat out of this cloth.”

My, how busy they were!

One Little Darling Dog got a tape measure and measured the cloth.

One Little Darling Dog got a pair of scissors and went, “snip, snip, snip.”

One Little Darling Dog began to unwind a spool of thread, and the other Little Darling Dogs sat around in groups threading needles!

Curly-Tail skipped about giving directions.

Soon they were all sewing on Daddy Do-Little's new coat!

“Oh, oh, oh,” cried the Little Darling Dogs, as they pricked themselves on the needles.

Curly-Tail cried,

“Cheer up, cheer up, we're nearly through
We'll make a coat that just fits you.”

Then the Fourteen Little Darling Dogs began to sing a song and their needles flew faster and faster.

They would interrupt one another by shouting, “Who has the thimble? Who has the thread? Where is my needle?” and still the song sounded beautifully.

Curly-Tail cried,

“Where will we get buttons do you suppose
To finish up this animal’s clothes?”

Then they heard thump, bump, down the chimney fell six little brass buttons.

They sewed the brass buttons on the coat, and soon it was finished.

Then a voice cried,

“Come into the chimney, ’tis large and wide,
There’s room for the Curly-Tails side by
side.”

They looked toward the chimney.

There, sure enough were little seats, and little tables. On each table was a plate with a pie smoking hot.

How they all enjoyed their lunch!

They cried out,

“We are happy now because,
Of mince pie, Mrs. Santa Claus!”

Mrs. Santa Claus opened the panel in the wall and went back into the house. She asked to see the coat, which they had tied up in a neat bundle.

The first Little Darling Dog began to untie the string which held the bundle, and the bundle hopped about in the strangest way.

Then the next Little Darling Dog said, "Let me untie it," and the next one said, "I will untie it in a minute."

At that very moment there, before their very noses, the bundle jumped out of the window and was gone!

The Fourteen Little Darling Dogs thought their work was all lost and they began to weep and wail, but Curly-Tail said,

"Cheer up, cheer up, for by the by,
We had the nicest kind of pie!"

So, the Fourteen Little Darling Dogs all dried their eyes and went to the door.

Curly-Tail jumped on his Rocking Horse.



The Bundle Flew Out of the Open Window

The Fourteen Little Darling Dogs rubbed their eyes for they saw fourteen Rocking Horses standing in a row.

They shouted,

“We are so happy now because,
We have a present from Santa Claus.”

Curly-Tail said,

“I hope each horse is trusty and good,
We’ll rock away through the deep green
wood.”

When they came to Daddy Do-Little’s house in the woods they all set up a shout, for there he stood in the doorway with his new coat on!

He was happy you may be sure, and they all rocked round him on their wonderful Rocking Horses.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR

In January as you know,
We always make some men of snow,
And if you study well each page,
You'll find the Parrot in his cage.

Little Curly-Tail called out one
morning,

“A Happy New Year, A Happy New Year,
And January at last is here.”

Curly-Tail curled his little tail up
tighter and tighter, as he ran down
stairs three steps at a time, and he set

the table and got breakfast, before Daddy Do-Little had a chance to answer him.

Curly-Tail kept humming over and over, "A Happy New Year, A Happy New Year."

"Hush, what is that?"

A-rap, a-tap,"

cried out Daddy Do-Little, suddenly.

Sure enough, there was a "rap, tap, tapping," at the door, but when they got to the door, no one was there.

"Hard lines for one of any age,

To lose a parrot in a cage."

said Daddy Do-Little.



No One Was at the Door

Just then, they heard a “rap, tap, tapping,” on the window pane.

They ran quickly of course to the window but could see no one.

They sat down to breakfast and Daddy Do-Little said, “More sugar, please.”

A voice spoke up, “More sugar, please.”

Curly-Tail said,

“It must be the Parrot, I’ll leave the table
And find him soon as I am able.”

He looked about in-doors and out-doors and still he could see no one.

Now Daddy Do-Little was a famous old cook, and he felt like cooking that morning, but he called,

“We are out of sugar, how do you suppose I can make ginger-snaps, goodness knows.”

At that, Curly-Tail got out his little red cap and cape and market basket, and said, “I will go to the grocers and get the sugar.”

“Get the sugar,” repeated a familiar voice, and Daddy Do-Little said,

“The Parrot is hiding, ’tis very true
We’ll find him now, whatever we do.”

