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THE SANDMAN:
HIS ANIMAL STORIES

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THE PAGE COMPANY
53 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.



“ IN A LITTLE WHILE THEY WERE BOTH HARD AT WORK ”

(See page 32)



The Sandman:
His Animal
Stories ❀ ❀

By
Harry W. ^{ritten} Frees

With Thirty-two Illustrations
From Life Photographs Taken by
The Author



Boston
The Page Company

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To

Little Anna

**This Volume is
Affectionately
Inscribed**

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THE SANDMAN: HIS ANIMAL STORIES



I

THE KITTY CHILDREN STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a little town in Animal Land called Kitty-cat Town. And right through the middle of Kittycat Town ran a pretty little street called Kittyway Lane.

On one side of Kittyway Lane was a row of tiny houses and all of them were built of little red bricks. And each little house had a little yard around it with a fence in front

to shut it in. It was here the pussycat mothers lived together with their little kitty children.

On the other side of Kittyway Lane was another row of tiny houses, and they, too, were built of little red bricks. And the little yards around them were just the same with a fence in front to shut them in. It was here the doggie mothers lived together with their little puppy children.

Now these little kitty and puppy children lived just the same as the little boys and girls do here. The little animal boys wore bloomers and the little animal girls wore dresses. And they went to school, and played games, and got into mischief, just the same as all other little boys and girls. And sometimes they were good and sometimes they were naughty.

In one of the little brick houses on Kittyway Lane lived a pussycat mother by the name of Mother Cuddles. She had eight little kitty children, and four of them were boys, and four of them were girls. The four little kitty boys were called Buster, Billy, Tommy and Teddy; and the four little kitty girls were called Betty, Tessie, Dolly and Dotty.

Early one morning after her kitty children had eaten their breakfast, Mother Cuddles told them that she was going away on a visit for the day and that they would have to keep house all by themselves while she was gone. And she told them to be good little kittens and not get into any mischief. And, of course, they all promised to be very, very good.

“Dolly will look after things while I am

away," Mother Cuddles told them. "Of course, all of you can help with the work," she added, "but I want you to listen to what Dolly tells you, because she will be the little mother until I return."

And because Dolly was to be the little mother while Mother Cuddles was away, the other little Cuddles jumped up and down and clapped their paws with delight.

So, a little later, Mother Cuddles kissed them all good-bye and started away. And every one of her eight little kitty children went along out with her to the front gate and watched her go down the street until she was clear out of sight.

When they went back into the house again Dolly told them what each one was to do. Buster was told to take the strip of carpet out of the sitting-room and hang it on the

line out in the yard. And then he was to clean the dust out of it by beating it with a stick.

And because Buster would have much rather done something else he grumbled just a little bit. But all the same he took the carpet out and hung it on the line and beat it with a stick just as he was told.

And while Buster was beating the carpet Dolly sent his little kitty brother, Tommy, out to whitewash the garden fence. And because Tommy would have much rather done something else he grumbled just a little bit. But all the same he picked up the bucket full of whitewash and the long-handled brush, and went down through the garden until he came to the fence. And after he had dipped the long-handled brush into the bucket of whitewash he started in.

At first it seemed more like play than work, but before very long the sun began to grow hotter and the long-handled brush seemed to grow heavier. And not only that but the whitewash splattered all over his face and paws and some of it got into his eyes and made them smart. And the fence never seemed so long as it did just then. He had only finished one panel of it when along came Billy, his little kitty brother.

But Tommy pretended not to see him and went on working harder than ever. And because he didn't want Billy to know that whitewashing a fence was hard work for a little kitty boy he began to whistle a tune.

So it was no wonder that Billy soon began to feel that whitewashing a fence must be lots of fun, especially if it made one feel like whistling.



“ BEAT IT WITH A STICK JUST AS HE WAS TOLD ”

“Let me try it a while,” he said to Tommy.

But Tommy shook his head as he dipped the long-handled brush very carefully into the bucket of whitewash.

“I’ll give you my new top if you’ll let me do the rest of it,” coaxed Billy.

So Billy handed the long-handled brush over to Tommy, and putting the top in his pocket went on into the house.

But just as he stepped into the kitchen Dolly saw him and told him to go upstairs and help his little kitty sister, Tessie, shake up the pillows so that they would be nice and soft to sleep on. And when he got upstairs he was just a little bit cross because he didn’t want to do any more work, but would have much rather curled himself up in the big armchair and taken a nap.

So when he took hold of one end of the



“ WENT ON WORKING HARDER THAN EVER ”

pillow with his little sister, Tessie, he gave it such a hard shake that he tore a big hole right in the middle of it. And, of course, the feathers flew all over the room, so that poor Tessie burst out crying for fear Mother Cuddles might think it was her fault.

When Tessie told Dolly what Billy had done the little kitty girl felt very sorry that she had to tell Mother Cuddles how naughty he had been.

“Maybe if I sew up the tear so that it don’t show,” suggested Tessie, “you won’t have to tell Mother Cuddles.”

“Maybe I won’t,” agreed Dolly.

Now Tessie had no sooner gone downstairs with the torn pillow before Billy began to feel very sorry for what he had done. So when his little kitty sister came back he helped her gather up all the feathers off the

floor, and even held the pillow while she sewed it shut.

When Mother Cuddles returned home that afternoon she found all the work done and everything as bright as a new pin. And when she asked Dolly how all the others had behaved the little kitty girl never said a word about Billy tearing the pillow. For Tessie had sewed it up so carefully that one could scarcely tell it was ever torn.

“I’m glad to hear you’ve been such good little kittens,” Mother Cuddles told them. “And because you haven’t been a bit naughty and listened to what Dolly told you, I’m going to let you have a party next Saturday afternoon and you can invite all of your little friends.”

Of course her eight little kitty children were fairly delighted to know they might

have a party, and all of them made up their minds to ask a number of their little friends to come. And the first one whom Dolly asked was a little kitty girl by the name of Mazie Dobbie.

“You’ll come, won’t you, Mazie?” coaxed Dolly. “We’re going to have the grandest time, and just think what Mother Cuddles has promised us — a can of ice-cream!”

“I’d like to come ever so much,” said Mazie, “if Mother Dobbie will let me.”

The next moment she had turned away and Dolly saw her look down at her poor shabby dress and wipe the tears out of her eyes with her paw. The little kitty girl knew as well as Mother Dobbie, herself, how poor they were and that she would have no better dress to wear to the party than the one she had on.

“Why, Mazie, what makes you cry?” asked Dolly, running up to her, clasping her around the neck with both little paws.

“’Cause I can’t come to the party,” sobbed her little kitty friend. “Mother Dobbie wouldn’t like me to come in an old patched dress.”

And for fear she might start to cry too, Dolly hurried off home as fast as she could go. And as soon as she got there she went right upstairs to pick out one of her dresses to give to Mazie, so that she could come to the party. There were several of them hanging on their hooks in the closet and it took her quite a little while to make up her mind which one to give away.

“Maybe she’d like the pink one the best,” she said to herself.

So Dolly took the little pink dress and

carried it downstairs to show Mother Cuddles and ask her whether she might give it to Mazie to wear to the party.

“Are you quite sure you want to give it away?” asked Mother Cuddles.

And Dolly shook her fluffy little head so decidedly that Mother Cuddles could not help but smile at her eager little kitty girl.

“Just think how badly I’d feel if I had nothing to wear to a party but an old patched dress,” said Dolly. “Wouldn’t you feel the same way, Mother Cuddles?” she asked.

“I guess I would,” admitted Mother Cuddles. “So run along and give Mazie the dress and tell her to be sure and come to the party and help eat the ice-cream.”

And that’s just what Mazie did, looking too sweet for anything in her new pink dress.

And that’s all.

II

THE PLAYMATE STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a little town in Animal Land called Kitty-cat Town. And right through the middle of Kittycat Town ran a pretty little street called Kittyway Lane.

On one side of Kittyway Lane was a row of tiny houses and all of them were built of little red bricks. And each little house had a little yard around it with a fence in front to shut it in. It was here the pussycat mothers lived together with their little kitty children.

On the other side of Kittyway Lane was another row of tiny houses, and they, too, were built of little red bricks. And the little yards around were just the same with a fence in front to shut them in. It was here the doggie mothers lived together with their little puppy children.

Now these little kitty and puppy children lived just the same as the little boys and girls do here. The little animal boys wore bloomers and the little animal girls wore dresses. And they went to school, and played games, and got into mischief, just the same as all other little boys and girls. And sometimes they were good and sometimes they were naughty.

In one of the little brick houses of the doggie folks lived Mother Beagle and her family of two little puppy children. One of

them was a little puppy boy by the name of Tommy and his little puppy sister was called Mamie.

One day Mother Beagle went upstairs to the attic to get something and as soon as she opened the door at the head of the stairs she threw up her paws and stood still.

“My goodness!” she exclaimed. “Isn’t it dreadful how children will tear things up! I never saw such puppies in all my life.”

Now Mother Beagle’s little puppies weren’t a bit worse than Mother Cuddles’ little kittens or any of the other little animal boys and girls. They all liked to play, and nothing pleased them better than to have a room all to themselves to romp about in.

So most of the animal mothers allowed their children to play in the attic, and it was very, very hard for the little folks to keep

things in order. If they played Indian they had to pull out a number of chairs for horses and use a couple of bed quilts for tents. And it was the same way with other games.

Well, anyway Mother Beagle went downstairs and told Mamie that she would have to clean the attic as soon as she had her dinner.

“And mind that you do it right,” said Mother Beagle. “The floor will have to be scrubbed and all the pictures dusted. And don’t forget to brush down the cobwebs.”

“I’ll do it ever so carefully,” promised Mamie.

A little later the little puppy girl hurried over to the Cuddleses to see her little friend, Tessie.

“Oh, Tessie,” she said to her little kitty

playmate, "Mother Beagle wants me to clean the attic this afternoon and I've come over to ask you to help me. We'll have lots of fun if you do."

"Shall I bring my little broom?" asked Tessie.

"Oh, yes, bring your little broom," replied Mamie, "we have to sweep up all the dust, you know."

"Wouldn't it be nice," suggested the little puppy girl while they were hunting for Tessie's broom, "if Mother Cuddles would let you stay at our house all night?"

"Let's ask her!" cried the little kitty girl, eagerly.

So they went to Mother Cuddles and Tessie asked her whether she might stay at Mamie's house all night. And Mother Cuddles said she might if she would promise to

be a good little kitty girl and not make any trouble for Mother Beagle.

As soon as she had eaten her dinner Tessie hurried over to Mamie's house to help her clean the attic. She wore a little apron to keep her dress clean and in one paw she carried her little broom.

In a little while they were both hard at work, and if they had kept at it they would have had everything done long before supper time. But Mamie had so many things to show Tessie that the afternoon was nearly half gone before they were half through.

"Let's hurry as fast as we can," said Mamie, "and maybe we can get it all done before Mother Beagle calls us to supper."

And sure enough so they did. By the time Mother Beagle called up the stairs and told

them to come to supper the work was all finished.

But it wasn't done at all as it should have been. When Mother Beagle went upstairs that evening to see how things looked, some of the cobwebs were still hanging in the corners and the floor wasn't scrubbed clean at all.

So Mother Beagle made up her mind to make Mamie do it over after Tessie had gone home. She felt sure that when the two little girls were together they would rather play than work.

When supper was over Mamie and Tessie sat together at the big table in the sitting-room to look at a new book that the little puppy girl had received for a birthday present. It was all about fairies, and the pictures in it were every bit as nice as the stories.

It told about a little boy named Billy and his little playmate, Mary.

Now Billy and his little playmate, Mary, had really never seen a fairy, but both of them felt sure that they were never far away.

So they often tried to coax the fairies to visit them. They would set a little toy table with tiny cups and fill each cup with the milk squeezed from milkweed so that their little friends might have something to drink.

And at other times they would put little pieces of cake and candy on the table so that Blue-bell, the fairy queen, and Blink, the fairy king, might have a feast. Nor did they forget to print little notes inviting the fairies to help themselves.

Billy and Mary felt sure that the fairies

paid them a visit while they were sound asleep. For how else could the milk have disappeared out of the tiny cups. And, no matter how carefully they searched, the bits of cake and candy were not to be found. So surely the fairies must have been there.

“Maybe if they had stayed awake a little longer,” suggested Tessie, after Mamie had finished reading the story, “they might have seen the fairies after all.”

“Oh, wouldn’t it be fun for us to stay awake and watch for them,” replied Mamie; “let’s stay awake to-night and maybe we can see them.”

That evening when the two little animal girls went to bed they took a candle upstairs with them so that they could see the fairies if they came around.

They put on their little nighties and caps and then sat in the middle of the room with the lighted candle between them.

“Now we mustn’t go to sleep,” warned Mamie, “or else they might come and we wouldn’t see them.”

Of course Tessie intended to keep awake, but it wasn’t very long before the Sandman came snooping around. And the next minute she was sound, sound asleep.

“Tessie! Tessie!” called Mamie, “why don’t you stay awake?”

So Tessie tried her best to keep awake, but somehow or other she could not keep her sleepy little eyes open. The next time she fell asleep, however, Mamie never knew it as the little puppy girl was sound asleep herself.

And when Mother Beagle looked into the



“ SAT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM WITH THE LIGHTED CANDLE
BETWEEN THEM ”

room a little later there sat the two little sleepy-heads with their eyes shut. So she tucked them both into bed and blew out the candle. And as for Blue-bell and Blink, no doubt the two little fairies had been peeping in through the window all the time.

It wasn't very long before Tessie seemed to be wide awake and there on the lower end of the bed sat a cute little pussycat dressed all in white fur.

“Why — why — !” she gasped, “it's Santa Claus!”

“That's just who it is,” replied the little pussycat. “I thought I would drop around to see if you've been a good little kitty girl or not.”

“I've tried to be,” said Tessie, hardly louder than a whisper.

“Are you quite sure?” persisted Santa.

“ Never grumbled or pouted or anything like that, have you? ”

“ Just a little, ” admitted Tessie.

“ Aha, I see! ” said Santa, as he pulled out a little book and wrote something in it.

“ Oh, dear! ” gasped Tessie, “ won’t I get any presents now? I’ll be ever and ever so good if you’ll only bring me a new dolly, ” she promised.

“ Don’t you worry one bit, ” chuckled Santa. “ When you’re only a little bit naughty it don’t count. But watch out if you’re very, very naughty. ”

“ How would you like to go along to the North Pole and see all my toys? ” he asked suddenly.

“ I’d just love to, ” declared Tessie.

And just as she was getting out of bed to go along with Santa she woke up and there

was Mamie with her paws around her to keep her from falling out.

“Oh, Mamie,” cried the little kitty girl, “did you see Santa Claus? He was right here in the room!”

“I guess you must have been dreaming,” Mamie told her, “’cause if he had been here I would have seen him myself.”

And, sure enough, that’s just what Tessie had been doing — dreaming of Santa Claus.

And that’s all.

III

THE LAZY PUPPY STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a little town in Animal Land called Kitty-cat Town. And right through the middle of Kittycat Town ran a pretty little street called Kittyway Lane.

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On the other side of Kittyway Lane was another row of tiny houses and they, too, were built of little red bricks. And the little yards around them were just the same with a fence in front to shut them in. It was here the doggie mothers lived together with their little puppy children.

Now these little kitty and puppy children lived just the same as the little boys and girls do here. The little animal boys wore bloomers and the little animal girls wore dresses. And they went to school, and played games, and got into mischief, just the same as all other little boys and girls. And sometimes they were good and sometimes they were naughty.

In one of the little brick houses on Kittyway Lane lived a doggie mother by the name of Mother Bowser, and her family of three

little puppy children. The two little puppy boys were called Jackie and Benny, and their little puppy sister was called Curly.

One morning after Mother Bowser had started to cook breakfast she glanced up at the clock and saw that it was after eight o'clock. And school started a half hour later — with her three little puppies still in bed!

“Children! Children!” she called up the stairs, “get up right away! It's after eight o'clock and you'll surely be late for school.”

Benny and Curly heard her call and it was quite surprising how quickly they jumped out of bed and started to dress. But their little brother, Jackie, eyed them sleepily out of one eye and never even moved.

“Well, I declare!” exclaimed Mother Bowser, with a smile, as her two little pup-

pies came downstairs, "you surely did hurry! Why, I didn't even have time to dish up the oatmeal."

"Where's Jackie?" she asked, suddenly, as she noticed that he had not come downstairs with them.

"He's still in bed," replied his little puppy brother, Benny.

So Mother Bowser went to the foot of the stairs for the second time to call Jackie. The little puppy boy was still curled up in bed as snug as a bug in a rug. But he was not asleep, as both of his bright little eyes were wide open.

When he heard Mother Bowser call the second time he answered "Yes'm" as loud as he could. But instead of getting up as he should have done he began to grumble.

“I wish I could stay in bed as long as I wanted to,” he whined to himself. “If it was only Saturday, so that I wouldn’t have to go to school,” he thought.

Then he stretched both of his little paws above his head and opened his mouth in a great big yawn.

“Golly, but I’m sleepy,” he mumbled.

And, would you believe it, the next minute he was sound, sound asleep again. And when Mother Bowser came upstairs a little later to see why he hadn’t gotten up, there he was with his eyes shut and snoring like a little woodchopper.

“I’ll just teach him a lesson,” decided Mother Bowser, as she closed the door softly and went on downstairs again.

It was quite late in the morning before Jackie awoke, and you can imagine how

scared he was when he came downstairs and saw what time it was.

“Mother Bowser,” he called, “where are you?”

But Mother Bowser was not there, as she had gone across the street to see Mother Cuddles.

“I’ll just turn the clock back and then Mother Bowser won’t know how late it is when she gets back,” decided Jackie.

So that’s just what he did. He turned the hands of the clock back to nine o’clock.

When Mother Bowser came home there sat Jackie at the table eating his bowl of oatmeal.

“You lazy puppy boy,” she told him, “never getting up until eleven o’clock and school starts before nine!”

“Why, it’s only nine now!” declared



“ HE TURNED THE HANDS OF THE CLOCK BACK ”

Jackie, looking at the big clock in the corner.

“That’s queer,” answered Mother Bowser, “it surely must be wrong.”

“Maybe — maybe it needs some oil,” stammered Jackie.

“Maybe it does,” admitted Mother Bowser in a funny kind of a voice.

Well, anyway, Jackie was more than two hours late to school, and the teacher made him stay in an hour after school was dismissed for being late. And that wasn’t all, for when supper was ready Mother Bowser said:

“You’ll have to wait for your supper until the clock catches up. I’ve found out that it’s at least two hours behind time.

So Jackie had to wait until long after the others had eaten their supper, and you know

what that means to a hungry little puppy boy.

