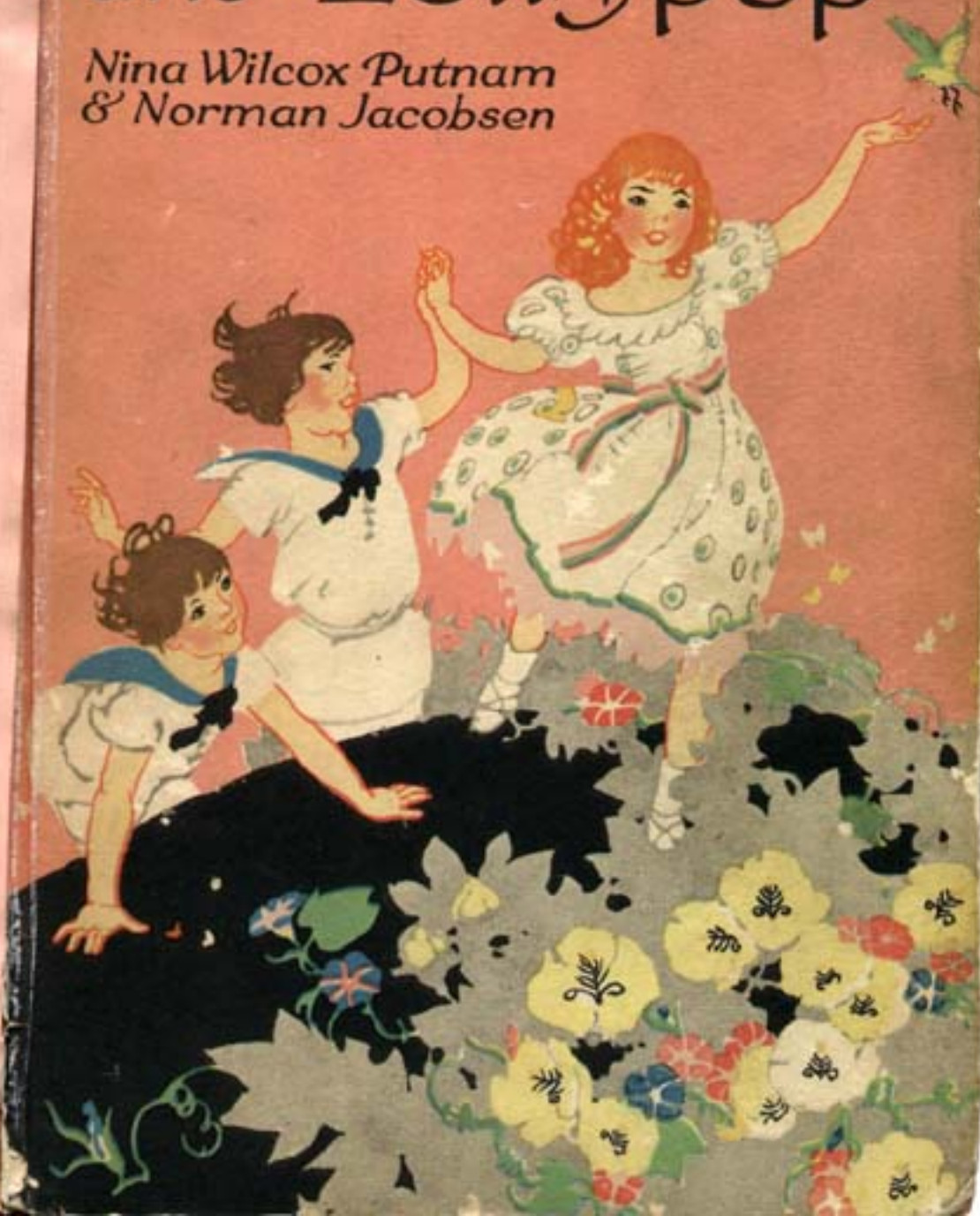


# Winkle, Twinkle and Lollipop

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WINKLE, TWINKLE  
*and* LOLLYPOP



# WINKLE TWINKLE AND LOLLYPOP

*by*  
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*and* NORMAN JACOBSEN

*Illustrated by*  
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*To* GRANDMOTHERS in General  
and in Particular  
the GRANDMOTHER  
Who Suggested How the Pie Should  
be Cut

*Eleventh Edition*





## Winkle, Twinkle and Lollypop meet Mr. Ebb and Mr. Flood

**I**N the nursery of the big house on the hill there was a Great, Wide, 'Normous Bed with Pineapple Posts. And in this bed slept three little children, called Winkle, Twinkle, and Lollypop.

Of course, these were not their real names, but everyone called them so, because it suited them, especially Lollypop, who was very sweet.

Winkle and Twinkle were boys, and Lollypop was their sister, and all three were exactly the same age, having come to their Lovely Mother at the very same time. They were the greatest chums, and all three ate together, and dressed together, and slept in a row in the Great Wide 'Normous Bed with the Pineapple Posts.

Usually Nanna, the Nurse, had to come in and wake them up in the morning, when they would all curl up like kittens in a nest and vawn and stretch, before they got up to have their bath.

But one day when the Sun felt very happy and rested, he got up sooner than was his custom, or so it seemed, and he stared in at the window so hard that Winkle felt the look right through his closed eyes. So Winkle opened his eyes

and sat up in the Great, Wide 'Normous Bed with the Pine-apple Posts, and woke up Twinkle, who woke up Lollypop.

"Look!" said Winkle, "The Sun is up. Let us get up, too!"

So they all three scrambled to the edge of the bed and slid down to the floor.

"The house is very quiet," said Lollypop, "it must be late, and the oatmeal will be cold!"

"Perhaps that's so!" said the others. And they did not call Nanna, the Nurse, for fear she would scold them for being such sleepyheads, but dressed as quickly as they could. Lollypop buttoned Winkle, and Winkle buttoned Twink'e, and Twinkle buttoned Lollypop, so they managed very well.

And when they were dressed they crept out into the hall and down the stairs very gently. But nobody was about, for instead of being late, it was really very, very early, and not another soul was stirring.

"Oh dear!" cried Twinkle, when they discovered this, "What shall we do? We can't go back to bed again!"

"No, indeed!" agreed the others, "for we are too wide-awake now!"

So they went out into the garden. And there were three Ducklings, who had also got up early, and were very busy gobbling the dew from off the grass. These belonged to the children — one to Winkle, one to Twinkle and one to Lollypop, who at once ran after them, trying to catch them.

But the Ducklings were too quick, and besides, quacked so loudly that Winkle was afraid they would wake up the grown folks, and that would be a pity.

"Come, let us go down to the Beach!" said Winkle. "We can make as much noise as we like down there!"

"Oh! Yes!" cried Twinkle and Lollypop. And they ran down through the Lovely, Flowery Meadow to where the beach lay, all yellow and smooth, on the edge of the blue water.

And there they saw the most surprising thing.

The water was much further away from the Lovely Flowery



Meadow than it had usually been, and the rocks on the bottom could be plainly seen. Some even stuck up above the surface, with sea-weed clinging to them like long hair. The waves were very little, and gentle.

Indeed, the whole beach looked quite different from the way it had been before, and this was perhaps to be expected, for it was the very first time that the children had been there alone.

Then all of a sudden they heard a voice.

"Well, Little Friends, how do you do?" it said in deep tones.

Winkle, Twinkle and Lollypop caught hold of each other's hands at this, although it was a very kind voice, and they looked about to see where it came from. And there, lying on the sand, was a very tall, thin gentleman in a very baggy bathing-suit!

Now Winkle, Twinkle and Lollypop had extremely good manners, so when they saw the gentleman was speaking to them, they answered right away.

"We are very well, thank you," said they. "And how are you?"

"I am very pleased to see you!" replied the tall gentleman, getting up and coming toward them. "I have been hoping to see you for some time!"

The children were very much surprised at this.

"But we come here every day!" said Winkle, "and we have never seen you before!"

"Ah! But that is because you have not come when I was here!" the tall, thin gentleman explained. "You came, I dare say, when my brother, Mr. Flood, was here. I am Mr. Ebb!"

"Mr. Ebb?" repeated Winkle, not understanding.

"Mr. Ebb Tide," explained the tall, thin gentleman. "My brother, Mr. Flood Tide, always draws the largest crowd. You see, the Grown-Ups like him best, and so they come when he is here, and they bring the children. I miss meeting a lot of children that way!"



Here Mr. Ebb let out a long sigh, for he was very fond of children, and Winkle, Twinkle and Lollypop felt quite sorry for him.

"But it's safer to go in with the Grown-Ups!" suggested Lollypop, to comfort him. "Perhaps that is the reason!"

"Safer!" exclaimed Mr. Ebb indignantly. "I should say not. Why, when I'm here, there isn't enough water for sharks to come in, and you can wade, and never get wet above your knees! Safer, indeed!"

"Oh, excuse us, sir!" said Winkle hastily. "I can see that is true, now that you mention it. And how lovely the water looks! I wish we could go right in!"

"Well, why not?" asked Mr. Ebb.

"But we've been told never to go in alone!" said Lollypop, sadly. And Winkle and Twinkle nodded their heads in agreement.

"But if you go in with *me* you will be perfectly safe," said Mr. Ebb.

"Why, that's so!" cried Winkle, and the others said, "That's so!" in chorus, and in a minute they all began to get ready.

Then when they were properly fixed for bathing, Mr. Ebb took them in charge, and they ventured in among the gentle little wavelets.

Oh what fun it was! Never before had they had such a splendid bath, for Mr. Ebb took pleasure in showing them all sorts of wonderful things at the bottom of the ocean.

There were little Green-Crabs that danced among the rocks, skipping sideways in the funniest manner, and Fiddler-Crabs, who had one large claw each, that they held like a fiddle; and hundreds of Hermit-Crabs that lived in rented houses, so Mr. Ebb said, for they had no shells of their own, but had had to take those which other creatures had discarded. So that some lived in Periwinkle shells, and some in Cockle shells, and some tiny ones lived in little Snail-shells.

"When they grow too big for one shell," Mr. Ebb explained,

"they move out, and find another that will hold them. The very biggest live in the great, long curly Periwinkle Castles."

Then Mr. Ebb showed the Children the Barnacles which live on the rocks under the water. And a very prickly company they were and fond of their own sort, for they lived in groups of hundreds — thousands, even — very close together.

"They seldom move," said Mr. Ebb. "Very set in their ways, they are! But come and meet the Shiners. They are lively enough, the silly, reckless things!"



Then he led the way to a smooth strand where the water was very shallow and warm; and here were hundreds of little silver fish that darted in and out between the children's fingers, and made them squeal with delight.

These were only a few of the wonders which Mr. Ebb showed them. There were pools full of lacelike sea-weed and little caves with lakelets in them, and many other things.

But at last Lollypop, who was always the first to remember her Mother, said that they had better be going, for Breakfast was surely ready.

So they put on their clothes and said "good-bye" most politely, and thanked Mr. Ebb for the good time they had had.

"Good-bye!" cried Mr. Ebb, waving his hand after them, "Come back tomorrow — a little later in the morning!"

"Tomorrow!" the children sang out. And then they all went back to Breakfast.

At the Garden Gate they met the three Ducklings, who seemed to be waiting for them.

"Wouldn't it be nice if they all had bathing-suits and could go in with us tomorrow?" said Winkle.

"Yes," said Twinkle. But Lollypop was more cautious.

"I think the Ocean is rather large for such young Ducklings," said she. "They ought to have a little pond of their own — a very safe one!"

Just then Nanna, the Nurse, came down the path.

"Why *where* have you Children been?" she said. "Mother is down and Father too, and the Oatmeal will all be cold if you don't hurry right in!"