They searched one hour and sixteen minutes but could not find the Parrot.

Little Curly-Tail went out of the house, “click,” went the gate and he started down the road.

Daddy Do-Little came to the door waving his red pocket handkerchief frantically, and shouted,

“A handkerchief for your little nose,
You had better carry I suppose.”

Sure enough, Curly-Tail did have a cold, and so he came back good naturedly, and got the handkerchief and started again to the grocers after the sugar.

This time he did not even get as far as the garden gate when Daddy Do-Little rapped on the window, crying,

“It seems to me it’s rather funny,
To go for sugar without money.”



“And He Started Down the Road”

Curly-Tail laughed and came back with a hop and a skip and a bound.

Will you believe it? It took Daddy Do-Little three quarters of an hour to find his rusty-hinged old pocket book, and when he found it, it only had twenty-five cents in it.

Then they looked in the old cracker jar and found sixteen hundred pennies!

“Pennies will do, pennies will do,” called a merry voice, but they could see no one.

Curly-Tail started again.

By this time it was snowing and blowing.



"The Fourteen Little Darling Dogs Came Trooping Down the Road"

“Click,” went the gate, he thought he was off in good earnest this time, but Daddy Do-Little cried again,

“Will you ask for white, or brown,
When you come into the town?”

Then a very surprising thing happened.

A great shout was heard and the Fourteen Little Darling Dogs came trooping down the road.

Daddy Do-Little was thoroughly and entirely cross at this unlooked for interruption, and he shouted,

“Be it fairy tale or fable,
To entertain them I’m not able.”

Curly-Tail danced up to him and whispered, "Snowmen, let the Darling Dogs stay outside and make Snowmen."

The Fourteen Little Darling Dogs came on with a whoop and a bound, and Daddy Do-Little shouted,

"Make some Snowmen on the ground,
Make some Snowmen jolly and round."

The Fourteen Little Darling Dogs went to work with a will, and Curly-Tail started off saying, "I will really, truly get the sugar this time."

Just as he was nearly out of sight of the house, he heard a great shout, and

the Fourteen Little Darling Dogs ran after him and brought him back.

Daddy Do-Little said,

“There are several kinds of sugar ’tis true,
White, and brown, and red, and blue.”

It took them all forty-seven minutes to decide what kind of sugar they wanted for their ginger snaps, and what kind of sugar to have on the frosting.

All this time, the Fourteen Little Darling Dogs jumped up and down and said, “Oh Daddy Do-Little are you really going to make nice, moist ginger snaps? And can we all stay to lunch?”



Daddy Do-Little Made Nice Moist Ginger Snaps

By and by Curly-Tail slipped off, and this time he went on safely to the grocery store.

He got brown sugar to put in the ginger snaps and red sugar to put on for frosting.

He went back home with a hop, and a skip, and a bound, and helped the Fourteen Little Darling Dogs make Snowmen, while Daddy Do-Little made the nice, moist ginger snaps.

The Fourteen Little Darling Dogs were so cold they begged to come in and warm their paws, so by and by they all shook off the snow and crept

quietly into the parlor and sat down in a semi-circle about the parlor stove, and warmed their paws.

“A-kit-chew,” sneezed the First Little Darling Dog.

“A-kit-chew,” sneezed the second.

Just as Daddy Do-Little came to the door to scold, the Parrot came out from his hiding place under the sofa and said,

“It really puts me in a rage,
To spend my life inside this cage.”

The Fourteen Little Darling Dogs crowded around and said, “It must be a magic cage, see it move.”

Curly-Tail said, "Where did you come from, Sir. I have looked for you over hill and dale."

"Poor old Polly," said Daddy Do-Little.

This put the Parrot in a rage at once and he shouted,

"It is, Sir, the greatest folly,
To give a man, the name of Polly!"

The Fourteen Little Darling Dogs took out their fourteen little pocket handkerchiefs and laughed until they cried, waving their handkerchiefs in the air.

The sun had come out so bright and warm the Snowmen began to melt.

The Parrot cried,

“If you’d take out a bucket of water or so
It might freeze them up again you know.”

The Fourteen Little Darling Dogs
got fourteen little pails of water, and
carried out water to pour on their
Snowmen.

