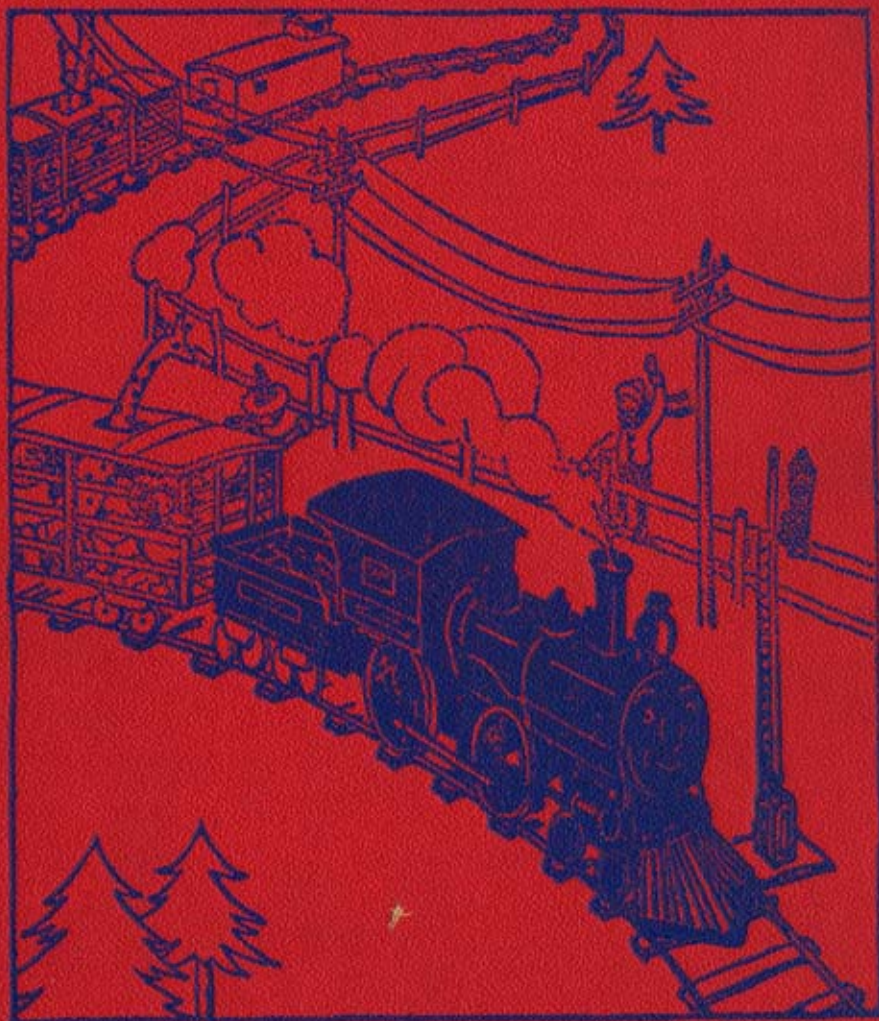


# THE LITTLE ENGINE THAT COULD

Trade Mark



WATTY PIPER

Title: The Little Engine That Could

Author: Watty Piper: Illustrated by Lois L. Lenski

Language: English

Subject: Fiction, Literature, Children's literature

Publisher: World Public Library Association

(c) **worldLibrary.net**<sup>tm</sup>



## World Public Library

The World Public Library, [www.WorldLibrary.net](http://www.WorldLibrary.net) is an effort to preserve and disseminate classic works of literature, serials, bibliographies, dictionaries, encyclopedias, and other reference works in a number of languages and countries around the world. Our mission is to serve the public, aid students and educators by providing public access to the world's most complete collection of electronic books on-line as well as offer a variety of services and resources that support and strengthen the instructional programs of education, elementary through post baccalaureate studies.

This file was produced as part of the "eBook Campaign" to promote literacy, accessibility, and enhanced reading. Authors, publishers, libraries and technologists unite to expand reading with eBooks.

Support online literacy by becoming a member of the World Public Library, <http://www.WorldLibrary.net/Join.htm>.

(c) **worldLibrary.net**<sup>tm</sup>



[www.worldlibrary.net](http://www.worldlibrary.net)

