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THE BEDTIME BOOK

To

Little Children Going to Bed

THE MOON IS UP—THE NIGHT IS STILL



WHEN YOU AND I ARE FAST ASLEEP

THE BEDTIME BOOK

ONE THOUSAND CHEERFUL THINGS

Being Volume 9 of

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A Companion to the Children's Encyclopedia

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WELCOME, LITTLE BUTTERFLY



I've watched you now a full half-hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little Butterfly, indeed,
I know not if you sleep or feed.

Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough;
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days when we were young.

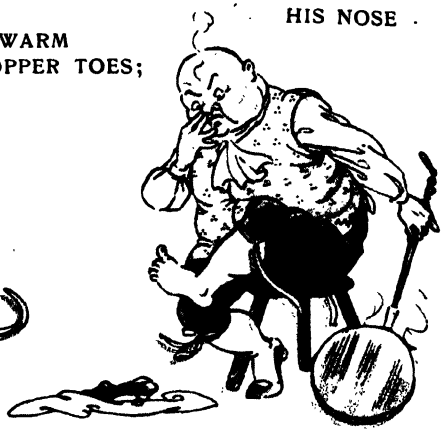
THE MAYOR OF SCUTTLETON



THE MAYOR OF SCUTTLETON BURNED
HIS NOSE .

TRYING TO WARM
HIS COPPER TOES;





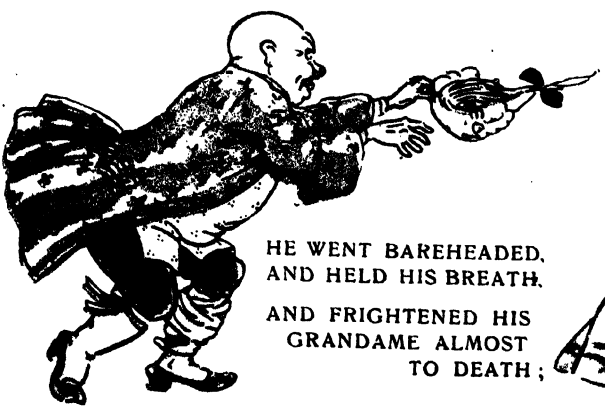
HE LOST HIS MONEY AND
SPOILED HIS WILL



BY SIGNING HIS NAME WITH
AN ICICLE QUILL .



HE LOADED A SHOVEL AND TRIED TO SHOOT
AND KILLED THE CALF IN THE LEG OF
HIS BOOT;



HE WENT BAREHEADED,
AND HELD HIS BREATH,

AND FRIGHTENED HIS
GRANDAME ALMOST
TO DEATH;



HE MELTED A SNOWBALL, AND
FORMED THE HABIT





OF DANCING JIGS WITH A SAD WELSH RABBIT;





HE LIVED ON TAFFY AND TAXED THE TOWN,
AND READ HIS NEWSPAPER
UPSIDE DOWN;

THEN HE SIGHED AND HUNG HIS HAT ON A FEATHER.
AND BADE THE TOWNSPEOPLE COME TOGETHER;



BUT THE WORST OF IT ALL WAS, NOBODY KNEW
WHAT THE MAYOR OF SCUTTLETON NEXT WOULD DO.

I'LL SWEEP YOUR CHIMNEYS UP AND DOWN



SMALL COAL!

When storms are bawling,
And rains are falling ;
When winds are blowing,
And skies are snowing ;
When water's freezing,
And folks are sneezing ;
When all their noses
Are red as roses ;
Then stoke your fires,
As high as spires,
And a sack of my small coal
will meet all desires.



SWE-EP! SWE-EP!

Swe-ep ! Swe-ep ! Swe-ep !
My face is black,
My nose is black,
My hands are black on Monday,
On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday, Saturday till Sunday.
Swe-ep ! Swe-ep ! Swe-ep !

I'll sweep your chimneys up and down,
I'll sweep them clean on Monday,
On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday, Saturday till Sunday.
Swe-ep ! Swe-ep ! Swe-ep !

I'll sweep them up !
I'll sweep them down !
I'll sweep them right as rain,
From Monday until Saturday,
I'll sweep them all again.
Swe-ep ! Swe-ep ! Swe-ep !

BUY A BROOM!

Lady ! Lady ! Buy a broom !
Now's the time to sweep your room.
We're feather brooms
And heather brooms,
Birch and dirty-weather brooms ;
Brooms ! Brooms !
For all the rooms,
Lady ! Buy a broom !



A feather broom for Fanny
When she dusts the mantelpiece ;
A solid bristling, brushing broom
For Jane and Amy, just one apiece ;
And for William in the yard
A broom that's very strong and hard.
Lady ! Buy a broom !

We're gathered in the meadow lands,
And in the windy heather ;
We're gathered in the coppices,
In every sort of weather ;
So, lady, buy a broom !
Heather brooms
And feather brooms,
Birch and dirty-weather brooms ;
Brooms ! Brooms ! For all the rooms,
Lady, buy a broom !

MILK O! MILK O! TEN MILKMAIDS IN A ROW



MILK O!

Milk O! Milk O!
Ten milkmaids in a row;
Each maid has a pail;
Each cow swings a tail;
Set the cream in a pan;
Milk O! while you can.



A BRASS POT OR AN IRON POT TO MEND!



Clink! Clink! Clink and
a Clank! Clank! Clank!
I can mend a brass pot;
I can mend a tank;
I can mend an old kettle
I can mend a dish;
I may some day mend my
ways,
If *that's* what you wish.
I can mend your kitchen fire;
I can mend a cart;
But I *can't* mend a steeple
Or a broken heart.







SWEET LAVENDER!

Lavender, sweet lavender,
With the bees upon it,
Lady, buy my lavender
For your bed or bonnet.

Silver grey and misty mauve,
Daintier than any,
Sixteen sprays of lavender,
You can buy them for a penny.

HOT SPICE GINGERBREAD, SMOAKING HOT!

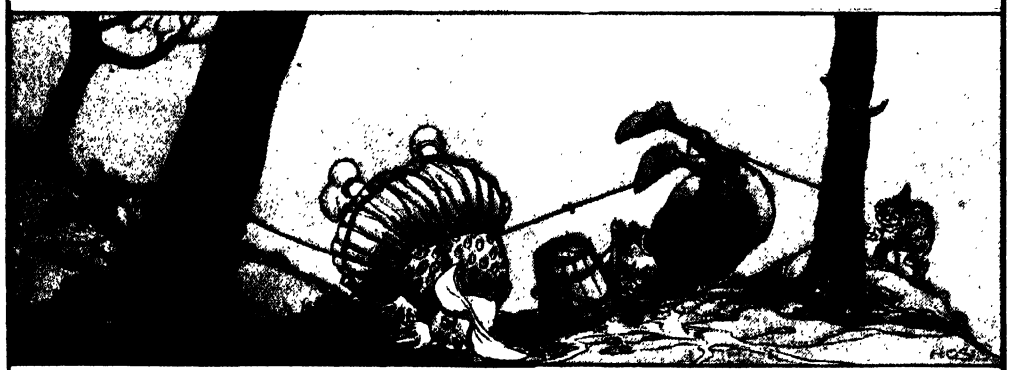
A pick o' pepper,
A speck o' spice,
White ground ginger
Twice or thrice;
Sweet-tooth treacle,
Bake the lot!
Hot spice gingerbread, smoaking hot!

SOME OLD FRIENDS IN NEW PICTURES



There was a crooked man, and he went
a crooked mile,
And he found a crooked sixpence against
a crooked stile;

He bought a crooked cat, which caught
a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little
crooked house.



Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;

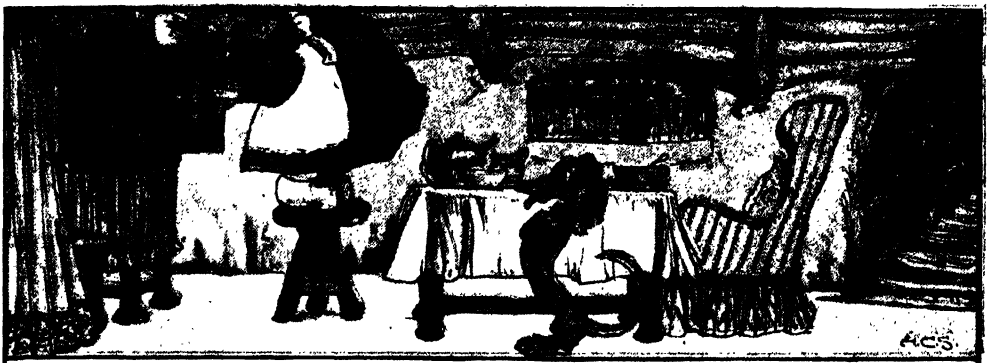
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.



Come, let's to bed,
Says Sleepy-head;
Tarry a while, says Slow;

Put on the pan,
Says Greedy Nan,
Let's sup before we go.

MISS MUFFET AND TWO OLD LADIES



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.

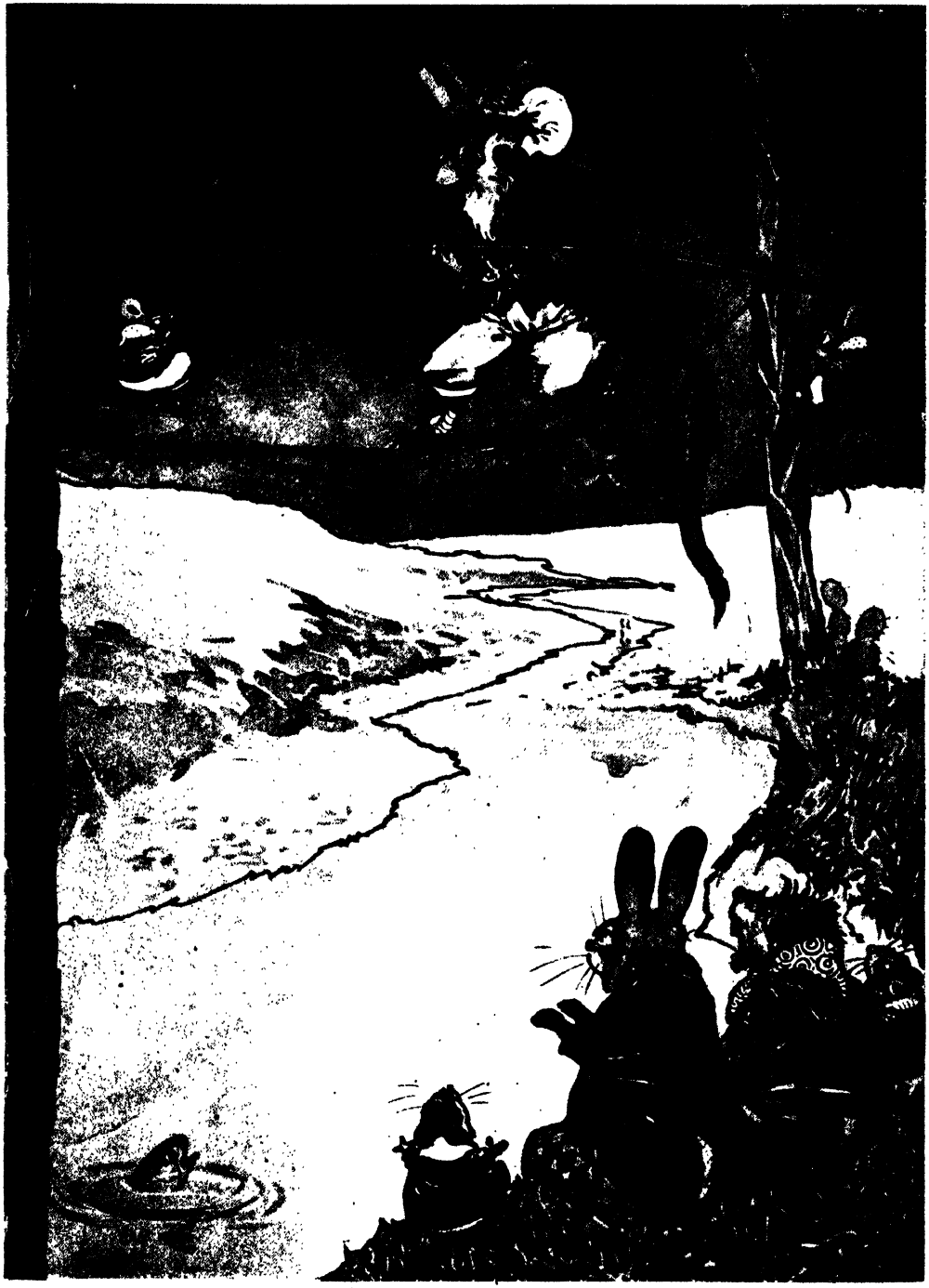


Little Miss Muffet
She sat on a tuffet
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a big spider
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.



There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all soundly, and sent them to bed.

THREE LITTLE MICE TREMBLE FOR THEIR LIVES



MR. MOUSEY IN A RECKLESS MOOD

SCARLET RUNNER CALLS ON THE TOADSTOOL



ALL THIS WAY FOR NOTHING

YOUNG FELIS HAD A PARASOL

YOUNG Felis had a parasol
Because the sun was strong,
It was so big the slightest breeze
Blew Felis fast along.

The time drew near when Indian folk
Expect the mad monsoon,
The very dreadful wind that blows
At morning, night, and noon.

Wise Mother Felis taught her cub
To fear the monsoon's might,
And leave his parasol at home
Whene'er it came in sight.

But Felis soon her words forgot,
And when the monsoon came
He opened wide his parasol,
Now, wasn't he to blame ?

How wrong it is to disobey
Poor Felis quickly found,
The mad monsoon came rushing on
And bore him from the ground.

Up like a lark young Felis went,
Still fast and faster flew,
Until he was a tiny speck
Far off against the blue.

The speck grew dim, until at last
It vanished out of sight,
And in the little cosy cot
No Felis slept that night.

Poor Felis never will forget
The whirling, mad monsoon,
For now he lives alone, they say,
Upon the harvest moon.





THE WEATHERCOCK

COCK of the North, South, East, and West,
Fixed to the steeple but never at rest,
Golden bird, fickle bird, up in the wind,
Fix on your compass-point, make up your mind.
Though in the sun you may glitter and gleam,
Bright as reflection on mirror or stream,
Whirling and twirling from morning to night,
Why so inconstant ? It cannot be right.

STRANGER below, you are passing unkind,
I am the king of the breeze and the wind,
Britain's broad Empire runs north, south, east, west,
All of the points of the compass are best.
I am a sentry put up here on guard,
In ev'ry direction to keep watch and ward :
First to the north must I keenly look out,
Then to the southward turn sharply about,
Now to the eastward and now to the west,
All the four points of the compass are best.
Cold is the north wind and balmy the south,
Stormy the west and the east full of drouth,
King of the breezes, I'm never at rest,
All the four points of the compass are best.



VULGAR MATTHEW

VULGAR Matthew faces made,
morning, noon, and night,
Vainly his dear mother said,
" Matthew, it is not right ;
If the wind should chance to change when you're doing so,
With that look upon your face all your life you'll go."



Matthew pulled his face awry as he walked along,
Though such conduct was, he knew, very bad and wrong.
Picking nuts one autumn day in a shady place,
When the wind was in the west, Matthew made a face ;
Scarcely like an ape he looked, very like a beast,
Suddenly the wind changed round from the west to east.

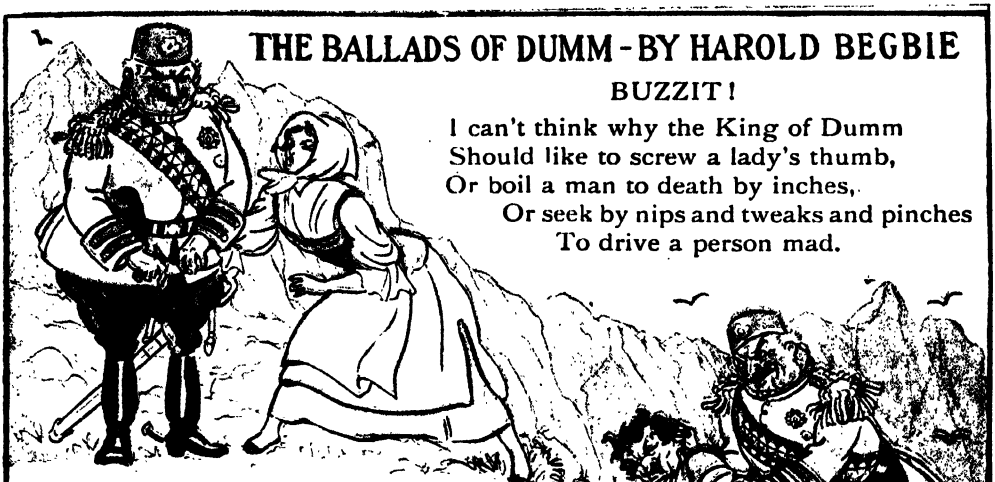


Off that horrid face to put, Matthew tried in vain,
Fixed for ever till he dies it will now remain ;
People to their parties now Matthew never ask,
When he goes to church or school Matthew wears a mask.

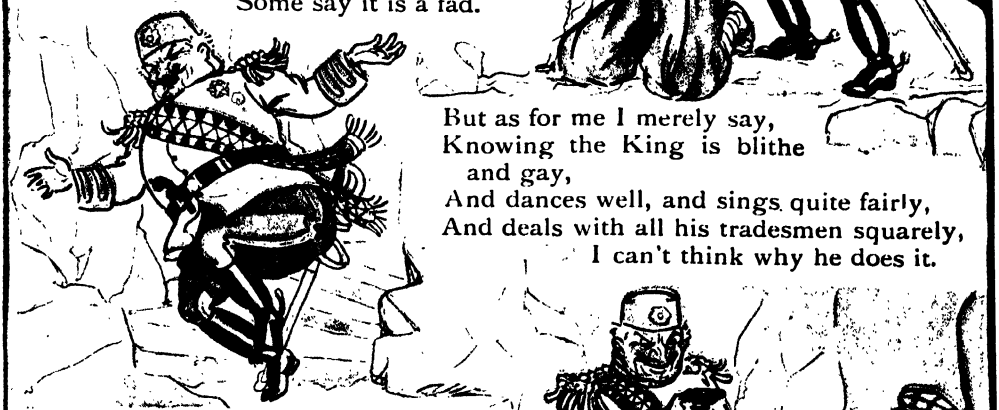
THE BALLADS OF DUMM - BY HAROLD BEGBIE

BUZZIT!

I can't think why the King of Dumm
Should like to screw a lady's thumb,
Or boil a man to death by inches,
Or seek by nips and tweaks and pinches
To drive a person mad.



Some people say it is his mission
To follow every wise tradition,
Others aver he hates to kill,
And tortures quite against his will:
Some say it is a fad.



But as for me I merely say,
Knowing the King is blithe and gay,
And dances well, and sings quite fairly,
And deals with all his tradesmen squarely,
I can't think why he does it.



And there we have it, just remarking,
If you perchance are now embarking
On foreign travel, don't at Dumm
Say Pish! or Posh! or Fee Faw Fum!
Particularly Buzzit!

CAN'T THINK WHY THE QUEEN OF DUMM



I can't think why the Queen of Dumm
Should always look so very glum,
Nor why she should so often shout
And kick the footstools all about,
And fling her sceptre at the head
Of Sticks-in-Waiting, gently bred.



Nor why she takes her crown and throws it
At dear old Bishop Bumplebozit,
Nor why when thunder's in the sky,
She gets a squint in either eye,
And tears her hair, and shrieks for ages,
And does to death three hundred pages.



If you should ever go to Dumm
And meet a lady extra glum,
Take off your hat and stoop your knee,
Exclaim, "How goes your Majesty?"



She may, of course, take off your head
Or make you dive in boiling lead,
But still, you will have done your duty,
And, after all, she's not a beauty.



Your epitaph? Who will compose it?
Why, dear old Bishop Bumplebozit.

HAROLD BEGBIE

I CAN'T THINK WHY THE PRINCE OF DUMM



I CAN'T think why the Prince of Dumm
Upon the window-pane should strum,
Beating thereon a dull tattoo
Until his finger-nails are blue,
Making the people underneath
Look up and show ferocious teeth,
And rousing in his royal sire
A demon of atrocious ire.

And causing his mamma, the Queen,
To go an unbecoming green,
And driving all the socks-in-waiting
To croquet and electro-plating,
And sending ladies, chaplains, pages,
To stand upon their heads in cages.

I rather think the reason lies
In something hid from mortal eyes.
I understand from Bumblebozit,
Who says with tears he really knows it,

That when the Prince was nearly four
He tumbled on the nursery floor,
And struck his head, which then was tender,
Upon a handsome copper fender.

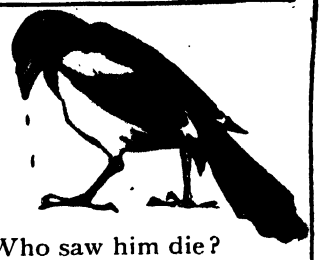
The tune he drums from bar to bar is "Twinkle, twinkle, little star."

HAROLD BEGBIE

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?



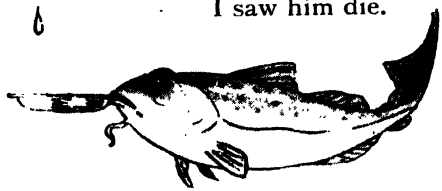
Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow
I killed Cock Robin.



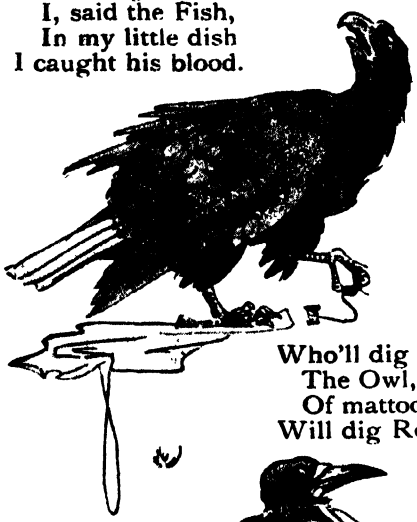
Who saw him die?
I, said the Magpie,
With my little eye
I saw him die.



Who caught his blood?
I, said the Fish,
In my little dish
I caught his blood.

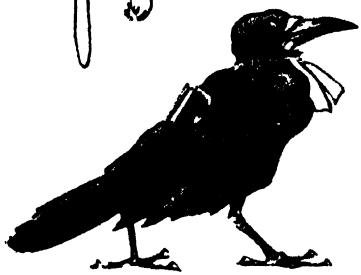


Who'll make his shroud?
I, said the Eagle,
With my thread and needle
I'll make his shroud.



Who'll dig his grave?
The Owl, with the aid
Of mattock and spade,
Will dig Robin's grave.

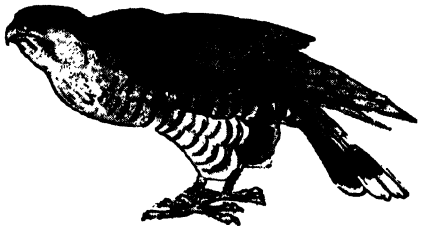




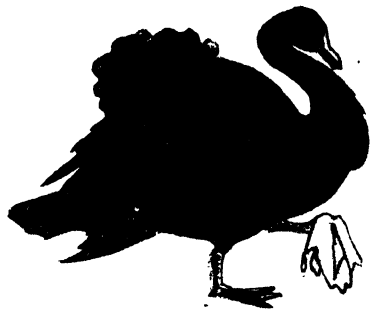
Who'll be the parson?
I, said the Rook,
With my little book
I'll be the parson.



Who'll be the clerk?
I, said the Lark,
If not in the dark
I'll be the clerk.



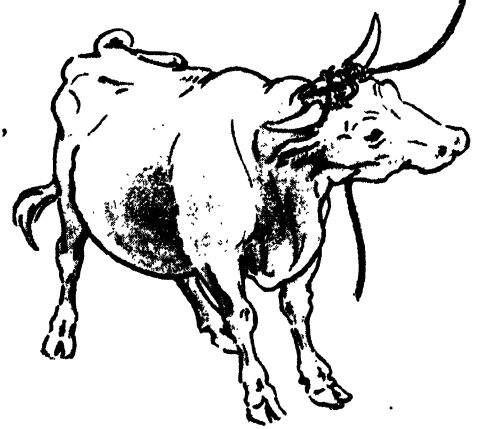
Who'll carry him to the grave?
I, said the Kite,
If not in the night
I'll carry him to the grave.



Who'll be chief mourner?
I, said the Swan,
I'm sorry he's gone,
I'll be chief mourner.



Who'll bear his pall?
We, said the Wren,
And the Cock and the Hen,
We'll bear his pall.

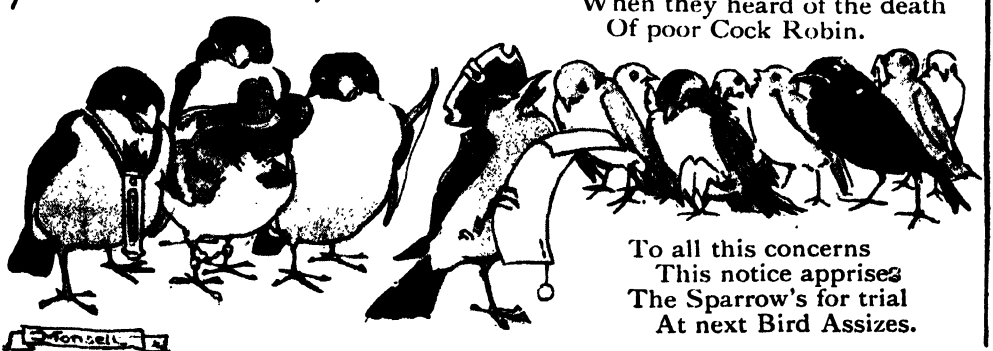


Who'll toll the bell?
I, said the Bull,
Because I can pull,
I'll toll the bell.



Who'll lead the way?
I, said the Martin,
When ready for starting,
I'll lead the way.

All the birds of the air
Began sighing and sobbing
When they heard of the death
Of poor Cock Robin.



To all this concerns
This notice apprises
The Sparrow's for trial
At next Bird Assizes.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S NURSERY RHYMES

MRS. MARY BLAIZE



GOOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.



She strove the neighbourhood to please
With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The King himself has followed her—
When she has walked before.



Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say
That had she lived a twelvemonth more
She had not died today.

PARSON GRAY

A QUIET home had Parson Gray,
Secluded in a vale;
His daughters all were feminine,
And all his sons were male.



How faithfully did Parson Gray
The bread of life dispense—
Well "posted" in theology,
And post and rail his fence.



'Gainst all the vices of the age,
He manfully did battle;
His chickens were a biped breed,
And quadruped his cattle.

No clock more punctually went,
He ne'er delayed a minute—
Nor ever empty was his purse,
When he had money in it.



His piety was ne'er denied;
His truths hit saint and sinner;
At morn he always breakfasted,
He always dined at dinner.

He ne'er by any luck was grieved,
By any care perplexed—
No filcher he, though when he preached
He always "took" a text.

As faithful characters he drew
As mortal ever saw;
But ah! poor parson! when he died,
His breath he could not draw!

THE STORK AMONG THE CHIMNEY-POTS



There's a stork among the chimney-pots!
The little children cried;
He looks a most conceited bird—
So proud and dignified!
So stately and so haughty—
He's quite brimful of pride!

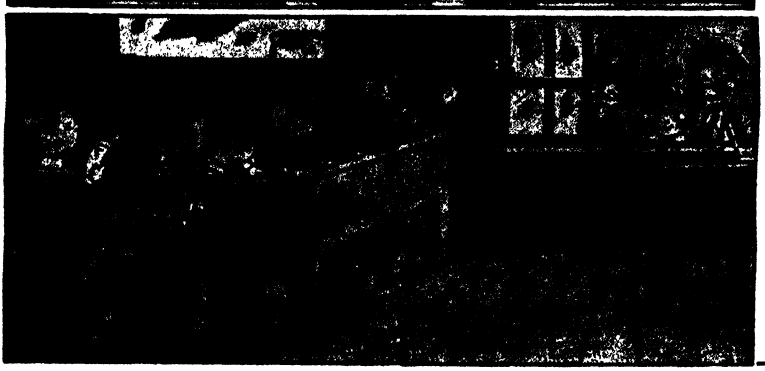
I *know* I'm a conceited bird,
The wise old stork confessed;
But you can't see what *I* can see!
He puffed his snowy chest;
For he could see—well, something
In a cosy little nest!

'TWAS ON A BLACK, BLACK NIGHT









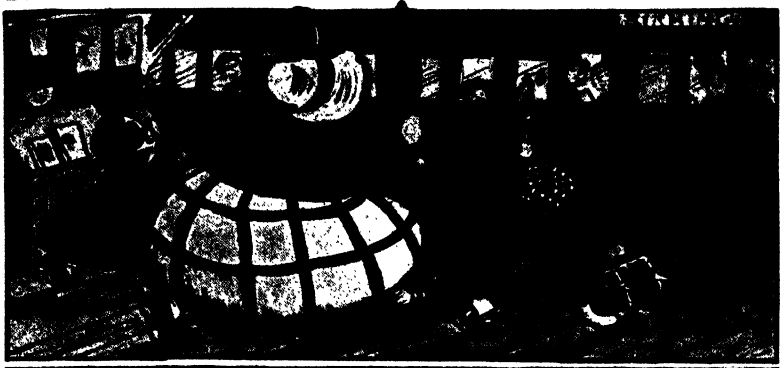
'Twas on a black,
black night of
March,
In burst Johnny
white as starch.
His cries re-
echoed to the
rafter,
"A black, black
ghost, and it's
me he's after.

He's as big as a
horse, and ten
times higher,
With long, long
claws and eyes
of fire."
"He's got me!"
cried Johnny,
fainting flat
As in the room
jumped a
black, black cat

But, sad to re-
late, old Doc-
tor Dimes
Was down in
his study read-
ing the Times.
"It seems," said
he, "something
I've lacked,
Those first form
boys must all
be smacked."

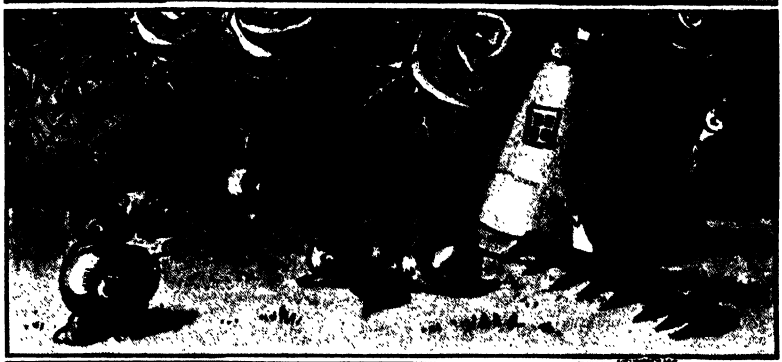
Johnny was tak-
en and nursed
by the fire,
But that did
not soothe the
Doctor's ire,
And all because
of the black,
black ghost
They lost the
holiday they
loved most.

TRAINS AND SNAILS AND DOGS AND CATS



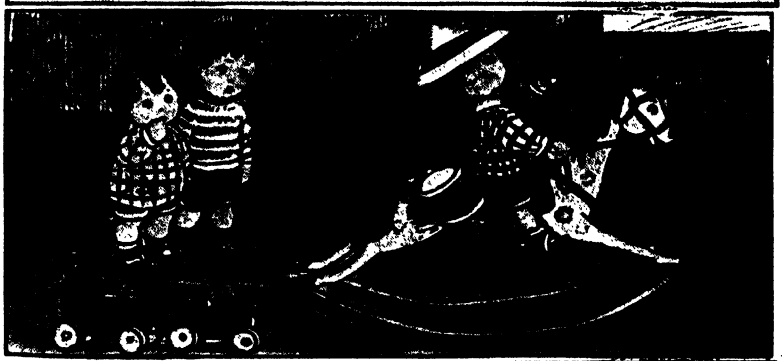
Where is the bag? Here Joe! Here, Jane!

Quickly! Quickly! Here comes the train!



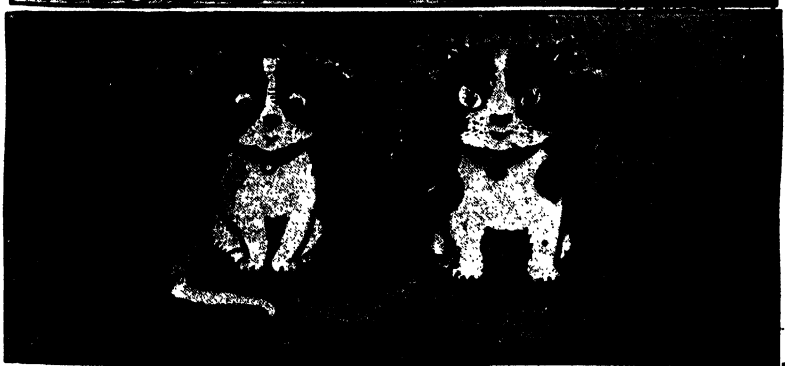
Here you see the snails at play,

When the gardener's gone away.



Tom is selfish with his toys,

And would not share with other boys.



Here is a picture drawn by Nat,

Of a Pussy-dog and a Puppy-cat.

WHO HANGS THESE LITTLE BALLS ON THE TREE ?



WHICH SHALL SHE PICK?

THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF THE TREES IN APRIL



THE FLYING FISH FOLDED HIS GLITTERING WINGS

THE FLYING FISH

THE flying fish folded his glittering wings
To talk to the toad of "the fitness of things":
"I'm a child of the wave, in the waters at home,
With mermaids I sport 'midst the spray and the foam
Till, tired of the ocean, I gracefully rise
To flutter beneath the bright tropical skies."
The toad spread his digits, for fear he should fall,
And thought, very wisely, of nothing at all!

That night a swift schooner sped on through the brine,
Aloft were her lanterns with shimmering shine;
The flying fish, carelessly risking his neck,
Flew up to the lanterns to fall on the deck;
The cook, as he scaled him and cut off his wings,
Was heard to remark on "the fitness of things";
The toad spread his digits, for fear he should fall,
And thought, very wisely, of nothing at all!



HARRY HIPPO

HARRY HIPPO, day by day,
Constantly was heard to say—
"You may beg and you may pray,
I *shan't* eat that nasty hay."

Mother Hippo coaxed in vain,
Father Hippo used the cane,
Still, as every meal-time came,
Harry Hippo said the same—
"You may beg and you may pray,
I *won't* eat that nasty hay."

Soon we find, for want of dinner,
Harry Hippo growing thinner;
They might beg and they might pray,
But he *wouldn't* eat his hay.

Harry still much thinner grew,
All his bones the skin stuck through,
Till he found, one doleful day,
That he *couldn't* eat his hay.

Children, take from Harry warning
Mother Hippo rose one morning
Went to look at Harry sleeping,
In his little hammock peeping.

But, alas! she burst out crying
No dear Harry there was lying
In the middle of the night
He had shrunk to nothing quite.
Limp his little blanket lay,
Harry gone, for want of hay.

THE HAUGHTY FROG

THERE was a naughty, haughty frog
Who denied, with rage and scorn,
That as wiggling, wriggling pollywog
In a ditch he had been born.

"Look at the floppy, sloppy tail
Of the tadpole in the pond,
Who of fusty, musty duckweed stale
Is ridiculously fond.

"I'm an astounding, bounding frog,
I swim like a proper fish,
And in the lushy, slushy bog
Catch many an insect dish."

But a peering, leering Frenchman came,
On a toothsome meal intent,
And into his gruesome, ruesome can
That bumptious froggy went.

Vainly he, bumping, jumping, tried
To get back to the water cool,
And envied, forgetting his pride besetting,
The pollywog in the pool.





MISTRESS GOOSE GOES OUT SHOPPING

On the way to do some shopping
Mistress Goose must not be stopping,
But she glances up in passing by the wall:
And the Foxey Brothers, rightly,
Raise their hats to her politely;
And she smiles her pretty smile at each and all.

While she wonders if they're staring
At the bonnet she is wearing,
She may give her head a saucy little shake,
But she'd scurry past them shrinking
If she knew how they were thinking:
"What a jolly little dinner she would make!"

MRS. RABBIT BRINGS THE XMAS SUPPER HOME



DID SHE BUY IT OR DID SHE STEAL IT?

THIS IS THE WAY THEY GO TO SCHOOL



THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN A PIXIE SPRING



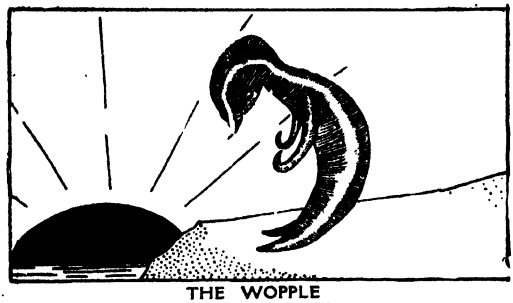
A PEEP IN A PIXIE GARDEN

THE PARTY THAT SUDDENLY BROKE UP



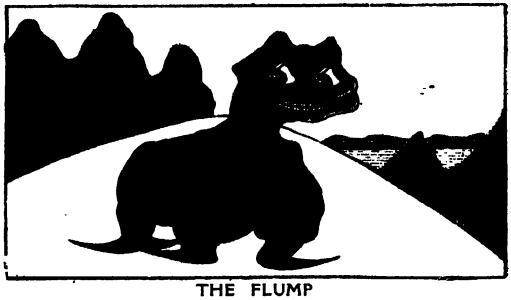
AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR

THE ZOO THAT NEVER WAS



THE WOPPLE

That it is right to be polite
The little Wopple thinks,
And every night ere fades the light,
It bows as the red sun sinks.



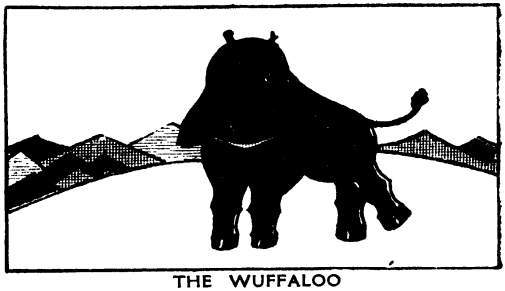
THE FLUMP

No matter what you do to it,
The Flump you'll never rile;
You tickle or say "Boo!" to it,
And it will simply smile.



THE TUT

The Tut, when young, is always shy.
(Praps you already knew it?)
This one's been told to "Kill that fly,"
But can't think how to do it!



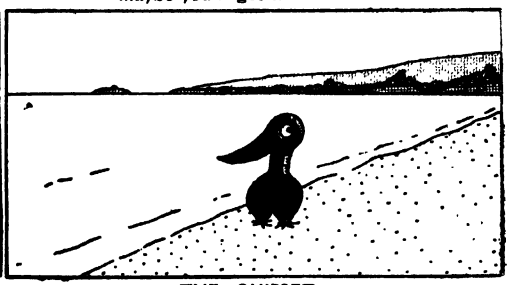
THE WUFFALOO

The yellow grape-tailed Wuffaloo
Is up to every trick.
Don't stroke its back, for if you do
Maybe you'll get a kick.



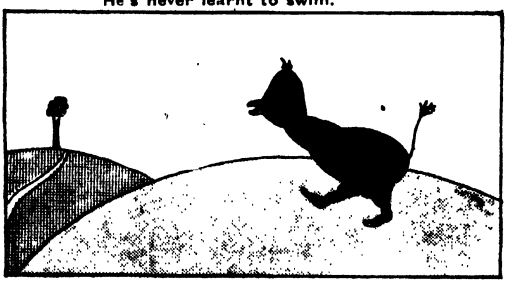
THE TWIDDLE-TWODDLE-TWEE

This is a Twiddle-twoddle-twee.
I rather pity him,
For, though he twoddles by the sea,
He's never learnt to swim.



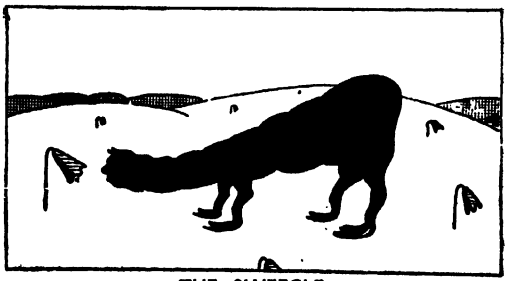
THE QUIPSET

The Quipset, wicked little imp,
Is looking aught but shy,
And hopes to captivate a shrimp,
If one should happen by.



THE PIPCHIN

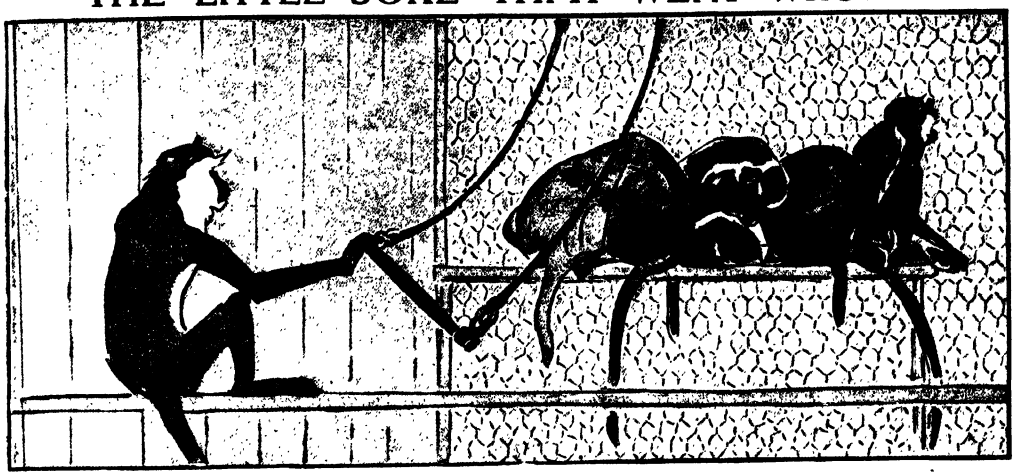
The Pipchin fat and chubby grew,
And of his plumoness boasted,
One day it died of Spanish 'flu;
It was delicious roasted!



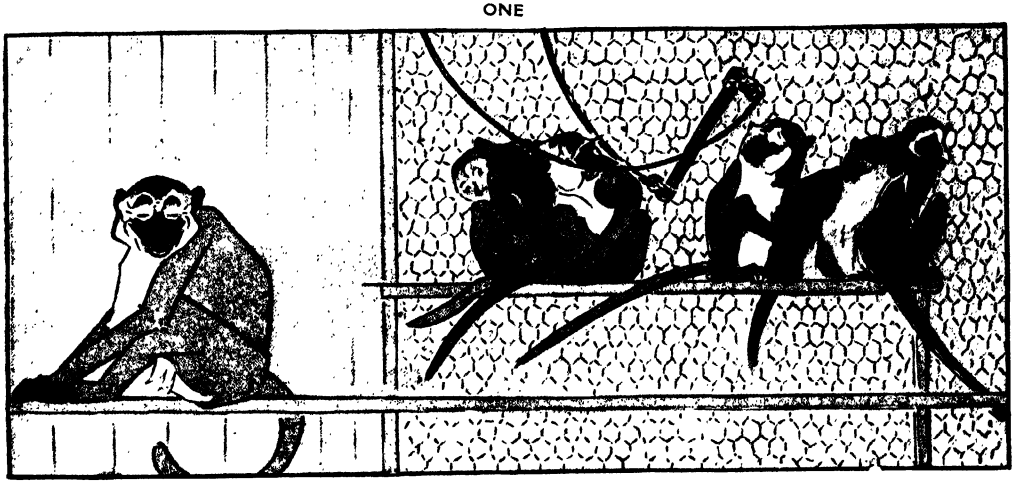
THE SWEEGLE

The body of the Sweegle towers
High above the little flowers,
Yet at each he spends a minute,
Trying to find out what's in it!

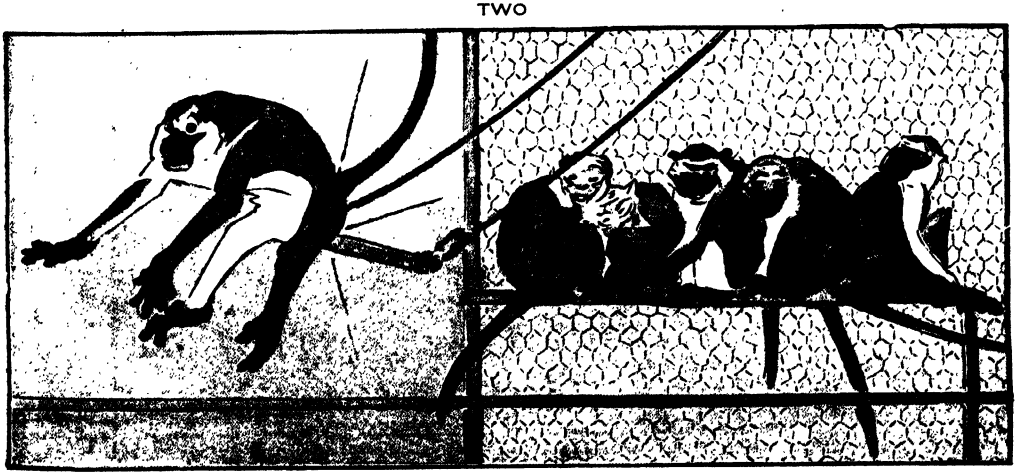
THE LITTLE JOKE THAT WENT WRONG



ONE



TWO



THREE

THE MAGIC MILL GRINDS MERRILY



HOW THE PIXIES HELPED THE MILLER TO GRIND HIS CORN

WITH A RUSH AND A ROAR WE SPEED ALONG.



A RIDE IN THE GOBLIN COACH

THE JOLLY BOYS IN THE SNOW



The Artful Bunnies offer to give the Jolly Boys a good send-off in their toboggan. But the rascals have tied a long rope to the back of the toboggan, and half-way down the hill it suddenly stops. The Jolly Boys go on!

OLD JIM'S TALE OF HUMPY-BACK

"BOBBY, oh, Bobby, here's the funniest little humpy-back! He's all green and yellow, and when the sun makes glints in the leaf you can hardly see him at all."

Humpy-back, not knowing that he was Humpy-back, went on with his dinner.

"Oh, there's another! There's lots! Bobby, *do* come!"

Still Humpy-back was not alarmed, till a warm pink finger touched him. He did not know what it was, nor wait to ask; he curled himself up and rolled off the leaf.

"That's artful!" said Bobby. "But there are plenty more."

A quick grab, and another caterpillar was caught in a hot little hand. And how hot it was!—not sunshiny hot, but stifling, terrifying, worse than being cold.

"What have you got?" asked Jim.

"Oh, the funniest little green humpy-back!" cried Peggy. "And there's lots!"

Old Jim leaned on his spade and glared at the caterpillars. As a gardener, how could he leave the little pests to devour a tender young cabbage? But, as a man and a father, how could he kill them before two pairs of innocent eyes?

"I'm going to show it to daddy!" Away flew Bobby.

"Jim, don't you *like* humpy-backs?" asked Peggy curiously.

"Well"—Jim rubbed his chin—"I've seen things I liked a sight better," he admitted cautiously.

"Oh, there's one hanging up by his tail!" screamed Peggy. "What is he doing? *Do* like them, Jim, they're so funny!"

Jim smiled, and the caterpillars were saved for that day.

"I expect he's going to wriggle his coat off, because he's grown out of it," he said. "You see, he can't unbutton it, so he has to split it up the back, and wriggle out. It would be a nice thing if Bobby had to hang himself up on the hat-pegs when he wanted to change his coat, wouldn't it?"

Peggy looked with doubtful eyes from Jim to the caterpillars, and back. A smile spread over her face.

"Go on, Jim, go on!" she chanted joyously. "I like fairy tales!"

"And when he has wriggled out of his coat he will eat it."

A peal of delighted laughter from Peggy.

"And when he has grown out of five or six new coats he will tie himself up to a stalk, with a silk sash round his waist to keep him safe, and turn his last coat into a little box, and go to sleep, and wake up a butterfly, with four white wings."

Peggy sighed with bliss. "Go on; it's lovely!"

"And then his children will be put in little white shells, and hatch out into humpy-backs, and do it all over again. And it's all true!"

"Oh, yes!" Peggy nodded her head. "Quite true! Just as true as 'Cinderella'! Jim, you *do* tell lovely fairy tales!"

"But it is true! Ask your daddy!"

"He's coming now!" And away raced Peggy to meet him.

COME, LITTLE BIRDS

COME, little birds, my brothers all,
And see the seeds I freely scatter.
Do you hear the pitter-patter
Of nice big crumbs that I let fall?
Come, birdies, from your greenwood bed,
So rich a feast for us is spread!



THE MAID OF CREWE

SAID a quaint little maiden of Crewe,
Who came out of the sea looking blue:
"The sea's not polite,
It gave me a fright;
When I sat on a wave I went through!"

THE SCHOOL BELL

THREE little children sitting on a wall,
White cotton dresses, no hats at all;
Brown, laughing faces, legs keep a-swinging,
Street organ's playing—and the school bell's ringing.

Three little children chatting on the wall,
Does seem a pity to have to leave it all:
The sunshine, the organ—a schoolroom's not entrancing
When children's feet are longing to be away, and dancing.

Could they? And dare they? And what would teacher say,
Suppose they didn't go to school on such a sunny day?
They *dare*—why, of course! Legs keep a-swinging,
Street-organ's playing. *Then the bell stops ringing.*

They scramble from the wall at once in such a fearful hurry,
All their daring plans forgot, and off to school they scurry!

THE FAVOURITE

I'VE just a cupboard full of dolls;
There's Gollywog, who's black,
And Mistress Jane, who's rather vain,
And jolly Sailor Jack,
And Lady Clare, and Teddy Bear,
But little china Poll
I love far best than all the rest,
She's *quite* my fav'rite doll!

It's not because she's grandly dressed
And clever—it's not that,
She only wears a little vest,
And tiny woollen hat,
While Mistress Jane can close her eyes,
And Lady Clara talks!
But Polly is the very size
For me to take for walks.

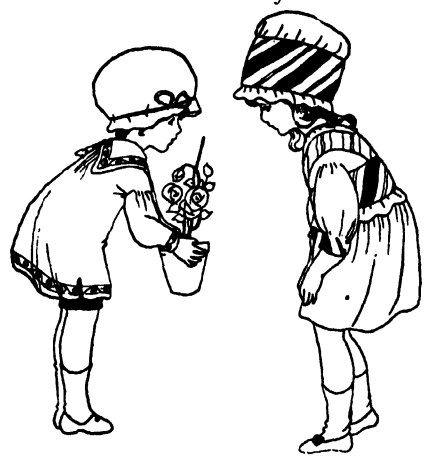
THE BOY NEXT DOOR

DOROTHY was as cross as two sticks. And all because that horrid French boy next door had pitched his stupid ball over the wall right on to her pet rose-bush. She nearly wept to see the lovely petals fall in a shower to the earth.

She stamped her foot and called him a great clumsy thing.

"What a fuss to make over a little rose-bush!" said Nurse. "I'm sure the garden is full of roses. That poor little fellow has only one rose-tree in his garden, and, my word, what care he takes of it!"

The next day Dorothy was surprised to hear her name called. She looked up. It was that horrid boy next door.



"Mademoiselle," he said, with a bow, "I regret much that I spoilt your beautiful rose-bush, and I beg of you to accept this little one instead."

Dorothy gasped. He had dug up his miserable little rose-tree—the only one he had—and put it in a pot for her!

JOHN, AGED NINE

SEVEN-LEAGUED boots, and rugs that fly,
I do not need them, no, not I!
In my father's stable stand
Forty horses, swift and grand.

Hear them come with flying feet,
Pause at the door, tear up the street,
Droning along on a full deep G—
Forty fairy horses none can see.

None can lame, and none can tire,
From dawn till dusk at my desire,
As from town to town they whirl me far—
John, aged nine, on our motor-car!

TOPSY-TURVY

I CAN say my A B C
Backwards very easily,
Turn it round the other way,
Start with Z and end with A.
Z Y X and W
Don't have very much to do;
V U T and also S
Work much harder, I confess;
R Q P and O run past,
N and M can't go so fast,
That is why they choose to play
Quiet games with L and K;
J and I are tall and thin,
When *they* race they often win;
H G F with E and D
Fetch the others in to tea;
C is nice, it helps to spell
Cakes, and choc'late creams as well;
B's a letter that I dread,
For it comes in "time for bed";
Now we've travelled all the way
Back from crooked Z to A.

THE BLUEBELL'S SONG

TING-a-ling-a-ling,
Just a little peal I'll ring,
A little peal to say I'm glad to see you;
Just a little peal to show
That I'm fond of you, you know,
But, dearie me, I shouldn't like to *be* you!

No, no, I never should,
For you don't live in a wood;
You're always up too late to see the sunrise;
And you miss the evening fun,
You're in bed when it's begun,
So you never see the glow-worms and the fireflies.

As butterflies escape
From the dull and gloomy shape
In which for many weeks I know they *do* dwell,
Perhaps some happy day,
Not so very far away,
You'll wake and find you're turned into a bluebell!

THINKING

DOLLS and breakfast, walks and toys,
And *some* things that one enjoys
Happen every single day.
But it is the other way
With the nicest kinds of things:
Cherry blossom in the spring,
White and beautiful and dear,
Only happens once a year.
And just *once* corn's gold and ripe,
And it's spring when blackbirds pipe.
First I was surprised at it;
Now I've thought it out a bit;
And it's very nice, you know,
Just to wait for things. And though
We must sometimes be without them,
We can think in bed about them!

HOT TEMPERS

THE kettle said, "You're very black!"
The pot was cross and answered back.
"You say I'm black, well—what of you?"
It *boiled* with rage, pots often do.

The kettle's voice rose loud and shrill,
"I'm black, but you are blacker still!
How dare you fume at me? What next?"
It spluttered for it *was* so vexed.

Then Cook came running up to see.
"They're boiling over, oh dear me!"
She cried. "The stove is much too hot,"
And moved the kettle and the pot.



HE SANG A SONG

THROUGH the streets of Picardy
Jean goes up, Jean goes down,
Singing songs and madrigals
For a crown, for a crown.

He sang our Lord's Nativity
Ere daybreak, ere daybreak.
Fair Alys rose and him did give
Spicy cake, spicy cake.

WHAT PAT LEARNED

Pat and I are friends. We are the same age. We are six, and we belong to Mummie. Pat is a dog—his hair is short, and he is Irish. I am a boy—my hair is short too, but I am English. My name is Ray.

Pat is a very clever dog He can do lots of tricks—beg and wait and carry letters.

The other day, when I was in the garden, Mummie called "Ray, Ray! I want you!"

I ran across the grass. Mummie was sitting in her chair under the cherry-tree.

"Pat has learnt something new," she told me.

"Oh, Mummie," I said, "do show me!"

Then Mummie called Pat. He came tearing along, with his funny old tail wagging ever so fast. He sat down in front of Mummie and looked at her. And Mummie looked at Pat. I waited to see what was going to happen.

"Pat," said Mummie, "do you know what is the sweetest thing in all the world?"



Pat was still looking at Mummie, quite still.

"Is it dog-biscuits?" asked Mummie.

Pat did not move.

"Is it cat-hunts?" asked Mummie.

Pat did not stir.

Then Mummie's voice went low and soft, and she leant forward a little.

"Pat darling," she said, almost in a whisper, "is it—love?"

You should have seen Pat then! He sprang up, alert, eager, quivering, his brown eyes glowing, his tail wagging as fast as ever it would go, and he gave two short, sharp barks.

Then Mummie said: "Prove it, Pat."

Pat put his paws on to her lap and buried his nose in her hands, and licked her lovingly.

Mummie turned to me. "Ray," she said, "what Pat has found out is perfectly true, but many people don't know it."

And then Mummie drew my face down to hers and kissed it.

"I think *my Mummie* is the sweetest thing in all the world," I said.

"Yes," said a voice behind me; "so do I." It was Daddy, and he was smiling. "But then, you see, Ray, love *is* Mummie, so you are quite right, after all!"

Don't you think it was clever of Pat, who is only a dog, to find out what some grown-up people don't know? I do.

PEGGY GROWS UP WITH HER PLUM TREE



Peggy, at three years old, has a beautiful plum given to her

She saves the stone and plants it next year in her garden

When she is five it begins to come up, a little green shoot



When she is six the plum tree is just as high as Peggy is

When she is nine the tree has its first white blossom

At ten years old Peggy picks her first plum from the tree



From this plum she takes the stone and plants it. She is now eleven

When she is twelve she has enough plums to make a pie

At fifteen Peggy gathers several baskets of plums from her tree



At twenty Peggy is able to graft other trees from the first and plant an orchard with them

At thirty Peggy has her own little girl, who gathers the last plum from the old tree

And when she is thirty-one Peggy has the old tree cut down and a chair made from it

WITCHCRAFT

ON—ever on—I'll pipe and you shall follow,
From Vale o' Day,
Across the Drowsy Hills, through Sleepy Hollow,
By Nodding Way;
With lullaby, a potent spell I'll weave you,
Until, meseems,
There's no escape, then I'll, reluctant, leave you—
In Land o' Dreams!

WATER-WAYS

HUSH-HUSH, little dolly, hush-hush, there, don't cry,
For mother's so sorry there's soap in your eye;
She tried to be careful,
Yes, really she did,
But the soap was so wet that it slid—slid—slid!

Hush-hush, little dolly, hush-hush, don't you see
That mother's so sorry she pricked your poor knee?
She tried to be careful,
Yes, really she did,
But the pin was so wet that it slid—slid—slid!

Hush-hush, little dolly, hush-hush, don't you know
That mother's so sorry she trod on your toe?
She tried to be careful,
Yes, really she did,
But the floor was so wet that she slid—slid—slid!

A WONDERFUL PET

THERE was once a man of Samoa
Who had as a pet a jerboa,
And he said, which we doubt,
When the creature went out,
That it galloped and swam to Algoa!

MARY PLANTS HER BULBS

LITTLE brown bulb that I hold in my hand,
I've dug a hole, and I've made it deep,
But you mustn't be frightened. Just understand,
When I lay you there, that it's time to sleep.
Though winter is hard, and its days are long,
And the trees are bare, and the plants seem dead,
And even the birds forget their song,
And twitter mournfully overhead,
Yet spring will come, and winter will end,
So don't be frightened, little brown friend
Little brown bulb, while you're lying there,
In the cosy bed that I've dug so deep,
Such dear green leaves, and a flower so fair,
Are hid in the heart of you as you sleep.
And the rain will come, and the winds will blow,
And your little white roots will go creeping down,
And then a little green shoot will be grown,
And then a flower with a golden crown!
Yes, spring will come, and winter will end,
And you'll be a daffodil, little brown friend!

THE CONCEITED KITTEN

THERE was once a kitten named Jane
Who was so conceited, though plain,
For she fell in a lake
Which she thought by mistake
Was a looking-glass—wasn't she vain?

OLD MRS. THREADGOLD

OLD Mrs. Threadgold has a shop
Where everybody goes;
She's cards of hooks, and paper books,
And tins of sweets in rows;
And then as well a tinkly bell
With such a merry din,
And you should see her smile at me
When Nurse and I come in.

Old Mrs. Threadgold doesn't know,
But, when I'm old and grey,
I'll keep shop, too, that's what I'll do,
In just her very way.
And I'll sell books, and cards of hooks,
And everything, you'll see!
And smile each day in just her way
At little girls like me!

ROBIN

WHEN Robin was a tiny boy,
His engine was his darling toy.
Brown bears and books he tore asunder—
We rescued them as pirate's plunder.



But he smashed the engine up one night,
For Auntie Nell gave him a kite.
Morn, noon, and night sky-high he'd send her—
We took the engine out to mend her.

And now the kite is gone for good—
We found her in the hazel wood—
He runs out over fields and furrows,
Shooting far his deadly arrows,
Pretending he is Robin Hood.

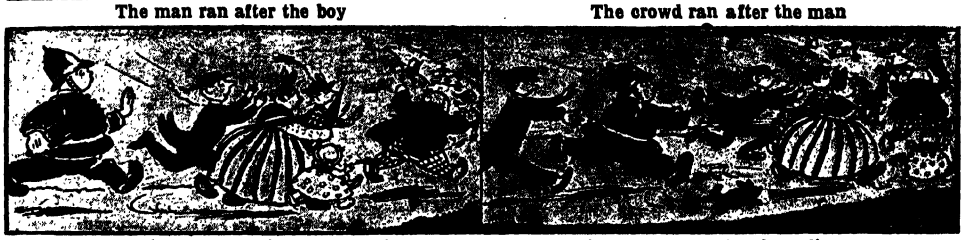
A LITTLE TALE OF A HAT IN THE WIND



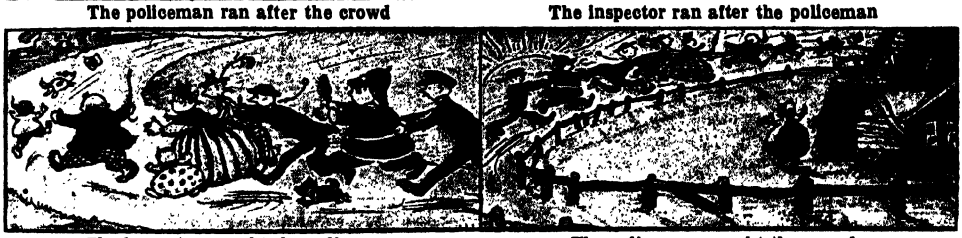
The wind blew the hat — The dog ran after the hat — The boy ran after the dog



The man ran after the boy — The crowd ran after the man



The policeman ran after the crowd — The inspector ran after the policeman



The inspector caught the policeman — The policeman caught the crowd



The crowd caught the man — The man caught the boy



The boy caught the dog — And the dog caught the hat

THE ELFIN MAN

WHEN I was small, my honey,
As small as Baby Nan,
One morning when 'twas sunny,
I saw an elfin man.
A-laughing and a-singing.
A branch the elf was bringing,



With catkins all a-swinging
And waving as he ran.
"Tra-la," he sang, "and diddle dee!
The spring has come! Oh, laugh with me!"

THE BOUNCING BALL

BERTHA had a bouncing ball,
Given her by Uncle James,
With which she and little Paul
Used to have some splendid games.

Bertha made it bounce so high,
Once or twice, that little Paul
Was afraid she'd hit the sky
Some fine day, and make it fall.

One day, "I *should* like to know,"
Paul said, "what that thing can be
In the ball that bounces so.
Let us cut a hole to see."

So a tiny hole they cut—
Nothing to complain about
You would have imagined, but
Through it all the bounce crept out!

TELLING THE TIME

I HAVE got a *real* watch, with a big hand and a small;
It's not a baby penny watch that will not go at all,
But it's got a lot of wheels inside, and a bright winding key,
And the sort of chain that men have—and big boys, as old as me!
And a set of springs and little wheels that I must not take out
'Cept sometimes on a Saturday, when Daddie is about.
Betty is a baby, she has no watch at all,
Because she's only just a girl, as well as being small;
But she goes out in the garden where the dandelions grow,
And she puffs out both her cheeks, and you should see her blow and blow!
And she says it's four o'clock—or twelve—or eight—or six—or three;
And she thinks she tells the time—oh, *quite* as properly as me!

TO THE LAND OF NOD

THREE little folk are off to bed,
With dolly, book, and candle;
Nurse leads the way, and goes ahead
To turn the door handle.
But down below sits Mrs. Puss,
I fancy she says, grinning,
"Oh, what a lark!
Why, in the dark
My fun is just beginning!"

THE NOISE IN THE CHIMNEY

"MUMMIE! Mummie!"
Elsie's mother jumped out of bed—for it was the middle of the night—and ran into her little girl's room.

Elsie was sitting up in bed, looking very frightened.

"There is such a strange noise in the room, Mummie," she said; "I can't think what it can be. Listen—there it is again!"

It certainly was a strange noise, and, though they hunted high and low, they could not find out where it came from.

"It must be a mouse in the walls," said Mummie at last.

"It doesn't sound a bit like that," said Elsie, shaking her head; "it seems to me to come from the fireplace."

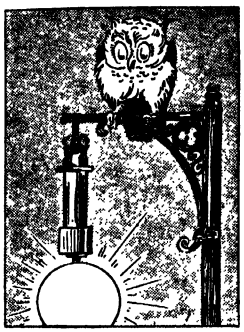


So Mummie found a long stick and poked it up the chimney. And the next minute down fell—*a big bird's nest!*

Elsie was astonished. But Mummie laughed, and told her that birds often build their nests in chimneys.

A VERY LONG DAY

An owl who had found an arc light
Thought, "The sun's still exceedingly bright,"
Then he made the remark,
"I can't hunt till it's dark,"
So he stayed there the whole of the night!





A DUCK IN A THUNDERSTORM

Quacked a duck in a thunderstorm, "I
Feel exceedingly happy—and why?
My umbrella's at home,
So uncovered I roam,
And forget that I ever was dry!"

A BRIGHT IDEA

When Grandpapa Rat
Wants to tie his cravat,
And there isn't a mirror, he soon
Finds a way out of *that*
(He's a clever old rat!)
For he uses the back of a spoon!





A GENEROUS JAR

The Jar of Cream is very *rich*,
And so, when he goes out,
He always looks around to see
If beggars are about.

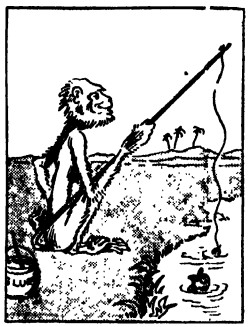
And if he meets a poor weak Cup
Of Tea, the neighbours say,
He'll hand out pennies, just to help
The Cup upon its way!

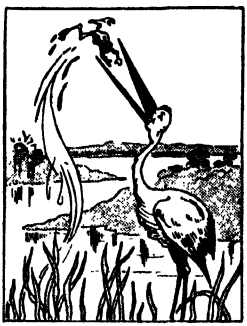
A FISHY TALE

A flounder who lived at Ramsgate
Met a skate who was walking out late;
Said the flounder, "Perchance,
You'll join me in a dance?"
But he answered, "I can't—I'm a skate."

AN INVENTIVE MONKEY

A monkey whose notions were new
Once stiffened his tail with some glue.
"It has long been my wish,"
He exclaimed, "to catch fish,
And I think for a rod this will do!"





A LAST FAREWELL

Said a stork who was seven feet high,
"Yes, my legs *are* too long, which is why,
When I stepped upon you,
You were out of my view,
But I *now* see you plainly—good-bye!"

THE BIRDS OF THE AIR

A lion, while combing his mane,
Observed, "Though one may not be vain,
When the birds of the air
Build their nests in one's hair,
One has cause, I should say, to complain!"





LUGGAGE IN ADVANCE

An elephant bellowed, "Hooray!
I am off to the jungle today.
I have tied a neat tag
To my best Gladstone bag,
And my *trunk*, too, is labelled that way!"

SIXTEEN THINGS TO GO TO BED WITH

DECEMBER, oh, December, dear,
We know your laughing face,
And who that jolly fellow is
Who drives at such a pace.
The prancing deer, the jingling bells,
The sleigh with toys heaped high,
Proclaim to every child on earth
That dear St. Nicholas is nigh.



I'M little January,
Perhaps you'd like to know
How far I've come to greet you,
Across the fields of snow.
Perhaps you weren't expecting
I'd be so very small,
Perhaps you're almost wishing
I hadn't come at all.



I've several little brothers,
And little sisters too,
And every one is coming
To make a call on you.
But I got ready quickly,
And came right straight off here,
To be the first to greet you,
This happy, glad New Year.



THERE was an old woman called Nothing-at-all,
Who rejoiced in a dwelling exceedingly small;
A man stretched his mouth to its utmost extent,
And down at one gulp house and old woman went.

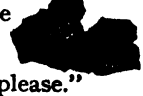
CRUEL children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.

A LITTLE tree grew in the midst of the wood
Contented and happy, as little trees should;
His body was straight and his branches were green;
And summer and winter the bountiful sheen
Of his needles bedecked him, from top to root,
In a beautiful, all-the-year holiday suit.

HINX, minx! the old witch winks,
The fat begins to fry;
There's nobody at home but little Jumping Joan,
Father, mother, and I.



HEARTS, like doors, can ope with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that two of these
Are "Thank you, sir," and "If you please."



THE fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere,
And, like wing'd spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go.
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a further room
Comes, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

THE sun went out to shine one day;
Said he, "I'll drive the rain away";
The raindrops laughed to see him try
To drive them back into the sky.
Each raindrop caught a sunbeam white
And split it into rays of light—
Red, yellow, blue, three rays in one—
And made a rainbow just for fun.

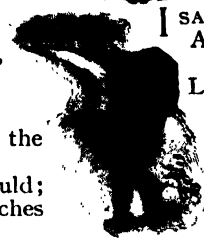
THE forest has spells to enchant me,
The mountain has power to enthrall;
Yet the grace of a wayside blossom
Can stir my heart deeper than all.

THE little duties still put off
Will end in "never done";
And "by-and-by is time enough"
Has ruined many a one.

CHILDREN, have you seen the budding
Of the trees in valleys low?
Have you watched it creeping, creeping,
Up the mountains, soft and slow?
Weaving here a plush-like mantle,
Brownish, greyish, reddish, green,
Changing, changing, daily, hourly,
Till it shines in emerald sheen?



I SAW you toss the kites on high,
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!



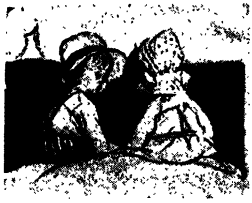
WE live in a white, white world
That's only one day old,
'Twas turned to white all in a night,
When earth was still and cold.

THERE are kitchen clocks and hall clocks;
There are big clocks and small clocks;
There are watches and great tall clocks,
That slow or fast may be.
It does not matter; all clocks
Are good enough for me.



TADDY POLE and Polly Wogg
Lived together in a bog;
Here you see the very pool,
Where they went to swimming-school.
By-and-by (it's true, but strange),
O'er them came a wondrous change:
Here you have them on a log,
Each a most decided frog.

CHIT-CHAT, PIT-A-PAT • RAT-TAT & TICK-TOCK



CHIT-CHAT



CLITTER-CLATTER



DILLY-DALLY



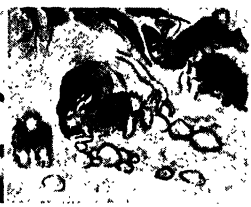
DING-DONG



FLIP-FLAP



HARUM-SCARUM



HELTER-SKELTER



HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY



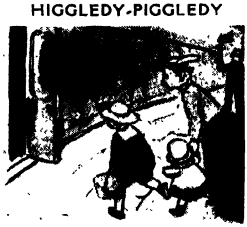
HOITY-TOITY



HOTCH-POTCH



HURLY-BURLY



HURRY-SCURRY



NAMBY-PAMBY



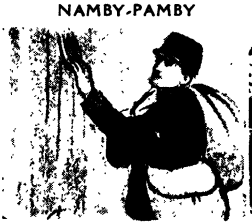
PELL-MELL



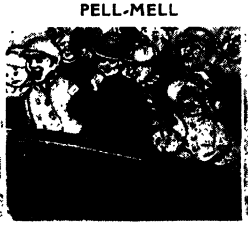
PIT-A-PAT



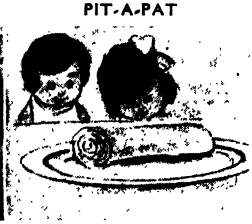
PITTER-PATTER



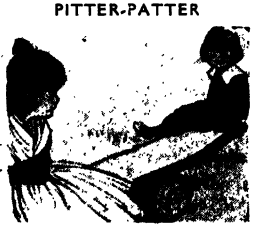
RAT-TAT



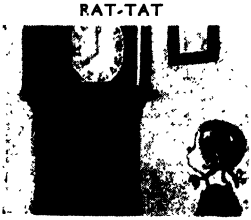
RIFF-RAFF



ROLY-POLY



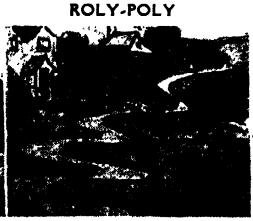
SEE-SAW



TICK-TOCK



TITTLE-TATTLE



ZIG-ZAG



TEENY-WEENY

TWENTY-FOUR PHRASES MADE BY DOUBLING WORDS

WHEN BETTY LOST HER WAY

BETTY at first thought she was still dreaming. She had cried herself to sleep among the ferns under an oak-tree, but the sound of music had awakened her.

She wiped the tears from her eyes with her pinafore, so that she could see more clearly. The moon had risen, white and large, behind the great pines in the middle of the wood, and there, in the moonshine, was a band of little grey mice, dancing and singing round the stump of a tree.

On the tree-stump stood a funny elf with a solemn face, playing music on a big fiddle, and three pretty fairies sat on the grass, watching the dancers.

Betty crept nearer and nearer, until she was able to hear that the mice were singing :

All the corn is a golden brown.
Harvest home ! Get the harvest home !
Apple and nut are tumbling down,
As we sing harvest home !

Hurry up, farmer, and cut the wheat.
Harvest home ! Get the harvest home !
Thresh out the grain for us to eat,
As we sing harvest home !

" Corn," says the farmer, " is my consarn."
Harvest home ! Get the harvest home !
But the wise little mouse knows the way to the barn,
As we sing harvest home !

Then a mouse saw Betty, and gave a shriek, and away scuttled all the dancers. But the tallest of the fairies—a beautiful lady with lovely lilac wings and long, flowing lilac robes—called the mice around her, and looked sternly at the little girl.

" How dare you disturb my mice when they are holding their harvest festival ! " she cried. " How is it you are not in bed, Betty, when all the world is fast asleep ? "

" Please, fairy, it's my birthday," said Betty, beginning to cry. " We were having a party at the farm, and some of the children were late. Daddy went to fetch them, and I—and I——"

" She went to meet her father, and lost her way in the wood," said the elf. " I was watching her. Instead of going round by the road, she took the short cut, and cut short the party. Ha, ha, ha ! "

" Never mind, Betty," said the Fairy Queen, taking the little girl in her arms. " You shall have a special birthday party here in the woods. Play the dance to fairyland, Grimiken."

Looking more solemn than ever, the elf put his chin on the top of his big fiddle, and waved his bow three times in the air, and began to play a swift, merry dance. There was a rustle of wings, and for a moment the moon was hid by lovely fairy forms. Then down they flew to the tree-stump and clustered round their queen.

" Prepare a birthday feast for Betty of Westermain Farm ! " cried the Fairy Queen. " She is five years old this very day, and has lost herself in our woods."

Away went all the fairies, and the little mice began to dance with joy. Holding each other's front paws, they circled round Betty, singing in their wee shrill voices :

Pretty little Betty is kind and sweet,
Pretty little Betty will do no harm
To the tiny grey mice with nimble feet
That live with her on her father's farm.

" Do they really ? " said Betty.

" Yes," replied the Fairy Queen. " But there are only thirty-two of them, so they don't take much of your father's corn."

By this time the banquet had been prepared, and a rich and glorious banquet it was—hundreds of new sorts of cakes, and puddings and tarts, and sweets of every kind. Everything was served up on gold plates, and a bright-winged fairy brought Betty a golden goblet, and poured out a delicious fairy drink for her. Rows of tables, on which was placed all manner of exquisite fruit, were set on the grass, and a band of goblins played lilting tunes during the feast.

The Fairy Queen sat on the throne at the head of the largest table, with Betty on her right hand. The little mice ran in and out underneath the tables, and everybody, of course, made a lot of crumbs for them.

At last the feast was over, and the dancing began. The Fairy Queen took Betty as partner, and it was wonderful how quickly the little girl learnt all the steps of the wild and maddening fairy dances. Round and round they whirled on the greensward. Suddenly a cock crowed in Westermain Farm, on the northern side of the wood.

" Quick, we have not a moment to lose ! " cried the Fairy Queen, touching Betty with a little wand.

Betty swayed and fell asleep in the Fairy Queen's arms. When she woke up she found herself lying, with her clothes on, in her own little bed in the farm. Her father and mother, who had been searching for her all night, still think she managed to find her own way home.

HOW DO YOU LIKE TO GO UP IN A SWING?



HOW DO YOU LIKE TO GO UP IN A SWING?
UP IN THE AIR SO BLUE?

OH, I DO THINK IT THE PLEASANTEST THING
EVER A CHILD CAN DO. Robert Louis Stevenson

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I WONDER WHY

MARIA was a clever girl
And very, very proud.
She made her way to school each day
Saying her tables loud.
She shook her curls at stupid girls
And said they did not try;
And when at school kept ev'ry rule,
But no one liked her! Why?
Small Jane was *not* a clever child,
Although she really tried;
But did her best to help the rest,
And cheered up those who cried;
And understood how to be good
To new girls who were shy:
It soon was plain that all loved Jane.
Maria wondered WHY!

GRANNIE AND ME

WHEN Grannie and I went down to the fair
You never would 'magine what we did there!
We rode hobby-horses, had cocoanut shies,
And ate almond toffee and strawberry pies!

IRENE

IRENE'S hair is soft and fair,
And long and bright and free,
Her eyes are blue,
Her frock is, too:
And such kind little hands
has she.

Irene's laugh is light and glad,
Gay as a lark is she,
Her dimples deep
Play hide-and-seek:
And such kind little hands
has she.

Irene's love is warm and true,
And freely given to me,
And to one other,
Her gentle mother,
Whose kind little hands
has she.



THE DREAMER

HE used to dream of things he'd do
When grown to be a man,
Beguiling boyhood's years away
With many an idle plan.

And now, when grown to be a man,
He knows no greater joy
Than dreaming of the things he'd do
If he were still a boy.

MR. MOUSIE

IT'S very silly to be afraid of the dark, as everybody knows, but Nancy is such a little girl that she knows no better. So you will understand how pleased she is to have a little friend to keep her company when Nurse turns out the light and goes away.

Such a very tiny little friend is Mr. Mousie, but he is a very faithful one. Every night he comes, and, in case he should ever forget, Nancy takes care that there are always a few crumbs just outside his hole.

One night Nancy woke up in a fright. Something had fallen heavily on her toes.

But it was only pussy. And if dear old pussy wanted to go to sleep on her bed, why, Nancy didn't mind.

But suddenly she had a terrible thought. Where was Mr. Mousie? Suppose he were to come out when Nancy was asleep, and pussy were to see him!

She sat up in bed and clutched her with both hands. Poor pussy, startled and frightened, tried to get away. In the scuffle her head knocked against a table with a glass of water on it. Down went the table, and down went the glass—smash!

In ran Nurse, and, oh, there was a to-do!

And now, before Nancy goes to bed, she makes quite sure that rascal pussy is nowhere about.

And Mr. Mousie still comes out to find his crumbs.

And Nancy goes to sleep, and never minds the dark one little bit.

TO CHATTERERS

A WISE old owl lived in an oak,
The more he saw, the less he spoke,
The less he spoke, the more he heard.
Why can't we be like that old bird?

If you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care!
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

THE GRASSHOPPER

THERE'S an odd old fellow, wrinkled and yellow,
Who sits in a queer little heap
By his open door, all shaded o'er
With an awning of clover deep.
He is keeping shop in the summer grass,
And he calls to whoever may happen to pass,
"Cheap, cheap, cheap!"

I never could tell what he has to sell,
For just as soon as I creep
To the swinging sign of the blue-grass fine
He is off with a flying leap.
But far away in the meadow then,
I hear him crying his wares again,
"Cheap, cheap, cheap!"

WINTER IN THE GARDEN

WHEN, in cold December,
Snowy weather comes,
Frosting all the branches,
Hiding Robin's crumbs,
Every morn goes Mary
To her garden white,
Where a snowy carpet
Hides her plants from sight.

"Little flowers," she whispers,
"Are you all asleep?
Stay there warm and cosy,
For the snow is deep.
I am thinking of you,
So you need not fear;
Get your blossoms ready
For the spring next year."

Lonely lies the garden
After Mary's gone,
Resting till the springtime;
This year's work is done.
But the little robins
Often come and go,
Leaving tiny footmarks
Printed in the snow.

THE HUNGRY STARLING

HANDY, spandy,
Speckled and bandy,
Waddling and whistling—here he comes!
Poking his beak in
Everything, seeking
Earwigs and centipedes, tit-bits and crumbs.

WHAT SANTA SENT

SANTA'S sent my sister, Bee, a Golly;
And Santa's sent a story-book to me;
Now, a Golly's not a *silly* sort of dolly,
So I'd have liked a Golly, too, you see!
Of course, I know that Santa Claus told Father
Which thing he meant for me, and which for Bee;
But I wish he'd guessed I'd, oh, *so* much have rather
Had a Golly than the book he's sent to me!

GOING TO SCHOOL

WHEN I go to school with Mary,
She says "tables" all the way,
And reads her lesson-books in turns,
And never wants to play.
She takes my hand and hurries when
The bell begins to chime,
For Mary's top-girl of the class,
She's always there in time.
When I go to school with Tommy
Things are different, you know;
He throws his books at other boys
We meet with as we go.
We play at marbles with the stones,
And have the greatest fun,
And never get to school before
The second lesson's done!
When I come from school, it's Mary
Who always takes my hand;
She tells me stories all the way,
And doesn't understand
That I am feeling rather sad,
Although she's very kind:
I'm thinking of poor Tommy, who
Is always kept behind!

THE MYSTERY MAN

CHUNKS of snow his head and arms,
His body and his legs;
Chunks of snow his hands and feet:
Fingers made of pegs.

Pebbles for his eyes and mouth,
A cinder for his nose;
"But, Bobby dear," Belinda said,
"What will he do for clothes?"

"A row of buttons down the front—
He doesn't need a coat—
A holly-berry watch-chain, and
My muffler round his throat.



"A walking-stick, an acorn pipe,
A hat without a brim.
He'll do. Tomorrow, p'raps, we'll have
Another go at him."

But Bobby and Belinda found
No trace of him next day.
Who would have thought that such a man
Could ever run away!

RUPERT PLATYPUS OF THE CREEK

IN the heart of the bush, down in a cool gully, was a pretty creek, and in a bend of it a silver pool like a clear, round mirror, where tree-ferns and gums and wattles peeped all day to see their lovely faces; but the shy stars looked at themselves in the night, when no one knew.

All along the creek Elfie and Joe would wander on holidays; and along the creek, though they did not know it, Bunny Boy and the Water Fairy followed, dancing round the ferns and gliding over the mossy stones like a little sunbeam and shadow, hiding among the scrub if the children glanced round, and gleefully echoing their laughter.



JOE ALWAYS TOOK HIS FISHING-ROD AND FISHED FOR THE LITTLE MOUNTAIN TROUT

You could never find such treasures in any zoo or botanical gardens as Elfie and Joe found in the bush, nor see such wonderful sights there as they saw on their rambles through the gully. Joe always took his fishing-rod and fished for the dainty little speckled mountain trout, but Elfie loved to gather great handfuls of maidenhair and little wild orchids, growing on their slender stems like fairy butterflies.

Elfie and Joe knew all the flowers in the bush, and all the shy wild creatures. They meant to be very, very kind to them, for they loved them all. But sometimes we do not know how to be kind in the right way, and it was just there Elfie and Joe went astray. They were kind in their way, but the bush babies did not think them kind, and this was how Elfie and Joe came to quarrel with Bunny Boy and the Water Fairy.

There never were kinder children, really! One day Joe was so sorry for a poor unfledged rosella that he unpicked one of his mother's best pillows, took all the feathers out, glued them on Baby Polly, and then painted them red and green and blue with Elfie's paints. But, you see, that was not kindness at all, and little Polly had a very bad time before the feathers came unglued, and all in good time her own pretty plumage grew on without Joe's help at all.

Another day Elfie saw a butterfly trying to come out of its chrysalis. Her heart was sore to watch its struggles. So with a little twig she helped it to get free. But the butterfly's frail blue wings were all crushed and broken, and it could only flutter feebly a little way. If Elfie had left it to itself, the wings would have been beautiful and strong. For we must all work hard for ourselves to become perfect.

Now, Elfie and Joe made collections of birds' eggs, and pressed flowers, and dead beetles and butterflies. They never thought of this being cruel, and they would spare no pains to get hold of a rare specimen. But, above all other things in the world, Joe wanted a platypus's egg.

Now, in that beautiful silver pool along the creek lived Peter Platypus and his wife Petronella. They were queer little beasts, perhaps the strangest in the wide world. They had furry bodies like beavers, and broad, flat tails, tiny eyes, and bills like ducks, with nostrils at the very end. They had four claws to dig and swim with, and in the two hinder ones were spurs like a rooster's. But, most remarkable of all, the platypus lays a white egg just like a

pigeon's. So, you see, a platypus seems to be half bird, half beast, and a little like a fish. Mr. and Mrs. Platypus had built a beautiful burrow for their home. The main entrance was under water. You had to dive into the pool to get at it. But the home itself was a little room scooped out of the bank just above the water, with a tunnel leading to this room from the water.

In this little home was a nest made of leaves, and lying on it cosily a lovely white egg, out of which they hoped, some day, Rupert Platypus would come. For they had decided to give baby the name of Rupert, which is much more stylish than Peter.

The little home was called "Onka Paringa," and Daddy and Mamma Platypus were very happy there waiting for Rupert to wake up out of the egg.

In the evenings they loved to take a swim in the cool, glassy water of the pool. Then the Water Fairy would rise from the creek and sit on the bank and chat to Bunny Boy, who stole from the bush to see her, and they would both have a gossip with Peter and Petronella.

One day Elfie and Joe took Billy-can to the pool, and stayed fishing late on in the evening. Of course, they saw Peter and Petronella taking their swim. They watched carefully and noticed the part of the bank where Peter and Petronella swam in and disappeared. There was the entrance to the burrow.

Then Joe ran along the bank, and above ground marked the spot where the little room should be. He meant to come next day and dig till he unearthed the egg.

Poor Peter and Petronella! You may be sure that night their supper of worms and insects and water-mussels was eaten with little relish. But as they were sitting watching Rupert, with tears streaming from their eyes, they heard a scratching overhead. It was Bunny Boy and the Water Fairy. They were removing Joe's landmark to another part of the bank so as to mislead him!

Next day Elfie and Joe returned, and dug and dug, but all in vain. And they watched for Peter and Petronella, but not a sign of them did they see.

Every night when the children went home after their digging, Bunny Boy and the Water Fairy filled up the hole they had made, and scraped another as far as possible from "Onka Paringa."

Luckily, Rupert came out of his shell before very long, and he has stayed out ever since.

By the time Joe had dug up every part of the bank, Peter, Petronella, and Rupert Platypus had all changed their quarters, and had gone to a new burrow in the silver pool. Joe, of course, found nothing at all for his pains but a deserted home, and the Platypus family lived happily ever after.



THE WATER FAIRY SAT ON THE BANK AND TALKED TO BUNNY BOY

A BIRTHDAY

WINTER'S gone and April's over,
And all the world is glad with May;
Bees are humming in the clover,
White and gold the grassy way—
And little Joan is seven today.

So gay a thrush sang near her pane,
A happy love-song as of old,
Sweet rose the dewy morn again
As I rang out her curls of gold,
And all the seven long seasons told.



She has a face of sweet content,
Quite serious are the eyes of gray
Deep on her fairy pictures bent.
Our little Joan is seven today.

FISHING

MOLLIE said, "I'll fish today."
Off she started to the bay,
Line and rod, bait in a can,
Like a proper fisherman.
I t was sad, to her dismay,
Every fish swam right away!

THE WISDOM OF JIMMY

"JIMMY has persuaded Old Crabsticks to lend us his meadow!" said Dick. "How he managed it, I don't know. I asked the old man last week, and he growled like a bear and sent me flying."

"What did you say to him?" asked Jimmy.

"I told him we should like to hold our sports in his meadow this term. I said, 'I don't suppose you'll say yes, still, there's no harm in asking.'"

"That was stupid," said Jimmy. "He knows you don't expect him to be anything but a bear, so he growled like one. Besides, you told him he was going to say no, and of course he said it. Now, I don't think he is such a bad sort. I think you fellows are rather hard on him. I said, 'The boys are quite sure you won't lend it to us, but I think you will.' He knows I think he's really a good sort when he isn't rubbed up the wrong way, so to me he is a good sort."

Expect the best from him, and a man will think twice before he fails you.

THE TALE OF BUNNY

HAVE you heard the tale of Bunny?
How one day when it was sunny
He went out to steal some carrots;
'twasn't right—
And he started eating proudly, till the farmer shouted loudly,
Then he scrambled through the hedge in such a fright?
Have you *seen* the tail of Bunny? Oh, he didn't think it funny,
For that hedge was very prickly and unkind;
And he went in such a flurry—farmers *can* make bunnies hurry!—
That he found he'd left his poor wee tail behind!

MY DREAM BABY

SOFT little, sweet little flowerlike face,
Soft little limbs so full of grace,
Soft laughing eyes, of tears not a trace,
My Dream Baby.
Soft little silken curls of brown,
Soft little eyelashes, curling down,
Soft little fluffy, snow-white gown,
My Dream Baby.
Soft in my arms you nestle to rest,
Slowly your sleepy head droops on my breast,
Sweet little darling! 'Tis you I love best,
My Dream Baby.

I WISH

I WISH I were a boy, don't you?
They always seem to have such fun;
Just see the things that they may do—
My brother Jack has got a gun.
And, better still, a fine cocked hat
(He has the very nicest toys);
And when I cried, "I should like that,"
Aunt Martha said, "It's meant for boys."
Girls mayn't play football, 'cause it's wrong—
Jack says *he* finds it splendid sport;
Then Nursie always takes so long
To brush my hair, while *his* is short.
Jack's clothes are comfy as can be;
He has such heaps of pockets, too.
I've only one, and that is wee—
I *wish* I were a boy, don't you?

JACK AND JILL SPEND A DAY ON THE FARM



THEY SEE THE PIGS FED



THEY SEE THE WHEAT THRESHED



THEY FEED THE FOWLS



THEY RIDE ON THE HORSE



THEY WATCH THE COWS MILKED



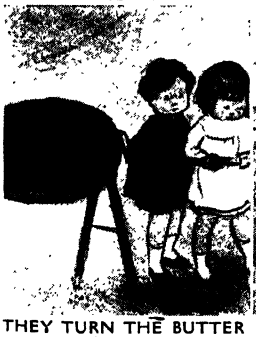
THEY FOLLOW THE PLOUGH



THEY STROKE THE RABBITS



THEY CHASE THE OLD TURKEY



THEY TURN THE BUTTER CHURN



THEY DRIVE THE SHEEP HOME



THEY SCARE THE ROOKS AWAY



THEY TOSS THE HAY



THEY FIND THE EGGS



THEY PUMP WATER FOR THE HORSES



THEY TAKE THE FARMER'S LUNCH



THEY RIDE ON THE HAY

HIS BIRTHDAY

So jolly for Johnny!
A big, bouncing ball,
A train with a signal-post
Ever so tall;
A fast-flying scooter,
A top and a whip,
A brown Teddy bear,
And a saucy white ship;
Some little tin fish,
And a little tin duck,
A tiny black piggie,
To bring him good luck;
For today is his birthday,
And Johnny is king,
And everyone's jolly,
And everything;
And Johnny is smiling and beaming and bonny,
It all is so jolly—so jolly for Johnny!

THE TEASE

You're a nuisance, I declare,
You tease me so, it isn't fair;
You spring upon me everywhere,
And seize my hat, and clutch my hair,
And tie my clothes in knots and tear
The snowy blossoms from the pear.
I wish that I could set a snare
To catch you—but I shouldn't dare,
For, though you tease me, I declare,
O Wind, if you were never there,
I don't think I could manage, *quite*,
To sail my boat or fly my kite.

TWO'S COMPANY

"Two's company—three's none," they say,
But I don't think it's quite true,
For in the house across the way
Live Auntie Sallie and Prue;
Whenever they see me they ask me to tea,
And, though I am little, I help to make three,
And we're all just as happy as happy can be.

TIBBIE AND SPOT

When Tibbie, the kitten, came, Spot got into disgrace.

Spot was a jolly little terrier. He loved his mistress, and he couldn't understand how she could want to play with a stupid cat when he was about.

"It's very naughty of you to bark in that disagreeable way," scolded Ella. "You are jealous. You can't bear me to pet anyone but you."

She was afraid to let the little fluffy thing out of her sight lest Spot should do her some harm.

"But I can't keep you in my arms all day," she said.

So poor Spot was sent out into the garden, and there he had to stay.



Tibbie slept on Ella's bed that night, and in the morning, when she woke, there was such a barking outside on the stairs.

She jumped up and ran to the door.

On the mat sat the kitten, her eyes flashing, her back humped up, and her claws out, all ready to spring. That rascal Spot was scampering round and round her, as near as he dared, barking loudly.

Ella was terrified. She ran forward.

"Let them alone!" Mamma cried out. "Pussy is in no danger."

And, sure enough, when Spot found that he could not frighten her, and that she knew how to take care of herself, he left off teasing, and slunk away downstairs.

Now they are good friends, and Ella has the jolliest games with her two little pets.

THE ROGUES

Mary had a little cat,
A little kitten, too,
Around each neck she put a plait
Of braid—red, white, and blue.
"Don't scratch, you rogues," said she,
"you'll tear
Your ribbons to a rag;
You'll surely do your bit and wear
The colours of the flag!"

DAISY! DAISY!

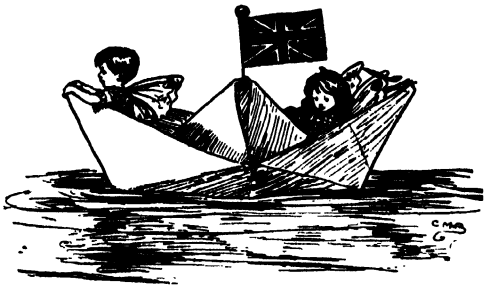
Daisy, daisy,
Languid and lazy,
Open your lashes, it's early for sleep;
Sad little Sammy,
With curls and a tammy,
Seeks high and low for you—just take a peep.

Close behind you,
Still he can't find you,
Curled like a hedgehog in such a tight ball;
Wee little Winnie,
Who weeps in her pinny,
Fancies there aren't any daisies at all.

Don't be shy, dear,
Open your eye, dear,
Gleam and twinkle—a daisy star;
Presently, maybe,
Each little baby,
Laughing and happy, will see where you are.

THE PAPER SHIP

My daddie was a sailorman,
He sailed from London to Japan.
The ship had funnels red and blue,
And six big guns to fight with, too.
They carried treasure in the hold—
Silk and ivory and gold.



And I, too, have a little boat,
The smallest ever seen afloat.
To sail for just one day she's able.
I made her on the schoolroom table.
I really don't know where we'll land her,
For fairy folk have come and manned her.

BLANKET BAY

Hatless and shoeless the whole of the way,
We must go barefoot to Blanket Bay,

Dresses and knickers at home can stay;
No one takes luggage to Blanket Bay.

For rich or for poor, there is nothing to pay;
They don't ask for tickets at Blanket Bay.

Travel at night-time, but never by day,
In the Moonlight Express for Blanket Bay.

Then, when we get there, without more delay,
We plunge 'neath the billows of Blanket Bay.

FLYING

The birds fly in the daytime
Far away overhead;
They peep at me when I watch them go,
And sing, "Look, look, we can fly, you know!
Up! Up! Ever so high!
Aren't you wishing that you could fly?"
But all the while *I've* a secret, too,
And the birds don't know what *I* can do

For *I* fly in the night-time
After I'm put to bed!
Just as soon as Nurse isn't there,
I find myself sailing up in the air—
Up! Up! Ever so high,
Over the hills and up to the sky,
And past the birds all sleeping in rows,
And not a single one of them knows!

BUBBLES

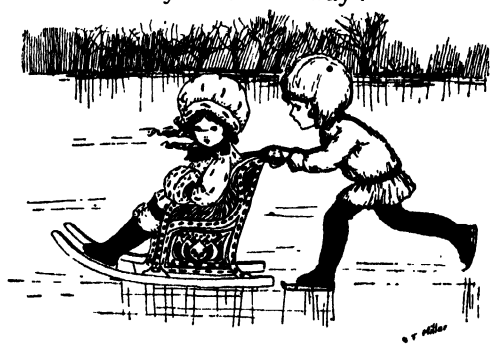
When I'm blowing bubbles, though no one knows but me,
I'm really blowing chariots for fairies, don't you see?
Little coloured chariots, of pink and blue and green—
Just the things to travel in to see the Fairy Queen.
When I'm blowing bubbles, the fairy-folk, you know,
They trip along, and step inside, because they want to go
In my little chariots away to Fairyland.
"Good-bye!" calls each fairy, and waves a little hand.
When I'm blowing bubbles, I sometimes think, I do,
How very, very nice 'twould be if they would take me, too!

THE ICE KING

Jack Frost has come at last,
Has sent his servants bright
To curtain all with white,
To hold the river fast.

And Dan and I go down
To skim the waters wide,
And like a queen I glide
In a throne all gold and brown.

Dear, good Jack Frost, we pray,
Hold long your banners out,
And circle us about.
You rarely come this way!



BED-TIME

"Dear little lady, in honey-combed smock,
What is the time by your marigold clock?"
"One or two petals plucked—two or three missed,
One o'clock, two o'clock—time to be kissed!
Three o'clock, four o'clock—petals tell true—
Five o'clock, six o'clock—bed-time for you!"

THE PICTURES I HAVE NO STORY FOR



1



2



3



4

MY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING

"WHAT are you good for, my brave little man?
Answer that question for me, if you can—
You, with your fingers as white as a nun—
You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun.
All the day long, with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and fun you are driving:
See if your wise little noddle can tell
What you are good for. Now, ponder it well."

Over the carpet the dear little feet
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands, pressing soft on my face,
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true,
"Good to love you, mamma—good to love you."

THE OLD MAN IN THE WOOD

THERE was an old man who lived in a wood,
As you shall plainly see;
He thought he could do more work in one day
Than his wife could do in three.

"With all my heart," the old dame said;
"And, if you will allow,
You shall stay at home today,
And I'll go follow the plough.

"But you must milk the tiny cow,
Lest she should go quite dry;
And you must feed the little pigs
That are within the sty;

"And you must watch the speckled hen,
Lest she should go astray;
Not forgetting the spool of yarn
That I spin every day."

The old woman took the stick in her hand,
And went to follow the plough;
The old man put the pail on his head,
And went to milk the cow.

But Tiny she winced, and Tiny she flinched,
And Tiny she tossed her nose,
And Tiny gave him a kick on the shin
Till the blood ran down to his toes.

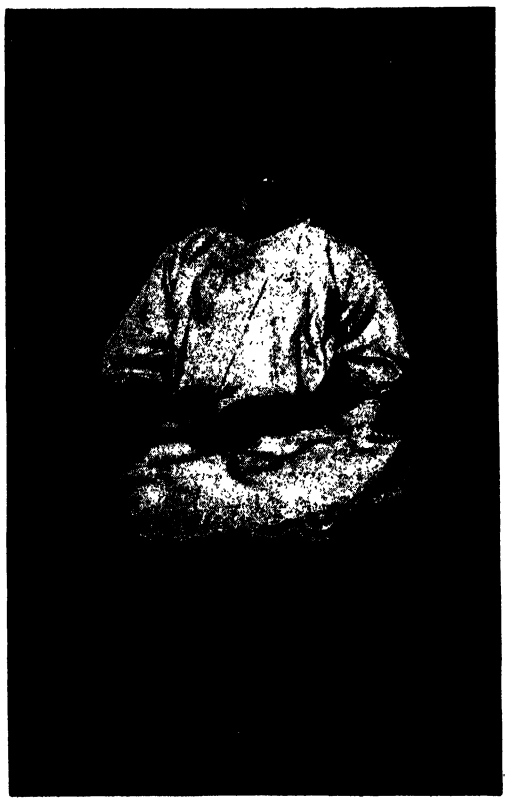
And a "Ho, Tiny!" and a "So, Tiny!
Pretty little cow, stand still!
If ever I milk you again," he said,
"It shall be against my will."

And then he went to feed the pigs
That were within the sty;
He knocked his nose against the shed,
And caused the blood to fly.

And then he watched the speckled hen,
Lest she should go astray;
But he quite forgot the spool of yarn
That his wife spun every day.

And when the old woman came home at night
He said he could plainly see
That his wife could do more work in a day
Than he could do in three!

And when he saw how well she ploughed
And made the furrows even,
Said his wife could do more work in a day
Than he could do in seven!



THE PICTURE BOOK

DADDIE told me just to look
At the little picture book,
And to sit quite still while he
Counted slowly, one—two—three.

Though it sounded like a game,
Yet it was not quite the same,
For he said I must not laugh
While he took my photograph.

See me here as good as gold,
Doing just what I was told!

SONGS OF SENSE AND NONSENSE

TO A BLUE-EYED BABY

"OH, if you please, Miss Minnie Mouse,
Have you seen John go by?"
"I think I saw a bit of blue—"
"Oh, that was Johnnie's eye!"

"Oh, if you please, Miss Betty Bee,
If you will stay awhile,
I'll tell you why your honey's sweet—
It's made from Johnnie's smile!"

"Oh, if you please, Miss Pussy Cat,
I think, if you could speak,
You'd say how soft and warm I am."
"Why, that's like Johnnie's cheek!"



BEAVIS MAKES A JOKE

BEAVIS makes a joke,
Baldred sees the point;
Caleb laughs until he puts
His elbows out of joint.

Beavis drives a nag,
Baldred sees him start;
Caleb pays the bill for corn,
And cleans the muddy cart.



Beavis fills his pipe,
Baldred finds the match;
Caleb gives his head to take
The necessary scratch.

Beavis is a screw,
Baldred is a tool;
Caleb is the sweetest soul
That ever played the fool.

TORTOISIA

O TORTOISE, if you only knew,
Knew, knew, knew,
How wondrous fond I am of you,
You, you, you,
Your heart would swell beneath your shell,
And you would learn to love me well.

I sent a Tortoise to my love,
And on the way I dropped him;
A beaming barber picked him up,
And took him home and stropped him.

That Tortoise grew so very sharp,
And said such cutting things,
That people ran the closest shaves
To hear his mutterings.

If anyone opposed his views,
The Tortoise cut him short;
However much you shut him up,
The Tortoise would retort.





He said that men were so-and-so,
And women such-and-such,
That little girls too little had,
And little boys too much.

Such cutting things were never said
By anyone before;
It even made your blood run cold
To hear that Tortoise snore.

The barber now is dead and gone,
The Tortoise has departed;
My love has got a crocodile,
And I am broken-hearted.

THE BLACKSMITH

I SAW in Ulm a castle high;
A blacksmith's shop was standing by.
If you can shoe my horse to-day,
Then shoe him quick, good sir, I say!
And if the nails should cause him pain,
Then you must pull them out again.