Curly-Tail let the parrot out of his
cage, and Daddy Do-Little finished
his moist ginger snaps.

The Fourteen Little Darling Dogs
went happily homeward each with a
moist ginger snap, with red sugar
upon it.

Late at night the Parrot called,

“To tell my name I am afraid,
Just listen to that serenade.”

The Snowmen were singing in the
moonlight,

“Happy New Year you hear us call,
A Happy New Year to one and all,
From Mexico the Parrot came,
And little PEDRO is his name.”

“Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,” cried
Curly-Tail,” at last we know the Par-
rot’s name,” they looked about, but
the Parrot was nowhere to be seen!





The Snowmen Were Singing in the Moonlight

TABLE MANNERS

To learn some manners at the table,
Every animal is able,
To be polite, please do not fail,
When entertained by Curly-Tail.

One day Daddy Do-Little called out,

“Somebody is late, it makes me pale,
To receive no answer from Curly-Tail.”

There was no answer sure enough.

The old clock struck twelve, and one,
and still Curly-Tail did not come
home.

Daddy Do-Little got out his new
yellow and green walking stick, and
started out to look for Curly-Tail.

Early that morning Curly-Tail had gone with a hop, and a skip, and a bound into Farmer Brown's garden to get an apple to roast for dinner.

“Click,” went a spring, and for the first time in his life Curly-Tail was caught in a trap!

He said, “If I could only uncurl my tail, if I could only uncurl my tail I would feel happier.”

His tail was caught in the trap.

He was wondering what he would do when he heard the “patter, patter, patter,” of many little feet.

Then a most delightful thing happened!

The Fourteen Little Darling Dogs were coming into Farmer Brown's garden to get ripe, red, rosy apples to roast for dinner.

They came with a hop, and a skip and a bound, and suddenly stopped, for they saw poor Curly-Tail caught in the trap.

It took them one hour and fourteen minutes to find out how to open the trap, but at last the spring gave with a "click, click, click" and Curly-Tail was free once more.

They all were so glad to set Curly-Tail free that they danced round and round in a circle, and they all forgot to get the ripe, red, rosy apples for dinner.



They Danced Round and Round in a Circle

The Fourteen Little Darling Dogs invited Curly-Tail to come to their home for dinner, which he gladly did.

They all sat down at the table and the Darling Dogs made a great noise eating their food.

Curly-Tail said, "If you will come to my little tent in the woods for supper, I will teach you some table manners."

Then he curled his funny little tail up tighter and tighter, and ran away to his own little tent in the woods.

At exactly six o'clock the Fourteen Little Darling Dogs appeared at his tent.

They cried, "Oh," and "Ah" and "How very surprising."

There was a table in the tent with fifteen little chairs around it.

On the table were plates, and knives, and forks, and spoons.

There was a cup and saucer for each one.

They all sat down at the table and began to talk at once, and drum with their silver spoons.

Curly-Tail said,

"It is not polite to make a noise,
You act like careless girls and boys."

He gave each one of them a little red and white checked napkin.

By this time they were so hungry and the food looked so good that they began to smack their lips.

Curly-Tail said,

“Eat with a spoon now if you please,
Come, be polite and do not tease.”

The Fourteen Little Darling Dogs took their fourteen little spoons and began to eat their broth.

It was much too hot and burned their mouths and they began to weep and wail.

Curly-Tail gave each one a sip of milk to cool their mouths, and at this very minute, some one rapped on a tree outside saying,

“Beside this little tent I’ll stay
Alas, alack, I’ve lost my way.”

“Daddy Do-Little,” shouted the
Fourteen Little Darling Dogs.

They ran outside and hugged the
old fellow and Curly-Tail was pleased
to invite him into the tent.

The Darling Dogs forgot all about
their table manners for Daddy Do-
Little carried a great basket of good
things to eat, and they danced about
the basket and helped themselves.

By and by Daddy Do-Little grew
tired of the noise and he whispered
something into Curly-Tail’s left ear
and they went outside.

Daddy Do-Little spread out his magic red cotton handkerchief, they stepped upon it and sailed away, away, away.

Over hill and dale they went and sailed right into Daddy Do-Little's front yard and landed on his door step.

Curly-Tail went into the kitchen and put on a blue and white checked apron, and made a good fire.

