Dandie
The Tale of a Yellow Cat

Florence Hungerford
DANDIE

THE TALE OF A YELLOW CAT
The kittens’ first home in the woodshed
DANDIE
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Where Dandie and Ink Pot spent their first days
DANDIE
THE TALE OF A YELLOW CAT

MY FIRST HOME

My first home was in the woodshed at Big Boy's house. That was when I was a tiny kitten, and lived with Mamma and little brother.

Mamma was a black and yellow cat, and little brother was all black. His name is Ink Pot, and mine is Dandie. What color do you suppose I am? Why, yellow, of course, just like the first pretty spring flower.

At first we stayed all the time in our basket. We slept, and Mamma gave us our food.

One day Ink Pot said, "See what I have, Dandie."
He spread out his paws. There were little, sharp claws in each one. I spread out my paws. I had claws, too.

We dug our claws into the sides of the basket and tried to climb out, but we had to try a good many times before we could do it.

When we did get out on the floor, our legs were so weak that we could hardly stand on them. We were very glad to climb back into the basket and rest.

But we climbed out every day. Soon we grew strong, and were able to run all around the woodshed.

What good times we did have! We chased our tails round and round, and rolled each other over. Sometimes we bit Mamma’s tail, and made her say, “Mew! Mew!”

Almost every day Big Boy and his sister came out to play with us. He
would say to me, "Hello, Butterball!" His sister told him that my name was Dandie, but he called me Butterball just the same.

When we were not asleep or at play, we were being washed. Mamma
held us tight with her paw, and licked us all over with her tongue. When we were old enough, she taught us to wash ourselves.

Ink Pot did not have to wash as much as I did, because his fur was
black. All the dirt showed on mine. If I did not get clean behind my ears, Mamma helped me. How she did hurt sometimes!

We learned to purr, too. Purring is the noise you make when you are happy. After that, we learned to lap milk out of a dish.

We found that we could dig our claws into things, and climb almost anywhere. You can scratch with claws, too, but that is naughty.

We never thought of living anywhere else, but one day Mamma said, "Tomorrow you are going to new homes on the hill. Dandie will live with some ladies, and Ink Pot will live with a little girl."

"We should rather stay with you," we said.

"You can't do that," she answered. "They do not want three cats here. You will have nice homes, and you
must be good, and make your missies love you.”

“What shall we do to be good?” we asked.

This is what she told us:

“Ink Pot must not cry or scratch if Little Girl pulls his tail. She is only a baby, and doesn’t know any better.

“Dandie must lie on his missies’ laps and purr whenever they want him to.

“You must not tease for food. You must never climb on the table. Be careful not to spill your milk.

“Go to the door and mew when you want to go out.

“Wash yourselves every day, and keep neat and clean.”

We said we would try to remember. Next day Big Boy put one of us on each shoulder and carried us away. We never saw Mamma again.
THE HOME ON THE HILL

There were two ladies in my new home. One was Missy, and one was Other Missy.

The first thing that Missy did was to give me some milk in a dish. I lapped it all up. Then I washed my face.

Other Missy gave me a spool to play with. When I hit it with my paw, it ran away from me, under the stove. I had hard work to get it out. Then it got under a chair. At last the spool hid away under the couch. By that time I was tired, and did not go after it.

There was a big yard around the house. I wanted to go out and play in it. So I pawed the door and said, "Mew! Mew!"
The first time Dandie met a dog
Missy said, "If I let him out, he must be tied up, or he will run away." She didn't know that Mamma had told us not to!

She put a collar around my neck. Then she tied a long string to it. The other end was fastened to a tree near the house.

I didn't like the collar, so I tried and tried to get it off. But it would not come.

Then I tried to run. I could go quite a long way, but if I went too far the string jerked me back. I didn't like that, either.

While I was playing in the yard two dogs came up the hill with their ladies. One was big and yellow; the other was little and black.

When I saw them, I put up my back and said, "Siss! Siss!" but they did not mind. They did not even bark.
The black dog went right along without even looking at me. But the yellow dog came and smelled me all over. His lady said, "He will not hurt you; he likes cats." So we were friends.

There were three other cats on the hill. Their names were Tom, Sweetheart, and Tinker Bell. They did not notice me any more than the black dog did, for they were big cats, and I was only a kitten.

The cats lived at the big house. That was where the yellow dog lived, too. The black dog lived at the little house.

In the back yard were a great many chickens. Whenever they came around in front of the house, the yellow dog barked at them and chased them back.

Then how those chickens did run! Sometimes he chased them when they
were in their own yard. Then his lady would say, "Bad dog! Bad dog!"

Tom was afraid of the chickens. They took the food right off his dish, and he let them! He was afraid they might nip him with their sharp bills.
Missy was sorry for Tom. She took him into our house and fed him. She said some one must have been unkind to him to make him so afraid.
I LEARN TO CLIMB A TREE

For a long time I was tied up every day. Then one morning Missy said, "I think he will not run away now." So she took off the collar and string. It was such fun! I could go wherever I wanted to.

There was a big tree in the yard. It was called a cherry tree.

One day a strange dog came up the hill. He ran at me and barked. I put up my back and looked him straight in the eye, but he did not stop. So I climbed right up into the tree.

Dogs can't climb trees. He pawed the trunk, but he couldn't get me. So he stood still and barked.

Missy came out and drove the dog away. She called to me to come
down, but the first time you climb a tree you are afraid. It looks so far to

the ground, and your claws slip on the bark.

