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THE SANDMAN:
HIS KITTYCAT STORIES

Sandman Stories



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THE PAGE COMPANY
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The Sandman:
His Kitty-cat
Stories ♣ ♣

By

Harry W. Frees

With Thirty-two Illustrations from Life Photographs
Taken by the Author



Boston

The Page Company

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THE SANDMAN: HIS KITTYCAT STORIES

I

THE MERRY LITTLE BREEZES STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a farmhouse that was painted white with green blinds, and it stood not far from the road, and in the farmhouse lived Uncle John and Aunt Deborah and their two little boys, little Charles and little John. And often in the long winter evenings, when the wind blew, Uncle John

would tell the two little boys stories of Kittycat Town, where the kittycats, big and little, lived in their little brick houses. And sometimes little Charles and little John would search for the little kitty boys and girls of Kittycat Town, but no matter where they looked, they never were able to find them. When they asked Uncle John if the kitty boys and girls were really and truly anywhere, Uncle John would laugh and pat their heads and say, "Now listen to me and the wind and we'll tell you."— But then he'd only tell this story. . . .

"It was hot and stuffy in the kittycat school and Buster Cuddles, the little kitty boy, could hardly keep still. Miss Sallie, the lady kittycat teacher of the little kitty boys and girls, had all the windows opened,

and Buster could see every butterfly that flitted past and hear the birds chirping to each other in the big tree close by.

“Buster Cuddles!” said Miss Sallie, “you’re not listening to one word I’m saying. If you don’t pay more attention to the lesson I’ll have to keep you in after school.”

Now it was quite surprising how quickly Buster stopped looking out of the window and listened to what Miss Sallie was telling the class. It was hard enough to be in school during school hours on such a pretty summer day, without being kept in after school.

When school let out at four o’clock, Buster darted down the lane towards the duck pond like a little wild boy. And instead of running in the middle of the road, he kept as close to the fence as he could, so that he

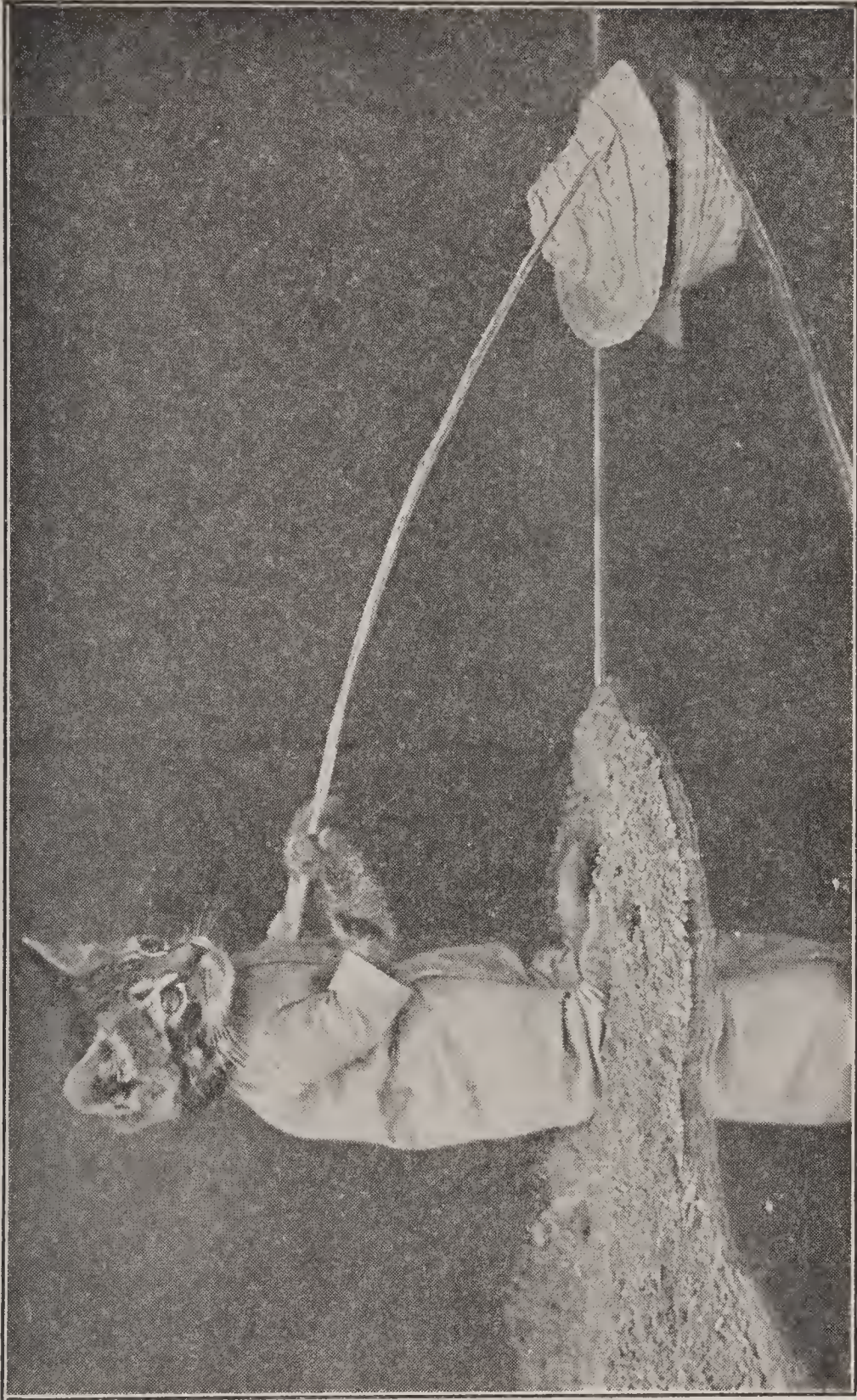
could hear the tall grass swish against his legs.

When he reached the duck pond he spent some time stirring up the polliwogs along shore with a stick. He had on his big straw hat, and all of a sudden a puff of wind came along and sent it sailing out into the water.

“I wish the old wind would stop blowing,” he growled to himself as he tried to pull the hat back to shore with his stick.

But the more he tried, the more the straw hat slipped out from under the end of his stick, and each time it bobbed farther away, until he could no longer reach it.

“I just wish there’d never be any wind!” he grumbled again, as he watched his hat go sailing across the pond. And because he was cross and tired, he flung himself down in the tall grass along the shore.



“ TRIED TO PULL THE HAT BACK TO SHORE ”

The next thing he knew, he heard several little voices calling to him, and they sounded as bright and clear as sleigh bells on a frosty night.

“Hello, little boy!” hailed one.

“Wake up and play!” cried another.

“Ho! Ho! What fun we’re having!” sang another.

“Why — why!” stammered Buster, looking carefully all around, “where are you? I can’t see you!”

“Ha! Ha!” chuckled the little voices, “of course you can’t see us!”

“But who are you?” asked Buster.

“We’re the merry little breezes!” chimed the little tinkly voices together.

“We make the flowers nod and kiss each other!” sang one.

“ We tickle little boys’ noses as we pass by,” declared another.

“ And sometimes we play a joke on little kitty boys by blowing their hats into the water!” giggled the tiniest voice of them all.

“ Ho! Ho! Ho!” they all laughed together.

“ I don’t think that was a bit nice of you,” spoke up Buster. “ It blew out of my reach and now I’ll lose it.”

“ Oh, no!” cried one of the merry little breezes, “ all you have to do is to go around to the other side of the pond and there you’ll find your hat safe and sound. We took care to sail it across without sinking it.”

And before Buster could say a word in reply, the little breezes all shouted good-by and went sailing away! But the very last

one of them all tickled Buster's nose with a blade of grass before he went rollicking by.

“ Why, here's my hat! ” he exclaimed the very first thing, as he looked across the pond and saw it bobbing up and down on the other side.

And all the way home he was wondering to himself whether the merry little breezes really did talk to him or whether he was just dreaming. Anyway, they blew his hat off — there was no doubt about that.

And that's all.

II

THE MR. O. SUGAR STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a farmhouse that was painted white with green blinds, and it stood not far from the road, and in the farm-

house lived Uncle John and Aunt Deborah and their two little boys, little Charles and little John. And often in the long winter evenings, when the wind blew, Uncle John would tell the two little boys stories of Kittycat Town, where the kittycats, big and little, lived in their little brick houses. And sometimes little Charles and little John

would search for the little kitty boys and girls of Kitty-cat Town, but no matter where they looked, they never were able to find them. When they asked Uncle John if the kitty boys and girls were really and truly anywhere, Uncle John would laugh and pat their heads and say, "Now listen to me and the wind and we'll tell you."— But then he'd only tell this story. . . .

No one would have ever thought of calling little Betty Cuddles lazy, but sometimes when Mother Cuddles wanted her to do something, such as washing the dinner dishes or sweeping the kitchen, this little kitty girl had a habit of saying, "Oh, sugar!" One morning Mother Cuddles needed some things from the store and as Betty was the

only one there at the time, she asked her to get them.

“ Oh, sugar! ” grumbled Betty, not very loud, you know, but just loud enough for Mother Cuddles to hear it. But all the same she took up the little basket and started off down the street. That same day when dinner was over, it was Betty’s turn to wash the dishes, but as soon as she got up from the table, she darted into the sitting room, thinking Mother Cuddles might forget whose turn it was and ask one of the others. But Mother Cuddles called her back and asked her whether she hadn’t forgotten something. And, of course, Betty knew at once what she meant.

“ Oh, sugar! ” she grumbled in the same old way.

“ I’m very much afraid, ” remarked Mother

Cuddles, quietly, "that some day Mr. O. Sugar will come snooping around to see you."

"Oh, Mother Cuddles!" exclaimed Betty, in alarm, "do you think he might?"

"I shouldn't wonder," answered Mother Cuddles, "you've said his name so often lately that some day he'll come around to see what you want."

So for quite a while after that, Betty was very careful not to say his name for fear he really would come around as Mother Cuddles had said. But one morning she forgot herself and out popped "Oh, sugar!"

For just a moment or two, Betty was so frightened that she hardly knew what to do, but as Mr. O. Sugar, whoever he was, didn't show himself, she began to think that Mother Cuddles might have been mistaken after

all. So after that, she didn't seem to care.

One morning, a few days later, Betty forgot to make her bed as she should have done, so when she came home from school, Mother Cuddles sent her right upstairs to do it.

“ Oh, sugar! ” were the very words she said as she went up the stairs. And would you believe it, just as she was spreading the sheet over the bed, out popped Mr. O. Sugar. And Betty was so surprised that she nearly tumbled over backwards. And let me tell you, Mr. O. Sugar was anything but a pleasant looking little chap. He wore a red and white striped suit just like a mint stick.

“ Well, what do you want? ” he demanded, in such a cross tone that poor frightened Betty couldn't say a word.

“ Well! Well! ” fairly shouted the little candy imp, “ are you deaf? ”



“ SHE WAS SPREADING THE SHEET OVER THE BED ”

“ Please — please, Mr. O. Sugar,” begged Betty, at last, “ I didn’t want you at all.”

“ Then stop calling me every little while,” he told her.

“ Yes — yes, sir,” stammered Betty.

“ The next time you call me,” he threatened, “ I’ll come around quicker than you can wink and turn you into a lollipop stick and all! Now mind what I tell you! ”

“ Oh, dear! ” gasped Betty, as she turned around to see if the door was open behind her so that she could run downstairs. And when she looked around again, Mr. O. Sugar had disappeared. And as quickly as her little legs would take her, Betty ran downstairs, and never stopped until she flung herself in Mother Cuddles’s paws.

“ Oh, Mother Cuddles! ” she cried, “ I’ve seen him! ”

“Seen whom?” asked Mother Cuddles.

“Why that mean old Mr. O. Sugar,” declared Betty, “and I’m never, never going to say his name again,” she promised. Nor did she from that day to this.

And that’s all.

III

THE DISOBEDIENCE STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a farmhouse that was painted white with green blinds, and it stood not far from the road, and in the farm-

house lived Uncle John and Aunt Deborah and their two little boys, little Charles and little John. And often in the long winter evenings, when the wind blew, Uncle John would tell the two little boys stories of Kittycat Town, where the kittycats, big and little, lived in their little brick houses. And sometimes little Charles and little John

would search for the little kitty boys and girls of Kittycat Town, but no matter where they looked, they never were able to find them. When they asked Uncle John if the kitty boys and girls were really and truly anywhere, Uncle John would laugh and pat their heads and say, "Now listen to me and the wind and we'll tell you."— But then he'd only tell this story. . . .

Mother Cuddles, the kittycat mother of the eight little Cuddleses, had been down to Daddy Fourpaws' store one day, and bought several yards of garden hose. When Daddy brought it around to the house, Buster Cuddles was in the front yard playing, and, of course, he could not help but see what the jolly old kittycat storekeeper had in his paws.

“ Oh, Daddy! ” he fairly squealed with delight, “ is that a hose to squirt water through? ”

“ Well, I guess not, ” replied Daddy, without smiling a bit; “ that’s a new kind of bicycle tire and you cut the pieces off as you need them. ”

“ Aw, you’re just fooling, ” said Buster.

And when Daddy went on up the garden walk chuckling to himself, Buster was sure of it.

After Daddy had gone Buster asked Mother Cuddles if he might try the new hose.

“ Maybe it leaks and you won’t know it unless I squirt some water through it, ” he suggested.

“ You needn’t bother, ” replied Mother Cuddles, “ it will wear out soon enough

without trying it every little while. And, besides, I got it more for sprinkling the lawn in dry weather than anything else.”

“It looks very dry now,” said Buster, as he squinted up at the sun with one eye closed.

But as it had rained only the day before, Mother Cuddles did not think that the grass was very thirsty, so she told Buster to run along and play.

“And, mind you, don’t touch that hose unless I tell you,” she warned him.

The next afternoon when school was out and Buster returned home, he found that Mother Cuddles was not there. On the sitting room table was a little note telling him that she had gone out for a little while and would be back in time for supper.

The first thing Buster thought about was

the new hose, and after he had searched awhile, he found it under the kitchen sink

“I’ll just see how it works,” he said to himself, as he dragged it out to the pump.

But he had forgotten that one little kitty boy can’t pump and sprinkle at the same time. So he called over the back fence to Laddie Rover, his little kitty playmate who lived next door, and asked him to come and help.

In a few minutes Laddie was hard at work pumping the water through the hose while Buster was sprinkling. First he sprinkled the pine tree in the middle of the lawn and then he wet all the flower beds. And after that he tried to see how high he could make the stream of water fly up into the air.

And then, all at once, Laddie began pump-

ing harder than ever and the little stream of water came hissing out of the nozzle so fast that it was all Buster could do to hold it still. And then just as he turned around to tell Laddie not to pump so fast, the end of the hose gave a jerky little jump and the stream of water flew right through the open window, all over the kitchen stove.

“ Whee-e-e! ” whistled Buster, “ just look what I’ve done! ”

And do you know, it scared both little boys so, that Laddie stopped pumping right away and Buster took the hose off the pump and put it back under the kitchen sink. Then he got a cloth and tried to mop up the water on the stove.

But before he had it half done, Mother Cuddles came home and of course Buster had to tell her that he had been meddling



“ HE SPRINKLED THE PINE TREE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LAWN ”

with the hose after she had told him not to touch it. But instead of scolding him, as he expected, she never said a word.

For the next day or two Buster was a very good little kitty boy, but it wasn't very long after that before he got into trouble again. Mother Cuddles always saved her feathers, so that when she wanted to stuff a cushion or something like that, she had them to use. One day when she went up in the attic, she found that she had three bags full of the feathers.

“Maybe I'd better take them downstairs and tie them all up in one package,” she said to herself; “they won't be quite so handy for little paws to get at.”

So she took them down to the kitchen with her and carefully tied them up in one big bundle. “I feel sure they won't meddle

with them now," she thought, as she laid the package on the sitting room table until she went upstairs again.

But she must have forgotten all about them, for the next morning the package of feathers was still lying on the table. And I shouldn't wonder at all but what her little kitty children were curious about it as soon as they saw it.

