

*The*  
**CHILDREN'S TREASURY**



**A BOOK TO GROW ON**







*The* CHILDREN'S  
TREASURY



Terri  
Toch

ABOUT  
A BOOK TO GROW ON

A BOOK TO GROW ON

Bill



# *The* CHILDREN'S



# TREASURY



*Compiled by*

**MARJORIE BARROWS**

*Art Editor*

**LILLIAN B. WUERFEL**



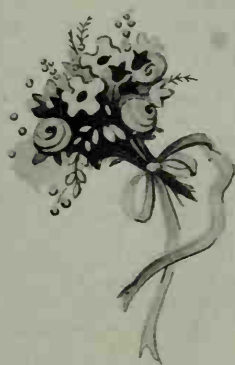
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*To All  
Boys and Girls  
Who Love Story Book Friends*





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# THE HOUSE THAT JILL BUILT

BY CAROLYN WELLS

PICTURES BY  
R. BUEHRIG



This is the *HOUSE* that *JILL* built.



This is the *DOLL*  
that lived in the *HOUSE* that *JILL* built.



This is the *CAKE*  
that fed the *DOLL*  
that lived in the *HOUSE* that *JILL* built.





This is the *OVEN*  
that baked the *CAKE*  
that fed the *DOLL*  
that lived in the *HOUSE* that *JILL* built.



This is the *WOOD*  
that heated the *OVEN*  
that baked the *CAKE*  
that fed the *DOLL*  
that lived in the *HOUSE* that *JILL* built.



This is the *TREE* of a dusky shade  
that gave the *WOOD*  
that heated the *OVEN*  
that baked the *CAKE*  
that fed the *DOLL*  
that lived in the *HOUSE* that *JILL* built.



This is the *AX* with a shining blade  
that chopped the *TREE* of a dusky shade  
that gave the *WOOD*  
that heated the *OVEN*  
that baked the *CAKE*  
that fed the *DOLL*  
that lived in the *HOUSE* that *JILL* built.





This is the *WOODMAN* sober and staid  
who slung the *AX* with a shining blade  
that chopped the *TREE* of a dusky shade





that gave the *WOOD*  
that heated the *OVEN*  
that baked the *CAKE*  
that fed the *DOLL*  
that lived in the *HOUSE* that *JILL* built.



This is the *HORSE* that pranced and neighed  
when he saw the *WOODMAN* sober and staid  
who slung the *AX* with a shining blade  
that chopped the *TREE* of a dusky shade



that gave the *WOOD*  
that heated the *OVEN*  
that baked the *CAKE*  
that fed the *DOLL*  
that lived in the *HOUSE* that *JILL* built.



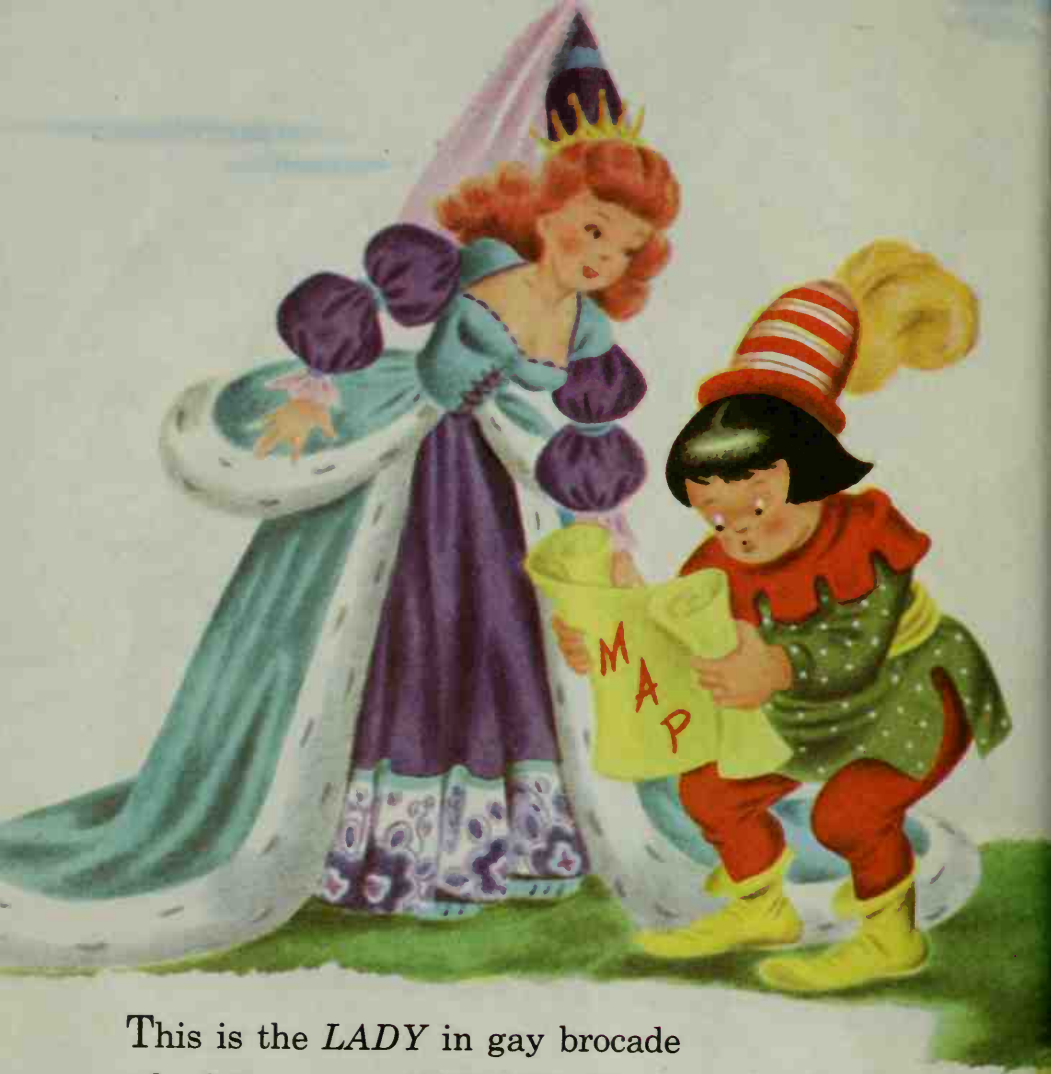
This is the *KNIGHT* with the red cockade  
who rode on the *HORSE* that pranced and neighed  
when he saw the *WOODMAN* sober and staid  
who slung the *AX* with a shining blade  
that chopped the *TREE* of a dusky shade





that gave the *WOOD*  
that heated the *OVEN*  
that baked the *CAKE*  
that fed the *DOLL*  
that lived in the *HOUSE* that *JILL* built.





This is the *LADY* in gay brocade  
who followed the *KNIGHT* with the red cockade  
who rode on the *HORSE* that pranced and neighed  
when he saw the *WOODMAN* sober and staid  
who slung the *AX* with a shining blade  
that chopped the *TREE* of a dusky shade



that gave the *WOOD*  
that heated the *OVEN*  
that baked the *CAKE*  
that fed the *DOLL*  
that lived in the *HOUSE* that *JILL* built.



This is the *GLITTERING CAVALCADE*  
that rode after the *LADY* in gay brocade  
who followed the *KNIGHT* with the red cockade  
who rode on the *HORSE* that pranced and neighed  
when he saw the *WOODMAN* sober and staid  
who slung the *AX* with a shining blade  
that chopped the *TREE* of a dusky shade



that gave the *WOOD*  
that heated the *OVEN*  
that baked the *CAKE*  
that fed the *DOLL*  
that lived in the *HOUSE* that *JILL* built.



This is the *DONKEY* who loudly brayed  
at sight of the *GLITTERING CAVALCADE*  
that rode after the *LADY* in gay brocade  
who followed the *KNIGHT* with the red cockade  
who rode on the *HORSE* that pranced and neighed  
when he saw the *WOODMAN* sober and staid  
who slung the *AX* with a shining blade  
that chopped the *TREE* of a dusky shade





that gave the *WOOD*  
that heated the *OVEN*  
that baked the *CAKE*  
that fed the *DOLL*  
that lived in the *HOUSE* that *JILL* built.



This is the *KING* who was much dismayed  
to hear the *DONKEY* who loudly brayed  
at sight of the *GLITTERING CAVALCADE*  
that rode after the *LADY* in gay brocade  
who followed the *KNIGHT* with the red cockade  
who rode on the *HORSE* that pranced and neighed  
when he saw the *WOODMAN* sober and staid  
who slung the *AX* with a shining blade  
that chopped the *TREE* of a dusky shade





that gave the *WOOD*  
that heated the *OVEN*  
that baked the *CAKE*  
that fed the *DOLL*  
that lived in the *HOUSE* that *JILL* built.

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# THE LITTLE GRAY PONY



BY MAUD LINDSAY

here was once a man who owned a little gray pony. Every morning, when the birds were singing, the man would jump on his pony and ride away, clippety, clippety, clap! The man rode to town and to country, to church and to market, up hill and down hill; and, one day, he heard something fall with a clang on a stone in the road. Looking back, he saw a horse-shoe lying there. And when he saw it, he cried:

“What *shall* I do? What *shall* I do,  
If my little gray pony has lost a shoe?”

Then down he jumped in a very great hurry and looked at one of the pony's forefeet, but nothing was wrong. He lifted the other forefoot, but the shoe was still there. He examined one of the hindfeet, and began to think that he was mistaken; but, when he looked at the last foot, he cried again:

“What *shall* I do? What *shall* I do?  
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!”






Then he made haste to go to the blacksmith,  
and he called:

“Blacksmith! Blacksmith! I’ve come to you;  
My little gray pony *has* lost a shoe!”





But the blacksmith answered and said:

“How can I shoe your pony’s feet,  
Without some coal the iron to heat?”

So the man left the blacksmith’s, and hurried  
here and there to buy the coal.

First of all he went to the store, and he said:

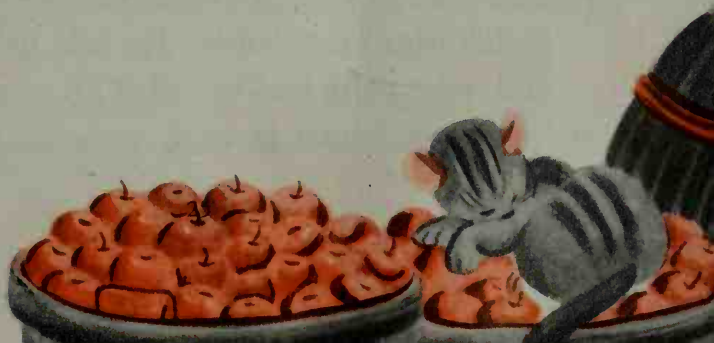
“Storekeeper! Storekeeper! I’ve come to you;  
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!  
And I want some coal the iron to heat,  
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony’s feet.”

But the storekeeper answered and said:

“Now I have apples and candy to sell,  
And more nice things than I can tell;  
But I’ve no coal the iron to heat,  
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony’s feet.”

Then the man went away sighing, and saying:

“What *shall* I do? What *shall* I do?  
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!”



By and by he met a farmer with a wagon,  
and he said:

“Farmer! Farmer! I’ve come to you;  
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!  
And I want some coal the iron to heat,  
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony’s feet.”

But then the farmer answered and said:

“I’ve bushels of corn, and hay, and wheat,  
Something for you and your pony to eat;  
But I’ve no coal the iron to heat,  
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony’s feet.”

So the farmer drove away and left the man  
sighing:

“What *shall* I do? What *shall* I do?  
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!”

After a while a very old woman came down  
the road, driving a flock of geese to market;  
and, when she came near the man, she stopped  
to ask him his trouble. He told her all about it;  
and, when she had heard it all, she laughed till  
her geese joined in with a cackle and she said:





“If you would know where the coal is found,  
You must go to the miner, who works in the ground.”



Then the man sprang to his feet, and, thanking the old woman, he ran to the miner. Now the miner had been working many a long day down in the mine, under the ground where it



was so dark that he had to wear a lamp on the front of his cap to light him at his work. He had plenty of black coal ready and gave great lumps of it to the man, who took them in haste to the blacksmith.



The blacksmith lighted his great, red fire,  
and hammered out four, fine new shoes, with  
a cling and a clang.

And fastened them on with a rap and a tap!







Then away rode the man on his little gray pony--  
clippety, clippety, clap!

From *Mother Stories* by Maud Lindsay, copyright by Lothrop, Lee, & Shepard Co., Inc., New York.

# A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES

PICTURES BY

CLARA  
ERNST

POEMS BY  
ROBERT LOUIS  
STEVENSON



## THE WORLD

The world is so full  
Of a number of things,  
I'm sure we should all  
Be as happy as kings.

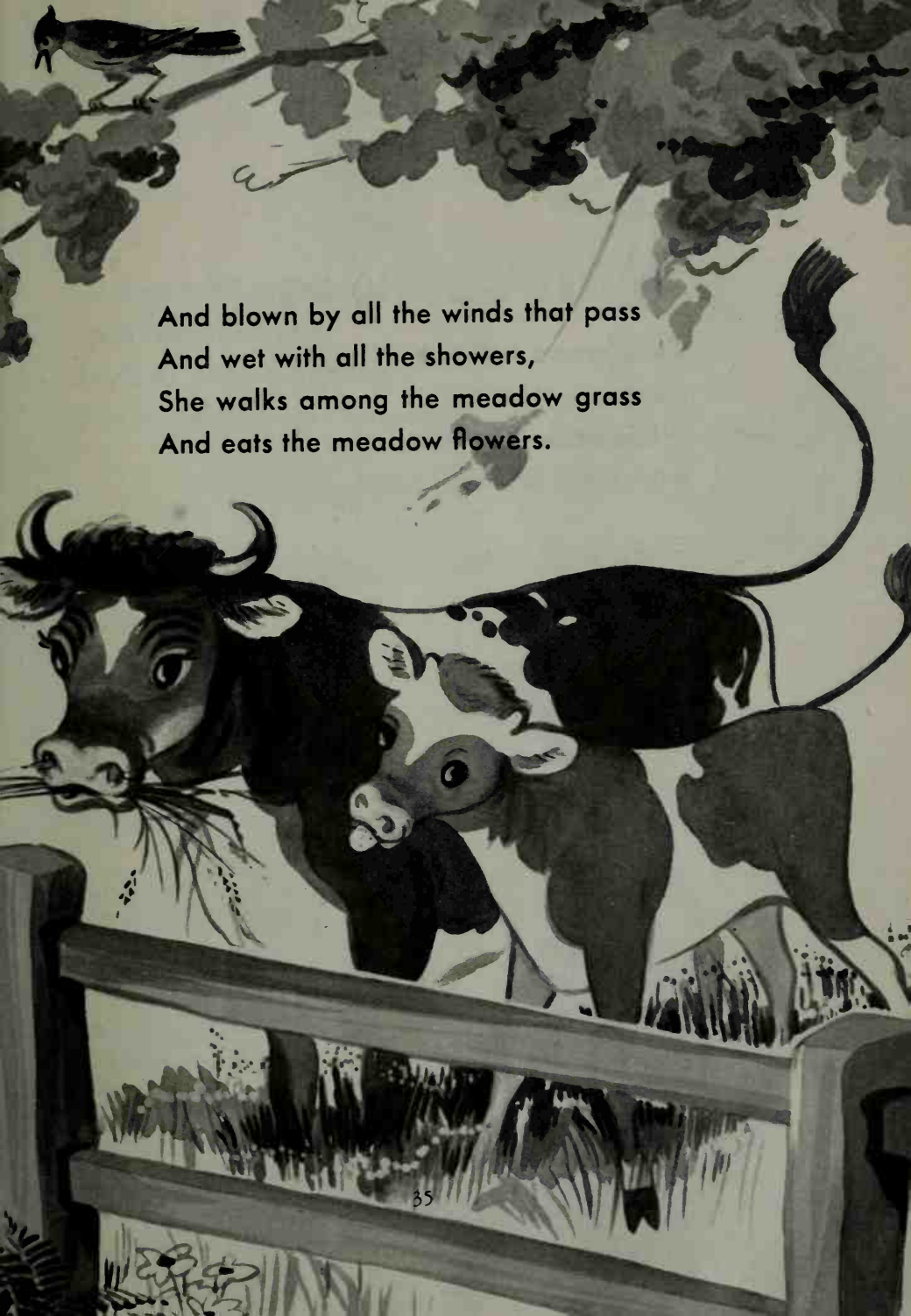
# THE COW

The friendly cow all red and white,  
I love with all my heart;  
She gives me cream with all her might,  
To eat with apple tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,  
And yet she cannot stray,  
All in the pleasant open air,  
The pleasant light of day;





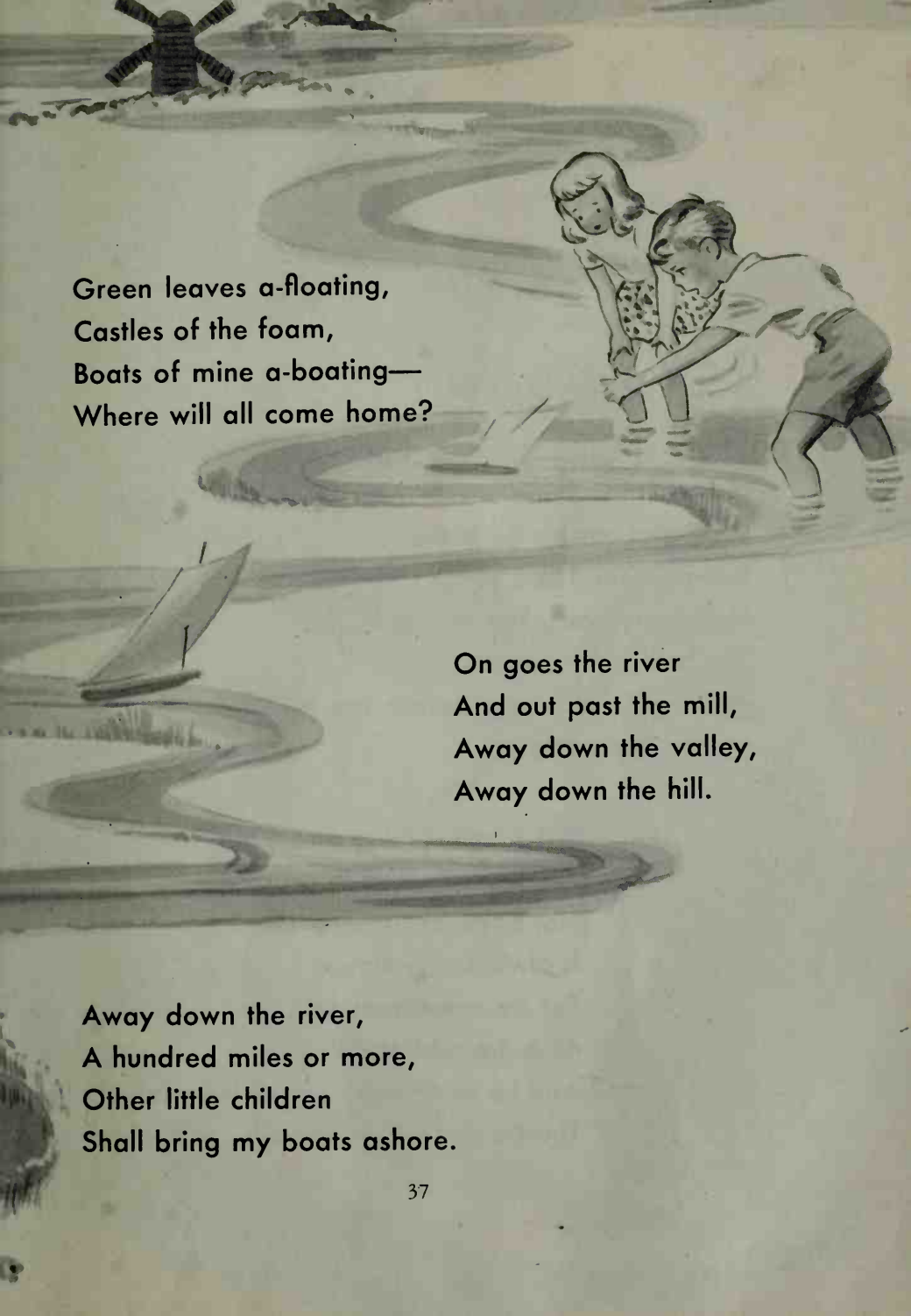
A black and white illustration. In the upper left, a small bird with a dark body and a lighter breast is perched on a branch with dark, rounded leaves. Below the text, a cow with dark patches on a white body and small horns stands behind a wooden fence. A small calf with similar markings is nestled against her. The fence is made of two horizontal rails. In the foreground, below the fence, there are some small, simple drawings of flowers and grass. The background is plain white.

And blown by all the winds that pass  
And wet with all the showers,  
She walks among the meadow grass  
And eats the meadow flowers.

# WHERE GO THE BOATS?

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





Green leaves a-floating,  
Castles of the foam,  
Boats of mine a-boating—  
Where will all come home?

On goes the river  
And out past the mill,  
Away down the valley,  
Away down the hill.

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



## MY SHADOW

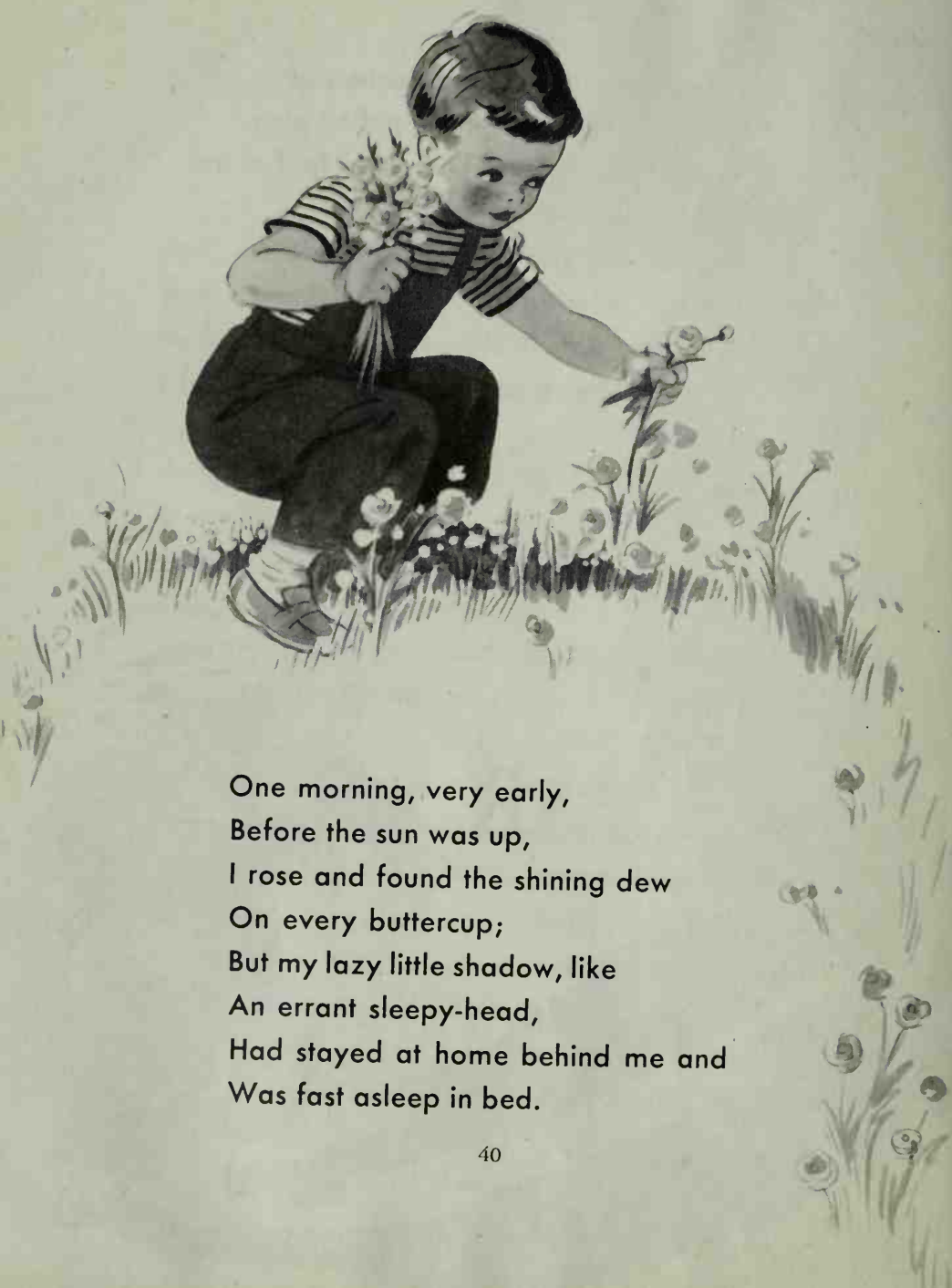
I have a little shadow that goes  
In and out with me,  
And what can be the use of him  
Is more than I can see.  
He is very, very like me from  
The heels up to the head;  
And I see him jump before me, when  
I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is  
The way he likes to grow—  
Not at all like proper children, which  
Is always very slow,  
For he sometimes shoots up taller like  
An india-rubber ball,  
And he sometimes gets so little that  
There's none of him at all.



He hasn't got a notion of  
How children ought to play,  
And can only make a fool of me  
In every sort of way.  
He stays so close beside me, he's  
A coward you can see;  
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as  
That shadow sticks to me!





One morning, very early,  
Before the sun was up,  
I rose and found the shining dew  
On every buttercup;  
But my lazy little shadow, like  
An errant sleepy-head,  
Had stayed at home behind me and  
Was fast asleep in bed.



## FROM A RAILWAY TRAIN

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,  
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches,  
And charging along like troops in a battle,  
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:  
All of the sights of the hill and the plain  
Fly as thick as driving rain;  
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,  
Painted stations whistle by.



Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,  
All by himself, and gathering brambles;  
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;  
And there is the grass for stringing the daisies!  
Here is a cart run away in the road,  
Lumping along with man and load;  
And here is a mill and there is a river:  
Each a glimpse and gone forever!






# FOREIGN LANDS

Up into the cherry tree  
Who should climb but little me?  
I held the trunk with both my hands  
And looked abroad on foreign lands.



I saw the sea and the hills  
And the blue looking out  
And the road going on  
The world is so big





A whimsical illustration of a city built on a large, multi-colored rainbow. In the upper right, a castle with a flag flies. Along the rainbow's arch, several figures in traditional attire play long, horizontal wind instruments. In the lower left, a young boy with light hair, wearing a checkered shirt and dark shorts, sits on the ground, focused on building with wooden blocks. He has constructed a small archway and a tower. Scattered blocks are around him. In the background, a sailboat is visible on the ground, and a large, stylized cloud or smoke plume rises behind the rainbow.

# BLOCK CITY

What are you able to build with your blocks?

Castles and palaces, temples and docks.

Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,

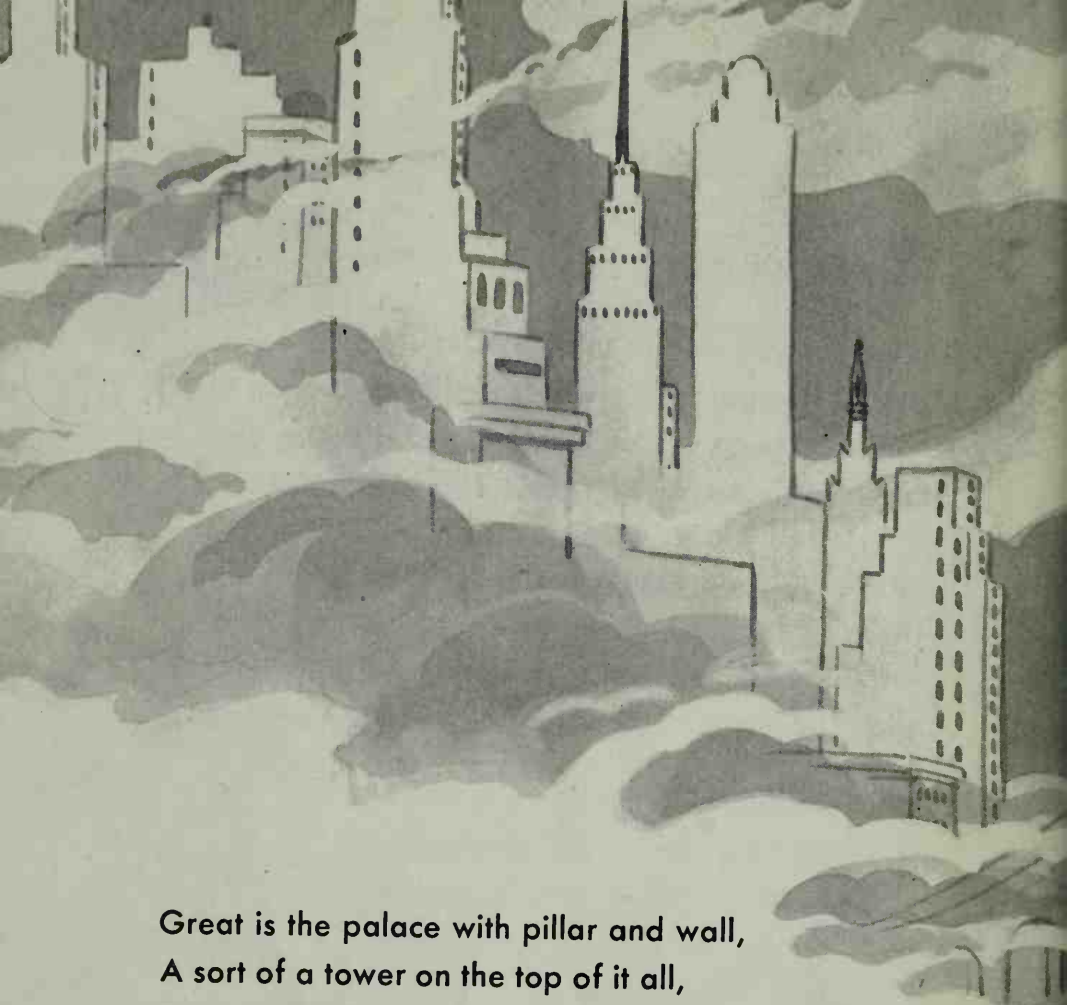
But I can be happy and building at home.

Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea,

There I'll establish a city for me:

A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,

And a harbor as well where my vessels may ride.



Great is the palace with pillar and wall,  
A sort of a tower on the top of it all,  
And steps coming down in an orderly way  
To where my toy vessels lie safe in the bay.

This one is sailing and that one is moored:  
Hark to the song of the sailors on board!  
And see, on the steps of my palace, the kings  
Coming and going with presents and things!

Now I have done with it, down let it go!  
All in a moment the town is laid low.  
Block upon block lying scattered and free,  
What is there left of my town by the sea?

Yet as I saw it, I see it again,  
The kirk and the palace, the ships and the men,  
And as long as I live and where'ere I may be,  
I'll always remember my town by the sea.

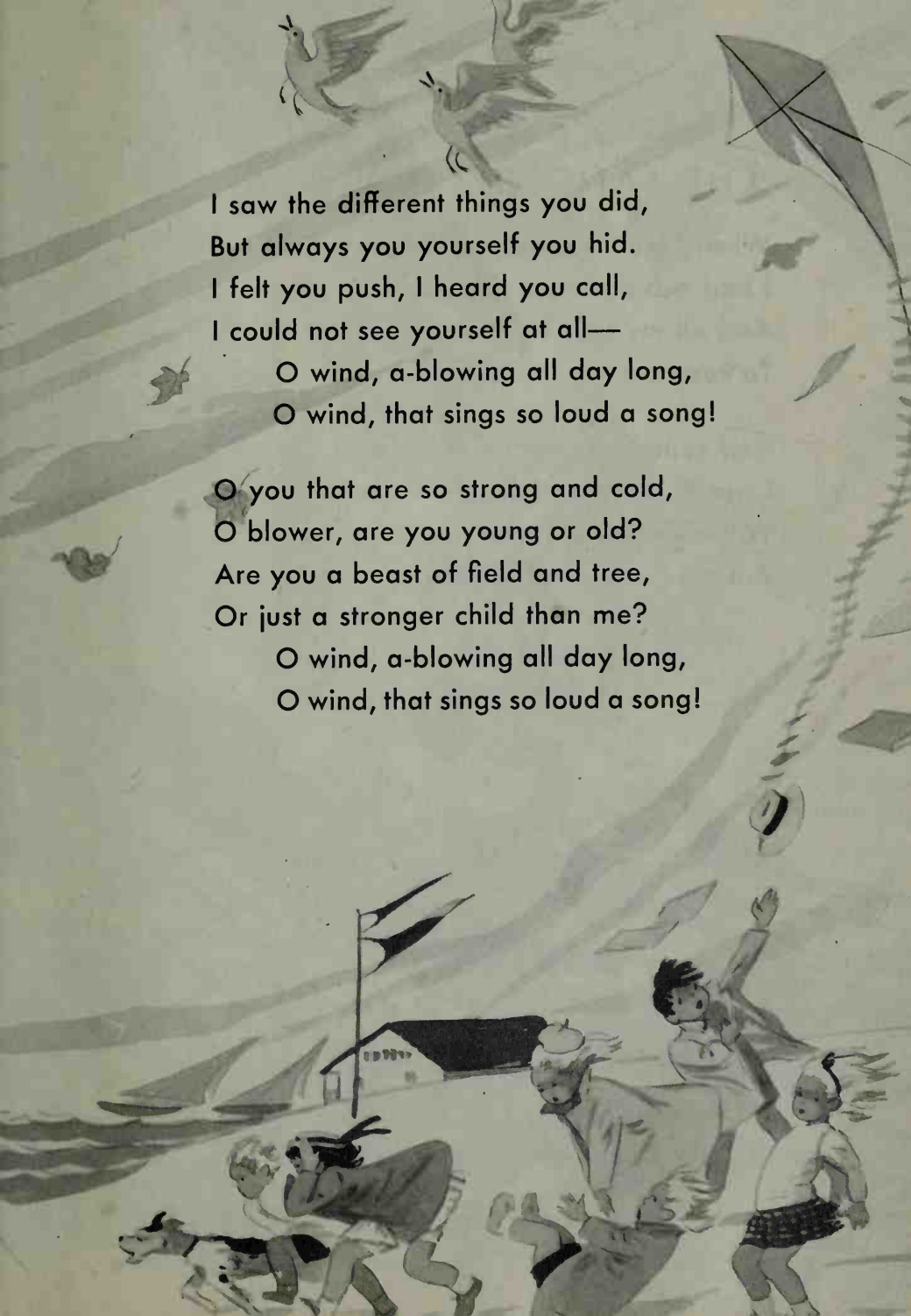




## THE WIND

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!





I saw the different things you did,  
But always you yourself you hid.  
I felt you push, I heard you call,  
I could not see yourself at all—

O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

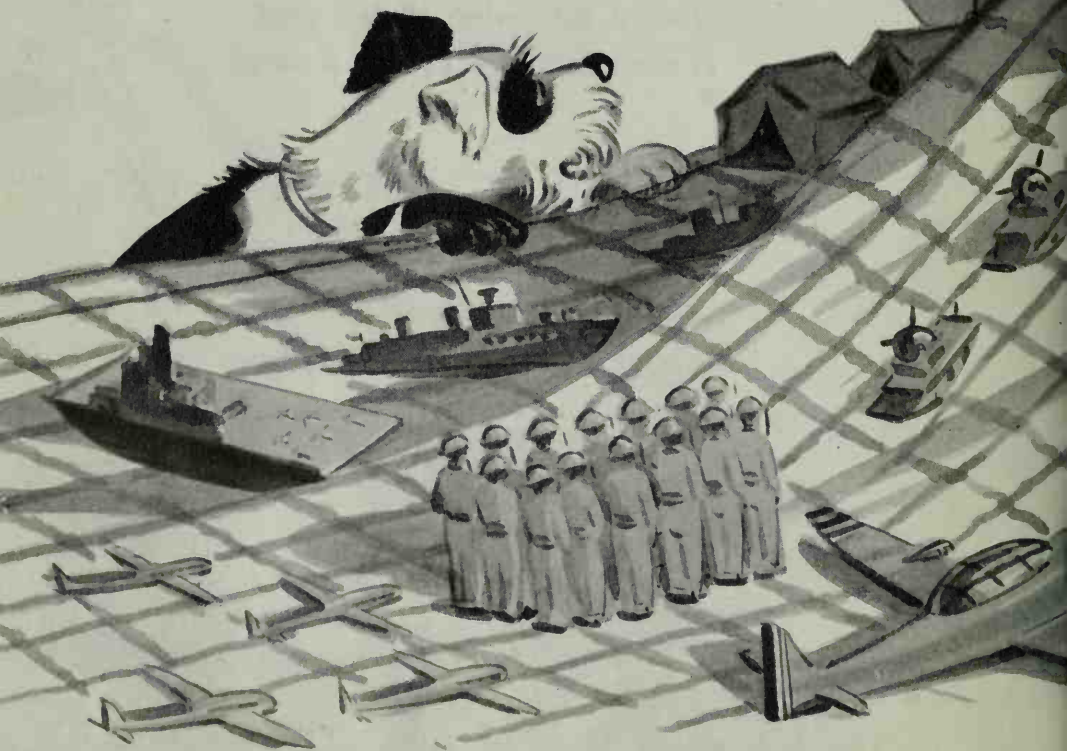
O you that are so strong and cold,  
O blower, are you young or old?  
Are you a beast of field and tree,  
Or just a stronger child than me?

