

*Stories of*  
MOTHER GOOSE  
VILLAGE

*by*  
*Madge A. Bigham*



*• Rand, McNally & Company •*

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STORIES OF  
MOTHER GOOSE  
VILLAGE

*Stories of*  
**MOTHER GOOSE**  

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**VILLAGE**  

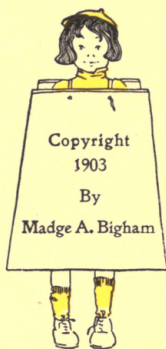
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·*Madge A. Bigham.*·



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*TO*  
WILLETTE ALLEN  
*WITH*  
THE LOVE OF THE AUTHOR



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ONCE upon a time there was a little girl with sunny hair and merry eyes, and she lived in a house with a great big man, who was her father.

Now, the great big man had merry eyes, too, just like the little girl's, but he was always very busy and would sit for days and days at his study-table reading and writing. But the little girl went in to see him every day and the great big man was never too busy to tell her a story. And sometimes he would romp with her until the little girl laughed and laughed and laughed, and then he would say, "Run away, my dear, and play."

Of course the stories were very short ones, because the great big man did not have time to tell long ones, you know. One the little girl liked was:

"See-saw, Margery Daw,  
Jenny shall have a new master ;  
She shall have but a penny a day  
Because she can't work any faster."

She liked that one because the great big man always rode her on his knee when he told it. But there were others that she liked just as well—all about little Bo-Peep and little Miss Muffet and Jack Sprat and Humpty Dumpty and Peter Piper and Jack and Jill and little Boy Blue and Polly Flinders and Tommy Tucker and the Crooked Man and—oh, many others that you have heard

about in the Mother Goose book. But the last one that the great big man always told was this—because the little girl always said “Tell one more,” you know:

“I’ll tell you a story  
About Jack-a-Manory,  
And now my story’s begun,  
I’ll tell you another  
About Jack and his brother,  
And now my story is done.”

Then he would chuck the little girl under her chin and she would smile and run away and play, and tell the very same stories over and over to her dolls about Jack-a-Manory and all the rest. But one day something happened, for, when the great big man came home from town, why, he brought a present to the little girl, all tied up with a blue cord, and when she opened it—why, it was a story book, quite full of all those stories the little girl loved so well, and there were most beautiful colored pictures, too—one for every story—Bo-Peep and Tommy Grace and Boy Blue and all the rest! And do you know, the little girl could read those stories almost as well as the great big man could. He would only show her the pictures and she would do the rest—whether he held the book upside down or not! Now wasn’t that queer?

So for many days the little girl read her Mother Goose book—read and read and read until she almost wore it out, she read it so much, and *then* she was sorry because there wasn’t any more of it to read. She asked the great big man, when he went to town, to see if Mother Goose had not written another book, but when the great big man came back, he shook his head and said, “No, my dear; the old lady wrote only the one.” And then when the little girl looked sad, he said, “But never mind, when you grow into a great big girl, my dear, you may write another one and tell some more about Humpty Dumpty and Jack-be-Nimble and little Miss Muffet and all the rest.” And so the little girl did, and these are the stories she wrote. Wouldn’t you like to read them?

MADGE BIGHAM.



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*"Why, I had the gayest ride, over hills and fields and bridges"*



**I**F ever you go to London Town, be sure to knock at the door of jolly Old King Cole and ask the way to Mother Goose Village.

He will tell you to follow the big road, to cross London bridge, follow a winding path, go over the old stile—where the Crooked Man found the sixpence, to cross the field and climb Primrose Hill, and then you will see Mother Goose Village before you.

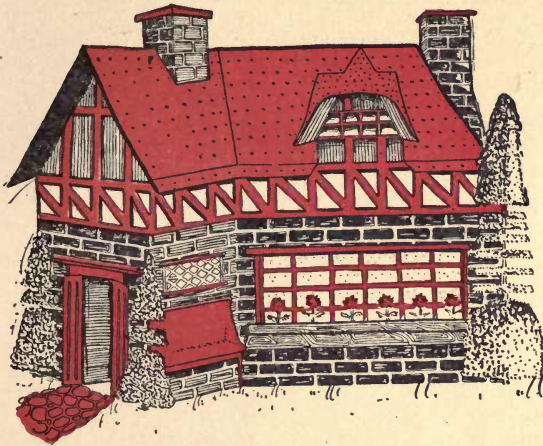
I found the way without any trouble, and it was the dearest, quaintest little village in all the world! Lovely flowers and soft, green

grass, with birds and bees and butterflies scattered everywhere! And then, there was the beautiful sea with its dancing waves; and the blue, blue sky with no signs of cobwebs anywhere!

