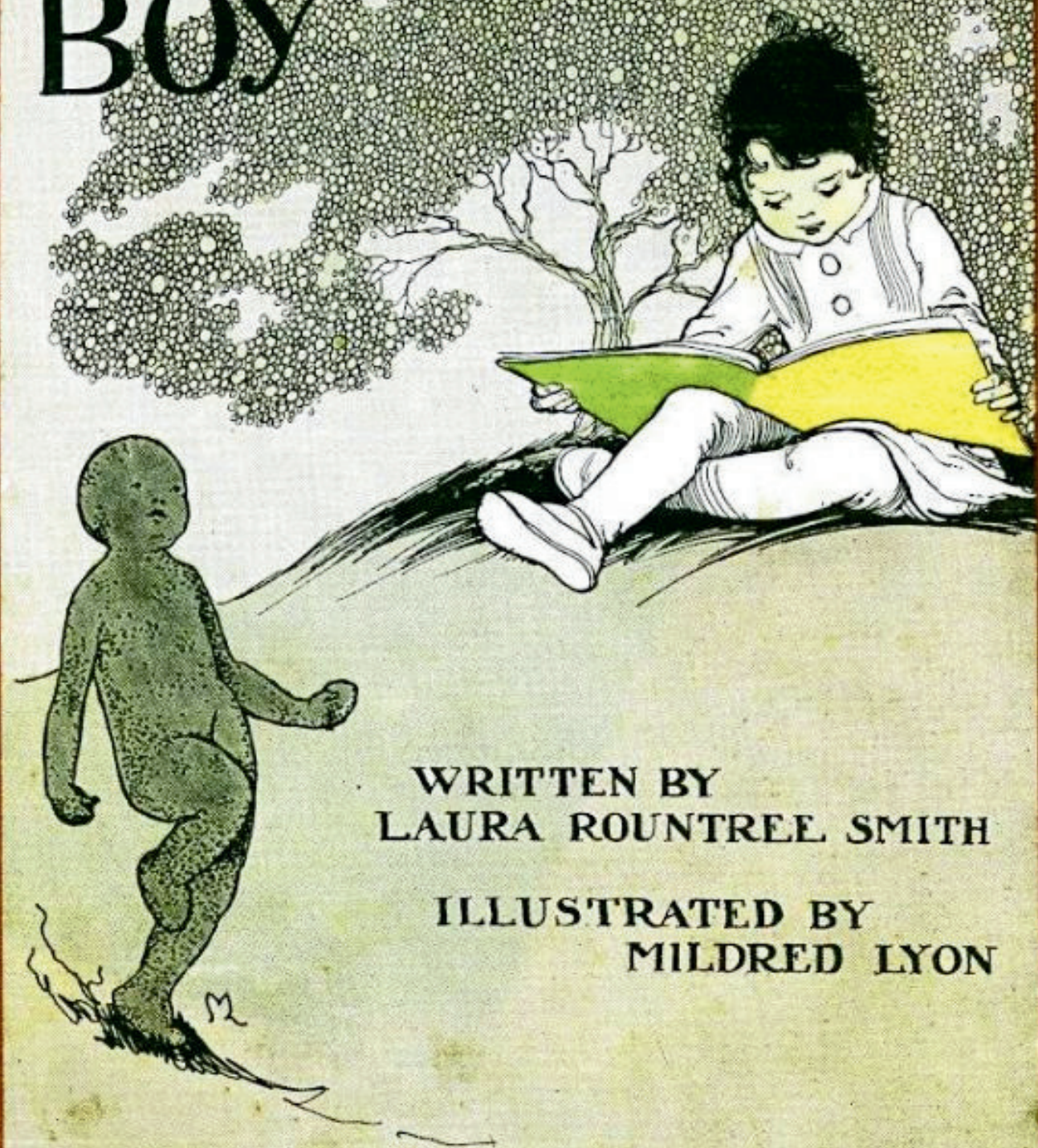


THE GINGERBREAD BOY



WRITTEN BY
LAURA ROUNTREE SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY
MILDRED LYON

THE GINGERBREAD BOY AND JOYFUL JINGLE PLAY STORIES

BY

LAURA ROUNTREE SMITH

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ILLUSTRATED BY MILDRED LYON

"A JUST RIGHT BOOK"

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Big Brother Beaver and Chatter-box Dance a Hornpipe

"A JUST RIGHT BOOK"
MADE IN THE U. S. A.

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PREFACE

The first three stories contained in the book found great favor with the reading public, having been published in the Woman's Home Companion.

All the stories are wholesome and have good influence upon the little readers. In Danny Do-Little, work is made delightful through play. In Old Mother Bear's Christmas Stocking, the selfishness of the animals is dwelt upon, but also their kindness of heart, and the saying brought out that, "One good turn deserves another." The little Birthday story will be interesting to read at school and children's parties, for who among the little ones does not occasionally have a birthday?

Catchy little jingles run throughout the stories. An enthusiastic parent in Massachusetts said: "My children are very much pleased with Laura Rountree Smith's Jingle Books, and must have a story before bed-time each night. I think her books mighty clever."

The book contains stories which can easily be read by the children themselves.

Little Fairy Help-You-Out
Does not come when children pout;
You will see her by and by,
If to do your best you try.



Peter Nibbled His Toes, Polly Nibbled His Fingers and Baby Stood By and Clapped

THE GINGERBREAD BOY AND OTHER JINGLE PLAY STORIES



Polly Makes Gingerbread Cookies

The Gingerbread Boy

Polly and Peter had to stay home one Saturday when mother was ill.

Mother said, "Polly, take my place in the kitchen, please, and, Peter, you must amuse the baby."

Polly went down stairs, put on her little all-over apron, and sat down on the kitchen stool.

She sighed: "Oh dear, something always happens on a sunny Saturday—when I want to play! We have to miss the school picnic to-day; but I will smile, and smile, and something nice will surely happen."

With that, the dimples began to play hide and seek upon her face, and she heard an airy, fairy voice calling:

"Little Fairy Help-You-Out,
Blithe and gay beyond a doubt,
I'll introduce you with much joy,
To the dear little, queer little Gingerbread Boy!"

"Who are you?" cried Polly.

She looked high and low, but no one was to be seen.

Polly smiled again, and said: "I have a new apron that I was going to wear to the picnic."

"The better to cook with my dear," said a sugary voice.

Polly looked about, but could not see the Gingerbread Boy, though she felt sure he had spoken.

Polly said: "I will make some gingerbread cookies, and see what comes of it."

As Polly mixed the cookies a sugary voice cried:

"More sugar, more spice,
Make everything nice."

Then the most wonderful thing happened!

The little rolling-pin that Polly was using turned to gold; and how it did roll out those gingerbread cookies! Then the cutter turned to gold, and cut them out into queer shapes and sizes.

The currants jumped upon the cookies making funny faces upon them.

They leaped into the pans, and all Polly had to do was to set them into the oven to bake.

She was so happy, she swept the kitchen and washed the dishes, and would have forgotten the cookies, I am sure, if she had not heard a voice calling:

"Try to think what you're about,
Better take the cookies out;
Someone's tapping at the door
Of the oven, as before!"

Sure enough, Polly heard a rapping, tapping, and when she opened the oven door she heard the cookies call in a happy chorus:

"We're brown and pretty as any toy,
Hurrah, hurrah for the Gingerbread Boy!"

As Polly took the cookies out of the pan, she saw one was shaped like a regular boy, and before she could say a word, out he jumped and sat down on the ice box, fanning himself with a geranium leaf.

Polly said, "I must go and call Peter. I must introduce him to the Gingerbread Boy!"

Peter had been thinking about the picnic, but he tried to amuse the baby by playing ball, and at this very minute in came Polly to tell about the Gingerbread Boy.

