

The LADDER of RICKETY RUNGS

The illustration depicts a whimsical scene where a wooden ladder with rickety rungs extends from a colorful, patterned ground on the left towards a large, bright yellow sun on the right. The sun is stylized with wavy lines and contains silhouettes of people climbing. The sky is dark blue and filled with numerous small, light blue and white stars. In the lower-left foreground, a white owl with a black crest and orange beak is perched on a branch, looking towards the ladder. The owl is set against a circular blue background. The ground is decorated with colorful, stylized flowers in shades of pink, red, yellow, and blue.

THIS IS A VOLLAND "FAIRY CHILDREN" BOOK



Written by T.C. O'DONNELL
Illustrated by JANET LAURA SCOTT

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PREFATORY NOTE

NOT to be fantastical, but to be phantasmagorical—that, I am sure, is the way to write the proper bed-time story. A country should appear as if it grew with its seas and mountains out of the figures on the carpet; the room curtains as they wreath themselves should disclose ways into wildernesses, and visitants should appear as if they had been metamorphosised from guttering candles. *THE LADDER OF RICKETY RUNGS* is truly phantasmagorical and is properly a bed-time story; indeed if there were a genre of bed-time stories this one would be notable in the genre.

Phantasmagorical: we repeat the word, and before us comes Blink's Castle with its sleeping guards, and the big owl above its gate; the ships sail back across the Sea of Glar, with their orange and blue and yellow sails, with their white sails and their bulging sails of black, bringing "all the captive Noddors and all the Dusk Folk"; the Shadow People of the Land of Dream appear with their purple robes and their golden robes; the Seven Swans in their cove keep the wisps of night from escaping; the little men by their guttering candles strive to mend the days that had been spoiled, and the Ladder of Rickety Rungs leads from the Mountain of Glimp up to the Moon—all is phantasmagorical. The word is heavy, but the story has the spirit of play—the spirit that is shown when the children go up and down on the lark's song in chase of the shadows of clouds.

Sancho Panza blessed the man who invented sleep, and the writer of *THE LADDER OF RICKETY RUNGS* has revealed to us the fairy to whom the blessing should go—Rorc, the wisest of the fairies, did it. Rorc shall be famous and with him all those truly imaginative creations that Mr. O'Donnell has put into his story, places and people that really add to the mythology of sleep and dream. The Sandman has been with us before; however, in his character of Blink, King of the Land of Nod, he is a fresh character in Storyland; he has a wife and family and a butler that children are going to be very fond of. I have said that Mr. O'Donnell has added to the mythology of sleep and dream; no story teller can do any better than add to a mythology. That half hour that is so full of reverie, the half hour before bed-time that children have their best remembered dreams in, has become enriched by the journeyings and adventurings of those who from the Mountain of Glimp climbed up into the Moon upon *THE LADDER OF RICKETY RUNGS*.

PADRAIC COLUM.



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CHAPTER I

BLINK, THE NOD KING

THEY should have gone to bed an hour ago. You knew that just by one look at Sue, who usually flits about like a butterfly, one minute fluttering busily over a new frock for Miss Genevieve, her year-old dolly, and like as not the next minute brightening up the geraniums with a tiny pitcher of water that she had to fill ever so often before she went on to something else.

But tonight, with Wandell at her side, she sat just as still in front of the fire and watched a bright flame that kept jumping up and thrusting its head into the chimney.

"It's trying to keep the Sandman back," said Wandell, who was ten years old, and therefore very wise in these things. "As soon as the fire burns low you'll see."

"Doesn't the fire like the Sandman?" asked Sue.

"Yes," Wandell replied, "but the fire wants to sing to children, I suppose, and just let Mr. Sandman come anywhere into the room and everybody goes to sleep. Hear the flames? They're singing to us about the Land of Gone, which was the long-ago home of the flame. In the Land of Gone there are trees as high as mountains, and elephants that can just walk under the trees, they're that big. That is what the flames are singing about, and it doesn't want Mr. Sandman to come round and spoil the story by putting us to sleep."

"Well, I don't understand the words much, but I like the music a whole lot," said Sue. "And it's nicer than going to sleep, and I hope it just keeps the Sandman up there in the chimney all night long. Sing fast, Mr. Fire! Don't let him come down, the horrid man!"

But Wandell, to show how wise he was, said, "Maybe he isn't so horrid as you think he is. Did you ever see him?"

"No," replied Sue; "did you?"

"Well, I almost did—one time, and I liked him, almost."

This was great news to Sue.

"If you had really truly seen him, maybe you would have really truly loved him. Anyway, I wish he would let us see him sometime before he puts us to sleep."

And then something happened. The flame came to the end of the first verse in its song about the Land of Gone, the verse that tells about There, which was the capital city of Gone. The flame stopped its singing to catch its breath, and although it was only for an instant, yet it was time enough for Mr. Sandman to hop down onto the floor in front of the fire.

Wandell and Sue rubbed their eyes, but it was because they were so astonished, not, I am sure, because they were sleepy. You would think, I know, that if the Sandman got that close to you he would throw a whole handful of sand into your eyes, and put you sound asleep, wouldn't you? Well, that was the strange thing now—they were not sleepy at all. Mr. Sandman just stood there with his hands in his pockets and his chubby cheeks in a grin, looking at the two children.

At first sight you might have taken him for a fairy, just as Sue did. You would have taken him for one of those fairies that live under the big oak tree down near the wood-lot. Only no fairy you ever knew wore such a blue coat and orange breeches as the Sandman's, or so red a cap, either. Or had bright red cheeks so much like an apple.

Then Sue turned to Wandell and asked, "Do you suppose it's the Sandman?"

To make sure Wandell did the right thing. He asked the little fellow.

"Please, sir," he said, "are you the Sandman? Because Sue wants to know. Don't you, Sue?"

Sue could not say yes, she was that excited, but managed to say "M—m," in a mumbly sort of way, and the little man replied:

"That's what Folks call me. My real name is Blink, and I live in the Land of Nod. I'm king of the Nodders."

Sue by this time was quite collected, as Wandell would say, and so she asked, just as well as you or I might have done, "Is it far away? I mean the Land of Nod?"

The Sandman replied right back, "It's just the other side of Dusk. You would know the Land of Dusk by the purple shadows which lie thick under the trees and up against the mountain sides. The Land of Nod is beyond that, but it is this side of the Land of Dreams. It is far for Folks, only no Folk that I know of has ever set foot in the Land of Nod."

She wasn't quite sure what a Folk was, so she said, "Am I a Folk?"

For answer the Sandman bent over and gave the tip of her nose a kiss, and replied, "I think, Sue, you are half Folk and half Fairy, and if you two could sit behind me on the back of Snooze and hang on tight I would carry you off home with me."

"What's Snooze?" Sue asked, eagerly.

"Snooze," replied Blink, "is my faithful steed."

"And could we see your little children, and how you put *them* to sleep when it comes night? And Mrs. Blink, and all of the Nodders, and—and everything?" Sue asked.

"Everything!" said Blink.

"And you'll bring us back?"

"By nine o'clock!" the Sandman replied.

And before another moment had gone by, Snooze had carried them from the Land of Folks through the purple shadows of the Land of Dusk, and on into the Land of Nod, which is just this side of the Land of Dreams, and where strange things befell them.



CHAPTER II

CUDDLE AND HER SEVEN CHILDREN

IF you ever go to pay a visit to Blink, you will be disappointed, I am sure, in the size of the Land of Nod. Why, it is no larger than the Land of Maybe, which again is only half as large as the Land of Dreams. But at that it has the highest mountain in the world, from the top of which you can climb, by the Ladder of Rickety Rungs, onto the moon. It has a sea that golden ships sail on to the Land of Dawn, and from whose depths beautiful cities with strange towers come up of times at night. It has valleys, too, that bluebells and anemones and poppies and things make carpets for, and that the River Sneep runs through into the Sea of Glar. And it has many other things besides, and some of them I will tell you about.

From the time they climbed onto the back of Snooze it seemed only a half minute until Blink whispered to Wandell and Sue. "We're through the Land of Dusk, and here is the Land of Nod."

Immediately I can't tell you how many fireflies sprang into existence; the moon came up from the Place Where the Night Things Go and perched on top of the Mountain of Glimp, and, before the third part of an instant passed, Snooze came to a stop in front of Blink's palace. He stopped so suddenly that if things happened in the Land of Nod as they do here, they would have been pitched headlong on into the Land of Dreams. But they did not feel so much as a jar—things are like that in the Land of Nod—and Snooze let them down so gently that the ground seemed like velvet to their feet.

The guards at the gates, I am sorry to state, were asleep. They were always asleep, if you really want to know, and the

crafty fellows had put Whink, the big black owl, on top of the gate to keep watch. When a visitor approached, Whink uttered a "Whook!" in a voice that brought the whole household to the doors and windows. For his master he always gave two "Whooks!" This would bring the guards to their feet, straight as the tall spears they held at their sides, and with their eyes straight ahead toward the Land of Dreams.

At the "Whook! Whook!" of Whink, then, lights flashed on in every window of the palace; the doors swung open, and Cuddle (that is, Blink's wife) and her seven children ran out to meet the returned Blink.

Let me see: there was Miss Snuggle, who was the eldest of the children, being eleven and growing on twelve; and Snora, who was Sue's age (but frankly, who was not half so pretty, for she had a mole on her cheek); and Dimp, who was seven and a terrible tom-boy who could clamber up the ladder to the moon more quickly than Blink himself. These were all girls.

After them came three boys, two of them twins, six years old on Thanksgiving day, and so named Glap and Dora, words that in the Land of Nod mean to be thankful. I know you would not want to name a boy Dora, no matter how thankful you were, but things are different in the Land of Nod, where a word has only to mean something to have it clapped upon you. Take Willy, who was five. Willy does not mean just Willy, like it does with Folks, but it means to have red hair—and he had a lot of it, I can tell you, and all kinds of freckles. Last came Blick, a wee lad of two years.

Whink had no sooner whooked, then, than Cuddle ran out of the palace, followed by her seven children in a row. Snuggle was first, and Blick last, stairstep fashion.

Sue was frightened, for thinking it maybe part of the Nod army, and whispered quickly in Wandell's ear. Wandell was brave enough for the two of them.

"Don't be a silly, Sue," he said. "Don't you see they haven't any guns?"

Blink had suspected Sue's fears and so introduced them all around.

"Cuddle, dear," he said, "these are the two Folk children I've told you about—the ones that are so hard to get to sleep. Their names are Wandell and Sue."

Snuggle spoke kindly to the children, and shook their hands warmly, Sue doing a pretty curtsy that pleased Blink.

"Sue," he said, "you must teach our children to do that." Then the seven children came and shook hands. They were not so polite as children should be to their guests. Snuggle thought Sue was such a funny name for a girl to have, while Snora thought Wandell was such an odd name for a boy. "They ought to be changed about," she said. Dimp admired Wandell right away, but she thought Sue ought to have had black eyes and black hair to be as pretty as her papa had said little girls were in Folkland. The twins and the smaller children were too eager for dinner to think much about it, for they smelled the cooking of a rich meat pie they knew should be about ready.

Blink smelled it, too, for he said, "Let's have some supper. I smell raspberry jam, don't you, Wandell?"

Wandell and Sue looked at each other in amazement, for though they could smell a very juicy meat pie, yet they could not smell raspberry jam.

"Besides," Sue whispered in Wandell's ear, "you couldn't smell raspberry jam way out here!"

"And nut sundae, don't you, Sue?" said Blink.

Everybody looked at Sue, who was certain she could not smell nut sundae, but did not want to hurt Blink's feelings.

"I am very hungry!" she said.

But before going in, Blink turned and gave an order to the two guards.

"Attention!"

But the two guards had already gone to sleep at attention and stood stiff as the spears at their side, and Whink kept watch on the post above them.

CHAPTER III

THE LONG, LONG DINING ROOM

"SLUMB! Oh, Slumb!"

It was Blink, calling his butler.

"Where is that little rascal gone? I say, Slumb!"

"Yes, sire!" came the voice of Slumb.

I haven't the slightest notion why it is, but people call their kings "sire," and Slumb was not the sort of person to forget his place. He stood as straight as Wandell, his sharp white nose pointed up at the ceiling, and his big black eyes fixed upon his master. His hair was gray and long, and tied behind his head in two braids with black ribbons, like a wig.

He was a very good servant—that is, he was a good servant when he was awake. For he wanted to sleep all the time. Slumb could sleep when standing as well as when in bed. And I am sorry to tell you that even at the very minute Blink was calling him, Slumb was leaning against the big grandfather's clock, sleeping the hours away.

"Slumb," said Blink, "show these children to the yellow room. They cannot come to supper that way, for they are all covered with purple twilight from coming through the Land of Dusk. Be down in ten minutes with them."

"Do you like to have yellow dreams, little girl?" asked Slumb, as they went to the yellow room.

"I—I guess so!" said Sue. "I never had any!"

"Because if you didn't I could put you in the purple room, and you'd have purple dreams, or maybe the master would let me put you in the green room—but be ready in ten minutes. Just pull the bell and I'll be back for you."

"Wandell!" cried Sue. "See in the glass! You're just covered all over with cobwebby things. Oh, it's the dusk!"

"And so are you yourself!" said Wandell.



"See, Wandell, I can take it off, just like a dress!"

