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Little Folks in Busy-Land



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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PUBLISHED,

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LITTLE FOLKS IN BUSY-LAND

BY THE SAME AUTHORS
THE TOY SHOP BOOK

Profusely Illustrated in Colors

Sq. 12mo. Net \$1.25



LITTLE FOLKS IN BUSY-LAND

BY

ADA VAN STONE HARRIS

AND

LILLIAN McLEAN WALDO

ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

ELIZABETH JONES BABCOCK

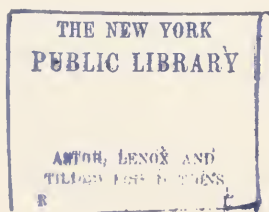
NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Published November, 1916



“There is work that is work;
There is play that is play;
There is play that is work;
There is work that is play—
 And one of these four
 Is the very best way.”

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LITTLE FOLKS IN BUSY-LAND



Good little Clara Clay
Is going far away—
Far, far away—
On a visit.

To see her cousins all
Will take her until fall.
See eight trunks small
For this visit.

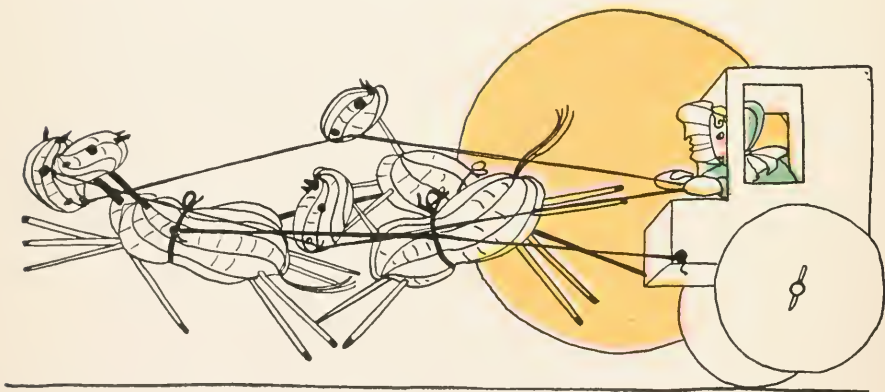
The coach bring to the door,
And peanut horses four.
She'll need no more
For this visit.

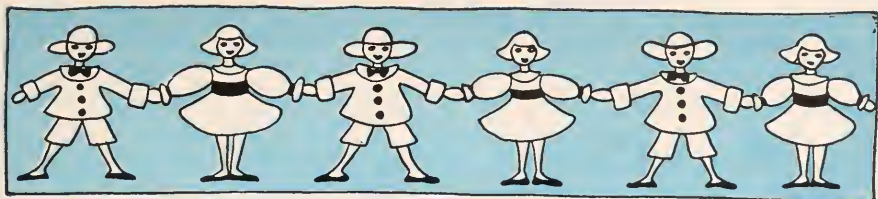
Bring wagons and a cart,
The eight trunks, too, must start.
Girls must look smart
On a visit.

Little Clara filled the eight little trunks with her little dresses, little coats, little hats, little gloves, and little shoes. She did not forget her little brush and comb and her little tooth-brush, for she was a neat little girl. Then with black paint her father marked on each trunk: "Clara Clay, Busy-Land."

By that time the little horses and carriage were quite ready for her to start. As soon as Clara was seated the little peanut horses trotted off. They ran for ten miles in a straight line, and for five miles more in a crooked one, and after that they galloped as fast as they could for twenty minutes, and after that they walked slowly for half an hour.

Then the peanut horses turned a corner, and before them lay a beautiful paper road. It was as white as snow and just as smooth as marble. Clara knew this must be the road to Paper-Land.





Away the horses flew! Clickity-click, clickity-clack, clickity-click-click-clack, clipity-clip, clipity-clap, clipity-clip-clip-clap. They dashed past a sign-post that had a large hand pointing to Paper-Land. Paper-Land was to be the first stop in Busy-Land, so Clara began to sing:

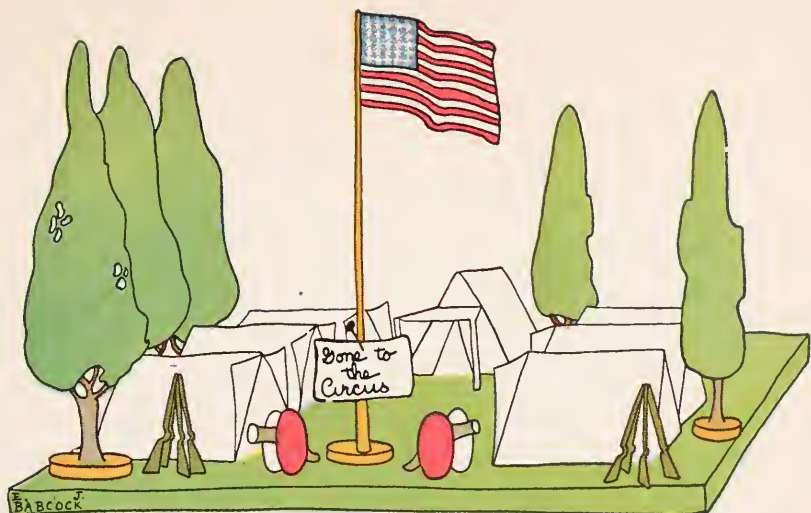
“ Oh, Paper-Land! Paper-Land!
See the paper people grand!
Paper houses, schools, and stores,
Paper roofs and paper floors.
Everywhere in Paper-Land
Boys and girls go hand in hand.”



PAPER-LAND 

Here we go, hand in hand
Through the towns of Paper-Land.





The little coach had not gone far along Paper-Road when Clara saw a high hill with a soldiers' camp on it. Up the hill went the peanut horses, and they chattered,

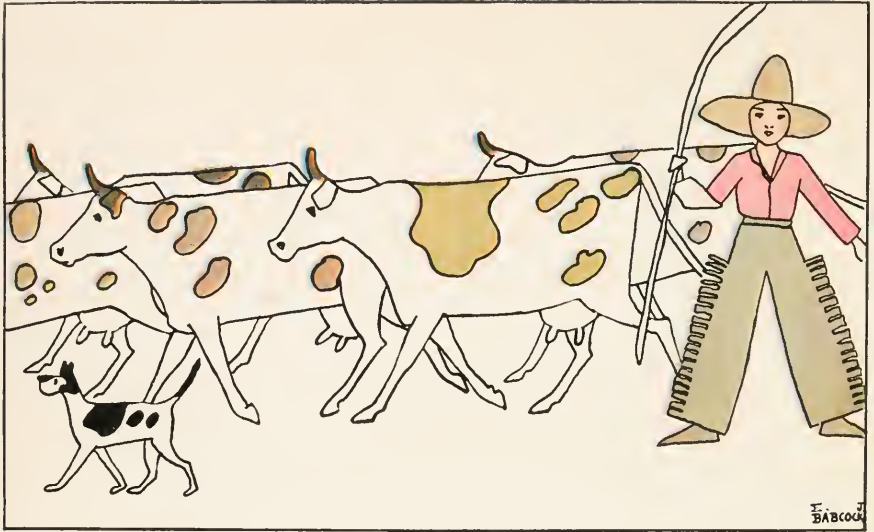
and clattered,

and pattered

till they reached the soldiers' camp.

Clara saw six large paper tents in the shade of six beautiful paper trees. Guns and cannon stood about, but where were the soldiers? A piece of paper pinned to the flagpole told Clara.

"Gone to the circus!" she read. "Oh, we shall just be in time for the circus!" laughed Clara. "Hurry, Dancer and Prancer and Robin and Dobbin! Hurry! Hurry as fast as you can!"



The horses galloped and galloped faster than they had ever gone before till they met a little paper dog, who ran out and barked at them. That was only the dog's way of saying: "Welcome to Paper-Land, little Clara Clay!"

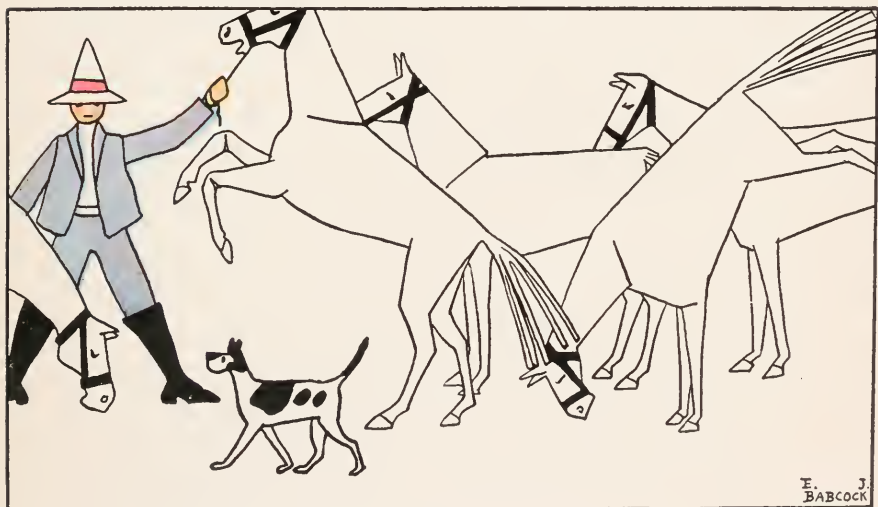
Clara said "Thank you" and "How do you do" to the polite paper dog, and then he ran back to his master, a paper cowboy. The cowboy was driving five fine paper cows to Paper-Town.

The five paper cows bowed to Clara and said: "Moo! Moo! Moo!" That was their only way of saying: "How do you do! How do you do! How do you do!"

By and by Clara came to a man and a dog who were taking five snow-white horses to pasture. The dog barked, "Good morning!" the horses neighed, "Good morning!" and the man called, "Good morning! Good morning!"

"Good morning!" cried Clara. "What beautiful white horses!" "These are circus horses," explained the man. "You will see them in the big parade this afternoon drawing the clown's cart. He stands up in his little cart and drives all these horses with one hand.

"There is a fine clown in our show,
Whose face is as white as bread dough.
He stands up to drive these white horses five,
This brave little clown in our show."



E. J.
BABCOCK



Little Clara rode on and on until she came to Paper-Farm, which was very near Paper-Town. The peanut horses knew that they were to have dinner at Paper-Farm, so they hurried toward the great barn.

The sheep saw Clara before the other animals did, so they cried: "Baa! Baa! Baa!" "Why do you baa?" asked the cow. "We see little Clara Clay, so we baa," said the sheep. "Then I will moo," said the cow. So the cow mooed.

"Why do you moo?" asked the pig. "Little Clara Clay is here," said the cow, "so I moo." "Then I will grunt," said the pig, and so the pig grunted.

"Why do you grunt?" asked the duckling. "Little Clara Clay has come visiting, so I grunt," said the pig. "Then I will quack," said the duckling. So the duckling quacked.



“Why do you quack?” asked the turkeys. “Little Clara Clay has come to Paper-Farm, so I quack,” said the duckling. “Then we will gobble,” said the turkeys. So the turkeys gobbled.

“Why do you gobble?” asked the chickens. Little Clara Clay is making us a visit,” said the turkeys, “so we gobble.” “Then I will crow and the hen will cluck and the little chicks will peep,” said the rooster.

So the rooster crowed and the hen clucked and the chicks peeped and the turkeys gobbled and the pigs grunted and the cow mooed and the sheep baaed because little Clara Clay had come to Paper-Farm.

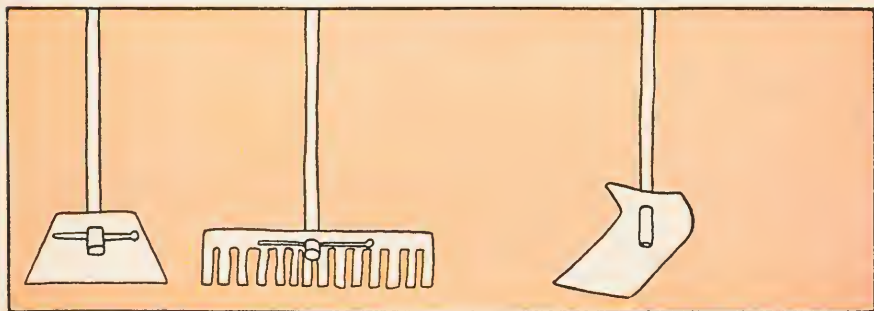


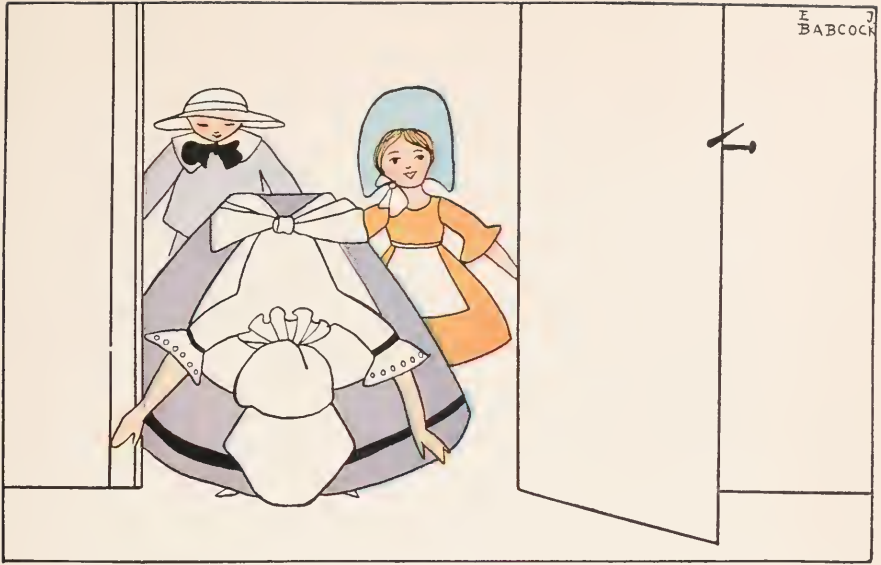
The farmer came hurrying out of the barn to see why the rooster crowed and the hen clucked and the chicks peeped and the turkeys gobbled and the pigs grunted and the cow mooed and the sheep baaed.

“Why, here is my dear little niece!” cried the farmer, and he laughed and laughed because he was so glad that little Clara had come to Paper-Farm. He showed her all over the garden and let her use his garden tools.

Clara was asking her uncle why the vegetables and flowers were all so white and so flat, when she heard some one talking in a high, little, crackling voice as thin as paper. She looked all round the field but could see no one. “That’s your Aunt Paper,” said the farmer, “and it’s an invitation for you to stay to dinner.”

Clara turned around and saw the farmhouse door was open and in the doorway stood a thin little paper lady and close behind her were two little paper children. They all bowed so low that their sunbonnets



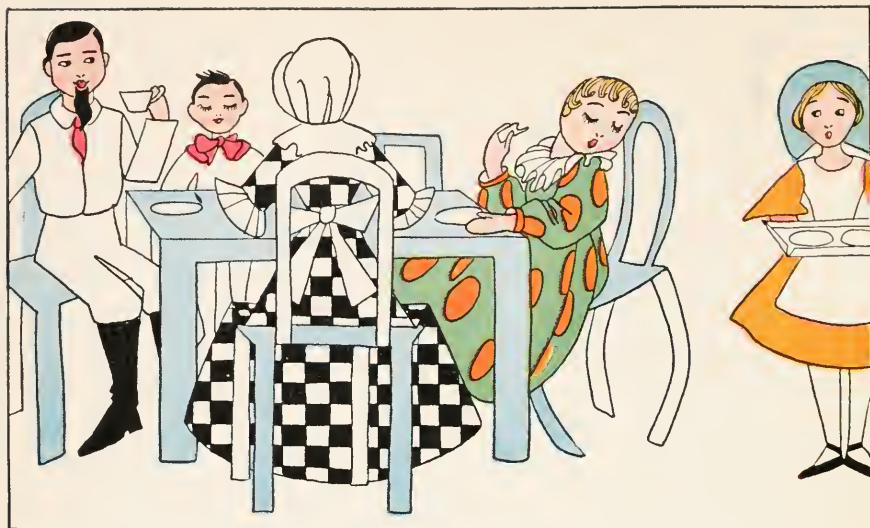


and hat hit the floor with a thin, crackling sound. "Of course they must be my aunt and cousins," thought Clara as she followed Uncle Paper into the house.

The children told her their names were Polly and Peter. Peter placed a chair for Clara at one side of a long paper table. "Have some bread?" Polly asked in a sweet, thin tone. Clara took a piece, but it was so thin she thought she would have to ask for more. She looked all around the table, for riding had made her hungry.

The chicken, the potatoes, the soup, the butter, the bread, the pudding, and even the dishes were cut from paper.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Clara to herself; "if I stay



long in Paper-Land I shall starve to death or else be as thin as my little cousins Polly and Peter.

“My teacher told us all about paper people and Paper-Land. She said:

“There are some queer people so thin,
 They are not as thick as a pin.
 When asked what they eat, they say,
 “Newspapers sweet,”
 And then all those queer people grin.”

After dinner the children threw away all the plates and cups and saucers and knives and forks



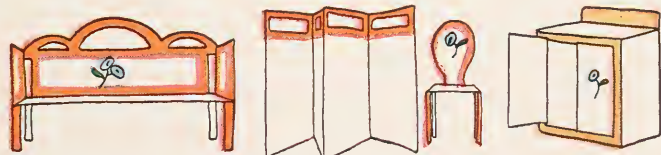


and spoons. "Oh, why do you do that? Why don't you wash them?" asked Clara.

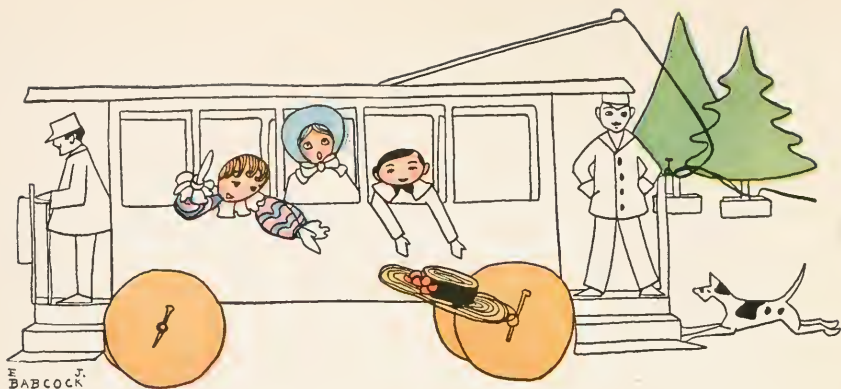
"It's easy to cut more," answered Polly; "and, besides, no one in Paper-Land ever washes dishes.

"Why should we wish
 To wash a dish?
 We cut and paste,
 And then in haste
 You see us get
 A nice new set."

Aunt Paper took Clara all over the house and showed her the pretty bedroom that was to be hers that night. "I only hope those stiff sheets won't cut my head off," thought Clara.



Е. А. Б. С. К. I.



“We must hurry to get ready for the circus!” called Polly, so Clara and her aunt hurried downstairs. A trolley-car passed the farm, and, as they were riding, Polly and Peter pointed out their school and church and grandfather’s house.

“What are those animals running about over there?” thought Clara to herself. “How very large they are! They must be the elephants I have heard of.”

“Look, quick!” cried Polly and Peter together. “There are two children!”

“Children!” said Clara; “are they a kind of elephant?”

“Indeed, they are not,” Polly laughed. “Those are just real live children and their names are Elizabeth and Bernard.”

“That is the kind of child who makes us and this car and our houses and barns and animals and our circus,” explained Peter.



Σ
ΒΑΒΟΟΚ
Ζ

“And our schools, too,” sighed Polly. “I should not wonder a bit if they made you, too, Clara Clay,” she added.

“I hope the car will go near them,” said Clara. “I want to see what they are doing. What have they in their hands?”

“Those are paper windmills,” answered Polly. “When the children run the wind makes the wheels turn.”

“Look! Look!” screamed Peter. “There are four soldier children!” The soldiers were marching down the street. One boy was beating a drum—Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat-too! Rat-a-tat-too!

All the soldiers wore pretty, white soldier caps. Down the street they marched. Left, right! Left, right! Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat-too! “That is the circus

band," explained Peter as the car passed the little soldiers.

"I wish we could see more children," sighed Clara, who still looked back at the marching soldiers. "Oh, there is another!" she cried. "What has that boy, Peter?"

"Children call that thing a kite," explained Peter, but we know it is really a big paper bird. It flies best when the wind blows, and we shall see more of them on the circus grounds."

"What does the kite bird live on?"

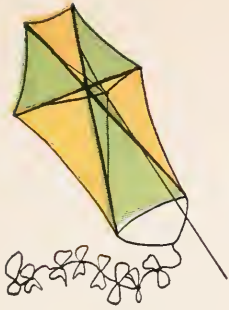
"Wind, just wind," replied Peter.

"Suppose it couldn't find any wind?" Clara asked.

"Then it could not fly at all," said Polly.



E. J. BABCOCK



As the car passed the child,
he tossed the kite high in the
air and shouted :

“ The wind is just right
To fly my kite,
With a rush of string,
Like a real live thing!

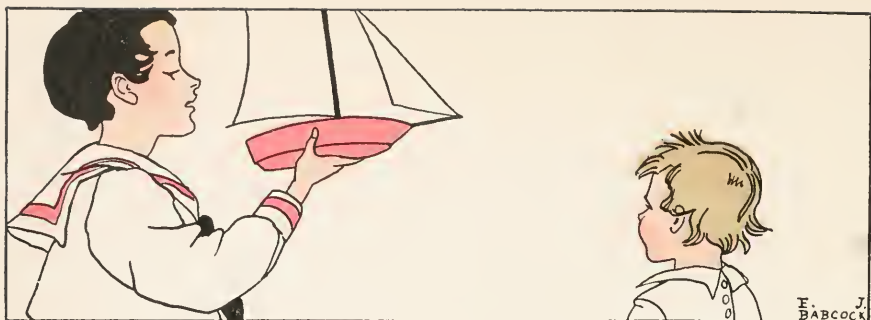
“ Up, up toward the sky
See my kite fly.
Above the tall trees,
It sails on the breeze.”