To their surprise the Gingerbread Boy said,

"If you will eat my hands and feet
You'll find you've something very sweet."

"Oh, oh," cried the children, "It would not be polite to eat you!" But all this time they crept nearer and nearer.

The Gingerbread Boy said:

"Come, nibble my fingers; come nibble my toes!
I can run—that's the way the Fairy Tale goes!"

Peter nibbled the toes and Polly nibbled the fingers, while the baby stood by and clapped his hands with delight.

The Gingerbread Boy said;

"Molasses is used to sweeten, sweeten,
I was made to be eaten, eaten!"

The children nibbled away until only the Gingerbread Boy's voice was left, but he sang gaily:

"To be happy and good I try,
Dear boys and girls, good bye, good bye."

So he was *all gone!*

All this time the gingerbread cookies looked out of their large currant eyes, and Fairy Help-You-Out came into the kitchen and whispered into Polly's ear and Peter's ear and the baby's ear something about a picnic.

The children clapped their hands with delight as three little baskets sailed down on the kitchen floor.

Each basket was full of good things to eat, and the baby's basket had a bottle of milk in it, of course!

They were having the finest kind of a picnic right at home, in their own kitchen, when a voice called:

"I would like to come—I don't wish to annoy,
Have you any room for the Gingerbread Boy?"



Three Little Baskets Sailed Down on the Kitchen Floor

The children rubbed their eyes to see if they were awake, and the Gingerbread Boy jumped in the window and sat on the ice box, fanning himself with a nasturtium leaf.

He laughed until his sides shook, saying:

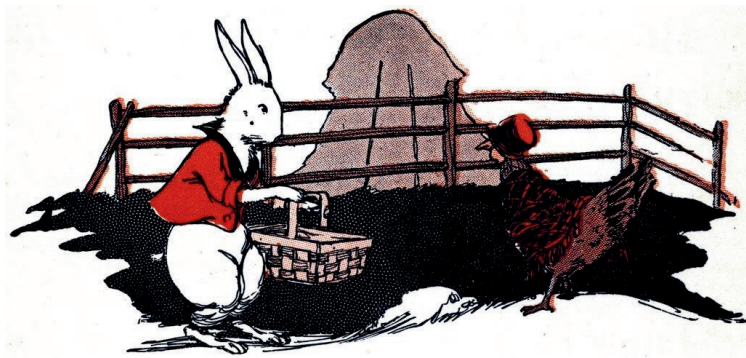
“Don’t wake your mother, don’t make a noise,
The woods are full of Gingerbread Boys.”

Fairy Help-You-Out faded away, because she was no longer needed. For all I know, the Gingerbread Boy is with the children yet.

The Easter Bunny

Mother Tiny-Tail sat in her little red plush rocking chair rocking to and fro singing:

"Alas! alack! I am old and gray,
And have no eggs for Easter Day."



He Went to the Little Brown Hen Who Lives in the Lane

Just then a Funny Bunny came by with a hop, and a skip, and a bound and said, "Oh, Mother Tiny-Tail, no eggs for Easter, no eggs for the Tiny-Tails? That will never do!" So saying, he borrowed Mother Tiny-Tail's market basket, and went hippety-hop to the Little Brown Hen who lives in the lane, saying:

"Please give me eggs now that I ask it,
Enough to fill my market basket."

The Little Brown Hen said:

"If you will bring me an ear of corn,
I'll fill your basket by Easter morn."

Then Funny Bunny went with a hop, and a skip, and a jump to the little old Farmer who lived in the field and said:

"Please give me corn, now that I ask it,
Enough to fill my market basket."

The Farmer replied:

"Bring me a sack of meal all ground,
I will fill your basket safe and sound."



Please Give Me Corn

Funny Bunny went with a pitter, patter, pitter, patter, until he came to the Miller, and said:

"Please give me a meal-bag, since I ask it,
Enough to fill my market basket."

The Miller laughed until his old fat sides shook and answered:

"Your request sounds rather funny,
I will give you meal for money."

Then Funny Bunny sat down on a stone to think.

How was he going to get some money?

It was getting dark, and the Little Hill Men came out one by one, digging for fairy gold.

When Funny Bunny saw them he cried:

"Please give me money, since I ask it,
Enough to fill my market basket."

Now, the Little Hill Men did not want to give something for nothing, so they shouted:

"With a hop, skip, bound, measure our hill
And your empty basket we soon will fill."

Of course, the Little Hill Men never dreamed that he would do it, so they went on digging for fairy gold.

Funny Bunny was in real earnest, for he thought of Mother Tiny-Tail rocking sadly to and fro in her red plush rocking chair, so

From the daisies to the apple tree,
Skippety-hoppety-skip went he.

My! how fast his legs could carry him!

He came back singing:

"Your hill's as long, your hill's as wide
As anyone would care to ride!"

The Little Hill Men were so surprised he had answered their question that they all stopped digging and crowded around Funny Bunny. "Click, click, click," they dropped gold into his market basket.

Then he ran with a hop, skip and jump to the Miller and bought a bag of meal. He took the meal to the Farmer and bought the corn. Then he took the corn to the Little Brown Hen, who lived in the lane, and she counted out one dozen, two dozen, three dozen, four dozen, five dozen beautiful white eggs. They filled the market basket Funny Bunny was carrying.

When he got home he set the market basket down in front of Mother Tiny Tail, saying:



Click! Click! They Dropped Gold Into His Basket

"I'm Funny Bunny, I cannot stay,
But I wish you a happy Easter Day."

Mother Tiny-Tail stopped rocking to and fro; but before she could say, "Thank you," Funny Bunny was hippety-hoppety, off and away.

Mother Tiny-Tail painted the Easter eggs and hid them everywhere.

On Easter morning, all the Tiny-Tails cried, "Oh" and "Ah," for they found the Easter Eggs in their shoes, in their oatmeal bowls, and in the most unexpected places.

Just at that very minute Funny Bunny peeped in the window and cried, as he held up a wonderful sugary egg:

"Kindness comes back now and then,
See my Easter egg, from The Little Hill Men!"

Funny Bunny was always so kind to the Little Tiny-Tails that the Hill Men remembered him.



Funny Bunny Went Hippety-Hoppety, Off and Away

Then, with a twinkle of nose, and a dancing of toes, Funny Bunny went hippety-hoppety, off and away, singing:

"I really would not think it funny,
If you should call me an Easter Bunny."

Old Woman Work-Away

Old Woman Work-Away was always spinning. In the fall of the year she began to think about Thanksgiving, singing:

"Spinning, spinning, round and round,
Goes the wheel with pleasant sound,
Hurry, hurry, come spin ahead,
And buy for me cranberries red!"

Just as she was thinking about her Thanksgiving dinner, "Rap, a, tap," sounded on the door, and in came Tinkle Bell, the fairy elf. The little bell on his cap went "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle," and he said:



Just as She Was Thinking of Her Thanksgiving Dinner, in Came Tinkle Bell

"How do you sell your spinning to-day?
I am Tinkle Bell; I will take it away."

The Old Woman replied:

"I'll sell it for some fairy gold,
You've plenty of that, so I am told."

Tinkle Bell took off his cap and shook it.

Out came a pile of fairy gold. He went off with the woven cloth and the little bell on his cap tinkled all the way.

The Old Woman was thinking now she had money enough to buy cranberries for Thanksgiving dinner, when "Rap, a, tap" was heard on the door, and in came Tiny-Tail, the rabbit, shivering with cold. He sang:

"My name is Little Tiny-Tail,
I need a new coat without fail."



The Old Woman Sent Tiny-Tail Home with a Bag Full of Money

The Old Woman made him warm his paws by the fire. She could see he needed a new fur coat for winter sure enough. By and by she counted out all her fairy gold, and sent him home with a bag full so he could buy a winter coat.

