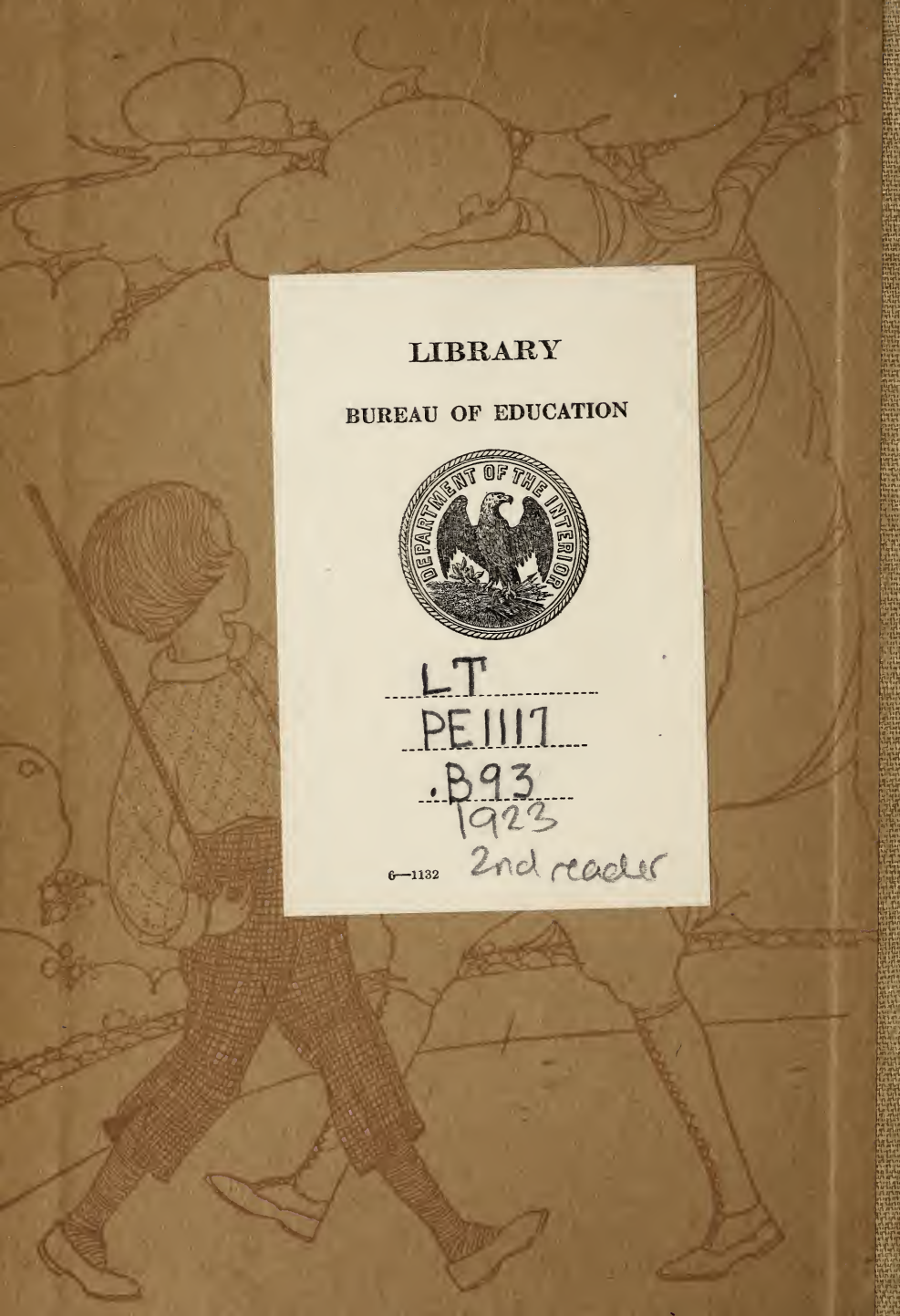
THE SILENT READING HOUR

SECOND READER



The
Silent Reading Hour
SECOND READER

BY

GUY THOMAS BUSWELL
Associate Professor of Education
University of Chicago
Author "Fundamental Reading Habits: A Study of Their Development," etc.

AND

WILLIAM HENRY WHEELER
Co-author "Wheeler's Graded Literary Readers with Interpretations," etc.

Illustrated by
LUCILLE ENDERS

CHICAGO
WHEELER PUBLISHING COMPANY
1923

Published October, 1923

PREFACE

SILENT READING. Silent reading is not merely non-vocal reading. It is the complex process of getting thought from the printed page and involves an entirely new pedagogy. Silent reading objectives will never be attained by oral reading methods.

EYE-MOVEMENT INVESTIGATIONS. It is a well-known fact that in reading a line of print the eye does not move smoothly across the page. It moves with a series of jerks and pauses. By means of a complicated apparatus it has been possible to

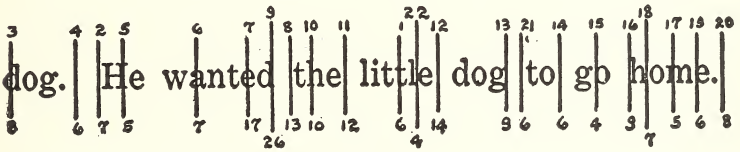


FIG. I

FIG. II

The position of the eye-fixations are represented by short vertical lines drawn across the line of print. The serial numbers above the vertical lines indicate the order of the pauses. The numbers below each vertical line indicate in 25ths of a second the duration of the fixation.

photograph and time the eye-movements of pupils as they read. Figure I shows part of such a record for a typical pupil in the second half of the first grade; Figure II, for a typical college student.

The facts disclosed by these investigations have a most important bearing upon the pedagogy of silent reading. Such investigations give an exact and objective record of one's reading habits. It is the task of the school to change the crude reading habits disclosed in Figure I to those of the mature type of reading shown in Figure II. Scientific investigations have shown that only by silent reading can such rapid and rhythmical control of eye-movements, as exhibited in Figure II, be secured. The superiority of the silent-reading process is now fully established.

Types of Silent Reading. There are various types of silent reading. These types are the natural result of reading for different purposes, such as:

1. Reading for enjoyment or general information.
2. Reading in a careful, precise manner to get specific information; and also many other distinctly different types.

Importance of First Type. It is a significant fact that with proper training, children can, by the end of the fourth grade, be taught to read *simple* prose for enjoyment or general information almost as well as the average college student (Figure II). However, if the habits shown in Figure I, namely, short recognition spans, long pauses, and many regressive movements, have not been corrected by the fourth grade, it is extremely difficult to correct them after that.

Furthermore, the first type of silent reading mentioned above, namely, reading for enjoyment or general information, is by far the most common type of adult reading.

Careful Silent Reading. Eventually children should master all kinds of reading, but while they are forming their reading habits, the two types of reading mentioned above are antagonistic and should be treated separately. The chief aim

in the primary grades should be to develop the habit of reading rapidly and easily large amounts of simple narrative material. When this habit of reading is firmly established, other types of reading may be introduced. Wherever habits are involved, the introduction of too many types of technique simultaneously is recognized as incorrect pedagogy. This series of readers, therefore, attacks one fundamental type of silent reading and leaves the other types for supplementary treatment.

Practice Exercises in Careful Silent Reading. For these reasons all the varied devices that are sometimes used for teaching exact, analytical reading have been purposely excluded from these books. Suitable material for practice in this type of reading has been provided for separately in two sets of "Practice Exercises in Careful Silent Reading," which may be used to supplement these books, but which should be used in a separate period and only once or twice a week.

The Teacher's Equipment. To set up and fix correct habits of eye-movement and to develop genuine thought-getting in silent reading in the primary grades is a delicate task, calling for the best of teaching ability. This book attempts to make this task easier by supplying not only a comprehensive Manual and Lesson Outlines, but also a plentiful supply of suitable reading matter, suitably arranged and free from objectionable features.

A New Type of Content. In the selection of reading matter, two main purposes have been dominant: first, to provide selections which will so interest the child that he will develop a *habit* of extensive silent reading; and second, to deal with situations that children actually encounter in real life and which are within the realm of possible rather than fancied experiences. This book attempts to supply that type of fact

content which is essential for training a child's constructive thinking and which will supply the kind of information needed for normal mental growth. A thorough search of children's literature disclosed a great dearth of such material and it was found necessary to have such stories specially written.

The authors do not contend that imaginative material should be entirely eliminated from school readers, but rather that such material should be supplemented by selections which have to do with the world in which the child actually lives. Furthermore, the schools are already supplied with fairy stories, folklore, myths and legends. As the children know many of these stories by heart, it is not only wasteful but also undesirable to give the same sort of material in a silent reader. This book presents, therefore, in interesting, narrative form selections which are true to the actual or possible experience of children.

THE TYPE PAGE. In size, type face, spacing and leading the type page corresponds to accepted standards. But in order that the child shall develop from the very beginning the rhythmic eye-movement habits which will be required in mature reading, the type has been brought out to even margins, and regular paragraphing has been used instead of hanging paragraphs. Also, the advantage of the shorter lines used in these books will be readily appreciated.

GENEROUS AMOUNT OF MATERIAL. Since silent reading is a more rapid process than oral reading, the amount of material in this book is somewhat greater than the average for second readers. The story units are larger than would be desirable in a book intended for oral reading. These longer stories give an interest in and familiarity with the characters not attainable in short disconnected selections. They also lead naturally to the reading of entire books.

VOCABULARY. This book has been very carefully prepared with reference to its vocabulary. The Second Reader starts with a vocabulary made up of words from the First Reader which were found to be widely used in all other first readers. So far as possible, the vocabulary has been confined to the words of commonest occurrence as shown by the Teacher's Wordbook by E. L. Thorndike.

In vocabulary difficulty, as measured by the proportion of new words to total words of reading matter, this second reader is, by actual count, forty-one per cent easier than the average of twelve widely used first readers.

THE PLACE OF ORAL READING. Oral reading will doubtless continue to be useful in the primary grades, especially in the early development of a reading vocabulary. Inasmuch as oral reading will have served its purpose by the end of the primary grades, it is well to keep in mind that oral reading is only a temporary expedient.

This series of readers is intended to be used with whatever method of oral reading the school has adopted. The value of this book as an instrument for teaching silent reading will be seriously impaired if the child is allowed to read from it orally.

CORRECT MENTAL ATTITUDE. Until a child thinks of reading as a process of thought-getting rather than as a process of word-calling, he has not even started to read. Reading should ultimately be as natural as breathing. The learner should never be allowed, much less encouraged or compelled, to make hard work of it.

GUY THOMAS BUSWELL
WILLIAM HENRY WHEELER

CONTENTS


Lucille Enders

VALENTINE'S DAY

Each day the postman came to Betty's house with letters, and there were letters for Father and Mother and her big brother and her big sister, but there were no letters for Betty.

One morning she saw the postman on the street with his bag of letters, and she went to the door to meet him.

"Mr. Postman," she said, "why don't I get any letters?"

"Do you ever write any?" asked the postman.

"No," said Betty "I don't know how to write letters."

"Well," said the postman, "you must not think you can get a letter if you do not write one."

"Should you like a letter from me?" asked Betty.

"Yes, I should," said the postman; "and if you will write a letter to me, I will bring you one some day."

"I will, I will!" said Betty.

When the postman got home that day he said to his little boy, "Billy, will you write a letter for me?"

"Did you say *for* you or *to* you, Father?" asked Billy.

"I said *for* me," said his father. "It is to go to a little girl who lives far up the street. Her name is Betty, and she has never had a letter."

"But I do not know how to write a letter," said Billy.

Billy's mother sat near by. "You can make her a valentine," she said. "Valentine's Day comes in a few days."

"I will do it now," said Billy.

He was very happy to have something to do, as it was not a good day and he could not play outdoors. His mother gave him a piece of white paper, and on it he made a red heart.

But it was not all done when he went to bed. In the morning he had to think and think what to write under the heart. After a long time he wrote:

I am your friend
Unto the end.

On Valentine's Day Betty was at her door early in the morning. She did wish so much to get a letter! What if the postman went by and did not give her a letter! She saw him far off, as he came up the street. She saw him give letters to the people at all the doors. She held her letter in her hand to give to him. There were no words in the letter. Betty was a very little girl, and could not write words. But she had made a picture of the postman with his bag of letters,

and had put a big letter *P* and her name under the picture. That was all.

When the postman came to her door, she gave her letter to him. "Well, well!" he said, "this is fine!" Then he looked into his bag of letters. "Now see what I have for you!" he said, and took out three letters and gave them to her.

"Are they all for me?" asked Betty.

"They are all for Miss Betty Brown," said the postman.

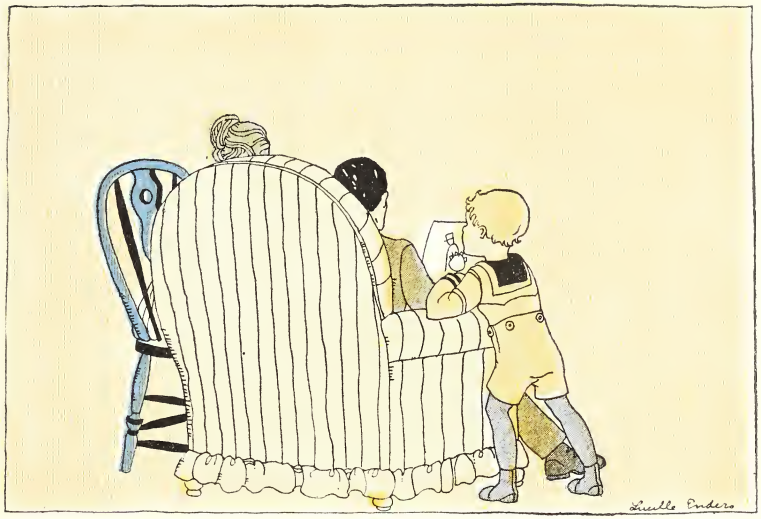
Betty was too happy to say a word. She ran to her mother with the three letters. They were all valentines. The one Betty liked best of all had a red heart on it and the words:

I am your friend
Unto the end.

When the postman got home, Billy asked, "Did you give Betty my valentine, Father?"

"Yes, and she was very happy to get it. She gave me this letter," said his father, and he gave Billy the letter from Betty.

Billy looked at the picture in the



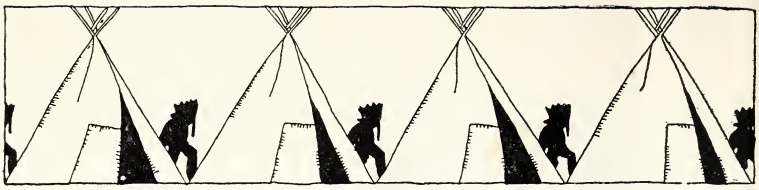
letter and said, "It is a good picture. It looks like you, Father."

"Billy," said his mother, "You must be Betty's friend to the end, as you said you would."

"What is *the end?*" asked his father.

"Oh," said Billy, "that means that I will be her friend to the very end of the street!"

—*Helen Coale Crew*



INDIAN CHILDREN

Where we walk to school each day,
Indian children used to play—
All about our native land,
Where the shops and houses stand.

And the trees were very tall,
And there were no streets at all,
Not a church and not a steeple—
Only woods and Indian people.

Only wigwams on the ground,
And at night bears prowling round—
What a different place today
Where we live and work and play!

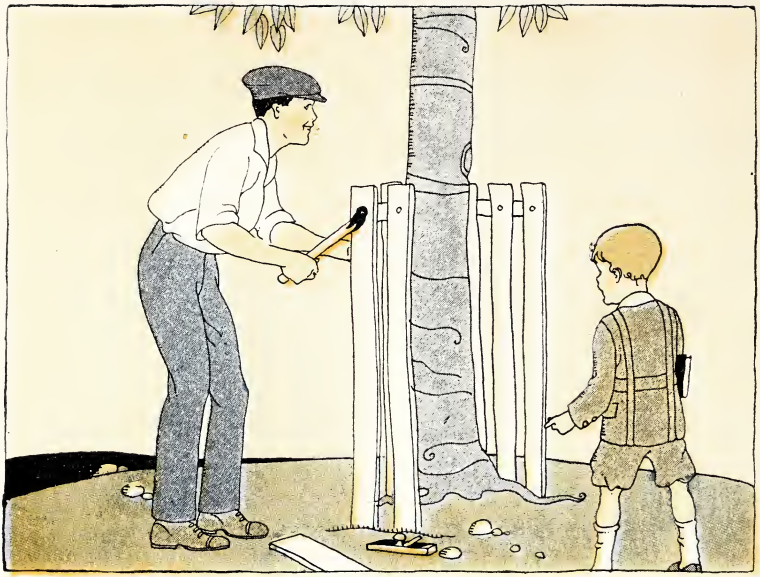
—*Annette Wynne*

THE BIRDHOUSE

Robert was in a great hurry to make a birdhouse. He had begged and begged his father to give him a set of tools and a tool-box, and now at last his father had given them to him. Spring had come, and it was time for the birds to build their nests. He was in such a hurry to get the birdhouse done that he could not wait for his father to show him how to build it. He said to himself, "I have my tools and all I need now is some wood. I can make a good birdhouse."

On the way to school that day he saw a man building a fence around a tree.

"What are you doing?" asked Robert.



"I am building a tree-box," said the man. "I do not wish my tree to get hurt. It is a very fine tree, and I wish to take good care of it."

"I am going to make a bird-house," said Robert. "Should you like to have it in your tree?"

"Yes," said the man. "I should like to have it in my tree if it is a good one."

Robert ran home as fast as he could to make his birdhouse. But, as he did not take any care while making it, the good box of tools and the good piece of wood could not help him much. When it was done, he said to himself that he would put it in his own tree and give it to the man in the morning. But he was in such a hurry that he did not put it up very well.

Then he ran to his mother. "Mother," he said, "I have made my birdhouse!"

"So soon?" asked Mother.

And when his father came home, Robert said, "Father, I have made my birdhouse, and it is up in our tree!"

"So soon?" asked Father.

II

That night the rain came and the wind blew, and in the morning Robert found the birdhouse on the ground under the tree. The wind blew it out of the tree because it was not put up well, and the rain had come into it because it was not made well.

Robert did not feel very happy. He put his tools away and he put the birdhouse under his bed so that his father and mother should not see it.

On the way to school the next morning he saw the man still at work on his tree-box. All the pieces of wood were just as long as they should be, and all the nails were put in just right.

"It takes a long time," said Robert.

"Yes," said the man, "but it will last a long time, too. It is not good to be in too much of a hurry."

Robert thought for a long time, and then he saw that what the man said was true. When he went home, he got a new piece of wood, and took the wood and his tools out into the

garden under the big apple tree, so that he could see the birds, and see just how big to make the birdhouse, and how big to make its door so that the birds could go in and out. Every day on the way to school he had a talk with the man about it. The man was making a garden now. He said there would soon be flowers around the tree. He told Robert how to make the door of his birdhouse, and how to put the roof on so that it would not come off.

And so Robert worked for days and days, and each day Father and Mother asked, "Is the birdhouse made yet?"

And Robert would say, "No, not yet. It is not good to be in too much of a hurry!"

III

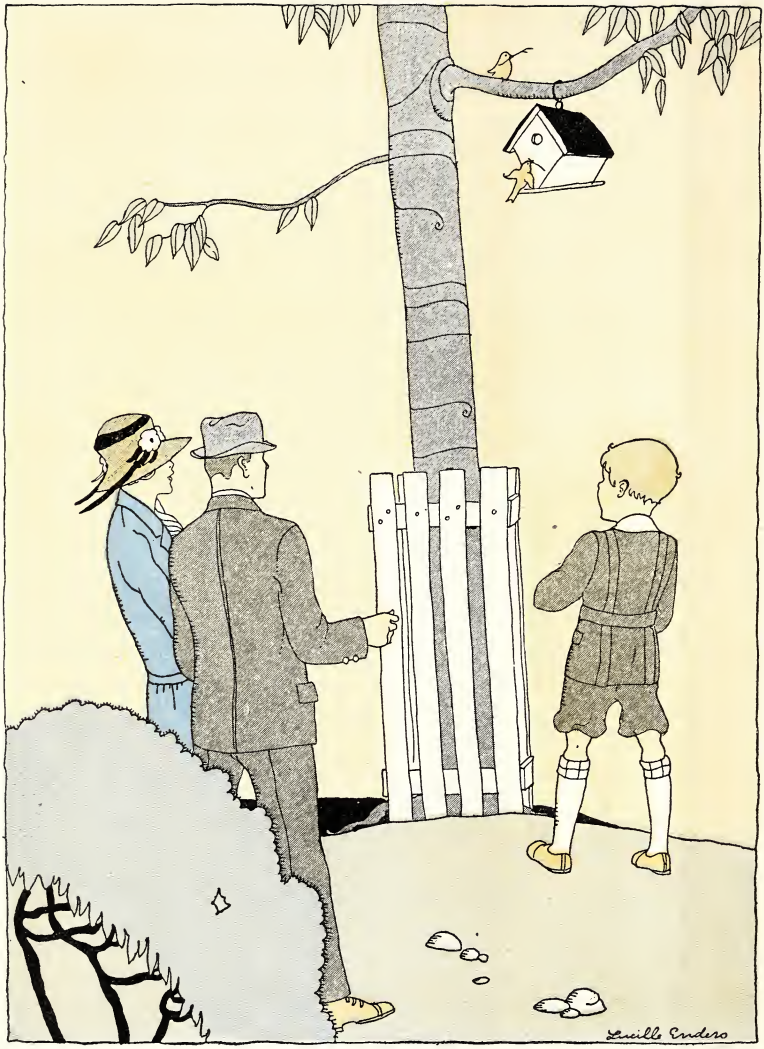
At last the birdhouse was done. The roof was on just right, and the door was big enough for a big bird and not too big for a little bird, and that was just right, too. Robert took it to the man, and he put it up in his fine tree. It looked so pretty up there that Robert thought any bird would be glad to have it for a home.

"Tomorrow I shall get my father and mother to come to see it," said Robert.

"Do so," said the man. "I am sure they will be happy to see it."

When Father came home that night, Robert said to him, "Father, do you think it will rain tonight?"

"No, I think not," said Father, "the stars are out."