THREE MEN IN A TUB

RUB a dub, dub!
Three men in a tub;
And who do you think they be?
The Butcher, the Baker, the Candlestick Maker,
They all came out of a rotten potato.

The butcher gives you meat,
The baker gives you bread;
The little silver candlestick
Conducts you up to bed.

Ho, ho, ho! Hee, hee, hee!
Beavis the Butcher, and Baldred the Baker,
With Caleb Cadogan, the Candlestick Maker,
We three,
Club-ball-and-tee,
As ready for business as up for a spree.

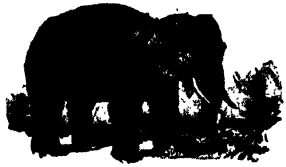
THE HURDY-GURDY MAN

I LIKE the hurdy-gurdy man;
He's very brown and small,
And he plays all the tunes he can;
I listen to them all.

He has a big, red box to play;
He keeps his tunes in there,
And turns the crank and looks away,
And he doesn't seem to care.

Some tunes are rather sad and slow,
But some are just so sweet
That all the little girls I know
Come dancing down the street.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT



It was six men of Hindoostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.





The First approached the elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall!"



The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! what have we here,
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"



The Third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hand,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"



The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee. [like
"What most this wondrous beast is
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!"



The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!"



The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"



And so these men of Hindoostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!



WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

WHEN Nurse's sister comes to tea,
The one that calls us "Pretty dears,"
Nurse often says, and looks at me—
"Hush! Little pitchers have long ears."
A pitcher is a jug, I know;
The mi k-jug's all that can be seen;
That can't have ears—they wouldn't grow—
And so whatever *can* Nurse mean?
She said it yesterday again,
When I was playing trains with Ted;
But when I asked her to explain
She only laughed and shook her head.

MY SUM

I FIND my sums so hard to do,
'Specially when I want to play.
Are seven sixes forty-two?
I *cannot* get them right today!

My kitten's frisking in the sun;
Now uncle's coming in his car,
And when he's here we have such fun—
What horrid, *horrid* things sums are!

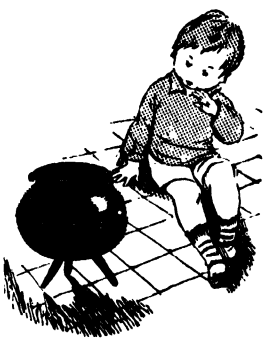
Nurse says if I stopped looking out
That I should do my work quite fast.
Yes, she is right, without a doubt,
Because—hurrah, it's done at last!

WHEN THE SCUTTLE DANCED A JIG

FERDIE was in a very bad temper. As he passed the coal-scuttle he kicked it savagely with his foot. He hardly knew he did it, and how wide his blue eyes opened when the coal-scuttle said:

"Don't you do that again, young man!"

"*What* did you say?" stammered Ferdie. Whoever heard of a coal-scuttle talking?



He bent over, and it might have been the firelight flickering on the shiny nobs, but surely those were two bright eyes staring back at him.

"I said, 'Don't do it again.' It hurts. I suppose you think that because I seldom speak I can't feel?"

"Bosh!" said Ferdie rudely. "I know you can't."

"Can't I?" replied the coal-scuttle. "You only feel for yourself; I feel for others. You only feel hurt when someone hurts you; I feel hurt when you hurt your mother by making such an ugly dent in her beautiful new scuttle."

"Stupid old thing," said Ferdie, "you're as dead as a door-nail!"

"Am I?" And up leapt the scuttle upon his three short legs, and such a jig he danced! Three times he danced round Ferdie before he sank down again with a bump by the side of the hearth.

"Oh, I say, do that again!" cried Ferdie. But all the coal-scuttle said was:

"I'll have nothing more to do with you. I'll neither dance another step nor speak another word." And he never did.



TODAY AND TOMORROW

TIPPET and gloves, basket and staff,
Now for the party, to dance and to laugh,
To flutter and twirl in the mazes fine,
With three cavaliers for each columbine.
Petals and gown-linings, hanging and torn,
Three little faces all weary and worn,
Nothing now left of the frolic sped
But three roundelays in three little heads.

PUSSY AND THE KETTLE

WHENEVER pussy purrs, you know,
It is because she's feeling pleased.
I'm very fond of her, and so
I will not have her plagued or teased.
And when the kettle sings a song
Upon the hob at half-past three,
It always means it won't be long
Before the water boils for tea.
The kettle sings and pussy blinks,
And as she licks her coat of fur
I'm pretty nearly sure she thinks
The kettle's trying hard to purr.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS

A GAY, soaring lark, and a field of corn,
A pink-tipped bud, and a dewy morn,
The foam of the sea, and a shell on the shore,
A meadow of daisies, red poppies galore,
The feathery down of a butterfly's wings,
The ruffled wee throat of a bird when it sings,
Are beautiful things—
The bean flower's scent, and the clear daylight,
A sky full of stars, and the stillness of night.

CHILDREN, BEWARE

THERE was an old man of Nashpare,
Who always would dine on jugged hare,
Till one day in spring—
Could you think such a thing ?—
He simply did nothing but stare.

From staring he never once stopped,
With one ear straight up and one lopped,
Until the next spring,
When, ting-a-ling-ling,
All over the township he hopped.

All over the township he went,
With one foot straight out and one bent,
Till he got to the park,
And then—hush and hark !—
He sat down quite thoroughly spent.

So, children, beware
Of too much jugged hare !

HOME

THE children of the Eskimos have houses made of snow ;
The Lapland children live in tents, and travel round, you know ;
The homes of Jappy girls and boys have rooms with paper walls,
And Jappy babies ride upon their sisters' backs in shawls !
They all seem very queer to me,
And just as strange as they can be.

I have my nurs'ry to myself ; it's on the topmost floor.
I've got a garden, and a nurse, strong walls, and a front door.
And as for rooms with paper walls, I'd never be content.
How cold I'd be to live in snow, or travel in a tent !
I like my own home best, I do ;
Well, p'rhaps the rest like *their* homes too !

SUPPOSE

SUPPOSE one could make a long ladder, so high
It would reach to the stars, at the top of the sky ;
And suppose one could go thro' the whole afternoon
For a silvery walk with the Man in the Moon.

Suppose one could sail on a cloud snowy white
All, all the day long, and then come home at night,
Over sea, over land, to the high hilly tops,
And slide back to earth on the little rain-drops.

Suppose just for once you were small as a bee.
And no one could fetch you to come in to tea ;
For suppose Nurse did come out to look for you—well,
You'd hide in a rose or campanula bell !

Suppose one could have a much, *much* longer day,
With *one* time of dressing, and *six* times of play.
But I s'pose, just to make things all square, so to speak,
One would *then* have to stay in one's bed for a week !

EILEEN AROON

WHO is it treading the courtyard grey,
In frock of satin and wooden shoon,
Merrily singing a carol gay ?
Our sweetest one—Eileen Aroon.



Filled is the air with the fluttering wings,
Shining like wavelets under the moon ;
White doves and grey doves, come see what she brings !
Our dearest one—Eileen Aroon.

POOR JACK FROST !

OLD Jack Frost, he must be, oh, so terribly cold !
And old—I suppose he is ever so old.
His breath is of ice and his beard of the snows,
And everything freezes wherever he goes.

Poor old Jack ! I do wonder if, just for a change,
He'd enjoy for an hour our warm kitchen range.
It must be so cheerless out there all the night,
And so dismal and dreary with never a light ;
I'm sure he must sometimes feel lonely and lost,
I feel ever so sorry for poor old Jack Frost.

THE HUNGRY DREAMER

As I slept in a train bound for Stoke,
I dreamt I was feeding on coke,
Which I thought very strange,
Till the guard cried, "All change!"
And then, feeling hungry, I woke.

THE TWO FOXES

Two foxes lived together in a forest. They had never spoken a cross word to each other in their lives.

One day one of them said, "Let us have a quarrel."

"Very well," said the other; "just as you please, my dear. But how shall we begin?"

"Oh, it can't be hard," said the first fox. "The humans quarrel quite easily."

So in all sorts of ways they tried to quarrel, but it could not be done. You see, they were such polite foxes that each would give up to the other.

At last one of them brought two round, smooth stones. "Now," said he, "you say they are yours, and I'll say they are mine. Then we can quarrel about them, and fight and scratch and have a lovely time. I will begin. Those stones are mine."

"Very well," answered the other gently, "you are welcome to them."

"But we shall never quarrel at this rate," cried the first fox. "Don't you know it takes two to make a quarrel? Let us start once more."

So they tried again.

GARDEN LIFE

I love the little flowers;
I love the little plants;
I love the little butterflies,
And I'm not afraid of ants.
But I do not love the bumble bee,
And the waspies really frighten me!

CONTENTMENT

There's lots of little babies
That I wouldn't like to be,
(One of them is a little fish),
Because it seems to me
To be a chilly kind of life;
And when you want a nap,
Oh, wouldn't it be sad to know
Your mamma has no lap?

Nor would I like to be a bird,
Nor yet a kitty-cat,
Nor else a baby butterfly,
Nor a baby water-rat.
Oh, no, I'm glad I'm what I am,
And I could laugh for joy,
To think I'm not one single thing,
But mamma's little boy!

A MIGHTY HUNTER

I'm going out a-hunting,
I'm going to have some fun,
But there will be no danger,
Although I have a gun.

Storks, pigeons, and canaries,
I'll bring home without fail;
For I'll load my trusty gun with salt,
And shoot them on the tail!

A LITTLE GIRL OF CROYDON

A little girl living at Croydon
Was known everywhere as a hoyden;
But she's now very staid,
For her last escapade
Much annoyed an old bull dog at Croydon!

WHEN I GROW UP

I do not want to be a knight,
I do not want to be Lord Mayor;
And I am sure I should not care
To work, as doctors do, all night.

No, I should really like to be
The man who drives our motor-bus;
He always waves his hand to us,
And look so gay, and bold, and free.

I'd toot my horn, and sternly cry,
And make the people run like mad;
And I should feel so proud and glad
To smile at folk as I went by.

The buttons on my coat would be
As bright as bright, and I should go
From Happy Hampstead down to Bow,
With all the town to look at me.

THE NIGHTINGALE THAT SANG BY DAY

A nightingale that was singing by day was caught and placed in a cage. He then determined to sing only at night, and when asked by a bat why he never sang now by day, he replied:

"It was while I was singing in the daylight that I was caught, and so I shall be careful not to sing by day again."

"Foolish bird!" said the bat. "You should have thought of that before you were captured. You are a prisoner now, and no amount of singing by day can alter your condition."

Many people are ready to do the right thing when it is too late.

THE SILLY STRIPLING OF STROOD

There was a young stripling of Strood
Whose ways were exceedingly rude.
When asked, "How are you?"
He would answer, "Pooh-pooh!"
And grimace at the ladies of Strood.

I MUST CONFESS

Do you know where a tortoise lives
The winter through?
Buried beneath the frosty ground
A foot or two.

Do you know where the froggies dwell
Till days are warm?
Deep in the mud beneath the ponds,
Away from harm.

Do you know where the dormouse hides
His dainty head?
Curled in a hollow stored with nuts
He goes to bed.

Do you know where a butterfly
Awaits the spring?
In some snug corner, motionless
He holds his wing.

Do you know where a daffodil
Stores up her gold?
Brown bundles, hidden in the earth,
Her treasures hold.

Do you know where the fairies lurk
In winter? Guess!
You cannot? Neither, dear, can I,
I must confess.

DING-A-DING

DING-A-DING! Ding-a-ding!
Hark to the muffin bell!
Muffins we'll have for tea,
Crumpets we'll have as well.
Butter them piping hot,
Put the tea in the pot.
Who'll have a crumpet?
Who'll have a muffin?
Ding-a-ding! Ding-a-ding!
Hark to the muffin bell!
Tina is toasting and
Stephen is stuffin'!



ROUND AND ROUND

WHEN I was first sent to a big boys' school
'Twas winter, and my head kept fairly cool,
But still I did not care one bit to know
Why tides for ever ebb and ever flow,
And why the world goes round and round,
And round, and round, and round, and round,
And how we, too, go with it round,
And never tumble off, I—do—not—know!

They told me all about this world so round,
And of the many metals in it found.
The world looks round as any plate to me
When I am standing close beside the sea;
But how the world goes round and round,
And round, and round, and round, and round,
And how the sea goes with it round,
And never sploshes off, I—do—not—see.
For I would rather think of pretty things,
Like birds, and flowers, and butterflies' fluttery wings,
And fairies, too—perhaps flittering, fluttering near,
And puppies, and kittens, so sweet and soft and dear!
And how the world goes round and round,
And round, and round, and round, and round,
And how we, too, go with it round,
And never tumble off, I—do—not—care!

FREE

"DRIP, drip, drip," sang the water,
As an icicle met with the sun;
"Drip, drip, drip, I'm escaping—
The door of my prison's undone.

"Drip, drip, drip," sang the captive,
"I'll wander away from this tree,
Down the hill, through the vale, to the river,
And on to my home in the sea."

A MERRY LITTLE COMRADE

I'VE a merry little comrade—
The cricket on the hearth;
"Chirp, chirp!" he sings as loud as any sparrow.
But where his music comes from
Is a mystery to me,
His body is so small, his chest so narrow.
"Chirp, chirp!" he sings at supper-time,
And when I go to bed,
And bid my little chum "good-night" with sorrow,
His merry little answer
Seems to follow me upstairs—
"Cheer up! I shall be chirping here tomorrow!"

THE HONEY MOON

O BABY, baby, have you seen,
Ashining through the branches green,
The moon that's made of honey?
And have you seen the honey bees
Come dancing down among the trees
Like bits of silver money?

O baby, take your silver spoon
And fly up to the silver moon,
The moon that's made of honey;
Then fill your little pot so clean,
And give it to the Fairy Queen
For bits of fairy money.

DESSERT

NURSE dresses me in my best white frock,
Blue sash, with a bow at the back;
Then comes the fun! I sit close by Dad
And he gives me his nuts to crack.

THE LITTLE BROWN SPIDER & THE BUTTERFLY

ON the garden wall a brown spider was spinning her web. Backwards and forwards she went, making hundreds of little threads at once, twisting them into white ropes, arranging them with her feet and the little hooks on her jaws, and gluing them together where they crossed.

The butterfly stood on a leaf and watched.

"Is that to put your eggs in?" she asked at last. "Or do you put them on a cabbage?"

"On a cabbage! No, indeed!" said the spider, staring with all her eight eyes at once. "I make a soft nest of silken threads to put them in."

"That would not do for *my* babies." And the butterfly nodded her head and looked very wise. "They would get their wings fast in the threads."

"Their what?" gasped the spider, standing suddenly still in the middle of her web.

"Their wings," repeated the innocent butterfly. "I don't think I dare let my children come to play with yours if you always hang ribbons about."

"But your children won't have wings!" gasped the spider again. "They won't be baby butterflies!"

The butterfly laughed gaily.

"What a funny idea!" she said. "Your eggs hatch into baby spiders don't they? and they don't have wings. And the hen's eggs hatch into little baby chickens, and they do have wings, like the hen. I saw them this morning running after her, with all their wings stretched out. I suppose they are not old enough to fly yet. When my babies can fly, I shall go back to the flower garden."

She flew away, leaving the astonished spider still sitting in the middle of her web, trying to understand it all.

"Well!" she exclaimed to herself at last. "That's what comes of having no mother! I always did say that the family arrangements of the butterflies are the most foolish I ever heard of."

The butterfly was very busy, gumming her eggs safely underneath a cabbage leaf. Each little jar hung by its narrow end, as close to the next as could be.

"What a funny old spider!" she thought at last, when she had finished. "I wonder if she has finished that web."

"Have you found a cabbage to please you?" called the spider.

"Well, I suppose it's all right," answered the butterfly a little doubtfully. "I don't seem to be able to think of a better place to put my eggs, and I suppose the flowers will grow on the cabbage very soon. My baby butterflies will not be able to fly far at first to find honey."

"You mean your creepy, crawly caterpillars!"

"Don't you mean spiders?" asked the butterfly, trying to be sarcastic.

"Nothing so sensible! If you want to see——"

"Hush! hush! Don't quarrel!" said the Breeze, shaking the spider's web, and puffing at the butterfly's wings.

"She says that my babies will be creepy, crawly——"

"Come away! come away! Come and find some honey!" said the Breeze.

He shook the leaf, and the butterfly fell off. Then the Breeze so hurried her across the garden that when they reached the flowers she was out of breath with laughing.

"I suppose that old spider is jealous because her children will not be so pretty as my baby butterflies!" she said.

THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE, THE CLOCK STRUCK TWO



THE clock strikes one,
And out in the sun
The children are playing,
And running, and saying
They're hungry for dinner at one.



The clock strikes two.
There's such a to-do;
Such a washing of faces
And tying of laces—
It's school time again when it's two.



The clock strikes three.
It's hot as can be.
The children are humming
At spelling and summing,
And wish it was later than three.



The clock strikes four,
And lessons are o'er.
The children are swinging
Their satchels and singing,
And scampering homewards at four.



The clock strikes five.
Like bees to a hive
They swarm—what a babel!
And sit round the table;
There's cake, and tea's ready at five.



The clock strikes six.
It ticks and it ticks,
But the sun's a slow setter—
A last game is better [at six.
Outdoors when he's shining



The clock strikes seven,
And high up in heaven
The moon is a-peeping,
And shadows come creeping.
The game's dragging slower at seven



The clock strikes eight.
It's getting so late,
That eyes become weary,
And voices are teary,
And little mouths yawning at eight.



The clock strikes nine.
With candles a-shine
The children go trooping,
Their drowsy heads drooping,
And stumble off upstairs at nine.



The clock strikes ten,
And fast asleep then,
With little cheeks rosy,
And all tucked up cosy,
The moon peeps and sees them at ten.



The clock strikes eleven,
The moon's high in heaven.
There's shutting of stores up,
And bolting of doors up,
And lights flicker out at eleven.



The clock strikes twelve.
The time's come to shelve
All work and all sorrow
Till daylight to-morrow;
The dark's full of dreams when it's twelve.



WHY JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL

A PRETTY curly head drooped slowly till it rested against the soft cushions. Two dear, plump hands let go their hold on the picture-book, and it fell to the floor.

But Ralph was not asleep. His blue eyes were only half closed, while he looked drowsily down at Jack and Jill where they lay in the picture-book upon the floor.

It was just bed-time; but nurse had not come yet, and it was very nice to sit and wait for her in the twilight.

Suddenly Ralph heard a sound like very soft laughter, and, looking down at the picture-book, he saw four round eyes raised to his own. Jack and Jill now stood up and came slowly to his side.

He did not move even a tiny bit, lest he should frighten them away. It seemed to him that it would be the greatest happiness in all the wide world to speak to Jack and Jill. Perhaps he would be the only little boy who had ever done such a thing.

"Good-afternoon!" said Jill softly, holding out her hand.

"Good-afternoon!" Ralph replied. "Why have you come to see me?"

"We want to tell someone about our tumble down the hill," she said. "And you are the first person we have ever been able to find to listen to us," said Jill softly.

"I should love to hear! Do tell!" he replied excitedly.

Jack and Jill climbed into Ralph's great chair, and the little girl began her story.

"It happened years and years and years ago," she said prettily; "*ever* so long before *you* were born, you know. Mother had sent us out to buy a loaf of bread in the village, and we met a very ugly old woman. She asked us if we had any money, and we said that we had three pennies to pay for the loaf. She began to laugh so much that we thought she would quite kill herself. 'Give me your pennies,' she said, 'and if you will go up yonder tiny hill and fetch me a pail of water I will give you *six* pennies for your three.' She handed Jack a little pail as she spoke. We thought it would be nice to have so much money, and so we started off."

Then Jill stopped for a moment, and Ralph was sure he could see tears in her eyes by the light of the fire.

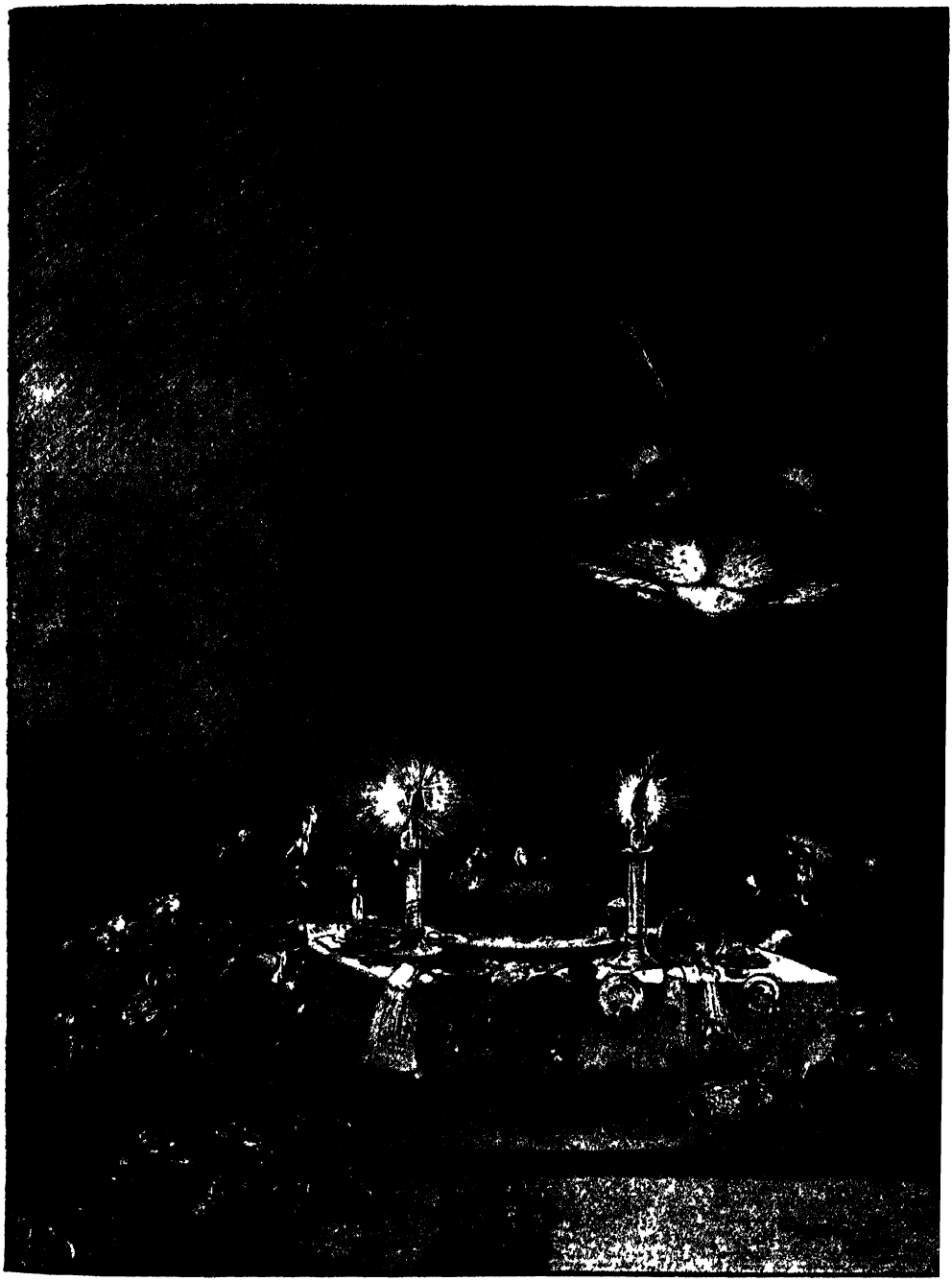
"You know—*everyone* knows—what happened next," she went on sadly; "but the worst of it all is that when we got to the bottom of the hill again Jack was crying, the water was all spilled, and the naughty, wicked old woman was nowhere to be seen. She had run away with the pennies."

Ralph put his strong little arms around his two new friends and hugged them, he felt so sorry.

"It was a horrid thing to do!" he cried indignantly. "But if you will stay here a moment I will get three more pennies for you from *my* mother——"

"Master Ralph, it is bed-time!" said a voice suddenly. And, sitting bolt upright, Ralph found that he must have been to Dreamland to learn his great fairy secret, for Jack and Jill were still sitting at the bottom of the hill in the picture-book on the floor.

THE UNWELCOME GUEST

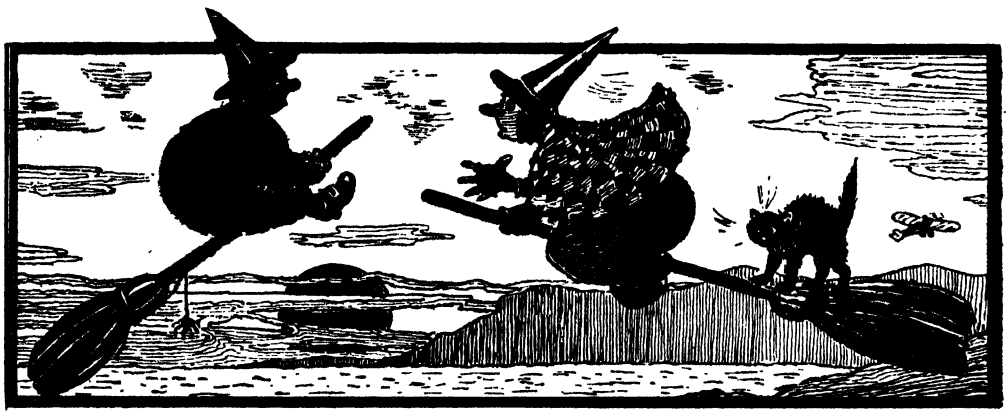


THE SURPRISE AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

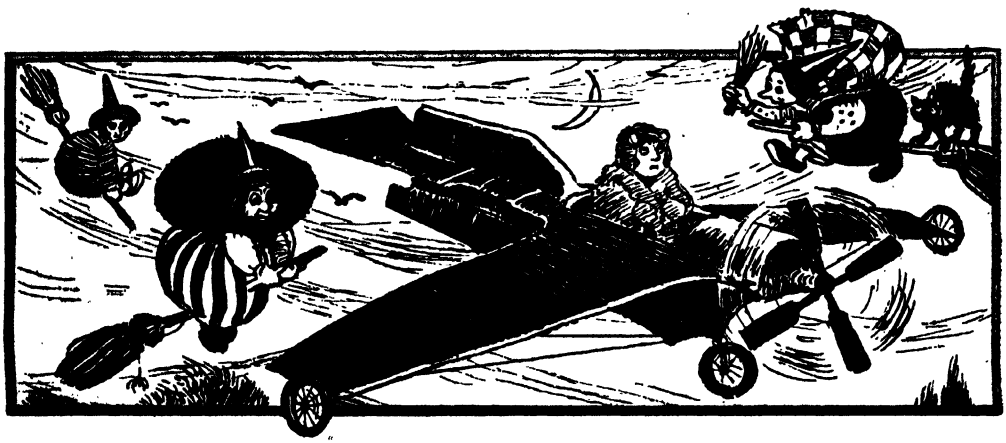
PLAYFUL PIXIES AND WARLIKE WITCHES



YOUNG TOMMY SAID HE'D WIN THE RACE, BUT STARTED OFF AT SUCH A PACE
HIS STEED BEGAN TO KICK AND JUMP, AND TOMMY FELL WITH SUCH A THUMP.



THESE AEROPLANES, THE WITCHES SAY, HAVE CERTAINLY NOT COME TO STAY.
WE'LL FIGHT A FIGHT, THE WITCHES CRY, FOR RIGHT OF WAY ACROSS THE SKY.



WE'LL CALL OUR BROOM BRIGADE SO TRUE, AND SWEEP THESE MONSTERS FROM THE BLUE!
NOR SHALL THE DIN OF BATTLE CEASE TILL OUR DOMAIN BE LEFT IN PEACE.

A WET DAY AND A GREAT SURPRISE



Here comes the rain down, helter-skelter,
We're out in the storm without a shelter.
The wind keeps changing round about,
And turns our brollies inside out.
Now see, my ladybird, that's plain,
You've got to take us out of the rain.



Dickie spied a shiny ball,
Lying ready on his way.

"Come on, boys," we heard him call,
"Take your sides, and start the play."



Dickie kicked, and lo! the ball
Kicked out, too, with all its might.

See the players, one and all,
Almost petrified with fright!

OH, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?



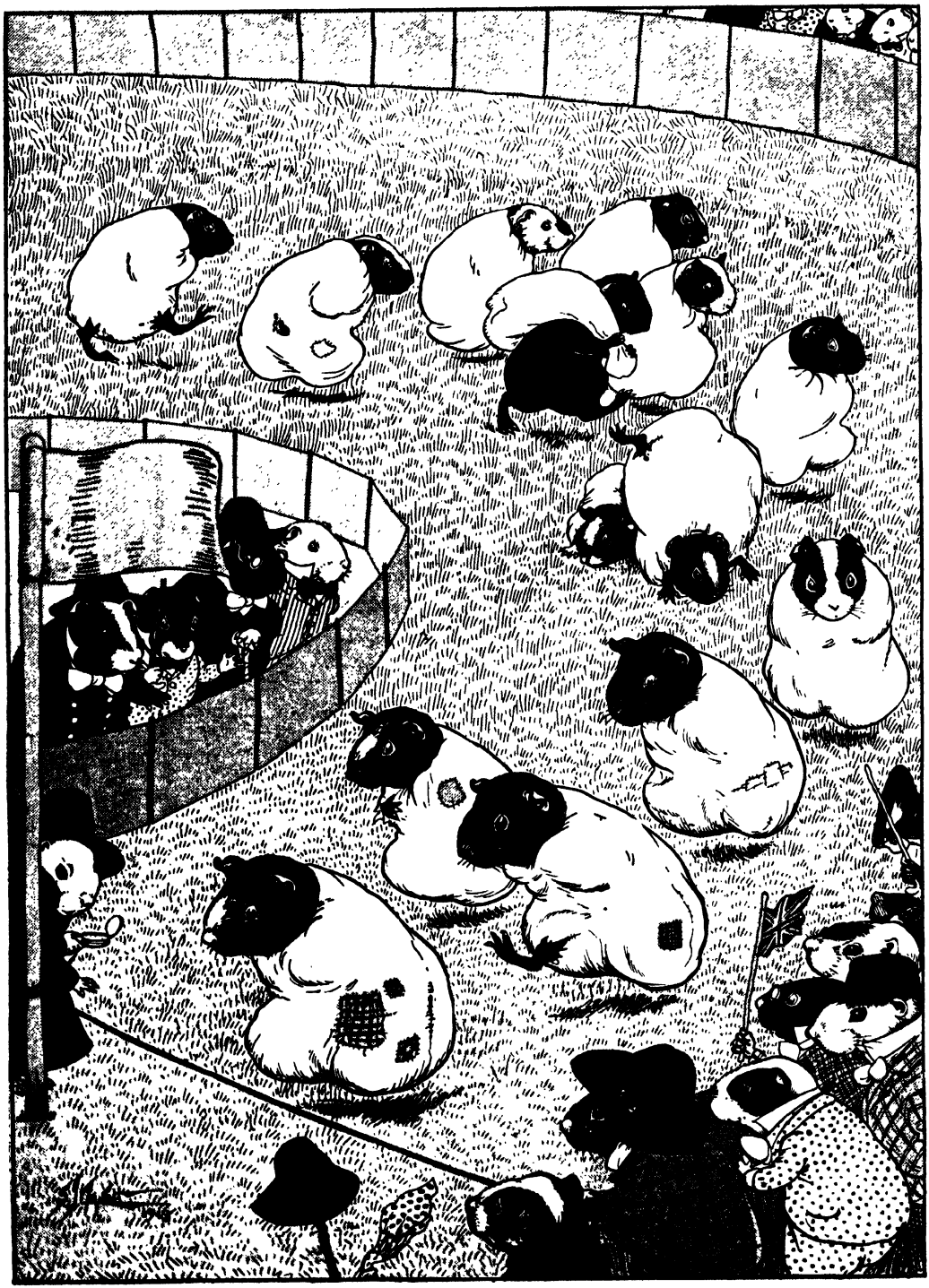
MRS. MOUSE AND MISS MOUSE SHELTER FROM THE STORM

THE LITTLE RED KING GOES OUT FOR A RIDE



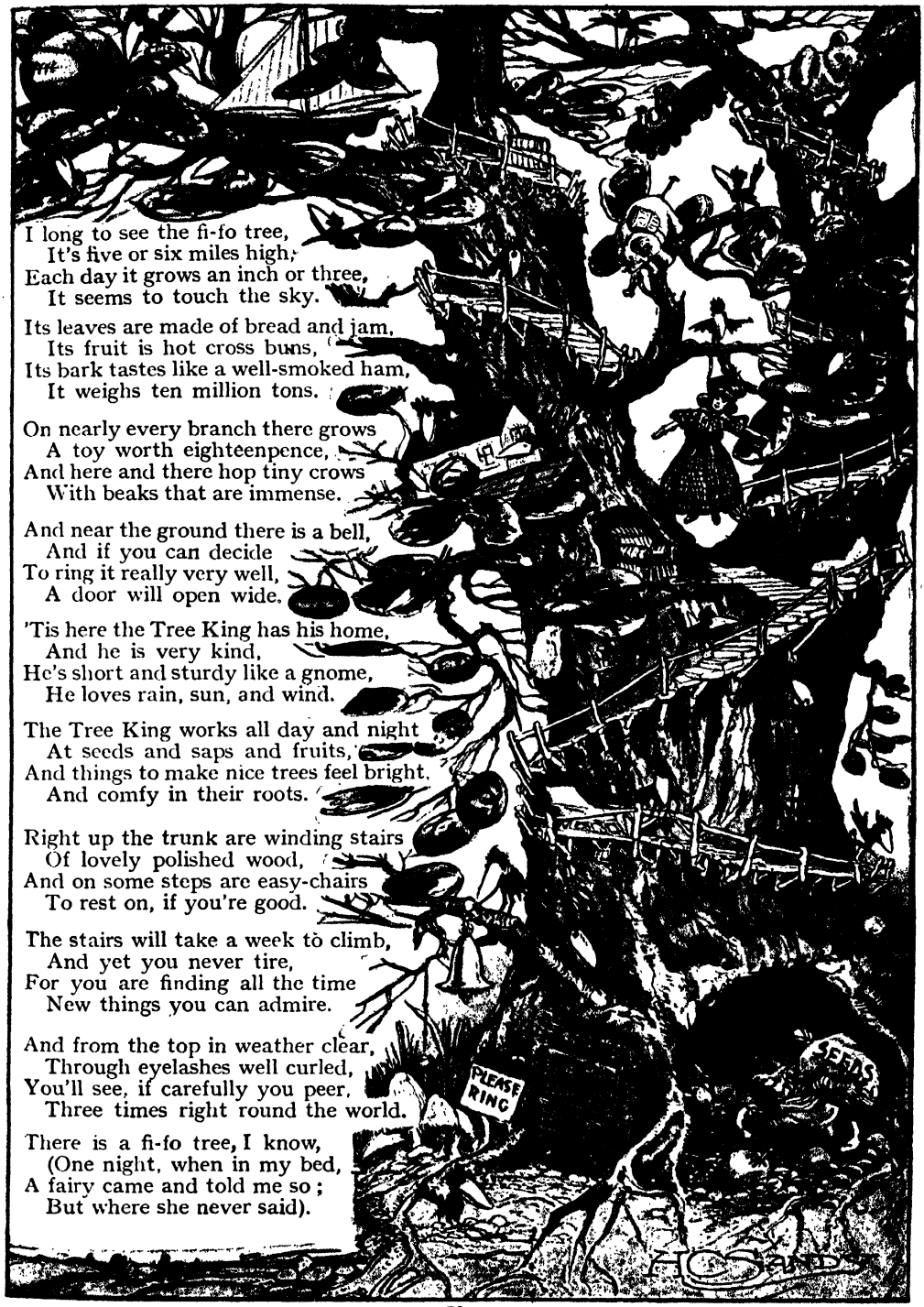
THE SORT OF SIGHT YOU SOMETIMES SEE—IN DREAMS

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEA RACE



THE GUINEA PIGS ARRIVE

I LONG TO SEE THE FI-FO TREE



I long to see the fi-fo tree,
It's five or six miles high,
Each day it grows an inch or three,
It seems to touch the sky.

Its leaves are made of bread and jam,
Its fruit is hot cross buns,
Its bark tastes like a well-smoked ham,
It weighs ten million tons.

On nearly every branch there grows
A toy worth eighteenpence,
And here and there hop tiny crows
With beaks that are immense.

And near the ground there is a bell,
And if you can decide
To ring it really very well,
A door will open wide.

'Tis here the Tree King has his home,
And he is very kind,
He's short and sturdy like a gnome,
He loves rain, sun, and wind.

The Tree King works all day and night
At seeds and saps and fruits,
And things to make nice trees feel bright,
And comfy in their roots.

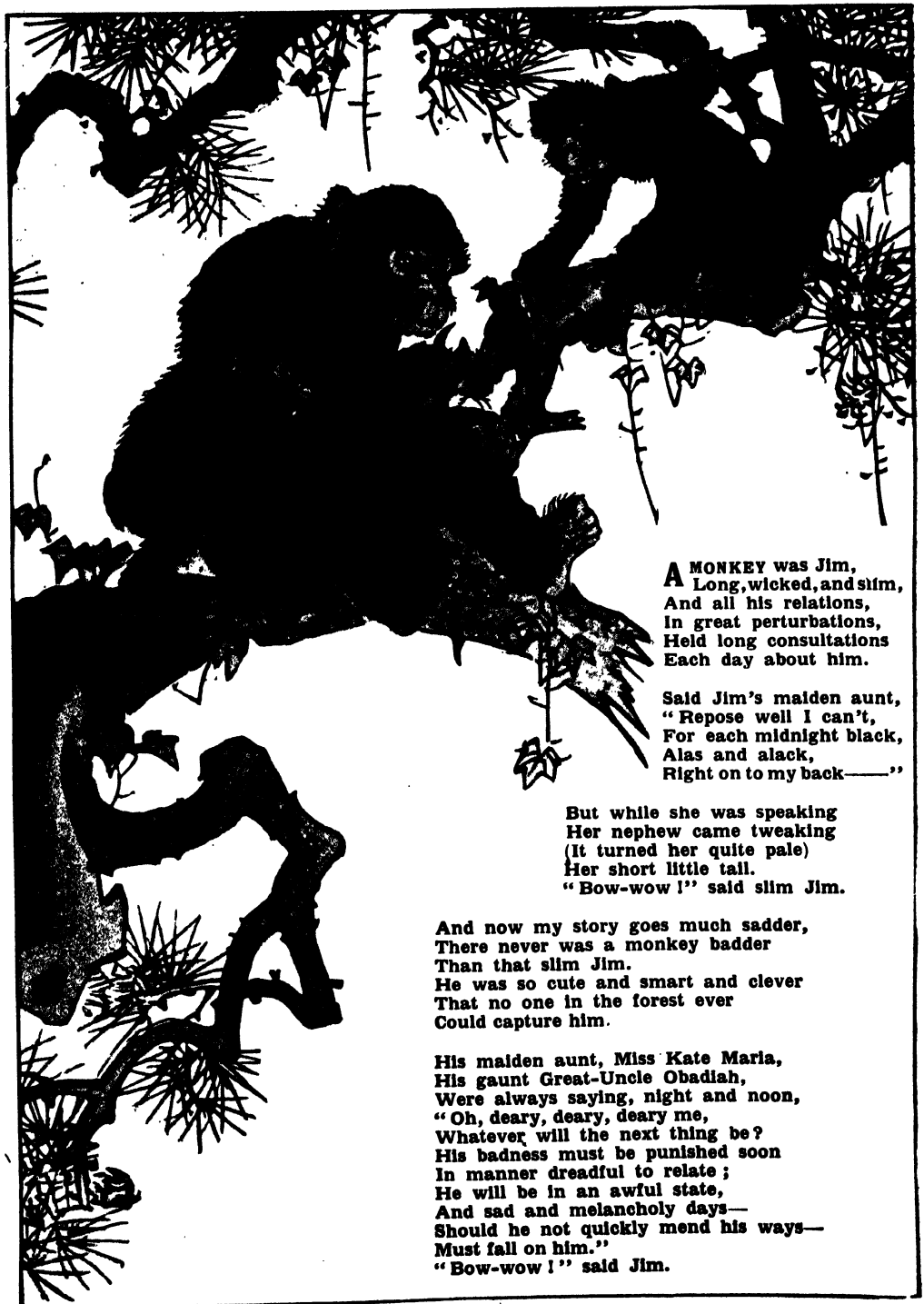
Right up the trunk are winding stairs
Of lovely polished wood,
And on some steps are easy-chairs
To rest on, if you're good.

The stairs will take a week to climb,
And yet you never tire,
For you are finding all the time
New things you can admire.

And from the top in weather clear,
Through eyelashes well curled,
You'll see, if carefully you peer,
Three times right round the world.

There is a fi-fo tree, I know,
(One night, when in my bed,
A fairy came and told me so;
But where she never said).

THIS IS THE TALE OF SLIM JIM AND



A MONKEY was Jim,
Long, wicked, and slim,
And all his relations,
In great perturbations,
Held long consultations
Each day about him.

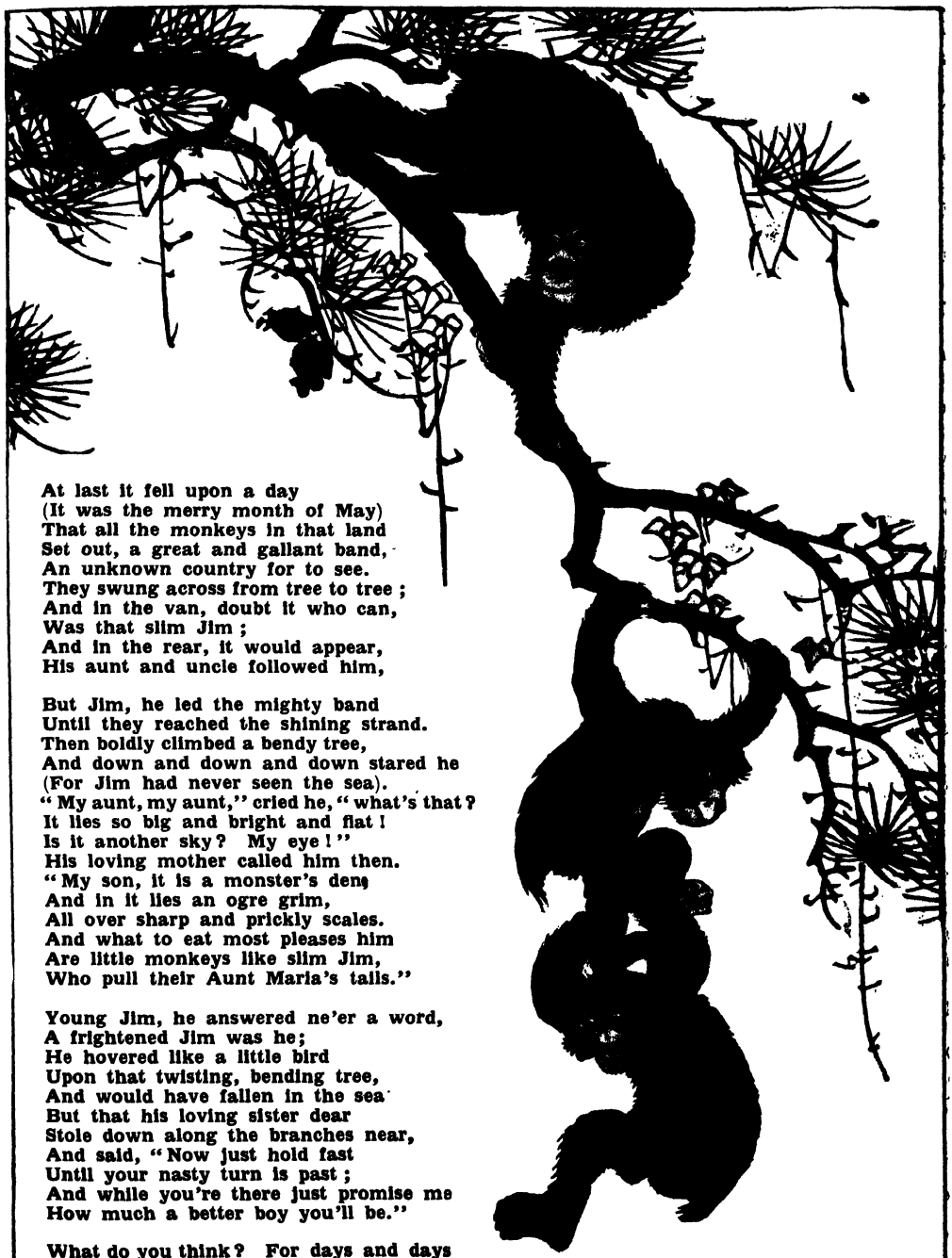
Said Jim's maiden aunt,
"Repose well I can't,
For each midnight black,
Alas and alack,
Right on to my back——"

But while she was speaking
Her nephew came tweaking
(It turned her quite pale)
Her short little tail.
"Bow-wow!" said slim Jim.

And now my story goes much sadder,
There never was a monkey badder
Than that slim Jim.
He was so cute and smart and clever
That no one in the forest ever
Could capture him.

His maiden aunt, Miss Kate Maria,
His gaunt Great-Uncle Obadiah,
Were always saying, night and noon,
"Oh, deary, deary, deary me,
Whatever will the next thing be?
His badness must be punished soon
In manner dreadful to relate;
He will be in an awful state,
And sad and melancholy days—
Should he not quickly mend his ways—
Must fall on him."
"Bow-wow!" said Jim.

THE MERRY, MERRY MONKEYS OF JAPAN



At last it fell upon a day
(It was the merry month of May)
That all the monkeys in that land
Set out, a great and gallant band,
An unknown country for to see.
They swung across from tree to tree ;
And in the van, doubt it who can,
Was that slim Jim ;
And in the rear, it would appear,
His aunt and uncle followed him,

But Jim, he led the mighty band
Until they reached the shining strand.
Then boldly climbed a bendy tree,
And down and down and down stared he
(For Jim had never seen the sea).
"My aunt, my aunt," cried he, "what's that?
It lies so big and bright and flat!
Is it another sky? My eye!"
His loving mother called him then.
"My son, it is a monster's den,
And in it lies an ogre grim,
All over sharp and prickly scales.
And what to eat most pleases him
Are little monkeys like slim Jim,
Who pull their Aunt Maria's tails."

Young Jim, he answered ne'er a word,
A frightened Jim was he;
He hovered like a little bird
Upon that twisting, bending tree,
And would have fallen in the sea
But that his loving sister dear
Stole down along the branches near,
And said, "Now just hold fast
Until your nasty turn is past ;
And while you're there just promise me
How much a better boy you'll be."

What do you think? For days and days
Slim Jim he mended hard his ways,
And even pleased his Aunt Maria
And gaunt Great-Uncle Obadiah.

THERE'S A WONDERFUL WEAVER UP IN THE AIR

THERE'S a wonderful weaver
High up in the air,
And he weaves a white mantle
For cold earth to wear.

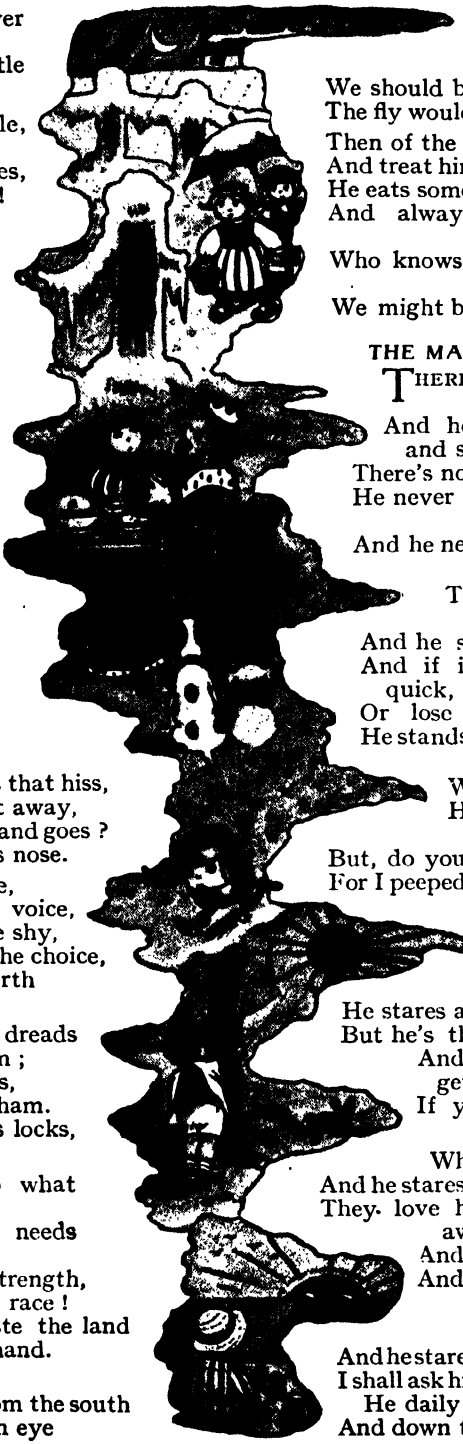
With the wind for his shuttle,
The cloud for his loom,
How he weaves, how he weaves,
In the light, in the gloom!

Oh! with finest of laces
He decks bush and tree;
On the bare, flinty meadows
A cover lays he.

Then a quaint cap he places
On pillar and post;
And he changes the pump
To a grim, silent ghost!

But this wonderful weaver
Grows weary at last;
And the shuttle lies idle
That once flew so fast.

Then the sun peeps abroad
On the work that is done;
And he smiles: "I'll unravel
It all, just for fun"



THE FLY

FRIENDS, have you ever thought of this—
That while from man all beasts of prey,
And birds and fish and snakes that hiss,
Make haste to run and get away,
The fly, quite fearless, comes and goes?
I've seen one on a monarch's nose.

A lion dreads the human eye,
An eagle fears the human voice,
All mighty things of men are shy,
And, whensoe'er they get the choice,
Give man the very widest berth
Of anything upon the earth.

But Master Fly—he no more dreads
A mortal than a pot of jam;
He settles on Imperial heads,
He treats our glory as a sham.
On beggar's rags or beauty's locks,
At our humanity he mocks.

This question, friends, "To what great length
Flies yet may go" we needs must face;
Suppose they realise their strength,
And set about the human race!
Ruin and wreck would waste the land
If they once got the upper hand.

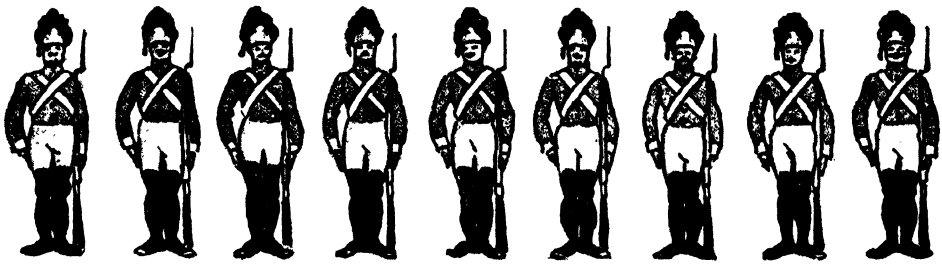
If some Napoleonic fly
Should call his myriads from the south
And hurl them in the human eye
And fling them in the human mouth,
We should be pulverised to bits;
The fly would have its Austerlitz.

Then of the spider gently speak,
And treat him with a due regard;
He eats some million flies a week,
And always lives uncommon hard;
Who knows, dear friends, that but for him
We might be severed limb from limb?

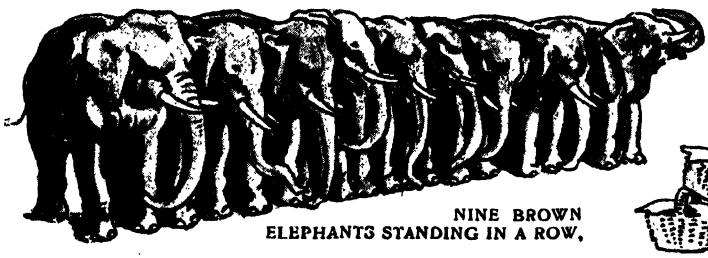
THE MAN IN THE SKY

THERE'S a man in the sky
With a yellow eye,
And he stares and stares and stares.
There's not a thing he cannot see,
He never blinks like you and me,
And he never says his prayers.
He knows my bed,
Though I hide my head,
And he stares and stares and *stares*.
And if in dressing I'm not quick,
Or lose my socks—or my buttons stick,
He stands quite still and glares.
And every day
When we come to play,
He stares and stares and *stares*.
But, do you know, I once could see,
For I peeped at him behind a tree,
He was winking unawares.
And if you're ill,
And have a chill,
He stares and stares and *stares*.
But he's the very wisest nurse,
And soon will stop you getting worse,
If you buy his simple wares.
And this I know,
When the flowers grow,
And he stares and stares and *stares*.
They love him dear, though far away,
And fondly look at him all day
And nod with pretty airs.
And when I'm old
And wise and bold,
And he stares and stares and *stares*.
I shall ask him, quite politely, why
He daily walks across the sky
And down those great red stairs.

NINE GRENADIERS WITH BAYONETS ON THEIR GUNS



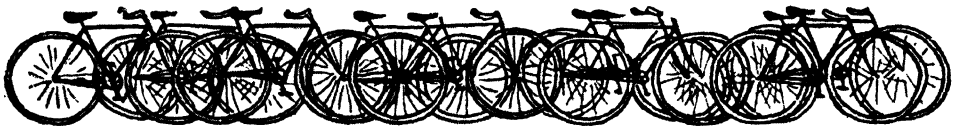
NINE GRENADIERS WITH BAYONETS ON THEIR GUNS,



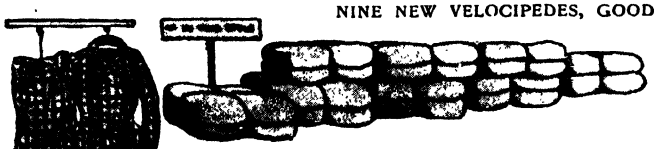
NINE BROWN
ELEPHANTS STANDING IN A ROW,

NINE BAKERS' BASKETS
WITH HOT CROSS BUNS,

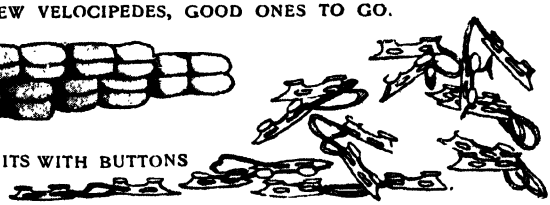




NINE NEW VELOCIPEDES, GOOD ONES TO GO.



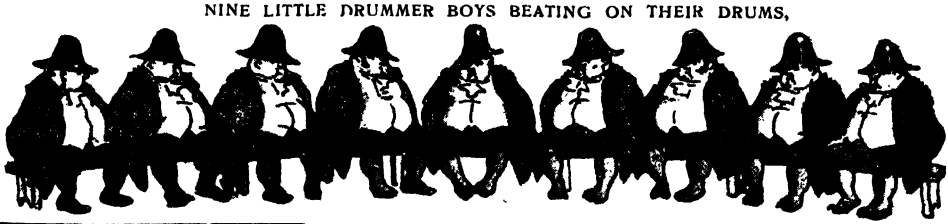
NINE KNICKERBOCKER SUITS WITH BUTTONS
ALL COMPLETE,



NINE PAIRS OF SKATES WITH STRAPS FOR THE FEET,



NINE LITTLE DRUMMER BOYS BEATING ON THEIR DRUMS,

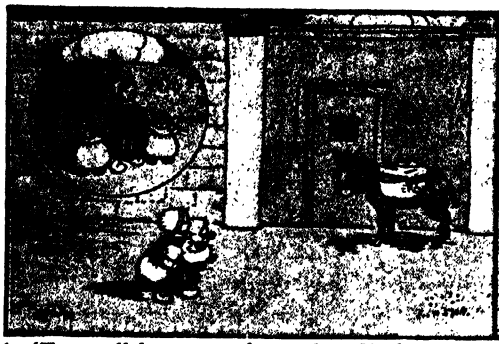




NINE FAT ALDERMEN SITTING ON THEIR THUMBS.

NINE TIMES RUNNING I DREAMT IT ALL PLAIN,
WITH BREAD AND CHEESE FOR SUPPER I COULD
DREAM IT ALL AGAIN.

LISTEN TO THIS TALE OF WOE





1. 'Twas all because of naughty Ned,
Who left his master softly dozing,
Under a shady hedge reposing,
And strolled into the village way,
The thought of carrots in his head.
Alack and well-a-day!

2. Now, read who will and save a tear.
Young Margot with the babies straying,
Tired of walking, tired of playing,
Cast on him her eyes of blue,
Bound on him her burdens dear.
" Now for a ride—hooroo! "





3. Up in the saddle, high and proud,
She rode away, the thick stick plying,
Till naughty Neddy, jumping, shying,
Tossed her on the stony way,
She bumping hard and wailing loud.
Alack and well-a-day!

4. The road went up, the road went down,
High in the air the larks stopped singing
To hear the cries the babes were flinging
Over the quiet moorland way,
As headlong flew that speck of brown.
Alack and well-a-day!

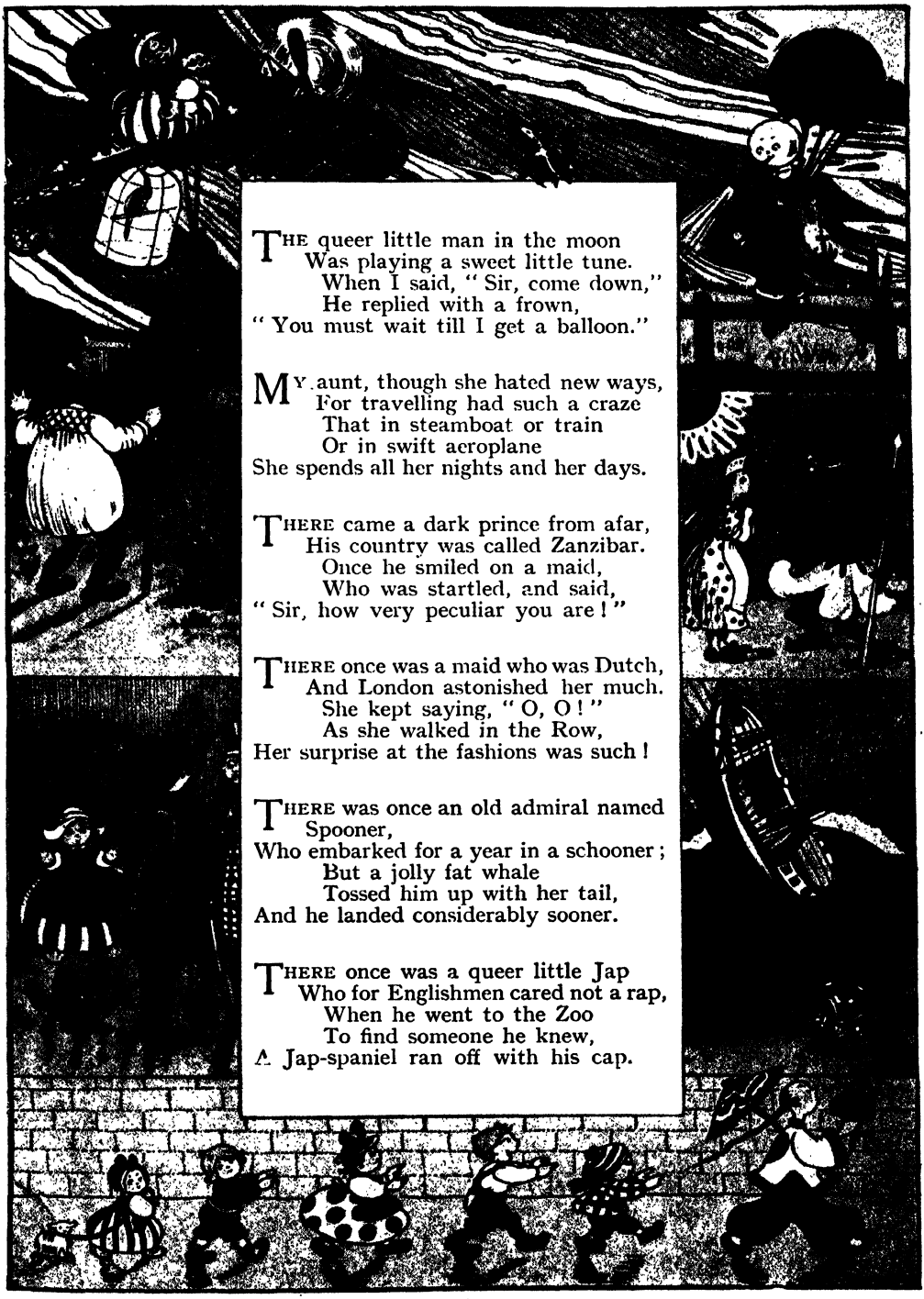




5. Ten leagues along his course was barred;
And then, his wicked actions rueing,
And all the people hot pursuing,
He pulled up in the village way.
They whacked him very long and hard.
Alack and well-a-day!

6. Now read who will, and save a tear,
And never leave a donkey braying
Where little children come a-straying,
Their happy games to play.
Ponder the ballad written here.
Alack and well-a-day!

THE QUEER LITTLE MAN IN THE MOON



THE queer little man in the moon
Was playing a sweet little tune.
When I said, "Sir, come down,"
He replied with a frown,
"You must wait till I get a balloon."

MY aunt, though she hated new ways,
For travelling had such a craze
That in steamboat or train
Or in swift aeroplane
She spends all her nights and her days.

THERE came a dark prince from afar,
His country was called Zanzibar.
Once he smiled on a maid,
Who was startled, and said,
"Sir, how very peculiar you are!"

THERE once was a maid who was Dutch,
And London astonished her much.
She kept saying, "O, O!"
As she walked in the Row,
Her surprise at the fashions was such!

THERE was once an old admiral named Spooner,
Who embarked for a year in a schooner;
But a jolly fat whale
Tossed him up with her tail,
And he landed considerably sooner.

THERE once was a queer little Jap
Who for Englishmen cared not a rap,
When he went to the Zoo
To find someone he knew,
A Jap-spaniel ran off with his cap.

DAINTY DAISY DANCES SO



Dainty Daisy
dances so
Lightly on
her tip-top-
toe.

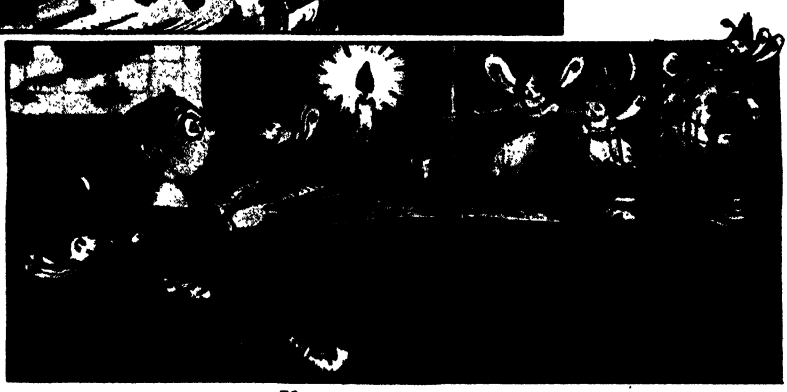
To learn to
swim Jack
says he'll
try,
If nurse will
make the
water dry.





Whenever
Emmelina
sings,
The neigh-
bours to
their doors
she brings.

This is what
the fairies
do
When "there
are no such
things," say
you.



WITH SAND AND WATER CLARA TRIES



With sand and water Clara tries
To make her dolls some tasty pies.

Jackdaw, Jackdaw, answer me, do,
What have you done with Percy's shoe?



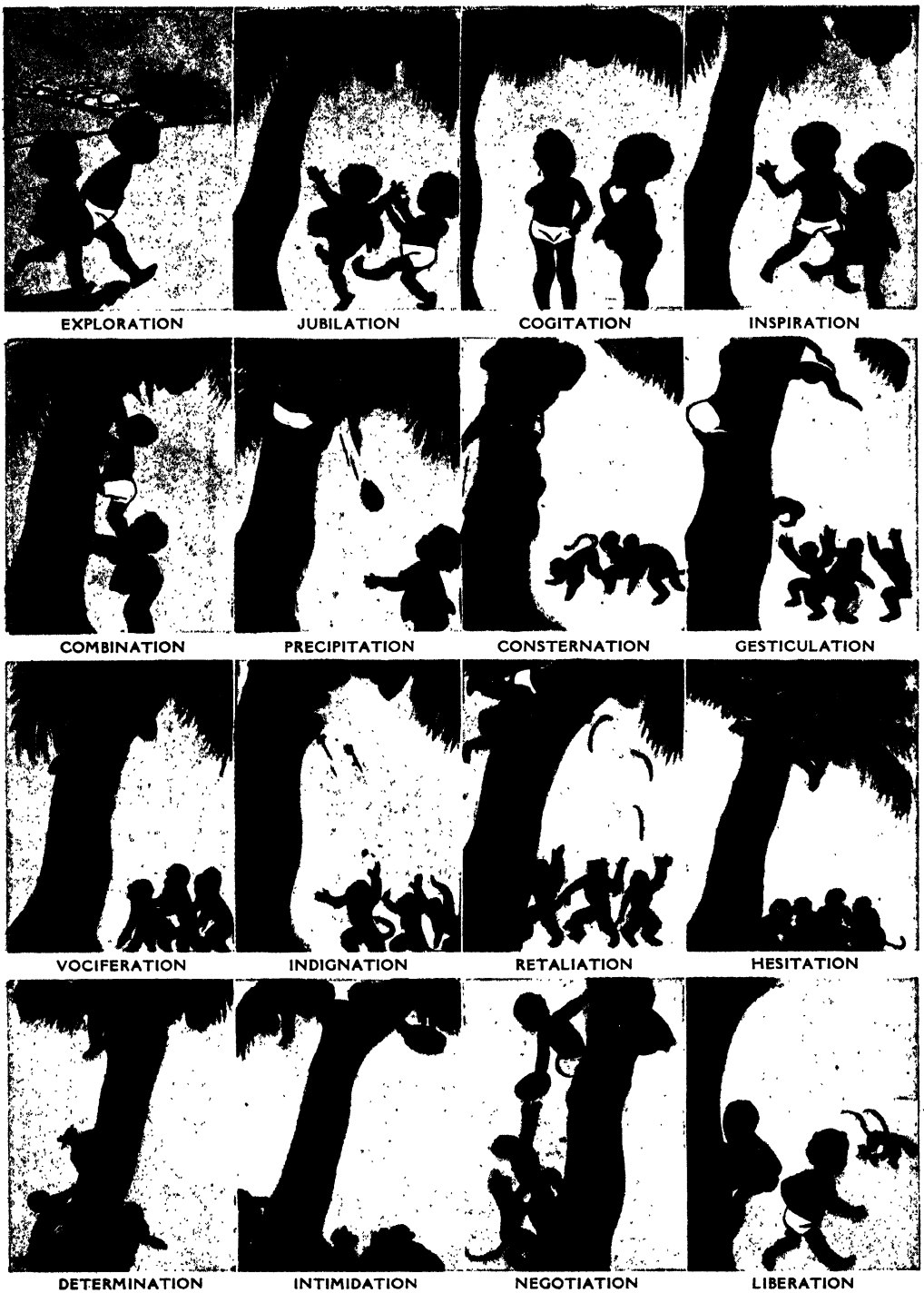


Here's your candle—here's a light—
Bath time—bed time — say good-night.

Crying, Carrie? What's the matter?
All your parcels gone a-scatter!



THE BOYS, THE MONKEYS, & THE COCOANUTS



"HAPPY WE IN ANY WEATHER"



"YOU AND I TOGETHER, LOVE; YOU AND I TOGETHER"

NAUGHTY YOUNG NATALIE

NATALIE, Natalie,
Naughty young Natalie,
Hatless and ribbonless,
Barefoot and slatternly.
What shall we do with her? Goodness knows!
Catch her and give her a kiss, I suppose.

THE BLUE MOON

O SHINING Moon, endeavour, do,
Instead of silver, to be blue;
For if a thing's a splendid thing
It never dreams of happening
Till you are blue—and then but once.
To give exciting things a chance
To happen oftener, oh, do,
As quickly as you can, be blue.

SPRING'S A LASSIE

SPRING'S a lassie garbed in green,
Summer wears a gayer dress,
Winter, old and brown and lean,
Follows Autumn's fruitfulness.

SONGS

THE wind has a song that it sings to the trees;
The sea has a song of its own
There's a sort of a song in the hum of the bees
If you listen to it all alone.
And the birds have their songs, all of different kinds,
From the thrush to the silly cuckoo;
And my voice, when I like, can sing songs like the winds
And the birds and the water-waves do!



ALL ON A SUMMER'S DAY

WASHING-DAY

SING a song of washing-day!
Lots of waiting clo'es,
Looking, oh, so worn and grey,
Oh, so full of woes!
Half the water in the tub
Must be tears, I'm sure,
As they sob, "It's rub-a-dub—
Washing-day once more!"

Sing a song of washing-day,
Clo'es hung out to dry,
Flitter-fluttering away,
Waving to the sky.
"Look at us!" each garment says.
"Aren't we white as snow?
When it's over, washing-day's
Not so bad, you know!"

THE BLACKSMITH

THE blacksmith is the strongest man
I've ever heard or seen;
Clang! clang! clang! his hammers bang
With clink-clink! in between;
He'll twist a horse's shoe in shape
And try it on red-hot;
And what a great loud voice he has!
And what big arms he's got!

The blacksmith is the strongest man,
But he's not frightening;
No horse will shy when he stands by,
Although his hammers ring;
He'll sometimes mend our playthings, too,
After his day's work's done;
It seems to me, I'd rather be
Like him than anyone!



Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.
You owe me five farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells of Old Bailey.
When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.



Jack and Billy, Mollie and Sue,
Lost their way the moorland through;
Wandered into a magic ring,
And found a fairy frolicking.

They crept up close on tiptoe walk,
But the fairy sprang to a mushroom stalk;
And while they stared with eyes grown bright
She up and vanished from their sight.

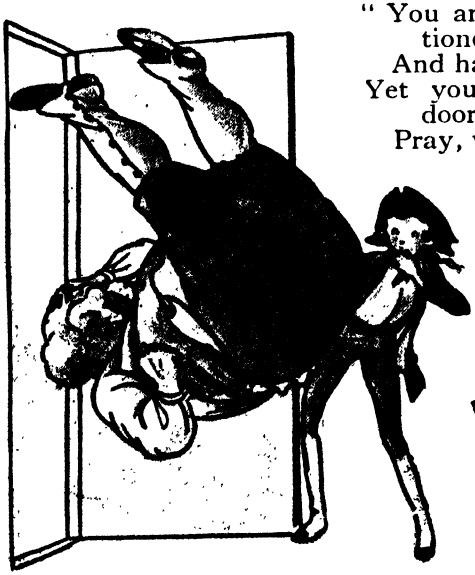
FATHER WILLIAM



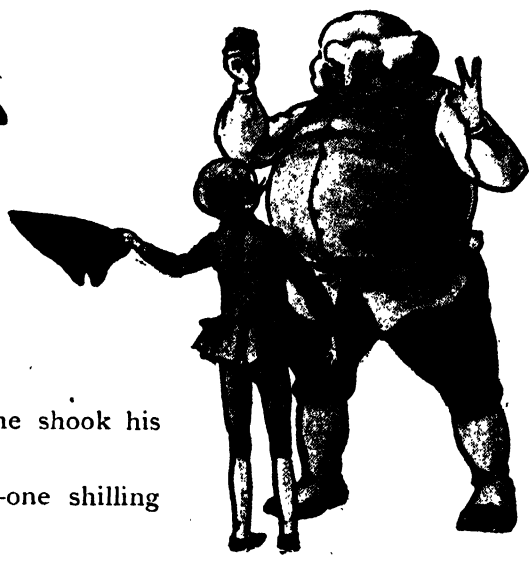
"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white,
And yet you incessantly stand on your head;
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"



"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure my brain,
And now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."



"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat,
Yet you turned a back somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?"



"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling a box—
Allow me to sell you a couple."

" You are old," said the youth, " and your
jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet,
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones
and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it ? "

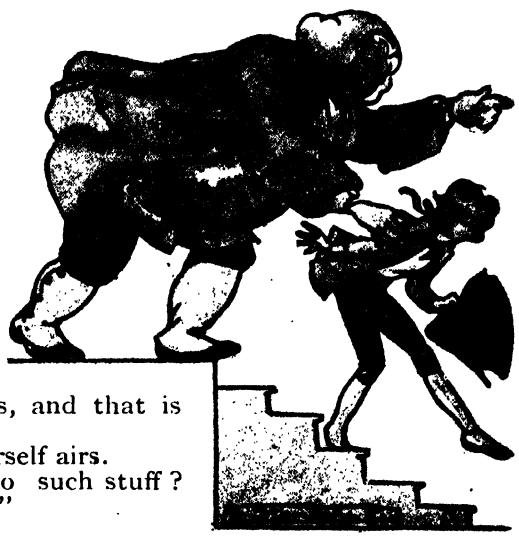




" In my youth," said his father, " I took to
the law,
And argued each case with my wife,
And the muscular strength which it gave
to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."

" You are old," said the youth ; " one would
hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever,
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your
nose—
What made you so awfully clever?"





" I have answered three questions, and that is
enough,"
Said his father. " Don't give yourself airs.
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff ?
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs."

A LITTLE BROWN BOAT IS OUT ON THE SEA



A little brown boat is out on the sea,
Bringing my daddie to mother and me.



Here's a goose with grandmother'sgamp
Doing its best to keep out the damp.



The three little girls across the way
Are going out to tea today.

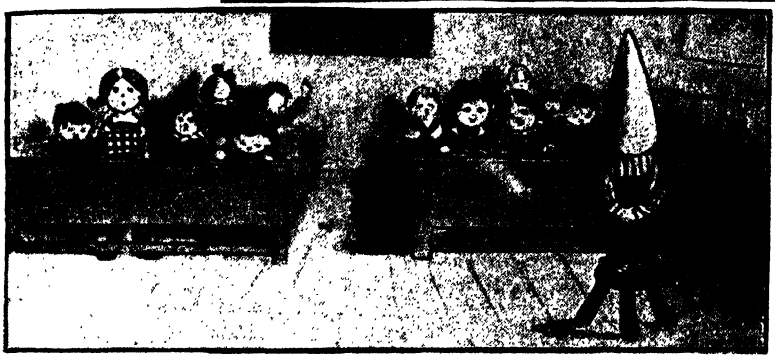


The milkman going on his round
A door without a house has found.

MISS BETSY PUTS ON A FINE GREEN GOWN

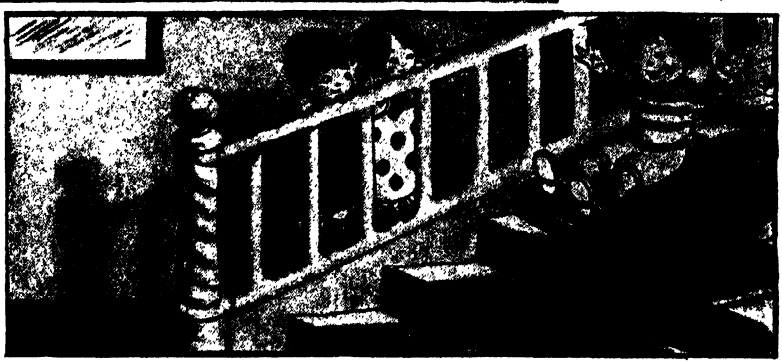
Miss Betsy puts on a fine green gown,
Takes up her sunshade and goes to town.





Alas! when Philip goes to school
He's always on the dunce's stool.

Down the stairs upon a tray
Percy slides when Jane's away.





In Beetle Town there's such a scare!
A bootoplane comes through the air!

KING-CUPS, PANSIES, & SWEET LADY'S SMOCKS



Go, noisy wind, and leave us today;
High rides the sun and the rain's far away.
Do you not see we are labouring yet,
With so much to plant and seedlings to set,
In long beds of larkspur and red hollyhocks,
King-cups and pansies and sweet lady's smocks?

Say, how can we work if you grumble and pout,
And whirl off our hats and stutter and shout?
But when all our weeding and hoeing is done
Our flower-beds parched and dry will have run;
So then, noisy wind, you can come back again,
And bring a sweet shower, drip-drop, in your train.

THEY STRAYED OUT FROM THE MOSSY TRACK



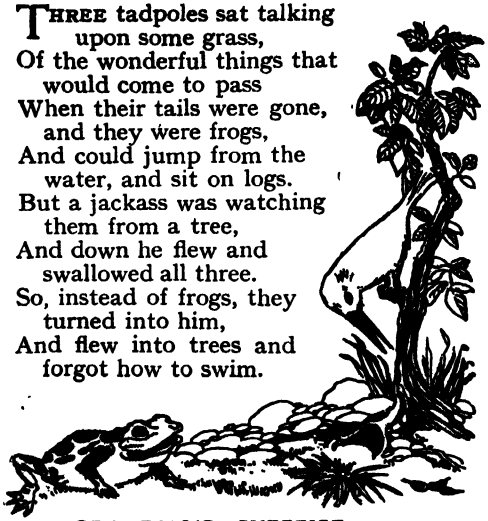
They strayed out from the mossy track
Into the deep wood-way,
'Oh, tell me, tell me, Brother Jack,
What are those noises, pray?

"I'm not afraid, I'm *really* not;
They'll find us soon, you'll see,
But, Jackie, could you tell *just what*
Is hiding round that tree?"

FOUR LITTLE RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY

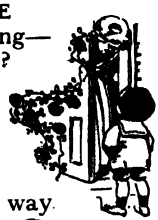
THE BOASTERS

THREE tadpoles sat talking
upon some grass,
Of the wonderful things that
would come to pass
When their tails were gone,
and they were frogs,
And could jump from the
water, and sit on logs.
But a jackass was watching
them from a tree,
And down he flew and
swallowed all three.
So, instead of frogs, they
turned into him,
And flew into trees and
forgot how to swim.



GRANDMA'S SURPRISE

WHO is this comes knocking—
Knocking at my door?
Surely such a visitor
I never had before.
Come to call on grandma,
Did I hear you say?
I live here, my little man—
Guess you've missed your way.



Coming in? I wonder
Who my guest can be.
Navy cap and buttons
Come to call on me!
Now, I know a boy, sir—
A little boy named Fred!
He wears dresses, to be sure,
And curls around his head!



He is my darling; but of course
Not such a man as you.
Why, you could face the whole world
In that brave suit of blue!
And pockets, too! Well, well,
What would my Freddie say
If he were here to see
This gentleman to-day!



Laughing? What's the matter?
Your name Freddie, too!
Come a little closer,
Let me look at you.
Brown eyes, laughing gaily,
Full of fun and joy—
Let me put my specs on—
Bless me! it's my boy.



MY LITTLE LOVER

I HAVE a little lover sweet,
His lips are rose-bud red,
And he has little locks of gold
Which curl about his head.



His eyes are like the bright blue sky,
So very bright and merry;
I often think the cares of life
Can never make him weary.



My little lover brings me gifts,
Daisies in lovely posies,
And lilies, too, so purely white,
And fragrant, blushing roses.

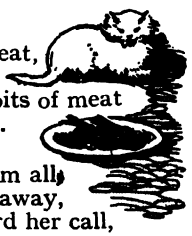
He says he's my sweetheart true
This little lad so gay;
We plan together how we'll live
In the land of sweet "someday."



But my own dear little lover
Will never marry me,
For I am nearly fifty,
And he is only three.

A KITTEN'S DAY

TO-DAY I had a lovely treat,
I found upon a dish
Some tempting-looking bits of meat
And several shiny fish.



I hurried up and ate them all
While cook was still away,
And later, though I heard her call,
I thought I wouldn't stay!

I washed my face, and strolled around;
But quite forgot to look
About me, so I soon was found—
I don't care much for cook!



I met the collie, Duncan, next,
And scratched him in the eye;
He growled, and seemed absurdly vexed,
I can't help wond'ring why.

A very peaceful nap I took,
Curled up on something flat,
Till Aunt Jemima cried: "Just look!
He's simply *spoilt* my hat!"



I started next a singing-class
For kittens, which I led;
But quickly I was caught, alas!
And bustled off to bed!



THERE WAS A QUEER DOCTOR OF CREWE

There was a queer doctor of Crewe,
Who never said " How do you do ? "
He would waggle his head
Back and forwards instead
Till his face had turned perfectly blue.



A lobster named Archibald Thrives
Kept a shop on the rocks off St. Ives ;
He sold bullseyes and toys
To his own little boys,
And canes to the neighbouring wives.



There was a smart lawyer of York,
Who went for a ride on a stork ;
But when high in the air
He cried out in despair
That his head was as light as a cork.



There once was a capital cow
Who was simply superb in a row ;
She could knock over cats,
And make mincemeat of rats,
But, alas ! she could never say " How."

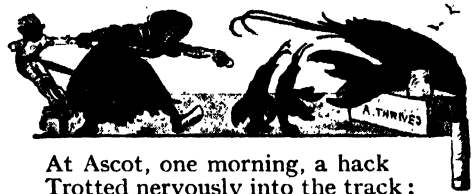


There was a bold sailor of Skye,
Who thought he could easily fly ;
So he jumped with a flop
Off a high mountain top,
But he walked home again with a sigh.





There was a mad merchant of Grays,
Who had most astonishing ways ;
He would walk on his head,
And sleep under the bed,
And leave all his gases ablaze.



At Ascot, one morning, a hack
Trotted nervously into the track ;
The steam-roller chaffed,
And the taxicab laughed,
While the motor-bus rolled on its back.



Miss Marsie kept tadpoles and newts,
And fed them on soapsuds and roots ;
But her father cried " Oh ! "
When they took to the toe
Of his best four-and-sixpenny boots.



There was a gay captain of March
Who walked quite as stiff as a larch ;
And his friends all agreed—
There was no doubt indeed—
That the captain must live upon starch.



There was a schoolmaster of Flint,
Whose hair was a terrible tint ;
Round a corner he'd look,
And when reading a book
His back he would turn on the print.

WHAT PEGGY HAD ON HER TWELVE BIRTHDAYS



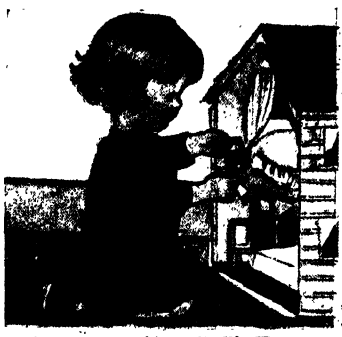
One year old—a Bone Ring



Two years old—a Rattle



Three years old—a Doll



Four years old—a Doll's House



Five—a Shuttlecock and Battledore



Six years old—a Picture-book



Seven years old—a Paint-box



Eight years old—a Bicycle



Nine years old—a Work-basket



Ten years old—a Penknife

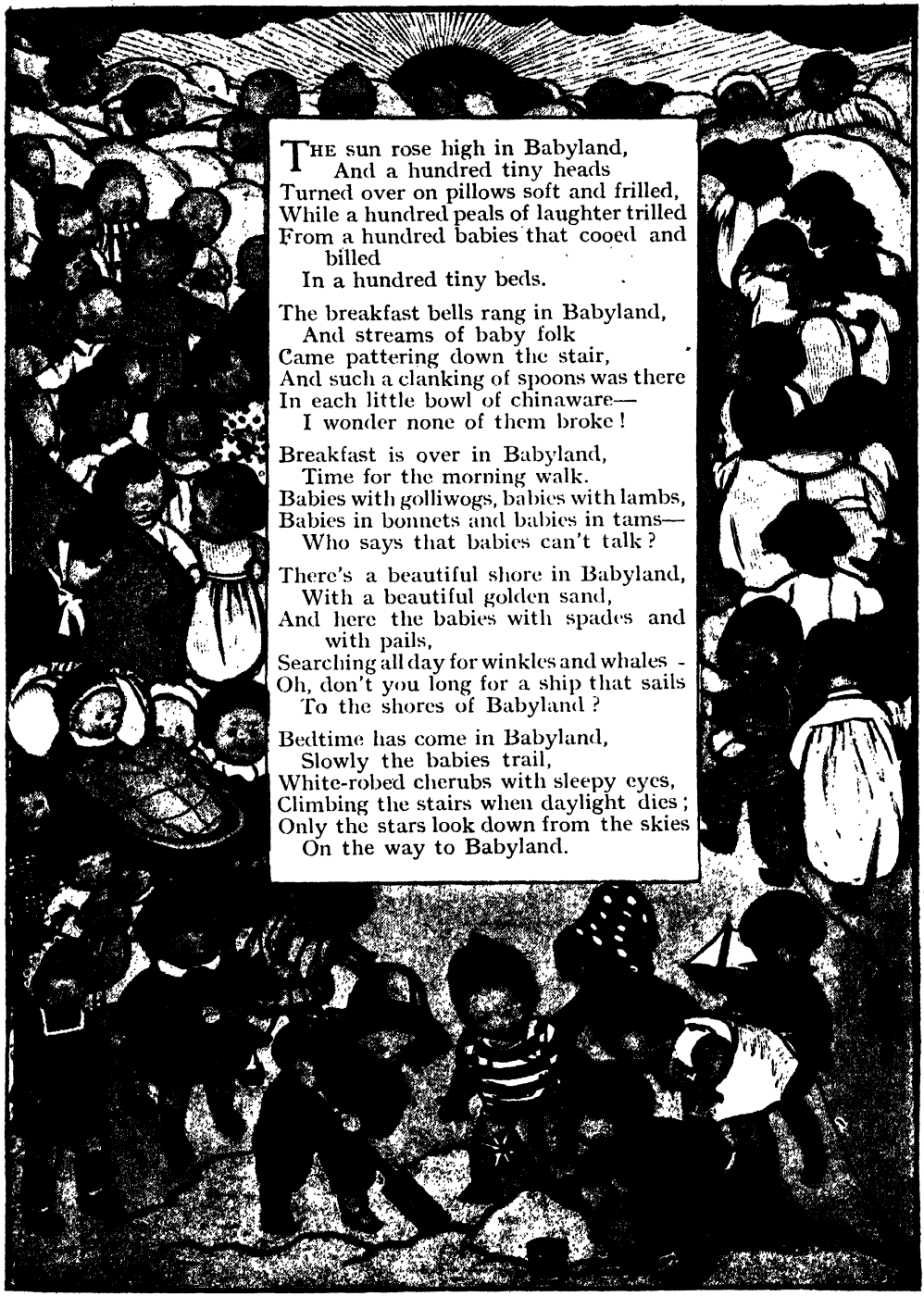


Eleven years old—a Watch



Twelve—a War Savings Certificate

THE SUN ROSE HIGH IN BABYLAND



THE sun rose high in Babyland,
And a hundred tiny heads
Turned over on pillows soft and frilled,
While a hundred peals of laughter trilled
From a hundred babies that cooed and billed
In a hundred tiny beds.

The breakfast bells rang in Babyland,
And streams of baby folk
Came pattering down the stair,
And such a clanking of spoons was there
In each little bowl of chinaware—
I wonder none of them broke!

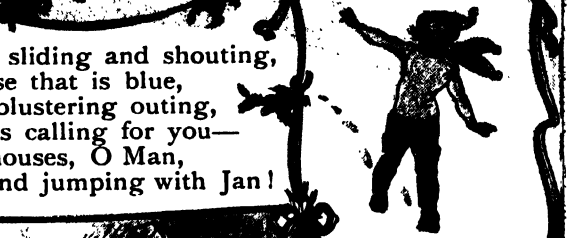
Breakfast is over in Babyland,
Time for the morning walk.
Babies with golliwogs, babies with lambs,
Babies in bonnets and babies in tams—
Who says that babies can't talk?

There's a beautiful shore in Babyland,
With a beautiful golden sand,
And here the babies with spades and with pails,
Searching all day for winkles and whales -
Oh, don't you long for a ship that sails
To the shores of Babyland?

Bedtime has come in Babyland,
Slowly the babies trail,
White-robed cherubs with sleepy eyes,
Climbing the stairs when daylight dies;
Only the stars look down from the skies
On the way to Babyland.

JANUARY

Here comes a boy running, and sliding and shouting,
With rosy red cheeks and a nose that is blue,
And he's off in the snow for a blustering outing,
And he's calling for me and he's calling for you—
Turn out from your stuffy hot houses, O Man,
And come sliding and skating and jumping with Jan!



FEBRUARY

Here's an imp you're bound to like,
Flooding field and filling dyke,
Turning on from Nature's main
Tons and tons and tons of rain;
Ponds and puddles rise to greet him,
Oh, let's hope his mother'll beat him.



MARCH

A boy with a trumpet—blow, blow, blow,
Dressed like a soldier and all aglow,
Sending his challenge north and south,
The sounding trumpet pressed to his mouth,
Except when he stops and cries, "Together
March, march, march, for it's marching weather."



APRIL

Blue sky and rosy cloud,
Welcome sun and shower!
Gentle breezes not too loud,
Timid opening flower:
April at her wheel is spinning,
Something sweet is now beginning.



MAY

Dainty maid, demure and good,
Seeking bluebells in the wood,
Seeking under leaf and bough
Bud and blossom hid till now,
Summer's bridesmaid! strew her way
With white flowers of the may.



JUNE

Here's the prettiest maid that ever I saw,
With her dress tricked out with posies,
With a dove at rest on her warm white breast,
And her little hands filled with roses.
What is she humming? I know that tune.
Why, of course (how silly!) it's little Miss June.



JULY

Who's this lazy, dawdling lass,
Handsome, proud, and scornful?
Will she never, never pass,
Yawning, sullen, mournful?
I should run away and fly
If it were not hot July.

AUGUST

A little brown maid with bucket and spade
Goes down to the rocky shore,
And the waves roll in with a frothing din
While she digs in the sandy floor.
"Mew-mew!" cries the gull, as he sweeps the bay,
"That's little Augusta Holiday."

SEPTEMBER

Gipsy, Gipsy, what do you bring
To the stifling lanes and the dusty hedges?
Berries red for the birds that sing,
And purple flags to the scorching sedges.
"But what do I take away, remember?"
He laughs and says, "Myself—September."

OCTOBER

Dame October, fill your basket
Full of apples, pears, and plums;
Name your price and boldly ask it,
Crying out through streets and slums,
"Apples and pears, ripe apples and pears,
Come buy 'em, come, buy 'em, my sweet, pretty dears."

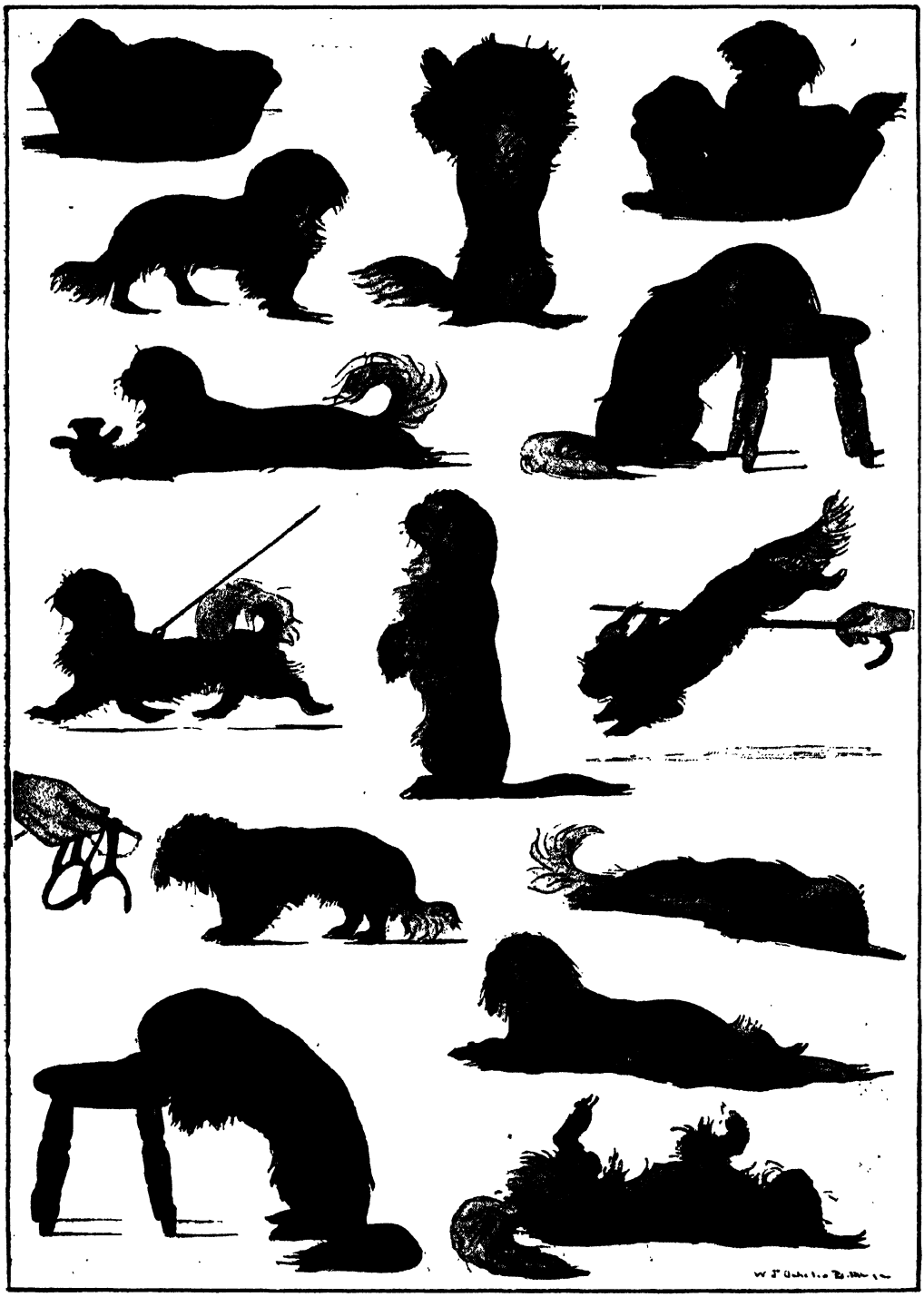
NOVEMBER

Oh, here's a thieving, blind old beggar,
Stumbling, coughing—his cough like a bark—
Dragging his dog through grime and fog,
Choosing, loving, the dirt and the dark.
Let's blow him up like a Guy Fawkes guy;
Get out, November, you've stolen the sky.

DECEMBER

You'd fill the world, December,
With terrors and alarms
But that we all remember
The Christ Child in your arms.
Come, then, Old Sexton, find your way
Through storm and death to Christmas Day.

LEADING A DOG'S LIFE



FIDO HAS A MERRY DAY

THE NICKUM'S PENCIL

THE boy I called the Nickum, but whose proper name is Robert Stewart, paused outside our garden gate the other morning, and eyed me anxiously.

"Can you do *dismals?*" he inquired in a forlorn little voice.

"Hallo, Sir Robin!" I cried cheerily. "Wherefore so sorrowful?"

"It's those horrid sums," he replied—"the dismals. I can't do them for nuts!" He looked hopefully and trustfully at me.

I value the good opinion of the Nickum beyond words, and what's to happen when he finds out I can't "do dismals" I do not care to think. So just to gain time I cried, "Pooh! Dismals! Work them with a red pencil and they become quite cheerful and vulgar!"

One of the reasons I love the Nickum is his quickness to see a joke.

"But I haven't a red pencil," he objected, growing grave again.

"*I* have, though!" I cried triumphantly. "Just wait a twink!"

The night before, while rummaging in an old desk, I had come across a pencil clad in a dress of motley. I'm sure you know the kind—one half wears a red suit and writes red, the other end wears a blue cover and writes blue.

"Here you are, Nickum, a pencil which will make the most dismal of fractions cheer up!" I said, hurrying back from the house.

He received it with beams of delight. Then just for a flash his face clouded over.

"It's—it's—not a German make?" he inquired anxiously.

"The maker's name has been rubbed off, Bobby," I said, pointing to a badly whittled gash in the pencil's motley wear. "Listen! Isn't that the school bell?"

When I saw Bobby in the afternoon he was his old cheery self again.

"That jolly pencil is t'rrifically good!" he shouted. "Look!" he went on, pulling a sheet of paper out of his bag. "Look how useful it is for drawing soldiers! You see, having the two colours, I can draw tartan. This chap's Rob Roy—that's his tartan, red and black all right. Here's a Seaforth—with the Mackenzie tartan. Hugh Stanley lent me his green crayon, so with a black pencil you can get in all the colours, and this"—pulling out another piece of paper—"this is for you."

Carefully I unfolded my gift, conscious all the time of Bobby's eyes on my face. There, blazing out at me, was the most warlike figure of a piper of the Cameron Highlanders.

"Bobby, you dear!" I cried in delight. "How nice of you! My own clan, too! And what lovely pipes!"

I did not see Bobby for some days after this. I knew by the weather, which was chilly March, that the time had arrived for the game of "Buttons," and that Bobby was sure to be dropping in to see how I was off in the article of buttons. But day followed day, and he did not come. He was not ill, that I knew, for his granny, with whom he lives, sends for me the instant he is. I could see groups of little boys crouching on their knees playing "Buttonie," but not a sight of the Nickum! I had almost decided to go to look for him, when he passed by our gate. He was running like the wind, and his face was crimson; his eyes were carefully averted; there was something stealthy and so utterly unlike Bobby that I could hardly believe my eyes.

"Hey, Bobs!" I shouted cheerily. "Wait a minute!" But he did not hear me—he did not want to hear me.

This happened once or twice—maybe half a dozen times—before I could believe that the Nickum did not want me. Then a horrid silence, an Arctic silence, sprang up between us, and I confess it chilled me to the heart. Strange how much pain a little boy can give one! The weather, too, turned out east-windy, and I had to stay indoors, and the unwanted box of buttons on my desk seemed to reproach me every time I noticed it. Then, one afternoon, the weather mended its manners, and I decided to go and pay a long-deferred visit to a new neighbour. She was a Mrs. Stanley, whose husband was in France, and who had come to our village in search of health for her little invalid daughter.

I found them a delightful pair, and in no time Maisie was showing me her dolls and her books and her drawings.

"I did all these last week," she explained, exhibiting pages of wondrous flowers unknown to any botanist.

"Extraordinary!" I murmured; and they were, too. The queer thing about them was that they were all coloured either a brilliant red or a bright blue. There were parrots, but I have no words to do justice to those gorgeous fowls.

"This is a submarine Hughie drawed," Maisie said, pointing to an indigo sea.

"And who is Hughie?" I asked.

"He's my brother," she replied; and then it flashed on me that I had heard Bobby speak of Hugh Stanley.

"Isn't he in the class with Bobby Stewart?" I asked.

Maisie's face beamed.

"Yes. And do you know Bobby? Isn't he a nice boy? He can draw soldiers. Look, here's a piper he drawed."

The drawing was entitled, "Piper Laidlaw at the Somme," but the piper looked like the twin-brother of the Cameron warrior I had at home.

"What lovely colours he's got in his kilt!" I said.

"This is what we colour them with," she went on, diving into a box and producing the *very pencil I had given Bobby!* I had somehow expected it, yet, nevertheless, I was amazed too. I should have recognised it anywhere, my old motley friend—a little more worn than it used to be, a little more chewed, but I should have known it anywhere.



"AND YOUR PENCIL?" MAISIE ASKED

Here her mother broke in.

"There's something mysterious about that pencil, but what a comfort it has been to Maisie! She got it just the day she had had her last bad turn. When Hugh comes home from school he always gives her his bag to play with."

"An' I found this lovely pencil there!" Maisie interrupted.

"Yes," her mother went on, "and the funny bit of it was it turned out it wasn't Hugh's bag at all, but Bobby's. The bags are so alike that neither of them noticed until it came to lesson time, and then Bobby came here looking for his property. Hugh was out, so Bobby helped me to gather up his books and put them back in the bag. But I didn't think the red-and-blue pencil was his too, and——"

"I didn't cry," Maisie said hastily. "But I was terribly afraid he would say it was his."

"And did he?" I asked curiously.

"Well, he didn't see the face poor Maisie had, for he kept looking in his bag, and saying over and over, 'These are all. I have everything all right. I have all my books—and everything. Good-bye!'

"'And your pencil?' Maisie asked.

"'You must ask Hugh about that,' he said, and bolted. I saw the two boys having a long confab at the corner, and they looked like a pair of conspirators."

A nasty lump had come into my throat as I listened to the story.

Going home I ran into the Nickum.

"Bobs," I cried gaily, "none of your nonsense! I know all about the pencil and why you 'tend you don't see me, you young scamp! But, Bobs, I'm proud of you; you're a real, a very perfect knight."

His face was red, but his brave, blue eyes met mine with the old honest, straightforward look.

"You're not angry?" he faltered.

"Proud of you, Nickum—swelling with pride!"

"She was so ill, an' so white-looking, an' when she thought she had to give it back to me she looked as if she would cry. So I said it wasn't mine, an' she was to ask Hugh, an' then I told Hugh that he was to say it was his pencil, an' so I was misserubbel for fear you might be angry."

"It was dear of you, Bobby, and if you weren't such a big boy I'd kiss you."

"It wasn't nothin'," he went on in a little, and speaking in his own old airy way. "She wanted it so t'rrifically; and, besides," lowering his voice and speaking in a whisper, "I always had an uncomforbilt feeling that pencil was made in Germany!"

HOW THEY SAY "HOW DO YOU DO?"



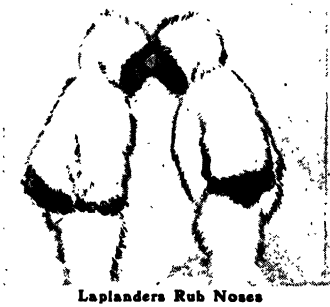
English Shake Hands



The French Embrace



Red Indians Exchange Pipes of Peace



Laplanders Rub Noses



Arabs Place Hands on Breast



Moors Kiss Shoulders



Cingalese Salute with Palm



Filipinos Raise the Foot



Chinese Join Hands and Bow



Society Islanders Touch Noses



Dahomey Folk Pull Fingers



Burmese Touch Faces

HENNY-PENNY GOES TO TELL THE KING

ONE fine day Henny-Penny was picking up corn in the old farmyard, when all at once something fell plop! on her head.

It was only a grain of corn, as Henny-Penny would have seen if she had stopped to look. But she didn't.



"I MUST GO AND TELL THE KING"

"Mercy me!" cried Henny-Penny. "The sky's a-falling! I must go and tell the King."

And off she started that very minute. She went on and on, and on and on, till she met Cocky-Locky.

