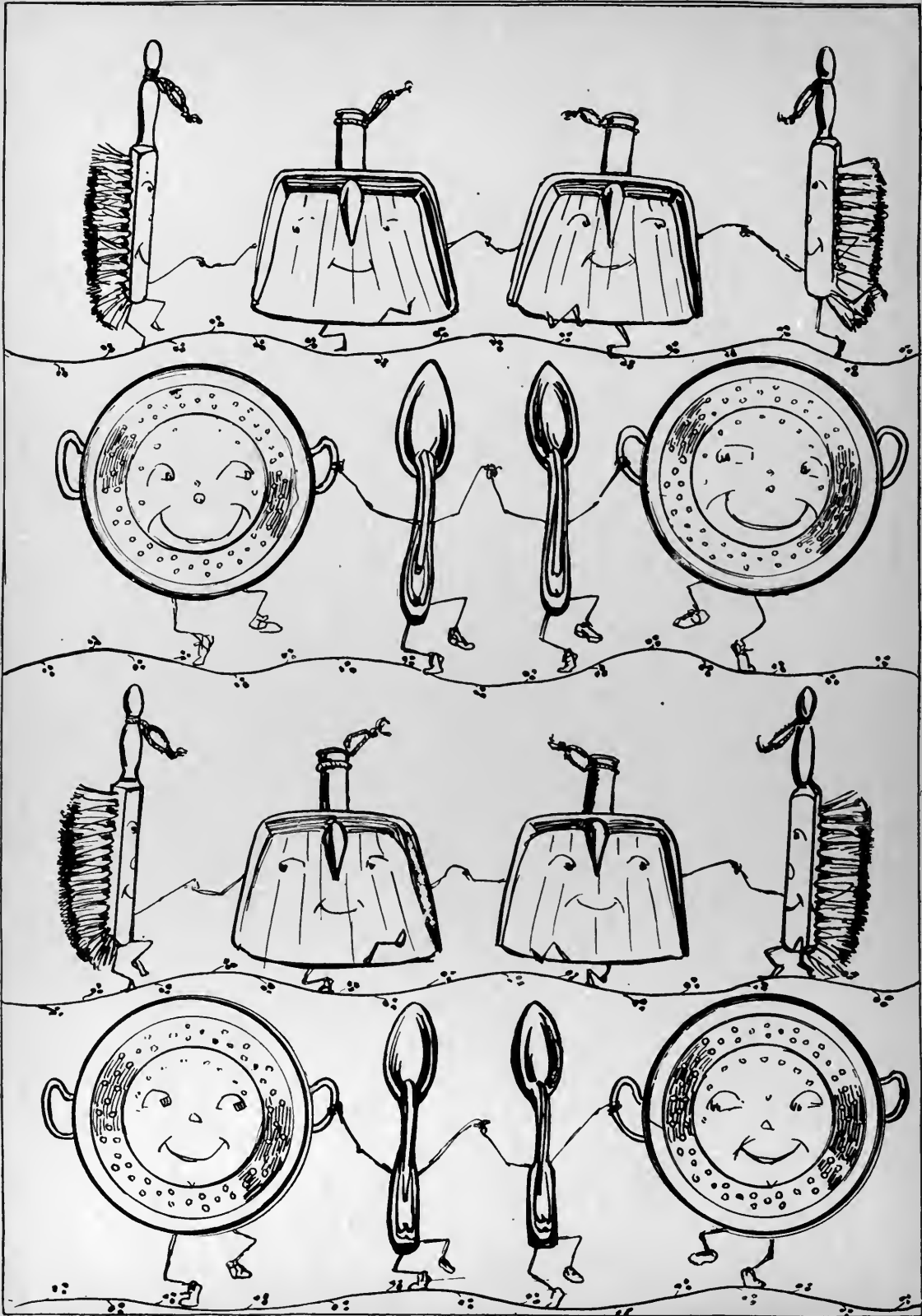
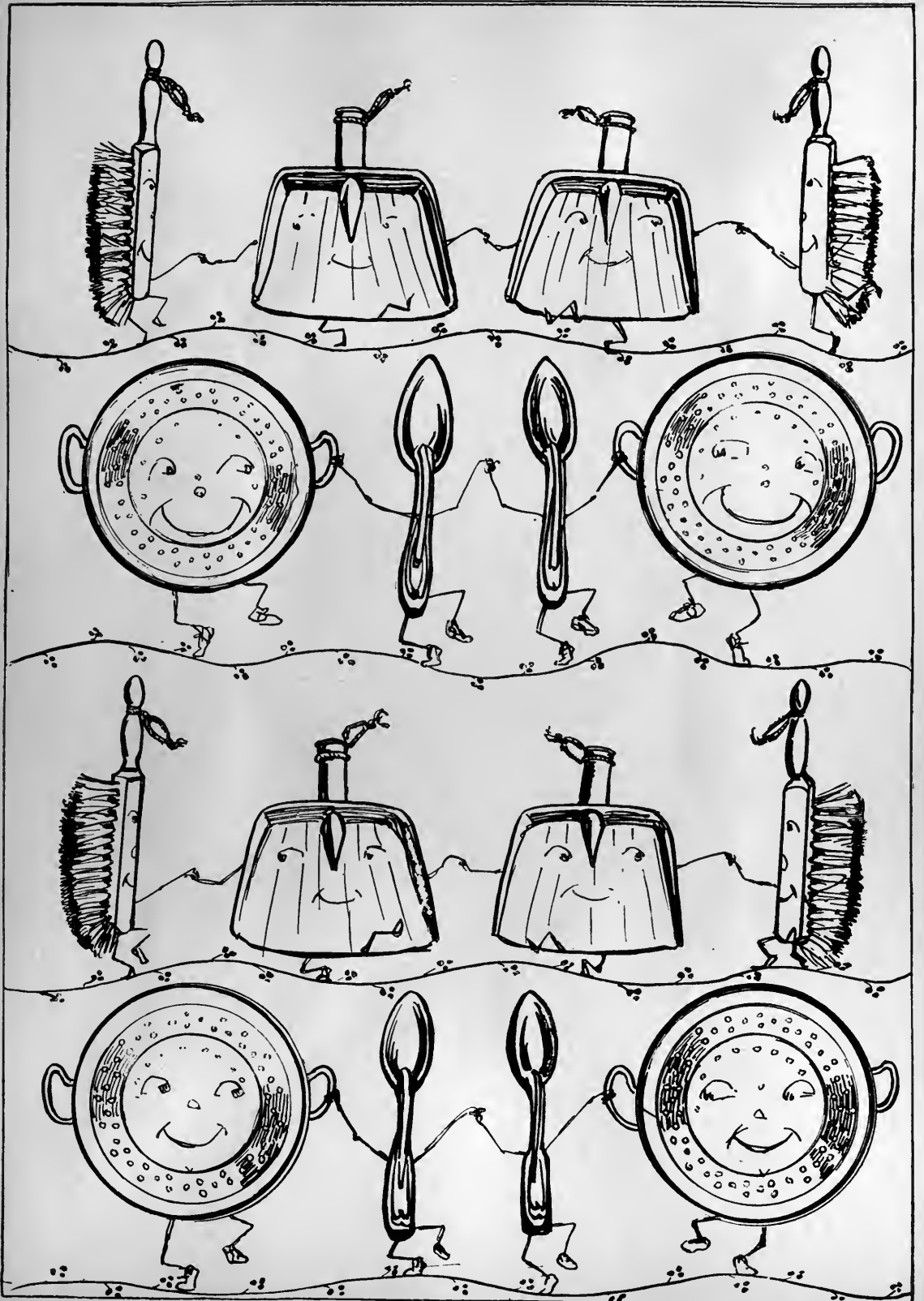