Daddy Do-Little sat still saying,

“I made some doughnuts goodness knows
Some animal stole them, I suppose.”

Curly-Tail was all this time measuring and sifting and mixing. By and by he got out a rolling pin and rolled out some wonderful cookies.



"Over the Hill and Dale They Went"

He took the cookie cutter and cut out cookies shaped like animals.

Soon he had a plate full of cookies to take to Daddy Do-Little.

Daddy Do-Little was delighted, he said,

“Little Curly-Tail, by my eyes,
You surely take me by surprise,
Did you use a spoon? Did you use a book?
Tell me how did you become a cook?”

Curly-Tail noticed that one cookie was larger than the rest and stuck to the pan.

It grew larger, and larger and larger, crack, crack it jumped suddenly out of the pan and came and stood in the doorway, shouting,

“I’m a cookie animal ho, ho,
Very funny and made of dough,
With a leap and a bound and scarce a
sound,
You’ll see me hop, skip across the ground,
I’m a cookie animal ho, ho,
I’ll make my bow before I go.”

This funny cookie animal made a low bow and bounded out of the window.

Daddy Do-Little laughed until he cried.

Curly-Tail ran down the road after the cookie animal.

The cookie animal shouted,

“I am ahead in the race,
Don’t bite the nose from my face.”

Curly-Tail came nearer, and nearer,
and the cookie animal cried out,

“Don’t bite my paws, don’t bite my ears,
Can’t you see I’ve shed some tears?”

Curly-Tail came so near that the
cookie animal felt his hot breath and
he whispered,

“I have some feelings, I’m growing pale,
Don’t come any nearer Curly-Tail.”

Then the cookie dog jumped into a
hole in a hollow tree, and though
Curly-Tail stood and coaxed for an
hour he would not come out.

When Curly-Tail got back he found
Daddy Do-Little nodding by the fire.



"It Jumped Suddenly Out of the Pan"

Just as he remarked that he thought they would see the cookie dog no more, "rap-a-tap," was heard at the window-pane, and there stood the cookie dog singing,

“I really wonder how you are,
May I sleep to-night in your cookie jar?”

Curly-Tail opened the window and
the cookie dog jumped into the cookie
jar and fell asleep.

Daddy Do-Little complained,

“Of a cookie dog I never heard,
The whole thing now seems quite absurd.”

They went to bed, and in the morn-
ing, the cookie dog was gone.



THE COOKIE DOG

If you are lonesome where you are,
Just go to meet your cookie jar,
Then cook a little if you're able,
And roll out cookies on your table.

One day Daddy Do-Little went into
the kitchen early scolding,

“I may be deaf and rather old,
But still you see that I can scold.”

He looked into his cookie jar and
his doughnut jar, and his cracker jar,
and his ginger snap jar, and he found
though they had been cooking to fill
them up for days and days, they were
all empty!

Curly-Tail tried to get breakfast and make Daddy Do-Little forget his troubles, but the old fellow would only sit in his high backed chair and scold.

By and by Curly-Tail said, "I have no doubt but Sly Foot, the old Wolf, knows where your cookies and crackers, and doughnuts, and ginger snaps are, and I will go and visit him to-day.

Daddy Do-Little said,

"You're a cunning fellow and ought to thrive,

But you'll never come back from there alive."

Curly-Tail laughed as he put on his new coat and cap and mittens, but



The Old Fellow Would Only Sit in His High Backed Chair and Scold

Daddy Do-Little said, "He will make mince meat of you in a minute."

Though it was spring time, there had been a light fall of snow, and so Curly-Tail went down hill on his sled.

Daddy Do-Little was so sorry to see him go that he cried real tears into his new pocket handkerchief.

Curly-Tail rode away, away, away, until he came to Sly Foot's den, then he stopped, for Sly Foot was within and roared,

Old Sly Foot said,

"Growling and thunder, who is there?
Is it a doggie? Is it a bear?"

Curly-Tail replied in a terrible voice,

“Growling and thunder I’m hearty and
hale
And my name, if you please, Sir, is Curly-
Tail.”

Old Sly Foot was so surprised to see
his visitor when he came out of the
den that he had not a word to say, so
Curly-Tail continued,

“Your doughnut jar I’ve come to borrow
Either to-day, or else to-morrow.”