No wonder the queer little people I met loved to live there. Mother Goose herself carried me over the village, and I shook hands with many of the people. I saw Little Boy Blue and Bo-Peep watching their sheep. I saw the Miller of Dee and his little daughter Peg. I saw the Three Wise Men of Gotham on the seashore just ready to take a sail in their wonderful bowl. I saw John Smith the blacksmith and Robert Rowly the baker, and—well, I saw them all.

For, after Mother Goose had shown me all the little red houses tucked around Primrose Hill, she took me to the schoolhouse, and I enjoyed that most of all. We got there just in time to hear the Schoolmaster call

the roll. Everybody in the village answered to the roll call, even Mother Goose herself. That was the only way she could keep up with her people. She kissed her hand to



*One of the little red houses on Primrose Hill*

them as we entered the doorway, and then the Schoolmaster opened his big book. Never before had I seen so many queer little people, old and young, high and low, answer to a roll call. I could not help but smile at



the funny names I heard, as you will, when you read them. Listen:

Mother Goose.	Jack Horner.
Mother Twitchett.	Jack Goose.
Mother Hubbard.	Little Jack Jingle.
Old Woman in the Shoe.	Johnny Pringle.
Cobweb Woman.	Betty Pringle.
Old Woman under the Hill.	Betsy.
Father Graybeard.	Bess.
Man in the Moon.	Tommy Snooks.
Little Tee Wee.	Bessie Brooks.
Peter Pumpkineater.	Rowley Powley.
Wise Men of Gotham.	Little Boy Blue.
Humpty Dumpty.	Tommy Grace.
Solomon Grundy.	John-a-Nory.
Tommy Green.	Tweedle-dum.
Tommy Trout.	Tweedle-dee.
King of Hearts.	Peter Henderson.
Queen of Hearts.	Nothing-at-all.
Little King Boggen.	Tommy Tucker.
Old King Cole.	Taffy Welchman.
Cinderella.	Jack-a-Dandy.
Doctor Foster.	Little Peg.
Charlie Wag.	Jack-a-Daw.
John Smith.	Robert Rowly.
Polly Flinders.	Margery Daw.
Curly Locks.	Jenny Daw.
Nancy Etticote.	Jumping Joan.
Mary Contrary.	Daffy-down-dilly.
Jack-be-Nimble.	Little Miss Muffet.

Tommy Tittlemouse.  
Lazy Tom.  
Peter White.  
Bobby Shaftoe.  
Miller of Dee.  
Elizabeth.  
Elspeth.  
Robinson Crusoe.  
Tom Piper.  
Jack Bean Stalk.  
Patchy Dolly.  
Crooked Man.  
Jack Sprat.

Peter Piper.  
Bonny Wooley Foster  
Johnny Armstrong.  
Pretty John Watts.  
Willy Boy.  
Tony Lumpkin.  
Simple Simon.  
Jack.  
Jill.  
Dicky Long.  
Bo-Peep.  
Ten Little Indians.  
Tom Thumb.

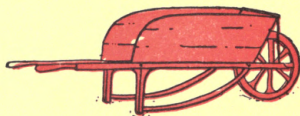
That is all I can remember now. I was sorry when the time came to say good-by, and I wanted to live in Mother Goose Village all the time. But of course I couldn't.

Mother Goose called for Johnny Armstrong to carry me home in his little wheelbarrow; the very same one in which he had brought his wife home, so he told me. I felt a wee bit afraid that it might break down and give me a fall, but it didn't.

Why, I had the gayest ride; over hills and fields and bridges, along narrow paths and

winding roads we sped, until we came to  
London Town. It was a very fine ride.

Of course I mean to tell you more,—  
Stories, I guess, some hundred score,  
Of the queer little people I met that day  
In Mother Goose Village so far away.





POLLY FLINDERS wanted a new white apron with ruffles on it.

She thought it would be very beautiful, and while she was sitting in the doorway thinking,—*guess what?* She fell asleep.