That same morning before Buster left for school, Mother Cuddles told him that she was going shopping that afternoon and wouldn't be there when he came home.

"Be sure and don't disturb anything," she added.

And Buster, of course, said that he wouldn't, but neither he nor his mother happened to think of the bundle of feathers lying on the table. In fact the little kitty

boy had hardly gotten home from school before he saw them. And that quick he began poking at the wrapper with his paw.

“My, but it feels soft,” he said to himself, “maybe it’s a new dress for Dolly or Tessie.”

So in order to find out, he decided to tear a teeny weeny hole in the wrapper to look, but somehow or other his paw must have slipped, for he ripped it clear across the top. And you ought to have seen those feathers fly! It looked for all the world like a blizzard only instead of being really truly flakes they were feather flakes.

“Oh, my!” gasped the surprised little kitty, “they’re feathers!”

And that was just the trouble. If they had been apples or potatoes or crackers or something like that, he could have easily

gathered them up again. But feathers don't seem to want to stay in one place long enough to be picked up.

But Buster did the best he could and for the next hour was as busy as could be brushing them together into little piles and gathering them up. And every little bit, he would have to sneeze as one tickled his nose.

By the time Mother Cuddles returned, the feathers were pretty well gathered up and Buster had been careful to wrap them up again in another package. Here and there you could see a feather or two that he had overlooked. And, of course, Mother Cuddles knew as soon as she entered the room what had happened. But she never said a word.

When supper was ready and Buster sat down to the table, there was a big fluffy



“ YOU OUGHT TO HAVE SEEN THOSE FEATHERS FLY ! ”

feather lying on his plate. And a moment later his little brother, Tommy, picked another one off his jacket sleeve.

“ Oh, Mother Cuddles,” cried Dolly, suddenly, “ look at the feather floating up there! ”

“ It seems very queer,” remarked Mother Cuddles, “ where all the feathers come from.”

And from then until bedtime the little Cuddleses were busy finding feathers. That is, all but Buster, who seemed to be very much interested in the book he was reading.

But he must have been thinking of feathers, too, for that night when bedtime came he told Mother Cuddles what he had done.

“ I’m sorry that you’re getting to be such a

disobedient little kitty boy," was all Mother Cuddles said, and as Buster cuddled down under the cover to go to sleep he felt very glad that his mother didn't seem cross about it.

Now you might think Buster had learnt a lesson by this time, but the very next day he was as naughty as ever. It was Saturday morning, and, of course, there was no school.

Buster had gotten a picture puzzle a few days before that, and almost as soon as he had eaten his breakfast he went into the sitting room and sat down on the floor to put it together. It was a picture of a big ship in a storm, and in a little while Buster had fitted together all but three pieces of the ship and two pieces of a wave. And just as he had found a place for another one of the pieces

Mother Cuddles called to him from the kitchen.

“Buster,” she said, “I’ll have to have some wood right away.”

“Oh, sugar,” exclaimed Buster, quietly, to himself, “there’s always something to do!”

But he knew it wouldn’t do at all to say that to Mother Cuddles.

“I’ll be right there,” he called instead.

But there was something about the picture game that made him forget all about what Mother Cuddles had told him to do.

“Buster,” she called a little later, “aren’t you ever going to get that wood?”

“Yes’m, just a second,” promised Buster, as he tried to fit a piece of wave into the side of the ship.

But it was not until he had all the pieces nicely fitted together that he happened to think of the wood again.

“ My! ” he gasped, as he jumped up off the floor, “ I’m sure she’ll be cross! ”

But Mother Cuddles didn’t seem to be a bit cross, only she told him as he started for the door that she didn’t need any wood as she had gotten it herself.

“ I couldn’t wait until you were through, ” she added

Now that afternoon Buster had planned to take his little sister, Dolly, down to the duck pond for a walk, and as soon as dinner was over they started off.

“ Where are you going, Buster? ” called Mother Cuddles out of the window as she saw them going down the walk towards the front gate.

“Dolly and I are going for a walk,” answered Buster.

“I’m afraid you’ll have to stay in the house for the rest of the day,” said Mother Cuddles, “a little kitty boy who doesn’t listen any better than you do ought to stay at home.”

That was all she said but Buster thought it best not to ask any questions for he remembered the different times lately when he had failed to obey her. So he walked slowly back to the kitchen door with Dolly beside him.

“Dolly can run out to play if she wants to,” said Mother Cuddles.

“Please, Mother Cuddles,” pleaded Dolly, “I’d rather stay with Buster.”

So these two little kitten kiddies sat at the front window and watched the kittycat folks

go past. And every little bit some of their own little playmates would go hurrying by.

“Ho, Buster!” called a voice, suddenly, just outside the window, and there was Jackie Bowser, his little kitty playmate, pulling his little sister, Curly, in an express wagon.

“Aren’t you and Dolly coming out to play?” he asked, as Buster raised the window.

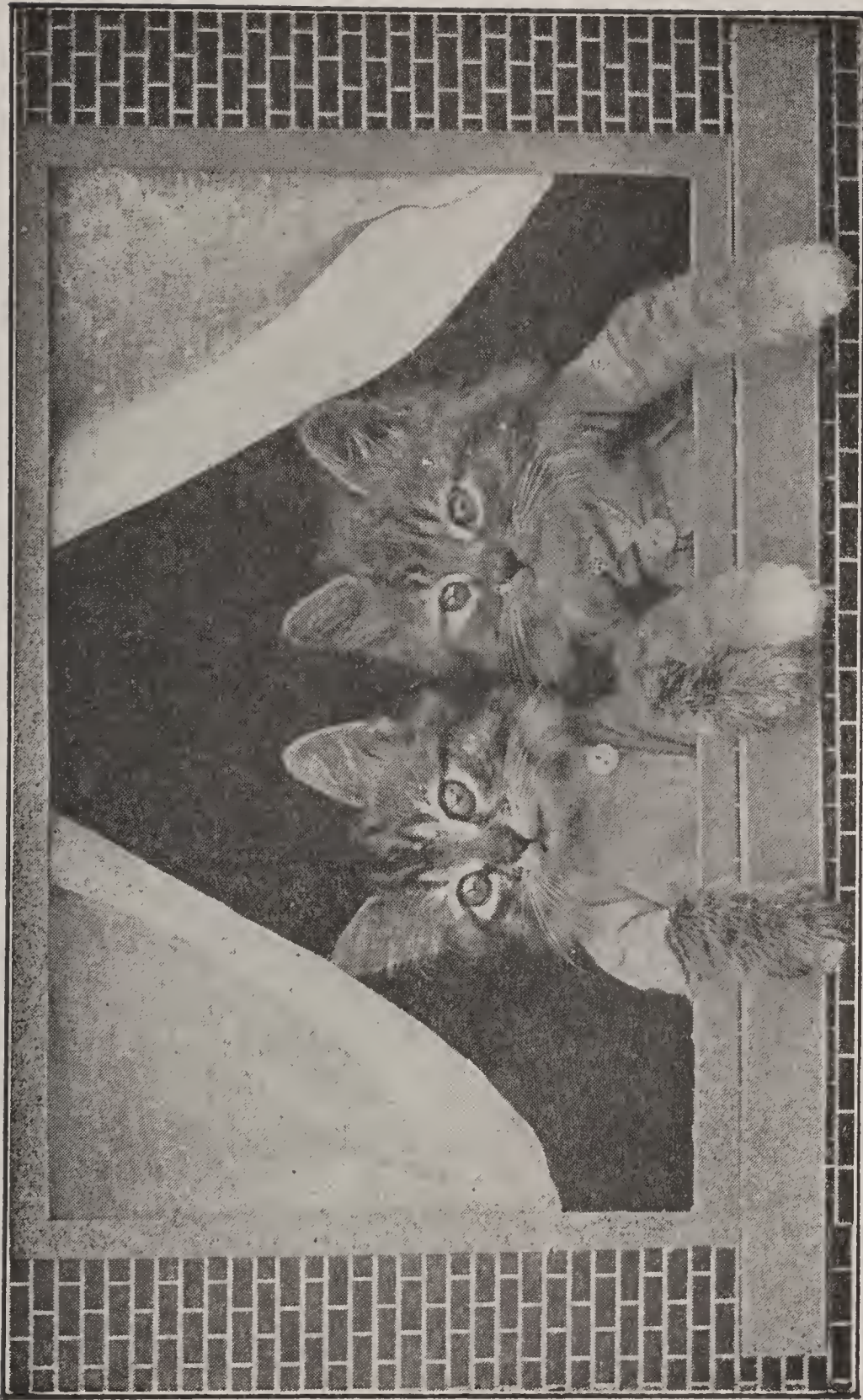
“I’ve got to stay in the house,” replied Buster, sadly.

“And I’m going to keep him company,” added Dolly, promptly.

“Oh!” said Jackie, just like that.

“Oh!” went Curly too.

And both little kittens went on down the street wondering to themselves what Buster had done that he had to stay in the house.



“ SAT AT THE FRONT WINDOW AND WATCHED THE KITTYPAT FOLKS ”

As Buster put down the window he had a big hard lump in his throat, but it wasn't because Mother Cuddles had made him stay in the house. It was all because of Dolly.

“You're the best sister a fellow ever had,” he declared, as he gave her paw a soft little squeeze. And do you know that for fear he might have to stay in the house again and keep little Dolly in, too, he made up his mind to be a better little kitty boy after that. And so he was.

And that's all.

IV

THE RAG DOLL STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a farmhouse that was painted white with green blinds, and it stood not far from the road, and in the farm-

house lived Uncle John and Aunt Deborah and their two little boys, little Charles and little John. And often in the long winter evenings, when the wind blew, Uncle John would tell the two little boys stories of Kittycat Town, where the kittycats, big and little, lived in their little brick houses. And sometimes little Charles and little John

would search for the little kitty boys and girls of Kittycat Town, but no matter where they looked, they never were able to find them. When they asked Uncle John if the kitty boys and girls were really and truly anywhere, Uncle John would laugh and pat their heads and say, "Now listen to me and the wind and we'll tell you."— But then he'd only tell this story. . . .

Betty Cuddles was coaxing Mother Cuddles to let her make a rag doll, and it was very hard sometimes for Mother Cuddles to refuse her little kitty girl.

"May I, Mother Cuddles? Please, may I, Mother Cuddles?" pleaded Betty.

"How big a piece of goods will you want?" asked Mother Cuddles.

And Betty measured off with her paws

how long a piece of the white muslin she would like to have.

“ Goodness! ” exclaimed Mother Cuddles, “ your doll will be almost as tall as you are. ”

But anyway, Mother Cuddles gave Betty a piece of the white muslin just the size she wanted and the little kitty girl started in to make her rag doll.

First she doubled the piece of muslin and then drew an outline of the doll on the piece of cloth with black crayon. And after she had cut the two pieces out and sewed them together, she decided to make its face before stuffing it with excelsior.

Now, it's not a very easy matter for a little kitty girl to draw a dolly's face, so Betty thought it best to try it first on a piece of paper.

“ Oh, Mother Cuddles! ” she cried, as she

came running into the kitchen a moment later, "just look! If you make a face with the corners of the mouth turned down, it looks just as though it wanted to cry, and if you turn the mouth the other way it does nothing but smile."

"It's the same way with little kitty girls," said Mother Cuddles; "when they start to pout the corners of their mouth begin to droop, but just as soon as they begin to look pleasant again it changes the other way."

So Betty decided to put a smiling face on her rag doll, and, after she had stuffed it as tight as a drum, she took it in the parlor and sat it on one of the chairs.

"There," she said, as she patted his little round head, "be a good little doll until I come after you."

The next day was Tommy's birthday and

Buster had bought his little kitty brother a new top for a birthday present. And that evening he stayed up until Tommy had gone to bed so that he could show it to Mother Cuddles.

Long after Mother Cuddles had gone to bed that night, Buster woke up all of a sudden, and the first thing that popped into his sleepy little head was that he had forgotten to put the top away. It was still lying on the table downstairs and he was afraid Tommy might find it before he got up.

So he crawled out of bed and started downstairs to get it. The moon was shining brightly outside, and, of course, it couldn't help but peep in through the window and make enough light for him to see.

Now Buster didn't know a single thing about Betty making her rag doll and put-



“ STUFFED IT AS TIGHT AS A DRUM ”

ting it in the parlor. So it was no wonder at all that he gave a little jump of surprise when he caught sight of somebody seated in one of the chairs in the front room.

The next instant he was flying up the stairs as hard as he could go to tell Mother Cuddles.

“Oh, Mother Cuddles!” he cried, “get up right away! There’s some one in the parlor!”

“You foolish little kitty boy,” Mother Cuddles told him, as she took hold of his paw and they went downstairs together, “you surely must be dreaming.”

“There, didn’t I tell you!” declared Buster, excitedly, as they saw a little white figure sitting upright in one of the chairs near the front window.

“Well! Well!” laughed Mother Cud-

dles, as she went a little closer, "if it isn't Betty's rag doll!"

"Huh!" sniffed Buster, "why does she put her old rag doll in a chair like that for?"

"Why does a little kitty boy go tramping around the house at night for?" asked Mother Cuddles.

"I came down for the top," explained Buster.

So Mother Cuddles took him upstairs again and tucked him warm and snug in his little bed. And two minutes later he was sound asleep, dreaming of a whole troop of little rag dolls with Betty's doll marching at the head of them.

The next day, as soon as Buster's little brothers and sisters found out how he had been fooled by Betty's rag doll, they started

in to tease him about it. And that made Buster very cross.

“Just wait till Betty’s not around,” he said to himself, over and over again, “I’ll show that old rag doll!”

So, one day, when he came home from school, there sat the stuffed dolly in the big armchair as big as life. And hanging on the back of the chair was Betty’s kimono and her little felt hat.

“Wait till I make you look like Betty,” chuckled the little kitty boy, as he dressed the rag doll in Betty’s kimono and hat.

Then he sat the doll in one corner of the room and went out into the kitchen to get his little toy gun. And would you believe it, when he came back into the sitting-room he began to shoot at that poor little rag doll.

Bang! went the first shot and over toppled little Miss Rags flat on her back.

“You will scare me, will you?” cried Buster, gleefully, as he sat the doll up for another shot.

And just as he pulled the trigger for the second time, in rushed Betty.

“Oh, my poor dolly!” fairly sobbed the little kitty girl, as she caught it up and squeezed it tight in her paws.

“Huh!” sniffed Buster, “it’s nothing but an old rag doll!”

“You’re too mean for anything!” she flung back at him, “and I just wish you weren’t my brother at all!”

Now Betty didn’t mean anything of the kind, for next to Mother Cuddles she liked Buster best of all. But she was so angry at



" DRESSED THE RAG DOLL IN BETTY'S KIMONO "

what he had done to her dolly that she didn't stop to think.

And the only answer Buster gave her was to stick his paws in his pockets and leave the room whistling to himself. But all the time he was wishing to himself that Betty hadn't said what she did.

It wasn't more than a day or two after that when Buster complained of a pain in his throat and by the time evening came he was a very sick little kitty boy. In fact, he was so ill that Mother Cuddles put him to bed before supper and sent for Doctor Tabby.

And when the good old doctor cat looked at Buster and felt his pulse, he shook his head in a serious kind of a way and told Mother Cuddles that her little kitty boy would have to have the very best of care.

“ Oh, Mother Cuddles,” whispered Betty,

after Doctor Tabby had gone, "is Buster very, very sick?"

"I'm afraid he is," replied Mother Cuddles.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the little kitty girl, "if I only hadn't said what I did about wanting him for a brother."

And when Mother Cuddles came downstairs there sat Betty huddled forlornly in the big armchair crying to herself. So Mother Cuddles took her in her lap and soon learned the whole story from her little kitty girl.

"There, there," comforted Mother Cuddles, "Buster will be all right in a day or two."

And, sure enough, the next day Buster felt a little better and Betty could hardly wait until she could go upstairs to see him.

And when she did go up, the first thing she told him was how glad she was that he was getting better.

“ You don’t know how glad I am,” she told him, “ ’cause — ’cause — ”

“ ’Cause why? ” asked Buster.