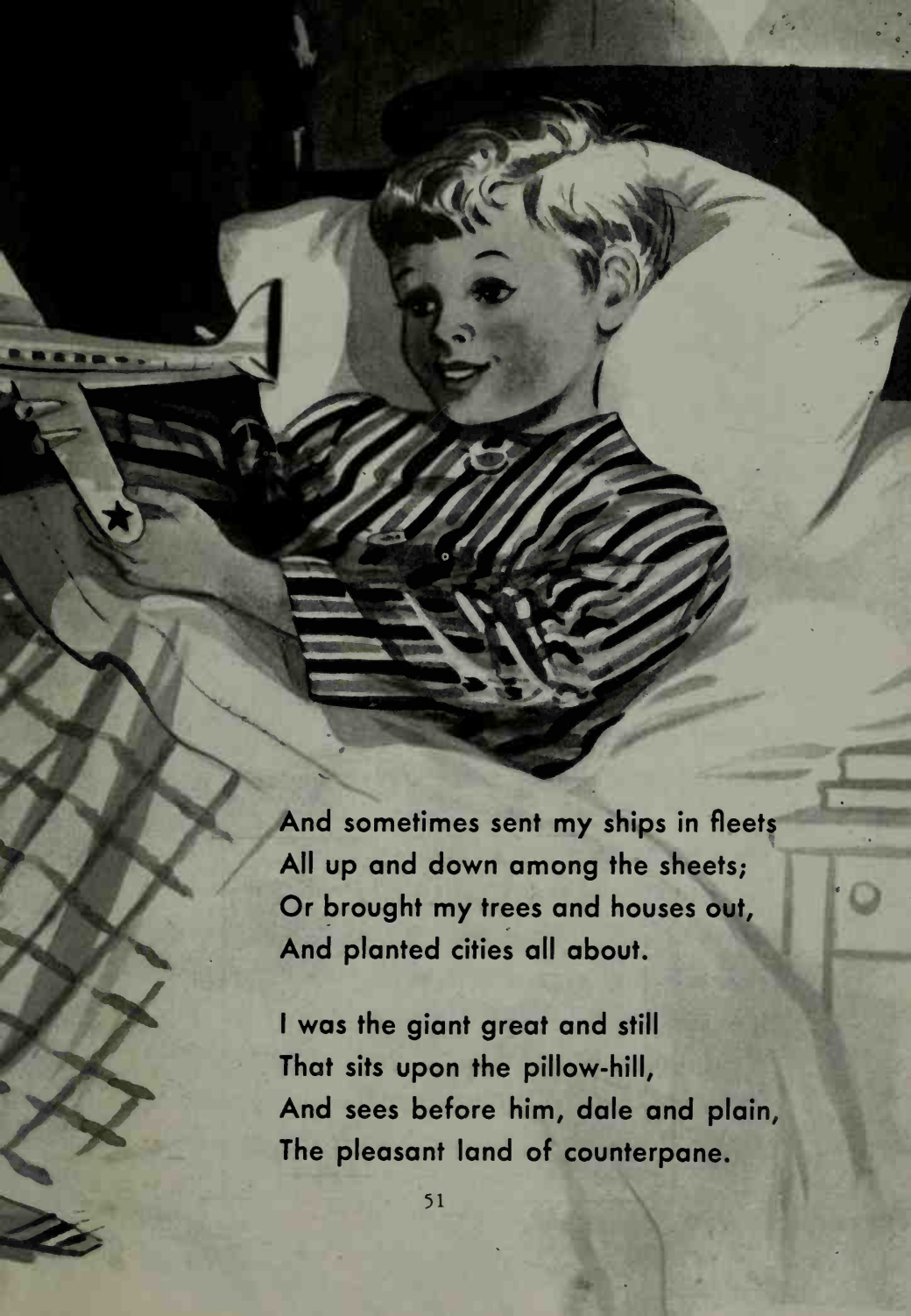
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

# THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

When I was sick and lay abed,  
I had two pillows at my head,  
And all my toys beside me lay  
To keep me happy all the day

And sometimes for an hour or so  
I watched my leaden soldiers go,  
With different uniforms and drills,  
Among the bedclothes, through the hills;





And sometimes sent my ships in fleets  
All up and down among the sheets;  
Or brought my trees and houses out,  
And planted cities all about.

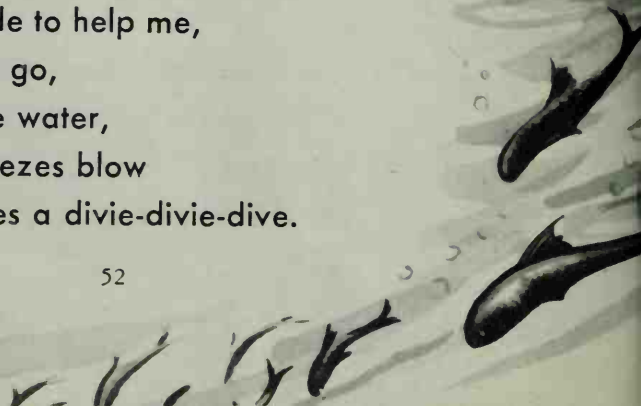
I was the giant great and still  
That sits upon the pillow-hill,  
And sees before him, dale and plain,  
The pleasant land of counterpane.



## MY SHIP AND I

Oh, it's I that am the captain  
Of a tidy little ship,  
Of a ship that goes a-sailing on the pond;  
And my ship it keeps a-turning  
All around and all about;  
But when I'm a little older,  
I shall find the secret out  
How to send my vessel sailing on beyond.

For I mean to grow as little  
As the dolly at the helm,  
And the dolly I intend to come alive;  
And with him beside to help me,  
It's a-sailing I shall go,  
It's a-sailing on the water,  
When the jolly breezes blow  
And the vessel goes a divie-divie-dive.





Oh, it's then you'll see me sailing  
Through the rushes and the reeds,  
And you'll hear the water singing at the prow;  
For beside the dolly sailor,  
I'm to voyage and explore,  
To land upon the island  
Where no dolly was before,  
And to fire the penny cannon in the bow.





## THE LAND OF NOD

From breakfast on through all the day  
At home among my friends I stay;  
But every night I go abroad  
Afar into the Land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,  
With none to tell me what to do—  
All alone beside the streams  
And up the mountainsides of dreams.

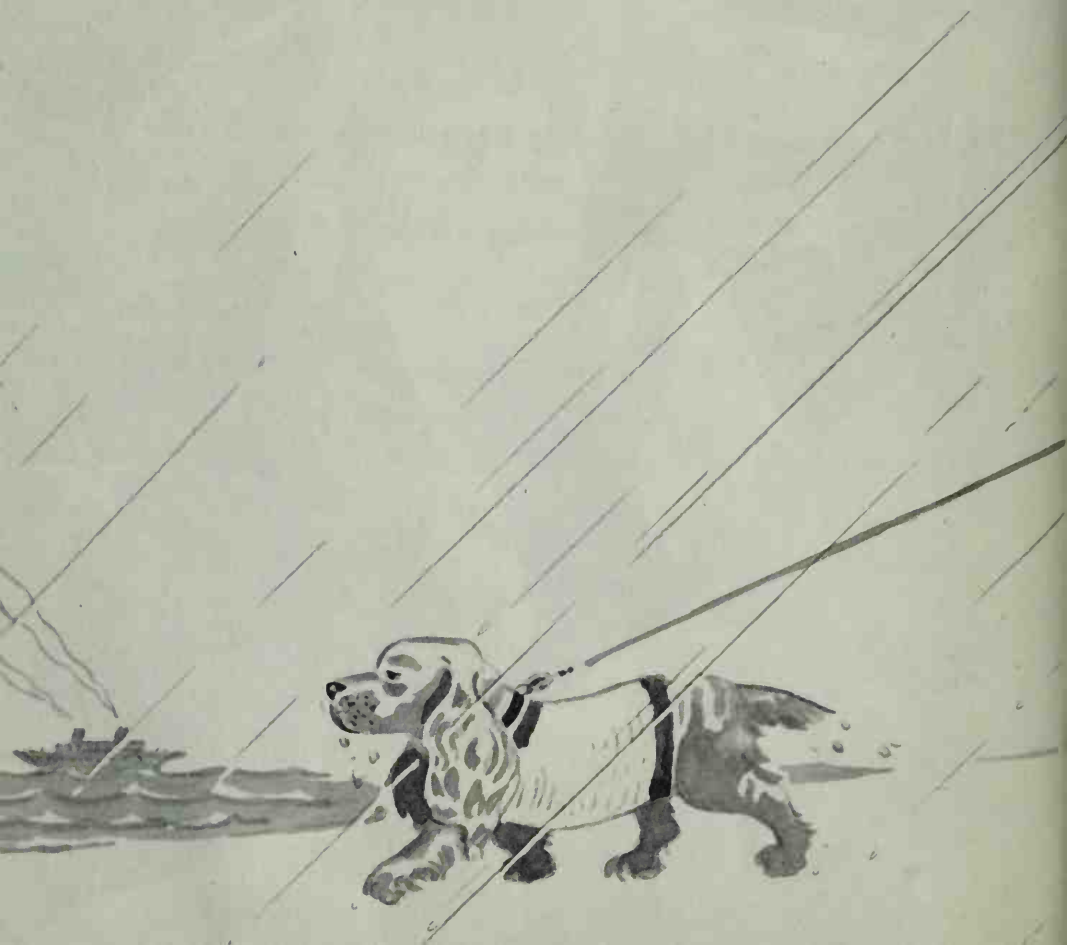
The strangest things are there for me,  
Both things to eat and things to see,  
And many frightening sights abroad  
Till morning in the Land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,  
I never can get back by day,  
Nor can remember plain and clear  
The curious music that I hear.



# RAIN

The rain is raining all around,  
It falls on field and tree,  
It rains on the umbrellas here,  
And on the ships at sea.







## BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night  
And dress by yellow candlelight.  
In summer, quite the other way,  
I have to go to bed by day.





I have to go to bed and see  
The birds still hopping on the tree,  
Or hear the grown-up people's feet  
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,  
When all the sky is clear and blue,  
And I should like so much to play,  
To have to go to bed by day?



## AT THE SEASIDE

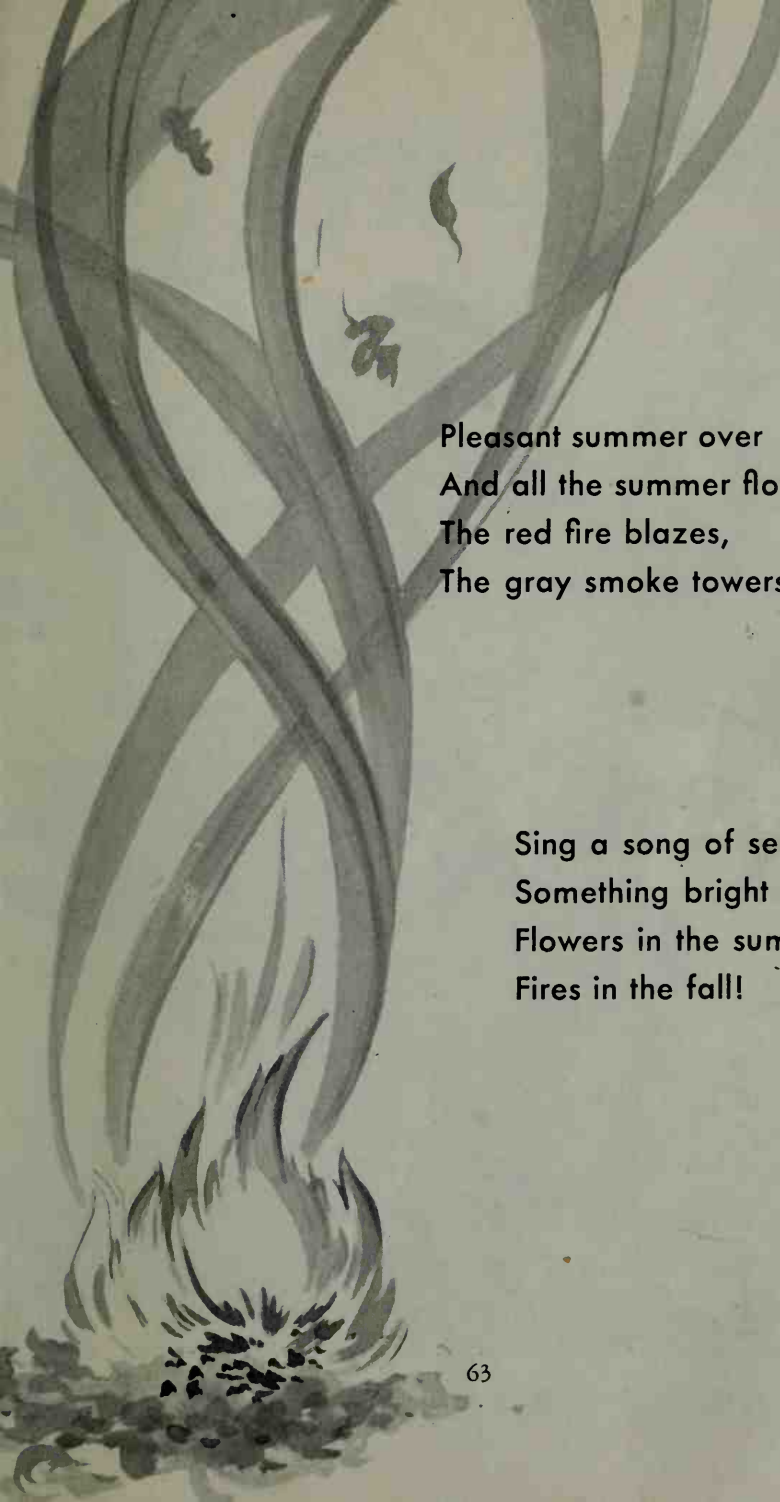
When I was down beside the sea,  
A wooden spade they gave to me  
To dig the sandy shore.  
My holes were empty like a cup.  
In every hole the sea came up,  
Till it could come no more.



# AUTUMN FIRES

In the other gardens  
And all up the vale,  
From the autumn bonfires  
See the smoke trail!





Pleasant summer over  
And all the summer flowers,  
The red fire blazes,  
The gray smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!  
Something bright in all!  
Flowers in the summer,  
Fires in the fall!





## A THOUGHT

It is very nice to think  
The world is full of meat and drink,  
With little children saying grace  
In every Christian kind of place.

*From A Child's Garden of Verses by Robert Louis Stevenson, reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.*

# BARTHOLOMEW

By  
**TONY  
LANE**





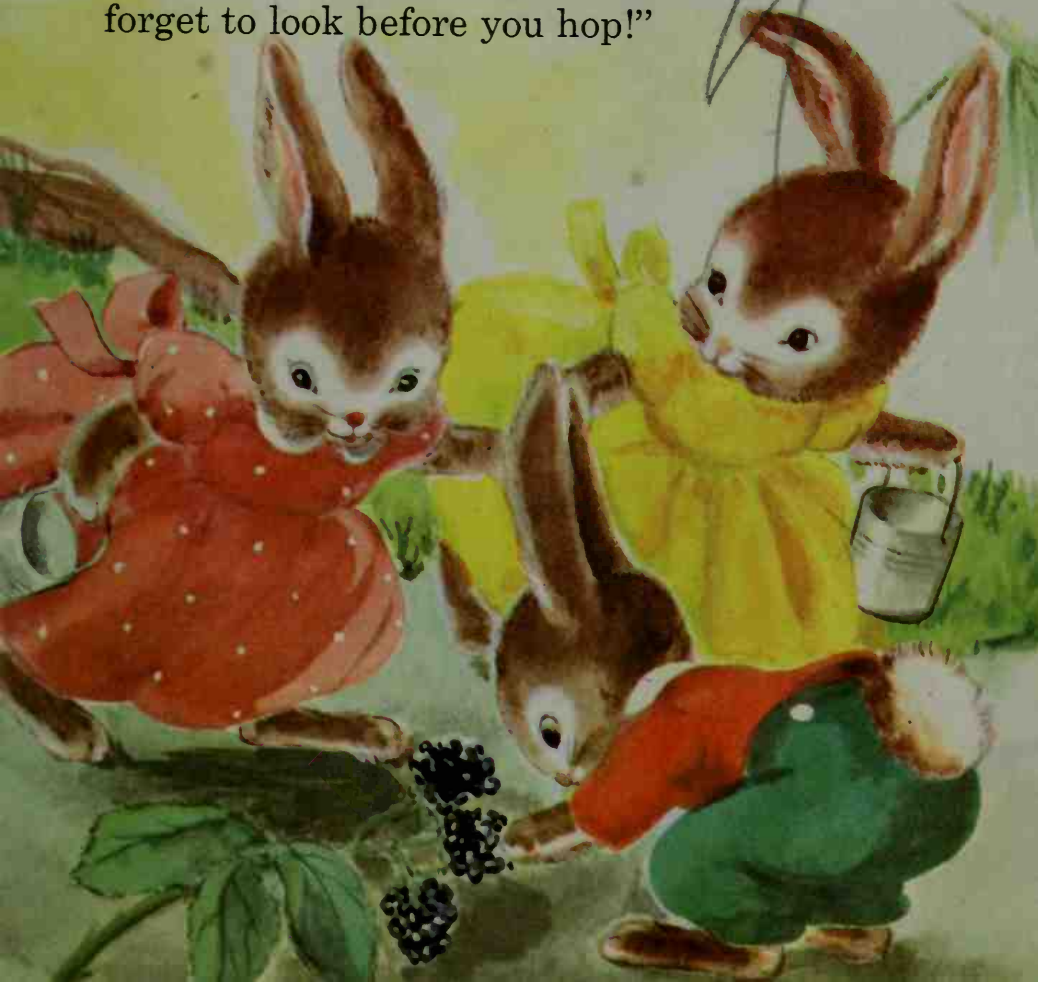
**O**nce upon a summertime Bartholomew Bunny woke up. He wiggled his nose once. He wagged his ears twice. He twitched

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his whiskers three times. Then he went out for his morning hop.

He said goodbye to Mother Bunny, who was standing in the doorway of their funny bunny burrow. She was about to go marketing herself.

"Be a good bunny," said Mrs. B. "Take good care of your little sisters. And don't forget to look before you hop!"







Then she put her plaid shawl around her shoulders and fastened it with her new bunny broach. Then she picked up her purse, her umbrella, and her best market basket





and hopped stiffly and slowly down Grass-hopper Hill. When she reached the Wood-land Grocery she bought five carrot rolls and some parsnip bread.

Bartholomew, Bob, Belinda and Betsy Bunny hopped down the other side of Grass-hopper Hill. Bob, Belinda and Betsy felt



happy and hoppy. They picked berries and played tag-your-ear.

But not Bartholomew. He hopped right on till he came upon a gardener digging. My, how he stared!



The gardener jumped up.  
"Well where d'ye think you  
ARE?" he cried.

"Here," said Bartholomew  
to himself. "I'm looking for  
an adventure and—"

"SCAT!" yelled the garden-  
er, lifting his rake.

Bartholomew scatted.

The bunny rushed around and around and around. Bushes and cornstalks were everywhere!

Plop! Off came a shoe. Plunk! Off came another.

All his whiskers shook as he looked behind his left ear and then behind his right ear.

"Which way is home?" he cried.

But nobody answered him at all.











Two big tears rolled down the poor little bunny's face. He closed his eyes tight.

"Oh, my whiskers!" he sobbed. "What'll I do? What a trouble-bubble-ubble I'm in!"

Then—SP-LASH! He fell into a puddle.

He climbed out, panting. He had no time to fuss over *that*. He closed his eyes tighter.

Loppity-loppity! He ran faster and faster and faster. Loppity-loppity-THUMP!

Bartholomew opened his eyes again. This time he had run smack into a bush with a queer net around it. What a tangle he was in!





He could not get out!  
He tried and he tried and he tried.  
Even the birds could not help him when  
the gardener's boy threw a butterfly net at  
his head. But Bartholomew gave a jerk—  
And got away!





"Where can I hide? They're after me!"  
panted the bunny.

"Try that sprinkling can!" cried a sparrow.  
Splash! The bunny got in just in time.





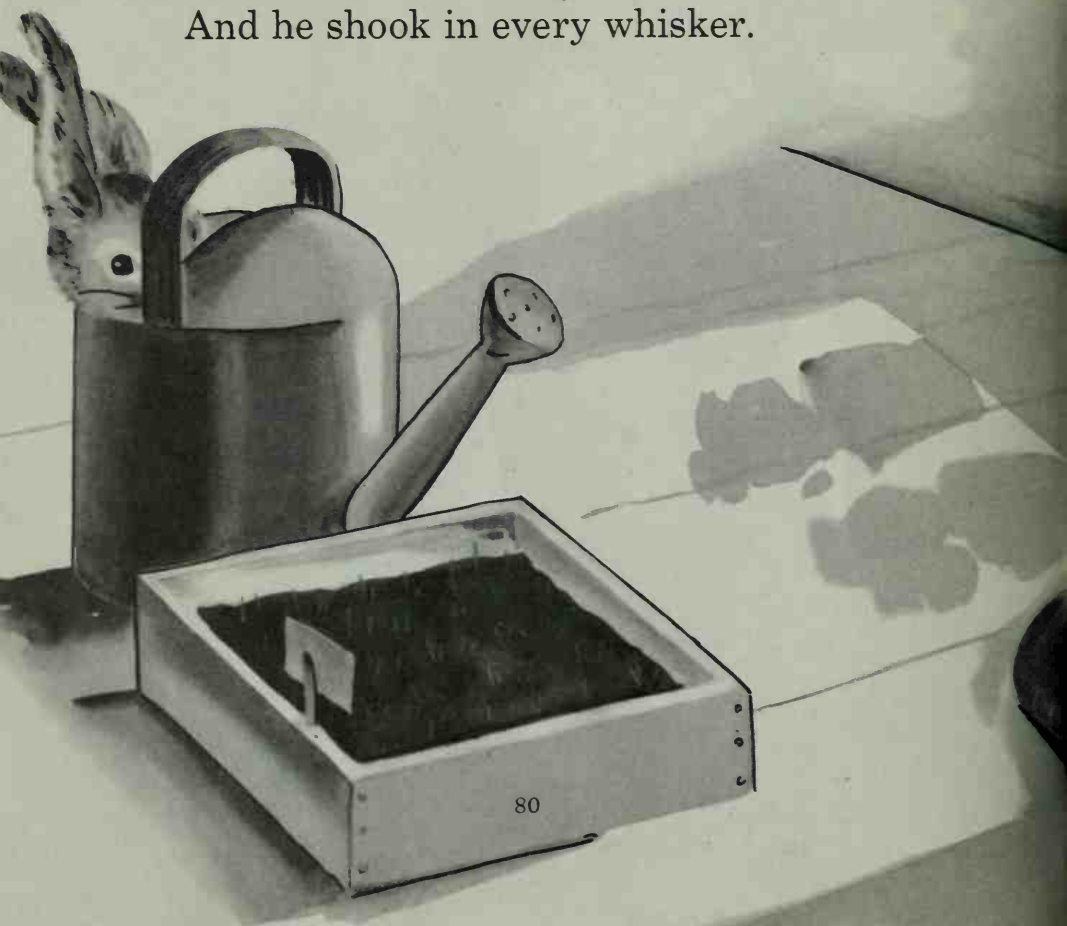


"Oh whoosh!" said the bunny to himself. "If this is an adventure I do not care for it! I want Mother B. I want to go home to my own funny bunny burrow on top of Grasshopper Hill!"

Then he kept very still, for the gardener came along and began stacking up flowerpots.

He was not looking for the bunny at all. But Bartholomew thought that he was.

And he shook in every whisker.







All at once Bartholomew seemed to hear Mother B. saying, "A jump in time saves nine." So he gave one B-I-G jump—and three geranium pots tumbled over with him.

Loppity-loppity-lop he went. Wheeeeeeeee!





At last he stopped for breath and found—  
No one was following him at all!

Bartholomew stared straight ahead.  
"WHICH way is home?" he said again. Then  
he wiggled his nose once. He wagged his ears  
twice. And he twitched his whiskers three  
times.







Suddenly he heard a squeaky voice cry out,  
"Bartholomew! Wait! Pleeese help meeee."



The squeaky voice seemed to come from somewhere underneath the fence.



Then Mrs. Mouse scampered from under it. She was breathing hard. "Oh, Bartholomew," she cried. "I want to get back to my mousehold and freeze some miccream for supper. But oh, Petunia, that awful Persian cat, is waiting for me on the other side of the fence!"



"I'll rescue you," said Bartholomew. And he stuffed Mrs. Mouse in his trouser pocket.





The bunny looked at the cat and took a deep breath. He knew she was no friend of his, either! He waited till he saw Petunia pad over to the goldfish pond, smiling a secret smile. Two goldfishes turned a double flip and he heard her say, "Purrrrrrrr-haps today I will have a purrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr-fect dinner. A purrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr-fect dinner!"







"Now's our chance!" the bunny called softly to Mrs. Mouse. "Hold on tight!"

"Quick! Squick!" whispered Mrs. Mouse. Bartholomew took another deep breath. Then softly and swiftly he scampered across the grass behind the pussycat.

Wheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!  
And Petunia did not see them!



When he came to the fence he tried hard and squeezed under it.

They were safe!

In one blink Mrs. Mouse leaped out of his pocket. In two blinks she cried out, "Thank you!" And in three blinks she scampered safely home. Bartholomew began to smile. Here he was back on Grasshopper Hill!



His lost shoes and his blue coat were made  
into a lovely scarecrow by the gardener.  
But Bartholomew did not care.

For he was going loppity-loppity-lop up to his own dear funny bunny burrow!

"Mother! I'm home!" he shouted. And he told her all about his big adventure.

"Next time I'll take care of my sisters. Next time I'll look before I hop. Anyway, I like home best," said Bartholomew.

Mother B., who had been a little worried about him, smiled and kissed his whiskers gently.

He was already taking a nap.









They woke him up for supper, but he went right to bed after that. He was SO tired. And so he would not catch cold Mother B. gave him a spoonful of peppermint.





But Belinda, Betsy and Bob had one more dish of berries. And played another game of tag-your-ear.

# *The* **THREE-LITTLE BOOK**

RETOLD BY RUTH DIXON

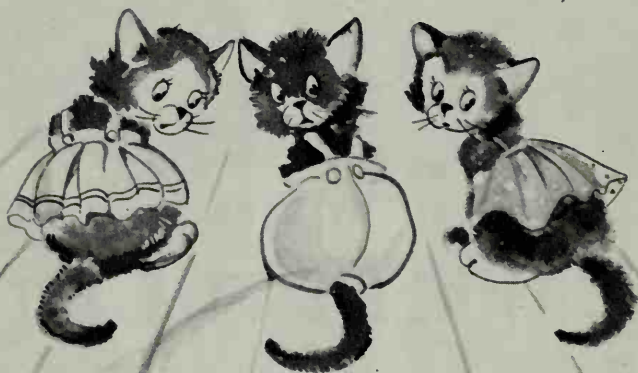


PICTURES BY BARBARA CLYNE

## **THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS**

Three little kittens lost their mittens,  
And they began to cry,  
“Oh! Mother dear,  
We really fear  
That we have lost our mittens.”

"Lost your mittens!  
YOU NAUGHTY KITTENS!  
Now you shall have NO PIE!"  
*"MEE-OW, MEE-OW, MEE-OW,"*  
"No, you shall have no pie."  
*"MEE-OW, MEE-OW, MEE-OW."*







Three little kittens  
Found their mittens,  
And they began  
To cry,  
"Oh! Mother dear,

*See here,*  
**SEE HERE!**

At last we've  
Found our mittens!"

"Put on your mittens,  
My darling kittens,  
And you shall  
Have **SOME PIE!**"



*"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,  
Oh, do let's  
Have some pie!  
Purr-r, purr-r,  
Purr-r."*



Three little kittens put on their mittens,  
And soon ate up the pie.

“Oh! Mother dear,  
We really fear  
That we have soiled our mittens.”

“Soiled your mittens!  
**YOU NAUGHTY KITTENS!”**

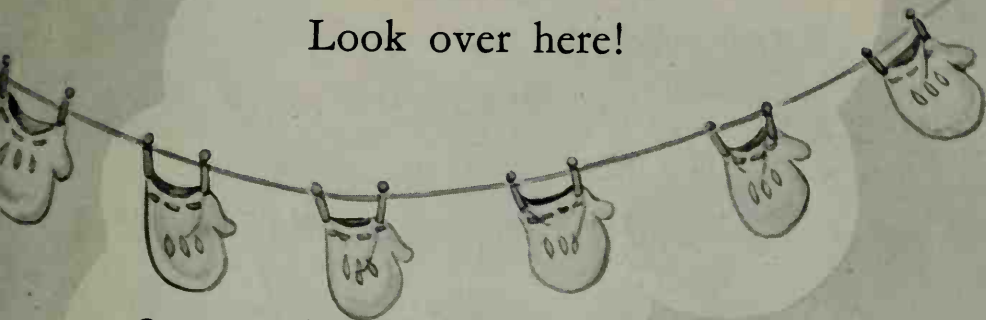
Then they began to sigh,  
*“Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.”*

Then they began to sigh,  
*“Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.”*



Three little kittens washed their mittens,  
And hung them up to dry.

“Oh! Mother dear,  
Look over here!



See, we have washed our mittens!”



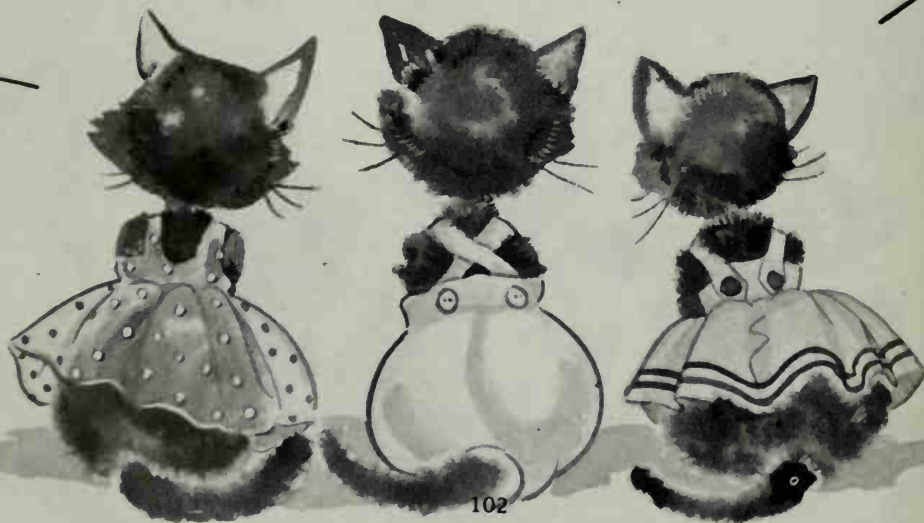
"Washed your mittens!  
OH, YOU'RE GOOD KITTENS!

But hear that MOUSE close by?

*Hush, hush . . .*

*. . . MEE-OW ! "*

"We hear a mouse close by,  
*MEE-OW, MEE-OW, MEE-OW."*



# *The* **THREE LITTLE MICE**



**O**nce upon a time in a teeny tiny nest lived a Mother Mouse and her Three Little Mice.



Their names were Sleeky, Meeky, and Squeaky.

The three little mice were very happy together.

They liked to nibble cheese.



They liked to nibble crumbs.

And they liked to play Tag-Your-Tail with each other.

One day Mother Mouse said, "Children, I must go away for a little while. I hope you will be three good little mice. Stay at home and be very, very, still. Old Katy Cat may be near."



Then Mother Mouse went  
*trippity,*

*trippity,*

*trippity,*

out through

the mouse hole.



And the Three Little Mice  
were left all alone.

The Three Little Mice sat very, very still. Sleeky washed his face. Meeky closed his eyes. Squeaky twitched a whisker. The Three Little Mice sat still for a long, long time.

Then Squeaky said, "**POOH!** Katy Cat is not near. Katy Cat cannot catch me. I can run fast. **WHEE!** I think I'll go out and play!"



And out of the mouse nest ran Squeaky.

Then Sleeky  
said, "**POOH!** Katy

Cat is not near. Katy Cat cannot  
catch me. I can run faster than she can.

**WHEE!** I think I'll go  
out with Squeaky  
and play!"

And out of the  
mouse nest ran Sleeky.

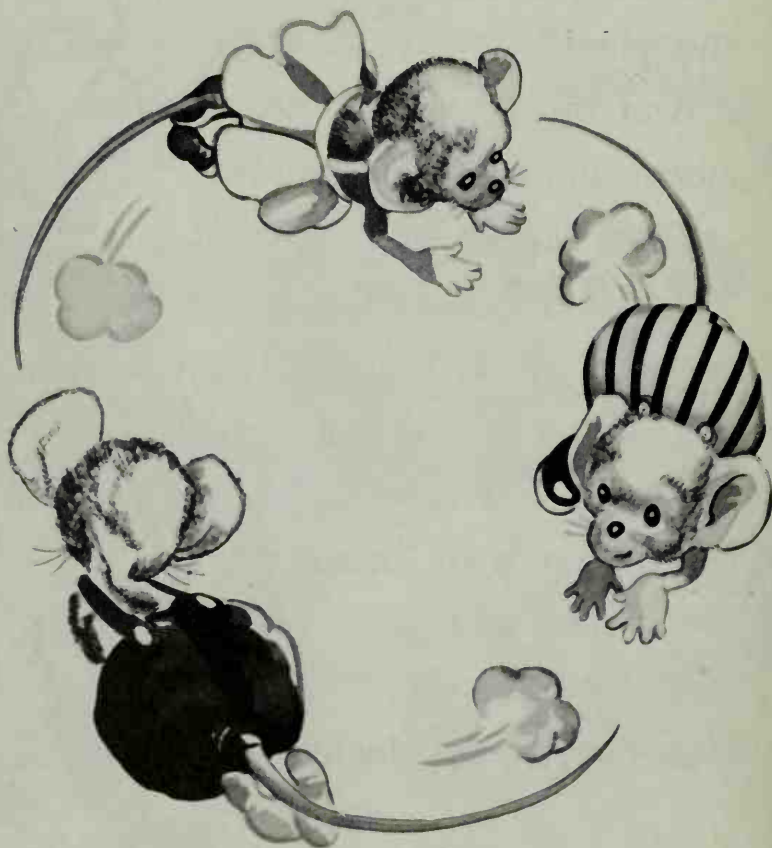
Then Meeky said,  
"**POOH!** Katy Cat is not  
near. Katy Cat cannot catch me. I  
can run as fast as the wind.)

**WHEE!** I think  
I'll go out with Squeaky  
and Sleeky and play!"

And out of the  
Mouse nest ran Meeky.



The Three Little Mice ran around the room. The Three Little Mice played Tag-Your-Tail. The Three Little Mice were very, very happy.







Pretty soon they heard a  
***SNIFF . . SNIFF . . SNIFF.***

Pretty soon they saw two bright  
yellow eyes.

It was Katy Cat!

Oh, how frightened the Three Little  
Mice were! They ran as fast as they could,

*trippity,*

*trippity,*

*trippity,*

searching for the mouse hole.

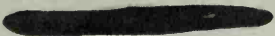
But Katy Cat could run fast, too.



Soon...**POUNCE!..**

She caught Meeky.  
Poor Meeky! What  
could he do?

Katy Cat

 dangled him *this* way and  
dangled him *that* way, and shook and  
shook and **shook**. Then she laid him  
down, and he was so tired he couldn't  
move an inch.

Katy Cat looked around at Sleeky  
and Squeaky. They were still searching  
for the mouse hole. Soon...**POUNCE!..**  
she caught Sleeky.

Poor Sleeky!

What could she do?

Katy Cat dangled her *this* way and dangled her *that* way and shook and shook and **shook** and **shook** and **shook**.

Then she laid her down and she was so tired she couldn't move half an inch.

Katy Cat looked over at Squeaky.

He had almost reached the mouse hole. But Katy Cat could run faster than Squeaky.

Soon... **POUNCE!..**

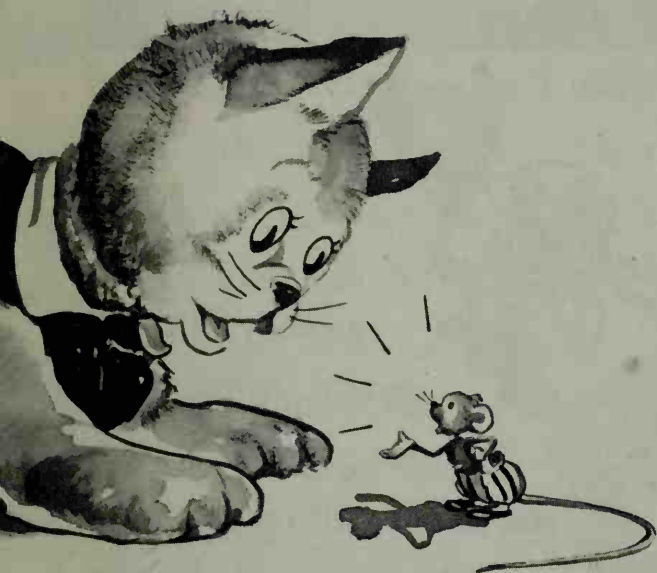
She caught him.





