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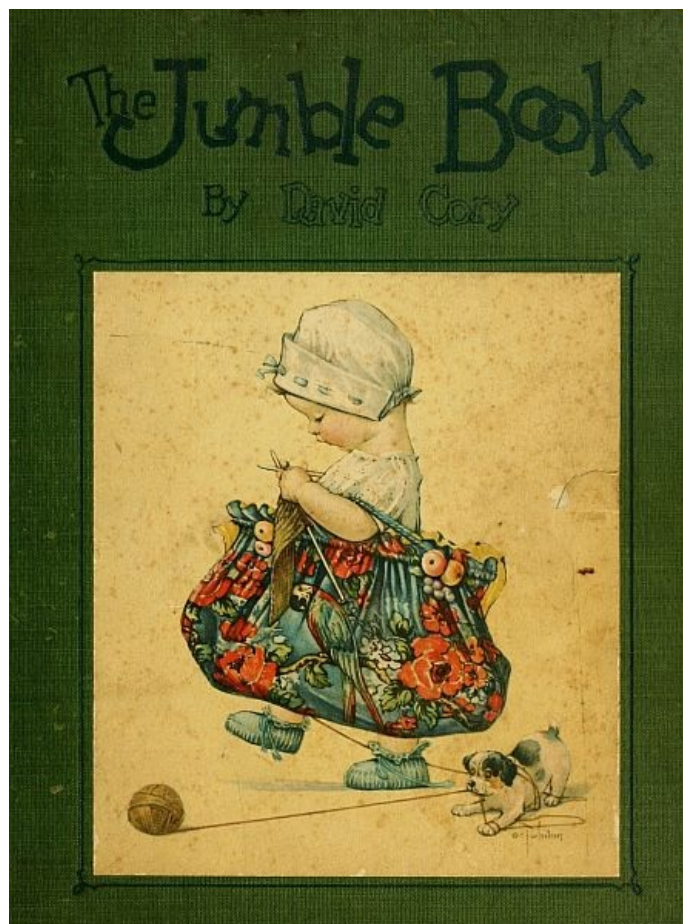
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE JUMBLE BOOK: A JUMBLE OF GOOD THINGS ***



The Jumble Book



THE JUMBLE BOOK

By David Cory

A JUMBLE OF GOOD THINGS



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"HELLO CENTRAL!"

"Hello Central!"

"Give me all the little boys and girls in the World. I want to tell them about the JUMBLE BOOK!"

"Hello! Is that you, Jimmy?"

"Well, this is David Cory, the JUMBLE BOOKman. Do you like Indian stories? You do, eh? Well, you'll find some in the JUMBLE BOOK. Good-by!"

"Hello, Polly!"

"This is the man who wrote the JUMBLE BOOK. Do you like Fairy Stories? I thought you did. Well, you'll find lots of them in the JUMBLE BOOK. Good-by."

"Hello, Billy."

"This is the JUMBLE BOOKman. Do you like stories about animals? Well, I'm glad you do, for I've written a lot of them for you in the JUMBLE BOOK. Good-by."

"Hello, Mary!"

"This is your friend David Cory. What kind of stories do you like? All kinds, eh? Well, the JUMBLE BOOK'S the book for you, then. You'll find all kinds of stories all jumbled together between its covers! Good-by!"

The Jumble Book

LITTLE SIR CAT

Little Sir Cat Takes a Farewell Look at the Castle

Once upon a time I promised to tell a little boy how Little Sir Cat caught the Knave of Hearts who had run away with the Queen's tarts.

Well, Sir! That Knave had run only about half way across the courtyard when Little Sir Cat pounced on him as if he were a mouse, and his Highness, the Knave of Hearts, stopped right then and there, but he spilt the tarts all over the ground. Wasn't that a shame?



**LITTLE SIR CAT TAKES A FAREWELL LOOK
AT THE CASTLE**

This made the King dreadfully angry, and he "beat the Knave full sore," as the rhyme goes in dear "Old Mother Goose," and if you don't believe me, just get the book and see for yourself. "Now ask me a favor, and it shall be granted," said the Queen who had asked Little Sir Cat to come into the castle and sit on the throne by her side.

"Tell me where I may find my fortune," answered Little Sir Cat.

"Ah!" cried the Queen, "that is not so easy. For each of us must make his own fortune. But I will help you," and she called for her old seneschal.

"He will not find it on Tart Island," said the old retainer. "Mayhap in Mother Goose Island he will find it."

So pretty soon, not so very long, Little Sir Cat left the big castle, and by-and-by he came to an old willow tree by a pond. And who do you think he saw? Why, little Mrs. Oriole sitting close beside her nest that hung like a big white stocking from the branch. As soon as she saw Little Sir Cat she began to sing, and all her little birds peeped out of the nest, but they didn't say anything, for they had never met him before. "Children, this is Sir Cat. I knew him when he lived in a castle," said Mrs. Oriole.

Well, after that, he went in to the farmyard, for it was noontime, and he was hungry, and knocked on the kitchen door. Just then the Cuckoo Clock in the kitchen sounded the hour of noon, and the farmer's wife looked out of the window to see if her man was coming through the gate, when, of course, she spied Little Sir Cat.

"Dinner is ready. Come in, Kitten!" So he stepped into the neat, clean kitchen, and as soon as the good woman had put on a clean apron, they sat down to supper. By-and-by the cuckoo came out of her little clock and said: "Time for kittens to be in bed," and the twinkle, twinkle star shone through the window, and sang a little lullaby:

*"Sleep, little pussy cat, sleep.
The little white clouds are like sheep
That play all the night while the moon's shining bright.
Sleep, little pussy cat, sleep."*

And in the next story you will find what Little Sir Cat did when he woke up in the morning.

Little Stories of Famous Animals

How a Dog Discovered a Hot Spring

Tradition reports that Charles IV. discovered the Carlsbad Spring, but after you have read this little history perhaps you will agree with me that if it hadn't been for his dog he never would have even seen the spring.

It happened this way: More than four hundred years ago Charles IV. was hunting in the neighborhood. In the exciting chase and pursuit of a stag he suddenly lost all trace of it. As he paused, undecided which course to take, he heard the yelping of one of his hounds, and following the sound, he found it lying scalded in the waters of the spring, which, as you know, is a stream of water probably escaping from a smoldering volcano way down deep in the earth. The faithful animal had followed the stag's leap into the valley, and had missed a sure footing on the rocks near by.

On the top of the hill, which is now called the Hirschensprung (stag's leap), a cross has been erected, and a little lower down a lookout house has been built. Still farther down, on a high pointed rock, a citizen of Carlsbad has had erected an iron figure of a chamois.

After chance had made known the hot waters of the spring to Charles IV., he had a bath and a hunting lodge built there, which were called after him, Karlsbad.

The real discoverer of the spring, the faithful hound, has no mention made of him by name or monument, although the crest of the hill is named for a stag and the spring after a king.

TESSIE, TOTTIE AND TEDDY

Or the Three Tiny T's



The Three Tiny T's All in a Row.

CHAPTER I

"Listen," whispered Tessie, "I've got a secret to tell you; snuggle up so nobody'll hear!"

Tottie squeezed up close to her little sister, and Teddy shoved himself along the piazza seat until all three were packed as tight as little sardines.

"What is it?" asked Tottie.

"Hurry up and tell," whispered Teddy, hugging Tessie's arm, while Tottie squeezed her hand with her little fat fingers.

"S-s-sh!" replied Tessie, "s-s-sh!"

"Tessie!" called mother's voice, "Tessie, come here, I want you to run down to the grocer."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the three tiny T's.

Tessie jumped up quickly and ran inside the house, closely followed by Tottie and Teddy.

"You can wear your roller skates," said mother, "and Teddy can put on his and go with you, if he wishes."

In a few minutes the skates were strapped on each impatient little foot, and mother's darling messengers were gliding down the front walk.

"Be very careful not to break the eggs," said mother, as she stood in the doorway watching them go out of the gate. "Hold the bag tight and don't go fast on the way home."

CHAPTER II

Tessie and Teddy skated along smoothly on their errand for mother. The roller skates behaved very well, and did not try to race with each other, so that neither little messenger had a fall, or

even a bump against anybody on the sidewalk who did not get out of the way in time.

The fat grocer man said good morning very pleasantly, and gave them each a little animal cracker. Tessie told him what she wanted, and while he was counting out the eggs and putting them in the bag, she stroked his big tiger cat, who lay half asleep on the top of the sugar barrel.

"Here you are, Miss," said the grocer man, handing the package to Tessie, "and be careful, little man," he added, turning to Teddy, "that you don't run into sister and upset her—you won't have any eggs if you do!"

"Of course not," replied Teddy, biting off the hind legs of his buffalo cracker. "I'll take care," and both children wobbled over the floor and through the doorway out onto the sidewalk.

Everything went along beautifully. Teddy kept well behind so that Tessie would have plenty of room, and the distance was half over, when something happened. About a block from the house, the sidewalk ran down a small hill. Although Tessie had time and again coasted down without the slightest trouble, today it seemed as if she were going very much faster than usual. Perhaps she was a little worried over the bag of eggs. At any rate, all of a sudden her feet behaved very badly, and before she could help it, one foot went off to one side and Tessie did, too. Down she went in a heap. Crash! smash! mash! there were scrambled eggs all over the walk!



*Crash! There Were Scrambled
Eggs All Over the Walk.*

Tessie turned a frightened glance towards Teddy who just came up.

"O dear me! How shall I ever explain to mother?" cried poor little Tessie.

CHAPTER III

After Tessie and Teddy arrived home they hunted around for mother to tell her the awful news, and how sorry they were that the bag of eggs was lying out on the sidewalk in funny yellow patches, with bits of broken shell strewn all around.

About half an hour later Tessie was telling her little kitten what mother had said. "And, Pussy dear," confided Tessie, "don't you ever try to carry any robin's eggs down from the nest. If you do, you'll find you get sliding faster and faster, and before you reach the ground your foot will slip and down you'll come with a crash!"

Pussy looked up out of the corners of her blinky green eyes but said nothing.

"And maybe your mother won't be so nice about it," added Tessie. "My mother didn't scold me 'cause when I 'splained how my skate nearly came off and tripped me up she just wiped my eyes, 'cause I felt awful sorry, and told me not to cry about it any more, and by and by she gave us all a lump of sugar."



***Tess Was Telling Her Little Kitten What Mother
Had Said.***

Just then puss jumped through the low open window and skipped over the lawn. Tessie stepped out on the piazza to see what she was about. At the foot of the old apple tree pussy stopped and then ran up the trunk and out on a limb.

"I do believe," exclaimed Tessie, "that she is going to try to bring down some eggs from the robin's nest."

"What did my little girl say?" asked mother, who came out on the porch at that moment. When Tessie explained it all, mother laughed and said, "Why, there aren't any eggs now in that nest, little girl—don't you know all the little robins were hatched long ago?"

"Well, I don't believe pussy knows it," answered Tessie, "for there she is now looking into the nest—how disappointed she'll be!"

CHAPTER IV

"Goodness me, Tottie, why don't you fasten the button!" cried Tessie to her little sister. But Tottie was too frightened to answer; she just stood still while sister fastened the little white pants which had slipped down on the tops of her pink slippers.

"Let's go out in the garden now," said Tessie, and the two little sisters ran out on the piazza and down the walk. They found brother Teddy already there filling his wagon with grass, for the lawn had just been cut and was covered with the loose grass.

"We'll make a big hay mow!" cried the children, and very soon they had piled up the fragment grass as high as their heads. It was great fun rolling over it, or covering each other up until nothing but a little toe stuck out at one end, or the tip of a little pug nose showed at the other.



***"Goodness Me, Tottie, Why Don't You
Fasten the Button!"***

After a while pussy came by, but when she had been covered up deep with the ticklish grass, she escaped by jumping over the green haymow, and ran off to the barn. She most likely thought it was more fun in the hay loft hunting for mice than being covered up in a big green grass haymow out on the lawn. Perhaps, too, she was afraid some one might step on her when under the grass. At any rate, she didn't come back, and by and by it was time for the children to go in for luncheon. I don't know whether pussy heard the bell or not, but she came in from the barn in time to get her saucer of milk before the children had finished.

"Pussy never has to bother with buttons," said Tessie, looking over at Tottie, and smiling.

"No," answered Tottie, "'cause she has only fur."

CHAPTER V

Tottie never liked to take a bath until one day Mother said: "Let's make believe you are in the big ocean wading and there are lots of little silver fishes swimming all around."



It Was Lots of Fun in the Big Round Tin Tub.

After this Tottie wanted to take a bath all the time, for Mother bought some toy fishes and Tottie didn't have to make believe very hard.

It was lots of fun in the big round tin tub. It was painted green on the outside and yellow on the inside, which looked just like the sand on the seashore. And then, too, it had a nice wide, flat edge all around, so that it seemed almost like a beach to Tottie.

Sometimes Mother would put a little red bathing cap on Tottie's head and let her wade for a while before her bath. Tottie then kept her little shirt on, making believe it was a lovely silk bathing suit. Perhaps the little fishes thought she was a big fat giantess. At any rate they slipped through her soapy little fingers as if they were swimming away for their very lives. This made Tottie laugh very much, and she would soap them well so that they would even slip through the water for quite a distance when she squeezed them real hard.

Tottie's sister Tessie often wanted to play like her little sister, but Mother said, "You are too big a girl, Tessie, not to take your bath without making a play of it." Brother Teddy, too, wanted to get the fishes to play with when he took his bath, but Mother said to him, "These are Tottie's fish. You and sister Tessie are big enough to be good while in the tub without toys," so Tottie was the only one in the house who made believe that the bathtub was the big ocean and her little toy silver fishes real live ones!





TOO-WIT, TOO-WOO AND HIS OWL FAMILY

Too-Wit, Too-Woo lived in a big hollow tree with his family. There was Mrs. Too-Wit, and their two little sons, T'wit and T'woo. In one of the biggest holes in the old hollow tree they had a very comfortable home.

Every night as the shadows began to creep through the Great Forest, T'wit would sing a little song. He was very proud of it, for he had made it up himself. He would look over at T'woo as much as to say, "You never could make up such a lovely song," and then he would toot across to his brother:

*"How happy I am
In the forest so deep;
I sing and I play
While other folks sleep!"*

T'woo was quite provoked to think that his brother had made up such a pretty song, and he tried very hard to think up one for himself. Finally, one evening just as T'wit was about to sing his evening verse, T'woo opened his beak very wide, and before T'wit could commence, he tooted across:

*"All thro' the night
I sing and I play,
While other folk do
Just the opposite way!"*

T'wit was so surprised that he almost fell off the limb on which he sat, winking and blinking in the early twilight.

Mr. and Mrs. Too-Wit, Too-Woo looked at each other as much as to say, "Did you ever see such bright children as ours?"

Presently Mr. Too-Wit flew off for his evening flutter, and both his small sons followed, while Mrs. Too-Wit went inside the house.

"Where are you going, father?" asked T'wit as they flew along silently; but his parent did not vouchsafe a reply until they neared the edge of the forest. Then he turned and said, "You two boys sit here while I fly over to tell my little friend some news," and with these words, off he flew straight for the Indian camp, leaving the two small owls perched on a limb of a tree. When he reached a tent near a big tree, he fluttered down to the ground, and gave a low hoot. The little Indian boy pushed his head out: "What is it, Too-Wit?" he asked.

"There's a flock of wild turkeys roosting in the clump of trees by the lake. Bring your bow and arrows before it gets too dark. I'll wait at the edge of the wood for you. T'wit and T'woo are keeping a look-out while I'm here."

Little Indian hastily picked up his bow and arrows, and started off for the lake. As he drew near the clump of trees, he crept stealthily along, so as not to frighten the wild turkeys. When he was near enough, he fitted a bow to his arrow, and taking careful aim, shot one of the birds. The flock became frightened as soon as they saw one of their comrades fall, and taking wing, they flew off in all directions, not before, however, the little Indian boy had shot off his bow the second time. This time, his aim was not so true; the turkey must have been only slightly wounded, because there was no trace of him, save a few feathers, when little Indian ran up to the spot where he had last seen him.

Picking up the bird which he had killed with his first arrow, he turned back to the camp. "Thank you," he said to Too-Wit, as he passed the tree on which his feathered friend sat, "You see, I've got my dinner for tomorrow."

Too-Wit spread his wings, and his two small sons followed after, and presently they were all three back at the big hollow tree, where Mrs. Too-wit had a nice supper all ready for them.

The next afternoon Little Indian and Too-Wit went to see two funny little Frogs who lived in the lake.

"Look," said Little Indian to Too-Wit. "Aren't they cunning?"

"Yes," answered the Owl; "that's Freddie and Fannie Frog. Wait a minute and I'll fly over and tell them how kind you are, for the Forest Folk are quick to trust a friend."

So Too-Wit flew over to where Freddie and Fannie Frog were contentedly sitting on their lily-pad under the long grass on the edge of the lake.

"Hello, hullo, Too-woo!" cried Too-Wit.

Freddie jumped up so quickly that the lily-pad tilted to one side, and overboard went Fannie Frog with a splash.

But Fannie knew how to swim, as every well-trained Lady Frog does, and after shaking the water from her eyes, she scrambled back upon the lily-pad, none the worse for her ducking.



But, dear me, I forgot to say she had lost her pretty parasol! Little Indian saw it floating away from the spot—a pretty little lily, the petals of which Fannie had bent downward until they had made a very nice umbrella top, indeed, and by holding it up by the stem, she was able to keep the hot sun from freckling her funny little face.

"Oh, where's my parasol?" screamed Fannie. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! there it is, 'way out of my reach!"

Little Indian leaned over the bank and picked up the lily.

"Oh, thank you!" said Fannie, now smiling again; "thank you so much!"

"Oh, that's nothing!" answered Little Indian. "I'm glad to be able to get it for you. It certainly would be a shame to lose such a pretty thing!"

Just then a breeze sprang up, and away drifted the lily-pad with Freddie and Fannie.

Little Indian watched them as they sailed away, for Fannie was now holding up for a sail the little pink parasol, which helped to pull their boat along at a good pace.

Then Too-Wit, Too-Woo said good-by, and flew back to his home in the forest.

The big, round sun was now going down behind the purple hills, the shadows were slowly filling all the nooks and corners of the big forest, and the lake, in the gathering darkness, looked dim and gloomy.

Little Indian could no longer see the lily-pad boat. "They must have landed on the other side of the lake by this time," he thought, as he started for home, and when he came out of the forest he was glad to see in the distance the cheerful glow of his camp fire.

COME, LITTLE PUSSY CAT!



"Come, little Pussy Cat, let us go
To see a pussy cat movie show.
Shaggy Angoras and kittens white,
Big Tom Cats as black as night,
And nice old Tabby Cats drinking tea,
Oh, the Pussy Cat Show is the one to see."

JIMMY SAVES HIS TEDDY BEAR

"Clang, clang!" went the bell on the fire engine, and the whistle blew fiercely as the wheels rumbled along over the pavement.

Tommy ran across to the nursery window and pressed his face against the pane.

"Nurse, nurse!" he called out. "The engine has stopped just across the way. Why, it's at Jimmy Watson's."

Margaret, the nurse, looked out. "Why, so it is, dearie me!" she cried. "Just see the smoke."

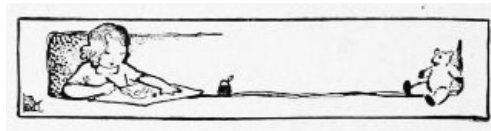
Ladders were being placed against the house, and firemen in big red helmets ran up and down, dragging the hose after them and squirting water through the windows. It was very exciting and Tommy danced up and down on his toes. Just then a mass of flame shot up through the roof, and smoke poured out of the upper windows in big black clouds.

"I guess Jimmy's room is all burning up," said Tommy. "Just see the smoke going out of his window."

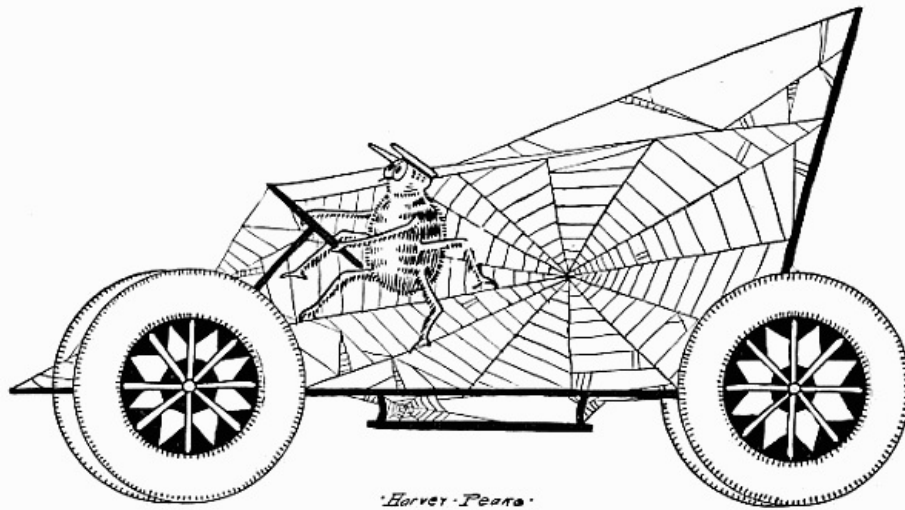
As he finished speaking he saw Jimmy himself coming down the front steps, holding tightly in his hands his favorite Teddy bear. After him came his mother and the servants, each carrying something.

"Dearie me!" said Nurse Margaret, "I'm afraid the house will be all burned up."

"Well," replied Tommy, "there's one thing to be thankful for, Jimmy has saved his Teddy bear."



*"Will you come into my auto?"
Said the spider to the fly.
"There is room in my Web-tonneau
And I'll join you by and by."*



"DO UNTO OTHERS"

Phil and Marjorie had been very selfish. When baby brother had toddled up to them after dinner and asked them for a little bite of their candy they had run away and hidden behind the bureau, where they greedily ate it all. Soon after, while they were looking out of the nursery window, they saw a little boy earn a nickel by carrying several packages for a lady up to the front doorstep of her house. To their great surprise he ran down the street and gave it to a poor blind man on the corner.

This made the children think how mean they had been to their little brother. So Phil said, "Let's go to the candy shop and buy a peppermint stick for baby brother. We'll take our very own money."

"Let's give the poor blind man something, too," added Marjorie, as she turned her bank upside down to get out the money.

"And I'll give my other five-cent piece to the little boy who was so kind to the blind man!" cried Phil.

When they returned both children were smiling happily. "Did you see how glad the poor boy was to get the five cents?" asked Phil.

"Yes," answered Marjorie, "and did you hear how gratefully the blind man thanked me?"

But all that baby brother said was "Yum! Yum!" as he sucked away on his pink and white peppermint stick!

THE JOLLY JUNGLE FOLK

Mikey Monk Plays Naughty Pranks

All The Jungle Folk were mad, every one was wild,
Everybody wore a scowl, not a creature smiled.
What was all this row about? Listen to what had
Happened in the Jungle to make them all so mad.

Mikey Monk had climbed a tree. Who was Mikey Monk?
Mikey was a monkey and full of life and spunk;
Also full of naughty tricks, I am sad to say,
That is why the Jungle Folks are so mad to-day.

Up a tree had Mikey climbed, clear up to the top,
Then he threw some cocoanuts, threw them down ker-flop.
Charlie Crocodile got mad, so did George Giraffe,
And they both grew angrier when they heard his laugh.

Harry Hippopotamus happened to come near;
Suddenly a cocoanut whistled by his ear.
He had hardly time to wink when another shot
Made him think he'd better not linger in that spot.

Tommy Tiger came along on his stealthy toes;
Suddenly a cocoa ball barely grazed his nose.
Oscar Ostrich sauntered by as a nut came down;
"Goodness, what was that?" he squawked, with an angry frown.

Harry Hippopotamus looked around and said,
"Don't you think there's something queer happening overhead?
It is rather difficult," he added, with a sigh,
"Finding out why cocoanuts are raining from the sky!

"Say, why don't you fellows ascertain the cause?
Where is a Policeman to enforce the laws?
Oscar Ostrich, won't you go—for you are so fleet—
See if you can run across a Copper on his beat?"

Sure enough, in half a wink back again he came
With a big Policeman, Eddie Elephant by name.
"What is this disturbance? Move along!" he said.
Suddenly his helmet tumbled off his head.

"Who did that?" he shouted, when another nut
Whistled by his ivories, hit him on the foot.
With his trunk he grabbed the tree, gave some mighty heaves,
My! what a commotion up amongst the leaves.

Then he butted all his might with his great big head.
"Break it up in kindling wood!" Tommy Tiger said.
Back and forth the tall tree swayed with a swishing sound,
Then a little scream was heard, something bumped to the ground.

Mikey Monk had lost his grip; on the ground he lay.
All the animals rushed in, pounced upon their prey.
"Break away!" the Copper said, "I arrest him now.
I will lock him up at once; we will show him how

"To obey the Jungle Laws. He won't sleep a wink
After he has been to Court. He'll have time to think
In the Jungle Jail how bad he has been to-day.
After he gets out again he won't disobey."

Over Tommy Tiger's head then he thrust his trunk;
By the ear he grabbed a hold of naughty Mikey Monk.
All the jungle populace joined in the parade.
Mikey Monk was crying—he was now afraid.

"Let me go!" he cried and sobbed, "and I'll promise you
Never more a naughty thing will I ever do."
But the big Policeman just kept straight ahead.
Did not even answer him; only shook his head.

At King Lion's Court at last stopped the big parade,
And before the King of Beasts Mikey was arrayed.
Very stern the Lion looked at the grave complaint,
Though of course he must have known Mikey was no saint.

When the Cop had finished Mikey held his breath,
He was all a-tremble; almost scared to death.
All the angry animals shouted, "Do not fail
To commit this Monkey to the Jungle Jail!"

"As you wish," King Lion answered with a roar.
Then they slipped the handcuffs over Mikey's paw
And Policeman Elephant took poor Mike away
To the Jungle Lockup, where he had to stay.

