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"THE READ OUT LOUD" BOOKS



"Tell me a Story about"

OLD KING COLE

& Donny Lass  Fa, Fe, Fi
Fo, Fum!  Boys and
Girls come out to play
The North Wind doth Blow



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OLD KING
COLE

A FIFTEEN MINUTE STORY

BONNY
LASS

AN EIGHT MINUTE STORY

FA, FE, FI,
FO, FUM.

A TEN MINUTE STORY.

BOYS AND
GIRLS COME OUT
TO PLAY

A TEN
MINUTE STORY

The NORTH-WIND
DOETH BLOW

A 20 MINUTE STORY.

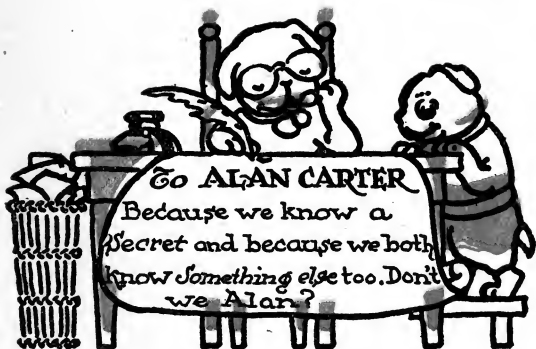


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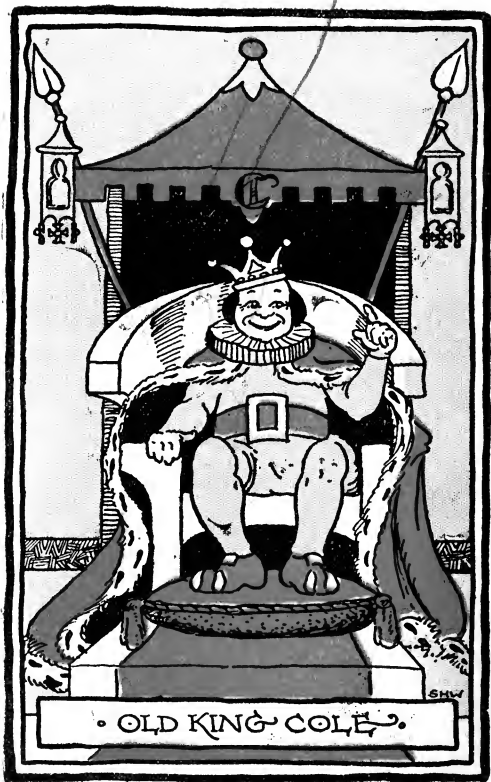
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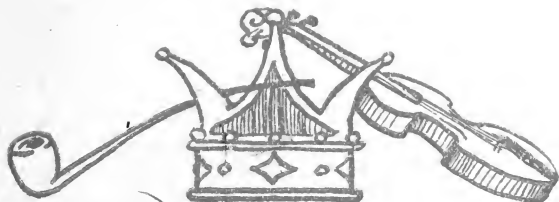


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• OLD KING COLE •



OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he ;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Every fiddler had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he ;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers.
 Oh, there's none so rare
 As can compare
With old King Cole and his fiddlers three.



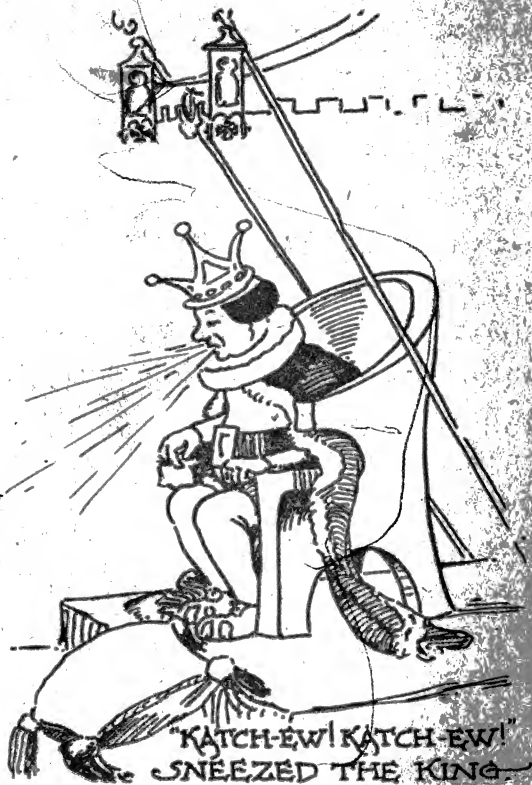
HE WAS THE KING OF
THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD.

MY DEARS, every time I think of old King Cole I feel very happy. Every time I see old King Cole I want to laugh. I *do* laugh, for that dear old Gentleman laughs with me. Old King Cole was the kindest old soul that the good World ever had living with him. I have had many pleasant visits with King Cole, but the happiest visit of all I will tell you about. You will *love* old King Cole as I do, after you have heard my story.

Old King Cole was King of all the World, so his Kingdom was very great. Many people lived in his kingdom, and were not afraid to talk to their jolly King. If they had any troubles

they raced right off to him and told just what troubled them. The only time that King Cole was unhappy was when he heard about other people's troubles; so, of course, he did his very best to *cure* every trouble in his wide kingdom.

One day I went to call on King Cole. He was snoozing on his deep, soft throne. Every now and then a fine, comfortable SNORE tumbled out of his rosy cheeks, which proved that his dreams were pleasant. Beside him on the floor slept his Fiddlers Three. Two of the fiddlers were fat as fat could be, but the third was as thin as a thin, *thin* tree. None of those fiddlers snored, for that would not



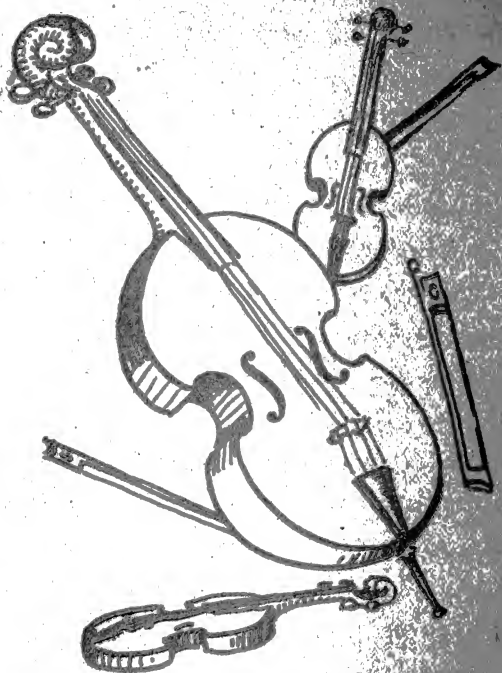
"KATCH-EW! KATCH-EW!"
SNEEZED THE KING.

have been respectful to Old King Cole. He did not want any Stranger Snores to get in the way of his own comfortable Snores.

It was some time before I had the heart to wake King Cole. He seemed *so* happy, but by and by I *did* wake him by tickling his rosy nose with a feather duster that hung on the arm of his Throne-chair.

“Katch-ew! Katch-ew!” sneezed the King. I almost fell over, for his sneeze was aimed right at me. The King stared at me, and his Fiddlers Three jumped to their feet, waving their fiddles.

“Ha, ha, ho, ho, my Son,” said he, “you came to make a call on me. I



THE THREE FIDDLES

wonder if you've heard before a snore as snoreful as *my* snore. I'm sorry, Sir; I was asleep, but I was very, very deep in one *strange* dream that made me snore as I had never snored before. But I am glad you woke me, Friend, for pleasant snores must have an end; besides, *behind* my dream there lay *another* dream that took away the pleasure of the dream I had, it made my heart so sore and *sad*."

"Sad! SAD!" cried all his Fiddlers Three. "What sadness *dares* to come when we have fiddles that we THREE can play and drive all sadness far away?"

"O, Fiddlers Three," said Old King Cole, "I cannot tell to save my soul.



OLD KING & COLE SAT DEEP ON HIS
THRONE AND THOUGHT VERY HARD.

I only know my heart was *sad* behind the pleasant dream I had. So, play a tune, my Fiddlers Three, and I will try my best to see what *made* my heart so sad and sore, and bothered my most cozy snore."

Then kind Old King Cole sat deeper on his throne, and began to think very hard and earnestly. I could see by the look of sadness on his broad face that he was trying to find where the Trouble lay. I wanted to help the King, so I said:

"O, King, you are the *kindest* King. I think it would be just the thing to go to sleep again, and find the Trouble that is on your mind. Perhaps a careful snore or two will help to show you

THEY PLAYED THE SWEETEST
TUNES THEY KNEW.



what to do. Go *fast* asleep, you kind old King, and dream a DREAM like anything. Then go and *catch* the Dream that's bad, and ask it *why* it makes you sad."

"O, Fiddlers Three," said King, "I see how very wise a *Friend* can be. So, play me tunes with might and main, and I will go to sleep again. If I *should* find that cruel Dream I'll pinch it *hard* and make it scream."

Without another word the King fell fast asleep on his cozy throne. The Fiddlers Three played the sweetest tunes they knew. It was very plain to see that those Fiddlers wanted Old King Cole to catch his bad Dream. So, *twee tweedle dee—twee tweedle dee*

C



OLD KING COLE BEGAN TO TOSS
AS IF HE WAS UNCOMFORTABLE.

went the fiddles of the Fiddlers Three, and by and by *they* fell faster asleep than Old King Cole; but they never snored *one* snore—no, not even the *fattest* Fiddler.

I looked at Old King Cole very re-spect-fully, and waited to hear that the King had caught the bad Dream that hid behind his *good* Dream. In about THREE minutes Old King Cole began to toss about on his throne as if he was very uncomfortable. Then he began to snore in a way that I had never heard that happy King snore before. Yes, he snored as if his heart would *break*, and not as if his heart was happy, as it should be. I was sure that the King was in great trouble,



I WROTE IT ALL DOWN
IN MY NOTE BOOK.

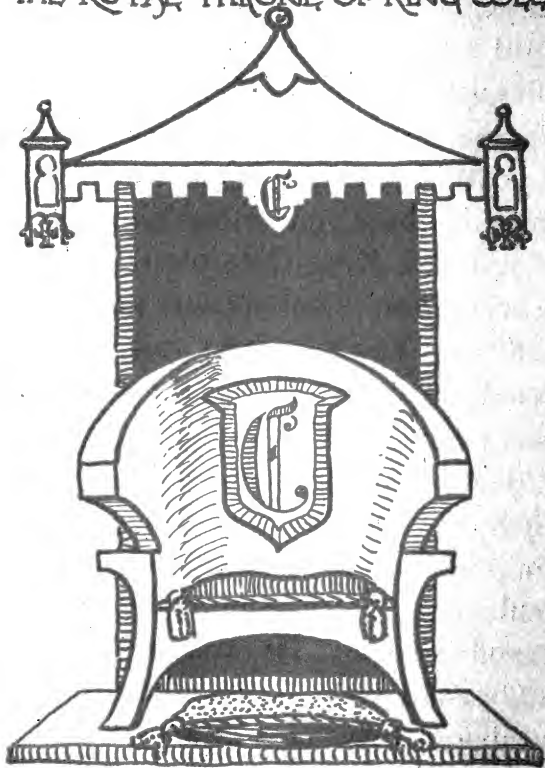
● for he began to struggle on his throne, until I felt sure he would fall off.

It was time to *help* kind King Cole. I stepped up on his throne and joggled his elbow, and pushed his crown tight upon his head. I called loudly:

“O, dear King Cole, please wake—it seems you’re having lots of horrid dreams. You *must* have caught your cruel Dream; so pinch it well, and make it scream.”