Poor Squeaky! What could he do?  
Katy Cat dangled him *this* way and  
dangled him *that* way and shook and shook  
and *shook* and *shook* and *shook*  
and *SHOOK* and *SHOOK*.

Almost all poor Squeaky's breath was



gone, but he said, "I know you are going to eat me, Katy Cat, but really you must wash your face first. Everyone washes his face before he eats his dinner. You should do that, too, you know."

**"MEE-OW?"** said Katy Cat. "Why, yes, so I should." And she let Squeaky go.

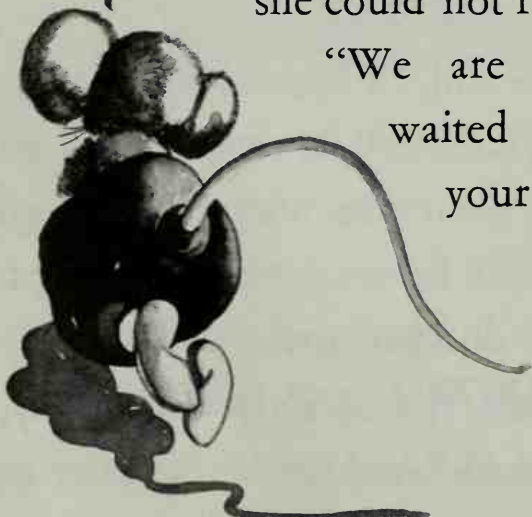
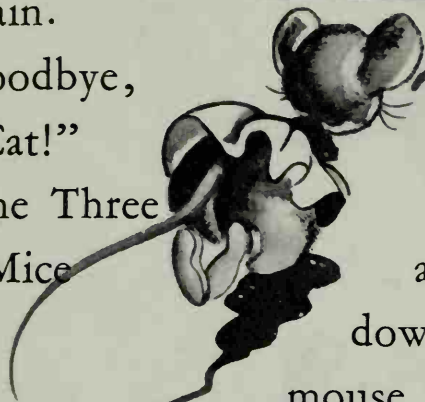


Away ran Squeaky.  
Away ran Meeky and Sleeky,  
who were now able to  
run again.

“Goodbye,  
Katy Cat!”  
cried the Three  
Little Mice

as they jumped  
down into their  
mouse hole, where  
she could not reach them.

“We are glad you  
waited to wash  
your face!”



Katy Cat switched her tail.

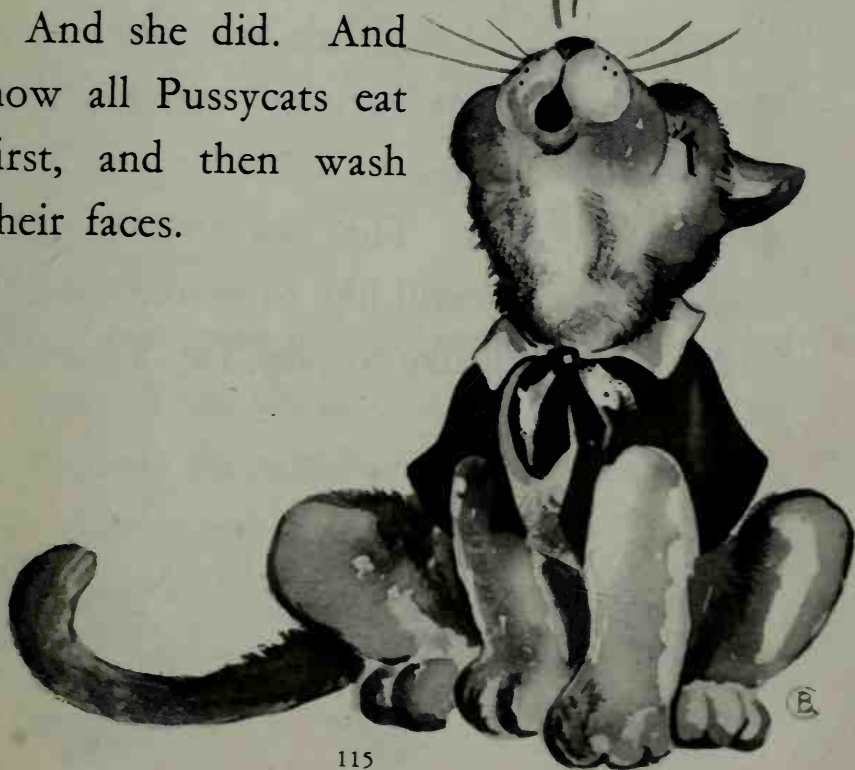
Katy Cat growled.

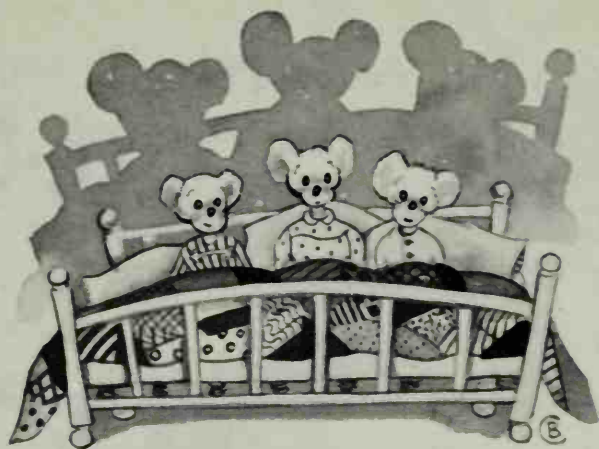
Katy Cat said, —

**MEEE-EE-OOW**

Katy Cat said, "I don't care  
what others do. After this, I'm  
going to eat *before* I wash my face.  
That's what I'm going to do!"

And she did. And  
now all Pussycats eat  
first, and then wash  
their faces.

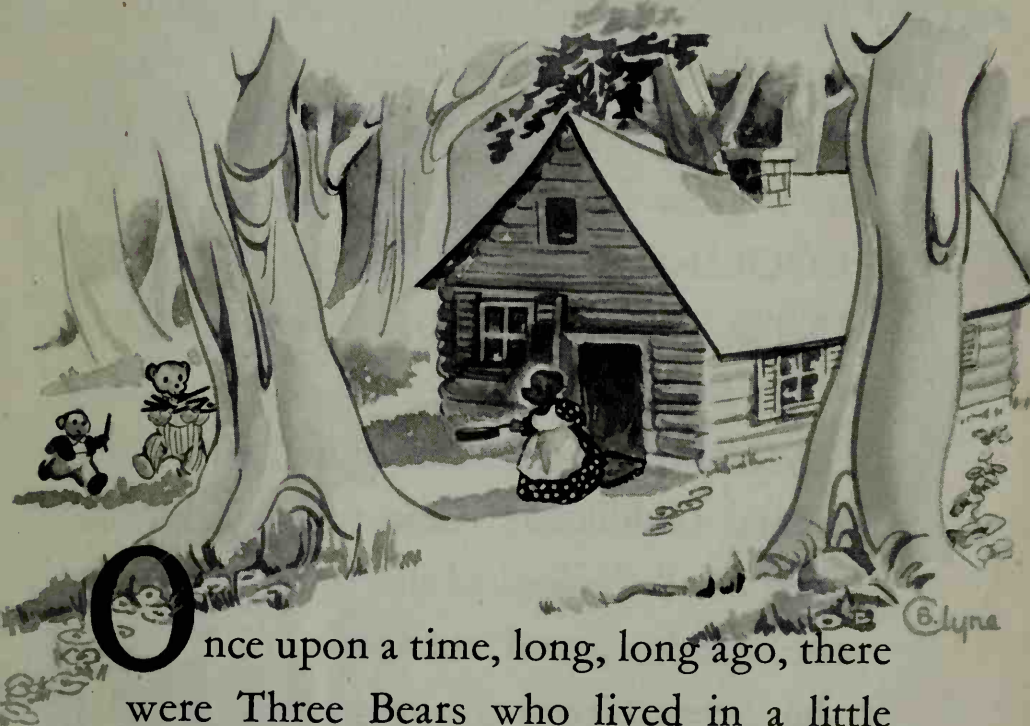




As for the Three Little Mice, they never again went out to play without their Mother. They are still living in their teeny tiny nest. They still like to nibble cheese. They still like to nibble crumbs. And they still like to play Tag-Your-Tail with each other.

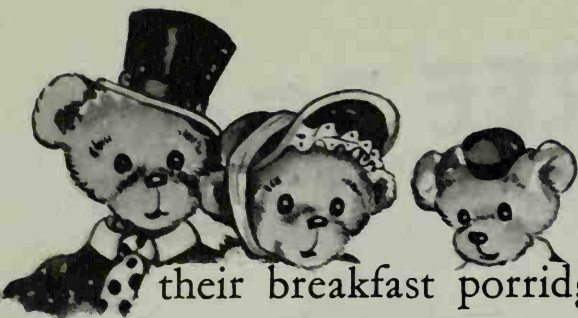


# THE THREE BEARS



Once upon a time, long, long ago, there were Three Bears who lived in a little house in the middle of a deep green wood.

There was a GREAT BIG DADDY BEAR and a Middle Sized Mamma Bear, and there was a teeny weeny Baby Bear.



One day after the Three Bears had cooked their breakfast porridge, they poured it into their three porridge bowls.

“COME,” said the GREAT BIG BEAR in a great big voice. “WHILE IT IS COOLING, LET US GO FOR A WALK INTO THE WOODS.”

So they did.

While they were out walking, a little girl named Goldilocks came to their house. First of all she looked in the window, and then she opened their front door and peeped in. Nobody was in the house, so Goldilocks walked right in without knocking.







The first things she saw were the three bowls of porridge on the table.

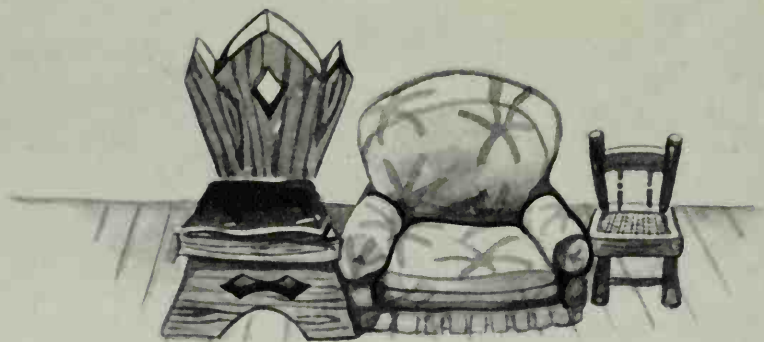
“My!” said Goldilocks. “That porridge looks good! I think I’ll have some!”

First she tasted the porridge of the GREAT BIG BEAR. It was too hot.

Then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Sized Bear. And that was too cold.

Last of all, she tasted the porridge of the Baby Bear. And that was just right.

So she *ate it all up!*



Next Goldilocks sat down in the chair of the GREAT BIG BEAR, but that chair was too hard and uncomfortable.

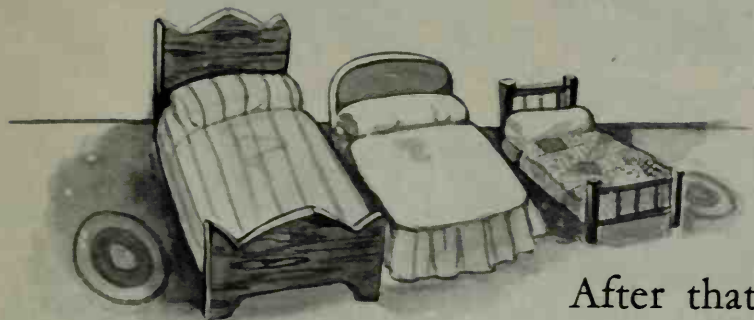
Then she sat down in the chair of the Middle Sized Bear, but that chair was too soft for her.

Then she sat down in the chair of the Baby Bear, and that chair was just exactly right. So there she stayed until all at once—



**PLOP!**

the bottom of the chair fell out and went on the floor!



After that

Goldilocks went upstairs into the bedroom where the Three Bears slept.

First of all, she climbed onto the bed of the GREAT BIG BEAR. But that bed was too high up from the floor.

Next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle Sized Bear. But that bed was really too high also.

Last of all, Goldilocks lay down upon the bed of the Baby Bear, and that bed was just right.





So she pulled the pretty patchwork coverlet right up to her chin, and soon she fell fast asleep.

Now the Three Bears thought their porridge must be cool enough by this time. So they all came home to breakfast.

The GREAT BIG BEAR saw that there was a spoon in his porridge dish.

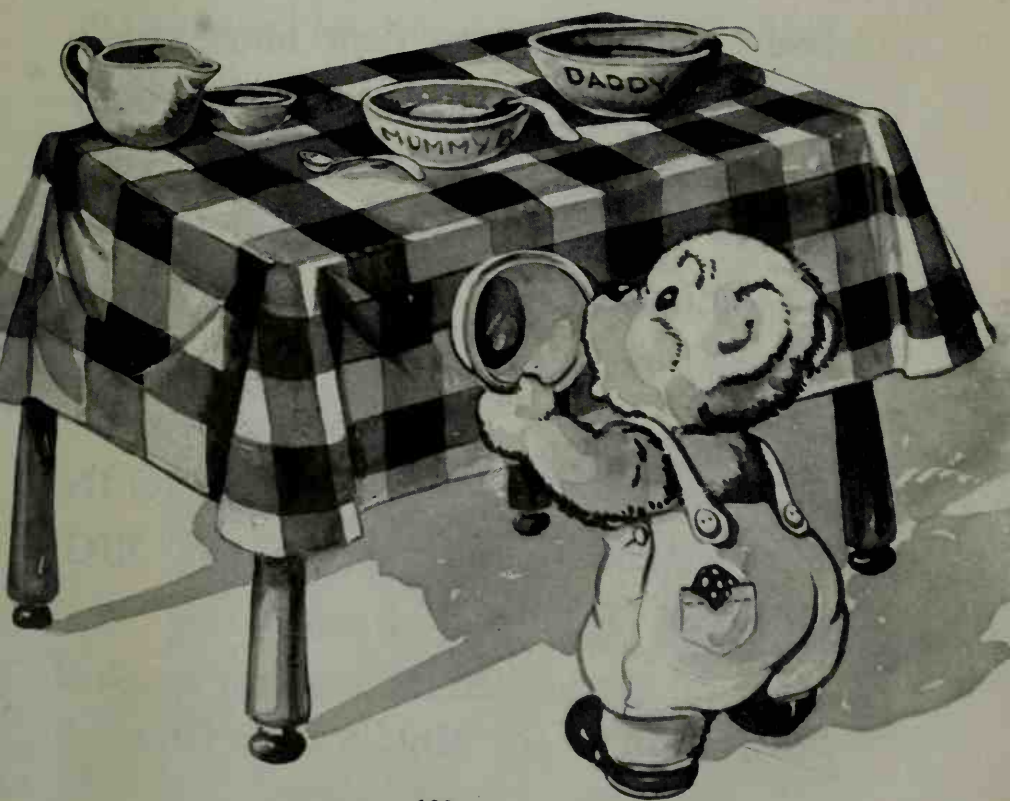
“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE!” said the GREAT BIG BEAR in his deep voice.

The Middle Sized Bear saw that a spoon was in her dish, too.

“Somebody has been eating my porridge!” said the Middle Sized Bear, in her middle sized voice.

Then the Baby Bear looked at his dish,  
*and he found it was empty!*

“Somebody has been eating my porridge, and it’s  
all gone!” said the Baby Bear in his shrill  
teeny weeny voice.







Now the Three Bears knew that somebody had come into their house while they were away and had eaten up the Baby Bear's breakfast. So all Three Bears began to look about for somebody!

Goldilocks had left the cushion all crooked in the chair of the GREAT BIG BEAR.

"SOMEBODY'S BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the GREAT BIG BEAR in his deep, deep voice.

Goldilocks had left the cushion crooked in the chair of the Middle Sized Bear.

“Somebody’s been sitting in my chair!”  
said the Middle Sized Bear in her middle  
sized voice.

And the littlest chair of all—well, you  
remember what Goldilocks had done to  
that, don’t you?

“Somebody’s been sitting in my chair, and has  
sat the bottom out of it!” said the Baby Bear  
in his shrill teeny weeny voice.



Next the Three Bears went upstairs into their bedroom.

Goldilocks had pulled the pillow of the GREAT BIG BEAR all out of place.

“SOMEBODY’S BEEN LYING IN MY BED!” said the GREAT BIG BEAR in his deep, deep voice.

Goldilocks had tumbled around the spread of the Middle Sized Bear’s bed.

“Somebody’s been lying in my bed,” said the Middle Sized Bear in her middle sized voice.

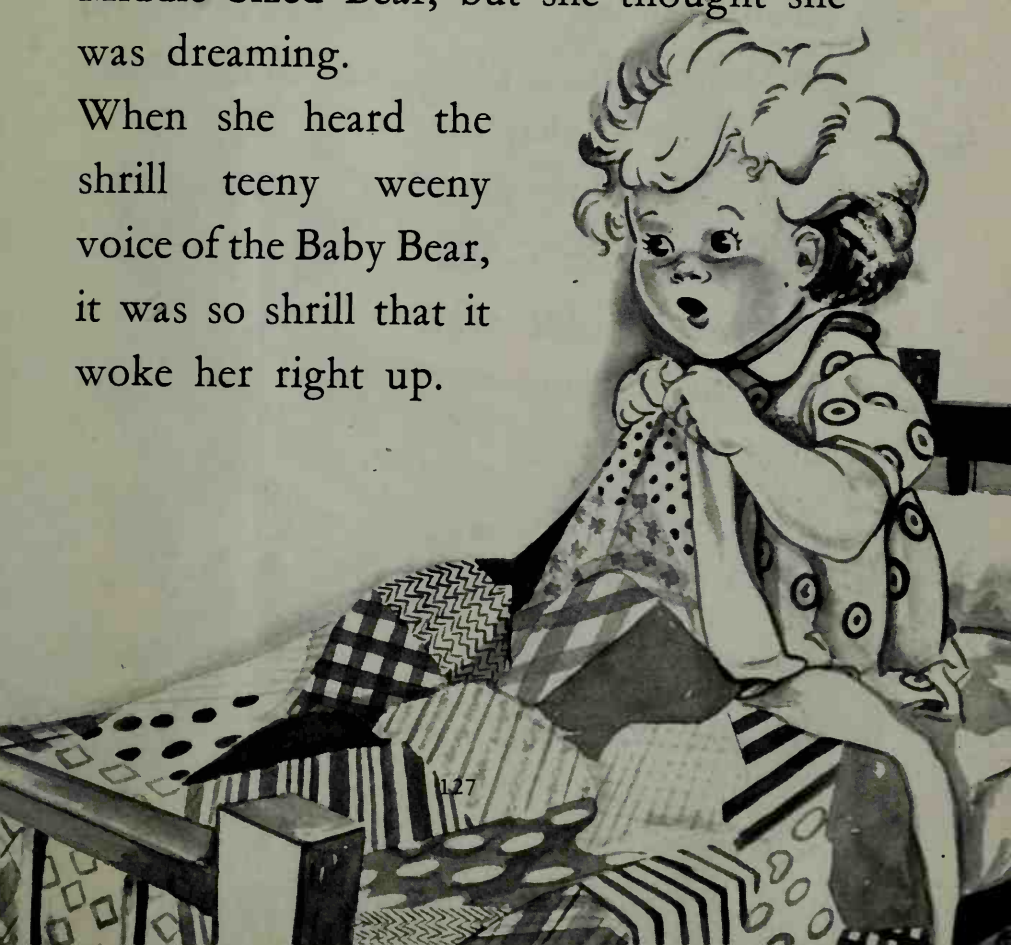
Then the Baby Bear looked at his bed. And there lay Goldilocks fast asleep.



"Somebody's been lying in my bed, and here she is!" said the Baby Bear in his shrill teeny weeny voice.

Goldilocks in her sleep had heard the deep, deep voice of the GREAT BIG BEAR, and the middle sized voice of the Middle Sized Bear, but she thought she was dreaming.

When she heard the shrill teeny weeny voice of the Baby Bear, it was so shrill that it woke her right up.





There were  
the Three Bears  
staring at her!  
Hop! Goldilocks  
sprang up and ran  
to the window. It wasn't far to the ground  
so she jumped right out and away she ran  
and ran and ran, all the way to her home.

And from that day  
to this, the Three Bears  
have never seen Goldi-  
locks again, for after  
that she never  
went into

a house where  
she had not been invited.





# QUACKY

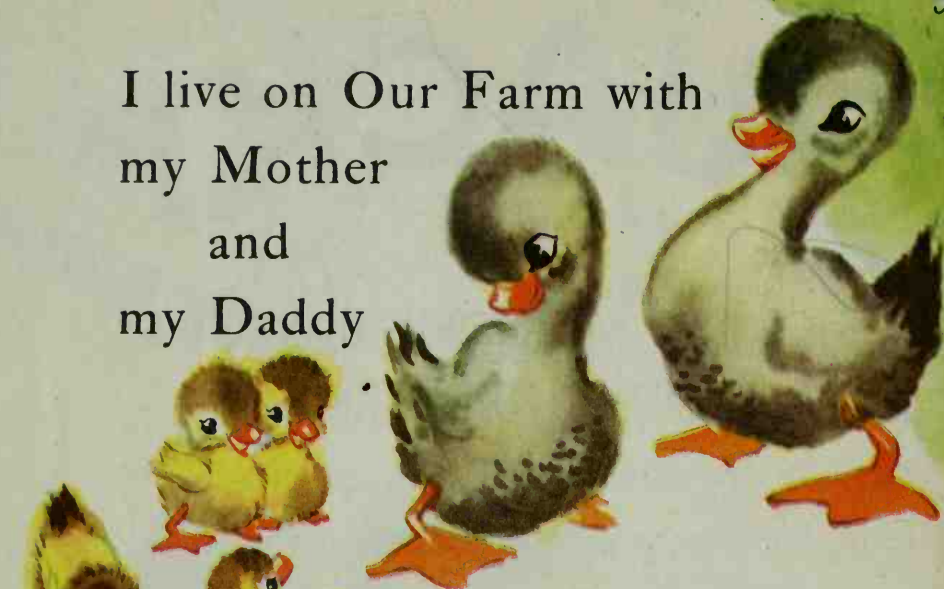
STORY BY MARJORIE BARROWS

PICTURES BY FLORENCE SALTER



**M**y name is Quacky.  
I am a little yellow duck.

I live on Our Farm with  
my Mother  
and  
my Daddy



and my  
nine brothers

and  
sisters  
and my

Aunt Matilda.

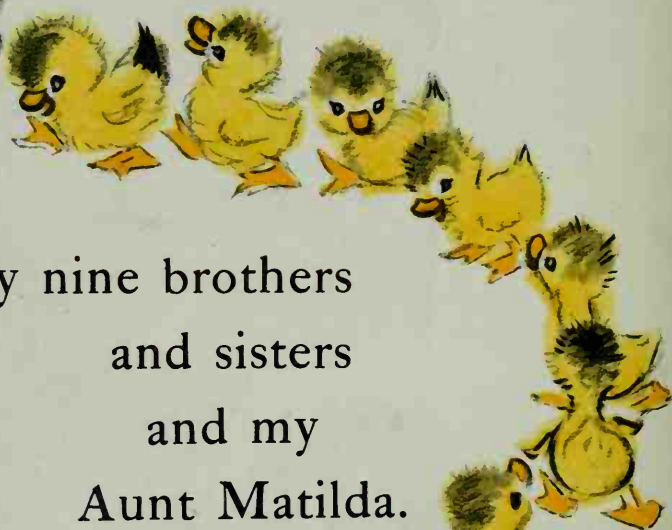




Dick and  
Doris live on Our Farm too.



One day I was out taking  
a walk with Mother  
and Daddy

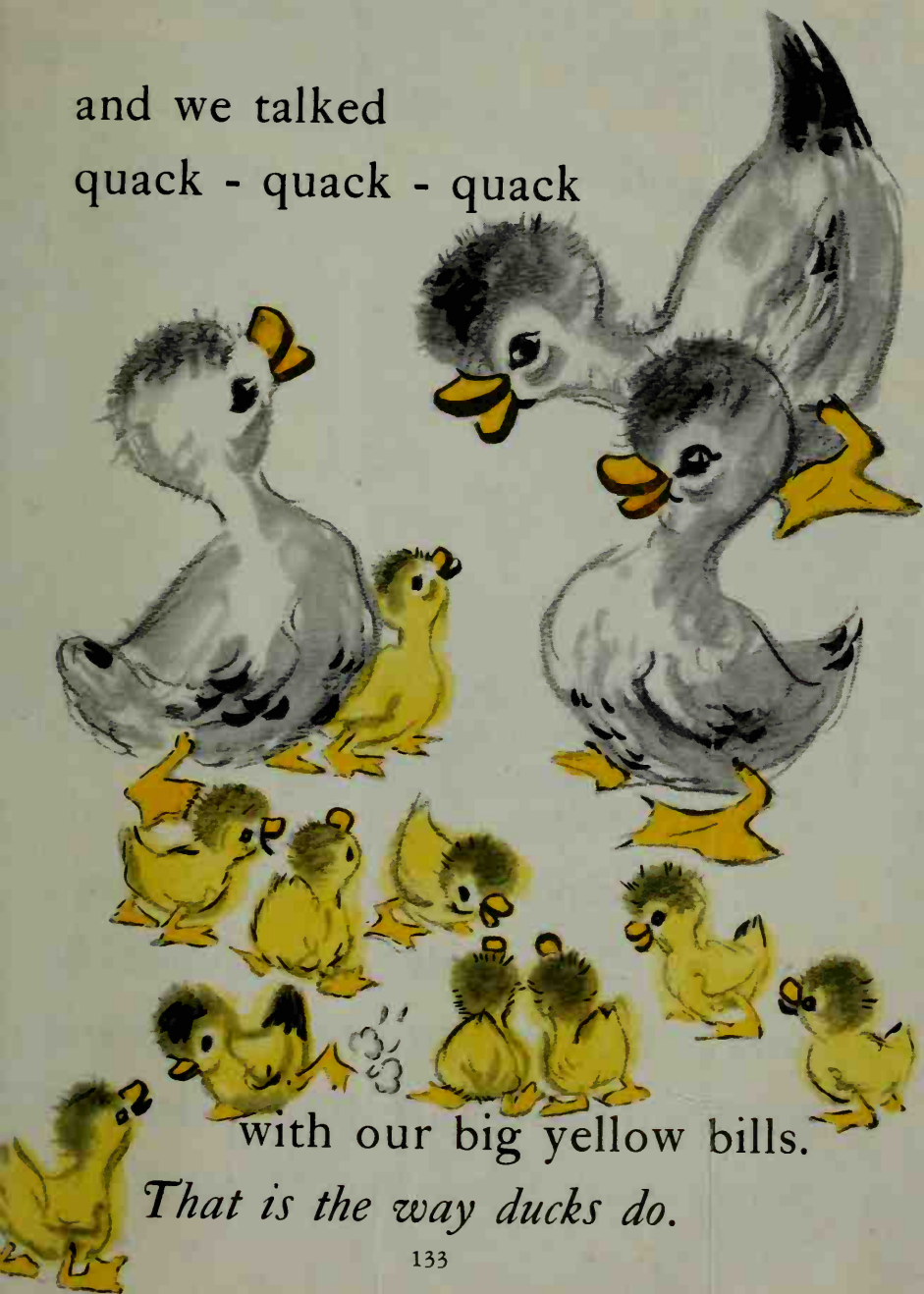


and my nine brothers  
and sisters  
and my  
Aunt Matilda.



We walked  
waddle-waddle-waddle  
on our big web feet

and we talked  
quack - quack - quack



with our big yellow bills.

*That is the way ducks do.*





I saw Dick digging in his garden. I helped him and ate nineteen worms. Three silly hens chased me away. I waddled to Our Pond and jumped in. The hens did not jump in.



They can not swim.  
I swam around and around.  
I even stood on my head in the water.  
*That is the way ducks do.*



When I came out of the pond Doris picked me up.

“Here, Quacky dear,” she said. “I want to dress you in my doll’s clothes.”



I did not like that.  
I flapped my wings *whirrrrr-rrrrr!*  
And I waved my big web feet.  
And I said, "*Quack-Quack!*  
*Quack-Quack!*"





But Doris held me tight. And she  
put her doll's hat and little  
red cape on me.



Little Pig came along and squealed,

O-O-ee-ee-ee-ee!



Little Dog came along and  
barked,

**Bow-wow-wow!**



Little Cat came along and cried,

Me-ow-ow!





Little Rabbit came along and  
wiggled his long white ears.

The Old Gray Goose came along  
and cried,

Honk!

Honk!





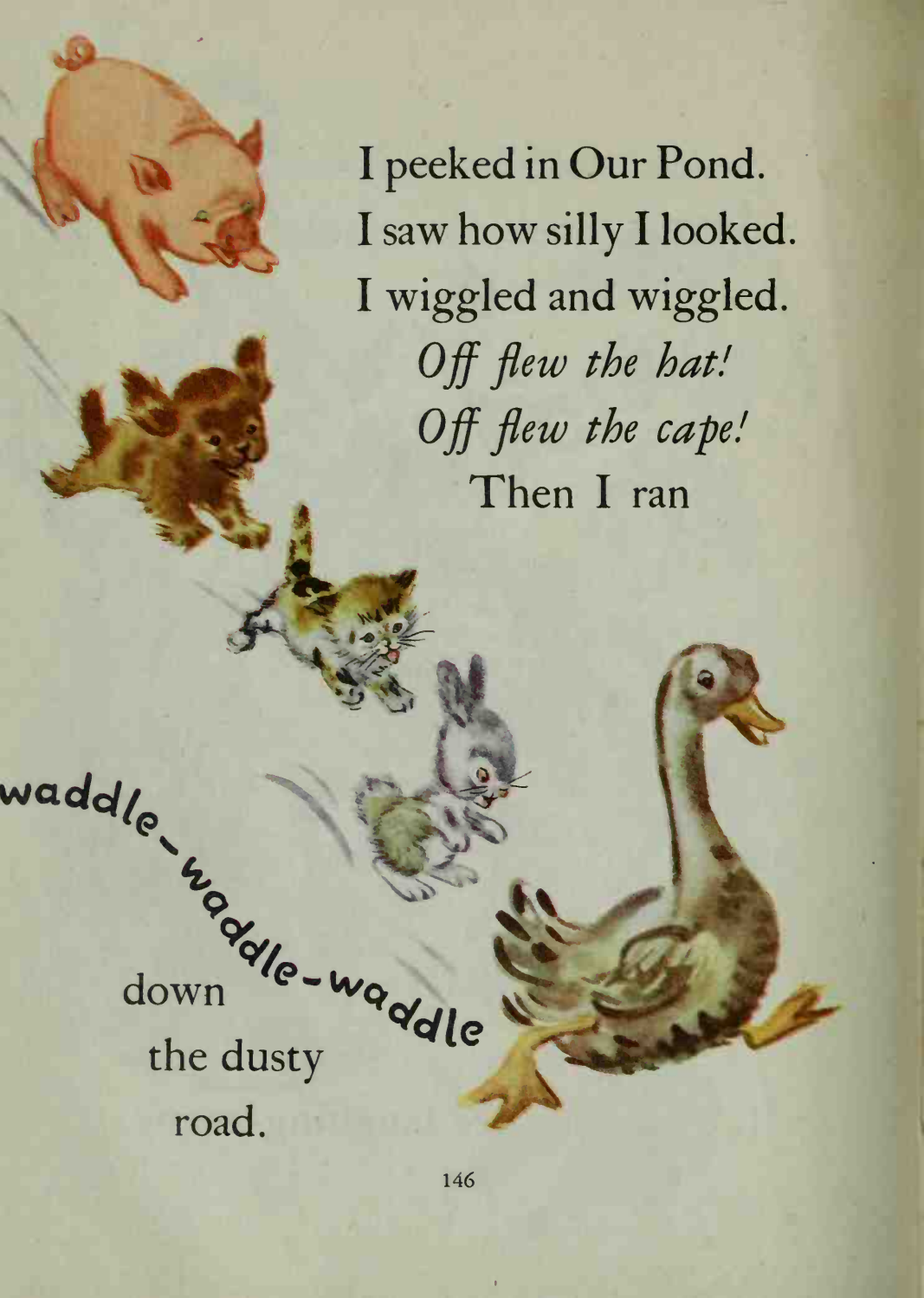
The three silly old Hens came  
along and said,

Cluck! Cluck!





All of them were laughing at me.

A pig, a dog, a cat, a rabbit, and a duck are running down a road. The pig is at the top left, followed by a brown dog, a black and white cat, a grey rabbit, and a large duck at the bottom right. They are all running towards the right side of the page.

I peeked in Our Pond.  
I saw how silly I looked.  
I wiggled and wiggled.

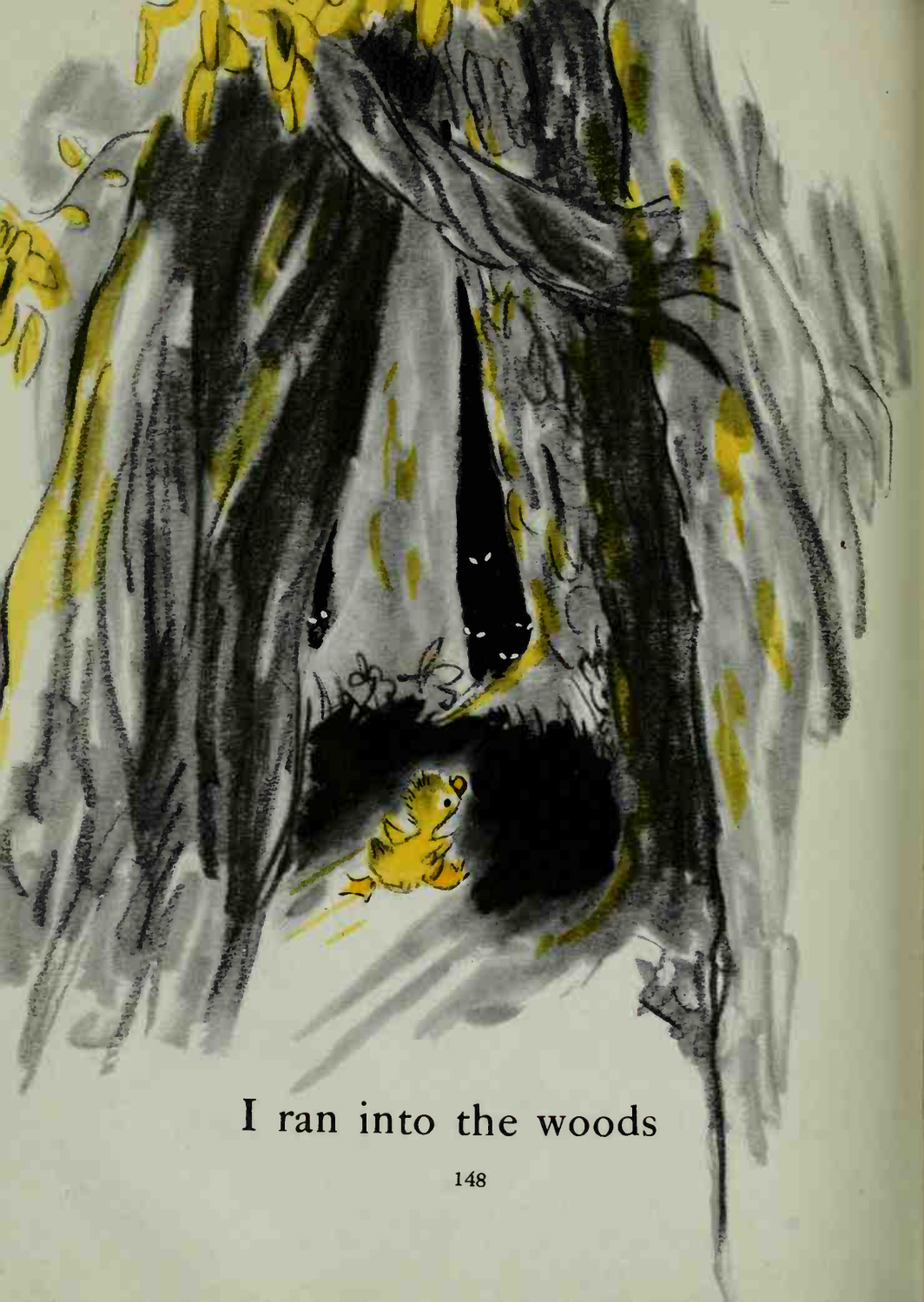
*Off flew the hat!*  
*Off flew the cape!*  
Then I ran

waddle-waddle-waddle  
down  
the dusty  
road.



Everyone ran  
after me.  
How the dust flew!