That evening, when Mother Bowser kissed him good-night, Jackie told her all about turning the clock back and how sorry he felt about it. "After this I'm going to get up when the others do," he promised. And, sure enough, so he did.

And that's all.

IV

THE FARM STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a little town in Animal Land called Kitty-cat Town. And right through the middle of Kittycat Town ran a pretty little street called Kittyway Lane.

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On the other side of Kittyway Lane was another row of tiny houses and they, too, were built of little red bricks. And the little yards around them were just the same with a fence in front to shut them in. It was here the doggie mothers lived together with their little puppy children.

Now these little kitty and puppy children lived just the same as the little boys and girls do here. The little animal boys wore bloomers and the little animal girls wore dresses. And they went to school, and played games, and got into mischief, just the same as all other little boys and girls. And sometimes they were good and sometimes they were naughty.

A short distance below the little brick house on Kittyway Lane where Mother Cuddles and her little kitty children lived, a lit-

tle road branched off and ran straight ahead until it stopped at a pretty little farmhouse. It was here Farmer Brisk, the doggie farmer lived.

One day Farmer Brisk stopped at Daddy Fourpaw's store to order some groceries, and while he was there he told the doggie storekeeper that he would be unable to let him have any butter that week. For Farmer Brisk furnished Daddy Fourpaws with all the butter he sold in his store.

"Why, how is that?" asked Daddy, wondering what he would say when the animal folks asked for their usual half pound of butter and he had none to sell them.

"It's just this way," explained Farmer Brisk. "Mother Whitepaws, who always churns my butter for me, is sick in bed, and I really don't know who else to get."

“Can’t you churn it yourself?” asked Daddy.

“No, indeed,” replied Farmer Brisk, “I wouldn’t know the first thing about it.”

Now right along side of Farmer Brisk and the doggie store-keeper stood Dolly Cuddles, the little kitty girl, waiting to order some sugar. And, of course, she could not help but hear what they said about the butter.

“Wouldn’t it be fun if I could churn it?” thought Dolly to herself. “I’d just love to make butter.”

So she turned to Farmer Brisk and told him just what she had been thinking about.

“You churn the butter!” repeated Farmer Brisk, looking quite surprised. “Why, you’re only a little kitty girl, and I’m afraid hardly strong enough to work the churn.”

“ Oh, but I’m awfully strong for my size,” Dolly assured him, stretching up on her tiny tiptoes so as to appear all the taller.

“ Well, so you are!” laughed Farmer Brisk.

“ Dolly’s quite a handy little kitty girl,” spoke up Daddy, as he playfully pinched one of Dolly’s ears with his paw.

So Farmer Brisk decided to let Dolly churn the butter for him.

“ And be sure to make it good,” said Daddy, with a twinkle in his eye, “ or else all my customers will stop buying butter.”

“ I’ll be ever so careful,” promised Dolly, “ to make it just as good as I can.”

The first thing the little kitty girl did after she had left the store was to call on Mother Whitepaws, the sick pussycat mother, and ask her how she always made the butter.

And, of course, Mother Whitepaws was only too glad to tell her all about it.

That evening at the supper table Dolly asked her little kitty brother, Billy, whether he wanted to go along with her when she went to Farmer Brisk's the next day to churn butter. And Billy said he would like to go, as there was no place around for a little kitty boy to have as much fun as at Farmer Brisk's.

So bright and early the next morning Dolly and Billy started off for Farmer Brisk's. And as soon as they got there the farmer doggie showed Dolly where to find the pails of rich golden cream in the spring house.

The little kitty girl was soon churning busily away, humming merrily to herself all the time. And while his little sister was

making the butter Billy started off to the barn to look for eggs. For Farmer Brisk had told him that several of the hens had gotten up in the hay-mow to lay.

And, sure enough, when he climbed up the ladder to the mow there was a nest full of eggs made in the hay. There were seven eggs in the nest, and just as he was taking them out the old hen spied him.

“Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!” she cackled very decidedly, which meant that she wanted him to get out and leave her eggs alone.

“I won’t do it,” replied Billy, just as saucy as the hen. “Farmer Brisk said I should get them and I’m going to take them along.”

And just then Mrs. Hen flew down and pecked Billy right on the end of his soft little nose.



“ THERE WAS A NEST FULL OF EGGS ”

“There!” she clucked, “that will teach you better manners!”

The peck on the nose was so unexpected that Billy lost his balance and fell head over heels clear down to the barn floor. And you never saw such a cross little kitty boy in all your life as he sprang to his feet and started up the ladder again. In fact he looked so cross that Mrs. Hen made up her mind to let him have the eggs after all.

When Billy got back to the house with the eggs Dolly had just finished churning the butter, so they decided to walk out to the hay-field and watch Farmer Brisk take in the hay.

As soon as they reached the hay-field Billy asked the farmer doggie whether he might help him gather up the hay. And when Farmer Brisk handed him the big long-

handled rake he smiled just a little bit to himself.

For in a very little while Billy got tired, and the heat of the sun made him feel weak and giddy. The rake was big and heavy for a little kitty boy to handle, so Farmer Brisk told him to go down to the well and bring up a fresh pail of water. And Dolly went along with him to help carry it.

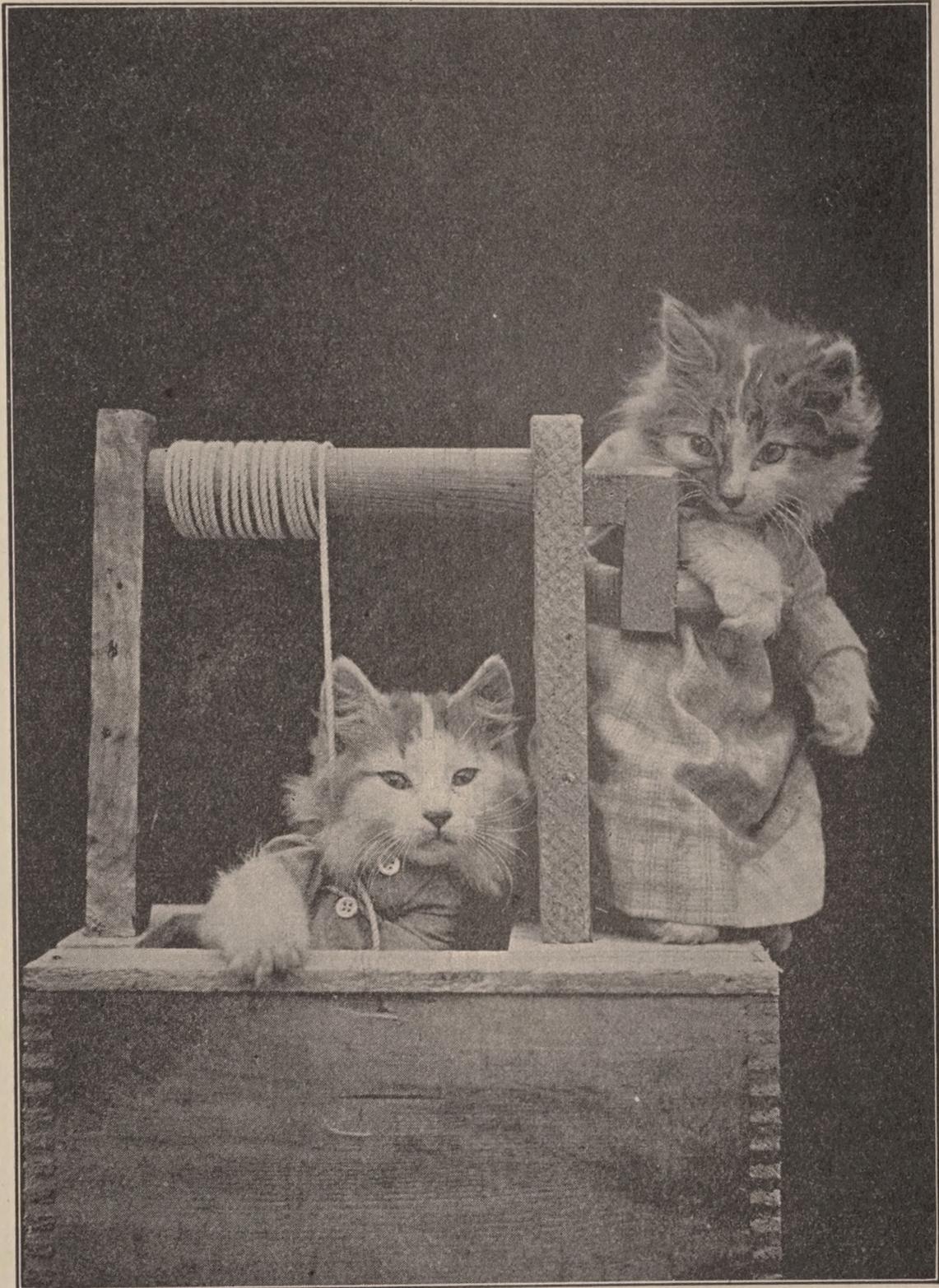
Now Farmer Brisk had two wells: one of them near the house that he always used, and another one out in the meadow that was so old that the boards in the well floor had almost rotted through. And instead of going to the well near the house Billy went to the old well in the meadow. And just as he stepped up on the well floor one of the boards cracked beneath his weight, and down through the hole went Billy head over heels.

“ Oh, my! Oh, my! ” sobbed poor Dolly, as she ran up to the well and peered down through the boards, “ what’ll I do? What’ll I do? ”

Luckily there was very little water in the well and Billy landed safely on his feet at the bottom. The first thing Dolly heard was Billy calling up to her to lower the rope. So she made a loop at the end of it and lowered it carefully down the well. And after Billy had placed it around his body she pulled him safely to the top again.

And she was so delighted to find that he was not hurt in the least that she caught him around the neck and gave him a kiss.

On the way back to the hay-field, Dolly, who was helping to carry the pail of water, gave a little scream and stepped back so sud-



" SHE PULLED HIM SAFELY TO THE TOP "

denly that she spilled some of the water over Billy.

“ Oh, goodness,” she gasped, “ there’s a great big snake! ”

And, sure enough, that’s just what it was, wriggling along the ground only a few steps away. The next moment it had disappeared under a pile of hay.

“ Golly,” cried Billy, “ wasn’t it long! ”

That evening when the two little Cuddleses got home the first thing they told Mother Cuddles was about the snake.

“ It was ten feet long! ” declared Billy.

“ Hold on,” said Mother Cuddles, “ are you quite sure? ”

“ Well, it was five feet long, anyway,” insisted Billy, measuring it off with his two paws.

Now anyone knows that a little kitty boy

can't measure off five feet with his paws.
And no one knew it better than Mother Cuddles. So she told him to eat his supper.
And that's all.

V

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a little town in Animal Land called Kitty-cat Town. And right through the middle of Kittycat Town ran a pretty little street called Kittyway Lane.

On one side of Kittyway Lane was a row of tiny houses and all of them were built of little red bricks. And each little house had a little yard around it with a fence in front to shut it in. It was here the pussycat mothers lived together with their little kitty children.

On the other side of Kittyway Lane was

another row of tiny houses, and they, too, were built of little red bricks. And the little yards around them were just the same with a fence in front to shut them in. It was here the doggie mothers lived together with their little puppy children.

Now these little kitty and puppy children lived just the same as the little boys and girls do here. The little animal boys wore bloomers and the little animal girls wore dresses. And they went to school, and played games, and got into mischief, just the same as all other little boys and girls. And sometimes they were good and sometimes they were naughty.

Curly Bowser, the little puppy girl, who lived with Mother Bowser and her two little puppy brothers in one of the little brick houses on Kittyway Lane was as happy as

happy could be. For the next day was to be her birthday, and Mother Bowser told her she might have a party and invite all her little friends.

In Animal Land all the little puppy children have their birthdays three times a year instead of only once. Otherwise they would be really truly growed up doggies before they could have a birthday, and that would be no fun at all.

Almost the first thing the little puppy girl asked her mother was what they would have for lunch.

“I’ll bake you a pan of cookies,” said Mother Bowser.

“With currants in them?” asked Curly, eagerly.

“Yes, indeed,” promised Mother Bowser, “just full of them.”

“Oh, won't that be nice!” exclaimed Curly, fairly delighted. “And what else would you have?” she wanted to know.

“I think they'd all enjoy some sandwiches,” suggested Mother Bowser.

“Oh, yes, I'm sure they would,” agreed Curly.

“And then, last of all,” went on Mother Bowser, “I'd have some ice-cream!”

“Oh, Mother Bowser,” cried Curly, “you don't mean it!”

But Mother Bowser did mean it, for on the morning of Curly's birthday she sent her little puppy girl upstairs to the attic to bring down the ice-cream freezer.

“What flavor shall I make?” asked Mother Bowser, as soon as Curly came back with the freezer.

Chocolate was Curly's choice, just as

Mother Bowser expected. For there was nothing at all that Curly liked better than chocolate.

After they were through churning the ice-cream, Mother Bowser brought out the birthday cake that the doggie baker had brought the day before. It was all covered over with pink icing, and around the edge was placed a number of tiny blue candles all ready to be lit. The wonderful birthday cake was put on a little table all by itself to be later cut into slices — and a piece given to each one of the little guests at Curly's party.

Mother Bowser had made Curly a new dress to wear at the party, and as soon as dinner was over the little puppy girl hurried upstairs to put it on. And every few moments she would peep out of the window

for fear some of her little friends might come before she was ready.

Now, Curly wanted to look very nice on her birthday, and especially as she had on a new dress. And she thought it would make her look more dressed up if she put some talcum powder on her nose.

Mother Bowser had two kinds of talcum powder standing on her bureau. One of them smelt just like the violets you pick in the woods and the other kind had no smell at all.

So the little puppy girl decided to use the smelly kind, and, standing a little stool in front of the bureau, she climbed up on it to look in the glass. Then she sprinkled the powder out of the can all over her nose.

But it didn't make her look one bit prettier. She had just washed her face and her

fur was still damp so that the talcum powder stuck fast and made her look like a little clown in a circus.

“ Oh, dear! ” she gasped, as she winked and blinked at herself in the mirror, “ what shall I do! ”

There was only one way to get it off and that was to wash her face the second time. And it was not until she had rubbed and scrubbed a long time that it all disappeared.

Just as she finished drying her face on the towel the front door-bell rang. And when she hurried downstairs and opened the door there were four of her little friends who had come to her party in a little wagon pulled by a dapple gray pony.

Fluffy Ruffles was driving and looked too sweet for anything in her big white hat and new dress with short sleeves. Next to her



“ SPRINKLED THE POWDER OUT OF THE CAN ALL OVER HER NOSE ”

was Beauty Snowball wearing a little lace cap, and beside her sat Dottie Cream with a cunning little ding-a-ling perched on her head. Last of all came Goldie Whitetoes in a new silk dress.

Fluffy Ruffles and Dottie Cream had their eyes half closed just as though they were sleepy. No doubt the road was dusty and some of it got in their eyes. Or perhaps their mothers tied their bonnet strings too tight.

The next little guest to arrive was Dolly Cuddles. She had brought her doll with her and carried it tightly clasped in her paws. Every little while she would give it a hug so that it would not feel afraid. When Curly greeted her little kitty friend she did not forget to kiss her dolly too.

The door-bell seemed to be ringing all the

time, and there was so many of the little animal boys and girls coming in that Curly hardly had time to greet them all. But she was very careful not to miss any of them for fear they might think they were not welcome to her party.

The last ones to come were the two little puppy sisters, Tillie and Jillie Crinkle. Both of them had brought their little playmate, Curly, a birthday present. Tillie had hers wrapped up in paper under her paw, while Jillie carried hers in a little basket.

And as all the little guests were there they at once started in to play games. They first played puss-in-the-corner, and after that came blindman's buff. And some of the puppy boys and girls played hide-the-handkerchief, only they used a little white bone

instead of a handkerchief. Because then you see they could smell just where it was.

When they were tired of playing games Mother Bowser gave them several balls of yarn to toss about. It was lots of fun for the little animal boys and girls to roll the balls along the floor and then stop them with their paws before they went too far.

And while they were in the midst of their play Mother Bowser called them all out to supper. Every four of the little guests had a table to themselves so that none of them would feel crowded.

And when they started in to eat there was ever and ever so many things there that the little kitty and puppy children liked. There was milk for the little kittens and lemonade for the little puppies.

Fluffy Ruffles spilt her glass of milk all



“ TILLIE HAD HERS WRAPPED UP IN PAPER ”

down over her new dress. The poor little kitty girl felt just like crying for fear her mother might scold her; but before very long she had forgotten all about it and was purring as happy as ever.

After supper was over Mother Bowser told them a story about the three little kittens who lived in the woods. When she had finished it was time for them to start for home, so they all said good-bye to their little friend, Curly, and told her what a jolly time they had had at her birthday party.

And that's all.

VI

THE OYSTER PIE STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a little town in Animal Land called Kitty-cat Town. And right through the middle of Kittycat Town ran a pretty little street called Kittyway Lane.

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Now these little kitty and puppy children lived just the same as the little boys and girls do here. The little animal boys wore bloomers and the little animal girls wore dresses. And they went to school, and played games, and got into mischief, just the same as all other little boys and girls. And sometimes they were good and sometimes they were naughty.

It was Saturday morning, and, of course, the little Cuddleses had no school. Mother Cuddles was going away for the day to visit

a pussycat friend of hers, so she told her kitty children that they could go with her if they promised to behave. And all of them were eager to go but Buster and his two little kitty sisters, Betty and Tessie.

“Why, how is that?” asked Mother Cuddles, looking surprised. “I thought all of you liked to go visiting.”

“Laddie Rover and I are going for a walk,” explained Buster. Laddie was the little puppy boy who lived just across the street in one of the little brick houses of the doggie folks.

“And we’re going to have company,” spoke up Betty. “Beula Whitepaws is coming to see Tessie and me.”

Beula Whitepaws was a little kitty girl who often came to spend the day with the two little Cuddleses. And both of them

thought it would be a great deal more fun to stay at home and play with Beula than to go visiting.

“All right,” said Mother Cuddles, “you don’t have to go if you don’t want to. Betty can get your dinner and I’ll be home in time to get your supper.”

After Mother Cuddles and her little brothers and sisters had left the house Tessie asked Betty what she was going to have for dinner.

“What would you like to have?” asked Betty.

“Something nice that Beula will like,” replied her little sister.

“How would an oyster pie taste?” said Betty.

“Goody! Goody!” cried Tessie. “I just know Beula will like oyster pie.”

Just then the front door bell rang.

“There’s Beula now!” they both exclaimed, as they raced to the front door to let her in.

“Come right in, Beula,” invited Tessie, as she kissed her little friend on the end of her little pink nose. And then Betty kissed her, too.

A little later Betty started for the kitchen to make the oyster pie for dinner.

“If it only is good,” thought the little kitty girl, as she lined a dish with dough and put in the oysters.

