



Under the Home

Kindergarten Prose

Lesson Printout

My Father's Dragon by Ruth Stiles Gannett

The Great Big Treasury of Beatrix Potter by Beatrix Potter

Raggedy Ann Stories by Johnny Gruelle

Raggedy Andy Stories by Johnny Gruelle

The Velveteen Rabbit by Margery Williams

Uncle Wiggily's Adventures by Howard R. Garis

Learn from the Masters

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

My Father’s Dragon.....	3
The Great Big Treasury of Beatrix Potter.....	22
Raggedy Ann Stories	124
Raggedy Andy Stories	163
The Velveteen Rabbit	203
Uncle Wiggily’s Adventures.....	212

My Father's Dragon

Chapter 1: My Father Meets the Cat

One cold rainy day when my father was a little boy, he met an old alley cat on his street. The cat was very drippy and uncomfortable so my father said, "Wouldn't you like to come home with me?"

This surprised the cat - she had never before met anyone who cared about old alley cats - but she said, "I'd be very much obliged if I could sit by a warm furnace, and perhaps have a saucer of milk."



"We have a very nice furnace to sit by," said my father, "and I'm sure my mother has an extra saucer of milk."

My father and the cat became good friends but my father's mother was very upset about the cat. She hated cats, particularly ugly old alley cats. "Elmer Elevator," she said to my father, "if you think I'm going to give that cat a saucer of milk, you're very wrong. Once you start feeding stray alley cats you might as well expect to feed every stray in town, and I am not going to do it!"

This made my father very sad, and he apologized to the cat because his mother had been so rude. He told the cat to stay anyway, and that somehow he would bring her a saucer of milk each day. My father fed the cat for three weeks, but one day his mother found the cat's saucer in the cellar and she was extremely angry. She whipped my father and threw the cat out the door, but later on my father sneaked out and found the cat. Together they went for a walk in the park and tried to think of nice things to talk about. My father said, "When I grow up I'm going to have an airplane. Wouldn't it be wonderful to fly just anywhere you might think of!"

"Would you like to fly very, very much?" asked the cat.

"I certainly would. I'd do anything if I could fly."

"Well," said the cat, "if you'd really like to fly that much, I think I know of a sort of a way you might get to fly while you're still a little boy."



"You mean you know where I could get an airplane?"

"Well, not exactly an airplane, but something even better. As you can see, I'm an old cat now, but in my younger days I was quite a traveler. My traveling days are over but last spring I took just one more trip and sailed to the Island of Tangerina, stopping at the port of Cranberry. Well, it just so happened that I missed the boat, and while waiting for the next I thought I'd look around a bit. I was particularly interested in a place called Wild Island, which we had passed on our way to Tangerina. Wild Island and Tangerina are joined together by a long string of rocks, but people never go to Wild Island because it's mostly jungle and inhabited by very wild animals. So I decided to go across the rocks and explore it for myself. It certainly is an interesting place, but I saw something there that made me want to weep."



Chapter 2: My Father Runs Away

Wild Island is practically cut in two by a very wide and muddy river," continued the cat. "This river begins near one end of the island and flows into the ocean at the other. Now the animals there are very lazy, and they used to hate having to go all the way around the beginning of this river to get to the other side of the island. It made visiting inconvenient and mail deliveries slow, particularly during the Christmas rush. Crocodiles could have carried passengers and mail across the river, but crocodiles are very moody, and not the least bit dependable, and are always looking for something to eat. They don't care if the animals have to walk around the river, so that's just what the animals did for many years."

"But what does all this have to do with airplanes?" asked my father, who thought the cat was taking an awfully long time to explain.

"Be patient, Elmer," said the cat, and she went on with the story. "One day about four months before I arrived on Wild Island a baby dragon fell from a low-flying cloud and onto the bank of the river. He was too young to fly very well, and besides, he had bruised one wing quite badly, so he couldn't get back to his cloud. The animals found him soon afterwards and everybody said, 'Why, this is just exactly what we've needed all these years!' They tied a big rope around his neck and waited for the wing to get well. This was going to end all their



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crossing-the-river troubles."

"I've never seen a dragon," said my father. "Did you see him? How big is he?"

"Yes, indeed I saw the dragon. In fact, we became great friends," said the cat. "I used to hide in the bushes and talk to him when nobody was around. He's not a very big dragon, about the size of a large black bear, although I imagine he's grown quite a bit since I left. He's got a long tail and yellow and blue stripes. His horn and eyes and the bottoms of his feet are bright red. He has gold-colored wings."

"Oh, how wonderful!" said my father. "What did the animals do with him when his wing got well?"

"They started training him to carry passengers, and even though he is just a baby dragon, they work him all day and all night too sometimes. They make him carry loads that are much too heavy, and if he complains, they twist his wings and beat him. He's always tied to a stake on a rope just long enough to go across the river. His only friends are the crocodiles, who say 'Hello' to him once a week if they don't forget. Really, he's the most miserable animal I've ever come across. When I left I promised I'd try to help him someday, although I couldn't see how. The rope around his neck is about the biggest, toughest rope you can imagine, with so many knots it would take days to untie them all.

"Anyway, when you were talking about airplanes, you gave me a good idea. Now, I'm quite sure that if you were able to rescue the dragon, which wouldn't be the least bit easy, he'd let you ride him most anywhere, provided you were nice to him, of course. How about trying it?"

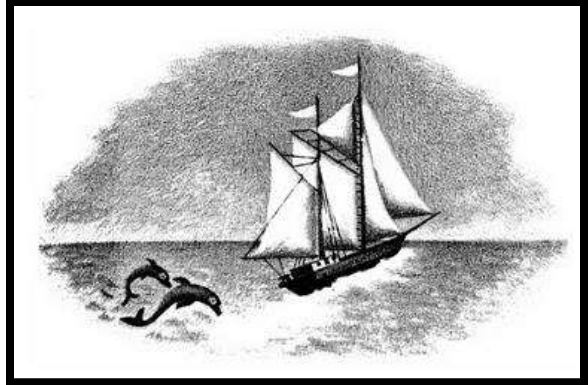
"Oh, I'd love to," said my father, and he was so angry at his mother for being so rude to the cat that he didn't feel the least bit sad about running away from home for a while.

That very afternoon my father and the cat went down to the docks to see about ships going to the Island of Tangerina. They found out that a ship would be sailing the next week, so right away they started planning for the rescue of the dragon. The cat was a great help in suggesting things for my father to take with him, and she told him everything she knew about Wild Island. Of course, she was too old to go along.

Everything had to be kept very secret, so when they found or bought anything to take on the trip they hid it behind a rock in the park. The night before my father sailed he borrowed his father's knapsack and he and the cat packed everything very carefully. He took chewing gum, two dozen pink lollipops, a package of rubber bands, black rubber boots, a compass, a tooth brush and a tube of tooth paste, six magnifying glasses, a very sharp jackknife, a comb and a hairbrush, seven

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

hair ribbons of different colors, an empty grain bag with a label saying "Cranberry," some clean clothes, and enough food to last my father while he was on the ship. He couldn't live on mice, so he took twenty-five peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and six apples, because that's all the apples he could find in the pantry.



When everything was packed my father and the cat went down to the docks to the ship. A night watchman was on duty, so while the cat made loud queer noises to distract his attention, my father ran over the gangplank onto the ship. He went down into the hold and hid among some bags of wheat. The ship sailed early the next morning.

Chapter 3: My Father Finds the Island

My father hid in the hold for six days and nights. Twice he was nearly caught when the ship stopped to take on more cargo. But at last he heard a sailor say that the next port would be Cranberry and that they'd be unloading the wheat there. My father knew that the sailors would send him home if they caught him, so he looked in his knapsack and took out a rubber band and the empty grain bag with the label saying "Cranberry." At the last moment, my father got inside the bag, knapsack and all, folded the top of the bag inside, and put the rubber band around the top. He didn't look just exactly like the other bags but it was the best he could do.

Soon the sailors came to unload. They lowered a big net into the hold and began moving the bags of wheat. Suddenly one sailor yelled, "Great Scott! This is the queerest bag of wheat I've ever seen! It's all lumpy-like, but the label says it's to go to Cranberry."



The other sailors looked at the bag too, and my father, who was in the bag, of course, tried even harder to look like a bag of wheat. Then another sailor felt the bag and he just happened to get hold of my father's elbow. "I know what this is," he said. "This is a bag of dried corn on the cob," and he dumped my father into the big net along with the bags of wheat.

This all happened in the late afternoon, so late that the merchant in Cranberry who had ordered the wheat didn't count his bags until the next morning. (He was a very punctual man, and never late for dinner.) The sailors told the captain, and the captain wrote down on a piece of paper, that they had delivered one hundred and sixty bags of wheat and one bag of dried corn on the cob. They left the piece of paper for the merchant and sailed away that evening.

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My father heard later that the merchant spent the whole next day counting and recounting the bags and feeling each one trying to find the bag of dried corn on the cob. He never found it because as soon as it was dark my father climbed out of the bag, folded it up and put it back in his knapsack. He walked along the shore to a nice sandy place and lay down to sleep.

My father was very hungry when he woke up the next morning. Just as he was looking to see if he had anything left to eat, something hit him on the head. It was a tangerine. He had been sleeping right under a tree full of big, fat tangerines. And then he remembered that this was the



Island of Tangerina. Tangerine trees grew wild everywhere. My father picked as many as he had room for, which was thirty-one, and started off to find Wild Island.

He walked and walked and walked along the shore, looking for the rocks that joined the two islands. He walked all day, and once when he met a fisherman and asked him about Wild Island, the fisherman

began to shake and couldn't talk for a long while. It scared him that much, just thinking about it. Finally he said, "Many people have tried to explore Wild Island, but not one has come back alive. We think they were eaten by the wild animals." This didn't bother my father. He kept walking and slept on the beach again that night.

It was beautifully clear the next day, and way down the shore my father could see a long line of rocks leading out into the ocean, and way, way out at the end he could just see a tiny patch of green. He quickly ate seven tangerines and started down the beach.

It was almost dark when he came to the rocks, but there, way out in the ocean, was the patch of green. He sat down and rested a while, remembering that the cat had said, "If you can, go out to the island at night, because then the wild animals won't see you coming along the rocks and you can hide when you get there." So my father picked seven more tangerines, put on his black rubber boots, and waited for dark.

It was a very black night and my father could hardly see the rocks ahead of him. Sometimes they were quite high and sometimes the waves almost



covered them, and they were slippery and hard to walk on. Sometimes the rocks were far apart and my father had to get a running start and leap from one to the next.

After a while he began to hear a rumbling noise. It grew louder and louder as he got nearer to the island. At last it seemed as if he was right on top of the noise, and he was. He had jumped from a rock onto the back of a small whale who was fast asleep and cuddled up between two rocks. The

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whale was snoring and making more noise than a steam shovel, so it never heard my father say, "Oh, I didn't know that was you!" And it never knew my father had jumped on its back by mistake.

For seven hours, my father climbed and slipped and leapt from rock to rock, but while it was still dark he finally reached the very last rock and stepped off onto Wild Island.

Chapter 4: My Father Finds the River

The jungle began just beyond a narrow strip of beach; thick, dark, damp, scary jungle. My father hardly knew where to go, so he crawled under a wahoo bush to think, and ate eight tangerines. The first thing to do, he decided, was to find the river, because the dragon was tied somewhere along its bank. Then he thought, "If the river flows into the ocean, I ought to be able to find it quite easily if I just walk along the beach far enough." So my father walked until the sun rose and he was quite far from the Ocean Rocks. It was dangerous to stay near them because they might be guarded in the daytime. He found a clump of tall grass and sat down. Then he took off his rubber boots and ate three more tangerines. He could have eaten twelve but he hadn't seen any tangerines on this island and he could not risk running out of something to eat.

My father slept all that day and only woke up late in the afternoon when he heard a funny little voice saying, "Queer, queer, what a dear little dock! I mean, dear, dear, what a queer little rock!"



My father saw a tiny paw rubbing itself on his knapsack. He lay very still and the mouse, for it was a mouse, hurried away muttering to itself, "I must smell tumduddy. I mean, I must tell somebody."

My father waited a few minutes and then started down the beach because it was almost dark now, and he was afraid the mouse really would tell somebody. He walked all night and two scary things happened. First, he just had to sneeze, so he did, and somebody close by said, "Is that you, Monkey?" My father said, "Yes." Then the voice said, "You must have something on your back, Monkey," and my father said "Yes," because he did. He had his knapsack on his back. "What do you have on your back, Monkey?" asked the voice.



My father didn't know what to say because what would a monkey have on its back, and how would it sound telling someone about it if it did have something? Just then another voice said, "I bet you're taking your sick grandmother to the doctor's." My father said "Yes" and hurried on. Quite by accident he found out later that he had been talking to a pair of tortoises.

The second thing that happened was that he nearly walked right between two wild boars who were talking in low solemn whispers. When he first saw the dark shapes he thought they were boulders. Just in time he heard one of them say, "There are three signs of a recent invasion. First,

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fresh tangerine peels were found under the wahoo bush near the Ocean Rocks. Second, a mouse reported an extraordinary rock some distance from the Ocean Rocks which upon further investigation simply wasn't there. However, more fresh tangerine peels were found in the same spot, which is the third sign of invasion. Since tangerines do not grow on our island, somebody must have brought them across the Ocean Rocks from the other island, which may, or may not, have something to do with the appearance and/or disappearance of the extraordinary rock reported by the mouse."



After a long silence the other boar said, "You know, I think we're taking all this too seriously. Those peels probably floated over here all by themselves, and you know how unreliable mice are. Besides, if there had been an invasion, I would have seen it!"

"Perhaps you're right," said the first boar. "Shall we retire?" Whereupon they both trundled back into the jungle.

Well, that taught my father a lesson, and after that he saved all his tangerine peels. He walked all night and toward morning came to the river. Then his troubles really began.

Chapter 5: My Father Meets Some Tigers

The river was very wide and muddy, and the jungle was very gloomy and dense. The trees grew close to each other, and what room there was between them was taken up by great high ferns with sticky leaves. My father hated to leave the beach, but he decided to start along the river bank where at least the jungle wasn't quite so thick. He ate three tangerines, making sure to keep all the peels this time, and put on his rubber boots.

My father tried to follow the river bank but it was very swampy, and as he went farther the swamp became deeper. When it was almost as deep as his boot tops he got stuck in the oozy, mucky mud. My father tugged and tugged, and nearly pulled his boots right off, but at last he managed to wade to a drier place. Here the jungle was so thick that he could hardly see where the river was. He unpacked his compass and figured out the direction he should walk in order to stay near the river. But he didn't know that the river made a very sharp curve away from him just a little way beyond, and so as he walked straight ahead he was getting farther and farther away from the river.



It was very hard to walk in the jungle. The sticky leaves of the ferns caught at my father's hair, and he kept tripping over roots and rotten logs. Sometimes the trees were clumped so closely together that he couldn't squeeze between them and had to walk a long way around.

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He began to hear whispery noises, but he couldn't see any animals anywhere. The deeper into the jungle he went the surer he was that something was following him, and then he thought he heard whispery noises on both sides of him as well as behind. He tried to run, but he tripped over more roots, and the noises only came nearer. Once or twice he thought he heard something laughing at him.

At last he came out into a clearing and ran right into the middle of it so that he could see anything that might try to attack him. Was he surprised when he looked and saw fourteen green eyes coming out of the jungle all around the clearing, and when the green eyes turned into seven tigers! The tigers walked around him in a big circle, looking hungrier all the time, and then they sat down and began to talk.



"I suppose you thought we didn't know you were trespassing in our jungle!"

Then the next tiger spoke. "I suppose you're going to say you didn't know it was our jungle!"

"Did you know that not one explorer has ever left this island alive?" said the third tiger.

My father thought of the cat and knew this wasn't true. But of course he had too much sense to say so. One doesn't contradict a hungry tiger.

The tigers went on talking in turn. "You're our first little boy, you know. I'm curious to know if you're especially tender."



"Maybe you think we have regular meal-times, but we don't. We just eat whenever we're feeling hungry," said the fifth tiger.

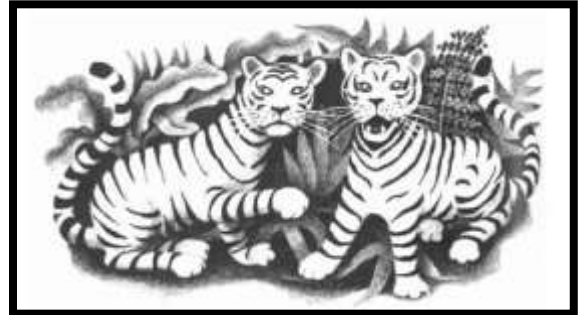
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"And we're very hungry right now. In fact, I can hardly wait," said the sixth.

"I can't wait!" said the seventh tiger.

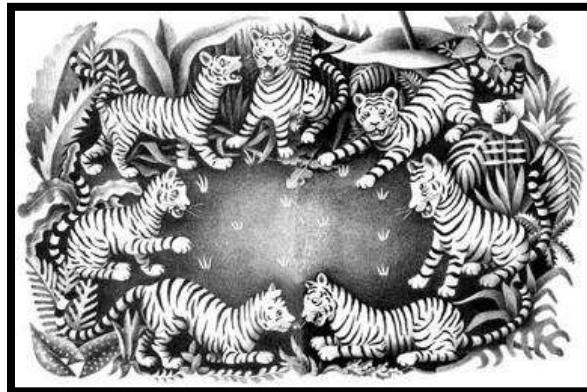
And then all the tigers said together in a loud roar, "Let's begin right now!" and they moved in closer.

My father looked at those seven hungry tigers, and then he had an idea. He quickly opened his knapsack and took out the chewing gum. The cat had told him that tigers were especially fond of chewing gum, which was very scarce on the island. So he threw them each a piece but they only growled, "As fond as we are of chewing gum, we're sure we'd like you even better!" and they moved so close that he could feel them breathing on his face.



"But this is very special chewing gum," said my father. "If you keep on chewing it long enough it will turn green, and then if you plant it, it will grow more chewing gum, and the sooner you start chewing the sooner you'll have more."

The tigers said, "Why, you don't say! Isn't that fine!" And as each one wanted to be the first to plant the chewing gum, they all unwrapped their pieces and began chewing as hard as they could. Every once in a while one tiger would look into another's mouth and say, "Nope, it's not done yet," until finally they were all so busy looking into each other's mouths to make sure that no one was getting ahead that they forgot all about my father.



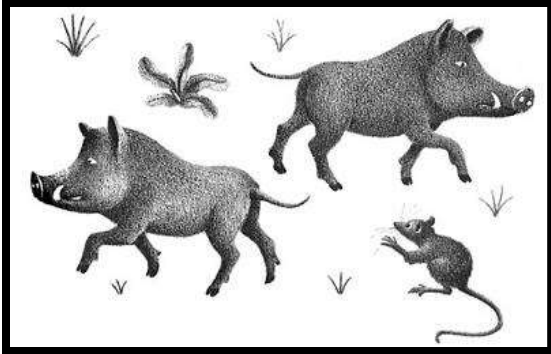
Chapter 6: My Father Meets a Rhinoceros

My father soon found a trail leading away from the clearing. All sorts of animals might be using it too, but he decided to follow the trail no matter what he met because it might lead to the dragon. He kept a sharp look-out in front and behind and went on.

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Just as he was feeling quite safe, he came around a curve right behind the two wild boars. One of them was saying to the other, "Did you know that the tortoises thought they saw Monkey carrying his sick grandmother to the doctor's last night? But Monkey's grandmother died a week ago, so they must have seen something else. I wonder what it was."

"I told you that there was an invasion afoot," said the other boar, "and I intend to find out what it is. I simply can't stand invasions."



"Nee meither," said a tiny little voice. "I mean, me neither," and my father knew that the mouse was there, too.

"Well," said the first boar, "you search the trail up this way to the dragon. I'll go back down the other way through the big clearing, and we'll send Mouse to watch the Ocean Rocks in case the invasion should decide to go away before we find it."

My father hid behind a mahogany tree just in time, and the first boar walked right past him. My father waited for the other boar to get a head start on him, but he didn't wait very long because he knew that when the first boar saw the tigers chewing gum in the clearing, he'd be even more suspicious.

Soon the trail crossed a little brook and my father, who by this time was very thirsty, stopped to get a drink of water. He still had on his rubber boots, so he waded into a little pool of water and was stooping down when something quite sharp picked him up by the seat of the pants and shook him very hard.

"Don't you know that's my private weeping pool?" said a deep angry voice.

My father couldn't see who was talking because he was hanging in the air right over the pool, but he said, "Oh, no, I'm so sorry. I didn't know that everybody had a private weeping pool."



"Everybody doesn't!" said the angry voice, "but I do because I have such a big thing to weep about, and I drown everybody I find using my weeping pool." With that the animal tossed my father up and down over the water.

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"What - is it - that - you - weep about - so much?" asked my father, trying to get his breath, and he thought over all the things he had in his pack.

"Oh, I have many things to weep about, but the biggest thing is the color of my tusk." My father squirmed every which way trying to see the tusk, but it was through the seat of his pants where he couldn't possibly see it. "When I was a young rhinoceros, my tusk was pearly white," said the animal (and then my father knew that he was hanging by the seat of his pants from a rhinoceros' tusk!), "but it has turned a nasty yellow-gray in my old age, and I find it very ugly. You see, everything else about me is ugly, but when I had a beautiful tusk I didn't worry so much about the rest. Now that my tusk is ugly too, I can't sleep nights just thinking about how completely ugly I am, and I weep all the time. But why should I be telling you these things? I caught you using my pool and now I'm going to drown you."

"Oh, wait a minute, Rhinoceros," said my father. "I have some things that will make your tusk all white and beautiful again. Just let me down and I'll give them to you."

The rhinoceros said, "You do? I can hardly believe it! Why, I'm so excited!" He put my father down and danced around in a circle while my father got out the tube of tooth paste and the toothbrush.

"Now," said my father, "just move your tusk a little nearer, please, and I'll show you how to begin." My father wet the brush in the pool, squeezed on a dab of tooth paste, and scrubbed very hard in one tiny spot. Then he told the rhinoceros to wash it off, and when the pool was calm again, he told the rhinoceros to look in the water and see how white the little spot was. It was hard to see in the dim light of the jungle, but sure enough, the spot shone pearly white, just like new. The rhinoceros was so pleased that he grabbed the toothbrush and began scrubbing violently, forgetting all about my father.



Just then my father heard hoofsteps and he jumped behind the rhinoceros. It was the boar coming back from the big clearing where the tigers were chewing gum. The boar looked at the rhinoceros, and at the toothbrush, and at the tube of tooth paste, and then he scratched his ear on a tree. "Tell me, Rhinoceros," he said, "where did you get that fine tube of tooth paste and that toothbrush?"

"Too busy!" said the rhinoceros, and he went on brushing as hard as he could.

The boar sniffed angrily and trotted down the trail toward the dragon, muttering to himself, "Very suspicious - tigers too busy chewing gum, Rhinoceros too busy brushing his tusk - I must get hold of that invasion. Don't like it one bit, not one bit! It's upsetting everybody terribly - wonder what it's doing here, anyway."

Chapter 7: My Father Meets a Lion

My father waved goodbye to the rhinoceros, who was much too busy to notice, got a drink farther down the brook, and waded back to the trail. He hadn't gone very far when he heard an angry animal roaring, "Ding blast it! I told you not to go blackberrying yesterday. Won't you ever learn? What will your mother say!"

My father crept along and peered into a small clearing just ahead. A lion was prancing about clawing at his mane, which was all snarled and full of blackberry twigs. The more he clawed the worse it became and the madder he grew and the more he yelled at himself, because it was himself he was yelling at all the time.

My father could see that the trail went through the clearing, so he decided to crawl around the edge in the underbrush and not disturb the lion.

He crawled and crawled, and the yelling grew louder and louder. Just as he was about to reach the trail on the other side the yelling suddenly stopped. My father looked around and saw the lion glaring at him. The lion charged and skidded to a stop a few inches away.

"Who are you?" the lion yelled at my father.

"My name is Elmer Elevator."

"Where do you think you are going?"

"I'm going home," said my father.

"That's what you think!" said the lion. "Ordinarily I'd save you for afternoon tea, but I happen to be upset enough and hungry enough to eat you right now." And he picked up my father in his front paws to feel how fat he was.



My father said, "Oh, please, Lion, before you eat me, tell me why you are so particularly upset today."

"It's my mane," said the lion, as he was figuring how many bites a little boy would make. "You see what a dreadful mess it is, and I don't seem to be able to do anything about it. My mother is coming over on the dragon this afternoon, and if she sees me this way I'm afraid she'll stop my allowance. She can't stand messy manes! But I'm going to eat you now, so it won't make any difference to you."

"Oh, wait a minute," said my father, "and I'll give you just the things you need to make your mane all tidy and beautiful. I have them here in my pack."

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"You do?" said the lion. "Well, give them to me, and perhaps I'll save you for afternoon tea after all," and he put my father down on the ground.



My father opened the pack and took out the comb and the brush and the seven hair ribbons of different colors. "Look," he said, "I'll show you what to do on your forelock, where you can watch me. First you brush a while, and then you comb, and then you brush again until all the twigs and snarls are gone. Then you divide it up in three and braid it like this and tie a ribbon around the end."

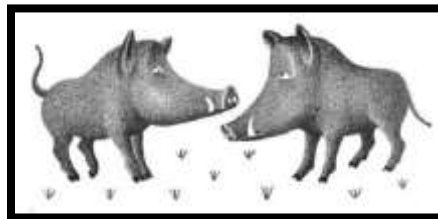


As my father was doing this, the lion watched very carefully and began to look much happier. When my father tied on the ribbon he was all smiles. "Oh, that's wonderful, really wonderful!" said the lion. "Let me have the comb and brush and see if I can do it." So my father gave him the comb and brush and the lion began busily grooming his mane. As a matter of fact, he was so busy that he didn't even know when my father left.

Chapter 8: My Father Meets a Gorilla

My father was very hungry so he sat down under a baby banyan tree on the side of the trail and ate four tangerines. He wanted to eat eight or ten, but he had only thirteen left and it might be a long time before he could get more. He packed away all the peels and was about to get up when he heard the familiar voices of the boars.

"I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen them with my own eyes, but wait and see for yourself. All the tigers are sitting around chewing gum to beat the band. Old Rhinoceros is so busy brushing his tusk that he doesn't even look around to see who's going by, and they're all so busy they won't even talk to me!"



"Horsefeathers!" said the other boar, now very close to my father. "They'll talk to me! I'm going to get to the bottom of this if it's the last thing I do!"

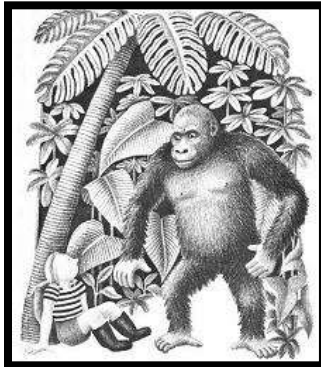
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The voices passed my father and went around a curve, and he hurried on because he knew how much more upset the boars would be when they saw the lion's mane tied up in hair ribbons.

Before long my father came to a crossroads and he stopped to read the signs. Straight ahead an arrow pointed to the Beginning of the River; to the left, the Ocean Rocks; and to the right, to the Dragon Ferry. My father was reading all these signs when he heard pawsteps and ducked behind the signpost. A beautiful lioness paraded past and turned down toward the clearings. Although she could have seen my father if she had bothered to glance at the post, she was much too occupied looking dignified to see anything but the tip of her own nose. It was the lion's mother, of course, and that, thought my father, must mean that the dragon was on this side of the river. He hurried on but it was farther away than he had judged. He finally came to the river bank in the late afternoon and looked all around, but there was no dragon anywhere in sight. He must have gone back to the other side.



My father sat down under the palm tree and was trying to have a good idea when something big and black and hairy jumped out of the tree and landed with a loud crash at his feet.



"Well?" said a huge voice.

"Well what?" said my father, for which he was very sorry when he looked up and discovered he was talking to an enormous and very fierce gorilla.

"Well, explain yourself," said the gorilla. "I'll give you till ten to tell me your name, business, your age, and what's in that pack," and he began counting to ten as fast as he could.

My father didn't even have time to say "Elmer Elevator, explorer" before the gorilla interrupted, "Too slow! I'll twist your arms the way I twist that dragon's wings, and then we'll see if you can't hurry up a bit." He grabbed my father's arms, one in each fist, and was just about to twist them when he suddenly let go and began scratching his chest with both hands.

"Blast those fleas!" he raged. "They won't give you a moment's peace, and the worst of it is that you can't even get a good look at them. Rosie! Rhoda! Rachel! Ruthie! Ruby! Roberta! Come here and get rid of this flea on my chest. It's driving me crazy!"

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Six little monkeys tumbled out of the palm tree, dashed to the gorilla, and began combing the hair on his chest.

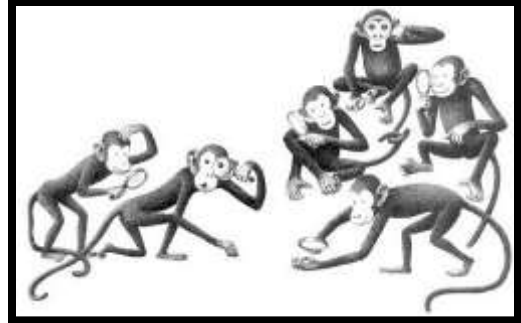


"Well," said the gorilla, "it's still there!"

"We're looking, we're looking," said the six little monkeys, "but they're awfully hard to see, you know."

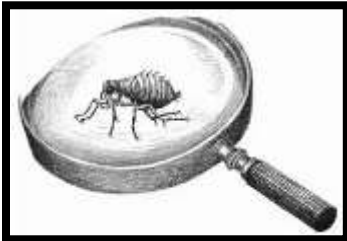
"I know," said the gorilla, "but hurry. I've got work to do," and he winked at my father.

"Oh, Gorilla," said my father, "in my knapsack I have six magnifying glasses. They'd be just the thing for hunting fleas." My father unpacked them and gave one to Rosie, one to Rhoda, one to Rachel, one to Ruthie, one to Ruby, and one to Roberta.



"Why, they're miraculous!" said the six little monkeys.

"It's easy to see the fleas now, only there are hundreds of them!" And they went on hunting frantically.



A moment later many more monkeys appeared out of a near-by clump of mangroves and began crowding around to get a look at the fleas through the magnifying glasses. They completely surrounded the gorilla, and he could not see my father nor did he remember to twist his arms.

Chapter 9: My Father Makes a Bridge

My father walked back and forth along the bank trying to think of some way to cross the river. He found a high flagpole with a rope going over to the other side. The rope went through a loop at the top of the pole and then down the pole and around a large crank. A sign on the crank said:

TO SUMMON DRAGON, YANK THE CRANK REPORT DISORDERLY CONDUCT TO GORILLA

From what the cat had told my father, he knew that the other end of the rope was tied around the dragon's neck, and he felt sorrier than ever for the poor dragon. If he were on this side, the gorilla would twist his wings until it hurt so much that he'd have to fly to the other side. If he were on the other side, the gorilla would crank the rope until the dragon would either choke to death or fly back to this side. What a life for a baby dragon!

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My father knew that if he called to the dragon to come across the river, the gorilla would surely hear him, so he thought about climbing the pole and going across the rope. The pole was very high, and even if he could get to the top without being seen he'd have to go all the way across hand over hand. The river was very muddy, and all sorts of unfriendly things might live in it, but my father could think of no other way to get across. He was about to start up the pole when, despite all the noise the monkeys were making, he heard a loud splash behind him. He looked all around in the water but it was dusk now, and he couldn't see anything there.



"It's me, Crocodile," said a voice to the left. "The water's lovely, and I have such a craving for something sweet. Won't you come in for a swim?"

A pale moon came out from behind the clouds and my father could see where the voice was coming from. The crocodile's head was just peeping out of the water.

"Oh, no thank you," said my father. "I never swim after sundown, but I do have something sweet to offer you. Perhaps you'd like a lollipop, and perhaps you have friends who would like lollipops, too?"

"Lollipops!" said the crocodile. "Why, that is a treat! How about it, boys?"

A whole chorus of voices shouted, "Hurrah! Lollipops!" and my father counted as many as seventeen crocodiles with their heads just peeping out of the water.

"That's fine," said my father as he got out the two dozen pink lollipops and the rubber bands. "I'll stick one here in the bank. Lollipops last longer if you keep them out of the water, you know. Now, one of you can have this one."

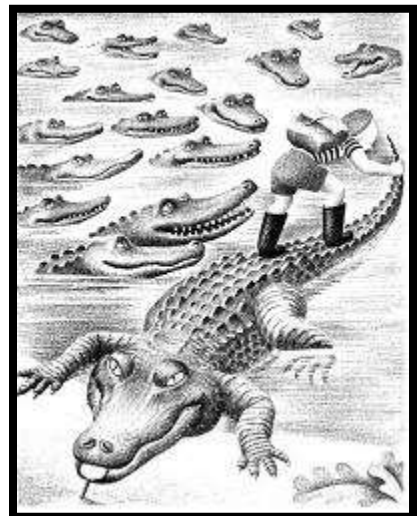
The crocodile who had first spoken swam up and tasted it. "Delicious, mighty delicious!" he said.

"Now if you don't mind," said my father, "I'll just walk along your back and fasten another lollipop to the tip of your tail with a rubber band. You don't mind, do you?"

"Oh no, not in the least," said the crocodile.

"Can you get your tail out of the water just a bit?" asked my father.

"Yes, of course," said the crocodile, and he lifted up his tail. Then my father ran along his back and fastened another lollipop with a rubber band.



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"Who's next?" said my father, and a second crocodile swam up and began sucking on that lollipop.

"Now, you gentlemen can save a lot of time if you just line up across the river," said my father, "and I'll be along to give you each a lollipop."

So the crocodiles lined up right across the river with their tails in the air, waiting for my father to fasten on the rest of the lollipops. The tail of the seventeenth crocodile just reached the other bank.

Chapter 10: My Father Finds the Dragon

When my father was crossing the back of the fifteenth crocodile with two more lollipops to go, the noise of the monkeys suddenly stopped, and he could hear a much bigger noise getting louder every second. Then he could hear seven furious tigers and one raging rhinoceros and two seething lions and one ranting gorilla along with countless screeching monkeys, led by two extremely irate wild boars, all yelling, "It's a trick! It's a trick! There's an invasion and it must be after our dragon. Kill it! Kill it!" The whole crowd stampeded down to the bank.

As my father was fixing the seventeenth lollipop for the last crocodile he heard a wild boar scream, "Look, it came this way! It's over there now, see! The crocodiles made a bridge for it,"



and just as my father leapt onto the other bank one of the wild boars jumped onto the back of the first crocodile. My father didn't have a moment to spare.

By now the dragon realized that my father was coming to rescue him. He ran out of the bushes and jumped up and down yelling, "Here I am! I'm right here! Can you see me? Hurry, the boar is coming over on the crocodiles, too.

They're all coming over! Oh, please hurry, hurry!" The noise was simply terrific.

My father ran up to the dragon, and took out his very sharp jackknife. "Steady, old boy, steady. We'll make it. Just stand still," he told the dragon as he began to saw through the big rope.

By this time both boars, all seven tigers, the two lions, the rhinoceros, and the gorilla, along with the countless screeching monkeys, were all on their way across the crocodiles and there was still a lot of rope to cut through.



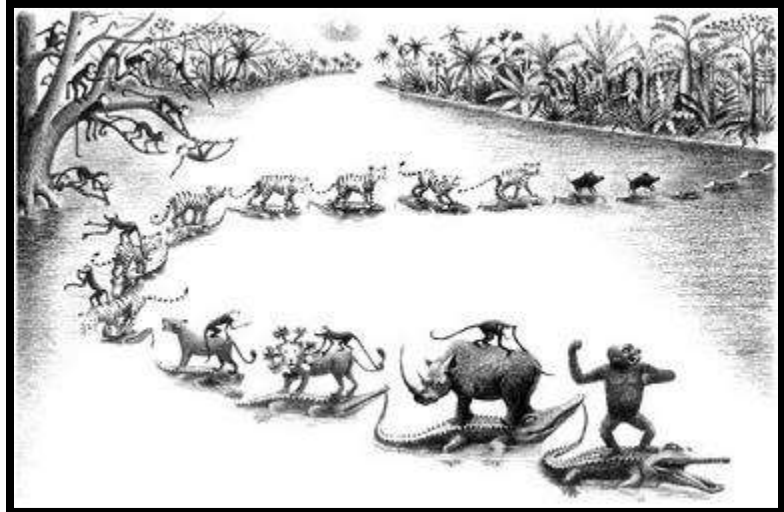
KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Oh, hurry," the dragon kept saying, and my father again told him to stand still.

"If I don't think I can make it," said my father, "we'll fly over to the other side of the river and I can finish cutting the rope there."

Suddenly the screaming grew louder and madder and my father thought the animals must have crossed the river. He looked around, and saw something which surprised and delighted him. Partly because he had finished his lollipop, and partly because, as I told you before, crocodiles are very moody and not the least bit dependable and are always looking for something to eat, the first crocodile had turned away from the bank and started swimming down the river. The second crocodile hadn't finished yet, so he followed right after the first, still sucking his lollipop. All the rest did the same thing, one right after the other, until they were all swimming away in a line. The two wild boars, the seven tigers, the rhinoceros, the two lions, the gorilla, along with the countless screeching monkeys, were all riding down the middle of the river on the train of crocodiles sucking pink lollipops, and all yelling and screaming and getting their feet wet.

My father and the dragon laughed themselves weak because it was such a silly sight. As soon as they had recovered, my father finished cutting the rope and the dragon raced around in circles and tried to turn a somersault. He was the most excited baby dragon that ever lived. My father was in a hurry to fly away, and when the dragon finally calmed down a bit my father climbed up onto his back.



"All aboard!" said the dragon. "Where shall we go?"

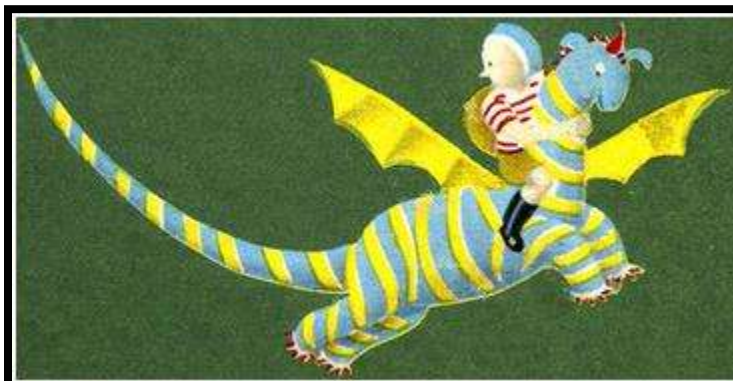
"We'll spend the night on the beach, and tomorrow we'll start on the long journey home. So, it's off to the shores of Tangerina!" shouted my father as the dragon soared above the dark jungle and the muddy river and all the animals bellowing at them and all the crocodiles licking pink lollipops and grinning wide grins. After all, what did the crocodiles care about a way to cross the river, and what a fine feast they were carrying on their backs!

As my father and the dragon passed over the Ocean Rocks they heard a tiny excited voice scream, "Bum cack! Bum cack! We dreed our nagon! I mean, we need our dragon!"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

But my father and the dragon knew that nothing in the world would ever make them go back to Wild Island.

THE END.



The Great Big Treasury of Beatrix Potter

Chapter 1: The Tale of Peter Rabbit

Once upon a time there were four little Rabbits, and their names were-Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail, and Peter. They lived with their Mother in a sand-bank, underneath the root of a very big fir tree.



"Now, my dears," said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, "you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden: your Father had an accident there; he was put in a pie by Mrs. McGregor. Now run along, and don't get into mischief. I am going out."



Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella, and went through the wood to the baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.



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Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail, who were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries;



But Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight away to Mr. McGregor's garden, and squeezed under the gate! First he ate some lettuces and some French beans; and then he ate some radishes; And then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley.



But round the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor!



Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees planting out young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, "Stop thief."



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Peter was most dreadfully frightened; he rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate. He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other shoe amongst the potatoes.



After losing them, he ran on four legs and went faster, so that I think he might have got away altogether if he had not unfortunately run into a gooseberry net, and got caught by the large buttons on his jacket.



It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new. Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears; but his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows, who flew to him in great excitement, and implored him to exert himself.



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Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve, which he intended to pop upon the top of Peter; but Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him.



And rushed into the toolshed, and jumped into a can. It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in, if it had not had so much water in it.



Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the toolshed, perhaps hidden underneath a flowerpot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.



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Presently Peter sneezed- "Kertyschoo!" Mr. McGregor was after him in no time, and tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr. McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work.



Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go. Also he was very damp with sitting in that can. After a time he began to wander about, going lippity-lippity-not very fast, and looking all around. He found a door in a wall; but it was locked, and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath.



An old mouse was running in and out over the stone doorstep, carrying peas and beans to her family in the wood. Peter asked her the way to the gate, but she had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not answer. She only shook her head at him. Peter began to cry.



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Then he tried to find his way straight across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently, he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water cans. A white cat was staring at some goldfish; she sat very, very still, but now and then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive. Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her; he has heard about cats from his cousin, little Benjamin Bunny.



He went back towards the toolshed, but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe-scr-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scritch. Peter scuttered underneath the bushes. But presently, as nothing happened, he came out, and climbed upon a wheelbarrow, and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing onions. His back was turned towards Peter, and beyond him was the gate!



Peter got down very quietly off the wheelbarrow, and started running as fast as he could go, along a straight walk behind some black-currant bushes.



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Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped underneath the gate, and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden. Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scarecrow to frighten the blackbirds.



Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got home to the big fir tree. He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit-hole, and shut his eyes. His mother was busy cooking; she wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost in a fortnight!



I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening. His mother put him to bed, and made some chamomile tea; and she gave a dose of it to Peter! "One tablespoonful to be taken at bedtime."



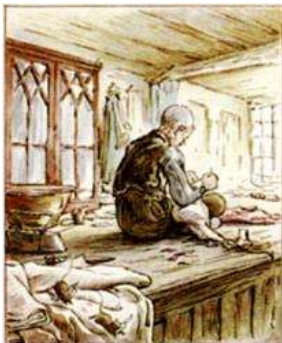
KINDERGARTEN PROSE

But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.



Chapter 2: The Tailor of Gloucester

In the time of swords and periwigs and full-skirted coats with flowered lappets-when gentlemen wore ruffles, and gold-laced waistcoats of paduasoy and taffeta-there lived a tailor in Gloucester. He sat in the window of a little shop in Westgate Street, cross-legged on a table, from morning till dark. All day long while the light lasted he sewed and snipped, piecing out his satin and pompadour, and lutestring; stuffs had strange names, and were very expensive in the days of the



Tailor of Gloucester. But although he sewed fine silk for his neighbors, he himself was very, very poor-a little old man in spectacles, with a pinched face, old crooked fingers, and a suit of thread-bare clothes.

He cut his coats without waste, according to his embroidered cloth; they were very small ends and snippets that lay about upon the table-"Too narrow breadths for naught-except waistcoats for mice," said the tailor. One bitter cold day near Christmastime the tailor began to make a coat-a coat of cherry-colored corded silk embroidered with pansies and roses, and a cream colored satin waistcoat-trimmed with gauze and green worsted chenille-for the Mayor of Gloucester. The tailor worked and worked, and he talked to himself. He measured the silk, and turned it round and round, and trimmed it into shape with his shears; the table was all littered with cherry-colored snippets. "No breadth at all, and cut on the cross; it is no breadth at all; tippets for mice and ribbons for mobs! for mice!" said the Tailor of Gloucester.



When the snowflakes came down against the small leaded window-panes and shut out the light, the tailor had done his day's work; all the silk and satin lay cut out upon the table. There were twelve pieces for the coat and four pieces for the waistcoat; and there were pocket flaps and cuffs, and buttons all in order. For the lining of the coat there was fine yellow taffeta; and for the button-holes of the waistcoat, there was cherry-colored twist. And everything was ready to sew

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

together in the morning, all measured and sufficient-except that there was wanting just one single skein of cherry-colored twisted silk.

The tailor came out of his shop at dark, for he did not sleep there at nights; he fastened the window and locked the door, and took away the key. No one lived there at night but little brown mice, and they run in and out without any keys! For behind the wooden wainscots of all the old houses in Gloucester, there are little mouse staircases and secret trap-doors; and the mice run from house to house through those long narrow passages; they can run all over the town without going into the streets.



But the tailor came out of his shop, and shuffled home through the snow. He lived quite nearby in College Court, next the doorway to College Green; and although it was not a big house, the tailor was so poor he only rented the kitchen. He lived alone with his cat; it was called Simpkin.

Now all day long while the tailor was out at work, Simpkin kept house by himself; and he also was fond of the mice, though he gave them no satin for coats! "Miaw?" said the cat when the tailor opened the door. "Miaw?" The tailor replied-"Simpkin, we shall make our fortune, but I am worn to a raveling. Take this groat (which is our last fourpence) and Simpkin, take a china pipkin; buy a penn'orth of bread, a penn'orth of milk and a penn'orth of sausages. And oh, Simpkin, with the last penny of our fourpence buy me one penn'orth of cherry-colored silk. But do not lose the last penny of the fourpence, Simpkin, or I



am undone and worn to a thread-paper, for I have NO MORE TWIST."



Then Simpkin again said, "Miaw?" and took the groat and the pipkin, and went out into the dark. The tailor was very tired and beginning to be ill. He sat down by the hearth and talked to himself about that wonderful coat. "I shall make my fortune-to be cut bias-the Mayor of Gloucester is to be married on Christmas Day in the morning, and he hath ordered a coat and an embroidered waistcoat-to be lined with yellow taffeta-and the taffeta sufficeth; there is no more left over in snippets than will serve to make tippets for mice--" Then the tailor started; for suddenly, interrupting him, from the dresser at the other side of the kitchen came a number of little noises-Tip tap, tip tap, tip tap tip! "Now what can that be?" said the Tailor of Gloucester, jumping up from his chair. The dresser was covered with crockery and pipkins, willow pattern plates, and tea-cups and mugs.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE



The tailor crossed the kitchen, and stood quite still beside the dresser, listening, and peering through his spectacles. Again from under a tea-cup, came those funny little noises-Tip tap, tip tap, Tip tap tip! "This is very peculiar," said the Tailor of Gloucester; and he lifted up the tea-cup which was upside down.

Out stepped a little live lady mouse, and made a curtsy to the tailor! Then she hopped away down off the dresser, and under the wainscot. The tailor sat down

again by the fire, warming his poor cold hands, and mumbling to himself--"The waistcoat is cut out from peach-colored satin-tambour stitch and rose-buds in beautiful floss silk. Was I wise to entrust my last fourpence to Simpkin? One-and-twenty button-holes of cherry-colored twist!" But all at once, from the dresser, there came other little noises: Tip tap, tip tap, tip tap tip! "This is passing extraordinary!" said the Tailor of Gloucester, and turned over another tea-cup, which was upside down.



Out stepped a little gentleman mouse, and made a bow to the tailor! And then from all over the dresser came a chorus of little tappings, all sounding together, and answering one another, like watch-beetles in an old worm-eaten window-shutter- Tip tap, tip tap, tip tap tip! And out from under tea-cups and from under bowls and basins, stepped other and more little mice who hopped away down off the dresser and under the wainscot.



The tailor sat down, close over the fire, lamenting-"One-and-twenty button-holes of cherry-colored silk! To be finished by noon of Saturday: and this is Tuesday evening. Was it right to let loose those mice, undoubtedly the property of Simpkin? Alack, I am undone, for I have no more twist!" The little mice came out again, and listened to the tailor; they took notice of the pattern of that wonderful coat. They listening to one another about the taffeta lining, and about little mouse tippets. And then all at once they all ran away together down the passage behind the wainscot, squeaking and calling to one another, as they ran from house to house; and not one mouse was left in the tailor's kitchen when Simpkin came back with the pipkin of milk!



Simpkin opened the door and bounced in, with an angry "G-r-r-miaw!" like a cat that is vexed: for he hated the snow, and there was snow in his ears, and snow in his collar at the back of his neck. He put down the loaf and the sausages upon the dresser, and sniffed. "Simpkin," said the tailor, "where is my twist?" But Simpkin set down the pipkin of milk upon the dresser, and

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

looked suspiciously at the tea-cups. He wanted his supper of little fat mouse! "Simpkin," said the tailor, "where is my TWIST?"

But Simpkin hid a little parcel privately in the teapot, and spit and growled at the tailor; and if Simpkin had been able to talk, he would have asked: "Where is my MOUSE?" "Alack, I am undone!" said the Tailor of Gloucester, and went sadly to bed. All that night long Simpkin hunted and searched through the kitchen, peeping into cupboards and under the wainscot, and into the tea-pot where he had hidden that twist; but still he found never a mouse! Whenever the



tailor muttered and talked in his sleep, Simpkin said "Miaw-ger-r-w-s-s-ch!" and made strange horrid noises, as cats do at night. For the poor old tailor was very ill with a fever, tossing and turning in his four-post bed; and still in his dreams he mumbled-"No more twist! no more twist!" All that day he was ill, and the next day, and the next; and what should become of the cherry-colored coat? In the tailor's shop in Westgate Street the embroidered silk and satin lay cut out upon the table-one-and-twenty button-holes-and who should come to sew them, when the window was barred, and the door was locked?



But that does not hinder the little brown mice; they run in and out without any keys through all the old houses in Gloucester!

Out of doors the market folks went trudging through the snow to buy their geese and turkeys, and to bake their Christmas pies; but there would be no Christmas dinner for Simpkin and the poor old Tailor of Gloucester. The tailor lay ill for three days and nights; and then it was Christmas Eve, and very late at night. The moon climbed up over the roofs and chimneys, and looked down over the gateway into College Court. There were no lights in the windows, nor any sound in the



houses; all the streets of Gloucester was fast asleep under the snow. And still Simpkin wanted his mice, and he mewed as he stood beside the four-post bed.

But it is in the old story that all the beasts can talk, in the night between Christmas Eve and Christmas Day in the morning (though there are very few folk that can hear them, or know what it is that they say). When the Cathedral clock struck twelve there was an answer-like an echo of the chimes-and Simpkin heard it, and came out of the tailor's door, and wandered about in the snow. From all the roofs and gables and old

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

wooden houses in Gloucester came a thousand merry voices singing the old Christmas rhymes-all the old songs that ever I heard of, and some that I don't know, like Whittington's bells.



First and loudest the cocks cried out: "Dame, get up, and bake your pies!" "Oh, dilly, dilly, dilly!" sighed Simpkin. And now in a garret there were lights and sounds of dancing, and cats came from over the way. "Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle! All the cats in Gloucester-except me," said Simpkin. Under the wooden eaves the starlings and sparrows sang of Christmas pies; the jack-daws woke up in the Cathedral tower; and although it was the middle of the night the throstles and robins sang; the air was quite full of little twittering tunes.

But it was all rather provoking to poor hungry Simpkin! Particularly he was vexed with some little shrill voices from behind a wooden lattice. I think that they were bats, because they always have very small voices-especially in a black frost, when they talk in their sleep, like the Tailor of Gloucester. They said something mysterious that sounded like-

"Buz, quoth the blue fly, hum, quoth the bee,

Buz and hum they cry, and so do we!"

and Simpkin went away shaking his ears as if he had a bee in his bonnet.

From the tailor's shop in Westgate came a glow of light; and when Simpkin crept up to peep in at the window it was full of candles. There was a snippeting of scissors, and snappeting of thread; and little mouse voices sang loudly and gaily-

*"Four-and-twenty tailors, went to catch a snail,
The best man amongst them, durst not touch her tail,*

*She put out her horns, like a little kyloe cow,
Run, tailors, run! or she'll have you all e'en now!"*

Then without a pause the little mouse voices went on again:

*"Sieve my lady's oatmeal, grind my lady's flour,
Put it in a chestnut, let it stand an hour-"*



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"Mew! Mew!" interrupted Simpkin, and he scratched at the door. But the key was under the tailor's pillow, he could not get in.

The little mice only laughed, and tried another tune-

"Three little mice sat down to spin, pussy passed by and she peeped in.

What are you at, my fine little men? Making coats for gentlemen.

Shall I come in and cut off yours threads? Oh, no, Miss Pussy, you'd bite off our heads!"

"Mew! Mew!" cried Simpkin.

"Hey diddle dinketty?" answered the little mice-"Hey diddle dinketty, poppetty pet! The merchants of London they wear scarlet;

Silk in the collar, and gold in the hem, so merrily march the merchantmen!"



They clicked their thimbles to mark the time, but none of the songs pleased Simpkin; he sniffed and mewed at the door of the shop.

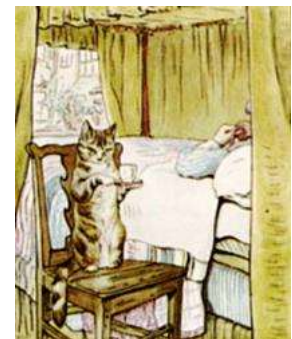
"And then I bought, a pipkin and a popkin, a slipkin and a slopkin,

All for one farthing--and upon the kitchen dresser!" added the rude little mice.

"Mew! scratch! scratch!" scuffled Simpkin on the window-sill; while the little mice inside sprang to their feet, and all began to shout at once in little twittering voices: "No more twist! No more twist!" And they barred up the window shutters and shut out Simpkin.

But still through the nicks in the shutters he could hear the click of thimbles, and little mouse voices singing-"No more twist! No more twist!"

Simpkin came away from the shop and went home, considering in his mind. He found the poor old tailor without fever, sleeping peacefully.



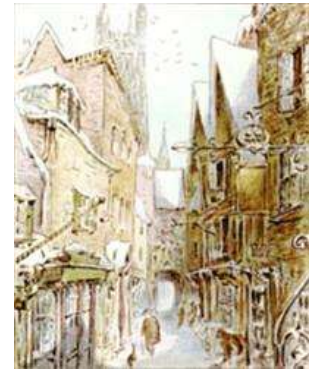
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Then Simpkin went on tip-toe and took a little parcel of silk out of the teapot, and looked at it in the moonlight; and he felt quite ashamed of his badness compared with those good little mice!

When the tailor awoke in the morning, the first thing which he saw upon the patchwork quilt, was a skein of cherry-colored twisted silk, and beside his bed stood the repentant Simpkin!

When the tailor awoke in the morning, the first thing which he saw, upon the patchwork quilt, was a skein of cherry-colored twisted silk, and beside his bed stood the repentant Simpkin!

"Alack, I am worn to a raveling," said the Tailor of Gloucester, "but I have my twist!" The sun was shining on the snow when the tailor got up and dressed, and came out into the street with Simpkin running before him. The starlings whistled on the chimney stacks, and the throstles and robins sang-but they sang their own little noises, not the words they had sung in the night.



"Alack," said the tailor, "I have my twist; but no more strength-nor time-than will serve to make me one single button-hole; for this is Christmas Day in the Morning! The Mayor of Gloucester shall be married by noon-and where is his cherry-colored coat?" He unlocked the door of the little shop in Westgate Street, and Simpkin ran in, like a cat that expects something. But there was no one there! Not even one little brown mouse! The boards were swept clean; the little ends of thread and the little silk snippets were all tidied away, and gone from off the floor.



But upon the table-oh joy! the tailor gave a shout-there, where he had left plain cuttings of silk-there lay the most beautifullest coat and embroidered satin waistcoat that ever were worn by a Mayor of Gloucester.

There were roses and pansies upon the facings of the coat; and the waistcoat was worked with poppies and corn-flowers. Everything was finished except just one single cherry-colored button-hole, and where that button-hole was wanting there was pinned a scrap of paper with these words-in little teeny-weeny writing-

NO MORE TWIST

And from then began the luck of the Tailor of Gloucester; he grew quite stout, and he grew quite rich.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

He made the most wonderful waistcoats for all the merchants of Gloucester, and for all the fine gentlemen of the country round. Never were seen such ruffles, or such embroidered cuffs and lappets! But his button-holes were the greatest triumph of it all. The stitches of those button-holes were so neat-so neat-I wonder how they could be stitched by an old man in spectacles, with crooked old fingers, and a tailor's thimble. The stitches of those button-holes were so small-so small-they looked as if they had been made by little mice!



THE END

Chapter 3: The Tale of Squirrel Nutkin

This is a Tale about a tail-a tail that belonged to a little red squirrel, and his name was Nutkin. He had a brother called Twinkleberry, and a great many cousins: they lived in a wood at the edge of a lake.



In the middle of the lake there is an island covered with trees and nut bushes; and amongst those trees stands a hollow oak-tree, which is the house of an owl who is called Old Brown.



One autumn when the nuts were ripe, and the leaves on the hazel bushes were golden and green-Nutkin and Twinkleberry and all the other little squirrels came out of the wood, and down to the edge of the lake.

They made little rafts out of twigs, and they paddled away over the water to Owl Island to gather nuts. Each squirrel had a little sack and a large oar, and spread out his tail for a sail.



They also took with them an offering of three fat mice as a present for Old Brown, and put them down upon his door-step. Then Twinkleberry and the other little squirrels each made a low bow, and said politely-"Old Mr. Brown, will you favor us with permission to gather nuts upon your island?"

But Nutkin was excessively impertinent in his manners. He bobbed up and down like a little red CHERRY, singing-



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Riddle me, riddle me, rot-tot-tote!
A little wee man, in a red red coat!
A staff in his hand, and a stone in his throat;
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a groat."

Now this riddle is as old as the hills; Mr. Brown paid no attention whatever to Nutkin. He shut his eyes obstinately and went to sleep.



Now this riddle is as old as the hills; Mr. Brown paid no attention whatever to Nutkin. He shut his eyes obstinately and went to sleep.>The squirrels filled their little sacks with nuts, and sailed home in the evening.

But next morning they all came back again to Owl Island; and Twinkleberry and the others brought a fine fat mole, and laid it on the stone in front of Old Brown's doorway, and said-"Mr. Brown, will you favor us with your gracious permission to gather some more nuts?"

But Nutkin, who had no respect, began to dance up and down, tickling old Mr. Brown with a NETTLE and singing-

"Old Mr. B! Riddle-me-ree!
Hitty Pitty within the wall,
Hitty Pitty without the wall;
If you touch Hitty Pitty,
Hitty Pitty will bite you!"

Mr. Brown woke up suddenly and carried the mole into his house. He shut the door in Nutkin's face.



Presently a little thread of blue SMOKE from a wood fire came up from the top of the tree, and Nutkin peeped through the key-hole and sang-

"A house full, a hole full!
And you cannot gather a bowl-full!"



The squirrels searched for nuts all over the island and filled their little sacks.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

But Nutkin gathered oak-apples-yellow and scarlet-and sat upon a beech-stump playing marbles, and watching the door of old Mr. Brown.



On the third day the squirrels got up very early and went fishing; they caught seven fat minnows as a present for Old Brown.

They paddled over the lake and landed under a crooked chestnut tree on Owl Island.

Twinkleberry and six other little squirrels each carried a fat minnow; but Nutkin, who had no nice manners, brought no present at all. He ran in front, singing-

"The man in the wilderness said to me,
'How may strawberries grow in the sea?'
I answered him as I thought good-
'As many red herrings as grow in the wood.'"

But old Mr. Brown took no interest in riddles-not even when the answer was provided for him.



On the fourth day the squirrels brought a present of six fat beetles, which were as good as plums in PLUM-PUDDING for Old Brown. Each beetle was wrapped up carefully in a dock leaf, fastened with a pine-needle-pin.

But Nutkin sang as rudely as ever-

"Old Mr. B! riddle-me-ree!
Flour of England, fruit of Spain,
Met together in a shower of rain;
Put in a bag tied round with a string,
If you'll tell me this riddle,
I'll give you a ring!"



Which was ridiculous of Nutkin, because he had not got any ring to give to Old Brown.



The other squirrels hunted up and down the nut bushes; but Nutkin gathered robin's pin-cushions off a briar bush, and stuck them full of pine-needle-pins.

On the fifth day the squirrels brought a present of wild honey; it was so sweet and sticky that they licked their fingers as they put it down upon the stone. They had stolen it out of a bumble BEES' nest on the tippity top of the hill.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

But Nutkin skipped up and down, singing-

"Hum-a-bum! buzz! buzz! Hum-a-bum buzz!
As I went over Tipple-tine
I met a flock of bonny swine;
Some yellow-nacked, some yellow backed!
They were the very bonniest swine
That e'er went over the Tipple-tine."



Old Mr. Brown turned up his eyes in disgust at the impertinence of Nutkin. But he ate up the honey!



The squirrels filled their little sacks with nuts.

But Nutkin sat upon a big flat rock, and played ninepins with a crab apple and green fir-cones.

On the sixth day, which was Saturday, the squirrels came again for the last time; they brought a new-laid EGG in a little rush basket as a last parting present for Old Brown.



But Nutkin ran in front laughing, and shouting-

"Humpty Dumpty lies in the beck,
With a white counterpane round his neck,
Forty doctors and forty wrights,
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty to rights!"

Now old Mr. Brown took an interest in eggs; he opened one eye and shut it again. But still he did not speak.

Nutkin became more and more impertinent-

"Old Mr. B! Old Mr. B!
Hickamore, Hackamore, on the King's kitchen door;
All the King's horses, and all the King's men,
Couldn't drive Hickamore, Hackamore,
Off the King's kitchen door!"



Nutkin danced up and down like a SUNBEAM; but still Old Brown said nothing at all.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Nutkin began again-

"Arthur O'Bower has broken his band,
He comes roaring up the land!
The King of Scots with all his power,
Cannot turn Arthur of the Bower!"

Nutkin made a whirring noise to sound like the WIND, and he took a running jump right onto the head of Old Brown! . . .



Then all at once there was a flutterment and a scufflement and a loud "Squeak!" The other squirrels scattered away into the bushes.



When they came back very cautiously, peeping round the tree-there was Old Brown sitting on his door-step, quite still, with his eyes closed, as if nothing had happened.

But Nutkin was in his waistcoat pocket.

This looks like the end of the story; but it isn't.

Old Brown carried Nutkin into his house, and held him up by the tail, intending to skin him; but Nutkin pulled so very hard that his tail broke in two, and he dashed up the staircase, and escaped out of the attic window.



And to this day, if you meet Nutkin up a tree and ask him a riddle, he will throw sticks at you, and stamp his feet and scold, and shout-"Cuck-cuck-cuck-cur-r-r-cuck-k!"

Chapter 4: The Tale of Benjamin Bunny

One morning a little rabbit sat on a bank.

He pricked his ears and listened to the trit-trot, trit-trot of a pony.

A gig was coming along the road; it was driven by Mr. McGregor, and beside him sat Mrs. McGregor in her best bonnet.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

As soon as they had passed, little Benjamin Bunny slid down into the road, and set off-with a hop, skip, and a jump-to call upon his relations, who lived in the wood at the back of Mr. McGregor's garden.

That wood was full of rabbit holes; and in the neatest, sandiest hole of all lived Benjamin's aunt and his cousins-Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail, and Peter.

Old Mrs. Rabbit was a widow; she earned her living by knitting rabbit-wool mittens and muffatees (I once bought a pair at a bazaar). She also sold herbs, and rosemary tea, and rabbit-tobacco (which is what we call lavender).



Little Benjamin did not very much want to see his Aunt.

He came round the back of the fir-tree, and nearly tumbled upon the top of his Cousin Peter.

Peter was sitting by himself. He looked poorly, and was dressed in a red cotton pocket-handkerchief.

"Peter," said little Benjamin, in a whisper, "who has got your clothes?"

Peter replied, "The scarecrow in Mr. McGregor's garden," and described how he had been chased about the garden, and had dropped his shoes and coat.

Little Benjamin sat down beside his cousin and assured him that Mr. McGregor had gone out in a gig, and Mrs. McGregor also; and certainly for the day, because she was wearing her best bonnet.

Peter said he hoped that it would rain.



At this point old Mrs. Rabbit's voice was heard inside the rabbit hole, calling: "Cotton-tail! Cotton-tail! fetch some more chamomile!"

Peter said he thought he might feel better if he went for a walk.

They went away hand in hand, and got upon the flat top of the wall at the bottom of the wood. From here they looked down into Mr. McGregor's garden. Peter's coat and shoes were plainly to be seen upon

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

the scarecrow, topped with an old tam-o'-shanter of Mr. McGregor's.

Little Benjamin said: "It spoils people's clothes to squeeze under a gate; the proper way to get in is to climb down a pear-tree."

Peter fell down head first; but it was of no consequence, as the bed below was newly raked and quite soft.

It had been sown with lettuces.



They left a great many odd little footmarks all over the bed, especially little Benjamin, who was wearing clogs.

Little Benjamin said that the first thing to be done was to get back Peter's clothes, in order that they might be able to use the pocket-handkerchief.

They took them off the scarecrow. There had been rain during the night; there was water in the shoes, and the coat was somewhat shrunk.

Benjamin tried on the tam-o'-shanter, but it was too big for him.