"Where are you going to, Henny-Penny?" asked Cocky-Locky, speaking very politely and making her a fine bow.

"I'm going to tell the King the sky's a-falling," said Henny-Penny.

"May I come with you, Henny-Penny?" asked Cocky-Locky.

"Certainly—certainly," said Henny-Penny.

And on they went, and on and on, till they met Ducky-Daddles.

"Where are you going to, Henny-Penny and Cocky-Locky?" asked Ducky-Daddles.

"We're going to tell the King the sky's a-falling," said Henny-Penny and Cocky-Locky.

"May I come with you, Henny-Penny and Cocky-Locky?" asked Ducky-Daddles.

"Certainly—certainly," said Henny-Penny and Cocky-Locky.

And on they went, and on and on, till they met Goosey-Poosey.

"Where are you going to, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, and Ducky-Daddles?" asked Goosey-Poosey.

"We're going to tell the King the sky's a-falling," said Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, and Ducky-Daddles.

"May I come with you, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, and Ducky-Daddles?" asked Goosey-Poosey.

"Certainly—certainly," said Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, and Ducky-Daddles.

And on they went, and on and on, till they met Turkey-Lurkey.

"Where are you going to, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, and Goosey-Poosey?" asked Turkey-Lurkey.

"We're going to tell the King the sky's a-falling," said Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, and Goosey-Poosey.

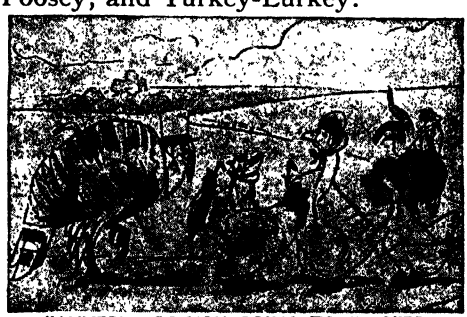
"May I come with you, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, and Goosey-Poosey?" asked Turkey-Lurkey.

"Certainly—certainly," said Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, and Goosey-Poosey.

And on they went, and on and on, till they met Foxy-Woxy.

"Where are you going to, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey?" asked Foxy-Woxy.

"We're going to tell the King the sky's a-falling," said Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey.



"WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO?" ASKED TURKEY-LURKEY

"May I come with you, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey?" asked Foxy-Woxy.

"Certainly—certainly," said Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey.

"You are going a very long way round," said Foxy-Woxy. He was very sly, was that Foxy-Woxy. "I will show you a near way to the Palace—a very near way—if you will allow me," he said.

"Thank you! Thank you!" said Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey.

And on they went, and on and on, till they came to a narrow passage by the side of a tree. Foxy-Woxy ran inside. No wonder he knew the way, for the passage led to his cave!

"Come along! Come along!" he cried. "Follow me! One at a time, if you please. The path is so very narrow."

Turkey-Lurkey bent his proud head, and in he went. Snap! Off went his head, and plop! went his body on the floor of the cave.

The next minute in went Goosey-Poosey. Snap! Off went her head, and plop! went her body on the floor of the cave.

The next minute in went Ducky-Daddles. Snap! Off went his head, and plop! went his body on the floor of the cave.

The next minute in went Cocky-Locky. Snap! Off went his head, and plop! went his body on the floor of the cave.

"Henny-Penny! Come along, Henny-Penny!" cried Foxy-Woxy.

But Henny-Penny peeped over his shoulder, and saw—all that was left of poor Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey!

"You cruel monster!" she cried; and, backing out of the hole, she ran off home as fast as her trembling legs would carry her.

And that is how it was the King never knew the sky was falling.



AND ON THEY WENT, AND ON AND ON, TILL THEY CAME TO A NARROW PASSAGE

A MANDARIN ONCE IN HONG KONG

A MANDARIN once in Hong Kong
Had broken his best dinner-gong,
But he hung up his head,
And beat it instead,
Until all his fine guests came along.

There was an old chief of Benares,
Who was fearfully fond of stewed pears,
So they sealed him within
A thousand-pound tin,
But he ate his way through unawares.

There was a young girl of Jaipur,
Who had a large hat of white fur,
But once, in a fit,
She ate every bit,
And that's all I know about her.

A crocodile once, thin and pale,
Set out on the sea for to sail,
But he met a torpedo,
And had such a feed-o,
He never could lash his own tail.

Two wasps who were wanting to drink
Sat astride of a jar of blue ink;
And they said, "What a spree
To dye blue it would be!"
What they said when they sank
I can't think.

There was a most knowing young gnu,
Who always said, "How do you do?"
And he smiled the meanwhile
Such a heavenly smile
He turned all the heads at the Zoo.

NORTH AND SOUTH



THE little girls in Labrador
Would stare if they should see
A crop of yellow oranges
Growing on a tree.



The little boys in Florida
Declare they'd like to know
How balls are made
And walls are made
Of watery stuff like snow.

THE DAISIES

I'M sure the daisies chat together
When they are in the fields alone;
Perhaps they talk about the weather,
Or say how much their buds have grown.

And when I found the dewdrops lying
Upon their petals yesterday,
I knew, poor dears, that they'd been crying,
And longed to wipe their tears away.

But when the sun spread out his treasure
Of gold and jewels on the grass,
They raised their heads and smiled with pleasure,
For daisies' sorrows quickly pass!

THE BOY AND THE SWAN

A SWAN and his family were enjoying a quiet doze one evening when a stone came whizzing over their heads and fell into the river. The boy who had thrown the stone picked up another and threw it



carelessly, so that it struck one of the young ones, who fled in terror to his mother.

Up started the father swan, and, reaching over, he gave the laughing boy a sharp peck on his ear.

"Spiteful creature!" exclaimed the boy. "I was only having a game."

"When we take our pleasure at another's expense," replied the swan, "we must expect to pay the penalty."

GOOD-NIGHT TO THE GARDEN

MARY, Mary, softly creep,
All the garden is asleep.
Don't disturb the daisy petals;
Hurry past the flowering nettles;
Listen as the grasses sigh
While they slumber happily.



But don't forget to stand on tiptoes,
And kiss the yellow evening primrose;
All through the night he watches well,
He is the garden sentinel.

WASHING DAY

THEY that wash on Monday
Have all the week to dry;
They that wash on Tuesday
Are not so much awry;
They that wash on Wednesday
Are not so much to blame;
They that wash on Thursday
Wash for very shame;
They that wash on Friday
Wash in sorry need;
And they that wash on Saturday
Are lazy folk indeed.

THEY TELL ME I'M LAZY

"THEY tell me I'm lazy, but how
Can they say it," wept old Mrs. Cow,
"When each hour, to their knowing,
My jaws have been going,
From the day I was born until now!"

THE RIDE TO THE MAGIC ISLANDS

We were waiting all the evening, me and Mary, for the ship,
We'd packed a basket and a bag all ready for the trip,
I'd saved some apples and a tart, and Mary brought a rug
For the time we went a-sailing just to keep us warm and snug.

Oh! the ship that sails afar, so far, came gliding up the stream,
With gold and silver rigging, and the silken sails of dream ;
The hold was full of roses, there were moonbeams all about,
And the sailors threw a chain of stars to cast the anchor out.



Then we sailed to magic islands, full of monkeys were the trees,
There were bears, and lovely cannibals—quite friendly creatures these,
And golliwogs, and elephants, perhaps a lion or two,
There were birds of gorgeous plumage—orange, crimson, green, and blue.



So Mary took the rug we brought and spread it on the ground ;
The bears had each a piece of tart—it hardly went the round ;
The monkeys ate the apples, there was nothing left, dear me!
For any single cannibal, all hungry as can be !
Which put a rather sudden, hasty ending to our trip ;
We clutched the basket and the bag, and flew back to our ship ;
The rug was all we left behind—we got back, mast and spar,
From those distant magic islands, in the ship that sailed so far.

C. A. MORIN

THE FORGETFUL PROFESSOR

A FORGETFUL professor of Tottenham
Took his boys to the big school at Cottenham,
But on reaching the station
He found, with vexation,
That he had stupidly gone and forgotten 'em!

PLAYFELLOWS

I'M mother's one only wee daughter;
And when I went down to the sea,
A baby came out of the water—
Such a queer one—to play with poor me.

Her hair was dark brown, like the tangle
Of weed on the rock where she lay;
And where two white feet ought to dangle,
There gleamed a fish-tail, green and grey.

She showed me the creatures she tended,
In pools left behind by the waves,
And seals on the long reefs extended—
Strange gardens she kept in the caves.

All summer we played, and I kissed her,
And cried on the day of farewell;
She laid in my hand, dear sea-sister,
A last gift—a rosy-flushed shell.

And now, when November skies darken,
And rain in our road drips all day,
I take up the shell, and I harken—
Sea-sister calls far, far away!

A SWEET LITTLE GIRL OF CHESTER

A SWEET little girl up in Chester
Was so kind that all suffering distressed her;
Food and clothes for the poo.
She would leave at each door,
Till the people of Chester all blest her!

THE LITTLE CLOUD

A LITTLE cloud went sailing by,
She thought it was such fun,
To dance about up in the sky,
And tease the poor old sun.

She covered up his face one day,
So that he couldn't see;
He sighed, "What *will* the children say?
They'll be so vexed with me!"

And when she asked, "How do you know?"
He said, "They want it fine,
They've got a party down below,
I promised them I'd shine."

Just then the cloud heard *such* a noise,
And, peeping down, cried, "Why,
There are the little girls and boys,
All staring at the sky!"

Yes, there they stood and looked so sad,
One boy among the crowd
Exclaimed, "I think the sun's too bad
To go behind a cloud!"

"It's not his fault, indeed, it's mine!"
The cloud said in dismay;
"I'll float away, and then he'll shine."
And so he did, all day!

A VENTURESOME SCHOOLGIRL

A VENTURESOME schoolgirl of Gloster
Was chased by a wild bull, which tossed her;
She went up so high
Through the clouds in the sky
That her friends down in Gloster have lost her.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

WE'LL begin with a box, and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes;
Then one fowl is goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese;
You find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hice;
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be pen?
The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
But the plural of vow is vows, not vine;
If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
If the singular's this and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss be nicknamed keese?
Then one may be that and three would be those,
Yet hat in a plural would never be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.
So the English, I think, you will all agree,
Is the most wonderful language you ever did see.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST

"HERE'S a really fat wasp in my porridge!"
Cried a banker at breakfast at Horridge;
But the butler said: "Stay!
Keep it quiet, sir, I pray,
Or they'll all want fat wasps in their porridge!"

THE RAT AND THE CAMEL

A CAMEL that was wandering near a village met a rat.

"Oh, camel," said the rat, "let us be friends!"

"Pooh!" answered the camel. "I do not want such an insignificant little friend as you."

"I am sure I could be a good friend to you," said the rat. But the camel cried "Begone!" and would have nothing to do with the little creature.

It chanced that later in the same day the camel was biting leaves from the branches of a tree, when his nose-string caught, and he could by no amount of pulling and jerking release himself. He was despairing, when the rat whom he had so rudely despised came up, and said:

"Ah, sir, I will now show you that I can be a true and useful friend." And, climbing the tree, he soon ran out on the branch and gnawed through the entangled string, thus releasing the camel, who from that time saw how foolish it was to despise anyone, however humble, who was willing to be a friend.

SIMPLE SIMON GOES SHOPPING

WHEN Simple Simon was old enough to run errands, his mother asked him to go to the village to buy some fresh butter and some salt. She gave him a plate for the butter, and thought that he would bring the salt in a paper bag.

Simon went to the dairy and handed the woman the plate, and she put the butter on it. But as Simon was going to the grocer's shop to buy the salt he did not know how he would carry it back. So he turned the plate upside down, and then asked the grocer to put the salt on the bottom side.

And then Simon went home.

"Here is the salt, mother!" he cried, holding out the plate on the wrong side.

"But where is the butter, my son?" said his mother.

"Here it is," said Simon, turning the plate the right side up.

Of course, down fell the salt, and Simon stared in surprise when he found that both sides of the plate were empty.

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT

LET'S oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.

THE CAT AND THE BULLFINCH

A CAT, jumping at a fly by an open window, missed the insect and fell through the opening to the ground below. There she lay dazed for a moment or two, when a kindly bullfinch who had seen the incident came up and expressed his sympathy with her.

"Poor puss!" said he. "I sincerely trust you have broken no limb."

"No," said the rascally cat, who had now recovered from the shock. "It was certainly a long leap to take for a mere fly, but it was well worth the trouble for a bullfinch." And suiting the action to the word she sprang at the bird and caught it.

"Ah," said the bullfinch, "I should never have placed confidence in one who by her actions shows an evil disposition."

NONSENSE RHYMES

THERE was a young gander of Kent
Who on stealing was woefully bent,
So they smacked him hard
In the open farmyard,
And now on reform he is bent.

An officer once in Pekin
Was very exceedingly thin;
When swimming one day
A shark came his way,
But the shark passed him by with a grin.

There was a young ebony slave
Who daily his master did shave;
One day in a doze
He sliced off his nose,
And buried it deep in a cave.

CHILDREN OF SUNSHINE

CHILDREN of sunshine, let your words
Ever be kind and true;
Anger and spite are the smuts that fall;
Don't let them fall from you.
Fresh as the breezes and fragrant be;
Sunshine in everything strive to see;
Live so that others may long to be
Children of sunshine too.

THE FRIENDLY LION

A CAT was boasting to the other animals that the lion whom he had visited during an illness had received him quite as one of the family.

"Ah," asked the fox, "but did he ask you to do no favour for him?"

"Well, yes," replied the cat; "he certainly asked me to catch a rat which had been troubling him a good deal since he had fallen too ill to catch it."

"I thought so," said the fox. "The condescensions of the great are rarely above suspicion, and this seems to be no exception to the general rule."

THE WIND

A JOLLY fellow is the Wind
All through the sunny day,
He blows and blows, and, oh, he knows,
The *very* way to play!

A silly fellow is the Wind
When I'm in bed, for hark!
He comes and cries for me to rise
And play out in the dark!

HIGH AND DRY

CAUGHT in a tremendous shower,
Bobolink and Bella—
Maisie carried for the three
A big, green umbrella.



Splash! it fell upon the sea,
Splash! it fell on Bella,
Bobolink, and Maisie too,
And the green umbrella.

Maisie clambered up a post,
Opened wide the 'brella;
Huddled closely at the foot,
Bobolink and Bella.

"Now we're high and dry!"
says May,
"*You* are high," says Bella;
"Oo-ee-ow!" says Bobolink,
"'Tain't fair on a fella!
Down my neck are running all the
drippings from your 'brella!"

INVITATION

FURRY, sipping, banded bee,
Won't you stop and play with me?
I can hear your distant hum
Down that brown nasturtium;
Now you're winging higher—higher,
Round the belfried foxglove spire.
Ah, how jolly it must feel,
Swinging on the sweet-pea's keel!
I shall watch you, as I crouch,
Put the pollen in your pouch.
Here's a pink, and there's a pansy,
P'r'aps this poppy takes your fancy.
Ha! you stop, but cannot settle,
On its slipp'ry, satin petal.
If *more* honey you must get,
I should try the mignonette.
Now I'm sure you've had enough—
Larkspur—columbine—woodruff.
Humming, humming, all the day!
Can't you *really* stop to play,
Just *one* half-hour after tea—
Furry, sipping, banded bee?

THE OLD ORGAN-GRINDER

THERE was once an old organ-grinder
Who had a pet tiger, none kinder;
One day in a gale
She clung to his tail,
Since when no one ever could find her.

THE BROWNIE SCHOOL

WITHIN a pinewood dark and cool
The Barn Owl keeps a Brownie School.
When stars peep out, the foxgloves chime
For nine o'clock, and lesson-time.

From mossy stumps, and brambles drooping,
The scholars, quaint and small, come trooping.
The gnome-girls do their cobweb knitting
On toadstools perched, all primly sitting.

Their brothers learn to caper well,
To trap a moonbeam, weave a spell;
And if one boy of the Brownie brood
Forgets his task, or makes answer rude—

Then Master Owl, enraged and stern,
Will beat him with a bracken fern,
And tuck the ears of young Harum-scarum
In a dunce-cap made of a wild green arum.

PERHAPS!

WHEN I am out with Grandpapa
He always holds my hand,
And then I listen while he talks,
And try to understand;
But all the while I think and think
"How very tall you are!
And, oh, how very small *I* am
Beside you, Grandpapa!"

When I am out with Baby-boy
It's just the other way;
He doesn't always understand
The kind of things *I* say;
So perhaps he's thinking as he sits
A-cooing in his pram
How very, very small he is,
And, oh, how big I am!

IF!

IF you see a fairy ring
In a field of grass,
Very lightly step around,
Tiptoe as you pass;
Last night fairies frolicked here,
And they're sleeping somewhere near.



If you see a tiny fay
Lying fast asleep,
Shut your eyes and run away,
Do not stay to peep;
And be sure you *never* tell,
Or you'll break a fairy spell.



A CERTAIN WISE MAN

A CERTAIN wise man, it is written—
By absence of mind badly bitten—
Made two holes in his door,
Where but one was before,
To admit his pet cat and her kitten!

THE MAN, THE BOY, THE STICK, AND THE DOG



The stick was thrown into the water



The dog went after the stick



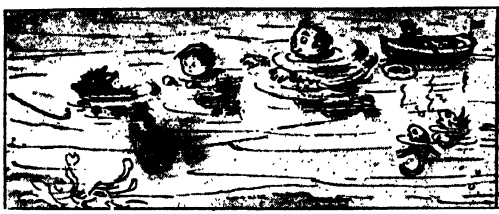
The boy went after the dog



The man went after the boy



The lifebelt went after the man



The boat went after the lifebelt



The rope went after the boat



The rope caught the boat



The boat caught the lifebelt



The lifebelt caught the man



The man caught the boy



The boy caught the dog



The dog caught the stick

THE HARE AND THE HEDGEHOG

ONE beautiful morning, just about harvest time, the sun was shining, the sky was blue, and the bees were buzzing above the flowers.

A little hedgehog stood in his doorway looking out at the passers-by. He had his arms folded, and was singing as merrily as little hedgehogs can do on a pleasant morning.

While he stood looking out, amusing himself, his little wife was busy washing and dressing the children. So he thought he might as well go and see how the field of turnips was getting on.

They were really Farmer Brown's turnips, but Mr. Hedgehog had fed on them so often that he thought of them as his own. So he shut the door and started off.

He had not gone far when he met a hare, who was going to look at Farmer Brown's field of cabbages, but Mr. Hare had fed on them so often that he thought of them as his own.

When the hedgehog saw the hare, he wished him good-morning very pleasantly.

But the hare, who was very proud of himself and not very good-tempered, took no notice of the hedgehog's greeting, but said very rudely, "How is it you are running about the field so early in the morning?"

"I am taking a walk," said the hedgehog.

"Taking a walk!" laughed the hare. "I don't think your bandy legs are suited to walking."

This made the hedgehog angry. He hated to have people laugh at his bandy legs, so he said, "You think your legs are better than mine, I suppose?"

"Well, I rather think they are," said the hare.

"I should like to prove it," said the hedgehog. "I can beat you in a race."

"That is a good joke," said the hare. "To think you could beat me with your bandy legs! However, if you wish it, I'll race with you. What will you give me if I beat you?"

"A golden sovereign," said the hedgehog.

"All right," said the hare, "let us start at once."

"No, no," said the hedgehog, "don't be in such a hurry. I must go home first and have something to eat. In half an hour I will be here again."

The hare agreed to wait, and away went the hedgehog, thinking to himself, "The hare trusts to his long legs, but I will beat him. He thinks he is a fine gentleman, but he is only a stupid fellow after all."

The hedgehog went home and said to his wife, "You must come right back to the field with me."

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"What for?" she asked.

"Well, I made a wager with the hare that I could beat him in a race."

"Why, husband," cried Mrs. Hedgehog, "you must be crazy. What are you thinking of?"

"Hold you noise," said the hedgehog, "and don't worry about me. What do you know about a man's business? Get ready and come with me."

So Mrs. Hedgehog got ready and went with her husband. As they went along, he said to her, "Now listen to what I say. You see that large field? Well, we are going to race across it. The hare will run in one furrow and I in another. All you have to do is to hide yourself in a furrow at the opposite end of the field from which we start, and when the hare comes up to you, pop up your head and say: "Here I am."

As they talked, the hedgehog and his wife reached the place in the field where he wished her to stop; then he went back and found the hare at the starting-place ready to receive him.

"Do you really mean it?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," replied the hedgehog. "I am quite ready."

"Then let us start at once."

And each placed himself in his furrow as the hare spoke.

The hare counted, "One, two, three!" and started like a whirlwind across the field. The hedgehog only popped down in the furrow and remained still.

When the hare, at full speed, reached the end of the furrow, the hedgehog's wife raised her head and cried, "Here I am!" The hare stood still in wonder, for the wife was so like the husband that he thought it must be he.

"There is something wrong about this," he thought. "However, we'll have another try."

So he turned and flew across the field so fast that his ears floated behind him. The hedgehog's wife, however, did not move, and when the hare reached the other end, the husband was there and cried, "Here I am!"

The hare was very angry and said, "One more try, one more!"

"I don't mind," said the hedgehog. "I will go on as long as you like."

Upon this the hare set off running, and actually crossed the field seventy-three times. At one end the husband said, "Here am I," and at the other end the wife said the same.

At the seventy-fourth run the hare's strength came to an end, and he fell to the ground and owned himself beaten.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

HERE'S a gingerbread for Gertie,
A coconut for Kate;
Their hands are never dirty,
For school they're never late.

For Sticky Sam a cake of soap,
A brush for bristly Ben;
You little rogues—I only hope
You'll use them now and then.

That brush of Ben's had *rather*
A look of chocolate cream;
And Sammy's foamy lather,
He said, was "just a dream."

THE SEDAN CHAIR

O LADY of powder and patches,
O lady of frills and fan,
When you went to a rout
They carried you out
In a chair of Sedan.



MY LADY'S CHAIR

A chairman in front and behind you,
While a link-boy before you ran,
Crying, "Make way, there,
For my lady's chair!"
Your chair of Sedan.

Today, what a crowd on the roadway!
What a jostle of motor and van!
O lady, your eyes
Would grow big with surprise
Could you come once again with your frills and your fan,
O lady of powder and patches,
In your chair of Sedan.

RING-A-DING

THERE are bells for everything,
Ring-a-ding! and ting-a-ling!
Bells for breakfast, dinner, tea—
And a school bell calling me.
And on Sunday church bells chime,
So that folks may come in time.

Even fairies have bells, too,
Bells of heather, bells of blue;
You may hear them, if you will,
Ringing up the windy hill.
Ring-a-ding! and ting-a-ling!
Bells there are for everything.

WELCOME, SPRING

SPRING is coming! Pink with blushes
Glow the hedges and the glen;
Snowdrops stir, and singing thrushes
Join the robin and the wren.
Green and glad is everything—
Welcome! welcome! sunny Spring!

LITTLE WOODEN COTTAGE

THERE'S a little wooden cottage on the top of Dad's bureau;
He says it's called a châlet, and it's Swiss.
I've looked at every cottage in our village, and I know
There isn't one that's half so sweet as this.

Perhaps you fancy nymphs and elves and fairies live inside,
But nothing of the sort—what do you think?
The windows will not open, nor the door;
I know—I've tried;
And nothing lives inside that house but—INK!

APRIL'S HERE

APRIL'S here—
So they say;
Can it really be?
April's made a lengthy stay,
Yet the chestnut tree
Standing there,
Stark and bare,
Shows no crumpled sheaf.
January surely still—
April's past belief!

Just at hand—
Out of sight—
Round the corner hidden,
Halts a maid, fair and bright,
Waiting till she's bidden.
Sister May,
Come and play,
April is so fretful;
Come and bring
Joys of Spring,
April's so forgetful!

OVER IN CHINA

DINAH, Dinah,
Over in China
Dwells a doggie without a tail;
Blinking, blinking,
What are you thinking?
Doesn't the thought of it make you quail?

Fancy, fancy,
Billy and Nancy,
Timmy and Tony, and Sam and Sue,
Growing up tail-less--
Totally tail-less—
What in the world would the darlings do?

Nothing to show when,
How would you know when,
Things had pleased them or made them sad?
Nothing to wag when,
Nothing to drag when,
Times were jolly or dogs were bad!

TUMBLING TOMMY

THEY called him Tumbling Tommy—
He was such a chubby chap,
He'd tumble out of bed at night—
A terrible mishap;
He'd tumble in the nursery,
He'd tumble in the hall—
At home, in town, upstairs, and down,
Would Tumbling Tommy fall.

With bruises on his forehead, and
A plaster on each knee,
A sorry sight, from morn till night,
Would Tumbling Tommy be;
With thumps and bumps, in humps and lumps
His curly head would swell;
A thousand million kisses it
Would take to make him well.

But Tommy was a Briton, and,
Undaunted by disaster,
He'd rub the curing kisses off,
And peel away the plaster,
And start anew, all black and blue,
His object to attain;
He knew not only how to fall,
But how to try again.

GREEDY FLUFF

FLUFF saw a pail with milk inside;
"Now here's a chance for me!" he cried;
"Cook's back is turned, I'm safe, I think!"
And, climbing up, began to drink.

He lapped so fast, I grieve to tell,
That, slipping, in the pail he fell!
Cook ran and pulled him out with speed,
But she was very cross indeed!

THE STARLING

O YOU darling
Speckled starling,
Sitting huddled there!
Nipped and chilly,
Whistling shrilly
Through the frosty air.

Food I bring you—
Starving thing you—
All your needs I've learnt;
Don't begin it
For a minute,
Or you may be burnt.

Call your brothers,
And the others,
From their roosting-place;
Breakfast's ready—
Steady! Steady!
Have you said your grace?

THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER

AS once I wandered the meadows over,
I rubbed my eyes with a four-leaved clover,
And saw the cobbler stitching a shoe—
He always makes one, he never makes two—
Seated cross-legged 'neath a cowslip tall.
Said I: "Who'll wear this shoe so small,
That's made of doeskin, white as milk,
All lined with down, and tied with silk?"
"Why, someone at your home!" said he.
But I could not see how that could be.



"Father's too big, and nothing suits
His tribe of boys but clumping boots.
The thing's too soft for highways hard;
Who wears that shoe won't walk a yard."
"Royal feet don't need to walk!" quoth the gnome;
And I found what he meant when I got home,
For if there's a queen beyond all others,
It's the first baby-sister of seven brothers!

IN THE GARDEN

I HEARD a little laugh today
When I was out alone;
It seemed most elfin-like and gay,
And sounded near, then far away.

I searched the bushes up and down,
And shook the foxgloves out;
I turned the sunflower's golden crown,
And peeped beneath a toadstool brown.

And there was nothing I could see
In any likely place.
I wonder if you think, like me,
I'd set a little fairy free?

NEIGHBOURS



THERE'S a little boy over the garden wall,
As big as me, and about as tall;
His name is Jack.

And as I was playing one day with my ball,
It fell upon his side, over the wall—
He threw it back!

So that began it—and now we play,
Both on the same side, every day.

TERRIER TIM

TERRIER TIM is a puppy bold
Who doesn't often do what he's told;
With a cock of his ear, and a nodding head,
He generally does what he wants, instead!

Terrier Tim, if he's put on guard,
He doesn't stay long in our back yard;
With a wink of one eye, and a sudden spring,
He's off to the village like anything!

Terrier Tim, if you take him out,
He'll dance, and scamper, and race about;
With a bark and a yap and four muddy feet,
He's worse than a nuisance to all the street!

Terrier Tim, when he's lectured well
For the dreadful sins of which neighbours tell,
With that droop of his tail, and the way he's got,
He seems *so* good! But we know he's not.

Terrier Tim, well, we sometimes say
He's just a bother, and best away!
But one trustful glance from the eyes of him,
And *we* know we'll never get rid of Tim!

THE STARS

WHEN it's the very darkest night,
'Cos Lady Moon has flown,
Because she simply *has* to do
Some business of her own,
Then, 'cos she knows it's dark for me,
She sends the stars for company!

I think they're very mischievous,
But they are nice and kind;
They winkle-twinkle so at me,
And chuckle "Never mind!"
And somehow, while they're laughing so,
I don't mind night one bit, you know!

BERYL AND ME

I'VE nobody to talk to now that Beryl's gone away;
She says I am cantankerous, and will not let her play.
I say she's always fussing so, and orders me about;
She said, "You are a horrid boy," and ran off with a pout.

It certainly is better fun to play when there are two;
I feel so dull and lonely now, I don't know what to do.
Perhaps I am a little bit to blame as well as Beryl;
For mother says it always does take two to make a quarrel.

THE ROBBERS

WHAT a noisy war they wage
In the marjoram and sage!
How they haunt the scented lime,
Rock the foxglove, fill the thyme!
"Buzz, buzz!" now a silly-billy
Seeks for pollen in a lily—
There's more honey, ten times over,
In a patch of purple clover.
"Buzz, buzz!" now, with sacks replenished,
Home they hie, their thieving finished.
But they'll come again tomorrow,
Come and seize
Still more treasure from the flowers—
Busy bees.

VIOLET FLOWER

DOWN by the river-side, what did I see,
But a sweet purple violet smiling at me;
Down by the river, the air was quite sweet
With the scent of the flower that grew by my feet.

The violet drooped and then withered away,
And its sweet scent was gone by the end of that day;
But always, when down to the river I go,
I'll think of that violet flower, I know.

SUMMER DAYS

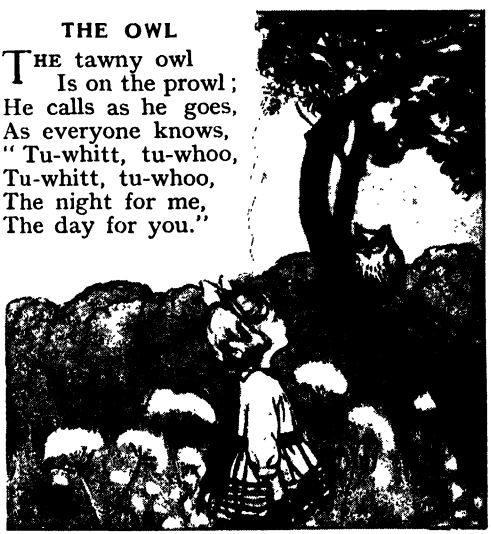
Sunbeams on the pear-tree,
Dewdrops on the plum,
Merry little songsters
Chirping "Summer's come!"

Pirates in the pantry—
Where the sugar's stored—
Busy fingers robbing
Mother's winter hoard!

Glossy cherries hiding
'Neath the crinkled leaves,
Rosy as the cheeks of
Little sugar thieves.

Blackbirds in the currants,
Sparrows in the peas,
Children 'mong the strawberries—
Summer days are these!

THE OWL



The tawny owl
Is on the prowl;
He calls as he goes,
As everyone knows,
"Tu-whitt, tu-whoo,
Tu-whitt, tu-whoo,
The night for me,
The day for you."

THE WILD GARDEN

Down a little garden plot,
Where clematis and rose
Run riot over every spot
Until their eyelids close:

The bluebells paint a carpet there,
And ring a peal of mirth,
For in my little garden fair
The heav'ns have dropped to earth!

My flowers brave the frost and wet,
And, heedless of the weather,
The primrose and the violet
Untuck their leaves together.

The foxglove shoots above them all
His stately spikes of beauty;
He stands erect, alert and tall—
A sentinel on duty.

His velvet gloves with honey droop,
And I am fain to linger;
And when to look inside I stoop,
A bee's in every finger!

I love my little garden bright,
Where clematis and rose
Uplift their petals to the light
Until their eyelids close.

And when I'm tired of work and play,
And everything goes wrong,
I gather comfort when they say
"Look upward and be strong."

DADDIE'S RETURN

Baby's making daisy chains;
Ben grooms Dobbin, grips the reins,
Drives him through the leafy lanes—
Under elms and larches.

Mother's making pies, indoors;
Martha's busy scrubbing floors;
Sally—washing pinafores—
Rubs and scrubs and starches.

Daddie's coming home today;
Ben and Baby cry "Hurray!"
Daddie's coming home, to stay—
Everyone's delighted.

Through the country lanes he'll come,
To his little cottage home;
Baby bangs her birthday drum—
Everyone's excited.

GRANDMAMMA

Grandmamma has soft, white curls
And a lacy cap;
Slip! slip! slide her spectacles
As she takes her nap.

Grandmamma is dreffful old,
Eighty five or six!
Yet she can play the loveliest games
With me, and Tom, and Trix.

BROWN BEE, TELL ME

"Brown Bee, tell me,
Honey have you got?"
"No, sir, no, sir,
Honey I have not—
One little sackful
Waits in the hive,
And now for another load
In heather I dive."

OFF DUTY

Glow-worm, glow-worm, trim up your light,
The fairies are coming; dark is the night;
And he who a tireless watch should keep
Lies under a shamrock fast asleep.

THERE WAS A MAN THE NAME OF JIM

THERE was a man of the name of Jim,
He went to the baths and he learned to swim.
He said, "When I have learned to dive,
I am certain I can find a hive;
And when I have learned to float on the seas,
I can catch at least a thousand bees;
And when I have made all the starlings tame,
I will give to each one a separate name;
They will come to me when they hear me call,
And the prettiest bird shall be queen of them all.
I will name them Behave, Behold, Betide,
Between, Became, Behind, Beside,
Beseem, Becloud, Bedrag, Bedew,
Belash, Bedaub, Bedim, Bestrew,
Befog, Befowl, Befriend, Before,
Be good, Be still, and many more;
And then, when I have earned some money,
I will be pay these to bring me honey."

THE RIVER FISH AND THE SEA FISH

A LARGE pike who had been king of the small fish in the river was one day carried by an extra strong current to the sea, and he was so foolish as to think that in the great ocean, as in the river, he would be more important than all the other fish by which he was surrounded.

"Well," said a fine sturgeon one day, when they were caught with others in a fisherman's net, "we shall soon see now who fetches the highest price in the market."

When the net was emptied, the pike was thrown away as not being worth the trouble of taking to market.

Boasters are always estimated at their proper worth.

THE BREATH OF LIFE

IT is a most essential thing
For merchant, tinker, clerk, and king,
And everyone with hands and toes
To breathe entirely through the nose.

A mouth tight shut against the air
Doth drive the microbe to despair;
No germ can fill that child with woes
Who breathes sublimely through the nose.

His lungs are large, his blood awake,
His teeth are sound and never ache,
He eats his food, he laughs, he grows,
Supported by his useful nose.

Oh, madness 'tis to take in sips
The wholesome air through open lips!
For every single breeze that blows
Our only front door is the nose.

Breathe deep and long, breathe strong and free,
Breathe all the air of land and sea,
And face your work, confront your foes,
With faith in your inspiring nose.

THE TALKATIVE TORTOISE

A TORTOISE who lived in a pond on the Himalaya Mountains made friends with two wild ducks. He was a good-humoured creature, but a dreadful chatterbox.

When the time came for the ducks to return to their own country, the tortoise begged them to take him with them.

"But you are so terribly talkative," said the ducks. "Could you manage to keep quiet for a few hours?"

"Certainly," said the tortoise.

The two ducks got a strong stick, and the tortoise took hold of it in the middle by his teeth. His friends then seized the two ends in their beaks, and flew high up in the air.

As the three of them travelled along in this strange fashion, some men noticed them, and cried out:

"Look at those two ducks carrying a tortoise along on a stick!"

The talkative tortoise forgot himself, and opened his mouth to say:

"If my friends like to carry me like this, what has that to do with you?"

But as soon as he let go of the stick, he fell to the earth and was killed.

Chatterboxes always come to grief.

MR. JOSEPH POPINJAY

MR. Joseph Popinjay
Had a hen that wouldn't lay.
He gave her pepper, gave her cheese;
She said, "I'll lay just when I please."

He gave her oats, he gave her wheat;
She said that they were very sweet.
He gave her rice, he gave her bran;
She said he was a gentleman.

He gave her barley, gave her maize;
She laid three eggs within two days.
He gave her meat till he feared she would choke,
But she laid an egg with a double yolk.

WILLIE'S MISTAKE

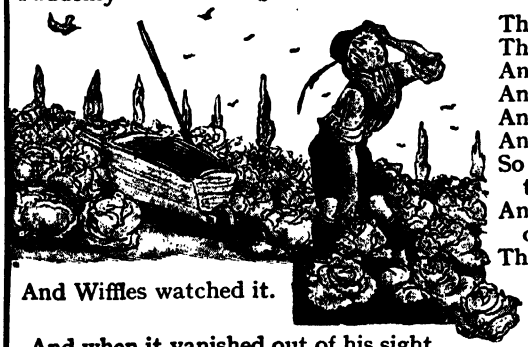
WILLIE sees the leaves, like dishes,
Of the plants that grow in mud.
"Lilies!" Willie cries, and wishes
For the water-lily bud.

But when Willie stoops to seize it,
Mr. White Drake quacks, "You dare!
That's no bud, sir; if you please, it
Is *my tail*, so just take care!"

THERE WAS ONCE A MECHANICAL GENIUS



Well, one day—
It was a very nice soothing day in the month of July—
As he was hunting very excitedly for slugs
In the cabbages,
Thinking of how his ancestors for many thousands of generations,
Indeed, ever since the dawn of agriculture,
Had hunted for slugs
In the cabbages,
And wondering if anybody in the world could invent anything more exciting and satisfying than hunting for slugs
In the cabbages,
Suddenly——



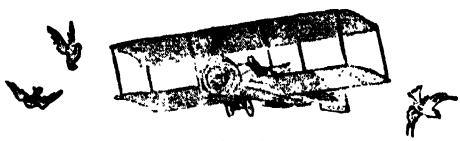
And Wiffles watched it.

And when it vanished out of his sight,
He said, "I would rather have made that
Than have written *The Cow Jumped Over the Moon.*"

Ten years later
The King of that country bestowed the Pink Ribbon of the Vegetarian Order
Upon Wiffles;
And the crowds in the street cheered him as he drove away in a royal carriage from the royal palace.



THERE was once a boy who had never seen a machine,
Not a machine of any kind,
Not even a bathing machine.
His name was Wiffles,
And he lived in the land where everybody grows his own cabbages.



There was a teuf-teuf noise in the sky,
A panting, sobbing, throbbing, vibrating, and agitating sound high over his hot head,
And, looking up
From his stooping position
In the cabbages
He saw an aeroplane.

The aeroplane sailed in the clear blue sky
Three thousand feet above the earth;
And all the birds of the air ran away from it
And hastened to the cover of trees,
And stopped singing,
And were afraid;
So that the aeroplane had the whole wide sky to itself,
And looked superb, sailing with silver flashes of sunlight
Through the deep azure over Wiffles' head.



He had invented a new way
Of killing slugs
In the cabbages.

THE CONCEITED FLY

A FLY that happened to alight upon a horse's back became very conceited, and cried out:

"My word, at what a great rate I travel!"

A little later it flew from the horse's back on to the rim of the coach-wheel. There its pride increased.

"What a fine fellow I must be," it exclaimed, "to raise such a dust as this!"

But just then the part of the wheel where the fly stood touched the ground, and the foolish fly was crushed.

There is nothing more foolish than conceit.

A GAME FOR TWO

WHEN Dolly came over to spend the day
We never knew what to do,
Till we found out a game, a nice little game,
A dear little game for two.
Just under the hedge is a shady nook,
And what do you think we do?
We make there a house, a dear little house,
A sweet little house for two.
So when you are tired of the other games,
And wonder what you can do,
Just try this new game, this dear little game,
This sweet little game for two.

A QUICK FROG

As a frog was sitting by a pond a fox came to drink, and said:

"Get away, or I'll eat you!"

"Eat me?" said the frog. "I can hop swifter than ever you can run."

"Can you, indeed?" said the fox, after he had finished drinking. "It is two miles to the next town. Let us see who can get there first. One, two, three—off!"

The fox whisked round, and, as he did so, up leaped the frog into his bushy tail. Putting forth all his strength, the fox got to the city gate with wonderful quickness, and then looked back to see if the frog were following him. Hopping quietly out of his tail the frog entered the city gate.

"I have certainly won the race," said the fox. "My jumping friend is not even in sight."

But as he turned to enter the city and finish the race, the frog hopped merrily down from the gate, saying:

"Well, here you are at last, slow-coach! I was just going back to look for you, thinking that perhaps you had fallen lame."

The fox trotted away with his tail between his legs, and took care never to disturb any frog he saw sitting by the edge of the pond.

"They are so quick," he said to himself, "that they might hurt me before I could get at them."

BELINDA'S DREAMS

BELINDA'S dreams are all mixed up;
John never dreams at all;
But I—I dream the strangest things
Of woods and witches, handsome kings,
And David dreams things, too;
Places we never knew,
We see them in our dreams.
I'm often running up and down
Through other people's houses;
I try to find the right way out,
Stooping so quietly about,
I feel just like a thief:
And, oh, it's such a relief
When I let go that dream.

I WENT INTO THE DAIRY

I WENT into the dairy to get a pound of butter,
A tiger sat upon the tub, my heart gave quite a flutter;
I walked into the music-room to play a merry tune,
And on the grand piano there danced a great baboon.
Then came a knock upon the door, the postman's, I could vouch,
But opening, found a kangaroo with letters in his pouch.
I thought this rather tiresome, and said I'd go to bed,
And lo! I saw a grizzly with my nightcap on his head.
I ran into the garden and quickly climbed [a tree,
Among the boughs an elephant was wrangling with a bee,
But when the bee began to bark 'twas really past a joke.
I spread my wings to fly away—and then, of course, I woke!

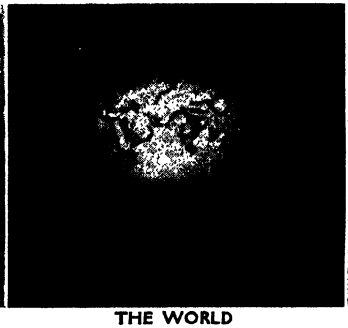
THE TOO-GOOD COUNTRY

AWAY, far away,
There's a country, they say,
Where everyone always is awfully good;
Where each little boy
His time does employ
In doing exactly whatever he should.
No baby e'er cried,
Nor could, if it tried,
But sleeping or waking it chuckles away;
And flowers never fade,
And trees are arrayed [day.
With fruits that grow bigger and sweeter each
Oh dear! I must say
That in less than a day
I'd tire of this country so far, far away;
It's really *too* good;
Much rather I would
Just stop where I am for as long as I may.

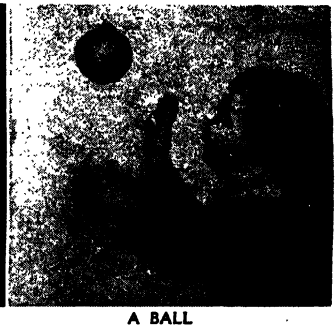
ROUND THINGS IN A ROUND WORLD



AN ORANGE



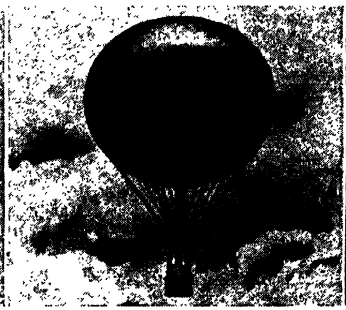
THE WORLD



A BALL



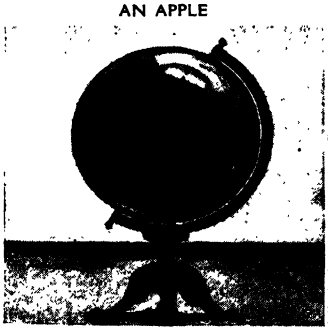
AN APPLE



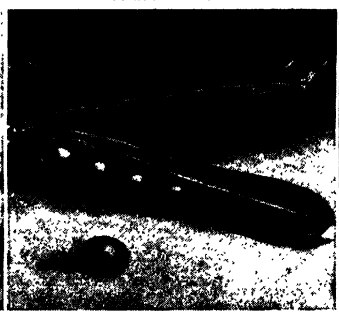
A BALLOON



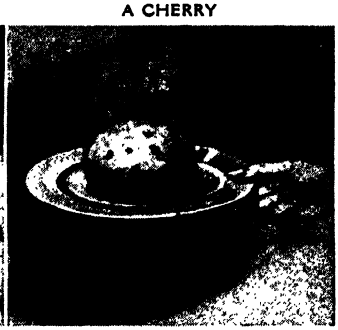
A CHERRY



A GLOBE



A PEA



A DUMPLING



A MARBLE



A BUBBLE



A PUFF-BALL

TRY TO COUNT ALL THE THINGS THAT ARE ROUND—HERE ARE A DOZEN OF THEM

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT THINGS



Jack sees a beautiful rose

Thomas finds only a sharp thorn



Harold says, How bright the sun is

Willie says, How black the clouds are



Bob says, What a pretty tune

Percy says, What a horrid noise



Nelson says, I'm glad I'm not poor

Archie says, I wish I were rich



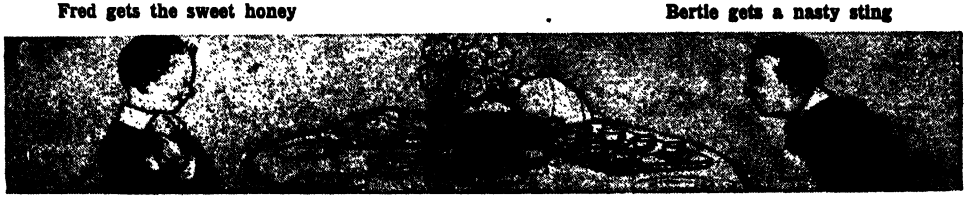
Gordon says, What a lovely warm coat

Herbert says, What a heavy ulster



Fred gets the sweet honey

Bertie gets a nasty sting



Arthur says, What a beautiful cake

Harry says, What a miserable little cake

THE OLD CHIMNEY

BILLY was nearly asleep one night when his little sister Betty came running into his room.

"There's such a funny noise in my chimney," she said, rather breathlessly; "you come and listen!"

Billy kicked off the bedclothes and followed her into the next room.

They waited quite still for a minute, and then Betty said, "There it is again!"

It was a puzzling sort of noise—it wasn't a scuffling and it wasn't a fluttering. It stopped for a moment, and then, just above the fireplace, appeared a tiny bob of fur.

"Oh, look!" they both cried together. "Whatever is it?"

They ran to the chimney and peered up into it, but there was nothing to be seen.

"It isn't a bird, and it isn't a mouse," said Billy slowly. "I shouldn't be at all surprised if it has come in, whatever it is, from the storeroom chimney."

The storeroom backed on to Betty's bedroom; the chimney was a huge one, and did duty for the two rooms. A little way up the two merged into one, so that to run up one side and down the other was quite a simple matter. All sorts of things from the farm were kept in the old storeroom: it was a fine place for a hungry little creature to find a meal.

They ran in and looked around, but there was nothing to be seen.

They looked up the great chimney, and Betty cried, "There it is!"

"What?" asked Billy.

"The bob of fur. Now it has gone again. We have frightened it away. Oh, what can it be?"

"Look here," said Billy, "you go into the storeroom and boo! up the chimney and frighten it back here, and I will stay and catch it as it comes down."

And that is just what they did.

In a few minutes Billy exclaimed, "Betty, Betty! Look! It's a rabbit! I've caught him!"

The little girl flew in like the wind.

"There's another," she exclaimed; "and another; why, there's a whole family!"

There were four of them altogether—a mother, a father, and two babies.

"Aren't they sweet?" said Betty. "They must have come in from the garden, and built a nest in the old chimney."

Betty's father agreed with her. The very next day he built them a hutch at the bottom of the garden, and Billy and Betty spend hours every day feeding their pets and playing with them.



THEY SPENT HOURS EVERY DAY FEEDING THEM

THE TAILOR AND THE BROKEN POT

A MAN, going along the streets of Jerusalem, found a broken iron pot lying in the road. He picked it up, and, desiring to exercise his wit, he took it into a tailor's shop, and said to the tailor:

"Master, will you please put a patch upon this pot?"

The tailor looked at the pot, and then answered:

"I will, if you will make me some threads out of this material." And he held out to the wit a handful of sand.

TIME THEY WERE MENDED

A SMALL man once started to climb
Up the tower to Big Ben, saying, "I'm
So sorry to vex,
But I've broken my specs,
And I want to see what is the time."



THE MAN WITH THE LANTERN

AN old man who had become blind was able to go about the village by himself, as he knew the roads so well. One evening, when it was already dark, he went out and took a lighted lantern with him. But he had not gone far when he met some villagers.

"Hullo," said they, "here's a foolish man! He is stone-blind, and yet he carries a lighted lantern. He must be crazy."

"One moment, sirs," said the old man. "Perhaps I am not so foolish as you seem to think. It is true that I do not need the lantern for myself, but I carry it for the sake of people like you, so that they may see me coming, and get out of my path."

SEE THE POINT?

AN old hedgehog made an old joke:
"Where's the point?" asked the frog, with a croak.
"It has none." "Gee-whiz!
But it has—there it is!"
Cried the hedgehog, and gave him a poke.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

Two men who were travelling together had very different natures. One looked on the bright side of things, while the other was always expecting trouble.

"Suppose I lose my business," said the one, pulling a very long face, "and cannot get any work. Why, I shall starve!"

"Don't think of such things," said the other. "Make up your mind that you will work hard, and see if Heaven does not bless your efforts."

"Oh, but suppose I were to get blind!" said the other. And, in order to realise the full sorrow of such an event, he shut his eyes and groped his way along the road.

Just at this moment the men came to a treasure that lay in the road, and the man who always hoped for the best secured it, for the other man, having his eyes shut, did not see it lying before him.

Those who are always seeking trouble miss much that is good in life.

WHY THE TRAIN STOPPED

A NERVOUS young man pulled the chain
In his carriage and stopped all the train:
"Guard!" he cried. "Oh, alack!
We shall have to go back!
Can't you see it's beginning to rain?"

THE WISE MAN AND THE EMPEROR

"SHOW me your God," said the Emperor Trajan, one day, to a famous Jewish Rabbi. But the Rabbi declared that it was impossible to see God, although His presence was felt everywhere.

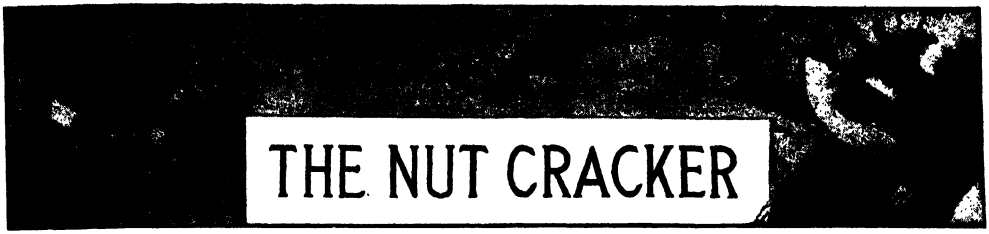
"But you *must* show me your God," insisted the Emperor, and the Rabbi replied:

"Let me first of all show you one of His ambassadors."

Then, taking the Emperor into the open air, the Rabbi bade him look at the sun.

"I cannot look," said the Emperor. "The light dazzles my eyes."

"How, then, can you expect to look upon God," asked the Rabbi, "if thou canst not look upon one of His creatures?"



THE NUT CRACKER

"WHAT a funny sparrow!" cried little Molly; "look, in that tree!"

"A sparrow!" laughed Delia, who was three years older. "Who ever heard of a sparrow with blue feathers? It's a blue tit."

"No, it isn't," corrected Harold; "blue tits don't run up and down tree-trunks like that. It must be a tree-creeper."

"You are all wrong," Uncle Hugh told them, with a smile; "that bird is a nuthatch. Keep quite still, and watch what he does."

By this time the children could see that Mr. Nuthatch, besides his slaty blue coat, had a black streak at the side of his head. He was very pretty, and zigzagged up and down the tree-trunk so fast, hammering with his hard beak against the bark.

"Why does he do that?" asked Delia.

"To get insects," answered Uncle Hugh. "Doesn't he make a noise? I often hear the nuthatches at quite a distance." And, indeed, the "tap, tap" sounded just like a little hammer.

"He is a darling!" cried Molly. "I wish he would come to the door every day, like the robin does when I throw him crumbs."

"You can easily tame him by putting out nuts," said Uncle. "We will buy some now, and I'll show you what to do."

So when they had got the nuts he fixed one in the crevice of the tree.

"But you haven't cracked it for him!" cried Molly.

"Watch!" replied Uncle. "He has a very good pair of nut-crackers himself."

And when Mr. Nuthatch, who had flown away, came back, he soon showed that what Uncle had said was true, by finding the nut and hammering it with his beak till he broke the shell. The children were delighted; and after that they often put nuts in the tree for him. He got quite to expect it, and brought his wife to share the feast. They would even peck food from Molly's hand, when she could manage to keep quite still, which was rather difficult for a little girl! So, if any of you have nuthatches near your homes, you will know how to tame them now, and find, I am sure, that they are the sweetest little pets in the world.



WEATHERWISE AND OTHERWISE

OLD WEATHER RHYMES

WHEN chilly winds begin to puff,
Put your hands inside your muff.

When it's cold and frosty too,
Then your finger-tips are blue.

When the snow is on the ground,
Then you make a snowball round.

When the clouds are black and low,
Then we'll soon have rain or snow.

When the rain begins to fall,
Put up your umbrella tall.

When the clouds are very high,
Then the weather will keep dry.

When you see no clouds around,
There'll be dew upon the ground.

When the sky is bright and blue,
It is very nice for you.

When the sun is shining free,
Then it's cool beneath a tree.

When moon and stars are shining bright,
Then it is a fine, clear night.

When the weather is wet,
We must not fret ;
When the weather is dry,
We must not cry ;
When the weather is cold,
We must not scold ;
When the weather is warm,
We must not storm ;
But be thankful together,
Whatever the weather.

HOW A GARDEN TELLS THE WEATHER

WHEN the leaves show their undersides,
Be very sure that rain betides.

The scent of flowers is very strong,
When the rain will not be long.

The anemone closes and goes to bed,
Just before rain falls on your head.

The leaves of clover smaller get,
If the sky for storm is set.

Now look! Our weather-glass is spread—
The pimpernel, whose flower
Closes its leaves of spotted red
Against a rainy hour.

The hanging teasel opens out,
When sunny weather is about ;
But if the teasel closes up
The falling rain will fill your cup.

When dry leaves rattle on the tree
A fall of snow you soon will see.

If the dogwood's flowers are here,
The frost will not again appear.

When there's many a hip and haw,
A bitter winter is in store ;
But if the hips and haws be few
A milder winter's coming due.

Onion's skin very thin,
Mild winter coming in ;
Onion's skin thick and tough,
Coming winter cold and rough.

When the flowers are early out,
There'll be but little fruit about ;
But if the flowers wait till later
The crop of fruit will be the greater.

If oak-trees hang full
And beech nuts thrive well,
A very hard winter
Be sure to foretell.

If the ash is out before the oak,
You may expect a summer soak ;
But if the oak is out before the ash
You'll hardly get a single splash.

If on the trees the leaves still hold,
The coming winter will be cold.

October leaves upon the trees
Foretell a winter when you'll freeze ;
But if October bring cold and wind
February leaves the frost behind.

The vine that buds in April
Will not the barrel fill.

A pear year, a dear year ;
A cherry year, a merry year ;
A plum year, a dumb year.

You may shear your sheep
When the elder blossoms peep.

Many haws, many snaws,
Many sloes, frozen toes.

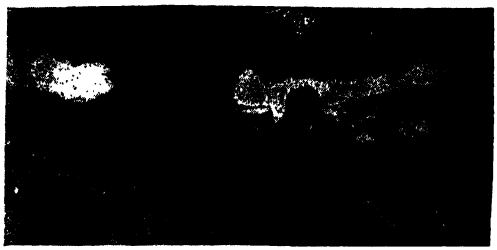
OTHERWISE

THERE was a great booby of Sidon,
Who never could ride unless tied on ;
In a passion he flew and bought him some glue,
Saying, "Thus will I stick on in Sidon."

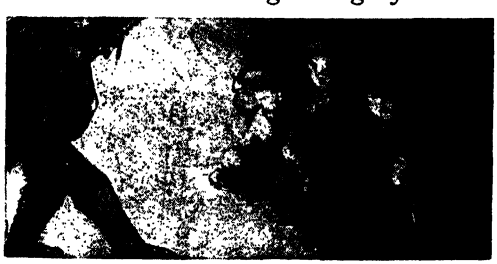
THERE lay an old man on the ground
Whose sleep was extremely profound ;
When a bee stung his toes,
He screamed out through his nose,
"A crocodile's bite, I'll be bound."

THIS IS THE HOUR FOR ME

When twilight falls upon the down,
And lamps are lighted in the town,
And round the ruddy glow
We circle, talking low,
Then is the hour for story-telling,
Creepy, crawly story-telling,
Of pixies in the tree,
And mermaids in the sea,
Of witches flying, and black cats yelling!
This is the hour for me.



The little room holds not my eye,
For all the world goes pacing by.
Upon the hearthrug plain
We sail the Spanish Main
The Southern Cross shines through the ceiling,
And on our pinnace, toppling, reeling.
The sea then fades away,
And with the dying day
Come old Red Indian stories stealing,
Shadowed with figures grey.

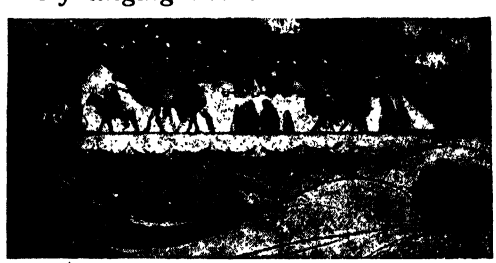


And when those rosy camp-fires glisten,
I could for ever watch and listen;
The house is peopled then
With wild Red Indian men;
With mighty chiefs in eagle feather,
In buffalo skin and bison leather;
While ballads of Indian braves
Roll o'er the prairie waves,
When galloped they over the Rockies together
With hunting spears and staves.

And then we slip out on the tide,
And o'er the Arabian desert glide,
In a lonely caravan,
As little as one man,
Swallowed in that great Sahara;
While wizards three from far Bokhara
Tell an Eastern tale,
Wrapt in magic pale,
Of a wondrous princess, sad Jawara,
With song and cry and wail.



And then the lights shine in the room
And banish all the firelit gloom.
The magic pale is gone.
The rug we sit upon
No more appears the tossing ocean.
And in the bright and gay commotion
I steal off to my bed
To tell tales in my head,
To wander far in billowy motion,
By singing sirens led.



They say the days are close at hand
When I must really understand
That witch and eagle feather
Have died away together;
That barren streets and mounting spires
Rise on the old Red Indian fires.
But even when I'm old
I'll hear the old tales told
Of kings and warlocks, maids and squires,
In the firelight red and gold.

THE GOLDEN SAND

THE golden sand of Fairyland
Is far across the sea,
And valleys wide and hills divide
That land from you and me;
From London Town no smoke steals down,
And ne'er a fog is seen,
But skies of blue the sun shines through
To light the Fairy Queen.



Beside the sand of Fairyland
The cool green waters play,
But on the street the children's feet
Grow tired from day to day.
Across the sea we long to be,
Where woods and fields are green,
Where wild birds sing and wild flowers spring
Around the Fairy Queen.

BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK

A LITTLE maiden long ago
(So the legends say)
Stole far away to play
'Neath cherry blossoms white as snow.
Merrily round goes the clock,
Battledore and shuttlecock.

The day went up, the day went down
(So the legends tell);
There came a fairy bell;
She followed it without the town.
Faster, faster goes the clock,
Battledore and shuttlecock.

Within a far mimosa bower
(So the legends say),
Dancing all the way,
She found her at the midnight hour.
Whispering round goes the clock,
Battledore and shuttlecock.

They sought her far, they sought her near
(So the legends tell),
Nor knew they what befell.
Her name they write with sigh and tear.
Wearily round goes the clock,
Battledore and shuttlecock.

NONSENSE

THERE once was a stiff-necked giraffe
Whose throat was bound up with a staff,
But he said, 'twixt his cries,
"If their necks were *my* size
They wouldn't just stand there and laugh!"

THERE was a young fisher called Beales
Who gaily went fishing for eels,
But, alas, to his wonder,
The eels drew him under,
And kept him there turning cart-wheels.

SLUMBER SONG

AT the end of the day come home,
From the tangling woods and glades,
Where the elfin cavalcades
Down the pebbled pathways roam;
Then come home!

In the evening, little one,
From the fields and marshes wild,
Playgrounds of the changeling child,
Where the bittern cries alone;
Then come home!

When by faerie call impelled,
Mocking in some misty glen,
You would join the little men
(By their spell your heart is held);
Then come home!



Lest they take you, heart o' mine,
To their midnight revelry,
Lit by glow-worms eerily,
'Neath the sprays of eglantine;
So come home!

CECILY HALLACK

GOLD FISH

FAIR little maid of Japan,
Little O Kimi San,
What treasure-trove hide you there?
Why do you stare and stare?



Honoured sir, I hide in my dish
A bright little red-gold fish.
When twenty times swims he round,
My fortune he then will have found.

Sweet little maid of Japan,
Little O Kimi San,
If the dish in my hand I held
Would a fortune for me be spelled?

Honoured sir, the fish in *my* dish
Recks nothing of what *you* wish.
His secrets he tells to the eyes
That live in the land of sunrise.

THE TWO SEATS

THERE was once a stout gentleman who was in the habit of booking two places in the stage-coach, so that he might have plenty of comfort when travelling.

One day he sent a new servant to the booking-office to take the places, and when the man returned asked how he had got on.

"Very well, sir," replied the man. "I've booked two places for you, but, as I could not get them both inside the coach, I have taken one inside and one out."

NONSENSE

THERE was a young lady of Lea
Who went for a sail on the sea,
But she got such a shock
When she bumped on a rock
That she hurried back home to her tea.

A MAN AND HIS SHADOW

A FOOLISH man-servant came to his master's house one night in a great state of fright, saying that he had been pursued by a ghost.

"Nonsense!" said his master. "What form did it take?"

"The shape of an ass," replied the man.

"Go to bed," said the master; "it was nothing but your own shadow."

BETTY IN THE FIELDS

I HOPE I don't disturb you, Mr. Beetle, in your walk?
I'm only bending down to smell the clover.
You're very friendly, chaffinch; and I love to hear you talk
While I am picking buttercups for mother.

I didn't mean to startle you, yellow butterfly.
See, I'm pulling off this poppy's cover,
So that these gay petals can be hanging out to dry
While I am picking buttercups for mother.

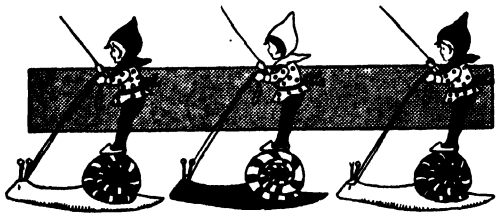


Nurse will come to fetch us home, very, very soon;
Meanwhile we'll take care of one another.
But, doggie, please don't interrupt that linnet's pretty tune
While I am picking buttercups for mother.

CECILY A. HALLACK

THE SHELL-BACK RIDE

ONE Saturday morn when the spring air was sweet,
Young Jackie and Jimmy and little black Pete
Went for a shell-back ride, O!
Oh, could you have seen them winding down
The winding long road that winds into the town,
Young Jackie and Jimmy and little black Pete,
All singing the joys of the ride, O!



You never could think of the journey they made
Down to the sea and along the parade,
Where the band played sweetly their songs to aid,
In the joys of the shell-back ride, O!
The donkeys went suddenly out of the fashion,
And visitors cried themselves into a passion,
For they wanted to ride a-down the main street
With Jackie and Jimmy and little black Pete,
In a glorious shell-back ride, O!

SIX FISHERS IN A FIX

ONE fine day six fishermen went down to the river to fish. Each carried a rod and a basket, which he fondly hoped to fill with fine, fat trout.

But the trout seemed in no hurry to be caught, and when noon came none of them had had a single bite.

"Bad luck! Bad luck!" moaned one, shaking his head.

"And, what is worse," said another, "there is a storm coming."

Soon the rain fell thick and fast, and, scrambling to their feet, they all ran to take shelter in a shed near by. The shed was tiny, but they squatted down on the floor, and made themselves as comfortable as they could.

Some hours after the farmer looked in, and found the little group huddled together in a circle, with their legs criss-crossed in the middle of it.

"What are you doing here?" he asked. "The storm is over. Why don't you get up and go on with your fishing?"

"We want to," replied the simpletons, "but our legs have got so terribly mixed up in this poky little shed that we can't make up our minds which belongs to which."

"Oh, if that's your trouble," laughed the farmer, "perhaps I can help you." And, lifting his big stick, he brought it down on the little heap of legs with such force that the whole six of them instantly jumped up and ran off screaming.

THE MAD KNIFE-GRINDER

A KNIFE-GRINDER, mad as a hatter,
Ground a grindstone away with a clatter,
And then, with a frown,
He filled his own crown,
And that was the end of the matter.

FAIRY FINGERS

AT her busy life's beginning,
From a spider she learnt spinning.
She can weave a wedding-veil
For an elf-bride, filmy-frail;
Make a dainty foxglove bonnet,
With a finch's feather on it;
Shape the poppy gay, aflirt
In the breeze, to a dancer's skirt;
And a Court dress, fine and frilly,
From a flaunting tiger-lily.



AN ELEPHANT ONCE IN BRAZIL

AN elephant once in Brazil
Tried hard a mosquito to kill,
But it jumped on his back
And hid in a crack,
And it's probably hiding there still.

VERY TIRESOME

ALWAYS, when I'm in a hurry,
I have noticed—haven't you ?—
That some things just *try* to worry—
I am certain that they do!

If I'm going out with mother,
I so often lose my hat,
And I cannot find another,
'Cause they hide, I'm sure of that.

And my hankies—I've so many—
Slip away quite out of sight,
Till I simply can't find any;
They must know it isn't right!

How I wonder what they're saying,
Or would say if they could speak!
For, I've guessed, I b'lieve they're playing
Naughty games of hide and seek!

SPARROWS

LITTLE town sparrows, so dabbled and dowdy,
Chirping in gutters, if I had your wings
I'd fly to the fields where, so spruce and so rowdy,
Your bright little brother, the country bird, sings.

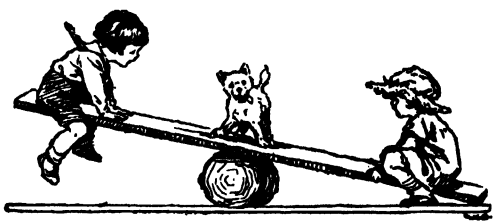
CURIOSITY

THERE was once a little maiden,
So curious was she,
It's difficult to think one child
So curious could be;
You'd think it would take two or three
So *very* curious to be.

She wondered every kind of thing,
In every kind of way,
She wondered every night in bed,
And every day—all day.
She wondered why some flow'rs grew pink
And others grew all red,
Why some were brilliant yellow,
And others blue instead.
She wondered, too, who painted them,
And where the paint was kept;
How the bees discovered honey,
And where the birds all slept.
She got up in her nightie
To go and find this out,
Then wondered where the bats lived,
And what made owls hoot.
She wondered why the hedge she searched
Was always called the "U,"
And whether all the alphabet
Meant something special, too.
She'd heard of "ehs," and "bees," and "seas,"
Of "eyes," and "ells," and "jays,"
Of "ohs!" and "peas," and "cues," and "teas,"
But not of "N's" or "K's."
She wondered why her feet got wet
When all the day'd been fine;
She wondered who lit up the moon
And told the stars to shine;
She wondered where they went to when
They had to go away;
And why they only shone by night
And never in the day.
I don't know what she's wondering now,
But what she wondered next,
When her mother came and found her, was
Why Mother dear was vexed.

IN THE TRAIN

THE engine's started, and, sure enough,
The usual echo, "Chuff, chuff, chuff!"
Is filling our ears—now muffled, now roaring—
It must be the sleepers we travel on snoring!



OUT ON THE MAIN

HEAVE O! so merry we go,
High in the air and down again.
We're out on the stormy sea, you know;
The skipper's our little dog Ben.

FAVOURITE WALKS

ALL the things go where they like—
All the things but me:
The birds can fly either low or high,
And the fishes in the sea
Swim anywhere, either here or there,
And the leopards choose their way;
But I must go just the road, you know,
That Nursie likes to say!

When a bear has a fav'rite walk
He goes that way, I'm sure;
And the lions, too, they always do,
Or they'd roar and roar and roar!
I want to, too—oh, yes, I do,
But I'm not allowed, you see.
Oh, all the things go where they like—
All the things but me!

THE WIND-FLOWER

LIFT up your head, anemone, contrary little flower,
Closing your pale umbrella whenever there's a shower;
The sun is bright, the rain has ceased, a wind-storm sweeps the lea,
'Tis time to open umbrellas now, anemone!

A TERRIBLE TUMBLE

Two friends once met at the bottom of a shady garden.

"Miow!" said one, which meant "Good-morning! How do you do?"

"Miow!" the other replied, which meant "Very well, thank you."

Said the first, whose name was Fluffy, "Have you heard the news? The old lady next door has had a present."

"Indeed!" said the other. *His* name was Tibbles, and he sprang up on the wall and seated himself beside his friend.

"A handsome Persian kitten. A magnificent creature, I assure you. Such a tail! And such hair—so long and so soft and silky! But here she comes, I do declare! We must make her welcome." And, leaping gracefully to the ground, she hurried forward. Tibbles uncurled his tail, gave his whiskers a sharp twist, and quickly followed.

But, to their intense surprise, the Persian kitten would have nothing to do with either of them. She arched her back, drew in her head, and looked as black as thunder. And the nearer they came the more angry she grew. Her round eyes blazed with rage, and her great bushy tail rose higher and higher and seemed to grow bigger every minute.

Tibbles and Fluffy stood still in amazement.

Suddenly the disdainful creature shook herself proudly, dropped her tail, and sauntered slowly away.

"*Well!*" cried Fluffy, as soon as her back was turned.

"It's pride," said Tibbles. "She is a Persian, and we are just common, everyday cats. We are not good enough for her ladyship! But, you mark my words," he added as they parted, "pride comes before a fall. If she isn't very careful my lady will have a tumble."

Now, a few days later Tibbles and Fluffy were taking a stroll down the High Street when suddenly they heard a great commotion. It came from the milk-shop at the corner.

"Whatever can be the matter?" asked Fluffy.

"I'm sure I can't think," answered Tibbles. "Let's go and see."

They ran on, and tried to push their way through the big crowd that had gathered round the door. All at once somebody cried:

"She's been stealing the cream, and her head has got fixed in the can!"

Just then the crowd drew back, and who should run out but the proud Persian—*with a milk-can on her head!*

Down the street she flew, helter-skelter, and after her rushed the angry milkman, followed by half the boys and girls in the town.

The can was so firmly fixed that the silly frightened creature could not see where she was going, and she made straight for the duck-pond at the bottom of the hill. In she dashed—splash! A poor duck, trying to get out of her way, ran between her legs and threw her down. Over she went, head first, into the shallow, muddy water! The can banged against a stone and rolled away.

Free at last, my lady scrambled to her feet, and scampered off as fast as her shaking legs would carry her. Where, nobody knows, for she has neither been seen nor heard of since. Tibbles says she is too ashamed to show her face. And no doubt he is right.

THE RICKETY FAMILY AND ITS ADVENTURES



MR. SNAIL CREATES GREAT ALARM BY CALLING AT THE HOME OF THE BROWNIES TO PAY THEM A FRIENDLY VISIT

THE RICKETY FAMILY SITS FOR ITS PORTRAIT



LET US HOPE THE BOUGH WILL NOT BREAK



CAUGHT NAPPING

A RIDE ON THE RIVER IN RICKETY-LAND



THE ARRIVAL AT THE QUAY

THE KING OF THE YELLOWBACKS ARRIVES



A WELCOME IN RICKETY TOWN

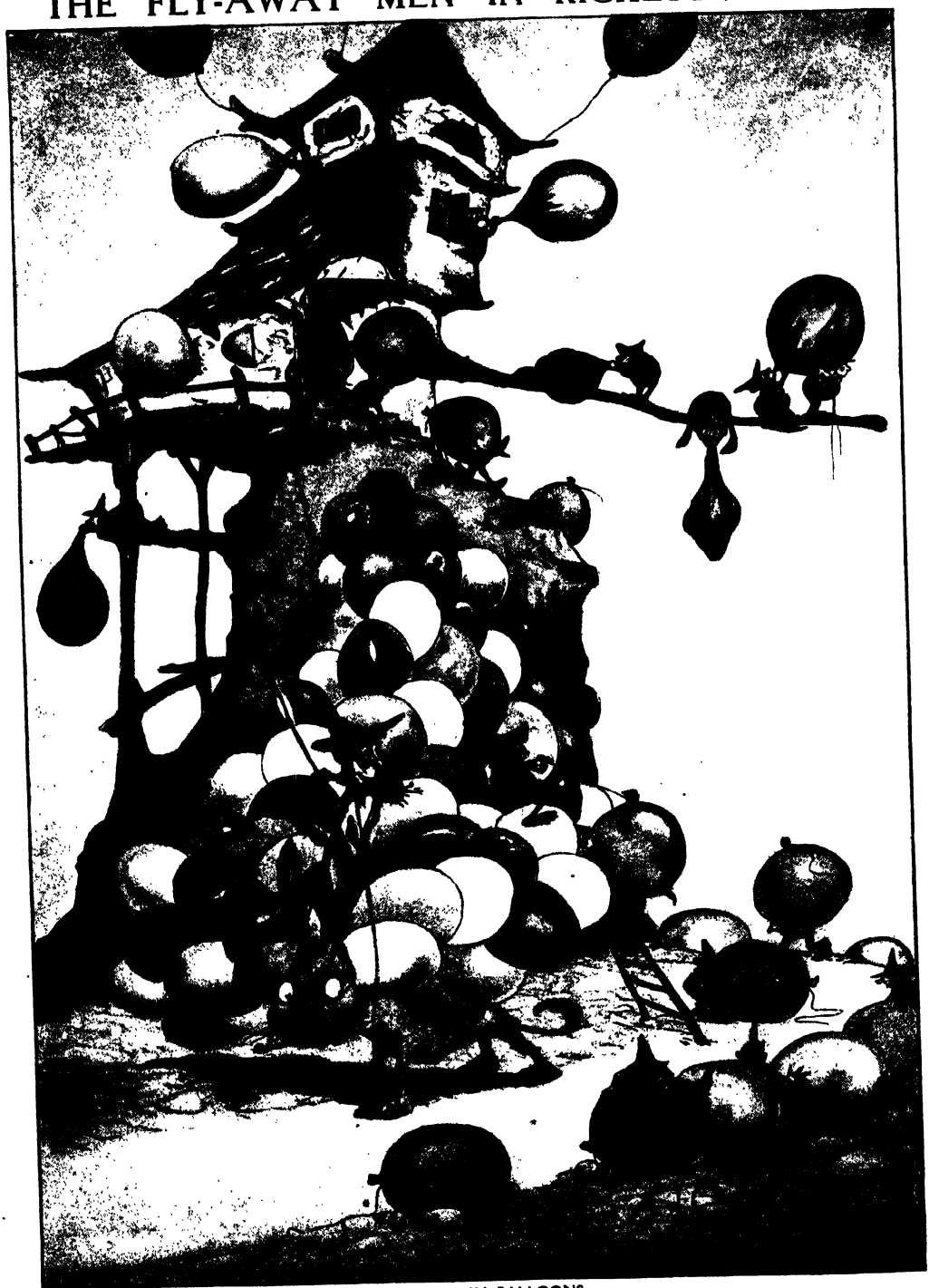
WINTER COMES TO RICKETY LAND



A BUSY MORNING FOR THE LITTLE MEN

WHO'LL BUY A LANTERN FROM RICKETY TOWN?





A PEDLAR IN BALLOONS



NEW CLOTHES FOR OLD IN RICKETY LAND

THE BUSY DAYS OF VERY LONG AGO



NEITHER BUTCHERS NOR BAKERS, BUT CANDLESTICK MAKERS

MR. NOBODY GOES ABOUT HIS BUSINESS



WHEN a window is smashed by a wandering ball,
Or the inkpot decides on the carpet to fall,
When things all get lost, or perhaps left about—
Mr. Nobody did it, you'll always find out.

So all puzzled parents, who've sought him in vain,
Gaze here at his features, you'll know him again;
In Nowhere, near Nothing, he dawdles and dwells,
With those other worries—the Won'ts, Can'ts, and Wells.



STALKING THE STORKS

THE RICKETY FAMILY GOES FOR A RIDE



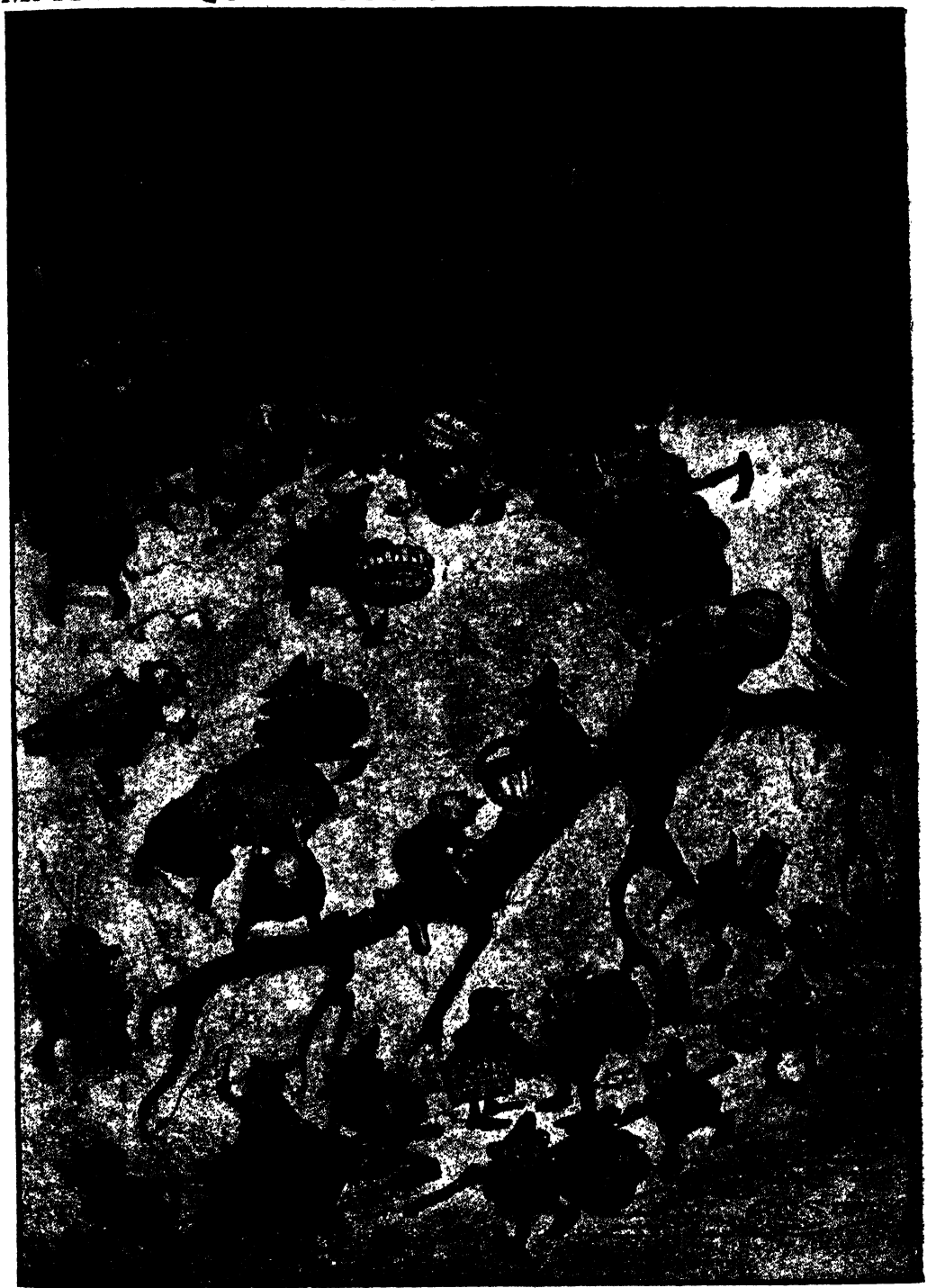
A MERRY-GO-DOWN IN RICKETY TOWN

THE RICKETY PEOPLE GO TO THE DENTIST



HOW TO CURE TOOTHACHE

MASTER SQUIRREL COMES HOME UNEXPECTEDLY



THE LITTLE MEN GO GATHERING NUTS AND ARE DISTURBED

THE STROLLING PLAYERS PASS BY NIGHT



WAKING THE SLEEPERS

GUY AND HIS FRIENDS

TEDDY is a monkey—brown and furry and slender. And Jimmy is an elephant—fat and soft and grey. They are great friends. They live together, for they belong to the same little boy. His name is Guy.

Guy is not very old—he is four-and-a-piece—and he loves his animals very dearly. Often he sits by the fire playing with them in the daytime, and at night he always takes them with him upstairs. They sit side by side at the end of his bed.

Guy has an Auntie who sometimes comes to see him. He loves her, and, of course, she loves Guy. One night, after Guy had had his bath, Auntie carried him upstairs on her back.

"Now I'm going to drop my bundle," she said, when they reached the bedroom; and she rolled Guy on to the bed. Up he sprang, and began dancing about like a wee sprite. He was up by the pillow one minute and down beside the animals the next, for, of course, Teddy and Jimmy were there waiting for him.

At last he said good-night to Teddy and Jimmy. He doesn't kiss them; he says "good-night" and shakes hands with each of them in a very dignified way, just as Daddy does to his friends.

Auntie whisked off Guy's dressing-gown and his little red shoes, and into bed he tumbled.

"Good-night, darling," said Auntie, as she kissed him.

"Good-night, Auntie dear," said Guy.

And then Auntie bent over and kissed the two top corners of the pillow. "There," she said. "Now, after I've gone downstairs, you can take those two kisses if you feel lonely."

"Are they really there?" asked Guy.

"Yes, really there," said Auntie. "You'll find them. Good-night."

And then Auntie went downstairs, and little Guy was asleep in two minutes. He quite forgot all about the kisses, for he was too tired to be lonely. But what do you think Teddy and Jimmy did? They crept right up the bed and took the kisses away, and then crept back again, sitting down just as they were before, leaning against the bed-rail!

"Jimmy," said Teddy presently, "those kisses are not really ours; we stole them. Auntie left them for Guy. I think we ought to give them back," he said, rising. He stretched his long, thin legs, and stalked across the quilt up to Guy, and very carefully and quietly he put the kiss back on the corner of the pillow.

Guy stirred in his sleep and turned right over, so that his cheek was quite near the kiss.

"Now you give yours back, too," said Teddy to Jimmy.

And then Jimmy crept up and put his kiss back on the other corner of the pillow.

Then the animals settled down again at the foot of the bed.

"It's funny," said Teddy presently, "but though I gave my kiss back, I've still got it."

"And so have I got mine," said Jimmy. "It *is* funny."

But it wasn't funny really, because the kisses had love in them; and when we give love away we never lose it. It stays with us all the time.

THE BUMBLE-BEE

THE bumble-bee, the bumble-bee,
He flew to the top of the tulip-tree;
He flew to the top, but he could not stop,
For he had to get home to his early tea.

The bumble-bee, the bumble-bee,
He flew away from the tulip-tree;
But he made a mistake and flew into the lake,
And he never got home to his early tea.

THE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

BY the side of a murmuring stream a elderly gentleman sat;
On the top of his head was a wig, and a-top of his wig was his hat.

The wind it blew high and blew strong, as the elderly gentleman sat,
And bore from his head in a trice, and plunged in the river his hat.

The gentleman then took his cane, which lay by his side as he sat,
And he dropped in the river his wig in attempting to get out his hat.

His breast it grew cold with despair, and full in his eye madness sat,
So he flung in the river his cane, to swim with his wig and his hat.

Cool reflection at last came across while this elderly gentleman sat,
So he thought he would follow the stream, and look for his wig, cane, and hat.

His head, being thicker than common, o'er-balanced the rest of his fat,
And in plumped this son of a woman, to follow his wig, cane, and hat.

AN OLD HEN

AN old hen sat on turtle's eggs,
And she hatched out goslins three;
Two were turkeys with slender legs,
And one was a bumble-bee.
"Very odd children for such a mother!"
Said all the hens to one another.

MOTHER EARTH

OLD Mother Earth woke up from sleep,
And found she was cold and bare;
The winter was over, the spring was near.
And she had not a dress to wear!

"Alas!" she sighed, with great dismay,
"Oh, where shall I get my clothes?
There's not a place to buy a suit,
And a dressmaker no one knows."

"I'll make you a dress," said the springing grass,
Just looking above the ground,
"A dress of green, of the loveliest sheen,
To cover you all around."

"And we," said the dandelions gay,
"Will dot it with yellow bright."
"I'll make it a fringe," said forget-me-not,
"Of blue, very soft and light."

"We'll embroider the front," said the violet,
"With a lovely purple hue;"
"And we," said the roses, "will make you a crown
Of red, jewelled over with dew."

Old Mother Earth was thankful and glad,
As she put on her dress so gay;
And that is the reason, my little ones,
She is looking so lovely today.

A STRANGER

"SOMEBODY is coming,"
Calls the shivering breeze;
"Somebody is coming,"
Grumble forth the trees.

"Somebody is coming,"
Whispers every flower;
And he comes—a timid
Little summer shower.

LAUGHING JOHNNIE

WHO can laugh back to Johnnie,
Enthroned so blithe and bonnie
Upon the bend of mother's arm—
Brown Betty of the upland farm;
The home that's such a busy place
That no one has the time or grace
To share his joy, and play with him?
(These Grown-up People are so grim;
And Collie Dog can only smile,
Thumping an honest tail the while!)

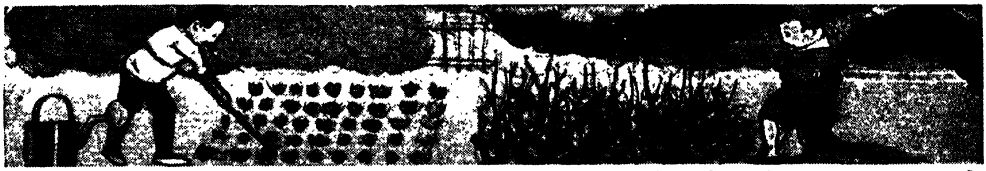
But the birds laugh back to Baby,
As blithesomely as may be!
The Blackbird in the greening copse
Chuckles full-throated, as he hops,
"Ha-ha, ha-ha!" The Pigeon's wings
Clap mirth, as to the clouds he springs.

And when the harvest moon is bright,
The Barn Owl sails out in the night,
Hawking for mice o'er field and ditch,
Oh, hear her laugh like any witch!
"Hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo!" she skirls and screams,
And Johnnie answers in his dreams,
Safe snuggling in his mother's arm—
Brown Betty of the upland farm.

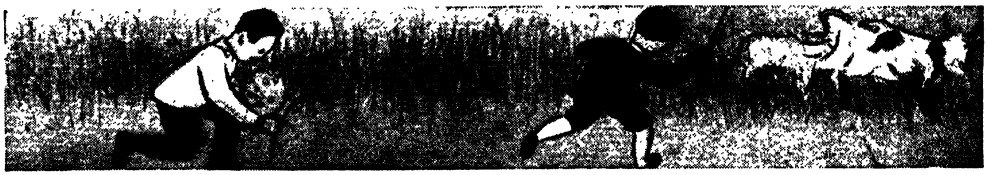
TWO WAYS OF GOING THROUGH THE WORLD



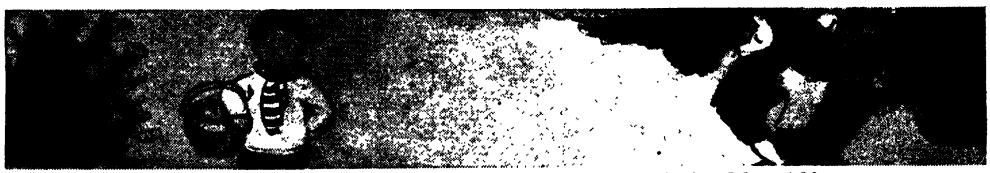
Tom ran to help an old lady who fell down in the road, while Harry stood and laughed at her



Tom hoed and watered his garden, while Harry stood about and allowed his garden to be overgrown with weeds



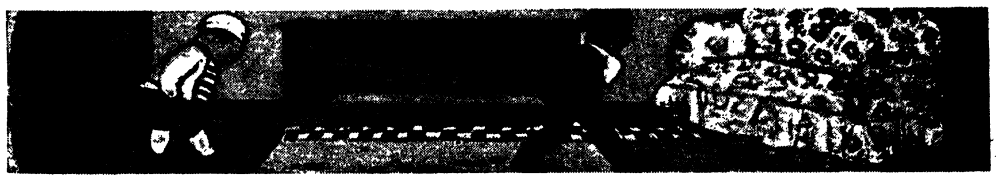
Tom gathered a nosegay of flowers for his mother during his walk, while Harry worried the cows and sheep



Tom hurried on an errand and did as he was told, but Harry dawdled and forgot his message



Tom helped other people first at meals, but Harry looked after himself and never thought of others



Tom always wiped his feet when he came into the house, but Harry carried the mud all over the rooms



Tom won the prize at school and was praised by everyone, while Harry grieved his father by his laziness

THE CARPENTER

"MAY we—may we, please, come in?"

Three dark heads clustered round the door, and six black eyes peered into the workshop.

"Why, yes," said the Carpenter, as He brushed aside a pile of golden shavings.

It was little Ruth who came first. Her face was serious.

"Look!" she said, holding up a small, soft hand for inspection. "There's a thorn, and it pricks."

The Carpenter held the little hand in His, carefully pressed the flesh with His fingers, and pulled out the thorn.

"We must bathe it," He said, and He led the child to a stream outside.

Ruth was smiling now. "Thank you," she said, in her pretty way. "I knew you would help."

Then it was the boys who wanted the Carpenter. Would He, please, would He, take them past the fields and the fig-trees and the palms, away from the houses and the synagogue to the top of the hill, where they could feel the wind and see the mountain-tops, and hear the water running down the hills? It was fine up there.

"Yes, yes," said Ruth; "it's fine up there."

The Carpenter smiled at the three eager faces as He nodded His head. Work was finished for today, and He would still be "about His Father's business" with the children on the hills.

Ruth and the boys chatted happily as they wound their way up the steep and narrow pathway with their Friend. It was a stiff climb, but the view was worth the effort when they reached the top. Down in the valley they could distinguish the square, flat-roofed house that was their home, and not far from it was the Carpenter's shop. As they looked across to the horizon they could see Mount Hermon, its white peaks piercing the blue.

"I like it!" said Ruth, as she slipped her hand into her Friend's. Touched by the beauty of the scene, something almost of fear had crept into her heart. The Carpenter pressed the little hand assuringly. He understood—as He always did.

"Everything My Father has made is beautiful," He said. "I am glad you have found that out, little one."

His eyes looked down upon the red robe Ruth was wearing; then they sought the distance and the snows far, far away.

"Though your sins be as scarlet," He said softly, as if to Himself, "they shall be as white as snow."

Ruth heard what He said, and although she did not understand His words then she never forgot them.

"Look! Look!" cried one of the boys. "There's an eagle!"

It was high above in the cloudless blue, winging its way to Galilee.

"The strength of it!" said one.

"The size of it!" said another.

The Carpenter looked up. He watched its flight with interest.

"They shall mount up with wings as eagles," He whispered; "they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

All too soon the hour on the hills was over.

"We must go back," said the Carpenter. "Your mother will want you now."

Ruth loved the flowers that bordered the homeward path, the white orange blossom and the red pomegranate. But she stood entranced before the lilies.

"They toil not," said the Carpenter, "neither do they spin . . . and yet . . . even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like these."

. . . . . .

Time went its way, and there was another day on the hill. One of the women who stood with Mary at the Cross could not bear to look.

"When I was a child," she said, "I knew Him as the Carpenter. He took a thorn from my hand. And now He wears a crown of thorns!"

It was long ago, yet vividly she saw herself as a little girl with her Friend, the red robe, and the snow on Mount Hermon. Ruth bent her head. She understood.

WHEN IT IS GOING TO RAIN

By the Grandfather of Charles Darwin



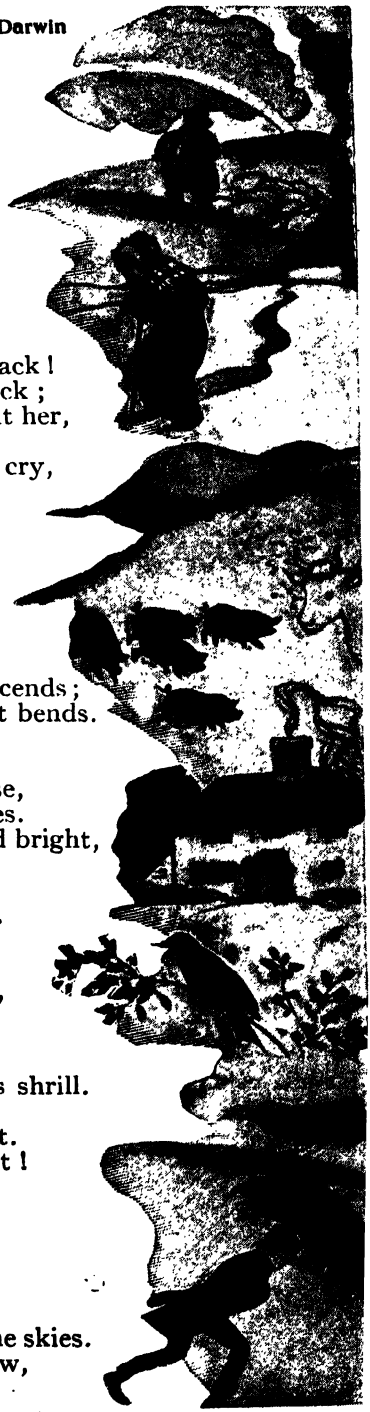
THE hollow winds begin to blow ;
The clouds look black, the glass
is low ;
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed ;
The moon in halos hid her head.
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For, see, a rainbow spans the sky.
The walls are damp, the ditches swell ;
Closed is the light red pimpernel.

HARK, how the chairs and tables crack !
Old Betty's joints are on the rack ;
Her corns with shooting pains torment her,
And to her bed untimely send her.
Loud quack the ducks, the sea-fowls cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine !
The busy flies disturb the kine.
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings ;
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings !
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws.



THE smoke from chimneys right ascends ;
Then, spreading, back to earth it bends.
The wind, unsteady, veers around,
Or settling in the south is found.
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The glow-worms, numerous, clear, and bright,
Illumed the dewy hill last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Like quadruped, stalk o'er the green.
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays.
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is dressed.

THE sky is green, the air is still,
The blackbird's mellow voice is shrill.
The dog, so altered is his taste,
Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast.
Behold the rooks, how odd their flight !
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
The tender colts on backs do lie,
Nor heed the traveller passing by.
In fiery red the sun doth rise,
Then wades thro' clouds to mount the skies.
'Twill surely rain, we see't with sorrow,
No working in the fields tomorrow.



A CHILD BORN ON THE SABBATH DAY



A child born on
the Sabbath day
Is fair and wise
and good and gay.



Monday's child
is fair of face,



Tuesday's child
is full of grace,



Wednesday's child
is full of woe,



Thursday's child
has far to go,



Friday's child is
loving and giving,



Saturday's child
works hard for
its living.



One, I love,
Two, I love,
Three, I love,
I say,



Four, I love with
all my heart,



And five, I
cast away;



Six, he loves,
Seven, she loves,
Eight, they both
love;



Nine, he comes,
Ten, he tarries,

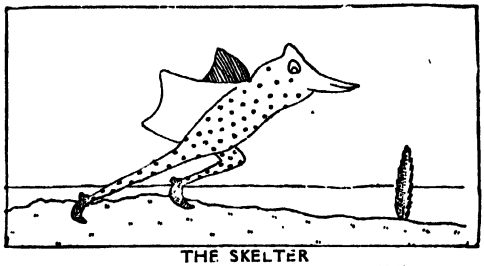


Eleven, he courts,
Twelve, he mar-
ries;



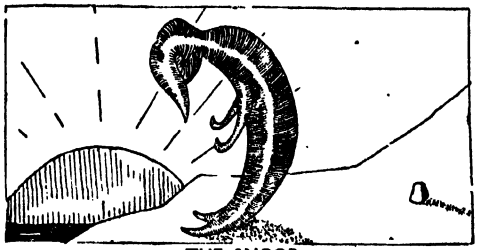
Thirteen, wishes,
Fourteen, kisses,
All the rest are
little witches.

THE ZOO THAT NEVER WAS



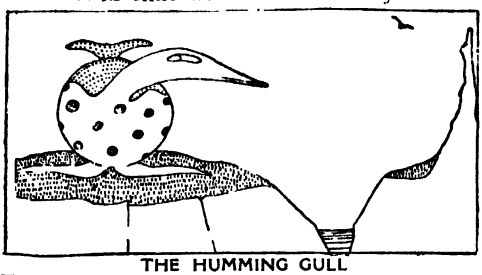
THE SKELTER

The Skelter cannot wait one jiff,
He's always in a hurry.
One day he'll tumble o'er the cliff,
And that will end his scurry!



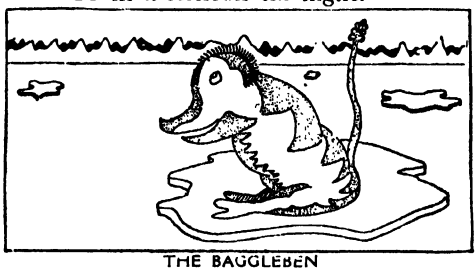
THE SNOOP

The Snoop's as ugly as a coon,
But he is most polite;
He bows from morn till afternoon,
From afternoon till night.



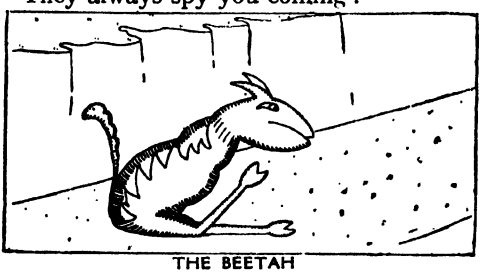
THE HUMMING GULL

The Humming Gull is round and fat.
You may have heard one humming,
But you've not caught one, I'll be bound—
They always spy you coming!



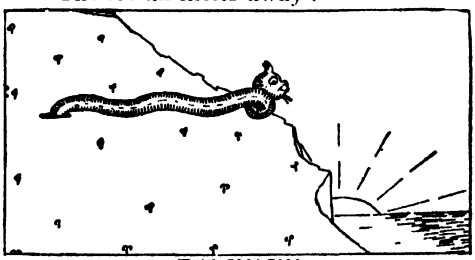
THE BAGGLEBEN

This beast, who's called a Baggleben,
Sits on the ice all day,
And wonders what will happen when
The ice all melts away!



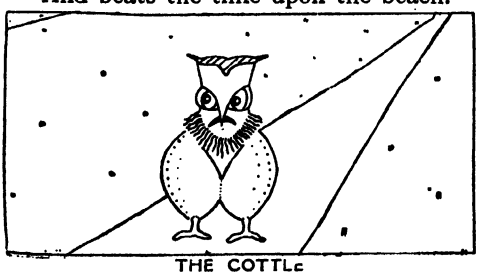
THE BEETAH

Beneath his cliff the Beetah braves
The angry, fast-approaching waves;
As they advance, he smiles at each,
And beats the time upon the beach.



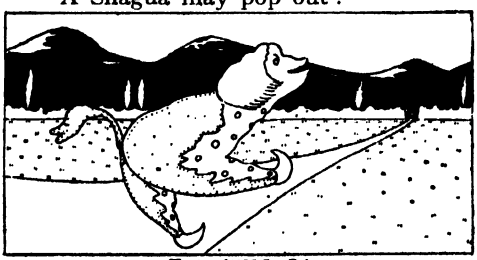
THE SNAGUA

If you should see a small, round hole
While wandering about,
Go by it silently, or else
A Snagua may pop out!



THE COTTLE

Goodness, what a nasty chap!
It's a bearded Cottle.
Catch him in a beetle-trap,
And put him in a bottle.



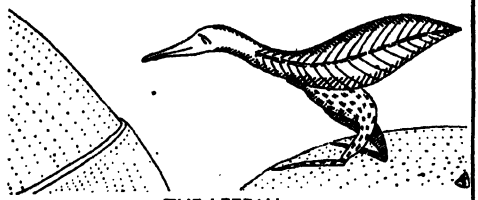
THE POTTIPOP

Oh, whither goes the Pottipop?
He's for the mountain track,
And when he's reached the very top
He'll turn round and come back,



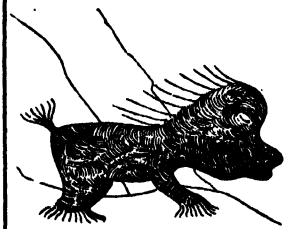
THE PEDIGOOSE

Observe the foolish Pedigoose,
He is of hardly any use.
He thinks he is extremely busy,
And yet he really isn't, is he?



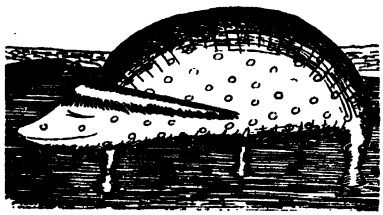
THE LEEFAH

The Leefah's wing, when it is cold,
The Leefah's body does enfold;
But in the sun up goes his bill,
And then he springs from hill to hill.



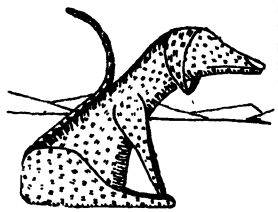
THE WAGGLE

All day the Waggle's wail resounds,
For, though he's good and dutiful,
He'd give you quite a thousand pounds
If you could make him beautiful.



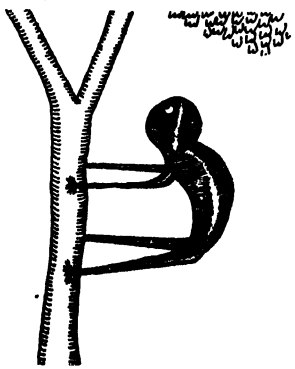
THE SLACK

There's ample room upon the back
Of the enormous three-legged Slack.
He says, "Jump up and take a seat,"
And carries you upon three feet.