Till the Jungle Animals thought that just about
Punishment enough he'd had! then they let him go;
And no better monkey after this than he
In the Jolly Jungle ever climbed a tree



Little Boy Blue, where have you gone?
The cows are eating the tall green corn.
Drive them away or Farmer Lane
Will give you a beating with his cane.

MASTER SPARROW'S BREAKFAST

"Oh, my! what a snowstorm!" Little Dorothy looked out of the window at the fast falling flakes, which covered up so quietly and softly the shivering brown grass on the lawn and the trembling rose bushes in the garden. "How warm they'll be," said Dorothy to herself, "with their eiderdown covers."

Just then a little sparrow flew down on the walk and looked up at the window. "Hello!" said Dorothy, "what do you want?" The little bird turned his head first to one side and then the other, as if he didn't quite hear what Dorothy was saying behind the pane of glass. "Don't you hear me?" she called out, but he turned his head, as if to say, "No!" Dorothy pushed up the window and called out, "What do you want, birdie?" but he flew away just across the walk to the maple tree, where he sat looking at her with his queer little eyes. Every now and then he would turn his head this way and that way, as if, so Dorothy thought, trying to hear what she was saying. But Dorothy wasn't saying anything now. She was so disappointed that her little friend had flown off and that he should be afraid of her, just because she had opened the window, that she turned to Mother, who came into the room at that moment, and said: "Mother, just look at that cute little bird; only just a minute ago he was hopping on the walk right down here, but when I opened the window to say 'How-de-doo!' he flew over to the maple tree. See him over there?"

"I think he is waiting for you to give him some crumbs for breakfast," Mother answered with a smile. "Run into the dining-room and ask Mary for a piece of bread and we will see if Master Sparrow won't come back again."

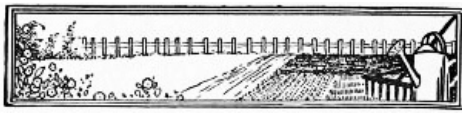
"Oh, goody!" cried the little girl, and in a few minutes she was back at the window with enough crumbs for an army of sparrows.

"Open the window gently," said Mother, "and throw out the crumbs, and we will see what Master Sparrow will do."

Mr. Sparrow did exactly what Mother thought, and Dorothy hoped he would do. He looked at them with his little bright eyes and turned his head first this way and then that way, and after that, to Dorothy's delight, flew over to the crumbs and ate them up as if he had a great, big, healthy appetite. And when all the crumbs were gone he turned his head this way and that way (and I think he winked one of his little black eyes at Dorothy, only I'm not quite sure about this) and flew away.

"Oh, Mother!" cried Dorothy, "I think that's his way of talking—wagging his little head—something like the way Bijou wags his stubby tail!" And Mother said she thought so, too.

TRANSPLANTING THE FLOWERS



"Oh, see that wagon full of flowers. I wish we could get some," cried Bertie to sister Phillis.

"I'll ask Mother," replied Phillis; "she said the other day that we might buy flowers for our garden."

"Good," said Bertie, "where's my bank?"

And when Phillis found hers, both children ran down the stairs and out into the street. As soon as they had bought the flowers they hurried to the yard at the back of the house where each had a little garden.

"Look, Mother," said Phillis, "Bertie has two geraniums and one lily, and I have three tulips."

"They are very pretty," said Mother; "be careful how you handle these frail little plants. By-and-by they will be stronger."

Then she helped take them out of the pots and place them carefully in the earth.

"Now you must water them. But remember never to water plants if the sun is shining on them." After everything was cleaned up nice and neat, the children felt just a little bit tired, so Mother told them they might go over to the drug store and get an ice cream soda, at which Bertie and Phillis both gave Mother a great big kiss.

LITTLE SIR CAT

Little Sir Cat Helps Piggie

The next morning as Mrs. Oriole was singing her pretty song, all of a sudden, a big tramp cat ran up the tree. And he would have caught Mrs. Oriole right then and there if Little Sir Cat hadn't shouted: "Don't touch that little bird!" And would you believe it? That tramp cat said, "I won't!" and began to purr:

*"Last Saturday night a week ago
I went to the city to see a fine show.
And Sunday morning, just for a lark,
I chased a gray squirrel all over the Park!"*

and then he grinned like a cousin of his from Cheshire, and climbed down the tree.



LITTLE SIR CAT HELPS PIGGIE

Well, all of a sudden, Little Sir Cat said "Phist!" which so frightened that naughty cat that he ran away, and I guess he's running yet, for nobody ever saw him again. And this made the little Orioles so happy that they began to sing:

*"Oh, how brave is Little Sir Cat!
We like the feather in his hat,
But more than that we like the way
He saved our Mother Bird to-day!"*

which so pleased Little Sir Cat that he took a cracker out of his pocket and gave it to them. And

after that he said good-by and went upon his way, and by and by he met a big Turkey Gobbler who was being fattened for Thanksgiving. But he didn't know it. Oh, my no! He just thought the farmer fed him nice things because he loved him.

"Helloa!" said Little Sir Cat, "how is Mrs. Turkey?" But the old Turkey Gobbler never answered. He just gobbled, gobbled, not food, you know, but air, for that is the way a turkey talks.

"I can't understand you. You had better go home and talk to Mrs. Turkey," said Little Sir Cat, and away he went, hoping next time to meet a more sociable person.

Well, pretty soon he saw a little pig caught in the fence. So he helped him out and then they set off together, and after a while, not so very far, they came to a big pond where some boys were sailing toy boats. And they were the funniest, queerest little toy boats you ever saw. In fact, they weren't boats at all, but big wooden letters. And just then a little bird began to sing:

*"Big 'A' and little 'B'
Went a-sailing on the 'C.'"*

"They're Alphabet Boats," cried Little Sir Cat. "I once read about Alphabet Town where all the letters were alive,—'A' was an Ant, and 'B' was a Bee, and if you weren't an artist you couldn't write letters to your friends."

"He, he!" laughed little Piggie Porker, "that *was* a queer place."

Well, after that Little Sir Cat and Piggie Porker went into the wood to see Goggle Woggle, a little dwarf who knew just where the fairies and Giant Oatencake lived. And as soon as Goggle Woggle saw Little Sir Cat and Piggie, he said: "Let's go up the hill to Giant Oatencake. I've got a wooden sword and if he comes out of his castle, I'll cut off his head!" So off they went, Little Sir Cat, Piggie and Goggle Woggle, and by and by, not so very long, they came to the top of the hill.

"Wait a minute till I get my sword ready," said Goggle Woggle, and maybe it took him quite a long time, for he was just a little bit afraid, you know. And so would you and so would I if we were going to fight Giant Oatencake.

But Little Sir Cat said: "Don't be afraid. I'm with you!" and this made Goggle Woggle feel lots braver. And after that he shouted:

"Come out of your castle!"

Now Giant Oatencake was only a great big tremendous cornstalk, and as soon as Goggle Woggle struck him with his sword, a big ripe ear of corn fell to the ground.

"Here is his head," cried Goggle Woggle, as he put it under his arm. "I'll make pop-corn balls out of it," and he ran back to his big tree in the wood. And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that, *unless*

*The little mouse in the pantry
Catches my Tabby Cat,
And my little yellow canary
Runs away with a high silk hat.*

AS I WAS GOING UP MURRAY HILL



As I was going up Murray Hill,

Murray Hill was dirty;
There I met a pretty Miss,
Very trim and perty.

"Little Miss, pretty Miss,
If I had a trillion
I would wed you, but, alas!
I only have a million!"

SANTA'S LETTER FROM DOT

Dear Santa Claus, I hope that you
Will find it easy to get through
Our chimney, 'cause if you should stick
Up there where all the smoke is thick,

What would we do, and what would you,
For goodness sakes, what would you do?
So if you find it is not wise
Enough for you to safely slide

Down to our room without mistake,
The attic window you must take.
It's quite close to the chimney, too,
And big enough, I know, for you.

I'll creep up there the day before
And leave unlocked the attic door;
And if I can I'll open, too,
The window so you can get through

Without the leastest bit of fuss
With all the presents you've for us.
I don't see how you'll tell apart
Our stockings, so you'd better start

With mine; it's close up to the clock;
The next is father's silken sock;
The others all are just like mine,
'Cept Jimmy's—his is tied with twine.

I want a doll with violet eyes
Who, when you squeeze her, "Mamma!" cries;
And little baby carriage, too,
With pillows and a cover blue;

Some candy and a china set
Of teacups for my dolly pet.
Jim wants a ball, a mask and bat,
A soldier suit, a gun and hat,

Some candy and a picture book
For rainy days at which to look.
Mother says she'll write to you,
And father says that he will, too.

Now, please remember what I've said
About the attic overhead;
The window which I'll leave for you
Wide open so you can get through;

And whose each stocking is, and where,
When you come creeping down the stair,
Good-by, dear Santa Claus, I've wrote
All I can think of in this note.

THE ANGELS' SONG

"Hark!" the herald angels cry
Leaning from the starry sky,
"In a manger Christmas morn
Christ the baby King is born!"

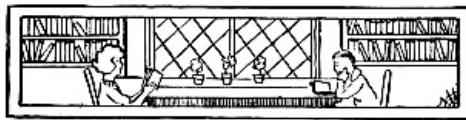
Near Him stand the lowly kine,
O'er her little babe divine
Mother Mary bends her face
Full of wonder, tender grace.

Kneeling are the Wise Men Three,
Silent in humility.
In the humble wooden stall
Sleeps the baby King of all.

On the straw that warms His bed
Shines the halo 'round His head,
Like a little candle's light
Making all the stable bright.

Hark! the dewy Heavens ring
With the song the Angels sing,
"In a manger Christmas morn
Christ the baby King is born!"

THE LITTLE RAG-A-MUFFINS



"I wish I could do something for those poor little Brown children," said Susan one morning as she and brother Billy sat by the nursery window reading. "Their father is out of work, and I'm afraid they won't get any Thanksgiving dinner this year."

"I tell you what," suggested Billy, "as we have spent all our money, let's dress up in some of mother's old clothes and make believe we are rag-a-muffins. We'll slip out carefully tomorrow morning, without making any noise."

"That's a fine idea," said Susan. "We can use your water colors to paint our faces."

About 10 o'clock Thanksgiving morning the children went quietly upstairs to their playroom and painted their faces. Then, after dressing, they crept downstairs and out of the house. Their queer costumes attracted much attention, and their pretty, wistful ways gained for them many friends. In an hour, when they had counted their pennies, they found to their delight that they had over three dollars.

"Now we had better hurry to the store and buy the things," said Susan. The kind-hearted butcher let them have a chicken for half price, in order that there should be no disappointed little hearts over the lack of sufficient funds. The basket was soon filled to overflowing and on the top of the vegetables was placed with great care a mince pie.

The Browns were very grateful and Bobby, Billy and Susan were very happy to think that they had done it all themselves.





LITTLE SIR CAT

Little Sir Cat Visits Mrs. Porker

As Little Sir Cat and Piggie Porker traveled on they met Sir Launcelot, the noble Knight of good King Arthur's round table, riding a great horse with Miss Muffet in the saddle. Well, by-and-by, along came old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs on her arm. She was singing in a high cracked voice a funny song that went like this:

*"Who wants to buy some nice fresh eggs
Laid by a hen with yellow legs,
Yellow legs and a bright red comb,
In a little round nest in my own dear home?"*

"How much are they?" asked Sir Launcelot, taking a gold piece from his purse. And of course, she didn't answer but handed the basket to him with a curtsy. "They are yours, Sir Knight," and, taking the gold piece, she wrapped it up in her handkerchief and put it away in the pocket of her short green skirt.

Sir Launcelot laughed, for he knew that a gold piece was too much to pay for the eggs, but he was such a generous knight he didn't care.



LITTLE SIR CAT VISITS MRS. PORKER

Then Piggie took Little Sir Kitten home with him to meet Mrs. Porker and the little Porkers. And after a while Little Sir Cat set out again to find his fortune.

Well, by-and-by, he came to a tall flag-pole at the top of which floated a beautiful flag with red stripes and silver stars. But Little Sir Cat didn't know what flag this was, for he had never crossed the ocean blue, and Mother Goose Land is not on this side of the water, you know. And then a big bird said, "Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!" He was the big American Eagle, only, of course, Little Sir Cat didn't know that either; he only knew Mother Goose people, you see.

"Why, I didn't think you could cheer so well," said Little Sir Cat, and he opened his knapsack and took out a red, white and blue lollypop and gave it to him, and wasn't that eagle pleased? Well, I should say he was. He flapped his wings and began to sing:

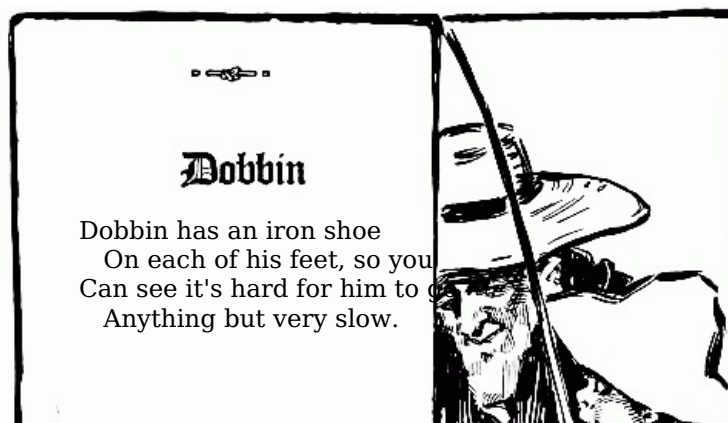
*"Oh, I'm the bird as you all have heard
Who fights for the U. S. A.
I love the stars on our beautiful flag
As I watch it wave from my lonely crag,
And I give a screech that is heard afar,
Three cheers for every silver star,
And the bands of red and white and blue,
And the soldier boys who are brave and true,
And the sailor lads on the deep wide sea,
Oh, the U. S. A. is the land for me!"*

And when he finished he said to Little Sir Cat, "Climb on my back and we'll fly away, far away, across the water wild with spray, way, way off to the U. S. A."

Isn't it wonderful how an eagle could say things like this in rhyme? It must have been because he was in Mother Goose Land where everybody talks in poetry.

"I'm afraid I can't," replied Little Sir Cat. "My mother would worry if I went so far away." So the big eagle said good-by, but before he left, he pinned a tiny red, white and blue flag on the little Kitten's coat.

*On another page of this jolly book,
If you just turn over the pages and look,
You'll find a story about Sir Cat
And the Cow that jumped over the Moon Man's Hat.*





Ten Little Boy Scouts

One little Boy Scout beating a tat-too;
A little comrade heard the call—then there were two.

Two little Boy Scouts climbing up a tree;
Along came another one—then there were three.

Three little Boy Scouts standing by the door;
Running out they met a Scout—then there were four.

Four little Boy Scouts in the water dive;
Another one swam up to them—then there were five.

Five little Boy Scouts doing lots of tricks;
Their captain called out, "Shoulder arms!"—then there were six.

Six little Boy Scouts looking up to heaven;
An airship brought another down—then there were seven.

Seven little Boy Scouts got to school quite late;
They found a scholar in the room—then there were eight.

Eight little Boy Scouts dressed up very fine;
They caught a little ragged one—then there were nine.

Nine little Boy Scouts chased a speckled hen;
They bumped into another Scout—then there were ten.

Ten little Boy Scouts yelling "Hip, hurrah!"
This is all there is to tell—these are all there are!

THE LITTLE GREEN LADY FROG

Billy Bull Frog had a deep bass voice, and every night he would sit on a big flat rock amid tall sedge grass and sing. There was a little green lady frog that sang a beautiful soprano, but, you see, his voice was so loud and strong and deep that hardly any one could hear her when she sang. She could hardly ever hear herself, for the louder she sang the more noise Billy would make, till finally the little green lady frog wouldn't sing at all.

But this did not make Billy feel badly, because he loved to hear his own voice so much. The little green lady frog would sit very still on her lily pad, and would not even look at Billy when he sang. But, oh, dear me! he was so conceited about his own voice that he thought the little green lady frog was jealous of him.

She wasn't at all, and Billy was wrong, and was acting very, very foolishly. The real truth of the

matter was that the little green lady frog had heard a tree toad singing in a tree quite close to the lake, and she thought his voice very beautiful, because it was a high tenor, and it sounded much better when she sang with him than it did when she sang with Billy Bull Frog.

At first she hardly dared sing with Tommy Tree Toad, because she was afraid of Billy Bull Frog, and then, too, she didn't know Tommy Tree Toad very well.

But after a while she became bolder and one night, when the moon was shining brightly in the sky and throwing a silver path from the water right up to Tommy Tree Toad's tree, she climbed up the bank and stood on the silver path of the moon and listened while Tommy sang his most beautiful song.

And the longer she waited the more she wanted to go close up to the big tree and sing with Tommy. He kept singing in his beautiful tenor voice, "Kum-kum, kum-kum!" and at last she hopped along the silver way up to the big tree. And then they sang a lovely duet together and all the frogs in the lake held their breath because it was so sweet.



THE PRINCESS LIL

The Princess Lil stood on the edge of the lake waiting for her turtlemobile to take her to her lily castle, which rested on the bright waters in the center of the lily pond.

Presently she heard the honk, honk of chauffeur Billy Bullfrog's horn, and in another moment the turtlemobile swung around the tall sedge grass.

"You're late," she said, as she took her seat.

"I'm sorry, your Royal Highness," said chauffeur Billy Bullfrog, "but the turtlemobile was tired, and I couldn't make him put on more speed."

The princess made no reply, but sat gazing at the setting sun's reflection in the bright waters of the lake. The sky was all fairy colors, and just above the green tree tops the evening star was shining.

The turtlemobile glided swiftly in and out among the lily pads and hummocks of grass until it came to the open water. In the center of the lake was a beautiful white lily. Here the turtlemobile stopped, and the Princess Lil stepped out on the smooth green lily pad. Quickly running across, she tripped lightly down the golden stairway inside the stem of the beautiful white pond lily. When she reached the bottom of the golden flight, she opened a little door, and entered her pink and white chamber. Throwing herself down on a silken couch, she rang a bell, and presently a pretty little fairy appeared.

"Lorelei," said the princess, "I am weary; bring me my gossamer kimono, and do you loosen my hair. Afterwards you may coil it again and fasten it with a single firefly, as I wish to sit out in the garden after supper."

The moon was shining brightly as the Princess Lil ran up the golden staircase and out upon the big flat lily pad, which was arranged like a beautiful garden. There were small pink flowers growing in little beds of moist earth, and winding in and out was a narrow path of tiny shiny pebbles. Over this the princess tripped until she came to the end of the path, where she sat down, and began to sing softly, oh, so softly, a fairy lullaby.

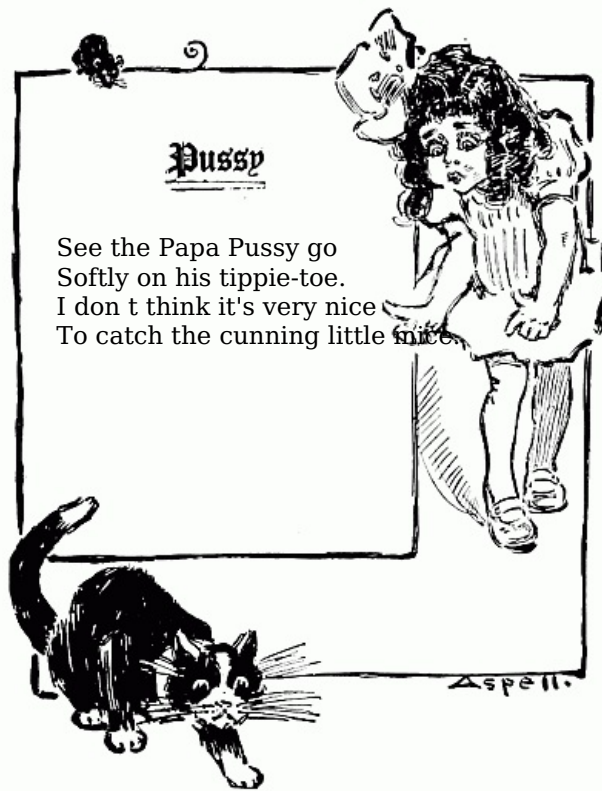
*"Gently the wind of the dewy night blows,
Over the quivering stream;
While children are sleeping, the fairies are peeping,
Singing to them a dream.*

*"Over and over, from daisy and clover,
From all of the sweet flower throng,
The fairies are swinging and drowsily singing,
A sweet little hush-a-by song."*

"Ah!" said the little princess as she finished; "I think all the little boys and girls are asleep by this time. Indeed, I'm sure they are, for there goes the blue-bell tinkling 'Nine o'clock!'"

"Good night, sweet moon!" she cried, as she paused before the portal of her lily castle, "good night, sweet moon!"

And then the little fairy princess ran down the golden staircase and disappeared in her pink and white chamber.



DOROTHY'S NEW ROLLER SKATES

Little Dorothy always begged her mother to loop up one of her window curtains when she went to bed, that she might go to sleep watching the stars twinkle, and in the morning see the sun rise, and after he had risen, see if his goldy locks were all on end, as her own often were.

One morning she woke up, not quite as early as usual, and found her room full of light, which seemed to dance about some bright object on a chair by her bedside. For a moment she lay quite still, thinking that perhaps it was some fairy's wand which caused such a glitter, and that presently a real, live fairy, with beautiful gold wings, would perch on her thumb, and offer to grant her three wishes like other obliging fairies she had read about. And the very first wish that came into her head was for a pair of roller skates; and having got fairly awake at last, she saw that this bright something by her bedside was indeed a beautiful new pair of skates, so bright that she could see her own happy face reflected in them!

"Mother, mother!" she called out, "come quick! Did you or the fairies bring me these lovely new skates?"

Mother smiled. "Who do you think?" she asked, cuddling her little daughter up close.

"I guess it was you, dear mother," answered the little girl, with a grateful hug; "you're better than any fairy."

After breakfast Dorothy hurried off to the park. She strapped her skates on as fast as she could and was just about to glide away on the smooth pavement when she noticed a poor little girl standing near, watching her with almost a hungry expression in her sad brown eyes. "Do you like to skate?" asked Dorothy.

"Do I! I just love it; but father had to sell my skates because he had no money to buy food with." Dorothy sat down again on the bench and undid the straps, letting one of the skates fall on the ground in her hurry.

"You put these skates on just as fast as you can, and then you take as long a skate as you want to; I'll sit here and watch you."

When the little girl came back, flushed and smiling, Dorothy said: "Would you like my old skates? They're not very nice, because one of the straps is gone, and they are dingy and rusty, but perhaps your father could put on a new strap."

The little girl smiled such a glad little smile. "Well, I just guess I would!" she answered quickly. "You're awfully good to me," and she looked at Dorothy with such a grateful little face that Dorothy answered, "Let's go home right away and get them."

RAT-A-TAT-TAT, RAT-A-TAT-TAT

"Look! there go the soldiers," cried Mazie, leaning out of the nursery window. "Jamie, come quick and see the real soldiers."

Her little brother left his toy warriors and ran to the window. "Rat-a-tat-tat, rat-a-tat-tat!" went the drums as the troops swung forward in a long line, the gay flags flying in the breeze.

"Why, there's Harold Gray's papa!" said Mazie. "There he is, Jamie, on that beautiful black horse."

The little boy clapped his hands. "Hurray!" he shouted; "I wish my papa was a soldier."

"So do I," cried Mazie; "wouldn't father look fine on a big horse?"

"I'm very glad he's not," said Mother, coming into the nursery. "War is cruel, and many of those brave men may never come back."

Just then in the crowd Mazie saw little Harold Gray holding tightly to his mother's hand. The little boy's eyes were filled with tears as he watched his father ride away.

"Oh, mother!" cried Mazie and Jamie together, catching hold of her hand, "I'm so glad father isn't a soldier. How we'd miss him if he didn't come home tonight."

LITTLE SIR CAT

Little Sir Cat Sees the Cow Jump Over the Moon

One day as Little Sir Cat was riding along on his pony, Dapple Gray, he met the Cow that jumped over the moon.

*"Come here to-night
When the moon is bright.
You'll hear a fine tune
When I jump o'er the moon."*

"All right," he answered, and then he went on his way, and by-and-by he met Little Dog Muff, who spilt his master's snuff. And, goodness me! How he did bark! But this didn't frighten Little Sir Cat. No, Siree. He knew that Muff was only barking for joy. So he put out his paw and said:

"Helloa, Muff. Have you spilt any snuff lately?"



**LITTLE SIR CAT SEES THE COW JUMP
OVER THE MOON**

"No. I haven't," he answered. "I don't live with my master any more. He wasn't a kind man; so Old Dog Tray got me a good job, and I've been a watch dog ever since." And then Little Sir Cat rode down the street until he came to a Pat-a-Cake Baker Shop, outside of which stood a little boy.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,

*Baker's man,
Bake me a doughnut
As fast as you can.*

And goodness me! that little boy stuffed a whole doughnut into his mouth, he was in such a hurry. "Hold on!" cried Little Sir Cat, "don't choke yourself!" And pretty soon the Baker Man came out of his little shop and gave Dapple Gray a lump of sugar. "You have a fine horse, Sir Cat. How much do you want for him?"

"Nothing."

"What!" cried the Baker Man, in astonishment.

"He's not for sale," said Little Sir Cat. And just then the school bell rang and off went the little boy to his lessons.