“ ’Cause you’re my brother and I like you ever so much,” whispered his little kitty sister.

And it made Buster feel a great deal better to know that his little sister wanted him for a brother, after all.

And that’s all.

V

THE NEWSBOY STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a farmhouse that was painted white with green blinds, and it stood not far from the road, and in the farm-

house lived Uncle John and Aunt Deborah and their two little boys, little Charles and little John. And often in the long winter evenings, when the wind blew, Uncle John would tell the two little boys stories of Kittycat Town, where the kittycats, big and little, lived in their little brick houses. And sometimes little Charles and little John

would search for the little kitty boys and girls of Kittycat Town, but no matter where they looked, they never were able to find them. When they asked Uncle John if the kitty boys and girls were really and truly anywhere, Uncle John would laugh and pat their heads and say, "Now listen to me and the wind and we'll tell you."— But then he'd only tell this story. . . .

In one of the little brick houses of Kittycat Town lived Mother Dobbie and her little kitty children. One of them was called Jimmie, and, as they were very poor he sold papers every afternoon after school and brought what money he made home to his mother.

Well, one day little Jimmie was selling papers along Kittyway Lane, when in cross-

ing from one side of the street to the other, he slipped and fell. Now, it isn't very often that a little kitty boy hurts himself when he falls, but this time Jimmie twisted his foot.

“Oh, my! Oh, my!” he groaned, as he limped to the sidewalk and sat down on the curb, “what shall I do?”

And just then along came Binny Ruffles, another little kitty boy. “What's the matter, Jimmie?” he asked the little kitty boy.

“I hurt my foot,” replied Jimmie, “and, oh, dear! I don't know what I'll do!”

“Can't you get home if you walk along slowly?” said Binny.

“It isn't that,” answered Jimmie, “I've just got to sell my papers 'cause Mother Dobbie needs the money.”

“I'll tell you what let's do,” suggested Binny, “you start for home right away and

I'll sell the papers for you. And when they're all sold I'll bring the money to you."

"Oh, will you?" cried Jimmie, eagerly.

So the little newsboy gave Binny all his papers to sell, and then started to hobble down the street towards home.

"Here you are!" sang out Binny, as he started off with his pack of papers. "Get the Kitty-cat News! All the news! All the news!"

And wasn't it funny that the first one to stop and buy a paper, was his old kittycat friend, Uncle Buff.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the kittycat uncle, "if it isn't Binny Ruffles selling papers."

And then, of course, Binny told him all about Jimmie hurting his foot and how he was trying to sell his papers for him.

“That’s fine!” said Uncle Buff, as he handed over a quarter to pay for his paper. And when Binny wanted to give him back his change, he started to walk off, chuckling to himself without taking a penny of it.

And it was the same way with several of the other animal folks who bought papers. Just as soon as Binny told them about Jimmie, and how poor they were, they gave him more than the paper sold for and told him to keep the change.

“All the latest news! All the latest news!” shouted Binny, as he fairly ran from one side of the street to the other, looking for customers. And all of a sudden, he almost bumped into another little kitty newsboy.

“What are you trying to do?” sniffed the little stranger. “You must be a greeny or



“ HE STARTED OFF WITH HIS PACK OF PAPERS ”

you wouldn't try to sell papers that way."

"How else would you sell them?" asked Binny.

"Just watch me," exclaimed the little newsboy, as he darted across the street to stop a kittycat gentleman who was passing by.

"All about the big fire!" he yelled, as he poked a paper in front of the kittycat gentleman. "All about the big fire!"

"Bless me!" cried the kittycat gentleman, as he stopped to buy a paper. "A big fire, you say! Well! Well! I'll have to read about it as soon as I get home!"

"That's the way you do it!" boasted the little newsboy, as he came skipping back to where Binny was standing.

"But where was the fire?" asked Binny.

"That's where I fooled him," declared the

little newsboy, "there wasn't any fire at all."

"But that's telling a fib," said Binny.

"You've got to fool them to sell the papers," answered the little newsboy.

"Then I'd rather not sell them," declared Binny, "if you've got to tell fibs. But I've sold a whole lot anyway," he went on.

"How many did you sell?" asked the little strange kitty boy.

"Twenty-five," announced Binny proudly.

"Whee-e-e-e!" whistled the little newsboy, "and I've sold only twelve." And as he hurried off to sell more, he made up his mind that Binny's way must be the best.

Well, anyway, Binny soon sold all his papers, and when he was through, he found that he had several dollars to give Jimmie.

And when he saw how happy it made the little newsboy, as well as Mother Dobbie, he felt repaid for the work he had done.

And that's all.

VI

THE LION STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a farmhouse that was painted white with green blinds, and it stood not far from the road, and in the farm-

house lived Uncle John and Aunt Deborah and their two little boys, little Charles and little John. And often in the long winter evenings, when the wind blew, Uncle John would tell the two little boys stories of Kittycat Town, where the kittycats, big and little, lived in their little brick houses. And sometimes little Charles and little John

would search for the little kitty boys and girls of Kittycat Town, but no matter where they looked, they never were able to find them. When they asked Uncle John if the kitty boys and girls were really and truly anywhere, Uncle John would laugh and pat their heads and say, “Now listen to me and the wind and we’ll tell you.”— But then he’d only tell this story. . . .

Uncle Buff, the nice old kittycat gentleman of Kittyway Lane, was telling Buster Cuddles, the little kitty boy, one day about the time he went hunting in the jungle for lions and tigers while riding on the back of an elephant. And just as soon as he reached home, Buster told Mother Cuddles all about it.

“Oh, Mother Cuddles!” he exclaimed,

after he was all through, "I wish I were a hunter and could sit on the back of an elephant shooting at lions and tigers."

"The idea!" said Mother Cuddles. "Who ever heard of a little kitty boy like you shooting wild animals?"

"But, Mother Cuddles," argued Buster, "the lion or tiger couldn't hurt you 'cause you'd be way up high on the elephant's back."

"Yes, but suppose the elephant might stumble and throw you over his head," asked Mother Cuddles, "then what would you do?"

"Why — why —" hesitated Buster, "I'd shoot him quick as quick!"

"While you were lying on your back?" smiled Mother Cuddles.

“ Huh! ” sniffed Buster, “ it wouldn’t take me long to jump up.”

Well, anyway, the more Buster thought about hunting lions and tigers, the more he wanted to go. The only trouble was there was no elephant about to ride on, and even if there had been, there wouldn’t have been any fierce looking lion or tiger to shoot.

Now Buster had a little toy gun that shot little pebbles or anything else that was round and small. And he felt sure that it would be the best kind of a little gun to go shooting with.

So the next Saturday morning when there was no school, he made up his mind to go hunting for wild animals, and after Mother Cuddles had packed him a little lunch to carry in his pocket, he started off with his little gun over his shoulder.

In a little while he came to a clump of tall, high grass and the first thing he did was to poke his little gun in it and say "shoo!" as loud as he could.

And would you believe it just that quick he heard something make a funny swish kind of a noise.

"Woof!" it went.

"Oh, my!" gasped the little kitty gunner, "what's that!"

"Woof! Woof!" came that sniffily, snuffily sound again, and, goodness gracious me, out jumped a big yellow lion right in front of him.

And it astonished Buster so that he sat down right where he was and stared at the lion.

"Woof!" said the lion again right in Buster's face.



“ HE SAT DOWN RIGHT WHERE HE WAS ”

“ Oh, my! ” gasped the frightened little kitty boy, “ I wish I hadn’t gone hunting.”

But the big fierce-looking lion didn’t appear to be very fierce after all, for what did he do but walk up to Buster and snuggle against him just like a little puppy snuggles down in your lap. And then he began to purr!

“ Why, he doesn’t want to gobble me up after all,” thought Buster, as he edged away a little from the big shaggy head. For even if a lion is tame, a little kitty boy doesn’t like to sit too close to one.

And then, all of a sudden, Buster happened to remember a big colored poster he had seen in Daddy Fourpaws store window just a few days before telling about Professor Katz and his wonderful troupe of performing lions. And the picture showed the

biggest lion of all jumping through a hoop.

“Why, he must be one of the circus lions,” decided Buster quickly, “and maybe he’s run away.”

“Lie down!” he shouted at the top of his voice, and that quick the shaggy old lion dropped down on the grass before him.

So he pulled a string out of his pocket and tied one end of it to the ring in the lion’s heavy collar. Then he started off towards home with the lion trotting along behind him as nice as you please.

Just as he came to Kittyway Lane he caught sight of his little kitty playmate, Laddie Rover, and as soon as Laddie spied the lion, he started to run down the street as fast as his little legs could take him.

“Don’t be afraid!” Buster yelled after him, “he won’t hurt you!”

“But — but he might,” hesitated the little kitty boy, as he stopped and looked back.

“No, he won’t,” insisted Buster, “he’s an old tame lion that belongs to Professor Katz’s circus and he must have run away.”

“Can he perform?” asked Laddie, as he came a little closer.

“Sure he can,” replied Buster, “just watch him.”

So he got right in front of the lion and told him to sit up and beg. And would you believe it, that nice old lion sat up on his hind legs and begged like a little dog.

“Now wiggle your paws,” said Buster. And, sure enough, the old lion wiggled his paws.

“Isn’t he great!” burst out Laddie.

“I’ll tell you what let’s do,” suggested Buster, “let’s have a show with him and charge every one five bones to get in.”

“Maybe Mother Cuddles might not let you do it,” Laddie reminded him.

“She went to visit Mother Fourpaws,” replied Buster, “and, besides, a nice tame lion wouldn’t hurt any one.”

So the two little kitty boys led the lion home and locked him in the woodshed while they made a canvas front for their show. And then they printed “See the Lion,” across the top of it in big letters.

So after they had tied the lion to a post back of the canvas front and Buster had placed a box in front for a ticket office, they told the little animal boys waiting at the front gate that the show was ready to start. For all the little kitty boys in the neighbor-



“ PLACED A BOX IN FRONT FOR A TICKET OFFICE ”

hood, you know, had been curious to know what Buster and Laddie were doing.

And you'd be surprised to know how many bones those two little boys took in that afternoon. They had already taken in nearly a half a barrel full when all of a sudden who should come home but Mother Cuddles.

And, of course, the first thing she did was to go out in the back yard to find out what all the little animal children were doing there.

“Goodness, gracious, Buster Cuddles, what are you doing?” she demanded. “Oh — my! look at that big lion!”

“He won't hurt you, Mother Cuddles,” cried Buster, “he's tame and he has no teeth.”

“You lock him right up in the woodshed,” said Mother Cuddles sternly, “do you hear

me — this very minute! The very idea! It's a wonder any of you are alive!"

So that ended Buster's show, and a little later Professor Katz came around and took the nice old lion away. But all the same every one of the little animal boys in the neighborhood thought that Buster and Laddie had the dandiest kind of a show.

And that's all.

VII

THE CHESTNUT STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a farmhouse that was painted white with green blinds, and it stood not far from the road, and in the farm-

house lived Uncle John and Aunt Deborah and their two little boys, little Charles and little John. And often in the long winter evenings, when the wind blew, Uncle John would tell the two little boys stories of Kittycat Town, where the kittycats, big and little, lived in their little brick houses. And sometimes little Charles and little John

would search for the little kitty boys and girls of Kittycat Town, but no matter where they looked, they never were able to find them. When they asked Uncle John if the kitty boys and girls were really and truly anywhere, Uncle John would laugh and pat their heads and say, "Now listen to me and the wind and we'll tell you."— But then he'd only tell this story. . . .

Old Jack Frost, the merry little fellow who pinches your fingers and toes in the winter time and makes the end of your nose look like a cherry, had just passed through Animal Land. Of course he had not come to stay, but he thought he would make a few hours' visit to see if it was nearly time for him to come for good.

And would you believe it, as he went along

he blew his icy breath here and there until the leaves on the trees began to turn from green to red and gold. And slowly, very slowly, the chestnut burrs began to open, showing the ripe brown nuts all ready to pop out of their downy nests.

You can well imagine that it did not take the little kittycat folks very long to find out that the chestnuts were ripe. In fact, the very next day, Buster told Mother Cuddles that they had planned to go for chestnuts.

So the following Saturday morning, the little Cuddleses started away bright and early for the chestnut woods. Mother Cuddles had packed them a big basket full of lunch and when they passed by Farmer Brisk's place Buster asked the good-natured farmer doggie for some ears of corn to roast over a fire.

Such a lot of chestnuts as they gathered you never saw in all your life. And Buster was surprised to find out that the kitty girls were just as good at finding them as the kitty boys themselves.

When it was time for dinner, Buster started a fire and each one of his little brothers and sisters roasted an ear of corn over the hot coals on the end of a pointed stick. And wasn't that corn just fine! Why, those little kittens thought they had never tasted anything quite so good.

Besides the corn they had catnip sandwiches and pickles and bananas and cheese and currant cookies. Oh, yes! and what else do you think they had? Why, way down in one corner of the basket was a bag of candy!

When they started for home carrying their bags of chestnuts, they were all about as



“ WHEN IT WAS TIME FOR DINNER, BUSTER STARTED A FIRE ”

tired as any little kittens could possibly be. And you know how stickly, prickly chestnut burrs are. Well, every little kitten had their paws just stuck full of those little pricklers.

“Well, I declare!” exclaimed Mother Cuddles, when she caught sight of all the chestnuts they had brought home, “what a lot of them you have!”

Almost as soon as they had eaten their supper, they were ready for bed. And in less than five minutes they were sound asleep.

A few mornings after that Buster awakened just as the sun was beginning to peep through the window and no doubt he would never have awakened as early as he did if it hadn't been for the wind.

“Woo-o-o-o!” it whistled, as it went

tearing around the house, first banging a shutter and then rattling a window.

“My, but it’s windy,” thought the little kitty boy, as he snuggled his head down on the pillow again to go to sleep.

And just then he happened to think of something. Sleepy as he was, it almost made him sit straight up in bed.

“I just believe the wind is bringing down the chestnuts,” he said aloud, “and if a fellow started out right early he could get all he wanted.”

Now Mother Cuddles, as well as all his little brothers and sisters, was sound asleep and the next thing that popped into Buster’s head was whether he could dress and sneak downstairs without any one hearing him.

So what did he do but crawl quietly out of bed and start to dress. And he was just as

careful as could be not to make any noise. And would you believe it, not a single one of those kittens heard him, not even Mother Cuddles.

When he got downstairs he unlocked the door and started off without a bite of breakfast. And as he trotted along down Kittyway Lane towards the chestnut woods, he would chuckle to himself every little bit.

“I guess the other fellows won’t get as many as I do,” he thought, gleefully to himself, “they’ll be too sleepy to get up.”

“Hey, Buster!” yelled some one at that very moment, and on looking around there came his little kitty chum, Laddie Rover, all out of breath from running.

“Why — why —” stammered the surprised Buster, “where are you going?”

“Where are you going?” asked his little kitty playmate.

“I’m going after chestnuts,” answered Buster.

“So am I,” replied Laddie.

And wasn’t it funny that before they reached the chestnut woods three other of their little kitty friends had joined them. They were Tommy Beagle and Dickie Whiteface and Jackie Bowser. And every one of them had gotten up early to hunt for chestnuts.

Now maybe you think that they all got fooled — that there weren’t any chestnuts after all. But, goodness me, there were more chestnuts in that woods than five little kitty boys could pick in a week’s time.

In fact, they were so busy gathering them that they forgot all about the time and when



“ THEY FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE TIME ”

they reached home they found that they were going to be late to school.

And, sure enough, so they were and, of course, Miss Sallie, the doggie teacher, wanted to know the first thing why they were late.

“Why couldn’t you get here on time?” she asked Buster

“I went for chestnuts,” explained that little kitty boy.

“And what excuse have you?” she asked Laddie.

“I went for chestnuts, too,” replied Laddie.

And, of course, the other three little kitty boys said the same thing.

“Well! Well!” declared Miss Sallie, “every one seems to have gone after chestnuts.”

And instead of telling them to stay in after school as she always did when any scholar was late she smiled a funny little smile with a merry twinkle in her eye and told them to take their seats.