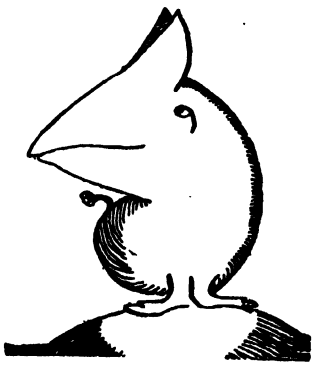
THE HOWDAH

The Howdah on the glaring plain
Pines for a shady tree in vain.
'Tis strange the tree he cannot find,
Because there is one just behind.



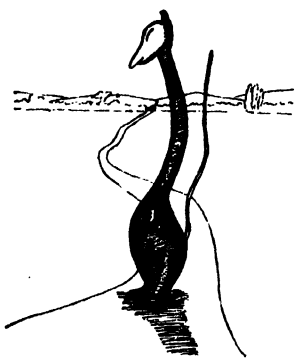
THE STICKERZEE

With evil eye the Stickerzee
Crouches beneath the bojum-tree.
Fizz! Up he springs. Alas, he's stuck!
The Stickerzees have wretched luck.



THE BLAT

I like to think about the Blat,
He is so round and smooth and fat.
I'd like to have him for a pet,
But no one's ever caught him yet!



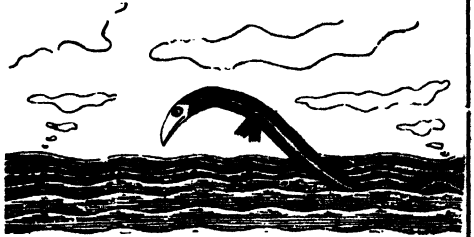
THE SWEEKER

The Sweeker wondered long ago
Whether his tail would ever grow
To be one day as tall as he:
And he is waiting still to see.



THE CURVET

The Curvet lives on lumps of chalk
He finds upon his daily walk,
But though there's plenty on the beach,
The best is always out of reach.



THE PASTOREEL

When going on a pleasure trip
Across the ocean in a ship,
My pleasure would be less, I feel,
If I should meet the Pastoreel.



THE WOB

The Wob is always much depressed
When she desires to build her nest,
For to decide she can't begin,
Which tree she wants to build it in.



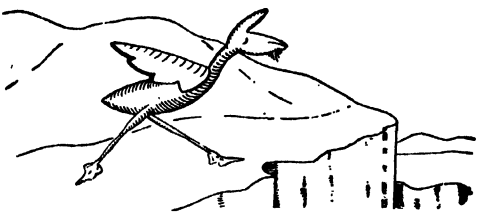
THE VOYSEY BIRD

The Voysey Bird, upon the whole,
Is quite a timid little soul;
But though he looks so mild and meek,
Don't put your finger in his beak.



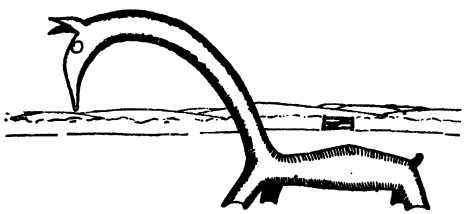
THE MAZELLA

How dainty the Mazella is!
What charm of face and form are his!
What slender limbs! What calm disdain!
And *what* a pity he's so vain!



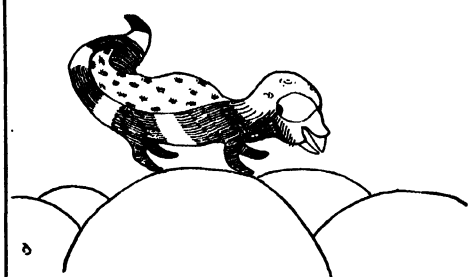
THE DIPPER

The Dipper looks across the cliff
And wonders what would happen if
He jumped the edge, into the sky—
But still he doesn't think he'll try!



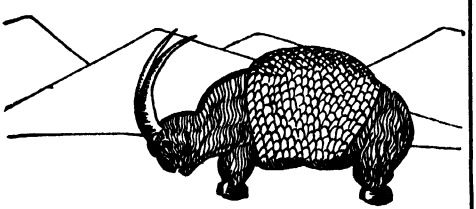
THE NEXICO

The Nexico is very slow;
You simply *cannot* make him go!
He crawls, in his annoying way,
Not more than half a mile a day!



THE EIGERILL

Upon the top of any hill
You may observe the Eigerill.
He is of curious shape and size,
And has the most amusing eyes.



THE BULBUS

The Bulbus has a horny shell
That doesn't fit him very well.
He's always looking out for food,
But he never finds it, bad or good.



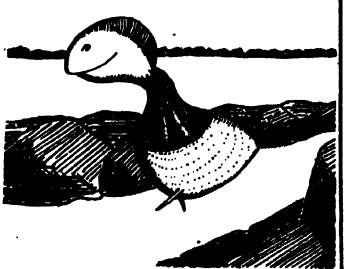
THE GUP

The Gup, to say the very least,
Is an unpleasant sort of beast.
Don't eat too many chocolate creams,
Or else the Gup will haunt your dreams!



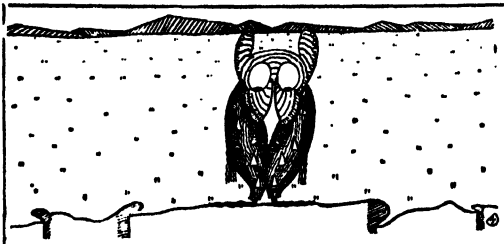
THE CHIMP

Some animals are loud and rude
And have less manners than an imp,
But some prefer to play the dude
And act sedately, like the Chimp.



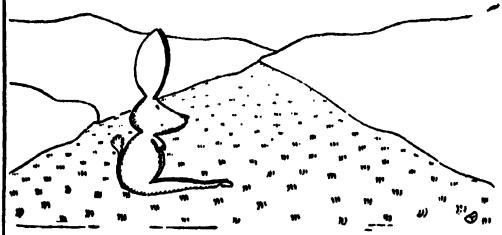
THE GIGGLEWHIT

The body of the Gigglewhit
Is of a weight you can't despise,
Yet you can't hear her tread one bit,
So lightly does she exercise.



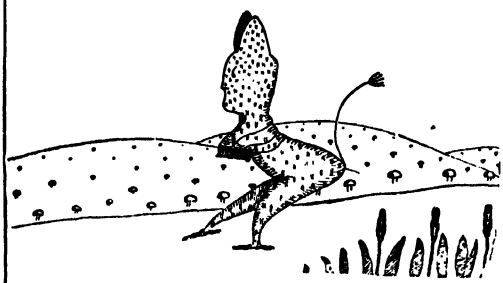
THE GOWGLE

The Gowgle is extremely wise,
Just look at his big, solemn eyes!
To him all beasts and fishes go
To learn the things they do not know.



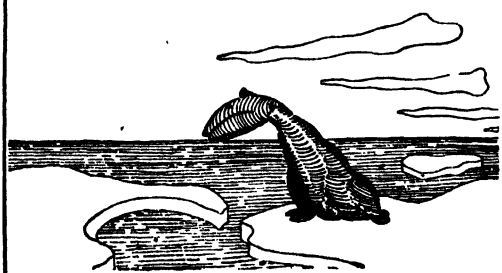
THE LAPPET

The Lappet is not very old,
And always does as he is told.
If he is asked to sit quite still
All day upon the grass, he will.



THE MINCE

The dainty manners of the Mince
Would not disgrace the noblest prince.
He never runs; he lifts his feet,
And combs his tail to keep it neat.



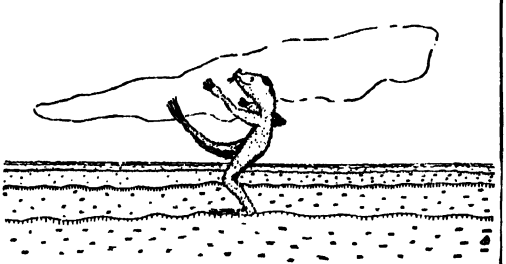
THE ARCTIC OOM

The Arctic Oom is fond of fish,
They are, indeed, his favourite dish.
Whene'er he spies a plaice or sole
He ducks his head and eats it whole.



THE SLUBBER

To be a Slubber must be grand!
I wish that *I* upon the sand
Could sleep all day, or merely sit,
And never have to work a bit.



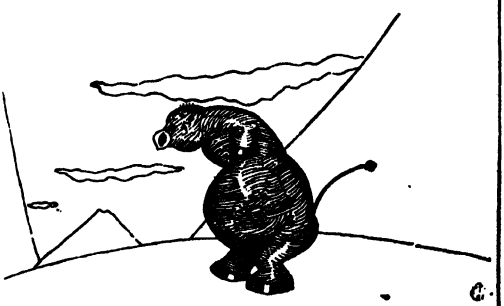
THE JIBOON

When you are out one afternoon
Perhaps you'll meet the gay Jiboon,
For he delights to jump and prance,
And has just learnt the two-step dance.



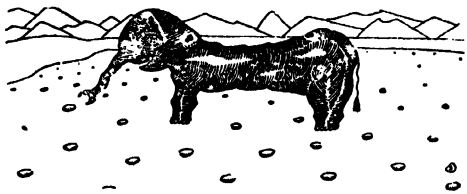
THE SNOOPAH

A tender spirit lurks within
The Snoopah's loose, ungainly skin.
Why, he will stand for hours and hours
Coquetting with the wayside flowers.



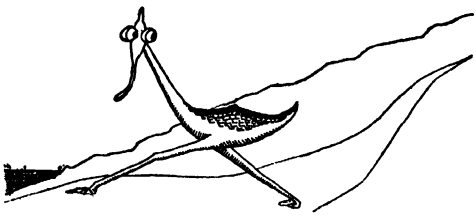
THE GNOUT

We all are sorry for the Gnout,
Because he is so very stout;
I'm sure he would not groan and ache
If he would only eat less cake.



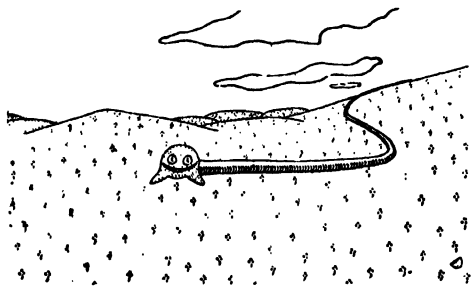
THE ELEBUN

No matter what our code or creed,
Or where we've been or what we've done,
No matter age, or sex, or breed,
We all must love the Elebun.



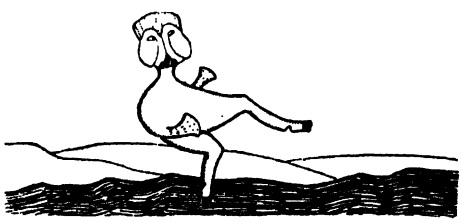
THE DALK

Each day at six o'clock the Dalk
Wakes up and starts his daily walk.
He walks all day, and thus at night
He has a splendid appetite.



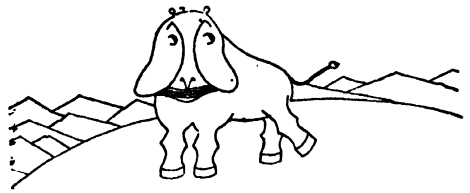
THE SQUG

Among the flowered hills and meads,
The Squg glides glibly to its lair,
Where little Squgs it sweetly feeds
On crumbs of fragrant camembert.



THE TUTTLEBEE

The Tuttlebee is fifty-three,
But does not look his age;
For anyone can plainly see
His dancing's all the rage.



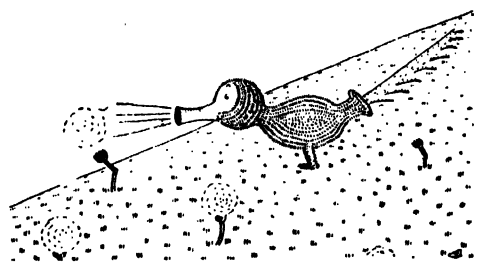
THE WUFFALLOO

This is the merry Wuffalloo.
I like his playful smile, don't you?
He would not harm your smallest hair,
And only kicks when no one's there.



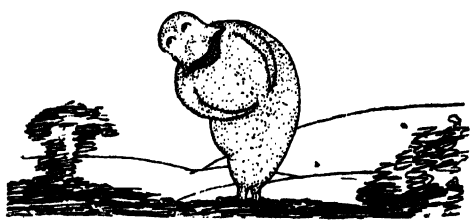
THE ZEETA

A wooden neck can't bend or move,
But by a climbing spiral groove
The Zeeta, through kind Nature's grace,
Can roll its meals up to its face.



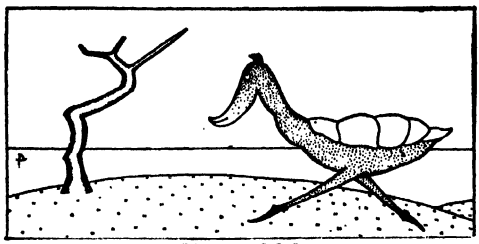
THE POOF-BIRD

When you observe the barren stalks
Of dandelions upon your walks,
You know, of course, the reason why?
The Poof-bird has been wandering by.



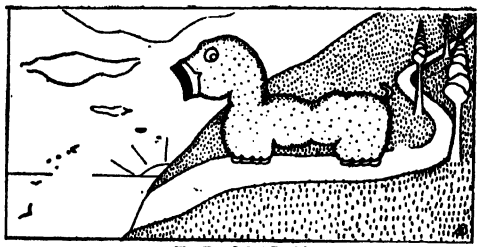
THE SQUAIL

Some animals, when you draw near,
Are not as nice as they appear,
But should you chance to meet a Squail,
He'll bow politely, without fail.



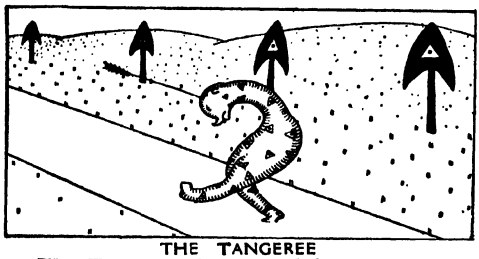
THE SKOOT

This is a Skoot. He has six hairs,
But wishes he had more.
Some beasts are never satisfied—
What does he want them for?



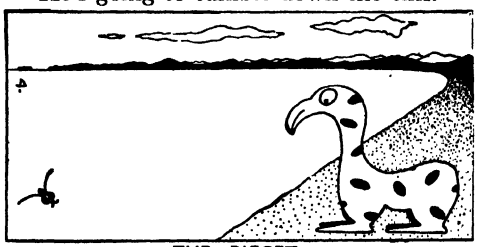
THE BOOPAH

The Boopah is a cautious beast,
And takes no risks, to say the least;
Above you see him wondering if
He's going to tumble down the cliff.



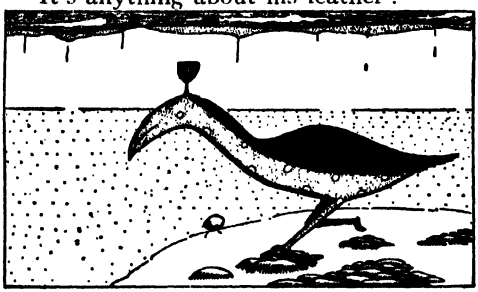
THE TANGEREE

The Tangeree is very plain,
And yet he is absurdly vain.
Why can it be? I wonder whether
It's anything about his feather?



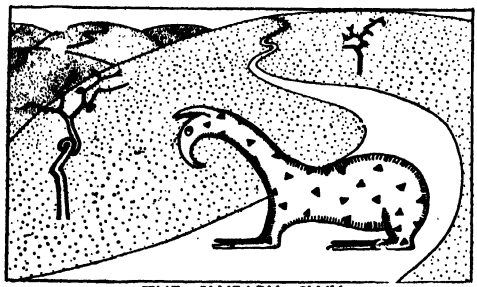
THE DIGGET

The Digget as a rule is brave,
To coward's fear he is no slave;
But when he may be stung or bitten
He is as nervous as a kitten!



THE NODDLE

The thirsty Noddle walks the beach,
From morn till time for bed,
A-wondering how he best can reach
The cup upon his head.



THE SWEARY SWY

I wish I were a Sweary Swy,
With black triangle spots!
They wander over hills, and tie
The trees into queer knots.



THE TIPPERTAP

If, just before you say good-night,
You hear a distant rap,
You need not be alarmed; it's just
A long-tailed Tippertap.



THE GOGUM

The Gogum's skin is fair and white,
His bristly hair is black;
He sits all day (I've heard them say)
With an ink-tree at his back.

THE LITTLE STRANGER IN THE NEST

"Wouldn't this be a good place to build our nest, my dear?" said Mr. Robin to his wife as they stood by a low bush. "We shan't be disturbed here. The people who come into this garden are kind, for they used to feed me with crumbs in the winter; I don't think that we can do better than decide on this."

Mrs. Robin agreed, and they at once began to collect twigs and moss. The nest looked very cosy when it was finished, and so someone else seemed to think, for when Mrs. Robin peeped in, to see if the four dear little eggs she had laid were safe, she found another one as well, much bigger than hers.

"Just look!" she cried to her husband. "Whatever shall we do with it?"

"I think we had better leave it there," he answered; and, perching on a branch near by, he sang pretty songs to her while she sat on the eggs, and when she got tired, or wanted a meal, he kept the eggs warm himself.

Now comes the sad part of the tale—the big egg hatched with the others, and out came a cuckoo! For, as I expect you know, cuckoos are lazy, and lay their eggs in other birds' nests to save themselves the trouble of making one.

This young cuckoo was so strong and rough that he very soon pushed the poor wee robins over the edge of the nest, so that they fell down and were killed! Mr. and Mrs. Robin were dreadfully distressed, but still they fed and looked after him; and very greedy he was. At last he grew too big for the nest, and then *he* tumbled out; but he lived on the ground among the bushes, and worried the robins all day long for food, flapping his wings and crying, "More! More!"

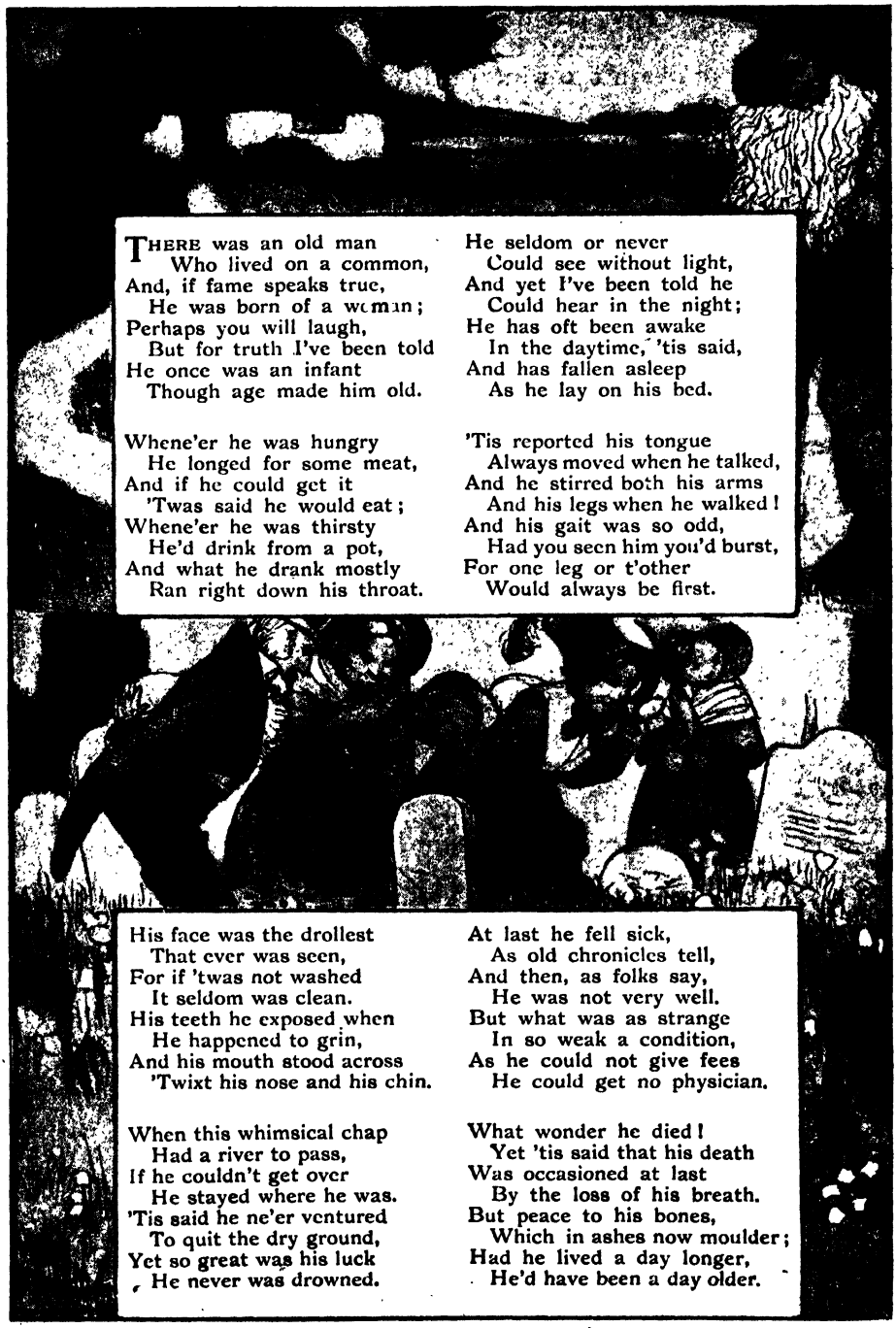
Poor little birds, they became quite thin and ill with so much work, and were very glad when he learnt to fly and went away.

Later, they made another nest, but this time they took good care to build it in the side of a bank instead of in the bush.

"We don't want the cuckoos to find it again!" said Mr. Robin.



THE OLD MAN WHO LIVED ON A COMMON



THERE was an old man
Who lived on a common,
And, if fame speaks true,
He was born of a woman;
Perhaps you will laugh,
But for truth I've been told
He once was an infant
Though age made him old.

Whene'er he was hungry
He longed for some meat,
And if he could get it
'Twas said he would eat;
Whene'er he was thirsty
He'd drink from a pot,
And what he drank mostly
Ran right down his throat.

He seldom or never
Could see without light,
And yet I've been told he
Could hear in the night;
He has oft been awake
In the daytime, 'tis said,
And has fallen asleep
As he lay on his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue
Always moved when he talked,
And he stirred both his arms
And his legs when he walked!
And his gait was so odd,
Had you seen him you'd burst,
For one leg or t'other
Would always be first.

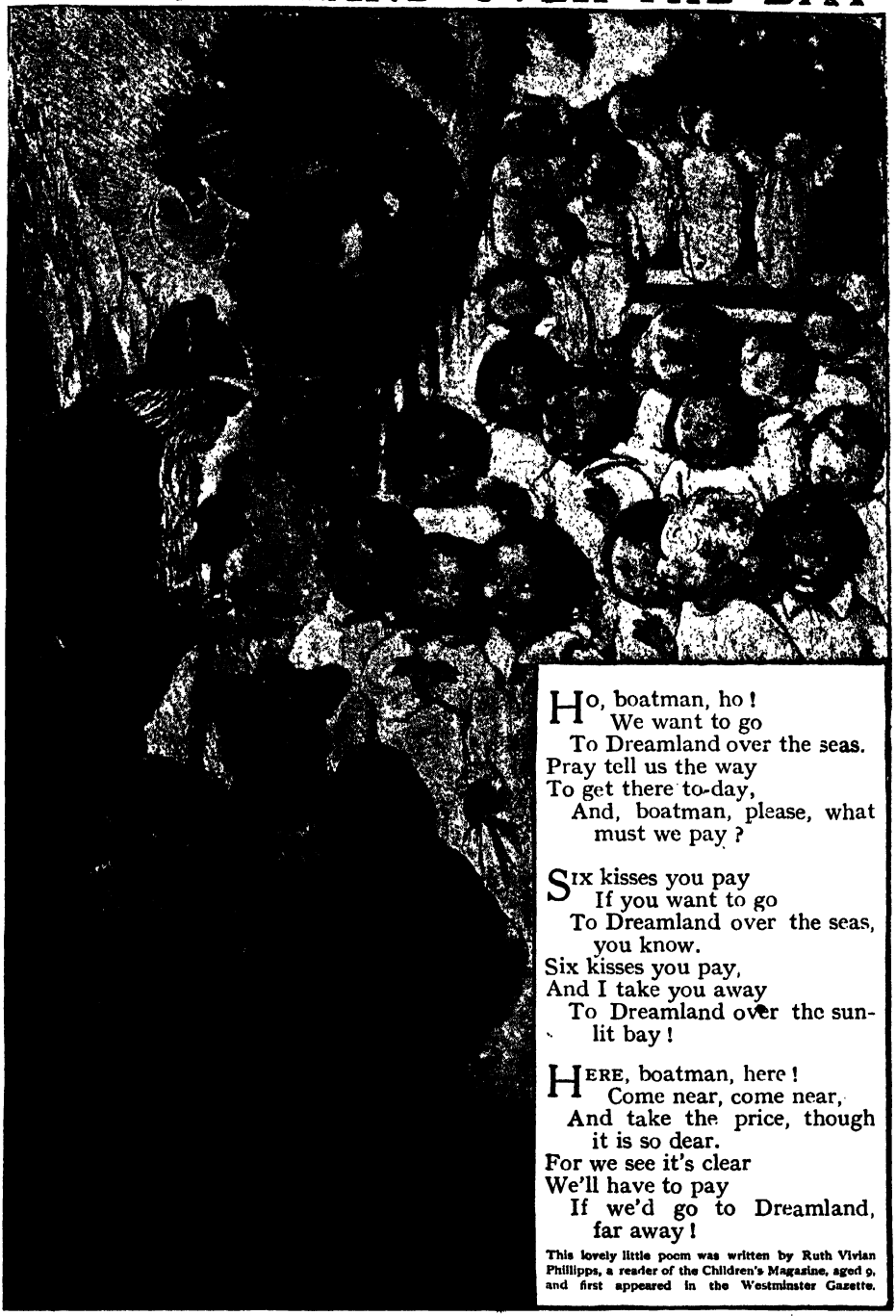
His face was the drollest
That ever was seen,
For if 'twas not washed
It seldom was clean.
His teeth he exposed when
He happened to grin,
And his mouth stood across
'Twixt his nose and his chin.

When this whimsical chap
Had a river to pass,
If he couldn't get over
He stayed where he was.
'Tis said he ne'er ventured
To quit the dry ground,
Yet so great was his luck
He never was drowned.

At last he fell sick,
As old chronicles tell,
And then, as folks say,
He was not very well.
But what was as strange
In so weak a condition,
As he could not give fees
He could get no physician.

What wonder he died!
Yet 'tis said that his death
Was occasioned at last
By the loss of his breath.
But peace to his bones,
Which in ashes now moulder;
Had he lived a day longer,
He'd have been a day older.

TO DREAMLAND OVER THE BAY



HO, boatman, ho!
We want to go
To Dreamland over the seas.
Pray tell us the way
To get there to-day,
And, boatman, please, what
must we pay?

SIX kisses you pay
If you want to go
To Dreamland over the seas,
you know.
Six kisses you pay,
And I take you away
To Dreamland over the sun-
lit bay!

HERE, boatman, here!
Come near, come near,
And take the price, though
it is so dear.
For we see it's clear
We'll have to pay
If we'd go to Dreamland,
far away!

This lovely little poem was written by Ruth Vivian Phillipps, a reader of the Children's Magazine, aged 9, and first appeared in the Westminster Gazette.

BUBBLES

I BLEW them all the afternoon,
I sent them sailing to the moon
(At least, so I pretended);
I blew them pink and gold and green,
The loveliest colours ever seen,
Until the day was ended.

And after I had gone to bed
They all came shining round my head
(At least, I like to think so),
And chased each other through the dark,
Each bubble glowing like a spark,
The brightness made you blink so.

But best of all—what do you think?—
All night I never slept a wink
(To me that was no trouble);
For up and up, past moon and star,
I, too, went sailing, fast and far,
Inside the biggest bubble.

BOGEY IN THE WELL

OLD Bogey, Old Bogey, he lives in a well,
And just how he got there I never could tell;
He has plenty to drink, but what does he eat?
And it must be unpleasantly cold for his feet.



THE MOON PEEPS IN

WHEN the Moon peeps in,
What d'you think she will see?
Three beds in a row,
With Dick, Dolly, and me.
Jane's duster she left lying there by the door;
My stockings—oh, dear!—tumbled down on the floor.
And everything should be as neat as a pin
When the Moon peeps in.

When the Moon peeps in,
What d'you think she might bring?
A shimmering crown
For a queen or a king.
Star-dust she has plucked on her way through the skies
To sprinkle in all little new babies' eyes;
And for me a bright golden horn, slender and thin,
When the Moon peeps in.

When the Moon peeps in,
What d'you think she will say?
"Good-night, little children;
Sleep fast till the day.
I give each a kiss with my silvery beam,
As softly as you slide down the stairway of dream;
Now the loveliest time for you all shall begin
When the Moon peeps in."

I'VE A NOTION

I'VE a notion! Seems to me,
Blotted copies *have* to be!
We are not to blame ourselves;
It's done by little inkpot elves,
Who cling when we dip in the pen,
And when we write slip off again,
And drag their feet, so flat and floppy,
Across each neatly written copy;
And when they find they can't get back,
They wring their hands, and cry alack!
And drop great tears in every spot,
And, being ink, each tear's a blot!
Sometimes they try to mount the pen
To get back to their home again;
Each time they grip
They make it slip;
And then, of course, the letters go
Above the line, or else below.
At any rate, that's what *I* think.
I'm sure we cannot help ourselves,
For when we write and use no ink
There are no blots—it must be elves!

WHEN I GROW UP

I'LL have a bookshop when I grow.
Too many books to count them
There'll be, on high shelves in a row,
With ladders—and I'll mount them;
And there I'll sit, and read them all—
Oh, shan't I have a gay time!
I won't hear people when they call;
I won't come down all daytime!

And if wee children-shoppers come,
I'll not go into rages
With them, and say, "Now, please don't thumb
The most interesting pages!"
No, I'll just smile at them, and say,
"A book is it you're needing?
Well, choose one, dear; you needn't pay!"
And then I'll go on reading!

STILL SLEEPING

A SMART little housemaid at Deeping
Declared she had finished her sweeping,
Had breakfast well laid,
And all the beds made—
But all in the house were still sleeping!

A PENNY TO SPEND

SAY, shall it be a golliwog? Or shall it be a train?
Or shall it be a saucy ship to sail the mighty main?
A woolly lamb; a fluffy chick; a top; a ball of string;
A box of coloured crayons; or a trumpet—that's the thing?
A soldier, or a motor-car; a barley-sugar stick?
With such a lot to choose from you can't make your mind up quick.
Or do you think they'd sell to me a penny Zeppelin?
I think of heaps of things I'd like, if only I begin.
There's apples, too, and gingerbread, and tarts, and monkey-nuts;
I'd rather like a penknife with a blade that really cuts.
It takes a deal of planning out—more than you'd think, my friend;
One hasn't got a penny *every* day, you know, to spend!

BUZZ-BUZZ

SAID a mouse to a bee,
"I really can't see
How so many contrive
In that very small hive
To continue to thrive."
Said the bee to the mouse,
As he entered his house,
"Does it matter at all
If your dwelling be small,
When in it are neatness
And order and *sweetness?*
I really don't think that it does—
buzz-buzz!"

THE SHADOW-BOY

WHEN the sun has set and the moon lies low,
Where does my dear little shadow-boy go?
Does he travel, by ways I can't understand,
To play in some wonderful shadowland?
In a shadow-garden, with shadow-toys,
Does he frolic with other lost shadow-boys?
When the sun has set in a moonless sky,
Where does my dear little shadow-boy fly?
Does he slip with the sun through the shining west,
All night in some shadow-bed to rest?
When the sun peeps out of the sky at dawn,
Shall I find my shadow-boy here on the lawn?

TUB NIGHT

OH, it's no good washing Sambo
Or Golly—they're both blacks!
And you must take care with Lady Clare,
For fear you spoil her wax;
And china Poll's a nervous doll;
I washed her once, and then
Her cheeks grew white as death with fright!
I can't wash *her* again.
Oh, it's hard to have a washtub,
And water in the taps,
If there's nobody to wash, you see!
What can I do? Well, perhaps
I'd better manage with old Noah,
For someone I *must* scrub,
For Auntie May on my birthday
Gave me a washing-tub.



A CAKE TO BAKE

ONE, two,
A cake for you.
Three, four,
Milk and flour.
Five, six,
Plums to mix.
Seven, eight,
Grease the plate.
Nine, ten,
Bake it then.
Eleven, twelve,
On oven shelf.
Thirteen, fourteen,
Mind, it's scorching!
Fifteen, sixteen,
Clear the kitchen.
Seventeen, eighteen,
We're all waiting.
Nineteen, twenty,
Cut up plenty!
Ring the bell! Ding, dong! Tea-time.

MY SWEETHEART

I ALWAYS do things in a hurry;
And when I loved Joan Eileen Murray,
I went and asked her straight away
If she would marry me that day;
But not a word my love would say.
Oh, I have longed to make her mine!
For she has laughing eyes that shine
With delicately dancing lights,
Like timid stars on April nights;
And she has hair of finest gold,
And in her cheeks she seems to hold
The very colours of the rose
Before its little leaves unclose.
Yes, though she now prefers to tarry,
I know that some fine day we'll marry.
So for a little while I'll wait
Till she says "Yes," and seals my fate.
At present she's so proud and cold,
And all because she's six months old!

PLANS

I PLAN, and plan, and plan again,
When I'm tucked up in bed,
don't you?
I plan with all my might and main—
When will my magic plans come true?

Last night I planned I'd be a prince,
With subjects bowing round my throne;
And I've been planning, ever since,
The way I'd govern, quite alone,

All grandly dressed in robes of state,
A golden crown upon my brow;
But Daddie says my plan's too late—
Princes are dressed in khaki now.

A crown's a burden, so's a throne;
He thinks I'd better make a plan
To leave the velvet robes alone,
And aim at being just—a man!

OF COURSE

SAMBO'S mad wid me again—
'Course 'e is;
Something's wrong, my fault, dat's plain—
'Course it is.

I stole Sambo's win'fall plums—
'Course I did;
Sambo saw me, up he comes—
'Course 'e did.

I'm de one to come to grief—
'Course I am;
Somone's boun' to lick de thief—
'Course it's Sam.

BILLY'S TOAD

BILLY'S mother was giving a garden-party. After lunch Nurse marched him off to the nursery for a grand washing and dressing up.

Billy hated being dressed up, and he ran off as soon as he could.

"Now, don't go and get yourself in a mess," warned Nurse.

But Billy didn't answer; he had just remembered that his own special rose-bed wanted raking. Billy loved his garden, and he forgot all about the party.

"When I grow up I shall be a gardener," he said aloud. And then he said a big "Oh!" and jumped back.

Something wet and cold had knocked against his knee. It was a toad—such a big one! It seemed as startled as Billy, for it began hopping away at a great rate. Billy dropped his rake and ran after it. The toad hopped and hopped till it disappeared behind an old water-tub. The tub stood in a corner, and Billy couldn't see around it, so he clambered up to peep over the top.

A water-tub is not an easy thing to climb, and suddenly there was a great shriek.

Mother, on the lawn with her visitors, knew that cry, and she flew towards it like a bird.

All that could be seen of Billy, alas, were his legs! Luckily, there was no water there, but there was a terrible lot of mud!

Mother had that tub over in a jiffy, and out crawled the funniest little blackamoor you ever saw! The visitors came trooping up just then, and they laughed and laughed till poor Billy, bruised and dirty and uncomfortable as he was, began to laugh too.



THE WOOD BY THE SEA

SUCH a great washing had Mopsa the fairy
In the wood by the sea-tower, so lone and so airy.
Dainty white petticoats, dozens and dozens,
She washed for her daughters and sisters and cousins;
Rubbed them in sea-foam, and hung them up whitely
To bleach and to dry, when the moon shone brightly.
When the day dawned, for fear lest a human
Should spy on the work of the Elf Washerwoman,
She changed them to snowdrops, all nodding demurely
In the wood by the sea, where the wind blows purely.

PADDLING

PETER, paddling in the sea,
Anxiously cried, "Come to me!
Do be quick; oh, Nursie, run!
Don't you see I'm not in fun?"
Laughing, Nurse ran to his side;
"I'm surprised at you!" she cried.
"Need a starfish—poor, wee mite—
Give you such a dreadful fright?"

AN OLD MAN OF PENZANCE

THERE was an old man of Penzance
Who lived to do nothing but dance,
Till his socks wore in holes
And his feet burned like coals,
That stupid old man of Penzance.

GROWN-UP PEOPLE

GROWN-UP people are so funny,
Perhaps it's how they're made;
Grandma doesn't care for honey,
Jam, or marmalade!

Grandpa isn't fond of playing
Games that I enjoy,
So I think it's best I'm staying
Just a little boy!

THE BEGGAR

OF your pity, a crumb or a berry brown,
Fair Columbines, and do not frown!
Indeed, I do not like to beg,
But sadly I go with a wooden leg!

THE BAD BOYS OF TROYES

THERE was a young teacher of Troyes
Who started a school for bad boys;
She slapped them and caned them
Until she had tamed them,
Then sent them back howling to Troyes.

THE THIEF

IN a great chair in a snug corner of the garden, almost hidden with rugs and cushions, sat Bobbie. Poor Bobbie had been ill, and this was the first time he had been allowed out of doors. But Bobbie was tired of his toys and tired of his books, and, when Mummy asked what he would like, he said:

"Your locket, with Daddie's portrait in."

Mummy unfastened the chain that held it, and slipped it into Bobbie's hand.

"Take great care of it, darling, for the precious thing is all that you and I have left of him."

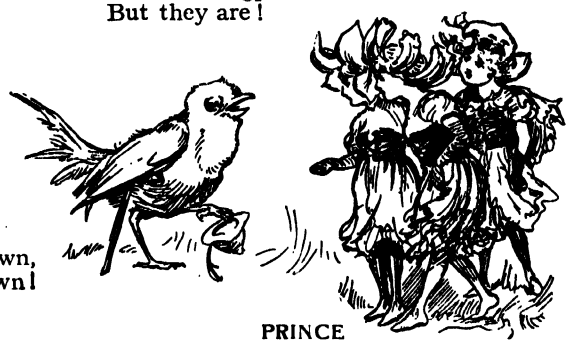
Bobbie gazed at it lovingly for a few minutes, and then he laid it upon the rug on his knees and closed his eyes; but only for one little minute. And yet, when he opened them, in that one little minute the locket had gone! Who *could* have taken it?

Just then a leaf fluttered down into his lap, and, looking up into the branches of the old apple-tree above him, he saw a cheeky magpie—*with the locket in his beak!*

In his surprise, Bobbie called out, so loudly that the startled thief fluttered up and screamed out too. And as he opened his beak down fell the locket—down, down, into Bobbie's lap!

"Well," exclaimed Bobbie, "I never knew that magpies were such thieves!"

But they are!



PRINCE

PRINCE was our milkman's pony,
And only a year ago
He waited each day, with his jingling cans,
While his master cried, "Milk-ho!"
What was he thinking, I wonder,
As he stood there so patiently?
Did he guess that before next summer
He'd be off and over the sea?

For Prince is across the Channel,
Away on the battle-ground;
He carries his master bravely,
Though the shells go whistling round.
I wonder, does he remember,
In the midst of the battle-fray,
How he used to carry the milk-cans
To our terrace every day?

FIVE LITTLE BOYS OF JAPAN

THERE were five little boys of Japan
(Tell me which one if you can)
Who stole off one evening in June
To dance on the mount in the moon.

But one little boy of Japan
(Tell me which one if you can)
Stopped dancing, and howled with fright
On the mount in the pale moonlight.

They set him ahead of the band,
And each took a pigtail in hand,
All night they danced forward and back,
Can you guess the sad ending?—alack!



TWO SQUIRRELS

There were two squirrels
That lived in a wood;
The one was naughty,
The other was good.
The naughty one's name was Dandy Jim;
His mother was very fond of him.
The good one's name was Johnny Black;
He had beautiful fur upon his back,
And he never went near the railroad track.
But Dandy Jim,
Alas for him!
He ran away
One summer day,
Over the hills and far away;
And his mother sought for him far and near,
But never a word of Jim could she hear.
He never came back;
For, crossing the track,
The railroad cars ran over him,
And that was the end of Dandy Jim.
But Johnny Black,
He always came back,
Whenever he went from his home away;
He thought at home was the place to stay.
He minded his mother,
Where'er he might be;
He thought that his mother
Knew better than he.

CAUGHT NAPPING

Johnny Lazybones found school so tiring on a hot summer's day that he caught up his fishing-rod and ran down to the river.



But in the blazing sun the riverside was even warmer than the schoolroom. The truant closed his eyes, and soon his head began to nod.

"Ho, ho!" cried a fish, coming warily to the surface and eyeing the tempting bait. "Here's a pretty fisherman! He thought he would catch me napping, I suppose, but for once I have caught *him*." And, nibbling off as much of the nice fat worm as he could get with safety, he darted away below.

THE POLITE FOX

Mr. Fox was walking along a country lane one day when behind a fence he spied a pair of geese.

"What a dinner they would make!" thought Mr. Fox. "Good-morning!" he said aloud, with a bow. "Won't you take a walk with me? A little fresh air in such perfect weather will do you good."

"Why not?" remarked the goose. "He speaks so politely I am sure he will do us no harm."

But the gander knew better.

"Let him speak as politely as he will," said he, shaking his head, "he is a fox by



nature, and as long as he lives he will act as a fox. Fair words have little weight with the wise when the character of the speaker is known to be evil."

THE CLOCKMAKER

All among the lusty scions
Of the golden dandelions
Dwells an ancient gnome, all hairy,
Winding up the puff-balls airy—
Clockmaker to the land of Faerye!

NONSENSE

There was a precocious young boy
Who every day made a new toy,
And sat up in bed
To do sums in his head,
Till his brain would have filled a large buoy.

A buffalo, much underfed,
Found a beehive one day near his bed;
But such was his luck
Both his horns became stuck,
And he's worn the hive since on his head.

A goat by the surname of Billy,
Was proud, and audacious, and silly;
But since, sad to tell,
He fell down a well,
His name has been Weary Wet Willie.

BREAKFAST TIME

DADDIE has coffee and bacon and eggs,
Mother has toast and tea,
Bread and milk and a silver spoon,
Bread and milk for me!

Some little children have nothing at all!
How thankful *I* must be!
Bread and milk and a silver spoon,
Bread and milk for me.

THE STOLEN PATCH

A LITTLE weeping fairy found
A patch of sunshine on the ground.
She knew it was the very thing
To mend a hole torn in her wing.
She dried her eyes, picked up the patch,
And saw it would exactly match.
So sitting 'neath a tree, they say,
She sewed it on, and flew away.
The tree then shook its leaves, and made
A shadow where the patch had played.
So that the sun should never guess
That now he owned just one patch less.

PIXIE NIGHT

SIR or madam, whoe'er you be,
Venture not by that grey tree,
For 'tis the night of the pixies' frolic,
And in that hollow, dim to see,
They feast and laugh and play.
But, if you disobey—
'Fluenza pains and dreadful colic
A twelvemonth and a day.

But, little ones, whoe'er you be,
I pray you come by this grey tree,
And trip into the pixie hollow;
The fairy world to you is free,
Who keep our troth alway.
So sing and laugh and play,
And love the fays whom you will follow
For ever and a day.

I'D LIKE, I'D LIKE!

I'D like to ride in a railway train,
Said Flo.
I'd like to ride in an aeroplane,
Said Joe.
I'd like to ride in a motor-car,
And go as I liked, so fast and far,
Said Ted.
But a bumpety ride on Daddie's knee,
That's the loveliest ride for me,
Said Golden-head.

THE OLD ROVER OF DOVER

A DISTINGUISHED old dentist of Dover
Was known in the town as a rover.
One fine afternoon
He went roving, and soon
Reached the edge of a cliff and went over!

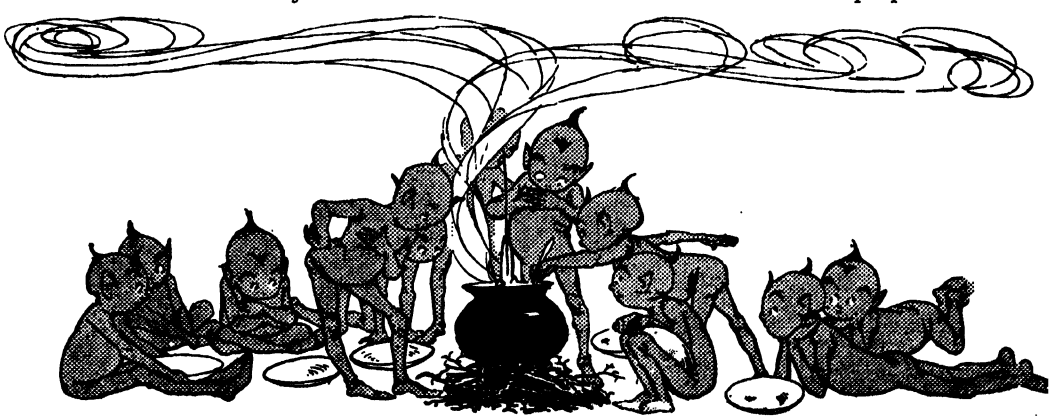
SHOES FOR SPOT

OH, do you know, I've got a pair
Of new red shoes!
I went and told my Daddie this
Exciting news.
They're rather squeaky, white inside,
And simply sweet.
Daddie says he should think they'd fit
A fairy's feet.

But I felt very sorry then
For poor old Spot,
Because he hasn't any shoes
And I've a lot.
And so I gave him one old pair—
But, naughty pup,
He didn't know they were to wear,
And ate them up!

THE GAY GRASSHOPPER

THERE once was a gay, green grasshopper
Who sported a collar and topper;
But a newt whom he met
On a bank in the wet
Considered his costume improper.





1. A UNIT



2. A PAIR



3. A TRIO

A LESSON IN COUNTING

SIR DURRANT THE BOLD

SIR DURRANT THE BOLD was a knight of old,
On a charger white rode he,
All in bright array at the break of day.
To behold his fair ladye.

In a dazzling blaze from the sun's red rays
All his armour golden glowed,
And his plumes waved gay as he took his way
To his lady love's abode.

But her father cried, 'She shall not be bride
To a knight of poor estate.'
And he said, 'Thou churl,' to the noble earl,
'Begone from my castle gate!'

Cried the earl, 'My lord, thou hast there a sword
That is rusting in its sheath.
Come, I'll doff my mail, and the Right prevail!
Let us out on yonder heath!'

But the old lord smiled, 'Thou shalt have my child,
My beautiful Isobel!
I but tried thy heart; thou hast played thy part,
And carried thyself right well!'

So the old lord bade both the knight and maid
To kneel in the morning sun,
And a friar grey who had chanced that way
Soon made those two hearts one.

Sir Durrant the Bold, merry knight of old,
On a charger white rode he,
All in gay array on his homeward way,
With his bride the fair ladye.

HAPPINESS

JUST to be tender, just to be true;
Just to be glad the whole day through;
Just to be merciful, just to be mild;
Just to be trustful as a child;
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet;
Just to be helpful with willing feet;
Just to be cheery when things go wrong;
Just to drive sadness away with a song;
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right!

THE ECCENTRIC SCHOOLMASTER OF HARROW

AN eccentric schoolmaster of Harrow
Went to school every day in a barrow.
When his pupils cried,
'This is not dignified!'
He maintained that their views were so narrow!

WHILE SLEEPY MRS. HEN WAS DOZING IN THE PEN

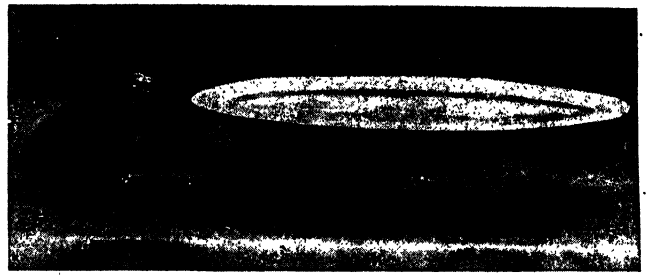
THE sun was shining hard
Upon the dull farmyard,
And sleepy Mrs. Hen
Was dozing in the pen,
When Duckie wriggled out
To have a look about.

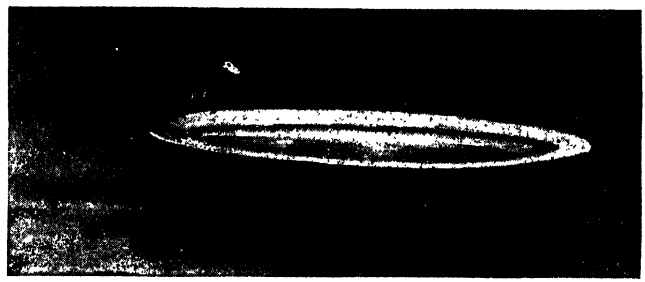
" Oh dear, oh dear ! "
said he,
" How very hot I be !
What can be in that dish ?
A worm that I can fish ?
I wonder what they'd say
If I jumped in to play ? "

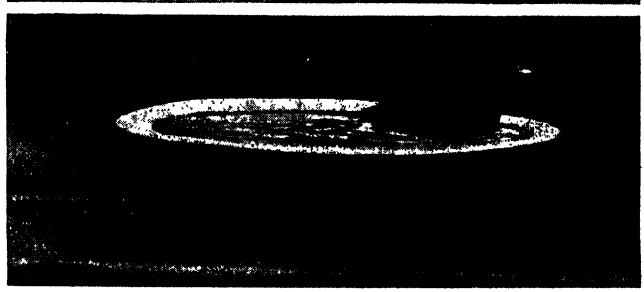
But soon he quacked so hard,
He woke the whole farmyard.
" I said," cried Mrs. Hen,
A-sobbing in the pen,
" In water do not go ;
I never do, you know.

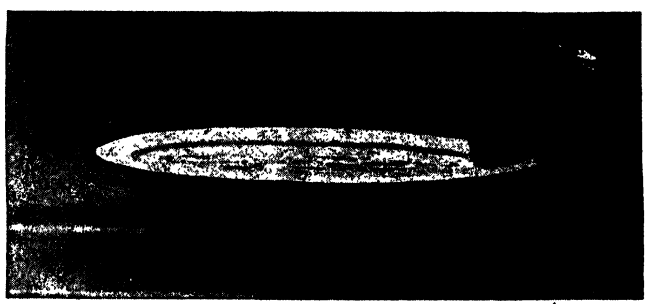
" Come here, my chicks, and see
What a dreadful boy is he ;
A lesson learn this day,
In water not to play ! "
Cried Duckie from the brink :
" Of course ! But, then, *you'd* sink ! "

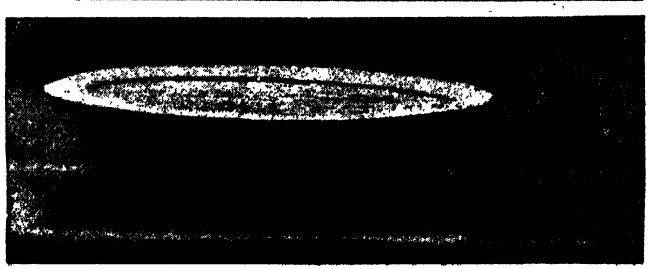
Then hopped he round about,
And shook his feathers out.
" Oh, wouldn't I be sick
If I were just a chick !
For now the whole long day
In water I shall play ! "











THE EVIL OMEN

LONG ago, Haco, the great Viking giant who was King of Norway for six-and-forty years, swore he would cross the wild seas and conquer the indomitable Scots, for he was an ambitious man and his kingdom was too small for his greatness.

So he set his hardy Norsemen to work in the shipyards of Bergen, and they worked mightily, and with a will, for soon a fleet of wooden ships stood ready for Haco, and never had a grander sight set sail from Norway's wild shores.

Haco sailed in a great wooden ship built of oak as stout and strong as the sailors who manned its galleys. It carried twenty-seven banks of oars, and the Norwegian wood-carvers, always cunning at their task, had carved upon the great ship the heads and necks of bold dragons, ornamented and overlaid with gold.

Haco set sail in his glittering ship, with her regal banners at the mast-head and her decks crowded with steel-clad warriors.

But the Scots were ever watching, for Alexander, their king, was also a great man, and was rightly called " The Alfred of Scotland."

They waited and watched on the seashore of Largs, where the seabirds screamed and whirled on grassy uplands.

Down the Clyde came the great ship of Haco the ambitious, her banners flying proudly and her dragon-heads glittering in the sun ; but they were not more golden than the helmets and the gem-studded belts of the Scottish knights, who stood with Alexander watching and waiting on the seashore at Largs, to fight for their country and save it from a foreign yoke.

Largs Bay was as calm as a mirror and steely blue, and the sun was of gold, as Haco's glittering ship sailed past the Cumbraes.

" See," he cried to his warriors, " the sun shines upon our victory over these proud Scots. Where is the fool who spoke of calamity ? "

" Sire," said an old warrior, stepping forward, " when we left Norway's shores did not the great darkness draw over the sun except for one tiny ring of light ? It was like a dark shadow across our path—an evil omen."

Thus, in his ignorance, spoke the warrior of the great eclipse of the sun which took place on August 5, 1263, for in those far-off days neither kings nor warriors knew anything of the wonders of science, and spoke of the changes of sun, moon, and stars as omens, good or bad.

On the ship sailed, and soon the stalwart Norsemen had landed at Largs, to be met with many a wild battle-cry as the Scots flung themselves upon the invaders of their beloved shores.

All day the battle raged, and the golden sands of Largs were crimson with the blood of warriors. And as night crept like a shadow over the battlefield the elements came to the aid of the fighting Scots, and wind and rain hurled back the Norsemen into the bay—no longer like a steel-blue mirror, but a sea of seething foam where their ships were shattered and torn.

Haco, defeated, fled in his battered ship, with the once proud banners tattered in the storm, his glittering golden-headed dragons bent and dim.

" Did I not tell thee," said the old warrior, who had left Largs shore alive, " when we said farewell to the wild shores of Norway and darkness drew over the sun that calamity was upon us? "

Haco's ship reached the Orkney Isles, and the king was cast upon the shore, and there he died—of grief more than of his wounds, for he was an ambitious king as well as a brave one.

But at Largs the Norsemen left a treasure to tell the tale of the Scottish victory after more than five centuries had passed away, for, in fleeing from that crimson shore, a warrior dropped his brooch—a brooch of solid silver ornamented with gold, of the kind men wore in that barbaric age.

This relic is of great size and of great value, because it is the finest fibula ever found in Scotland, and the only one ever discovered bearing runes.

This little treasure of the Scoto-Scandinavian period lay where the warrior dropped it, at the foot of Hawking Craig, for over five hundred years, safe and still through all the storms that raged on land and sea, until nearly a hundred years ago, when two labourers, going to quarry stones early one morning, picked it up and carried it to their master.

Now the little relic, the famous Hunterstone Brooch, lies safely in the Edinburgh Museum for all to see.

Down the Clyde great warships still sail, and often the sun shines on Largs Bay, as steely blue as a mirror ; but never again will Haco, the Viking giant, sail in his great galley, with steel-helmeted warriors around him, for he and his golden-headed dragons and wooden ships were wrecked on the shores of the Western Isles long, long ago.

ONE NIGHT WHEN I WAS PUT TO BED

One night when I was put to bed,
The sun still shining overhead,
I heard the queerest pitter-patter
And sing-song low and chitter-chatter.
And on my bed, right in the middle,
The cat sat down to play his fiddle,
And bumped me hard, and said, "Just look!
I've made them walk out of your book."

Then Goosey Gander, Baby Bunting,
Puss-in-Boots, all came a-hunting;



The Three Blind Mice sat up to sing,
And Old King Cole was a jolly old thing;
And Humpty Dumpty sat him down,
And Jack and Jill they broke their crown.

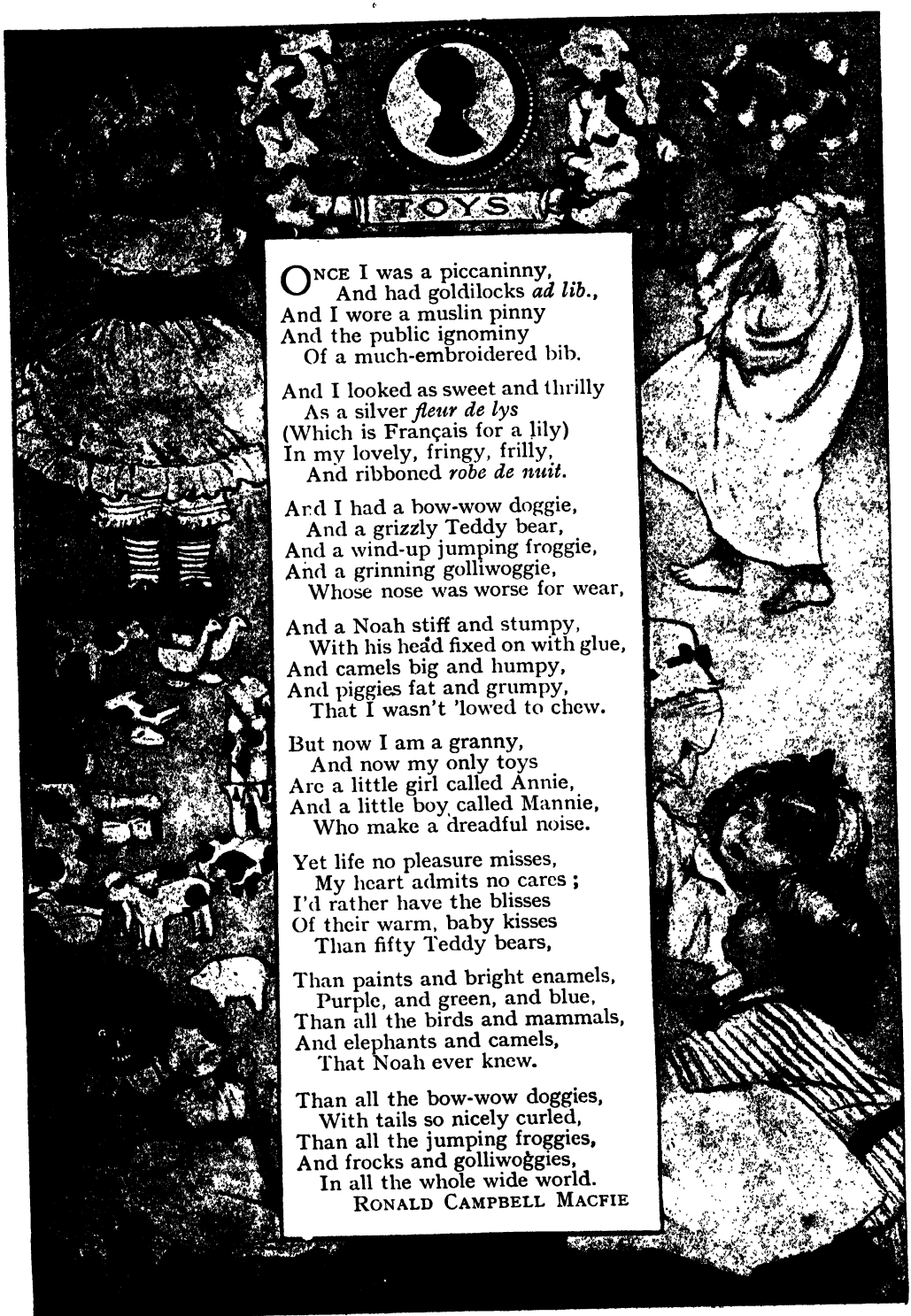
"Oh, Mary, Mary,
Quite contrary,
What have you done with all the tarts
Made for the King and Queen of Hearts?"

There never was such a big spider—
I watched it growing wide and wider.
"Spider, if you don't go away,
Back to Miss Muffet's curds and whey,
You'll be eaten by my good dog Tray!"

"Dear me, dear little Bo-Peep,
Is it really true you've lost your sheep?
You'd better turn and run, run, run,
Lest you see a man with a gun, gun, gun."

Then the cat cried, "Hark!
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town."

And then, such a shame! Nurse came to peep,
And stayed until I fell asleep!



ONCE I was a piccaninny,
And had goldilocks *ad lib.*,
And I wore a muslin pinny
And the public ignominy
Of a much-embroidered bib.

And I looked as sweet and thrilly
As a silver *fleur de lys*
(Which is Français for a lily)
In my lovely, fringy, frilly,
And ribboned *robe de nuit.*

And I had a bow-wow doggie,
And a grizzly Teddy bear,
And a wind-up jumping froggie,
And a grinning golliwoggie,
Whose nose was worse for wear,

And a Noah stiff and stumpy,
With his head fixed on with glue,
And camels big and humpy,
And piggies fat and grumpy,
That I wasn't 'lowed to chew.

But now I am a granny,
And now my only toys
Are a little girl called Annie,
And a little boy called Mannie,
Who make a dreadful noise.

Yet life no pleasure misses,
My heart admits no cares;
I'd rather have the blisses
Of their warm, baby kisses
Than fifty Teddy bears,

Than paints and bright enamels,
Purple, and green, and blue,
Than all the birds and mammals,
And elephants and camels,
That Noah ever knew.

Than all the bow-wow doggies,
With tails so nicely curled,
Than all the jumping froggies,
And frocks and golliwoggies,
In all the whole wide world.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE

THE PARTY SHOES

MONA was in what Nurse called a pet. Her face was flushed and her eyes were angry; and all because she didn't like her new party shoes.

"I don't know what's wrong with them, I'm sure they're beautiful shoes!" declared Nurse, for the tenth time.

"They're frights!" cried Mona. "I want buckles, like Mother's. I won't wear them!" And she caught them up and hurled them through the open window.

Now, Mona lived in a bungalow, where all the rooms are on one floor, so that the bedroom was on a level with the garden. The shoes fell with a plop on the lawn, and, while Mona sulked inside, somebody out there among the roses was picking up the pretty things and looking at them with staring eyes.

"What yer got? Put 'em down!" said a man's voice suddenly.

"I ain't stealing; I'm only looking," came the quick retort. "Fairy things, that's what they are. Pink satin and rosebuds. Pinch me! I'm asleep!"

"You'll get pinched right enough if you don't let 'em alone."

Mona ran to the window. A mite of a girl about her own age, but thin and poorly dressed, was holding up the despised shoes and gazing at them. Someone called from the lane, and the man disappeared. In an instant the gipsy girl dropped down on the grass and began tugging at her own shabby shoes. She wrenched them off, and on in their place went the satin ones.

"My, ain't they grand!" Mona heard her say in an awed whisper.

The coarse black stockings above them evidently offended her, for, with a look of disgust, she took them off, and back went the shoes on bare feet.

Mona glanced down at the pink silk stockings on her own shapely legs. Quickly she pulled them off, rolled them into a ball, and flung them out.

It was a good shot, for they fell on the stranger's head. She looked up, startled, and sprang to her feet.

She stared at the vision at the window, unable to speak. And indeed Mona, standing in the shadows in her party frock, with her big blue eyes, her fair curls bound with flowers, and her bare legs and feet, seemed more fairy than real.

Mona, who guessed what was in her mind, laughed and nodded.

"Keep them," she called out. "They are a present from the fairies."



MONA SMILED AND NODDED

Without a word, but with her eyes fixed on Mona's, the gipsy child bent, picked up the little pink ball, and ran off, looking back at every few yards to see she wasn't being followed.

The gate clicked, and Mona dropped the curtain.

When, a little later, Nurse went out to look for the shoes, she could find no trace of them. She came back filled with indignation. The shoes had gone, but in their place, in the middle of the lawn, were a pair of dirty old boots and stockings.

"Depend upon it," she said, "the gipsies know something about it. I saw the caravans pass an hour ago. It serves you right. Now you'll have to wear your old ones."

Mona answered not a word; but her bad mood had vanished, and she was smiling.

THE MAN WHO SELLS HOT CHESTNUTS

THERE'S a man who sells hot chestnuts
At the corner of our street;
You should see his charcoal-fire,
And, I tell you—you should eat
Half a dozen of his chestnuts
If you're passing down that way,
'Cos they only cost one penny,
And that isn't much to pay.

For it isn't just the chestnuts
That you pay for—so I think;
You may eat them by his fire,
With its fairy kind of blink;
And the nut-skins crackle, crackle,
And you feel so far away—
Quite like magic! Oh, a penny
Really *isn't* much to pay!

CAUGHT!

SOME seaweed that floated off Lundy
Got caught in a fish-hook one Sunday,
Tried in vain to get free,
Then said, "What a spree!
I shall have to stay here until Monday."

STAR BOATS

I LOVE to gaze up in the skies
Before I go to rest,
When everything in slumber lies,
And all the flowers have closed their eyes,
When birds are in their nest.

For far above me, like a sea,
Stretches the dark blue sky,
And tiny stars, which look so wee—
The stars which seem to laugh at me,
The stars which are so high.

And I imagine every night,
When their soft glow they shed,
That they are star boats made of light:
An angel from one cries "Good-night,
Dear child, 'tis time for bed."

THE GAME THEY LOVE BEST

WHEN the daylight is creeping away on tiptoe,
And the flowers are all nodding their heads in a row,
And the bright sun sinks gently away in the west—
Ah, that is the hour that the rabbits love best.

Out they come popping,
Their brown ears a-flopping,
And off they go scampering in search of the elves.
Then away they go chasing,
Their short legs a-racing,
For the queer little men run as fast as themselves.

Afar on the hillside they run pitter-patter;
If they slip down or trip down it doesn't much matter;
For it's part of the game of the elves and the rabbits,
And scrambling and clambering's just one of their habits.

You should see them a-dodging,
Their short tails a-lodging
Sometimes in the branch of a wide-spreading tree,
And their fun when they run
From a noise like a gun
And find they're mistaken is a sight good to see.

But when the old moon appears bright in the sky,
'Tis then that the watchman from Elfland comes by,
And should he discover the elf-men out playing,
His report to the King would be very dismaying.

So the elves and the rabbits
(They've the quaintest of habits),
Bid each other "Good-night" neath the silvery moon;
And when hands have been shaken,
If I'm not much mistaken,
Express a real wish that they'll meet again soon



WARRIORS BOLD

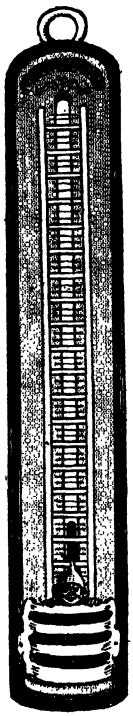
SUCH a din from the meadow, you almost might think
An army was marching that way;
But 'twas only young Leslie and Wilfred and Bob—
Three gallant bold warriors at play.

GOOD-MORNING

"GOOD-DAY!" beamed the bright sun at morning,
As with golden lips lightly he kissed
The sleepy white daisies,
The pinks and the pansies,
And little blue love-in-the-mist.

CHRISTOPHER QUICKSILVER SITS IN THE CELLAR

CHRISTOPHER QUICKSILVER sits in the cellar
When the wind's blowing cold, or when frost's in the air;
But he's sure to pop out and climb right up his ladder
When the sunbeams shine warm from a sky that is fair.



HALF-PAST EIGHT

SAID little Ted, "When I'm a man—
It's very long to wait—
But then I'm going to buy a clock
Without a half-past eight.

"I'd have such good times right along
From breakfast until late,
If our big clock went on and on
And skipped that half-past eight.

"But almost every morning now
I hear mamma or Kate
Call 'Ted! it's nearly time for school,
Make haste, it's half-past eight.'

"And in the evening it's the same,
Or worse. I know I hate
To have papa say, 'Bedtime, Ted.
Look there—it's half-past eight.'

"Now, when I get to school today,
First thing I'll take my slate,
And make a picture of a clock
That has no half-past eight."

THE GUINEA-PIG

THERE was a little guinea-pig
Who, being little, was not big;
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he ate.

When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay;
And while he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeaked, was sometimes violent,
And when he squeaked he ne'er was silent;
Though ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

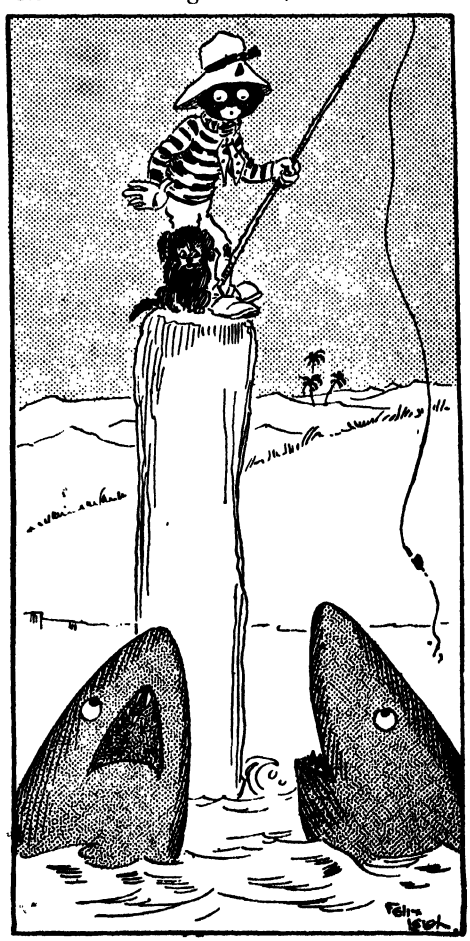
One day, as I am certified,
He took a whim, and fairly died;
And, as I'm told by men of sense,
He never has been living since.

SHARKS

PETE went a-fishing off the coast
Of Woolawoolawoo;
He climbed a handy mooring-post,
And Peter's dog climbed, too.

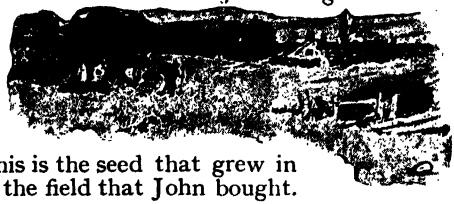
"We'll see some big ones soon, I guess,"
Said Peter. (This came true.)
"And then I hope we'll catch 'em—yes!"
And Peter's dog hoped, too.

But when the "big ones" *did* appear,
How terrible the view!
Pete wished himself on shore—oh dear!
And Peter's dog wished, too.



THE FIELD THAT JOHN BOUGHT

THIS is the field that John bought.



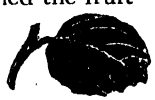
This is the seed that grew in
the field that John bought.



This is the tree that
sprang from the seed
That grew in the field
that John bought.



This is the fruit that
hung from the tree
That sprang from the
seed
That grew in the field
that John bought.



This is the leaf that nourished the fruit
That hung from the tree
That sprang from the seed
That grew in the field that
John bought.



This is the moth that lived on the leaf
That nourished the fruit
That hung from the tree
That sprang from the seed
That grew in the field that
John bought.



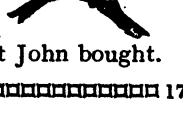
This is the egg that was laid by the moth
That lived on the leaf
That nourished the fruit
That hung from the tree
That sprang from the seed
That grew in the field that John bought.



This is the grub that came from the egg
That was laid by the moth
That lived on the leaf
That nourished the fruit
That hung from the tree
That sprang from the seed
That grew in the field that John bought.



This is the bird that used to run
And gobble the grub
That came from the egg
That was laid by the moth
That lived on the leaf
That nourished the fruit
That hung from the tree
That sprang from the seed
That grew in the field that John bought.



This is the man, in his stupid fun,
Who went through the land with
a loaded gun
And shot the bird that used
to run
And gobble the grub
That came from the egg
That was laid by the moth
That lived on the leaf
That nourished the fruit
That hung from the tree
That sprang from the seed
That grew in the field that
John bought.



This is the bird, now dead and gone,
That could no longer merrily run
And gobble the grub
That came from the egg
That was laid by the moth
That lived on the leaf
That nourished the fruit
That hung from the tree
That sprang from the seed
That grew in the field that John bought.



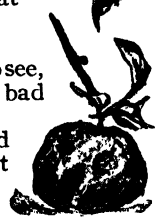
This is the grub, like a crawling
thief,
That now lived on and ate
the leaf
That nourished the fruit
That hung from the tree
That sprang from the seed
That grew in the field that
John bought.



This is the leaf, all shrivelled
at root,
That now no longer nourished
the fruit
That hung from the tree
That sprang from the seed
That grew in the field that
John bought.

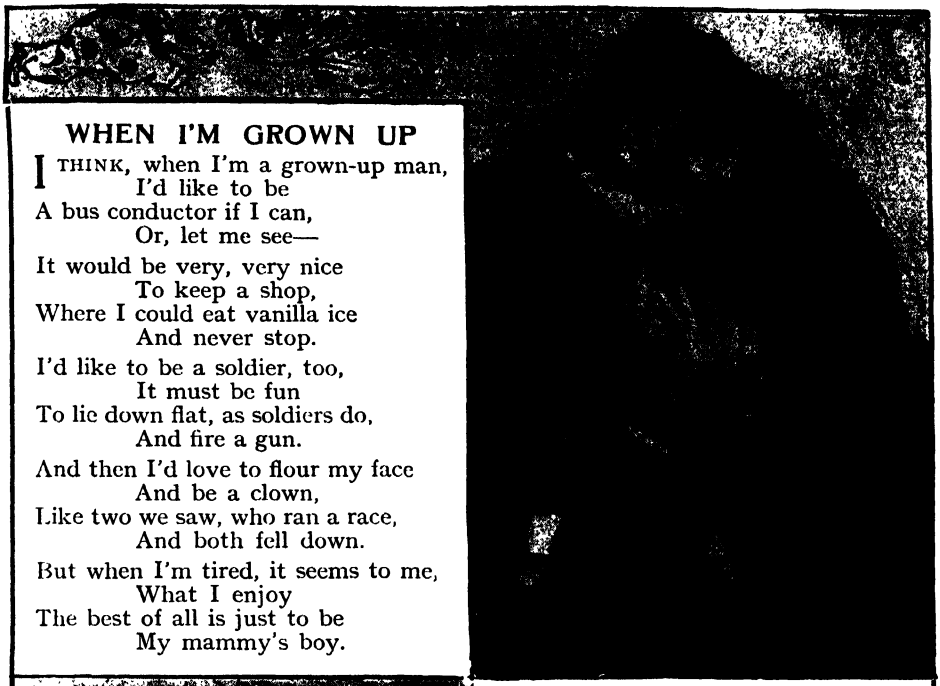


This is the fruit, now sad to see,
That fell all spoiled and bad
from the tree
That sprang from the seed
That grew in the field that
John bought.



This is the tree, now rotten
at root,
Bearing no longer the leaves
and fruit,
That sprang from the seed
That grew in the field that
John bought.





WHEN I'M GROWN UP

I THINK, when I'm a grown-up man,
I'd like to be
A bus conductor if I can,
Or, let me see—

It would be very, very nice
To keep a shop,
Where I could eat vanilla ice
And never stop.

I'd like to be a soldier, too,
It must be fun
To lie down flat, as soldiers do,
And fire a gun.

And then I'd love to flour my face
And be a clown,
Like two we saw, who ran a race,
And both fell down.

But when I'm tired, it seems to me,
What I enjoy
The best of all is just to be
My mammy's boy.



WHEN MUMMY'S AWAY

I WASN'T brave, I *had* to cry
The other day
When darling mummy said good-bye,
And went away.

The time seemed very, very long
Alone with nurse;
And everything I did went wrong,
Which made it worse.

For, as I ran across the hall
With Sybil Grace,
My fav'rite doll, I let her fall
And cracked her face.

And then I tumbled on some stones
And cut my knee;
Nurse tied it up, and gave me scones
With jam for tea.

Though she is kind, and mended Grace,
How could she tell
I wanted *mum* to kiss the place
And make it well?

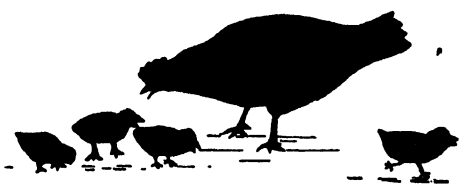
But now my troubles seem to go,
And all is bright,
For mummy's coming home, I know,
To-morrow night!

THE TALE OF A CHICKEN

FARMER BROWN'S wife set Mrs. Specky, the brown and white hen, on thirteen eggs, and, strange to say, they all turned out well.

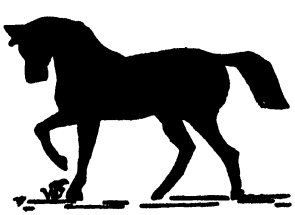
The last to come from the shell was two days behind all the rest, and he was smaller than the rest. His name was Pippy.

Though Pippy was the youngest of the family, that did not prevent him from being the boldest. When Mrs. Specky took her children out for a walk, Pippy was always behind the rest. If Mrs. Specky called, "Cluck, cluck, I've got something nice for you children," Pippy wouldn't hurry. He said to himself, "I'm not a baby, I can find something just as good for myself."



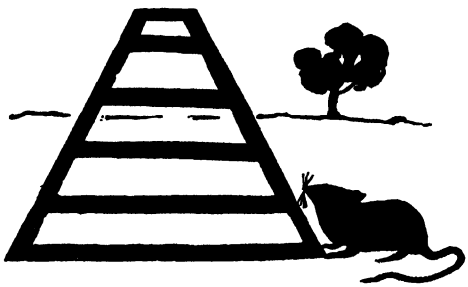
One day as Mrs. Specky was leading her children across the barnyard to the oatfield, Plod, the old farm horse, stepped right on top of little Fluffy, and killed her. Then Mrs. Specky had only twelve children.

After that the chicks knew that it was best to keep away from big animals with four heavy feet.



Mrs. Specky had a nice little coop of her own to go into at night. One night, when Mrs. Specky and her little family had just settled down for the night, a little black head came peeping into the coop. Mrs. Specky jumped up and gave a squeal, and made a jump at the rat—for it was a rat that owned the small black head—to drive it away, but before it went it caught at Spotty and carried him off.

Now Mrs. Specky had only eleven children left.



Now, things went on pretty well with the chickens for months; nothing happened to them worse than Blackie getting his feet wet and Whitey swallowing a stone and almost choking himself.

When the chicks were about eight months old, Pippy heard Mrs. Brown say to Mr. Brown, "Our little broilers are coming on nicely."

Pippy looked around to see the little broilers, but he only saw his own little brothers and sisters, so he thought it must be some pet name for them.



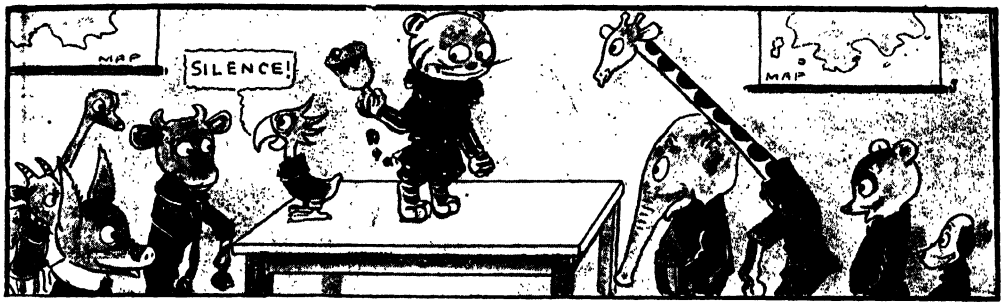
A week later Mr. Brown came out from the house saying, "I'm going to catch those little broilers to-night to kill them for market."

Pippy heard, and he thought perhaps he might be a broiler himself, so he ran and hid under the barn.

The next day Mr. Brown took his chickens to market, and Pippy alone was left to Mrs. Specky.

Pippy grew up and became a fine young rooster. The last I saw or heard of him, he was perched on the top of a gate-post crowing lustily.

ADVENTURES OF TIGER TIM AND THE HIPPO BOYS



YOU don't have to live in Hippo Town to meet the Hippo Boys. They are such favourites that almost every boy and girl can tell you their names and most of their pranks.

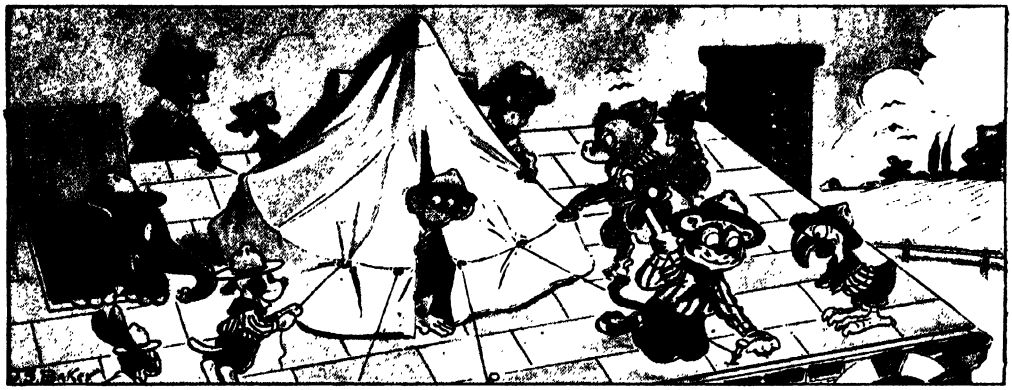
First there is Tiger Tim. He is the ringleader, and a more mischievous, big-hearted, lovable, quick-witted young jackanapes it would be hard to find. That is what Mrs. Hippo thinks of him, and as she has had him to plague her life since he came to her school, a little round cub from the jungle, she ought to know. It is Tim who gets them into all their scrapes, and Tim who, nine times out of ten, gets them out again.

Then there is that young monkey Jacko, full of tricks; Joey Parrot, an inquisitive youngster, who must have his finger in every pie; Georgie Giraffe, who would give six jam tarts to get rid of his long neck; Master Lion, the pessimist of the company, who is always looking on the black side of things; Dicky Duck, Jumbo, Johnny Bull, Piggy Wiggy, Bunny Rabbit, Billy the Goat, and Romping Rover.

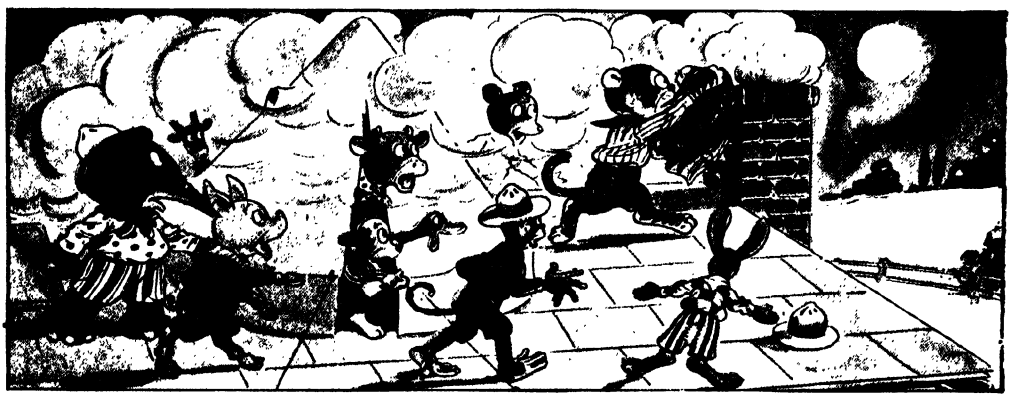
They are the merriest crowd to be found on a sunny day, ready and eager for any bit of mischief afloat.



WHATEVER WAS HAPPENING UP THERE?



One day in the holidays the Hippo boys all marched in to breakfast in their Scout clothes. "If you please, Teacher," said Tiger Tim, "may we take the tent and camp out in the woods?" "I don't mind at all," Mrs. Hippo said; "but you mustn't take Georgie Giraffe till his cold is better. I think you had better wait for a few days." It did seem mean to leave poor Georgie. "Let's rig up the tent on the roof," said Tim.

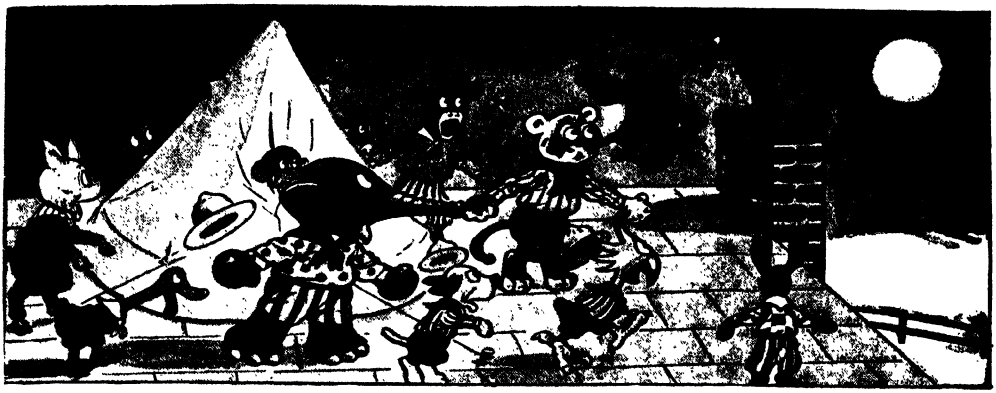


They soon had the tent fixed up. "When the moon comes out we'll creep up and spend the night here!" cried Joey, dancing round. "I wonder how Georgie is?" Poor Georgie was no better. Teacher had lit a fire in her room, and sent him there to bed quite early. Soon after Romping Rover cried, "Poof! What a smother!" "I'll soon stop that!" said Tim; and he took off his coat and flung it over the chimney-top.

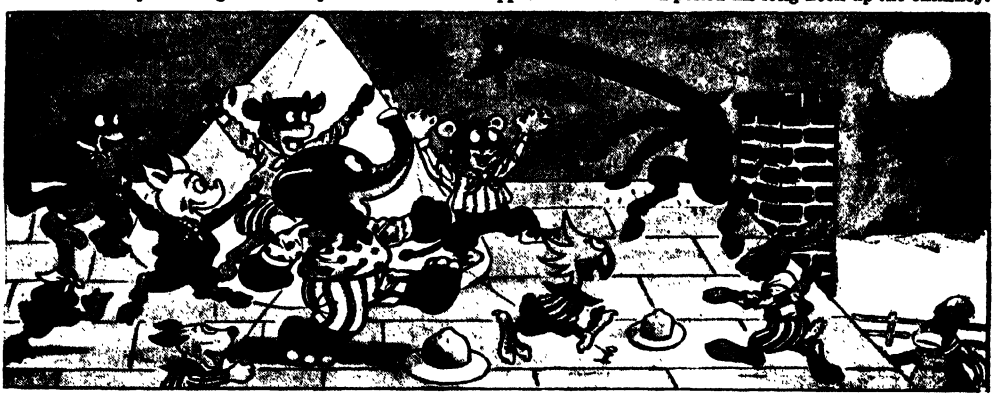


"Poof! What a smother!" cried Georgie, in the room below. Out poured the smoke in great clouds. It couldn't go up, so it had to come down. "Ugh!" cried Georgie; and he began to cough. And he coughed and coughed, and the chimney smoked and smoked, till Mrs. Hippo came running in in alarm. "This chimney is killing me!" spluttered poor Georgie. Teacher opened all the windows, but still the room was full of smoke.

MRS. HIPPO MIXES UP THE GREAT CAT TRIBE



"Oh dear! Oh dear!" said Mrs. Hippo. "What can be wrong with the chimney? I am afraid I shall have to put the fire out!" Georgie didn't mind; but he could hear some mysterious noises in that chimney, and he was wondering what they could mean. They seemed to come from the roof. It must be the boys! What could they be doing? Directly he was alone he hopped out of bed and poked his long neck up the chimney.

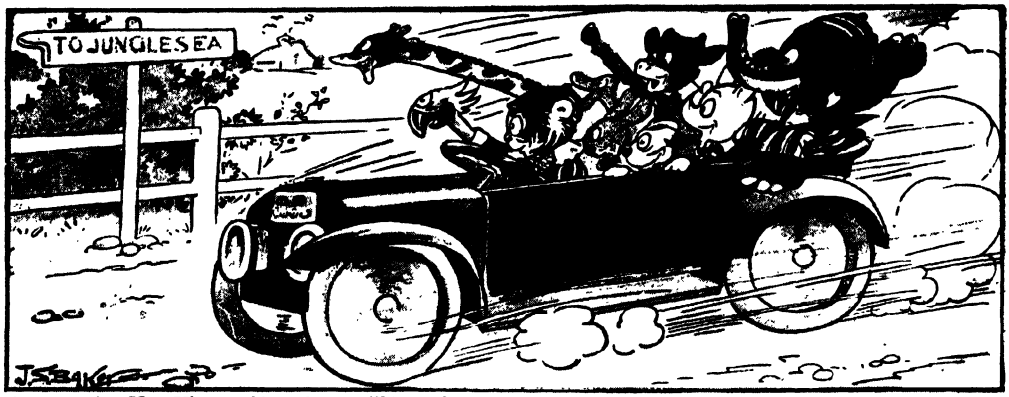


"What are you boys up to?" cried a voice. "Gracious!" exclaimed the boys. "Why, it's Georgie! What a shock you gave us! We're camping out!" "Are you?" said Georgie. "Then I'm coming too." And out he sprang, as black as soot. "Oh, what a joke!" screamed the others, jumping round. They made such a noise that Teacher heard them. She went out into the garden, and saw them quite clearly in the moonlight.

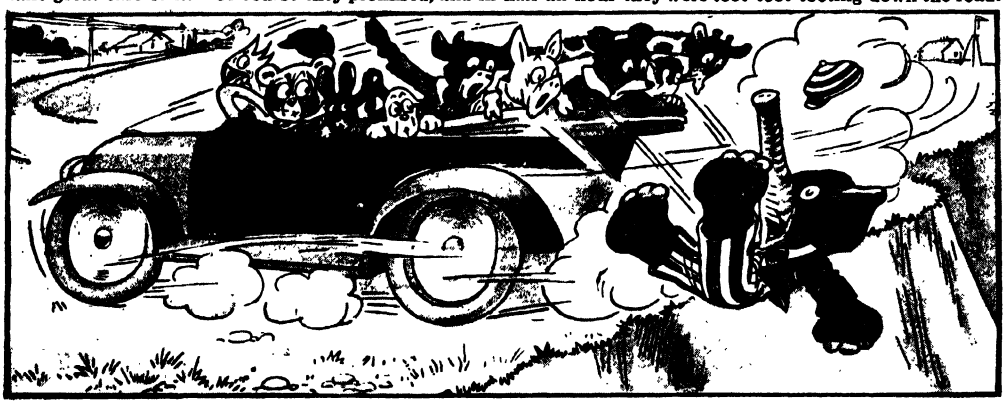


"The rascals!" she thought. "I'll have them in!" And she went off for the garden hose. Pretending that she thought it was the cats, she cried, "Shoo! Be off!" and up squirted the water. And she wasn't far wrong, after all, for it really was Master Tim, of the great cat tribe, who was at the bottom of all the mischief. "Oh, oh!" whispered the boys; and they began to creep down, thinking they hadn't been seen.

TIM TAKES THE BOYS FOR A JOY RIDE



One morning Mrs. Hippo said, "There will be no lessons today, boys. You can have a holiday." "Hurrah!" cried the boys, jumping up and waving their caps. "What shall we do, Tim?" Tim thought a minute, and then he said, "I wonder if Dr. Rook would lend us his car?" Dr. Rook said, Yes, if they would take great care of it. Of course they promised, and in half an hour they were toot-toot-tooting down the road.



"Take us to the sea, Tim!" the boys cried. "Not a bad idea!" agreed Tim, and soon they could see the cliffs ahead. When he caught sight of them, Jumbo flung his cap into the air and hopped up on to the side. "Don't play about," said Tim over his shoulder; "there's a nasty turn just here." It was a nasty turn. The car skidded, and Tim jammed on the brakes and brought it to a standstill. But the jolt sent Jumbo flying.



"He's gone! He'll be killed!" shrieked the boys. Tim flung himself down and leaned over. "He's all right," he said; "he's rolled over on to a ledge. But how ever are we going to get him up? We want a rope." It would be an hour before they could fetch one, but Johnny Bull thought of an idea. "Let's join hands, boys, and one by one we'll creep over till we reach him. I'll hang on to the car, and you can hang on to me."

AND BRINGS A VERY STRANGE PARTY HOME



They soon got him up, and they all sighed a big sigh of relief when they had him safe again. "My word! that was a near thing!" said Tim. "Jump in again, boys, and I'll run you down to the sea." The sea was just right for swimming, and they had a splendid time. They chose a lonely spot and undressed in a jiffy, and tossed their clothes in a heap on the rocks. "We really ought to do this every day," declared little Joey.



When they had been in the water about half an hour they began to feel hungry. "We are muffs," declared Piggy Wiggy; "we ought to have brought some lunch." "Come on," said Tim, "let's get into our clothes." "Where are they?" they all cried. Where indeed! The tide had risen, and the rocks they had left their things on were covered. "They're washed away!" roared Master Lion. "What shall we do?" they cried.



"Perhaps the Doctor has left some rugs in the car." There were no rugs, but there were a couple of towels, for the Doctor often had a bathe before breakfast. "I must have one," declared Tim, "because I'm driving." Jumbo snatched the other, and the rest of them wriggled down in the bottom of the car. "A nice way to come home!" declared Mrs. Hippo, when she caught sight of them. "What will you be doing next?"

WHAT THE BOYS SAW AT THE WINDOW



One afternoon Teacher took the boys out to tea. But they got tired of sitting in the drawing-room, so they ran upstairs and poked their heads out of the window. "Just look at that infant!" cried Jumbo. "He'll fall and break his precious neck! I wonder where his mammy is?" "Out," said Georgie Giraffe; "I saw her go." "Someone ought to go over and look after him, or she'll come back and find him in pieces," said Tim.



"I'll go," said Joey. "I'll fly across to the roof, and find a way in somehow—we mustn't startle him." So he flapped his wings and flew across. "Horrors!" cried the boys. "He's hurt his foot, and can't move!"

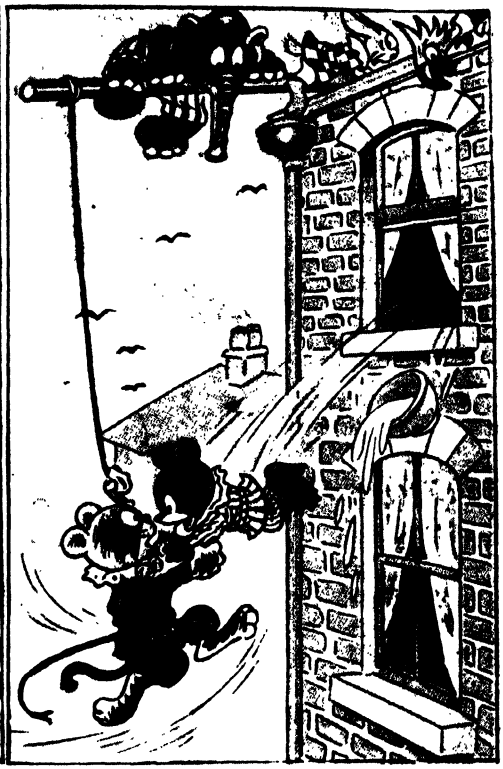


"If only I could get a rope across," said Jacko, "Joey could tie it to that old flagpole, and I'd go over." They tied a stone to a piece of string and shot it across with a catapult. Then they tied a rope to the string end.

TIM PERFORMS A MARVELLOUS FEAT



Joey hauled it in, and when Jacko was half-way across, Tim said, "Come on, boys; let's all go!" But the rope wasn't strong enough to bear such a weight, and it broke. "Oh, oh!" screamed the boys.

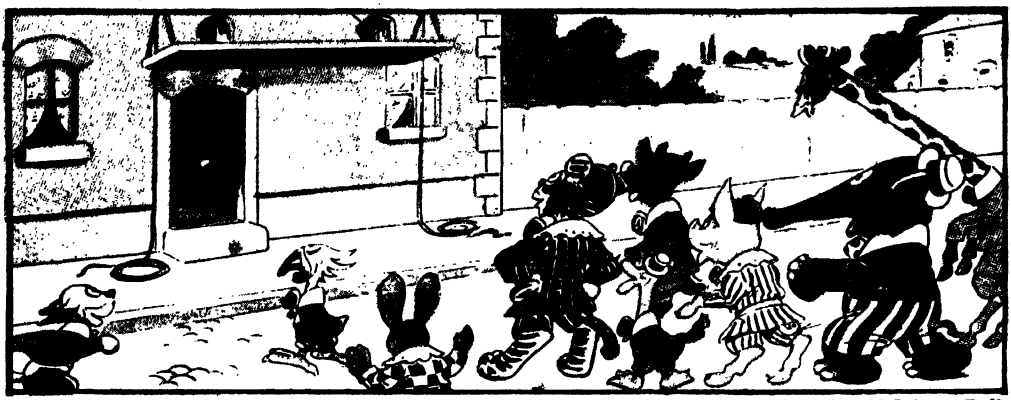


"It's all right," said Jacko. "Climb up as I am doing." They all got up except Tim, who was last; and, just as he was beginning to climb, the baby fell out, bumped into Tim, and grabbed him round the neck.



"Here's a pretty how-do-you-do!" cried Tim. "How can I climb up with you on my shoulders?" "What's the matter?" asked an old gentleman, throwing up his window. "Keep there!" screamed Tim. And he kicked the wall hard and gave a great flying leap, and swung right over to the opposite window. What happened then you can see for yourself. "Whew!" said Tim. "That took some doing!"

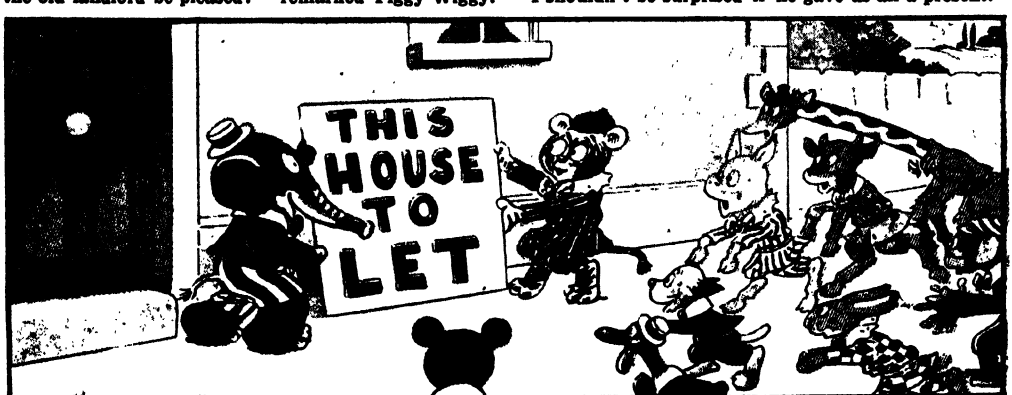
A HOUSE TO LET IN HIPPO TOWN



"Hallo, here's a house being painted!" said Georgie Giraffe. "I'd love to be a painter," said Johnny Bull. There were the paint-pots, but where were the men? "They're on strike," said Joey Parrot; "they've gone off, and the people can't get the house finished." "What a shame!" cried the others. "Let's do it ourselves," said Tim. "We'll knock at the door and ask if we may." They knocked and they rang, but nobody came.



"They're all out," said Joey. "I think they've gone away." "The house is empty," declared Tim; "the people have got mad about the painters and cleared out." "That's about it," said Tim. "Come on, boys!" It didn't take them long to get to work, and it was fine fun splashing about with the brushes and pots. "Won't the old landlord be pleased!" remarked Piggy Wiggy. "I shouldn't be surprised if he gave us all a present."

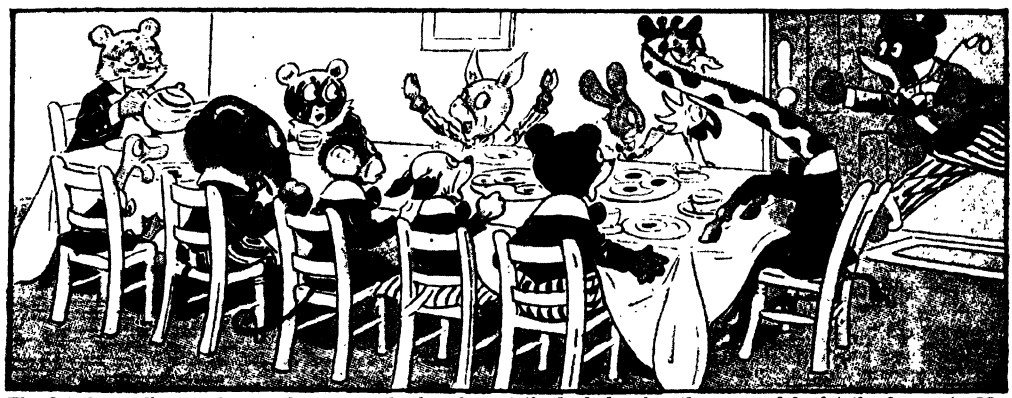


"I've upset my paint!" shrieked Romping Rover. "Well, I've used all mine," said Tim, who was getting tired of painting and had thought of a new idea. "I say, boys," he cried, "I don't think this house ought to be empty when people can't find places to live in. I vote we let it. There's a big notice-board round the corner; we'll get it and stick it up." They soon had that board round, and they propped it up in front of the house.

STRAWBERRY TEA AND A HASTY EXIT



The boys thought Tim's idea to let the house splendid. "Do you think anyone will come after it?" they asked. "Rather!" said Tim. "Get in out of the way, you boys; the door's open—I just tried the handle. There's going to be some fun." Tim was right; and they hadn't long to wait, either. Before that old board had been up five minutes there was such a crowd outside that the policeman had to take charge.