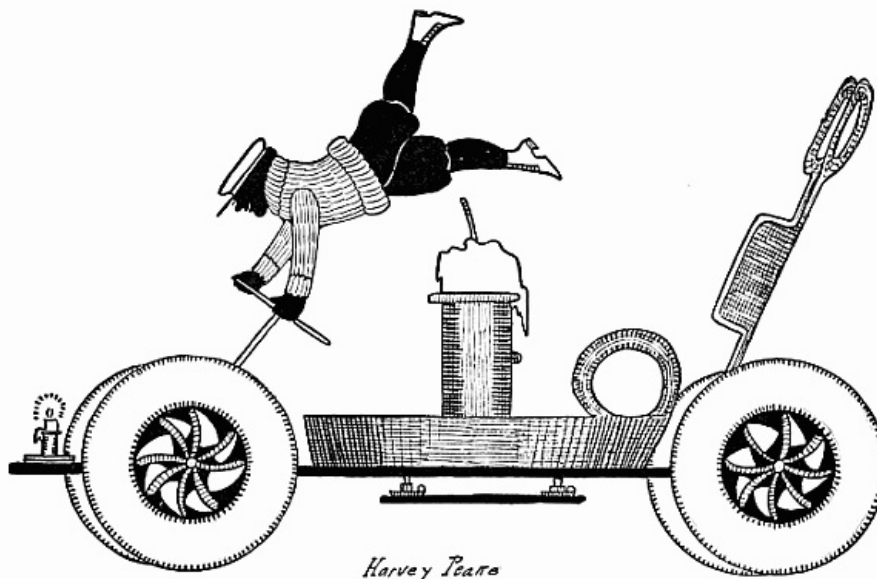
So Little Sir Cat said "Gid-ap!" and rode away with Muff at his heels, and by-and-by they came to a thick wood. "Don't let us go in," said Dapple Gray, "for, there may be robbers hidden among the trees." And just then a fierce-looking man ran out and, seizing Dapple Gray by the bridle, shouted: "Give me your purse, or I'll make you my prisoner!"

But Dapple Gray rose on his hind legs and with his front feet knocked the robber heels over head, and then off he went on a gallop. And after a while, not so very long, Little Sir Cat saw a great white bird sitting on a gold egg. "Did you lay that golden egg, Mr. Big Bird?" he asked. But the great white bird didn't answer. Maybe she was frightened, or maybe she was waiting for the golden egg to hatch, for just then, all of a sudden, the shell broke open and out hopped twenty-one little white birds armed with swords. And one of them was dressed like a captain, with gold epaulets on his shoulder wings, and one had a drum, like a regular little drummer boy. And then they all began to sing:

*We are the soldier birds of the air,
And we need no aeroplane,
For we can fly across the sky
In sunshine and in rain.
And if an enemy comes in view
With our bright sharp swords we'll cut him in two.*

"Hurrah!" cried Little Sir Cat, and the great white mother bird flapped her wings, for she was mighty proud to think that she had raised a little sky army for Mother Goose Land.

*Jack, be nimble!
Jack be quick!
Jack, jump over the candlestick!
Jack jumped when something struck his wheel,
For his candlestick was an automobile!*



ROCK-A-BYE BABY



Some might call Tommy naughty
Because he sleeps too long,
But when you're fast asleep, I'm sure
You can't be doing wrong.

Besides he's dreaming such good dreams
Of boys on time each day,
That never miss a day at school
Or straggle on the way.

A LITTLE STORY ABOUT THE ROSES

The flowers in the big garden were all talking about the new rose that had just come to stay with them. "Moss Rose is very beautiful," remarked Peony to the Hollyhock; "you know she was just an ordinary kind of a rose until one evening, when the Queen of the Fairies didn't know just where to go for the night, she leaned over and said to her, 'Will you sleep in the heart of a rose?' and the Queen said of course she would, and in the morning the Fairy Queen in return for the hospitality gave her a delicate veil of moss, and from that time she was called the 'Moss Rose.'"

"Indeed!" replied the Hollyhock. "How lovely; I wish a fairy would come through our garden."

"Perhaps one will," said the Peony. "At any rate the Rose has always been the queen of flowers, and now that we have a new rose perhaps the Queen of the Fairies may visit our garden."

The Hollyhock smiled. "Tell me more," she said. "Do you know any more stories about red roses, or white roses, or pink roses, or yellow roses?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the Peony, "for I love roses; everybody does. You know the old Romans loved them just as much as we, and they somehow managed to make them bloom in the winter time. When they wanted to talk over matters that they did not want repeated abroad they hung a rose from the ceiling over the table, and all the conversation was called 'sub rosa,' 'under the rose.' The reason for this was because Cupid once gave a rose to Harpocrates, the God of Silence, and that was what the old Romans were thinking about when they hung the rose over the table and talked secrets."

"How interesting!" said the Hollyhock. "Where did you learn all of these wonderful things?"

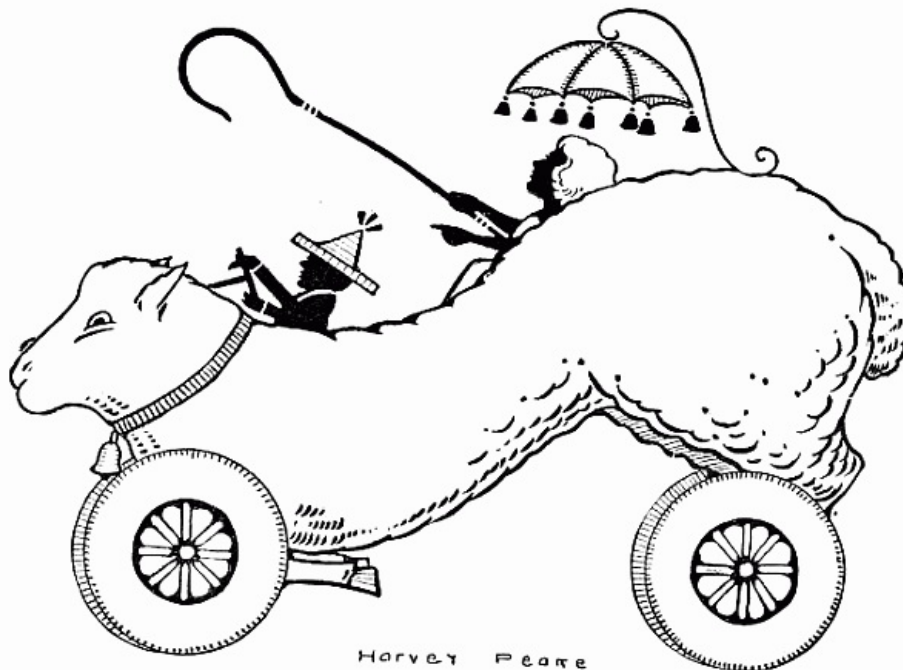
"Oh," replied the Peony. "I learned it from a poet who used to walk among the flowers. The daughter of the owner of this garden would sit and listen to him while he told her stories and legends about roses; always roses, for her name was Rose, you know."

"Tell me more," said the Hollyhock, and all the other flowers bent near, too, for they had heard a little of what the Peony had told and were anxious to hear more of what the poet knew.

"He said, I remember," continued the Peony, "that the old name of Syria meant the 'land of roses' and many varieties came from there, and one, the 'Rose of Jericho,' was the most wonderful, for there is an old legend that it grew in the desert in places where the Virgin Mary touched her feet when flying into Egypt with the infant Jesus; and they say, too, it will always blossom at Christmas time."

"How beautiful!" cried all the flowers. "Poets are like us—for their poetry is the perfume of their souls."

Little Bo Peep had lost her sheep,
And didn't know where to find them;
But she turned them all to automobiles,
And now she rides behind them.



A LITTLE BOY'S DREAM

If dreams were only real, just think
How happy I would be,
'Cause mostly all the heroes come
And have a talk with me
When I'm asleep; if only they
Would come when I'm awake,
I'd like to have my father give
Their famous hands a shake.
I know I'll think that last night's dream
Was best of all I've had,
For such a great, big gentleman
Called out to me, "My lad,
Remember that to fight is brave,
But braver yet to be
A defender of the weak ones,
To set the captives free,
To preserve your country's honor,
And strive all wrongs to right."
I liked him best of all the men
Who visit me at night.
His name is Abraham Lincoln,
The kindest of them all.
I only hope some other night
He'll make a longer call.

RUTH'S THANKSGIVING DINNER

"I wish I could dress up like those Rag-a-muffins!" exclaimed Ruth, looking out of the nursery window on Thanksgiving Day, "I think it would be such fun!"

"Do you, dear?" said Mother, standing behind her little daughter who was watching a number of children dressed grotesquely in grown-ups' clothes parade up and down the avenue.

"Yes, indeed," replied Ruth, "just see the fun they are having."

"But think how poor they are and how few pleasures they really have; they are not looking forward to a lovely Thanksgiving dinner," said Mother, noticing the discontented look on Ruth's face.

"Don't they get any dinner?" she asked, turning to Mother in surprise.

"Yes, but only a very poor one; no turkey, no nuts and raisins."

"Mother," cried Ruth, "could I give my dinner to one of these poor little children?"

"How do you mean?" Mother asked, delighted at the generosity of her little daughter.

"Well," answered Ruth, suddenly realizing what she was about to give up. "I mean, Mother dear, could I give *some* of my dinner to that poor little boy over there by the lamp post?"

"Yes, you may," Mother answered, and, touching the bell, she told Wiggins to bring in the little boy. "Give him a piece of mince pie and some candy for dessert, Wiggins," she added, "and don't pass the mince pie nor candy to Miss Ruth at dinner."

Then Mother came over to where Ruth was standing and, placing her arms around her little daughter, said, "You know, dear, you are giving up some of your dinner to make a little boy happy."

"Yes, Mother," answered Ruth with a smile, "some of my very own dinner."

A WELL-GROOMED PUSSY



Puss, come sit you on a chair
And I will brush your silken hair;
I'll so enhance its satin sheen
That of all cats you'll be the queen.

LITTLE SIR CAT

Little Sir Cat Kills the Wolf

"Hello!" exclaimed Little Sir Cat, "if that isn't Little Red Riding Hood." Sure enough it was. Just in front of him, tripping along the path, was a little girl dressed in a red cape and hood.

"May I help you carry your basket?" he asked politely.

"Oh, dear!" screamed Little Red Riding Hood.

But when she saw Little Sir Cat, she said, with a sigh of relief, "I thought you were the Big Gray Wolf!"

Well, pretty soon they reached her Grandmother's house, and, knowing that old women usually like cats, Little Sir Kitten made up his mind to be very nice indeed to Little Red Riding Hood's Grandmother.

So he wiped his boots carefully on the doormat, and, with his cap held politely in his paw, waited in the hall while Little Red Riding Hood ran upstairs.

"Come up, Kitten," she called down in a few minutes; "Grandma, wants to see you. Hang your cap on the hat-rack."

Then Little Red Riding Hood took hold of his paw, and led him into a sunny room, where in a big easy-chair by the window her Grandmother sat knitting.

"Come here, Sir Kitten, and let me see your nice red top boots," said her Grandmother. "I always did like cats." And just then the little canary bird began to sing:

*"Look out for the Big Gray Wolf, my dears.
He has long sharp teeth and pointed ears,
And he roams through the forest dark and dim.
Be careful you don't get caught by him!"*

So Little Red Riding Hood kissed her Grandma good-by and with Little Sir Cat started for home. But, oh, dear me! They had gone only a little way when they heard a noise.

"Look," whispered Little Sir Cat, "there's the wolf."

"What shall we do?" sobbed Little Red Riding Hood.

"Trust to me," replied Sir Cat, "I have my trusty staff. But let's hurry," and taking hold of her hand they started off on a brisk run.



LITTLE SIR CAT KILLS THE WOLF

Nearer and nearer came a dark shadow, and all of a sudden, with a dismal howl, the Big Gray Wolf leaped on the path just in front of them. His cruel jaws were wide open and his long, white teeth snapped with a dreadful sound. But Little Sir Cat wasn't afraid. He swung his staff and hit the Big Gray Wolf a tremendous blow on the head.

"Oh, you brave kitten!" she cried, "you have saved my life!" But Sir Cat merely smiled and said: "That's nothing, my dear; my father once killed an ogre!"

And then Little Sir Cat once more set off to find his fortune, and pretty soon you will hear something more about him, if

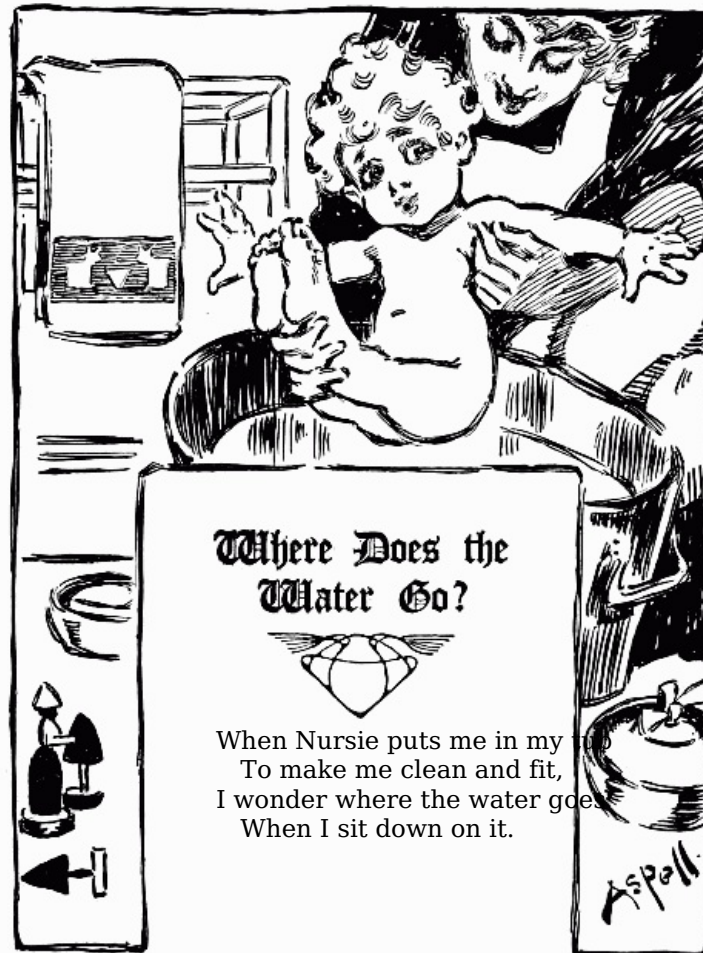
*A little dog doesn't tie a can
On the tip of his waggy tail,
And a tiny minnow in the brook
Swallow a great big whale.*

TED FINDS THE RING

Jimmy was looking out of the nursery window, watching the big steam shovel lift the rocks and earth out of the lot opposite, to make room for the cellar of the house which was to be built there. First the shovel would scoop down into the earth and then carry the stones and soil to the wagon into which it dumped its contents.

Jimmy was kept indoors on account of the mumps, and therefore spent much of his time at the nursery window watching what was going on outside. He was very glad, however, when he was able once more to run and watch the builders lay the bricks and stones, for the work of excavating was over by this time. When the house was completed, a family moved in. There were a boy and girl, and the boy was just about Jimmy's age. Very soon Jimmy made his acquaintance, and soon all three were going out into the park every afternoon; Ted went too, and also the little dog that belonged to Jimmy's new friends. This little dog's name was Flip.

On his birthday Jimmy had a party, and invited his two new friends, Herbert and Helen, with a number of other children, to come and help him eat his birthday cake. In this beautiful cake was hidden a little ring, and the lucky person in whose piece was found the prize, was entitled to keep it. Every one was very much excited, and each little boy and girl looked anxiously through his piece in the hope of finding the ring. But it was not to be found. Suddenly Jimmy, who had given Ted a small bit of cake, looked down on the floor and there beside Ted's little white foot was the ring.



TOBY'S FRIEND

Toby was a little French bulldog. He was a very happy little animal, as his small mistress was extremely fond of him. He had a big armchair with a fat cushion to sleep on. He also had a collar with his name and address engraved on it, and a little license tag fastened to it. In winter he wore a sweater, which he found very comfortable, although not so becoming. Toby's only regret in life was that he had no playmate. Of course his small mistress played with him, but he could not answer her when she spoke to him, except by wagging his tail or by barking.

One day, while looking out of the window in the nursery he saw a little dog, with a tin can tied to his tail, running down the street. After him ran a crowd of boys. Toby barked, as he always did when he saw a dog. In a minute his little mistress ran up to the window. "Oh, Toby!" she cried. "Look at the poor little dog. I'll ask mother if I can't bring him in." In a minute she was in the bright sitting-room, where mother was sewing.

"What is it, little girl?"

"Oh, mother!" she cried. "There is a poor dog with a tin can tied to his tail, just outside the house, and a lot of boys are tormenting the poor animal. They are all around him so that he can't get away."

"Poor dog!" said mother. "Call James and tell him to send the boys away and bring the dog inside."

Toby's mistress sped away on her errand of mercy and in a short while James had ordered the boys off and was carrying the little dog upstairs. He was very cunning, and Toby made a friend of him at once, but he was very dirty and had to have a bath as soon as mother looked him over. The decoration to his tail was removed, much to the frightened animal's relief, and after his bath he was duly christened Rover. From that time Toby was never lonely and he and Rover became great friends. Rover was given a collar and a cushion, of which he was very proud, and he lived happily ever afterwards in his new home with the little girl and Toby, the French bulldog.



THE LAZY PINK HEN

Once, a long time ago, there was a little girl who lived in a country where they had all sorts of hens. There was a Green Hen and a Yellow Hen and a Pink Hen; but the Rooster was Sky Blue. They all sang a different song. The Yellow Hen said: "Hoop-de-dooden-do! Hoop-de-dooden-doo!" and the Green Hen said: "Chick-a-chick-chee! Chick-a-chick-chee!" But the Pink Hen only said "Tra la la! Tra la la!" for she was very lazy.

Now the Green Hen laid red eggs and the Yellow Hen laid blue ones; but the Pink Hen never laid any, she was such a lazy thing.

Well, this little girl thought this would never do, and so did the Sky-blue Rooster. So, one day, she went to the Pink Hen and said to her:

"Snail, snail, come out of your hole, or else I'll beat you as black as a coal!"

And the Sky-blue Rooster said to her:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star!"

I don't know what they meant by it, but the Pink Hen knew, for she went straight to her nest and laid a little white egg. The Sky-blue Rooster was so tickled that he turned fourteen somersaults right off in succession, and sung "The Star-Spangled Banner" all through three times, standing on the tip of his longest tail feathers. But the Pink Hen only said "Tra la la!" she was such a lazy thing.

THE PROFITEER



I took some eggs to market
All on a summer's day.
I couldn't get high prices,
So I threw them all away.

And then, my dears, how awful,
(Exactly as I feared)
The neighbors ran me out of town
Because I profited.

The First Thanksgiving

"Come let us sit by the window," said mother, "and I will tell you about the first Thanksgiving Day of all. Think how many years ago it was that our Pilgrim Fathers held Thanksgiving Day in America.

"You will remember that they landed from the Mayflower in the middle of winter on the cold bleak shores of Massachusetts. During that winter more than half their number perished from cold and hunger. Nevertheless, when spring came they set out bravely to work to clear the land and plant their corn.

"A friendly Indian named Squanto showed them the Indian way of making sure of rich soil by putting small fish into each hill, and he taught them many other things that helped them to live in their new country.

"When the first autumn came they were so happy at having a good harvest, thanks to Squanto's help, that when Governor Bradford appointed a day for Thanksgiving they invited Massasoit, chief of the tribe to which their friend Squanto belonged, and ninety of his men to a three days' feast.

"So you see our Thanksgiving is very American, for the first one was attended by the Indians, who were here in America long before Columbus discovered it."

LITTLE SIR CAT

Little Sir Cat Sees Cinderella

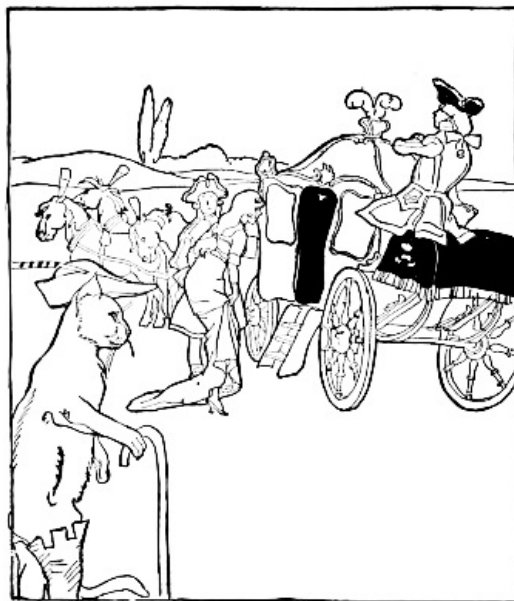
One evening Little Sir Cat came to a small cottage, through the window of which he saw sitting by the fireside, a ragged girl and a queer little old woman dressed in a green gown and a high-peaked hat.

"I do believe that's her Fairy Godmother," he whispered, when, all of a sudden, the old woman waved her wand, and the next moment the ragged girl was clothed in a beautiful ball dress, and two cunning little glass slippers, just like those in the fairy story book, appeared on the hearth.

Then a big pumpkin rolled out through the door and turned into a splendid coach, followed by six little mice, who at once changed into six beautiful white horses.

"I'd like to have eaten one of those mice," thought Little Sir Cat, "but it's too late now."

Pretty soon the girl walked out in her little glass slippers and stepped into the coach, the powdered footman jumping up behind as it rattled down the street and away into the darkness.



LITTLE SIR CAT SEES CINDERELLA

Little Sir Cat was about to turn away disappointed and hungry, when the Fairy Godmother opened the window and looked out: "Why, kitten, what are you doing here?" she exclaimed.

"Looking for a place to sleep."

"Come right in," she answered, in a kind voice, and, leaning out, helped tired little Puss over the windowsill.

"Take off your boots and make yourself comfortable, while I get you a nice supper of cake and cream."

Standing his boots up in a corner of the room, he warmed his tired toes by the open fire. After he had eaten his supper the Fairy Godmother said, "You can stay here all night if you wish," and he was so tired and sleepy that he didn't hear her add, "but you'd better get away early before Cinderella's two big cross sisters come down for breakfast," for when he woke up it was morning and somebody was coming downstairs.

But, oh, dear me! He had hardly pulled on his boots when the door opened, and in came Cinderella's two cross and very ugly sisters.

"Good morning!" said Little Sir Cat.

"Mercy! What's that?" they both screamed, while one of them seized a long-handled broom, pushed him down the dark cellar steps and bolted the door. It was very damp and dark, just like a dungeon, and he was just about to give up all hope when the door at the head of the stairs opened, and there stood Cinderella.

"How you startled me!" she exclaimed, with a laugh, looking at his pretty red top boots. "But after what happened last night I ought not to be surprised at anything."

"Of course you shouldn't," he answered.

"Why, what do you know?" asked Cinderella.

"I saw you, but I won't tell," he added, as a frightened look came over her pretty face. "Please give me some breakfast."

And when he had finished he said good-by, but Cinderella hardly heard him, for she was still dreaming of the handsome prince whom she had met the night before.

And pretty soon—I'll tell you another story—unless—

*Tomorrow it rains dogs and cats
And ruins all the children's hats.*

A LITTLE GIRL'S DIARY

Monday

*I love her on a Monday
When hanging out the clothes,
And I'm gunning for the blackbird
That dares trespass on her nose.*

Monday morning after breakfast I start for school. Jack and I go the same way, and he leaves me at the door, so Mother knows I'm safe. When school is over, lots of us girls go home together. Quite often some of my schoolmates come home with me for lunch, and then we play in the house for a little while before we go to the park. Of course, Monday is Dolly's wash day, so I usually wash her clothes very carefully and hang them up to dry in the little garden on top of my doll's house. This just came for Christmas, and I like it so much that I am going to keep it in order just the way Mother does our house, so that is why I try to do every day just what they are doing in the big grown-up house. It doesn't take very long for Dolly's little things to dry, and then I fold them up and put them in a cunning little clothes basket until the next day, when I start my ironing.

THE JOLLY JUNGLE FOLK

'Tis July Fourth in Jungle Land,
And down the Forest's Emerald Strand
The animals in gay parade
March 'neath the big trees' leafy shade.

With horn and trumpet, rattlers loud,
Which Rattle Snake has lent the crowd,
They make a noise that would compare
With a tornado anywhere.

Our old friend Tommy Tiger grins,
As Mikey Monk some trick begins,
While Harry Hippopotamus



Says, "Don't you dare to make a fuss!"

Then Oscar Ostrich says "How do!"
As Buster Bear comes into view;
I hope you have recovered quite—
Those Bumble Bees know how to bite!"

"Forget it!" Buster growls with pluck,
"I haven't yet paid Doctor Duck!"
But seeing then their Lion Lord,
They all bow down with one accord.

King Leo, with his tawny mane,
Is sauntering down the Forest Lane,
In all his majesty and pride
His Ladyship close by his side.

"It must be almost midnight now,"
Cries Mikey with a lowly bow;
"Will not your Royal Highness stay
And see the rockets glittering spray?"

The Roman Candles shoot forth stars,
The rockets circle Jupe and Mars,
When suddenly across the sky
A big black cloud goes drifting by.

It hides from view the silver moon,
The Jolly Junglers cease their tune;
A hush falls over leaf and root—
And then the Owl begins to hoot.

Twelve times he toots his horn—
"Let's go to bed before the morn,"
King Leo cries, "This awful din
Has made my noodle fairly spin!"

So all the Jolly Jungle Band
Go home to sleep at his command,
And all is quiet as a mouse
Within each Jolly Jungler's house.



DUCKEY DADDLES

Duckey Daddles loved to swim. Every day he begged Mrs. Duck to take him down to the Old Mill Pond. But she couldn't take him there every day, for there were lots of things to attend to at home. Besides, it was quite a long way, and she wasn't fond of walking.

So one day Duckey Daddles made up his mind to go alone. Off he went on his floppy yellow feet, wabby, wabby down the road, under the Old Snake Fence and then across the Pleasant Meadow till he reached the Old Mill Pond.

Sitting very still on his log was Old Uncle Bullfrog. He was half asleep, with his hands folded across his white and yellow waistcoat. He had just eaten a lot of nice green flies and was feeling very contented.

"Quack! quack! hip! hurray!" cried Duckey Daddles, flapping his wings. Then he jumped in, splattering water all over Old Uncle Bullfrog.

"Take care, there!" said Old Uncle Bullfrog, waking up and wiping his yellow-rimmed spectacles. But Duckey Daddles didn't hear him. He was standing on his head in the water, gobbling up little fish.