I cried and cried, and Missy talked to me. After a while I climbed down a little way, but I slipped, and was afraid, so I went back.

The black dog's lady came out. "I'll bring a ladder," she said, "and
we’ll get him down,” but Missy told me to try once more.

I tried again, and this time I got as far as the trunk of the tree. Then Missy put up her hand and got me.

I tell you I was glad when I was on the ground again! I thought I never would climb another tree. I did though, and the next time it was just as easy to get down!
CATCHING MICE AND CATCHING BIRDS

One day I found a mousehole in the pantry. I knew what it was by the smell.

Mamma told us about mice, but I had never seen a mouse. I sat down to watch the hole, just as I had seen her do.

When you watch a mousehole, you fold your paws and lie very still, so the mouse will not know you are there.

I waited a long time. Then I heard scratch, scratch, scratch!

A mouse put out his head I jumped up and made a spring. But the mouse was too quick for me, and ran back into his hole.

I watched that hole for days and days. And at last I caught the mouse.
I took him in my mouth and away I ran to show Missy.

She was pleased and said, "Good Dandie! Catch all the mice you can. They get in the pantry and eat up all the food."

I wanted to catch a bird, too. It is much harder to catch birds than mice. You softly creep and creep close up to them. Then you make a spring,
but the birds always fly away before you can seize them.

Missy saw me trying to catch a bird and said, "No, no! That is naughty."

I wonder why it is naughty to catch birds and good to catch mice?

There was a robin's nest in the cherry tree. When I first climbed up to look, there were only eggs in it. The mother robin scolded, and tried to peck me. So I got down.

After a while I went again. The father and mother robins were both away. There were four little robins in the nest!

I took one in my mouth and began to climb down the tree. The old birds came back and made a great fuss. Missy came out to see what was the matter.

"Bad kitty," she said, "to get a young robin!"
Dandie and the robins
She took it away from me, and Big Boy, who came along just then, climbed up and put it back into the nest.

Missy took me on her lap and talked to me. She said she could not love me any more if I caught little birds.

That made me feel sorry, and I never went near the robin's nest again.
LITTLE BOY PUTS ME INTO THE WATER

A little boy came to the big house to visit. There were no other little boys for him to play with, so he did a great deal of mischief.

He chased the turkey gobbler, and made him all red and angry. He put burrs in the yellow dog’s tail. He picked all the green grapes to throw at the chickens.

He liked to tease cats. We were all afraid of him.

Missy said to him, “If you hurt my cat, something will happen to you.” So he let me alone for a long time.

But one day when the Missy was taking a nap, Little Boy said, “Come and play in the garden, Dandie, and I’ll give you this.”
He showed me a piece of fish. I like fish, so I went with him.

He gave it to me, but while I was eating it he picked me up and ran to a little lake.

He threw me right into the water, and I got wet all over. You know cats hate water, and I began to cry. Little Boy just laughed.

The black dog's lady came out of the little house. She took me away
from Little Boy, and scolded him. She said she would tell his Mamma; he was a naughty boy and he would be punished.

Little Boy cried.

"Don't tell! I'll never do it again," he said. So she said she would not say anything about it.

She took me into the house and dried my fur. Then she gave me something to eat. When I was all right she sent me home.

For some time Little Boy kept his promise.

Then one day when I was in the garden he came softly up behind me, and threw me into the water again.

The black dog's lady heard me cry. She came out and said, "This time I shall tell."

Little Boy said, "Oh, please don't! I will be good!" But she would not listen.
She carried me home, just as I was, all wet.

Other Missy put a soft towel around me and rubbed my fur. As she rubbed, she kept saying, "Poor kitty! Bad Little Boy!"

Soon I felt better, and began to lick myself. That helped to get me dry.

Other Missy gave me some milk. After I had eaten it, I curled up on
her lap, and purred. Then I went to
sleep, and when I waked up I was
all dry.

Other Missy told Little Boy’s
Mamma, and he couldn’t go into the
garden again for a week. She said it
was cruel to treat pussy so, and he
had to come and say he was sorry.

I heard him cry, and knew just
how he felt.
INK POT AND I MEET AGAIN

One day when I was out playing in the yard, Ink Pot came walking up. His home was on another part of the hill. I had almost forgotten about him.

"How fat you are, Dandie!" he said. "Do you get enough to eat?"

"Of course I do. Don't you?"

He said Little Girl's Mamma was very busy, and sometimes she forgot to give him his milk.

"Are you hungry now?" I asked him.

"Yes," he said, "I'm always hungry."

I told him to come right in and have some of my milk. I took him to the dish, and how he did eat! Missy said, "Poor Ink Pot! He is half starved!"
She put more milk in the dish. Ink Pot and I drank all we could hold, and then we played with my spool.

Ink Pot had never seen a spool before. He thought it great fun to
run over the floor after it, and find it when it hid itself away.

It is hard work to chase a spool. Pretty soon we were tired. So we put our paws around each other's neck and went to sleep.

We slept until Little Girl came and said, "I want my kitty."

Ink Pot did not want to go, but she took him in her arms and carried him away.

The last thing he said was, "Come to see me, Dandie."

I knew I couldn't go to see him without running away, and that would make Missy angry. I thought if I didn't go, perhaps he would come again. So I waited and waited, but Ink Pot didn't come back.

After you have had another kitten to play with, it is no fun to play alone. At last I made up my mind to go and see Ink Pot, anyway.
I went down our hill and up a path. There was the house, and there was Ink Pot asleep on a green bench. Little Girl saw me and called, "Kitty, kitty, kitty!"