And sure enough, Sue pulled gently at a soft purple thread like fine silk, and all the twilight that had clung to her as she came through the Land of Dusk came off. She was very gentle about it and soon had it rolled into a tiny ball, the size of your thumb.

"Let's save it," said Wandell, who followed Sue's example. "It might come in handy!"

Both children looked into the mirror again, and if they did so their faces were clean and glowy, and their hair shone, as though it had been brushed. Just then Slumb came and took them down to supper, walking very straight, and with the two little guests just behind. Sue held tight to Wandell's arm, for she was just a tiny bit afraid, if you want to know. For that matter, it was enough to frighten anybody to have Blink say strange things about smelling nut sundaes and raspberry jam way out in the road, things that don't smell at all.

"But if any harm comes," she said, slipping her arm just a little farther inside Wandell's, and clasping tight the ball of twilight—"if any harm comes I will unwind the ball and wrap it around me and maybe they can't see me. They'll just think it's evening." And besides, she had Wandell, who walked by her side, straight and fearless like a soldier.

But she forgot all her fears just then, because they came to the dining room, and the Castle of Blink has the most wonderful dining room in the whole kingdom of Nod. It is as long as across the street, and only as wide as across the alley. There are three tall windows that you can look out of and see the river Sneep as it flows past. On the long table are two candlesticks, each with seven candles. These burn even at dinner time, because three tall windows, no matter how hard they try, cannot keep Blink's dining room filled with light, it is that big.

When Wandell and Sue came in behind Slumb, Blink and Cuddle and the seven children were standing behind their



nine chairs waiting for them. Blink was at one end and Cuddle was at the other. At either side of Blink was an empty chair, and these were for the company.

"Sue on my right, so!" said Blink to Slumb, "and Wandell on my left, so!"

They all sat down, which was really a sorry thing for Cuddle, because only the top of her head could be seen behind a huge dish in front of her. Slumb stood behind his master, straight as the guards at the palace gate outside.

Cuddle took up a bowl and began to dish into it.

"Sue," she said, "will you have some raspberry tart?"

Sue's eyes opened wide. "Yes," she replied, "only we don't have it until the other end of the meal at home!"

Sue set the dish on her plate. It was soup, hot chicken soup.

"Do you call that raspberry tart?" Wandell asked, because if there was one thing Wandell liked better than any other one thing, it was raspberry tart.

"Yes," said Cuddle, who was proud of her clever husband. "Blink heard some folks talking about raspberry tart one time, and it was such a pretty word that we stopped calling it 'pridge,' and began calling it raspberry tart."

"Wife," said Blink, "maybe Sue would like some cream puffs. Wouldn't you, Sue?"

"I don't know what it is," Sue replied.

All seven children burst out laughing. "Tee hee!" they shouted, "she doesn't know what cream puffs are!"

It wasn't a nice thing for them to say, and Sue knew it.

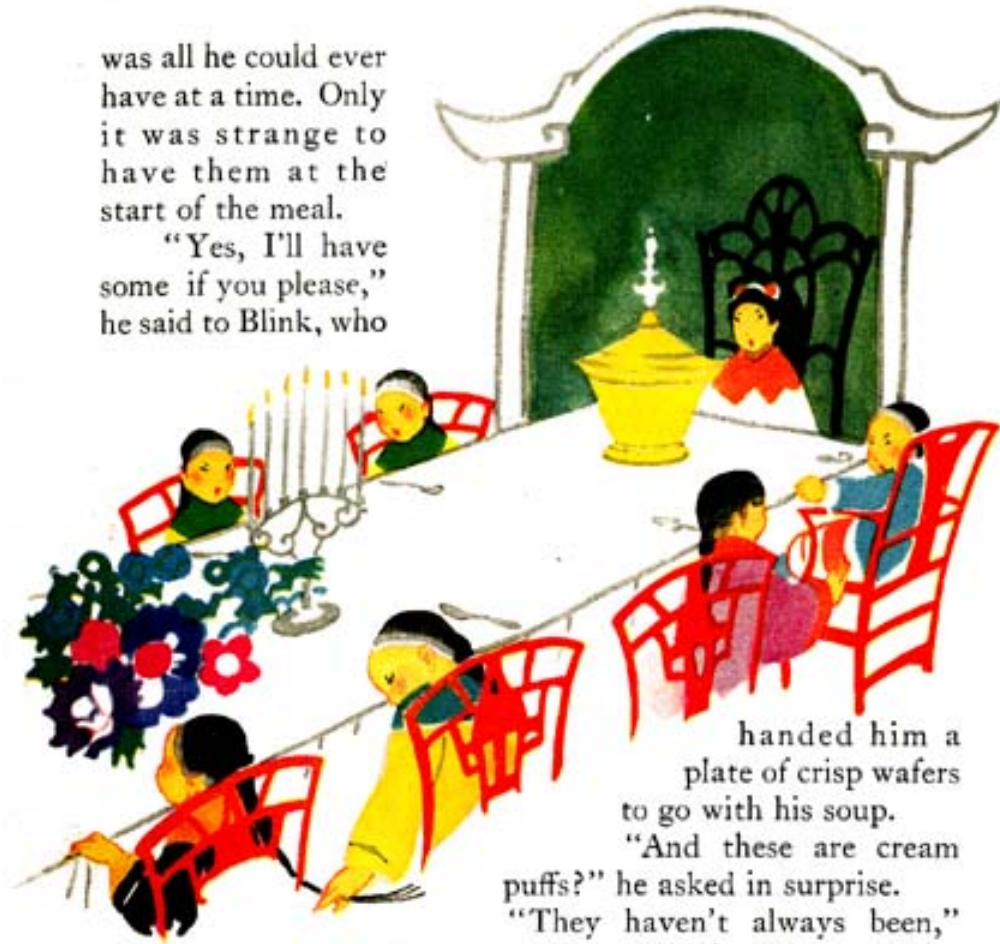
"I do know," she replied, "only I don't know here."

To Wandell there was nothing in the world half so good as cream puffs, only raspberry tarts. Just mention cream puffs to Wandell, and he was ready to eat, and here was Blink offering him cream puffs, all he wanted, when at home one



was all he could ever have at a time. Only it was strange to have them at the start of the meal.

"Yes, I'll have some if you please," he said to Blink, who



handed him a plate of crisp wafers to go with his soup.

"And these are cream puffs?" he asked in surprise.

"They haven't always been,"

Blink replied. "They used to be 'clickets,' but one night when I came to put you and Sue to sleep I heard you say to Sue, 'Sue, I wish I had a hundred cream puffs.' It was the prettiest word I had ever heard. I stood still behind a lamp just to find what these things were that made Wandell look so happy, but some of my sand got loose and flew into your eyes and off the pair of you went to sleep. I stayed a bit longer. Wandell began to talk about cream puffs in his sleep, but I could make nothing of it, because first he said he wanted a hundred cream puffs, and then he wanted a sackful, he said, and I didn't know what 'sackful' meant."

Presently Blink called out, "Slumb! That boy's asleep again, upon my word! Been in the sand pit again, I suppose."

"Yes," said Cuddle, "you were no sooner gone to put Folks to sleep than Slumb slipped down to the pit and came back covered, oh, quite all over with sleep! His pockets and his shoes were filled with it."

Slumb had now awakened and soon had the table cleared and a stack of plates in front of Blink, and something covered on a platter.

"Whoever can tell me what this is can have the first serving," said Blink. "Only company can guess."

"Nut sundae," said Wandell.

Blink replied, "There, you win, and here's your nut sundae," and he put a piece of pot roast, ever so big, with potato and gravy, on Wandell's plate.

"Is this nut sundae?" Wandell asked politely.

"But it isn't nut sundae at all," said Sue.

"Maybe she didn't hear about the change," Snuggle reminded her father. "It used to be 'blanx,' until one day Dad heard a little Folk girl say she could eat a nut sundae, and it was such a pretty word that we stopped calling it 'blanx,' and now it is 'nut sundae.'"

"Can you change things like that in the Land of Nod?" asked Wandell. "Because if you can I'd like to live here all the time. I just like changes!"

Then Blink said that they changed the names of things whenever they got tired of the old ones. "There are so many more beautiful sounds than there are things," he said, "that we ought to change often so as to use them all up. Take nut sundae—before it was blanx it used to be 'fliff,' and before that again it was 'winx'—and Cuddle, dear, shall we now name it 'Wandell'?"

Cuddle was in favor of it, and so were the Blink children, and so there were no more nut sundaes at the Nod palace, though they had Wandells every day.

By this time all the Wandell had been eaten, and a

chocolate pastry was brought on—that is, chocolate pastry was what they called it at home.

"Sue, would you like a tomato salad?" asked Cuddle.

Before Sue could say yes, or before Wandell could say that it was not tomato salad at all, Snora spoke up, for she had wanted to say something all the time.

"I don't like to hear 'tomato salad,'" she said. "Can't we call it 'Sue'?"

And so for a long time after that Blink's family had a nice hot Wandell every night for supper, and a sweet, chocolate Sue.

"Now then for the story hour!" called Blink, and they all went into the big hall, where they sat before a huge fire and listened to Blink's telling of the man who invented sleep for Folks.



RORC AND THE SLEEP SAND

"THAT was a long time ago," said Blink. "Folks did not know what it was to sleep then. When the sun went down the moon came up, and that was their play time. All through the moon hours they would play games and dance and sing, and were not glad at all when the day broke, only the Folks who had farms said things would not grow without the sun, so they made no attempt to stop the daytime coming on.

"Then came a Folk king who did not want to have his people play. He was Tyrant—Tyrant the First. He wanted to be a great warrior, and so he declared war against the people of the Land of Dusk.

"Maybe you noticed, Wandell, as we came through the Land of Dusk, that it was quiet and still except for the nightingale and the thrush and the robin. In the time of which I speak it was inhabited by the Duskfolk, a race of little fairy people not so big even as the Noddors. They were on the best of terms with the Folks, too, especially the Folk boys and girls, and brought to them gay things made out of the blue dusk, and the red and the gold of the sunset."

"Was it like this?" said Sue, her eyes opened wide, and taking out of her pocket the ball of dusk.

"Yes," replied Blink, "gauzy robes as thin as the gray shadow of a cloud. But they're gone now. Tyrant rode out of the city of Then one night at the head of ten thousand Folk soldiers, whose terrible swords rattled and clanked as they went.

"The Dustfolk didn't know what it was all about. Tyrant sent Whap, the Dustfolk king, a word that he must surrender, but Whap said he didn't know what surrender meant, it was



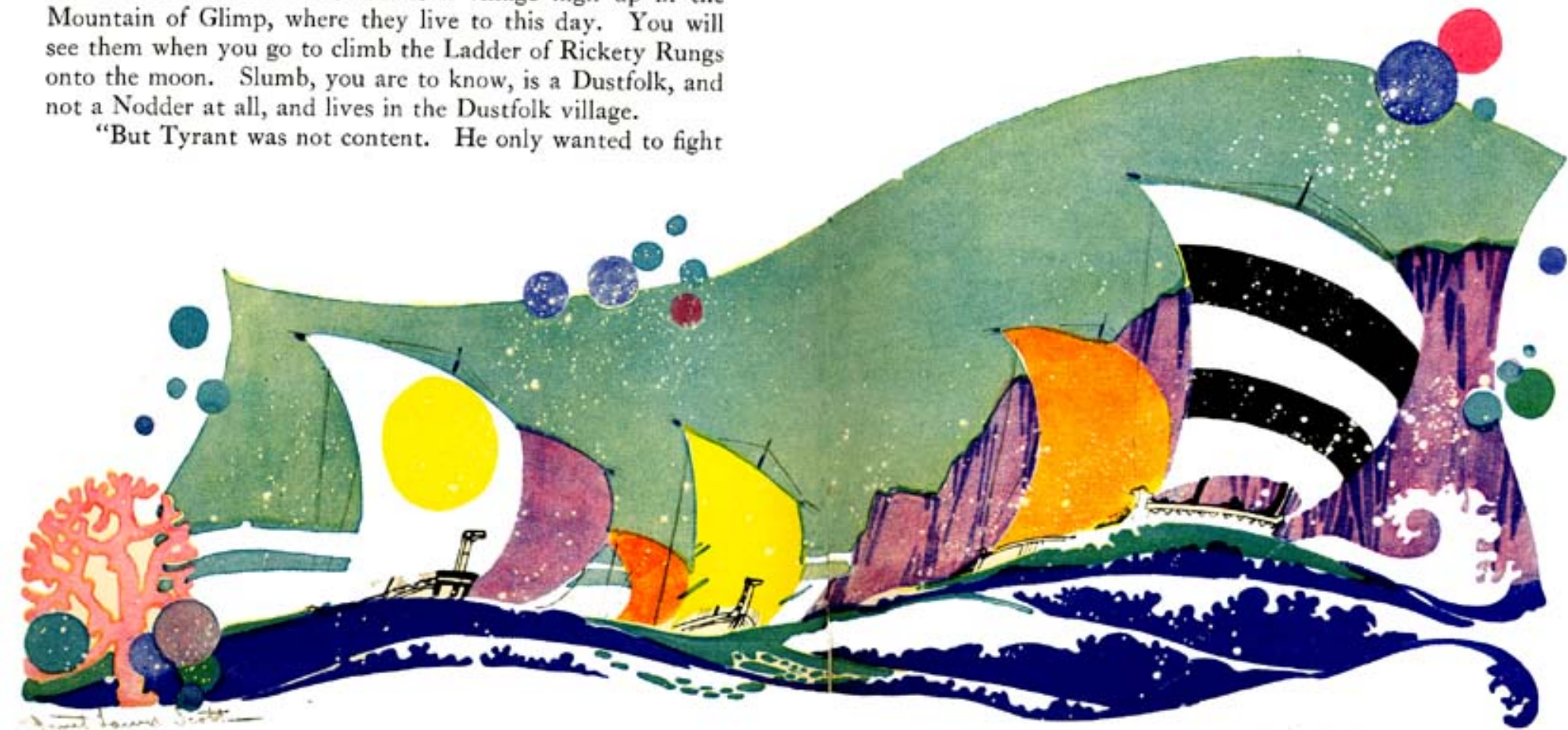
such a big word. It must be all right, though, because Folks had always been kind to his little people.