Next morning the children were up with the Sun again, and helped each other dress so quickly that they were ready much too soon for the time Mr. Ebb had told them to come. So they waited around the garden and played with the Ducklings until it was time to start for the Beach, where they found Mr. Ebb watching for them.

"Come along!" he called as they approached. "Hurry! There is a whole school of Baby Bluefish going by!"



And the Children hurried, and sure enough, the shallow water was full of tiny fish that darted about and snapped their tails gaily as they played with the children.

When it was time to go home again, Winkle, Twinkle and Lollypop could scarcely bear to say good-bye.

"Come tomorrow!" said Mr. Ebb heartily, as he saw them off. "Come again tomorrow, a little later!"

But next day the Children were so eager to be with their new friend, that they hardly waited for Nanna, the Nurse, to button their rompers before they ran off to the Beach. And when they reached it, there was Mr. Ebb — but he was not alone.

Right near the shore a mischievous looking fat gentleman, wearing a life-preserver, was standing up to his waist in the water. Mr. Ebb was wading in the shallows, and ordering the stranger out to sea. At first the fat man did not want to go, and the two had quite a time of it, but at last he gave in, and went off, swimming with an awful fuss, sputtering and puffing out water and splashing. And as soon as he had gone Mr. Ebb came in and greeted the Children.

"That is my brother, Mr. Flood Tide!" he explained. "You got here a little early, or I'd have had him out of the way. But it's all right now. Come along and let me introduce you to an old Flatfish — a great friend of mine!"

So the children went with him, very happy indeed that they did not have to trust themselves with that very rough Mr. Flood.

For almost a week the Children came back every morning, having the loveliest time with their kind friend, Mr. Ebb.







Then one day the Lovely Lady, that was the children's Mother, called them to her and put her arms around them all at once — Winkle, Twinkle and Lollypop.

"Now, Sweethearts!" she said. "What is this I hear from Nanna, the Nurse, about your going down to the Beach and going in bathing alone? That was not safe!"

"Oh! But it *is* safe!" said Winkle, "Because Mr. Ebb is there.

"Mr. Ebb?" said Mother. "And who is he, and how does he make it safe?"

"Why, he is a tall, thin gentleman," Twinkle explained, "and the water only comes up to his ankles, so it must be safe!"

"And he is always there to look after us!" added Lollypop.

"Well, then!" said Mother, "I expect I'd better go and have a talk with him, and see if he's the sort I'd care to trust you with!"

So Mother got her parasol, and Winkle took Twinkle's hand, and Twinkle took Lollypop's hand, and Lollypop took Mother's hand, and they all went down to the Beach together.

But when they got there, Mr. Ebb was nowhere to be seen. Instead, there was the rough Mr. Flood, who laughed when he saw them and dashed right up and splashed the water about so that Mother had to shelter them with her parasol.

"Well!" said Mother, dragging the children back through the Lovely Flowery Meadow just as quickly as she could, "Well! Dear me! You ought *never* to go in bathing with that Rough Person! And if *he* is your idea of someone to take care of you, he's not *my* idea of any such thing!"



"But *that* is not our friend!" cried the children.

But Mother was anxious for them and would not listen.

"You must not go down alone any more!" she said firmly.

And so, for another whole week, Winkle, Twinkle and Lollypop moped around the garden and were very sad because they missed their friend, Mr. Ebb.

Then one day Mother decided to take them down to the Beach. But Mother did not walk very fast, and the children ran and ran and reached the sand long before she did, and there was dear Mr. Ebb, lying just as they had seen him the first time, and the water was 'way, 'way out and very shallow indeed.

"Oh, Mr. Ebb!" the Children shouted, running up to him, "How glad we are that you have come back!"

And they told him of how they had come down and found only Mr. Flood there, and how Mother had kept them at home.

"Why you Sillies!" said Mr. Ebb, laughing at them — "Why you Sillies, don't you know that I am here every twelve hours, and then my brother, Mr. Flood comes to take his turn for the other twelve so that I can get some rest. Didn't you know that?"

"No, sir, we didn't!" said Winkle. "But how are we to tell when to find you?"

"You figure it out this way," Mr. Ebb very kindly explained. "If I come in at twelve o'clock, why you'll know that next day I won't be here until one o'clock: and so on. An hour later each day.

"Oh, *now* we understand!" said Twinkle. "And so we will always know when to find you. How splendid!"

Just then Mother appeared upon the Lovely Flowery Meadow and came walking toward them. At once the children all ran to her, and led her down upon the sands, pointing out the shallow water, and all talking at once.

"See! This is our friend, Mr. Ebb!" cried Winkle.

"And he has made the deep water go away!" said Twinkle.

"So you can see that it's perfectly safe!" added Lollypop.

"Well," said Mother smiling, "If you only go in bathing when it's Ebb-Tide, I think I will have to let you do it whenever you want to!"

At this the children all laughed for joy, and joining hands, began to skip about Mr. Ebb, who sang them a gentle, sea-chanty to dance to, which is a rare thing to hear, you may be sure!

Then Winkle, Twinkle and Lollypop all went in bathing with him, and had such a beautiful time that they were quite tired out. And when they went back home to the Big House on the Hill, they fell asleep the very minute Nanna, the Nurse, had tucked them into the Great, Wide Bed with the Pineapple Posts!



## Winkle, Twinkle and Lollypop meet Mr. Wind,

**O**NE afternoon Nanna, the Nurse, was going to a party, and so she was in a great hurry putting the children to bed for their nap.

She washed Winkle first, because he was the oldest of the triplets. And she was so anxious to get away that she got the Nice White Floating Soap in his eyes.

Then she washed Twinkle, because he was next oldest, and she would not let him stop to make a boat out of the Nice Rough Bath Brush, or pretend to be a whale and spout up water from the basin with his mouth.

"No time for whales to-day!" said Nanna shortly, and rubbed his face all pink and dry with the big, big rough towel.

Then she washed Lollypop last of all, because Lollypop was such a sweet, good little girl that she never made any trouble, and did not mind waiting for her turn.

Lollypop never tried to play with the Nice Rough Bath Brush, and when Nanna, the Nurse, got soap into her eyes, she only said "Please be careful."

When Nanna had rubbed every one of them all pink and dry on the nice big rough towel, she put on Winkle's sleeping-suit, and Twinkle's sleeping-suit, and Lollypop's sleeping-suit.

"Now into bed," said Nanna, "It's high time you're asleep!"



So the children climbed up into the Great 'Normous Wide Bed with the Pineapple Posts, and lay down in a row. Lollypop lay on the inside because she was the girl, and Twinkle lay next in the very middle, and Winkle lay on the outside, because he was the oldest boy.

"There now!" said Nanna the Nurse, "I am going to pull down the shade, and you must all be asleep in forty winks!"

And sure enough she pulled down the shade and hurried away to the party just as soon as ever she had taken off her cap and apron.



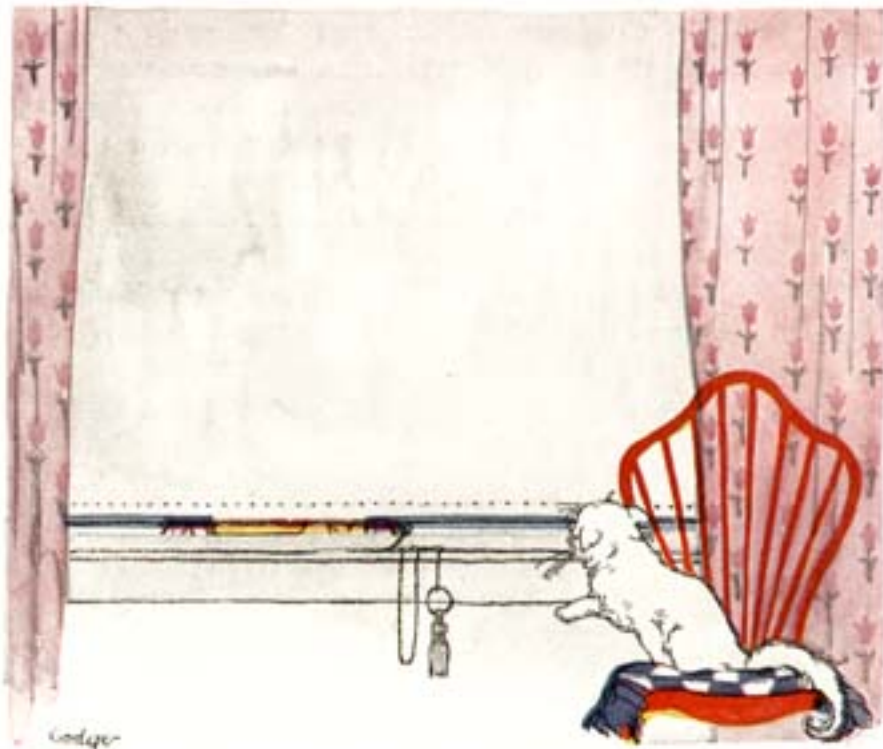
Somehow the children could not go to sleep right away. They wished very much that they were big enough to go to the party also, and did not have to take naps in the afternoon when older people were awake. But as they could not go to the party they decided to have one of their own.

"Let's get up and pretend we are at Nanna's party," said Winkle.

"We'll have to put on our clothes," objected Twinkle.

"All right — I'll button you and you can button Winkle and Winkle can button me!" said Lollypop.





So they all got out of bed. First Winkle, who helped Twinkle, who helped Lollypop. And when they were dressed they set up the tea-set and the soldiers and the dolls from the shelf. But before they could begin to play at having a party, they heard the strangest sound. It was outside of the window which was closed, and it seemed as though someone were moaning and whistling and rattling the window-pane, all at the same time.

"Oooh — Whee!" it said. And *rattle — rattle* went the window, shaking like anything!

"Goodness!" cried Winkle, "Whatever can it be?"

"It is trying to get in!" said Twinkle.

"It sounds rather sad!" said Lollypop, who was very thoughtful of others.

"I think it sounds jolly!" said Winkle.

"Let's go and see who it is," suggested Twinkle.



And so Winkle took Twinkle's hand, and Twinkle took Lollypop's hand and they all went over to the window.

And indeed there was somebody outside, looking in through the glass. The children thought he was the very oddest person they had ever seen, for he kept swaying from side to side, and his head was wrapped up in a huge turban with ends that floated about.

"Oooh — Whee! Let me in!" said the person. And he whined just as any one of the children might have done when they felt fretful.

"Who can he be?" cried Lollypop. "Oh, do let him in! Poor person!"

So they all caught hold of the window and opened it, and in he popped as quick as quick — and you know that there is nothing quicker than that!

He was a tall, thin fellow, with clothes which floated

about him in wisps, and a lot of belts that hung around him loosely, and from which dangled all sorts of queer and interesting things. The very minute he got inside, he began running around and around the room at a great rate, knocking over ornaments with the ends of his sleeves, upsetting Nanna's scent-bottle on the bureau, brushing the towels that were hung to dry from off the back of the chair, and making a great rumpus generally.

And while he ran about, he kept muttering and mumbling to himself, and talking to the children.

"Oooh — Whee! what did you mean by shutting me out?" he asked indignantly. "What did you mean? Don't you know any better than to shut me out when you are taking a nap? Where's your good sense, eh? Oooh — Whee!"

"Please, sir," said Winkle most politely, "We did not mean any harm! Would you mind telling us who you are?"

"I am Mr. Wind, of course!" said the visitor. "Don't you know that you should never sleep in a room where I can't get in at all?"

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Wind?" said Twinkle, "I'm so sorry! I thought that it was fresh air we were supposed to have!"

"Same thing, same thing!" said Mr. Wind, fussily. "Different name, that's all!"

"We didn't know," said Lollypop, timidly.

"Well, it's time you learned, then!" said Mr. Wind. "I've a good mind to give you a regular blowing up for such ignorance!"