TEDDY SUNBEAM

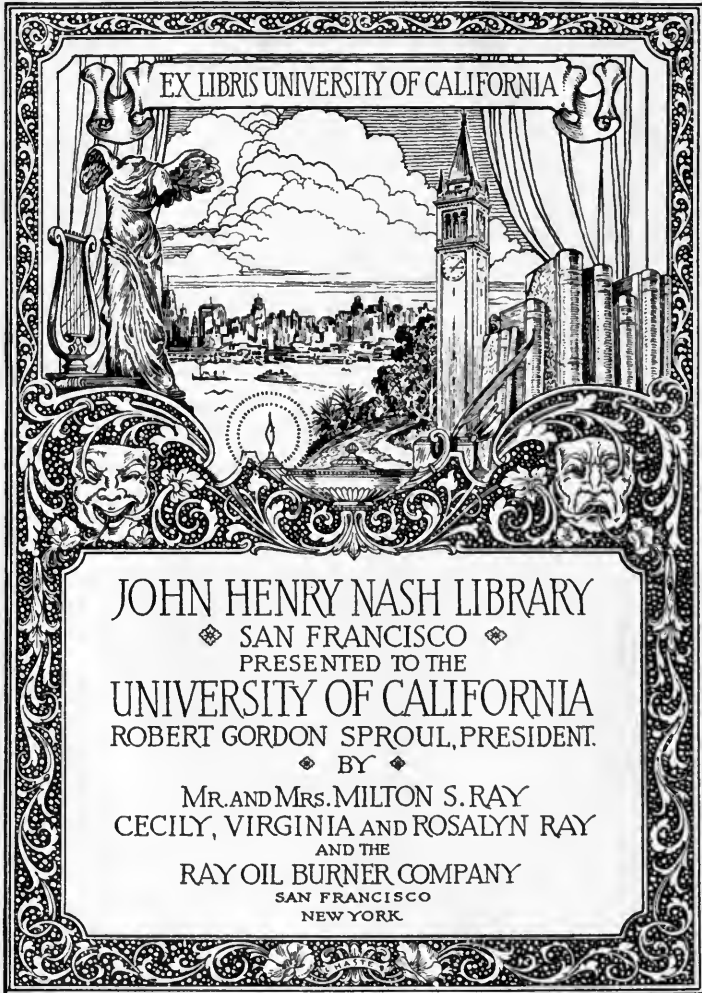


BY
GRACE SPERRY





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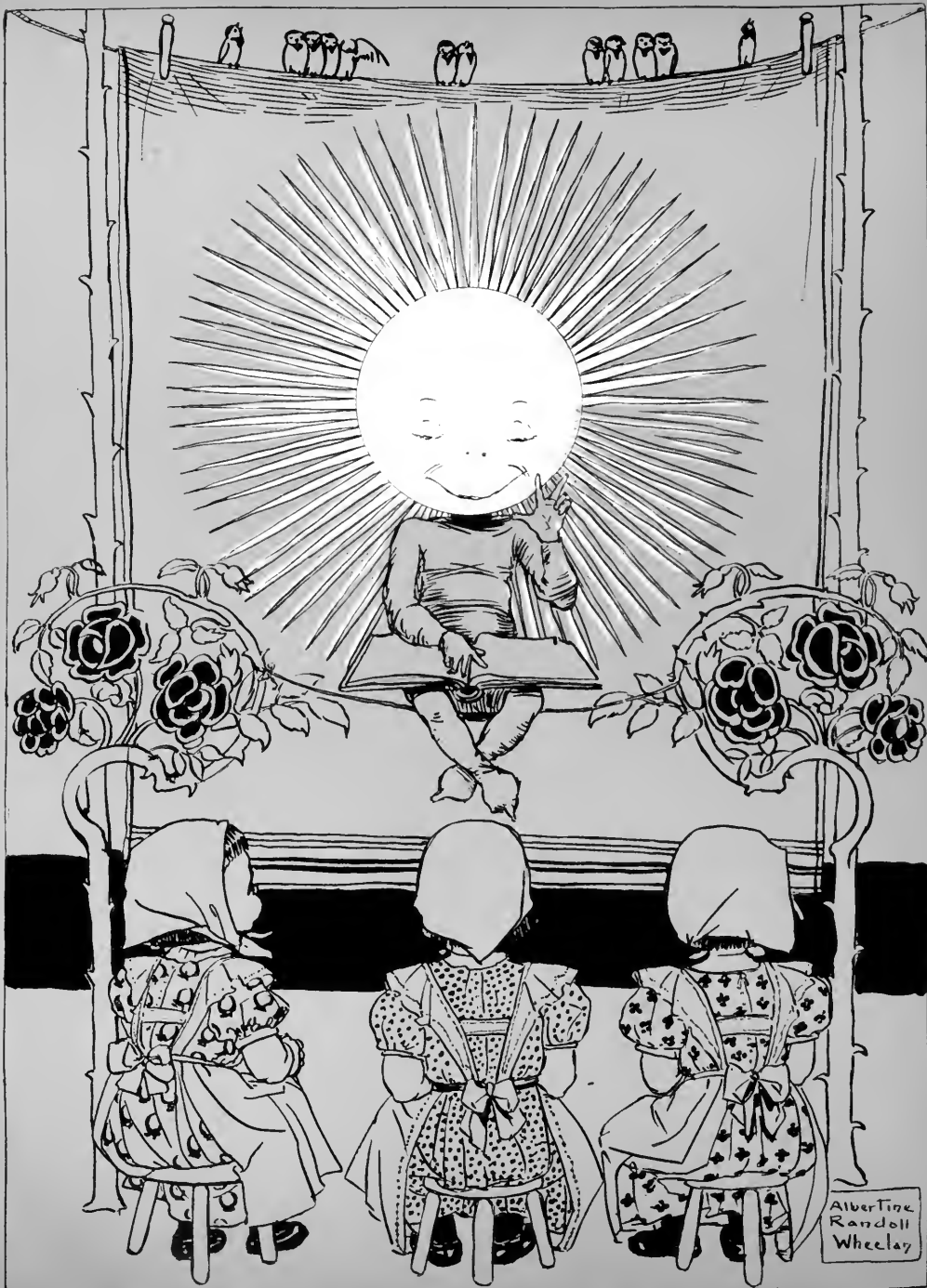


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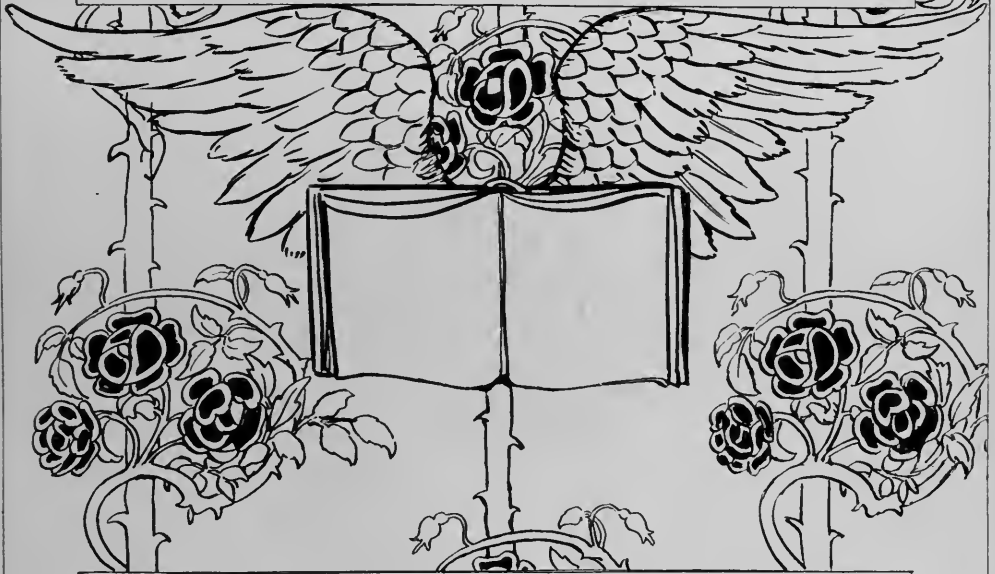
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TEDDY SUNBEAM

LITTLE FABLES
FOR LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS
BY
CHARLOTTE GRACE SPERRY



PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY
PUBLISHERS, SAN FRANCISCO

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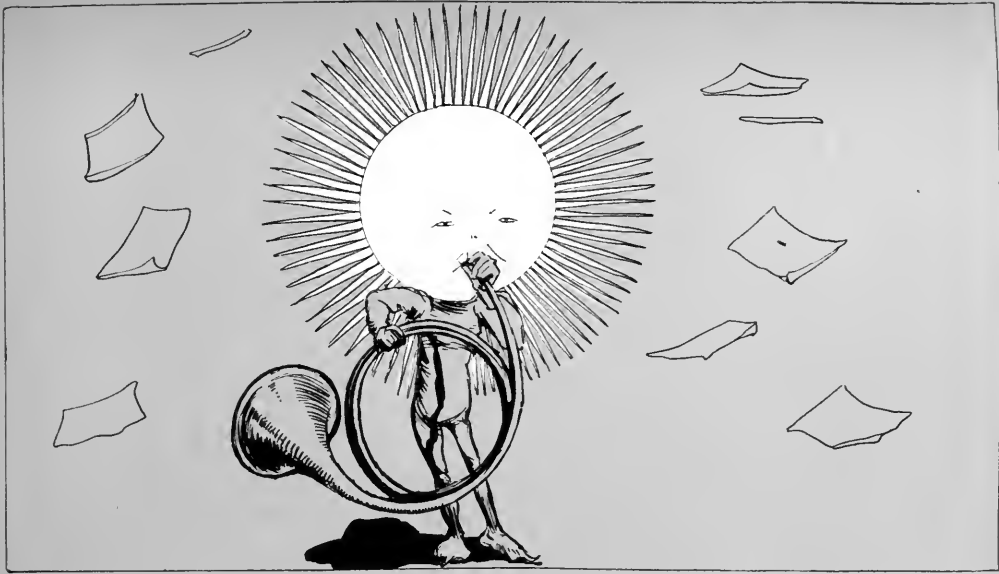


The Tomoyé Press
San Francisco



To Mary R. Smith,
the friend of all girls,
this little volume is
affectionately dedicated.

