

THE LITTLE WISE
CHICKEN THAT
KNEW IT ALL



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Frontispiece

The Little Wise Chicken That Knew It All

BY
KENNETH GRAHAM DUFFIELD

Twenty-nine Illustrations

PHILADELPHIA
HENRY ALTEMUS COMPANY

THE LITTLE WISE
CHICKEN THAT
KNEW IT ALL

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ONCE upon a time Old
Mother Hen With The
Funny Tail And The Little
Red Top Knot had four baby
chickens:

Puffy,
and Fluffy,
and Scrubby,
and The Little Wise
Chicken That
Knew It All.

NOW Puffy was a fat little chicken that looked so much like a ball of cotton that half the time Old Mother Hen couldn't tell whether it was Puffy out in the grass, or only an old piece of white cloth blowing about in the wind. She was always able to find out, however, because, if she clucked real hard and the little white thing came running to her, then she knew it was Puffy. But if it didn't move then she knew it was only a piece of white cloth—and that was the only way Old Mother Hen could really tell which it was.



FLUFFY was a quiet little girl chicken that always came running when Old Mother Hen called:

“Cluck, Oh, Cluck—Cluck, come quick. Here’s a nice fat worm.”

So Fluffy always got all the big fat worms, and grew as plump and as round as a little butter ball.

She kept her little face and her little feet all nice and clean and didn’t play around with the rough little boy chickens any more than she could help.



SCRUBBY was a thin little boy chicken that had just managed to break through his shell, and Old Mother Hen used to sit up at nights wondering whether poor little Scrubby was ever going to grow up and get his pinfeathers.



BUT one day she ran to Father Rooster very much excited, and called out:

“Oh, Cluck; Oh, Cluck-cluck-cluck, I do believe, Father Rooster, that my little Scrubby is going to get well. He has just eaten six worms—two long thin ones and two short fat ones and two big woolly ones.”



FATHER Rooster rolled up his eyes and said :

“Uh, Uh, Kid-ar-cut. Yes, I think so.”

Now Father Rooster was a very wise bird, and all he ever said, no matter what Old Mother Hen asked him, was:

“Uh, Uh, Kid-ar-cut. Yes, I think so.”

And so he never got into any trouble.



FINALLY there was The Little Wise Chicken That Knew It All. He always knew about everything, and always answered up quick whenever anyone asked a question about anything. He wasn't always right, as you can well understand. He thought he knew more than Father Rooster and Old Mother Hen With the Funny Tail and the Red Top Knot, and even more than Gobble-Gobble, the big bronze turkey.

In fact he thought he knew more about everything than anyone on the whole place.



2—The Little Wise Chicken That Knew It All

ONE day Old Mother Hen looked up in the sky and said:

“Now, little chickens, I don’t want you to go very far away, because I am sure it is going to rain today.”

And Father Rooster said:

“Uh, Uh, Kid-ar-cut. Yes, I think so.”

But The Little Wise Chicken That Knew It All spoke up:

“Peep, peep. I don’t believe it is going to rain. I’m going down to the pond to play with Ducky-Daddles and the little guinea chickens. It won’t rain on me anyhow.”



JUST then little Scrubby piped up:

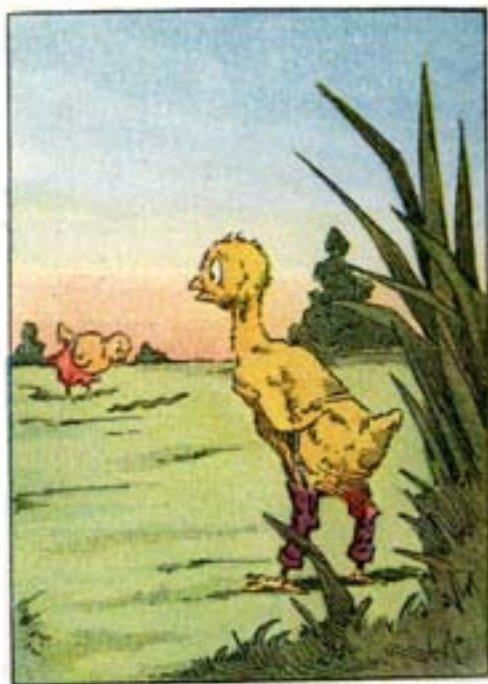
“Peep-peep-peep. All the time you go down and play with Ducky-Daddles. You don’t never play with me no-times. Peep-peep-peep.”

You know Scrubby always wanted to do everything that anyone el did. He wanted to play at standing out in the sun with Puffy. He wanted to run around with Fluffy and catch bugs and worms, and at the same time have some fun with Ducky-Daddles and The Little Wise Chicken That Knew It All.

He couldn’t do all that at the same time, could he?



THE result was that poor little Scrubby kept running around all day long. For as soon as he had puffed himself all up like Puffy and fixed himself all ready to take a nice sun bath, he spied Fluffy chasing a fat squashy worm.

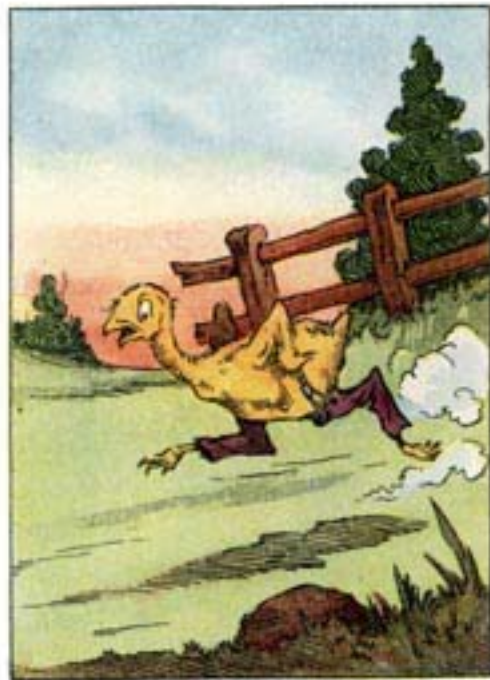


WHEN he saw what a good time she was having he felt that he must run and help chase the worm too.