The Old Woman went back to her spinning wheel singing:

"Spinning, spinning round and round,
Goes the wheel with pleasant sound:
Hurry, hurry, come fill my pot
With a nice plum pudding hot!"

She soon had a pretty mat woven, and in came Tinkle Bell and paid her as before. She felt sure she would have plum pudding for Thanksgiving dinner, when, “Rap, a, tap,” sounded on the door, and Bushy-Tail, the old squirrel, came limping in. He said:

“If winter clothing I could choose,
I’d buy two pairs of over shoes.”

The Old Woman knew as well as you or I that overshoes cost money, but she loved all the animals in the woods so she let Bushy-Tail help himself to her fairy gold, and he went off to buy overshoes.



Bushy-Tail Goes Off to Buy Overshoes

The Old Woman began to spin as before, singing:

“Spinning, spinning, round and round,
Goes the wheel with pleasant sound;
Hurry, hurry and don’t mistake
Spin enough to buy a cake.”

When she had a pretty mat made Tinkle Bell came and bought it as before, and she said, “Now, I have my cake for Thanksgiving dinner.”

“Rap, a, tap,” sounded on the door and in walked Hug-Me-Tight, the bear, saying, as he brushed the snow from his fur and whiskers:

“Before I curl up for my nap,
I need a brand new warm night-cap.”

The Old Woman knew he wanted to sleep all winter and she thought how cold his ears would get, so she let him have money for a brand new night-cap.

The Old Woman began to spin so hard that her spinning wheel went “Whir, whir, whir!” She had given away all her fairy gold, and Thanksgiving was coming nearer and nearer and she sang:

“Spinning, spinning, round and round,
Goes the wheel with pleasant sound,
Hurry, hurry, come weave a mat,
And buy for me a turkey fat!”

Tinkle Bell came and bought the mat and left a pile of gold as before. The Old Woman thought if she had no more visitors she could buy a fat turkey.

“Rap, a, tap,” sounded and in came Foxy-Loxy, the friendly Fox saying:

“Spectacles, without a rim,
I need—my eyes are growing dim.”



Foxy-Loxy Counts Out Her Gold

Now, the Old Woman did not want to give away all her fairy gold; but her own eyes were growing dim and she had to wear spectacles, so she felt sorry for Foxy-Loxy and let him count out her gold, and take it all away.

The Old Woman set the spinning wheel in the corner. She was tired spinning. Her head went nid, nid, nodding and she fell asleep.

At this very minute Tiny-Tail, Bushy-Tail, Hug-Me-Tight, and Foxy-Loxy met Tinkle Bell in the woods, and they showed their new possessions.

They all shouted, "We are so thankful!"

Tinkle Bell rang the tiny bell on his cap to bring them to order, saying:

"Old Woman Work-Away,
Will have no dinner Thanksgiving Day,
Unless her good deeds you recall,
And fill her basket now, this fall."

Those comical little animals jumped up and down and Tiny-Tail said:

"I've cabbages, so fresh and nice,
I'll take them to her in a trice."

Bushy-Tail said:

"A bag of nuts I've stored away,
They'll help her on Thanksgiving Day."

Hug-Me-Tight said:

"Though to-day I have no money
I'll give to her a pot of honey."

Foxy-Loxy said:

"There are turkeys in my den,
For four and twenty gentlemen."

At that, they all laughed for they knew he meant to send the Old Woman a fine, fat turkey.
Tinkle Bell said:

"Other things for Thanksgiving Day

I'll put in the basket without delay."

He bought cranberries, cake and plum pudding.



When She Got There She Found a Basket Full of Good Things

Old Woman Work-Away heard a "Rap, a, tap" on the door by and by, and as she was still half asleep, she was slow to open the door. When she got there, she found a basket full of good things.

She might never have known where it came from, if she had not found a tiny card on which was written:

"From your woodland folks so merry and gay,
We wish you a happy Thanksgiving Day."

She looked about to see who was hiding in the bushes.

She could see no one, but she heard a tiny bell ring, "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle."

Bobby Bright Eyes' Birthday Party

Once upon a time Bobby Bright Eyes was sitting on the door step crying, when an airy, fairy voice sang:

"I'm the Birthday Fairy flitting by,
Bobby Bright Eyes, why do you cry?"

Bobby was so surprised he looked around to see where the voice came from, but the Fairy was well hidden as she sang again:

"I have secrets more than I ever told,
Little Boy, Little Boy, are you five years old?"

Bobby Bright Eyes dropped into verse too, in his excitement and said:

"Sing it once more, sing it once more,
As yet I am only quarter past four!"

Then the fairy sailed away.

Some time after, Bobby Bright Eyes sat on the door step looking very sad for soon he would be five years old, and he was thinking that he had never had a Birthday Party in his life.

At this very minute a ringing, singing voice cried out:

"I have secrets as well as fairy gold,
Little Boy, Little Boy are you five years old?"

Bobby Bright Eyes replied:

"Sing it once more, sing it once more,
As yet I am only half past four!"

So time went on, and one day the Fairy danced in a tree overhead in plain sight, singing:



Bobby Was Sitting on the Doorstep Crying When——

"I love you so much I am growing bold,
Little Boy, Little Boy are you five years old?"

Bobby Bright Eyes answered:

"I am glad to know you are still alive,
To-day I am really quarter of five!"

The Birthday Fairy knew then that Bobby Bright Eyes was nearly five years old, so she kissed him on both cheeks and followed him about all day singing:

"Your tasks all wait, so run on after
I'll follow you with mirth and laughter."

Bobby had such bright eyes he was always seeing something to be done, without being told. So he ran on out to the barn and gave Pussy Whiskers, the Cat, a drink of milk.

The Birthday Fairy whispered in her ear,
Something not meant for us to hear!

Then Bobby ran on to the neighbor who baked beautiful birthday cakes and carried a letter for her to the Post Office, and,

The Fairy whispered to her a minute or so
Something she did not want us to know!

Then Bobby ran errands for the big fat grocer, and,

The Birthday Fairy was very wise,
She whispered to the grocer with twinkling eyes!

Then Bobby shared an apple with the boy next door, and,

The Birthday Fairy whispered that day
Something to him 'ere she ran away.

Then Bobby helped a Limpy-Lame Old Man across the street and,

The Birthday Fairy whispered, "Old Man,
I hope you will approve my plan."

Now every hour Bobby Bright Eyes grew nearer and nearer five years old, and the Birthday Fairy at last said,

"I have more secrets than I can hold,
Little Boy, Little Boy are you five years old?"

At last Bobby replied, clapping his hands:

"Oh, Birthday Fairy will you stay?
For I am five years old to-day."

Then the Birthday Fairy danced right down beside him replying:

"I'll stay if you give invitation hearty
To your five year old Birthday Party."

And before Bobby had time to say he was too poor to have a Birthday Party, pitter-patter, pitter-patter came Pussy Whiskers, carrying a small black kitten in her mouth for a Birthday present. She purred softly:

"I have been told you are five years old
So, I brought you a kitten from my fold."

Bobby Bright Eyes was happy you may be sure.

Then, the neighbor who baked beautiful birthday cakes came saying:

"I have been told you are five years old,
Here's a Birthday cake like some I've sold."

It was a wonderful cake with pink and white icing upon it.

Then the big fat grocer came puffing along and cried:

"I have been told you are five years old,
Here are candles that glitter much like gold."

Sure enough, he had five candles to put on the Birthday cake and when they were lighted they glittered like gold.