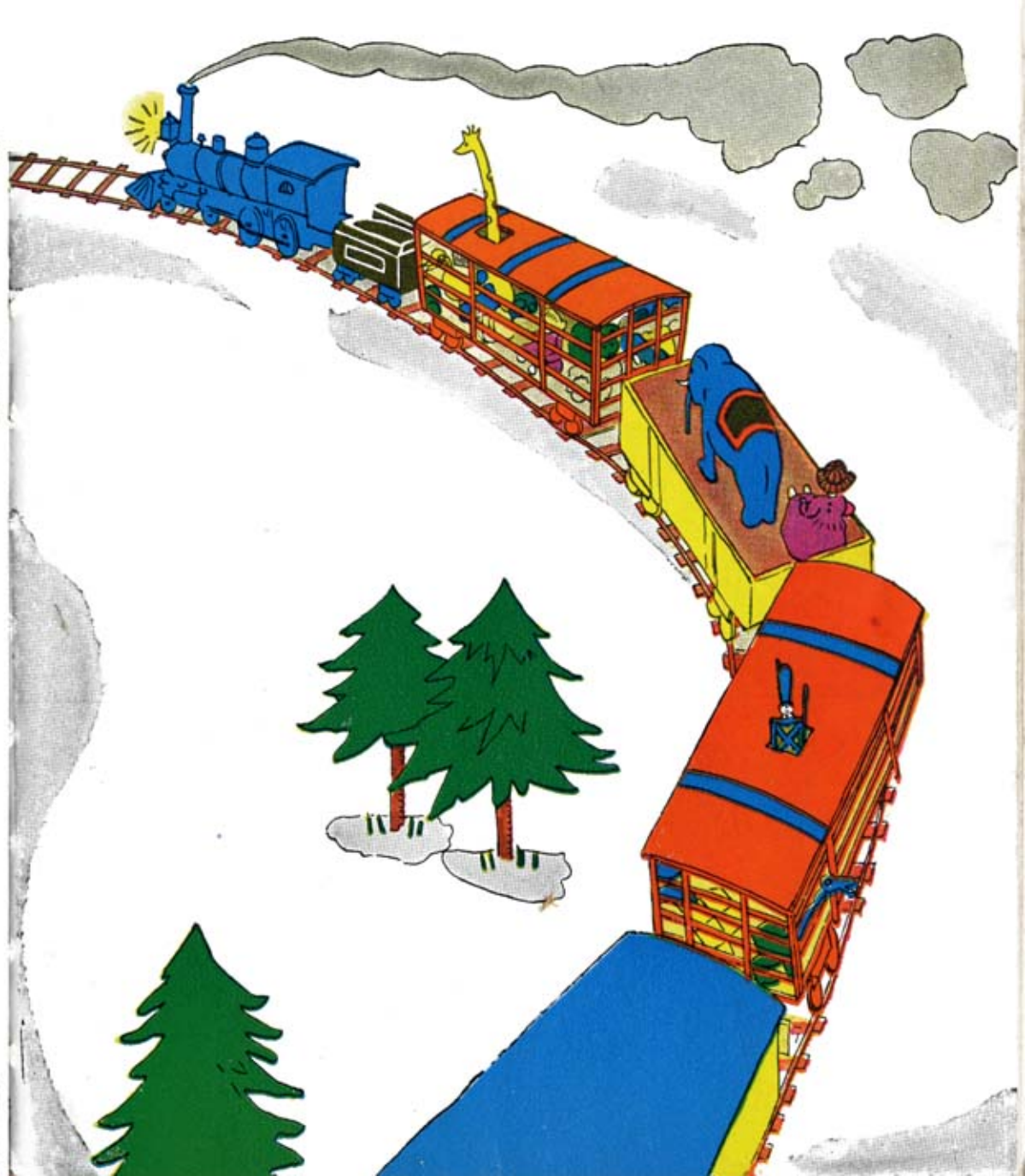
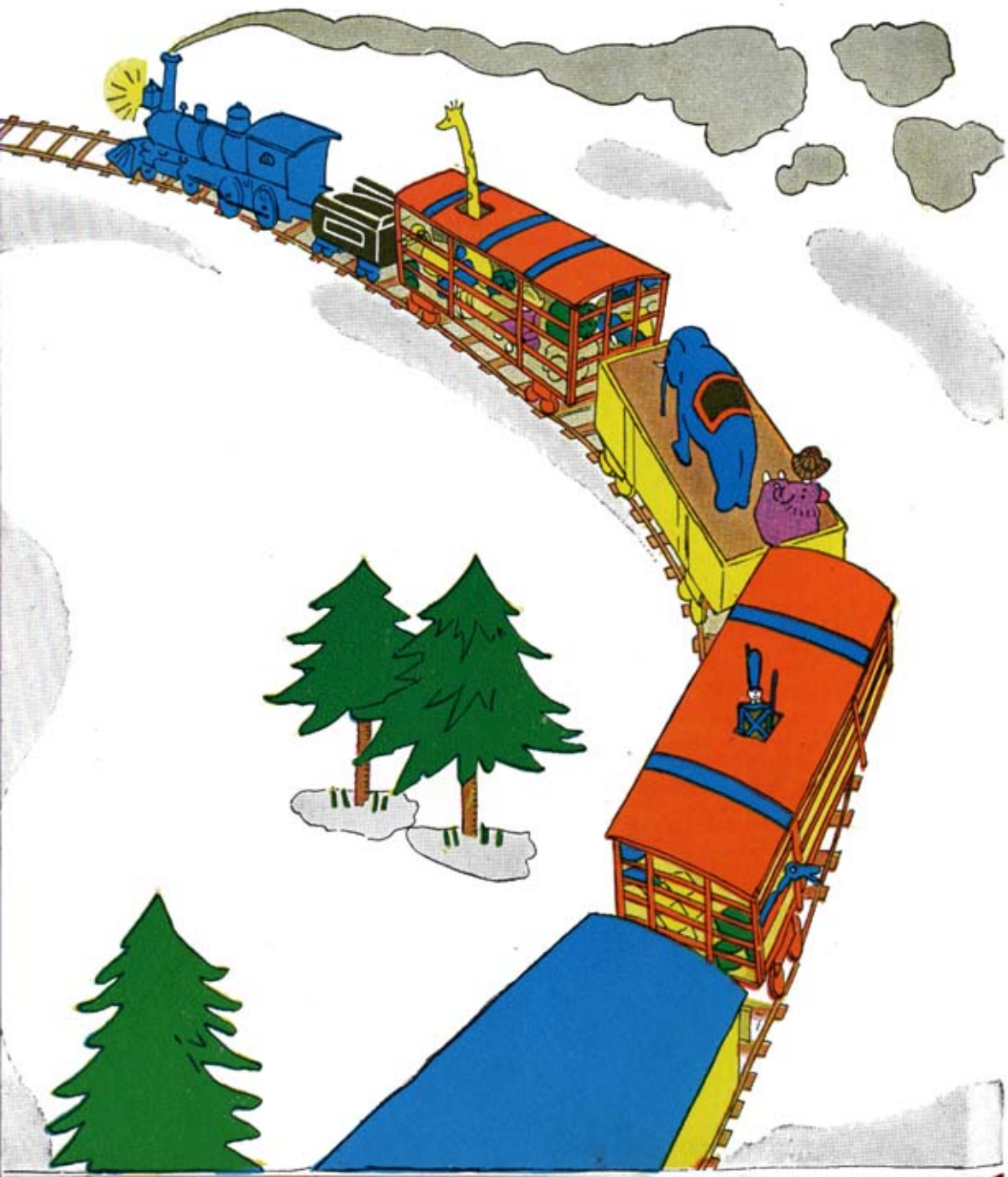
\*This eBook has certain copyright implications you should read.\*

This book is copyrighted by the World Public Library. With permission copies may be distributed so long as such copies (1) are for your or others personal use only, and (2) are not distributed or used commercially. Prohibited distribution includes any service that offers this file for download or commercial distribution in any form, (See complete disclaimer <http://WorldLibrary.net/Copyrights.html>).

World Public Library Association  
P.O. Box 22687  
Honolulu, Hawaii 96823  
[info@WorldLibrary.net](mailto:info@WorldLibrary.net)



(c) **worldLibrary.net**<sup>tm</sup>



NEVER GROW OLD SERIES

Edited by Watty Piper

THE ROOSTER, THE MOUSE AND THE  
LITTLE RED HEN

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

THE LITTLE RED HEN AND THE GRAIN  
OF WHEAT

THE GINGERBREAD BOY

LITTLE BLACK SAMBO

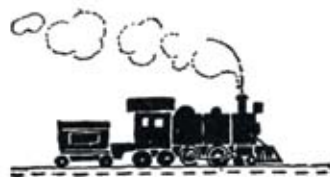
THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