Then he suggested that they should fill the pocket-handkerchief with onions, as a little present for his Aunt.



Peter did not seem to be enjoying himself; he kept hearing noises.

Benjamin, on the contrary, was perfectly at home, and ate a lettuce leaf. He said that he was in the habit of coming to the garden with his father to get lettuces for their Sunday dinner.

(The name of little Benjamin's papa was old Mr. Benjamin Bunny.)

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

The lettuces certainly were very fine.

Peter did not eat anything; he said he should like to go home. Presently he dropped half the onions.



Little Benjamin said that it was not possible to get back up the pear-tree with a load of vegetables. He led the way boldly towards the other end of the garden. They went along a little walk on planks, under a sunny, red brick wall.



The mice sat on their doorsteps cracking cherry-stones; they winked at Peter Rabbit and little Benjamin Bunny.

Presently Peter let the pocket-handkerchief go again.

They got amongst flower-pots, and frames, and tubs. Peter heard noises worse than ever; his eyes were as big as lollipops!

He was a step or two in front of his cousin when he suddenly stopped.



This is what those little rabbits saw round that corner!

Little Benjamin took one look, and then, in half a minute less than no time, he hid himself and Peter and the onions underneath a large blanket...

The cat got up and stretched herself, and came and sniffed at the basket.

Perhaps she liked the smell of onions!

Anyway, she sat down upon the top of the basket.

She sat there for five hours.

I cannot draw you a picture of Peter and Benjamin underneath the basket, because it was quite dark, and because the smell of onions was fearful; it made Peter Rabbit and little Benjamin cry.

The sun got round behind the wood, and it was quite late in the afternoon; but still the cat sat upon the basket.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

At length there was a pitter-patter, pitter-patter, and some bits of mortar fell from the wall above.



The cat looked up and saw old Mr. Benjamin Bunny prancing along the top of the wall of the upper terrace.

He was smoking a pipe of rabbit-tobacco, and had a little switch in his hand.

He was looking for his son.

Old Mr. Bunny had no opinion whatever of cats. He took a tremendous jump off the top of the wall on to the top of the cat, and cuffed it off the basket, and kicked it into the greenhouse, scratching off a handful of fur.

The cat was too much surprised to scratch back.

When old Mr. Bunny had driven the cat into the greenhouse, he locked the door.

Then he came back to the basket and took out his son Benjamin by the ears, and whipped him with the little switch.



Then he took out his nephew Peter.

Then he took out the handkerchief of onions, and marched out of the garden.

When Mr. McGregor returned about half an hour later he observed several things which perplexed him.

It looked as though some person had been walking all over the garden in a pair of clogs-only the footmarks were too ridiculously little!

Also he could not understand how the cat could have managed to shut herself up inside the greenhouse, locking the door upon the outside.

When Peter got home his mother forgave him, because she was so glad to see that he had found his shoes and coat. Cotton-tail and Peter folded up the pocket-handkerchief, and old Mrs. Rabbit strung up the onions and hung them from the kitchen ceiling, with the bunches of herbs and the rabbit-tobacco.



Chapter 5: The Tale of Two Bad Mice

Once upon a time there was a very beautiful doll's-house; it was red brick with white windows, and it had real muslin curtains and a front door and a chimney.



It belonged to two Dolls called Lucinda and Jane; at least it belonged to Lucinda, but she never ordered meals.



Jane was the Cook; but she never did any cooking, because the dinner had been bought ready-made, in a box full of shavings. There were two red lobsters and a ham, a fish, a pudding, and some pears and oranges. They would not come off the plates, but they were extremely beautiful.

One morning Lucinda and Jane had gone out for a drive in the doll's perambulator. There was no one in the nursery, and it was very quiet. Presently there was a little scuffling, scratching noise in a corner near the fireplace, where there was a hole under the skirting-board.



Tom Thumb put out his head for a moment, and then popped it in again. Tom Thumb was a mouse.



A minute afterwards, Hunca Munca, his wife, put her head out, too; and when she saw that there was no one in the nursery, she ventured out on the oilcloth under the coal-box.

The doll's-house stood at the other side of the fireplace. Tom Thumb and Hunca Munca went cautiously across the hearthrug. They pushed the front door-it was not fast.

Tom Thumb and Hunca Munca went upstairs and peeped into the dining room. Then they squeaked with joy!

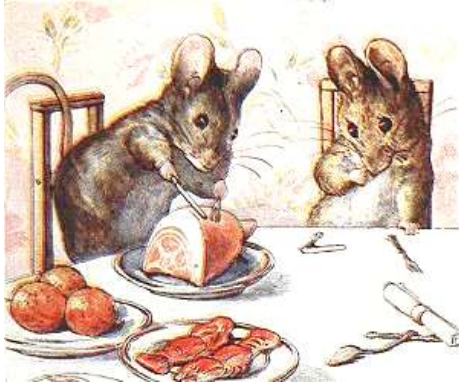
Such a lovely dinner was laid out upon the table! There were tin spoons, and lead knives and forks, and two dolly-chairs-all so convenient!

Tom Thumb set to work at once to carve the ham. It was a beautiful shiny yellow, streaked with red.

The knife crumpled up and hurt him; he put his finger in his mouth.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"It is not boiled enough; it is hard. You have a try, Hunca Munca."



Hunca Munca stood up in her chair, and chopped at the ham with another lead knife.

"It's as hard as the hams at the cheesemonger's," said Hunca Munca.

The ham broke off the plate with a jerk, and rolled under the table.

"Let it alone," said Tom Thumb; "give me some fish, Hunca Munca!"

Hunca Munca tried every tin spoon in turn; the fish was glued to the dish.

Then Tom Thumb lost his temper. He put the ham in the middle of the floor, and hit it with the tongs and with the shovel-bang, bang, smash, smash!

The ham flew all into pieces, for underneath the shiny paint it was made of nothing but plaster!

Then there was no end to the rage and disappointment of Tom Thumb and Hunca Munca. They broke up the pudding, the lobsters, the pears and the oranges.



As the fish would not come off the plate, they put it into the red-hot crinkly paper fire in the kitchen; but it would not burn either.



Tom Thumb went up the kitchen chimney and looked out at the top- there was no soot.

While Tom Thumb was up the chimney, Hunca Munca had another disappointment. She found some tiny canisters upon the dresser, labelled- Rice-Coffee-Sago-but when she turned them upside down, there was nothing inside except red and blue beads.



Then those mice set to work to do all the mischief they could-especially Tom Thumb! He took Jane's clothes out of the chest of drawers in her bedroom, and he threw them out of the top floor window.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

But Hunca Munca had a frugal mind. After pulling half the feathers out of Lucinda's bolster, she remembered that she herself was in want of a feather bed.



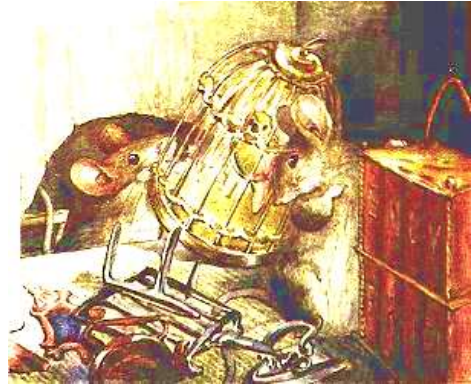
With Tom Thumbs' assistance she carried the bolster downstairs, and across the hearth rug. It was difficult to squeeze the bolster into the mouse hole; but they managed it somehow.

Then Hunca Munca went back and fetched a chair, a bookcase, a birdcage, and several small odds and ends. The bookcase and the birdcage refused to go into

the mouse hole.

Hunca Munca left them behind the coal-box, and went to fetch a cradle.

Hunca Munca was just returning with another chair, when suddenly there was a noise of talking outside upon the landing. The mice rushed back to their hole, and the dolls came into the nursery.



What a sight met the eyes of Jane and Lucinda! Lucinda sat upon the upset kitchen stove and stared; and Jane leant against the kitchen dresser and smiled-but neither of them made any remark.

The bookcase and the birdcage were rescued from under the coalbox-but Hunca Munca has got the cradle, and some of Lucinda's clothes.

She also has some useful pots and pans, and several other things.

The little girl that the doll's-house belonged to, said, "I will get a doll dressed like a policeman!"

But the nurse said, "I will set a mousetrap!"

So that is the story of the two Bad Mice,-but they were not so very very naughty after all, because Tom Thumb paid for everything he broke.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

He found a crooked sixpence under the hearth-rug; and upon Christmas Eve, he and Hunca Munca stuffed it into one of the stockings of Lucinda and Jane.



And very early every morning- before anybody is awake-Hunca Munca comes with her dust-pan and her broom to sweep the Dollies' house!

Chapter 6: The Tale of Mrs. Tiggy Winkle

Once upon a time there was a little girl called Lucie, who lived at a farm called Little-town. She was a good little girl-only she was always losing her pocket-handkerchiefs!

One day little Lucie came into the farmyard crying-oh, she did cry so! "I've lost my pocket-handkin! Three handkins and a pinny! Have you seen them, Tabby Kitten?" The Kitten went on washing her white paws; so Lucie asked a speckled hen-



"Sally Henny-penny, have YOU found three pocket-handkins?"

But the speckled hen ran into a barn, clucking-"I go barefoot, barefoot, barefoot!"



And then Lucie asked Cock Robin sitting on a twig. Cock Robin looked sideways at Lucie with his bright black eye, and he flew over a stile and away.

Lucie climbed upon the stile and looked up at the hill behind Little-town-a hill that goes up-up-into the clouds as though it had no top! And a great way up the hillside she thought she saw some white things spread upon the grass.

Lucie scrambled up the hill as fast as her short legs would carry her; she ran along a steep path-way-up and up-until Little-town was right away down below-she could have dropped a pebble down the chimney! Presently she came to a spring, bubbling out from the hillside.



Someone had stood a tin can upon a stone to catch the water-but the water was already running over, for the can was no bigger than an egg cup! And where the sand upon the path was wet-there were footmarks of a very small person.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Lucie ran on, and on. The path ended under a big rock. The grass was short and green, and there were clothes-props cut from bracken stems, with lines of plaited rushes, and a heap of tiny clothes pins-but no pocket-handkerchiefs!



But there was something else-a door! straight into the hill; and inside it someone was singing-

"Lily-white and clean, oh!
With little frills between, oh!
Smooth and hot-red rusty spot
Never here be seen, oh!"

Lucie knocked-once-twice, and interrupted the song. A little frightened voice called out "Who's that?"

Lucie opened the door: and what do you think there was inside the hill?-a nice clean kitchen with a flagged floor and wooden beams-just like any other farm kitchen. Only the ceiling was so low that Lucie's head nearly touched it; and the pots and pans were small, and so was everything there.



There was a nice hot singey smell; and at the table, with an iron in her hand, stood a very stout short person staring anxiously at Lucie.

Her print gown was tucked up, and she was wearing a large apron over her striped petticoat. Her little black nose went snuffle, snuffle, snuffle, and her eyes went twinkle, twinkle; and underneath her cap-where Lucie had yellow curls-that little person had prickles!

"Who are you?" said Lucie. "Have you seen my pocket-handkins?"

The little person made a bob- curtsey-"Oh yes, if you please'm; my name is Mrs. Tiggy-winkle; oh yes if you please'm, I'm an excellent clear-starcher!" And she took something out of the clothesbasket, and spread it on the ironing-blanket.



"What's that thing?" said Lucie- "that's not my pocket-handkin?"

"Oh no, if you please'm; that's a little scarlet waist-coat belonging to Cock Robin!" And she ironed it and folded it, and put it on one side.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Then she took something else off a clothes-horse-"That isn't my pinny?" said Lucie.

"Oh no, if you please'm; that's a damask table-cloth belonging to Jenny Wren; look how it's stained with currant wine! It's very bad to wash!" said Mrs. Tiggy-winkle.

Mrs. Tiggy-winkle's nose went sniffle sniffle snuffle, and her eyes went twinkle twinkle; and she fetched another hot iron from the fire.



"There's one of my pocket-handkins!" cried Lucie-"and there's my pinny!"

Mrs. Tiggy-winkle ironed it, and goffered it, and shook out the frills.

"Oh that is lovely!" said Lucie. "And what are those long yellow things with fingers like gloves?"

"Oh that's a pair of stockings belonging to Sally Henny-penny-look how she's worn the heels out with scratching in the yard! She'll very soon go barefoot!" said Mrs. Tiggy-winkle.

"Why, there's another hankersniff- but it isn't mine; it's red?"

"Oh no, if you please'm; that one belongs to old Mrs. Rabbit; and it did so smell of onions! I've had to wash it separately, I can't get out that smell."



"There's another one of mine," said Lucie. "What are those funny little white things?"

"That's a pair of mittens belonging to Tabby Kitten; I only have to iron them; she washes them herself."

"There's my last pocket-handkin!" said Lucie. "And what are you dipping into the basin of starch?"

"They're little dicky shirt-fronts belonging to Tom Titmouse-most terrible particular!" said Mrs. Tiggy-winkle. "Now I've finished my ironing; I'm going to air some clothes."

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"What are these dear soft fluffy things?" said Lucie.

"Oh those are woolly coats belonging to the little lambs at Skelghyl."

"Will their jackets take off?" asked Lucie.

"Oh yes, if you please'm; look at the sheep-mark on the shoulder. And here's one marked for Gatesgarth, and three that come from Little-town. They're always marked at washing!" said Mrs. Tiggy-winkle.



And she hung up all sorts and sizes of clothes-small brown coats of mice; and one velvety black moleskin waist-coat; and a red tail-coat with no tail belonging to Squirrel Nutkin; and a very much shrunk blue jacket belonging to Peter Rabbit; and a petticoat, not marked, that had gone lost in the washing-and at last the basket was empty!



Then Mrs. Tiggy-winkle made tea-a cup for herself and a cup for Lucie. They sat before the fire on a bench and looked sideways at one another. Mrs. Tiggy-winkle's hand, holding the tea-cup, was very very brown, and very very wrinkly with soap-suds; and all through her gown and her cap, there were hairpins sticking wrong end out; so that Lucie didn't like to sit too near her.

When they had finished tea, they tied up the clothes in bundles; and Lucie's pocket-handkerchiefs were folded up inside her clean pinny, and fastened with a silver safety pin. And then they made up the fire with turf, and came out and locked the door, and hid the key under the doorsill.

Then away down the hill trotted Lucie and Mrs. Tiggy-winkle with the bundles of clothes! All the way down the path little animals came out of the fern to meet them; the very first that they met were Peter Rabbit and Benjamin Bunny!

And she gave them their nice clean clothes; and all the little animals and birds were so very much obliged to dear Mrs. Tiggy-winkle.

So that at the bottom of the hill when they came to the stile, there was nothing left to carry except Lucie's one little bundle. Lucie scrambled up the stile with the bundle in her hand; and then she turned to say "Good-night," and to thank the washer-woman.-But what a very odd thing! Mrs. Tiggy-winkle had not waited either for thanks or for the washing bill!



KINDERGARTEN PROSE



She was running running running up the hill-and where was her white frilled cap? and her shawl? and her gown-and her petticoat?

And how small she had grown- and how brown-and covered with prickles!

Why! Mrs. Tiggy-winkle was nothing but a hedgehog!

(Now some people say that little Lucie had been asleep upon the stile-but then how could she have found three clean pocket-handkins and a pinny, pinned with a silver safety-pin?

And besides-I have seen that door into the back of the hill called Cat Bells-and besides I am very well acquainted with dear Mrs. Tiggy-winkle!)



Chapter 7: The Tale of the Pie and the Patty Pan

Once upon a time there was a Pussy-cat called Ribby, who invited a little dog called Duchess to tea.

"Come in good time, my dear Duchess," said Ribby's letter, "and we will have something so very nice. I am baking it in a pie-dish-a pie-dish with a pink rim. You never tasted anything so good! And YOU shall eat it all! I will eat muffins, my dear Duchess!" wrote Ribby.



"I will come very punctually, my dear Ribby," wrote Duchess; and then at the end she added-"I hope it isn't mouse?"

And then she thought that did not look quite polite; so she scratched out "isn't mouse" and changed it to "I hope it will be fine," and she gave her letter to the postman.

But she thought a great deal about Ribby's pie, and she read Ribby's letter over and over again.

"I am dreadfully afraid it WILL be mouse!" said Duchess to herself-"I really couldn't, COULDN'T eat mouse pie. And I shall have to eat it, because it is a party. And MY pie was going to be veal and ham. A pink and white pie-dish! and so is mine; just like Ribby's dishes; they were both bought at Tabitha Twitchit's."

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Duchess went into her larder and took the pie off a shelf and looked at it. "Oh what a good idea! Why shouldn't I rush along and put my pie into Ribby's oven when Ribby isn't there?"



Ribby in the meantime had received Duchess's answer, and as soon as she was sure that the little dog would come-she popped her pie into the oven. There were two ovens, one above the other; some other knobs and handles were only ornamental and not intended to open. Ribby put the pie into the lower oven; the door was very stiff.



"The top oven bakes too quickly," said Ribby to herself. Ribby put on some coal and swept up the hearth. Then she went out with a can to the well, for water to fill up the kettle. Then she began to set the room in order, for it was the sitting-room as well as the kitchen. When Ribby had laid the table she went out down the field to the farm, to fetch milk and butter.

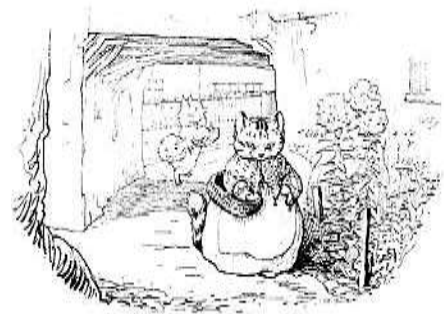
When she came back, she peeped into the bottom oven; the pie looked very comfortable. Ribby put on her shawl and bonnet and went out again with a basket, to the village shop to buy a packet of tea, a pound of lump sugar, and a pot of marmalade.

And just at the same time, Duchess came out of her house, at the other end of the village.

Ribby met Duchess half-way down the street, also carrying a basket, covered with a cloth. They only bowed to one another; they did not speak, because they were going to have a party.

As soon as Duchess had got round the corner out of sight-she simply ran! Straight away to Ribby's house!

Ribby went into the shop and bought what she required, and came out, after a pleasant gossip with Cousin Tabitha Twitchit. Ribby went on to Timothy Baker's and bought the muffins. Then she went home. There seemed to be a sort of scuffling noise in the back passage, as she was coming in at the front door. But there was nobody there.



Duchess in the meantime, had slipped out at the back door. "It is a very odd thing that Ribby's pie was not in the oven when I put mine in! And I can't find it anywhere; I have looked all over the house. I put my pie into a nice hot oven at the top. I could not turn any of the other handles; I think that they are all shams," said Duchess, "but I wish I could have removed the pie made of

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

mouse! I cannot think what she has done with it? I heard Ribby coming and I had to run out by the back door!" Duchess went home and brushed her beautiful black coat; and then she picked a bunch of flowers in her garden as a present for Ribby; and passed the time until the clock struck four.



Ribby-having assured herself by careful search that there was really no one hiding in the cupboard or in the larder-went upstairs to change her dress.

She came downstairs again, and made the tea, and put the teapot on the hob. She peeped again into the bottom oven, the pie had become a lovely brown, and it was steaming hot. She sat down before the fire to wait for the little dog. "I am glad I used the bottom oven," said Ribby, "the top one would certainly have been very much too hot."



Very punctually at four o'clock, Duchess started to go to the party.

At a quarter past four to the minute, there came a most genteel little tap-tappity. "Is Mrs. Ribston at home?" inquired Duchess in the porch.

"Come in! and how do you do, my dear Duchess?" cried Ribby. "I hope I see you well?"

"Quite well, I thank you, and how do YOU do, my dear Ribby?" said Duchess. "I've brought you some flowers; what a delicious smell of pie!"

"Oh, what lovely flowers! Yes, it is mouse and bacon! I think it wants another five minutes," said Ribby. "Just a shade longer; I will pour out the tea, while we wait. Do you take sugar, my dear Duchess?"

"Oh yes, please! my dear Ribby; and may I have a lump upon my nose?"

"With pleasure, my dear Duchess."



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Duchess sat up with the sugar on her nose and sniffed-

"How good that pie smells! I do love veal and ham-I mean to say mouse and bacon-

She dropped the sugar in confusion, and had to go hunting under the tea-table, so did not see which oven Ribby opened in order to get out the pie.



Ribby set the pie upon the table; there was a very savory smell.

Duchess came out from under the table-cloth munching sugar, and sat up on a chair.

"I will first cut the pie for you; I am going to have muffin and marmalade," said Ribby.

"I think"-(thought Duchess to herself)-"I think it would be wiser if I helped myself to pie; though Ribby did not seem to notice anything when she was cutting it. What very small fine pieces it has cooked into! I did not remember that I had minced it up so fine; I suppose this is a quicker oven than my own."

The pie-dish was emptying rapidly! Duchess had had four helps already, and was fumbling with the spoon.

"A little more bacon, my dear Duchess?" said Ribby.

"Thank you, my dear Ribby; I was only feeling for the patty-pan."

"The patty-pan? my dear Duchess?"

"The patty pan that held up the pie-crust," said Duchess, blushing under her black coat.

"Oh, I didn't put one in, my dear Duchess," said Ribby; "I don't think that it is necessary in pies made of mouse."

Duchess fumbled with the spoon-"I can't find it!" she said anxiously.

"There isn't a patty-pan," said Ribby, looking perplexed.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Yes, indeed, my dear Ribby; where can it have gone to?" said Duchess. Duchess looked very much alarmed, and continued to scoop the inside of the pie-dish.

"I have only four patty-pans, and they are all in the cupboard."

Duchess set up a howl. "I shall die! I shall die! I have swallowed a patty-pan! Oh, my dear Ribby, I do feel so ill!"

"It is impossible, my dear Duchess; there was not a patty-pan."

"Yes there was, my dear Ribby, I am sure I have swallowed it!"

"Let me prop you up with a pillow, my dear Duchess; where do you think you feel it?"



WHERE IS THE PATTY-PAN ?



"Oh I do feel so ill all over me, my dear Ribby."

"Shall I run for the doctor?"

"Oh yes, yes! fetch Dr. Maggotty, my dear Ribby: he is a Pie himself, he will certainly understand."

Ribby settled Duchess in an armchair before the fire, and went out and hurried to the village to look for the doctor.

She found him at the smithy.

Ribby explained that her guest had swallowed a patty-pan.

Dr. Maggotty hopped so fast that Ribby had to run. It was most conspicuous. All the village could see that Ribby was fetching the doctor.

But while Ribby had been hunting for the doctor-a curious thing had happened to Duchess, who had been left by herself, sitting before the fire, sighing and groaning and feeling very unhappy. "How could I have swallowed it! such a large thing as a patty-pan!"

She sat down again, and stared mournfully at the grate. The fire crackled and danced, and something sizz-z-zled! Duchess started! She opened the door of the TOP oven;-out came a rich steamy flavor of veal and ham, and there stood a fine brown pie,- and through a hole in the top of the pie-crust there was a glimpse of a little tin patty-pan!

Duchess drew a long breath-"Then I must have been eating mouse! . . . No wonder I feel ill. . . ."



DR. MAGGOTTY'S MIXTURE

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

But perhaps I should feel worse if I had really swallowed a patty-pan!" Duchess reflected-"What a very awkward thing to have to explain to Ribby! I think I will put MY pie in the back-yard and say nothing about it. When I go home, I will run round and take it away." She put it outside the back-door, and sat down again by the fire, and shut her eyes; when Ribby arrived with the doctor, she seemed fast asleep.



"I am feeling very much better," said Duchess, waking up with a jump.

"I am truly glad to hear it! He has brought you a pill, my dear Duchess!"



"I think I should feel quite well if he only felt my pulse," said Duchess, backing away from the magpie, who sidled up with something in his beak.

"It is only a bread pill, you had much better take it; drink a little milk, my dear Duchess!"

"I am feeling very much better, my dear Ribby," said Duchess. "Do you not think that I had better go home before it gets dark?"

"Perhaps it might be wise, my dear Duchess."

Ribby and Duchess said goodbye affectionately, and Duchess started home. Half-way up the lane she stopped and looked back; Ribby had gone in and shut her door. Duchess slipped through the fence, and ran round to the back of Ribby's house, and peeped into the yard.

Upon the roof of the pigsty sat Dr. Maggotty and three jackdaws. The jackdaws were eating piecrust, and the magpie was drinking gravy out of a patty-pan.

Duchess ran home feeling uncommonly silly!

When Ribby came out for a pailful of water to wash up the tea-things, she found a pink and white pie-dish lying smashed in the middle of the yard.

Ribby stared with amazement- "Did you ever see the like! so there really WAS a patty-pan? . . . But MY patty-pans are all in the kitchen cupboard. Well I never did! . . . Next time I want to give a party-I will invite Cousin Tabitha Twitchit!"



SO THERE REALLY WAS A PATTY-PAN

Chapter 8: The Tale of Mr. Jeremy Fisher

Once upon a time there was a frog called Mr. Jeremy Fisher; he lived in a little damp house amongst the buttercups at the edge of a pond.

The water was all slippy-sloppy in the larder and in the back passage.

But Mr. Jeremy liked getting his feet wet; nobody ever scolded him, and he never caught a cold!

He was quite pleased when he looked out and saw large drops of rain, splashing in the pond-

"I will get some worms and go fishing and catch a dish of minnows for my dinner," said Mr. Jeremy Fisher. "If I catch more than five fish, I will invite my friends Mr. Alderman Ptolemy Tortoise and Sir Isaac Newton. The Alderman, however, eats salad."



Mr. Jeremy put on a mackintosh, and a pair of shiny galoshes; he took his rod and basket, and set off with enormous hops to the place where he kept his boat.

The boat was round and green, and very like the other lily-leaves. It was tied to a water-plant in the middle of the pond.

Mr. Jeremy took a reed pole, and pushed the boat out into open water. "I know a good place for minnows," said Mr. Jeremy Fisher.

Mr. Jeremy stuck his pole into the mud and fastened the boat to it.

Then he settled himself cross-legged and arranged his fishing tackle. He had the dearest little red float. His rod was a tough stalk of grass, his line was a fine long white horse-hair, and he tied a little wriggling worm at the end.



The rain trickled down his back, and for nearly an hour he stared at the float.

"This is getting tiresome, I think I should like some lunch," said Mr. Jeremy Fisher.

He punted back again amongst the water-plants, and took some lunch out of his basket.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"I will eat a butterfly sandwich, and wait till the shower is over," said Mr. Jeremy Fisher.

A great big water-beetle came up underneath the lily leaf and tweaked the toe of one of his galoshes.

Mr. Jeremy crossed his legs up shorter, out of reach, and went on eating his sandwich.



Once or twice something moved about with a rustle and a splash amongst the rushes at the side of the pond.

"I trust that is not a rat," said Mr. Jeremy Fisher; "I think I had better get away from here."



Mr. Jeremy shoved the boat out again a little way, and dropped in the bait. There was a bite almost directly; the float gave a tremendous bobbit!

"A minnow! a minnow! I have him by the nose!" cried Mr. Jeremy Fisher, jerking up his rod.

But what a horrible surprise! Instead of a smooth fat minnow, Mr. Jeremy landed little Jack Sharp, the stickleback, covered with spines!

The stickleback floundered about the boat, pricking and snapping until he was quite out of breath. Then he jumped back into the water.

And a shoal of other little fishes put their heads out, and laughed at Mr. Jeremy Fisher.



And while Mr. Jeremy sat disconsolately on the edge of his boat-sucking his sore fingers and peering down into the water-a MUCH worse thing happened; a really FRIGHTFUL thing it would have been, if Mr. Jeremy had not been wearing a mackintosh!



A great big enormous trout came up-ker-pflop-p-p-p! with a splash- and it seized Mr. Jeremy with a snap, "Ow! Ow! Ow!"-and then it turned and dived down to the bottom of the pond!

But the trout was so displeased with the taste of the mackintosh, that in less than half a minute it spat him out again; and the only thing it swallowed was Mr. Jeremy's galoshes.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Mr. Jeremy bounced up to the surface of the water, like a cork and the bubbles out of a soda water bottle; and he swam with all his might to the edge of the pond.

He scrambled out on the first bank he came to, and he hopped home across the meadow with his mackintosh all in tatters.

"What a mercy that was not a pike!" said Mr. Jeremy Fisher. "I have lost my rod and basket; but it does not much matter, for I am sure I should never have dared to go fishing again!"



He put some sticking plaster on his fingers, and his friends both came to dinner. He could not offer them fish, but he had something else in his larder.

Sir Isaac Newton wore his black and gold waistcoat.

And Mr. Alderman Ptolemy Tortoise brought a salad with him in a string bag.

And instead of a nice dish of minnows, they had a roasted grasshopper with lady-bird sauce, which frogs consider a beautiful treat; but I think it must have been nasty!

Chapter 9: The Story of a Fierce Bad Rabbit

This is a fierce bad Rabbit; look at his savage whiskers and his claws and his turned-up tail.



This is a nice gentle Rabbit. His mother has given him a carrot.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

The bad Rabbit would like some carrot.



He doesn't say "Please." He takes it!



And he scratches the good Rabbit very badly.



The good Rabbit creeps away and hides in a hole. It feels sad.



This is a man with a gun.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

He sees something sitting on a bench. He thinks it is a very funny bird!



He comes creeping up behind the trees.



And then he shoots-BANG!



This is what happens-

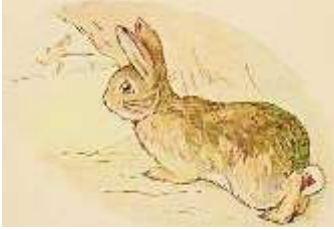


But this is all he finds on the bench when he rushes up with his gun.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

The good Rabbit peeps out of its hole...



and it sees the bad Rabbit tearing past-without any tail or whiskers!



Chapter 10: The Story of Miss Moppet

This is a Pussy called Miss Moppet; she thinks she has heard a mouse!



This is the Mouse peeping out behind the cupboard and making fun of Miss Moppet. He is not afraid of a kitten.



This is Miss Moppet jumping just too late; she misses the Mouse and hits her own head. She thinks it is a very hard cupboard!



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

The Mouse watches Miss Moppet from the top of the cupboard.



Miss Moppet ties up her head in a duster and sits before the fire.



The Mouse thinks she is looking very ill. He comes sliding down the bell pull.



Miss Moppet looks worse and worse. The Mouse comes a little nearer.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Miss Moppet holds her poor head in her paws and looks at him through a hole in the duster. The Mouse comes very close.



And then all of a sudden-Miss Moppet jumps upon the Mouse!



And because the Mouse has teased Miss Moppet-Miss Moppet thinks she will tease the Mouse, which is not at all nice of Miss Moppet.



She ties him up in the duster and tosses it about like a ball.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

But she forgot about that hole in the duster; and when she untied it- there was no Mouse!



He had wriggled out and run away; and he is dancing a jig on top of the cupboard!



Chapter 11: The Tale of Tom Kitten

Once upon a time there were three little kittens, and their names were Mittens, Tom Kitten, and Moppet. They had dear little fur coats of their own; and they tumbled about the doorstep and played in the dust.



But one day their mother-Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit-expected friends to tea; so she fetched the kittens indoors, to wash and dress them, before the fine company arrived.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

First she scrubbed their faces (this one is Moppet).



Then she brushed their fur (this one is Mittens).



Then she combed their tails and whiskers (this is Tom Kitten). Tom was very naughty, and he scratched.



Mrs. Tabitha dressed Moppet and Mittens in clean pinafores and tuckers; and then she took all sorts of elegant uncomfortable clothes out of a chest of drawers, in order to dress up her son Thomas.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Tom Kitten was very fat, and he had grown; several buttons burst off. His mother sewed them on again.



When the three kittens were ready, Mrs. Tabitha unwisely turned them out into the garden, to be out of the way while she made hot buttered toast.



"Now keep your frocks clean, children! You must walk on your hind legs. Keep away from the dirty ash-pit, and from Sally Henny Penny, and from the pigsty and the Puddle-ducks."

Moppet and Mittens walked down the garden path unsteadily. Presently they trod upon their pinafores and fell on their noses. When they stood up there were several green smears!



"Let us climb up the rockery and sit on the garden wall," said Moppet.

They turned their pinafores back to front and went up with a skip and a jump; Moppet's white tucker fell down into the road.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Tom Kitten was quite unable to jump when walking upon his hind legs in trousers. He came up the rockery by degrees, breaking the ferns and shedding buttons right and left. He was all in pieces when he reached the top of the wall.



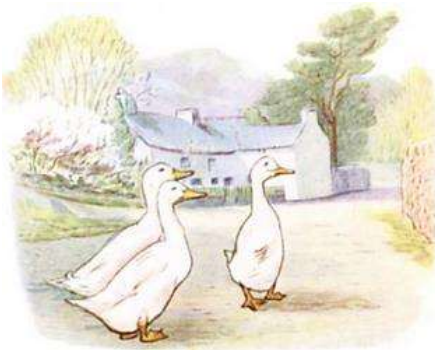
Moppet and Mittens tried to pull him together; his hat fell off, and the rest of his buttons burst.



While they were in difficulties, there was a pit pat, paddle pat! and the three Puddle-ducks came along the hard high road, marching one behind the other and doing the goose step- pit pat, paddle pat! pit pat, waddle pat!

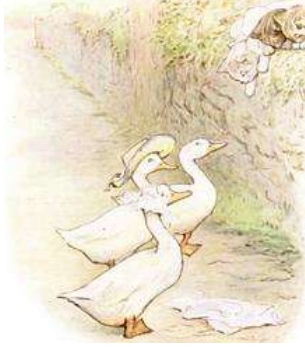


They stopped and stood in a row and stared up at the kittens. They had very small eyes and looked surprised. Then the two duck-birds, Rebecca and Jemima Puddle-duck, picked up the hat and tucker and put them on.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Mittens laughed so that she fell off the wall. Moppet and Tom descended after her; the pinafores and all the rest of Tom's clothes came off on the way down.



"Come! Mr. Drake Puddle-duck," said Moppet. "Come and help us to dress him! Come and button up Tom!"

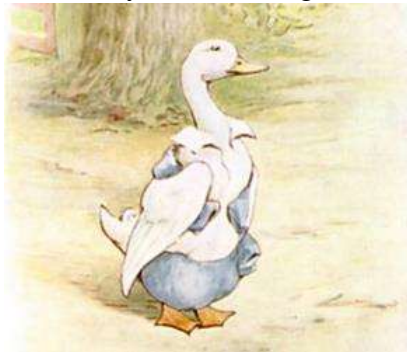


Mr. Drake Puddle-duck advanced in a slow sideways manner and picked up the various articles.



But he put them on HIMSELF! They fitted him even worse than Tom Kitten.

"It's a very fine morning!" said Mr. Drake Puddle-duck.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

And he and Jemima and Rebecca Puddle-duck set off up the road, keeping step-pit pat, paddle pat! pit pat, waddle pat!



Then Tabitha Twitchit came down the garden and found her kittens on the wall with no clothes on.



She pulled them off the wall, smacked them, and took them back to the house.



"My friends will arrive in a minute, and you are not fit to be seen; I am affronted," said Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit.

She sent them upstairs; and I am sorry to say she told her friends that they were in bed with the

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

measles- which was not true.



Quite the contrary; they were not in bed: NOT in the least.

Somehow there were very extra-ordinary noises overhead, which disturbed the dignity and repose of the tea party.



And I think that someday I shall have to make another, larger book, to tell you more about Tom Kitten!

As for the Puddle-ducks-they went into a pond. The clothes all came off directly, because there were no buttons.



And Mr. Drake Puddle-duck, and Jemima and Rebeccah, have been looking for them ever since.

Chapter 12: The Tale of Jemima Puddle Duck

What a funny sight it is to see a brood of ducklings with a hen! Listen to the story of Jemima Puddle-duck, who was annoyed because the farmer's wife would not let her hatch her own eggs.



Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Rebecca Puddle-duck, was perfectly willing to leave the hatching to someone else- "I have not the patience to sit on a nest for twenty-eight days; and no more have you, Jemima. You would let them go cold; you know you would!"

"I wish to hatch my own eggs; I will hatch them by myself," quacked Jemima Puddle-duck.

She tried to hide her eggs; but they were always found and carried off.

Jemima Puddle-duck became quite desperate. She determined to make a nest right away from the farm.



She set off on a fine spring afternoon along the cart road that leads over the hill.

She was wearing a shawl and a poke bonnet.

When she reached the top of the hill, she saw a wood in the distance.

She thought that it looked a safe quiet spot.

Jemima Puddle-duck was not much in the habit of flying. She ran downhill a few yards flapping her shawl, and then she jumped off into the air.

She flew beautifully when she had got a good start.

She skimmed along over the treetops until she saw an open place in the middle of the wood, where the trees and brushwood had been cleared.

Jemima alighted rather heavily and began to waddle about in search of a convenient dry nesting place. She rather fancied a tree stump amongst some tall foxgloves.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

But-seated upon the stump, she was startled to find an elegantly dressed gentleman reading a newspaper. He had black prick ears and sandy colored whiskers.



"Quack?" said Jemima Puddle-duck, with her head and her bonnet on the one side-"Quack?"

The gentleman raised his eyes above his newspaper and looked curiously at Jemima-

"Madam, have you lost your way?" said he. He had a long bushy tail which he was sitting upon, as the stump was somewhat damp.

Jemima thought him mighty civil and handsome. She explained that she had not lost her way, but that she was trying to find a convenient dry nesting place.

"Ah! is that so? Indeed!" said the gentleman with sandy whiskers, looking curiously at Jemima. He folded up the newspaper and put it in his coattail pocket.

Jemima complained of the superfluous hen.

"Indeed! How interesting! I wish I could meet with that fowl. I would teach it to mind its own business!"

"But as to a nest-there is no difficulty: I have a sackful of feathers in my woodshed. No, my dear madam, you will be in nobody's way. You may sit there as long as you like," said the bushy long-tailed gentleman.

He led the way to a very retired, dismal-looking house amongst the foxgloves.

It was built of faggots and turf, and there were two broken pails, one on top of another, by way of a chimney.

"This is my summer residence; you would not find my earth-my winter house-so convenient," said the hospitable gentleman.

There was a tumbledown shed at the back of the house, made of old soap boxes. The gentleman opened the door and showed Jemima in.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

The shed was almost quite full of feathers-it was almost suffocating; but it was comfortable and very soft.

Jemima Puddle-duck was rather surprised to find such a vast quantity of feathers. But it was very comfortable; and she made a nest without any trouble at all.

When she came out, the sandy- whiskered gentleman was sitting on a log reading the newspaper-at least he had it spread out, but he was looking over the top of it.

He was so polite that he seemed almost sorry to let Jemima go home for the night. He promised to take great care of her nest until she came back again the next day.



He said he loved eggs and ducklings; he should be proud to see a fine nestful in his woodshed.

Jemima Puddle-duck came every afternoon; she laid nine eggs in the nest. They were greeny white and very large. The foxy gentleman admired them immensely. He used to turn them over and count them when Jemima was not there.

At last Jemima told him that she intended to begin to sit next day-"and I will bring a bag of corn with me, so that I need never leave my nest until the eggs are hatched. They might catch cold," said the conscientious Jemima.



"Madam, I beg you not to trouble yourself with a bag; I will provide oats. But before you commence your tedious sitting, I intend to give you a treat. Let us have a dinner party all to ourselves!"

"May I ask you to bring up some herbs from the farm garden to make a savory omelet? Sage and thyme, and mint and two onions, and some parsley. I will provide lard for the stuff-lard for the omelet," said the hospitable gentleman with sandy whiskers.

Jemima Puddle-duck was a simpleton: not even the mention of sage and onions made her suspicious.

She went round the farm garden, nibbling off snippets of all the different sorts of herbs that are used for stuffing roast duck.

And she waddled into the kitchen and got two onions out of a basket.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

The collie dog Kep met her coming out, "What are you doing with those onions? Where do you go every afternoon by yourself, Jemima Puddle-duck?"



Jemima was rather in awe of the collie; she told him the whole story.

The collie listened, with his wise head on one side; he grinned when she described the polite gentleman with sandy whiskers.

He asked several questions about the wood and about the exact position of the house and shed.

Then he went out, and trotted down the village. He went to look for two foxhound puppies who were out at walk with the butcher.

Jemima Puddle-duck went up the cart road for the last time, on a sunny afternoon. She was rather burdened with bunches of herbs and two onions in a bag.

She flew over the wood, and alighted opposite the house of the bushy long-tailed gentleman.

He was sitting on a log; he sniffed the air and kept glancing uneasily round the wood. When Jemima alighted he quite jumped.

"Come into the house as soon as you have looked at your eggs. Give me the herbs for the omelet. Be sharp!"

He was rather abrupt. Jemima Puddle-duck had never heard him speak like that.

She felt surprised and uncomfortable.



While she was inside she heard pattering feet round the back of the shed. Someone with a black nose sniffed at the bottom of the door, and then locked it.

Jemima became much alarmed.

A moment afterward there were most awful noises-barking, baying, growls and howls, squealing and groans.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

And nothing more was ever seen of that foxy-whiskered gentleman.

Presently Kep opened the door of the shed and let out Jemima Puddle-duck.

Unfortunately the puppies rushed in and gobbled up all the eggs before he could stop them.

He had a bite on his ear, and both the puppies were limping.



Jemima Puddle-duck was escorted home in tears on account of those eggs.

She laid some more in June, and she was permitted to keep them herself: but only four of them hatched.

Jemima Puddle-duck said that it was because of her nerves; but she had always been a bad sitter.

Chapter 13: The Roly-Poly Pudding

Once upon a time there was an old cat, called Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit, who was an anxious parent. She used to lose her kittens continually, and whenever they were lost they were always in mischief!

On baking day she determined to shut them up in a cupboard.

She caught Moppet and Mittens, but she could not find Tom.



Mrs. Tabitha went up and down all over the house, mewing for Tom Kitten. She looked in the pantry under the staircase, and she searched the best spare bedroom that was all covered up with dust sheets. She went right upstairs and looked into the attics, but she could not find him anywhere.

It was an old, old house, full of cupboards and passages. Some of the walls were four feet thick, and there used to be queer noises inside them, as if there might be a little secret staircase. Certainly there were odd little jagged doorways in the wainscot, and things disappeared at night—especially cheese and bacon.

Mrs. Tabitha became more and more distracted and mewed dreadfully.

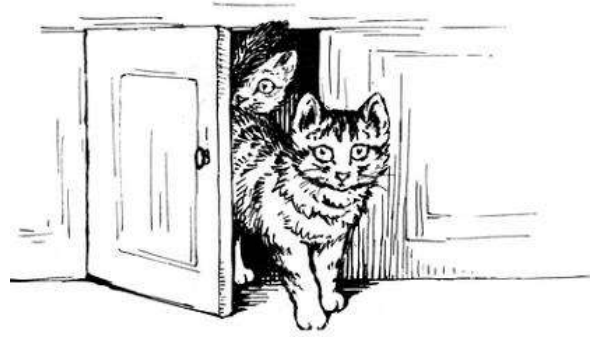
KINDERGARTEN PROSE

While their mother was searching the house,
Moppet and Mittens had got into mischief.

The cupboard door was not locked, so they
pushed it open and came out.

They went straight to the dough which was set to
rise in a pan before the fire.

They patted it with their little soft paws-"Shall we
make dear little muffins?" said Mittens to Moppet.



But just at that moment somebody knocked at the front door, and Moppet jumped into the flour
barrel in a fright.

Mittens ran away to the dairy and hid in an empty jar on the stone shelf where the milk pans
stand.

The visitor was a neighbor, Mrs. Ribby; she had called to borrow some yeast.

Mr. Tabitha came downstairs mewing dreadfully-"Come in, Cousin Ribby, come in, and sit ye
down! I'm in sad trouble, Cousin Ribby," said Tabitha, shedding tears. "I've lost my dear son
Thomas; I'm afraid the rats have got him." She wiped her eyes with her apron.

"He's a bad kitten, Cousin Tabitha; he made a cat's cradle of my best bonnet last time I came to
tea. Where have you looked for him?"



"All over the house! The rats are too many for me. What
a thing it is to have an unruly family!" said Mrs. Tabitha
Twitchit.

"I'm not afraid of rats; I will help you to find him; and
whip him, too! What is all that soot in the fender?"

"The chimney wants sweeping-Oh, dear me, Cousin
Ribby-now Moppet and Mittens are gone! They have
both got out of the cupboard!"

Ribby and Tabitha set to work to search the house
thoroughly again. They poked under the beds with
Ribby's umbrella and they rummaged in cupboards. They even fetched a candle and looked
inside a clothes chest in one of the attics. They could not find anything, but once they heard a
door bang and somebody scuttered downstairs.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Yes, it is infested with rats," said Tabitha tearfully. "I caught seven young ones out of one hole in the back kitchen, and we had them for dinner last Saturday. And once I saw the old father rat- an enormous old rat- Cousin Ribby. I was just going to jump upon him, when he showed his yellow teeth at me and whisked down the hole.

"The rats get upon my nerves, Cousin Ribby," said Tabitha.

Ribby and Tabitha searched and searched. They both heard a curious roly-poly noise under the attic floor. But there was nothing to be seen.



They returned to the kitchen. "Here's one of your kittens at least," said Ribby, dragging Moppet out of the flour barrel.

They shook the flour off her and set her down on the kitchen floor. She seemed to be in a terrible fright.

"Oh! Mother, Mother," said Moppet, "there's been an old woman rat in the kitchen, and she's stolen some of the dough!"



The two cats ran to look at the dough pan. Sure enough there were marks of little scratching fingers, and a lump of dough was gone!

"Which way did she go, Moppet?"

But Moppet had been too much frightened to peep out of the barrel again.

Ribby and Tabitha took her with them to keep her safely in sight, while they went on with their search.

They went into the dairy.

The first thing they found was Mittens, hiding in an empty jar. They tipped over the jar, and she scrambled out.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Oh, Mother, Mother!" said Mittens. "Oh! Mother, Mother, there has been an old man rat in the dairy-a dreadful 'normous big rat, Mother; and he's stolen a pat of butter and the rolling pin."



Ribby and Tabitha looked at one another.

"A rolling pin and butter! Oh, my poor son Thomas!" exclaimed Tabitha, wringing her paws.

"A rolling pin?" said Ribby. "Did we not hear a roly-poly noise in the attic when we were looking into that chest?"

Ribby and Tabitha rushed upstairs again. Sure enough the roly-poly noise was still going on quite distinctly under the attic floor.

"This is serious, Cousin Tabitha," said Ribby. "We must send for John Joiner at once, with a saw."

Now, this is what had been happening to Tom Kitten, and it shows how very unwise it is to go up a chimney in a very old house, where a person does not know his way, and where there are enormous rats.



Tom Kitten did not want to be shut up in a cupboard. When he saw that his mother was going to bake, he determined to hide.

He looked about for a nice convenient place, and he fixed upon the chimney.



The fire had only just been lighted, and it was not hot; but there was a white choky smoke from the green sticks. Tom Kitten got upon the fender and looked up. It was a big old-fashioned fireplace.

The chimney itself was wide enough inside for a man to stand up and walk about. So there was plenty of room for a little Tom Cat.

He jumped right up into the fireplace, balancing himself upon the iron bar where the kettle hangs.

Tom Kitten took another big jump off the bar and landed on a ledge high up inside the chimney, knocking down some soot into the fender.

Tom Kitten coughed and choked with the smoke; he could hear the sticks beginning to crackle and burn in the fireplace down below. He made up his mind to climb right to the top, and get out

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

on the slates, and try to catch sparrows.

"I cannot go back. If I slipped I might fall in the fire and singe my beautiful tail and my little blue jacket."

The chimney was a very big old-fashioned one. It was built in the days when people burnt logs of wood upon the hearth.

The chimney stack stood up above the roof like a little stone tower, and the daylight shone down from the top, under the slanting slates that kept out the rain.



Tom Kitten was getting very frightened! He climbed up, and up, and up.

Then he waded sideways through inches of soot. He was like a little sweep himself. It was most confusing in the dark. One flue seemed to lead into another. There was less smoke, but Tom Kitten felt quite lost. He scrambled up and up; but before he reached the chimney top he came to a place where somebody had loosened a stone in the wall. There were some mutton bones lying about.

"This seems funny," said Tom Kitten. "Who has been gnawing bones up here in the chimney? I wish I had never come! And what a funny smell? It is something like mouse, only dreadfully strong. It makes me sneeze," said Tom Kitten.

He squeezed through the hole in the wall and dragged himself along a most uncomfortably tight passage where there was scarcely any light.

He groped his way carefully for several yards; he was at the back of the skirting board in the attic, where there is a little mark * in the picture. All at once he fell head over heels in the dark, down a hole, and landed on a heap of very dirty rags.



When Tom Kitten picked himself up and looked about him, he found himself in a place that he had never seen before, although he had lived all his life in the house. It was a very small stuffy fusty room, with boards, and rafters, and cobwebs, and lath and plaster. Opposite to him-as far away as he could sit-was an enormous rat.

"What do you mean by tumbling into my bed all covered with smuts?" said the rat, chattering his teeth.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Please, sir, the chimney wants sweeping," said poor Tom Kitten.

"Anna Maria! Anna Maria!" squeaked the rat. There was a pattering noise and an old woman rat poked her head round a rafter.

All in a minute she rushed upon Tom Kitten, and before he knew what was happening...his coat was pulled off, and he was rolled up in a bundle, and tied with string in very hard knots.



Anna Maria did the tying. The old rat watched her and took snuff. When she had finished, they both sat staring at him with their mouths open.



"Anna Maria," said the old man rat (whose name was Samuel Whiskers), "Anna Maria, make me a kitten dumpling roly-poly pudding for my dinner."

"It requires dough and a pat of butter and a rolling pin," said Anna Maria, considering Tom Kitten with her head on one side.

"No," said Samuel Whiskers, "make it properly, Anna Maria, with breadcrumbs."

"Nonsense! Butter and dough," replied Anna Maria.

The two rats consulted together for a few minutes and then went away.

Samuel Whiskers got through a hole in the wainscot and went boldly down the front staircase to the dairy to get the butter. He did not meet anybody. He made a second journey for the rolling pin. He pushed it in front of him with his paws, like a brewer's man trundling a barrel. He could hear Ribby and Tabitha talking, but they were too busy lighting the candle to look into the chest. They did not see him.

Anna Maria went down by way of skirting board and a window shutter to the kitchen to steal the dough. She borrowed a small saucer and scooped up the dough with her paws. She did not observe Moppet.



While Tom Kitten was left alone under the floor of the attic, he wriggled about and tried to mew for help. But his mouth was full of soot and cobwebs, and he was tied up in such very tight

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

knots, he could not make anybody hear him.

Except a spider who came out of a crack in the ceiling and examined the knots critically, from a safe distance. It was a judge of knots because it had a habit of tying up unfortunate bluebottles. It did not offer to assist him.

Tom Kitten wriggled and squirmed until he was quite exhausted.

Presently the rats came back and set to work to make him into a dumpling. First they smeared him with butter, and then they rolled him in the dough.



"Will not the string be very indigestible, Anna Maria?" inquired Samuel Whiskers.

Anna Maria said she thought that it was of no consequence; but she wished that Tom Kitten would hold his head still, as it disarranged the pastry. She laid hold of his ears.

Tom Kitten bit and spit, and mewed and wriggled; and the rolling pin went roly-poly, roly; roly-poly, roly. The rats each held an end.

"His tail is sticking out! You did not fetch enough dough, Anna Maria."

"I fetched as much as I could carry," replied Anna Maria.

"I do not think"-said Samuel Whiskers, pausing to take a look at Tom Kitten-"I do NOT think it will be a good pudding. It smells sooty."

Anna Maria was about to argue the point when all at once there began to be other sounds up above-the rasping noise of a saw, and the noise of a little dog, scratching and yelping!



The rats dropped the rolling pin and listened attentively.

"We are discovered and interrupted, Anna Maria; let us collect our property-and other people's-and depart at once.

"I fear that we shall be obliged to leave this pudding.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"But I am persuaded that the knots would have proved indigestible, whatever you may urge to the contrary."

"Come away at once and help me to tie up some mutton bones in a counterpane," said Anna Maria. "I have got half a smoked ham hidden in the chimney."



So it happened that by the time John Joiner had got the plank up- there was nobody here under the floor except the rolling pin and Tom Kitten in a very dirty dumpling! But there was a strong smell of rats; and John Joiner spent the rest of the morning sniffing and whining, and wagging his tail, and going round and round with his head in the hole like a gimlet. Then he nailed the plank down again and put his tools in his bag, and came downstairs.

The cat family had quite recovered. They invited him to stay to dinner. The dumpling had been peeled off Tom Kitten and made separately into a bag pudding, with currants in it to hide the smuts. They had been obliged to put Tom Kitten into a hot bath to get the butter off.



John Joiner smelt the pudding; but he regretted that he had not time to stay to dinner, because he had just finished making a wheelbarrow for Miss Potter, and she had ordered two hen coops.

And when I was going to the post late in the afternoon-I looked up the land from the corner, and I saw Mr. Samuel Whiskers and his wife on the run, with big bundles on a little wheelbarrow, which looked very much like mine. They were just turning in at the gate to the barn of Farmer Potatoes.

Samuel Whiskers was puffing and out of breath. Anna Maria was still arguing in shrill tones. She seemed to know her way, and she seemed to have a quantity of luggage.

I am sure I never gave her leave to borrow my wheelbarrow!

They went into the barn and hauled their parcels with a bit of string to the top of the haymow. After that, there were no more rats for a long time at Tabitha Twitchit's.

As for Farmer Potatoes, he has been driven nearly distracted. There are rats, and rats, and rats in his barn!

They eat up the chicken food, and steal the oats and bran, and make holes in the meal bags. And they are all descended from Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Whiskers- children and grandchildren and

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

great-great-grandchildren. There is no end to them!

Moppet and Mittens have grown up into very good rat-catchers. They go out rat-catching in the village, and they find plenty of employment. They charge so much a dozen and earn their living very comfortably.

They hang up the rats' tails in a row on the barn door, to show how many they have caught—dozens and dozens of them.

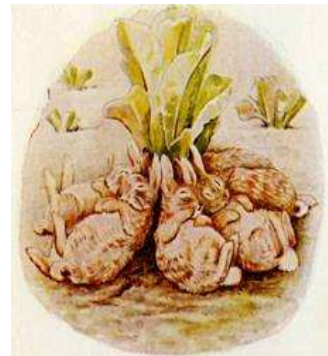


But Tom Kitten has always been afraid of a rat; he never durst face anything that is bigger than—A Mouse.

Chapter 14: The Tale of the Flopsy Bunnies

It is said that the effect of eating too much lettuce is "soporific." I have never felt sleepy after eating lettuces; but then I am not a rabbit. They certainly had a very soporific effect upon the Flopsy Bunnies!

When Benjamin Bunny grew up, he married his Cousin Flopsy. They had a large family, and they were very improvident and cheerful. I do not remember the separate names of their children; they were generally called the "Flopsy Bunnies."



As there was not always quite enough to eat,—Benjamin used to borrow cabbages from Flopsy's brother, Peter Rabbit, who kept a nursery garden.

Sometimes Peter Rabbit had no cabbages to spare.



When this happened, the Flopsy Bunnies went across the field to a rubbish heap, in the ditch outside Mr. McGregor's garden.

Mr. McGregor's rubbish heap was a mixture. There were jam pots and paper bags, and mountains of chopped grass from the mowing machine (which always tasted oily), and some rotten vegetable marrows and an old boot or two. One day—oh joy!—there were a quantity of overgrown lettuces, which had "shot" into flower.

The Flopsy Bunnies simply stuffed themselves with lettuces. By degrees, one after another, they were overcome with slumber, and lay down in the mown grass.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Benjamin was not so much overcome as his children. Before going to sleep he was sufficiently wide awake to put a paper bag over his head to keep off the flies.

The little Flopsy Bunnies slept delightfully in the warm sun. From the lawn beyond the garden came the distant clackety sound of the mowing machine. The blue-bottles buzzed about the wall, and a little old mouse picked over the rubbish among the jam pots.



(I can tell you her name, she was called Thomasina Tittle-mouse, a wood mouse with a long tail.) She rustled across the paper bag, and awakened Benjamin Bunny. The mouse apologized profusely, and said that she knew Peter Rabbit.



While she and Benjamin were talking, close under the wall, they heard a heavy tread above their heads; and suddenly Mr. McGregor emptied out a sackful of lawn mowings right upon the top of the sleeping Flopsy Bunnies! Benjamin shrank down under his paper bag. The mouse hid in a jam pot.

The little rabbits smiled sweetly in their sleep under the shower of grass; they did not awake because the lettuces had been so soporific. They dreamt that their mother Flopsy was tucking them up in a hay bed.

Mr. McGregor looked down after emptying his sack. He saw some funny little brown tips of ears sticking up through the lawn mowings. He stared at them for some time. Presently a fly settled on one of them and it moved.

Mr. McGregor climbed down on to the rubbish heap-"One, two, three, four! five! six leettle rabbits!" said he as he dropped them into his sack. The Flopsy Bunnies dreamt that their mother was turning them over in bed. They stirred a little in their sleep, but still they did not wake up.

Mr. McGregor tied up the sack and left it on the wall. He went to put away the mowing machine.



While he was gone, Mrs. Flopsy Bunny (who had remained at home) came across the field. She looked suspiciously at the sack and wondered where everybody was?

Then the mouse came out of her jam pot, and Benjamin took the paper bag off his head, and they told the doleful tale.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Benjamin and Flopsy were in despair, they could not undo the string.

But Mrs. Tittlemouse was a resourceful person. She nibbled a hole in the bottom corner of the sack. The little rabbits were pulled out and pinched to wake them. Their parents stuffed the empty sack with three rotten vegetable marrows, an old blackingbrush and two decayed turnips.

Then they all hid under a bush and watched for Mr. McGregor.

Mr. McGregor came back and picked up the sack, and carried it off. He carried it hanging down, as if it were rather heavy.



The Flopsy Bunnies followed at a safe distance. They watched him go into his house.

And then they crept up to the window to listen.

Mr. McGregor threw down the sack on the stone floor in a way that would have been extremely painful to the Flopsy Bunnies, if they had happened to have been inside it.

They could hear him drag his chair on the flags, and chuckle-"One, two, three, four, five, six leetle rabbits!" said Mr. McGregor.

"Eh? What's that? What have they been spoiling now?" enquired Mrs. McGregor.

"One, two, three, four, five, six leetle fat rabbits!" repeated Mr. McGregor, counting on his fingers -"one, two, three-"

"Don't you be silly: what do you mean, you silly old man?"

"In the sack! one, two, three, four, five, six!" replied Mr. McGregor.

(The youngest Flopsy Bunny got upon the windowsill.)

Mrs. McGregor took hold of the sack and felt it. She said she could feel six, but they must be OLD rabbits, because they were so hard and all different shapes.

"Not fit to eat; but the skins will do fine to line my old cloak."

"Line your old cloak?" shouted Mr. McGregor-"I shall sell them and buy myself baccy!"



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Rabbit tobacco! I shall skin them and cut off their heads."

Mrs. McGregor untied the sack and put her hand inside. When she felt the vegetables she became very very angry. She said that Mr. McGregor had "done it a purpose."

And Mr. McGregor was very angry too. One of the rotten marrows came flying through the kitchen window, and hit the youngest Flopsy Bunny.



It was rather hurt.

Then Benjamin and Flopsy thought that it was time to go home.

So Mr. McGregor did not get his tobacco, and Mrs. McGregor did not get her rabbit skins.

But next Christmas, Thomasina Tittlemouse got a present of enough rabbit wool to make herself a cloak and a hood, and a handsome muff and a pair of warm mittens.

Chapter 15: The Tale of Mrs. Tittlemouse

Once upon a time there was a wood mouse, and her name was Mrs. Tittlemouse. She lived in a bank under a hedge.

Such a funny house! There were yards and yards of sandy passages, leading to store-rooms and nut cellars and seed cellars, all amongst the roots of the hedge.



There was a kitchen, a parlor, a pantry, and a larder. Also, there was Mrs. Tittlemouse's bedroom, where she slept in a little box bed!

Mrs. Tittlemouse was a most terribly tidy particular little mouse, always sweeping and dusting the soft sandy floors.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Sometimes a beetle lost its way in the passages. "Shuh! shuh! little dirty feet!" said Mrs. Tittlemouse, clattering her dustpan.



And one day a little old woman ran up and down in a red spotty cloak. "Your house is on fire, Mother Ladybird! Fly away home to your children!"



Another day, a big fat spider came in to shelter from the rain. "Beg pardon, is this not Miss Muffet's?"

"Go away, you bold bad spider! Leaving ends of cobweb all over my nice clean house!" She bundled the spider out at a window.

He let himself down the hedge with a long thin bit of string.



Mrs. Tittlemouse went on her way to a distant storeroom, to fetch cherrystones and thistle-down seed for supper. All along the passage she sniffed, and looked at the floor. "I smell a smell of honey; is it the cowslips outside, in the hedge? I am sure I can see the marks of little dirty feet."

Suddenly round a corner, she met Babbitty Bumble-"Zizz, Bizz, Bizz!" said the bumble bee.



Mrs. Tittlemouse looked at her severely. She wished that she had a broom. "Good-day, Babbitty Bumble; I should be glad to buy some bees-wax. But what are you doing down here? Why do you always come in at a window, and say, Zizz, Bizz, Bizz?" Mrs. Tittlemouse began to get cross.

"Zizz, Wizz, Wizz!" replied Babbitty Bumble in a peevish squeak. She sidled down a passage, and disappeared into a storeroom which had been used for acorns.

Mrs. Tittlemouse had eaten the acorns before Christmas; the storeroom ought to have been empty. But it was full of untidy dry moss. Mrs. Tittlemouse began to pull out the moss. Three or four other bees put their heads out, and buzzed fiercely.

"I am not in the habit of letting lodgings; this is an intrusion!" said Mrs. Tittlemouse. "I will have them turned out -"

"Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!"-"I wonder who would help me?" "Bizz, Wizz, Wizz!"

"-I will not have Mr. Jackson; he never wipes his feet."



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Mrs. Tittlemouse decided to leave the bees till after dinner.

When she got back to the parlor, she heard someone coughing in a fat voice; and there sat Mr. Jackson himself. He was sitting all over a small rocking chair, twiddling his thumbs and smiling, with his feet on the fender. He lived in a drain below the hedge, in a very dirty wet ditch.



"How do you do, Mr. Jackson? Deary me, you have got very wet!"

"Thank you, thank you, thank you, Mrs. Tittlemouse! I'll sit awhile and dry myself," said Mr. Jackson.



He sat and smiled, and the water dripped off his coat tails. Mrs. Tittlemouse went round with a mop.

He sat such a while that he had to be asked if he would take some dinner?

First she offered him cherry-stones. "Thank you, thank you, Mrs. Tittlemouse! No teeth, no teeth, no teeth!" said Mr. Jackson.

He opened his mouth most unnecessarily wide; he certainly had not a tooth in his head.

Then she offered him thistle-down seed-"Tiddly, widdly, widdly! Pouff, pouff, puff." said Mr. Jackson. He blew the thistle-down all over the room.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you, Mrs. Tittlemouse! Now what I really-REALLY should like-would be a little dish of honey!"

"I am afraid I have not got any, Mr. Jackson!" said Mrs. Tittlemouse.

"Tiddly, widdly, widdly, Mrs. Tittlemouse!" said the smiling Mr. Jackson, "I can SMELL it; that is why I came to call."



Mr. Jackson rose ponderously from the table, and began to look into the cupboards.

Mrs. Tittlemouse followed him with a dishcloth, to wipe his large wet footmarks off the parlor floor.

When he had convinced himself that there was no honey in the cupboards, he began to walk down the passage.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Indeed, indeed, you will stick fast, Mr. Jackson!"

"Tiddly, widdly, widdly, Mrs. Tittlemouse!"

First he squeezed into the pantry.

"Tiddly, widdly, widdly? No honey? No honey, Mrs. Tittlemouse?"

There were three creepy-crawly people hiding in the plate rack. Two of them got away; but the littlest one he caught.



Then he squeezed into the larder. Miss Butterfly was tasting the sugar; but she flew away out of the window.



"Tiddly, widdly, widdly, Mrs. Tittlemouse; you seem to have plenty of visitors!"

"And without any invitation!" said Mrs. Thomasina Tittlemouse.

They went along the sandy passage-"Tiddly, widdly-" "Buzz! Wizz! Wizz!"

He met Babbitty round a corner, and snapped her up, and put her down again.

"I do not like bumble bees. They are all over bristles," said Mr. Jackson, wiping his mouth with his coat sleeve.

"Get out, you nasty old toad!" shrieked Babbitty Bumble.

"I shall go distracted!" scolded Mrs. Tittlemouse.

She shut herself up in the nut cellar while Mr. Jackson pulled out the bees-nest. He seemed to have no objection to stings.



When Mrs. Tittlemouse ventured to come out-everybody had gone away.