I ran into the woods





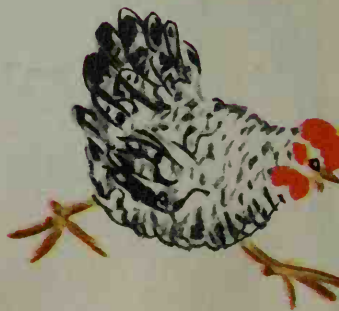
and hid underneath a big fat leaf.



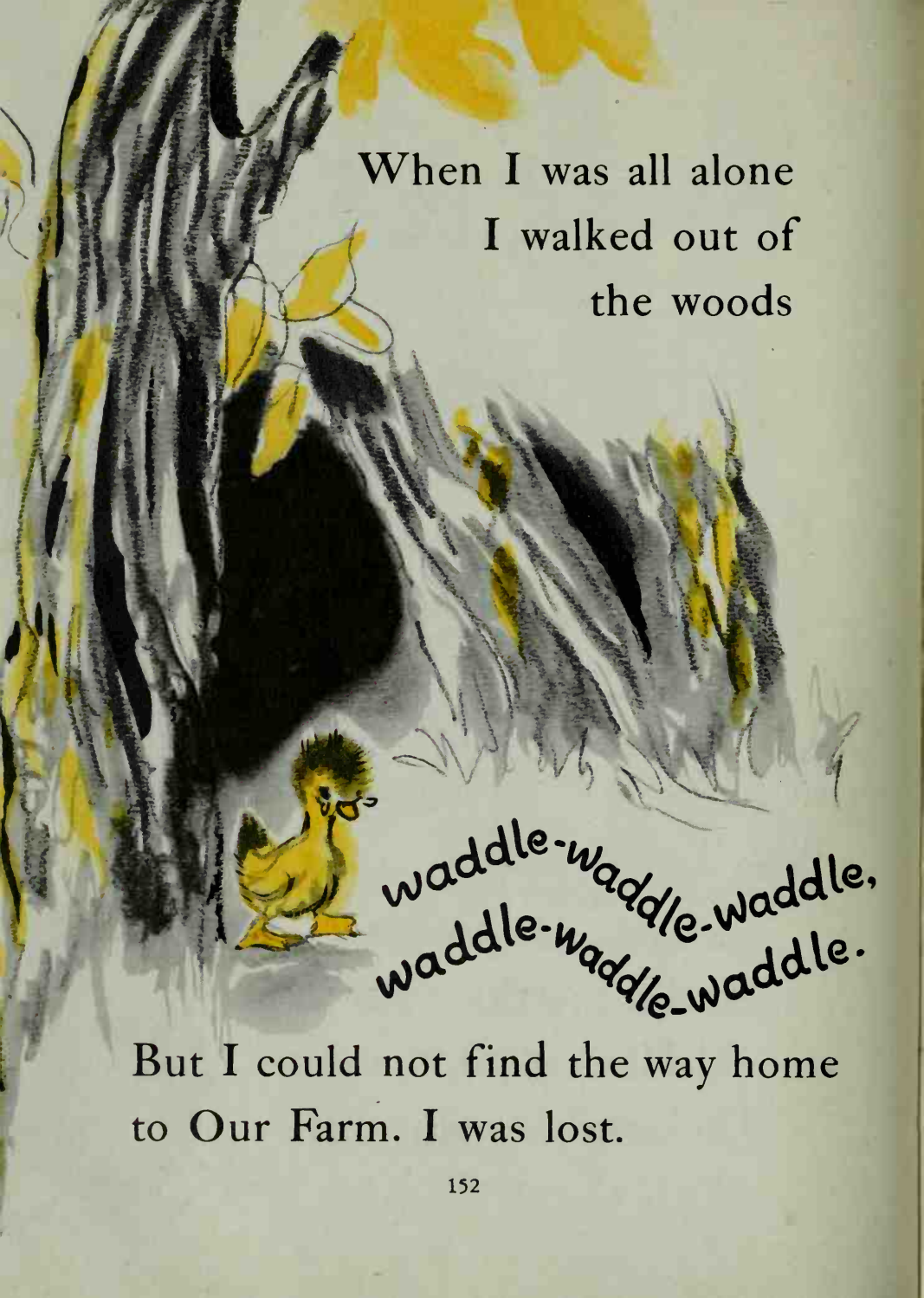
Little Pig, Little Dog,  
Little Cat, Little Rabbit,  
and Old Gray Goose  
ran right past me.



So did the three silly  
old Hens. And so did  
Dick and Doris.







When I was all alone  
I walked out of  
the woods

waddle-waddle-waddle,  
waddle-waddle-waddle.

But I could not find the way home  
to Our Farm. I was lost.



At last Doris found me and cuddled me in her arms. "I won't dress you in doll clothes any more, Quacky dear," she said.





Just then I heard a *Splash!*  
Doris' doll had fallen into the pond!



I wiggled out of Doris' arms  
and jumped  
into the pond.

I dove

down —

down —

down —

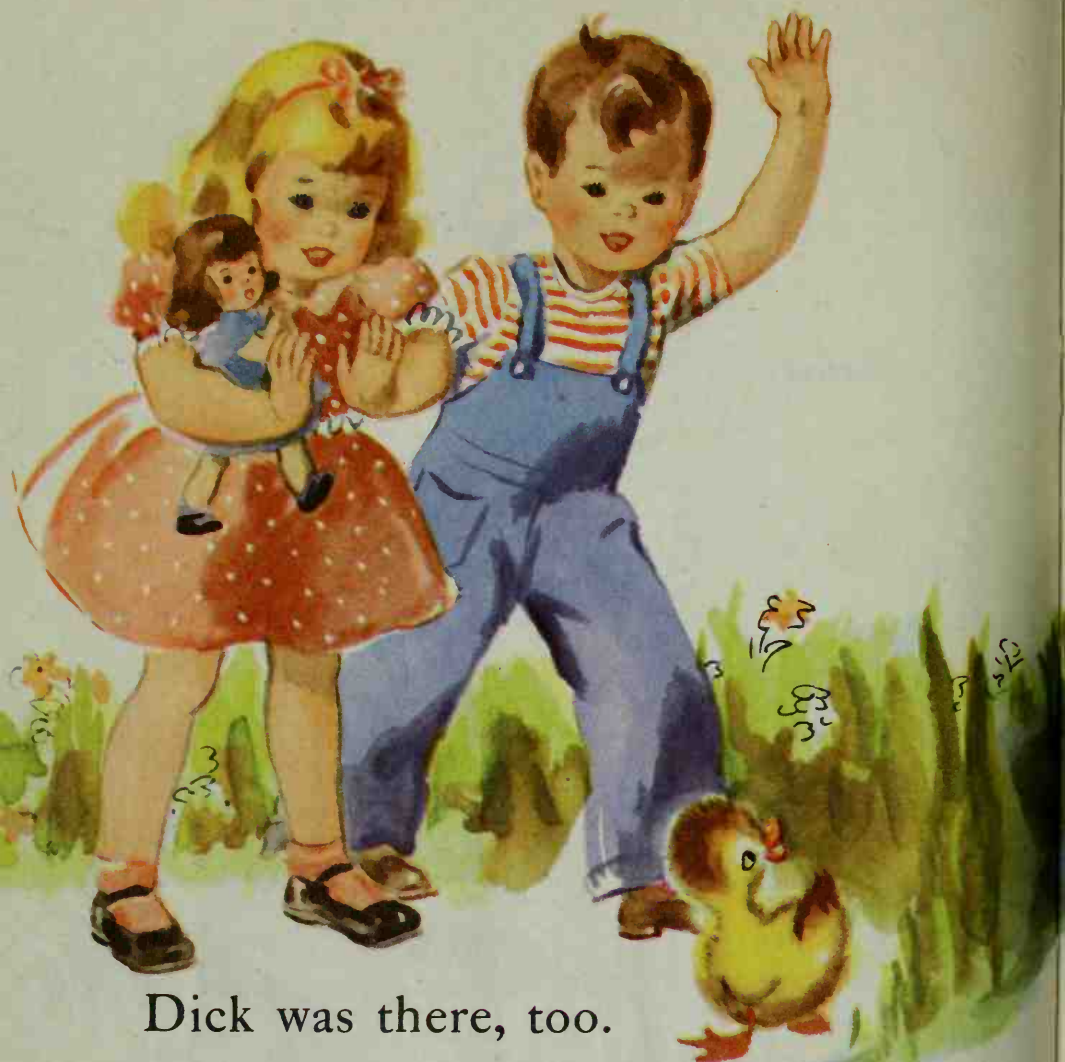


and got the doll's  
skirt between my big yellow bill.



Then I swam to shore  
and gave Doris her doll.





Dick was there, too.

"Good Quacky!" he cried. And  
Doris clapped her hands and said,  
"Hurrah for Quacky!"



And there by the edge of the pond  
stood my Mother  
and my Daddy  
and my nine brothers  
and sisters  
and my  
Aunt Matilda.



And they all opened  
their big yellow bills and  
cried, "*Quack-quack-quack!*"



Well, I was so happy,  
I jumped  
into the pond  
again



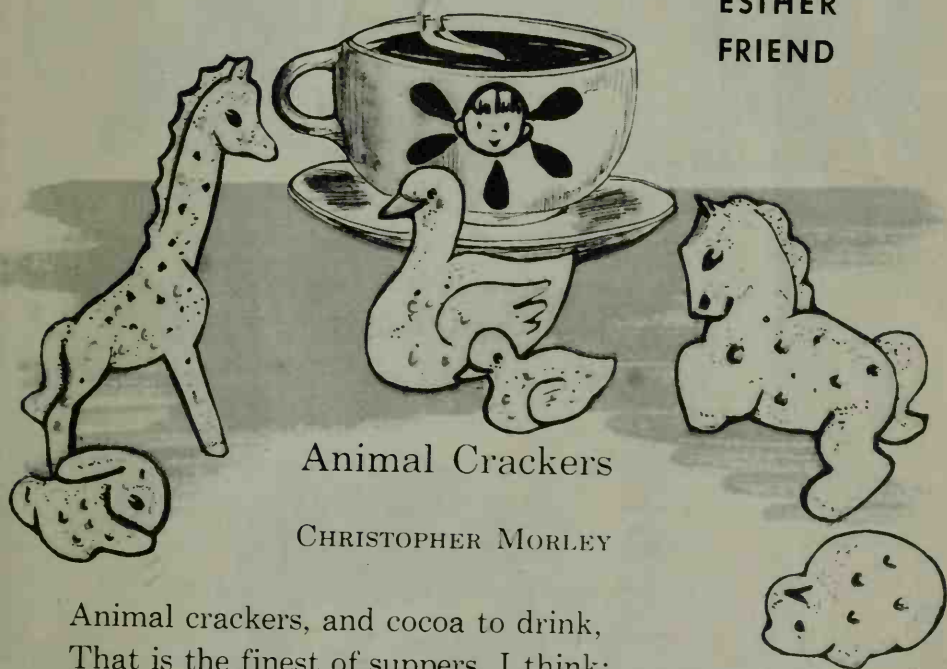
and stood on my head in the water.

*That is the way ducks do.*

# NURSERY FUN

PICTURES BY

ESTHER  
FRIEND



## Animal Crackers

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Animal crackers, and cocoa to drink,  
That is the finest of suppers, I think;  
When I'm grown up and can have what I please  
I think I shall always insist upon these.

What do *you* choose when you're offered a treat?  
When Mother says, "What would you like best to  
eat?"

Is it waffles and syrup, or cinnamon toast?  
It's cocoa and animals that *I* love the most!

From *Songs for a Little House*. Copyright, 1917, by Christopher Morley,  
published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

The kitchen's the cosiest place that I know:  
The kettle is singing, the stove is aglow,  
And there in the twilight, how jolly to see  
The cocoa and animals waiting for me.

Daddy and Mother dine later in state,  
With Mary to cook for them, Susan to wait;  
But they don't have nearly as much fun as I  
Who eat in the kitchen with Nurse standing by;  
And Daddy once said, he would like to be me  
Having cocoa and animals once more for tea!





## The Sugar-Plum Tree

EUGENE FIELD

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?

'Tis a marvel of great renown!

It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop Sea

In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;

The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet

(As those who have tasted it say)

That good little children have only to eat

Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard  
time

To capture the fruit which I sing;

The tree is so tall that no person could climb

To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!

But up in the tree sits a chocolate cat,

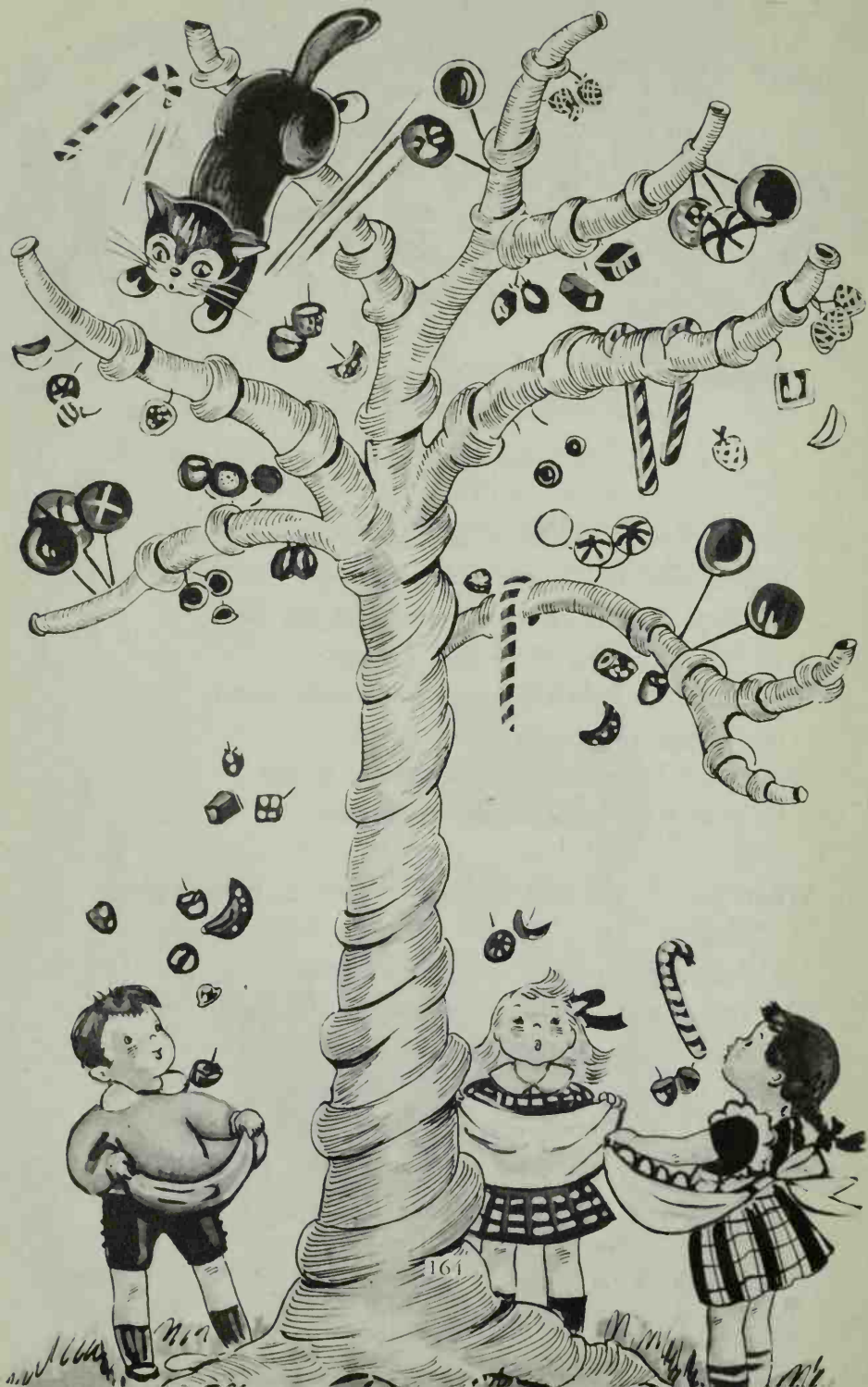
And a gingerbread dog prowls below--

And this is the way you contrive to get at

Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

From *Lullaby Land* by Eugene Field, reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

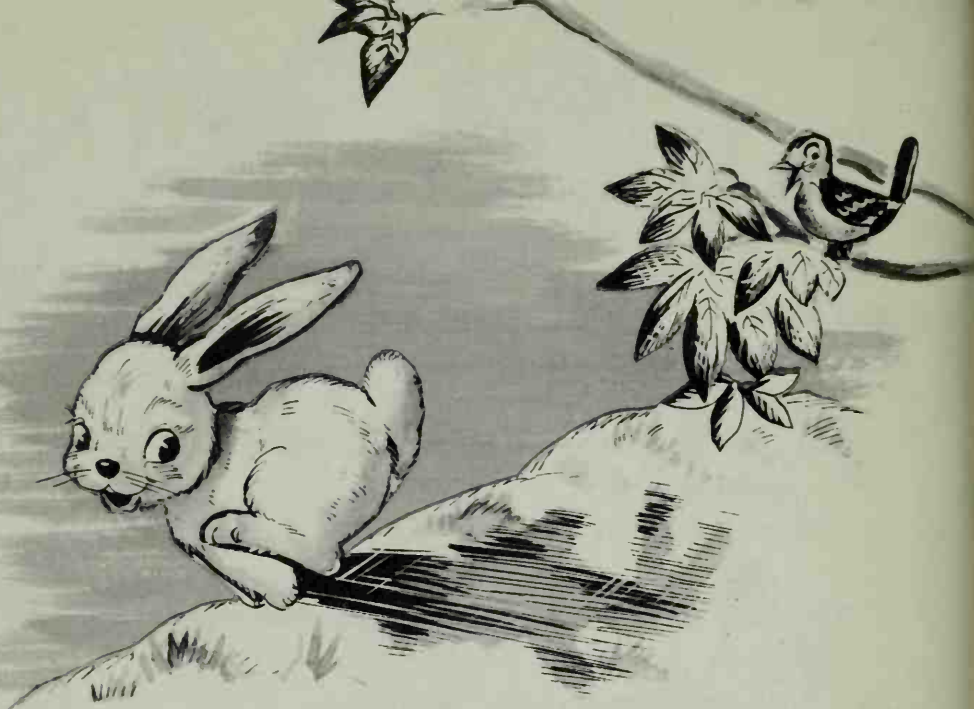




You say but the word to that gingerbread dog  
And he barks with such terrible zest  
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,  
As her swelling proportions attest.  
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around  
From this leafy limb unto that,  
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the  
ground—  
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint  
canes,  
With stripings of scarlet or gold,  
And you carry away of the treasure that rains  
As much as your apron can hold!  
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me  
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,  
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree  
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.





## Down a Sunny Easter Meadow

NANCY BYRD TURNER

Down a sunny Easter meadow  
Went a rabbit, running sprightly;  
With him went his skippy shadow,  
Tag they played, and played it lightly.

All the robins in the meadow  
Called them as they jumped and scurried,  
"Hurry, Bunny! Hurry, Shadow!  
Easter's coming!"

And they hurried.



## The Little Blue Dishes

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

ONCE upon a time there was a poor woodcutter who lived with his wife and three children in a little cabin in the forest. There was a big boy named John and a little boy named Peter, and a dear little girl named Gretchen, just five years old.

Christmas was coming, and the children went to the village toy shop to look at all the toys. There were tops and balls and blocks. There were woolly bears and other stuffed animals, and also animals made of wood. There were all kinds of dolls, and there was furniture for dolls' houses . . . and many other things.



“Gretchen,” said Peter, “what do you like best?”

“Oh, that little box of blue dishes!” said Gretchen.

“That is the best of all.” She could not take her eyes off the cunning teapot, the sugar bowl and cream pitcher, and the two little cups and saucers.

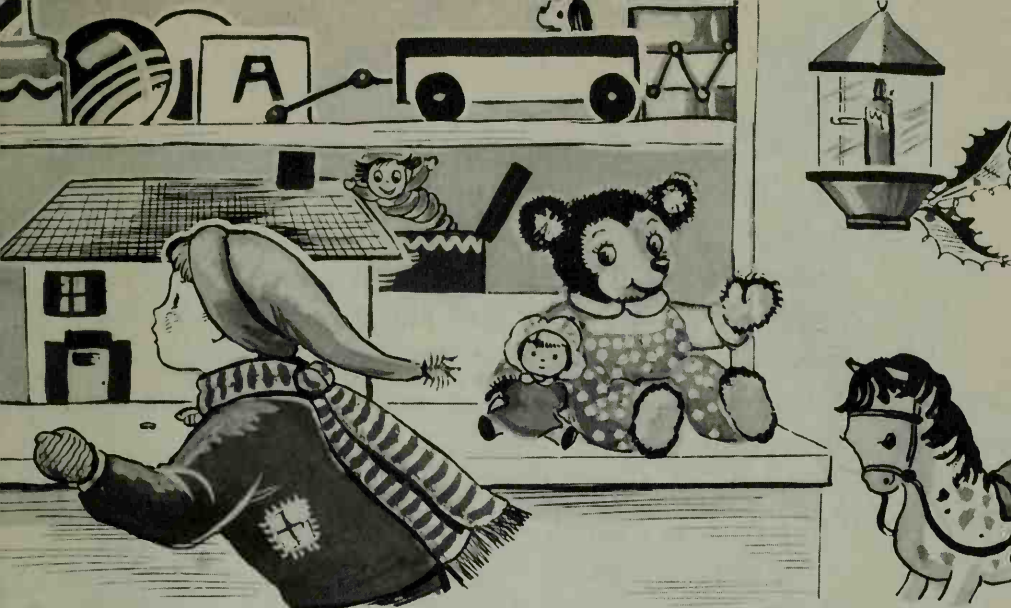
On Christmas Eve the children hung up their stockings, although their mother had told them they must not expect much this year.

After supper John ran out to play with the big boys. Gretchen and Peter sat by the fire talking about the toys they had seen.

“I wish I had those little blue dishes,” said Gretchen. But soon she became sleepy and went off to bed.

Peter ran to look at his bank. He found only one penny, but he took it and ran to the toy shop.





"What can I buy for a penny?" he asked the toy man.

"You can buy a little candy heart with a picture on it," said the man.

"But I want that set of blue dishes," said Peter.

"Oh, those cost ten cents," said the man.

"Well, then I'll take the candy heart," said Peter. He took it home and put it in the toe of Gretchen's stocking and then he went to bed.

Pretty soon John came home. He was cold and hungry. While he was warming himself by the fire, he noticed the lump in Gretchen's stocking. He put in his hand and drew out the candy heart.

"Oh," said John, "how good this smells!" and before he thought about what he was doing, he ate the candy heart.

“Oh, dear,” he thought, “that was for Gretchen for Christmas. I must run and buy something else for her.”

He ran to get his bank and he found he had ten pennies. Quickly he ran to the toy shop. The man was just ready to close up.

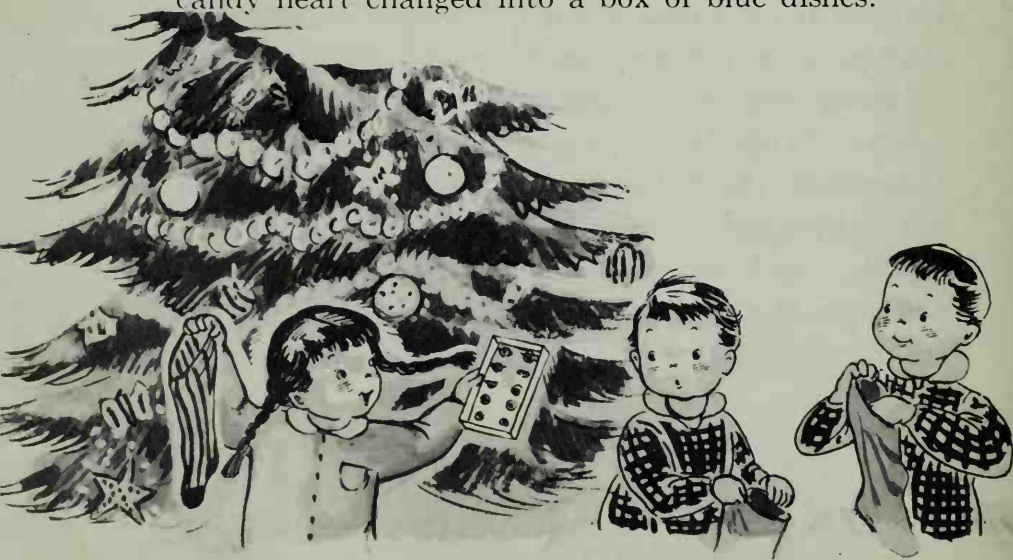
“What have you for ten pennies?” he asked the storekeeper.

“Well, I’m almost sold out,” said the toy man, “but here is a little set of blue dishes.”

“I will take them,” said John, and he ran home and put them in Gretchen’s stocking. Then he went to bed.

Early Christmas morning the children jumped out of bed and came running to look at their stockings.

“Oh,” cried Gretchen, “look at my stocking!” She had found the blue dishes and she was dancing for joy. But Peter could never understand how his candy heart changed into a box of blue dishes!





## The Old Woman and Her Pig

AN old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence.

“What,” said she, “shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market, and buy a little pig.”

She went to market and bought a little pig, and then she started for home, driving the pig before her. On the way she came to a stile; but the pig would not go over the stile.

She went a little farther, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog:

“Dog, dog, bite pig!

Pig won't go over the stile;

And I shan't get home tonight.”

But the dog would not.





She went a little farther, and she met a stick. So she said:

“Stick, stick, beat dog!  
Dog won’t bite pig;  
Pig won’t go over the stile,  
And I shan’t get home tonight.”

But the stick would not.



She went a little farther, and she met a fire. So she said:

“Fire, fire, burn stick!  
Stick won’t beat dog;  
Dog won’t bite pig;  
Pig won’t go over the stile,  
And I shan’t get home tonight.”

But the fire would not.



She went a little farther, and she met some water.  
So she said:

“Water, water, quench fire.  
Fire won’t burn stick;  
Stick won’t beat dog;  
Dog won’t bite pig;  
Pig won’t go over the stile,  
And I shan’t get home tonight.”

But the water would not.





She went a little farther, and she met an ox. So she said:

“Ox, ox, drink water!  
Water won’t quench fire;  
Fire won’t burn stick;  
Stick won’t beat dog;  
Dog won’t bite pig;  
Pig won’t go over the stile,  
And I shan’t get home tonight.”

But the ox would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a butcher.  
So she said:

“Butcher, butcher, drive ox!  
Ox won’t drink water;  
Water won’t quench fire;  
Fire won’t burn stick;  
Stick won’t beat dog;  
Dog won’t bite pig;  
Pig won’t go over the stile,  
And I shan’t get home tonight.”

But the butcher would not.



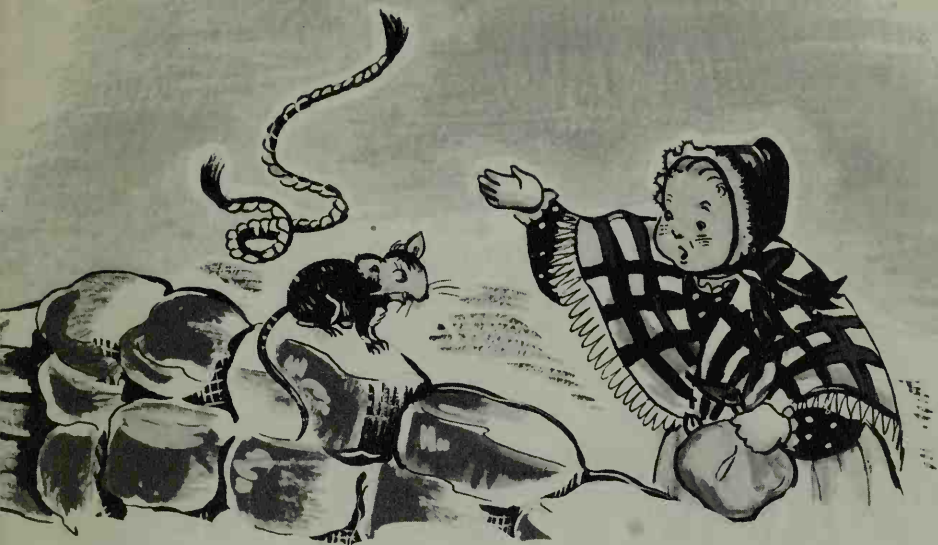


She went a little farther, and she met a rope. So she said:

“Rope, rope, tie butcher!  
Butcher won’t drive ox;  
Ox won’t drink water;  
Water won’t quench fire;  
Fire won’t burn stick;  
Stick won’t beat dog;  
Dog won’t bite pig;  
Pig won’t go over the stile,  
And I shan’t get home tonight.”

But the rope would not.





She went a little farther, and she met a rat. So she said:

“Rat, rat, gnaw rope!  
Rope won’t tie butcher;  
Butcher won’t drive ox;  
Ox won’t drink water;  
Water won’t quench fire;  
Fire won’t burn stick;  
Stick won’t beat dog;  
Dog won’t bite pig;  
Pig won’t go over the stile,  
And I shan’t get home tonight.”

But the rat would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a cat. So she said:

“Cat, cat, catch rat!  
Rat won’t gnaw rope;  
Butcher won’t drive ox;  
Ox won’t drink water;  
Water won’t quench fire;  
Fire won’t burn stick;  
Stick won’t beat dog;  
Dog won’t bite pig;  
Pig won’t go over the stile,  
And I shan’t get home tonight.”

But the cat said, “If you will go to yonder cow and get me a saucer of milk, I will catch the rat.”





So away the old woman ran to the cow.

But the cow said, "If you will go to yonder haystack and fetch me a handful of hay, I will give you the milk."

So away the old woman ran to the haystack, and she brought the hay to the cow.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk. Then away the old woman ran with a saucer of milk for the cat.

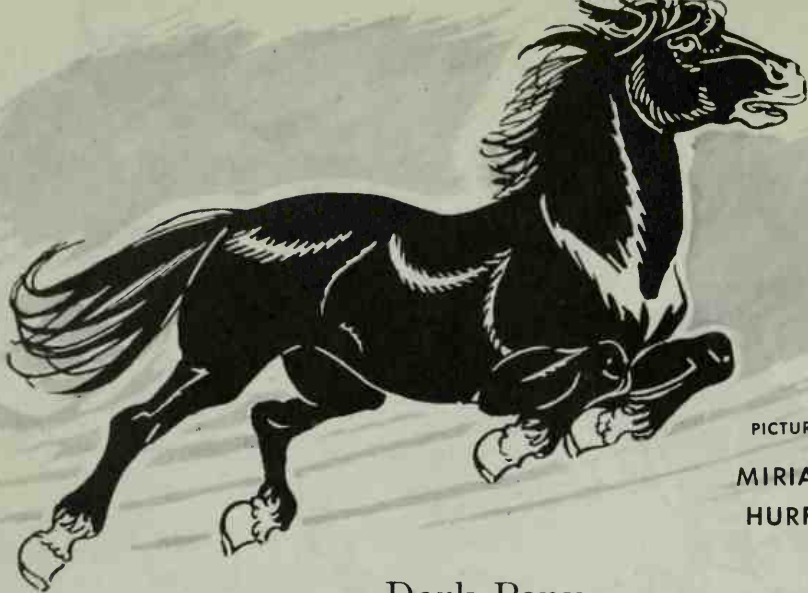
As soon as the cat had lapped up the milk—

The cat began to catch the rat;  
The rat began to gnaw the rope;  
The rope began to tie the butcher;  
The butcher began to drive the ox;  
The ox began to drink the water;  
The water began to quench the fire;  
The fire began to burn the stick;  
The stick began to beat the dog;  
The dog began to bite the pig;  
The pig in a fright jumped over the stile;  
And so the old woman got home that night.









PICTURES BY  
MIRIAM S.  
HURFORD

## Dark Pony

ONCE upon a time there was a pony named Dark. Every night he took little people to Sleepytown.

One night as Dark Pony started off, he met a little boy named Noddy, who called out:

“Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

Please let me go!”

So Dark Pony stopped and Noddy hopped upon his back. And away they went galloping—galloping—galloping. Soon they met a little girl named Niddy, who said:

“I’d like to go, too.

Please take me with you.”

Dark Pony stopped again and up jumped Niddy behind Noddy. Away they went galloping—galloping—galloping.

*Reprinted from Little Folks Magazine.*

By and by they heard a little dog barking:

“Bow-wow! bow-wow!

Please take me now!”

So Dark Pony stopped galloping. Noddy jumped down and got the little dog. He tucked him under his arm, and jumped upon the pony. And Dark Pony went galloping—galloping—galloping.

Next they saw a little cat, who cried:

“Mew—mew, mew!

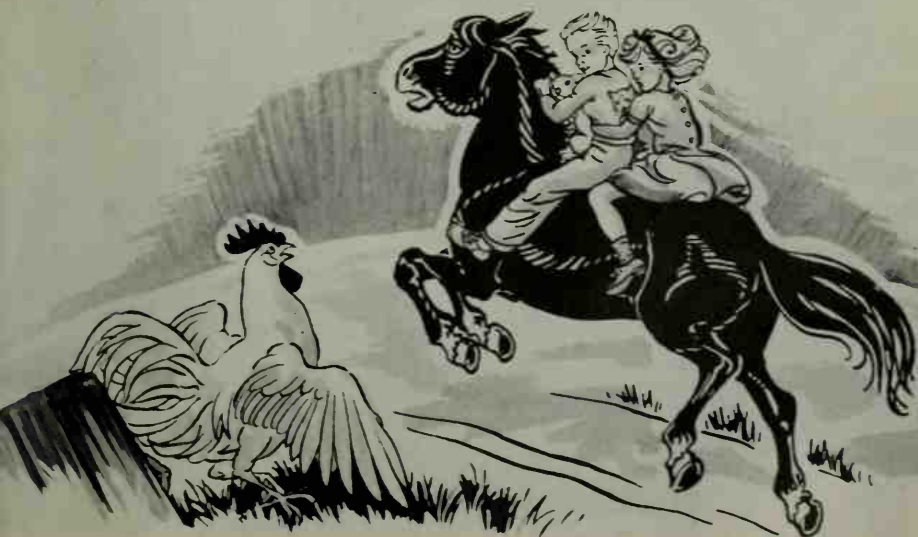
Please take me too!”

Dark Pony stopped galloping. Off jumped Niddy and picked up pussy-cat and held her in her lap. Away they went galloping—galloping—galloping.

As they were passing a farmhouse, out from his coop flew Mr. Rooster, crowing:

“Cock-a-doodle-doodle-do!

Won't you please take me, too?”



When Dark Pony stopped for Mr. Rooster, he flew up and lighted on Dark Pony's back behind Niddy. And then away they went galloping—galloping—galloping.

When Mrs. Hen saw Mr. Rooster riding away she flew after, calling:

“Cluck! cluck! cluckety cluck!

Take me for good luck!”

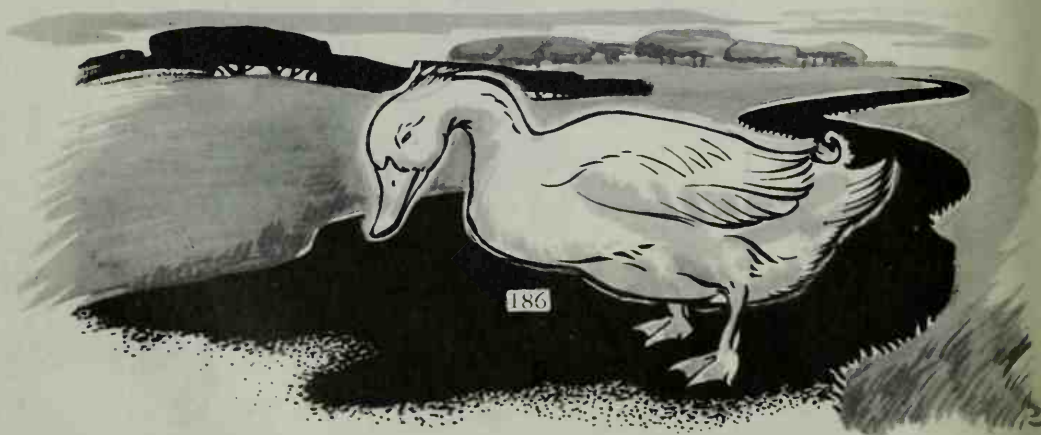
Then she flew up behind the rooster and away they went galloping—galloping—galloping.

Pretty soon in the road ahead waddling toward them, nodding his head, came a white something, who said:

“Quack! quack! quack! quack!

Room for me on your back?”

Guess what it was! Yes, a duck! When Dark Pony stopped, it flew upon his back. There was just room for it to sit close up to Mrs. Hen. And away they went galloping—galloping—galloping.







As they were riding through the wood, up jumped a little gray squirrel from a tree. He called to them merrily:

“Do look and see  
If there’s room for me.”

Noddy said there was room for one more. So the little squirrel jumped upon Dark Pony. Away they went galloping—galloping—galloping.

A little farther on, as they were looking down they saw a little quail all dressed in brown. He ran toward them, whistling:

“Bob-White, Bob-White!  
May I go to-night?”

Dark Pony was very kind and good and liked to take as many as he could. But already there were eight passengers. Where to put the ninth was a puzzle.



Finally, Mr. Rooster kindly offered his broad back as a seat for the little quail, who very gladly accepted it. And away they went galloping—galloping—galloping.