Then the little boy from next door ran over and threw a bouncing ball to Bobby Bright Eyes, saying:

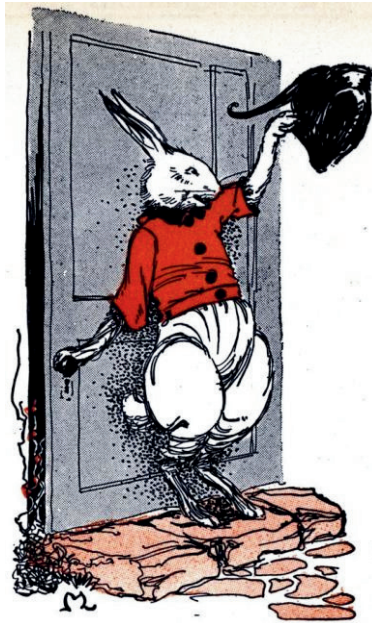
"I have been told you are five years old,
Here is a ball to bounce or hold."

Just as they were beginning to play ball the Limpy-Lame Old Man came, saying:

"I have been told you are five years old,
To present some candy I now make bold."

The Birthday Fairy had kept her secret well, so they all had the merriest kind of a time, and Bobby Bright Eyes had a Birthday Party after all. The Birthday Fairy was the merriest one of all for she sang as they cut the Birthday Cake:

"A happy Birthday to you dear friend,
From beginning to end, from beginning to end."



"I Am Happy To-day and Happy To-morrow"

The Happy Hare

"I am happy to-day and happy to-morrow,
Trouble I never stop to borrow,"

sang the Happy Hare one misty morning.

As he was walking along he chanced to meet the Croaking Crocodile who greeted him saying:

"To be happy or sad I can't decide whether,
I always worry so over the *Weather!*"

The Crocodile shed real tears and the Happy Hare said:

"We'll go and seek the Weather Man out,
He would like to help us beyond a doubt."

So, they went on a journey to find the Weather Man, and they met many animals as they passed along the Winding Road for half of a half of a quarter of a mile.

They bowed to all the animals they met and inquired what kind of weather they wanted.

Said Pussy Whiskers, "I like it dry,
Such wet weather makes me want to cry."

The Croaking Crocodile said:

"Join our procession—we've a plan,
We're going to the Weather Man."

So, Pussy Whiskers followed on behind, but Old Web-Foot the Duck had heard her remark, and as she thoroughly enjoyed wet weather she said:

"Pussy Whiskers, take your wish back,
I like wet weather, quack, quack, quack."

The Happy Hare skipped on ahead but the Croaking Crocodile invited Old Web-Foot to go with them, and they went on for half of a half of a quarter of a mile, until they met Chatter-Box, the monkey, who said:

"I'll join your procession, like as not,
Oh, how I wish it would turn real hot!"

He was glad to go on the journey to the Weather Man. Next they met Snowball, the Polar Bear sighing:

"I come from a cold country as you know,
How I enjoy the ice and snow."

Before the Croaking Crocodile could make a remark

The Happy Hare said, "I do declare,
There's a difference of opinion everywhere."

Just at this very minute they met a little old man in a little old brown suit, carrying a little old brown umbrella.



*"I Come From a Cold Country, As You Know,
How I Enjoy the Ice and Snow."*

They all bowed politely and said:

"Some day we will explain our plan,
Please lead us to the Weather Man."

To this, the little old man bowed politely and said:

"The Weather Man is my own name,
Please tell me kind friends why you came."

The Happy Hare said, in reply:

"A Happy Hare with smiling face,
Enjoys the weather any place."

The Weather Man smiled and remarked:

"The Croaking Crocodile has such fears,
At times, I regret he sheds real tears."

Then all the animals began to shout together:

Pussy Whiskers said, "I want it dry";
Old Web-Foot said, "For rain I cry";
Chatter-Box said, "I like it hot";
Snowball said, "It will be icy like as not."
The Weather Man in a brown study sat;
He said, "I'll have to think over that";
He ordered all kinds of *Weather* that day
And on a cyclone they blew away.

The Happy Hare landed on his feet after he had been blown half of a half of a quarter of a mile saying:

"Ha, ha, ha, let's be happy together,
Every day in spite of the weather!"

The Croaking Crocodile remarked:

"I'll shed some tears, I can't decide whether
I like this, or that, or the other weather."

Pussy Whiskers and Web-Foot and Chatter-Box and Snowball sat down in a circle and tried to get their breath and they remarked in concert:

"Ha, ha, we'll have all the fun we can,
In spite of the queer little Weather Man."

Now, if one ever notices a day half rain and half sunshine, half hot and half cold, one will know that the animals have gone to visit the Weather Man,

And if one thinks it worth his while,
He can chat with the Croaking Crocodile.

Perhaps if one wears Fairy Spectacles, one can see the Happy Hare peeping out of his wee little house in the woods, and one may hear him singing, as I did once,

"I'm a Happy Hare, I can't find out,
Why the weather's a thing to worry about,"
Then he put on his cap and away he ran,
For a chat with the queer little Weather Man.



"Hello, Little Boy, in the White Night Gown"

The Road to Sleepy-Town

Little Boy Blue went to visit Uncle Phil on the farm and when night came he lay all alone in a big bed upstairs.

He was so tired he wanted to weep,
But still he could not go to sleep.

He missed his mother's tucking in and good night kiss.
He thought of all the sleepy things mother had told him to think about. He tried counting sheep going over a fence. He hummed a lullaby song, but his eyes were still wide open when Fairy Moonlight peeped in and sang:

"Hello, little boy in the white night gown,
Are you on the road to Sleepy-Town?"

Little Boy Blue answered in a sing-song kind of way:

"The harder I try to go to sleep,
The wider awake my eyes will peep."

Fairy moonlight danced right into the room at that, and danced beside a picture that hung on the wall, as she sang:

"Some go up, and some go down,
On the road to Sleepy-Town."

The picture showed a long road with houses on each side.



Fairy Moonlight Danced Beside a Picture That Hung on a Wall

Suddenly the most surprising thing happened!

Stars shone out in the sky in the picture, and began to twinkle, twinkle, twinkle.

Lights came out in the windows of the houses; they began to twinkle, twinkle, twinkle.

Fairy Moonlight said:

"Little Boy, though I do not know your name,
Let us just step over the picture frame."

No sooner said than done.

They were on the road to Sleepy Town.

As Little Boy Blue looked back one hundred and six children also stepped over the picture frame and he saw all his little friends following him.

There was Betty with her new doll snuggled up close and Bobby with his Teddy Bear, Little Mary came drawing her cart behind her.

A sleepy old man was lighting lamps all along the road singing:

"Right foot, left foot up and down,
Thus we march to Sleepy-Town."

They saw a sleepy old wind-mill turning round and round, round and round, and the wind-mill sang:

"Here they come with smiles and frown,
On the road to Sleepy-Town."

At that very minute Betty sat down and fell asleep under the wind-mill.
All the rest of the children trooped on. They could see the lights of Sleepy-Town twinkle,
twinkle, twinkle in the distance.
They heard the sleepy little birds twittering in the trees.

"Here comes a boy much like a clown,
He often visits Sleepy-Town."

At that very minute Billy sat down under the trees and fell asleep, while the other
children went hurrying on.
They passed by a sleepy little brook that went singing over the stones:

"Hurrah, hurrah for your little night gown,
You'll need it soon in Sleepy-Town."

At that, all the children but Little Boy Blue sat down and began to throw pebbles into the
brook and soon their heads went nid-nid nodding and they were fast asleep.
Fairy Moonlight sang:

"The hours come, the hours go,
The Sandman's rocking to and fro."

Sure enough, there was the sleepy old Sandman rocking to and fro in a hammock.



So He Fell Asleep

Little Boy Blue was so tired he crept in beside him and so he fell asleep right there on the road to Sleepy-Town.