She picked me up and tried to stroke my fur, but she did it the wrong way, and it hurt. I cried, and got away.

Ink Pot woke up and was very glad to see me. He said that Little Girl did not know how to hold a cat.

We played out of doors with acorns. They will not roll like the spool, but there are more of them. They are good fun.

I stayed all day, and had my dinner and supper. It grew dark, and Little Girl was put to bed. Ink Pot said I must stay all night.

I said I would, but just then I heard Missy's voice at the door, asking, "Is Dandie here?"
Little Girl's Mamma said, "Yes" and brought me out.

"I don't know what I shall do with Dandie if he runs away," Missy said. Then she took me in her arms and carried me home.

Next day I was tied up again.
I GO TO WALK WITH MISSY AND THE YELLOW DOG

Every day Missy took the yellow dog for a walk. He was so happy to go that he jumped into the air and barked.

They never asked me to go with them, but I wanted to know where they went. So one day I went after them. They didn't hear me following. I have soft pads on my paws, and so I do not make a bit of noise when I walk.

They went down the hill and into the big woods.

The yellow dog ran on ahead. He had a strap fastened to his collar. Missy held the other end of the strap and ran, too.
They went so fast that I couldn’t keep up, and I cried, “Mew! Mew!”

That meant, “Wait for me!” Missy turned around and saw me.

“Why, Dandie!” she said. “What made you come?”
She picked me up and put me on her shoulder. I had a fine ride. We went 'way to the end of the road. When we turned around, Missy said, "Now Dandie must walk." So I had to get down.
I liked the wood road. There were grasshoppers and all kinds of bugs to play with.

Sometimes I stopped a good while to play. Then Missy and the yellow dog would get ahead, and I had to run and call, “Wait for me!”

Missy always waited, but she did not carry me any more.

After that I went to walk with them every day. Sometimes we went down the hill to the flats.

That was the best walk of all, for there I found many tiny little green frogs, and ate them. Oh, but they were good!

Once Missy put me on the yellow dog’s back to ride. He didn’t like it at all, and ran off as fast as he could. I dug my claws into his hide and made him cry.

Then she took me off, and let me ride on her shoulder.
I tried to walk with other people, but they didn't like it. They always said, "Go right back, Dandie."

If I went on and called, "Wait for me!" they didn't wait. They only laughed, and I had to go back.
TINKER BELL AND THE KITTENS

One day I heard a great noise in the storeroom. The door was open, so I went in.

Both my missies were there. So was the black dog’s lady, and all the ladies from the big house.

They stood around a box. What was in it? I wondered. I couldn’t see. But pretty soon one of the ladies took something out. Then I saw—what do you think?—a tiny kitten!

Its eyes were not open. It had no fur on its tail, and said “Mew” in such a weak little voice. I didn’t think much of it.

At last the kitten was put back into the box, and they all went away.

Then I climbed up and looked in. There lay Tinker Bell and three kittens!
I asked her if they were hers. "Yes, of course," she said. "Aren't they pretty?"

I wanted to be polite, so I said they were, but they looked to me just like rats.

Every day I went in to see the kittens.

How fast they grew! Pretty soon their eyes were open, and they were blue! Mine are yellow, like my fur. Ink Pot's are green. So are Tinker Bell's.

Soon they were able to climb out of the box. And they ran about in such a funny way on their weak little legs.

Tinker Bell washed them with her tongue, just as Mamma used to wash us. When she rubbed behind their ears they cried, just as we did.

When they were big enough to play, they had such good times! They
Tinker Bell and her family
ran round and round after their tails, and tried to bite them. They bit Tinker Bell’s tail, too. Then she cuffed them with her paw.

Missy let the kittens come into our house. She gave them milk in my dish.
I did not like that, and tried to push them away.

But Missy said, "You bad Dandie! Let the kitties have some!"

I had to go away, but I cuffed them when she wasn't looking.
THE KITTENS ARE LOST AND FOUND

One day when I went in to see the kittens, the box was empty. I looked all around, but I couldn’t find them anywhere.

I went in every day to see if they had come back, but they hadn’t.

At last I saw Tinker Bell in the yard. “Where are the kittens?” I asked her.

“Come and see,” she answered.

We went around to the woodshed. There they were, in a nice, new box home.

I asked her why they didn’t stay in the storeroom.

She said the kittens kept running into the kitchen and getting under the cook’s feet.
That made the cook angry, and she said they must go out into the shed, to live.

Tinker Bell did not like the new home. She said she would not stay.
I asked her where she was going, but she only looked wise and shook her head.
The next day the kittens were gone from the woodshed.
Everybody talked about it. Missy said, "Perhaps old Tom has killed them," but the others were sure their Mamma had hidden them away in some safe place.

When I saw Tinker Bell, I asked her about it, but she wouldn't say a word.

A day or two after that Missy and I were out in the yard. I played with some leaves. Missy dug in the flower beds.

We heard a queer little noise on the roof and looked up. There sat Tinker Bell with a kitten in her mouth.

Missy called to the ladies and they came out to see. Some children came running up, too.

"Oh, she will kill the kitty!" cried one.

"Oh, no," said another. "That is the way cats carry their kittens."
I do not see how she knew, but it is so. There are thick folds of skin on one’s neck. These are what your Mamma takes in her mouth. She does not hurt one bit.