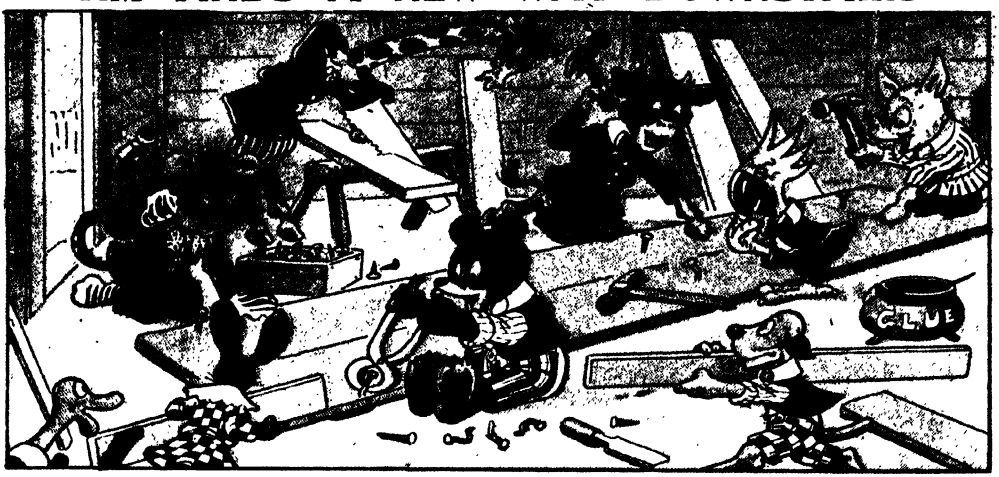


Tim let them all come in, one by one, and when he got tired of showing them round he let the house to Mr. Jeremiah Lion, the first to arrive. The old gentleman was delighted. "Can I come in at once?" he asked. "Certainly!" said Tim cheerfully. "Splendid, splendid!" exclaimed Mr. Lion. "I'm sure I'm most obliged to you. You and your friends must come in and have tea with me." But where were all the things to come from?

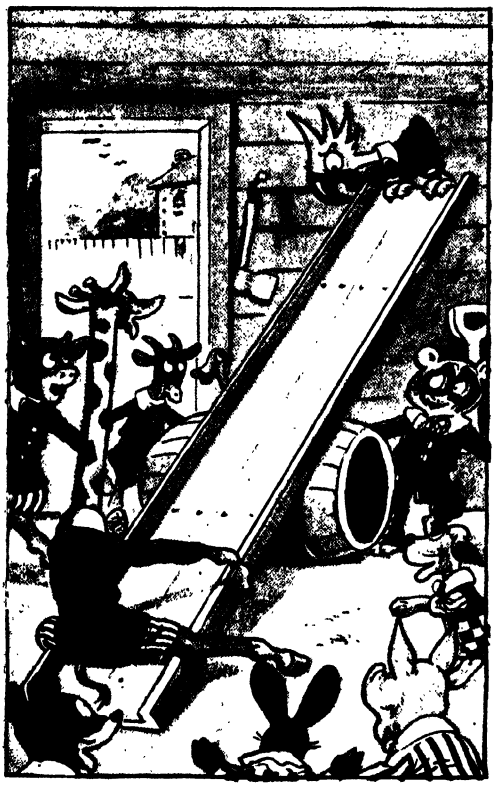


The boys offered to get them, and the old gentleman gave them half a sovereign to spend. It was a tea, too—strawberries and jellies and jam tarts. But in the middle of it all the front door banged, and an angry voice called out from the hall, "Who's in my house? What does all this mean?" "Horrors!" whispered Tim. "I suppose the old house wasn't empty, after all. Now we've done it! Run, boys, before they catch us!"

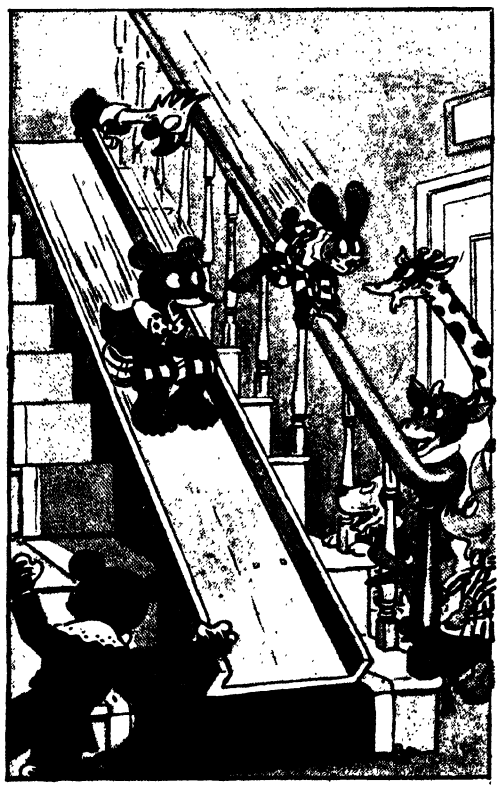
TIM FINDS A NEW WAY DOWNSTAIRS



Poor Jumbo was ill—not very ill, but ill enough to have to stay in bed. "It is hard lines this lovely weather," said Joey. "I'm glad it's not me." "It's hard on Teacher, too, having to trot upstairs all day long with trays and things," said somebody. They hadn't thought of that. "So it is," they agreed. And then Tim thought of a splendid plan—they would make a shoot for the stairs, to slide the plates and dishes on.



Teacher could send all the empty things down on it. "Yes, and we can catch them at the bottom," cried Tim. They weren't long making it, and when it was done Jacko said, "What a fine see-saw it would make!"



"Come along," said Johnny Bull; "let's fix it up and see how it works." It worked splendidly. "Hooray!" cried Brother Bunny, who was sliding on the banisters. "Come on, Bobby Bruin; I'll race you to the bottom!"

HULLABALOO AT HIPPO SCHOOL



The bedroom door opened, and Mrs. Hippo called out, "Will someone carry this tray down?" "Rather!" they shouted. "Look out below!" cried Tim. "It's coming!" And down it came—whizz! bang! CRASH!

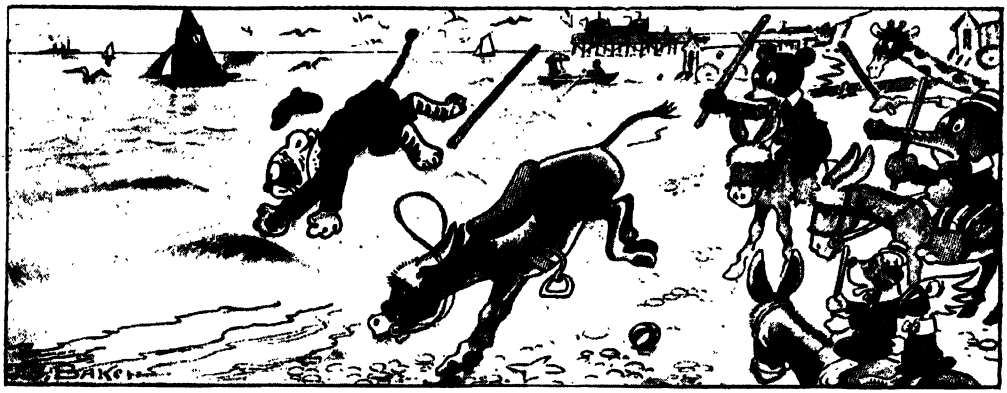


"Oh, oh!" cried Mrs. Hippo, running forward. "Whatever was that?" She stepped on the plank, and the next minute she was dashing down that unlucky shoot as fast as the tray had just gone.

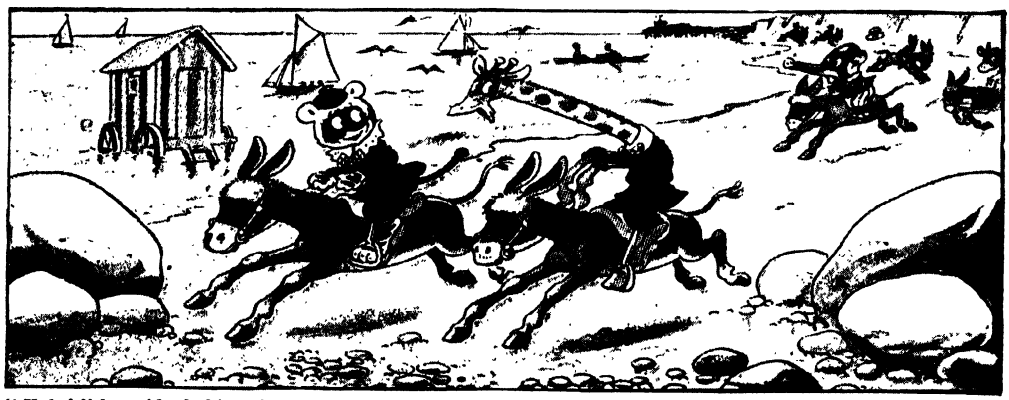


Mrs. Hippo shrieked and the boys shrieked. There *was* a hullabaloo. "Are you hurt?" they cried, as they rushed to help her up. "Yes—no—I don't know!" said Mrs. Hippo. "Better take her to the doctor," said Tim. "But how?" "On the shoot!" cried Joey. "It's the very thing! It's lucky we made it." But there were no bones broken, and as Teacher forgave them at once they all went home again as jolly as sandboys.

WHAT IN THE WORLD WILL THEY DO NEXT?



" Let's hire donkeys and go for a ride on the sands," said Joey Parrot. But Jacko had a better idea than that. " If you get some sticks and a ball," he said, " I'll show you how to play polo." And he did, too. It was great fun. Suddenly Jumbo shouted, " Look out, Tim ; the ball's coming ! Hit it ! " Tim cried, " Where ? " And he bent over and hit hard. But he hit the donkey by mistake, and—went head-over-heels in the water !

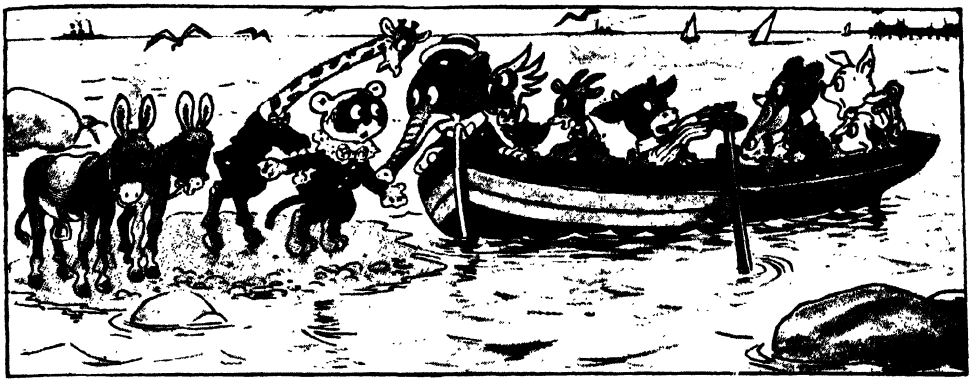


" Ugh ! " he said, shaking the water off. " I don't think much of this game. Let's have a race to the caves. I'll beat the lot of you." He did, in the end, but Georgie Giraffe wasn't far behind him. " Whew, I am hot ! " said Tim. " So am I," said Georgie. " Let's get off and rest till the others come up." But the others were so long coming that at last Tim sat up and said, " What a time they are ! We must have come a long way."

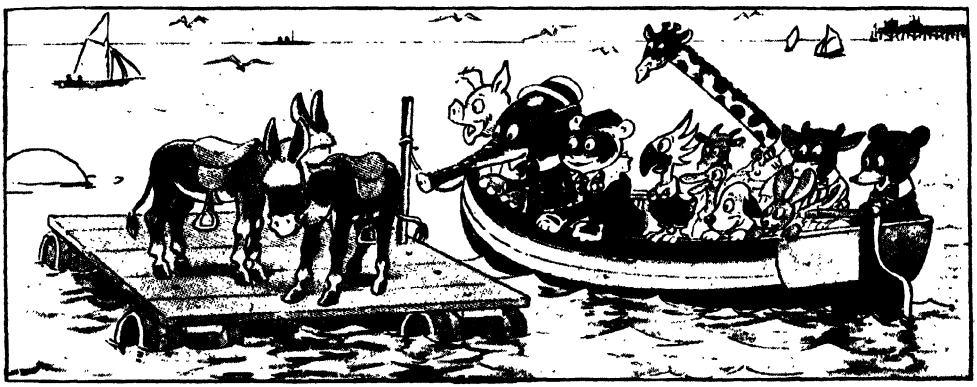


They found they had come farther than they liked. Tim sprang to his feet ; and a minute later the others, who had been hunting for them among the caves, heard a great shout. " Why, there they are ! " exclaimed Jumbo. " We're cut off by the tide ! " shouted Tim. " Fetch a boat, quick ! " " Gracious ! " cried the boys. " Why don't they swim across ? " " Don't waste time arguing," Joey said ; " let's get out a boat."

THE HIPPO BOYS AND THE OTHER DONKEYS



They soon found a boat. Johnny Bull seized the oars and rowed like mad. "Jump in!" he cried, as they got up to the little island. But Tim said, "We can't leave the donkeys, and there's no room for us all. Oh, why did you all come, and fill the boat?" "We'll row back," they said, all together. But there was no time, the tide was rising fast. And then Georgie Giraffe thought of the bathing-raft floating on the waves just beyond.



"The very thing!" exclaimed Tim. "But hurry, boys." And off they went, splash, splash! "It's anchored!" they called, when they got up to the raft. But they managed to get it free, and then they flung a rope round the post and dragged it back. "Whoa, Neddy!" said Tim, and the donkeys stepped aboard just as if they knew all about it. "Jump in!" cried the boys to Tim and Georgie Giraffe. "They're safe enough now."



But there was such a boatload of them that they couldn't tow the raft along as well, so they had to wait there till the tide went down again once more. They were frightfully hungry by this time, and they galloped home full speed ahead. "Why, here's Teacher!" cried Jumbo. "Tim and Georgie nearly got drowned," they shouted; "but we saved them all right!" And Mrs. Hippo said, "Oh, you boys, what will you do next?"

MRS. HIPPO ARRIVES LATE FOR DINNER



"Good-bye, boys," Teacher said. "I shall soon be back." But she wasn't. She was away so long that Joey said, "If Teacher doesn't hurry we shan't get any dinner." "Let's get it ourselves," said Tim. "What fun!" they all cried, rushing into the kitchen. "I'll look after the joint," said Tim. "And I'll peel the potatoes," said Dicky Duck. "I wonder," said Romping Rover, "if I could knock a potato out of Joey's hand."



He did. It flew right at Dicky Duck's eye. It made him so wild that he picked up a big potato and flung it at Romping Rover's head. "A fight!" shouted the boys. "Let's choose sides and have a potato fight!" The next minute those potatoes were whizzing all over the place. Suddenly there was a great crash. "Now we've done it!" cried Johnny Bull. "Teacher will be angry! Can't we do something splendid to make up?"

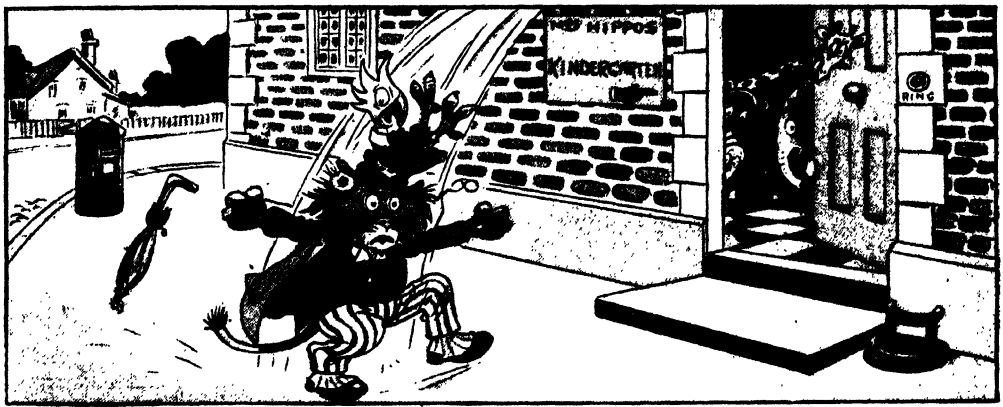


"We might stop that old tap running in the bathroom," said Piggy Wiggy; and, without another word, away he ran. Presently back he came, screaming, "I've hammered the pipe, and it's burst! The water's all pouring out, and I can't stop it!" Out they all rushed. "Gracious!" shrieked Joey. "Telephone for the plumber." But the plumber couldn't be found. By that time the water was pouring down the stairs.

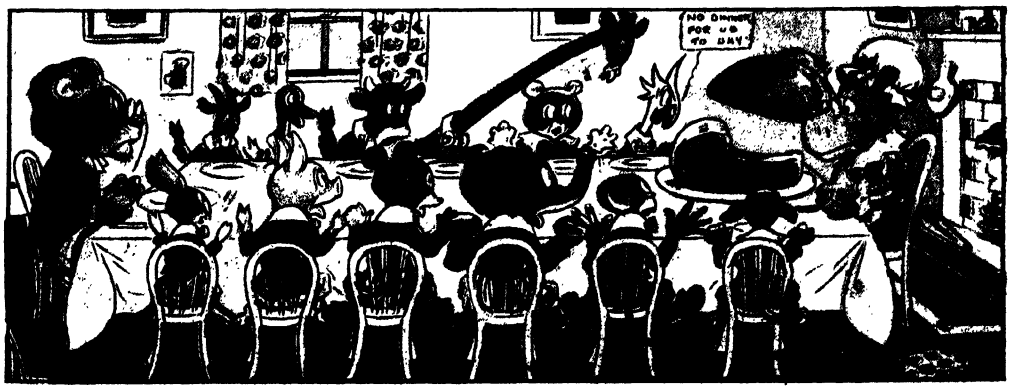
AND A LION ARRIVES AT THE DOOR



" Whatever shall we do ? " cried the boys. " We are getting in a mess ! " " I'll stop it ! " cried Joey bravely. And he flew up again, and put his hands tight over the tap. He leaned with all his weight against it. He did his best, but, unfortunately, Joey was very little, and the force of the water was very great—so great it was that it lifted poor Joey up and sent him spinning through the open staircase window ! " Oh, oh ! " cried Joey.

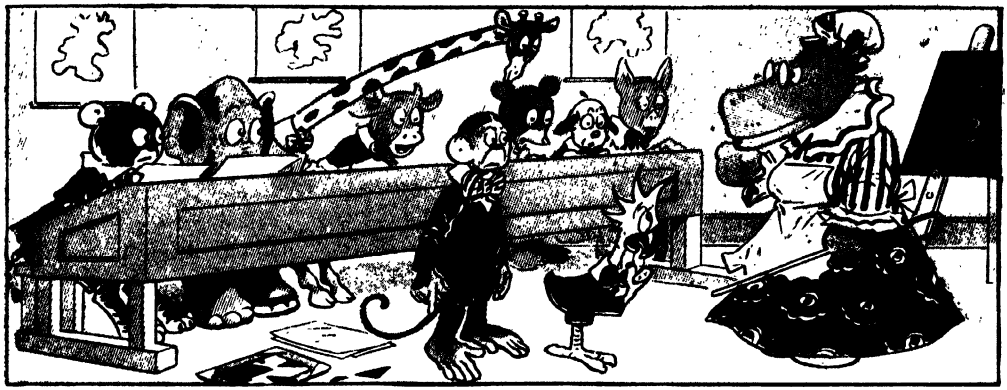


" Oh, oh ! " cried somebody from the garden below. It was Master Lion's papa. He had come to see his little son, and as he got to the front door down came Joey on his head ! Out rushed the boys, and, of course, they told him what had happened. " What can we do ? " cried the boys. " Why, turn off the big main water-tap," said Mr. Lion, " and then no more water can come into the house." Just then back came Mrs. Hippo.

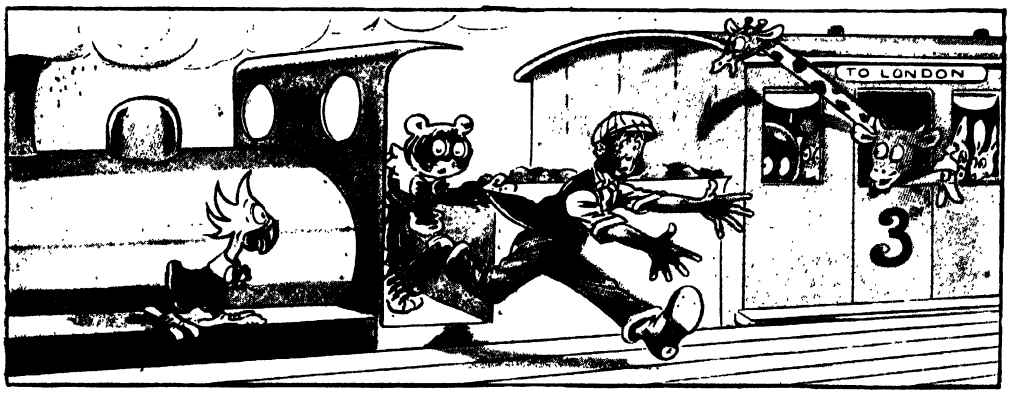


She was very angry. " But we did try to mend the bathroom tap," said Piggy Wiggy. " And, anyway, we've cooked the dinner," said Tim. " If you will go into the dining-room I'll serve it up." So they all sat down, and Tim brought in the joint. But they couldn't eat it ; it was burnt up, almost black. " Whatever shall I do with these boys ? " sighed Mrs. Hippo. " Forgive them," said Mr. Lion, laughing. " They'll do better next time."

ONE FOGGY DAY IN HIPPO TOWN



"I wish the fog would clear off!" grumbled Tim. "What's the good of a half-holiday in weather like this?" Just then in came Mrs. Hippo. "I have arranged a little treat, boys," she said. "We are going to Madame Tussaud's." "Hurrah!" shouted Johnny Bull, bumping into Joey and knocking him over. Little Joey jumped up, put up his fists, and began to fight. "Now, now!" cried Teacher. "If you can't behave you shan't go!"

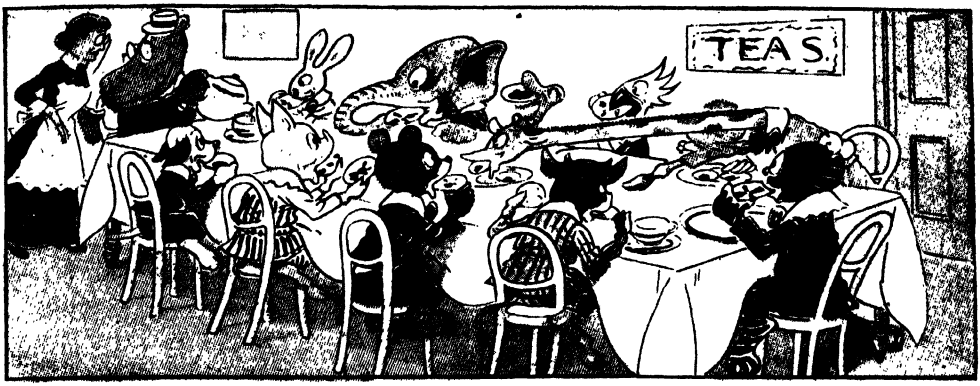


The boys shook hands, and soon they were running for the train to take them to London. The driver of that train got the fright of his life. He was just ready to start, when Tim left the others and sprang on to the engine. The man gave a yell and dropped on to the platform. Tim roared with laughter, and started the train. The engine-driver was in a frightful way, till somebody called out, "It's only the Hippo boys!"

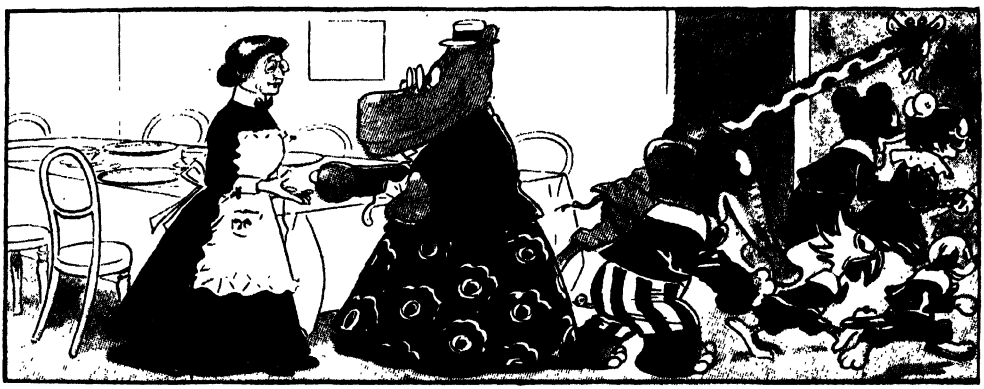


"Here we are!" cried Jacko at last. "This is the way in, boys!" At the door stood a policeman. "Where is the Chamber of Horrors, please?" asked Joey politely. There was no answer, even when Joey repeated the question. The boys got mad, and Georgie Giraffe caught hold of the policeman's helmet and knocked it over his eyes. And then they all burst out laughing. It wasn't a man at all, only a clever wax model!

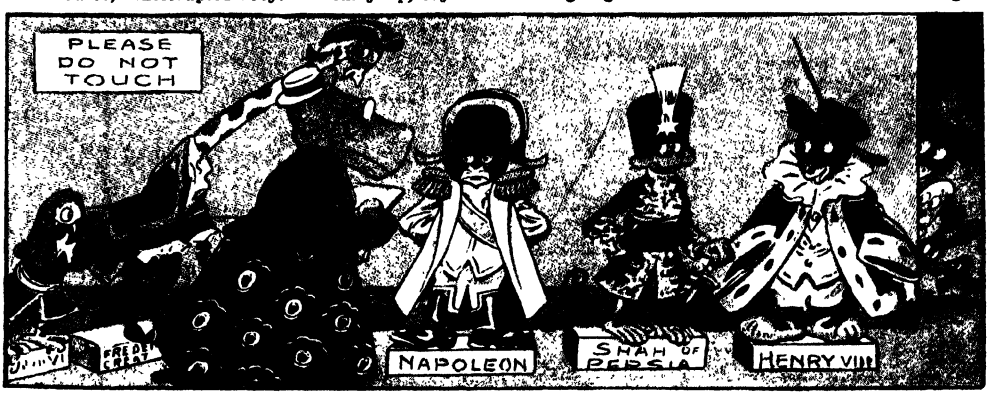
THE BOYS GIVE TEACHER A HISTORY LESSON



"Come on!" cried Joey. "I know the way!" And off they ran. They saw the Chamber of Horrors, and the Kaiser, and President Wilson, and everything else in the exhibition. And at last Piggy Wiggy said, "I'm hungry." And so was everybody else. So Teacher ordered tea. You paid a shilling each, and you could eat as much as you liked. "Let's see how much we can eat!" cried Tim; and the rascals cleared the table.



While Mrs. Hippo was busy paying the bill Tim whispered to the others, and they all crept out. "Listen!" he said, when he got them outside. "Let's play a trick on Teacher. We'll take the clothes off some of the wax figures and dress up in them!" "Oh, yes!" cried Brother Bunny. "And stand in a row out here——" "Of course," interrupted Joey. "Hurry up, boys!" "I'm going to be Frederick the Great!" said Georgie.

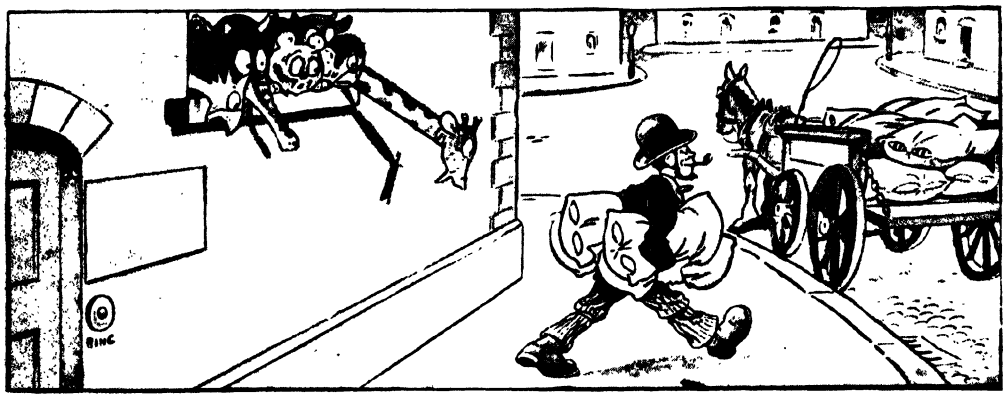


Tim was Napoleon and Jacko was the Shah of Persia. Presently out came Mrs. Hippo. She stopped as she came up to the boys. "Dear me!" she said. "I know Napoleon was a little man, but I never imagined Frederick the Great as tall as this!" Georgie burst out laughing. "Well," exclaimed Teacher, "you young rascals! My word, if they catch you!" But they didn't, and they laughed about the joke all the way home.

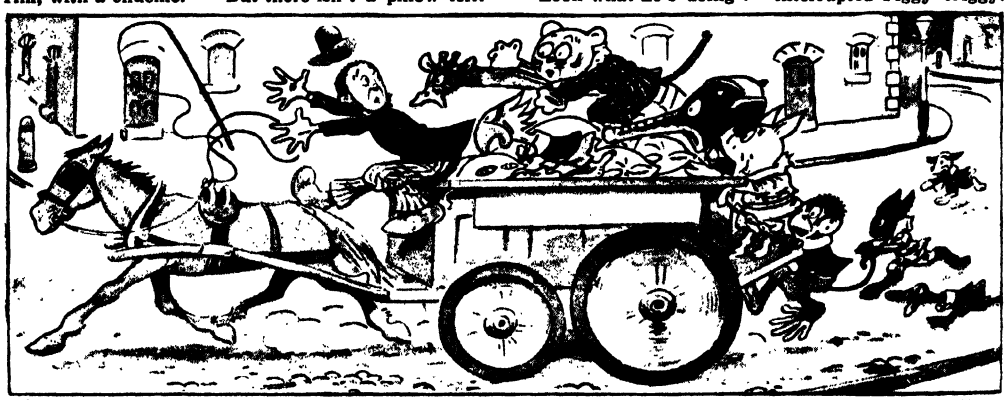
TIM SHOOTS A PILLOW THROUGH THE WINDOW



The boys were having a pillow fight in the dormitory one day when a pillow shot clean through the window. "You've done it, Jumbo!" cried the boys, crowding to the window. "Oh, look," exclaimed Joey Parrot, "it's caught Billy Baker fair and square and knocked him over!" "What a joke!" said Tim. "Here comes Bobby Bones! I wonder if I can hit his old tray?" He did, and sent the meat flying.

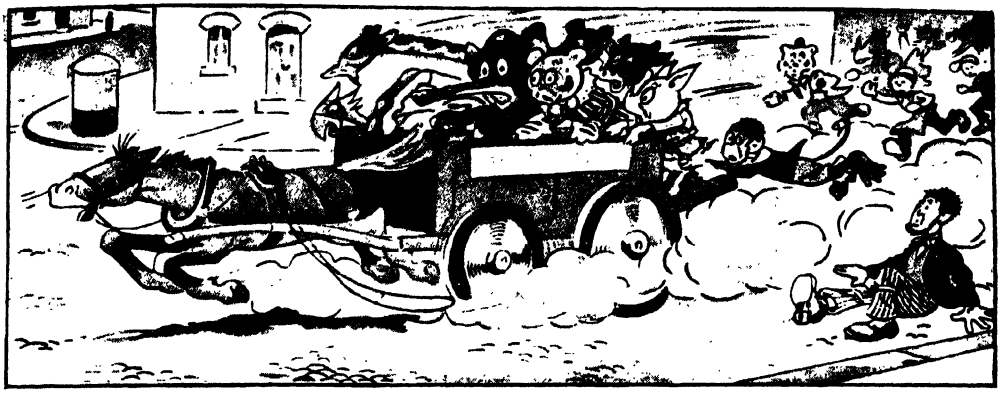


The boys roared with laughter, and they pelted everybody who came along. They would watch them come round the corner, hurl a pillow at them, then bob down out of sight and listen for the squeals. Presently a man came along in a cart. "Go on, Tim!" said Johnny Bull. "Right at his head!" "Right-o!" said Tim, with a chuckle. "But there isn't a pillow left." "Look what he's doing!" interrupted Piggy Wiggy.



"Who?" asked the boys. "The man in the cart," replied Piggy Wiggy. "He's picking up our pillows and carrying them off!" "Won't Teacher be mad!" cried Joey. "After him, boys!" But Tim said, "Not so fast; let's play a trick on him. We'll jump up behind, and boo! and scare him to death." And presently, when everything was quiet, Tim whispered, "Now!" Up they all sprang and yelled like mad.

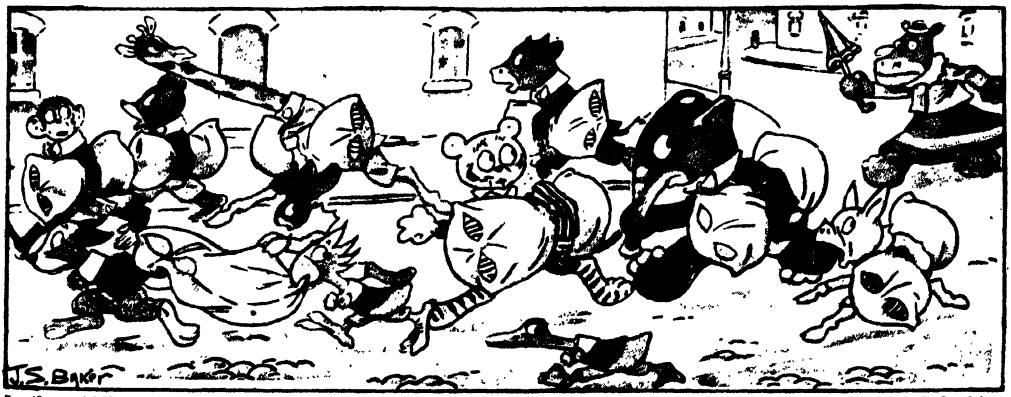
A PITCHED BATTLE AND A RUNAWAY HORSE



They meant to frighten the man, but it was the horse that was scared the most. The poor thing threw back its ears and set off at a gallop. The man was so surprised that he dropped the reins and rolled out of the cart. "Here," said Tim, "catch hold of those reins, somebody!" But it wasn't so easy. The cart rocked so that Georgie Giraffe almost fell out. "Runaway horse! Stop it!" cried a voice from behind. "Look at the crowd!" said Joey.



In the middle of the excitement the old horse suddenly pulled up and stopped of his own accord. "Come on, boys!" cried Tim. "There's no harm done; the old chap's all right." They made a dash for the pillows and took to their heels. But the crowd thought they belonged to the man. "Let them alone!" they cried. There was no time to explain, so the boys just held on to them, and in two minutes there was a pitched battle going on.

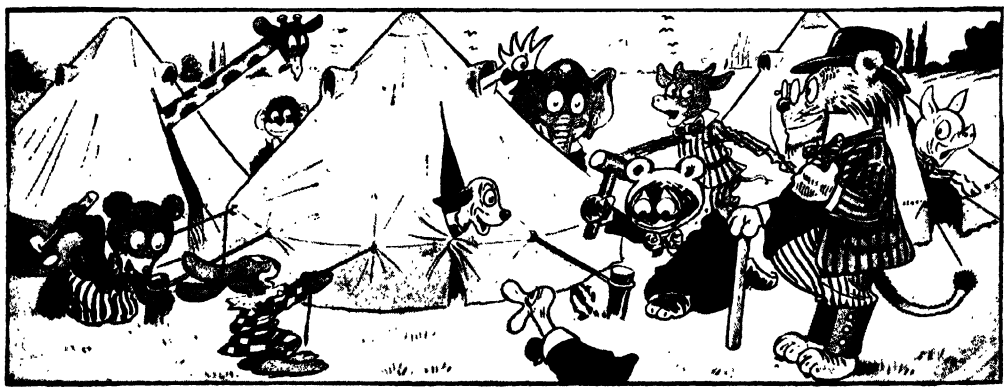


In the middle of it all, who should come up but Mrs. Hippo. "What does all this mean?" she cried, looking so stern that they all left off fighting at once. "They're trying to steal this poor man's pillows!" shouted the crowd. "They are my pillows," said Mrs. Hippo. "I saw it all from the window. I am ashamed of you, boys; you might have killed that poor man. Pick up the pillows and come along home. You get worse every day."

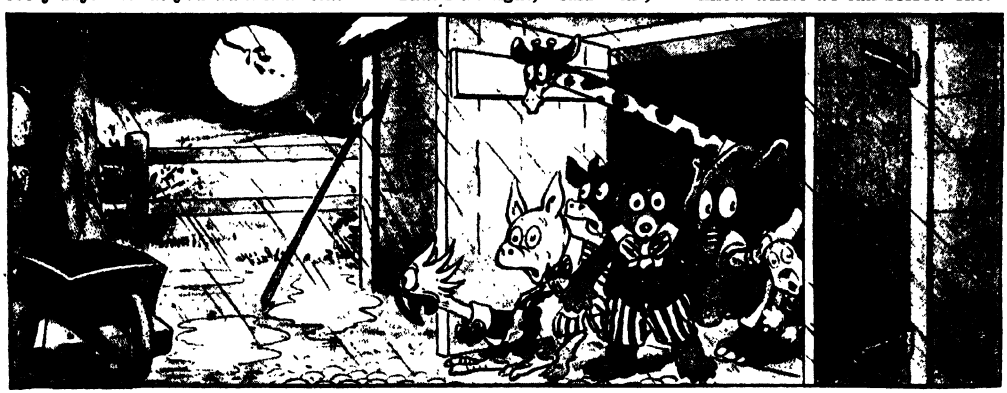
TIM SETS THE HIPPO BOYS PICKING



One day in the holidays the boys were wondering what they could do, when Tim said, "Farmer Brown was complaining yesterday he couldn't get people to pick his plums. Why shouldn't we pick them for him? It would be fine fun, and we should get a whole lot to put in our money-boxes." "I think it a splendid idea," said Piggy Wiggy, who was very fond of plums. So, with Teacher's permission, they rushed off to the farmer.

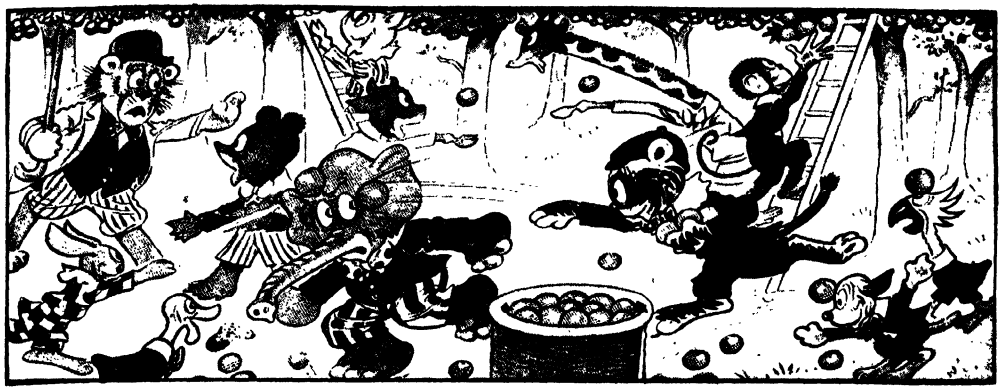


Now, Farmer Brown was a splendid fellow, and when Tim told him what they had come for, he clapped his hand on Tim's shoulder and said, "I shall be very glad indeed of your help, boys." "Can we begin at once, sir?" asked Joey. "Well," said the farmer, "the orchard is a good distance away—too far to go to and fro every day. What you want is a tent." "That's all right," said Tim; "I know where we can borrow one."



But one tent wouldn't hold them all, so they had to have three. And it was tremendously exciting fixing them up. But in the middle of it all it came on to rain, and they had to take shelter in a shed. "Isn't this dull?" cried Brother Bunny. "I wish something would happen." "What's that?" cried the boys suddenly. And they all listened. "Let me in!" said a squeaky voice. They opened the door, but there was nobody there!

AND THE FARMER SENDS THEM PACKING



"Well," they all said, "how extraordinary!" "Let me in!" cried the voice again; and then Jacko exclaimed, "It's Tim! He's being a ventriloquist!" And so he was, the rascal! But the rain soon left off, and they began picking. They started all right, but when the farmer arrived on the scene he was horrified to find them throwing plums at each other and having a regular battle. "Stop it!" cried Tim. "He'll send us home."



But they didn't get on very well with the picking; they ate so many of the plums that Jumbo said, "We shall never get these baskets filled. Farmer Brown will be wild!" There was a field of turnips close by, and, before anyone guessed what he was up to, Tim climbed the fence, gathered an armful, put them in the baskets, and covered them with plums. "Why, there are the Rooks!" Joey cried. "Come and have a feast, boys!"



When the farmer saw the baskets filled to the brim he said, "Splendid, boys, splendid! You are as smart as my best pickers." Tim was up in a tree just then, and he laughed so much when he heard this that he let go and fell right into the middle of the biggest basket. The plums were squashed to a jelly, and when the farmer caught sight of the turnips he was furious. He boxed their ears all round and sent them back home.

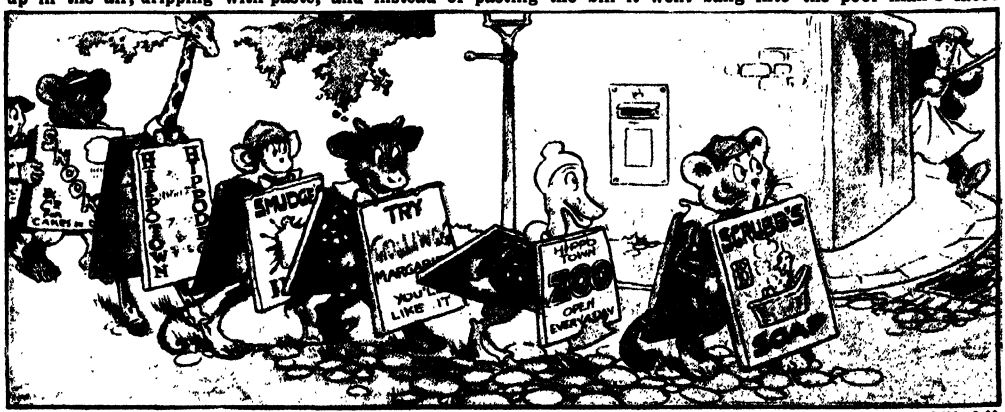
THE HIPPO BOYS AND THE BILLPOSTER



The boys one morning passed a man carrying a tin can and a big brush. He stopped in front of an empty board, and began to pull out a lot of papers. "What's he going to do with them?" asked Joey. "Paste them up, of course," said Jumbo. "They're advertisements. Can't you see?" And, sure enough, splash, dab! splash, dab! and there was the advertisement as large as life. "Oh, I do wish I could do that!" said Brother Bunny.



Soon the man went away, and he was away so long that just for fun Tim picked up the brush. "Here's a bill," said Joey. "Stick it on the shop window next door." They stuck quite a lot on that window, and at last the shopkeeper came out, very angry, to see what they were doing. At that moment Tim's brush was high up in the air, dripping with paste, and instead of pasting the bill it went bang into the poor man's face!



"Run, boys!" cried Tim. "He *is* angry!" And off they scampered. "Why, Joey's brought the bills!" cried Jacko. "So I have!" said Joey. "What shall we do with them? If we take them back we shall be caught!" "Let's stick them on some boards and pretend we're sandwichmen," said Tim. And so they did, and this is how they went up and down the High Street, all in a row. Suddenly Tim cried, "Look out, boys!"

HOW THE POLICEMAN CAME TOO LATE



It was the angry shopkeeper ! Suppose he recognised them ? And then a splendid idea came to Tim. Quick as lightning he made them all set the boards up in a row against a wall, and the next minute there wasn't a boy to be seen! "Gracious," said Johnny Bull, "look at Georgie's neck !" "Poke your old neck in, Georgie," whispered Jacko. But it was too late. The man had seen them. He shook his fist and declared he'd fetch a policeman.



Out sprang the boys. They picked up the boards and ran off, and they would have got right away but that silly Tim slipped, and down he fell. And as they were all running as fast as they could go, one after the other, down fell the others on the top of him ! "Oh, oh! I'm being strangled !" screamed Dicky Duck. "Help ! Help!" cried Jumbo. "And as for Tim. his board gave him such a bang on the knee that he thought it had broken it

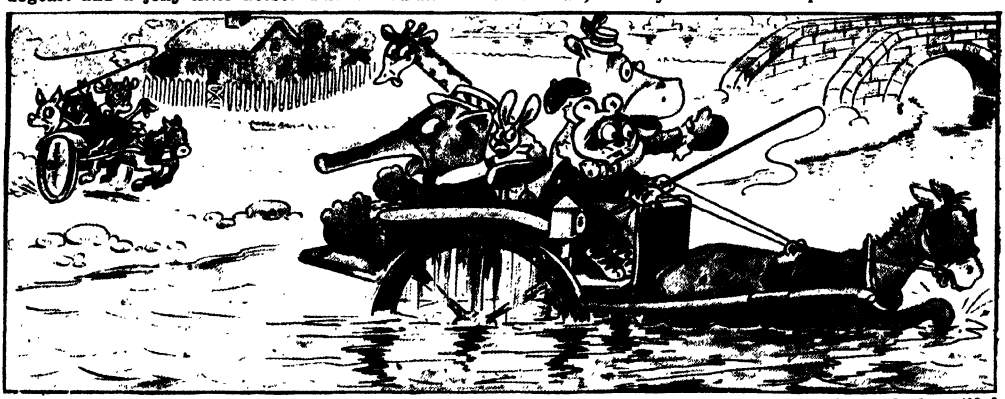


They scrambled up and ran off again just as the shopkeeper found a policeman. "The young rascals!" exclaimed the bobby. "We'll have them !" And away they ran till they came to a high wall. Up against it stood a row of boards. "Ah-ha !" cried the shopkeeper. "Now we've got them. Pull the boards away, Mr. Bobby, and you'll find them hiding behind." But they weren't. They were far away by that time, enjoying the fun !

A DOGCART AND A JOLLY LITTLE HORSE



"Do you like nuts, Teacher?" asked Tim one day. "Yes, very much," said Teacher. "Well, the woods are full of them," said Tim. "I thought perhaps you would give us a holiday so that we could spend the day there." "And so you shall," answered Mrs. Hippo. "You have been good boys lately." So they hired a dogcart and a jolly little horse. But it wouldn't hold them all, so they borrowed a trap from old Mr. Lion.



They had such a delightful day that when the time came to go Teacher was just as sorry to leave the beautiful woods as the boys were. "Now, drive carefully, Tim," she said as they set off home. "Mind that stone!" sang out Johnny Bull, who was driving the trap behind. To get out of its way Tim jerked the reins so sharply that he frightened the little creature. Before Tim could stop him, he flew off in alarm and ran into the stream.

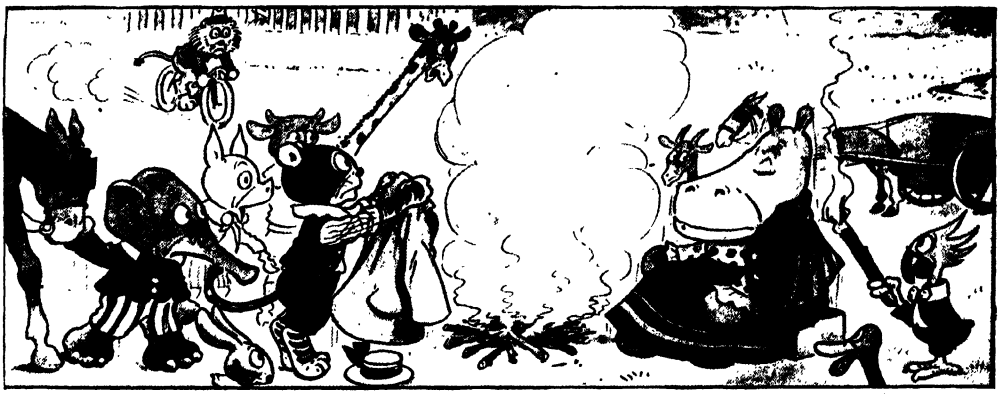


"Don't be frightened, Teacher!" cried Tim. "I'll soon have him out!" But it wasn't so easy to get the dogcart out, for the wheels had stuck fast in the mud. Tim couldn't move them. "All right!" shouted Johnny Bull. "We'll get Teacher off safely. We'll get you all off, then the trap will be light enough to get away." But the silly boy drove at such a pace that they dashed right into the dogcart, and over it went!

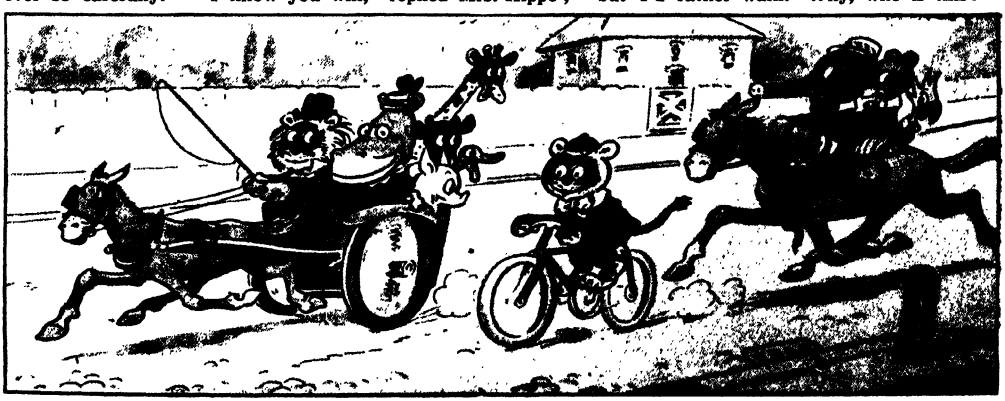
AND AN EXCITING MOMENT IN THE RIVER



"Oh!" cried the boys. "Oh, oh!" cried Mrs. Hippo. "I shall be drowned!" "She'll be drowned!" sobbed little Brother Bunny, safe on Georgie Giraffe's neck. "Dear Teacher will be drowned!" "Not if I know it!" cried Tim. And he scrambled up on to the wheel of the dogcart and dived in to the rescue. "Why, you're all right," he spluttered, shaking the water from his head. "It's quite shallow here." And so it was.



"The water was up to my neck," said poor Mrs. Hippo. "I was so frightened. Oh dear, what a fright I've had!" The boys soon had her out, and then they lit a fire and dried her things as well as they could. Presently Tim said, "When you are feeling better, Teacher, we ought to be getting back home. I'll drive ever so carefully." "I know you will," replied Mrs. Hippo; "but I'd rather walk. Why, who is this?"



It was Mr. Lion on his bicycle. "You young rascals!" he exclaimed. "You will kill your Teacher one of these days!" "No, we won't!" shrieked the boys indignantly. "Fetch the trap, some of you!" said Mr. Lion. "I'll see you safely home, Ma'am." "Oh, thank you, thank you!" said Mrs. Hippo, jumping up and putting on her bonnet. "But you mustn't blame my boys. They are the best boys in the world."

LETTING THE RABBIT OUT OF THE BAG



The Hippo boys were at the seaside. They were going to the station to fetch a parcel, when they noticed a man struggling with two great bags. "They do look heavy!" said the boys. Tim went up to him, and said, "Shall we help you to carry your bags, sir?" The man looked round at the little crowd of boys, and he must have thought they were up to mischief, for he said, in a snappy voice, "Certainly not; I can carry them myself!"



"Disagreeable thing!" exclaimed the boys. "Let him keep his old bags! Won't they make his arms ache!" Just then they caught sight of a big notice on a board, "Conjuring entertainment on the sands at three o'clock." "We'll go!" cried the boys. And long before the time they were waiting in their seats for the performance to begin. When the conjurer came forward they had *such* a surprise—it was the grumpy man with the bags!



Now was their chance to pay him out, they all thought. But it was Brother Bunny who started all the mischief. When the conjurer said he was going to bring a live rabbit out of the bag of an old lady in the audience, Brother Bunny slipped away. ● And when the conjurer walked over to the old lady's bag, which had been quite empty just before, out sprang—*Brother Bunny!* He gave the man's nose a sharp tweak and disappeared.

HOW THE BOYS PUZZLED THE CONJURER



The next trick was to make water spring up mysteriously from an empty fountain. "You can see for yourself," said the conjurer, "there is no water here." Now, Tim knew the trick, and he slipped away so quietly that nobody saw him go. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I shall wave my wand, and when I say 'three!' the fountain will play. One, two—— *Oh, oh!*" That fountain *did* play—the water squirted up right into the poor man's face.



He started again. "If some gentleman will lend me his watch, I will turn it into a Union Jack. Thank you, sir. Hey, presto!" and there was the flag. Up they all jumped, and began to sing "Rule, Britannia." "Now, sir," said the conjurer, "one wave of my wand, and back comes your watch." But, instead of the watch, back came—a grinning gollywog! The conjurer looked so surprised that the old gentleman grew suspicious.



"Give me my watch back!" he shouted. Somebody called out, "He's a swindler! All his tricks have gone wrong!" Suddenly Jacko jumped up, waving the watch in his hand. "Here it is, sir," he cried. "We were only having a joke." But the conjurer had recognised them. "The villains!" he shrieked, and he dashed after them. But the boys were too quick for him. They flew off like the wind, and he never saw them again.

THE HIPPO BOYS SPEND A DAY IN THE WOODS



One morning Teacher packed the boys' lunch into a hamper, and told them they could spend the whole day in the woods. "Hurrah!" they cried, and off they rushed. "Let's leave the hamper in the woodman's hut," said Tim; "I know he won't mind. And then we'll play hide and seek. We can come back when we are hungry, and boil our kettle on his fire. We'll give Jacko five minutes' start, and he can go as far as he likes."

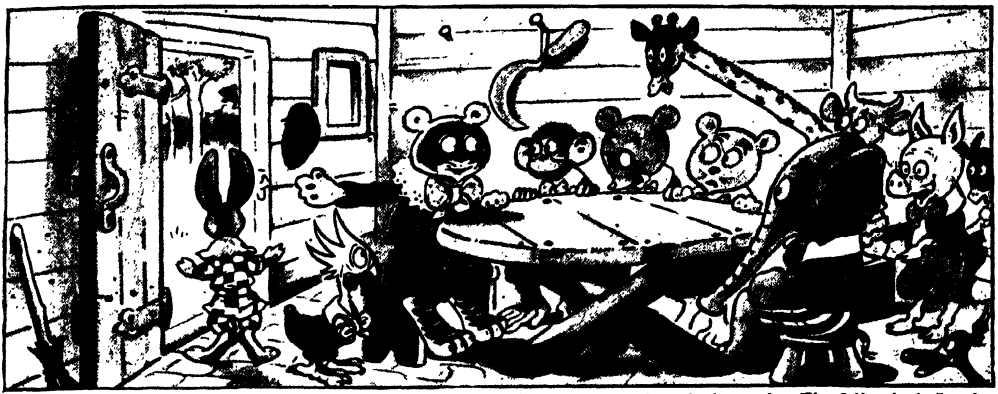


They had a tremendous hunt for Jacko, and they found him at last munching hazel nuts in a big beech-tree. He hadn't time to escape, and they caught him beautifully. They had a paper chase after that, and the chase ended at the hut, where Tim was busy setting out the lunch. "Come on, you boys!" he shouted. "I'm hungry. Some of that paper and some twigs will get the kettle boiling in no time." "We'll help!" they all cried.

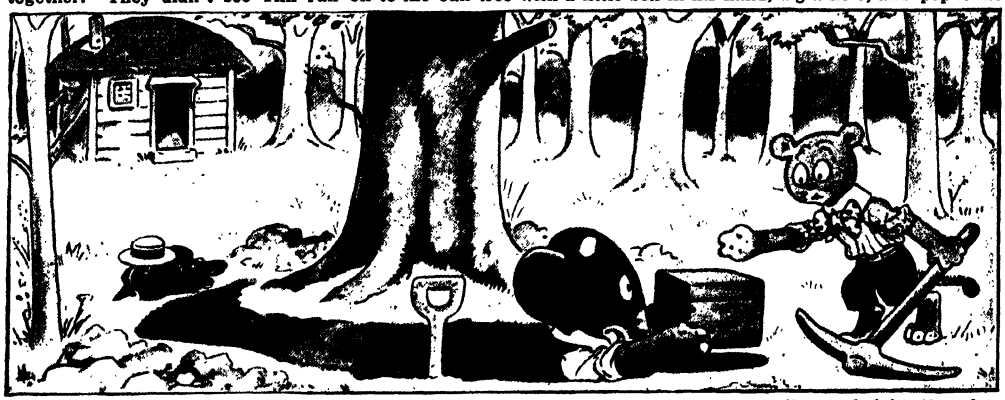


After dinner the boys overheard Jumbo and Master Lion talking under the window outside. "What's a cache?" Jumbo was saying. And Master Lion said, "It's a sort of secret hiding-place in the ground. People dig a hole and bury coins and all sorts of things in it." "Oh," said Master Lion, "I wish we could find one!" "I tell you what," said Jumbo, "let's lose the others presently, and have a good hunt. Tim would only laugh."

WHAT THE TREASURE-HUNTERS FOUND



By-and-by Jumbo and Master Lion went back into the hut. "Ever heard of a cache, Tim?" asked Jumbo. "Oh, yes!" said Tim. "There must be lots about, if only we knew where to look for them. Now, that little mound by the old oak-tree would make a fine hiding-place." "Oh!" said Jumbo and Master Lion both together. They didn't see Tim run off to the oak-tree with a little box in his hand, dig a hole, and pop it in.

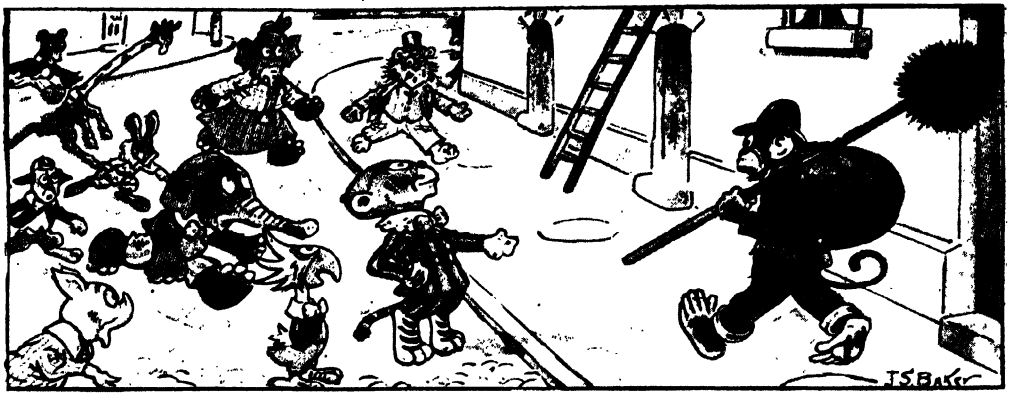


"Tim said we were to have tea by the river," said Jumbo, when the others were well out of sight, "so they won't be back here. Let's borrow some tools from the hut, and see if we can find anything." So they dug and dug all round that old tree. Presently Jumbo called out, "I've found it! It's a little tin box!" "Quick, quick!" exclaimed Master Lion. "Open it!" "There's only a paper inside," said Jumbo. "Listen!"



This is what he read: "In the shadow of the hut at sunset." "That's where the treasure is!" cried Master Lion. Presently they all had tea, and afterwards, when the sun was setting, back crept the two boys. "Look, the shadow is behind!" cried Jumbo. Round they ran, and then "Booh!" yelled somebody. And out rushed all the boys, shrieking with laughter, and crying, "We've tricked you nicely! Oh, you silly duffers!"

TIM LOOKS UP FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN



" What are you staring at, Tim ? " asked Joey. Tim didn't answer, but went on staring up at the sky at a spot just over the house-tops. Joey went a step nearer and looked over his shoulder. Along came the other boys. " What's up ? " they asked. And they stared too. Then Tim chuckled, and Jacko exclaimed, " There's nothing at all. Tim's having us." " I'm going to have the whole street," declared Tim. " You wait a bit."

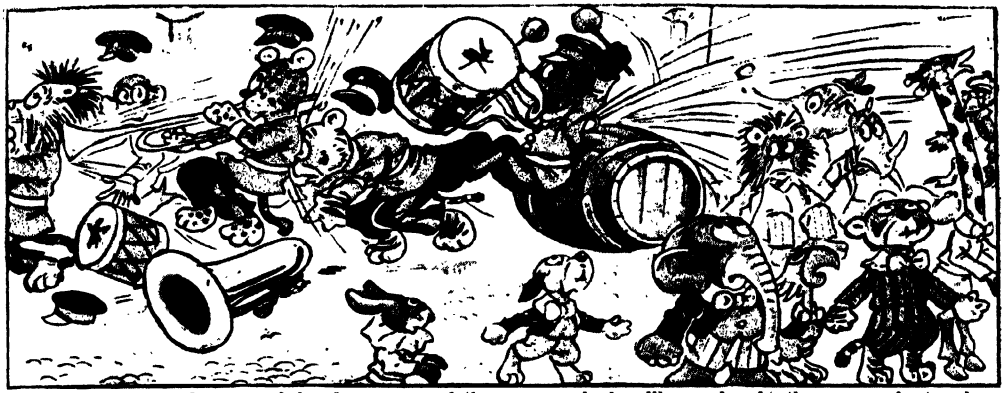


People came up and the little crowd grew, and they all craned their necks to see what the boys were staring at. A window opened, and an old man poked his head out. Just then a sweep came along. He had a long, sooty broom in his hand, and the old man's head came out just in time to get it right across his face. " Sorry, mister," said the sweep. But the old man was so angry that he leaned over to tell him what he thought of him

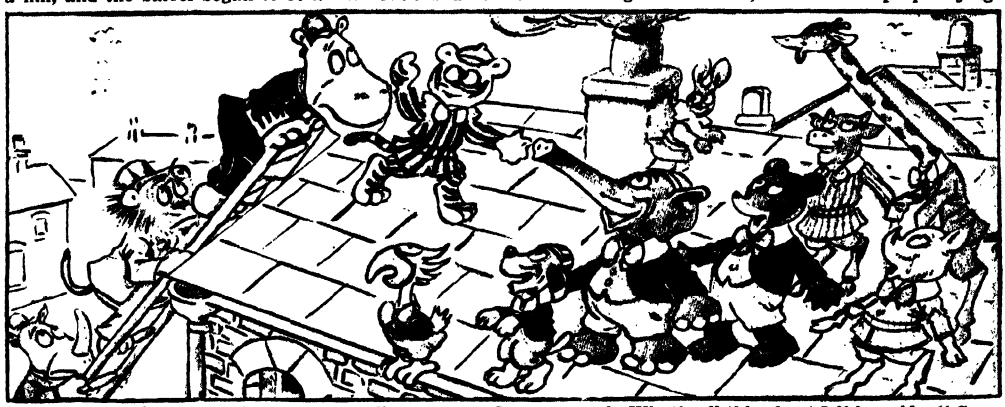


He leaned out a little too far. He lost his balance, and fell plop into a baker's cart that was passing ! There was a great pile of flour-bags on the top, and into the middle of it he went. There *was* a smother ! The poor old man was such a sight that everybody burst out laughing, but the boys helped him out and brushed him down. Yet all the time Tim kept staring up at the sky. The crowd forgot the old man, and stared too.

AND TURNS THE WHOLE STREET UPSIDE DOWN



The crowd grew and grew. A band came round the corner, playing like mad. At the same minute a boy, whistling and rolling a huge barrel before him, came up behind them. When he caught sight of the crowd, the boy stopped. "What's the matter?" he shouted, as he let the barrel go. Now, the street was on a hill, and the barrel began to roll. It rolled and rolled till it charged the crowd, and sent the people flying.



In the middle of the hubbub up came a policeman. "Come, come! What's all this about?" he said. "Come along," replied Tim; "I'll show you." He ran to a ladder standing against the house, and began climbing up it. The boys ran after him. The policeman followed the boys, and the crowd followed the policeman. When they were all out on the roof, Tim pointed to a little white cloud, and said mysteriously, "Watch it!"



The crowd watched. Then Tim beckoned to the boys, and they began to creep down the ladder. When they were all in the street, Tim said, "Now, boys, pull it away. Hurry; they're after us!" "You young scoundrels!" shrieked the crowd from the roof. "Wait till we catch you!" But Tim made his very best bow, and the boys picked up the ladder and ran off with it. And the next minute there wasn't a hair of their heads to be seen.

Seven Things to Go to Bed With



TIM DREAMS HE IS AT COLLEGE

MAGIC TRAVELS

THE child may find,
Who cares to look,
A magic carpet
In a book,

To carry him,
From Sofa Bay,
Across the seas
And far away,

The world before
His eyes to spread—
And bring him home
In time for bed.

THE OLD SUNDIAL

QUAINT little paths, with a border of box;
Lordly sunflower, and lady phlox;
And knee-deep in lavender, all the while,
Marking the hours, stands the old sundial.

Flounces and farthingales, peruke and fan,
Courtly lady and gentleman,
Long, long years ago, did their time beguile,
You marked their sunny hours—old sundial.

Gone are the gallants, and ladies fair,
Other flowers now scent the summer air,
But you mark the sunny hours, all the while,
Knee-deep in lavender, old sundial.

THE FISH-MAN'S LITTLE GIRL

THE fish-man has a little girl
About as big as me,
And when he comes to sell the fish
He's caught out of the sea,
Along our road, she looks about
So very smilingly.

And sometimes mother nods at her,
Because we want some fish,
And you should see her smile and stop,
And run up for our dish;
She always looks as though she *hopes*
She'll have just what we wish!

She is the dearest little girl,
And sometimes when I wake
At night to hear wild tempests howl,
And extra huge waves break,
I *hope* the fish-man's safe at home,
For his wee girlie's sake!

NOT ME!

A DOG on the Island of Wight
Dared a kitten to come out and fight.
Yawned pussy, "Not me!
Let sleeping cats be,
And remember that might is not right."

NEIGHBOURS

THREE—but very nearly four—
That's how old I am;
A week behind the girl next door;
She's got a double pram—

White, with buckles on the straps,
Real, you know, not sham;
They don't sit on each other's laps,
The dolls in Rosie's pram.

But on a comfy cushioned seat,
One at each end, they ride;
They do not even touch their feet,
There's so much room inside!

And, big or little, short or tall,
Unjointed, fat or thin,
Quite still they sit, and never fall—
So safe she straps them in.

I watch them on the lawn next door,
So sweet they look and cosy;
Next Sunday, when I'm really four,
I'll choose a pram like Rosie.

NICE AND NASTY

SOME words are very nice, you know,
Like Apple Pie and Cream,
And Soap-bubble and Pink and Snow,
And Diamond and Dream.

But some are horrid, don't you think?
Like Medicine and Hush,
And Don't, and How Absurd! and Ink,
And Fidget and Tush-tush!

The words are nice that make you grin,
Not those that make you pout.
Why can't they leave the nice ones in
And take the nasty out?

DO YOU LIKE BUTTER?

BUTTERCUP, buttercup, do I like butter?
Pray, don't be alarmed, and get all of a flutter!
I'll hold you quite gently, beneath my chin—so,
And if it shines yellow, why, *then* I shall know!



TIM GOES FOR A RIDE

DISAPPEARANCE OF TIGER TIM

THERE was a great to-do at Hippo School.

Tim had disappeared!

They hunted and hunted, but no sign of him could they find. When Mrs. Hippo asked, "Does anyone know where Tim is?" nobody answered.

"He is up to mischief, I'll be bound," said Teacher. "Bring the cane, Joey!" And she put it down before her to be in readiness for the young rascal when he should turn up.

That was at breakfast. At dinner there was still no sign of Master Tim.

And now Jacko was missing too!

When Mrs. Hippo asked, "Does anyone know where Jacko is?" nobody answered.

They did not know, it was true, but they could make a very good guess, for Jacko had said *he* knew where Tim was, and he had gone out directly after breakfast to find him and bring him back.

Teacher picked up the cane, looked at it, and put it down again. And they all went on with their dinner.

But when tea-time came, and neither of the boys had appeared, Mrs. Hippo began to grow alarmed. What ever could have happened to them? She put on her bonnet and marched round to the police-station.

The police sergeant was very polite and obliging, and he listened very carefully to all she told him.

"Don't you worry, ma'am," he said at last. "I know something of that young gentleman. He's as full of tricks as a cartload of monkeys. He'll turn up presently, bless you—he and Jacko too. We'll find them for you. They can't have got very far, you know."

But the good man would have been very much surprised if he had known how far they had got.

Just then there was a scampering of feet outside, the door burst open, and in rushed Jumbo and Johnny Bull. Jumbo was flourishing a newspaper in his hand. They were frightfully excited, and as they both shouted at once it was not easy to understand what it was all about.

The sergeant snatched up the paper, and opened it, and this is what he read:

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF THE NEW MODEL AEROPLANE

This machine, which was only completed yesterday, has been stolen from its shed, and no trace of it can be found. Some person unknown has discovered its secret mechanism, and succeeded in carrying it off. Who is this mysterious stranger . . .?

"*Tim!*" shouted Jumbo and Johnny Bull in one breath.

"Good gracious, boys! What ever do you mean?" cried Mrs. Hippo.

"We read all about it in the papers," said Jumbo, "and Tim said he meant to have a look at it."

"He said he meant to have a ride in it," corrected Johnny Bull.

"The young villain!" exclaimed the sergeant. "That's where he is, right enough."

"Oh dear, he'll be killed—they'll both be killed!" cried Mrs. Hippo in terrible alarm. "He's taken Jacko with him—I know he has. You must find them, sergeant, and make them come home at once. You must!"

"I'd do anything to oblige you, ma'am," said the man, taking off his hat and rubbing his head thoughtfully, "but chasing an aeroplane, it seems to me, is a job for a skylark. If you want my opinion, I should say it can't be done."

And those boys needed some catching, for while the sergeant stood wondering what to do, and Mrs. Hippo was wringing her hands in despair, at that very moment *Tim and Jacko were flying at fifteen miles an hour over the English Channel!*

. . . . . .

Only the birds knew what was happening up there.

"Isn't it grand?" Tim was saying. "I could go on and on for ever."

"So could I," Jacko agreed. "It's a shame to have to go back. And, my word, shan't we catch it? What *will* Teacher say when she finds out where we have been? Perhaps you'd better turn round, Tim."

Tim must have thought so too, for he took hold firmly of the steering-wheel and gave it a sharp twist.

"This thing *is* stiff!" he said. "I can't move it."

"Let me try," said Jacko. "It's got to move somehow. I wonder where we are? Flying over France, I suppose."

But Jacko could do no more with the obstinate wheel than Tim. They tried till they were tired.

"Look here," said Tim at last. "Let's both push together. Catch hold of the thing—that's right! Now! One, two, *three!*"

As Tim said "three" they pushed with all their might. And as they pushed there was a loud click. Something snapped, and the aeroplane turned sharply and shot away.

"Gracious!" cried Tim. "What's happened?"

"We're sailing out to sea!" shrieked Jacko. "That's what's happened. What awful waves! And, oh, Tim, look out! We're dropping! I'm sure we are! Hold her up!"

"I can't!" shouted Tim desperately. "The thing's broken!"

"We shall be drowned!" sobbed Jacko. "Oh, why *did* I come? You said you knew how to manage it."

"So I do," returned Tim angrily. "The machine's broken, I tell you."

"Help! Help!" shrieked Jacko.

But it was little use crying for help in a violent storm in the Bay of Biscay. The boys had never seen such a storm. They seemed to have leapt into it at a single bound.

They were too frightened to speak. They clung in terror to the sides of the aeroplane as great gusts of wind, shrieking with fury, dashed against them, caught them up, and drove them along at a terrifying pace, carrying them every moment farther from shore.

The sky grew dark, and heavy rain began to fall. Giant hailstones pattered against the framework of the aeroplane, and stung their faces. The waves below them rose mountains high, and seemed like cruel arms stretched up to draw them to destruction.

And then suddenly—as suddenly as it had sprung up—the storm abated, and the wind fell. The aeroplane swayed, steadied itself, and slowly recovered its balance.

For one awful moment of suspense it hovered like a bird in mid-air, and then, with a sickening drop, sank into the angry waves.

With one terrified shriek the boys gave themselves up for lost. But they had no sooner disappeared in the waves than they were shot up to the surface again.

"We're floating!" cried Jacko, shaking the water from his eyes. "Hurrah! I thought we were drowned."

But Tim did not feel quite so happy. He realised more quickly than Jacko the peril they were in. Jacko seemed to think their troubles were over: Tim guessed they had only just begun.

For the first time in his life Tim's wonderful spirits had deserted him; and perhaps it was not surprising, for he was cold and hungry and soaked to the skin, and, though he had no fears for himself, he could not help remembering that it was his own headstrong daring that had brought them to such a pass. If anything happened to Jacko it would be his fault.

Never before had Tim felt so wretched. He stared out across the waves, and took no notice when Jacko, his teeth chattering with cold, crept up closer for comfort.

And yet, in spite of their misery, their little craft was riding the waves in a way that was little short of miraculous. Every wave that rolled towards them threatened to overwhelm them. The angry sea lifted them high and dashed them down again; it tossed them mercilessly to and fro, and sent them spinning in a whirlpool. Once, if Tim had not caught him in the nick of time, Jacko must have been washed overboard, and nothing could have saved him.

As Tim shook himself free of the blinding spray his eyes fell on a black object far off on the darkening horizon.

Jacko saw it too.

"It's a ship, Tim!" he shrieked. "A ship!"

They held their breath as they strained their eyes to see in which

direction it was going. It was not easy to tell from that distance, but it certainly seemed to grow bigger as they watched.

"It's coming nearer! I'm sure it is!" exclaimed Jacko at last. "Oh, Tim, will they see us?"

But Tim did not answer. He was tearing off his coat and his waistcoat. He tore at his shirt to get that off, too, but it was so wet that it clung to his arms.

"Pull, Jacko, pull!" he shouted.

And Jacko, wondering if Tim had gone mad, obeyed.

Tim clutched it and wrung it till it was dry. Then, leaning over the side of the aeroplane, he tore a long splinter from the broken woodwork, and began to bind the sleeves of his shirt to it with his necktie.

Another minute, and up went the stick, and a flag was waving bravely over their heads!

"Hurrah, Tim!" cried Jacko. "They must be blind not to see *that*."



THE BOYS SHRIEKED AND WAVED THEIR FLAG

But, though he did not say so, Tim was not so certain. It was getting late, and the light was growing dim.

Gradually—oh, so gradually!—the big ship grew bigger and bigger, and the boys, scarcely daring to speak, watched. Whether their signal had been seen they could not tell, but the boat was coming towards them, there was no doubt about it.

The waiting was terrible. Hours seemed to have passed before Tim sprang at last to his feet.

"They've seen us!" he shouted. "Look, they're signalling to us!"

And so they were. The boys shrieked and waved their flag till they nearly fell overboard.

Then, to their astonishment, the big ship shut off steam, slowed down, and stood still.

What did it mean? Jacko was sure they were going to be deserted after all, and, snatching the flag from Tim's hand, he jumped up and waved it frantically, shrieking "Help!" at the top of his voice.

"Don't be an idiot!" shouted Tim angrily. "Sit still. Can't you see they're letting down a boat?"

Jacko understood, and presently the little boat drew up beside them.

. . . .

Half an hour later they were safe aboard the ship. How the crew cheered when the boys scrambled up the side and jumped on deck! And what a tale they had to tell!

"Thank you, sir, for rescuing us," Tim wound up at last. "We are very grateful—but we shall be glad to get home again," he added, looking at Jacko.

Jacko didn't answer: he was staring out to sea, wondering what Teacher would say.

But Mrs. Hippo was so thankful to have her boys safe home again that not one word of scolding did they get. I expect she thought the terrible fright they had had was punishment enough.

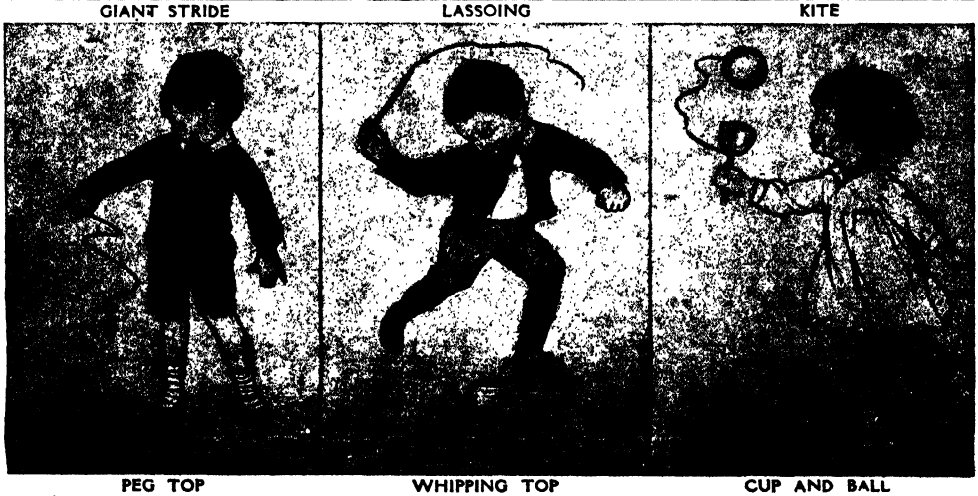
THE HAPPY DAYS OF SUMMER WITH A



TUG-OF-WAR SKIPPING HORSES



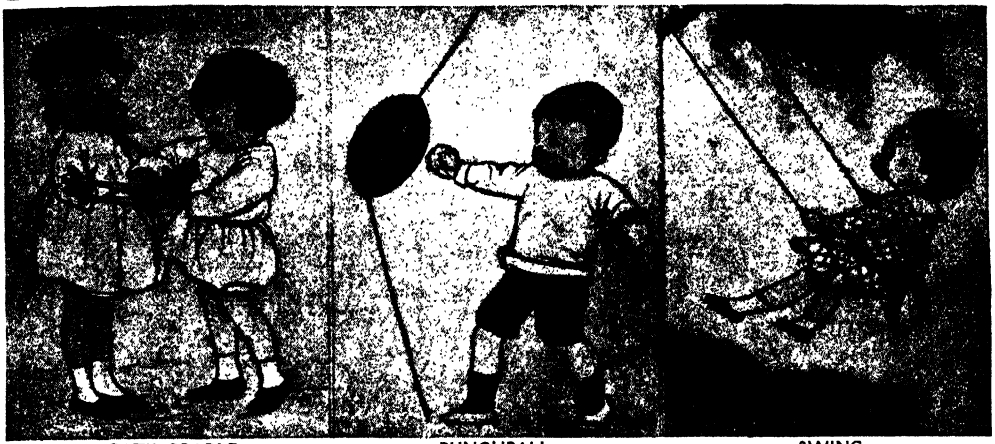
GIANT STRIDE LASSOING KITE



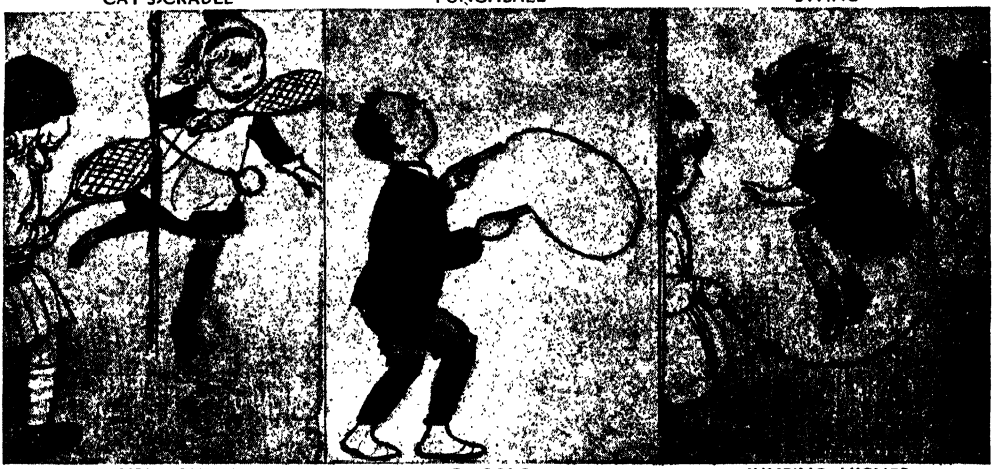
PEG TOP WHIPPING TOP CUP AND BALL

IN ALL THESE GAMES, FAMILIAR TO CHILDREN ALL THE WORLD OVER, A PIECE OF ROPE OR STRING

STRONG ROPE AND A LITTLE BIT OF STRING



CAT'S-CRADLE PUNCHBALL SWING



BUMBLE PUPPY DIABOLO JUMPING HIGHER



SUCKERS BOB-APPLE CONKERS

IS USED. WHAT WOULD LIFE BE, WE MAY WONDER, WITHOUT A STICK, A BALL, AND A BIT OF STRING

ALL THE DIFFERENCE

In the daytime I'm a policeman,
Or a soldier, or a knight;
And Dad's walking-stick's a truncheon,
Or a sword to help me fight;
And our green's a kingly courtyard,
And our house a palace gay.
Oh, there's nothing quite so jolly
As "pretending-games" by day!

In the night-time things are diff'rent
When I'm up in bed alone,
For the creakings sound like footsteps,
And the wind cries like a moan;
And it's hard then to remember
Just how brave I was all day,
For I always feel at night-time
Somehow—just the other way.

SPRING FLOWERS

Underneath the hedges,
Sheltered from the wind,
White and purple violets
Are not hard to find.

By the running streamlet,
In a mossy place,
There the yellow primrose
Lifts her dainty face.

On the em'rald hillside,
Fearless of the weather,
There grow happy cowslips,
Smiling brave together.

LEARNING

I wonder why it seems the rule
To learn such stupid things at school:
Just how to read, and how to spell,
And how to say your tables well,
And how to write and how to sing?
It really seems a funny thing
To learn what you don't want to know
At school. I wish I needn't go!

Now, Daddie tells me *proper* things:
He knows each bird by the way it sings,
And all their diff'rent nests as well,
There is not one he cannot tell,
He finds out where wild-flowers grow,
And all the things you *want* to know.
If school taught me like *that* each day,
I'd never want to stay away.

WASHING DAY

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Centipede,
"'Tis washing day tomorrow.
A clothes-line I shall really need
To beg, or buy, or borrow.
"With quite a hundred pairs of socks
That must be washed and mended,
As well as pinafores and frocks,
My work is never ended.
"The spider has a line, I know,
Because I saw her spin it.
Perhaps she'll lend it me? I'll go
And ask this very minute."

MY DOGGIE

Chums—aren't we?—you and I,
You and I together.
You've got four feet, I've got two,
But, never mind the weather,
Down the dales and fields we go,
Up the hillside—to and fro,
You and I together!

Chums—aren't we?—just we two,
You and I together.
When we're old we'll climb the hill,
Past the briar and heather.
There we'll walk into the sky,
And play with angels—you and I,
You and I together!

BOBBIE'S NEW DRUM

Bobbie had a new drum. Mother said: "Lessons first, and then you shall play with it all the afternoon."

But when lesson-time came no Bobbie could be seen. Maisie found him—high up on the hill behind the house.

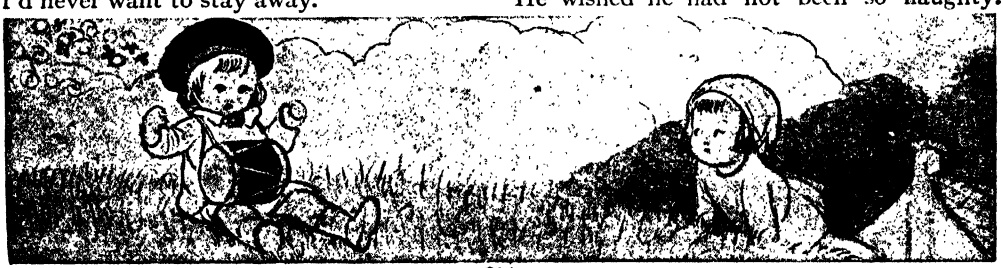
"Naughty boy!" she cried. "Come down at once!"

"I won't!" said Bobbie angrily; and he hit the drum so hard that it went *bang!*

"Oh, you have broken it!" cried Maisie.

"Stupid thing!" shouted Bobbie. And he jumped up and gave the drum a big kick. Over it went, over and over down the hill, right to the very bottom.

And over and over rolled Bobbie—bump! bump! right to the very bottom. There *was* a big lump on his nose all that day. He wished he had not been so naughty.



I ONCE HAD A SWEET LITTLE DOLL, DEAR



I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world:
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled,
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sake's sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

O WIND, ARE YOU ANGRY TO-NIGHT?



THE WIND

O WIND, are you angry to-night?
I can hear you awake
in the trees;
If you weren't quite so cold,
I should like to go down
And see if you've hurt my
sweet-peas.

O wind, are you dreadfully sad?
You are splashing your tears
on the pane;
If you'd like very much to come
into my room,
I would open the window again.

O wind, you are shaking my bed,
And you're knocking up there
like the sweep;
I shall pull up the bedclothes right
over my head
And see if I can't go to sleep.



JOCULAR JIM

JOCULAR JIM!
Do look at him,
Up in the sky
Taking a fly,
His toes in the moon,
His head in the sun,
Like a balloon
From Kingdom Come!



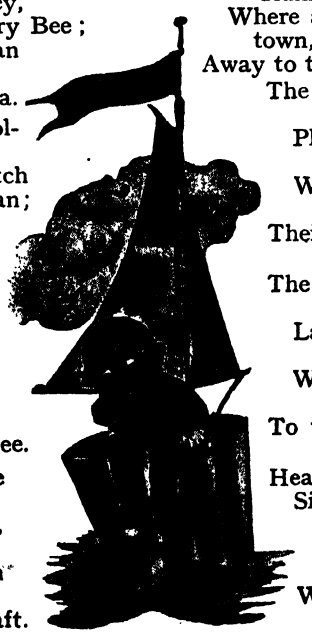
THE VOYAGE OF THE BOGEY

BROLLIGOBOND was a bogey,
The brother of Mulberry Bee;
And he sailed the American
Tomberry Boll,
In a tumbler of bilberry tea.

His sails were of plum-coloured satin,
His masts were a lucifer match
And he sailed the American;
Tomberry Boll
Till he came to the shores
of the Skratsh.

He squelched in the mud of
the Eeshy Oosh,
And plundered the juniper-
tree,
The strawberry beds and the
barberry boosh,
In the garden of Mulberry Bee.

Then he skipped down the
beach in the moonlight,
With a handful of berries,
and laughed,
And he sailed the American
Tomberry Boll
In his silvery, bilberry craft.



A RIDE ROUND THE TABLE

To the tintinnabulations
Of the tuneful tambourine
Moves Morello, King of Cakeland,
With his daughter Margarine.
With him rides Prince Plum of
Piecrust,
Mounted on his sugar steed;
He's to wed the fair Sultana,
Daughter of the Kaik of Seed.
By his side stalks tall Madeira,
Small méringues the trumpets
sound;
Apple dumplings roll before him,
Buns and biscuits bark and
bound.
But behind the verdant citrons
Lies a troop of potted prawns:
See them dash from out their
ambush
O'er the tesselated lawns!
With a cry of "Cakes for ever!"
See the cakes withstand their
shock;
While Prince Plum Sultana seizes,
And in spite of coughs and sneezes,
Bears her through the Atlantic
breezes
To his home on Almond Rock.

A CHILD'S SONG IN THE TRAIN

THE walls, the walls, the little grey walls,
Running away and tumbling down;
Where are they hurrying? On past the
town,
Away to the woods and the wild waterfalls.
The heather, the heather, the purple-
bell heather,
Playing bo-peep with the bracken
and moss;
Where is it creeping? To where
the trees toss
Their haughty green heads in the
valley together.
The streams, the dear little silvery
streams,
Laughingly slipping from pool to
pool;
Where are they gliding to, swift
and so cool?
To the sea and the plains they have
seen in their dreams.
Heart, O heart, so happy and free,
Singing as fresh as the lark in the
blue;
Where are you going? Away
with them, too,
With wall, stream, and heather,
away to the sea.

CHILDREN OFT ARE SUCH A TROUBLE













I AM just a little girl,
This is just my little doll,
It is sometimes very naughty
And it won't behave at all.
Children oft are such a trouble,
One must always watch them so
Or they're sure to be in mischief,
Ah! it's only mothers know.

My dear dolly's name is Mary,
She was born on Christmas Eve,
I remember I was sleeping,
Dreaming of her, I believe.
I had meant to watch for Santa
Just to tell I wished a doll
With blue eyes which shut and opened,
And a pretty dress and shawl.

I had closed my eyes a moment,
When I woke up it was dawn,
And I saw my sweetest dolly,
Santa Claus had come and gone!
Ever since I've been a mother,
Though I've taught my doll to try
To be good and quite obedient,
She forgets when I'm not by.

Yes, I sometimes have to beat her,
Or to send her straight to bed,
When she's dirtied all her dresses,
Or some naughty thing has said.
Worse! I have a secret sorrow,
Which may make my hair turn grey,
I have found my dolly's hollow,
And some sawdust's leaked away.

Ah! she looked so fair and smiling,
Never when I kissed her face
Could I dream that common sawdust
Filled a being of such grace!
Mummie says that older people
Just are grown-up girls and boys,
And they no doubt have their troubles
And perhaps they have their toys.

Sometimes when they see the sawdust
It may make their hearts to grieve,
But they'll still keep up their playing
At their game of make believe.
Anyhow, I've told my story,
Mary's still my darling doll,
Children seldom are quite perfect,
But their mothers love them all.

HE GOES BESIDE ME IN THE SUN

THE OTHER ME

He goes beside me in the Sun;
  And he is dark, though I am fair;
Both when I walk, and when I run,
  The Other Me is always there.
I often tell him things I know,
  But not a word has he to say;
Yet still he goes the Roads I go,
  And likes to play the Games I play.
He came once when the Lamp was lit;
  I saw him dance across the floor,
And jump into my Bed, and sit;
  How queer I never heard the door!

IF I HAD A GARDEN

If I had a garden, a garden of green,
  With smooth lawns and borders and flower-beds between,
Then I should be happy from morning till night,
To work in my garden would be my delight.
If I had a garden, there's not the least doubt,
The sly little fairies would soon find it out,
And when they were certain they would not be seen
They'd play hide-and-seek in my garden of green.



BABY'S FIRST TOOTH

I've done a-weeping.
  Since there came a-peeping
Such a snowy, pearly tooth,
  Baby's gone a-sleeping.
Crow, baby, crowing.
  Other pearlies, knowing
How your mother prized the first,
  Soon will start a-growing.

MEMORY

There are just two kinds of remember—
You either remember clear as glass,
The way John does in arithmetic class,
  Or else you sort-of-remember,
The way I do from my history book,
The way that dim reflections look
In the shiny black piano legs,
Or the shaky water of the brook;
  That's how I sort-of-remember.
Now mother says I can't remember
The time before I did get born,
Seven years ago on Sunday morn;
  And yet I sort-of-remember
My little body riding far
From the place where wings and circles are,
With voices flying up as dust,
Till mother twinkled like a star;
  That's how I sort-of-remember.









HOW TROUBLE COMES

In half the affairs
Of this busy life
(As on a day
I said to my wife)
Our troubles come
From trying to put
The left-hand shoe
On the right-hand
foot.

THE DRAGON

A knight and a lady
Went riding one day
Far into the forest,
Away, away.
"Fair knight," said the lady,
"I pray, have a care,
This forest is evil,
Beware, beware.'
A fiery red dragon
They spied on the grass,
The lady wept sorely,
Alas! alas!
The knight slew the dragon,
The lady was gay,
They rode on together,
Away, away.

BABY'S FIRST WORD

Gu-Gu-Ging! How I learnt to sing
Gu-Gu-Ging! 'twas a wondrous thing!
Daddie asked, "What does it say?"
Mummie said, "'Tis clear as day!"
Gu-Gu-Ging—Ging-Gu-Gu-Ging!
Ging-Ging-Gu! Mother's love can tell—
Ging-Ging-Gu!—baby's meaning well;
Whispering angels softly teach,
Tiny, weeny babies speech—
Ging-Ging-Gu-Gu—Ging-Ging-Gu!

BABY'S FIRST OUTING

Shine, sun, shine,
Keep the weather fine;
Nurse's heart is full of care,
Lest you should not take the air:
If it rains it won't be fair—
Shine, sun, shine.

Blue, blue sky,
Keep the weather dry;
If from clouds your face is free,
Basking in the sun you'll see,
Babies big and babies wee—
Blue, blue sky.

THE THINGS THEY SAW IN THE SKY



First they saw a butterfly



Then they saw a bird



Next they saw a kite



And then a balloon



Soon they saw a parachute and then an aeroplane



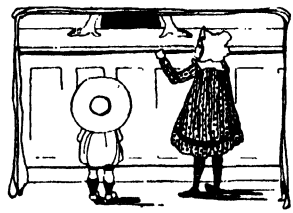


Next an airship, and at last a cloud that hid them all



TEN LITTLE RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY

SHOPPING



"HALF a pound of coffee, please.
And threepence change for mother;
And have you got a paper bag
To give my little brother?
He says he wants to blow it out
And make it go off pop!
He always wants a bag to blow
When we come out to shop."

THE WISE OLD OWL



A WISE old owl lived in an oak,
The more he saw, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard;
Why can't we all be like that bird?

A GOOD IDEA



WHEN pussy turns her back to me
They say it's going to rain;
But though I turn her round about
She turns her back again.

I want it to be fine today,
And so I think I'll creep
And sit the other side of her
While she is fast asleep.

THE DEAREST BOY



HE wears a smile about the town
And never clouds it with a frown.

He likes the rain, the sun's bright ray,
And finds some charm in any day.

There's nothing that he cannot do,
From mending toys to baby's shoe.

For all his tasks he is no shirk,
But whistles blithely at his work.

A bit of fun is his delight—
This dear old boy, his hair is white!

HIDE-AND-SEEK

I LOVE to play at hide-and-seek,
But I am always found;
I don't know how it is at all,
I never make a sound.

I'm hiding in the garden now,
I've found a place that's new.
They'll never think of looking here;
I'm sure they won't. Would you?

LITTLE TEDDY

OUR boy Teddy,
Sitting in the tub,
Take the soap and flannel,
And give the boy a rub.

Turning up his little toes
Cocking up his little nose,
Our boy Teddy,
Sitting in a tub.

A RULE OF HEALTH

EAT well, not much; 'tis worse than waste
To bolt your food and not to taste;
Use not the pig's indecent haste,
But chew, chew, chew.

The teeth are stationed in the gums
To challenge every scrap that comes;
The microbe fears their muffled drums
Of chew, chew, chew!

They grind our foes to harmless dust,
They take not even friends on trust;
Into good strength both crumb and crust
They chew, chew, chew.

To wash your teeth both morn and night
Is only wise and clearly right,
But best to *use them*, and with might
To chew, chew, chew.

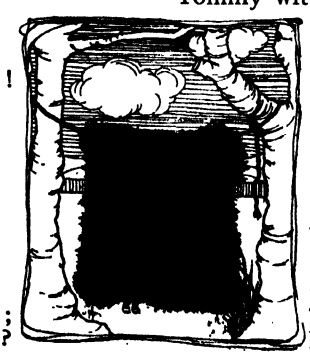
Then at the table take your place
With seemly hands, with polished face;
And let the Amen to your grace
Be chew, chew, chew.

THE SEA

BEHOLD the wonders of the mighty deep,
Where crabs and lobsters learn to creep,
And little fishes learn to swim,
And clumsy sailors tumble in.

POOR, DEAR GRANDPAPA

WHAT is the matter with grandpapa?
What can the matter be?
He's broken his leg in trying to spell
Tommy without a T.



APPLE-TREE TOWN

THREE wise men lived in Apple-Tree Town,
So wise, each wore a big, big frown,
But they couldn't tell whether—
Ahem! Ahem!—
An apple-seed points to the flower
Or the stem;
'Tis sad, but true,
That none of them knew,
Do you? Do you? Do you?

RHYMES OF THE DAYS



Born on a Monday, fair in face;
Born on a Tuesday, full of God's grace;
Born on a Wednesday, merry and glad;
Born on a Thursday, sour and sad;
Born on a Friday, godly given;
Born on a Saturday, work for your living;
Born on a Sunday, never shall want;
So there's the week, and there's an end on't.





Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best of all;
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all.

Solomon Grundy,
Born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday—
This is the end of Solomon Grundy.





Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on Wednesday, sneeze for a letter;
Sneeze on Thursday for something better;
Sneeze on Friday, sneeze to your sorrow;
Sneeze on Saturday, happy tomorrow;
Sneeze on Sunday, your safety seek;
The fairies will chase you all the week.



Sunday's child ne'er lacks in place;
Monday's child is fair in face;
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is sour and sad;
Thursday's child is happy and glad;
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child must work for its living.



How many days was my baby away?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.



Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Except in Leap Year; that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.



Cut your nails Monday, cut them for news;
Cut them on Tuesday, a pair of new shoes;
Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for health;
Cut them on Thursday and add to your wealth;
Cut them on Friday, cut them for woe;
Cut them on Saturday, a journey you'll go;
Cut them on Sunday, cut them for joy,
All the week long a good girl or boy.



Monday, Monday, go to school;
Tuesday, Tuesday, keep quite cool;
Wednesday, Wednesday, read your book;
Thursday, Thursday, happy look;
Friday, Friday, work all day;
Saturday, Saturday, all for play;
Sunday, Sunday, rest awhile.
All the week you'll have a smile.

MY DADDIE DID NOT GO TO TOWN

My daddie did not go to town
Last evening after tea,
But got a book and settled down
As comfy as could be.
I tell you I was awful glad
That daddie was about,
To answer all the things I had
Been trying to find out.

THE LAZY YOUTH

A YOUNG man who never left his bed until noon was asked why he was so lazy.

"Well," said he, "I have to act as judge. Every morning two persons come to my bedside. One is called Industry and the other Sloth. One bids me get up and the other tells me to lie abed. Each gives me twenty reasons for doing as she bids, and as I want to act fairly I have to hear both sides and weigh what is said before coming to a decision, and it is always noon before I have decided that Industry is very much wiser than Sloth."

A lazy person is sure to find some excuse for his laziness.

THE PRIM LITTLE TAILOR

MR. WALKER, the prim little tailor,
Took his wife for a ride in a trailer,
She was so stout, alack!
That before he came back
He'd perspired himself thin and grown paler.

THE MERMAID

LADY in the water blue,
Are you very happy there?
Have you nothing else to do
All the day but comb your hair?

Is your home a coral cave
Underneath the shining sea?
If I promise to behave,
Will you let me come to tea?

THE DINER WHO PAID WITH A SONG

A HUNGRY traveller stepped into an inn and had a good meal, but when the time came to pay for what he had eaten he declared that he had no money.

"But no matter," said he, "I will pay you by singing a song, for I am a travelling musician."

"No," said the innkeeper, "that will not do; my business is money, not music."

"If I give you a song that shall really content you, will you take that in payment?" asked the traveller.

"Certainly, if it really contents me," replied the innkeeper. And the traveller sang several songs, none of which had the desired effect.

Thereupon he took out his purse and opened it, as though about to pay the innkeeper, singing, "Out with your purse and pay your host."

"That is the song that satisfies you, I suppose?" said the traveller.

"Yes," replied the innkeeper.

And, putting his purse back, the traveller said:

"Good-bye! I thought my last song would satisfy you."

Rogues are always good at playing tricks.

FIVE LITTLE BROTHERS

FIVE little brothers set out together
To journey the livelong day,
In a curious carriage all made of leather
They hurried away, away!
One big brother and three quite small,
And one wee fellow, no size at all.

The carriage was dark and none too roomy,
And they could not move about;
The five little brothers grew very gloomy,
And the wee one began to pout,
Till the biggest one whispered: "What do you say?
Let's leave the carriage and run away!"

So out they scampered, the five together,
And off and away they sped—
When somebody found the carriage of leather,
Oh, my, how she shook her head!
'Twas her little boy's shoe, as everyone knows,
And the five little brothers were five little toes.

THE COCK AND THE ARTFUL FOX

A FOX spied a cock roosting in a tree, and, wishing to have the bird for supper, he invited him to come down.

"You have nothing to fear," said the fox, "for peace is declared among all living things, and no one will henceforth hurt anyone else."

The cock strained his neck, as though looking into the distance.

"What are you looking at?" asked the fox.

"Why, here come two large dogs!" replied the cock. And at once the fox began to move away. "Do not go!" cried the cock. "You have nothing to fear. Peace is proclaimed, and no creature will hurt any other creature."

"Ah," said the crafty fox, "these dogs may not have heard the news!" And off he galloped.

It is always wise to test carefully the words of the crafty.

THE VERY LONG MAN

When I cross the mountain pass
'Mid mossy banks and shelving scars,
From topmost height I scan
A long, long river man,
Stretched in front of me.
His head is high among the stars,
His feet are in the sea.

His stony brow so grey and hoar
A misty crown wears evermore.
Little pools for eyes
Stare up at the skies,
Fringed with starry moss.
The heather jay his mouth stands o'er
And curls his neck across.

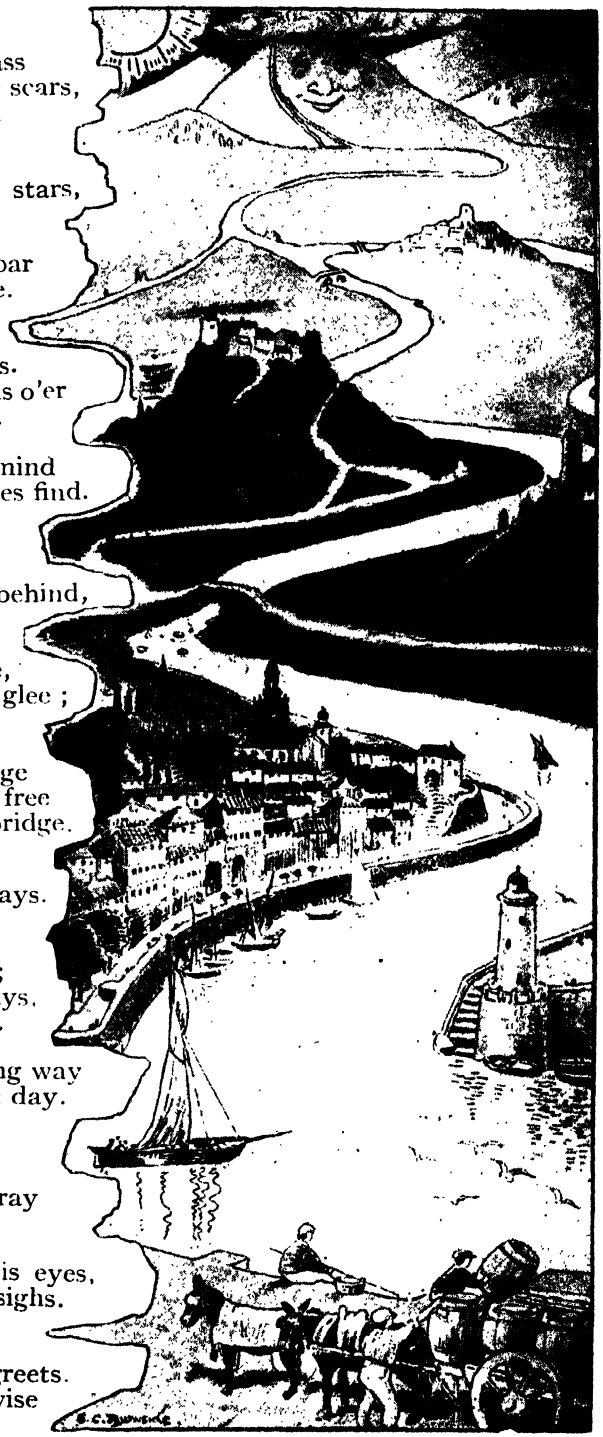
And, once begun, his restless mind
Each day a changing course does find.
A little rivulet,
He runs 'mid rushes wet,
Hide-and-seek to play.
And evermore he seems to stay behind,
And ever slips away.