For you see that very morning bright and early Miss Sallie had herself been out hunting for chestnuts.

And that's all.

VIII

THE SOLDIER BOY STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a farmhouse that was painted white with green blinds, and it stood not far from the road, and in the farm-

house lived Uncle John and Aunt Deborah and their two little boys, little Charles and little John. And often in the long winter evenings, when the wind blew, Uncle John would tell the two little boys stories of Kittycat Town, where the kittycats, big and little, lived in their little brick houses. And sometimes little Charles and little John

would search for the little kitty boys and girls of Kittycat Town, but no matter where they looked, they never were able to find them. When they asked Uncle John if the kitty boys and girls were really and truly anywhere, Uncle John would laugh and pat their heads and say, "Now listen to me and the wind and we'll tell you."— But then he'd only tell this story. . . .

In one of the little brick houses of Kittycat Town lived Mother Ruffles, the pussycat mother, and her two little kitty children. And one of them was a little kitty boy by the name of Binny.

One day Binny sat curled up in the big arm chair in the sitting room looking at a picture book. And one of the pictures that he looked at for a long time, and even went back

a little later to take a second look at, showed a number of soldiers marching four abreast.

“Mother Ruffles,” he asked, suddenly, as he glanced up from the book, “why do they have soldiers?”

“Oh, for many reasons,” replied Mother Ruffles, “and one of them is so that no harm can befall our little boys and girls.”

“But what makes them fight?” insisted Binny.

“What makes little boys and girls quarrel sometimes?” smiled Ruffles.

“’Cause —’cause —” hesitated Binny, and then he had to stop, for there was a great many reasons why little boys and girls quarrel sometimes.

“Just suppose you were a very naughty little kitty boy and you met another little kitty boy who had a big red apple,” said

Mother Ruffles, “and because you were bigger and stronger than the other little kitty boy, you took the apple from him and kept it yourself.”

“But that would be wicked,” replied Binny.

“Well, that’s just why countries go to war sometimes and why they have soldiers to do the fighting,” explained Mother Ruffles. “And the one who has the most soldiers and can fight the best usually wins just as the stronger kitty boy gets the apple.”

“I wish I was a soldier!” declared Binny, as he took another look at the soldiers in the picture marching four abreast.

“Maybe some day you will be,” answered Mother Ruffles.

Well, anyway, that same day Binny met Uncle Buff, the pussycat uncle who lived

nearby, and the first thing he asked him was whether he would like to be a soldier.

“ Bless your heart, no! ” chuckled Uncle Buff. “ I’d be so old and stiff I couldn’t march a mile! ”

“ But suppose there was a big fellow trying to sneak something from a little fellow, wouldn’t you help the little fellow? ” asked Binny.

“ Yes, sirree! ” declared Uncle Buff.

“ Then you’d be a soldier sure as anything, ” said Binny.

The next day at school Binny asked all his little playmates whether they wanted to be soldiers, and every one seemed as eager to be a soldier as he was himself.

“ All right, ” Binny told them, “ let’s start a company right away and some day we can go to war! ”

So what did those little animal boys do but start to drill just like real soldiers. And each one wore a little paper cap on his head and carried a little toy gun.

One day, after school was over, Mother Ruffles was out in the front yard when she heard a noise up the street. And there came a band of little kitty boys marching towards her with Binny at the head of them.

“Halt!” ordered the little captain, as he came opposite the gate. And each little soldier boy stood still.

“Present arms!” shouted Binny, and up flew each little toy gun.

“Forward march!” cried the little kitty captain again, and off they went just like really truly soldiers.

On up the street they marched until they



“ START TO DRILL JUST LIKE REAL SOLDIERS ”

came to the little brick house where Mother Cuddles, the pussycat mother, lived. And just as they reached the front gate her two little kitty boys, Buster and Tommy, came racing down the walk.

“ Oh, Binny,” cried Buster, eagerly, “ let us play soldier, too! ”

So both little kitty boys got into line with the others, each one carrying a little stick for a gun. And away they marched again down the street to Daddy Fourpaws’ store, and up the other side until they came back to Captain Binny’s house.

“ Now what will we do? ” asked one of the little kitty soldiers as they halted at the gate.

“ Let’s have a battle,” proposed the little kitty captain, “ only instead of using bullets we’ll fight with bits of paper.”

So they all went into the kitchen and tore up a lot of papers that Binny found in the cupboard until they had a big pile of little pieces. And then six of the little soldiers stood in a row on one side of the room, and that was Captain Binny's army; and the other six little soldiers stood on the other side of the room, and that was Captain Buster's army.

"Charge!" yelled Captain Binny, and the battle started with both little armies pelting each other with bits of torn paper. And for a minute or two it looked as though a blizzard had broken loose in Mother Ruffles' kitchen.

But the battle didn't last very long for all of a sudden the door opened and there stood Mother Ruffles herself. And Captain Binny at once began to wish that he hadn't thought

of playing soldier in the kitchen and throwing all the paper over the floor.

But Mother Ruffles started to smile and didn't appear the least bit cross after Captain Binny had told her all about it.

"Suppose you clean up every bit of the paper right away," she told him. And Captain Binny got down on the floor to gather up the paper.

"And the two little armies had better help you," she added with a merry little twinkle in her eye, as she looked at Captain Buster and his band of little soldiers.

So in a very little while they had all the paper gathered up and put in a basket to be burned. And then Captain Buster and the little kitty soldiers marched back home again.

And that's all.

IX

THE FISHING TRIP STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a farmhouse that was painted white with green blinds, and it stood not far from the road, and in the farmhouse lived Uncle John and Aunt Deborah and their two little boys, little Charles and little John. And often in the long winter evenings, when the wind blew, Uncle John would tell the two little boys stories of Kitty-cat Town, where the kittycats, big and little, lived in their little brick houses. And sometimes little Charles and little John

would search for the little kitty boys and girls of Kittycat Town, but no matter where they looked, they never were able to find them. When they asked Uncle John if the kitty boys and girls were really and truly anywhere, Uncle John would laugh and pat their heads and say, "Now listen to me and the wind and we'll tell you."— But then he'd only tell this story. . . .

Daddy Longears, the pussycat gentleman who lived in one of the little brick houses of Kittycat Town, had gone fishing one day down to the deep pool under the willow tree. And when Daddy came home he told of the wonderful fish he had hooked and how it had finally broken his line and got away.

The first little animal boy to hear about it

was Buster Cuddles and the little kitty boy's eyes grew big and round as he was told how the big fish had tugged this way and that, trying to get away. For of all things, Buster dearly loved to go fishing.

“Maybe he's there yet waiting for some one else to come along and catch him,” he thought to himself, as he hurried home to ask Mother Cuddles whether he could go fishing the next day and perhaps catch the very fish that Daddy had lost.

Now when Buster asked Mother Cuddles whether he could go fishing, his little sister, Betty, was sitting in a chair by the window and heard just what he said. And that quick she asked him to take her along.

But Buster didn't want to bother with his little sister, so he told her that little girls never go fishing. And little Betty felt so

disappointed that two big tears came into her eyes.

“I think it would be very nice if you took Betty along with you,” said Mother Cuddles. And Buster could tell right away by the look on his mother’s face that if he didn’t take his little sister with him he might have to stay at home himself. So he told her she might go, but he didn’t say it in a very pleasant tone.

Now the fishing pool under the big willow tree was quite a long distance from the little brick house where the Cuddleses lived and there were a great many fields to cross and a great many fences to crawl over. And finally they came to a great big meadow.

“Oh, my!” cried little Betty, as she looked over the fence and spied several cows

munching the grass, "just look at those great big cows!"

"They won't hurt you," said Buster, "hurry up and I'll boost you over the fence."

But Betty wasn't quite sure that she wanted to go into that field with those three big cows. She had always been afraid of a cow ever since she had been a teeny weeny bit of a kitty girl and no matter where she saw one she would always try to keep out of its way.

"Let's go around into the next field," she suggested, "and then they can't catch us."

"Cows can't catch you," grumbled her little kitty brother, who didn't like the idea of going out of their way just to escape passing a few old cows.

"Yes, they can, too," insisted Betty,

“ they’ll knock you down with their horns! ”

“ I’ll tell you what to do,” said Buster, finally, “ I’ll go down along the fence a little ways and call them. And then after they all come down to where I am I’ll hurry back, and we’ll all run across to the other side.”

Now Buster had often heard Farmer Brisk, the kittycat farmer, who lived down near the end of the lane, call his cows in from the pasture field, so he went down along the fence and called to them at the top of his voice.

“ Coo-o-o! Coo-o-o! Coo-o-o! ”

And as soon as they heard him call, those three cows raised their heads and came running down the field towards him. And just as soon as they got to where he was, he started back again to where Betty was waiting. Then they both climbed over the fence

and raced across to the other side of the field.

Now no doubt one of those funny old cows thought that Buster had a lump of salt in his basket or something else of which cows are very fond, for away she started across the field after them as hard as she could go.

“Here comes one!” panted Betty, looking behind her. “Oh, what will we do! Oh, what will we do!”

“Run as fast as you can,” yelled Buster, “and maybe we can beat her to the other side!”

And so they did. Just as they scrambled through the bars, the cow came dashing up and Buster and Betty were so excited that they spilt their lunch out of the little basket all over the grass.

After they had gathered up the lunch and



" THEY SCRAMBLED THROUGH THE BARS "

put it back into the little basket they started off again. And this time the way led through a little woods.

Before long they came to a deep gulley and the only way to get across was over a fallen tree that had lain there so long that it was covered all over with a slippery kind of moss. And timid little Betty was very much afraid that if she tried to walk across, she would slip and fall.

“Oh, come on!” cried Buster, as he started across the log to show his little sister how easy it was. But he was in just a little bit too much of a hurry and before he was more than halfway across he slipped and fell. And if it hadn't been for his jacket catching fast to a broken off limb of the old tree he would have tumbled clear down to the bottom of the gulley.

Betty gave a little scream of fright, and without stopping to think of being afraid she crept out to where Buster was hanging and caught hold of his paw. And after a great deal of pulling and tugging, she managed to pull him to the top of the log again. And for a little while they were so out of breath that neither one could say a word. But Buster felt very glad that his little sister had gone along fishing after all.

In a little while they started off again and soon came to the pool under the big willow tree. And Buster was so eager to try his luck that he could hardly wait until he had his line ready.

“Oh, Buster!” cried Betty, clasping her two little paws together, “just think if you’d catch that great, great big one of Daddy’s!”



“ HE SLIPPED AND FELL ”

“ Whee-e-e! ” whistled Buster, “ I wish I could! ”

But for a long time the little cork floating on top of the water never moved. Not even a minnow nibbled at the bait.

And then all of a sudden there was a quick jerk at the end of the line and the little cork disappeared under the water. And up flew the little pole and out popped a fish. But it was scarcely half as big as the one Daddy Longears had hooked.

“ Oh! ” cried Betty, in a disappointed voice, “ it’s just a little one! ”

So Buster baited up his hook again and threw it in and this time he had to wait even longer for a bite. In fact they got so tired of waiting that they sat down under the big willow tree to eat their lunch.

After they had eaten the last crumb in the

little basket, Buster started to fish again and in a short time had caught another fish. But this one was even smaller than the first, and from that time until they were ready to go home he didn't get another bite.

But just as he was about to pull in his line for the last time, there came a sudden jerk that almost pulled the pole out of his paws. And no matter how hard he pulled, that big fish wouldn't come to the top. It kept darting this way and that through the water and fought so hard to get away that at last he had to call to Betty to come help him.

So they both pulled as hard as they could pull until the big fish came to the top and was dragged ashore. And it surely must have been the very same fish that Daddy had hooked for it was every bit as big.

After that, the two little fishermen started

for home carrying the big fish between them. But instead of going by way of the meadow where the cows were they took another path. And when they reached home Mother Cuddles cleaned the fish for them so that the next morning all the little Cuddleses had fish for breakfast.

And that's all.

X

THE FLOWER GIFT STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a farmhouse that was painted white with green blinds, and it stood not far from the road, and in the farmhouse lived Uncle John and Aunt Deborah and their two little boys, little Charles and little John. And often in the long winter evenings, when the wind blew, Uncle John would tell the two little boys stories of Kittycat Town, where the kittycats, big and little, lived in their little brick houses. And sometimes little Charles and little John

would search for the little kitty boys and girls of Kittycat Town, but no matter where they looked, they never were able to find them. When they asked Uncle John if the kitty boys and girls were really and truly anywhere, Uncle John would laugh and pat their heads and say, “Now listen to me and the wind and we’ll tell you.”—But then he’d only tell this story. . . .

Mother Ruffles, the kittycat mother, who lived in one of the little brick houses on Kittyway Lane with her little kitty children, was sick in bed and Binny and Fluffy were so lost without her that they hardly knew what to do.

“If it were only summer time,” sighed poor Mother Ruffles, one morning as she looked out of the window at the snow cov-

ered ground. "It wouldn't be half so hard to lie here for then the window would be open and you could hear the birds outside." Fluffy was in the room at the time and heard what her mother said. So a minute or two later she hurried downstairs to find Binny.

"Oh, Binny!" she exclaimed to her little kitty brother, "Mother Ruffles was wishing it was summer outside, so that she could have the window open and hear the birds."

"It won't be summer until Jack Frost goes," declared Binny with a sorrowful shake of his head.

And just then Fluffy happened to think of something. "Wouldn't it be nice to get her some flowers," she exclaimed with a little jump of delight, "and then she could look at them and think it was summer time."

“Huh!” scoffed Binny, “where would you get any flowers now? Everything is frozen up outside.” And it was no wonder Fluffy’s little face fell, for, of course, there would be no flowers blooming until spring.

That same afternoon Binny took a walk and while he was trudging along down the lane that led past the mill pond he heard sleigh bells jingling behind him. And when he looked around there came Mrs. Proud-puss, the rich kittycat lady, driving her pony hitched to a sleigh.

Now it would be hard to say what scared that little pony; whether it was something in the road or Binny himself, but, anyway, all of a sudden, he gave a jump and landed right in the middle of a big pile of snow along side of the road. And over toppled

the sleigh and Mrs. Proudpu^{ss} fell out into the snow.

And she would have had quite a time scrambling out of the snow drift if it hadn't been for Binny. But little kitty boys, you know, are a wonderful help in pulling kitty-cat ladies out of the snow, and in less than no time at all Mrs. Proudpu^{ss} was all ready to drive on again as though nothing had happened.

"You splendid little kitty boy," she said to Binny, "how can I ever thank you?" And, do you know, she just insisted that Binny get in the sleigh and drive along home with her.

"Maybe I'll get stuck again," she laughed, "and, don't you see, I'll have you right here with me."

But the pussycat lady reached home with-

out any further trouble and before Binny started off she asked him what he would like to have most of all.

“ Oh, Mrs. Proudpu^{ss}! ” he exclaimed, eagerly, “ if you would only give me a few flowers! Mother Ruffles is sick in bed and I know they would please her.”

“ Bless your little heart,” said Mrs. Proudpu^{ss}, “ you shall have all you want! ”

And, sure enough, when Binny reached home a little later, he had his paws full of the nicest kind of flowers out of Mrs. Proudpu^{ss}'s hot house. And Fluffy was just as delighted over them as he was.

The little kitty girl rushed upstairs and told Mother Ruffles that they had a big surprise for her and that she was to close her eyes and not peep even a teeny weeny bit until they told her.

So Mother Ruffles closed her eyes while Binny brought up the flowers and placed them in a vase on a little stand near the bed so that his mother could see them. And then they told her to open her eyes.

Now if you were a sick kittycat mother in bed and had two little kitty children to bring you flowers, no doubt you would cry just a little bit, too, the same as Mother Ruffles did.

“All I have to do,” she said in a happy little whisper, “is to look at these pretty flowers and forget all about the cold weather outside.”

“And, Mother Ruffles,” spoke up Binny, cuddling his little paw in hers, “when they are wilted maybe I can get you some more. Maybe Mrs. Proudpu^ss will get stuck in the snow again,” he finished, eagerly. But by



“ PLACED THEM IN A VASE ON A LITTLE STAND ”

the time those flowers were wilted Mother Ruffles was entirely well again.