Tinker Bell came to the edge of the roof. Then she walked down the water pipe.

When she got to the big vine in front of our house she jumped right
into it. Then she climbed down to the ground, and ran away around the house.

She took the kitten back to the storeroom, and put it into the old box. She brought the other two back in the same way. Everybody laughed. They said Tinker Bell was a smart cat. Even the cook said it was too bad to drive her away. So they all stayed.

When I went in to see them, they lay in the box, and purred. That was because they were so happy.
WHITE KITTEN AND GRAY KITTEN GET INTO TROUBLE

Those kittens had just such a hard time learning to climb as I did.

The white one was the larger of the two. He always tried new things first.

One day White Kitten climbed the telephone pole. There are no branches on it, so of course he couldn’t get down.

Then the ladies sent for Big Boy to come. He tried to climb the telephone pole, but he couldn’t do it—it was too slippery.

Then they all took hold of the pole and shook hard. White Kitten tried his best to hold on, but his claws slipped. He let go, and fell down, down, down!
The ladies held up a blanket and caught him. He wasn't hurt a bit, but he was so frightened he trembled all over.

His missy cuddled him, saying, "Poor kitty! Never mind!"

Tinker Bell scolded him. She said he was a great baby. But I was sorry for him. I knew all about how he felt.

Gray Kitten was full of mischief and always getting into things. One day he tumbled into a can of oil.

What a funny looking cat he was! His fur stuck up in little points all over his body.

His missy washed him in warm water. She rubbed him hard, but the oil wouldn't come out. He looked so queer.

He was not a pretty kitten any more, but they said he would be all right when he grew up.
They named him Oily. I do not think that is a pretty name, do you?

Baby Kitten was smaller than the others and not so smart. When they were running all around, he couldn’t even get out of the box.
His legs were weak, and so were his eyes. His tail looked just like a rat's, for it had no hair on it. He was not a bit pretty. Tinker Bell did not seem to love Baby Kitten as she did the others.
She always made him cry when she washed him.

Gray Kitten and White Kitten were not at all kind to Baby Kitten. They pushed him away from the milk and took it all themselves.

Missy was sorry for him. She brought him into our house, and gave him a dish of milk all his own.

“He will be the prettiest kitten of the lot when he grows up,” she said.

I wonder if he will!
MY NAUGHTY DAY

Were you ever naughty all day long? I was once.

One time when Little Boy was naughty I heard his Mamma tell him that he must have climbed out of bed wrong foot first.

Perhaps that was what was the matter with me. Or perhaps I ate too many green frogs the night before.

Anyway, I felt cross. I didn't want any breakfast, so I put my paw into my dish and spilled my milk. It went all over Missy's clean floor.

"Just see what you have done, you careless Dandie!" she said. "I suppose you did not mean to, but you can't have any more milk today. I wanted to be good to you, so gave you all the milk we had."
Dandie and his breakfast
I knew I *did* mean to do it. I was sorry for a minute, but not sorry enough to want to be good.

I went into the living room to see what other mischief I could do.

No one was there. A vase of flowers stood on the table. I dug my claws into the table cover and pulled hard. The cover came off and the vase tipped over. The water and the flowers were all spilled.

Before Missy could get in to see what was the matter, I had hidden under the couch.

“*That wicked cat did this!*” she cried. “*Where is he?*” But she could not find me.

When she had cleaned up the water and gone away, I came out.

Other Missy’s knitting was on a chair. I got it and pulled out the needles. Then I tangled the yarn all up.
I left it on the floor and went out into the yard to play. I thought it better to be somewhere else when she found it.

In the chicken yard was a mother hen and six little chickens. They were just as soft and yellow! I ran after them, and made them think I was going to catch them. They were scared and cried, “Peep, peep, peep!”

The mother hen was very angry. She flew at me and pecked me on the nose. It hurt, and I went away.

I thought I might as well go and see Ink Pot. I knew it would make Missy sorry to have me run away, but I did not care for that.

No one was at home but Little Girl. Her Mamma had gone to the city.

“What can we do that is bad?” I asked Ink Pot.
“Why do you want to do something bad?” he said.

I told him, because I just felt like it. He said he felt that way himself sometimes.

There was some meat on the table. Little Girl’s Mamma had forgotten to put it away. Ink Pot said we might steal it, and that just suited me.

So we climbed up on the table and pulled the meat on to the floor. We ate all we could, and then went out into the yard.

Little Girl saw us and took me up into her arms. I scratched her and made her cry.

She dropped me and ran away. Ink Pot said, “You shouldn’t have done that, Dandie. She is just a baby.” But I didn’t care if I did hurt her.

We played with the acorns. Little brother got all the best ones, so I
cuffed him. That made him angry, and he told me to go home.

I went away, but I did not go home. I wasn’t ready to be good. I went down on the flats and ate frogs until I felt sick.
Some boys came by with a dog. The dog chased me up a tree, and the boys threw sticks at me. I had to stay up in the tree a long time.

At last they went away. I was tired of being naughty, so I got down out of the tree and went up the hill. My missies were sitting on a bench under a tree. I went up and rubbed against them, and purred.
Other Missy said, "Here is the naughty cat that tangled up my knitting."

I jumped on her knees and folded my paws. She did not think I heard what she said.

Missy saw that my nose was hurt. "O Dandie," she said, "you chased the little chickens and made the mother hen angry. Why have you been such a naughty pussy today? Is it fun?"

It is not fun at all. I never want to spend another such day.
MY GOOD DAY

The next day I thought I’d try to be good.