PELLE'S NEW SUIT

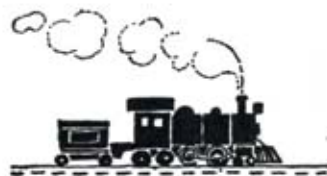
THE FIRST CIRCUS

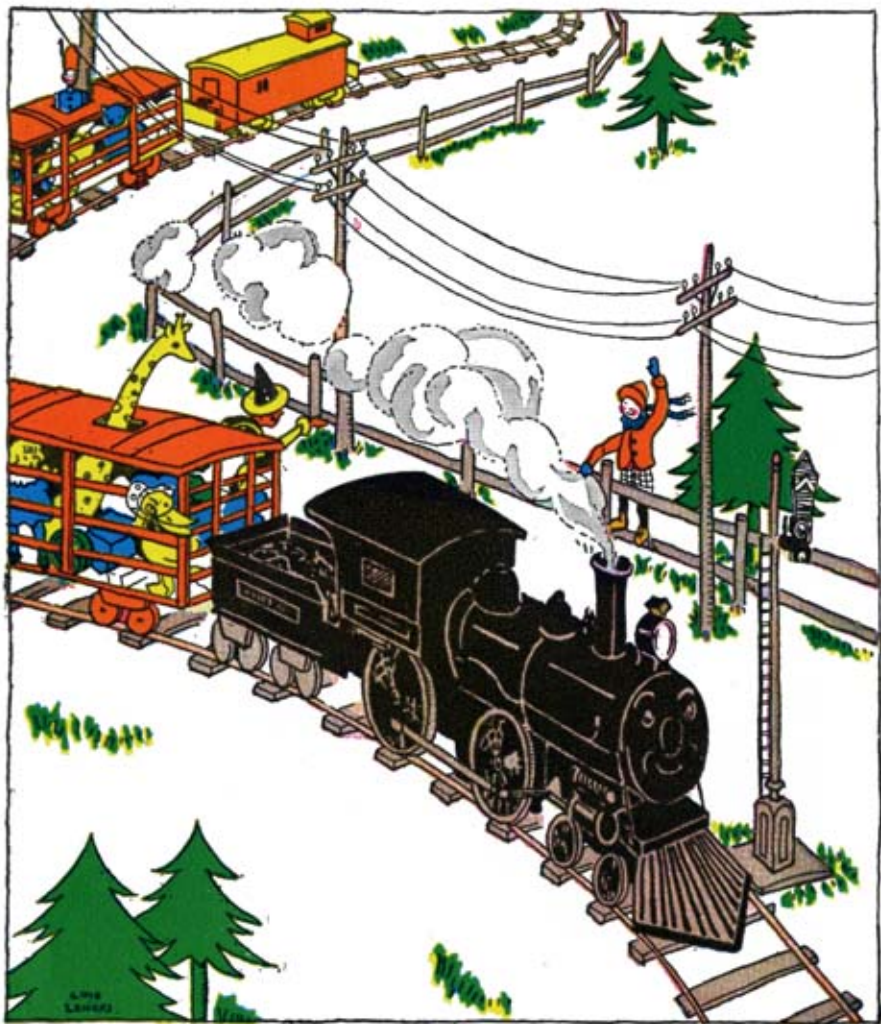
THE LITTLE ENGINE THAT COULD

LIL' HANNIBAL



THE LITTLE ENGINE THAT COULD





SHE WAS A HAPPY LITTLE TRAIN

# THE LITTLE ENGINE THAT COULD

TRADE MARK

RETOLD BY  
WATTY PIPER

FROM  
THE PONY ENGINE

BY MABEL C. BRAGG

Copyrighted by George H. Doran & Co.

PICTURES BY  
LOIS L. LENSKI



•NEW YORK•  
•THE PLATT & MUNK CO. INC. •  
•PUBLISHERS•



## THE LITTLE ENGINE THAT COULD

Chug, chug, chug. Puff, puff, puff.  
Ding-dong, ding-dong. The little train  
rumbled over the tracks. She was a happy  
little train for she had such a jolly load to  
carry. Her cars were filled full of good  
things for boys and girls.

There were toy animals—giraffes with  
long necks, Teddy bears with almost no  
necks at all, and even a baby elephant.  
Then there were dolls—dolls with blue  
eyes and yellow curls, dolls with brown  
eyes and brown bobbed heads, and the



From

THE PONY ENGINE

Copyrighted by George H. Doran & Co.

Copyright, MCMXXX

By

THE PLATT & MUNK CO., Inc.

Made in U. S. A.

The Little Engine That Could

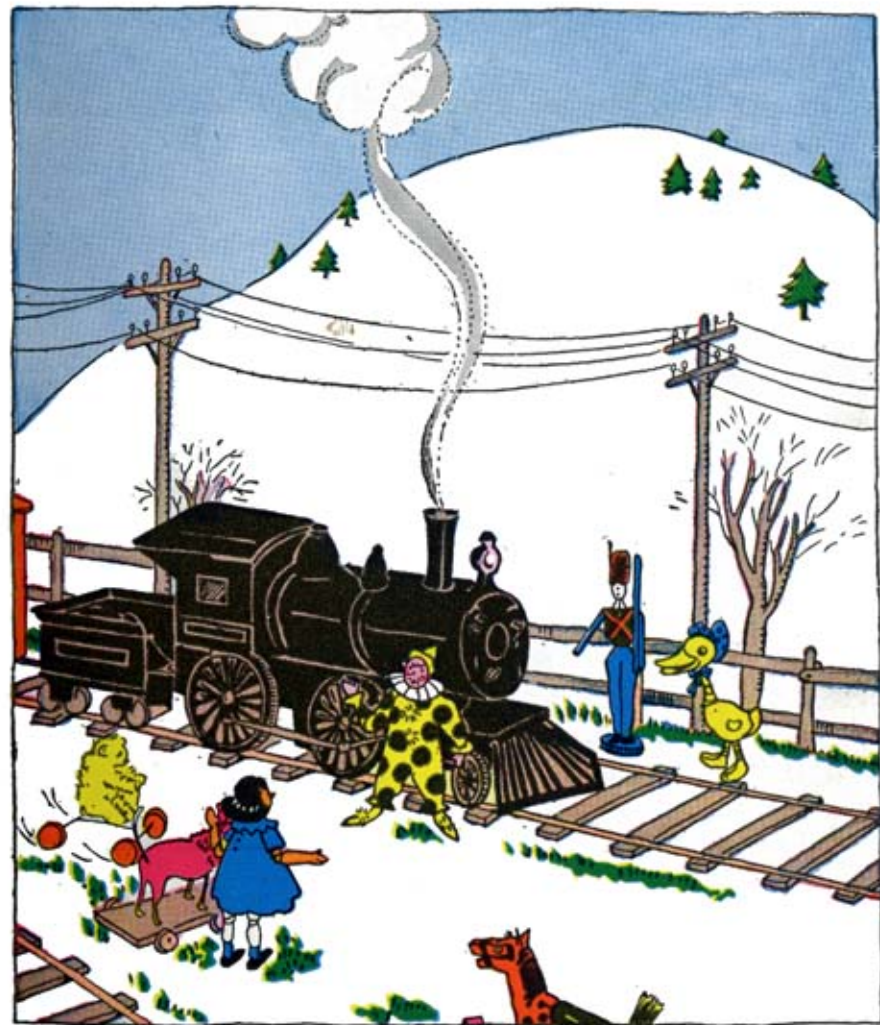




gayest little toy clown you ever saw. And there were cars full of toy engines, aeroplanes, tops, jack-knives, picture puzzles, books, and every kind of thing boys or girls could want.

But that was not all. Some of the cars were filled with all sorts of good things for boys and girls to eat—big golden oranges, red-cheeked apples, bottles of creamy milk for their breakfasts, fresh spinach for their dinners, peppermint drops, and lollypops for after-meal treats.

The little train was carrying all these good things to the good little boys and



girls on the other side of the mountain. She puffed along happily. Then all of a sudden she stopped with a jerk. She simply



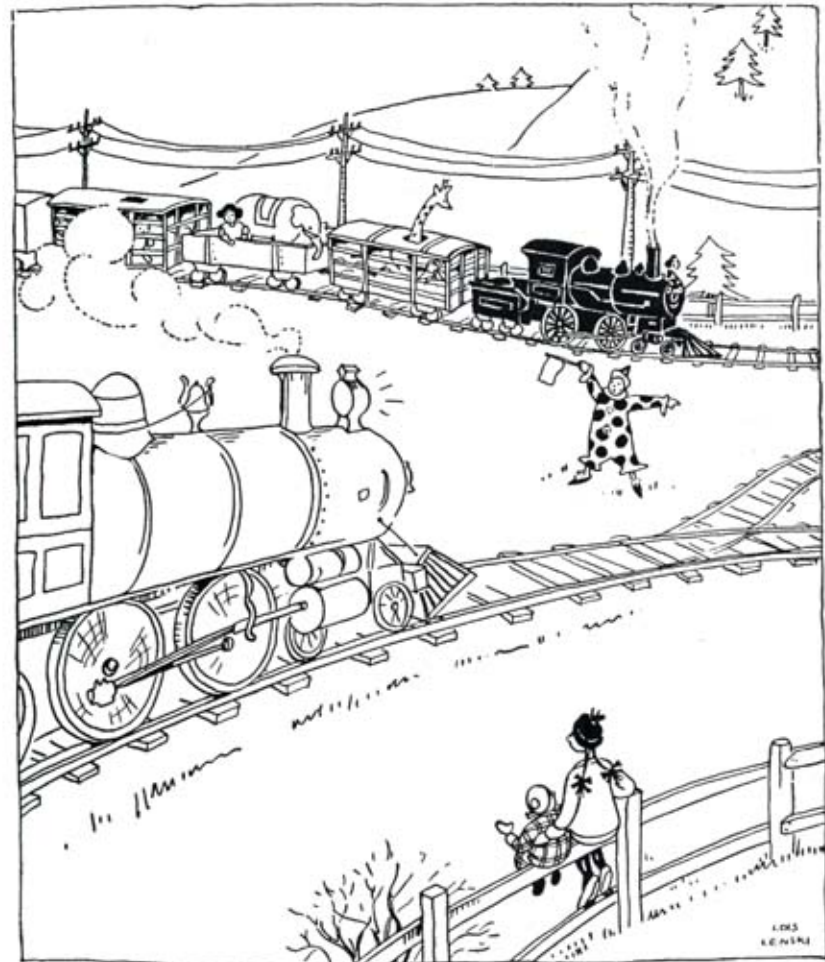
could not go another inch. She tried and she tried, but her wheels would not turn.