In a very little while the pie was in the oven baking and every now and then the two hungry little kitty girls in the other room would get a delicious whiff of it.

“Do you know what we’re going to have for dinner?” asked Tessie, finally.

“Something good the way it smells,” replied her little kitty friend.

“Oyster pie,” said Tessie.

“Um-m-m!” went Beula, just like that.

When the pie was done Betty took it out of the oven and set it on the window-sill to cool until dinner was ready. And while she was down in the cellar to get the things to put on the table along came Buster, her little kitty brother. And the first thing he spied was the oyster pie sitting on the window-sill.

“Um-m-m!” he went, just like Beula had done.

Then he looked into the window to see if any one was watching him. The next moment he had grabbed up the pie and disappeared through the door of the woodshed.



“ BETTY TOOK IT OUT OF THE OVEN ”

And there he sat on the chopping block and ate every last crumb of it.

When Betty came up out of the cellar and found the pie gone she felt so badly about it that she could have cried, and when she went into the other room and told Tessie and Beula what had happened there were two big tears in her eyes.

“It must have been an old tramp dog,” she almost sobbed.

“Never mind, Betty,” comforted her kind-hearted little sister, “Beula and I will eat something else.”

Of course Buster never came in for a bit of dinner, and he never knew that Betty made a big dish of corn starch pudding. And the little kitty boy liked corn starch pudding even better than he did oyster pie.

As soon as Mother Cuddles got home Betty

told her about the oyster pie, and she suspected that it was no tramp dog at all.

“It was that naughty kitty boy, Buster,” she said to herself.

And as soon as they started to eat their supper she was sure of it, for Buster wasn't a bit hungry after eating all that pie.

“Why don't you eat?” Mother Cuddles asked him.

“I—I have a headache,” stammered Buster.

“It's no wonder,” said Mother Cuddles, sternly, “after eating a whole oyster pie. Now you go right upstairs and go to bed and maybe the next time you'll not be so greedy.”

And Buster had to go.

And that's all.

VII

THE CIRCUS STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a little town in Animal Land called Kitty-cat Town. And right through the middle of Kittycat Town ran a pretty little street called Kittyway Lane.

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Now these little kitty and puppy children lived just the same as the little boys and girls do here. The little animal boys wore bloomers and the little animal girls wore dresses. And they went to school, and played games, and got into mischief, just the same as all other little boys and girls. And sometimes they were good and sometimes they were naughty.

Near the little brick house where Mother Cuddles and her kitty children lived was a vacant lot, and in front of the vacant lot was

a high board fence. Bright and early, one morning, along came the bill poster cat, and he stopped in front of the high board fence and pasted up a lot of pictures.

That same day, after school was out, Buster Cuddles, the little kitty boy, came running into the kitchen where Mother Cuddles sat paring potatoes for supper. And he was so excited that he nearly knocked the pan out of her lap.

“Oh, Mother Cuddles!” he gasped; “what do you think?”

“I couldn’t guess,” smiled Mother Cuddles.

“The circus is coming!” panted Buster. “And there’s going to be the swellest parade you ever saw, ’cause the bill poster cat has just put up a lot of pictures telling you all about it. We can all go, Mother Cuddles,

can't we? Can't we, Mother Cuddles?" pleaded the excited little kitty boy.

"I guess so," promised Mother Cuddles; "that is if you're all good kitty children."

Buster gave a whoop of joy and at once ran out to tell the good news to his little brothers and sisters. And each one of them became just as elated as he was.

"I'm going to carry water for the elephants," announced Tommy, proudly.

"Pooh!" sniffed Buster; "I'm not. I'm going to buy a bag of peanuts and feed them to the monkeys."

Circus day came around at last, and all the little Cuddleses were up bright and early. It was one of the few times that Mother Cuddles had no trouble in getting them out of bed. There was to be no school that day,

so all the little animal folks could do just as they pleased.

The parade was to start at ten o'clock, and long before that time Betty, Tessie and Dotty had gone down to the schoolhouse and perched themselves behind the brick wall in front of the playground. Their four little brothers had seated themselves along the curb in a row. Their little sister, Dolly, was a little more timid than the others and she preferred to stay at home with Mother Cuddles and watch the parade from their front porch.

Finally there came the sound of music, and around the corner swung the head of the parade. The little Cuddleses fairly gasped with astonishment, for never before had they seen such a wonderful sight.

And when the elephants came slouching



“PERCHED THEMSELVES BEHIND THE BRICK WALL”

along, swinging their huge trunks to and fro, and flapping their big ears, the four little kitty boys seated on the curb could hardly keep still they were so excited. And after the elephants came the queer looking camels followed by eight little ponies pulling a chariot. And, last of all, came the dens of wild animals, with the noisy steam calliope shrieking out a tune behind them.

As soon as dinner was over, Mother Cuddles took her eight little kitty children out to the circus grounds to see the performance in the big tent. First of all they visited the menagerie, and, when a big lion roared, timid little Dolly clung tight to Mother Cuddles' dress.

All that afternoon they watched the circus folks perform, and nothing pleased them

more than the little animal clowns doing their funny little tricks. And when they went home after the show was over they were eight tired but happy little kittens.

For several days after that Buster would talk of nothing else but that wonderful circus. And his little brothers and sisters were almost as bad.

One day Mother Cuddles was sorting out rags to give to the rag cat. Buster was sitting close by watching her and when he saw her pull a big bundle of old sheets out of the bag he gave a cry of delight.

“Oh, Mother Cuddles!” he exclaimed; “what are you going to do with them?”

“Give them to the rag cat,” replied Mother Cuddles. “They’re too full of holes to be of any use.”

“May I have them?” he asked.

“What in the world do you want them for?” Mother Cuddles wanted to know.

“I want to make a circus tent,” explained Buster.

So Mother Cuddles gave him the worn-out sheets, and Buster hurried off to hunt up his two little kitty sisters, Betty and Tessie. He found them playing under the old apple-tree in the backyard and asked them whether they would sew some old sheets together for him to make a circus tent.

His two sisters said they would, and after Buster had told them just how he wanted it, they got their needles and thread and started in. And by supper time the little tent was all ready to put up.

After supper was over, Buster and his two little kitty brothers, Tommy and Teddy, put the tent up in the back yard. And after

that they made the seats out of some soap-boxes with boards laid across them.

The next day the little Cuddleses, as well as several of their little playmates, were busy selling tickets for Buster's show. And it surely was surprising how many tickets they sold. Mrs. Richpuss, the wealthy pussycat lady, bought six, and Miss Prim, who lived nearby, took three. And as for Daddy Fourpaws, the good-natured doggie storekeeper of Kittyway Lane — goodness knows how many he bought.

First he bought one of Laddie Rover, the little puppy boy, and a little later Curly Bowser, the little puppy girl, came into the store and sold him another one.

“Not another one will I buy,” said Daddy to himself, very decidedly, after Curly had left the store.

And he had hardly said it before the door opened and in came Dolly Cuddles with her paw full of tickets.

“Oh, Daddy!” she cried, “won’t you please buy a ticket of me for Buster’s circus?”

“Not another one! Not another one!” repeated Daddy. “That is — I — we — well —,” he began to stammer as he saw the corners of Dolly’s mouth begin to droop. “Sure! Sure!” he cried, “give me two!”

The next Saturday afternoon the Cuddleses’ backyard was full of the little animal children waiting to get into the circus. And as each one went into the tent Buster took his ticket at the entrance.

The front part of the tent held the menagerie. First of all there was Daddy Four-paws’ old white donkey, Jack, who did

nothing at all but munch hay and wobble his big clumsy ears. Right behind him, sitting on a perch, was Miss Prim's green parrot with his feathers all ruffled and looking quite cross when the little animal folks came too close. And, last of all, was a big wild eagle!

Of course every one knew that the eagle was only Mother Cuddles' big red rooster, but they all pretended that it was very fierce and no one would go very close to its cage. And every little while the captive would stick his head out through the slats of the box and crow.

When the show started, the first performers were Jackie Bowser and Laddie Rover dressed as clowns. Jackie held up a paper hoop and Laddie gave a leap and dove through it head first.

“Hoop-la!” shouted Jackie.

“Hoop-la!” answered Laddie.

The next act was to be Johnny Whiteface, who was to balance himself on a ladder. First of all he stood a chair on top of a table and on top of that he placed the ladder. Then he began to climb the ladder.

“Oh-h-h-h!” went several of the little animal girls, expecting nothing else but that Johnny would have a tumble.

And that’s just what happened. The chair slipped on the table and down came the whole thing with poor Johnny’s legs stuck through the rungs of the ladder.

But he wasn’t hurt one bit, and all the little folks there just clapped and clapped and clapped. For it seemed very funny to have Johnny stand on his head.

The last thing of all was Betty and Tessie



“ LADDIE GAVE A LEAP AND DOVE THROUGH IT HEAD FIRST ”

Cuddles riding around the ring on the back of Jack, the old white donkey. And as old white donkeys never go very fast there was no danger of the two little kitty girls falling off. And when the show was over, and the little animal folks went home, it seemed as though they could never get done telling about the dandy circus that Buster Cuddles had.

And that's all.

VIII

THE CAMPING STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a little town in Animal Land called Kittycat Town. And right through the middle of Kittycat Town ran a pretty little street called Kittyway Lane.

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mothers lived together with their little kitty children.

On the other side of Kittyway Lane was another row of tiny houses, and they, too, were built of little red bricks. And the little yards around them were just the same with a fence in front to shut them in. It was here the doggie mothers lived together with their little puppy children.

Now these little kitty and puppy children lived just the same as the little boys and girls do here. The little animal boys wore bloomers and the little animal girls wore dresses. And they went to school, and played games, and got into mischief, just the same as all other little boys and girls. And sometimes they were good and sometimes they were naughty.

Buster Cuddles, the little kitty boy, had

made a smaller tent out of the big circus tent that his two little sisters had sewed together for him. And he had set up the little tent in the back yard to use as a playhouse.

One day his two little brothers, Billy and Teddy, made up their minds to go camping, so they planned to ask Buster for the loan of his tent.

“Wouldn’t it be fine,” said Teddy to Billy, “to camp out in the woods in a tent?”

“Maybe Buster won’t let us have it,” replied Billy.

But Buster agreed to let them use it after they had promised him a one-bladed knife, a bag of marbles and three lollypops.

The next thing was to win over Mother Cuddles. They were not quite sure that she would allow them to stay out in the woods all night by themselves.

But Mother Cuddles said they might try it if they wanted to. And she did not appear a bit alarmed at the thought of her two little kittens staying out in the woods overnight. When she gave them permission she smiled softly to herself just as though she already knew how things would turn out.

The next day, bright and early, Billy and Teddy started for the woods back of the schoolhouse where they were going to camp. There was a little pond close by with a little stream running into it.

While their camping place was not far from home they had to make several trips to carry out all the things they needed. So nearly half the morning was gone before they were ready to fix up their camp.

The first thing they did was to put up their tent. And you can imagine how

happy they were when they had it all done and were able to crawl inside.

“Whee-e-e-e!” whooped Teddy, “isn’t this great!”

“It beats living at home all hollow!” answered Billy.

When dinner time came they stuck two forked sticks into the ground to hang their kettle on. And while Billy started the fire Teddy put the food on to cook.

And when they sat down to eat it would have been hard to find two hungrier little kitty boys. In fact if Mother Cuddies hadn’t packed them such a big basket full of things they would have eaten everything up the very first meal.

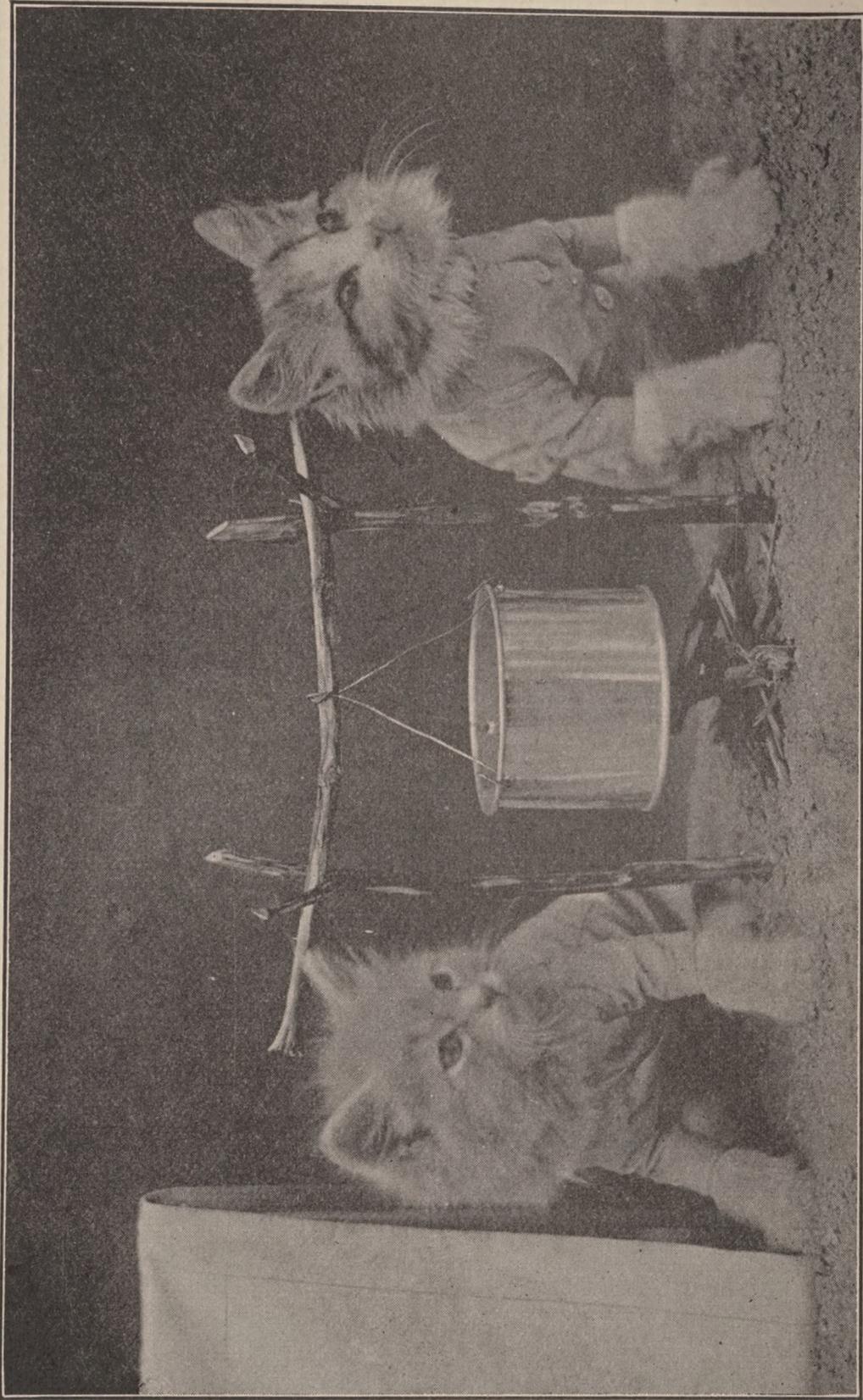
After dinner was over Billy decided to go fishing while Teddy was to stay near the camp to see that no one disturbed their

things. And the next day Teddy was to go fishing and Billy was to stay at camp.

“I wonder where I’ll start to fish?” thought Billy as he walked down the path towards the pond. And then, all of a sudden, he happened to think of the pool under the big willow-tree just where the little stream made a bend before it emptied into the pond.

For the pool under the big willow-tree was the very place where Laddie Rover, his little puppy chum, had seen a big trout only a few days before. And from what Laddie had said it must have been the grand-daddy trout of them all.

When Billy reached the fishing pool under the big willow-tree he found the water as still as a mill pond when the wind doesn’t blow. And just as he was baiting



“ STUCK TWO FORKED STICKS INTO THE GROUND ”

up his hook a big silvery looking bug dropped down from the willow-tree overhead and lit on the water.

“Golly!” gasped Billy, “I wonder —”

And just what he was thinking about happened. A big round body shot up from the bottom of the pool and with a swish and swirl the grand-daddy trout grabbed the bug. And the trout was even bigger than Laddie had said.

Now you know what that meant to a little kitty boy who was fairly dying to catch a great big trout. Billy was so excited after that that he could hardly bait his hook.

And wasn't it mean that the big old trout wouldn't even look at Billy's bait. He wouldn't as much as go near it, and the little kitty boy fished until his paw got tired holding the pole.

Just as he was about to give up and try some other place another one of those silvery looking bugs dropped down from the tree and fell on the grass right alongside of him.

“Maybe he’s hungry for another one,” decided Billy, as he put it on his hook.

And would you believe it, the bug had no sooner touched the water when up flashed old grand-daddy trout and swallowed bug, hook and all.

“I got him! I got him!” whooped Billy, wild with joy.

And you ought to have seen that trout and Billy pull. First the fish would try to pull Billy in, and then Billy would try to pull the fish out. And for a little while it was hard to tell which one was going to win.

But finally the trout gave in and Billy hauled him out on the grass. And never be-

fore had such a big trout been caught by any of the little animal boys.

Billy was too eager to show his prize to Teddy to think of fishing any longer, so he picked up the trout and started back to camp as hard as he could go. But when he got there his little kitty brother was nowhere around.

“Teddy! Teddy!” he shouted at the top of his voice, “come see what I’ve caught!”

Teddy, however, was too far away to hear Billy call. The little kitty boy had soon become tired of staying near the tent with nothing to do or to look at, so he decided to take a walk down to the pond.

And when he reached there he was surprised to find one end of the pond just covered with big white water lilies. So he

made up his mind to try and get a big bunch of them to take back to camp.

The only way to get them was to wade out into the water and he was afraid it might be too deep. He tried to pull some of them ashore with a long stick but they only bobbed up and down without breaking loose from the stem.

Suddenly he noticed a little boat pulled up on shore on the other side of the pond all ready to shove into the water. And right alongside of it was a long pole to use in shoving it about.

So he walked around the shore to the other side of the pond and then he got into the little boat and tried to push it off with the long pole. Finally it began to move a little, and after he had pushed until his little paws ached he managed to get it afloat.