Old Sly Foot was so upset at the
mention of the stolen doughnut jar
that he turned a backward somersault
in the snow crying,

“Ha, ha, ha, the jar will stay
With me to-morrow and yesterday.”

Curly-Tail cried,

“Better take back what you have said,
But first come riding on my sled.”

Old Sly Foot was so surprised that Curly-Tail was not afraid of him, he sat down on the sled with pleasure and the first thing, the sled turned them head over heels in a snow drift.

Curly-Tail laughed and said, “Will you give up the doughnut jar, and the cookie jar, and the ginger snap jar, and the cracker jar?”

“Growling and thunder, I’ll not give them up for that one little bump,” said Old Sly Foot.



“The Sled Turned Them Head Over Heels in a Snow Drift”

So, they dragged the sled up hill together, when the most surprising things began to happen!

The sled stood up on end, and began to chase Sly Foot down hill, it beat him too, at every step of the way.

“Help, help,” he cried, “will this sled never stop beating me?”

The sled chased him back into his den and he stood there growling,

“I’m black and blue, ’tis very true,
Here are the empty jars for you.”

Curly-Tail saw it was no use to mince matters, so he went into the woods to think.

He dressed up as a peddler and went back to Old Sly Foot's den and began to sell his wares.

Suddenly Sly Foot said, "Those don't look like a peddler's feet, those don't look like a peddler's hands."

Then his voice rose to a shriek and he said, "Those don't look like a peddler's ears, and he pulled off Curly-Tails cap and saw he had been fooled.

Curly-Tail only wanted to get into the den to see where Old Sly Foot had hidden the cookies, and doughnuts, and crackers, and ginger snaps.

Old Sly Foot bound Curly-Tail to a chair and set a kettle over the fire to boil, saying,

“I will boil you very truly,
For you seem to me unruly.”

Curly-Tail blew a little silver whistle and in trooped the Fourteen Little Darling Dogs, to his rescue.

As they could not find anything Sly Foot had taken, they all hastened away to the grocers, rattling their pennies in their pockets.

Soon they bought doughnuts, and cookies, and crackers, and ginger snaps to fill up Daddy Do-Little's jars.

As they came to his house they heard the old fellow saying,

“There's something to worry me without
fail,
I wonder what happened to Curly-Tail.”



Sly Foot Bound Curly-Tail to a Chair

When he saw Curly-Tail and the Fourteen Little Darling Dogs with their little bags of cookies and doughnuts, and ginger snaps, and crackers, he was so pleased, he forgot he was old and cross and ran out smiling to meet them.

They went inside and began to eat out of their paper bags, and Daddy Do-Little told such funny ghost stories that the hair rose on their backs a couple of inches!

The Fourteen Little Darling Dogs were afraid to go home in the dark, so Daddy Do-Little said.

“I have made hammocks for fourteen years, They’ll be useful too, it now appears.”

He went to a big box and got out fourteen little hammocks, and strung them up on hooks for the Fourteen Little Darling Dogs to occupy.

They were pleased you may be sure.

Curly-Tail went up stairs to occupy his own little bed.

He cried out, when he woke in the night,

“The doughnut jar’s empty still I suppose,
We ate them all up, as every one knows.”

Sure enough, they all ate up the contents of their little paper bags, while Daddy Do-Little told ghost stories.

THE CIRCUS DAY PARADE

If you are bound on merriment,
Just step inside a Circus Tent,
The Clown tells jokes so very funny,
You'll find it's always worth the money.

One bright spring morning Curly-Tail got up early and crept down stairs very softly so he would wake no one.

He went into the kitchen and packed a little red and white basket with a lunch, and soon he was off, and away.

He was going to find Pedro.

He said, "Daddy Do-Little is so lonesome, I will never come back until I can find Pedro to keep him company."



What Should He See but a Circus Parade

He sang merrily as he went tripping along through the woods that led to the town.

It was now nine o'clock.

What should he see but a Circus Parade.

He came up to the band wagon and began to spin around after his curly little tail, and the Band Master said,

“Ha, ha, ha, don't be afraid,
Come, join our Circus Day Parade.”

“Do you mean it?” asked Curly-Tail.

The Band Master replied,

“I talk quite straight, not like a riddle,
Ha, ha, ha, can you play the fiddle?”