What were all those good little boys and girls on the other side of the mountain going to do without the jolly toys to play with and the wholesome food to eat?

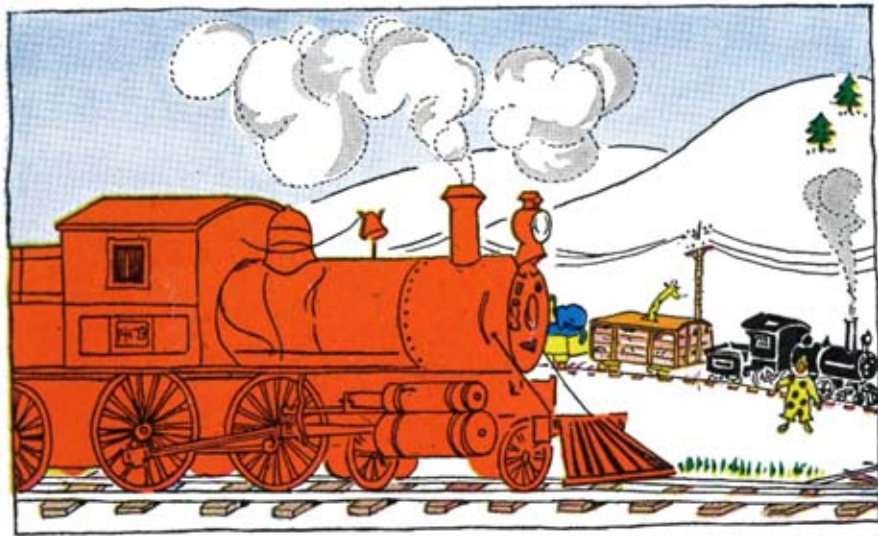
“Here comes a shiny new engine,” said the little clown who had jumped out of the train. “Let us ask him to help us.”

So all the dolls and toys cried out together:

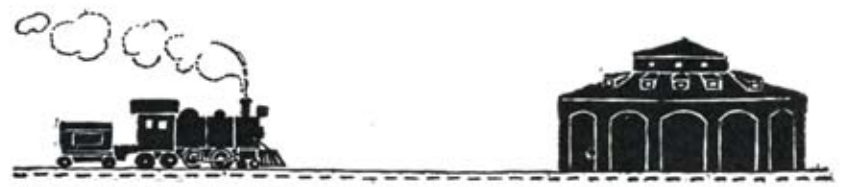
“Please, Shiny New Engine, do carry our train over the mountain. Our engine



has broken down, and the boys and girls on the other side will have no toys to play with and no wholesome food to eat unless you help us.”



But the Shiny New Engine snorted: "I pull you? I am a Passenger Engine. I have just carried a fine big train over the mountain, with more cars than you ever dreamed of. My train had sleeping cars, with comfortable berths; a dining-car where waiters bring whatever hungry people want to eat; and parlor cars in which people sit in soft arm-chairs and look out of big plate-glass windows. I carry the likes of you? Indeed not!" And off he



steamed to the roundhouse, where engines live when they are not busy.

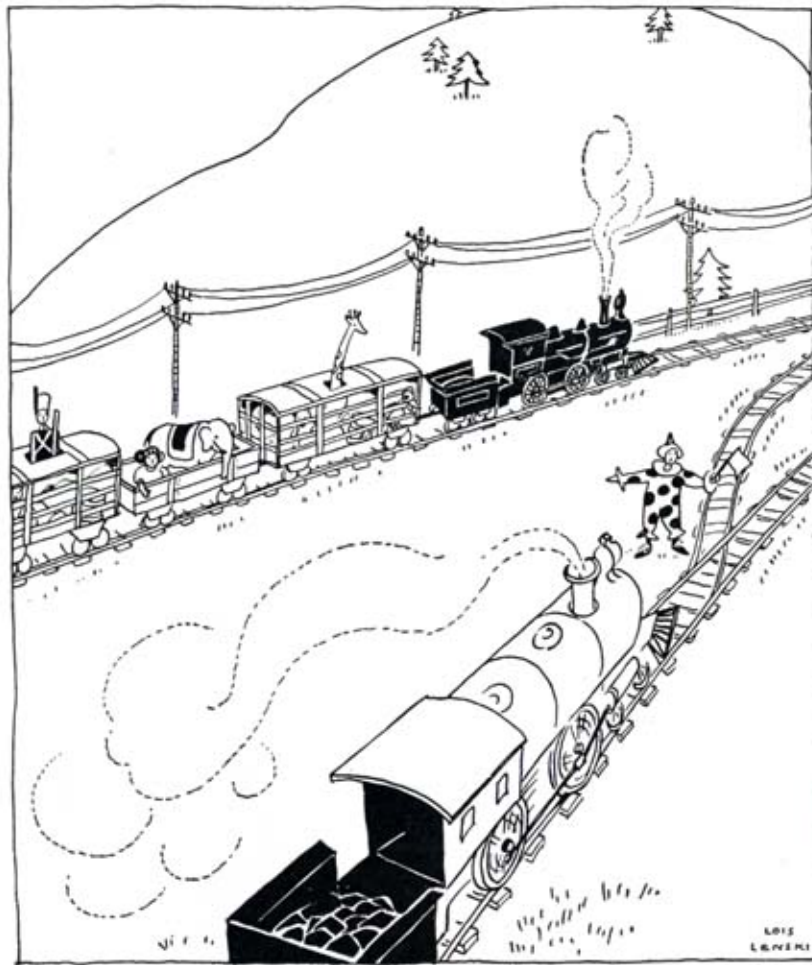
How sad the little train and all the dolls and toys felt!

Then the little clown called out, "The Passenger Engine is not the only one in the world. Here is another coming, a fine big strong one. Let us ask him to help us."