Pretty soon from the top of a tree flew a big bird as black as could be. Straight toward them as they rode along he swiftly flew singing this song:

“Caw! caw! caw! caw!”

Is there room for one more?”

Now certainly it did not seem so. But Niddy felt sorry for the crow, who longed so very much to go, and so she said: “You may sit here on my head.”

But Dark Pony said:

‘Oh! no! On *my* head you may go,

Right between my eyes, you know!’”

Sure enough! There was just room for the black crow, and away they went galloping—galloping—galloping.

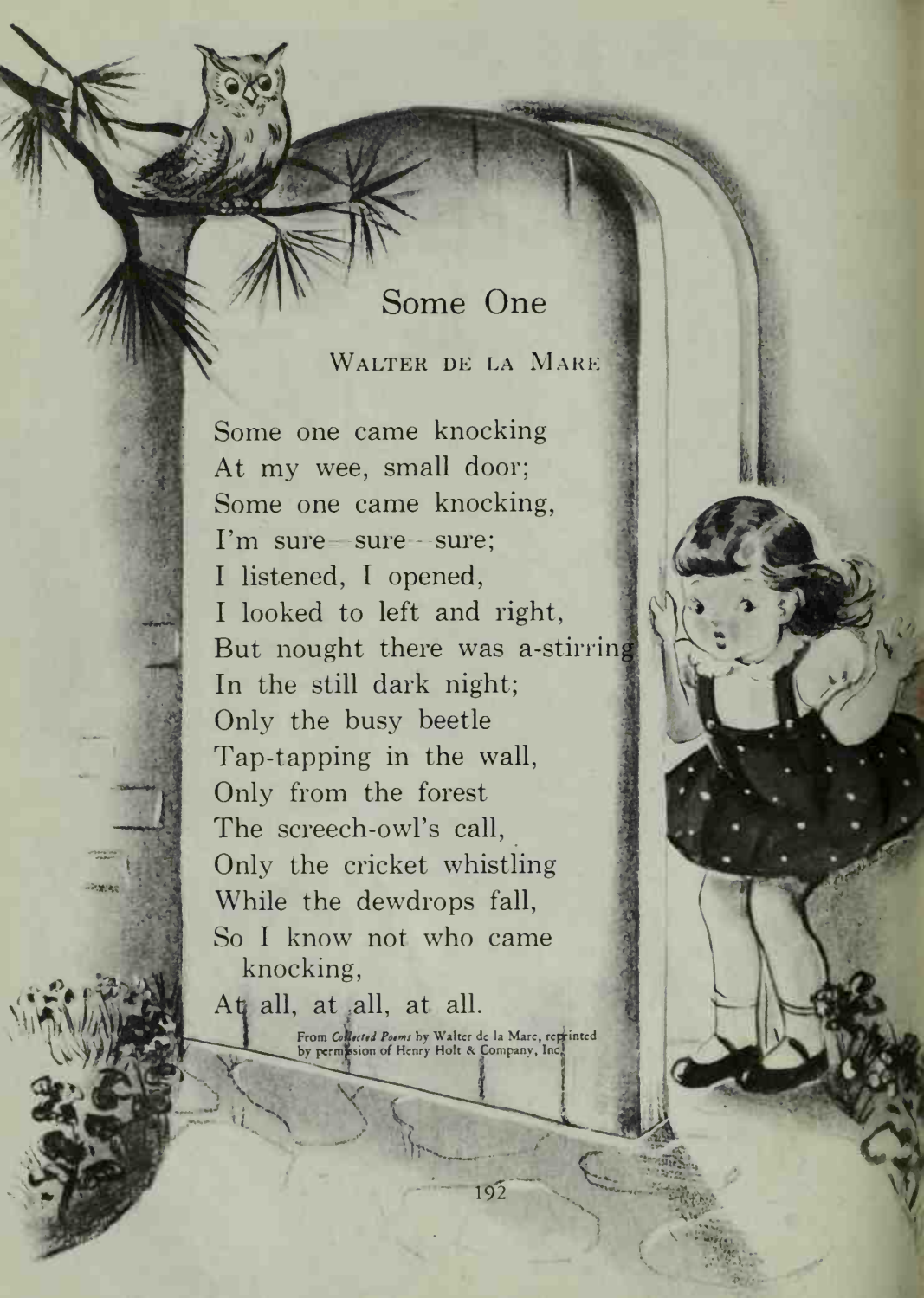






What a happy company they were—each one of the ten in his own way, humming a song as they galloped along!

Soon the song grew soft and low;  
Slowly now did Dark Pony go.  
Finally, every eye was closing;  
And by the time they all were dozing,  
Dark Pony, with head bowed down,  
Passed through the gate of Sleepytown.



## Some One

WALTER DE LA MARE

Some one came knocking  
At my wee, small door;  
Some one came knocking,  
I'm sure—sure—sure;  
I listened, I opened,  
I looked to left and right,  
But nought there was a-stirring  
In the still dark night;  
Only the busy beetle  
Tap-tapping in the wall,  
Only from the forest  
The screech-owl's call,  
Only the cricket whistling  
While the dewdrops fall,  
So I know not who came  
knocking,  
At all, at all, at all.

From *Collected Poems* by Walter de la Mare, reprinted  
by permission of Henry Holt & Company, Inc.



# POSH AND TOSH

RETOLD BY MATHILDA SCHIRMER

PICTURES  
BY  
ADELE  
KOENINGER



**T**here was once a little farm cottage  
snuggled against a hill. It was clean and  
white, with a roof of sod, on which grew  
green grass and bright flowers.





In this neat, white little cottage there lived Farmer Axel, his wife, Hannah, and their little girl, Altjie.

All around the house ran a gaily colored picket-fence. On the *inside* of the fence grew a garden of beautiful flowers and vegetables and fruits, too. On the *outside* of the fence was the barnyard. In the

barnyard were chickens and geese and ducks and turkeys. There was a pen for the great big pig and the three wee piggies. There was a shed for old Bossie, the cow. And all around the barnyard ran a brown wood fence.



On the outside of the brown wood fence there were fields of golden wheat as far as anyone could see—even if he stood on the top of the roof. When the wind stirred the fields, the wheat looked like a rippling sea of golden waves.

Axel worked in the fields — and he worked hard. He would plow the ground, plant the seeds, harvest the wheat, and stack the bundles.







Hannah worked in the barnyard, in the garden, and in the house, and Hannah worked hard, too. She looked after the child, and the garden full of fruits and







flowers and vegetables, and the barnyard filled with ducks and geese and chickens and turkeys, and the great big pig, and the three little piggies, and the cow. And every day when the dinner was cooked, she would put on a clean starched striped apron with a cap to match. Then—ding, dong—she would ring the bell for the farmer to come in from the fields to eat his dinner.

Now when the farmer came in he always had to wash off the dust and dirt. And he would look at his wife, so spick and



span, and one day he got a queer thought in his head. He thought that he got so dirty because he worked harder than his wife. So he said to her, "Ah, Hannah,

how I'd like a nice easy day like yours—  
a few minutes of work and then nothing  
to do!”

“Posh and tosh!” said Hannah. “Some-  
time, Axel, you should try a day in the  
house while I work in the fields.”



“Whenever you say, Hannah!” said the  
farmer.

“Tomorrow?” asked Hannah.

“Aye, tomorrow,” said Axel. “Tomorrow  
I’ll have a holiday!”



The next morning Hannah was up even before the sun rose. She made the breakfast and washed the dishes, and then, one-two-three, she was on her way to the fields.



After she left, Axel looked about him. Everything seemed neat and he didn't see a single thing to do, so he sat down and gave Altjie a ride on his knee.







Then he thought of the butter to be churned, so he set her down and said, "This isn't getting done what should be done." He went out through the garden and opened the gate and went into the dairy.





He got cream from the dairy and brought it back in the kitchen and filled the churn. He churned the cream, up and down, up and down, to make the rich yellow butter.



As he churned he got thirsty, and he thought of his best cider down in the cellar. His mouth began to water for a sip of it. "A sip or two of cold, tangy cider and I'll churn all the better!" he said. Down the stairs and through the cellar door he went. He knocked out the bung





and put it in his right pocket. Just as the  
cider was sizzling into his mug a mighty  
*thump* and *climpity-clump* sounded over  
his head. He dropped the mug and rushed  
up the stairs two-at-a-time.





There was the churn tipped over on the kitchen floor and the cream oozing out in all directions. And wallowing and grunting about in it was his great big pig, dripping and greasy with rich cream. Axel had



forgotten to close the gate when he brought in the cream, and the pig had strayed through the open gate and into the house!

“Oh, what a nogglehead I am!” said Axel. He chased the pig, but she ran—zip—right through his legs! *Zip*—right out into the yard! Axel ran to the door, but there he stopped.







“This isn’t getting done what should be done,” he said. To the dairy he went and filled the churn with rich cream again. Back to the kitchen he carried the heavy churn. He sat down on the stool and put

his hand in his pocket to get his handkerchief, but he pulled out the bung!

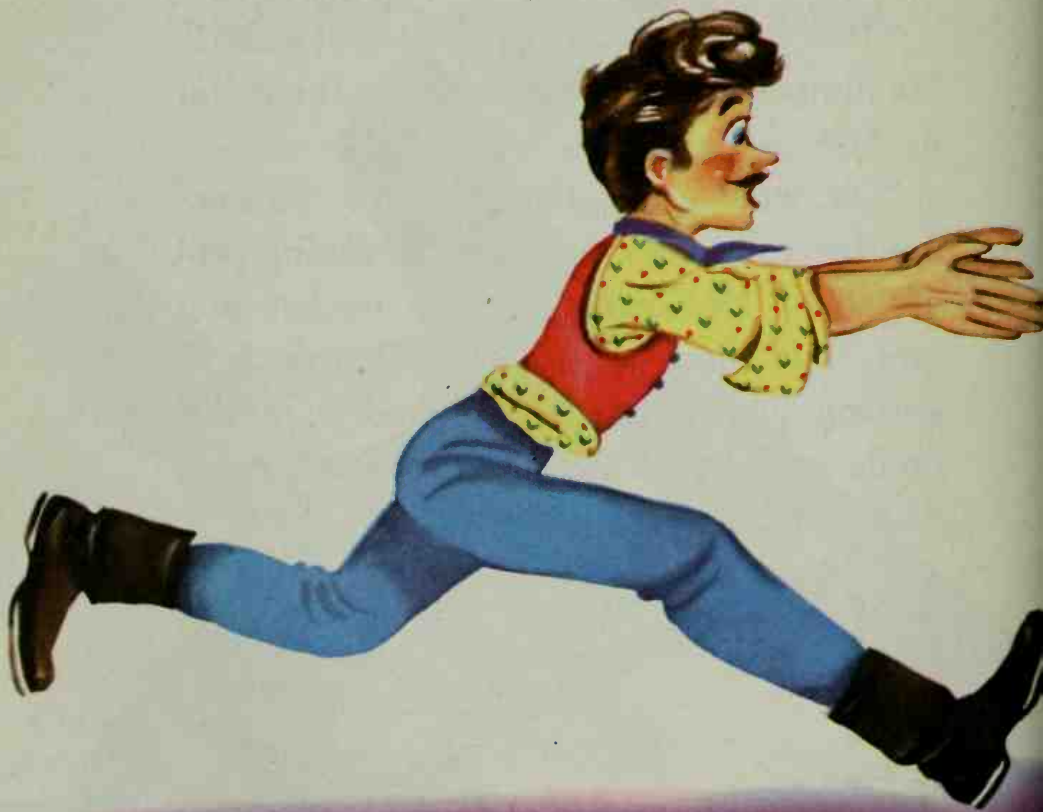
“The cider,” he cried, “my best cider!” He jumped up and went down to the cellar as fast as lightning.

“Oh, what a nogglehead I am,” he said, for the cellar was almost a swimming pool of cider. He looked for the bucket and mop, but then he said, “Well, this isn’t getting done what really should be done.” So he trekked his feet up the stairs leaving footprints of sticky cider.





As he came into the kitchen he ran to the churn and cried, "Altjie!" for there she



was, climbing on the churn. One second later and she would have tipped over the churn just as the pig had done.

Again he sat down and started to churn,  
and again he stopped. "Oh, what a noggle-



head I am!" he said. "I'll have to feed  
and water the cow!" and then he went out  
to the cowshed.

But first he tied the churn on his back, so that Altjie wouldn't upset it while he was in the barnyard. As he passed the well he stooped over to draw up water for the cow. But he forgot—guess what? The churn on his back! And all the rich cream



trickled over his shoulders and down his neck and over his clothes and into his shoes. Oh, what a nogglehead he *was*!

He took the churn off his back and scrubbed as much cream off himself as he could. Then he hurried to the cow with the water. Old Bossie drank and drank and when she had lapped up the very last drop she looked up at him.



He said, "Of course, poor old Bossie, you're hungry. Today I shall lead you up on the roof to graze on the green grass growing up there, for it is too far to go out to the meadow. It is getting late and much is not done that should be done."

Axel led the cow up to the place where the roof touched the hill and helped her across. As Axel turned to go, his foot slipped and he slid down a little. "Oh, ho," he cried, "our Bessie might slip, too. I'll have to tie her so she won't slide off!" He scurried down the hill, got a rope, and hurried up on the roof. He tied one end of the rope around the cow. Then what do you think he did? He dropped the other end of the rope down the chimney, and when he went back to the cottage he tied that end of the rope around himself.

Then he looked at the clock and saw it was almost twelve o'clock and dinner was supposed to be ready then.





How he would have to hurry and scurry to be ready for Hannah when she came home for her dinner! As he went to light the fire under the big iron kettle in the fireplace, there was a mighty tug on the rope — swoosh — he flew off the ground and stuck in the chimney. Bossie on the other end of the rope *had* slipped off the roof!





Just then Hannah came in from the fields for her dinner, with the scythe over her shoulder. "What is this?" she cried when she saw the cow dangling down over the roof of the house. She rushed on the roof, and *slish, slash*, she cut the rope and saved the cow.

But there was a great *splish-splash* inside. Hannah raced down the hill and looked in the house. It was a sorry sight she saw. There was cream all over the floor and cider all over the cellar. And



there was Axel, squooshed in the big, big kettle, kicking his boots and waving his arms.





She pulled him out. There he was—  
dirtier than ever before! Soot and cream  
and cider were all over him!



“Oh, what a nogglehead I am!” he said.  
“Posh and tosh,” said his wife with a



smile. She made the lunch and tidied the house—and they never changed places again!

# THE CAP THAT MOTHER MADE

RETOLD BY JANE McHENRY

PICTURES BY RUTH THOMPSON VAN TELLINGEN



Once there was a little boy named  
Anders who lived in a village in Norway.



He sat one day on a three legged stool at his mother's side, watching her finish a most beautiful present for him. It was a cap. A cap knitted of red and green and yellow yarn with a blue, wooly tassel right on the top. Though it was made of the odds and ends of wool left from knitting for her large family, Anders thought it was the handsomest cap in the world.

Peeking in the cracked mirror on the wall, he gently pulled the cap down over his ears and smiled a big smile. Mother sat with her hands folded on her apron, smiling too.

"I'm going out for a walk, Mother," he said. "Everyone ought to have a chance to see my new cap!"



Taking big steps, he marched down the path and onto the road to town. Along came a farmer lad driving a cow to market. He was whistling and twirling a stick—until he saw Anders. He stopped right in his tracks and opened his mouth for a moment without saying anything. Then he bowed and grinned.

“I’ll trade you this nice, peeled stick and my jackknife for your cap, little boy,” he said, digging the knife out of his pocket.

Even Anders’ *biggest* brother did not have a knife like this and he wanted very much to own it. But he could not trade a very special cap made just for him by his own mother. So he said, “I’m sorry but I cannot give up my cap,” and walked on.

He passed two wide fields, counting the fence posts, and met an elderly lady with rosy cheeks and a gray shawl. She, too, stopped. “My soul,” she exclaimed, “how

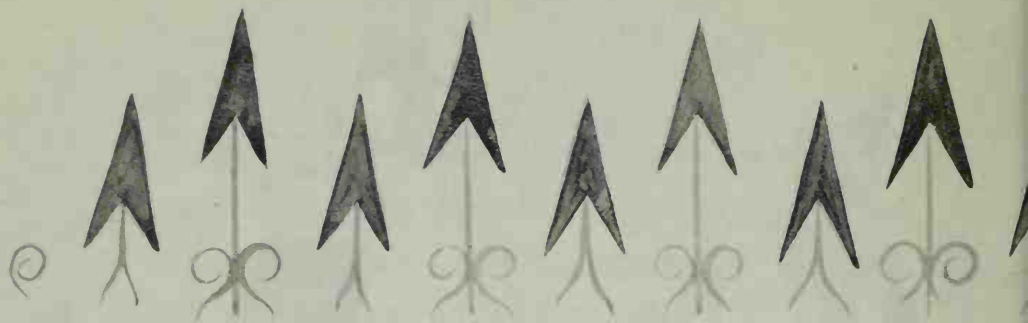




dressed up you are! Quite fine enough for the King's ball, I think!" She gave him a pretty curtsy and went on.

"I really must look splendid," thought Anders to himself. "I will go to see the King right now." And he hurried his steps toward the castle.

When he reached the great iron gates, guarded by two tall sentries in purple suits with swords hanging from their wide belts, Anders didn't know what to do. He had never been in the palace before. He felt very small and a bit frightened until he thought of his fine new cap. Then he stood



up as straight and tall as he could and said, "Please, Sir, I want to go to the King's ball."

The tall guard leaned 'way down and looked right into Anders' big blue eyes. "Well, well," he said. "You know the King's guests must be in uniform. I cannot let you in."

Just as Anders reached up toward his cap, the Princess crossed the courtyard just inside the gates. She wore, over seven ruffled petticoats, a white dress patterned with pale blue flowers. Blue forget-me-nots were tied in her yellow curls.



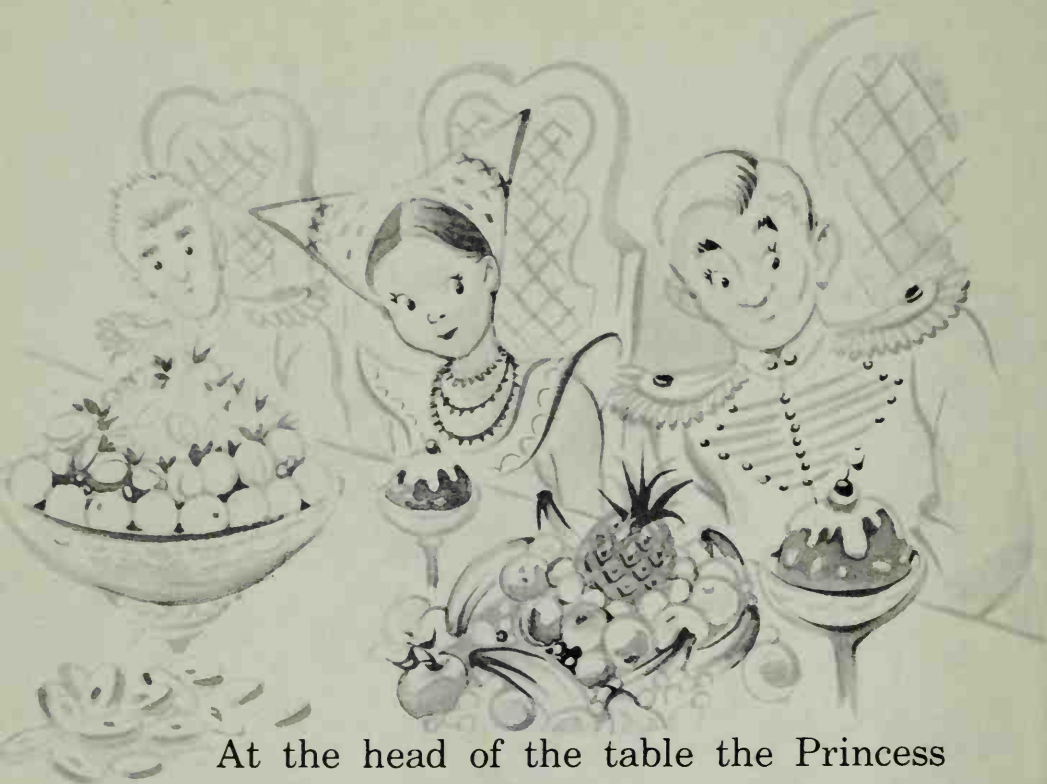


“I don’t think this young man will need a uniform,” she said to the guards. Smiling sweetly she took Anders’ hand and led him toward the broad marble steps. They passed through great carved doors down a long hall and into the banquet room. There was the longest table Anders had ever seen, covered with a golden cloth,



lighted by an army of burning tapers (tall, slender white ones). As they walked behind the rows of velvet-covered chairs, Anders saw the table was laden with cakes and cookies covered with colored sugar, mounds of figs and dates, oranges and peaches and grapes on silver plates and towering mountains of ice cream.





At the head of the table the Princess smiled at him and gave him a chair right next to her own. She started to whisper something to him when all around the hall double doors were opened and from every side came ladies and gentlemen in silks and velvets and soldiers in brilliant uniforms. As they came into the room they bowed low before taking their places at the table.

"They think my cap is beautiful, too!" thought Anders, his heart thumping with joy.

"Little boy," whispered the Princess again (Anders had been too busy to hear her the first time), "now you must take off your hat—if you will, please."





Anders sat stock still.

“Here, let me help you.” She lifted slim, white hands to take his cap, but little Anders was so afraid he would not get it back that he clapped both hands over his head and held on tight.

The Princess’ laugh was like silver bells ringing. Taking a glittering gold chain from her neck, she said, “Look, I will trade you my necklace for your cap. And I’ll give you a kiss besides!” Her eyes twinkled.



“That’s all very well,” thought Anders, “but nobody, not even a lady as lovely as the Princess, can have the cap that my mother made.”

Suddenly a deep laugh rang out. With hands still clasped tightly over his head, Anders peeked out of the corners of his eyes and saw—the King! He stood in the doorway in a crimson robe lined with ermine. On his head was a crown with sixteen points, all sparkling with jewels. It was dazzling! The King strode across the marble floor right to Anders' side. He smiled first at the Princess and then at Anders.

“Little boy!” he said, lifting his crown, “shall we trade for awhile?”



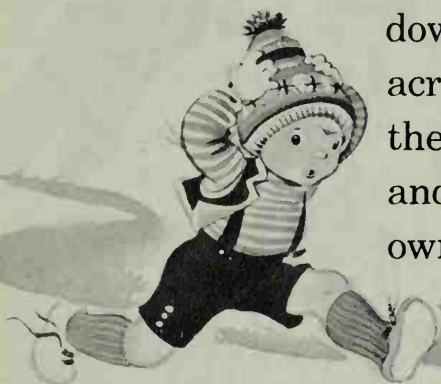




Anders didn't breathe for a moment as the King put his crown in one hand and leaned closer to take off his cap. Then like

lightning he slid down from the velvet-covered chair and ran past all of the surprised ladies and gentlemen right out of the hall. Holding on to his cap, he dashed

down the marble steps, across the courtyard, past the tall purple-clad guards and down the road to his own home. Quite out of

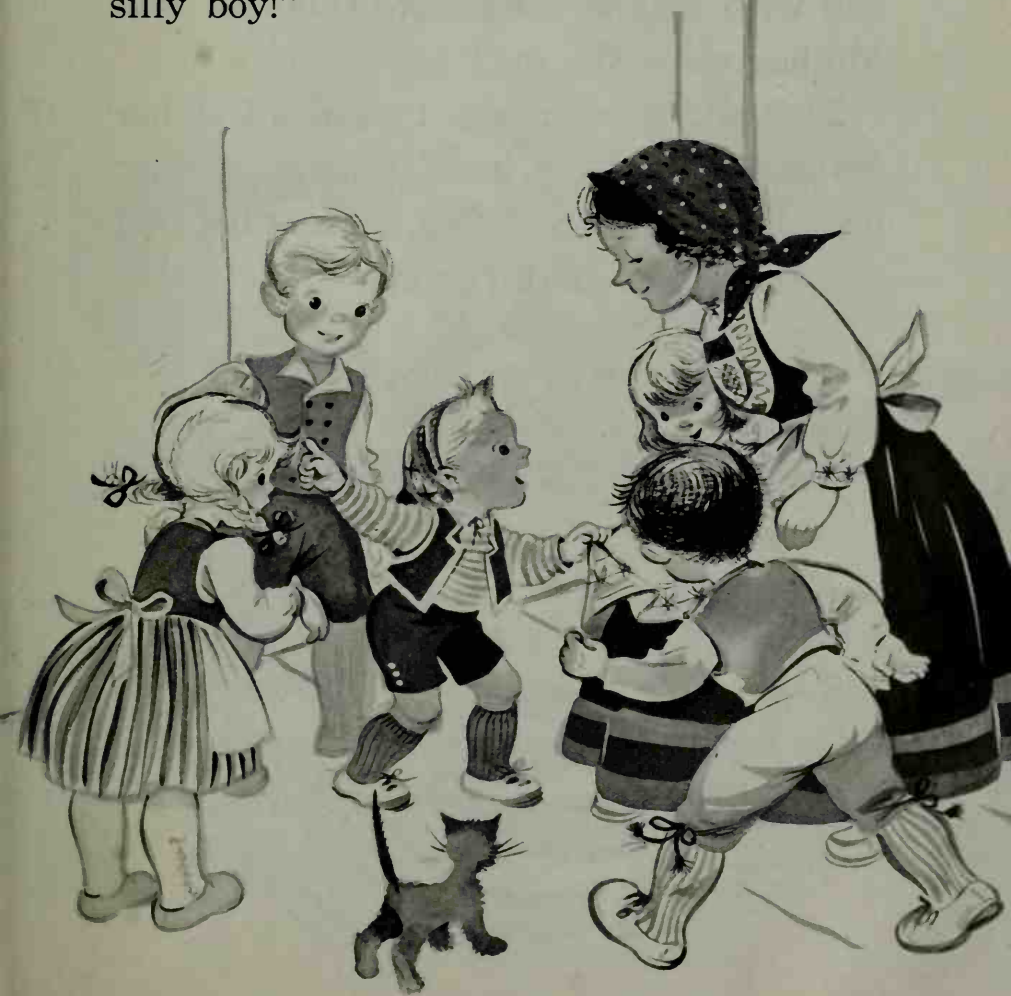


breath he burst into the cottage! His mother and brothers and sisters--and even the cat--crowded around him.

"My goodness, Son, what has happened to you? Where have you been so long?" said his anxious mother.

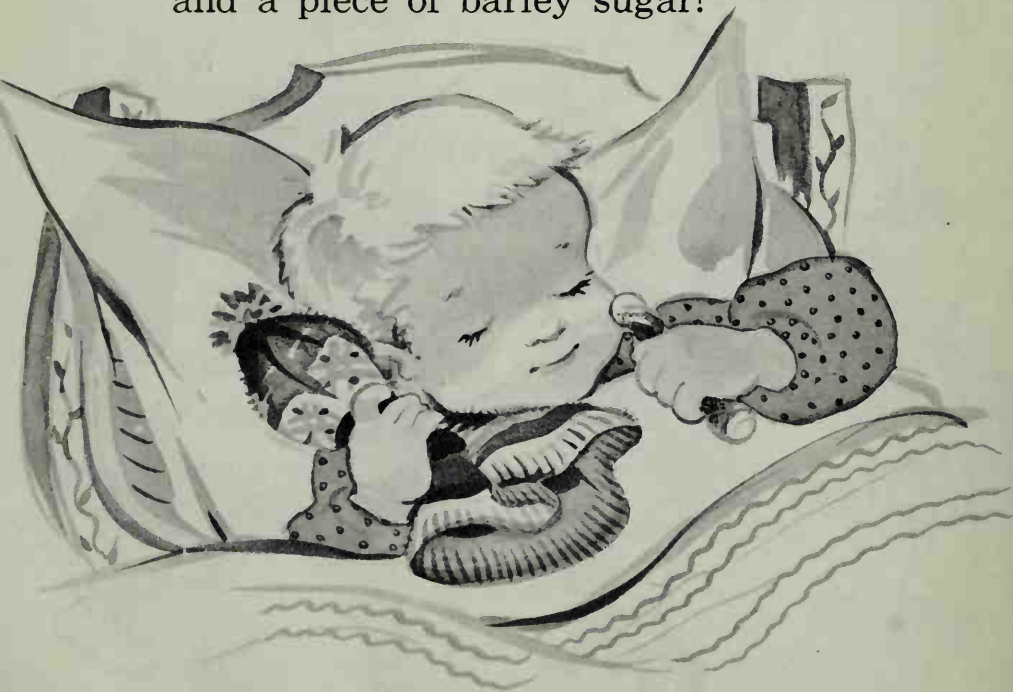
"Oh, Mother," cried Anders, "*everyone* wants my cap. **EVEN** the King!" And he told them all about his adventure.

When he had finished, his biggest brother said, "Well, if I had been there, I would have taken the King's crown. With the money it would bring you could buy a hundred caps like that one. Jackknives too—and lots more besides. You were a very silly boy!"



At this Anders' face grew red. Under his cap his ears burned hotter and hotter. No one spoke for a moment. Anders' mother pulled him close to her side and he said, "All the money that there is couldn't buy another red, green and yellow cap with a blue tassel like this one that Mother made for me."

That night when she tucked all of her children into their beds, Anders' mother gave him ten extra kisses, a great big hug and a piece of barley sugar!



# PELLE'S NEW SUIT

ADAPTED FROM

ELSA BESCOW'S STORY

BY

JANE McHENRY


PICTURES

BY

RUTH THOMPSON

VAN TELLINGEN



 In the country of Sweden lived a little boy whose name was Pelle. Pelle's mother and father gave him a lamb of his very own. He fed and cared for the lamb





himself and both Pelle and his pet grew and grew.

But as the lamb grew his white woolly coat grew right along with him, while poor Pelle's coat became smaller and smaller! Soon his coat-sleeves were half way to his elbows!

So one day Pelle took a large pair of shears and carefully cut off all of the lamb's long wool. He put the wool in a sack and walked across the road to his Granny's cottage. Her cottage had bright yellow



shutters. A little heart-shaped piece was cut from each shutter just for trimming. Pelle saw the house and there was his Granny in the garden.

He called to her, "Granny dear, please card this wool for me!"

"That I will gladly do, Pelle," she said, "if you will please pull the weeds in this carrot patch for me."



Pelle went quickly to work in the garden and Granny settled herself just inside the kitchen door to card Pelle's wool.



When the wool was ready Granny put it in a big basket for Pelle.



“Thank you, Granny dear!” he said and carried the basket to his other grandmother’s house. She was feeding her chickens when Pelle called to her, “Oh, Grandmother dear, please spin this wool into yarn for me!”



“That I will gladly do, Pelle,” she said,  
“if you will tend my cows for me.”

Pelle picked up a birch stick to use as a switch and went into the meadow to tend the cows. His grandmother hung her sunbonnet on a peg by the door and sat at her spinning wheel in the window. She spun all the fine white wool into yarn.





“Oh, thank you, Granny dear,” said Pelle when she gave the skeins of wool to him, “now I must go to see our neighbor, the house painter.” And down the road he went.

“Please, sir,” said Pelle after he reached the painter’s house, “may I have some of your nice blue paint to color my yarn?”

The man put down his paint brush and



laughed. "Oh, Pelle," he said, "don't you know this paint is just for wood? You need dye for your wool! If you will row over to the store to get me a bottle of turpentine, I will give you the money left from this shilling to buy you some blue dye."



Pelle put the shilling in his pocket and said, "Thank you very much, sir, I'll go right this minute!"

He rowed the boat all by himself to the store and bought a bottle of turpentine for the painter. And out of the change the storekeeper gave him just the right amount of blue dye.

This he put in a big iron pot with very hot water and dipped his wool up and down in it. When all of the yarn was a beautiful bright blue he looped the skeins over the clothesline to dry.

And then Pelle went to his mother and said, "Mother dear, please weave my blue yarn into cloth for me."

“That I will gladly do, my son, but you must take care of your baby sister for me while I am at work,” his mother said.

Pelle held his sister on his lap and fed her a big bowl of porridge while Mother wove the yarn into a fine piece of cloth.

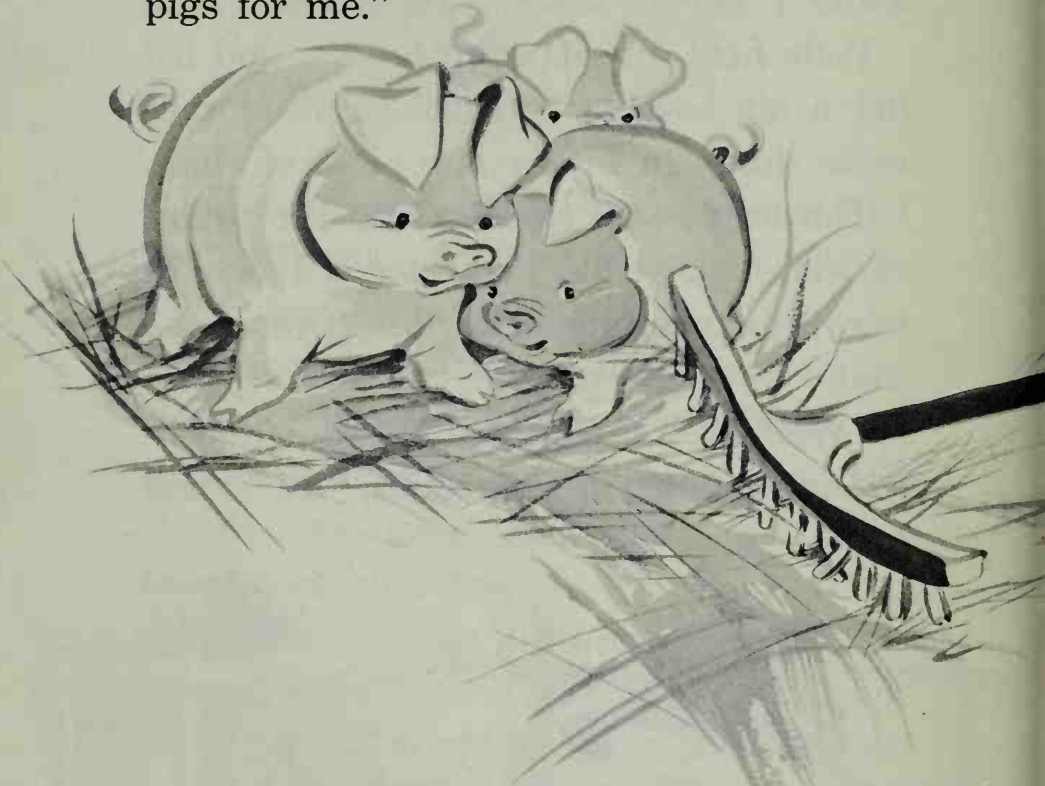
The next day Pelle went to the tailor. “I wish you would make me a new suit from this nice blue cloth, Mr. Tailor,” he said. “Will you please?”

“Well, well,” chuckled the tailor peering over the top of his glasses, “that I will





gladly do, young man, if you will rake my hay, bring in the firewood and feed my pigs for me.”



So Pelle ran out of the shop to the tailor's hay field and raked the hay. Then he fed the pigs. And then he brought in three big loads of firewood and piled them by the stove in the shop.



All this time the tailor cut and basted and stitched on the fine new cloth. And the very next Saturday night he sewed on the very last button and snipped the last thread and gave the finished suit to Pelle to wear.

On Sunday morning Pelle put on his new suit, shined his boots, and set his best cap on his head. Then he walked out into the meadow where his little lamb was grazing and said, "Thank you very much for my new suit, lamb."

The lamb looked at Pelle and said, "Ba-a-a-ah!" – just as if he were laughing!



# HORACE

BY MATHILDA SCHIRMER

PICTURES BY  
ANN DAVIDOW  
AGE 13



Once there was a little black colt named Horace. He had a white star on his forehead.



Horace lived on a farm just outside of a big city. He had not lived there very long, because he was only one month old.



He spent the days with his mother. Sometimes he would romp, *clickety-clack*, after her wherever she went.





Sometimes he just grazed quietly beside her.

But what Horace liked to do best was to race around her. He would run from her side and race in a wide circle, *Trit-trot! Trit-trot! Trit-trot!*

When Horace grew tired he would snuggle close to his mother. They would stroll to the fence beside the road.

They would rest in the shady coolness of a big oak tree that grew there.

One day as Horace and his mother were resting they saw a lot of trucks come down the road.



The trucks stopped right across the road at an old unused pasture.

“That is the carnival that comes to town every summer,” said Horace’s mother.

Horace saw the men put up many little tents. He saw them build a ferris-wheel.