The lights went out in the streets and houses one by one, and every one went nid-nid nodding.

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle," rang a bell and Little Boy Blue looked about. The Sandman was gone. Fairy Sunshine cried:

"You wake up happy now, it seems
You came back from the land of dreams!"

Little Boy Blue woke up sure enough in the great big bed, and soon he ran down stairs with a hop and skip and bound.

Uncle Phil said:

"Good morning, how fast you did come down."

Little Boy Blue replied:

"I just got back from Sleepy-Town."

The most surprising part of the most surprising part of the story is still to come.

When Uncle Phil took Boy Blue home that evening in the old buggy he put a mysterious box with a mysterious paper and string covering it, into the old buggy.

When they arrived he handed Boy Blue the box.

In the box were little paper houses, and little paper street lamps, and windmills, and trees, and under one tree was a hammock for the Sandman.

It took Boy Blue exactly one hour to set the little town up, and Uncle Phil attached a cord and Boy Blue cried out with delight as from every house and every street lamp there shone a light that twinkled, twinkled, twinkled.

Uncle Phil said:

"You're a good little boy with never a frown,
And so I bought you this Sleepy-Town."

Boy Blue thanked Uncle Phil and had many happy hours playing with his new toy town.
Fairy Moonlight peeped in the window and sang as she watched Boy Blue at play:

"Every child in his little gown
Is on the road to Sleepy-Town."

Her voice was so sleepy, sleepy, sleepy as she sang that even Uncle Phil, who was telling this story, fell asleep, and

All the fairies looking down
Said, "They're on the road to *Sleepy-Town*!"

Old Mother Bear's Christmas Stocking

Old Mother Bear sat in her red rocking chair knitting and singing:

"Click, click, click, I must hurry because
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, comes Santa Claus."

She was finishing a stocking to hang up by the chimney for Santa Claus to fill.
At this very minute she heard, "Rap, a, tap" on the door and she sang:

"Click, click, click, who comes here?
Rap, a tap, a tap, visitors appear."



Charley Chatter-box



Old Shaggy Brother

In came Charlie Chatter-Box, the monkey, saying:

"I am Charlie Chatter-Box—sad because,
I've no stocking to hang up for Santa Claus."

He wiped his eyes on his 5 cent pocket handkerchief and Old Mother Bear felt so sorry for him, she finished the stocking she was knitting in a hurry, and gave it to him.

Charlie Chatter-Box thanked her and went off saying:

"Merry Christmas comes in song and rhyme,
Old Mother Bear may you have a good time."

Old Mother Bear was a wonderful knitter, and soon she had another stocking nearly finished. She sang as before:

"Click, click, click, I must hurry because,
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, comes Santa Claus."

Then a light foot-fall was heard outside.

On the window-pane she heard such a clatter,
She got right up to see what was the matter!

Old Shaggy Brother, the tramp dog, stood there saying:

"Santa Claus comes as I remember,
May I warm my paws in old December?"

Old Mother Bear let him in of course, and as he sat and warmed his paws by the fire, he said in a mournful way that he had no stocking to hang up for Santa Claus, and he cried into his 10 cent pocket handkerchief.



Sister Pussy Whiskers

Old Mother Bear's needles clicked faster and faster and soon she had a stocking ready for Old Shaggy Brother.

He went dancing off saying:

"I wish you a Merry Christmas I do declare,
Dear little, queer little, Old Mother Bear."



Cousin Nanny Goat

Old Mother Bear set up another stocking and began to knit faster and faster, singing:

"Click, click, click, I must hurry because,
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, comes Santa Claus."

"Ting, a, ling," rang the telephone and Sister Pussy Whiskers called:

"Hello, hello, Old Mother Bear,
I am very sad I do declare,
It may be hard for you to believe,
I've no stocking to hang up on Christmas Eve."

Old Mother Bear could hear her weeping into her new 25 cent pocket handkerchief, so she said she would mail her a stocking to-morrow.

Sister Pussy Whiskers shouted, "Merry Christmas!" and Old Mother Bear went back to her knitting, singing:

"I'll set up a new stocking as sure as fate,
Santa Claus comes, I must not be late."

Then, as she worked away busily she heard a great roaring and crying outside and a voice said:

"Hear the Mad March Hare roaring out of season,
I need a stocking, that is the reason!"

Old Mother Bear opened the door and invited the Mad March Hare in. He ran wildly about the room and tangled up her yarn and it was one hour and thirty-two minutes before Old Mother Bear could get him to sit down and dry his fur and whiskers.

He said:

"I am roaring this way because,
I've no stocking to hang up for Santa Claus."

Old Mother Bear said:

"Just calm yourself and with me stay,
I'll give you this stocking in a week and a day."

The Mad March Hare was happy to stay in the warm house and he did all the house work, while Old Mother Bear's needles clicked away.

He made a furious dust when he swept the floor and broke a good many dishes but he said:

"You must not really think me bad,
It is just my nature to be mad."

When at last he went off with his stocking Old Mother Bear drew a sigh of relief. He called back to her:

"I hope Old Santa will fill *your* stocking too,
Merry, Merry Christmas, Mother Bear, to you."

Then suddenly, and without any warning whatever Cousin Nanny Goat and Sammy Small Tail the Rabbit, came bounding in crying:

"We've no stockings to hang by the fireside
For miles we ran and cried, and cried!"

Old Mother Bear replied:

"Do dry your eyes, oh dear, oh dear,
I've a pair of stockings left from last year."

Then Cousin Nanny Goat dried her eyes on her blue silk pocket handkerchief and Sammy Small Tail dried his eyes on his red silk pocket handkerchief, and they watched Old Mother Bear go to a chest and draw out a pair of stockings!

As she gave them to those cunning animals they shouted:

"You're so good we'll not shed another tear,
We wish you Merry Christmas every year."

As they danced off with their stockings, it grew near and nearer, Christmas Eve.

One evening as Sammy Small Tail hopped by Old Mother Bear's house he peeped in the window. There she sat still in her red rocking chair. The knitting needles lay idle on the window-sill but they could see things with their eyes. They said:

"She will have no presents now because,
She has no stocking to hang up, for Santa Claus."

Now, Sammy Small Tail went off in a hurry when he heard this, saying:

"Hippety-hop, I have the habit,
Of carrying news, says Sammy Rabbit."

He called all the animals together and said:

"I have some news, it's rather shocking,
Old Mother Bear hangs up no stocking!"

The animals asked:

"Why doesn't she hang it up this year
For Santa Claus will soon appear."

Sammy Small Tail replied:

"Click, click, click, the needles say,
She gave every stocking she had, away."

One and all the animals went to work and made a stocking three feet long, and one foot wide! They made it for Old Mother Bear!

Charley Chatter-Box put in a cocoanut and Old Shaggy Brother put in an orange and Sister Pussy Whiskers put in an apple and Cousin Nanny Goat put in a plum, and the Mad March Hare put in a new cup and saucer, and Sammy Small Tail put in a cookie.

They crept to Old Mother Bear's House and crept to the window and stole in silently, and hung up the stocking.

They pinned a card on it, which said:

"One good turn deserves another,
Here is a stocking for Old Bear Mother."

Old Mother Bear by and by began to rock to and fro, half awake, singing sleepily:

"Click, click, click, I must hurry because,
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, comes Santa Claus."

Sure enough, Santa Claus was on his way.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, went his sleigh bells.

He filled all the animals' stockings and when he came to the house of Old Mother Bear and saw her big stocking he laughed until his sides shook, saying:

"It's a great big stocking I do declare,
How can I fill it for Old Mother Bear?"

Then Old Mother Bear woke up and she and Santa Claus danced a hornpipe, and for all I know they are dancing yet:

They must have had a merry time because,
When up the chimney went Santa Claus,
He wore new red socks I do declare,
Carefully knit by Old Mother Bear!