Curly-Tail was glad to be helped up on the band wagon.

He was in a real Circus Day parade.

The Clowns danced and threw colored candies to the crowd.

The Band played and played.

The horses pranced.

The elephants walked in a long line, and all was very splendid indeed.

The Band Master said,

“To do your tricks you must not fail,
I hope you’re a dancer, Curly-Tail.”

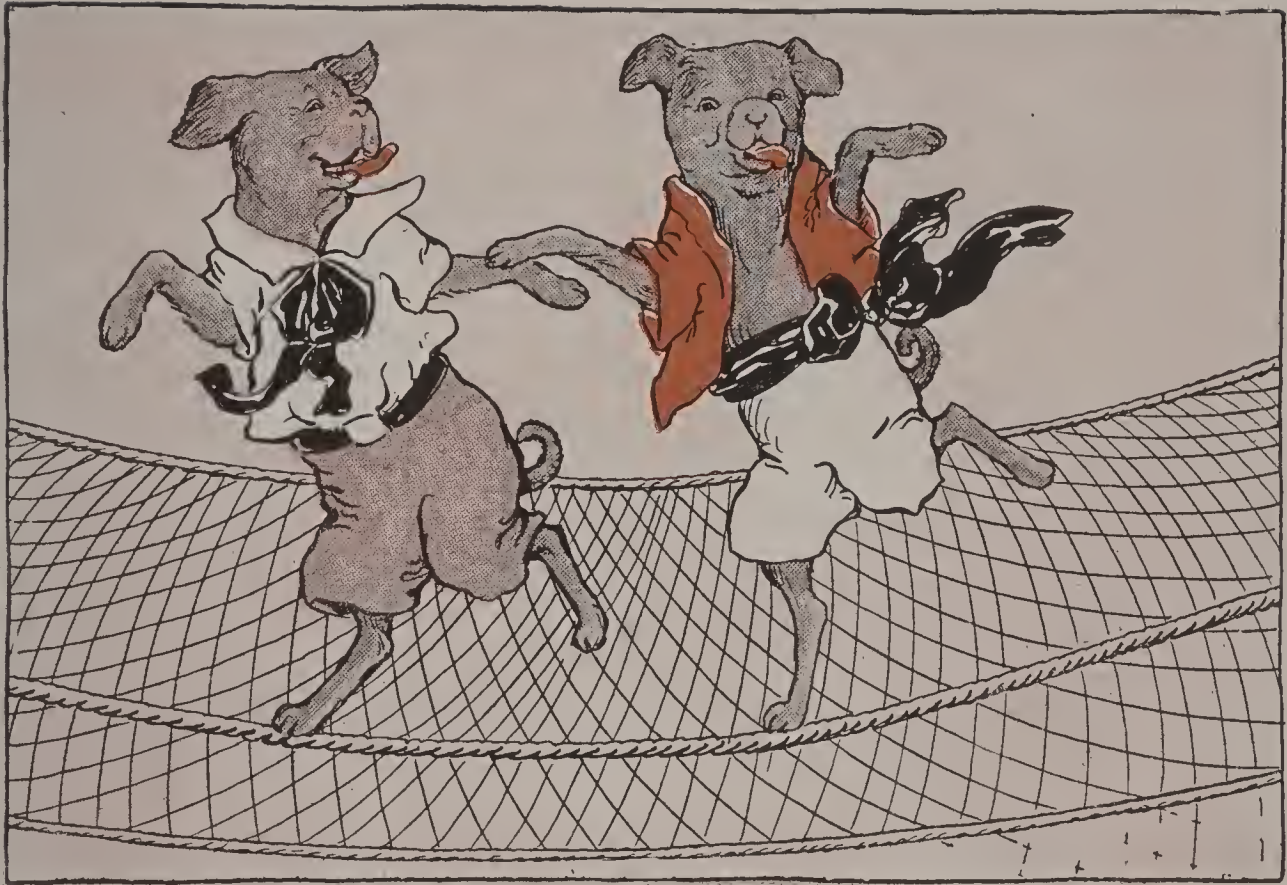
Curly-Tail was never so proud before in his life, he danced round and round after his tight little tail, as he rode on

top of the Band Wagon, and the crowd cheered, and said "What a comical little fellow."