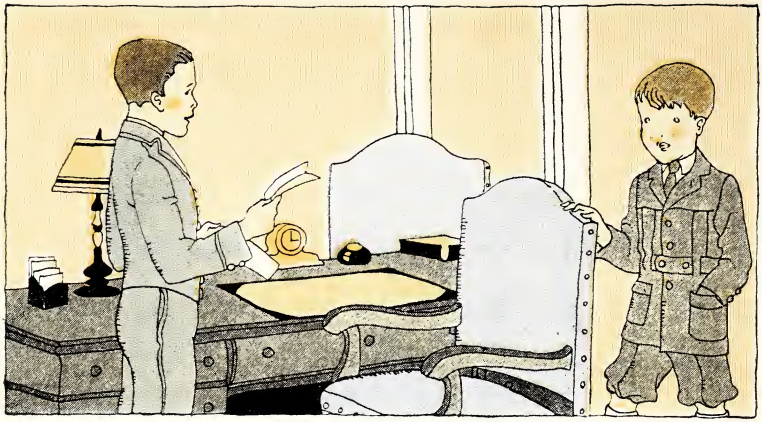
"Do you think the wind will blow?" asked Robert.

"No," said Father, "I think it will be a fine day tomorrow."

In the morning the sun was shining. Robert was as happy as happy can be. Father and Mother went with him to see the birdhouse. There was the tree with its fine tree-box around it and there were flowers in the grass coming up to see the sun. And in the tree was Robert's birdhouse, as pretty a birdhouse as you could wish to see.

Two birds flew in and out of the little door. When they flew in, they took pieces of grass with them. They were making a nest! And when they flew out, they sang. What did they sing, do you think? Robert thinks they sang "Thank you! Thank you!"

—*Helen Coale Crew*



BUTTONS

One morning Jack went with Mother to Father's office in the city. Father's office was high up in a big building. Mother went into the office to see Father, but Jack stood out in the hall. He wished to look at Buttons, the office boy. To a man Buttons was only a little boy, but to Jack he was a big boy. Buttons himself thought that he was very, very big.

These two boys looked at each other for a long time. Then they both smiled. "What do you do all day?" asked Jack.

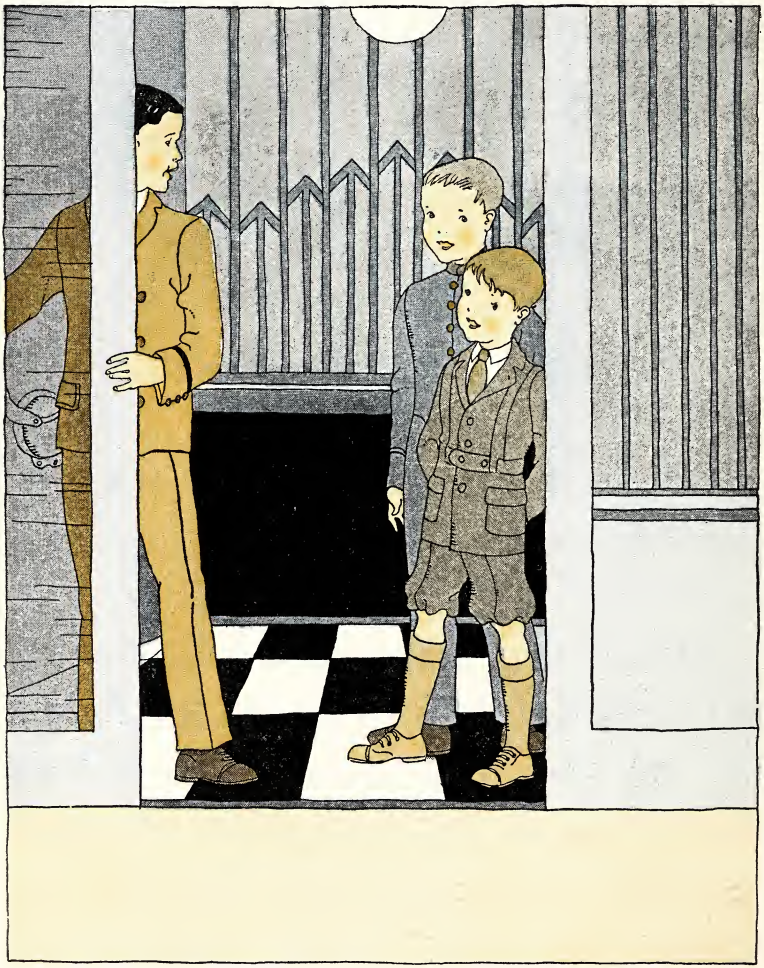
"Me? I work!" said Buttons; and then he stood on his head. He could not stay on his head very long at a time, but it looked very fine to Jack.

"I wish I could do that," said Jack.

"That's easy," said Buttons; "but here is something you can *not* do."

But Buttons did not have time to do it. A bell rang, and he had to go into the office. When he came out, he had a letter in his hand. "I must put this letter into the box on the street," he said. "Come with me."

Jack told his mother that he was going away for a little while with Buttons. They got into the elevator.



The elevator boy said to Buttons, "Where now, Baby?"

Buttons said "Baby yourself!" On the street they went so fast that Jack could not keep up with Buttons very well. The street was full of people, and there was much noise.

"What is that red box?" asked Jack.

"That is a fire-alarm box," said Buttons. "If you ring that, the firemen will come. Here is the letter box, this green one."

"I know that," said Jack.

"Oh, you do, do you?" said Buttons.

Buttons put the letter into the letter box, and then they went back to the office. When they got into the elevator, the elevator boy said, "Back

again, Baby?'' But Buttons acted as if he had not heard him.

When they got out of the elevator, Buttons said to Jack, ''When I get to be elevator boy, you will see!''

''What shall I see?'' said Jack.

''You will see what you will see!'' said Buttons.

Then Buttons showed Jack how to stand on his head. It was not easy, and Jack could not do it for a long time. But at last he could.

When Father and Mother and Jack got home, Jack said, ''Father, I like the work that Buttons does.''

Father laughed. ''What work does Buttons do?'' he asked.

''This!'' said Jack. And he stood on his head.

—*Helen Coale Crew*

A REST FOR BUTTONS.

"Jack," said Father, "I think Buttons needs a rest. A day in the country would be good for him."

"Why does he need a rest?" asked Jack.

"He has been working very hard," said Father.

"Oh," said Jack, "what has he been doing?"

"I saw him stand on his head three times yesterday," said Father, laughing.

Jack laughed, too, and said, "But it *is* hard work, Father."

"How should you like to have me

bring him home to spend a day with you?'' asked Father.

''That would be fine. I will show him there are some things I can do that he can't do,'' said Jack.

''That will be great fun for you,'' said Father. ''Well, I will bring him home tonight. He lives in the city, you know. He has never been in the country.''

When Father came home that night, Buttons was with him. In the evening Mother sang songs and the boys played games. Buttons won every game. Jack did not like that very well.

In the morning they went out to see the rabbits. They were pretty rabbits, all white. Buttons liked them, but he said, ''We have bigger

rabbits at the Zoo." Then they went to see the little black pig. Buttons said, "We have wild pigs at the Zoo." He was afraid of the cow. He had never seen a cow before. "A cow is no good," he said.

Jack laughed. "No good!" he said. "Why, the cow gives us milk!"

Buttons laughed, too. "The milkman gives us *our* milk," he said.

Then they played Indians, and looked for eggs in the hay, and got up on the roof of the henhouse and into the apple tree.

When Father came home, he took them to swim in the river. Jack could swim better than Buttons. "I knew I could show him something," he said to himself.

But all the time Buttons kept

asking Father over and over, "Did you miss me today? Who got the morning paper and put it on your desk? Who took the letters to the mail box? Who let people in and kept people out? Was the elevator boy there? Did he do any of my work? If he did I will pull his nose!"

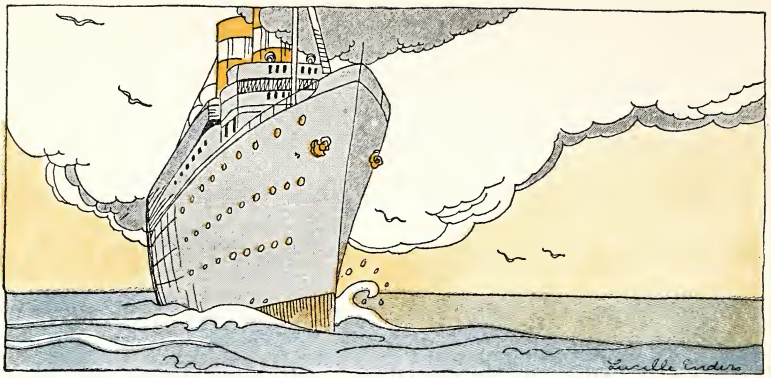
"Oh, Buttons, you need a rest!" said Father. "You must stay here another day."

"Not me!" said Buttons. "No sir!"

"Don't you like the country?" asked Father.

"No," said Buttons, "there are not enough noises. And it is not a safe place to live. There are no policemen!"

—*Helen Coale Crew*



LITTLE CITIZEN

Robert had been in England all summer with his father and mother, and now they were coming home across the ocean in a big ship. Robert was very happy to be on the ship. He liked to run up and down on the deck. He also liked to look over the side of the ship at the water. He wished that he could see clear down to the bottom of the ocean. He wanted to know what lived down there. But best of all he liked to go

to the end of the ship and look down to another deck where a little boy was playing. This little boy had red cheeks and black eyes; and over his coat a little red and green shawl was tied to keep him warm. With him were his mother and a big sister, and there was a baby, too.

One day Robert's mother went with him to look at the little boy.

"I like that boy," said Robert. "I should like to see what he makes with his knife. Look, Mother, he is cutting a stick now."

"He is coming to America to be a little citizen of our country," said Mother. And after that they always called him Little Citizen.

One day Father took Robert down to see Little Citizen. Little Citizen

could not speak English. He had just made a little wooden man out of a stick, and he gave it to Robert. After that Robert went down to see him every day. One day Little Citizen's mother gave Robert a piece of bread and a little round cake. She had made them in her own country. The

bread was dark and hard, but it was good; and the cake was hard, too, but sweet, and it had seeds in it that were good to eat.

The next time Robert went down, he took three big red apples with him, one for the mother, one for the big sister, and one for Little Citizen. The baby was too little to eat an apple. They were all pleased. They talked to one another but they only smiled at Robert.

Robert taught Little Citizen some English words, and pretty soon Little Citizen would point his finger and say, "What is?" and "What for?"

II

One day, when they were very near to New York, Robert's mother

said to him, "Robert, you must now go down and say goodbye to Little Citizen. You may never see him again."

"Why, Mother!" said Robert. "You said he was going to live in America!"

"Yes, but America is a very big place," said Mother. "He may not live anywhere near us."

So Robert went down to say goodbye to Little Citizen and his kind mother and his big sister and the little baby. He shook hands with all of them, even the little baby. Then the two boys went to the side of the ship to look at the shore, as they were now coming right up to the city. Soon they saw a tall statue, with one arm lifted up.

"What is?" asked Little Citizen, pointing with his finger.

"That is the Statue of Liberty," said Robert. He knew, because he had seen it when they went away from New York in the spring.

"What for?" asked Little Citizen.

Robert did not know what to say. He stood thinking. Little Citizen looked at him with bright eyes. It would not do to let Little Citizen know that Robert did not know what the Statue of Liberty was for.

At last Robert said, "It is the trade-mark of America."

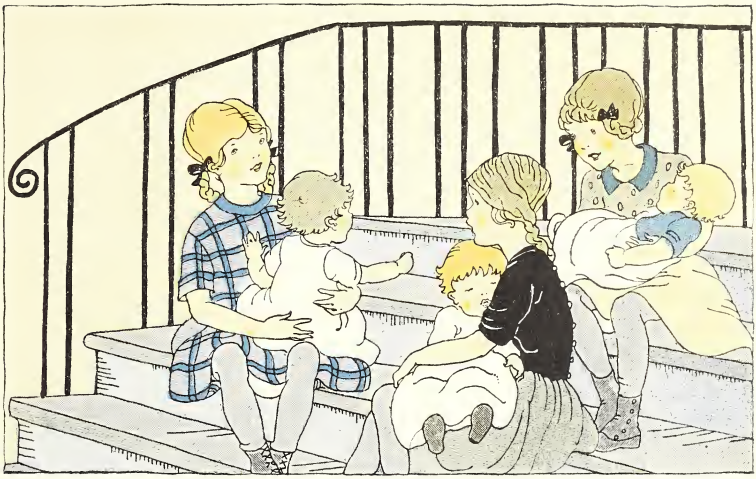
Little Citizen knew only one word of this.

"America!" he said.

Little Citizen's mother and sister came and stood beside him. His mother was carrying the baby and a big box, and big sister was carrying many bundles.

"America!" they all said, and smiled at one another.

—*Helen Coale Crew*



LITTLE MOTHERS

Three little girls sat on the steps of a big house in a big city. Many persons lived in the big house, mothers and fathers and girls and boys, and oh, ever so many little babies! Every little girl had to take care of a baby brother or sister, and that is why they are called little mothers.

The three little girls were Sadie and Anna and Mary, and each one

had a baby in her arms. Sadie's brother, John, was a big fat baby, and he waved his arms about and was very happy. Anna's baby sister, Katie, was a little sleepyhead. And Mary's brother, Peter, was a cry-baby.

"Oh, Peter!" said Mary. "If you will stop crying I will show you the pictures in my Reader."

But Peter did not want to see pictures. Like many babies, he did not know what he wanted; so he kept on crying, just to be doing something. The three little girls wanted to play and run about. They had been in school all day at their desks and they thought that a game of tag would be good fun. But they had to sit there and hold the babies, because their mothers were busy.

As they sat there, they heard a fire engine go by in the next street. You know what a fine, big noise a fire engine makes, and how you would like to run after it if you heard one go by. Well, that is the way Sadie and Anna and Mary felt. And when they saw all the little boys run off to see the fire engine, they wanted to go more than ever.

"What should we do if these babies never grew up?" asked Anna.

"Mother says Peter is growing nicely," said Mary. "She calls him Peter-lamb."

"But," said Anna, "if he were a lamb he would follow you to school. That is what the Reader says Mary's lamb did."

They all laughed at this joke.

Even baby John laughed. But baby Peter went right on crying, and baby Katie was asleep.

Just then their good friend, the

policeman, came along. The buttons on his coat looked like gold in the bright spring sunshine, and his face was round and smiling.

"Well, well," he said, "is something wrong this pleasant day? You little girls do not look very happy."

"It is the babies," said Anna.

"Are they sick?" asked the policeman.

"No, they are all right," said Anna.

"I thought so," said the policeman. "They look fine."

"John is the finest baby in the world. Mother says so," said Sadie.

"That is just what I think about my baby at home," said the policeman.

"But the trouble is that we have

to hold them," said Mary, "when we want so much to play. Our feet get tired when we sit still."

"I see," said the policeman. He stood there thinking a little while. Then he said, "I know what we'll do. You lay those babies down on the steps, and I will watch them while you rest your feet by running all around this block."

"Do we dare?" asked Sadie.

"Sure you dare. Off with you!" said the policeman.

The three little girls laid the babies down on the steps with great care. Baby John laughed. Baby Katie woke up, but did not say anything. And baby Peter was so surprised that he forgot to cry. Then the little girls ran off.

II

Just after they were gone, along came Billy, the balloon man. He stopped to talk to the policeman.

"Don't talk too loud," said the policeman. "I don't want those babies to cry. I should not know what

to do with them. I could not hold all three of them at once."

Billy laughed. "Who gave you the babies?" he asked.

"I have just borrowed them for five minutes," said the policeman. And then he told him about the three little girls who did not have much time to play.

"It is true they do not have much fun," said Billy. "See here, I will make a little fun for them. I have had a good day and I have sold all my balloons but these three. I will give these to the babies."

He untied the three balloons from his stick, and he tied the blue one to Baby Katie's arm, and the green one to Baby John's arm, and the yellow one to Baby Peter's arm.

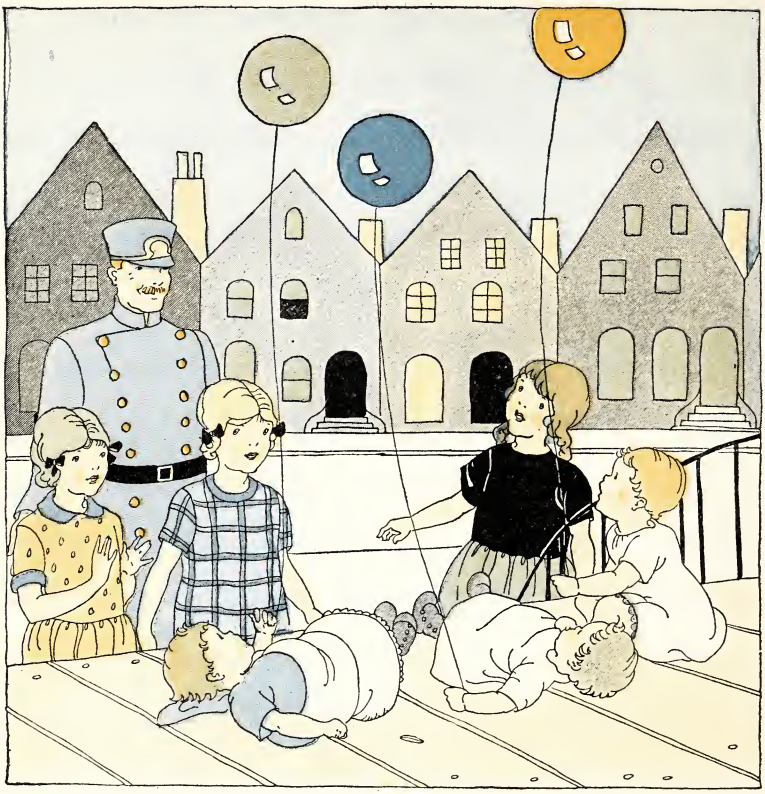
"There!" said Billy, and then he said goodbye to the policeman, and went along down the street. As he went, he looked back and said, "I have the finest baby in the world at home!"

The three babies soon saw the three pretty balloons in the air above their heads. They began to wave their arms to show how pleased they were; and every time their arms waved, the balloons danced up and down. Just at this minute the three little girls came running back. They could hardly believe their eyes.

"Oh," said Mary, "it is like a rainbow!"

"Oh," said Anna, "I never saw anything so pretty!"

"Oh," said Sadie, "it is as good as a circus!"



It would be hard to say which balloon danced and jumped the most, the blue or the green or the yellow one. It was a gay time, indeed!

Many children gathered around to watch the babies.

"The best of all," said Mary, "is that Peter-lamb isn't crying." She went up close to Peter. He was watching the yellow balloon above his head. No baby could cry when he could wave his arms and make a yellow balloon go dancing up and down. Even cry-baby Peter could not do that. Cry-baby Peter was laughing! The three little girls sat down on the steps by the babies.

"Oh, Mr. Policeman, thank you so much!" said all three.

"Don't thank me. It was Billy, the balloon man, who gave the balloons to the babies," said the policeman.

"Yes," said Mary, "but it was you who let us run to get our feet rested."

—*Helen Coale Crew*

BEDTIME

All day in Mother's garden here
I play and play and play.
But when night brings a dozen stars
I can no longer stay.

Sometimes the sun has hardly set
Before the stars begin.
A dozen stars come out so fast
And then I must go in.

I count them very carefully,
Especially 'round the moon,
Because I do not wish to go
To bed a star too soon.

—*Helen Coale Crew*

HOW JERRY FOUND SOME FRIENDS

One day Father said, "John, the morning-glories at the side of the steps are ready to begin climbing now, but they need some string to help them. Should you like—"

"I'll find Peter," cried John before Father could say any more, "and we'll put up the string."

"Very well," said Father.

Soon the two boys were hard at work. Peter drove in the nails, first one at the bottom, then one at the top, then one at the bottom again; and John followed him, winding the string over and around the nails, up and down, till it looked like a fence of string.

Their little four-year-old sister, Peggy, was playing with her ball near the boys, asking them funny questions now and then.

"Rags, papers, bottles?" sang the ragman.

Down went the hammer, over went the nails, and under the bushes rolled the ball of string, as four little legs flew down the walk to the street.

"My! Your mother must be in a great hurry to sell her old rags,

papers, and bottles,'' said a little old woman who was walking by the house, and was nearly run over by the boys.

But the boys were so excited they didn't even see her. For here was a ragman, and Mother had asked them to stop the first one they heard or saw.

''Rags, papers, and—''

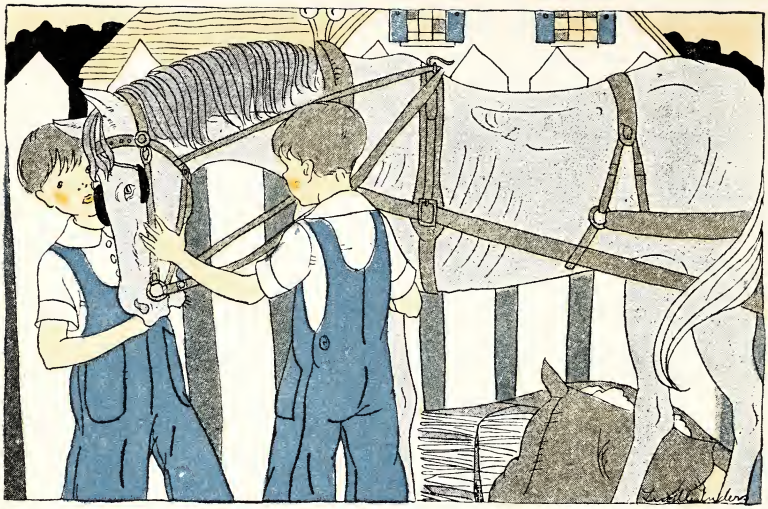
''Hi! Mr. Ragman!'' called the boys. ''Stop here!''

''Whoa! Jerry!'' shouted the ragman.

''Where did you get that old horse?'' asked the boys.

''Jerry was a circus horse years ago. He still knows lots of tricks,'' replied the ragman.

The ragman climbed down from



his cart and went up to the house, but the boys stood looking at Jerry.

'Poor old thing!'' said Peter. ''Look how thin he is! You can see his bones through his skin.''

''He doesn't have enough to eat,'' said John.

''We would give him enough to eat if he were ours, wouldn't we, John?'' asked Peter.

''Oh, Peter,'' cried John. ''What

fun it would be if he were ours, our very own! We could learn to ride him. Maybe we can buy him!''

Just then Father and the ragman came down the walk.

''Oh, Father!'' cried the boys, rushing up to him. ''May we buy him?''

''What are you talking about?'' said Father. ''Buy what?''