When I got up to breakfast, there was no milk in my dish, but I didn’t tease or cry. I waited until Missy put some in it.

"You’re a nice kitty today," she said.

I wanted to go out to play, but Other Missy had a headache.

"Come and lie on the couch with me, Dandie, and purr," she said.

So I did. She stroked me, and we both went to sleep. When we waked up, Other Missy felt better.

"Thank you, Dandie," she said, stroking me. "Now go and play."

I caught a mouse that morning. When I took it into the kitchen to show to Missy, Tom was there. He
looked hungry, so I said, "Would you like to have this mouse, Tom?"

"Yes, I should," he said. "I haven't had a mouse for a week."

I gave it to him, and it made me very happy to see him eat it.
I went out into the yard to find something to do. As I walked down by the little house, the black dog's lady called to me.

If you are a cat, you seem not to hear when any one calls you. You never mind if you can help it.

But that day I was trying to be good, so I stopped and looked back. I was glad I did, for she had a nice piece of fishskin for me.

It was just as well that I gave that mouse to Tom. If I had eaten it, I shouldn't have wanted the fishskin. As it was, I ate it all, and it was ever so good.

After that I went to Ink Pot's house. I told him I was sorry I had cuffed him the day before. Ink Pot was very kind, and said it was all right.

Little Girl was sick. She lay on her Mamma's lap, and cried. When
she saw me, she said, "Bad kitty scratches. Go away."

I rubbed against her Mamma, and purred. Little Girl put out her hand and stroked my fur the wrong way. Then she pulled my tail. It hurt, but I never said a word.

Her Mamma laid Little Girl down on the couch. She told her to be good while she was busy. But she just cried and cried.

Sometimes my missies read aloud. I heard them read once about a cat. It took care of a baby and put it to sleep.

"I can do that, too," I thought.

So I began to run round and round after my tail. Then I got a piece of wood and acted as though it were a mouse.

I threw it as far away as I could. Then I made a spring, and jumped on it, and shook it.
Little Girl stopped crying and began to laugh. "More, more!" she cried, so I played all the tricks I could think of.

At last she grew tired of play. She called to her Mamma to take her up, but she was too busy.

I jumped up on the couch beside her. Then I folded my paws, shut my eyes, and purred as loudly as I could.
Little Girl lay still. Pretty soon her eyes shut, too, and she was fast asleep. Then I got down.

Her Mamma said, "Good kitty, to put the baby to sleep!"

She gave me some milk. After I had eaten it, I went home. I felt very happy.

It is nice to be good. Why can't we be good all the time?
The yellow dog and Dandie
I FIND OUT ABOUT THE TROLLEY CAR

On the hill I heard a great deal about the trolley car. People would come out of houses with their hats on, saying, "I can't stop. I must get the car." Then they would hurry down the hill very fast.

One day I heard Missy say she was going to the car. "Now is my chance," I thought. "I'll go too, and find out all about it." So I followed her.

The yellow dog was on his porch, and called out to me, "Your lady won't take you this time," but I paid no attention to him.

When we got to the flats I called, "Wait for me."

Missy turned around and saw me. She was very cross. "You can't come
with me, Dandie,” she said. “Go right home.” Then she went on very fast.

But I didn’t go back. I waited a minute, and then I went on. Pretty soon I called again, “Wait for me. Wait for me.”
Missy was just opening the big gate. She was very, very cross this time, and said, "You naughty cat! I told you to go back."

She called a little boy and said, "Please take my kitty home; I am going on the trolley car."

She gave him a penny, and he took me in his arms. I scratched and scratched, but he held tight. I couldn't get away.

The yellow dog laughed when he saw the little boy bringing me home. "You were sent back," he said. "I told you that you couldn't go."

"How did you know?" I asked.

"Because they won't let me go, either," he answered.

"Why not?"

"I don't know. They just say, 'I'm going to the trolley car; be a good dog.' Then I know I must stay at home."
I didn’t say any more, but I thought, “I shall go just the same.”

But I didn’t get a chance for some time, for Missy said next time, “Keep Dandie in the house, so he won’t follow me.” Then I was shut up.

One day, a long time after that, I was at play down on the flats when Little Girl’s Mamma and a lady came by. They were running fast. I heard them say, “We can get the car if we hurry.”

“Now is my time to find out all about it,” I thought. So I followed them.

They went through the big gate, into the lane. I had never been there before.

I wanted to stay and play with the grasshoppers, but the ladies went on so fast, I had to run to keep up.

I called, “Wait for me,” but they never even turned around.
It was a long, long way and I was very tired. I was about ready to go back, when the lane ended in the big road.

The ladies stopped running. They went across the road, and stood by a little yellow house. I went up and rubbed against them.

Little Girl's Mamma said, "Why, Dandie! Why did you come to the trolley car? You must go right home, like a good kitty."

I heard a noise. It sounded like a great big cat purring. That was the car. It came running down the hill very fast, with its tail in the air. When it got to the little yellow house, it stopped.

The ladies got on. The car began to purr again, and started off.

I did not go home. It was nice there. I played with the grasshoppers. When I was tired, I went to sleep.
Some children came by from school. They stopped to play with me. I had a fine time with them. They gave me good things to eat out of their lunch baskets.

Ever so many trolley cars went by. At last, when one stopped, Little Girl’s Mamma got off.

When she saw me, she said, “Have you been here all this time, Dandie? Come right home.”