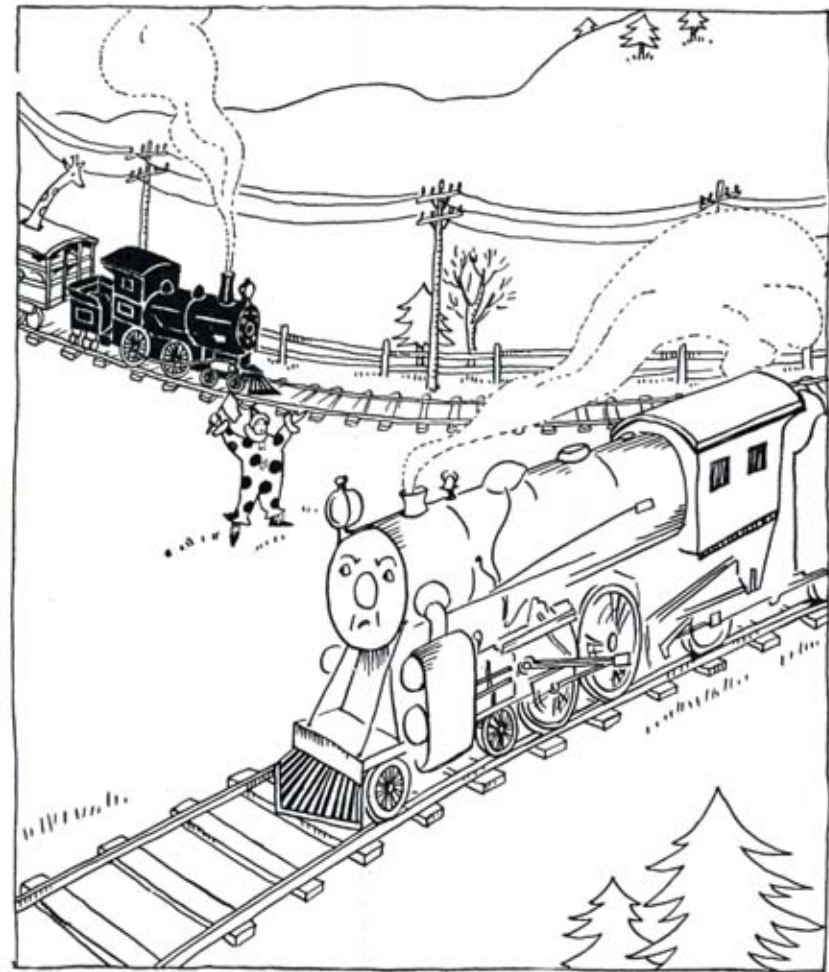
The little toy clown waved his flag and the big strong engine came to a stop.

"Please, oh, please, Big Engine," cried all the dolls and toys together. "Do pull our train over the mountain. Our engine

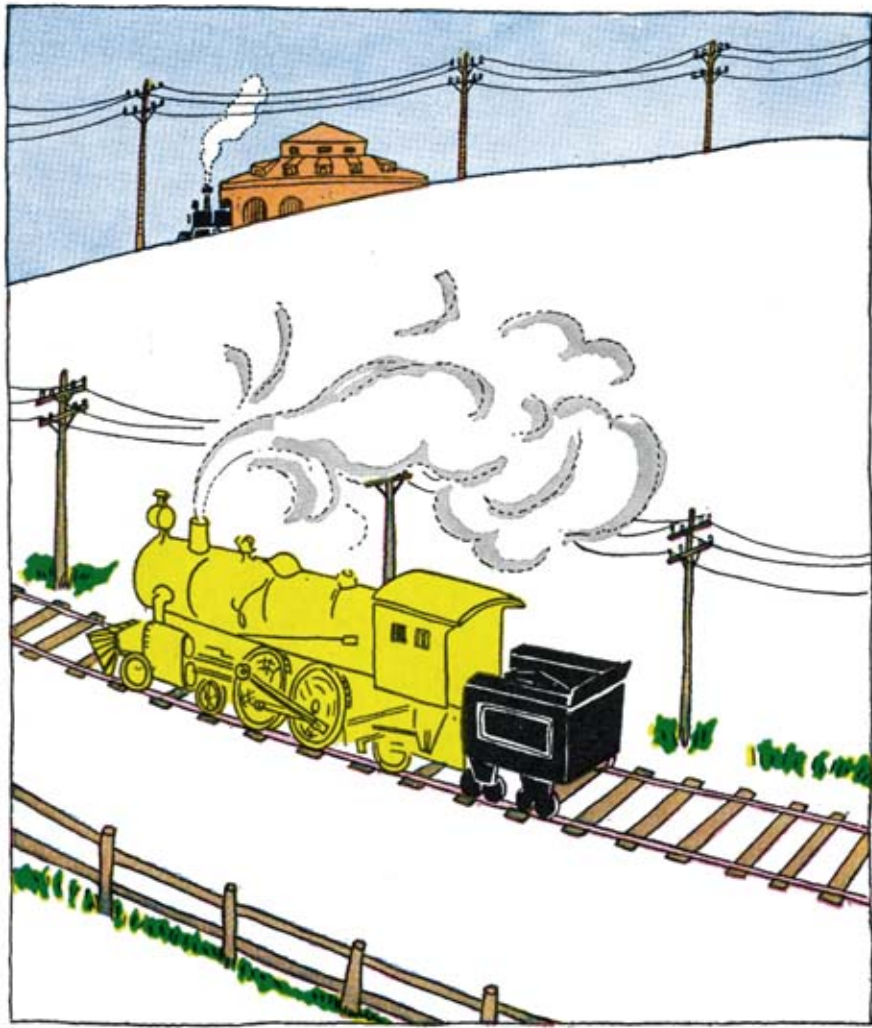




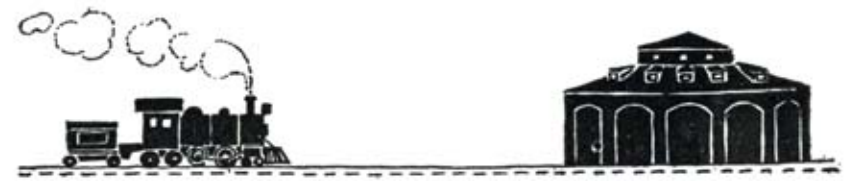
has broken down, and the good little boys and girls on the other side will have no toys to play with and no wholesome food to eat unless you help us.”



But the Big Strong Engine bellowed: “I am a Freight Engine. I have just pulled a big train loaded with costly machines over the mountain. These machines print



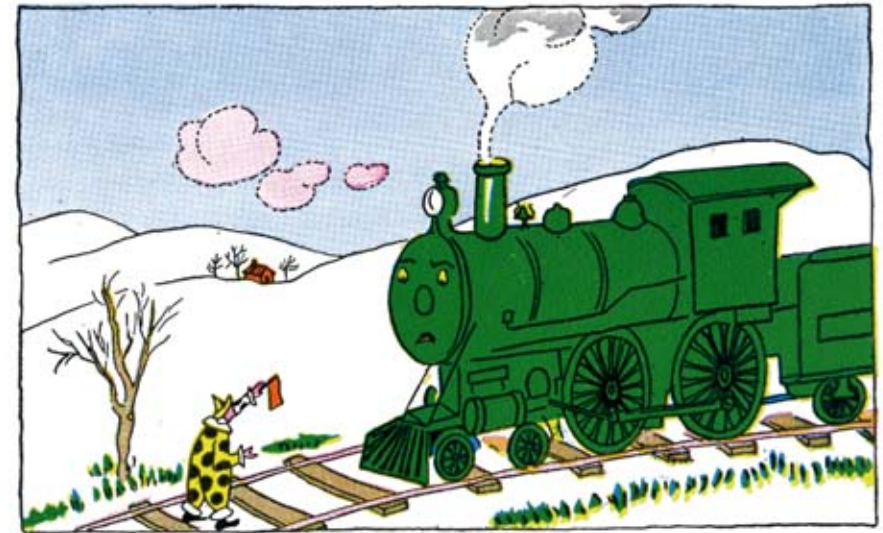
books and newspapers for grown-ups to read. I am a very important engine indeed. I won't carry the likes of you!" And



the Freight Engine puffed off indignantly to the round-house.

The little train and all the dolls and toys were very sad.