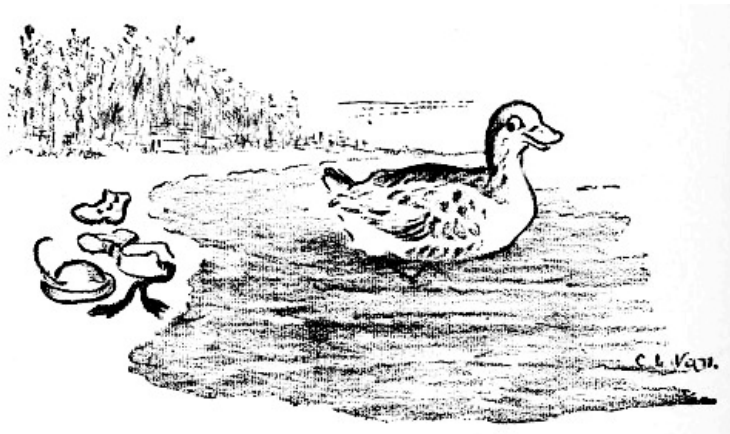
"What's the use of going home for lunch? I've had mine already!" he cried. And off he swam around the Old Mill Pond. Suddenly there was a loud splash. Duckey Daddles turned to see what was the matter. On the bank stood a number of boys. Duckey Daddles ducked just in time to get out of the way of a stone that splashed in the water close beside him.



"Swim, you little side-wheeler!" shouted the boys, and another stone fell uncomfortably near him.

"Any port in a storm," he said to himself, remembering a story he had once heard about his great-great-grandfather, Admiral Drake. And Ducky Daddles paddled straight for a little cove behind a clump of trees.

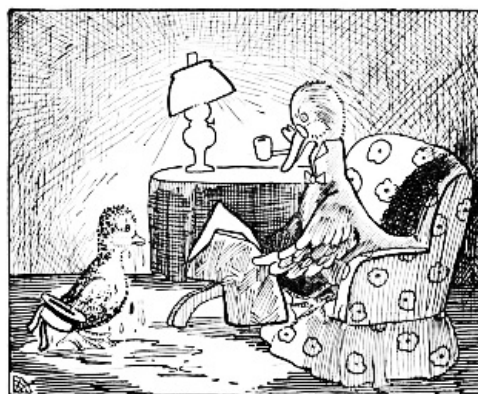
It was nearly dark when he finally reached home, for he had to wait a long time before the boys left the Old Mill Pond.



"Ducky Daddles, where have you been?" asked Mamma Duck.

"Come over here!" cried his father, laying down the Duckville "Evening Quack." "What has kept you out so late?"

Ducky Daddles told the truth, and when he had finished, Daddy Duck said, "Ducky Daddles, I won't punish you because you've told the truth. But next time look out! I shan't ask any questions."



THE COASTING PARTY

The hill was fine for coasting,
The snow was well packed down,
And Sammy Black and Margie White,
And little Billy Brown,

And also pretty Winnie Green
And graceful Gertie Gray—
Now, please, my little readers,



Don't imagine what I say

Means really that these boys and girls
Were painted all this way;
If so, such colored children
Would be a bit too gay!

Their fathers' names were Mr. Black,
Or Mr. White, or Mr. Brown;
And, funny, too, it was Greenville
The name they called the town.

Well, just as I was saying,
The coasting was immense,
And after school the boys and girls
Were ready to commence.

The sleds were in a big, long row,
All tied together, too,
As Sammy Black lay down to steer
The merry-making crew.

He didn't seem to mind the wind
That o'er the snowdrifts blew,
That made his cheeks so bright and red,
His stubby nose so blue!

"Come on, you fellers; hurry up!
Quick, girls, get on your sled!
And push against the other ones,
I'm fixed to go ahead!"

The last sled little Billy Brown
Then pushed with all his might,
And down the hill the train of sleds
Began its snowy flight.

Such yells and cries! and "Hold on tight!
Don't drag your feet! Keep still!
Don't lean so far upon the right,
Or else we'll have a spill!"

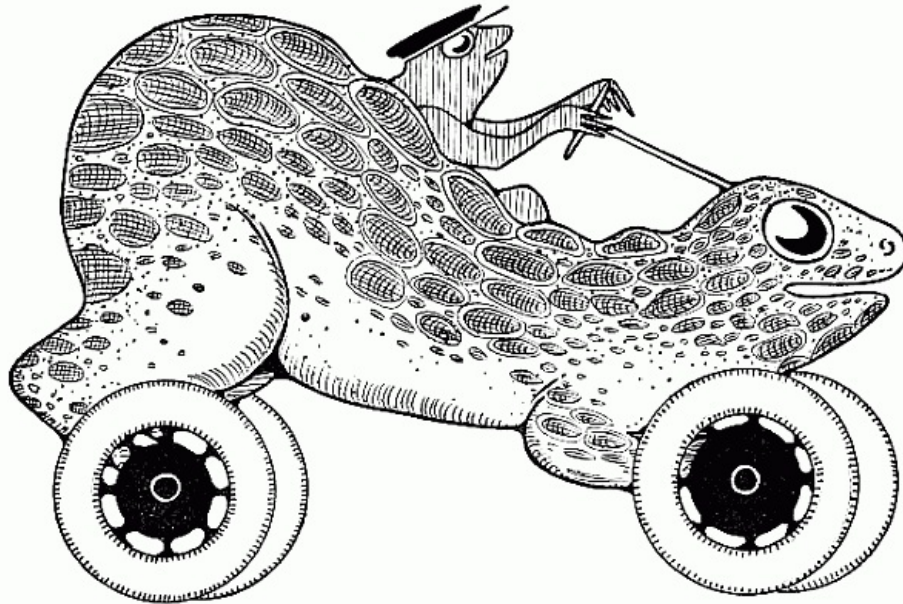
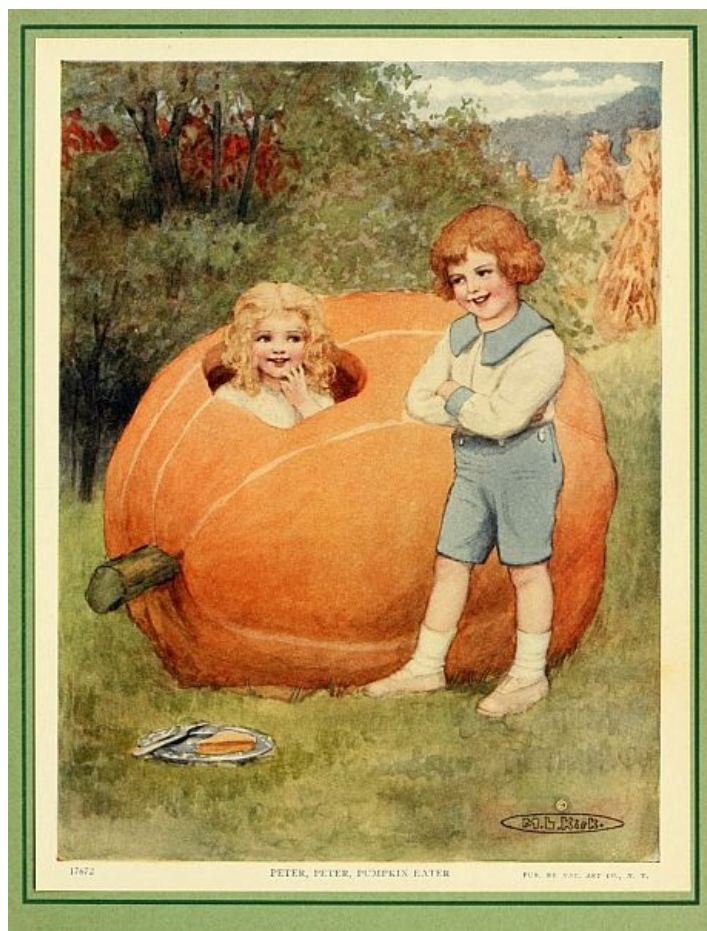
Each face was beaming with delight,
Each voice was loud and shrill,
The train was going all its might
And nearly down the hill.

Just as they reached the bottom,
The front sled gave a swing,
And plump into a big snowdrift
They went like anything!

The Blacks were mixed up with the Whites,
The Browns on top of Green,
A sort of coast kaleidoscope,
With sleds stuck in between.

And when they all were sorted out,
No easy thing to do,
They found that almost every boy
And girl was black and blue!





A frog he would a-woing go
In a very stylish way,
So he bought a frogmobile, you know,
And the lady frog said "Yea!"

THE HOBBY HORSE



Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat on a fine horse
Is galloping off for Raspberry Cross.
When he gets there if he says "Please, Ma'am,"
A lady will give him some raspberry jam.

LITTLE SIR CAT

Little Sir Cat Meets "The Maiden All Forlorn"

After leaving Cinderella's house Little Sir Cat continued his journey with a happy heart, for had he not had a fine night's rest and a good breakfast, and for a traveler that is a good beginning. The road now led through the country, with well-kept farm lands on either side.

"That looks like the House That Jack Built!" he exclaimed, as he neared a big farm house. Sure enough it was, for there in the meadow close by was the Cow With the Crumpled Horn, and leaning against the turnstile at the corner of the fence was the Maiden All Forlorn.

"Good morning, Miss," said Little Sir Cat, but for an answer the maiden began to cry.

"Don't cry," he said, wiping the tears from her eyes, for he was a very tender-hearted puss. "Don't cry."

"I can't help it," whimpered the Maiden All Forlorn. "You'd cry, too, if you'd been kissed by the Man All Tattered and Torn."

"Did it tickle?" inquired Little Sir Cat.

"Tickle!" exclaimed the Maiden All Forlorn. "It scratched! But where are you going?"



LITTLE SIR CAT MEETS "THE MAIDEN
ALL FORLORN"

"Where am I going?" he repeated. "Why, I'm seeking my fortune." And then Piggie Porker began to cry. I guess he felt that nobody cared much about him for the Maiden All Forlorn hadn't noticed him at all.

*"Nobody, nobody cares for me,
I feel as lonely as can be.
I'm a character in Mother Goose,
So I consider you've no excuse
Not to speak a word to me,
Piggie Porker, diddle dum dee."*

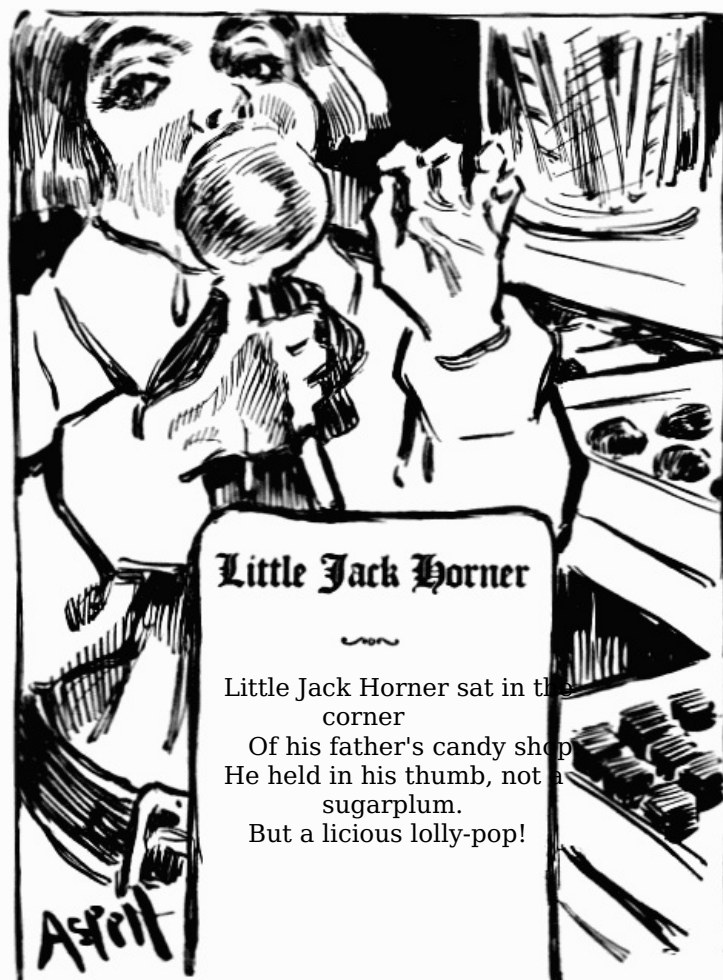
"You naughty pig," said the Maiden All Forlorn, "how did you get out of your sty?" So he told her how Georgy Porgy had teased him until he had run-away. Well, after that she invited Little Sir Cat to visit the House that Jack Built, which was just a little ways off on the green hill. So the three went through the stile and by-and-by they found Jack himself making a garage in which to keep his new automobile, for in Mother Goose Land, now-a-days, automobiles are quite the thing, you know.

But, oh, dear me! As soon as the Dog that Worried the Cat saw Little Sir Kitten, he commenced to growl. But pretty soon he stopped, and, wagging his tail, asked about Old Mother Hubbard's dog. After that all the people who lived in the House that Jack Built came out to say "How do you do," even the Man All Tattered and Torn, and the nice old Priest All Shaven and Shorn, and the Rooster Who Crowed in the Early Morn. And, let me see! Who else greeted Little Sir Cat? Why, Little Boy Blue with his bright tin horn, and the Sheep that Trampled the Waving Corn, and, oh, dear me again, I can't go on like this any longer, unless I can find a word to rhyme with corn.

"I must be going, my pretty maid," said Little Sir Cat, gallantly taking off his hat with the long feather and bowing. Then away he went to find his fortune.

And maybe he will in the next story, unless—

*The big high church steeple
Falls down on the people.*



How Mister Breeze Saved Marjorie's Easter Lily

It was Easter morning and the happy bells from belfry and steeple were ringing out the glad Easter tidings. Sunday School was just over and Marjorie walked through the Park on her way home. In her arms she carried a large pot of lilies and a little fluffy yellow chick,—a tiny fuzzy yellow chicken,—which she had received from the Sunday School for Easter. The flower pot was rather heavy, and after a while, Marjorie became tired, so she sat down on a bench to rest. Crossing one little fat leg over the other she carefully balanced the lily on her knee, and tucked the small chicken under her arm for safe keeping. It was quite windy, and the ribbons on her hat stretched out behind like the tail of a kite, but Marjorie didn't care nearly as much about her pretty Easter hat being blown off her head as she did about the lilies being broken by the mischievous breeze. It made so much noise rustling the dried leaves and branches, that she didn't hear a big white bunny creep up softly behind the bench. He looked cautiously around with his bright pink eyes, but there was nobody near. The big policeman, who had passed but a moment before with a smile and a nod to Marjorie, was far down the path. The nurse in gray uniform with the pink and white baby in the smart English carriage, had disappeared in the distance, and, best of all, Marjorie's face was turned the other way. So up jumped Mr. White Bunny on the back of the bench, and creeping along the narrow top rail, commenced very softly to nibble the beautiful green leaves of the Easter Lily.



The little yellow chicken saw him, but he didn't say a word to Marjorie; he just snuggled up under her arm.

Perhaps the bunny looked as big as a polar bear to the fuzzy yellow chicken. At any rate, the little chicken never peeped! He wasn't going to take any chances with a big animal like that!

A sparrow close by tried his best to tell Marjorie that her lovely lily was being devoured, but she only laughed when he fluttered his wings and twittered.

"Isn't he pretty?" she thought. "He's a funny little fellow," and she watched him hop about, not understanding that he was trying his best to save her Easter flower.

Even the mischievous breeze began to feel sorry for the little girl and tried to blow away the leaves from the bunny's mouth, but Mr. Bunny crept up closer and quietly kept on nibbling. This was too much for the mischievous little breeze. He gave another hard puff, almost overturning the flower pot.

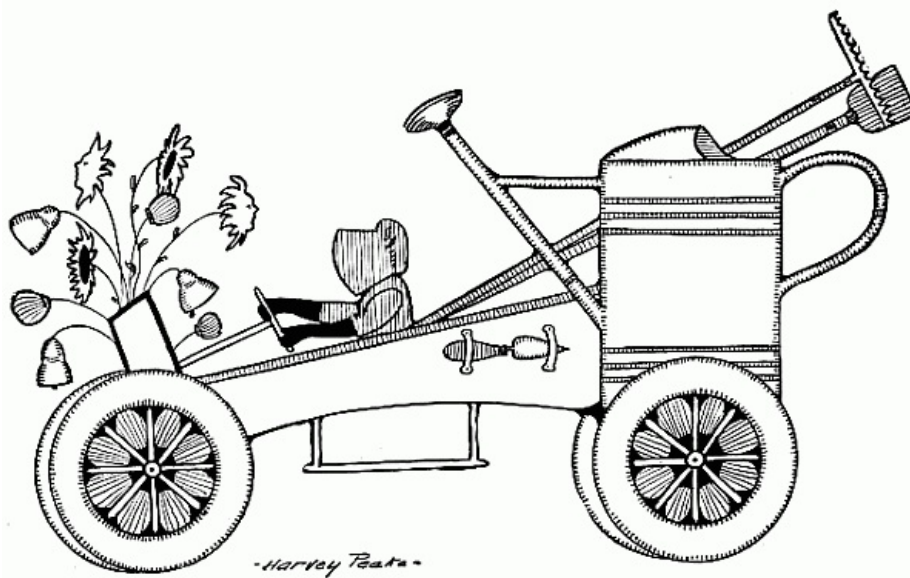
Marjorie gave a little scream when she saw what Mr. Bunny had done, and then of course he scampered away.

"You naughty little rabbit," she cried, lifting up the half-eaten leaf, "just see what you've done to my lily."

"If you had paid attention to me it wouldn't have happened," twittered the little sparrow. But of course Marjorie didn't understand him.

"I saved the lily for you," whispered the mischievous breeze, as she started for home. And I think she understood him, for she laughed as she pushed back her curls, as much as to say, "You needn't muss my hair all up telling me so, Mr. Breeze!"

*"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?"
"Oh, now that I have a car," she said,
"It grows twice as fast, you know."*



WHAT TO DO AT NIGHT

Outside my window in the tree
The owl toots on his horn.
(It will be dark until the lark
Comes singing in the dawn.)

Above the sky one little star
Looks down with friendly eye.
(Thro' all the night it won't be light
Until the sun's on high.)

It seems so long to wait to play
I've 'most forgotten how.
I guess I'll go to sleep and dream
About the fairies now!

A JOKE ON UNCLE JIMMY

"Hurrah!" cried Jack, "here comes the snow!" Sister May came to the window and looked out. "If it keeps on like this, Jack, we'll be able to build a snowman today. We'll take that old silk hat of father's to put on his head and he will look so jolly."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Jack laughing at the idea that suddenly came into his head. "Uncle Jimmy is expected late this evening. Now, we'll make Mr. Snowman close to the walk—we might almost put him on the walk, and then we'll dress him up in some old clothes, so he will look very natural. Perhaps we can fool Uncle Jimmy."

"I don't see just how," remarked May thoughtfully, "unless it is so dark that Uncle Jimmy will almost run into him."

"That's just it," answered Jack. "If it keeps on snowing all day, and doesn't stop even when it's dark, our snowman will have a good chance to fool almost anybody."

In an hour or so there was enough snow on the ground for the children to commence. "May," said Jack, as he finished rolling the ball which was to be Mr. Snowman's head, "I'm going to build this snowman close to the walk so he will look just like a man standing by the tree, and perhaps we can think up something to make Uncle Jimmy imagine he is being attacked by a highwayman."

"You goose," said his sister, laughing; "how will you manage that?"

"You just wait," said Jack, "I'll work out some sort of a plan."

The snowman grew bigger every minute. It was getting dark, and at a little distance the snowman looked as natural as life. But how to make him scare Uncle Jimmy was the question. All the afternoon Jack had cudgeled his brains for an idea, but in vain, and here it was almost time for the climax.

Suddenly Jack gave a whoop of delight. "I've got it! I've got it!" In a moment he was rushing inside the house, and in a few minutes returned with a long rope. "May, stuff the right coatsleeve

with snow, while I climb up the tree." In a few minutes Jack had the rope over an overhanging limb, and having tied one end to the wrist of Mr. Snowman's right arm, he led the other end around the side of the piazza.

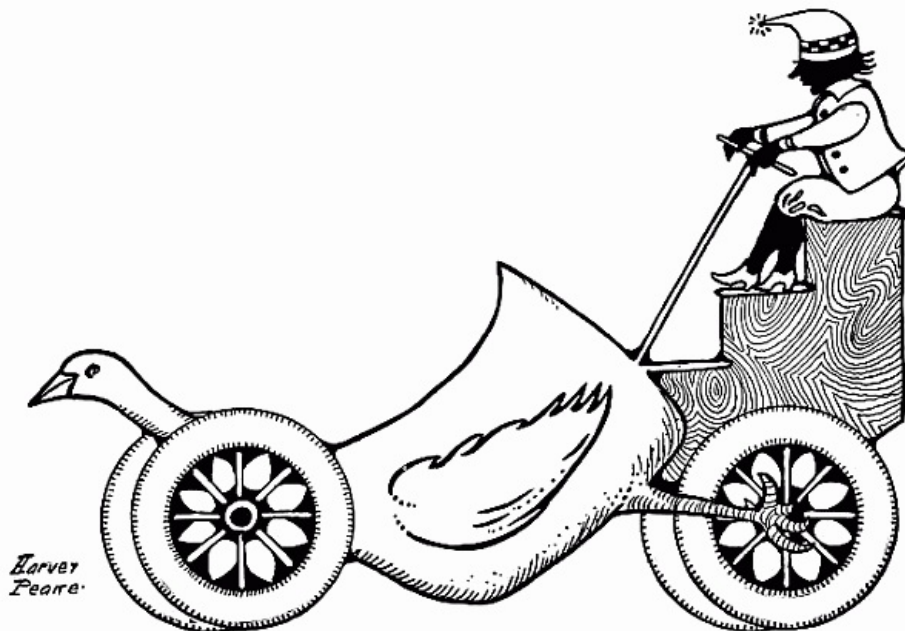
"Come on, May," he cried excitedly, "I see Uncle Jimmy coming!" Both children darted behind the house as the front gate clicked. Up the walk came Uncle Jimmy and just as he got abreast of the tree Jack let go the rope and the right arm of Mr. Snowman hit Uncle Jimmy on the shoulder. There was a smothered exclamation, and then Mr. Snowman's hat flew off his head like a cannon ball.

A hearty laugh followed and before the children could escape Uncle Jimmy, guided by the long rope, darted around the side of the house and Mr. Jack Joker was being treated to a face massage of cold snow. Uncle Jimmy was not any too particular about some getting down Jack's collar, either. When his nephew finally begged for mercy Uncle Jimmy let him up and gave chase to May. What a scramble! And what a lot of screams! May had seen Jack's good-natured punishment, but nevertheless she didn't want any of Uncle Jimmy's facial treatment. Just then, kind fate intervened, and mother opened the door. "What are you children doing?" she called, peering into the darkness. "Come in at once!"

"All right," answered Uncle Jimmy, and with a rush they all ran for the open door.

After kissing him mother turned to Jack and said: "Goodness, what makes your face so red? Why, it's all wet!"

"I'll run up stairs and fix up," answered Jack hurriedly, and off he went. Uncle Jimmy smiled. "That snowman of yours, Jack, tackled the wrong fellow, don't you think so?" But Jack kept right along going upstairs, so good-natured Uncle Jimmy didn't say another word.



Goosey, goosey gander
Whither do you wander?
Of your winged motor car
Are you growing fonder?

LITTLE SIR CAT

Little Sir Cat Saves the Pussy from the Well

*"Ding, dong bell,
Pussy's in the well!"*

When Little Sir Cat heard that he whipped up Dapple Gray and pretty soon he came to a crowd of people standing around an old well. Just then a crooked-nosed man let down the water bucket and pussy crawled in and was lifted up dripping wet, but still alive.

"Where is the naughty boy who put her in?" asked Little Sir Cat. But nobody knew. I guess he had run away, as bad boys generally do after they have done something they know is wrong.

"Give her to me," said Little Sir Cat, and he started to ride away when Little Polly Flinders who sat among the cinders said, "I'll take her home and warm her by my fire!"

All of a sudden, a regiment of soldiers came by. And when the Lord High General saw Little Sir Cat, he came forward and said, "Will you play the little drum for us?" And what do you think this little kitten replied? You know already, I'm sure, but I'll tell you just the same.



LITTLE SIR CAT SAVES THE PUSSY FROM THE WELL

"Yes, my Lord," he answered, and then the leader of the fife and drum corps handed him a little drum, and Little Sir Cat started right in to play just like a regular drummer boy. And the way he made that little drum sound was just wonderful. The whole regiment began to cheer, and one big captain said, "Three cheers and two tigers for Little Sir Cat!"

And, goodness me, the cheers that went up from that regiment were heard all over Mother Goose Land and everybody asked everybody else what was the matter, and the little yellow bird, whose name I'm going to tell you some day, told them it was for Little Sir Cat. Then all the Mother Goose People began to cheer and when the regiment heard them, they asked what was the matter, and the little yellow bird told them who were cheering.

Wasn't that a wonderful little bird?

*Diddle Dum! Diddle Dum!
Went the little drum,
As Little Sir Cat marched off to war
Beating the drum sticks o'er and o'er.*

Pretty soon they came in sight of the enemy, and all the big guns were rushed to the high places and the infantry spread out in long, thin lines, with the cavalry in the rear. All of a sudden the bullets sputtered and the big shells screamed, and, oh, dear me, the little drum couldn't be heard at all, although Little Sir Cat beat on it with all his might. By and by the enemy ran away. Then the tents were set up and the field where they had been fighting looked like a tented city, only it didn't have any little church or school house.

At last, when everything was quiet, the general pinned a gold medal on Little Sir Cat, who felt very proud, and told his little drummer not to be afraid for he would never let the enemy get him.