By and by they came to a big tent and if you guessed fourteen years you could never guess who was walking outside on the tight-rope!

It was his cousin Tangle-Tail, who was a famous tight-rope walker.

When Tangle-Tail saw Curly-Tail, he got down off the tight-rope in the twinkling of an eye and whispered something to him, then they both swung up together and walked the tight-rope together, their funny little tails curling and twisting tighter, every step of the way.



They Walked the Tight-Rope Together

The crowd cheered, and every one wanted to go inside the big tent, of course.

Curly-Tail had a wonderful afternoon.

He rode on the horse's back in the ring, and he walked the tight-rope and danced on a big drum, but his most delightful adventure was still to come.

When the Circus was over, he went near one of the little side-show tents, and heard some one call out,

“To be a prisoner is not jolly,
And don't you dare to call me 'Polly'.”

Curly-Tail was so excited he did not know what to do. He ran into the

tent and cried, "Pedro, our dear lost Pedro."

Pedro could hardly believe his eyes when he saw Curly-Tail, but he cried,

"Tho you know my name's not Polly,
To talk loudly would be folly."

They began to talk and plan about getting Pedro home.

Just then Tangle-Tail came into the tent, and said they must get a cage, and there was no time to lose as the Circus people were coming into the tent.

Then Tangle-Tail thought of an old dog-skin he had. He said they would wrap it around Pedro, and take him in it down the road.

They did this, Pedro scolding all the while.

All would have gone well I am sure, if they had not met Sly Foot.

He cried, “Ha, ha, ha, I see my Sunday dinner right here before me.”

Tangle-Tail was never so puzzled before in his life, and Curly-Tail did not know what to do either, and all the time Sly Foot was coming nearer and nearer.

He came so close, they could feel his hot breath on their cheeks, and he shouted, “By my whiskers and tail I will have a fine Sunday dinner!”



Pedro Threw Off the Dog Skin and Flew at Sly Foot

At this very minute, Pedro threw off the dog-skin and flew at Sly Foot, making a terrible noise, he said,

“Sly Foot, if you are not wise,
I’ll peck out both your big, black eyes.”

Sly Foot cried, “Let me go, Sir, let me go, Sir, I really meant no harm whatever, it was just my little joke.”

Then Pedro flew on top of his head, and shouted in his ear,

“You may be a joker, wherever you are,
But don’t you forget the doughnut jar.”

Then Sly Foot howled, “Let me go, Sir, let me go, Sir.”

Pedro said,

“Will you leave the Curly-Tails alone,
And be content with a turkey bone?”

Sly Foot promised, and Pedro gave him a little peck on his head as he let him go,

By and by when Sly Foot had run away, Curly-Tail set up a shout, for the Fourteen Little Darling Dogs were coming to meet them.

They cried,

“Hurrah, hurrah, this is very jolly,
Hurrah, hurrah, for our own dear Polly.”

Pedro replied,

“I will bite off your ears, you little dears,
And peck out the eyes of the next one who
cries, ‘POLLY’!”

Curly-Tail had once been to school,
and learned a real yell, so he cried,

“What’s the matter with Pedro?
He’s all right,
Who’s all right?
Pedro.
Who says so?
WE ALL SAY SO.
PEDRO.”

The Fourteen Little Darling Dogs
said when they got near the house,

“Daddy Do-Little is fast asleep,
Let us creep in and quiet keep.”

Pedro flew in the open window.

His cage door was open.

He jumped up on his perch and began soon to swing to and fro on his little swing.

The Fourteen Little Darling Dogs sat down in their fourteen little green rocking chairs, and began to rock to and fro, to and fro.

Curly-Tail went after his tail and then Daddy Do-Little woke up saying,

“I had a very pleasant dream,
I thought I heard old Pedro scream.”

Then they all laughed and made a great noise until Daddy Do-Little shook his Japanese Parasol, and pounded on the floor with it to bring the whole company to order.

Once again they all shouted, “Hurrah, hurrah!”

GARDEN DAYS

If you ever plant a garden,
This thing you should know,
Plant some little magic seeds,
To make your garden grow.

Daddy Do-Little was not very fond
of work.

He woke up one morning scolding,

“I must grumble, oh yes, indeed,
I haven’t a single garden seed.”