''We want to buy Jerry, the ragman's horse,'' said Peter. ''We could take him to the country and he could eat and rest all summer. Look how thin he is!''

''Couldn't we earn the money and buy him for our very own?'' asked John.

Father went nearer to look at Jerry.

''Jerry was a good horse once,

but he is old now," said he. "Poor old thing."

"Oh, Father, please!" cried both boys.

"Will you sell him?" asked Father.

"Yes," said the ragman, "I'll sell him. My cart is too heavy for such an old horse."

"Well," said Father, "if you two boys can earn half of the money, I'll put in the other half and we'll buy Jerry before we go away for the summer."

The boys were so happy they danced up and down. Then they gave Jerry some sugar and Peggy gave him a big red apple.

"Don't let anyone else have him, Mr. Ragman," called the boys as the ragman started down the street.

II

Such busy boys as John and Peter were, earning money that spring.

Peter swept the steps every morning for his mother, and also for some of his mother's friends. John put up string in many gardens for morning-glories to climb.

They watered flowers, they carried packages, they ran errands.

Then—what luck! The dandelions began to grow, and they earned money by digging them out of the grass around the houses.

And then—more money! Mr. Stubb, the groceryman, said that dandelion leaves were good to eat when they were cooked and that he could sell all the dandelions the boys could dig.

"How funny!" laughed Peter and

John. "We dig them because some people don't want them and we sell them because other people want to eat them."

They worked hard and fast, for on the first day of July, they were going to the country, and they wanted to be ready to buy Jerry so that they could take him with them.

Whenever they saw the ragman, they said, "Don't let anyone else have him, Mr. Ragman."

At last they had earned one half of the money and Father put in the rest of the money.

What happy boys they were! They watched every day for the ragman to come back with Jerry. And at last one morning at breakfast, they heard:

"Rags, papers, bottles?"

Mother watched the two boys run down the walk to the ragman.

"Jerry's vacation has begun," she said, smiling at Father.

III

"Isn't Jerry getting fat out here in the country, Father?" asked the boys. Their father had come out from the city to stay a few days.

"I should say he is," said Father. "He looks very well."

"And, Father, we have both learned to ride him," said Peter. "We ride all around and run errands for Mother."

"I'm glad you are making use of him," said Father as he gave a piece of sugar to Jerry. "Now you children go and play while I take the auto and go down to the woods with the men."

After Father had gone, Peter said, "I'm going to finish the boat that I started in the city. I was so busy making money to buy Jerry that I didn't have any time then."

"But aren't you glad that we have him?" asked John.

"John! Peter!" called Peggy at the top of her voice. "Come and see my little red snake."

"A little red snake!" cried the boys dropping what they were doing and starting on the run. "What can she mean?"

Peggy was standing by the big haystack near the barn. As John and Peter dashed up, the little thread of red fire that Peggy had started broke into a flame.

"Oh, Peggy," said Peter. "Did

you have matches? You know Mother always tells us not to touch them."

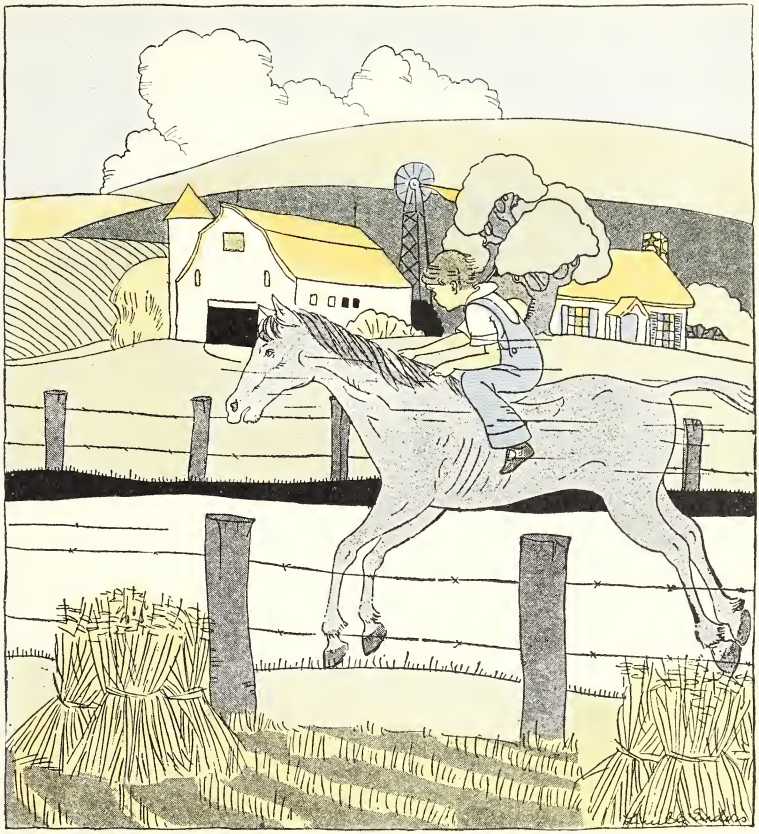
"I didn't know I had matches," said Peggy. "I wanted the box to put my dolly in. Some matches fell out when I opened it and I stepped on them."

"Quick, Peter!" said John as he pulled Peggy away from the fire. "Get Jerry and run for Father and the men."

Peter dashed into the barn, jumped on Jerry's back, and was off like the wind.

Jerry seemed to know that it was his turn to help the boys; and, with his head up, he flew along the road.

Clickety, clickety, clickety, clickety went Jerry's feet on the hard road. Trees and fences were whirring by



him. It was all Peter could do to hold on.

Out in the woods, Father and the men heard a galloping horse and they ran to see who was coming.

"Whoa!" cried Peter. "Father! Quick! Fire! The big haystack!"

The men dropped their tools and ran to the auto. They rushed back home as fast as the auto could go.

The flames were dancing high when they arrived. The men knew they could not save the haystack; but they ran for water and kept the fire away from the house and the barn.

After it was all over, Father said, "Well! We must thank Jerry for saving our home. If he hadn't run the way he did, we might all have had to sleep out in the fields tonight." And he patted Jerry on the nose.

"Wouldn't the ragman like to know what Jerry has done today?" said Peter.

—*Violet Millis and Josette Eugénie Spink*

THE MOON'S THE NORTH WIND'S COOKY

The Moon's the North Wind's cooky.
He bites it, day by day,
Until there's but a rim of scraps
That crumble all away.

The South Wind is a baker.
He kneads clouds in his den,
And bakes a crisp new moon, that greedy
North ..... Wind ..... eats ..... again!

—*Vachel Lindsay*

THE LITTLE GRAY PONY

There was once a man who owned a little gray pony.

Every morning, when the birds were singing their merry song, the man would jump on his pony and ride away, clippety, clippety, clap!

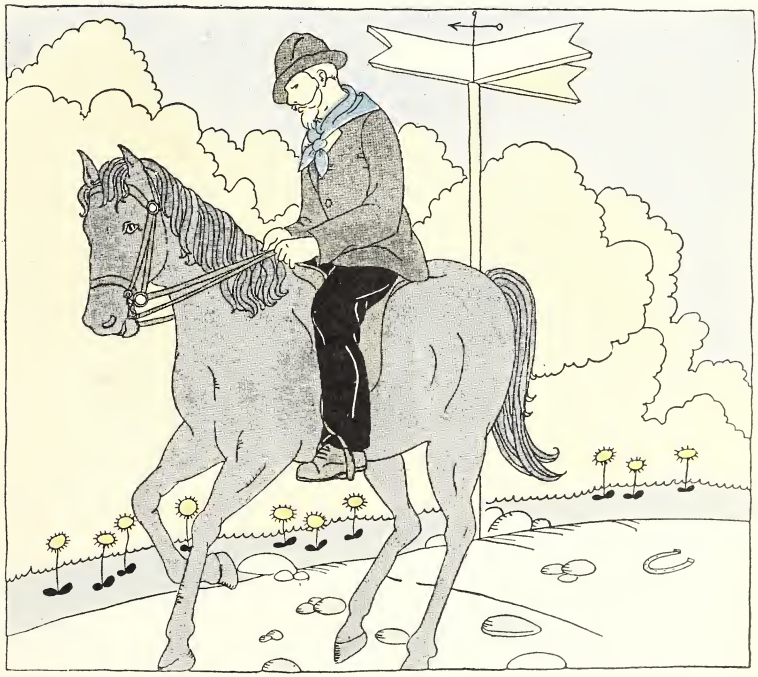
The pony's four small hoofs played the jolliest tune on the smooth road, the pony's head was always high in the air, and the pony's two little ears were always pricked up; for he was a merry, gray pony, and loved to go clippety, clippety, clap!

The man rode to town and to country, to church, and to market, up hill and down hill; and one day he

From *Mother Stories* by Maud Lindsay, by special permission of the publishers, Milton Bradley Company.

heard something fall with a clang on a stone in the road. Looking back, he saw a horseshoe lying there. And when he saw it, he cried out:

"What shall I do? What shall
I do,
If my little gray pony has lost
a shoe?"



Then down he jumped, in a 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 pony's hind feet, and there was the bright little shoe; 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 hurried to the blacksmith; and when he saw the blacksmith, he called out to him:

"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?"

The man did not know where to go next when he heard this; but he left his little gray pony in the blacksmith's care, while he hurried here and there to buy some coal.

First of all he went to the store; and when he got there 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 coming to town with a wagon full of good things, 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."

Then the farmer answered the man 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 standing in the road,

sighing and saying:

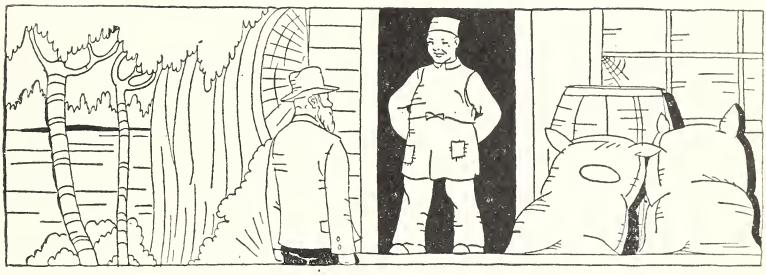
"What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!"

In the farmer's wagon, full of good things, he saw corn, which made him think of the mill; so he hastened there, and called to the dusty miller:

"Miller! Miller! 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."

The miller came to the door, and when he heard what was needed, he said:

"I have wheels that go round and round,
And stones to turn till the grain is ground;
But I've no coal, the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony's feet."



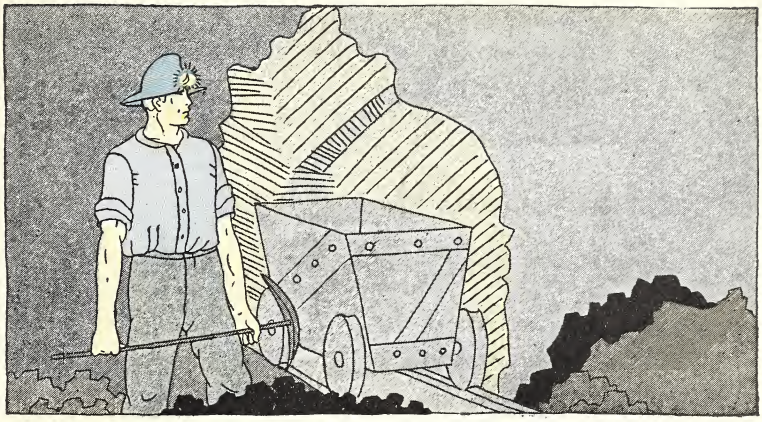
Then the man turned away and sat down on a rock near the roadside, sighing and saying:

"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 why he was sighing. He told her all about his trouble 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."

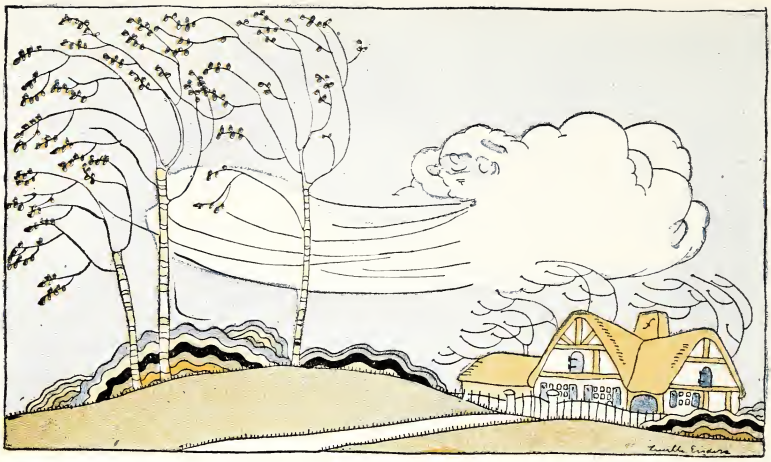
Thanking the old woman, the man then sprang to his feet and ran to the miner. Now, the miner had been working many a long day in the mine, down under the ground, where it was so dark that he had to wear a lamp on the front of his cap to give



him light for his work. He had plenty of black coal ready and he gave great lumps of it to the man, who took them 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!

—*Maud Lindsay*



NEVER MIND, MARCH

Never mind, March, we know
When you blow
You're not really mad
Or angry or bad;
You're only blowing the winter away
To get the world ready for April
and May.

—*Annette Wynne*

THE PAPER BOY

Every morning Robert sat in the window to watch for the morning paper. He did not care much about the paper, but he did care about the paper boy. The paper boy was not much bigger than Robert, and his name was Joe.

Joe did not lay the paper on the doorstep. He stood off on the sidewalk and threw the paper. It went through the air in a big curve and then fell right down on the doorstep! The paper was not spread out, but folded up into a small bundle.

When Joe had gone on up the street, Robert would go out to see if he could throw the paper that way; but he never could. Once it went up

into a tree, and another time it went up on the roof of the porch.

There were other things that Joe could do that Robert wanted very much to do. Joe could put a blade of grass between his two hands and whistle on it. Such a loud whistle it made! And he could make his ears move without touching them, and he could look cross-eyed, and ever so many more things.

One Saturday Robert took his red bank off the shelf where he kept it, and went to watch for Joe. There were a few pennies in the bank, but not many. When he saw Joe coming, he ran out to meet him.

"Joe, will you teach me how to throw the paper the way you do?" he asked.

"What will you give me if I do?" asked Joe.

"All my money and the bank, too," said Robert.

Joe took the bank in his hand and shook it. "How much is there in it?" he asked.

"There's the penny I earned when I swept the porch, and another I earned when I took a pill without making a fuss, and another I found, and a nickel that Father gave me. And maybe there is another penny, but I am not sure," said Robert.

"That isn't much," said Joe.

"It is, too!" said Robert.

"Well, how much is it?" asked Joe.

"I don't know," said Robert, "because the pennies move around when

I look in and try to count them?''

''Come home with me, and we will open the bank,'' said Joe, ''and if there is as much as ten cents I'll show you how to throw the paper.''

So Robert went home with Joe, and he saw Joe throw the papers on all the doorsteps as they went along. Robert thought that if he could do that he would be the happiest boy in the world. He hoped and hoped that there was as much as ten cents in the bank.

Joe lived several blocks away. When they got to his house, Joe's mother was getting breakfast ready.

''Who is this little boy, Joe?'' asked Joe's mother.

''This is Robert,'' said Joe.

Joe's mother said, ''Well, Robert,

sit right down and have some breakfast with us." She put a plate on the table for Robert, and Robert sat down with Joe and his mother and his two little sisters.

"I have already had one breakfast," said Robert, "but I don't mind having two." And then he told Joe's mother about the bank, and how much he wanted to learn how to throw a paper the way Joe did.

"Joe, won't you teach him without taking his money?" asked Joe's mother.

"Not me!" said Joe. "It will take me a long time to teach him and my time is worth money. I am a business man."

When breakfast was over, Joe and Robert opened the bank with a knife.

There were five pennies and a nickel in it.

So they went out into the back yard, and Joe folded a paper, and showed Robert how easy it was to make the paper go right on the doorstep. And Robert tried and tried and tried, but he could not do it. He tried with his right arm, and he tried with his left arm, but the paper never went on the doorstep. Then Robert began to cry.

Joe's mother and his little sisters were looking out the window. When Robert began to cry, Joe's mother came out and wiped the tears from his face.

"Never mind if you can't do it right away," she said. "Joe couldn't do it the first day he tried. You just

keep on trying, and pretty soon you will do it just as well as Joe. And Joe is not going to take your money until you can do it, are you, Joe?''

Joe was going to say ''Yes, I am,'' but his mother looked at him, and shook her head, and he changed his mind and said, ''No, of course not.''

''That is right,'' said his mother. ''That is the way a business man does.''

So Joe gave the bank and the money back to Robert, and Robert said goodbye and went home. He did not feel very happy as he was going home. He still had the folded paper in his hand, and when he came to his own house, he thought he should try once more. He threw the paper, and it went through the air in a big curve

and fell, right on the doorstep. And just as it fell Robert's father came home from town.

"Good shot, Robert!" said Father.

"That is the way a business man does!" said Robert.

—*Helen Coale Crew*

JACK LEARNS THE BIG WORD

The week when Mother was ill in bed, she had asked Jack to take care of her flowers. There were three pots

of flowers in the big window in the dining room, and Mother was very fond of them. Jack was to water them every morning until she was well again. The first two mornings he watered them, but after that he forgot all about them.

The very first morning that Mother was well enough to come down to breakfast, she saw that her pretty flowers were dry and wilted. Many of the leaves had fallen off.

"Oh, Jack!" she said, "you did not water my flowers!"

"I watered them twice, Mother," said Jack.

"And after that?" she asked.

"Well, some days I forgot all about them, and on Saturday I was in a great hurry," said Jack.

"What were you in a hurry about?" she asked.

"To go out and play," said Jack.

Then Father looked at Jack. It was a very quiet look, without any smile on the end of it. Jack felt very unhappy.

"Jack," said Father, "you do not know the Big Word. That is what is the matter with you."

"What is the Big Word, Father?" asked Jack.

"First I will tell you what it means," said Father. "It means that you will always do the thing you have to do, and not forget, and not be in a hurry to play. When you have learned the Big Word, everybody will trust you."

"It seems to mean a great deal,"

said Jack. "Does Buttons know the Big Word?"

"Yes, he does," said Father. "He keeps my office clean and tidy. He never forgets to put the morning paper on my desk. And he does the things he has to do whether I am there or not."

Jack gave a great sigh. "What is the Big Word?" he asked.

"I will tell you the story of it," said Father. "Once in the city of Chicago there was a teacher who used to talk to the children in his school every morning. All the children sat before him, looking at him with bright eyes, and listening to him with sharp ears. And at the end of his talk he would say,

'Now, children, what is the Big

Word?' and all those children would say, with one voice,

'Re-spon-si-bil-i-ty!'

They made a big noise, I tell you!''

All that week Jack thought about the Big Word. He could see very well that the postman and the paper boy knew it, because they never forgot to leave the letters and the paper. The fireman and the policeman knew it, too, and even the milkman. He went to the kitchen and asked Sarah if she knew the Big Word.

''I know plenty of big words,'' said Sarah. She was very busy and a little bit cross; so Jack did not ask her anything more.

Then one day Sarah was ill with a very bad cold and had to go to bed, and at that very same time Father

had to go to Washington. It was winter time, not long after Christmas, and Jack wanted to skate every day after school. The ice was very good, and all the other children would be out there skating. But Jack knew that Mother had no one else to help her, and so he put his skates away and tried not to think of them.

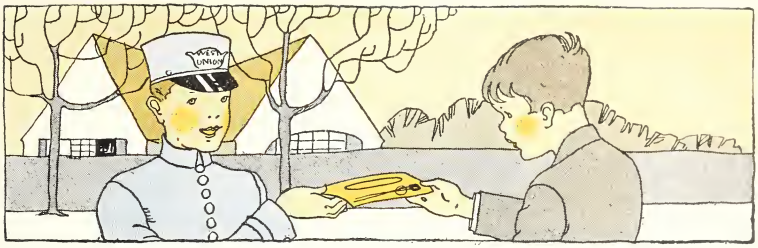
He was so busy running errands and peeling potatoes and wiping dishes that he forgot all about the Big Word. One morning Mother let him take Sarah's breakfast up to her.

"It's a fine boy you are," said Sarah, "and I feel bad to be lying here while you do my work."

"Sarah," said Jack, "when you get well, will you show me how to peel potatoes thin? Mother says I peel them too thick."

Sarah laughed. "Well," she said, "the way to do is to take the skin off the potato, and not to take the potato off the skin."

Jack laughed at that, too. And just then the bell rang, very loud and long. Jack ran down and opened the door. There stood a boy a little bit



bigger than Jack, with a telegram in his hand. Jack knew that it was a telegram by the yellow envelope.

"What's your name?" asked the boy.

"My name is Jack," said Jack.

"Then this is not for you," said the boy, "because this is for Mr. John Martin.

"That's for me," said Jack. "That is my best name."

"Ho!" said the boy, "John on Sunday and Jack on Saturday, is that it?" Then the boy took a book and a pencil out of his pocket. "Sign your

name here,'' he said, and he gave the pencil to Jack.

Jack wrote *Mr. John Martin,* just the way it was on the envelope. And then he wrote *Jack* after it, to make sure.

''There!'' said Jack, and gave the pencil back.

''Right-O!'' said the boy. He gave Jack the telegram, and put the book into his pocket. Then he said, ''Goodbye, Bub!'' and went away.

Jack ran to his mother with the telegram. ''Mother,'' he said, ''I have never had a telegram before! Mother, just what is a telegram?''

''It means,'' said Mother, ''that somebody wants to tell you something in a great hurry. A letter would not be quick enough. Open it.''

Jack opened it, and this is what it said:

I hear you have learned the Big Word. Good for you, son! Father.

Mother gave Jack a hug, but Jack looked very grave.

"Mother," he said, "I cannot remember the long name of the Big Word."

"No matter," said Mother, "you have done what the Big Word stands for. Now then, run and get your skates. Sarah is well enough to peel the potatoes for dinner."

"Tell her to peel them thin!" said Jack. And when he got his skates and put on his hat and coat, he said, "Oh, now I remember! It is Re-spon-si-bil-i-ty!"

—*Helen Coale Crew*

THE CAT

The pussy that climbs to the top of the tree
Is really much shorter and thinner than me;
And yet though I try all the whole summer through,
I cannot do half of the things she can do.

She's only as old as my new baby brother,
And yet she can run just as fast as her mother;
It's funny some people are clever like that:
I wish I were only as nice as the cat!