I had no sooner spoken those words than King awoke with a frightened SCREAM and an angry ROAR. I had never heard him make such a sound before. He was very, very angry, and his royal eyes blazed with in-dig-na-tion. I was *almost* fright-

THE ROYAL THRONE OF KING COLE.



ened, for matters were serious when Old King Cole was angry. Up jumped the King from his royal throne, crying:

“What ho! What ho! You Fiddlers Three, come hear how bad a *dream* can be. I dreamed a dream that was a SIN. I dreamed that many Children in this land, where only Kindness reigns, had many little aches and pains. I dreamed that Children often had unhappy times that made them *sad*. I dreamed that sometimes folks were *rough*, and spoke with words both cross and gruff. I dreamed they had not *food* enough. And, worst of all, some people *cuffed* a Little Child to make it mind. *That* was the Dream

HE ORDERED THE FIDDLERS
TO GO TO ALL PARTS OF
THE KINGDOM



OFF RACED THE FIDDLERS' THREE.

I caught behind the other pleasant Dream I had. And, DEAR, O, DEAR! My Heart is SAD. I'm getting very *fierce* and *mad* to think MY Kingdom is so BAD."

With a grand wave of his hand Old King Cole shouted to his Fiddlers Three, and ordered them to hasten into all parts of his Kingdom and get for him as many Little Children as they could find. He ordered them to bring the Children to the foot of his royal throne. He would ask the Children if his Dream was *true*.

So off raced the Fiddlers Three, as fast as their legs could carry them. The two fat Fiddlers and the one thin Fiddler played their Fiddles as they



THEY ALL FOLLOWED THE FIDDLERS.

SHW

ran. *Twee tweedle dee—twee tweedle dee* went the fiddles of the Fiddlers Three. It was not long before HUNDREDS and HUNDREDS of Children were following the merry, fiddling Fiddlers. Very soon a whole ARMY of Little Children followed in the footsteps of those Fiddlers. It was time to return to Old King Cole.

O, Dearies, it was a beautiful sight to see all those Little Children march straight up to the throne of Old King Cole. Not a Child in all that Army of Little Folks was the least bit afraid of the royal King. I looked and wondered that the World could hold so many Little Children. I looked and wondered if it were *pos-si-ble* that

THEY ALL CROWDED AROUND THE
THRONE.



Old King Cole's *sad* Dream could be *true*. Then the King spoke, and a great love-look was in his eyes:

“O, Children, dear, come straight to me, for I am happy as can be to have you Little Children near. It makes my HEART feel glad and *dear*. O, Little Ones, I had a DREAM; it frightened me and made me scream. I dreamed that my great Kingdom had some SINS that made my Children SAD. O, Children! *Children!* is it so? O, if it is, please let me know. O, Children dear, I cannot stand a SIN like this in KING COLE'S LAND. So, come to me, some Little One, and tell me just what should be done.”

THEY BEGAN TO CRY VERY SOFTLY.



THE FIDDLERS WERE VERY BLUE.

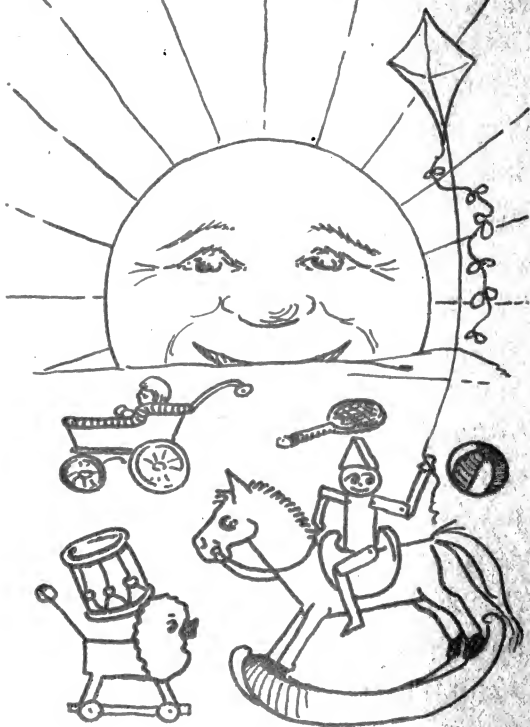


POOR LITTLE LAME BOY'S CRUTCH

Then, Dearies, a very unhappy thing happened. Every Little Child in all that Army of Little Ones began to *cry* very quiet little cries. They did not make a *noise* about their crying, which made it all the sadder. They only cried behind their hands very softly, and tears slipped through thousands of trembling little fingers.

You should have seen the face of Old King Cole. First it got very *white*, then it got very *red*, and then it went into white again. His kind hands pinched the arms of his throne-chair until they squeaked. As for the Fiddlers Three, their lips were *dumb*, and their fiddles hung like tired Dollies in their hands. Then another

WE JUST WANT FUN.



sad thing happened. A little Lame Boy, with a very white face, limped to the foot of King's throne. He said, while drying his eyes:

“Yes, King, there *are* some Children in your great, kind Kingdom that are *thin*, for sometimes folks are very gruff, and do *not* give them *food* enough. But, what is just the hardest thing, we often want to play and sing. We want to see old, golden Sun. We often want to have some FUN; but, somehow, when the day is done, we haven't *seen* the golden Sun. Some days are very dark and long, without that FUN, and with no song. But don't *you* bother, dear Old King, we'll do our best to learn to *sing*. If we

THE GOOD OLD KING TOOK THE
LITTLE LAME BOY UP IN HIS ARMS

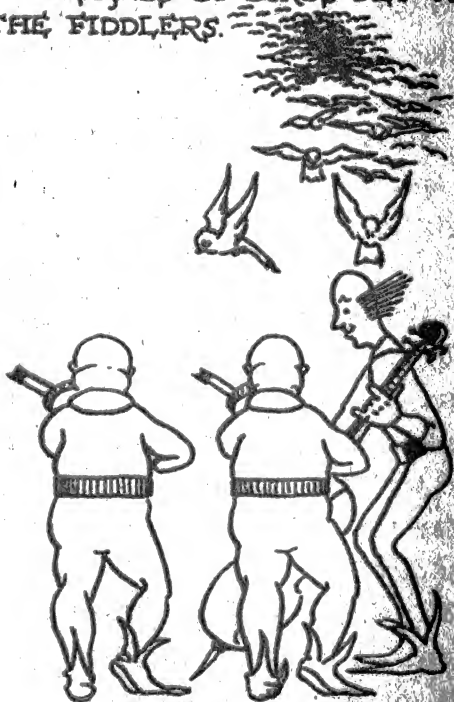


do *that*, perhaps some day all cruel things will run away.”

After little Lame Boy had said that, he climbed upon King Cole's broad knees. The King took that little Boy in his arms, and hugged him and kissed him and loved him with all the love in his great heart. The King loved the Child so greatly and tenderly that his good face looked like a golden Sun with the love he loved upon it. Then the King arose, with little Lame Boy in his arms, and said:

“O, Children! Every Blessed One! You *shall* have Love and Food and FUN. You *shall* have SUN the live-long day, and lots of Songs and Smiles and Play. O, listen, Dears, come here

THE MERRY TUNES SOON MADE
THOUSANDS OF BIRDS FLY TO
THE FIDDLERS.



to me, and see how happy you can be. Come forth! come forth! you Fiddlers Three, and play your nicest *Tweedle dee*. Ho, ho, bring forth my jolly BOWL, for I shall be the gladdest soul that ever any Kingdom had. I'll make these Children very *glad*. Ho, ho, bring forth my good PIPE, too—the one I blow my BUBBLES through.”

Saying that, the King sat down and waited for the things he had asked for. The Fiddlers Three began to play the merriest tune ever played by fiddlers.

The merry tunes that the Fiddlers played soon made ten thousand merry Birds fly from their homes in the



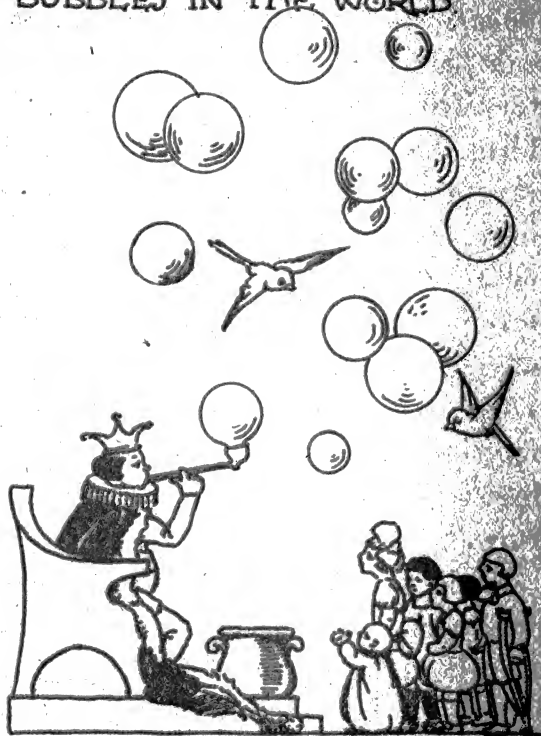
IN CAME COOK AND FAIRY MOTHER.

SHW

forest. Then the tunes of the Fiddlers Three made those Birds light on the heads and shoulders and hands of every Child who stood near the throne of the King. The Birds sang their best Spring-time Songs, as the Fiddlers fiddled. The Children began to dance and sing and *laugh*, and they took turns sitting on the broad knee of Old King Cole. "*Twee tweedle dee*," the fiddles said, until, at last, *in* came the King's COOK with the King's BOWL, and *in* came the King's Fairy Mother with the King's PIPE.

That BOWL was a magic Bowl. The King gave Food and sweet Drink to every Child that played about his throne; so their Hearts were glad and

THE KING BLEW THE BIGGEST
BUBBLES IN THE WORLD

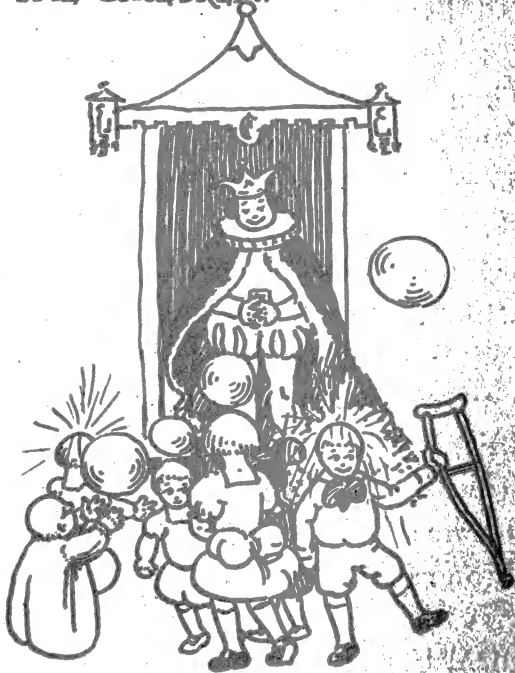


their little stomachs were full. I looked and saw the Children were very happy, and thought I was at a very big BIRTHDAY PARTY. Then the King spoke:

“Now, Children dear, I’ll try to show what magic BUBBLES I can blow. Some Children here are lame or blind, and some have backs all bent behind. Some little faces are too white; now, Children dear, this is not *right*. Come very *near* me, Children, so you all can see my BUBBLES grow.”

The Children crowded close to the throne of the King. He dipped his magic PIPE into his beautiful BOWL, and then puffed out his rosy

THE BUBBLES SAILED AROUND
AND THEN THEY BURST ON
THE CHILDREN.



cheeks and *blew*. He blew the biggest, brightest, fattest Bubbles in all the world. He blew THOUSANDS of Rainbow Bubbles. Like floating crystal *Worlds* they rose from King's Magic Pipe. Bubble after Bubble sailed up and around, and found the heads of Children they loved best; then they *stopped* there. O, Dears! then they *burst* into thousands of rainbow drops all over the heads of the Children. And here comes the magical part of my story:

In an instant there was not a blind, or lame, or bent Child standing before the King. They were all cured of every pain and trouble; and all unhappiness passed out of their little Hearts.

THE CHILDREN ALL MADE A BOW
TO THE KING.



Old King Cole looked up from his golden Bowl and smiled; then he put his Pipe into a pocket over his heart. King Cole said nothing more; but he smiled, and his eyes grew merrier and his cheeks rosier than ever. I wondered why the King did not speak. I suppose he was too happy to say a word.

The Fiddlers Three fiddled on—*twee tweedle dee*—and almost sawed their fiddles in two. Then the Children all made a bow to the King, as he held his hands out over the place before his throne.