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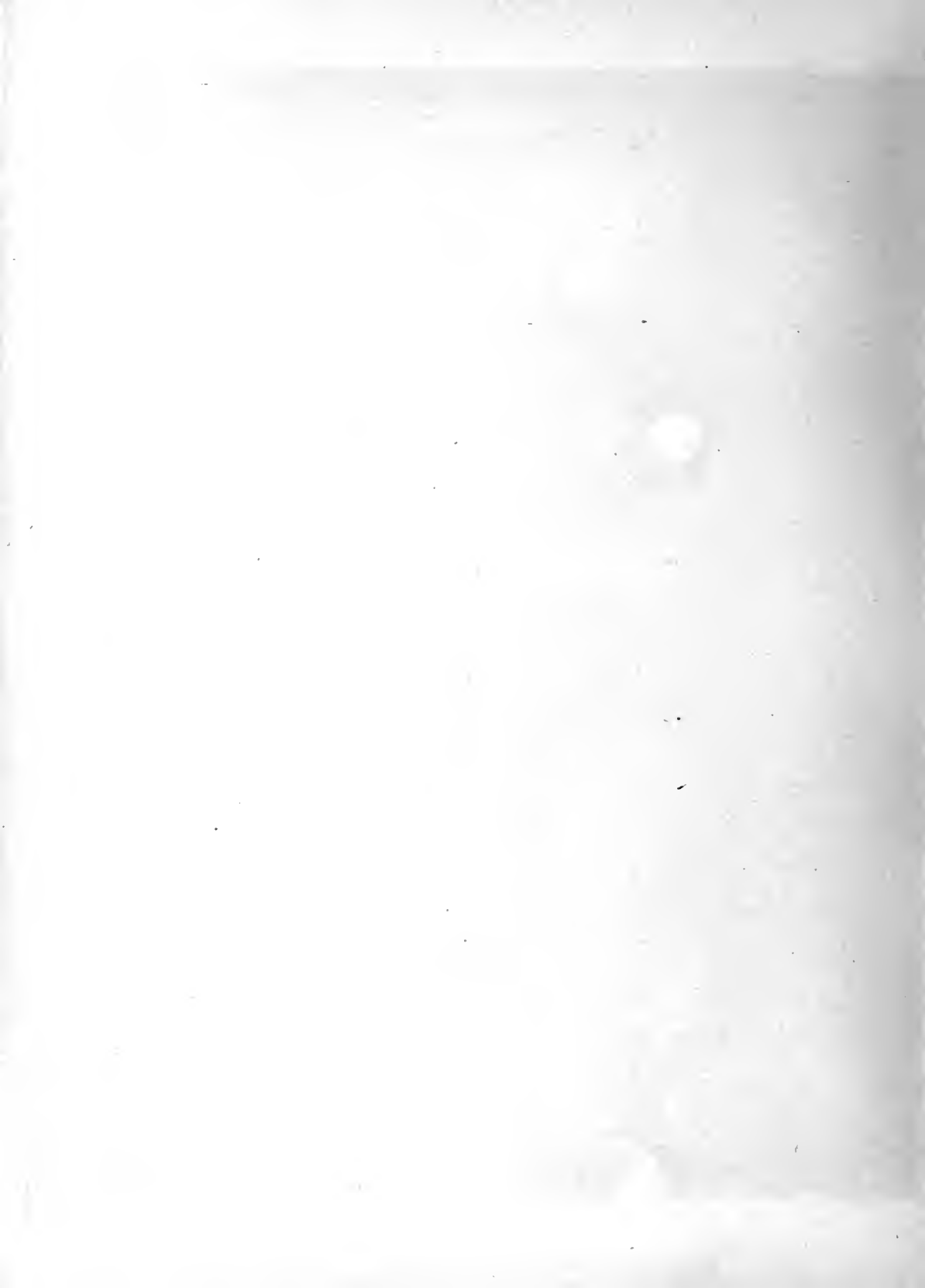
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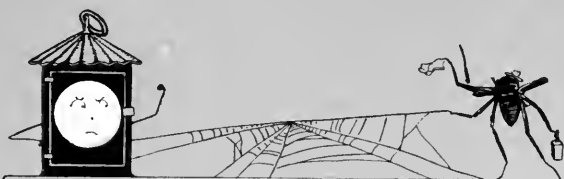
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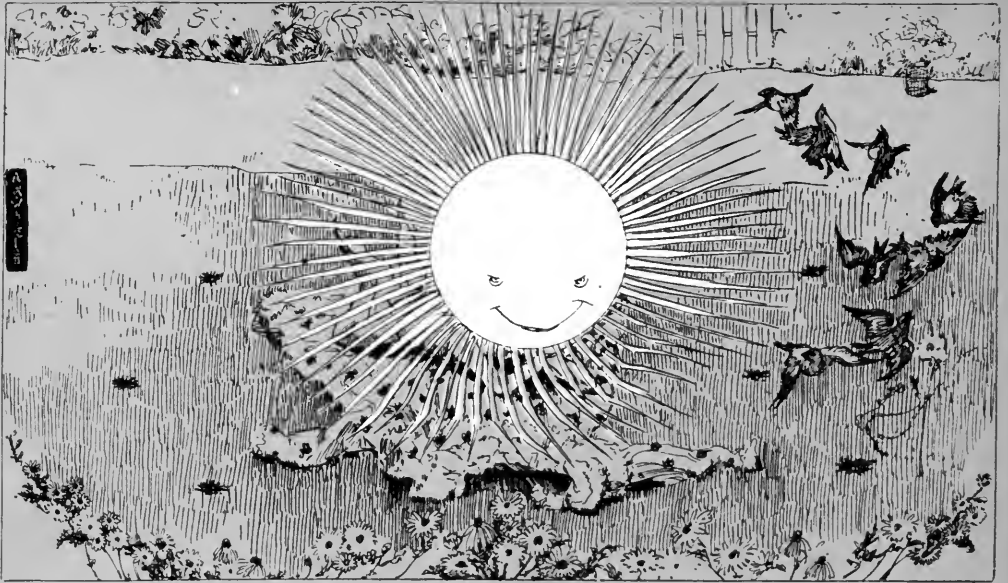
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TEDDY SUNBEAM



Mr. Nobody's Fault.

Mr. Nobody did it. That was certain. At first Mama supposed one of the children had been guilty of carelessness, but it soon transpired that this was not so. Mr. Nobody alone was to blame. It was he who had carelessly thrown a wet towel into the clothes-basket instead of hanging it on the edge to dry; then some one threw a white dress on top.

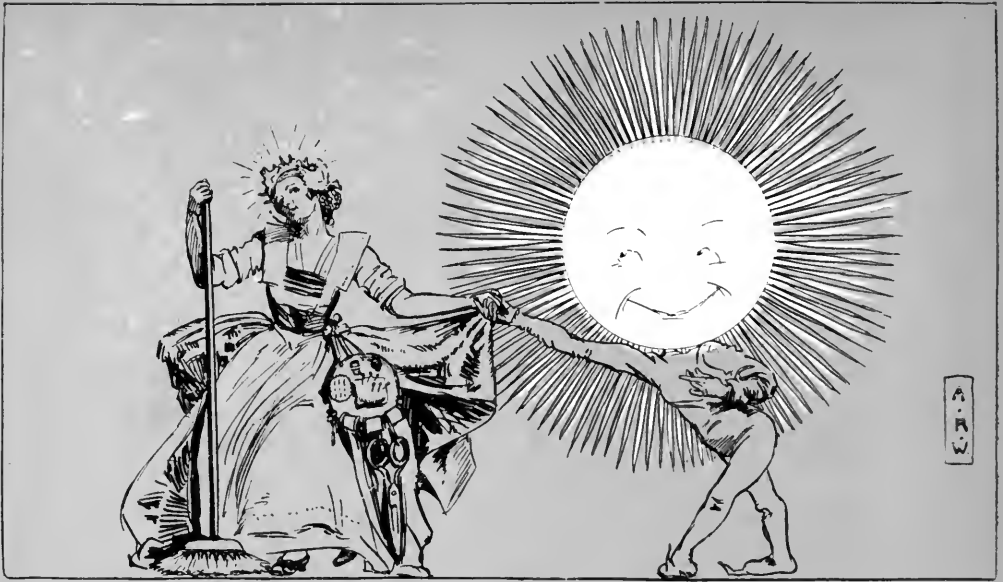
The towel could not dry and in resentment made the dress damp, with the result that both became mildewed. The pretty little dress was covered with spots and seemed ruined. Mama looked so sad about it, but strange enough she

looked sorrier still, when she found that Mr. Nobody had caused the mischief.

I wonder if this was why Mama's face was so sad as she took the dress carefully to the laundry and put salt on each spot which she carefully moistened with lemon juice, and then carried the dress out and spread it on the lawn for Teddy Sunbeam to do the rest.

At first Teddy sulked and retired behind a cloud; he did not quite like to repair damage that Mr. Nobody had caused. Presently, though, his mood changed and he came out all smiles and beat the spot with his rays until it faded slowly but surely away.





Miss Lend-a-Hand.

“Dear little Lend-a-Hand,
With cheeks all aglow,
Was still busy at work,
I want you to know.

“Her tasks had been finished
Sometime in the past—”

“Why don’t you go on?” demanded Miss Rainbow when Teddy Sunbeam paused and wiped his moist brow with a cloudlet.

“Don’t know any more.”

“Teddy Sunbeam!”

“I don’t, honest.”

“I thought every one knew her story.”

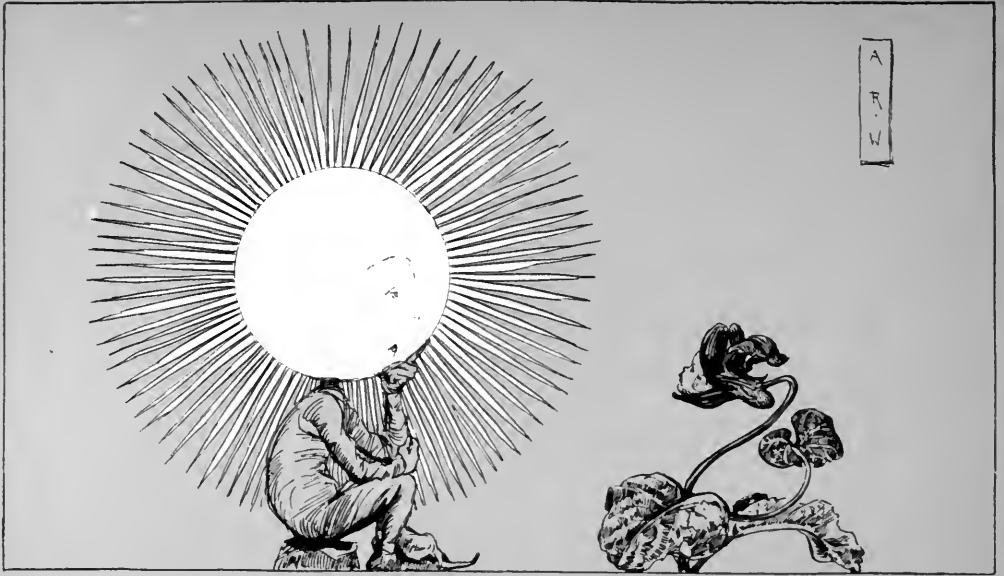
“Guess they do, but that don't mean they can repeat all the verses written about her.”

“Why is she such a favorite?” suddenly asked Starbeam who had just waked up from a nap.

He knew very few of the fairies that lived in the Land of Day, but Teddy Sunbeam tried to keep him posted about them.

“Why is she such a favorite? Listen, Starbeam, and I will tell you. Princess Lend-a-Hand, as she is lovingly called, lives on the Road of Life, where there are many little duties to perform, some hard to do if Mr. Cross is near, but all possible to accomplish. Lend-a-Hand has her tasks, too, but when hers are finished she never hastens away,—she lingers near, giving a bright smile or a cheery word; and many times, too, she offers a hand to those who have found their path invaded by Mr. Weariness and Mr. Slow. With her aid those who are behind find themselves aided and cheered; she does all this with a sunny smile and watchful eyes that never miss a chance to help another. Is it strange we all love her?” queried Teddy Sunbeam.





Only Four Words.

“Mother will never know.”

Only four words, but they saddened Mother's day, and while the children thought it was a headache that made her so quiet, they little realized the dull, heavy ache in the loving heart.