Old Mother Bear and Santa Claus Danced a Hornpipe

Old Mother Bear's Happy New Year

Old Mother Bear sat in the chimney corner one New Year's Eve sighing:

"I have four naughty Bears, oh dear,
How can I have a Happy New Year?"

Lady Wind peeped in a crack under the window and said:

"The night is bright, the stars are clear,
Old Mother Bear, Happy New Year!"

Old Mother Bear shook her head sighing:

"It sounds very sad in song and rhyme,
My Boxer is never in school on time."

Old Mother Moon peeped in the window next singing:

"I wonder if my voice you'll hear,
Old Mother Bear, Happy New Year."

Old Mother Bear shook her right paw and said:

"I have my troubles, Drowsy-Head
Never wants to go to bed."

Then a snowflake Fairy called:

"January is drawing near,
Old Mother Bear, Happy New Year."

Old Mother Bear answered:

"It is very well for you to sing,
Bruin never picks up anything!"

Then Fairy See-It-All came bouncing into the room shouting:

"There's something wrong inside I fear,
Old Mother Bear, Happy New Year."

Old Mother Bear replied:

"Bright Eyes does not mean to tease,
But never says, 'Thank you, or if you please'."

Old Mother Bear began to growl, and growl, and growl, and finally she said, "How can I have a Happy New Year when Boxer is always late to school, and Drowsy-Head never wants to go to bed, and Bruin leaves his things around, and Bright Eyes is always impolite?"

Fairy See-It-All had a wee little carriage that ran by itself, and in the twinkling of an eye she tucked in those four naughty little Bears and they rode away, away, away until they came to a wee little house in the woods on New Year's Eve.

She said to Boxer:

"You can't get out however you climb,
Unless you learn to be on time."

Then for one whole year Boxer had to practice being on time to breakfast, dinner and supper, and he said:

"On time to-day, on time to-morrow
On time, will save me from my sorrow."

So, he stayed in the wee little house in the woods a whole year and learned to be on time.
Fairy See-It-All said to Drowsy-Head:

"You must learn to like to go to bed,
Dear little, queer little Drowsy-Head."

Then Drowsy-Head had to practice doing useful things in the wee little house a whole year until he was tired enough to go to bed.

Fairy See-It-All said to Bruin:

"You'll never get out of here I'll be bound,
'Till you pick up things you've left around."

All day long and every day for a whole year Bruin had to pick up his things and the belongings of the other Bears.

Fairy See-It-All said to Bright Eyes:

"You'll have to practice words like these,
'Thank you, thank you, and if you please'."

Of course after that Bright Eyes tried to be polite.

Every night the four little Bears flattened their noses against the window panes and cried out:

"We are four little Bears, who don't like to roam,
We want Mother Bear, we want to go home."

Lady Wind blew around the wee house and Mother Moon peeped in the window, the Snowflake Fairy danced lightly down and at last, a year later, on New Year's Eve, Fairy See-It-All brought her carriage that ran by itself, and tucked the four little Bears safely inside and away, away, away, they rode homeward.

They all were happy as happy could be, shouting:

"We've learned our lessons never fear,

Old Mother Bear, Happy New Year.”

Old Mother Bear was happy, for Boxer had learned to be on time, and was always on time at school, and Drowsy-Head liked to go to bed, and Bruin picked up his clothes and toys and Bright Eyes said, “Thank you,” and “If you please.”

After some children had read this story 99 times *the most surprising things happened!*

One little boy got to school every day for a whole year on time, so his teacher had a Happy New Year. One little girl went happily to bed every night, so one mother had a Happy New Year, and one little boy began to pick up his toys, so one father had a Happy New Year.

So many children learned to say “Thank you” and “If you please,” that people everywhere in town smiled and shook hands on the street when they met, and called, “A Happy New Year, A Happy New Year.”



Little Tommy Tittlemouse

Little Tommy Tittlemouse sat by the fire one evening saying:

"Three times seven, I cannot see
Why you always puzzle me."

As he looked into the grate he saw a red flame curl up, and up, and soon a Funny Fairy dressed in red and white jumped up on one of the logs and cried:

"You're never going to pass your grade,
If you keep on like this, I am afraid."

Tommy was just going to answer when the Funny Fairy jumped out of the fire and called:

"Number Fairy bright and airy,
By fire-light, come out to-night."

Then, the Number Fairy came whisk! bound, out of the fire. She wore a black dress with white numbers upon it:

The numbers they went from her head to her toes
She was very learned as you may well suppose.

She shook her finger at Tommy and cried:

"To learn the three's you're surely able,
Come and recite the entire table."

Tommy stood on one foot and then on the other, and could not get farther than “three times four,” to save his life.



Tommy Tittlemouse Meets the Number, Reader and Writing Fairies

The Funny Fairy felt sorry for him so he cried:

“Reader Fairy, bright and airy,
By fire-light, come out to-night.”

The Reader Fairy came out with a hop, skip and bound. She had words printed all over her coat. She bowed to Tommy and said of him:

“This little mortal reads like a fairy,
He can even read a dictionary.”

Tommy was pleased you may be sure, for he was the best reader in his class.
The Funny Fairy called next:

“Writing Fairy, bright and airy,
By fire-light, come out to-night.”

The Writing Fairy came out with letters all over him, whistling and singing:

"He has the neatest copy-book,
In the school-room, come and look."

Tommy knew that he did write neatly. The Funny Fairy said:

"Be it fancy, fact, or fable,
He must really learn his table."

Then the most surprising thing happened.

The Number Fairy took his hand and ran with him out of the house, away, away, away, to Number Land.

They met funny little Fairies everywhere with numbers all over them.

Four little Number Fairies offered him the cutest cookies with sugar upon them saying:

"Two cakes and two cakes, answer quick,
Ho, ho, do you know your arithmetic?"

Tommy shook his head and passed sadly by the cakes, but in a minute the Number Fairies offered him bananas, saying:

"Three times seven is quite a trick,
Can you do it by arithmetic?"

Tommy could not answer, so they went hurrying by.

Next he was offered some rosy red apples and the Fairies said:

"Why can't you answer up this season,
Will you really tell the reason?"

Tommy replied:

"I really never do seem able,
To get on with the 'three times' table."

Then the Number Fairies set up a shout and cried:

"This little boy would like to please,
So we will help him count by 3's."

The Fairies jumped about and formed a ring round him, shouting:

"Three, six, nine,
That is fine,
Twelve, fifteen, eighteen,
Time to be unseen!"

Then they began to sing the table to a little fairy tune and Tommy joined them.
Now, the most wonderful part of the most wonderful part of the story is yet to come.
In rolled a big, round table, and three times three chairs.
The fairies and Tommy sat down.

In the center of a table was a wee fairy, with a figure three on her cap. She waved her wand at each Fairy, and Tommy in turn, and called for, "3 times 3" and "3 times 6" and "3 times 11."

Each time when any one answered correctly, down floated a plate of Fairy food smoking hot.

To the surprise of all, Tommy cried:

"Three times seven is twenty-one,
Really I do call this *fun*."

Just as he was putting his fork into his plate a great cry arose.

"Your table now you understand,
But you cannot *eat* in Fairyland!"

In less than a twinkling of an eye he was whisked back home, and was sitting by the fire, but the Funny Fairy sat beside him, saying:

"If you had tasted Fairy food,
To come back home you never could,
To learn your numbers you are able,
By aid of a little Fairy table."

Then the Funny Fairy cut out many circles, and put a number in the center of each one. He put numbers all round the circles, too. Whenever Tommy multiplied any number in the outside of the circle by the number in the center, down on the circle floated a plate of fairy food, but he was never quick enough to catch it to eat.