At last the Children said “GOOD-BYE” to the King, and passed into the Great Kingdom of Old King Cole.

OLD KING COLE WAS MERRY
EVER AFTER.



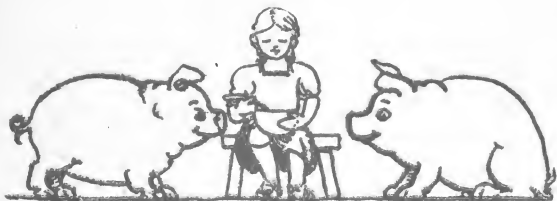
Never again were they unhappy. Never again did they hear gruff words; so all the World was a joyful place.

Many times after that I called upon Old King Cole. Many, many snores did he snore, but not one of his snores had an unhappy ending. Many, many times did the good King DREAM; but never again did he see a BAD Dream behind a GOOD DREAM.



BONNY BETSY WHITE.

SHW.



BONNY LASS

Bonny Lass! Bonny Lass!

Will you be mine?

You shall neither wash dishes

Nor serve the wine,

But sit on a cushion and sew up a seam,

And you shall have strawberries, sugar and cream.

MY DEARS, I knew a little
Girl; her name was Betsy
White; her cheeks were
red as the roses are; her hair was
golden-bright. She wasn't very big,

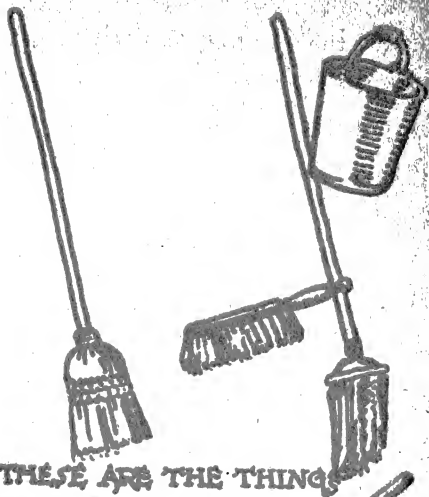


MISS BETSY ASKED HER
MOTHER FOR A PIECE OF BREAD

my Dears. She wasn't very *small*, because her pretty golden head came up above my knee. That little Girl was not *my* child, but I knew Betsy's Mother; *she* told me what I'm telling you, and I *believe* her Mother.

That little Betsy White was good as 'most all Children are; but now and then she *wasn't* good, and I am sorry, Dears. Our Betsy's Mother liked her child to help about the house and do some very simple things, to show that she could be a kind and *useful* little girl, as well as nice to *see*.

One day Miss Betsy came to ask her Mother for a piece of Bread with sugar over it. She said her appetite was just the biggest appetite that she



THESE ARE THE THINGS
MOTHER HAD TO USE
IN HER WORK.



had ever had. But Mother smiled, and said to her as kindly as could be:

“O, Betsy, dear, now don’t you think you’d better wait a while? An hour has not passed, my Dear, since you had *such* a meal. Instead of *eat-
ing*, don’t you think you’d like to help me do some little things about the house? I’ll only ask a *few*.”

“O, Mother, *please* give me some bread,” our little Betsy said. “I am *so* hungry, Mother dear, I don’t know what to do.”

“My Dear,” said Mother, “stop and *think*; do you want Mother to keep working all day *long*, my Dear. I have so *much* to do. Why, really, Dear, it seems to me, a little girl like



MOTHER WENT
TO THE PANTRY FOR THE BREAD.

you should *like* to help a little bit with all I have to do.”

“No, no,” said Betsy, “can’t I have a *little* piece of bread? O, put some sugar on it, too. I do not *want* to work.”

You see, my Dears, that Betsy White was *not* a helpful child. But, when she asked for BREAD, it seemed to Mother that her child might really be in *want* of food. So Betsy’s Mother sighed, and went straight to the pantry, where she cut a good, thick slice of bread, and then she buttered it. She *buttered* it, my Dears; but not a bit of SUGAR did that Mother put on top. If Betsy was so hungry, she would be quite satis-



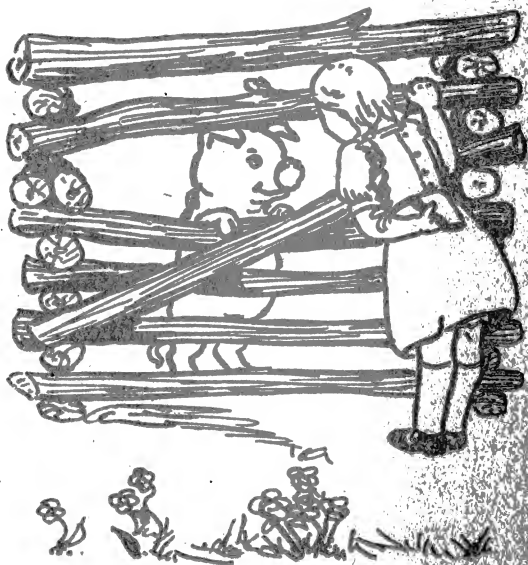
BETSY WENT THROUGH
THE BARN-YARD TO PIG'S HOUSE.

fied with one thick slice of healthful BREAD just buttered on *one* side.

But Betsy puckered up her mouth, and didn't take a bite. She only fussed and mused with it, which wasn't truly right. Then Mother went about her work, and did it *all alone*. Miss Betsy, rather sulkily, went out into the yard and moped about a little while. Then, by and by, she went on to the BARN; then on to where PIG kept a *piggish* house.

Old Pig was sitting in his House, with *such* a dirty face. Miss Betsy looked at Mr. Pig, and Pig looked back at her. Pig gave a grunt, she gave a frown, and mused her BREAD some more. Right through the fence,

BETSY COULD SEE AND HEAR ALL
THAT GRUNTY PIGGIE DID.



about the pen of dirty Mr. Pig, Miss Betsy White could see and *hear* what dirty Piggie did. She didn't like the looks of Pig. She didn't like his grunts. She didn't like his lazy ways or *anything* he did.

It was not very long before Miss Betsy had enough of dirty, grunty Mr. Pig, and so she turned to go. But Mr. Pig gave several grunts, with all his might and main, which made Miss Betsy turn around to *look* at him again. Pig seemed to want to *talk* to her, and acted in a way that was *familiar* for a PIG; so Betsy stared at him. Then, with a sulky little frown, Miss Betsy White sat down to listen to the grunting words old Pig-

THIS IS HOW LAZY OLD
GRUNTY PIG LOOKED.

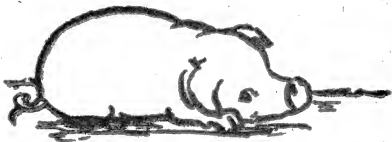


gie had to say. So, Dearies, here's what Piggie said to little Betsy White:

“How do! my Dear. Grunt! grunt! my Dear.
I'm very glad to see
That you have come a-calling here,
To talk with dirty me.
Ho, ho, you have some *bread*, Miss White,
With butter on *one* side.
O, give me just one *little* bite.
My mouth is open wide.”

When Pig said that he opened up his mouth so far and wide that Betsy couldn't help but see quite far and *deep* inside. It was not very pretty, and it made Miss Betsy White disgusted with old Pig, because it *was* a piggish sight. But Mr. Piggie didn't care. He lolled his muddy head. He

"I LOVE TO LOLL AROUND,"
SAID PIG.



PIGGIE GAVE A
GREAT BIG
YAWN.



PIG POKED HIS NOSE
IN LOTS OF MUD AND DIRT.

gave a grunty kind of yawn, and this is what he said:

“I am so glad you *like* me, Miss.

Yes, *I* am lazy, too,

I love to lead a life like this,

With nothing *good* to do.

I love to sit around and eat.

I am a lazy Shirk.

My joy is always most complete

When *other* people work.”

Once more Pig stopped to give a yawn, 'most *big* enough to hurt. Then he just poked his nose around in lots of mud and dirt. By this time little Betsy White began to plainly see how *selfish*, and how *lazy*, too, a grunty Pig could be. Then she began to think and *think*. What would she ever do if she got mussy, like a Pig, and



BETSY SAW THAT SHE HAD
ACTED LIKE A PIG.

very selfish, too? Yes—she was thinking very hard. Her face was turned away from Mr. Pig; but suddenly she heard that Grunter say:

“ Yes, yes, my Dear, what is the use
Of *helping* anyone?
I always have the best excuse
For leaving things undone.
So, move to *my* House, Betsy dear,
I'll *share* my House with you.
There is no work to bother here.
There's not a thing to do.”

That was *too* much for Betsy White. Her eyes grew round and big, because she saw that in *some* ways she'd acted like a PIG. Yes—she was lazy, and she saw that she was selfish, too; for she remembered all the work her Mother had to do. So off she ran



BETSY CRIED ON MOTHER'S KNEE

SHW

from Piggie's House, as fast as she could fly, until she came to Mother's side; then she began to cry.

"O, Mother, Mother!" Betsy cried, "I want to let you know that I am very selfish, Dear; I came to *tell* you so. I had a talk with Mr. Pig. O, Mother, *now* I see how *selfish*, and how *lazy*, too, your little girl can be."

Poor Betsy cried on Mother's knee; but Mother simply *smiled*, and very soon she laughed aloud, and kissed her blessed Child. Then Mother put her gentle hand on Betsy's pretty head, and Betsy thought her Mother's voice was music when she said:

"There, there, my Dear. Come, dry your eyes. Your *Mother* under-

MOTHER WASHED
HER BETSY'S
DIRTY HANDS.



EVER AFTER THAT BETSY
HELPED MOTHER A LOT.

stands. There; do not cry. O, dear! O, dear! what *dirty* little hands. O, I am *glad* you're sorry, Dear. We'll try with might and main to *never* be so selfish, or a lazy child again."

Then Mother washed her Betsy's hands, and Betsy dried them well, so there was not a bit of that strange "bread-and-butter" smell. Then Betsy had some strawberries, with lots of lovely cream. And all about that grunty PIG was just a horrid DREAM.

Well, ever after that, my Dears, our little Betsy White helped Mother in a lot of ways, which was exactly right. This proves, my Dears, that when we have some little things to do, it's always right to *do them*, Dears, *as they are done by YOU*.



MR. JOHNNIE GLANT.

J.H.W.



FA, FE, FI, FO, FUM!

Fa, fe, fi, fo, FUM!

I smell the blood of an Englishman.

Be he live or be he dead,

I'll grind his bones to make my bread.

O MY Dears, what a savage and what a cross little song that is! But when you hear my story you will not mind it, for my story ends very happily.

Once upon a happy time there was a very great Johnnie GIANT. He

JOHNNIE WALKER GREAT
WALKER.



was as tall as a very high TREE. Besides being tall, he was very fat, indeed. It would take the arms of at least a HUNDRED little Children to hug him where his belt was. Johnnie Giant wore very *short* trousers, and very *short* whiskers, and a very *short* little hat. Johnnie Giant lived on a cozy little Island of his own, but it was entirely too small for a GIANT as tall and fat as he. Johnnie was a great *walker*. He liked to walk on the Land of *another* great Giant, who was his neighbor. Johnnie did not like his neighbor, nor did his neighbor like him, which made trouble between those two great GIANTS.

Who was his neighbor? I will tell



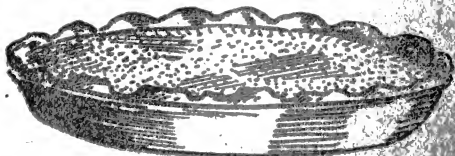
MR. JONATHAN GIANT.

you. His neighbor's name was *Jonathan* GIANT, and *he* was as tall as a tall, tall TREE. Besides being tall as a tree, he was as thin as a *thin* tree, and it was a wonder that he did not break in two pieces right where his belt was. It took only TWENTY-FIVE little Children to hug Jonathan. *This* Giant wore very *long* trousers, and a very *long* beard, and a very *long*, high hat.

Jonathan Giant lived in a Land that was too big for him, except when he was lying down, which happened every now and then. One day Jonathan Giant was chopping kindling wood on his good chopping-block, and—O, dear! he cut his *right* thumb,



JONATHAN CUT HIS FINGER.