Teddy Sunbeam, peering in at the window, saw the sad look in Mother's eyes and knew the cause. Flitting away, he told Miss Violet of it. She was his confidante, his favorite in all the garden of flowers; her gentle sympathy always comforted him, and he thought that a bit of perfume which he might carry from her into the open window would cheer a bit.

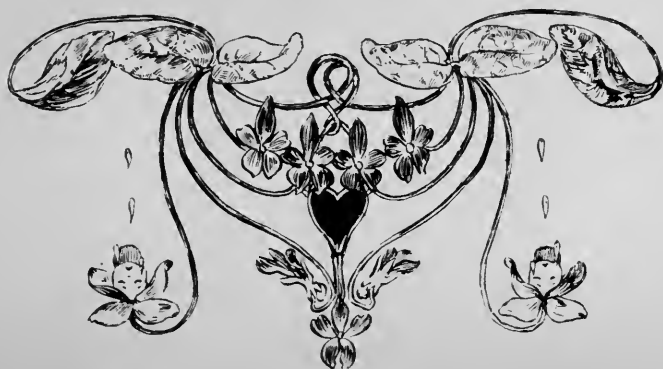
“It isn’t so much that Mother will not know about the little things,” moaned Violet, “but the people who do know will blame her; they will think the children know no better, that she does not love them and has failed to teach them the difference between right and wrong.”

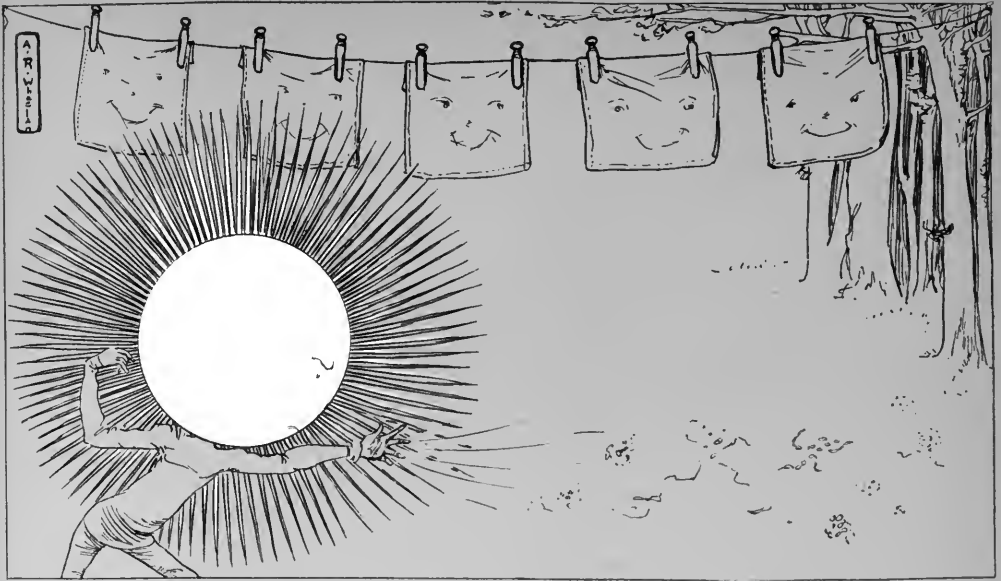
“Yes,” said Teddy, “and the very fact of hiding anything from her is deceit.”

“Almost as bad as a fib!”

“Just as bad, for every bit of deceit means another thorn for Miss Rose.”

“Yes, Teddy, but think of Mother’s sorrow! She doesn’t mind the blame that comes to her for the children’s naughty deeds as much as the thought that if they loved her they would never do anything that they did not want her to know.”





The Microbe's Foe.

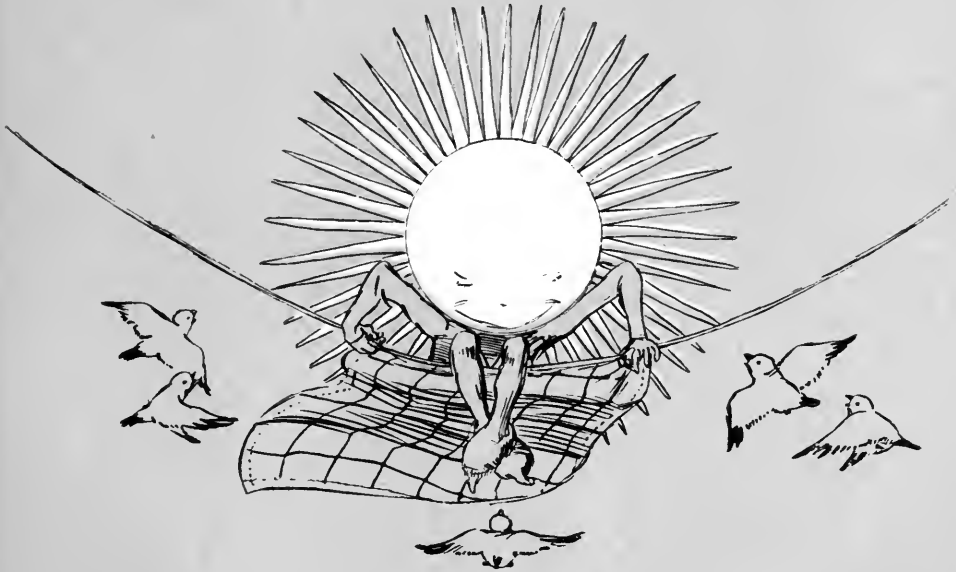
Here's a tale of dish-rags,
Left hanging in the sun;
Four and twenty minutes
And the work's begun.

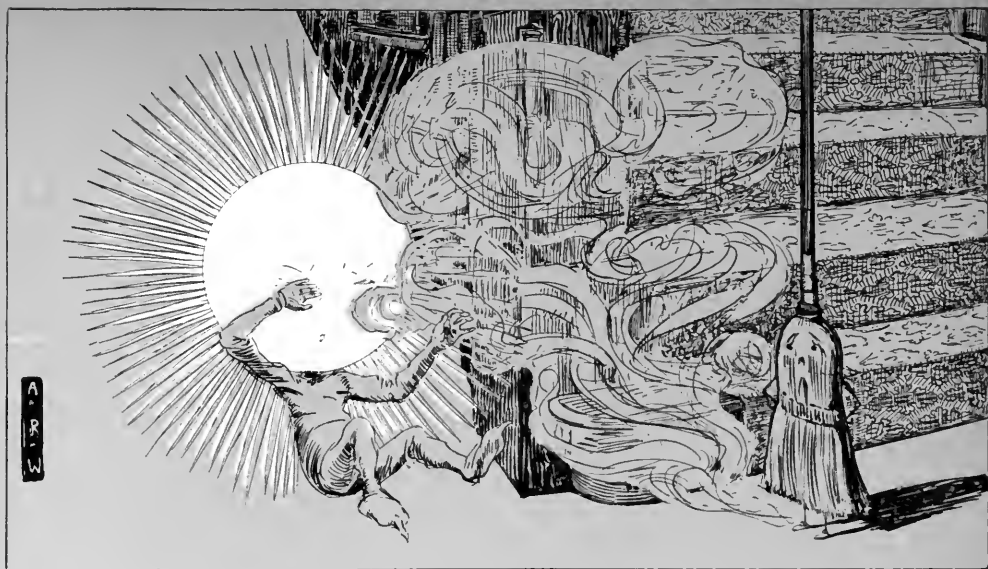
Soon the odors vanish,
And when the cloth is dry,
"There is smell of nothing,"
The little microbes cry.

Leave the dish-rag hanging
All wet beside the sink,
And the smells are many,
No matter what you think.

And there, too, lurks grave danger,
For germs are gaining ground,
Where evil smells are dwelling
And microbes stalk around.

Then let Teddy Sunbeam
Fight the microbe band,
Let him dry the dish-rags
Throughout all the land.





Teddy on the War-path.

Teddy Sunbeam was coughing and sneezing so from the dust, and his face was so clouded by it, that Miss Broom hardly recognized him when he came in through the hall door.

“Nice welcome, I must remark; a little more dust and dirt and I could not have found my way in at all.”

“But, Teddy, it is sweeping day.”

“Don’t care if it is; there is no sense in blinding a fellow in this way.”

“Please don’t be so cross.” Miss Broom looked up pleadingly.

“Can’t help it. Just look at Miss Picture

Frame all covered with dust! Who can climb up there and clean her? You can't stand a ladder on the stairs. And look at those banisters! I know one little girl that will have one long piece of work dusting them. What on earth possessed you to brush all the dirt from the upper hall down the stairs, step by step?"

"I don't know," sobbed Miss Broom.

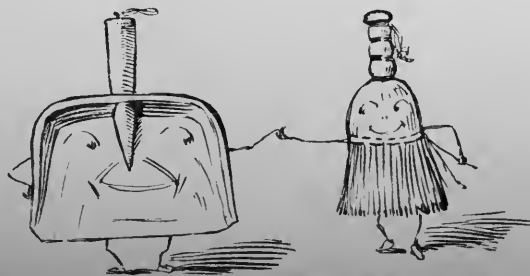
"It raises a horrid cloud that way and causes so much more work."

"Well, what would you have them do?" snapped Mr. Carpet.

"Do? Why, have Mr. Dust Pan take up all the dirt from the upper hall, and then his cousin, Miss Whisk Broom, can give him the dust and dirt from each step in succession—that way comparatively no dust will be raised and lots of work saved."

"Oh, Teddy, you are so wise!"

"Ought to be; lived long enough." And Mr. Sunbeam slid gaily up the banisters; he had planted a good seed and was happy.





The Violet's Tear.

“Little Miss Pansy Face, out on the lawn, woke one day with a most prodigious yawn.”

“Oh, is that you, Mr. Sunbeam? Good morning!” and Pansy’s bright greeting woke every one around.

“Yes, I believe it’s I,” said Teddy.

“Go on with your poetry, Mr. Sunbeam.”

“No, I have finished. I would much rather hear one of your celebrated thoughts—‘Pansy for thoughts’”—quoted Teddy, gallantly.