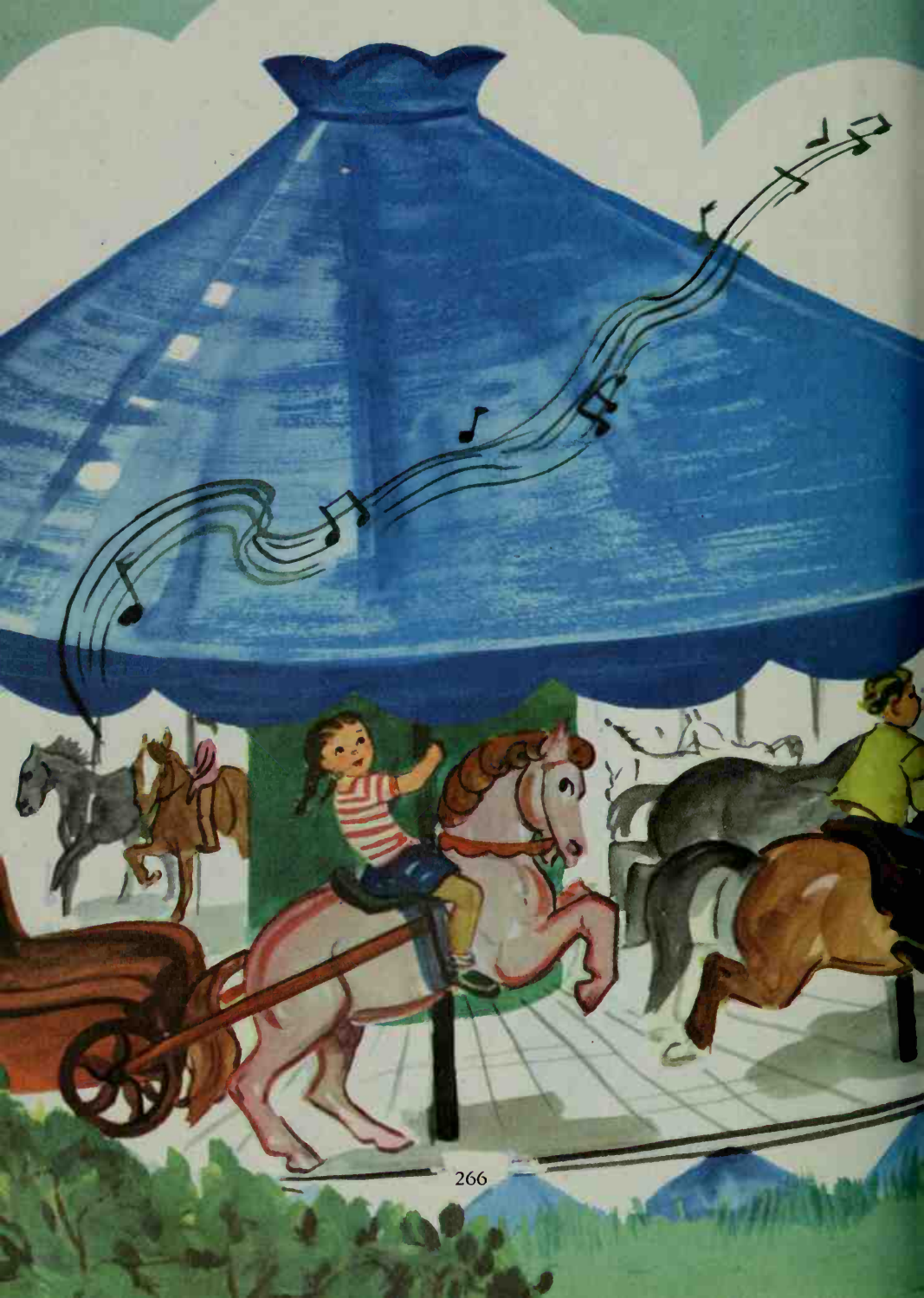
He saw them put horses on a platform. It was a merry-go-round. Suddenly Horace heard music. The horses started moving.





Two horses were pulling a funny-looking cart. Their front legs were up in the air. They stood on their two hind legs. They tossed their heads way back. Their front feet never came down.






There were other horses, two by two, pulling gay colored carts of different shapes. Horace stared at them.


They did not touch the ground at all. They went *up-up-up* and *down-down-down*, *up-up-up* and *down-down-down*. And they ran *whirl-whirl* in a circle.







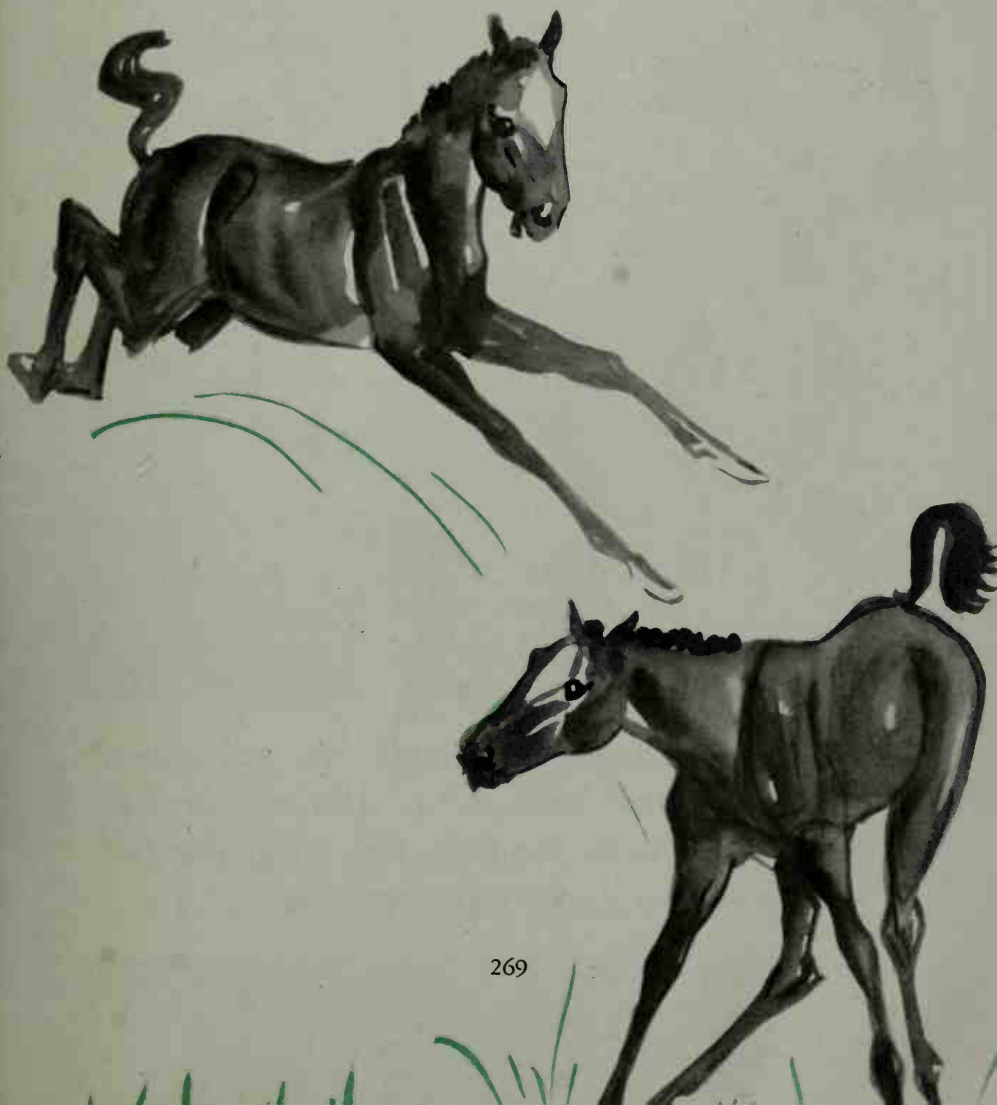
Horace trotted *trit-trot, trit-trot* to the middle of the pasture. He tossed back his head. Then he lifted his two front legs. But



plunk! Each time he tried, down they'd come. And he couldn't run on two legs at all!



Horace rested for a minute. Then he thought he'd try to run in the air like the other horses. He jumped *up-up-up*. Then---*thump*---down he came!





He tried again. Boomps! He fell down! His legs got all tangled up. His mother hurried over to him. He looked so funny she had to laugh. Then he had to laugh, too.



He jumped up and they galloped around the pasture together, to the music.



But Horace didn't forget the horses on the merry-go-round.

He went over to the fence and stared and stared.







Late in the afternoon the farmer's boy opened the gate of Horace's fence. He went across the road to see the carnival. And--- HE FORGOT TO CLOSE THE GATE AFTER HIM!

Horace saw the open gate. It was his chance to see the other horses. He galloped through. His mother followed after him.





Horace ran---*zip*---across the road. He ran--  
*zoop*--across the pasture. He ran---*trit-trot*---  
straight up to the merry-go-round.



He saw a beautiful black horse.  
“H-H-H-Hellooo!” whinnied Horace.  
But the horse never said a single word.





Horace jumped on the platform. He nosed





up to a great pink horse. She didn't even turn her head.







All at once---*tumpity-tum, tiddle-dee-dee!*---the music started. Horace felt himself moving. He stood perfectly still. Everything flashed by him. He saw the barn.

*Tiddle-dee-dee!* He saw the pasture and the fence and the road.



*Tumpity-tum!* He saw the tents and the ferris wheel.

*Tiddle-dee-tumpity!* And he saw the road and the fence. And some children.

And then all over again, only faster and **FASTER** and **FASTER**! He saw the barn, the pasture, the fence, the road, the tents, the



ferris-wheel, the road and the fence. And the children! And again and again and again. At last everything ran together in a blur.

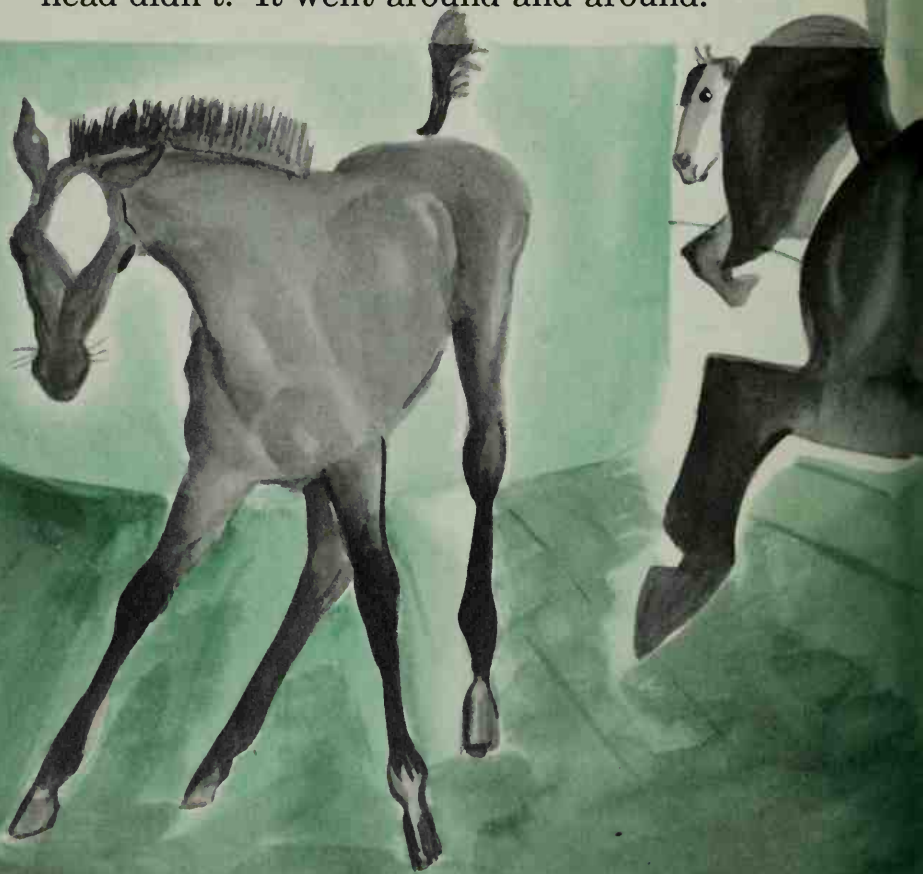


"H-H-H-H-elp!" he whinnied.

"I'm right h-h-h-here," answered his mother's voice.

He felt better. But very, very tired.

"*Ti-----tum!*" The music stopped playing. The platform stopped moving. But Horace's head didn't. It went around and around.



“Oh, look at the poor little colt!” said the farmer’s boy. He came up to Horace. He patted his head. Then he led him away.





Horace leaned this way. He leaned that way. He could hardly stand. His mother, right beside him, snuggled her nose into his soft baby ribs.

The farmer's boy led them past a man selling balloons and then across the road again. He took them into the pasture. He locked the gate.

Horace was happy to be back. He stretched out in the tall, soft, sweet-smelling grass. Soon he was sound asleep.





And ever since that day, when the Carnival comes, Horace watches it for a little while. He watches the tents. He watches the ferris-wheel. He watches the balloon man. And he watches the merry-go-round.

Then he swishes his tail. He tosses his head. He lifts his hoofs high. Then he elegantly trots to the FAR side of the pasture.





# OVER AND OVER STORIES

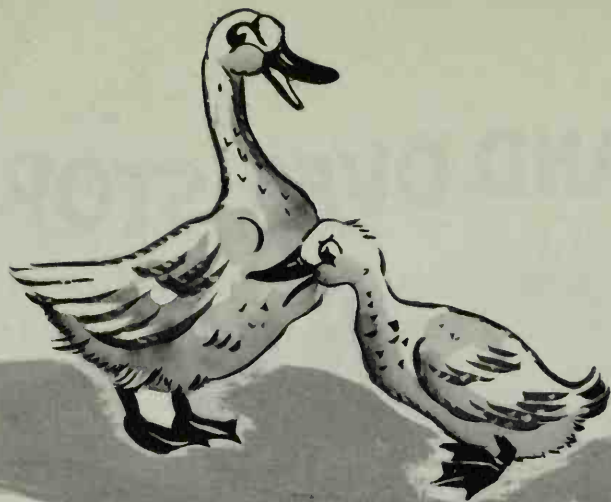
PICTURES BY  
ESTHER FRIEND



## The Little Red Hen

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD

Little Red Hen looked busily round  
In search of a bit to eat,  
Till hid in the straw and chaff, she found  
A plump little grain of wheat.



“Now who will plant this wheat?” she cried.  
“Not I!” the Goose and the Duck replied;  
“Not I!” said the Dog and the Cat;  
“Not I!” said the Mouse and the Rat.

“Oh, I will, then!” said the Little Red Hen,  
And scratched with her quick little feet,  
Till a hole she dug, and covered it snug,  
And so she planted the wheat.

Little Red Hen gave tender care;  
The rain and the shine came down,  
And the wheat grew green and tall and fair,  
Then turned to a golden brown.

“Now who will reap this wheat?” she cried.  
“Not I!” the Goose and the Duck replied;  
“Not I!” said the Dog and the Cat;  
“Not I!” said the Mouse and the Rat.

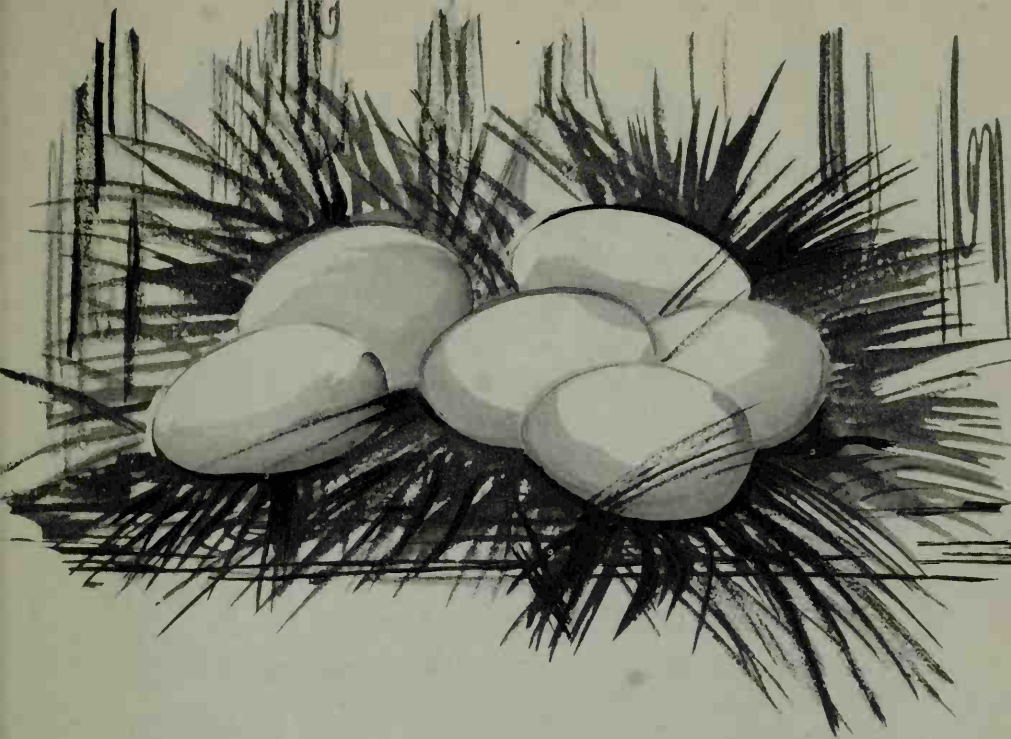
“Oh, I will then!” said the Little Red Hen;  
And braving the midsummer heat,  
She cut it at will with her trim little bill  
And so she reaped the wheat.

Little Red Hen peeped slyly about  
From her snug little nest in the hay;  
If only that wheat were all threshed out  
And fit to be stored away!

"Now who will thresh this wheat?" she cried.  
"Not I!" the Goose and the Duck replied;  
"Not I!" said the Dog and the Cat;  
"Not I!" said the Mouse and the Rat.

"Oh, I will, then!" said the Little Red Hen  
And having no flail, she beat  
With her wings of red on the grain, instead,  
And so she threshed the wheat.





Little Red Hen had still no rest  
Although she had worked so well;  
She thought of the chicks in her snug little nest  
How soon they would peep in the shell.

“Now who will go to the mill?” she cried.  
“Not I!” the Goose and the Duck replied;  
“Not I!” said the Dog and the Cat;  
“Not I!” said the Mouse and the Rat.

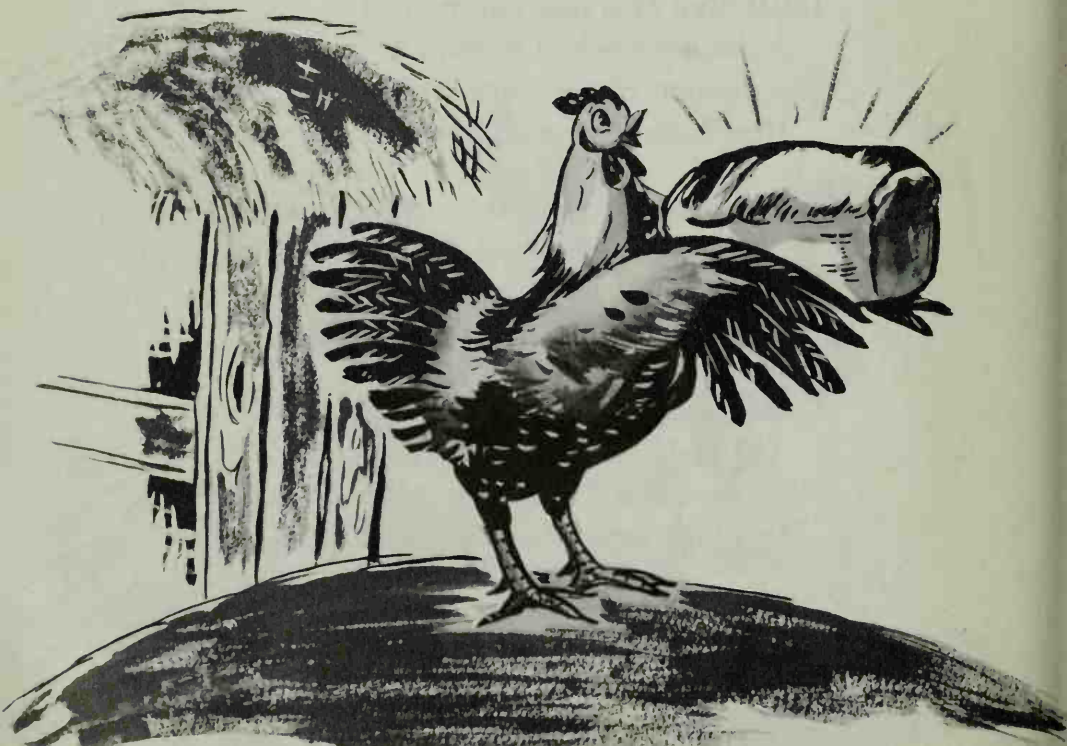
“Oh, I will then!” said the Little Red Hen,  
And fashioned a sack so neat,  
With corn-silk thread and a corn-husk red  
In which she carried the wheat.



Little Red Hen then made some bread,  
That was white and light and sweet,  
And when it was done, she smiled and said,  
“We’ll see who is willing to eat.”

“Now, who will eat this loaf?” she cried.  
“I will!” the Goose and the Duck replied;  
“I will!” said the Dog and the Cat;  
“I will!” said the Mouse and the Rat.

“No doubt!” said the Hen, “if you get it!” and then  
(How the lazy rogues longed for the treat!)  
She clucked to her chicks—she was mother of six—  
And that was the end of the wheat.









## The House That Jack Built

This is the house that Jack built.



This is the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the rat  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.





This is the cat  
That killed the rat  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the dog  
That worried the cat  
That killed the rat  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.





This is the cow with the crumpled horn  
That tossed the dog  
That worried the cat  
That killed the rat  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



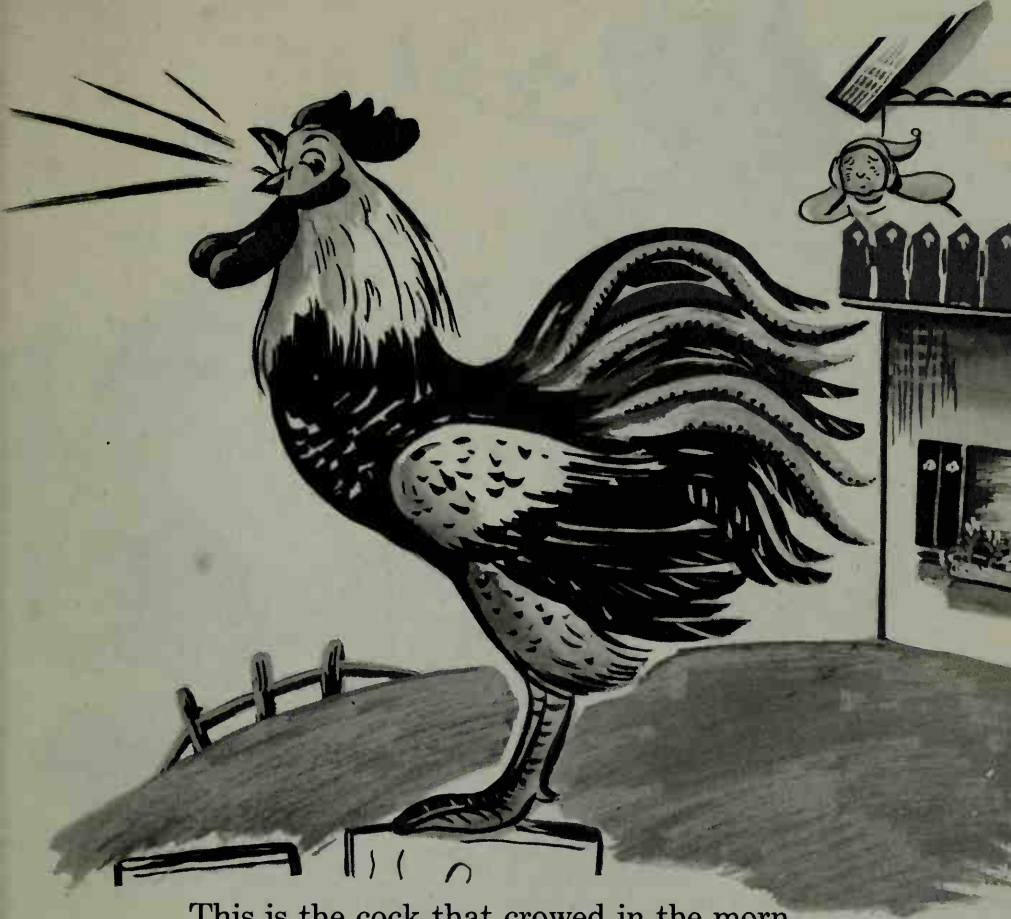
This is the maiden all forlorn  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn  
That tossed the dog  
That worried the cat  
That killed the rat  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the man all tattered and torn  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn  
That tossed the dog  
That worried the cat  
That killed the rat  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the priest all shaven and shorn  
That married the man all tattered and torn  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn  
That tossed the dog  
That worried the cat  
That killed the rat  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the cock that crowed in the morn  
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn  
That married the man all tattered and torn  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn  
That tossed the dog  
That worried the cat  
That killed the rat  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.





This is the farmer who  
sowed the corn  
That fed the cock that  
crowed in the morn

That waked the priest all shaven and shorn  
That married the man all tattered and torn  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn  
That tossed the dog  
That worried the cat  
That killed the rat  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.







## The Cat and the Mouse

The cat and the mouse  
Played in the malt-house.

THE cat bit the mouse's tail off.

"Pray, Puss, give me my tail."

"No," said the cat, "I'll not give you your tail,  
till you go to the cow and fetch me some milk."

First she leapt, and then she ran,

Till she came to the cow, and thus began:

"Pray, Cow, give me milk, that I may give cat  
milk, that cat may give me my own tail again."

"No," said the cow, "I will give you no milk, till  
you go to the farmer and get me some hay."





First she leapt, and then she ran,  
Till she came to the farmer, and thus began:  
“Pray, Farmer, give me hay, that I may give cow  
hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat  
milk, that cat may give me my own tail again.”  
“No,” said the farmer, “I’ll give you no hay till  
you go to the butcher and fetch me some meat.”



First she leapt, and then she ran,  
Till she came to the butcher, and thus began:

“Pray, Butcher, give me meat, that I may give  
farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay, that I  
may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that  
I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own  
tail again.

“No,” said the butcher, “I’ll give you no meat  
till you go to the baker and get me some bread.”



First she leapt, and then she ran,  
Till she came to the baker, and thus began:



“Pray, Baker, give me some bread, that I may give  
butcher bread, that butcher may give me meat, that I  
may give farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay,  
that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk,  
that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my  
own tail again.”

“Yes,” said the baker, “I’ll give you some bread,  
But into my meal don’t go poking your head.”

Then baker gave mouse bread, and mouse gave  
butcher bread, and butcher gave mouse meat, and  
mouse gave farmer meat, and farmer gave mouse  
hay, and mouse gave cow hay, and cow gave mouse  
milk, and mouse gave cat milk, and cat gave mouse  
her own tail again.



## The Three Billy Goats Gruff

ONCE upon a time there were three billy goats, and the name of all three was "Gruff." They were going up to the hillside to eat the fresh grass and make themselves fat.

On the way up they had to cross a bridge over a brook; and under the bridge lived an ugly old Troll, with eyes as big as saucers and a nose as long as your arm.

First of all, the youngest Billy Goat Gruff came over the bridge.

*"Trip, trap! Trip, trap!"* went the bridge.

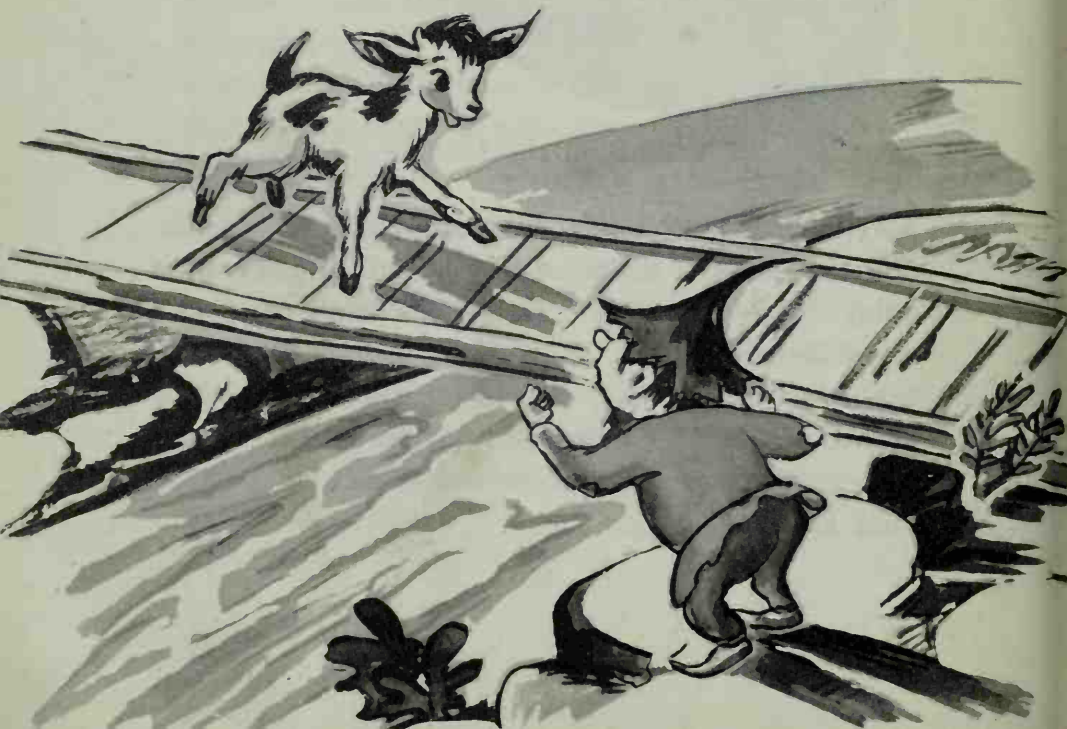
"WHO'S THAT TRIPPING OVER MY BRIDGE?" roared the Troll.

"Oh, it's only I, the tiniest Billy Goat Gruff; and I'm going up the hillside to make myself fat," said the youngest Billy Goat Gruff in his small voice.

"Now I'm coming to eat you up," said the Troll.

"Oh, no! don't take me. I'm too little," said the Little Billy Goat Gruff. "Wait till the second Billy Goat Gruff comes along. He's much bigger."

"Well, be off with you!" said the Troll.







Pretty soon the second Billy Goat Gruff came over the bridge.

"TRIP, TRAP! TRIP, TRAP! TRIP, TRAP!" went the bridge.

"WHO'S THAT TRIPPING OVER MY BRIDGE?" roared the Troll.

"Oh, it's the second Billy Goat Gruff, and I'm going up the hillside to make myself fat," said the second Billy Goat Gruff, in a voice that was not so small.

"Now, I'm coming to eat you up," said the Troll.

"Oh, no, don't take me. Wait till the Big Billy Goat Gruff comes. He's much bigger."

"Very well, be off with you!" said the Troll.





Just then the Big Billy Goat Gruff came over the bridge.

“TRIP, TRAP! TRIP, TRAP! TRIP, TRAP!” went the bridge, for the Big Billy Goat was so heavy that the bridge creaked and groaned under him.

“WHO’S THAT TRAMPING OVER MY BRIDGE?” roared the Troll.

“IT’S I! THE BIG BILLY GOAT GRUFF,” said the Big Billy Goat Gruff in a big deep voice.

“Now, I’m coming to eat you up!” roared the Troll.

“Well, come along,” said the Big Billy Goat Gruff, “I’m not afraid of you.” And he flew at the Troll with his big horns and tossed him into the brook. Then the three Billy Goats Gruff went up the hillside and they ate the fresh grass until they got so fat that they could hardly walk home again.





# The Parade Of The Toys

BETTY STONE

PICTURES BY FLORENCE SALTER



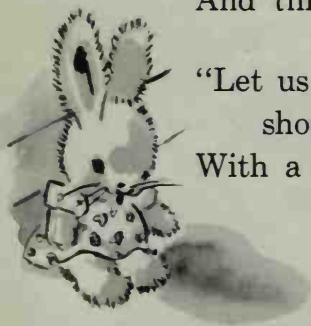
I have the finest playroom  
All filled with jolly toys  
Just right for little girls  
As well as little boys.



One night when I was sleeping,  
I heard the strangest sound;  
I peeked into the playroom—  
Imagine what I found!

My soldier boy was marching.  
(I didn't say a word!)  
He motioned to the others,  
And this is what I heard:

"Let us march, let us march from the nursery toy  
shop  
With a clickety-click and a cloppety-clop!"



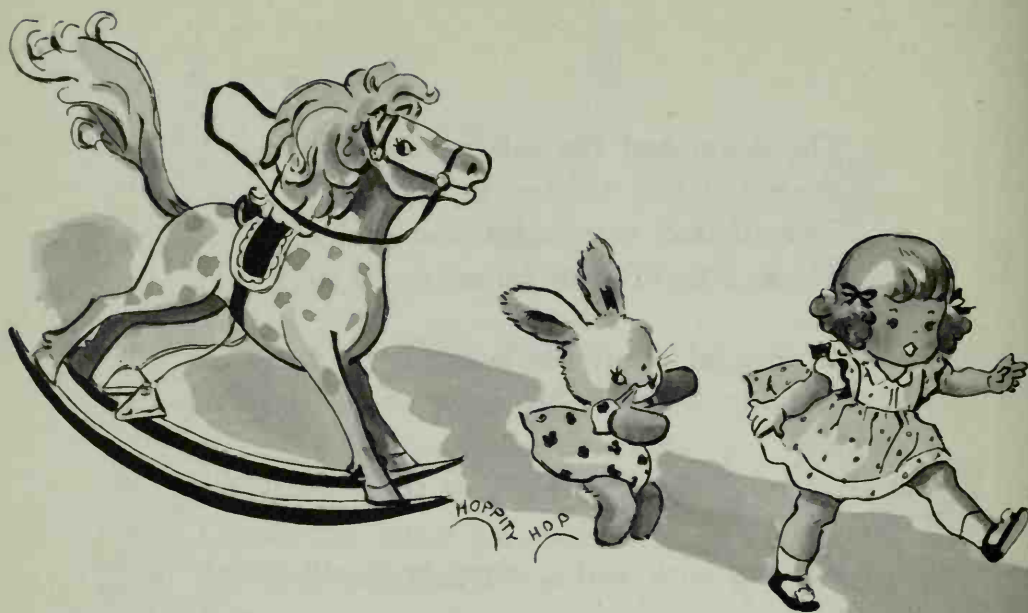
The drum and the talking dolly  
Were the first to step in line.  
They looked so straight and perky,  
Those little toys of mine.

Rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat, went the beat of the drum  
And the talking doll said, "Here we come! Here we  
come!"

"Let us march, let us march from the nursery toy  
shop  
With a clickety-click and a cloppety-clop!"

The soft and woolly doggie  
Joined hands with Fuzzy Cat  
And then began parading  
With bark and pssst and spat!





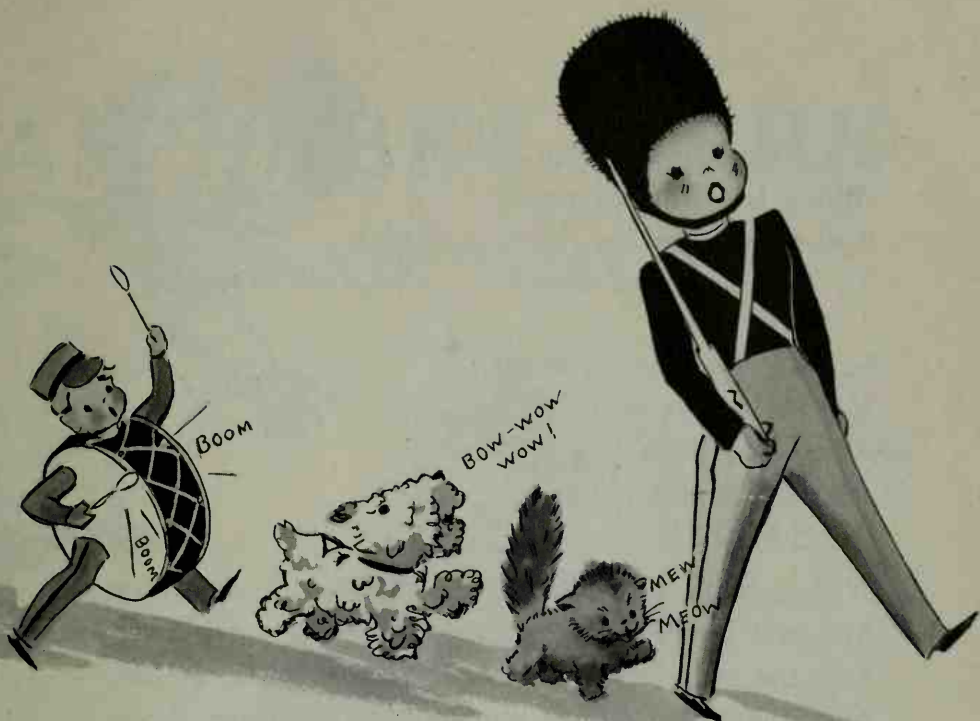
And the cat crept along with a mew, mew, *me-ow!*  
And the dog barked aloud, bow-wow-wow, bow-  
wow-wow!

Rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat, went the beat of the drum  
And the talking doll said, "Here we come! Here we  
come!"

"Let us march, let us march from the nursery toy  
shop  
With a clickety-click and a cloppety-clop!"