Away flew the kite bird,
and Clara was surprised to
see what a long tail it had.

As the car turned the
next corner they saw an-
other boy sailing boats in a
big, muddy puddle. “ Look!
Look!” cried Clara, waving
her hand to the boy. He
took one of his boats from
the puddle and held it up
for her to see.



F. J.
BABCOCK



“Does your paper boat really float, and wouldn't it sink if a wave struck it?” shouted Clara.

The boy laughed and called back :

“Oh, it's I who am the captain of a little paper boat,
A better or a prettier ship you never saw afloat,
And if a breeze makes great high waves upon
the muddy puddle,
The little boat will fly along and to the shore
will cuddle.”

The car flew around another corner, and right before them was the circus. “Such a lot of tents!” said Polly. “It must be a big show!” A stiff paper guard stood near the gate. “Tickets! Tickets!” shouted the guard, holding out both hands. In a moment every one but Clara was handing him a ticket; they were a great deal larger than the people and had nothing written or printed on them.

“I haven't any ticket,” Clara said in a low tone,

for without a ticket she was sure she could not get into the circus.

“Well, who said you did have!” screamed the guard. “Hurry along and don’t block up the gate.”

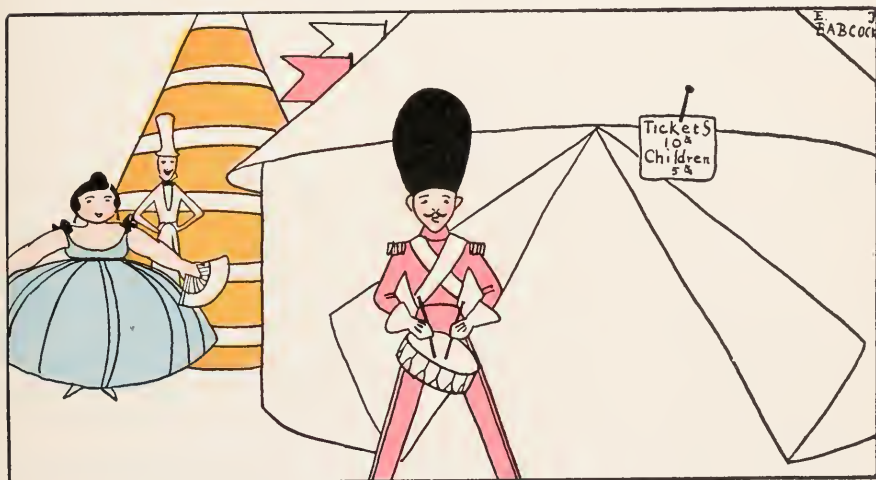
“He isn’t very polite,” thought Clara; “but, anyway, I’m in.”

The paper musicians were making a great noise. “Why, those clappers look like paper-weights,” said Clara, “and, see—the drums look like pill-boxes!”

“Certainly they do,” replied Peter. “Pill-boxes are the best drums in Paper-Land. Listen to the drummer’s song:

“Last night I bought me a pill-box drum,
Boom, boom, boom!

Who knows, said I, when a war will come?
Boom, boom, boom!





I'm not at all frightened, you understand;
But if I am called on to fight for my land,
I want to be ready to play in the band,
 Boom, boom, boom!"

"Don't crowd me! I'm not taking up any room!" shouted the tissue-paper giant who stood next to the fat lady. He was so thin that you could see right through him. Had it not been for the thick buttons on his coat you might never have known that he stood there at all.

The fat lady wore a sky blue dress of tissue-paper. "It must have taken quite a thousand yards to make



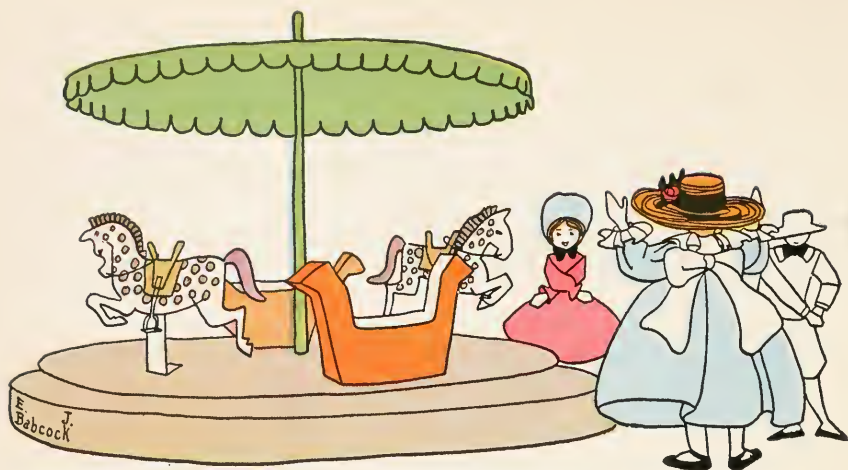


that dress," giggled Polly. Clara thought the fat lady heard Polly. Polly said she couldn't hear a word, for whoever made her forgot to give her any ears.

There were so many things to see at the circus! The animals were so tame Clara could go up close to them. The little brown monkeys swung high and low or rode on the backs of tall camels. The great gray elephants picked up peanuts with their long trunks.

The white-faced clown stood in his cart and did so many funny tricks that a great yellow lion in a big red cage roared and roared. The yellow lion was the king of all the circus animals.





“Let us have a ride!” cried Peter as he ran toward the merry-go-round. Clara and Polly ran after him as fast as they could. There were horses to ride on, or little boats, if you did not like to ride on the high horses. There was a fine organ making merry music while boats and horses went round and round.

Round and round, round and round,
To the organ's merry sound.
Up and down, horses bound;
Where can greater fun be found?

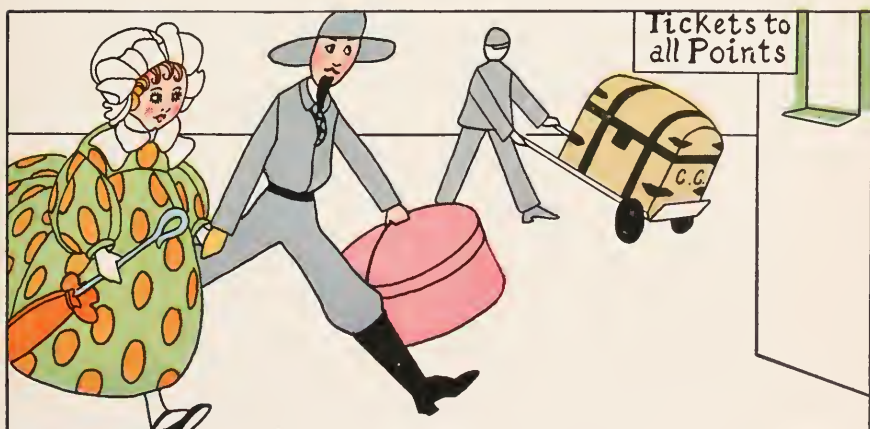
Faster now, now more slow,
See the boats and horses go.
Whoa! good horses, whoa! whoa! whoa!
We are stopping now, I know.

“All aboard! All aboard for Paper-Farm!” called Farmer Paper as Clara and Polly and Peter got off the merry-go-round.

“Good-by, children! Good-by!” shouted the little clown, and the big lion roared his good-by.

Clara stayed at Paper-Farm a whole week, and during that week Polly and Peter took her for many long walks through Paper-Land. Of all the places they visited, the one she liked best was the great paper factory.

In the paper factory old rags were turned into clean white paper. The man who owned the factory took several sheets of the snowy paper and made a little book for each of the children. He told Clara to write in her book all the strange things she saw on her journey.



Clara liked the little book very much, and on the first page wrote all she could remember about the paper factory. Polly and Peter cut out pretty pictures and pasted them in their books.

One day they stopped at a drug-store to buy Clara some writing-paper and envelopes so she could send a letter to her mother and father. The druggist was not as thin as Farmer Paper, and he had tooth-pick legs and arms. Clara saw that his body was a large round pill-box and his head a smaller round pill-box.

That night Clara wrote to her parents:



E. J.
Babcock

“PAPER-LAND, June 15, 1916.

“DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER—Paper-Land is a lovely place. Just think! We have a new set of dishes at each meal!

“We went to the circus and had a fine time. There were elephants, camels, monkeys, tigers, and a lion who was king of them all. Then there was a funny clown and a great fat lady and a thin giant and a drummer with a pill-box drum.

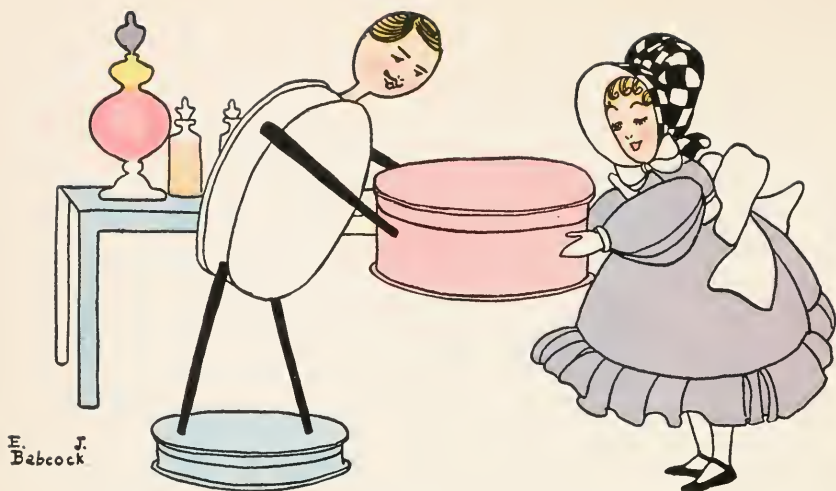
“But, oh! the strangest animals were called ‘CHILDREN’! They moved about alone and made their arms go all by themselves. They were a pinkish white and had real hair which grew on their heads. ‘It can’t blow off,’ Polly says. Those children made good music just by opening their mouths. Peter said they were singing. I hope you may see real children some time.

“One day we went to a big paper factory and the man gave me a nice book. This letter-paper I bought in a store kept by such a queer-looking man. His body and his head were made of pill-boxes and he had three stiff legs and two stiff arms.

“To-morrow I am going to Shadow-Land. I shall leave the horses here and go on a train. Polly is waiting to post this, so good-by from

“Your loving daughter,

“CLARA.”



Every one in Paper-Land was very sorry to have Clara go away. The druggist brought her a pink pill-box to keep her best bonnet in. The man at the paper factory sent some pretty napkins and a paper cup to carry with her lunch. Even the farm animals each brought a little gift.

The cow gave her a nice comb made from her broken horn; the pig gave her a beautiful hair-brush made from his bristles; the sheep gave enough soft wool for a little dress; the duckling brought down for a pillow; the hen brought fresh-laid eggs for her lunch; and the roosters and turkeys pulled out their prettiest feathers to trim her winter hats.

When the man came to take Clara's eight trunks to the train, the sheep baaed, the cow mooed, the pig grunted, the turkeys gobbled, the hen clucked,

the chicks peeped, the rooster crowed, and Polly and Peter wept, although tears are not good for paper children.

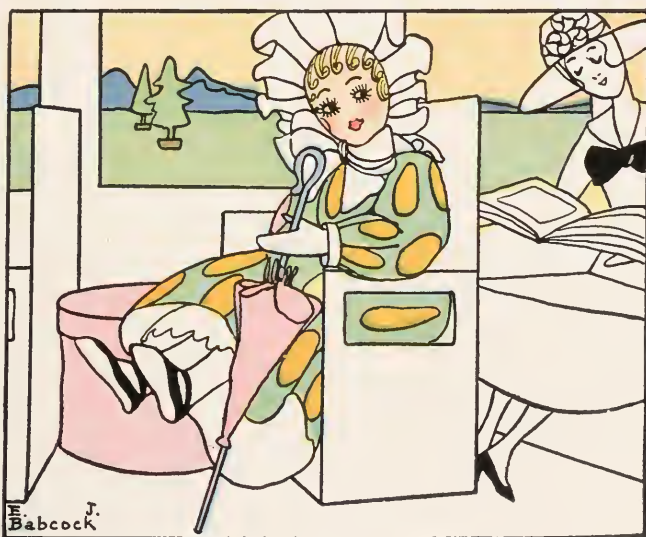
Uncle Paper took his little niece to the train and found her a good seat near a window. Toot, toot, toot, toot! Ding, dong, ding, dong! The cars were off. "Next stop is Box Town," shouted the conductor; "change at Box Town for Shadow-Land."

"Box Town," thought Clara, "that sounds like a nice place. I am glad we are going to change cars there so I can see what kind of town it is."

"Box Town, Box Town! Change for Shadow-Land," called the conductor.

"How long do we wait here?" Clara asked.

"About an hour," he replied.



Clara thought that Box Town station looked very much like a large shoe-box, and the big hotel next to it reminded her of a big hat-box. The neat little white cottages on each side of the street made her think of candy-boxes, and she was quite sure that the school, the church, the pretty theatre, and the town hall had once contained breakfast foods.

The circus paraded past the station on its way to a train, and Clara saw again her friends, the big lion in his red box cage and the jolly clown in his box cart.

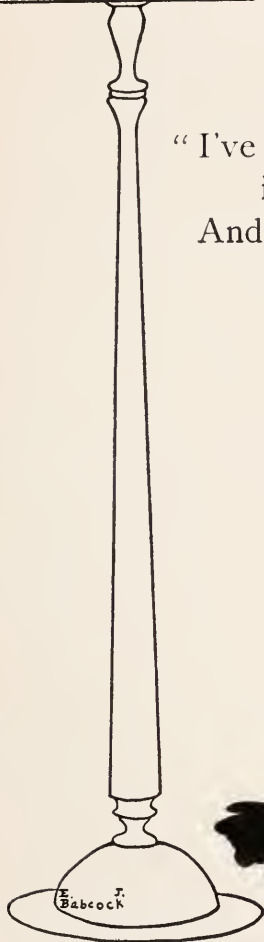
All the people who lived in Box Town looked like the druggist of Paper-Land. They, too, had round pill-box bodies and smaller pill-boxes for heads. Their toothpick legs were very straight and so were their little arms.

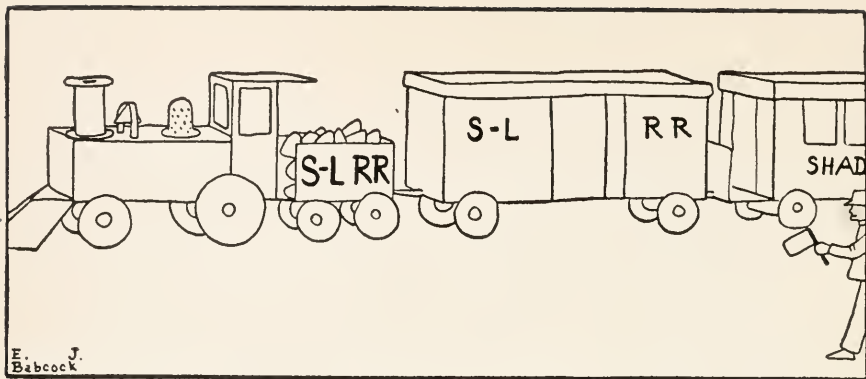
Toot, toot! A train puffed up to Box Town station. "This train for Shadow-Land," called the trainman, and Clara hurried out with the other passengers.



Shadowy-Land

“I’ve a funny little shadow that goes
in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is
more than I can see.”





“All aboard for Shadow-Land! All aboard for Shadow-Land!” shouted the conductor. His train, like the other, was made up of little white cars which looked very much like shoe-boxes.

There was an engine with a spool smoke-stack, a coal-car filled with lumps of white paper coal, a baggage-car with wide doors, and a passenger-car with many windows and a little door at each end. The travellers were dressed all in white. The engine puffed white smoke.

“All aboard!” shouted the conductor for the last time. Then he waved a little white flag and away the train flew. Suddenly it went into a long, dark tunnel and Clara could not see a single thing, but she heard a voice beside her say: “When we get out of this tunnel we shall be in Shadow-Land.”

“Are you going to stop in Shadow-Land?” Clara asked the voice.

“Yes, I am going to make a visit in Shadow-Land,” the voice answered.

“Why, so am I,” cried Clara. “I am going to visit my cousins Bertha and Bernard Black.”

When the train shot from the long tunnel Clara saw the owner of the voice. “She is as black as ink,” thought Clara; “it must be because the smoke is so black now.” She looked at the other passengers in the car and saw that they, too, were black. The train, which had also turned black, was now stopping at Shadow-Land, so Clara hurried out.

“Hurrah! Here she is!” shouted two pleasant voices together, and Clara knew that they must belong to Bertha and Bernard.

The new cousins were soon hurrying Clara along between them.

“How can you go so fast in the darkness?” panted Clara.

“Oh, we can see, all right,” replied Bertha. “Look; there is our house.”

“Where?” asked Clara. “I can’t see anything. The sun is not shining.”

“You will soon see, all right,” said Bernard. “And you know we cannot have a shadow without the sun. He is shining, only he is always behind us in Shadow-Land.”

By the time they reached her cousins’ home Clara could see plainly. The house was white with black



edges and black blinds and had a black door and a black chimney. Black trees grew around it and a big black bird was flying over the roof.

Indoors, she found the furniture was all black and flat. "Just as if it had been painted on the walls with ink or had been cut out of black paper," said Clara to herself. Out of the window she could see a barn-yard, and

Into a black puddle,
 With a splash and a dive,
 Went a black mother duck
 And her black ducklings five.



A fat black hen was running about and clucking loudly. Bernard was calling :

“Higgledy, piggledy, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Sometimes nine and sometimes ten,
Higgledy, piggledy, my black hen.”

As Clara turned from the window Bertha called: “Come into the garden, Clara, and we will show you our dog and cat and rabbit.” The dog and cat and rabbit were all as black as the fat hen, and the children’s garden tools were black, too. Bertha gave her some beautiful black pansies that she had raised herself.

“I will press them and paste them in my little book,” said Clara, “and they will always remind me of your garden.”





“’Way, ’way over there you can see father’s black sheep,” said Bernard. “That sheep gives three bags full of wool every year—

“‘One for his master,
One for his dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives in the lane.’”

“Dinner! dinner!” called the maid, and the children ran to the house as fast as they could. Clara saw that everything on the table was black—the napkins, the cups, the saucers, the plates, the knives, the forks, the spoons, and the teapot.

The food, too, was black—the bread, the fish, the potatoes, the cake, the pie, and even the tea and coffee. “I hope it will taste good,” she said to herself, and she was glad to see that the cake was chocolate, which was the very kind she liked best.

The blackberries were the largest and sweetest that Clara had ever tasted, and Bernard said they came from his own garden. After the chocolate cake they had licorice and chocolate candy and black walnuts.

Beside each little black plate stood an empty black glass. Clara wondered why the glasses were empty and wished the maid would fill them with water. At that very moment Bertha and Bernard began to sing:

“‘Now, fill up our glasses with good black ink,
Nothing’s more healthful or better to drink.’”

After dinner Aunt Black told Bernard to give Clara a ride; so he ran out, and in a few minutes was at the door with a little black wagon. Clara was soon seated, and, trot, trot, trot went Bernard, while, bump, bump, bump went Clara. It was great fun and she did not mind the bumps a bit.

E. J.
Babcock





Suddenly Bernard stopped trotting and pointed to the big, full moon that was now shining down upon them. "See, there is that cow jumping over the moon again," cried Bernard; "and, look," pointing to a near-by field, "there is the cat fiddling and the dog laughing and the dish running after the spoon."

Clara was very much pleased at this sight, for she had read in her book at home the story of

"Hey! diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
While the dish ran after the spoon."

“Now, do you want to see where ink is made?” asked Bernard, after the cow and dog and cat and spoon and dish had run out of their sight. “All the ink is made in our country, and I can get you a bottle if you would like it.”

“Why, that is just what I need,” said Clara. “I want some ink so I can write a letter with it to-night.” Before she went to bed Clara used the ink Bernard had given her. This is her letter:

“SHADOW-LAND, June 16, 1916.

“DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER: This is a nice country, but it seemed very queer at first. Every one and everything is flat and black or black and flat, which is the same, I guess.

“Everything looks as if it had been cut out of black paper or had been painted with black ink. This fine ink I am using is made in Shadow-Land. Bernard gave it to me to-day. The people here eat black food and drink black ink instead of water.

“I like Shadow-Land because every one here is so kind to me. To-morrow I am going on to Color-Land in—guess what! A sailboat! I have always wanted to have a sail on the sea. Now is my chance.

“I am writing about all the strange things in my little book, so you can read them when I get home.

“Your loving daughter,

“CLARA.”

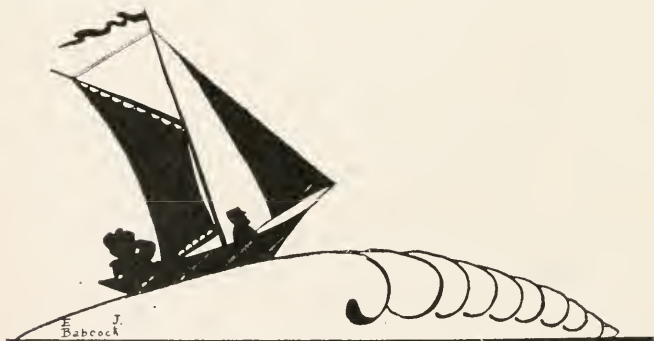
Early the next morning Bertha and Bernard and their father went with Clara to the boat. "Such a funny, funny boat!" thought Clara as Uncle Black helped her to a seat. "It is all black—the sails, the mast, the flag, and even the captain's suit."

"Good-by! Come again!" called Bertha and Bernard as the little boat sailed away.