A FINE BIG PUMPKIN PIE.

so that it *bled* three little drops of *blood* on his chopping-block. The cut did not hurt him very much, but it hurt *enough* to make him want a big piece of PUMPKIN PIE.

“Fa, fe, fi,” said he. “I want a piece of PIE,” said he. “Fa, fe, fi, fo, FUM! I *guess* I’ll go and get me some.”

So Jonathan started out to get his PIE. But now, my Dears, I must tell you what Johnnie Giant was doing while Jonathan was cutting his kindling wood and his *thumb*.

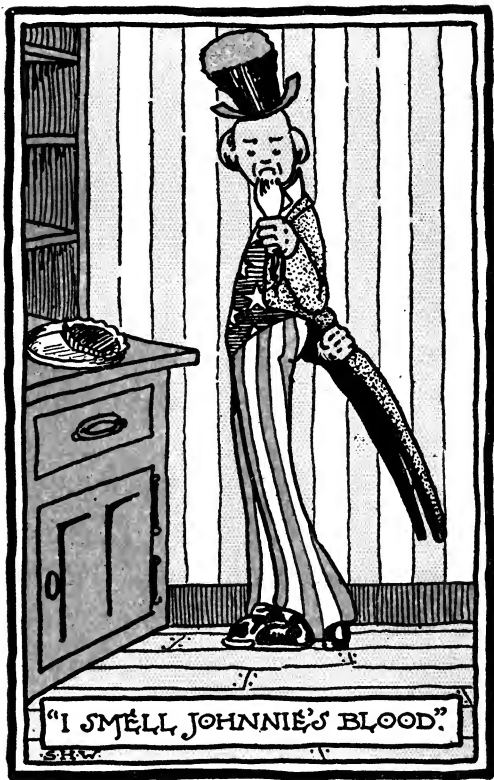
Johnnie felt like taking a walk, as most Johnnie Giants do; so he jumped over on Jonathan’s Land, as grandly as could be. He marched straight to

JOHNNIE CUT HIS THUMB,
TOO.



the PUMPKIN-PIE Cupboard of Jonathan Giant. He wanted a piece of PIE. With his own big Jack-knife he cut off at least more than a HALF of a Pie, which was very greedy of him. Of course, he cut his big, fat *right* thumb. It bled a little, but not enough to take away his appetite for PIE. THREE little drops of Johnnie's *blood* fell on the shelf of Jonathan's Pie-cupboard. Away hurried Johnnie to eat his pie before he lost his appetite. Away he trotted through the *front* door of Jonathan's house. Away he marched straight to Jonathan's chopping-block, to eat his pie all to pieces in comfort.

In came Jonathan through the *back*



door of his own house. Straight as an arrow he stamped towards his lovely Pie-cupboard. Then, my Dears, he stopped very *suddenly*, and began to sniff and sniff, for he had a very sharp nose. Then his keen little eyes looked here and there, as sparks flew from them. His beard began to bristle, and he *hissed* with a very fierce hiss:

“Fa, fe, fi, fo, *FUM!* I smell the *blood* of a Johnnie Giant. Fa, fe, fi! He’s stolen my PIE. Shame on you, Johnnie. Why—I—yes— *I* will catch you alive, or I’ll catch you dead, and I’ll pound you as Grandmother pounds her bread.”

O, my Dears, but that Giant was angry! He strode here and there like

JOHNNIE STOPPED
EATING PIE BECAUSE
HE SMELLED JONATHAN'S
BLOOD.



JOHNNIE
WAS VERY
ANGRY.



a wild TIGER, looking for Johnnie Giant. The more he strode, the wilder was the way his beard bristled.

Now, you must hear about Johnnie Giant again. He no sooner got settled down on Jonathan's chopping-block, than *he* began to sniff with *his* nose, for he smelled the THREE drops of blood that fell from the right thumb of Jonathan Giant. He stopped eating PIE, for the least smell of Jonathan's blood took his appetite away. His short whiskers curled closer than ever. His belt got tighter than ever. He stamped and raged around like a caged *Lion*. He was very angry, as you can see, for he said:

“Fa, fe, fi, fo, *FUM!* Yes, I'll



WHEN GIANTS FIGHT IT IS
VERY DANGEROUS.

catch him. Yes, I *can*. Fa, fe! Yes, I smell the blood of Jonathan Yankeeeman. When I get him I will *whack* him. When I catch him I will *smack* him.”

O, Children, how wicked and angry those Giants were. It is very plain to see that each had a naughty *grudge*, one against the other. It is very plain to see that, if they found each other, there would be a fearful quarrel. When GIANTS fight it is a very BIG and dangerous fight. They always bang each other with anything they can lay their hands upon. They pull up trees. They push Mountains over. They make Rivers all muddy. O, what was to be done?

THE BIRDS AND ANIMALS
HEARD THE GIANTS GETTING
ANGRY



Well, Dears, here comes the *wonderful* part of my story. The BIRDS and little ANIMALS in all the good Forest heard those Giants getting angry, and they knew that if the quarrel could not be *stopped*, there would not be a Tree in the Forest left for them to build their nests in. There would be no shady spots to play under. Every Tree in the Forest would be pulled up by the *roots*; if those angry Giants ever began fighting.

The Birds knew that it was about **THREE O'CLOCK** in the afternoon. They knew that it was time for the Children to be coming home from School. So *away* flew the Birds, and *away* trotted the little animals to tell

THE ANIMALS AND BIRDS TOLD THE
CHILDREN TO HURRY.



the Children about those two angry Giants. The little Forest People knew that GIANTS always *obey* Children. They knew that the Children could stop that "GIANT-FIGHT," and *make* those two Giants good Friends for ever afterwards. Very soon the Birds and Animals met the Children on their way to their Homes.

"O, Children dear, please hurry, *hurry*, and stop those Giants from FIGHTING. Hurry, *hurry*, Dears! or there will not be a Tree left in our Forest."

That is what the Birds and Animals cried as they flocked about the Children. So the Children *did* hurry as fast as they could. They made a

STOP! STOP! I COMMAND YOU!"
SHOUTED THE BRAVE LITTLE BOY.



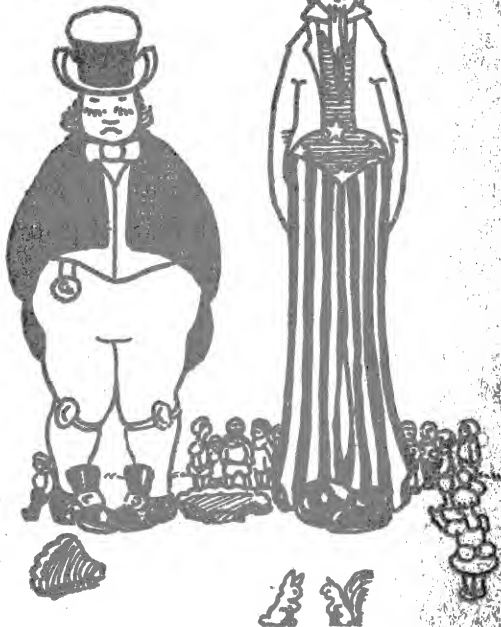
great dust on the road, for there were at least a HUNDRED and TWENTY-FIVE Children racing to stop that GIANT-FIGHT.

The Children and the Forest People rushed around the House of Jonathan Giant just in time. Those two angry GIANTS were about to *pounce* on each other. (What a fearful pounce that would have been.) They were roaring at each other like wild beasts, and their feet made a sound of thunder beneath them. Then a brave little Boy strode up to Johnnie Giant, and shouted:

“STOP! STOP! I *command* you, Johnnie Giant.”

A very brave little Girl, with very

THEY BOTH DROPPED
THEIR PIE AND
LOOKED VERY MUCH
ASHAMED.



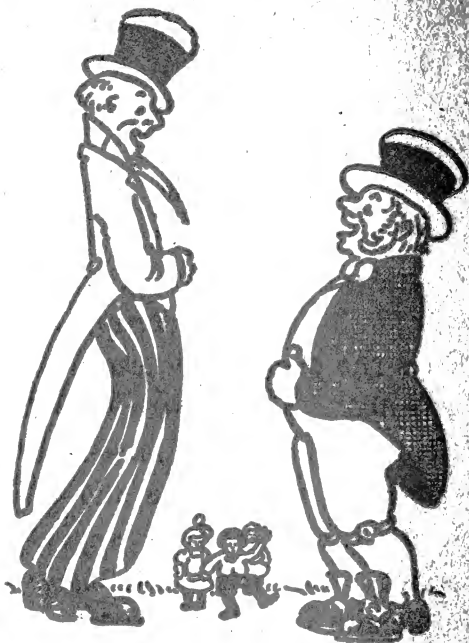
brown hair, ran up to Jonathan Giant and cried:

“STOP! STOP! *naughty* Jonathan. STOP! I *command* you.”

O, Children—wonder of wonders! Those two angry Giants stopped their *anger* instantly and looked very much *ashamed*. They both dropped their PIE on the ground because they *were* so ashamed. Then Little Girl said:

“Now, *sit down*, you *naughty* Dears. Sit right on the ground and look at each other, and *see* how angry your faces are. O, shame—O, *shame*, you Johnnie and you Jonathan!”

Both of those Giants sat down *instantly*. Johnnie looked at Jonathan and Jonathan looked back at Johnnie.



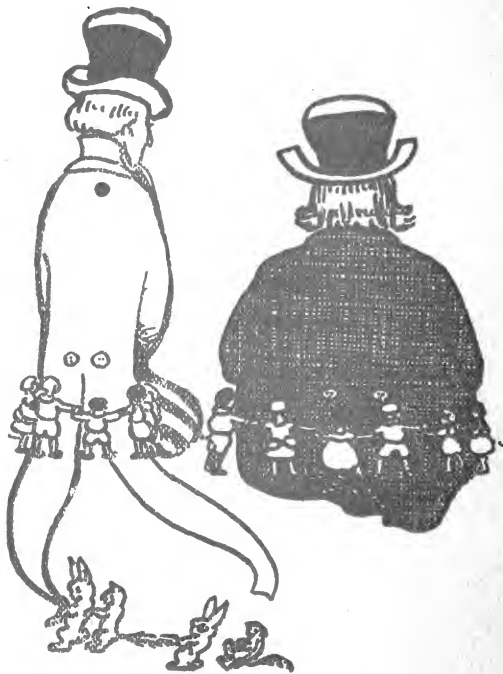
THE TWO GIANTS BURST INTO
ROARS OF LAUGHTER.

They never took their eyes from each other's faces. Little by little their faces began to change from angry looks to *funny* looks. Suddenly those two GIANTS burst into ROARS of LAUGHTER, and I can tell you, Dears, that when Giants laugh, the whole world shakes with laughter, too.

“O, you funny Jonathan,” roared Johnnie Giant. “What long whiskers you have. O, O, you have PUMPKIN PIE on your whiskers! O, O, Ha, Ha-Ha, Ho!”

“O, you funny, funny Johnnie,” roared Jonathan Giant. “What curly whiskers you have. O, O, you have PUMPKIN PIE on *your* whiskers.

SUCH A LOVELY HUGGING
TIME THEY HAD.



O, ha, ha— Ha, ho, there never was anyone so *nice* and *funny* as *you*.”

And those two Giants nearly died laughing at each other. At last the Little Girl said to them:

“STOP laughing, for we have something to *do*.”

So the Giants stopped *laughing* instantly. Then ONE HUNDRED Children hugged Johnnie Giant about his big waist, and TWENTY-FIVE Children hugged Jonathan about his thin waist; but the TWENTY-FIVE Children had just as much fun as the HUNDRED Children did. Then the Little Boy said:

“*Now*, Mr. Johnnie and Mr. Jonathan, SHAKE HANDS *instantly*.”



THEY BOTH SHOOK HANDS.

G.H.W.

The Giants rose to their feet, and shook hands with all their might.