"Cheer up," cried the little toy clown. "The Freight Engine is not the only one in the world. Here comes another. He looks very old and tired, but our train is so little, perhaps he can help us."

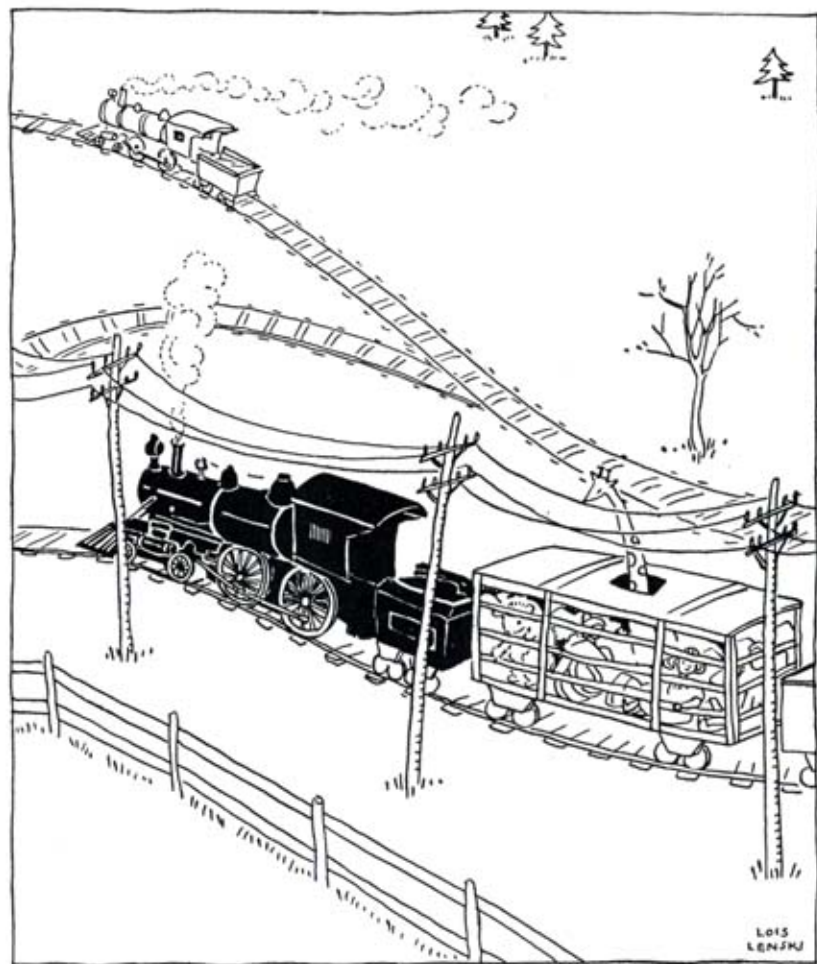




So the little toy clown waved his flag and the dingy, rusty old engine stopped.

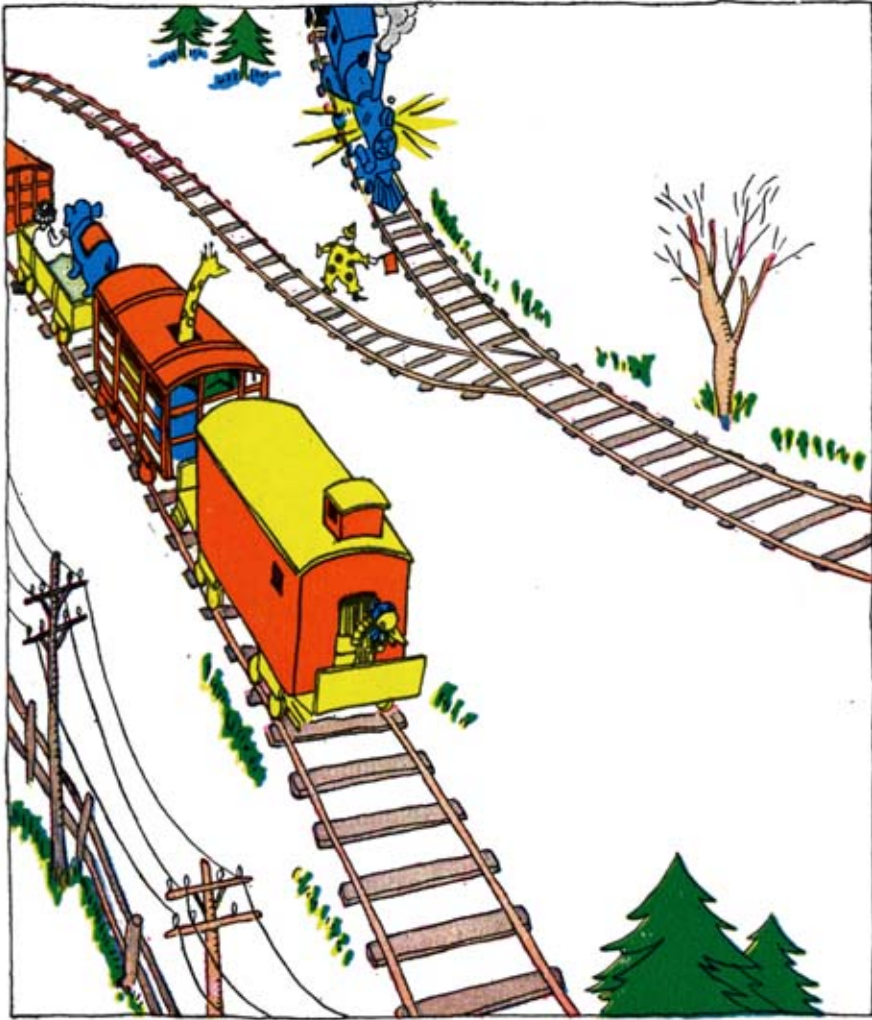
“Please, Kind Engine,” cried all the dolls and toys together. “Do pull our train over the mountain. Our engine has broken down, and the boys and girls on the other side will have no toys to play with and no wholesome food to eat unless you help us.”

But the rusty old engine sighed: “I am so tired. I must rest my weary wheels. I cannot pull even so little a train as yours over the mountain. I can not. I can not. I can not.”



And off he rumbled to the round-house chugging, “I can not. I can not. I can not.”

Then indeed the little train was very,



very sad, and the dolls and toys were ready to cry.

But the little clown called out, "Here



is another engine coming, a little blue engine, a very little one, but perhaps she will help us."