Then he puffed out his cheeks and blew so hard that even the pictures on the walls swayed.

"Oh, please don't do that!" cried the children. "Do sit down and be friendly, we'd like very much to know you better. Please make yourself at home!"

At this invitation Mr. Wind quieted down a little and found himself a place on the window-sill. You could hardly say he really sat there, for he was never perfectly still for a



moment. But it gave the children a chance to get a good look at him.

And he did wear the most interesting things! To begin with there were his four wide belts, and from a cord hung a bellows just like that which Nanna, the Nurse, used for starting the nursery fire. Next to this hung a big palm-leaf fan, and beside it was a bag that had something soft inside: and next came what looked like a jug of water. He had also an enormous rattle, and a small rattle.

But even this was not all. Under one arm he carried a creature which looked a little like a dog, and which Mr. Wind had a great deal of trouble in keeping quiet.

"Oh dear!" said Lollypop, "Don't let it go! Does it bite? Has it teeth?"

"Of course it has teeth, of course it has!" said Mr. Wind. "That is a Biting Gale — didn't you ever hear of the teeth of a Biting Gale, eh? Didn't you?"

"Of course I have," said Winkle. "But he won't get loose this afternoon, will he?"

"Nothing of the kind!" said Mr. Wind. "Whoever heard of a Biting Gale being loose on a fine summer afternoon?"

As soon as the children were quite sure the Biting Gale would not hurt them, they came closer to Mr. Wind, and Winkle took up one of the belts.

"If you please," said Winkle, "what are these?"

"Those are my belts, my belts of course!" replied Mr. Wind. "Didn't you ever hear of the Belts of Wind?"

"I think I did," said Lollypop, who always studied her lessons like a good little girl.

"That middle one," said Mr. Wind condescendingly, "that one is my Equatorial Belt. If you look carefully, you can see how nicely it is embroidered."

So Winkle looked carefully, and Twinkle looked carefully, and Lollypop looked, too, and they saw that on the Equatorial Belt were all sorts of bright and lovely things; gay parrots and monkeys and palm trees and beautiful strange flowers.

and blue, blue waves and snakes with jewels in their heads, and black people with strings of beads about their necks. And it was the same all the way around.

"How pretty!" said Winkle. "Have the other belts things on them too?"

"Of course, what did you think? Of course — take a look — take a good look!" said Mr. Wind.

"Here! See these two — these are my Doldrum Belts, these are. Have a good look at them, go ahead!"



So the children looked at the Doldrum Belts, and these were very pretty, too, although not nearly so bright. But they had a great many horses and cattle and sheep upon them, and high flat mountains — "plateaus," Mr. Wind called them. And these places looked very grassy. In one place there were even Kangaroos with their babies in their pockets.

"Pretty much the same all the way around," said Mr. Wind. "I wear this belt in Russia, on the Steppes, which are wide places just like the plains in America. I wear it there, too, where the cowboys and sheep-herders are, and in

the same kind of place in Argentina, which is in South America, and in Australia, where the Kangaroos are. But they are all about the same, whichever way you look at them, my Doldrum Belts are!"

There was one more belt with pictures on it, and Twinkle discovered this.

"That is the Temperate Belt," said Mr. Wind. "I wear it around here. It has houses and folks and trees and flowers and animals of just the kind that you see every day."

"Why so it has — and *it is* the same all the way around, too!" cried Lollypop looking it over carefully. "What is in that box which you carry?"

"Oh, that is just Breezes!" said Mr. Wind. "Land and Sea Breezes, mostly. I like to blow one of them from the land, at night, and the other from the sea, in the day."

"And what are the rattles?" asked Winkle.

"Leave them alone, you just leave them alone!" said Mr. Wind. "The big one is a Whirl-wind, and the little one is a Cyclone, which is a little whirl-wind. They are very troublesome breezes. I have to keep them locked up as much as I can. Don't stir them up. Why they can knock down a house as easy as easy, if they once get started!"

"Don't you touch them, Winkle!" exclaimed Lollypop. Then she put the very tip of her finger on the big palm-leaf fan. "What is this?" she asked.

Mr. Wind smiled at her gently.

"That is the South Wind," said he. "I use that to turn up the leaves of the trees, and encourage the flowers to grow and the sun to come out. It is nice and warm when I use that fan, it is!"

This encouraged Lollypop so much, that she asked Mr. Wind to explain what the other things were.

"Well," said he, taking up the Bellows. "This is the North Wind. I use it chiefly for piling up things such as snow and dead leaves, and hiding rubbish in corners, and making people turn their coat collars up around their ears. I have

a lot of fun with the North Wind. And this bag is the West Wind. It is full of dust, and I use it for chasing rain away."

Winkle put out his hand toward the big water bottle, but Mr. Wind stopped him just in time.

"No you don't!" said he. "That bottle is the East Wind, and it is full of clouds. We don't want any rain this afternoon, we don't!"

"But if there are so *many* winds," said Winkle, "how is it that you are Mr. Wind?"

"There is only one Wind," said Mr. Wind, "the others are just named after me. But people like to call me different things, when I act in different ways."

Besides all these things Mr. Wind had a big book full of figures which he had said was the Trade Wind and always added up right just as sure as sure; and there is nothing surer than that, you know! And he had a bunch of long, soft fuzzy things which looked like cat-tails and were nice and warm to feel, and these he said were Canyon Breezes, which he let float down the canyons at night.

"What lots of things you do!" said the children.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Wind, nearly blowing them away. "You don't know half of what I have to do! I make the sailing-ships go. I fill the beautiful sails of the swift yachts, and the strong grey sails of the boats that carry merchandise from land to land across the wide oceans, and I flap the window-shades, and I plant the wild flowers, by carrying their seeds, and help the tired birds to fly. I make the chimneys draw so that the fires can burn and I point the weather-vanes, and — oh, lots and lots of other things!"

"Don't you ever rest?" asked Lollypop, who always thought of other people.

"Oh, yes, in my Equatorial Belt, alone, I rest!" replied Mr. Wind. "But although I am so busy at other times, it's really quite good sport!"

Then Mr. Wind seemed suddenly to think of a good idea and he began to laugh.

"Come out with me now, and we will have a lot of fun!" said he.

"Oh, but we must not do that!" cried the children. "We are supposed to be having our nap. Besides, suppose we were to be spanked for being naughty? We never have been — but Nanna says she's sure she'll have to do it one day!"

"Spanked!" said Mr. Wind, "I have a Spanking Breeze about me somewhere at this very minute!"

"Don't get it out!" cried Winkle. "We'll come anyway, we want to!"

And so Mr. Wind took Winkle's hand and Winkle took Twinkle's hand and Twinkle took Lollypop's hand, and away they went down the stairs and out through the door, making the awning on the porch flap merrily as they passed, bending all the rose-bushes and the lilac bushes and whirling around to the back of the house.

There Cook was just going to put some ashes into the barrel for the ash-man to take away, when they met her.

"Oooh — Whee," cried Mr. Wind, and puffed a handful of ashes right over Cook's clean cap!

Then, they ran through the orchard, where some lovely red apples were hanging out of reach on the topmost bough.

"Want some apples?" cried Mr. Wind.

"Oh, yes, please!" said the children.

"Oooh — Whee," cried Mr. Wind. And down came the apples bumpety-bump on the grass, one for Winkle, one for Twinkle, and one for Lollypop!

When they had gathered up the apples they all set off again for the meadow, where Farmer John was trying to pile up the hay.

"Oooh — Whee," said Mr. Wind, and took some hay right off of Farmer John's fork! Then they all laughed and ran on.

Next they came to a little pond on which a mother duck and her ducklings were swimming quietly. Mr. Wind gave one puff, and sent them sailing just as fast as fast, and there isn't any thing faster than that, you know!



After this they went to the gate and looked over at the street, where people were hurrying along busily.

"Oooh — Whee," said Mr. Wind, and soon their hats went flying off and their newspapers were running down the street as if they had legs! Shutters banged and doors rattled, and even the policeman had to hold on to his helmet and fasten up his coat! The bookseller's stand was all upset, and the horses put down their heads and their tails whipped about them. Empty cans rolled out of the ash-barrels, pots of flowers were knocked off a window-ledge. The clothes-lines in the back yards pulled and tugged because the clothes tried so hard to get away and run with the children and Mr. Wind!

The man who sells balloons let go of his strings, and Mr. Wind threw the balloons about so that the balloon-man had a hard time getting them back! The dogs began to bark, and a lady had to try with all her might to keep her pink silk parasol from being turned inside out! But in spite of all the excitement, nobody seemed to actually see Mr. Wind except the children, and one pig which belonged to an old woman who lived on High Street.

"That's nothing!" said Mr. Wind. "Pigs always see me — pigs and sometimes poets!"

And then, just as the fun was at its height, who should come along but Nanna, the Nurse! Goodness gracious how annoyed she was when she saw the children swinging on the gate instead of taking their naps! She grabbed them by the hand — Winkle with one hand, and Twinkle and Lollypop both with the other.

"What a shame to spoil the fun!" said the Children.

"Never mind, never mind I'll get even with her!" said Mr. Wind. And before they rightly knew what was happening, he had taken Nanna's best hat off her head and was making away down the street with it!

But Winkle, Twinkle and Lollypop were really very kind children, and so when they saw this happen to their good



Nanna they felt sorry, even though she did get the Nice White Floating Soap in their eyes when she was in a hurry. So they ran after Mr. Wind and begged him to give them back her best hat, and after teasing them by running a little further, he finally gave it to them.

"But mind now, you make her let me in the Nursery most of the time!" said he.

So the children promised this and took her back her hat, which wasn't much hurt after all, and in no time she had them at home and standing before Mother.

"Well, well, sweethearts!" said Mother, in her sweet quiet way. "And what have my children to say about all this?"

"Nanna left the window closed," said Winkle.

"And so we couldn't go to sleep," said Twinkle.

"And we just had to let Mr. Wind in!" said Lollypop.

Then Mother put her dear arms about all three at once, and made them feel both glad and ashamed and very sure they would remember whatever she told them to do.

"The next time you want the window open, call Mother," said she. "And now tell Nanna you are sorry for running out, because Nanna is sorry that she forgot to open the window. And you must all cheer up and not be in the doldrums!"

"We won't be in the doldrums," said the children. "Because we don't see how we could be, when we are here!"

"Wherever do those young ones get such ideas?" said Mother.

But the children knew she was only talking to herself the way grown up people do. And so they went off with Nanna, the Nurse. And what do you think? Nanna might have forgotten to open the window, but she had not forgotten them while she was at the party, but had brought them each a little pink cake with silver candies on the top—one for Winkle, one for Twinkle and one for Lollypop!



## Winkle, Twinkle and Lollypop, meet Mr. Shine and Mr. Shower.

**O**NE day Winkle, Twinkle and Lollypop came running up to Mother where she sat in her room in the Great Big House on the Hill.

"Oh, Mother!" said Winkle, "What shall we do next?"

"Dear me!" said Mother, "Have you played every game that you know?"

"Yes," said Winkle, "So we want you to tell us something to do!"

"If it won't be too much trouble," added Lollypop, who was a sweet little girl and always tried to be considerate.

"Well then," said Mother, "If three sturdy youngsters like you can't find anything to play, I believe you had better be given a little task!"

She put both her arms around them very kindly.

"Let me think!" said Mother. And Winkle, Twinkle and Lollypop watched her think for two whole minutes. Then Mother spoke to them again.

"Why! The strawberries are ripe!" said Mother. "You can all go out and pick enough for tea!"

And she got up and led them out to where Cook was busy shelling peas. Cook found three square little boxes; nice spicy little boxes all stained red inside and Mother gave one to each of the children.