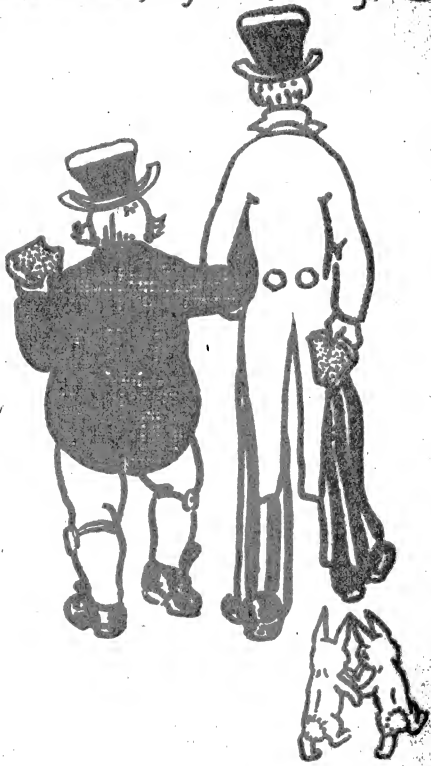
“Ouch!” cried Johnnie to Jonathan, “you hurt my THUMB.”

“Ouch!” cried Jonathan to Johnnie, “You hurt *my* THUMB, too.”

So the Giants let go each other’s hands, and looked at their sore thumbs. Much to their surprise, each Giant had a little THUMB-BLOOD of the other Giant on his right hand. They were not sorry at all, but shouted gladly, in one great voice:

“Fa, fe, fi, fo, *FUM!* I smell the blood of my Brother-man. I’ll fight for my Brother till I am dead, and he shall share my PIE and BREAD. For see, O, see, you Children, *see,*

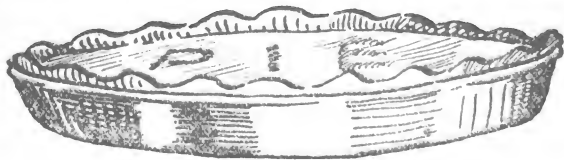
ARM IN ARM THEY WALK.



our BLOOD is mixed, so BROTHERS are we, *Brothers are we.*”

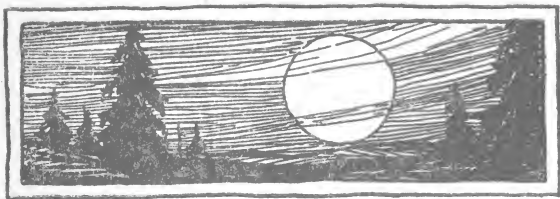
“That is very true,” said Little Boy.

So all the Children ran away to their homes, and played as if nothing had happened. The Birds and the Animals went into their Forest, and were happy ever afterwards. As for those two GIANTS, you may see them almost any day, walking arm in arm, very sociably; but they are very apt to be munching large pieces of PUMPKIN PIE.





DÉSOLATE, JUGGER-LAND.

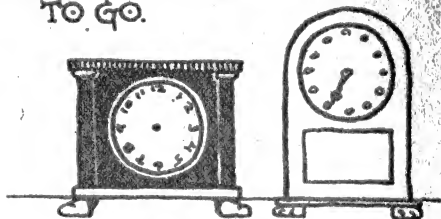


BOYS AND GIRLS COME OUT TO PLAY

Boys and Girls come out to play,
The moon does shine as bright as day,
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
And meet your playfellows in the street ;
Come with a whoop, and come with a call,
And come with a good will, or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A half-penny roll will serve us all.
You find milk and I'll find flour,
And we'll have pudding in half an hour.

MY DEARS, not very *long* ago,
there was a land so dull and
slow, that broken Clocks

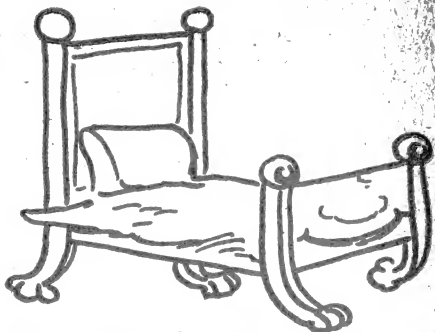
THE BROKEN CLOCKS REFUSED
TO GO.



THOSE LAZY JUGGERS
SUCKED THEIR THUMBS.

refused to go. This land, my Dears, was JUGGER-land; and no one there would raise a *hand* to help another soul, because their HANDS were useless, cruel PAWS. In all the world you could not find a People quite so far behind all other Races, as they ran a RACE to help their Fellow-Man.

I've seen these People suck their thumbs, so they could pick up cracker-crumbs; they did *this* with a lazy jerk, because they thought it too much work. They stared at CLOCKS that did not go, and asked how time could *hurry* so. I knew one man in Juggerland who tried in vain to understand the reason why he went to bed. Why, once that jugger person said:



THE BEDS MIGHT GALLOP
OFF AT NIGHT.



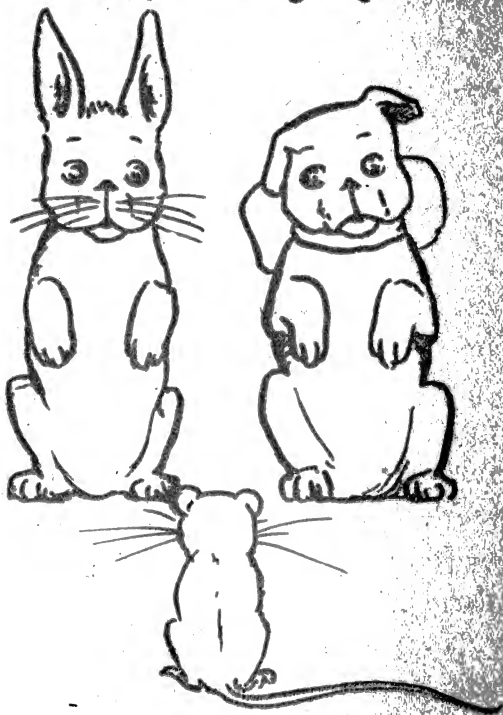
MR. MOON WOULD BE
SURPRISED TO SEE BEDS RUNNING.

“Beds have FOUR *legs*; perhaps they might decide to gallop off at night. I do not think I’ll go to bed. I think I’ll keep awake instead. The Bed might gallop off with me; and *make me hurry*, don’t you see?”

Now wasn’t he a *jugger* one? No wonder Clocks refused to run. But, what was worst about this folk, they could not see the BIGGEST joke; and, next to that, they would *not* work. They loved to laze about and shirk. And there was lots of work on hand for them to do in Juggerland.

As days went by the work piled high, but not a soul would ever try to do the work that lay around, until an *easy* way was found. At last *one*

NOT A SINGLE PERSON COULD
UNDERSTAND THE JOKE.

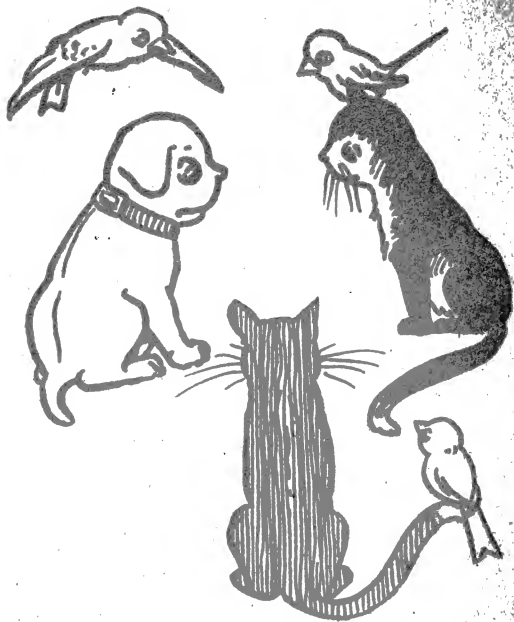


Man's dull wits awoke to tell his only, lonely JOKE. He thought his joke was lots of FUN, because it was a *lazy* one.

Now try, my Dearies, if you can, to see that JOKE of Jugger-man. He smiled a kind of *lazy grin*, that puckered wood and rusted tin. He rolled his heavy head about, and dragged his rusty JOKE all out.

“I do believe,” said he, “that we just *love* our work. *Te, he, te, he!* We love it so we want it *near*. If we should work I really fear we'd *hurt* our work by getting through it. So, let's get some one else to do it.”

That's how that witty person joked, and then he laughed and nearly



THEY WOULD LIKE TO STEAL US TOO.

choked. Then every other Juggerman that listened to that joke began to yawn, and stretch, and grin, and think. At last another Jugger spoke:

“He, he! That was a splendid joke. Now let *me* say a word to you, so you may learn a thing or two. There’s many a trick and many a quirk in getting some *others* to do our work. Don’t ask BIG folks; they’ll make a fuss, and try to give the work to *us*. O, dear! and O, dear! that *never* should be for *wise* Juggermen like you and ME. This is *my* plan: We’ll go and get a HUNDRED CHILDREN, and we’ll let them do the work that *we* should do. Now, does my plan seem good to you?”



THE ANIMALS AND
BIRDS ALL RAN AWAY SO THE
JUGGERMEN WOULDN'T FIND THEM.

“That’s a *glorious* plan. A *splendid* plan, and *you* are wise, wise Juggerman. The wisest and wittiest man we’ve met. So let us begin before we forget. Let’s steal all the Children that we can get. Yes, HUNDREDS of Children. Then we will set those Children to work in dust and murk. For Children should know how it *feels* to work.”

“HOO-RAY!” yawned every Juggerman. “O, *what* a glorious Juggerplan.”

Off lumbered those men with shuffling feet, through many an alley and darksome street. They grinned through windows, and scratched at doors, and crawled about on their



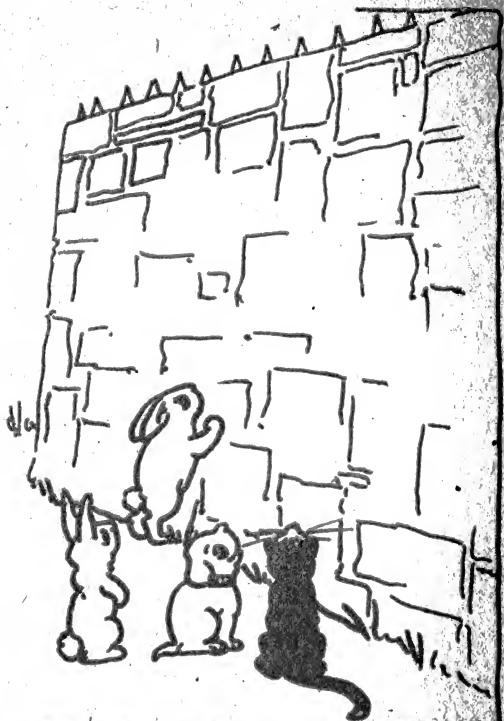
THE JUGGERMAN MILLS.

SHW

cruel *paws*. Yes, Dears, they *had* paws; for such folks *crawl* when they *steal* a Little One, young and small. *Yes, they crawled on their paws*, with snickers and smirks. That's the only way a Juggerman works.

Before very long those sly Juggermen stole HUNDREDS and HUNDREDS of CHILDREN, then they carried them off to Juggerman Mills, that lay in the shadows of Slumbering Hills.

The Juggermen put the Children to work in dust, and dirt, and shadowy murk. They closed the windows and locked the doors, with their teeth and their toes and their Juggerman PAWS. Around each Mill a Jugger-

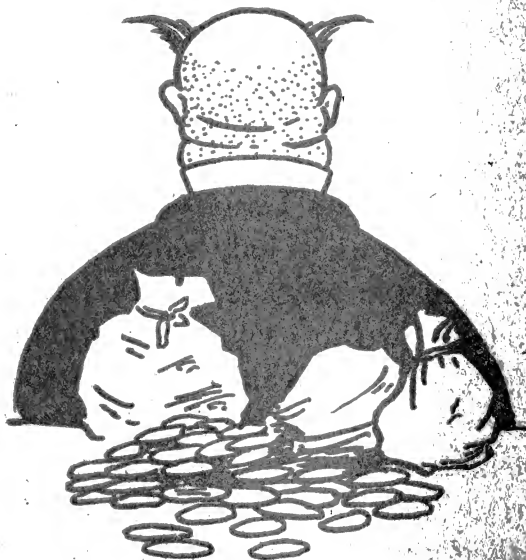


THE WALL, WAS SO HIGH THAT
NOBODY COULD SEE OVER IT.

man-wall was built, so wide, and so long, and so tall that nobody heard the Children's cries, or saw the tears in their tired eyes. Of course, the poor Children *did* cry, my Dears, but *nobody* saw their falling tears. I mean, that nobody seemed to *care* how much those Little Ones suffered there. Of course, the Juggermen saw it all, and they heard the Little Ones cry and call. But they only snickered and crawled and smirked, for they loved to see how those Children worked.