"So Tyrant took a thousand of the little Dustfolk captive and led them home to show how brave he was. He put heavy iron chains on their hands, and marched them through the streets of Then, and the people said how brave a king they had. But the Dustfolk captives never returned to their homes. Their hearts were broken. They had never been separated from their people before. Tyrant put them to work in his mines, but you can't sing and dance in mines. The other Dustfolk, because they feared a like fate, fled from their country. Some of them came to the Land of Nod, and I had them build for themselves a village high up in the Mountain of Glimp, where they live to this day. You will see them when you go to climb the Ladder of Rickety Rungs onto the moon. Slumb, you are to know, is a Dustfolk, and not a Nodder at all, and lives in the Dustfolk village.

"But Tyrant was not content. He only wanted to fight

more than ever, so he sent a messenger to me and said because I had given refuge to the Dustfolk he would punish me. Even then, he said, his army was on the way, and I must send him a token of my surrender. I sent word that he would have to come and take me, and I got my army ready. A thousand brave men I had, each man with a suit of armor, and a long spear and shield at his side.

"So the Folk army came, ten thousand men this time—ten thousand men against one thousand Nodders. They came in ships across the Sea of Glar, and before they could reach the city they must pass through the narrow valley along the River Sneep where that stream flows into the Sea



of Glar. The Folk army, then, left their ships and came marching through the pass. And there my men met them.

"At first we held them off. My men held their shields before them in such a way as to make a wall across the narrow pass, and a second row on their backs, and still a third and a fourth, and even a fifth row, which the Folk soldiers could not break through. Their spears would strike against the shields and fall off as though they were drops of rain. Seven different times they charged against the wall of shields, but if they did so they were beaten off and driven back to their camp by the sea.

"Then the Folk general called his captains to him and said, 'Now it is a strange thing, but the Noddors, when it comes dark, go to sleep.'

"'What is sleep?' they all asked.

"'You just lie down and shut your eyes and you forget everything until you wake up,' said the general.

"'What is wake up?' they all asked again.

"And he replied, 'That is when you lie down and forget everything, and then after a few hours you open your eyes and remember everything and get up.'

"'Can Folks ever sleep?' asked one of the captains.

"'No; nobody sleeps except the Noddors,' he said. 'Anyway, who would want to forget things?'

"None of the captains thought they would like to forget anything at all, and finally the general told them of his plan.

"'It's this,' he said. 'Tonight when they lie down to sleep we'll go right past them into the city and carry off the Nod army.'

"And it was that way. That night, when the moon came up and rested on top of the Mountain of Glimp, the Noddors came out into the grass-grown places and danced and played games, and for a time the soldiers kept guard. But sleep time came and even the Nod soldiers slept. And as they had planned, the Folk army entered the city and carried off half of my army, and all the gold they could lay hands on, and



were far out at sea when we woke in the morning. More than five hundred men of our army they carried away.

"Then I set about building ships to take my army across the Sea of Glar and make war against Tyrant and bring back the Noddors he had taken away. We cut down the forest that covered the side of the Mountain of Glimp that lies next to the river, for timbers for the ships, and came to the Oak of the Three Worlds—called so because from the top of it one could see into the World of Things that Were, into the World of Things that Are to Be, and into the World of Underneath. The wood of it alone will make two ships, I said, and unless we save our land, of what use is it looking into other Worlds.

"But as one of my men was about to strike into the tree, a tiny old man came from out the World of Underneath and said, 'Cut not the Oak of the Three Worlds. Tyrant will come again to demand more gold. And when he does so, give every man of your army arrows tipped with these.'

"And he drew from his mantle a sharp thorn.

" 'These,' he said, 'will put in deep sleep every man they touch.'

"And it came about according to the saying of the old man, who was no other than Rorc, the wisest of all the fairies who lived in the World of Underneath. So I got a new army, with more than a thousand men in it, and every man had a shield, and besides that a quiver with ten arrows in it, and every one of the arrows tipped with a thorn of sleep.

"And in good time came Tyrant with his army to where the River Sneep runs into the Sea of Glar, and there they left their ships and waited until the night should come and the Nod army be asleep, thinking to come into the city then as they had done before. But my trumpeters sounded the advance, and then my men went forward, every one with an arrow fixed and his bow bent. At a signal the arrows left their bows and found, every one of them, its man, only to be followed by another, and yet another, from each bow. Every man of the Folk army had a thorn wound, and every man soon became drowsy and fell asleep.

"Then my soldiers bound them and kept them so until they could find Tyrant. For the Folk king tried to escape, and would have done so, only he stopped Rorc and asked him the way to the Oak of the Three Worlds, where he wanted to look into the World of Things that Are to Be, and there see what fate was in store for him. But Rorc gave him the wrong way, and Tyrant brought up at my palace.

" 'Is this the Land of Things that Are to Be?' he asked of my guards.

" 'No,' they replied, 'this is the palace of Nod.'

" 'I have heard of dreams that are in the Land of Nod. Is this then a dream?'

" 'No, it is not a dream,' they said, with a hearty chuckle, and the four of them bound him and brought him before me. He asked mercy. 'Request of me anything within my power,' he said, 'and it shall be yours, only let me and my army go.'

"And I demanded those of my captured army back, and the return of all the Dustfolk to their own homes.

" 'As you will, so it shall be,' he said, and he wrote out a message to his chancellor in the city of Then to put on ships all the captive Noddors and all the Dustfolk. Three days later, then, the Sea of Glar was covered with ships which were gay with sails of all colors, for many kinds of ships had been used to bring back the Nod army—craft used for pleasure, which had orange and blue and yellow sails, and sails of still other colors; there were ships that carried goods from one part of the sea to another, with white sails, and there were the long warships, which carried bulging sails of black, or, as some of them were, black and white.

"When they had landed the Noddors I asked the captain where the Dustfolk were, and he said they had all passed away.

"Then I let Tyrant and his army onto the boats, but with their arms bound, so that they could do no harm. And when he went I asked him, 'How am I to know that you will not come back another night with a still larger army to defeat me?' He could not say without thinking about it a longer time, he said, but just then Rorc came by and I asked him the same thing.

" 'Every night, then, you shall put Tyrant and all his Folk people to sleep,' said Rorc. 'They cannot then take you unawares.'

" 'But the thorns—are there enough?' I asked.

" 'Wherever the thorn tree grows in the Land of Nod,' Rorc replied, 'it grows there because the sand in that place is sleep sand. It is the sleep in the sand passing into the thorn that put the army of Tyrant to sleep. The sand where the thorn grows, this sleep sand you will take of each night and scatter into the eyes of Folks, and you need never fear again from that quarter.'

"And it was as Rorc said. The sand comes as fast as ever we use it up in keeping Folks quiet of night times.

"And so Tyrant and his army sailed home."



CHAPTER V

SLAFF AND THE DOOR OF SLEEP

WHEN Blink had finished his story Wandell asked how it came about that the Nodders alone of all the people in the world had gone to sleep at night, when the rest of the world had stayed always awake.

"That story," said Blink, "goes way back to the time when the Nodders first discovered the Land of Dreams. It was the first Nod king, named Slaff. He was in the forests one day hunting, when he wandered from his companions and entered a long cave. He walked far through the black, narrow room—I couldn't tell you how far. When he came to an opening at the other end he was in a strange land where the people were not like Folks at all, or even like the Nodders, for that matter. They were more like the shadows of people. Some of them had upon them purple robes, and still others golden—oh, Wandell, there were more colors for shadows than you or I ever knew there were. Slaff spoke to one when it came near, and seemed as if picking things.

" 'What are you doing?' asked Slaff.

" 'Oh,' replied the Dream man, for it was in the Land of Dreams that Slaff was standing, 'I'm gathering sunshine, which I'll carry home and melt into Dream gold.' And he plucked at the air and emptied his hand into a basket which he carried at his side.

" 'I'll give you gold, as much as will carpet this field, if you'll take me through the Land of Dreams and show me your people and your villages and your flowers,' said Slaff. And well he might, too, for the flowers and the trees were the most beautiful he had ever seen. Red and yellow birds sang songs as sweet as the nightingale and the thrush, even in midday. The sky was blue, deep as the blue of the robin's

egg, and across it sailed great white clouds piled high like puffs of wool fleece. The people were happy, as you might think. Those who did not gather gold from the sunshine were spinning beautiful threads of blue and purple, which glistened like silk, from the shadows beneath the trees and the rose bushes. Not all were spinning, though, for many of the Dreamfolk danced, and sang with the birds, and if any were sad it has never yet been told.

" 'Yes,' said Slaff to the Dream man, 'show me your land and I will give you more gold than you could wish for.' And he took from his pocket a handful of gold of the Nod-land coinage.

" 'That?' said the Dream man. 'Why beside Dreamfolk gold yours is like our brass.' And he showed Slaff some of the gold which he carried, and it was as he said. It was finer by far than the finest gold of Nod, for in the refining it was mixed with the yellow of the golden-glow and of the butter-cup. Slaff reached his hand for some to take between his fingers, but it vanished at a touch less delicate than the touch of the Dreamfolk.

" 'No, I cannot show you our land. And besides, you



have seen more now than the Dreamfolk would wish you to. Indeed, you are the first being ever to come here, only the fairies. For the fairies come and go like the birds and the shadows.'

" 'That is the way I would come, and my people,' said Slaff.

" 'And who are your people?' the Dream man asked.

" 'They are the People Who Live on the Top of the World,' Slaff replied. 'From our land it is but a step onto the moon, which one climbs by means of the Ladder of Rickety Rungs. I would have our little people come to the Land of Dreams and take with them some of the beautiful things which you have in your land.'

" 'If they came, even, they could not take things with them,' said the Dream man. 'They could only carry away memories.'

" 'Memories,' Slaff replied, 'are sometimes better than having the things themselves. They keep fresh and sweet, and this is a saying that cannot be made of things that have been had a time.'

"And the Dream man, whose name was Cleep, and who was none other than the king of the Dreamfolk, said, 'That is a true saying. And because you know the truth of

things I will let you and your people come to the Land of Dreams, but not





as you came, through the Door of the Cave of Night. But you will come through the Door of Sleep. Every night, when the last glow of the sun has died away from the sky, and it is dark beyond the evening star, you will sing the Croon of Sleep. In every home it will be sung by the mother. And it will bring sleep, and sleep will bring you away to the Land of Dreams. And this is the way of the Croon:

Now is the hour for Land o' Dreams,
The first star-litten hour of night,
When Fairy Ring, moon-silvered, gleams
Where Dreamfolk dance till morning light.
Come, Sleep, deep drowsing Sleep,
And swing wide the door to Land o' Dreams.

“Then, without knowing by which way you journey, you will leave the Land of Dreams, and awaken from Sleep, and live in golden memories of Dreams. And no more will it be the Land of the Top of the World, but the Land of Nod, for your sleeping.”

“Cleep finished, and a Dream maiden sang the croon, so that Slaff could not find again the course by which he came, and Dreamfolk carried him back to the Land of the Top of the World, only which was now the Land of Nod. That is how Sleep came to be, and that is how we go to sleep in Nod.”

“May we see you put your own children to Sleep?” Wandell asked.

“Yes,” Blink replied. “To bed, everyone!” he called, There was a mighty clackety-clacking of feet, and a minute later seven voices came from the long bedroom at the top of the hall:

“We’re ready, mother!”

And Cuddle came, with Wandell and Sue and Blink behind her, and had no more than finished singing,

“And swing wide the door to the Land o’ Dreams,”

than they were off to the Land of Dreams. Then Wandell asked if Cuddle could croon Sue and him to sleep.

Sue clapped her hands in joy. “Oh, can you?” she asked. “That would be ever so much nicer than having sand put in your eyes.”

Cuddle said yes, and she went to the yellow room with the children, and put them to sleep with the Croon. And so they reached the Land of Dreams almost as soon as Blink’s children themselves.



IN THE LAND OF DREAMS

IT is not far from the Land of Nod to the Land of Dreams, and when you are carried there by a mother's crooning of the Lullaby, it is not as far even as that.

Wandell and the Nod children did not even wait for Cuddle to finish the song, but went on ahead, so that they were there and talking with Cleep when Sue came.

"Yes," said Cleep, "in the Land of Dreams is everything you ever wished for, and a lot besides that. Behind you is the aeroplane you have wanted to drive, all your very own. Get in, Wandell, and fly away."