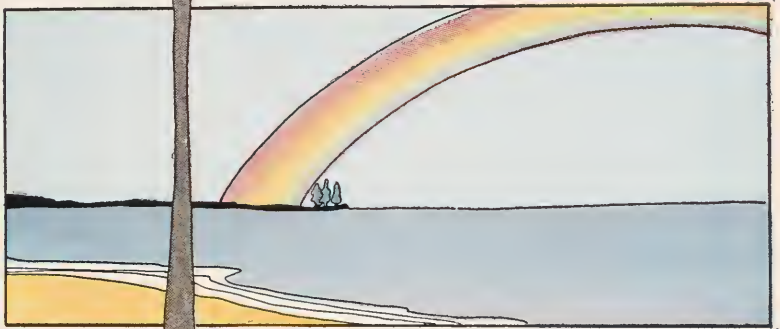
"Good-by! I surely will!" called Clara, waving her hand. She waved until her cousins were like tiny specks on the shore. Then she gazed about in surprise. Something wonderful had happened while she had been looking toward Shadow-Land.

The dark sky had become a beautiful blue and so had the water, the sand on the shore shone like gold, the boat was now a pretty red with snowy sails, and the captain's suit was a nice dark blue.

"We have just crossed the line between Shadow-Land and Color-Land," said the captain as he saw Clara's surprised look. "In a few minutes we shall sail up the river and some one will pull us ashore."

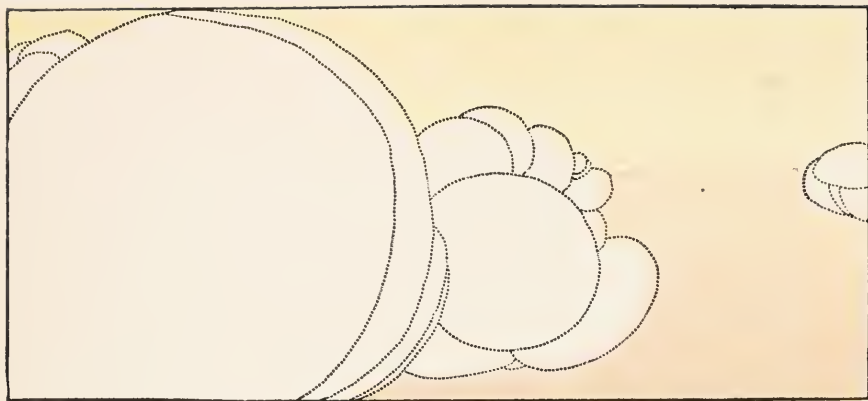


Color Land



“ ‘Where can you find all the colors,’ dear?
I think the easiest way
Is just to look at the rain-
bow bright,
For the storm has passed
away.”

E J
Eabcock



Clara watched the beautiful colors about her—the blue sky with its soft white clouds, the blue water with its tiny whitecaps, the red boat with its snow-white sails. She could have looked at the red and the white and the blue forever, she thought, but just then she saw that the color of the water was changing.

They were now sailing up a dark brown river with trees on each bank. On and on and on and on—a hundred miles or more—went the little boat. Suddenly it began to go faster and faster and faster and faster. “I know why we are going so fast,” thought Clara. “Some one is pulling us to the shore. In my book it says:

““ Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand.

“Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.’”

—STEVENSON.

“Oh, Clara, we are so glad you have come to Color-Land,” cried the little girl who had pulled the boat ashore. “Come home with me, and to-morrow you shall see our wonderful Color-Land.”

She took Clara to a pretty little house. It was painted brown and around it was green grass and behind it were green trees. Overhead was the beautiful blue sky and near the front door was a tiny little lake—as blue as the sky above it.





Early the next morning Iris (for that was the little girl's name) took Clara for a walk. "Hurry, dear," she said. "I have something very wonderful and very beautiful to show you!"

"Before you were awake there was an accident in the sky. Two little floating clouds were going so fast they bumped their heads together and both began to cry. Good Father Sun looked down and said: 'Oh, never mind, my dears, I'll send my little fairies to dry your tears!'"

"One fairy came in red so fine,
And one in orange bright,
Then yellow, green, blue, violet
Were all at once in sight.

"They wiped the cloud tears all away,
And then from out the sky,
Upon a line the sunbeams made,
They hung their gowns to dry.'"

There in the sky hung the fairy clothes, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet. Iris called it a "rainbow," and said that her name—Iris—meant rainbow. By and by the clothes dried and the little fairies took them all away.

Clara was very sorry to see the beautiful colors go, but Iris showed her the same colors—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet—in the flowers of the field and in the windows of a pretty little church near by.

"What is that?" Clara pointed to a beautiful flower growing in a meadow.

"That is an *iris*," said her little friend. "Its name is the same as mine—we are both named after the rainbow. Sometimes the iris is called a 'blue lily,' but I like to call it iris because it has all the rainbow's lovely colors."

"Where did all the beautiful colors in your country come from?" asked Clara. "There was no color in Paper-Land or in Shadow-Land and there is none in my own Clay Country."

"It is quite a long story," replied Iris, "but I shall be glad to tell you all about it.

"Far away in the sky lives a rich king—so rich that everything in his home is of the brightest gold and wherever he looks there are rays of golden light. He is as good and generous as he is rich and great.

Every day he sends beautiful gifts to all the people who live on the earth below him.

“This good, kind king has six lovely children—three boys and three girls—and their last name is Ray. The children do not look like their father or just like the children on the earth, for each little Ray has a pair of beautifully colored wings.

“One day King Sun called the little Rays together and said to them: ‘Children, do you want to go to earth and make all things bright and beautiful?’

“‘Oh, how lovely, father!’ exclaimed the little Ray girls, and ‘When may we start?’ asked the little Ray boys.

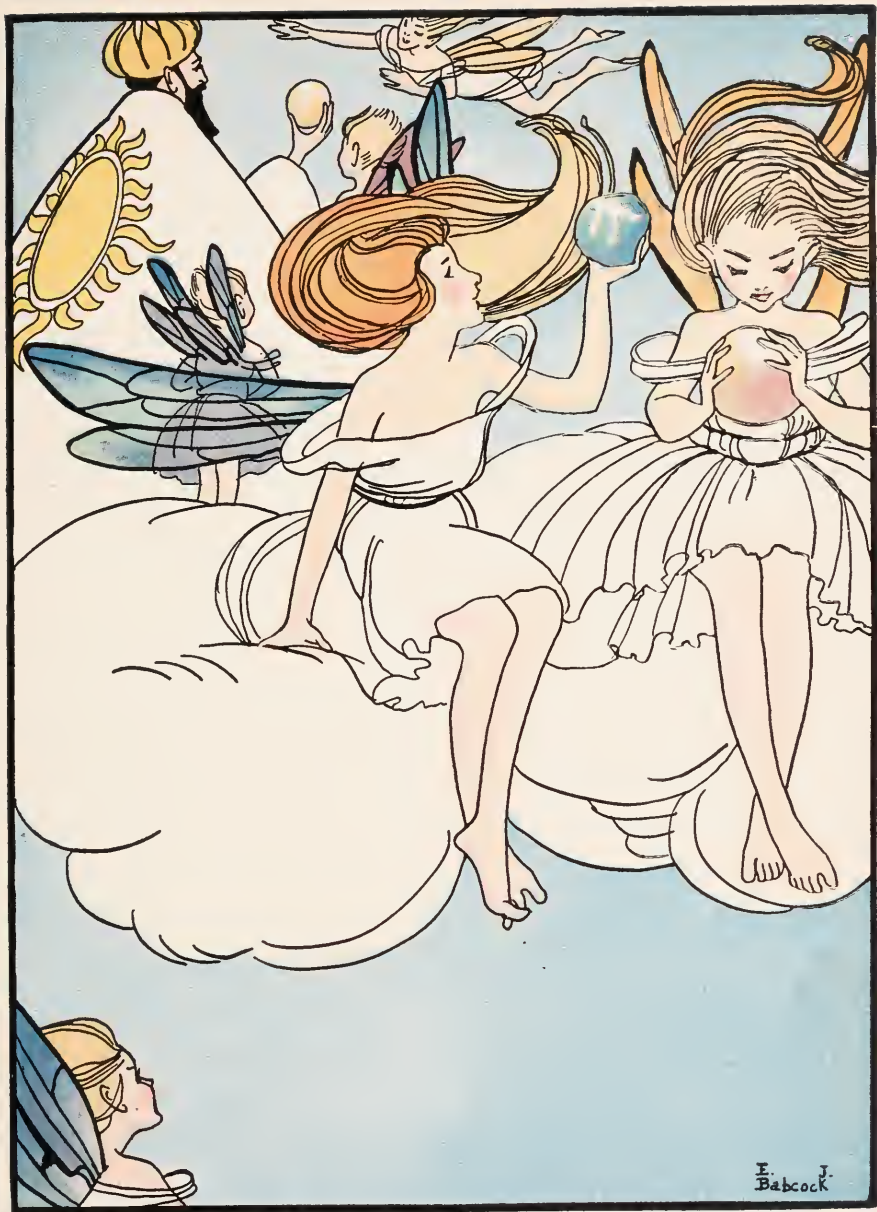
“‘So you all want to go,’ smiled their father. ‘Well, you may start just as soon as I have given you each a present.’

“He opened a little golden box and took from it six beautiful jewels. The six stones were exactly the colors of his children’s wings. ‘I shall give you each a stone to match your wings,’ he said, ‘and everything it touches will turn the same color as the stone.

“‘Here, Red,’ calling his oldest son, ‘is a ruby. Touch it to anything you like and it will be a pretty, bright red like your wings.

“‘Orange,’ he said to his oldest daughter, ‘this orange stone is a topaz. Anything you touch with it will be as lovely as your wonderful orange wings.

“‘Come, little Green,’ the King said to his second



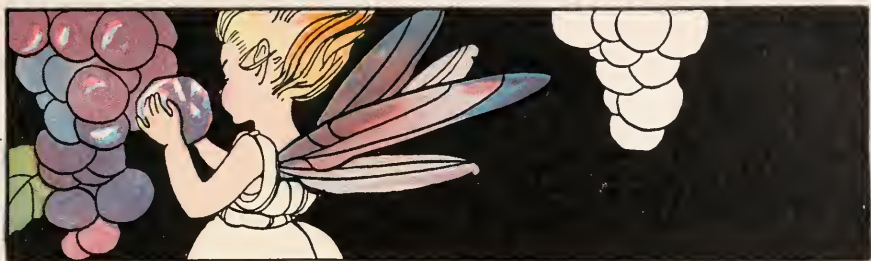
E. J. Babcock



daughter, 'take this precious green stone called an emerald. It matches your own soft wings. Perhaps you will find more to touch with your stone than your brothers and sisters. Your greatest friend on earth will be a beautiful maiden named Spring. She is waiting now to welcome you.

"'Now, my Little Boy Blue,' laughed the King as he tossed up his youngest son, 'you shall have this beautiful blue sapphire, which just matches your little blue wings. You will find lakes and rivers and flowers and birds waiting for a touch of your lovely blue sapphire.'





“‘My darling baby Violet!’ cried the King, taking his smallest child upon his knee. ‘You are not too tiny to work. With this violet stone called an amethyst you may do much good in the world.

“‘Here, Yellow, for you I have a piece of amber as golden as the sunlight.

“‘Now, children, you may start,’ said the father. ‘Form in line and join hands—Red first, Orange second, Yellow third, Green fourth, Blue next, and little Violet last. Red, you must take good care of your sister Green; Orange and Blue, help one another when you reach the earth; and Yellow, take care of our baby Violet.

“‘Each of you do a great deal of good and make as many bright and pretty things as you can. Spread your wings, my dears, and fly, hand in hand, to the earth.’

“Down, down, down floated the little Rays, and soon they were standing on the dull, colorless earth. ‘Who will go to work first?’ asked Yellow. ‘You begin, Red, because you are the oldest.’



“‘All right!’ exclaimed Red. ‘I see lots of things to color,’ and away he flew. He found some round things hanging on a tree and touched them with his bright ruby. All at once rosy-cheeked apples hung on the tree.

“Then Red saw little round things nodding in the grass at his feet. He touched them with his stone and made red clover blossoms. After that he colored strawberries, cherries, roses, and so many other things that his little brothers and sisters began to think he would leave nothing for them to color. They thought it time for them to get to work, too.

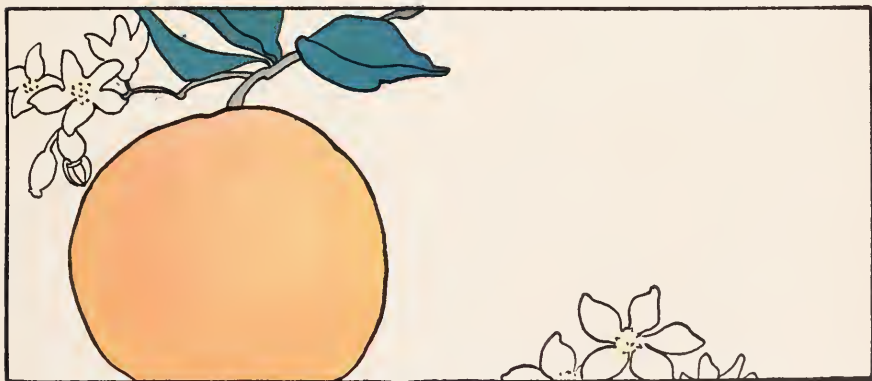




“‘Shall we go to work now?’ asked Orange. ‘Yes! Yes!’ cried the four eager little Rays, and away they flew, darting here and there like great butterflies.

“Orange looked about and saw other round things hanging on a tree. She touched them with her orange stone, and there hung the delicious fruit that we call oranges. Then she spied large round things in a field. A touch from the amber stone made them golden pumpkins.

“Orange did not stop until she had colored wild lilies, marigolds, nasturtiums, and a very large round flower that she called ‘sunflower,’ after her father.





“Yellow hurried from tree to tree, coloring lemons, pears, peaches, grapefruit, and bananas. In the meadow he touched cowslips, buttercups, dandelions, and goldenrod. In the gardens he made yellow roses, pansies, and gay daffodils.

“Little Green crept softly over the grass, touching it everywhere and giving it the color of her lovely wings. She also helped her brothers and sisters with the trees, and her bright green leaves made the oranges and apples and all the other fruits more beautiful.

“Spring danced joyously about as her little friend worked, touching bushes, moss, vines, and plants, until the whole earth was a soft, tender green.





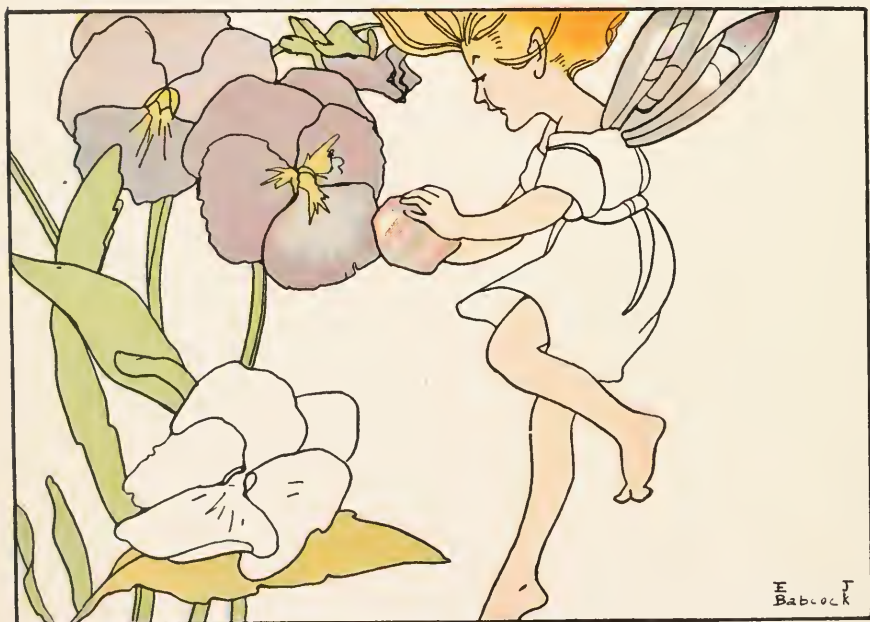
“‘What is there left for me to do?’ sighed Blue. ‘Oh, here is a tiny flower they have forgotten.’ He stooped down and touched the tiny blossom, and ever since then the little forget-me-not has been the color of Blue’s beautiful wings. He touched some plants hung with little bells. The little bells were delighted with their pretty blue dresses and nodded their ‘thank you’s.’ Birds flew down to see the bluebells in their new gowns, and Blue touched them with his stone. The happy bluebirds flew away to show their beautiful blue feathers to the other birds.

“‘My father told me to color lakes and rivers,’ remembered Blue, so I shall touch them next. When



he made the water a sparkling blue, he flew to the sky, touching it here and there and making it a wonderful blue. The soft, fleecy clouds were so pretty that he left them just as they were—white.

“Baby Violet was almost in tears, for there seemed nothing left for her to do. At last she spied a vine with clusters of round green things hanging to it. ‘Those clusters would be prettier if they were the color of my stone,’ she decided, so she touched them and made purple grapes. On some trees she found fruit that was almost round, and this she turned into purple plums. In the field she touched thistles and asters with her purple stone, and last of all she





touched a tiny flower that lay hidden under its heart-shaped leaves. 'This little blossom shall be called violet, after me,' said Baby Ray.

"'Come,' called Red, 'let us all work together for a while.'

"'Yes, yes,' shouted his brothers and sisters, 'let us see what beautiful things we can make together.'

"They set to work with a will, using first one stone and then another until they were tired. Had you been there you would have seen fluffy yellow chicks and big brown hens whose heads and feet were touched with bright red, robins with bright red breasts and other birds with feathers of all colors, and gayly tinted butterflies.

"'Now I think we have finished our work,' exclaimed Orange.

"'No, see,' cried Baby Violet, 'there is something we have forgotten,' and she pointed to a drop of dew. In a moment the dewdrops shone with all the colors of the rainbow.



“The sun smiled down at his children, and the little Rays joined hands once more, spread their soft, shining wings, and floated up and up and up until they stood again before their father.

“‘Well done, my dears,’ cried the good King. ‘Each of you touched exactly the right things, and together you have made the earth beautiful. I could have done no better myself.’”

“Oh, is that the end of the story?” asked Clara as Iris stopped speaking.

“Yes, that is all there is to tell, except that since then the little Rays have come often to earth. As soon as winter goes they hurry down to color leaves and blossoms and grass and fruit. Just think of their work on an old apple-tree! In the early spring Green colors the leaves and Red touches the blos-



soms so very lightly that they become a dainty pink. Then for a few weeks Green takes care of the tree. Toward fall Red colors the cheeks of the apples, and after the fruit is gathered all the little Rays lend a hand.

“They work together to color the leaves of other trees every autumn. A big maple is a wonderful sight after the little Rays have touched it with their stones. Sometimes it looks as if it were on fire. Did you ever see anything prettier than these four apple-trees and this maple in her autumn dress?”

“Why does not the maple keep her beautiful leaves?” inquired Clara.

“The leaves grow tired and want to go to bed, so the tree drops them gently on the ground and the snow covers them snug and warm.

“I know another pretty story if you would like to hear it. This one is about the autumn leaves.”

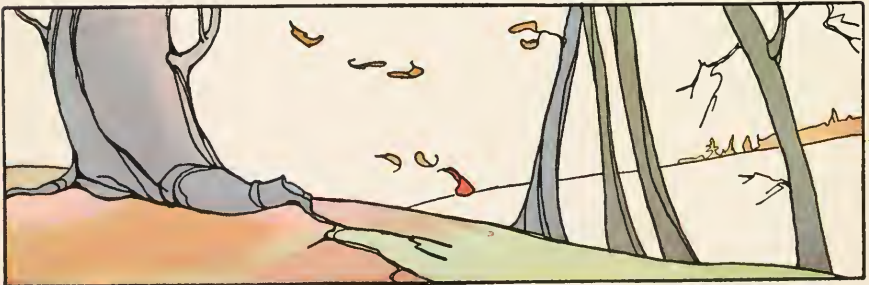
“Do tell it to me, Iris, please,” begged Clara, so Iris began :

“The great tree to his children said :
‘You’re getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red,
It is quite time you went to bed.’

“I saw them ; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

“The great bare tree looked down and smiled.
‘Good night, dear little leaves,’ he said ;
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, ‘Good night,’ and murmured :
‘It is so nice to go to bed.’”

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.





“Those were beautiful stories,” sighed Clara. “I wish the little Rays would come to Clay Country.”

“Sister Rose and I will show you how to color things for yourself,” said Iris. “See, we have here crayons and a box of paints. You can color grass and trees and flowers and vegetables and fruits and many, many other things with them.

“Each little cake of paint has been touched by one of the little Rays. See, here are red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet. You will need a dish of water to moisten the little cakes and you will need a soft brush, too.

“The crayons are like pencils and you will not need water or a brush when you use them.”

“I will make some Japanese lanterns for you,” said Rose. “See, I dip my brush into the water and make the wet shape of a lantern on my paper. Then I touch the cakes of paint with the brush and drop bright colors on the wet shape.”

Rose worked as she talked, and when she dropped bright colors from the little cakes of paint, all at once she had a lovely colored lantern.

Clara was delighted. “Oh, how lovely!” she cried. “May I make a pumpkin? I think I can do it with that orange paint.”

Clara made a fine pumpkin, which pleased her so much that she carried it to her bedroom that night and hung it on the wall. What happened to the pumpkin afterward you may learn from a letter written by Clara to her mother while she was travelling from Color Country to Wood-Land, where she was to visit next.





“IN MY FAIRY COACH, July 1, 1916.

“DEAR MOTHER: The most wonderful and exciting thing happened last night. The clock had just struck twelve when I heard a patter, patter, patter of tiny feet near my bed. Then came a soft little squeak, squeak, squeak. I peeped out, and what do you think I saw? Why, there, so close I could almost touch her, stood my fairy godmother. I had never seen her before, but of course I knew who she was at once. She was looking at the pretty pumpkin I painted about two weeks ago.

“When godmother saw that I was awake, she asked: ‘Clara, dear, would you like me to change this pumpkin into a carriage for you to travel in tomorrow?’ ‘Oh, yes, please,’ I cried. She waved her wand a few times, and down from the wall rolled a real big round pumpkin. It rolled and rolled and

rolled till it came to godmother's feet, and there it lay quite still.