And pretty soon you will find another story—unless—

*The postman in the morning
Gives me a candy pill,
And the doctor sends me a valentine
Instead of a great big bill.*

A LITTLE GIRL'S DIARY

Tuesday

*I love her on Tuesday
As she irons smooth and clean
Her little dolly's dresses
With the tucks and frills between.*

Tuesday, directly after lunch, I play with my doll's house. You see, I have all the work to do for Dolly, and so I take out the clothes from the basket in the doll's house kitchen, and smooth them out, ready for ironing. There is a cunning little ironing board, besides two small irons, for "Ironing Day." There are lots of things to iron, all Dolly's table linen and the cute little sheets and pillow cases and towels, too. Oh, dear me! Sometimes I feel that Mother has a pretty hard time with our big house when I see how it bothers me to keep Dolly's house in perfect order.

Sometimes, before I have finished, my little friend Eleanor Gray will come in, and want me to go out with her. Then we both take our hoops and go to the park and play all afternoon. As soon as I get home I put Dolly to bed, before I have my own supper, because if I don't, very often I haven't time to attend to her afterwards and she has to sit up all night, which must be very tiresome even for a doll.

BILLY LOVES CANDY

Billy was only five years old, but he had learned to like candy! You small boys who are hearing this read to you needn't look surprised. It probably was very natural to you to like candy, but that is no reason why Billy didn't have to learn. He first began on a peppermint stick; one of those lovely sticks with red lines running curly upwards, and white inside, with hollow tubes running through, so that you can suck an orange with it—well, it was just this sort of a stick that Billy first tasted, and at first he didn't like it, but as he got a taste almost every day, he finally was just as fond of it as was his little master. There, I have let the cat out of the bag, or the dog—and there is no use in my telling any more of this story, for you know all about it now. That is, you know who Billy is, and that's all there really is to this tale of a little dog.

DICK'S VALENTINE

The front doorbell rang furiously and Mary, knowing that it was snowing and blowing a gale outside, answered the ring as fast as she was able.

Two shivering little figures stood upon the doorstep, one a small boy, 10 or 12 years of age, who surveyed her a moment quite as coolly as she surveyed him. Deliberately stepping into the lighted hallway, he dragged with him his little companion, a shivering mite of a girl, almost hidden in the folds of a ragged coat. This coat he suddenly jerked from her shoulders, saying:

"Here's a valentine for the lady wot lives here!" Then, turning, he ran rapidly down the steps and disappeared around the corner into the snowy darkness.

Aunt Dorothy at that moment entered the hall, but, before she had time to speak the little waif thrust a piece of paper into, her hand, with the simple explanation, "Dick writ it."

Aunt Dorothy took the crumpled note and unfolded it carefully. After a few minutes she managed to read the scrawling letters:

"This little girl ain't got no folks and no place to stay; so she's been staying in a box with straw in it with me nights. I've fetched her to be your valentine. She's hungry.

"DICK."

Aunt Dorothy's eyes filled with tears. "Mary, take the child into the kitchen and give her something to eat. I will come presently and perhaps I can find out what is the best thing to do."

Mary led her down the hall.

"A valentine!" she ejaculated. "Blest if I don't think this is the queerest piece of business I ever seen!" Her manner softened a little as she watched the greediness with which the child devoured the big slice of bread and butter, and when Aunt Dorothy came down she found her "valentine" seated in Mary's own rocking chair before the fire, while Mary herself, down on the floor, had the almost frozen feet in her lap.

Aunt Dorothy sat down near them and watched Mary for a few minutes in silence. "Now that you feel better, my child, tell me where you live?"

"I don't live nowhere," answered the child, "'cept with Dick—he's got a big box with straw in it. I crawled in one night after they took father away—the police, you know."

Aunt Dorothy sighed, "Give her a warm bath, Mary, and make a bed on the lounge in my room. I will try to find something which will do for a nightdress."

The poor little, wondering child was soon wrapped in a warm shawl and curled down on the lounge. Suddenly she raised herself on her elbow:

"Dick said there was angels that lived somewhere and took care of folks. Are you one of them?"

"No, no, child," said Aunt Dorothy gently, "I am only Aunt Dorothy. Go to sleep."

"Yes'm; but I do wish Dick was a valentine, too! It's very cold in his box."

Aunt Dorothy and Mary sat up late that night hastily making warm garments for the small mite; but they considered themselves well repaid by the delight with which they were put on in the morning. While the happy little waif was taking her breakfast in the kitchen the bell rang, and when Mary answered the ring she found Dick standing in the doorstep. He shambled bashfully in, and in a moment the child's arms were around his neck and her face pressed close against his cold and grimy one.

When Aunt Dorothy came down she found her "valentine"-bringer refreshed by a breakfast the like of which he had never before tasted, sitting by the fire with the "valentine" at his side. Dick rose as she entered, still holding both of the little hands of his small companion.

"I ain't got much to tell you, ma'am. I'm Dick the boot-black, an' this here little girl I found one night last week. Me and Joe Rafferty had been to a movin' picture show, and when I comes out it was late an' pretty cold, so I runs all the way to the box. The box is a big box down by Higley's warehouse, an' I sleep in it. An' I finds this little girl a-curl'd up in it asleep. I felt kinder sorry for so small a mite, so I covered her up with some old carpet rags.

"I seen folks sendin' valentines for presents an' thought some one ought to like a little girl better than a picture. I seen you one day, ma'am, give a lame man some money, an' I followed and seen where you lived. An' I says to myself if you was so kind to a man you'd be kind to a little girl that had no one but me to look after her."

"I think I'll keep my valentine, Dick," she answered, looking into the fire with a smile. "I never heard of sending one back, I believe. And I think I'll send one myself too. I will give you a letter to a man who I think will give you a position as an errand boy." And so Dick had a good job as a messenger boy in a big dry goods house, where he grew up to be a very useful man.



THE ALPHABET ANIMAL CIRCUS

Jamie has been studying his alphabet all the morning, but somehow the letters got twisted and wouldn't follow each other in their regular order. By and by mother said: "Let us wait awhile; perhaps the letters will come more easily to my little boy if he takes a rest now."



So Jamie ran out to play and soon forgot all about the alphabet. But that night, after he had fallen asleep, he had a most wonderful time. All the alphabet letters came trooping into his little bed and said to him, "Jamie, come with us to the Circus!" And pretty soon he found himself in a big white tent. All of a sudden the Letters ran together, and, jumping on top of one another, formed themselves into a lion.

Jamie clapped his hands and laughed outright. At this, all the letters tumbled down, and, calling to him to follow, jumped into the ring and made a giant rooster.



"Hurrah!" cried Jamie, "you're the most wonderful alphabet I ever saw!"

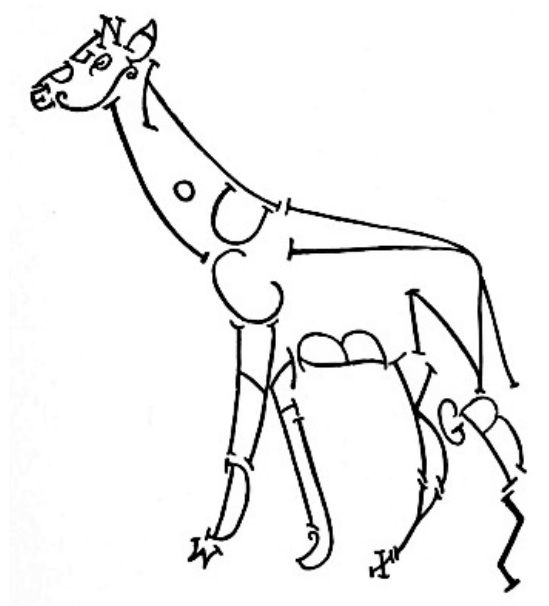


"Glad you think so!" cried the Letters, and then they all tumbled apart and raced across the tanbark floor. He followed as fast as his legs would take him, when, all of a sudden, a funny little squeak made him turn his head. Some of the alphabet letters had formed themselves into a queer little pig, who cried, "This little pig went to market," but when Jamie ran up to play with him all the letters jumped apart and scampered away. "Come, we'll show you the man who owns the circus!" After much scrambling and climbing on their part, the circus owner appeared, wearing a high silk hat.



Jamie had hardly time to bow politely, when all the letters tumbled apart and there stood a great, big elephant. But, goodness me! In another minute the elephant fell apart and again the

Letters shouted, "Follow us, Jamie!" and away they raced, and before he could stop he bumped into a tall giraffe.



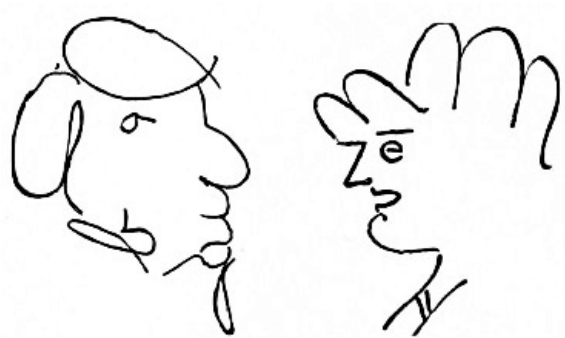
"Oh, what fun!" cried Jamie. "I wonder what will happen next?"

"Hello, my little man!" cried a voice close at hand. Jamie looked around and there stood the Alphabet Clown smiling at him.

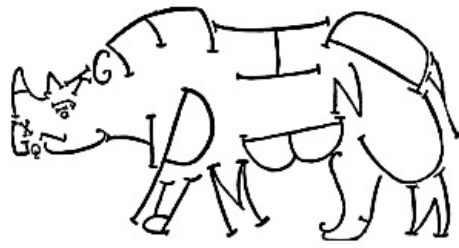
"How do you do, Sir!" answered Jamie.



"Here are the pictures of my two brothers," said the Alphabet Clown, showing Jamie two photographs; "there weren't enough letters to go around, so when I'm acting, I just show their pictures, and when they are acting, they show mine." No sooner had he finished speaking than the Alphabet Letters tumbled apart, and the clown disappeared.



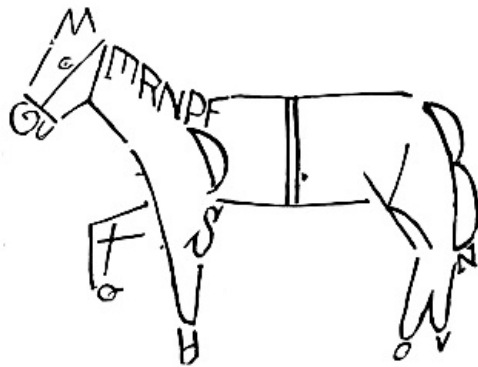
A big rhinoceros next came into view as the Alphabet Letters kept up their merry pranks. By this time, Jamie was hardly surprised at anything, his friends, the Alphabet Letters, were doing so many funny things.



"Tickets!" cried a voice at his side. A little Alphabet Man sitting on an Alphabet Chair looked at Jamie as if expecting him to hand over his ticket at once. Just as he was about to explain how the Letters had brought him to the circus, the little man fell apart, and all the Letters laughed and said, "Never mind your ticket, Jamie—follow us!"



"Bow-wow!" said the little Alphabet Dog as Jamie ran up to pat him. "Don't turn into letters just yet," he begged, giving the little dog a hug, but with a merry laugh the Letters jumped apart and Jamie saw a pretty horse, who lifted his right fore leg to shake hands with him. But the Alphabet Horse lasted no longer than the other animals, and the next instant a funny man, with a big E for his eye and nose and a capital C for his mouth and chin, and a big D for his cap, stood before him. A big V made the front of his coat and vest, and a capital I his back, while a large W and X made a pair of funny legs.



"I wonder who he is?" thought Jamie.

"I'm the Lion Tamer," answered the man, as if reading the little boy's thoughts.

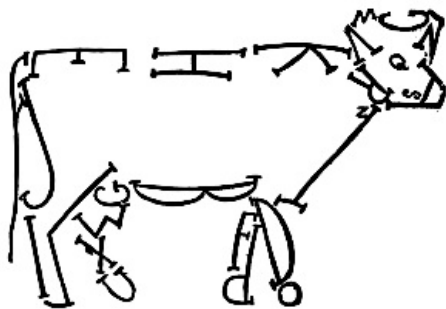
"Are you?" said Jamie. "I saw your lion the first thing—just as I came into the tent. Aren't you afraid you'll lose him?"



"I'm more afraid he'll lose me," replied the Lion Tamer. He was quite right, for at that instant the Alphabet Letters fell apart and a pretty girl stood in his place.



"I'm the Circus Queen, little Jamie," she said with a smile, and then she gave him an alphabet kiss, which looked just like the letter O, I guess. And then the Letters tumbled apart and the Circus Queen disappeared.



But they were not idle, these wonderful Alphabet Letters. They ran ahead for a little way and then, all of a sudden, arranged themselves into a beautiful white cow, which looked to Jamie very much like the one in Mr. Jones' big pasture.



"Where's Mother?" cried a loud voice, and Jamie saw a small elephant looking anxiously about. A big J made a most beautiful trunk, while a capital M served for two sturdy legs. An S made a nice tail, and the other letters finished his body very satisfactorily.

"You'd better hurry," advised Jamie, "or the first thing you know the Letters will get tired of making you an elephant, and turn into some other sort of animal."



And Jamie was right, for the next instant there was no little elephant, but instead, a quiet looking camel, with two big humps.

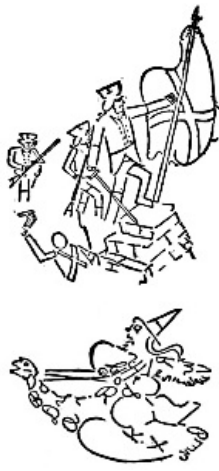
In a few minutes, the camel, too, disappeared, and the wonderful Alphabet Letters ran over to the other side of the tent, and the next thing Jamie saw was a funny little man whose make-up consisted of only a few big letters, but who nevertheless seemed a very important person. He stood just outside of a door over which was printed in big red letters,

“ALPHABET
MOVING
PICTURE
SHOW”



"Come to the 'Alphabet Moving Pictures,'" he called out. "Come and see 'Alphabet Movies!'" Upon a big white screen the letters of the alphabet arranged themselves into a wonderful picture of Washington Crossing the Delaware. Jamie clapped his hands. Then the next picture came along, as his friends, the Alphabet Letters, jumped down and without any confusion re-arranged themselves. The next picture was very wonderful—George Washington planting the British Flag at Fort Duquesne. Jamie made up his mind to ask Mother when he got home all about it. In a jiffy, the Letters again fell apart, and a picture, which little Jamie could understand much better, was shown. "Hurray! Mother Goose!" shouted Jamie, kicking up his feet so high that down fell the big white circus tent, and he awoke to find himself in his own little bed, with his feet up underneath the sheet, holding it up just like the tent where the Alphabet Letters had done all the funny things.





Jamie rubbed his eyes, just as Mother came in. "Well, I guess I'll know my alphabet to-day," he said. After breakfast he told Mother where he had been, and when she asked him to say his alphabet, he recited it without a miss.

"Wasn't it lucky I went to the circus with the "'Alphabet Letters'?" he asked, and Mother said it certainly was.

LITTLE SIR CAT

Little Sir Cat Tries to Comfort Bo-Peep

Often while with the soldiers Little Sir Cat thought of his dear home at the castle and the quiet silver moat full of silver fish that darted here and there in the sparkling water, and maybe he wished he was back at the castle, but he was too brave a kitten to say so, you may be sure.

Day after day they drilled and marched, and at last they came up with the enemy again and there was a dreadful battle and, when it was all over, Little Sir Cat found himself at the edge of a wood with a bullet wound in his leg. He couldn't march any more, so they left him alone with his little drum, and when night came down he was faint and hungry and very miserable.



LITTLE SIR CAT TRIES TO COMFORT BO-PEEP

Well, by and by, when the big moon was high in the sky, and all was quiet, except for a little breeze that wouldn't go to sleep, but played hide and seek among the leaves on the tall dark trees, a little owl said to him:

*"Cheer up, little comrade,
And beat your little drum,
For nothing now shall hurt you*

*Since I to you have come,
For I will bring you comfort,
So never, never fear.
Cheer up, little comrade,
For help is very near."*

And when morning came Little Jenny Wren gave him a wonderful herb that cured his leg in less than five hundred short seconds. So he started off again on his journey and pretty soon he met Little Bo Peep. "I've lost my sheep and cannot tell where to find them."

"Leave them alone and they'll come home, bringing their tails behind them," shouted Little Boy Blue, as he passed by with his bright yellow horn hung over his shoulder. "My sheep get into the meadow every day and my cows get in the corn, but they always come home at night, bringing their tails behind them."

"That's because you wake up in time to blow your horn," answered Bo Peep between her sobs; "but I've no horn and—boo, hoo—no more sheep and little lambs—boo, hoo"—

"Don't cry, I'll help you find them," said Little Sir Cat.

Well, they hadn't gone very far when they saw little pieces of wool clinging to the bramble bushes.

"Here are their little tails!" shouted Bo Peep. "They can't be far away!" And sure enough, in a few minutes they saw the sheep and the little lambs in a meadow.

*Oh, Little Bo Peep
Has found her sheep
And now she'll take care to mind them.
No more will they roam,
For she'll lead them home
Bringing their tails behind them.*

And pretty soon you will find another story about Little Sir Cat—

*Unless you lose this pretty book
And cannot find it tho' you look
Inside the silver sugar bowl
And down the cellar in the coal.*



TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON Pub. by Nat. Art Co., N. Y.

THE LITTLE WHITE HOUSE ON THE HILL

It was the night before Christmas. Outside a cold wind blew the snow about in clouds, penetrating the cracks and chinks of the little old white house on the hill. Before the small fire of driftwood, which tried its best to warm the little bare room, sat Mrs. Whitcomb, wondering sadly where the money was to come from to buy the turkey for the dinner the next day.

Mrs. Whitcomb's eyes filled with tears as she remembered the happy Christmas of a few years previous, when the children's father was alive. Just then an excited ejaculation from Madge in the doorway startled her.

"Mother, dear!" she cried, running in, followed by Billy, "I've just been thinking of that story you read to us last year about the money that was stored away behind the old family portrait over the mantelpiece. Don't you remember how it fell down when the little boy, who was locked in the closet for being naughty, kicked the closet door till everything shook and shook; and then down fell the portrait, and the bags of money just emptied themselves all over the floor?"

"I'll be the bad boy if you want to put me in the closet," offered Billy. Mrs. Whitcomb looked up with a sad smile, as she took Madge in her lap and placed an arm around him.

"Suppose we make believe the old mirror is a portrait," she said.

"And I'll make believe I'm naughty," added Billy. "It will be the first time I've ever had to make believe!"

Madge jumped off her lap and ran to the closet. "Come, mother," she called, "make Billy go inside!" In a moment he was shut in, and even Mrs. Whitcomb began to laugh, for Billy's acting was almost as real as if he had indeed been a bad boy and was undergoing a just punishment. One of the candlesticks tumbled over on top of the tiny mahogany box, knocking it off upon the floor. It broke open on the hearthstone, and as Mrs. Whitcomb stooped to pick up the broken pieces she uttered a cry of joy.

"Come here!" she called, "come, see what I've found," and she held up a five-dollar gold piece before Madge's delighted eyes.

"Oh, mother, darling!" screamed Madge, "where did it come from?"

"What's the matter? Let me out!" yelled Billy from the depths of the closet; "let me out! What's the matter?"

Madge rushed over to the closet, but in her excitement found it difficult to turn the key.

"What's it all about?" cried Billy.

"Oh, Billy," gasped Madge, as she twisted and turned the handle, "what do you think? Mother has found a five-dollar gold piece!"

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs. Whitcomb, after the noise and excitement had subsided, "how in the world I ever forgot that I put that money away for safe keeping in that little box years ago is beyond me. But I did, and it isn't a dream!"

"No, indeed, mother!" cried Madge, pinching the gold piece, "it's as real as can be!"

"Let's all go down to the village and get the dinner things," suggested Billy.

By the time the celery and vegetables, the nuts and raisins, together with the big, fat turkey, were safely packed, the basket was fairly bulging over.

"Oh, what a feast we'll have tomorrow," gasped Madge. They set the heavy basket down before the mantel-piece, as mother closed the outer door and came in. "What a jolly dinner! I'm so glad Billy and I got to talking before going to bed. Wasn't it lucky I remembered that story?"

"Yes, indeed," answered mother, smiling away, as she unpacked the basket and stowed away all the good things in safe places until the next day.

"Just like a play," volunteered Billy, "with me as the hero!"

"With Madge as the author," said mother.

"Right you are, mother dear," answered Billy, "only without the great acting on the hero's part there would never have been any success to the play. That closet wasn't such a joke after all!"

"No, indeed," laughed Madge, "you shall have the wishbone for your reward, Mr. Hero Actor."

A LITTLE GIRL'S DIARY

Wednesday

*I love her on a Wednesday
When she kneads the snowy dough,
For the dimples in her elbows
Make such a pretty show.*

Wednesday, as soon as I get back from school, if cook is making bread I beg her to let me have some of the dough, and then Dolly sits by me while I make it into all sorts of pretty little cakes and things, and put it in the oven in the stove—I mean, of course, the doll house stove, for the kitchen is all fitted up with everything just like a real kitchen. There is a big dresser, and shelves full of tin pans, and crockery. There is a cunning, little towel on a wooden roller, and a sink with faucets, and real water. The range is heated by electricity and really cooks the cakes, only Dolly and I don't eat them, for mother says our cook's are better, so we eat little pieces of cookies instead.

Of course, if it is a nice day, I go out to the park on my roller skates, or take my hoop, but I usually get time before I go to help Dolly with her household duties.

*The Man in the Moon,
Came down too soon,
And asked his way to Norwich.
In his crescent machine,
Made of cheese so green,
He drove off after his porridge.*



HOW JAMIE PLAYED TROUBADOUR



Jamie had received a violin for Christmas, much to his delight, for he was very fond of music and wanted to learn to play the violin more than any instrument he could think of—even his big drum, which sometimes he would beat with all his might after a long, long lesson on his violin.

When New Year's Day came he made up his mind that he would make believe he was a little troubadour. So he tucked his beloved violin under his arm and set gaily forth. On the next block lived a little girl named Rosalie, of whom Jamie was very fond. When he reached the house in which she lived, he stopped before the big parlor window which was quite close to the sidewalk, and, taking his violin from under his arm, commenced to play. Very soon, who should come to the window but little Rosalie herself, and as soon as she saw Jamie she opened the window and leaned out.

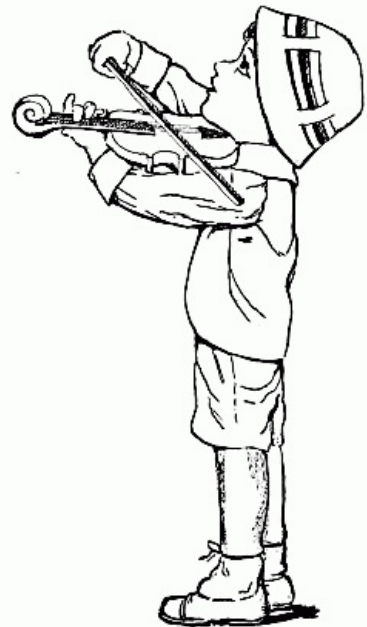
"Why, Jamie," she cried, "are you playing for money?"

"No," replied Jamie, quite indignantly, "I'm playing for *you*."

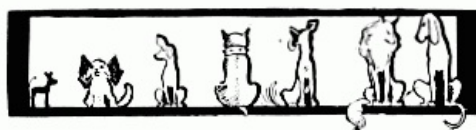
"How lovely," answered Rosalie, "and how beautifully you play!"

Jamie's face became quite red when she said this, and he almost made a mistake in the music. But he kept on playing, and very soon there was quite a crowd around him. Just then an old gentleman said, "Look out, little Juliet—you may catch cold!"

"Why, it's Grandpapa," cried Rosalie, and in another minute he and Rosalie were pulling the little musician and his beloved violin into the house, where they all had a merry New Year's afternoon, with cake and ice cream.



FRIENDS OF OURS



When did human beings first begin to love dogs? So long ago that we have forgotten just when it all started, but some of the oldest writers and artists whose works have been preserved up to the present time have left us words or pictures which show that the dog is a very ancient friend of man.

Little Egyptian boys and girls, playing on the banks of the Nile, probably loved their dogs as well as Brooklyn children love theirs. In that old country the dog was particularly well liked, and it is said that when a family dog died all the people of the household shaved themselves. This was

an expression of mourning, and was a mark of respect for the dog.

Egyptians had a special reason for honoring the animal which has always been used as a symbol of faithfulness. In lower Egypt the prosperity of the people depended upon the Nile River. Every year it overflowed its banks, giving the dry land a much needed drink and making possible the raising of different crops. The people watched for the overflow with great anxiety, fearing that it would not take place. At the time of year when the overflow was due a certain star appeared in the sky, which we know as Sirius. When they saw that the Egyptians drove their cattle to high pastures and left the lowland to be watered by the river. In time the people began to associate the constant appearance of the star with the overflow which meant so much to them, and they began to think that the star watched over them, as a good dog watches the home of its master. So they called the star the "Dog Star" and worshipped it, and also lavished a great deal of love on all.