And while she was asleep,—*guess what?* A very old cottonstalk, with long, soft white hair, walked up to the steps and spoke to her!

“Good-morning, Polly Flinders,” said Mr. Cottonstalk, bowing low. “It is very warm; let me fan you with one of my leaf fans. And so you want a new white apron, do you?”



“Yes,” said Polly, stretching her eyes very wide; “how did you know?”

“Never mind about that,” said Mr. Cottonstalk; “get a bag and follow me. I will show you a place where white aprons grow.”

So Polly got the bag and away they went, down the pathway, across the meadows, to a field where ever so much cotton was growing.

“Now,” said Mr. Cottonstalk, “get to work. This is my field and you may fill your bag full of cotton. When you have finished, pick out all the seeds and bring them to me, to be planted for other aprons, you know.”

Polly thought that was very queer, but went quietly to work as he had told her.

She picked and picked and picked, until by and by the bag was full.

Then she picked out all the seeds,—picked and picked and picked,—which was a very hard task indeed, and gave them to Mr. Cottonstalk.



*"So Polly got the bag and away they went"*

“What now?” asked Polly Flinders, feeling very warm. “This isn’t any apron!”

“Not yet, of course,” replied Mr. Cottonstalk. “It is only the beginning of a white apron. You have been a smart little girl, though, and have worked bravely. Now do



*“Polly thanked Mr. Cottonstalk, and off she went”*

what I tell you and the white apron shall be yours. Put the bag of cotton on your back and carry it to London Town, where there is a large factory. Then the factory man will tell you what next to do.”



Polly Flinders was very tired, but thanked Mr. Cottonstalk, and off she went, over the field, across the stile to London Town.

At last she came to the factory, where she put down her bag. Such a hum and buzz of wheels she had never heard before! Round and round they whirled, singing merrily:

Over and over and over we go,  
Spinning the cotton, as white as the snow,  
Weaving the cloth for aprons, you know,  
So over and over and over we go!

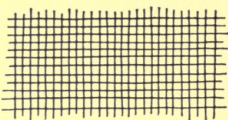
“Well!” said Polly Flinders. “How strange! That is just what I wanted you to do for me.”

So she untied her bag, and the factory man said: “To be sure. Just bring your cotton this way and empty it into the bin. Now wait a minute; it won’t be long before these wheels have your cloth ready. Watch!”

Polly Flinders could hardly believe her own eyes when she saw her cotton drawn



out into a long, long thread. It grew finer and finer, crossing and recrossing like this:



Then with a spinning whir the wheels stopped, and the factory man said: “Your cloth is finished, Polly Flinders. Take it to your mother and have her make you a new white apron. But wait, I’ll just blow you back to the village. Puff-f! puff-f! puff-f! and *away* you go!” My! Polly Flinders opened her eyes very wide and,—*guess what?* She was sitting on her own doorstep!

Just then her mother called: “Run here, Polly, and see what I have made for you.”

And there was a new white apron, with ruffles on it!





## The Crooked Man's Story

ONE morning Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess started out for a walk on Primrose Hill.

They climbed the narrow path, one behind the other, and as they passed a wild rose-bush, what do you think they found? All tucked away among the frail pink roses was a bird-nest home, snug and warm and round. In it were four dainty eggs—all blue!

“Oh—oh!” said Elizabeth. “Oh—oh!” said Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess. “Let’s take them home to show the babies,” said Elizabeth.



*"In it were four dainty eggs"*



“Yes, let’s do,” said Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess. So each little girl took an egg, and that left none.

“Let’s go home by the Crooked Man’s house, and get him to tell us a story,” said Elizabeth.

“Yes, let’s do,” said Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess.

So off they started down the path to the Crooked Man’s house, one behind the other.

“And what shall I tell you about?” said the Crooked Man, when the little girls were seated around his crooked chair. “About birds,” said Elizabeth. “Yes-s, do,” said Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess.

So the Crooked Man crossed his legs, shut his eyes and began: Once upon a time two robins married on Saint Valentine’s day. They were very happy, and all day long sang, “I love you! I love you! Joy, joy, joy!” For what did they know of sorrow then?



“And now,” said Mr. Robin, looking fondly at his wife, “my dear, we must build our home somewhere in a very safe place, you know. For by and by when the eggs are laid and the baby robins come,—oh, joy, joy, joy!—they must find a place to rest.”