But the untidiness was something dreadful-"Never did I see such a mess-smears of honey; and moss, and thistledown-and marks of big and little dirty feet- all over my nice clean house!"

She gathered up the moss and the remains of the bees-wax. Then she went out and fetched some twigs, to partly close up the front door. "I will make it too small for Mr. Jackson!"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

She fetched soft soap, and flannel, and a new scrubbing brush from the storeroom. But she was too tired to do any more. First she fell asleep in her chair, and then she went to bed.

"Will it ever be tidy again?" said poor Mrs. Tittlemouse.

Next morning she got up very early and began a spring cleaning which lasted a fortnight.

She swept, and scrubbed, and dusted; and she rubbed up the furniture with bees-wax, and polished her little tin spoons.

When it was all beautifully neat and clean, she gave a party to five other little mice, without Mr. Jackson.



He smelt the party and came up the bank, but he could not squeeze in at the door.

So they handed him out acorn cupfuls of honeydew through the window, and he was not at all offended.

He sat outside in the sun, and said-"Tiddly, widdly, widdly! Your very good health, Mrs. Tittlemouse!"



Chapter 16: The Tale of Timmy Tiptoes

Once upon a time there was a little fat comfortable grey squirrel, called Timmy Tiptoes.

He had a nest thatched with leaves in the top of a tall tree; and he had a little squirrel wife called Goody.

Timmy Tiptoes sat out, enjoying the breeze; he whisked his tail and chuckled-"Little wife Goody, the nuts are ripe; we must lay up a store for winter and spring."

Goody Tiptoes was busy pushing moss under the thatch-"The nest is so snug, we shall be sound asleep all winter."

"Then we shall wake up all the thinner, when there is nothing to eat in springtime," replied



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

prudent Timothy.

When Timmy and Goody Tiptoes came to the nut thicket, they found other squirrels were there already. Timmy took off his jacket and hung it on a twig; they worked away quietly by themselves.



Every day they made several journeys and picked quantities of nuts. They carried them away in bags, and stored them in several hollow stumps near the tree where they had built their nest. When these stumps were full, they began to empty the bags into a hole high up a tree, that had belonged to a woodpecker; the nuts rattled down-down-down inside.

"How shall you ever get them out again? It is like a money box!" said Goody.



"I shall be much thinner before springtime, my love," said Timmy Tiptoes, peeping into the hole.

They did collect quantities- because they did not lose them! Squirrels who bury their nuts in the ground lose more than half, because they cannot remember the place. The most forgetful squirrel in the wood was called Silvertail. He began to dig, and he could not remember. And then he dug again and found some nuts that did not belong to him; and there was a fight. And other squirrels began to dig,-the whole wood was in commotion!

Unfortunately, just at this time a flock of little birds flew by, from bush to bush, searching for green caterpillars and spiders. There were several sorts of little birds, twittering different songs.

The first one sang-"Who's bin digging-up MY nuts? Who's-been-digging-up MY nuts?"

And another sang-"Little bit-a bread and-NO-cheese! Little bit-a-bread an'-NO-cheese!"

The squirrels followed and listened. The first little bird flew into the bush where Timmy and Goody Tiptoes were quietly tying up their bags, and it sang-"Who's-bin digging-up MY nuts? Who's been digging-up MY-nuts?"

Timmy Tiptoes went on with his work without replying; indeed, the little bird did not expect an answer. It was only singing its natural song, and it meant nothing at all.

But when the other squirrels heard that song, they rushed upon Timmy Tiptoes and cuffed and scratched him, and upset his bag of nuts. The innocent little bird which had caused all the

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

mischief, flew away in a fright!

Timmy rolled over and over, and then turned tail and fled towards his nest, followed by a crowd of squirrels shouting-"Who's-been digging-up MY-nuts?"



They caught him and dragged him up the very same tree, where there was the little round hole, and they pushed him in. The hole was much too small for Timmy Tiptoes' figure. They squeezed him dreadfully, it was a wonder they did not break his ribs. "We will leave him here till he confesses," said Silvertail Squirrel and he shouted into the hole-"Who's-been-digging-up MY-nuts?"



Timmy Tiptoes made no reply; he had tumbled down inside the tree, upon half a peck of nuts belonging to himself. He lay quite stunned and still.

Goody Tiptoes picked up the nut bags and went home. She made a cup of tea for Timmy; but he didn't come and didn't come. Goody Tiptoes passed a lonely and unhappy night. Next morning she ventured back to the nut bushes to look for him; but the other unkind squirrels drove her away. She wandered all over the wood, calling-"Timmy Tiptoes! Timmy Tiptoes! Oh, where is Timmy Tiptoes?"

In the meantime Timmy Tiptoes came to his senses. He found himself tucked up in a little moss bed, very much in the dark, feeling sore; it seemed to be under ground. Timmy coughed and groaned, because his ribs hurt him. There was a chirpy noise, and a small striped Chipmunk appeared with a night light, and hoped he felt better?



It was most kind to Timmy Tiptoes; it lent him its nightcap; and the house was full of provisions. The Chipmunk explained that it had rained nuts through the top of the tree-"Besides, I found a few buried!" It laughed and chuckled when it heard Timmy's story. While Timmy was confined to bed, it 'ticed him to eat quantities.

"But how shall I ever get out through that hole unless I thin myself? My wife will be anxious!"

"Just another nut-or two nuts; let me crack them for you," said the Chipmunk.

Timmy Tiptoes grew fatter and fatter!

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Now Goody Tiptoes had set to work again by herself. She did not put any more nuts into the woodpecker's hole, because she had always doubted how they could be got out again. She hid them under a tree root; they rattled down, down, down. Once when Goody emptied an extra big bagful, there was a decided squeak; and next time Goody brought another bagful, a little striped Chipmunk scrambled out in a hurry.



"It is getting perfectly full-up downstairs; the sitting room is full, and they are rolling along the passage; and my husband, Chippy Hackee, has run away and left me. What is the explanation of these showers of nuts?"

"I am sure I beg your pardon; I did not know that anybody lived here," said Mrs. Goody Tiptoes; "but where is Chippy Hackee? My husband, Timmy Tiptoes, has run away too."



"I know where Chippy is; a little bird told me," said Mrs. Chippy Hackee.

She led the way to the woodpecker's tree, and they listened at the hole.

Down below there was a noise of nutcrackers, and a fat squirrel voice and a thin squirrel voice were singing together-

"My little old man and I fell out,

How shall we bring this matter about?

Bring it about as well as you can,

And get you gone, you little old man!"

"You could squeeze in, through that little round hole," said Goody Tiptoes.

"Yes, I could," said the Chipmunk, "but my husband, Chippy Hackee, bites!"

Down below there was a noise of cracking nuts and nibbling; and then the fat squirrel voice and the thin squirrel voice sang-"For the diddum day, Day diddle durn di! Day diddle dum day!"

"Then Goody peeped in at the hole, and called down-"Timmy Tiptoes! Oh fie, Timmy Tiptoes!"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

And Timmy replied, "Is that you, Goody Tiptoes?"

"Why, certainly!"

He came up and kissed Goody through the hole; but he was so fat that he could not get out.

Chippy Hackee was not too fat, but he did not want to come; he stayed down below and chuckled.

And so it went on for a fortnight; till a big wind blew off the top of the tree, and opened up the hole and let in the rain. Then Timmy Tiptoes came out, and went home with an umbrella.

But Chippy Hackee continued to camp out for another week, although it was uncomfortable.

At last a large bear came walking through the wood. Perhaps he also was looking for nuts; he seemed to be sniffing around.



Chippy Hackee went home in a hurry!

And when Chippy Hackee got home, he found he had caught a cold in his head; and he was more uncomfortable still.

And now Timmy and Goody Tiptoes keep their nut store fastened up with a little padlock.

And whenever that little bird sees the Chipmunks, he sings- "Who's-been-digging-up MY-nuts? Who's been digging-up MY-nuts?" But nobody ever answers!

Chapter 17: The Tale of Mr. Tod

I have made many books about well-behaved people. Now, for a change, I am going to make a story about two disagreeable people, called Tommy Brock and Mr. Tod.

Nobody could call Mr. Tod "nice." The rabbits could not bear him; they could smell him half a mile off.

He was of a wandering habit and he had foxy whiskers; they never knew where he would be next.



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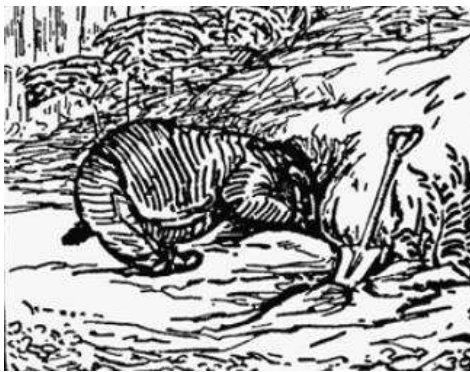


One day he was living in a stick-house in the coppice [grove], causing terror to the family of old Mr. Benjamin Bouncer. Next day he moved into a pollard willow near the lake, frightening the wild ducks and the water rats.

In winter and early spring he might generally be found in an earth amongst the rocks at the top of Bull Banks, under Oatmeal Crag.

He had half a dozen houses, but he was seldom at home.

The houses were not always empty when Mr. Tod moved OUT; because sometimes Tommy Brock moved IN; (without asking leave).



Tommy Brock was a short bristly fat waddling person with a grin; he grinned all over his face. He was not nice in his habits. He ate wasp nests and frogs and worms; and he waddled about by moonlight, digging things up.

His clothes were very dirty; and as he slept in the daytime, he always went to bed in his boots. And the bed which he went to bed in was generally Mr. Tod's.

Now Tommy Brock did occasionally eat rabbit pie; but it was only very little young ones occasionally, when other food was really scarce. He was friendly with old Mr. Bouncer; they agreed in disliking the wicked otters and Mr. Tod; they often talked over that painful subject.



Old Mr. Bouncer was stricken in years. He sat in the spring sunshine outside the burrow, in a muffer; smoking a pipe of rabbit tobacco. He lived with his son Benjamin Bunny and his daughter-in-law Flopsy, who had a young family. Old Mr. Bouncer was in charge of the family that afternoon, because Benjamin and Flopsy had gone out.



The little rabbit babies were just old enough to open their blue eyes and kick. They lay in a fluffy bed of rabbit wool and hay, in a shallow burrow, separated from the main rabbit hole. To tell the truth-old Mr. Bouncer had forgotten them.

He sat in the sun, and conversed cordially with Tommy Brock, who was passing through the wood with a sack and a little spud which he used for digging, and some mole traps. He complained bitterly about the scarcity of pheasants' eggs, and accused Mr. Tod of poaching them. And the otters had cleared off all the frogs while he was asleep in winter-"I have not had a good square meal for a fortnight, I am living on pig-nuts. I shall have to turn vegetarian and eat

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

my own tail!" said Tommy Brock.

It was not much of a joke, but it tickled old Mr. Bouncer; because Tommy Brock was so fat and stumpy and grinning.

So old Mr. Bouncer laughed; and pressed Tommy Brock to come inside, to taste a slice of seed cake and "a glass of my daughter Flopsy's cowslip wine." Tommy Brock squeezed himself into the rabbit hole with alacrity.



Then old Mr. Bouncer smoked another pipe, and gave Tommy Brock a cabbage leaf cigar which was so very strong that it made Tommy Brock grin more than ever; and the smoke filled the burrow. Old Mr. Bouncer coughed and laughed; and Tommy Brock puffed and grinned. And Mr. Bouncer laughed and coughed, and shut his eyes because of the cabbage smoke.

When Flopsy and Benjamin came back old Mr. Bouncer woke up. Tommy Brock and all the young rabbits had disappeared!

Mr. Bouncer would not confess that he had admitted anybody into the rabbit hole. But the smell of badger was undeniable; and there were round heavy footmarks in the sand. He was in disgrace; Flopsy wrung her ears, and slapped him.

Benjamin Bunny set off at once after Tommy Brock. There was not much difficulty in tracking him; he had left his foot-mark and gone slowly up the winding footpath through the wood. Here he had rooted up the moss and wood sorrel. There he had dug quite a deep hole for dog darnel; and had set a mole trap. A little stream crossed the way. Benjamin skipped lightly over dry-foot; the badger's heavy steps showed plainly in the mud.

The path led to a part of the thicket where the trees had been cleared; there were leafy oak stumps, and a sea of blue hyacinths - but the smell that made Benjamin stop was NOT the smell of flowers!

Mr. Tod's stick house was before him; and, for once, Mr. Tod was at home. There was not only a foxy flavor in proof of it-there was smoke coming out of the broken pail that served as a chimney.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Benjamin Bunny sat up, staring, his whiskers twitched. Inside the stick house somebody dropped a plate, and said something. Benjamin stamped his foot and bolted.



He never stopped till he came to the other side of the wood. Apparently Tommy Brock had turned the same way. Upon the top of the wall there were again the marks of badger; and some ravelings of a sack had caught on a briar.

Benjamin climbed over the wall, into a meadow. He found another mole trap newly set; he was still upon the track of Tommy Brock. It was getting late in the afternoon. Other rabbits were coming out to enjoy the evening air. One of them in a blue coat, by himself, was busily hunting for dandelions. "Cousin Peter! Peter Rabbit, Peter Rabbit!" shouted Benjamin Bunny.

The blue coated rabbit sat up with pricked ears-"Whatever is the matter, Cousin Benjamin? Is it a cat? or John Stoat Ferret?"

"No, no, no! He's bagged my family, Tommy Brock, in a sack. Have you seen him?"

"Tommy Brock? how many, Cousin Benjamin?"

"Seven, Cousin Peter, and all of them twins! Did he come this way? Please tell me quick!"

"Yes, yes; not ten minutes since ... he said they were CATERPILLARS; I did think they were kicking rather hard, for caterpillars."

"Which way? which way has he gone, Cousin Peter?"

"He had a sack with something live in it; I watched him set a mole trap. Let me use my mind, Cousin Benjamin; tell me from the beginning," Benjamin did so.

"My Uncle Bouncer has displayed a lamentable want of discretion for his years;" said Peter reflectively, "but there are two hopeful circumstances. Your family is alive and kicking; and Tommy Brock has had refreshments. He will probably go to sleep, and keep them for breakfast." "Which way?" "Cousin Benjamin, compose yourself. I know very well which way. Because Mr. Tod was at home in the stick house he has gone to Mr. Tod's other house, at the top of Bull Banks. I partly know, because he offered to leave any message at Sister Cottontail's; he said he would be passing." (Cottontail had married a black rabbit, and gone to live on the hill.)



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Peter hid his dandelions, and accompanied the afflicted parent, who was all of a twitter. They crossed several fields and began to climb the hill; the tracks of Tommy Brock were plainly to be seen. He seemed to have put down the sack every dozen yards, to rest.

"He must be very puffed; we are close behind him, by the scent. What a nasty person!" said Peter.

The sunshine was still warm and slanting on the hill pastures. Half way up, Cottontail was sitting in her doorway, with four or five half-grown little rabbits playing about her; one black and the others brown.



Cottontail had seen Tommy Brock passing in the distance. Asked whether her husband was at home she replied that Tommy Brock had rested twice while she watched him.

He had nodded, and pointed to the sack, and seemed doubled up with laughing. -"Come away, Peter; he will be cooking them; come quicker!" said Benjamin Bunny.

They climbed up and up; -"He was at home; I saw his black ears peeping out of the hole." "They live too near the rocks to quarrel with their neighbors. Come on, Cousin Benjamin!"

When they came near the wood at the top of Bull Banks, they went cautiously. The trees grew amongst heaped up rocks; and there, beneath a crag, Mr. Tod had made one of his homes. It was at the top of a steep bank; the rocks and bushes overhung it. The rabbits crept up carefully, listening and peeping.

This house was something between a cave, a prison, and a tumbledown pigsty. There was a strong door, which was shut and locked. The setting sun made the window panes glow like red flame; but the kitchen fire was not alight. It was neatly laid with dry sticks, as the rabbits could see, when they peeped through the window.

Benjamin sighed with relief.



But there were preparations upon the kitchen table which made him shudder. There was an immense empty pie dish of blue willow pattern, and a large carving knife and fork, and a chopper. At the other end of the table was a partly unfolded tablecloth, a plate, a tumbler, a knife and fork, salt cellar, mustard and a chair- in short, preparations for one person's supper.

No person was to be seen, and no young rabbits. The kitchen was empty and silent; the clock had run down. Peter and Benjamin flattened their noses against the window, and stared into the dusk.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Then they scrambled round the rocks to the other side of the house. It was damp and smelly, and overgrown with thorns and briars. The rabbits shivered in their shoes.

"Oh my poor rabbit babies! What a dreadful place; I shall never see them again!" sighed Benjamin.

They crept up to the bedroom window. It was closed and bolted like the kitchen. But there were signs that this window had been recently open; the cobwebs were disturbed, and there were fresh dirty footmarks upon the windowsill. The room inside was so dark that at first they could make out nothing; but they could hear a noise—a slow deep regular snoring grunt. And as their eyes became accustomed to the darkness, they perceived that somebody was asleep on Mr. Tod's bed, curled up under the blanket.—"He has gone to bed in his boots," whispered Peter.



Benjamin, who was all of a twitter, pulled Peter off the windowsill.

Tommy Brock's snores continued, grunty and regular from Mr. Tod's bed. Nothing could be seen of the young family.

The sun had set; an owl began to hoot in the wood. There were many unpleasant things lying about that had much better have been buried; rabbit bones and skulls, and chickens' legs and other horrors. It was a shocking place, and very dark. They went back to the front of the house, and tried in every way to move the bolt of the kitchen window. They tried to push up a rusty nail between the window sashes; but it was of no use, especially without a light. They sat side by side outside the window, whispering and listening.

In half an hour the moon rose over the wood. It shone full and clear and cold, upon the house, amongst the rocks, and in at the kitchen window. But alas, no little rabbit babies were to be seen! The moonbeams twinkled on the carving knife and the pie dish, and made a path of brightness across the dirty floor. The light showed a little door in a wall beside the kitchen fireplace—a little iron door belonging to a brick oven of that old-fashioned sort that used to be heated with faggots of wood. And presently at the same moment Peter and Benjamin noticed that whenever they shook the window the little door opposite shook in answer. The young family were alive; shut up in the oven!

Benjamin was so excited that it was a mercy he did not awake Tommy Brock, whose snores continued solemnly in Mr. Tod's bed.

But there really was not very much comfort in the discovery. They could not open the window; and although the young family was alive the little rabbits were quite incapable of letting

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

themselves out; they were not old enough to crawl.

After much whispering, Peter and Benjamin decided to dig a tunnel. They began to burrow a yard or two lower down the bank. They hoped that they might be able to work between the large stones under the house; the kitchen floor was so dirty that it was impossible to say whether it was made of earth or flags.



They dug and dug for hours. They could not tunnel straight on account of stones; but by the end of the night they were under the kitchen floor. Benjamin was on his back scratching upwards. Peter's claws were worn down; he was outside the tunnel, shuffling sand away. He called out that it was morning-sunrise; and that the jays were making a noise down below in the woods.

Benjamin Bunny came out of the dark tunnel shaking the sand from his ears; he cleaned his face with his paws. Every minute the sun shone warmer on the top of the hill. In the valley there was a sea of white mist, with golden tops of trees showing through. Again from the fields down below in the mist there came the angry cry of a jay, followed by the sharp yelping bark of a fox!

Then those two rabbits lost their heads completely. They did the most foolish thing that they could have done. They rushed into their short new tunnel, and hid themselves at the top end of it, under Mr. Tod's kitchen floor.

Mr. Tod was coming up Bull Banks, and he was in the very worst of tempers. First he had been upset by breaking the plate. It was his own fault; but it was a china plate, the last of the dinner service that had belonged to his grandmother, old Vixen Tod. Then the midges had been very bad. And he had failed to catch a hen pheasant on her nest; and it had contained only five eggs, two of them addled. Mr. Tod had had an unsatisfactory night.

As usual, when out of humor, he determined to move house. First he tried the pollard willow, but it was damp; and the otters had left a dead fish near it. Mr. Tod likes nobody's leavings but his own.

He made his way up the hill; his temper was not improved by noticing unmistakable marks of badger. No one else grubs up the moss so wantonly as Tommy Brock.

Mr. Tod slapped his stick upon the earth and fumed; he guessed where Tommy Brock had gone to. He was further annoyed by the jay bird which followed him persistently. It flew from tree to tree and scolded, warning every rabbit within hearing that either a cat or a fox was coming up the

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

plantation. Once when it flew screaming over his head Mr. Tod snapped at it, and barked.

He approached his house very carefully, with a large rusty key. He sniffed and his whiskers bristled.

The house was locked up, but Mr. Tod had his doubts whether it was empty. He turned the rusty key in the lock; the rabbits below could hear it. Mr. Tod opened the door cautiously and went in.



The sight that met Mr. Tod's eyes in Mr. Tod's kitchen made Mr. Tod furious. There was Mr. Tod's chair, and Mr. Tod's pie dish, and his knife and fork and mustard and salt cellar, and his tablecloth, that he had left folded up in the dresser -all set out for supper (or breakfast) -without doubt for that odious Tommy Brock. There was a smell of fresh earth and dirty badger, which fortunately overpowered all smell of rabbit.

But what absorbed Mr. Tod's attention was a noise, a deep slow regular snoring grunting noise, coming from his own bed. He peeped through the hinges of the half-open bedroom door. Then he turned and came out of the house in a hurry. His whiskers bristled and his coat collar stood on end with rage. For the next twenty minutes Mr. Tod kept creeping cautiously into the house, and retreating hurriedly out again. By degrees he ventured further in-right into the bedroom. When he was outside the house, he scratched up the earth with fury. But when he was inside-he did not like the look of Tommy Brock's teeth.

He was lying on his back with his mouth open, grinning from ear to ear. He snored peacefully and regularly; but one eye was not perfectly shut.



Mr. Tod came in and out of the bedroom. Twice he brought in his walking stick, and once he brought in the coal scuttle. But he thought better of it, and took them away.

When he came back after removing the coal scuttle, Tommy Brock was lying a little more sideways; but he seemed even sounder asleep. He was an incurably indolent person; he was not in the least afraid of Mr. Tod; he was simply too lazy and comfortable to move.

Mr. Tod came back yet again into the bedroom with a clothes line. He stood a minute watching Tommy Brock and listening attentively to the snores. They were very loud indeed, but seemed quite natural. Mr. Tod turned his back towards the bed, and undid the window. It creaked; he turned round with a jump. Tommy Brock, who had opened one eye-shut it hastily. The snores continued.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Mr. Tod's proceedings were peculiar, and rather difficult (because the bed was between the window and the door of the bedroom). He opened the window a little way, and pushed out the greater part of the clothes line on to the window sill. The rest of the line, with a hook at the end, remained in his hand.

Tommy Brock snored conscientiously. Mr. Tod stood and looked at him for a minute; then he left the room again. Tommy Brock opened both eyes, and looked at the rope and grinned. There was a noise outside the window. Tommy Brock shut his eyes in a hurry.

Mr. Tod had gone out at the front door, and round to the back of the house. On the way, he stumbled over the rabbit burrow. If he had had any idea who was inside it he would have pulled them out quickly. His foot went through the tunnel nearly upon the top of Peter Rabbit and Benjamin; but, fortunately, he thought that it was some more of Tommy Brock's work. He took up the coil of line from the sill, listened for a moment, and then tied the rope to a tree.

Tommy Brock watched him with one eye, through the window. He was puzzled.

Mr. Tod fetched a large heavy pailful of water from the spring, and staggered with it through the kitchen into his bedroom.

Tommy Brock snored industriously, with rather a snort.

Mr. Tod put down the pail beside the bed, took up the end of rope with the hook-hesitated, and looked at Tommy Brock. The snores were almost apoplectic; but the grin was not quite so big. Mr. Tod gingerly mounted a chair by the head of the bedstead. His legs were dangerously near to Tommy Brock's teeth. He reached up and put the end of rope, with the hook, over the head of the tester bed, where the curtains ought to hang.



(Mr. Tod's curtains were folded up, and put away, owing to the house being unoccupied. So was the counterpane. Tommy Brock was covered with a blanket only.) Mr. Tod standing on the unsteady chair looked down upon him attentively; he really was a first prize sound sleeper! It seemed as though nothing would waken him-not even the flapping rope across the bed.

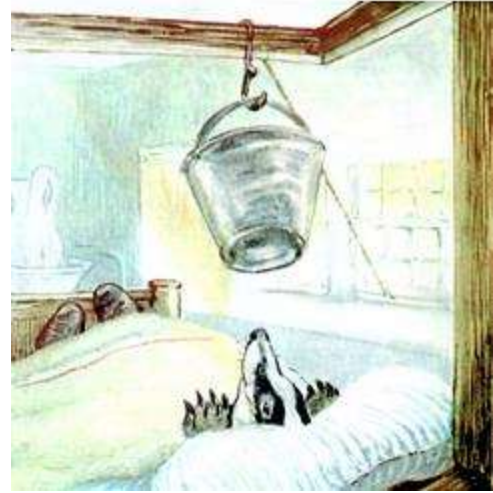
Mr. Tod descended safely from the chair, and endeavored to get up again with the pail of water. He intended to hang it from the hook, dangling over the head of Tommy Brock, in order to make a sort of shower-bath, worked by a string, through the window. But, naturally, being a thin-legged person (though vindictive and sandy whiskered)-he was quite unable to lift the heavy weight to the level of the hook and rope. He very nearly overbalanced himself.

The snores became more and more apoplectic. One of Tommy Brock's hind legs twitched under the blanket, but still he slept on peacefully.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Mr. Tod and the pail descended from the chair without accident. After considerable thought, he emptied the water into a wash basin and jug. The empty pail was not too heavy for him; he slung it up wobbling over the head of Tommy Brock. Surely there never was such a sleeper! Mr. Tod got up and down, down and up on the chair.

As he could not lift the whole pailful of water at once he fetched a milk jug and ladled quarts of water into the pail by degrees. The pail got fuller and fuller, and swung like a pendulum. Occasionally a drop splashed over; but still Tommy Brock snored regularly and never moved, -except in one eye.



At last Mr. Tod's preparations were complete. The pail was full of water; the rope was tightly strained over the top of the bed, and across the windowsill to the tree outside. "It will make a great mess in my bedroom; but I could never sleep in that bed again without a spring cleaning of some sort," said Mr. Tod. Mr. Tod took a last look at the badger and softly left the room.

He went out of the house, shutting the front door. The rabbits heard his footsteps over the tunnel.

He ran round behind the house, intending to undo the rope in order to let fall the pailful of water upon Tommy Brock. "I will wake him up with an unpleasant surprise," said Mr. Tod.

The moment he had gone, Tommy Brock got up in a hurry; he rolled Mr. Tod's dressing-gown into a bundle, put it into the bed beneath the pail of water instead of himself, and left the room also- grinning immensely. He went into the kitchen, lighted the fire and boiled the kettle; for the moment he did not trouble himself to cook the baby rabbits.

When Mr. Tod got to the tree, he found that the weight and strain had dragged the knot so tight that it was past untying. He was obliged to gnaw it with his teeth. He chewed and gnawed for more than twenty minutes. At last the rope gave way with such a sudden jerk that it nearly pulled his teeth out, and quite knocked him over backwards.

Inside the house there was a great crash and splash, and the noise of a pail rolling over and over.

But no screams. Mr. Tod was mystified; he sat quite still, and listened attentively. Then he peeped in at the window. The water was dripping from the bed, the pail had rolled into a corner. In the middle of the bed, under the blanket, was a wet SOMETHING -much flattened in the middle, where the pail had caught it (as it were across the tummy). Its head was covered by the wet blanket, and it was NOT SNORING ANY LONGER. There was nothing stirring, and no

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

sound except the drip, drop, drop, drip, of water trickling from the mattress.

Mr. Tod watched it for half an hour; his eyes glistened. Then he cut a caper, and became so bold that he even tapped at the window; but the bundle never moved. Yes-there was no doubt about it-it had turned out even better than he had planned; the pail had hit poor old Tommy Brock, and killed him dead!

"I will bury that nasty person in the hole which he has dug. I will bring my bedding out, and dry it in the sun," said Mr. Tod. "I will wash the tablecloth and spread it on the grass in the sun to bleach. And the blanket must be hung up in the wind; and the bed must be thoroughly disinfected, and aired with a warming-pan; and warmed with a hot water bottle. I will get soft soap, and monkey soap, and all sorts of soap; and soda and scrubbing brushes; and Persian powder; and carbolic to remove the smell. I must have a disinfecting. Perhaps I may have to burn Sulphur."

He hurried round the house to get a shovel from the kitchen- "First I will arrange the hole-then I will drag out that person in the blanket..." He opened the door...

Tommy Brock was sitting at Mr. Tod's kitchen table, pouring out tea from Mr. Tod's teapot into Mr. Tod's teacup. He was quite dry himself and grinning; and he threw the cup of scalding tea all over Mr. Tod.



Then Mr. Tod rushed upon Tommy Brock, and Tommy Brock grappled with Mr. Tod amongst the broken crockery, and there was a terrific battle all over the kitchen.

To the rabbits underneath it sounded as if the floor would give way at each crash of falling furniture. They crept out of their tunnel, and hung about amongst the rocks and bushes, listening anxiously.

Inside the house the racket was fearful. The rabbit babies in the oven woke up trembling; perhaps it was fortunate they were shut up inside.

Everything was upset except the kitchen table. And everything was broken, except the mantelpiece and the kitchen fender. The crockery was smashed to atoms. The chairs were broken, and the window, and the clock fell with a crash, and there were handfuls of Mr. Tod's sandy whiskers. The vases fell off the mantelpiece, the canisters fell off the shelf; the kettle fell off the hob. Tommy Brock put his foot in a jar of raspberry jam. And the boiling water out of the kettle fell upon the tail of Mr. Tod.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

When the kettle fell, Tommy Brock, who was still grinning, happened to be uppermost; and he rolled Mr. Tod over and over like a log, out at the door.

Then the snarling and worrying went on outside; and they rolled over the bank, and downhill, bumping over the rocks. There will never be any love lost between Tommy Brock and Mr. Tod.

Then the snarling and worrying went on outside; and they rolled over the bank, and downhill, bumping over the rocks. There will never be any love lost between Tommy Brock and Mr. Tod.

As soon as the coast was clear, Peter Rabbit and Benjamin Bunny came out of the bushes- "Now for it! Run in, Cousin Benjamin! Run in and get them! while I watch the door."

But Benjamin was frightened-"Oh; oh! they are coming back!"

"No they are not."

"Yes they are!"

"What dreadful bad language! I think they have fallen down the stone quarry."

Still Benjamin hesitated, and Peter kept pushing him-"Be quick, it's all right. Shut the oven door, Cousin Benjamin, so that he won't miss them."

Decidedly there were lively doings in Mr. Tod's kitchen!

At home in the rabbit hole, things had not been quite comfortable.

After quarreling at supper, Flopsy and old Mr. Bouncer had passed a sleepless night, and quarreled again at breakfast. Old Mr. Bouncer could no longer deny that he had invited company into the rabbit hole; but he refused to reply to the questions and reproaches of Flopsy. The day passed heavily.

Old Mr. Bouncer, very sulky, was huddled up in a corner, barricaded with a chair. Flopsy had taken away his pipe and hidden the tobacco. She had been having a complete turn out and spring cleaning, to relieve her feelings. She had just finished. Old Mr. Bouncer, behind his chair, was wondering anxiously what she would do next.



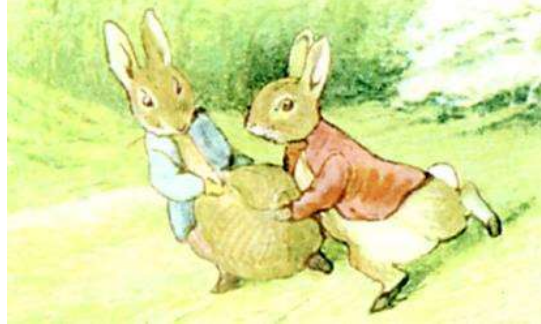
In Mr. Tod's kitchen, amidst the wreckage, Benjamin Bunny picked his way to the oven nervously, through a thick cloud of dust. He opened the oven door, felt inside, and found something warm and wriggling. He lifted it out carefully, and rejoined Peter Rabbit.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"I've got them! Can we get away? Shall we hide, Cousin Peter?"

Peter pricked his ears; distant sounds of fighting still echoed in the wood.

Five minutes afterwards two breathless rabbits came scuttering away down Bull Banks, half carrying, half dragging a sack between them, bumpetty bump over the grass. They reached home safely, and burst into the rabbit hole.



Great was old Mr. Bouncer's relief and Flopsy's joy when Peter and Benjamin arrived in triumph with the young family. The rabbit babies were rather tumbled and very hungry; they were fed and put to bed. They soon recovered.

A new long pipe and a fresh supply of rabbit tobacco was presented to Mr. Bouncer. He was rather upon his dignity; but he accepted.

Old Mr. Bouncer was forgiven, and they all had dinner. Then Peter and Benjamin told their story-but they had not waited long enough to be able to tell the end of the battle between Tommy Brock and Mr. Tod.

Chapter 18: The Tale of Pigling Bland

Once upon a time there was an old pig called Aunt Pettitoes. She had eight of a family: four little girl pigs, called Cross-patch, Suck-suck, Yock-yock and Spot; and four little boy pigs, called Alexander, Pigling Bland, Chin-Chin and Stumpy.



Stumpy had had an accident to his tail.

The eight little pigs had very fine appetites-"Yus, yus, yus! they eat and indeed they DO eat!" said Aunt Pettitoes, looking at her family with pride. Suddenly there were fearful squeals; Alexander had squeezed inside the hoops of the pig trough and stuck.

Aunt Pettitoes and I dragged him out by the hind legs.

Chin-chin was already in disgrace; it was washing day, and he had eaten a piece of soap. And presently in a basket of clean clothes, we found another dirty little pig-"Tchut, tut, tut! whichever is this?" grunted Aunt Pettitoes. Now all the pig family are pink, or pink with black spots, but this pig child was smutty black all over;

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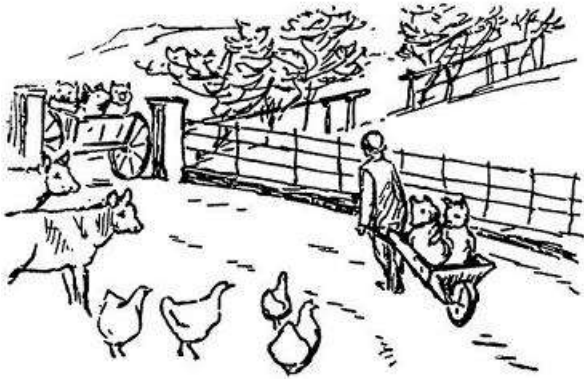
when it had been popped into a tub, it proved to be Yock-yock.

I went into the garden; there I found Cross-patch and Suck-suck rooting up carrots. I whipped them myself and led them out by the ears. Cross-patch tried to bite me.

"Aunt Pettitoes, Aunt Pettitoes! you are a worthy person, but your family is not well brought up. Every one of them has been in mischief except Spot and Pigling Bland."

"Yus, yus!" sighed Aunt Pettitoes. "And they drink bucketfuls of milk; I shall have to get another cow! Good little Spot shall stay at home to do the housework; but the others must go. Four little boy pigs and four little girl pigs are too many altogether." "Yus, yus, yus," said Aunt Pettitoes, "there will be more to eat without them."

So Chin-chin and Suck-suck went away in a wheel-barrow, and Stumpy, Yock-yock and Cross-patch rode away in a cart.



And the other two little boy pigs, Pigling Bland and Alexander went to market. We brushed their coats, we curled their tails and washed their little faces, and wished them goodbye in the yard.

Aunt Pettitoes wiped her eyes with a large pocket handkerchief, then she wiped Pigling Bland's nose and shed tears; then she wiped Alexander's nose and shed tears; then she passed the handkerchief to Spot. Aunt Pettitoes sighed and

grunted, and addressed those little pigs as follows-

"Now Pigling Bland, son Pigling Bland, you must go to market. Take your brother Alexander by the hand. Mind your Sunday clothes, and remember to blow your nose" -(Aunt Pettitoes passed round the handkerchief again)-"beware of traps, hen roosts, bacon and eggs; always walk upon your hind legs." Pigling Bland who was a sedate little pig, looked solemnly at his mother, a tear trickled down his cheek.

Aunt Pettitoes turned to the other-"Now son Alexander take the hand"- "Wee, wee, wee!" giggled Alexander-"take the hand of your brother Pigling Bland, you must go to market. Mind-" "Wee, wee, wee!" interrupted Alexander again. "You put me out," said Aunt Pettitoes-"Observe signposts and milestones; do not gobble herring bones-" "And remember," said I impressively, "if you once cross the county boundary you cannot come back. Alexander, you are not attending.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Here are two licenses permitting two pigs to go to market in Lancashire. Attend Alexander. I have had no end of trouble in getting these papers from the policeman." Pigling Bland listened gravely; Alexander was hopelessly volatile.

I pinned the papers, for safety, inside their waistcoat pockets; Aunt Pettitoes gave to each a little bundle, and eight conversation peppermints with appropriate moral sentiments in screws of paper. Then they started.

Pigling Bland and Alexander trotted along steadily for a mile; at least Pigling Bland did. Alexander made the road half as long again by skipping from side to side. He danced about and pinched his brother, singing- "This pig went to market, this pig stayed at home, This pig had a bit of meat-let's see what they have given US for dinner, Pigling?"

Pigling Bland and Alexander sat down and untied their bundles. Alexander gobbled up his dinner in no time; he had already eaten all his own peppermints-"Give me one of yours, please, Pigling?" "But I wish to preserve them for emergencies," said Pigling Bland doubtfully. Alexander went into squeals of laughter. Then he pricked Pigling with the pin that had fastened his pig paper; and when Pigling slapped him he dropped the pin, and tried to take Pigling's pin, and the papers got mixed up. Pigling Bland reproved Alexander.



But presently they made it up again, and trotted away together, singing-"Tom, Tom the piper's son, stole a pig and away he ran! "But all the tune that he could play, was 'Over the hills and far away!'"

"What's that, young Sirs? Stole a pig? Where are your licenses?" said the policeman. They had nearly run against him round a corner. Pigling Bland pulled out his paper; Alexander, after fumbling, handed over something scrumply-

"Two 2 1/2 oz. conversation sweets at three farthings"- "What's this? this ain't a license?" Alexander's nose lengthened visibly, he had lost it. "I had one, indeed I had, Mr. Policeman!"

"It's not likely they let you start without. I am passing the farm. You may walk with me."

"Can I come back too?" inquired Pigling Bland. "I see no reason, young Sir; your paper is all right." Pigling Bland did not like going on alone, and it was beginning to rain. But it is unwise to argue with the police; he gave his brother a peppermint, and watched him out of sight.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

To conclude the adventures of Alexander-the policeman sauntered up to the house about tea time, followed by a damp subdued little pig. I disposed of Alexander in the neighborhood; he did fairly well when he had settled down.

Pigling Bland went on alone dejectedly; he came to cross roads and a sign-post-"To Market-town 5 miles," "Over the Hills, 4 miles," "To Pettitoes Farm, 3 miles."

Pigling Bland was shocked, there was little hope of sleeping in Market Town, and tomorrow was the hiring fair; it was deplorable to think how much time had been wasted by the frivolity of Alexander.



He glanced wistfully along the road towards the hills, and then set off walking obediently the other way, buttoning up his coat against the rain. He had never wanted to go; and the idea of standing all by himself in a crowded market, to be stared at, pushed, and hired by some big strange farmer was very disagreeable-

"I wish I could have a little garden and grow potatoes," said Pigling Bland. He put his cold hand in his pocket and felt his paper, he put his other hand in his other pocket and felt another paper-Alexander's! Pigling squealed; then ran back frantically, hoping to overtake Alexander and the policeman. He took a wrong turn-several wrong turns, and was quite lost. It grew dark, the wind whistled, the trees creaked and groaned. Pigling Bland became frightened and cried "Wee, wee, wee! I can't find my way home!".

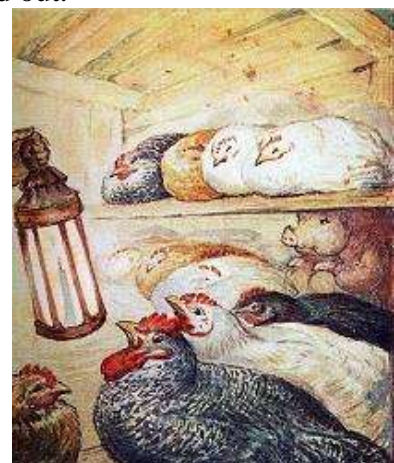
After an hour's wandering he got out of the wood; the moon shone through the clouds, and Pigling Bland saw a country that was new to him. The road crossed a moor; below was a wide valley with a river twinkling in the moonlight, and beyond -in misty distance-lay the hills.

He saw a small wooden hut, made his way to it, and crept inside -"I am afraid it IS a hen house, but what can I do?" said Pigling Bland, wet and cold and quite tired out.

"Bacon and eggs, bacon and eggs!" clucked a hen on a perch.

"Trap, trap, trap! cackle, cackle, cackle!" scolded the disturbed cockerel. "To market, to market, jiggety-jig!" clucked a broody white hen roosting next to him. Pigling Bland, much alarmed, determined to leave at daybreak. In the meantime, he and the hens fell asleep.

In less than an hour they were all awakened. The owner, Mr. Peter Thomas Piperson, came with a lantern and a hamper to



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

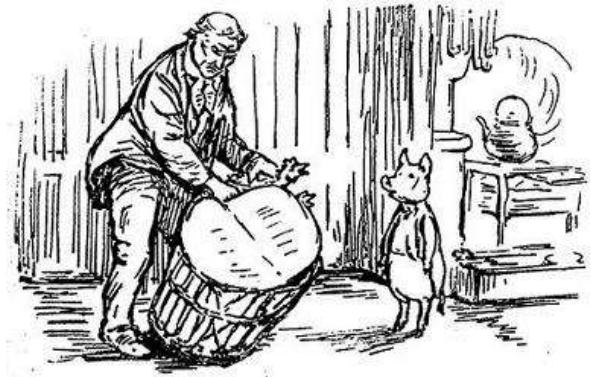
catch six fowls to take to market in the morning.

He grabbed the white hen roosting next to the cock; then his eye fell upon Pigling Bland, squeezed up in a corner. He made a singular remark-"Hallo, here's another!" -seized Pigling by the scruff of the neck, and dropped him into the hamper. Then he dropped in five more dirty, kicking, cackling hens upon the top of Pigling Bland.

The hamper containing six fowls and a young pig was no light weight; it was taken downhill, unsteadily, with jerks. Pigling, although nearly scratched to pieces, contrived to hide the papers and peppermints inside his clothes.

At last the hamper was bumped down upon a kitchen floor, the lid was opened, and Pigling was lifted out. He looked up, blinking, and saw an offensively ugly elderly man, grinning from ear to ear.

"This one's come of himself, whatever," said Mr. Piperson, turning Pigling's pockets inside out. He pushed the hamper into a corner, threw a sack over it to keep the hens quiet, put a pot on the fire, and unlaced his boots.



Pigling Bland drew forward a cobby stool, and sat on the edge of it, shyly warming his hands. Mr. Piperson pulled off a boot and threw it against the wainscot at the further end of the kitchen. There was a smothered noise-"Shut up!" said Mr. Piperson. Pigling Bland warmed his hands, and eyed him.

Mr. Piperson pulled off the other boot and flung it after the first, there was again a curious noise-"Be quiet, will ye?" said Mr. Piperson. Pigling Bland sat on the very edge of the cobby stool.



Mr. Piperson fetched meal from a chest and made porridge, it seemed to Pigling that something at the further end of the kitchen was taking a suppressed interest in the cooking; but he was too hungry to be troubled by noises.

Mr. Piperson poured out three platefuls: for himself, for Pigling, and a third-after glaring at Pigling- he put away with much scuffling, and locked up. Pigling Bland ate his supper discreetly.

After supper Mr. Piperson consulted an almanac, and felt Pigling's ribs; it was too late in the season for curing

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

bacon, and he grudged his meal. Besides, the hens had seen this pig. He looked at the small remains of a fitch [side of bacon], and then looked undecidedly at Pigling. "You may sleep on the rug," said Mr. Peter Thomas Piperson.

Pigling Bland slept like a top. In the morning Mr. Piperson made more porridge; the weather was warmer. He looked how much meal was left in the chest, and seemed dissatisfied-"You'll likely be moving on again?" said he to Pigling Bland.

Before Pigling could reply, a neighbor, who was giving Mr. Piperson and the hens a lift, whistled from the gate. Mr. Piperson hurried out with the hamper, enjoining Pigling to shut the door behind him and not meddle with naught; or "I'll come back and skin ye!" said Mr. Piperson.

It crossed Pigling's mind that if HE had asked for a lift, too, he might still have been in time for market. But he distrusted Peter Thomas.

After finishing breakfast at his leisure, Pigling had a look round the cottage; everything was locked up. He found some potato peelings in a bucket in the back kitchen. Pigling ate the peel, and washed up the porridge plates in the bucket. He sang while he worked-

"Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
He called up all the girls and boys-
"And they all ran to hear him play,
"Over the hills and far away!-"



Suddenly a little smothered voice chimed in-

"Over the hills and a great way off,
The wind shall blow my top knot off."

Pigling Bland put down a plate which he was wiping, and listened. After a long pause, Pigling went on tiptoe and peeped round the door into the front kitchen; there was nobody there.

After another pause, Pigling approached the door of the locked cupboard, and snuffed at the keyhole. It was quite quiet. After another long pause, Pigling pushed a peppermint under the door. It was sucked in immediately. In the course of the day Pigling pushed in all his remaining six peppermints.

When Mr. Piperson returned, he found Pigling sitting before the fire; he had brushed up the hearth and put on the pot to boil; the meal was not get-at-able.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Mr. Piperson was very affable; he slapped Pigling on the back, made lots of porridge and forgot to lock the meal chest. He did lock the cupboard door; but without properly shutting it. He went to bed early, and told Pigling upon no account to disturb him next day before twelve o'clock.

Pigling Bland sat by the fire, eating his supper.

All at once at his elbow, a little voice spoke-"My name is Pig-wig. Make me more porridge, please!" Pigling Bland jumped, and looked round.

A perfectly lovely little black Berkshire pig stood smiling beside him. She had twinkly little screwed up eyes, a double chin, and a short turned up nose. She pointed at Pigling's plate; he hastily gave it to her, and fled to the meal chest.



"How did you come here?" asked Pigling Bland.

"Stolen," replied Pig-wig, with her mouth full.

Pigling helped himself to meal without scruple. "What for?"

"Bacon, hams," replied Pig-wig cheerfully.

"Why on earth don't you run away?" exclaimed the horrified Pigling.

"I shall after supper," said Pig-wig decidedly.

Pigling Bland made more porridge and watched her shyly. She finished a second plate, got up, and looked about her, as though she were going to start.



"You can't go in the dark," said Pigling Bland.

Pig-wig looked anxious. "Do you know your way by daylight?"

"I know we can see this little white house from the hills across the river. Which way are you going, Mr. Pig?"

"To market-I have two pig papers. I might take you to the bridge; if you have no objection," said Pigling much confused and sitting on the edge of his cobby stool. Pig-wig's gratitude was such and she asked so many questions that it became embarrassing to Pigling Bland.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

He was obliged to shut his eyes and pretend to sleep. She became quiet, and there was a smell of peppermint.

"I thought you had eaten them?" said Pigling, waking suddenly.

"Only the corners," replied Pig-wig, studying the sentiments with much interest by the firelight.

"I wish you wouldn't; he might smell them through the ceiling," said the alarmed Pigling.

Pig-wig put back the sticky peppermints into her pocket; "Sing something," she demanded.

"I am sorry. . . I have tooth-ache," said Pigling much dismayed.

"Then I will sing," replied Pig-wig, "You will not mind if I say iddy tidditty? I have forgotten some of the words."

Pigling Bland made no objection; he sat with his eyes half shut, and watched her.

She wagged her head and rocked about, clapping time and singing in a sweet little grunty voice-

"A funny old mother pig lived in a sty, and three little piggies had she;

"(Ti idditty idditty) umph, umph, umph! and the little pigs said wee, wee!"

She sang successfully through three or four verses, only at every verse her head nodded a little lower, and her little twinkly eyes closed up-"Those three little piggies grew peaky and lean, and lean they might very well be; For somehow they couldn't say umph, umph, umph! and they wouldn't say wee, wee, wee! For somehow they couldn't say-

Pig-wig's head bobbed lower and lower, until she rolled over, a little round ball, fast asleep on the hearth-rug.

Pigling Bland, on tiptoe, covered her up with an antimacassar.

He was afraid to go to sleep himself; for the rest of the night he sat listening to the chirping of the crickets and to the snores of Mr. Piperson overhead.

Early in the morning, between dark and daylight, Pigling tied up his little bundle and woke up Pig-wig. She was excited and half-frightened. "But it's dark! How can we find our way?"



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"The cock has crowed; we must start before the hens come out; they might shout to Mr. Piperson."

Pig-wig sat down again, and commenced to cry.

"Come away Pig-wig; we can see when we get used to it. Come! I can hear them clucking!"

Pigling had never said shuh! to a hen in his life, being peaceable; also he remembered the hamper.

He opened the house door quietly and shut it after them. There was no garden; the neighborhood of Mr. Piperson's was all scratched up by fowls. They slipped away hand in hand across an untidy field to the road. "Tom, Tom the piper's son, stole a pig and away he ran! "But all the tune that he could play, was `Over the hills and far away!'"

"Come Pig-wig, we must get to the bridge before folks are stirring."

"Why do you want to go to market, Pigling?" inquired Pig-wig.

The sun rose while they were crossing the moor, a dazzle of light over the tops of the hills. The sunshine crept down the slopes into the peaceful green valleys, where little white cottages nestled in gardens and orchards.

"That's Westmorland," said Pig-wig. She dropped Pigling's hand and commenced to dance, singing- presently. "I don't want; I want to grow potatoes."

"Have a peppermint?" said Pig-wig. Pigling Bland refused quite crossly. "Does your poor toothy hurt?" inquired Pig-wig. Pigling Bland grunted.

Pig-wig ate the peppermint herself, and followed the opposite side of the road. "Pig-wig! keep under the wall, there's a man ploughing." Pig-wig crossed over, they hurried downhill towards the county boundary.



Suddenly Pigling stopped; he heard wheels.

Slowly jogging up the road below them came a tradesman's cart. The reins flapped on the horse's back, the grocer was reading a newspaper.

"Take that peppermint out of your mouth, Pig-wig, we may have to run. Don't say one word. Leave it to me. And in sight of the bridge!" said poor Pigling, nearly crying. He began to walk

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

frightfully lame, holding Pig-wig's arm.

The grocer, intent upon his newspaper, might have passed them, if his horse had not shied and snorted. He pulled the cart crossways, and held down his whip. "Hallo? Where are you going to?"-Pigling Bland stared at him vacantly.

"Are you deaf? Are you going to market?" Pigling nodded slowly.

"I thought as much. It was yesterday. Show me your license?"

Pigling stared at the off-hind shoe of the grocer's horse which had picked up a stone.

The grocer flicked his whip- "Papers? Pig license?" Pigling fumbled in all his pockets, and handed up the papers. The grocer read them, but still seemed dissatisfied. "This here pig is a young lady; is her name Alexander?" Pig-wig opened her mouth and shut it again; Pigling coughed asthmatically.

The grocer ran his finger down the advertisement column of his newspaper-"Lost, stolen or strayed, 10S. reward;" he looked suspiciously at Pig-wig. Then he stood up in the trap, and whistled for the ploughman.



"You wait here while I drive on and speak to him," said the grocer, gathering up the reins. He knew that pigs are slippery; but surely, such a VERY lame pig could never run!

"Not yet, Pig-wig, he will look back." The grocer did so; he saw the two pigs stock-still in the middle of the road. Then he looked over at his horse's heels; it was lame also; the stone took some time to knock out, after he got to the ploughman.

"Now, Pig-wig, NOW!" said Pigling Bland.

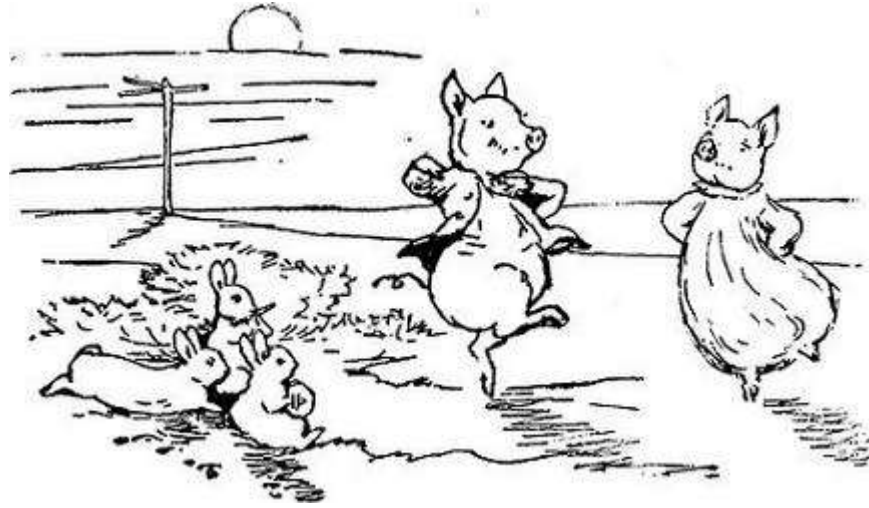


Never did any pigs run as these pigs ran! They raced and squealed and pelted down the long white hill towards the bridge. Little fat Pig-wig's petticoats fluttered, and her feet went pitter, patter, pitter, as she bounded and jumped.

They ran, and they ran, and they ran down the hill, and across a short cut on level green turf at the bottom, between pebble beds and rushes.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

They came to the river, they came to the bridge-they crossed it hand in hand-then over the hills and far away she danced with Pigling Bland!



Chapter 19: The Tale of Ginger and Pickles



Once upon a time there was a village shop. The name over the window was "Ginger and Pickles."

It was a little small shop just the right size for Dolls- Lucinda and Jane Doll-cook always bought their groceries at Ginger and Pickles.

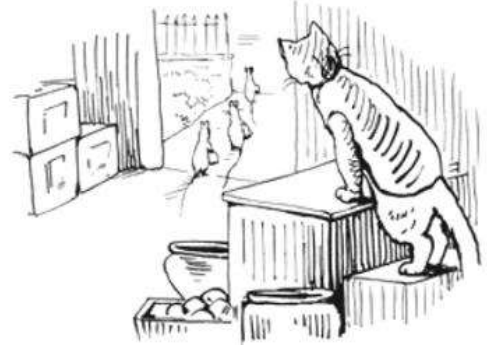
The counter inside was a convenient height for rabbits. Ginger and Pickles sold red spotty pocket handkerchiefs at a penny three farthings. They also sold sugar, and snuff and galoshes. In fact, although it was such a small shop it sold nearly everything-except a few things that you want in a hurry-like bootlaces, hair-pins and mutton chops.

Ginger and Pickles were the people who kept the shop. Ginger was a yellow tomcat, and Pickles was a terrier. The rabbits were always a little bit afraid of Pickles. The shop was also patronized by mice-only the mice were rather afraid of Ginger.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Ginger usually requested Pickles to serve them, because he said it made his mouth water. "I cannot bear," said he, "to see them going out at the door carrying their little parcels."



"I have the same feeling about rats," replied Pickles, "but it would never do to eat our customers; they would leave us and go to Tabitha Twitchit's."

"On the contrary, they would go nowhere," replied Ginger gloomily. (Tabitha Twitchit kept the only other shop in the village. She did not give credit.) But there is no money in what is called the "till." Ginger and Pickles gave unlimited credit.

Now the meaning of "credit" is this-when a customer buys a bar of soap, instead of the customer pulling out a purse and paying for it-she says she will pay another time.



And Pickles makes a low bow and says, "With pleasure, madam," and it is written down in a book.

as Tabitha Twitchit's.

The customers come again and again, and buy quantities, in spite of being afraid of Ginger and Pickles. The customers came in crowds every day and bought quantities, especially the toffee customers. But there was always no money; they never paid for as much as a penny-worth of peppermints. But the sales were enormous, ten times as large

As there was always no money, Ginger and Pickles were obliged to eat their own goods. Pickles ate biscuits and Ginger ate a dried haddock. They ate them by candle-light after the shop was closed.



"It is very uncomfortable, I am afraid I shall be summoned. I have tried in vain to get a license upon credit at the Post Office;" said Pickles. "The place is full of policemen. I met one as I was coming home.

"Let us send in the bill again to Samuel Whiskers, Ginger, he owes 22/9 for bacon."

"I do not believe that he intends to pay at all," replied Ginger.

When it came to Jan. 1st there was still no money, and Pickles was unable to buy a dog license.

"It is very unpleasant, I am afraid of the police," said Pickles.

"It is your own fault for being a terrier; I do not require a license, and neither does Kep, the

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Collie dog."

"And I feel sure that Anna Maria pockets things-

"Where are all the cream crackers?"

"You have eaten them yourself." replied Ginger.

Ginger and Pickles retired into the back parlor. They did accounts. They added up sums and sums, and sums.



"Samuel Whiskers has run up a bill as long as his tail; he has had an ounce and three-quarters of snuff since October.

"What is seven pounds of butter at $\frac{1}{3}$, and a stick of sealing wax and four matches?"

"Send in all the bills again to everybody `with compliments,'" replied Ginger.

After a time they heard a noise in the shop, as if something had been pushed in at the door. They came out of the back parlor. There was an envelope lying on the counter, and a policeman writing in a notebook!

Pickles nearly had a fit, he barked and he barked and made little rushes.

"Bite him, Pickles! bite him!" spluttered Ginger behind a sugar barrel, "he's only a German doll!"

The policeman went on writing in his notebook; twice he put his pencil in his mouth, and once he dipped it in the treacle.



Pickles barked till he was hoarse. But still the policeman took no notice. He had bead eyes, and his helmet was sewed on with stitches.

At length on his last little rush-Pickles found that the shop was empty. The policeman had disappeared. But the envelope remained.

"Do you think that he has gone to fetch a real live policeman? I am afraid it is a summons," said Pickles.

"No," replied Ginger, who had opened the envelope, "it is the rates and taxes, 3 pounds 19 11 $\frac{3}{4}$." [pounds are British money, the 19 is schillings, and then pence]

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"This is the last straw," said Pickles, "let us close the shop."

They put up the shutters, and left. But they have not removed from the neighborhood. In fact some people wish they had gone further.

Ginger is living in the warren [game preserve for rabbits]. I do not know what occupation he pursues; he looks stout and comfortable.



Pickles is at present a gamekeeper.

After a time Mr. John Dormouse and his daughter began to sell peppermints and candles.

But they did not keep "self-fitting sixes"; and it takes five mice to carry one seven inch candle.

The closing of the shop caused great inconvenience. Tabitha Twitchit immediately raised the price of everything a halfpenny; and she continued to refuse to give credit.

Of course there are the tradesmen's carts-the butcher, the fishman and Timothy Baker.

But a person cannot live on "seed wigs" and sponge cake and butter buns-not even when the sponge cake is as good as Timothy's!

And Miss Dormouse refused to take back the ends when they were brought back to her with complaints.

And when Mr. John Dormouse was complained to, he stayed in bed, and would say nothing but "very snug;" which is not the way to carry on a retail business.

Besides-the candles which they sell behave very strangely in warm weather.

So everybody was pleased when Sally Henny Penny sent out a printed poster to say that she was going to reopen the shop-
"Henny's Opening Sale! Grand cooperative Jumble! Penny's penny prices! Come buy, come try, come buy!" The poster really was most 'ticing.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

There was a rush upon the opening day. The shop was crammed with customers, and there were crowds of mice upon the biscuit canisters.

Sally Henny Penny gets rather flustered when she tries to count out change, and she insists on being paid cash; but she is quite harmless. And she has laid in a remarkable assortment of bargains. There is something to please everybody.



Raggedy Ann Stories

Chapter 1: Raggedy Ann Learns a Lesson

One day the dolls were left all to themselves. Their little mistress had placed them all around the room and told them to be nice children while she was away. And there they sat and never even so much as wiggled a finger, until their mistress had left the room.

Then the soldier dolly turned his head and solemnly winked at Raggedy Ann.



And when the front gate clicked and the dollies knew they were alone in the house, they all scrambled to their feet.

"Now let's have a good time!" cried the tin soldier. "Let's all go in search of something to eat!"

"Yes! Let's all go in search of something to eat!" cried all the other dollies.

"When Mistress had me out playing with her this morning," said Raggedy Ann, "she carried me by a door near the back of the house and I smelled something which smelled as if it would taste delicious!"



"Then you lead the way, Raggedy Ann!" cried the French dolly.

"I think it would be a good plan to elect Raggedy Ann as our leader on this expedition!" said the Indian doll.

At this all the other dolls clapped their hands together and shouted, "Hurrah! Raggedy Ann will be our leader."

So Raggedy Ann, very proud indeed to have the confidence and love of all the other dollies, said that she would be very glad to be their leader. "Follow me!" she cried as her wobbly legs carried her across the floor at a lively pace. The other dollies followed, racing about the house until they came to the pantry door. "This is the place!" cried Raggedy Ann, and sure enough, all the dollies smelled something which they knew must be very good to eat.

But none of the dollies was tall enough to open the door and, although they pushed and pulled with all their might, the door remained tightly closed.

The dollies were talking and pulling and pushing and every once in a while one would fall over and the others would step on her in their efforts to open the door. Finally Raggedy Ann drew

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

away from the others and sat down on the floor.

When the other dollies discovered Raggedy Ann sitting there, running her rag hands through her yarn hair, they knew she was thinking.

"Sh! Sh!" they said to each other and quietly went over near Raggedy Ann and sat down in front of her.

"There must be a way to get inside," said Raggedy Ann.

"Raggedy says there must be a way to get inside!" cried all the dolls.

"I can't seem to think clearly today," said Raggedy Ann. "It feels as if my head were ripped."

At this the French doll ran to Raggedy Ann and took off her bonnet. "Yes, there is a rip in your head, Raggedy!" she said and pulled a pin from her skirt and pinned up Raggedy's head. "It's not a very neat job, for I got some puckers in it!" she said.

"Oh that is ever so much better!" cried Raggedy Ann. "Now I can think quite clearly."

"Now Raggedy can think quite clearly!" cried all the dolls.

"My thoughts must have leaked out the rip before!" said Raggedy Ann.

"They must have leaked out before, dear Raggedy!" cried all the other dolls.



"Now that I can think so clearly," said Raggedy Ann, "I think the door must be locked and to get in we must unlock it!"

"That will be easy!" said the Dutch doll who says "Mamma" when he is tipped backward and forward, "For we will have the brave tin soldier shoot the key out of the lock!"

"I can easily do that!" cried the tin soldier, as he raised his gun.

"Oh, Raggedy Ann!" cried the French dolly. "Please do not let him shoot!"

"No!" said Raggedy Ann. "We must think of a quieter way!"

After thinking quite hard for a moment, Raggedy Ann jumped up and said: "I have it!" And she

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

caught up the Jumping Jack and held him up to the door; then Jack slid up his stick and unlocked the door.

Then the dollies all pushed and the door swung open. My! Such a scramble! The dolls piled over one another in their desire to be the first at the goodies. They swarmed upon the pantry shelves and in their eagerness spilled a pitcher of cream which ran all over the French dolly's dress.



The Indian doll found some corn bread and dipping it in the molasses he sat down for a good feast. A jar of raspberry jam was overturned and the dollies ate of this until their faces were all purple. The tin soldier fell from the shelf three times and bent one of his tin legs, but he scrambled right back up again.

Never had the dolls had so much fun and excitement, and they had all eaten their fill when they heard the click of the front gate. They did not take time to climb from the shelves, but all rolled or jumped off to the floor and scrambled back to their room as fast as they could run, leaving a trail of bread crumbs and jam along the way.

Just as their mistress came into the room the dolls dropped in whatever positions they happened to be in.



"This is funny!" cried Mistress. "They were all left sitting in their places around the room! I wonder if Fido has been shaking them up!" Then she saw Raggedy Ann's face and picked her up. "Why Raggedy Ann, you are all sticky! I do believe you are covered with jam!" and Mistress tasted Raggedy Ann's hand. "Yes! It's JAM! Shame on you, Raggedy Ann! You've been in the pantry and all the others, too!" and with this the dolls' mistress dropped Raggedy Ann on the floor and left the room.

When she came back she had on an apron and her sleeves were rolled up. She picked up all the sticky dolls and putting them in a basket she carried them out under the apple tree in the garden.

There she had placed her little tub and wringer and she took the dolls one at a time, and scrubbed them with a scrubbing brush and soused them up and down and this way and that in the soap suds until they were clean. Then she hung them all out on the clothes-line in the sunshine to dry. There the dolls hung all day, swinging and twisting about as the breeze swayed the clothes-line.