And as Cleep spoke the aeroplane was there, and Wandell lost no time in getting into the seat of it. It was easier to drive even than Wandell had thought, and when Sue came he was gliding steep up a sunbeam. He looked to Sue like a butterfly that you sometimes see fluttering high in a bush where the sunlight breaks through.

On top of the aeroplane, and clinging to the huge wings of it were Snuggle and Snora and all the rest of them. They vowed they had never seen a bird do such brave flying as Wandell's. They cried out with delight whenever Wandell jarred the machine by bumping into a cloud. They had never heard of an aeroplane before and asked all sorts of questions of Wandell.

"What is it, Wandell?" asked Dora. "Is it a horse and buggy? Papa says Folks ride in horse and buggies!"

"Or maybe it's an air-gun!" suggested Willy.

Wandell laughed, and the children saw they had not made a good guess, especially when Blick, who, you will remember, was aged two, said, "I fink it's a quinck."

"He means 'squinck,'" Glap explained. "A squinck is what papa says Folks fly in."



Wandell laughed again. "Ha ha!" he cried. "It may be a squinck in Nodland, but in the Land of Folks it's an aeroplane. Willy, try to say aeroplane."

Willy tried it. "Squinck," he said, and sure enough, that was the nearest he could come to the sound of aeroplane. Next Glap tried it, and Dora, and all the rest of the children, but the nearest they could come to aeroplane was "squinck." Noddors are like that. All other words they can say, just as well as you or I, but aeroplane they just can't say. And the strange thing about it is that they think they are saying aeroplane all the time.

"I was going to wish for a squinck the other night," said Glap, but when I came to the Land of Dreams I wanted a jingalong more than I did a squinck, and so I wished for that."

Now it was Wandell's turn to ask a question. "What's a jingalong?" he asked.

"It's something papa saw in the Land of Folks," said Glap, "only he couldn't remember the name of it. He heard Folk boys say it seven different times, and he would remember it until he got to the Land of Dusk, and then he'd forget it all. At first I tried to wish for it, but I didn't know what name to wish for it in, because I didn't know the word. But papa said it makes a noise like 'jingalong,' only more even than that, and makes a lot of smoke. I made a kind of jingalong wish and it came."

"Wish for it now," said Wandell.

And Glap wished. "There is is!" he cried, and he pointed to another sunbeam pointing down to the earth. And there, clattering on its way downward and leaving a stream of smoke behind was—what do you suppose? No, it was not a railway train at all, but a fire engine—a huge red fire engine

"And you call *that* a plaything?" Wandell asked.

"But isn't it?" said Glap.

"No," Wandell replied, "that is what you run behind to a fire."

Glap was disappointed, and said he wished he hadn't wished for it—and it was enough to unwish it, for when he looked again it was gone. Fire engines are like that in the Land of Dreams. They're not there if they're not wanted.

Then Wandell turned his aeroplane around and they slid down the sunbeam. By this time Sue had come and they saw her going about in the garden from flower to flower, kissing the little dream flower faces that smiled up at her. And as she did so the Nod children pelted her from the aeroplane with balls of milkweed down, such as you see sailing through the sky of an autumn day. They were gay with bright colors—orange and violet and red and blue—beautiful fluffy things like that.

One of them, a big blue one, burst as it struck a rose in front of Sue, and out of it hopped her dream, a little girl fairy. It was a bit fairy, no higher than it should be, with golden locks, and a bright green dress, and white shoes that sparkled like diamonds when she danced about in the sun—and she was doing that nearly all of the time, I can tell you.

"Oh," cried Sue, "I have wished for you so long! Wandell told me they didn't have little girl fairies and little boy fairies, only grown-up ones."

"In the Land of Dreams there is everything you wish for, if they are the happy things," said little Wild Rose, for that is what "Tee-tah," her name in fairy language, really means.

"Could I take you home with me?" asked Sue.

"No," the little fairy said, "because if you took me home you would not have me to dream of, and Folks—little Folks and big Folks—should always have something they want very, very much, just to dream of. You have to have dreams to get fairies."

Just then Wandell came down in his aeroplane and said, "Come, Sue, come riding in the aeroplane with me."

She turned toward Tee-tah, but the fairy said, "I know a much more wonderful way to fly, on the song of a lark."

A lark that minute was singing nearby, and when the fairy said "Come!" they were all carried off by the song and taken sailing through the air on the song that the lark sang. It was ever so much more fun than the aeroplane for flying. They went this way and that way, chasing the butterflies and the birds, and having a wonderful game of tag with the blue-bottle flies. The blue-bottle is famous at this game, because he turns suddenly to right or left, and when you sail madly after him on a lark's song, you plunge on half-way across the sky before you can stop and come back. And even then you don't catch him.

Another great sport for Wandell and Sue was dodging the cloud shadows upon a lark's song. It was a great day for the clouds. There were a great many of them in the sky—small ones no bigger than a feather, and others as big I suppose as a balloon, and purple ones and red ones. They went this way and that, did the clouds, and it was their game to cast their shadows down at the children, who all this time were yelling with delight. And if they did so, it was also their game to keep away from the shadows of the clouds. Very soon the children were caught in one, and then it was their turn to catch a cloud. But that is not

so easy, for cloud shadows have that way; if you try to catch one they all fly away as fast as ever they can go, and



that is the last you see of them. But a lark's song is too fast for a shadow, and they soon caught up with a glorious purple one way over near the end of the Land of Dreams, where the Land of Nod begins, and at a touch from the fairy it disappeared and was never seen or heard tell of again.

Then the fairy said to the children, "Listen!" And if they did so it was no longer the song of the Lark at all that was lifting them through the sky, but the voice of Cuddle:

"Come, Sleep, deep drowsing Sleep,
And swing wide the door to the Land o' Dreams."
Now is the hour for Land o' Dreams,
The first star-litten hour of night,
When Fairy Ring, moon-silvered, gleams
Where Dreamfolk dance till morning light.
Come, Sleep, deep drowsing Sleep,
And swing wide the door of Land o' Dreams.

And the children became drowsy, much to Sue's surprise.

"I hoped people didn't go to sleep here," she said. "I want to stay awake—always, don't you, Wandell?"

Wandell said yes, but it didn't help much, because they slept even while they flew, and Cuddle's song had them soon back in the Land of Nod, and still they slept on.



CHAPTER VII

MISS GNAP AND THE NODLAND SCHOOL

WANDELL and Sue and the seven children of Blink all woke at precisely the same minute next morning, and came down to breakfast when for over an hour Blink had been about his business of being king of Nodland. For people came to him with every kind of trouble for him to settle. That very morning one old woman, who lived down near the sleep sand pit that Blink always kept near the river Sneep, came to Blink and said her husband wouldn't work; he just slept all the time, and she had to go taking in washings to earn a living for her family.

Blink settled the matter by ordering them to move across the Sneep to the far side of Nodland, where the sand would not give so much trouble. I have since been told that there is no more industrious man in all Blink's realm than this same man. That shows the kind of things Blink has to deal with, and how he deals with them.

Slumb that morning had been quite as busy as his master. Already he had packed the bag of sleep sand that Blink was to carry to Folkland that night. Dora saw it and said, "Why, papa, the bag isn't nearly at all full!"

"I know it, Dora, but I shan't have Wandell and Sue there to put to sleep tonight, and it always takes so much sand just for them."

"It is funny," said Wandell, "how I never want to sleep at home, but here I almost wish I could sleep all the time."

And Sue said, "Me too. I could go off to sleep right this minute. I don't see how your children keep awake at all, Blink."

"Well," Blink replied, "for one thing I keep them away from the sand pit as much as I can. And besides, they get



rather used to it. When you and Wandell reach home there will be a long time I can put you to sleep without using any sand at all. When I come near you I will just think about sand and that will be enough to get you to sleep. But what are we up to today, then? After school, I mean."

Then Snora begged her papa to let them stay at home. "You ask him, too, Sue."

But that is where Snora was surprised. For this is what Sue said: "Oh, please go to school, Snora, so we can go too. I never saw a Nod school."

So they all went to school that day. It was not just a private school, either. Blink might have had teachers just for his children, because Snuggle and the rest of them are princesses and princes in the Land of Nod, and I suppose this is the only royal household that ever was that sends its children to school along with the rest of the children of the land.

Anyway, Wandell and Sue caused quite a commotion, and you may well believe that Snuggle was a proud young woman as she walked into the school with the young strangers. Everybody looked in wonder, and I am afraid that some of them even stared impolitely. Of course everywhere you will find *some* children who stare, so I suppose we need not be surprised or shocked to learn that some of the Nod children have been known to stare.

But really, they stared with good reason that day. Nobody there had ever seen a Folk boy or a Folk girl before—or a grown-up Folk either, for that matter. It was just as strange as it would be to you yourselves to see a boy or a girl from Kumtozoolooland walk into *your* school-room. Of course you don't know where Kumtozoolooland is, and I shall be very much surprised if you can even pronounce it. But that only shows how very strange it would be to see a Kumtozooloolander walk into your school, and I can assure you that Wandell and Sue made quite as strange a sight to the Nod children. Only they didn't know they were Folk children. Even Miss

Gnap, the teacher, wasn't sure of it until Snuggle introduced them. Miss Gnap herself, I may say, almost stared at the visitors for half a minute, to make sure they looked like the pictures she had seen in the Nod school books. She even pinched Sue's cheek and pulled Wandell's nose. Suddenly she stopped.

"Why, that isn't the way Folks's tops are," she said to Snuggle. "Wait till I get my book."

She took from a drawer in her table a book called "A Nod Spy in Folkland," a book that you could put half a dozen of in your pocket, they're that small.

"See," she said, turning to the pictures. "They have high heads with rings around here, so. Some are high and round, and others are high and flat. They are the most absurd looking things."

"Oh," cried Sue with glee. "They're hats. We put them on our heads to keep them warm. To keep our heads warm, I mean. And these rings are just rims to the hats, to keep the sun and the rain from our eyes, I suppose." Then she added, "Don't you *ever* have hats in Nodland?"

"No," replied Miss Gnap, "and what's more, I hope we never shall. Really, little girl, you don't think they're pretty, do you?" But Sue only laughed and said that they were not supposed to be pretty, she supposed, especially night caps.

Then Miss Gnap introduced Wandell and Sue to the school.

"Children," she said, taking the hands of the two visitors in her own, "these are little strangers from Folkland. They are the first that have ever come to us in all the history of our beloved Nodland."

Then turning to Wandell and Sue she said, "Our geography lesson this morning takes up the study of Folkland and its people, and I am glad my pupils can see some real Folks. They will remember their lessons in geography then."

She said it much as you would say when you visited the animal tent at the circus the first time and saw the armadillo.

"There," you would say, "I'm glad I have seen an armadillo. I'll always remember now what an armadillo is like."

Then the pupils sang a patriotic song about "Nodland, Beloved Nodland," and the geography class came after. First she called on Hanty Zick to recite.

"Hanty," she said, "what are the wild animals of Folkland?"

And Hanty began: "Bears, an'—an' automobiles, an—" Hanty stopped short: he was fast asleep.

"Snora," said Miss Gnap, "will you please put down the windows?"

"Why do you do that?" asked Sue, and Snora told her that when the wind blew from that direction it brought a lot of sand from the sleep-sand pit and made everybody sleepy so that they did not do well in their recitations.

Now the bottom and back of school-room seats in Nodland are covered with soft, velvety cloth like Folk's chairs, only a lot more comfy.

"Why, what a nice place to sleep," said Sue, and just then Miss Gnap brought back to his seat the sleeping Hanty, and let him sleep on.

"Ninety Seven," said Miss Gnap to a tiny miss in the front row, "can *you* tell us the wild animals of Folkland?"

But little Ninety was already asleep—in fact, she had fallen asleep as soon as she came into the room, and though she sat straight up in her seat, she never saw the two Folk visitors at all. Afterwards she told Miss Gnap she would rather sleep than see Folks anyhow.

Things went better with Kam. Kam, poor chap, never had a first name, or a last name, I don't know which. He just had a name. He had lots of freckles, though, and that makes up for not having another name. And besides he had a snub nose and red hair, and was in four, and sometimes five, places at once, he was that active. He really deserved to have half a dozen names if other boys who just sleep all the time can have two.

"Kam," said Miss Gnap, "what are the wild animals of Folkland?"

"Tigers," said Kam, bravely, "and caterpillars, and mosquitoes, and elephants, and street cars, and camels, and bats, and mayors, and balloons."

It was not much of a list, you will agree; but then, there was quite a lot of it, such as it was, and that is always something. And also he got big A on it because when he got to "elephants" Miss Gnap fell asleep, and the school all went home for the day. And it was just as well they did so, for Miss Gnap slept all day in her chair, quite until dinner.

When the Blink children were coming away Snuggle said, "How do you like our school, Wandell?"

"I am not sure," said Wandell. "When do you learn things?"

"Oh, sometimes we stay awake for a whole day. We have been known to," said Snuggle. "We learn a great deal then, and if we go to sleep we learn it the next day. I have known it to take a week to learn just one thing."

"I think that is a very good kind of school," said Sue.



CHAPTER VIII

THE COVE OF THE SEVEN SWANS

"WHERE shall we go?" asked Snuggle, as she set off with the rest of the children.