“I know a beautiful place,” said Mrs. Robin, “a most beautiful place. Come and see!”

So she led the way to a hill, where a wild rosebush grew, its blossoms and leaves rich with beauty. The robins worked busily until the nest was finished, and it was such a dainty, pretty home, hidden among the blossoms.

One day Mrs. Robin laid an egg, a blue one. Then another, and another, and another, until there were four blue eggs in the nest. That *was* a joy.

And in the four blue eggs were four baby robins, only as yet they had



not waked up. They kept growing and growing and growing, though, and Mr. and Mrs. Robin were longing and waiting for the day to come when their babies would break through the blue egg-shells, and nestle together with them in the pretty home nest. That would be joy indeed. And so they warbled from morning till night, "I love you! I love you! Joy, joy, joy!"

"But," said Mrs. Robin, "s'pose some one should steal our pretty blue eggs while we are out hunting something to eat?"

"Dear, dear," said Mr. Robin, "a trick so mean as that? Why, no one in Mother Goose Village would do a thing so mean!"

Then the Crooked Man looked at Elizabeth, Elizabeth looked at Elspeth, Elspeth looked at Betsy, and Betsy looked at Bess.

Then they put their hands behind them, and Elizabeth said: "Please, Mr. Crooked Man, we will have to go now." "Yes, we

will have to go now," said Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess. And so they passed down the garden walk and through the little crooked gate. Then up the path to Primrose Hill they marched, one behind the other.



*"To Primrose Hill they marched,  
one behind the other"*

If you will climb to the top of Primrose Hill, and peep into the wild rosebush nest, you will find four blue eggs, safe and sound.

Now, how do you suppose they got back?





TOMMY GRACE had a most dreadful toothache. How he did cry! Nothing seemed to do him any good. His mother tried, his father tried, and even Tommy Long tried his funny song, but Tommy Grace only cried the louder. "Boo-hoo, boo-hoo! It hurts me so, I don't know what to do."

Mother Goose heard Tommy Grace, and she said: "I know what to do. You go to Dr. Foster's office and let him pull that tooth, then come round to my house this afternoon and we'll have a party. You may invite all



of the Tommies in the village, and we will call it a Tommy party.”

That made Tommy Grace smile, so he got his cap and off he ran to Dr. Foster's office, with tears and smiles mixed up together.

“Hi, there!” said Dr. Foster. “Little Tommy Grace, I do believe! Climb right into this big chair by the window. Now open your mouth and shut your eyes, and that tooth will be gone in a twinkle. Why, it's nothing more than a baby tooth. One, two, three, and *out* it comes!”

Why, it was done so quickly that Tommy Grace forgot to scream. Dr. Foster wrapped the tooth in a piece of pink tissue paper and gave it to him to show Mother Goose. Then away ran Tommy Grace, as happy as a king.

That very afternoon he went to the party. The table was set out under the trees, and covered with sugar and spice and all things nice.

There were ten little chairs around the



*“Hi, there!” said Dr. Foster”*



*"After they had left the table they played 'blind man's buff'"*



table, all ready for the ten little Tommies. Ten little plates and ten little glasses, and ten little bunches of violets waiting to be pinned on the ten little Tommies.

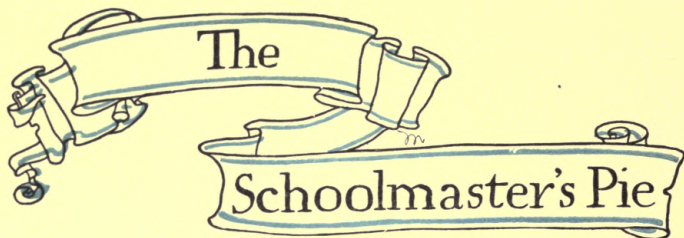
Tommy Grace sat at the head of the table, and Tommy Tucker sat at the foot. On one side sat Tommy Green, Tommy Tittlemouse, Tommy Trout, and Lazy Tom. On the other side sat Tommy Snooks, Tom Piper, Tom Thumb, and Tommy Tinker. Such a merry set of Tommies! Such a merry party!

After they had left the table they played “blind man’s buff” and “leap frog.” Then Mother Goose gave them each a ride home on her gander.