—*Helen Hay Whitney*

A RAINY DAY

The postman's little boy, Billy, had his nose pressed flat against the windowpane one Saturday morning. It was raining hard, and he could not go out to play. Mother looked at Billy's face. It was not a pleasant face to look at just then.

"Billy," asked Mother, "is that rain on the windowpane?"

"It is *rain* on the *outside* of the windowpane," said Billy, "but it is *tears* on the *inside* of it."

"Why, that will not do at all, Billy," said Mother. "I will tell you something that I once read in a book. I read that there were people years and years ago who sometimes kept their tears in bottles."

"What did they do that for?" asked Billy.

"I do not know, but the book showed pictures of some of the bottles. There's an empty bottle on the kitchen shelf. Perhaps you would like to try it."

Billy ran and got the bottle and put his eye to it; but no more tears would come. "Mother," he said, "I can't cry any more!"

"Good!" said Mother, and they both laughed. Then Mother went to

the kitchen to do her work, and Billy again pressed his nose tight to the windowpane. Outside he could see the rain splashing into the gutters, and people going by with their heads down and their umbrellas up. There did not seem to be any fun in the whole world.

He wished Father would come along and leave letters at the houses across the street, so that he could watch him. Pretty soon one lonely tear splashed down on his cheek. He ran for the bottle, but the tear ran down his cheek to the floor.

Billy threw the bottle down and stamped with his foot. Just then Mother came in from the kitchen. She had an apple in one hand, that she had started to peel.

"Why, Billy, what can be the matter?" she asked. "Here is a little

boy who does not have to walk miles and miles in the rain and get all wet as his poor father does, and he cannot think of anything to do but to cry and stamp his feet."

Billy felt ashamed. He looked ashamed, too.

"I am making an apple pie," said Mother, "and I'll tell you what you may do. If you see a boy that you know going by, you may invite him to eat dinner with us and help us eat the pie."

Billy began to laugh; and, instead of stamping his feet, he began to jump up and down, he felt so happy. A great many persons went by that Billy did not know, and some that he could not see because their faces were under their umbrellas. But before

long he saw a boy running. It was Joe, the paper boy.

Billy knocked on the window as hard as he could. Joe heard the noise and looked to see what it was. Billy made a sign to Joe, and then ran to the door.

"Come on in," said Billy, "the pie is nearly ready."

"What pie?" asked Joe.

"The apple pie," said Billy.

"I do not understand that kind of talk," said Joe. "Talk American, for a change."

Billy took Joe by the arm, and pulled him into the house. Then Billy's mother came and said, "We are going to have apple pie and we want you to stay to dinner, Joe."

"There now!" said Joe. "That

is good, plain American! Thank you very much, but my coat is very wet. I tried to run between the raindrops, but I ran into them, instead."

"Never mind that," said Billy's mother. "We are going to eat in the kitchen where it is nice and warm, and you may sit near the stove. Your coat will soon dry."

She took the boys into the kitchen and there was dinner, all ready. There was bacon and corn bread and grape jelly to eat, and hot chocolate to drink; and in the very middle of the table, was the pie.

"I'm glad I came!" said Joe.

Billy's mother put Joe on the side of the table next to the stove, and his coat was soon dry. Joe told them about his work, and how he had to

get up early in the morning to deliver all his papers before school. Billy's mother asked him if he ever had any time to play.

"I play all summer," said Joe, "on my grandfather's farm. Another boy delivers my papers for me in the summer."

"What is a farm like?" asked Billy.

"It is like all outdoors with a fence around it," said Joe. "There is a little river running through ours, with one place deep enough to swim in. There are all kinds of animals. Grandfather lets me ride on Big Tom, the plow horse. Up in the attic is Little Tom."

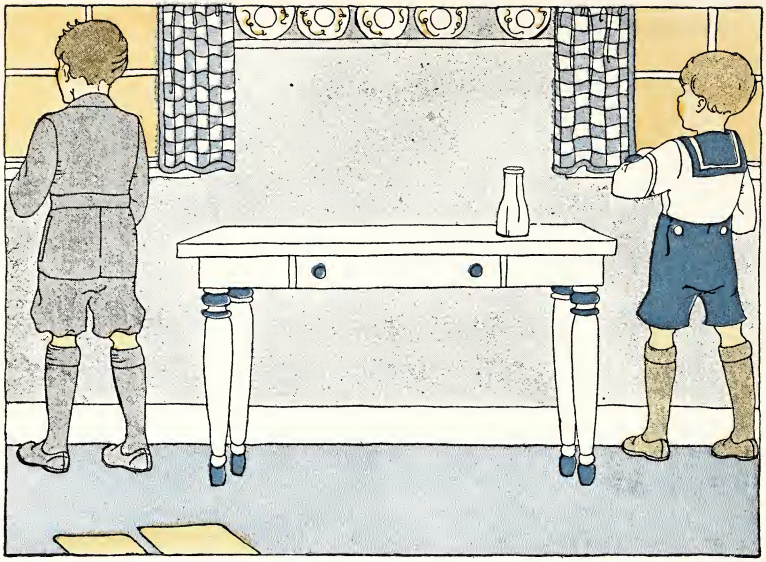
"A horse in the attic!" said Billy.

Joe laughed. "Little Tom is the rocking-horse that I used to play with when I was a little boy like you."

"I am not little!" said Billy. "I have a watch that won't go, and six pennies and two pencils and some marbles in my pocket. I'm no baby! And besides, I know something you don't know!"

While they were talking, Mother got up very quietly and turned on the light and pulled down the curtains at the two windows. The boys did not even see her do it. They were eating the pie by this time, and they began to tell jokes and ask riddles. When they had finished, and there was not another crumb to eat, Mother said, "I have a surprise for you."

"Oh, what is it?" asked Billy.



"You may each go and pull up a curtain," said Mother.

Each boy ran and pulled up a curtain and looked out. The rain was over and the sun was shining! The two boys ran outdoors with a shout.

Mother picked up the tear bottle and put it away. She was sure Billy would not want it any more that day.

—*Helen Coale Crew*

TREES

However little I may be,
At least I, too, can plant a tree.

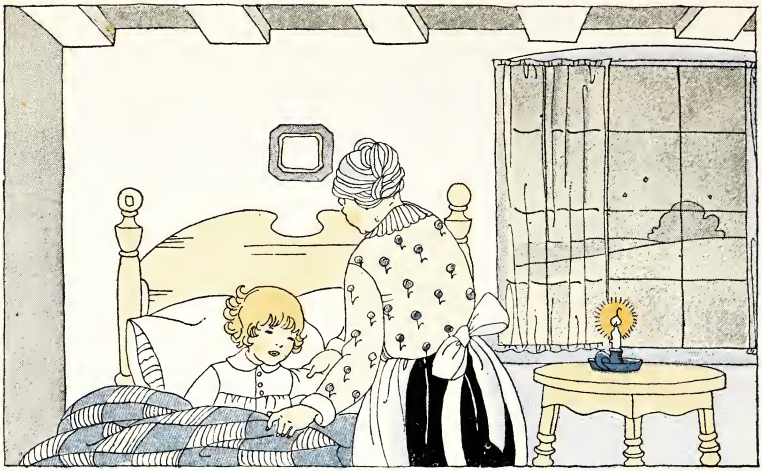
And some day it will grow so high
That it can whisper to the sky,

And spread its leafy branches wide
To make a shade on every side.

Then on a sultry summer day,
The people resting there will say,—

"Oh, good and wise and great was he
Who thought to plant this blessed tree!"

—*Abbie Farwell Brown*



BIDDY GETS LOST

The very first time that Biddy went to market with Grandmother, she got lost. Grandmother did not want to take her, but Biddy begged and begged to go. When Grandmother called her the morning they were to start, Biddy was sound asleep.

"Get up, Biddy," said Grandmother, "it is time to start for the market."

Biddy and her Grandmother lived beside a long white road that led from the farm to the city. The city was five miles away from where they lived, and they had to eat their breakfast and get to the market by seven o'clock. That was the time the city people began coming to the market to buy things.

By the time Biddy was dressed, her Uncle Wally had finished his breakfast. Wally was just a great big boy. Biddy sat down to eat her toast and bacon and to drink the cup of hot milk Grandmother had poured out for her. Wally took a hot brick out of the oven and wrapped it in a piece of carpet. That was to keep Grandmother's feet warm on the long ride.

"Poor Biddy is so sleepy," said

Wally, "that she'll fall into her cup of milk and drown."

Biddy gave a sleepy little smile. She knew Wally was joking. But when she had finished drinking her milk, she pushed the cup away. Even if she fell into the cup she knew she would not drown, but she might break the cup. It was her own cup and she did not want to break it for it had the words *Think of me* in gilt letters on the side.

Then Grandmother put a shawl under Biddy's coat, to keep her warm. When they went out to get into the wagon, Wally lifted Biddy up on the high seat. Then he sat on one side of her and Grandmother sat on the other, so she could not fall off. It was very early. The sky was still dark, and

full of stars. In the back of the wagon were potatoes and turnips and cabbages. Biddy wanted to talk, but Grandmother said, "Hush, now, honey, while I count up how much money I'll get today if we sell everything, down to the last potato."

Biddy could not help asking, "But how will you know which is the last potato?" And Grandmother said, "I can't count at all, Biddy, if you don't keep still."

Biddy sat very still then, and saw the dark night turn to the gray of early morning. Pretty soon it was light enough to see fences and houses. Then other wagons came from lanes and roads into the big white road that went to the city. Other market people were in those wagons. Sometimes Wally would call, "Hello, Johnny, is that you?" and a voice from another wagon would say, "Hello, yourself, Wally!" And after awhile the stars could not be seen any more, and the sky grew light, and up came the golden sun, right before them. And then when they got to the top of the very next hill, there was the big city!

"Oh!" said Biddy. "Are we going to see the whole wide world today?"

"Not quite all of it," said Wally;

"there will be a little bit of it left to see some other time."

When they got to the market, Grandmother and Wally were very busy taking the vegetables out of the back of the wagon and putting them on the counter. Wally did not forget the hot brick. Grandmother could have the brick to keep her feet warm while she sat on a high stool selling the vegetables. They put the potatoes and the turnips in neat piles, and put the cabbages in a line all around them.

In the next stall to Grandmother sat Mrs. Bundy. She sold butter and eggs. And while she waited for people to come and buy, she often talked to Grandmother.

"I see you have Biddy with you today," she said to Grandmother.

"I have been wanting to come for years and years!" said Biddy.

"Run along, now, Biddy," said Grandmother, "and see the market before it gets too full of people. You may go down this side and come back up the other side."

So Biddy walked along. Her eyes were wide open, you may be sure. There was not a thing she did not see. Pretty soon a great many people, with their baskets on their arms, came to do their marketing. Grandmother was so busy for a while that she forgot all about Biddy. Then after a while she remembered her.

"Wally, where is Biddy?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Wally, "but I will look for her."

A long, long time went by, and Wally did not come back, nor Biddy either.

"Mrs. Bundy," said Grandmother, "What shall I do? I sent Wally after Biddy, and now both of them are gone. What shall I do? What shall I do? Maybe she is under one of the stalls. She always gets into the last place you would think of looking for her."

"Don't worry," said Mrs. Bundy. "If Biddy is anywhere in this wide world, Terence will find her."

Just as she said this Terence came along. Never was there a bigger policeman than Terence. The buttons on his coat were as bright as little full moons, and he turned his stick in his hand so fast that you could hardly see it.

"Terence," said Mrs. Bundy, "will you ask along the market, like a good lad, and see which way Biddy has gone?"

"Sure!" said Terence, and he went away. After a while he came back. "Well, Mrs. Bundy," he said, "she has gone down this side, and she has tasted Tim's butter, and Annie's cookies, and Uncle Peter's candy, and she has eaten a turnip here and an apple there, till I think she will be sick in bed tomorrow. Then in the fish market somebody gave her an eel, and they are all laughing about the way she held on to it. She even took off her shawl and wrapped it around the slippery creature. Then she went up the other side of the market, but I can't find her anywhere."

"Shame on you, Terence," said Grandmother, "a big policeman and not able to find one little girl!"

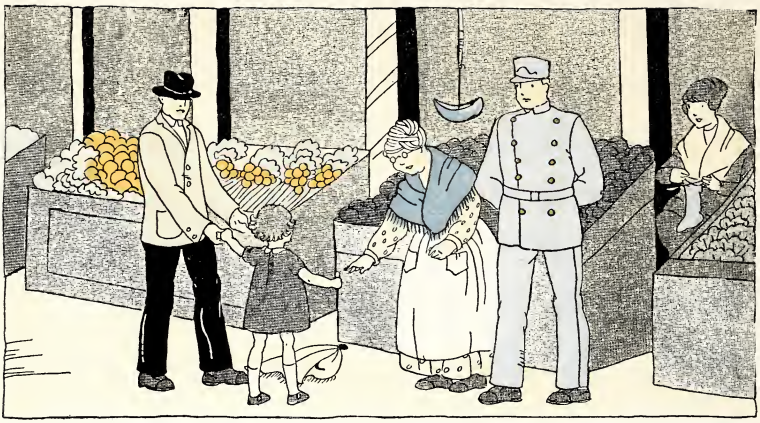
"What does she look like? You did not tell me that," said Terence.

"Why," said Grandmother, "she has black eyes that can look everywhere at once, and she jumps about like a big green grasshopper, and she talks on and on, like a clock ticking."

"Look!" said Mrs. Bundy, "there is Biddy herself coming along."

Sure enough, Biddy was coming back all safe and sound. Wally was leading her by one hand. He let go of Biddy's hand, and gave her back her shawl, which he had been carrying for her.

"Biddy, Biddy, where in the world have you been?" asked Grandmother.



"Grandmother," said Biddy, "I've been all around the world."

"What is that thing that you have wrapped in your shawl?" asked Grandmother.

"I don't know what it is," said Biddy. "Maybe it is a small snake, and maybe it is a large worm."

And then she spread out her shawl, and there was the eel that somebody had given her.

—*Helen Coale Crew*

MARKET DAY

Bobby and his little sister, Juliet, lived with their mother in a big city. Their mother always went to market on Saturdays. The market was only a long row of sheds standing right in the middle of the street. Inside these sheds were the meat stalls, and along the two outer sides were the stalls where fruits and vegetables, butter and eggs, and other things were sold.

Early in the morning, before the sun was up, the market people came from the country in their wagons; and when they reached the market, they put their vegetables and other things on the counters of their stalls. It was a pretty sight—the yellow pumpkins, the green cabbages, the white celery, the red apples, the yellow butter, and the big piles of carrots and turnips; just like a rainbow. Mother had taken Bobby to market two or three times, but his little sister, Juliet, had never been there. On this pleasant Saturday morning, however, Juliet was going.

When they got to the market, Juliet felt very strange, and kept close beside Mother. Mother seemed to know everybody. She knew Tim, the

butterman, and Grandmother Kent who sold such fine potatoes, and Mr. Metz, the meatman, and Uncle Peter who had the most wonderful candy, all made into little red and yellow cats and dogs and cows and pigs. Also she knew Mrs. Brown who sold taffy, and Annie who sold bread and buns and cookies.

While Mother was buying potatoes from Grandmother Kent, a little girl ran out of the stall, and, with her finger in her mouth, she stood looking at Juliet.

"Speak to the little lady, Biddy," said Grandmother.

"But I don't know what to say to her, Grandmother," said Biddy.

"Why shame on you, Biddy," said her grandmother. "Have you no

tongue at all? You talk enough when we're at home!"

Then Juliet said to Biddy, "If you will tell me your name, I will tell you mine."

So they told each other their names, and then not another thing could either of them think of to say.

"I know what you can do," said Juliet's mother. "Biddy can show Juliet the market. Juliet has never been in it before."

"Sure!" said Grandmother Kent. "Go now, Biddy, and show the little lady all around, but don't get lost, and be sure to come back in half an hour."

Then Biddy took Juliet's hand in hers, and they went off together. They soon began to talk, and after

that they had so much to say that they could not stop talking.

"I did not know the market was such a pretty place," said Juliet.

"Wait till you see the fish," said Biddy. "They look like silver."

And when they had seen the fish, and had even put their hands on their shining silver sides, Biddy said, "But wait till you see Uncle Peter's candy!"

After they had seen many fine things, they came to Uncle Peter's stall. Uncle Peter was standing the little candy cats and dogs and other animals up in a long row, by twos, just as the animals went into Noah's Ark.

"What kind of flavors do your candies have?" asked Juliet.

"The red ones are orange and the yellow ones are lemon," said Uncle Peter.

Biddy looked at them hard. "Do they taste as good as they look?" she asked.

"That depends," said Uncle Peter. "How does your penny look?"

"I haven't any penny," said Biddy.

Juliet felt in her pocket, but she did not have a penny either.

"Well," said Biddy, "I never did like orange and lemon. Peppermint is what I like."

Uncle Peter laughed. "I will bring some peppermints the next time," he said, "but be sure that you bring your penny. I like all kinds of pennies."

The little girls walked on, and soon they stopped to talk to Tim, the butterman. Tim had red hair that stood up straight, and a round face and a pleasant smile. He let them taste his butter with the little tasting spoons.

"I have tasted bread without butter," said Juliet, "but this is the first time that I have ever tasted butter without bread."

"Biddy has tasted everything from one end of this market to the other, haven't you, Biddy?" said Tim.

"Yes, I have," said Biddy. "I can talk and I can taste with my tongue." She put out her little red tongue.

"It looks like a good taster and a good talker, too," said Tim.

Then Biddy and Juliet went inside the sheds where the meat market was. There they saw Mr. Metz. He had a big saw in his hand, and was sawing off a soup bone. "Ha! ha!" he said. "I see two little girls that want their hair cut off!"

Biddy was not afraid. She knew Mr. Metz. She knew he liked to make jokes. While they were talking big Terence, the policeman, came along.

"Terence," said Mr. Metz, "arrest these two children."

"I'm going to," said Terence. "They are being looked for everywhere. They are lost."

"Are we really?" asked Juliet.

"Lost entirely," said Terence. Then he took the two girls back to Grandmother Kent's stall.

"Biddy," said Grandmother, "You should be ashamed of yourself, running away for a whole hour, till I had to send Terence after you to bring you back. It is no way to do at all!"

But Juliet's mother said, "Never mind, Mrs. Kent, now that they are back again, safe and sound." Then she thanked Biddy for showing Juliet the market. And next she opened a paper bag, and there were some of Uncle Peter's candy cats and dogs! She gave some to Juliet and some to Biddy.

"Thank you ma'am," said Biddy. She took a taste of each kind. "When I haven't any peppermints, then I like orange and lemon best of all."

When Juliet and Mother got home, Juliet told her brother all about

the market and her new friend, Biddy.

"Bobby," asked Juliet, "how many kinds of pennies are there?"

"There are two kinds," said Bobby, "the kind you can spend, and the kind you have to put in your bank."

"Well," said Juliet, "I am going to save and save and save until I have two spending pennies."

"What for?" asked Bobby.

"One for me and one for Biddy," said Juliet.

"But what are you going to buy?" asked Bobby.

"Peppermint cats!" said Juliet.

—*Helen Coale Crew*

ON THE TRAIN

All that Bobby and Juliet could remember about Aunt Susan was that she had white hair and bright eyes that were full of fun. She lived in a little town in the state of Iowa.

Father and Mother said that Bobby and Juliet might go to visit Aunt Susan in June, when school was over, if they would go alone. Father said that a boy who was ten years old could surely take care of his eight-year-old sister for one night and half of a day on the cars.

"Sure I can!" said Bobby. "I have seen you take care of Mother and Juliet and me on the cars. I will do just what I saw you do.'

"Juliet," said Mother, "do you think you can mind Bobby? If he is going to take care of you, you will have to do as he says."

"No, Mother," said Juliet, "I don't think I can. I do not like to have to mind Bobby. But anyway, I will try."

"I won't take you, Juliet, unless you cross your heart and promise." said Bobby.

Juliet shut her eyes and took a long breath and crossed her heart and said, "I promise."

When the time came, and their clothes were all packed in two new suitcases, they felt just a little afraid to go by themselves, but they did not let Father and Mother know they were afraid. The train started late in the


10

evening, and, when they got on the sleeping car, the berths were all made up, ready to sleep in. The car looked just like a narrow path between two walls of curtains.

"Now, Bobby, what are you going to do first of all?" asked Father.

"I'm going to let Juliet undress first in the berth, and while she is doing that, I am going to talk to the porter," said Bobby.

"All right," said Father.

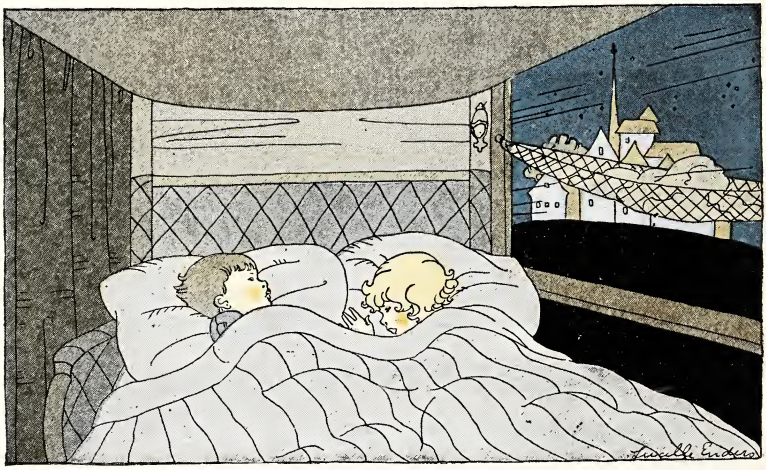
"But she must not scatter her clothes about," said Bobby.

"I won't," said Juliet, "I will put them all neatly in the little hammock."

Then Father gave the conductor the two tickets, and the conductor said, "I will keep an eye on them.

They won't get lost off *my* train, you may be sure of that."

Then Mother kissed Juliet, and Father shook hands with Bobby, the way men do, and got off the train, and in two minutes more it started. Juliet crawled into the berth, and Bobby pushed her suitcase in after her. Then he walked down the car. The last berth had not been made up into a bed, and the porter was sitting there. Bobby sat down beside him.



"Good evening, sir," said the porter.

"Good evening," said Bobby. "Do you like to be a porter and take care of a sleeping car?"

"Oh, I like it pretty well," said the porter.

"What would you rather do?" asked Bobby.

"I would rather be a first-class barber in my home town," said the porter. "Then I could live at home."

"Where is your home?" asked Bobby.