LITTLE STORIES OF FAMOUS ANIMALS

How a Cow Set Fire to a Big City

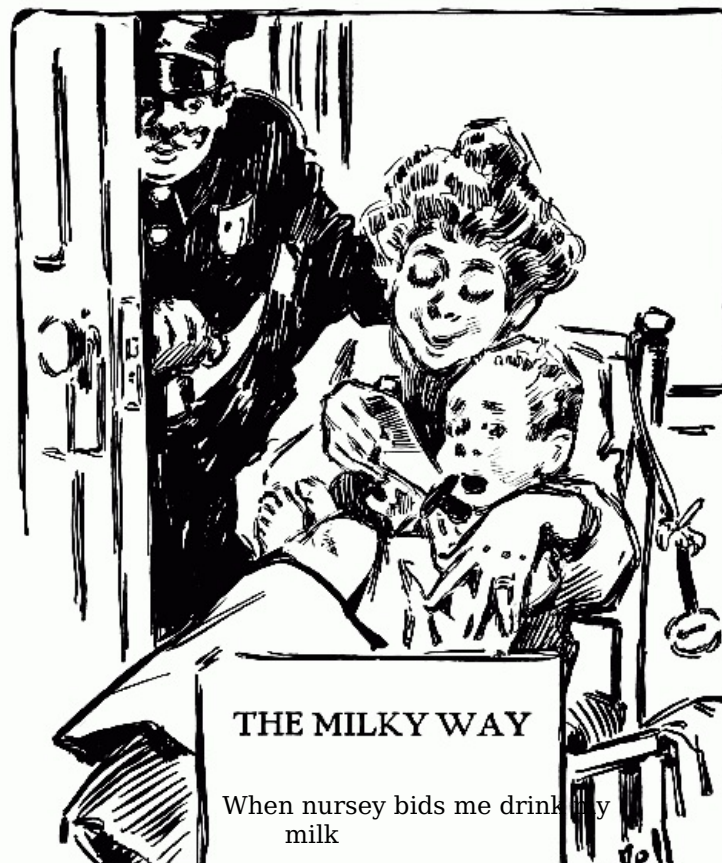
It is said that Nero, when he was Emperor of Rome, set fire to the city, and watched the flames from a high tower, while he sang to his lyre verses on the burning of Troy. He then laid the blame on the Christians, whom he persecuted with great cruelty. Afterwards he rebuilt the ruined portion of Rome with great magnificence, erecting a beautiful palace for himself on the Palatine Hill, which was called Nero's golden house.

This was all very long ago, for he killed himself with a dagger in the year 68 when, after many cruel deeds, the Senate condemned him to death.

In 1871 there lived in Chicago, Illinois, a woman named Annie O'Leary who has since become known throughout the country as the owner of the cow that set fire to Chicago. One evening this cow, while being milked, became unruly, and kicked over a kerosene lamp. Soon the whole city of Chicago was in flames and Mrs. O'Leary's cow probably rang her cowbell quite as frantically as did the Emperor Nero complacently fiddle while his beautiful city was burning.

Though Chicago was destroyed by one of the most terrible fires in the world, the city was rebuilt in a year or two, even better than before. Prior to the fire, it was one of the newest cities in the country, for in 1830 there were only a few families there besides the soldiers in the fort which Uncle Sam had built in 1804.

So you see the people were not discouraged, although Mrs. O'Leary's cow had burned up their beautiful city.





It gurgles down my throat
Just like the gurgle of the waves
Beneath a sailing boat.



COASTING

Hip-hurrah! away they go
Gliding over the glittering snow,
Down the hill at a furious rate,
Over the lawn and out through the gate.
Jimmy in front is squeezed pretty tight,
But what does he care,—he's safe all right!
Billy, the motorman, guides the wheel
Which steers the sled on its runners of steel.
Flossie is cuddled up next to Bill,
And last on the sled is Sister Jill.
Hip-hurrah! as on they glide,
Isn't it lots of fun to slide?
Up again to the top of the hill
Dragging the sled for Motorman Bill.
Then once more they get into place,
All aboard! for another race.
What is more fun I'd like to know
Than coasting over the glittering snow.

A LITTLE GIRL'S DIARY

Thursday

*I love her on a Thursday
When she darns a gap that shows
In the sombre socks of Father
Or Brother's careless hose.*

Thursday, Mother teaches me how to mend. She says that every little girl should know these things. Father gives me a penny for every hole I mend in his socks, and brother Jack gives me little presents; once he gave me a whole set of furniture which he had cut out with his fretsaw.

There is one nice thing about Dolly—she very seldom has a hole in her stocking. If she did, I hardly know what I would do, for Father and Jack keep me pretty busy—at least, Mother laughs and says they do. Learning all the accomplishments of a grown-up woman is pretty hard work, and, really, I often wonder how I'll ever get any time for play in the park. Mother, however, finishes lots of my duties so that I shan't miss my regular hours in the open air with my friends.

LITTLE SIR CAT

Little Sir Cat and Mary in the Garden

*"Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?"
Sang Little Sir Cat
As he doffed his hat
To the cockle-shells all in a row.*

It was a lovely garden, full of flowers and shrubs, and in one corner was a little girl playing with pretty shells on a pile of sand.

"Come in and play with me," she said. So he jumped over the garden wall, but he didn't stay very long, for he wished to find his fortune, you know.

Well, after a while, as he journeyed on he came to a bridge, and, all of a sudden, whom should he meet but Sir Launcelot of the Lake, that noble knight whom you remember he had met a long time ago. And when Sir Launcelot had reined in his great charger he cried out in a loud voice:



LITTLE SIR CAT AND MARY IN THE
GARDEN

"Come with me, Kitten!" So Little Sir Cat sprang up lightly behind the noble knight and together they rode across the bridge and out upon the King's Highway. And after they had gone for many miles, they came across Little Miss Muffet who sat on a tuffet. But this time she wasn't running away from the big cruel spider who had sat down beside her.

"Whither are you bound, little maid?" asked the knight. And then without waiting for an answer he leaned over and lifted her up into the saddle beside Little Sir Kitten. And wasn't she glad to see our little traveler again? Well, if you had only been there you would have laughed with joy, for she was so happy that she hugged him again and again.

After a while they came to an old mill where the rusty, dusty miller ground the corn for the farmers. "Please let me down here," said little Miss Muffet, "for mother asked me to bring home some meal." So the kind knight pulled in his great steed and Little Miss Muffet ran into the mill.

But Sir Launcelot didn't wait, for he wasn't going back, you see, so he and Little Sir Cat called out good-by and went upon their way. And the sun shone down and glittered on the bright armor of the noble knight and pussy cat felt very proud to be riding with him.

"You shall go with me to King Arthur's Court," said Sir Launcelot, "for little friend Tom Thumb is with my good king and he has told all the knights what a good comrade you are."

Towards evening, they came to the Court of King Arthur where all the knights were eating their evening meal at the great round table. But when they heard the hoof beats of Sir Launcelot's great horse, they ran outside to greet him. Little Sir Kitten was taken into the great dining hall and placed on the right hand of King Arthur and merry was the feast that followed, for they had all heard of brave Little Sir Cat and loved him and Mother Goose, although they had grown up to be great strong knights.

And pretty soon you will find another story—unless—

*The friendly clock upon the wall
Should strike out three times playing ball.*

LILY'S CIRCUS

Captain Morton was an officer in the United States Army and for many years had lived in the far west—that wonderful country where the sun blazes down upon miles of grassy prairie, undulating to the horizon as if it were a great heaving sea, the little hillocks rising like dark waves upon its surface.

Over those vast plains roved the Indians, hunting antelopes, wolves, etc. At these times the "red man" looks his best; mounted on his swift pony, his gaudy blanket and bright feathers gleaming in the sunshine, his long black hair streaming in the wind, he seems truly the "noble savage."

To control these savages, soldiers were needed on the plains, to prevent war parties from dashing into little frontier villages, stealing horses and cattle, burning barns and houses and murdering the people who were trying to cultivate the prairies, to turn the great plains of dry, burnt grass into fields of wheat and beautiful green meadows.

All Indians are not wicked; but the tribe near which Captain Morton was stationed was extremely wild and cruel, and refused to live on friendly terms with white people.

All day and all night the "tom-tom," or big drum, was being beaten by the Indians; for the time I am telling you of was just after that dreadful battle, when the great Indian chief, Sitting Bull, killed brave General Custer and half of his noble regiment of cavalry. This success had made all the other Indians very fierce and restless, and the small garrison of which Captain Morton had command were kept busy day and night ready for attack.

But Lily, Captain Morton's little daughter, did not trouble herself about danger. She was not allowed to go out of the garrison inclosure, but she played with her chickens and her little pony, which her father had bought and trained for her. Its name was Tecumseh Sherman, after the general of the army, but Lily called it Tic for short. It soon followed her in and out of the log house and wherever she went, and showed a most decided liking for anything of a red color. When Lily wore a red dress, Tic would take a fold in his mouth and pull her about, and even knock her down in his play, for he never meant to hurt her. In the evening Lily's little sidesaddle was put on Tic, and she would gallop over the prairie with her father.

One morning Lily rushed into the house calling out:

"Mama, mama, here's a circus! Come and see! It's right outside the door!"

Sure enough, just outside the garrison was a great crowd of gayly dressed people, and near the front were six girls mounted on ponies, the saddles beautifully embroidered with beads, and fine large umbrellas over their heads made of red, white and blue cloth. These were princesses, daughters of the great chief of the tribe. Lily ever after talked of them as the "six Pocahontases."

A LITTLE GIRL'S DIARY

Friday

I love her on a Friday

*When the house is upside down
And her golden hair is muffled
In a twisted turban brown.*

Friday is the last of school for the week, and Saturday is coming. There are two reasons why I like Friday. One is that it is the last day of school week, and the other—because tomorrow is Saturday.

I do just about the same things on Friday, that is, school as usual, and then a romp or walk in the park, rolling my hoop or skating on my rollers. But at home I'm very busy. It's doll's house cleaning day, and oh, dear me! I have to brush it out from attic to kitchen. It is a lot of work, for all the rooms have carpets or hardwood floors with little rugs, and everything must be dusted thoroughly. I do my hair up just as regular grown-up cleaners do, and by and by Dolly's house is all done. For a little girl it is hard work, and Mother says she thinks I will make a fine housekeeper when I grow up. I hope I won't get another doll's house next Christmas, for I don't see how I could run two houses at once.

LILY AND THE PAPOOSE

"This is 'Annuity Day,' Lily," said her father. "Get your hat and we will go and see the Indians get their clothes and provisions for the next year."

"What is 'Annuity'?" asked Lily. "Is it Indian for birthday?"

"Well, yes, it is sort of a birthday, for the United States Government gives a good many presents that day to the Indians—food and clothes for the men, women and children for a whole year."

"Well, let's go," said Lily, "and I'll just touch one of those papooses with my own hand if I get near enough. I think they are just dolls. No real, live baby would stay quiet tied on a board and fastened up all in a bunch to its mother's back. They do wink their eyes, that's certain; but I can make my Rosy wink her eyes, too, only I have to pull a wire to get her to shut them."

So off started Lily with her papa, and soon they came to an open space, in the center of which was a great pile of blankets, clothing, bacon, flour, corn, coffee, sugar, tobacco and many other things which good Uncle Sam gives once a year to his "wards," the Indians. Around this pile of things sat a large circle of Indians, men, women and children. The men were, as a general rule, well dressed in tight leggins, with strips of gay bead embroidery down the sides; deerskin or calico shirts fringed with tiny bells and tassels of colored worsted and bright feathers in their scalp locks. The women wore flannel pantaloons and a single calico slip, and a blanket drawn over their heads.

Many of these wild people had never seen a little white girl before. They gazed at Lily's fair skin and long bright hair with great interest. One old man wrapped in a buffalo robe advanced waving his covering like some immense bird flapping its wings. When he got near Lily he stood still, saying:

"Washta papoose! Washta papoose!" (Pretty child! Pretty child!) and held out his hand, saying: "Howe-howe?" (How do you do?)

And now Lily found a good opportunity to decide whether the funny little objects on the Indian women's backs were dolls or "really babies."

While the Indian agent and his clerks were busily distributing the "annuities," giving to the chief of each band the allowance for himself and his family, Lily went up very close to the squaw who had a black-eyed bundle tied upon her back, and stood for several minutes absorbed in contemplation.

"Is that a real, live baby, ma'am, or a doll you keep for your little girl?" asked Lily very politely.

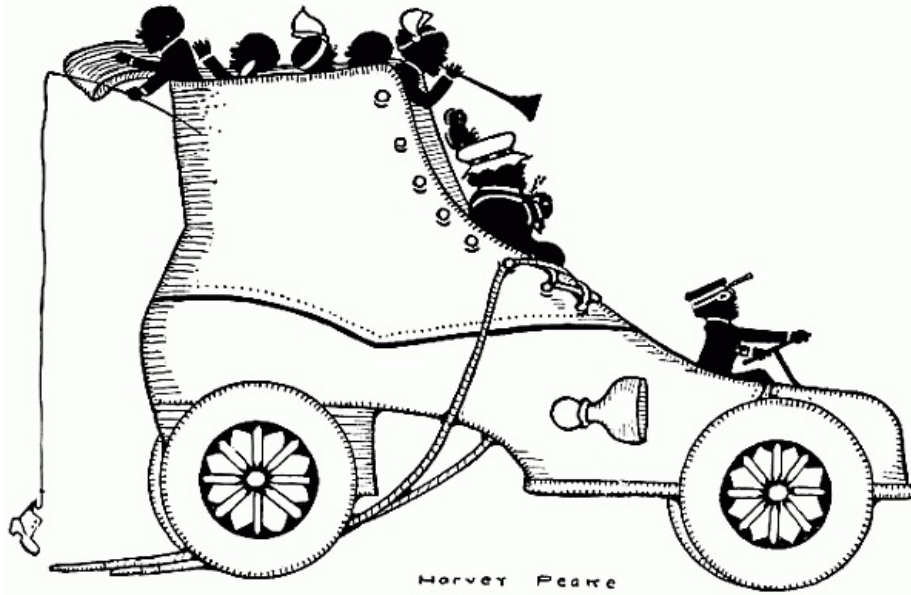
The squaw, of course, did not understand a word she said, and only responded: "Ugh! Howe! Washta papoose!" as a general expression of her good will. So Lily presently put out her hand very softly and touched the bundle.

What a scream! Even the dignified chiefs turned their plumed heads to find out what the cause of the noise could be.

There was the papoose shrieking on its mother's back, proving most positively its claim to be considered a "real, live baby," and there was a drop of bright red blood on its little brown arm. Lily had stuck a pin in the Indian baby to find out if it was alive or not.

Poor little girl! She stood frightened and trembling, crimson blushes on her cheeks, and two great tears just brimming over her eyes. Not until she had made a peace offering of candy to the baby, and left it contentedly sucking away at a peppermint stick, could she be consoled and interested once more in the strange scenes around her.

*There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do.
But she mounted the shoe
On a big motor car,
And now there is room
For them all without jar.*



LITTLE SIR CAT

Little Sir Cat Meets Jack and Jill

*Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.*

As Little Sir Cat came to a pretty cottage, a yellow bird sang this Old Mother Goose song. And just then a little girl and boy ran out of the front door, and said:

"Mother, come see a cat with red top boots!"

"Don't wait, children. Get me a pail of water, for father will be home soon for dinner."

*So Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
But, oh, dear me, I hate to tell
They spilt the water when they fell.*

And poor Little Sir Cat's boots were spattered all over. But he didn't care, for the big warm sun soon dried them, and he set off once again on his journey through Mother Goose Country, and by-and-by he came to a giant's castle on a big high mountain.



LITTLE SIR CAT MEETS JACK AND JILL

"Come in," said the great big man. "You can sleep in my fur cap—it will make you a fine bed."

When Little Sir Cat woke up in the morning the sun was shining through the window and it was time to get up. So he hurriedly dressed, for he didn't know what time the Giant had breakfast and he didn't dare be late, and ran down to the dining room, where the Giant was just about to eat his buckwheat cakes and maple syrup. After they had finished, the Giant took him out to the stables and showed him all his horses. "I have a very small horse which I will give you," he said, and he led Little Sir Cat into another stable. There stood Dapple Gray, only, of course, he seemed like a little toy to the Giant, for his other horses were all giant horses, you see. And wasn't Sir Cat glad to see the little pony? Well, I guess he was, for he was tired walking and one of his boots had a hole in the toe.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you, little master," whinnied Dapple Gray, as Little Sir Cat untied the halter and jumped on his back.

Well, after a while as he rode down the mountain he came to a little cottage all covered with climbing rose vines. In this cottage lived a shepherd and his wife who tended the sheep in the big meadow close by. "Are they little Bo Peep's?" asked Little Sir Cat; but the kind-faced shepherd said no, so Little Sir Cat rode on, and pretty soon you will hear what happened to the poor Lady Bug, *unless*

*The Sun tomorrow morning
Should go upon a strike,
And want a penny extra
To do his daily hike!*

A BELL TALE



There was an old sheep
With a bell on his tail.
It rang with a clatter
And clanged with a wail.

Whenever that poor little sheep
Hove in sight
The birds and the beasts
Disappeared in a fright.

HOW A TORTOISE KILLED A GREAT POET

There was once a boy in olden times who dreamed that he could write verses, and the dream came true, and he became a very famous writer. And the way it happened was that this boy, whose name was Æschylus, fell asleep one day while guarding the grapes in a vineyard. He dreamed that Bacchus, the god of the vine, came and told him that he could write poetry. Immediately he awoke and tried, and to his delight he found out that it was true.

He kept on writing, and afterwards became very famous. In those days prizes were given for the best tragedies, and at the age of 41 he won his first prize. He wrote, also, many wonderful plays, and for many years was esteemed one of the greatest of tragic poets.

When quite an old man, he was sitting in a field, plunged in deep thought. An eagle, which was flying overhead, mistook his bald head for a stone and dropped the tortoise which it was carrying in its claws to break its shell. The force of the blow killed the famous poet and warrior, who had fought in the Battle of Marathon and received great honors for his bravery as well as thirteen prizes for his tragedies. He might have written a great many more if the eagle had not dropped the tortoise.

EASTER ON A FARM

Finding Eggs Is Much Fun, but Hiding Them First Is More Fun

Easter was coming in a week and Donald, Elizabeth and Ruth were going to invite their two cousins to an Easter Egg Hunt.

Their mother had agreed to give them one egg out of every six which they brought in to Mary, their good-natured cook, and it was surprising how many egg nests these industrious little folks discovered in out-of-the-way places around the big barn and the farm buildings.

In fact the family had never been so plentifully supplied with eggs before, and their mother laughingly remarked that she thought it would be a good plan to continue the arrangement indefinitely, to which the children gave their hearty consent.

The day before Easter they had almost two dozen. With the help of their mother they dissolved the various colored powders which they had purchased at the drug store and poured the liquid into several tins. It was great fun boiling the eggs in green water, or yellow water, or blue water,

as the case might be, and after they were all done, what a pretty pile of rainbow-colored eggs!

"Old Speckle and Rosy Comb wouldn't know what to make of them now, would they?" remarked little Ruth.

"No," answered Donald, "I wonder if we'd get a pink rooster if this one was hatched!" he added, jokingly, holding up a brilliant carmine egg.

"Well, let's hide them; you hide yours first, Ruth, 'cause you're the youngest. Remember, for goodness sake, where you put them in case we can't find them."

You see, the game was for each one to hide his share, and when all the eggs were hidden they were to invite their two cousins over and everybody was to hunt as fast as he could, except, of course, for his own eggs, so as to get as many as possible, for "findings were keepings."

It took little Ruth quite a while to hide hers. She put a big red egg carefully in the oat bin and covered it over with oats. The next one she put deep down in the bran bin, and then she looked around for another safe place. There was father's old coat hanging on a nail by the harness room. In the pocket nearest her she slipped a green egg carefully lest it fall through a possible hole in the well-worn garment, but the lining was sound and the egg was safe out of sight.

The door of the harness room was ajar. Ruth stepped inside and looked around. The very thing! An old tin can stood half-hidden in the corner behind a pile of rubbish. In went the purple egg, and now she had only two left.

"What shall I do?" said Ruth to herself. Just then an old lantern hanging on the wall met her eyes, and in a moment she had carefully lifted the dingy shade and placed an egg inside. Only one egg was now left, and soon that was tucked away behind an old picture advertising harness, which rested on a beam running along the side of the wall.

"No one must hunt for his own eggs," said Donald. "Then it will be fair for all. All ready!" and away they went.

The two cousins had been told that the barn, the wagon house and the orchard were the places where the eggs were hidden, and in a few minutes a yell was heard in the barn. Dan had discovered Ruth's green egg in the overcoat pocket.

"I've got one!" screamed Ruth from the wagon house, as she pulled out a yellow beauty from under the seat of the old buggy. Then a shout was heard from Donald, and the can in the corner of the harness room gave up its prize.

"Who'll get the last one?" Here and there they ran, looking with the utmost care, but the little egg still defied the hunters. "Let's give up and let Donald have it," they at last agreed, and Donald, proudly marching up to a big cherry tree, from a crotch of a limb just above their reach picked out a red egg, the only one that had resisted successfully all efforts of capture.



WHEN ROBIN RED-BREAST ARRIVES

Everybody loves Robin Redbreast. Who of us in early spring is not gladdened by the sight of this red waistcoated little chap hopping about on the lawn? But few of us stop to think that our robin is totally unlike the English robin, the dear old Robin Redbreast of nursery days; he who covered with leaves the Babes in the Wood and was shot by the Sparrow with his little arrow!

The Redbreast of Europe is only half the size of our robin, being about five inches and three-quarters from the tip of its bill to the end of its tail feathers. Its color is a yellowish olive-brown. The throat and breast are of a reddish orange color, and this gives to him the name of Redbreast.

They remain all the year round, and when the fields and gardens are covered with snow, making it difficult for them to obtain food they come up to the door steps, picking up the crumbs which are thrown to them. When they are well treated they soon become very familiar and make themselves quite at home, entering the cottage door and often roosting confidently over night in the warm kitchens. Their trust and confidence have made friends for them everywhere and they become domestic pets in almost every country in Europe. Their song is sweet and plaintive and is heard from early spring until late in the autumn. In this respect they are very like our own bluebird.

English books of natural history are full of interesting narratives of the beautiful confidence in man shown by the Redbreast in selecting a place for its nest.

Our pair chose for their nest a shelf in a schoolroom in which there were seventy children and

directly over the heads of a little class of girls, who never once disturbed them. One of the little birds died and the parents carried out its dead body during school hours. The other four little robins were fed and reared, day by day, in the presence of the seventy children. Do you wonder that the boys and girls of England are so fond of their Robin Redbreast?

The robin of North America belongs to a very different family—that of the thrushes. It is nearly twice the length of the English bird and more than twice its size. Audubon calls it the Migratory Thrush, because it leaves us when winter comes on and does not return until the frost is out of the ground.

Like the robin of Europe, our bird also has a confiding disposition. It builds its nest early in the spring, long before there are any leaves to hide it. It is a devoted parent and when taken sufficiently young is easily tamed and becomes strongly attached to its benefactor.

With the coming of the first robin we feel sure that spring is here. Looking out of the window, we see our little friend with his red breast shining in the sunlight, singing his simple song of faith and hope.

AFTER MOTHER'S SAID GOOD NIGHT

When I'm in bed I feel so small,
And all the shadows seem so tall.
The little light out in the hall
A thin bright line throws on the wall;
 It squeezes thro' the crack between
 The half-closed door and nursery screen.

And after I have said my prayer
And mother's footstep on the stair
Grows fainter, fainter, fainter, there
Creeps over me a sort of scare;
 It prickles me from toe to head
 And seems to wiggle all the bed.

But if I cuddle down and keep
Real quiet, and don't kick my feet,
And have the clothes all smooth and neat,
Why, pretty soon I fall asleep;
 And then the fairies from their glen
 Play with me till it's day again.



LITTLE SIR CAT

The Fire-Engine

*Lady Bug, Lady Bug, fly away home;
Your house is on fire, your children are gone!*

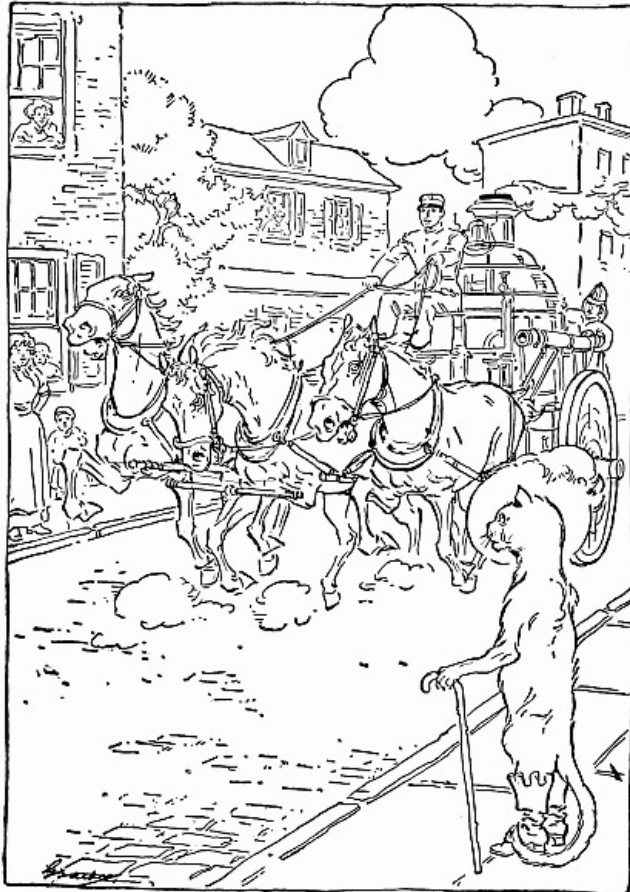
Sang the little yellow bird whose name I shall tell you some day when Little Sir Cat finishes his journey through Mother Goose Country.

And just then the fire engine went by, so he jumped up behind and away they went over a bridge across the River Dee near which the Jolly Miller on his pillow found a flea.

Well, pretty soon they came to a meadow in which a little bush was on fire. And right there close beside it, was the poor Lady Bug flapping her red wings wildly in fear and panic for hidden under the bush were all her little lady bugs.

"Oh, save my children!" she cried.

Little Sir Cat scrambled under the thicket but the brambles kept catching in his boot straps and pulling him back. So he kicked them off, taking care not to burn his bare toes on the hot stubbles, and carefully felt his way through the smoke until he finally reached the nest near the heart of the thicket. There lay all the Lady Bug's children, hundreds of them huddled together, frightened and smothered nearly to death.



THE FIRE ENGINE

"Oh, I hope they are not quite dead," he said, tenderly picking up the smallest one. "But what shall I do now? How can I carry them all out?"

Then, quick as a wink, before the fire reached him, he picked them all up and put them in his hat.

"Hurry, my brave fireman!" called the Mother Lady Bug; "save my treasures."

And in less time than I can take to tell it, he carried them out of danger.