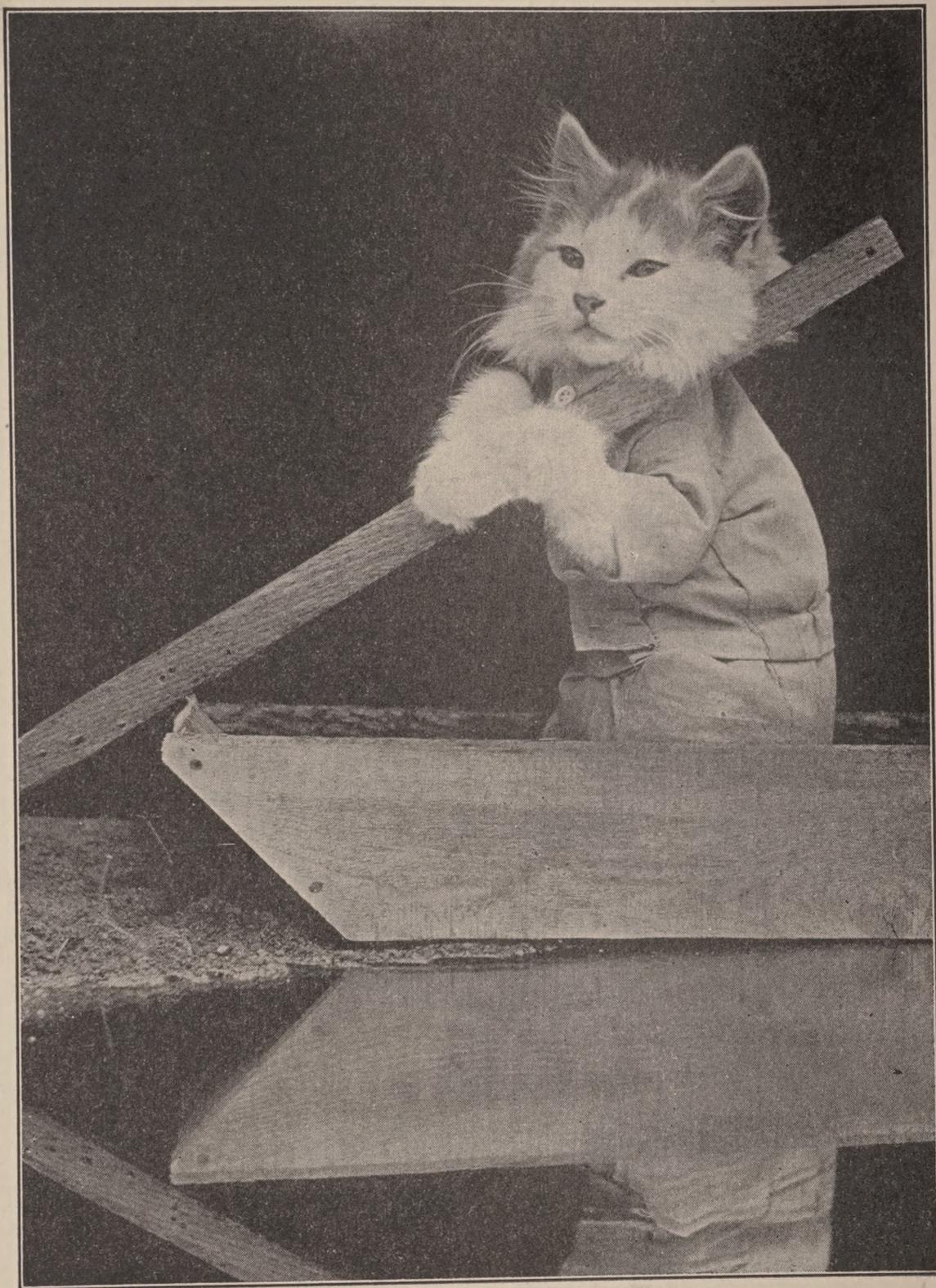
In a little while he had gathered all the lilies he wanted, and was about to bring the little boat ashore again when he caught sight of the biggest lily of them all floating right beyond the end of the boat.

Just as he reached out to pull it off one of his paws slipped and over he went head first into the pond.

“Blub! Blub! Blub!” he spluttered, as he came up again. And as the water was over his head it was lucky for him that he came up right alongside of the boat so that he could catch hold of it and pull himself over the side.

When he got to shore he gathered up the bunch of lilies and started back to camp as fast as he could go. And there was Billy looking for him everywhere.

“I—I fell in,” he called as soon as he



“TRIED TO PUSH IT OFF WITH THE LONG POLE”

caught sight of his little kitty brother.

And because his face was all streaked with dirt and he looked so wet and forlorn, Billy had to laugh, and he laughed until the tears came.

But just as soon as Teddy saw the big trout that Billy had caught he forgot all about his ducking. And while Billy told him all about it he sat in the sun to dry his clothes.

Everything was just as pleasant as could be to the little kitty boys until evening came and it began to get dark. Then the two little campers began to feel that the woods were terribly big and lonely for two little kittens to be in all by themselves.

And then, to make matters worse, an old owl nearby began to ask questions.

“Whoo-o-oo-o?” he wanted to know.

“He means us,” panted Billy; “he’s asking some one who they want.”

“Maybe he’s asking some wicked old bear,” whispered Teddy, “and he’ll come and gobble us up.”

“Oh! oh, my!” groaned Billy, “let’s go home!”

So they scampered for home as fast as they could go leaving everything standing just as it was. And when they came to the front gate there was Mother Cuddles sitting on the front porch waiting for them.

And when she gathered them up in her lap she gave the same funny little smile that she had when they first talked about going camping out in the woods all night.

And that’s all.

IX

THE FLOWER STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a little town in Animal Land called Kittycat Town. And right through the middle of Kittycat Town ran a pretty little street called Kittyway Lane.

On one side of Kittyway Lane was a row of tiny houses and all of them were built of little red bricks. And each little house had a little yard around it with a fence in front to shut it in. It was here the pussycat

mothers lived together with their little kitty children.

On the other side of Kittyway Lane was another row of tiny houses, and they, too, were built of little red bricks. And the little yards around them were just the same with a fence in front to shut them in. It was here the doggie mothers lived together with their little puppy children.

Now these little kitty and puppy children lived just the same as the little boys and girls do here. The little animal boys wore bloomers and the little animal girls wore dresses. And they went to school, and played games, and got into mischief, just the same as all other little boys and girls. And sometimes they were good and sometimes they were naughty.

One day Billy Cuddles, the little kitty

boy, was telling his little sister, Tessie, about Mother Dobbie's little kitty girl, Janie, and how poor they were. Mother Dobbie was a pussycat mother who lived near the Cuddleses and she had a hard time to get along.

"You just ought to see her dress," said Billy. "It's patch upon patch, and she's never, never had a Sunday dress at all."

"Oh, dear!" sighed tender-hearted little Tessie, "I wish I could buy her one."

"Maybe we could," suggested her little kitty brother.

"Oh, Billy!" cried Tessie, with sparkling eyes, "do you think we could?"

"We can if we can earn some money," replied Billy.

So after these two little kittens had

planned a long time as to the best way to earn enough money to buy Janie a new dress, they finally decided to have a flower stand.

“We can sell them at so much a bunch,” said Billy, “and most every one likes flowers.”

As soon as dinner was over they both started away to gather the flowers. Tessie intended to go down to the daisy field to gather daisies while Billy had heard of some water lilies down at the duck pond.

On the way to the duck pond the little kitty boy had to pass by the garden of Mrs. Richpuss, the wealthy pussycat lady who lived in a grand stone mansion on Kittyway Lane. In the rear of her garden was a high brick wall, and the first thing Billy spied were clusters of pretty colored holly-

hocks nodding at him over the top of the wall.

“I wonder if she would care if I pulled some?” he thought to himself.

Now, right against the outside of the wall stood a big ladder, and, almost before he knew it, Billy had climbed up after the hollyhocks.

The little kitty boy was about to pull off one of the stems of flowers when a great big paw reached up from the other side and caught hold of him. And there was Mr. Bulldog, Mrs. Richpuss's cross old gardener.

“Aha! you little rascal!” cried Mr. Bulldog, “I've caught you that time!”

“Oh-h-h-h!” gasped Billy, too frightened to say a word.

“Come right along with me,” said Mr.



“ BILLY HAD CLIMBED UP AFTER THE HOLLYHOCKS ”

Bulldog, taking hold of Billy by his jacket collar and lifting him over the wall.

“Oh, please Mr. Bulldog let me go,” pleaded Billy. “I’ll never do it again — honest and true I won’t.”

But Mr. Bulldog never said a word. He simply marched Billy into the big stone house to Mrs. Richpuss.

“Well! Well!” exclaimed the pussycat lady in surprise, “what does this mean?”

“I caught him sneaking some hollyhocks,” growled the gardener.

“What’s your name?” asked Mrs. Richpuss kindly, of the frightened little kitty boy.

“I’m Billy Cuddles,” replied Billy, politely.

“Billy Cuddles,” repeated Mrs. Rich-

puss, as she began to smile. "Aren't you Mother Cuddles' little kitty boy?"

"Yes'm," answered Billy.

"Well, Billy," smiled Mrs. Richpuss, "the next time you want any hollyhocks don't take them, but come in and ask me first and I'll give you all you want." And, to show that she forgave him, she told Mr. Bulldog to pull off a big bunch of the flowers to take home with him. Nor did the happy little kitty boy forget to thank her.

When Billy got home with his bunch of hollyhocks his little sister had not yet returned. So he placed the flowers in a jar of water and started off to meet Tessie on her way back.

Now, his little sister, Tessie, had started away without telling Mother Cuddles where she was going. And just as she reached the

front gate she nearly ran into Mother Bright-eyes, the pussycat mother who lived next door.

“Well I declare!” cried Mother Bright-eyes, “you surely must be in a hurry.”

“Oh, Mother Bright-eyes, please excuse me for bumping into you!” begged Tessie. “I was so busy thinking of something that I never saw you.”

“The way you hurried along made me think that perhaps you were running away,” laughed the good-natured pussycat mother.

“Oh, dear no!” exclaimed Tessie, “I’m just starting out to gather some daisies.”

Humming gaily to herself, the little kitty girl tripped along the path that led to the daisy field. It was quite a long distance from home and she was beginning to feel

just a little bit tired by the time she got there.

But as soon as she caught sight of all the daisies nodding their bright little faces to her she forgot all about being tired and began to pick them as fast as she could pull them off. And, of course, as some daisies are bigger than others, she went from place to place hunting for the nicest ones.

When she finally had her paws full with as many as she could carry she stopped to look around to find out where she was, and, would you believe it, everything seemed strange to her.

“Oh, dear,” she exclaimed, in a wee little trembly kind of a voice, “I believe I’m lost!”

And that’s just what she was. In wandering about after the daisies she had lost her

way. And the more she tried to find her way out the more bewildered she became, until finally she sat down under a big tree and burst out crying.

Just then she heard some one calling her name and there was Billy coming towards her. And she was so glad to see him that she hugged him tight around the neck. A little later they were on their way home with their paws full of daisies.

The next morning, bright and early, the two little kittens pulled a long bench out on the front pavement and stood all the flowers on it. First of all there were the two big bunches of daisies that Tessie had gathered made into little bouquets. And then there were the hollyhocks that Mrs. Richpuss had given to Billy, as well as sweet peas and roses from their own garden.



“ SHE FINALLY HAD HER PAWS FULL ”

Billy had printed a little "For Sale" sign and placed it on the bench alongside of the flowers, so that the animal folks who passed by could see it.

The first one to stop at the little flower stand was Uncle Buff, who lived with the Rovers, a doggie family on the other side of Kittyway Lane. And as Uncle Buff was a nice old doggie gentleman, and a great friend of the little animal children, he bought three bouquets. And when he paid for them he wouldn't take any change.

The next one to stop was Daddy Four-paws who kept the Animal Land store. And when he left he carried two bouquets of sweet peas in his paw as well as a pink rosebud in his button-hole.

By the time dinner was ready every one of the flowers had been sold and the bottom

of Tessie's little money box was just covered with dimes and quarters.

"We'll buy Janie the nicest dress we can find," said Billy, after Tessie had told him how much they had taken in.

"And if we have any left over we'll buy her a dolly, too," decided Tessie.

The next day Mother Cuddles went with Tessie to the store to buy Janie a dress. And after they had bought a pretty pink one, with lace on it, there was just enough money left to buy a dolly for the little kitty girl who had never owned a dolly in all her life.

And that same afternoon Tessie and Billy took the dress and the dolly down to where Janie lived and gave them to her. And in all of Kitty-cat Town it would have been hard to find a happier little kitty girl.

And that's all.

X

THE SCHOOL STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a little town in Animal Land called Kittycat Town. And right through the middle of Kittycat Town ran a pretty little street called Kittyway Lane.

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mothers lived together with their little kitty children.

On the other side of Kittyway Lane was another row of tiny houses, and they, too, were built of little red bricks. And the little yards around them were just the same with a fence in front to shut them in. It was here the doggie mothers lived together with their little puppy children.

Now these little kitty and puppy children lived just the same as the little boys and girls do here. The little animal boys wore bloomers and the little animal girls wore dresses. And they went to school, and played games, and got into mischief, just the same as all other little boys and girls. And sometimes they were good and sometimes they were naughty.

Down near the lower end of Kittyway

Lane was the little red brick schoolhouse where the animal boys and girls went to school. And the teacher of the Animal Land school was a doggie lady by the name of Miss Pointer.

Now, Miss Pointer, the long-eared doggie teacher of the animal children, was very well liked by all of her scholars. But she did not know this, and for some reason or other imagined that the little animal folks did not care for her.

“If they liked me even the least bit,” the unhappy little teacher would often say to herself, “why don’t they study their lessons better and try to please me? No! No!” she would repeat over and over again, “they don’t seem to care at all how much trouble they make me or how noisy they are.” And sometimes poor Miss Pointer would feel so

badly about it that she would have a good cry all to herself.

Now, the little puppy children never thought that they were causing their teacher so much trouble. They were just like other little folks who go to school. Sometimes they knew their lessons and sometimes they had a party or something like that and forgot to study them. And as for being noisy, you yourself know how hard it is to keep from talking in school when the teacher has her back turned or is busy writing something at the blackboard.

And sometimes a slate or a book will hit the desk a little harder than it should no matter how careful one is. And, of course, Miss Pointer thought all the time that her little animal scholars were doing it just to annoy her,

One morning, shortly after school had started, Miss Pointer called up the little puppy class in spelling. There were four little puppies in the class but two of them were home, sick with the measles.

After the two little members of the class had seated themselves behind the long bench in front of the blackboard, Miss Pointer called on Mamie Beagle, the little puppy girl, to spell rat.

“R-A-T,” spelt Mamie, without a pause.

“Spell cat,” continued Miss Pointer to the little puppy boy.

But Tommy Beagle, the little puppy boy, never even heard her; he was too busy watching a big blue-bottle fly crawling up the wall.

“Spell cat,” again demanded Miss



“MISS POINTER CALLED UP THE LITTLE PUPPY CLASS IN
SPELLING”

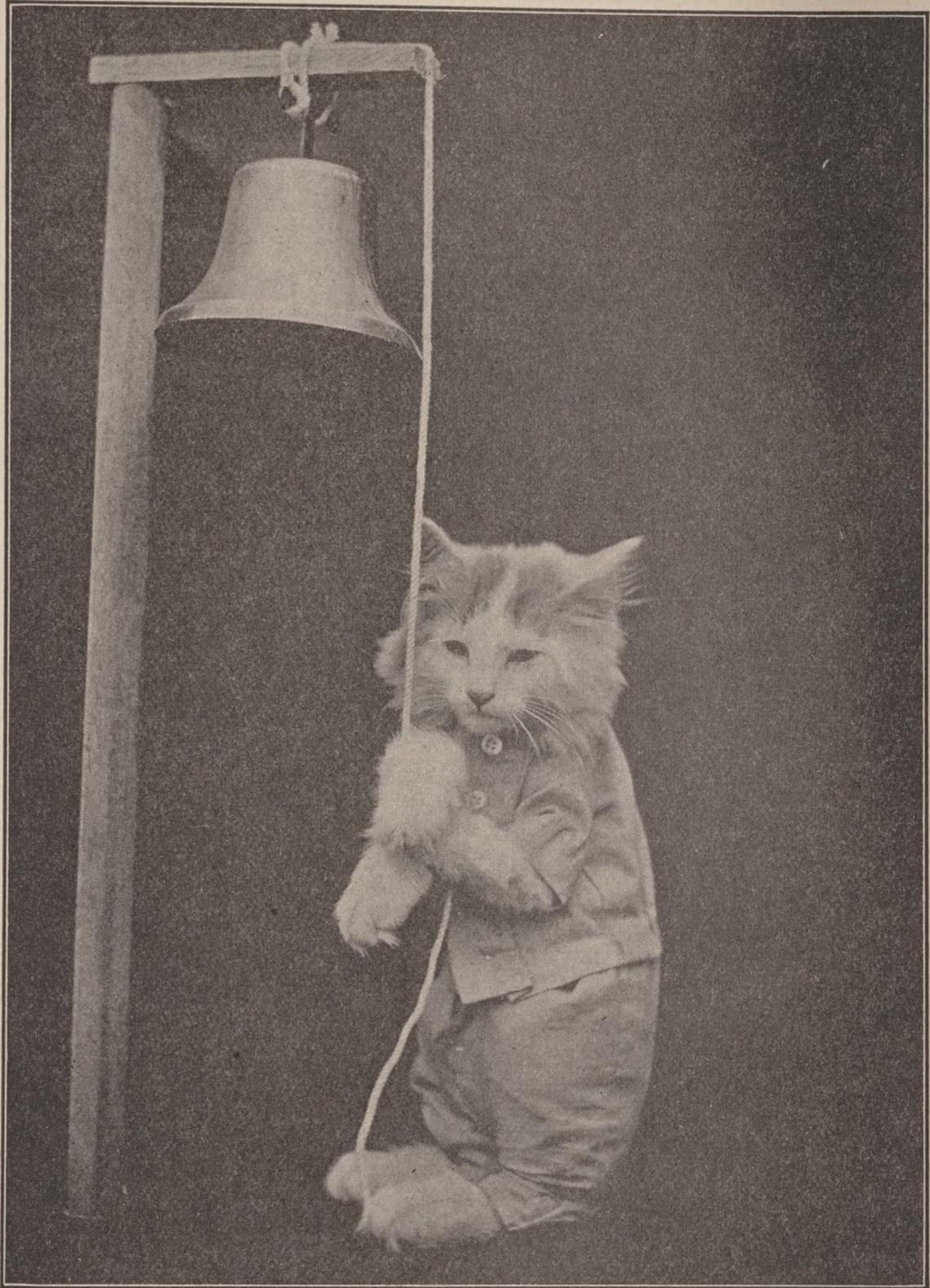
Pointer in a louder tone. But Tommy never even winked.

The next moment the teacher had him by the ear and led him to a stool all by himself. And, worst of all, she put a dunce cap on his head.

When recess time came she sent Billy Cuddles out to ring the bell, and, instead of ringing it as he should have done, the little kitty boy made such a clatter and noise that she had to send another little scholar out to tell him to stop.

“Oh, dear! Oh, dear!” sighed poor Miss Pointer, “if they would only try to please me just a little.”