"My home is down in Georgia," said the porter. "That's where the watermelons grow. It makes me hungry and thirsty to think of them."

"Maybe my sister is thirsty now," said Bobby. "I'll take her a drink.

I will talk to you some more some other time."

Bobby pulled a little paper cup out of the box by the water-cooler, and filled it with water. He took it to Juliet, who was glad to have it. Juliet had on her pajamas and her blue wrapper and blue slippers. Her clothes were in the little hammock that hung by the windows.

"Now," said Juliet, "I will go and talk to the conductor while you undress. You must not put your clothes in the hammock on top of mine."

"I will put mine under my pillow," said Bobby.

Juliet walked down the car, and sat down beside the conductor.

"Good evening, miss," said the conductor.

"Good evening," said Juliet.

"Are you and your brother going far?" asked the conductor.

"We are going to visit Aunt Susan, in Iowa," said Juliet. "Father says Iowa seems to have more corn-fields and wheatfields, and more cows, and more fields of rich red clover, and more autos on its roads, than any other state he ever was in."

"Iowa is a fine country," said the conductor. "I have a little girl at home just about the size of you."

"What is her name?" asked Juliet.

"Her name is Mary," said the conductor. He took a picture of his little girl out of his pocket and showed it to Juliet. Then Bobby came and got Juliet. They both said good night to

the conductor and went back to their berth. For a while they sat up on their knees and looked out the windows. They saw the bright lights of towns and villages. Every now and then the train went over a bridge with a roar. Sometimes another train came rushing by with a loud noise that made them jump. After a while they were very sleepy, and so they got down under the blanket.

The very next thing they knew, it was morning, and somebody was trying to wake them up. It was the conductor.

"Do you children want to see the biggest river in the whole country?" he asked. "Because if you do, you had better get up."

Then Bobby took his clothes and

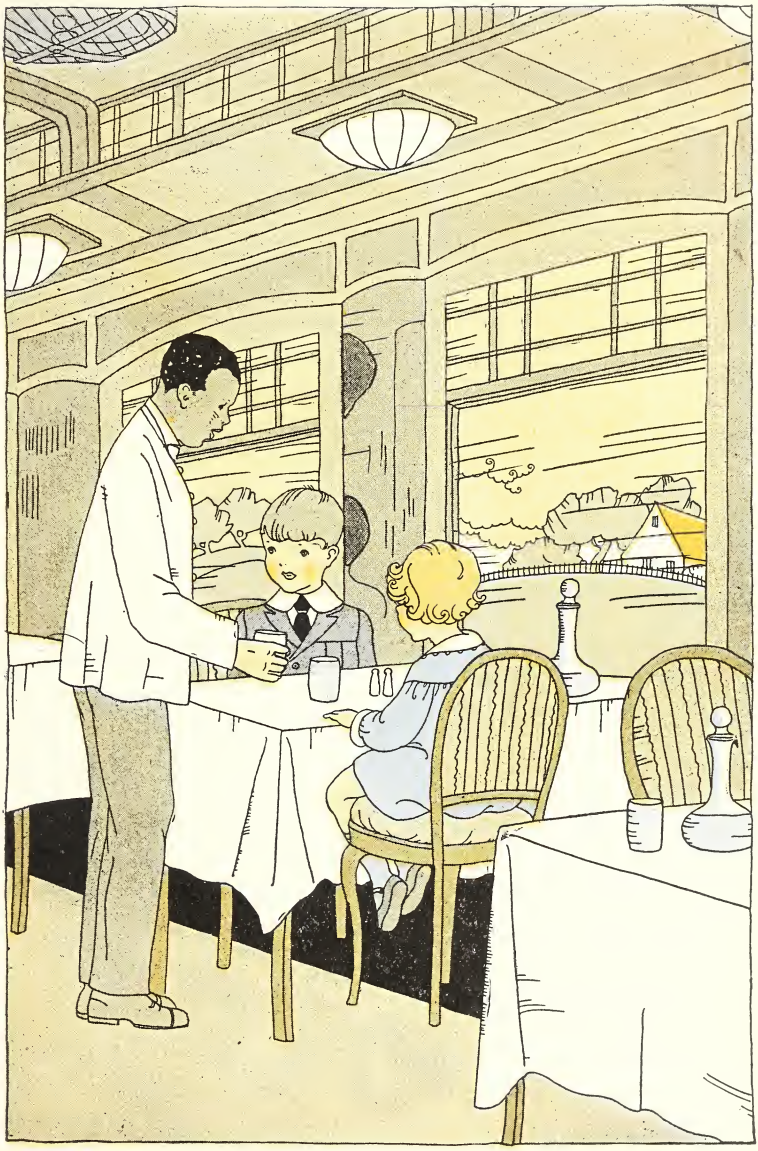
went to wash and dress in the men's dressing-room, and Juliet went to the women's dressing-room. There was a mother and her little girl in there when Juliet went in. Juliet washed her face and hands, and dressed as quickly as she could. By this time the mother had finished brushing her own

little girl's hair, and she brushed Juliet's and tied on the blue ribbon for her. Juliet thought that was very kind. When she went back to the berth, Bobby was ready, too. Just then the conductor came up.

"Are you folks going to have breakfast in the dining car?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Bobby, "and here is the money I am going to pay for it with." He opened his purse and showed the conductor the money his father had given him.

The conductor took them to the dining car. They had to walk through three other cars to get there. People were getting up. Juliet fell over a suitcase and Bobby nearly fell over a pair of shoes. The dining car was still



empty, but the waiters had the tables nicely set and were waiting for the people to come in. The conductor put Bobby and Juliet at a table and said, "Now you can sit here and eat your breakfast, with one eye looking at your breakfast and your other eye looking out of the window for the Mississippi River."

The conductor went away. The waiter came and filled their glasses with water. Then he handed Bobby a card. There were the names of a great many things to eat on the card. Bobby looked at the card for some time, and then he said to Juliet, "Shall I order for you, too?"

"No," said Juliet, "because I already know what I want. I want some pancakes and maple syrup, and

an orange, and a very big glass of milk."

"Very well, miss," said the waiter, and he wrote the order down on a piece of paper.

Then Bobby said, "I shall have a cup of chocolate and some muffins and an egg."

The waiter wrote Bobby's order, too, and went back to the little kitchen at the end of the car to get what they had ordered. Juliet got down from her chair and ran and took a peep into the kitchen. When she came back, Bobby said, "Ladies don't do that. Did you ever see Mother do that? You must sit still."

Soon a soldier boy came in and sat down at the table next to them. He took a newspaper from his pocket,

opened it, and began to read it.

"I ought to have a newspaper," said Bobby to Juliet. "I wonder where I could get one?"

The soldier heard him. He gave Bobby a sheet of his paper. Bobby thanked him and began to read the paper very hard.

"What is the news, Bobby?" asked Juliet.

"Don't talk to me when I am reading," said Bobby. "It makes me lose my place."

"I know a better thing to do with a newspaper than to read it," said the soldier to Juliet. "After I've had my breakfast, I will show you."

Just then the waiter came with their breakfast.

When they had finished eating

breakfast, with not even a crumb left, they came to the big river. The bridge they went over was very high, and the water seemed to be far down below them. It sparkled in the bright sunshine. When they were across the river, the train stopped at a big city.

The conductor came in. "You are in Iowa now," he said. "Have you finished your breakfast?"

"Yes," said Bobby, "but I have not paid my bill yet."

"We stop here for a few minutes, and if you hurry you will have time to walk about on the station platform awhile," said the conductor.

"Waiter," said Bobby, "will you please bring me my bill?"

The waiter brought the bill. Bobby took out his purse, and counted out

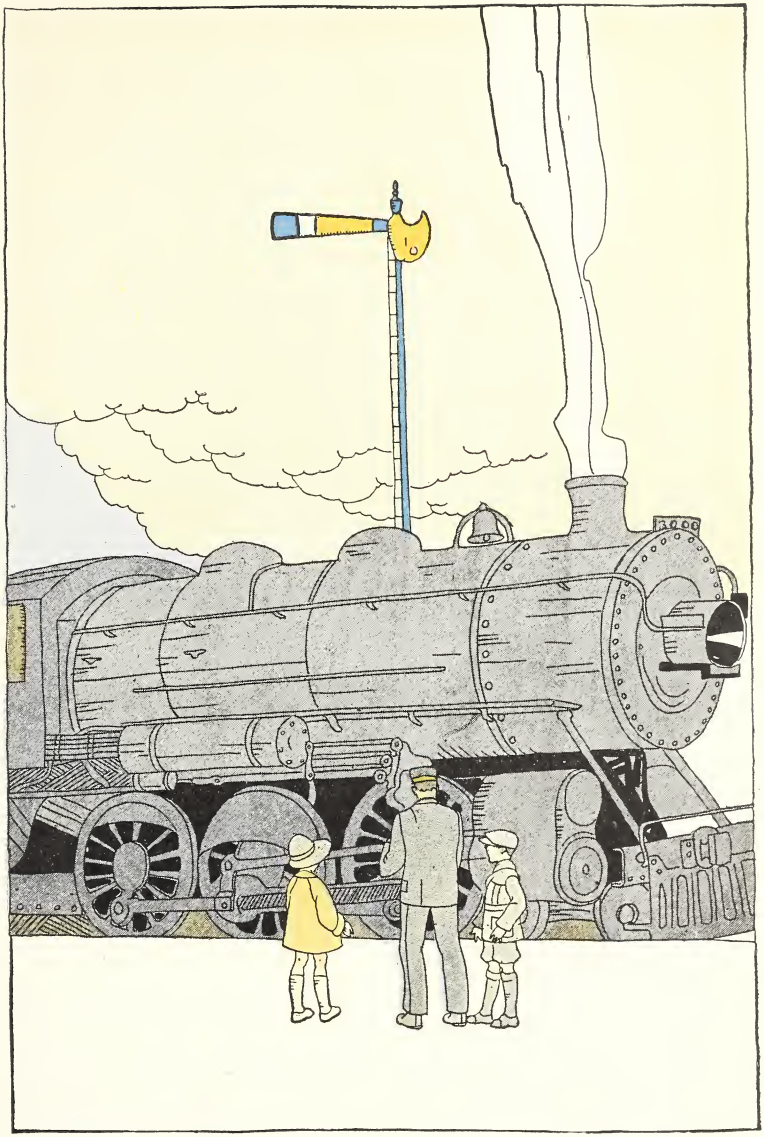
the money for the bill, and a dime besides for the waiter. Then Juliet wanted to count the money to see if Bobby had counted it right.

"You do not need to," said Bobby. "I can trust my adding better than I can yours."

So Bobby gave the money to the waiter, and then he and Juliet went out with the conductor to the station platform.

"Now, young man," said the conductor to Bobby, "you had better keep one eye on your sister and the other one on me, and don't go too far away from this car."

Bobby and Juliet walked up the platform far enough to see the big engine that had pulled the train all the way from Chicago. A man with



an oil can was oiling it with great care. There was a noise in the engine that Juliet thought sounded like the purr of a great big cat.

Then they walked back and watched two men taking boxes and bags and trunks out of the baggage car and putting them on trucks. Bobby kept Juliet's hand in his, and took care that she did not get knocked down by a truck. When they got as far as the big door of the station they saw a wedding party come out to get on the train. The people threw rice at the bride and groom. The little white grains of rice fell all over the platform. To throw rice at a bride and groom is a queer way to say that you hope they will be happy all their lives. A man came along

with a big broom and swept up all the rice and put it into a basket.

"What are you going to do with the rice?" asked Juliet.

"I am going to give it to my pigeons," said the man. "I have some fine pigeons.. They know how to carry messages."

"Why, how can they?" asked Juliet. "Pigeons can't talk!"

"Oh, no," said the man, "the message is written on a piece of very thin paper, and rolled up and put into a little case not quite an inch long. Then the case is tied to the pigeon's leg."

"Could you send one of your pigeons out to my Aunt Susan's house with a message for me?" asked Bobby.

"No," said the man, "but if you took one of my pigeons with you to your Aunt Susan's house, you could send a message back to me. You could put your message in the little case and fasten it to his leg. Then when you let him go, he would come straight back home to me."

"Ever so many miles?" asked Bobby.

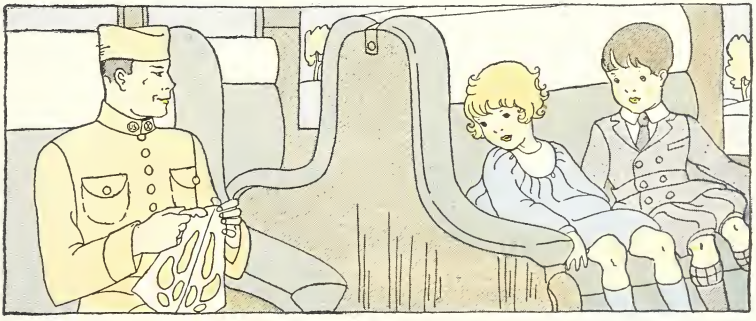
"Yes, indeed, ever so many miles," said the man.

The man went away with his broom and his basket. Soon there was a loud call of "ALL ABOARD!" This call sounded as big as these big letters look.

"Quick, Bobby, keep your eye on the conductor, the way he told you to," said Juliet.

Bobby looked at the conductor, and he was making a sign with his hand for them to come. So they went and got into their car, and the train soon started. The curtains and the bedding had all been put away. You would never know there had been any beds there at all. And who do you think was in the seat right across from them? The soldier they had seen at breakfast. He smiled at them, and they went across and sat down beside him.

"Do you want to see me make



something out of a newspaper?'' he asked. And when they said, yes, he took a page of the newspaper and folded it, and folded it again, and again, until it was about the shape of a fan that is shut, and not much bigger. Then with his fingers he tore off little pieces of different shapes here and there. He did it with great care, and he took a long time to do it. The little girl whose mother had brushed Juliet's hair came from her seat to watch him, too. When he had finished he opened all the folds and spread the page out flat. And what do you suppose it looked like? It looked like a beautiful lace mat.

''There!'' said the soldier. He was very proud of it.

Just then a man with a basket

came into the car. He had little boxes of candy to sell. Juliet asked Bobby to buy her one.

"No," said Bobby, "Mother said no candy."

"I want some!" said Juliet. She had a big black frown on her face.

"You know you crossed your heart and said you would mind me," said Bobby.

"I don't like to mind you," said Juliet. She drew her face up into a little knot. Her face looked so unpleasant that the other little girl ran back to her own seat.

The soldier looked at Juliet. "If you don't like to mind your brother," he said, "why don't you mind yourself? You are really telling yourself not to beg for candy."

Juliet was so surprised that her face looked pleasant again. "Why, how did you know?" she asked.

"But you have to learn to mind yourself by learning to mind other people first," said the soldier. "That is what I am doing. I mind my officer out in the big fort west of Iowa. Now I can mind him so well that I can mind myself a little bit. And when I don't feel like minding myself, I stand up this way." He stood up very straight and stiff, and made a salute, with his hand at his cap. Then he laughed and said, "I am so used to minding when I stand that way, that I mind myself before I know it."

Juliet stood up as straight and stiff as she could, and made a salute, with her hand against the blue bow

on her curly yellow hair. Then she laughed and said, "After this I shall always mind myself instead of minding Bobby."

Then the children went to their own seat, and looked out the window. They saw farms and villages and schoolhouses, and lovely fields of corn and wheat and clover. There were cows eating the red clover tops, and there were bees hunting for honey, and there were farmers busy at work, and children and butterflies playing about. They sat there all the morning, never tiring of it. It was like a beautiful moving picture. It did not seem long until it was twelve o'clock. Then the porter came along.

"The next stop is yours. Better let me brush you off," he said.

They both stood up and he brushed them off, and Bobby gave him some money and thanked him, because that was the way Father always did.

"Will you be going back home soon?" asked the porter.

"In three weeks," said Bobby.

"Well I hope you will go home on my train. I sure would like the pleasure of brushing you off again," said the porter.

"Maybe the next time we see you, you will be a barber," said Bobby.

"Then I will give you a shave and a hair cut," said the porter.

Then the train came to a stop. The porter carried the two suitcases out. The conductor helped them off. The soldier stood at the top of the

steps and saluted. And there on the platform stood Aunt Susan, with her white hair, and her bright eyes full of fun.

"Aunt Susan," said Bobby, "I promised Father I would write him a postcard as soon as we got off the train." He took a postcard and a pencil from his pocket, and this is what he wrote:

"Dear Father,

I kept an eye on the conductor. Juliet minded better than I thought she would. The porter would rather be a barber, he says. We are there now. I like the looks of Aunt Susan. Love to Mother.

I am yours forever,

Bobby."

—Helen Coale Crew

LATE

My father brought somebody up,
To show us all, asleep.
They came as softly up the stairs
As you could creep.

They whispered in the doorway there,
And looked at us awhile.
I had my eyes shut up; but I
Could feel him smile.

I shut my eyes up close, and lay
As still as I could keep;
Because I knew he wanted us
To be asleep.

—*Josephine Preston Peabody*

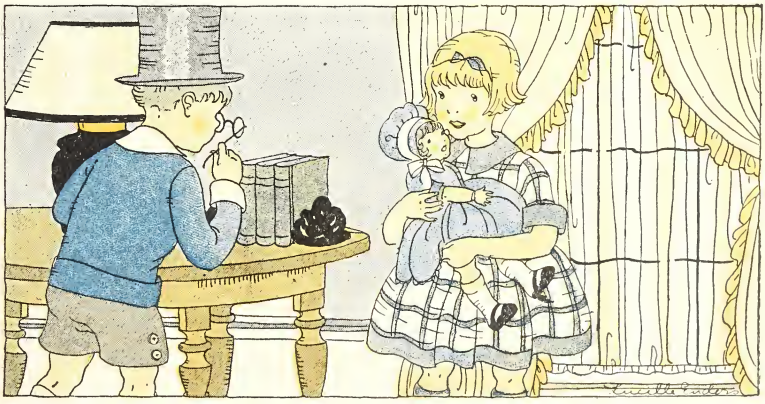
A DOLL WHO WOULDN'T GO TO SLEEP

There was once a little doll who wouldn't go to sleep. She lay in her little white nightgown in her little white bed, all sweet and clean and quiet, but her eyes were wide, wide open, and her little girl mother was very much worried. This poor little girl mother heard her little doll say her prayers and tucked her into her little white bed. She even gave her little doll a Teddy Bear to sleep with —you know dolls have to go to sleep when they have a Teddy Bear to hug! She opened the window and put out the light and then tiptoed out of the room, oh, so carefully!

But when she tiptoed back again

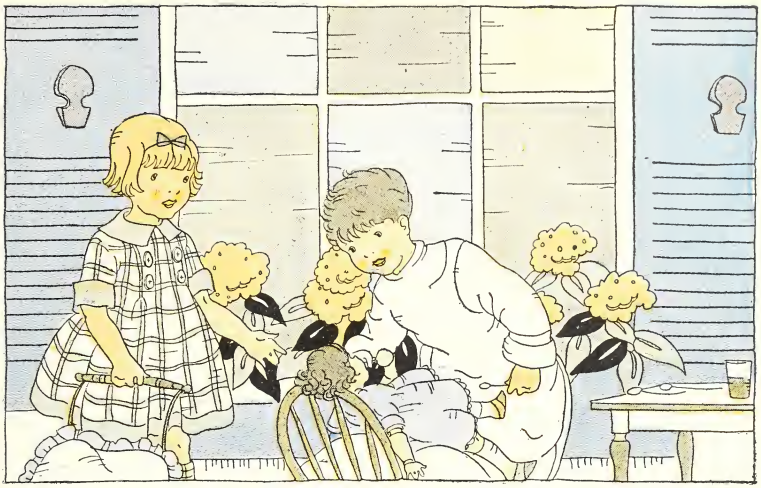
very softly, a long time afterwards, there lay Dorothy Anne, all sweet and clean and quiet in her little white bed with her eyes wide open.

The poor little girl mother was very much worried. She rocked her little doll and sang to her and then put her down in her little bed, ever so gently, and still those big blue eyes were wide open, looking at her when they should have been closed in sleep. Then Dorothy Anne's little mother took her to the Doctor.



The Doctor put on his spectacles and looked at the little doll. "Doesn't sleep?" he said. "H'm! Keep her out of doors, and give her carrots and spinach and all the green vegetables you can—and no pie or cake—and only one piece of candy a day, and that right after dinner. Then she'll go to sleep as quick as a wink!"

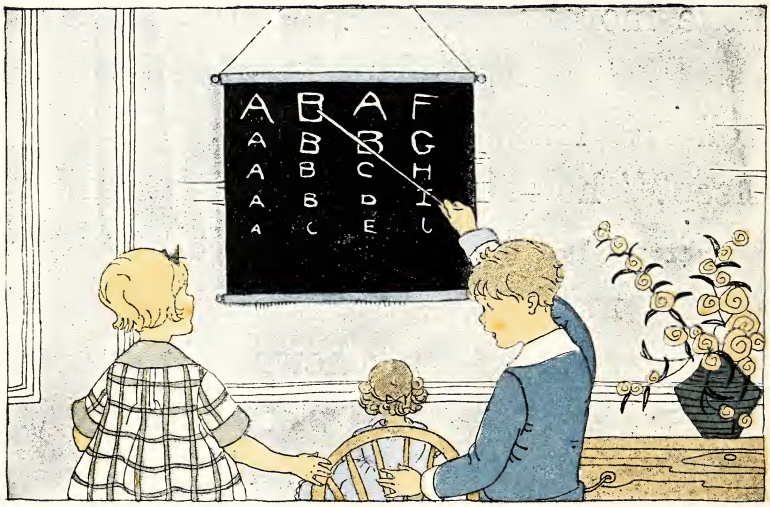
But Dorothy Anne didn't go to sleep. Her little girl mother put her into her little doll carriage and wheeled her up one street and down another street till she was sure Dorothy Anne must be asleep; but when she looked, those big blue eyes were still open. And then she gave her spinach and carrots and all the green vegetables she could think of, and no pie or cake, and only one tiny piece of candy right



after dinner, and still Dorothy Anne wouldn't sleep. Then Dorothy Anne's little mother took her to the Dentist.

The Dentist looked at the little doll a long, long, time. "Doesn't sleep?" he said. "Have her brush her teeth carefully, very carefully, after every meal—and see that she takes tiny mouthfuls and chews a long, long time. I'm sure she'll sleep if she does that."