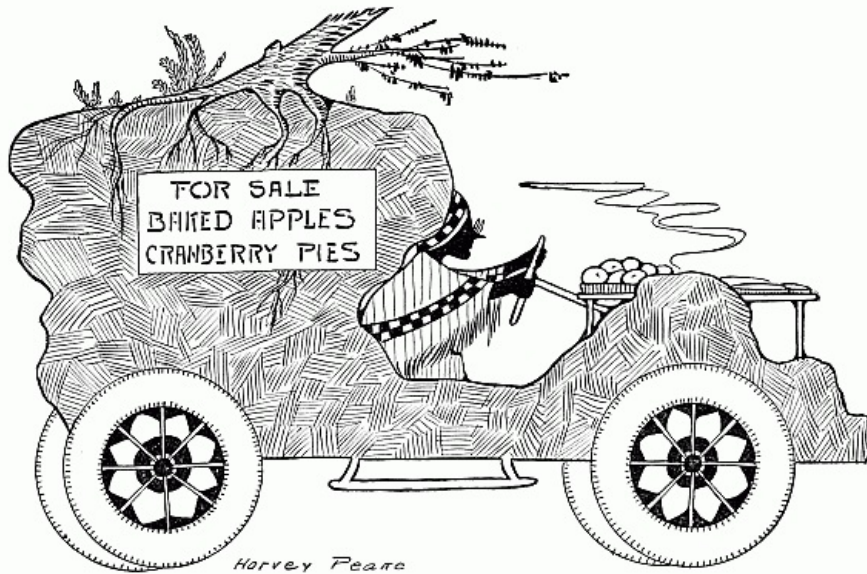
Just then up came Dapple Gray, so Little Sir Cat said good-by and rode away.

By-and-by, he whispered to Dapple Gray, "Yonder stands the lady who rode you far away. Do you want to run right by her, or do you want to stay behind this clump of bushes until she walks away?"

Dapple Gray made no reply. He stood perfectly still and didn't even peek around until the lady was out of sight. So that was answer enough for Little Sir Cat, and he rode off towards a little

church, for it was vesper time and the bell was ringing for the people to come to worship. Pretty soon the organ began to play, so he stopped to listen, and so did the stars and the big moon up in the sky. They didn't move, but shone right down on the little white building. After a while he got down and led Dapple Gray into a grove of trees and lay down on some leaves for the night. And pretty soon you shall hear how he and his pony had another adventure,—unless—

*A giant goes down the street for a stroll,
And thinks a peppermint stick is a barber's pole.*



There was an old woman lived under a hill
On auto'bile wheels that wouldn't stand still.
So she drove around selling her cranberry pies,—
And she's the old woman who never told lies.

The Little Goose-Girl

Many years ago there lived a little goose-girl named Helena. Every morning at sunrise she left the hut where her mother lived, and trudged away in the midst of her flock of geese. All day long she stayed in the fields with them to see that they did not wander away, and in the evening she brought them back to the village.

The hamlet she lived in was very small, and Helena had the care of all the geese in the place. Ten of the flock belonged to her mother, the rest belonged to the neighbors.

Helena was almost as fat as the fattest goose in her flock. Over her plump, freckled face she wore a flat cap, and her flaxen hair in two long braids down her back. Her waist was black, without any sleeves and opened in the front, while the sleeves of her smock were full and long. Her skirt was very short and full, and plaited all around the waist. In summer she went barefooted, but in winter she wore thick stockings and wooden shoes.

She carried in her hand a long stick, with which to manage her goose family, but she was kind-hearted and never struck them hard. Her little dog, Hero, helped her keep them in order. He was so well trained that when they wandered away, he would bark and snap at them until he frightened them back.



Every morning at sunrise the geese waited in front of the huts for Helena. Amid a great squawking and hissing they were collected from door to door, and when the flock was all gathered, Helena drove them off to the feeding ground, a low flat marshy place, near the river, where they delighted to waddle in the greenish pools and coarse grasses.

Helena had collected a pile of stones on a dry spot which was a little higher than the marshy ground around it, and here she would sit on her throne, like a queen looking over her goose kingdom.

When dinner time came, she would take from a basket a slice of very coarse bread, almost black, a piece of cheese, or a slice of thick, raw sausage. When she had finished eating, she would take from the same basket her spinning, and with her distaff she twirled the thread around and drew it through her fingers. This was the old-fashioned way of spinning, and even now one often sees girls and women with their distaffs spinning in the fields while they watch their cows or sheep or geese.

There were many beautiful flowers growing in the marshy land, and when Helena grew tired of spinning, she gathered violets and forget-me-nots. She would make a wreath of blue lilies and yellow dandelions and hang it about her neck. Sometimes she would make a collar for her dog, and once she made a wreath for a pet gander, but he twisted his long neck and ate up the flowers, at which Helena laughed, showing that she was a happy little girl, although she did have to tend the geese all day.

RISING TIME



Pussy's asleep, and the little gray mouse
Is looking about the quiet house.
But oh, dear me! If Pussy should wake
The little mouse wouldn't get any cake.

FEBRUARY

Dear Boys and Girls—Did it ever occur to you that February is a famous month, for in it were born two of the greatest men that ever lived, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln?

Perhaps the determination of Washington never to allow himself to be discouraged in the face of tremendous difficulties and treachery stands out as one of the biggest factors in his character.

Looking back through history every boy as he gazes on the face of Washington feels a thrill of pride; the Father of His Country, the man who never told a lie, the man who never admitted there was such a word as "fail."

And when we turn to Lincoln, who in the crisis of our country's welfare stood like a rock and brought order out of chaos, preserved the Union, "now and forever," and, with "malice toward none," brought the men of the North and the men of the South under the Stars and Stripes again as brothers—we find the Savior of our Country.

For the boy of to-day two such men as Washington and Lincoln are an inspiration. Human nature was just the same in those days as now—politics were just as corrupt and morals just as bad—but each of those men shone out with the attributes of greatness—courage, honesty and truth.

And for the girl of to-day who realizes how the mothers of those two men gave to this country each a hero; how those mothers by early training and instruction brought their boys up to reverence courage and honesty and truth, there is an inspiration; for the sweetest word that is murmured in the nursery or whispered in prayer on the battlefield is Mother.



LITTLE STORIES OF FAMOUS ANIMALS

How the Geese Saved Rome

The Capitol in the city of Rome was built on a high, steep hill called the Tarpeian Rock. When in 390 B. C. the Gauls entered Rome, after having defeated the Roman Army, most of the citizens fled, except a few who had taken refuge on this steep hill. One very dark night, the Gauls attempted to climb the steepest part and capture the Capitol. The Roman sentinels were all fast asleep, and the enemy had nearly reached the top, when suddenly some geese began to cackle and raise a great hub-bub. The noise awakened a Roman soldier named Marcus Manlius, who rushed out to the spot just in time to throw down the Gauls and save the Capitol.

After this, the Gauls agreed to leave the city for a thousand pounds of gold, but the Romans took so long to weigh it, that Camillus arrived with a big army just in time. "Rome buys her

freedom with iron!" he cried, and attacking the Gauls, drove them out in great confusion. But if it hadn't been for the geese, who were wide awake and not sound asleep like the Roman sentinels, Rome would have been captured that dark night by the Gauls.

THE CARNIVAL

Let us make believe we are in Nice during Carnival time and are hastening to the Promenade du Cours, up and down which the procession is to pass.

First, however, I shall buy for you each a little blue gauze mask; for you cannot even peep at Carnival unmasked. And if any of you can wear linen dusters with hoods attached, all the better. Don't leave a square inch of skin unprotected, I warn you.

Besides the little masks, you may buy, each of you, a whole bushel of these "sugar plums," and have them sent to our balcony. Also for each a little tin scoop fastened on a flexible handle, which you are to fill with confetti but on no account to pull—at least, not yet.

The crowds are gathering. Pretty peasant girls in their holiday attire of bright petticoats, laced bodices, and white frilled caps; stray dominoes; richly dressed ladies with mask in hand; carriages so decorated with flowers as to be artistically hidden—even the wheels covered with batiste—blue, pink, purple, green or buff. Even the sidewalk, as we pass, is fringed with chairs at a franc each.

The "Cours" is gay with suspended banners, bright with festooned balconies and merry faces. Sidewalks and streets are filled with people; but the horses have the right of way, and the people are fined if they are run over.

Let us hasten to our balcony, for here passes a band of musicians, in scarlet and gold, to open the procession.

It is "the theater"—an open car of puppets—but the puppets are men; all attached to cords held in the hand of the giant, who sits in imposing state above them on the top of the car which is on a level with the third-story balconies.

The giant lifts his hand and the puppets whirl and jump. But alas! his head is too high. His hat is swept off by the hanging festoons, and the giant must ride bare-headed, in danger of sunstroke.

Next behind the car moves in military order a regiment of mounted grasshoppers. Their sleek, shining bodies of green satin, their gauzy wings and antennae, snub noses and big eyes, are all absolutely perfect to the eye; but—they are of the size of men.

You lower your mask to see more clearly, you are lost in wonder at the perfect illusion, your mouth is wide open with "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" when pop! pop! slings a shower of confetti, and the little hailstones seem to cut off your ears and rush sifting down your neck.

For, while you were watching the grasshoppers, a low open carriage, concealed under a pink and white cover, has stopped under our windows. Four merry masqueraders, cloaked and hooded in hue to match, have a bushel of confetti between them, and are piled with nose-gays. We slink behind our masks, we pull the handles of our confetti scoops—then the battle begins and waxes fierce.

But they are crowded on. A colossal stump follows, trailing with mosses and vines. Upon it a bird's nest filled with young, their mouths wide open for food; wonderful, because the artistic skill is so perfect that, although so immense, they seem living and not unnatural.

Up and down the procession sweeps. Up one side the wide "Cours" and down the other; the space within filled with the merry surging crowd, under the feet of the horses it would seem. But no matter. Horses and men and women and children bear a charmed life to-day.

LITTLE STORIES OF FAMOUS ANIMALS

How A Spider Saved Scotland

For several years, Robert Bruce, the hero King of Scotland, was an outlaw with but a few followers. He even had to leave his beloved Scotland at one time, and hide himself on a small island off the coast of Ireland.

He had only a wretched hut to live in, although he was a king, but he was as patient as he was brave, and willing to suffer hardships if he could only free his native land.

While lying on his bed one day, he noticed a spider who was spinning its web. Time after time it failed to run its slender thread from one beam to another. Six times it tried and as many times

it failed. This was just the number of battles that Bruce had been defeated by the English.

"If the spider tries again," he said to himself, sitting up on his bed and watching the determined little insect intently, "if the spider tries again, so will I!" Once more the spider tried, and this time with success. Bruce jumped from his bed, and in a few days was back in Scotland.

It was indeed a happy omen, for from that time the tide turned in his favor, and gradually he won back all the cities and castles which the English had conquered. And so Bruce freed Scotland and won back his throne, but if it had not been for the little spider, perhaps he never would have had the heart to attempt it.

LITTLE SIR CAT

Mother Hubbard finds Little Sir Cat at Home

*"Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone,
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none."*

"Oh, dear me!" said Little Sir Cat, "that's too bad," and he pulled out a shilling and gave it to Mother Hubbard. And after that he went away and by and by he came to a big circus tent. And while he stood there, a woman came by and stopped to talk to him. For everybody was interested in Little Sir Cat. He rode Dapple Gray as well as a circus man, and there was nothing he couldn't do on horseback, except, perhaps, go to sleep. Well, the woman stopped and looked at him for a few minutes, and then she said:

*"I have a little husband
No bigger than my thumb,
So I put him in a bird cage
And keep him safe at home."*



**MOTHER HUBBARD FINDS LITTLE SIR
CAT AT HOME**

"Why don't you bring him to the circus?" said Little Sir Cat. "He'll make more money than in a bird cage."

"So he might," said the woman. "I will bring him here this very day," and away she went as fast as she could.

Well, by and by, she returned carrying a leather bag, and when she opened it, who should jump out but Tom Thumb. Wasn't that strange? And, oh, how glad he was to see Little Sir Cat.

"What! Are you old friends?" asked the woman, stretching out her hand to take Tom Thumb.

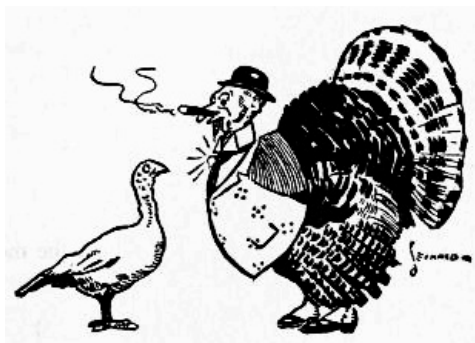
"She is cruel, don't let her take me," cried the little fellow, and of course Sir Cat didn't, although the woman became very angry.

Well, pretty soon Little Sir Cat turned to her and said with a fierce look, "Leave him with me. He shall be my comrade. You have no right to him," and then he took Tom Thumb into the tent, leaving the woman to do what she might. He didn't care, for he was in the right, and when that is the case, one can be brave even if he is a small cat. And as soon as he told the clown what had happened, he said: "We'll never let her have Tom Thumb. He shall stay with us as long as he likes," and then the lovely circus lady came up and shook hands with him, and everybody said, "Hurrah for Little Sir Cat!"

And pretty soon I'll tell you another story unless

*The Big Red Barn gets frisky
And jumps across the road,
And the buzzy, wuzzy horsefly
Eats up the little toad.*

MR. TURKEY DECIDES TO TAKE A DAY OFF



Said the great big Turkey Gobbler
To the little Turkey Turk,
"I guess I'll stay at home today
And not go down to work;

"I have a sort of feeling
That it's wiser not to roam
And that it would be safer
For me to stay at home."

A LITTLE GIRL'S DIARY

Saturday

*I love her on a Saturday
When she and Mother go
Together to a matinee
Or moving picture show.*

Saturday is a holiday all the time. In the morning I take a run in the park to get the fresh air and exercise; and then after lunch, Mother and I—oh, it's such fun!—go to a matinee or a motion picture play. When we come out, we have a cup of hot chocolate somewhere, with little cakes or crackers, and it's just lovely! After that, it's time to go home. Dolly is waiting for me, and I tell her all about everything while I undress her and put her to bed, and she is so good she never cries or says: "Why didn't you take me, too?"

LITTLE STORIES OF FAMOUS ANIMALS

How A Horse Founded A City

There was once a horse named Bucephalus whom nobody could ride except his master, the famous Alexander the Great; and the reason was because this horse was afraid of his own shadow. He wasn't afraid of anything else, for he would carry his master into the thickest of the fight without flinching.

In those days every boy was trained to be a warrior, as well as to be proficient in all kinds of knowledge, and as Alexander was a very bright youth and loved reading as well as fighting his father sent for the famous Aristotle to be his teacher, under whose teaching he grew up to be a very fine young man. Every night when Alexander went to bed he placed his favorite book, Homer's "Iliad," under his pillow with his sword. Soon he became very expert in all manly sports and excelled every one at his father's court, especially in riding. But had he not been a very bright and observing youth he never would have been able to ride Bucephalus, notwithstanding his splendid horsemanship.

The way it happened was that one day this horse was offered for sale to his father, the King, but none of the grooms or nobles could mount him. Alexander, who had been very carefully watching the beautiful white animal, noticed that Bucephalus was afraid of his own shadow. He therefore turned his head toward the sun and after patting the animal until he grew quiet mounted and rode him without any trouble. After that he was always his favorite charger.

When Alexander set out to conquer the Persians Bucephalus was the first to swim across the River Granicus with Alexander, amid a shower of arrows and spears.

On Bucephalus and at the head of his army of 40,000 foot soldiers Alexander defeated Darius, with over 1,000,000 men.

For five years longer Bucephalus carried Alexander to victory, but finally in a battle in India against King Porus Bucephalus was so badly wounded that he died.

Alexander gave his noble horse a splendid burial and founded a city on the battlefield, which he named in his honor Bucephala.

LITTLE SIR CAT

Little Sir Cat Meets Tom, the Piper's Son

One can't stay with a circus and travel up high mountains and cross rivers and visit castles and dungeons, so Little Sir Cat said good-by to the kind circus people and little Tom Thumb, who was making so much money exhibiting himself that he wanted to remain with them until he had made a million dollars.

So once more Little Sir Cat was traveling alone. Well, on he tramped till by-and-by he came to a village, and as he walked down the main street

*Little Johnny Curlytop
Sat in his father's shop.
In his thumb he held a plum
And a lollypop.*

But when he saw Little Sir Cat, he almost dropped his candy, for he had never seen a cat with boots and spurs riding on a pony. But Little Sir Cat only grinned and said: "Pick up your candy, Johnny Curlytop, for candy doesn't grow on trees, and you are a lucky boy to have a lollypop."



LITTLE SIR CAT MEETS TOM, THE PIPER'S
SON

Well, just then, all of a sudden, a boy ran down the street with a little pig under his arm.

*"Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son,
Stole a pig and away he run,"*

screamed a green poll parrot from her cage.

"Why, it's Piggie Porker," cried Little Sir Cat, "the little pig I helped through the fence. O, please let him go. It's Piggie Porker."

"Piggie what?" asked Tom, scratching his head.

"I want to go home to mother," squealed Piggie, and this so surprised Tom that he dropped Piggie, who, quick as a wink, darted between his legs and ran away. And, would you believe it? Little Sir Cat jumped on his back, and off they went down the street to the country. Pretty soon Piggie stopped to rest, and Little Sir Cat jumped down to the ground. "How did you ever get caught?" he asked.

"I disobeyed mother," answered Piggie when able to speak, for he was all out of breath with running, you see. "I squeezed through the fence and ran out to the road, and then that bad boy caught me. Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

Poor little Piggie's pink nose was very red and his cheeks wet with tears. "Don't cry," said Little Sir Cat kindly, "you can't be far from home." And then together they ran across the meadow to the wood to look for the path that led to Piggie's cabin. And pretty soon Piggie found it, so off he scampered.

"I hope mother won't scold me for being away so long—I hope she won't."

In the distance he could see the stout figure of his mother standing in the cabin door. At the sight of her Piggie began to cry, he was so glad to be home again.

And his mother never punished him after all, but just hugged him until he squeaked, "Oh, mother, you're squeezing the breath out of me!"

*But just the same, dear children,
Remember to obey,
For you might be unlucky
And lose your homeward way.*

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER

God grant that I the new year through
May strive with heart and soul to do
Those things which are most good and true.

God grant that I each morning start
My duties with a cheerful heart,
And faithfully perform my part.

To wear a smile all through the day,
To banish thoughts unkind away;
And when my bedtime comes, to pray.

To say my prayers with folded hands
As night comes softly o'er the lands,
To Him, who always understands.

And when the bells on New Year's dawn
Proclaim the bright New Year is born,
And I awake on New Year's morn,

I pray Him whisper, low and sweet,
To help me guide my wayward feet,
Lest I forget my prayer to meet.

THE OLD WOMAN UNDER THE HILL



There was an old woman
Lived under the hill,
And if she's not married
She's living there still.

The First Christmas

Listen, dear littlest children, and you shall hear about the very first Christmas Day.

In a country across the sea, far away from here, shepherds were watching their flocks one night. The sheep were resting on the grass, the little lambs were fast asleep beside their mothers, but the kind shepherds were not asleep. They were watching that no harm should happen to the sheep.

Perhaps they were looking up at the stars and the beautiful moon above them, when suddenly there appeared a wonderful light in the sky, brighter than the moon or stars, as if the sky had opened and they saw the glory within.

And while they stood there, looking up, wondering what was the cause of that strange light, a beautiful, shining angel came near to them and said:

"Fear not. I bring you good tidings which shall be to all people. This day is born a Saviour, and ye shall find the babe lying in a manger."

Suddenly a multitude of the heavenly host joined the angel in singing praises to God.

*"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
Peace, good will toward men."*

When the angels had gone back to heaven the shepherds said they would go to Bethlehem and see this Saviour of whom the angels sang. They went, and found Him, a little baby, in a stable, with no cradle to lie in; only a manger for His bed. That little baby was Jesus, who when He grew up said:

"Let the little children come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." His birthday was the first Christmas Day, and ever since that time we keep that day as a joyful and happy one.



PLANTING A PUSSY

Charlie was a little rogue, and Charlie's papa was a big rogue; and two rogues together get into all sorts of mischief.

Charlie wanted a kitten, and one day when he was teasing papa said carelessly:

"Plant old black Nig. I wouldn't wonder if she came up sort of kittenish!"

Papa laughed behind his paper to see him march out to the garden with the big, sleepy black cat under one arm and a hoe under the other.

But when Charlie began to dig, Pussy began to struggle out from under his arm, and, getting away, she ran for her life. Charlie dropped his hoe and ran too. Tears also would have run had there been less wisdom in that little curly head. But Charlie knew that Puss would not wait while he mourned her departure!

What a race that was! Puss led him under fences, through bushes, over gates, up trees, and, at last, through the open window, Charlie of course followed, and what a fall was that!

When Charlie rose, the black cat sat calmly upon the table. Charlie thought she actually laughed at his forlorn appearance. Well, he didn't look as well as when the race began, but his courage was still good; so he resolved to try again, if the Big Rogue would help.

So Charlie asked papa to hold Puss while he dug. Papa was willing, and the digging began again. Soon papa said the hole was big enough, but he had no sooner said the word, when Puss thought it was time to run away again, and off she darted. She looked so funny, with her tail all swelled up, that Charlie forgot all about the planting and began to laugh, and then papa began to laugh too. "I don't believe she's the right kind of a cat to plant," he said, and then he and Charlie went into the house for lunch, as mama was at the window waiting for them.

LITTLE SIR CAT

Little Sir Cat and Little Boy Blue

*"Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your horn,
Your cows are eating
Farmer Green's corn,"*

sang Robbie Redbreast as Little Sir Cat passed through a meadow in new Mother Goose Land. And just then a little boy dressed in blue jumped out from behind a haystack and began to blow on his silver horn.

Goodness me! Dapple Gray was so startled that he stood up on his hind legs and nearly upset his small rider.



LITTLE SIR CAT AND LITTLE BOY BLUE

"Don't blow it again till I get out of the meadow," said Little Sir Cat, and he rode away. By-and-by, after a while, he came to a neat-looking cottage with a red chimney and pink blinds. So he knocked on the door, and who do you suppose opened it? You'll never guess, so I'll tell you right away. Why, Old Mother Hubbard and her dog. Wasn't that strange? For the last time Little Sir Cat had seen them was in Old Mother Goose Country, and of course he was surprised to meet them. All of a sudden, the Dog began to sing:

"Old Mother Hubbard never goes to the cupboard

*To get me a bone any more;
For she has an excuse, so what is the use?
She remembers what happened before.
So now we both go to a nice movie show,
And then to a restaurant fine,
Where we order a stew of giblets for two,
And the orchestra plays while we dine."*

"Hurray!" cried Little Sir Cat, "things are certainly very different in this country." And pretty soon he told them he must be on his way. So off he went through the woods, and by-and-by he came to a deep pool under a great oak tree. But he didn't know that a Frog Prince lived in it. No, Siree. And perhaps it was just as well that he didn't, for the Frog Prince didn't like cats at all.

Well, as soon as he saw Little Sir Cat, he gave a dreadful loud croak and hopped out on the bank.

"Shall I kick him?" asked Dapple Gray with a toss of his head, for he wasn't afraid of that croaky old frog, not the least little bit.

"Of course not," answered Little Sir Cat. "Are you really a frog, or an enchanted prince?" he asked, turning to the Frog Prince.

And, would you believe it, the tears came to that poor frog's eyes, as he answered:

"A wicked witch has cast a spell over me. I was once a handsome prince."

"I will help you," answered Little Sir Cat, and, jumping off Dapple Gray, he hunted through the grass until he found a tiny, little flower, blue as the summer sky.

"Tomorrow morning when the cock crows eat this flower," he said, handing it to the Frog Prince, "and you will once more be your natural self." And before the happy frog could thank him he jumped on Dapple Gray and rode away to the next story.



Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
He made a car of the pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

MAY DAY FROLICS IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND



Suppose we "go a-Maying" among old traditions and see with what ceremonies our English ancestors welcomed the "merry month." We do not celebrate the first day of May to any extent in this country, but in England, where the season is much earlier than ours, and the earth is already covered with wild flowers, May-day is more fitly celebrated; but even in England the old customs have sadly fallen away.

Once upon a time every village had its annual setting up of the May-pole, which was consecrated to the Goddess of Flowers, and early on May morning the young people went out to "gather the May." The first thing was to select the May-pole. The landed gentry allowed the villagers the choice of a suitable tree on their domains. A tall, straight sapling having been selected, it was speedily cut down and dragged to the village green by oxen gayly decorated with flowers and bright colored ribbons. Following after came the youths and maidens with wreaths of flowers, which they twined around cottage doorways on their way to the green, where they were to choose from among their number a Lord and Lady of May.

After a bower was built for them and the May-pole set up, there were merry dances, the revellers donning mask and costume to represent Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, Much the Miller's Son, Little John, Will Scarlet and all the other famous characters of merry Sherwood. Pantomime was also indulged in, for this was a simple age, when simple pleasures satisfied the country people. Into the ring would come a hobby-horse and a dragon, the former ambling and prancing about, while the latter hissed and shook his wings, to the great delight of the spectators. There were also morris-dancers, with bells attached to their knees and elbows, who danced and capered musically. After this came trials of skill in archery by Robin Hood and his fellows, and when all these amusements grew tiresome, the villagers thronged about the May-pole and spent the remainder of the day in dancing.

But these May-day observances were not confined only to the country. In London at one time tall poles were erected on May morning, and green arbors and branches decorated the streets. It was a great day for the milkmaids and chimney-sweeps, who paraded the streets in companies, begging a trifle from their customers.

The leader of the chimney-sweeps, called "Jack in the Green," was covered, with the exception of his legs, with green boughs, garlands and nosegays. He looked like a dancing bouquet, as he moved up and down the street. Many a penny the sweeps collected from the admiring bystanders. This was a custom up to about one hundred years ago, and will perhaps remind some of my little readers of the ragamuffins who parade the streets of New York on Thanksgiving Day, begging a penny from every passer-by.