"To the Cove of the Seven Swans," said Dora, and at that all the other Blink children cried, "Yes—to the Cove of the Seven Swans," only Blick said to the "Cove of the Theven Thwans." For Blick talked that way.

And to the Cove they went, chattering and laughing like the blackbirds that they saw along the way.

The Cove is a quiet spot where the Sea of Glar comes up into the land a way, with tall trees about, and rocks that the roses nod over. The water is clear—clearer even than glass. And it ought to be, I suppose, because the sand is so yellow and clean and smooth that it is like a soft beautiful carpet of gold for walking over. And if the water was clear, it was also good for swimming. Wandell could float on his back in it, a thing he could never do at home, and he could swim—why he could swim more ways than he had ever heard about, and I think he had heard about them all. Even Sue could swim, though she spent most of her time looking at the Seven Swans for how graceful they were.

"If I could only swim like a swan!" she said to Snuggle.

"Only they're not swans at all," Snuggle replied. "They're here to watch the Grotto of Where the Night Things Go. For somewhere in the Cove is a grotto where all the Night is kept when it is day. Once on a time all the day and night could come and go as they wished, and sometimes just when you thought it was going to be day, it would become night. And if it took you a time to get lamps and things lit, just then it would turn day again.



"Anyhow," Snuggle added, "that is the way papa told it to me. In the Land of Dusk it was pretty bad, because it was hardly ever dusk, and I suppose you can't have a Land of Dusk without having quite a bit of duskness. It wasn't much better in the Land of Nod, because if there is one thing the Nod people like it is to climb up the Ladder of Rickety Rungs to the moon. But often it was this way, that it would turn night and the moon would rise up behind the Mountain of Glimp, and get half the Nod people started toward the mountain top, only to have the night go away, and the moon along with it.

"So papa and the king of the Duskfolk wondered what they could do to give the night more regular habits, and the Duskfolk king said to get up an army and drive it away. But papa said that Night was a good thing to have if it would come at the right time.

"'I have the idea,' papa said. 'In Nodland we have a grotto that leads off the Sea of Glar, and we will keep the Night shut up in the grotto during the daytime, and let it out when it comes sundown.'

"'Yes,' said the Duskfolk king, 'a lot of trouble for all the good it will do you.'

"But they had little enough trouble, except from some of the stars. There were seven of them. All of the night clouds and the moon and the stars and the owl stayed by during the daytime, and most of the stars, only these seven. 'They needn't think they can keep us shut up in the place,' they would say to the other Night things, so that it was not long before the moon and things would come out right in the middle of the day, they were that restless from what the stars told them.

"The Duskfolk king came to papa about it, and the two of them talked again about the matter for a long time, and papa said, 'It will be this way, then: every morning when the day breaks and Night comes to the grotto, the seven stars must do guard at the entrance to the grotto, and so that they



may not fly away and spoil the day they shall be changed into seven swans for the day and watch that none of the Night Things come out until it is evening.'

"There were seven of the stars, and papa gave them a place in the Night sky where they must stay until day comes, just as they must stay in one place at the grotto door, and so they came to call these stars the Swan, and you can see them in the sky any Night."

"Don't they ever sleep?" asked Sue.

"No," Snuggle replied, "but I sometimes think they get very tired, because lots of times the moon gets out during the day, and—oh, there goes some of the Night Things now!"

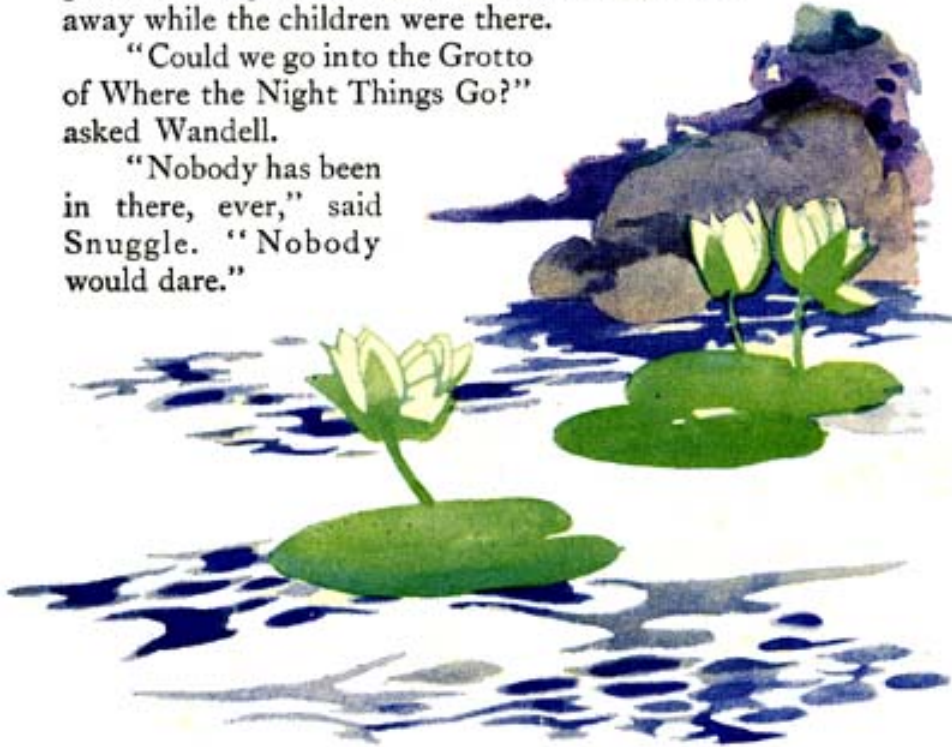
And sure enough, from a spot against the bank, which they could not quite see for some bushes that hung in the way, black shadows swept away over the surface of the water. They were tiny wisps of Night Cloud escaping, Snuggle said, but the Swans were all aflutter and stood close guard at the grotto, so that no more Night got away while the children were there.

"Could we go into the Grotto of Where the Night Things Go?" asked Wandell.

"Nobody has been in there, ever," said Snuggle. "Nobody would dare."

And one of the Swans heard Wandell ask the question of Snuggle and said, "If when you come out and until the day is over you will guard the grotto entrance, we will let you go into the grotto and see the wonderful place where the Night Things Go."

And all the children said they would keep guard, and so the mysterious door opened to them.





CHAPTER IX

THE HOME OF THE LEAP YEAR THINGS

TO make it hard for the Night Things to find their way out of the Grottos, and for prying Nod people to find their way in, the entrance was changed every day. Yesterday it might be down by the hollow willow tree that hung low over the Sea of Glar, and tomorrow again it might be under the wild rose right up close to the path that comes down to the cove. Today it was under the third lily pad just to the right of the big stone that you like to wade out to and hang your feet from for the gold fish to nibble at.

The leader of the swans, whose name was Cygnia, lifted the lily pad, and there Wandell saw a deep hole into the ground, and a ladder for climbing down. They reached the bottom and Cygnia whispered to Wandell, "Just follow this path to the roots of the oak tree, then turn to the left, and you'll see."

Wandell led the way. It was dark, but the cave was narrow and therefore easy for feeling your way. Soon things brushed across Wandell's face which felt like the webs that spiders spin, and Wandell knew that it was the roots of the oak tree, and he turned, for Cygnia had told him to turn.

And now a thing happened that shows how you must remember things. I suppose Wandell knows which is his right hand and which is his left hand as well as any boy or girl I know. He probably could stand on his head and tell you, or whirl round two times and a half and still tell you right off which was his right hand. But in his excitement he was careless and did not notice whether Cygnia said he should turn to the right or to the left. Anyhow he turned to the right. And they walked a long way until they came to a big grove with brilliant lights hung in the trees like stars.

There was much fun and laughing there, for fairy-like creatures—I suppose hundreds of them—were dancing under the trees and playing tag with the shadows.

Wandell came up to one of the weavers and said, "Is this the Grotto of Where the Night Things Go?"

"Oh dear, no," she replied, "we are only days here, and there are three hundred and sixty-five of us. If you want to know, we are the Leap Year Days."

Then Blick, who had missed nothing at all, observed, "You are not awfully big, are you?"

"No," said the young lady, who really *was* a dainty miss no larger than Snora. "I am February Twenty-Ninth, so I shouldn't be as large as some of the days. Take June Twenty-First. I'm not as big as June Twenty-First you see dancing there under the hazel tree. She is the biggest of all the Days. She is as large I think as this young man here"—by whom she meant Wandell, who, I may as well tell you, always felt vain when people called him "young man."

In a way Wandell wanted to stay for a time with the Leap Year Days, but, as he said to Snuggle, who was beside him, "You see a lot more days than you do nights, thanks to Blink, who never misses a night putting you to sleep."

So they followed back the way they came, after February Twenty-Ninth had planted a kiss on the cheek of each of the children, which made eighteen kisses in all.

Good luck was not with Wandell that day, for if they had turned the wrong way at the oak tree before, they did not turn at all when they went back, but went right on past the tree, and probably traveled far enough down the dark narrow way to go from the Land of Nod to the Land of Dreams if they had been on top of the ground instead of underneath.

"If it's much farther," said Wandell, "it will be evening, and all the Night and the Night Things will be gone!"

"Well," said Dora, "they would have to come this way and we'd see them when they passed us, which would be something."

Now Dora usually says very wise things, but he said a foolish one this time, for, as Sue remarked, it was that dark they couldn't see day if it came through the path, let alone Night. And besides, as they presently discovered, they had reached a grotto that the Night Things would not pass through at all—the Grotto of Mended Days.

In the Grotto of Mended Days were any number of little men—I suppose a hundred of them, sitting at small tables before candles that flickered before the casual winds that floated through the room in puffs, and bent low over needles that gleamed as they plied to and fro.

"Is this the Grotto of Where the Night Things Go?" Wandell asked of a man who worked twice as fast as the others, and who never looked up as he replied,

"No, but it is the grotto where the days that get spoiled are made over as good as new."

And now the little man looked up for the first time, and he looked straight into the eyes of the children gathered about.

"See this ugly tear in the day I'm working on? That was caused by a little boy who teased his little sister until she cried. And this soiled spot is where a little girl pouted because her mama would not let her have candy all day long.

"Friday gives us most trouble of all the days. It is hard to get men who know how to mend the Fridays, too. Somehow they come back to us in a bad way, so that there are only a few of our little men who are skilful enough to mend them. More than once we have had to send a Friday that was not all mended, and then things *would* happen. But where was it you were going, little man?"

"To the Grotto of Where the Night Things Go," said Wandell. "Can you tell us the way?"

"Just go back the way you came," the old man replied, "and when you come to the roots of the oak tree, turn to the left, and presently you will come to the grotto."

And they all said good-by to the kindly old man and went back the way they had come.

WHERE THE NIGHT THINGS GO

IF EVER you go in search of the Grotto of Where the Night Things Go, watch carefully for the roots of the old oak tree. Wandell did not miss them this time, and neither should you. He stopped and made sure of which was his left hand, and then turned. He had gone not more than as far as he would walk in a minute, when he came into the Grotto and Sue and the Blink children behind him.

The Grotto was that large they could not see the end nor the sides of it, and it was lighted, enough I suppose, but not more than it should be. The Moon had had a hard time of it the night before, with Folks making faces through huge telescopes at him, and Nod children climbing up the Ladder of Rickety Rungs and clambering all over him. He came back to the Grotto that morning, I may as well tell you, a bit out of humor. He went straight to bed and gave orders that he was not to be awakened until the day's end. But the Stars were all there, and the Milky Way, and the Sunset Glow, and the Rings that you see around the Moon, and so the Moon was not missed so much.

For that matter, the light would have been quite enough if it had not been so "jerky," as Wandell called it. The Stars had a bad habit of twinkling all at once. This made it light like day one instant, only to be not so light the next. This was the first thing Wandell noticed, and he walked right up to a lonesome looking owl and mentioned the matter.

"Yes, I know," said the Owl, "and we all know, but what can we do? All the Night Things have tried to invent something that will keep it light even when the Stars un-twinkle. It's not so bad when the Moon is around with the rest of us, but he is a lazy one, and sleeps nearly all the time. No, it can't be helped."



"Oh, c'mon, Mr. Owl, don't say that," said Wandell. "It's easy. Have half of them twinkle one time and half the next time, and so on. That way half of them will be twinkling all the time."

The Owl, that wise old Owl, looked at him in wonder. "My boy," he said, "you're a genius. Let me introduce you and your little Nod friends to the other Night Things. Here is North Star now. North," he called, "there are some little Folks and some Nod children."

North Star shook hands with all the children, from Wandell on down to Blick, only he gave Blick a star-shaped kiss right on the cheek, and then went right back to work again on what Wandell thought was a watch.

"Is it a stem-winder?" he asked.

"It's not a watch at all," said North Star, "but a compass." And Wandell thought here was a good man for not laughing when he asked the wrong questions, for too many people did that very thing. Then North Star went on, "I am a guide for the ships at sea, and must not move from my place all through the night. Wherever I am is north to the sailors. Sometimes it is hard to find my place in the sky, and so I have to keep a very good compass."

"Don't you rest all night long?" asked Sue.

"Well, I stand first on one foot, and then on another, and so on, for Stars have five feet, you know, and that helps me. And sometimes the Night Clouds help. The Clouds, I may as well say, are rather foolish things, and scud across the Night skies with very little sense. They do not stay in one place, as they are supposed to do, but run madly about, this way and that, and sometimes get themselves torn to shreds by running into a star or something, or getting caught on a horn of the Moon.