He said:

"The tables seem so real to me,
I'll learn more quickly now you see."

By and by he fell asleep by the fire, and the Funny Fairy went back into the grate and sat on a log singing:

"To study now he's learned the trick,
He'll soon be bright in arithmetic."

Next day Tommy knew the "threes," and soon he learned all the tables. He said:

"I love funny things and fables,
I learned numbers by fairy tables."

The Funny Fairy seemed to be around often. He sang:

"If you're in earnest in what you're about
The fairies will often help you out."

Tommy tried to find the Fairy, but he had vanished.



The Mad March Hare

"You hear me shout, without a doubt,
You wonder what I'm mad about."

sang the Mad March Hare one day in March when the stormy winds were blowing.
He went hoppety-hop to his little wee house in the woods. He roared so loudly as he went about his house-keeping and broke so many dishes as he washed his cups and saucers, that Old Hug-Me-Tight, the Bear, pricked up his ears as he passed by, saying:

"Spring has come, but do beware,
Hear him roar, the Mad March Hare."

The Mad March Hare stuck his head out the kitchen window and called:

"Old Hug-Me-Tight, come in, come in,
If you can stand my noisy din."

The Bear was happy to come in and dry his wet paws by the kitchen fire.

The fire roared up the chimney.

The tea kettle sang and the Mad March Hare kept dropping dishes, clitter, clatter, smash, crash on the floor.

The Bear said:

"Why are you so wild in spring?
Why are you mad at everything?"

The Mad March Hare gave a wild leap over to the Bear and boxed his ears, replying:

"Why do you take a winter nap,
Why do you wear a warm night-cap?"

Old Hug-Me-Tight, the Bear, hung his head for sure enough, he did sleep all winter!

At this very minute Big Brother Beaver came lopping along. He heard such a noise in the house of the Mad March Hare that he tapped politely at the door and inquired:

"As all the birds are on the wing,
Why are you mad at everything?"

The Mad March Hare snapped:

"Why are you building night and day,
Big Brother Beaver, tell me pray."

The Beaver did not know what to say to that for it was his nature to build, but he came in and warmed his paws by the fire and dried his coat, for it was a misty, moist morning.

The Mad March Hare went on washing dishes and breaking handles off his cups, and dropping knives and forks.

He peeped out the window and saw Chatter-Box, the monkey, swinging on the tree outside. He called:

"Come in, come in, let's live together,
In this terrible March weather."

Chatter-Box said:

"My chatter-box I always bring,
Why are you mad at everything?"

The Mad March Hare turned over a whole dish-pan full of water on the floor and shouted:



The Mad March Hare Turned Over the Dishpan

"Why do you imitate what you see,
Chatter-Box, come, answer me."

The Monkey danced and pranced about and helped the Mad March Hare finish his dish-washing.

Then, suddenly, without any warning the Mad March Hare said:

"'Tis well to keep secrets without a doubt
You may wonder what I am mad about."

The Beaver put on his horn-rimmed spectacles and tried to see what the reason could be.
The Monkey put his paw up to his ear to listen.

All the time the March wind howled louder, and louder, and the rain fell, and the sleet came, but the kitchen fire roared merrily and the tea kettle sang a cheerful song.

The Mad March Hare said:

"Mary is mad when they comb her hair,
She stamps her foot, and she doesn't care."



"Mary is mad when they comb her hair"

The Bear, the Beaver and the Monkey nodded their heads. They had seen Mary mad many times when her hair was combed.

The Mad March Hare continued:

"Jack is mad to be bathed I fear,
He cried so loud that the neighbors hear."

Then those comical animals clapped their paws, and told of one hundred and nine children who got mad every day over one thing or another!

The Mad March Hare said:

"I gather up their scowls and tears,
No wonder I am mad, my dears,
They're mad to-day and mad to-morrow,
So they bring to me much sorrow,
They are not bad, they just get mad,
And so they make the March Hare sad."

For one hour and sixteen minutes they sat warm and dry about the cheerful fire. Suddenly, Hug-Me-Tight began to hug them all in turn, and Big Brother Beaver and Chatter-Box danced a hornpipe and they all shouted:

"We'll put it in story, and put it in song,
The whole world will read about it ere long."

So, those comical little animals wrote a story and a song, asking the children not to get mad any more, so the March Hare could be happy.

Chatter-Box drew a picture of the Hare that all children love, and they all sang the song they composed to the tune of "Twinkle Little Star."

Do be gentle, have a care,
If you love the Mad March Hare,
Don't get mad now anywhere,
If you love the Mad March Hare.
School time's coming, oh beware,
If you love the Mad March Hare,
Work is pleasant, I declare,
If you love the Mad March Hare.

Soon the visitors had to go home.

"I'll tell the children," said the Bear,
"Good bye, good bye, dear Mad March Hare."

The Beaver said:

"I'll take your message everywhere,
Good bye, good bye, dear Mad March Hare."

Chatter-Box said:

"I'll sing for the children if I dare,
Good bye, good bye, dear Mad March Hare."

The Mad March Hare grew as happy as happy could be, and waved his hat as his visitors ran homeward. He called after them:

"We don't mind the Mad March weather,
We had such a happy time together."

So many children learned the song about the Mad March Hare, and so many children enjoyed the story that all over the world they whistled and sang instead of getting angry.

The Mad March Hare whistled and sang:

"I am happy—as happy could be,
The Mad March Hare is no name for me,
When you feel angry, oh have a care,
And give three cheers for the Mad March Hare."



The Mad March Hare

Danny-Do-Little

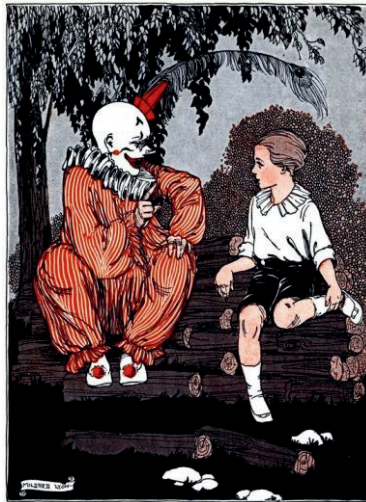
Once upon a time there was a little boy who was lazy as lazy could be, but all of a sudden one sunshiny summer day he wanted to do something.

He wanted to go to the circus?

How could he get there, goodness knows,
He was too lazy to change his clothes,
Danny-Do-Little was such a shirk,
He never got half through his work.

So, he did not get out in time to see the Circus Parade, and when he got to the Circus Tent he was too late. Crowds were turned away.

He went back home and sat down on the wood pile, and was feeling very sad when to his surprise, a merry voice called:



Danny-Do-Little and the Clown

"If you just sit still and frown,

You can't entertain a Circus Clown."

There, sure enough, stood a regular Clown on his head, beside him!

Danny-Do-Little was so surprised he did not know what to say, and waited until the Clown stood on his feet, then he remarked:

"If you're a Clown from Circus Town,
How did you get here in striped gown?"

The Clown answered in a sing-song Clownish way:

"I'm such a joker I might explain,
That I fell out of my aeroplane!"

Then, the little boy said:

"I'm Danny-Do-Little, I'm glad you came,
Please tell me, Sir, what is your name?"



Danced So Hard That He Kicked Off One of His Slippers

The Clown said:

"I travel around with the finest shows,
And I go by the name of Silver Toes!"

Then he went through the funniest little dance and danced so hard that he kicked off one of his silver slippers!

Danny-Do-Little clapped his hands and begged him to come in-doors and perform some of his tricks.

The Clown was as thirsty as thirsty could be so he said:

"Danny-Do-Little, did you fail,
To bring water in for the drinking pail?"

Danny-Do-Little laughed and ran to the pump and filled the water pail in a hurry to please the Clown.