A little later, while the class in arithmetic was reciting, Miss Pointer told Dickie Whiteface to go forward to the blackboard and show the others how two-thirds of an



“ SHE SENT BILLY CUDDLES OUT TO RING THE BELL ”

apple could be divided up among four little puppy boys.

“If you have three little brothers and mother gives you two-thirds of an apple to divide up among all of you, how much would each one get?” asked the teacher.

But that was a little too much for Dickie to answer without first figuring it out, so he turned to the blackboard to divide two-thirds of an apple by four little puppy boys.

Just then Miss Pointer was called into another room, and while she was gone every one of her little scholars started to talk and whisper.

“Hey, Dickie!” called Tommy Beagle to his little puppy chum, who was still standing at the blackboard, “draw the teacher’s picture.”

“Yes, go on,” urged Jackie Bowser.

So, just for fun, Dickie took the piece of chalk and started to draw a picture on the blackboard. And, of course, it didn't look any more like Miss Pointer than the man-in-the-moon. But just the same the other little animal children thought it was too funny for anything.

And while every one was giggling and laughing the door opened and in came Miss Pointer. She was smiling as she entered the room, but just as soon as she caught sight of the picture on the blackboard with her name under it she looked very, very sorry.

“Why, Dickie Whiteface!” was all she said, but the way she said it made Dickie wish that he had never drawn the picture. And just as quickly as he could pick up an eraser he rubbed it off.

For the rest of the day Miss Pointer never

even smiled the least bit, and all the little scholars felt sorry that they had hurt her feelings, for there was not one who did not like her.

On the way home from school that day Miss Pointer chanced to meet Uncle Buff, the good-natured doggie gentleman who lived with Mother Rover and her family of little puppies. And the little Rovers all went to the Animal Land school and had Miss Pointer for their teacher.

“Why, how do you do, Miss Pointer?” greeted Uncle Buff, politely lifting his hat.

“Why, how do you do, Uncle Buff?” replied Miss Pointer, looking very sad and downhearted.

“It’s been a very pleasant day,” remarked Uncle Buff. “But — but —,” he

hesitated, "what in the world makes you look so sad?" he asked.

"I just feel like crying all the time," explained Miss Pointer. "It seems as though the children do everything they can think of to make it unpleasant for me. I made up my mind to-day not to teach them any longer than this week. They'll have to get some one else in my place."

"Oh, but Miss Pointer," fairly gasped Uncle Buff, "you surely wouldn't think of doing that! Why, I feel sure that all the little animal boys and girls love you dearly. Only the other day I heard Lassie tell Mother Rover what a good, kind teacher you were."

"Did she really?" said Miss Pointer, looking happier at once.

"Indeed she did," Uncle Buff assured

her, "and if I were you I'd keep right on teaching."

"I'll see how things go," promised Miss Pointer, as she shook paws with Uncle Buff and went on down the street.

That same evening, after supper, Uncle Buff told all the little Rovers just what their teacher had said. And you can imagine how surprised they were.

"Golly!" exclaimed Laddie, "I hope she doesn't quit or we might get some one we didn't like."

"If I were you boys and girls," said Uncle Buff, "I'd study my lessons every day and try not to be so noisy. And, then no doubt, Miss Pointer will stay."

And, of course, Laddie told all the little animal boys next day just what Miss Pointer was going to do if her scholars did

not behave better. And Lassie told all her little girl schoolmates the same thing.

And, would you believe it, the very next day all the little animal children knew their lessons perfectly, and not a single one of them slammed a book down on their desk or whispered behind the teacher's back. And from that time on Miss Pointer did not have the least bit of trouble.

"I wonder what makes them so different?" said Miss Pointer to Mother Rover, some time later.

"I know," replied Mother Rover; "it's because they like you."

And that's all.

XI

THE DENTIST STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a little town in Animal Land called Kittycat Town. And right through the middle of Kittycat Town ran a pretty little street called Kittyway Lane.

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On the other side of Kittyway Lane was another row of tiny houses, and they, too, were built of little red bricks. And the little yards around them were just the same with a fence in front to shut them in. It was here the doggie mothers lived together with their little puppy children.

Now these little kitty and puppy children lived just the same as the little boys and girls do here. The little animal boys wore bloomers and the little animal girls wore dresses. And they went to school, and played games, and got into mischief, just the same as all other little boys and girls. And sometimes they were good and sometimes they were naughty.

One day Mother Cuddles and her kitty

children were seated at the table eating dinner and they had just about finished with the exception of dessert. Eight pairs of bright little eyes were eagerly watching Mother Cuddles divide a big custard into the required number of pieces. On the top of each piece she sprinkled some sugar, for she knew that all her little ones had a sweet tooth.

It was cocoanut custard, and all of them were very fond of it, especially Billy. As soon as he received his piece he started in to eat it. And he had only taken one bite when something happened.

“Ow-wow-wow!” he howled.

“Goodness me!” exclaimed Mother Cuddles, “what’s the matter?”

“My tooth,” sobbed Billy, finally; “I got the toothache.”

Mother Cuddles led him over to the window and told him to open his mouth. And, sure enough, there in one of his back teeth was a tiny cavity in which no doubt some of the sugar had lodged.

“You’ll have to go to the dentist,” said Mother Cuddles, “and in the meantime I’ll put some drops in it.”

So she got a piece of cotton and putting a few drops of the medicine on it she placed it carefully into the cavity. Then she poured a little of it on a piece of cloth and tied it around his face.

“That will make it feel better,” she told him, “but be sure and don’t eat anything sweet until after the dentist attends to it.” And of course Billy promised not to.

The very next day, however, Mother Cuddles sent him upstairs to her room to get

something out of her bureau. And the very first thing he spied when he pulled open the drawer was a box of candy.

Now he knew very well that Mother Cuddles never allowed them to take anything without first asking for it. But Billy thought she would never know if he took only one little piece.

Nor did he happen to think of his tooth, so that when he popped a piece of the candy into his mouth it nearly jumped his head off.

He went back to Mother Cuddles trying his best to keep from crying, but, despite all he could do, the tears rolled down his cheeks.

“What are you crying for?” Mother Cuddles asked him.

“I got the toothache,” Billy told her.

“And what gave it to you?” his mother wanted to know.

“I took a piece of candy,” said the little kitty boy, slowly, hanging his head.

“You naughty little kitten!” declared Mother Cuddles, “I feel just like punishing you.”

But Billy was being punished enough, as the tooth kept right on aching. So Mother Cuddles sent him right off to Doctor Bowser, the doggie dentist.

As soon as the doggie dentist looked into Billy’s mouth and saw which tooth it was he said it would have to come out.

“But won’t it hurt?” objected Billy, timidly.

“Oh, pshaw!” laughed Doctor Bowser, “a brave little kitty boy like you wouldn’t mind having a tooth pulled, surely.”

“Why, do you know,” went on the jolly old doggie gentleman, “you remind me for

all the world of the queer old fox who went to have his tooth pulled.”

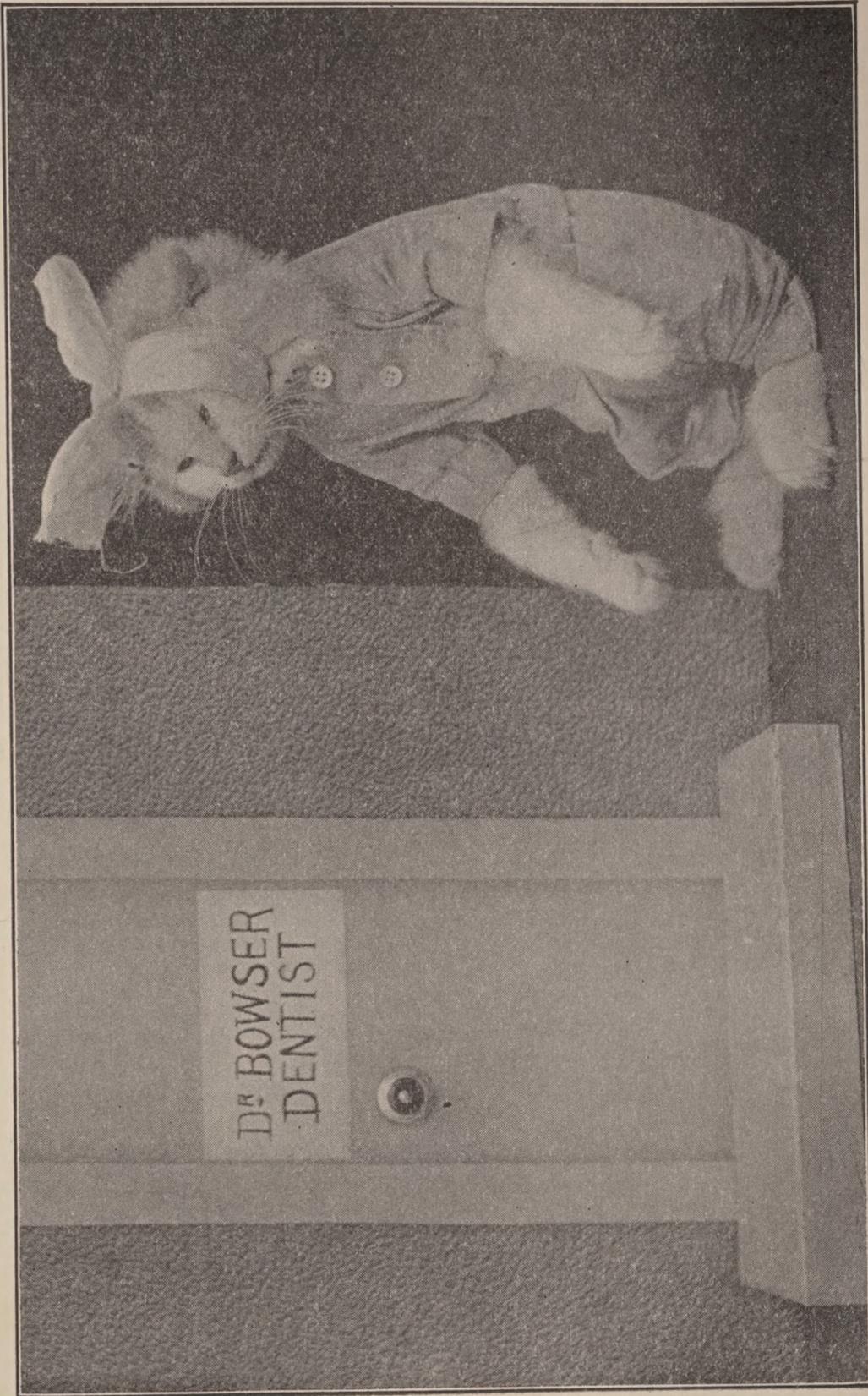
“How was that?” asked Billy, beginning to forget all about his own tooth.

“Why, you see it was this way,” explained Doctor Bowser. “The queer old fox went to the dentist to have a tooth pulled just like you, and when he got there he was afraid to have it out. So the dentist told him a funny story, and, would you believe it, he opened his mouth so wide to laugh that you could see every tooth he had.”

And then Doctor Bowser opened his own mouth to show Billy just how the queer old fox acted.

“See if you can do it?” he asked.

So Billy opened his mouth when all of a sudden in popped the forceps and out came the tooth,



“ SENT HIM RIGHT OFF TO DOCTOR BOWSER ”

“ Oh-h-h-h-h! ” exclaimed Billy, so surprised that he hardly knew what to say.

“ Did it hurt? ” asked Doctor Bowser.

“ Not very much, ” admitted Billy.

“ That’s just what I thought, ” said the wise old doggie dentist.

And that’s all.

XII

THE JACK FROST STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a little town in Animal Land called Kittycat Town. And right through the middle of Kittycat Town ran a pretty little street called Kittyway Lane.

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Now the little kitty and puppy children lived just the same as the little boys and girls do here. The little animal boys wore bloomers and the little animal girls wore dresses. And they went to school, and played games, and got into mischief, just the same as all other little boys and girls. And sometimes they were good and sometimes they were naughty.

One morning, when the little animal folks

awoke, they found that it had snowed during the night and covered the ground to the depth of several inches. Now you can imagine how quickly the little animal boys and girls jumped into their clothes and hurried downstairs to get their breakfast. Because you see a snowstorm always means the same to the little animal folks as it does to the little boys and girls here. It means that they could go coasting on the hill!

“My!” cried Buster Cuddles, the little kitty boy, as he and his little puppy chum, Laddie Rover, started for the hill pulling their sleds behind them, “I’ll bet we’ll pretty nearly fly!”

When the two little animal boys got to the top of the hill they found a number of their little friends already there, and among them was Jackie Bowser, the little puppy

boy. In a very little while the hill was worn smooth and shiny and the little animal boys started in to race each other.

The first time Buster Cuddles went the furthest, but the next time Jackie Bowser beat him by several feet. Now, Buster did not like it at all to have Jackie beat him. In fact when they walked back up the hill the little kitty boy had a frown on his face and never said a word all the way up.

“Maybe he didn’t like me to beat him,” thought Jackie.

So every time after that the little puppy boy let Buster beat him. Jackie would even run his sled in the deeper snow outside of the track to cut down his speed, so that the little kitty boy would come out ahead.

When Jackie got home he told Mother



“ AMONG THEM WAS JACKIE BOWSER, THE LITTLE PUPPY BOY ”

Bowser how Buster had beaten him coasting on the hill.

“But I could have beaten him all hollow if I’d have wanted to,” he assured her.

“And why didn’t you do it?” asked Mother Bowser.

“’Cause — ’cause,” he hesitated, “I thought he might not like it, and I wanted him for my chum.”

“That’s right,” said Mother Bowser, as she patted him on the head. When Buster got home, of course, he had to tell Mother Cuddles all about it too.

“I beat Jackie Bowser on the hill to-day,” he said slowly, “but he could have beaten me easy if he had wanted to, ’cause he held back and let me get ahead.”

“And why didn’t he want to beat you?” asked Mother Cuddles.

“ Maybe he didn’t like to,” admitted Buster. “ But the next time I’m going to let him beat me,” he burst out.

“ What for? ”

“ ’Cause I like him,” replied Buster.

And then Mother Cuddles patted Buster on the back just the same as Mother Bowser had Jackie.

The next day was Saturday, and, of course, the little animal folks had no school. Jackie Bowser had hurried outside to play in the snow as soon as he had eaten his breakfast. And the first thing he decided to do was to make a big snowman.

He patted a little snowball together in his paws until he had it round and smooth. Then he began to roll it across the yard through the snow. And every time it turned around it got bigger and bigger until

it was just the right size. After that he rolled another ball almost as large as the first one and placed them both side by side.

“There, Mr. Snowman!” he said, “that’s your head and body. Now I’ll have to make you your legs.”

So he rolled two short, thick, make-believe snow legs and placed them under the largest one of the two balls of snow. And on top of that he carefully placed the other big ball of snow for a head.

“Now he needs a face,” decided Jackie, as he started for the house to get several little pieces of coal. And when he came back he not only had the little pieces of coal for the eyes, nose and mouth, but Mother Bowser had given him an old high hat to place on Mr. Snowman’s head. And the last thing of all was to stick two short pieces of

broom handle into each side of the body for arms.

“Howdy-do, Mr. Snowman!” cried Jackie, after the funny little man in white was all made.

And it wouldn't surprise me a bit but what Mr. Snowman winked at Jackie with one of his little coal eyes and drew up a corner of his little coal mouth.

Just then somebody gave a yell behind the little puppy boy, and there was Buster Cuddles and Laddie Rover perched on the back fence looking at the snowman.

“Hello!” called Jackie. “Come on in.”

So both the little animal boys jumped down off the fence and raced towards the snowman.

“Isn't he a dandy!” exclaimed Buster, as

he looked at the snowman from all sides.

“He looks smart enough to talk,” declared Laddie.

“I’ll tell you what let’s do,” suggested Jackie, after a bit, “let’s start in after dinner and make a Mrs. Snowman right alongside of him.”

But when dinner was over, and the three little animal boys got together again, they decided to build a snow cave instead of making a Mrs. Snowman.

First of all they shoveled up a big pile of snow and then they hollowed it out inside until they had made a little room with a wall of snow all around and a little opening in front for a door.

When Mother Bowser looked out of the kitchen door a little later the three little animal boys had disappeared entirely and she

began to wonder where they had gone to so quickly.

And when she went outside to look for them all she could see was a big pile of snow in the middle of the yard.

“Well, I declare,” she exclaimed to herself, “who would have thought that the snow had drifted in a big pile like that!”

And just then out from the front of the big pile of snow shot a shovelful of loose snow. It was Buster Cuddles helping to make the little snow room inside.

“Well! Well!” chuckled Mother Bowser, as she walked down the path and peeped into the little hole in front of the big pile of snow, “that’s where they are!”

And, sure enough, the three of them were inside working away like little beavers. And just then Jackie happened to see her.

“Oh, Mother Bowser,” he cried, delightedly, “crawl inside and see how nice it is!”

“Indeed I won’t,” replied Mother Bowser, very decidedly. “Do you think I want all that snow to fall on me.”

After Mother Bowser had gone back into the house the three little animal boys played for a long time in their little snow cave. But finally they got tired of it and Jackie suggested that they take their skates and go down to the duck pond.

So Buster and Laddie left to get their skates, and a little later the three of them started down Kittyway Lane toward the duck pond. But none of them stopped to think that the weather had not been cold enough to make the ice thick enough to skate on.

When they got to the pond Laddie picked up a big stone and threw it out on the ice to see how thick it was. And it never made the least little crack. So all of them hurried to put on their skates, and it happened that Jackie was the first one to get ready and glide out over the smooth, shiny ice.

“It’s just fine!” he yelled back over his shoulder, and the next instant something happened.

“Crac-c-c-ck!” went the ice as it broke under his weight, and down he went into the water.

“Help! Help” he shouted, trying to keep from sinking by catching hold of the floating pieces of ice.

The next moment Buster had darted out on the ice and threw himself down along side of the hole where Jackie had gone in.

Then he called to Laddie to catch hold of his legs.

And as soon as Buster had caught hold of Jackie's paws, Laddie began to pull them towards shore over the ice. And it wasn't very long before the little puppy boy was safe.

When the three little animal boys started for home Jackie thanked Buster over and over again for saving him. And all the time he felt very glad that he had let the little kitty boy beat him coasting on the hill.

And that's all.

XIII

THE BLIZZARD STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a little town in Animal Land called Kittycat Town. And right through the middle of Kittycat Town ran a pretty little street called Kittyway Lane.

On one side of Kittyway Lane was a row of tiny houses and all of them were built of little red bricks. And each little house had a little yard around it with a fence in front to shut it in. It was here the pussycat

mothers lived together with their little kitty children.