"It got so bad one time," the North Star said, "that we nearly ran out of Clouds altogether, and there was a month you did not see a Cloud in the Night sky. Of course you don't remember, because that was a long time ago. But it

was that way, and our weavers of Clouds had to work all day and all night to get a supply ahead. So we made it a rule that only part of the Clouds could go out at one time—the white ones the first night, the pink ones the next, the purple Clouds another night, and the blue, gray and black Clouds in their turn. Things have been much better since then, but even now they miss their count sometimes, and I have known them all to come out at one time, without a Cloud left behind, and the sky covered over with them, and the Moon and the Stars hid entirely.

"Of course, it would do no good to stay up all night when the Clouds hid you, would it?"

Wandell and the other children all thought it would not, and North Star continued, "What we do of times like that is to come home to the Grotto and let the Clouds have their show. Let them see the Clouds, Owl."

"There they are now," said the Owl—and he pointed to great puffs of this and that color that you or I might take to be heaps of fluffy wool or cotton. Wandell had already noticed them, but thought them some kind of gay bushes or trees like you see piled high on the sides of hills.

"They really are quite a nuisance," said the Owl. "They blow about and get in your eyes, and bits of them get under your feet and tangle you up, especially the purple and blue ones. The weavers are constantly having to do things to them, as North said, patching them, and making new ones."

Then the Owl burst into a laugh that Wandell thought was the funniest owl laugh he had ever heard. "Look," it cried, "there comes a Cloud the weavers have just patched. A gray one with three kinds of patches on it—red, white and purple! It's terrible!"

"Why, it's lovely," said Sue, but the Owl said something about poor taste, and Sue replied,

"But Folks like Clouds and things to have lots of color, don't they, Wandell? I supposed Owls, who are so wise, knew that."



"There are the clouds," said the Owl—
and he pointed to great puffs of color.



"Well, upon my word! He I've argued and fought to keep the Clouds one color just to please Folks, and now to find they don't like 'em that way. Well, it's better and cheaper to use up the small pieces, I can say that much, so we'll give Folks all the patched Clouds at night they want from now on," said the Owl.

Then they came to a pool with seven tall trees about it, and grass, and seven stars, each star with a wreath of a veil made of a red sunset, dancing and singing by its edge. "They are the Pleiades," said the Owl, who could be depended upon to know who was who in the Grotto, even if he didn't know so much about how Clouds should be patched.

Suddenly Snora called out, "Where's Sue?"

And Sue, sure enough, was nowhere to be seen. They looked all about the pool, and the Pleiades joined the search. They went back and asked North Star if he had seen a little Folk girl, but his only thought was to find the Great Bear. At this big tears came into Wandell's eyes, but as they went in search of this big creature the Owl told him that the Great Bear did not eat little girls, but that it was just one of the Star families. Just after they had passed the Midnight Hour, they came to the Great Bear, and Wandell, much to his surprise, saw it laugh and grin at him. It had not seen a stray little Folk girl, but just then a crowd of gay, laughing Clouds came past, chattering among themselves about something that gave them a great deal of fun.

"Those Clouds know something about it, I'll wager you," said the oldest of the Bears, old Gamma Bear, who is so old that her teeth clatter in her head whenever she talks.

The Owl called to them, and they turned and came toward them. There were Clouds of all colors—lovely pink Clouds, and beautiful blue and red ones, but the most beautiful of all was a gorgeous purple Cloud that danced here and there, and shaking with laughter.

"Have you seen anything of a little Folk girl that is lost

somewhere in the Grotto?" asked the Owl, and for reply the Clouds only laughed the harder.

"You don't seem to understand," said the Owl. "A little Folk girl is lost, and have you seen her?" For reply this time the Clouds went sailing past, but of all the Clouds Wandell thought he had never seen any so beautiful as the purple Cloud.

"I'm sure she is as good as she is beautiful," he said, "and I know she will help me find Sue."

So Wandell went in search of the good purple Cloud, and came up with her where the Pleiades had stopped her with the scarves of sunset glow that they wore. As Wandell came up they lifted a corner of the purple Cloud, and it was not a Cloud at all, but the veil of Purple Dusk that Sue had brought with her and wound about her to surprise Wandell when he should think her a Cloud.

"So you are the purple Cloud!" exclaimed Wandell.

"Mayn't I go out into the Night sky with the Clouds tonight, Wandell?" Sue asked. "Everyone says I would make a nice Cloud, and I could be back with them in the morning."

But Wandell was afraid she might dash into the West Side Church on Elm Street, which had a spire that sometimes touched the sky.

"And besides," said Wandell, "we promised to climb the Ladder of Rickety Rungs onto the Moon with Blink tonight, and it is time we should go, too."

And it was, for the Stars and the Sunset Glow and the other things began to get ready for the journey to the skies. So the children all said good-by to the Night Things, and told the Owl how much they loved him, and passed out again into the Cove. But the Swans said it had taken the children so long to talk to the Owl that no time was left before they should have to become Stars in the night sky, and they need not guard the entrance to the Grotto. So they went home to the palace of Blink the way they had come.



CHAPTER XI

SNUTCH AND HIS WISH GARDEN

"**I** WISH," said Sue, as they came up the walk to Blink's castle. That, though, was as far as ever she got, because Snuggle thought she was going to say she wished she was home.

What Sue was going to wish was that she would never have to go home at all, though that would have been as bad, maybe, as wishing she was home.

Anyhow, Snuggle stopped her.

"Don't wish anything until you have thought about it ten times," she said.

"And why?" asked Sue, and then Snuggle told her that over on a beautiful island in the Sea of Glar was the Wish Garden, with Snutch tending it.

"And every wish you ever wished, or ever will wish, is there," said Snuggle. "They spring up into beautiful flowers. That is, some of them do. The good wishes that you *should* wish. Red, and blue, and violet, and—why they grow up there just every color, almost. But the bad wishes, oh—"

Snuggle shuddered just to think of what the bad wishes become when they grow up in Snutch's garden.

"What *are* they?" asked Sue, and then Snuggle told her that the bad wishes grow up into weeds—some of them the most terrible kind of weeds.

"Well I wish we could see them," said Sue. "I think *that* would be a good kind of wish."

And it must have been, too, for no sooner did they say it than they were there, on the Island of Snarp, walking up from the edge of the sea to Snutch's house.

Snutch's house ought to have been a great deal nicer than it was, because he could just wish for a beautiful house and

that very minute he would have a new nouse, with a bath room in it, and an attic to put his skates and sled and things in in the summer time. That is, if he had had skates and sleds and things.

But one house was as good as another for Snutch, because he always stayed out in his garden anyhow, looking after his flowers. He was there when his little visitors came. He was a gray little man, with a beard that hung almost to the ground; it even touched the ground sometimes, when Snutch bent way down to see whether a new flower that came was really a flower or a weed.

Because you can't always tell about wishes, whether they are good or bad. It would have been all right, you see, for Wandell to wish that he was a motorman, but it wouldn't be so good for Sue. That shows that sometimes a certain wish should be in Snutch's flower beds, and sometimes it should be among the weeds. That was what makes it so terribly hard to be keeper of a wish garden. And that is why, too, Snutch just now had to stoop over until his beard touched the ground.

Snuggle said, "How do you do, Snutch?" and Snutch said "Very well, thank you, who were the young people?" Then Snuggle introduced Wandell and Sue, and said they would like to see his Wish Garden. He was very glad to, you may be sure, and said so.

Into the garden they went, and almost the first thing they saw was, what do you suppose? You could never guess, I am sure, so I will tell you. It was a huge bed of yellow flowers.

"What kind of flowers are those, do you suppose, little girl?" Sue came near saying "rose," because it rhymed with "those" and "suppose." She knew they weren't roses, though, so she said "sunflowers." She might as *well* have said roses, though, because Snutch laughed and said—

"Only they're not sunflowers at all, but 'I Wish I Didn't Have to Go to School' blossoms. That is why there are so

many of them. Every little boy and girl wishes that. And it is not a weed wish, either, but an all right wish, because some day, when the little boy or girl is big enough, and the flower is all ready to pick, I will send it to them, and they won't have to go to school any more."

"I wished that one time, too," said Sue. "Oh, won't I have to go to school any more? Can't I take it home with me now? Can't I?"

Now Snutch is a kind old man, as I am sure you have already guessed, and he didn't want to disappoint Sue. But of course it takes time for "I Wish I Didn't Have to Go to School" blossoms to get ready to pick. They have to grow, just like boys and girls do. So Snutch said, "How old are you, little girl?" and Sue said she was seven and growing on eight.

"Well," said Snutch, "it will take quite a long time for that blossom to grow. I will have to water it and hoe it for ever so long, but if you will get all your lessons and go to school every day, it will be ready to send to you in—oh, in about ten years. . . . Why, here it is now," said the little man, and he bent so low over a tiny plant that was just coming up through the ground that his long beard spread out on the ground like a mat.

"Anyway, wishes don't look *anything* like they sound," said Sue, and she looked a long time at her wish plant, and was just going to wish it would grow faster, when Snuggle and Wandell said for her to come and look at some plants that didn't have *any* flowers at all. They looked very much like weeds, and Wandell said so to Snutch.

"They *are* weeds," said Snutch. "They are the kind of wishes that nobody ever ought to wish. Do you remember, Wandell, one time you wished you were a young man, and not a boy any more?"

Wandell said he remembered it very well, and Snutch said:

"Here it is, then," and he reached down and showed a starved looking plant with stickers on it, and to it was tied a tag which said, "Wandell's Weed Wish No. 175."

"Have I made that many bad wishes, 175?" asked Wandell.

"Oh, that was a long time ago," said Snutch, bending low and lifting his beard away from the plant.

"It was a long time ago when you were only five years old. There have been a lot since then, because you are ten now. Why, just last Tuesday you wished you didn't have to go to bed, and that made 350."

Wandell asked what some of his other weed wishes were, but Snutch said it would take too long to name them all. And anyhow, some of them had died out, and it was always best to forget them, and keep making only the good wishes.

"What makes the weed wishes die out?" asked Sue.

"Whenever you see how very foolish your weed wish was, then it dries all up and fades away," Snutch said.

And when the little old man said that, Willy unwished one of his weed wishes. "I am glad I am a boy, and not a man," he said.

And as he did so, one of the weeds dried right up while they were looking at it.



"I am glad I don't drive the lion cage in the circus parade, too," Wandell said again, and so another weed wish died.

And Sue said she wanted to play in the unwishing game, too.

"I am glad I have to go to bed when it gets dark, and I always *will* be glad."

And so Wandell and Sue went on unwishing their bad wishes, until I don't suppose Wandell had more than 117 left, and Sue probably 97. I am sure she didn't have any more than that left.

"Could we unwish them all if we stayed long enough?" asked Sue.

Snutch unwound his long beard from a "I Wish I Had a Million Dollars" weed, which it had got wrapped around, and then said:

"Yes—yes, only you wouldn't have to stay here all that time. You can unwish them at home, too. Sometimes it takes a long time. Why, sometimes a boy grows to be a man before *all* the foolish wishes get unwished. When that time comes he becomes Contented, and to be Contented is the most wonderful thing in all the world."

"I wish *I* were contented," said Sue, and Snutch planted her wish right there.

"Now I hope that wish grows fast and blossoms very early," he said. And it did, too, why, it surprised even Snutch, for it sprang right up and blossomed while she was

looking at it. I don't suppose anybody ever saw a flower grow up and become beautiful, with long silky petals, all gold, so quickly as Sue's Contentment wish did. Then Snutch picked it and handed it to her.

"You can take it home with you, Sue," he said, which she did. And she has it to this day, for she planted it in her own garden, and every time she starts to wish she was something else than just what she is, or that she was somewhere else, she looks at her Contentment blossom, and just then she doesn't wish it at all.

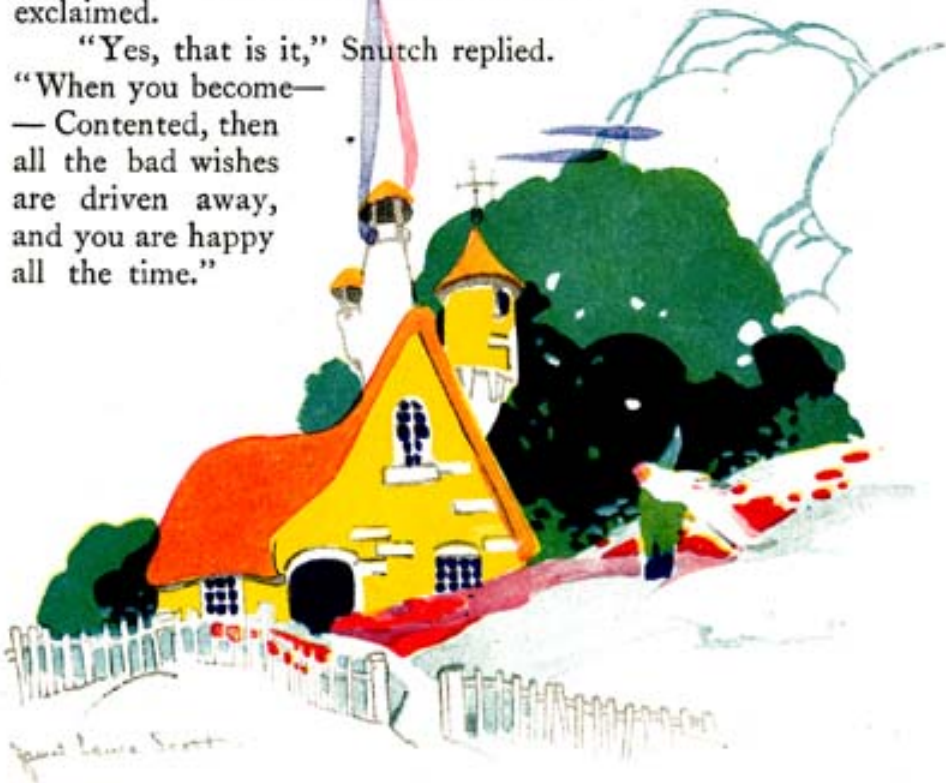
"And now," said Snutch, "where are your other weed wishes?"