So merry and light-hearted he,
Jumping the boulders in his glee;
With fingers on the down
And arms about the town.
Then round the mossy ridge
He rollicks with the children free
And gurgles 'neath the bridge.

But with the ever-rolling days
He leaves the merry meadow ways.
Barges night and morn
Are on his shoulder borne.
He twists no more at will;
His bed is full of piers and stays.
And soft he goes, and still.

Throughout his long and winding way
He, patient, greets the sun each day.
The moon companions him.
With winter's passing whim
He stiffens into ice.
The snows descend in white array
And hold him in a vice.

Both smiles and tears are in his eyes,
For laughter does he hear, and sighs.
Alike the wedding bell
And heavy funeral knell
With deepened voice he greets.
For old he's grown and very wise
Ere he the salt sea meets.



THE WATCH IS TICKING THE MINUTES AWAY

The watch is ticking, ticking,
Ticking the minutes away;
And minutes make up the hour,
And hours make up the day.
The clock is striking, striking
The hours so loud and clear;
The hours make up the day,
And the days make up the year.

WHAT THEY WILL DO

A crumb will feed a little bird,
A thought prevent an angry word,
A seed bring forth full many a flower,
A drop of rain foretell a shower.
A little cloud the sun will hide,
A dwarf may prove a giant's guide,
A narrow plank a safe bridge form,
A smile one cheerless spirit warm.

THE SPIDER AND THE SWALLOWS

A spider who saw a swallow catching flies was very indignant at what she thought was an invasion of her rights. So she set to work making a web that should catch swallows.

But, of course, the web was too weak for such a purpose, and before long a swallow broke the web and flew away with it.

"Ah," said the spider, "I see that catching swallows is a task quite beyond my powers, and in attempting it I have lost my web! Henceforth I will confine my efforts to catching flies."

NATURE'S REMEDIES

Don't mind the snow, for don't you know
'Tis sent to clothe the earth,
With robe so warm, to keep from harm
The flowers that Spring gives birth?

The snowdrops rare, with bells so fair,
And violets so sweet,
All safely lie till frost goes by,
Beneath its fleecy sheet.

So oft in life, its care and strife
Are sent us for our good;
God knoweth best, so let us rest
Contented, as we should.

WAITING FOR THE RIVER

A country lad who was not noted for an over-amount of common-sense was given a load of butter and cheese by his mother and told to take it to the market.

On his way he came to a river, and when he saw the water running past he thought he would wait till it had gone by, and walk over on dry land. This would save him the trouble of walking half a mile up the bank to a bridge. He sat down and waited till midnight, and still the water kept on running, so he thought as it was so late he had better go back. His mother was astonished when she saw him with the butter and cheeses.

"Oh," said he, "I wanted to save time and trouble, and so, instead of walking up to the bridge, I sat down and waited for the water to run past; but it is still running now, and I shall have to make the journey over again tomorrow."

THE LITTLE HOUSE

A very wise and famous man was building himself a house, and somebody looking on was surprised to see how small it was.

"Why," said he, "how comes it that so great a man as you builds himself so wretched a little house?"

"Well," replied the wise man, "if I am able to fill this house with true friends I shall consider myself very fortunate."

TOPSY-TURVY

If the butterfly courted the bee,
And the owl the porcupine;
If churches were built in the sea,
And three times one were nine;
If the pony rode his master,
If the buttercups ate the cows,
If the cat had the dire disaster
To be worried by the mouse;
If mamma sold the baby
To a gipsy for half a crown;
If a gentleman were a lady—
The world would be upside down!

I WOULD IF I COULD

I would if I could,
If I couldn't, how could I?
I couldn't without I could, could I?
Could you without you could, could you?
Could you, could you?
Could you without you could, could you?

THE FOX AND THE COCK

A hungry fox saw a cock in a tree, and greatly desired to have him for dinner. So he lay at full length on the ground, just under the tree, and blinked his eyes.

"Oh," said he, "do come and help me! I got a thorn in my left eye yesterday when I was coming through a hedge, and it is giving me great pain and nearly blinding me."

"I am afraid," said the cock, "that if I were to attempt to pull the thorn out of your left eye I might injure your other eye with my spurs. But I will call the farmer; he will be able to help you."

"Pray don't trouble," replied the fox, hurrying off. "They say the more doctors the more danger, so I will try to get the thorn out myself."

CHILDREN OF THE NATIONS AT THEIR PLAY



ENGLAND—CRICKET AMERICA—BASEBALL NORWAY—SKI-ING



HOLLAND—SKATING SPAIN—PELOTA CHINA—KITE-FLYING



SCOTLAND—GOLF CANADA—TOBOGANNING RUSSIA—SLEIGHING



SAMOA—SWIMMING SIAM—SHUTTLECOCK HUNGARY—DANCING

TO SOME LITTLE CHILD

'Tis odd, when you come t think of it,
That all the year you can say,
To some little child, somewhere in the world,
" Many happy returns of the day ! "

PEDLAR'S PACK

Pedlar, pedlar, where have you been,
With your leathern pack and your coat of green ?
What have you brought me ? What can you sell ?
Pedlar, pedlar, tell me, tell !
I've here in my pack whatever you lack,
Red, blue, and yellow, or white and black ;
I've journeyed from North, South, East, and West ;
I've everything here of the very best.
I can sell you a fine embroidered gown,
From Regent Street, in London town ;
A scone, a bannock, a haggis to eat,
From the bonniest shop in Princes Street.
Or an Irish pig you can have in a jiffey,
From Sackville Street, on the banks of the Liffey.
Rings for your fingers, one, two, and three,
I've brought from the Rue de Rivoli.
And here are sleigh-bells to make you glad
From the Nevski Prospekt, in Petrograd.
Roses and lilies, and violets as well,
I've got from the Corso Emanuel.
And a pot of Good Luck of the finest brand
From Paradise Street in Nowhere Land.



PEDLAR, WHAT HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME?

AWKWARD

"Good gracious ! " cried Emma,
" Now, here's a dilemma !
A water-pipe's burst and made pools on the path.
If the plumber again
Turns it off at the main,
How will Nursie get water to give me my bath ?
Yet, if it keeps flowing,
The pools will keep growing,
Till everything's covered as deep as the sea ;
And by seven, I'm guessing
(The time I'm undressing),
There will nothing be left of bath, Nursie, or me ! "

PEEPING

Fairies, fairies, everywhere—
Flashing their gossamer wings in the air,
Peeping, through petals of half-opened flowers,
Out of their fairyland, into ours.
Fairies, fairies, what do you say ?
Is there room for you in the world today ?
Are there ears to listen for, eyes to see,
Your dance and your magic minstrelsy ?
Fairies, fairies, weave your spells,
Charming each spot where a daffodil dwells ;
Lure them till trembling in beauty they stand,
Changing my garden to Fairyland !

A WISE OLD BIRD

Look alive !
A quarter to five !
Time to get up, I warn you.
Spread your wings,
Lazy young things,
Lie-a-bed birds, I scorn you.
When I was young
And hale and strong,
Rooks were never so lazy ;
In other days
We'd other ways,
We opened our eyes with the daisy.
Off you go !
Ten in a row !
Out of it, little sinner.
You rogue, you tried,
I know, to hide—
Be off, in search of your dinner !

WON'T YOU TELL ?

A purple pansy—poppy red,
Won't you tell a little maiden why you hang your head ?
O columbine of mauve and pink,
Are you feeling very thirsty ? Would you like a drink ?
O pretty primrose—larkspur blue,
Are you getting rather jealous ? You shall have some too.
O flowers, orange, crimson, gold,
Won't you tell a little maiden—is the drink too cold ?
O dandelion—ball of fluff,
You ragamuffin fellow—have you had enough ?
O gaudy flowers—flowers white,
No more ; my little water-can is empty quite !

WINTER

"WHAT, oh, what shall I do? Ugh! Ugh!
It's just as cold as can be;
There's ice in my bath, and my food's
frozen, too;
There's snow in my bedroom—the tree.
There's nothing to do—it's too bitter to
sing—
But to sit with my head cuddled under my
wing."

"Cheer up," sang a robin, "cheer up, little
bird!
To sit like a statue benumbs;
This is the season called winter, I've heard,
The time children feed us with crumbs.
Come, hop round their windows with me,
come along,
We'll earn a good dinner by singing a song."

WHEN NURSE IS AWAY

MY Nurse is most particular
To keep me clean and tidy;
I have my curls washed once a week—
On Saturday or Friday.

My Nurse has gone to Manchester,
Till six—or maybe seven;
I wish she wasn't coming home
Until about eleven.

For when she sees the state I'm in
Perhaps I'll have to tell her
I've played at pirates—on the pond,
And dungeons—in the cellar.

And when she hears, I'm sure she'll say:
"Augustus! Oh, how shocking!—
A neck without a necktie and
A leg without a stocking!"

A CROCUS SONG

"THE tall elm is guarded by black rooks again;
My garden's discarded its snow counterpane.
Throw off the earth blanket, dear flower, and be bold!
No more you may thank it for warmth from the cold.
Though showers come to soak us, stern winter has fled,
Lift up, little Crocus, your gay-shining head!"

She heard the glad order, and burst through the mould,
Lighting flames in the border of purple and gold.
To the sun baring brightly so saffron a spire,
That the first bee stepped lightly, for fear he'd catch fire!

CLUMSY BLACKBIRD

CLUMSY, clumsy, inky fellow!
With your gaudy beak of yellow
Pecking wildly at the bone.
Look at Tom—the little tit—
Watch him as he pecks a bit;
How to balance you'll be shown.

Perched securely, upside down,
Like a little circus clown,
Tom, the titmouse, understands
How to find the choicest bit,
How to hold and manage it,
Using little claws as hands.

AIR BALLOONS

MINE was golden green like a grape,
Effie's was blue as the sky;
Tom's was red, of a curious shape,
And it went up ever so high.

Mine broke loose at the very first,
Into the lime-tree it rose;
Effie clutched hers so tight that it burst,
And a blue dust peppered her nose.



But Tom's balloon, so shiny and bright,
Was quite the prettiest one;
It bobbed and bobbed, and then it took flight,
And sailed away to the sun.

Now, whether it got there or lost its way
In a cloud so damp and chill,
Neither Tom, nor Effie, nor I can say—
Perhaps it is sailing still!

WHO IS COMING DOWN THE CHIMNEY?

"DEAR MR. MEE, I do think Tim is too bad! I found this adventure at the back of one of his old exercise books the other day. I wonder what you will think of it. Perhaps you would like to print it. Yours sincerely, MRS. HIPPO."

MARCH 2. Whew! Yesterday was the windiest day I ever remember. We had a hard job to keep our caps on when we went for our walk after breakfast, and coming home, just as we reached the gate, there was a frightful crash.

"Whatever is it?" the boys cried out.

I ran on, and found that a big chimney-pot belonging to the house next door had been blown down, and smashed to atoms on the pavement.

"Look, boys!" I said, as the others came up. "It's broken the brickwork."

"I'm glad I wasn't underneath when it fell," remarked Joey.

And Johnny Bull said: "Yes, or there would be precious little left of you by now."

Three old ladies live in that house. Sometimes they come to tea with Teacher. We could see them peeping through the curtains, too frightened, I expect, to come out. So we marched up the garden path, and called out:

"The builder will soon put that right for you!"

Jacko said he'd have Mr. Brown up on that roof in next to no time. And so he did; but it took him ever so long to repair all the damage that had been done, and the workmen were still fussing round at lunch-time the next day.

I thought it was quite time they had finished a little job like that, and as soon as lunch was over I determined to get out on the leads to see what they were up to. The houses join, so it would be quite easy to clamber from one roof to the other.

But it was ever so long before I could get away without being noticed, and when at last I poked my head out of the skylight window there was not a man to be seen anywhere. So I crept out and had a look at the new chimney. It seemed all right, and I thought it wouldn't be half bad fun doing a little job like that. It was rather jolly up there all alone, and I had quite a good time wandering around, picking out the different chimneys, and guessing which room each belonged to.

All at once I began wondering if they were wide enough to take a boy like me. I thought I'd find out. The new one would be the cleanest, I reckoned, so I pulled out my little rope-ladder, which I always carry about with me, and fixed it firmly to the brickwork. I threw the ends down the chimney and swung myself on to it. Then something happened. Of course, I meant only to climb a little way down, but somehow I lost my footing and slipped. Down I slid, bumping against first one side and then the other, till I suddenly came to a full stop. And a mighty hard full stop it was! I discovered afterwards that I was sitting on the little iron chimney door they call the register, but just then all I could think about was how to get away without being caught.



THE BURGLAR IS *SO* SORRY

The noise had evidently frightened the old ladies, for they came running into the room in great excitement, asking each other what had happened.

"It can't be the workmen," I heard them say, "for they finished and went off quite a long while ago."

For some minutes I scarcely breathed for fear of making a noise, but I was so terribly cramped that at last I simply *had* to shift my legs. And as I moved I stupidly bumped my head against the iron.

"Help! Help!" cried the old ladies. "There's somebody in the chimney!" And they rushed out of the room.

I guessed they'd be too frightened to come back just then, so as soon as ever I dared I wriggled myself out of the chimney and ran home. But before I left I scribbled a note, telling the old ladies I really meant them no harm, and they need not have been so scared. It did seem too bad to startle them, and I

began to feel quite sorry about it. Luckily, it was Teacher's birthday that week, and I had some presents for her in my pocket. As there was plenty of time to get others, I pulled out a little purse, a scent-bottle, a packet of chocolate, and a few other things, and left them where the old ladies would find them. Then I skedaddled.

Directly I got back I rushed into the bathroom, scrubbed off the soot, changed my suit like lightning, and ran downstairs.

"Is that you, Tim?" Teacher called out. "Where *have* you been? We have been hunting everywhere for you. Come and help us. These dear old ladies have had a terrible fright. There are burglars in their chimney!"

"And we are going to the rescue!" added Joey, looking very important.

"I feel a little nervous, I must confess," said Teacher.

"I'll take care of you, ma'am," I said, and I hope she didn't see me grinning.

So off we started. Such a procession! As we trooped along I wondered if anybody would recognise my writing on the table-cloth. Suppose they should! Ugh! The thought made me shiver!

I led the way, and Teacher followed with her big umbrella. I laughed so that once I nearly choked.



TIM LEADS THE WAY

"Which is the room?" asked Teacher, as we all crowded into the tiny hall.

"The dining-room!" answered the old ladies all together. They always speak like that; it is one of their funny little ways. Jacko calls them the Band. But it isn't only that they speak all together; they say exactly the same thing at exactly the same moment!

As I opened the door there was a terrific noise like a drum bursting.

"Oh! Oh!" cried the old ladies. "Don't go in! *Please!* I'm sure it's not safe!"

"Don't be alarmed," said Joey. "It's only Jumbo sneezing." And everybody laughed.

Of course, there was no sign of anyone in the chimney, but the old ladies wouldn't be satisfied till we searched the house from cellar to attic. It was great fun. As we clattered up the stairs we passed a big linen cupboard.

"We'd better have a look inside," said Johnny Bull.

He shook the door as he turned the handle, and something fell against it with a bang.

The old ladies screamed, and Teacher cried out in a funny, shaky voice:

"*Do* be careful boys!"

"Pooh! it's nothing," I said; and, pushing the boys aside, I flung the door open. Out sprang a great broom with a long, thick handle, and hit me violently on the head. I daresay it was a good joke for the others, but *I* didn't laugh. The next day my head had a great patch on it, which gradually turned all colours of the rainbow!

At last we all trooped back into the dining-rom.

"Why, look!" screamed Brother Bunny. "Here's some writing on the cloth!" And they all crowded round the table.

"So sorry I frightened you," read out Joey. "John Who-is-it."

"He isn't so bad, whoever he is," said Piggy Wiggy. "He's left some lovely presents behind him!"

"Some presents! For us?" exclaimed the old ladies. "Oh, how lovely!"

At the sight of the presents their fright disappeared as though by magic. They thought them simply wonderful, and they *would* make us all share the chocolate, although we said "No, thank you!" ever so many times."

"You see, there *was* somebody here!" cried the old ladies triumphantly. "But who *could* it have been?"

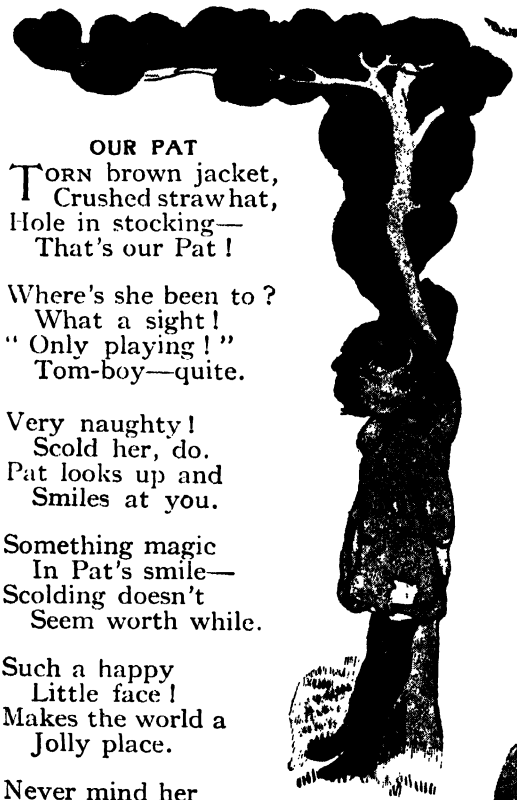
It *was* a joke!

I am glad the young scamp put things right, after all. He can never have meant to give those poor old ladies such a fright.

A FAT LITTLE PIG GOT INTO A BOWL

A FAT little pig got into a bowl,
And then down the hill he started to roll;
When he came to the valley he stuck screaming there,
With his head in a hole and his tail in the air.





OUR PAT

TORN brown jacket,
Crushed straw hat,
Hole in stocking—
That's our Pat!

Where's she been to?
What a sight!
"Only playing!"
Tom-boy—quite.

Very naughty!
Scold her, do.
Pat looks up and
Smiles at you.

Something magic
In Pat's smile—
Scolding doesn't
Seem worth while.

Such a happy
Little face!
Makes the world a
Jolly place.

Never mind her
Clothes and hat.
Only playing—
She's our Pat!

SPIN THE TOP

SPIN the top, spin the top,
Spin the top quick!
Make it hum, make it thrum,
That's a fine trick!

See it spin! Hear it hum!
There it goes, till
Soon it throbs, then it bobs,
Then it lies still.

MOO, COW!

MOO, Cow, moo!
This is what we'll do,
We'll sell your milk,
And buy some silk,
And make a dress or two.

Moo, Cow, moo!
We'll come and thank you, too.
Perhaps you'll smile
To see our style;
We don't mind if you do.





GO-GALLOP, go-gallop, go-gallopy trot!
See what a fine horse my dear Daddie has bought;
A saddle, a bridle, and bit he has got
Go-gallop, go-gallop, go-gallopy trot!

SIX LITTLE MICE SAT DOWN TO SPIN

Six little mice sat down to spin,
Pussy passed by, and she peeped in.
"What are you doing, my little men?"
"We're making coats for gentlemen."
"May I come in and bite off your threads?"
"No, no, Miss Pussy, you would bite off our heads!"

THE MAN AND THE TWO BAGS

Jupiter gave a man two bags, one for his neighbour's faults and one for his own. The bags were tied together with a rope, and in throwing the bags across his shoulder the man by chance put the bag for his own faults at his back and the one for his neighbour's faults in front of him.

This was a great while ago, but ever since man has continued to carry the two bags in this way; and while he always has his neighbour's faults before his notice, he usually forgets his own faults, which he keeps out of sight.

It is far easier to see faults in others than in ourselves.

CLUCK, CLUCK!

Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck!
I've laid an egg, I'm sure!
Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck!
Tomorrow I'll lay some more!

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE

One, two, three, four, five,
My little thumb is all alive!
First wags this way, then wags that:
Little thumb, little thumb, what are you at?

Five, four, three, two, one,
My big toe is very great fun!
First turns up, and then turns down,
And then goes pitter-pat off to town.
Pitter-pat, pitter-pat, pitter-pat, pitter-pat,
Pitter-pat, pitter-pat off to town.

THE KING AND HIS RICH SUBJECT

A king had a rich subject, and greatly desired to possess his wealth. So pretending that the man was plotting against the State, the King had him arrested.

As a matter of fact the man was very loyal, but false witnesses declared that there were concealed in his house many traitors whom the King would be glad to seize. And when the King asked the prisoner if this were so, the man replied:

"Yes, your Majesty; and if you will come to my house with a guard I will lead you to the traitors that you seek."

The man, accompanied by the King and his soldiers, was taken to his house, and as soon as he arrived he led the King to the cellar and pointed to some bags of gold.

"There are the traitors whom you wish to seize. It is because they live in my house that I have been arrested, but I hope when you have taken off these traitors to your palace you will release me."

The King was ashamed, and, setting the prisoner free, allowed him to keep his money.

Conscience makes many a man a coward.

TEN TOES

There was a little girl, and she had ten toes,
And the biggest of them all was as big as her nose,
But the rest were as small as small could be,
And the smallest of all was Little Wee Wee.
Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee!

THE MONKEYS AND THE NUTS

An Egyptian king had a number of monkeys taught dancing, and they became so skilful at the art, and looked so human when they were dressed up in clothes like children, that whenever he had visitors the monkeys were led in to dance.

"They are so thoroughly well trained," said the King, "that they have long ceased to have any of the habits of monkeys."

One day a visitor threw a handful of nuts among the monkeys, and in a moment they stopped their dancing and scrambled for the nuts, as though in their native forest.

Fine dress does not change the nature.

THE SOCIABLE COCKLE AT LEIGH

Said a sociable cockle at Leigh
Who took a fat whelk out to tea,
"You eat all that they bring,
You're a shellfish old thing!"
Said the whelk, "You're another," said he.

THE ASS AND THE PLOUGHMAN

A man had been ploughing all day, with an ass and an ox to pull the plough. At last the animals were so weary that the man decided to stop work and go home. He drove the ox into a field, and then, fastening the plough to the ass, he got on the animal's back and told it to go towards the farm.

But the ass was so tired that it could scarcely move along, and at last the man got down, untied the plough, placed it on his own shoulder, and then got back on the ass, saying:

"If you are too tired to take the plough home, I suppose I must carry it myself."

But the ass still went just as slowly, and the man could not understand it, for he forgot that, though he held the plough on his shoulder, the animal still bore the weight.

Foolish people often do foolish things without thinking about them.

SEVEN NEW NURSERY RHYMES

THE OLD CLOCK



WHEN he strikes the hour of
bedtime sad,
And breaks up our merry play;
He never looks grieved if we
pet or cry,
And don't run directly away.
Tick-tock, tick-tock,
Whether we're sorry or gay.

By his steady tick on the mantelpiece
The old clock seems to say:
"My duty is plain, to count the hours
That measure the passing day."
Tick-tock, tick-tock,
That is the only way.

I HAD A LITTLE HUSBAND



I HAD a little husband
No bigger than my thumb;
I put him in a pint pot,
And there I bid him drum.

I bought him a little horse,
That galloped up and down,
I bridled him and saddled him,
And sent him out of town.

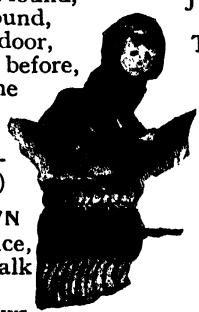
I gave him some garters,
To garter up his hose,
And a little handkerchief,
To wipe his pretty nose.



A WONDER BOX

AS I was looking on the ground,
A wonderful thing one day I found,
'Twas not a square, nor yet a round,
But a beautiful box without a door,
I could not have found it the day before,
Yet the very next day I found one
more,
If you go to any country store
You may buy a dozen for one-
and-four. (An egg)

THE SONG OF THE CLOWN



OH, clowns, they are a merry race,
They red their lips and chalk
their face,
And give each other frightful blows
With red-hot pokers on the nose.

They sing, they dance, they scream,
they shout,
They tumble down, they knock about,
They pun in prose and jest in rhyme,
And keep on laughing all the time.

Oh, what would any circus be
Without the clowns' tomfoolery?
The animals are serious,
The fun and frolic come from us.



Tickle-tackle, rittle-rattle, boo, boo, bee!
Mickle-mackle, nittle-nattle, one,
two, three!
Here we are, and here we go,
bubbling full of fun,
Rumble-rumble, hokey-pokey,
three, two, one!

SALLY SMILES

SALLY SMILES has come to town,
Come to town, come to town!
She rides a white horse up and down,
Up and down the streets.
A smile lights all her little face,
And she goes singing through the
place
And gladdens those she greets.

O Sally Smiles, we beg you stay!
Yes, yes, we want you here to-day.

DOLLY DUMPS

DOLLY DUMPS has come to town,
Come to town, come to town!
She rides a black horse up and down,
Up and down the streets.
A frown clouds all her little face,
And she goes sighing through the place
And scowls at those she meets.

O Dolly Dumps, please go away!
We do not want you here to-day.

TEN LITTLE SOLDIERS

TEN little tin soldiers lay all in a row,
Stretched out on the nursery floor,
Just where they could see with their
sharp little eyes,
Through the crack that was under
the door.

Their captain had left them all
there for the night,
And said, as he crept into bed,
"If anyone tries to come into the
room,
You must fire and shoot him
stone-dead."

The hours went by, and the ten
little guns
Were aimed at the crack near
the floor,
When all of a sudden the crack
stretched and grew,
And somebody opened the door.

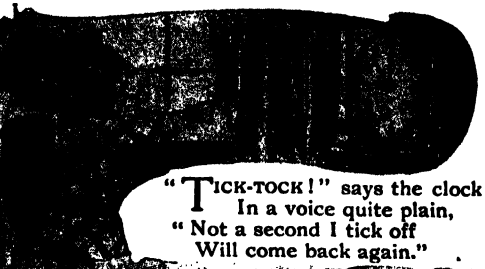
Bang! bang! went the guns—
the soldiers all fired,
But nobody seemed to be dead;
Instead they all heard a soft
kiss in the dark,
Good-night, dear!" a loving voice said.

TEN LITTLE PICTURE RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY

JACK FROST has cold white fingers,
And very icy toes;
There's always snow and winter
Wherever Jack Frost goes.



"TICK-TOCK!" says the clock
In a voice quite plain,
"Not a second I tick off
Will come back again."



SEE the little butterfly,
How it gaily flutters by,
Settles on a buttercup
Then once more goes flying up.



SPRING gives us the little bud,
Summer makes them grow;
Autumn ripens all the fruit,
Winter brings the snow



WHEN the sun has gone to rest,
When the stars shine bright,
When your eyes begin to close,
Then just say "Good-night."



LOOK, a rainbow in the sky,
With its colours seven,
Like a waterfall of gems
Tumbling out of heaven.



STRIKE the iron while it's hot,
Do not wait too long;
Form good habits in your youth
And you won't go wrong.



IF you see dark clouds to-day,
Don't give way to sorrow;
We'll have sunshine and blue skies
Sure enough to-morrow.



AT night the elves and fairies
Come out to dance and sing,
And sit upon the toadstools
To hear the bluebells ring.



SOME folk long to have great wealth,
Some wish to be wise;
But the folk who have good health
Have the greatest prize.



AN OWL AND A SQUIRREL

An owl and a squirrel,
A snake and a bee,
Once met at the tadpole's house
To point out his failings
And sympathy bring
For the sorrow his wants would arouse.

Said the owl : "I can't see
How you manage to be
So cheerful, with all that you lack ;
Why—you wriggle all day,
In one place never stay,
And you can't look over your back."

And the squirrel declared :
"When I see how you've fared,
I'm as sorry as sorry can be.
You are wet all the time,
In this damp, chilly clime,
And you never can run up a tree."

Then the snake came apace
With a grin on his face,
And he spoke with a false, yawning voice :
"You're so short, don't you see—
You'd be longer, like me,
I am sure, if you had but your [choice."

When the bee's turn had come,
He began with a hum :
"Excuse me, but it really is funny!
Your wings haven't grown—
You can't fly, you must own,
And you do not know how to make honey."

But the tadpole replied
(And I've heard that he sighed
As he wriggled about in his bog) :
"There is much I can't do—
But, then, none of you
Can ever become a green frog."

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

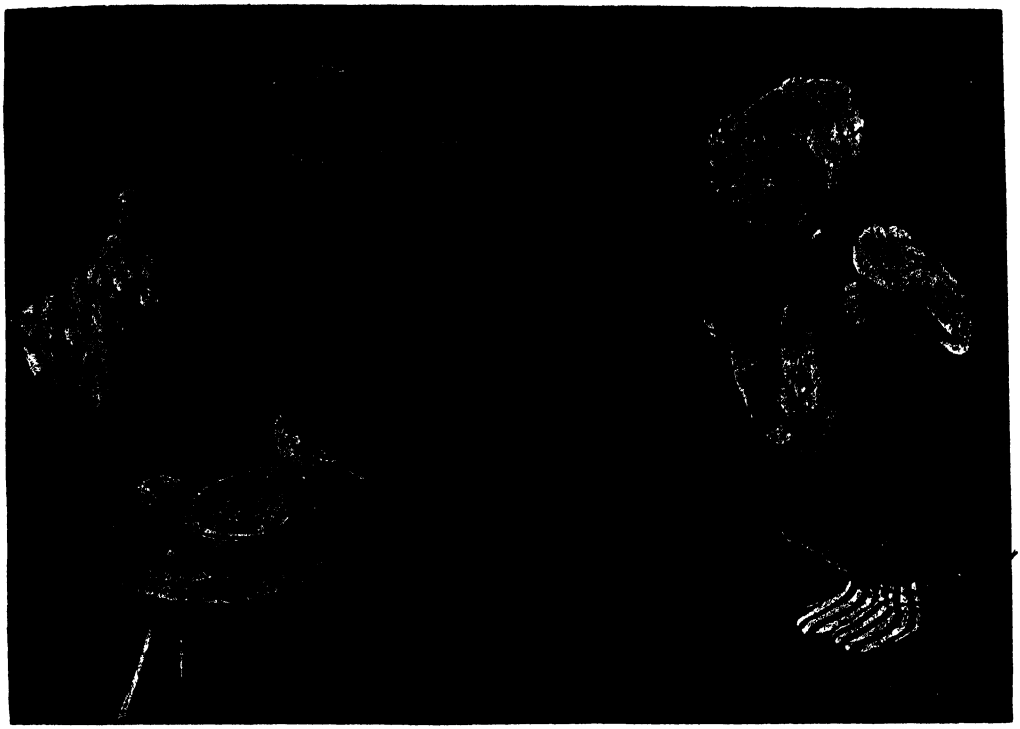
A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty and winter was come.
Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground ;
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree :
"Oh, what will become," says the cricket, "of me ?"

At last by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet and trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
Him shelter from rain ;
A mouthful of grain
He wished only to borrow,
He'd repay it tomorrow ;
If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the ant to the cricket : "I'm your servant and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend ;
But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm ?"
Said the cricket : "Not I.
My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all Nature looked gay."
"You sang, sir, you say ?
Go, then," said the ant, "and dance winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.
Though this is a fable, the moral is good ;
If you live without work, you must live without food,

ONE, TWO, THREE—CAUGHT!



A little girl named Nina had a pet canary who was very fond of sugar, and every morning Nina would push a piece through the bars of his cage.

But one day the lump was too big to go through, so Nina opened the door and threw it inside. As soon as the door was open out flew the canary!

The little bird was so glad to be free that when Nina went up to him and held out her hand he flew away, as if to say, "Catch me if you can!"

He flew round and round the room, and round and round ran Nina after him. Soon Master Dicky spied a dish of nice ripe plums. Down he hopped, and while he was taking a big bite Nina popped a hat over him, and the truant was caught!

FARMER BROWN WENT DOWN THE TOWN

FARMER BROWN went down the town
To buy a sack of wheat,
When he got back
He looked in his sack,
And found they had given him peat!

I'M GLAD TO BE A LITTLE GIRL

I'M glad to be a little girl,
And have the afternoons for play;
For if I was a busy bee
I s'pose I'd have to work all day.

And if I was an owl I'd be
Afraid to keep awake all night;
And if I was an elephant
How could I learn to be polite?

And if I was a Jersey calf
I might forget my name and age;
And if I was a little dog
I couldn't read a single page.

Dear, dear! When I begin to count,
It makes my head go all awhirl,
There are so many reasons why
I'm glad I am a little girl.

THE WISE MAN AND THE FOOL

A CONCEITED youth visited a wise man, who was sitting in his library, and, finding him alone, said:

"I cannot think how you endure such a life as this, with no people near, and only a number of books around you. You must be very lonely indeed."

"No," answered the wise man. "You are quite mistaken. I was in very good company until you came in."

Good books are far better company than foolish men.

IF YOU HAVE SEEN ALL THIS

GOOD reader, if you e'er have seen,
When Phœbus hastens to his pillow,
The mermaids with their tresses green,
Dancing upon the western billow;
If you have seen at twilight dim,
When the lone spirit's vesper hymn
Floats wild along the winding shore,
The fairy train their ringlets weave,
Glancing along the spangled green:
If you have seen all this, and more,
God bless me, what a deal you've seen!

THE BULL AND THE RAM

A RAM who was very strong became very conceited and proud. One after another, he defeated all the rams that lived anywhere near him, and his friends flattered him so much that he thought nothing could resist his great power. So one day, meeting a bull, the ram challenged him to combat. The bull looked at the ram for a moment, and then with one charge tossed him into the air. The ram came down crash upon the ground, and was left for dead. But later on he came to himself, and, remembering what had happened, he said:

"This is the result of pride. Henceforth I will be thankful for my strength, but will not misuse it by crushing the weak."

Sooner or later a bully will suffer defeat.

THERE LIVED A SAGE

THERE lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much, and sorrowed more,
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found,
I'll turn me round"—he turned him round,
But still it hung behind him.

HOW WE KNOW

SPRING is here. The day is chill;
Not a flower is on the hill;
Not a bee is heard to hum.
How do I know that spring has come?

Oh, I know it sure and true.
When I tell, you'll say so, too.
Though no flower blooms and no bird warbles,
Every boy is playing marbles.

THE SILVER MOON

I WONDER how they fix the moon!
I thought in days gone by
That someone took a high chair
And hung it in the sky;
But now that I am wiser,
I know no chair could be
Made high enough to bring it up
Above the cherry-tree.

And once I saw it shining
All in the broad daylight,
As if the moon-man had forgot
It was no longer night.
And then some fleecy cloudlets came,
Like little lambs at play,
And when I looked for it again
The moon had flown away.

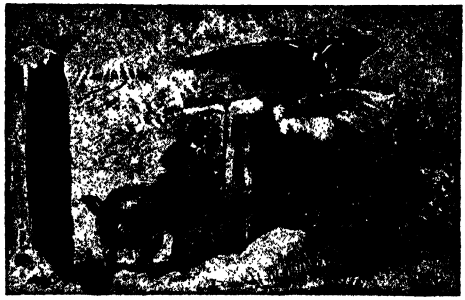
A TASTE FOR MUSIC

THERE was an old lady of Frome
Who loved to have music at home,
But all she could play
Was her scales, and they say,
She could only play these on a comb.

WHO IS THE BEGGARMAN? COME AND SEE



Who's that beggar-man? Come and see!
Black is his coat as black can be.
At each door you may see him stay,
Asking food on a winter's day.
"Caw, caw!" he cries, in mournful tone.
"Caw, caw! Pray give me a bone!"



"Raven, you thief, here, stop, I say;
You're taking my fine bit of meat away!"
"Pray, little Dog, just keep the peace!
Do you know I belong to the new police?
And, taking the booty from those who steal,
As they've dealt by others, by them I deal."



"What can you do, big Dog, let me see?
Can you walk on two legs, like me?
Can you beg prettily, dance, and spring,
And to your master his slippers bring?"
"No," said the big Dog; "but care I take
That into the house no thief may break."



"O, Duck on the pond, why swim you there?
Won't you for once to the shore repair?
I have a question to ask of you."
"Sir Fox, I could teach you nothing new.
You're altogether too clever for me;
So I'd rather remain where I am, you see!"



"Children," said the Mother Sow,
"Mind you listen to me, now.
You must be neat, and you must be clean,
Always look tidy and fit to be seen.
Please don't go stumping through the town;
Please don't in puddles lay you down."



"Wherefore dost thou, little Mouse,
Steal the sugar in my house?"
"Dearest lady, oh, forgive!
I've four children where I live.
Very hungry still are they;
Let me have it, lady, pray!"

BROTHER JUNIPER

BROTHER JUNIPER was one of the companions of the good St. Francis, a man of great humility and charity, but so simple of heart he did many strange things, and often did penance for his good deeds.

There was a day when all the brothers had to go out, and quoth the guardian:

"Brother Juniper, it will be many hours before we return, and see to it that you have food cooked when we come, for we shall be sorely in need of refreshment."

"Right willingly," answered Brother Juniper, always ready to do his best; but when he found himself alone in the kitchen he sat down to meditate, for meditation pleased him better than cooking.

"What miserable trouble is this?" he thought. "That one brother should be kept continually from holy meditation because food must be cooked! But, now I am alone, of a surety I will do my duty, and cook enough of this tiresome food for a fortnight."

So he went forth and begged many large cooking-pots, and bought so many fowls, eggs, meats, herbs, and faggots that he could scarce carry the load.

Then, when the fire roared fiercely enough to roast an ox, he flung all the good things in the pots, quite forgetting that fowls are better plucked before boiling, and that meat must be dressed, and eggs are cooked without their shells!

So hot was the fire he could not approach it; but, undaunted, he took a stout rope and tied a plank round his body, to shield his face while he skipped from pot to pot skimming the contents.

Then Brother Juniper rang the dinner-bell, and when the brothers came to the refectory there he stood all red with his great exertions, but as happy as a child.

"Eat well," he cried, "and then we can all get to prayers undisturbed, for I have cooked enough food to last a fortnight."

And he set his stew on the table, but, alas, there wasn't a pig in all Rome that would have eaten it!

And another day Brother Juniper cut off all the little silver bells from the altar to give to a poor beggar, and so angry was the Father that he rebuked the good brother so wrathfully that his voice grew hoarse.

Then off went Brother Juniper and made a pottage of flour and butter, and brought it to his cell, saying:

"My father, when thou didst rebuke me for my faults thy voice grew hoarse, therefore ease thyself with this good pottage."

"Begone!" said the father, still angry.

"Then, my father, I pray thee hold the light while *I* eat the pottage."

Which simple saying touched the good father so much that he said:

"My brother, we will eat it together."

THE LITTLE VILLAGE PASTOR

DURING the Franco-Prussian War a company of Prussian soldiers was marching through a village in the North of France, when some of the villagers fired on them, and six were killed.

The Prussians were furious, and the captain, determined that his men should not be treated in that way at the next village they came to, ordered that six of the villagers should be shot as an example.

Six of the chief men were accordingly seized, bound, and locked up in a room in the mayor's house.

The Prussian captain allowed the village pastor to visit them, for they were to be shot on the following day. The pastor found the poor men in such a state of terror that some of them seemed unable to listen to him.

Among the six was a widower with five helpless little children. The poor man wept bitterly over their hard fate.

The pastor tried in vain to comfort this man. At last he left the poor fellow, and walked slowly to the house where the Prussian captain was staying the night, and asked leave to speak to him.

"Captain," said the pastor, "six of our men have been given up to you in return for the death of six of your soldiers. None of these men fired on your troops. Your wish is not to punish the guilty, but to make an example of our village.

"It cannot matter to you whom you shoot—the better known your victims, the more effective warning will their deaths be.

"I have come, therefore, to ask you to let me take the place of one of the six men, whose death will leave his five children in great want. I have no one depending on me—neither wife nor child. We are both equally innocent, and my death will serve your purpose better than his."

The officer gave his consent in a careless way, and the pastor was bound and locked up with the other five, while the poor widower was set free.

Happily, the story of this noble act was told to the Prussian general the same evening, and the man's simple heroism made such an impression on him that he ordered the captain to set free not only the pastor, but the other five prisoners as well.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN
WHO LIVED IN A SHOE
SHE HAD SO MANY CHILDREN
SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO



SHE GAVE THEM SOME BROTH
WITHOUT ANY BREAD
THEN WHIPPED THEM ALL SOUNDLY
AND SENT THEM TO BED

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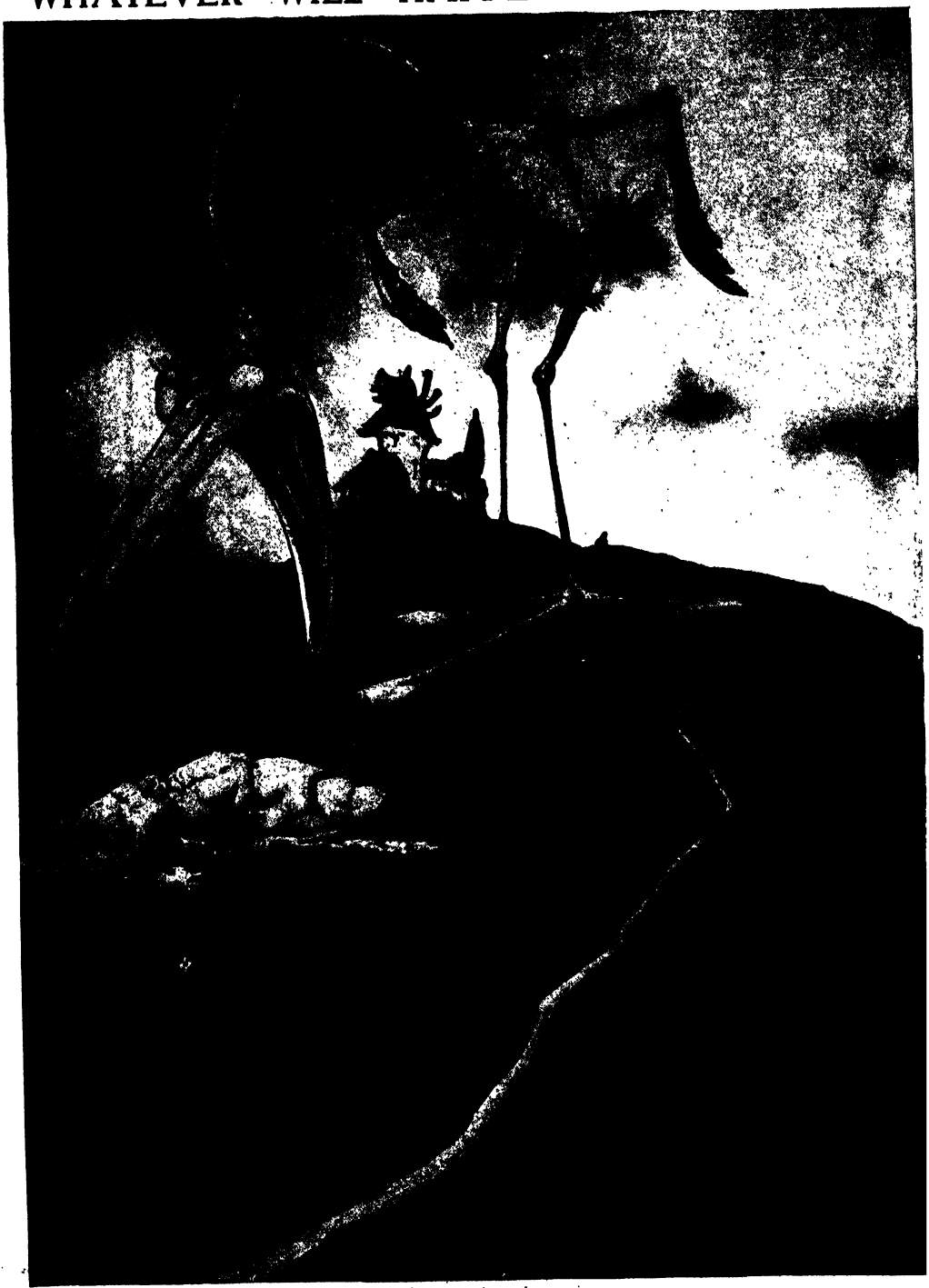


A BUNCH OF PRIMROSES



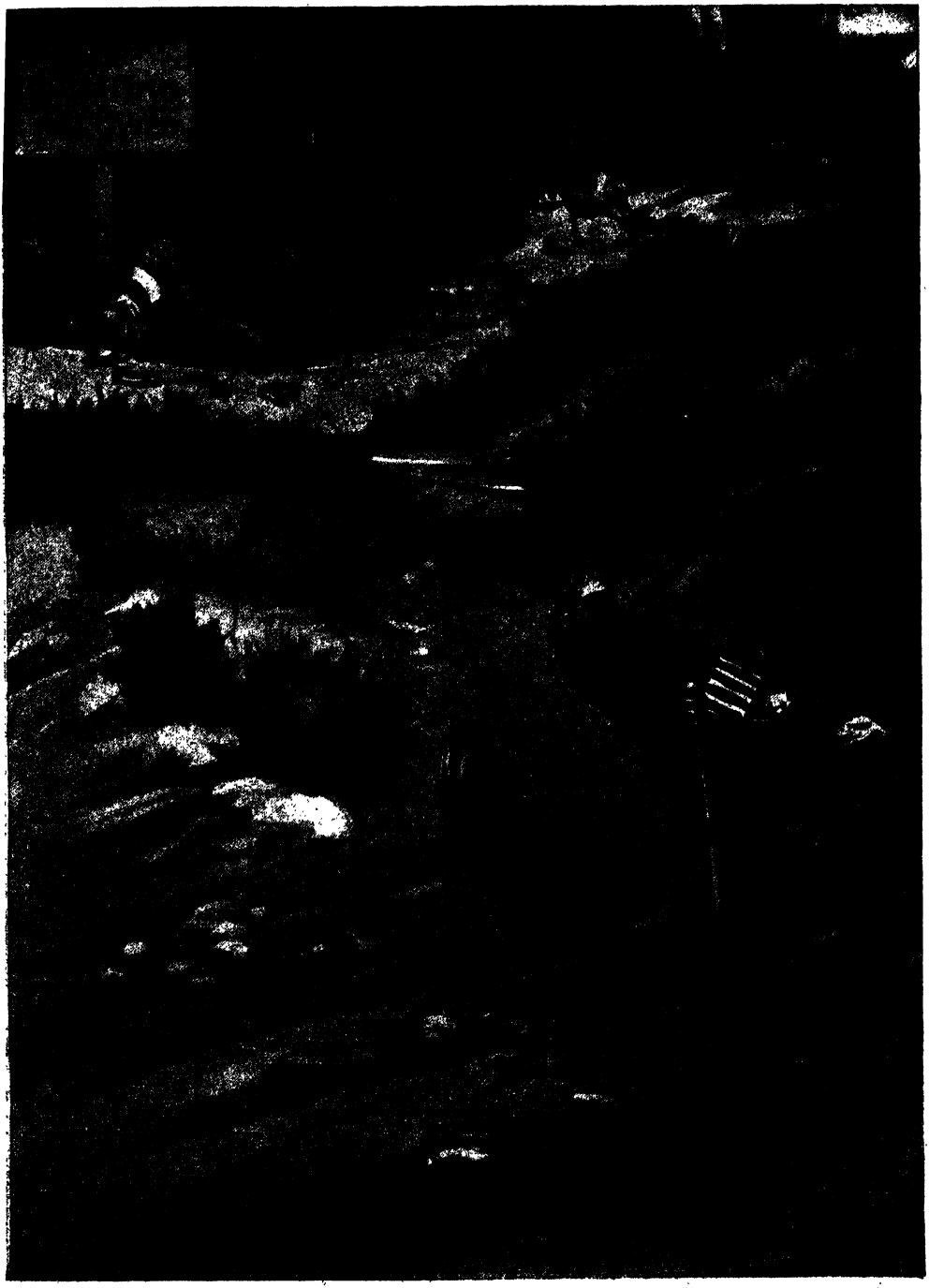
ALL ON A SUMMER'S DAY

WHATEVER WILL HAPPEN IN A MINUTE?



THE SUPPER PARTY

CAUGHT IN THE VERY ACT



THE SOLEMN ARM OF THE LAW

OLD FRIENDS IN NEW CLOTHES



Ding, dong, bell!
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Lin.
Who pulled her out?
Little Tommy Stout.



Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad,
The Rule of Three perplexes me,
And Practice drives me mad.



The Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts
He stole those tarts
And took them right away.

MISS BO-PEEP AND MR. HUMPTY-DUMPTY



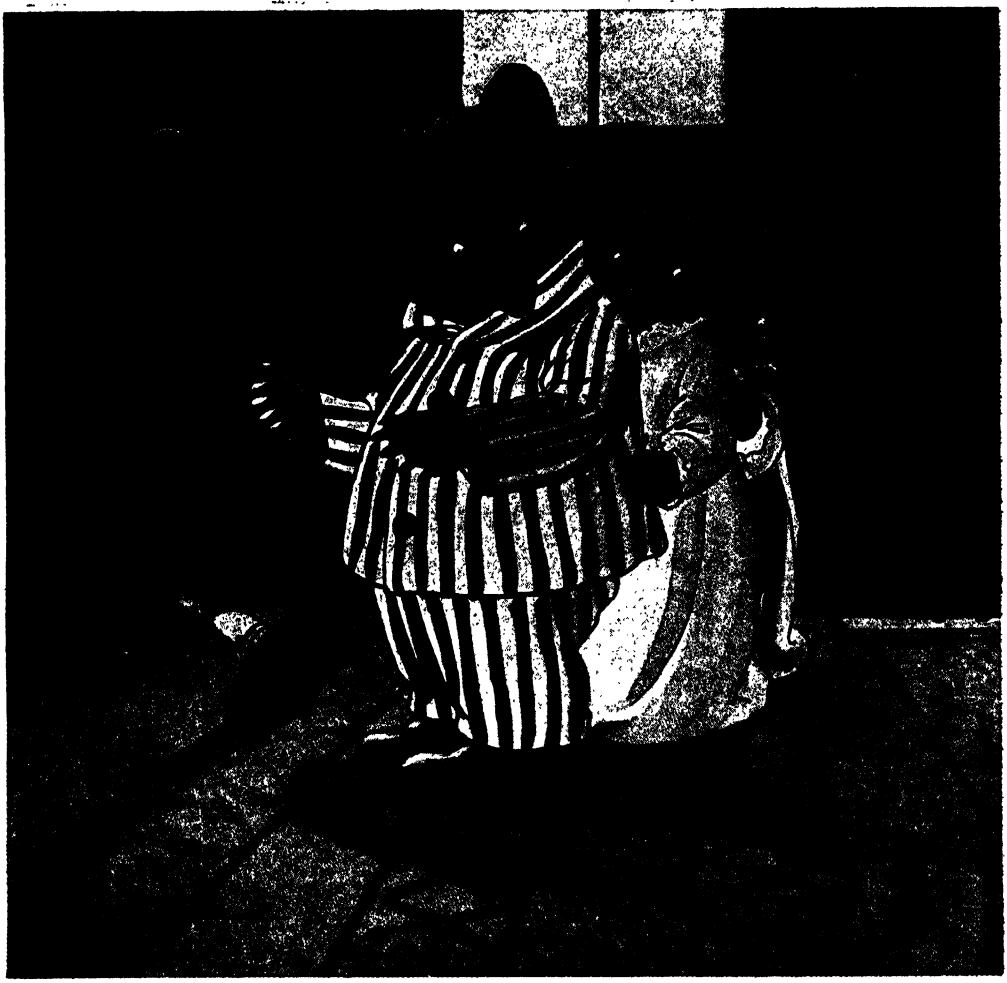
I love little pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her
She'll do me no harm,
So I'll not pull her tail,
Or drive her away,
But Pussy and I
Very gently will play.



Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them,
Leave them alone and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.



Humpty-Dumpty
Sat on a wall,
Humpty-Dumpty
Had a great fall,
All the king's horses
And all the king's men,
Couldn't put Humpty-Dumpty
Together again.



"Oh, oh, oh!" cried little Baby Bruin one night; "there is a dreadful noise outside on the landing."

Father Bruin opened the door and peeped out. "There is nobody here," he said. "Perhaps there is someone in the attic. We will go up and see."

So up, up, up they went. When they reached the top, something tiny scampered across Father Bruin's toes. Down fell the candle with a bang!

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Old Moon, beaming on them through the staircase window. "It's only a mouse."

BUSY I AM IN ANY WEATHER



MRS. CROW AT HOME

THE SLEEPER

THERE lay an old man on the ground,
Whose sleep was extremely profound,
When a bee stung his toes
He screamed out through his nose.
"A crocodile's bite, I'll be bound."

DRESS PARADE

CAPTAIN Great Toe,
Corporal Little Toe,
Baby counts his men.
Five on one side, five on t'other side
Five and five make ten.

Up, up, Great Toe!
Up, up, Little Toe!
Baby laughs and crows.
All the men come marching up,
And over baby goes!

Two little captains,
Two little corporals,
With their whole brigade—
For baby is major-general,
And this is dress parade!

HOW NIP WROTE A LETTER

MY doggie Nip is full of fun.
When I sat down to write a letter,
He looked to see what I had done,
And seemed to think *he'd* do it better.

Because he put his naughty paw
Right in the ink-pot very neatly,
Nurse *was* so angry when she saw
He'd spoilt the tablecloth completely!

PLANTING A TREE

DEAR little tree that we plant today,
What will you be when we're old and grey?
"The savings-bank of the squirrel and mouse,
For robin and wren an apartment house.
The dressing-room of the butterfly's ball,
For the thrush and the linnet a concert-hall.
The schoolboy's ladder in pleasant June,
The schoolgirl's tent in the July noon.
And my leaves shall whisper them merrily
A tale of the children who planted me."



Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders
Warming her pretty little toes.
Her mother came and caught her,
And whipped her little daughter
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

A PRETTY GAME

THE sun and rain in fickle weather
Were playing hide and seek together,
And each in turn would try to chase
The other from his hiding-place.
At last they met to say good-bye,
And, lo! a rainbow spanned the sky.

SLY PRUE

I USED to think my pussy Prue
Was deaf, because when I came near
And called to her, quite loudly too,
She often didn't seem to hear.

But when a cat's-meat man came by
And started shouting "Meat! Meat! Meat!"
She very quickly heard *his* cry,
And rushed towards him down the street!

JACK

JACK'S a mighty general—what a host he s killed!
Jack's a brisk mechanic, in building bridges skilled.
Jack's a dainty artist, sketching in the night.
Jack's a famous florist, and all his flowers are white.

Jack's a busy farmer, rich in shining fields;
Others haste to gather what his labour yields.
Jack is yearly banished, but still returns the same.
Tell me, little Bright-eyes, what's his other name.

THE BALLAD OF A LAZY GIRL'S GARDEN

Whose is this garden?
" Mine," said Miss Mary,
Miss Mary Contrary;
" It is *my* garden."

Why is it bare?
" We beg Mary's pardon,"
Soft whispered the garden,
" But *she* leaves it bare!"

Who'll dig it up?
Said the mole, " Who's afraid?
I've a hand like a spade;
I'll dig it up!"

Who'll turn the earth?
" I," said the worm;
" I'll wriggle and squirm,
And I'll turn the earth."

Who'll rake it well?
" I," said the hen;
" With my claws, now and then,
I'll rake it well."

Who'll plant the seeds?
" We!" the birds cried;
" With our beaks open wide,
We'll plant the seeds!"

Who'll bring them water?
" We," the clouds said;
" We'll sail overhead,
And we'll bring them water."

Who'll make them grow?
" I," said the sun;
" For the spring days have come,
I'll make them grow."

All the birds of the air fell to singing and shouting
As soon as the little green plants began sprouting!

ETHEL TALBOT



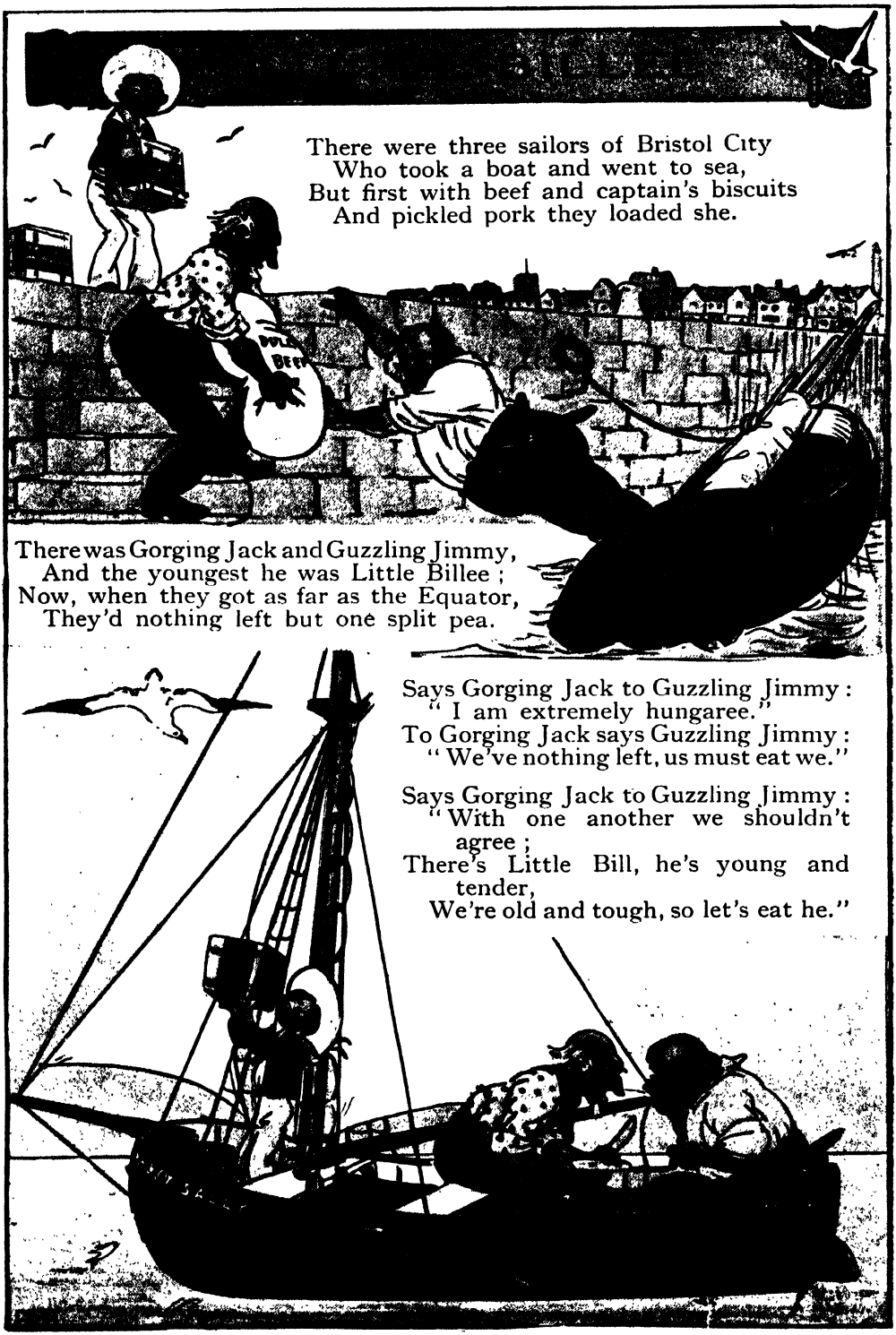
PLANTING SWEET PEAS

Watch, and you'll see Mistress Mary go
Into her garden, with spade and hoe,
And a puckered brow and a dimpled cheek;
She really is too busy to speak.
For this is the very day, if you please,
When Mistress Mary must plant sweet peas.

Watch very carefully, and you'll see
How she makes a hole for each little pea,
Drops one in here and one in there,
And smooths them over again with care.
It isn't so easy, whatever you say,
To plant sweet peas in the proper way.

Watch! You'll see something she doesn't know!
There, on the wall, sit the birds in a row,
Chirping and peeping, and trying to say,
" We'll eat up those peas when she goes away!"
But perhaps they only just mean to tease:
They wouldn't, surely, eat Mary's peas!




There were three sailors of Bristol City
Who took a boat and went to sea,
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.
There was Gorging Jack and Guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was Little Billee;
Now, when they got as far as the Equator,
They'd nothing left but one split pea.
Says Gorging Jack to Guzzling Jimmy:
"I am extremely hungaree."
To Gorging Jack says Guzzling Jimmy:
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."
Says Gorging Jack to Guzzling Jimmy:
"With one another we shouldn't agree;
There's Little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."



" Oh, Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your little chemie."
When Bill received this information,
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

" First let me say my Catechism,
Which my poor mother taught to me."
" Make haste, make haste ! " says Guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top-gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee ;
He scarce had come to the Twelfth Commandment,
When up he jumps, " There's land I see.

" Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee !
There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So, when they got aboard of the Admiral's,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee ;
But as for Little Bill, he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

W. M. THACKERAY



THREE WISE MEN

THREE wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl ;
If the bowl had been stronger
My story had been longer.

WILDERNESS FARE

IN the far-distant past, it is said,
To the wilderness So-and-So sped.
And so well did they fare
On the sand-which-is there
That the sons of Ham mustered and fled.

SAY GO!

A SPOILT little girl of Tobago
Declared that she wouldn't eat sago ;
She stormed and she pouted,
Her parents she flouted,
So they made her to bed in the day go !

THE BILL INSIDE

BILL BROWN went to London to shop,
And longer, for pleasure, did stop ;
When a big box arrived
Mrs. Brown scarce survived,
For she read " Bill inside " on the top !

HARROWING!

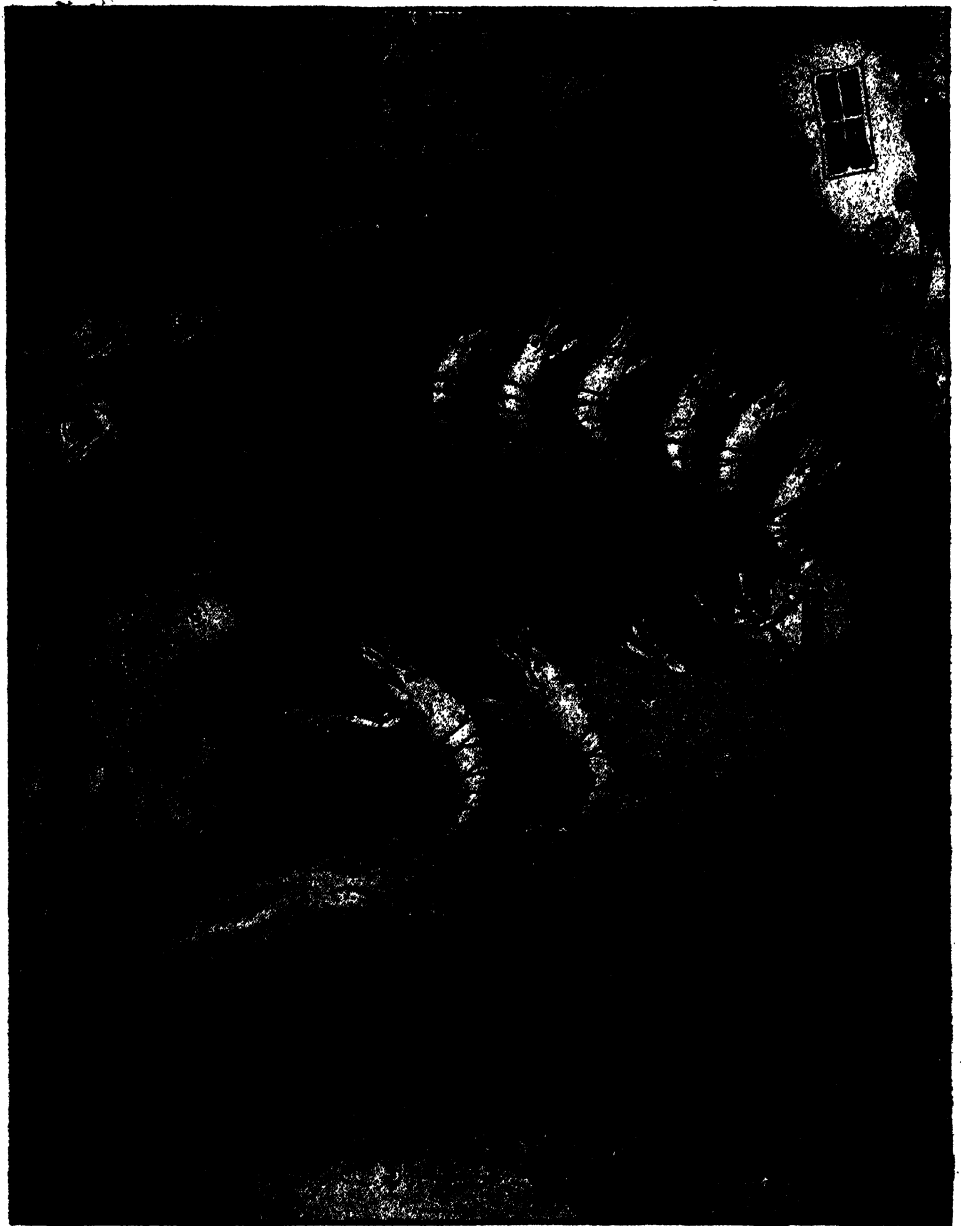
A PERKY young sparrow of Harrow
Complained that his nest was too narrow ;
When he tried to get out
He fell into the spout—
That perky young sparrow of Harrow.



OLD KING COLE

OLD King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he ;
And he called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three !
Every fiddler he had a fine fiddle
And a very fine fiddle had he ;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three

A THRILLING RIDE FROM DEAL TO DOVER



Eleven little young shrimplets from Deal
Went a ride on a big conger eel,
They said, "It is smart
On a motor to start
Without fear of losing a wheel!"

PEGGY SEES THE LOAF OF BREAD GROW UP



She sees the farmer sow the corn,
A-working in the early morn.



She sees the wheat begin to grow.
Arising from the ground below.



She sees it reaped, and tied in sheaves
The rich and golden ears perceives.



She sees it carted thence and stacked,
The sheaves on one another packed.



She later sees it threshed for use
And yielding golden grain profuse.



And at the mill she sees it ground.
While wheels and stones go round and round.



The flour she sees made into dough.
Her mother kneading to and fro.



She sees the loaves as they are cooking,
So fine and brown and tempting-looking.



And when at last the loaves are done
She helps to eat them one by one.

JACK FINDS SOME PLAYMATES

SUCH a queer thing happened not long ago. My dog Jack hates cats. He will tease them ever so if I don't watch him. One day he chased a big tabby all down the road, and if I hadn't pulled him away in time I believe he would have killed it.

"You *are* a bad doggie!" I said. And I put his chain on, and led him all the way home. But he seemed so sorry, as he trotted along beside me, with his tail between his legs, that I soon forgave him and forgot all about it.

And then the very next day Daddy brought home a beautiful white Persian cat, with the biggest, bushiest, softest tail you ever saw.

"Oh, Daddy!" I cried. "What a beauty!"

"Would you like to keep her?" asked Daddy, smiling down at me.

"Oh, Daddy!" I said again. And then all at once I remembered Jack.

"They'll fight," I said. "Jack will never let her alone."

But Daddy laughed, and said if we made him understand that pussy belonged to us, and had come to stay, he would soon make friends.

And so he did—but not for a long, long time. Even when he knew he dare not fight, that naughty doggie used to show his dislike of poor pussy by turning his back on her whenever they met.

Jack loves warmth. He likes to lie curled up on the rug, with his paws resting on the fender, right in front of the fire. Sometimes his poor old nose would get so hot that I wonder it didn't burn right away. And then, when I suppose he really couldn't stand it any longer, he would get up and trot over to another part of the room; and there he would lie, panting and puffing, till he got cool again.

But Jack didn't like having to share his hearthrug with a stranger. Directly pussy appeared he would get up, yawn and stretch himself, and settle down as far away from her as possible. Pussy very wisely took no notice, and gradually, after quite a long time, Jack began to come nearer and nearer to his old position on the hottest part of the rug.

And all the while pussy would lie and lazily lick her white paws—there was a black patch on one of them, and she used to spend hours trying to get rid of it—while Jack sprawled beside her, his nose half buried in his paws.

One morning after breakfast, as Jack was toasting his nose before the dining-room fire, puss came in looking very important, and by some wonderful way of her own made Jack understand that she wanted him to follow her. Jack got up lazily and obeyed, and I crept after them on tiptoe to see what was going to happen.

Puss led the way through the garden, across the yard to the stables, and there, snuggling down warm and cosy among the straw, lay three beautiful little kittens!

I *was* surprised! And so was Jack. He looked gravely at them for some time, and then, all at once, he walked solemnly up to them, licked them gently, one by one, and pattered back again to his hearthrug.

The kittens are growing up fast, and they are all capital friends. But Jack still chases strange cats whenever he meets them. Isn't he funny?

This is a true story, you know—not make-believe.

WHEN THE ASPEN TREMBLES

WHEN Joseph and Mary were fleeing with the infant Jesus from the vengeance of Herod, they came to a grove of trees, beneath whose shadow they rested. All the trees, except the aspen, swayed and bent in the breeze as though doing obeisance to the infant King, but the aspen held itself erect.

When, however, the aspen understood who the Baby was, it was so struck with remorse that every leaf on its branches began to tremble, and ever since then the aspen has always shaken in the breeze.

THE NEW MOON

DEAR mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night!
She was never so cunning before;
Her two little horns
Are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you see;
I'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends;
Oh, what a bright cradle t'would be!

I would call to the stars
To keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And there I would rock
Till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam;
We would see the sun set
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

THE LITTLE MAID OF BETHLEHEM

ON the first Christmas Eve, an old story tells, when the angels sang their song of joy and gladness, a little girl who had been helping to keep watch over the flocks followed the shepherds into Bethlehem.

There she saw the Wise Men from the East spreading out their gifts before the tiny Babe in the manger. There were jewels and rare silks; and the little girl was grieved that she had nothing to offer.

Weeping, she went back to her flocks, and, pulling her robe about her, sat down on the cold ground, wishing that she, too, had money so that she might buy a costly present for the Babe of Bethlehem.

Then, by the light of the moon, she saw that the ground was covered with a beautiful white flower. A voice within called to her to gather them and take them to the Child in the manger; and, with a cry of joy, she picked a bunch, and took the flowers lovingly to Bethlehem.

They were laid in the manger, and, to the delight of the little girl, the Child turned from the rich and costly gifts of the Wise Men, and plucked a white flower from the nosegay gathered on the plains of Bethlehem.

Ever since that time the flower has been known as the Christmas rose.

BIRDIE, BIRDIE, QUICKLY COME

BIRDIE, birdie, quickly come!
Come and take this little crumb;
Go and fetch your little brother,
And be kind to one another.

Birdie, sing a song to me,
I will very quiet be;
Yes, my birdie—yes, I will
Be so quiet, and so still.

Oh, so still, you shall not hear me;
Fear not, birdie, to come near me;
Tell me, in your pleasant song,
What you're doing all day long.

How you pass the rainy days—
Tell me all about your plays.
Have you lessons, birdie? Tell—
Did you learn to read and spell?

Or just fly from tree to tree,
Where you will, at liberty—
Far up in the clear blue sky,
Very far, and very high?

Or in pleasant summer hours
Do you play with pretty flowers?
Birdie, is this all you do?
Then I wish that I were you.

THE DRY HAY THAT BLOSSOMED

WHEN no room could be found in the inn for the infant Jesus, He was laid in the manger where the cattle had their food, and His bed was a bundle of hay—dry sainfoin, the well-known plant that is still cultivated in England for fodder.

There He slept peacefully until, an old story says, the Wise Men from the East came with their gifts, and Mary lovingly raised her Son in order that they might see Him. And, lo! when the Babe was raised up, it was found that all the hay had blossomed, and was as fresh and green as though it had only just been gathered from the fields.

THE LITTLE OLD COTTAGE

THERE'S a little old cottage that stands alone
On the road where I walk with nurse;
It has broken windows, its paint is gone,
And its shutters flap worse and worse;
And its garden's bare, except here and there
Where the weeds and tall grasses grow;
And it looks so cold, and it's dreadfully old—
It's a sad little house, I know.



So I've thought what I'll do when I'm old enough,
And I've told the house over the hedge;
I shall come along, looking tall and strong,
And clip the grass round the edge;
And I'll clean the floor, and I'll paint the door,
And I'll live inside with a key;
We'll be as gay as kings with my toys and things,
The little old house and me.

AN INQUISITIVE NEIGHBOUR

AN inquisitive neighbour of Rhymney
Used to climb up and look down the chimney,
Just in order to see
What our dinner might be!
That inquisitive neighbour of Rhymney.

THE BABY WHO ATE THE MOON

"WHAT is that noise?" asked the King.

"It is his Royal Highness, your Majesty, crying for the moon."

"Then see that he has it," said the King as he stepped into the royal carriage.

There was a fine to-do! The King must be obeyed—the royal baby must have the moon. But who was to fetch it for him?

"The Flying Witch," cried a bright little page. "I'll shoot her broomstick and fetch her down. Then we'll keep her prisoner till she promises to do our bidding."

And off he ran for his bow and arrow.

When the King returned from his drive the palace was in an uproar.

"What is all this noise about?" he thundered. "Is his Royal Highness *still* crying for the moon?"

"He's had it, your Majesty!" sobbed the little page. "The old witch brought it, but his Royal Highness has—has—eaten it!"

"Gracious goodness," exclaimed the King, "what a catastrophe!" And he rushed away to the royal nurseries.

The Lord Chamberlain quickly followed, and found the King bending over the royal cot with a piece of orange-peel in his hand.

"Fiddlesticks and jampots!" he exclaimed. "What his Royal Highness has eaten is an orange—an orange, I tell you!"

"Ha, ha!" screamed the old witch, appearing at the open window. "I dipped it in a moonbeam, and nobody guessed!"

REMEMBER!

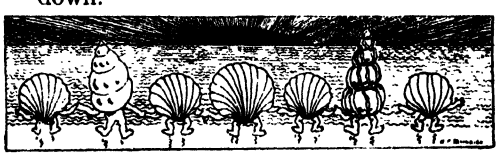
YOU children with the pretty eyes,
Like the blue of summer skies,
Remember, if you cry and pout,
That all the colour will wash out.

Children with sweet eyes of brown,
If you often cry and frown,
Your eyebrows very soon will close,
And drop right down upon your nose.

A SONG OF THE SEA

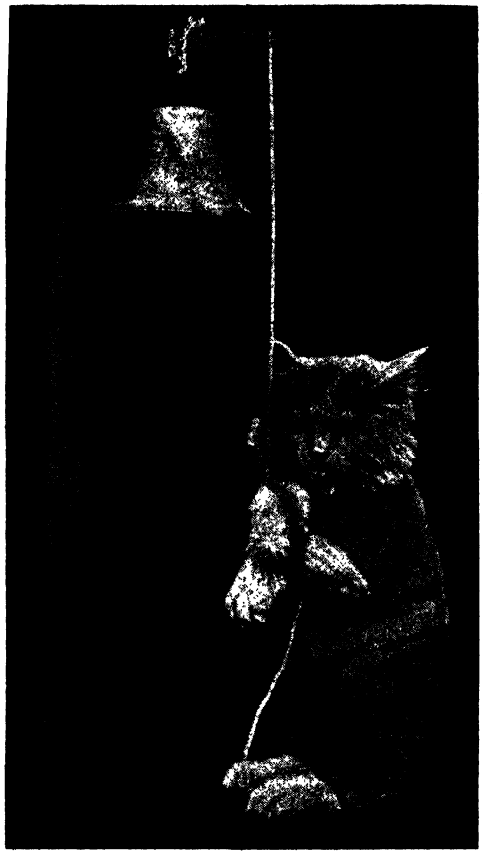
THE sea ran up from the kind sea caves,
And seven sea babies were borne on its waves
To play on the shining golden sands
'Mid the rocks and the pools and the sea-weed bands.

Said one little sea baby, "Let us, I pray,
Make us helmets to wear in the heat of the day."
So they played in their armour of coral and brown,
And never they saw when the sun went down.

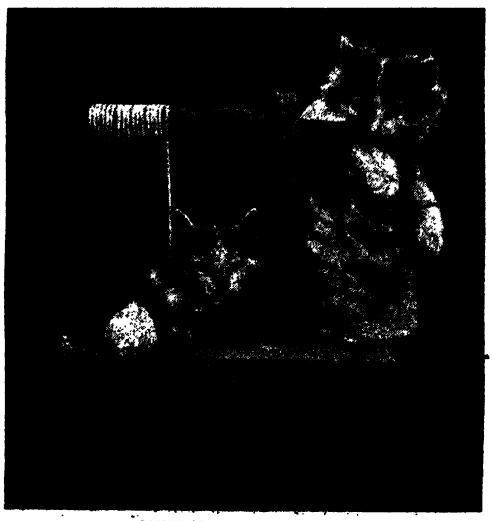


And the sea ran back to the kind sea caves
Without seven sea babies borne on its waves,
And when the poor truants appeared, alack,
The sea was asleep, and would not take them back.

And all the night long on the golden sands
The seven sea babies wept hand in hand,
And when the red sun glimmered up once more
Seven wiser sea babies said good-bye to the shore.



DING, DONG, BELL



PUSSY'S IN THE WELL

A LETTER TO DADDIE

I WISH I wasn't what I am,
I wish I was a telegram;
Then faster than the fastest flier
I'd come to you—along a wire.

Then I could be a soldier too;
We'd fight together, me and you.
I'd bring my pistol and my gun
And shoot at every savage Hun.

And if I found a German that
Was hurting you, I'd knock him flat,
And bring his helmet home with me
For Mum and Baby Sue to see.

BOBBIE BEE

BOBBIE BEE, when it was sunny,
Started out to gather honey;
Dressed in velveteen was he,
None so smart as Bobbie Bee!

But while he flew around so proudly,
Clouds came up, it thundered loudly,
And when it began to rain
Bobbie Bee went home again!

THE TEASE

OUR schoolroom clock is such a tease,
For clocks *can* tease, I've often found.
It never, never tries to please,
But plans out tricks as it goes round.

For always when I've sums to do
It tries its hardest to be slow,
Because I've watched, and noticed, too,
That *then* it scarcely seems to go!

But when I'm having heaps of fun,
And do not want to go to bed,
It doesn't creep as it has done,
Its hands go *racing* round instead!

A SPECIAL SECRET GAME

AT the bottom of the meadow
There's a little trickly brook,
And a hollow, twisted willow, and,
When no one's there to look,
I climb inside the hollow part
And then pretend to hide,
Because I am a pirate,
And there's enemies outside.

Of course, they never find me,
Though they look and look and look;
Then suddenly I spring out *quick*,
And jump across the brook.
I run as fast as anything,
And they start running, too,
And chase me, shouting loudly—
'Least, I make believe they do.

But if Nurse sees me running,
She always asks me "Why?"
She tells me not to get so hot,
And smooths my hair and tie.

And I can't feel like a pirate
When she's doing things like that,
So when she asks about the game,
And " what have I been at ? "

I never tell—she'd laugh too much—
That's why I don't explain ;
And when I see she sees me
I pretend I am a train.
I thought I'd like to tell you, though,
About my secret game ;
But, don't tell Nurse, or anyone—
It wouldn't be the same.

THE TOM-TIT

A TOM-TIT once sat on the branch of a tree
And winked his bright eye through the window at me.
" Oh, how late in the day to be lying in bed !
I'm afraid you are lazy," the little tit said.
" Come, shake out your feathers, and try a short flight,
I'm perfectly certain you'd soon feel all right ;
There's a cocoanut, too, hanging here on this tree,
Won't you come out and see it, and share it with me ?
" I've sat here and coaxed you for ever so long,
And when you've been lonely I've sung you my song ;
But you stare and you stare, and you don't move at all,
So good-bye—back I'll fly to my home in the wall."

POOR ROVER!

A FOOLISH young doggie named Rover
Went hunting for bees in the clover,
And, as you may suppose,
He got stung on the nose,
Which made him roll over and over !

THE KIND POLICEMAN

GOING home from school with Peterkin,
We hold each other's hands,
And we walk along the streets to where
The kind policeman stands,
Who always helps us both across
On to the other side ;
That's 'cos we're rather small, of course,
And 'cos the road is wide !
When we're safe home, me and Peterkin,
We say how nice he is,
Our p'liceman. And we say we like
That uniform of his.
And then we say that when we're grand,
And he is very old,
We'll buy a carriage for him, and
A truncheon made of gold !



WE'RE SNUG AS SNUG CAN BE



NOW WE'LL HAVE A SWING



I SEE A MOUSE!

BULL-RUSHES

I LOVE the long bull-rushes,
They make the stream so fair;
I go to watch them every day
They are my constant care
For I am, oh, so anxious
To see what they will be;
I long to see the bull-calf grow
Upon the bull-rush tree.

THE STORY OF A PENNY

IT bought a stick of candy,
It bought a postage stamp,
It helped to buy an orange,
It was given to a tramp.
It bought a baker's biscuit,
It bought a china doll,
It bought a paper windmill,
It bought a pretty ball.
It bought a rosy apple,
It bought a yellow pear,
It tried to buy a whistle.
But whistles were too dear.
It was dropped in Willie's money-box,
With over fifty more,
And when the box was opened
They came to sixty-four.
There sat upon the doorstep
A thinker, thinking hard,
While counting o'er his riches
A cow came in the yard!
He started up in terror,
The penny rolled away,
And fell into the cistern,
And there it lies today.

A TALL STORY

A DIMINUTIVE broker of Brighton
Was anxious his stature to heighten.
Twice a day, after tea,
He would hang from a tree,
And frighten the babies of Brighton.

THE PICNIC

I WISH I were a gipsy,
And could take my food outdoors;
I'd live on blackberries and hay,
And sleep upon the moors.
I'd often bring my babies out
To picnic in the wood;
I think it makes them sturdy,
And I'm sure it makes them good.

POLLY

BROWN eyes,
Straight nose;
Dirt pies,
Rumpled clothes;

Torn books,
Spoilt toys;
Arch looks,
Unlike a boy's;

Little rages,
Obvious arts;
(Three her age is)
Cakes, tarts;

Falling down
Off chairs;
Breaking crown
Down stairs;

Catching flies
On the pane;
Deep sighs—
Cause not plain;

Bribing you
With kisses
For a few
Farthing blisses;

Wide awake,
As you hear;
"Mercy's sake,
Quiet, dear!"

New shoes,
New frock;
Vague views
Of what's o'clock,

When it's time
To go to bed,
And scorn sublime
For what is said;

Folded hands,
Saying prayers,
Understands
Not, nor cares;

Thinks it odd,
Smiles away;
Yet may God
Hear her pray!

Bedgown white,
Kiss Dolly;
Good-night!—
That's Polly.

Fast asleep,
As you see;
Heaven keep
My girl for me!

William Brighty Rands

THE PROFESSOR'S ADVICE

SAID a learned professor of Slough,
When asked by a visitor, "How
Would you deal with a cat
Which went mad on your mat?"
"I should waggle my whiskers,
and meeow!"

THE BEST DOCTORS

THE best of all the pillbox crew,
Since ever time began,
Are the doctors who have most to do
With the health of a hearty man.

And so I count them up again,
And praise them as I can;
There's Dr. Diet, and Dr. Quiet,
And Dr. Merryman.

There's Dr. Diet, he tries my tongue,
"I know you well," says he;
"Your stomach is poor, and your liver is sprung,
We must make your food agree."

And Dr. Quiet, he feels my wrist,
And he gravely shakes his head,
"Now, now, dear sir, I must insist
That you go at ten to bed."

But Dr. Merryman for me,
Of all the pill-box crew!
For he smiles and says, as he fobs his fee,
"Laugh on, whatever you do!"

So now I eat what I ought to eat,
And at ten I go to bed,
And I laugh in the face of cold or heat,
For thus have the doctors said!

And so I count them up again
And praise them as I can;
There's Dr. Diet, and Dr. Quiet,
And Dr. Merryman.

THE BUSY BEE

"BUSY bee! busy bee!
Where is your home?"
"In truth, pretty maiden,
I live in a comb."

"And you, little rabbit,
Where do you rush?"
"I rush to my home, dear,
Under the brush!"

GEORGINA AND THE DRAGON



GEORGINA wished she had never been born on St. George's Day, for whenever she ran away from old Mr. Bubb's gobbling turkey-cock, or cried about her chilblains, Aunt Esther always said:

"I'm surprised at you, Georgina! Think of your *name*; you ought to be brave like St. George of England."

"Why is he called saint?" asked Georgina.

"Because he was good, and because you are named after him *you* ought to be brave and good too!" said Aunt Esther.

Georgina told Nannie she was going to be a saint that very night.

"Not you!" said Nannie. "Saints don't leave the bath-taps running and mess paint all over their overalls."

This was discouraging, for, though Georgina thought she might easily be good, she was quite sure she could never, never be brave. She couldn't help screaming when Mr. Bubb's turkey-cock came gobbling at her bare legs, and the very sight of the dragon picture in her book about St. George of England made her shiver with fright.

She loved to look at the good St. George and beautiful Una, and even the lion—for it was such a nice, friendly lion; but she always turned over the pages very quickly when she came to the dragon.

In fact, dragons quite spoilt Georgina's life. She couldn't help thinking one would find out her name was Georgina and want her to fight it, for Aunt Esther was always saying, "You must learn to fight dragons, Georgina."

When she went to the pantomime she couldn't enjoy it at all, for there was a hateful dragon in the very first scene, and Georgina was horribly afraid it would see her when the lights went up.

She used to dream about dragons, too; and directly Nannie left her alone in bed she wondered if a dragon would come down the attic stairs breathing fiery breath and flapping his horrid scaly tail. It was dreadful to think that Aunt Esther and cook and Nannie were all shut up in nice, safe drawing-rooms and kitchens, while one poor little girl had to fight such a horrible creature, just because she was named Georgina. It didn't seem fair. How she envied all the girls at the dancing-class who had such cosy names as Betty and Molly and Peggy! *They* didn't have to be saints and as brave as St. George.

Then winter came, and Aunt Esther took Georgina to visit her Great-uncle Timothy in London, who lived in a house so big Georgina often lost herself in it. It was full of the oddest things, too, all brought from distant lands by Uncle Timothy. There were stuffed birds no larger than butterflies, wonderful ivory monkeys, and carpets of such beautiful patterns and colours that Georgina felt sure they were the magic ones that carry lucky people away to fairyland.

She enjoyed herself immensely among all these treasures, until one dreadful day she went down a long corridor with Nannie, and saw through an open door into Uncle Timothy's study.

It was a big room, even more full of curiosities than the other rooms, but Georgina saw only one thing—a great jar standing near the window, and twisted round it, with long, scaly tail, open mouth, and horrible claws, there was a great dragon.

"Oh, look, look!" cried poor Georgina, clutching Nannie.

"What's the matter now?" said Nannie.

"It's a dragon!" whispered Georgina.

"Dragon!" cried Nannie. "Are you going to make a fuss about a brass dragon now?"

"*Brass!*" Nannie thought it was brass, of course, and so did Aunt Esther and Uncle Timothy, and everyone else; but Georgina knew better. *She* knew it was just pretending to be brass, and, if a girl named Georgina ever dared to venture near it, it would just untwist its horrid scaly body and breathe out fiery breath, and want to fight her.

How she wished she had never come to visit Uncle Timothy, and how nice it would be to go home again, even if Mr. Bubb's old turkey-cock met her at the station!

She hurried away from the dreadful sight, thinking she would never again venture near that open door. But alas for St. Georgina!

Uncle Timothy was rather old, and sometimes he had gout so badly he had to stay upstairs in his dressing-room, with his poor toe wrapped in a great many shawls,

propped up on a chair before him, which made him rather cross.

Georgina was sorry for Uncle Timothy because Nannie said gout was much, much worse than chilblains. So she offered to play Ludo with him; but Uncle Timothy didn't care for Ludo very much, so he taught her to play Halma, and they had a game every day after tea. Georgina took her uncle's bulldog, Bill, for walks, too, and was very useful in running for the newspaper and bringing up the letters.

It was very cosy in the dressing-room, and Uncle Timothy was getting better, and feeling quite jolly, when all Georgina's happy hours came to an end.

It was one dark evening when the wind was shaking the window-panes in such a way that Georgina felt glad she was not a poor little match-girl, or the policeman at the corner, when Uncle Timothy said these dreadful words:

"I wonder if my little girl will run down to the study and fetch my cigar-box? It is in the big jar near the window, with a dragon guarding it!"

Uncle Timothy laughed, and wondered why Georgina didn't laugh too.

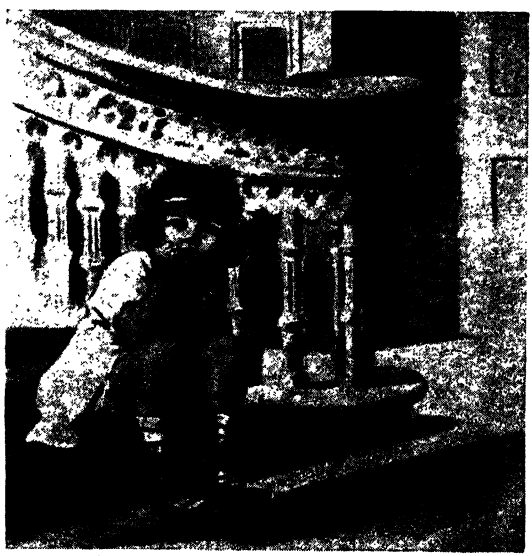
But Georgina turned perfectly cold.

"Well, lazybones, aren't you going?"

Georgina got up slowly and said:

"Of course, uncle," in a very small voice.

She shut the door softly and looked down into the dim hall. It was a long journey to the study, but a hundred miles would not have been far enough to Georgina. She sat down on the bottom step of the stairs and thought about it. Soon Maud, the parlour-maid, would come through the hall to light up, and, being a kind girl, she would go to the study for Uncle Timothy's cigar-box, Georgina felt sure. Of course, the dragon would not care to fight with a lucky person named Maud.



SHE SAT DOWN ON THE BOTTOM STEP

But if *Maud* faced the dragon, Georgina could never be St. Georgina.

She got up slowly, and began to tremble. It was all very well for St. George; he had a sword, and she had nothing but two poor little fists.

Along the hall she went—down the long corridor, which was very dim and shivery, and at the end of it was the closed door of the study. She grasped the door-knob boldly, and turned it. The dragon's scaly tail was shining in the darkness.

But Georgina walked firmly forward, and, holding her breath, plunged her hand into the big jar. Then, grasping the cigar-box, she fled from the room in three bounds.

"Why, you are as pale as a little moonbeam!" said Uncle Timothy. "Come and sit on my knee and tell me all about it."

And the trembling Georgina told him how she wanted to be brave, but feared to fight dragons.

"Well, well, you have fought them," said Uncle Timothy. "They will never bother you again with their nasty, scaly ways."

"But I *didn't*," cried Georgina.

"Yes, you did. The very moment you were brave enough to walk into the study alone you fought the old dragon Fear," said Uncle Timothy. "So now I shall really have to call you St. Georgina!"

"Really and truly?" asked Georgina.

"Really and truly. And now St. Georgina must think about what she would like for a Christmas present."

"I'd like a little lion best of all," sighed Georgina. "But, of course, I couldn't have *that*."

"We'll see," chuckled Uncle Timothy.

And, sure enough, on Christmas morning Georgina found a beautiful little yellow creature tied to her chair, wagging its tail. Nannie called it "a nuisance," but Georgina knew it was a baby lion.

It was very nice to take him for walks when she went back to the country, and she was never afraid of old Mr. Bubb's turkey-cock again, because Lion always chased it when it gobbled at her legs.

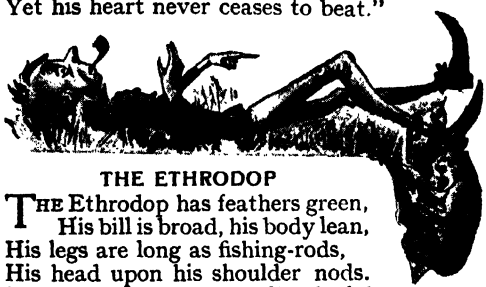
YOUNG WAS THE OLD MAN PINDAR

YOUNG was the old man Pindar;
Raven his locks of snow,
And his empty pipe,
Like a tired snipe,
Shed a sad, refulgent glow.

Weak was his voice of thunder,
As he gazed on the dazzling gloom.
"My cat is as thin
As a threepenny pin,
Yet her corpulence fills the room!"

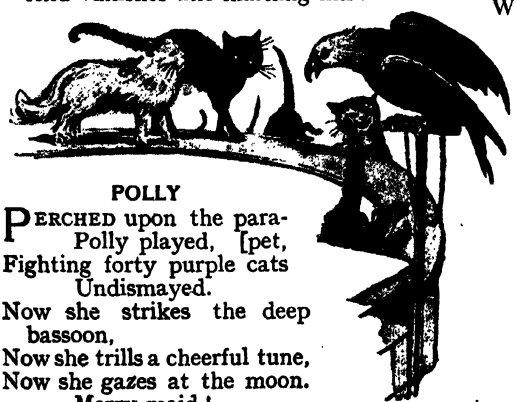
He laughed aloud in silence,
And mused on his ancient boot.
"'Tis really as large
As a fifty-ton barge,
Yet it's far too small for my foot.

"And my yellow-legged monkey,"
he added,
But his head sank down to his feet,
"He is dead! he is dead!
With his heels on his head,
Yet his heart never ceases to beat."



THE ETHRODOP

THE Ethrodop has feathers green,
His bill is broad, his body lean,
His legs are long as fishing-rods,
His head upon his shoulder nods.
Sudden he wakes and stalks the lakes,
His frenzied feathers glowing pink;
He shoots on high with awful cry,
And vanishes like marking ink!



POLLY

PERCHED upon the para-
Polly played, [pet,
Fighting forty purple cats
Undismayed.
Now she strikes the deep
bassoon,
Now she trills a cheerful tune,
Now she gazes at the moon.
Merry maid!
Suddenly a passing bloater
Whirls her off in his new motor.
Lucky maid!



THE HUSHU BIRD

THE Hushu Bird, dejected, stood
Upon one leg;
He was too old and weak to dig,
Too proud to beg.
And when a motor-car came by
With dust and rush,
He gently raised one skinny paw,
And murmured, "Hush!"
Alas, alas! the Hushu Bird
Is now no more.
There lies a little lonely grave
Beside the shore.



THE QUAGGA AND THE RHINOCEROS

A QUICK-FOOTED Quagga from merry
Montrose,
Ran a race with a Rhino, and won by
a nose;
The Rhino collapsed with a bellow of grief,
And exclaimed, as he nibbled a succulent
leaf:

"You coward! I notice you've sharpened
your snout
To twice it's true length." Quoth the
Quagga, "Get out!
Such false imputations I utterly scorn.
Why, you've added an elephant's tusk to
your horn!
If I had suspected such villainy base,
I wouldn't have troubled to enter the
race"

But the Rhino replied, in low tones
of remorse:
"Alas! the tusk loosened half-way
through the course;
And but for that little mischance, I
declare,
I'd have easily walked in the winner.
So there!"

"I see!" said the Quagga. "And,
pray, may I ask
What sort of adhesive you used for
the task?"
"Gregg's gum," sighed the Rhino.
"Well, had I been you, [glue!"
I'd have tried Joseph Jellaby's Gollywog

WHEN THE SUN HAS GONE TO SLEEP

When the sun has gone to sleep,
And darkness falls upon the ground,
And in the silence of the night
You hear the leastest little sound,
I stand beside the window-pane
And wish the day would come again.

When day has come and night has gone,
And lessons seem so long in school,
And birds are calling in the trees
Beside the river, running cool,
I push my book aside and say:
"Give me the night and not the day."

The times are always wrong with me,
I'm thirsty when no water's near;
I'm hungry just before my food,
Not after—that seems very queer.
And when to bed I'm told to go,
I wake at once: it's strange, you know.

Why is the winter always cold?
The summer nearly always hot?
Why do I always want the things
I haven't—not the things I've got?
Why does the sun not shine at night?
It's when it's dark we want the light.

Some day, perhaps, I'll understand,
When I grow up to man's estate;
Although it may be that I won't;
I'll try my best at any rate.
But father says a perfect joy
To him would be to be a boy.

THE SONG OF EARTH AND SKY AND SEA

The songs my mother sang to me,
When I was sitting at her knee,
Were of the sea and stars and sky,
And Christ, who died on Calvary.

The songs the birds sing in the tree,
And rivers carry to the sea,
Tell us of God's great majesty,
And Christ, who died on Calvary.

The sky, the birds, the flowers, the sea,
The wind that wantons lustily—
All speak of God's great love to me,
And Christ, who died on Calvary.

God keep my soul in purity,
Be my support where'er I be,
And through the shadows comfort me,
To Christ, who died on Calvary.

THREE JOLLY HUNTSMEN

There were three jolly huntsmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
All on a summer's day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other he said nay;
The third said it was a house
With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other he said nay;
The third said it was a cheese,
And half of it cut away.

IF THERE WERE NO BOYS

You can tell that a boy is very ill
If he's wide awake and keeping still;
But earth would be—God bless their noise!—
A dull old place without the boys.

THE PIONEER

Far into the forest he went, alone,
With an axe, and his big, strong heart;
And he never failed through the long, hard years,
But he manfully played his part.

And after a while he reared a hut
On the side of a great round hill,
And bought a plough, and a horse and cart,
To aid his growing skill.

When he took a wife "for company's sake,"
And she brought him cows as a dower,
They worked together the long years through,
And gained in strength and power.

And children came to them, strong and fair,
And neighbours settled around;
And the hillside smiled at its growing wealth
Of crops on the well-tilled ground.

Then a church, and a hall, and a school were built,
And mills, and a store or two;
And roads were made and were frequently used,
And a railway soon ran through.

And people came to that sweet hillside,
Stout and strong was our pioneer;
And before he was old he had built a town
Where once stood a forest drear.

Forty years passed since he first went there,
Young and strong, and all alone;
Now the people were more than he could count,
And the buildings of brick and stone.

And he was the king of that hillside town,
Where once his lone hut had stood;
He reaped the harvest that he had sown,
By his labour strong and good.

WHAT ARE FLOWERS AND FRUITS MADE FOR?



DAISIES FOR DAISY CHAINS

DANDELIONS FOR TIME OF DAY

CHERRIES FOR EAR-RINGS



THE BATTLE OF CONKERS

A SHOWER OF BURS

A FLEET OF WALNUT BOATS



A NECKLACE OF ROSE HIPS

"DO YOU LIKE BUTTER?"

UNDER THE MISTLETOE

LITTLE JOHN

JOHN was a lonely boy. He had a brother —just a baby was tiny Michael; and a sister, a year younger than himself. Her name was Mary, and she was ever so sorry for John. When she played by the seashore or up on the hills with the other boys and girls, John could not join in, for no one could make him understand how to play. In all the eight years of his life John had not heard one single word. He was quite deaf, poor little man!

Never had he listened to the singing of the birds in the woods, or to the sighing of the wind in the tree-tops, or to the murmur of the brook as it raced over the stones.

One day when the boys and girls were on the hills, a Man with a very kind face came up to them. He smiled at the happy children, particularly at the tiniest of all, Baby Michael.

"He's my brother," said Mary proudly.

The Kind Man smiled again.

"Have you any other brothers?" He inquired.

Mary's bright little face clouded over.

"There's John," she said. "He's at home. He can't play our games; he is quite deaf. Mother says he will never be any better."

The Kind Man looked into Mary's sympathetic little face. He noted the sadness that crept into her voice as she spoke of John.

"I am very tired," said the Kind Man. "I came to the hills to rest and to be quiet. Do you know if there is a stream near here? I am so thirsty!"

Mary was watching Him attentively.

"I will fetch you some water," she said. "We have a jar with us. I can find the stream in a minute. And I will go home and get you a cake, too."

"Thank you!" said the Stranger gratefully. Mary rose to go.

"When you come back," said the Kind Man, "bring John with you."

Mary was surprised. This Man had never seen John. Why should He want to see him?

"Do you mind looking after Michael," she asked, "while I go? He's too heavy to carry with the jar, and the others might forget about him."

"Yes," said the Kind Man. "Bring him to Me."

Mary brought her baby brother, and left him with the Kind Man, and then she ran home and told her mother of the wonderful Stranger she had met.

"Who is he?" asked her mother.

But Mary did not know.

"You shall have some cakes, of course," she said. "I have been baking this morning. I will come with you to see the Stranger, and so shall John."

The little party set off, only stopping to fill the water-pot at the spring.

When they reached the hillside again, the other children had gone back into the village. The Kind Man was resting, and Baby Michael sat on His knee. The little one saw his mother coming, and held out his arms to her. The Kind Man raised His eyes, and His face looked kinder than ever as He gave the child back to his mother.

"Is this John?" He asked tenderly.

"Yes," said Mother, with one hand on her boy's head. "He is my eldest, and he has been deaf from his birth."

"John can't hear what we are saying," said Mary. "He never can hear, poor John!"

She held up the water-pot, and Mother brought out the cakes.

"Thank you," said the Kind Man. He drank a little, and took a cake.

Then He laid a hand on each of John's shoulders, and looked into the depths of the child's great brown eyes. John did not shrink from the gaze; he looked back trustfully. Instinctively he knew that here was a Friend.

The Kind Man closed His eyes, and prayed to His Father in Heaven. After His prayer He placed His hands on the boy's ears.

"John," He said, "can you hear Me?"

"Yes," said John instantly, "I can hear."

His mother and Mary looked at him in amazement.

The Kind Man turned to the mother.

"He will always be able to hear now," He said. "I have healed him."

The mother's face had been full of wonder; it was full of gratitude and thanksgiving now. She came forward, and her hands trembled as she came.

"John, John!" she cried, kissing her boy, while the tears rained down her face. "John, my firstborn!"

The Kind Man turned to Mary.

"Little one," He said, "when you see anyone hungry or thirsty give to them for My sake."

"Yes," said Mary, "I will."

He turned to the children's mother, and His hand rested gently on Baby Michael's soft little cheek.

"Train them," He said, "for service in My kingdom."