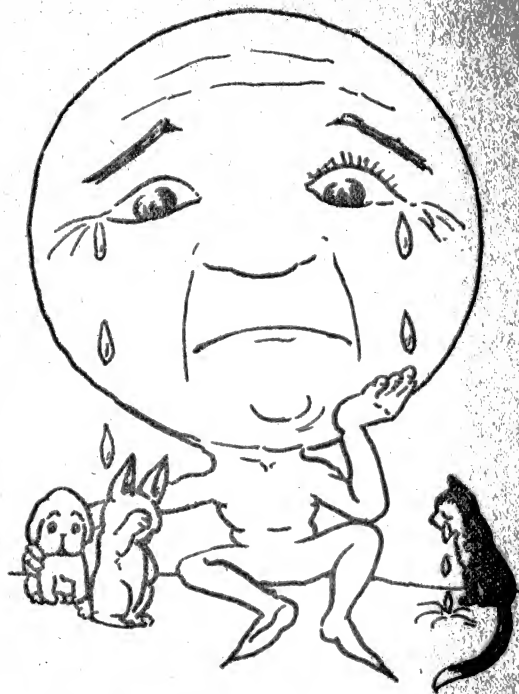
So, on passed many weary years, and all this time the Children's tears helped to turn the wheels of many a MILL. *Buzz-buzz* went all the wheels, until, in all the world, there

THE JUGGERMEN GREW RICH
AND FAT.



was no noise but *that*, and *cries of Girls and Boys*. Of course, when Jugger-wheels buzz like that, all Jugger-men grow both rich and fat. But O! my Dears, the world grows black, and every clock goes running back to times of darkness long ago. The flowing Rivers cease to flow. The Trees turn brown. The Flowers pine. The Sun no longer cares to shine.

At last, one day Spring came again. She tried to bloom, but she tried in vain. The Birds came forth, and tried to sing, but not one Bird could sing a thing. Forth came the Forest People, who had many, many things to do; but not a little person could do anything he knew he should. So



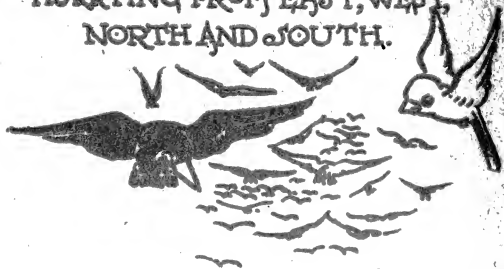
ALL THE WORLD WAS STILL AND SAD.

everything was strange and bad, and all the world was still and sad. Except for moans and WHEELS that ground, Spring heard no other kind of Sound.

Then out strode Spring and waved her hand across that cruel Juggerland. Out blazed the flaming *wrath* of Spring. With mighty hand and beating wing, she swept around each Jugger-wall, for *she* had heard the Children call.

O, Dears! how sad Spring always feels, when she hears the grinding of Jugger-wheels. The joy in her heart all disappears when *she* sees little Rivers of *Children's Tears*. So she was sad, and her wrath burst forth. She called her People from South and

ALL OF SPRING'S PEOPLE, CAME
HURRYING FROM EAST, WEST,
NORTH AND SOUTH.



North. Then out of the East and out of the West she ordered the presence of all the rest.

She told her People to pull down the wall the Juggermen built so broad and tall. She told every Flower and Vine of Spring to blossom and climb, and push and cling to that Juggerman wall, till the stones fell down, and rolled themselves through Juggerman Town.

“O! pull and climb, my People,” said she, “and *break* that Juggerman wall for me. *Your* hands are powerful hands and deft. O! pull at those stones till no wall is left. And all you People of Field and Wood, your hands are strong and your hearts are

THE LITTLE PEOPLE WORKED
WITH ALL THEIR MIGHT.



good. Come, burrow and dig, to save your souls. Dig *under* that wall a THOUSAND holes. O! listen, my Dears, to the grinding wheels. O! scratch with your claws and kick with your heels. We must *save* those Children behind that wall. So *dig*, my People, and make it fall. We'll save those Children; and then, O, THEN, we'll attend to those cruel Juggermen."

O! Dears, my Dears, how the voice of Spring did tremble and throb and bravely ring. And how her People did all obey. They pushed and pulled and burrowed, for they just *wanted* the Children to laugh and play. So they worked at their work the livelong day



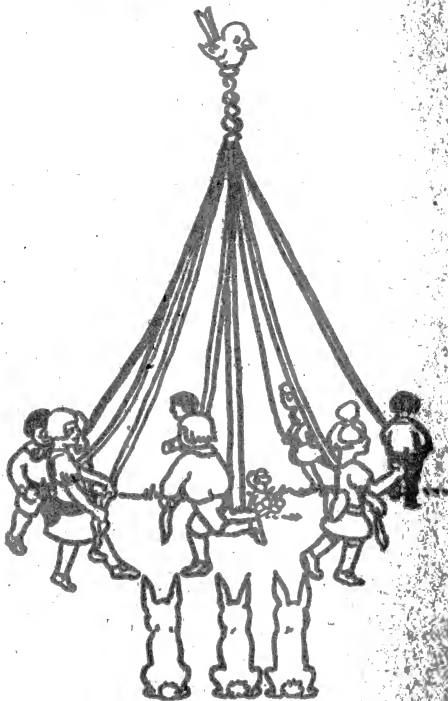
DOWN FELL THE CRUEL WALL.

At last, when the moon had climbed up high, and Night had come all over the sky, DOWN fell the Juggermen's cruel wall, and great was its rumbling, tumbling fall.

Then every Subject of conquering Spring just capered with joy, and began to sing. And every Child in a Juggerman Mill swarmed over the broken wall, until the wall was as flat as a Juggerman's JOKE, and as useless as all of the Juggger-MILL'S smoke.

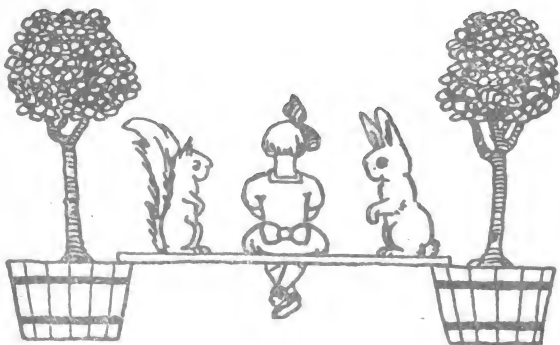
Then Spring and her People all scurried around, and buried the Juggermen's *feet* in the ground. They buried the Juggermen up to their knees, in hopes that they'd turn into

SPRING SMILED AND BLOSSOMED
FOR EVERYBODY.



Juggernaut Trees. But, fearing to leave them too much all alone, they hung on the neck of each Jugger a stone.

Then Spring smiled and blossomed for each Little Tot. And so, before long, all those Children forgot that ever a Juggerman's cruel wall stood between them and SPRINGTIME and Everything GOOD.





HOPPIE ROBIN.



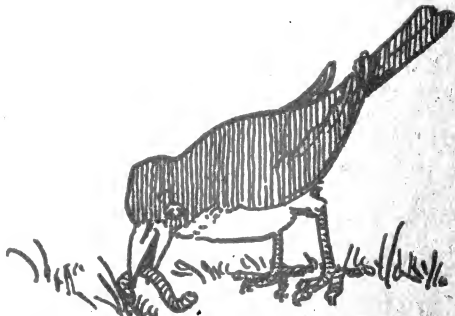
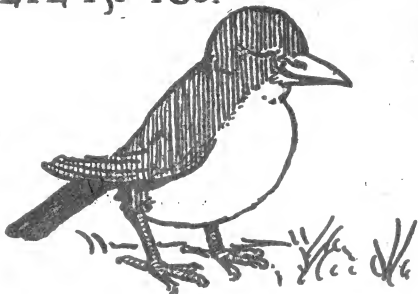
THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW

The North Wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
POOR THING!

He'll sit in the barn
To keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
POOR THING!

MY DEARS, I once knew very
well a little Robin that had
such a pretty, glossy breast,
and he was round and fat. His bill

HOPPIE WOULD WINK HIS
EYE AT YOU.



IT DID NOT TAKE ROBIN LONG
TO FIND A WORM.

was just the *sharpest* bill. His claws were just the *strongest*. As for the feathers on his tail, they were the best and *longest*.

His name was *Hoppie* Robin, Dears. He had so much to do that, when you asked him what it *was*, he'd cock his head at you. He'd wink his *eye* and bob his tail, and hop a yard or two. Yes, he would hop straight to *a* spot, exactly where he knew a little Worm, all full of dirt, was squirming quite a squirm. With one *quick* pick he'd *swallow* him. (HOW Robin loved a Worm!)

When I first met this Robin Bird, it was when happy Spring was planting Flowers everywhere and doing



HOPPIE FLEW
TO ME WHEN I WHISTLED.

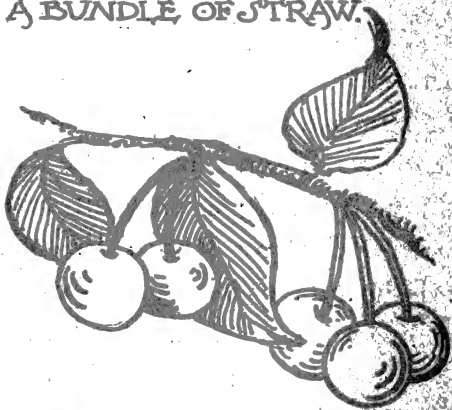
everything. The air was full of busy sounds. The Leaves were "*little-green*," and all around the busy hand of happy Spring was seen.

Yes, Dears, it was a joyful day. My heart was full of Words that could be only understood by Children and by *Birds*. That day I had no little Child to tell the Things I knew, so I went out beneath a Tree where Baby *Flowers* grew. Then I leaned back against a Tree to take a pleasant rest, and *whistled* for my Robin Friend, who had the glossy breast. As quickly as a *funny* wink, nice Hoppie Robin flew to me, and said:

"Well, Mr. Sir, what can I do for *you?*"



ROBIN WAS BUSY GETTING
A BUNDLE OF STRAW.



ROBINS JUST LOVE NICE
RIPE CHERRIES.

“If you don’t mind,” I said to *him*,
“I have some little *Words* that I can
only talk *aloud* to Children and to
Birds. I’ve hunted for a little Child,
but *not one* can I find; so, Robin, I
will talk with you, if you don’t *really*
mind.”

“I have a *lot* of work to do,” my
little Robin said; “but if you need
me *very* much, I’ll talk to you in-
stead.”

“O! thank you, little Robin dear.
I wonder if you’re well. If you have
any time to spare, I wish you’d try to
tell just *how* you spend the Spring-
time, Dear, and how the Summer goes.
When golden Autumn comes around
you’re busy, I suppose. But, Robin,



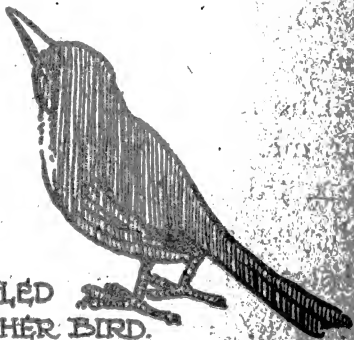
OLD NORTH WIND.

tell me *all* about the WINTER, when the snow is on the ground, so white and *cold*. I really *want* to know. Dear Robin Bird, what *do* you do when fierce Old North Wind blows, and when he freezes every thing, and when it snows, and *snows*? If you have time to tell all this, you *blessed* Robin Bird, I'll listen with my ears and *heart* to every single word."