"There now!" said Mother, "See who can pick the most! Off to the garden you go!"

So Winkle caught hold of Twinkle's basket and Twinkle caught hold of Lollypop's basket, and Lollypop held on as tight as tight could be, and then they all ran over the porch and down through the grape-arbor and along the pebbly path between the sweet, prickly rose hedges until they came to the strawberry-patch.

The strawberries grew in nice straight rows, and Farmer John had put straw under their leaves. So the strawberries were very clean, as no earth touched them. They were juicy and ripe, too, and smelled deliciously. The children went to work with a good will.

Winkle took the first row and Twinkle took the next row and Lollypop took the third and they all started even from the garden path.

"Now!" cried Winkle, who was to be leader because he was the oldest, "Now—one, two, three—begin!"

And they all started together, eager to see which could pick the most.



"We must not eat more than we pick!" said Winkle.

"We can only eat one strawberry out of every ten that we pick," said Twinkle.

"Or else we will have a stomach-ache!" Lollypop reminded them.

"But we can each have a whole saucerful with sugar and cream at tea-time!" cried Winkle.

And so they worked hard for quite a long, long time until their baskets were nearly full. And every time each child had picked nine strawberries, Winkle, the leader would cry "Halt!" and they would all stop and eat the tenth strawberry instead of putting it into their baskets.

They were nearly finished picking when Lollypop got up from her knees and pushed her hair out of her eyes.

"Oh, dear!" said Lollypop. "It's so hot. I do wish the sun would go under a cloud!"

"Beg pardon," said a deep, lazy voice behind her, "Beg pardon, but I do wish you wouldn't say that!"

The children were so surprised that they almost dropped their little baskets full of strawberries. Almost, but not





quite. They did put them down, however, and turned around to see who was speaking.

And there stood a big fat man in overalls and a wide brimmed straw hat like Farmer John's. His face was very round and red, and he had an enormous bandana handkerchief with which he kept mopping his brow. In his overalls were a great many little pockets filled with little hoes and rakes and trowels and spades. There were also paint brushes of various sizes. And in other pockets were tubes of colored paint. From one shoulder hung an enormous bucket of paint, twice as big as all the rest of the colors put together. On his hat was a strange-looking thing like a magnifying glass—a thick round piece of clear glass in a round frame with a long handle, and this handle was stuck through his hat-band like a feather. When he moved about the glass flashed and gleamed so that the children could hardly look at it.



"Well!" said this large person, in his deep rich voice, "what are you staring at—eh?"

"Please excuse us for staring!" said Winkle politely. "We did not know you were here."

"If you had coughed or something we would have said How-do-you-do!" added Twinkle.

"And if you will kindly tell us your name," said Lollypop, "we will say how-do-you-do now!"

But the big person only grunted and went on with the work he was at. He was doing something to the strawberries. And although the children watched him carefully for several minutes they could not see what it was he wanted. He took out a little tube of red paint from one of the pockets in his overalls, and a little paint-brush from another, and squeezing a very tiny drop of paint upon the brush, began painting the strawberries on the top. He only painted the part that the

light was on, and he worked very slowly. And the queerest thing about it all was that when he got through with each berry it didn't really look much redder than it had before!

"Please, sir!" said Winkle, "Aren't you going to tell us who you are and why you do that to the strawberries?"

The big person at last condescended to answer.

"I'll tell you!" he said, "Only don't try to hurry me!"

Obediently the children stood waiting until he got ready to speak again.

"I am Mr. Shine," he said, "Mr. S. Shine. And I am one of the gardeners. Can't you see I am very busy putting the red on the strawberries?"

"But you don't seem to make them any redder!" objected Winkle.

"Give me time!" replied Mr. Shine. "Don't try to hurry me!"

"Why not?" asked Twinkle. "Nanna, the Nurse, is always telling us to hurry!"

"You can't hurry me!" Mr. Shine replied with dignity. "So what's the use of trying? Besides in a few days more, I'll have all strawberries as red as—strawberries!"

"What funny work for a gardener!" said Lollypop. "Do you only paint strawberries?"

"No, indeed!" replied Mr. Shine. "I paint everything that grows—that is to say, everything I can get at!"

"Why can't you get at everything that grows?" said Winkle.

"Because some things grow partially underground," Mr. Shine explained. "Take turnips, now. I usually manage to put a nice purple top to the part of the turnip that sticks out. And then again if a potato starts growing in a cellar when spring comes around, and there is nobody thoughtful enough to bring the poor thing out into the garden, why its leaves are perfectly white!"

"There is a potato in Cook's basket in the cellar doing that right now!" cried Winkle.

"If we run and get it," added Twinkle, "will you make it green?"

"If you give me time!" replied Mr. Shine. "Leave it outside the kitchen door for me, and in about two days you'll see a heap of difference in it."

"That's awfully slow!" said Lollypop who was disappointed. "Do you think being so slow is right?"

"I am always right!" replied Mr. Shine. "And so you can't change me. You can get me to do things for you—but change me—no!"

"I think it's lovely to paint!" said Lollypop. "Can we watch you for a while?"

"Of course you can!" replied Mr. Shine. "Just follow me around and see all the things I do to help Farmer John!"

So Winkle took hold of Twinkle's hand and Twinkle took hold of Lollypop's hand and they followed Mr. Shine as he moved slowly about the garden.

And he certainly did the most interesting things. He took a turn at the rose-bushes with his red and yellow paints, and at the sweet-peas with pink and lavender and blue, and at all the other flowers and fruits, and even at the vegetables. He took his very biggest can of paint which was marked "green" and attached a little hose to it and sprayed the grass and the trees and the leaves of things with a fine, invisible spray.

"Why do you make so many things green?" asked Winkle.

"Yes—why don't you make the trees and grass pink?" asked Twinkle.

"Because there are so many trees," replied Mr. Shine, "and so much grass—and green is the most restful color for your eyes. Your eyes would get very tired if the trees and grass were anything except green!"

"Don't you do anything besides putting the color on things?" asked Lollypop.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said Mr. Shine, "I loosen up the soil so that the plants can come out of the seeds that Farmer

John puts into the ground. I melt up the snow, too, so that he can plant seeds. If it were not for me, the snow would still be here!"

"How do you melt up the snow?" asked Winkle. "Do tell us!"

"Ah! Now you asked something interesting!" replied Mr. Shine. "I do that with my burning-glass!"

Then Mr. Shine removed his hat, and from the band, he took the glittering glass with the long handle.

"When I look through this!" said he, "When I look through this hard — and give a lot of my attention to doing so, the snow just vanishes!"

"What a wonderful thing!" cried Twinkle. "I wish we had some snow now, so we could see it work!"

"Well, if you'll give me time and don't try to hurry me," said Mr. Shine, "I'll show you how it works. We don't need snow. Water will do!"

"How exciting!" cried Lollypop. "Do show us, Mr. Shine. We promise to be patient!"

So Mr. Shine led them further down the pebbly path between the sweet prickly rose-bushes until they came to the brook at the end of the garden.

There Mr. Shine held his burning-glass over the water. The children watched very patiently, but they could not see that anything was happening. At last Winkle said so.

"Of course, you can't see anything," said Mr. Shine, "I am drawing up the water, but I am drawing up such a little at a time that you can't see me do it. But bye-and-bye you will see some clouds in the sky. And they will be made of the water I am drawing up now!"

"And can't we ever see you do it?" asked Twinkle.

"When you see me doing it," replied Mr. Shine, "That will be what is called a light fog. Look up at the sky now!"

At this the children looked up and there, sure enough, was a lovely little baby cloud floating above them away up in the blue sky!



"What else can you do?" cried Lollypop. "Oh, Mr. Shine, please show us?"

And Mr. Shine, being one of the very kindest people in the world, showed them a great many of his accomplishments. It seemed that he set people's clocks correctly for them, and helped the sailors steer their ships. For all he was so slow, he was a very busy person and did a lot of odd-jobs beside gardening.

Some of these jobs were funny ones, like telling the chickens when to get up in the morning and when to go to roost at night.

"You just stay around with me and I'll make your cheeks all red!" said Mr. Shine. "And I'll put freckles on your noses, too. I almost always put freckles on the noses of children I like and that like me!"

"But we have no freckles now!" said Winkle.

"You just look in the mirror tomorrow morning!" said Mr. Shine. "And see the freckles you'll have, all three of you! I'm putting them on now, and they'll show tomorrow! Give me time, that's all."



It was a lot of fun to see all the things that Mr. Shine had to do, but the thing they liked the most was watching him gather up the water and toss the little innocent-looking clouds into the sky. And so they kept asking him to do this over and over again. And just to oblige them, Mr. Shine, who is one of the very kindest people in the world, did as they asked him. It seemed that he could get the water anywhere, out of damp earth, or puddles or the brook — even from a pan of water which Farmer John had left out for the chickens to drink!

And the more lovely white clouds he made and tossed up into the sky, the more delighted the children became with them. As the crowd of little clouds grew thicker, they ran into each other, forming big clouds that moved in a slow, dignified way, and took on different shapes, so that one minute they looked like a bear, next minute like a flock of

sheep, next minute like a castle and then again like nothing but big fleecy clouds.

"Oh, make more, make more!" the children cried. And they searched about for water for Mr. Shine. At length they even ran down to the beach and Mr. Shine drew up water from the ocean just as easily as from the little pan that Farmer John had left out for the chickens to drink from.

At last there were a great many clouds in the sky and they all went back to the garden. By this time Mr. Shine seemed rather uneasy, and uncertain.

"Trouble with making those clouds," said he, "is that they always drive me away! The other gardener, Mr. Shower, always grabs them up and gets to work and off I have to go!"

"Oh, don't go!" the children begged, "Just as we are having such an interesting time!"

They were walking up the pebbly path between the sweet, prickly rose-bushes, and Mr. Shine, who had put his burning-glass away in the crown of his hat, kept looking back over his shoulder anxiously. His voice was weaker and he had turned quite pale.

"Good gracious," said he, "I'm afraid I'll have to go and that I'll have to hurry! When the other gardener, Mr. Shower comes, he always makes me hurry off! He's the only person that can make me, and I *do* hate to hurry!"

Then all of a sudden, just as the children were about to again beg him not to go, he had vanished! The clouds had all got together so that the sky was grey, and pretty soon Lollypop held out her hand and a rain-drop splashed upon it.

"We must go in," said Lollypop, who was a very good little girl, "We must go in because it is beginning to rain!"

So Winkle took Twinkle's hand and Twinkle took Lollypop's, and they started for the Great Big House on the Hill.

As they were walking along the pebbly-path between the sweet prickly rose-bushes and had almost reached the back-porch, they met a person coming along toward them in a

great hurry. He was tall and graceful and moved very quickly, and he had on a yellow raincoat and a cap on his head like a fireman's, so that the only things which were not well covered were his face and hands. In one hand he carried an enormous sprinkling-pot, and on his feet were rubber boots.

When the children met him he stopped them.

"Oh, dear!" said he, waving his hands in a vague fashion and speaking in the gentlest voice you ever heard. "Oh, dear! Now don't go in the house just the very minute I get here!"

"Who are you?" asked Winkle because he was the oldest boy and always asked the first question.

"Allow me to introduce myself," said the person. "Mr. Shower, Yes, Mr. Shower—the other gardener, you know."

"How-do-you-do, Mr. Shower?" said the children politely. "And now that we have met you, please, we must go in!"

"Because your Mother has always said 'Come right in the minute you meet a shower!'" said Mr. Shower, sadly. "I knew it! I just knew it! If only people would wait and get really acquainted with me, they would not be afraid of me any more. You don't like me, I can see that! Oh, dear!"

"We don't like you because we have to go indoors whenever you come around," Winkle explained as gently as he could.