Now in the big bay window on the eastern side of the house, where Mother Ruffles kept her flowers in the winter time, stood a little geranium plant. And it would have been hard to find a nicer place for a flower plant to live.

Each morning when it was clear, the sun shone bright and warm through the bay window, and the geranium plant felt as snug and contented as it did when it stood out in the flower bed in the summer time. The only thing it missed were the gay butterflies fluttering overhead and the fairy whisperings of other growing things. But even so, it was very, very happy.

One day there appeared a tiny shoot at the top of the plant with a cluster of little buds

and under the coaxing touch of the warm sunshine they grew larger and larger, until finally they burst their little green coats and became a beautiful crimson flower.

Fluffy was the first one to discover the handsome flower, and she was so eager to tell Mother Ruffles that she raced into the kitchen as hard as she could go.

“Oh, Mother Ruffles,” she cried, “there’s a big red flower on the geranium stalk.”

“You don’t mean it?” declared Mother Ruffles, looking every bit as pleased about it as Fluffy herself.

And it was quite surprising how that little geranium stalk did grow. It got bigger and bigger every day and finally it had three crimson blooms instead of only one.

One day when Fluffy came home from school she had a very sad story to tell Mother

Ruffles, and when she was all through, two big shiny tears stood in her eyes.

“Poor little Dottie Cream had to go to the hospital,” was what she told her mother, “and the teacher says it may be a long, long time before she can come back to school again.”

And both Fluffy and Mother Ruffles felt very sorry for poor little Dottie.

And do you know that for several days after that, Fluffy kept thinking of her poor little kitty friend, and the more she thought about it the sorrier she felt.

“I’m just going to take her something nice,” she said to herself one day, “and perhaps it will make her feel better.”

So that afternoon as school let out, she hunted up a flower pot and planted a nice big slip in it that she cut off the geranium stalk

in the bay window. She was very careful to cut off a slip that had one of the crimson flowers on it.

“There,” she said happily to herself, “I just feel sure it will please Dottie.”

And, sure enough, when she took Dottie her little geranium stalk, the poor little sick kitty girl was so pleased that she hardly knew what to say. And for the rest of the day she was much too happy looking at her new flower plant to think about being sick.

Now it happened that Mother Ruffles had gone out that afternoon and, of course, she knew nothing about what Fluffy had done. And wasn't it funny that Fluffy and she should get home about the same time and that the first thing that Mother Ruffles should notice when they entered the sitting



“ PLANTED A NICE BIG SLIP IN IT ”

room was that some one had cut off a branch of her geranium stalk.

And there was no other plant there that Mother Ruffles was quite so proud of as her geranium. And when Fluffy told her about cutting off the slip she felt very sorry. But as soon as her little kitty girl reached that part where she took it to her little sick friend at the hospital, the disappointed look faded from Mother Ruffles' face.

“It's all right, honey,” she smiled down into Fluffy's perplexed little face as she thought of the time she had been sick and her two little kitties brought her flowers. “I'm sure that it made poor little Dottie feel very happy.”

And that's all.

XI

THE TEA STORY,



ONCE upon a time there was a farmhouse that was painted white with green blinds, and it stood not far from the road, and in the farm-

house lived Uncle John and Aunt Deborah and their two little boys, little Charles and little John. And often in the long winter evenings, when the wind blew, Uncle John would tell the two little boys stories of Kitty-cat Town, where the kittycats, big and little, lived in their little brick houses. And sometimes little Charles and little John

would search for the little kitty boys and girls of Kittycat Town, but no matter where they looked, they never were able to find them. When they asked Uncle John if the kitty boys and girls were really and truly anywhere, Uncle John would laugh and pat their heads and say, "Now listen to me and the wind and we'll tell you."—But then he'd only tell this story. . . .

Granny Gray, the nice old kittycat lady was a great friend of the little kitty boys and girls. She lived in a little brick house not so very far away from Kittyway Lane and nothing pleased her more than when the little animal children came to see her.

Well, one day, Mother Ruffles asked her little kitty boy, Binny, to go out to Granny Gray and take her a basket of peaches.

“ We have so many that we won’t be able to use them all,” said Mother Ruffles, “ and I feel sure that Granny Gray will be glad to have some.”

And, of course, Binny was ready to go, as all the little kitty boys were just as glad to visit Granny Gray as the kittycat lady was to have them come. So Mother Ruffles put some of the peaches in a little basket, and away he went down the street until he came to the little lane that led to Granny Gray’s.

And it seemed very queer that when he knocked at the front door Granny Gray did not come to open it. It was very seldom that the kittycat lady left the house as she was getting too old to walk about.

“ Maybe she’s taking a nap,” thought Binny, as he knocked a little harder.

This time he heard a weak little voice tell-

ing him to come in. So he opened the door, and as soon as he stepped inside he saw Granny Gray sitting in the big rocking chair looking very sick and feeble.

“Why — why, Granny Gray,” he stammered, “what’s the matter?”

“I hurt my foot so that I can’t walk on it,” exclaimed poor Granny Gray, “and here I’ve been sitting since early morning. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!” she sighed, “I can’t even get myself a cup of tea.”

Now no doubt you know that old kittycat ladies want a cup of tea now and then just as little boys and girls want a bit of candy. And Binny felt very sorry for Granny Gray that she had to do without her tea.

And after he had given her the peaches he started back home as fast as he could go, but before he had gone very far, he met Miss

Prim, the kittycat lady who lived in one of the little brick houses close by.

“ Oh, Miss Prim,” he exclaimed, “ poor Granny Gray hurt her foot and she can’t even make herself a cup of tea! ”

“ Well, isn’t that too bad! ” declared Miss Prim.

A little further on Binny met Mother Fourpaws, and, of course, he told her the same thing about Granny Gray and her tea. And do you know before he reached home six other animal folks knew about it.

And all of them seemed to be as sorry as could be that Granny Gray had to do without her cup of tea. In fact as soon as Binny told his mother, she declared that she was going out to Granny’s right away and make her a big pot of tea.

So she put on her bonnet and started off,

with a little package of tea in one paw and a little bag of sugar in the other. And Binny went with her as he wanted to see his nice old friend drink her tea. And wasn't it funny that they found Miss Prim and Mother Fourpaws and several other animal ladies already there. And each one had brought a little package of tea and some sugar.

So they made that poor old kittycat lady not fewer than a half dozen cups of tea and she drank at least three of them. And before Binny left with Mother Ruffles, she patted him on the head and told him to come around as soon as she was well again and she would bake him a nice little turnover pie.

And that's all.

XII

THE CORN ON THE COB STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a farmhouse that was painted white with green blinds, and it stood not far from the road, and in the farm-

house lived Uncle John and Aunt Deborah and their two little boys, little Charles and little John. And often in the long winter evenings, when the wind blew, Uncle John would tell the two little boys stories of Kittycat Town, where the kittycats, big and little, lived in their little brick houses. And sometimes little Charles and little John

would search for the little kitty boys and girls of Kitty-cat Town, but no matter where they looked, they never were able to find them. When they asked Uncle John if the kitty boys and girls were really and truly anywhere, Uncle John would laugh and pat their heads and say, "Now listen to me and the wind and we'll tell you."— But then he'd only tell this story. . . .

In one of the little brick houses of Kitty-way Lane lived a kittycat mother by the name of Mother Ruffles and her two little kitty children. One of them was a little kitty boy by the name of Binny and the other was a little kitty girl by the name of Fluffy.

One day Mother Ruffles planned to go visiting and she decided to take her two little

kitty children with her. But while Fluffy wanted to go, Binny told her that he would much rather stay at home by himself.

“All right,” said Mother Ruffles, “but don’t forget that you won’t have mother here to get your dinner.”

And, do you know, that Binny thought it would be the greatest kind of fun to get dinner for himself. He had often watched Mother Ruffles do it and it didn’t appear hard at all.

So as soon as Mother Ruffles and Fluffy had left the house, Binny began to think of getting dinner, and, of course, one can’t get dinner without first knowing what to get. And the more he thought about it, the harder it seemed to be.

The day before Mother Ruffles had cooked some corn on the cob, and if there was one

thing he liked above all else it was sweet corn. So he made up his mind to have corn on the cob.

But when he went down in the cellar to get it, there wasn't a single ear of it left. Mother Ruffles had used every bit of it the day before.

So he decided to go out to Farmer Brisk's and get some more. And when he reached there he found the kittycat farmer so busy taking out potatoes that he didn't have time to stop to get it.

"Suppose you go out and pull it off yourself," suggested the jolly old kittycat farmer.

So Binny started off to the corn field, but instead of turning to the right at the end of the pasture lot as Farmer Brisk had told him, he turned to the left. And that took him

straight to where the field corn grew instead of the sweet corn.

And Binny never dreamed but that he was getting sweet corn when he pulled off a dozen ears and placed them in his basket. And all the way home his mouth fairly watered at the thought of having that good, juicy sweet corn for dinner.

The first thing he did on getting home was to put the kettle of water on to heat and then dropped in a pawful of salt just as he had seen Mother Ruffles do. And after the water had started to boil, he put in several ears of corn.

In a little while he decided it had cooked enough so he took it out and put it on a plate on the table. Then he pulled up his chair, and picking up one of the ears, he tried to take a great big bite out of it.



“TRIED TO TAKE A GREAT BIG BITE OUT OF IT”

And, do you know, that very first bite surprised him so that he nearly dropped the ear out of his paws.

For instead of being nice, juicy sweet corn as he had supposed, it was dry and tough. In fact, he could hardly bite it at all.

“Maybe Farmer Brisk didn’t tell me the right place to go,” he thought to himself, never thinking that it was his own fault for not listening. So instead of having sweet corn for dinner he had bread and jam.

When Mother Ruffles returned home that afternoon the first thing she saw was the plate of corn sitting on the cupboard.

“Why, Binny!” she exclaimed, “where did you get the corn?”

“I got it at Farmer Brisk’s,” explained Binny, “and it isn’t sweet at all.”

“ Well, I guess it isn’t,” declared Mother Ruffles, “ for it’s nothing but old tough field corn.”

And that’s all.

XIII

THE BUNNY NEST STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a farmhouse that was painted white with green blinds, and it stood not far from the road, and in the farmhouse lived Uncle John and Aunt Deborah and their two little boys, little Charles and little John. And often in the long winter evenings, when the wind blew, Uncle John would tell the two little boys stories of Kittycat Town, where the kittycats, big and little, lived in their little brick houses. And sometimes little Charles and little John

would search for the little kitty boys and girls of Kittycat Town, but no matter where they looked, they never were able to find them. When they asked Uncle John if the kitty boys and girls were really and truly anywhere, Uncle John would laugh and pat their heads and say, "Now listen to me and the wind and we'll tell you."— But then he'd only tell this story. . . .

One day Buster Cuddles, the little kitty boy, took a walk out to Farmer Brisk's place, as he often did, and when he reached the big red barn he found the kittycat farmer inside cutting fodder. "Well! Well!" declared Farmer Brisk, as soon as he saw who it was, "you're the very little boy I want to see."

Now there was nothing pleased Buster half so much as to have the kittycat farmer

ask him to help to do something about the farm, and he felt sure that was just what he wanted. "How would you like to go out in the corn field and cut down some of the corn shocks," he asked, "so that they will be all ready to gather up when I drive out with the big wagon?"

And Buster was so eager to go that he started off without taking the corn cutter with him. The corn cutter is a big, long bladed knife that is used to cut off the corn stalks that are still fast in the ground and keep the shock from falling over.

"Whoa-a-a!" sang out Farmer Brisk, with a merry twinkle in his eye, and Buster stopped and turned around to see what he wanted. "Don't you think you'd better take this along?" asked the kittycat farmer as he held out the corn cutter.

“ Oh, I forgot,” answered the little kitty boy as he ran back to get it.

“ Now be careful,” the kittycat farmer told him, “ it’s quite sharp and you might cut yourself.” So Buster promised to be careful, and then started off for the corn field as fast as he could go, to where the big shocks of corn stalks stretched in rows clear across the field. And a little while later he was hacking them off with his big, long-bladed knife. And then all of a sudden, just as he toppled over one of the big bundles of corn stalks, he heard a queer, squeaky kind of a noise close to his feet, and there were several pairs of wobbly little ears sticking up out of the dried grass.

“ Why it’s a little bunny’s nest! ” he almost shouted, as he knelt down beside it and pulled the dried grass apart to look. And,



“ JUST AS HE TOPPLED OVER ONE OF THE BIG BUNDLES OF CORN-
STALKS ”

sure enough, there were three little baby bunnies, snug and warm in their little nest, in a hole in the ground.

“You poor little things!” cried Buster, as he lifted each one out of the nest and cuddled it up in his paws, without stopping to think that they would be much better off where they were.

“I wonder what I’ll do with them,” he thought to himself, “if I leave them here maybe some greedy old fox will find them and gobble them up.” So he decided to take them home to Mother Cuddles.

So Buster carried them home and told Mother Cuddles where he had found them.

“Why, Buster, what made you bring them away?” asked Mother Cuddles, as soon as she saw how little they were. “What will

their poor mother do when she comes back and finds them gone?"

And even though he told her about the greedy old fox Mother Cuddles told him to carry them right back to their nest.

"I just know he'll come snooping around and gobble them up," he repeated over and over again on his way back to Farmer Brisk's corn field. And bright and early the next morning, as soon as he had eaten his breakfast, he ran nearly the whole way to the cornfield to find out if the three little bunnies were still safe in their nest. But just as he had expected every last one of them were gone.

"There, I just knew it would happen," he almost sobbed, "if I only hadn't taken them back."

But the greedy old fox did not take them

after all, for Buster had hardly put them back in the nest the day before when the mother bunny returned and found the corn shock overturned. So what did she do but carry them off to a nice warm nest in an old hollow log nearby, where the greedy old fox couldn't find them if he wanted to.

And that's all.

XIV

THE CAVE STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a farmhouse that was painted white with green blinds, and it stood not far from the road, and in the farm-

house lived Uncle John and Aunt Deborah and their two little boys, little Charles and little John. And often in the long winter evenings, when the wind blew, Uncle John would tell the two little boys stories of Kittycat Town, where the kittycats, big and little, lived in their little brick houses. And sometimes little Charles and little John

would search for the little kitty boys and girls of Kittycat Town, but no matter where they looked, they never were able to find them. When they asked Uncle John if the kitty boys and girls were really and truly anywhere, Uncle John would laugh and pat their heads and say, "Now listen to me and the wind and we'll tell you."— But then he'd only tell this story. . . .

Right through the middle of Kittycat Town ran a pretty little street called Kittyway Lane and very often the little kitty boys and girls would take a long walk down Kittyway Lane until the little brick houses were left far behind them. And when they came to the big red barn of Farmer Brisk, the kittycat farmer, they would crawl under the fence and go tramping along through a daisy

field. And before very long they would come to a wood, a big, cool, shady kind of a place, with big piles of rocks piled here and there. And many a frolic did the little animal children have among these rocks in the wood.

One morning Buster Cuddles, the little kitty boy, started off all by himself for a walk and almost before he knew it he had reached the rocky spot in the woods. And it wasn't a bit lonely there as all the birds were talking and scolding at once and trying to tell each other that they should be very careful and not get too close to that strange little kitty boy. But then, you see, they did not know that Buster would not hurt them.

There were a great many flowers about and Buster made up his mind to pick a big bunch of them for Mother Cuddles. As he

walked about, picking one here and there, he came to an opening between two rocks.

“ I wonder where it goes to,” thought the little kitty boy, as he stuck his head inside and tried to look around.

“ It must be a cave,” he said to himself, and to make sure that there were no wild animals about he gave a shout.

“ Boo! ” he yelled.

And he had hardly said it before a voice in the cave said the same thing.

“ Boo-o-o! ” it went.

“ Hello! ” shouted Buster.

“ Hello-o-o! ” came the answer.

“ Oh, I know what it is! ” cried Buster, delightedly, “ it’s my echo! ”

And, sure enough, that’s just what it was. If Buster had said ice-cream that funny voice

inside the cave would have wanted ice-cream too.