Sue looked around and everywhere, but couldn't find any of the weed plants that had been there just a minute before.

"Why—why they are all gone," she exclaimed.

"Yes, that is it," Snutch replied.

"When you become—
—Contented, then
all the bad wishes
are driven away,
and you are happy
all the time."



Wandell was just about to wish that he were contented, too, but Snuggle, who had been thinking about a wish eleven times and a half, a time and a half more than she needed to, said she wished they were back home, because it was time for her daddy to get home from putting Folk children to sleep. And as she did so they were high up over the Sea of Glar, sitting on the edge of a gold-edged cloud, sailing to Blink's castle.

And they looked back toward the Garden of Wishes, and saw Snutch waving his hands to them, and his long beard being blown gaily this way and that by a wind which came by just then.



CHAPTER XII

THE CITY THAT COMES UP OUT OF THE SEA OF A NIGHT

IT was now dusk in the Land of Nod. Great clouds of purple shadows hung down the sides of the Mountain of Glimp, and fireflies darted here and there, making Sue think very much of a pretty party out on the lawn, with Japanese lanterns playing hide and seek.

Blink, though, wasn't home yet. He ought to have been, too, because he didn't have Wandell and Sue to put to sleep, and *they* always took as long almost as all the other boys and girls put together.

Suddenly Wandell looked out over the Sea of Glar.

"What is that?" he said, pointing at a strange thing that was taking place out in the Sea.

"You oughtn't to point, Wandell," said Sue.

But Wandell wasn't so sure. "Mamma meant not to point at the sugar and things at the table, or at people, or at— But nobody could tell you what not to point at when you point at *that*, so it must be all right."

It was now Sue's turn to be not so sure, so she didn't say anything more about it, but asked Snuggle what it was. For there began coming up out of the Sea of Glar, slowly as might be, towers and tall buildings, and rows of lights, where Wandell was sure must be where long, winding streets were.

Snuggle was going to say what it was, but Dora wanted to explain something, so he said, "It's The City That Comes Up Out of the Sea of a Night. Every night, when it has become dusk like this, it comes up from the bottom of the sea, and stays until it starts to get light in the morning, when it goes back down again."

"Would it be all right if I wished us there?" asked Sue.

Snuggle said she ought to think about the wish ten times first. Sue did so, and thought it would be all right for her to make the wish.

"Still, I haven't any weed wishes in Snutch's garden, so maybe you had better wish it," she told Wandell. "One more won't make so much difference, because you have so many."

So Wandell wished they were all there, and as he did so, they were all there as quickly as they had got to Snutch's Wish Garden. They were in a strange square in the middle of the city, with lovely towers pointing up into the dark sky, and long rows of bright lights that flickered in the breeze, and that followed along narrow, winding streets that Wandell and Sue couldn't see the end of.

"Why, they're moving—the streets, I mean," said Sue.

And they were, too, for as Dora explained to her and Wandell, it is that way in *The City That Comes Up Out of the Sea of a Night*.

"You don't have to go anywhere," he said. "You just wait for the streets to come around to where *you* are. It saves a terrible lot of walking and waiting for street cars."

Just then Sue looked at some gay shops which were coming by, right close to them. She especially saw the Chocolate Sundae Shop, which had its name painted on a big sign that swung over the door.

I suppose all little boys and girls can especially see chocolate sundae shops, but I think Sue was more that way than anybody I ever saw.

"Oh, let's have some chocolate sundae, please," she said. "Have you any money, Wandell?"

And then Snuggle explained that in *The City That Comes Up Out of the Sea of a Night* you don't have to have any money. "You just stay where you are, and if you wait long enough the Marshmallow Sundae Shop, or the Striped Candy Bazaar, or the Toy Shop—why any shop that you want will come around where you are. You don't even have to wish it—you can just think it."

But Sue was more anxious to eat some chocolate sundae than she was to hear about the streets of *The City That Comes Up Out of the Sea of a Night*.

"Let's hurry," she said.

But it was too late, now. The Chocolate Sundae Shop had gone on past. She looked up Main Street, though, and saw the Striped Candy Bazaar and said why not sit down and wait for it to come around.

So they sat down on a bench in the middle of the square and watched the great castles go by, where the kings live, and where the little people, no larger than Dora, sat in the windows, laughing and watching the strange sight of a little boy and girl from Folk Land. For I suppose nobody in that wonderful city had ever seen a boy or girl.

Pretty soon Sue said, "Well, the Striped Candy Bazaar ought to be about here now."

All turned and looked. "Why, the streets are going the other way!" Wandell exclaimed. And sure enough, the Main Street was going away from them, and it would probably be next day before it would get around again, Dora said. It had to travel as far as from where you live down to the post office, and then to your school and back home again. And you must remember that the streets of *The City That Comes Up Out of the Sea of a Night* do not travel as fast as they might.

"Well," said Sue, "we can go into the Drum Shop." For the Drum Shop came along just then.

Nobody knew what they would want to buy a drum for, but I suppose a drum shop is better than not going into a shop at all. Anyhow in they went, and Sue and Wandell were glad they did so, because it was the strangest shop that anybody ever saw.

There were drums of more kinds than Wandell ever knew there were. There were big drums as high as Wandell himself, and there were little drums no larger than they should be. They were all colors, too—some of them blue, and some



of them yellow, and some this color and some that. About the only kind of drum they didn't keep there were square drums. Sue wondered if drums were like that all over the world.

"What is inside of them?" she asked the little man who had charge of the shop.

"Nothing," he replied.

"What do you have them for, then, if there is nothing inside of them?" she asked again, "and why are there so many of them?"

"Well," said the little man, "you see, there is so much nothing all around here that there is not as much room as there should be for things. And there is getting to be more of it all the time, too. Why, I suppose if we didn't keep using up the nothing, in time it would push people and trees and things right out of the way. So here in The City That Comes Up Out of the Sea of a Night, we use up a lot of nothing by making drums of it. Of course there are other ways of using it up, too—such as doing nothing. We use up a lot of it that way, I can tell you."

"Doing nothing?" exclaimed Sue, who was very much surprised. "Yes, miss," the old man said, "a lot of the time doing nothing but having a nice time. You have to have a lot of nothing to do that, you know. But the best way is drums, because that is the easiest way to make the storms roar at sea."

"Is that where the storm roars come from?" asked Sue.

"Of course," said the old Drum Shop keeper, puffing out his cheeks, and looking very much like a roar himself. "You couldn't have a storm at sea without the roar of the sea, could you?" he asked.

Sue said she didn't know, but anyhow they never *did*.

"No, and they never will," said this quaint old man. "And that is the business of the people who live in The City That Comes Up Out of the Sea of a Night, to make the roar of the sea."

Wandell picked up a small drum and struck it quite a smart blow, but the little Drum man stopped him.

"You mustn't," he said. "You will frighten the people who live by the sea."

"Huh! With that little drum?" Wandell asked.

"It may be a little drum," replied the Shopman, "but it will make a very big noise. Why, in the Land of Folks, where you come from, the people will be frightened when they hear the storm, and when they see that there isn't any storm, they will think there is an earthquake, or a cyclone or something."

Then Sue asked a very sensible question.

"What did you use for drums before you used nothing?" she asked.

"Oh, we used the big shells for horns to blow upon," the Shopman told her. "We do now sometimes, when it is a big storm and we don't have any more nothing than we should have. But nothing is easier to get than the shells are, and really it makes a bigger roar."

Just then there was a great clatter of little people, outside the Shop, and Wandell and Sue saw all the streets rushing toward the Drum Shop, filled with excited people with drums which they were beating, although, as the Shopman had said, some of them were blowing upon big shells which one finds now and again along the shore of the sea. Those who did not bring drums or horns came into the Shop and bought them of the old man.

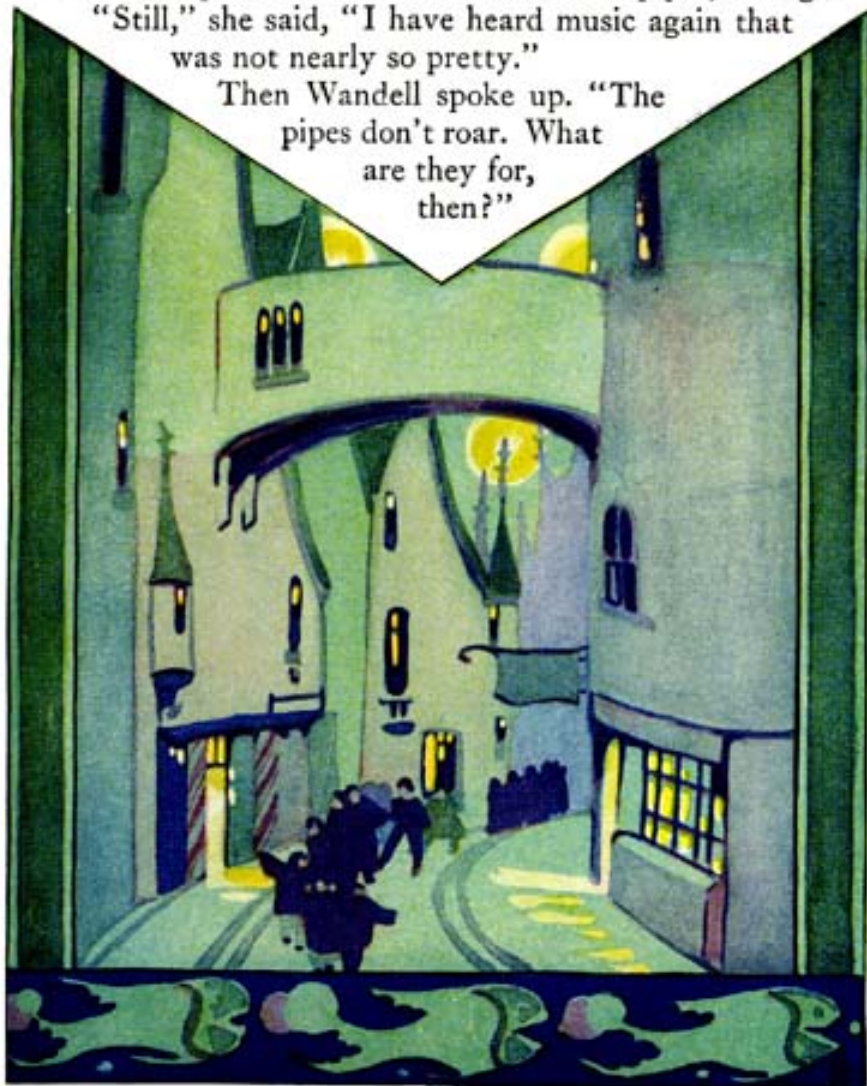
Suddenly there was a great stillness, and the Shopman told Wandell and Sue that the Shop of the Pipes should be there by then. And sure enough, as everybody looked across the tiny square, there came rumbling up to them a street with a shop in it that was so tiny that you could put two of them in the house where *you* live. Into it hurried the people, and out of it they came with pipes of many sizes that they were blowing upon. Some made tiny noises like grasshoppers; there were pipes no larger than a dandelion's stem; other

pipes were like the robin's song when the sun drops down of an evening behind the old oak tree.

With the roar of the drums the music of the pipes was pretty. Sue thought the band at home, when it marched through the streets with all the horns playing and Wandell and all the other boys running behind it—Sue thought the band was prettier than the drums and pipes, though.

"Still," she said, "I have heard music again that was not nearly so pretty."

Then Wandell spoke up. "The pipes don't roar. What are they for, then?"



And the Shopman said they were for the whistling of the wind at sea. "After the storm comes up and the roar of the sea begins, the wind must shriek when it blows through the rigging of the ships, mustn't it?" he asked.

Wandell wasn't sure whether the wind *had* to shriek when it blew across the ships. "But it always does," he said.

Anyhow, at that very minute upon the sea the sailors heard the wind whistle and scream as it blew through the rigging of their ships, and they said that there was apt to be quite a blow before another day would come with its light.

Now, no little girl (or boy, either, for that matter) likes to have a storm at sea any more than she likes to have a storm on the land. No matter how much she likes to listen to the music of the drums and the pipes, she would rather not have it storm. Sue was feeling that way about it, and said,

"Now, Wandell, see what you did, when you started to beat upon that drum. Everybody thought it was a real storm and came out to help."