And that was the end of the Tommy party.





The title "The Schoolmaster's Pie" is written in a black serif font on a light blue ribbon. The ribbon is stylized with folds and a small metal fastener on the left side. The word "The" is on the upper part of the ribbon, and "Schoolmaster's Pie" is on the lower part.

# The Schoolmaster's Pie

**Y**OU have heard about Jack Horner's Christmas pie; of course you have—how he put in his thumb and pulled out a plum, and said what a great boy am I.

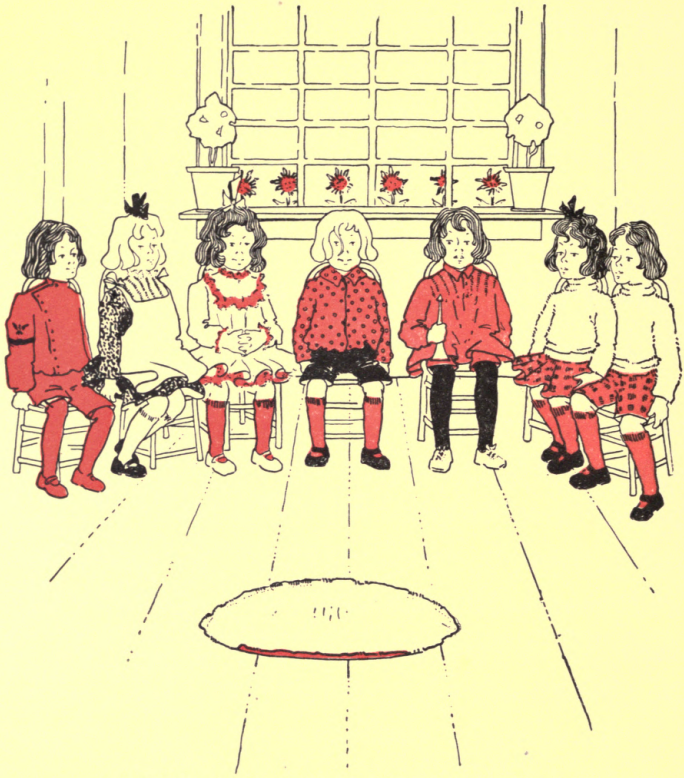
But Jack Horner had never stopped to think how many people it took to make a Christmas pie. So the Schoolmaster thought it would be a good plan to have a plum-pie lesson.

Now the Schoolmaster in Mother Goose Village did not use books in his school. The children just studied "things," as Rowley

Powley said. That meant anything you saw and wanted to learn about. If you could, you brought the “thing” to the school, and if you couldn’t, why, the Schoolmaster took the children to the “thing.” If it were sheep and cows, they went to the meadows; if it were birds or trees, they went to the woods, and if it were rocks or fish, they went to the creek. So you see what good times they always had.

One morning, just before Christmas, the children marched into school and took their seats in the pretty red chairs which were placed in a large circle. The Schoolmaster put something in the center which was large and round, and all covered over. Then he said, “You may guess what our lesson is to be about to-day.”

“Blackbirds and buzzards!” said Simple Simon. “Oranges!” said Little Tee Wee. “Candy!” said Jack-a-Dandy. “Nuts!” said Johnny Pringle. “Eggs, eggs!” said Humpty



*"In the center was something large and round"*



Dumpty. “Plums, cake, pie!” said others in a chorus.

“Yes, pie, to be sure!” said the Schoolmaster, as he lifted the cover.

“*First*, we will learn what this pie is made of.

“*Second*, how many it took to make the pie.

“*Third*, how the pie tastes.

“Now put on your thinking caps and let us get to work.”

Well, they started with the crust, and named everything in the pie.

flour	water	salt	butter
milk	eggs	sugar	spices
raisins	currants	citron	plums

Then they learned what family each thing belonged to, and how it got to the pie.

grain family	animal family
mineral family	fruit family
man's family	



The three animals that helped the Christmas pie were the cow, the hen, and the horse. The people who helped were the

farmer      miller      tinner      porter  
grocer      father      mother      cook



*"Everybody had a slice"*

The longer they thought, the more things they found which helped to make that pie.

Tommy Green thought of the trees that made the fire, and Tommy Trout thought of

the match used to kindle it, while Sally Waters named the stove that cooked it.