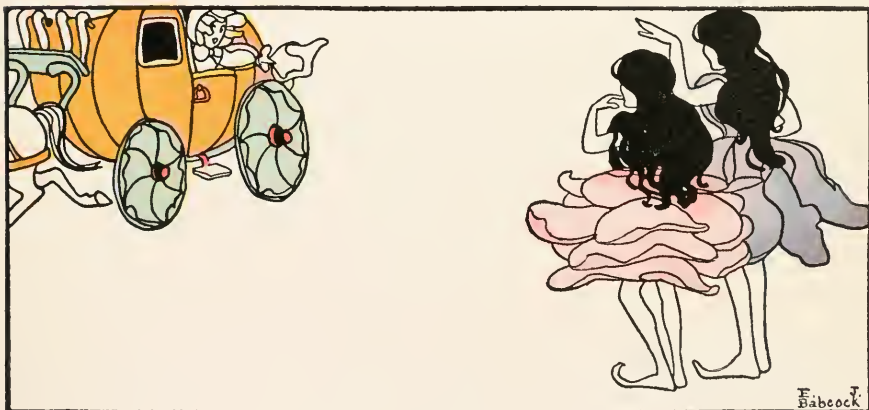
"Then godmother waved her wand again and the pumpkin became a beautiful golden carriage, and the four squeaking mice changed to white horses. Two drivers jumped up on the seat in front and two footmen climbed up behind. Where they came from I could not guess, for it all happened so fast.

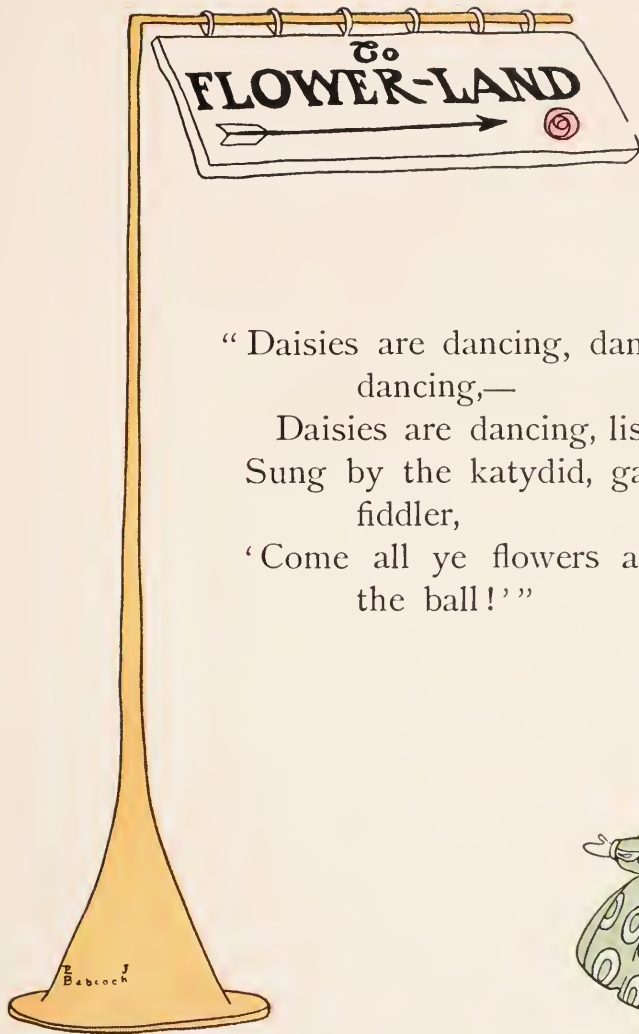
"Now I am on my way to Wood-Land just like a real queen. I was sorry to leave Iris and Rose and all the wonderful things in Color Country, but this grand carriage made going away easier.

"Iris gave me a box of paints and Rose gave me a box of colored crayons. I will make beautiful pictures for you when I get home.

"Your loving daughter,

"CLARA."



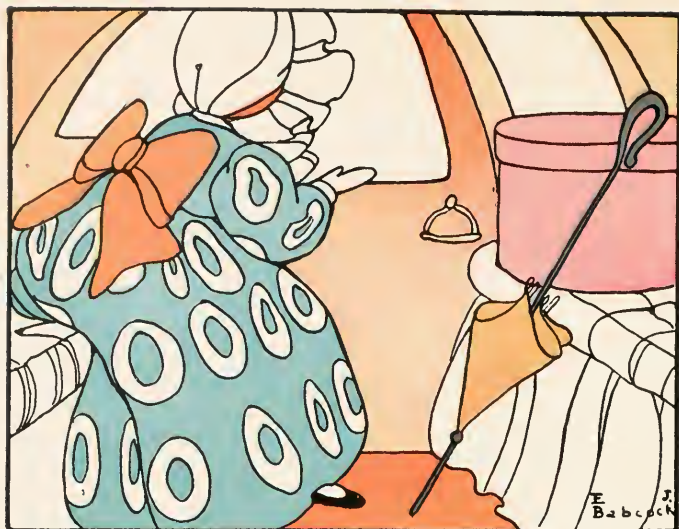


“ Daisies are dancing, dancing,
dancing,—

Daisies are dancing, list to the call
Sung by the katydid, gay little
fiddler,

‘Come all ye flowers and dance at
the ball!’ ”





Before her coach had gone very far, Clara heard a drip, drip, drip, drip. She listened and heard again, drip, drip, drip, drip, drop, drip, drop, drip, drop, drip.

Clara looked out of the window and saw a tiny sparkling fountain. She rode near the fountain and heard it whisper:

“Here I splash through the night and the day—
Drip, drip, drip, drip.
See how I work while the flower-folk play—
Drip, drip, drip, drip.
Bid your coachman awhile to stop—
Drip, drop, drip, drop.
Touch each eye with a magic drop—
Drip, drop, drip, drop.”

When the coach stopped Clara ran toward the fountain. The soft whispering came again. She listened and heard:

“You may touch each eye and touch each ear—
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling!
Then fairy-folk you’ll see, my dear—
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling!
And fairy sounds you will understand—
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling!
For now, dear, you’re in Fairy-Land—
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling!”

—L. W.

Clara was delighted. She knelt beside the tiny fountain and touched eyes and ears with its magic water. Then she rose to her feet and looked about her.

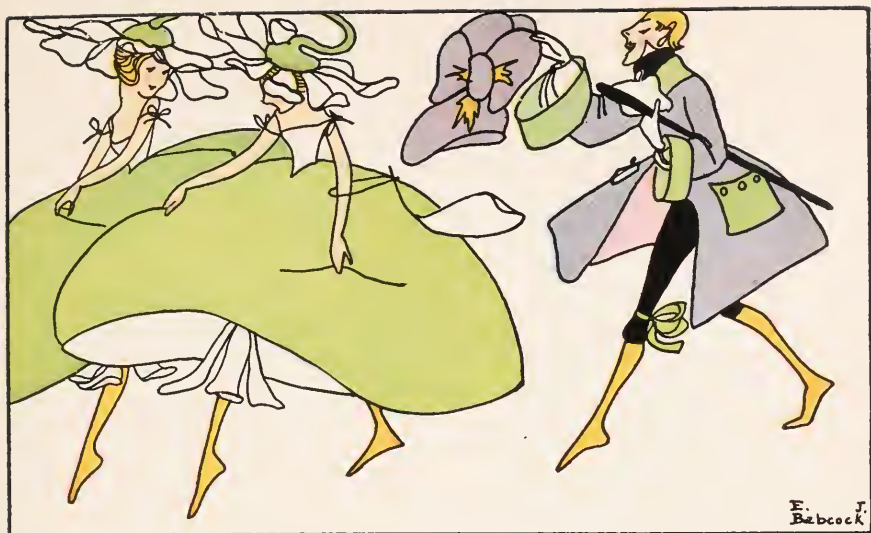


She saw lily-bells and bluebells ringing, and could understand their clear, sweet music:

“Come, come, flower-folk sweet—
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!
And dance with twinkling feet—
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!
Queen Flora gives a ball—
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!
And calls flower-folk all—
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!
Each come in finest gown—
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!
Of rose, white, blue, or brown—
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!
Purple, green, gold, and red—
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!
For so your good queen said—
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!”

—I. W.

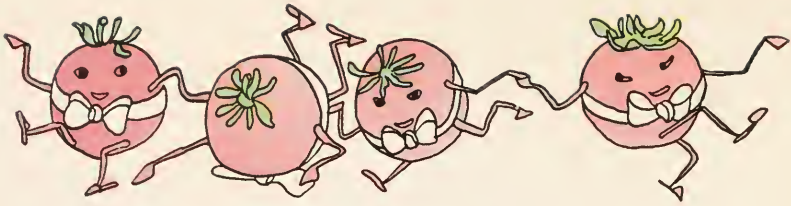




The flowers came hurrying to the ball, from the north and the south, and the east and the west, in their very best clothes. Daisies wore green silk gowns and large white velvet hats. Poppies appeared in bright scarlet with green sashes and green bonnets.

Pansies came in rich purple, green, and yellow dresses of velvet, and the tall, graceful Lilies were all in white with bright crowns of pure gold. The gowns of the Roses were of soft satins, pink, white, crimson, or gold colored.

Forget-me-nots danced in robes of pale blue, and Hollyhocks and Morning-Glories were in all the colors of the rainbow. Last of all skipped the little Haw Princes in brown suits and wearing wonderful crowns on their little round heads.



THE LITTLE HAW PRINCES

The flowers danced to the music of a band, such a queer band! Lilies-of-the-Valley and Bluebells rang their chimes—

“Ting, ting-a-ling! Ting, ting-a-ling!
Ting, ting-a-ling! Ting, ting!”

Katydid played his fiddle—

“Fiddle, dee, dee! Fiddle, dee, dee!
Fiddle, dee, dee! Dee, dee!”

Cicada beat his tiny drum—

“Tum, tummy-tum! Tum, tummy-tum!
Tum, tummy-tum! Tum, tum!”

And Trumpet-Flower blew his trumpet—

“Toot, tooty-toot! Toot, tooty-toot!
Toot, tooty-toot! Toot, toot!”

Afterward in describing the dancers, Clara said:

“Between the dances, when they all
Were seated in their places,
I thought I'd never seen before
So many pretty faces.”



Near the dancers, though well out of their way, stood a smiling Burdock man. Having no feet, he could not dance, but he did not seem to mind it in the least.

When the dancers were resting, Mr. Burdock tied a spider's thread to a bit of thistle-down and made a curious kite. Ooo-oo-o-o, blew the wind, and away floated the tiny kite. Up and up and up it went until the thread suddenly snapped and the kite flew away out of sight.

The Burdock man laughed and began looking about for another spider thread.

"He's a happy fellow!" thought Clara. "I shall go and talk to him. Good afternoon, Mr. Burdock," she said; "that was a nice kite you had."

“Oh, as to that,” said Mr. Burdock, “I can show you lots of nicer things I have made. Look here.” Under a big burdock bush was a tiny room furnished with a bed, a table, a sofa, a stool, and several chairs—all made of burrs. “People say we burrs are ‘good for nothing,’ but we really are good for little children to play with. Gather a lot of burrs and see what wonderful things you can make with them.”

“So she gathered the burrs that all despised,
And later her playmates were quite surprised
To see what a beautiful basket or chair
Could be made with a little time and care.”





As the little footmen came running for the burrs, one of them tripped and fell over a dainty pink lady's slipper.

"Give it to me," said Clara; "it must belong to Miss Hollyhock in the pink dress."

Sure enough, poor little Miss Hollyhock was at that very moment trying her best to hide her tiny foot under a very short pink skirt. She thanked Clara prettily and then hurried on, hopping and humming, humming and hopping, hopping and humming.

Suddenly a loud boom, boom, boom, boom drowned the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of the fountain and the ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling of the Bluebells and the toot, toot, toot of the Trumpet-Flower.

The deep boom, boom, boom, boom came again.

“Oh, what is that?” cried Clara.

“Only the Four-O’clocks reminding us of the hour,” whispered a shy Pansy lady.

“We cannot dance after it is four o’clock, you know,” added a pretty Morning-Glory.

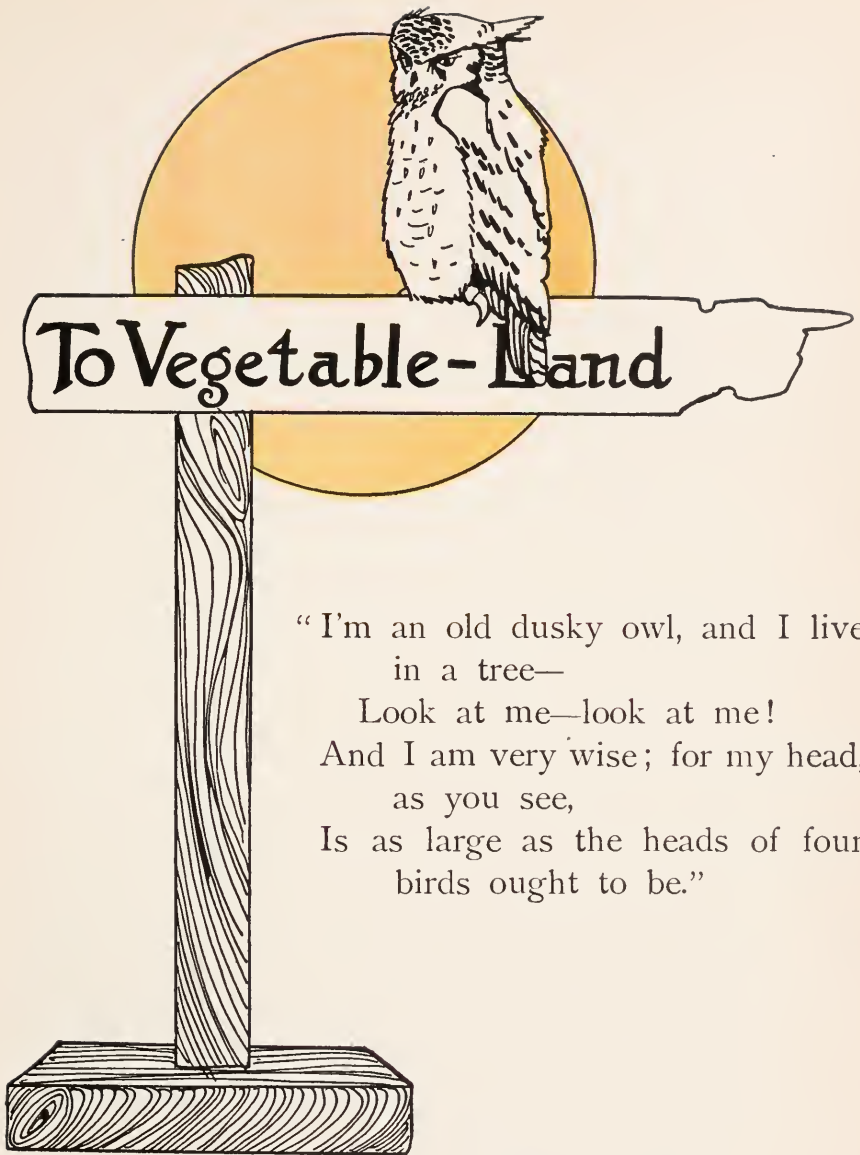
“Good-by, good-by, good-by,” sang the flowers as they skipped away.

“Good-by, good-by, good-by,” tinkled the fountain.

“Good-by, good-by, good-by,” rang the Lilies and the Bluebells, and the band played “Home, Sweet Home.”

“Good-by, good-by, everybody,” called Clara as she climbed into her little coach and rode away.





To Vegetable-Land

“I’m an old dusky owl, and I live
in a tree—

Look at me—look at me!

And I am very wise; for my head,
as you see,

Is as large as the heads of four
birds ought to be.”



The road to Wood-Land lay near Vegetable-Land, so Clara asked the coachman to stop there for the night.

“I think we can reach it in time for six o’clock dinner,” he replied. “It is dark at eight, and we surely can get there before that time.”

The little horses did their very best. The golden coach rolled on and on and on, but six o’clock came and there was no sign of Vegetable-Land. On and on and on rolled the coach, and on and on and on came the darkness. Still, there was no sign of Vegetable-Land.

“We are lost! We are lost!” cried the frightened little coachman. “We should have reached Vegetable-Land hours ago.” It was now quite dark and they did not know which way to go.

“If only some one would come along who could tell us how to get there!” said Clara.

“Who, who, who, who, who, who?” screamed a voice from the darkness.

“Miss Clara Clay with her coachman and footmen,” cried the frightened coachman.

“Who, who, who?” again screamed the voice.

“Miss Clara Clay with her coachman and footmen,” shouted the poor little coachman.

“Oh, don't be frightened. That is only Mr. Owl,” laughed Clara. “I am going to ask him the way to Vegetable-Land.” She jumped out of the coach and ran toward the tree from which the voice came.

“Good Mr. Owl, if you really can see in the dark, as I have heard, will you please show us the way to Vegetable-Land?”

The wise old owl replied:

“Oh, I care not how gloomy the night-time may be—
I can see—I can see.

Through the darkness I roam—
It suits me—it suits me.”





Away flew the owl, and after him drove the coachman. In a few minutes the owl called: "Here comes Mr. Rolly Gourd. You are in Vegetable-Land now." And he dashed away, crying: "Who, who, who?"

Mr. Rolly Gourd was a queer-looking fellow. He had no arms, no legs, no body, and no hair on his head. He did have, however, a very cheerful face, and got about without legs by rolling from side to side. That was why he was named Rolly. His small son had three little legs made of toothpicks.

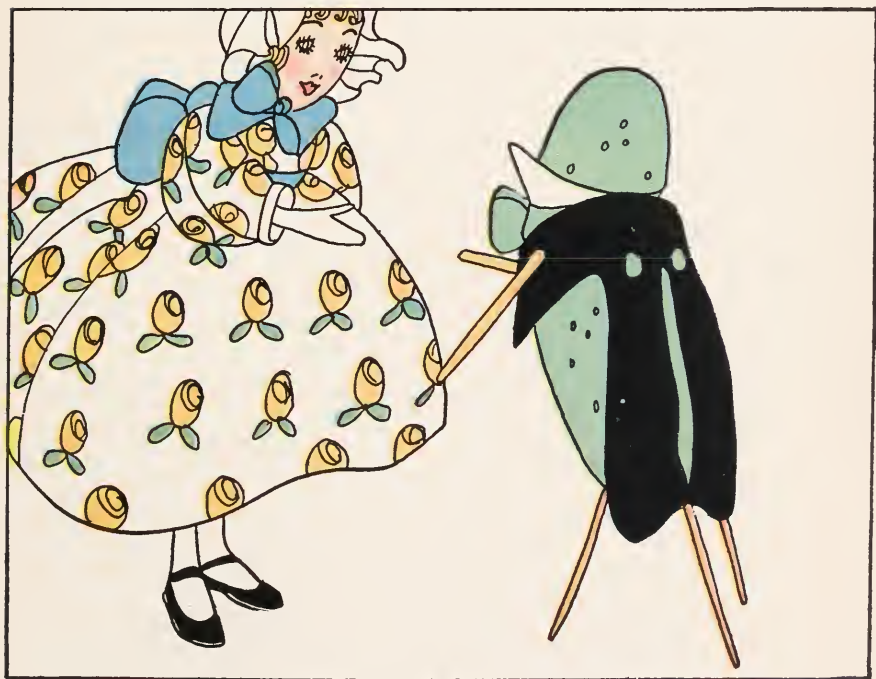
Mr. Rolly Gourd rolled over to Clara and smiled up at her. "I would shake hands with you, my dear, if I had any hands," he laughed. "We have waited dinner for you, so, as soon as you have been introduced to a few of your cousins, we will eat. This is your cousin Percy Pickle."

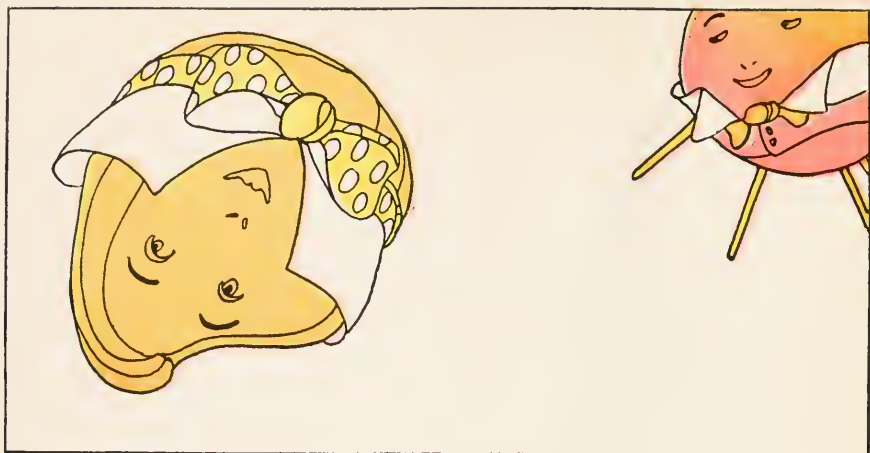
Percy Pickle wore a long green coat and had three legs. He shook hands with Clara and asked: "Why am I like a pin?"

"A pin has a head and he has none," thought Clara. "That cannot be the answer." Aloud she said: "I give it up."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Percy Pickle, "because I am sharp, of course."

Mr. Rolly was so delighted with this joke that he stood on his head and rolled about for at least five minutes. Then he rolled back to Clara's side, crying: "Here is your cousin Adam Apple."





Adam Apple was a jolly looking fellow. He had a round body and was dressed in a bright red suit. His round, rosy face wore a friendly smile, and Clara liked him at once. "Did you see my friend Red Ray when you were in Color-Land," asked Adam.

"No, but I heard that he gave you your beautiful red color," answered Clara.

"A fine fellow, a fine fellow!" said Adam.