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"I do believe she scrubbed my face so hard she wore off my smile!" said Raggedy Ann, after an hour of silence.

"No, it is still there!" said the tin soldier, as the wind twisted him around so he could see

Raggedy. "But I do believe my arms will never work without squeaking, they feel so rusted," he added.

Just then the wind twisted the little Dutch doll and loosened his clothes-pin, so that he fell to the grass below with a sawdusty bump and as he rolled over he said, "Mamma!" in a squeaky voice.

Late in the afternoon the back door opened and the little mistress came out with a table and chairs. After setting the table she took all the dolls from the line and placed them about the table. They had lemonade with grape jelly in it, which made it a beautiful lavender color, and little "Baby-teeny-weeny-cookies" with powdered sugar on them.



After this lovely dinner, the dollies were taken in the house, where they had their hair brushed and nice clean nighties put on. Then they were placed in their beds and Mistress kissed each one good night and tiptoed from the room.

All the dolls lay as still as mice for a few minutes, then Raggedy Ann raised up on her cotton-stuffed elbows and said: "I have been thinking!"

"Sh!" said all the other dollies, "Raggedy has been thinking!"

"Yes," said Raggedy Ann, "I have been thinking; our mistress gave us the nice dinner out under the trees to teach us a lesson.

She wished us to know that we could have had all the goodies we wished, whenever we wished, if we had behaved ourselves. And our lesson was that we must never take without asking what we could always have for the asking! So let us all remember and try never again to do anything which might cause those who love us any unhappiness!"

"Let us all remember," chimed all the other dollies.

And Raggedy Ann, with a merry twinkle in her shoe-button eyes, lay back in her little bed, her cotton head filled with thoughts of love and happiness.

Chapter 2: Raggedy Ann and the Washing

Why, Dinah! How could you!"

Mamma looked out of the window and saw Marcella run up to Dinah and take something out of her hand and then put her head in her arm and commence crying.

"What is the trouble, Dear?" Mamma asked, as she came out the door and knelt beside the little figure shaking with sobs.

Marcella held out Raggedy Ann. But such a comical looking Raggedy Ann!



Mamma had to smile in spite of her sympathy, for Raggedy Ann looked ridiculous!

Dinah's big eyes rolled out in a troubled manner, for Marcella had snatched Raggedy Ann from Dinah's hand as she cried, "Why, Dinah! How could you?"

Dinah could not quite understand and, as she dearly loved Marcella, she was troubled.

Raggedy Ann was not in the least downhearted and while she felt she must look very funny she continued to smile, but with a more expansive smile than ever before. Raggedy Ann knew just how it all happened and her remaining shoe-button eye twinkled.

She remembered that morning when Marcella came to the nursery to take the nighties from the dolls and dress them she had been cross. Raggedy Ann thought at the time "Perhaps she had climbed out of bed backwards!" For Marcella complained to each doll as she dressed them.

And when it came Raggedy's time to be dressed, Marcella was very cross for she had scratched her finger on a pin when dressing the French doll. So, when Marcella heard the little girl next door calling to her, she ran out of the nursery and gave Raggedy Ann a toss from her as she ran. Now it happened Raggedy lit in the clothes hamper and there she lay all doubled up in a knot.

A few minutes afterwards Dinah came through the hall with an armful of clothes and piled them in the hamper on top of Raggedy Ann.

Then Dinah carried the hamper out in back of the house where she did the washing. Dinah dumped all the clothes into the boiler and poured water on them. The boiler was then placed upon the stove.

When the water began to get warm, Raggedy Ann wiggled around and climbed up amongst the

KINDERGARTEN PROSE



clothes to the top of the boiler to peek out. There was too much steam and she could see nothing. For that matter, Dinah could not see Raggedy Ann, either, on account of the steam.

So Dinah, using an old broom handle, stirred the clothes in the boiler and the clothes and Raggedy Ann were stirred and whirled around until all were thoroughly boiled. When Dinah took the clothes a piece at a time from the boiler and scrubbed them, she finally came upon Raggedy Ann. Now Dinah did not know but that Marcella had placed Raggedy in the clothes hamper to be washed, so she soaped Raggedy well and scrubbed her up and down over the rough wash-board.

Two buttons from the back of Raggedy's dress came off and one of Raggedy Ann's shoe-button eyes was loosened as Dinah gave her face a final scrub. Then Dinah put Raggedy Ann's feet in the wringer and turned the crank. It was hard work getting Raggedy through the wringer, but Dinah was very strong. And of course it happened! Raggedy Ann came through as flat as a pancake.

It was just then, that Marcella returned and saw Raggedy. "Why, Dinah! How could you!" Marcella had sobbed as she snatched the flattened Raggedy Ann from the bewildered Dinah's hand.

Mamma patted Marcella's hand and soon coaxed her to quit sobbing.

When Dinah explained that the first she knew of Raggedy being in the wash was when she took her from the boiler, Marcella began crying again.

"It was all my fault, Mamma!" she cried. "I remember now that I threw dear old Raggedy Ann from me as I ran out the door and she must have fallen in the clothes hamper! Oh dear! Oh dear!" and she hugged Raggedy Ann tight.

Mamma did not tell Marcella that she had been cross and naughty for she knew Marcella felt very sorry. Instead Mamma put her arms around her and said, "Just see how Raggedy Ann takes it! She doesn't seem to be unhappy!"



And when Marcella brushed her tears away and looked at Raggedy Ann, flat as a pancake and with a cheery smile upon her painted face, she had to laugh. And Mamma and Dinah had to laugh, too, for Raggedy Ann's smile was almost twice as broad as it had been before.

"Just let me hang Miss Raggedy on the line in the bright sunshine for half an hour," said Dinah, "and you won't know her when she comes off!"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

So Raggedy Ann was pinned to the clothes-line, out in the bright sunshine, where she swayed and twisted in the breeze and listened to the chatter of the robins in a nearby tree.

Every once in a while Dinah went out and rolled and patted Raggedy until her cotton stuffing was soft and dry and fluffy and her head and arms and legs were nice and round again. Then she took Raggedy Ann into the house and showed Marcella and Mamma how clean and sweet she was.



Marcella took Raggedy Ann right up to the nursery and told all the dolls just what had happened and how sorry she was that she had been so cross and peevish when she dressed them. And while the dolls said never a word they looked at their little mistress with love in their eyes as she sat in the little red rocking chair and held Raggedy Ann tightly in her arms.

And Raggedy Ann's remaining shoe-button eye looked up at her little mistress in rather a saucy manner, but upon her face was the same old smile of happiness, good humor and love.

Chapter 3: Raggedy Ann and the Kite

Raggedy Ann watched with interest the preparations. A number of sticks were being fastened together with strings and covered with light cloth. Raggedy Ann heard some of the boys talk of "The Kite," so Raggedy Ann knew this must be a kite.

When a tail had been fastened to the kite and a large ball of heavy twine tied to the front, one of the boys held the kite up in the air and another boy walked off, unwinding the ball of twine.



There was a nice breeze blowing, so the boy with the twine called, "Let 'er go" and started running.

Marcella held Raggedy up so that she could watch the kite sail through the air. How nicely it climbed! But suddenly the kite acted strangely, and as all the children shouted advice to the boy with the ball of twine, the kite began darting this way and that, and finally making four or five loop-the-loops, it crashed to the ground.

"It needs more tail on it!" one boy shouted.

Then the children asked each other where they might get more rags to fasten to the tail of the kite.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Let's tie Raggedy Ann to the tail!" suggested Marcella. "I know she would enjoy a trip 'way up in the sky!"

The boys all shouted with delight at this new suggestion. So Raggedy Ann was tied to the tail of the kite.



This time the kite rose straight in the air and remained steady. The boy with the ball of twine unwound it until the kite and Raggedy Ann were 'way, 'way up and far away.

How Raggedy Ann enjoyed being up there! She could see for miles and miles! And how tiny the children looked! Suddenly a great puff of wind came and carried Raggedy Ann streaming 'way out behind the kite! She could hear the wind singing on the twine as the strain increased. Suddenly Raggedy Ann felt something rip. It was the rag to which she was tied. As each puff of wind caught her the rip widened.

When Marcella watched Raggedy Ann rise high above the field, she wondered how much Raggedy Ann enjoyed it, and wished that she, too, might have gone along. But after the kite had been up in the air for five or ten minutes, Marcella grew restless. Kites were rather tiresome. There was more fun in tea parties out under the apple tree. "Will you please pull down the kite now?" she asked the boy with the twine. "I want Raggedy Ann."



"Let her ride up there!" the boy replied. "We'll bring her home when we pull down the kite! We're going to get another ball of twine and let her go higher!"

Marcella did not like to leave Raggedy Ann with the boys, so she sat down upon the ground to wait until they pulled the kite down. But while Marcella watched Raggedy Ann, a dot in the sky, she could not see the wind ripping the rag to which Raggedy was tied.

Suddenly the rag parted and Raggedy Ann went sailing away as the wind caught in her skirts.

Marcella jumped from the ground, too surprised to say anything. The kite, released from the weight of Raggedy Ann began darting and swooping to the ground.



"We'll get her for you!" some of the boys said when they saw Marcella's troubled face, and they started running in the direction Raggedy Ann had fallen. Marcella and the other girls ran with them.

They ran, and they ran, and they ran, and at last they found the kite upon the ground with one of

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

the sticks broken, but they could not find Raggedy Ann anywhere.

"She must have fallen almost in your yard!" a boy said to Marcella, "for the kite was directly over here when the doll fell!"

Marcella was heartbroken. She went in the house and lay on the bed. Mamma went out with the children and tried to find Raggedy Ann, but Raggedy Ann was nowhere to be seen.

When Daddy came home in the evening he tried to find Raggedy, but met with no success. Marcella had eaten hardly any dinner, nor could she be comforted by Mamma or Daddy. The other dolls in the nursery lay forgotten and were not put to bed that night, for Marcella lay and sobbed and tossed about her bed.

Finally she said a little prayer for Raggedy Ann, and went to sleep. And as she slept Marcella dreamed that the fairies came and took Raggedy Ann with them to fairyland for a visit, and then sent Raggedy Ann home to her. She awakened with a cry. Of course Mamma came to her bed right away and said that Daddy would offer a reward in the morning for the return of Raggedy.

"It was all my fault, Mamma!" Marcella said. "I should not have offered the boys dear old Raggedy Ann to tie on the tail of the kite! But I just know the fairies will send her back."

Mamma took her in her arms and soothed her with cheering words, although she felt indeed that Raggedy Ann was truly lost and would never be found again.



Now, where do you suppose Raggedy Ann was all this time?

When Raggedy Ann dropped from the kite, the wind caught in her skirts and carried her along until she fell in the fork of the large elm tree directly over Marcella's house. When Raggedy Ann fell with a thud, face up in the fork of the tree, two robins who had a nest nearby flew chattering away.

Presently the robins returned and quarreled at Raggedy Ann for laying so close to their nest, but Raggedy Ann only smiled at them and did not move. When the robins quieted down and quit their quarreling, one of them hopped up closer to Raggedy Ann in order to investigate.

It was Mamma Robin. She called to Daddy Robin and told him to come. "See the nice yarn! We could use it to line the nest with," she said.

So the robins hopped closer to Raggedy Ann and asked if they might have some of her yarn hair to line their nest. Raggedy Ann smiled at them. So the two robins pulled and tugged at Raggedy Ann's yarn hair until they had enough to line their nest nice and soft.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Evening came and the robins sang their good night songs, and Raggedy Ann watched the stars come out, twinkle all night and disappear in the morning light. In the morning the robins again pulled yarn from Raggedy Ann's head, and loosened her so she could peep over the side of the limb, and when the sun came up Raggedy Ann saw she was in the trees in her own yard.

Now before she could eat any breakfast, Marcella started out to find Raggedy Ann. And, it was Marcella herself who found her. And this is how she did it.

Mamma Robin had seen Marcella with Raggedy Ann out in the yard many times, so she began calling "Cheery! Cheery!" and Daddy Robin started calling "Cheery! Cheery! Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheerily Cheerily! Cheery! Cheery!" And Marcella looking up into the tree above the house to see the robins, discovered Raggedy Ann peeping over the limb at her. Oh, how her heart beat with happiness. "Here is Raggedy Ann," she shouted.

And Mamma and Daddy came out and saw Raggedy smiling at them, and Daddy got the clothes prop and climbed out of the attic window and poked Raggedy Ann out of the tree and she fell right into Marcella's arms where she was hugged in a tight embrace.



"You'll never go up on a kite again, Raggedy Ann!" said Marcella, "for I felt so lost without you. I will never let you leave me again."

So Raggedy Ann went into the house and had breakfast with her little mistress and Mamma and Daddy smiled at each other when they peeped through the door into the breakfast room, for Raggedy Ann's smile was wide and very yellow. Marcella, her heart full of happiness, was feeding Raggedy Ann part of her egg.

Chapter 4: Raggedy Ann Rescues Fido

It was almost midnight and the dolls were asleep in their beds; all except Raggedy Ann. Raggedy lay there, her shoe-button eyes staring straight up at the ceiling. Every once in a while Raggedy Ann ran her rag hand up through her yarn hair. She was thinking. When she had thought for a long, long time, Raggedy Ann raised herself on her wabby elbows and said, "I've thought it all out."



At this the other dolls shook each other and raised up saying, "Listen! Raggedy has thought it all out!"

"Tell us what you have been thinking, dear Raggedy," said the tin soldier. "We hope they were pleasant

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

thoughts."

"Not very pleasant thoughts!" said Raggedy, as she brushed a tear from her shoe-button eyes. "You haven't seen Fido all day, have you?"

"Not since early this morning," the French dolly said.

"It has troubled me," said Raggedy, "and if my head was not stuffed with lovely new white cotton, I am sure it would have ached with the worry! When Mistress took me into the living-room this afternoon she was crying, and I heard her mamma say, 'We will find him! He is sure to come home soon!' and I knew they were talking of Fido! He must be lost!"

The tin soldier jumped out of bed and ran over to Fido's basket, his tin feet clicking on the floor as he went. "He is not here," he said.

"When I was sitting in the window about noon-time," said the Indian doll, "I saw Fido and a yellow scraggly dog playing out on the lawn and they ran out through a hole in the fence!"

"That was Priscilla's dog, Peterkins!" said the French doll.

"I know poor Mistress is very sad on account of Fido," said the Dutch doll, "because I was in the dining-room at supper-time and I heard her daddy tell her to eat her supper and he would go out and find Fido; but I had forgotten all about it until now."



"That is the trouble with all of us except Raggedy Ann!" cried the little penny doll, in a squeaky voice, "She has to think for all of us!"

"I think it would be a good plan for us to show our love for Mistress and try and find Fido!" exclaimed Raggedy.

"It is a good plan, Raggedy Ann!" cried all the dolls. "Tell us how to start about it."

"Well, first let us go out upon the lawn and see if we can track the dogs!" said Raggedy.

"I can track them easily!" the Indian doll said, "for Indians are good at trailing things!"

"Then let us waste no more time in talking!" said Raggedy Ann, as she jumped from bed, followed by the rest.

The nursery window was open, so the dolls helped each other up on the sill and then jumped to the soft grass below. They fell in all sorts of queer attitudes, but of course the fall did not hurt

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

them.

At the hole in the fence the Indian doll picked up the trail of the two dogs, and the dolls, stringing out behind, followed him until they came to Peterkins' house. Peterkins was surprised to see the strange little figures in white nighties come stringing up the path to the dog house.



Peterkins was too large to sleep in the nursery, so he had a nice cozy dog-house under the grape arbor. "Come in," Peterkins said when he saw and recognized the dolls, so all the dollies went into Peterkins' house and sat about while Raggedy told him why they had come.

"It has worried me, too!" said Peterkins, "but I had no way of telling your mistress where Fido was, for she cannot understand dog language! For you see," Peterkins continued, "Fido and I were having the grandest romp over in the park when a great big man with a funny thing on the end of a stick came running towards us. We barked at him and Fido thought he was trying to play with us and went up too close and do you know, that wicked man caught Fido in the thing at the end of the stick and carried him to a wagon and dumped him in with a lot of other dogs!"

"The Dog Catcher!" cried Raggedy Ann.

"Yes!" said Peterkins, as he wiped his eyes with his paws. "It was the dog catcher! For I followed the wagon at a distance and I saw him put all the dogs into a big wire pen, so that none could get out!"

"Then you know the way there, Peterkins?" asked Raggedy Ann.



"Yes, I can find it easily," Peterkins said.

"Then show us the way!" Raggedy Ann cried, "for we must try to rescue Fido."

So Peterkins led the way up alleys and across streets, the dolls all pattering along behind him. It was a strange procession. Once a strange dog ran out at them, but Peterkins told him to mind his own business and the strange dog returned to his own yard.

At last they came to the dog catcher's place. Some of the dogs in the pen were barking at the moon and others were whining and crying. There was Fido, all covered with mud, and his pretty red ribbon dragging on the ground. My, but he was glad to see the dolls and Peterkins! All the dogs came to the side of the pen and twisted their heads from side to side, gazing in wonder at the queer figures of the dolls.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"We will try and let you out," said Raggedy Ann.

At this all the dogs barked joyfully.

Then Raggedy Ann, the other dolls and Peterkins went to the gate. The catch was too high for Raggedy Ann to reach, but Peterkins held Raggedy Ann in his mouth and stood up on his hind legs so that she could raise the catch.

When the catch was raised, the dogs were so anxious to get out they pushed and jumped against the gate so hard it flew open, knocking Peterkins and Raggedy Ann into the mud. Such a yapping and barking was never heard in the neighborhood as when the dogs swarmed out of the enclosure, jumping over one another and scrambling about in the mad rush out the gate.

Fido picked himself up from where he had been rolled by the large dogs and helped Raggedy Ann to her feet. He, Peterkins, and all the dolls ran after the pack of dogs, turning the corner just as the dog catcher came running out of the house in his nightgown to see what was causing the trouble.

He stopped in astonishment when he saw the string of dolls in white nighties pattering down the alley, for he could not imagine what they were.



Well, you may be sure the dolls thanked Peterkins for his kind assistance and they and Fido ran on home, for a faint light was beginning to show in the east where the sun was getting ready to come up.

When they got to their own home they found an old chair out in the yard and after a great deal of work they finally dragged it to the window and thus managed to get into the nursery again.

Fido was very grateful to Raggedy Ann and the other dolls and before he went to his basket he gave them each a lick on the cheek.

The dolls lost no time in scrambling into bed and pulling up the covers, for they were very sleepy, but just as they were dozing off, Raggedy Ann raised herself and said, "If my legs and arms were not stuffed with nice clean cotton I feel sure they would ache, but being stuffed with nice clean white cotton, they do not ache and I could not feel happier if my body were stuffed with sunshine, for I know how pleased and happy Mistress will be in the morning when she discovers Fido asleep in his own little basket, safe and sound at home."

And as the dollies by this time were all asleep, Raggedy Ann pulled the sheet up to her chin and smiled so hard she ripped two stitches out of the back of her rag head.



Chapter 5: Raggedy Ann and the Painter

When housecleaning time came around, Mistress' mamma decided that she would have the nursery repainted and new paper put upon the walls. That was why all the dolls happened to be laid helter-skelter upon one of the high shelves.

Mistress had been in to look at them and wished to put them to bed, but as the painters were coming again in the early morning, Mamma thought it best that their beds be piled in the closet. So the dolls' beds were piled into the closet, one on top of another and the dolls were placed upon the high shelf.



When all was quiet that night, Raggedy Ann who was on the bottom of the pile of dolls spoke softly and asked the others if they would mind moving along the shelf. "The cotton in my body is getting mashed as flat as a pancake!" said Raggedy Ann. And although the tin soldier was piled so that his foot was pressed into

Raggedy's face, she still wore her customary smile.

So the dolls began moving off to one side until Raggedy Ann was free to sit up.

"Ah, that's a great deal better!" she said, stretching her arms and legs to get the kinks out of them, and patting her dress into shape. "Well, I'll be glad when morning comes!" she said finally, "for I know Mistress will take us out in the yard and play with us under the trees."

So the dolls sat and talked until daylight, when the painters came to work.

One of the painters, a young fellow, seeing the dolls, reached up and took Raggedy Ann down from the shelf.



"Look at this rag doll, Jim," he said to one of the other painters, "She's a daisy," and he took Raggedy Ann by the hands and danced with her while he whistled a lively tune. Raggedy Ann's heels hit the floor thumpity-thump and she enjoyed it immensely.

The other dolls sat upon the shelf and looked straight before them, for it would never do to let grown-up men know that dolls were really alive.

"Better put her back upon the shelf," said one of the other men. "You'll have the little girl after you! The chances are that she likes that old rag doll better than any of the others!"

But the young painter twisted Raggedy Ann into funny attitudes and laughed and laughed as she looped about. Finally he got to tossing her up in the air and catching her. This was great fun for

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Raggedy and as she sailed up by the shelf the dolls all smiled at her, for it pleased them whenever Raggedy Ann was happy.

But the young fellow threw Raggedy Ann up into the air once too often and when she came down he failed to catch her and she came down splash, head first into a bucket of oily paint.

"I told you!" said the older painter, "and now you are in for it!"

"My goodness! I didn't mean to do it!" said the young fellow, "What had I better do with her?"

"Better put her back on the shelf!" replied the other.

So Raggedy was placed back upon the shelf and the paint ran from her head and trickled down upon her dress.



After breakfast, Mistress came into the nursery and saw Raggedy all covered with paint and she began crying.

The young painter felt sorry and told her how it had happened. "If you will let me," he said, "I will take her home with me and will clean her up tonight and will bring her back day after tomorrow." So Raggedy was wrapped in a newspaper that evening and carried away.

All the dolls felt sad that night without Raggedy Ann near them.

"Poor Raggedy! I could have cried when I saw her all covered with paint!" said the French doll.

"She didn't look like our dear old Raggedy Ann at all!" said the tin soldier, who wiped the tears from his eyes so that they would not run down on his arms and rust them.

"The paint covered her lovely smile and nose and you could not see the laughter in her shoe-button eyes!" said the Indian doll.

And so the dolls talked that night and the next. But in the daytime when the painters were there, they kept very quiet.



The second day Raggedy was brought home and the dolls were all anxious for night to come so that they could see and talk with Raggedy Ann.

At last the painters left and the house was quiet, for Mistress had been in and placed Raggedy on the shelf with the other dolls.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Tell us all about it, Raggedy dear!" the dolls cried.-

"Oh I am so glad I fell in the paint!" cried Raggedy, after she had hugged all the dolls, "For I have had the happiest time. The painter took me home and told his Mamma how I happened to be covered with paint and she was very sorry. She took a rag and wiped off my shoe-button eyes and then I saw that she was a very pretty, sweet-faced lady and she got some cleaner and wiped off most of the paint on my face.

"But you know," Raggedy continued, "the paint had soaked through my rag head and had made the cotton inside all sticky and soggy and I could not think clearly. And my yarn hair was all matted with paint.

"So the kind lady took off my yarn hair and cut the stitches out of my head, and took out all the painty cotton.

"It was a great relief, although it felt queer at first and my thoughts seemed scattered.

"She left me in her work-basket that night and hung me out upon the clothes-line the next morning when she had washed the last of the paint off.



"And while I hung out on the clothes-line, what do you think?"

"We could never guess!" all the dolls cried.

"Why a dear little Jenny Wren came and picked enough cotton out of me to make a cute little cuddly nest in the grape arbor!"

"Wasn't that sweet!" cried all the dolls.

"Yes indeed it was!" replied Raggedy Ann, "It made me very happy. Then when the lady took me in the house again she stuffed me with lovely nice new cotton, all the way from my knees up and sewed me up and put new yarn on my head for hair and-and-and it's a secret!" said Raggedy Ann.

"Oh tell us the secret!" cried all the dolls, as they pressed closer to Raggedy.

"Well, I know you will not tell anyone who would not be glad to know about it, so I will tell you the secret and why I am wearing my smile a trifle broader!" said Raggedy Ann.

The dolls all said that Raggedy Ann's smile was indeed a quarter of an inch wider on each side.

"When the dear lady put the new white cotton in my body," said Raggedy Ann "she went to the cupboard and came back with a paper bag. And she took from the bag ten or fifteen little candy

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

hearts with mottos on them and she hunted through the candy hearts until she found a beautiful red one which she sewed up in me with the cotton! So that is the secret, and that is why I am so happy! Feel here," said Raggedy Ann. All the dolls could feel Raggedy Ann's beautiful new candy heart and they were very happy for her.



After all had hugged each other good night and had cuddled up for the night, the tin soldier asked, "Did you have a chance to see what the motto on your new candy heart was, Raggedy Ann?"

"Oh yes," replied Raggedy Ann, "I was so happy I forgot to tell you. It had printed upon it in nice blue letters, 'I LOVE YOU.'"

Chapter 6: Raggedy Ann's Trip on the River

When Marcella had a tea party out in the orchard, of course all of the dolls were invited. Raggedy Ann, the tin soldier, the Indian doll and all the others—even the four little penny dolls in the spool box. After a lovely tea party with ginger cookies and milk, of course the dolls were very sleepy, at least Marcella thought so, so she took all except Raggedy Ann into the house and put them to bed for the afternoon nap. Then Marcella told Raggedy Ann to stay there and watch the things.



As there was nothing else to do, Raggedy Ann waited for Marcella to return. And as she watched the little ants eating cookie crumbs Marcella had thrown to them, she heard all of a sudden the patter of puppy feet behind her. It was Fido.

The puppy dog ran up to Raggedy Ann and twisted his head about as he looked at her. Then he put his front feet out and barked in Raggedy Ann's face. Raggedy Ann tried to look very stern, but she could not hide the broad smile painted on her face.

"Oh, you want to play, do you?" the puppy dog barked, as he jumped at Raggedy Ann and then jumped back again.

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The more Raggedy Ann smiled, the livelier Fido's antics became, until finally he caught the end of her dress and dragged her about. This was great fun for the puppy dog, but Raggedy Ann did not enjoy it. She kicked and twisted as much as she could, but the puppy dog thought Raggedy was playing.

He ran out the garden gate and down the path across the meadow, every once in a while stopping and pretending he was very angry. When he pretended this, Fido would give Raggedy Ann a great shaking, making her yarn head hit the ground "ratty-tat-tat." Then he would give his head a toss and send Raggedy Ann high in the air where she would turn over two or three times before she reached the ground.

By this time, she had lost her apron and now some of her yarn hair was coming loose.

As Fido neared the brook, another puppy dog came running across the foot-bridge to meet him. "What have you there, Fido?" said the new puppy dog as he bounced up to Raggedy Ann.

"This is Raggedy Ann," answered Fido. "She and I are having a lovely time playing." You see, Fido really thought Raggedy enjoyed being tossed around and whirled high up in the air. But of course she didn't. However, the game didn't last much longer. As Raggedy Ann hit the ground the new puppy dog caught her dress and ran with her across the bridge, Fido barking close behind him.

In the center of the bridge, Fido caught up with the new puppy dog and they had a lively tug-of-war with Raggedy Ann stretched between them. As they pulled and tugged and flopped Raggedy Ann about, somehow she fell over the side of the bridge into the water.



The puppy dogs were surprised, and Fido was very sorry indeed, for he remembered how good Raggedy Ann had been to him and how she had rescued him from the dog-pound. But the current carried Raggedy Ann right along and all Fido could do was to run along the bank and bark.

Now, you would have thought Raggedy Ann would sink, but no, she floated nicely, for she was stuffed with clean white cotton and the water didn't soak through very quickly.

After a while, the strange puppy and Fido grew tired of running along the bank and the strange puppy scampered home over the meadow, with his tail carried gaily over his back as if he had nothing to be ashamed of. But Fido walked home very sorry indeed. His little heart was broken to think that he had caused Raggedy Ann to be drowned.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

But Raggedy Ann didn't drown-not a bit of it. In fact, she even went to sleep on the brook, for the motion of the current was very soothing as it carried her along-just like being rocked by Marcella.



So, sleeping peacefully, Raggedy Ann drifted along with the current until she came to a pool where she lodged against a large stone. Raggedy Ann tried to climb upon the stone, but by this time the water had thoroughly soaked through Raggedy Ann's nice, clean, white cotton stuffing and she was so heavy she could not climb. So there she had to stay until Marcella and Daddy came along and found her.

You see, they had been looking for her. They had found pieces of her apron all along the path and across the meadow where Fido and the strange puppy dog had shaken them from Raggedy Ann. So they followed the brook until they found her.

When Daddy fished Raggedy Ann from the water, Marcella hugged her so tightly to her breast the water ran from Raggedy Ann and dripped all over Marcella's apron. But Marcella was so glad to find Raggedy Ann again she didn't mind it a bit. She just hurried home and took off all of Raggedy Ann's wet clothes and placed her on a little red chair in front of the oven door, and then brought all of the other dolls in and read a fairy tale to them while Raggedy Ann steamed and dried.

When Raggedy Ann was thoroughly dry, Mamma said she thought the cake must be finished and she took from the oven a lovely chocolate cake and gave Marcella a large piece to have another tea party with.

That night when all the house was asleep, Raggedy Ann raised up in bed and said to the dolls who were still awake, "I am so happy I do not feel a bit sleepy. Do you know, I believe the water soaked me so thoroughly my candy heart will have melted and filled my whole body, and I do not feel the least bit angry with Fido for playing with me so roughly!"

So all the other dolls were happy, too, for happiness is very easy to catch when we love one another and are sweet all through.



Chapter 7: Raggedy Ann and the Strange Dolls

Raggedy Ann lay just as Marcella had dropped her—all sprawled out with her rag arms and legs twisted in ungraceful attitudes. Her yarn hair was twisted and lay partly over her face, hiding one of her shoe-button eyes. Raggedy gave no sign that she had heard, but lay there smiling at the ceiling. Perhaps Raggedy Ann knew that what the new dolls said was true. But sometimes the truth may hurt and this may have been the reason Raggedy Ann lay there so still.



"Did you ever see such an ungainly creature!"

"I do believe it has shoe buttons for eyes!"

"And yarn hair!"

"Mercy, did you ever see such feet!"

The Dutch doll rolled off the doll sofa and said "Mamma" in his quavery voice, he was so surprised at hearing anyone speak so of beloved Raggedy Ann-dear Raggedy Ann, she of the candy heart, whom all the dolls loved.

Uncle Clem was also very much surprised and offended. He walked up in front of the two new dolls and looked them sternly in the eyes, but he could think of nothing to say so he pulled at his yarn mustache.

Marcella had only received the two new dolls that morning. They had come in the morning mail and were presents from an aunt. Marcella had named the two new dolls Annabel-Lee and



Thomas, after her aunt and uncle. Annabel-Lee and Thomas were beautiful dolls and must have cost heaps and heaps of shiny pennies, for both were handsomely dressed and had real hair!

Annabel's hair was of a lovely shade of auburn and Thomas' was golden yellow. Annabel was dressed in soft, lace-covered silk and upon her head she wore a beautiful hat with long silk ribbons tied in a neat bow-knot beneath her dimpled chin. Thomas was dressed in an Oliver Twist suit of dark velvet with a lace collar. Both he and Annabel wore lovely black slippers and short stockings.

They were sitting upon two of the little red doll chairs where Marcella had placed them and where they could see the other dolls.

When Uncle Clem walked in front of them and pulled his mustache they laughed outright. "Tee-Hee-Hee!" they snickered, "He has holes in his knees!" Quite true. Uncle Clem was made of worsted and the moths had eaten his knees and part of his kiltie. He had a kiltie, you see, for

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Uncle Clem was a Scotch doll.

Uncle Clem shook, but he felt so hurt he could think of nothing to say. He walked over and sat down beside Raggedy Ann and brushed her yarn hair away from her shoe-button eye.



The tin soldier went over and sat beside them. "Don't you mind what they say, Raggedy!" he said, "They do not know you as we do!"

"We don't care to know her!" said Annabel-Lee as she primed her dress, "She looks like a scarecrow!"

"And the Soldier must have been made with a can opener!" laughed Thomas.

"You should be ashamed of yourselves!" said the French dolly, as she stood before Annabel and Thomas, "You will make all of us sorry that you have joined our family if you continue to poke fun at us and look down upon us. We are all happy here together and share in each others' adventures and happiness."

Now, that night Marcella did not undress the two new dolls, for she had no nighties for them, so she let them sit up in the two little red doll chairs so they would not muss their clothes. "I will make nighties for you tomorrow!" she said as she kissed them good night. Then she went over and gave Raggedy Ann a good night hug. "Take good care of all my children, Raggedy!" she said as she went out.

Annabel and Thomas whispered together, "Perhaps we have been too hasty in our judgment!" said Annabel-Lee. "This Raggedy Ann seems to be a favorite with the mistress and with all the dolls!"

"There must be a reason!" replied Thomas, "I am beginning to feel sorry that we spoke of her looks. One really cannot help one's looks after all."

Now, Annabel-Lee and Thomas were very tired after their long journey and soon they fell asleep and forgot all about the other dolls.

When they were sound asleep, Raggedy Ann slipped quietly from her bed and awakened the tin soldier and Uncle Clem and the three tiptoed to the two beautiful new dolls. They lifted them gently so as not to awaken them and carried them to Raggedy Ann's bed. Raggedy Ann tucked them in snugly and lay down upon the hard floor.

The tin soldier and Uncle Clem both tried to coax Raggedy Ann into accepting their bed (they slept together), but Raggedy Ann would not hear of it.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"I am stuffed with nice soft cotton and the hard floor does not bother me at all!" said Raggedy.

At daybreak the next morning Annabel and Thomas awakened to find themselves in Raggedy Ann's bed and as they raised up and looked at each other each knew how ashamed the other felt, for they knew Raggedy Ann had generously given them her bed.



There Raggedy Ann lay; all sprawled out upon the hard floor, her rag arms and legs twisted in ungraceful attitudes.

"How good and honest she looks!" said Annabel. "It must be her shoe-button eyes!"

"How nicely her yarn hair falls in loops over her face!" exclaimed Thomas, "I did not notice how pleasant her face looked last night!"

"The others seem to love her ever and ever so much!" mused Annabel. "It must be because she is so kind."

Both new dolls were silent for a while, thinking deeply.

"How do you feel?" Thomas finally asked.

"Very much ashamed of myself!" answered Annabel, "And you, Thomas?"

"As soon as Raggedy Ann awakens, I shall tell her just how much ashamed I am of myself and if she can, I want her to forgive me!" Thomas said.



"The more I look at her, the better I like her," said Annabel.

"I am going to kiss her!" said Thomas.

"You'll awaken her if you do!" said Annabel.

But Thomas climbed out of bed and kissed Raggedy Ann on her painted cheek and smoothed her yarn hair from her rag forehead. And Annabel-Lee climbed out of bed, too, and kissed Raggedy Ann. Then Thomas and Annabel-Lee gently carried Raggedy Ann and put her in her own bed and tenderly tucked her in, and then took their seats in the two little red chairs.

After a while Annabel said softly to Thomas, "I feel ever and ever so much better and happier!"

"So do I!" Thomas replied. "It's like a whole lot of sunshine coming into a dark room, and I shall always try to keep it there!"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE



Fido had one fuzzy white ear sticking up over the edge of his basket and he gave his tail a few thumps against his pillow.

Raggedy Ann lay quietly in bed where Thomas and Annabel had tucked her. And as she smiled at the ceiling, her candy heart (with "I LOVE YOU" written on it) thrilled with contentment, for, as you have probably guessed, Raggedy Ann had not been asleep at all!

Chapter 8: Raggedy Ann and the Kittens

Raggedy Ann had been away all day. Marcella had come early in the morning and dressed all the dolls and placed them about the nursery.

Some of the dolls had been put in the little red chairs around the little doll table. There was nothing to eat upon the table except a turkey, a fried egg and an apple, all made of plaster of paris and painted in natural colors. The little teapot and other doll dishes were empty, but Marcella had told them to enjoy their dinner while she was away.

The French dolly had been given a seat upon the doll sofa and Uncle Clem had been placed at the piano.

Marcella picked up Raggedy Ann and carried her out of the nursery when she left, telling the dolls to "be real good children, while Mamma is away!"

When the door closed, the tin soldier winked at the Dutch-boy doll and handed the imitation turkey to the penny dolls. "Have some nice turkey?" he asked.



"No thank you!" the penny dolls said in little penny-doll, squeaky voices, "We have had all we can eat!"

"Shall I play you a tune?" asked Uncle Clem of the French doll.

At this all the dolls laughed, for Uncle Clem could not begin to play any tune. Raggedy Ann was the only doll who had ever taken lessons, and she could play Peter-Peter-Pumpkin-Eater with one hand. In fact, Marcella had already worn out Raggedy Ann's right hand teaching it to her.

"Play something lively!" said the French doll, as she giggled behind her hand, so Uncle Clem began hammering the eight keys on the toy piano with all his might until a noise was heard upon the stairs.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE



Quick as a wink, all the dolls took the same positions in which they had been placed by Marcella, for they did not wish really truly people to know that they could move about.

But it was only Fido. He put his nose in the door and looked around.

All the dolls at the table looked steadily at the painted food, and Uncle Clem leaned upon the piano keys looking just as unconcerned as when he had been placed there.

Then Fido pushed the door open and came into the nursery wagging his tail. He walked over to the table and sniffed, in hopes Marcella had given the dolls real food and that some would still be left. "Where's Raggedy Ann?" Fido asked, when he had satisfied himself that there was no food.

"Mistress took Raggedy Ann and went somewhere!" all the dolls answered in chorus.

"I've found something I must tell Raggedy Ann about!" said Fido, as he scratched his ear.

"Is it a secret?" asked the penny dolls.

"Secret nothing," replied Fido, "It's kittens!"

"How lovely!" cried all the dolls, "Really live kittens?"

"Really live kittens!" replied Fido, "Three little tiny ones, out in the barn!"

"Oh, I wish Raggedy Ann was here!" cried the French doll. "She would know what to do about it!"

"That's why I wanted to see her," said Fido, as he thumped his tail on the floor, "I did not know there were any kittens and I went into the barn to hunt for mice and the first thing I knew Mamma Cat came bounding right at me with her eyes looking green! I tell you I hurried out of there!"



"How did you know there were any kittens then?" asked Uncle Clem.

"I waited around the barn until Mamma Cat went up to the house and then I slipped into the barn again, for I knew there must be something inside or she would not have jumped at me that way! We are always very friendly, you know." Fido continued. "And what was my surprise to find three tiny little kittens in an old basket, 'way back in a dark corner!"

"Go get them, Fido, and bring them up so we can see them!" said the tin soldier.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Not me!" said Fido, "If I had a suit of tin clothes on like you have I might do it, but you know cats can scratch very hard if they want to!"

"We will tell Raggedy when she comes in!" said the French doll, and then Fido went out to play with a neighbor dog.

So when Raggedy Ann had been returned to the nursery the dolls could hardly wait until Marcella had put on their nighties and left them for the night. Then they told Raggedy Ann all about the kittens.

Raggedy Ann jumped from her bed and ran over to Fido's basket; he wasn't there. Then Raggedy suggested that all the dolls go out to the barn and see the kittens. This they did easily, for the window was open and it was but a short jump to the ground.



They found Fido out near the barn watching a hole. "I was afraid something might disturb them," he said, "for Mamma Cat went away about an hour ago."

All the dolls, with Raggedy Ann in the lead, crawled through the hole and ran to the basket.

Just as Raggedy Ann started to pick up one of the kittens there was a lot of howling and yelping and Fido came bounding through the hole with Mamma Cat behind him. When Mamma Cat caught up with Fido he would yelp. When Fido and Mamma Cat had circled the barn two or three times Fido managed to find the hole and escape to the yard; then Mamma Cat came over to the basket and saw all the dolls.

"I'm s'prised at you, Mamma Cat!" said Raggedy Ann, "Fido has been watching your kittens for an hour while you were away. He wouldn't hurt them for anything!"

"I'm sorry, then," said Mamma Cat.

"You must trust Fido, Mamma Cat!" said Raggedy Ann, "because he loves you and anyone who loves you can be trusted!"

"That's so!" replied Mamma Cat. "Cats love mice, too, and I wish the mice trusted us more!"

The dolls all laughed at this joke.

"Have you told the folks up at the house about your dear little kittens?" Raggedy Ann asked.

"Oh, my, no!" exclaimed Mamma Cat. "At the last place I lived the people found out about my

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

kittens and do you know, all the kittens disappeared! I intend keeping this a secret!"

"But all the folks at this house are very kindly people and would dearly love your kittens!" cried all the dolls.

"Let's take them right up to the nursery!" said Raggedy Ann, "And Mistress can find them there in the morning!"



"How lovely!" said all the dolls in chorus. "Do, Mamma Cat! Raggedy Ann knows, for she is stuffed with nice clean white cotton and is very wise!"

So after a great deal of persuasion, Mamma Cat finally consented. Raggedy Ann took two of the kittens and carried them to the house while Mamma Cat carried the other.

Raggedy Ann wanted to give the kittens her bed, but Fido, who was anxious to prove his affection, insisted that Mamma Cat and the kittens should have his nice soft blanket.

The dolls could hardly sleep that night; they were so anxious to see what Mistress would say when she found the dear little kittens in the morning. Raggedy Ann did not sleep a wink, for she shared her bed with Fido and he kept her awake whispering to her.

In the morning when Marcella came to the nursery, the first thing she saw was the three little kittens.

She cried out in delight and carried them all down to show to Mamma and Daddy. Mamma Cat went trailing along, arching her back and purring with pride as she rubbed against all the chairs and doors.

Mamma and Daddy said the kittens could stay in the nursery and belong to Marcella, so Marcella took them back to Fido's basket while she hunted names for them out of a fairy tale book.

Marcella finally decided upon three names; Prince Charming for the white kitty, Cinderella for the Maltese and Princess Golden for the kitty with the yellow stripes. So that is how the three little kittens came to live in the nursery.

And it all turned out just as Raggedy Ann had said, for her head was stuffed with clean white cotton, and she could think exceedingly wise thoughts.



And Mamma Cat found out that Fido was a very good friend, too. She grew to trust him so much she would even let him help wash the kittens' faces.

Chapter 9: Raggedy Ann and the Fairies' Gift

All the dolls were tucked snugly in their little doll-beds for the night and the large house was very still.

Every once in a while Fido would raise one ear and partly open one eye, for his keen dog sense seemed to tell him that something was about to happen. Finally he opened both eyes, sniffed into the air and, getting out of his basket and shaking himself, he trotted across the nursery to Raggedy Ann's bed. Fido put his cold nose in Raggedy Ann's neck. She raised her head from the little pillow.



"Oh! It's you, Fido!" said Raggedy Ann. "I dreamed the tin soldier put an icicle down my neck!"

"I can't sleep," Fido told Raggedy Ann. "I feel that something is about to happen!"

"You have been eating too many bones lately, Fido, and they keep you awake," Raggedy replied.

"No, it isn't that. I haven't had any bones since the folks had beef last Sunday. It isn't that. Listen, Raggedy!"

Raggedy Ann listened. There was a murmur as if someone were singing, far away.

"What is it?" asked Fido.

"Sh!" cautioned Raggedy Ann, "It's music." It was indeed music, the most beautiful music Raggedy Ann had ever heard. It grew louder, but still seemed to be far away.



Raggedy Ann and Fido could hear it distinctly and it sounded as if hundreds of voices were singing in unison.

"Please don't howl, Fido," Raggedy Ann said as she put her two rag arms around the dog's nose. Fido usually "sang" when he heard music. But Fido did not sing this time; he was filled with wonder. It seemed as if something very nice was going to happen.



Raggedy Ann sat upright in bed. The room was flooded with a strange, beautiful light and the music came floating in through the nursery window. Raggedy Ann hopped from her bed and ran across the floor, trailing the bed clothes behind her. Fido followed close behind and together they looked out the window across the flower garden.

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There among the flowers were hundreds of tiny beings, some playing on tiny reed instruments and flower horns, while others sang. This was the strange, wonderful music Raggedy and Fido had heard.

"It's the Fairies!" said Raggedy Ann. "To your basket quick, Fido! They are coming this way!" And Raggedy Ann ran back to her bed, with the bed clothes trailing behind her.

Fido gave three jumps and he was in his basket, pretending he was sound asleep, but one little black eye was peeping through a chink in the side.

Raggedy jumped into her bed and pulled the covers to her chin, but lay so that her shoe-button eyes could see towards the window.

Little Fairy forms radiant as silver came flitting into the nursery, singing in far away voices. They carried a little bundle. A beautiful light came from this bundle, and to Raggedy Ann and Fido it seemed like sunshine and moonshine mixed. It was a soft mellow light, just the sort of light you would expect to accompany Fairy Folk.

As Raggedy watched, her candy heart went pitty-pat against her cotton stuffing, for she saw a tiny pink foot sticking out of the bundle of light.

The Fairy troop sailed across the nursery and through the door with their bundle and Raggedy Ann and Fido listened to their far away music as they went down the hall. Presently the Fairies returned without the bundle and disappeared through the nursery window.

Raggedy Ann and Fido again ran to the window and saw the Fairy troop dancing among the flowers.

The light from the bundle still hung about the nursery and a strange lovely perfume floated about.

When the Fairies' music ceased and they had flown away, Raggedy Ann and Fido returned to Raggedy's bed to think it all out. When old Mister Sun peeped over the garden wall and into the nursery, and the other dolls awakened, Raggedy Ann and Fido were still puzzled.

"What is it, Raggedy Ann?" asked the tin soldier and Uncle Clem, in one voice.

Before Raggedy Ann could answer, Marcella came running into the nursery, gathered up all the dolls in her arms, and ran down the hall, Fido jumping beside her and barking shrilly.

"Be quiet!" Marcella said to Fido, "It's asleep and you might awaken it!"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE



Mamma helped Marcella arrange all the dolls in a circle around the bed so that they could all see what was in the bundle.

Mamma gently pulled back the soft covering and the dolls saw a tiny little fist as pink as coral, a soft little face with a cunning tiny pink nose, and a little head as bald as the French dolly's when her hair came off.

My, how the dollies all chattered when they were once again left alone in the nursery!

"A dear cuddly baby brother for Mistress!" said Uncle Clem.

"A beautiful bundle of love and Fairy Sunshine for everybody in the house!" said Raggedy Ann, as she went to the toy piano and joyously played "Peter-Peter-Pumpkin-Eater" with one rag hand.



Chapter 10: Raggedy Ann and the Chickens

When Marcella was called into the house she left Raggedy sitting on the chicken yard fence. "Now you sit quietly and do not stir," Marcella told Raggedy Ann, "If you move you may fall and hurt yourself!"

So, Raggedy Ann sat quietly, just as Marcella told her, but she smiled at the chickens for she had fallen time and again and it had never hurt her in the least. She was stuffed with nice soft cotton, you see.



So, there she sat until a tiny little humming-bird, in search of flower honey hummed close to Raggedy Ann's head and hovered near the tall Hollyhocks.

Raggedy Ann turned her rag head to see the humming-bird and lost her balance-plump! she went, down amongst the chickens.

The chickens scattered in all directions, all except Old Ironsides, the rooster. He ruffled his neck feathers and put his head down close to the ground, making a queer whistling noise as he looked fiercely at Raggedy Ann.

But Raggedy Ann only smiled at Old Ironsides, the rooster, and ran her rag hand through her yarn hair for she did not fear him.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

And then something strange happened, for when she made this motion the old rooster jumped up in the air and kicked his feet out in front, knocking Raggedy Ann over and over.



When Raggedy Ann stopped rolling she waved her apron at the rooster and cried, "Shoo!" but instead of "shooing," Old Ironsides upset her again.

Now, two old hens who had been watching the rooster jump at Raggedy ran up and as one old hen placed herself before the rooster, the other old hen caught hold of Raggedy's apron and dragged her into the chicken-coop.

It was dark inside and Raggedy could not tell what was going on as she felt herself being pulled up over the nests.

But, finally Raggedy could sit up, for the old hen had quit pulling her, and as her shoe-button eyes were very good, she soon made out the shape of the old hen in front of her.

"My! that's the hardest work I have done in a long time!" said the old hen, when she could catch her breath. "I was afraid Mr. Rooster would tear your dress and apron!"

"That was a queer game he was playing, Mrs. Hen," said Raggedy Ann.

The old hen chuckled 'way down in her throat, "Gracious me! He wasn't playing a game, he was fighting you!"

"Fighting!" cried Raggedy Ann in surprise.

"Oh yes, indeed!" the old hen answered, "Old Ironsides, the rooster, thought you intended to harm some of the children chickens and he was fighting you!"



"I am sorry that I fell inside the pen, I wouldn't harm anything," Raggedy Ann said.

"If we tell you a secret you must promise not to tell your mistress!" said the old hens.

"I promise! Cross my candy heart!" said Raggedy Ann.

Then the two old hens took Raggedy Ann 'way back in the farthest corner of the chicken coop. There, in back of a box, they had built two nests and each old hen had ten eggs in her nest.

"If your folks hear of it they will take the eggs!" said the hens, "and then we could not raise our families!"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Raggedy Ann felt the eggs and they were nice and warm.

"We just left the nests when you fell into the pen!" explained the old hens.

"But how can the eggs grow if you sit upon them?" said Raggedy. "If Fido sits on any of the garden, the plants will not grow, Mistress says!"

"Eggs are different!" one old hen explained. "In order to make the eggs hatch properly, we must sit on them three weeks and not let them get cold at any time!"

"And at the end of the three weeks do the eggs sprout?" asked Raggedy Ann.

"You must be thinking of eggplant!" cried one old hen. "These eggs hatch at the end of three weeks-they don't sprout-and then we have a lovely family of soft downy chickies; little puff balls that we can cuddle under our wings and love dearly!"

"Have you been sitting upon the eggs very long?" Raggedy asked.

"Neither one of us has kept track of the time," said one hen. "So we do not know! You see, we never leave the nests only just once in a while to get a drink and to eat a little. So we can hardly tell when it is day and when it is night."

"We were going out to get a drink when you fell in the pen!" said one old hen. "Now we will have to sit upon the eggs and warm them up again!" The two old hens spread their feathers and nestled down upon the nests.

"When you get them good and warm, I would be glad to sit upon the eggs to keep them warm until you get something to eat and drink!" said Raggedy. So the two old hens walked out of the coop to finish their meal which had been interrupted by Raggedy's fall and while they were gone, Raggedy Ann sat quietly upon the warm eggs. Suddenly down beneath her she heard something go, "Pick, pick!" "I hope it isn't a mouse!" Raggedy Ann said to herself, when she felt something move. "I wish the old hens would come back." But when they came back and saw the puzzled expression on her face, they cried, "What is it?"



Raggedy Ann got to her feet and looked down and there were several little fluffy, cuddly baby chickens, round as little puff-balls. "Cheep! Cheep! Cheep!" they cried when Raggedy stepped out of the nest "Baby Chicks!" Raggedy cried, as she stooped and picked up one of the little puff-balls. "They want to be cuddled!"

The two old hens, their eyes shining with happiness, got upon the nests and spread out their soft warm feathers, "The other eggs will hatch soon!" they said.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

So, for several days Raggedy helped the two hens hatch out the rest of the chickies and just as they finished, Marcella came inside looking around.

"How in the world did you get in here, Raggedy Ann?" she cried. "I have been looking all about for you! Did the chickens drag you in here?"

Both old hens down behind the box clucked softly to the chickies beneath them and Marcella overheard them. She lifted the box away and gave a little squeal of surprise and happiness. "Oh you dear old Hennypennies!" she cried, lifting both old hens from their nests. "You have hidden your nests away back here and now you have one, two, three, four-twenty chickies!" and as she counted them, Marcella placed them in her apron; then catching up Raggedy Ann, she placed her over the new little chickies.

"Come on, old Hennypennies!" she said, and went out of the coop with the two old hens clucking at her heels.

Marcella called Daddy and Daddy rolled two barrels out under one of the trees and made a nice bed in each. Then he nailed slats across the front, leaving a place for a door. Each Hennypennie was then given ten little chickies and shut up in the barrel. And all the dolls were happy when they heard of Raggedy's adventure and they did not have to wait long before they were all taken out to see the new chickies.

Chapter 11: Raggedy Ann and the Mouse

Jeanette was a new wax doll, and like Henry, the Dutch doll, she could say "Mamma" when anyone tipped her backward or forward. She had lovely golden brown curls of real hair. It could be combed and braided, or curled or fluffed without tangling, and Raggedy Ann was very proud when Jeanette came to live with the dolls.



But now Raggedy Ann was very angry-in fact, Raggedy Ann had just ripped two stitches out of the top of her head when she took her rag hands and pulled her rag face down into a frown (but when she let go of the frown her face stretched right back into her usual cheery smile).

And you would have been angry, too, for something had happened to Jeanette.

Something or someone had stolen into the nursery that night when the dolls were asleep and nibbled all the wax from Jeanette's beautiful face-and now all her beauty was gone!

"It really is a shame!" said Raggedy Ann as she put her arms about Jeanette.

"Something must be done about it!" said the French doll as she stamped her little foot.

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"If I catch the culprit, I will-well, I don't know what I will do with him!" said the tin soldier, who could be very fierce at times, although he was seldom cross.

There is the hole he came from!" cried Uncle Clem from the other end of the nursery. "Come, see!"

All the dolls ran to where Uncle Clem was, down on his hands and knees.

"This must be the place!" said Raggedy Ann. "We will plug up the hole with something, so he will not come out again!"



The dolls hunted around and brought rags and pieces of paper and pushed them into the mouse's doorway.

"I thought I heard nibbling last night," one of the penny dolls said. "You know I begged for an extra piece of pie last evening, when Mistress had me at the table and it kept me awake!"

While the dolls were talking, Marcella ran downstairs with Jeanette and told Daddy and Mamma, who came up-stairs with Marcella and hunted around until they discovered the mouse's doorway.

"Oh, why couldn't it have chewed on me?" Raggedy Ann asked herself when she saw Marcella's sorrowful face, for Raggedy Ann was never selfish.

"Daddy will take Jeanette down-town with him and have her fixed up as good as new," said Mamma, so Jeanette was wrapped in soft tissue paper and taken away.

Later in the day Marcella came bouncing into the nursery with a surprise for the dolls. It was a dear fuzzy little kitten.

Marcella introduced the kitten to all the dolls.

"Her name is Boots, because she has four little white feet!" said Marcella. So Boots, the happy little creature, played with the penny dolls, scraping them over the floor and peeping out from behind chairs and pouncing upon them as if they were mice and the penny dolls enjoyed it hugely.

When Marcella was not in the nursery, Raggedy Ann wrestled with Boots and they would roll over and over upon the floor, Boots with her front feet around Raggedy Ann's neck and kicking with her hind feet.

Then Boots would arch her back and pretend she was very angry and walk sideways until she was close to Raggedy. Then she would jump at her and over and over they would roll, their heads hitting the floor bumpity-bump.

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Boots slept in the nursery that night and was lonely for her Mamma, for it was the first time she had been away from home.

Even though her bed was right on top of Raggedy Ann, she could not sleep. But Raggedy Ann was very glad to have Boots sleep with her, even if she was heavy, and when Boots began crying for her Mamma, Raggedy Ann comforted her and soon Boots went to sleep.

One day Jeanette came home. She had a new coating of wax on her face and she was as beautiful as ever.

Now, by this time Boots was one of the family and did not cry at night. Besides Boots was told of the mouse in the corner and how he had eaten Jeanette's wax, so she promised to sleep with one eye open.

Late that night when Boots was the only one awake, out popped a tiny mouse from the hole. Boots jumped after the mouse, and hit against the toy piano and made the keys tinkle so loudly it awakened the dolls.

They ran over to where Boots sat growling with the tiny mouse in her mouth. My! how the mouse was squeaking!

Raggedy Ann did not like to hear it squeak, but she did not wish Jeanette to have her wax face chewed again, either.

So, Raggedy Ann said to the tiny little mouse, "You should have known better than to come here when Boots is with us. Why don't you go out in the barn and live where you will not destroy anything of value?"

"I did not know!" squeaked the little mouse, "This is the first time I have ever been here!"

"Aren't you the little mouse who nibbled Jeanette's wax face?" Raggedy Ann asked.

"No!" the little mouse answered. "I was visiting the mice inside the walls and wandered out here to pick up cake crumbs! I have three little baby mice at home down in the barn. I have never nibbled at anyone's wax face!"

"Are you a Mamma mouse?" Uncle Clem asked.

"Yes!" the little mouse squeaked, "and if the kitten will let me go I will run right home to my children and never return again!"

"Let her go, Boots!" the dolls all cried, "She has three little baby mice at home! Please let her go!"

"No, sir!" Boots growled, "This is the first mouse I have ever caught and I will eat her!" At this

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the little Mamma mouse began squeaking louder than ever.

"If you do not let the Mamma mouse go, Boots, I shall not play with you again!" said Raggedy Ann.

"Raggedy will not play with Boots again!" said all of the dolls in an awed tone. Not to have Raggedy play with them would have been sad, indeed.

But Boots only growled.

The dolls drew to one side, where Raggedy Ann and Uncle Clem whispered together.

And while they whispered Boots would let the little Mamma mouse run a piece, then she would catch it again and box it about between her paws.

This she did until the poor little Mamma mouse grew so tired it could scarcely run away from Boots.

Boots would let it get almost to the hole in the wall before she would catch it, for she knew it would not escape her.

As she watched the little mouse crawling towards the hole scarcely able to move, Raggedy Ann could not keep the tears from her shoe-button eyes.

Finally as Boots started to spring after the little mouse again, Raggedy Ann threw her rag arms around the kitten's neck. "Run, Mamma mouse!" Raggedy Ann cried, as Boots whirled her over and over.

Uncle Clem ran and pushed the Mamma mouse into the hole and then she was gone.

When Raggedy Ann took her arms from around Boots, the kitten was very angry. She had her ears back and scratched Raggedy Ann with her claws.

But Raggedy Ann only smiled-it did not hurt her a bit for Raggedy was sewed together with a needle and thread and if that did not hurt, how could the scratch of a kitten? Finally Boots felt



ashamed of herself and went over and lay down by the hole in the wall in hopes the mouse would return, but the mouse never returned. Even then Mamma mouse was out in the barn with her children, warning them to beware of kittens and cats.

Raggedy Ann and all the dolls then went to bed and Raggedy had just dozed off to sleep when she felt something jump upon her bed. It was Boots. She felt a warm little pink tongue caress her rag cheek. Raggedy Ann smiled happily to herself, for Boots had curled up on top of Raggedy Ann and was purring herself to sleep.

Then Raggedy Ann knew she had been forgiven for rescuing the Mamma mouse and she smiled herself to sleep and dreamed happily of tomorrow.

Chapter 12: Raggedy Ann's New Sisters

Marcella was having a tea party up in the nursery when Daddy called to her, so she left the dollies sitting around the tiny table and ran downstairs carrying Raggedy Ann with her.



Mama, Daddy and a strange man were talking in the living room and Daddy introduced Marcella to the stranger.

The stranger was a large man with kindly eyes and a cheery smile, as pleasant as Raggedy Ann's.

He took Marcella upon his knee and ran his fingers through her curls as he talked to Daddy and Mamma, so, of course, Raggedy Ann liked him from the beginning. "I have two little girls," he told Marcella. "Their names are Virginia and Doris, and one time when we were at the seashore they were playing in the sand and they covered up Freddy, Doris' boy-doll in the sand. They were playing that Freddy was in bathing and that he wanted to be covered with the clean white sand, just as the other bathers did. And when they had covered Freddy they took their little pails and shovels and went farther down the beach to play and forgot all about Freddy.

"Now when it came time for us to go home, Virginia and Doris remembered Freddy and ran down to get him, but the tide had come in and Freddy was 'way out under the water and they could not find him. Virginia and Doris were very sad and they talked of Freddy all the way home."

"It was too bad they forgot Freddy," said Marcella.

"Yes, indeed it was!" the new friend replied as he took Raggedy Ann up and made her dance on Marcella's knee. "But it turned out all right after all, for do you know what happened to Freddy?"

"No, what did happen to him?" Marcella asked.

"Well, first of all, when Freddy was covered with the sand, he enjoyed it immensely. And he did not mind it so much when the tide came up over him, for he felt Virginia and Doris would return and get him.

"But presently Freddy felt the sand above him move as if someone was digging him out. Soon his head was uncovered and he could look right up through the pretty green water, and what do you think was happening? The Tide Fairies were uncovering Freddy!

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"When he was completely uncovered, the Tide Fairies swam with Freddy 'way out to the Undertow Fairies. The Undertow Fairies took Freddy and swam with him 'way out to the Roller Fairies. The Roller Fairies carried Freddy up to the surface and tossed him up to the Spray Fairies who carried him to the Wind Fairies."

"And the Wind Fairies?" Marcella asked breathlessly.

"The Wind Fairies carried Freddy right to our garden and there Virginia and Doris found him, none the worse for his wonderful adventure!"

"Freddy must have enjoyed it and your little girls must have been very glad to get Freddy back!" said Marcella. "Raggedy Ann went up in the air on the tail of a kite one day and fell and was lost, so now I am very careful with her!"

"Would you let me take Raggedy Ann for a few days?" asked the new friend.

Marcella was silent. She liked the stranger friend, but she did not wish to lose Raggedy Ann.

"I will promise to take very good care of her and return her to you in a week. Will you let her go with me, Marcella?"

Marcella finally agreed and when the stranger friend left, he placed Raggedy Ann in his grip.

"It is lonely without Raggedy Ann!" said the dollies each night.

"We miss her happy painted smile and her cheery ways!" they said.

And so the week dragged by....

But, my! What a chatter there was in the nursery the first night after Raggedy Ann returned. All the dolls were so anxious to hug Raggedy Ann they could scarcely wait until Marcella had left them alone.

When they had squeezed Raggedy Ann almost out of shape and she had smoothed out her yarn hair, patted her apron out and felt her shoe-button eyes to see if they were still there, she said, "Well, what have you been doing? Tell me all the news!"

"Oh we have just had the usual tea parties and games!" said the tin soldier. "Tell us about yourself, Raggedy dear, we have missed you so much!"

"Yes! Tell us where you have been and what you have done, Raggedy!" all the dolls cried.

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But Raggedy Ann just then noticed that one of the penny dolls had a hand missing.

"How did this happen?" she asked as she picked up the doll.

"I fell off the table and lit upon the tin soldier last night when we were playing. But don't mind a little thing like that, Raggedy Ann," replied the penny doll. "Tell us of yourself! Have you had a nice time?"

"I shall not tell a thing until your hand is mended!" Raggedy Ann said.

So the Indian ran and brought a bottle of glue. "Where's the hand?" Raggedy asked.

"In my pocket," the penny doll answered.

When Raggedy Ann had glued the penny doll's hand in place and wrapped a rag around it to hold it until the glue dried, she said, "When I tell you of this wonderful adventure, I know you will all feel very happy. It has made me almost burst my stitches with joy."

The dolls all sat upon the floor around Raggedy Ann, the tin soldier with his arm over her shoulder.

"Well, first when I left," said Raggedy Ann, "I was placed in the Stranger Friend's grip. It was rather stuffy in there, but I did not mind it; in fact I believe I must have fallen asleep, for when I awakened I saw the Stranger Friend's hand reaching into the grip. Then he lifted me from the grip and danced me upon his knee. 'What do you think of her?' he asked to three other men sitting nearby.

"I was so interested in looking out of the window I did not pay any attention to what they said, for we were on a train and the scenery was just flying by! Then I was put back in the grip.

"When next I was taken from the grip I was in a large, clean, light room and there were many, many girls all dressed in white aprons.

"The stranger friend showed me to another man and to the girls who took off my clothes, cut my seams and took out my cotton. And what do you think! They found my lovely candy heart had not melted at all as I thought. Then they laid me on a table and marked all around my outside edges with a pencil on clean white cloth, and then the girls re-stuffed me and dressed me.

"I stayed in the clean big light room for two or three days and nights and watched my Sisters grow from pieces of cloth into rag dolls just like myself!"

"Your SISTERS!" the dolls all exclaimed in astonishment, "What do you mean, Raggedy?"

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"I mean," said Raggedy Ann, "that the Stranger Friend had borrowed me from Marcella so that he could have patterns made from me. And before I left the big clean white room there where hundreds of rag dolls so like me you would not have been able to tell us apart."



"We could have told you by your happy smile!" cried the French dolly.

"But all of my sister dolls have smiles just like mine!" replied Raggedy Ann.

"And shoe-button eyes?" the dolls all asked.

"Yes, shoe-button eyes!" Raggedy Ann replied.

"I would tell you from the others by your dress, Raggedy Ann," said the French doll, "Your dress is fifty years old! I could tell you by that!"

"But my new sister rag dolls have dresses just like mine, for the Stranger Friend had cloth made especially for them exactly like mine."

"I know how we could tell you from the other rag dolls, even if you all look exactly alike!" said the Indian doll, who had been thinking for a long time.

"How?" asked Raggedy Ann with a laugh.

"By feeling your candy heart! If the doll has a candy heart then it is you, Raggedy Ann!"

Raggedy Ann laughed, "I am so glad you all love me as you do, but I am sure you would not be able to tell me from my new sisters, except that I am more worn, for each new rag doll has a candy heart, and on it is written, 'I love you' just as is written on my own candy heart."