It was getting dark, and I was hungry. So I went.

I thought she might carry me, but her arms were full of bundles. So I had to walk all the way.

I wanted to go to supper with Ink Pot, but when we got to the hill she said, “Good-by, Dandie,” and I had to go home.

Missy had been looking everywhere for me. “Where have you been all day?” she asked.
I did not answer, but somebody must have told her, for the next day Missy said that good kitties did not run away from home and go to the trolley cars.
I was tied up all day. When Missy and the yellow dog went to walk, they left me at home.

I cried to go with them, but Missy said, "Dandie must learn to mind."

I wonder if I should be a happier cat if I minded!
EVERYBODY GOES AWAY FROM THE HILL

The little frogs all grew up. The pretty yellow flowers, called goldenrod, came out. I like them, because they are the color of my fur.

People began to say, "Summer is nearly over."

One day the little black dog and his lady came into our house. She was wearing her hat. He had on his muzzle.

A muzzle is a little cage. It goes over a dog's nose and mouth. It is to keep him from biting in the hot days of the summer. Some people call these days "Dog days." A dog cannot eat anything, or drink, when he is wearing a muzzle, but he can bark a little.
The lady said they were going away. They had come to say good-by.

“We shall go away too, very soon,” Missy said.

“What are you going to do with Dandie?” asked the lady.

Missy told her she did not know
The lady said, "Would you like to come and live with us, Dandie, until your Missy has another home?"

I did not answer, but Missy said, "He would like it very much."

Then they went away. I knew they were going to the trolley car, because the lady wore her hat.

I wondered why she took the black dog with her. He had always been left at home before, like the yellow dog and me.

I asked him, but he could not talk with his muzzle on. So I did not find out.

They didn't come back that night. Next day I went to the little house, but it was all shut up.

Then my missies began to pull things around in our house. They said they were packing.

I did not like it very well. My dish of milk was never in its place.
Everybody in the house was busy. Missy had no time to play with me or to hold me in her lap and stroke my fur.

I went to see Ink Pot, and found that Little Girl’s Mamma was packing, too. He told me they were going away.

“Are they going to take you?” I asked him. “The black dog’s lady took him when she went away.”
"No," he said, "I am going to live at the barn."

I told him that I would go and live at the barn with him, but he said, "Your Missy will not let you be a barn cat."

Why did everybody want to go away? It was very nice on the hill. I did not see why we could not stay there always.
MISSY AND I GO TO THE CITY

One day when Missy called me to her, she had her hat on, and a basket in her hand. I looked to see if there were anything to eat in it, but it was quite empty.

She picked me up and put me right into the basket, saying, "Now Dandie must not be frightened." Then she shut down the cover and made it fast.

I scratched and clawed, and cried, "Let me out! Let me out! Let me out!"

But Missy said, "Keep quiet, Dandie; you are all right."

She took the basket in her hand and left the house. I couldn't see out, but I knew when we went down the hill and across the flats.
We went out into the lane. Missy had to put down the basket while she opened the big gate.

After a while I heard the trolley car come purring along. It stopped. We got on, and it began to go again.

Missy opened the basket and took me out. She held me on her lap and talked to me.

People in the car laughed. A little boy cried gleefully, "Oh, see the kitty!" He wanted to come and play with me, but his Mamma wouldn't let him.

I went to sleep, and had a nice nap. At last Missy woke me up and said, "Here we are!" Then she put me back into the basket.

The car stopped, and Missy carried me out.

I heard a great noise, and was afraid. I cried, "Mew, mew, mew!" but Missy didn't hear me.
When Dandie went for a ride
I put my back up against the top of the basket. I pushed as hard as I could. The straps broke, and I jumped out.

It was such a queer place! The street was full of horses and trolley cars. The sidewalk was full of people. I had never seen so many people before. They walked fast, and pushed against each other.

I was so frightened by all the noise I just stood still. I didn't know which way to go.

A boy cried, "Cat loose!" and tried to grab me. Then I ran right out into the street.

Missy ran after me. A big man, in blue clothes, held up his hand. All the cars and horses stood still, while she picked me up.

We went into a big room and sat down. Missy smoothed my fur. She talked to me until I felt better.
She couldn't put me back into the basket, for the straps were broken.

So when we went on another trolley car, she held me in her arms.

We rode a long, long way. Then we got off the car, and went up a pretty street.

At last we stopped at a house. Missy pushed a button. I could hear a bell ring.
We waited a minute. Then, who should come to the door but the black dog's lady! He wasn't with her, but I could hear him barking, inside the house.

When she saw the broken straps, she laughed, and said, "So Dandie doesn't like to go traveling in a basket!"

We went into the house, and they talked a long time. I played around
on the floor. I tell you it seemed good to stretch my legs!

At last Missy said, "Good-by, Dandie. Be a good cat." Then she went away.

After she had gone the black dog's lady took me into the kitchen and gave me my dinner.

I was so hungry!
AT THE BLACK DOG’S HOUSE

I stayed some time at the black dog’s house. He was not very polite to me. He hardly ever talked to me, and he was very cross if I ate out of his dish.

He slept on the beds, and put his paws on the table. Missy had never let me do those things, but his lady didn’t seem to mind.

When I found out that the black dog lay on the beds, I tried it, too. It was nice and soft, and the lady never said a word.

The house was not at all like ours on the hill. The rooms were little and full of things. And there was not a single mousehole in the pantry!