"Well, won't you stay just this once?" begged Mr. Shower, in his soft voice, "And see what a jolly fellow I really am, when you get to know me?"

"Do you think we might?" asked Winkle.

"It would be fun!" said Twinkle.

"But we ought to hide the strawberries first!" said Lollypop, who always thought of things.

So Winkle, Twinkle and Lollypop took their baskets of strawberries and put them under the porch steps, where they would keep dry, and then ran back and joined Mr. Shower.

"Good for you!" cried Mr. Shower. "Come on! Take





off your shoes and stockings while I soften the ground for your bare feet!"

In great glee the children obeyed, while Mr. Shower took his big watering pot and wet the whole garden so that the earth was nice and soft and black. Then the children stepped out without their shoes and the mud came up between their toes in the most delightful manner. Mr. Shower hung his sprinkling pot high up on a tree, and took them all through the garden while the soft rain poured down upon them.

"Mr. Shine is a fine gardener, oh, very fine — I don't run him down," said Mr. Shower. "But he can't do it all alone. His work is no good unless he has *me*, and my work is no good unless I have *him!*"

And he showed them how all the flowers which had been drooping a little while Mr. Shine was there, were straightening up and feeling fresh. And how the earth that had been all gray and cracked was healing up and becoming soft again. He showed them the big fat wiggly worms that were beginning to come out of their holes, and the snails putting their heads out of their houses to catch a silvery drop or two.

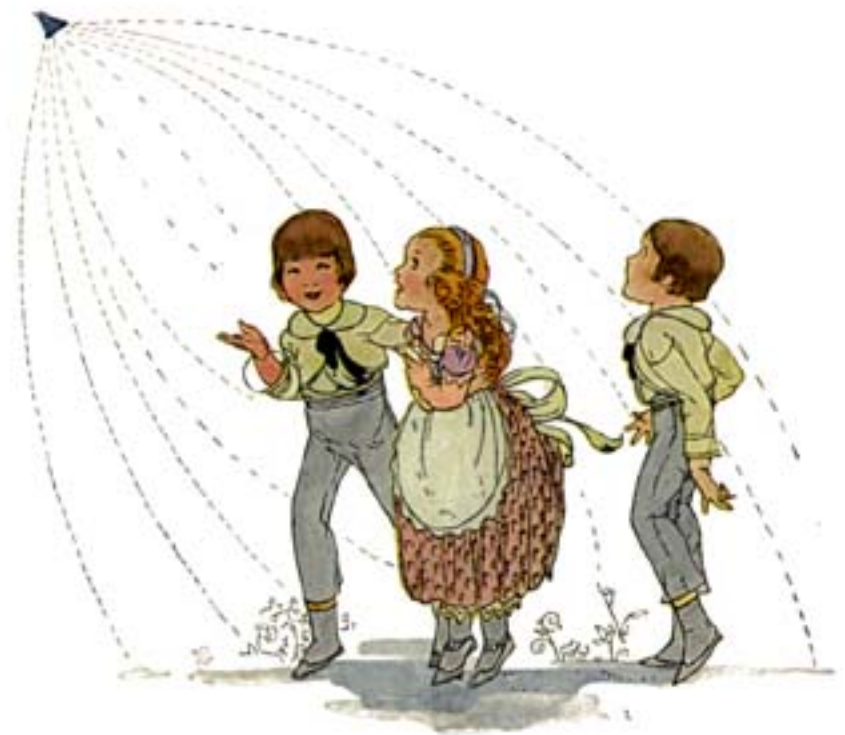
He introduced them to the big fat solemn toads who, he explained, were his kind assistants, and helped him to take care of the garden by eating up the mischievous insects that try to destroy the plants.

He also took them to see the tree-toads which sit in the trees and sing when it is raining, and have such lovely green and brown backs that they can hardly be told from the branch.

And all the while he kept talking gently, half to himself and half to the children.

"Dear me! Dear me!" said Mr. Shower, "How thirsty the garden was! Good thing I came along and used those clouds to bring the moisture back again. Mr. Shine takes up too much water, sometimes!"

And indeed the garden seemed very glad to see him. All the trees turned up the underside of their leaves for gladness





and the ducks came out and swam on the little brook at the end of the pebbly path, and made a great to-do, quacking and flapping their wings and standing on their heads in the water in the funny way of ducks.

And the children did enjoy the wetness. The garden smelt so sweet, and even the earth sent out a fine rich odor they had never noticed before. They splashed about in a lovely new puddle Mr. Shower made expressly for that purpose.

And then all at once, Nanna, the Nurse, came running down the pebbly-path between the sweet prickly rose-bushes. She had an umbrella and three pairs of overshoes and she was all out of breath and very cross indeed.

"Do you want to catch cold?" cried Nanna, the Nurse. "Come in this very instant!"

And she tried to cover them all with the one umbrella while she made them put the overshoes on their bare feet.

"Now into the house, the lot of you!" cried Nanna, and hustled them along, still trying to keep the umbrella over them, for all the world like an anxious hen with three ducklings who liked the wet!

Finally she got them and their shoes and stockings and the three baskets of strawberries all into the house. Cook took the strawberries, which were to be for tea, and Nanna, the Nurse, made the children go right up into the nursery and take off every bit of their wet clothing. She rubbed them pink and dry with the big rough towel, put on their night-clothes, and went for Mother.

When Mother came she listened first to what Nanna, the Nurse, had to say, because that was Mother's rule. And when Nanna was finished Mother listened to what the children had to say, because that was her rule as well. Then Mother said that Nanna was quite right to make them come in.

"But, children," said Mother, "I will tell you why. Then you will know enough to come in when it rains. People must not stay out then unless they have the right kind of



clothes on. When you have your rubber boots and your rain-coats, you can stay out if you don't feel cold. If you feel chilly you must come right in. Next time you must remember to ask Nanna for your rain-clothes!"

"We will!" the children promised her.

"And to make sure that you'll remember you had better stay in the nursery the rest of the afternoon," Mother decided.

Then Mother and Nanna both went away, and the children ran to the window. There in the garden was Mr. Shower.

"Come on out!" he invited them. "Oh, dear! *Do* come out!"

"We can't," said Winkle. "We are being made to remember to ask for our rain-coats and rubber-boots."

"But the next time you come we will be out!" said Twinkle.

"And if we only knew how to tell when you were coming," said Lollypop, "we could be all ready dressed to play with you!"

"You can tell that easily!" said Mr. Shower. "The swallows know when I am expected, and they fly low. Watch them, and notice if the clouds are getting together. And listen for the tree-toads. When they sing, you can expect me before long."

"We will remember!" said the children. "And we like you very much now. We are so glad to know how nice you are!"

Then Nanna, the Nurse, came in with the tea-tray, and shut the window.

"Come along and stop your nonsense!" said Nanna, the Nurse. "See what I have brought you, you little rascals!"

And there along with their bread and milk, was a great bowl of the strawberries they had picked, all powdery with sugar!



## Winkle, Twinkle and Lollypop meet Mrs. Night and Mr. Day

ONE summer evening when Nanna, the Nurse, had turned down the covers of the Great Wide 'Normous Bed with the Pineapple Posts, she had a great deal of trouble in persuading the children to climb into it.

The triplets had all taken a nap that afternoon, and now, although they had brushed their teeth and put on their nighties and said their prayers, they felt very wide-awake indeed.

Another reason for feeling wide-awake was that, just as they were ready for bed, they could hear the Pop-corn man coming down the road. The Pop-corn man had a lovely white wagon with gold letters on it, and a gentle white horse to pull the wagon, and the Pop-corn man wore a big white apron and sold the most beautiful strings of pink and white pop-corn you ever saw. The children could always tell when he was coming, because the gentle white horse had bells on his harness, and they would hear the bells tinkling quite a long way off.

Usually the Pop-corn man went by the Great Big House on the Hill where the children lived sometime in the after-



noon. But on this particular summer evening something must have delayed him, for it was after dark when the triplets heard the silvery bells on the gentle white horse.

When they heard him coming they were all in their nighties, and so could not very well run down and ask Mother for pennies for popcorn.

"Oh dear, what a pity!" said Winkle.

"I want a string of white pop-corn!" said Twinkle.

"I want a string of pink pop-corn!" said Lollypop.

"And I want a string of yellow pop-corn!" declared Winkle.

"No nonsense, now!" said Nanna, the Nurse, "into bed, all of you, without another word!"

And so the children, who were really very good, dived into the Great Wide 'Normous Bed with the Pineapple Posts—first Winkle, then Twinkle and then Lollypop. And Nanna, the Nurse, covered them up and tucked them in, and then she took up the lamp and started for the door.

"Oh, don't take the light away!" cried Winkle.

"I just hate the dark!" cried Twinkle.

"Please leave the light, Nurse!" said Lollypop, who was always a very polite little girl.

"Now don't be silly!" said Nanna, "You know that you can't go to sleep with the light on!"

And with that Nanna, the Nurse, went away and took the light with her and closed the door.

For a while the children lay there in the dark without saying anything, and they could hear the Pop-corn man stop his gentle white horse just outside the gate, and then they could hear him set off down the road again, the tinkle of the silvery bells growing fainter the farther he went, until finally they could not be heard at all.

"Oh dear!" said Winkle, "I am *so* disappointed!"

"And so am I!" said Twinkle.

"And I hate the dark!" said Lollypop.

Winkle sat up in bed and looked around.



"Why see, it's not really dark!" said Winkle. "Someone is moving around the room with a lantern!"

At this Twinkle sat up in bed, and Lollypop sat up in bed, and all three children were very much surprised. For the room was no longer perfectly dark. Indeed there was a faint silvery light in it. Then they saw the moon, just outside the open window, and it looked exactly as if it was hanging on a branch of the Great Big Growing Christmas Tree which was closest to the house.

"There *is* someone moving about the room!" whispered Winkle.

"Oh dear, I don't like it!" said Twinkle.

"I am afraid!" said Lollypop, and began to cry.

"There, there! don't cry!" said a gentle voice. And the person who had been moving about came over to the bed. The children could see then that it was a lady in a dark dress—a very motherly, gentle lady, the sort of person whom you know is friendly the very minute you speak to her. Her clothes were very soft and seemed to float around her gently, and she had a sweet perfume about her. Her voice was low and like music, and she had a way with her that made the children decide at once that she was one of the very nicest persons they had ever met.

This lady sat down on the foot of the Great Wide 'Normous Bed with the Pineapple Posts, and somehow the children just had to lie down again with their heads on their pillows. But the lady leaned over and spoke to them softly.

"I heard you say you did not like the dark," she said. "So I just hung my lantern on the tree outside, and stepped in to tell you why you need not be afraid of the dark."

"Please," said Winkle, "How do you come to know that?"

"Well," said the visitor, "I am Mrs. Night, and so I know quite a lot about the dark!"

"We are very glad to meet you, Mrs. Night," said Twinkle.

"And it is very kind of you to come and tell us," added Lollypop. "What a beautiful lantern you have!"



"The Moon?" said Mrs. Night, "Indeed it is beautiful. I borrow a little light from my brother, Mr. Day, who brings the sun with him. I only need a very little light, and I only use my lantern a part of each month. The other times I keep everything perfectly dark, so that the moths and bats and the funny owls may have more fun. The darker it is, the better they like it, you know!"

"Why I didn't suppose that anybody or anything likes the dark best!" said Winkle.

"Well, that's because you didn't know!" said Mrs. Night. "It's all a matter of taste. Why, lots of flowers only open for me—and all flowers give out a stronger perfume while I am here. A great many creatures only come out after dark—and think of the fire-flies! Why they hardly shine at all when my brother, Mr. Day, is here. But *how* they do dance with me!"

"Yes, and so do the mosquitoes!" said Twinkle. And everybody laughed at that, because, of course, the naughty mosquitoes are naughtiest at night.