My hobby horse was rocking  
To catch up with the rest;  
And even pink-eared bunny  
Tried hard to march his best.





With a rockety-rock went the horse without a stop  
And the bunny marched too with a hoppity-hop.  
And the cat crept along with a mew, mew, *me-ow*!  
And the dog barked aloud, bow-wow-wow, bow-  
wow-wow!

Rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat, went the beat of the drum  
And the talking doll said, "Here we come! Here  
we come!"

"Let us march, let us march from the nursery toy  
shop

With a clickety-click and a cloppety-clop!"

But soon the sun was peeking  
Above the window pane,  
And then each toy went marching  
To take his place again.

So now we have a secret,  
My little toys and I;  
And often time I hear them  
As they go marching by:

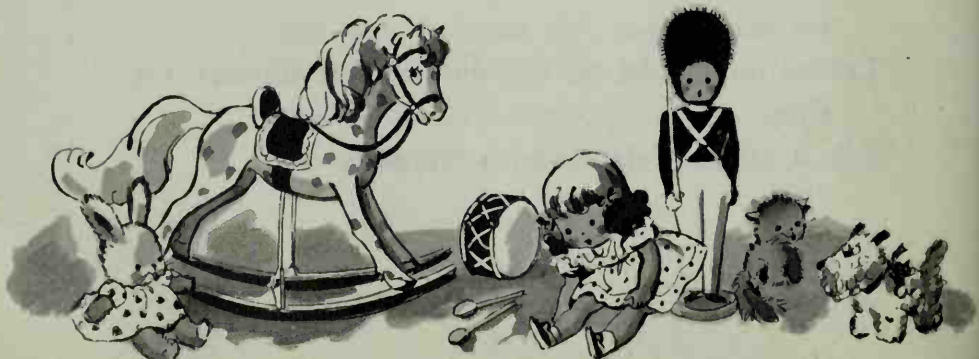


With a rockety-rock went the horse without a stop  
And the bunny marched too with a hoppity-hop.  
And the cat crept along with a mew, mew, *me-ow!*  
And the dog barked aloud, bow-wow-wow, bow-  
wow-wow!

Rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat, went the beat of the drum  
And the talking doll said, "Here we come! Here  
we come!"

"Let us march, let us march from the nursery toy  
shop

With a clickety-click and a cloppety-clop!"



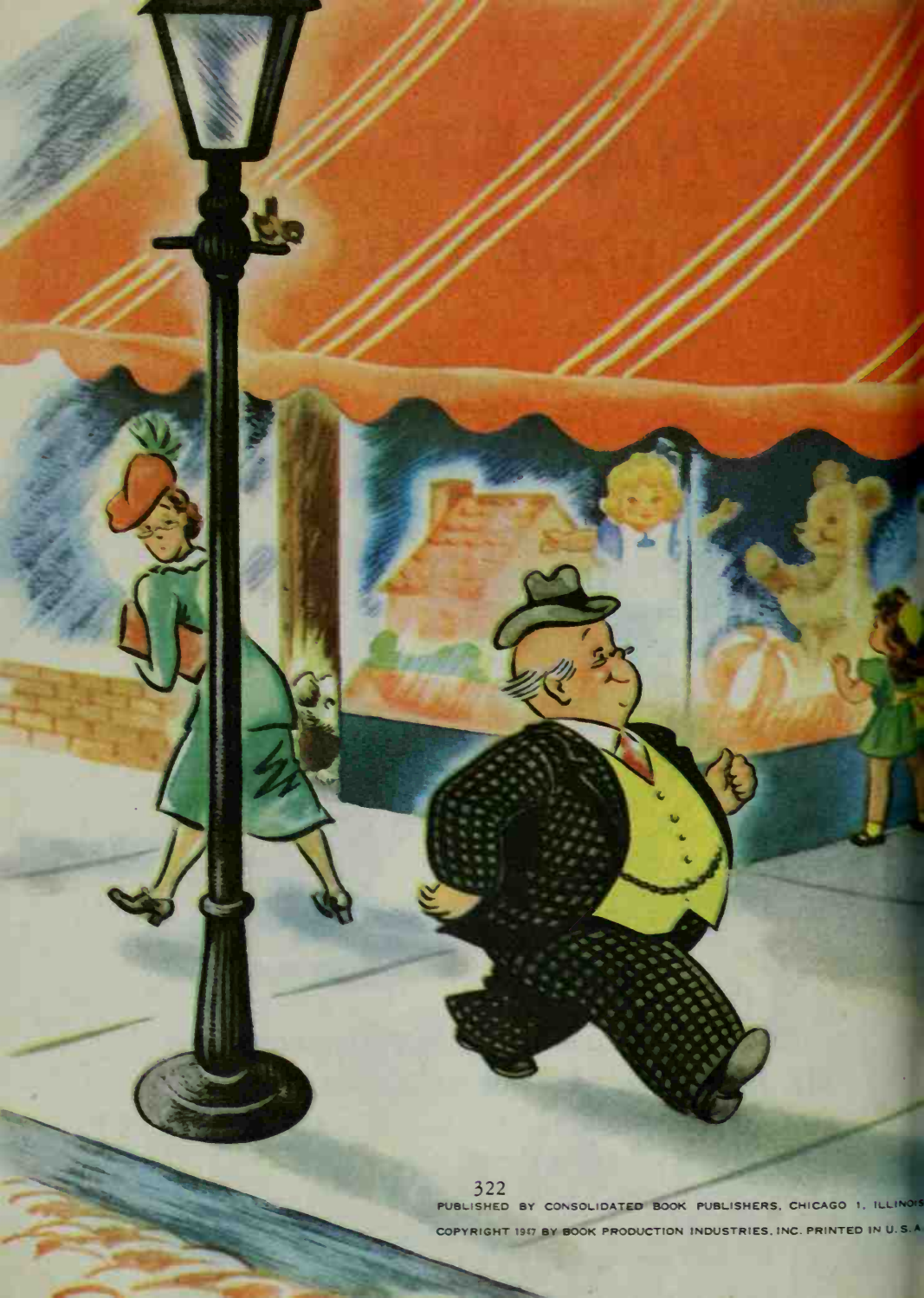
# ALPHABET PARK

BY DIXIE WILLSON

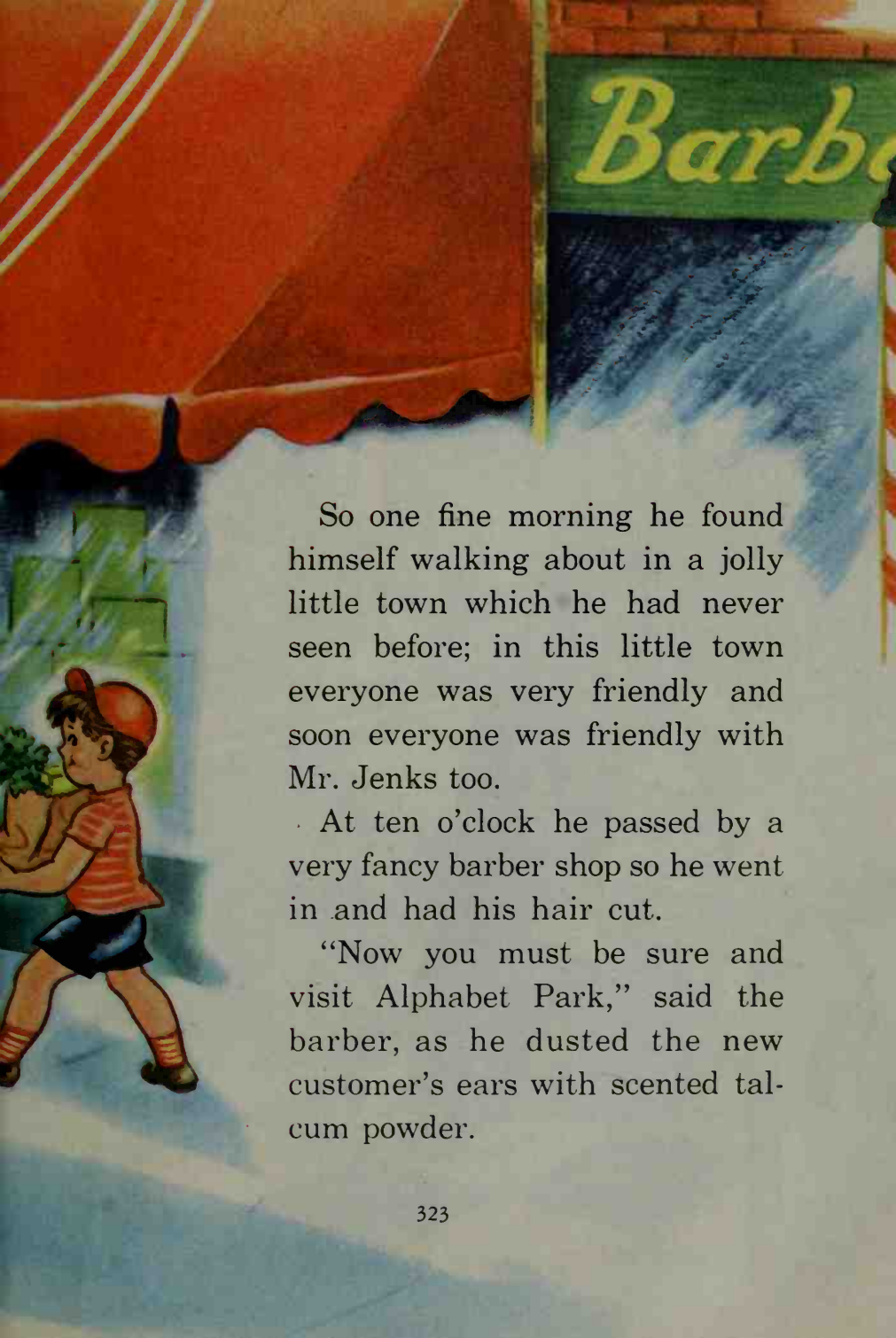
PICTURES BY  
CLARENCE  
BIERS



Once upon a time a gentleman named Mr. Jenks decided to put on his best checkered suit and go traveling.







So one fine morning he found himself walking about in a jolly little town which he had never seen before; in this little town everyone was very friendly and soon everyone was friendly with Mr. Jenks too.

At ten o'clock he passed by a very fancy barber shop so he went in and had his hair cut.

"Now you must be sure and visit Alphabet Park," said the barber, as he dusted the new customer's ears with scented talcum powder.



Eleven o'clock found Mr. Jenks in the Post Office mailing picture post cards.

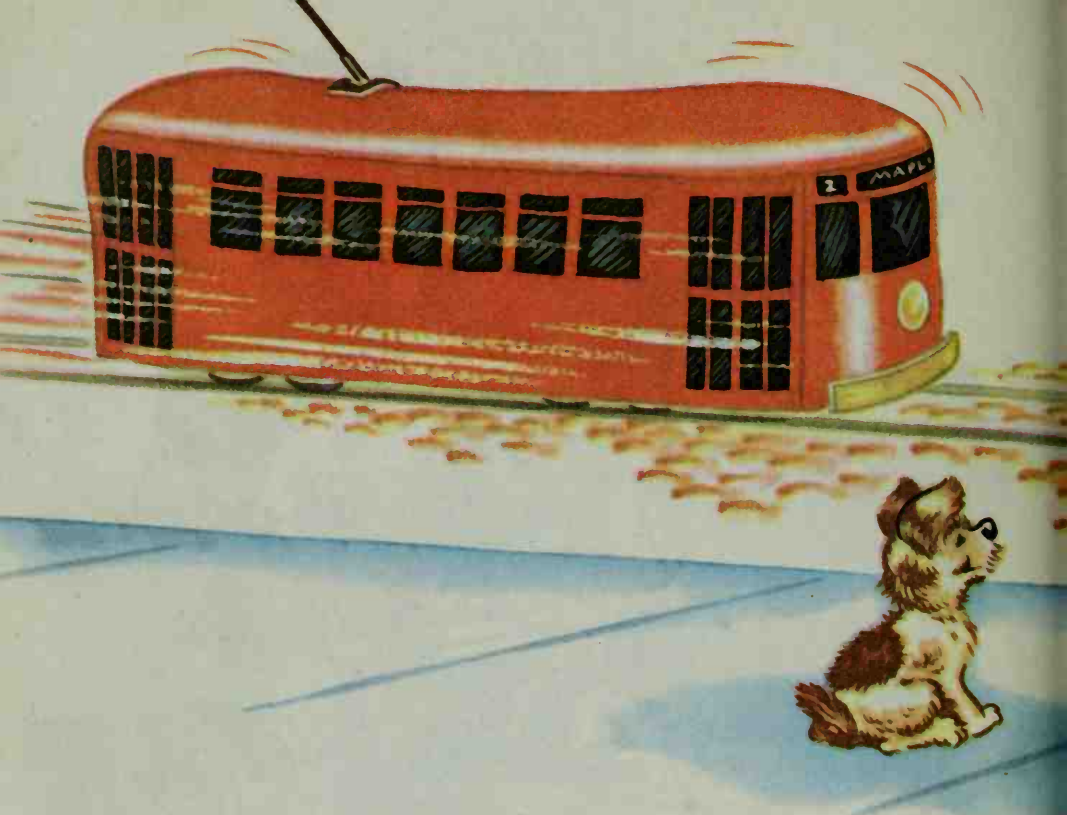
"Now do be *SURE* to see Alphabet Park," remarked the Post master.





At twelve o'clock our visitor was having lunch in The Pantry Cafe. (He was having a cheese sandwich, his favorite kind providing there was no mustard on it.)

"I do hope you'll be *SURE* to visit Alphabet Park, Sir," said the waitress.



So at one o'clock Mr. Jenks said to the policeman on the corner: "Can you tell me the way to Alphabet Park?"

"Take a streetcar," the policeman replied, "and ride to the end of the line."

"But that's such a peculiar name for a park," ventured Mr. Jenks. "Why should a park be called Alphabet Park?"

"Never mind," chuckled the policeman. "You'll find out."



At that very moment, a busy little red streetcar turned the corner, so Mr. Jenks climbed aboard. He gave the conductor a dime.

"I'm going to Alphabet Park," he explained, "although I certainly wish you'd tell me why a park should be named after the alphabet."

"You'll find out," answered the conductor, and winked a big wink at the passengers.

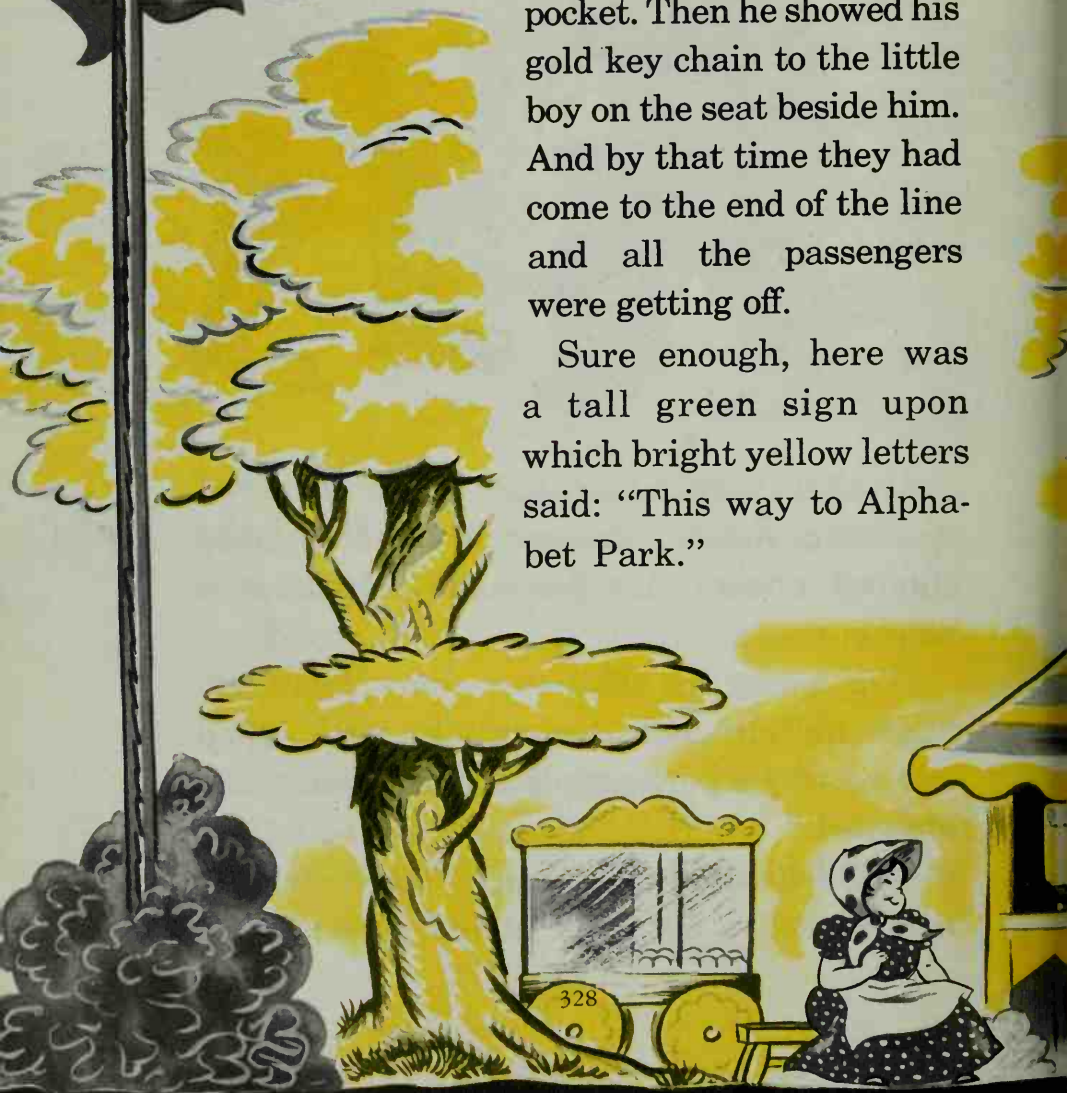




THIS WAY  
TO  
ALPHABET  
PARK

Mr. Jenks perked up his necktie and put the two pennies change from an eight cent fare into his pocket. Then he showed his gold key chain to the little boy on the seat beside him. And by that time they had come to the end of the line and all the passengers were getting off.

Sure enough, here was a tall green sign upon which bright yellow letters said: "This way to Alphabet Park."



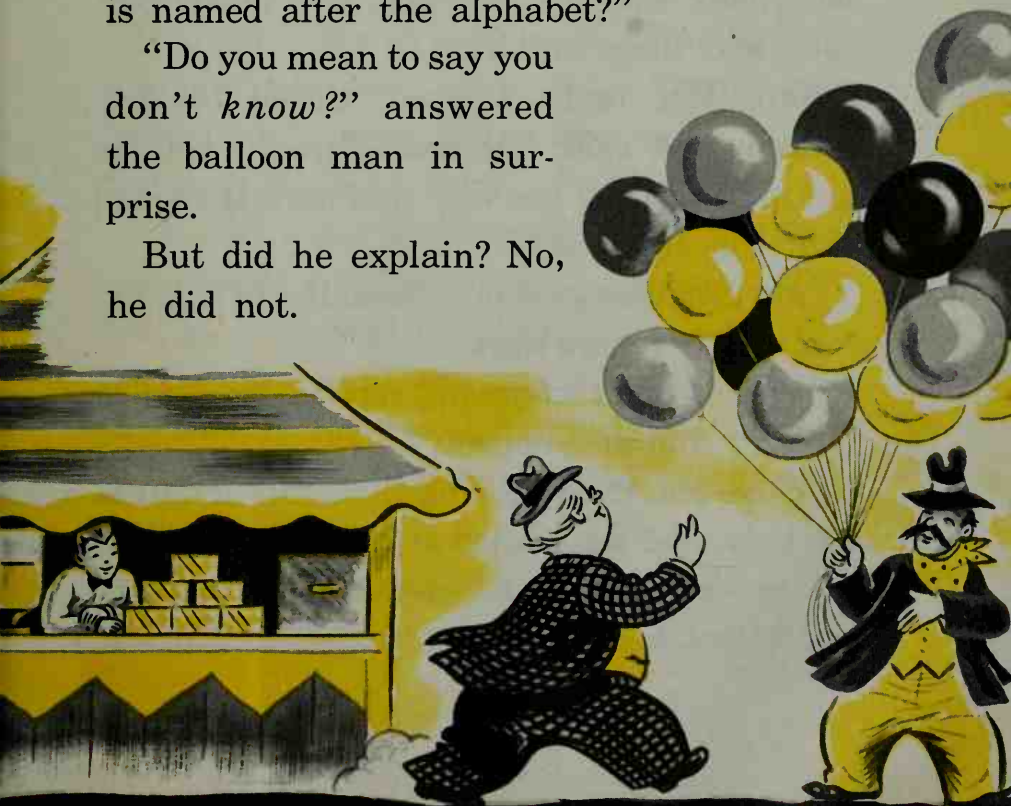


And presently Mr. Jenks was wandering along sandy paths beneath beautiful trees where he discovered a lady with a peanut wagon, a balloon man, a wading pool, and an ice cream stand . . . But nowhere did he see anything which looked like an alphabet.

He caught up with the balloon man and bought a blue balloon. (His favorite color.) And as he paid his dime he said to the balloon man: "Will you please tell me why this park is named after the alphabet?"

"Do you mean to say you don't *know*?" answered the balloon man in surprise.

But did he explain? No, he did not.





Well, and so Mr. Jenks kept on walking down one shady path and up another, keeping a sharp eye out for something which looked like an alphabet.

Finally he came to a bench upon which sat a lady who had one dog, two picnic baskets, and three children.

Here Mr. Jenks stopped, tipped his hat politely and said: "Madame, would you be so kind as to tell me why this park is named after the alphabet?"

"My goodness gracious," said the lady gaily, "*everybody knows that.*"

"Well, *I* don't know it," replied Mr. Jenks. "I can't find *one* reason."

"Have you tried visiting the Zoo?" inquired the lady, and she smiled at him as she looked at her watch, gathered up her picnic baskets and called her children.



No, Mr. Jenks hadn't visited the Zoo. But since the lady had mentioned it, he promptly took himself off in that direction.

Now the Zoo was kept by Mr. Zim Zammie, a plump, pleasant fellow who always wore trousers too large, a hat too small, and a flag in his button hole.

All day long Mr. Zim Zammie sat in a comfortable rocking chair at the gate of the Zoo. Here he sold tickets for five cents each, tickets to see the animals. He declared that this was the handsomest collection of animals in the world, and I certainly have no reason to doubt it.

(He was so fond of them, that he called himself Uncle to them all.)







Mr. Jenks found Mr. Zim Zammie sitting as usual at the gate. He paid his nickel. He bought his ticket. And into the Zoo he went.

And that very second he found out why the park was named after the alphabet. For what he saw was a circle of twenty-six animals' houses, over each house a large gold letter. And all the letters put together made the alphabet from A to Z, with an animal in each house to match the letter above him.

Mr. Jenks could scarcely wait to walk the whole way 'round. As for me, I can scarcely wait to tell you what animal he found in each cage!

*And so here they are:*





A

Alligator



B

Bear

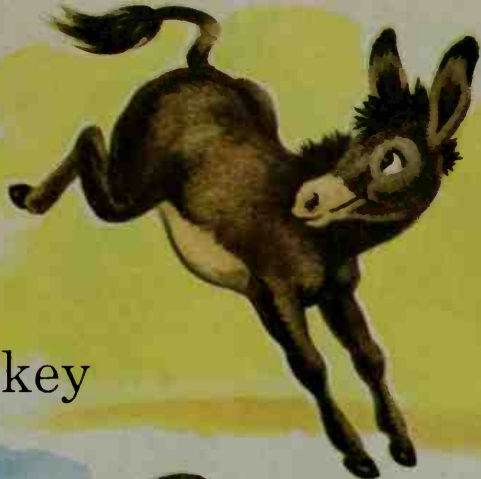


C

Camel



D



Donkey



Elephant

E

F



Fox

# G

Giraffe



# H

Hippopotamus



Ibis



Jaguar



Kangaroo

L

Lion



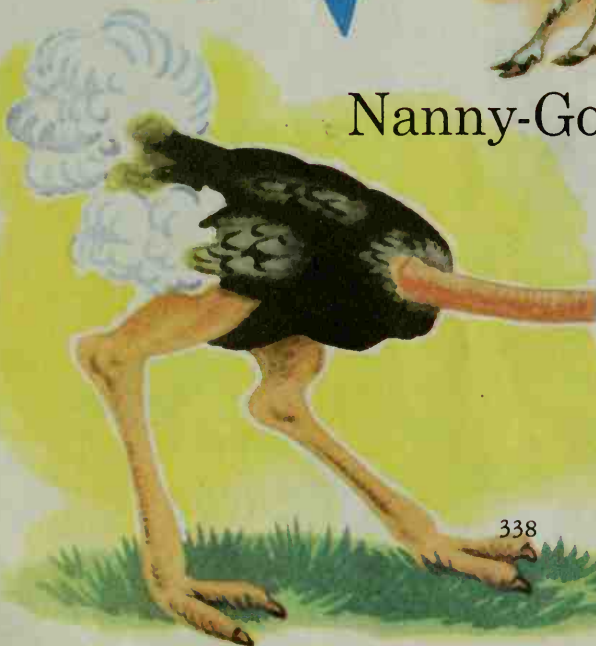
M

Monkey

N



Nanny-Goat



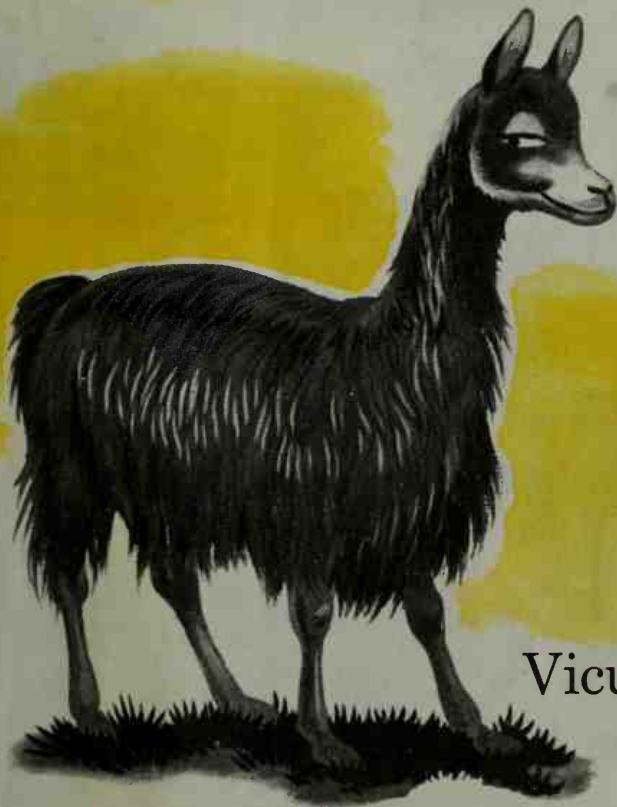
O

Ostrich



# U

Umber

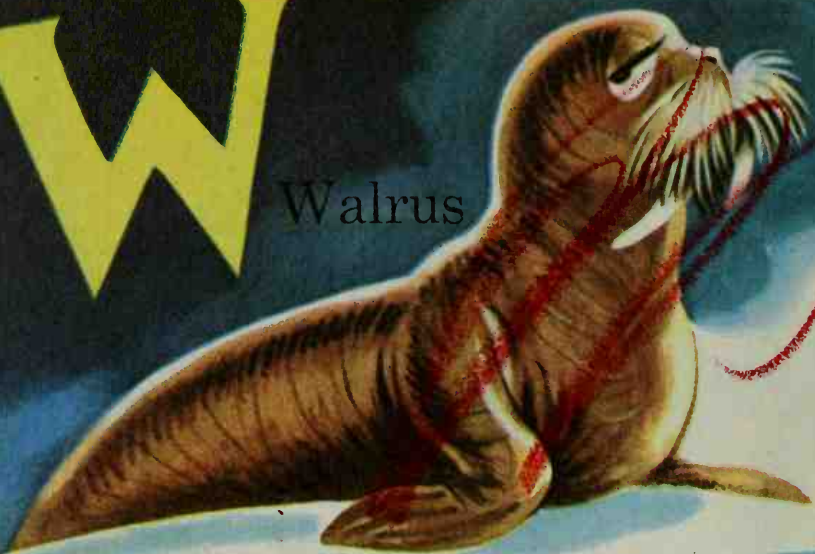


Vicuña

# V

# W

Walrus



Xmas Reindeer

Y

Yak



Zebra



Was Mr. Jenks delighted? He certainly was! So delighted that he immediately hurried back to the peanut wagon and spent *five dollars* for peanuts to feed the animals!





Now two or three peanuts are very nice. Twelve or thirteen peanuts are very nice. Even a sackful is very nice. But five dollars worth is *FIFTY* sacks full and that is *too much!*

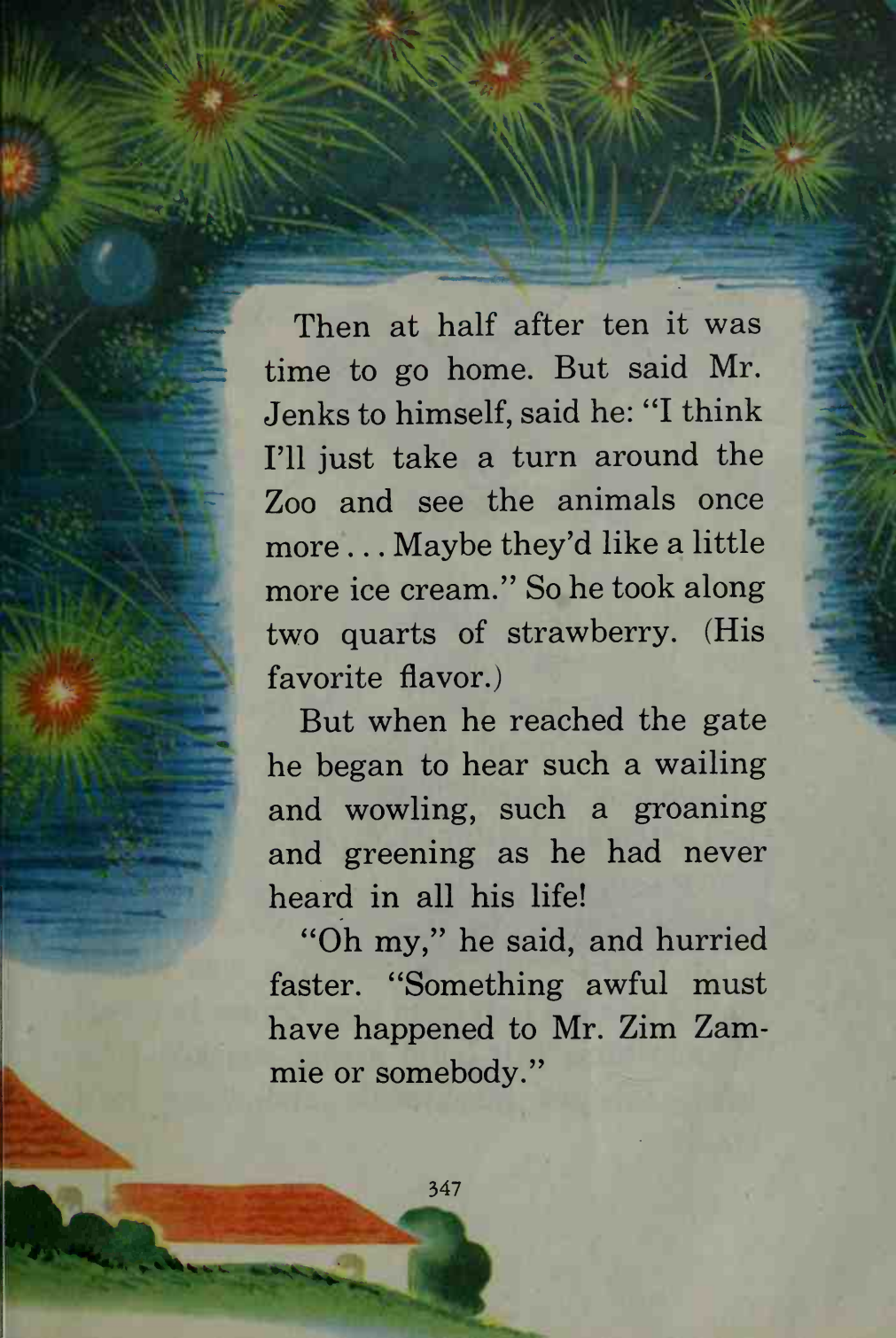
And that was what Mr. Jenks fed the animals, topping off his treat with popcorn, candy, ice cream and crackerjack!



By this time he was having such fun that he decided to stay until ten o'clock that night and see the fireworks.

So he did stay until ten. He did see the fireworks.





Then at half after ten it was time to go home. But said Mr. Jenks to himself, said he: "I think I'll just take a turn around the Zoo and see the animals once more . . . Maybe they'd like a little more ice cream." So he took along two quarts of strawberry. (His favorite flavor.)

But when he reached the gate he began to hear such a wailing and howling, such a groaning and greening as he had never heard in all his life!

"Oh my," he said, and hurried faster. "Something awful must have happened to Mr. Zim Zam-mie or somebody."



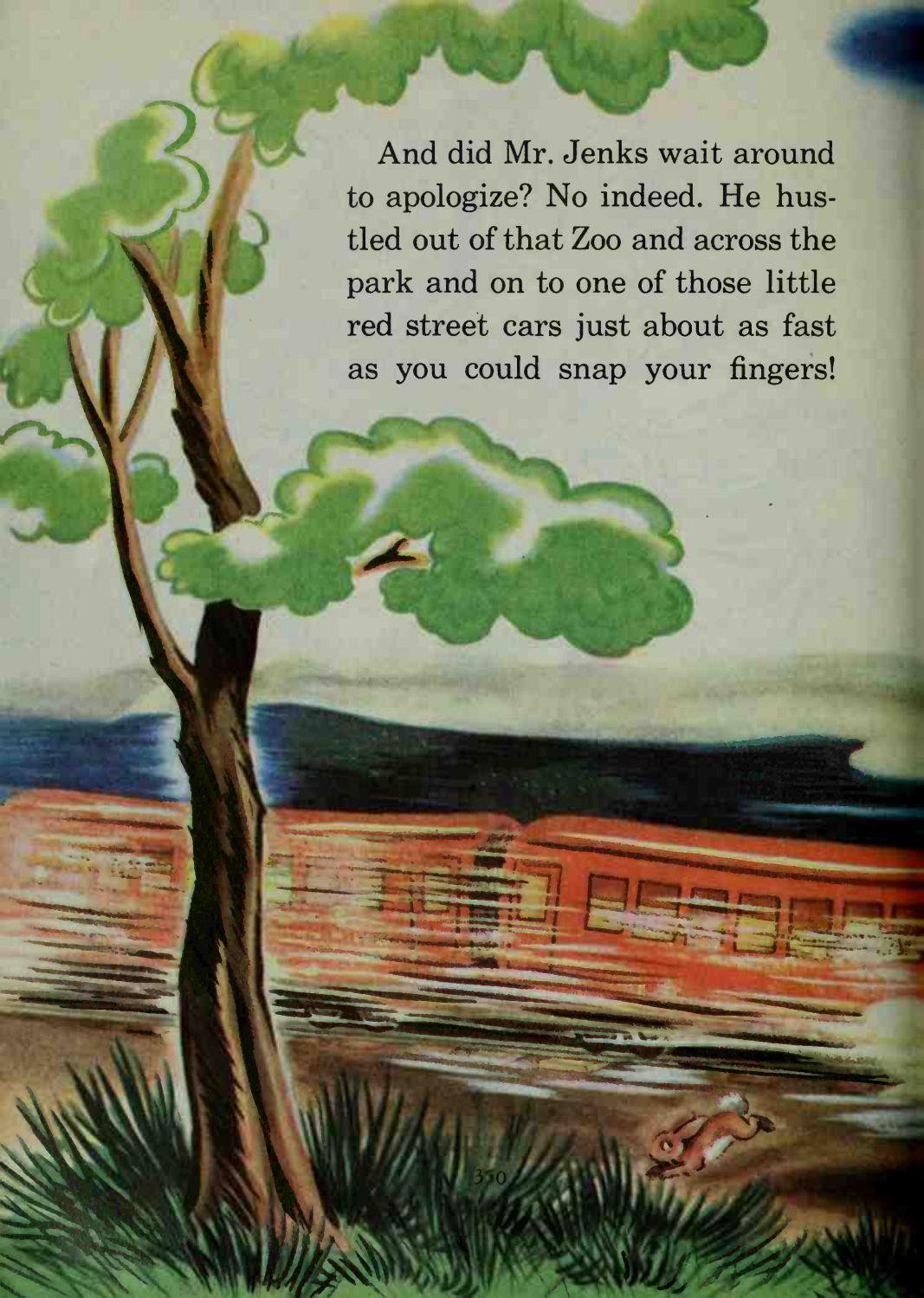
And one moment later he found *out* what had happened! There was Mr. Zim Zammie dashing wildly about, administering hot water, peppermint tea, castor oil and other stomach-ache medicine to the animals who had eaten all the things Mr. Jenks had passed around.