AND as soon as he got to where Fluffy was he spied Ducky-Daddles and The Little Wise Chicken That Knew It All, and of course he had to find out what they were up to. By the time he got there, he felt sure that Puffy must be having the best time of all, out in the sun, and so he ran back to the place he started from.

Every night he was so tired and hungry from running around so much that he didn't have any time left to grow, and so he had to put off growing until the next day. That is why he stayed so little and so thin.



OF course when Old Mother Hen said it was going to rain, and the Little Wise Chicken That Knew It All said it wasn't, and started off to play with Ducky-Daddles and the guinea chickens, Scrubby had to run along too.



OFF the two of them scampered, past the Summer House and the Pansy Bed, until they came to the little pond where Ducky-Daddles' Father and Mother lived.

There was Ducky-Daddles, dancing around the edge of the pond singing:

“Quack-quack-quack, don't nobody dare go in the pond but me—nobody but me.”

Then The Little Wise Chicken That Knew It All of course had to contradict him:

“That ain't no pond—ain't nothin' but an old mud-puddle—I'll show you.”



SO in he stepped, and the
first step he took the
water came up to his knees.



3—The Little Wise Chicken That Knew It All

THE next step the water
came up to his neck.



HE took one more step and then all you could see of The Little Wise Chicken was just his little nose sticking out of the water, and he was crying:

‘Peep-peep-peep,—where did all this water come from? Somebody help me out, quick!’

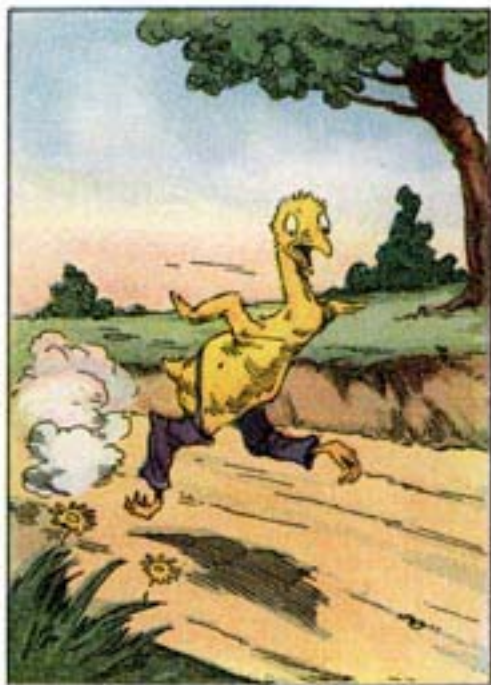


BUT all Ducky-Daddles
did was to run up and
down the bank singing:

“Quack-quack-quack. I
know it’s a pond. I know
it’s a pond. Don’t nobody
dare to go in but me. No-
body but me.”



WHEN Scrubby saw that
The Little Wise
Chicken kept crying "Peep-
peep-peep," and that all he
could see above the water
was just his little nose, he
was so frightened that he
ran for Old Mother Hen as
fast as his thin little legs
would carry him.



“PEEP-PEEP-PEEP,” he cried, “Oh, come quick and see what The Little Wise Chicken is doing. He’s hiding in the water and all you can see of him is just his nose.”



OLD Mother Hen called to Father Rooster, and they both rushed off to the pond as fast as they could run.



WHEN they got there
Mother Hen looked
all around but she couldn't
see a feather of her little
chicken anywhere.

She spied Ducky-Daddles
dancing around the edge of
the pond singing his little
song.

"Oh, Ducky-Daddles,"
she cried, "Where is The
Little Wise Chicken That
Knew It All?"



DUCKY-DADDLES pointed out in the water:
“There’s his little nose sticking up. I guess if you hunt deeper down you’ll find the rest of him.”



4—The Little Wise Chicken That Knew It All

OLD Mother Hen and Father Rooster ran up and down the bank, making such a noise that all the ducks and all the geese came flapping over the water to see what was the matter.



WHEN they learned that The Little Wise Chicken was under the water and couldn't come up, the big white gander with the yellow nose called out:

"Wait just a minute and I'll get him for you." So he took a long breath and stood on his head, and all you could see was just his white pointed tail and his two yellow feet churning up the water like a puppy dog.



UP he came with The
Little Wise Chicken in
his broad flat bill, and soon
Mother Hen was chasing
him off to his little home as
fast as he could run.



WHEN she had rubbed The Little Wise Chicken all good and dry, she turned to Father Rooster and said:

“I think this bad little chicken ought to be spanked and put to bed, don't you?”

And all Father Rooster said was:

“Uh-uh, kid-ar-cut. Yes, I think so.”



SO Old Mother Hen With
The Funny Tail And
The Red Top Knot took
The Little Wise Chicken
That Knew It All over her
knee and she spanked him
and she spanked him and
she spanked him until he
was good and warm, and
then she put him to bed
without a bite to eat.



AND from that time on
The Little Wise Chicken
That Knew It All always
thought twice before he
spoke, because he had learn-
ed the lesson that you can't
always tell how deep the
water is by just looking at it.





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