Taffy Welchman named the plow and seed, and Curly Locks the sun and rain.

Jack Horner thought so hard that he even



*"It tasted like more"*

named the grass and clover which the cow ate to make the milk and butter used in the pie.

"Yes," said the Schoolmaster with a smile,

as he looked straight at Jack, “we see what a great thing is a Christmas pie.”

Then the pie was cut and everybody had a slice.

Humpty Dumpty said it tasted like *more*. It was a very good pie indeed, so good that the children wanted to get the lesson over again. But dear me, the Mother Goose children never have to get a lesson over,—no indeed.





ONE day Bobby Shaftoe and Little Miss Muffet were playing under the apple tree at the Crooked Man's house.

Every child in the village loved the Crooked Man, and liked to go to his crooked house.

Maybe it was because he knew so many stories. Why, bless you, all you had to do was to name what you wanted to hear about, and the Crooked Man leaned back in his chair, shut his eyes, crossed his legs, and the story came.



Well, as I was saying, Bobby Shaftoe and Little Miss Muffet were playing under his apple tree. All at once Miss Muffet gave a most dreadful scream. My! how she did hollo. Bobby Shaftoe thought surely a spider had her. And the Crooked Man thought it was a spider, too. So he came with a hobble down the walk, to see what was the matter. Little Miss Muffet was dancing all around



the apple tree; and,—*guess what?* A caterpillar was crawling on her sleeve.

“Why!” said the Crooked Man, “I’m so glad it wasn’t a spider which frightened you. It is only my little friend, the caterpillar. I will place him here on this sprig of apple leaves. You may watch him eat his dinner while I tell you a tale about his cousin, a caterpillar I once knew.”

Then the Crooked Man sat on the bench beneath the tree, with Bobby Shaftoe on one side and Little Miss Muffet on the other.



*"Bobby Shaftoe on one side and Little Miss Muffet on the other"*

“Well,” he said, “the caterpillar I knew was named *Danais Archippus*. But his name was such a long one, I called him ‘Dan,’ for short. He was a fine looking fellow, with black and yellow bands along his back. His home was a big milkweed which grew in one corner of Mary Contrary’s garden, and he spent his whole time eating. He was as fat as fat could be. And yet, Dan never seemed to have enough. Three times had he burst through the skin of his pretty striped coat, and three times had a new one grown in its place.

“Now, Dan had been a very happy fellow, and content with a caterpillar’s life, until one day when he saw a butterfly. Then the cake was all dough.



“He watched, with longing eyes, the butterfly flit by. Over the roses and lilies and heads of nodding clover, she skimmed.



“Pausing now and then on the breast of a rose to rest, Dan noticed her beautiful wings, black and shining like satin, with orange-red dots scattered over.

“‘Oh,’ said Dan, ‘if I could only fly like that! What wings! What a life to live!’



*“Her wings spread to the sunlight”*

“‘And so you think you would like to fly, Dan?’ The voice was close to his side, and looking up he saw the butterfly, her wings spread to the sunlight. ‘I? Fly? Yes, yes!’ he said, ‘but how could such a thing be?’

“‘Why not?’ replied the butterfly, ‘stranger things have happened. If I was once a caterpillar, why can’t you become a butterfly?’



“‘You once a caterpillar, like me? Where did you ever get your wings?’

“‘I just *believed* that I would have them, and then I waited,’ said the butterfly. ‘That is what you must do. Live your best life now, and God will do the rest.’ Then the butterfly flew away, and left Dan thinking.”

“And did he really become a butterfly?” asked Little Miss Muffet. But the Crooked Man only smiled and went on. “Well, Dan grew fatter and fatter until he had to have another new coat. Then one day he felt *so* sleepy he decided to take a rest. He swung himself to the milkweed with a strong silken thread which he had spun, and in place of the coat he had been wearing there came another, a beautiful coat of emerald green.

“One morning he stirred, opened his eyes, and stretched his slender body. I could hear him moving about in his queer little cradle. I knew it would not be long before he crawled

out, and I smiled to think of the joy ahead of him.

“‘Goodness!’ said Dan, when he had stretched and stretched, ‘it is too warm in this hot, close place for me. I must have been sleeping a very long time indeed. How I long for a breath of fresh air, and for the glorious sunshine! I must get out of here in a hurry.’