Every day I went out to play in the yard for a long time. It was
not very large and a fence went all the way around it. There was only one tree in the yard.

One end of a long, long string was tied to the tree. The other end was tied to my collar. The string was so long that I could climb 'way up to the top of the tree.

I saw a great many birds in the yard. But I never touched any of them, though birds are better to eat than mice.

Once I tried to catch a bird. I told you about it, didn't I? It made Missy feel badly, and I never forgot it. Besides, I could not catch them, anyway. My string wouldn't let me.

Perhaps that is why the lady always made me wear it. She liked birds, and I heard her say, "I do not trust cats."

There was a bird in the house, too. He lived in a cage, high, high up in the air.
I could have climbed up as well as not. But of course I didn’t want to get him.

I used to sit on a chair and look at him, though. Then he would cry and tremble.
When the lady saw me doing it, she would say, "Dandie must never touch the bird!"

Whenever the black dog and his lady went to walk, she wore her hat and he had on his muzzle.

I wondered why they did this, for on the hill no one wore hats or muzzles. So one day I asked the black dog.
“Because we live in a city,” he answered. “In the city, all people wear hats and all dogs wear muzzles.”

I looked out of the window to see if it were so, and it was just as he said.

I wanted to go and walk with them, but they never asked me. The black dog said cats never walked with people in the city.

I think the hill is nicer than the city.
I GO TO A NEW HOME

Just as I began to like living at the black dog's house, I had to make another change.

One afternoon I was fast asleep on the bed. The lady came and waked me up and said, "Dandie is going to a new home."

We went downstairs. There I found Other Missy and a lady I had never seen before.

Other Missy took me on her lap and stroked my fur and loved me. I was glad to see her, and purred.

After they had talked a good while, the dog's lady brought a basket. They tried to put me into it, but it was too small.

I did not like the basket, and cried to be let out.
Dandie at home in the black dog's house
"Can't we carry him?" asked the new lady.

"We'll put on his string," said Other Missy. "Then he can walk part of the way."

They tied the long string to my collar. Then we went away.

The dog's lady told me I had been a very good cat at her house. But he did not even say good-by to me. I think he was glad to have me go.

Other Missy started to carry me. I thought it would be nicer to walk, so I wriggled around in her arms. Then she put me down and took hold of my string.

I knew she wanted me to walk along on the sidewalk, but I didn't want to. I ran up into a yard and sat down.

Other Missy cried, "O Dandie, come on! We shall never get to the car at this rate!" But I did not stir.
The new lady picked me up. I scratched her, and she had to put me down. Then I ran off again, as far as the string would let me.

It took us a long, long time to go a little way, because I acted so.
Other Missy scolded me. She said I was a bad cat, and my new Missy wouldn't love me.

"Oh, yes I shall," the other lady said. Then I knew she was my new Missy.

I thought, "If I'm not good, she may not give me any milk." So I went up and rubbed against her. She picked me up again, and this time I lay quiet in her arms.

At last we got to the car. It stopped and took us on.

Other Missy did not go far. Soon she said, "Good-by, Dandie. Be a happy little cat." Then she got off.

New Missy and I rode on. She talked to me, and I purred.

I was just getting ready to take a nap, when she picked me up and left the car.

We went up the street and into a little white house.
Somebody called out, "Have you brought the kitty?"
"Yes," answered New Missy. Here he is."
I had come to my new home.
MY NEW HOME AND WHAT I FOUND THERE

The people in the new home were called Mother, Father, and Brother.

Mother was very good to me. She gave me nice things to eat. I stayed with her while New Missy was at school.

Father did not care for cats. He hardly ever spoke to me. He and Brother were away all day.

When Brother came home at night, he said, "Hello, cat!"

New Missy told him my name was Dandie. Then he said, "Hello, Dandie!"

He took me on his knee. I began to purr, and he said, "He is a fine cat."

The next time he came home he brought two collars for me. "One is
for Dandie to wear week days,” he said, “and the other is for Sundays.”

Every Sunday Brother stayed at home. He put on my other collar the first thing in the morning. That is how I knew when Sunday came.
Then he played with me. We had fine times together.

There was a big dog at my new home. His name was Shep.

New Missy said, "Shep, this is Dandie. You must take care of him. Don't let him get lost."

Shep smelled me all over. Then he licked me with his tongue. After that, we were friends.

There was another cat, too. He did not have a name. They just called him the barn cat. And he didn't come into the house, but lived out with the auto.

I went out to see him. He was not angry because I had come to live with his people. He said I might stay.

He was quite an old cat, and did not care to play.

There was no fence around the yard. You could go right out into the street.
I thought I would go for a walk. Mother saw me start. She called, "Shep, don't let Dandie get on the car tracks."

Shep came and walked with me. When we got to the corner I was going right on, but he said, "The car tracks are there, Dandie. You can't go any farther."

I started to go right on, just as though I didn't hear, but he made me turn round and go home with him at once.

Whenever I went on the street, Shep went, too. So I never could run away.

Once, when I went to see the barn cat, he said, "What did you have for dinner today?"

"Potatoes and gravy, and some milk."

"Do they never give you any meat?"
"Not often. They say it will make me sick."

Then he asked me if I would like a mouse.

"Oh, yes indeed!" I cried. "But there isn't a single mousehole anywhere in this house!"
He dug in the straw, and brought something out. It was a nice fat mouse!

"You can have it just as well as not," he said. "I've had two today."

That was the best mouse I ever tasted! It was almost as good as the little green frogs!