This happened at breakfast, and the
Fourteen Little Darling Dogs laid
down their fourteen little spoons, and

Curly-Tail and Tangle-Tail called in one breath, “We will plant your garden, we will wish for Magic seed.”

Then the funniest thing happened.

Daddy Do-Little turned up his cup, and there inside, lay a package of garden seed.

He took up his saucer, there lay another package of seed.

He looked in his oat-meal bowl, there lay another package of seeds.

He said,

“I’m surprised indeed to-day,
In the merry month of May!”

Under everything he picked up was a package of garden seeds, a present from his little friends.

Suddenly he remembered that he did not like to work very well, so he said,

“I am too stiff for rake and hoe,
I cannot plant seeds in a row.”

Then the Fourteen Little Darling Dogs slipped out of the house and took up their fourteen little rakes and hoes and spades, and began to make a garden.

Curly-Tail and Tangle-Tail dropped in the seeds.

Daddy Do-Little called,



He Found Garden Seeds Everywhere

“Too many beans and too many peas
Plant some cabbage and lettuce please.”

“Cabbages and lettuce,” shouted Pedro, “and don’t forget my sunflowers, how I do like sunflower seeds!”

They worked all day with rake, and spade, and hoe, and wheelbarrow, and Daddy Do-Little and Pedro shouted directions from time to time.

“Make a wide path, don’t make it narrow,
Come this way with the old wheelbarrow.”

The sun shone warm and bright, and then patter, patter, patter fell the rain in a sudden shower.

The Fourteen Little Darling Dogs took up their fourteen little rakes and went merrily homeward, shouting,

“To make a good garden we always try,
Daddy Do-Little good bye, good bye.”

Daddy Do-Little waved his new red handkerchief in farewell, and shouted,

“I am so lazy, I wonder why,
You always have to call good bye.”

Tangle-Tail then made his best bow and said,

“I’m a tight-rope walker, I make confession
I have to go follow my profession.”

As he went off down the road Daddy Do-Little began to weep, but Curly-Tail cried,

“I’m not going away, I promise to stay,
A year, a week, a month and day.”

Then Pedro said,

“If what Parrots say is ever true,
I’ll NEVER say good bye to you.”

Then Daddy Do-Little felt cheered
up you may be sure. He said to the
Parrot,

“You’ll have to behave, Sir, for one of your
age,
I’d really expect you to stay in your cage.”

Turning to Curly-Tail he said,

“ ’Tis time for bed, oh goodness me,
Each hour grows later as you see.”

They all went merrily to bed.

When the moon came out Curly-
Tail crept down stairs and went out
into the garden, singing little songs
like these,



Curly-Tail Went Out in the Garden

“Little seeds you must grow, grow, grow,
For we have been making a garden you
know.”

Then the little seeds sent their roots
down into the earth and they sent
their green shoots up.

They grew very fast, for they were
magic seeds of course,

Curly-Tail danced up to bed and
fell asleep dreaming happy dreams.

In the morning Pedro got breakfast
and Daddy Do-Little was so happy to
have company that he just sat in the
corner and forgot to look out at his
garden all day.

When evening came, Curly-Tail
said,

“Daddy Do-Little nobody knows,
As well as I, how your garden grows.”

They went out together and Daddy
Do-Little rubbed his eyes, for every-
thing was coming up in even rows.

At that very minute Curly-Tail set
up a shout for the Fourteen Little
Darling Dogs came trooping along,
and they all had picnic baskets! They
sang,

“A surprise party’s well if it doesn’t fail,
A happy birthday to Curly-Tail!”

Sure enough, it was Curly-Tail’s
birthday and the funny part of it was,
nobody knew how old he was.

They had the picnic on the porch
and Daddy Do-Little said,

“I am very happy, I’m hale and hearty,
I always enjoy a birthday party.”

Curly-Tail danced so hard round,
and round, and round, after his little
tightly curled up tail, that I think he
danced right out of the book, if you
really want to know what became of
him,

Just send him a letter through the mail,
And address it to Little Curly-Tail.

FINIS

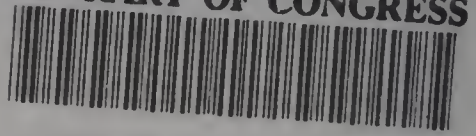


He Danced Right Out of the Book





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