Finally, many abuses arose in the observance of the day. In 1644 Parliament passed an act forbidding the erection of May-poles. Later, during the restoration of the gay Charles the Second, the May-poles came back and flourished for a long time. Gradually, however, as the ancient simplicity of manners departed from the lower orders of the people, who were its chief upholders, the May-day festival fell into disuse, and now there are neither May-poles nor morris-dancers nor Jacks in the Green.



THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

A big Black Spider was spinning away,
Spinning her lacey web all day;
And when she had finished it, close to the wall
She curled herself up in a round black ball.

Lazily buzzing, buzzing away,
A little Blue Fly was buzzing all day.
Into the open window he flew
And close to the Spider's web he drew.

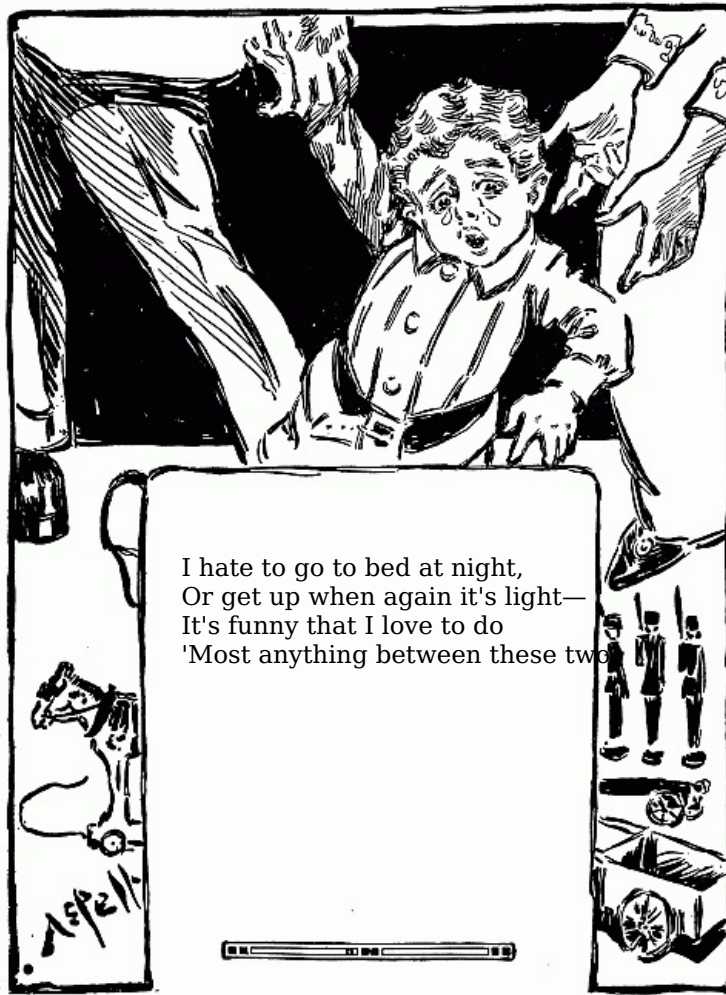
"Oh, what a pretty piece of lace
Swinging away in the window space!"
The little Blue Fly remarked to himself,
As he carefully crawled on the narrow shelf.

Then he brushed the dirt from his gauzy wing
And watched the spider web swing and swing.
Now this little Fly was a mischievous Fly,
And there wasn't a bit of green in his eye!

So, as he watched it swing and swing,
He thought 'twould be fun to cut the string.
Then Mrs. Spider's hammock would fall
Down with a somersault off the wall.

Creeping up to her hiding place,
He gave a pull on the flimsy lace.
Down one end of the hammock fell,
While the Big Black Spider gave a yell.

Out thro' the window the little Fly flew;
'Twas safer out there for him, he knew.
And he said, as he winked his little blue eye:
"Good-by, Mrs. Spider; good-by, good-by!"



Bennie's Easter Dream

Bennie woke up on Easter morning and saw a little rabbit with a big bow of blue ribbon around his neck standing in the doorway.



"Come along!" he said. "I'm going to give you a ride on my back."

In a few minutes Bennie had on his clothes and tiptoeing down the stairs, they slipped out of the front door.

"Hold on to my ears!" said the rabbit, and away they went down the garden walk. When they reached the barnyard the rabbit stopped before the haystack, and pulling out a small basket and a big silver spoon, said to Bennie:



"Take this basket and come with me to the hen-house. If we get there before the fairies we will find the pretty colored eggs which the hens lay for Easter. But hurry, for we must get there first."





They opened the door quietly, just as the big Red Rooster began to crow. "Lift up the eggs with the silver spoon," said the rabbit, as they peeped into the nests; "don't touch one with your hand or it will lose its lovely color." Soon the basket was full. "Come on," cried the rabbit; "hurry up and get on my back; it's getting late." Bennie jumped on, but just as they started off four little chickens ran out of their coop and screamed:

*Cock-a-doodle doo!
You've got my egg of blue;
My yellow one, my purple one,
My little green one, too!*

Suddenly he found himself in his own little bed, while outside the happy Easter bells were ringing. He wondered where his little friend the rabbit had disappeared to, and the four little chickens.

Then he looked down at the counterpane, and what do you suppose he saw. A whole nest full of beautiful, painted Easter eggs with the funniest faces and the brightest colors. Bennie gave a squeal of delight and hopped out of bed to dress so that he could show his treasure to all the other children he knew, but in his excitement forgot all about the dear little bunny.



A LITTLE GIRL'S DIARY

Sunday

*I love her on a Sunday,
As she goes to church with me,
With her little gilt-edged Bible
Held close and reverently.*

Sunday morning Father and I start off for church before the rest of the family, because Father wants his early walk, and I love to go with him. Through the park we go, watching the pretty little squirrels who run up to us, for they seem to know that Father will let me wait a few minutes to give them some nuts or little pieces of cracker which I have almost always in my pocket. I call one squirrel the "Little Minister" because he looks so solemn, and walks up so quietly and slowly to me, and then holds his nut between his paws and looks it over, as if it were a book, before he starts to open the cover and eat the inside. After church we all come home and have early dinner. In the afternoon, brother and I go for a long walk in the park. After supper, the nicest part of all the day, we sing hymns and Brother Jack and I say a piece of poetry, which we learn for each Sunday. Then we kiss everybody good night.

LITTLE SIR CAT

Little Sir Cat and Dame Trot

*"Little fishy in the brook,
Papa catch him with a hook,
Mamma fry him in the pan,
Johnny eat him like a man,"*

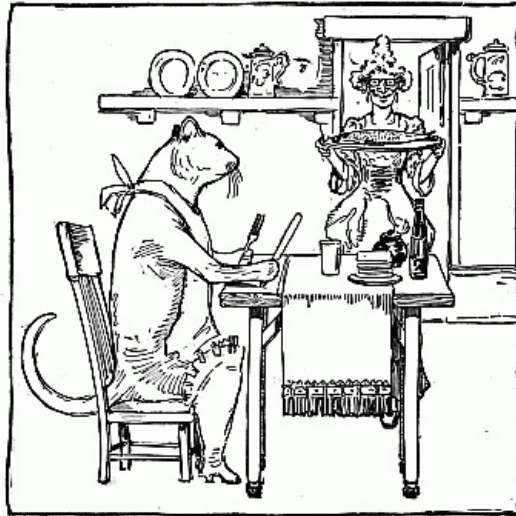
sang a sweet voice, and in came Dame Trot with a big platter of fish. "Did Mr. Trot catch them?" asked Little Sir Cat politely, sitting down to the table and tucking the napkin under his chin.

"Of course," answered Dame Trot, "fish don't catch themselves, unless they're playing tag in

the pool."

Well, it didn't take Little Sir Cat long to finish his meal, and when Dapple Gray was saddled, he set out again on his journey through Mother Goose Land, and by-and-by, after a while, he came to a bridge, and when he looked over the railing, he saw a pretty silver fish swimming on the top of the water.

"Helloa there, silver fish! If I had a hook and line I'd soon catch you," and Little Sir Cat grinned at his own reflection in the clear water. But if the fish had seen it I guess he would have darted away, for it looked just like a real cat in the water.



LITTLE SIR CAT AND DAME TROT

"You can drop me a line," replied the fish with a swish of his tail, "but I won't promise to bite."

"I don't care for any more fish to-day," answered Little Sir Cat, "I've just had a feast at Dame Trot's little Inn."

*"If that's the case," replied the fish,
Giving his tail a shimmery swish,
"I'll go right home to Mrs. Trout
And tell her it's safe for her to go out."*

And away went that poetical old trout, and so did Little Sir Cat, and after he had ridden for maybe a mile or three, he met the Maiden All Forlorn Who Milked the Cow with the Crumpled Horn. But she wasn't miserable now at all. No, Siree. She wore a lovely smile and a pink sun-bonnet with a bit of ribbon on it. And as soon as she saw Little Sir Cat her smile broke into a laugh: "Here is my dear little puss. Where has he been this long time?"

"Oh, just traveling," he answered. "What have you been doing?"

*"You remember the tramp all tattered and torn?
Well, he made lots of money in cotton and corn.
So he bought me an automobile and a ring,
And the minister married us both in the spring,"*

she answered, taking the pink ribbon off her sun-bonnet and tying it around Little Sir Cat's neck.

"There, you look like a prize winner," she laughed, and after that she ran back into the farm yard to see if the Little Black Hen had laid a white egg for breakfast.

By-and-by Little Sir Cat met the Spider who frightened Miss Muffet. She was busy spinning a big web and said to him,

*"Please go 'way, don't bother me,
For I'm as busy as can be."*

So you must wait for the next story to hear what happened to Tommy Green, unless

*That little Black Spider
Puts salt in her cider.*

THE LOST PUSSY CAT



I've been waiting at the door
To see if pussy comes no more.
Yesterday he left the house
To go a-hunting for a mouse.

ACROSS THE PRAIRIE!

'Way back in the early days of this country, when there weren't any railroad trains crossing the great Western plains, only big herds of wild buffalo by day and fierce wolves by night; when the only way to reach one's destination was in a big, canvas-covered wagon drawn by oxen; when every man rode a horse and carried a gun, and when even the women knew how to handle a rifle—then there were lots of Indians.

Those were dangerous times, and it needed a brave heart and a quick hand and a steady head to overcome the perils of crossing the great plains in search of a new home and a fortune.

This was what Dick's father was doing, however, and Dick was the happiest boy on earth, he thought, when they started out on their journey. The big "prairie schooner" was their Pullman car, and the patient team of oxen the motive power. Dick was old enough to straddle a mustang, and so he rode by father and Uncle Billy. Mother and Aunt Mary, Sister Lou and Cousin Tommy all rode in the wagon, and when night came on they got the supper, all except Billy, of course; he just watched.

Father and Uncle Billy made the fire and unhitched the oxen and tethered the ponies.

Dick soon learned that the most important thing to do as the day came to a close was to find a good grazing place on which to pitch tent for the night, as the best grass for the animals must be selected with care, near water if possible. The animals must be looked out for first, otherwise how would they ever get anywhere if these faithful friends should become sick and die?

The next thing Dick did was to collect for the fire the dry buffalo dung which covered the prairie, and after making a pile in the shape of a huge cone he lighted a few sticks of kindling, a supply of which was always carried in a sack hung from the bottom of the wagon, and soon the heap was a mass of dull, glowing coals; then the tin coffee pail and the frying pan, and then, thank goodness!—for Dick was always hungry—supper.

After that they pulled down the big, long canvas back of the wagon cover, which was spread double over the top of the wagon during the day, and fastened it to the ground with pegs, and under this slanting roof, with their blankets between them and the earth, with their toes towards the fire, they slept quite comfortably through the night.

The oxen and the ponies knew enough not to stray any great distance from the campfire, and if frightened at anything would come rushing back, helter-skelter, for protection. They know that on the prairie man is their best friend and protector.

"What are those figures away over there to the westward?" said Dick's father. Uncle Billy shaded his eyes with his hand and looked in that direction for a few minutes without answering. "Don't know," he replied, uneasily. "They look like horses, but I don't see any riders." "Nor I," replied Dick's father, "but those wily redskins have a way of hanging over the far-side of the animal so's to deceive any one who happens to catch sight of them. They don't act like wild horses."

It was an anxious moment. Neither man spoke for some time, but rode along quietly, keeping a

sharp look-out, however, in order to detect the slightest change in the appearance of the figures to the westward. "They seem to be following our way," suggested Uncle Billy about an hour later. "Supposing we pitch camp to-night a little earlier. That clump of trees yonder will give us some protection in case they turn out to be redskins."

"Good plan," murmured Dick's father, turning in the direction of the trees. "We needn't let on we're worried to the women folks," he added, "we'll just wait and see how things turn out. Maybe nothing will happen."

But something did happen. About midnight Dick's father awoke with a start. A shadow fell across the opening in the canvas. In another moment he was grappling with an Indian. Over and over he rolled, but the Indian had found his match. Dick's father was a powerful man, and, whipping out his revolver, shot him dead. None too soon, for Uncle Billy was being hard pressed by a number of redskins, two of whom he had already laid low with his rifle.

"Get into the wagon, Mother!" yelled Dick's father, "and pick off a few with your rifle!" Mother and Aunt Mary were soon blazing away from the canvas fort, and after a short time the Indians retired, evidently to consider what was the next best move.

"Where's Dick?" said his father, looking around anxiously.

"Here I am!" came a voice, and sure enough, under the wagon, crouching down behind the bag of kindling wood, which he had used for a shield, was Dick. "I cracked two, dad!" he called out, "one Injun was sneaking up by the pole, when I dropped him; he's out there now, I can just see his outline."

Just then, a number of arrows fell around the wagon, and Uncle Billy caught sight of half a dozen shadowy figures creeping along the grass in the shadows of the trees to the right. "Look out," he whispered, "let 'em get pretty close and then give 'em hail Columbia."

It was a fierce struggle, for the Indians outnumbered our brave defenders. Twice the redskins rushed up close to the wagon, only to be beaten off in time by courage and good marksmanship. Both Dick's father and Uncle Billy were "nipped" by arrows, but not seriously hurt, and Dick himself had a narrow escape from being captured by a daring enemy who sneaked up behind. But Dick turned and saw him just in time, otherwise our story would have had a sad ending. Mother and Aunt Mary bravely kept up the firing, and the Indians, thinking that there were more defenders than there were, finally withdrew, much to the relief of the besieged.

There was no more sleep in the camp that night, and in the morning, at the first break of day, Dick's father went out to investigate. Two dead Indians close to the camp testified to the good aim of its defenders. "They took the other dead and wounded with them," said Dick's father, turning to his brave boy, "they didn't dare come in so close to get them. Here's the fellow you shot, sonny—I remember he was just about to tomahawk me as you shot him in the nick of time—guess you saved your dad's life," and Dick felt as proud as Punch when his father slapped him on the back like a man.



LITTLE SIR CAT

Little Sir Cat and Tommy Green

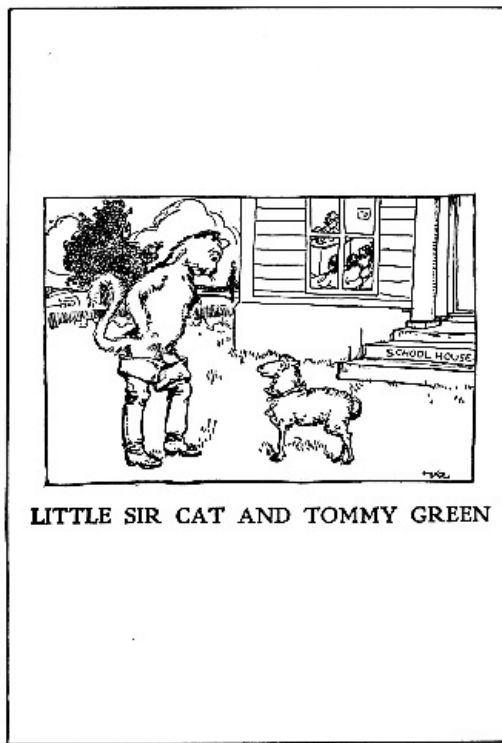
*"Please, Mister Cat, go ring the bell,
I'm sure it won't be wrong.
Perhaps my Mary will come out,
I've waited here so long,"*

said Mary's Little Lamb.

"I can't do that," answered Little Sir Cat, "the teacher wouldn't like it." Just then all the children ran out of the little red school-house. But, oh, dear me! One of the boys pinched Little Sir Cat's tail.

And I don't know what would have happened if the teacher hadn't looked out of the window at that moment. Well, it didn't take him long to run out and give that naughty boy a good shaking.

"I know it was you, Tommy Green. You're the boy who drowned poor pussy cat, who never did you any harm but killed the mice in your father's barn!" And then that angry teacher pulled that naughty boy into the school-house.



"Tommy Green, I'm going to send you home with a letter to your father. I think he had better keep you away from school. We don't want boys who are unkind to animals."

"Oh, please sir," sobbed Tommy Green, "don't do that. I got an awful whipping when I put pussy in the well; I didn't mean to drown her, I only wanted to see her swim. And I didn't pull this cat's tail hard. I just gave it a little pinch to see how thick the fur was."

"Please, professor," said tender-hearted Little Sir Cat, holding up his paw as he had seen the children do in school, "if it's all the same to you, I'd like to give Tommy a chance to be good. I don't want him whipped. My tail doesn't hurt at all now, professor."

Well, goodness me. You should have seen that teacher smile when Little Sir Cat called him "professor."

"This is certainly a lesson to you children," he said; "a great lesson to be kind to all God's creatures."

And then Tommy began to cry. You see, he wasn't a bad boy at heart, and Little Sir Cat's forgiveness made him feel dreadfully ashamed. I guess it did him more good than any number of whippings.

*Dear children, never be unkind
To small four-footed things.
Oh, never pinch a pussy's tail
Nor pull a poor fly's wings.*

*And never tease your little dog,
With unkind act or word,
And never throw a cruel stone
At any little bird.*



I often think when Winter comes
How cold must be the trees;
More than in the Summer Time
They need their coats of leaves.

THE CANARY

Canary Bird, Canary Bird,
In your golden jail,
On your trapeze balancing
With your yellow tail,

Don't you wish that you could fly
Through the window pane
To the Robin Redbreast gay
Singing in the lane?

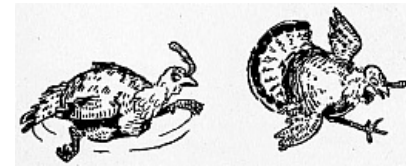
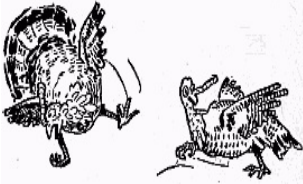
Where the apple trees in bloom
Drop their petals white,
So you almost think it has
Snowed 'most all the night?

Would you love to see the nest
Mrs. Robin's made,
And the eggs of china blue
Which she just has laid?

Don't you want to leave your cage?
See, the door is wide
Open and the window, too—
You can fly outside.



*See the turkey gobbler run. Up and down the page he goes
Guess he doesn't call it fun. On his long, thin pointed toes.
Don't you hope he gets away Now and then he gives a squawk—
Before it is Thanksgiving Day? That's the way a Turkey talks!*



THE LAND OF NOWHERE

Jack and Grace were in the nursery playing with their toys, when suddenly they were startled by a tiny voice calling out "Good-by!"

They looked up quickly, and to their surprise their little tin airship was slowly rising from the floor. In another moment it sailed across the room and out of the top of the window, which was down a little to let in fresh air. The little man at the steering wheel waved his hand as the airship disappeared. Jack rushed to the window.

"Grace, Grace!" he shouted, "did you ever hear of such a thing? Come on. I'm going to run outside and see where it goes." Both children hurried down stairs and out on the sidewalk. Sure enough, just over the top of the next house they could distinguish their Christmas present ascending higher and higher into the clear blue sky.

Just then something fluttered at their feet. Jack stooped down and picked up a piece of paper on which was written:

"Sorry I didn't have time to tell you as the airship was under way and I didn't dare make a turn inside the room, but if you both will come up on the roof, I will come back and tell you something lovely."

"Let's!" exclaimed Grace, who had read the note over Jack's shoulder; and in another moment both children were running up to the attic. After some difficulty, they raised the little door in the ceiling and stood upon the roof. Sure enough, just overhead and about to descend was an airship. But, goodness me! it was a regular airship, just like the kind they had seen in pictures, and not the little toy machine which they had but a few minutes before seen sailing out of the window and up over the next house. Nor did the lovely fairy who now alighted from the airship look anything like the queer little painted man. "Hello!" she said, in a very friendly voice: "would you like to take a sail?"

Jack helped Grace in, and before long they were flying above the clouds, which looked like huge snow banks below them, white and fluffy. Everything was blue about them, and the air seemed full of perfume.

"Isn't it lovely, Jack!" exclaimed Grace. "I'm so glad I came!"

"So am I," replied her brother, "but I wonder where we are going. I don't see the earth any more; we must be going somewhere. Where are you taking us, little Fairy Queen?" he called out, and he and Grace waited anxiously for the answer.

"Nowhere!" she answered.

"Don't you know where Nowhere is?"

"Well, not exactly," replied Jack. "I've often heard of it, but I've never been there."

Just then the airship swerved to the right and in a few seconds landed gracefully on the broad steps of a beautiful castle. Everything was blue, even the tall chimney was built of blue bricks. The fairy had hardly turned off the power, and the big airship was still quivering, when the castle door opened, and a beautiful princess, dressed all in blue, came graciously forward. The only thing about her that wasn't blue was her long flowing hair, which was of the most wonderful golden hue that Grace had ever seen. "How do you do?" she said in a sweet voice. "Come in. Have you come from very far away?"

"We don't know, Princess," answered Jack, bowing politely, while Grace made a pretty courtesy; "we really don't know how far we have come, nor just where we are."

"Well, I'll tell you then," answered the lovely blue Princess, taking them each by the hand and walking between them through the open castle door; "at least, I'll tell you where you are and then after that you can tell me where you came from, and then we'll know a little more about each other."

"How beautiful you are," said Grace as they all three sat down on a big blue sofa in the big blue hall of the stately blue castle.

"Am I, dear?" said the Princess, looking at Grace with a smile, "and why do you think so?"

"I never saw such wonderfully beautiful gold hair," exclaimed Grace, admiringly, gradually getting over her bashfulness.

The lovely Blue Princess laughed. "When I was a little girl," she said, taking hold of Jack's hand so as not to leave him out in the cold, "the Sun Man told me if I would comb my hair every morning for a whole year, at break of day, when he first got up, that it would turn gold. And so every morning for a whole year I got up at peep o' day and stood by the east window and combed my hair."

"And it did?" said Jack, speaking for the first time since they had entered the Blue Castle. "Why don't you try it, Grace? You love gold hair so much," and he gave her braid a mischievous pull behind the back of the Blue Princess.

Grace gave a little scream. "Don't, Jack"—and then, to her surprise, she found herself with her arms around her new dolly in the big armchair in their own room at home. She looked over to where Jack was busily engaged with his train of cars. "I must have been dreaming," Grace exclaimed, and as she looked at her golden-haired doll, with the beautiful blue dress, she laughed and said:

"Oh, dolly, I guess it was you I dreamed was the beautiful Blue Princess!"



LITTLE SIR CAT

Little Sir Cat Visits the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe

*There was an Old Woman who lived in a shoe,
And it was a pity she didn't have two.
It was crowded so tight from the heel to the toe
The children were packed like sardines in a row.*

Well, as Little Sir Cat went on his way to find his fortune in Mother Goose Land, he came in sight of a queer-looking little house, and when he drew nearer he found it wasn't a house at all, but a big shoe, with a little chimney on top and a tiny door in the toe and two small windows above the heel.

"I'd ask you to make us a visit," said the Old Woman, "but, dearie me! I haven't even a spare closet, and rents are so high I've not been able to hire another old shoe."

"Thank you just the same," replied Little Sir Cat, and off he went, and by-and-by, after a while, not so very long, he saw a little bear dressed in a red cap and khaki trousers, but I don't think he wore anything on his feet because his claws were so sharp they made holes in his shoes and his mother wouldn't buy him any more.



**LITTLE SIR CAT VISITS THE OLD WOMAN
WHO LIVED IN A SHOE**

"If you want to find your fortune?" said the little bear, "follow me," and he led Little Sir Cat down a narrow path till they came to a cave in a great rock. And, oh my, it looked dark inside, but the little bear wasn't afraid, and by-and-by he found a candle. And when he had lighted it, they went farther into the big dark cave till they came to a little iron door. But before the little bear opened it, he said, "If anybody speaks to you, you mustn't say anything but 'Bumpty bump!'" Then the little bear opened the door and there sat twenty-one little dwarfs at a table filling little bags with gold.

"What are you doing here?" they asked, all in one voice.

"Bumpty bump!" replied the little bear.

"And what are *you* doing here?" And, oh, dear me! for a moment Little Sir Cat forgot what the little bear had told him. And if he hadn't remembered to say "Bumpty bump!" pretty quick I guess something dreadful might have happened.

Then all the little dwarfs looked frightened to death, and they whispered together and tried to hide the bags of gold under the three-legged stools. But the little bear wouldn't go away, and of course Little Sir Cat did just what the little bear did, for he didn't know what else to do, you know.

Well, after a while the dwarfs asked, "What do you want?" And Little Sir Cat replied, "Bumpty bump!" And then the little dwarfs looked at one another, and, oh, dear me! how they did scowl. But pretty soon one of them filled two small bags with gold and gave them to him.

"Bumpty bump!" said Little Sir Cat with a bow, and then the little bear opened the door and led him back through the big cave till they came out into the sunlight again.

And that's how Little Sir Cat found his fortune.

Transcriber's Notes:

Obvious punctuation errors repaired.

As this book had no page numbers, errata will be listed by story or rhyme instead.

Little Sir Cat Helps Piggie:

"Cheshire" changed to "Cheshire" (his from Cheshire)

What to Do at Night:

The final line of the first stanza was not indented in the original. This was changed to match the form of the rest of the poem.

Dick's Valentine:

"litle" changed to "little" (speak the little waif)

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

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