"As to the music I bring!" Mrs. Night went on, "You just listen to the insects' orchestra! It always plays loudest for me. And my sky-garden—what do you think of my star-flowers?"

"Oh, we think they are lovely!" cried the children.

"Of course, the star-flowers are always there in the sky," Mrs. Night explained. "But you can only see them when I put a lovely dark background up for them to show off against!"

"Why do some of the stars twinkle and some stay still?" the children wanted to know.

"The ones that twinkle are larger and are burning suns just like our own, but they are farther away," said Mrs. Night. "The ones that stay still are smaller—they are not suns—they are just like our earth and are called Planets."

"And where do they go when the clouds are here?" asked Winkle.

"Oh they are there, just the same!" said Mrs. Night. "And so is my lantern, the Moon. The clouds go whisking by, or get together and hide the sky, but the sky is up there just the same! No light from my lantern nor from my star-flowers can come through them then, that's all, and people say 'it's a dark night!'"

"What else do you bring beside the stars, and those other nice things?" asked Twinkle.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Night. "You haven't begun to hear about them yet! For I bring Rest, and Sleep, and Dreams!"

"But people can sleep in the daytime!" said Lollypop. "We were all asleep this afternoon!"

"There are different kinds of sleep," said Mrs. Night, "And I bring only the very best. Besides, most people are busy when my brother, Mr. Day, is here, because they have work to do in the light."

"Where do you go when you are not here?" asked Winkle.

"I travel all around the world," Mrs. Night replied. "I follow my brother and my brother follows me. By the time that you children are ready for your breakfast, I will be in China, putting the little yellow children to bed! Then I get back here again after your supper, in time to make it nice and dark so that you can go to sleep easily."

"To think we were ever so silly as to not like you!" said Winkle.

"Why! we just didn't know what we were talking about!" added Twinkle.

"You are so gentle and sweet!" said Lollypop, "I wish that you were with us all the time!"

"All the time!" said Mrs. Night, "Why, you don't want me all the time!"

"Oh, Mrs. Night! Please stay!" said the children.

Mrs. Night laughed softly.

"I tell you what I'll do!" she said. "I'll stay right here with you and tell you each a story, until my brother comes and says that it is time for me to go away!"

Then she smoothed out their pillows, and the children felt very pleasant and drowsy and comfortable. And when she saw that they were quite cozy, Mrs. Night took her seat again and began in her soft voice.

"Once upon a time," she began, "there were three children named Winkle, Twinkle and Lollypop . . ."

And then each child felt a little more drowsy and a little more comfortable, and pretty soon Winkle thought that he was listening to a wonderful story about how he woke up in the morning and found a string of yellow pop-corn on one of the Pineapple Posts of the Great Big Wide Bed.

And Twinkle thought that he was listening to a story about how a rabbit brought him a beautiful string of white pop-corn.

And Lollypop thought she was listening to a story about how she had a long string of pink pop-corn to wear around her throat, like a necklace of beads, and could nibble off one piece at a time.

Then before he knew it, Winkle was sitting up in bed, yawning and rubbing his eyes.

"Why, where is Mrs. Night?" cried Winkle. "She's gone away!"

Then Twinkle sat up and yawned and rubbed his eyes.

"Mrs. Night!" said Twinkle, "Oh, Mrs. Night, where are you?"

At this Lollypop sat up in bed and yawned and rubbed her eyes.

"Oh dear!" cried Lollypop. "Where is Mrs. Night?"

"Gone away!" said a voice at the window, "gone away, you sleepy heads."

And there staring in the window was a capable looking man with a big brass bugle in one hand.

"Time to get up!" said he. "I am her brother, Mr. Day, and I've just sent her along! Time to get up!"

"But she was telling me the loveliest story!" protested Winkle.

"And telling me about a rabbit!" said Twinkle.





"And me about a popcorn necklace!" cried Lollypop.

"Poof! those were not stories!" said Mr. Day. "Those were dreams! Get up now! I'm a busy fellow, and I don't like to have people waste my time!"

But Mr. Day did not wait to see whether or not the children obeyed him. He was away and about his business before he could say "Poof" again, taking his trumpet with him.

"Well, it was a lovely dream, or story—it doesn't matter which it was," said Winkle. "And Mrs. Night brought it to me!"

"I think she is a lovely lady!" said Twinkle. "Mine was about such a nice rabbit and pop-corn."

"And mine was nice, too!" said Lollypop. "I love Mrs. Night, now! But I wish those dreams she gave us would come true!"

Then Nanna, the Nurse, came in and let the water run in the bath-tub.

"Come, you rascals!" cried Nurse, good naturedly. "Time to get up!"

And so the children all climbed down out of the Great

Wide 'Normous Bed with the Pineapple Posts, first Winkle, then Twinkle, and then Lollypop. And when they got to the floor they stood there yawning while Nanna, the Nurse, laughed at them.

"Well, well!" said Nanna, the Nurse. "It seems to me that you must be sound asleep, still! Don't you see anything new in the room?"

At this the children woke up for fair, and what do you think they saw? Hanging between the foot-posts of the Great Big Wide Bed were three beautiful strings of pop-corn—a yellow one for Winkle, a white one for Twinkle, and a pink one for Lollypop.

"Oh!" cried the children. "Did Mrs. Night leave them for us do you think?"

"Mrs. Night, indeed!" exclaimed Nanna indignantly. "Whoever she may be, she did not leave them. I bought



them for you my own self after I had you safe in bed, and hung them up five minutes later, when you were sound asleep!"

"Oh thank you, Nanna," cried Winkle, and Twinkle, and Lollypop.



### Winkle, Twinkle and Lollypop meet Mr. Friendly Fire

ONE day Cook had been making an apple-pie for Mother's and Father's dinner, and there was a little bit of dough and two lovely, big red apples left over. So Cook looked at them and wondered what she should do with them, for she was a very careful cook and never wasted anything. And as she stood there wondering about it, into the kitchen came the children, Winkle, first, then Twinkle, and then Lollypop.

"Oh! See the lovely big red apples!" cried Winkle.

"Can we have them?" asked Twinkle.

"And is there another one for me?" asked Lollypop, who was a generous little girl and was perfectly willing that her brothers should each have one, even if she were left out.

"Well, dear me!" said Cook, "I am afraid there isn't another big red apple in the house! And how can I divide two apples among three children!"

"It can't be done!" said Winkle.

Then Cook had a fine idea

"I tell you what," said she, "I'll make a little pie with the two big red apples and this bit of dough, and you can share that, for a pie can be cut into three pieces very nicely!"

The children thought that this was a splendid plan, and





they watched her slice up the big red apples and roll the bit of dough, and put in the sugar and spice and set the little pie in the oven.

Then Nanna, the Nurse, called to them to come right up to the nursery and get their faces and hands washed for dinner. And when she had washed them all, first Winkle, then Twinkle, and then Lollypop, she sat them all at table and they ate a very good dinner indeed, and when it was done Nanna brought in the little apple pie which Cook had made especially for them.

"Now, who wants to cut the pie?" asked Nanna the Nurse.

"I do!" cried Winkle, "because I'm the oldest!"

"Well, mark the crust first with the knife," said Nanna, "and let's see you divide it in three!"

So Winkle marked the pie-crust with the knife, but did not cut it, because the other children stopped him.

"You have marked out two little pieces and one big piece!" said Twinkle.

"And who is the big one for?" asked Lollypop.

"That's for me!" said Winkle.

"No, it's for me!" said Twinkle.

"It ought to be for me!" said Lollypop.

"Now, children," said Nanna, the Nurse, "stop quarrelling. If you can't be more unselfish about that pie, I think it had better wait until tea-time, and then Mother will be home and she will tell you how to be fair."

When they heard Nanna, the Nurse, say this, the children knew that they had been naughty, so they watched her put the little apple-pie away on a high shelf where they could just see the edge of the plate, and nobody complained at all, although it was rather hard to have to wait so long for dessert.

"Well, now!" said Nanna, "It's too cold and damp for you to play outside this afternoon, so I'll just put the damper on the fire for you, and go have a bit of a chat with Cook!"

So Nanna turned a handle in the chimney above the nursery grate, which she did to keep the fire low, and went downstairs.



"Oh dear!" said Winkle, "what shall we do now?"

"I just hate to wait for that pie!" said Twinkle.

"So do I!" said Lollypop. "But it's our fault! Besides, it won't hurt us to wait — we are not hungry!"

"You may not be hungry!" said a strange voice, "but *I* am! A little attention, please!"

The children were very much surprised to hear anyone talking, for they thought they were alone in the nursery. And at first they could not make out where the sound came from, for no one was to be seen. Then the voice spoke again:

"Please!" it said, "I am very faint and hungry!"

And then the children found that the voice was coming from the fireplace! This was certainly very unusual. So Winkle took Twinkle's hand, and Twinkle took Lollypop's hand, and they went over on tip-toe and stood in front of the fireplace, holding on to each other just as tight as tight! And there, sitting right in the grate, was a little man in a red and yellow coat!

This person was ashy pale and quite exhausted-looking, and his bright coat had a limp air to it, and hung in ribbons around the bottom. He had long, pointed shoes, and long, pointed fingers, and a hat trimmed with long, pointed feathers, as bright as his coat. But for all his gay clothing, he was a pitiful sight.

"Oh dear!" said Lollypop, who was a very kind little girl, "Oh dear! what can we do for you?"

"Open the damper!" said the visitor in a very faint voice, "Open the damper, quick!"

The children had been told never to go near the fireplace when Nanna was out of the room, but their new acquaintance seemed so low and in such distress, that they did not dare wait to run and get Nanna. So Winkle stepped boldly up and turned the handle in the chimney around again to where it had been before Nurse had fixed it. Almost as soon as he had done so, the visitor seemed to get a little better. He sat up and sighed.



"That's better!" he said. "Air! I needed a little air! In another minute or two I would have been obliged to go out. Now, a little refreshment — hurry please!"

"Refreshment?" asked Winkle. "I am afraid we haven't got any!"

"Except our pie," said Twinkle.

"And that's so high up that we can't reach it," added Lollypop.

"Pie!" said the visitor, growing a little brighter. "I don't want your pie! Why, I baked that pie — and that's all I want to do with it. Just toss me a little coal, will you?"

"Why, who are you?" asked Winkle.

"I am Mr. Friendly Fire!" replied the new arrival. "Just hurry up with a few nice, tasty lumps of coal, will you? And mind, don't come too near me — children must always keep a respectful distance from me, or they'll be sorry!"

Mr. Fire looked rather faint again after he had made these fierce remarks, and so Winkle hurried to do as he was told, and handed a shovel-full of coals to Mr. Fire, keeping a safe distance away while he did so. Mr. Fire began eating the coals at once, and then he grew stronger every minute. His face lost its ashen color, and his cheeks became bright red, and soon he looked quite cheerful and jolly. The children were so pleased by his happy recovery that they clapped their hands and danced about before him.

"I am so glad you spoke!" said Winkle.

"And I am so glad you did not go out!" said Twinkle.

"The nursery is very cold in winter when you go out!"

"And it's lovely and cozy to have you here!" said Lollypop. "We did so want someone to play with!"

At this, Mr. Fire seemed quite cross. He cracked his joints, and grumbled a bit.

"Tush!" said Mr. Fire. "Tush, child! Don't you know that you must not play with fire?"

"I have heard that!" said Lollypop. "But if we can't

play with you, we can at least sit down by you and enjoy your company!"

"By all means!" said Mr. Fire. "No objections to that, at all! Just close the damper again — I shall be all right now — and then sit down and make yourselves comfortable."