On the other side of Kittyway Lane was another row of tiny houses and they, too, were built of little red bricks. And the little yards around them were just the same with a fence in front to shut them in. It was here the doggie mothers lived together with their little puppy children.

Now these little kitty and puppy children lived just the same as the little boys and girls do here. The little animal boys wore bloomers and the little animal girls wore dresses. And they went to school, and played games, and got into mischief, just the same as all other little boys and girls. And sometimes they were good and sometimes they were naughty.

One day when Curly Bowser, the little

puppy girl, was on her way home from school it started in to snow, and by the time she reached the front gate her little red sweater was almost white with the big feathery flakes.

A few minutes later, Jackie, her little puppy brother, came racing into the house with his bright little eyes fairly dancing he was so excited.

“ Oh, Mother Bowser! ” he shouted, “ it’s snowing like everything and now we can go coasting again! ”

“ I’m not so sure of that, ” replied Mother Bowser. “ It looks very much to me as though we might have a blizzard, and if we do, there’ll be too many drifts to go sled-ding. ”

And, sure enough, that’s just what happened. The snow kept coming down

faster and faster, while the wind kept piling it up into little heaps. And by the time supper was ready the air outside was so full of flying snow that the two little Bowsers could no longer see the chicken-house through the kitchen window. And all the time the wind blew harder and harder, piling the snow into bigger drifts.

Just as it was getting dark, Curly looked out of the window and saw someone coming up through the yard towards the house. The next moment there came a knock at the door and there was Uncle Buff, the doggie gentleman who lived close by with the Beagle family. And he was so covered with snow that he looked like a snowman.

“ Goodness me ! ” exclaimed Mother Bower, in surprise, “ what in the world brings you out in such a storm ? ”



“ CURLY LOOKED OUT OF THE WINDOW ”

And then Uncle Buff told her how Laddie Rover and a little puppy chum of his had gone for a walk after school and must have got lost in the snow, as no one knew where they were.

“I hurried over to find out if it was your Jackie who had gone with Laddie,” explained Uncle Buff, “but I see he’s here, so I’ll have to be off right away and help find them.”

“Do you think they will have to stay out in the storm all night?” asked Curly, after Uncle Buff had gone.

“I hope not,” answered Mother Bowser. “If they do, I’m afraid —” here the kind-hearted mother doggie stopped and burst out crying because she felt so badly about it.

And all the time Jackie never said a word, for he was busy thinking of Laddie Rover

and the other little puppy boy who were out in the storm all by themselves. And he kept wondering to himself who the other little puppy boy might be.

And then all of a sudden he remembered something he had heard that day at school during recess.

“Why, it’s Paddy Whiteface!” he exclaimed quietly to himself. “I heard Laddie ask him to go along out to Farmer Brisk’s place after school.”

And a few minutes later, when Mother Bowser went into the front room to put coal on the fire, Jackie grabbed up his cap, and, opening the kitchen door, bolted out into the storm.

It was all he could do to pull the door shut after him, and for a little while he could hardly get his breath as he went stumbling

through the big snow drifts. And the wind blew the icy snow so hard against his face that it hurt, and it got down his back and into his ears.

But the little puppy boy was very brave and went trudging along through the deep snow in the direction of Farmer Brisk's. And, as he was only a little chap, at times he had to crawl through drifts up to his waist.

And finally he began to feel very tired and sleepy and felt like lying down on one of the big soft piles of snow and taking a nap. But something seemed to whisper to him that if he did he would never see Mother Bowser again.

And then, just as he was about to give up, he ran into Farmer Brisk's barn, and it surprised him so that he gave a shout of delight. But what was more surprising still was when

he went stumbling through the door and saw Laddie and Paddy sitting before him on a pile of hay. And for the next few minutes these three little puppy boys nearly ate each other up they were so happy.

“Why didn’t you tell Farmer Brisk where you were?” asked Jackie after a little while.

“We were afraid we couldn’t find the house in all this storm,” Laddie told him.

But Jackie felt sure that he could get safely to the house, so he opened the door and went out into the storm to tell Farmer Brisk where they were. And when Jackie reached the house and Farmer Brisk opened the door he was so surprised that he hardly knew what to say.

It was long after midnight before the three little puppy boys arrived home in Farmer Brisk’s big bob sled. And each

little puppy boy was hugged and kissed and tucked warm and snug in his little bed.

The next morning, when Jackie awakened, he began to sneeze and snuffle, and Mother Bowser felt sure that he had taken a cold by being out in the snow storm. So she made him a glass of hot lemonade and told him to drink it.

When Jackie took the first sip of it he made a wry face and wrinkled up his nose; for hot lemonade without any sugar in it is not a bit nice to take.

“You must drink it,” declared Mother Bowser, “if you want to get rid of your cold.”

So Jackie shut both of his eyes and gulped it all down in three or four big swallows.

But the hot lemonade didn't help him at

all as he sneezed and snuffled harder than ever. So Mother Bowser made up her mind to make him some boneset tea.

And when the boneset tea was ready Mother Bowser filled a cup with it and told Jackie to drink it all. And he set it down on the table and promised to drink it a little later.

But before he could even make up his mind to taste it, Buster Cuddles, the little kitty boy, came in to see him. And the first thing Buster saw was the cup of boneset tea sitting on the table.

“What’s that?” he asked.

“That’s a new kind of drink,” Jackie told him. “It beats lemonade all hollow.”

And as Buster looked very much as though he would like to taste it, Jackie handed him the cup. But one swallow was all he took,

because it was so bitter that it nearly made him choke.

During the rest of the afternoon several more of Jackie's little animal friends came to see him and all of them were treated to a drink of that boneset tea until there wasn't a drop left. And Jackie, himself, hadn't even tasted it.

But the next day his cold was much worse, and Mother Bowser had to send for Doctor Tabby, the kittycat doctor who treated all the sick little animal boys and girls. And Doctor Tabby made him take some medicine that was every bit as bitter as boneset tea.

And that's all.



“ PROMISED TO DRINK IT A LITTLE LATER ”

XIV

THE CHRISTMAS STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a little town in Animal Land called Kittycat Town. And right through the middle of Kittycat Town ran a pretty little street called Kittyway Lane.

On one side of Kittyway Lane was a row of tiny houses and all of them were built of little red bricks. And each little house had a little yard around it with a fence in front to shut it in. It was here the pussycat

mothers lived together with their little kitty children.

On the other side of Kittyway Lane was another row of tiny houses and they, too, were built of little red bricks. And the little yards around them were just the same with a fence in front to shut them in. It was here the doggie mothers lived together with their little puppy children.

Now these little kitty and puppy children lived just the same as the little boys and girls do here. The little animal boys wore bloomers and the little animal girls wore dresses. And they went to school, and played games, and got into mischief, just the same as all other little boys and girls. And sometimes they were good and sometimes they were naughty.

Christmas was only a few days off and all

the little animal folks were busy talking about Santa Claus and what they expected him to bring them. The Santa Claus of Animal Land was a jolly little pussycat who lived far away from the little animal children of Kittyway Lane. Once a year, on Christmas Eve, he loaded up his fleet little airship with the things that the little kitty and puppy children liked the best and flew straightway off for the little brick chimneys down which he crawled with his bag of toys.

Ever since last Christmas, Betty Cuddles, the little kitty girl, had been saving her pennies. Santa Claus had brought her a little toy savings bank, and it was the cutest thing you ever saw for a little kitty girl to put her pennies in.

It looked like a little house made out of logs, with a little doggie wearing a red cap

standing beside it. And every time Betty gave the little doggie a penny he would bow very politely to her and drop the penny through a hole in the side of the house.

“I wonder how many pennies I’ve got?” said Betty to herself as she jiggled the little bank up and down to hear them rattle. For the little kitty girl was thinking of spending her money for Christmas.

So she tucked the little toy bank carefully up in her apron and went to look for Mother Cuddles, as Mother Cuddles had the key that opened the door in the front of the little wooden house.

“What are you going to do with all your pennies?” asked Mother Cuddles, after she had opened the bank and Betty had poured them all out in her lap to count them.

“I’m going to buy some Christmas pres-

ents," replied Betty. "Wouldn't you, Mother Cuddles?" she asked.

"That would be very nice," agreed Mother Cuddles.

Just then, however, Betty happened to think of something.

"Oh, but Mother Cuddles," she exclaimed, "perhaps I ought not to do that."

"What do you mean?" asked Mother Cuddles.

"Maybe Santa Claus wouldn't like me to," explained Betty. "I might buy some one a present just like Santa Claus was going to give them, and then how cross he'd feel."

"I don't believe he'd care," smiled Mother Cuddles. "That is," she added, "if you don't spend your pennies for foolish things."

Well, anyway, the next day Betty put on her little fur coat and hat and started for Daddy Fourpaw's store, pulling Buster's sled behind her. In one of her little coat pockets was Mother Cuddles' big pocket-book fairly bulging with pennies.

"Oh, isn't it lovely!" thought Betty to herself, as the big snowflakes went drifting past and she went trudging merrily along with both her little paws warm and snug in her little muff.

"Why, how-do-you-do?" greeted Daddy Fourpaws, the good-natured doggie store-keeper, as the little kitty girl came into the store with her coat all covered with snow.

"I'm quite well, thank you," replied Betty, politely, "and I've come to buy some Christmas presents."

So Daddy showed her all the Christmas

things that could be bought for a few pennies each. And as soon as she bought anything he wrapped it up in nice white paper all ready to take home.

When Betty started for home her sled was piled up with packages. And the little kitty girl herself was as happy as a lark.

“Well! Well!” declared Mother Cuddles as Betty stopped at the kitchen door, “you look just like Santa Claus himself!”

That same evening, when supper was over and all the little Cuddleses were clustered around the table in the sitting-room, Betty asked Mother Cuddles about Santa Claus.

“How does he come, Mother Cuddles?” she wanted to know.

“He travels in an airship,” explained Mother Cuddles, “and goes faster than the wind.”

“Will he bring everybody a present?” she asked.

“I feel sure he will,” answered Mother Cuddles; “that is, every good little animal boy and girl.”

Betty swung her little feet to and fro between the chair rungs just like she always did when she wanted to find something out and was half afraid to ask.

But finally she managed to ask it in a rather doubtful, whispery kind of a voice:

“Have I been a good little kitty girl, Mother Cuddles?”

“Do you think you have?” smiled Mother Cuddles.

“All but once or twice,” admitted Betty slowly, “and — and — maybe if you don’t tell Santa Claus he won’t think of it at all.”

“Maybe he won’t,” agreed Mother Cuddles.

Well, anyway, the very next day Betty decided to write Santa Claus a letter and tell him what she would like to have.

So she got out the pen and ink and sat down at the table with a sheet of paper before her to write on. And, would you believe it, she wanted so many things that she could hardly write them all on the paper.

“Goodness!” declared Mother Cuddles, when Betty showed her the list, “I’m afraid Santy will think you a very greedy little kitty girl wanting so much.”

“Do you think he might?” asked Betty.

“I feel almost sure he would,” replied Mother Cuddles.

So Betty made up her mind to write another one, and this is what she wrote:

“Dear Santy — Please bring me lots of toys. Betty.”

But as soon as she read it over she felt that even that sounded a little bit selfish and greedy.

So she wrote a third one and asked Santy to bring her a dolly, without saying a word about the other things she wanted.

“There,” said Mother Cuddles, when Betty showed her the last letter, “that sounds a great deal better. No doubt he will bring you some of the other things even if you didn’t mention them.”

Now, of course, all the other little Cuddleses were just as much interested in Santa Claus as Betty. And none more so than Buster.

“I wish I could stay awake the night before Christmas,” the little kitty boy said to

his little puppy playmate, Laddie Rover, "I'd just like to see him fix the Christmas tree."

"Maybe he won't bring any Christmas trees this year," replied Laddie.

"'Course he will," declared Buster, "who ever heard of Santy coming without his Christmas trees."

"But maybe he won't have any room for them in his airship," persisted Laddie. "Just see how many toys he has to take along."

Buster Cuddles felt very sure, however, that Santa Claus would manage to bring enough Christmas trees with him, even though he had a great many toys to bring in his airship. But, nevertheless, just as soon as he got home he asked Mother Cuddles whether Santa Claus had ever forgot-



“ EVEN THAT SOUNDED A LITTLE BIT SELFISH AND GREEDY ”

ten to bring the Christmas trees on Christmas Eve.

“No, indeed!” Mother Cuddles told him. “Just think how disappointed all the little animal folks would be if they awoke on Christmas morning and found that Santa had forgotten to bring a tree.”

“But suppose he shouldn’t have room for them in his airship,” asked Buster, “what would he do then?”

“I guess he’d have to leave them at home,” answered Mother Cuddles. “But don’t you worry one bit,” she told him, “I feel sure that good old Santa will find a way.”

That night before Buster fell asleep he thought about the Christmas tree and how disappointed he would be if Santa failed to bring one. And when he finally closed his eyes he had the funniest kind of a dream

about Santa Claus coming to Animal Land on Christmas Eve without a single Christmas tree in his airship!

So, the next morning, when he awoke, the little kitty boy made up his mind to get a Christmas tree for himself and stand it in the corner where Santy always left their presents, so that he could very easily find it if he needed it.

After school was out he went home for his little hatchet and then started for the woods back of the schoolhouse.

It was beginning to snow when he left the house, but nothing pleased him more than to go walking through the snow. When he got to the woods he had no trouble at all in finding just the kind of a Christmas tree he wanted, so he cut it down with his little hatchet and started back home with the tree

over his shoulder. And as soon as he got home he took it right up to the playroom and stood it in one corner where Santa could find it.

And that's all.



“STARTED BACK HOME WITH THE TREE OVER HIS SHOULDER”

XV

THE SANTA CLAUS STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a little town in Animal Land called Kittycat Town. And right through the middle of Kittycat Town ran a pretty little street called Kittyway Lane.

On one side of Kittyway Lane was a row of tiny houses and all of them were built of little red bricks. And each little house had a little yard around it with a fence in front to shut it in. It was here the pussycat

mothers lived together with their little kitty children.

On the other side of Kittyway Lane was another row of tiny houses and they, too, were built of little red bricks. And the little yards around them were just the same with a fence in front to shut them in. It was here the doggie mothers lived together with their little puppy children.

Now these little kitty and puppy children lived just the same as the little boys and girls do here. The little animal boys wore bloomers and the little animal girls wore dresses. And they went to school, and played games, and got into mischief, just the same as all other little boys and girls. And sometimes they were good and sometimes they were naughty.

Away up north in the land of ice and snow

lived the pussycat Santa Claus of the little animal children. All year long he had been busy making toys so that he would have enough to go around when he visited the little animal boys and girls on the night before Christmas.

Of course Santa Claus did not do all the work by himself, for he could never have made so many toys without having someone to help him. Up at his home near the North Pole lived a band of little kittycats who helped him make the toys. And such a busy little band of happy little workers you never saw in all your life. No matter what they were doing, whether they were making dolls, or stuffing colored balls, or putting shiny wheels on things, they were always whistling and singing.

Now the time was drawing near when

Santa Claus had to start for Kittycat Town with his load of toys. So the jolly little pussycat began to load his airship. And it was quite surprising how many dolls and things Santa could pack away in his fleet little airship.

After he had carefully packed all the toys away he went back into his house to read the letters that had just arrived from some of the little animal folks.

“Aha!” he exclaimed, as he picked up the first one, “here’s a letter from little Betty Cuddles!”

“Well! Well!” he declared, as he looked it over, “I see she’s not a bit selfish. She only asks for a dolly.”

“Let me see,” thought Santa to himself, “I just wonder what kind of a little kitty girl Betty has been.”

So he opened a great big book on the table and hunted up Betty's name. And, would you believe it, there was not a single black mark on Betty's page, so good old Santa Claus knew that she had been a very good little kitty girl.

"Very good! Very good!" nodded Santa, as he closed the book. "I think little Betty deserves some extra toys."

Snow was beginning to fall when Santa Claus climbed into his airship a little later all ready to start. It was just getting dark, and away off in the distance, where tiny lights were twinkling, the little animal boys and girls were pressing their noses against the window-panes and wondering whether Santa Claus had started.

"Merry Christmas to you all!" sang out Santa Claus, as the little airship began to

roar and shake and finally flew upwards through the big feathery snow flakes.

“Merry Christmas, Santa Claus!” shouted all the little kitty cats below.

On and on flew the fleet little airship as the little pussycat Santa Claus, snug and warm in his suit of fur, sent it straight as an arrow towards the little brick chimneys of Kittycat Town.

“Heigh-ho!” he chuckled, as he dropped gently down on one of the little snow-covered roofs. And then, quick as a flash, he was out of his airship, and slinging a bag of toys over his shoulder, he disappeared down the little chimney.

And the very first thing he saw when he came out through the fireplace below was a little kitty girl lying in bed sound, sound asleep. It was Betty Cuddles, the same lit-

tle kitty girl who had written him a letter asking for a doll.

Now, Betty had coaxed Mother Cuddles to let her sleep downstairs so that she might catch a glimpse of Santa Claus when he came that night with his bag of toys. But the Sandman had got there first and the little kitty girl had fallen asleep.

In a minute or two Santa was through, and away he went up the chimney again and off he flew. For there were many other little houses to visit before the sun rose on Christmas morning.

Betty Cuddles, the little kitty girl, was still sound asleep when morning came. It had stopped snowing and the sun was shining brightly.

All of a sudden a merry little sunbeam came creeping through the window and



“ HE DISAPPEARED DOWN THE LITTLE CHIMNEY ”

touched one of her furry little paws, sticking out from under the big woolly quilt. And then it began to crawl upwards, slowly, slowly, slowly, until it shone right in Betty's face. The little kitty girl rubbed her sleepy eyes once or twice and then sat up in bed.

For just a moment she did not remember what day it was. And then all of a sudden she caught sight of the Christmas tree and all the toys that Santa Claus had brought them. The next instant she was out of bed and racing up the stairs to call Mother Cuddles.

“Oh, Mother Cuddles,” she cried, “come downstairs as quick as you can and see what Santa brought!”

Just then the rest of the little Cuddleses came rushing out into the hallway.

“Has Santa Claus been here?” asked Buster, breathlessly.

“You ought to see what’s downstairs!” Betty told him. “He brought a Christmas tree, and lots and lots of things!”

“Whee-e-e-e!” shouted Buster delightedly, as he dashed down the stairs followed by his seven excited little kitty brothers and sisters.

And, sure enough, there was a Christmas tree all a-sparkle and a-glitter with its pretty ornaments. And right under it were a number of toys — just the kind for little kitty boys and girls.

Here and there about the room hung eight little stockings fairly bursting with goodies. There was little candy mice and sugared pop-corn and lollypops, and lots of other things that Santa Claus puts in Christmas

stockings for the little animal children.