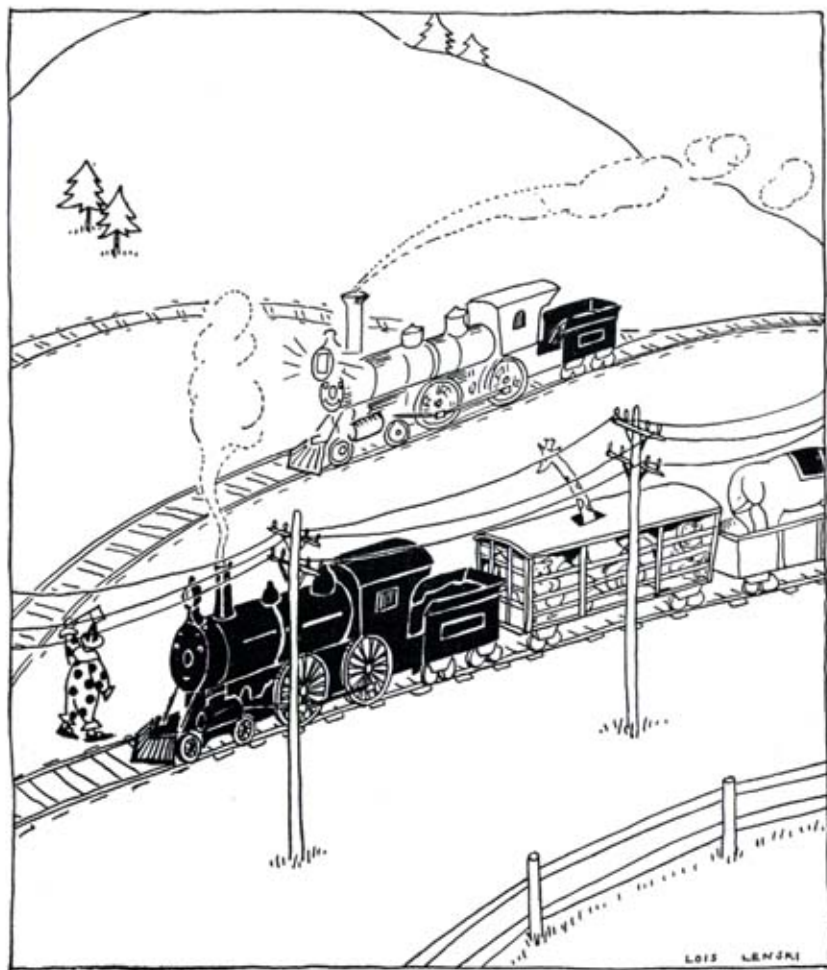
The very little engine came chug, chugging merrily along. When she saw the toy clown's flag, she stopped quickly.



"What is the matter, my friends?" she asked kindly.

"Oh, Little Blue Engine," cried the dolls and toys. "Will you pull us over the mountain? Our engine has broken down and the good boys and girls on the other





side will have no toys to play with and no wholesome food to eat, unless you help us. Please, please, help us, Little Blue Engine."

"I'm not very big," said the Little Blue



Engine. "They use me only for switching in the yard. I have never been over the mountain."

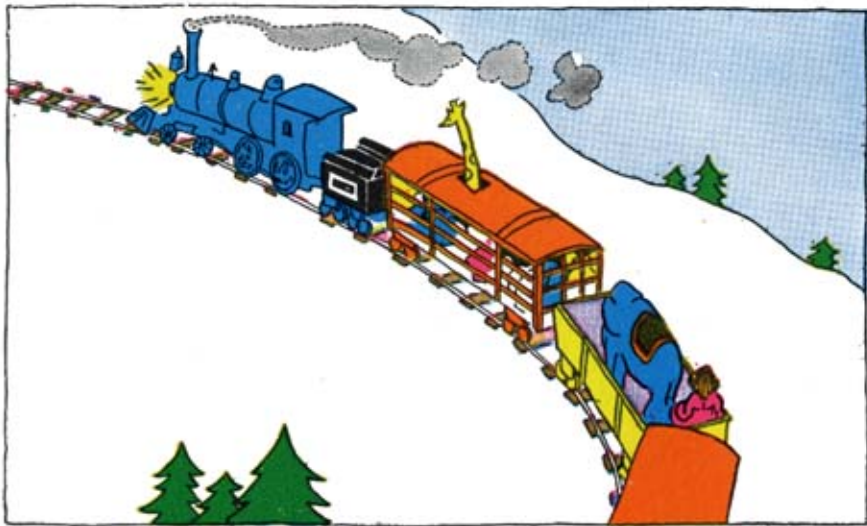
"But we must get over the mountain before the children awake," said all the dolls and the toys.

The very little engine looked up and saw the tears in the doll's eyes. And she thought of the good little boys and girls on the other side of the mountain who would have no toys and no wholesome food unless she helped.

Then she said, "I think I can. I think I can. I think I can." And she hitched







herself to the little train.

She tugged and pulled and pulled and tugged and slowly, slowly, slowly they started off.

The toy clown jumped aboard and all the dolls and the toy animals began to smile and cheer.

Puff, puff, chug, chug, went the little blue engine. "I think I can—I think I can



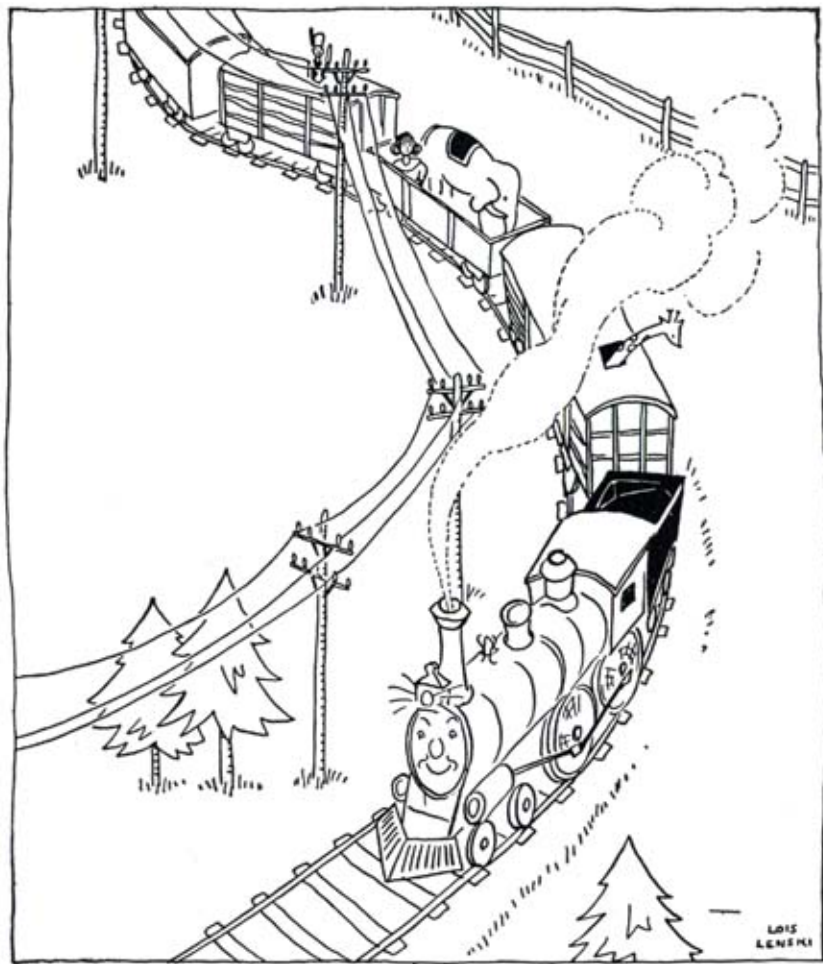
—I think I can—I think I can—I think I can—I think I can—I think I can—I think I can—I think I can—I think I can."

Up, up, up. Faster and faster and faster and faster the little engine climbed until at last they reached the top of the mountain.

Down in the valley lay the city.

"Hurrah, hurrah," cried the gay little clown and all the dolls and toys. "The good little boys and girls in the city will be happy because you helped us, kind, Little Blue Engine."