"And there are hundreds and hundreds of the new rag dolls?" asked the little penny dolls.

"Hundreds and hundreds of them, all named Raggedy Ann," replied Raggedy.

"Then," said the penny dolls, "we are indeed happy and proud for you! For wherever one of the new Raggedy Ann dolls goes there will go with it the love and happiness that you give to others."



Raggedy Andy Stories

Chapter 1: How Raggedy Andy Came

One day Daddy took Raggedy Ann down to his office and propped her up against some books upon his desk; he wanted to have her where he could see her cheery smile all day, for, as you must surely know, smiles and happiness are truly catching.



Daddy wished to catch a whole lot of Raggedy Ann's cheeriness and happiness and put all this down on paper, so that those who did not have Raggedy Ann dolls might see just how happy and smiling a rag doll can be.

So Raggedy Ann stayed at Daddy's studio for three or four days.

She was missed very, very much at home and Marcella really longed for her, but knew that Daddy was borrowing some of Raggedy Ann's sunshine, so she did not complain.

Raggedy Ann did not complain either, for in addition to the sunny, happy smile she always wore (it was painted on), Raggedy Ann had a candy heart, and of course no one (not even a rag doll) ever complains if they have such happiness about them.

One evening, just as Daddy was finishing his day's work, a messenger boy came with a package; a nice, soft lumpy package.

Daddy opened the nice, soft lumpy package and found a letter.

Gran'ma had told Daddy, long before this, that at the time Raggedy Ann was made, a neighbor lady had made a boy doll, Raggedy Andy, for her little girl, who always played with Gran'ma.

And when Gran'ma told Daddy this she wondered whatever had become of her little playmate and the boy doll, Raggedy Andy.

After reading the letter, Daddy opened the other package which had been inside the nice, soft, lumpy package and found - Raggedy Andy.

Raggedy Andy had been carefully folded up.

His soft, lumpy arms were folded up in front of him and his soft, lumpy legs were folded over his soft, lumpy arms, and they were held this way by a rubber band.

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Raggedy Andy must have wondered why he was being "done up" this way, but it could not have caused him any worry, for in between where his feet came over his face Daddy saw his cheery smile.



After slipping off the rubber band, Daddy smoothed out the wrinkles in Raggedy Andy's arms and legs.

Then Daddy propped Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy up against books on his desk, so that they sat facing each other; Raggedy Ann's shoe button eyes looking straight into the shoe button eyes of Raggedy Andy.

They could not speak-not right out before a real person-so they just sat there and smiled at each other.

Daddy could not help reaching out his hands and feeling their throats.

Yes! There was a lump in Raggedy Ann's throat, and there was a lump in Raggedy Andy's throat. A cotton lump, to be sure, but a lump nevertheless.

"So, Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy, that is why you cannot talk, is it?" said Daddy.

"I will go away and let you have your visit to yourselves, although it is good to sit and share your happiness by watching you."

Daddy then took the rubber band and placed it around Raggedy Ann's right hand, and around Raggedy Andy's right hand, so that when he had it fixed properly they sat and held each other's hands.

Daddy knew they would wish to tell each other all the wonderful things that had happened to them since they had parted more than fifty years before.

So, locking his studio door, Daddy left the two old rag dolls looking into each other's eyes.

The next morning, when Daddy unlocked his door and looked at his desk, he saw that Raggedy Andy had fallen over so that he lay with his head in the bend of Raggedy Ann's arm.

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Chapter 2: The Nursery Dance

When Raggedy Andy was first brought to the nursery he was very quiet.

Raggedy Andy did not speak all day, but he smiled pleasantly to all the other dolls. There was Raggedy Ann, the French doll, Henny, the little Dutch doll, Uncle Clem, and a few others.



Some of the dolls were without arms and legs. One had a cracked head. She was a nice doll, though, and the others all liked her very much. All of them had cried the night Susan (that was her name) fell off the toy box and cracked her china head.

Raggedy Andy did not speak all day. But there was really nothing strange about this fact, after all. None of the other dolls spoke all day, either.

Marcella had played in the nursery all day and of course they did not speak in front of her. Marcella thought they did, though, and often had them saying things which they really were not even thinking of.

For instance, when Marcella served water with sugar in it and little oyster crackers for "tea," Raggedy Andy was thinking of Raggedy Ann, and the French doll was thinking of one time when Fido was lost.

Marcella took the French doll's hand, and passed a cup of "tea" to Raggedy Andy, and said, "Mr. Raggedy Andy, will you have another cup of tea?" as if the French doll was talking.

And then Marcella answered for Raggedy Andy, "Oh, yes, thank you! It is so delicious!"

Neither the French doll nor Raggedy Andy knew what was going on, for they were thinking real hard to themselves. Nor did they drink the tea when it was poured for them. Marcella drank it instead.

Perhaps this was just as well, for, most of the dolls were moist inside from the "tea" of the day before. Marcella did not always drink all of the tea, often she poured a little down their mouths.

Sugar and water, if taken in small quantities, would not give the dolls colic, Marcella would tell them, but she did not know that it made their cotton, or sawdust insides, quite sticky.

Quite often, too, Marcella forgot to wash their faces after a "tea," and Fido would do it for them when he came into the nursery and found the dolls with sweets upon their faces.

Really, Fido was quite a help in this way, but he often missed the corners of their eyes and the backs of their necks where the "tea" would run and get sticky. But he did his best and saved his little Mistress a lot of work.

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No, Raggedy Andy did not speak; he merely thought a great deal. One can, you know, when one has been a rag doll as long as Raggedy Andy had. Years and years and years and years!



Even Raggedy Ann, with all her wisdom, did not really know how long Raggedy Andy and she had been rag dolls.

If Raggedy Ann had a pencil in her rag hand and Marcella guided it for her, Raggedy Ann could count up to ten-sometimes. But why should one worry one's rag head about one's age when all one's life has been one happy experience after another, with each day filled with love and sunshine?

Raggedy Andy did not know his age, but he remembered many things that had happened years and years and years ago, when he and Raggedy Ann were quite young.

It was of these pleasant times Raggedy Andy was thinking all day, and this was the reason he did not notice that Marcella was speaking for him.

Raggedy Andy could patiently wait until Marcella put all the dollies to bed and left them for the night, alone in the nursery.

The day might have passed very slowly had it not been for the happy memories which filled Raggedy Andy's cotton-stuffed head.

But he did not even fidget.



Of course, he fell out of his chair once, and his shoe button eyes went "Click!" against the floor, but it wasn't his fault. Raggedy Andy was so lippy he could hardly be placed in a chair so that he would stay, and Marcella jiggled the table.

Marcella cried for Raggedy Andy, "AWAA! AWAA!" and picked him up and snuggled him and scolded Uncle Clem for jiggling the table.

Through all this Raggedy Andy kept right on thinking his pleasant thoughts, and really did not know he had fallen from the chair.

You see how easy it is to pass over the little bumps of life if we are happy inside.

And so Raggedy Andy was quiet all day, and so the day finally passed.

Raggedy Andy was given one of Uncle Clem's clean white nighties and shared Uncle Clem's bed. Marcella kissed them all good night and left them to sleep until morning.

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But as soon as she had left the room all the dolls raised up in their beds. When their little mistress' footsteps passed out of hearing, all the dollies jumped out of their beds and gathered around Raggedy Andy.



Raggedy Ann introduced them one by one and Raggedy Andy shook hands with each.

"I am very happy to know you all!" he said, in a voice as kindly as Raggedy Ann's, "and I hope we will all like each other as much as Raggedy Ann and I have always liked each other!"

"Oh, indeed we shall!" the dollies all answered. "We love Raggedy Ann because she is so kindly and happy, and we know we shall like you too, for you talk like Raggedy Ann and have the same cheery smile!"

"Now that we know each other so well, what do you say to a game, Uncle Clem?" Raggedy Andy cried, as he caught Uncle Clem and danced about the floor.

Henny, the Dutch doll, dragged the little square music box out into the center of the room and wound it up. Then all, catching hands, danced in a circle around it, laughing and shouting in their tiny doll voices.

"That was lots of fun!" Raggedy Andy said, when the music stopped and all the dolls had taken seats upon the floor facing him. "You know I have been shut up in a trunk up in an attic for years and years and years."

"Wasn't it very lonesome in the trunk all that time?" Susan asked in her queer little cracked voice. You see, her head had been cracked.

"Oh, not at all," Raggedy Andy replied, "for there was always a nest of mice down in the corner of the trunk. Cute little Mama and Daddy mice, and lots of little teeny weeny baby mice. And when the mama and daddy mice were away, I used to cuddle the tiny little baby mice!"

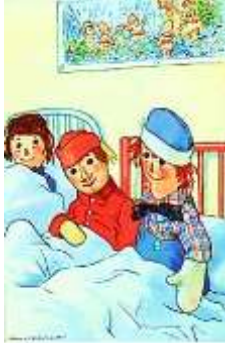
"No wonder you were never lonesome!" said Uncle Clem, who was very kind and loved everybody and everything.

"No, I was never lonesome in the old trunk in the attic, but it is far more pleasant to be out again and living here with all you nice friends!" said Raggedy Andy.

And all the dolls thought so too, for already they loved Raggedy Andy's happy smile and knew he would prove to be as kindly and lovable as Raggedy Ann.

Chapter 3: The Spinning Wheel

One night, after all the household had settled down to sleep, Raggedy Andy sat up in bed and tickled Uncle Clem.



Uncle Clem twisted and wiggled in his sleep until finally he could stand it no longer and awakened.

"I dreamed that someone told me the funniest story!" said Uncle Clem; "But I cannot remember what it was!"

"I was tickling you!" laughed Raggedy Andy.

When the other dolls in the nursery heard Raggedy Andy and Uncle Clem talking, they too sat up in their beds.

"We've been so quiet all day," said Raggedy Andy. "Let's have a good romp!"

This suggestion suited all the dolls, so they jumped out of their beds and ran over towards Raggedy Andy's and Uncle Clem's little bed.

Raggedy Andy, always in for fun, threw his pillow at Henny, the Dutch doll.



Henny did not see the pillow coming towards him so he was knocked head over heels.

Henny always said "Mama" when he was tilted backward or forward, and when the pillow rolled him over and over, he cried, "Mama, Mama, Mama!"

It was not because it hurt him, for you know Santa Claus always sees to it that each doll he makes in his great workshop is covered with a very magical Wish, and this Wish always keeps them from getting hurt.

Henny could talk just as well as any of the other dolls when he was standing up, sitting, or lying down, but if he was being tipped forward and backward, all he could say was, "Mama."

This amused Henny as much as it did the other dolls, so when he jumped to his feet he laughed and threw the pillow back at Raggedy Andy.

Raggedy Andy tried to jump to one side, but forgot that he was on the bed, and he and Uncle Clem went tumbling to the floor.

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Then all the dolls ran to their beds and brought their pillows and had the jolliest pillow fight imaginable.



The excitement ran so high and the pillows flew so fast, the floor of the nursery was soon covered with feathers. It was only when all the dolls had stopped to rest and put the feathers back into the pillow cases that Raggedy Andy discovered he had lost one of his arms in the scuffle.

The dolls were worried over this and asked, "What will Marcella say when she sees that Raggedy Andy has lost an arm?"

"We can push it up his sleeve!" said Uncle Clem. "Then when Raggedy Andy is taken out of bed in the morning, Marcella will find his arm is loose!"

"It has been hanging by one or two threads for a day or more!" said Raggedy Andy. "I noticed the other day that sometimes my thumb was turned clear around to the back, and I knew then that the arm was hanging by one or two threads and the threads were twisted."

Uncle Clem pushed Raggedy Andy's arm up through his sleeve, but every time Raggedy Andy jumped about, he lost his arm again.

"This will never do!" said Raggedy Ann. "Raggedy Andy is lopsided with only one arm and he cannot join in our games as well as if he had two arms!"

"Oh, I don't mind that!" laughed Raggedy Andy. "Marcella will sew it on in the morning and I will be all right, I'm sure!"

"Perhaps Raggedy Ann can sew it on now!" suggested Uncle Clem.

"Yes, Raggedy Ann can sew it on!" all the dolls cried. "She can play Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater on the toy piano and she can sew!"

"I will gladly try," said Raggedy Ann, "but there are no needles or thread in the nursery, and I have to have a thimble so the needle can be pressed through Raggedy Andy's cloth!"

"Marcella always gets a needle from Mama!" said the French Doll.

"I know," said Raggedy Ann, "but we cannot waken Mama to ask her!"

The dolls all laughed at this, for they knew very well that even had Mama been awake, they would not have asked her for needle and thread, because they did not wish her to know they could act and talk just like real people.

"Perhaps we can get the things out of the machine drawer!" Henny suggested.

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"Yes," cried Susan, "let's all go get the things out of the machine drawer! Come on, everybody!"

And Susan, although she had only a cracked head, ran out the nursery door followed by all the rest of the dolls.

Even the tiny little penny dolls clicked their china heels upon the floor as they followed the rest, and Raggedy Andy, carrying his loose arm, thumped along in the rear.

Raggedy Andy had not lived in the house as long as the others; so he did not know the way to the room in which the machine stood.

After much climbing and pulling, the needle and thread and thimble were taken from the drawer, and all raced back again to the nursery.

Uncle Clem took off Raggedy Andy's waist, and the other dolls all sat around watching while Raggedy Ann sewed the arm on again.

Raggedy Ann had only taken two stitches when she began laughing so hard she had to quit. Of course when Raggedy Ann laughed, all the other dolls laughed too, for laughter, like yawning, is very catching.



"I was just thinking!" said Raggedy Ann. "Remember, 'way, 'way back, a long, long time ago, I sewed this arm on once before?" she asked Raggedy Andy.

"I do remember, now that you mention it," said Raggedy Andy, "but I can not remember how the arm came off!"

"Tell us about it!" all the dolls cried.

"Let's see!" Raggedy Ann began. "Your Mistress left you over at our house one night, and after everyone had gone to bed, we went up into the attic!"

"Oh, yes! I do remember now!" Raggedy Andy laughed. "We played with the large whirligig!"

"Yes," Raggedy Ann said. "The large spinning wheel. We held on to the wheel and went round and round! And when we were having the most fun, your feet got fastened between the wheel and the rod which held the wheel in position and there you hung, head down!"

"I remember, you were working the pedal and I was sailing around very fast," said Raggedy Andy, "and all of a sudden the wheel stopped!"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"We would have laughed at the time," Raggedy Ann explained to the other dolls, "but you see it was quite serious."

"My mistress had put us both to bed for the night, and if she had discovered us 'way up in the attic, she would have wondered how in the world we got there! So there was nothing to do but get Raggedy Andy out of the tangle!"

"But you pulled me out all right!" Raggedy Andy laughed.

"Yes, I pulled and I pulled until I pulled one of Raggedy Andy's arms off," Raggedy Ann said. "And then I pulled and pulled until finally his feet came out of the wheel and we both tumbled to the floor!"

"Then we ran downstairs as fast as we could and climbed into bed, didn't we!" Raggedy Andy laughed.

"Yes, we did!" Raggedy Ann replied. "And when we jumped into bed, we remembered that we had left Raggedy Andy's arm lying up on the attic floor, so we had to run back up there and get it! Remember, Raggedy Andy?"

"Yes! Wasn't it lots of fun?"

"Indeed it was!" Raggedy Ann agreed.

"Raggedy Andy wanted to let the arm remain off until the next morning, but I decided it would be better to have it sewed on, just as it had been when Mistress put us to bed. So, just like tonight, we went to the pincushion and found a needle and thread and I sewed it on for him!"

"There!" Raggedy Ann said, as she wound the thread around her hand and pulled, so that the thread broke near Raggedy Andy's shoulder. "It's sewed on again, good as new!"

"Thank you, Raggedy Ann!" said Raggedy Andy, as he threw the arm about Raggedy Ann's neck and gave her a hug.

"Now we can have another game!" Uncle Clem cried as he helped Raggedy Andy into his waist and buttoned it for him.



Just then the little Cuckoo Clock on the nursery wall went, "Whirrr!" the little door opened, and the little bird put out his head and cried, "Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!"

"No more games!" Raggedy Ann said. "We must be very quiet from now on. The folks will be getting up soon!"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Last one in bed is a monkey!" cried Raggedy Andy.

There was a wild scramble as the dolls rushed for their beds, and Susan, having to be careful of her cracked head, was the monkey. So Raggedy Andy, seeing that Susan was slow about getting into her bed, jumped out and helped her.

Then, climbing into the little bed which Uncle Clem shared with him, he pulled the covers up to his eyes and, after pretending to snore a couple of times, he lay very quiet, thinking of the kindness of his doll friends about him, until Marcella came and took him down to breakfast.

And all the other dolls smiled at him as he left the room, for they were very happy to know that their little mistress loved him as much as they did.

Chapter 4: The Taffy Pull

I know how we can have a whole lot of fun!" Raggedy Andy said to the other dolls. "We'll have a taffy pull!"

"Do you mean crack the whip, Raggedy Andy?" asked the French doll.

"He means a tug of war, don't you, Raggedy Andy?" asked Henny.

"No," Raggedy Andy replied, "I mean a taffy pull!"

"If it's lots of fun, then show us how to play the game!" Uncle Clem said. "We like to have fun, don't we?" And Uncle Clem turned to all the other dolls as he asked the question.

"It really is not a game," Raggedy Andy explained. "You see, it is only a taffy pull.

"We take sugar and water and butter and a little vinegar and put it all on the stove to cook. When it has cooked until it strings 'way out when you dip some up in a spoon, or gets hard when you drop some of it in a cup of water, then it is candy.



"Then it must be placed upon buttered plates until it has cooled a little, and then each one takes some of the candy and pulls and pulls until it gets real white. Then it is called 'Taffy'."

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"That will be loads of fun!" "Show us how to begin!" "Let's have a taffy pull!" "Come on, everybody!" the dolls cried.

"Just one moment!" Raggedy Ann said. She had remained quiet before, for she had been thinking very hard, so hard, in fact, that two stitches had burst in the back of her rag head. The dolls, in their eagerness to have the taffy pull, were dancing about Raggedy Andy, but when Raggedy Ann spoke, in her soft cottony voice, they all quieted down and waited for her to speak again.

"I was just thinking," Raggedy Ann said, "that it would be very nice to have the taffy pull, but suppose some of the folks smell the candy while it is cooking."

"There is no one at home!" Raggedy Andy said. "I thought of that, Raggedy Ann. They have all gone over to Cousin Jenny's house and will not be back until day after tomorrow. I heard Mama tell Marcella."

"If that is the case, we can have the taffy pull and all the fun that goes with it!" Raggedy Ann cried, as she started for the nursery door.

After her ran all the dollies, their little feet pitter-patting across the floor and down the hall.

When they came to the stairway Raggedy Ann, Raggedy Andy, Uncle Clem and Henny threw themselves down the stairs, turning over and over as they fell.



The other dolls, having china heads, had to be much more careful; so they slid down the banisters, or jumped from one step to another.

Raggedy Ann, Raggedy Andy, Uncle Clem and Henny piled in a heap at the bottom of the steps, and by the time they had untangled themselves and helped each other up, the other dolls were down the stairs.

To the kitchen they all raced. There they found the fire in the stove still burning.

Raggedy Andy brought a small stew kettle, while the others brought the sugar and water and a large spoon. They could not find the vinegar and decided not to use it, anyway.

Raggedy Andy stood upon the stove and watched the candy, dipping into it every once in a while to see if it had cooked long enough, and stirring it with the large spoon.

At last the candy began to string out from the spoon when it was held above the stew kettle, and after trying a few drops in a cup of cold water, Raggedy Andy pronounced it "done."

Uncle Clem pulled out a large platter from the pantry, and Raggedy Ann dipped her rag hand

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

into the butter jar and buttered the platter.

The candy, when it was poured into the platter, was a lovely golden color and smelled delicious to the dolls. Henny could not wait until it cooled; so he put one of his chamois skin hands into the hot candy.



Of course it did not burn Henny, but when he pulled his hand out again, it was covered with a great ball of candy, which strung out all over the kitchen floor and got upon his clothes.

Then too, the candy cooled quickly, and in a very short time Henny's hand was encased in a hard ball of candy. Henny couldn't wiggle any of his fingers on that hand and he was sorry he had been so hasty.

While waiting for the candy to cool, Raggedy Andy said, "We must rub butter upon our hands before we pull the candy, or else it will stick to our hands as it has done to Henny's hands and have to wear off!"

"Will this hard ball of candy have to wear off of my hand?" Henny asked. "It is so hard, I cannot wiggle any of my fingers!"

"It will either have to wear off, or you will have to soak your hand in water for a long time, until the candy on it melts!" said Raggedy Andy.

"Dear me!" said Henny.

Uncle Clem brought the poker then and, asking Henny to put his hand upon the stove leg, he gave the hard candy a few sharp taps with the poker and chipped the candy from Henny's hand.

"Thank you, Uncle Clem!" Henny said, as he wiggled his fingers. "That feels much better!"

Raggedy Andy told all the dolls to rub butter upon their hands.

"The candy is getting cool enough to pull!" he said.

Then, when all the dolls had their hands nice and buttery, Raggedy Andy cut them each a nice piece of candy and showed them how to pull it.

"Take it in one hand this way," he said, "and pull it with the other hand, like this!"

When all the dolls were supplied with candy they sat about and pulled it, watching it grow whiter and more silvery the longer they pulled.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Then, when the taffy was real white, it began to grow harder and harder, so the smaller dolls could scarcely pull it anymore.

When this happened, Raggedy Andy, Raggedy Ann, Uncle Clem and Henny, who were larger, took the little dolls' candy and mixed it with what they had been pulling until all the taffy was snow white.

Then Raggedy Andy pulled it out into a long rope and held it while Uncle Clem hit the ends a sharp tap with the edge of the spoon.

This snipped the taffy into small pieces, just as easily as you might break icicles with a few sharp taps of a stick.

The small pieces of white taffy were placed upon the buttered platter again and the dolls all danced about it, singing and laughing, for this had been the most fun they had had for a long, long time.

"But what shall we do with it?" Raggedy Ann asked.

"Yes, what shall we do with it!" Uncle Clem said. "We can't let it remain in the platter here upon the kitchen floor! We must hide it, or do something with it!"

"While we are trying to think of a way to dispose of it, let us be washing the stew kettle and the spoon!" said practical Raggedy Ann.

"That is a very happy thought, Raggedy Ann!" said Raggedy Andy. "For it will clean the butter and candy from our hands while we are doing it!"

So the stew kettle was dragged to the sink and filled with water, the dolls all taking turns scraping the candy from the sides of the kettle, and scrubbing the inside with a cloth.

When the kettle was nice and clean and had been wiped dry, Raggedy Andy found a roll of waxed paper in the pantry upon one of the shelves.

"We'll wrap each piece of taffy in a nice little piece of paper," he said, "then we'll find a nice paper bag, and put all the pieces inside the bag, and throw it from the upstairs window when someone passes the house so that someone may have the candy!"

All the dolls gathered about the platter on the floor, and while Raggedy Andy cut the paper into neat squares, the dolls wrapped the taffy in the papers.

Then the taffy was put into a large bag, and with much pulling and tugging it was finally dragged up into the nursery, where a window faced out toward the street.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Then, just as a little boy and a little girl, who looked as though they did not ever have much candy, passed the house, the dolls all gave a push and sent the bag tumbling to the sidewalk.

The two children laughed and shouted, "Thank you," when they saw that the bag contained candy, and the dolls, peeping from behind the lace curtains, watched the two happy faced children eating the taffy as they skipped down the street.

When the children had passed out of sight, the dolls climbed down from the window.

"That was lots of fun!" said the French doll, as she smoothed her skirts and sat down beside Raggedy Andy.

"I believe Raggedy Andy must have a candy heart too, like Raggedy Ann!" said Uncle Clem.

"No!" Raggedy Andy answered, "I'm just stuffed with white cotton and I have no candy heart, but some day perhaps I shall have!"



"A candy heart is very nice!" Raggedy Ann said. (You know, she had one.) "But one can be just as nice and happy and full of sunshine without a candy heart."

"I almost forgot to tell you," said Raggedy Andy, "that when pieces of taffy are wrapped in little pieces of paper, just as we wrapped them, they are called 'Kisses'."

Chapter 5: The Rabbit Chase

Well, what shall we play tonight?" asked Henny, the Dutch doll, when the house was quiet and the dolls all knew that no one else was awake.

Raggedy Andy was just about to suggest a good game, when Fido, who sometimes slept in a basket in the nursery, growled.

All the dollies looked in his direction.

Fido was standing up with his ears sticking as straight in the air as lippy silken puppy dog ears can stick up.

"He must have been dreaming!" said Raggedy Andy.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"No, I wasn't dreaming!" Fido answered. "I heard something go, 'Scratch! Scratch!' as plain as I hear you!"

"Where did the sound come from, Fido?" Raggedy Andy asked when he saw that Fido really was wide awake.

"From outside somewhere!" Fido answered. "And if I could get out without disturbing all the folks, I'd run out and see what it might be! Perhaps I had better bark!"

"Please do not bark!" Raggedy Andy cried as he put his rag arm around Fido's nose. "You will awaken everybody in the house. We can open a door or a window for you and let you out, if you must go!"

"I wish you would. Listen! There it is again: 'Scratch! Scratch!' What can it be?"

"You may soon see!" said Raggedy Andy. "We'll let you out, but please don't sit at the door and bark and bark to get back in again, as you usually do, for we are going to play a good game and we may not hear you!"

"You can sleep out in the shed after you have found out what it is," said Raggedy Andy.

As soon as the dolls opened the door for Fido, he went running across the lawn, barking in a loud shrill voice. He ran down behind the shed and through the garden, and then back towards the house again.



Raggedy Andy and Uncle Clem stood looking out of the door, the rest of the dolls peeping over their shoulders, so when something came jumping through the door, it hit Uncle Clem and Raggedy Andy and sent them flying against the other dolls behind them.

All the dolls went down in a wiggling heap on the floor.

It was surprising that the noise and confusion did not waken Daddy and the rest of the folks, for just as the dolls were untangling themselves from each other and getting upon their feet, Fido came jumping through the door and sent the dolls tumbling again.

Fido quit barking when he came through the door.

"Which way did he go?" he asked, when he could get his breath.

"What was it?" Raggedy Andy asked in return.

"It was a rabbit!" Fido cried. "He ran right in here, for I could smell his tracks!"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"We could feel him!" Raggedy Andy laughed.

"I could not tell you which way he went!" Uncle Clem said, "Except I feel sure he came through the door and into the house!"

None of the dolls knew into which room the rabbit had run.

Finally, after much sniffing, Fido traced the rabbit to the nursery, where, when the dolls followed, they saw the rabbit crouching behind the rocking horse.

Fido whined and cried because he could not get to the rabbit and bite him.

"You should be ashamed of yourself, Fido!" cried Raggedy Ann. "Just see how the poor bunny is trembling!"

"He should not come scratching around our house if he doesn't care to be chased!" said Fido.

"Why don't you stay out in the woods and fields where you really belong?" Raggedy Andy asked the rabbit.

"I came to leave some Easter eggs!" the bunny answered in a queer little quavery voice.



"An Easter bunny!" all the dolls cried, jumping about and clapping their hands. "An Easter bunny!"

"Well!" was all Fido could say, as he sat down and began wagging his tail.

"You may come out from behind the rocking horse now, Easter bunny!" said Raggedy Andy. "Fido will not hurt you, now that he knows, will you, Fido?"

"Indeed I won't!" Fido replied. "I'm sorry that I chased you! And I remember now, I had to jump over a basket out by the shed! Was that yours?"

"Yes, it was full of Easter eggs and colored grasses for the little girl who lives here!" the bunny said.

When the Easter bunny found out that Fido and the dolls were his friends, he came out from behind the rocking horse and hopped across the floor to the door.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"I must go see if any of the eggs are broken, for if they are, I will have to run home and color some more! I was just about to make a nice nest and put the eggs in it when Fido came bouncing out at me!"

And with a squeaky little laugh the Easter bunny, followed by Fido and all the dolls, hopped across the lawn towards the shed. There they found the basket. Four of the lovely colored Easter eggs were broken.

"I will run home and color four more. It will only take a few minutes, so when I return and scratch again to make a nest, please do not bark at me!" said the Easter bunny.



"I won't! I promise!" Fido laughed.

"May we go with you and watch you color the Easter eggs?" Raggedy Andy begged.

"Indeed you may!" the Easter bunny answered. "Can you run fast?"

Then down through the garden and out through a crack in the fence the Easter bunny hopped, with a long string of dolls trailing behind.

When they came to the Easter bunny's home, they found Mama Easter bunny and a lot of little teeny weeny bunnies who would someday grow up to be big Easter bunnies like their Mama and Daddy bunny.

The Easter bunny told them of his adventure with Fido, and all joined in his laughter when they found it had turned out well at the end.

The Easter bunny put four eggs on to boil and while these were boiling he mixed up a lot of pretty colors.

When the eggs were boiled, he dipped the four eggs into the pretty colored dye and then painted lovely flowers on them.

When the Easter bunny had finished painting the eggs he put them in his basket and, with all the dolls running along beside him, they returned to the house.

"Why not make the nest right in the nursery?" Raggedy Andy asked.

"That would be just the thing! Then the little girl would wonder and wonder how I could ever get into the nursery without awakening the rest of the folks, for she will never suspect that you dolls

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

and Fido let me in!"

So with Raggedy Andy leading the way, they ran up to the nursery and there, 'way back in a corner, they watched the Easter bunny make a lovely nest and put the Easter eggs in it.

And in the morning when Marcella came in to see the dolls you can imagine her surprise when she found the pretty gift of the Easter bunny.

"How in the world did the bunny get inside the house and into this room without awakening Fido?" she laughed.

And Fido, pretending to be asleep, slowly opened one eye and winked over the edge of his basket at Raggedy Andy.

And Raggedy Andy smiled back at Fido, but never said a word.



Chapter 6: The New Tin Gutter

All day Saturday the men had worked out upon the eaves of the house and the dolls facing the window could see them.

The men made quite a lot of noise with their hammers, for they were putting new gutters around the eaves, and pounding upon tin makes a great deal of noise.



Marcella had not played with the dolls all that day, for she had gone visiting; so when the men hammered and made a lot of noise, the dolls could talk to each other without fear of anyone hearing or knowing they were really talking to each other.

"What are they doing now?" Raggedy Andy asked.

He was lying with his head beneath a little bed quilt, just as Marcella had dropped him when she left the nursery; so he could not see what was going on.

"We can only see the men's legs as they pass the window," answered Uncle Clem. "But they are putting new shingles or something on the roof!"

After the men had left their work and gone home to supper and the house was quiet, Raggedy Andy cautiously moved his head out from under the little bed quilt and, seeing that the coast was clear, sat up.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

This was a signal for all the dolls to sit up and smooth out the wrinkles in their clothes.



The nursery window was open; so Raggedy Andy lifted the penny dolls to the sill and climbed up beside them.

Leaning out, he could look along the new shiny tin gutter the men had put in place.

"Here's a grand place to have a lovely slide!" he said as he gave one of the penny dolls a scoot down the shiny tin gutter.

"Whee! See her go!" Raggedy Andy cried.

All the other dolls climbed upon the window sill beside him.

"Scoot me too!" cried the other little penny doll in her squeaky little voice, and Raggedy Andy took her in his rag hand and gave her a great swing which sent her scooting down the shiny tin gutter, "Kerswish!"

Then Raggedy Andy climbed into the gutter himself and, taking a few steps, spread out his feet and went scooting down the shiny tin.

The other dolls followed his example and scooted along behind him.

When Raggedy Andy came to the place where he expected to find the penny dolls lying, they were nowhere about.

"Perhaps you scooted them farther than you thought!" Uncle Clem said.

"Perhaps I did!" Raggedy Andy said, "We will look around the bend in the eave!"

"Oh dear!" he exclaimed when he had peeped around the corner of the roof, "the gutter ends here and there is nothing but a hole!"

"They must have scooted right into the hole," Henny, the Dutch doll said.

Raggedy Andy lay flat upon the shiny tin and looked down into the hole.

"Are you down there, penny dolls?" he called.

There was no answer.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"I hope their heads were not broken!" Raggedy Ann said.

"I'm so sorry I scooted them!" Raggedy Andy cried, as he brushed his hand over his shoe button eyes.



"Maybe if you hold to my feet, I can reach down the hole and find them and pull them up again!" he added.

Uncle Clem and Henny each caught hold of a foot of Raggedy Andy and let him slide down into the hole.

It was a rather tight fit, but Raggedy Andy wiggled and twisted until all the dolls could see of him were his two feet.

"I can't find them!" he said in muffled tones. "Let me down farther and I think I'll be able to reach them!"

Now Henny and Uncle Clem thought that Raggedy Andy meant for them to let go of his feet and this they did.

Raggedy Andy kept wiggling and twisting until he came to a bend in the pipe and could go no farther.

"I can't find them!" he cried. "They have gone farther down the pipe! Now you can pull me up!"

"We can't reach you, Raggedy Andy!" Uncle Clem called down the pipe. "Try to wiggle back up a piece and we will catch your feet and pull you up!"

Raggedy Andy tried to wiggle backward up the pipe, but his clothes caught upon a little piece of tin which stuck out from the inside of the pipe and there he stayed. He could neither go down nor come back up.

"What shall we do?" Uncle Clem cried, "The folks will never find him down there, for we can not tell them where he is, and they will never guess it!"

The dolls were all very sad. They stayed out upon the shiny new tin gutter until it began raining and hoped and hoped that Raggedy Andy could get back up to them.

Then they went inside the nursery and sat looking out the window until it was time for the folks to get up and the house to be astir. Then they went back to the position each had been in, when Marcella had left them.

And although they were very quiet, each one was so sorry to lose Raggedy Andy, and each felt

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

that he would never be found again.

"The rain must have soaked his cotton through and through!" sighed Raggedy Ann. "For all the water from the house runs down the shiny tin gutters and down the pipe into a rain barrel at the bottom!"

Then Raggedy Ann remembered that there was an opening at the bottom of the pipe.

"Tomorrow night if we have a chance, we dolls must take a stick and see if we can reach Raggedy Andy from the bottom of the pipe and pull him down to us!" she thought.

Marcella came up to the nursery and played all day, watching the rain patter upon the new tin gutter. She wondered where Raggedy Andy was, although she did not get worried about him until she had asked Mama where he might be.

"He must be just where you left him!" Mama said.

"I cannot remember where I left him!" Marcella said.

"I thought he was with all the other dolls in the nursery, though!"

All day Sunday it rained and all of Sunday night, and Monday morning when Daddy started to work it was still raining.



As Daddy walked out of the front gate, he turned to wave goodbye to Mama and Marcella and then he saw something.

Daddy came right back into the house and called up the men who had put in the new shiny tin gutters.

"The drain pipe is plugged up. Some of you must have left shavings or something in the eaves, and it has washed down into the pipe, so that the water pours over the gutter in sheets!"

"We will send a man right up to fix it!" the men said.

So along about ten o'clock that morning one of the men came to fix the pipe.

But although he punched a long pole down the pipe, and punched and punched, he could not dislodge whatever it was which plugged the pipe and kept the water from running through it.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Then the man measured with his stick, so that he knew just where the place was, and with a pair of tin shears he cut a section from the pipe and found Raggedy Andy.



Raggedy Andy was punched quite out of shape and all jammed together, but when the man straightened out the funny little figure, Raggedy Andy looked up at him with his customary happy smile.

The man laughed and carried little water-soaked Raggedy Andy into the house.

"I guess your little girl must have dropped this rag doll down into the drain pipe!" the man said to Mama.

"I'm so glad you found him!" Mama said to the man.

"We have hunted all over the house for him! Marcella could not remember where she put him; so when I get him nice and dry, I'll hide him in a nice easy place for her to find, and she will not know he has been out in the rain all night!"

So Mama put Raggedy Andy behind the radiator and there he sat all afternoon, steaming and drying out.



And as he sat there he smiled and smiled, even though there was no one to see him.

He felt very happy within and he liked to smile, anyway, because his smile was painted on.

And another reason Raggedy Andy smiled was because he was not lonesome.

Inside his waist were the two little penny dolls.

The man had punched Raggedy Andy farther down into the pipe, and he had been able to reach the two little dolls and tuck them into a safe place.

"Won't they all be surprised to see us back again!" Raggedy Andy whispered as he patted the two little penny dolls with his soft rag hands.

And the two little penny dolls nestled against Raggedy Andy's soft cotton stuffed body, and thought how nice it was to have such a happy, sunny friend.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Chapter 7: Doctor Raggedy Andy

Raggedy Andy, Raggedy Ann, Uncle Clem and Henny were not given medicine. Because, you see, they had no mouths. That is, mouths through which medicine could be poured.



Their mouths were either painted on, or were sewed on with yarn. Sometimes the medicine spoon would be touched to their faces but none of the liquid be given them. Except accidentally.

But the French doll had a lovely mouth for taking medicine; it was open and showed her teeth in a dimpling smile.

She also had soft brown eyes which opened and closed when she was tilted backward or forward.

The medicine which was given the dolls had great curing properties.

It would cure the most stubborn case of croup, measles, whooping cough or any other ailment the dolls had wished upon them by their little Mistress.

Some days all the dolls would be put to bed with "measles" but in the course of half an hour they would have every other ailment in the Doctor book.



The dolls enjoyed it very much, for, you see, Marcella always tried the medicine first to see if it was strong enough before she gave any to the dolls.

So the dolls really did not get as much of the medicine as their little mistress.

The wonderful remedy was made from a very old recipe handed down from ancient times.

This recipe is guaranteed to cure every ill a doll may have.



The medicine was made from brown sugar and water. Perhaps you may have used it for your dollies.

The medicine was also used as "tea" and "soda water," except when the dolls were supposed to be ill.

Having nothing but painted or yarn mouths, the ailments of Raggedy Andy, Raggedy Ann, Uncle Clem and Henny, the Dutch doll, mostly consisted of sprained wrists, arms and legs, or perhaps a headache and a toothache.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

None of them knew they had the trouble until Marcella had wrapped up the "injured" rag arm, leg or head, and had explained in detail just what was the matter.

Raggedy Andy, Raggedy Ann, Uncle Clem, or Henny were just as happy with their heads tied up for the toothache as they were without their heads tied up.

Not having teeth, naturally they could not have the toothache, and if they could furnish amusement for Marcella by having her pretend they had the toothache, then that made them very happy.

So this day, the French doll was quite ill. She started out with the "croup," and went through the "measles," "whooping cough," and "yellow fever" in an hour.



The attack came on quite suddenly.

The French doll was sitting quietly in one of the little red chairs, smiling the prettiest of dimpling smiles at Raggedy Andy, and thinking of the romp the dolls would have that night after the house grew quiet, when Marcella discovered that the French doll had the "croup" and put her to bed.

The French doll closed her eyes when put to bed, but the rest of her face did not change expression. She still wore her happy smile.

Marcella mixed the medicine very "strong" and poured it into the French doll's open mouth.

She was given a "dose" every minute or so.

It was during the "yellow fever" stage that Marcella was called to supper and left the dolls in the nursery alone.

Marcella did not play with them again that evening; so the dolls all remained in the same position until Marcella and the rest of the folks went to bed.



Then Raggedy Andy jumped from his chair and wound up the little music box. "Let's start with a lively dance!" he cried.

When the music started tinkling he caught the French doll's hand, and danced 'way across the nursery floor before he discovered that her soft brown eyes remained closed as they were when she lay upon the "sick" bed.

All the dolls gathered around Raggedy Andy and the French doll.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"I can't open my eyes!" she said.

Raggedy Andy tried to open the French doll's eyes with his soft rag hands, but it was no use.

They shook her. This sometimes has the desired effect when dolls do not open their eyes.

They shook her again and again. It was no use, her eyes remained closed.

"It must be the sticky, sugary 'medicine'!" said Uncle Clem.

"I really believe it must be!" the French doll replied. "The 'medicine' seemed to settle in the back of my head when I was lying down, and I can still feel it back there!"

"That must be it, and now it has hardened and keeps your pretty eyes from working!" said Raggedy Ann. "What shall we do?"

Raggedy Andy and Raggedy Ann walked over to a corner of the nursery and thought and thought. They pulled their foreheads down into wrinkles with their hands, so that they might think harder.

Finally Raggedy Ann cried, "I've thought of a plan!" and went skipping from the corner out to where the other dolls sat about the French doll.



"We must stand her upon her head, then the 'medicine' will run up into her hair, for there is a hole in the top of her head. I remember seeing it when her hair came off one time!"

"No sooner said than done!" cried Uncle Clem, as he took the French doll by the waist and stood her upon her head.

"That should be long enough!" Raggedy Ann said, when Uncle Clem had held the French doll in this position for five minutes.

But when the French doll was again placed upon her feet her eyes still remained tightly closed.

All this time, Raggedy Andy had remained in the corner, thinking as hard as his rag head would think.

He thought and thought, until the yarn hair upon his head stood up in the air and wiggled.

"If the 'medicine' did not run up into her hair when she stood upon her head," thought Raggedy Andy, "then it is because the 'medicine' could not run; so, if the medicine can not run, it is

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

because it is too sticky and thick to run out the hole in the top of her head." He also thought a lot more.

At last he turned to the others and said out loud, "I can't seem to think of a single way to help her open her eyes unless we take off her hair and wash the medicine from inside her china head."

"Why didn't I think of that?" Raggedy Ann asked. "That is just the way we shall have to do!"

So Raggedy Ann caught hold of the French doll's feet, and Raggedy Andy caught hold of the French doll's lively curls, and they pulled and they pulled.

Then the other dolls caught hold of Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and pulled and pulled, until finally, with a sharp "R-R-Rip!" the French doll's hair came off, and the dolls who were pulling went tumbling over backwards.



Laughingly they scrambled to their feet and sat the French doll up, so they might look into the hole in the top of her head.

Yes, the sticky "medicine" had grown hard and would not let the French doll's eyes open.

Raggedy Andy put his hand inside and pushed on the eyes so that they opened.

This was all right, only now the eyes would not close when the French doll lay down. She tried it.

So Raggedy Andy ran down into the kitchen and brought up a small tin cup full of warm water and a tiny rag.

With these he loosened the sticky "medicine" and washed the inside of the French doll's head nice and clean.

There were lots of cookie and cracker crumbs inside her head, too.

Raggedy Andy washed it all nice and clean, and then wet the glue which made the pretty curls stay on.



So when her hair was placed upon her head again, the French doll was as good as new.

"Thank you all very much!" she said, as she tilted backwards and forwards, and found that her eyes worked very easily.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Raggedy Andy again wound up the little music box and, catching the French doll about the waist, started a rollicking dance which lasted until the roosters in the neighborhood began their morning crowing.

Then, knowing the folks might soon be astir, the dolls left off their playing, and all took the same positions they had been in when Marcella left them the night before.

And so Marcella found them.

The French doll was in bed with her eyes closed, and her happy dimpling smile lighting up her pretty face.

And to this day, the dollies' little mistress does not know that Raggedy Andy was the doctor who cured the French doll of her only ill.

Chapter 8: Raggedy Andy's Smile

Raggedy Andy's smile was gone.

Not entirely, but enough so that it made his face seem one-sided.



If one viewed Raggedy Andy from the left side, one could see his smile.

But if one looked at Raggedy Andy from the right side, one could not see his smile. So Raggedy Andy's smile was gone.

It really was not Raggedy Andy's fault.

He felt just as happy and sunny as ever.

And perhaps would not have known the difference had not the other dolls told him he had only one half of his cheery smile left.

Nor was it Marcella's fault. How was she to know that Dickie would feed Raggedy Andy orange juice and take off most of his smile?

And besides taking off one half of Raggedy Andy's smile, the orange juice left a great brown stain upon his face.

Marcella was very sorry when she saw what Dickie had done.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Dickie would have been sorry, too, if he had been more than two years old, but when one is only two years old, he has very few sorrows.

Dickie's only sorrow was that Raggedy Andy was taken from him, and he could not feed Raggedy Andy more orange juice.

Marcella kissed Raggedy Andy more than she did the rest of the dolls that night, when she put them to bed, and this made all the dolls very happy.

It always gave them great pleasure when any of their number was hugged and kissed, for there was not a selfish doll among them.

Marcella hung up a tiny stocking for each of the dollies, and placed a tiny little china dish for each of the penny dolls beside their little spool box bed.

For, as you probably have guessed, it was Christmas eve, and Marcella was in hopes Santa Claus would see the tiny stockings and place something in them for each dollie.

Then when the house was very quiet, the French doll told Raggedy Andy that most of his smile was gone.

"Indeed!" said Raggedy Andy. "I can still feel it! It must be there!"

"Oh, but it really is gone!" Uncle Clem said. "It was the orange juice!"

"Well, I still feel just as happy," said Raggedy Andy, "so let's have a jolly game of some sort! What shall it be?"



"Perhaps we had best try to wash your face!" said practical Raggedy Ann. She always acted as a mother to the other dolls when they were alone.

"It will not do a bit of good!" the French doll told Raggedy Ann, "for I remember I had orange juice spilled upon a nice white frock I had one time, and the stain would never come out!"

"That is too bad!" Henny, the Dutch doll, said. "We shall miss Raggedy Andy's cheery smile when he is looking straight at us!"

"You will have to stand on my right side, when you wish to see my smile!" said Raggedy Andy, with a cheery little chuckle 'way down in his soft cotton inside.

"But I wish everyone to understand," he went on, "that I am smiling just the same, whether you can see it or not!"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

And with this, Raggedy Andy caught hold of Uncle Clem and Henny, and made a dash for the nursery door, followed by all the other dolls.

Raggedy Andy intended jumping down the stairs, head over heels, for he knew that neither he, Uncle Clem nor Henny would break anything by jumping down stairs.

But just as they got almost to the door, they dropped to the floor in a heap, for there, standing watching the whole performance, was a man.

All the dolls fell in different attitudes, for it would never do for them to let a real person see that they could act and talk just like real people.



Raggedy Andy, Uncle Clem and Henny stopped so suddenly they fell over each other and Raggedy Andy, being in the lead and pulling the other two, slid right through the door and stopped at the feet of the man.

A cheery laugh greeted this and a chubby hand reached down and picked up Raggedy Andy and turned him over.

Raggedy Andy looked up into a cheery little round face, with a little red nose and red cheeks, and all framed in white whiskers which looked just like snow.

Then the little round man walked into the nursery and picked up all the dolls and looked at them. He made no noise when he walked, and this was why he had taken the dolls by surprise at the head of the stairs.

The little man with the snow-white whiskers placed all the dolls in a row and from a little case in his pocket he took a tiny bottle and a little brush. He dipped the little brush in the tiny bottle and touched all the dolls' faces with it.

He had purposely saved Raggedy Andy's face until the last. Then, as all the dolls watched, the cheery little white-whiskered man touched Raggedy Andy's face with the magic liquid, and the orange juice stain disappeared, and in its place came Raggedy Andy's rosy cheeks and cheery smile.

And, turning Raggedy Andy so that he could face all the other dolls, the cheery little man showed him that all the other dolls had new rosy cheeks and newly-painted faces. They all looked just like new dollies. Even Susan's cracked head had been made whole.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Henny, the Dutch doll, was so surprised he fell over backward and said, "Squeek!"

When the cheery little man with the white whiskers heard this, he picked Henny up and touched him with the paint brush in the center of the back, just above the place where Henny had the little mechanism which made him say "Mama" when he was new. And when the little man touched Henny and tipped him forward and backward, Henny was just as good as new and said "Mama" very prettily.

Then the little man put something in each of the tiny doll stockings, and something in each of the little china plates for the two penny dolls.

Then, as quietly as he had entered, he left, merely turning at the door and shaking his finger at the dolls in a cheery, mischievous manner.

Raggedy Andy heard him chuckling to himself as he went down the stairs.

Raggedy Andy tiptoed to the door and over to the head of the stairs.

Then he motioned for the other dolls to come.

There, from the head of the stairs, they watched the cheery little white-whiskered man take pretty things from a large sack and place them about the hearth.

"He does not know that we are watching him," the dolls all thought, but when the little man had finished his task, he turned quickly and laughed right up at the dolls, for he had known that they were watching him all the time.

Then, again shaking his finger at them in his cheery manner, the little white-whiskered man swung the sack to his shoulder, and with a whistle such as the wind makes when it plays through the chinks of a window, he was gone-up the chimney.

The dolls were very quiet as they walked back into the nursery and sat down to think it all over, and as they sat there thinking, they heard out in the night the "tinkle, tinkle, tinkle" of tiny sleigh bells, growing fainter and fainter as they disappeared in the distance.



Without a word, but filled with a happy wonder, the dolls climbed into their beds, just as Marcella had left them, and pulled the covers up to their chins.

And Raggedy Andy lay there, his little shoe button eyes looking straight towards the ceiling and smiling a joyful smile-not a "half smile" this time, but a "full size smile."

Chapter 9: The Wooden Horse

Santa Claus left a whole lot of toys.

A wooden horse, covered with canton flannel and touched lightly with a paint brush dipped in black paint to give him a dappled gray appearance, was one of the presents.



With the wooden horse came a beautiful red wagon with four yellow wheels. My! The paint was pretty and shiny.

The wooden horse was hitched to the wagon with a patent leather harness; and he, himself, stood proudly upon a red platform running on four little nickel wheels.

It was true that the wooden horse's eyes were as far apart as a camel's and made him look quite like one when viewed from in front, but he had soft leather ears and a silken mane and tail.

He was nice to look upon, was the wooden horse. All the dolls patted him and smoothed his silken mane and felt his shiny patent leather harness the first night they were alone with him in the nursery.

The wooden horse had a queer voice; the dolls could hardly understand him at first, but when his bashfulness wore off, he talked quite plainly.



"It is the first time I have ever tried to talk," he explained when he became acquainted, "and I guess I was talking down in my stomach instead of my head!"

"You will like it here in the nursery very much!" said Raggedy Andy. "We have such jolly times and love each other so much I know you will enjoy your new home!"

"I am sure I shall!" the wooden horse answered. "Where I came from, we-the other horses and myself-just stood silently upon the shelves and looked and looked straight ahead, and never so much as moved our tails."

"See if you can move your tail now!" Henny, the Dutch doll, suggested.

The wooden horse started to roll across the nursery floor and if Raggedy Ann had not been in the way, he might have bumped into the wall. As it was, the wooden horse rolled against Raggedy Ann and upset her but could go no further when his wheels ran against her rag foot.

When the wooden horse upset Raggedy Ann, he stood still until Uncle Clem



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

and Henny and Raggedy Andy lifted him off Raggedy Ann's feet. "Did I frisk my tail?" he asked when Raggedy Ann stood up and smoothed her apron.

"Try it again!" said Raggedy Ann. "I couldn't see!" She laughed her cheery rag doll laugh, for Raggedy Ann, no matter what happened, never lost her temper.

The wooden horse started rolling backward at this and knocked Henny over upon his back, causing him to cry "Mama!" in his squeaky voice.

Uncle Clem, Raggedy Ann, and the tin soldier all held to the wooden horse and managed to stop him just as he was backing out of the nursery door towards the head of the stairs.

Then the dolls pulled the wooden horse back to the center of the room. "It's funny" he said, "that I start moving backward or forward when I try to frisk my tail!"

"I believe it is because you have stood so long upon the shelf without moving," Raggedy Andy suggested. "Suppose you try moving forward!"

Uncle Clem, who was standing in front of the wooden horse, jumped to one side so hastily his feet slipped out from under him, just as if he had been sliding upon slippery ice.



The wooden horse did not start moving forward as Uncle Clem had expected; instead, his silken tail frisked gaily up over his back.

"Whee! There, you frisked your tail!" cried all the dolls as joyfully as if the wooden horse had done something truly wonderful.

"It's easy now!" said the wooden horse. "When I wish to go forward or backward I'll try to frisk my tail and then I'll roll along on my shiny wheels; then when I wish to frisk my tail I'll try to roll forward or backward, like this!" But instead of rolling forward, the wooden horse frisked his tail. "I wanted to frisk my tail then!" he said in surprise. "Now I'll roll forward!" And sure enough, the wooden horse rolled across the nursery floor.

When he started rolling upon his shiny wheels, Raggedy Andy cried, "All aboard!" and, taking a short run, he leaped upon the wooden horse's back. Uncle Clem, Raggedy Ann, Henny, the Dutch doll and Susan, the doll without a head, all scrambled up into the pretty red wagon.

The wooden horse thought this was great fun and round and round the nursery he circled. His shiny wheels and the pretty yellow wheels of the red wagon creaked so loudly none of the dolls heard the cries of the tiny penny dolls who were too small to climb aboard. Finally, as the wagon load of dolls passed the penny dolls, Raggedy Andy noticed the two little midgets standing

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

together and missing the fun; so, leaning 'way over to one side as the horse swept by them, Raggedy Andy caught both the penny dolls in his strong rag arms and lifted them to a seat upon the broad back of the wooden horse.

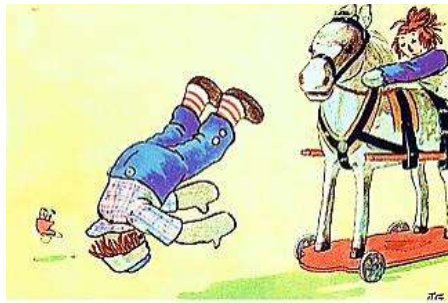


"Hooray!" cried all the dolls when they saw Raggedy Andy's feat. "It was just like a Wild West Show!"

"We must all have all the fun we can together!" said Raggedy Andy.

"Good for you!" cried Uncle Clem. "The more fun we can give each other, the more fun each one of us will have!"

The wooden horse made the circle of the nursery a great many times, for it pleased him very much to hear the gay laughter of the dolls and he thought to himself, "How happy I will be, living with such a jolly crowd."



But just as he was about to pass the door, there was a noise upon the stairs and the wooden horse, hearing it, stopped so suddenly Raggedy Andy and the penny dolls went clear over his head and the dolls in the front of the wagon took Raggedy Andy's seat upon the horse's back.

They lay just as they fell, for they did not wish anyone to suspect that they could move or talk.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! I knew you were having a lot of fun!" cried a cheery voice.

At this, all the dolls immediately scrambled back into their former places, for they recognized the voice of the French dollie.



But what was their surprise to see her dressed in a lovely fairy costume, her lovely curls flying out behind, as she ran towards them.

Raggedy Andy was just about to climb upon the horse's back again when the French dollie leaped there herself and, balancing lightly upon one foot, stood in this position while the wooden horse rolled around the nursery as fast as he could go.

Raggedy Andy and the two penny dolls ran after the wagon and, with the assistance of Uncle Clem and Raggedy Ann, climbed up in back.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

When the wooden horse finally stopped the dolls all said, "This is the most fun we have had for a long time!"

The wooden horse, a thrill of happiness running through his wooden body, cried, "It is the most fun I have ever had!"

And the dolls, while they did not tell him so, knew that he had had the most fun because he had given them the most pleasure.

For, as you must surely know, they who are the most unselfish are the ones who gain the greatest joy; because they give happiness to others.

Chapter 10: Making 'Angels' in the Snow

Whee! It's good to be back home again!" said Raggedy Andy to the other dolls, as he stretched his feet out in front of the little toy stove and rubbed his rag hands briskly together, as if to warm them.



All the dolls laughed at Raggedy Andy for doing this, for they knew there had never been a fire in the little toy stove in all the time it had been in the nursery. And that was a long time.

"We are so glad and happy to have you back home again with us!" the dolls told Raggedy Andy. "For we have missed you very, very much!"

"Well," Raggedy Andy replied, as he held his rag hands over the tiny lid of the stove and rubbed them again, "I have missed all of you, too, and wished many times that you had been with me to join in and share in the pleasures and frolics I've had."

And as Raggedy Andy continued to hold his hands over the little stove, Uncle Clem asked him why he did it.

Raggedy Andy smiled and leaned back in his chair. "Really," he said, "I wasn't paying any attention to what I was doing! I've spent so much of my time while I was away drying out my soft cotton stuffing it seems as though it has almost become a habit."

"Were you wet most of the time, Raggedy Andy?" the French doll asked.

"Nearly all the time!" Raggedy Andy replied. "First I would get sopping wet and then I'd freeze!"

"Freeze!" exclaimed all the dolls in one breath.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Dear me, yes!" Raggedy Andy laughed. "Just see here!" And Raggedy Andy pulled his sleeve up and showed where his rag arm had been mended. "That was quite a rip!" he smiled.

"Dear! Dear! How in the world did it happen? On a nail?" Henny, the Dutch doll, asked as he put his arm about Raggedy Andy.

"Froze!" said Raggedy Andy.

The dolls gathered around Raggedy Andy and examined the rip in his rag arm.

"It's all right now!" he laughed. "But you should have seen me when it happened! I was frozen into one solid cake of ice all the way through, and when Marcella tried to limber up my arm before it had thawed out, it went, 'Pop!' and just bursted.

"Then I was placed in a pan of nice warm water until the icy cotton inside me had melted, and then I was hung up on a line above the kitchen stove, out at Gran'ma's."



"But how did you happen to get so wet and then freeze?" asked Raggedy Ann.

"Out across the road from Gran'ma's home, 'way out in the country, there is a lovely pond," Raggedy Andy explained. "In the summer time pretty flowers grow about the edge, the little green frogs sit upon the pond lilies and beat upon their tiny drums all through the night, and the twinkling stars wink at their reflections in the smooth water. But when Marcella and I went out to Gran'ma's, last week, Gran'ma met us with a sleigh, for the ground was covered with starry snow. The pretty pond was covered with ice, too, and upon the ice was a soft blanket of the white, white snow. It was beautiful!" said Raggedy Andy.

"Gran'ma had a lovely new sled for Marcella, a red one with shiny runners.

"And after we had visited Gran'ma a while, we went to the pond for a slide.

"It was heaps of fun, for there was a little hill at one end of the pond so that when we coasted down, we went scooting across the pond like an arrow.



"Marcella would turn the sled sideways, just for fun, and she and I would fall off and go sliding across the ice upon our backs, leaving a clean path of ice, where we pushed aside the snow as we slid. Then Marcella showed me how to make 'angels' in the soft snow!"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Oh, tell us how, Raggedy Andy!" shouted all the dollies.

"It's very easy!" said Raggedy Andy. "Marcella would lie down upon her back in the snow and put her hands back up over her head, then she would bring her hands in a circle down to her sides, like this." And Raggedy Andy lay upon the floor of the nursery and showed the dollies just how it was done. "Then," he added, "when she stood up it would leave the print of her body and legs in the white, white snow, and where she had swooped her arms there were the 'angel's wings!'"



"It must have looked just like an angel!" said Uncle Clem.

"Indeed it was very pretty!" Raggedy Andy answered. "Then Marcella made a lot of 'angels' by placing me in the snow and working my arms; so you see, what with falling off the sled so much and making so many 'angels,' we both were wet, but I was completely soaked through. My cotton just became sappy and I was ever so much heavier! Then Gran'ma, just as we were

having a most delightful time, came to the door and 'Ooh-hooed' to Marcella to come and get a nice new doughnut. So Marcella, thinking to return in a minute, left me lying upon the sled and ran through the snow to Gran'ma's. And there I stayed and stayed until I began to feel stiff and could hear the cotton inside me go, 'Tic! Tic!' as it began to freeze.

"I lay upon the sled until after the sun went down. Two little Chickadees came and sat upon the sled and talked to me in their cute little bird language, and I watched the sky in the west get golden red, then turn into a deep crimson purple and finally a deep blue, as the sun went farther down around the bend of the earth. After it had been dark for some time, I heard someone coming through the snow and could see the yellow light of a lantern. It was Gran'ma.

"She pulled the sled over in back of her house and did not see that I was upon it until she turned to go in the kitchen; then she picked me up and took me inside. 'He's frozen as stiff as a board!' she told Marcella as she handed me to her. Marcella did not say why she had forgotten to come for me, but I found out afterward that it was because she was so wet. Gran'ma made her change her clothes and shoes and stockings and would not permit her to go out and play again.

"Well, anyway," concluded Raggedy Andy, "Marcella tried to limber my arm and, being almost solid ice, it just burst. And that is the way it went all the time we were out at Gran'ma's; I was wet nearly all the time. But I wish you could all have been with me to share in the fun."

And Raggedy Andy again leaned over the little toy stove and rubbed his rag hands briskly together.

Uncle Clem went to the waste paper basket and came back with some scraps of yellow and red

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

paper. Then, taking off one of the tiny lids, he stuffed the paper in part of the way as if the flames were "shooting up!"

Then, as all the dolls' merry laughter rang out, Raggedy Andy stopped rubbing his hands, and catching Raggedy Ann about the waist, he went skipping across the nursery floor with her, whirling so fast neither saw they had gone out through the door until it was too late. For coming to the head of the stairs, they both went head over heels, "blumpity, blump!" over and over, until they wound up, laughing, at the bottom.

"Last one up is a Cocoa baby!" cried Raggedy Ann, as she scrambled to her feet. And with her skirts in her rag hands she went racing up the stairs to where the rest of the dollies stood laughing.

"Hurrah, for Raggedy Ann!" cried Raggedy Andy generously. "She won!"



Chapter 11: The Singing Shell

For years and years the beautiful shell had been upon the floor in Gran'ma's front room. It was a large shell with many points upon it. These were coarse and rough, but the shell was most beautiful inside.



Marcella had seen the shell time and time again and often admired its lovely coloring, which could be seen when one looked inside the shell.

So one day, Gran'ma gave the beautiful shell to Marcella to have for her very own, up in the nursery.

"It will be nice to place before the nursery door so the wind will not blow the door to and pinch anyone's fingers!" Gran'ma laughed.

So Marcella brought the shell home and placed it in front of the nursery door. Here the dolls saw it that night, when all the house was still, and stood about it wondering what kind of toy it might be.

"It seems to be nearly all mouth!" said Henny, the Dutch doll. "Perhaps it can talk."

"It has teeth!" the French doll pointed out. "It may bite!"

"I do not believe it will bite," Raggedy Andy mused, as he got down upon his hands and knees and looked up into the shell. "Marcella would not have it up here if it would bite!" And, saying

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

this, Raggedy Andy put his rag arm into the lovely shell's mouth.

"It doesn't bite! I knew it wouldn't!" he cried. "Just feel how smooth it is inside!"



All the dolls felt and were surprised to find it polished so highly inside, while the outside was so coarse and rough. With the help of Uncle Clem and Henny, Raggedy Andy turned the shell upon its back, so that all the dolls might look in.

The coloring consisted of dainty pinks, creamy whites and pale blues, all running together just as the coloring in an opal runs from one shade into another. Raggedy Andy, stooping over to look further up inside the pretty shell, heard something.

"It's whispering!" he said, as he raised up in surprise.

All the dolls took turns putting their ears to the mouth of the beautiful shell. Yes, truly it whispered, but they could not catch just what it said.

Finally Raggedy Andy suggested that all the dolls lie down upon the floor directly before the shell and keep very quiet.

"If we don't make a sound we may be able to hear what it says!" he explained.

So the dolls lay down, placing themselves flat upon the floor directly in front of the shell and where they could see and admire its beautiful coloring.

Now the dolls could be very, very quiet when they really wished to be, and it was easy for them to hear the faint whispering of the shell.

This is the story the shell told the dolls in the nursery that night:

"A long, long time ago, I lived upon the yellow sand, deep down beneath the blue, blue waters of the ocean. Pretty silken sea weeds grew around my home and reached their waving branches up, up towards the top of the water.

"Through the pretty sea weeds, fishes of pretty colors and shapes darted here and there, playing at their games.

"It was still and quiet 'way down where I lived, for even if the ocean roared and pounded itself into an angry mass of tumbling waves up above, this never disturbed the calm waters down where I lived.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Many times, little fishes or other tiny sea people came and hid within my pretty house when they were being pursued by larger sea creatures. And it always made me very happy to give them this protection.

"They would stay inside until I whispered that the larger creature had gone, then they would leave me and return to their play.

"Pretty little sea horses with slender, curving bodies often went sailing above me, or would come to rest upon my back. It was nice to lie and watch the tiny things curl their little tails about the sea weed and talk together, for the sea horses like one another and are gentle and kind to each other, sharing their food happily and smoothing their little ones with their cunning noses.

"But one day a diver leaped over the side of a boat and came swimming head-first down, down to where I lay. My! How the tiny sea creatures scurried to hide from him. He took me within his hand and, giving his feet a thump upon the yellow sand, rose with me to the surface.



"He poured the water from me, and out came all the little creatures who had been hiding there!"

Raggedy Andy wiggled upon the floor, he was so interested.

"Did the tiny creatures get back into the water safely?" he asked the beautiful shell.

"Oh, yes!" the shell whispered in reply. "The man held me over the side of the boat, so the tiny creatures went safely back into the water!"

"I am so glad!" Raggedy Andy said, with a sigh of relief. "He must have been a kindly man!"

"Yes, indeed!" the beautiful shell replied. "So I was placed along with a lot of other shells in the bottom of the boat and every once in a while another shell was placed amongst us. We whispered together and wondered where we were going. We were finally sold to different people and I have been at Gran'ma's house for a long, long time."

"You lived there when Gran'ma was a little girl, didn't you?" Raggedy Ann asked.