So it was no wonder that these eight little kittens of Mother Cuddles had the merriest kind of a time looking over their presents, and pulling the surprises out of their stockings. And so it was with all the other little animal children who lived in the little brick houses of Kittycat Town. Not one had been forgotten on that merry Christmas morning.

And that's all.



“AND, SURE ENOUGH, THERE WAS A CHRISTMAS TREE”

XVI

THE CELEBRATION STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a little town in Animal Land called Kittycat Town. And right through the middle of Kittycat Town ran a pretty little street called Kittyway Lane.

On one side of Kittyway Lane was a row of tiny houses and all of them were built of little red bricks. And each little house had a little yard around with a fence in front to shut it in. It was here the pussycat mothers lived together with their little kitty children.

On the other side of Kittyway Lane was another row of tiny houses and they, too, were built of little red bricks. And the little yards around them were just the same with a fence in front to shut them in. It was here the doggie mothers lived together with their little puppy children.

Now these little kitty and puppy children lived just the same as the little boys and girls do here. The little animal boys wore bloomers and the little animal girls wore dresses. And they went to school, and played games, and got into mischief, just the same as all other little boys and girls. And sometimes they were good and sometimes they were naughty.

One day Mother Cuddles, the pussycat mother, had sent her little kitty boy, Buster, down to Daddy Fourpaws store to buy her

some sugar, and when he got there he found Uncle Buff, the doggie gentleman, talking very earnestly about something or other to the good-natured doggie storekeeper.

“ You don’t mean to say you haven’t heard about it? ” said Uncle Buff, looking greatly surprised.

“ I don’t know the least thing about it, ” replied Daddy.

“ Well! Well! Well! ” chuckled Uncle Buff. “ Why, the paper to-night is just full of it. ”

“ I haven’t had a chance to look at the paper yet, ” explained Daddy, “ but just as soon as I wait on Buster here I’m going to read all about it. ”

“ It’s going to be the greatest thing you ever heard of, ” went on Uncle Buff. “ There’ll be a parade most every day and

the animal folks will come from miles around just to see the sights. Why, just think — they're going to have a parade for the school children!"

"Won't that be fine?" declared Daddy.

"And one evening they're going to put off fire-works," continued Uncle Buff, "dozens and dozens of sky-rockets and fizzers and pin-wheels and things like that. Just think of it!"

"And you say it tells you about it in the paper to-day?" asked Daddy.

"Yes, sir, every word of it," replied Uncle Buff. "It's going to be called the Animal-Land Celebration, in honor of the time that the animal folks first came to Animal Land."

Now do you know that Daddy was so anxious to read all about it in the paper that he could hardly wait until he was through with

Buster. And as for Buster himself, why the little kitty boy was so excited at what he had heard that he forgot all about what he wanted.

“What will you have, Buster?” asked Daddy, pleasantly.

“Why — why —,” stammered the little kitty boy, “I — I — want,” here he stopped and watched Uncle Buff disappear through the door. “What did he say about that parade?” he asked suddenly.

“What parade?” asked Daddy.

“Why, don’t you know?” replied Buster. “The parade for the school children.”

“You mean when we have the Celebration?” said Daddy.

“Yes, that’s it!” exclaimed Buster, eagerly.

“I’ll tell you what let’s do,” suggested

Daddy, “you tell me what Mother Cuddles sent you for, and after I get it ready we’ll look over the paper together and find out all about it. Now, what will you have — flour, beans, potatoes, oatmeal, sugar —”

“Sugar! Sugar!” repeated Buster. That’s it — two pounds of sugar!”

So as soon as Daddy had weighed out the sugar and tied it up in a bag the two of them got out the paper and looked at the first page to find out about the Celebration. And, sure enough, there it was at the top of the page in big black letters!

Now, I couldn’t begin to tell you all that it said about the good time that was coming, but anyway when Buster got home with his bag of sugar he was so excited about it that Mother Cuddles couldn’t say a word to him for at least ten minutes.

And, of course, the other animal children in the neighborhood were just as wild about it as he was. When you saw two or three of the little animal boys and girls talking together you could be very sure that they were talking about the coming Celebration.

Bright and early the following Monday morning the Celebration started, and all the little animal folks, as well as the older folks, were trying to make as much noise as they knew how.

Outside, on the Cuddleses' front pavement, stood the eight little Cuddleses, and every last one of them was trying to make a noise. Buster and Betty were beating on the bottom of an old wash-boiler with two sticks, while Tommy and Billy were banging two pieces of tin down on the sidewalk. And another one was blowing a horn, while

still another was ringing a bell. And the others were yelling at the top of their voices.

“My goodness!” groaned poor Mother Cuddles, holding her paws over her ears, “I hope it don’t last very long.”

In a little while, however, the whistles stopped blowing, and only once in a while could you hear someone give a whoop. But away off in the distance the band was still playing a tune.

“Wasn’t it jolly!” cried Buster, as he came rushing into the kitchen after it was all over.

“It must have been,” smiled Mother Cuddles, “the way it sounded.”

All that week during the Celebration the animal children were to have no school, and you can imagine how delighted they were. And not only that, but the very next day the

little school children were going to have a parade.

So that same afternoon the little scholars of the Animal-Land school gathered at the schoolhouse to have Miss Sallie and Miss Pointer, the two doggie teachers, show them how to march.

“You’ll march four in a row,” Miss Sallie told them, “and be sure and keep in step.”

So they all got into line, and when Miss Sallie gave the word to march away they went like a troop of little soldiers.

“One-two! One-two! One-two!” counted Miss Sallie; and, do you know, every little animal kiddie there kept in step.

“Won’t it be splendid!” said Miss Sallie to Miss Pointer. “Do you know, I can hardly wait until to-morrow comes!”

And if Miss Sallie found it hard to wait how much harder do you think it was for the little animal children? Why, that night when they went to bed some of them marched miles and miles in a big parade. And Mr. Sandman was captain.

As soon as Buster was through drilling at the schoolhouse he hurried away to find Uncle Buff, because the doggie gentleman had told him to come home as soon as he could as he had something to tell him. And when Uncle Buff told him what it was Buster nearly went wild with delight. And from then until dark the two of them worked together as busily as bees.

The next afternoon Kittyway Lane was so packed with the animal folks that you could hardly get along. But they didn't have long to wait, for the parade started right

after dinner. And, when the big brass band started to play, away went the little animal children marching in step. And each little face was eager and happy.

Right after the big brass band in the parade came a little float showing a tiny schoolhouse and in front of it sat Buster driving one of Daddy's long-eared donkeys. And that little toy schoolhouse was what Uncle Buff and Buster had been working on the day before.

All that week the little animal boys and girls had the time of their lives joining in the fun around them, and each one of them was sorry when the last day of the Celebration drew near. Saturday was the closing day, and in the afternoon they were to hold a big parade.

Now, this was the parade in which they



“ A LITTLE FLOAT SHOWING A TINY SCHOOLHOUSE ”

were going to have a number of floats, and, of course, every one was wondering what they would be like. In fact, the doggie gentleman who had charge of the parade had offered prizes for the three prettiest floats. And, just think, the first prize was ten dollars!

“Golly!” exclaimed Buster Cuddles, the little kitty boy, when he heard the news, “I wish I could get up a float!”

“If you want to try, I’ll help you,” offered his little kitty sister, Betty.

Mother Cuddles was in the room at the time, and, of course, overheard what they were saying. But she thought that Buster and Betty were only fooling.

“Wouldn’t it be fine,” she laughed, “to hear them say that Buster Cuddles won the first prize.”

“Golly!” exclaimed Buster, again, with shining eyes.

Well, anyway, for the next half hour the little kitty boy sat in his chair with his eyes half closed and you might have thought that he was going to sleep. But he wasn't sleepy at all; he was thinking about that ten-dollar prize for the best float.

And then, all of a sudden, he jumped up out of his chair like a regular jumping jack.

“Whoopee!” he yelled.

“Goodness me,” gasped Mother Cuddles, as she caught sight of him disappearing through the door, “what in the world's going on?”

If she had looked out of the window just then she would have seen Buster running down the street as hard as he could go. And

he turned off at the little lane that led to Farmer Brisk's.

He ran every step of the way, so it was no wonder that by the time he reached the farmer doggie's place he could hardly speak.

“Dapple — float — ten dollars!” was all he could say.

And, of course, Farmer Brisk had no more idea what he wanted than the man in the moon.

So Buster had to explain that he wanted to borrow the little dapple gray pony to pull a little float that he was going to make and maybe win the ten-dollar prize.

“You don't say,” laughed the good-natured farmer doggie. “Well, I'd hate to see you miss winning that prize so I guess I'll have to let you have the pony together with the little wagon.”

Now, you can imagine how eager and excited Buster was when he drove into his backyard and told Betty what he was going to do. And his little kitty sister promised to help.

When the parade started the following afternoon Buster sat astride the little dapple gray pony who was pulling a little wooden wagon, on which sat Betty in a big basket. And all around her were flowers.

Just as soon as Buster's float came along the doggie judge marked something down in his little book, and when he announced the winners a little later the first name he called was Buster Cuddles.

“Hurrah!” shouted that little kitty boy.

“Hurrah!” yelled Betty.

And then both of them started for home as hard as they could go to tell Mother Cuddles.

“Betty gets half of it,” Buster told her, “because, you see,” he explained, “if it wasn’t for Betty sitting in the basket, and looking so cute we’d never gotten a cent!”

And that evening, when the eight little Cuddleses went to bed, as tired and happy as any little kittens could possibly be, they all wished that the Animal-Land Celebration would come soon again.

And that’s all.



“ AND ALL AROUND HER WERE FLOWERS ”

XVII

THE POPCORN STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a little town in Animal Land called Kittycat Town. And right through the middle of Kittycat Town ran a pretty little street called Kittyway Lane.

On one side of Kittyway Lane was a row of tiny houses and all of them were built of little red bricks. And each little house had a little yard around with a fence in front to shut it in. It was here the pussycat mothers lived together with their little kitty children.

On the other side of Kittyway Lane was another row of tiny houses, and they, too, were built of little red bricks. And the little yards around were just the same with a fence in front to shut them in. It was here the doggie mothers lived together with their little puppy children.

Now these little kitty and puppy children lived just the same as the little boys and girls do here. The little animal boys wore bloomers and the little animal girls wore dresses. And they went to school, and played games, and got into mischief, just the same as all other little boys and girls. And sometimes they were good and sometimes they were naughty.

Right across the street from the little Cuddles home on Kittyway Lane, in one of the little brick houses of the doggie folks, lived

a doggie mother by the name of Mother Whiteface. And Mother Whiteface had one little puppy boy by the name of Dickie and one little puppy girl by the name of Beula.

One day while Mother Whiteface was cleaning upstairs in the attic she came across the bag in which she always kept the popcorn. And, would you believe it, that bag was nearly empty. Her little puppy children were very fond of popcorn and all winter long they had used it in different ways. Sometimes they made molasses candy and mixed the popcorn with it. And then as soon as it was cool enough to handle they would shape it into big, golden, molasses-coated popcorn balls.

“I’ll just take the nicest ear out and keep it for seed to plant in the garden this spring,”

decided Mother Whiteface, "and the rest the children can have."

So when Dickie, her little puppy boy, came home from school that afternoon she gave him the four ears of popcorn that was left in the bag.

"May I pop it right away?" asked Dickie, eagerly.

"If you are careful and don't get it all over the kitchen," she replied. Sometimes, you know, you open the popper just a little bit too soon and two or three grains that haven't burst will go off with a pop and scatter popcorn all over the room." But Dickie promised to be careful, so Mother Whiteface told him he might do it.

The first thing, of course, was to shell the popcorn, and just as he had finished doing this he caught sight of Laddie Rover, his

little puppy chum, making motions to him through the window.

“Hurry up!” yelled Laddie, as Dickie raised the window and stuck his head out to see what was wanted; “we’re going to play a game of ball!”

Now it was quite surprising how quickly Dickie forgot all about the popcorn. As soon as he heard Laddie say baseball he picked up his bat and ran out of the house.

Now, at school that afternoon, during recess, Beula Whiteface, Dickie’s little sister, had been playing bean-bag with another little puppy girl. The bean-bag belonged to the other little puppy girl and Beula made up her mind to make herself one just as soon as she got home.

It took but a little while to sew up the little square bag to put the beans in, but

when Beula asked Mother Whiteface for the beans there was not one in the house.

“ Oh, dear! ” pouted Beula, “ I can’t make it after all! ”

Just then she saw the dish of popcorn on the table that Dickie had shelled, and, would you believe it, she dropped every grain of it into the little cloth bag.

“ There, ” she said, as she sewed it shut, “ they’ll be every bit as good as beans. ”

Now when Dickie came back home from playing ball the first thing he thought of was the popcorn, and when he asked about it Beula told him what she had done with it.

And you know how little folks are sometimes when they have something and someone else takes it without asking. It made Dickie quite angry, and almost before he

knew it he was scolding Beula and telling her how mean she was.

Before Mother Whiteface could say a word Beula had run upstairs crying as though her heart would break. And when she came down again she had taken every grain of the popcorn out of the bag and put it in a dish.

And when she handed it to Dickie he felt so ashamed of himself that he hardly knew what to say. In fact he felt so badly about the way he had scolded his little sister that he took several of his pennies and hurried down to Daddy Fourpaw's store to buy her enough beans for her bean bag. And when he gave them to her the little puppy girl told him how sorry she felt that she had taken the popcorn without asking. But Dickie told her it didn't matter one bit.

The next day, about the middle of the afternoon, Dickie happened to think of the popcorn, and as Mother Whiteface had gone out for a little while, he thought it would be a good time to pop it. So when Beula came into the house a little later she found him standing in front of the stove shaking the popper.

He had a red hot fire in the stove and it was quite exciting to hear the little grains jump up and down as they burst open.

Poppity-pop-pop! Poppity-pop-pop! they went, just like a whole crowd of little animal boys shooting off pop guns.

Dickie wasn't quite sure whether Beula wanted to help him pop the popcorn or not; so he didn't say a word to her. But just as soon as the little puppy girl heard the first poppity-pop-pop she came dancing over to

the stove and Dickie could tell by her face that she wanted to hold the popper.

“Oh, Dickie,” she asked, suddenly, “doesn’t it make your paw tired holding it so long?”

Now Dickie wasn’t a bit tired, but all the same he pretended that his paw was nearly broken in two, holding the popper so long.

“I’ll hold it for you,” offered Beula.

So Dickie let his little sister pop the rest of the corn, and when it was all done and piled up in the middle of the table he suggested that they boil some molasses candy and make popcorn balls.

“Maybe Mother Whiteface would scold,” said Beula.

“Oh, she won’t if we’re careful and clean everything up when we’re through,” replied Dickie.



“ SHE FOUND HIM STANDING IN FRONT OF THE STOVE ”

So they got out the molasses jug and made enough molasses candy to coat all the popcorn so that they could shape it into balls. And just as they got through and had everything cleaned up they heard the latch on the front gate click.

“Oh, dear,” gasped Beula, “here comes Mother Whiteface, and I just know she’ll scold!”

“Let’s carry them into the parlor until we can take them upstairs,” said Dickie.

So when Mother Whiteface came into the house the plate of popcorn balls was sitting in the parlor on a chair, and from the way Dickie and Beula looked you would have thought that they didn’t even know what a popcorn ball looked like.

But the funny part of it was that Mother Whiteface had a visitor with her. As she

was coming into the yard Miss Prim, the pussycat lady, happened to be passing and Mother Whiteface asked her in for a little while to show her some knitting.

And, would you believe it, when they went into the parlor Miss Prim sat right down on that plate of popcorn balls before Mother Whiteface could roll up the blinds to make it lighter.

“Mercy goodness!” cried Miss Prim, as she jumped out of the chair, “what in the world have I sat on?” And when she looked around at herself there were three big sticky molasses popcorn balls hanging on the back of her skirt.

“Isn’t it dreadful with those children,” said Mother Whiteface. “They have made popcorn balls and hidden them in here on the chair!”

Many pussycat ladies would have been very cross about sitting down on popcorn balls but Miss Prim wasn't one of that kind. The more she thought about it the more she laughed, and before she left she begged Mother Whiteface not to punish her two little puppies.

"I'll not punish them this time," promised Mother Whiteface.

Nor did she; but, when Miss Prim left, Mother Whiteface sent every one of those big molasses popcorn balls along with her to give to the poor Dobbie children.

And no doubt if Dickie and Beula had not tried to hide the popcorn balls and had told Mother Whiteface about making them while she was away they would have them to eat themselves.

And that's all.

XVIII

THE GARDEN STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a little town in Animal Land called Kittycat Town. And right through the middle of Kittycat Town ran a pretty little street called Kittyway Lane.

On one side of Kittyway Lane was a row of tiny houses and all of them were built of little red bricks. And each little house had a little yard around with a fence in front to shut it in. It was here the pussycat mothers

lived together with their little kitty children.

On the other side of Kittyway Lane was another row of tiny houses and they, too, were built of little red bricks. And the little yards around them were just the same with a fence in front to shut them in. It was here the doggie mothers lived together with their little puppy children.

Now these little kitty and puppy children lived just the same as the little boys and girls do here. The little animal boys wore bloomers and the little animal girls wore dresses. And they went to school, and played games, and got into mischief, just the same as all other little boys and girls. And sometimes they were good and sometimes they were naughty.

Farmer Brisk, the farmer doggie, who

lived a short distance from Kittyway Lane, was busy working in his garden one day, setting out some peach-trees, when along came Buster Cuddles, the little kitty boy.

“How’s the little kitty man this morning?” greeted the good-natured farmer doggie, as he carefully placed one of the little trees into a hole he had made.

“All right,” answered Buster, as he climbed up on the top rail of the fence to watch Farmer Brisk at work.

“Do you know what I’m doing?” asked Farmer Brisk, as he filled a little hole with earth and then pressed it down firmly around the little tree.

“I guess you’re planting trees,” replied the little kitty boy.

“Yes, sir, I’m planting some peach-trees so that after a few years I’ll have enough

peaches for the pussycat mothers to give to little kitty boys like you.”

“Um-m-m-m!” went Buster, smacking his lips just as though he was already tasting one of those big, juicy, red and yellow-cheeked peaches.

Now it seemed to Buster as though the little trees that Farmer Brisk was planting would never grow at all. He did not know that the tiny buds sticking out along the branches would burst forth into green leaves shortly after the tree was planted.

“How will your trees grow,” he asked, finally, “when they’re dead before you plant them?”

“Ha! Ha! Ha!” roared Farmer Brisk, laughing so hard that his ears shook. “What makes you think they’re dead?” he asked, after he was done laughing.

“’Cause they have no leaves,” explained Buster, “all the other trees are getting them.”

“So will these after a bit,” said Farmer Brisk, “all they need is a little time to grow.”