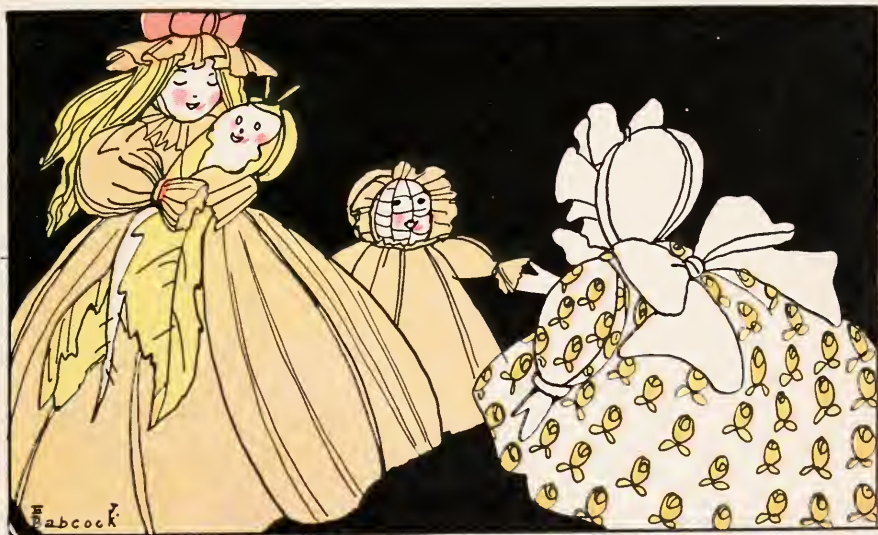
"This is your cousin, Cornelia Husks," went on Mr. Rolly, when he thought Adam Apple had talked long enough. Cornelia was a very pretty girl. Her hair was long and silky and brown. She wore a dainty green satin dress with a bonnet to match.

"Come," she said to Clara, "you must see our babies before they call us to dinner. I have a little baby brother and a baby sister. My brother's name

is Radish and my sister's is Cob. Here they are," Cornelia went on. "Radish's face is quite red, but he is a cunning little fellow and he is very good. Cob is a dear baby and never cries."

"Didn't you ever see little babies dressed in green before? Why, all the vegetable babies wear green, because it is good for their eyes."

"Dinner! Dinner!" called Mr. Rolly Poly, rolling up to Clara and Cornelia. "This way! This way!" he called back, as he rolled along before them. Dinner was spread under the trees on the soft green grass, and Clara forgot that it was night because the branches of the trees were covered with little grinning Jack-o'-lanterns, who sent out light from their eyes, noses, and mouths.



Oh, what a good dinner it was! Only the Vegetable Family could have found so many nice things to eat. There were oysters from the oyster plant; eggs from the egg plant; water from the watermelon, and pies from the pie plant.

While Clara was eating she heard a faint "Wee, wee, wee!" Then there were loud grunts, "Grunt! Grunt! Grunt!" She looked about, and not far away saw three strange-looking animals—two were just the color of lemons and the other was as brown as a potato. "What are those strange things?" she asked Mr. Rolly, who was rolling to and fro beside her. "Those are vegetable pigs," Rolly explained. "We have five of them, but one is at market now and the baby pig is lost and can't find its way home."

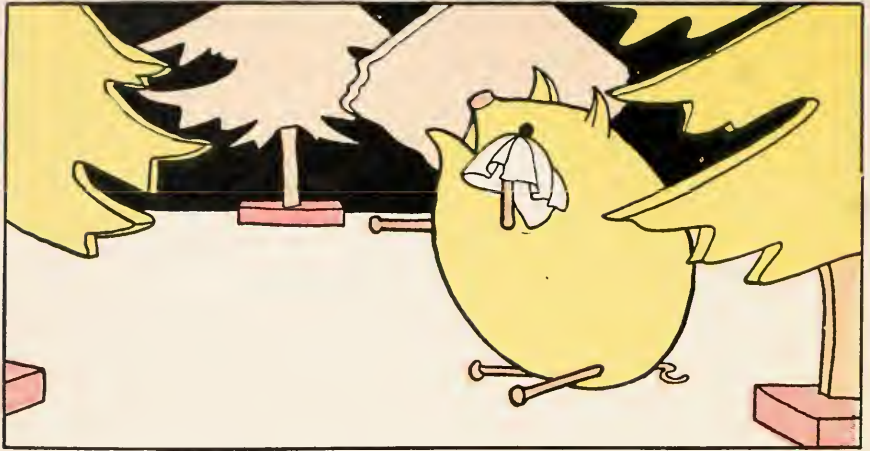
"Is that the lost one crying 'Wee, wee!'?" asked Clara.

"Yes, that is the baby pig you hear," Mr. Rolly said. "Then why don't you go and get it," Clara inquired.

"Oh, because it would only get lost again. It is always lost. It has been lost for years and years and years and years."

"That big lemon-colored pig has just finished his roast beef and his big brother looks cross because he did not get a bit of the beef. The old brown pig was lazy and would not go to market with his mother."

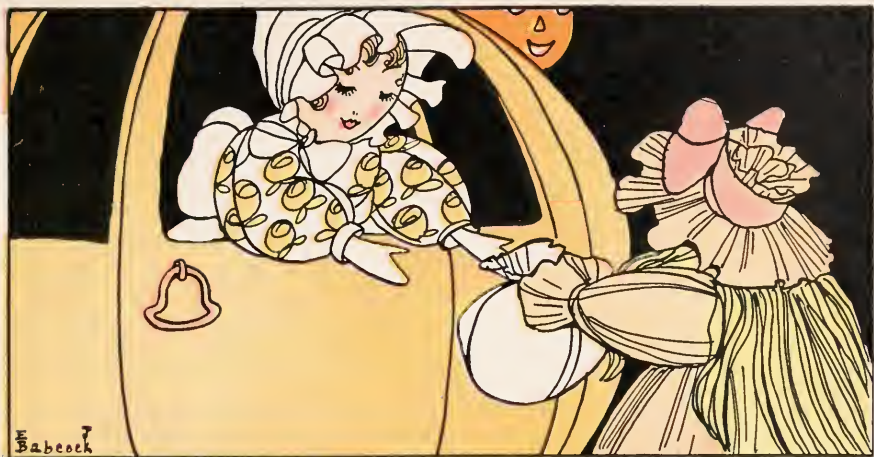




“Why, I believe I have heard of your pigs before,” cried Clara. “This is what I heard:

“This little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had roast beef;
This little pig had none;
This little pig said, ‘Wee, wee!
I can’t find my way home.’”

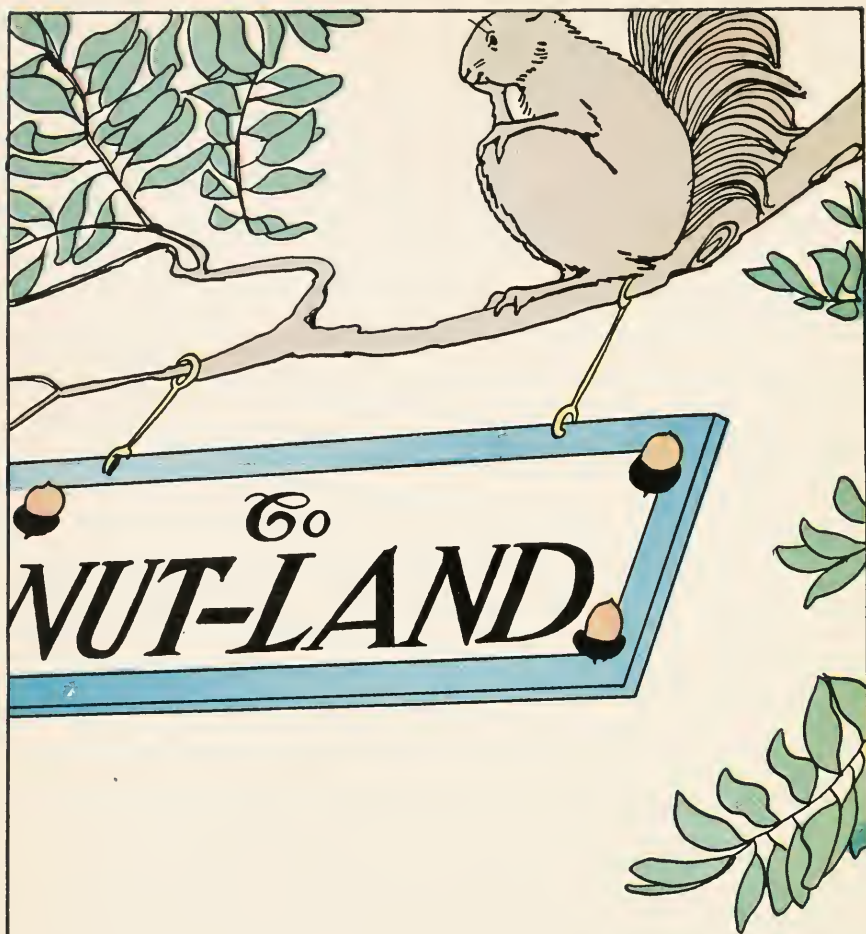
The next morning Clara had to say “Good-by” to her cousins and to Vegetable-Land and start again on her journey to Wood-Land. “The road to Wood-Land goes straight through Nut-Land,” said Mr. Rolly Poly, “and I would stop there if I were you. My good friend Mr. Squirrel will be glad to show you all the sights, and I think he can intro-



duce you to our Nut cousins, whom you never have seen.”

Rolly Poly gave Clara a dipper made of a gourd, and Jack-o'-Lantern fastened two tiny pumpkins to the front of her coach. “They will throw light on the road if it gets dark before you reach Nut-Land,” Jack said. Just as a footman was closing the coach door, Cornelia Husks came running with a big bag of freshly popped corn. “This is to eat on your journey,” Cornelia said, as she handed the pop-corn to Clara.

The coachman cracked his whip, the Vegetables called “Come again!” and “Good-by!” to Clara, Clara said “Good-by!” and the little golden coach rolled on again toward Wood-Land.



“ High on the branch of a walnut-tree
A bright-eyed squirrel sat.
What was he thinking so earnestly,
And what was he looking at?”



When the little horses were tired and warm they stopped under a great oak-tree to rest. High up in the branches Clara heard a great chattering and a shrill voice crying :

“ Oh, dear! Oh, dear!
He'll die, I fear!
What shall I do?
What shall I do?

That trap will cut his tail in two.”

Clara looked out of the coach window and saw at the foot of the oak-tree a baby squirrel with his bushy little tail caught in a trap. In the branches above him sat the frightened mother squirrel. When she saw Clara she cried again :

“ Oh, dear! Oh, dear!
He'll die, I fear!
What shall I do?
What shall I do?

That trap will cut his tail in two.”

Clara opened the trap and set the baby squirrel free. Away he ran to join his happy mother. The mother squirrel hopped up and down with joy and called to Clara:

“Oh, joy! Oh, joy!
You’ve saved my boy!
What can I do,
What can I do,
To show our thanks and love to you?”

“Can you take me to my cousins, the Nuts?” asked Clara.

“Yes, that I’ll do,
Yes, that I’ll do,
To show our thanks and love to you.
This way, this way
Is where they play.”

Away scampered the mother squirrel, hop, hop, hop, and after her went the baby squirrel, hippety-hop, hippety-hop, hippety-hop. Clara ran after them until they came to a policeman. The policeman wore a handsome suit of blue, and a shining badge was fastened to his coat.

Mrs. Squirrel stopped in front of the policeman and said to Clara: “Here is one of your Nut cousins. This is Officer Walnut. He will show you the way to Nut Village.



E. J.
Babcock

“He’s going there.
He’s going there.
I’ll leave you now in his good care.”

Away the squirrels scampered, waving friendly good-bys with their bushy tails.

“Glad to see you, Clara, very glad to see you,” said Officer Walnut. “Here come two people you will want to meet.”

Officer Walnut bowed to a young lady and a little girl who at that moment came up to them. “Miss Almond Nut, this is your cousin Clara Clay, and, Clara, this is little Hazel Nut.”

Cousin Almond Nut and Cousin Hazel Nut were very glad to see Clara and wanted her to go walking with them. They told her they were going to call on the Acorns, the Peanuts, and the Chestnuts.

“That is where the Acorns live,” Almond said, pointing to a neat little cottage under a big oak-tree. “There are Andrew and Alice Acorn in the garden. See, they have spied us and are coming this way!”

“Stay with us for dinner. Oh, please have dinner with us!” begged Alice Acorn. “We were just going in to eat.” The dinner-table was daintily set with cunning plates and saucers made from acorn cups, and quaint little bowls, pitchers, coffee-pot, and mugs were made from the acorns themselves. After dinner they spun little acorn tops until Cousin Almond said it was time to go, for all the Nuts were waiting to see Clara.





On their way to call on the Peanuts, they met Paul and Pearl Peanut taking a walk with their two little peanut dogs. "Oh, won't you come with us!" Pearl asked. "We are just going over to the Chestnuts' to see their dear little new baby."

The little peanut dogs wagged their tails as fast as they could and barked, as much as to say: "Come! Come! Come!"

Paul and Pearl dressed as Chinese people do. He wore very wide trousers and a loose coat with large sleeves. His hair was braided from the top of his head and his hat was flat and big. Pearl's gown was very wide with full sleeves. Her black hair was done up in two little knots on the top of her head. They both had such pleasant, smiling faces that Clara was glad to go with them to see the new baby.



Chestnut farm was in a large chestnut grove. There were many animals, and every animal, whether dog or cat or horse or cow, was a glossy chestnut brown. When he saw Clara coming a cock flew to the top of a chestnut-tree and crowed: "Cock-a-doodle-do! Cock-a-doodle-do! Koo-ke-kroo! Koo-ke-kroo!"

"Why, how do you do? I am glad to see you, too," answered Clara. To herself she thought: "What a wonderful cock! He is more polite than the cocks in Clay Country. When I get home I must teach our cocks better manners."

When she entered the little brown house Clara saw that all the beds and tables and chairs and stands and stools and stoves and dishes were the same glossy brown, and so was all the clothing of the Chestnut family. "They must like brown better than the beautiful rainbow colors. They really ought to be called *Brownies*. They are brown enough and round enough, and the dear little new baby is the brownest and the roundest of all," whispered Clara to Hazel Nut.

Old Aunt Hickory Nut was the baby's nurse. She had a cross-looking face and did not even smile at the cunning baby. "I don't like her looks at all," thought Clara, but just at that very minute the baby's mother whispered in her ear:



“The hickory-nut nurse has a hard, hard face,
But a heart that is tender and true;
She cannot change her looks, you know,
And neither can I or you.”

—M. C. WALKER.

“Come, see my pretty pony, girls,” begged Chester Chestnut. The little Chestnut pony was rightly named Beauty. When her master said, “This is the way the ladies ride,” off trotted the little pony—

Tri, tre, tre, tre!

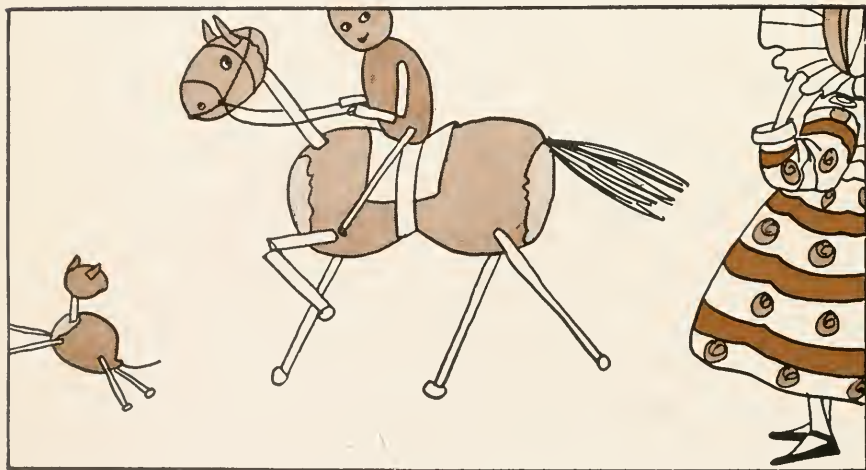
Tri, tre, tre, tre!

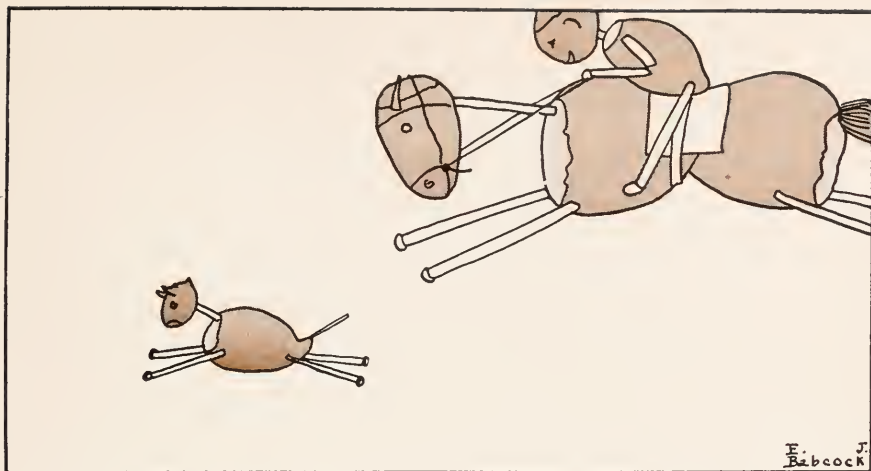
“And this is the way the gentlemen ride,” away galloped the chestnut pony—

Gallop-a-trot!

Gallop-a-trot!

Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot!





“This is the way the farmers ride.” The little pony jogged along—

Hobbledy-hoy!
Hobbledy-hoy!
Hobbledy, hobbledy-hoy!

“Now show us the way the hunters ride,” and Beauty flew over the ground—

Cloppety-clop!
Cloppety-clop!
Cloppety-clop-clop-clop!

For two weeks Clara played with the Nut children, and then the golden coach came for her.

“From the Nut cousins, with their best love,” said the footman, handing Clara a pretty box before he closed the coach door.

“What can it be!” wondered Clara as she raised the lid of the box. “Oh, lovely, lovely!” she cried, lifting out beautiful chains and bracelets from their soft beds. “Thank you, thank you!” she called as loud as she could, and the Nuts waved good-bys and danced about joyously when they saw how delighted Clara was with their present.

Trot, trot, trot, trot!

Trot, trot, trot, trot!

jogged the four little white horses. Crack, crack, crack! snapped the coachman’s whip. Creak, creak, creak! rumbled the golden coach as it rattled through the deep forest.



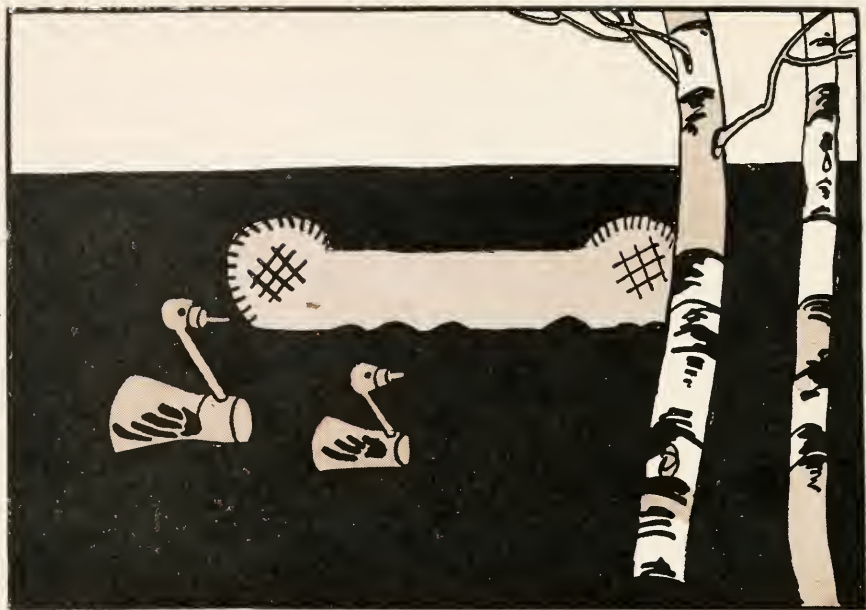


WOOD-LAND



“Give me of your bark, O Birch-tree.
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-tree,
I a light canoe will build me
That shall float upon the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!”

E. J.
Babcock



By and by the coach came to a stream where the horses stopped to drink. Floating on the water was a birch-bark canoe, and beside it were two storks—a strong stork and a small stork.

“This is Wood-Land! Hurrah for Wood-Land!” shouted Strong Stork. “Get into the canoe, Miss Clara, and we will show you wonderful Wood-Land.”

Clara scrambled into the canoe, and away she floated with Strong Stork and Small Stork.

“Perhaps you want to know why we live in Wood-Land,” piped Small Stork.

“Why, I should like to know,” replied Clara.

“Well,” went on Small Stork, “you see, we are made of cork. Cork comes from the oak-tree and the oak-tree is wood, so we belong to Wood-Land.”

“Would you like to stop in Spool Town?” asked Strong Stork. “Every traveller stops there.”

“Yes, I should like to go there,” replied Clara, although she never had heard of Spool Town before.

“A wise girl! A very wise girl!” muttered Strong Stork. Aloud he shouted: “Mr. Mender! Mr. Mender! here is a visitor for you! Mr. Mender,” he explained in a low voice to Clara, “is the mayor of Spool Town. We will land you here beside him and we will come for you again to-morrow.”





Before Clara could wink her eyes she was on the shore beside Mr. Mender, and Strong Stork and Small Stork and the canoe had disappeared.

Mr. Mender was a funny fellow. His body was a big spool and his head a small spool. His stiff, straight legs were as thin as needles. On the top of his flat head was perched a high, stiff hat. Such a queer hat, much smaller than his head! Clara quite forgot her manners and stared at it.