WHEN THE CUCKOO STRIKES EIGHT

THE DREAM-ELF

When the cuckoo clock strikes eight,
And it's getting dark and late,
And the toys are put away
'Cos it is too dark to play,
Then lift up the nurs'ry blind
Very gently from behind,
If your eyes are fairy bright
You will see a wondrous sight!
Down the street, as near as near,
There will come an elf, my dear,
Blowing bubbles large and bright
In the darkness of the night;
Up he sends them—high, so high,
To the rooms where children lie;
They are dreams, you understand,
All the way from Elfin-land!

QUARTS OF ALL SIZES

Above a shop-door in Devizes,
A tinman his wares advertises
In language that's queer:
"Take notice—sold here,
Quart measures of all shapes and sizes!"

THE GARDENER

I pray you do not hinder me,
So many tasks are mine today:
Five flower-beds to water free,
Lest pretty faces fade away.



And when the watering's done, oh dear!
Fat slugs will feed them on the green
(All those brown, slimy things I fear);
Then lettuce beds must all be seen.
And after that the cucumbers,
And then, oh, joy! the strawberry beds;
But first my flowers in fair numbers
That turn to me their thirsty heads.

THE LACEMAKER

Hey for the happy day, lirro lil lirro!
I'm making fair lace on my little round pillow,
Fair lace to go on my holiday gown
When the fête is up-keeping down in the town.
When the whirligigs come, and the gay pierrots,
And a columbine white whirling round on her toes.
Hey for the happy day, lirro lil lirro!
I'm making fair lace on my little round pillow.



TIMOTHY

Timothy says, "You be down in the lane
When it's just getting dusk—by the oak-tree again;
And I'll tell all you boys how I ran off to sea,
And the tale of the pirates who once captured me."
And there's no one can tell tales like Timothy.

He says he is really a prince in disguise,
But we mustn't tell anyone this, if we're wise;
For there's plots and there's spying, he says, after him:
He *prefers* to be known as the grocer's boy, Tim.
He takes round the orders, does Timothy.

And when he tells ghost tales he makes our flesh creep,
And afterwards some of us can't get to sleep,
And we wish that he didn't make stories so real,
Though we're glad that he does while we're listening, and feel
That it's fine hearing tales told by Timothy.

Timothy seems, when we meet him by day,
With his apron and basket, and whistling away,
So ordinary, taking round candles and tea,
That we never can understand how it can be
That at evening he turns into—Timothy.

TOMMY ON THE ROCKS

Said Tommy, whose boots were but crocks,
As he sat with his mates on the rocks:
"Has any kind friend
Some scissors to lend,
To cut these holes out of my socks?"

THE STORY OF B AND P

A SWARM of fat, lazy young BBB
Set out to disturb the sweet PPP.
When U asked them "Y?"
With a wink of the I,
They said, "Oh, we're quite at our EEE!"

I said, "If you harm those dear PPP,
Or continue the sweet things to TTT,
Then the first little B
That I happen to C
Shall be banished straight over the CCC!"

THE ROBIN AND THE SPARROW

IN the depth of winter, when snow lay on the ground, a robin perched on a twig sang a cheerful song.

"Vain creature," exclaimed a jealous sparrow, "why do you sing? Do you think you can rival the glorious birds of spring—the thrush and nightingale and lark?"

"No," answered the modest robin; "but, while I can never hope to sing like them, I can try to cheer the world by doing my best. I sing because I feel glad."



OUR LITTLE FIRESIDE FAIRY

I KNOW where there are fairies bright
Who dance at night when stars are light;
I know of many a wondrous sight—a long long way from London!
I know where there is bed on bed
Of daisies white and roses red,
And where the snowdrop droops its head—a long, long way from London!
But 'tis not needful now to go
Through ice and snow, where wild winds blow,
To find the land where fairies grow—they grow them here in London!
The fairy with the eyes of blue,
The roses and the snowdrops too,
Darling, we find them all in you—our little fireside fairy!

THE GARDENER

THERE was a little gardener
Who spent the summer days
Planting rows of buttons
To see what he could raise.

"If vines come up I'll get," said he,
"Some button-hooks for poles."
But digging down he found instead
A crop of button-holes.



COUNTING

FOUR times two, or one plus one,
These are easy sums.
The first means all my fingers,
The second all my thumbs.

But ten times two! Now there's a sum
Not every baby knows.
You'll find the answer if you count
Your fingers, thumbs, and toes.

FOUR YEARS OLD

WHEN Tom and I go hand in hand
To tea next door,
The people there don't understand
That, 'cos I'm four,
And *they* are all so big and tall,
I'd like to cry.
You see, I feel so very small;
I am so shy.

When nurse and I take Baby May
Out in her pram,
People who meet us always say
How big I am!
For when they stop and talk to us
Baby may cry,
But *I*'m too old to make a fuss—
I am not shy!

THE BOY WITH THE RAFT

A BOY with a long pole was guiding a raft as it floated down a river.

"Oh," said he, "no wonder the people on the bank watch me! Look how strong I am! Alone I send this raft along with a mere touch of my finger."

But just then the raft ran on a sandbank and stuck fast.

"Foolish youth," said an old man on the shore. "You thought that you sent the raft along, whereas you had nothing at all to do with it. The current carried it, and you were so busy boasting you could not even guide it away from the sandbank."

THE BELLRINGER

AT noon the cuckoo-pint's pale bell
He pulls, a tiny sentinel,
To say to sleeping elves, "All's well!
The woodbine's bugle loud he blows
When Oberon to battle goes
With weasels fierce or hornet foes.

His hyacinths' sweet triple bob
And clash throughout the forest throb,
Where fairies dance—a moonlit mob.
A graver task he must pursue
When elfins die, as die they do
Once in a hundred years or two.

Oh, then he leaves the dim-lit dells,
And to my garden steals, and knells
The big blue Canterbury bells!
Last night I heard them chiming low,
Across the park the elves came slow
With burdock bier and dirge of woe.

The woodfolk followed, wren, and vole,
Dormouse and rabbit from the knoll;
Last came the sexton, Master Mole,
To bury poor moth where the ferns are long
In my baby's plot, with the redbreast's song,
And the flower-bells ringing, "Ding, ding, dong!"

WHY BOBBIE TURNED BACK

ONE dark night, as the old church clock struck nine, Bobbie ran out of the house and pattered noiselessly down the path.

The next day was Bobbie's birthday, and, quite by chance, he had overheard somebody say that his birthday present—he strongly suspected it to be the bicycle he had been longing for—was hidden in the tool-shed at the bottom of the garden.

Bobbie couldn't sleep for thinking about it and wondering, and at last, when all was quiet downstairs, he flung off the bedclothes, tumbled into his clothes, and slipped out.

But half-way across the lawn he stopped, and very nearly cried out, for two bright eyes—or so it seemed to Bobbie—sprang out of the darkness and looked up at him in silent reproach, as if to say:

"Go back at once. You know you ought not to be here."

Bobbie was so surprised that he turned and ran back to the house, through the hall and upstairs, never stopping to think till he flung himself breathless on his little bed.

How they had stared at him, those eyes! And yet—why, they weren't eyes at all! What they were he knew quite well. How stupid of him to be so startled at a pair of bright little glow-worms!

WEE THING

Two eyes of blue—
Such a wonderful hue!
Sparkling bright with the light
From the skies they fell through.

Tip-tilted nose—
A ridiculous pose!
And a mouth looking just
Like a half-opened rose.



Curls of spun gold—
Too elusive to hold!
Hiding treasures that none
But an angel could mould.

Fingers that cling—
Can you hear my heart sing?
'Tis o'erflowing with love
For this precious wee thing.

A SWARM OF BEES

BIBLE BEES

Be not children in understanding.
1 Corinthians xiv. 20.

Be ye holy in all manner of conversation. 1 Peter i. 15.

Be patient. James v. 7.

Be courteous. 1 Peter iii. 8.

Be pitiful. 1 Peter iii. 8.

Be strong. Ephesians vi. 10.

Be vigilant. 1 Peter v. 8.

Be sober and watch 1 Peter iv. 7.

Be not unfruitful. Titus iii. 14.

Be diligent. 2 Peter iii. 14.

Be content. Hebrews xiii. 5.

Be ye not mockers. Isaiah xxviii. 22.

Be not weary in well-doing.
2 Thessalonians iii. 13.

Be clothed with humility.
1 Peter v. 5.

Be ye not unwise.
Ephesians v. 17.

Be not wise in your own conceits.
Romans xii. 16.

Be kindly affectioned one to another. Romans xii. 10.

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers. Hebrews xiii. 2.

Be followers of God, as dear children.
Ephesians v. i.

Be not unequally yoked.
2 Corinthians vi. 14.

Be not a forgetful hearer but a doer. James i. 25.

Be followers of that which is good.
1 Peter iii. 13.

Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you.
1 Peter iii. 15.

DO GOOD

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

BE HAPPY—BE BRIGHT

Be happy, Be bright,
Be kind, Be polite,
Be courteous, Be studious, Be good,
Be patient, Be pure,
Be cautious, Be sure,
Be temperate, Be wise as you should.

Be careful, Be mild,
Be sweet as a child,
Be thoughtful, Be loving, Be true,
Be prudent, Be brave,
Be sure to behave,
Be earnest wrong thoughts to subdue.

Be honest, Be keen,
Be tidy, Be clean,
Be reverent, Be modest, Be straight,
Be faithful, Be firm,
Be willing to learn:
For that is the way to be great.

MANY THINGS

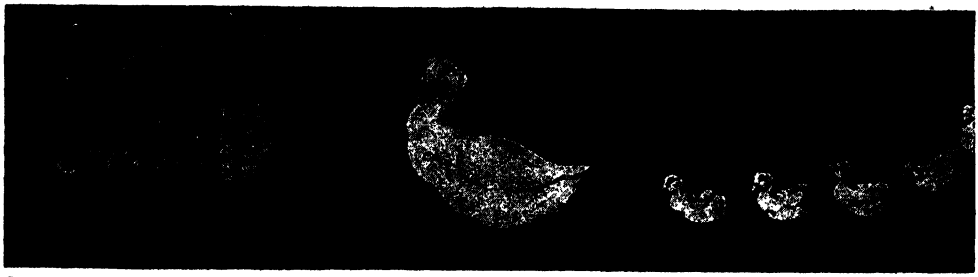
A ship for the sea,
And a teapot for tea,
A pencil for writing and boots for the feet,
A trumpet for noise,
And a circus for boys,
A dog for a game, and a furnace for heat.

A guard for a train,
An umbrella for rain,
A book for a scholar, a bell for a cat,
A bridge for a stream,
A kettle for steam,
A wig for a judge, and a ball for a bat.

A jug for the milk,
A reel for the silk,
A needle for cotton, a glove for the hand,
A wheel for the barrow,
A nest for the sparrow,
A cloth for the table, a spade for the sand.

A leg for a chair,
A brush for the hair,
A light for the room, and a wafer for sticking,
A clock for the time,
A poet for rhyme,
A plum for a pie, and a donkey for kicking.

OLD MOTHER GOOSE AND HER GOSLINGS



OLD MOTHER GOOSE, WHO REALLY WAS A GOOSE, TOOK HER EIGHT CHILDREN ONE DAY FOR A WALK



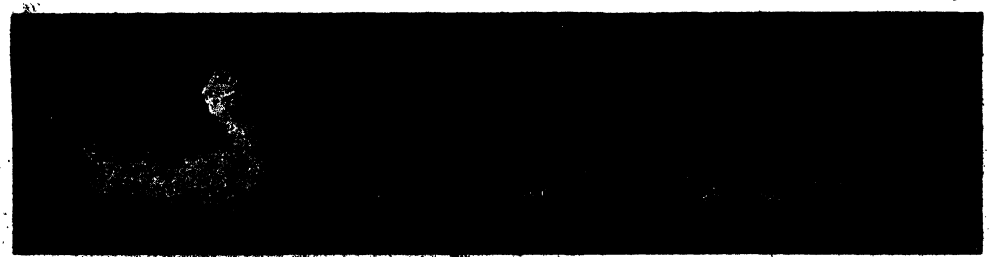
AND OF COURSE THE LITTLE WHITE GOSLINGS MUST HAVE ALL THE FUN THEY COULD FIND ON THE WAY



BUT WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THIS OLD PIPE WAS BLACK WITH SOOT INSIDE?



SO THAT MOTHER GOOSE JUMPED INTO THE RIVER WITH TERROR ON SEEING HER CHILDREN BLACK



AND OF COURSE THE POOR LITTLE GOSLINGS FOLLOWED HER, AND ALL IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL

THE AMAZING PIGTAIL

A CHINAMAN once in Hong-Kong
Had a pigtail amazingly strong,
One day, rushing past,
In a door it got fast,
And dragged all the houses along.

THE WEATHER

WHEN the weather is wet,
We must not fret;
When the weather is dry,
We must not cry;
When the weather is cold,
We must not scold;
When the weather is warm,
We must not storm;
But be thankful together,
Whatever the weather.

THE NORMANDY SHRIMP

THERE once was a Normandy shrimp
Who ran with so dainty a limp,
It became quite a passion
With people of fashion
To walk like that salt-water imp.

THE KING'S BREAKFAST

"I AM tired of porridge!" cried the King, throwing down his spoon in a passion. "I will *not* have porridge for my breakfast every day in the week!"

The King's words were repeated to the cook, and the cook scratched his head and looked serious. And it was no wonder.



"So his Majesty said scarcely a week ago," he remarked gloomily. "The next morning I prepared the daintiest dishes I could think of. And what happened? His Majesty had violent indigestion, and vowed he would chop off my head if he had anything but porridge for the rest of his life."

"Cook it in raspberry syrup and sprinkle it with sugar, and he won't know what he is eating," suggested a bright little page-boy.

"A capital idea!" exclaimed the cook.

When the pretty dish was set before him, the King smiled upon the Lord High Chamberlain and took up his spoon. But the Lord High Chamberlain was watching the King's plate with such an anxious look upon his face that the King became suspicious. He scraped off the sugar and the raspberry syrup, and when he saw what lay underneath he turned purple with rage.

"Find the cook!" he roared. "Find the cook, and chop off his head!"

At that moment the King's favourite dog leapt on to the table and gobbled up the porridge, licking his lips to show how very delicious it was.

"Now your Majesty has lost not only his cook but his breakfast as well!" cried the Lord High Chamberlain.

The idea so tickled the King that he burst into a roar of laughter. The cook was forgiven, and from that day to this his Majesty has eaten his porridge without a murmur of complaint.

NONSENSE

IF the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

THE OLD, OLD TALE

IN a lonely wood at the Back o' Beyond
There lived a Princess fair,
Who had (as princesses always do)
Blue eyes and golden hair.

And she loved (as princesses always do)
A Prince from the Land of Dreams.
She also ate (as they always eat)
Nothing but chocolate creams!

This Princess had (as they always have)
A godmother ugly and old,
Who locked her away (as they always do)
In a tall tower gloomy and cold.

The Princess was sad, as she well might be,
Up in the dreadful tower;
She leaned her head on her hands one day,
And cried for over an hour!

But the Prince heard her cry and stole her away
From the tower and the old witch too;
(Now isn't this just the fairy-tale
That they always tell to you?)

A GRASSHOPPER ONCE HOPPED

A GRASSHOPPER once, young and growing,
With energy great was o'erflowing;
He hopped and he hopped,
And never once stopped
Until no more grass was left showing.

SUPPOSING I WERE AUNTIE JANE

SUPPOSING I were Auntie Jane,
And Auntie Jane were I,
She'd have to go to school again—
I wonder if *she'd* cry.

And I should wear my dresses long,
And have my hair up too,
And things that Nursie says are wrong
I'd never, never do.

But if I could not play about
It would be dull, 'tis plain,
And so it's best, without a doubt,
That I'm *not* Auntie Jane!

THE BATTLE IN THE NIGHT

IT was no use. Marjorie could *not* get to sleep, try as she would. It was all very well for Nurse to say, "Now shut your eyes. Old Father Christmas never comes till little children are asleep." How *could* you go to sleep when you wanted—oh, so badly!—to see what Father Christmas really looked like?

She stared at the rosebuds on the walls till they danced before her eyes, and then the most extraordinary thing happened.

All at once the panel in the wall at the bottom of the bed seemed to slide away, and where, just before, the rosebuds had been was nothing but a great empty space.

Marjorie sat up and rubbed her eyes.

The great empty space was slowly filling with a bright light, and out of it stepped an old man with a flowing beard and a long scarlet cloak. On his back was a great bag, filled to the brim with toys.

But, oh, what *were* those tiny figures hovering round, darting here and there and everywhere? Fairies! Yes; but there were elves, mischievous little elves, as well! And the elves and the fairies were quarrelling. As fast as the fairies drew out the toys the elves flung them back again.

Marjorie listened.

"She is! She is!"

"She isn't! She's wide awake! She shan't have anything!"

And they all turned and pointed at the little figure on the bed.

"Oh, please, I'll go to sleep this minute!" she cried. And she flung herself back on her pillow and shut her eyes.

"Wake up! Wake up! It's Christmas morning. And, my word, what a stocking you've got!"

Marjorie was wide awake in a minute.

"Then the fairies won, after all!" she exclaimed.

"Bless the child, what is she talking about?" aid Nurse.

FINDING FAULT

THE winds refused to blow;
"No use," said they, "to try,
From north, or south, or east, or west
These folks to satisfy.
The North Wind 'is too cold!'
The West Wind, 'bold and rough.'
The East is 'chilly,' they complain;
The South, 'not cool enough!'"
And so the windmills stopped,
The ships lay idly by,
The sun beat down from morn till night
Because no clouds could fly.
The people sighed for wind;
"Blow hot or cold," said they,
"From north, or south, or east, or west,
But blow from somewhere, pray!"



FROM THE ZOO THAT NEVER WAS

AS we walk through the soft moonlight,
What music interrupts the night?
I really think that it must be
A froggle singing to a tree.

THE TREASURE

IN a dear little home that is filled with delight
There's a treasure that's guarded by day and by night;
It's mottled and freckled,
It's spotted and speckled,
And, oh, when the mornings are long,
The wee baby linnet
That's hidden within it
Will welcome the day with a song.

I WONDER WHAT ALL THE STARS ARE DOING

I WONDER what all the stars are doing,
  Up in the sky so blue;
I wonder if there are children in them
  Looking at me and you.

GOING TO BUSINESS

WHEN daddie in the morning goes
  To earn me such nice food and clothes,
I go with him a little way,
And then I leave him all the day.

I wonder what he finds to do
All by himself the long day through,
And how much better it would be
If he would stay and play with me.



IN EXPLANATION

HER lips were so near
  That—what else could I do?
You'll be angry, I fear,
But her lips were so near—
Well, I can't make it clear,
  Or explain it to you,
But—her lips were so near
  That—what else could I do?

MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP

MR. FINNEY had a turnip,
  And it grew, and it grew;
And it grew behind the barn,
  And that turnip did no harm.

There it grew, and it grew,
  Till it could grow no longer;
Then his daughter Lizzie picked it,
  And put it in the cellar.

There it lay and it lay
  Till it began to rot;
And his daughter Susie took it
  And put it in the pot.

And they boiled it and boiled it
  As long as they were able;
And then his daughter took it
  And put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife
  They sat down to sup;
And they ate and they ate,
  And they ate that turnip up.

BOW-WOW, SAYS THE DOG

BOW-WOW, says the dog;
  Mew-mew, says the cat;
Grunt, grunt, goes the hog;
  And squeak goes the rat.

Chirp, chirp, says the sparrow;
  Caw, caw, says the crow;
Quack, quack, says the duck;
  And what cuckoos say, you know.

NONSENSE

A PIN to see a poppy-show,
  A pin to see a pie,
A pin to see an old man
  Sitting in the sky.

Half a pound of twopenny rice,
  Half a pound of treacle;
Mix it up and make it nice,
  Pop goes the weasel.

When I was young and able,
  I sat upon the table;
The table broke, and gave me a poke,
  When I was young and able.

A GOOD APPETITE

I HAVE a whole menagerie
  My grandma bought for me,
And when I'm very hungry
  I'll eat them for my tea.

And first I'll eat the elephant,
  The tiger, and the hare,
And next the hippopotamus,
  And then the grizzly bear.

And if I'm hungry still, I'll try
  The taste of cracker goose,
Of zebra, camel, fox, and lynx,
  Of buffalo and moose.

The rabbit, cat, and dog, and pig,
  And horse I'll put away;
Yes, these domestic animals
  I'll eat some other day.

I MET A LITTLE ELF-MAN ONCE

I MET a little elf-man once,
Down where the lilies blow;
I asked him why he was so small,
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you."



MY LITTLE SHOE

"OH, who has seen my little shoe,
My little shoe, my little shoe?
Oh, who has seen my little shoe—
Sir Squirrel, dear, have you, have you?"

"No, I've not seen your little shoe;
But if you tell me it will do
To carry off to some big tree
To put my nuts in, I will see
If I can find your little shoe."

"Oh, no, Sir Squirrel, that won't do;
I don't want you to find my shoe!
But who has seen my little shoe—
Dear Mistress Mouse, have you, have you?"

"No, I've not seen your little shoe;
But if you tell me it will do
To make into a little house
For me and my old Mr. Mouse,
I'll try to help you find your shoe."

"Oh, no, dear Mousey, that won't do;
I don't want you to find my shoe!
But who has seen my little shoe—
Dear Robin Redbreast, pray have you?"

"No, I've not seen your little shoe;
But if you tell me it will do
To fix into a nice warm nest
I'll try to help you find your shoe."

"Oh, no, Red Robin, that won't do;
I don't want you to find my shoe!
But who has seen my little shoe,
Dear Fairy Queen, have you, have you?"

"No, I've not seen your little shoe;
But if you tell me it will do
To make a little carriage of,
Hitched to a humming-bird or dove,
I'll try to help you find your shoe."

"Oh dear, oh dear, what shall I do?
Nobody wants to find my shoe
Unless they keep it for their own—
I'll have to hunt for it alone!

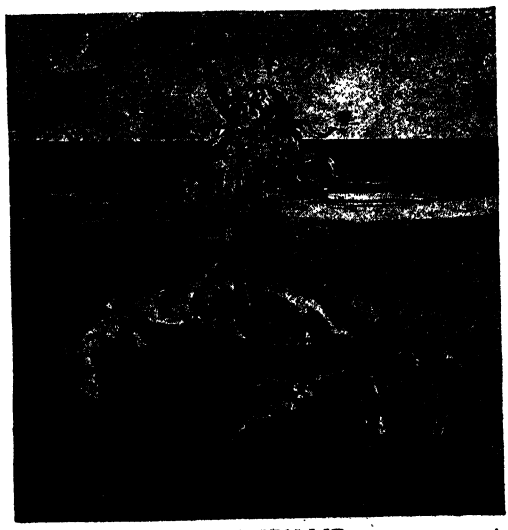
"But here comes Doggie; maybe he
Will not so very selfish be—
Why, he has got my little shoe!
Dear Doggie, you are good and true,
I might have known you'd find my shoe!"

THE WORLD IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

THE world is what you make it,
Little people;
It will be as you shape it,
Little people.
Then be studious and brave,
And your country help to save,
Little people.

TRY, TRY AGAIN

THERE was a young maid who said, "Why
Can't I look in my ear with my eye?
If I give my mind to it,
I'm sure I can do it,
You never can tell till you try."



THE MERMAID

WHEN the sun is low, and the sands are wide,
Did you ever see a mermaid ride?

LADY GRAY AND THE NUTS

ONE summer Robert and his father and mother lived in a little  in the woods.

They saw a  running about in the  .

Robert put some  on the ground, and hid behind a  . Soon the  came and carried them away.

The next day he put the  nearer the  . The  came again and carried them away.

So it went on for some time. Each day Robert put the  nearer the  .

They named the  Lady Gray.

One day Robert's mother sat down on a  in the porch. She put some  on the floor and kept very still.

After a while Lady Gray came up on the porch. She looked at Robert's mother, then she took a  and ran off as fast as she could.

By-and-by Lady Gray became so gentle that she would hunt for  in their pockets.

One morning father put a  on his shoulder. Lady Gray jumped on father's shoulder and ate the  . How they all laughed!

CUNNING NANCY AND HER KITTENS

THREE little  were born in a  where there were two lively  . The  were at once named Tom, Dick, and Harry.

As soon as they were big enough to handle, the  began to carry them round, indoors and out. Nancy, the mamma  , did not like her  to be handled so much, for she knew it was not good for them. She mewed, but the children did not notice her distress.

Dick, a lovely grey, seemed to be her pet. She took the best care of him, and seemed most worried when the children picked him up.

One day little Dick could not be found. The  hunted for him, but in vain. They noticed that Nancy did not seem anxious, nor did she go looking for her lost  .

They did not notice, however, that she would often go up the  , and stay away awhile from Tom and Harry.

When washing day came, they found out all about it. In a low, dark  upstairs, where the soiled clothes were kept, Nancy and Dick were found. Dick was snugly wrapped in the clothes, and purred contentedly. Mamma Nancy lay beside him. She had taken her favourite  and hidden him, so that the children should not play with him.

THE GOOD LITTLE STARS

ONCE upon a time a great many little  lived up in the sky.

Their father was the  , and their mother was the .

Usually these  were good little  . They liked to help brighten the sky and so make the  brighter.

But one night when their mother called to them to come and light up the sky, they came very slowly. They looked very cross. They did not shine when she told them to do so.

Mother  felt sad. She called up from the  some good little  . They were only  on  , but Mother  changed them into  in the sky.

The naughty  felt themselves falling. Faster and faster they fell, until they sank down into the  .

They cried and cried until they fell asleep, for they were very sorry for what they had done.

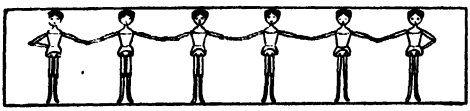
In the morning Father  shone out so brightly that everything, even the baby  under the grass, wakened. They began to cry again.

Their father felt sorry for them. He told them they might shine on the  .

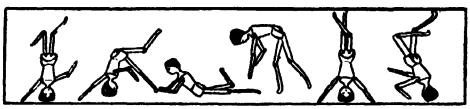
So now the stars shine in the sky at night, and in the morning, when Father  shines for them, the  open their eyes and shine in the grass all day.

SIX LITTLE DUTCH DOLLS

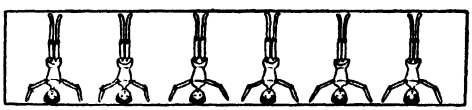
"We're tired of standing on our feet,"
These six Dutch dollies said,
"And so we think we'll make a change
By standing on our heads.



"It's not so easy as we thought,
Our joints are rather stiff;
But still we mean to persevere,
Although it makes us whiff.



"And now we're standing on our heads,
They feel a wee bit queer;
But use is second nature, so
We'll keep on standing here."



LITTLE BROWN BUSHY-TAIL

Little Bushy-Tail lived up a  ,
And mossy and snug was his  ;
 and beech  in plenty had he,
And he scarcely knew which he liked best.
He was cheery of temper and agile of limb,
And his own little will was his law;
For what was the world and its worries to him,
When he held a plump  in his  ?
As he cracked it, he twinkled his knowing black  .
The kernel picked out by-and-by;
Then he ate it, and, looking uncommonly wise,
Said, "Folk may be worse off than I,
For I'm sure I'm content with my portion of life,
And of I've a plentiful store;
With my little brown babies and little brown wife,
What on earth could a  want more!"

ROBIN'S SECRET

We have a secret, just we three—
The  and I and the apple  ;
The  told the  and the  told me,
And nobody knows but just we three.
Of course, the  knows it best,
Because she made the dear little  ,
And laid the *OOO*. There is something in it;
I am afraid I shall tell it every minute.
But, of course, when the  fly about,
I know the secret will then be out.

A LITTLE BIRD

One thing I notice every day,
It doesn't matter where I go,
And what I do, or what I say,
My Nursie always seems to know.

It's very strange, and puzzles me,
For when I broke that nursery  ,
And cracked a  and spilt the tea,
She knew, although she wasn't there!

It's really getting worse and worse,
She knew I'd smashed my  ,
And when I ask, "Who tells you,  ?"
She says, "A little  , of course!"

I try to tell the things I've done,
As Mummy says her  should do,
But after all it's not much fun
To have that  go telling too!

I never see him, though I've tried
To find him, for it isn't fair;
I know by now that he must hide,
Because I've hunted everywhere.

And when I said, "I hate old  !"
He told her, just because he'd heard,
So now I mean to look and look
Until I catch that tiresome  !

BALLAD OF THE FLY

Baby bye, here's a  ,
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls up the walls,
Yet he never, never falls.
I believe with six such 
You and I could walk on  .

BREAKFAST

I HAVE a high chair
Because I'm rather wee,
And Dolly sits on my chair
If she comes, you see,
To breakfast in the nurs'ry.
But that's the greatest treat
For when I'm good, and do not leave
What's given me to eat!

Nurse has a low chair
Because she's old and tall;
I'd rather, far, have no chair
At all, at all, at all,
And breakfast in the dolls' house,
Or on the nurs'ry mat.
But I must grow as old as old
Before I may do that.

WHY HE SAID "NO"

THERE was once a huge chimpanzee
Who lived in a very tall tree,
And he said, "It is true
I was asked to the Zoo,
But a life full of freedom for me!"

WHITE HORSES

WHOA-HO! my wild White Horses,
Does he never stable you?
The North Wind, your master,
Drives the whole night through.

But the South Wind comes after;
His hands are sleek and kind;
He fills the sea with laughter,
And he leaves you behind.

Whoa-ho! my brave White Horses;
Daddie's ship is gone;
Away from the shore and the meadow,
He goes sailing on and on.

See now, then, carry this letter
On your tossing manes of snow,
To tell him that land-ways are better,
And somebody wants him so.

LESLIE'S PONY

"UNCLE TED is coming today," said Mother. "Would you like to go to meet him?"

Leslie jumped up and clapped his hands. "Oh, yes!" he cried; and he ran off to fetch his hat.

He was waiting on the platform when the long train steamed in. There was Uncle Ted waving to him from a carriage window.

Leslie took off his sailor hat and waved back, and as the train came to a standstill Uncle Ted sprang out.

Leslie ran forward to meet him. Just then a great dog, the biggest Leslie had ever seen, sprang out on to the platform. He bounded up to Leslie, bumped into him, and knocked him over.

"Oh, oh!" cried poor Leslie, as Uncle Ted picked him up. "Bad dog! Beat him, Uncle Ted!"

"No!" said Uncle Ted. "He was so pleased to be out in the fresh air again that he didn't stop to look where he was going. He's the gentlest dog in the world. Stroke him, and you'll see."

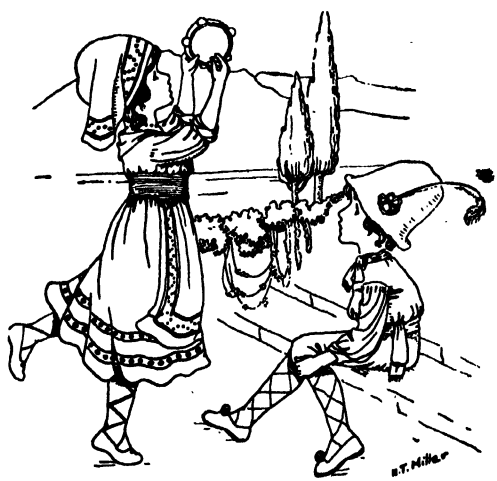
But Leslie was so small, and the dog was so very big, that he was just a little bit afraid, and he put out his hand very timidly. But he soon lost his fear. And when Uncle Ted said, "Jump on his back, and he'll give you a ride," he scrambled on at once.

"Hurrah! Gee-up, Dobbin!" he cried.

And that's how he rode all the way home.

A SONG OF THE ROAD

OH, a gipsy's life is wild and free,
And a gipsy's life is the life for me.
Tra-la-la-la!



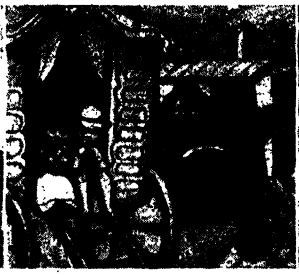
We dance and sing down through the town,
And people throw us pennies brown,
And sometimes silver. Tra-la-la-la!
Our tent we pitch in a cool green alley,
We wake each morn to the song-birds' rally.
Tra-la-la-la!
Down by the road our camp-fires smoke,
We have our meals with the forest folk,
And sometimes fairies. Tra-la-la-la!

When autumn comes and the sun lies low,
Away with the swallows we southward go,
Tra-la-la-la!
To lands of sunshine the long year round,
Where grapes blue and white in plenty are found,
And sometimes peaches. Tra-la-la-la!

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME



THE RED INDIAN IN HIS WIGWAM



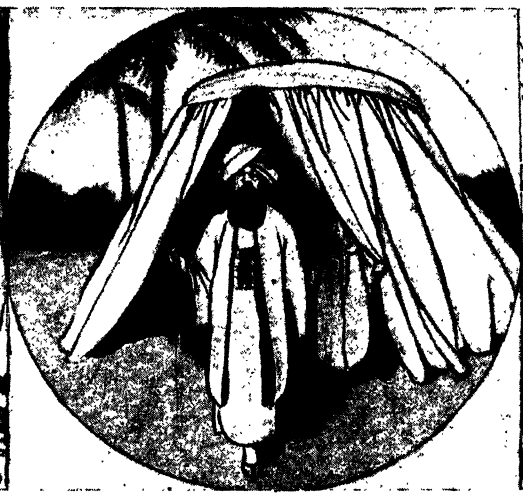
THE GIPSY IN HIS CARAVAN



THE ESKIMO IN HIS SNOW HOUSE



THE BUSHMAN IN HIS CAVE



THE ARAB IN HIS TENT



THE SWISS IN HIS CHALET



THE INDIAN IN HIS BUNGALOW



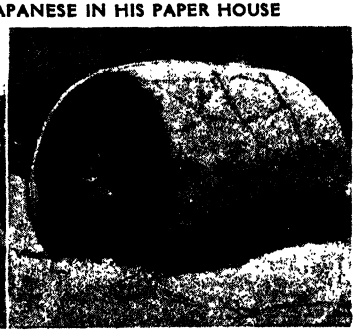
THE JAPANESE IN HIS PAPER HOUSE



THE ZULU IN HIS REED HUT



THE PAPUAN IN HIS PILE HOUSE



THE KALMUK IN HIS SKIN HUT

IN THE LAND OF NOD

THERE dwells within the Land of Nod
A quaint and stealthy little god
Who gathers up fine grains of sand
In either tiny, nimble hand,
And as he passes softly by
Throws a small handful in each eye,
Making us blink, and then breathe deep,
And yawn, and nod, and fall asleep.

THE MAN AND THE IMAGE

A CERTAIN carver who had made an image of Good Fortune found himself unable to sell it in the ordinary way of business. So he declared that whoever possessed the image would have good luck all his life, and would get rich.

"Then why are *you* not rich, and why do you want to sell it?" asked an onlooker.

"Oh," said the carver, "it will bring riches later on, but I want some now!"

"That will never do," replied the other, "for if he can bring good luck next week he can bring good luck today."

Shun those who offer what they have not got.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN

OVER and over again,
No matter which way we turn,
We always find in the book of life
Some lessons we have to learn.

WHAT ARE WE?

IN a cottage with very small lustre we shine,
But in noblemen's houses we're spacious and fine.
Besides being little, we seldom are more
In a very small house than ten or a score.
In red, blue, and yellow we sometimes appear,
But crystal's the colour which chiefly we wear.
All weathers we suffer—wind, frost, rain, and snow;
And our faces are scratched if we like it or no.
If any of us get a blow on the face,
We're discarded, and others are put in our place. *Windows*

THE MAN AND THE FISH

A CERTAIN prince who was noted for his meanness once asked a wise man to dinner, and then placed him at the lower end of the table.

When the fish was served, the wise man noticed that all the fine, large fishes went up to the Prince's end of the table, while the fishes set before him were so small as to be scarcely worth eating.

Presently the Prince noticed that the wise man was taking the little fishes one by one, putting his mouth against their heads as though whispering to them, and then placing them to his ear as if to catch the replies.

"Why do you do that?" asked the Prince, in astonishment.

"Well," replied the wise man, "some time ago my father had the misfortune to fall into the sea, and I have never seen him since, so I thought I would ask these fishes if they could tell me what became of him."

"What do they say?" asked the Prince.

"They say it happened before their time," replied the wise man, "but if I ask the big fish at the other end of the table they may be able to tell me."

The Prince saw the point, and sent down some larger fish to his guest.

ROSES RED AND ROSES WHITE

ROSES red, roses white,
Roses in my garden;
I would not part
With my sweetheart
For twopence-halfpenny-farthing.

THE FOOLISH MAN AND THE HEDGE

A FOOLISH man whose father left him a fine vineyard, surrounded by a tall and thick hedge, was annoyed that the hedge bore no fruit.

"What is the use of this hedge," said he, "seeing it has no fruit? I will have it dug up and burnt." And he carried out his foolish purpose.

But no sooner was the hedge destroyed than the animals strayed into the vineyard and played havoc with the vines, until at last they, too, were utterly destroyed, and the man lost everything and became poor.

A foolish man's worst enemy is himself.

COUNT TEN

BEFORE you speak an angry word, count ten;
Then, if still you angry be, count ten again.

THE CRAFTY WOLF

A CRAFTY old wolf, in order that he might obtain the best sheep for his meals, dressed himself up as a shepherd, and, going among the flocks, his true character was not noticed by the men in charge. This made him conceited, and he thought that if he looked so much like a shepherd he could sing like one.

So as night came on he sat down and began a song. But there was so much of the growl in his voice that the shepherds at once found him out, and, setting upon the wolf, they destroyed him before he could do any havoc among the sheep.

A LITTLE TOWN MAIDEN

GERTIE Geraldina Gray
Set out for a walk one day,
With her parasol so gay,
Through a meadow full of hay.
When a cow who'd chanced to stray
Frolicked up and tried to play,
Gertie, I need hardly say,
Screamed with fright and *rushed* away!

MAKE BELIEVE

DO you know your alphabet?
I will tell you, don't forget,
How I turn it into play,
"Make believe" like this each day—
A B C D E F G
Seem like boys and girls to me.
H I J K L M N
I pretend are soldier men.
O P Q R S T U
Are the drills they have to do.
V and W and X
These are swans with long white necks.
I pretend that Y and Z
Are my dolls tucked up in bed.
So, you see, I have great fun
Till my alphabet is done.

VANITY

A WHITE Persian cat said, "I think
My coat would look nice if 'twere pink,"
And she seized on some paint,
But it made her feel faint,
So she touched herself up with red ink!

FAIRY-BLIND

THE world is full of fairies,
Only people will not look;
They think that fairies only live
Inside a story-book.

When grown-ups say there are none,
And children say so, too,
Then fairies come from Fairyland
To prove it isn't true.

But, even then, not always
Can fairies make them see.
Just as some folk are "colour-blind,"
Some "fairy-blind" must be,

And never see a fairy
Though one should be close by;
They look, and think it's something else—
A leaf, a stone, a fly!

So, if *you* should see a fairy
That other folk can't find,
You'll know it isn't you that's wrong;
They must be "fairy-blind."

A WINDY NIGHT

HERE in my bed I lie shaking and shiv'ring,
Trying so hard not to listen tonight;
Bang on the pane goes the Wind with his hammers,
Till, as I lie, I am quiv'ring with fright!

Why do you come here, O Wind, in your rages?
Blow in the daytime as much as you will;
I never mind while the sunlight is with me,
Blow out your cheeks *then*, and hammer your fill.

It is at night that you always sound loudest,
Though I pull blankets right over my head.
Why can't you blow at the other folk's windows,
Not where I'm all alone, lying in bed?

Well, I'll be brave, and I'll try not to mind you;
Loud as you like you may hammer away;
I'll just pretend I'm the bravest of soldiers,
But—I'll be ever so glad when it's day!



BOB APPLE

OH, the merry, romping ring!
See the apple set a-swing.
Clustering faces, dancing eyes,
Bobbing! Bobbing! Off it flies!
Timothy has let it slip;
Laura pouts a laughing lip;
Quick, as back again it twirls,
Sylvia of the tossing curls.
Rose and gold, the prize to win,
Sweets of summer stored within.

THE HOME OF MRS. DIPPER

A SPARROW perched on a little tree by a moorland stream and watched another bird with the greatest interest.

"Whoever can she be?" he thought, for he had never seen such a bird before. It was nearly as large as a thrush, but had a very short tail, which it carried cocked straight up, as a wren does. Its back and head were brownish in colour, but it had a pretty white chin and breast.

"Whatever is she doing?" thought the sparrow the next moment, for the bigger bird was carrying wet moss in her beak, and actually diving under a little waterfall with it.

When she came out again the sparrow spoke to her.

"Good-day!" he said. "May I ask what your name is?"

"Certainly," said the other bird. "I am Mrs. Dipper, and I'm very busy just now building myself a nest."

"A nest there!" exclaimed the sparrow.

"Yes; I build it with moss and line it with oak leaves. Soon it will be finished. Come under this waterfall and look."

Little cock sparrow hopped eagerly forward and, perching on a stone, peeped under the water.

The dipper's nest was as large as a football, and made of soaking wet moss, which was actually alive and growing; and, instead of being open at the top, Mrs. Dipper had left only a wee opening low down on one side just large enough for her to get through.

"Now I'm going to line it with nice dry oak leaves," she said.

The sparrow's eyes opened more widely still.

"But there isn't an oak-tree within four miles of here," he exclaimed.

"Oh, is it four miles?" said Mrs. Dipper. "Then I'll fetch them all four miles; and as I shall require a hundred or so, and can only carry three or four at a time, I shall have a good many miles to travel before my nest will be finished. But I must have oak leaves, because they will make it so dry and cosy."

"But are you not afraid for your chicks?" objected the sparrow.

"Oh dear, no!" laughed the dipper. "Just watch." And, to the great astonishment of the sparrow, she suddenly disappeared under the water, and came up in a moment or two at the other side of the stream with two or three little water-grubs in her beak, which she promptly swallowed.

"Well, I never thought you could swim," said the sparrow.

"I can't," answered Mrs. Dipper. "I just cling to the stones at the bottom with my feet whilst I search for food. But now I really must be off to fetch oak leaves. Happy hunting to you! Good-bye!" And Mrs. Dipper flew quickly away down the stream, and in a moment was out of sight.

"How very interesting; but, ugh! how cold and damp!" said little cock sparrow as he flew off to his own snug feather-lined nest in the hole of an old barn, and told his wife all about Mrs. Dipper and her wonderful house.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

THE spider was in a rare temper as she hurried back to the dark corner where she had her home.

"Upon my word," she muttered, "it is too bad! This is the third time that wretched housemaid has swept my web away. The ignorant creature calls me an insect. I am not an insect. My body is in two parts instead of three; my head is part of my chest; and I have got eight legs instead of six."

The spider sat in her dark corner thinking very hard. Presently a buzzing sound caught her ears, which happened to be placed at the end of her feet. Her six pairs of eyes glistened with anger.

"There's that old bluebottle again," she murmured. "His noise makes my head ache. If I make haste and spin another web, perhaps I can catch him before the maid comes with her broom."

Having made up her mind, the spider began. On the underpart of her body were four tiny tubes, each with about a thousand still tinier holes. From each tube came a thousand delicate threads made of a gummy fluid. The spider's hind feet combed and twisted them into one fine thread.

The thread gradually increased in length until a draught caught it and carried it to the edge of the window-curtain, to which it clung.

Several other threads were then stretched from point to point.

"Now," said the spider, "I can go on building my web."

Line after line appeared as if by magic. The lines crossed and recrossed, and at every point where they touched a tiny drop of sticky fluid held them firmly together.

The spider viewed her work with satisfaction.

Lastly, she ran a more delicate thread round and round in spiral fashion. At the end of an hour the web was complete.

"Now I will test it," said the spider; and she tried her work here and there, and found it quite good.

Only a short time passed before the big fly buzzed into the elastic strands. The more he struggled, the more he became entangled.

The spider was hungry and very impatient. She darted from her lair and seized the fly with her terrible claws.

At the end of the feelers were tubes from which she poured poison into the body of her prisoner, while with her fore feet she entangled still further the poor fly's legs and wings.

In a few moments the bluebottle was quite still. Securely bound up in the sticky strands, bitten and poisoned, it was clear that he would never again buzz about in the sunshine. Then the spider enjoyed a better meal than she had had for a long time.

An hour later the housemaid came along, and, catching sight of the web, she flicked it with her duster.

"That miserable insect has been at its tricks again," she said.

The spider was just settling down to a quiet nap after her hearty meal. She did not like being disturbed, but it did not matter so much now. She simply smiled to herself.

A FRIEND

THE sun is very kind and hot;
He shines upon my garden plot,
And helps my little seeds to grow,
As well as anyone's, you know.
He helps the little weed-flowers dim,
That no one loves but me and him;
He helps the big plants and the small,
And has no favourites at all.
The sun is very kind, and I
Am glad to think he's in the sky.

ANOTHER

THE moon is very kind and dear;
She understands the way I fear
To go upstairs to bed at night
Without a candle or night-light;
And so she comes out when the sun
Has got to rest, 'cos day is done,
And shows a little light for me,
'Cos I'm not very brave, you see.
So when it's night I lift the blind,
And—there she is, so I don't mind!

IRENE

HER eyes are dark and merry,
Her glance is quick and keen;
She really is the very
Sweetest child I've seen.

Sometimes she thinks school's splendid,
Sometimes she hates it all,
Is glad when class is ended
To drive a hockey ball.

Her voice is clear and trilly,
She plays quite well by ear,
But thinks it's very silly
To practise scales, I fear.

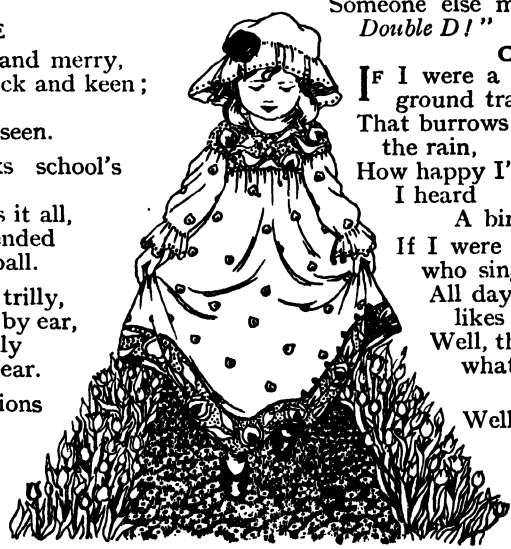
For yesterday's attractions
She has no love today;
"A maid of fickle actions,"
I think I hear you say.

Yet very constant is she,
This child of changing mind,
Where her heart is she will be
Most wonderfully kind.

BEST AND WORST

MOLLY'S famished little tabby
Lapped her milk and quenched her thirst,
Ate her fish, and, choking, murmured,
"Bones, of all things, are the worst!"

Molly's hungry little Towser
Ate his dinner, said with zest,
"Biscuit's good, and scraps are better,
But, of all things, bones are best!"



A BIRD HIDES HER HEAD

A BIRD hides her pretty head under her wings;
A hedgehog rolls up in a ball;
A bat, upside down, spreads his ears on his crown;
From chrysalids butterflies crawl.
A tortoise retires 'neath the rim of his shell;
A shell, too, is shield for the snail;
The froggie one knows, as a tadpole he goes,
With his legs tucked away in his tail!

DUNCE!

MARIA, Maria,
You *shocking* crier,
Stop at once!
Don't you think it's very silly,
Crying, just because young Billy
Called you 'Dunce'?
Five and one and three aren't seven;
Six and four don't make eleven.
So, you see,
If you do not stop at once
Someone else may call you "Dunce *Double D!*"

CHOOSING

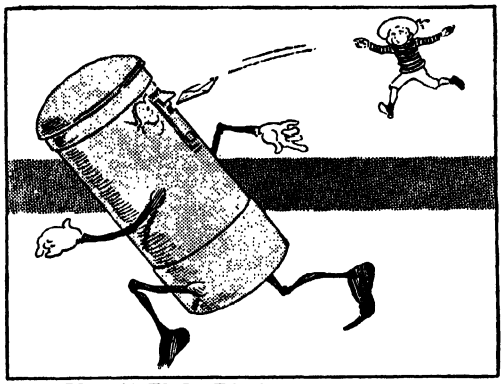
IF I were a worm, like an underground train,
That burrows away and stays out in the rain,
How happy I'd be! But supposing I heard
A bird!
If I were a bird, then, a birdie who sings
All day, and can fly where it likes on its wings—
Well, then I'd be happy. But what of the cat?
There's that!
Well, then, I'll be puss, just as sleek as can be,
With cream for my breakfast, and cream for my tea,
And a cushion. But suppose a dog out in the dark
Should bark!
Shall I be a dog, then? I don't think so quite,
To stay out of doors in the kennel all night,
And bark till I'm hoarse. Well, p'rhaps I'd better be
Just me!

A MISTAKE

THE searchlights were flashing away,
And lighting the sky with each ray;
Said a lark, "I can't wait
To have breakfast, I'm late,"
For she foolishly thought it was day!

THE BOOBY OF SIDON

THERE was a great booby of Sidon
Who never could ride unless tied on,
In a passion he flew
And bought him some glue,
Saying, " Thus will I stick on in Sidon."



TOMMY TRIES TO CATCH THE POST

THE BLACK NIGGER COON

THERE once was a black nigger coon
Who cried every night for the moon,
So they took him a trip
In a whopping airship
And gave him a slice in a spoon.

A MISTAKE

ONE day I started swinging,
And when I got up high
The birds all stopped their singing,
Which made me wonder why.

Then they began to chatter,
All peeping at my swing;
I said, " What is the matter ?
How strange that you don't sing !

" The day is bright and sunny."
And then I saw 'twas plain
They thought—it *was* so funny—
I was an aeroplane !

A DOG WHO HELPED HIS MASTER

A FARMER who badly needed help but could not afford to pay for it spoke of his difficulty in the hearing of his collie.

" My poor master has been a good friend to me," said the faithful creature; " the time has now come for me to prove my gratitude." And, going over to a pile of flints that were going to repair a road, he picked them up one by one, and dropped them in a neat pile on the spot where they were wanted.

" Your job will take you a week at that rate," sneered a young colt who was watching him. " If our master wanted help he should have come to me."

A cart filled with some of the flints stood close by, and, thrusting his neck under a strap fixed across the shafts, he ran off with it.

But he ran so fast and so carelessly that the jolting not only shook the cart almost to pieces, but shot the stones out in a little trail all along the way.

When the master came out and saw what had happened, he praised the dog for his help, saying:

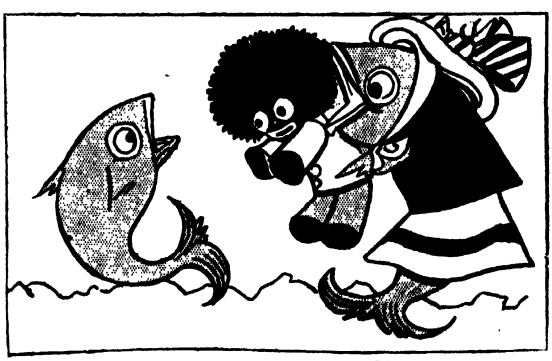
" A small task well performed is of much more value than careless, half-finished work which makes a great show."

MARY! MARY!

MARY had some seeds, my dears,
Planted in a row,
And every morning Mary went
To watch those seedlings grow !

Mary had no patience, dears,
She thought her plants too slow,
And so she pulled them up each day,
To try to make them grow !

Mary has no flowers, my dears,
In the garden row.
She can't think what the reason is !
I wonder—do *you* know ?



A TASTY DISH

" OH dear, oh dear ! " said Mr. Fish,
" Pray, pray, what have we here ?
I asked you for a tasty dish;
This is no good, I fear ! "

THE MUFFIN-MAN

A MUFFIN-MAN once in the town
Absent-mindedly walked up and down;
But an airman low drifted,
All the nice muffins lifted,
And left just the tray on his crown.

WHAT THE BLACKBERRY-BUSH WAS SAYING

A LITTLE boy sat at his mother's knees, by the long western window, looking out into the garden. It was autumn, and the wind was sad; and the golden elm leaves lay scattered about among the grass and on the gravel path. The mother was knitting a little stocking; her fingers moved the needles, but her eyes were fixed on the evening sky.

As the darkness gathered, the wee boy laid his head on her lap, and kept so still that at last she leaned forward to look into his round face. He was not asleep, but was watching a blackberry-bush outside.

"What are you thinking about, my darling?" said his mother.

"The blackberry-bush, mamma. What does it say? It keeps nodding to me behind the fence."

"I will tell you what it is saying," replied his mother. "It says, 'I see a happy little boy in the warm, fire-lighted room. The wind blows cold, and here it is dark and lonely; but that little boy is warm and happy, and I nod to him. I wonder if he knows how happy he is?

"'See, all my leaves are dark crimson. Every day they try to wither more and more; by and by they will be so weak that they will scarcely cling to my branches, and the north wind will tear them all away, and nobody will remember them any more. Then the snow will sink down and wrap me close, and the wind will rattle my bare twigs up and down.

"'I nod my head to all who pass; and dreary nights and dreary days go by. But in the happy house, so warm and bright, the little boy plays all day with books and toys. His mother and his father love him; he nestles on their knees in the red firelight at night, while they read to him lovely stories, or sing sweet old songs to him—the happy little boy! And outside I peep over the snow, and see a stream of ruddy light from a crack in the window-shutter, and I nod out here alone in the dark.

"'And here I wait patiently. I take the snow and the rain and the cold, and I am not sorry, but glad; for in my roots I feel warmth and life, and I know that a store of greenness and beauty is shut up safe in my small brown buds. Day and night go again and again; little by little the snow melts all away; the ground grows soft; the sky is blue; the little birds fly over, crying, "It is spring! It is spring!" Ah, then through all my twigs I feel the slow sap stirring.

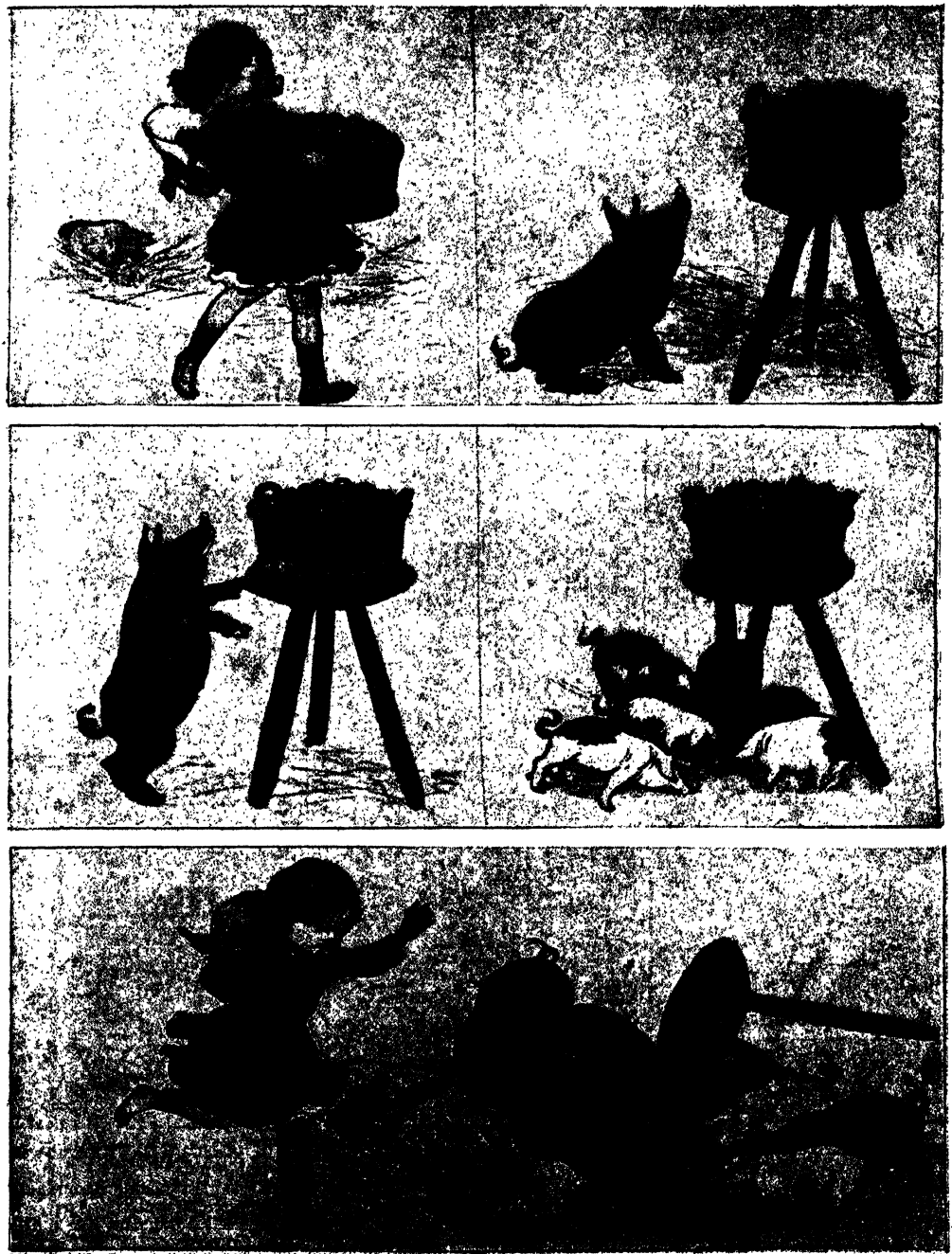
"'Warmer grow the sunbeams and softer becomes the air. The small blades of grass creep thick about my feet; the sweet rain helps swell my shining buds. More and more I push forth my leaves, till out I burst in a gay green dress, and nod in joy and pride. Then I grow more beautiful, till at last I shake out blossoms fair and fragrant.

"'A few days more, and I drop the white petals among the grass, and, lo! the green tiny berries. Carefully I hold them up to the sun; slowly they ripen; they grow larger and darker, and at last they are black, shining, delicious. I hold them as high as I can for the little boy, who comes dancing out. He shouts with joy, and gathers them in his hand; and he runs to share them with his mother.

"'Ah, I am glad, and I nod in full content, for my work is done.'"

Then the wee boy smiled. His mother took him in her arms, and they went to supper, and left the blackberry-bush nodding in the wind.

THE BASKET OF APPLES



ONCE UPON A TIME IN A FARMYARD

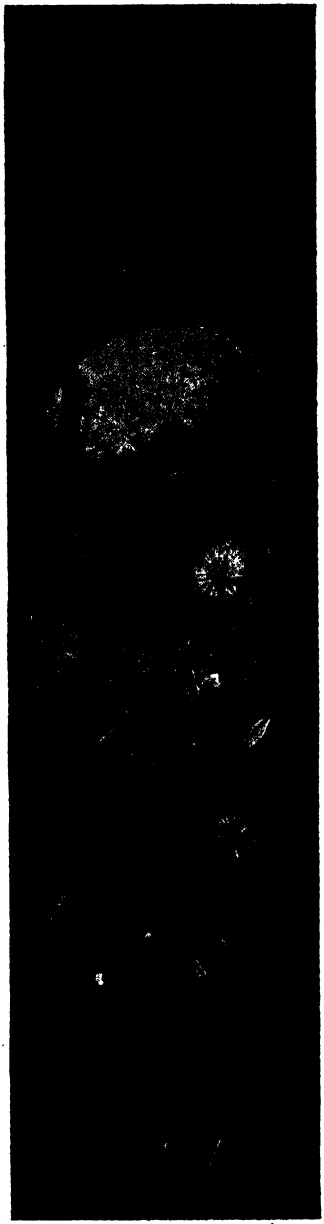
THREE 'LITTLE RHYMES FOR NURSERY 'FOLK



PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake baker's man!
So I will, master, as fast as I can;
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put it in the oven for Tommy and me.

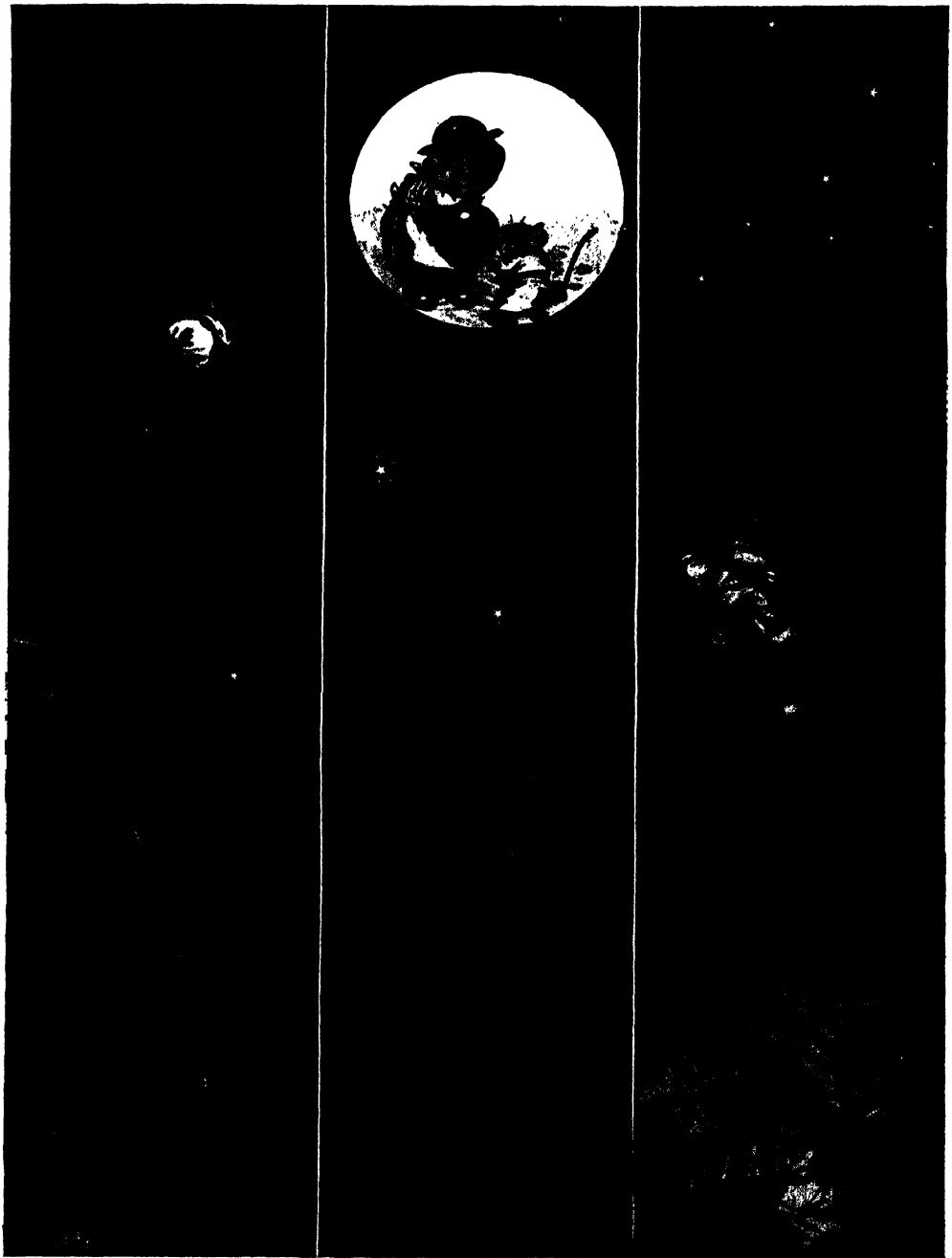


MARY, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells and cockle-shells,
And pretty maids all in a row.



FOUR-AND-TWENTY tailors went to kill a snail,
The best man among them durst not touch her tail.
She put out her horns, like a little Kyloe cow;
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you e'en now.

TO THE MAN IN THE GREEN CHEESE MOON

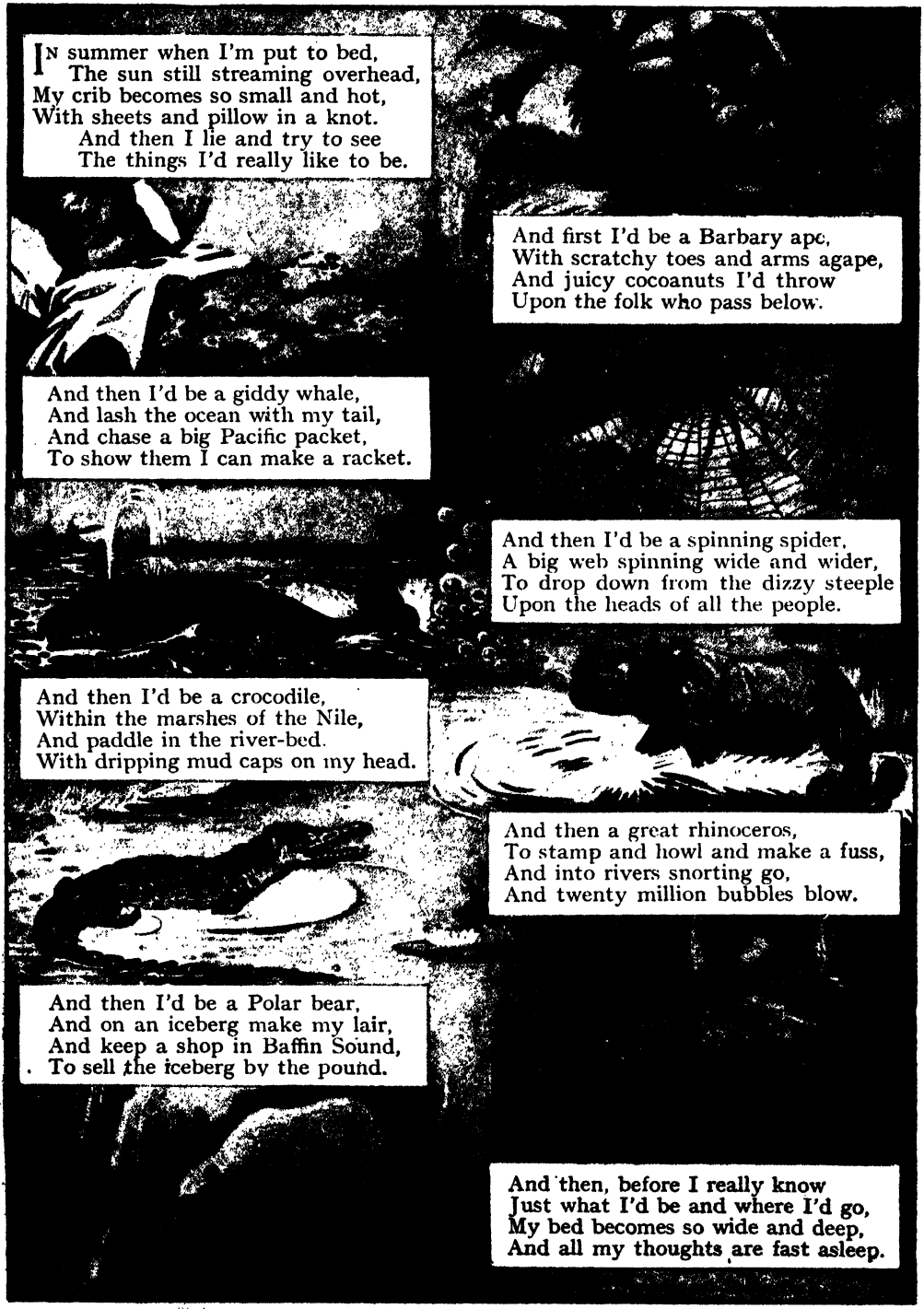


The rope broke, the tree sprang back, and up shot Jimmy like an indiarubber ball. In the twinkling of an eye he was staring at the big round face of the Man in the Moon.

He was a most obliging man. When Jimmy said, "If you please, may I have a bit of green cheese?" the Man in the Moon held out a whole one, and said, "Take the lot!"

Jimmy put out his hand and stepped back. But he forgot where he was, and down he fell, down—down — down! "Help!" he screamed, and then—he woke up!

IN SUMMER WHEN I'M PUT TO BED



In summer when I'm put to bed,
The sun still streaming overhead,
My crib becomes so small and hot,
With sheets and pillow in a knot.
And then I lie and try to see
The things I'd really like to be.

And first I'd be a Barbary ape,
With scratchy toes and arms agape,
And juicy cocoanuts I'd throw
Upon the folk who pass below.

And then I'd be a giddy whale,
And lash the ocean with my tail,
And chase a big Pacific packet,
To show them I can make a racket.

And then I'd be a spinning spider,
A big web spinning wide and wider,
To drop down from the dizzy steeple
Upon the heads of all the people.

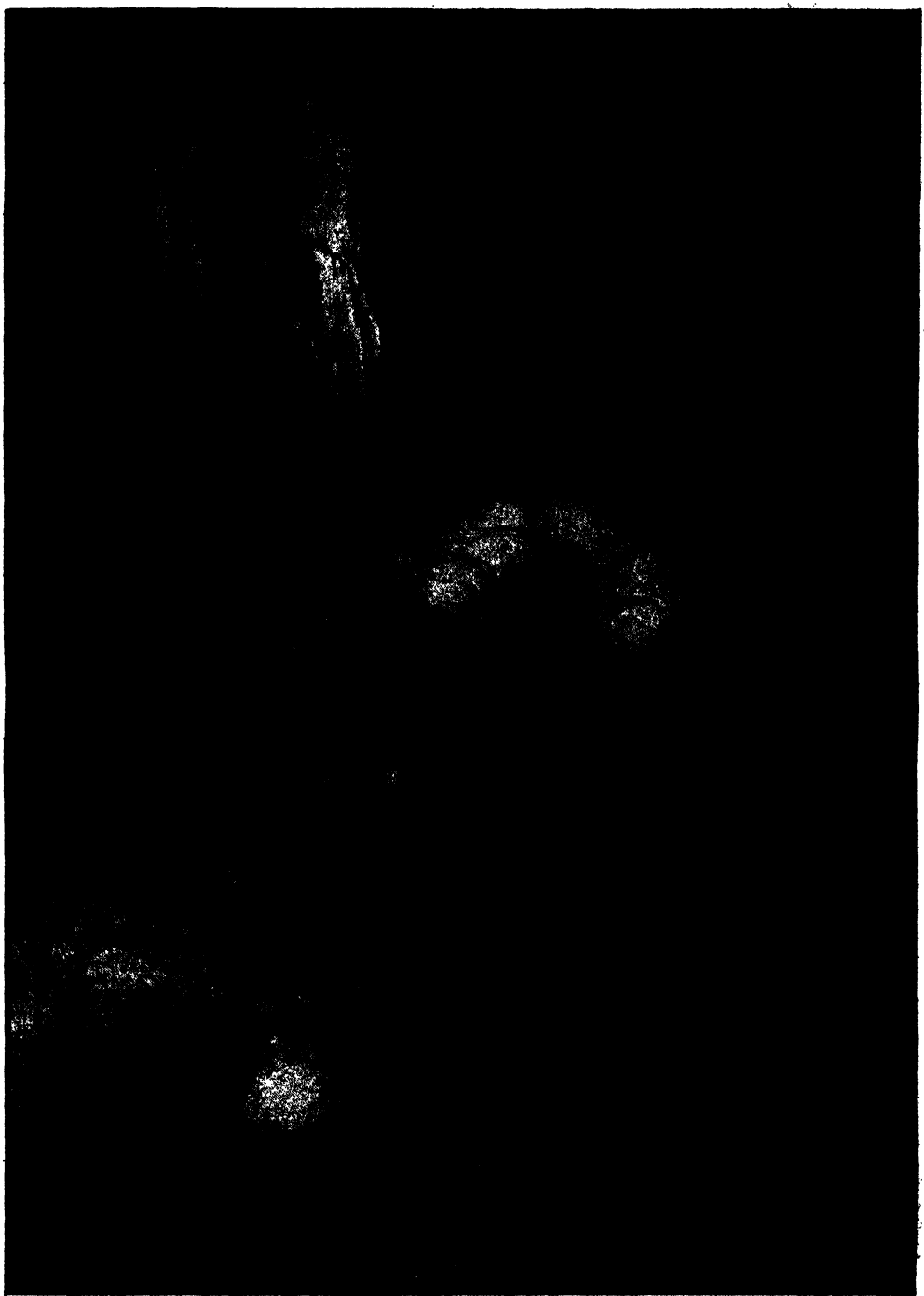
And then I'd be a crocodile,
Within the marshes of the Nile,
And paddle in the river-bed
With dripping mud caps on my head.

And then a great rhinoceros,
To stamp and howl and make a fuss,
And into rivers snorting go,
And twenty million bubbles blow.

And then I'd be a Polar bear,
And on an iceberg make my lair,
And keep a shop in Baffin Sound,
To sell the iceberg by the pound.

And then, before I really know
Just what I'd be and where I'd go,
My bed becomes so wide and deep,
And all my thoughts are fast asleep.

HIS FIRST DRAGON



HE FACED THE MONSTER WITH HIS TERRIBLE SWORD, FELLED HIM WITH A SINGLE STROKE, STORMED THE CASTLE, AND—AWOKE!

TWENTY-FIVE THINGS THAT ARE RED



REDBREAST | RED CROSS | RED COAT | RED HAT, CARDINAL | RED ADMIRAL



REDCAP, GOLDFINCH | RED WOOD | RED-BACKED SHRIKE | RED UNDERWING | RED INK



REDSKIN | RED DEER | RED CABBAGE | RED FISH | RED FLAG



RED CURRANT | REDPOLL | RED HERRING | REDSHANK | REDWING



RED GROUSE | RED ENSIGN | RED FIR | OXIDE OF MERCURY | REDSTART

HOW THEY WENT UP & HOW THEY CAME DOWN

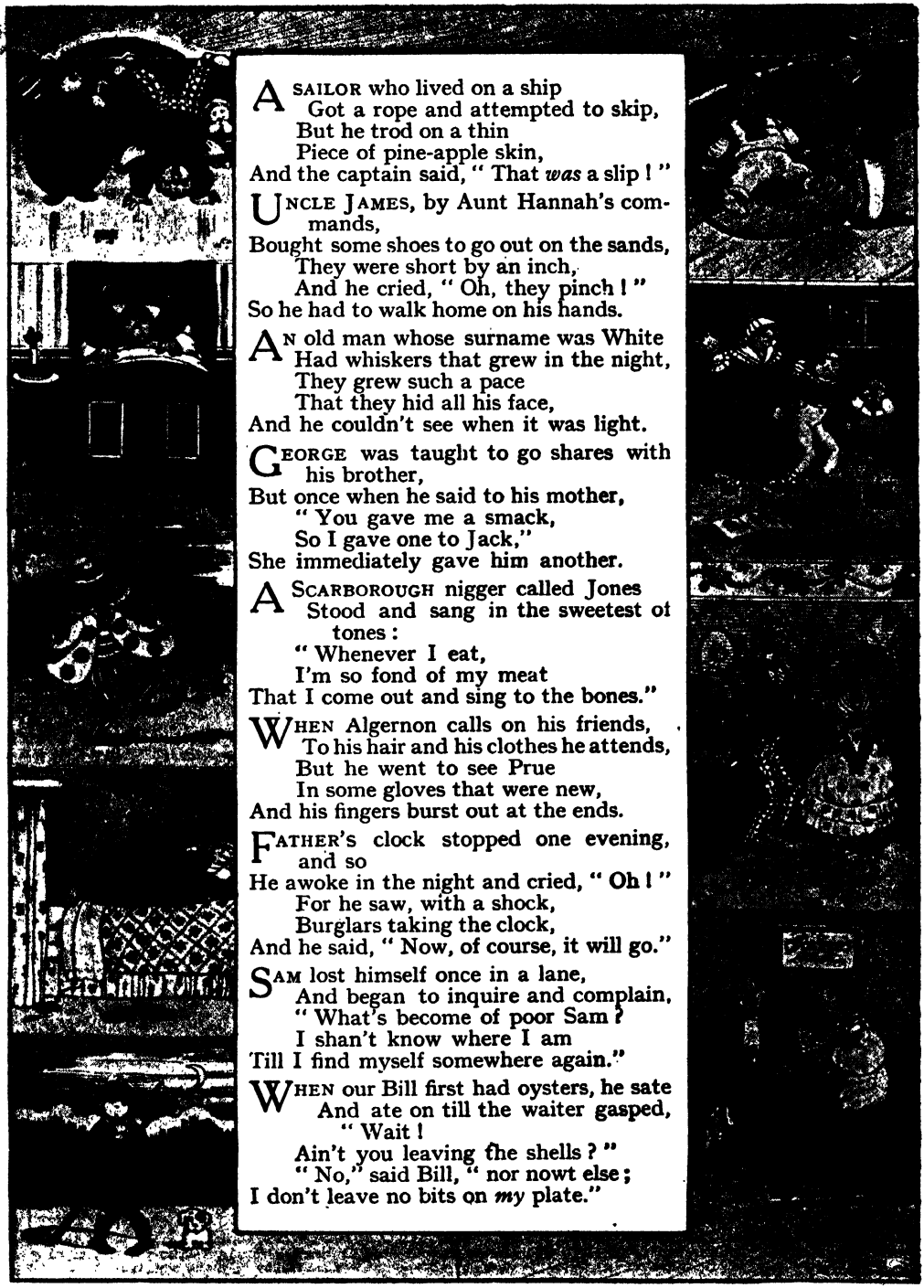


The parrot went up the ladder | The cat went after the parrot | The monkey went after the cat | The boy went after the monkey | The man went after the boy



The man grasped the rope | The boy grasped the man | The monkey grasped the boy | The cat grasped the monkey | The parrot grasped the cat

A SAILOR WHO LIVED ON A SHIP



A SAILOR who lived on a ship
Got a rope and attempted to skip,
But he trod on a thin
Piece of pine-apple skin,
And the captain said, " That *was* a slip ! "

UNCLE JAMES, by Aunt Hannah's commands,
Bought some shoes to go out on the sands,
They were short by an inch,
And he cried, " Oh, they pinch ! "
So he had to walk home on his hands.

AN old man whose surname was White
Had whiskers that grew in the night,
They grew such a pace
That they hid all his face,
And he couldn't see when it was light.

GEORGE was taught to go shares with his brother,
But once when he said to his mother,
" You gave me a smack,
So I gave one to Jack,"
She immediately gave him another.

A SCARBOROUGH nigger called Jones
Stood and sang in the sweetest of tones :
" Whenever I eat,
I'm so fond of my meat
That I come out and sing to the bones."

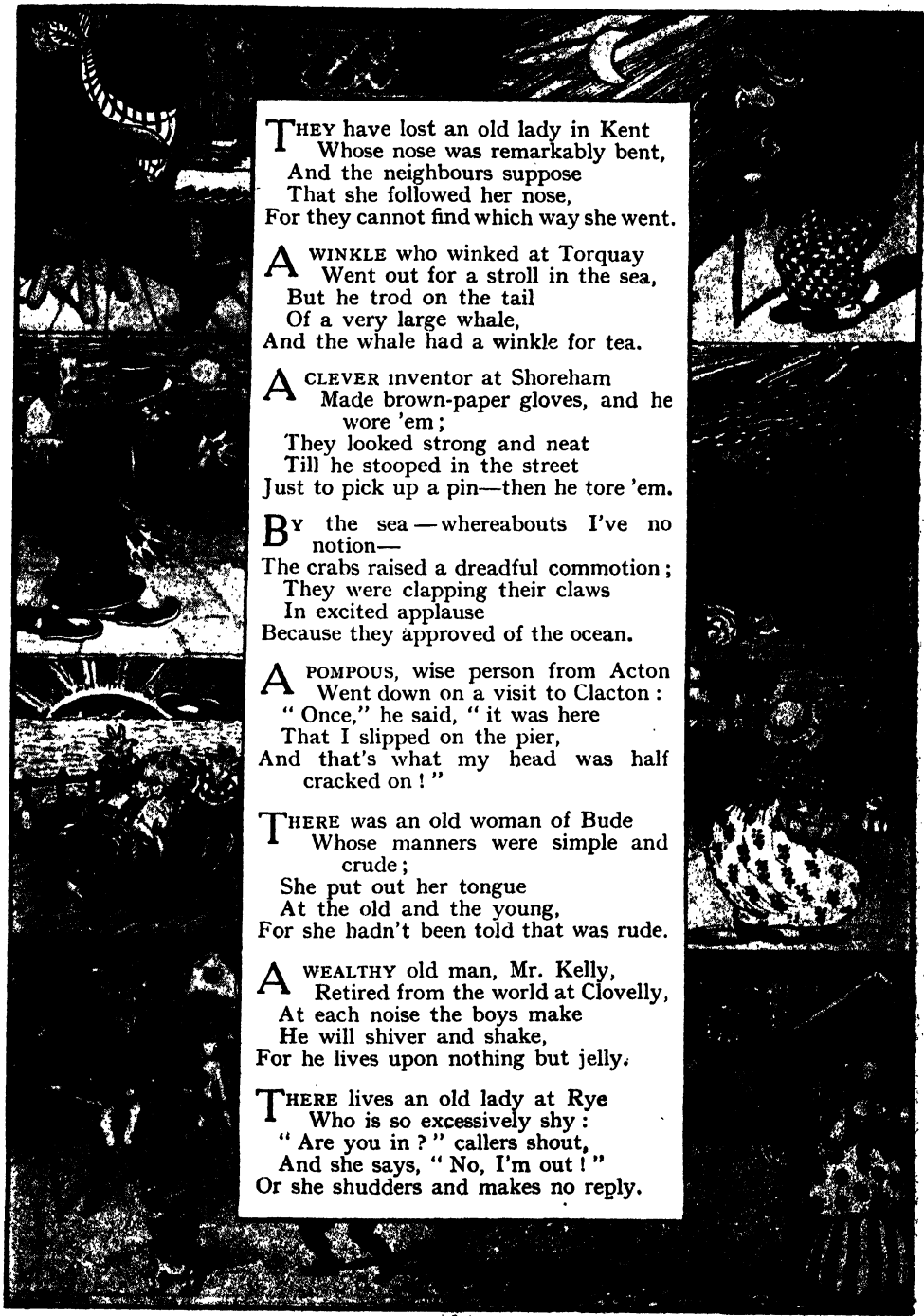
WHEN Algernon calls on his friends,
To his hair and his clothes he attends,
But he went to see Prue
In some gloves that were new,
And his fingers burst out at the ends.

FATHER'S clock stopped one evening, and so
He awoke in the night and cried, " Oh ! "
For he saw, with a shock,
Burglars taking the clock,
And he said, " Now, of course, it will go."

SAM lost himself once in a lane,
And began to inquire and complain,
" What's become of poor Sam ?
I shan't know where I am
Till I find myself somewhere again."

WHEN our Bill first had oysters, he sate
And ate on till the waiter gasped,
" Wait !
Ain't you leaving the shells ? "
" No," said Bill, " nor nowt else ;
I don't leave no bits on *my* plate."

THEY HAVE LOST AN OLD LADY IN KENT



THEY have lost an old lady in Kent
Whose nose was remarkably bent,
And the neighbours suppose
That she followed her nose,
For they cannot find which way she went.

A WINKLE who winked at Torquay
Went out for a stroll in the sea,
But he trod on the tail
Of a very large whale,
And the whale had a winkle for tea.

A CLEVER inventor at Shoreham
Made brown-paper gloves, and he wore 'em;
They looked strong and neat
Till he stooped in the street
Just to pick up a pin—then he tore 'em.

BY the sea—whereabouts I've no notion—
The crabs raised a dreadful commotion;
They were clapping their claws
In excited applause
Because they approved of the ocean.

A POMPOUS, wise person from Acton
Went down on a visit to Clacton:
"Once," he said, "it was here
That I slipped on the pier,
And that's what my head was half cracked on!"

THERE was an old woman of Bude
Whose manners were simple and crude;
She put out her tongue
At the old and the young,
For she hadn't been told that was rude.

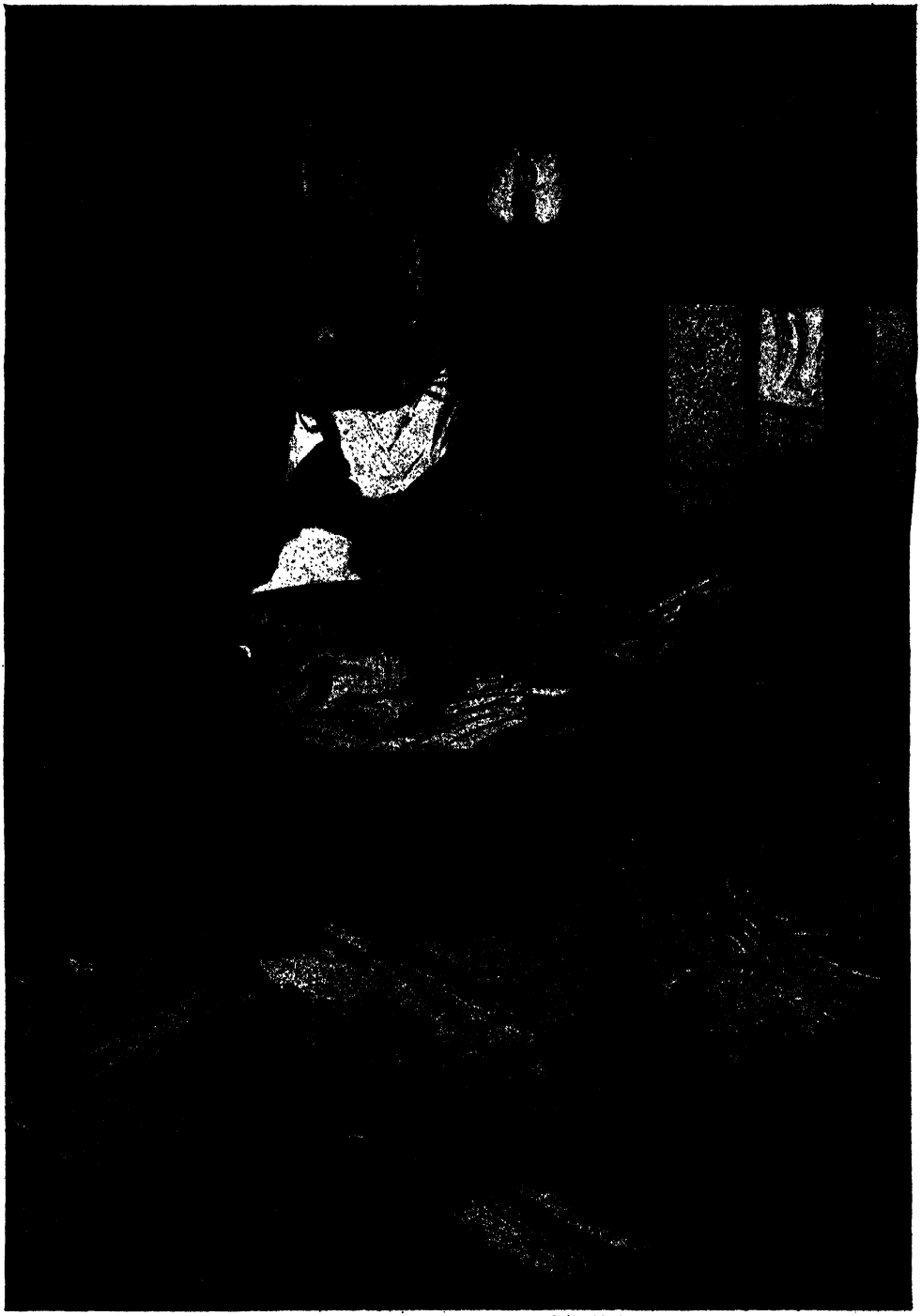
A WEALTHY old man, Mr. Kelly,
Retired from the world at Clovelly,
At each noise the boys make
He will shiver and shake,
For he lives upon nothing but jelly.

THERE lives an old lady at Rye
Who is so excessively shy:
"Are you in?" callers shout,
And she says, "No, I'm out!"
Or she shudders and makes no reply.



A HIGHLY ENTERTAINING BARBER

A MOTHER'S WORK IS NEVER DONE

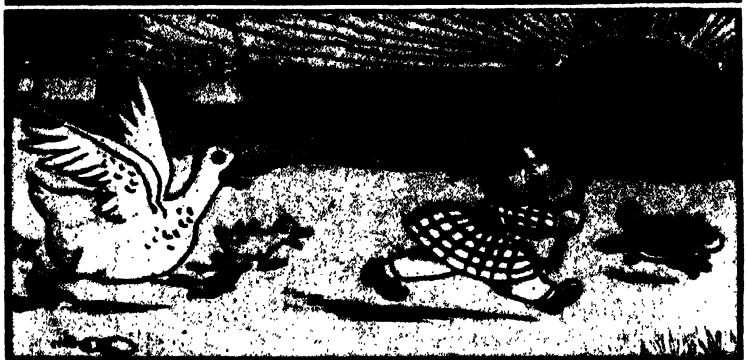


RUB, RUB, RUB—SUNNY'S IN THE TUB

THE BOY WHO WOULD A-FISHING GO



Tommy threw his line and thought
I'll stay here till a fish is caught,
But Mrs. Duck, the greedy sinner,
Found the bait just right for dinner.



Tommy got an awful fright,
Farmer roared with all his might,
The fisher fled and dropped his book,
While Mrs. Duck ran on the hook.



Four wee ducklings came up fast,
Then poor Tommy, home at last,
Looking very sad and pale,
Told Grandmamma the dreadful tale.



Round Mrs. Duck's poor throat was tied
Grandmamma's 'kerchief, soft and wide.
Tommy gave up all his savings,
Just to stop the farmer's ravings.



In foreign lands across the sea live other little girls like me,
With different kinds of games and plays, and sometimes very funny ways!



There's Georgette, now; she lives in France; you'd recognise her at a glance
When, dressed in muslins stiff and stark, she walks with "Maman" in the Park.



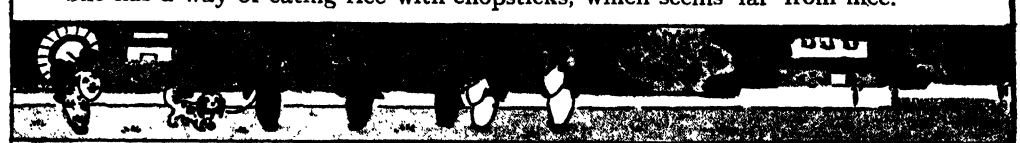
Then there's Dutch Gretchen, smiling wide; a white cap on her head is tied,
And wooden shoes are on her feet. Just hear her stamping down the street!



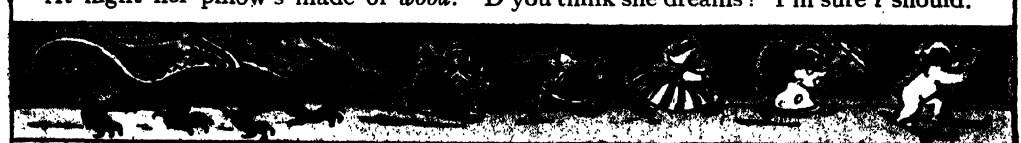
And in cold Lapland far away the little Lapland children play;
They're all dressed up in furs, you know, and live in houses made of snow.



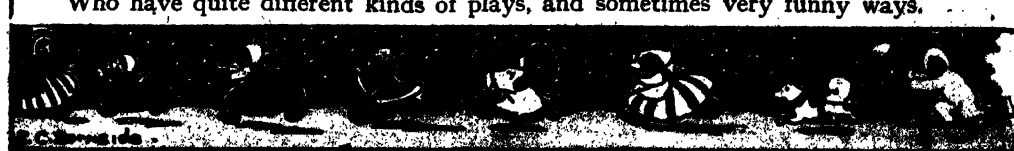
Another little foreign girl with manners strange is Chinese "Pearl";
She has a way of eating rice with chopsticks, which seems far from nice.



A far-off country is Japan, where lives little Mimosa San;
At night her pillow's made of *wood*. D'you think she dreams? I'm sure *I* should.



In foreign lands, therefore, you see, live other little girls like me,
Who have quite different kinds of plays, and sometimes very funny ways.



ONE SWING MORE BEFORE THE LEAVES FALL



ALL WORK AND NO PLAY MAKES JILL A DULL GIRL

THE THING OF ALL OTHERS I DESIRE

A GIPSY FIRE

THE thing of all others I most desire
Is to light in the woods a gipsy fire;
I'd heap it high with the dear, dead bracken,
And wouldn't it crackle and crackle and cracken!
I'd have a tripod, and a three-legged pot;
I'd make a good soup of whatever I'd got;
The boys should come out when their lessons were done,
And sit round my fire, and we'd have some fun.

We'd eat roast potatoes and chestnuts hot;
And soup they should taste from my three-legged pot;
They should tell me stories while higher and higher
I heaped the brown fern on my gipsy fire.

I'd keep a tame hedgehog and sleep out at night,
And folk going home should see the red light,
And the blue curling smoke afloat on the breeze,
While I should be snug 'neath my tent of trees.

No doors to lock up, no windows or bars,
Overhead, very still, all the twinkly stars.
Oh, the thing of all others I most desire
Is to light in the woods a gipsy fire!

A WINDY DAY

LITTLE wreaths of smoke go curling
From the chimneys to the sky;
Then the angry Wind comes swirling—
Fast in front of him they fly.
"You are trespassers," says he,
"Be off!—this place belongs to me."

MRS. GOOSEY'S BOARDING SCHOOL

MRS. GOOSEY keeps a model
Boarding school, you know;
All the pupils have to waddle
Nicely in a row.
Quacking loudly all together,
In the cold and wet,
Or in mild and sunny weather,
They are to be met.

Mrs. Goosey likes her scholars
All to dress in grey,
And have neat, white, turned-down collars
Clean on every day.
Reading, spelling, and reciting,
They are taught with skill;
And each one of them in writing
Has to use a quill.

Mrs. Goosey's celebrated
Model boarding school
(Which is charmingly located
Near a shallow pool)
Is declared to be by many
Quite the very best
And most up-to-date of any,
North, south, east, or west.



SHADOWS

I LOVE to see the shadows pass
So silently across the grass,
And, oh, I love to watch them play
At hide-and-seek among the hay.
I think it would be nice—don't you?—
If we could all be shadows too,
For though you dart, and pounce, and snatch,
They are most difficult to catch.

LOW TIDE

CHILD with the wondering, questing eyes,
Tell me, what do you see
Out on the shore, where the sunset lies;
What is the mystery
That holds you wrapt in such sweet surprise?—
Tell me, maid with the startled eyes.

Do you watch the nymphs as they frolic there,
Or the mermaids combing their yellow hair,
With pools for their mirrors, calm and clear?
What are you thinking of, baby dear?

I threw a shell at the sea today,
And now he's turned coward and run away!

Twelve Good Things to Have



A GOOD BOOK | A GOOD BAT | A GOOD CHUM



A GOOD GAME | A GOOD PET | A GOOD HOBBY



A GOOD BICYCLE | A GOOD RIDE | A GOOD SCHOOL



A GOOD REPORT | A GOOD MOTHER AND FATHER | A GOOD HOME

JOHN AND HIS FRIENDS

If you had chanced to stroll into the wood one morning at daybreak, and had peeped round the corner of the old charcoal-burner's hut, you would have seen a little boy seated on the ground surrounded by a group of very special friends.

The little boy was John, and his very special friends were a Rabbit, a bright-eyed Squirrel, and a Dormouse. Stumpy Mouse was there too, but just then he was not to be seen. The Dormouse was telling a tale, and the others were listening intently, when suddenly there came a loud interruption. They heard a shrill barking and yapping not far away. There was a scuffle, and fierce pantings and snarls; and John remembered that when two dogs fight, someone must take hold of their tails and pull them apart.

The Rabbit and the Squirrel did not seem strong enough to do this, and one small boy cannot do it by himself.

"Whose dogs are they?" John asked; and he noticed that the Squirrel had sprung a little way up the tree, and that the Rabbit was sitting very still, listening hard, with its eyes wide open, as if it were afraid.

No one answered him for a moment, and then the Dormouse said:

"These people are afraid of them. They are not dogs, but two young foxes fighting; and they do fight when they are at it, I can tell you! Why, they came tumbling over my nest one night, and I thought myself lucky to be out of it. They don't often fight, though, as late in the year as this."



THE FOX WALKED PROUDLY ALONG

The barking and yapping stopped, there was the noise of breaking twigs and bending brambles, and a handsome young Fox came trotting by, with a little foam on his lips and one of his ears torn, but stepping as proudly as if the wood belonged to him. As soon as he saw John sitting with the Rabbit, he stopped, and sniffed towards them, and then came nearer, a step or two at a time, like a shy dog.

The Rabbit ran away, and the Squirrel, twirling its tail, went further up the tree and out on a bough, where it sat on its hind legs, looking down, with its tail curled over its back. The Stumpy Mouse had disappeared, and the Dormouse was sitting on John's knee. When it saw the Fox it ran up and into the front of John's blouse.

"Not because I've any quarrel with the Fox," he explained, "but because such big beasts are so clumsy!"

"Good-morning!" said John to the Fox, a little sleepily, in spite of his long rest in the charcoal-burner's hut, because it was really early morning.

Looking straight in front of him from where he had sat himself down with his back against the big fir, he could see through the trees behind the Fox patches of pale sky, green and rose colour, and knew that the sun must be quite near.

He had seen it like that when he had been awake all night because of a pain from eating too many strawberries one day the year before. He enjoyed it this time much more, because he had no pain, and he was in the little wood, and all the animals talked to him as if he were grown up, and were so pleasant and polite.

"Good-morning!" he said to the Fox, putting one hand inside his blouse to stroke the Dormouse, who was a little frightened, in spite of what he had said.

The Fox saw what he was doing.

"Good-morning, young man!" he said. "It's the Dormouse you've got in there, haven't you? I think I saw him run in. But you need not comfort him. He's not afraid of me, only a little shy, because of all the words he used when I rolled that rascal I've just been fighting with over the top of his nest. He was out of it, as it happened, or we would never have heard any more about it. But he came up just after, and, instead of being grateful for not

being squashed, he just sat up on his hind legs and grumpled. He spat at us, and was so rude and fiery that we both stopped to listen to him. He couldn't have made more fuss if he had been a squirrel, and they do more scolding than anyone else in the wood. Eh, eh, what's that? Ah-ha, you rascal! Didn't I tell you the squirrels were the rudest people in the wood? They never know how to behave!"

The Squirrel, when he heard what the Fox said, had taken a little fir cone and dropped it on the Fox's head, very neatly and cleverly, so that it fell on the soft tip of his nose, where there is not any fur at all.

The Dormouse put his head out of John's blouse.

"Don't know how to behave? Why, it's you who don't know how to behave! You come and join in our talk just as if you were a blundering beetle, crawling into somebody's nest and out the other side, with never a word to a body as he goes through!"

The Fox looked a little snappy, for he knew he was in the wrong. But he saw John looking at him, and thinking what a fine ruddy-brown coat he had, and so he was not cross, and all he said was:

"That's quite true; you must forgive me! I am still a little beyond myself from having a tussle with that rogue behind the bushes. A grown fox he was, too, and tough! He bit my ear, but I don't think he'll be in this wood in a hurry again. I ought not to have talked as I did until we were at least acquainted. Are you a friend of the Dormouse?"

"Well," said the Dormouse, "I was the first of us to talk to him. No, I wasn't, for I found the Stumpy Mouse eating crumbs with him on the floor of the charcoal-burner's hut. But the Rabbit showed him the way in. But the Rabbit can't bear the sight of you since you ate his cousin, so he went off when you came, and I don't know where the Stumpy Mouse is. So I think I may say the young man is my friend—and a very good friend too."

"I am very pleased to meet you," said the Fox, "and I think you do the Dormouse credit. I say so to show that I bear him no grudge for the words he used. I think I will lick you!"

He stepped very lightly up to John and licked his cheek. John almost forgot he was a fox, and said, "Good dog—good dog!" and scratched him under the chin, and then said hurriedly, "Good Fox—good Fox! I'm sorry for calling you the other thing! It was quite a mistake."

"That is quite all right," said the Fox. "Your folk and the dogs are very thick, I believe. The last time I met any of you, I led about twenty dogs and about twenty of your folk on horses for a scamper down the valley and back again. They seemed as thick as thieves, if I may put it that way. There was nothing to choose between them. They worked together as none of us people of the wood do. Why, here in the wood each one is for himself, though we're glad enough to be friendly when we have a guest, and when we don't happen to be hungry. Would you like to hear about that run? I'll take you along to my house and have breakfast, and tell you the whole story, if you would care to hear it."



"YOU DID WELL FOR US, WIFE," SAID THE FOX

"Very much, if you please," said John.

He tumbled on to his feet, being careful about the Dormouse, and then he walked away from the tree with one hand just stroking the fir on the Fox's neck. The Fox walked proudly along, sometimes looking over his shoulder to see the little boy's face, and wriggling the skin of his neck, for pleasure at being stroked.

As they walked, John heard a little noise now and again in the bushes on his left, and caught a glimpse of the Rabbit's white tail, and knew that he was coming with them, but keeping a safe distance, for fear

the Fox might be so hungry as to remember him. Now and then something dropped and made the dead leaves crackle, and, looking up, John saw that the Squirrel was with them too, running along, and jumping from branch to branch through the trees above their heads. Only the Stumpy Mouse was nowhere to be seen, and John missed him and wondered what could have become of him.

The Fox saw the Rabbit, and gave a little short laugh.

"You need not worry yourself, old fellow," he called. "I'll not touch you while the young master's with us, and I have my breakfast waiting for me at home."

"Thank you, your worship," said the Rabbit. "I'm sure it's kind of you to say so, but if it's not making too bold I'll just go the way I'm going. My heart's a little weak lately, and I'm thinking this way is better for my nerves."

"As you please," said the Fox, and winked slyly at John, who was not quite sure if he knew what he meant.



A COCK CREW IN ONE OF THE FARMS

Walking grew more and more difficult. They turned off through the brambles, and the ground was hillocky and rough.

"Is it very far?" asked John, for he was a very little boy, and his knees were rather tired.

"Close by," said the Fox cheerily, and he gave a short yap, which was answered by another from behind a thick mass of brambles and briars.

"Here we are," said the Fox.

They crept round the brambles, and came out by a big bank of earth and tree-roots, with hazels growing over it, and a great oak overhead. At one side of the bank a lot of earth and sand had been scooped out, and lay away from a hole like the sand outside the burrow of an enormous rabbit.

The early morning sunshine, new and clean, fell on the sand and made it golden, and lit up all the leaves, so that they seemed more alive than before. A cock crew in one of the farms in the valley, and thrushes and blackbirds were singing. The owl had long stopped hooting, and the nightjar had gone to bed in the bracken.

The Fox ran down into the hole, and John was just going down after him on all fours, only the smell of the Fox made him cough and choke, and he thought he would stay outside instead.

He heard the Fox talking hurriedly, somewhere in the dark underground.