So Dorothy Anne's little mother went back home and bought a tiny toothbrush and showed Dorothy Anne the right way to brush her teeth after every meal, up and down, up and down; and Dorothy Anne's food was cut into tiny pieces, and her little mother told her to chew and chew, and still she didn't sleep. Then Dorothy Anne's little mother took her to the Oculist.



The Oculist looked at Dorothy Anne's eyes. "Doesn't sleep?" he said. "Be very careful when she reads. Don't ever let her try to read without a good light, and don't let her read all the time. It's much better for her to play football;" and he looked out of the window as if he wished he could kick a ball.

But Dorothy Anne never had learned to read; so she just looked at him with her big blue eyes and did not say a word. And then her poor little mother put Dorothy Anne into her little doll carriage and wheeled her slowly home wondering what in the world she could do to make her little doll sleep.

When Dorothy Anne's little mother reached home; she sat down and

thought and thought and thought. At last she said, "I shall not tell her to go to sleep. I shall ask her to close her eyes while I tell her a wonderful story."

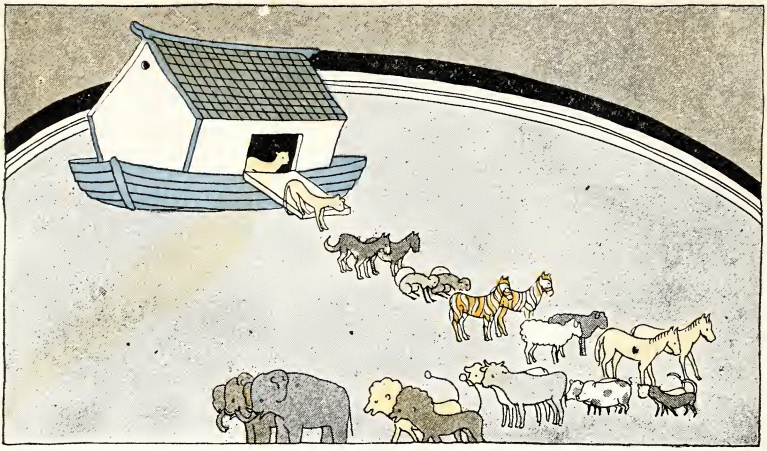
Then she put Dorothy Anne into her little bed all sweet and clean and quiet, but she did not say one word to her about going to sleep. She began to talk to her slowly and softly, and this is what she said, "Close your eyes, Dorothy Anne, and see what you can see. There's a great big lake, and the waves come in slowly, first a wave, and then a wave, and then a wave, and then a wave."

The little girl mother thought Dorothy Anne heard the little waves and saw the little waves, and that she soon began to feel sleepy. "Now,

close your eyes, Dorothy Anne, and see a little bunny coming under a fence. First a black one, and then a white one, and then a black one, and then a white one.''

Dorothy Anne lay very still and her little girl mother thought that she felt sleepy and sleepy and sleepy—and still the bunnies kept coming under the fence, first a white one, and then a black one, and then a white one, and then a black one.

''Now, close your eyes, Dorothy Anne, and see the animals coming out of Noah's Ark!'' The poor little girl mother thought that Dorothy Anne grew sleepier and sleepier and sleepier. ''First, two elephants, and then two lions, and then two cows, and then two pigs, and then two pussycats, and



then two horses, all so quiet, two by two. And then two sheep, and then two zebras, and then two monkeys, and then two dogs, and then two tigers, all so quiet, two by two."

When the little girl mother thought that Dorothy Anne's blue eyes were closed, she tiptoed quietly out of the room and the little doll and her little girl mother both slept, and slept, and slept.

—*Edwina Pope Larimer*

DICK'S BIRTHDAY

"What do you suppose Dick would like for a birthday present?" Uncle Jack asked Bob.

For the last two years Uncle Jack had asked Bob this question just before Dick's birthday. Bob had always made the same answer. This time he said, "You know very well what he wants, Uncle Jack. He wants a little sister, and I should like one, too."

Uncle Jack thought very hard.

"Sisters are not easy to find," he said at last. "How about a sailboat—a big, tall sailboat?"

Bob jumped with joy. "How big?" he asked.

"Very big," replied Uncle Jack, "like the Ark."

Bob laughed at that.

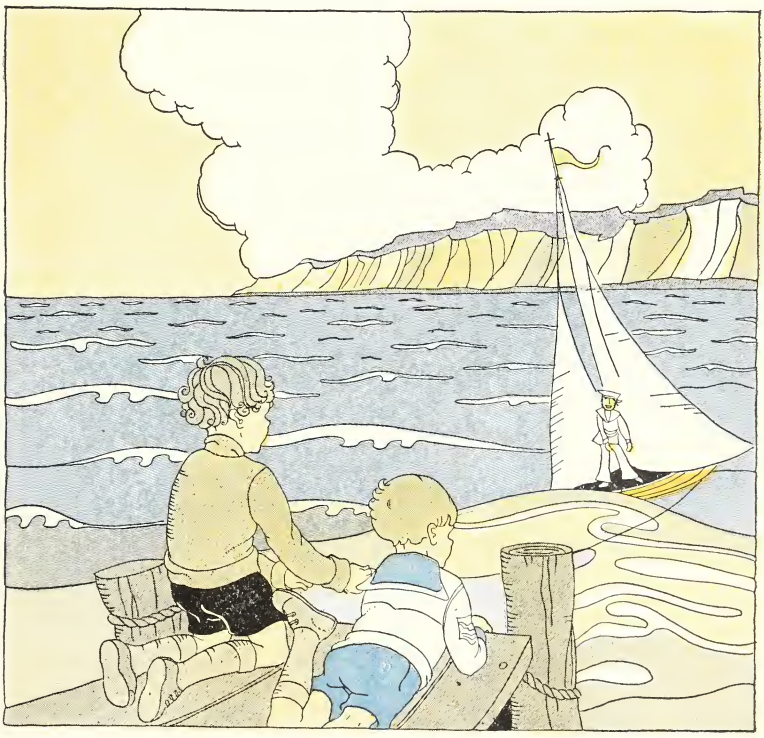
"Will it truly sail?" he asked. "And can I put my black sailor doll, Smokey, into it?"

"It will sail," said Uncle Jack, "and Smokey can surely sail in it—if he's a good sailor."

The sailboat was all that Uncle Jack had said it would be. There was a wind blowing on Dick's birthday; and the two boys, who always played with each other's toys, tied Smokey to the mast, fastened a string to the boat and started her from the pier. She was a beautiful boat, with white sails and a big flag. The wind swept her out into the lake just like a real sailboat. When she went out far, they pulled her back with the string.

After a little while, however, the

wind blew harder and stronger. The little sailboat dipped and tossed on the waves. A bigger puff of wind took her farther out. The string cut into the boys' hands. They were holding the string as tightly as they could. Although they tugged and tugged at



the string, the boat went farther and farther out on the lake. Then they heard Uncle Jack calling to them, but they knew that if either of them left, the sailboat would go clear out of sight.

Just at that moment Uncle Jack came running down to the shore. Dick saw that he was carrying sweaters. Now all would be well. Uncle Jack would save the boat.

But it was too late! Before Uncle Jack could reach them, the string had broken somewhere out in the lake and the little boat had been swept away without a sound. Soon it was lost in the storm.

Big tears came into Dick's eyes. Bob felt like crying, too, but he kept back his tears, because he knew that

little boys should not cry if they could help it. Uncle Jack put his arms around Dick and lifted Bob, who was smaller, up on his shoulder, and they went home to dinner.

It was bedtime when Uncle Jack came to their room and whispered something in Dick's ear.

"We'll go in my big car to hunt for it tomorrow," was what he said.

"May I go, too?" asked Bob when Dick had told him what Uncle Jack had whispered.

"If Mother will let you, you surely may," said Uncle Jack.

When morning came, Mother said yes, and the two boys climbed into Uncle Jack's bright, new car. It was fun to drive with Uncle Jack, almost as much fun as having a birthday.

The morning was beautiful and they all felt sure that they would find the boat, but it was nowhere to be seen.

They had gone almost around the lake and Dick did not feel very hopeful any more, when Uncle Jack put his hand on Dick's shoulder. The boys looked up at him. Uncle Jack put his finger to his mouth, which meant, "Don't say anything." They kept quiet and turned to where Uncle Jack told them to look.

There was a little girl sitting on the shore only a little way from them. Her curly head was bent over a big white sail that she was mending. It was a sail on Dick's new boat! They watched her for a while without saying a word. She was so interested in her sewing that she did not hear

them coming close to her. Dick thought she had the most beautiful face that he had ever seen. Bob saw that her dress was old and faded.

At last Bob pulled Uncle Jack's head down near to him and said softly, "Please go and get Dickie's boat."

Uncle Jack shook his head.

"That will be hard to do now," he answered.

"But it *is* Dickie's boat," said Bob, still whispering.

"We shall see," replied Uncle Jack.

Then Uncle Jack walked nearer to the little girl; and, when she looked up and saw him, she gave him the sweetest smile that Dick and Bob had ever seen.

"Des see my new thailboat," she said.

Bob almost laughed. Long ago he had learned to talk better than that!

"The sailboat," said Uncle Jack very gently, "belongs to a little boy I know. Will you give it back to him?"

The little girl did not answer. Instead her mouth curled up in a

queer way. Then she hugged the boat and the big doll, Smokey, close to her, which was very funny, because the boat was almost as big as she was. Bright tears came into her eyes. She was trying hard not to cry but in a minute a big tear slid down her cheek. Dick was sorry and ashamed that she was a cry-baby; then he remembered that it was not so bad for a little girl to cry. He remembered, too, how hard it had been for him not to cry when his boat was lost.

But Uncle Jack did not let her cry long. He picked her up very gently and carried her to a little old house that she pointed to.

The boys wanted to follow them into the house but Dick said that would not be polite; so they waited

outside for what seemed to them a long time. They could hear Uncle Jack talking to someone.

At last Uncle Jack came out. Dick clapped his hands when he saw that the little girl was with him. She was trying to carry the boat, but it was much too big for her. Uncle Jack laughed and helped her. Then they came straight over to the two boys.

"This little girl is Elizabeth," said Uncle Jack, "and this is Bob, and this is Dick who owns the sailboat."

At this the little girl looked afraid.

"Don't cry," said Dick, "I will give you my sailboat."

"That's like a man," said Uncle Jack and patted Dick on the shoulder.

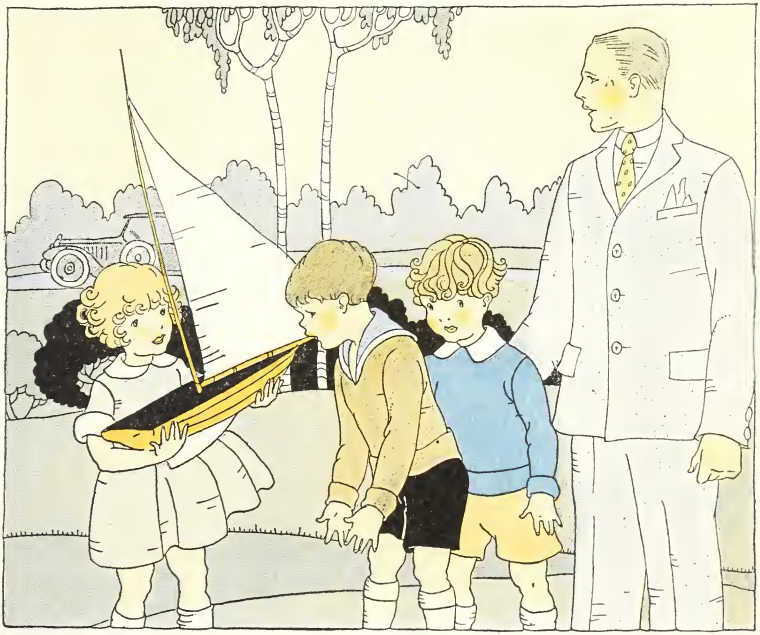
They were all very much excited

when Uncle Jack said that Dick must now have a birthday present.

"A new birthday present for Dick who has given his birthday present away," said Uncle Jack. "What shall it be, Bob?

"A sister!" said Bob.

"How should you like Elizabeth for your sister?" asked Uncle Jack.



They were so surprised that they could not say a word for a minute. Then Bob and Dick jumped up and down for joy.

"Will she bring the sailboat with her?" asked Bob.

Uncle Jack laughed and said, "Poor little Elizabeth has no father or mother, no brothers or sisters, and no home; so she will come to live with us, and all of you will play with the sailboat together."

So it happened that Dick and Bob on Dick's birthday found a sailboat and also a little sister. The sailboat took many trips on the lake and lasted for three whole years, but the little sister lasted for always.

—*Harriet Maxon Thayer*

THE TEAKWOOD STORY

Once upon a time there was a wide river that ran into the ocean, and beside it was a little city. And in that city was a wharf where great ships came from far countries. A narrow road led down a steep hill to the wharf, and anybody who wanted to go to the wharf had to go down the steep hill on the narrow road, for there wasn't any other way. And because ships had come there for a great many years, and all the sailors and all the captains and all the men who had business with the ships had to go on that narrow road, the stone sidewalks were much worn.

Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob owned the wharf and all the

From *The Sandman: His Sea Stories*, by special arrangement with the publishers, L. C. Page & Company.

ships that sailed from it. The brig *Industry* was one of the ships that used to sail from that wharf; and after Captain Jonathan and Captain Jacob moved to Boston, she sailed from a wharf in Boston. One day she had sailed from the wharf in Boston on a voyage to the far country, and little Jacob and little Sol had gone with her. She sailed through the great ocean, past the country where the monkeys live, through another ocean to India, where she anchored in a wide river. Then many little boats came to her from a city that there was on the shore of this river, and into these boats were put all the things the *Industry* had brought to that country.

Little Jacob and little Sol were as quiet as little boys should be expected

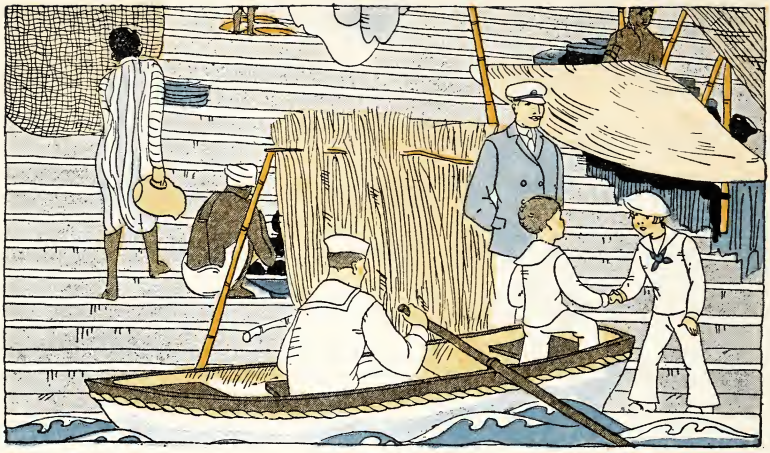
to be, for they knew that Captain Solomon was very busy at first. But, at last, the things were all out of the *Industry;* and Captain Solomon had to go ashore to buy other things for the ship to take home. So he had the sailors let down a boat, and he looked around for the boys. They were so close behind him that he didn't see them until little Sol touched him.

"Hello, boys! Want to go ashore with me?" cried Captain Solomon.

"Yes, sir," called out little Jacob and little Sol, together, so that it sounded as if there were only one boy.

"Well, hop in, then," said Captain Solomon.

Little Sol and little Jacob hopped in; and then Captain Solomon got in, and the sailors rowed them ashore,



where they got out of the boat upon some wide stone steps that went down to the water. The boys were very glad, as it was the first time that they had set foot upon the ground for a long time. And little Jacob was surprised to find that the ground seemed to be moving around just as the deck of the ship did, so that he couldn't walk very well. He spoke of it to little Sol, and Captain Solomon heard him, and he gave a great laugh.

"So it does," Captain Solomon said. "So it does; and so it will for the next three days, Jacob, if I'm not mistaken. It's queer ground, Jacob, isn't it, to be waving around so? Must be an earthquake."

And little Jacob looked up at Captain Solomon to see whether he was joking or not. For Captain Solomon was very apt to joke; but you couldn't tell whether he was joking or not unless you looked at him very closely, and you couldn't tell, even then, unless you knew him pretty well.

Little Jacob decided that Captain Solomon was joking, and so he smiled. "Yes, sir," he said. "It must be an earthquake. We were very lucky, weren't we, to be just in time for an earthquake?"

It was then Captain Solomon's turn to look at little Jacob to see what he meant.

"Ha! Ha! Very lucky, indeed, Jacob," said Captain Solomon. "We're lucky dogs, Jacob."

Little Sol didn't say anything, but only grinned; and he could do that pretty well. Then they went, through queer streets, to the office of Captain Jonathan's and Captain Jacob's agent, who sold the things for them. And after that they went about among the shops and saw all the things that the men had to sell, and Captain Solomon went with them. The men were very polite to Captain Solomon because they thought he might buy some of their things, but he didn't. And so they kept going through the shops all

that day; and, late in the afternoon, they were rowed back to the ship. Little Jacob and little Sol were very tired, and went to sleep right after supper.

The next morning the boat was waiting for them, and in it were bundles for little Jacob and little Sol. After breakfast, they were rowed ashore again to the stone steps. At the head of the steps, two bullock carts were waiting for them. Little Jacob was surprised, and he asked Captain Solomon if they were going to see the elephants that his grandfather had spoken of. Captain Solomon said that they were going to that place, but he didn't know whether the same elephants that Captain Jonathan had spoken of had been obliging enough

to wait there thirty years or not. And little Jacob smiled and got into the bullock cart.

The bullocks went very slowly; and the little boys saw the villages that they passed through on the way, and they saw the women washing the clothes in the water of the river, and they saw the crocodiles that looked

like so many old logs. And, in time, the bullocks got to the place where the elephants were. It was late one afternoon that they got there, so Captain Solomon said that they wouldn't go to see the elephants that night. And, just as Captain Solomon said that, they heard a great gong ring. Then Captain Solomon said that it wouldn't be of any use to go to see them then, anyway, for the elephants stopped work when that gong rang, and nobody could get them to do anything after that. The little boys thought that was queer.

So, early the next morning, they went to the place where the elephants were. It was a great big place, and a high, strong fence was around it on three sides, and on the fourth side was

the river. Next to the river, were great piles of teakwood logs; and the logs had been piled very nicely and evenly, so that the piles wouldn't fall down. And, far off in the back of the great yard, next to the forest, were a lot of logs that had not been piled, but that lay just where they had been dumped when they had been brought in from the forest. The logs that had been all piled up nicely were to be sent down the river.

Little Jacob and little Sol had just time to see all that, when the great gong rang. Then the elephants began to come out of a big shed that was in the back of the yard, and the little boys saw that some of the elephants had drivers on them but that most of them didn't have any drivers. The

drivers sat on the necks of their elephants, just back of the heads; and each driver had an elephant-goad, a short, heavy stick with an iron claw, the end of which was sharp, and was bent around so that it was something like a hammer with sharp claws.

The elephants that knew their business walked slowly over to the logs that were to be piled, and they made the elephants that didn't know their business go there, too; and if any elephant, that didn't know, tried to go another way, the old elephants would butt him and jab him with their tusks. And then there was great squealing and noise. And when the elephants got to the logs, each one that had tusks knelt down and put his tusks

under a log and curled his trunk over and around it, and then he got up and walked slowly to the place where the logs were piled so nicely. And he put his log on the pile so that it wouldn't fall down; and when the pile was so high that he couldn't reach the top, he began to make a new pile. But some of the elephants didn't have any tusks, and so they just curled their trunks around the logs and carried them that way.

Little Jacob and little Sol were very much interested in watching the elephants and in seeing how wise they were; for they piled the logs just as well as if a man had told them where to put each one. Captain Solomon said that they piled the logs better than any man there could have piled

them. Just then little Jacob caught sight of one elephant that had his ears torn and had only one tusk.

When he caught sight of that elephant, little Jacob called out, "Look, Captain Solomon! See! There is the elephant that grandfather told about—the one that will let little boys ride him."

And the elephant was so near that he heard little Jacob, but he couldn't understand what he said, for those elephants understand only the language that is spoken in India. But the old elephant stopped and turned his head as far as he could, which wasn't very far, for elephants haven't any neck worth mentioning; so he had to turn his whole body before he could see the little boys. And, when he saw them,

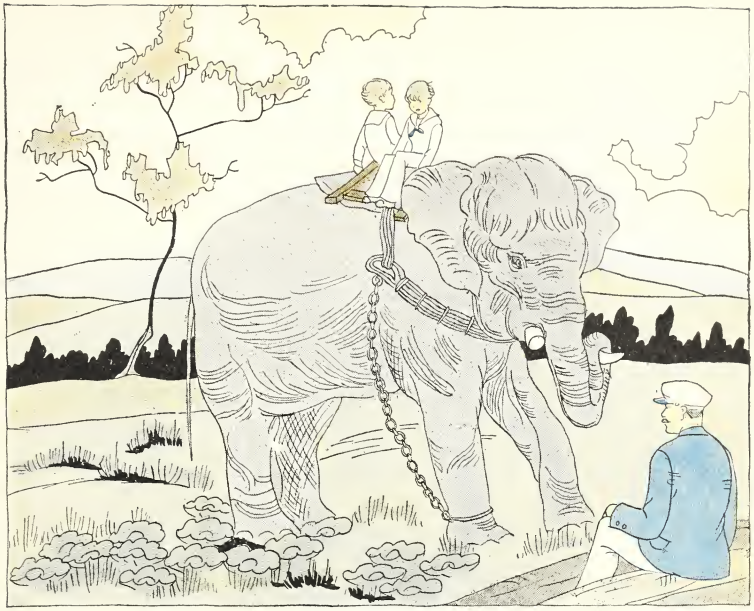
he began to walk up to the place where they were. And little Jacob was a little bit scared, for the elephant was very big and Little Jacob didn't know what he might do. But little Jacob didn't run or look scared, and little Sol wasn't frightened at all.

When the old elephant got near the little boys, he stopped and stretched out his trunk toward them. And little Sol gave him a lump of sugar that he had in his pocket, and the elephant ate the sugar and stretched out his trunk again, but he didn't move.

"I know what he wants," cried little Jacob. And he got up from the log where he was sitting, and raised his arms, and the old elephant curled his trunk about little Jacob and put him up high on his back, very gently.

And little Jacob grabbed hold of a sort of harness that the elephant had on, and laughed. Then the elephant stretched out his trunk for little Sol and put him up behind little Jacob. And little Sol held on to the harness, too.