“Just wait until I get my hands on that man, Jenks,” Mr. Zim Zammie was saying to the peanut lady who was trying her best to help him. “I’ll build a cage marked *I* for Idiot. I’ll put him inside and there he’ll stay!”



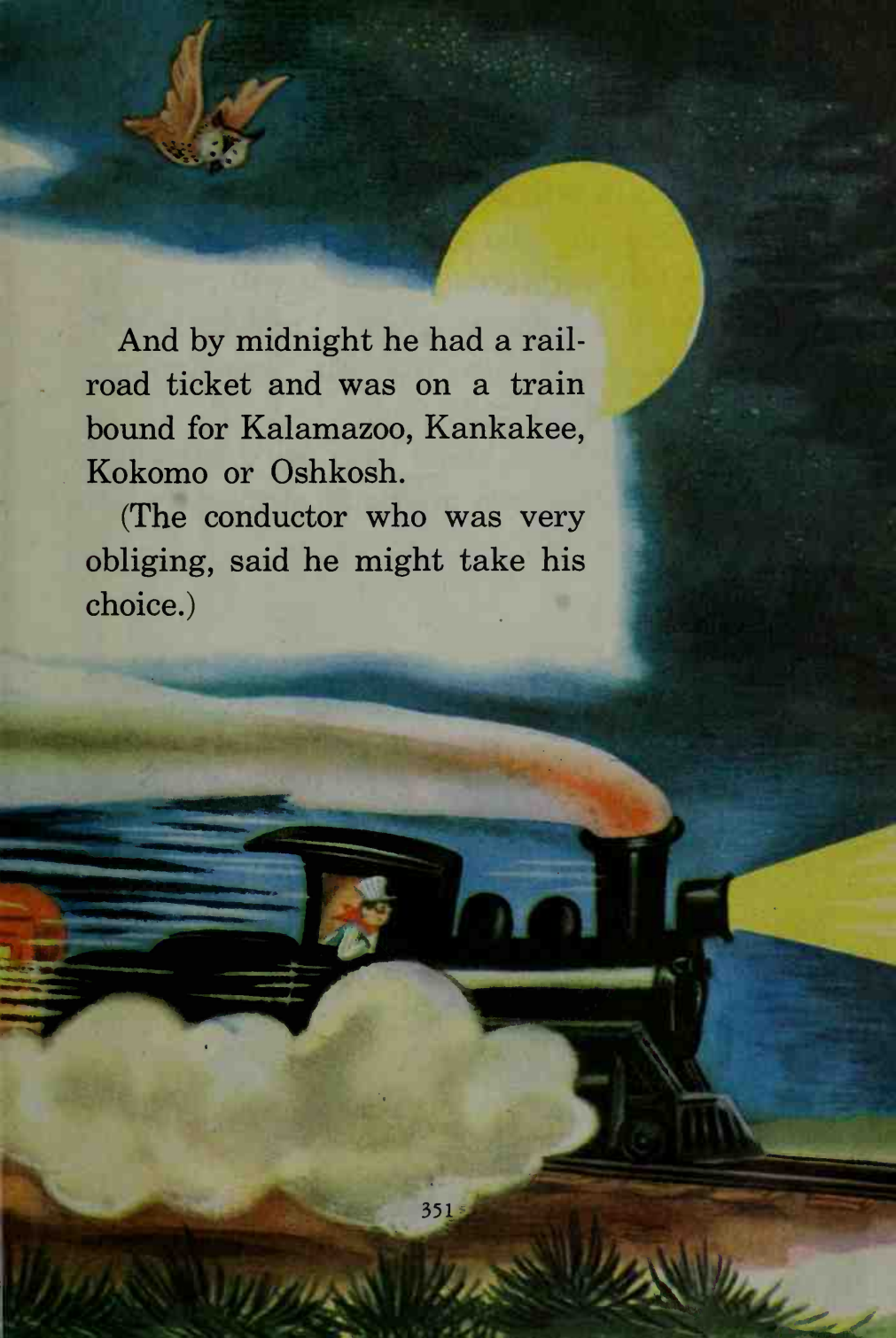
Mr. Jenks could just imagine himself in a cage marked *I* for Idiot, Mr. Zim Zammie standing in front of it speaking his mind!





And did Mr. Jenks wait around to apologize? No indeed. He hustled out of that Zoo and across the park and on to one of those little red street cars just about as fast as you could snap your fingers!



An illustration of a steam locomotive at night. The locomotive is black with a white smokestack emitting a thick plume of white smoke. A conductor in a white cap and uniform is visible in the cab. A large, bright yellow full moon hangs in the dark blue night sky. An owl is flying in the upper left corner. The locomotive's headlight is on, and the tracks lead into the distance. Pine trees are visible in the foreground.

And by midnight he had a rail-  
road ticket and was on a train  
bound for Kalamazoo, Kankakee,  
Kokomo or Oshkosh.

(The conductor who was very  
obliging, said he might take his  
choice.)

I'm sure I don't know what town he finally went to. But if you ever meet a man in a checkered suit who appears to be going somewhere in a very great hurry, it will probably be Mr. Jenks. For as far as I know he is still trying to make sure that Mr. Zim Zammie doesn't catch up with him.

(If you do meet him I wish you'd ask what became of that two quarts of strawberry ice cream.)



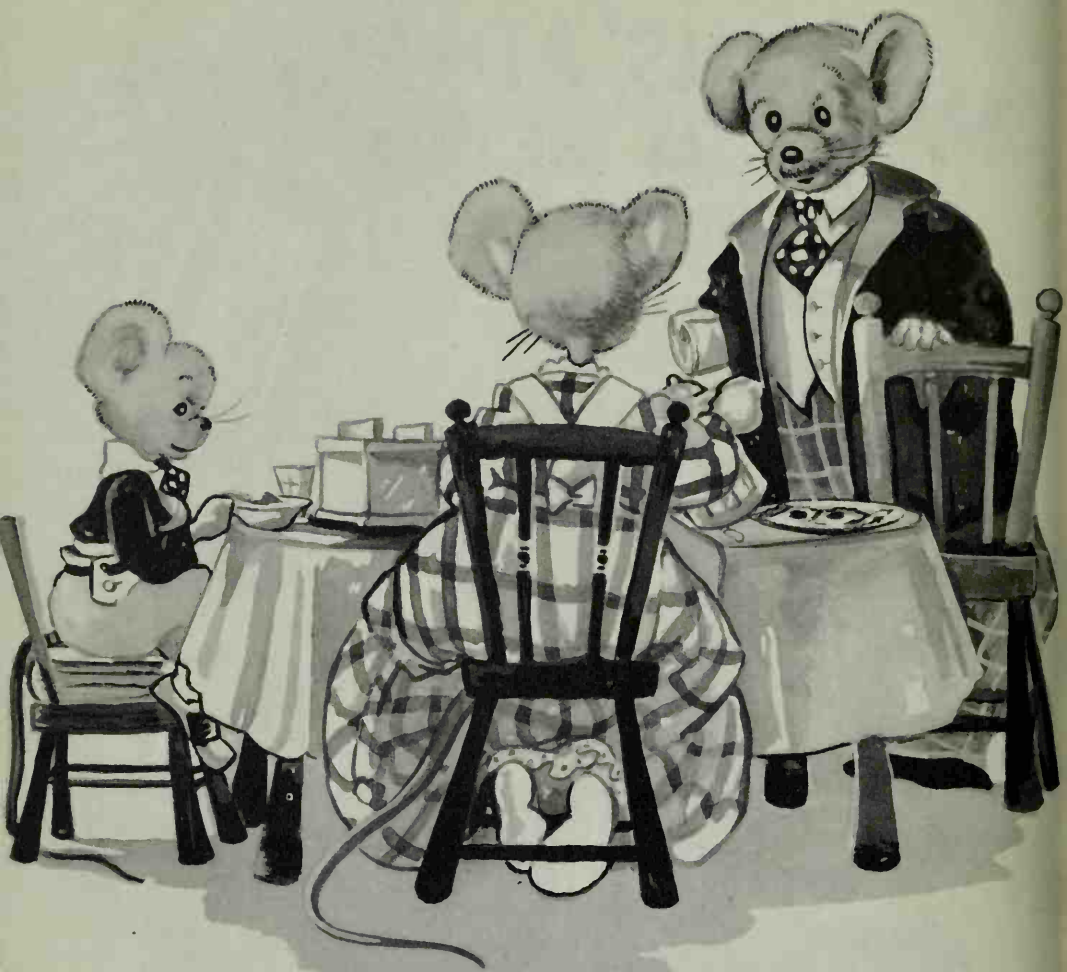
# MUGGINS' ADVENTURES AT THE FAIR

BY  
MARJORIE  
BARROWS



PICTURES  
BY  
BARBARA CLYNE

**T**here was a mouse named Muggins  
And he was very clean.  
He washed his face three times a day  
And sometimes in between.



He always coughed behind his paw,  
Said "Scuse me!" with each sneeze,  
And NEVER acted grabby or  
Forgot to squeak a "please."



So Mother Mouse said he could go  
Down to the Woodland Fair—  
Melissa Mouse and Turtle Tim  
And all his friends were there.







A Merry-Go-Round Muggins saw  
Right off, and with a bound,  
Upon a wooden cat he rode  
Quite bravely 'round and 'round,



And 'round  
And 'round  
And 'round  
And 'round  
Exactly like a top,



And Muggins got quite dizzy, for  
He couldn't make it stop.



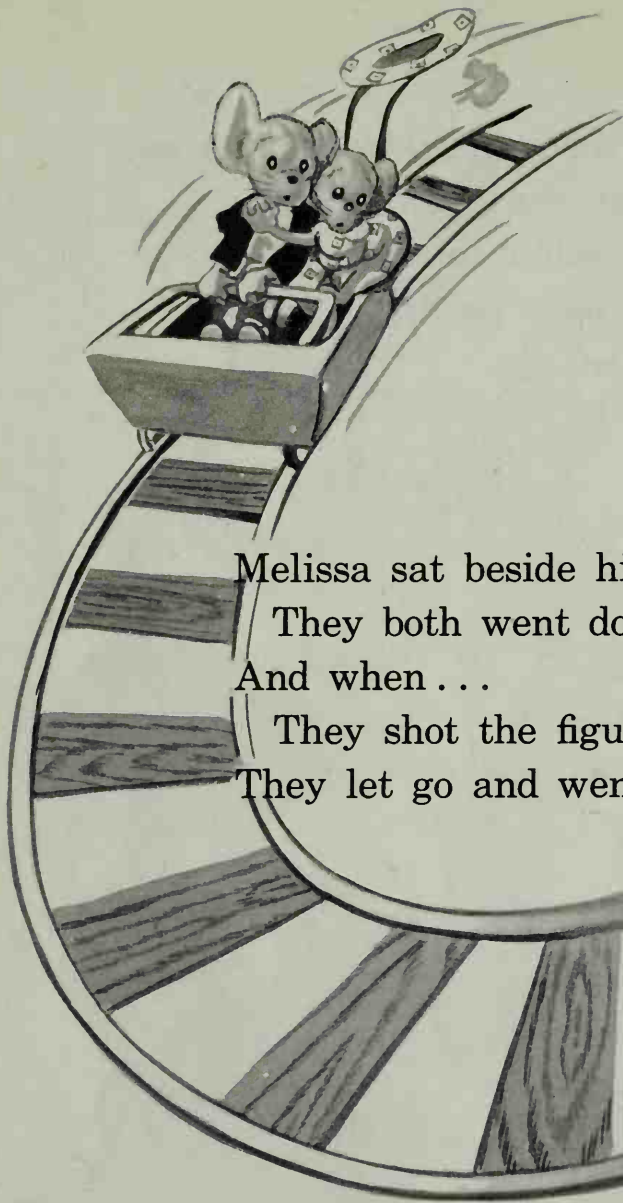
So he jumped off, and Bunny Ben  
Grabbed him and started twirling  
Him 'round

And 'round

The other way,  
Until the world stopped whirling.

So Muggins then squealed, "Thank you,"  
And bought him a nice carrot,  
Then took a roller coaster ride,  
Conducted by a parrot.





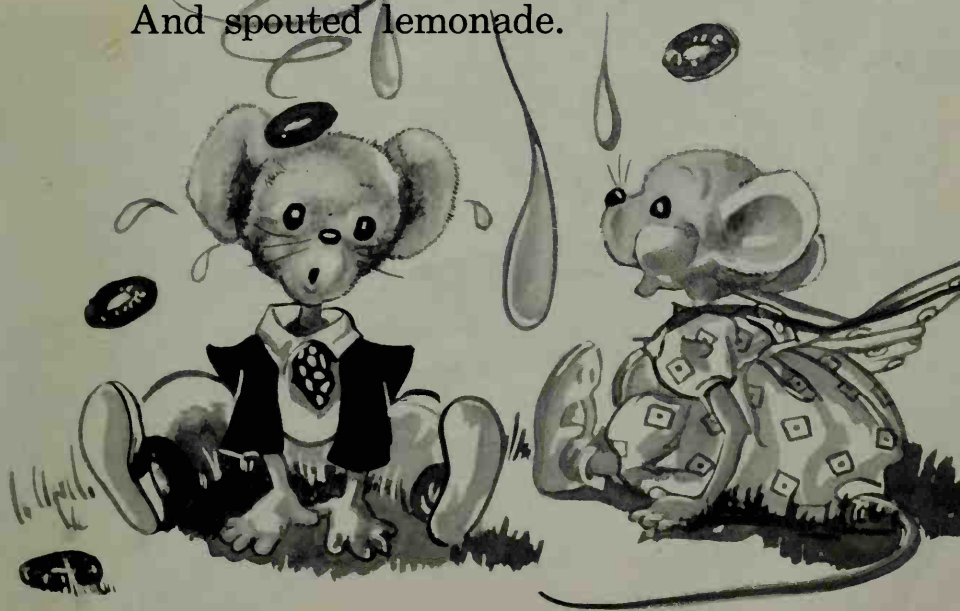
Melissa sat beside him and  
They both went down and UP,  
And when . . .

They shot the figure eight  
They let go and went . . .



# RRRRUP!

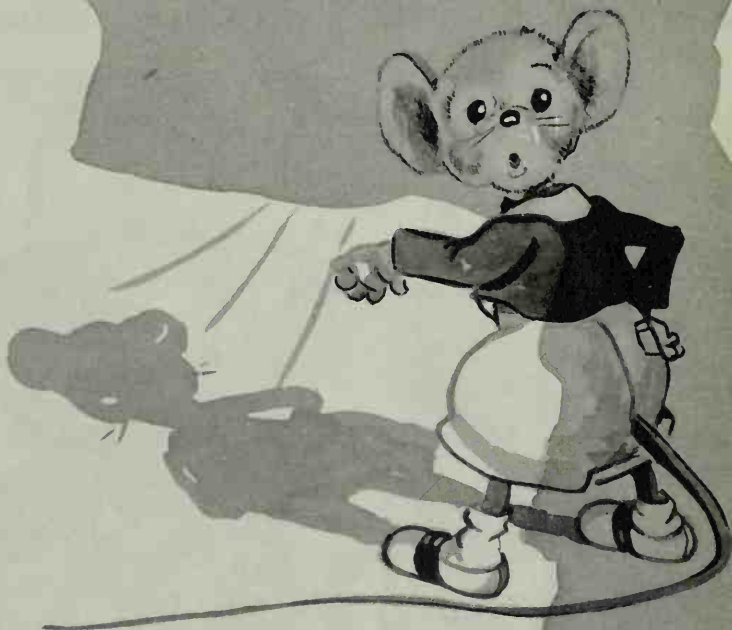
Right smash on the Refreshment Stand  
They landed, I'm afraid,  
And it rained doughnuts all around  
And spouted lemonade.



Then just as Muggins tried to say,  
“Excuse me, sir, for that!”  
He heard a

**SNIFF... SNIFF... SNIFF**

and turned—  
And *there* was KATIE CAT!



They didn't stop to say good-bye,  
They scampered down the stand,



And through a cocoanut-shy they jumped  
And past a big tent AND—



Old Katie Cat came close behind,  
Her whiskers twitched—the sinner!  
She thought she would have Muggins  
And Melissa for her dinner.

Then Muggins whispered, “Quick!  
The Pond!”  
And in they jumped, and then

They swam away from Katie Cat  
And they were safe again.







At home they both ate cheese cake  
And told about their scare,  
And always they remembered their  
Adventure at the fair.

# MUGGINS' ADVENTURES IN WINTER



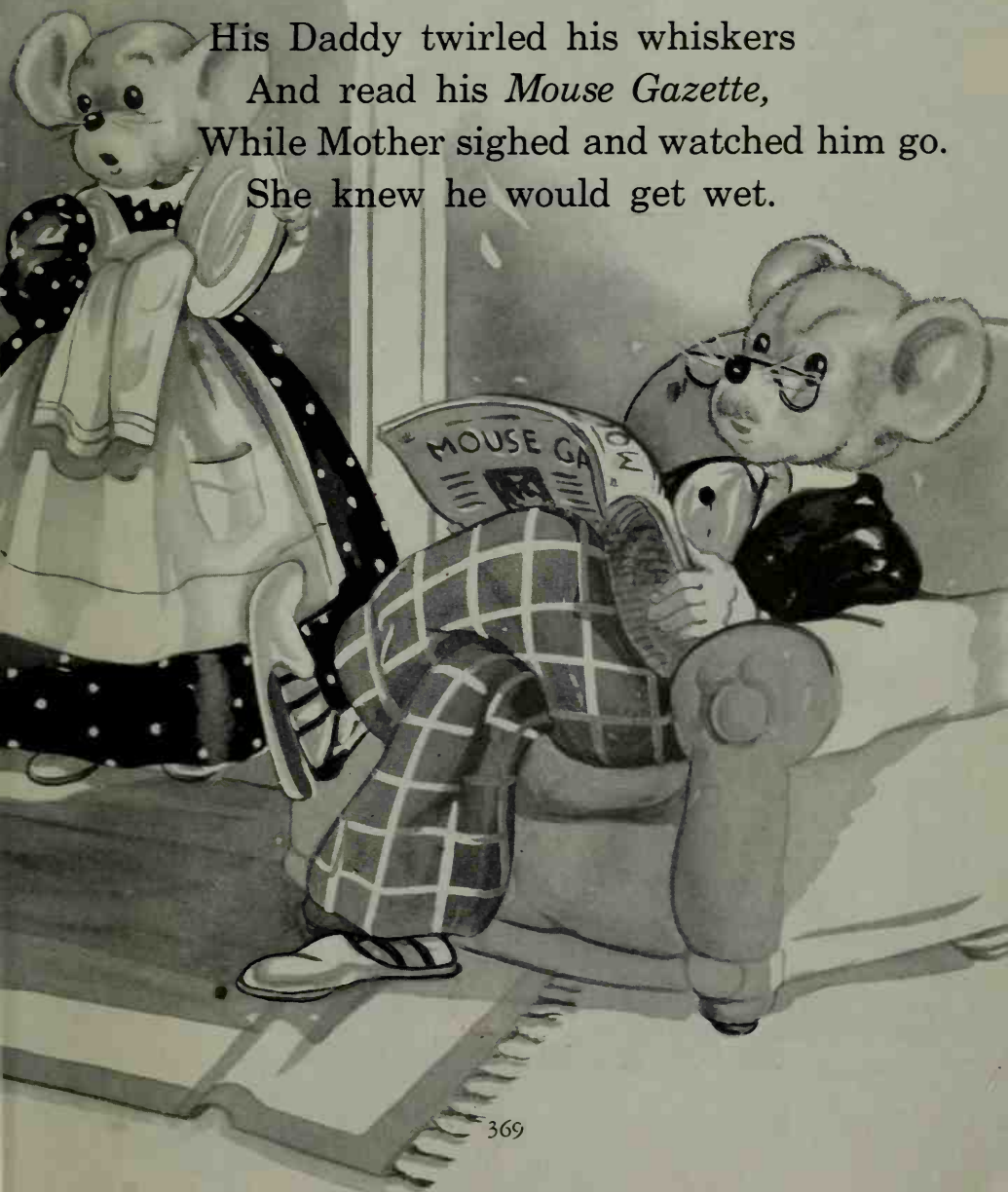
Once Muggins on a stormy day  
Looked out and squeaked, "I'll go,  
I guess, and slide down hill  
And play out in the snow!"

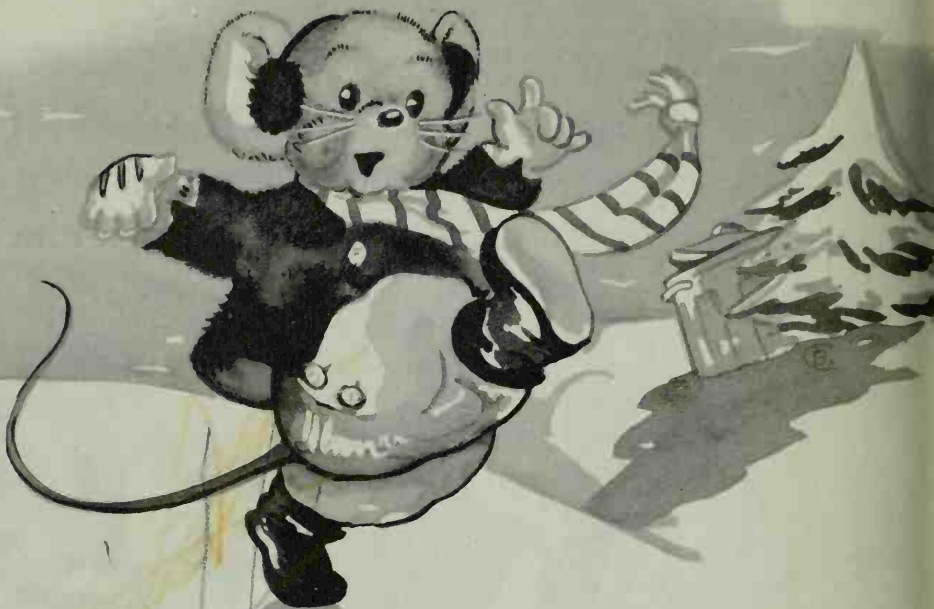
Then Mother Mouse said, "Do you think  
You'd better go today?"  
And Daddy Mouse growled, "Don't you like  
A nice *warm* place to play?"

But Muggins Mouse thought he knew best  
And so he shook his head.  
"No ma'am! No sir! I much prefer  
To play outdoors," he said.



His Daddy twirled his whiskers  
And read his *Mouse Gazette*,  
While Mother sighed and watched him go.  
She knew he would get wet.





He slithered down an icicle  
And jumped into the air,  
And acted, while she looked at him,  
As though he didn't care.



He waved good-bye with both front paws  
And ran with all his might,  
And chased his tail and rolled down hill  
And slid right out of sight.



But pretty soon he lost his way  
And wished he'd not been silly.  
He first tried this way, then tried that,  
And all of them were chilly.

The snow blew round in circles.  
The wind howled like a cat.  
And Muggins sniffed because he did  
Not know where he was at.



\* And not a creature was outside,  
Not even Peter Pup.  
So Muggins whistled through his teeth  
To keep his courage up.

The wind swept round his corner,  
He left there in a hurry.

"I'm glad," thought Muggins, "that my coat  
Is rather warm and furry."



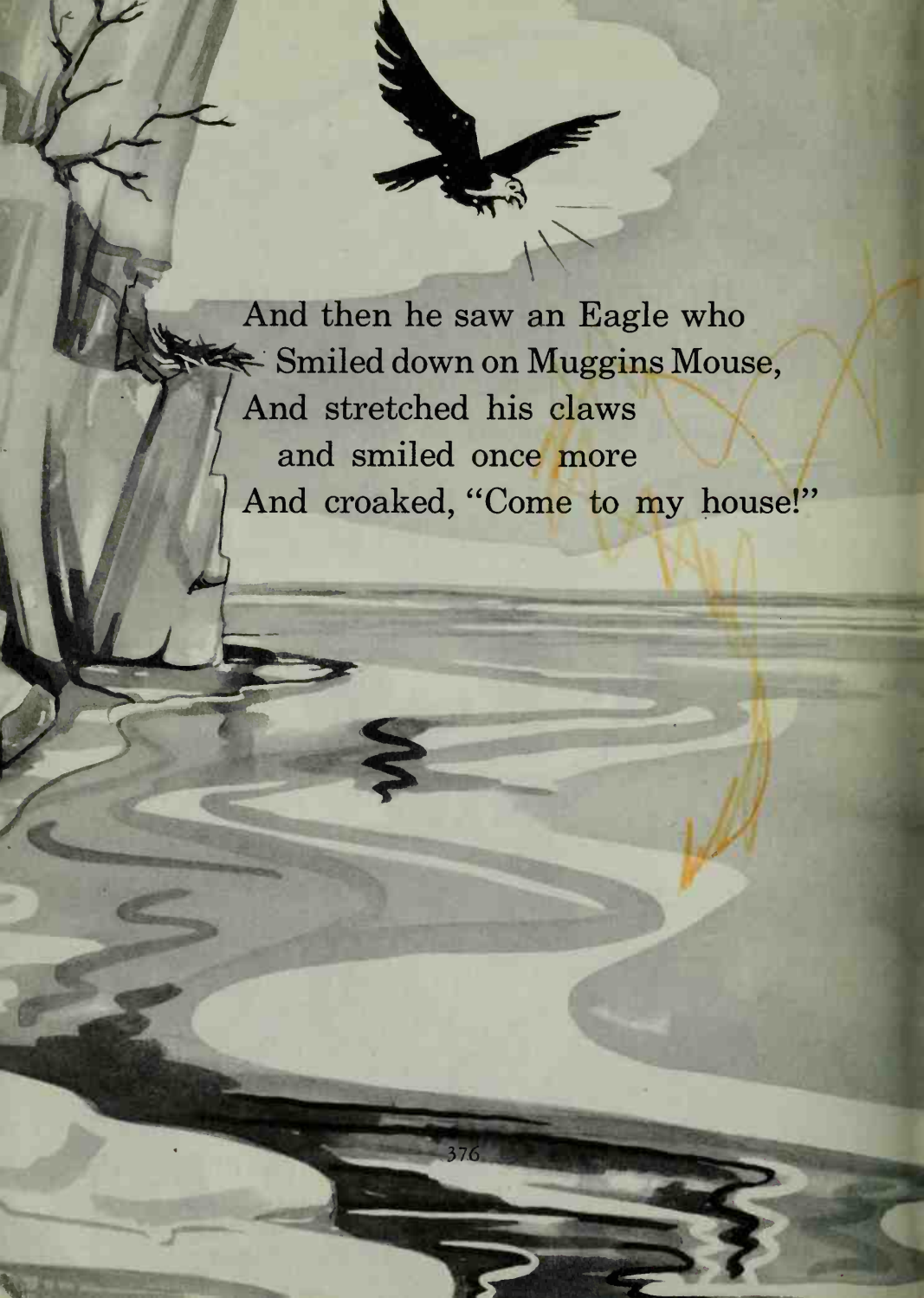


And all around him still was snow,  
And all around was ice.  
Poor Muggins wished he'd taken Mother  
Mouse's good advice!

He jumped then on a piece of ice  
That floated down the river.  
His teeth began to chatter and  
His tail began to shiver.

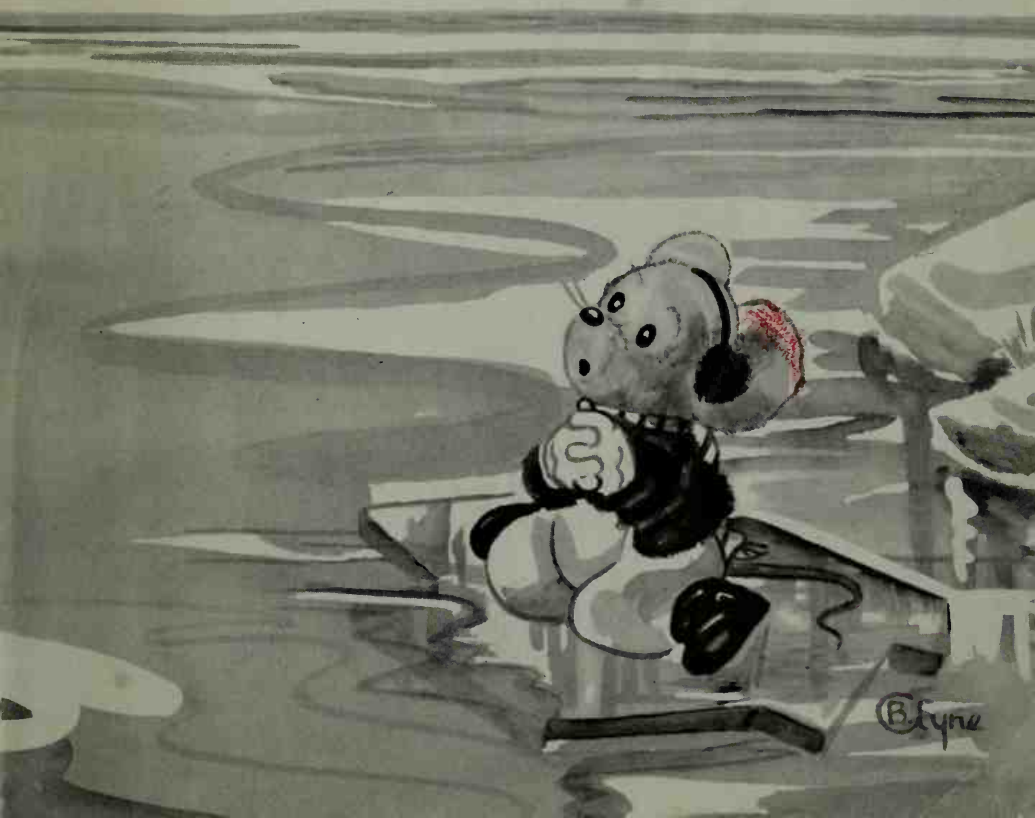




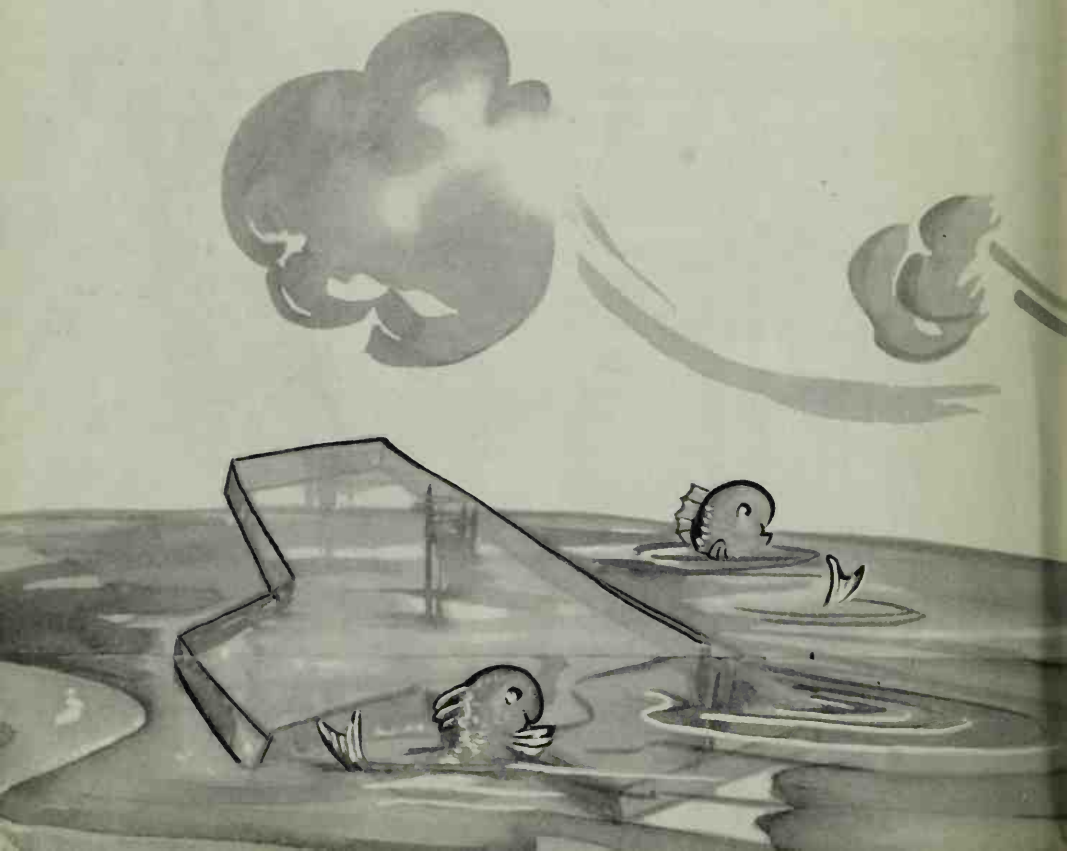


And then he saw an Eagle who  
Smiled down on Muggins Mouse,  
And stretched his claws  
and smiled once more  
And croaked, "Come to my house!"

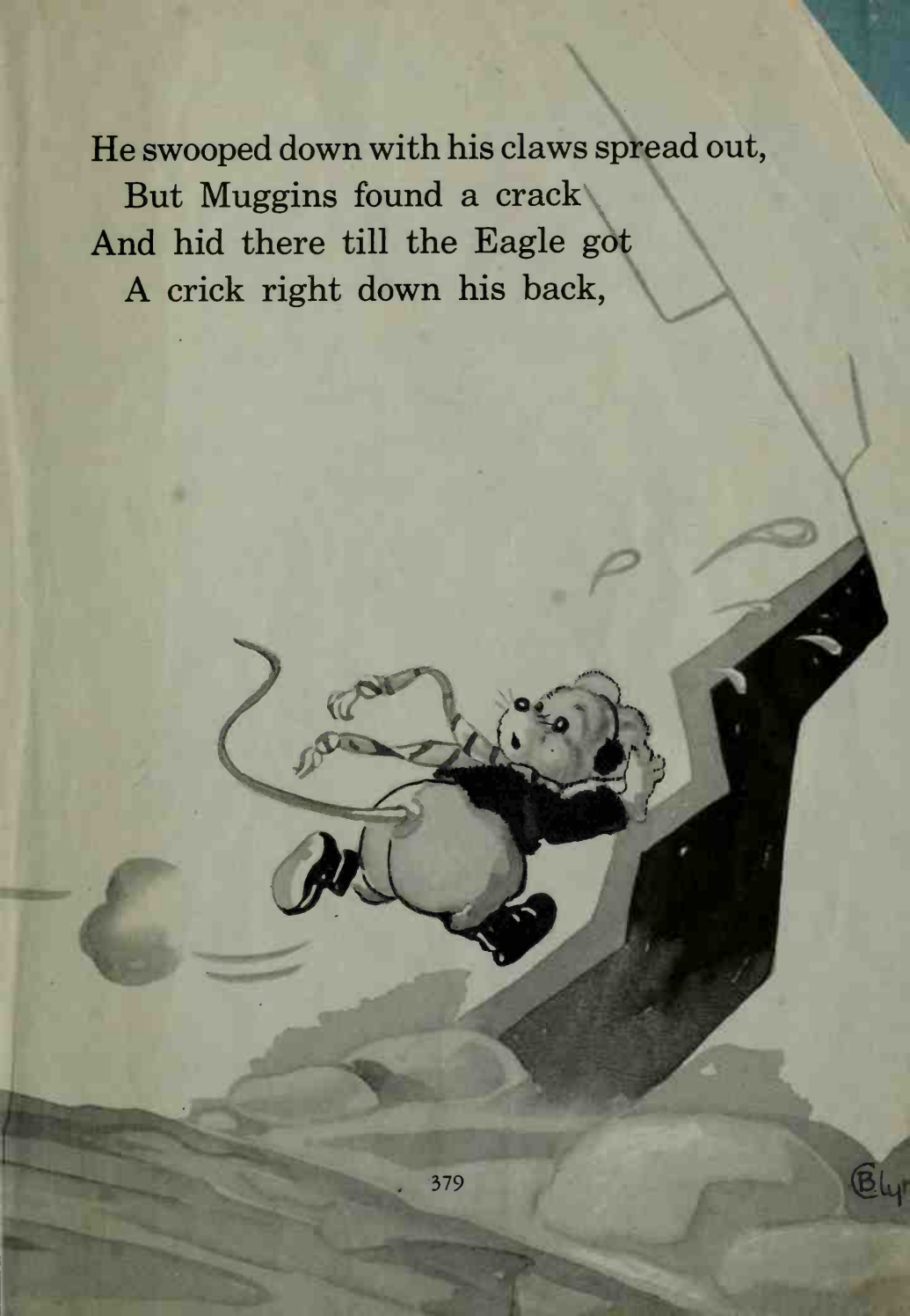
He looked him over closely from  
His nose down to his tail.  
He smacked his lips and looked again  
And Mugs began to quail.



Then Muggins squeaked out suddenly,  
“I must go home for tea!”  
“Oh, no!” replied the Eagle. “You  
Are coming home with ME!”



He swooped down with his claws spread out,  
But Muggins found a crack  
And hid there till the Eagle got  
A crick right down his back,



And flew away from Muggins Mouse,  
Who came, quick as a blink,  
Out from his crack and looked around  
And said, "He's gone, I think!"