Well, anyway, when Farmer Brisk was through planting his peach-trees he had one little tree left over and no place to plant it. First he looked at the little peach-tree and then he looked at Buster.

“How would you like to take this home and plant it?” he asked him.

“Oh, Farmer Brisk,” exclaimed Buster with delight, “may I?”

And when the farmer doggie nodded his head yes Buster was so pleased that he hardly knew what to say. After thanking Farmer Brisk, and learning all about how to

make it grow, he started for home with the precious little tree clasped tight in his paws.

When he got there the first thing to decide upon was where to plant it, so he asked Mother Cuddles.

“How about putting it near the chicken house so that when it gets big it will make a shady spot for the chickens on warm days,” she suggested.

So Buster got his spade, and, after digging a hole, planted his little tree near one corner of the chicken house. And for days after that he watched and tended the little sprout until it was full of pretty green leaves just as Farmer Brisk had told him.

Some time after that, while Buster was taking a walk one day down Kittyway Lane, he came to Mrs. Proudpu^{ss}'s home, and the first thing he spied through the iron fence



“ PLANTED HIS LITTLE TREE NEAR ONE CORNER OF THE
CHICKEN HOUSE ”

in front of the rich pussycat lady's lawn was a little round flower bed full of the prettiest flowers he had ever seen. And the first thing he thought about was how nice it would be to make Mother Cuddles one just like it.

In one corner of their yard at home was a big flower bush covered with clusters of pretty blue flowers and Mother Cuddles had often wished that she could set it out in the middle of the yard. And the little kitty boy planned to make a flower bed for Mother Cuddles just like the one on Mrs. Proud-puss's lawn, with the pretty blue flower stalk right in the middle of it.

That same afternoon Mother Cuddles had some shopping to do, so she told Buster and Betty to stay around the house until she came back.

As soon as she had gone out the front gate Buster got his spade and started to dig a round hole right in the middle of the front yard.

“Oh, Buster,” gasped Betty, “you’d better not!”

“I’m going to make a flower bed,” explained Buster, “and how can you do it if you don’t dig a hole first?”

“Oh-h-h!” went Betty, making a little round O of a mouth.

In a little while Buster had the flower bed all done except putting the sod around the outside. He had built up a little mound of earth and in the middle of it he placed the pretty plant with the blue flowers.

Now if Laddie Rover had stayed away Buster would have had the flower bed all sodded long before Mother Cuddles re-

turned. But when Betty had gone into the house for a few minutes along came Laddie, and the first thing he asked his little kitty playmate was whether he would go along to play ball.

“Why — I guess — I’d better finish —” hesitated Buster, looking at the place where the sod ought to be. But just then he happened to think how much more fun it would be to play ball. “Sure, I’ll go,” he cried, suddenly, “I’ll be there right away!”

So when Betty came out into the yard again Buster was gone.

“Oh, dear!” sighed his little kitty sister, “why didn’t he stay and finish it? It would have looked so pretty to Mother Cuddles.”

Buster had made up his mind to get back in time to finish the flower bed before Mother Cuddles arrived, but the game took

longer than he thought, and just as he was going to the front gate he saw Mother Cuddles coming down the street.

The first thing he did was to glance at his little flower bed, and, would you believe it, the whole thing was sodded as nicely as you please!

Yes, sir, Betty had done it all after he had left to play ball. So it was no wonder he squeezed her little paw on the sly and whispered to her that she was the best little sister a kitty chap ever had.

But when Mother Cuddles praised him for making such a pretty little flower bed he began to feel very uncomfortable, and that night before he went to sleep he told her all about it.

And that's all.

XIX

THE DOLL STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a little town in Animal Land called Kittycat Town. And right through the middle of Kittycat Town ran a pretty little street called Kittyway Lane.

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mothers lived together with their little kitty children.

On the other side of Kittyway Lane was another row of tiny houses and they, too, were built of little red bricks. And the little yards around them were just the same with a fence in front to shut them in. It was here the doggie mothers lived together with their little puppy children.

Now these little kitty and puppy children lived just the same as the little boys and girls do here. The little animal boys wore bloomers and the little animal girls wore dresses. And they went to school, and played games, and got into mischief, just the same as all other little boys and girls. And sometimes they were good and sometimes they were naughty.

Betty Cuddles, the little kitty girl who

lived with her little kitty brothers and sisters in one of the little brick houses on Kittyway Lane, sat rocking herself in her little rocking chair. And tightly clasped in her paws was her little doll, Arabella.

“Now, Arabella,” said Betty to her dolly, “I want you to keep your dress nice and clean so that I can take you to the festival to-night.” There was to be a festival that evening down at the school grounds and Mother Cuddles was going to take all her little kitty children. And Betty had made up her mind to take Arabella.

“Maybe you had better take a little nap so that you won’t be sleepy this evening,” the little kitty girl told her dolly. So she cuddled Arabella’s little head against her shoulder and sang a little lullaby while she rocked to and fro.



“ROCKING HERSELF IN HER LITTLE ROCKING CHAIR”

“Rock-a-bye dolly on the tree-top.

When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall
And down will come dolly, cradle and all.”

“There,” said the little kitty mother,
“she’s sound asleep, so I’ll just lay her in
her cradle and let her sleep all afternoon.”

So Betty put Arabella in her cradle and pushed the cradle under the dining-room table.

Mother Cuddles always kept a pitcher of ice water on the table in the summer time, and Betty had hardly left the room before in raced her little kitty brother, Buster, looking for a drink.

He had just got through playing a game of ball and was hot and thirsty. And he was in such a hurry to get a drink that he slopped the water out of the pitcher all over

the table-cloth and down on poor little Arabella.

So that when Betty came to get her before she left for the festival the dolly's dress was all wet down the front.

“You naughty little dolly!” cried Betty, “just look at your dress!”

And, of course, poor little Arabella couldn't tell who's fault it had been.

“You'll just have to stay at home,” Betty told her, “and the next time you'll learn to be more careful.”

So when Betty started off to the festival with her little brothers and sisters, Arabella had to stay at home.

“I just wonder how it happened,” thought the little kitty girl, as she went trudging along holding fast to Mother Cuddles's paw.

And Mother Cuddles must have been won-

dering about something, too, for all of a sudden she asked her little kitty children which one had spilt water on the table-cloth that afternoon.

“I did,” said Buster, “it just flopped out of the top and went all over the cloth and some of it splashed down on Betty’s doll.”

“Oh-h-h-h!” went Betty just like that. To think she had punished Arabella for something she hadn’t done!

And that evening at the festival Betty kept thinking of her dolly home in bed. And she felt so sorry that she hadn’t brought her along.

As soon as she got home she took her out of the cradle and hugged her as tight as she could hug her.

“It wasn’t your fault at all that your dress

was wet," she whispered in her doll's ear, "and the next time I go away I'll be sure to take you along."

Well, one morning, a few days after that, Mother Cuddles had nothing for Betty to do, so the little kitty girl asked her if she might take Arabella out for a walk. And Mother Cuddles said she might.

So she ran upstairs as fast as she could go and caught her little dolly up out of the cradle.

"Oh, Arabella," she cried, happily, "just think, we're going for a long walk!" And the little dolly seemed to be every bit as pleased as her little kitty mother.

"I know where we'll go," said Betty, as they went out through the front gate, "we'll walk down to the duck pond."

On the way down Kittyway Lane the first

one of the animal folks they met was Miss Prim, the pussycat lady.

“Well, I declare,” smiled Miss Prim, “if it isn’t Betty Cuddles and her little dolly!”

“Dolly’s name is Arabella,” Betty told her.

“Why, how do you do, Arabella?” said Miss Prim, as she shook the little dolly by the hand. “I’m very glad to know you.” And by the look on Arabella’s face she seemed just as pleased to meet Miss Prim.

“We’re going to take a walk down to the duck pond,” said Betty.

“Won’t that be nice!” replied the pussycat lady.

Well, it wasn’t very long after that when Betty and her dolly reached the duck pond. And when they got there who should they

see sitting on the bank but Sminky Crow, the little kitty boy.

Sminky had a little flat piece of wood tied to a string and was sailing it on top of the water. And as all little ships sail with a cargo he had placed a number of little round stones on top.

“Hello, Betty!” he crowed, as soon as he caught sight of the little kitty girl.

“Hello!” answered Betty, a little doubtfully. Sminky was that very same little kitty boy who often played tricks on his playmates, and Betty was not quite sure that he wouldn't try to play one on her.

“Let's give your dolly a boat ride,” suggested Sminky, as he pulled in his little wooden ship.

“Oh, I'd be afraid!” cried Betty, “she might upset and drown.”

“Not if you’re careful,” said Sminky. “You can take hold of the string yourself; and, if you want to, you can stand on that flat rock near shore and she’ll float way, way out.”

So Betty placed Arabella very carefully on top of the little piece of wood, and taking hold of the string jumped out on the little flat rock.

And I feel sure that Arabella must have had a dandy little boat ride and that everything would have ended pleasantly if a little puff of wind hadn’t come rollicking over the top of the water. No doubt it was one of the merry little breezes out for a lark.

And it wasn’t a bit nice of it to upset the little boat and throw Arabella into the water.

“Oh, my dolly!” screamed Betty.

“ I’ll save her ! ” shouted Sminky.

And, sure enough, in he waded up to his waist, clothes and all, and pulled poor little Arabella out of the water.

So, you see, Sminky wasn’t always a bad little kitty chap, and I feel sure that he felt a great deal prouder rescuing Arabella than if he had played a mean trick on some one.

For on the way home Betty thanked him over and over again, and it surely must be nicer to be thanked for doing something like that than to be disliked for doing something mean.

And that’s all.

XX

THE MOUSE AND THE PICTURE STORY



ONCE upon a time there was a little town in Animal Land called Kittycat Town. And right through the middle of Kittycat Town ran a pretty little street called Kittyway Lane.

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Mother Bowser, the doggie mother, who lived in one of the little brick houses on

Kittyway Lane, had given her little puppy girl, Curly, a box of paints on her birthday, and you can imagine how pleased she was. And, besides that, Jackie, her little puppy brother, had made her an easel out of some little sticks of wood to fasten the pieces of cardboard on so that she could sit on her little stool right in front of it and paint pictures just like a real doggie artist.

The first picture she painted was a big apple. First she drew an outline of it on the cardboard and then colored it with her paints. The one half of it she painted a bright rosy red and the other half a golden yellow. And the little stem at the top she painted brown, with a little green leaf fastened to the stem.

“Isn't it pretty?” she asked Mother Bowser, after it was all done,

“It’s too pretty for anything,” praised Mother Bowser. “It looks real enough to eat.”

“The next picture I paint will be a pretty house,” Curly told Mother Bowser.

“A really truly house,” asked Mother Bowser, “with a yard and a fence and a big tree?”

“Oh, yes, it has to have a yard and a fence and a big tree,” replied Curly, “and a chimney on top of the roof with the smoke coming out.”

“Won’t that be fine?” smiled Mother Bowser.

So the very first chance she had, Curly fastened a nice clean piece of cardboard on her easel and started in to paint a little house. And, of course, the longer she

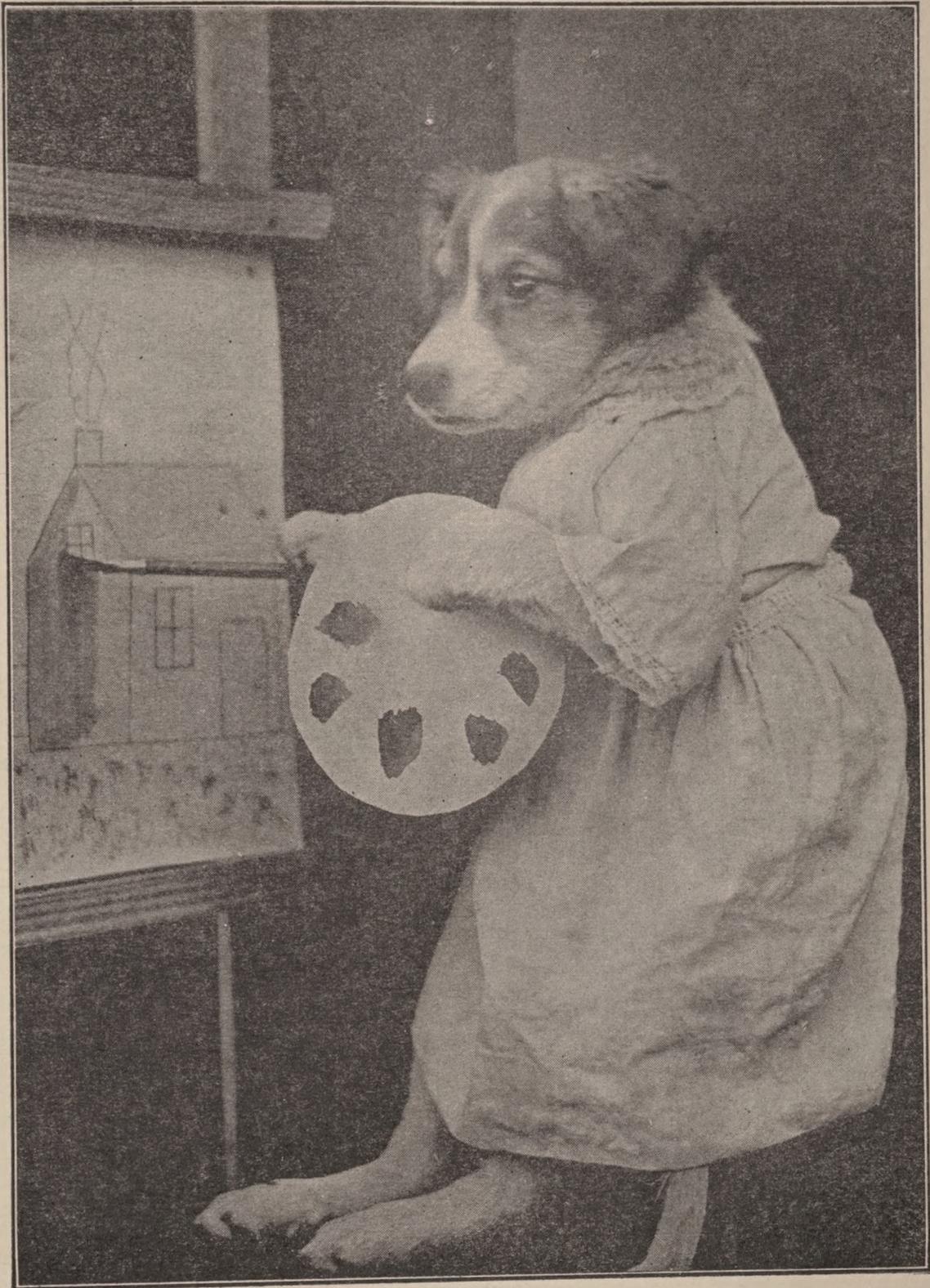
worked at it the more it began to look like a really truly house.

The little house had a door in front to go in and out of and a little window alongside of it to look out of. And on top of the roof was a little chimney with the smoke coming out just as she had told Mother Bowser.

“Now I’ll have to make a fence to shut in the yard,” planned Curly to herself, “or else some bad little puppy boys might pull the apples off the apple-tree.” And, of course, she had to paint the apple-tree, too, or there wouldn’t have been any apples there to take.

When the picture was all done Curly took it off the easel and laid it face up on the table to dry. And right alongside of it she left her box of paints with the lid open.

The next morning, as soon as she had



“STARTED IN TO PAINT A LITTLE HOUSE”

eaten her breakfast, she hurried into the front room to get her picture so that she could show it to Mother Bowser.

But just as soon as she picked it up she saw that something was wrong, for it was the funniest looking picture you ever saw in all your life. It just looked as though tiny streaks of red and yellow and green paint had rained all over it.

“Oh! Oh! O-h-h-h!” gasped Curly, so disappointed that she felt like crying.

“It must have been Jackie!” she almost sobbed. “I didn’t think he would be so mean.”

As soon as Mother Bowser saw the picture she felt sure that some one had been meddling with it. So when Jackie had finished eating his breakfast she asked him whether he had been at Curly’s picture.

“I wasn’t near it,” declared the little puppy boy. “Honest and honest I wasn’t.”

And, of course, Mother Bowser believed him, because, you see, none of her little puppy children ever told her stories.

“It couldn’t have been Jackie,” she told Curly, “so we’ll have to keep our eyes open and maybe we can find out who did it.”

And, would you believe it, the very next day when Mother Bowser went into the front room she heard a sudden squeak right at her feet and there was a saucy little mouse scampering across the room.

“There!” she exclaimed, “I know now who spoiled Curly’s picture!”

“You can see for yourself how it happened,” she said to Curly after she had called her little puppy girl into the room,

“You left your paint box open and the mouse got his feet all covered with the wet paint. Then he went scampering back and forth across your picture and wherever he put his feet he left a mark.”

“That’s just what he did!” declared Curly, “and maybe if I tell Jackie he’ll be able to catch him.”

“Maybe he will,” answered Mother Bowser.

So the little puppy girl hurried off to find Jackie and when she got to the kitchen there he sat at the table eating a piece of pie.

“Oh, Jackie!” she cried, “what do you think? A bad old mouse walked all over my picture and spoiled it!”

“And — and Jackie,” she went on, “I thought at first it was you but it wasn’t at all. And please, Jackie,” she begged, “you

won't be cross at me for thinking it was you, will you?"

And Jackie not only wasn't a bit cross about it but he at once offered to catch that bad old mouse.

"Do you think you can?" asked his little puppy sister, eagerly. "Let's get after him right away!"

"First of all," said Jackie, "we'll have to find out where he lives. Maybe there's a hole in the pantry wall where he runs in and out."

And, sure enough, when they moved the things in the pantry they found a little hole in the wall right near the floor.

"That's the door of his house," Jackie told her, "and, like as not he's at home now waiting until everything is quiet so that he can come out and go snooping around. If

you'll ask Mother Bowser for a piece of cheese I'll show you how to fool him."

When Curly returned with the piece of cheese Jackie placed it on the floor right near the little hole in the wall.

"There," he declared, "as soon as Mr. Mouse smells that he'll be out after it."

"But how will you catch him?" asked Curly.

"I'll just hit him a whack with the broom," answered Jackie.

"Maybe — maybe —" began Curly, "maybe I'd better go into another room until after you whack him."

Of course you know that little girls are always more afraid of a mouse than little boys, so Jackie got his little sister a stool to stand on so that the mouse couldn't reach her.

“Now keep still,” he told her, “and very soon you’ll see him.”

Sure enough hardly a minute had passed before a little brown head was stuck out of the hole and a twinkling pair of little brown eyes looked all around the room. And then out popped Mr. Mouse to grab the cheese.

Whack! Whack! went Buster’s broom.

“We got him! We got him!” shouted both little puppies as they raced for the kitchen to tell Mother Bowser how they had captured the mouse.

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