"Yes," replied the shell, "I have lived there ever since Gran'ma was a little girl. She often used to play with me and listen to me sing."

"Raggedy Ann can play 'Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater' on the piano, with one hand," said Uncle Clem, "but none of us can sing. Will you sing for us?" he asked the shell.

"I sing all the time," the shell replied, "for I cannot help singing, but my singing is a secret and so

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

is very soft and low. Put your head close to the opening in my shell and listen!"

The dolls took turns doing this, and heard the shell sing softly and very sweetly.

"How strange and far away it sounds!" exclaimed the French doll. "Like fairies singing in the distance! The shell must be singing the songs of the mermaids and the water-fairies!"

"It is queer that anything so rough on the outside could be so pretty within!" said Raggedy Andy. "It must be a great pleasure to be able to sing so sweetly!"

"Indeed it is," replied the beautiful shell, "and I get a great happiness from singing all the time."

"And you will bring lots of pleasure to us, by being so happy!" said Raggedy Andy. "For although you may not enter into our games, we will always know that you are happily singing, and that will make us all happy!"

"I will tell you the secret of my singing," said the shell. "When anyone puts his ear to me and listens, he hears the reflection of his own heart's music, singing; so, you see, while I say that I am singing all the time, in reality I sing only when someone full of happiness hears his own singing as if it were mine."



"How unselfish you are to say this!" said Raggedy Andy. "Now we are ever so much more glad to have you with us. Aren't we?" he asked, turning to the rest of the dolls.

"Yes, indeed!" came the answer from all the dolls, even the tiny penny dolls.

"That is why the shell is so beautiful inside!" said Raggedy Ann. "Those who are unselfish may wear rough clothes, but inside they are always beautiful, just like the shell, and reflect to others the happiness and sunny music within their hearts!"

The Velveteen Rabbit

There was once a velveteen rabbit, and in the beginning he was really splendid. He was fat and bunched, as a rabbit should be; his coat was spotted brown and white, he had real thread whiskers, and his ears were lined with pink sateen. On Christmas morning, when he sat wedged in the top of the Boy's stocking, with a sprig of holly between his paws, the effect was charming.



Christmas Morning

There were other things in the stocking, nuts and oranges and a toy engine, and chocolate almonds and a clockwork mouse, but the Rabbit was quite the best of all. For at least two hours the Boy loved him, and then Aunts and Uncles came to dinner, and there was a great rustling of tissue paper and unwrapping of parcels, and in the excitement of looking at all the new presents the Velveteen Rabbit was forgotten.

For a long time he lived in the toy cupboard or on the nursery floor, and no one thought very much about him. He was naturally shy, and being only made of velveteen, some of the more expensive toys quite snubbed him. The mechanical toys were very superior, and looked down upon everyone else; they were full of modern ideas, and pretended they were real. The model boat, who had lived through two seasons and lost most of his paint, caught the tone from them and never missed an opportunity of referring to his rigging in technical terms. The Rabbit could not claim to be a model of anything, for he didn't know that real rabbits existed; he thought they were all stuffed with sawdust like himself, and he understood that sawdust was quite out-of-date and should never be mentioned in modern circles. Even Timothy, the jointed wooden lion, who was made by the disabled soldiers, and should have had broader views, put on airs and pretended he was connected with Government. Between them all the poor little Rabbit was made to feel himself very insignificant and commonplace, and the only person who was kind to him at all was the Skin Horse.

The Skin Horse had lived longer in the nursery than any of the others. He was so old that his brown coat was bald in patches and showed the seams underneath, and most of the hairs in his tail had been pulled out to string bead necklaces. He was wise, for he had seen a long succession of mechanical toys arrive to boast and swagger, and by-and-by break their mainsprings and pass away, and he knew that they were only toys, and would never turn into anything else. For nursery magic is very strange and wonderful, and only those playthings that are old and wise and experienced like the Skin Horse understand all about it.

"What is REAL?" asked the Rabbit one day, when they were lying side by side near the nursery fender, before Nana came to tidy the room. "Does it mean having things that buzz inside you and a stick-out handle?"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Real isn't how you are made," said the Skin Horse. "It's a thing that happens to you. When a child loves you for a long, long time, not just to play with, but REALLY loves you, then you become Real."

"Does it hurt?" asked the Rabbit.

"Sometimes," said the Skin Horse, for he was always truthful. "When you are Real you don't mind being hurt."

"Does it happen all at once, like being wound up," he asked, "or bit by bit?"

"It doesn't happen all at once," said the Skin Horse. "You become. It takes a long time. That's why it doesn't happen often to people who break easily, or have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept. Generally, by the time you are Real, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and you get loose in the joints and very shabby. But these things don't matter at all, because once you are Real you can't be ugly, except to people who don't understand."

"I suppose you are real?" said the Rabbit. And then he wished he had not said it, for he thought the Skin Horse might be sensitive. But the Skin Horse only smiled.

"The Boy's Uncle made me Real," he said. "That was a great many years ago; but once you are Real you can't become unreal again. It lasts for always."



The Skin Horse Tells His Story

The Rabbit sighed. He thought it would be a long time before this magic called Real happened to him. He longed to become Real, to know what it felt like; and yet the idea of growing shabby and losing his eyes and whiskers was rather sad. He wished that he could become it without these uncomfortable things happening to him.

There was a person called Nana who ruled the nursery. Sometimes she took no notice of the playthings lying about, and sometimes, for no reason whatever, she went swooping about like a great wind and hustled them away in cupboards. She called this "tidying up," and the playthings all hated it, especially the tin ones. The Rabbit didn't mind it so much, for wherever he was thrown he came down soft.

One evening, when the Boy was going to bed, he couldn't find the china dog that always slept with him. Nana was in a hurry, and it was too much trouble to hunt for china dogs at bedtime, so she simply looked about her, and seeing that the toy cupboard door stood open, she made a swoop.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Here," she said, "take your old Bunny! He'll do to sleep with you!" And she dragged the Rabbit out by one ear, and put him into the Boy's arms.

That night, and for many nights after, the Velveteen Rabbit slept in the Boy's bed. At first he found it rather uncomfortable, for the Boy hugged him very tight, and sometimes he rolled over on him, and sometimes he pushed him so far under the pillow that the Rabbit could scarcely breathe. And he missed, too, those long moonlight hours in the nursery, when all the house was silent, and his talks with the Skin Horse. But very soon he grew to like it, for the Boy used to talk to him, and made nice tunnels for him under the bedclothes that he said were like the burrows the real rabbits lived in. And they had splendid games together, in whispers, when Nana had gone away to her supper and left the night-light burning on the mantelpiece. And when the Boy dropped off to sleep, the Rabbit would snuggle down close under his little warm chin and dream, with the Boy's hands clasped close round him all night long.

And so time went on, and the little Rabbit was very happy-so happy that he never noticed how his beautiful velveteen fur was getting shabbier and shabbier, and his tail becoming unsewn, and all the pink rubbed off his nose where the Boy had kissed him.

Spring came, and they had long days in the garden, for wherever the Boy went the Rabbit went too. He had rides in the wheelbarrow, and picnics on the grass, and lovely fairy huts built for him under the raspberry canes behind the flower border. And once, when the Boy was called away suddenly to go out to tea, the Rabbit was left out on the lawn until long after dusk, and Nana had to come and look for him with the candle because the Boy couldn't go to sleep unless he was there. He was wet through with the dew and quite earthy from diving into the burrows the Boy had made for him in the flower bed, and Nana grumbled as she rubbed him off with a corner of her apron.



Spring Thaw

"You must have your old Bunny!" she said. "Fancy all that fuss for a toy!"

The Boy sat up in bed and stretched out his hands.

"Give me my Bunny!" he said. "You mustn't say that. He isn't a toy. He's REAL!"

When the little Rabbit heard that he was happy, for he knew that what the Skin Horse had said was true at last. The nursery magic had happened to him, and he was a toy no longer. He was Real. The Boy himself had said it.

That night he was almost too happy to sleep, and so much love stirred in his little sawdust heart that it almost burst. And into his boot-button eyes, that had long ago lost their polish, there came a look of wisdom and beauty, so that even Nana noticed it next morning when she picked him up, and said, "I declare if that old Bunny hasn't got quite a knowing expression!"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

That was a wonderful Summer!

Near the house where they lived there was a wood, and in the long June evenings the Boy liked to go there after tea to play. He took the Velveteen Rabbit with him, and before he wandered off to pick flowers, or play at brigands among the trees, he always made the Rabbit a little nest somewhere among the bracken, where he would be quite cosy, for he was a kind-hearted little boy and he liked Bunny to be comfortable. One evening, while the Rabbit was lying there alone, watching the ants that ran to and fro between his velvet paws in the grass, he saw two strange beings creep out of the tall bracken near him.

They were rabbits like himself, but quite furry and brand-new. They must have been very well made, for their seams didn't show at all, and they changed shape in a queer way when they moved; one minute they were long and thin and the next minute fat and bunched, instead of always staying the same like he did. Their feet padded softly on the ground, and they crept quite close to him, twitching their noses, while the Rabbit stared hard to see which side the clockwork stuck out, for he knew that people who jump generally have something to wind them up. But he couldn't see it. They were evidently a new kind of rabbit altogether.

They stared at him, and the little Rabbit stared back. And all the time their noses twitched.

"Why don't you get up and play with us?" one of them asked.

"I don't feel like it," said the Rabbit, for he didn't want to explain that he had no clockwork.

"Ho!" said the furry rabbit. "It's as easy as anything," And he gave a big hop sideways and stood on his hind legs.

"I don't believe you can!" he said.

"I can!" said the little Rabbit. "I can jump higher than anything!" He meant when the Boy threw him, but of course he didn't want to say so.

"Can you hop on your hind legs?" asked the furry rabbit.

That was a dreadful question, for the Velveteen Rabbit had no hind legs at all! The back of him was made all in one piece, like a pincushion. He sat still in the bracken, and hoped that the other rabbits wouldn't notice.

"I don't want to!" he said again.



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

But the wild rabbits have very sharp eyes. And this one stretched out his neck and looked.

"He hasn't got any hind legs!" he called out. "Fancy a rabbit without any hind legs!" And he began to laugh.

"I have!" cried the little Rabbit. "I have got hind legs! I am sitting on them!"

"Then stretch them out and show me, like this!" said the wild rabbit. And he began to whirl round and dance, till the little Rabbit got quite dizzy.

"I don't like dancing," he said. "I'd rather sit still!"

But all the while he was longing to dance, for a funny new tickly feeling ran through him, and he felt he would give anything in the world to be able to jump about like these rabbits did.

The strange rabbit stopped dancing, and came quite close. He came so close this time that his long whiskers brushed the Velveteen Rabbit's ear, and then he wrinkled his nose suddenly and flattened his ears and jumped backwards.

"He doesn't smell right!" he exclaimed. "He isn't a rabbit at all! He isn't real!"

"I am Real!" said the little Rabbit. "I am Real! The Boy said so!" And he nearly began to cry.

Just then there was a sound of footsteps, and the Boy ran past near them, and with a stamp of feet and a flash of white tails the two strange rabbits disappeared.

"Come back and play with me!" called the little Rabbit. "Oh, do come back! I know I am Real!"

But there was no answer, only the little ants ran to and fro, and the bracken swayed gently where the two strangers had passed. The Velveteen Rabbit was all alone.

"Oh, dear!" he thought. "Why did they run away like that? Why couldn't they stop and talk to me?"

For a long time he lay very still, watching the bracken, and hoping that they would come back. But they never returned, and presently the sun sank lower and the little white moths fluttered out, and the Boy came and carried him home.

Weeks passed, and the little Rabbit grew very old and shabby, but the Boy loved him just as much. He loved him so hard that he loved all his whiskers off, and the pink lining to his ears turned grey, and his brown spots faded. He even began to lose his shape, and he scarcely looked like a rabbit anymore, except to the Boy. To him he was always beautiful, and that was all that

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

the little Rabbit cared about. He didn't mind how he looked to other people, because the nursery magic had made him Real, and when you are Real shabbiness doesn't matter.

And then, one day, the Boy was ill.

His face grew very flushed, and he talked in his sleep, and his little body was so hot that it burned the Rabbit when he held him close. Strange people came and went in the nursery, and a light burned all night and through it all the little Velveteen Rabbit lay there, hidden from sight under the bedclothes, and he never stirred, for he was afraid that if they found him someone might take him away, and he knew that the Boy needed him.

It was a long weary time, for the Boy was too ill to play, and the little Rabbit found it rather dull with nothing to do all day long. But he snuggled down patiently, and looked forward to the time when the Boy should be well again, and they would go out in the garden amongst the flowers and the butterflies and play splendid games in the raspberry thicket like they used to. All sorts of delightful things he planned, and while the Boy lay half asleep he crept up close to the pillow and whispered them in his ear. And presently the fever turned, and the Boy got better. He was able to sit up in bed and look at picture-books, while the little Rabbit cuddled close at his side. And one day, they let him get up and dress.

It was a bright, sunny morning, and the windows stood wide open. They had carried the Boy out on to the balcony, wrapped in a shawl, and the little Rabbit lay tangled up among the bedclothes, thinking.

The Boy was going to the seaside tomorrow. Everything was arranged, and now it only remained to carry out the doctor's orders. They talked about it all, while the little Rabbit lay under the bedclothes, with just his head peeping out, and listened. The room was to be disinfected, and all the books and toys that the Boy had played with in bed must be burnt.

"Hurrah!" thought the little Rabbit. "tomorrow we shall go to the seaside!" For the boy had often talked of the seaside, and he wanted very much to see the big waves coming in, and the tiny crabs, and the sand castles.

Just then Nana caught sight of him.

"How about his old Bunny?" she asked.

"That?" said the doctor. "Why, it's a mass of scarlet fever germs!-Burn it at once. What? Nonsense! Get him a new one. He mustn't have that anymore!"

And so the little Rabbit was put into a sack with the old picture-books and a lot of rubbish, and carried out to the end of the garden behind the fowl-house. That was a fine place to make a bonfire, only the gardener was too busy just then to attend to it. He had the potatoes to dig and

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

the green peas to gather, but next morning he promised to come quite early and burn the whole lot.



Anxious Times

That night the Boy slept in a different bedroom, and he had a new bunny to sleep with him. It was a splendid bunny, all white plush with real glass eyes, but the Boy was too excited to care very much about it. For tomorrow he was going to the seaside, and that in itself was such a wonderful thing that he could think of nothing else.

And while the Boy was asleep, dreaming of the seaside, the little Rabbit lay among the old picture-books in the corner behind the fowl-house, and he felt very lonely. The sack had been left untied, and so by wriggling a bit he was able to get his head through the opening and look out. He was shivering a little, for he had always been used to sleeping in a proper bed, and by this time his coat had worn so thin and threadbare from hugging that it was no longer any protection to him. Near by he could see the thicket of raspberry canes, growing tall and close like a tropical jungle, in whose shadow he had played with the Boy on bygone mornings. He thought of those long sunlit hours in the garden-how happy they were-and a great sadness came over him. He seemed to see them all pass before him, each more beautiful than the other, the fairy huts in the flower-bed, the quiet evenings in the wood when he lay in the bracken and the little ants ran over his paws; the wonderful day when he first knew that he was Real. He thought of the Skin Horse, so wise and gentle, and all that he had told him. Of what use was it to be loved and lose one's beauty and become Real if it all ended like this? And a tear, a real tear, trickled down his little shabby velvet nose and fell to the ground.

And then a strange thing happened. For where the tear had fallen a flower grew out of the ground, a mysterious flower, not at all like any that grew in the garden. It had slender green leaves the color of emeralds, and in the center of the leaves a blossom like a golden cup. It was so beautiful that the little Rabbit forgot to cry, and just lay there watching it. And presently the blossom opened, and out of it there stepped a fairy.

She was quite the loveliest fairy in the whole world. Her dress was of pearl and dew-drops, and there were flowers round her neck and in her hair, and her face was like the most perfect flower of all. And she came close to the little Rabbit and gathered him up in her arms and kissed him on his velveteen nose that was still damp from crying.

"Little Rabbit," she said, "don't you know who I am?"

The Rabbit looked up at her, and it seemed to him that he had seen her face before, but he couldn't think where.



The Fairy Flower

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"I am the nursery magic Fairy," she said. "I take care of all the playthings that the children have loved. When they are old and worn out and the children don't need them anymore, then I come and take them away with me and turn them into Real."

"Wasn't I Real before?" asked the little Rabbit.

"You were Real to the Boy," the Fairy said, "because he loved you. Now you shall be Real to everyone."

And she held the little Rabbit close in her arms and flew with him into the wood.

It was light now, for the moon had risen. All the forest was beautiful, and the fronds of the bracken shone like frosted silver. In the open glade between the tree-trunks the wild rabbits danced with their shadows on the velvet grass, but when they saw the Fairy they all stopped dancing and stood round in a ring to stare at her.

"I've brought you a new playfellow," the Fairy said. "You must be very kind to him and teach him all he needs to know in Rabbit-land, for he is going to live with you for ever and ever!"

And she kissed the little Rabbit again and put him down on the grass.

"Run and play, little Rabbit!" she said.

But the little Rabbit sat quite still for a moment and never moved. For when he saw all the wild rabbits dancing around him he suddenly remembered about his hind legs, and he didn't want



At Last! At Last!

them to see that he was made all in one piece. He did not know that when the Fairy kissed him that last time she had changed him altogether. And he might have sat there a long time, too shy to move, if just then something hadn't tickled his nose, and before he thought what he was doing he lifted his hind toe to scratch it.

And he found that he actually had hind legs! Instead of dingy velveteen he had brown fur, soft and shiny, his ears twitched by themselves, and his whiskers were so long that they brushed

the grass. He gave one leap and the joy of using those hind legs was so great that he went springing about the turf on them, jumping sideways and whirling round as the others did, and he grew so excited that when at last he did stop to look for the Fairy she had gone.

He was a Real Rabbit at last, at home with the other rabbits.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Autumn passed and Winter, and in the Spring, when the days grew warm and sunny, the Boy went out to play in the wood behind the house. And while he was playing, two rabbits crept out from the bracken and peeped at him. One of them was brown all over, but the other had strange markings under his fur, as though long ago he had been spotted, and the spots still showed through. And about his little soft nose and his round black eyes there was something familiar, so that the Boy thought to himself:

"Why, he looks just like my old Bunny that was lost when I had scarlet fever!"

But he never knew that it really was his own Bunny, come back to look at the child who had first helped him to be Real.

Uncle Wiggily's Adventures

Chapter 1: Uncle Wiggily Starts Off

Uncle Wiggily Longears, the nice old gentleman rabbit, hopped out of bed one morning and started to go to the window, to see if the sun was shining. But, no sooner had he stepped on the floor, then he cried out: "Oh! Ouch! Oh, dear me and a potato pancake! Oh, I believe I stepped on a tack! Sammie Littletail must have left it there! How careless of him!"

You see this was the same Uncle Wiggily, of whom I have told you in the Bedtime Books-the very same Uncle Wiggily. He was an Uncle to Sammie and Susie Littletail, the rabbit children, and also to Billie and Johnnie Bushytail, the squirrel boys, and to Alice and Lulu and Jimmie Wibblewobble, the duck children, and I have written for you, books about all those characters. Now I thought I would write something just about Uncle Wiggily himself, though of course I'll tell you what all his nephews and nieces did, too.

Well, when Uncle Wiggily felt that sharp pain, he stood still for a moment, and wondered what could have happened.

"Yes, I'm almost sure it was a tack," he said. "I must pick it up so no one else will step on it."

So Uncle Wiggily looked on the floor, but there was no tack there, only some crumbs from a sugar cookie that Susie Littletail had been eating the night before, when her uncle had told her a go-to-sleep story.

"Oh, I know what it was; it must have been my rheumatism that gave me the pain!" said the old gentleman rabbit as he looked for his red, white and blue crutch, striped like a barber pole. He found it under the bed, and then he managed to limp to the window. Surely enough, the sun was shining.

"I'll certainly have to do something about this rheumatism," said Uncle Wiggily as he carefully shaved himself by looking in the glass. "I guess I'll see Dr. Possum."

So after breakfast, when Sammie and Susie had gone to school, Dr. Possum was telephoned for, and he called to see Uncle Wiggily.

"Ha! Hum!" exclaimed the doctor, looking very wise. "You have the rheumatism very bad, Mr. Longears."

"Why, I knew that before you came," said the old gentleman rabbit, blinking his eyes. "What I want is something to cure it."

"Ha! Hum!" said Dr. Possum, again looking very wise. "I think you need a change of air. You must travel about. Go on a journey, get out and see strange birds, and pick the pretty flowers."

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

You don't get exercise enough."

"Exercise enough!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Why, my goodness me sakes alive and a bunch of lilacs! Don't I play checkers almost every night with Grandfather Goosey Gander?"

"That is not enough," said the doctor, "you must travel here and there, and see things."

"Very well," said Uncle Wiggily, "then I will travel. I'll pack my valise at once, and I'll go off and seek my fortune, and maybe, on the way, I can lose this rheumatism."

So the next day Uncle Wiggily started out with his crutch, and his valise packed full of clean clothes, and something in it to eat.

"Oh, we are very sorry to have you go, dear uncle," said Susie Littletail, "but we hope you'll come back good and strong."

"Thank you," said Uncle Wiggily, as he kissed the two rabbit children and their mamma, and shook hands with Papa Littletail. Then off the old gentleman bunny hopped with his crutch.

Well, he went along for quite a distance, over the hills, and down the road, and through the woods, and, as the sun got higher and warmer, his rheumatism felt better.



"I do believe Dr. Possum was right!" said Uncle Wiggily. "Traveling is just the thing for me," and he felt so very jolly that he whistled a little tune about a peanut wagon, which roasted lemonade, and boiled and frizzled Easter eggs that Mrs. Cluk-Cluk laid.

"Ha! Where are you going?" suddenly asked a voice, as Uncle Wiggily finished the tune.

"I'm going to seek my fortune," replied Uncle Wiggily. "Who are you, pray?"

"Oh, I'm a friend of yours," said the voice, and Uncle Wiggily looked all around, but he couldn't discover any one.

"But where are you?" the puzzled old gentleman rabbit wanted to know. "I can't see you."

"No, and for a very good reason," answered the voice. "You see I have very weak eyes, and if I came out in the sun, without my smoked glasses on, I might get blind. So I have to hide down in this hollow stump."

"Then put on your glasses and come out where I can see you," invited the old gentleman rabbit, and all the while he was trying to remember where he had heard that voice before. At first he

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

thought it might be Grandfather Goosey Gander, or Uncle Butter, the goat, yet it didn't sound like either of them.

"I have sent my glasses to the store to be fixed, so I can't wear them and come out," went on the voice. "But if you are seeking your fortune I know the very place where you can find it."

"Where?" asked Uncle Wiggily, eagerly.

"Right down in this hollow stump," was the reply. "There are all kinds of fortunes here, and you may take any kind you like Mr. Longears."

"Ha! That is very nice," thought the rabbit. "I have not had to travel far before finding my fortune. I wonder if there is a cure for rheumatism in that stump, too?" So he asked about it.

"Of course, your rheumatism can be cured in here," came the quick answer. "In fact, I guarantee to cure any disease-measles, chicken-pox, mumps and even toothache. So if you have any friends you want cured send them to me."

"I wish I could find out who you were," spoke the rabbit. "I seem to know your voice, but I can't think of your name."

"Oh, you'll know me as soon as you see me," said the voice. "Just hop down inside this hollow stump, and your fortune is as good as made, and your rheumatism will soon be gone. Hop right down."

Well, Uncle Wiggily didn't like the looks of the black hole down inside the stump, and he peered into it to see what he could see, but it was so black that all he could make out was something like a lump of coal.

"Well, Dr. Possum said I needed to have a change of scene, and some adventures," said the rabbit, "so I guess I'll chance it. I'll go down, and perhaps I may find my fortune."

Then, carefully holding his crutch and his satchel, Uncle Wiggily hopped down inside the stump. He felt something soft, and furry, and fuzzy, pressing close to him, and at first he thought he had bumped into Dottie or Willie Lambkin.

But then, all of a sudden, a harsh voice cried out: "Ha! Now I have you! I was just wishing someone would come along with my dinner, and you did! Get in there, and see if you can find your fortune, Uncle Wiggily!" And with that what should happen but that big, black bear, who had been hiding in the stump, pushed Uncle Wiggily into a dark closet, and locked the door! And there the poor rabbit was, and the bear was getting ready to eat him up.

But don't worry, I'll find a way to get him out, and in case we have ice cream pancakes for

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

supper I'll tell you, in the next story, how Uncle Wiggily got out of the bear's den, and how he went fishing-I mean Uncle Wiggily went fishing, not the bear.

Chapter 2: Uncle Wiggily Goes Fishing

At first, after he found himself shut up in the bear's dark closet, where we left him in the story before this, poor Uncle Wiggily didn't know what to think. He just sat there, on the edge of a chair, and he tried to look around, and see something, but it was too black, so he couldn't.

"Perhaps this is only a joke," thought the old gentleman rabbit, "though I never knew a black bear to joke before. But perhaps it is. I'll ask him."

So Uncle Wiggily called out: "Is this a joke, Mr. Bear?"

"Not a bit of it!" was the growling answer. "You'll soon see what's going to happen to you! I'm getting the fire ready now."

"Getting the fire ready for what; the adventure, or for my fortune?" asked the rabbit, for he still hoped the bear was only joking with him.

"Ready to cook you!" was the reply. "That's what the fire is for!" and the bear gnashed his teeth together something terrible, and, with his sharp claws, he clawed big splinters off the stump, and with them he started the fire in the stove, with the splinters, I mean, not his claws.

The blazing fire made it a little brighter in the hollow stump, which was the black bear's den, and Uncle Wiggily could look out of a crack in the door, and see what a savage fellow the shaggy bear was. You see, that bear just hid in the stump, waiting for helpless animals to come along, and then he'd trick them into jumping down inside of it, and there wasn't a word of truth about him having sore eyes, or about him having to wear dark spectacles, either.

"Oh, my! I guess this is the end of my adventures," thought the rabbit. "I should have been more careful. Well, I wish I could see Sammie and Susie before he eats me, but I'm afraid I can't. I shouldn't have jumped down here."

But as Uncle Wiggily happened to think of Sammie Littletail, the boy rabbit, he also thought of something else. And this was that Sammie had put something in the old gentleman rabbit's valise that morning, before his uncle had started off.

"If you ever get into trouble, Uncle Wiggily," Sammie had said, "this may come in useful for you." Uncle Wiggily didn't look at the time to see what it was that his nephew put in the valise, but he made up his mind he would do so now. So he opened his satchel, and there, among other

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

things, was a long piece of thin, but strong rope. And pinned to it was a note which read: "Dear Uncle Wiggily. This is good to help you get out of a window, in case of fire."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, "that's fine. There the bear is making a fire to cook me, and with this rope I can get away from it. Now if there's only a window in this closet I'm all right."

So he looked, and sure enough there was a window. And with his crutch Uncle Wiggily raised it. Then he threw out his satchel, and he tied the rope to a hook on the window sill, and, being a strong old gentleman, he crawled out of the window, and slid down the cord.

And Uncle Wiggily got out just as the bear opened the closet door to grab him, and put him in the pot, and when the savage black creature saw his fine rabbit dinner getting away he was as angry as anything, really he was.

"Here! Come back here!" cried the bear, but of course Uncle Wiggily knew better than to come back. He slid down the rope to the ground, and then he cut off as much of the rope as he could, and put it in his pocket, for he didn't know when he might need it again. Then, catching up his valise, he ran on and on, before the bear could get to him.

It was still quite a dark place in which Uncle Wiggily was, for you see he was underground, down by the roots of the stump. But he looked ahead and he saw a little glimmer of light, and then he knew he could get out.

Limping on his crutch, and carrying his valise, he went on and on, and pretty soon he came out of a dark cave and found himself on the bank of a nice little brook, that was running over mossy, green stones.

"Ha! This is better than being in a bear's den!" exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit. "My, I was so frightened that I forgot about my rheumatism hurting me. That was an adventure all right, and Sammie was a good boy to think of that strong cord. Now what shall I do next?"

Well, Uncle Wiggily sat down on the bank of the brook, and he looked in the water. Then he happened to see a fish jump up to catch a bug, so he said to himself:

"I guess I will go fishing, just for fun. But if I do happen to catch any fish I'll put them right back in the water again. For I don't need any fish, as I have some lettuce and cabbage sandwiches, and some peanut-butter cakes, that Susie's mamma put up in a cracker-box for me."

Well, Uncle Wiggily looked in his valise, to make sure his lunch was safe, and then, taking a bent pin from under his vest, he fastened it to a part of the string Sammie had given him. Then he fastened the string to a pole, and he was ready to fish, but he needed something to make the fishes bite-that is, bite the pinhook, not bite him, you know.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Oh, I guess they'll like a bit of sweet cracker," Uncle Wiggily thought; so he put some on the end of the pin-hook, and threw it toward the water.

It fell in with a splash, and made a lot of little circles, like ring-around the rosies, and the rabbit sat there looking at them, sort of nodding, and half asleep and wondering what adventure would happen to him next, and where he would stay that night. All of a sudden he felt something tugging at the hook and line.

"Oh, I've got a fish! I've got a fish!" he cried, as he lifted up the pole. Up out of the water with a sizzling rush flew the string and the sweet cracker bait, and the next minute out leaped the big, savage alligator that had escaped from a circus.

"Oh, ho! So you tried to catch me, eh?" the alligator shouted at Uncle Wiggily.

"No-no, if you please," said the rabbit. "I was after fish."

"And I'm after you!" cried the alligator, and, scrambling up the bank, he made a jump for Uncle Wiggily, and with one sweep of his kinky, scaly tail he flopped and he threw the old gentleman rabbit and his crutch and valise right up into a big tree that grew near the brook.

"There you'll stay until I get ready to eat you!" exclaimed the alligator, as he stood up on the end of his tail under the tree, and opened his mouth as wide as he could so that if Uncle Wiggily fell down he'd fall into it, just like down a funnel, you know.

Well, the poor gentleman rabbit clung to the topmost tree branch, wondering how in the world he was going to escape from the alligator. Oh, it was a dreadful position to be in!

But please don't worry or stay awake over it, for I'll find a way to get him down safely. And in the story after this, if the milkman doesn't leave us sour cream for our lemonade, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the black crow.

Chapter 3: Uncle Wiggily and the Black Crow

Let me see, where did I leave off in the last story? Oh! I remember. It was about Uncle Wiggily Longears being up in the top of the tall tree, and the alligator keeping guard down below, ready to eat him.

Well, the old gentleman rabbit was wondering how he could ever escape, and he felt quite badly about it.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"I guess this is the end of my adventures," he said to himself. "It would have been much better had I stayed at home with Sammie and Susie." And as he thought of the two rabbit children he felt still sadder, and very lonely.

"I wonder if Susie could have put anything in my satchel with which to scare an alligator," thought Uncle Wiggily. "I guess I'll look." So he looked, and what should he find but a bottle of toothache drops. Yes, there it was, and wrapped around it was a little note Susie had written. "Dear Uncle Wiggily," she said in the note, "if you ever get the toothache on your travels, this will stop it."

"Ha! That is very kind of Susie, I'm sure," said the rabbit, "but I don't see how that is going to make the alligator go away. And, even if he does go, I wonder how I'm to get down out of this tall tree, with my crutch, my valise and my rheumatism?"

Well, just then the alligator got tired of standing on the end of his tail, with his mouth open, and he began crawling around. Then he thought of what a good supper he was going to have of Uncle Wiggily, and that alligator said:

"I guess I'll sharpen my teeth so I can eat him better," and with that the savage and unpleasant creature began to gnaw on a stone, to sharpen his teeth. Then he stood up on the end of his tail once more, under the tree, and opened his mouth as wide as he could.

"Come on now!" he called to Uncle Wiggily. "Jump down and have it over with."

"Oh, but I don't want to," objected the rabbit.

"You'll have to, whether you want to or not," went on the alligator. "If you don't come down, I'll take my scaly, naily tail, and I'll saw down the tree, and then you'll fall."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "What shall I do?"

Then he happened to think of the bottle of toothache medicine that he held in his hand, and, taking out the cork, he dropped the bottle, medicine and all, right into the open mouth of the alligator, who was again up on his tail.

And the alligator thought it was Uncle Wiggily falling into his jaws, and he shut them quickly like a steel trap and chewed on that bottle of hot toothache drops before he knew what it was.

Well, you can just imagine what happened. The medicine was as hot as pepper and mustard and vinegar and cloves and horse radish all made into one! My! how it did burn that alligator's mouth.

"Oh my! I'm shot! I'm poisoned! I'm bitten by a mosquito! I'm stabbed! I'm all scrambled up"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

cried the alligator. "Water, water, quick! I must have water!"

Then he gave a big jump, and, with his kinkery-scalery tail, he leaped into a big puddle of water, and went away down in under, out of sight, to cool off his mouth.

"Oh, now is my chance! If I could only get down out of the tree!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily.

"But with my rheumatism I'm afraid I'll fall. Oh dear! What shall I do?"

"Don't be afraid, I'll help you!" exclaimed a kind voice, and then the voice went on: "Caw! Caw! Caw!" and Uncle Wiggily, looking up, saw a big black crow perched on a limb over his head.

"Oh, how do you do!" spoke Uncle Wiggily, making a bow as well as he could. "Can you really help me down?"

"Yes," said the crow, "I can. Wait until I get my market basket. I was just going to the grocery, but I'm in no hurry. I'll save you first."

So that crow flew off, and in a moment he came back with a big basket in its bill.

"Hop in!" the black crow called to Uncle Wiggily, "and I'll fly down to the ground with you, and you can run off before the alligator comes out of the water. I saw what you did to him with those toothache drops, and it served him right. Come on, hop in the basket."

So Uncle Wiggily got in the basket, and the crow, taking the handle in his strong beak, flew safely to the ground with him. And that's how the old gentleman rabbit got down out of the tree, just as I told you he would.

So he and the crow walked on some distance through the woods together, after Uncle Wiggily had picked up his crutch and valise, which had fallen out of the basket, and they got safely away before the alligator came out of the water. And wasn't he the provoked old beastie, though, when he saw that his rabbit supper was gone?

"Where are you going?" asked the crow of Uncle Wiggily, after a bit, when they got to a nice big stone, and sat down for a rest.

"I am seeking my fortune," replied the old gentleman rabbit, "and trying to get better of my rheumatism. Dr. Possum told me to travel, and have adventures, and I've had quite a few already."

"Well, I hope you find your fortune and that it turns out to be a very good one," said the kind crow. "But it is coming on night now. Have you any place to stay?"

"No," replied the rabbit, "I haven't. I never thought about that. What shall I do?"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Oh, don't worry," said the crow. "I'd let you stay in my nest, but it is up a high tree, and you would have trouble climbing in and out. But near my nest-house is an old hollow stump, and you can stay in that very nicely."

"Are there any bears in it?" asked Uncle Wiggily, careful-like.

"Oh, no; not a one. It is very safe."

So the crow showed Uncle Wiggily where the hollow stump was, and he slept there all night, on a soft bed of leaves. And when he awakened in the morning he had breakfast with the crow and once more started off to seek his fortune.

Well, pretty soon, in a short while, not so very long, he came to a little house made of bark, standing in the middle of a deep, dark, dismal woods. And on the door of the house was a sign which read: "If you want to be surprised, open this door and come in."

"Perhaps I can find my fortune in there, and get rid of the rheumatism," thought Uncle Wiggily, so he hopped forward. And just as he did so he heard a voice calling to him: "Don't go in! Don't go in there, Uncle Wiggily!"

The rabbit looked up, and saw Johnnie Bushytail, the squirrel boy, waving his paws at him. Well, Uncle Wiggily started to jump back away from the door of the little house, but it was too late. Out came a scraggily-raggily claw, which grabbed him, while a voice cried out: "Ah, ha! Now I have you! Come right in!"

And then, before you could shake a stick at a bad dog, the door was slammed shut and locked, and there Uncle Wiggily was inside the house, and Johnnie Bushytail was crying outside.

"That's the end of poor Uncle Wiggily!" said Johnnie. But it wasn't. For I'll not leave the old gentleman rabbit alone in the house with that clawy creature. And in the next story, providing our wash lady doesn't put my new straw hat in the soap suds, and take all the color out of the ribbon, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and Fido Flip-Flop.

Chapter 4: Uncle Wiggily and Fido Flip-Flop

Well, as soon as Uncle Wiggily found himself inside the bear's den-oh, just listen to me! That was in the other story, wasn't it? Yes, we left him in the funny little house in the woods, with the clawy creature grabbing him.

Now, what do you suppose that clawy creature was? Why, a great, big owl, to be sure, with round, staring, yellow eyes, and he had grabbed Uncle Wiggily in his claws, and pulled him inside the house.

"Now, I've got you!" cried the owl. "I was just wishing someone would come along, and you did. Some of my friends are coming to tea this afternoon, and you'll do very nicely made up into sandwiches."

Wasn't that a perfectly dreadful way to talk about our Uncle Wiggily? Well, I guess yes!

"Now you're here, make yourself at home," went on the owl, sarcastic-like, as he locked the front door and put the key in his pocket. "Did you see the sign?"

"Yes," said Uncle Wiggily, "I did. But I don't call it fair. I thought I would find my fortune in here."

"The sign says you'll be surprised, and I guess you are surprised, aren't you?" asked the owl.

"Yes," answered the rabbit, "very much so. But I'd rather have a nice surprise party, with peanuts and lemonade, than this."

"No matter," said the owl, snapping his beak like a pair of shears, "here you are and here you'll stay! My friends will soon arrive. I'll now put the kettle on, to boil for tea."

Well, poor Uncle Wiggily didn't know what to do. He couldn't look in his valise to see if there was anything in it by which he might escape, for he had dropped the satchel outside when the owl grabbed him, and he only had his barber-pole crutch.

"Oh, this is worse and worse!" thought the poor old rabbit.

But listen, Johnnie Bushytail is outside the owl's house, and he's going to do a wonderful trick.

As soon as he saw the door shut on Uncle Wiggily, that brave squirrel boy began to plan how he could save him, and the first thing he did was to gather up a lot of acorns.

Then he perched himself in a tree, right in front of the owl's door, and Johnnie began throwing acorns at it. "Rat-a-tat-tat!" went the acorns on the wooden panels.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Ha! Those must be my friends!" exclaimed the bad owl, opening the door a little crack so he could peek out, but taking care to stand in front of it, so that Uncle Wiggily couldn't slip out. But, of course, the owl saw no one. "It must have been the wind," he said as he shut the door.

Then Johnnie Bushytail threw some more acorns at the door. "Pitter-patter-patter-pit!" they went, like hailstones in an ice cream can.

"Ah, there are my friends, sure, this time!" thought the owl, and once more he peered out, but no one was there. "It must have been a tree branch hitting against the door," said the owl, as he sharpened a big knife with which to make the sandwiches. Then Johnnie threw some more acorns, and the owl now thought positively his friends were there, and when he opened it and saw no one he was real mad.

"Someone is playing tricks on me!" exclaimed the savage bird. "I'll catch them next time!"

Now this was just what Johnnie Bushytail wanted, so he threw a whole double handful of acorns at the door, and when the owl heard them pattering against the wood he rushed out.

"Now, I've got you!" he cried, but he hadn't, for Johnnie was up a tree. And, for the moment, the owl forgot about Uncle Wiggily, and there the door was wide open.

"Run out, Uncle Wiggily! Run out!" cried Johnnie, and out the old gentleman rabbit hopped, catching up his valise, and away into the woods he ran, with Johnnie scurrying along in the tree tops above him, and laughing at the owl, who flew back to his house, but too late to catch the bunny.

"That's what you get for fooling people so they'll come into your house," called the squirrel boy. "It serves you right, Mr. Owl. Come on, Uncle Wiggily, we'll get away from here."

So they went on together until it was time for Johnnie to go home, and he said he'd tell Uncle Wiggily's friends that he had met the old gentleman rabbit, and that he hadn't found his fortune yet, but that he was looking for it every minute, and had had many adventures.

Well, Uncle Wiggily went on some more, for quite a distance, until it was noon time, and then he sat down in the cool, green woods, where there were some jacks-in-the-pulpit growing near some ferns, and there Uncle Wiggily ate his lunch of lettuce sandwiches, with carrot butter on them, and gnawed on a bit of potato. Just as he was almost through, he heard a rustling in the bushes, and a voice exclaimed, "Oh, dear!"

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggily, thinking perhaps an adventure was going to happen to him. "Who are you?"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the voice again.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Then, before the old rabbit could jump up and run away, even if he had wanted to, out from under a big bush came a little white poodle dog, with curly, silky hair. He walked right up to Uncle Wiggily, that dog did, and the rabbit wasn't a bit afraid, for the dog wasn't much bigger than he was, and looked very kind.

"What do you want, doggie?" gently asked Uncle Wiggily.

The dog didn't answer, but he gave a little short bark, and then he began turning somersaults. Over and over he went, sometimes backward and sometimes forward, and sometimes sideways. And when he was finished, he made a low bow, and walked around on his two hind legs, just to show he wasn't proud or stuck up.

"There!" exclaimed the poodle doggie. "Is that worth something to eat, Mr. Rabbit?"

"Indeed it is," answered Uncle Wiggily, "but I would have given you something to eat without you doing all those tricks, though I enjoyed them very much. Where did you learn to do them?"

"Oh, in the circus where I used to be, I always had to do tricks for my dinner," said the doggie.

"What is your name?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Fido Flip-Flop," was the answer. "You see they call me that because I turn so many flip-flops," and then Uncle Wiggily gave him some lunch, and told the dog about how he, himself, was traveling all over in search of his fortune.

"Why, that's just what I'm doing, too," exclaimed Fido Flip-Flop. "Suppose we travel together? and maybe we'll each find a fortune."

"That's just what we'll do," agreed Uncle Wiggily.

And then, all of a sudden, before you could open your eyes and shut them again, two savage foxes jumped out from behind a big stump.

"You grab the dog and I'll grab the rabbit," called the biggest fox, and right at Uncle Wiggily and Fido they sprang, gnashing their teeth.

But don't worry. I'll find a way to save them, and if the canary bird doesn't take my lead pencil and stick it in his seed dish I'll tell you in the following story about Uncle Wiggily doing some tricks.

Chapter 5: Uncle Wiggily Does Some Tricks

When those two savage ducks-oh, I mean foxes-when those two savage foxes jumped out of the bushes at Uncle Wiggily Longears and Fido Flip-Flop, as I told you in the other story, the rabbit and the poodle doggie didn't know what in the world to do.

"Run this way!" called Fido, starting off to the left.

"No, hop this way!" said Uncle Wiggily, hopping to the right.

"Stand right where you are!" ordered the two foxes together. And with that one made a grab for Uncle Wiggily. But what did that brave rabbit gentleman do but stick his red-white-and-blue crutch out in front of him, and the fox bit on that instead of on Uncle Wiggily. Right into the crutch the fox's teeth sank, and for a moment Uncle Wiggily was safe. But not for long.

"Ah, you fooled me that time, but now I'll get you!" cried the fox, and, letting go of the crutch, he made another grab for the rabbit.

But at that instant Fido Flip-Flop, who had been jumping about, keeping out of the way of the fox that was after him, cried out quite loudly:



"Look here, everybody but Uncle Wiggily, and, as for you, shut both your eyes tight."

Now the old gentleman rabbit couldn't imagine why he was to shut his eyes tight, but he did so, and then what do you s'pose Fido Flip-Flop did? Why, he began turning somersaults so fast that he looked just like a pinwheel going around, or an automobile tire whizzing along. Faster and faster did Fido Flip-Flop turn around, and then, all of a sudden, he began chasing his tail, making motions just like a merry-go-round in a circus, until those two foxes were fairly dizzy from watching him.

"Stop! Stop!" cried one fox.

"Yes do stop! We're so dizzy that we can't stand up!" cried the other fox, staggering about.
"Stop!"

"No, I'll not!" answered Fido Flip-Flop, and he went around faster that ever, faster and faster and faster, until those two bad foxes got so dizzy-izzy that they fell right over on their backs, with their legs sticking straight up in the air like clothes posts, and their tails were wiggling back and forth in the dirt, like dusting brushes. Oh, but they were the dizzy foxes, though.

"Now's your chance! Run! Run! Uncle Wiggily! Run!" called Fido Flip-Flop "Open your eyes and run!"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

So the old gentleman rabbit opened his eyes, took up his valise which he had dropped, and, hopping on his crutch, he and the poodle doggie ran on through the woods, leaving the two surprised and disappointed foxes still lying on their backs, wiggling their tails in the dust, and too dizzy, from having watched Fido Flip-Flop do somersaults, and chase his tail, to be able to get up.

"Why did you want me to shut my eyes?" asked Uncle Wiggily, when they were so far away from the foxes that there was no more danger.

"That was so you wouldn't get dizzy from watching me do the flip-flops," answered the doggie. "My, but that was a narrow escape, though. Have you had many adventures like that since you started out to seek your fortune?"

"Yes, several," answered the rabbit. "But turning flip-flops is a very good thing to know how to do. I wonder if you could teach me, so that when anymore foxes or alligators chase me I can make them dizzy by turning around? Can you teach me?"

"I'm sure I can," said Fido. "Here, this is the way to begin," and he did some flip-flops slow and easy-like. Then Uncle Wiggily tried them, and, though he couldn't do them very well at first, he practised until he was quite good at it. Then Fido showed him how to stand on one ear, and wiggle the other, and how to blink his eyes while standing on the end of his little tail, and then Uncle Wiggily thought of a new trick, all by himself.

"I'll stick my crutch in the ground, like a clothes pole," he said to Fido, "and then I'll hop up on it and sing a song," which he did, singing a song that went like this:

"Did you ever see a rabbit
Do a flipper-flopper-flap?
If not just kindly watch me,
As I wear my baseball cap.

"It's very strange, some folks may say,
And also rather funny,
To see a kinky poodle dog
Play with a flip-flop bunny.

"But we are on our travels,
Adventures for to seek,
We may find one, or two, or three,
'Most any day next week."

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

And then Uncle Wiggily hopped down, and waved both ears backward and forward, and made a low bow to a make-believe crowd of people, only, of course, there were none there.

"Fine! Fine!" cried Fido Flip-Flop. "That's better than I did when I was in the circus. Now I'll tell you what let's do."

"What?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Let's go around and give little shows and entertainments, for little folks to see," went on the poodle doggie. "I can turn flip-flops, and you can stand on your head on your crutch, and sing a song, and then we'll take up a collection. I'll pass my hat, and perhaps we may make our fortune—who knows?"

"Who, indeed?" said Uncle Wiggily. "We'll do it."

So off they started together to give a little show, and make some money, and, as they went on through the woods, they practised doing the tricks Uncle Wiggily had learned.

Well, in a little while, not so very long, they came to a nice place in the forest—an open place where no trees grew.

"Here is a good spot for our show," said Uncle Wiggily.

"But there is no one to see us do the tricks," objected Fido.

"Oh, yes, there are some ants, and an angle worm, and a black bug and a grasshopper," said Uncle Wiggily. "They will do to start on, and after they see us do the tricks they'll tell other folks, and we'll have quite a crowd."

So they started in to do their tricks. Fido turned a lot of flip-flops, and Uncle Wiggily did a dance on the end of his crutch, and sang a song about a monkey-doodle, which the angle worm said was just fine, being quite cute, and the grasshopper made believe play a fiddle with his two hind legs, scratching one on the other, and making lovely music.

But, all of a sudden, just as Uncle Wiggily was standing on his left ear, and wiggling his feet in the air, which is a very hard trick for a rabbit, what should happen but that out of the woods sprang two boys.

"There's the dog! Grab him!" cried one boy. "Never mind about the rabbit! Get the trick dog!" And the boys rushed right up, knocking Uncle Wiggily down, and grabbing Fido Flip-Flop. And they started off through the woods with him, while Uncle Wiggily cried out for them to come back. But they wouldn't.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Now please don't feel badly, for I'm going to tell you in the next story how Uncle Wiggily saved Fido, and also how the rabbit went to Arabella Chick's surprise party-that is I will if our automobile doesn't turn upside down, and break my ice cream cone.

Chapter 6: Uncle Wiggily At The Party

Well, when Uncle Wiggily Longears found that the elephant wouldn't get off his trunk-oh, listen to me! What I meant to say was, that when Uncle Wiggily saw those two boys running off with Fido Flip-Flop, the little trick dog, as I told you about in the story before this, the old gentleman rabbit was so surprised at first that he didn't know what to do.

"Won't you please come back with that little doggie?" begged Uncle Wiggily, but the bad boys kept right on. I guess they knew how smart Fido was, and they wanted to get up a show with him. Anyhow, they kept on running through the woods, holding him tightly in their arms .

"Oh, dear! This is terrible!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "I'll never get any good fortune if Fido has such bad luck. And it was partly my fault, too, for if we hadn't been doing tricks, we would have heard these boys coming, and could have run away. Well, now I must save Fido."

So Uncle Wiggily sat down on a stump, and thought, and thought, and thought of all the plans he could think of, to save the doggie from the two boys, and at last he decided the only way to do was to scare them.

"Then they'll drop Fido, and run away," said the old gentleman rabbit. "Let me see, how can I scare them? I know, I'll make believe I'm a tiger!"

So what did that brave Uncle Wiggily do? but go to a mud hole, and with his crutch dipped into the mud, he made himself all striped over like a tiger that you see in a circus. Oh, he was a most ferocious sight when he finished decorating himself! Then he hid his satchel in the bushes, and he started off on a short cut through the woods, to get ahead of the boys. Faster and faster through the woods went Uncle Wiggily, and he looked so peculiarly terrifying that all the animals who saw him were scared out of their wits, and one old blue-jay bird was so frightened that he wiggled his tail up and down, and hid his head in a hollow tree.

Well, by and by, after a while, Uncle Wiggily got to a place in the woods where he knew those boys, with Fido Flip-Flop, would soon come by. Then the rabbit hid himself in the bushes, so that his long ears wouldn't show. For he knew that if the boys saw them, they would know right away he wasn't a tiger, no matter if he was striped like one.

In a few minutes along came the boys, and they were talking about what they were going to do to Fido, and how they would put him in a cage, and make him do lots of tricks. All of a sudden

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

there was a rustling in the bushes, and Uncle Wiggily just stuck out his head and part of his body, laying his ears flat back where they could not be seen. But the boys could see the mud stripes, only they didn't know they were just mud, you understand.

"Oh! See that!" cried one boy.

"Yes, it's a tigery-tiger!" exclaimed the other boy.

"Let's run!" shouted both the boys together. "The tiger will eat us up!"

And just then Uncle Wiggily growled as loudly as he could, a real fierce growl, and he rattled the bushes and stuck out his striped paws, and those boys dropped Fido Flip-Flop, and ran away, as hard as they could through the woods, leaving Fido to join the rabbit.

"Thank you very much for saving me, Uncle Wiggily," said the dog, as soon as he got over being frightened. "That was a good trick, to pretend you were a tiger. But I knew you right away, only, of course, I wasn't going to tell those boys who you were. It served them right, for squeezing me the way they did. Now we'll go on, and see if we can find a fortune for you."

So they went back to where Uncle Wiggily had left his valise, and there it was safe and sound, and inside it were some nice things to eat, and the rabbit and doggie had a dinner there in the woods, after the mud stripes were washed off.

Then they went on and on, for ever so long, and nothing happened, except that a mosquito bit Fido on the end of his nose, and every time he sneezed it tickled him.

"Well, I guess we won't have anymore adventures today, Uncle Wiggily," spoke the doggie, but, a moment later, they heard a rustling in the bushes and, before they could hide themselves, out jumped Arabella Chick, the sister of Charlie, the rooster boy.

"Oh, you dear Uncle Wiggily!" she exclaimed, "you're just in time."

"What for?" asked Uncle Wiggily; "for the train?"

"No, for my party," answered Arabella. "I'm going to have one for all my friends, and I want you to come. Will you?"

"Oh, I guess so, Arabella. But you see, I have a friend with me, and--"

"Oh, he can come too," spoke Arabella, making a bow to Fido Flip-Flop. So Uncle Wiggily introduced the doggie to the chickie girl, and the chickie girl to the doggie.

Then they went on together to the party, which was held in a nice big chicken coop.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Oh, I wish you could have been there! It was just too nice for anything! Sammie and Susie Littletail were there, and they were so glad to see Uncle Wiggily again. He said he hadn't been very lucky in finding his fortune so far, but his rheumatism was not much worse, and he was going to keep on traveling. He sent his love to all the folks, and said he'd be home some time later.

Then, of course, all the other animal friends were at the party and they played games-games of all kinds, including a new one called "Please don't sit on my hat, and I won't sit on yours." It was too funny for anything, really it was.

Then, of course, there were good things to eat. Buddy Pigg passed around the ice cream, and just as he was handing a plate of it to Jennie Chipmunk it slipped-I mean the ice cream slipped-and went right into Uncle Butter's lap. But the old goat didn't care a bit. He said it reminded him of a pail of paste, and he ate the ice cream, and Nurse Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy got Jennie some more.

Then Flip-Flop and Uncle Wiggily did some of their tricks, and said they were fine, and they thought it was the best party they had ever been at.

But all of a sudden, just as they were playing the game called "Jump on the piano, and play a queer tune," there came a knock at the door.

"Who's there?" asked Arabella Chick.

"I am," answered a voice, "and I want Uncle Wiggily Longears instantly! He must come with me!" And they all looked from the window, and there stood a big dog, dressed up like a soldier, and he had a gun with him. And he wanted Uncle Wiggily to come out, and was frightened, for fear he'd shoot the old gentleman rabbit.

But please don't you get alarmed. I wouldn't have that happen for worlds, and in the next story, if I catch a fish in the milk bottle, and he doesn't bite my finger, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily in a parade. And it will be a Decoration Day story.

Chapter 7: Uncle Wiggily in a Parade

Arabella Chick's party seemed to break up very suddenly when the guests saw that soldier-dog with the gun waiting outside the door. Buddy Pigg slipped out of a back window, and ran home with his tail behind him. Oh, excuse me, guinea pigs don't have a tail, do they? Anyhow he ran home, and so did Sammie and Susie Littletail, and Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, and the Wibblewobble children, and Peetie and Jackie Bow Wow too.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

But, of course, Arabella Chick couldn't run home because she was at home already, so she just looked out of the window once more, and there the dog-soldier stood, and he was looking in his gun to see if it was loaded.

"Well, is Uncle Wiggily coming out?" called the dog again.

"I guess I am-that is-are you sure you want me?" asked the poor old gentleman rabbit, puzzled like.

"Yes, of course I want you," replied the dog.

"Then I guess I've got to go!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, as he looked for his crutch and valise. "I guess this is the end of my fortune-hunting. Goodbye everybody!" And he felt so badly that two big tears rolled down his ears-I mean his eyes.

Well, he bravely walked out of the door, and as he did so the dog-soldier, with the gun, exclaimed:

"Ah, here you are at last! Now hurry up, Uncle Wiggily, or we'll be late for the parade!"

And, would you believe it? that dog was good, kind, old Percival, who used to be in a circus. And of course he wouldn't hurt the rabbit gentleman for anything. Percival just put his gun to his shoulder, and said:

"Come on, we'll get in the parade now."

"Parade? What parade?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "Oh my! how you frightened me!"

"Why the Decoration Day parade," answered Percival. "today is the day when we put flowers on the soldiers' graves, and remember them for being so brave as to go to war. All old soldiers march in the parade, and so do all their friends. I'm going to march, and I'm going to put flowers on a lot of soldiers' graves. I happened to remember that you were once in the war, so I came for you. I didn't mean to scare you. You were in the war, weren't you?"

"Yes," said Uncle Wiggily, happy now because he knew he wasn't going to get shot, "I once went to war, and killed a lot of mosquitoes."

"Good! I thought so!" exclaimed Percival. "Well, I met Grandfather Goosey Gander, and he said he thought you were at this party, so I came for you. Come on, now, the parade is almost ready to start."

"Oh, how you did frighten us!" exclaimed Arabella, whose heart was still going pitter-patter. "We thought you were going to hurt Uncle Wiggily, Percival."

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Oh, I'm so sorry I alarmed you," spoke the circus dog politely. "I won't do it again."

Well, in a little while Percival and Uncle Wiggily were at the parade. The old gentleman rabbit left his satchel at Arabella's house, and only took his crutch. But he limped along just like a real soldier, and Percival carried his gun as bravely as one could wish.

Oh, I wish you could have heard the bands playing, and the drums beating-the little kind that sound like when you drop beans on the kitchen oil-cloth, and the big drums, that go "Boom-boom!" like thunder and lightning, and the fifes that squeak like a mouse in the cheese trap, and then the big blaring horns, that make a sound like a circus performance.

They were all there, and there were lots of soldiers and horses and wagons filled with flowers to put on the graves of the soldiers, who were so brave that they didn't mind going to war to fight for their country, though war is a terrible thing.

Then the march began, and Uncle Wiggily and Percival stepped out as brave as anyone in all the parade. Oh, how fine they looked! and, when they marched past, all the animal people, and some real boys and girls, and papas and mammas clapped their hands and cried "Hurrah!" at the sight of the old gentleman rabbit limping along on his crutch, with the dog-soldier marching beside him.

"Who knows," whispered Percival to Uncle Wiggily, "who knows but what you may discover your fortune today?"

"Indeed I may," answered Uncle Wiggily. "Who knows?"

Well, that was a fine parade. But something happened. I was afraid it would, but I'll tell you all about it, and you can see for yourself whether or not I was right.

All of a sudden one man, with a big horn-a horn large enough to put a loaf of mother's bread down inside the noisy end-all of a sudden this man blew a terrible blast-"Umpty-umpty-Umph! Umph!" My, what a noise he made on that horn.

Now, right in front of this man was a little boy-duck riding on a pony. Yes, you've guessed who he was-he was Jimmy Wibblewobble. And when that man blew the loud blast, the pony was frightened, and ran away with Jimmie on his back.

Faster and faster ran the pony, and Jimmie Wibblewobble clung to his back, fearing every moment he would be thrown off. In and out among the people and animals in the parade, in and out among trolley cars and automobiles, in and out, and from one side to another of the street ran the frightened pony.

"Oh, poor Jimmie will be killed!" cried Percival.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"No, he will not, for I will save him!" shouted Uncle Wiggily. So that brave rabbit ran right out to where he saw Munchie Trot, the little pony boy.

"Let me jump on your back, Munchie," said Uncle Wiggily, "and then we'll race after that runaway pony and grab off poor Jimmie. And run as fast as you can, Munchie!"

"I certainly will!" cried Munchie. So Uncle Wiggily got on Munchie's back, and away they started after the runaway pony.

Faster and faster ran Munchie, and by this time the other little horsie was getting tired. Jimmie was still clinging to his back, and asking him not to run so fast, but the pony was so frightened he didn't listen to the duck-boy.

Then, just as he was going to run into a hot peanut wagon, and maybe toss Jimmie off into the red-hot roaster, all at once Uncle Wiggily, on Munchie's back, galloped up alongside of the runaway pony. And as quick as you can drink a glass of lemonade, Uncle Wiggily grabbed Jimmie up on Munchie's back beside him, and so saved the duck-boy's life. And then the runaway pony stopped short, all of a sudden, and didn't bump into the hot peanut wagon, after all, and he was sorry he had run away, and scared folks.

Then the Decoration Day parade went on, and everyone said how brave Uncle Wiggily was. But he hadn't yet found his fortune, and so in the story after this in case our front porch doesn't run away, and take the back steps with it, so I have to sleep on the doormat, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily in the fountain.

Chapter 8: Uncle Wiggily in the Fountain

Well, after the Decoration Day parade, and the things that happened in it, such as the pony running away with Jimmie Wibblewobble, Uncle Wiggily Longears thought he'd like to go off to some quiet place and rest.

"Oh, can't you come with me?" asked Percival, the old circus dog. "We'll go to the Bow-Wows house, and have something to eat."

"No, I'm afraid I can't go," replied the old gentleman rabbit. "You see I must travel on to seek my fortune, for I haven't found it yet, and I still have the rheumatism."

"Why don't you try to lose that rheumatism somewhere?" asked Percival. "I would, if it's such a bother."

"Oh, I've tried and tried and tried, but I can't seem to lose it," replied Uncle Wiggily. "So I think

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"I'll travel on. I'm much obliged to you for letting me march in the parade."

Then the old gentleman rabbit got his valise, and, with his crutch, he once more started off. He went on and on, up one hill and down another, over the fields where the horses and cows and sheep were pulling up the grass, and chewing it, so the man wouldn't have to cut it with the lawn mower; on and on he went. Then Uncle Wiggily reached the woods, where the ferns and wild flowers grow.

"This is a fine place," he said as he sat down on a flat stump. "I think I will eat my dinner," so he opened the satchel, and took out a sandwich made of yellow carrots and red beets, and very pretty they looked on the white bread, let me tell you; very nice indeed!

Uncle Wiggily was eating away, and he was brushing the crumbs off his nose by wiggling his ears, when, all of a sudden, he heard a cat crying. Oh, such a loud cry as it was!

"Why, some poor kittie must be lost," thought the old gentleman rabbit. "I'll see if I can find it."

Then the cry sounded again, and, in another moment, out of a tree flew a big bird.

"Oh, maybe that bird stuck his sharp beak in the kittie and made it cry," thought Uncle Wiggily. "Bird, did you do that?" he asked, calling to the bird, who was flying around in the air.

"Did I do what?" asked the bird.

"Did you stick the kittie, and make it cry?"

"Oh, no," answered the bird. "I made that cat-crying noise myself. I am a cat-bird, you know," and surely enough that bird went "Mew! Mew! Mew!" three times, just like that, exactly as if a cat had cried under your window, when you were trying to go to sleep.

"Ha! That is very strange!" exclaimed the rabbit. "So you are a cat-bird."

"Yes, and my little birds are kittie-birds," was the answer. "I'll show you."

So the bird went "Mew! Mew! Mew!" again, and a lot of the little birds came flying around and they all went "Mew! Mew!" too, just like kitties. Oh, I tell you cat-birds are queer things! and how they do love cherries when they are ripe! Eh?

"That is very good crying, birdies," said Uncle Wiggily, "and I think I'll give you something to eat, to pay for it." So he took out from his valise some peanuts, that Percival, the circus dog, had given him, and Uncle Wiggily fed them to the cat-bird and her kittie-birds.

"You are very kind," said the mamma bird, "and if we can ever do you a favor we will."

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

And now listen, as the telephone girl says, those birds are going to do Uncle Wiggily a favor in a short time-a very short time indeed.

Well, after the birds had eaten all the peanuts they flew away, and Uncle Wiggily started off once more. He hadn't gone very far before he came to a fountain. You know what that is. It's a thing in a park that squirts up water, just like when you fill a rubber ball with milk or lemonade and squeeze it. Only a fountain is bigger, of course.

This fountain that Uncle Wiggily came to had no water in it, for it was being cleaned. There was a big basin, with a pipe up through the middle, and this was where the water spouted up when it was running.

"This is very strange," said Uncle Wiggily, for he had never seen a fountain before, "perhaps I can find my fortune in here. I'll go look." So down he jumped into the big empty fountain basin, which was as large as seven wash tubs made into one. And it was so nice and comfortable there, and so shady, for there were trees near it, that, before he knew it, Uncle Wiggily fell fast asleep, with his head on his satchel for a pillow.

And then he had a funny dream. He dreamed that it was raining, and that his umbrella turned inside out, and got full of holes, and that he was getting all wet.

"My!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, as he gave a big sneeze. "This is a very real dream. I actually believe I am wet!"

Then he got real wide awake all of a sudden, and he found that he was right in the middle of a lot of wetness, for the man had turned the water on in the fountain unexpectedly, not knowing that the old gentleman rabbit was asleep there.

"I must get out of here!" cried Uncle Wiggily, as he grabbed up his valise and crutch. Then the water came up to his little short, stumpy tail. Next it rose higher, up to his knees. Then it rose still faster up to his front feet and then almost up to his chin.

"Oh, I'm afraid I'm going to drown!" he cried. "I must get out!" So he tried to swim to the edge of the fountain, but you can't swim very well with a crutch and a valise, you know, and Uncle Wiggily didn't want to lose either one. Then the water from the top of the fountain splashed in his eyes and he couldn't see which way to swim.

"Oh, help! Help!" he cried. "Will no one help me?"

"Yes, we will help you!" answered a voice, and up flew the big cat-bird, and her little kitten-birds. "Quick, children!" she cried, "we must save Uncle Wiggily, who was so kind to us! Every one of you get a stick, and we'll make a little boat, or raft, for him!"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Well, I wish you could have seen how quickly the mamma cat-bird and her kittie-birds gathered a lot of sticks, and twigs, and laid them together crossways on the water in that fountain basin, until they had a regular little boat. Upon this Uncle Wiggily climbed, with his crutch and valise, and then the mamma cat-bird flew on ahead, and pulled the boat by a string to the edge of the fountain, where the rabbit could safely get out.