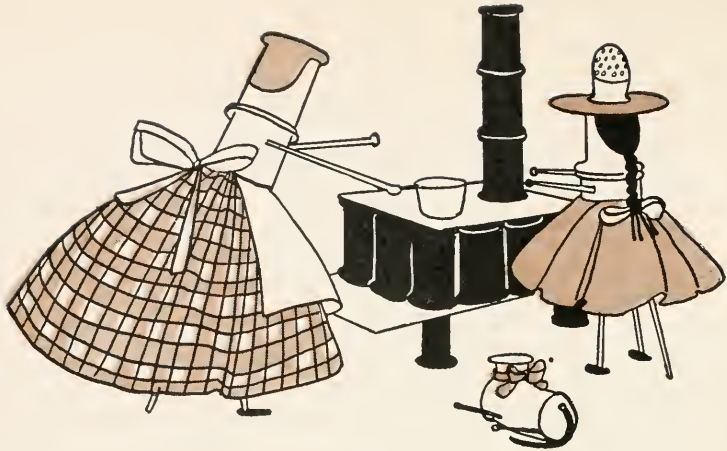
The little fellow saw her curiosity and said proudly: "Never saw one like that before, did you? Do you know what it's made of? Of course you didn't and you don't," he went on instantly. "Well, that hat is a thimble, and every Mender must wear one. Even my little children have hats just like mine, only they come in different sizes, according to the size of the Mender."

“Our family has a motto, too,” he continued. “Every Mender must learn our motto before he can have a hat. This is it: ‘*A Stitch in Time Saves Nine.*’ I suppose it’s too hard for you to say, but, never mind, come on and see my house.”

Mr. Mender lived in a splendid spool house. Around it was a large yard shut in by a spool fence. All about on the green raphia grass stood tiny spool tubs filled with green trees and plants.

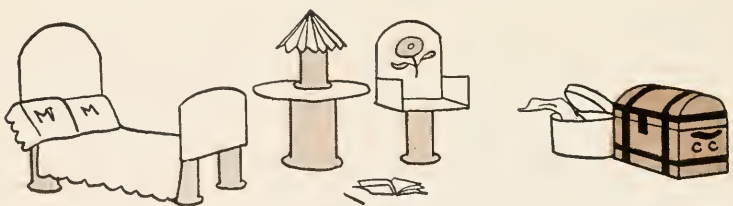
All the houses in Spool Town were built of spools. Some were large and some were small, some were white and some were red. All the furniture in all the houses was made of spools. There were small spools for footstools and larger spools for tables. There were beds with spool legs and chairs with spool legs and a piano built of spools and a spool stove with a high spool chimney.





Clara heard the strange motto everywhere: "*A Stitch in Time Saves Nine.*" Every time Mayor Mender introduced her to another Mender she was sure to hear, as the tiny thimble hat came off: "*A Stitch in Time Saves Nine.*" "It must have a meaning," decided Clara. "I will ask mother to explain it to me when I get home."

She would have enjoyed staying another day in Spool Town, but, mindful of Strong Stork's promise to call for her with the birch canoe, she was at the shore in time to see the storks floating toward her.



Strong Stork and Small Stork seemed to be very cheerful. As they floated toward her Clara could hear them singing :

“They went to sea in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they went to sea.
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter’s morn, on a stormy day,
In a sieve they went to sea.
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live.
Their heads are green and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.”

“Who went to sea in a sieve?” asked Clara anxiously as she climbed into the little birch canoe.

“Oh, the Jumblies did that!” answered big Strong Stork; “but we’ve just as brave people right here in Wood-Land. There is the Clothespin family,





for instance." Before Clara could inquire about the brave Clothespins, Small Stork commenced to sing:

"They go to walk on tight ropes, they do,
On tight ropes they go to walk:
In spite of all their friends can say,
On a quiet morn or a windy day
On tight ropes they go to walk.
Tight and high, tight and high
Are the ropes where the Clothespins stride;
Their heads are round, and their heads are hard,
And their heads are filled with pride."

"That is very curious," said Clara.

"As curious as it can be," replied Strong Stork.

"Why are their heads filled with pride?" inquired Clara. She liked the song about the Clothespins.

"Well," said Strong Stork, "the Clothespins are

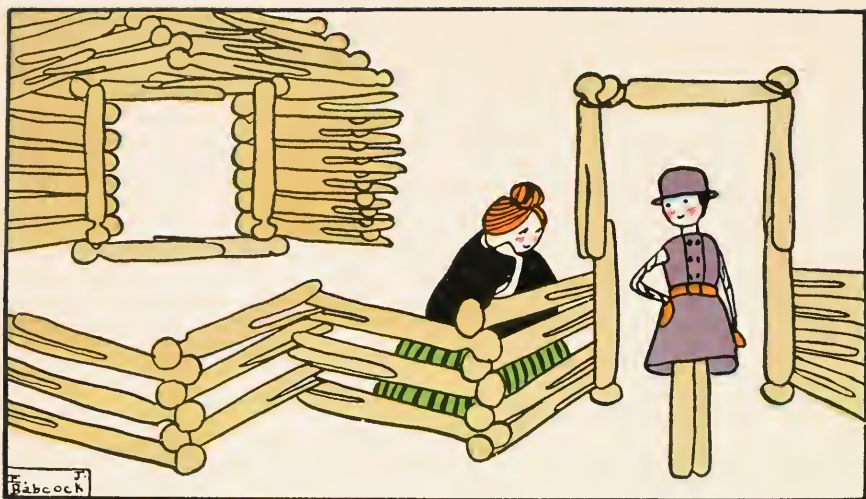
very proud of their old family. People say their great-grandparents lived here when George Washington did. Anyway, the Clothespins have thousands of invitations to visit all kinds of people. Why, the greatest families in the world want the Clothespins to stay with them at least one day every week. It is surprising how many invitations they have for each Monday. The only day you can be sure of finding the Clothespins at home is on Sunday. There is always a watchman and his family in Clothespin City. Let us stop and see if they are at home now. They will show you their clothespin cottage."

The little canoe stopped at Clothespin City long enough for Clara to see the watchman and his family, their clothespin cottage, and their clothespin furniture.

"Do you like them?" inquired Small Stork when they were once more floating down-stream.

"Oh, yes," replied Clara, "and they are not nearly





as stiff and as proud as they look. Mrs. Watchman told me that all the Clothespins are great workers. The reason they have so many invitations to visit is because they are so useful to everybody."

"I am glad to hear it, I am sure," said Strong Stork; "but, take my word for it, those Clothespins will walk on tight ropes. No accounting for tastes! Shall I sing you another song?"

"Oh, please, please do!" Clara replied eagerly. So the storks began singing in a strong voice and a small voice another song about Wood-Land:

"On the top of the crumpetty-tree
The Quangle Wangle sat,
But his face you could not see,
On account of his beaver hat.



For his hat was a hundred and two feet wide,
With ribbons and bibbons on every side,
And bells, and buttons, and loops, and lace,
So that nobody ever could see the face
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.” —EDWARD LEAR.

“Please explain all that,” begged Clara. “Oh, explanations take such a long time!” replied Strong Stork. “You’ll understand if we sing another verse.

“And to the crumpetty-tree
Came the Stork, the Duck, and the Owl;
The Snail and the Bumble-Bee,
The Frog and the Fimble Fowl
(The Fimble Fowl with a corkscrew leg);
And all of them said, ‘We humbly beg
We may build our homes on your lovely Hat—
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!’”

“I don’t understand it a bit better now,” said Clara in a tone of great surprise.

“Why don’t you?” said Strong Stork. “To us it’s as clear as—glass,” he ended, laughing with glee.

“Look! There are Mrs. Pine and Mr. Pine and little Patty Pine,” said Small Stork, pointing toward the shore with one leg, while he balanced unsteadily on the other.





“Who are they and where do they live?” asked Clara.

“Those are the Pines and they live under that tall tree over there,” answered Strong Stork.

“Can you show me a crumpetty-tree?” began Clara, but Strong Stork exclaimed: “Here’s where we leave you! There’s a carpenter who will tell you all the rest about Wood-Land.”

In another moment Clara found herself standing on the shore. Looking down at her was a child—a smiling boy. “Why, how do you do, Clara Clay?” said the smiling boy. “Do you want to see what I am making for my little sisters?”

Near the boy carpenter was a little wooden house with windows and doors, a living-room, a kitchen, two bedrooms, and an attic. “Oh, what a lovely house!” exclaimed Clara; “did you build it, Mr. Carpenter?”

“Yes,” smiled the carpenter, “but the house is not quite finished. Wait until you see it furnished with all the pretty things I have made for it. I



shall paper the walls and lay rugs on the floors and hang curtains at the windows, and in the attic I shall put up a fine hammock.”

“Are you sure that this house is large enough for your sisters to live in? Are they so very, very small?” Clara looked at the tiny rooms in surprise.

“My sisters are smaller than I am,” laughed the carpenter, “but they cannot go into this little house. I am building it for their doll babies. The dolls are very small and they have tiny furniture.”

“Well, your sisters and their doll babies will love

this beautiful home," Clara said. "It is just like a real big home, isn't it?"

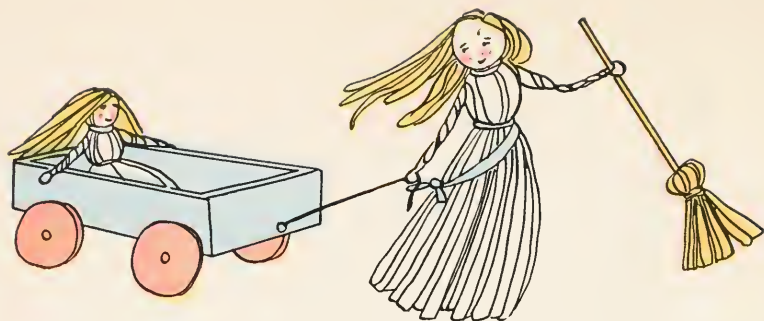
"Not quite like a 'real home,'" the little carpenter said thoughtfully. "Now it is only an empty house. A home is a house with a family in it—father, mother, and children."

"Oh, I know what you mean!" nodded Clara. "Mother sings to me about the family in a carpenter song. It goes like this:

"This is the family—all are here—
Father and mother and children dear,
Who live in the house with windows and doors,
With timbers and rafters and roofs and floors,
Which was built by the carpenter, skilful and strong,
Who planed all the boards so straight and long."

"I have made some other things for my sisters' dolls. See, here is a red wagon. Do you like it?"





“It is the nicest wagon I ever saw,” answered Clara. “Our wagons in Clay Country are not half so pretty.”

“Here is a sailboat I made for the dolls, too. My sisters put bathing-suits on their smallest wooden dolls and then give them a fine sail in the big tub. The boat sometimes upsets, but the little wooden dolls float.

“Did you ever see a wooden top like this one? It spins and spins and spins. I make tops for boys and girls—not for dolls. You may have this top, Clara. I can make another one for myself. See me spin the top. Listen to it:

“‘ See me spinning round and round, whir-r-r, whir-r-r,
whir-r-r,
Listen to my joyful sound, whir-r-r, whir-r-r, whir-r-r.
Boys and girls, come play with me, whir-r-r, whir-r-r,
whir-r-r,
You will laugh and shout with glee, whir-r-r, whir-r-r,
whir-r-r.’ ”

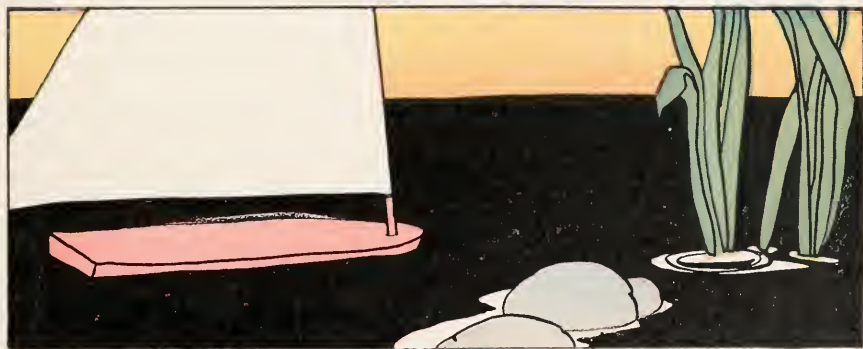
“Are all your sisters’ dolls made of wood?” asked Clara, after thanking the carpenter for the top.

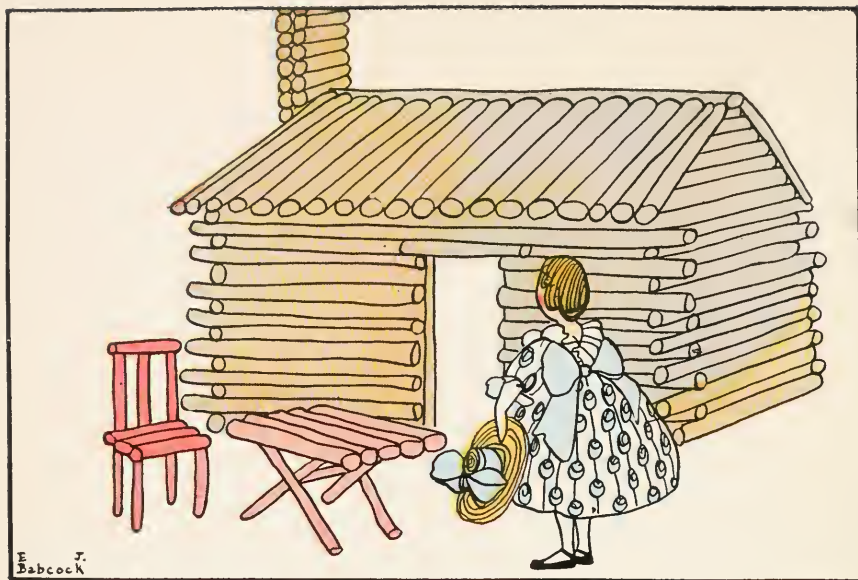
“No,” answered the carpenter. “Here is the housekeeper, Miss Raphia. She is made from the bark of the palm-tree. The broom she uses to sweep the dolls’ house is made of raphia, too. One day I heard Miss Raphia singing to the little wooden dolls:

“From away beyond the sea
Who should come but little me?
In the palm-tree’s shade I grew
Till I came to live with you.

With my raphia broom I sweep
And the doll-house clean I keep.
You would not know what to do
If I did not work for you.’

—L. W.





“I used twigs to make this log cabin. You know, the first white people in our country made their houses of logs. The dolls who live here have old-fashioned names. Let me see—there are Faith and Patience and Priscilla and their brothers Myles and—”

“Hello! Hello!” interrupted a jolly-faced boy.

“Oh, here comes my brother!” cried the carpenter. “He weaves all the clothes for the dolls—their caps and coats and sweaters and mittens. He weaves rugs and blankets and hammocks for the doll-house. He makes playthings for the children, too—bags for marbles, lashes for horse-whips, and the nicest kind of reins for the horses.”



WEAVING-LAND

“My brother is a carpenter,
But I'm a weaver-man.
The trees give wood for him to use,
He builds when'er he can.
The sheep give me their wool to make
A carpet or a rug,
A hammock or some woolen clothes
To keep dolls warm and snug.”



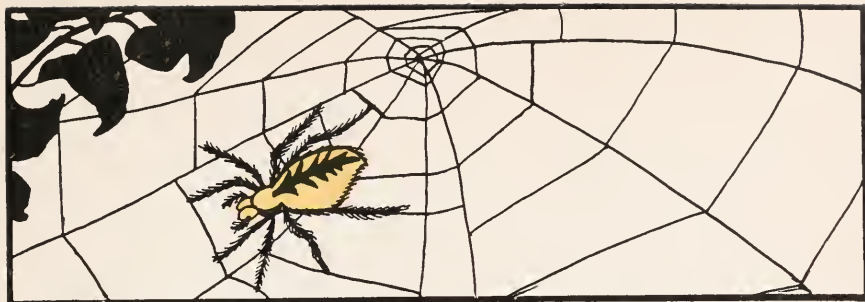
“Come, Clara, and see some of my weaving. There are caps and coats, carpets and rugs, hammocks and horse-reins, Easter chickens, and many other pretty things to show you.

“I have a little store where all the dolls come to buy warm clothing and carpets and rugs for their houses. Mrs. Yarn tends the store when I am away. She is made of soft yarn—coarse and straight.”

“Are you the only weaver in the world?” asked Clara.

“Oh, no,” laughed the little boy; “men and women and children and spiders and even Jack Frost can weave. Jack Frost always uses white and he is the most quiet worker of all the weavers.”





A WONDERFUL WEAVER

There's a wonderful weaver
High up in the air,
And he weaves a white mantle
For cold earth to wear.
With the wind for his shuttle,
The cloud for his loom,
How he weaves, how he weaves,
In the light, in the gloom!

But this wonderful weaver
Grows weary at last,
And the shuttle lies idle
That once flew so fast.
Then the sun peeps abroad
On the work that is done,
And he smiles: "I'll unravel
It all, just for fun."

—GEO. COOPER.



“That was a beautiful story,” said Clara. “Can you tell me any more stories about weaving?”

“Well, here is another you may like to hear:

“A little spider made a web
Of thread so very fine
Your tiny fingers scarce could feel
The little slender line.

Round about and round about
And round about it spun;
Straight across and back again,
Until the web was done.

Round about and round about
And round about it danced;
Across the web and back again,
It darted and it glanced.



Round about and round about
And round about she trips ;
Across the web and back again,
But never, never slips.

But round about and round about
And round about once more ;
Across the web and back again,
She flitted as before.

Round about and round about
And round about she spun ;
Across the web and back again,
Until the web was done.' "

—SELECTED.

“ Do you go ‘ round about and round about ’ when you weave ? ” cried Clara.

“No, not ‘round about and round about,’ but across the loom and back again:

“Straight across and back again,
And straight across I go,
Across the loom and back again
My wool goes to and fro.

“Over, under, and over,
Under, over, once more,
Across the loom and back again
The wool goes as before.”

“How did the little spider learn to weave her beautiful web?” inquired curious Clara.

“There is a story about that,” answered the boy.

“Once upon a time there was a young girl named Arachne who would have been loved by all had it not been for her pride, not in her own beauty, but in her skill as a weaver. She thought no one else could do such wonderful work, so she boasted far and wide that she could weave as well as Minerva, the goddess of weaving.

“When Minerva heard this she was displeased, so she changed herself into an old woman and visited the proud girl. At once Arachne began to talk about her wonderful skill. Minerva warned her not to be so proud and so boastful, for surely she could not weave as well as Minerva, the goddess of weaving.



“This made Arachne very angry, and she said that her weaving was even better than Minerva’s. Then the goddess changed again to her own form and told Arachne to weave with her. Wools of different colors were brought, and their fingers flew, back and forth, back and forth, until each had finished.

“Arachne’s weaving was very beautiful, but of course she could not weave as well as the goddess of weaving. To punish Arachne for her pride and boasting, Minerva turned her into a spider. The spider began to weave a wonderful web:

“Round about and round about
And round about she spun,
Across the web and back again
Until the web was done.”

“Now come and see two children using my horse-reins. Sometimes I weave my reins on a spool, sometimes I braid heavy yarn for reins, but more often I loop strong string to make reins.”

A prancing horse almost ran into them. “Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!” cried his driver, a boy about as large as the weaver.

“Whoa,

My good horse!

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!”



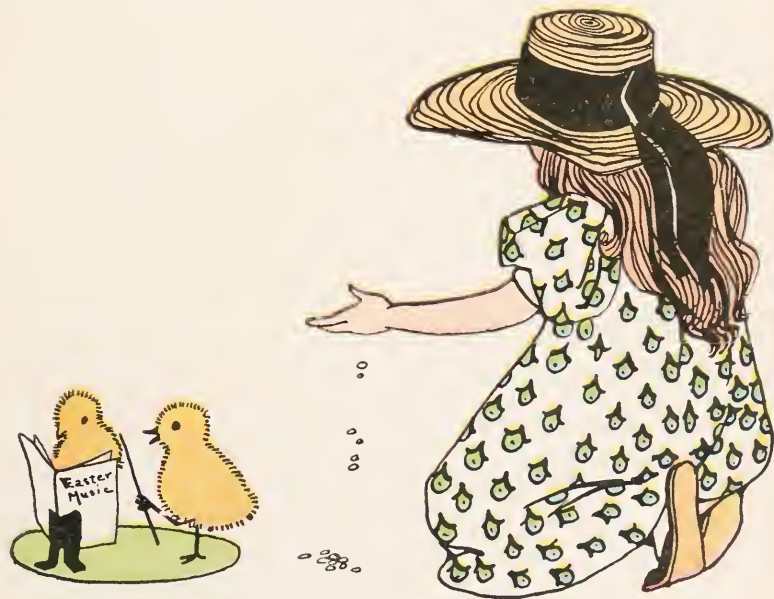
The horse stopped and stood very quietly while Clara looked at the reins. Then the driver called:

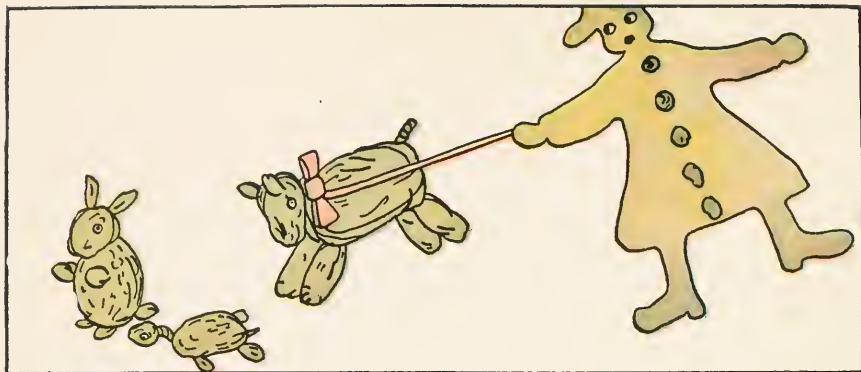
“Go,
My good horse!
Go! Go! Go!”

and away they sped.

“Look at our little Easter chickens,” the weaver said. “My sister is feeding them now. Those two chickens are too busy with their Easter music to see the food. Don’t they look like live chickens?”

Before Clara could answer they heard a loud voice laughing and shouting:





“I am having some fun;
I run and they run;
I can beat every one.”

“There is naughty Johnny-cake running away again!” exclaimed the weaver. “He is coming from the Fair. He should stay inside the fair grounds where he belongs or he will get into trouble.”

“Where is the Fair?” asked Clara.

“Follow that road a little way and you will come to it,” replied the boy, pointing to a sign which read: “To the Fair.”