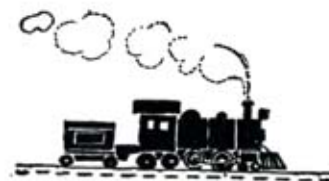


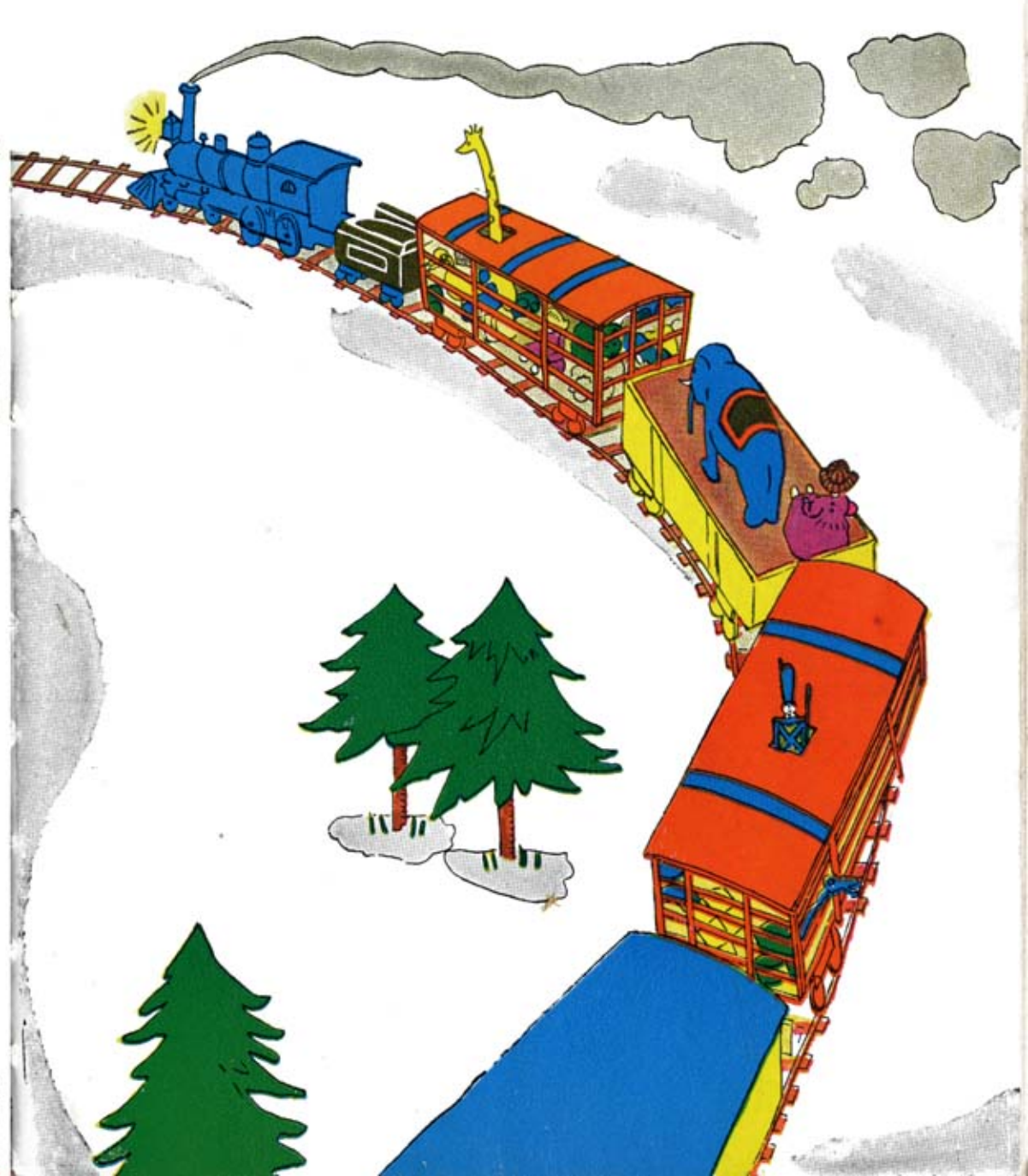
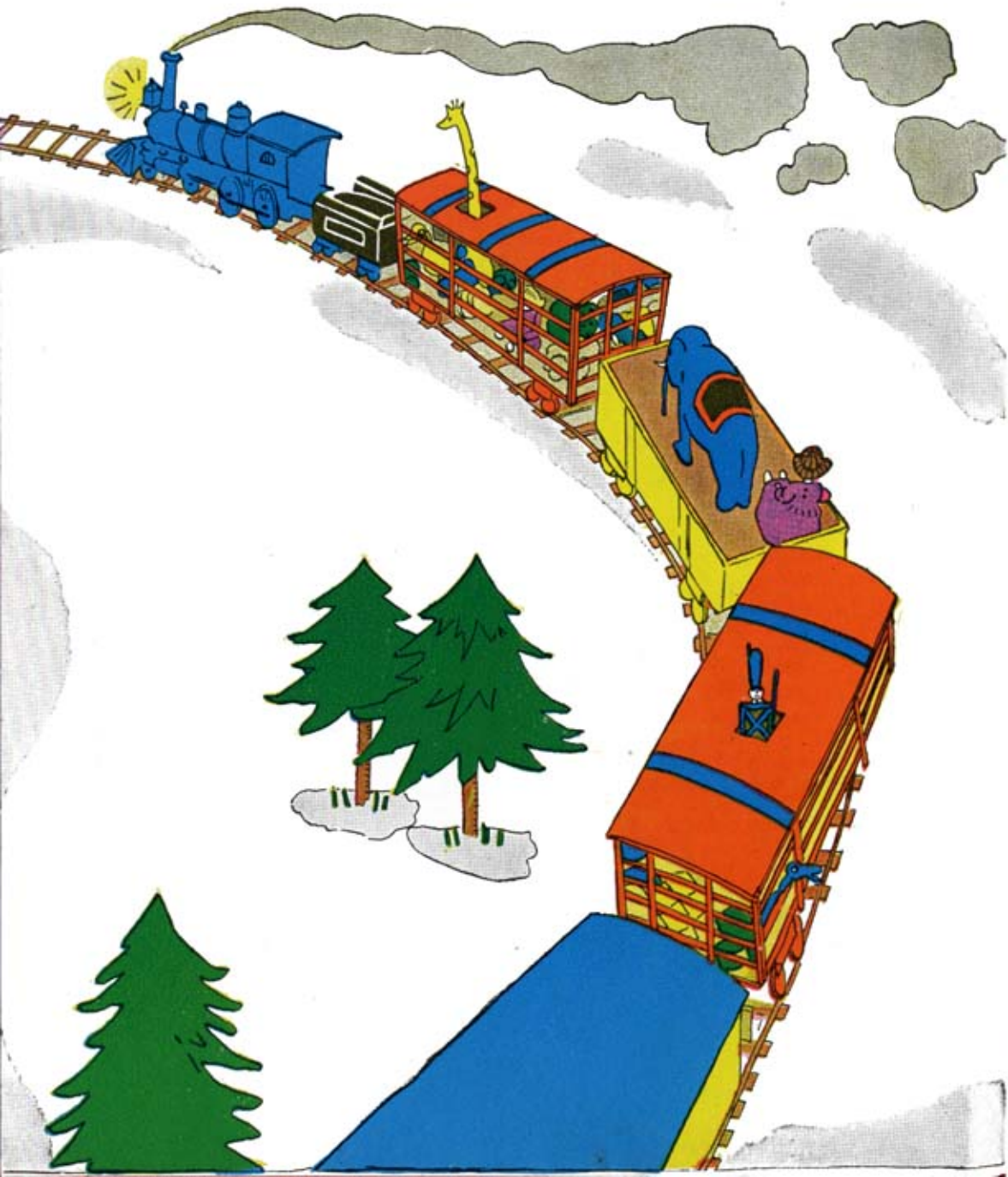
And the Little Blue Engine smiled and seemed to say as she puffed steadily down the mountain. "I thought I could. I thought I could. I thought I could. I

thought I could.

I thought I could.

I thought I could."





The End.