Then the Clown surprised him!

He took a drink of water you know,
And turned a somersault or so!

Then at exactly that minute, the Clown began to want a cup of tea. He wanted it so badly he could hardly wait, but there was no fire and he shouted:

"To fill the wood-box and tend the fire,
If I were a boy I'd never tire."

Danny-Do-Little took the hint at once, and he ran out and got an armful of wood, and made a fire and put on the tea-pot, and soon the water was boiling merrily for a cup of tea.

What did the Clown do, do you suppose?
He balanced the tea cup on his nose!

Every time he did a trick Danny-Do-Little tried to do the same, and together, they burst into merry peals of laughter.

The Clown was hungry and he dearly loved hard boiled eggs so he shouted:

"Danny-Do-Little is it best
To leave eggs out in the nest?"

Danny-Do-Little could take a suggestion as well as any boy, so he ran and got a basket full of eggs from the chicken house.

When in from the barn with eggs he came,
The Clown jumped through a picture frame!

Then the Clown threw eggs in the air and caught them.
All of a sudden he looked at the kitchen floor.

There was so much dust upon the floor,
He had never seen the like before!
At Danny he cast a side-long glance,
He took the broom and performed a dance!

When the floor was quite clean, out from his pocket he took a wonderful red bouncing ball and performed all kinds of tricks with it.

He shouted:

"Danny-Do-Little does nothing at all,
He is too lazy to even play ball!"

"Try me and see," cried Danny, and the Clown played ball with him and showed him one hundred and six ways of doing tricks with the wonderful red bouncing ball. Then he put up his hand, saying:

"See that finger aside my nose?
It's time I were going goodness knows."

Danny-Do-Little begged the Clown to stay but he gave him two tickets to the Circus which was to be held next week in On-Time-Town. He said:

"I'm very glad you admire my gown,
I'm off and away to On-Time-Town."

Danny-Do-Little was amused for he had not said a single word about the Clown's suit, but he was so sorry to see him go that he looked rather sad, but the Clown tossed him his wonderful red bouncing ball and cried:

"Practice your tricks, don't stop to sigh,
I'll meet you again, good bye, good bye."

Then Danny-Do-Little began to practice all the tricks in real earnest and found his little feet began to act as though they belonged to him, and his arms and legs began to limber up and soon he was as active as could be. He learned to do many tricks well, but those he did with the bouncing ball were best of all.

Surprising things began to happen!

All the boys came to learn his tricks and hear the story of the Circus Clown!

The water pail was always full.

The wood-box was never empty!

The eggs were gathered every day!

Danny-Do-Little was busy from morning until night.

One day the greatest surprise of all came through the mail. There was a red and white box addressed to "Danny-Do-It-Now," once called, "Danny-Do-Little."

In the red and white box was a red and white Clown suit just his size.

On the suit was a red and white card saying:

"Little Danny Do-It-Now, You learned your
tricks, please tell me how, You're a bright
boy as every one knows, Please accept this
gift from Silver Toes."

What happened next do you suppose?



He Became the Funniest Circus Clown

He put on the Clown suit and stood on his head
And changed his name, I've heard it said, He
made a regular Circus bow, And said, "Call me
Danny-Do-It-Now." He became the funniest
Circus Clown, And travelled away to On-Time-
Town, I am very sure wherever he goes, He does
his tricks with Silver Toes! To join the Circus if
you'd learn how, Just change your name to "Do-
It-Now," And smile always instead of frown,
Then they'll welcome *You* in On-Time-Town!

Jack and Jill's Tooth-Pick Circus

One day Jack and Jill had the mumps and could not go to the circus.
Uncle Phil came in whistling and he said:

"I've brought you something sure to please,
You can *make* a circus with sticks and peas."

To their delight he showed them how.
They soaked the peas and stuck the tooth picks in them so they would hold together.
They made the circus tent and side-show tents, cages for the animals, and a merry-go-round.

It was fun to make the Tooth-Pick Animals and Clown.
Uncle Phil said he must go to work, but he said:

"Jack and Jill, good bye, good bye,
You can be happy if you try."

So saying, he went off and then the most extraordinary thing happened.
A voice whispered:

"The animals are in the tent,
And each one is on mischief bent,
The tent flap soon will open wide,
There's room for you and me inside!"

Jack and Jill clapped their hands and said:

"We wish we were little girl and boy
As *tiny* as each Tooth-Pick toy."

They did not know they were sitting on a wishing rug.

No sooner had they made their wish than they grew smaller, and smaller, and smaller, and went inside the very tent they had made.

At this exciting minute a voice said:

“And now we see the circus ring,
Round which the old clowns dance and sing,
The animals will march two and two,
And make a little show for you.”

“Oh, oh,” cried Jack and Jill. “What if our Tooth-Pick Clown and animals should become alive?”

In came the Tooth-Pick Clowns, singing:

“The Tooth-Pick Clowns walk two and two,
And funny things they say to you,
Skipping lightly round the ring,
They crack their whips and laugh and sing.”

Then in came a rider with a chariot saying:

“The golden chariot you know,
Has a rider bowing low,
The circus is a pleasant place,
To behold a chariot race.”

Then in came the comical little animals and did their tricks in the rings.

The Clown sang:

“This lion’s of uncertain age,
Perhaps you like him in his cage,
Round the circus ring he’ll go,
He’s trained to act so in the show.”

In came the tall Giraffe and the Clown sang:

"We introduce the tall Giraffe,
And beg that you will never laugh.
At his tall neck or anything,
As he marches in the ring!"

Next, in came an old Elephant, and the Clown riding on his back said:

"See the old trick Elephant,
He likes to live out in a tent,
He's a traveller as every one knows,
And carries his trunk wherever he goes."

Jack and Jill had so much fun they even rode in the merry-go-round and sang:

"The Merry-Go-Round is quite a treat
If you have money for a seat.
Round and round the horses go,
To music playing sweet and low."

By and by the wonderful circus was over and the Clowns called:

"The big band wagon now will pass,
Too soon it's out of sight, alas!
We wish the band could play always,
It makes such happy circus days!"

Jack and Jill went into a side-show tent to have their fortunes told. Outside the tent the sign read:

"This is a little side-show tent,
From which come peals of merriment,
If you've a dime step in and see,
What it holds of mystery."

Jack and Jill went merrily homeward while the old Clowns called after them:

"The children travel two and two,
For many have to walk 'tis true,
They like to imitate the Clown,
When the circus comes to town."

The Family Clock greeted them as they got home. It began to strike and sing in a comical manner:

"Hear me count, one, two, three, four, five.
I'm glad that you got home alive, Perhaps it
takes you by surprise, But now you are the
proper size!"

Jack and Jill rubbed their sleepy eyes.

They were in their own little red rocking chairs at home. They still had the mumps of course for company!

There, on the table before them, were the Tooth-Pick Animals, there were the merry Clowns, and the tent stood with a flap open so one could go inside!

The children said:

"How very funny it does seem,
We both had such a jolly dream."

At this very minute, in came Uncle Phil with both hands behind his back, singing:

"Which hand will you choose? I've pleasant news,
It is sure to drive away the blues,
As I came walking back to town
I met a friend, a Circus Clown!"



A Really, Truly Circus Clown

Jack chose the right hand and Jill chose the left.

Jack got a bag of pop corn and Jill a bag of peanuts.

Behind Uncle Phil came a really, truly Circus Clown in a really, truly Circus gown of red and white. He had a red and white striped cap on, and his face was painted many colors!

He stood on his head and turned somersaults and did his tricks to please the children:

When he saw the Tooth-Pick Toys,
He laughed, for he had girls and boys,
The children loved the Clown always
For he taught them many Tooth-Pick Plays!