I asked the barn cat if he had ever eaten any little frogs.

He didn't know what I meant, for he had never lived in the country.

I told him all about it.

"That must be fine!" he said. "Let's run away and go there!"

I told him it was too far; that we couldn't find the way, and that Shep wouldn't let me go off the street.

The barn cat and I grew to be very good friends. He always gave me a part of his mice.

Often he would ask me about the country. I told him all about Ink
Pot and the chickens, and about the dogs and the kittens.

I told him how Little Boy put me into the water. That made him very angry. He said that I ought to have scratched him. I told him I was too scared to scratch.

He said he would like to know Old Tom. He thought it silly to be afraid of the chickens, though.

Talking about it all made me a little homesick.

We did have such good times on the hill!
I FIND ANOTHER CAT IN THE MIRROR

One morning I found Mother and New Missy pulling things all around the living room.

I thought they must be packing, but I heard them say they were cleaning house.

All the pictures were taken down from the walls. They were set on the floor and washed.

One was such a strange picture. It looked like a glass with a frame around it.

I went up to look at it, and what do you think I saw? Another cat, looking right out from the glass! He had yellow fur, and stripes, just like mine!

I put out my paw to touch him. There was nothing there but glass!
"He must be behind the picture," I thought.

I couldn't get behind it, for it stood against the wall. So I put my paw around behind it. And what do you think? There was nothing there!
I never knew anything so queer. I put one paw in front of the picture, and one behind. “Now, surely I shall get him,” I thought.

There was no cat on either side! Still he looked at me.

New Missy came in.

“O Mother,” she called, “come and see Dandie try to get the cat in the mirror!”
Mother came, and they laughed and laughed. I didn't see anything to laugh at.

Pretty soon they took the picture away. They hung it back on the wall. The cat was not behind it! Where could he have gone?

Shep knew about the mirror. He said everybody saw different pictures in it.

When he looked in it, he said he saw a dog, but it was not a real dog.

It is very queer. I cannot understand it.
MISSY AND OTHER MISSY COME TO SEE ME

One afternoon I had been out walking with Shep. When we got home, New Missy came to the door to meet us. "Dandie has company," she said.

She took me upstairs and combed my fur. Then she put on my Sunday collar and tied a blue ribbon in it.

Blue looks well with my yellow fur, but I do not like ribbons.

We went down to the living room. You never can guess who was there! It was Missy and Other Missy!

Missy took me in her arms. "Have you forgotten me, Dandie?" she asked.

I jumped on her shoulder, just as I used to do. Then I put my paws around her neck. I rubbed against her face, and purred.
Missy said she was glad I had not forgotten her.

Mother came in, and they all talked and talked.

Some one asked, "Have you come to take Dandie away?"
“We have no home and cannot take care of him,” answered Missy. “He will have to be your kitty.”

Mother said, “We will take good care of him for you.”

“If we go back to the hill next summer,” said Other Missy, “perhaps we can have him with us again.”

I hoped they would go back to the hill. I wanted to take the barn cat there. I knew he would like the country.

They talked some more, and Missy stroked my fur.

I wanted her to see that I did as I pleased in my new home. So I got down from her lap, and jumped up on a table.

Nobody noticed me jump but Missy. She cried out at once, “Oh, see Dandie on the table! Make him get down!”

“We never touch him,” said Mother. “He doesn’t do any harm.”
Missy told her that I knew better than to get on the table.

Other Missy said she was afraid they were too good to me. "Dandie knows when he is naughty," she said. "Don't you, kitty-cat?"

"I guess he does," said New Missy, "but we love him just the same."

Then I was sorry I had been bad. So I got down from the table, and rubbed up against her.

Pretty soon the missies said good-by and went away.

My best collar and ribbon were taken off. My other collar was put on, and I went out to see the barn cat.

I told him I might go back to the hill next summer. He asked me if he could go, too. I said I would try to take him.
I AM STILL AT MY NEW HOME

Winter came. Out of doors, all was ice and snow. I don't like the cold, so I stayed in the house most of the time.

I lay under the kitchen stove, and slept a good deal.

Every afternoon Mother said, "Now it is time for Dandie's walk."

Then Shep and I had to go out.

It was not very pleasant. The snow made my feet cold. When we got back, though, I felt better for going out.

At last spring came. Leaves came out on the trees. The birds built their nests. At first there were eggs in the nests, then there were young birds.

I thought Mother would not say anything if I took a young robin. So
I started up the tree. But she came out quickly and said, "Do not touch the little birds, Dandie."

So I had to get down without one. I wonder what she would have done if I had gone on?

As soon as the snow melted away, I went out to find the barn cat.

"Hello, Dandie," he said. "Where have you been all winter?"
I told him I had been in the house; that I didn’t like to go out in the snow.

He said he didn’t like to go out in it, either.

It rained a good deal in the spring. Rain is not nice. It makes mud, and when you go out to play your feet get dirty.

At last the sun came out every day. It was warm and pleasant. People
said, "How good it is to have summer again!"

"Now that it is summer, the missies will come and get me," I thought, but they did not come.

I wonder if they went back to the hill!

The New Missy did not know anything about them. Brother asked her. He said, "I guess they don't want Dandie, anyway."

"You like us pretty well, don't you, Dandie?" she said.

I rubbed against her, and purred. "That is the way he says, 'Yes,'" she told Brother.

I am still at this house. It is a good home. They are kind to me, and I am happy.

But I should like to go back to the hill and taste those little frogs again.