So that's how the bunny was saved from drowning in the water, and in the next story, if a big, red ant doesn't crawl upon our porch and carry away the hammock, I'll tell you another adventure Uncle Wiggily had. It will be a story of the old gentleman rabbit and the bad dog.

Chapter 9: Uncle Wiggily and the Dog

Uncle Wiggily's rheumatism was quite bad after he got wet in the fountain, as I told you in the other story, and when he thanked the mamma cat-bird and her kitten-birds for saving him, he found that he could hardly walk, much less carry his heavy valise.

"Oh, we'll help you," said Mrs. Cat-Bird. "Here, Flitter and Flutter, you carry the satchel for Uncle Wiggily, and we'll take him to our house."

"But, mamma," said Flutter, who was getting to be quite a big bird-boy, "Uncle Wiggily can't climb up a tree to our nest."

"No, but we can make him a nice warm bed on the ground," said the mamma bird. "So you and Flitter carry the satchel. Put a long blade of grass through the handle, and then each of you take hold of one end of the grass in your bills, and fly away with it. Skimmer, you and Dartie go on ahead, and get something ready to eat, and I'll show Uncle Wiggily the way."

So Flitter and Flutter, the two boy birds, flew away with the satchel, and Skimmer and Dartie, the girl birds, flew on ahead to set the table, and put on the teakettle on the stove to boil, and Mrs. Cat-Bird flew slowly on over Uncle Wiggily, to show him the way.



Well, pretty soon, not so so very long, they came to where the birds lived. And those good children had already started to make a nest on the ground for the old gentleman rabbit. They had it almost finished, and by the time supper was ready it was all done. Then came the meal, and those birds couldn't do enough for Uncle Wiggily, because they liked him so.

When it got dark, they covered him all up, with soft leaves in the nest on the ground, and there he slept until morning. His rheumatism wasn't quite so bad when, after breakfast, he had sat out in the warm sun for a while, and after a bit he said:

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Well, I think I'll travel along now, and see if I can find my fortune today. Perhaps I may, and if I do I'll come back and bring you more peanuts."

"Oh, that'll be fine and dandy!" cried Flitter and Flutter, and Skimmer and Dartie. So they said goodbye to the old gentleman rabbit, and once more he started off.

"My! I'm certainly getting to be a great traveler," he thought as he walked along through the woods and over the fields. "But I don't ever seem to get to any place. Something always happens to me. I hope everything goes along nicely today."

But you just wait and see what takes place. I'm afraid something is going to happen very shortly, but it's not my fault, and all I can do is to tell you exactly all about it. Wait! There, it's beginning to happen now.

All of a sudden, as Uncle Wiggily was traveling along, he came to a place in the woods where a whole lot of Gypsies had their wagons and tents. And on one tent, in which was an old brown and wrinkled Gypsy lady, there was a sign which read:

FORTUNES TOLD HERE.

"Ha! If they tell fortunes in that tent, perhaps the Gypsy lady can tell me where to find mine," thought Uncle Wiggily. "I'll go up and ask her."

Well, he was just going to the tent when he happened to think that perhaps the Gypsy woman wouldn't understand rabbit talk. So he sat there in the bushes thinking what he had better do, when all at once, before he could wiggle his ears more than four times, a great big, bad, ugly dog sprang at him, barking, oh! so loudly.

"Come on, Browser!" cried this dog to another one. "Here is a fat rabbit that we can catch for dinner. Come on, let's chase him!"

Well, you can just imagine how frightened Uncle Wiggily was. He didn't sit there, waiting for that dog to catch him, either. No, indeed, and a bag of popcorn besides! Up jumped Uncle Wiggily, with his crutch and his valise, and he hopped as hard and as fast as he could run. My! How his legs did twist in and out.

"Come on! Come!" barked the first dog to the second one.

"I'm coming! I'm coming! Woof! Woof! Bow-w-w Bow-wow!" barked the second dog.

Poor Uncle Wiggily's heart beat faster and faster, and he didn't know which way to run. Every way he turned the dogs were after him, and soon more of the savage animals came to join the first two, until all the dogs in that Gypsy camp were chasing the poor old gentleman rabbit.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"I guess I'll have to drop my satchel or my crutch," thought Uncle Wiggily. "I can't carry them much farther. Still, I don't want to lose them." So he held on to them a little longer, took a good breath and ran on some more.

He thought he saw a chance to escape by running across in front of the fortune-telling tent, and he started that way, but a Gypsy man, with a gun, saw him and fired at him. I'm glad to say, however, that he didn't shoot Uncle Wiggily, or else I couldn't tell anymore stories about him.

Uncle Wiggily got safely past the tent, but the dogs were almost up to him now. One of them was just going to catch him by his left hind leg, when one of the Gypsy men cried out:

"Grab him, Biter! Grab him! We'll have rabbit potpie for dinner; that's what we'll have!"

Wasn't that a perfectly dreadful way to talk about our Uncle Wiggily? But just wait, if you please.

Biter, the bad dog, was just going to grab the rabbit, when all of a sudden, Uncle Wiggily saw a big hole in the ground.

"That's what I'm looking for!" he exclaimed. "I'm going down there, and hide away from these dogs!"

So into the hole he popped, valise, crutch and all, and oh! how glad he was to get into the cool, quiet darkness, leaving those savage, barking dogs outside. But wait a moment longer, if you please.

Biter and Browser stopped short at the hole.

"He's gone-gotten clean away!" exclaimed Browser. "Isn't that too bad?"

"No, we'll get him yet!" cried Biter. "Here, you watch at this hole, while I go get a pail of water. We'll pour the water down, under the ground where the rabbit is, and that will make him come out, and we'll eat him."

"Good!" cried Browser. So while he stood there and watched, Biter went for the water. But, mind you, Uncle Wiggily had sharp ears and he heard what they were saying, and what do you think he did?

Why, with his sharp claws he went right to work, and he dug, and dug, and dug in the back part of that underground place, until he had made another hole, far off from the first one, and he crawled out of that, with his crutch and valise, just as Biter was pouring the water down the first hole.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Ah, ha! I think this will astonish those dogs!" thought Uncle Wiggily, and he took a peep at them from behind a bush where they couldn't see him, and then he hopped on through the woods, to look for more adventures, leaving the dogs still pouring water.

And one happened to him shortly after that, as I shall tell you on the next page, when, in case the rocking chair doesn't tip over backwards and spill out the sofa cushion into the rubber plant, the story will be about Uncle Wiggily and the monkey.

Chapter 10: Uncle Wiggily and the Monkey

Let me see, we left those two bad dogs pouring water down the hole, to get Uncle Wiggily out, didn't we? And the old gentleman rabbit fooled them, didn't he? He got out of another hole that he dug around by the back door, you remember.

Well, I just wish you could have seen those two dogs, after they had poured pail after pail of water down the hole, and no rabbit came floating up.

"This hole must go all the way down to China!" said Browser, breathing very fast.

"Yes, I'm tired of carrying water," said Biter. And just then another dog cried out:

"Why, foolish dogs, the water's all running out the back way!" And, surely enough, it was. Then they knew Uncle Wiggily had escaped, and they were as angry as anything, but it served them right, I think.

"My! I wonder what will happen next?" thought the old gentleman rabbit, as he hopped along. "That was a narrow escape."

So, having nothing else to do, Uncle Wiggily sat down on a nice, smooth stump, and he ate some lunch out of his valise. And a red ant came up, and very politely asked if she might not pick up the crumbs which the old rabbit dropped.

"Of course you may," said Uncle Wiggily kindly. "And I'll give you a whole slice of bread and butter, also."

"Oh, you are too generous," spoke the red ant. "I never could carry a slice of bread and butter. But if you will leave it on the stump I'll get some of my friends, and we'll bite off little crumbs, a few at a time, and in that way carry it to our houses."

So that's what Uncle Wiggily did, and the ants had a fine feast, and they were very thankful. Uncle Wiggily asked them if they knew where he could find his fortune.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Why don't you go to work, instead of traveling around so much?" asked the biggest red ant.
"The best fortune is the one you work for."

"Is it? I never thought of that," said Uncle Wiggily. "I will look for work at once. I wonder if you ants have any for me."

"We'd like to help you," they said, "but you see you are so large that you couldn't get into our houses to do any work. You had much better travel along, and work for someone larger than we are."

"I will," decided the old gentleman rabbit. "I'll ask everyone I meet if they want me to work for them."

So he started off once more, and the first place he came to was a house where a mouse lady lived.

"Have you any work I can do?" asked Uncle Wiggily politely.

"What work can you do?" asked the mouse lady.

"Well, I can peel carrots or turnips with my teeth," said Uncle Wiggily, "and I can look after children, and tell them stories, and I can do some funny tricks--"

"Then you had better go join a circus," interrupted the mouse lady. "I have no children, and I can peel my own carrots, thank you. As for turnips, I never eat them."

"Then I must go on a little further," said Uncle Wiggily, as he picked up his valise, and walked off on his crutch. So he went on, until he came to another house in the woods, and he knocked on the door.

"Have you any work I can do?" inquired Uncle Wiggily politely.

"No! Get away and don't bother me!" growled a most unpleasant voice, and the rabbit was just going down the steps, when the door opened a crack, and a long, sharp nose and a mouth full of sharp teeth, and some long legs with sharp claws on them, were stuck out.

"Oh, hold on!" cried the voice. "I guess I can find some work for you after all. You can get up a dinner for me!" and then the savage creature, who had opened the door, made a grab for the rabbit and nearly caught him. Only Uncle Wiggily jumped away, just in time, and the wolf, for he it was who had called out, caught his own tail in the crack of the door and howled most frightfully.

"Come back! Come back!" cried the wolf, but, of course, Uncle Wiggily wouldn't do such a

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

foolish thing as that, and the wolf couldn't chase after him, for his tail was fast in the door hinge.

"My, I must be more careful after this how I knock at doors, and ask for work," the old gentleman rabbit thought. "I was nearly caught that time. I'll try again, and I may have better luck."

So he walked along through the woods, and pretty soon he heard a voice singing, and this is the song, as nearly as I can remember it:

Here I sit and wonder
What I'm going to do.
I've no one to help me,
I think it's sad; don't you?

I have to play the fiddle,
But still I'd give a cent
To anyone who'd keep the boys
From crawling in the tent.

"Well, I wonder who that can be?" thought Uncle Wiggily. "He'll give a cent, eh? to anyone who keeps the boys from crawling in the tent. Now, if that isn't a bear or a fox or a wolf maybe I can work for him, and earn that money. I'll try."

So he peeped out of the bushes, and there he saw a nice monkey, all dressed up in a clown's suit, spotted red, white and blue. And the monkey was playing a tune on a fiddle. Then, all of a sudden, he laid aside the fiddle, and began to beat the bass drum. Then he blew on a horn, next he jumped up and down, and turned a somersault, and then, finally, he grabbed up a whip with a whistle in the tail-I mean in the end-and that monkey began to pretend he was chasing make-believe boys from around a real tent that was in a little place under the trees.

"Oh, I guess that monkey won't hurt me," said Uncle Wiggily as he stepped boldly out, and as soon as the monkey saw the rabbit, he called most politely:

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want to earn a cent, by chasing boys from out the tent," replied Uncle Wiggily.

"Good!" cried the monkey. "So you heard me sing? I'm tired of being the whole show. I need someone to help me. Come over here and I'll explain all about it. If you like it, you can go to work for me, and if you do, your fortune is as good as made."

"That's fine!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "And I can do tricks in the show, too."

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Fine!" exclaimed the monkey, hanging by his tail from a green apple tree. "Now, I'll explain."

But, just as he was going to do so, out jumped a big black bear from the bushes, making a grab for Uncle Wiggily. He might have caught him, too, only the monkey picked up a coconut pie off the ground and hit the bear so hard on the head, that the savage creature was frightened, and ran away, sneezing, leaving the monkey and the rabbit alone by the show-tent.

"Now, we'll get ready to have some fun," said the monkey, and what he and Uncle Wiggily did I'll tell you in the following story which will be about the old gentleman rabbit and the boys-that is, if the molasses jug doesn't tip over on my plate, and spoil my bread and butter peanut sandwich.

Chapter 11: Uncle Wiggily and the Boys

"Well," said the monkey after the bear had run away. "I guess we can now sit down and talk quietly together; eh, Uncle Wiggily?"

"Yes," said the old gentleman rabbit. "But what is it that you want me to do? I heard you sing that funny little song, about the boys coming in the tent. But I don't exactly understand."

"That's just it," replied the monkey. "You see, it's this way. I have a little sort of a circus-show here, and the troublesome boys don't want to pay any money to get in. So when my back is turned they crawl under the tent, and so they see the show for nothing-just like at the circus."

"Oh, so that's how it is?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "And you want me to keep out the boys?"

"That's it," said the monkey. "Here's a big stick, with which to tickle the boys who crawl in under the tent without paying. Now I'll practice my tricks."

So the monkey did a lot of tricks. He stood on his head, and he hung by his tail, and he danced around in a circle. Then he pounded the drum, not so hard as to hurt it, but hard enough to make a noise, and he played the fiddle and blew on the horn, and then he ran inside the tent and jumped over a bench, making believe it was an elephant, and he did all sorts of funny tricks like that. He even stood on his head, and made a funny face.

"That will make a very nice show," said Uncle Wiggily after he had watched the monkey. "Now I'll stay outside, and keep the boys from coming in unless they pay their money. And you can be inside, doing the tricks."

"And I'll give you money for working for me," said the monkey. "Then perhaps you can make your fortune, and, besides that, I'll give you a coconut, and you can make a coconut pie with it."

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"That will be fine!" cried Uncle Wiggily. So he and the monkey practiced to get ready for their show. It was a nice little tent in which it was to be given, and there were seats for the people, who would come, and a platform, and flying rings and trapeze bars and paper hoops, and all things like that, just the same as in a real circus. Well, finally the time came for the show. It was the day after Uncle Wiggily got to the place where the tent was, and he had slept that night in a hammock, put up between two trees.

"Now we're almost ready for the show," said the monkey to the old gentleman rabbit, after a bit, "so I hope you will be sure to keep out the troublesome boys. They always creep under the tent, and see the show for nothing. I can't have that going on if I'm to make any money."

"Oh, I'll stop 'em!" declared Uncle Wiggily.

"And here's the club to do it with," said the monkey, handing Uncle Wiggily a stick.

"Oh, I don't know about that," answered the rabbit. "I never hurt boys if I can help it. Perhaps I shan't need the club. I'll leave it here."

So Uncle Wiggily hid the club under an apple tree, but the monkey said it would be needed, and he wanted Uncle Wiggily to keep it, and take a whip, too. But the old rabbit shook his head.

"I'll try being kind to the boys," he said. "You let me have my way, Mr. Monkey."

Well, pretty soon, not so very long, the show began. The monkey went inside the tent, and he blew on the horn, and he made music on the fiddle, and sang a funny song about a little great big pussy, who had a red balloon. She stuck a pin inside it, and it played a go-bang! tune.

Of course, as soon as the show started the people came crowding up to the tent, just as they do at the circus. There were men and women, and little boys and girls, and big boys and girls, and they all wanted to get inside to see what the monkey was doing. But, do you know, I believe all that he was doing was playing monkey-doodle tricks-but, of course, I might be mistaken.

Well, as it always happens, some boys didn't have any money with which to pay their way inside the tent. And, of course, as it will sometimes happen, one boy said to another:

"Hey! I know a way we can crawl in under the tent, and see the show, and not have anything to pay."

"But that wouldn't be fair," spoke the other boy. "It would be cheating, and there's nothing meaner in this world than to cheat, whether it's playing a baseball game or going to a circus."

"I guess you're right," said the first boy. "What shall we do, though? I want to see the show."

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Well, we must be fair, anyhow," spoke the second boy. "We can't crawl in under the tent, but perhaps if we ask the monkey to let us in for nothing he'll do it."

"Very well, we will," said the first boy. So they went up to the monkey and asked if they could go in for nothing, but, of course, he wouldn't let them.

"May we crawl in under the tent, then?" asked the second boy.

"If Uncle Wiggily will let you," answered the monkey, blinking his two eyes and wrapping his tail around his neck.

So those boys tried to crawl in under the tent, and as soon as Uncle Wiggily saw them he rushed up and cried out:

"Hey! Hold on there! Nobody must go under the tent. You must buy a ticket," and he shook a feather at the boys and, instead of hitting them, he only tickled them, and didn't hurt them a bit, for they sneezed.

Well, those boys were very troublesome. They kept on trying to crawl under the tent, and Uncle Wiggily rushed here, there and around the corner trying to stop them, and he cracked the lash on his whip, just like the man in the circus ring. But those boys kept on trying to crawl under the tent, for the monkey had given them permission, you see.

So finally Uncle Wiggily said, "I'll give those boys a little show myself, outside the tent, for nothing. Then maybe they'll stop bothering me."

So he stood on his left ear, and then on his right ear, and then he jumped through a hoop, and rolled over, and barked like a dog, and all the boys that had tried to crawl under the tent to see the monkey-show for nothing, ran out to see Uncle Wiggily's show.

And he did lots of tricks and kept them all from crawling in under the tent, and he even ate a popcorn ball, standing on his hind legs, and wiggling his left ear with a pin-wheel on it. Then, after a while, the monkey-show was all over, and the monkey said:

"Uncle Wiggily, you did very well. You treated those troublesome boys just fine! So I'll give you ten pennies, and perhaps they will make you have a good fortune."

Then the monkey gave Uncle Wiggily ten pennies, and he went to sleep in a feather bed, while the old gentleman rabbit went down to the drug store to get an ice cream soda.

And what happened after the show was over, and what Uncle Wiggily did after he had his ice cream, I'll tell you in the next story which will be about Uncle Wiggily in a balloon. That is, if

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

our pussy cat doesn't get all covered with red paint, and look like a tomato growing on a strawberry vine. So watch out, and don't let that happen.

Chapter 12: Uncle Wiggily in a Balloon

Well, just as I expected, something happened to my pussy-cat named Peter. He didn't fall into the pot of red paint, but he either ran away, or else someone took him. So now I have no pussy-cat. But I'll tell you a story about Uncle Wiggily just the same.

The old gentleman rabbit stayed with the monkey for several days, and he was so kind and good to the troublesome boys-Uncle Wiggily was, I mean-and he did such funny tricks for them, that they didn't crawl under the tent anymore, and the monkey could do his tricks in peace and quietness.

"Oh, you have been a great help to me," said the monkey to the rabbit, "and I would like you to work for me all Summer. I am now going to travel on to the next town, and if you like you may go with me and keep the boys there from crawling under the tent."

"No, I thank you," replied Uncle Wiggily slowly, as he put some bread and butter, and a piece of pie, into his satchel. "I think I will travel farther on by myself, and seek my fortune."

"Well, I'm sorry to see you go," said the monkey. "And here is fifty cents for your work. I hope you have good luck."

And then Uncle Wiggily started off again, over the fields and through the woods, seeking his fortune, while the monkey got ready to move his show to the next town.



Well, for some time nothing happened to the old gentleman rabbit. He walked on and on, and once he saw a little red ant, trying to drag a piece of cake home for dinner. The cake was so big that the ant was having a dreadful time with it, but Uncle Wiggily took his left ear, and just brushed that cake into the ant's house as easily as anything.

"My, how strong and brave you are," cried the little red ant. "Won't you let me get you a glass of water?"

"I would like it," said the rabbit, "for it is quite warm today."

Well, that ant got Uncle Wiggily a glass of water, but you know how it is-an ant's glass is so very small that it only holds as much water as you could put on the point of a pin, and really, I'm not exaggerating a bit, when I say that Uncle Wiggily drank seventeen thousand four hundred and

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

twenty-six and a half ant-glasses of water before he had enough. It took all the ants for a mile around to bring the water to him, but they didn't mind, because they liked him.

Then the old gentleman rabbit traveled on again, and when it came night he slept under a haystack.

"I am sure I'll find my fortune today," thought Uncle Wiggily as he got up and brushed the hay seed out of his ears the next morning.

It was a bright, beautiful day, and he hadn't gone very far before he heard some fine music.

"My, there must be a hand-organ around here," he said to himself. "And perhaps there is another monkey. I'll watch out."

So he stood on his hind legs, Uncle Wiggily did, and the music played louder, and all of a sudden the rabbit looked down the road, and there was a nice circus, with the white tents, all covered with flags, and bands playing, and elephants squirting water through their long noses over their backs to wash the dust off. And lions and tigers were roaring, and the horses were running, and the fat lady was drinking pink lemonade, and Oh! it was fine!

"I've got fifty cents, and I guess I'll go to the circus," thought Uncle Wiggily, and he was just entering the big tent when he happened to see a man with a lot of red and green and yellow and pink balloons. Now, you would have thought that man would have been happy, having so many balloons, but he wasn't. He looked very sad, that man did, and he was almost crying.

"Poor man!" thought Uncle Wiggily. "Perhaps he has no money to go in the circus. I'll give him mine. Here is fifty cents, Mr. Man," said the old gentleman rabbit, kindly. "Take it and go see the elephant eat peanuts."

"Oh, that is very good of you," spoke the balloon man, "but I don't want to go to the circus. I want to sell my balloons, but no one will buy them."

"Why not?" asked the rabbit.

"Oh, because there are so many other things to buy," said the man, "red peanuts and lemonade in shells-oh, I've got that wrong, it is red lemonade, isn't it? And peanuts in shells. But no matter. What I need," said the man, "is to get the people to listen to me-I need to make them look at me, and when they see what fine balloons I have they'll buy some. But there are so many other things to look at that they never look toward me at all."

"Ha! I know the very thing!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "You ought to have someone go up in a balloon. That would surprise the people like anything. They'd be sure to look at that, and they'd all run over here and buy all your balloons."

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Yes, but who can I get to go up in a balloon?" asked the man.

"I will!" cried Uncle Wiggily bravely. "Perhaps I may find my fortune up in the sky, so I'll go in a balloon."

Well, the man thought that was fine. So he made a little basket for the rabbit to sit in, and he fastened the basket to a big red balloon, and then he took care of the rabbit's valise for him, while Uncle Wiggily got ready to go toward the clouds, taking only his crutch with him.

When the man had everything fixed and when the rabbit was sitting in the basket as easily as in a soft chair at home, the man cried:

"Over here! Over here, everybody! Over here, people! A rabbit is going up in a balloon! A most wonderful sight! Over here!"

And then the man let go of the balloon, and Uncle Wiggily shot right up toward the sky, only, of course, the man had a string fast to the balloon to pull it down again. Up and up went the balloon carrying Uncle Wiggily. Up and up!

And my! how surprised the people were. They rushed over and bought so many balloons that the man couldn't take in the money fast enough. And Uncle Wiggily stayed up there, high in the air, looking for his fortune.

And then, all of a sudden, a bad boy, with a bean shooter, shot at the balloon, and "bang!" it burst, with a big hole in it. Down came Uncle Wiggily, head over heels, bursted balloon, basket, crutch and all.

"Oh, he'll be killed! He'll be killed!" cried all the people.

"No, he'll not! We'll save him!" cried Dickie and Nellie Chip-Chip, the boy and girl sparrow, who happened to be at the circus. "We'll save Uncle Wiggily!"

So up into the air they flew, and before Uncle Wiggily could fall to the ground Dickie and Nellie grabbed the basket in their bills, and, by fluttering their wings, they let it come very gently to earth just like a feather falling, and the rabbit wasn't hurt a bit. But, of course, the balloon was broken.

So that's how Uncle Wiggily went up in a balloon and came down again, but he hadn't yet found his fortune. And now in the next story, if our fire shovel doesn't go out to play in the sand pile, and get its ears full of dirt, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily in an automobile.

Chapter 13: Uncle Wiggily in an Auto

Well, after Uncle Wiggily had been saved from the falling balloon by Dickie and Nellie Chip-Chip, the sparrow children, the people were so excited that they wanted the bad boy arrested for making a hole in the balloon with his bean-shooter.

"No, let him go," said the rabbit gentleman, kindly. "I'm sure he won't do it again." And do you know, that boy never did. It was a good lesson to him.

Then the people bought all the balloons, until the man had none left, and I guess if he could have sent for forty-'leven more he would have sold them also.

"I will pay you good wages to stay with me, and go up in a balloon every day," said the man to the rabbit. "You would help me do lots of business."

"No," said Uncle Wiggily. "I must travel on and seek my fortune. I didn't find it up in the air."

But before the old gentleman rabbit traveled on, he went into the circus with Dickie and Nellie. For they had an extra ticket that Bully the frog was going to use, only Bully went in swimming and caught cold, and had to stay home. So Uncle Wiggily enjoyed the show very much in his place.

"Give my love to Sammie and Susie Littletail and to all my friends," said the rabbit, as he took his crutch and valise, after the circus was over, and started to travel on, looking for his fortune.

Well, the first place he came to that day was an old hollow stump, and on the door was a card which read:

COME IN.

"Ha! Come in; eh?" said Uncle Wiggily. "I guess not much! You can't fool me again. There is a bad bear, or a savage owl inside that stump, and they want to eat me. I'll just stay outside."

He was just hurrying past, when the door of the stump-house opened, and an old grandfather fox stuck out his head. This fox was almost blind, and he had no teeth, and he had no claws, and his tail was just like a last year's dusting brush, that the moths have eaten most up, and altogether that fox was so old and feeble that he couldn't have hurt a mosquito. So Uncle Wiggily wasn't a bit afraid of him.

"I say, is there anything good to eat out there?" asked the fox, looking over the tops of his spectacles at the rabbit. "Anything nice and juicy to eat?"

"Yes, I am good to eat," said Uncle Wiggily, "but you are not going to eat me. Goodbye!"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Hold on!" cried the old fox, "don't be afraid. I can only eat soup, for I have no teeth to chew with, so unless you are soup you are of no use to me."

"Well, I'm not soup, but I know how to make some," replied the rabbit, for he felt sorry for the grandfather fox.

So what do you think our Uncle Wiggily did? Why, he went into the fox's stump-house and made a big pot full of the finest kind of soup, and the rabbit and the fox ate it all up, and, because the fox had no teeth or claws, he couldn't hurt his visitor.

"I wish you would stay with me forever," said the old fox, as he blinked his eyes at Uncle Wiggily. "I have a young and strong grandson coming home soon, and you might show him how to make soup."

"No, thank you," replied the rabbit. "I'm afraid that young and strong grandson of yours would want to eat me instead of the soup, I guess I'll travel on." So the old gentleman rabbit took his crutch and valise and traveled on.

Well, pretty soon, it began to get dark, and Uncle Wiggily knew night was coming on. And he wondered where he could stay, for he didn't see any haystacks to sleep under. He was thinking that he'd have to dig a burrow in the ground for himself, and he was looking for a soft place to begin, when, all at once, he heard a loud "Honk-Honk!" back of him in the road.

"Ha, an automobile is coming!" said Uncle Wiggily. "I must get out of the way!" So he hopped on ahead, going down the road quite fast, until he got to a place where there were prickly briar bushes on both sides of the highway.

"My! I'll have to keep in the middle of the road if I don't want to get scratched," said the rabbit. And then the automobile horn behind him honked louder than ever.

"They are certainly coming along fast," thought Uncle Wiggily. "If I don't look out I'll be run over." So he hopped along quicker than before, until, all of a sudden, as he looked down the road, he saw a savage dog standing there.

"Well, now! Isn't that just my bad luck!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "If I go on the dog will catch me, and if I stand here the auto will run on top of me. I just guess I'll run back and see if there is a hole where I can crawl through the bushes."

So he started to run back, but, no sooner had he done so, than the dog saw him, and came rushing at him with a loud, "Bow-wow-wow! Bow-wow-wow!"

"My, but he's savage!" thought the rabbit. "I wonder if I can get away in time?"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

And then the auto honked louder than before, and all of a sudden it came whizzing down the road, right toward the rabbit.

"Oh, dear; I'm going to be caught, sure!" cried Uncle Wiggily, and indeed it did look so, for there was the dog running from one direction, and the auto coming in the other, and prickly briar bushes were on both sides of the road, and Uncle Wiggily couldn't crawl through them without pulling all the fur off his back, and his ears, too.

"Honk-Honk!" went the auto.

"Bow-wow!" went the dog.

"Oh, dear!" cried Uncle Wiggily. Then he thought of a plan. "I'll give a big run and a long jump and maybe I can jump over the auto, and then the auto will bump into the dog, and I will be safe!" he cried.

So he took a long run, and just as the auto was going to hit him, Uncle Wiggily gave a big jump, right up into the air. He didn't jump quite quickly enough, however, for one of the big rubber tires ran over his toe, but he wasn't much hurt. And what do you think he did? Why, he landed right in the auto, on the seat beside a little boy.

And that dog was so frightened of the automobile that he howled and yowled, and his teeth chattered, and he tucked his tail between his legs, and ran home.

"Oh, the bunny! The bunny!" cried the little boy, as he saw Uncle Wiggily. "May we keep him, papa?"

"I guess so," said the boy's papa. "Anyhow his foot is hurt, and we'll take care of him until it gets well. My, but he is a good jumper, though!"

So the man stopped the auto, and picked up Uncle Wiggily's crutch and valise, which the old gentleman rabbit had dropped when he jumped upon the seat beside the boy, and then the car went on. And Uncle Wiggily wasn't a bit frightened at being in an auto, for he knew the boy and man would be kind to him.

"Perhaps I shall find my fortune now," the rabbit gentleman said. And the little boy patted him on the back, and stroked his long ears.

Now, in the story after this I'll tell you what happened to Uncle Wiggily at the little boy's house, and in case our door key doesn't get locked out, and have to sleep in the park, you are going to hear about Uncle Wiggily in a boat.

Chapter 14: Uncle Wiggily in a Boat

Poor rabbit!" exclaimed the little boy in the automobile, as he rubbed Uncle Wiggily's ears. "I wonder if his foot is much hurt, papa?"

"I don't know," answered the man, as he steered the machine down the road. "I'll have the doctor look at it."

"Oh, indeed, it isn't hurt much," spoke up Uncle Wiggily. "The rubber tire was soft, you see. But my rheumatism is much worse on account of running so fast."

"What's this? Well, of all things! This rabbit can talk!" cried the man in surprise.

"Of course he can, papa," said the boy. "Lots of rabbits can talk. Why, there's Sammie and Susie Littletail; they can talk, and maybe this rabbit knows them."

"I'm their uncle," said the old gentleman rabbit, making a bow.

"Oh, then, you must be Uncle Wiggily Longears!" cried the little boy. "Oh, I've always wanted to see you, and now I can!"

"Well, it is very strange to meet you this way," said the man. "Still, I am glad you are not hurt, Uncle Wiggily. And so you are out seeking your fortune," for the rabbit had told them about his travels. "Perhaps you would like to rest at our house for a few days. We can give you a nice room, with a brass bed, and a bathtub to yourself, and you can have your meals in bed, if you can't come downstairs."

"Oh, I am not used to that kind of a life," said the old gentleman rabbit. "I would rather live out of doors. If you can get me some clean straw to lie on, and once in a while a carrot or a turnip, and a bit of lettuce and some cabbage leaves now and then, I'll be all right. And as soon as my foot is well I'll travel on."

"Oh, what good times we'll have!" cried the little boy. "Our house is near a lake, and I have a motorboat. And I'll give you a ride in it."

Well, Uncle Wiggily thought that would be nice, and he was rather glad, after all, that he had jumped into the auto. So pretty soon they came to the place where the boy lived. Oh, it was a fine, large house, with lots of grounds, lawns and gardens all around it. And there were several dogs on the place, but the little boy spoke to them all, telling them that the rabbit was his friend Uncle Wiggily, who must not be bitten or barked at on any account.

"Oh, we heard about him from Fido Flip-Flop," said big dog Rover. "We wouldn't hurt Uncle Wiggily for two worlds, and part of another one, and a bag of peanuts."

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

So Uncle Wiggily was given a nice bed of straw in one of the empty dog-houses, and the boy got him some cabbage and lettuce, and the rabbit made himself a sandwich of them, with some bread and butter which he had in his satchel.

Then the rabbit and the dogs talked together, and the rabbit told of his travels, and what had happened to him so far.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" exclaimed the old dog Rover. "You should write a book about your fortune."

"I haven't found it yet, but perhaps I may, and then I'll write the book," said Uncle Wiggily, combing out his whiskers.

That night the boy put a soft rag and some salve on the rabbit's sore foot, and he also gave him some liniment for his rheumatism, and in the morning Uncle Wiggily was much better. He and the boy and the dogs had lots of fun playing together on the smooth, green, grassy lawn. They played tag, and hide-and-go-seek, and a new game called "Don't Let the Ragman Take Your Rubber Boots." And the dog Rover pretended he was the ragman.

"Now, then, we'll all go out in my motorboat," said the boy, so he and Uncle Wiggily and the dogs went down to the lake and, surely enough, there was the boat, the nicest one you could wish for. There was a little cabin in it, and seats out on deck, and a little engine that went "choo-choo!" and pushed the boat through the water.

In the boat they all had a fine ride around the lake, which was almost like the one where you go to a Sunday-school picnic, and then it was time for dinner. And, as a special treat, when they got on shore, Uncle Wiggily was given carrot ice cream, with chopped-up turnips in it. And oh, how good it was to him!

Well, the days passed, and Uncle Wiggily was getting so he could walk along pretty well, for his foot was all cured, and he began to think of going on once more to seek his fortune. And then something happened. One day the boy went out alone in a rowboat to see if he could find any fish. And before he knew it his boat had tipped over, spilling him out into the water, and he couldn't swim. Wasn't that dreadful?

"Oh! Help! Help!" he cried, as the water came up to his chin.

My, but it's awful to be tipped over in a boat! and I hope if you can't swim you'll never go out in one alone. And there was that poor boy splashing around in the water, and almost drowned.

"Save me! Save me!" the boy cried. "Oh, save me!"

Well, as it happened, Uncle Wiggily was walking along the shore of the lake just then. He saw

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

the little boy fall out of the boat, and he heard him cry.

"I'll save you if I can!" exclaimed the brave old rabbit. "Come on, Rover, we'll go out in the motorboat and rescue him."

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Sure! Sure!" cried Cover, wagging his tail.

So he and Uncle Wiggily ran down, and jumped into the motorboat. And they knew just how to start the engine and run it, for the boy had showed them.

"Bang-bang!" went the engine. "Whizz-whizz!" went the boat through the water.

"Faster! Faster!" cried Uncle Wiggily, who was steering the boat, while Rover ran the engine. "Go faster!"

So Rover made it go as fast as he could, and then all of a sudden that boy went down under the water, out of sight.

"Oh, he's drowned!" cried Uncle Wiggily sorrowfully.

But he wasn't, I'm glad to say. Just then came Nurse Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy, the muskrat, swimming. And she dived away down under and helped bring that boy up to the top of the water, and then Uncle Wiggily and Rover grabbed him as the muskrat lifted him up, and they pulled him into the motorboat, and so saved his life. And oh! how thankful he was when he was safe on shore, and he was careful never to fall in the water again.

Now, in case the clothes wringer doesn't squeeze all the juice out of my breakfast orange, I'll tell you in the next story about Uncle Wiggily making a cherry pie.

Chapter 15: Uncle Wiggily Makes a Pie

Do you remember the little boy whom Uncle Wiggily helped save after he fell out of the boat? Well, that boy's papa was so glad because Uncle Wiggily had helped save the little chap from drowning that he couldn't do enough for the old gentleman rabbit.

"You can stay here forever, and have carrot ice cream every day if you like," the man said.

"Oh, thank you very much, but I think I'll travel on," replied Uncle Wiggily. "I have still to seek my fortune."

"Why, I will give you a fortune!" said the boy's papa. "I will give you a thousand million dollars,

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

and a penny besides."

"That would be a fine fortune," spoke the rabbit, "but I would much rather find my own. It is no fun when you get a thing given to you. It is better to earn it yourself, and then you think more of it."

"Yes, that is so," said the man. "Well, we will be sorry to see you go."

Uncle Wiggily started off the next day, once more to seek his fortune, and the little boy felt so sad at seeing him go that he cried, and put his arms around the old gentleman rabbit, and kissed him between the ears. And Uncle Wiggily felt badly, too.

Well, the old gentleman rabbit traveled on and on for several days after that, sleeping under hay stacks part of the time, or in empty hollow stumps, and sometimes he dug a burrow for himself in the soft ground.

And one afternoon, just as the sun was getting ready to go to bed for the night, Uncle Wiggily came to an open place in the woods where there was a cave, made of a lot of little stones piled up together.

"My! I wonder who lives there?" thought the rabbit. "It is too small for a giant to live in, but there may be a bad bear or a savage fox in there. I guess I'd better get away from here."

Well, Uncle Wiggily was just going, when, all at once, a voice cried out, "Here, hold on there!"

The rabbit looked back, and he saw a great big porcupine, or hedgehog-you know, those animals like a big gray rabbit, only their fur is the stickery-prickery kind, like needles, and the quills come out and stick in anybody who bites a hedgehog. So I hope none of you ever bite one. And they won't bite you if you don't bother them.

So as soon as Uncle Wiggily saw that it was Mr. Hedgehog who was speaking he wasn't a bit afraid, for he knew him.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" asked the rabbit. "I'm real glad to see you. I was going to travel on, but--"

"Don't say another word!" cried the hedgehog heartily. "You can stay in my cave all night. I have two beds, and it's a good thing I have, for if you slept with me you might get full of my stickery-stickers."

"Yes, I guess I had better sleep alone," said Uncle Wiggily, with a laugh. "But it seems to me, Mr. Hedgehog, that you are not looking well."

"I'm not," answered the porcupine, as he shivered so that several of his quills fell out on the

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

grass. "I'm suffering for some cherry pie. Oh, cherry pie! If I only had some I know I'd feel better at once. I just love it!"

"Why don't you make some yourself?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"I have tried," replied the hedgehog. "I've tried and tried again, but, somehow, it never comes out right. Here, I'll show you. I made a cherry pie just before I looked out of the door and saw you. I'll show it to you."

He went into his little stone house, and Uncle Wiggily went with him.

"There's the pie-it's no good!" cried the porcupine, as he pointed to something on the table. Well, as soon as Uncle Wiggily saw it he laughed so hard that his ears waved back and forth.

"What's the matter? I don't see anything funny," asked Mr. Hedgehog, shivering so that more quills fell out.

"Why, you've gone and put the cherry pits into the pie instead of the cherries," said the rabbit. "That's no way to do. You must take out the stones from inside the cherries and put the outside part of them inside the pie, and throw the inside or stony part of the cherries away."

"Oh, good land!" cried the hedgehog, "no wonder I couldn't eat the pie. You see, I thought cherries were like peanuts. For you know you throw away the outside part of the peanut, and eat the inside."

"Yes, and cherries are just the opposite," said the rabbit, laughing again. "And you eat the outside of a cherry and throw away the pit or stone that is inside. Now, I'll make you a cherry pie."

"I wish you would," said the porcupine. "I'll go get the cherries."

So he went out into the orchard, and he shot his sharp stickery quills, like little arrows at the cherries on the tree, and they fell down, so he could pick them up in a basket. I mean the cherries fell down, though of course the quills did also though the hedgehog didn't pick them up.

And while he was doing that Uncle Wiggily was making the pie crust. He took flour and lard and water, and mixed them together, and then he put in other things-Oh, well, you just ask your mamma or the cook what they were, for I might get it wrong-and soon the pie crust was ready. Then Uncle Wiggily built a hot fire in the stove, and he waited for Mr. Hedgehog to come in with the cherries.

And pretty soon the porcupine came back with his basket full, and he and Uncle Wiggily shelled the peanuts-I mean the cherries-taking out the pits.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Now I'll put them in the pie, and put sugar on them, bake it in the oven, and soon it will be done, and we can eat it," said the rabbit.

"Oh, joy!" cried the hedgehog. "That will be fine!"

So Uncle Wiggily put the cherries in the pie, and threw the pits away, and he put the pie in the oven, and then he and Mr. Hedgehog sat down to wait for it to bake. And oh, how delicious and scrumptious it did smell! if you will excuse me for saying so.

Well, in a little while, the pie was baked, and Uncle Wiggily took it from the oven.

"I can hardly wait to eat it!" cried the hedgehog, and just then there came a terribly loud knock on the door.

"Oh, maybe it's that bad fox come for some of my pie!" exclaimed the hedgehog. "If it is, I'll stick him full of stickery-stickers." But when he went to the door there stood old Percival, the circus dog, and he was crying as hard as he could cry.

"Come in," invited Uncle Wiggily. "Come in, and have some cherry pie, and you'll feel better." So Percival came in, and they all three sat down, and ate the cherry pie all up, and sure enough Percival did feel better, and stopped crying.

Then the circus dog and Uncle Wiggily stayed all night with Mr. Hedgehog, and they had more cherry pie next day, and it was very fine and sweet.

Now, if our cook makes some nice watermelon sandwiches, with maple syrup on them, for supper, I'll tell you in the next story about Uncle Wiggily and old dog Percival, and why Percival cried.

Chapter 16: Uncle Wiggily and Percival

Now I'm going to tell you, before I forget it, why old dog Percival was crying that time when he came to the little stone house where the hedgehog lived, and where Uncle Wiggily gave him some cherry pie. And the reason Percival was crying, was because he had stepped on a sharp stone, and hurt his foot.

"But I don't in the least mind now," said Percival, after he had eaten about sixty-'leven pieces of the pie. "My foot is all better."

"I should think that cherry pie would make almost any one better," said the hedgehog, laughing with joy, for he felt better, too. "I know some bad boys to whom I'm going to give some cherry

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

pie, and I hope it makes them better. And to think I threw away the good part of the cherries and cooked the stones in the pie. Oh, excuse me while I laugh again!"

And the hedgehog laughed so hard that he spilled some of the red cherry pie juice on his shirt front, but he didn't care, for he had another shirt.

Well, Uncle Wiggily and Percival, the old circus dog, stayed for some days at the home of the hedgehog, and they had cherry pie, or fritters with maple syrup, at almost every meal. Then, finally, Uncle Wiggily said:

"Well, I guess I must travel on. I can't find my fortune here. I must start off tomorrow."



"And I'll go with you," spoke Percival. "We'll go together, and see what we can find."

Well, he and Uncle Wiggily went on together for some time, and nothing happened, except that they met a poor pussy cat without any tail, and Uncle Wiggily gave her some of the pie. And the next day they met a cat and seven little kittens, and they all had tails, so they had to have some pie, too.

But one night, after Percival and Uncle Wiggily had been traveling all day, they came to a deep, dark, dismal woods.

"Oh, have we got to go through that forest?" asked the old gentleman rabbit, wrinkling up his ears-I mean his nose.

"I guess we have," replied the circus dog. "We may find our fortunes in there."

"It is a pretty dark spot to look for money, or fortunes," said the rabbit. "The best thing we can do is to look for a place to sleep, and in the morning we will hurry out of the woods."

Well, the two animal friends started into the grove of trees, and they hadn't gone very far before it got so dark that they couldn't see to go any farther. Oh, but it was black and lonesome and sort of scary-like! and Uncle Wiggily said, "Let's stay here, Percival. We'll make a little bed under the trees to sleep in, and we'll build a fire to keep us warm, and cook a little supper."

So Percival thought that would be nice, and soon he and the rabbit had a cheerful little blazing fire, and then it wasn't quite so lonely. Only there was a big owl in a tree, and he kept hollering "Who? Who? Who?" and Percival thought it meant him, and Uncle Wiggily thought it meant him, and they were rather frightened, so they didn't either of them answer the owl, who kept on calling "Who? Who? Who?"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

They were just cooking their supper, and cutting up the cherry pie, and putting it on some oak leaves for plates, and they had picked out a nice smooth stump for a table, when, all of a sudden, they heard a voice saying:

"Now you make a jump and grab the rabbit and I'll take the dog. Then we can carry them off to our dens, and that will be the last of them. Get ready now!"

"Did you hear that?" asked Uncle Wiggily of the circus dog.

"Indeed I did," replied Percival. "I wonder if it can be those owls?"

"It doesn't sound like them," said Uncle Wiggily. "I think it is a bad fox, or maybe two of them."

And just then they looked off through the woods, and by the light of the fire they saw two big, savage, ugly wolves. Oh, how their sharp teeth gleamed in the dancing flames, and how red their tongues were!

"Come on! Grab 'em both!" cried one savage wolf. "Grab the rabbit and the dog!"

"Sure! I'm with you!" growled the other savage wolf.

"Oh, what shall we do, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Percival. "They'll eat us up!"

"Let me think a minute," said the rabbit. So he thought for maybe half a minute, and then exclaimed: "Oh! I know a good thing to do."

"What?" asked Percival. "Say it quickly, Uncle Wiggily, for those wolves are creeping up on us, and it's so dark we can't see to run away."

And surely enough, those wolves were sneaking up, with their red tongues hanging out longer than ever, for all the world just as if they had eaten cherry pie.

"We must do some funny tricks!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "You know how, Percival, for you were once in a circus, and I learned some when I was with the monkey, and with Fido Flip-Flop. Do some tricks, and maybe these wolves will feel so good-natured that they won't bite us."

So brave Uncle Wiggily stood up on one ear and waved his feet in the air. Then he stood on his nose and turned a somersault. Next he went around and around as fast as a pinwheel, and he whistled a funny tune about a little rubber ball that flew into the air, and when it landed on the ground it would not stay down there.

But I wish you could have seen the tricks Percival did. He jumped through between Uncle Wiggily's long ears, and he walked on his hind legs, and on his front ones. Then he stood on his

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

head, and he made believe he was begging for something to eat, and Uncle Wiggily fed him a carrot, and a piece of pie. Then he put a piece of bread on his nose, tossed it up into the air-tossed the bread, I mean, not his nose-and when it came down he caught it and ate it. Oh, it was great!

Well, those wolves were too surprised for anything. They had never seen tricks like those. First they smiled a bit. Then they smiled some more. Then one laughed, then the other laughed, and finally, when Uncle Wiggily and Percival took turns jumping over each other's backs, the wolves thought it so funny that they had to lie down on the leaves and roll over and over because they were laughing so hard.

And, of course, after that they didn't feel like hurting Uncle Wiggily or Percival. And just then the big alligator came along and chased the wolves away, so the rabbit and dog had no one to bother them except the alligator, and, as he had just had his supper, he wasn't hungry, so he didn't eat them.

So Uncle Wiggily and Percival went to sleep, and so must you, and if the vegetable man brings me a pumpkin Jack o' Lantern, with a pink ribbon on the end of the stem, I'll tell you in the next story about Uncle Wiggily in a well.

Chapter 17: Uncle Wiggily in a Well

Well, I didn't get the pumpkin Jack o' Lantern with the pink ribbon on, but someone mailed me an ice cream cone, so it's just as well. That is, I suppose it was an ice cream cone when it started on its journey, but when I got it there was only the cone part left. Maybe the postman took out the ice cream, with which to stick a stamp on the letter.

But there, I must tell you what happened to Uncle Wiggily after he and Percival did those tricks, and made the wolves laugh so hard. The rabbit and the circus dog stayed in the woods all that night, and nothing bothered them.

"Now, Percival, you make the coffee, and I'll spread the bread and butter for breakfast," said Uncle Wiggily the next morning.

"Where are you going to get the bread and butter?" asked the dog.

"Oh, I have it in my satchel," spoke the old rabbit, and, surely enough, he did have several large, fine slices. So he and Percival ate their breakfast, and then they started off again.

They hadn't gone very far before they met a grasshopper, who was limping along on top of a fence rail, and looking quite sad-I mean the grasshopper was looking sad, not the fence rail.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"What is the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggily, kindly. "Are you sad and lonesome because you can't have some cherry pie, or some bread and butter; or because you can't see any funny tricks? If you are, don't worry, Mr. Grasshopper, for Percival and I can give you something to eat, and also do some tricks to make you laugh."

"No, I am not sad about any of those things," replied the grasshopper, "but you see I gave a big jump over a large stone a little while ago, and I sprained my left hind leg. Now I can't jump anymore, and here it is Summer, and, of course, we grasshoppers have to hop, or we don't make any money."

"Oh, don't let a little thing like that worry you," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "I have some very nice salve, that a gentleman and his boy gave me when their automobile ran over me, and it cured my sore toe, so I think it will cure your left hind leg."

Then he put some salve on the grasshopper's leg, and in a little while it was much better.

"Now we must travel on again, to seek our fortune," said Uncle Wiggily. "Come, Percival."

"I will just do one little trick, to make the grasshopper feel better before we leave," said the circus dog, so he stood up on the end of his tail, and went around and around, and winked first one eye and then the other, it was too funny for anything, really it was.

Well, the alligator laughed at that-oh there I go again-I mean the grasshopper laughed, and then Uncle Wiggily and Percival went off together, very glad indeed that they had had a chance to do a kindness, even to a grasshopper.

Pretty soon they came to a place where there were two roads branching off, one to the right hand and the other to the left, like the letter "Y."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Percival, "you go to the right, Uncle Wiggily, and I'll go to the left, and, later on, we'll meet by the mill pond, and perhaps each of us may have found his fortune by that time."

"Good!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "We'll do it!"

So he went off one way, and the circus dog took the other path through the woods, and now I must tell you what happened to the old gentleman rabbit.

Uncle Wiggily went along for some time, and just as he got to a place where there was a large stone, all of a sudden out popped a big fat toad. And it wasn't a nice toad, either, but a bad toad.

"Hello, Uncle Wiggily," said the squatty-watty toad. "I haven't seen you in some time. I guess you must be getting pretty old. You can't jump as good as you once could, can you?"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Of course, I can," exclaimed the rabbit, a bit pettish-like, for he didn't care to have even a toad think he couldn't jump as well as ever he could.

"I'd like to see you," went on the toad. "See if you jump from here over on that pile of leaves," and he pointed to them with his warty toes.

"I'll do it," exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. So he laid aside his crutch and his valise, gave a little run and a big jump, and then he came down kerthump on the pile of leaves.

But wait. Oh! I have something sad to tell you. That toad was only playing a trick on the rabbit, and those leaves were right over a big, deep, dark well. And as soon as Uncle Wiggily landed on the leaves he fell through, for there were no boards under them to cover up the well, and down, down, down he went, and if there had been water in the well he would have been drowned. But the well was dry, I'm glad to say. Still Uncle Wiggily had a great fall-almost like the tumble of Humpty-Dumpty.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the mean, squatty-squirmy toad. "Now you are in the well, and I'm going off, and tell the wolves, so they can come and get you out, and eat you. Ah, ha!" Oh! but wasn't that toad a most unpleasant one? You see, he used to work for the wolves, doing all sorts of mean things for them, and trapping all the animals he could for them.

So off the toad hopped, to call the wolves to come and get Uncle Wiggily, and the poor rabbit was left alone at the bottom of the well. He tried his best to get up, but he couldn't.

"I guess I'll have to stay here until the wolves come," he thought, sadly. "But I'll call for help, and see what happens." So he called: "Help! Help! Help!" as loudly as he could.

And all of a sudden a voice answered and asked, "Where are you?"

"In the well," shouted Uncle Wiggily, and he was afraid it was the wolves coming to eat him. But it wasn't, it was the limpy grasshopper, and he tried to pull Uncle Wiggily out of the well, but, of course, he wasn't strong enough.

"But I'll get Percival, the circus dog, and he'll pull you out before the wolves come," said the grasshopper. "Now I have a chance to do you a kindness for the one you did me." So he hopped off, as his leg was nearly all better, and he found Percival on the left road and told him what had happened.

And, my! how that circus dog did rush back to help Uncle Wiggily. And he got him out of the well in no time, by lowering a long rope to him, and pulling the rabbit gentleman up, and then the rabbit and dog ran away, before the toad could come back with the savage wolves, who didn't get any supper out of the well, after all, and it served them right.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

So that's all of this story, but I have some more, about the adventures of Uncle Wiggily, and next, in case the load of hay doesn't fall on my puppy-dog, and break off his curly tail, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and Jennie Chipmunk.

Chapter 18: Uncle Wiggily and Jennie Chipmunk

After Uncle Wiggily had been pulled out of the well by Percival, the old circus dog, and they had run far enough off so that the wolves couldn't get them, the rabbit and the grasshopper and Percival sat down on the ground to rest. For you see Uncle Wiggily was tired from having fallen down the well, and the grasshopper was tired from having run so fast to call back Percival, and of course Percival was tired from having pulled up the old gentleman rabbit. So they were all pretty well tired out.

"I'm sure I can't thank you enough for what you did for me," said Uncle Wiggily to Percival, and the grasshopper. "And as a little treat I'm going to give you some cherry pie that I made for the hedgehog."

So they ate some cherry pie, and then they felt better. And they were just going to travel on together again, when, all at once, there was a rustling in the bushes, and out flew Dickie Chip-Chip, the sparrow boy.

"Oh, my" cried Uncle Wiggily, wrinkling up his nose. "At first I thought you were a savage owl."

"Oh, no, I'm not an owl," said Dickie. "But I'm in a great hurry, and perhaps I made a noise like an owl. Percival, you must come back home to the Bow Wow house right away."

"Why?" asked Percival, sticking up his two ears so that he could hear better.

"Because Peetie Bow Wow is very ill with the German measles, and he wants to see you do some of your funny circus tricks," spoke Dickie. "He thinks that will make him better."

"Ha! I've no doubt that it will!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "If I were not traveling about, seeking my fortune, I'd go back with you, Percival. I love Peetie Bow Wow, and Jackie, too."

"Oh, I'll go," said the grasshopper. "I will play Peetie a funny fiddle tune, on my left hind leg, and that may make him laugh."

"And Nellie and I will sail through the air, and go off to find some pretty flowers for him," said Dickie.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

So the sparrow boy, the grasshopper and old Percival, the circus dog, started off together to see poor sick Peetie Bow Wow, leaving Uncle Wiggily there on the grass.

"Give my love to Peetie!" called the old gentleman rabbit after them, "and tell him that I'll come and see him as soon as I find my fortune."

Uncle Wiggily felt a little bit sad and lonely when his friends were gone, but he ate another piece of cherry pie, taking care to get none of the juice, on his blue necktie, and then he was a little happier.

"Now to start off once more," he said. "I wonder what will happen next? But I know one thing, I'm never going to do any jumping for any squatty old toads anymore."

So Uncle Wiggily traveled on and on, and when it came night he didn't have any place to sleep. But as it happened he met a kind old water snake, who had a nice house in an old pile of wood, and there the rabbit stayed until morning, when the water snake got him a nice breakfast of pond lilies, with crinkly eel-grass sauce on.

Pretty soon it was nearly noon that day, and Uncle Wiggily was about to sit down on a nice green mossy bank in the woods-not a toy bank with money in it, you understand, but a dirt-bank, with moss on it like a carpet. That's where he was going to sit.

"I think I'll eat my dinner," said the old gentleman rabbit as he opened his valise, and just then he heard a voice in the woods singing. And this was the song:

"Oh dear! I'm lost, I know I am,
I don't know what to do.
I had a big red ribbon, and
I had one colored blue.

But now I haven't got a one
Because a savage bear
Took both of them, and tied a string
Around my curly hair.

I wish I had a penny bright,
To buy a trolley car.
I'd ride home then, because, you see,
To walk it is too far."

"I guess that's someone in trouble, all right," said Uncle Wiggily, as he cautiously peeped through the bushes. "Though, perhaps, it is a little wolf boy, or a fox." But when he looked, whom should he see but little Jennie Chipmunk, and she was crying as hard as she could cry, so

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

she couldn't sing anymore.

"Why, Jennie, what is the matter?" kindly asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Oh, I came out in the woods to gather acorns in a little basket for supper," she said, "and I guess I must have come too far. The first thing I knew a big bear jumped out of the bushes at me, and he took off both my nice, new hair ribbons and put on this old string."

And, sure enough, there was only just an old black shoestring on Jennie's nice hair.

"Where is that bear?" asked Uncle Wiggily, quite savage like. "Just tell me where he is, and I'll make him give you back those ribbons, and then I'll show you the way home."

"Oh, the bear ran off after he scared me," said the little chipmunk girl. "Please don't look for him, Uncle Wiggily, or he might eat you all up."

"Pooh!" exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit. "I'm not afraid of a bear. I have traveled around a great deal of late, and I have had many adventures. It takes more than a bear to scare me!"

"Oh, it does; does it?" suddenly cried a growly-sowly voice, and, would you believe me? right out from the bushes jumped that savage bear! And he had Jennie's blue ribbon tied on his left ear, and the red one tied on his right ear, and he looked too queer for anything. "I can't scare you; eh?" he cried to the rabbit. "Well, I'm just going to eat you, and that chipmunk girl all up, and maybe that will scare you!"

So he made a jump for Uncle Wiggily, but do you s'pose the rabbit gentleman was afraid? Not a bit of it. He knew what he was going to do.

"Quick, Jennie!" called Uncle Wiggily. "Get in front of me. I'll fix this bear all right." So Jennie got in front, and the rabbit turned his back on the bear, and, then Uncle Wiggily began scratching in the dirt with his sharp claws. My! how he did make the dirt fly. It was just like a regular rain-shower of sand and gravel.

And the dirt flew all over that bear; in his eyes and nose and mouth and ears, it went, and he sneezed, and he couldn't see out of his eyes, and he fairly howled. And by that time Uncle Wiggily had dug a big hole in the ground with his feet, and he and Jennie hid there until the bear ran off to get some water to wash the dirt off his face, and then the rabbit and the chipmunk girl came out safely.

Then Uncle Wiggily gave Jennie some pennies to buy two new hair ribbons, and he showed her the way home with her basket of acorns, and he himself went on with his travels. And he had another adventure the next day. Now in case a cowboy doesn't come along, and take my little pussy cat off to the wild west show I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the paper lantern.

Chapter 19: Uncle Wiggily and the Lantern

After Uncle Wiggily had taken Jennie Chipmunk home, so that the bear couldn't get her, as I told you about in the story before this one, the old gentleman rabbit walked on over the fields and through the woods, seeking his fortune. He looked everywhere for it; down in hollow stumps, behind big stones, and even in an old well, but you may be sure he didn't jump down anymore wells. No, I guess not!

"Ha! Here is a little brook!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, after a while, as he came to a small stream of water flowing over green, mossy stones, with a nice gurgling sound like an ice cream soda, "perhaps I may find my fortune here."

But he looked and he looked in the water without seeing anything but a goldfish.

"I might sell the goldfish for money," thought the fortune-hunting rabbit, "but it wouldn't be kind to take him out of the brook, so I won't. I'll look a little farther, on the other side."

Then, taking up his crutch and his valise, Uncle Wiggily gave a big jump, and leaped safely across the water. Then, once more, he traveled on. Pretty soon he came to a place where there was a tree, and on one branch of this tree there hung a funny round ball, that looked as if it was made of gray-colored paper. And there was a funny buzzing sound coming from it.

"Ha! Do you see that?" asked a big, fat hop-toad, as he suddenly bobbed up out of the grass. It was the same toad who had made the rabbit jump down in the leaf-covered well. "Do you see that?" asked the toad. "Well, if you want to find your fortune, take a stick and hit that ball."

"Indeed I will not!" cried the old gentleman rabbit. "I know you and your tricks! That is a hornets' nest, and if I struck it they would fly out, and sting me. Oh, no! You can't catch me again. Now you go away, or I'll tell a policeman dog to arrest you."

So the toad knew it was of no use to try to fool Uncle Wiggily again, and he hopped away, scratching his warty back on a sharp stone.

Well, the old gentleman rabbit traveled on and on, and when it came night he wondered where he was going to stay, for he hadn't yet found his fortune and the weather looked as if it was going to rain. Then, all of a sudden, he heard voices calling like this:

"Come on, Nannie, you've got to blind your eyes now, and I'll go hide."

"All right, Billie," was the answer. "And after that we'll get Uncle Butter to tell us a story."

"I guess I know who those children are," thought Uncle Wiggily, though he had not yet seen them. "That's Billie and Nannie Goat talking," and surely enough it was, and, most unexpectedly the rabbit had come right up to the house where they lived, on the edge of the woods.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Well, you can just imagine how glad Billie and Nannie were to see Uncle Wiggily.

They danced all around him, and held him by the paws, and kissed him between his long ears, and Billie carried his satchel for him.

"Oh, we're so glad you are here!" they cried. "Mamma! Papa! Uncle Butter! Here is Uncle Wiggily!"

Well, the whole goat family was glad to see the rabbit-traveler, and after supper he told them of his adventures, and how he was out seeking his fortune.

And Billie and Nannie told what they had been doing, and Nannie showed how she could cut things out of paper, like the children do in the kindergarten class in school. She could make little houses, with smoke coming out of the chimney, and paper lanterns, and boxes, and, oh! ever so many things. The lanterns she made were especially fine, just like Chinese ones.

Then it came time to go to bed, and in the night a very strange thing happened, and I'm going to tell you all about it.

Along about 12 o'clock, when all was still and quiet, and when the little mice were beginning to think it was time for them to creep, creep out of their holes, and hunt for bread and cheese; about this time there sounded a queer noise down at the front door of the goat-house.

"Ha! What is that?" asked Mrs. Goat.

"I guess it was the cats," said Mr. Goat, getting ready to go to sleep again.

"No, I'm sure it was a burglar-fox!" said the lady goat. "Please get up and look."

Well, of course, Mr. Goat had to do so, after his wife asked him like that. So he poked his head out of the upstairs window, over the front door, and he called out, "Who is down there?"

"I'm a burglar-fox!" was the answer. "I'm coming to rob you."

"Oh, my!" cried Mrs. Goat, when she heard that. "Get a gun, and shoot him, Mr. Goat."

And at that Billie and Nannie began to cry, for they were afraid of burglars, and Uncle Butter got up, and began looking for a whistle, with which to call a policeman dog, but he couldn't find it.

Then the burglar-fox started in breaking down the door, so that he could get in, and still Mr. Goat couldn't find his gun.

"Oh, we'll all be killed!" cried Mrs. Goat. "Oh, if someone would only help us!"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Ha! I will help you!" cried Uncle Wiggily jumping out of bed. "I'll scare that fox so that he'll run away."

"But I can't find my gun," said Mr. Goat.

"No matter," answered the brave rabbit. "I can scare him with a paper lantern such as Nannie can make. Quick, Nannie, make me a big paper lantern."

Well, the little goat girl stopped crying then, and she got her paper, and her scissors, and the paste pot, and she began to make a paper lantern, as big as a water pail. Uncle Wiggily and Billie helped her. And all the while the burglar-fox was banging on the door, and crying out, "Let me in! Let me in!"

"Quick! is the lantern ready?" Asked Uncle Wiggily, jumping around in a circle like "Ring Around the Rosie."

"Here it is," said Nannie. So the rabbit gentleman took it, all nicely made as it was, and inside of it he put a hot, blazing candle. And the lantern was so big that the candle didn't burn the sides of the paper.

Then Uncle Wiggily tied the lantern to a string, and he lowered it right down out of the window; down in front of the burglar-fox, and the hot candle in the lantern burned the fox's nose, and he thought it was a policeman climbing down out of a tree to catch him, and before you could count forty-seven the bad burglar-fox ran away, and so he didn't rob the goats after all. And, oh! how thankful Nannie and Billie and their papa and mamma were to Uncle Wiggily.

Now, in case the little boy next door doesn't take our clothes line, to make a swing for his puppy dog, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the paper house in the following story.

Chapter 20: Uncle Wiggily and the Paper House

Bright and early next morning Uncle Wiggily got up, and he took a careful look around to see if there were any signs of the burglar-fox, about whom I told you in another story.

"I guess he's far enough off by this time," said Billie Goat, as he polished his horns with a green leaf.

"Yes, indeed," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "It is a good thing that Nannie knew how to make a paper lantern."

"Oh, I can make lots of things out of paper," said the little goat girl. "Our teacher in school shows

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

us how. Why I can even make a paper house."

"Can you, indeed?" asked the old gentleman rabbit, as he washed his paws and face for breakfast. "Now I should dearly like to know how to make a paper house."

"Why?" asked Billie Goat, curious like.

"So that when I am traveling about, looking for my fortune, and night comes on, and I have no place to stay, then I could make me a paper house, and be all nice and dry in case it rained," replied the rabbit.

"Oh, but the water would soon soak through the paper," said Billie. "I know, for once I made a paper boat, and sailed it on the pond, and soon it was soaked through, and sank away down."

"Oh, but if I use that funny, greasy paper which comes inside cracker boxes-the kind with wax on it-that wouldn't wet through," spoke the rabbit as he went inside the goat-house with the children, for Mrs. Goat had called them in to breakfast.

"That would be just fine!" exclaimed Nannie, as she passed some apple sauce and oatmeal to Uncle Wiggily. "After breakfast I'll show you how to make a paper house."

Well, surely enough, as soon as breakfast was over, and before she and Billie had gone to school, Nannie showed the old gentleman rabbit how to make a paper house. You take some paper and some scissors, and you cut out the sides of the house and the roof, and you make windows and doors in these sides, and then you make a chimney, and you fasten them all together, with paste or glue, and, there you are. Isn't it easy?

And if you only make the paper house large enough, you can get inside of it and have a play party, and perhaps you can make paper dishes and knives and forks; but listen! If you make paper things to eat, like cake or cookies or anything like that, please only make-believe to eat them, for they are bad for the digestion if you really chew them.