Well, anyway, Buster finally went inside the cave and everything was nice and dry, only it was very dark inside and he thought it best to keep close to the opening. And just as he was about to come out again he heard some one moving about outside.

So he peeped out to see who it was and there was Sminky Crow, the same little kitty boy who was always trying to play tricks on the other animal children. And Buster at once made up his mind to play a trick on him.

“ I’ll make believe I’m a bear,” he decided, as he started to growl like the big shaggy bears do in the circus wagon.

“ Gr-r-r-r! ” he went.

And you ought to have seen Sminky pull his head away from the mouth of the cave

just as he was looking in. Why, he was so surprised that he tumbled over backward.

“Gr-r-r-r!” growled Buster again, and this time he made it sound a little bit fiercer.

“It’s a bear! It’s a bear!” yelled Sminky, and started for home as fast as he could go.

And when Sminky reached Kittyway Lane he told everyone he met about the big bear he had heard over in the wood near Farmer Brisk’s.

“He growled like he was awful cross,” declared Sminky to Uncle Buff, the kittycat gentleman who lived close by; “it was enough to make your fur stand up!”

And when Buster came home a little later and told Uncle Buff who the bear really was it made the doggie uncle laugh so hard that the tears came to his eyes.

A few days after that Buster made up his mind to go out to the woods again and spend the afternoon there looking around. So he asked Mother Cuddles to pack him a lunch and when he left home he carried a little basket of sandwiches in his paw.

He would liked to have had one of his little playmates go with him, but he didn't see a single one of them to ask. The only one he saw was Fluffy Ruffles, and, of course, little kitty girls are too timid to go exploring caves.

When he reached the woods he had no trouble at all in finding the hole in the rocks and this time he crawled right in without stopping to find out whether there were any wild animals about.

He had brought a little piece of candle

with him and as soon as he got inside he lit it to see what the place looked like.

It was just like a little room and here and there all over the walls were bits of sparkly rock that glittered like so many diamonds. And then there were other strange things found only in caves.

By this time Buster was beginning to feel hungry, so he opened his basket of lunch and took out a sandwich. And just as he took the first bite he caught sight of another opening at the other end of the cave.

“I wonder where that goes to,” he said to himself, and he became so curious about it that he could hardly wait until he had eaten his lunch so that he could go see.

But finally every crumb had disappeared, and after putting his napkin carefully back into the basket he walked over to the hole in

the wall. And there on the other side was another cave even larger than the first one.

After Buster had scrambled through the opening, he found that this cave had three places to go out instead of only one and each one led into still another cave. Without stopping to think that he might get lost he kept on going, until all of a sudden his candle gave a final splutter and went out. And there he was all alone in the dark.

Buster was a brave little kitty boy, but even a brave little kitty boy doesn't like to get lost in a dark cave. He could not help but think that perhaps he would never see Mother Cuddles again and he had to blink hard to keep back the tears. But he knew that standing still would never get him out so he started to grope his way around the wall.



“ HE OPENED HIS BASKET OF LUNCH ”

Finally he came to one of the openings and crawled through. And then around he went until he came to another opening, and in this way he at last came to the first cave. And there before him was the little hole in the rocks with the sun shining brightly outside.

When he got outside he started to run and never stopped until he burst in on Mother Cuddles like a little wild boy.

“ Oh, Mother Cuddles! Oh, Mother Cuddles! ” he fairly sobbed, as he buried his hot little face in her lap. And in a little while he was able to tell her how he had lost his way in the cave. And Mother Cuddles must have been very glad to see her little kitty boy again for she hugged him a little tighter and gave him a kiss.

And that's all.

XV

THE SEED PLANTING STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a farmhouse that was painted white with green blinds, and it stood not far from the road, and in the farmhouse lived Uncle John and Aunt Deborah and their two little boys, little Charles and little John. And often in the long winter evenings, when the wind blew, Uncle John would tell the two little boys stories of Kitty-cat Town, where the kittycats, big and little, lived in their little brick houses. And sometimes little Charles and little John

would search for the little kitty boys and girls of Kittycat Town, but no matter where they looked, they never were able to find them. When they asked Uncle John if the kitty boys and girls were really and truly anywhere, Uncle John would laugh and pat their heads and say, "Now listen to me and the wind and we'll tell you."— But then he'd only tell this story. . . .

When spring first came to Kittyway Lane there was hardly a warm, sunshiny day that Betty Cuddles, the little kitty girl, didn't think of planting flower seeds. And sometimes twice a day she would run to Mother Cuddles and ask her whether it wasn't soon time to start the garden. But Mother Cuddles would shake her head and tell her that the ground was still too wet and cold.

“Just a few days longer and then we can start to plant the seeds,” she promised.

But little Betty couldn't quite understand why it wasn't time to plant the flower garden when the trees were full of robins and even the grass on the front lawn was beginning to turn green.

“Maybe you'll wait too long,” she declared, “and then we'll have no flowers at all.”

“You foolish little kitty girl,” smiled Mother Cuddles, “why even the violets haven't wakened yet from their winter nap.”

But all the time the weather was getting warmer and warmer, and one day Mother Cuddles told her that it was time to plant the sweet pea seed. And Betty was the happiest little kitty girl in Kittycat Town.

After her little kitty brother, Buster, had

dug up the flower bed and made all the lumps nice and fine so that the little shoots would have no trouble in getting to the top, Betty took her little rake and went out to plant the seeds. And before she left the house she put on her big straw hat just like all little gardeners do. In a short time she had all the seeds dropped in the ground and carefully covered over. And last of all she smoothed the top with her rake.

“Now,” she said happily to herself, “they’re all ready to grow.”

But would you believe it that very same afternoon a band of big black crows came flying along and the first thing they spied was Betty’s flower bed. And down they came and scratched up at least half the seeds that she had planted. And when Betty saw what they had done she nearly cried.

“Now I’m sure we won’t have any flowers,” she said to Mother Cuddles.

But Mother Cuddles told her not to mind and gave her another little bag of seed to plant. And this time, after they were all planted, she covered the flower bed over with brush so that the band of little crow robbers couldn’t get there to scratch.

Now it just seemed as though little Betty’s seeds were not to grow for that night it got so cold that the next morning the ground was frozen hard.

“They’re frozen! They’re frozen!” repeated the little kitty girl over and over again. “And now what shall I do?” she almost sobbed.

“It won’t hurt them one bit,” said Mother Cuddles, “and if you’ll only wait a

little while they'll come up as nice as any seeds you ever saw."

But Betty felt sure that the seeds were all frozen and as soon as the weather got warm again she begged her mother for another little bagful. And for the third time she dropped the seeds into the ground and covered them over.

And just as Betty was beginning to feel that her little flower garden might grow after all, it started in to snow and the big feathery flakes came coming down so fast that the ground was all covered white. And this time she felt so badly about it that the tears really came.

"Please, Mother Cuddles," she begged, the next day after the snow had all disappeared, "please may I plant some more seeds?"

“Not another one,” declared Mother Cuddles, firmly, “that little snow didn’t hurt them one bit.”

And, sure enough, Mother Cuddles was right, for it wasn’t very long after that before the little green shoots began to push their way through the ground. And such a bed of sweet peas none of the other kittycat folks had ever seen before.

And it was no wonder they were all surprised, for at least half the seeds came up that the crows hadn’t got and all the seeds came up from the second planting, and it was the same way with the seeds that were snowed under. Why, do you know, the little stalks were so close together that they had to push and shove like everything to find a place to grow. But, anyway, little Betty was quite happy that she had so many. Nor

did she forget to give a big bunch of the flowers to each one of the kittycat neighbors.

And that's all.

XVI

THE BIRTHDAY STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a farmhouse that was painted white with green blinds, and it stood not far from the road, and in the farmhouse lived Uncle John and Aunt Deborah and their two little boys, little Charles and little John. And often in the long winter evenings, when the wind blew, Uncle John would tell the two little boys stories of Kitty-cat Town, where the kittycats, big and little, lived in their little brick houses. And sometimes little Charles and little John

would search for the little kitty boys and girls of Kittycat Town, but no matter where they looked, they never were able to find them. When they asked Uncle John if the kitty boys and girls were really and truly anywhere, Uncle John would laugh and pat their heads and say, "Now listen to me and the wind and we'll tell you."—But then he'd only tell this story. . . .

Betty Cuddles, the little kitty girl, had hardly left the schoolroom at recess time when Mazie Dobbie, a little kitty playmate of hers, came running up looking as though she was very much excited about something or other.

"Oh, Betty!" she cried, "what do you think?"

"I couldn't guess at all," smiled Betty.

“You won’t tell, will you?” begged Mazie.

And Betty crossed her heart and promised not to say a word.

“Saturday is Mother Dobbie’s birthday,” announced Mazie with a happy smile.

“Oh, is it?” cried Betty, eagerly. “Aren’t you glad! I know I am when it’s Mother Cuddles’s birthday, and we always give her presents.” And, would you believe it, instantly the happy smile faded from Mazie’s face.

“Oh, dear!” thought Betty to herself, as she saw how sad her little kitty friend looked. “I forgot all about their being too poor to buy birthday presents.”

“Please, Mazie,” she begged, “don’t feel badly because you can’t buy Mother Dobbie a birthday present. Maybe she will get

some after all.” And for the rest of the day kind-hearted little Betty thought of nothing else but how to get Mother Dobbie a birthday present, and it was not until supper-time that an idea popped into her head.

“I know! I know!” she cried, suddenly, in such a shrill, eager tone that her seven little brothers and sisters fairly jumped. And while she was washing the supper dishes she told Mother Cuddles all about it.

“Don’t you think it would be nice, Mother Cuddles?” she asked.

“Indeed it would,” replied Mother Cuddles, heartily, “and I will be the first one to help.”

The next day as soon as school was out Betty started off down Kittyway Lane to call on some of the animal folks. She had on her

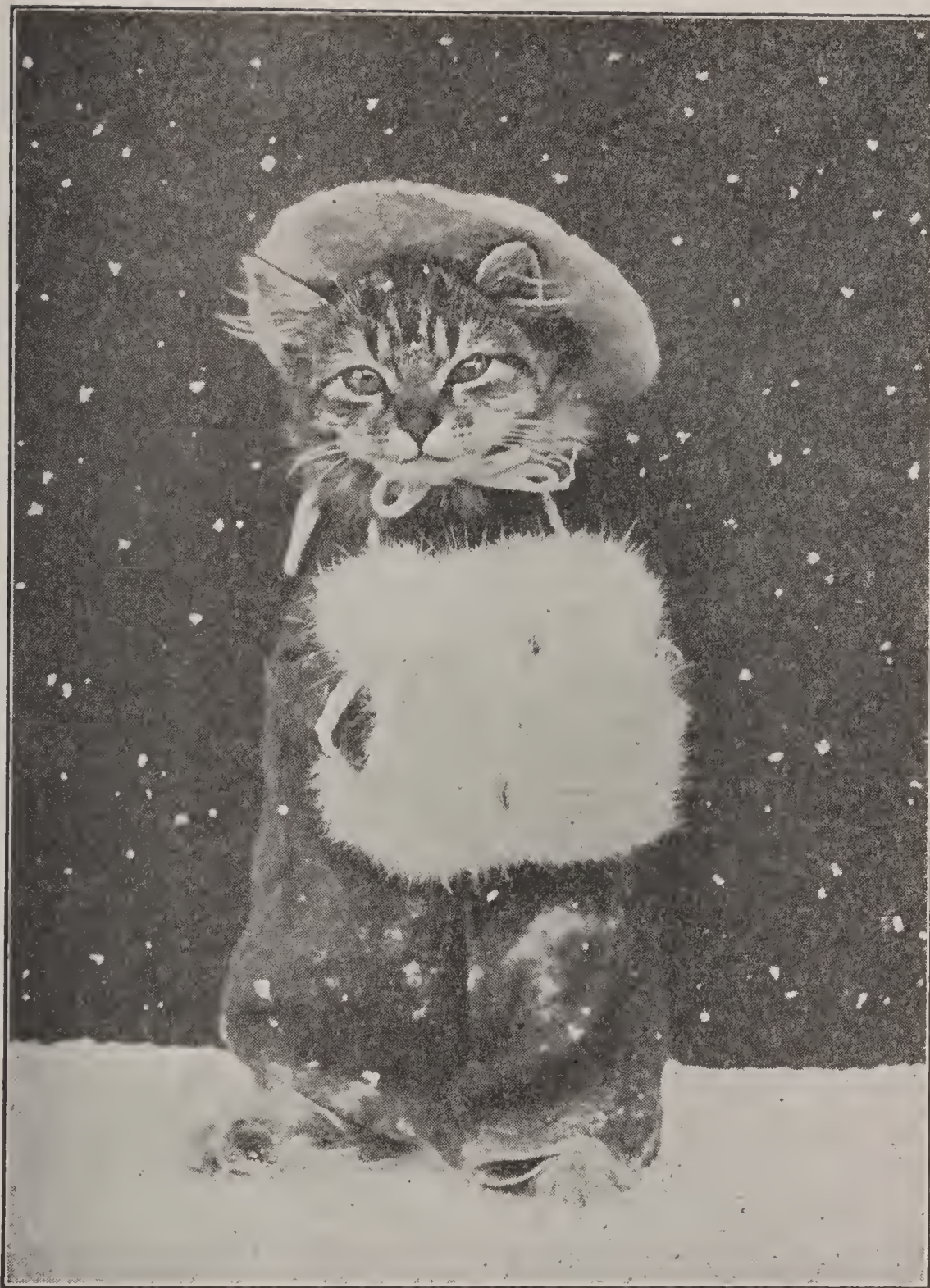
little coat and her big felt hat and her paws were tucked warm and snug in her muff, so, you see, even if it was snowing she didn't mind one bit.

The first one she called on was Miss Prim, and as soon as she told her about Mother Dobbie's birthday present, the kittycat lady promised to help.

"Don't forget to send it Saturday morning," reminded Betty, as she started off down the street again.

Now I won't try to tell you of all the animal folks Betty called on about Mother Dobbie's birthday, but I feel sure that there were very few on Kittyway Lane that did not hear about it. And the nicest part of it was that they all seemed eager to help.

That same evening Betty thought of another surprise that she felt sure would be nice



“ HER PAWS WERE TUCKED WARM AND SNUG IN HER MUFF ”

for Mother Dobbie's birthday so the next morning at school she told three of her little playmates about it. And Lassie and Fluffy and Curly, the three little kitty girls, thought it would be too jolly for anything.

"We'll put everything in a basket and take it around to Mother Dobbie's Saturday morning," planned Betty, "and then they can all have a little birthday dinner."

"I'll make some sandwiches," promised Lassie.

"And I'll make some salted peanuts," added Fluffy, while Curly decided to make some fudge.

"Oh, I know what I'll make," cried Betty, after she had thought for a moment, "I'll bake some ginger cookies, and maybe Mother Cuddles will let me put colored icing on them."

“ Oh, wouldn't it be jolly,” said Lassie, “ if you could make a little gingerbread kitty boy for each one of the little Dobbies.” And Betty at once made up her mind to bake six little gingerbread kitties.

The next Saturday morning was Mother Dobbie's birthday and Betty was up bright and early and was coaxing Mother Cuddles to let her bake the cookies before the breakfast dishes were put away.

But Mother Cuddles was very busy that morning and told her she would have to wait until a little later. So instead of pouting as some little kitty girls would have done Betty waited patiently until her mother was through with her work.

As soon as she could have the table, she got out the big yellow bowl and all the other things that she needed. Then she started to

mix up the cookies just as Mother Cuddles had told her.

But, goodness me, she forgot to put in the baking powder, and you ought to have seen those cookies when she looked in the oven. Instead of being little round puffed up cakes, as cookies ought to be, they were as flat as little pancakes that mother bakes for breakfast.

So, of course, there were no cookies, nor gingerbread kitties either for Mother Dobbie's birthday, and Betty could hardly keep the tears back as she left the house to meet her three little friends.

Lassie was just coming out of the gate as she reached there and her little playmate looked every bit as sad and downhearted as she did herself.