Captain Solomon didn't know what to do while the elephant was putting the little boys up on his back, but he soon made up his mind that the boys were in no danger. Then the old elephant walked away, very carefully, and he walked all around the great yard with the boys on his back. The boys laughed and said that it was fun; but Captain Solomon called to them to hold on tight; and they held on tight. And when they had been all around the great yard, the old

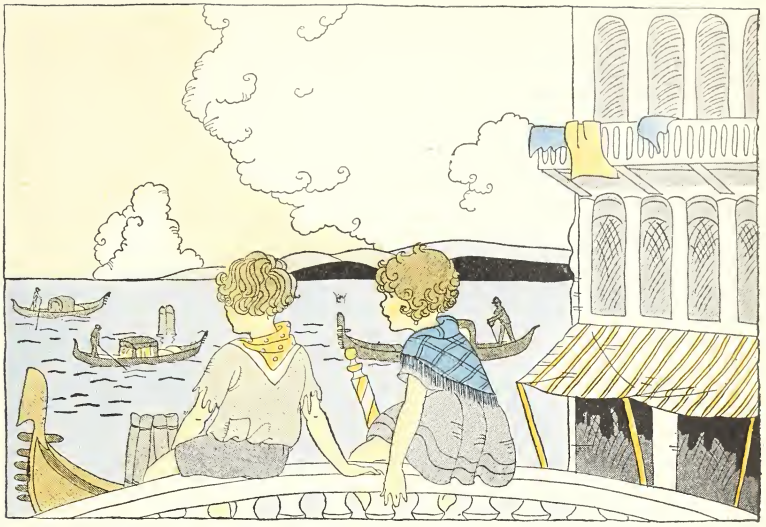


elephant came back to the place where Captain Solomon was sitting. He reached up with his trunk and took the boys down, first little Sol and then little Jacob, and he set them down on the ground very carefully. Then the boys gave him some more sugar and stroked his trunk, and then he went away to his log piling again.

After they had been watching a long while, the gong rang; and the elephants all stopped their work at once and went into the shed. That amused the boys very much, and the gong reminded them that they were very hungry; so they went away to get their dinner. And, after dinner, they watched the elephants again all the long afternoon, and by that time they were tired of watching elephants.

The next morning, they got into the bullock carts again, and they went back to the ship. The boat was waiting for them at the stone steps, and the sailors rowed them to the *Industry.* They were glad to get back, and, as they were very tired, they went to bed right after supper.

—*William J. Hopkins*



MORE THAN A PENNY'S WORTH

Far, far away from here, on the other side of the world, is an old, old city called Venice. One sunny morning in August two little children, Beppo and his sister Annina, climbed up on to the stone railing of one of the big arched bridges which cross the street that lies along the edge of the sea. They curled their little bare

legs around the stone pillars of the railing. From that high place they looked down upon the bright water, and watched the coming and the going of all kinds of boats. If they had only turned around and looked behind them, they would have looked upon the streets and houses of the city; and they would have seen something that perhaps you have never seen. Most of the streets were not streets at all. They had no cobblestones and no sidewalks. They were made of water! They were only little canals between the houses, and there were many bridges across them. I think this old, old city of Venice must have more bridges than any other city in the world.

The water in the little canals was not bright and sparkling like the water

of the sea. It was dull and dark. Bits of paper, sticks, orange skins, and many other things, floated upon it. There were boats filled with fruits and vegetables coming along the queer streets, and there were also long black boats called gondolas for carrying people. The gondolas were rowed by one man with only one oar.

"I wish that something would happen," said Beppo.

"I wish so, too," said Annina.

"I should like to go to America, where Uncle Matteo has gone," said Beppo. "You have to cross a great deal of water to get there, but when you do get there, it is all land; very much land."

"I should like to see a great deal of land!" said Annina.

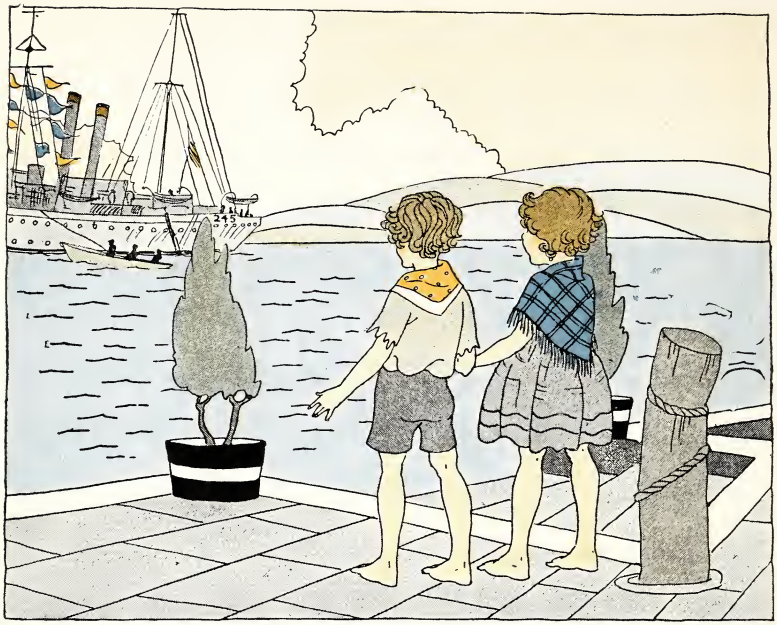
"What should you do if you did see it?" asked Beppo.

"I should run on it," said Annina. She uncurled her bare legs from the railing and ran up and down the stone steps of the bridge. "That's what I should do!"

And then Beppo looked out over the sea and saw something interesting. It was a long, narrow, gray ship. It was not far off. It was so near that Beppo could see the bright brass railing, which looked like gold in the sunlight. And he could see the flag, with its red and white stripes, and its white stars on a blue square in one corner. There did not seem to be any name on the side of the ship, but there was the number 245 painted in big black letters. On the deck he

could see an officer and some sailors, all dressed in white suits. While he was looking, the officer and two sailors got into a small boat, which put off from the ship and came towards the city.

"Come along!" shouted Beppo, dragging Annina by the hand. They ran down the steps of the bridge and across the wide space to the water's edge. There they stood hand in hand to watch the small boat come from the ship to the landing place. When it came to the landing, one of the sailors tossed out a rope, and Beppo tied it to an iron ring. Then the officer stepped ashore. He was about to give Beppo a penny for his help, but Beppo said, "No, sir, not a penny, please."



"What will you have, then?" asked the officer. He spoke in Beppo's own language. There was an eagle on every one of the buttons on his white coat, and to Beppo's wondering eyes it looked as if the eagles were all waving their wings in the bright sunshine.

"I would rather see your big

ship, sir, if you please, sir,'' said Beppo. ''I will give you a penny to see your ship.'' Beppo pulled a penny out of the pocket of his ragged little trousers, and handed it to the officer.

The officer took the penny and put it into his pocket. Then he looked at Annina. ''What should you like to see?'' he asked her.

''I haven't any penny,'' said Annina.

''Never mind the penny,'' said the officer.

''Well, then,'' said Annina, ''I should like to see a great deal of land. I want to run and run and run, with a great deal of dirt and grass under my feet.''

The officer looked at the old city. It was beautiful in many ways. It

was full of lovely houses and towers and spires. But for little bare feet that wanted to run about, green grass would have been still more beautiful. The officer stood thinking for a few minutes, and then he said to the sailors, "Take these children aboard the ship, and then to the Lido. Give them a good time for two hours, and be back here for me at noon sharp." Then he walked away.

The small boat was a steam launch, and at the engine sat an old engineer. The sailors helped the two children aboard, and at once the engineer started up, and the boat skimmed through the water, going straight to the gray ship. Beppo and Annina sat still, not daring to say a word. They could not speak to the

three men, because they did not know the English language; and the men could not speak to them, because they did not know the Italian language. But when they were aboard the big gray ship, the sailors pointed out everything, and Beppo looked at everything, and did his best to understand. His father had told him that the gray ship was one that was used to destroy submarines in war time. He did not see how it could, as it was not a very big ship. But it was a very wonderful ship. Everything on it was in its proper place and ready to use at a moment's notice. The brass railings were polished, and there was not a speck of dirt to be seen anywhere. From stem to stern, which means from one end to the other, the ship

was clean and orderly, and there was not a thing on it that did not have its own use. It is such order as this that we call "shipshape."

On a bench under an awning two officers sat talking together. The two sailor boys saluted the officers and explained to them how the children came to be on board. The officers smiled, and then one of them gave an order to the sailors. The sailors went away quickly, and soon came back with two glasses of lemonade for the children. Very tall glasses they were, and each one had a straw and a piece of ice in it. The children bobbed their heads and said some words that meant thank you. And then they drank the lemonade down to the last drop, ice and all, as if they had never

tasted anything so good before in all their lives.

Then they got back into the steam launch, and the old engineer turned his boat to where the long island called the Lido, lay like a yellow ribbon along the blue sea. The sailors talked and laughed with each other, but the children were too happy to laugh. It is a strange thing, but it is true, that one can be too happy to laugh. The boat went quickly through the water. They passed many other boats, and then the sailors laughed and waved to the boats as they left them behind. But Beppo and Annina sat as quiet as two mice, too happy for words.

At last they reached the Lido, and soon four little bare feet stood upon

warm, yellow sand. Beppo and Annina did not care at all to look at the big hotels, or the fine bathing-houses. They simply raced away and away over the sand as fast as they could go. They were like two butterflies that did not care where they went,

but cared only to move about in the bright sunlight. And then they came panting back to where the two sailors stood.

"Go to it!" said the sailors, and waved their hands. And although Beppo and Annina could not understand the words, they knew what they meant, and off they went for another run. Their bare, brown feet never stumbled. It looked as if they could run on and on forever. But after a while the old engineer said that it was time to go. So the children were called, and helped into the boat, and away they all went back to the city, leaving a line of white foam on the water behind them as they went.

As they neared the landing place from which they had started, the

officer came down to the water's edge. The sailors and the two children got ashore and stood before the officer.

"Did you give them a good time?" the officer asked the sailors.

"We gave them the time of their lives, sir," said one sailor.

The officer asked the children, "Did you have a good time?"

"Sir," said Beppo, "it was very wonderful; it was worth more than a penny. Sir, if you will meet me here tomorrow morning, I will give you another penny. It will be the penny I shall earn this afternoon helping old Luigi carry his empty baskets from the market to his boat."

"Never mind the penny," said the officer, "you have paid me enough already."

And then Annina went up to the officer and kissed his hand with her little red mouth. "Me, I ran and ran and ran," she said. Then Annina laughed, and Beppo laughed, too.

Then the officer and the two sailors stood up straight and put their hands up to their caps and saluted Beppo and Annina; and they did it exactly as they would have saluted the President of the United States! Just then there came the loud boom of a cannon, and the ringing of all the clocks and the bells of the city. For that is the way in which Venice tells her people that it is noon. The officer and the two sailors got into the boat at once, and it went skimming like a bird across the water to the gray ship.

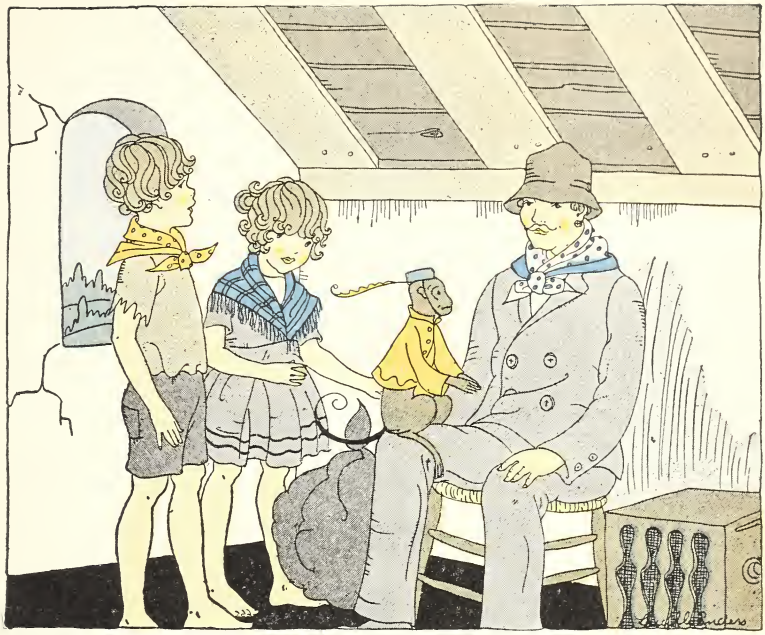
Beppo and Annina watched the

boat until it reached the ship, and then they turned away and walked home.

"Something did happen, didn't it?" asked Annina.

"Yes," said Beppo, "something fine happened. But now I suppose nothing else will happen for a long, long time."

But Beppo was mistaken. When they reached their home, which was just a room or two high up under the roof of a big house, a new surprise was waiting for them. They opened the door, and there sat Uncle Matteo, home from America! Uncle Matteo had dark curly hair and very bright eyes and a very friendly smile, and gold earrings in his ears. Beside him was a black bag, very knobby with things inside it. Against the wall stood



a hand organ, with a new cover over it. And sitting on Uncle Matteo's knee was a little monkey, dressed in a new dress and a funny cap with a feather on it.

And if all that isn't more than another penny's worth, then I do not know my very own name!

—*Helen Coale Crew*

UP HILL AND DOWN

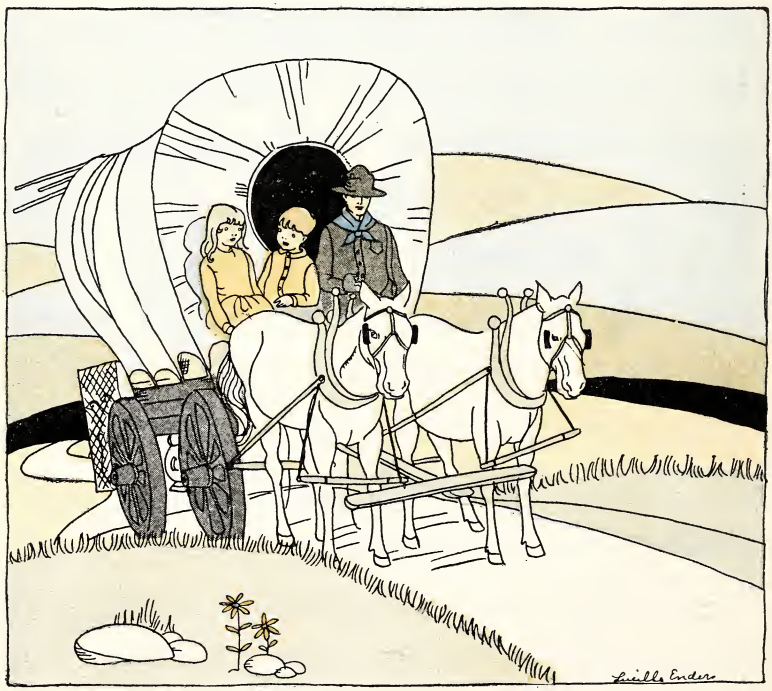
There is a little town in Colorado called Troublesome. That seems like a very funny name for a town. I knew a dog once whose name was Troublesome, but that did not seem funny at all. It seemed just right.

In this town lived Elizabeth and Bennie. Their grandmother lived in another town a great many miles away, beyond two long rows of high mountains. She had never seen her two grandchildren. She thought she must surely go soon to see them. But one day she fell and broke her leg. Then, as she could not take the long ride over the mountains to Troublesome, Elizabeth's and Bennie's father said he would take them to see her.

Father had a little farm, but he did not call it a farm. In Colorado a farm is called a ranch. Aunt Penny, who lived with them, and Mother began to get the children ready to go for their visit to Grandmother. They made a bright red dress for Elizabeth and a shirt of the same goods for Bennie. Mother said that they would not be so apt to get lost, as Father could see those red spots a long way off. And they baked the bread that they must take with them, for this trip would take four days and three nights. There was no train to take. They must go in the big wagon, pulled by their two horses, Patsy and Smokey.

Father got the wagon ready. It had a white canvas top, to keep out

the rain, or the hot sun. In the back of the wagon he laid a mattress and some pillows and some warm covers. He also put in a milk can to carry water in, and a small iron stove. You would not know it was a stove to look at it, maybe. I will tell you about it later. Underneath the wagon,



Father nailed a chicken coop, and in it he put two or three chickens. In a big basket Mother put some dishes, and plenty of good food. And Father fastened his fishing-rod along the wagon-top.

It was a lovely day in August when they started. The children got up on the high seat beside Father. Aunt Penny put in two sweaters for the children to put on when it was cold. In those high mountains it is sometimes cold even in August. Mother stood in the doorway with Baby Anne in her arms, calling goodbye to them as long as the wagon was in sight.

When noon came, Father said, "We will not make camp at noon. We will just unhitch Patsy and Smokey

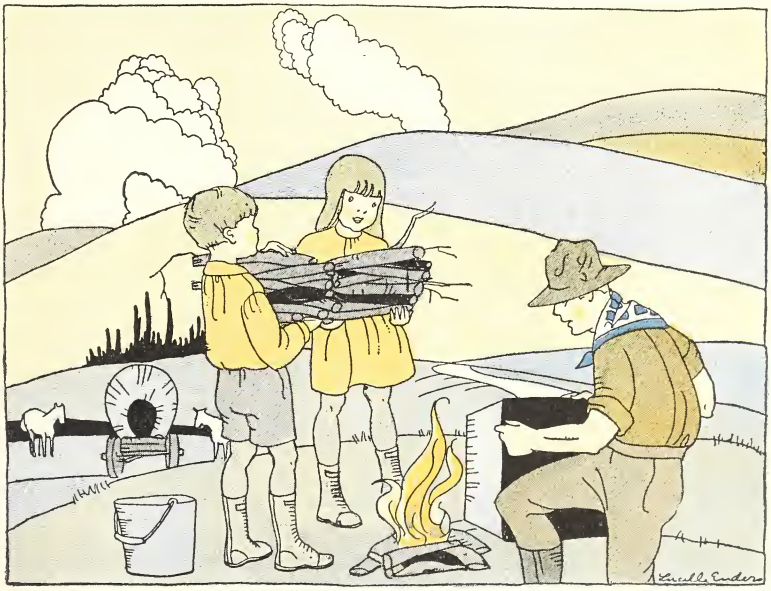
and let them rest, and we will eat a cold lunch." So Father unhitched the horses and fed and watered them. Elizabeth spread a clean white towel on the seat of the wagon and put out some bread and butter, some jam, some hard-boiled eggs, and a bottle of milk. After they had eaten lunch, Father read a paper, and Bennie and Elizabeth ran about and gathered goldenrod and other wild flowers. At the end of an hour Father hitched up the horses and they drove on.

All that afternoon they rode, going higher and higher up on a great mountain pass. At six o'clock they chose a pleasant place near a stream, and made their camp for the night under some aspen trees.

"Now," said Father, "we must

each have something to do. I will take care of the horses, Elizabeth may feed and water the chickens, and Bennie may get wood for a fire. He must pick up enough wood for the breakfast fire, too, and put that under the wagon to keep it dry in case it rains tonight. Then we will all help get our supper."

When these jobs were done, Father

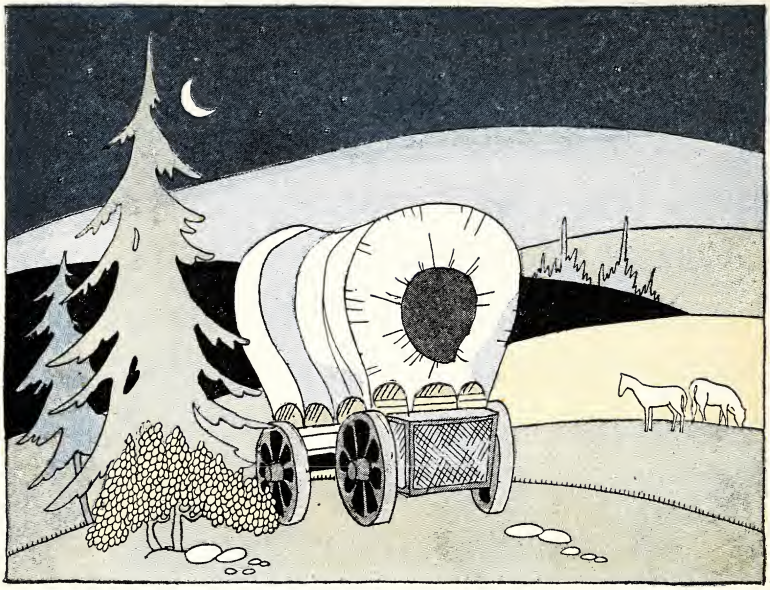


set up the stove. The stove was nothing but an iron grating on four legs. Under it Father started a fire with small pieces of wood; and when the fire was hot, he put one end of a big dry log on the fire. As fast as the fire burned the end of the log off, he would push the log along until a new part came under the stove. This kept the fire going and also kept it from getting too large.

They fried one of the chickens and had a fine supper. Then Father hobbled Patsy. This means that he fastened Patsy's two front feet together in such a way that he could not go very fast. Smokey would always stay where Patsy was, so he did not have to be hobbled. Father knew that the horses could not go

far off in the night, and that he could easily find them in the morning. But if he had tied them to a tree, they could not have moved around and eaten grass, as horses like to do.

When supper was finished, Elizabeth washed the dishes and put them away, like a tidy little housekeeper. Father put out the fire. He did not leave a single spark. For the wind might blow a spark into the dry grass and set it afire. When the sun went down, it very quickly grew quite cold. Elizabeth and Bennie put on their sweaters and ran around and played games among the trees. When it grew dark, they sat on a big log and sang songs and saw the lovely stars come out. And then they were glad to go to bed on the mattress and



under the warm covers in the wagon.

Next day Father woke them early. It was a bright day, and they were as happy as larks. For their breakfast they made coffee and cooked bacon on the stove, and had besides some of Mother's good bread. Then Father hitched up the horses and they drove on. They were going down hill now, and sometimes it was pretty

steep. The strong brakes were pressed hard against the wagon wheels, which made a loud squeaking noise. At noon they came to a stream, where they saw a man and a boy fishing. Here they stopped for their lunch. When Elizabeth put out the lunch, the man and the boy got out their lunch, too, and they all ate together.

This man raised horses and sold them. They could see his little house not far away. Then Father got out his fishing-rod and fished with the man and the boy. He caught some fish, which he told the children they could have for supper. Then they went to see the man's house. It was a little house with only one room, and its walls were papered with old newspapers. It was a very untidy room.