Pansy smiled, and hung her head modestly, while Teddy crept closer, and whispered: “Tell me, Pansy.”

“I’ve nothing new this morning; I’ve only been thinking of the story Robin told me at dawn; it seems so sad.”

“Why, what?”

“The cause of the little white tear deep down in the heart of Violet. Shall I tell you?”

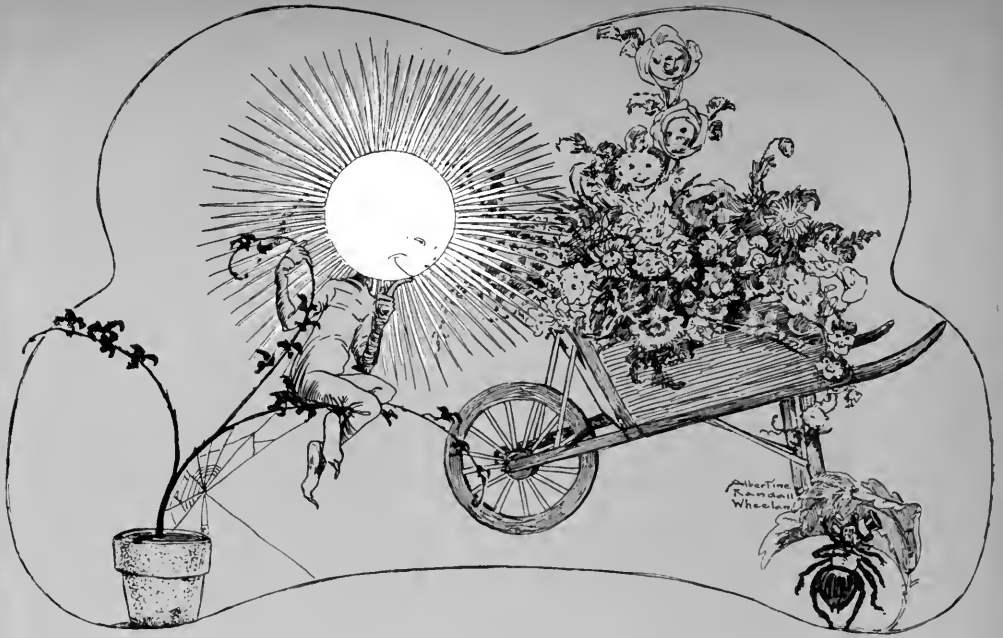
“Please.”

“Robin says that the little tear in Violet’s heart is the home of I Forget. The children, with their little magic tongues, scatter many of them along the way, and each one lodges in a Violet’s heart, leaving that spot of white in the royal purple.

“Bravely each spring Princess Violet comes back to earth hoping that I Forget will have been vanquished forever by General Will Remember, but the careless little ones seem against her, even though Mama tries so hard to prevent it, and so all the beautiful, bright days of her short life the little white tear lies at her heart.”

Pansy finished, and silently Teddy Sunbeam crept over and kissed Princess Violet’s brow.





Mr. Spider's Escape.

The flowers had just been brought out from the greenhouse and were still in the arms of Mr. Wheelbarrow, waiting to be planted in the sweet-smelling earth. Suddenly there was a peal of laughter from them as Mr. Spider appeared upon the scene, warm and breathless, his hat on one side and his necktie untied. He hurried behind a leaf and hid there trembling.

Miss Violet looked sympathetic, but Miss Pansy Face shook with laughter. "Oh, you did look so funny!" she gasped; "only graceful people should run."

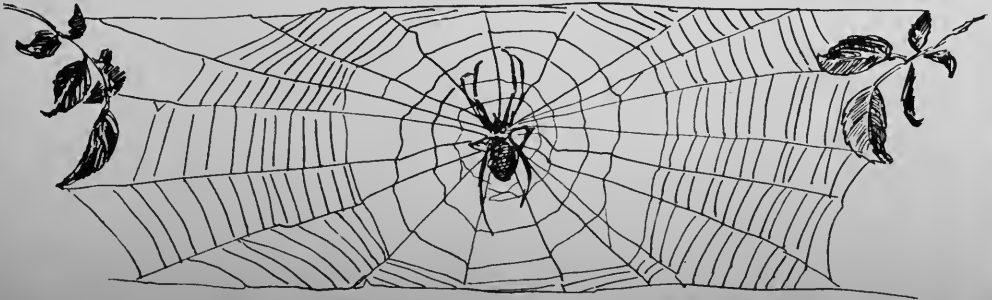
Teddy Sunbeam flitted by, remarking, "That was a narrow escape; better tell them about it."

"He's been deserting again," put in Mr. Wheelbarrow.

"Yes," confessed Mr. Spider, "I have, but I got my pay. You see, you had not yet returned to your summer home, and I was lonesome, for the trees are not always socially inclined, so I moved into the parlor and built on a picture frame. This morning in came Edna and saw me; quickly she tied her dust-cloth around the end of the broom, and reaching up lifted me and my house down. I was too frightened to jump to the floor, so clung to the broom until we were outdoors, when she shook me gently off, and now here I am home again."

"You can build a cottage under one of my leaves," offered Violet, sympathetically.

"Thanks; I prefer a rosebush foundation, for I intend building a two-story house this summer."





Prince Wasteful's Defeat.

There, on the doorstep, sat Prince Wasteful, wearing the most disconsolate look imaginable. Things were evidently going wrong with him, and Teddy Sunbeam, sailing by on the edge of a cloud, decided to investigate and find out the trouble, so he telephoned down:

“Hello, Hill 27!”

“Hello!”

“Is that you, Wasteful?”

“Yes.”

“What’s the matter?”

“Matter! Why, everything is going to rack and ruin in my kingdom. The Duke of Savings has won three battles already this morning.”

“My, that’s bad!” exclaimed Teddy, while he winked at Miss Rainbow. The Duke of Savings was their cousin, so he could not sympathize very strongly with the Prince.

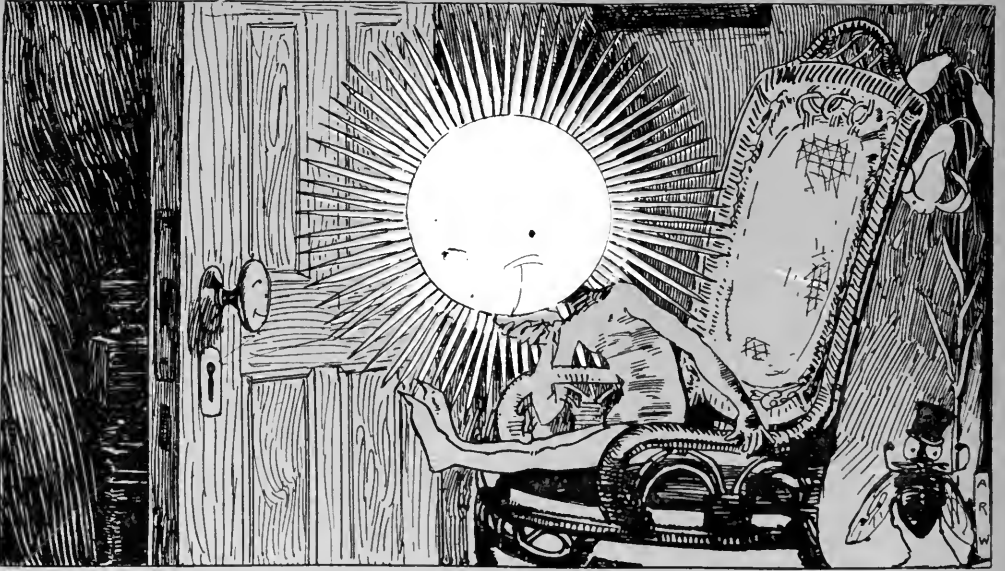
“Yes, three battles! First, when Olive made the biscuit for breakfast, in bringing the flour out from the pantry she held a pan under the sieve so it would not sift through on the floor and be wasted. Lillian, when clearing the table, carefully saved all the pieces of butter that were not mussy, and put them away for cooking.”

“Oh, sad!” murmured Teddy over the wire, as he danced gleefully on his feathery cloud.

“Yes, it was; then, after breakfast, Caroline, in washing the dishes, took all the tiny pieces of soap that belong to the Kingdom of Wastefulness, tied them in a thin cloth, and made the water soapy with that. The pieces will last for three or four times this way, otherwise they would have been used up this morning. I am really very discouraged,” and Wasteful sighed dismally.

Just at this moment Teddy grew so hilarious that Central rang off.





The Woes of Mr. Fly.

“What in the world is the matter with you, Mr. Doorknob?” asked Teddy Sunbeam, when he came in early the other morning.

“I was laughing about that fine joke on Mr. Fly. He is so conceited that he thinks no one can get the best of him.”

“Yes, he is very conceited; you ought to see him wink at me sometimes when some one chases him with a dust-cloth and tries to get him out of the window in that way; he just sails around in the most unconcerned fashion, and goes everywhere but out.”

“He didn’t wink at you yesterday, I know.”

“I don’t remember”; and Teddy paused reflectively in the rocking-chair.

“He was too cross”; and Mr. Doorknob grinned in remembrance.

“Come, tell us about it.”