"O, dear! O, dear! you Mr. Sir," said Robin, thoughtfully, "that story will be *long* to tell for Robin Birds like me. But, as you seem to *need* to hear, I'll perch upon your knee and tell you all I can at once. Now, Mister, let—me—see. Yes, now I *see*, my story must begin right in the



HOP ROBIN SCRATCHED HIS
LITTLE HEAD.



HE WHISTLED
TO ANOTHER BIRD.

SPRING; for *Spring* is just the nicest time to start a pleasant thing."

Hop Robin scratched his little head, and twinkled with his eye. Then whistled to another Bird that hurried quickly by. *O!* how his funny little claws did scratch and tickle me as he stood very carefully upon my happy knee. At last he gave his handsome tail a cozy kind of jerk, and told me all about himself, forgetting all his *work*.

"You see, dear Mr. Sir, that we *good* Robins have to do a lot of work before the days of pleasant Spring are through. Spring whispers to us Robin Birds; the whisper makes us dizzy with all the things it tells about to

HOP JIGS HIS
TAIL A BIT



"I SING A LITTLE"
SAID HOPPIE.



MR. SQUIRMY
WORM.

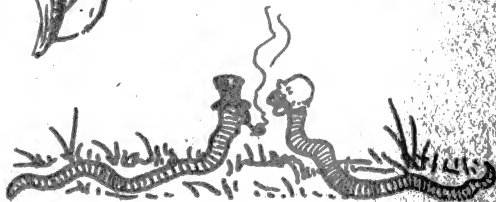
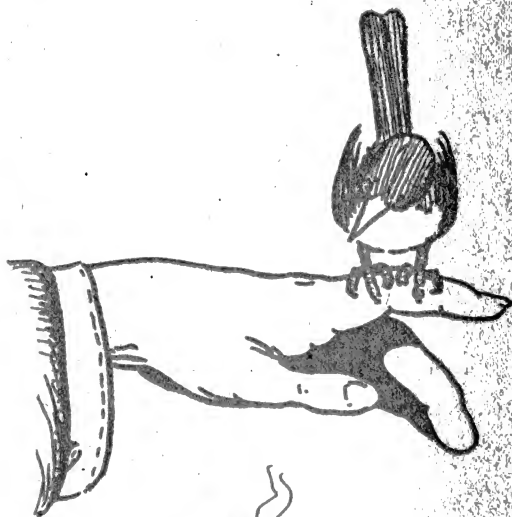


keep us very busy. I have to sing and fly around; and then I have to sit upon a limb, and chirp and hop, and jig my *tail* a bit. And then I sing a little more, to keep my songs a-working; and then I cock my eye to see just how my tail is jerking. When I have done a lot of things, and see them *nicely* done, I go and hunt for Squirmy Worm, and have a *lot* of FUN."

As Robin mentioned "Squirmy Worm," you should have heard his chuckles. Then, with a hop, he jumped upon my right hand's happy knuckles.

"*There*, that is nice," said Robin Bird. "I feel your knuckles squirm

ROBIN SAID THAT MY KNUCKLES
REMINDED HIM OF A WORM.



so, as I talk, I think I'll be reminded of a WORM."

"Well, Robin Bird," I said to him, "I never heard before that knuckles were at all like WORMS—but, Robin, talk some more."

"Well, keep your knuckles quiet then. Don't dare to move your hand; for too impatient knuckles, Sir, no Robin Bird can stand."

"Then I'll be quiet, Robin dear. I will not move an inch. Go on and tell me plenty more, but promise not to pinch."

"Well, Sir," said he, "I start right in to *sing* some more again, for I get very happy, Sir. I sing with might and main. Before so very long, I see



"WE FIND THE BEST OLD TREE IN
WHICH TO BUILD OUR NEST."

another Robin Bird; she listens to my pretty song, and answers every word. She understands the thoughts I think, and all the song I sing, because the same dear, happy song is taught to her by Spring. Then *we both* hurry off to find the safest and the *best* Old Tree in which to build ourselves the nicest kind of NEST. Then *we* go hunting all around for many, many things—like straw and grass, and little sticks, and fluffy threads and strings. With these *we* make *our* cozy NEST, quite round and deep and wide, with all the bits of *fluffy* stuff laid carefully *inside*. Then pretty Lady Robin Bird just *loves* our cozy nest, and settles in it happily to take a pleasant rest. O!

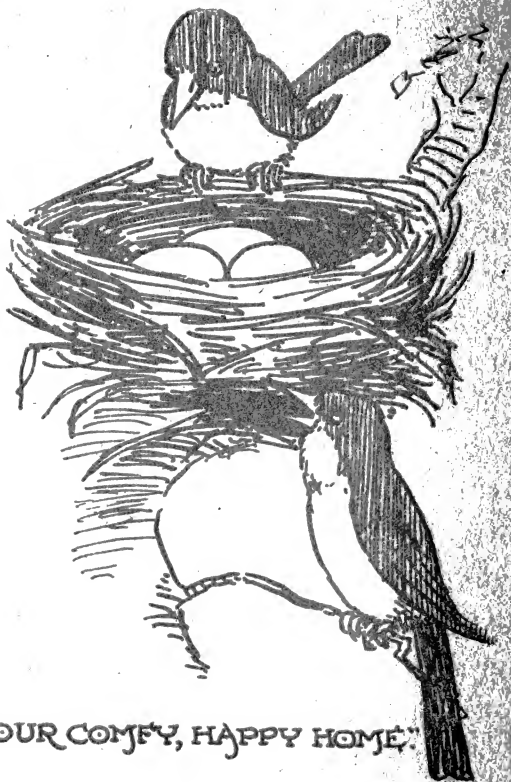


MRS. LADY ROBIN AT HOME.

O! you Mr. Sir, I say, it is a sight to see how sociable and comfortable *my* Lady Bird can be.”

As Hoppie Robin told me that, *up* went his little bill, and happy song came pouring out, and bubbled on, until I thought he'd *die* of happiness; for every joyful note in all the life of that wee Bird came throbbing from his throat. At last his joyous Nesting Song in echoes went to meet a **THOUSAND** happy silent Things that made dear Spring so sweet. I couldn't say a single word; so I kept quiet, Dears, and Robin looked at me, and saw my eyes were *glad* with tears.

“Ha! Ha! You like my Song, I see,” that jolly Robin said; “but, as I



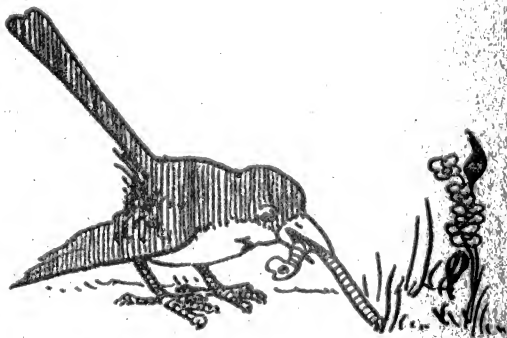
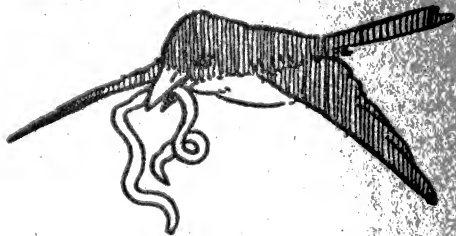
"OUR COMFY, HAPPY HOME."

have a lot to tell, I'd better talk ahead."

"I wish you would, my Dear," I said. "I'd like to hear the rest of your nice story; but, my Dear, do what you think is *best*."

"Well, Mr. Sir, then come the days of Song and Work and Fun, with here and there a *worm* or two, and lots of air and sun. All these are days when Lady Bird grows nicer every day, as she lays pretty Robin's eggs to while her time away. Most of my Lady Robin's days were spent upon our nest, to keep the eggs all good and warm. *My* Lady knows what's best; so I just *let* her stay at home, and brood and chirp and brood; and

"I GET MY LADY BIRD A WORM."

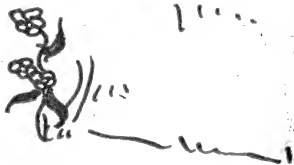


"MY, BUT THAT WAS A STRONG
SAVAGE WORM."

I go out to get for her the proper kind of food. My Lady likes a worm or two almost as well as I; so I keep Lady Bird supplied—at least, I always try. Now, that reminds me, Mr. Sir, I *once* picked *hard* to get a hearty kind of Worm, and I got almost all *upset*. You see, I spied that hearty Worm, and he was very long, and he was very savage, too, and very, very *strong*. I gave a careful peck at him. You should have seen him whirl and twist and jerk and pull and haul. O! how that Worm did curl. I couldn't pull that worm out straight because he *twisted* so; and when I thought I had him *tight*, I *slipped*, and let him go. When Robins slip like *that*, you know,



"I TUMBLED BACK
UPON MY TAIL!"



"THAT WORM MADE FACES AT ME!"

they very seldom fail to tumble *back* like anything upon their only tail. That healthy Worm slid in his hole, and I could plainly see that once or twice he turned around and made a face at me. O! I can tell you, Mr. Sir, I'm very careful now to hold on tight to *any* Worm—I'd like to show you how——”

As Hoppie Robin told me that he looked excited, and his claws pinched into one tall knuckle of my useful hand.

“No; please don't *bother*, Robin, dear,” I thought it best to say, because I wanted *one* poor Worm to live another day.

So Hoppie Robin settled down to

"I HEARD MY
LADY SING
SOME SPECIAL
NEWS," SAID HOP.



quietly explain how Robins lived their happy lives, and he was *nice* again.

“Well, by and by, dear Mr. Sir, I hear my Lady sing as if she had some NEWS about the dearest sort of thing. And, as she sings, I hear a *sound* I never heard before. *She* hears it, too; and, O! dear Sir, it makes her sing the more. The way that Lady Robin sings is quite too much for *me*. She must have something *grand* to show, so I fly off to see. I leave the Worm I wanted so. I leave my friend, the Tree. I must go find the reason why she sings so joyfully.”

My Robin stopped a moment then and looked up at the sky, and I could see a pretty *light* was shining in his

IN THE NEST WERE THE FINEST
OF ALL BABY BIRDS.



eye. But soon he looked at me again, and every word he said came far much more from Robin's *Heart* than from his little head.

“O, Mr. Sir! *dear* Mr. Sir! *There*, in our cozy Nest, I see some little *Baby* Birds—the very prettiest, and *finest* of all Baby Birds. O! O! they *cry* so loud, that all my *heart* gets big and glad, and *I* get very proud. Then Mother Bird and I sing more, and hop around the nest. I twitter and I sing, and *I* stick out my glossy breast. Just *think* of it. Not long ago we only had some *eggs*, and now we have some *Baby Birds*, with eyes, and wings, and LEGS. O! really, it was wonderful for us to look, and see how

"I COULDN'T SEE HOW SUCH BIG
MOUTHS COULD BE ON BABY BIRDS."



dear and sweet, and *noisy*, too, our little Birds could be. Yes, to be sure, those Baby Birds had very MONSTROUS bills; and, then, instead of *feathers*, they had rather useless *quills*. Their heads *were* big, their legs were queer, their necks were *rather* strange; but, if we only gave them time, all these would surely change. As I looked at our Baby Birds I couldn't see at all how such big MOUTHS as theirs could be on any Birds so small. O! such a noise the big mouths made. O! such a baby-din. I looked down into *one* of them and *almost* tumbled in. *That* made me think of *Worms* again. I'd get their supper but, I feared there were not Worms enough



ALL THE WORLD WAS HAPPY.

to keep them full and *shut*. But still I did the best I could. I bustled day and night to keep my Babies' *monstrous* mouths shut very, *very* tight. O! Mister, those were busy days, but very happy, too, for folks are the happiest with lots of things to do."

As Robin said these pleasant words, he looked *so* glad and proud, that from his blessed heart there came a song both long and loud. He held his happy head up high, and ere his song was done there wasn't an *un*-happy Heart beneath God's golden Sun. Then Robin looked at *me*, and said:

"*Now*, Mr. Sir, you see how very happy and how *proud* a Father Bird can be."

HOPPIE ROBIN WAS WORKING
ON A NEW NEST.