So the children sat down in a row upon the hearth-rug, first Winkle, then Twinkle and then Lollypop. And they all hugged their knees and watched Mr. Fire while he took out an enormous pipe and lit it. And then, when he had it going nicely and seemed quite well and happy again, he began to talk with the children.

"It's a good thing for you I didn't go out that time," said Mr. Fire, "because when I go out you can't get me back very easily — no sir! I have to be coaxed!"

"With coal?" asked Winkle.

"No! coal is too solid!" said Mr. Fire. "You have to offer me something dainty and tempting, like a few dry sticks and a little paper — something tasty, you know — something tasty!"

"You like to eat, don't you?" said Twinkle.

"The more I eat the bigger I grow!" replied Mr. Fire, cheerfully. "All depends on what you want me to do. If it's only to light a lamp, I don't need so much. To bake a pie, I'll need a little more. To run the furnace and keep the whole house warm, why, that takes considerable. But if you expect me to run a factory, why, that's another matter again. I need a lot of feeding to feel strong enough to run a factory — keep the machinery going and all that, you know!"

"And *do* you run factories?" asked Winkle.

"Yes, indeed — almost all of them!" declared Mr. Fire. "The ones which make cloth and such things only use me a little. But where steel and iron are made, they can't get along without me!"

"What else do you help make?" asked Twinkle.

"Oh, lots of things!" replied Mr. Fire. "I help make

dishes and I work in the candy factory. In fact, I can be got to do about half of the things there are to be done! I make the steamboats go, for instance, and the steam-engines."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Lollypop, "how hard you work! Don't you get awfully tired?"

"Not unless they forget to feed me!" said Mr. Fire. "And then I simply go out and they have to get me back the best way they can!"

"What else do you do?" asked Winkle.

"Well, I do *all* the cooking!" said Mr. Fire, who seemed to enjoy talking about himself. "And, of course, I light the lamps, and the men's pipes and bon-fires and a lot of odd jobs like that! Oh, I am a useful fellow, I am — you would have a hard time getting along without me, for a fact!"

"I had no idea you were so kind and pleasant!" said Winkle.

"Yes, and so helpful!" said Twinkle.

"We've always been afraid of you," added Lollypop.

"Tush!" said Mr. Fire, "tush, child! People need never be afraid of things if they understand them properly. And you just didn't understand about me, that's all!"

"But I thought you hurt people sometimes," said Winkle.

"Yes, and ate up whole houses and even towns!" said Twinkle.

"And forests and prairies!" added Lollypop.

"Well, I only do that when folks haven't been careful how they treated me!" said Mr. Fire. "They have to treat me with respect or they are liable to have a hot time, for a fact!"

"Well then, if you please, Mr. Fire," said Lollypop, very politely, "just how should we treat you?"

"Well, never feed me too much!" said Mr. Fire, puffing at his pipe. "And don't bring any papers or lace curtains or muslin dresses too near me — keep a comfortable and respectful distance from me!"

"Oh, we will!" cried the children.



"Be careful not to upset the lamps, and leave the matches alone." Mr. Fire went on. "Outdoors, just remember that I can run a long way on dry grass, or on hay, and as for kerosene and oil of any kind—why I just love it, for a fact!"

"Well, we will try to remember all that!" said Winkle.

"It is very kind of you to tell us," said Twinkle.

"Can't we do anything for you?" asked Lollypop, who was a good, considerate little girl. "Wouldn't you like a drink of water?"

At this suggestion Mr. Fire seemed very much alarmed. He fairly roared up the chimney at the mere mention of it.

"Water!" exclaimed Mr. Fire, "water, indeed! Tush, child, I should say not! I simply hate water! If you give me any I shall feel very much put out!"

"Oh, we won't do that!" cried the children, "for we love to have you here. The nursery would not seem a bit cheerful in winter, if you were not with us!"

"That's it, that's it!" said Mr. Fire. "You treat me rightly and I will treat you rightly!"

"And we will never get too familiar with you!" said the children.

"Better not — better not!" said Mr. Fire. "I'm a wild fellow when I get angry, for a fact!" And he puffed away at his pipe so that the smoke came out into the room and made the tears come into the children's eyes and set them coughing.

Then, just as they began to think they had made Mr. Fire angry in some way, because he puffed so much smoke at them, they heard Nanna, the Nurse, coming up the stairs. When she opened the door of the nursery, she began coughing and crying, too.

"Well, for goodness sake, the fire is smoking!" exclaimed Nanna, the Nurse. "The wind must have changed and it's all blowing down the chimney!"

Then Nanna went over to the fireplace and turned the damper-handle around, and picked up the blower, and put it on so that Mr. Fire could no longer be seen, although they

could hear him roaring behind it and trying to get out. And in a very few moments the smoke began to disappear, and the children and Nanna, the Nurse, stopped coughing and crying, and the nursery was a pleasant place once more.

Nanna drew the curtains of the window together and lit the lamp, and began laying out the tea things.

"What is the damper?" asked Winkle.

"It's a shutter in the chimney," said Nanna. "It opens and closes. Fire can't live without air, and when you want fire to be weak and low you shut off the air by closing the damper."

"And when you open it," said Winkle, "then the air comes through and makes the fire bright — is that it?"

"Bless the boy, that's just the way of it!" said Nanna. "And here comes your mother, or I am very much mistaken!"

At this the children all ran to the door and opened it, and there stood Mother, still with her hat and furs on, and smelling so sweet and fresh and like out-of-doors, and bringing a breath of sweet, cold air with her. The children all cried out for joy and caught hold of her and pulled her into the nursery.

And then Nanna told Mother all about the little apple-pie which Cook had made especially for the children, and how they had not been able to divide it fairly at dinner-time. And then Nanna, the Nurse, took the little apple-pie down off the high shelf and set it on the tea-table, and Mother looked at the marks which Winkle had made on the crust with the knife, and Mother shook her head.

"That will never do!" said Mother.

"Let *me* cut it, Mother!" said Twinkle.

"No, I'm the oldest, I ought to cut it!" said Winkle.

But Mother only laughed at all three of them.

"Well," said Mother, "I don't care which child cuts it. But from now on remember this. Whenever you have a cake or pie to cut, the child who cuts it, is to have *last choice* of the pieces!"

"Then we will always cut it fairly!" shouted Winkle.

"Each piece the very same size!" shouted Twinkle.

"One no bigger than the others!" cried Lollypop.

"Exactly!" said Mother. "And now Nurse, if you have an extra cup, I believe I will have tea up here with the triplets."

At this the children all shouted for joy again and helped Mother to take off her hat and furs.

And Winkle was allowed to cut the little apple-pie because he was the oldest, but this time he did not try to cut it into three equal parts, which is quite hard to do, but cut it into four, each exactly the same size — one for Winkle, one for Twinkle, one for Lollypop, and, best of all, one for Mother!



## Winkle, Twinkle and Lollypop meet Mr. Frost

ON the morning of Christmas Eve the triplets, Winkle, Twinkle and Lollypop, opened their eyes very early. But the room was cold, so that they did not get up at once. They lay in a row in the Great Wide 'Normous Bed with the Pineapple Posts until Nanna the Nurse came in and shut the window. Then she lit the fire in the fire-place and soon the room was nice and warm and the children jumped out of the Great Wide 'Normous Bed with the Pineapple Posts, Winkle first, then Twinkle and then Lollypop.

Nanna the Nurse dressed them in their warmest clothing. When she had given them their breakfast and made sure that they had eaten every bit of their oatmeal, she brought out their heavy coats and their caps and their mittens and their rubber-boots.

"Now!" said Nanna the Nurse. "Put these on, and then out you go!"

"But we don't want to go out," said Winkle.

"Because it's Christmas Eve," said Twinkle, "And we want to help put up the Holly!"

"And hang up the Mistletoe!" added Lollypop, who was a sweet little girl and loved to be kissed.





"Never you mind trimming the house!" said Nanna. "Out you go, and out you stay until you are let come in!"

"But we want to trim the house!" the children cried, all at the same time.

"Somebody else will do that!" said Nanna the Nurse mysteriously. "Your mother's orders are that you are to go out and play in the snow!"

Of course the children said nothing more when they heard that Mother wanted them to go. And so Nanna put on Winkle's coat and cap and rubber-boots first, because he was the oldest boy, and then she put on Twinkle's coat and cap and rubber-boots because he was next oldest, and then she put on Lollypop's coat and rubber-boots and bonnet, and shooed the children down the stairs.

"Don't forget your mittens!" said Nanna the Nurse. "And mind, no running in and out all the time!"

The children felt rather sad at being made to go out and play. Indoors it was nice and warm and the nursery fire was burning merrily. Out-of-doors it was very cold. To be sure the garden did look pretty under its covering of smooth,

white snow. But instead of beginning to play in it, the children huddled in a corner by the porch and began to complain.

"I wanted to help trim the house!" Winkle declared.

"So that it would look nice when Santa Claus comes," added Twinkle.

"I just hate this cold garden!" said Lollypop, who felt almost ready to cry.

A beautiful, gay laugh, that sounded like sleigh-bells interrupted her, and all the children looked up surprisedly. There on the lowest branch of one of the Great Big Growing Christmas Trees that grew on the terrace of the house, sat a gentleman. And such a handsome, beautifully dressed one! His clothes were of snowy ermine, with hundreds of little tails dangling from coat and sleeves. His boots were of white seal-skin with silver tops, and on his head was a cap made from a



single white fox-skin with the tail hanging down behind. On his waist-coat was a sparkling chain like a watch-chain, but instead of a watch he carried a thermometer. His face was neither young nor old, but it was full of smiles and laughter, and his blue eyes were mischievous as could be. The children had never seen such a gorgeously dressed person.

"So you hate the cold garden!" said this gallant gentleman. "No wonder—if you stand still! You ought to run around!"

"But we are so cold!" objected Winkle.

"And we don't want to run around!" said Twinkle.

"And we are not going to," added Lollypop.

The gorgeous gentleman laughed his laugh that was like sleigh-bells.

"Then I shall have to make you!" said he, smiling. "I am Mr. Frost; and if you don't play tag or something that keeps you moving about, I'm going to nip your ears and noses and fingers and toes!"

"Oh, please don't do that!" cried Winkle.

"How could you be so unkind!" said Twinkle.

"When you look so friendly and jolly!" added Lollypop.

"Please, Mr. Frost, don't!"

"Then come and play with me!" cried Mr. Frost, getting down from his seat, and jingling with silver-bells as he moved.

"Come and romp with me!"

"We will! We will!" cried the children.

Mr. Frost came over to them, and as he walked they noticed that his boots squeaked on the snow. All his clothes were very clean and new looking, and although he had threatened to punish them, his sharp face was friendly.

"What's the trouble with you children, anyway?" asked Mr. Frost.

"Well, it's Christmas Eve," said the children, "and we want to help decorate the house and they won't let us!"

"Tut-tut!" said Mr. Frost. "Well, if that isn't a shame! We will have to see to that. But first let us get some exercise. Your noses are positively blue!"

As the children didn't a bit like having blue noses, they readily agreed to do anything Mr. Frost suggested.

"Well!" said Mr. Frost, looking at his thermometer just as if it were a watch, "I'll tell you what — we will go down to the Mill Pond first of all!"

The children wondered very much what Mr. Frost was going to do when they got there, but they romped down the garden path after him, until they came to the Mill Pond. Mr. Frost got there first, and as soon as he had reached it, he leaned over and tested the ice.

"There you are!" said Mr. Frost. "It's perfectly safe to slide or skate upon!"

And sure enough, the Mill Pond was frozen over as tight as tight with a beautiful sheet of smooth ice. The children gave whoops of joy, and making a splendid slide, raced each other on it in great glee, until they began to tingle all over, and feel very glad that they had come out.

At last when they were quite out of breath and their cheeks were all rosy and glowing, they paused to ask Mr. Frost a question.