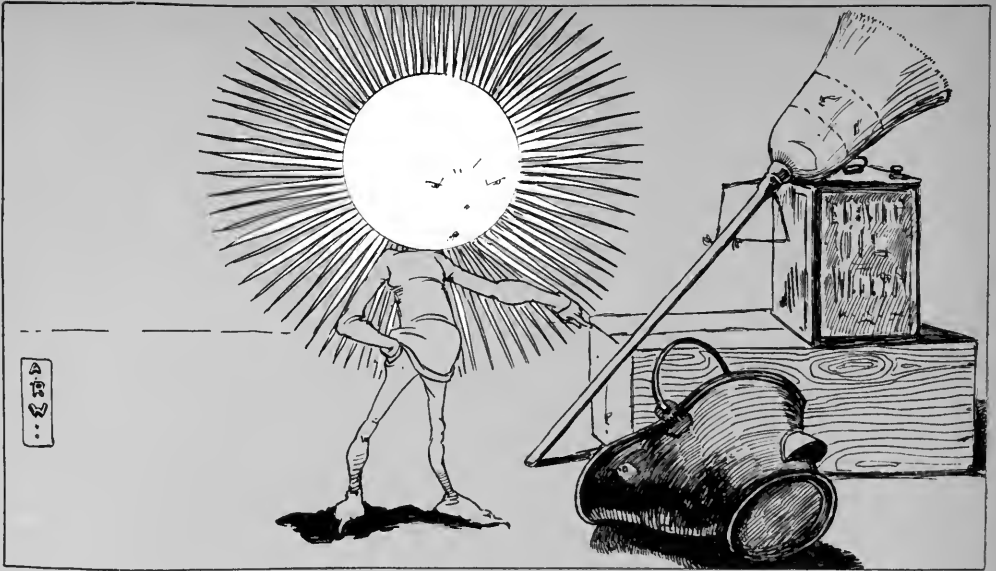
“Well, Teddy, it was this way: Mr. Fly and his clan had been having no end of fun in here all the morning while the windows were up to sun and air the room. Presently, in came Irene. She put down all the windows save one, which she left open a couple of inches. Then she pulled down every curtain except the one at the open window. This she lowered until it was within two inches of Miss Windowsill’s nose. Surely you remember this, Teddy?”

“Yes, I do; Mr. Fly’s second cousin came up and asked me where he was.”

“Well, when the shades were all down, so it was rather dark but delightfully cool, Mr. Fly grew angry—he cannot see in the dark; he groped his way to the crack of light, met you there and followed you out; then he couldn’t find his way back.”

“Oh! how mad he must have been, for he said nothing could get him out of the house!”

“Mad!” and again Mr. Doorknob laughed merrily; “you ought to have seen him. Why, he fairly screamed with rage!”



Mr. Coalscuttle.

Mr. Coalscuttle lay on his side in the middle of the floor, instead of being in a dignified, upright position at one side of the cellar; and, worst of all, he did not appear to care.

“Do you know,” he remarked to Miss Door-sill, “that Teddy Sunbeam has been around scolding again? This morning he found fault with my position here—just as if I were to blame. He scolded Miss Broom for not sweeping up the dirt and shavings on the floor, declared she ought to stand up straight instead of leaning way over against Mr. Coal-oil-can, and really made himself very disagreeable to every one.”

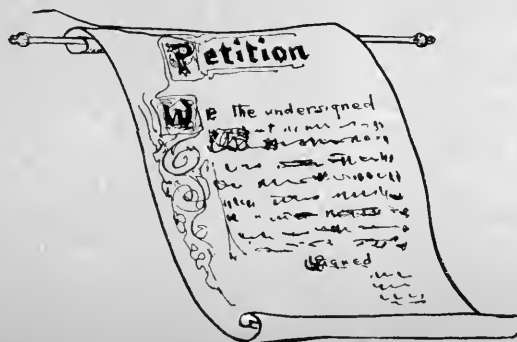
“The worst of it is, we cannot resent his taunts, for he is right,” and Miss Doorsill sighed dismally.

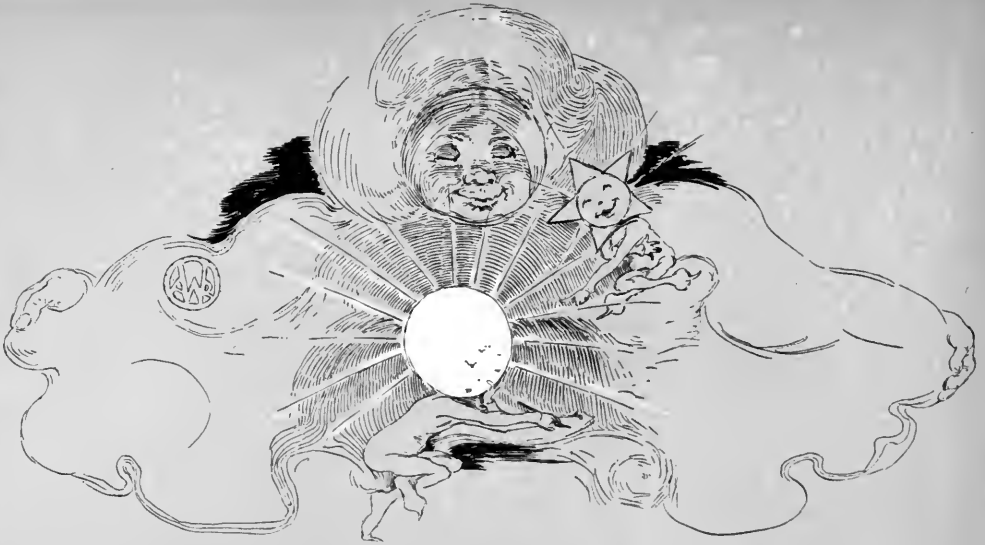
“I know that, Miss Doorsill, but if our rulers on the floor above treated us with the respect and consideration that is our due, he would have no chance to talk so.”

“That’s it,” put in Mr. Cupboard-door, who was swinging to and fro, “if they would only close me as they should, he could not peep in and see if my shelf papers were clean and my jellies and jams neatly placed. Then, the dust Miss Broom stirs up sometimes is dreadful for their health, if I am not securely fastened, but as it is I have to depend on Mr. Wind to lend me a helping hand, and he is not always to be relied upon.”

“Suppose we send in a petition urging our rights,” suggested Miss Doorsill.

“Oh, let’s!” shouted everybody.





Teddy Sunbeam's Protest.

Some people might have thought it was merely a silver lining to the cloud, but it was Teddy Sunbeam himself, wide awake and busy at work, instead of going to sleep as he usually did when Mother Weather unrolled her cloud blankets and suggested he retire.

“What is the reason of all this industry?” demanded Miss Rainbow.

“I am writing up my lectures; don't bother me.”

Teddy's dignity was so unusual and so really comical that Mother Weather laughed until she cried, and Teddy's chum, young Starbeam, fairly went into hysterics, exasperating his friend beyond measure.

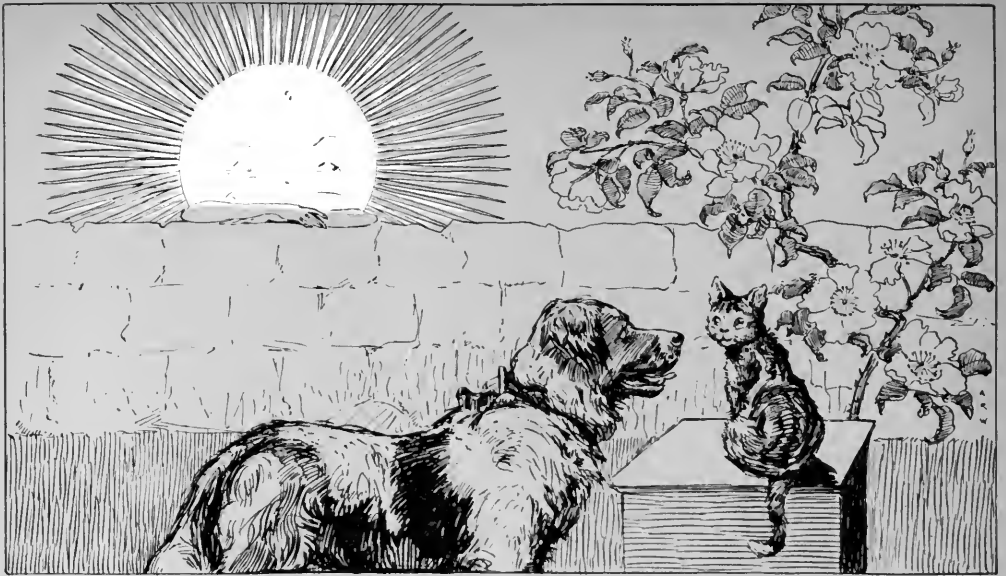
“Well,” snapped Teddy, “if they had paint where you came from, and you got it on your pants, you’d value the information I have here.”

“Oh, I would, would I? Suppose you let me be the judge of that.”

“Now, listen,” and Teddy proceeded to read from his notes: “To remove a spot of paint, take some turpentine and moisten the spot well, but first put a ring of starch around the spot, so the turpentine will not spread. After it has soaked a while, scrape gently with the back of a knife; then apply more turpentine, rubbing well with a clean cloth; keep changing the cloth, and presently the spot will all have disappeared.”

“You are a wonder!” was all that Starbeam could say.





The Doggie's Ignorance.

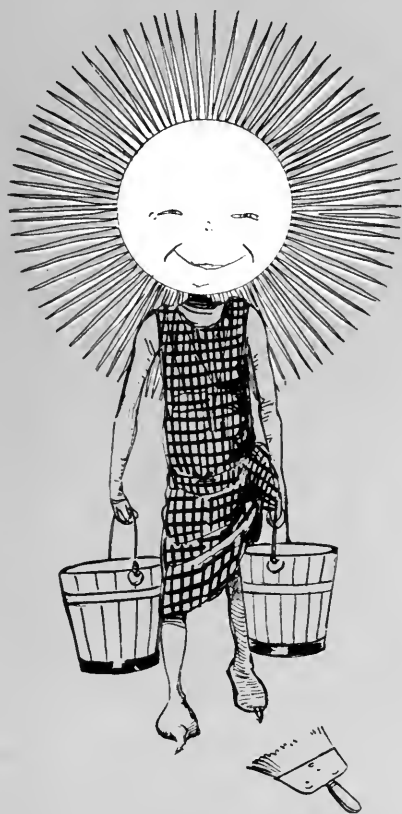
“Why, Kitten, you look as happy as can be this morning; as bright, almost, as Teddy Sunbeam.”