“Yes, yes, dear Robin,” I replied, “you make it very plain.”

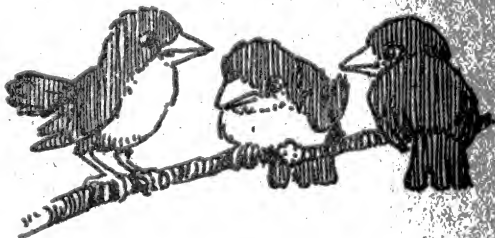
Then Robin left my hand and hopped upon my *knee* again. As he stood there he winked his eye and thought a pleasant thought; then said to me, quite pleasantly:

“Dear Sir, I think I ought to do the work I have to do. I’m working on a *Nest*. Shall I tell more about myself? I’ve *told* you all the best.”

“Just as you choose,” I said to him; “*but*, little Robin Bird, I have enjoyed your story so, I *loved* each happy word.”

“O! is that *so*?” he said to me. “Then I might just as well go on with all the little that is left for me to tell.”

THEY LEARNED TO HOP UPON
A PLEASANT LIMB.

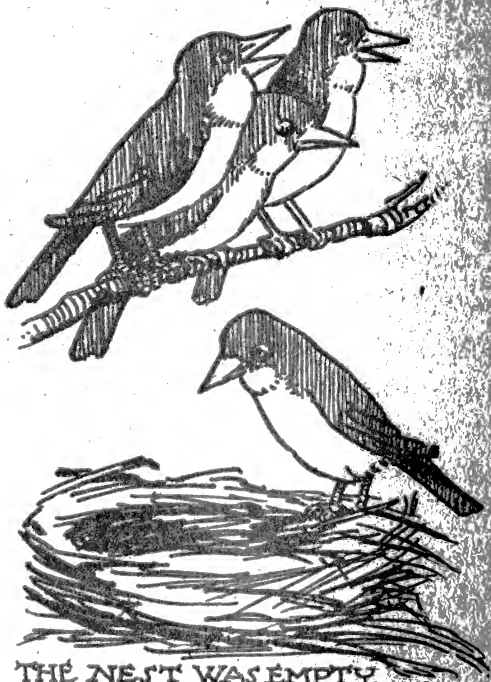


ONE OF THE BOYS TRIED TO FLY.

“O, thank you, Dear! I *thank* you, Dear!” I said to Robin Bird, and, as he talked, I listened to each happy birdie-word.

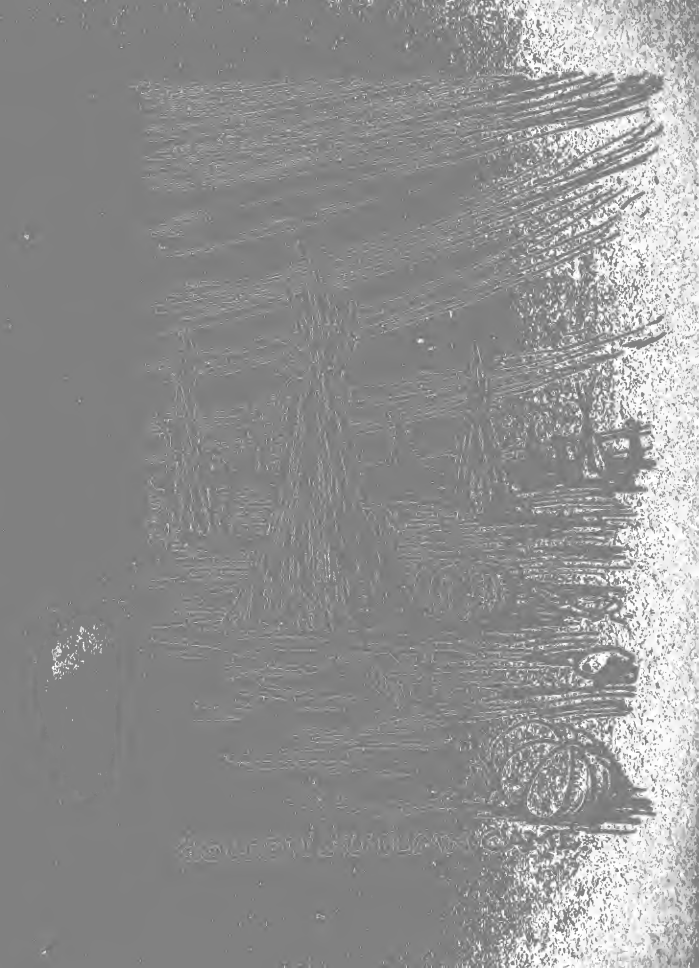
“Well, Mr. Sir, the days went by, and ere so very long our Children grew; their *wings* did, too, and they were well and strong. As time went on their MOUTHS began to grow real nice and *small*; as for their quilly necks and legs, they were not bad at all. Then very soon they learned to hop upon a pleasant limb. *One* of my Boys tried hard to fly, which was quite smart of him. Then Mother Bird and I taught all our Children how to *fly*; and it was quite exciting, Sir, to see those Birdies *try*. At last

THEY SOON COULD SING
THE SWEETEST SONGS.



THE NEST WAS EMPTY.

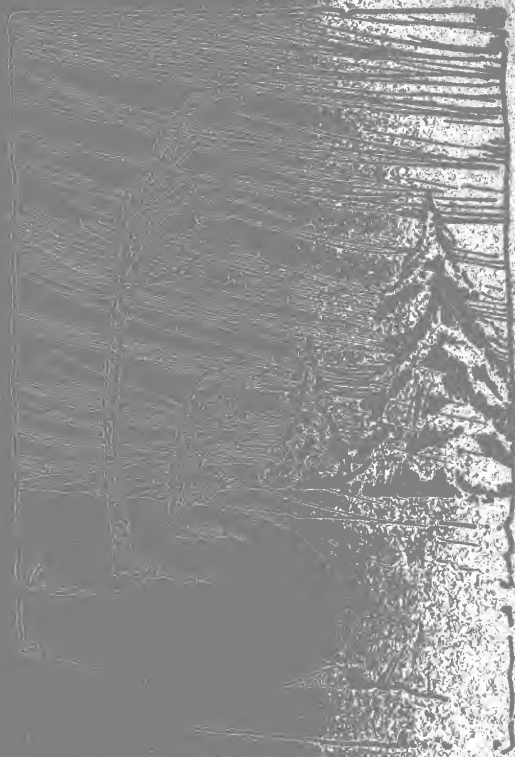
our Robins learned to chirp, and then they learned to sing: this made their Mother very glad, and proud as any thing. And so the sunny Summer passed and golden Autumn came, but we were *happy* and we did our singing just the same. At last there came a day when I went to our Nest, to see if every one was very well; but no one sang to me. My Boys were gone. Their wings were strong. My Sons had flown away far to the South, where good Old Sun makes Spring-time *every* day. I called for Lady *Mother* Bird, but no one answered me; and so I waited there a while upon our Nesting Tree. I think my Lady Mother Bird went with her precious



Sons, for Mothers are quite apt to think *big* Boys are *little* ones."

Here Robin stopped his story for a quiet little wink, for that's how Robins try to hide the lonely thoughts they *think*. But very soon he winked at me in quite *another* way. He combed his pretty feathers, and I heard my Robin say:

"Yes, it was getting very cold. The leaves were falling down, and made the ground all beautiful with red and gold and brown. I couldn't find a single Worm. I hunted everywhere; but it was *cold*, and somehow, Sir, I did not seem to care. Just once or *twice* I tried to sing, but all the Trees were bare; so my poor song



COLD WINTER COATS WITH SNOW.

was very short, and seemed quite *useless there.*"

"O, little Bird! Dear little Bird! don't tell me more," I said.

But Robin pinched my *quiet* knee and cocked his little head. And then he shook his pretty wings and ruffled up his breast, and said:

"I'll *thank* you, Mr. Sir, to listen to the *rest.* And then the Wind far from the North began to blow and blow. Then very soon the cold, gray Sky sent down some *flying* snow. Before my very eyes I saw some lonely Leaves go by. How strange it was to see the things that Winter helped to *fly.* O! it was cold. Dear Spring was gone, and I could plainly see

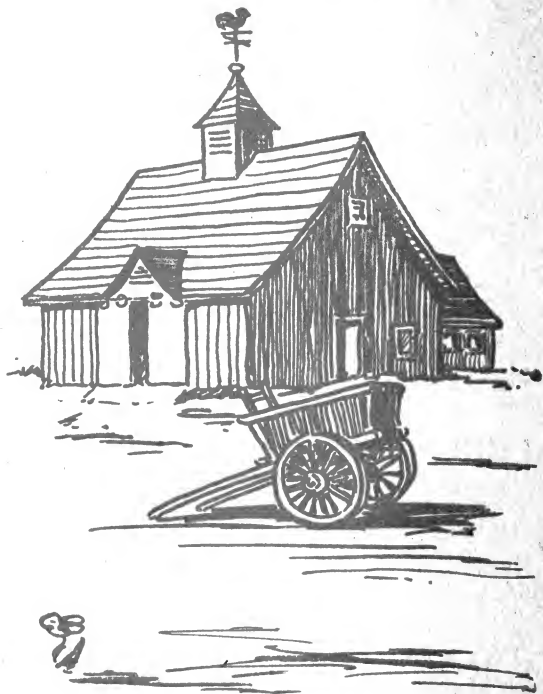


A NICE BARN ALL FULL OF HAY.

that where such funny things could fly was not the place for *me*. So I tucked in my feathers tight, and hurried fast away to just the *niciest, warm-est* BARN, all full of *Summer's* HAY. In that nice Barn I found a perch, as cozy as could be; and it was just the *safest* place for Robin Birds like me. I tucked my head beneath my wing, for some one kind has told how *wings* are *good* to make you warm whenever you are cold. I didn't even sing a word; I knew my song would keep until dear Spring came back again. So I FELL FAST ASLEEP.

“All Winter long I dreamed a dream about my pleasant Spring; and, maybe, *one* wee, dreamy Song got under-

THIS IS THE BARN WHERE ROBIN
SPENT THE WINTER.



neath my wing. Yes, I am very *sure* one did, because my heart was kept so full of love and happiness through all the time I slept."

That was the end of Robin's tale; so Robin chirped at me, and gave a tiny, little scratch upon my quiet knee.

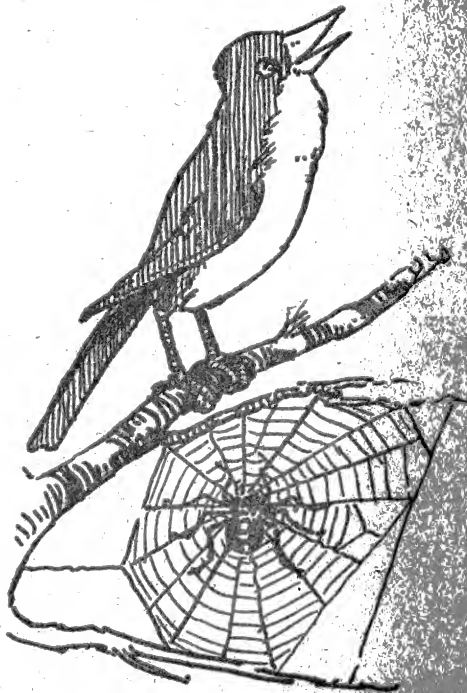
"Good-bye, dear Mr. Sir," he said. "I have a lot to do."

"*Good-bye*, dear Robin Bird," I said. "I'm much obliged to you."

"Don't *mention* it," said Robin Bird. "Please listen and I'll *sing*. I'm building just the *dearest* Nest. It's Spring! It's Spring! It's *Spring!*"


Away flew little Robin Bird; and soon a joyous Song came back to me

ROBIN SANG ME THE VERY
SWEETEST GOODBYE SONG.



from Robin's NEST, and it was sweet and long. That's all, my Dears, I have to tell of what such Robins do, because I know their happy Songs are made up *just* for YOU. But, as for *me*, I *wish* for *you* the dearest sort of thing. I wish your blessed little Hearts to be *eternal* SPRING.





I wonder if you
like the pictures
in this Book?
Stacy H. Wood,
drew them for
you. John Martin.







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