"Can you freeze the water everywhere?" they wanted to know.

"Not at the equator, where it's always hot!" said Mr. Frost laughing, "And there is a whole lot of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans that I can't do anything with, either. But you just ought to see me at work at the North Pole, where the Eskimos are and the nice white polar-bears. And at the South Pole where the funny penguins are! What I do around here is nothing to what I do there!"

"But does it do any good to freeze things up around here?" asked Winkle.

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Frost. "It gives the flowers a chance to rest, and it keeps a lot of sickness away!"

"Where do you go in the Summer?" asked Twinkle.

"Up on the tops of the high mountains," Mr. Frost replied. "And then toward autumn I come down and get to work



around here sort of gradually. I usually begin at night, and have a lot of fun painting the trees red and yellow and ripening the persimmons. When people wake up in the morning and find that done, they know it's time to get out their winter flannels. I give 'em a little warning, you see!"

"But one time our water-pipes all got frozen!" said Lollypop. "And it gave Father a lot of trouble. Why didn't you warn him?"

At this question Mr. Frost laughed his laugh which sounded like sleigh-bells, "Tut-tut!" said he. "I have to have my bit of fun sometimes, you know!"

"But can't you have fun anyway except by being naughty?" asked Lollypop, who was a sweet, good little girl.

"Tut-tut, indeed I can!" exclaimed Mr. Frost. "And if I do sometimes nip people's ears and noses, and make slippery places for them to fall down on, and steal up in the night to catch the last late flower, I do other things that are both fun to do and pretty to look at!"

"And what are those things?" cried the children.

Mr. Frost laughed his laugh that sounded like sleigh-bells.

"Come along, and I'll show you!" he cried merrily. "But first what was it that you wanted so much to do?"

"To trim the house for Christmas!" said the children.

"And it shall be trimmed!" exclaimed Mr. Frost.

"But Mother said we must not come in until we are called!" explained Winkle.

"Tut-tut! You don't have to go in!" laughed Mr. Frost, looking at his thermometer again. "Just come along now, and we'll take a look at the *outside* of the house!"

So Winkle took Twinkle's hand, and Twinkle took Lollypop's hand, and they all ran with Mr. Frost until they stopped before the Great Big Growing Christmas Trees on the terrace.

"Just notice what I have done to the Great Big Growing Christmas Trees!" said Mr. Frost. And the children saw



that he had hung garlands of snow on all the beautiful wide branches. He had told them that he had taken the snow out of his pockets, and no matter how much he took out, he always had plenty left! The children shouted with glee, and rearranged some of it on the lower branches until the Great Big Growing Christmas Trees were all white and lovely to look at, with their dark prickly needles showing through in places, and here and there a brown cone hanging down for all the world like an ornament that had been put there on purpose!

Mr. Frost had sprinkled the snow all over with beautiful frost-crystals, each one a different shape. There were stars and flowers and some that were just patterns and very lovely ones at that, which looked like—well, like frost-crystals and nothing else. And every one had six sides to it. And they glittered and gleamed and made the Great Big Growing Christmas Trees very beautiful indeed.

Mr. Frost carried these crystals in another pocket, and it seemed to hold just as many as he needed. When the trees were finished they all stood back and admired them.

"Oh, how lovely!" cried the children, and clapped their hands.

"Now for the house itself!" said Mr. Frost briskly. "Let's take a look at the window-panes first of all!"

And before they knew what he was about, Mr. Frost had whipped out a stylus, which is a sort of pencil without any lead, and was touching up some lovely drawings that he had made upon the window-panes.

The children followed him around and watched him with great pleasure. He had drawn beautiful ferns and leaves and flowers all over the glass, until, except for the fact that the pictures were all in white, the children would have thought they were looking into a garden! One window after another he did, putting in a tiny touch here and there on all except the kitchen, which was too warm. Mr. Frost didn't like warm places, you see. And then he stopped for breath.

"Oh, that is splendid!" cried the children. "How pretty!"

"Tut-tut!" said Mr. Frost, smiling, "that isn't all! Now for the real trimmings!"

The children wondered very much what the real trimmings were going to be—but they did not have to wait long to find out. For Mr. Frost pointed out strings of icicles—yards and yards of them; great big long spiky icicles and middle-sized icicles and little sharp icicles, and tiny bits of icicles no larger than beads. And as the sun shone on them they glittered and sparkled most beautifully.

"You see!" cried Mr. Frost. "I hung them all over the house from garret to cellar—an especially good job, too, I think!"

From the roof he had hung rows and rows of great big long icicles, so that the ledges looked very fancy indeed. Middle-sized icicles hung from the bottoms of the shutters and the window ledges. Tiny bits of bead icicles he had strung under the window sashes and hung on the little branches of the ivy-vines. On the water-spouts were the very biggest icicles, in a great shining mass. And all the vines were glazed over so that they looked good enough to eat!

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Mr. Frost, surveying his work with considerable satisfaction.

"It's perfectly splendid!" cried the children. And indeed it was the very gayest looking house you ever saw of a Christmas Eve, with all the lovely white upon it, the decorated windows and the lace-work of icicles!

"It looks just like a birthday cake!" cried Winkle.

"It's Santa Claus' birthday cake!" cried Twinkle.

"And to-night we are going to have a Christmas Tree party!" added Lollypop.

At this remark they all had the same wonderful idea at the very same minute.

"Oh, won't you come to our Christmas Tree party, Mr. Frost?" cried Winkle, Twinkle and Lollypop.

At this Mr. Frost looked both pleased and a little embarrassed.



"Tut-tut!" said he. "That's very kind, I'm sure, but I am afraid I can't!"

"Oh dear! Why not?" asked the children.

"Well, you see," said Mr. Frost, "I can't possibly go anywhere where a good fire is burning. It drives me right out of the house!"

"Oh! Isn't that too bad!" said Winkle

"I'm afraid we will have to have a fire," said Twinkle.

"Because you see we will have on our party-clothes," added Lollypop. "And they are thin!"

"Well, never mind me!" cried Mr. Frost, merrily. Then he looked at his thermometer again. "Going down!" he remarked with satisfaction. "That's fine! I'll have a lot of fun to-night even if I can't come to the party!"

Just at this minute Nanna, the Nurse, came to the door and called them in.

"Don't you see that the sun is gone down?" cried Nanna the Nurse. "Come in this minute! The frost is getting very bad!"

"Oh dear—we don't think so!" cried the children. But they were extremely anxious to see their own Christmas Tree, so they obediently went up the porch steps.

"Good-bye, Mr. Frost!" they cried, as they went in. "If you change your mind later, do come to the Christmas Tree party!"

"Hurry up!" cried Nanna, the Nurse, "Stop your nonsense now, my nose is most nipped off me, standing here!"

So the children went in with Nanna, who closed the door and shut out Mr. Frost. Then she took them upstairs to the nursery and took off their coats and caps and rubber-boots and mittens and their everyday clothes. Next she washed their faces and hands and combed their heads and put on their beautiful party clothes.

"Come on, now, and see what's in the parlor!" said Nanna, the Nurse.

So Winkle took Twinkle's hand and Twinkle took Lollypop's hand and Lollypop took Nurse's hand, and they all went down the wide stairway of the Great Big House on the Hill. When they got to the bottom of the stair Mother opened the door of the parlor. And there, inside, was the loveliest Christmas tree that ever was, all lighted with candles and sparkling with crystals and laden with toys. And next to the tree stood a person in a gorgeous suit of clothes. His back was turned because he was busy with the Christmas Tree.



"Oh, look!" cried the children, "Mr. Frost has changed his mind and come to the Christmas Tree party!"

But it was not Mr. Frost, after all, for at the sound of their voices, the person turned around, and there stood—Santa Claus himself!



*Dear Children:*

**W**E belong to the Volland "Happy Children" Family. Of course, we are the only Triplets in the family, but the other members are just as nice as nice, and you know nothing could be nicer than that. May we introduce them? Here they are:

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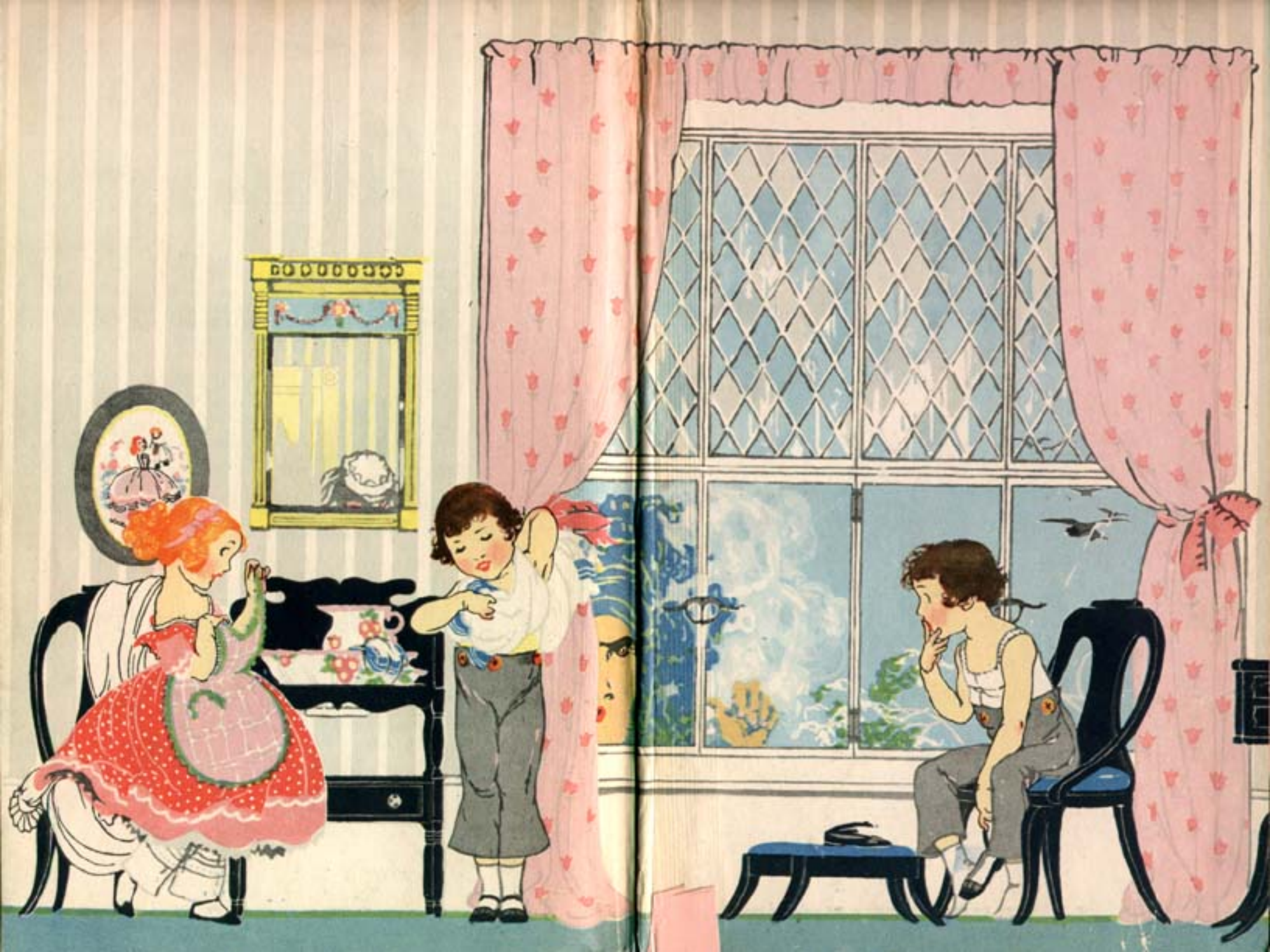
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