Clara said “Good-by” to the weaver and hurried along the road leading to the Fair. Johnny-cake ran as fast as he could. He shouted to her:

“Do you hear me!
I have run away from

A little old man,
A little old woman,
A little boy,
A hen,
And a cow.

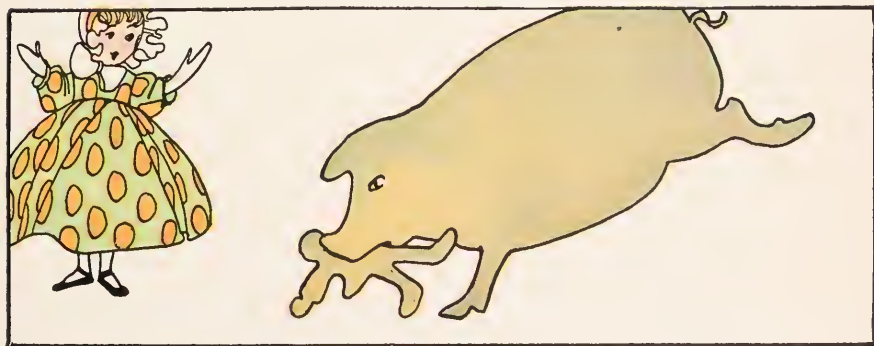
I can run away from you, too-o-o-o!"

"Woof, woof!" grunted a pig, who had come out of his sty to listen to boastful Johnny-cake. The pig opened his big mouth just as Johnny-cake ran close to him. He caught Johnny-cake and ate him up.

"Oh," thought Clara, "how much better it would have been if Johnny-cake had been a good boy and had stayed in the fair grounds where he belonged!"

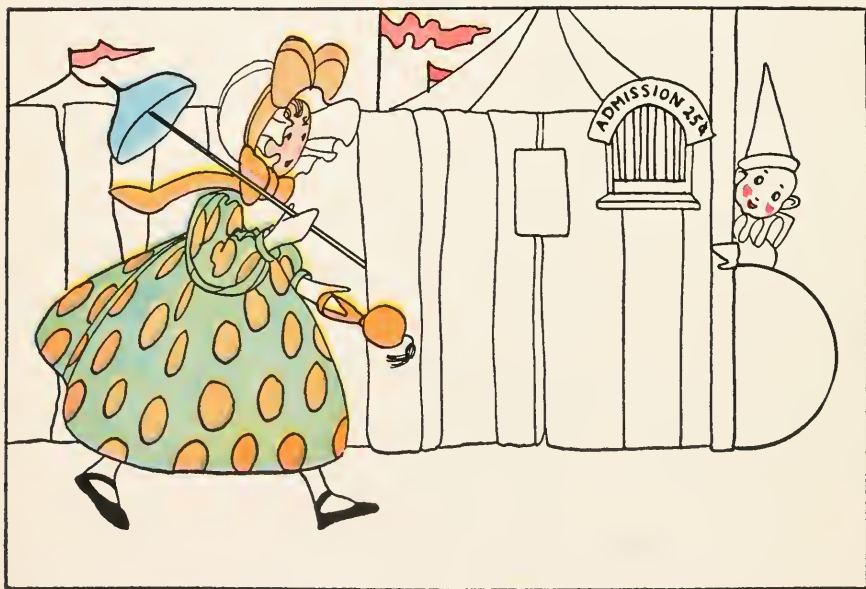
At the gate of the Fair stood a man holding in his arms a gingerbread boy. The man shouted to the crowd about him:

"Smiling girls and rosy boys,
Come and try my nice sweet toys.
Dollies made of gingerbread,



And prune ladies dressed in red.
Raisin horses, girls and boys,
Turtles, hares, and other joys.
Snow-white men of marshmallow,
Lollypop ladies in a row.
Smiling girls and rosy boys,
Come and try my nice sweet toys.”

All this sounded very inviting to Clara, so she went into the fair grounds. The first ones she met were the gingerbread twins. Their gingerbread feet stuck straight out to the right and to the left. Clara twisted her own feet so that they pointed sideways, but she could not walk at all.



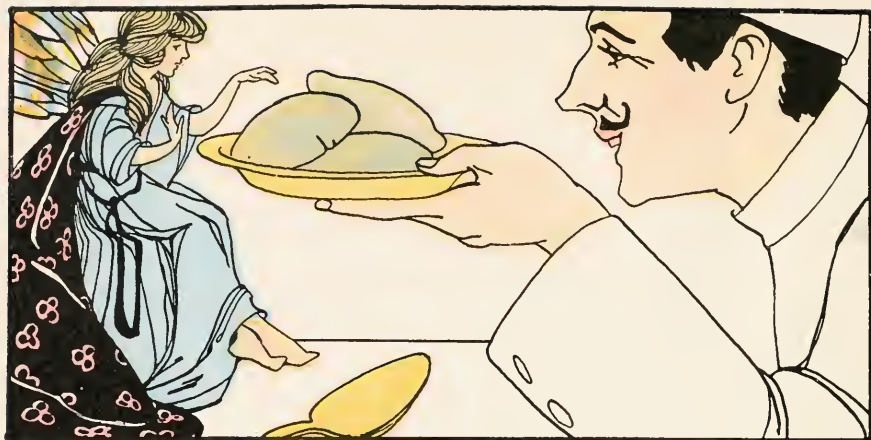
The gingerbread boy called to Clara: "We have run away from all the others! We can run away from you, too! She can and I can!" Before Clara could look at them again they were both out of sight.

"Oh, dear, I do hope the gingerbread twins will not meet the big pig that ate up Johnny-cake!" sighed Clara.

Then along came Mr. and Mrs. Prune. They smiled so pleasantly at Clara that she walked along beside them. "Have you heard the story about our cook?" beamed Mrs. Prune. "No? Well, then, we must tell you.

"Our cook is the very best cook that ever lived. His eyes are black like currants, his skin is white like flour, his cheeks are rosy like apples, and his hair is just the color of brown sugar. He made every one of the good things you see at the Fair. The fig rabbits with raisin heads, the fig horses, the raisin turtles, the fig men with marshmallow heads,





the snow men made of marshmallows, the fig girls, and the beautiful lollypop grandmothers.

“The other day when our cook was baking he saw a dear little fairy passing by. He ran out and invited her in to taste his pies and cakes and cookies and tarts. He loved her just as soon as he saw her. While they were eating, who should come along but a preacher.

“‘Will you marry us?’” cried our little cook.

“‘I will marry you very gladly,’ said the preacher. ‘But where is the wedding-ring?’”

“Our little cook looked sad because he had no wedding-ring, and he did not know where he could get one. He turned round and round and round until he spied some dough that he had been making for spice-cakes. Right away he knew exactly what to do. He took a bit of dough and patted it flat.

Then he poked the fairy's finger through the middle of the tiny flat cake of dough. After that he dropped the dough into a kettle of hot fat.

"What do you think our bright little cook had made? Why, the cunningest little wedding-ring in the world, and it fitted the fairy's finger perfectly. The preacher married them at once, and now they are going to live happily ever after."

"Look," said Mr. Prune, pointing to a table near them. "There are some of our cook's wedding-rings. They are a nut-brown color and are made of dough, so some folks, who do not know their real name, call them 'dough-nuts.' Now *you* will always remember that they really are fairy wedding-rings."

"I like stories, and the one about your cook was



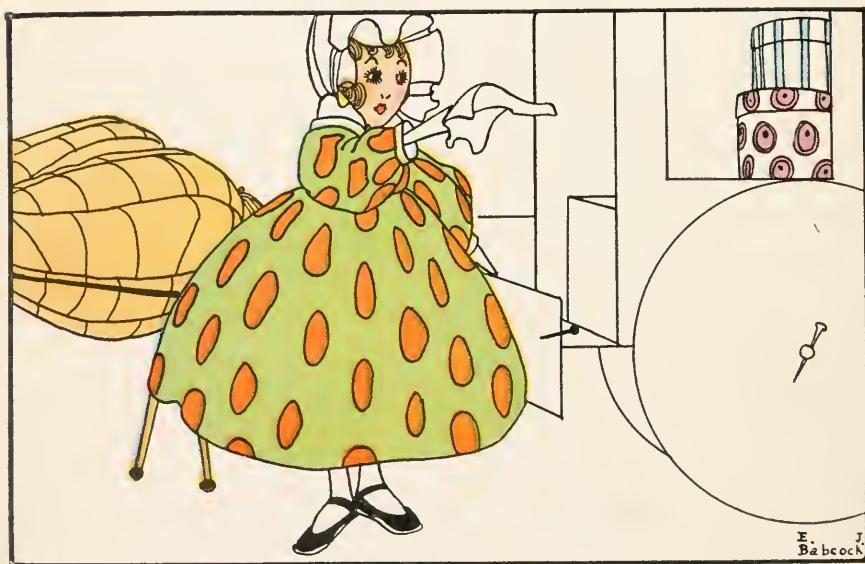
very nice," said Clara. "Is that man at the gate motioning for me to go there?"

"Yes, he wants you," replied Mr. Prune.

Clara was sorry to leave her pleasant company, but she ran to the gate to see what was the matter.

"Miss Clay's carriage!" shouted the gatekeeper. There stood the little peanut horses and the carriage just as they had stood weeks before in front of Clara's home in Clay Country.

The summer had passed so pleasantly and so quickly that Clara was surprised to know that the time had come for her to return home. Mr. and Mrs. Prune, the gingerbread twins, and all the fig and raisin animals crowded to the gate to see her start.





“Be it ever so humble, there’s no
place like home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home.

Be it ever so humble, there’s no
place like home.”

Away the peanut horses flew, clickity-click, clickity-clack, clickity-click-click-clack, clipity-clip, clipity-clap, clipity-clip-clip-clap! They dashed around corners and up steep hills, for they knew they would soon be in their own snug barn.

Clara thought of her dear waiting mother, and softly she sang as the little carriage rolled on:

“Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;
But only one mother the wide world over.”

—GEO. COOPER.

Yes, there was Mrs. Clay waiting with open arms, and what a feast she had ready for her little daughter! There were oranges and bananas and pears and a beautifully frosted cake, and so many other dainties that it is not possible to name them all.





During the long winter evenings Clara told over and over the wonderful adventures of her journey. Mr. and Mrs. Clay never tired of hearing their daughter read from the book given to her in Paper-Land. The little Clays shouted with glee each time Clara told them about the great, tall giant and the very fat woman and the gingerbread twins and the Prune people.

Clara's mother liked best to hear about the magic fountain and the dancing flowers, but father Clay enjoyed the strange tales told by the storks—the Jumblies with green heads and blue hands, the brave Clothespins who walked on high ropes, and, most interesting of all, the queer Quangle Wangle.

"I shall never be satisfied until I have seen the Quangle Wangle and his crumpetty-tree," said Mr. Clay.

"I want to go with you, dear," whispered Mrs. Clay. "That hat—a hundred and two feet wide, with ribbons and bibbons on every side, and bells, and buttons, and loops, and lace! Oh, it must be a wonderful sight!"

"And the great giant and the funny clowns!" shouted Clara's brothers.

When Christmas came, Polly and Peter Paper sent beautiful paper gifts. There was a pretty book-mark for "Uncle Clay," dainty paper flowers for "Aunt Clay," big, bright red Christmas bells and cornucopias and chains and baskets for the Clay cousins, besides letter-paper and envelopes for each one in the family.

Gifts came pouring in from all parts of Busy-Land. There were acorn tops, wooden wagons, sail-boats, horse-reins, kites, windmills, soldier caps, paints, and books for the boys. Dolls of paper, wood, sealing-wax, and candy; doll-houses, doll wagons and carts; woven clothing for the dolls and rugs for their houses; crayons and books for the girls.

A card-holder from the Pines and a holder for the writing-paper and envelopes came for "Aunt Clay," and a woven cap from the weaver and a big bottle of ink from Shadow-Land for "Uncle Clay."



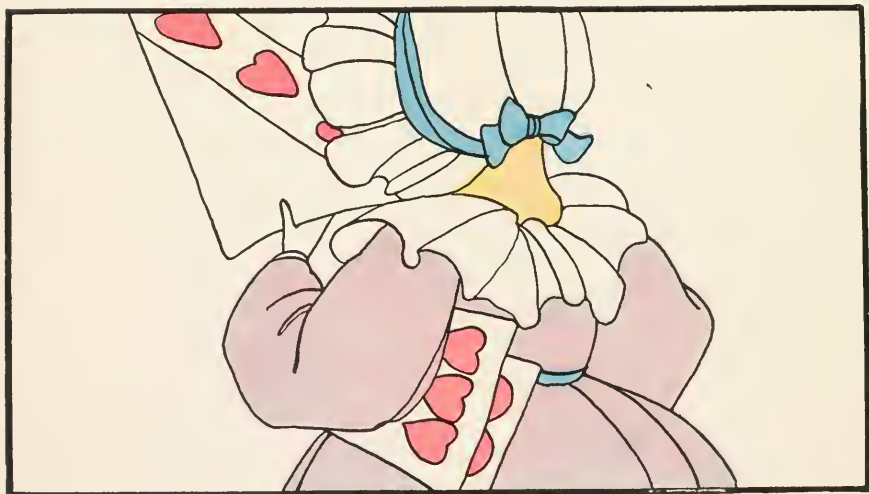
For a New Year gift Bertha and Bernard Black sent a pretty ink blotter and a lovely calendar that they had made themselves. And then on Valentine Day no one was forgotten. Such beautiful valentines had never been seen in Clay Country.

“Busy-Land must be a wonderful place,” said Mrs. Clay. “I am so anxious to see that remarkable hat. With ribbons and bibbons on every side, and bells, and buttons, and loops, and lace.”

“Oh, dear, I wish I could go, too!” sighed Clara’s little sister.

“So do I! So do I! So do I!” echoed the other children.

“We will all go,” declared Mr. Clay. “Busy-Land is the land for us.”

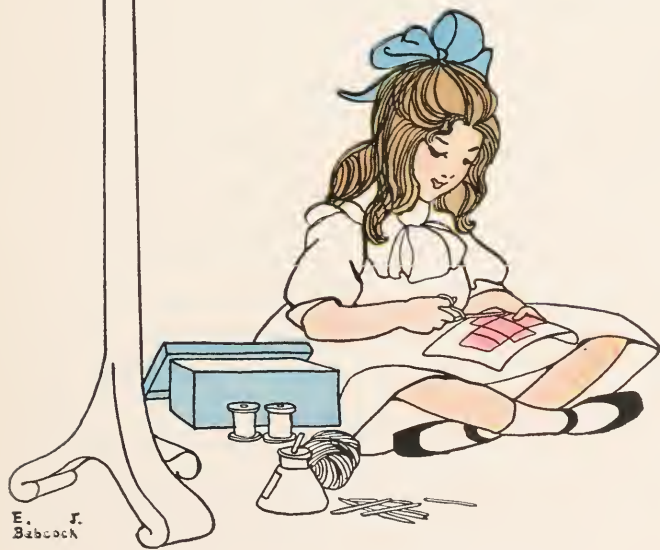


Helps for Making



“Oh, the child a poet is!
Poet's pleasures too are his;
Would he had the art to tell
What he sees and hears so well—

.....
Would he had the art to tell
What he hears and sees so well,
Ere his senses, grown less keen,
Say they have not heard or seen.”



E. J.
Babcock

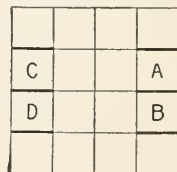


HELPS FOR MAKING

- Page 1.* **CLARA CLAY.**—Model free-hand with clay or plasticine.
CLARA'S TRUNKS.—Pasteboard boxes that open like trunks.
- Page 2.* **CLARA'S CARRIAGE.**—Box with upper left corner cut out. Windows cut out. Pasteboard wheels fastened to sides of box with paper-fasteners.
CLARA'S HORSES.—Use large peanut for body of horse and small peanut for head. Join head to body with toothpick. Use toothpick for tail and four toothpicks for legs. Put a little sealing-wax on end of toothpick legs for hoofs.
- Page 3.* **PAPER DOLLS, HAND IN HAND.**—Fold paper as many times as you want dolls. Do not cut through folds at hands.

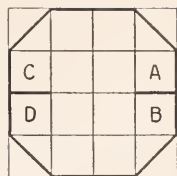
PAPER-LAND

- Page 4.* **HOUSE.**—Paper, 8-inch square. 1. Fold 16 squares. 2. Cut on solid lines. 3. Crease and paste square *A* to *B* and *C* to *D* to form roof. 4. Paste corner squares.

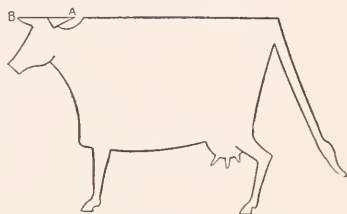


TREES.—Cut from stiff paper.

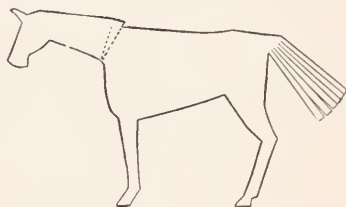
Page 5. **TENTS.**—Paper, 4-inch square. 1. Fold 16 squares. 2. Fold diagonals of corner squares. 3. Cut on solid lines. 4. Paste square *A* to *B* and *C* to *D*. 5. Cut slit for door and fold out edges.



Page 6. **COW.**—Fold writing-paper and cut outline of cow, using fold for line of back. Make ears at *A*, where dip of neck is cut out. Fold ears forward. Paste together two sides of head but separate horns (*B*). Cut off one tail. Spread feet apart and stand up.



Page 7. **HORSE.**—Fold writing-paper, cut outline of horse, using fold for line of back and neck. Slit back of neck at collar line a third of the way down. Fold over a little of the back fold. Fold neck at slit so as to raise head. Paste two sides of head together, but leave ears separate. Slit tail to resemble hair. Spread feet apart so horse stands alone. The folding over of a little of the back fold gives horse a better shape. His head can be either lowered or raised.



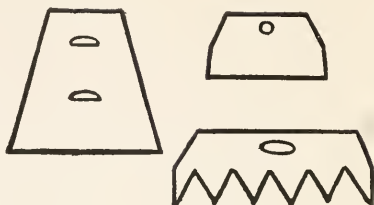
Page 8. **BARN.**—Paper, 8-inch square. Follow directions for house. Cut larger door and smaller windows.

Page 9. **FARM ANIMALS.**—Cut free-hand.

Page 10. **GARDEN TOOLS.**—Cardboard and strong straws or toothpicks.

Hoe.—Cut blade free-hand. Pierce hole and insert straw or toothpick for handle.

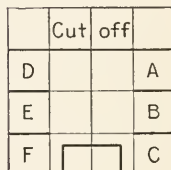
Spade.—Cut free-hand. Make two holes and insert handle.



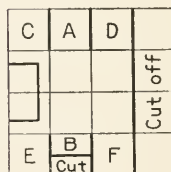
Rake.—Cut free-hand. Insert handle.

Page 11. **WOMAN, BOY, GIRL.**—Cut free-hand.

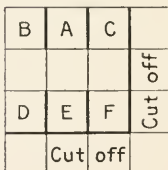
Page 12. **TABLE.**—Paper, 8-inch square. 1. Fold 16 squares. 2. Cut off one row of squares. 3. Cut on solid lines. 4. Paste *A* and *C* to *B*. 5. Paste *D* and *F* to *E*. 6. Cut sides to represent legs of table.



Page 13. **BED.**—Paper, 4-inch square. 1. Fold 16 squares. 2. Cut off one row of squares. 3. Cut on solid lines. 4. Fold up *A* and *B* for head and foot of bed. 5. Paste *C* to *D* and *E* to *F*. 6. Cut sides to represent legs of bed.



CHAIR.—Paper, 4-inch square. 1. Fold 16 squares. 2. Cut off one row of squares. 3. Cut off a row of three squares. 4. Cut on solid lines. 5. Paste *B* to *C* and turn up *A* for a back. 6. Paste *D* and *F* to *E*. Cut legs of chair.

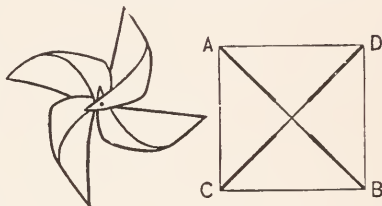


Page 14. **CHURCH** } See directions for house (page 134). Vary
SCHOOL } doors and windows. Add steeple to church
HOUSE } and flag to school.
BARN }

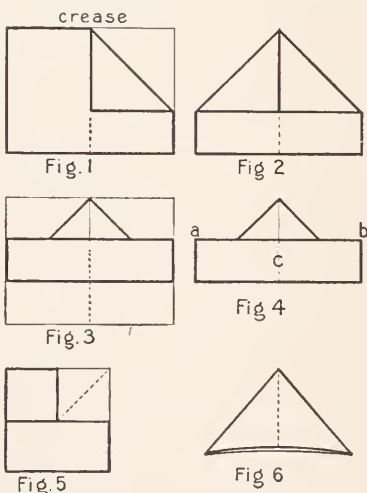
CAR.—Shoe-box. Cut windows and platform. Fasten wheels of pasteboard to sides of box. See directions for carriage (page 134).

Page 15. **WINDMILL.**—Paper (white or colored), 6-inch square.

1. Draw diagonals AB and CD . 2. From each corner cut diagonally to within one inch of centre. 3. Fold every other flap to the centre and fasten to the end of a stick with a pin.



Page 16. **SOLDIER CAP.**—Newspaper, 18 inches by 12. 1. Fold short edges together. 2. Creased edge at top. Fold right and left edges together. Unfold. 3. Fold right half of upper edge to crease. (Fig. 1.) 4. Fold left half of upper edge to crease. (Fig. 2.) 5. Fold front oblong at bottom upward. (Fig. 3.) 6. Fold back oblong upward along back edge. (Fig. 4.) 7. Fold corners at A down, one



Page 16.
(Continued.)

over the other. 8. Fold corners at *B* in same way. 9. Hold paper by middle points, *C* (creases), of lower edges. Pull apart and form square. (Fig. 5.) 10. Fold corners upward and outward to upper corner of cap. 11. Spread at the bottom to fit head. (Fig. 6.)