"Well, I think I'll travel along now, and once more seek my fortune," said Uncle Wiggily, when Billie and Nannie were ready to go to school. So Mrs. Goat packed up for the rabbit a nice lunch in his valise, and Nannie gave him some waxed paper, that the rain wouldn't melt, and Billie gave his uncle a pair of scissors, and off Mr. Longears started.

Well, he traveled on and on, over the fields and through the woods, and across little brooks, and pretty soon it was coming on dark night, and the rabbit gentleman hadn't found his fortune.

"Now I wonder where I can stay tonight?" thought Uncle Wiggily, as he looked about him. He could see nothing but an old stump, which was not hollow, so he couldn't get inside of it, and the only other thing that happened to be there was a flat stone, and he couldn't get under that.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"I guess I must make me a paper house," said the old gentleman rabbit. "Then I can sleep in it in peace and quietness, and I'll travel on again in the morning."

So he got out the waxed paper, and he took the scissors, and, sitting down on the green grass, he cut out the sides and roof of the paper house. Then he made the chimney, and put it on the roof, and then he fastened the house together, and crawled inside, with his valise and his barber-pole crutch.

"I guess I won't make too many windows or doors," thought Uncle Wiggily, "for a savage bear or a burglar-fox might come along in the night, and try to get in."

So he only made one door, and one window in the house. But he made a little fireplace out of stones, and built a little fire in it, to cook his supper. But listen, you children must never, never make a fire, unless some big person is near to put it out in case it happens to run away, and chases after you, to catch you. Fires are dreadfully scary things for little folks, so please be careful.

Well, Uncle Wiggily cooked his supper, frying some carrots in a little tin frying pan he had with him, and then he said his prayers, and went to bed. Soon he was fast, fast asleep.

Well, in the middle of the night, Uncle Wiggily was awakened in his paper house by hearing a funny noise outside.

"Ha! I wonder what that can be?" he exclaimed, sitting up, and reaching out for his crutch. The noise kept on, "pitter-patter; pitter-patter-pitter; pat-pit-pat-pit."

"Oh, that sounds like the toe nails of the burglar-fox, running around the house!" said the rabbit. Then he listened more carefully, and suddenly he laughed: "Ha! Ha!" Then he got up and looked out of the window. "Why, it's only the rain drops pit-pattering on the roof," he said. "Isn't it jolly to be in a house when it rains, and you can't get wet? After this every night I'm going to always build a waxed-paper house," said Uncle Wiggily.

So he listened to the rain drops, and he thought how nice it was not to be wet, and he went to sleep again. And pretty soon he woke up once more, for he heard another noise. This time it was a sniffing, snooping, woofing sort of a noise, and Uncle Wiggily knew that it wasn't the rain.

"I'm sure that's the burglar-fox," he said. "What shall I do? He can smash my paper house with his teeth and claws, and then eat me. I should have built a wooden house. But it's too late now. I know what I'll do. I'll dig a cellar underneath my paper house, and I'll hide there, in case that fox smashes the roof."

So Uncle Wiggily got up very softly, and right in the middle of the dirt floor of his paper house he began to burrow down to dig a cellar. My, how his paws made the sand and gravel fly, and

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

soon he had dug quite a large cellar, in which to hide.

And all this time the sniffing, snooping sound kept on, until, all of a sudden a voice cried:

"Let me in!"

"Who are you?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"I'm the bad alligator," was the answer, "and if you don't let me in, I'll smash down your paper house with one swoop of my scalery-ailery tail."

"You can't come in!" cried the rabbit, and then that bad alligator gave one swoop of his tail, and smashed Uncle Wiggily's nice paper house all to pieces!

But do you s'pose the rabbit was there? No, indeed. He just grabbed up his crutch and valise, and ran down into his cellar as far and as fast as he could run, just as the roof fell in. And the cellar wasn't big enough for the alligator to get in, and so he had to stay outside, and he couldn't get Uncle Wiggily.

And then it rained, and thundered and lightnined, and the alligator got scared, and ran off, but the rabbit gentleman was safe down in his cellar, and he didn't get a bit wet, and went to sleep there for the rest of the night. Now, please go to bed, and in case my toothbrush, doesn't go out roller skating, and fall down and get bald-headed, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the paper boat.

Chapter 21: Uncle Wiggily in a Paper Boat

When the morning dawned, after he had slept all night in the cellar under his paper house, that the alligator, with his swooping scalery-ailery tail, had knocked down, Uncle Wiggily awakened, brushed the dirt from his ears, and crawled out.

"My!" he exclaimed as he saw the paper house all flat on the ground, like a pancake, "Nannie Goat would certainly be sorry to see this. But I suppose it can't be helped. Anyhow, it's a good thing that I am not squashed as flat as that house is. Now I'll see about my breakfast, and then I'll travel on again."

So the gentleman rabbit got his breakfast, eating almost the last piece of the cherry pie, which he had left from the time when he made some for the hedgehog, and then, taking his crutch, striped red, white and blue, like a barber pole, off he started.

Well, pretty soon, in a little while, not so very long, Uncle Wiggily came to a pond of water, and,

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

looking down into it, he saw the most beautiful goldfish that you can imagine. It was a big fish, too, and the scales on it were as round as gold dollars.

"My!" exclaimed the rabbit. "If I had that fish, and I could take him to a jewelry shop, and sell him, I would get so much money that my fortune would be made, and I wouldn't have to travel any farther. But I guess the fish would rather stay in the pond than in a jewelry shop."



"Indeed, I would," answered the fish, looking up. "And I am glad you are so kind as to be thoughtful of my feelings. Perhaps I may be able to help you, someday."

And with that the fish dived away down under the water, after calling goodbye to the rabbit, and then Uncle Wiggily hopped on, and he didn't think any more about the goldfish, until sometime after that.

Well, as soon as the elephant had his trunk packed-Oh, hold on, if you please. I wonder what's the matter with me? There's no elephant in this story. He comes in it about five pages farther on.

Well, after traveling for several hours, Uncle Wiggily ate his dinner, then he hopped on some more, and he looked all around for his fortune, but he couldn't find it. Then it began to get dark, and he wondered where he could stay that night.

"I might build a paper house," he said, "but if I do the alligator might come along and smash it, and this time he would probably catch me. I wonder what I'd better do?"

So he looked ahead, and there he saw a stream of water. It was quite a wide brook, but on the other side of it he saw a nice little wooden house, that no one lived in.

"Now, if I could only get over there I'd be safe," said the old gentleman rabbit. "I guess I'll wade across."

Well, he started to do so, but he soon found that the water was too deep for him to wade. It was over his head.

"I'll have to swim across," said Uncle Wiggily.

But, as soon as he got ready to do that, he found himself in more trouble. For he couldn't carry his crutch and valise across with him if he swam, and he didn't like to leave them on the shore, for fear the alligator would get them.

"Oh, I certainly am in great trouble," said the rabbit. "It's getting darker and darker, and I have no place to stay. I haven't even any paper with which to make me a paper house, but if I could only

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

get across to the wooden house, I'd be safe."

And, just as he spoke, there came a little puff of wind, and lo and behold! a nice piece of paper was blown right down out of a tree, where it had been caught on a branch. Right at Uncle Wiggily's side it fell; that paper did.

"Oh, joy!" the rabbit gentleman cried. "Here is paper to make me a house with." But when he looked more closely at it, he saw that it wasn't big enough for a house, and it wasn't the kind of paper that would keep out the rain, either.

"That will never do," said Uncle Wiggily, sadly. "Ah! But I have an idea. I will make me a paper boat, as Billie Goat once did, and in the boat I'll sail across the stream, and sleep in the little wooden house."

So he folded up the paper, first like a soldier's hat, and then like a fireman's hat, and then he pulled on the two ends, and, presto change! he had a paper boat. Then he took his crutch, and stuck it up in the middle of the boat, and put a piece of paper on the crutch, and he had a sail. Then he put the boat in the water, and got in it himself. I mean he got in the boat, not the water-with his valise.

"Here we go!" cried the old gentleman rabbit, and he shoved the boat out from the shore. The wind caught in the little paper sail, and away Uncle Wiggily went, as fine as fine could be.

"I'll soon be on the other shore," he said, and just then he looked down, and he saw some water coming inside the boat. "Hum! That's bad," he cried. "I'm afraid my boat is leaking."

The wind blew harder, and the boat went faster, but more water came in, for you see the paper was sort of melting, and falling apart, like an ice cream cone, for it wasn't the waxed kind of paper from the inside of cracker boxes-the kind that water won't hurt.

Well, the boat began to sink, and the water came up to Uncle Wiggily's knees, and then, all of a sudden there was a funny sound on shore, a snipping snooping woofing-woofing sound, and into the water jumped the alligator with the skiller-scalery, swooping tail.

"Now I've got you!" he cried, snapping his jaws at the poor old gentleman rabbit. And really it did seem as if Uncle Wiggily would be eaten up. But you never can tell what is going to happen in this world; never indeed.

All of a sudden, just as the paper boat was melting all to pieces, and Uncle Wiggily was trying, as best he could, to swim to shore with his crutch and valise, and just as the alligator was going to grab him, along came the big, kind goldfish.

"Jump on my back, Uncle Wiggily!" cried the fish, and the rabbit did so, in the twinkling of an

eye. And before the alligator could grab Uncle Wiggily, the goldfish swam to shore with him, and he was safe. And the alligator got some soap in his eye, from washing his face too hard, and went sloshing away as mad as could be, but it served him right. And Uncle Wiggily slept safely in the wooden house all night, and dreamed about finding a gold dollar.

Now in case the banana man brings me some pink oranges for the elephant's little boy, I'll tell you in another story about Uncle Wiggily and the mud pie.

Chapter 22: Uncle Wiggily and the Mud Pie

Uncle Wiggily slept very soundly that night in the little wooden house, across on the other side of the brook, where the alligator tried to catch him, but didn't. And when he awakened in the morning the rabbit traveler wondered what he was going to have for breakfast. But he didn't wonder very long.

For, as soon as he had gotten up, and had washed his paws and face, and combed out his ears-oh, dear me-I mean his whiskers-as soon as he had done that, he heard a knock on the door.

"Oh, my, suz dud and a bottle of milk!" exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit. "I hope that isn't the scary-flary alligator again."

So he peeped out of the window, but to his surprise, he didn't see anyone.

"I'm sure I heard a knock," he said, "but I guess I was mistaken."

Well, he was going over to his valise to see if it had in it anything to eat, when the knock again sounded on the door.

"No, I wasn't mistaken," said Uncle Wiggily. "I wonder who that can be? I'll peep, and find out."

So he hid behind the window curtain, and kept a close watch, and the first things he saw were some little stones flying through the air. And they hit against the front door with a rattlety-bang, and it was these stones that had made the sound that was like a knock.

"Oh! it must be some bad boys after me," thought the poor old gentleman rabbit. "My! I do seem to be having a dreadful time seeking my fortune. There is always some kind of trouble."

And then more stones came through the air, and banged on the door and this time Uncle Wiggily saw that they came from the stream, and, what is more, he saw the goldfish throwing the stones and pebbles out of the brook with his tail. Then the rabbit knew it was all right, for the goldfish was a friend of his, so he ran out.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Were you throwing stones at the house?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Yes," replied the fish, "it was the only way in which I could knock on your door. You see I dare not leave the water, and I wanted you to know that I had some breakfast for you."

And with that the kind goldfish took a little basket, made of watercress, from off his left front fin, and handed Uncle Wiggily the basket, not his fin, for he needed that to swim with.

"You'll find some cabbage-salad with snorkery-snickery ell-grass dressing on it, some water-lily cake, and some moss covered eggs for your breakfast," said the fish. "And I wish you good luck on your travels today."

"Thank you very much," said Uncle Wiggily, "and I am very much obliged to you for saving me from the alligator last night."

"Pray do not mention it," spoke the fish most condescendingly. "I always like to help my friends." And with that he swam away, and Uncle Wiggily ate his breakfast, and then, taking his crutch and valise, he set off on his travels again.

He hopped on for some time, and finally he came to a place where there were some high, prickly bramble-briar bushes.

"I will rest here in their shade a bit," thought the old gentleman rabbit, "and then I will go on."

So he sat down, and, as the sun was quite warm, he fell asleep before he knew it. But he was suddenly awakened by a hissing sound, just like when steam comes out of the parlor radiator on a frosty night. Then a voice cried, "Now I've got you!"

Uncle Wiggily looked up, and there was a big snake, just going to grab him. But do you s'pose the rabbit waited for that snake? Not a bit of it. Catching up his crutch and valise, he gave one tremendous and extraordinary springery-spring, and over the prickery stickery briar and bramble bushes he went, flying through the air, and the snake couldn't get him.

But when Uncle Wiggily came down on the other side of the bushes! Oh, my! that was a different story. For where do you imagine he landed? Where, indeed, but right in the middle of a big mud pie that two little hedgehog boys were making there. Yes, sir, right into the middle of that squasher-squawshery mud pie fell Uncle Wiggily.

Oh! How the mud splashed up! It went all over the rabbit, and some got on the two little hedgehog boys.

Well, they were as surprised as anything when they saw a nice old gentleman rabbit come down in the middle of their pie, and at first they thought he had done it on purpose.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Let's stick him full of our stickery-stockery quills," said one hedgehog boy.

"Yes, and then let's pull his ears," said the other hedgehog boy. But, mind you, they didn't really mean anything bad, only, perhaps, they thought Uncle Wiggily was a savage fox, or a little white bear.

"Oh, boys, I'm sorry!" said the old gentleman rabbit as soon as he could dig the mud out of his mouth.

"What made you do it?" asked the biggest hedgehog boy, wiping some mud out of his eye.

"Yes, our pie is all spoiled," said his brother, "and we were just going to bake it."

"Oh, it is too bad!" said Uncle Wiggily, sorrowfully, "but you see I had to get away from that snake, and I didn't have time to look where I was jumping. I'm glad, though, that I left the snake on the other side of the bushes."

"So are we," said the two hedgehog boys.

"But you didn't leave me there. I'm here!" suddenly cried a voice, and out wiggled the snake again. He started to catch the rabbit, but those two brave hedgehog boys grabbed up a lot of mud, and plastered it in that snake's eyes so that he couldn't see, and he had to wiggle down to the pond to wash it out.

Then Uncle Wiggily and the boys were safe, and he helped them to make another mud pie, with stones in for raisins, and he gave them some of his real cherry pie, and oh! how they liked it! Then they were all happy, and Uncle Wiggily stayed at the hedgehog's house until the next morning.

Now, in case the little girl in the next house brings me a watermelon ice cream cone with a rose on top, I'll tell you on the next page about Uncle Wiggily and the elephant.

Chapter 23: Uncle Wiggily and the Elephant

Uncle Wiggily didn't sleep very well at the hedgehog's house that night, and the reason for it was this: You see they didn't have many beds there, and first the rabbit gentleman lay down with the smallest little porcupine boy, in his bed.

But pretty soon, along about in the middle of the night, this little boy got to dreaming that he was a rubber ball. And he rolled over in the bed, and he rolled up against Uncle Wiggily, and the stickery-stickers from the little hedgehog chap stuck in the old gentleman rabbit.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Oh, dear!" cried Uncle Wiggily, "I think I'll have to go and sleep with your brother Jimmie."

So he went over to the other hedgehog boy's bed, but land sakes flopsy-dub and a basket of soap bubbles!

As soon as the rabbit got in there that other hedgehog chap began to dream that he was a jumping jack, and so he jumped up and down, and he jumped on top of Uncle Wiggily, and stuck more stickery-stickers in him, until at last the rabbit got up and said:

"Oh, dear, I guess I'll have to go to sleep on the floor."

So he did that, putting his head on his satchel for a pillow and pulling his red-white-and-blue-striped-barber-pole crutch over him for a cover. And, in the morning, he felt a little better.

"Well, I think I will travel on once more," said Uncle Wiggily after a breakfast of strawberries, and mush and milk. "I may find my fortune today."

The hedgehog boys wanted him to stay with them, and make more mud pies, or even a cherry one, but the rabbit gentleman said he had no time. So off he went over hills and down dales, and along through the woods.

Pretty soon, not so very long, just as Uncle Wiggily was walking behind a big rock, as large as a house, he heard someone crying. Oh, such a loud crying voice as it was, and the old rabbit gentleman was a bit frightened.

"For it sounds like a giant crying," he said to himself. "And if it's a giant he may be a bad one, who would hurt me. I guess I'll run back the other way."

Well, he started to run, but, just as he did so, he heard the voice crying again, and this time it said:

"Oh, dear me! Oh, if someone would only help me! Oh, I am in such trouble!"

"Come, I don't believe that is a giant after all," thought the rabbit. "It may be Sammie Littletail, who has grown to be such a big boy that I won't know him anymore." So he took a careful look, but instead of seeing his little rabbit nephew, he saw a big elephant, sitting on the ground, crying as hard as he could cry.

Now, you know, when an elephant cries it isn't like when you cry once in a great while, or when baby cries every day. No, indeed! An elephant cries so very many tears that if you don't have a water pail near you, to catch them, you may get your feet wet; that is, if you don't have on rubbers.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Well, that's the way it was this time. The elephant was crying big, salty tears, about the size of rubber balls, and they were rolling down from his eyes and along his trunk, which was like a fire engine hose, until there was quite a little stream of water flowing down the hill toward the rabbit.

"Oh, please don't cry anymore!" called Uncle Wiggily.

"Why not?" asked the elephant, sadly-like, and he cried harder than before.

"Because if you do," replied the rabbit, "I will have to get a pair of rubber boots, in which to wade out to see you."

"I'll try to stop," said the big animal, but, instead, he cried harder than before, boo-hooing and hoo-booing, until you would have thought it was raining, and Uncle Wiggily wished he had an umbrella.

"Why, whatever is the matter?" asked the rabbit.

"Oh, I stepped on a tack," answered the elephant, "and it is sticking in my foot. I can't walk, and I can't dance and I can't get back to the circus. Oh, dear! Oh, dear me, suz-dud and a red balloon! Oh, how miserable I am!"

"Too bad," said Uncle Wiggily. "Was it a large tack that you stepped on?"

"Was it?" asked the elephant, sort of painful-like. "Why, it feels as big as a dishpan in my foot. Here, you look, and perhaps you can pull it out."

He raised up one of his big feet, which were about as large as a washtub full of clothes, on Monday morning, and he held it out to Uncle Wiggily.

"Why, I can't see anything here," said the rabbit, looking at the big foot through his spectacles.

"Oh, dear! It's there all right!" cried the elephant. "It feels like two wash tubs now," and he began to cry some more.

"Here! Hold on, if you please!" shouted Uncle Wiggily. "I'll have to make a boat, if you keep on shedding so many tears, for there will be a lake here. Wait, I'll look once more."

So he looked again, and this time he saw just the little, tiniest, baby-tack you can imagine-about the size of a pinhead-sticking in the elephant's foot.

"Wait! I have it! Was this it?" suddenly asked the rabbit, as he took hold of the tack in his paw and pulled it out.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"That's it!" exclaimed the elephant, waving his trunk. "It's out! Oh, how much better I feel. Whoop-de-doodle-do!" and then he felt so fine that he began to dance. Then, all of a sudden, he began to cry once more.

"Why, what in the world is the matter now?" asked Uncle Wiggily, wishing he had a pail, so that he might catch the elephant's salty tears.

"Oh, I feel so happy that I can't help crying, because my pain is gone!" exclaimed the big creature. Then he cried about forty-'leven bushels of tears, and a milk bottle full besides, and there was a little pond around him, and Uncle Wiggily was in it up to his neck.

Then, all of a sudden, in came swimming the alligator, right toward the rabbit.

"Ah, now I'll get you!" cried the skillery-scalery beast.

"No you won't!" shouted the elephant, "Uncle Wiggily is my friend!" So he put his trunk down in the water, and sucked it all up, and then he squirted it over the trees. That left the alligator on dry land, and then the elephant grabbed the alligator up in his strong trunk, and tossed him into the briar bushes, scalery-ailery tail and all, and the alligator crawled away after a while.

So that's how Uncle Wiggily was saved from the alligator by the crying elephant, and the rabbit and elephant traveled on together for some days. Now, as I see the sand man coming, I must stop.

But, in case I don't fall into the washtub with my new suit on, and get it all colored sky-blue-pink, so I can't go to the picnic, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the cherry tree.

Chapter 24: Uncle Wiggily and the Cherry Tree

Uncle Wiggily Longears and the crying elephant were walking along together one day, talking about the weather, and wondering if it would rain, and all things like that. Only the elephant wasn't crying anymore, for the rabbit had pulled the tack that was hurting him, out of the big beast's foot, you remember.

"We'll travel on together to find our fortune, and look for adventures," said the elephant, as he capered about, and stood on his hind legs, because he felt so jolly. "Won't we have fun, Uncle Wiggily?"

"Well, we may," spoke the old gentleman rabbit, "but I don't see how we are going to carry along on our travels enough for us to eat. Of course, I don't need much, but you are such a big chap that you will have to have quite a lot, and my valise is small."

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Don't worry about that," replied the elephant. "Of course you might think I could carry a lot of pie and cake and bread and butter in my trunk, but really I can't you know, for about all that my trunk will hold is water. However, I think I can pick what hay and grass I want from along the road."

"Yes, and perhaps we may meet a man with a hot peanut wagon, once in a while," suggested Uncle Wiggily, "and he may give you some peanuts."

"Oh, joy! I hope he does!" cried the big fellow. "I just love hot peanuts!" Well, they went on together for some time, when, all of a sudden a man jumped out from behind the bushes, and exclaimed, "Ha, Mr. Elephant! I've been looking for you. Now you come right back with me to the circus where you belong." And he went up to the elephant and took hold of his trunk.

"Oh, I don't want to go," whined the tremendous creature. "I want to stay with Uncle Wiggily, and have some fun."

"But you can't," said the man. "You are needed in the circus. A lot of boys and girls are waiting in the tent, to give you peanuts and popcorn."

"Well, then, I s'pose I'd better go back," sighed the wobbly animal with the long tusks. "I'll see you again, Uncle Wiggily." So the elephant said goodbye to the rabbit, and went back to the circus with the man, while the rabbit gentleman hopped on by himself.

He hadn't gone very far before he heard a loud "Honk-honk!" in the bushes.

"Oh, there is another one of those terrible automobiles!" thought the rabbit. But it wasn't at all. No, it was Grandfather Goosey Gander, and there he sat on a flat stone, "honk-honking" through his yellow bill as hard as he could, and, at the same time crying salty tears that ran down his nose, making it all wet.

"Why, whatever is the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggily, as he went up to his friend, the duck-drake gentleman. "Have you stepped on a tack, too?"

"No, it isn't that," was the answer. "But I am so sick that I don't know what to do, and I'm far from my home, and from my friends, the Wibblewobble family, and, oh, dear! it's just awful."

"Let me look at your tongue," said the rabbit, and when Grandfather Goosey Gander stuck it out, Uncle Wiggily said:

"Why, you have the epizootic very bad. Very bad, indeed! But perhaps I can cure you. Let me see, I think you need some bread and butter, and a cup of catnip tea. I'll make you some."

So Uncle Wiggily made a little fire of sticks, and then he found an empty tin tomato can, and he

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

boiled some water in it over the fire, and made the catnip tea. Then he gave some to Grandfather Goosey Gander, together with some bread and butter.

"Well, I feel a little better," said the old gentleman duck-drake, when he had eaten, "but I am not well yet. It seems to me that if I could have some cherry pie I would feel better."

"Perhaps you would," agreed Uncle Wiggily, "but, though I know how to make nice cherry pie, and though I made some for the hedgehog, I don't see any cherry trees around here, so I can't make you one. There are no cherry trees."

"Yes, there is one over there," said the duck-drake, and he waved one foot toward it, while he quacked real faint and sorrowful-like.

"Sure enough, that is a cherry tree," said Uncle Wiggily, as he hopped over and looked at it. "And the cherries are ripe, too. Now, if I could only get some of them down I could make a cherry pie, and cure Grandfather Goosey Gander."

But it wasn't easy to get the cherries off the tree, and Uncle Wiggily couldn't climb up after them. So he sat down and looked up at them, hoping some would fall off the stems. But none did.

"Oh, dear, I wonder how I'm going to get them?" sighed the rabbit. "Perhaps I can knock off some with a stone."

So he threw a stone, but no cherries came down. The stone did, though, and hit Uncle Wiggily on the nose, making him sneeze.

"Stones are no good!" exclaimed the rabbit. "I'll throw up my crutch." So he threw that into the tree, but it brought no cherries down, and the crutch, in falling, nearly hit Grandfather Goosey Gander, and almost gave him the measles and mumps.

"Well, I'll try and see what throwing up my valise will do," said the rabbit, and he tossed up the satchel, but bless you, that stayed up in the tree, and didn't come down at all, neither did any cherries.

"Oh, I'll have to give up," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'm afraid you can't have any cherry pie, Grandfather Goosey."

"Oh, then I'll never get well," said the old duck-drake gentleman sorrowfully.

"Yes, you will, too!" suddenly cried out a voice, and out from the bushes ran the elephant. "I'll pick the cherries off the tree with my long, nosey trunk," he said, "and you can make all the pie you want to, Uncle Wiggily."

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Why, I thought you went back to the circus," said the rabbit.

"No, I ran away from the man," spoke the elephant. Then he reached up with his long nose, and he picked a bushel of red, ripe, sweet delicious cherries in less than a minute. Then he pulled down Uncle Wiggily's valise out of the tree and then the old gentleman rabbit made three cherry pies. One for Grandfather Goosey Gander, and another, a tremendous big one, as large as a washtub, for the elephant, and a little one for himself. Then they ate their pies, and the old gentleman duck-drake got well almost at once. So all three of them traveled on together, to help the rabbit seek his fortune.

Now in case the ice cream man brings some nice, hot roast chestnuts for our canary bird, I'll tell you in another story about Uncle Wiggily, and Grandfather Goosey Gander.

Chapter 25: Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey

One day, not very long after the elephant had picked the cherries off the tree, so that Uncle Wiggily could make the cherry pies for Grandpa Goosey, the three friends were traveling along together through a deep, dark, dismal woods.

"Where are we going?" asked the elephant, who had run away from the circus man to travel by himself.

"Oh, to some place where we may find our fortune," said the old gentleman rabbit.

"I would much rather find some snails to eat," said Grandfather Goosey Gander, the old gentleman duck, as I shall call him for short. "For I am very hungry."

"What's that?" cried the rabbit. "Hungry after the nice pie I made for you?"

"Oh, that was some time ago. I could eat another pie right now," spoke the old duck. But there wasn't any pie for him, so he had to eat a cornmeal sandwich with watercress salad on, and Uncle Wiggily ate some carrots and cabbage, and the elephant ate a lot of grass from a field-oh! a terrible lot-about ten bushels, I guess.

Then, all at once, as they were walking along over a bridge, a man suddenly jumped out from behind a tree, and cried:

"Ah, ha! Now you won't get away from me, Mr. Elephant. This time I am surely going to take you back to the circus." And with that he threw a rope around the elephant's trunk, and led him away. The elephant cried so many tears that there was a muddy puddle right near the bridge, and the big animal begged to be allowed to stay with Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey Gander,

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

but the man said it could not be done.

"Well, then, you and I will have to go on together," said the old gentleman rabbit to the duck, after a bit. "Perhaps we may find our fortune."

"I think I could make money calling out 'honk-honk!' on an automobile," said the grandfather. "Jimmie Wibblewobble once did that for a man. I think I'll look for a nice automobile gentleman to work for, and if I get money enough we'll be rich."

Well, he looked and looked, but no one seemed to want an old duck for an auto horn, and the rabbit and Grandfather Goosey Gander kept on traveling together, over the fields and through the woods.

Pretty soon they came to a place where a June bug was sitting on the edge of a stone wall, buzzing his wings.

"Let's ask him where we can find our fortunes," said Uncle Wiggily. So they asked the June bug.

"Well," replied the buzzing creature, "I am not sure, but a little way from here are two roads. One or the other might bring you to your fortune. One goes to the right, the other to the left hand."

"We will take the left hand road," said Uncle Wiggily. "We will go down that for some distance, and if we do not find a pot of gold, or some ice cream cones at the end of it, we will come back, and try the other road."

So Uncle Wiggily and Grandfather Goosey Gander went down the left road. On and on they went, walking in the dust when there was any dust, and in the mud when there was any mud. But they didn't find any gold.

"Oh, let's go back and try the other road," said the rabbit gentleman after a bit. "Perhaps that will be better."

So back they went, stopping on the way to look at a big apple tree, to see if there were any ripe apples on it. But there was none, so they didn't eat any. And I hope you children do the same this summer. Never eat green apples, never, never, never! Wait until they are ripe.

Well, by and by, after a while, not so very long, Uncle Wiggily, who was hopping along on his crutch, suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, I've lost my valise! What shall I do? I can't go on without it, for it has our lunch in it."



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"I think you left it under the green-apple tree," said the duck. "You had better go back for it, and I will wait here in the shade," for Grandpa Goosey knew the rabbit could hop faster than he could waddle.

Back Uncle Wiggily started, and, surely enough, he found his valise under the apple tree, where he had forgotten it. He picked it up, and was walking along with it back to where Grandfather Goosey Gander was waiting for him when, all of a sudden, out from behind a stump came Jennie Chipmunk, with a basket of popcorn balls.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily!" she exclaimed. "Don't you want to buy some popcorn balls? Our church is having a little fair, and we are all trying to earn some money. I am selling popcorn, to help the little heathen children buy red-colored handkerchiefs."

"Of course, I'll take some," said the old gentleman rabbit, "popcorn balls, I mean-not children, or hankerchiefs," he said quickly. So he bought a pink one, and a white one, and a chocolate colored one, popcorn balls you know-not children-and put them in his valise.

Then Uncle Wiggily sent his love to Sammie and Susie Littletail, by Jennie Chipmunk, and off he started to go back to where Grandfather Goosey Gander was waiting for him.

Well, something terrible was happening to the poor old gentleman duck, and I'll tell you all about it. No sooner had the rabbit gotten near the shady tree under which the grandfather gentleman was resting, than he heard a cry:

"Help! Help! Help!" called the duck. "Oh, help me quickly, somebody!"

"What is the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggily, limping along as fast as he could.

"Oh, a bad snake has caught me!" cried the duck. "He has wound himself around my legs, and I can't walk, and he is going to eat me up! He jumped on me out of the bushes. He will eat me!"

"He shall never do that!" cried the rabbit, bravely. "I will save you." So he ran up to that snake, but the snake stuck out his tongue, like a fork, at the rabbit, and Uncle Wiggily was frightened. Then he tried to hit the snake with a stick, but the crawly creature hid down behind Grandfather Goosey, and so got out of the way.

"I have it!" suddenly cried Uncle Wiggily. "The popcorn balls. Snakes love them! I'll make him eat them, and then he'll let Grandpa Goosey go." So from his valise the brave rabbit took the red and the white and the chocolate colored popcorn balls, and he rolled them along the ground, close to the snake's nose. And the snake smelled them, and he was so hungry for them that he uncoiled himself from Grandfather Goosey's legs, and let the old gentleman duck go. And the snake chased after the corn balls and ate them all up, and then he didn't want anything more for a long while, and he went to sleep for six months and dreamed about turning into a hoop, and so he

didn't bother anybody.

So that's how Uncle Wiggily saved the duck, and next, in case the pretty baby across the street doesn't fall down and bump its nose, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the ice cream cones.

Chapter 26: Uncle Wiggily's Ice Cream Cones

It didn't take Uncle Wiggily and Grandfather Goosey Gander long to get away from the place where the bad snake was, let me tell you, even if the crawly creature had eaten three popcorn balls, and would sleep for six months.

"This is no place for us," said the rabbit. "We must see if we can't find our fortune somewhere else."

"I believe you," spoke Grandfather Goosey, rubbing his yellow legs, where the snake had wound tight around him like a clothesline. "We'll look for a place in which to stay tonight, and we'll see what we can find tomorrow."

Well, they hurried on for some time, and pretty soon it began to get dark, and they couldn't find any place to stay.

"I guess I'll have to dig a hole in the ground, and make a burrow," said the rabbit.

"Oh, but I couldn't stay underground," said the duck. "I'm used to sleeping in a wooden house."

"That's so," said Uncle Wiggily. "Well, if I had some paper I could make you a paper house, but I haven't any, so I don't know what to do."

And just then, away in the air, there sounded a voice saying, "Caw! Caw! Caw!"

"Ha! That's a crow," exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "There must be green corn that is ready to pull up somewhere around here."

"There is," said the black crow, flying down. "I know a nice field of corn that a farmer has planted, and tomorrow I am going to pick some."

"But aren't you afraid of the scarecrow?" asked the duck.

"No; I'm not," said the crow. "The scarecrow is only some old clothes stuffed with straw, and it is set out in the field to drive us crows away. We're not a bit afraid of it. Would you be?"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"No, of course not," answered Grandfather Goosey Gander. "But then, you see, I'm not a crow-the scary figure wasn't meant for me."

"Then you can stay in one of the pockets of the scarecrow's coat all night," said the crow. "It will be a good place for you to sleep."

"The very thing!" cried Uncle Wiggily. So that night he dug himself a little house under the ground, and the duck gentleman flew up, and got inside the pocket of the old coat which the scarecrow figure wore, and there the duck stayed all night, sleeping very soundly.

"Well, now we'll travel on again," said Uncle Wiggily, the next morning after breakfast. So he and Grandfather Goosey started off. Well, pretty soon it became hotter and hotter, for the sun was just beaming down as hard as it could, and Uncle Wiggily exclaimed:

"I know what would taste good! An ice cream cone for each of us. Wait here, grandfather, and I'll get two of them."

"Fine!" cried the grandfather duck. "But you seem to do all the hopping around, Uncle Wiggily. Why can't I go, while you rest?"

"Oh, I don't in the least mind going," replied the kind rabbit. "Besides, while I do not say it to be proud, and far be it from me to boast, I can go a little faster than you can in one hop. So I'll go."

And go he did, leaving his valise in charge of Grandfather Goosey, who sat down with it, under a shady tree. Pretty soon the old gentleman rabbit came to a little ice cream store, that stood beside the road, right near a little pond of water, where the ice-cream-man could wash his dishes when he had to make them clean.

"I'll have two, nice, big, cold strawberry ice cream cones, and please put plenty of ice cream in them," said Uncle Wiggily to the man.

"Right you are!" cried the ice-cream-man in a jolly voice, and, say, I just wish you could have seen those cones! They were piled up heaping full of ice cream. Oh, my! It just makes me hungry to write about them.

Well, Uncle Wiggily, carefully carrying the cones, started to hop back to where he had left Grandfather Goosey. He hadn't gone far before he heard a growling voice cry out:

"Hold on there a moment, Uncle Wiggily!"

"Why?" asked the rabbit.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Because I want to see what you've got," was the answer. "Ah, I see ice cream cones!" and with that a great, big, black bear jumped out of the bushes, and stood right in front of Uncle Wiggily.

"Let me pass!" cried the rabbit, holding the ice cream cones so that the bear couldn't get them.

"Indeed I will not!" cried the furry creature. "Ice cream cones, indeed! If there is one thing that I'm fonder of than another, ice cream cones is it! Let me taste one!"

Then before the rabbit could do anything, that bad bear took one ice cream cone right away from him. And that bear did more than that, so he did. He stuck his long, red tongue down inside the cone, and he licked out every bit of cream, with one, long lick.

"My but that's good!" he cried, smacking his lips. "I guess I'll try the second one," he said, and he dropped the empty cone, not eating it, mind you, and he took the other full cone away from poor Uncle Wiggily before the rabbit gentleman could stand on his head, or even wave his short tail.

"Oh, don't eat that cone. It belongs to Grandfather Goosey," cried the rabbit, sadly-like.

"Too late!" cried the bear, in a growlery voice. "Here it goes!" and with that he stuck his long, red tongue down inside the second cone, and with one lick he licked all the ice cream out and threw the empty cone on the ground.

"Now I feel good and hungry, and I guess I'll eat you," cried the bear. He made a grab for the poor gentleman rabbit, and folded him tight in his paws. But before that Uncle Wiggily had reached down and had picked up the two empty ice cream cones.

"Oh, let me go!" cried Uncle Wiggily to the bear.

"Indeed I'll not!" shouted the savage creature. "I want you for supper."

Well, he was just going to eat Uncle Wiggily up, when that brave rabbit just took the sharp points of those two empty ice cream cones, and he stuck them in the bear's ticklish ribs, and Uncle Wiggily tickled the bear so that the furry, savage creature sneezed out loud, and laughed so hard that Uncle Wiggily easily slipped out of his paws, and hopped away before he could be caught again.

So that's how the rabbit got safely away, and the empty ice cream cones were of some use after all. But Uncle Wiggily wondered how he could get a full one for Grandfather Goosey Gander, and how he did I'll tell you pretty soon, when, in case a butterfly doesn't bite a hole in my straw hat, the next story will be about Uncle Wiggily and the red ants.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Chapter 27: Uncle Wiggily and the Red Ants

When Uncle Wiggily got to where Grandfather Goosey Gander was waiting for him, under the shady tree, the old gentleman duck jumped up and cried out:

"Oh, how glad I am to see you! I've just been wishing you would come back with those ice cream cones. My! I never knew the weather to be so warm at this time of the year. Oh, won't they taste most delicious-those cones!"

You see he didn't yet know what the bear had done-eaten all the ice cream out of the cones, as I told you in the other story.

"Oh, dear!" cried the rabbit. "How sorry I am to have to disappoint you, Grandfather, but there is no ice cream!"

"No ice cream!" cried the alligator-oh, dear me! I mean the duck. "No ice cream?"

"Not a bit," said Uncle Wiggily, and then he told about what the savage bear-creature had done, and also how he had used the cones to tickle him.

"Well, that's too bad," said Grandfather Goosey, "but here, I'll give you money to buy more cones with," and he put his hand in his pocket, but lo and behold! he had lost all his money.

"Never mind, perhaps I have some pennies," said the rabbit; so he looked, but, oh, dear me, suz-dud and the mustard pot! All of Uncle Wiggily's money was gone, too.

"Well, I guess we can't get any ice cream cones this week," said the old gentleman duck. "We'll have to drink water."

"Oh, no you won't," said a buzzing voice. "I'll get you each an ice cream cone, because you have always been so kind-both of you." And with that out from the bushes flew a big, sweet, honey bee, with a load of honey.

"Have you got any ice cream cones, Mr. Bee?" asked the rabbit.

"No, but I have sweet honey, and if I go down to the ice cream cone store, and give the man some of my honey he'll give me three cones, and there'll be one for you and one for me and--"

"One for Sister Sallie!" interrupted Grandfather Goosey. "I wish she was here now."

"She could have a cone if she was here," said the honey bee, "as I could get four. But, as long as she is not, the extra cone will go to you, Grandpa. Now, come on, and I'll take my honey to the ice-cream-cone-man."

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

So they went with him and on the way the bee sung a funny little song like this:

"I buzz, buzz, buzz
All day long.
I make my honey
Good and strong.

I fly about
To every flower
And sometimes stay
'Most half an hour."

Uncle Wiggily didn't know whether or not the bee was really in earnest about what he said, but, surely enough, when they got to the ice cream store, the man took the bee's honey, and handed out four ice cream cones, each larger than the first ones. Two were for the duck as he was so fond of them.

"Oh, let's eat them here, so that if the bear meets us he can't take them away," suggested Grandfather Goosey, and they did. Then the bee flew home to his hive, and Uncle Wiggily and the old gentleman duck found a nice place to sleep under a haystack.

In the morning Grandfather Goosey said he thought he had better go back home, as he had traveled enough. He wanted the rabbit to come with him, but Uncle Wiggily said:

"No, I have not yet found my fortune, and until I do I will keep on traveling." So he kept on, and the duck went home.

Well, it was about two days after that when, along toward evening, as Uncle Wiggily was walking down the road, he saw a real big house standing beside a lake. Oh, it was a very big house, about as big as a mountain, and the chimney on it was so tall as almost to reach the sky.

"Hum! I wonder who lives there?" said Uncle Wiggily. "Perhaps I can find my fortune in that house."

"Oh, no; never go there!" cried a voice down on the ground, and, looking toward his toes, Uncle Wiggily saw a little red ant.

"Ah, ha! Why shouldn't I go up to the big house, little red ant?" asked the rabbit.

"Because a monstrous giant lives there," was the answer, "and he could eat you up at one mouthful. So stay away."

"I guess I will," said the rabbit. "But I wonder where I can sleep tonight. I guess I'll go--"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Oh, look out! Look out!" cried another red ant. "There is the giant coming now."

Uncle Wiggily looked, and he saw something like a big tree moving, and that was the giant. Then he felt the ground trembling as if a railroad train was rumbling past, and he heard a noise like thunder, and that was the giant walking and speaking:

"I smell rabbits! I smell rabbits!" cried the giant. "I must have them for supper!" Then he came on straight to where Uncle Wiggily was, but he hadn't yet seen him.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" cried the bunny. "Let me hide behind that stone." He made a jump for a rock, taking his valise and crutch with him, but the first red ant said:

"It is no good hiding there, Uncle Wiggily, for the giant can see you."

"Oh, what shall I do?" he asked again, trembling with fear.

"I know!" cried the second little red ant. "Let's all bring grains of sand, and cover Uncle Wiggily up, leaving just a little hole for his nose, so he can breathe. Then the giant won't see him. It will be like down at the seashore, when they cover people on the beach up with the sand."

"Oh, it will take many grains of sand to cover the rabbit," said the first red ant, but still they were not discouraged. The first two ants called their brothers and sisters, and aunts, and uncles, and papas, and mammas, and cousins, and nephews, and forty-second granduncles. Soon there were twenty-two million four hundred and sixty-seven thousand, eight hundred and ninety-one ants, and a little baby ant, who counted as a half a one, and he carried baby grains of dirt.

Then each big ant took up a grain of sand, and then they all hurried up, and put them on Uncle Wiggily, who stretched out in the grass. Now all those ants together could carry lots of sand, you see, and soon the rabbit was completely buried from sight, all but the tip of his nose, so he could breathe, and when the giant came rumbling, stumbling by, he couldn't see the bunny, and so he didn't eat him. And, of course, the giant didn't eat the ants, either for he didn't like them.

"Hum! I thought I smelled a rabbit, but I guess I was mistaken," said the giant, grumbling and growling, as he tramped around.

And that's how Uncle Wiggily was saved, and pretty soon, if there isn't any sand in my rice pudding, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the bad giant.

Chapter 28: Uncle Wiggily and the Bad Giant

Do you remember about the giant, of whom I told you a little while ago, and how he couldn't find Uncle Wiggily, because the rabbit was covered with sand that the ants carried? Yes, I guess you do remember. Well, now I'm going to tell you what that giant did.

At first he was real surprised, because he couldn't find the bunny-rabbit, and he tramped around, making the ground shake with his heavy steps, and growling in his rumbling voice until you would have thought that it was thundering.

"My, my!" growled the giant. "To think that I can't have a rabbit supper after all. Oh, I'm so hungry that I could eat fourteen thousand, seven hundred and eighty-seven rabbits, and part of another one. But I guess I'll have to take a barrel of milk and a wagon load of crackers for my supper."

So that's what he did, and my how much he ate!

Well, after the giant had gone away, Uncle Wiggily crawled out from under the sand, and he said to the ants:

"I guess I'd better not stay around here, for it is too dangerous. I'll never find my fortune here, and if that giant were to see me he'd step on me, and make me as flat as a sheet of paper. I'm going."

"But wait," said the biggest ant of all. "You know there are two giants around here. One is a good one, and one is bad. Now if you go to the good giant I'm sure he will help you find your fortune."

"I'll try it," said the rabbit. "Where does the good giant live?"

"Just up the hill, in that house where you see the flag," said the big ant, as she ate two crumbs of bread and jam. "That's where the good giant lives. You must go where you see the fluttering flag, and you may find your fortune."

"I will," said Uncle Wiggily, "I'll go in the morning, the first thing after breakfast."

So the next morning he started off. But in the night something had happened and the rabbit didn't know a thing about it. After dark the bad giant got up, and he went over, and took the flag from the pole in front of the house of the good giant, and hoisted it up over his own house.

"I haven't any flag of my own," said the bad giant, "so I will take his." For you see, the two giants lived not far apart. In fact they were neighbors, but they were very different, one from the other, for one was kind and the other was cruel.

So it happened, that when Uncle Wiggily started to go to the giant's house he looked for the

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

fluttering flag, and when he saw it on the bad giant's house he didn't know any better, but he thought it was the home of the good giant.

Well, the old gentleman rabbit walked on and on, having said goodbye to the ants, and pretty soon he was right close to the bad giant's house. But, all the while, he thought it was the good giant's place-so don't forget that.

"I wonder what sort of a fortune he'll give me," thought the rabbit. "I hope I soon get rich, so I can stop traveling, for I am tired."

Well, as he came near the place where the bad giant lived he heard a voice singing. And the song, which was sung in a deep, gruff, grumbling, growling voice, went something like this:

"Oh, bing bang, bung!
Look out of the way for me.
For I'm so mad,
I feel so bad,
I could eat a hickory tree!

Oh, snip, snap, snoop!
Get off my big front stoop,
Or I'll tear my hair
In wild despair,
And burn you with hot soup!"

"My, that's a queer song for a good giant to sing," thought Uncle Wiggily. "But perhaps he just sings that for fun. I'm sure I'll find him a jolly enough fellow, when I get to know him."

Well, he went on a little farther, and pretty soon he came to the gate of the castle where the bad giant lived. The rabbit looked about, and saw no one there, so he kept right on, until, all of a sudden, he felt as if a big balloon had swooped down out of the sky, and had lifted him up. Higher and higher he went, until he found himself away up toward the roof of the castle, and then he looked and he saw two big fingers, about as big as a trolley car, holding him just as you would hold a bug.

"Oh, who has me?" cried Uncle Wiggily, very much frightened. "Let me go, please. Who are you?"

"I am the bad giant," was the answer, "and if I let you go now you'd fall to the ground and be killed. So I'll hold on to you."

"Are you the bad giant?" asked the rabbit. "Why, I thought I was coming to the good giant's house. Oh, please let me go!"

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"No, I'm going to keep you," said the giant. "I just took the good giant's flag to fool you. Now, let me see, I think I'll just sprinkle sugar on you and eat you all up-no, I'll use salt-no, I think pepper would be better; I feel like pepper today."

So the bad giant started toward the cupboard to get the pepper caster, and poor Uncle Wiggily thought it was all up with him.

"Oh, I wish I'd never thought of coming to see any giant, good or bad," the rabbit gentleman said. "Now goodbye to all my friends!"

"Hum! Let me see," spoke the bad giant, standing still. "Pepper-no, I think I'll put some mustard on you-no, I'll try ketchup-no, I mean horseradish. Oh, dear, I can't seem to make up my mind what to flavor you with," and he held Uncle Wiggily there in his fingers, away up about a hundred feet high in the air, and wondered what he'd do with the old gentleman rabbit.

And it's a good thing he didn't eat him right away, for that was the means of saving Uncle Wiggily's life. Right after breakfast the good giant found out that his bad neighbor had taken his flag, so he went and told the ants all about it.

"Oh, then Uncle Wiggily must have been mixed up about the flag, and he has gone to the wrong place, and he'll be eaten," said the big ant. "We must save him. Come on, everybody!"

So all the ants hurried along together, and crawled to the castle of the bad giant, and they got there just as he was putting some molasses on Uncle Wiggily to eat him. And those ants crawled all over the giant, on his legs and arms, and nose and ears and toes, and they tickled him so that he squiggled and wiggled and squirreled and whirled, and finally he let Uncle Wiggily fall on a feather bed, not hurting him a bit, and the rabbit gentleman hopped safely away and the ants crawled with him far from the castle of the bad giant.

So Uncle Wiggily was saved by the ants, and in case the trolley car doesn't run over my stick of peppermint candy, and make it look like a lollipop, I'll tell you soon about Uncle Wiggily and the good giant.

Chapter 29: Uncle Wiggily and the Good Giant

Now what do you s'pose that bad giant had for supper the night after the ants helped Uncle Wiggily get away? You'd never guess, so I'll tell you. It was beans-just baked beans, and that giant was so disappointed, and altogether so cut-up about not having rabbit stew, that he ate so many beans, that I'm almost afraid to tell you just how many.

But if all the boys in your school were to take their bean shooters, and shoot beans out of a bag

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

for a million years, and Fourth of July also, that giant could eat all of them, and more too-that is, if he could get the beans after the boys shot them away.

"Well, I certainly must be more careful after this," said Uncle Wiggily to the ants, as they crawled along down the hill with him, when he hopped away from the bad giant's house.

"Oh, it wasn't your fault," said the second size big red ant, with black and yellow stripes on his stockings. "That bad giant changed the flags, and that's what fooled you. But I guess the good giant will have his flag back by tomorrow, and then you can go to the right house. We'll go along and show you, and you may get your fortune from him."

So, surely enough, the next day, the good giant went over and took his flag away from the bad giant, and put it upon his own house.

"Now you'll be all right," said the pink ant, with purple spots on his necktie. "You won't make any mistake now, Uncle Wiggily. I'm sure the good giant will give you a good fortune."

"Yes, and he'll give you lots to eat," said the black ant with white rings around his nose.

Well, Uncle Wiggily took his valise and his crutch and up toward the good giant's house he went, with the ants crawling along in the sand to show him the way.

Pretty soon they came to a big bridge, over a stream of water, and this was the beginning of the place where the good giant lived.

"We'll all have to go back now," said the purple ant, with the green patchwork squares on his checks. "If we crossed over the bridge we might fall off and be drowned. We'll go back, but you go ahead, and we wish you good luck, Uncle Wiggily."

"Indeed we do," said a white ant with gold buckles on her shoes.

Well, after a little while Uncle Wiggily found himself right inside the good giant's house. And oh! what a big place it was. Why, even the door mat was so big that it took the rabbit three hops to get to the top of it. And that front door! I wish you could have seen it! It was as large as one of your whole houses, and it was only a door, mind you.

"Hello! hello!" cried Uncle Wiggily, as he pounded with his crutch on the floor. "Is anyone at home?"

"But no one answered, and there wasn't a sound except the ticking of the clock, and that made as much noise as a railroad train going over a bridge, for the clock was a big as a church steeple.

"Hum! No one is home," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'll just sit down and make myself comfortable."

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

So he sat down on the floor by the table that was away over his head, and waited for the giant to come back.

And, all of a sudden, the rabbit heard a noise like a steam engine going, and he was quite surprised, until he happened to look up, and there stood a pussy cat as big as a cow, and the cat was purring, which made the noise like a steam engine.

"My, if that's the size of the cat, what must the giant be," thought the rabbit. "I do hope he's good-natured when he comes home."

Well, pretty soon, in a little while, as Uncle Wiggily was sitting there, listening to the big cat purr, he felt sleepy, and he was just going to sleep, when he heard a gentle voice singing:

"Oh, see the blackbird, sitting in the tree,
Hear him singing, jolly as can be.
Now he'll whistle a pretty little tune,
Isn't it delicious in the month of June?"

"Hear the bees a-buzzing, hour by hour,
Gathering the honey from every little flower.
The katydid is singing by his own front door,
Now I'll have to stop this song-I don't know anymore."

"Well, whoever that is, he's a jolly chap," said the rabbit, and with that who should come in but the giant himself.

"Ho! Ho! Whom have we here?" the giant asked, looking at Uncle Wiggily. "What do you want, my little furry friend with the long ears? You must be able to hear very well with them."

"I can hear pretty well," said the rabbit. "But I came to seek my fortune."

"Fine," cried the good giant, for he it was. "I'll do all I can for you," and he laughed so long and hard that part of the ceiling and the gas chandelier fell down, but the giant caught them in his strong hands, and not even the pussy cat was hurt. Then the giant sung another song, like the first, only different, and he fixed the broken ceiling, and said:

"Now for something to eat! Then we'll talk about your fortune. I'll get you some carrots." So he went out, and pretty soon he came back, carrying ten barrels of carrots in one hand and seventeen bushels of cabbage in the other.

"Here's a little light lunch for you," he said to Uncle Wiggily. "Eat this, and I'll get you some more, when we have a regular meal."

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Oh, why this is more than I could eat in a year," said the rabbit, "but I thank you very much," so he nibbled at one carrot, while the good giant ate fifteen thousand seven hundred and eight loaves of bread, and two million bushels of jam. Then he felt better.

"So you want to find your fortune, eh?" the giant said to the rabbit. "Well, now I'll help you all I can. How would you like to stay here and work for me? You have good ears, and you could listen for burglars in the night when I am asleep. Will you?"

"I think I will," said Uncle Wiggily. And he was just reaching for another carrot, when suddenly from outside sounded a terrible racket.

"Where is he? Let me get at him! I want him right away-that rabbit I mean!" cried a voice, and Uncle Wiggily jumped up in great fright, and looked for some place to hide. The giant jumped up, too, and grabbed his big club.

But don't be alarmed. Nothing bad is going to happen to our Uncle Wiggily-in fact he is going to have lots of fun soon.

So if my motorboat doesn't turn upside down and spill out the pink lemonade, I'll tell you in the next story about Uncle Wiggily and the giant's little boy.

Chapter 30: Uncle Wiggily and the Giant's Boy

Let me see, I believe I left off where Uncle Wiggily was in the house of the good giant, and the old gentleman rabbit heard a terrible noise. Didn't I?

"My goodness!" exclaimed the rabbit, jumping up so quickly that he upset one of the giant's toothpicks, on which he had been sitting for a chair, for the giant's toothpicks were as large as a big chestnut tree. "My goodness!" cried Uncle Wiggily, "what in the world is that?"

"I guess it's my little boy coming home from school," said the good giant as softly as he could, but, even then, his voice was like thunder. "He must have heard that you were here."

"Will he hurt me? Does he love animals?" asked the rabbit, for he was getting frightened. "Will your little boy be kind to me?"

"Oh, indeed he will!" cried the good giant. "I have taught him to love animals, for you know he is so big and strong, even though I do call him my little boy, that it would be no trouble for him to take a bear or a lion, and squeeze him in one hand so that the bear



KINDERGARTEN PROSE

or lion would never hurt anyone anymore. But, just because he is big and strong, though not so big and strong as I am, I have taught my boy to be kind to the little animals."

"Then I will have no fear," said Uncle Wiggily, winking his nose-I mean his eyes-and just then the door of the giant's house opened and in came his little boy.

Well, at first Uncle Wiggily was so frightened that he did not know what to do. I wonder what you would say if you were suddenly to see a boy almost as big as your house, or mine, walk into the parlor, and sit down at the piano? Well, that's what the old gentleman rabbit saw.

"Ah, my little boy is home from school," said the giant, kindly. "Did you have your lessons, my son?"

"Yes, father, I did," was the answer. "And I learned a new song. I'll sing it for you."

So he began to play the piano with his little finger nail, and still, and with all that, he made as much noise as a circus band of music can make on a hot day in the tent. Oh, he played terribly loud, the giant's boy did, and Uncle Wiggily had to put his paws over his ears, or he might have been made deaf. Then the giant's little boy sang, and even when he hummed it the noise was like a thunder storm, only different. Now, this is the boy giant's song, and you will have to sing it with all your might, as hard as you can, but not if the baby is asleep.

"I am a little fellow,
But soon I will grow big.
And then I'll sit beside the sea,
And in the white sand dig.

"I'll make a hole so very deep,
To China it will go.
And then I'll fill it up with shells
Wherein the wild waves blow."

And with that the giant's little boy banged so hard on the piano with his little finger nail that he broke a string, and made a funny sound, like a banjo out of tune.

"Oh, I didn't mean to do that!" the giant's boy cried. "I'm sorry!"

"Dear me! I wonder when you'll grow up?" asked the giant, sort of sad-like.

"I think he's pretty big now," said Uncle Wiggily. And, indeed, the boy-giant was so tall that when the rabbit stood up as high as he could stand, he only came up to the tip end of the shoe laces on the giant boy's big shoes.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Oh, he grows very slowly," said the giant, and then the boy noticed the rabbit for the first time. Well, that boy-giant wanted to know all about Uncle Wiggily, where he came from and where he was going, and all that, and Uncle Wiggily told about how he was traveling around to seek his fortune.

"Oh, I believe I know where you can find lots of money, Uncle Wiggily," said the giant's boy kindly, as he reached over and stroked the rabbit's ears. "I have always heard that there is a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. The next time we see one, you and I will go out and search for the money. Then you will have your fortune, and you won't have to travel around anymore."

"That will be fine!" cried the rabbit, "for, to tell you the truth, I am getting pretty tired of going about the country. Still, I will not give up until I find my fortune."

"All right. But we will have to wait until it rains, and then we'll see where the end of the rainbow is," said the giant's boy. "Now we will have some games together. Let's play tag."

Well, they started to play that, but, land's sake, flopsy dub and a basket of ice cream cones! Uncle Wiggily ran here, and there, and everywhere, and he jumped and leaped about so that the giant's little boy couldn't catch him, for the big-little fellow wasn't very spry on his feet.

"Oh, I guess we had better not play that game anymore," said the boy giant, as he accidentally nearly stepped on Uncle Wiggily's left ear. "I might hurt you. Let's play hide-and-go-seek."

But Uncle Wiggily was even better at this game than he had been at tag, for he could hide in such small holes that the boy giant couldn't even see them, so of course that wouldn't do for a game. It was no fun.

Then all at once it began to rain. My! how it did pour! It rained snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails, with the puppies fast to the tails, of course, and the streets were covered with them. Then it rained a few ice cream cones, and Uncle Wiggily and the giant boy had all they wanted to eat, the giant eating fourteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-six, and part of another one, while Uncle Wiggily had only two cones.

"Oh, there is the rainbow!" cried the boy giant at last, as he saw the beautiful gold and green and orange and red colors in the sky. "Now for the pot of gold."

So he and Uncle Wiggily started off together to find it. But they had not gone very far through the woods before they met the papa giant.

"Where are you going?" he asked of them.

"To the end of the rainbow to get the pot of gold," said the giant's little boy.

"You don't need to," said the giant, "for there is none there. That is only a fairy story. Wait, I'll show you."

So he stretched out his long arm as far as it would go and he reached away down to the end of the rainbow and he felt all around with his long fingers, and sure enough, there wasn't a bit of gold there, for his hand came back empty.

"It's too bad," said the giant's little boy to Uncle Wiggily. "There is nothing there for you. But perhaps you will find your fortune tomorrow. Come and stay with me until morning."

So Uncle Wiggily went back to the giant's house, and the next day quite a surprising adventure occurred to him, and in case the gasoline in my motorboat doesn't wash all the paint off my red necktie I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Grand-daddy Longlegs.

Chapter 31: Uncle Wiggily and Daddy Longlegs

Uncle Wiggily got up early the morning after the good giant had shown him that there wasn't any gold at the end of the rainbow. The old gentleman rabbit looked where a place had been set for him at the table, but alas and alack a-day, the table was almost as high from the floor as the church steeple is from the ground, and Uncle Wiggily could not reach up to it.

"Hum, let's see what we will do," spoke the papa giant. "I know, I'll get a spool of thread from the lady giant next door, and that will answer for a table for you, Uncle Wiggily, and you can use another toothpick for a chair."

So while the boy giant went for the spool of thread, the papa giant served Uncle Wiggily's breakfast. First he brought in a washtub full of milk and a bushel basket full of oatmeal.

"What is that for?" asked the rabbit in surprise.

"That is for your breakfast," was the answer. "Isn't it enough? Because I can get you more in a jiffy, if you want it."

"Oh, it is entirely too much," said Uncle Wiggily. "I can only take a little of that oatmeal."

"Very well, then, I will take this myself, and get you a small dish full," spoke the papa giant, and he ate all that oatmeal and milk up at one mouthful, but even then it was hardly enough to fill his hollow tooth.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

Then the boy giant came back with the spool, which was as big as the dining-room table in a rabbit's house. Up at this new table the traveling uncle sat, and he ate a very good breakfast indeed.

"Now I must start off again to seek my fortune," he said, as he took his crutch, striped red, green and yellow, like a cow's horn. Oh, excuse me! I was thinking of circus balloons, I guess. Anyhow Uncle Wiggily took his crutch and valise, and, as he was about to start off, the boy giant said:

"I will walk along a short distance with you, and in case any bad animals try to hurt you I'll drive them away."

"Oh, I don't believe anyone will harm me," spoke the rabbit, but nevertheless something did happen to him. As he and the boy giant were walking along, all of a sudden there was a noise from behind a big, black stump, and out jumped a big, black bear. He rushed right at the rabbit, and called out:

"Ha! Now I have you! I've been waiting a long while for you, and I thought you'd never come. But, better late than never. Now for my dinner! I've had the fire made for some time to cook you, and the kettle is boiling for tea." He was just going to grab our Uncle Wiggily, when the giant's little boy called out:

"Here, you let that rabbit alone! He's a friend of mine!" But, listen to this, the bear never thought a thing about a boy giant being with Uncle Wiggily, and he never even looked up at him. Only when the bear heard the giant's boy speaking he thought it was distant thunder, and he said:

"Oh, I must hurry home with that rabbit before it rains. I don't like to get wet!"

"Yes, I guess you will hurry home!" cried the giant's boy, and with that he reached over, and he grabbed that black, ugly bear by his short, stumpy tail and he flung him away over the treetops, like a skyrocket, and it was some time before that bear came down. And when he did, he didn't feel like bothering Uncle Wiggily anymore.

"Now I guess you'll be all right for a while on your travels," said the boy giant as he called goodbye to the old gentleman rabbit. "Send me a souvenir postal when you find your fortune, and if any bad animals bother you, just telephone for me, and I'll come and serve them as I did the bear."

Then the old gentleman rabbit thanked the boy giant, and started off again. He traveled on and on, over hills and down in little valleys, and across brooks that flowed over green mossy stones in the meadow, and pretty soon Uncle Wiggily came to a big gray stone in the middle of a field. And, as he looked at the stone, the old gentleman rabbit saw something red fluttering behind it, and he heard a noise like someone crying.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"Ha! Here is where I must be careful!" exclaimed the rabbit to himself. "Perhaps that is a red fox behind the stone, and he is making believe cry, so as to bring me up close, and then he'll jump out and grab me. No indeed, I'm going to run back."

Well, Uncle Wiggily was just going to run back, when he happened to look again, and there, instead of a fox behind the stone, it was a little boy, with red trousers on, and he was crying as hard as he could cry, that boy was.

"What is the matter, my little chap?" asked the rabbit kindly. "Are you crying because you have on red trousers instead of blue? I think red is a lovely color myself. I wish I had red ears, as well as red eyes."

"Oh, I am not crying for that," said the little boy, wiping away his tears on a big green leaf, "but you see I am like Bo-peep, only I have lost my cows, instead of my sheep, and I don't know where to find them."

"Oh, I'll help you look," said Uncle Wiggily. "I am pretty good at finding lost cows. Come, we'll hunt farther." So off they started together, Uncle Wiggily holding the little boy by one of his paws-one of the rabbit's paws, I mean.

Well, they looked and looked, but they couldn't seem to find those cows. They looked at one hill, and on top of another hill, and down in the hollows, and under the trees by the brook, but no cows were to be seen.

"Oh, dear!" cried the little boy, "if I don't find them soon there'll be no milk for dinner."

"And I am very thirsty, too," said the rabbit. "I wish I had a drink of milk. But where in the world can those cows be?" and he looked up into the sky, not because he thought the cows were there, but so that he might think better. Then he looked down at the ground, and, as he did so he saw a little red creature with eight long legs, and the creature wiggled one leg at the rabbit friendly-like as if to shake hands.

"Why don't you ask me where the cows are?" said the long-legged insect.

"Why, can you tell?" inquired Uncle Wiggily.

"Of course I can. I'm a grand-daddy longlegs, and I can always tell where the cows are," was the reply. "Just you ask me."

So Uncle Wiggily and the little boy, both together, politely asked where they could find the cows, and the grand-daddy just pointed with one long leg off toward the woods where the rabbit and boy hadn't thought of looking before that.

KINDERGARTEN PROSE

"You'll find your cows there," said grand-daddy longlegs, and then he hurried home to his dinner. And Uncle Wiggily and the boy went over to the woods, and there in the shade by a brook-sure enough were the cows, chewing their gum-I mean their cuds. And they were just waiting to be driven home.

So Uncle Wiggily, and the boy with the red trousers, drove the cows home, and they were milked, and the old gentleman rabbit had several glasses full-glasses full of milk, not cows, you know. Goodness me! A cow couldn't get into a glass, could it? I guess not!

And after that Uncle Wiggily--

Well, but see here now. I think I've put enough adventures about Uncle Wiggily in this book, and I must save some for another one. So I think I will call the following book "Uncle Wiggily's Travels," for he still kept on traveling after his fortune you know. And he found it, too, which is the best part of it. Oh, my yes! He found his fortune all right. Don't worry about that. And in the next book, the very first thing he did, was to have an adventure with a red squirrel-girl, who was some relation to Johnnie and Billie Bushytail.

So that's all there is to Uncle Wiggily, for a little while, if you please, but if you want to hear anything else about him I'll try, later on, to tell you some more stories. And now, dear children, goodbye.

THE END.