And it was just as the old Shopman said. When the people who lived by the sea heard the roaring made by the drums, and the shrieking of the wind when there wasn't any storm, they were scared at first, but soon went back to sleep to dream their pretty dreams.

Wandell's daddy, though, when Sue told him all about it when they got home, laughed heartily enough, I can tell you, and always told people, when they came to their house for dinner, about "Wandell's famous storm at sea."

Pretty soon, though, the little people grew tired of blowing upon the pipes and beating upon the drums, and went to their homes, and the storm ended.

"Isn't it rather a short storm?" asked Wandell.

The little Shopman said yes, and that he wished they always got tired as quickly when there was really a storm.

"That reminds me," said Snuggle, "we must be going."

Just why the old Shopman's words reminded her of going, Wandell and Sue could not guess. For that matter,

Snuggle herself, I suppose, could not have told you. Anyhow, they wished the little shop keeper a good night, and thanked him for the storm. Then Sue wished they were back at Blink's castle. She knew that would not be a bad wish, so did not let Wandell make it.

And as she wished they were back with Blink, they were so, in as short a time as they spent in coming.

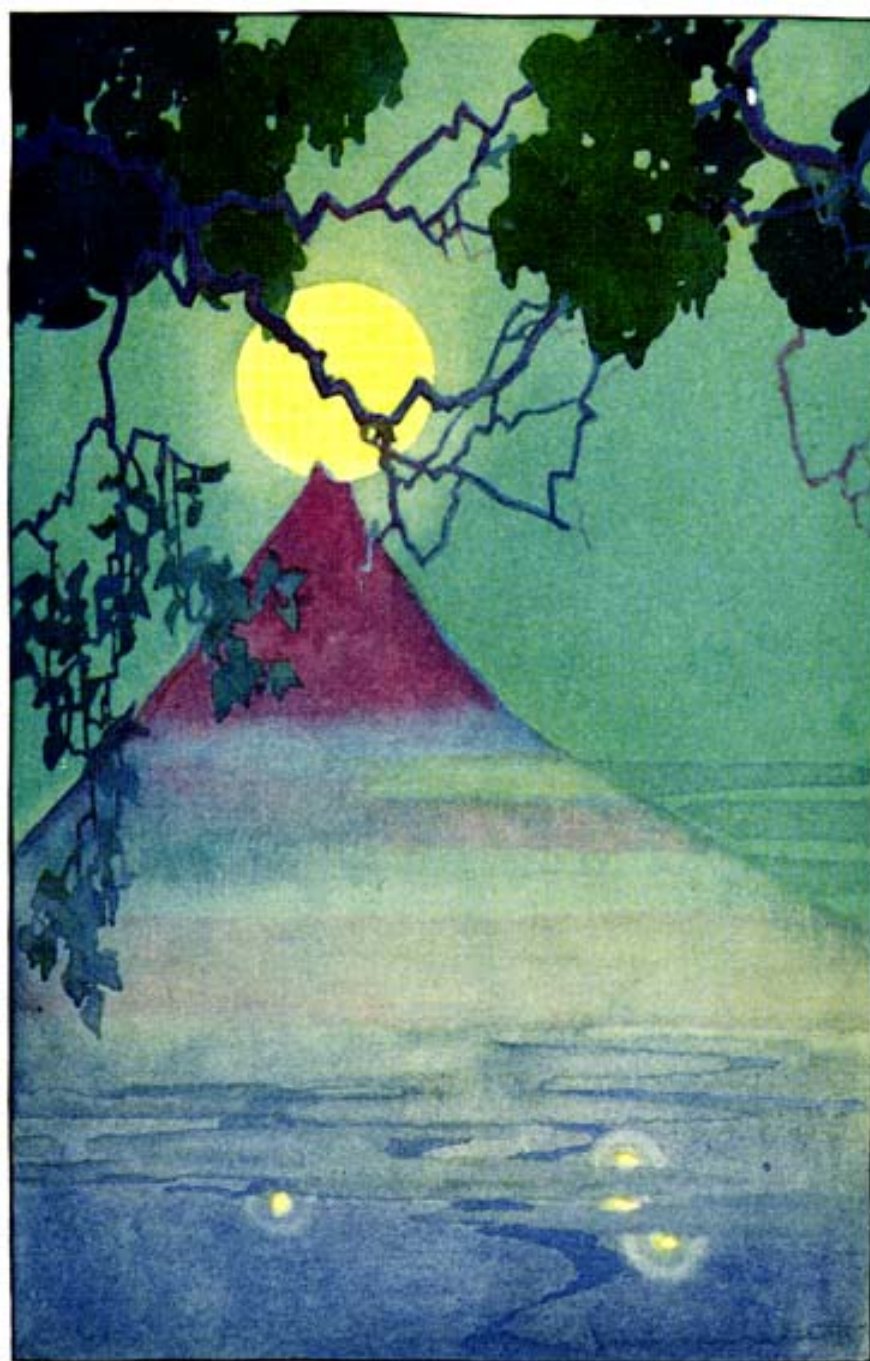


THE LADDER OF RICKETY RUNGS

BLINK was home early that night from putting Folks to sleep, because he hadn't Wandell and Sue to spend half an hour over. But even so, the big full moon was ahead of him, smiling and perched on top of the Mountain of Glimp. They set out for the Ladder of Rickety Rungs as soon as Blink had had some strawberry sundae and a Sue.

It would have been just as well all around if they had left part of the Blink family at home that night. To get to the narrow path that leads up the mountainside they had to go close by the sleep sand pile, and Blink fell asleep just thinking about it. He was put away in bed, and the rest of the party started out bravely enough, but they had just got well past the pit of Sand and across the River Sneep when Glap fell asleep just as he was reaching out to take a step with his right foot. Miss Gnap lived nearby and Blink carried him into her house till they should come back. They had not gone far when Willy, who had been rubbing his eyes to keep awake, but had only rubbed more sand into them, went to sleep and walked quite a long way before Blink noticed it. Blink laid him down beside the Brook of the Laughing Water, and they went on. Only before they did so Blink took from his pocket a paper and pencil and wrote down the places where he had left children that night.

By this time the Night Things had turned the Mountain of Glimp into a purple island in a sea of grey-green mist. As far as they could see there was only the soft warm air of night to look into, though Blink, whose eyes are very good in these things, said he could see a bright spot below where the moonlight struck the roof of the Nod palace, and near it a dark crawly line that he said was the River Sneep. Sue wanted



very much to go swimming in the mist sea, but Blink said there was no telling about the Moon and the other Night Things.

"They are a strange lot," he said, "if they want to be, and the Mist might take it into its head to fly off, with you half a mile from shore. Then unless a Cloud happened along, or a nightingale's song, you would sink to the ground, and that is never a safe thing to do."

So they came to the top of the Mountain of Glimp, and there was the Ladder of Rickety Rungs, and the Moon at the other end of it, smiling at them.

"Only the lower rungs are rickety, though," said Wandell, as they sat down to catch their breath. "Why is it, Blink?"

"That," Blink replied, "is because so many of the Noddies climb a few steps and then go to sleep. One never gets all the way to the Moon unless he keeps awake."

So Wandell gave his eyes a hard rub, brushed himself to make sure no sleep sand clung to him, and soon they had climbed up the Ladder onto the Moon. All except Dora—when Dora got to the seventh rung he fell asleep and Blink had to carry him down and lay him under a wisp of purple Night Cloud, writing another thing in the places where he had children sleeping.

"There, Wandell," said Sue, when they had stepped off the Ladder of Rickety Rungs onto the Moon, "you said the Moon didn't smile. You said it only looked that way. See, he's laughing all over."

Then Sue felt something moving at her feet, and looked down.

"Why, Wandell, we're standing right on the edge of a big grin!"

And Sue was right. There were big grin wrinkles all around them that made the jolly old Moon face look like rows of hills and valleys. Even Wandell had to admit then that the Moon was smiling, and he asked the Moon what it smiled about. "I suppose there is some reason for it," he said.

"Well," said the Moon, "if you had ever so many thousands of smiles in your pocket I am sure you would smile, too. Just you follow that grin you're on the edge of, until you come to the Fields of the Gone Smiles, and see what you will see."

So they went on along the grin they stood on the edge of, and this grin took them on to another, and so it went. One grin ran into another grin, until they came to the Field of the Gone Smiles. And they saw there more flowers than they had ever known there were before—there were red flowers, and purple, and yellow, and violet, and blue, and orange flowers. They were of all kinds, too—dainty roses that danced in the soft breezes, and veronica, and sweet williams, and daisies, and pansies—and a lot besides, many that Wandell and Sue had never heard of. As far as they could see there were flowers. The mountains to their tops were gay with them, and along the laughing stream which flowed down the valley where they stood, flowers hung over the banks and nodded to the flower faces that smiled up at them.

"I should think they would run out of red and yellow and things, with so many flowers to put colors into," said Sue.

A lily heard Sue say that, and spoke up: "There will always be color enough as long as Folks smile. For if we are flowers, we are also smiles—we are all the smiles that Folks have ever smiled. When Folks are through with a





smile it does not die, but comes to the Moon and blossoms into a beautiful flower of the kind that each smile desires."

"Whose smile were you?" asked Sue, and the lily replied,

"I was the smile of a mother when she first saw her baby girl lying beside her asleep. I heard them call the baby Sue."

"Oh!" cried Sue, and she danced with joy. "I'm Sue, and you were my mother's smile!"

And she kissed the lily again and again. And as she did so, her face broke into smiles, and when she looked down at the ground there were, I suppose, more than a dozen daisies which she had not seen before. She looked surprised, and then the lily burst out laughing. "You were smiling just now. Your smiles have turned into daisies." And then Sue smiled some more, and of course some more daisies sprang up.

But loveliest of all the smiles was the baby smile of Sue. It was a soft, very pale violet that smiled up at her.

"You don't remember, of course," the violet said to Sue. "You couldn't. Blink here had already found you and put you to sleep. Hadn't you, Blink?"

Blink remembered it. "Yes," he replied, "and even then it took more sand to put Sue asleep than it did her mama, who was ever so much bigger."

"But you smiled in your sleep," the violet added, "and when mama had kissed it nearly all away, it floated off like a Wisp of Night Cloud and came to the Moon, as you see."

Wandell all this time had been silent, but Sue suddenly turned, and there she saw him laughing as she had never seen him laugh before, with golden sunflowers springing up all about him.

"It's Snuggle," said Wandell. He pointed to a tall red peony that was bigger than you or I ever saw, and leaning against it was Snuggle, fast asleep. Blink took out his notebook again and put in it where Snuggle was sleeping. "By the Seven Lilies in the Plot of Gold," it said, which was true, for that was the name of the place where they stood.

Blink had never seen anything so strange as this. Next



to Wandell and Sue, Snuggle was the hardest creature in all the world to get to sleep.

"I suppose it will be Wandell and Sue next," he said, "and I couldn't write down where I left them because I can't spell such strange names."

And Blink smiled, and as he did so, a great snapdragon sprang up that was bigger than Blink himself. It whispered something in his ear, and this was the thing it told him:

"The poppies want the Folk children to stay in the Fields of the Gone Smiles, and have planned to put them to sleep."

And Blink knew that poppies were that way, that they will put Folks asleep almost as quickly as the sleep sand itself, so he said,

"Well, my children, it is time we should go." And he lifted Snuggle onto his shoulder and carried her out of the Fields of the Gone Smiles. And it was well enough that he did so, for when they came to the Ladder of the Rickety Rungs, Wandell and Sue fell asleep, and Blink laid them down on the edge of a chuckle, for the Moon was laughing so heartily that he shook.

And I suppose the two children would have been there to this day, sleeping in the Fields of the Gone Smiles, if Blink had not acted quickly, so bent were the poppies on keeping them.

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On and on they slept, Wandell and Sue. It was probably a whole hour, for daddy was in his study and had just finished his paper when he asked mother, "The children, dear? Are they in bed?"

Mama smiled. "Why no, I left them looking into the fire more than an hour ago. They're so quiet, though! Let us go and see!"

So the two of them went downstairs into the big living room and there, in the big arm chair slept Wandell and Sue, as we first saw them. Daddy pinched Sue's cheek, very gently, of course.

"Come, missy" (for that is what he called her—hardly ever Sue at all): "Come, missy," he said, "it is time to go to bed. And you, too, Mr. Wandell!"

And as the two children roused up and rubbed their eyes he added,

"Been to the Land of Nod, have you?"

"Yes," Sue replied, and "besides, we've been to the Land of Dusk and the Land of Dreams, and the Grotto Where the Night Things Go, and to the Fields of— what were they the Garden of, Wandell?"

"The Garden of the Gone Smiles," said Wandell.

"Yes," Sue replied. "And it was a wonder we got away from there, too. Blink lost the paper that said where he left his children, and we went to help find them. 'They'll wake up if they think something to eat is ready,' Blink said, and so he began to call, 'Sue is ready! Come and have some Sue!' So the Blink children woke up and came running to us. Blink wanted Wandell and me to eat, too, but I knew you would be waiting, and so he brought us home, and—"

"Why, she's sleeping again," said Wandell, laughing, for *he* was wide awake now.

And it was that way, for daddy had to say, "Sue, it's ten o'clock," before she got awake enough to go to bed.

THE END



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