"Please," whispered Elizabeth in her father's ear, "may I ask the man to let me tidy up his house?" Father said that she might if she would be very polite about it. So Elizabeth asked the man. She was as polite as she knew how to be. He looked surprised for a minute and then gave a big laugh.

"I know women like to clean things," he said, "but you are such a very little woman."

"I shall soon be nine years old," said Elizabeth.

"I am seven and I will help her," said Bennie.

So the man and his son and Father went out to see the man's horses, and Elizabeth and Bennie tidied up that very untidy room. They made the bed

neatly and put the dishes in nice rows on the shelves. And they threw away scraps and papers and swept the floor.

When the others came back, the man said, "Well, well, well!" Then he looked everywhere and said, "Well, well, well!" again. Then he said, "You may each choose anything you like in this house to carry home with you."

Elizabeth and Bennie did not quite like to do this, but the man said it would make him happy if they did. So Elizabeth chose a little white plate that had the letters of the alphabet in pink all around the edge. Bennie chose a picture of a circus, which was pinned on the wall.

When they went out to get into

their wagon, the boy said, "It is all very well to have the house tidy, but we shall not know where things are until it gets untidy again."

And Bennie said, "Well, I will tell you where your ax is right now. Sister hid it behind the flour bin because it looked so sharp. She was afraid of it."

And then they rode off.

II

Late that same day they had an adventure. They ran into a snow-slide, high up on the second mountain pass they had to cross over. The snow had slid down the steep hillside right across the road. They did not know what to do. They could not go around the snowslide, because the side of the mountain was too steep. And they

could not turn around and go back, because the road was too narrow. The snow was hard and slippery, and the horses could not pull the wagon over it.

"I shall have to get some men to help me," said Father. "You must stay right here and not be afraid even if it takes me a long time. I will try to get the two men we saw working on a bridge two miles back."

Elizabeth and Bennie did not like to be left all alone, but they made the best of it. And they were just beginning to feel very lonely when Bennie said, "Let us get supper, and have it ready when Father comes back."

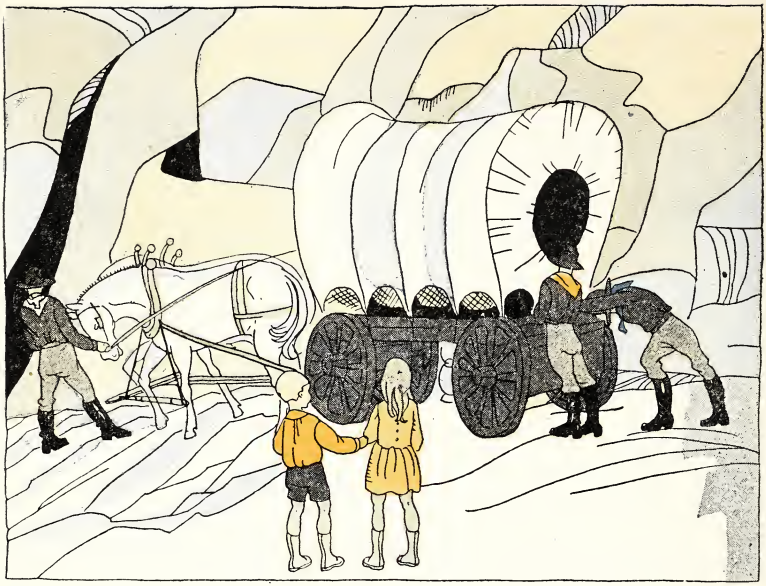
"That is a good idea," said Elizabeth.

They gathered wood from the steep hill that went up on one side of them. They did not dare go down the steep hill on the other side. And they were very careful about the matches. Bennie picked up snow and made a little ring of it all around the fire.

"There!" he said. "The fire can't get over the snow."

Elizabeth peeled some potatoes and Bennie cleaned the fish that Father had caught, and put them on the stove to cook. They also cooked some bacon and made some coffee. Elizabeth cut some bread and got out some jam. She thought that the men who came to help Father would be hungry, too.

After that, it was not long before Father came with the two men.



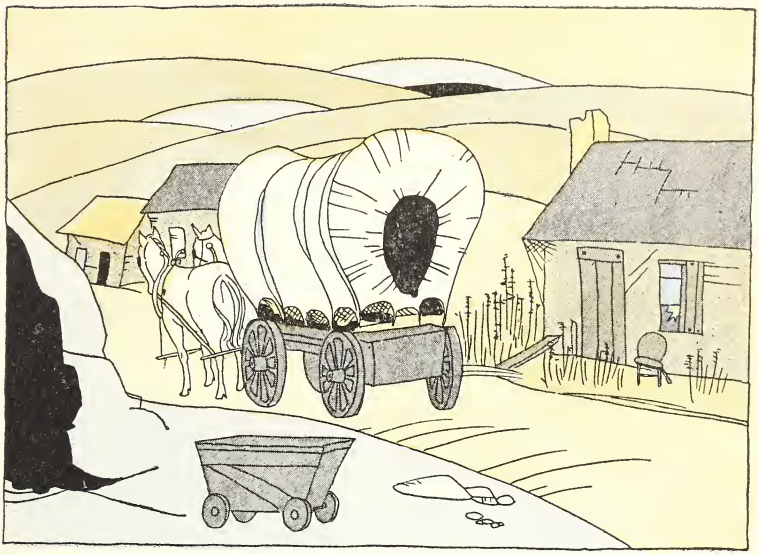
First they chopped steps in the bank of snow so that the horses could get a foothold. Then Father went in front and coaxed the horses along. "Come, Patsy! Come, Smokey!" he said, and held out some sugar in his hand. While he did this, the men put their shoulders against the back end of the wagon and pushed as hard as they could. It took quite a long time

to get the wagon across the snow-slide. By that time you may be sure the men were all glad to sit down and eat the good supper that the children had ready. There were not enough dishes for everybody; so Elizabeth and Bennie waited until the others had eaten. And then Elizabeth ate her supper off the little white plate that had the pink letters all around the edge.

It would take too long to tell all the things that they saw and did on this trip. Once they were caught in a hailstorm. Patsy and Smokey did not like that. They shook their heads hard when the hailstones came down on them.

At one town where they stopped to buy some oats for the horses, the

storekeeper gave Elizabeth a stick of candy, and gave Bennie a gingerbread man. Everyone was kind to them. They did not feel at all afraid when they went to sleep in the wagon with the big, lovely stars shining down on them. And they learned a great many things. They learned how big rivers start from little streams of water; how these little streams fall down the mountain sides and run into each other, getting bigger and bigger. They learned how men make some of these little streams run through their gardens, to water them. They learned how to be helpful. And, as Father told Mother when they got home, they learned not to cry before they were hurt; and that is a very fine thing to learn.



More than once they came to a little town in which nobody lived any more. All the doors and windows of the houses had boards nailed across them. These were mining towns. The miners had taken all the lead or gold out that was there, and then had gone away. It was in one of these towns that Patsy got a nail in his foot. Father could not get it out. Poor

Patsy had to limp along until they came to a blacksmith shop. The blacksmith soon got the nail out, and Patsy felt much better. Elizabeth was so happy to have the nail out of Patsy's foot that she gave the blacksmith a bright new penny.

"A penny is not very much," said Elizabeth, "but it is all I have."

"It is a fine penny," said the blacksmith, "because it has Abraham Lincoln's picture on it. I think a heap of Abraham Lincoln."

At just about supper time on the fourth day they reached the town where Grandmother lived. How glad she was to see them! She stood on the porch, on her crutches, waiting for them. Beside her stood the little girl who helped her do her work, now

that she was lame. And this little girl also had on a bright red dress! I suppose Grandmother didn't want her to get lost.

They were all very happy when they sat around the supper table together. Grandmother wanted to hear all about their trip, and how big Baby Anne had grown to be, and many other things. Pretty soon Bennie took a paper out of his pocket and asked Grandmother for a pin. Then he spread the paper out, and pinned it up on the wall. It was the picture of the circus.

"There, Grandmother!" he said. "Now that you are lame and cannot go to the circus, the circus has come to you!"

That night the children slept in the attic in a big bed that had tall

posts at each corner. "Isn't it fine, Sister, to sleep in this big bed? It is better than the wagon, don't you think?" said Bennie.

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "but I am glad to think we are going to have a ride home in the wagon. Maybe we can stop at the untidy house, and see if they have kept it clean."

"Yes," said Bennie, "and see if the man has found his razor where you hid it in that hole back of the stove."

"I did that because it was so sharp," said Elizabeth.

And then, in one little short half of one little short minute, they were sound asleep, dreaming of Mother and Baby Anne and Aunt Penny and home.

—*Helen Coale Crew*

THE HOSPITAL

There was an apple tree in Betty's back yard, and when Juliet came to see her they always got up into the apple tree to play "keep house." But when Betty went to see Juliet, they played with Juliet's doll house, with four rooms, and little chairs and tables and beds, and a whole family of dolls.

One day when they were in the apple tree, they saw a butterfly with a broken wing.

"That butterfly gives me an idea," said Juliet. "Let us turn my doll house into a hospital."

"Do you mean for sick dolls?" asked Betty.

"No, I mean for sick animals and

bugs,'' said Juliet. ''We can play that they are sick soldiers, and we can be Red Cross nurses.''

Betty thought this was a very happy idea indeed. ''Let us go and

ask my mother to fix us up like Red Cross nurses," she said.

So they went into Betty's house, and Betty's mother cut out a white cap and apron for each of them. As the little girls were in a great hurry to fix the hospital and get some patients, she did not hem the caps and aprons, but she did take time to sew a red cross on the front of each cap.

"Now," said Juliet, "I will get the beds ready, Betty, if you will go and hunt for some sick soldiers."

Then Juliet went home, and Betty went out under the apple tree, with a little box in her hand, to see if she could find some bugs that were hurt.

She found the butterfly with the broken wing, two beetles each with one leg gone, a caterpillar that had

been caught in a spider's web, and a snail with a broken shell. She put them all into the box. Then she saw a toad, and she said to herself that he would do very well for the doctor, he looked so wise. So she picked him up, and put him into her pocket, and went over to Juliet's house. She found Juliet cutting out pieces of muslin for sheets. When everything was ready, they put the patients on the beds, and they put the doctor in the parlor of the doll house, as that would do very well for the doctor's office.

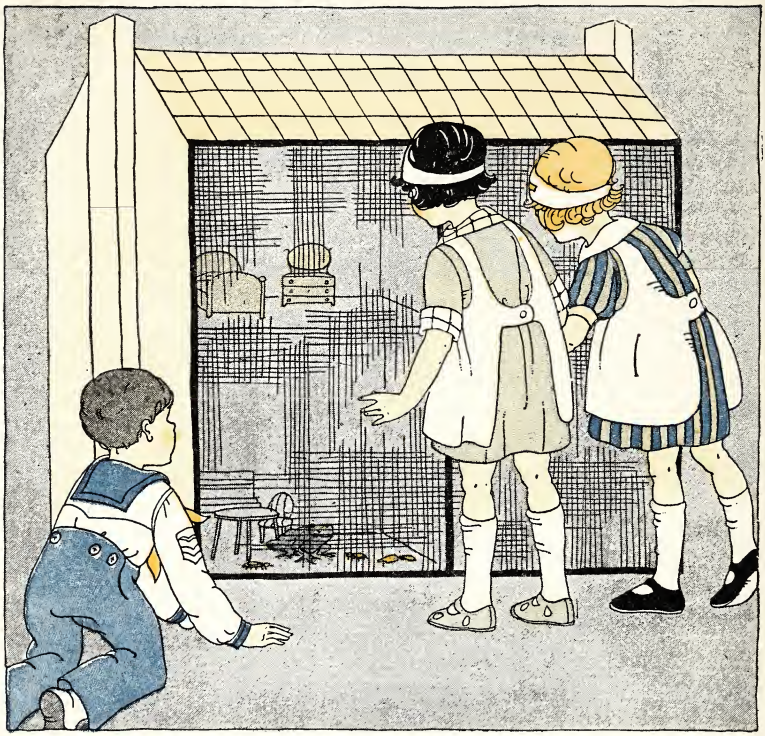
Juliet's mother came in to see the hospital, and she said, "I am afraid the sick soldiers will crawl away. You may get the piece of net off the baby's crib and put it across the

front of the doll house. That will keep them in." After they had done this, Juliet's mother told them to be very careful not to hurt the little sick bugs. Then she went away to look after Juliet's baby sister.

Juliet's brother, Bobby, laughed at the hospital. "Anyway," he said, "Father says it is kinder to kill a bug that is hurt, because you can't really make it well."

But Betty and Juliet did not agree with him, and pretty soon they went out to look for some more patients. They looked everywhere but they could not find any. Then they heard Bobby give a big shout.

"Juliet! Betty!" he shouted. "Come quick and see what your doctor is doing!"



They ran upstairs to the doll house just as fast as they could go. They looked through the net into the hospital. And what do you think the doctor was doing?

The doctor was trying to catch the patients!

"Take him away, quick!" said Juliet.

Bobby took the piece of net away and caught the doctor. Then Betty took him and ran to her own garden and put him down in the place where she had found him.

"Go home!" she said. "I never want to see you again as long as I live!"

The doctor just sat there and smiled.

"Go home!" said Betty, and she pushed him a little bit with her foot.

But still the doctor just sat there, with his eyes looking up into the air, and with a long, long smile reaching all the way across his face.

—*Helen Coale Crew*

WORD LIST

1 sister
3 few
4 done
early
people
picture
unto
wrote
6 miss
7 means
8 different
Indian
land
native
prowling
steeple
today
used
wigwam
9 begged
build
hurry
Robert
tools
10 hurt
12 because
13 true
14 yet
15 stars
tomorrow
tonight
17 grass
18 Buttons
building
high
hall
office
19 easy
rang
20 elevator
21 alarm
noise
ring
yourself
22 acted
23 yesterday
24 evening
spend
one
26 hay
kept
wild
zoo
27 desk
mail
nose
policemen
sir
28 also
bottom
citizen
clear
deck
England
ocean
29 America
cheeks
shawl
tied
30 English
speak
wooden
31 finger
New York
point
sweet
taught
32 anywhere
even
shook
statue
33 Liberty
34 bright
beside
bundle
carrying
trade-mark
35 Anna
persons
Sadie
36 Katie
Reader
tag
waved
37 grew
growing
joke
lamb
nicely
39 gold
pleasant
sick
trouble
wrong
world
40 block
dare
forgot
lay
laid
surprised
tired
41 loud
42 borrowed
minutes
untied
43 above
believe
finest
rainbow
44 gay
indeed
most
46 begin
count
carefully
dozen
especially
47 climbing
morning-glories
48 bushes
drove
questions
rags
ragman
top
winding
49 lots
nearly
replied
shouted
tricks
woman
whoa
51 earn
nearer
52 anyone
else
half
sugar
53 climb
carried
dandelions
digging
earning
luck
Stubb
swept
54 dig
whenever
55 begun
smiling
vacation
57 barn
broke
dashed
finish
flame
haystack
smoke
thread
58 dolly
matches
stepped
seemed
whirring
59 galloping
60 arrived
might

patted
rushed
save
61 bites
baker
bakes
crumble
clouds
crisp
den
greedy
kneads
North
rim
scraps
South
62 clippety
clap
gray
hoofs
jolliest
merry
market
pony
pricked
rode
small
smooth
tune
63 clang
horseshoe
64 blacksmith
examined
forefoot
forefeet
hind
hurried
65 heat
iron
store
storekeeper
66 candy
farmer
nice
sighing
wagon
67 bushels
standing
wheat
68 dusty
hastened
mill
miller
69 grain
rock
70 cackle
driving
flock
front
geese
joined
lamp
miner
mine
sprang
told
wear
71 cling
fastened
lumps
plenty
rap
tap
72 angry
mind
mad
winter
73 curve
folded
Joe
sat
spread
threw
throw
74 blade
bank
cross-eyed
move
porch
shelf
teach
75 fuss
nickel
penny
pill
76 cents
happiest
several
77 already
business
plate
won't
worth
78 wiped
yard
80 trying
81 shot
82 ill
pots
83 dining
dry
fond
fallen
twice
wilted
84 deal
everybody
forget
matter
quiet
trust
unhappy
85 clean
Chicago
listening
sigh
tidy
teacher
whether
86 bit
responsibility
Sarah
same
87 Christmas
ice
Washington
88 dishes
peeling
potatoes
peel
thick
wiping
89 envelope
Ho
Martin
pencil
Sunday
telegram
90 Bub
somebody
91 dinner
grave
hat
hug
remember
son
92 clever
pussy
shorter
thinner
though
whole
93 against
flat
pressed
windowpane
94 empty
perhaps
95 floor
gutters
lonely
stamped
tight
umbrellas
96 ashamed
invite
miles
poor
wet
98 American
knocked
understand
99 chocolate
grape
jelly
plain
sit
stove
soon
100 attic

deliver
farm
plow

101 curtains
crumb
marbles
quietly
rocking-horse
riddles

103 branches
blessed
however
least
leafy
resting
spread
shade
sultry
whisper
wise

104 Biddy

105 brick
cup
carpet
oven
seven
Wally
wrapped

106 break
drown
joking

107 hush
turnips

108 awhile
golden
hello
Johnny
lanes
quite

109 Bundy
butter
counter
Mrs.
neat
piles
stall
stool
vegetables

111 either
nor
Terence
worry

112 Annie's
creature
eaten
eel
fish
lad
slippery
tasted
Tim's

113 clock
grasshopper
leading
shame
sound
ticking

114 large

115 Bobby
fruits
Juliet
meat
outer
sheds

116 celery
carrots
reached
sight
strange
pumpkins

117 butterman
buns
Kent
Metz
meatman
speak
taffy
wonderful

118 hour
tongue

119 Ark
candies
flavors
Noah's

120 depends
lemon
orange
peppermint

121 straight
spoon
taster
talker

123 arrest
entirely
soup

124 ma'am

126 eight
Iowa
June
Susan
state
surely

127 promise
packed
shut
suitcase
themselves
unless

129 berths
conductor
hammock
narrow
neatly
path
porter
sleeping
scatter
tickets
undress

130 kissed

131 barber
first-class
Georgia
hungry
watermelons

132 filled
hung
pajamas
pillow
slippers
water-cooler
wrapper

133 clover
rich
size

134 bridge
blanket
biggest
villages

135 brushing
women's
washed

136 folks
pay
purse
pair
ribbon
tied

138 card
Mississippi
maple
order
pancakes
syrup
waiter

139 ladies
muffins
newspaper

140 lose
ought
sheet
wonder

141 below
paid
platform
sparkled

142 adding
dime
young

144 boxes
baggage
bride
grains
groom
oil
oiling
purr
queer
rice

trunks
trucks
wedding

145 broom
carry
case
inch
message
pigeons
written

146 aboard
fasten

147 bedding

148 beautiful
fan
folds
lace
mat
page
proud
shape
suppose
tore
whose

149 beg
drew
frown
knot
unpleasant

150 fort
officer
stiff
salute
west

151 curly
hunting
lovely
tiring

152 pleasure
shave

153 forever
postcard

154 creep
softly
stairs

156 nightgown
prayers
tucked
Teddy
tiptoed
worried

157 afterwards
Anne
Dorothy
gently
rocked

158 carriage
spectacles
spinach
tiny
wink

159 chews
dentist
meal
mouthfuls
teeth

160 food
oculist
toothbrush

161 football
kick
slowly

163 bunny
bunnies
elephants
lions
pussycats
sleepier

164 sheep
slept
zebra

165 joy
present

166 flag
mast
pier
sailor
Smokey
truly
toys

167 dipped
farther
harder
stronger
tossed
tightly
tugged

168 although
sweaters
somewhere
storm

169 drive
smaller

170 bent
hopeful
interested
meant
nowhere

171 Dickie's
faded

172 belongs
curled
sweetest

173 hugged
sorry
slid

174 clapped
Elizabeth

176 trips

177 anybody
Jonathan
Jacob
Teakwood
wharf
worn

178 anchored
brig
Boston
expected
Industry
India
past
Sol
voyage

179 ashore
hop
hopped
Solomon

180 moving
upon

181 apt
decided
earthquake
mistaken

182 agent
among
grinned

183 afternoon
bullock
obliging
spoken

184 crocodiles
passed
thirty

185 gong
logs
nobody
strong

186 dumped
drivers
evenly
forest
piled

187 butt
claws
elephant-goad
jab
knelt
necks
squealing
tusks

190 body
language
mentioning
torn

191 frightened
raised
scared
stretched
toward

192 danger
harness
sort
grabbed

193 stroked

194 amused
reminded

195 August
Annina
arched
bare

Beppo
lies
sunny
Venice
196 cobble-
stones
pillars
sparkling
canals
197 floated
gondolas
Matteo
oar
198 brass
corner
number
sea
stripes
square
uncurled
199 dragging
landing
rope
suits
space
200 eagle
wings
201 dirt
ragged
trousers
202 daring
Lido
launch
noon
spires
skimmed
towers
203 destroy
Italian
notice
proper
polished
speck
stem
stern
submarines
204 awning
board
bobbed
drank
explained
lemonade
orderly
shipshape
straw
205 island
mice
steam
206 bathing-
houses
hotels
raced
simply
207 foam
panting
stumbled
208 Luigi
209 boom
cannon
exactly
President
United
210 earrings
friendly
knobby
211 cover
212 Bennie
beyond
Colorado
mountains
Trouble-
some
213 canvas
Patsy
ranch
shirt
214 mattress
pillows
underneath
215 chicken
coop
camp
fishing-rod
unhitch
wagon-top
216 aspen
chose
fed
goldenrod
boiled
hitched
jam
stream
towel
217 jobs
218 dry
fried
grating
hobbled
part
219 easily
house-
keeper
single
spark
220 larks
coffee
221 brakes
fished
squeaking
untidy
222 tidied
223 alphabet
choose
neatly
pink
pinned
shelves
224 ax
adventure
bin
hid
snowslide
226 beginning
idea
228 chopped
coaxed
foothold
229 hailstones
hailstorm
oats
230 ginger-
bread
helpful
231 lead
mining
232 Abraham
crutches
heap
limp
Lincoln
233 lame
pin
234 dreaming
razor
short
235 broken
chairs
236 bugs
nurses
237 apron
beetles
caterpillar
fix
hem
patients
238 crib
herself
muslin
net
parlor
spider's
snail
shell
toad
web
239 agree
kinder
kill
240 catch