Page 17. **KITE.**—Tie three sticks together for a frame. Cover frame with paper. Add tail and string.

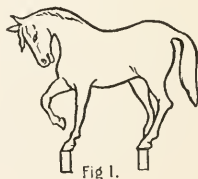


Page 18. **BOAT.**—Paper, 6 inches by 9. 1. Fold soldier cap. 2. Fold front and back points together and form square. 3. Hold point of cap at top and separate lower corners. 4. Turn lower corners upward and outward to upper corner. Hold triangle thus formed so that apex is at the top. 5. Pull apart two inner corners at the top.

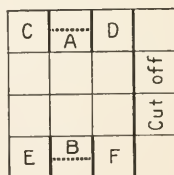
Page 19. **CIRCUS TENTS.**—See directions on page 135.

Page 20 } **CIRCUS ANIMALS.**—Cut free-hand. Color with water-
Page 21 } colors.

Page 22. **MERRY-GO-ROUND.**—Two circles of pasteboard. Large spool and small spool. Long pencil or stick. Heavy paper for boats and animals. 1. Cut animals free-hand, making one fore leg and one hind leg longer than the others in order to have flaps for paste. (Fig. 1.)



2. *Boats.*—1. Fold 16 squares. 2. Cut off one row of squares. 3. Cut on solid lines. 4. Turn up *A* and *B*. Fold *A* and *B* for seats. 5. Paste *C* and *D* together. 6. Paste *E* and *F* together.



Page 24. **BOOK.**—Several 8-inch squares. 1. Fold paper on horizontal diameter. 2. Pierce two holes in crease. 3. Run string through holes and tie.

ENVELOPE.—Paper, 11 inches by 8 inches. (Size may vary.) 1. Place long edges parallel with edge of desk. 2. On upper edge place a dot three inches from each corner.



Fig. 1.

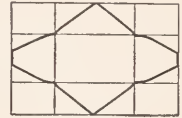


Fig. 2.

On lower edge do the same. (Fig. 1.) 3. Connect opposite dots with



Fig. 3.

line. (Fig. 1.) 4. Fold long edges together and find middle of paper, but do not crease. Fold each long edge to middle. (Fig. 2.) 5. Shape flaps and sides of envelope. (Fig. 2.) 6. Paste edges of sides; paste bottom flap. (Fig. 3.)

Page 26. **PILL-BOX MAN.**—Draw face on small round pill-box. Fasten small box to larger one with paper-fastener (small box must be open when fastener is adjusted). Use toothpicks for arms and legs. A third pill-box may serve as a base. (See picture.)

Page 28. **BOX TOWN.**—Use shoe-boxes for houses and station. A hat-box, round or square, will make a good hotel. Cut windows and doors in boxes.

SHADOW-LAND

Pages 29-38. **FREE-HAND CUTTINGS.**—Black paper.

INK PAINTING.—Brush and ink.

COLOR-LAND *

Pages 39-60. Paper, paints, pan for water, soft cloth, and brush. Teach children to dip the brush gently in water, taking only a drop or two to moisten paint; to move brush gently to take up color; to test color on inside of box cover or on bit of paper.

A box containing three colors is well adapted to their needs. Show that yellow and blue make green, that yellow and red make orange, and that blue and red make violet.

Lead children to a perception of the general relationship of colors (page 43). Use chart of colored papers and a prism.

Aim for free work and pure color.

FLOWER-LAND

Pages 61-70. **DAISY LADIES.**—Mark faces with ink on eye of flower. Petals form the hair. Tie a large leaf around the stem for a gown. Use broad blade of grass for a sash.

POPPY LADIES.—Bend down petals of flower and tie them around stem with blade of grass.

PANSY LADIES.—Tie flower to toothpick with a blade of grass. Tie a large leaf around the toothpick for a dress.

MORNING-GLORY LADIES.—Turn flower upside down. The pod forms a head. Tie grass blade around petals for a sash.

HAW PRINCES.—Mark faces on haws. Use toothpicks for legs and arms.

* For the idea of the story of the Ray family that appears on pages 44 to 55 of this section the authors are indebted to the "Little Ray Family," by Ida M. Maffett, published by the Inland Publishing Company, Terre Haute, Indiana.

VEGETABLE-LAND

- Pages 71-81.* **ROLLY POLY.**—Gourd, squash, small pumpkin, or melon with eyes, nose, and mouth painted or cut.
- PERCY PICKLE.**—Cucumber with face cut out and toothpick arms and legs.
- ADAM APPLE.**—Small apple for a head and a larger apple for a body. Cut eyes, nose, and mouth. Use toothpicks for legs and arms. One apple may be used instead of two.
- CORNELIA HUSKS.**—Cob body. Tie light husk over one end for head. Mark eyes, nose, and mouth on husk and add corn-silk hair. Green husks tied with rhubarb ribbon or with a grass-blade sash form the gown.
- CORN BABY.**—Cob dressed in green husks.
- RADISH BABY.**—Cut eyes, nose, and mouth. Tie leaves with a grass-blade sash to form a gown.
- JACK-O'-LANTERN.**—Cut out eyes, nose, and mouth. Place candle inside or paste yellow tissue-paper behind eyes, nose, and mouth.
- LEMON PIG.**—Lemon body with toothpick legs and tail. Cut a mouth and a tiny V in skin on each side of head. Bend back the V-shaped pieces for ears.

NUT-LAND

- Pages 82-92.* **WALNUT POLICEMAN.**—Walnut, clothespin, tissue-paper, and glue. Glue walnut to head of a clothespin. Mark eyes, nose, mouth, and hair

on the nut. Tie a roll of tissue-paper a little below the head to form the arms. Dress in dark blue tissue. Cut brim of hat of stiff paper and glue to it a half shell for a crown. The policeman can stand in sand or soft dirt.

Follow above directions when using other nuts of similar shape. Acorn cups make good caps.

ACORN DISHES.—Use cups for saucers and covers of dishes. Bore holes and insert ends of bent straws for handles, spouts, etc.

PEANUT PEOPLE.—Seven double-jointed nuts and one single nut. Use small nut for head, a large nut for the body, a large nut for each arm, and two large nuts for each leg. Fasten nuts together with heavy thread. Draw eyes, nose, and mouth with ink. Ink back of head and shoes. Glue on a cue made of heavy thread or yarn (braided). Dress in tissue and glue a circle of bright paper over joining of hair and head.

CHESTNUT PEOPLE.—Use nuts soft enough to be easily perforated. Bore holes and insert tooth-picks for legs and arms. Bore hole in head and another in body and join by running a tooth-pick into these holes.

HORSE-CHESTNUT HORSES.—Take small nut for head. Cut eyes, nostrils, and ears. (See lemon pig.) Glue two large nuts together for long body. Make blanket and girth of paper.

Pages 82-92.

(Continued.)

Use toothpicks for neck and legs, and wax, plaster, or clay for hoofs. With a pin fasten on a tail of thread or string.

HICKORY-NUT WOMAN.—See directions for policeman.

CHAINS AND BRACELETS.—String nuts on heavy thread. Sections of bamboo, straws, hollow grasses, and seeds may be combined with the nuts.

WOOD-LAND

Pages 93-110.

STORK.—Large cork for body and small cork for head. Toothpicks or matches sharpened at both ends form neck, bill, and legs. Use large flat cork for base and stick legs into it.

CANOE.—Cut bark double, leaving fold at bottom. Sew ends with thread or raphia. (Paper may be used instead of bark.)

SPOOL HOUSE.—Spools and pasteboard. Build walls of spools. Fold and crease a piece of pasteboard for a roof.

SPOOL PEOPLE.—Large spool for body and small spool for head. Draw face with ink or pencil. Large pins or large needles form legs and arms. Use thimble for hat.

SPOOL FURNITURE.—Spools and pasteboard.

Chair.—Bend pasteboard for seat and back of chair and paste seat to spool.

Bed.—Follow same plan as for chair.

Table.—Circle of pasteboard pasted to spool.

Stove.—Two pieces of pasteboard and spools.

Place legs of stove and above them lay an oblong of pasteboard. Extend pasteboard beyond front legs for a hearth. Build up stove and use a square of pasteboard for the top. Spool chimney.

CLOTHESPIN PEOPLE.—Draw face on head of the pin. Tie roll of tissue-paper below head for arms. Dress in tissue-paper. For clothespin house see illustration on page 102.

PINE FAMILY.—A bunch of pine-needles cut off to form a flat base so it will stand. Separate some needles on each side and tie with grass to form arms (see page 105). Tie grass or thread around neck and waist. Dress in leaves or petals of flowers. When blown gently the Pine family will walk. A few needles must be trimmed out to give Mr. Pine legs.

WOODEN HOUSE.—Two soap-boxes fastened together form body of house and a third box, taken apart, makes the roof. Pieces of third box also furnish wood for partitions.

FURNITURE.—The more simple and original the better. Wood of cigar-boxes is best adapted for this purpose.

WAGON.—Use box for body. Spools or circles of wood form wheels. A large-headed nail clinched inside the wagon may serve as an axle. The hole in the wheel through which the nail passes must be a little larger than the

nail so the wheel may turn freely. The nail must have a large head to serve as a hub.

TOP AND BOAT.—See illustrations on pages 106 and 109.

RAPHIA GIRL AND BROOM.—Take strands of raphia half as thick as body is to be. Double strands and tie to form head. Separate a few strands on each side to make arms. Wind arms with raphia. Tie girdle around body. Cut off end to form flat base. Tie a wide, smooth piece of raphia over the head and draw a face. Add hair of raphia.

Use skewer for handle of broom. Double the raphia as for a doll's head, fastening it securely to the skewer.

LOG CABIN.—Use box for foundation. Cover box with twigs cut with straight ends. Tiny tacks or brads must be used or twigs will split.

WEAVING—LAND

Pages 111-126. **MRS. YARN.**—See directions for raphia doll.

WEAVING.—*Loom.*—Pasteboard.

Warp.—Cord or carpet warp.

Woof.—Wool, carpet yarn, cord, raphia, silkoline, rags, candle wicking, chenille, etc.

“Over, under, and over,
Under, over once more,
Across the loom and back again,
The wool goes as before.” (L. W.)

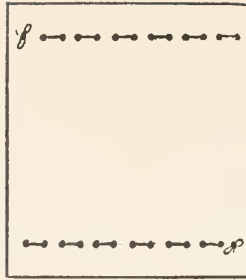


Fig. 1

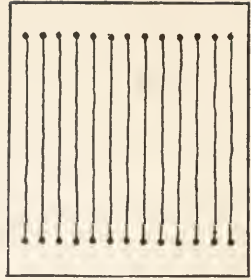


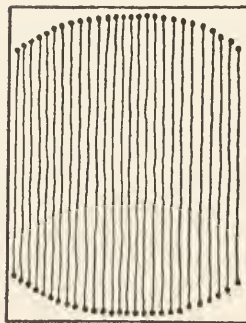
Fig. 2

Pages 111-126.
(Continued.)

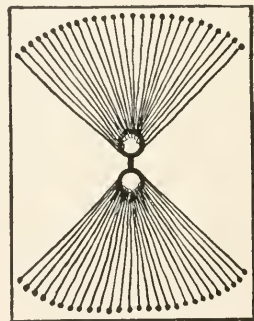
Fig. 1 shows the front of a pasteboard loom strung with warp all ready for weaving. Fig. 2 shows the back of the same loom.

HAMMOCK.—*Loom.*—Pasteboard.

Warp and Woof.—The same material. Two brass rings and a darning-needle large enough to hold the woof will also be needed.



Front

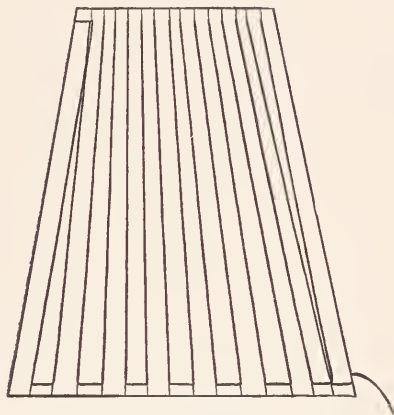


Back

LOOM FOR HAMMOCK

Fasten one end of warp to upper ring, pass it through the outside hole at top, across to

first lower hole. Pull through and fasten to lower ring, then back to second lower hole. Across back of loom through second upper hole and back to upper ring, etc. Cut pieces of woof long enough to allow for fringe on each side of hammock.



LOOM FOR CAP

Loom.—Top, $2\frac{3}{4}$ " ; bottom, $4\frac{5}{8}$ " ; length, $5\frac{5}{8}$ " .

Top, 14 notches; bottom, 14 notches.

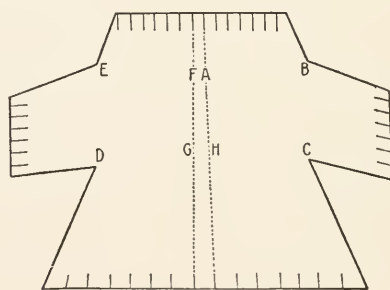
Top, first notch $\frac{3}{16}$ " from left edge, $\frac{3}{16}$ " between notches. Last notch $\frac{1}{8}$ " from right edge.

Bottom, first notch $\frac{5}{16}$ " from left edge, $\frac{5}{16}$ " between notches. Last notch $\frac{1}{4}$ " from right edge.

Warp, 4 yards.—Tie end to upper left notch. Carry to first lower notch, through this notch to back of loom to second lower notch. Through second lower notch up face of loom

to first notch (same) at top. Through this down back of loom to first lower notch again. Through first notch across face of loom to second notch; through second notch up back of loom to second notch at top. Two warp-threads have now been laid on both front and back of the loom. Proceed to lay two more threads on front in same manner, but run the warp through the second upper notch only once and on its return to the top pass it through the next hole to the right. Lay two threads on the back of the loom as before and continue by alternately placing two threads on the front and on the back until the last upper notch is reached. Run an extra warp-thread from this to the last lower notch, making the number of threads odd.

To remove cap from loom, break paste-board—tear off notches.



LOOM FOR COAT

Loom.—Top, $2\frac{3}{4}$ " ; bottom, $4\frac{5}{8}$ " ; length, $4\frac{1}{4}$ " ; sleeves, $1\frac{1}{4}$ ". Top, 14 notches. First notch

$\frac{3}{16}$ " from left, $\frac{3}{16}$ " between notches. Last notch $\frac{1}{8}$ " from right edge.

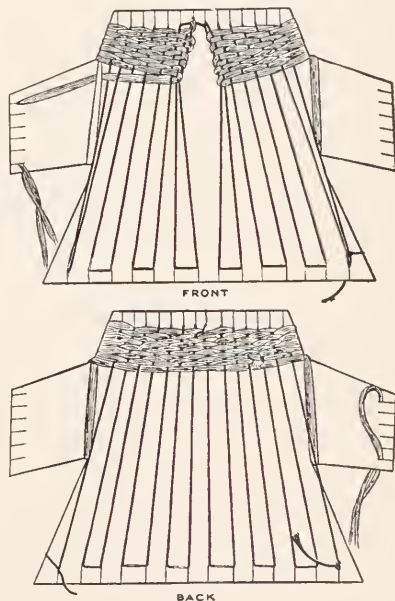
Bottom, 14 notches. First notch $\frac{5}{16}$ " from left edge, $\frac{5}{16}$ " between notches. Last notch $\frac{1}{4}$ " from right edge.

Sleeves, $1\frac{1}{4}$ " wide. First notch $\frac{3}{16}$ " from upper edge, $\frac{3}{16}$ " between notches—6 notches.

Warp.—Begin at *A*, string right hand of front (as for cap), then the back of loom, and lastly the left-hand front. This is so the coat will open in front. About 4 yards of warp are needed.

Weaving.—Start woof at *A*, weave around loom to *F*, reverse and weave back again to *A*. Continue in this way until top of sleeve is reached.

Throw an extra thread around the arm. This thread is a part of the woof and passes from *E* down the back of the loom to *D* and up the front to *E*. From *E* weave across



the back to *B*, down the front to *C*, and up the back of the sleeve to *B* again. From *B* weave right side of front to *H-C*, extending the woof-threads of the body to the ends of the sleeve for warp. Weave entire back space *C-D*, *E-B*. Extend woof for sleeve warp. In weaving sleeves, put in extra thread and weave closely.

EASTER CHICKENS.—A pencil, two pins, and a ball of soft yarn. Cut a piece of yarn longer than the pencil and lay it along the pencil as in Fig. 1. Stick a pin in the yarn near each end of the pencil. (Fig. 1.) (A piece of yarn will extend beyond the pencil at each end.) Now wind the yarn from the ball around the pencil from pin to pin until there are two or more layers. (Fig. 1.)

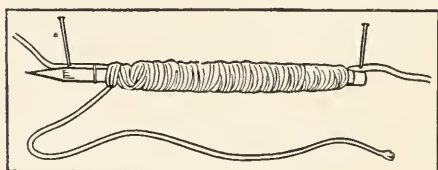


Fig. 1

Pull out the pins, take hold of each of the hanging ends, slip the wound yarn off of the pencil, and then tie the ends together as tightly as possible. (Fig. 2.)

With scissors cut through the outer side of all the loops. This will make a woolly ball. (Fig. 3.)

Use this ball for body of chicken and make a smaller one for its head. A ball the same

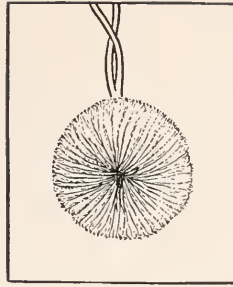


Fig. 2

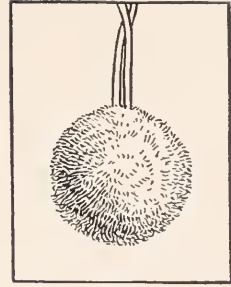


Fig. 3

Pages 111-126.
(Continued.)

size may be trimmed down with scissors. Tie strings of the two balls together. Make eyes of black-headed pins. A tiny triangle of pasteboard (bent in the middle) makes a good beak. Paste beak in place. Run a piece of wire through the body and bend it down to form legs. Make two pin-holes in a card and push one wire leg down through the first hole and up through the other. Bend the end back to the leg and

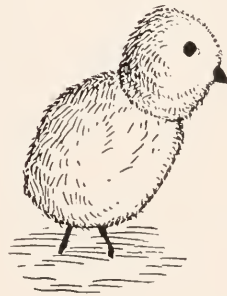


Fig. 4

twist it around leg two or three times. Make two more pin-holes and fasten the other leg to the card in the same way. (Fig. 4.)

(Continued.)

FIG RABBIT.—Plump fig for body and prune for head. Ears, fore paws, and hind feet are made of raisins. Three currants fastened together with a toothpick form a tail. Whole cloves for eyes.

FIG CALF.—Three figs for body, prune for head, raisins fastened with toothpicks for legs, and tail and ears of currants. Cloves form eyes.

PRUNE TURTLE.—Flat prune for body, raisin for head, and currants for neck, legs, and feet.

MARSHMALLOW MAN.—Three marshmallows fastened together with a toothpick. Cloves for eyes, nose, and mouth. Cloves may also be used for buttons on coat.

FIG BOY AND GIRL.—Fig bodies, marshmallow heads, with clove eyes, noses, and mouths. Raisins strung on toothpicks make legs for the boy.

LOLLYPOP GRANDMOTHER.—Cone of stiff paper for body. Run stick of lollypop through point of cone and fasten with string. Draw eyes, nose, and mouth on paper covering of lollypop. Use tissue-paper for dress and bonnet.

PRUNE PEOPLE.—Prune for head and three prunes for body. Use toothpicks to fasten them together. In the same way use raisins for legs and arms. Paste paper eyes and mouth in place, or use cloves. Dress prunes in tissue-paper.

HOME-LAND

Pages 127-132. **CLAY HOUSE.**—Model with clay or plasticine.

CLAY FRUIT.—Use real fruit for models.

MR. AND MRS. CLAY.—Clay pipe with eyes and mouth drawn on the bowl (page 129). The little point forms a nose. Use a roll of tissue-paper for arms and tie them to pipe-stem just below the bowl. Tissue-paper clothing.

CHRISTMAS BELL.—Fold paper and cut free-hand.

CHRISTMAS CORNUCOPIA.—Eight-inch square

and 6-inch square. On 8-inch square draw lines parallel to and 1 inch from upper and lower edges. Draw vertical lines 1 inch apart. (Fig. 1.) Cut

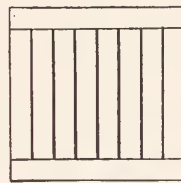


Fig. 1

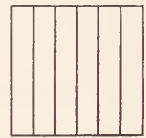


Fig. 2

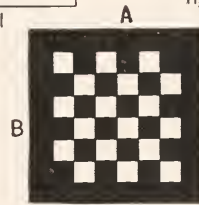


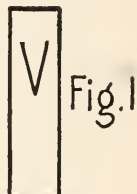
Fig. 3

on vertical lines. Cut 6-inch square into strips 6 inches long and 1 inch wide. (Fig. 2.) Weave strips as in Fig. 3. Paste together edges (A-B) to form cornucopia.

CHRISTMAS CHAINS.—Strips of green and strips of red paper. Paste ends of green strip to

form a ring. Pass red strip through ring and paste ends of strip together. Run a green strip through red ring and paste ends of strip, etc.

BOOK-MARK.—Cut oblong of stiff paper. Cut in it a V-shaped flap as in Fig. 1. Paste picture of flower or animal above cut.



PAPER OR ENVELOPE RACK.—Piece of wood or cardboard glued to four small spools which serve as legs. (See page 131.) Stand clothes-pins on heads and glue them to the cardboard. Water-colors may be used to decorate.

PAPER FLOWERS.—Sweet peas—raphia stem. Twist bits of colored paper (tissue) and tie them to stem. See illustration.

VALENTINE JOINED HEARTS.—Cut hearts double, starting the upper middle of heart on the fold. Fold paper as for dolls when a series of joined hands are wanted.

CALENDAR.—Paste tiny calendar to heavy drawing-paper. Use brush and ink for decorating. A little water in ink will give gray tones.

BLOTTER.—Decorate a piece of heavy paper with water-colors or with ink. Cut blotting-paper the same size and fasten with colored string.

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