“ Oh, Betty! ” gasped the little kitty girl,

“ I couldn’t make a single sandwich ’cause Mother Rover forgot to get the ham! ”

And then, of course, Betty told her all about the cookies.

A little further on they met Fluffy and Curly and you could tell right away that those two little kitty girls were anything but happy.

And no wonder, for poor little Fluffy had scorched her peanuts almost black while Curly had made a mistake and used salt instead of sugar to make the fudge.

They didn’t have a single thing to take to Mother Dobbie’s and as they stood there talking about it and looking ready to cry who should come along but their old kittycat friend, Uncle Buff.

“ Hello, little girls, ” said the jolly old

doggie uncle, "what makes you look so sad?"

So they all tried to explain at once and all that Uncle Buff could make out of it was that Betty had forgotten to put baking powder in her peanuts and that Fluffy had put sandwiches in her fudge. But, anyway, he understood that there was to be no surprise for Mother Dobbie.

"Well! Well! that's too bad!" he declared. "But never mind," he said with a twinkle in his eye. "Just come with me and we'll fix things up in a jiffy."

So with Betty and Fluffy on one side and Curly and Lassie on the other Uncle Buff started down the street in the direction of Daddy Fourpaws' store.

And, would you believe it, when he got there he bought the nicest kind of a lunch

you ever saw for those four little kitty girls. There were little round cakes with icing on them and a box of candy, and — oh, well, just lots of things like that.

That morning Mother Dobbie had hardly finished the breakfast dishes when the front door bell rang. And when she went to see who it was there stood Laddie Rover, the little kitty boy, with a package in his paw.

When Mother Dobbie opened it she found a little box inside just crammed full of pennies — one for each year she was old.

Just a minute or two after that the door bell rang again and this time it was Buster Cuddles with another little package, from Mother Cuddles. And, that too, was full of pennies. Nor did Miss Prim and all the other animal folks forget to send theirs.

And last of all came Betty and her three

little playmates with their basket of goodies for the birthday dinner.

“A happy birthday, Mother Dobbie!” cried the four little kitty girls as Mother Dobbie opened the door and they handed her the basket. And to Mother Dobbie and all the little Dobbies it was the happiest birthday they had ever known.

And that's all.

XVII

THE FISH HAWK STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a farmhouse that was painted white with green blinds, and it stood not far from the road, and in the farm-

house lived Uncle John and Aunt Deborah and their two little boys, little Charles and little John. And often in the long winter evenings, when the wind blew, Uncle John would tell the two little boys stories of Kittycat Town, where the kittycats, big and little, lived in their little brick houses. And sometimes little Charles and little John

would search for the little kitty boys and girls of Kittycat Town, but no matter where they looked, they never were able to find them. When they asked Uncle John if the kitty boys and girls were really and truly anywhere, Uncle John would laugh and pat their heads and say, "Now listen to me and the wind and we'll tell you."— But then he'd only tell this story. . . .

Bright and early one morning, Buster Cuddles, the little kitty boy, was walking down the little lane that led to Farmer Brisk's. But this time he did not stop at the kittycat farmer's place. He kept right on past the big red barn until he came to the strip of woods. And the path he took through the woods led him straight down to the creek.

It was just the kind of a day that Buster liked to be along the creek. It was a lazy, hazy kind of a day with hardly enough air stirring to ripple the top of the water.

And every once in a while some big fish would spy a bug or something near the surface of the water and up he would come kersplash to get a bite for breakfast.

As the little kitty boy stood near the edge of the water waiting for the next big fish to jump, he caught sight of an immense bird flying high above him. The big bird just floated along with his wings stuck out just as though he was in no particular hurry.

And then all of a sudden old Mr. Fish Hawk must have seen something below him. Quick as a flash he darted down, down, down, until he struck the water with a splash.

“Golly!” exclaimed Buster, “he’s going to drown himself!”

And to the little kitty boy it just looked that way as the big bird dove clear out of sight under the water.

But just as quickly as he went under, he came up again. And away he flew with something held tight in his claws.

“Whee-e-e-e!” whistled the surprised little kitty boy, “he’s caught a fish!”

And, sure enough, that’s just what it was. Old Mr. Fish Hawk had just caught his breakfast.

“The fish must be very plentiful when the birds can catch them like that,” thought Buster to himself. “I just wonder —”

And do you know what he was thinking about? Why, he was curious to know whether he couldn’t make a little net and

dip up some of the fish just like Mr. Fish Hawk had done.

So he turned around and started for home as fast as he could go. And as he trotted along, he was planning to himself the best way to make the little net.

As soon as he reached home, he hunted up a piece of strong wire and bent it in the shape of a hoop. Then he took a piece of cloth and tied it around the wire. And, last of all, he fastened a long pole to it.

“What in the world are you making?” asked Mother Cuddles, just as he had finished putting on the stick.

“Why, that’s a fish net,” explained Buster. “All you got to do is to scoop down into the water and bring up a big fish. You ought to see the birds do it!” he declared;

“ they just grab up a fish as easy as anything and fly away with it.”

Mother Cuddles was smiling to herself as she went on about her work. Because she knew as well as anything that her little kitty boy could never be as good a fisherman as old Mr. Fish Hawk.

When Buster got back to the creek he waded out to a big flat rock in the middle of the stream and there he sat with his net raised all ready to scoop up a fish.

He could see all kinds and sizes of them swimming around him, but just as soon as he moved the net away they went as hard as they could go.

“ Pshaw! ” he grunted, “ why don’t they keep still! ”

For one whole hour he sat on that rock waiting for those cranky old fish to keep still.

And when he left for home how many fish do you think he had?

Why, not a single one. No, sir, not even the teeniest weeniest one. And it wouldn't surprise me a bit but what old Mr. Fish Hawk had caught another big one for his ten o'clock lunch.

And that's all.



“ ALL READY TO SCOOP UP A FISH ”

XVIII

THE THREE LITTLE BEARS STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a farmhouse that was painted white with green blinds, and it stood not far from the road, and in the farm-

house lived Uncle John and Aunt Deborah and their two little boys, little Charles and little John. And often in the long winter evenings, when the wind blew, Uncle John would tell the two little boys stories of Kittycat Town, where the kittycats, big and little, lived in their little brick houses. And sometimes little Charles and little John

would search for the little kitty boys and girls of Kittycat Town, but no matter where they looked, they never were able to find them. When they asked Uncle John if the kitty boys and girls were really and truly anywhere, Uncle John would laugh and pat their heads and say, "Now listen to me and the wind and we'll tell you."— But then he'd only tell this story. . . .

Buster Cuddles, the little kitty boy, sat in the big arm chair by the window looking at a picture book, when all of a sudden he chanced to look outside and saw that it was snowing. And as soon as he caught sight of the big feathery snowflakes whirling past the window he forgot all about looking at pictures.

"Please, Mother Cuddles, may I go out

for a walk?" he asked his mother as he raced into the kitchen.

"You may go if you promise to be home in time for supper," she told him.

So Buster started off, but instead of going up or down Kittyway Lane, as he nearly always did, this time he went out through the back gate and cut across the meadow. And you would be surprised to know how far that little kitty boy went. He climbed over fences and slid down little embankments and jumped over brooks and crawled through brier patches until he came to a great big woods that must have been a mile from home. And by the time he reached there, the ground was white with snow.

Now there was one thing about the big woods that Buster didn't know, or else he

would have turned around and started back home as fast as he could go. And that was that a big brown mother bear, with her three little bear children, lived in a hole in some rocks close by.

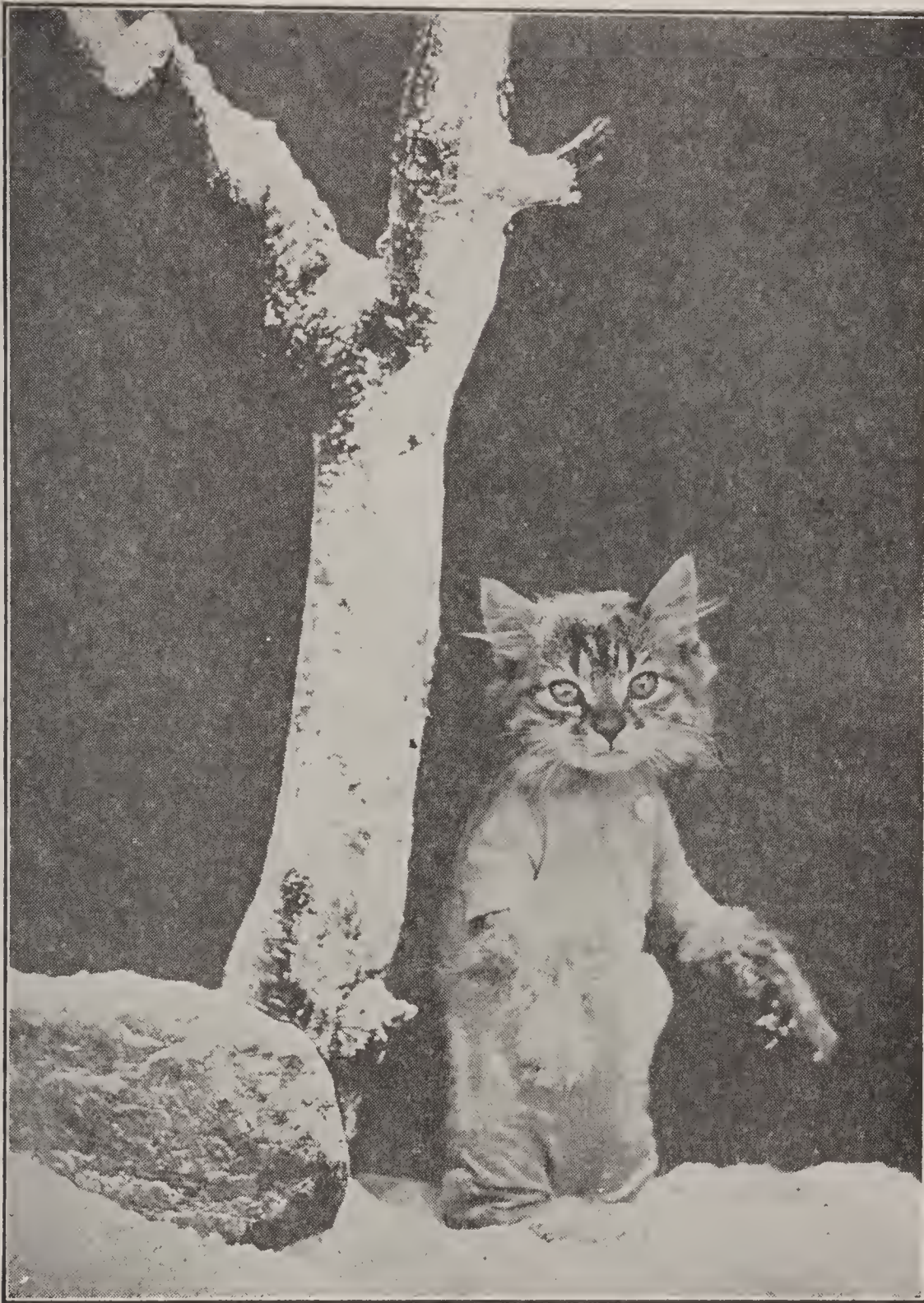
And just as Buster was climbing to the top of one of the big rocks, a big brown paw popped up from the other side and grabbed hold of his jacket.

“Aha!” exclaimed Mother Bear in surprise, “who’s this!”

“Please — please,” begged Buster, as he gazed up into the big, shaggy face, “I’m only little Buster Cuddles!”

“Don’t be afraid,” smiled Mother Bear, kindly, “I wouldn’t hurt you for the world. Children! Children!” she called, suddenly, “just see who’s here!”

And out of the hole in the rock tumbled



“ THE GROUND WAS WHITE WITH SNOW ”

three little balls of fur with tiny black eyes and fuzzy wuzzy tails.

“Oh, Mother Bear!” exclaimed Big Brother Bear, “who is it?”

And Brother Bear and Baby Bear were every bit as much excited about the little stranger.

“I want you to play nicely with him,” said Mother Bear, “and don’t forget that you have sharp claws.”

At first Buster was so excited that he hardly knew what to say, but after a little bit he found that the three little bears were trying their best to be friendly. Big Brother Bear reached over and touched him softly on the paw while Baby Bear took a somersault to try and make him smile.

“What’s your name, little kitty boy?” asked Big Brother Bear.

“My name is Buster,” answered that little kitty boy.

“Mine is Big Brother Bear,” said the tallest one of the three little bears.

“And mine is Brother Bear,” added little bear number two.

“I’m Baby Bear,” chattered the littlest bear of them all.

And it was quite surprising how friendly Buster and those three little bears got to be. They played games and had no end of a frolic until Mother Bear told Buster it was time for him to start for home.

“Maybe Mother Cuddles will be worried if you stay away too long,” she smiled.

So after Buster had thanked the kind-hearted mother bear and said good-by to the three little bears, he started off back through the woods and across the fields. And he was

so eager to tell Mother Cuddles about his adventure that at some places he fairly ran. So, you know, it didn't take him long to reach home.

“Oh, Mother Cuddles,” he cried, as he burst into the kitchen, “I've been to see Mother Bear and the three little bears!”

And after he had told her all about it, Mother Cuddles didn't seem to be a bit alarmed about her little kitty boy playing with bears.

“I know Mother Bear very well,” she told him, “and I feel sure that the three little bears are the best of playmates.”

A few days after that it started to snow again right after breakfast and the first thing Buster thought about as he stood with his nose pressed tight against the window pane was that he would like to take a walk

through the snow. So off he ran to ask Mother Cuddles.

“I should think you would rather stay in the house where it is nice, and cozy,” she told him.

“Oh, but Mother Cuddles,” he exclaimed, “just see how nice the snow is!”

“All right,” smiled Mother Cuddles, “I guess little kitty boys don’t mind the cold.”

So Buster started off and had hardly gotten outside the kitchen door when he happened to think of something.

“I just wonder —” he said softly to himself, “wouldn’t it be jolly!” he finished, excitedly, as he dashed down the walk towards the back gate and hurried off across the meadows towards the big woods where Mother Bear and the three little bears lived.

It was quite a long tramp for a little kitty

boy, but Buster didn't seem to mind at all. When he reached the woods he often had to crawl under the snow-laden branches of some of the trees and sometimes the snow came tumbling down all over him. But finally he reached the home of Mother Bear and the three little fuzzy wuzzy bears, and as he crawled up over the rocks to reach the front door, he was wondering to himself whether his three little friends were home.

“Hello!” called Buster, softly, “hello, three little bears!”

And he heard someone whisper something inside and he felt sure it was little Baby Bear.

“Oh, Mother Bear,” said the tiny voice, “someone's calling!”

“It must have been the wind,” declared Mother Bear.

And Big Brother Bear and Brother Bear both started to laugh because Baby Bear thought he heard someone when it was only the wind.

“Hello, three little bears!” called Buster again, and this time he called a little louder.

“Did you hear it?” cried Baby Bear, excitedly.

“It must have been someone, after all,” said Mother Bear, as she went to the front door to look.

“Well! Well!” she cried, as soon as she saw who was standing there, “if it isn’t Mother Cuddles’s little kitty boy!”

“It’s Buster! It’s Buster!” shouted Baby Bear, as his little black eyes peeped out from behind Mother Bear’s big apron.

And out rushed the three little bears to catch hold of their little friend’s paw and

tell him how glad they were that he had come to see them.

For quite a while after that Buster played with the three little bears, and then Big Brother Bear asked Mother Bear whether they could all go outside and roll snowballs down the hill.

“Did you ever roll snowballs down a hill?” asked Baby Bear of Buster, as they started through the woods.

“Great, great big ones!” declared the little kitty boy.

But when they reached the top of the hill and he saw what big ones Big Brother Bear sent whirling down through the snow he felt quite sure that even his big, big ones were not so large as those.

It was almost dinner time when Buster reached home and he was so tired that he

stayed in that whole afternoon curled up in the big arm chair by the window.

And that's all.