"A pullet?" the Fox said. "No, a goose, upon my word! You've done well. Oh, no, my dear, it's nothing; a mere scratch on the edge of the ear. No harm done really. And he went off with a good deal more than he gave. He had only two legs fit to stand on. But be quick and spruce yourself. There's one of the young man-animals, a cub of those who had a run with me, a very nice-spoken, polite young creature. I should like you to be seen by him looking your best. It's a pity all our cubs have left us to make their way in the world. I believe he'd



THE FOX CAME OUT AGAIN, LOOKING LESS EAGER AND ALERT THAN BEFORE

have taken to them wonderfully. That old idiot the Rabbit is with him, and he made me out a dreadful character by keeping out of reach in the brambles all the way here. The Squirrel's with him too, and the Dormouse, and they're all talking to him as if he were one of themselves. I never saw anything like it.

"But I'm going to talk to him now, and you must be kind to him. Not too kind, not servile, but just kind. We must do the honours of the wood, and not let him think those little things have it all their own way. This goose is a good one. You did well for us, wife. Now, remember to snub the Squirrel if he chooses to be provoking."

Then for a moment or two there was nothing but the noise of scrunching and licking of lips.

Then a noise of tongues going very fast over fur coats.

Then the Fox came out again, looking less eager and alert than before, and perhaps a little fatter. There was a white feather clinging to his underlip, and he wiped it hurriedly away with one of his forepaws.

Behind him came the vixen, his wife, with her head perked on one side.

"So this is the young gentleman," she said, looking at John. "I'm sure he's very welcome. Poor mite, and so sleepy, too." For John was rubbing his eyes to keep them open. "Just you lie down on the ground, little cub man, and I'll make your head comfy. Poor little cub! They shouldn't have let him be out by himself."



"ONE OF THE MAN-ANIMALS OPENED THE SLUICES AND THE WATER CAME DOWN FAST"

John felt a little unhappy when she said this, and not quite sure whether he was really a big boy or not; but he was too tired to worry about it, so he lay down on the ground, and the vixen made herself into a pillow for him, and licked him as if he had been a cub of her own.

The Fox lay down, and stretched out his forelegs lazily, and said amiably:

"Now that you are all comfortable, I'll tell you about my scamper. As for you, Rabbit, you can come near and listen. We've just eaten a goose. You are safe enough for once."

The Rabbit came nervously up, and lay down where John could stroke his fur with one hand. The Dormouse came out from John's blouse, and sat up on its hind legs, and washed itself, very quietly, so as not to interrupt, and the Squirrel dropped from the tree with something that it nibbled at until the Fox told it it was making too much noise—far too much noise.

"I was out alone at the low end of the wood," said the Fox, "some time before the leaves were on the trees and the buds showing. I was prowling about, startling a pheasant or two, and having a look at the rabbits (John saw the Rabbit give a shiver). Oh, no, Rabbit, I was not hungry. I was passing the time, with nothing very particular to do, when I heard something of a noise, and, looking out at a gap in the hedge, I saw a score of your old ones, some of them in red coats, and some of them in green, and some in black, with half a dozen of their vixens with them, all on horseback. And they had a lot of hounds, black and white, and tan-spotted fellows, with long, smooth tails, all as quiet as could be except for a bark now and then.

"Presently one of the red-coat people asked the dogs to go into the wood; and into the wood they came, and went nosing about as if they had no more to do than I had myself. Well, I thought, if all you people want to play, I'm ready for you, for I don't happen to be busy. And with that I set off out through the hedge, and over the field where all the red-coats could see me. 'Gone away!' I heard one of them shout, and I'd have shouted back to him, but I thought I'd save my breath. The next minute all those hounds set up such a howling and a yowling



A BLACK FORKED TONGUE SHOT OUT OF ITS MOUTH AND THEN SHOT IN AGAIN

as you never heard. Noisy fellows, I thought, and put on the pace to give myself a fair start.

"As I went over the brow of the hill I looked back, and saw them streaming out over the fields behind me, just like the white feathers when a gentleman is running away with a goose. There was a grand thundering of hoofs, too, for all the red-coats and green-coats and the rest had made up their minds to join in the game with me and the dogs, and were coming after them across country as fast as their horses could set hoofs to the turf. I ran down the valley with the wind, to puzzle them a bit. If you go with the wind, the wind goes with you, and carries your scent with it. You should remember that, young man, if ever you are trying to run away.

"I took them right down the valley, and then through the green lane, which was very wet, with the ruts full of water, and that made the scent hard for them. Oh, I played my part of the game well. But they were good sportsmen, those hounds, and one or two of the cleverest of them showed the way, and they came close after me, and the man-people on horseback came too, all as thick as thieves, as I said before. There were not many of the man-people now, not more than ten or twelve of them by the time I had got to the low end of the valley —that's eight miles from here, as the crow flies, whenever the crow flies straight.

"Now, by the time I was at the end of the valley I was getting a little tired of the game, and I half thought I'd slow down and let the hounds catch me up, and we'd all go home together as easy as you please. So I waited for them; but when they began to come up with me I saw that they were a lot more excited than I was, and I thought to myself, there's no knowing what the nicest fellows may not do when they are a little heated and above themselves.

"Anyhow, I thought I would not take the risk of trying to make friends with them just then. So I set off again, doubling back along the far side of a stone wall, passing the hounds quite close by, so that I could hear their short breaths and the little cough in the throat that one has after running eight miles in a very few minutes. I doubled back on them, and puzzled them still more by crossing the stream two or



"I LOOKED BACK, AND SAW THEM STREAMING OUT OVER THE FIELDS BEHIND ME"

three times on my way up the valley again. I got well away from them, in fact, and then when I came to the old mill, not a mile and a half from here, I found there was no water in the pond below it, so I crossed it easily, only getting a little black mud on my feet for my pains.

" When I got over I lay down to rest, and before I'd been there a minute, getting my breath, some of the man-animals that look after the mill opened the sluices, and the water came down fast, so that before the hounds came up there were sixty feet of shallow water between us. Of course, I had the sense to run along under the bank in the mud, so that I suppose when they got across they never caught my scent again. I heard them yapping and unhappy on the other side, and then I came easily home by the hedgerows, and got back here all the better for my run."

" He *was* better, too, my dear," said the vixen. " Why, he lay there boasting all the rest of the day, sleeping a little, and then waking up to boast again. And the next night he was more spry than he had been all winter. It did him good, and we often talk of the day when the hounds and the red-coat people may come here and have another run with him."

" I may be there," said John. " Father's promised that some day I shall ride to hounds on the bay pony, and have a fox's brush—— Well, perhaps not that"—he smoothed the Fox's bushy tail as he spoke; " I wouldn't like to take it away."

The Fox switched it as if a little annoyed.

" I'll give you a gallop," said he.

" Thank you ! " said John.

Just then there was a little quick noise in the dead leaves on the mound above the Fox's earth, and the Fox, and the Squirrel, and the Rabbit, and John all looked to see what it was.

" It's the Stumpy Mouse," said the Dormouse. " It's the Stumpy Mouse, and he's in a hurry."

The Stumpy Mouse ran out, tumbled head over heels down the bank, picked himself up, and ran into John's hand.

" He's coming," he said; " but it was nervous work getting him, I can tell you."

There was another noise in the leaves, a louder noise, and one that went on longer while it lasted. Something swayed over the edge of the hole, and then to the side, and then slid out of the leaves and brambles, and down the bank. It had a smooth, oblong head, with little bright eyes and a straight mouth. A black, forked tongue shot out of its mouth, and then shot in again between its closed lips, and then out again, curling swiftly up and down as it moved. There were two bright patches of yellow behind its head, and its body was long and narrow, and green marked with blotches of brown. It slid down the bank, and then along the ground towards John's hand, where Stumpy Mouse sat trembling.

" It's the Grass Snake," said the Stumpy Mouse. " I wanted you to see him, so I ran along in front of him, and here he is. But he's hungry."



"I SEE, YOUR WORSHIP," HISSED THE GRASS SNAKE

" Where is the Stumpy Mouse ? " hissed the Snake.

" In front of your eyes," said the Fox; " but you can't have him. Why, look at me. I am not trying to take the Rabbit. You must just coil up, and swing your head, and show off your new scales to this young gentleman, and leave matters of greed till later. Do you see ? "

" I see, your worship, I see," hissed the Grass Snake. " Something of a ceremony."

He coiled himself into close rings, and lifted his head above his coils, and looked at the Stumpy Mouse with a cold, still eye.

" No, no," said the Fox; " you are making the Mouse afraid, and the young gentleman is his guest. You must look at him sweetly, or not at all."

" I see, your worship," hissed the Grass Snake angrily.

" Do you bite ? " asked John politely.

" I wish I did," hissed the Grass Snake. " I only strangle and swallow."

" Tell him a story," said the Fox.

But the Snake's story was never told, for suddenly the long coil unwound itself, the Grass Snake hissed alarmingly, and shot out its venomous head.

Poor frightened little Stumpy Mouse thought it high time to make a move. And so, apparently, did the others. There was a rustle among the leaves, and a little rush, and in a twinkling John found himself alone.

DREAM LIFE AND REAL LIFE

HAVE you seen my picture-book?
Would you like to have a look?



It's just like going to the Zoo
To see my picture-book all through.



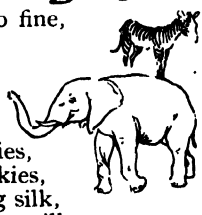
There's a lion with his mane,
And a bear as plain as plain,
And a hippopotamus
That can never get at us.



There's a tiger prowling wild,
That would frighten any child;
But it's very nice to look
At him in my picture-book.



There's a zebra striped so fine,
And a bristly porcupine,
And a heavy elephant
I can ride on, if I want.



There are gaudy butterflies,
All the colours of the skies,
Little silkworms spinning silk,
Dear old cows that give us milk.



Lizards, serpents, insects, birds,
Bison rushing down in herds,
And much more, if you would look
Quite right through my picture-book.



From beginning to the end,
Every creature is my friend;
Even rattlesnakes don't sting—
I'm the friend of everything.



In the jungle that's not so,
With my big gun I will go,
Down the barrel straight I'll look,
And forget my picture-book.





THE THREE BEARS

FRANCES wanted carrying,
And I was tired with play;
Mother couldn't get us along
Anyhow that day.

But just then mother turned and saw
Three bears in broad daylight;
One was yellow, and one was brown,
And one was snowy white.

One was big, and one was small,
And one was between the two;
Didn't we scuttle and show
our legs—
Show what legs could do!



The yellow bear wanted mother to eat,
The brown bear wanted me,
The white bear wanted Frances,
As sure as sure can be.

Not far from home we met a cart,
And the farmer gave us a ride,
But mother said she would walk, for fear
The bears might jump inside.

Now, whether the rumbling of the wheels
Frightened the bears away,
I cannot tell, I do not know,
I really cannot say.

But the white bear vanished, the brown bear too,
The yellow bear also,
And they never had a bit to eat
Of any of us, you know.



So we all got home in very good time,
And we were not tired a bit,
But had it not been for the bears and the cart
We should have been walking yet.

TIGER TIM AT THE SEASIDE

"DEAR Mr. Editor," wrote Mrs. Hippo, "As I was unpacking Tim's box the day we came back from the seaside some pages of his diary fell out, and here they are. If you like to publish them it will show your readers that he is just as full of mischief as ever. He is getting such a big boy, don't you think he really ought to know better? Yours sincerely, MRS. HIPPO."

September 1.—I've had a grand time to-day! Won't the boys be jealous when they hear! I'm glad I didn't go to that silly old cricket match with them. There is no fun at all in watching games. *I* like to *play*.

But after they had all gone off it was a bit lonely, I must confess. It was a scorching hot day, so I thought I'd have a swim. I ran down to the beach, threw off my things, and dived in from a breakwater. As I came up, spluttering and shaking the water from my head, I noticed a strange yacht in the bay. She *was* a beauty—all white from bow to stern! I just longed to get a better view of her. And I did, too. A few minutes' hard swimming soon brought me alongside. "I wonder what she's like inside?" I thought. And, seeing nobody about, I clambered on board. I ran along the deck and peeped into the saloon. It was empty, but there was a tip-top breakfast all laid out for somebody.



THE SAILOR RAN SCREAMING TO THE MAST

"If people are so lazy, they deserve to lose their breakfast," I said to myself. "I had mine so long ago that I'm ready for another." And I was gobbling up a delicious hot teacake, with piles and piles of butter on it, when I suddenly discovered that we were moving.

"Hallo!" I said. "I wonder where we are off to?"

Just then I heard voices coming towards the saloon. So out I crept very quietly, and crouched down behind the door.

"Where is your lordship going to-day?" somebody was saying, as they sat down to the table. And a cross voice answered:

"To Cowes, of course. Didn't I tell you I wanted to watch the racing? How stupid you are! Where is that teacake I ordered?"

"Down my throat, my noble lordkins," said I, under my breath. "And I wonder what grandee *you* are when you are at home? You seem to be a mighty grumpy one, anyway. I don't know when you'll get to your precious Isle of Wight, because *I'm* going to take charge of this boat, and I'm not at all sure that I know the way."

And I ran along to the stern, and snatched the tiller from the frightened sailor, who ran screaming to the mast, and started climbing up the rigging, hand over hand, as fast as he could go. One would have thought he imagined I was going to *eat* him! The idea made me laugh till the tears ran down my cheeks, and then suddenly, without the slightest warning, the ship bumped, rolled over on her side, and stood still.

At first I didn't know what had happened, and then all at once I remembered where we were. We had been going due south, and were stuck fast on the Goodwin Sands. And *I* had done it!

"You great donkey!" I roared. "You have spoilt the best adventure you have had for months and months before you've had time to enjoy it."

But it was no good calling myself names. The first thing to be done, I knew, was to get away before I was caught. As I scrambled over the side, half a dozen voices were calling out to know what had happened. I could hear the noble lord stamping his noble feet in the saloon, threatening all kinds of horrible punishments to the idiot who had caused the trouble. There was a fine commotion all at once, and in the middle of it all I got clean away without being noticed.

"That's splendid, Tim, my boy!" I said. "Now you've got a good long swim, and you

will be home again in plenty of time to find more fun before the boys get back."

But that wasn't the end of the adventure. When I had got a good way from the yacht, I turned over on my back, and floated for a few minutes to get my breath. The nearest beach I could see was at St. Margaret's Bay, and I thought it would be rather fun to swim in there, and try to get some prawns for Teacher's tea. Teacher loves prawns, and you do get such beauties in the pools round the bay! So off I started again, and soon I was near enough to be able to distinguish the people on the beach. There were very few about, and those who were to be seen were either curled up under sunshades or behind breakwaters out of the glare of the sun. And the bathers were much too busy to notice me, so I thought I'd get right in without any trouble. But directly I landed there suddenly came the most awful yells from a wretched little boy whom I hadn't noticed. There he stood, screaming at the top of his voice for someone to save him from a tiger!



"HAVE YOU SEEN THE SEA-SERPENT?"

Guessing there was going to be trouble, I plunged into deep water again, and swam away as fast as I could. And still that boy continued to scream till he had attracted the attention of everyone on the beach. A fussy old man got out his telescope, and, after screwing and unscrewing it for about ten minutes, he declared that he could see a sea-serpent.

"The sea-serpent! The sea-serpent!" they all cried, getting frightfully excited.

The fishermen ran to their boats, and I saw that if I wasn't very careful I might get shot. I was a good way off the beach by this time, because, instead of swimming straight out to sea, I had kept along under the cliffs. Soon I saw that I was quite near another bay, a very tiny one, with nothing to be seen but a wooden hut and a few nets lying in front of it.

"It's a fisherman's cottage," I thought joyfully. "I'll swim ashore and hide."

I crept very cautiously up to the cottage, and had just made up my mind that there was nobody about, when, to my horror, the door opened, and out came a little girl.

"Bother!" I said. "Now she'll scream, and I'm done for!" But she did nothing of the sort. She looked at me hard, came a little nearer, and looked again. Then her face puckered up and dimpled, and she burst out laughing.

"Why, it's Tiger Tim!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I *am* glad to see you!"

"Good-morning!" I said. "I'm in an awful hole. You see all those boats coming this way? Well, they're full of people who fancy I'm the sea-serpent, and if they get half a chance they'll shoot me before I have time to explain."

"Oh, how dreadful!" said the little girl, looking frightened. "What ever can we do?"

"Can't you hide me?" I asked. And then a grand idea came into my head.

"Look here," I said. "Suppose you dress me up in your father's oil-skins. Then all the world can come, and *I'll* talk to 'em!"

The little girl clapped her hands and ran off, and in a twinkling I had slipped the things on, cap and all, and was sitting at the cottage door.

"Fetch me a pipe, quick!" I whispered. "Then they won't notice if my voice sounds strange. I'll make it as gruff as I can."

There was only just time, for the people had landed and were running towards us. They seemed frightfully excited.

"Have you seen the sea-serpent?" they shouted, as they got near.

"Sea-serpent!" said I. "What sort of creature is that? *We've* seen nothing queer here. The sun must have got into your eyes."

As soon as I had got rid of them, I wished the little girl good-bye.

"You have been a real friend," I said. "Some day I shall come to see you again."

"Do!" she called after me. "Come soon. I like you, Tiger Tim."

And perhaps one of these days our young rascal may really go that way again.

ESTHER'S PHYSICIAN

"WHAT is it?" asked mother's gentle voice.

Esther's large dark eyes looked pathetically into her mother's kind face. She had tried so hard all day long to be patient and uncomplaining; it was very difficult, for she had had much pain to bear, and it was getting worse. For Esther had never been able to run about like other children; always she had to lie on her back.

The child flung out her hot little hand.

"I am so tired of being tired!" she said.

"My dear little maid!" said mother, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Wife!" called Esther's father, coming into the room. "I've just come from the house of Simon."

"Ah, and how is the wife's poor mother?"

"The fever has left her."

"Left her? She was nigh to death!"

"She was, but the Great Physician came. He stood over her and rebuked the fever, and it left her; she rose from her couch at His touch, and when I came away she was ministering to them."

"Who is the Great Physician?" asked Esther's mother wonderingly.

"There has never been anyone like Him. You remember Jairus?"

"The ruler of the synagogue?"

"The same. His daughter died, and He went to the house to see the child. He took her little cold hand in His, and told her to stand up; and her spirit returned and she arose and walked."

The mother's eyes glowed. The father's face, too, was alight.

"Our Esther!" they breathed.

"I will take her now, before sunset," said the father.

"What is the name of the Great Physician?" asked Esther.

"Jesus," answered her father.

"Jesus!" repeated the child. "It is a beautiful name. Will He be able to make my back strong and take away the pain?"

"Yes," said the father confidently. "Nothing is impossible to Him."

Gently he lifted his little girl in his arms. He knew so well how to carry her in the most comfortable way. The mother, silent and trembling, walked by his side.

There was a great crowd as they came into Capernaum. Some were going to their homes healed and well and rejoicing. Others, like themselves, were journeying to the Great Physician.

When at last they came to the centre of the city where the Great Physician stood, the crowd had passed.

Esther stirred in her father's arms.

"Jesus!" she cried. "I know this is He!"

The Great Physician turned and smiled. He had heard the child's voice.

"Who is this?" He asked kindly.

"I am Esther," explained the child. "My back has been so bad all day. It is nearly always bad, and I can't walk like other children can. Father told us about Simon, and how You healed his wife's mother. And we heard about Jairus's little girl, that you brought her back from the dead. Can You make my back well?"

"Do you believe that I can?" asked the Great Physician.

"Yes," said the child, "I do."

He turned to the parents.

"Do you believe that I will?" He asked them.

Their eyes were on Him.

"We are sure that You will," they answered.

"Put her down," said the Great Physician. "Let her come unto Me."

Never in her life had Esther been able to stand upon her feet, but not for one moment did the father hesitate. Very gently he put his little girl to the ground.

And then the miracle happened. Esther, perfectly strong and well, her face wreathed in smiles, walked from her parents' side across to the Great Physician!

He took her by the hand with infinite tenderness.

"Jesus!" she said, and she knelt at His feet.

He laid His hands on her head and blessed her.

Tears of joy were pouring down the mother's face, and the father was deeply moved. They came forward.

"We can't ever thank You," they said.

He looked into their grateful faces, shining with the wealth of their love for their little one.

"I want no thanks," He said. Then He added softly: "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me."

The sun had set when the little party went back to their home again. The hearts of all of them were stirred as the child climbed the hill for the first time.

They called to the neighbours to come.

"See our Esther!" cried the mother. "We have taken her to the Great Physician, and He healed her."

Esther laughed at their amazement.

"My back is quite strong and well," she told them. "I can walk like anybody else. He has saved me from being a cripple."

PICKLES

PICKLES sat on the hearthrug, staring into the fire.

It was a very cold night. Outside it was snowing fast, but it was snug enough cuddled up in the great blanket that Nurse had thrown round him while she attended for a moment to the bath.

As she bent over it she called out:

"Now, don't sit there till you freeze. Jump into bed, like a good boy."

Pickles didn't move. If there was one thing he hated it was to be told to be a good boy. Besides, he was thinking about the snow, and wondering if it would freeze hard enough in the night to let him make a real snowman in the morning.



"DON'T SIT THERE TILL YOU FREEZE"

The warm room and the nicy comfy feeling you get after a hot bath made him sleepy. He shut his eyes, and he must have fallen asleep, for when he opened them again everything had changed.

Nurse had disappeared; the fire was out. And so was the light, but the old moon was brighter than Pickles had ever seen her. She was shining right into the nursery, and when Pickles stared up at her she looked back into his eyes *and grinned!*

Pickles nearly jumped out of his skin. Nearly, that is, but not quite. He couldn't jump anywhere just then; he couldn't move—not an inch, for his body was glued to the floor.

Perhaps it wasn't really, but that was what it felt like. It wasn't only the room, for he, too, had changed. He looked down. The blanket had fallen away, his little night-shirt had frozen to his fat little body, and icicles, long and clear as crystal, hung from his fingers and his toes. Even his hair had frozen, and his curls lay straggling across his forehead in little hard lumps. *He was a solid mass of ice from head to feet!*

Suddenly he understood. Nurse's words had come true—he had frozen to the carpet!

He wanted to cry out, but, to his horror, he found his tongue was frozen too, and he couldn't make a sound. But he breathed so hard in his excitement that the warm breath must have melted the ice in his mouth, for when he had swallowed hard once or twice he was able to say, in a queer icy voice:

"It's an awful thing to happen."

To his terrific surprise, a voice answered him.

"Of course it is!" it said, "but what could you expect? You sat there till you froze, as she said you would."

It was the old moon!

Pickles gasped, and stared up at her open-mouthed.

The moon burst out laughing. Then she gave a flying leap, and fell with a gentle plop on the window-sill.

"You needn't look so surprised," she said; "that's nothing to what I can do."

"Can you unfreeze me?" asked Pickles hopefully. "I'm stuck fast—I want to go to bed."

"I can. It's as simple as A B C. But I wouldn't advise you to ask me."

"Why not?" said Pickles.

"Think what a mess you'd make on the carpet when you began to thaw!"

"I can't help that," said Pickles. "I can't stay here all night."

"I don't see why," replied the moon. "*I* have to."

Pickles fixed his eyes upon the solemn round face staring into his, and, when he had thought a minute, he said:

"Well, but that's not the same thing, quite. And you aren't frozen stiff, like me.



DRESSING TIME

Buttons are always a bother,
Strings are a trouble to tie,
And isn't it aggravating
When the soap gets into your eye?
Shoes and stockings for winter,
Autumn—perhaps for spring,
But bare feet in the summer
Are better than anything.
Brush and comb and a tooth-brush,
Petticoats, "chimmie," and vest,
A frock, a sash, and a pinnie—
What a relief to be dressed!

VERY STRANGE

I said good-night and went to bed
The moment Nurse peeped round the door;
I did not hide from her instead
Or beg for "*just* five minutes more."
I did my lessons every one
With no mistakes at all next day.
And asked for more when they were done,
Instead of going out to play!
I would not eat iced cake for tea,
Said "no" to strawberries and cream—
And then I woke up suddenly,
Because, of course, it was a dream!

I ONCE KNEW A MAN

I once knew a man who was musical mad,
A hundred years old was the fiddle he had;
I never complained, but, whenever he played,
I wished I had lived when that fiddle was made.

A SHOWER

Master Bee went out one day
In his velvet coat so gay,
But it rained, I grieve to say,
Splashing through the clover.

"Oh, 'twill spoil my suit," he cried;
Then a foxglove he espied,
And most wisely crept inside
Till the rain was over!

WILLIE GOES TO MARKET

When Willie goes to market he buys a lot of things.
We always wait and wonder when he tells us what he brings;

He buys a horse for father, he buys a dog for Fred,
He buys a dress for mother, all velvet, silk, and red;

He buys a doll for Mary that opes and shuts its eyes,
As big as any baby—you pinch it, and it cries;

He buys a ship for Charley, that sails a real sea,
And diamonds and chocolates for golliwog and me.

For Willy is no miser, and minds not what he spends
To buy the things he knows they want, and give them to his friends.

MRS. GOOSEY'S SWIMMING SCHOOL

MRS. GOOSEY'S School is thought
In all ways to be a model,
And the pupils there are taught
In the latest style to waddle.

Cackling proudly as they go
On the common you may find them;
Every morning in a row—
Mrs. Goosey just behind them.

Swimming lessons, too, they take,
Every day and in all weathers;
Gooseberry fool they learn to make,
Also how to "get up" feathers.

Mrs. Goosey's Swimming School
Far and wide is celebrated;
Near a charming stagnant pool,
It is nicely situated.

NONSENSE

THERE was an old man of Dieppe
Who hated the sight of a Zepp;
When he saw one he cried:
"I really must hide
Under my grandmother's step."

THERE was a young man of Aconcagua
Who said to his wife, "What a rag you are!"
"Well, you'd look a fright," she replied,
"if each night
You dreamed you were chased by a jaguar."

WHEN FATHER'S LATCH-KEY JINGLES

WHEN father's latch-key jingles,
Oh, that's the time for fun!
Before he gets it in the lock
We hear it, and we run.

Sometimes he is a robber—
A robber fierce and bold—
Who shoots with an umbrella gun,
And steals our hoarded gold.

Sometimes he is a lion
Who tries to eat us all,
Or drag us to his darksome cave—
The cupboard in the hall.

Sometimes he is a sailor
Returning from a cruise,
With hosts of presents in his trunk
To play with and to use.

Sometimes he is a soldier
On furlough from the wars;
Again he is a splendid knight,
With glory and with scars.

QUESTIONS

I CANNOT understand a lot
Of things I have to learn,
For if the sun is really hot
How is it we don't burn?

Nor do I understand at all
Why "pinks" are always white;
And if the earth is like a ball
How can we stand upright?



IF you are very quiet & good, And go & sit in Rabbit Wood, The softest one may come your way, All harnessed to a little sleigh—And at your feet quite still may stand, Then drive you off to rabbit land

RACHEL'S REMEMBRANCE

RACHEL was only five. John was a man of seven. They were playing by the lake-side.

Two boats were quite near, but the fishermen had left them and were washing their nets. A crowd of people flocked down to the water's edge, and from the crowd emerged a white-robed figure, with a calm, strong face. He walked quietly beside the blue water, and smiled as He passed the children. Then He said to a fisherman, " Let us put out a little way from the land." And the fisherman, whose name was Simon, obeyed.

The Master sat down in the boat and looked out on the crowd. Some of the faces were restless and dissatisfied, some were hard and cruel. The people waited for Him to speak.

" Your hearts are crying out for peace," He said, in His wonderful voice, " and to get peace you must do something. Repent ! " He cried, and His words carried across the water so that everyone heard them clearly. " Repent : for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand ! "

The children had crept through the crowd and were standing listening eagerly.

" What is repent ? " asked Rachel.

But even as she asked the question the Master answered it.

" You must be sincerely sorry for the wrong things you have done," He said ; " you must turn from them and sin no more."

Even Rachel knew now.

" What does the Kingdom of Heaven mean ? " she asked.

John shook his head.

" Perhaps He'll tell us," he said. " He is the Man who made the crippled woman straight again the other day, Rachel. And He healed the man's hand. I'm sure He's the same."

" Yes," said someone, " He is the same. My little maid was sick with fever and He healed her."

" He's telling stories," said John. " Listen ! "

The story was of a man who sowed seeds by the wayside, and the birds flew down and picked up the seeds.

" Again the Kingdom of Heaven is like a grain of mustard seed," said the Master.

John knew what mustard seed was like. He had seen his father plant the little brown thing many a time.

" The Kingdom of Heaven," the Master went on, " is like leaven." Rachel knew what that was like. She had often seen mother making cakes with it.

There were other stories, about treasure hidden in a field, and about a beautiful pearl which a man wanted so much that he sold everything he possessed to purchase it.

The children listened till the Master had finished speaking and the crowd had begun to disperse. As He stepped from the boat on to the land, He put His hand on John's head and took little Rachel's hand in His. " What is your name ? " He asked gently.

" I'm Rachel," said the child, " and my brother is John."

It was some weeks afterwards when Rachel saw the Master again. He was with His friends, talking earnestly.

" But who is the greatest ? " they asked eagerly. " Tell us, Master."

The Master looked away beyond the fishing-boats to the blue water, where He saw Rachel. He remembered her name, and called her.

Rachel turned. She heard the voice and ran across, into the midst of the little group. She stood in front of the Master, looking into His face with her great innocent eyes. Then, with His arm around her, He turned to His friends.

" Verily," He said slowly, " except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven."

The disciples never forgot that. And Rachel never forgot. To the end of her life, she remembered the touch of His hand, the look in His eyes, the soft tone of His voice ; but most of all she remembered that the Kingdom of Heaven was in the pure heart of a little child.

TWELVE CHILDREN WITH TWELVE PETS



LAURENCE AND HIS DOG



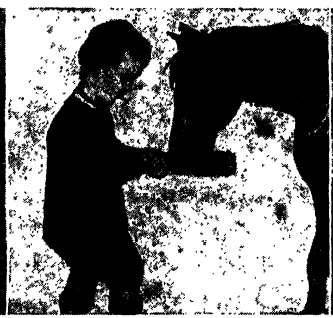
PEGGY AND HER CANARY



KENNETH AND HIS RABBIT



LUCY AND HER SQUIRREL



WALTER AND HIS PONY



KITTY AND HER GOAT



JAMES AND HIS MONKEY



DORIS AND HER KITTEN



TOM AND HIS FERRET



ETHEL AND HER WHITE MOUSE



HARRY AND HIS GRASS-SNAKE



PHYLLIS AND HER PARROT

THE LITTLE ALPACA COAT

It was very sad to be sent to bed on a sunny afternoon in May; and what made it sadder still was that Nettie was staying with her auntie in the country, and round the house were fields covered with lovely flowers.

But Nettie had been a naughty girl. Auntie had told her that she was not, on any account, to go near the pond. Nettie had not obeyed, and she had fallen into the water and dirtied her clothes.

"Look at this nice little alpaca coat!" said her auntie, as she hung the garment on a chair beside Nettie's wet straw hat. "Your mamma made it for you only last week, and you have spoilt it!"

"I hate the coat!" cried Nettie.

"Very well," said her auntie, as she went out and locked the door. "You must stay in bed until you are better."

For some time Nettie lay in bed, crying to herself, and feeling in a very bad temper. But she had been playing all day, and being rather tired, she went to sleep. Then she opened her eyes and sat up in bed, and found that a strange and wonderful thing was happening.

The alpaca coat was talking to the straw hat.

"Now, I put it to you," the coat exclaimed. "Had Nettie any cause to say that? She has treated us very badly, and we have more reason to hate her than she has to hate us."

"Hate her!" exclaimed the straw hat. "I love her! She is such a pretty child that I am delighted when I get upon her curly head."

"I like her, too," said the coat; "but she ought to treat me with the respect I deserve. Do you know who I am?"

"A good, home-made piece of English stuff, the same as I am," said the hat.

"Why, you're as bad as Nettie!" cried the coat indignantly. "Let me tell you, I am something with a history, something full of romance and adventure. Do you know where I was born?"

The straw hat humbly admitted that it didn't, and the alpaca coat went on.

"I was born in South America," said the coat, "on a great range of mountains, covered with snow and ice, and very wild and rocky. I lived about three miles high in the air, and I never saw any human being until one day I came down to a village where some Red Indians dwelt. Have you ever seen a llama?"

"No," said the straw hat. "I grew up in an English wheatfield. Poppies and cornflowers are the only things I saw."

"The next time Nettie's mother takes her to the Zoo, and you go with her," said the coat, "just you look at the llamas. They are beautiful little South American camels, with soft, pretty eyes, and shaggy coats, and small, dainty heads. Oh, how they used to go in merry troops, wandering about the high mountains with me on their backs!"

"With you!" said the straw hat. "Do the llamas wear coats, then?"

"Wear coats!" said the little alpaca; "why, I grew on their backs. I was a shaggy mass of wool."

"How did you get to England?" said the straw hat.

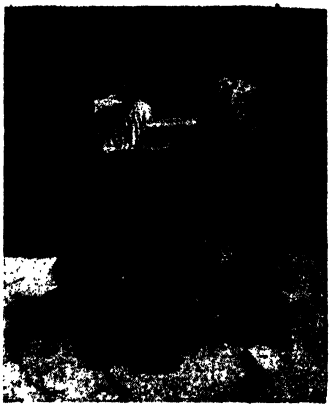
"An Englishman bought me about a year ago from some Peruvians," said the coat, "when I was still just a rough mass of wool shorn off the back of a llama. I was put on a great ship and taken to Liverpool, and from there I was sent on a railway to Bradford. Then came the machines. I was washed and combed and spun into a thread; and at last they wove me into the beautiful alpaca which Nettie's mother purchased at the shop in London where you were bought. Don't you remember how we were packed together and sent to Nettie's house?"

"Yes," said the straw hat. "And how pleased Nettie was when she saw us! She did not hate you then!"

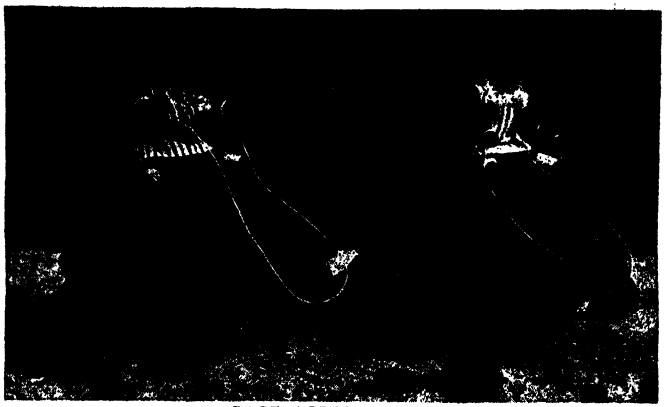
"And I don't hate you now, you dear old thing!" cried Nettie.

She had awakened from her curious dream, and promised to be good; and after she had finished her tea, auntie dressed her and brushed her alpaca coat, and allowed her to play in the fields again.

A DAY IN THE WORLD THAT NEVER WAS



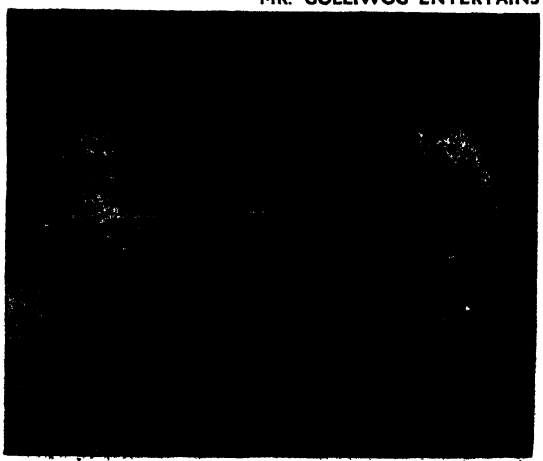
THE PICCANINNIES TAKE A TAXI



A RACE ACROSS COUNTRY



MR. GOLLIWOG ENTERTAINS HIS FRIENDS TO TEA



BRER TORTOISE ENJOYS THE FUN



HOME

LOOK UP

Hold up your head,
Take heart, be not dismayed
Though failure come,
Though fortune be delayed;
From small beginnings
Famous endings grow—
As little brooks
Into broad rivers flow.

THE OLD FAIRY-TALE BOOK

I've got a little yellow book
With pages thumbed and torn;
The cover's always tumbling off,
It's got so old and worn.
It's full of dear old fairy-tales,
I've read them through and through,
And know them all so well that now
It seems as if they're true.

And all the stains and inky marks
That spot and smear the pages
Have grown *part of* the fairy-tales
Through being there such ages.

One day Aunt Ann picked up the book
And said she'd never seen
A thing so *old;* then bought for me
A copy, new and clean,
With all the same, exactly, tales,
She told me so herself,
But somehow they seem—diff'rent,
So I keep them on the shelf.

And still I read the torn old book
That's been my own for ages.
The stories wouldn't seem the same
Without the inky pages.

THE SKIPPER OF SKYE

There was an old skipper of Skye
Whose eyes hardly ever were dry;
At each change of weather
He'd shake like a feather,
Then sit down and have a good cry.

PLANS

When I'm a man I'm going to keep
A farm—I'm almost sure—
With pigs and cows and sheep and ducks,
And chickens round the door;
And every week, on Saturday,
I'll drive at such a pace
Into the town, and sell my eggs
Outside the market-place.

Won't it be grand! But that's not all,
My Cousin Jimmy says
That when *he's* grown he's going to be
A builder all his days,
And build my farm! While Cousin May
Will dress in silk and fur,
And come to market, so she says,
And I'll sell eggs to her!

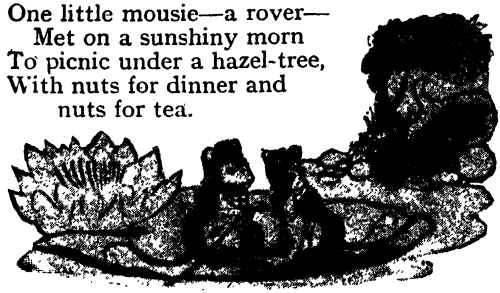
THE CAT NEXT DOOR

They've got a great big cat next door,
As black as black can be,
And his eyes grow big and round and round
When he catches a sight of me.
And he sits with his paws all folded in,
Just looking so chubby and sly,
And waggles his tail and ticks like a clock
When the cat's-meat man comes by;
And I peep through the hole in the garden fence,
And make a funny grimace,
But when he slowly creeps up near,
Then I'm off for a frolicsome race.

But I don't understand that cat next door,
For I've tried to be friends with it,
But when I show that I'm anxious to play,
Oo-oo! you should hear him spit!
And his whiskers all go woggly-woo,
And he makes bad eyes at me—
Just the nicest, jolliest little terrier dog,
As friendly as friendly can be.

THREE LITTLE MICE

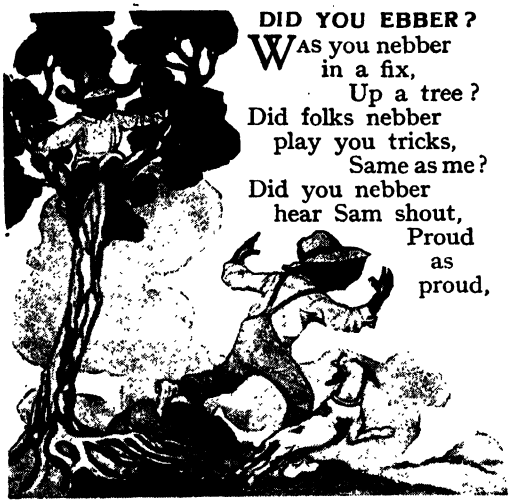
One little mouse from the clover,
One little mouse from the corn,
One little mousie—a rover—
Met on a sunshiny morn
To picnic under a hazel-tree,
With nuts for dinner and
nuts for tea.



One little mousie was greedy—
Gobbled her nuts such a lot!—
Grumbling declared they were seedy—
(Every mouse knows they are not).
"Let's move," said she, "to that oak just hewn;
The ground, I see, is with acorns strewn."

One little mousie was willing,
One little mouse disagreed.
"Acorns," she argued, "are filling,
Haven't we had all we need?"
So two wee mice sought acorns, and one
Soon scampered off to her nest alone.

Two little mice ate just double
That which good manners allow;
Then away home through the stubble
Crept—and just look at them now!
The doctor says that a week, at least,
They'll spend in bed, regretting the feast.



DID YOU EBBER?

Was you nebber
in a fix,
Up a tree?
Did folks nebber
play you tricks,
Same as me?
Did you nebber
hear Sam shout,
Proud
as
proud,
"Ha, you limb, I've found you out!"
Loud as loud?
Did you ebber, ebber hear
O' such a sight?
Coal-black nigger welly near
Pale wi' fright.
Someone's doggie—jus' fo' fun—
Chasin' Sam,
Piccaninny cut an' run—
Here I am!

IN THE STABLE

On the back of dear old Dobbin
Sits a cheeky little robin;
Legs too short to ride a-straddle—
'Sides, he hasn't any saddle!

MY PARTY

I should like to have a party of my very, very own;
I'd choose my special friends, and have them all alone;
There shouldn't be one grown-up there—just only them and me,
And how we'd laugh, and how we'd joke, as we sat down to tea!

And first would be our p'liceman, and he wouldn't mind a bit,
But would pass his truncheon all around, and let us look at it;
And the next would be the lamplighter, who always smiles at me
When he lights the great tall street lamp just before it's time for tea.

And the next would be the dustman, and I hope he'd call "Dust ho!"
When I passed him down his teacup—for a little joke, you know.

And the man who sells the lavender on Wednesdays down our street
Should come, and p'rhaps his bouncing boys, who don't get much to eat!

And of course the jolly hurdy-gurdy Frenchman should come too;
He would bring his organ with him, and he'd play his tunes right through.
But the one I'd have beside me—if the others didn't mind—
Would be Dan, the poor old beggar at our corner, who is blind.

THE PIPER

The robins, they will let him
Paint speckles on their eggs;
The centipedes have told him why
They've got so many legs;
He drills the rooks quite often;
But, at the close of day,
He always takes his little pipe
And then begins to play.

And all the creatures hear him,
And come up, hurrying;
The brave ones and the shyest ones,
They sit round in a ring,
And listen, listen to the pipe
That Peter Pan can play,
Because it says the very words
They do so long to say.

THE FOUR-IN-HAND

Come, Dick, be quick, if you'd ride with me
In my chariot of state;
I'm off to call on the Fairy Queen,
And my fiery steeds won't wait.

O, ho! O, ho! You're laughing, I know;
My steeds are wooden, of course;
Who ever heard of a sofa coach
That was drawn by a real live horse?

THE HOUSE-WARMING

I built a house of fir-cones within the forest green;
I spread the floor with mosses, so cosy to be seen;
I thatched the roof with rushes, to keep out wind and rain;
And the spiders spun me curtains for my peeping window-pane.

A harebell made the doorbell; a glow-worm was the lamp;
I lit a little leaf-fire to drive away the damp;
And drew the toadstools round it, as snugly as could be,
Inviting all the gnomes around, and the squirrels, too, to tea.

HAPPY FELIX

FELIX is a queer creature, he really is. I suppose he is not actually beautiful, but he is certainly attractive. He has a very large head, brown hair, a pink complexion, blue eyes, and an enormous mouth that always smiles. If you touch his chin he wags his head in a most winning way. His ears are huge, and they stand right out from his head.

His clothes are as queer as himself—his tail-coat is purple, his trousers are green, and his waistcoat is scarlet. His feet are planted firmly on a wooden stand, and the lettering on the stand is :

"This is Felix—Always Merry and Bright."

He came from a Christmas bazaar, but because he is so cheerful it was impossible to put him away in a cupboard when the Christmas was over. Besides, Stella liked him so very much that he was allowed to stay. She put him on the top of Daddie's desk. Daddie laughed when he saw him.

"Has that creature got to stop there?" he asked.

"Yes, please," pleaded Stella. "May he? He is so jolly, you know."

"He's certainly that," said Daddie. "I never saw such a grin before."

"It's a smile," explained Stella.

Daddie laughed again, but he let Felix stay on his desk.

Stella is a charming little girl. She wears a red-and-white striped frock; her eyes are the same colour as Felix's. So is her hair, but it is tied with a big red bow. She still wears short socks, though she is nine years old. She has lots of toys—dolls, furry monkeys, real rabbits, and two cats. William-the-best-beloved, a Teddy bear, exactly the same age as Stella, is a very dear friend.



"YOU TWO MUST BE FRIENDS"

Lately, too, there has been Jim. He is a terrier, and very fond of his little mistress. One day she introduced him to Felix. Felix smiled politely, as he always does. But Jim didn't smile—he growled.

"Bad dog!" said Stella severely. "You two must be friends."

Felix still smiled, and, alas! Jim still growled.

Stella was quite unhappy.

"Jim," she said, "I shall bring you in to talk to Felix every day until you understand one another. It is *your* fault. Felix is friendly enough. It's just jealousy, and I don't like it."

Each day Stella brought Jim in to see Felix, and she tried very hard to make that naughty Jim conquer his dislike of poor innocent Felix.

One afternoon Stella was in the hall, waiting to go out with Mother, when she heard a noise in one of the rooms. It sounded like something falling, and it seemed to come from Daddie's study. She opened the door and went in.

Jim was tearing round the room, "worrying" something; he was going at a terrible rate, growling and snarling and making a dreadful noise.

Stella rushed forward. To her horror, she saw it was poor Felix who was being so disgracefully treated.

That wicked Jim had got on to the desk, knocked Felix off on to the floor, and there he was having his revenge.

Very quickly Stella rescued Felix—he was still smiling—and she punished Jim for such bad behaviour.

Jim understood.

This happened a long time ago. Now, when Stella touches Felix's chin and makes him wag his head, Jim doesn't take any notice.

PUZZLE

PUZZLE is a dog. I cannot tell you what kind of a dog—that is why he is called Puzzle.

He is chiefly white, with splashes of black on his head and down his back. He belongs to three little girls who live in a house that has a delightful garden. The baby of the house, Olive, loves Puzzle very dearly, more than her dolls, or her pet mouse.

Olive does not go to school yet. She spends most of her time in the lovely garden, where the blossoms blow in the springtime, where the roses grow in the summer, and where the sun seems always to shine. It shines down on Olive's sunny curls and happy little face as she dances up and down the paths.



OLIVE LOOKED UP

Her two big sisters go to school, so that Olive often has to play alone — alone except for Puzzle and Johnny Junior. Johnny Junior is a great, big elephant, fat, soft, and grey. He is not really enormously big, of course. He is not the sort of elephant you see at the Zoo. You don't ride him: you carry him. He is called Junior because a more elderly elephant who came before him, and is now becoming feeble, is still alive. And Johnny is a favourite name for this particular kind of pet.

Johnny Junior and Olive and Puzzle were in the garden one day—right up at the end, away from the flowers and beyond the kitchen garden, where the chicken-house is.

Suddenly Puzzle stood still and rigid, sniffing the air in a strange, excited way.

"What's the matter, Puzzle?" asked Olive, putting her pink little hand on his head.

Puzzle took no notice of her; he just went on sniffing.

"Puzzle!" said little Olive again; and she slid her arm round his neck.

As she bent to do this her necklace—a beautiful coral necklace that had been given to her on her birthday, and that Mother let her wear because she liked it so much—broke.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried Olive; and she began to gather it together.

As she spoke a man's head appeared above the wall.

"Little missie," said this stranger, "you've broken your pretty necklace." Then he added coaxingly, "Shall I mend it for you?"

Olive looked up, troubled. She had never seen this man before, and she did not know where he could have come from. But his voice sounded kindly. She was just going to offer him her necklace to mend when Puzzle planted himself firmly in front of her, facing the man and barking loudly—barking and growling and looking as if he would spring at the intruder any minute.

Olive was still holding the necklace when Mother's voice was heard calling her.

Olive ran down the path, but Puzzle didn't budge. He stood his ground, his nose twitching, his tail stiff and straight, growling like a coming thunderstorm.

But though Puzzle didn't budge, the strange man did. He was off the wall and running down the lane in a flash.

Mother understood why he went so quickly, though little Olive didn't. And she called Puzzle a good dog a hundred times that day, and gave him an extra big bone for his dinner.

When Daddie heard the story he made old Bob, the gardener, put wire netting above the wall round by the chicken-house, where the lane runs the other side, and strange men can no longer creep in.

SUNSHINE GIRL

She was only six or seven, and her proper name was Joan,
But Grannie called her "Sunshine Girl" instead;
"She comes to cheer old people when their own young birds have flown—
She's just a ray of sunshine," Grannie said.

And others called her Pansy, for so pretty were her eyes,
As if they didn't quite know which to be,
They'd aimed at grey, and purple, and the colour of the skies,
And managed in the end to be all three!

We cannot all have petals of a pansy for our eyes—
We cannot all be six years old, or so;
We cannot all be Joans, of course, but each one, if she tries,
Can be a little Sunshine Girl, I know.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S FAN

Deep in a box and all packed in bran
There's Great-grandmother D'Arcy's fan!

Great-great-grandmother lived, you know,
Ever so many years ago.

Oh, the things that her fan has seen!
Grandmother wore a crinoline;

Went about in a sedan-chair,
Looking sweet with her powdered hair;

Wore a patch and the strangest hoop
(Mustn't it have been hard to stoop?);

Danced quadrilles at the county ball—
All her dances were booked—yes, *all!*



Well, what secrets that fan must know,
And what tales it could tell! But oh!

Deep in its box and all packed in bran
Lies Great-grandmother D'Arcy's fan!

GOOD-NIGHT, LITTLE MAID

Good-night, little maid, go to sleep, go to sleep,
No longer with you can I stay;
Through darkness so deep, I must creep, I must creep,
To call other children to play.

Good-night, little maid, shut your eyes, shut your eyes,
And if you stop sucking your thumb,
In pale eastern skies, I will rise, I will rise,
To see you, tomorrow, I'll come.

Good-night, little maid, I must hide, I must hide,
Old Father Time's urging me on;
To earth's other side—like an orange I'll glide;
I'm going—I'm going—I'm gone!

GREEDY NED

My donkey Ned is most unkind—
I gave him bread, and carrots, too,
The very biggest I could find—
I think he *might* be nice, don't you?
He's very rude to me instead;
I tried to have a ride today,
But no, he kicked and shook his head,
And brayed—you should have heard him bray!

He *won't* be caught, and when I shout
Pretends he does not notice me;
But when I bring his carrots out
It doesn't take him long to see!

IF, IF!

If all the nurses in the world
Changed places for a week with us,
And had *their* hair brushed out and curled,
I wonder if they'd make a fuss?
If they were sent to bed at eight,
And had to put their toys away,
Instead of sitting up till late,
I often wonder what they'd say.
And yet I don't believe they'd mind
Supposing they were made to change,
For grown-up people—don't you find?—
Are always very, very strange.

THE POODLE

"Look!" cried Miles. "Whatever's that?
Half a dog and half a cat.
See his funny shaggy head!"
"'Tis a poodle," Nursie said.

After lunch Miles seemed so still,
Nurse quite feared he must be ill;
Then she saw what he had done—
Shaved his Teddy bear for fun!
"*He's* a poodle now!" he cried,
When poor Nurse looked horrified.
Alas, for this, it must be said,
He was sent straight off to bed!

THE SNEEZE OF LOUISE

There once was a cow named Louise,
Who said, "I am going to sneeze!"
But her sneeze was so loud,
It collected a crowd,
For it echoed like guns through the trees.

CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH!

UNDER the pebbles the Goblins live;
Such a crunch-crunch-crunching noise they give
When you step across! And you'll soon find out
That they crunch extra loud when your shoes are stout!

"Crunch, crunch, crunch!" say the Goblin-men.
"What, are you stepping on us *again*?
Why must you walk on our pebble-way?
Walk on the beds!" so the Goblins say.

"Crunch, crunch, crunch!" What an angry tone!
"The garden-beds, though, are Gardener's own,
So I'm sorry, poor Goblins, but I *must* tread,
Crunch, crunch, crunch! on your pebble-bed!"

THE SHADOWS

BOBBY has a shadow
Who goes out with him for walks,
And, in case nurse should be angry,
Bobby's shadow never talks;
But, although it is so quiet,
It's as jolly as can be,
For it always lets Bob choose the games,
And then plays cheerfully.

Bob's nurse has a shadow,
But a different kind of one,
For it walks along so slowly,
No one's ever seen it run;
And it wears a skirt and bonnet,
And its back looks awful cross,
Bob says if she'd only play with it
It would cheer up, of course!



WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

POOR Miss Winnie Woeful,
She hates a stiff March breeze;
She's terrified of hail-storms,
And raindrops make her sneeze;
The sun she finds too heating,
She stays at home for snow—
Oh, oh, Winnie Woeful,
You *are* a goose, you know!



Little Johnny Jolly,
He's just the other way;
In mac' and big sou'-wester
He goes each rainy day.
The wind has tanned his forehead,
The sun has made him grow—
Halloa, Johnny Jolly,
You're just the boy to know!

REFLECTIONS

A CHILD peeped into a pool one day
And discovered a golden head,
And a face with dimples and eyes of grey.
"Who are *you*—who are *you*?" he said.

"Come, speak when you're spoken to, little man,
It's rude just to fidget and stare.
And answer my question, if you can,
What are you doing down there?

"You look very happy and not very wet,
Although you are covered with sea;
You rather remind me of someone, and yet
I cannot think who it can be.

"Ah, now I remember, I've met you before;
You're the rascal who smiles when I pass
In front of my Daddie's big wardrobe door—
You live in the looking-glass."

SLEEPY LAND

COME along and take my hand,
We will go to Sleepy Land;
Always when the clock strikes eight
Mr. Dustman shuts the gate.

Then he leads us, if we're good,
To the lovely Dreamy Wood
Where the flowers, in a row,
Dance beside us as we go.

All the trees join in the fun.
Have you ever seen them run?
No one would believe they could,
But they do in Dreamy Wood!

Oh, the merry games we play
Up and down till break of day.
Let us hurry through the gate,
For it always shuts at eight.

THE SQUIRREL'S LITTLE JOKE

"HERE comes a boy!" cried Brushy Squirrel suddenly, nearly dropping the nuts that he was helping his mother to sort for their winter hoard.

"We must watch him carefully," she answered, "and if he tries to climb up, be sure you don't forget to do what I taught you the other day—run to the end of the longest branch and turn a somersault into the next tree."

This sounds funny, doesn't it? But squirrels really do it; I've even seen them swing along a whole row of trees in this way, sometimes only for amusement, but more often to escape from danger.

Well, the boy looked up and saw Brushy and his mother peeping down at him. They began to chatter noisily, and then, to his surprise, a nut dropped at his feet, followed by another, and, as he stooped to pick them up, more and more nuts fell around him.

"Thank you very much, you careless little things," he said. "I came out to find some nuts; but I sha'n't trouble to go to the hedges now; this is a much easier way of getting them."

So, putting them in his pocket, he went home, and told his brother how angry the squirrels were at being disturbed, and how they were dropping their treasures. But when the nuts were cracked there was not a sound one among them!

Now this was just Mother Squirrel's fun. She was far too sensible to waste good nuts, but, instead, threw down the bad ones, and when the boy thought that she and Brushy were grumbling they were really laughing at him—for even squirrels have their jokes!

JOAN AND KITTY AND THE HORSES

KITTY and Joan were staying in the country with Uncle Hugh and Aunt Cicely. Both girls lived in London, so it was a great treat to be able to run straight into the garden without waiting to put on hats or bothering to wear gloves.

They loved Aunt Cicely, and there never was anyone quite like Uncle Hugh! He knew such lovely games, and every morning he gave Joan and Kitty rides round the garden on his shoulder. Sometimes he was frisky, and would shy at everything, and at other times he grew lazy, and would scarcely move.

Then, when their romps were over, they went to the stables to see the real horses, Pat and Derry. Pat was brown, with white markings down his nose, and Derry was black and white. They were both very gentle, and uncle often lifted the little girls up to stroke their noses and give them sugar. Joan and Kitty loved watching the horses better than anything, and always went with Jim, the groom, to feed them in the evenings, as we see them doing in the picture on the previous page.

But once, when they ran out as usual, they couldn't find Jim anywhere. The pails of water stood ready, and Pat and Derry were ready, too, for they put their heads over the stable door as if to say, "Won't you give us our tea?"

"Poor things, they must be hungry!" cried Joan. "We'll feed them!" And she held some hay up towards them. But she wasn't tall enough to reach them, although she stood on tip-toe. "Never mind," she said, "I'll get a box."

And she trotted to a little shed built against the stable, where she remembered having seen a box the day before.

She found it, but what was that smoky smell, and the crackling in the corner?

She went closer, and saw that the shed was catching fire! A bonfire close by was being blown to the stable by the wind.

Joan was so frightened, but, being a brave little girl, instead of crying, she thought hard what she should do. Running to the nearest pail of water, she dragged it, with Kitty's help, to the shed, and poured it on the flame. Then, as the two hot and panting girls were rushing to fetch the other pail, Jim came in sight. He quickly put out the fire, but, as he told Uncle Hugh afterwards, if Joan hadn't seen it, the stable would soon have been in a blaze.

Uncle was very proud of his two little nieces, and the horses were grateful, too, for next morning at breakfast Joan and Kitty found two beautiful dolls beside their plates, and written on neat little labels was this: "With much love and many thanks from Pat and Derry."

COOEE—A FAIRY STORY OF AUSTRALIA

BLUE BONNET sat thinking astride the three-rail fence.

She had so much to do that she did nothing; she was so happy that she was almost unhappy. If she went uphill, where the gum-trees swayed and tossed against the blue sky, she would lose the gully and the ferns. If she went downhill, where the silver creek sang along the pebbles, she would miss the wind on the mountain-top blowing across the stretch of blue ranges.

Her little new Billycan stood under the fence as upright as a sentinel. He could not speak in our way, but he glittered his best in his own style of talk. If Blue Bonnet had cared to look, he plainly flashed a wireless message to say, "Slow coach, make haste! We've never had a bush picnic together yet, we two."

Blue Bonnet slowly drew her other leg across the top rail, and climbed down to the ground. She was a little town girl, who had come to stay for a short holiday in the bush.



COOEE WAS SITTING ON A MOSS-GROWN TRUNK, TRYING TO MAKE A WHISTLE

There was a little sheep-path girdling the hillside midway between crest and creek. Blue Bonnet walked a step or two along before making up her mind whether to go up or down. There was the sweetest bush scent of gum and musk and wattle; a mountain thrush pierced the golden air with its liquid call.

Blue Bonnet stood quite still to listen. All was hushed again. She threw back her head, and shouted in a ringing voice, "Cooee!" for mother and daddy told her to be sure to learn the Australian call while she was in the bush.

"Cooee!"

Who was that? She called again, and again the answer came, "Cooee!"

It was rather hard to tell just where the voice came from, but Blue Bonnet tried over and over again, and each time the answer came back clear and far away.

"There are fairies here," she thought. "I knew it!" And she shouted, "Are you a fairy?"

Sure enough the answer came, "A fairy!"

"Where are you hiding?" was the next question. By this time Blue Bonnet was so excited that her voice was quite squeaky, and Billy creaked in sympathy. The gleeful, mocking fairy voice rang back, "Hiding!"

"Are you in the gully?" asked Blue Bonnet.

"In the gully!" replied the voice.

"That decides it!" said Blue Bonnet briskly; and she began to scramble down the side of the hill. The briars and brackens clutched at her legs, the grass was slippery and slithery, and the little stones rolled round and round under her shoes.

"Take care!" wheezed the Billy. He was a country Billy, and rather slow and sedate. He thought town ways altogether too fast.

Blue Bonnet paid no attention to his warning. Slipping, sliding, rolling, scrambling, she reached the gully, and began to push her way through the tangled scrub that grew along the winding creek.

"Take care!" sang the laughing water. "Take care!" the tall trees sighed, as they swayed to and fro. The little wild flowers kissed her feet, and the grasses held them, as if to say, "Stay! Stay! Take care!"

But Blue Bonnet said, "Dear folks, it is all right. You daisies along the creek will guide me home by day, and at night the stars will be my path, gleaming in the water."

The naughty daisies winked their yellow eyes, and the stars behind the daylit sky winked their yellow eyes too. But the trees sighed, and the grasses sighed, and the creek sobbed to itself a moment in its flow. They knew the tricks of the stars and the daisies.

Blue Bonnet went on and on. At last she saw a little mossy door among the tree-ferns. It was a bit dark, but she did not mind that. She crept into the hole, and crawled along a tiny tunnel with a mush-

"How funny! I drink this way," said Cooee; and he scooped his two hands to make a cup. "But where did you come from, and how did you get here?"

"I came from town," said Blue Bonnet, "all along the shiny rails. It was night, and the lights twinkled red and green and golden. We came rushing through the dark, and the train played tunes all the way from town."

"Town? Train?" he asked. "What are they?"

"Town! Well, it's a sort of rabbit-warren," she said, "full of houses and people and noise, and sometimes smoke and dust. At night it's all lights, like the moon and stars, only big and square. And a train is a sort of box on wheels—a kind of dragon. Do you know dragon?"

"I know all fairy monsters," he answered. "It's the ways and doings of mortals that seem to be quite past finding out."



COOEE WOULD NOT SPEAK LEST BLUE BONNET SHOULD BEG HIM TO LET HER GO

roomy sort of smell, at which Billy squeaked indignantly. She came out on a lovely little bower, with a carpet of moss like the smallest ferns you could dream of. Black-woods and tree-ferns made the roof of a little green room. There was a moss-grown tree-trunk there, and sitting on it, whittling at a bit of stick to make himself a whistle, was a little boy dressed in bunny-skins. One of his long, silky ears was cocked, and one was lying back, and one leg was crossed over the other. He had soft brown hair, a brown face as if he loved the open air, and great brown eyes, just like a bunny's.

"Cooee?" asked Blue Bonnet.

"Cooee!" replied he, nodding. "You are Blue Bonnet. I know it, because you're so like one. What's *it*?"—pointing a little brown finger at Master Billycan, who, in his country-bumpkin way, shyly hid behind Blue Bonnet's skirt.

"It's to drink out of," said she. "It's called Billy."

"Well, this dragon pulls the box along. It puffs and snorts and steams a good deal, and breathes out fire, you know. But it always finds the way to Fairyland. It's a very tame dragon, and well broken in."

"As to that," said Cooee, "I suppose it's something like the woodcutter's cart, which I've often seen trundling through the forest. I'm not friends with the wood-cutter. He ring-barks our beautiful trees, and burns them off, and he scares away all the shy, wild wood creatures. Why, there are parts of the bush where you could scarcely find a kangaroo or a lyre-bird, to say nothing of the fairies! If many wood-cutters come, we know the trees will all be cleared away, and then the creek will sing no more in the gully. It will pine and die of grief, and the flowers and ferns will fade and perish, and all the lovely bush will vanish for ever.

"I don't like your dragons and your mortal men. They'll very soon be the end

of us. The woodcutter has a little fire-snake. He puts it on his shoulder, pats it on the back, and—bang, pop, puff!—it spits out fire, and a rosella flops to earth with all its pretty feathers ruffled, or a bunny lies down suddenly all limp and still, though it was running so fast only a minute before. And it's all because the birds peck a cherry or two, and the bunnies nibble the lettuces. How are we to know they are not meant for us, when he leaves them out in the open?"

"Never mind, Cooee darling!" said Blue Bonnet. She had crept close up to him now, and was patting his cheek and stroking his fur. "I'm a mortal child, and I'll make them stop when I go back to mortal-land. They don't know about you, or they wouldn't!"

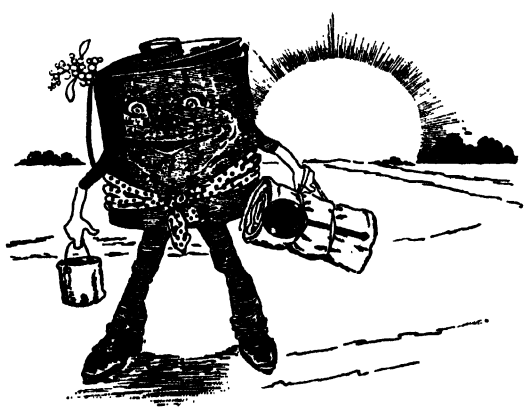


DADDY COCKATOO WAS A SHREWD BIRD

"You must stay with me always, now you've come," said Cooee. "I've called and called long enough, and you can't go away and leave me now."

Cooee and Blue Bonnet played there together in the heart of the bush for many golden hours, and by fairy time the day stretched out and out and out, till it was long enough for all their games, for fairy clocks are not the same as mortal clocks. Fairy time is just as long or as short as you wish it to be, which is a great convenience.

But it happened towards evening that Blue Bonnet and Cooee grew tired of play, so they lay on a bank of violets near the creek to watch the mountain trout swimming in the clear water, and the platypus diving home to his tunnel in the bank. But the platypus and the fishes were soon gone, and there was nothing to be seen in the pool except their own two pretty little faces.



BILLYCAN STAYED WITH COOEE

It was then that Cooee said once more, "I will never let you go, Blue Bonnet, never, never!" He put his two arms round her, and kissed her, and they fell asleep together on the bank in the warm sunshine of the declining day.

Night fell, and it was dark. Tall trees began to whisper and sigh. A boobook owl moaned on a bough. Far off a dingo bayed. Suddenly Blue Bonnet awoke. She put out her hand to touch Cooee, but he was gone.

She called for him, "Cooee! Cooee!" but no voice answered in the gully. She looked for the daisies along the creek, but they had shut up their eyes and gone to sleep, and the stars were hid behind a cloud.

"He will never let you go!" sighed the gum-trees. "Never!" echoed the boobook. "Never!" murmured the creek.

"What shall I do, then?" asked Blue Bonnet, almost in tears. "Cooee dear, let me go home a while, and I will come back!" But Cooee would not speak, for he was hiding. He loved her too dearly to let her go, and loved her so dearly that he was afraid to see her, for if she begged hard enough and cried about it he might have to show her the way, but if he kept hidden she might forget about home, and stay in the bush.

Then Blue Bonnet heard a noise above her head. It was little Baby Bear.

So Blue Bonnet, as soon as she saw his welcome chubby little body, sang:

Baby Bear, little brother, say,
How shall Blue Bonnet find her way?

Baby Bear halted, and held parley with her in these words:

Blue Bonnet's way through the bush she'll find,
If she gives me a promise kind.

On behalf of the beasts of the bush he asked her to do all she could on reaching

home to keep the mortals from letting the fire-snakes spit in the forest. And Blue Bonnet gladly gave her word to do her best.

Dawn was looking at them now with grey eyes. So Blue Bonnet and Baby Bear went on their way. But the moment a twig crackled—it was just the little possum getting breakfast—the bear was off up a tree-trunk for all he was worth.

"I'm off!" he said. "I don't trust those fire-snakes, not I!"

Baby Bear skidaddled into the leaves, and Blue Bonnet was left alone.

Blue Bonnet called Cooee, but he would not answer, though she tried again and again.

"Tut, tut, young 'un!" clucked a cracked voice. "What's the matter?"

It was Daddy Cockatoo, and Blue Bonnet appealed to him for help:

Dear white Daddy Cocky, say,
How shall Blue Bonnet find her way?

Cocky was a shrewd bird. He studied her with his head on one side, while he made his bargain on behalf of the birds:

Blue Bonnet's way through the bush she'll find,
If she gives me a promise kind.

He asked that mortals should cease to steal the birds' eggs from the nests, and to sell the fledglings, half feathered and parched with thirst, on the scorching pavements, and to kill the birds with fire-snakes so as to trim ladies' hat with the beautiful feathers.

Blue Bonnet gladly agreed, and the whole flock of cockatoos rose like a white cloud in the blue air, screeching and chattering shrilly. But, sad to tell, they spied some ripe scarlet quondongs on the skirts of the forest, and they shot off after them like an arrow.

A big lizard was dozing on the sunny grass, lazily darting out his blue tongue like a flame to catch flies. Blue Bonnet had to poke him hard with her toe to make him listen, and she said:

Dear little Brother Blue Tongue, say,
How shall Blue Bonnet find her way?

And the lizard grunted:

Blue Bonnet's way through the bush she'll find,
If she gives me a promise kind.

He presented a petition from the reptiles, and insects, and fishes, and he pointed out that the blue-tongued lizards, instead of being poisonous and harmful, killed off mosquitoes in thousands, besides all the snakes they found in the scrub.

He trundled along at such a leisurely crawl that she soon left him behind. And so, thanks to her little bush brothers and sisters, Blue Bonnet was able to find her way to the place where she had entered the gully. She climbed uphill slowly, and her heart ached when she remembered that Cooee had left her without saying good-bye.



"COOEE!" CAME THE VOICE FROM THE WOODS

She halted on the narrow sheep-path in the same place as before, and rather sadly called, "Cooee!"

"Cooee!" came the answer, in a voice more tremulous than her own.

Then Blue Bonnet shouted loud and clear, so that he could not mistake, "I love you!"

And clear and loud came the welcome cry, "I love you!"

"I will come back soon!" she said.

"Come back soon!" he pleaded.

"Good-bye!" she called softly.

"Good-bye!" came very faintly across the gully.

So Blue Bonnet turned homewards again, but Billycan stayed with Cooee.

But you will go back, little Blue Bonnet! Your heart is left behind you in the wondrous, beautiful bush. The spell of the bush is on you for ever. Cooee will call, and you will follow the voice through fire and flood even from the world's end. Cooee will call you, and you will hearken, and you will return home.

THE MOUSE'S QUEST

THERE was once a mouse who lived in a barn near a big castle. He was a very unusual mouse, though not a very lovable one, I fear.

When he was grown up, the Mouse said to himself that it was time for him to marry and make a home. There were several pretty, soft-eyed little lady mice living near him, but he did not dream of asking any of them to be his wife. Oh dear, no! He meant to marry someone much finer than any ordinary mouse.

"I will marry the very highest lady in the world," he said to himself. "I will go to the Sun and ask him for his daughter; he is surely the greatest there is."

So Mr. Mouse went to the Sun, and, praising him for his greatness, asked him to give him his daughter, for he had determined to take only the very highest lady as his wife.

"Then you cannot have my daughter," said the Sun, "for there is a greater than I. Do you know that when a cloud comes in front of me even my light is hidden?"

"Then I will go to the Cloud," said the Mouse. And he left the Sun in disdain, and asked the Cloud to give him his daughter.



MR. MOUSE WENT TO THE SUN

"Ah," answered the Cloud, "if you search for the mightiest you should not come to me, for there is a greater than I—the Wind; when he blows I am entirely scattered."

"Then I will never marry your daughter," said the Mouse rudely. And he hurried away to the Wind, telling him that the Cloud had said how mighty he was, and asked him for his daughter. "For," he said, "I will not marry any but the very greatest."

"If that is so," answered the Wind, "you have come to the wrong place, for, alas! even I am annoyed by one who is stronger than I. Go to the great Granite Tower which stands in all its mightiness near your home. He resists all my strength—in vain I drive against him, in vain I try to injure him; all my efforts are useless. Go to him, I say, for he is stronger than I."

"Indeed I will," said the Mouse. "I would never dream of marrying a child of yours. I will go to the mighty Tower—he will give me his daughter."

But, alas! the Tower, too, answered the little animal in the same way.

"You have been sent here by one who is mocking you," he said. "There is one stronger than I, and one who troubles me very greatly."

"Stronger that you!" cried the astonished Mouse. "Tell me where I can find one so mighty."

"Why, even here, within my walls," answered the Granite Tower, "you will find a mouse whom I am powerless to resist, for none of the mortar which holds me together is hard enough to keep her out. In between my stones she pierces her way, and I am unable to prevent her."

At these words the Mouse's heart sank.

"Oh dear!" he cried in dismay. "Why, the mouse is only one of my own people. Must I come back to marrying in so humble a way?"

"Indeed you must," answered the Tower. "And it is high time that you learned not to despise your own nature, for many a one has fallen to the very lowest in life because he tried to climb too high."

Then Mr. Mouse scuttled away to the barn and sat down to think, poor, foolish little creature. We are not told, but I think that, after all, he must have married one of the little lady mice who lived near him, and I am sure that if he did so he was very happy.

THE SUNSET GARDEN

I CAN see from the window a little brown house,
And the garden goes up to the top of the hill,
And the sun comes each day,
And slips down away
At the end of the garden and sleeps there—until
The daylight comes climbing up over the hill.

I do wish I lived in the little brown house,
Then at night I'd go out to the garden, and creep
Up—up—then I'd stop,
And lean over the top,
At the end of the garden, until I could peep
And see what the sun looks like when it's asleep.

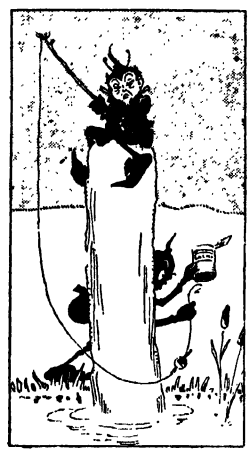
FORTYWINK GOES FISHING

A FORTYWINK went fishing—
A sleepy elf was he,
He set his tackle floating,
Then dozed off peacefully.

An Openeye came roaming
Along the river-side.
" I'll teach this drowsy fellow
A thing or two ! " he cried.

" A lesson he is needing,
To make him keep awake.
He shall not catch a salmon,
But *something* he shall take ! "

The Fortywink that evening
Told all his fairy kin,
" I had no luck ! "—forgetting
He'd hooked a salmon-tin !



MY LOVE AND I

IN spring my love did gaily flirt
And pull my heart-strings either way;
One day with love, the next with tears,
One day in April, one in May.

In summertime I'd pluck the flowers
To win a song and show my love ;
And I would lie within the fields
While she swung on the bough above.

In autumn, when the nuts were brown,
She hid within the brambles low,
Calling to tempt me on and on
Simply because I loved her so.

In winter, now, she'll pass me by
In warm attire and breast-knot gay ;
Then, when I bring a little gift,
She merely looks the other way.

Sweetheart, I love you all the same,
Robina Redbreast is your name.

CECILY ADELAIDE HALLACK

MOLLY'S VALENTINE

WHAT do you think has happened ?
You'd never, never guess ;
This very, very morning
The postman came and, yes,
He really truly brought me
A lovely valentine !
It says outside, " For Molly,"
And so I know it's mine.

Just look—what lovely roses !
And see that teeny dove,
Up high among the branches !
And read this : " To my Love."
And if you lift this shutter
The dearest little face
Peeps out and smiles up at you,
And see—what pretty lace !

Who do you s'pose has sent it ?
The postman doesn't know,
And everybody in the house
Looks at it and says, " No."
If you won't tell I'll whisper—
I found it on a shelf,
And put it in an envelope
And sent it to myself !

BUTTERCUP

I'VE got a fairy in a box ;
I *made* her all myself.
I always keep her safe away,
On mother's shelf.

I thought of her and cut her out,
But mother sewed her up ;
And then I picked a name for her :
It's Buttercup.

I mustn't tell you what she's like,
She asked me not to say,
In case you tried to make her, if
You knew the way.
She would not know which one to be,
If there were two of her, you see.

THE MAN WITH THE BARROW

ONE day in a street that was narrow,
I stopped a man wheeling a barrow,
To ask, " Where is Bow ? "
But he said, " I don't know,
I should think it was close against 'Arrow."

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

A LITTLE boy got out of bed—
'Twas only six o'clock—
And through the window poked his head
And spied a crowing cock.
The little boy said, " Mr. Bird,
Pray tell me, who are you ? "
And all the answer that he heard
Was " Cock-a-doodle-doo ! "

THE BOASTER

HARRY was a dreadful boaster,
He had got a brand new coaster.
"Look," he cried, "just look at me;
I can do it splendidly!
"I go fast when it is hilly,
Other boys are very silly,
They're afraid, that's why they're slow:
One, two, three, away I go!"
But it wasn't quite so easy,
For the road was rather greasy,
And the boaster quickly found
He was sitting on the ground!

A RAINY AFTERNOON

'TWAS raining fast.
The minutes passed
Till it was after three;
And this was sad,
For Daisy had
Been asked to go to tea,
Across the way,
With Stella Gray,
Her friend, at half-past four;
She almost cried,
"Oh dear," she sighed,
"It's raining more and more!
"Here's little Tim,
I'll play with him,
He, too, seems dull and sad,
For Nurse, he said,
Had gone to bed,
Because her head was bad."
And so she played
Until she made
Her brother laugh again
In great delight,
Forgetting quite
The disappointing rain.
The moments fled
Till mother said,
"My girlie, don't you know
The rain has gone?
So hurry on
Your coat, and let us go!"



This is the way in which Nursery Rhymes are pictured in tiles on the walls of Children's Hospitals

A BOWL OF MILK

JOHNNY saw a bowl of milk—on the shelf;
Thought he'd like to drink it all—by himself.
Soon the milk was gone and he—lay to sleep,
But his Mummie found him all—in a heap.

"Deary me! Oh, deary me!" Johnny cried,
"What an awful pain I've got right inside!"
Mummie lifted Johnny up—there he stood,
Stiff and straight as any doll—made of wood.
Stiffer, straighter, stiffer yet—till at last,
Mummie fetched Papa and he—stood aghast!

Mary from the pantry came—running quick,
Saw poor Johnny standing straight—as a stick.
"Naughty boy, he's drunk my starch!" Mary cried;
"And it's gone and made him all—stiff inside!"

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORROW

WITH light leaves stirred
By drowsy bird,
With many a folded flower,
With glimmering star
Whose light afar
Brings in the twilight hour:

With falling dews,
With rosy hues
The lake reflects from heaven,
The April sun,
His labours done,
Bids Marjorie "Good-even."

With skies that hold
The blue and gold
Of sunshine and bright weather,
With orchard blooms,
With fresh perfumes
Of woods and fields together:

With rippling notes
From feathered throats
That banish care and sorrow,
With blossoms gay
The fair May day
Bids Marjorie "Good-morrow."

POSSESSIONS

I'VE got a boat, and an aeroplane,
And a top that sings;
But I like my soldiers perhaps the best
Of all my things.

And mother's got just heaps and heaps,
For she's old, you see.
But the thing of *hers* that she likes the best,
She says, is—*me!*

THE TWO BROWN BEARS

Two little brown bears once lived with their father in a little wooden house high up among the Swiss mountains. They might have been quite happy but for one thing—the little brother bears were always quarrelling.

At one time they used to share the same bed. But one little bear would grunt: "Move up; you are not giving me enough room." And the other would growl: "Move up yourself; I am on the edge as it is."

At last they were separated, and each sulkily rolled himself in his own little bed every night.

At one time they used to share the same porringer, but one bear would growl:

"You take two spoonfuls to my one!"

And the other would grunt:

"My spoonfuls are much smaller than yours!"

And they would clash their spoons against each other until all the good milk would be spilt, so that at last their father gave them each a little porringer.

There was only one thing of which they were willing for the other to have the larger share, and that was work.

When they grew old enough to share in the log-cutting, they watched each other with jealous eyes.

"I have done two strokes to your one!" the first little bear would grunt.

"My strokes go deeper than yours!" the other would growl.

So at last their father made them work always at the same log, and take it in turn to strike—first one, then the other. But the poor father bear was growing old and feeble, and one cold wintry day he felt that he could do no more work.

"You must go to the log-cutting by yourselves, my sons," he said. "Try to keep from quarrelling, and bring back one log for the fire, for my bones are nearly frozen."

So the two little bears went to the log-cutting, but they wrangled and wrangled, and not one stroke did they make, each waiting for the other to begin. Meanwhile, the poor father felt colder and colder.

"I shall die of cold if they don't come soon," he thought. "I shall have to go out myself, after all."

So he started to look for them. But he was so old and feeble, and it was so cold, that when he had gone a little way he could go no farther, and he lay down in the snow, and it grew colder and colder. Then the snow fairies came, whirling about him until one cried:

"Come, old bear, if you stay here you will be frozen; why don't you go home?"

"Bring my sons," he gasped. But it was too late, and the old bear lay dead in the snow. And the two brother bears were still wrangling over their log.

Thus the snow fairies found them.

"Oh, wicked sons!" cried the snow fairies. "Chain them to the log! They shall be chained for ever and ever."

In a moment the two bears and the log had dwindled and dwindled, and on the ground lay a small object that the snow fairies caught up, and whirled through the air until they reached a little town at the foot of the mountains.

The next morning when Gretchen, the daughter of Karl, who kept the shop that was full of carved boxes and toys, went out to arrange the stall in front of the shop, she called her mother.

"See what I have found on the stall!" she said. "Where did it come from? It is not one of father's carvings!"

She held out what seemed to be a carved model of two bears. They were fixed on two slender pieces of wood that could be moved backwards and forwards, and when one pulled them the little bears would each swing up an axe, and strike in turn the log that lay between.

"No," her mother said, "it is not one of your father's carvings; never, indeed, have I seen any carving like this before, they might almost be alive!"

"It may have been my fancy," said Gretchen, "but when I picked them up I thought I felt them quiver in my fingers."

"Who knows?" said her mother. "Strange things happen sometimes; perhaps they are a gift from the fairies, and they may bring us luck."

And so Gretchen put the little bears back on the stall, and a few hours later the writer of this story passed by and bought those same bears for a shilling.

And whoever does not believe that this story is true may come to see me, and I will show him those two little bears. Perhaps one day the fairies will give them another chance, and I shall wake to find my little wooden bears gone.



Three Little Maids

THREE little maids from Holland
To Bonnie Scotland came;
"We'd love to see," cried all the three,
"A Scottish lassie's 'hame.'"

Three little maids from Holland
Set out to climb a hill,
They stopped to rest, and all confessed
That climbing made them ill.

"We're glad that we aren't Scottish,"
The little maidens cried;
"It's better much, when you are Dutch,
To walk downhill—or ride.

"There's no land like the Lowland
For walking out with ease,
The Highland's sweet, oh, quite a treat,
On picture postcards, please."

A Boy, a Boot, and a Kit

THERE were three of them on the bank of a pond—
A boy, a boot, and a kit;
And the boy, he thought the kit and the boot
Would just make a perfect fit.

There were three of them—a boy on a bank,
A kit and a boot afloat;
For the boy, he thought that the ancient boot
Would make a delightful boat.

The boy on the bank was full of glee,
With his craft so new and strange;
And the boot, which had trodden life's dusty ways,
Found the pond a pleasant change.

There were three of them. But the kit in the boot,
With its loud, protesting mews,
Cried: "The ocean wave for our sailormen,
If you'll kindly me excuse!"

Bedtime

GOBLIN-TIME'S at night-time,
When the lights aren't lit,
And the wind goes howling, howling,
And the shadows flit,
And the fire flames and flitters,
And loud sounds the chime,
And the stairway creaks and mutters—
"Ugh, it's goblin-time!"

Fairy-time's at bedtime,
When the night-light's low;
Then the fairies come to watch me,
And the goblins go;
And all night I may dream safely,
For my mother's *sure*
Fairies never *would* let goblins
Peep inside my door!

THE OLD WOMAN IN A NEW SHOE

Now, when the old woman
Who lived in a shoe
Had smacked all her children
(As some women do),

She grew rather sorry
She'd used so much force,
But she couldn't unsmack them
(She knew that, of course).

And the children, no longer
Unruly and pert,
Lay screaming and crying
(Because they felt hurt),

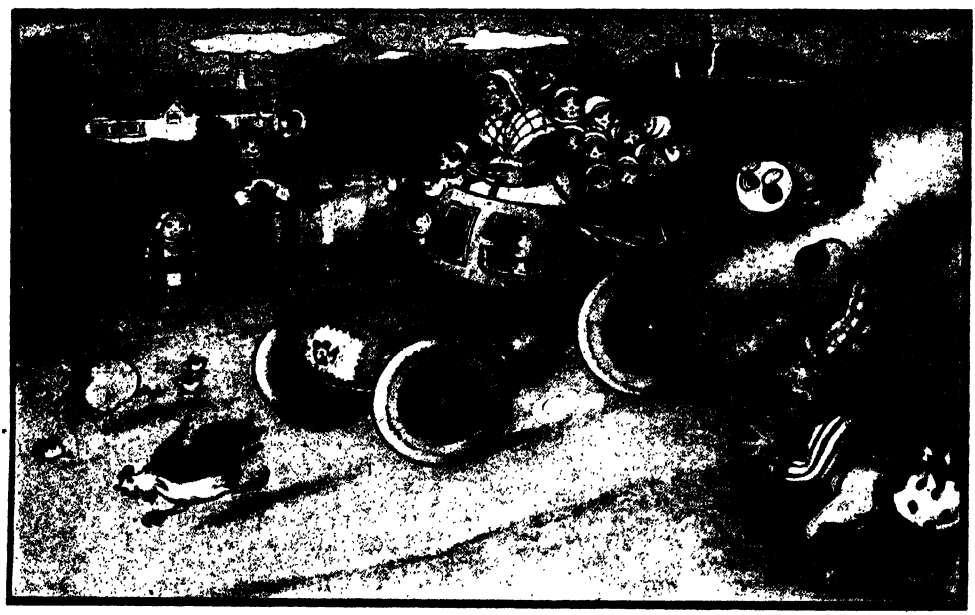


And they laughed, and were happy
(As good children are)
When they found it turned into
A fine motor-car.

There were handles to work it,
And brakes, and a wheel
On each side of the sole and
Each side of the heel.



And they went for a run over
Hill and down dell,
And the chickens they met with
Went running as well.



Till she shouted, "Be quiet!
I can't get a wink;
Go to sleep and I'll give you—
Now, what do you think?

"You shall see in the morning;
That is—if you're good!"
So they all went to sleep, then,
As quick as they could.



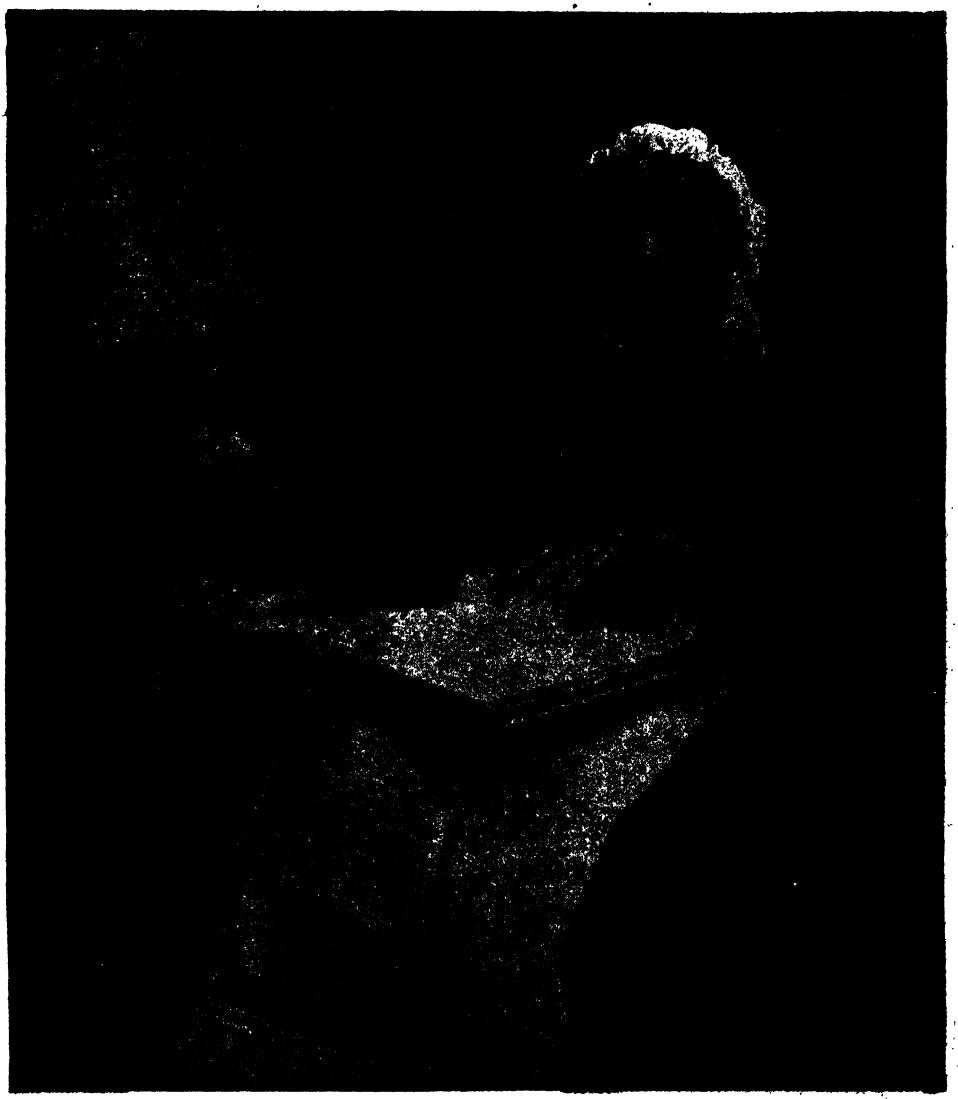
When they woke in the morning,
They rose with a shout:
They could feel the shoe bumping
And moving about,

With the old woman steering,
They travelled so fast
You could hear, but could scarcely
Have seen them go past.

Thus for miles through the country
They joyously sped:
"Hip-hurrah!" cried the children.
And all of them said

For such rides every morning
They'd all with delight
Go smacked, without supper,
To bed every night!

WHEN GRANNIE WAS A VERY LITTLE GIRL



When Grannie was a girl like me, her frocks she never tore,
And *never* spilt the ink all down *her* clean, white pinafore;
She never minded going to bed, and never got up late,
And never made grimaces at the food upon her plate.
Her hair was always neatly brushed, and never out of curl—
I'm very glad *I* wasn't born when Grannie was a girl!

But when I'm old like Grannie, just to make it right and fair,
When *my* grandchildren ask for tales and cluster round my chair,
I mean to put my glasses on and shake my head, you know,
And tell them all how good *I* was in days of long ago;
And when they're cross and naughty, and the nursery's in a whirl,
I'll say "'Twas *very* different, dears, when Grannie was a girl."

A STORM CAME OVER BROWNIE LAND



OH, TO BE IN BROWNIE LAND, NOW THAT APRIL'S HERE

NUTS ARE CHEAP TODAY



THE NUT CONTROLLER DELIVERS HIS RATIONS

MR. SLEEPY WAITS FOR SLOWCOACH



THE SNAILWAY IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE RAILWAY

THE CROCODILE PAYS AN UNEXPECTED CALL



WAITING FOR A BITE

JIMMY MOUSE SPIES AN APPLE



"That's a very fine apple," said Jimmy Mouse. "I think I could reach if Little Brothers would help."



So he ran back home, and with the help of the whole family he could just manage to touch it.



But as he began to nibble, out buzzed a great wasp, and frightened them all out of their wits.

THE GNOMES IN A MISCHIEVOUS MOOD



The three little gnomes were having a rare old pow-wow. Timothy was sitting on his little stool telling tales, and Sammy and Billy were listening and laughing, saying every minute, "Ha, ha, ha!" and "He, he, he!"



Said Sammy at last, "Mistress Molly has been washing our shirts; let's play a trick on her." "Yes, yes!" cried Billy. "But what shall we do?" "Jump into them!" said Sammy. "Quick, quick; here she comes!"



"A nice breeze and a nice hot sun," says Mistress Molly. "It's high time these shirts were dry." "Ha, ha, ha!" shout the gnomes. "Oh!" cried Mistress Molly, dropping her basket. As for the cat, she ran like mad.

GOOD-MORNING, JUNE



ABOVE THE EDGE OF DARK APPEAR THE LANCES OF THE SUN,
ALONG THE FOREST RIDGES CLEAR HIS ROSY HERALDS RUN.

THE BOY AND THE KITE

SAID Jack, " I'm going to make a kite,
Far bigger than our summer-house,
I'll fly it up to such a height,
'Twill look no bigger than a mouse ! "

His parents and his friends said " Don't !
Pray be content with something small."
But self-willed Jack replied, " I won't !
I'm going to make it wide and tall ! "

And so he took a bamboo pole,
And over it he tied another.
His schoolmates thought him very droll,
But Jacky's doings worried Mother.

Across the frame he stretched a sheet,
And then he made a great big tail.
" Hurrah ! " cried Jack. " It's now complete.
I'd love to fly it in a gale ! "

A gale blew up, Jack asked some friends
To help him carry out the kite.
They did so ; see, the kite ascends ;
Jack pulls the string and holds it tight.

But wind and kite were far too strong,
Jack lost his feet and up he went,
And in the air was pulled along.
He now became quite penitent.

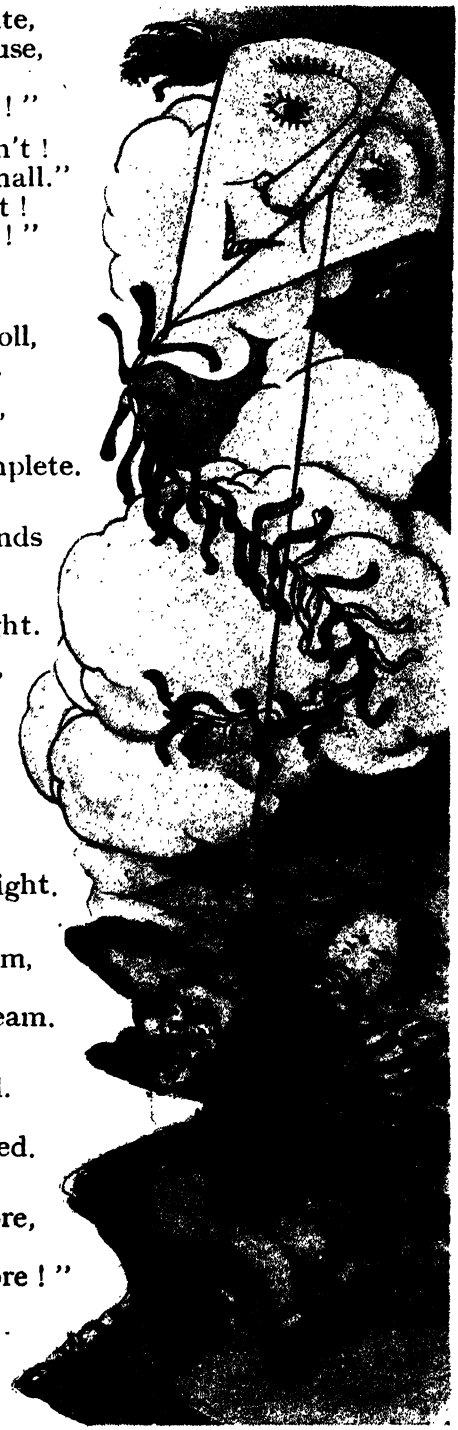
He wished he'd listened to advice,
For ever higher rose the kite ;
He set his teeth just like a vice,
And gripped the string with all his might.

When half a dozen miles had passed,
And Jack was hovering o'er a stream,
The kite began to fall at last,
And from the boy there came a scream.

Down, ever down, until at last,
Into the muddy stream he splashed.
The water filled his mouth so fast,
He spluttered and he splatter-dashed.

Two anglers, with their fishing-rods,
The wretched boy hauled to the shore,
And as he lay upon the clods
He, like the bird, quoth " Nevermore ! "

" My parents and my older friends
Are wiser far than I can be ! "
And it is said that Jack intends
A more obedient boy to be.



WATCHING THE LIFE OF SEPTEMBER GO BY



A SEAT IN NATURE'S PICTURE-PALACE

HERE WE COME GATHERING NUTS IN OCTOBER



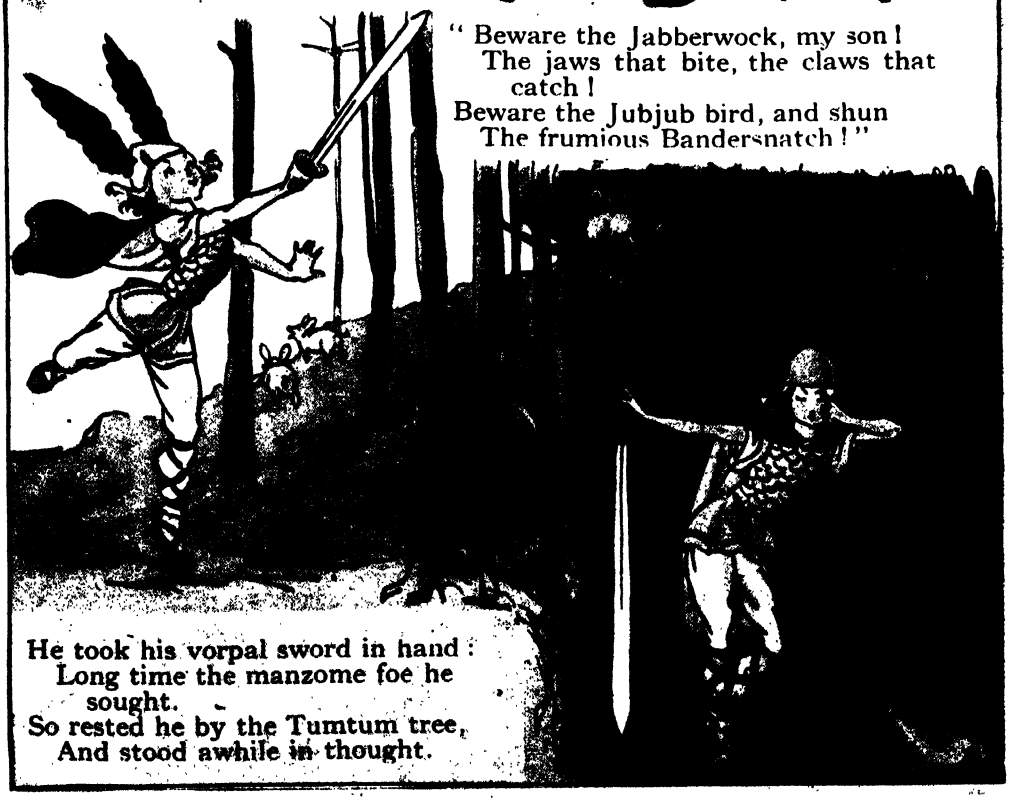
THE LAST FRUITS OF THE YEAR

'TWAS BRILLIG AND THE SLITHY TOVES

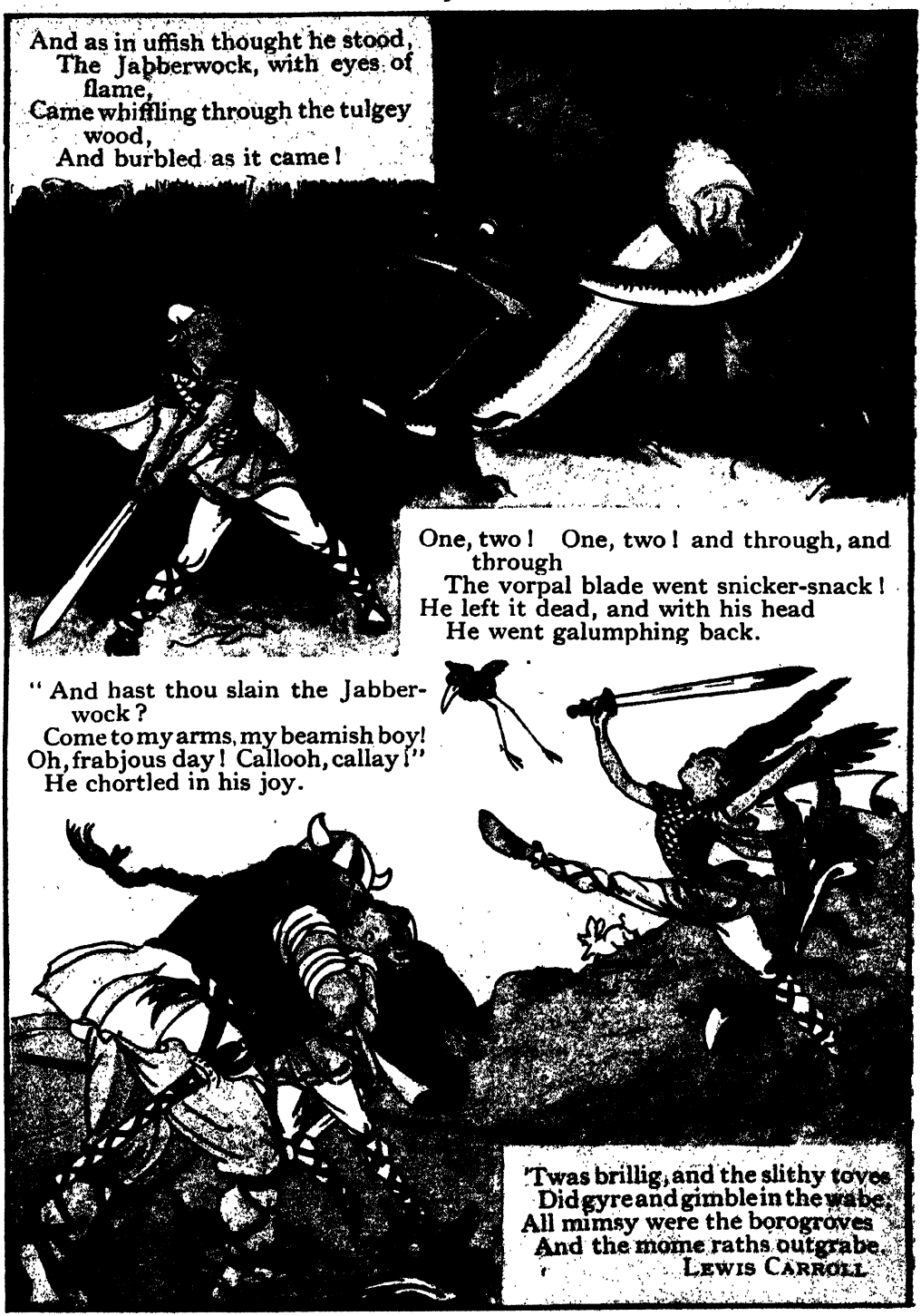


'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

" Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"



He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manzome foe he sought.
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.


And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!
One, two! One, two! and through, and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with his head
He went galumphing back.
" And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
Oh, frabjous day! Callooh, callay!"
He chortled in his joy.
'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves
And the mome raths outgrabe.
LEWIS CARROLL

Sleep, My Little One, Sleep

The Bed Speaks

Sleep in my cabin, I am your ship;
Rest in my berth like a bird in the bower.
Dream of the sea, and the darkness shall slip,
Morning shall break like a little red flower,
A little red daisy just blown on the plain.
Shake out the star-spangled sail for an hour,
Wake to the thrush in the lilac again;
Sleep.



The Star Speaks

Sleep in my guarding, I am above,
Armoured in diamond, flashing a spear,
Set at my post by the Captain of Love,
Watching each roof and each bed and each fear,
Watching each cave and each burrow and nest,
Watching the moonlight, the hills, and the deer,
Guiding lost prayers to their welcome and rest;
Sleep.

BY JANET BEGBIE

1181

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