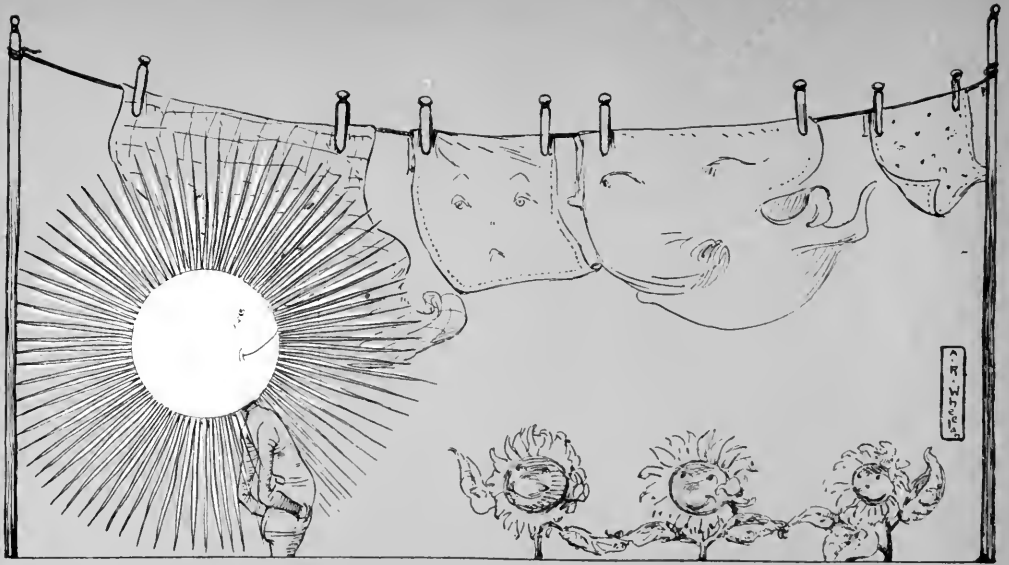
“Well, why not?”

“I expected you to have a headache, sleeping there in the basement, where everything has been freshly painted. The odor of paint makes most people ill. I know it affects me.”

“Oh, you dogs, you are so stupid!” and Kitten assumed a very superior air. “Of course, paint makes people sick, but it is so easy to prevent it. For instance, last night Bessie simply put a pail of fresh water in the basement and it quickly absorbed all disagreeable smell.

“She discovered this when the dairy was painted last week, and the water and milk absorbed all the odor. Now she is very careful not to allow milk to stand near fresh paint, as it is so easily affected and rendered unwholesome.”





Miss Dishcloth's Ancestry.

Miss Dishcloth was most thoroughly angry; every one on the clothes-line knew it, and it was only Teddy Sunbeam who had the courage to ask the reason.

“Reason! why, they have been calling me a Rag, and do you suppose for one moment that I belong to that family? Of course it was all right asking you to fight my microbes, for that is what I am outside today for; but to be called a ‘Rag’ is a thing I will not stand.”

“Well, I can remember when that was your name;” and Teddy smiled wickedly.

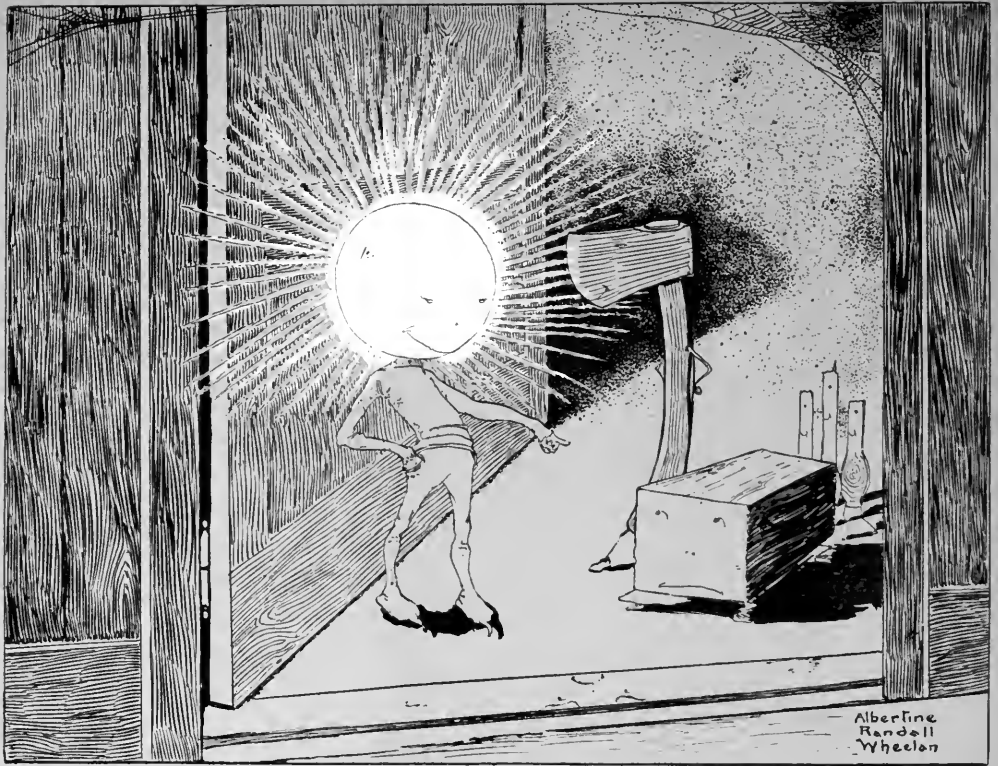
“Oh, I know; I don’t deny my ancestry, even

if it goes back fifty years. In those days there may possibly have been a family of Rags living in the kitchen, but it is very different now, and I want you to understand that I am as neatly cut and as carefully hemmed as any member of the Dishtowel family.”

“And your visiting cards—how are they engraved?”

“Why, Miss White Dishcloth, of course. I’ve every right to that distinction, and I claim it.”





Mr. Sunbeam's Visit.

"Well, of all cross-looking people!" exclaimed Teddy Sunbeam, as he came through the window into the cellar and chanced to meet Miss Doorsill.

"You would look cross, too, if you had my troubles to bear."

"No, I wouldn't; I always smile, no matter what happens."

"What about yesterday?" snapped the little lady on the floor.

“You mean when it rained? Oh, I just took a nap, and even then I was smiling behind my cloud blankets; but tell me about your trouble.”

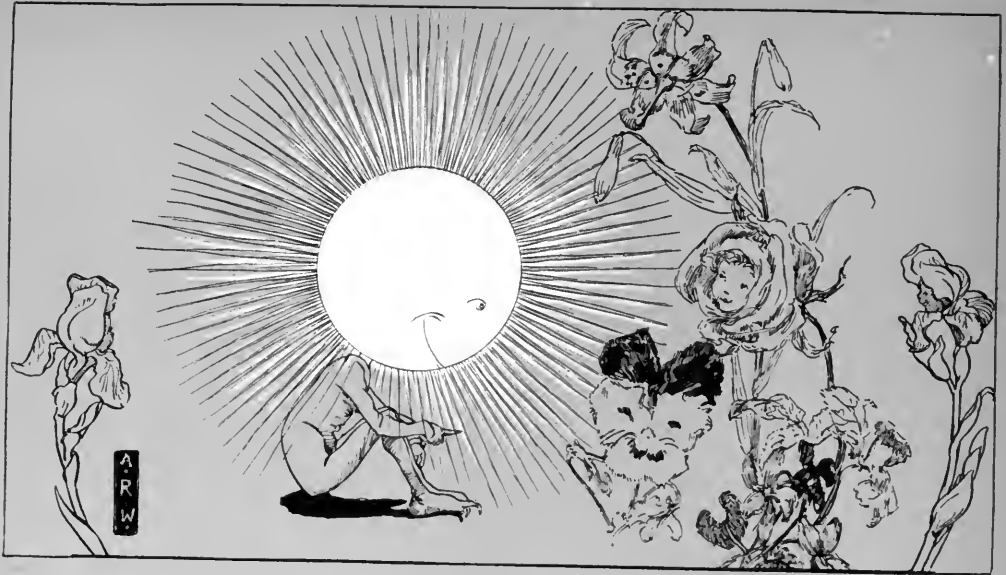
“My trouble! What do you think!” and little Miss Doorsill gulped down a sob. “Until yesterday I was the pride of the Cellar Social Circle, I was always so trim and neat. Yesterday somebody came and chopped kindling right on my shoulder, and just look at the scars! There is no complexion varnish that will cure them, and there they must stay until I die.”

“Well, I’d just like to know why you didn’t tell them to use that block of hardwood the carpenter left for that very purpose. You are certainly stupid.”

“I did tell them, but they wouldn’t listen.”

“Never mind, I shall tell, and also suggest that thin muslin curtains be put up at those windows; my beauty needs to be veiled in coming in; then, another thing,—people, in passing, do not like to see cross girls like you peering from the windows, or certain other undignified members of your set, like Mr. Coalscuttle, for instance; they had much rather gaze at the flowers with a nice muslin curtain for background.”





A Bit of Flower Gossip.

The flowers were busy getting their clothes dry after Night Dew's visit, and Teddy Sunbeam was ironing out the wrinkles.

"You heard about the Cellar Circle's petition, didn't you?" asked Violet.

"Yes," said Rose. "I wonder if it was successful?"

"I don't know," put in Ivy. "The door is never open nowadays; passers-by and tramps have no chance to peer in, or sneak in, as the latter often do. Why, even the windows are veiled with muslin curtains."

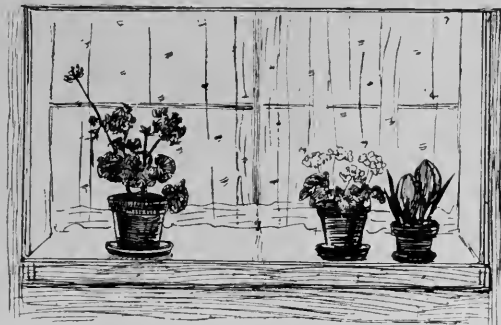
"I am glad of it, for my part, but with your

prying, creeping disposition, Ivy, it must be really annoying,” and pert Miss Pansy winked at Violet.

“I can tell you.”

“Oh, Mr. Sunbeam, do!”

“I looked in the other morning when Miss Broom was at work and the door was open for the dust to escape. Why, I didn’t know the place! The kindling was piled neatly in the corner; the coal was in its proper bin; empty bottles stood in a neat row on the shelf; clean paper was on the shelf—in fact, on all shelves; not a cobweb was to be seen, and, best of all, Miss Doorsill had a fresh coat of paint. We really must congratulate them.”