XIX

THE AUTOMOBILE STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a farmhouse that was painted white with green blinds, and it stood not far from the road, and in the farmhouse lived Uncle John and Aunt Deborah and their two little boys, little Charles and little John. And often in the long winter evenings, when the wind blew, Uncle John would tell the two little boys stories of Kittycat Town, where the kittycats, big and little, lived in their little brick houses. And sometimes little Charles and little John

would search for the little kitty boys and girls of Kittycat Town, but no matter where they looked, they never were able to find them. When they asked Uncle John if the kitty boys and girls were really and truly anywhere, Uncle John would laugh and pat their heads and say, "Now listen to me and the wind and we'll tell you."—But then he'd only tell this story. . . .

Mrs. Proudpu^{ss}, the wealthy pussycat lady, who lived in a grand mansion on Kittyway Lane, had a pair of the prettiest little ponies you ever saw and very often when the weather was nice and warm she took a drive out into the country. And sometimes she took her kittycat coachman along to drive the ponies and other times she drove them herself.

Well, one warm, sunny afternoon Mrs. Proudpuſs was out driving all by herſelf when all of a ſudden a piece of white paper came dancing down the road toward the two little ponies. And if there was one thing theſe two little ponies were afraid of, it was a piece of white paper fluttering in the wind.

So what did they do but ſtand ſtraight up in the air and poor Mrs. Proudpuſs was ſo frightened that ſhe hardly knew what to do.

“Whoa, Buzzy! Whoa, Muzzy!” ſhe called, ſoftly, but Buzzy and Muzzy kept right on dancing as though that little piece of white paper was ſomething dreadful.

“Oh, dear!” ſobbed Mrs. Proudpuſs, “if they only don’t run away and throw me out of the carriage!”

And, would you believe it, ſhe had hardly ſaid it before thoſe two little ponies ſtarted

down the road as hard as they could go. Both Buzzy and Muzzy had taken it into their little heads to run away.

“Help! Help!” screamed Mrs. Proud-puss, as she caught hold of the seat to keep from falling out.

Now a little farther on walked a little kitty boy with his paws in his pockets, whistling a merry little tune to himself. It was our little friend, Binny Ruffles, and, of course, he couldn't help but hear Mrs. Proud-puss scream.

And just as he was wondering what it was he caught sight of the two little ponies come tearing toward him with Mrs. Proud-puss crouching down in the seat behind them.

“My!” he gasped, “they're running away!”

And while he was only a little kitty boy,

he never even stopped to think whether he should try to stop them; he made one jump and caught Buzzy by the strap along side of his head. And there he hung until they both slowed down and stopped.

“ You brave little kitty boy! ” cried Mrs. Proudpuſs as she jumped out of the carriage and caught him tight around the neck, “ you ſurely ſaved me from being thrown out.”

And Binny ſaid that he was very glad that he had come along juſt when he did and offered to drive the two little ponies home. So away they went with Buzzy and Muzzy trotting along as nicely as you pleaſe.

When Binny reached Mrs. Proudpuſs’s home ſhe told him to be ſure and come to ſee her the next afternoon, and he promiſed not to forget.

And what do you think the puſſycat lady

had for him when he called to see her the next day? Why the nicest little automobile that was ever made for a little kitty boy to run.

“ Oh, Mrs. Proudpu^{ss} ! ” exclaimed Binny with shining eyes.

And he was so delighted that he hardly knew what to say. And he thanked her twice before he left the house and then ran back to thank her again for fear he might have forgotten.

On the way home, the little automobile ran all right until it came to the little hill near Daddy Fourpaws' store and it acted just as though it didn't want to climb to the top. But then what can you expect of a little bit of a car when the very biggest ones don't always behave. So it was no wonder that Binny had to get out and push.



“ THE LITTLE AUTOMOBILE RAN ALL RIGHT ”

It only took a minute or two, however, and he was soon on his way again with the little car chugging right along. And you ought to have seen the kittycat folks stare as he spun down Kittyway Lane.

Nor was Binny the least bit selfish and he spent the rest of the afternoon giving his little playmates a ride. And the two who seemed to enjoy it the most were Tommy and Teddy Cuddles.

A few days after that these same two little kitty boys happened to pass by the place where Doctor Tabby kept his automobile. Doctor Tabby was the kittycat Doctor who tended to all the sick little kitty boys and girls of Kittycat Town, and, of course, he had a much larger car than Binny.

The door of the little automobile house was open and Tommy and Teddy caught

side of Doctor Tabby inside working on his car. He was greasing the wheels or putting oil inside of it or something like that.

“Hello, boys!” he called, as he caught sight of them.

“Hello, Doctor Tabby!” answered both little kitty boys.

“How would you boys like to earn ten cents apiece?” asked the kittycat doctor.

Of course all little kitty boys like to earn money so they both asked Doctor Tabby what he wanted them to do.

“Why I want you to wash the car,” explained the doctor, “I’m going away in my carriage in a few minutes and won’t be back till evening. So I want to see how nice and clean you can make it look. And when I come back I’ll give you each ten cents.”

So as soon as the doctor left Tommy and

Teddy started in to wash the car. And you would be surprised to see how clean and shiny they made it look.

After they were all through Tommy suggested that they take it out for a little ride.

“Maybe we’d better not,” objected Teddy. “Doctor Tabby might be cross about it.”

“How’d he find it out?” demanded Tommy. “We don’t have to tell him, do we?”

Now both little kitty boys knew very well that they were not doing right in taking out Doctor Tabby’s automobile without his permission, but they did not think long enough about the wrong they were doing because they wanted a ride so badly.

So they started the car and away they went down Kittyway Lane. Tommy did the

steering while Teddy sat in the seat behind him.

The car was running along as quietly as a mouse, when all of a sudden something happened. The front wheel struck a rock and bang went the tire with a big hole in it. They stopped so suddenly that both of them were nearly pitched out on their heads.

“Whee-e-e!” whistled Teddy, as soon as he saw what had happened. “What will we do now?”

“Let’s take it home,” advised Tommy, “and tell Mother Cuddles all about it.”

So that’s just what they did, and, of course, Mother Cuddles felt very sorry when they told her.

Just as soon as Doctor Tabby returned, she made them both go and tell him what they had done. And not only that but she told



“ THE FRONT WHEEL STRUCK A ROCK ”

them to tell him that they would pay to have the tire repaired.

So for several weeks after that both Tommy and Teddy had to do without their candy and ice-cream for it took all their pennies to have the tire repaired.

And that's all.

XX

THE TELEPHONE STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a farmhouse that was painted white with green blinds, and it stood not far from the road, and in the farm-

house lived Uncle John and Aunt Deborah and their two little boys, little Charles and little John. And often in the long winter evenings, when the wind blew, Uncle John would tell the two little boys stories of Kittycat Town, where the kittycats, big and little, lived in their little brick houses. And sometimes little Charles and little John

would search for the little kitty boys and girls of Kittycat Town, but no matter where they looked, they never were able to find them. When they asked Uncle John if the kitty boys and girls were really and truly anywhere, Uncle John would laugh and pat their heads and say, “Now listen to me and the wind and we’ll tell you.”—But then he’d only tell this story. . . .

Mother Cuddles, the kittycat mother, felt just a little bit worried because three weeks had gone by and she hadn’t heard a word from Aunty Cute. Aunty Cute, who lived several miles from Kittycat Town, was the mother of the six little Cutes, and the six little Cutes and the eight little Cuddleses were cousins. Never a week went by that Aunty Cute did not write Mother Cuddles and tell

her how they all were. But for three whole weeks now there had been nothing from Aunty Cute — not even a picture post card. So it was no wonder that Mother Cuddles felt something was wrong.

“Maybe Aunty Cute is sick,” said Mother Cuddles to her little girl, Betty, “and that’s the reason she does not write.”

“Oh, wouldn’t it be dreadful,” exclaimed kind hearted little Betty, “to have Aunty Cute sick and no one to wait on the little Cutes!”

“It surely would,” declared Mother Cuddles. “If I don’t hear from her in a few days, I’m going to go to see her.”

Well, anyway, when Betty met her little kitty brother, Buster, in the yard a few minutes later, she told him what Mother Cuddles had said.

“I wish we could find out about her right away,” said Buster, “so that we could tell Mother Cuddles.”

“Oh, we can! We can!” cried Betty, suddenly, as she happened to think of something, “we can telephone to her from Daddy’s store. Don’t you remember Aunty Cute has a telephone in her sitting-room.”

The next moment the two of them were flying down the street toward Daddy’s store and when they got there they were so out of breath that they could hardly tell Daddy what they wanted.

But finally the good-natured kittycat storekeeper understood that they wanted to use the telephone, so he told them to go to the back part of the store and help themselves.

“ I guess it will be a little too high up for you youngsters,” he told them, “ so pull out the little stool in the corner and stand on that.”

Now neither Buster nor Betty had ever used a telephone before, so, of course, they had to ask Daddy to tell them how.

“ You take down that little round thing off the hook and hold it to your ear,” explained Daddy, “ and then some one will ask you what number you want.”

So Buster took down the little round thing called a receiver and there was a little tinkly noise as he heard some one ask, “ Number, please?” It was the kittycat lady, you know, who always gave the animal folks the party they wanted to talk to.

“ I want to talk to Aunty Cute,” shouted Buster.

“Number, please?” repeated the kittycat lady.

“She wants a number,” whispered Buster to Betty.

“Maybe she wants to know how old Aunty Cute is,” replied Betty.

“She’s just as old as Mother Cuddles is,” shouted Buster to the kittycat lady.

“Oh, dear! Oh, dear!” Buster heard the kittycat lady say to herself, “why can’t some folks understand!”

“Hey, Buster, what’s the matter?” asked Daddy just then.

“She wants a number,” Buster told him.

“Whom do you want to talk to?” asked Daddy.

“Why, Aunty Cute,” replied Buster.

Now Daddy had often heard of Aunty

Cute and he knew just where she lived. So he looked in a little book and told Buster to say 1-2-5 to the kittycat lady.

“Let me try it,” begged Betty.

So Betty talked to the kittycat lady through the 'phone and told her she wanted 1-2-5 while Buster stood on the stool along side of her to listen.

And, would you believe it, hardly two minutes later some one said “hello!” and it was Aunty Cute herself.

“Oh, Aunty Cute,” cried Betty, “is that you?”

“Yes, indeed,” replied Aunty Cute, “and it sounds to me just like little Betty Cuddles's voice.”

“That's who it is!” cried Betty, delightedly.

“And this is Buster,” added that little



“STOOD ON THE STOOL ALONGSIDE OF HER TO LISTEN”

kitty boy, who had his ear almost as close to the 'phone as Betty.

Well, anyway, Aunty Cute told them that the reason she did not write was because she had been so busy cleaning house.

And before they stopped talking, she sent them both a kiss over the telephone wire.

And that's all.

XXI

THE BLUSTERY MR. NORTH WIND STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a farmhouse that was painted white with green blinds, and it stood not far from the road, and in the farmhouse lived Uncle John and Aunt Deborah and their two little boys, little Charles and little John. And often in the long winter evenings, when the wind blew, Uncle John would tell the two little boys stories of Kittycat Town, where the kittycats, big and little, lived in their little brick houses.

And sometimes little Charles and little John would search for the little kitty boys and girls of Kittycat Town, but no matter where they looked, they never were able to find them. When they asked Uncle John if the kitty boys and girls were really and truly anywhere, Uncle John would laugh and pat their heads and say, “Now listen to me and the wind and we’ll tell you.”—But then he’d only tell this story. . . .

Jack Frost, the merry little ice and snow chap, was having the time of his life. For several weeks, he and blustery Mr. North Wind were busy as could be making all kinds of weather for the kittycat folks of Kittycat Town.

Now the little Jack Frost of Animal Land is the same little frostland elf who pinches

the fingers and toes of our own little boys and girls. Of course, no one ever sees him, because he's a very sly little chap and so spry that he can jump out of your way before you even catch a glimpse of him.

But, just the same, he can reach over your shoulder and pinch your nose before you have time to think about it. And he can paint little girls' cheeks a rosy red as easily as he can draw frost lace on the window pane.

Well, one day, Jack Frost and blustery Mr. North Wind put their heads together and planned a big surprise for the little kittycat folks.

"I'll pile the snow up as high as the fence!" roared blustery Mr. North Wind.

"Won't it be jolly!" laughed little Jack Frost.

So that morning it began to snow, and by the time school let out in the afternoon the little kittycat boys and girls found that it was getting very deep. But that seemed to please them all the more, for on the way home they hunted out the deepest places to walk.

When Buster Cuddles reached home he only stopped long enough to put his books on the table.

“Where are you going, Buster?” asked Mother Cuddles.

“Just to take a little walk,” replied her little kitty boy.

Now all the time it was getting windier outside and the snow was being piled up into little drifts. It wasn't the kind of weather for a little kitty boy to go walking, and if Mother Cuddles had known that Buster in-

tended to go clear out to the woods back of Farmer Brisk's place she would have made him stay in.

But the little kitty boy went merrily along, kicking at the drifts of snow without stopping to think that all the time the wind was blowing harder and the snow getting thicker.

It was not until he reached the big rocks in the woods that he discovered that instead of being an ordinary snow storm it was a regular blizzard.

"My!" he gasped, as he turned about and tried to push his way back through the biting snow, "I wish I hadn't come so far."

"Woo-o-o-o!" chortled blustery Mr. North Wind as he flung a shower of snow all over the little kitty boy, "it serves you right!"

And Buster got so confused that he had to



“ HE HAD TO CRAWL UNDER A ROCK ”

crawl under a rock to get his breath. And despite all he could do two big tears came into his eyes.

“Mother Cuddles,” he called softly to himself.

But Mother Cuddles was too far away to help her little kitty boy.

Now I wouldn't like to tell you what might have happened to Buster if it hadn't been for little Jack Frost. But the little frost elf saw what was going on and begged blustery Mr. North Wind to stop blowing for a while.

“Just a few minutes,” growled the old wind maker.

But it was just long enough for Buster to reach Kittyway Lane and in a short time he was safe and sound at home.

“There,” smiled little Jack Frost to him-

self, "I'm awful glad that little kitty boy reached home."

All that night it kept on snowing and little Jack Frost was busy painting frost pictures on the windows of the little brick houses of Kittycat Town, while blustery Mr. North Wind tore from one place to another piling the snow into bigger drifts.

"Just wait till morning comes," roared the stormy old wind maker as he passed by little Jack Frost, "the snow will be so deep that those little kittycat boys won't dare to poke their noses out-of-doors for several days."

But little Jack Frost wasn't quite so sure of that, because, you see, he knew the little kittycat boys a great deal better than blustery Mr. North Wind. And he knew as well as any one that those little animal boys just

couldn't stay in the house with all that snow piled up outside.

The next morning just as the little kittycat children were getting out of bed, it started to clear off and when Buster Cuddles came downstairs and looked out of the kitchen window he found that the snow was piled clear up to the window sill. And some of the drifts out in the yard were even higher than the top of the fence.

"I wonder," said the little kitty boy, quietly, to himself, "I wonder if I could get across to see Laddie." Laddie, you know, was his little kittycat playmate who lived next door.

And what did he do but crawl out of the window and drop down into the big snow drift. Yes, sir, he dropped clear out of sight, and for a moment or two all you could see

was the snow flying. But he never stopped to look around, for fear Mother Cuddles might see him and call him back. He started straight for the Rovers's back door, and half the time he was crawling through the drifts like a little burrowing ground mole. But he finally got there.

"Hello, Laddie!" he puffed, as the door was opened by his little kitty chum. And Laddie was so surprised to see who was there that he just stared at him with his mouth open.

"How did you ever do it?" he asked, as he pulled up a chair for Buster by the kitchen stove.

"Huh!" sniffed Buster, "that's nothing!" And just at that very time, little Jack Frost was telling blustery Mr. North Wind a bit of news. "Didn't I tell you,"



“ LOOKED OUT OF THE KITCHEN WINDOW ”

chuckled the little frost chap, "there's that little Buster Cuddles just crawled through the snow to the house next door."

"Don't it beat all!" growled the blustery old wind maker. "You just can't keep little boys in!"

And that's all of this book.

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