Princess Order.

Princess Order was worried; there was a wrinkle right under the little curl in her forehead. You see, she had heard that King Disorder was trying to win some of her maids of honor; he wanted them attached to his court, and small wonder, for they were dear girls. All this displeased the Princess very much, so she sent for Mr. Sunbeam, who was one of her officials, to investigate things.

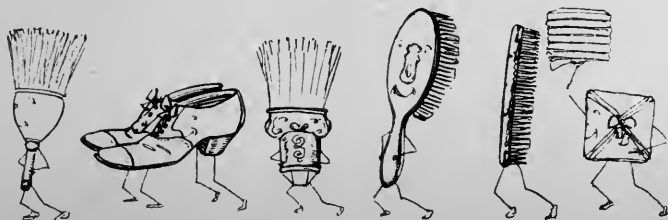
In and out of the rooms he fittted, and what did he see? Everything was in perfect order, the brush and comb neat, not a hair in either;

not a speck of dust on anything; each ribbon folded and in its place; the handkerchiefs all in a dainty pile—in fact, everything in the bureau had its own special place. Each dress in the closet was hanging by hooks and not by a sleeve. The shoes were side by side in a row; not even a picture hung crooked on the wall. Teddy couldn't even find a cobweb.

“Surely,” thought Mr. Sunbeam, “the Princess must be mistaken. King Disorder’s domain never looked like this”—at least Mr. Sunbeam had never found it so, but he couldn't be sure, for there the window-panes were so dirty that he could rarely peep into a room; here they were so clear he hardly knew when he entered.

Back to the Princess flew Teddy Sunbeam, and as he gave his report—

Quick the forehead wrinkle flew,
Into her cheek a dimple grew;
For all neatness she had smiles,
Saving frowns for Disorder’s trials.





Miss Chrysanthemum's Victory.

Miss Chrysanthemum looked very wise and exceedingly pleased with herself. The night before she had an argument with the other flowers and had been in the right. This fact gave her a very proud air as she looked over the fence and greeted Teddy Sunbeam when he came down Trestle Glen Tuesday morning.

Teddy did not wait a moment, but exclaimed: "Come, tell me all about it; I met Starbeam on my way down and he said you flowers had a perfect war of words down here last night. He declared he never heard such a heated argument. Didn't I tell you to go to sleep when I

went out through the Golden Gate last night about seven o'clock?"

"Oh, I guess you did! I don't remember; but, Teddy, please don't be cross."

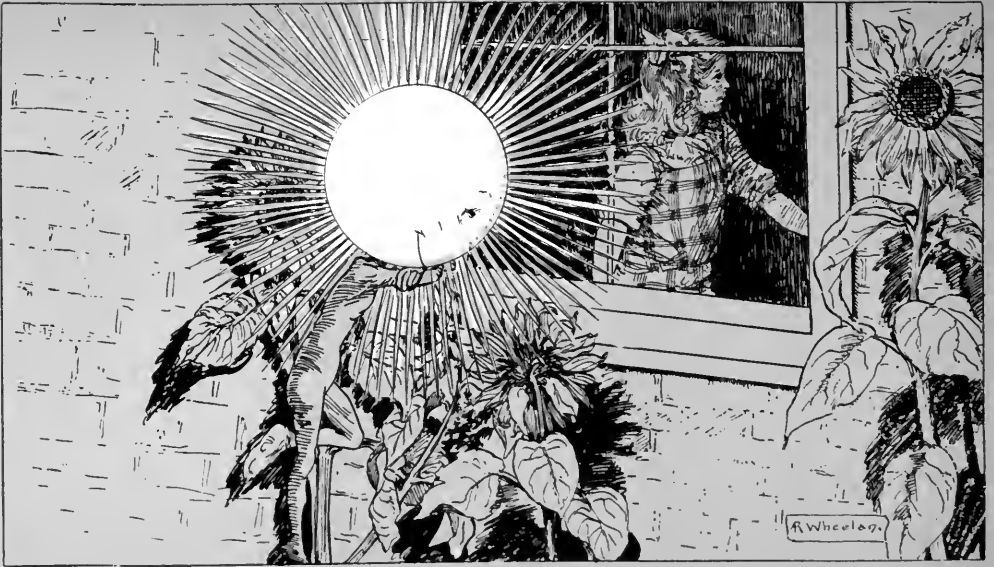
"I'm not cross; I simply don't intend to roll back all my fog veil for an hour yet."

Miss Chrysanthemum smiled and nodded her head gaily to Morning Breeze as he passed, then turned and told Teddy Sunbeam the story of the night trouble.

"You see, it was this way: We were all wondering why Fermor left the clothes on the line so late. You had gone, and we knew Starbeam was almost due. Rose declared the clothes had been forgotten; Pansy said about the same thing. I stood up for Fermor, though I did feel that if she did not hurry she certainly would not get them sprinkled. Just then, along came Night Dew; in ten minutes he had everything on that line evenly dampened, and almost immediately Fermor and Irene appeared. They worked together, removing a sheet from the line, folding it lengthwise twice, then the other way a few times. Other things were taken off and folded, and being damp, no sprinkling was necessary."

"And you didn't suppose Fermor knew all this?" queried Teddy.

"No, but I knew she would not neglect things."



Teddy Sunbeam at Work.

Teddy was up bright and early, for the Spring was well advanced, and it was his busy season. You see, in the Winter and early Spring there were whole days that he slept curled up behind a cloud blanket with never one peep at the world. Once in a while he snoozed an entire week and one never saw his face; but he always worked hard afterwards and made up for lost time. This morning there was not even a suspicion of a cloud about to tempt him.

“I am going to get material for a lecture tour,” he announced to Mr. Moon, as that night watchman went off duty.

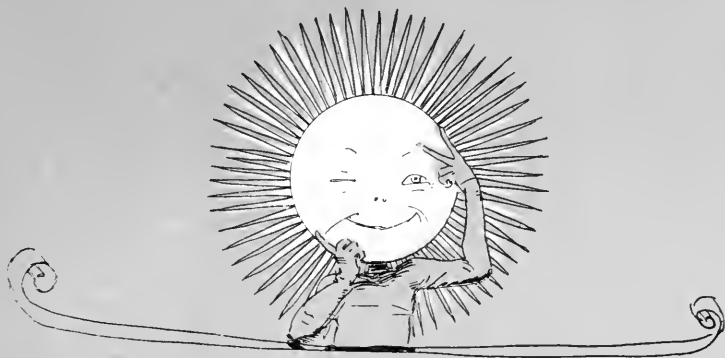
“Guess I’ll start in the kitchen; one finds the most folks there in the morning.”

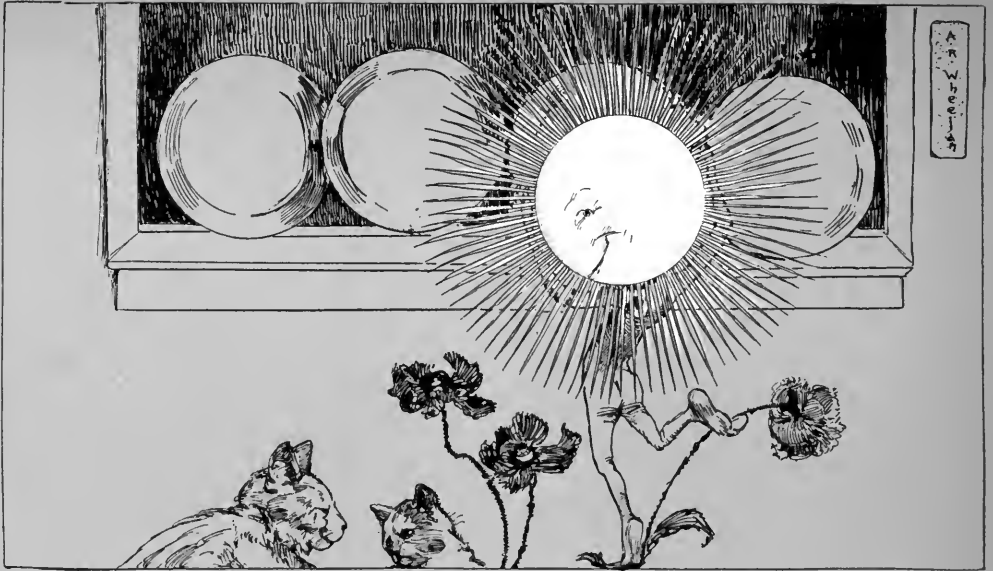
Just as he peeked in the window he heard Mama say: “Don’t put hot water in that, dear; don’t you know that dishes which have had milk, eggs, flour or potatoes in them should be rinsed first in cold water, which tends to dissolve and loosen everything, while hot water cooks and thus hardens these substances and makes the dishes much harder to wash?”

“But greasy things must have hot water to loosen the dirt,” put in Bonniedel.

“That’s right,” laughed Mama, glad that her little girl was remembering past lessons.

“There, I have two items,” remarked Teddy Sunbeam, as he wrote them down in the north-east corner of his brain.





The Kitten's Protest.

The little white kitten was too sulky for words; she would not be petted, she would not purr, she had not even smoothed down her fur as usual, and here it was almost ten o'clock. Something serious must be the matter.

The old gray cat sat on the fence and wondered at the unusual sight as long as his patience would allow, then down he jumped and came over to investigate.

"What's the matter, Snowflake? You look as if you did not have a friend in the world."

A naughty spit was the only answer; the little back went up and the tail grew large, while

the owner of this temper struck spitefully at poor Greybeard, who was in no way to blame.

“Oh, come, Snowflake, tell me.”

And then the trouble all came out.

It seems Snowflake considered that a certain sunny corner of the kitchen window had always belonged to her, and now this morning she found a row of milk pans there, while Teddy Sunbeam, her own particular friend, was busy with them, instead of giving her the usual sun bath. Oh, it was too annoying! No sense in it, either.

“Why, you poor, ignorant kitten,” answered Greybeard; “don’t you know the pans were put there to be made thoroughly sweet and clean by Teddy Sunbeam, so the milk won’t sour as quickly in them and will taste nice and sweet with your bread at dinner?”



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