“So Dan, in his snug bed, pushed and pushed, and struggled and struggled, and then,—oh, joy! one end of the cradle came open. He felt very queer, not like a caterpillar at all. And what were those queer folded things at his sides? Slowly he opened them out wide, like tiny fairy fans of gauze.

“‘Wings! wings! wings!’ said Dan. ‘I do believe I have wings at last.’

“Then away he flew over the sweet-scented garden, and his wings, spread wide in the yellow sunlight, were a velvety black, with

orange-red dots scattered over them. I heard  
him sing as he passed me by :

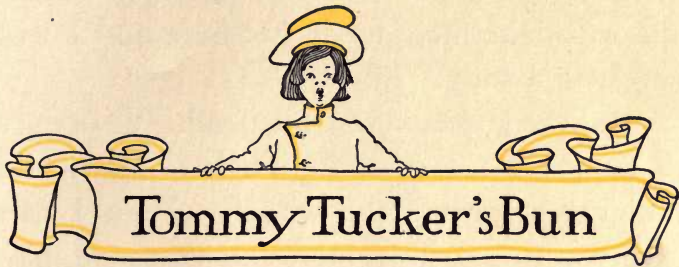
A butterfly, a butterfly. Oh, happy am I!  
With wings full of joy, I mount the blue sky.

I dance with a sunbeam, I waltz with a breeze;  
On the breast of a rose. I rest when I please.

I drink from the cup of the lily so fair,  
And waft her a kiss, as I sail through the air.

Then on like a zephyr, so gayly I fly,—  
A butterfly, a butterfly. Oh, happy am I!





LITTLE Tommy Tucker came singing down the village street. He was on his way to the Old Woman who Lived under the Hill. She sold pies and cakes and buns, and Tommy Tucker wanted a fresh, hot bun for his supper.

“I have just sold out, Tommy Tucker,” said the Old Woman. “I haven’t a dust of flour. But go to the grocer and buy me a sack. I will then bake you a fresh, hot bun.”

So Tommy Tucker went on singing, until he reached the store. Then he said, “Oh,



grocer, please sell me a sack of flour. I will take it to the Old Woman under the Hill; she will bake me a fresh, hot bun, and I will sing you a song.”

But the grocer shook his head. “No dust of flour have I, Tommy Tucker, unless the miller first grinds the wheat. Then I can give you the sack of flour, and then you may sing me a song.”

So Tommy Tucker went to the Miller of Dee. “Oh, miller, please grind some wheat, so that the grocer may sell me a sack of flour. I will take the flour to the Old Woman under the Hill; she will bake me a fresh, hot bun for my supper, and I will sing you a song.”

But the miller shook his head and said: “I cannot grind the wheat for the grocer, unless the farmer first brings me the grain. Then will I grind it into flour, and then you may sing me a song.”

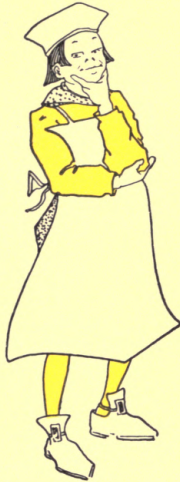
Tommy Tucker’s feet were beginning to



*"No dust of flour have I, Tommy Tucker"*

get very tired. He wanted his supper, though, so he ran to the farmer.

“Oh, farmer, please give me a load of grain, so that the miller may grind some wheat, and



*“But the miller shook his head”*

the grocer sell me a sack of flour. I will take the flour to the Old Woman under the Hill; she will bake me a fresh, hot bun for my supper, and I will sing you a song.”



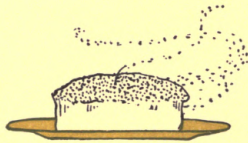
*"She baked a fresh, hot bun for his supper"*



Then the farmer said: “To be sure, Tommy Tucker, to be sure I will. Because last spring my horse plowed the field, I planted the seed which the sun warmed, the earth fed, and the rain watered. It grew and ripened, so now my barn is full, and you are welcome.”

Then Tommy Tucker sang his song; the farmer took the wheat to the mill; the miller ground the flour; the grocer sold a sack to Tommy Tucker; he took it to the Old Woman under the Hill, and she baked a fresh, hot bun for his supper.

Dear little Tommy Tucker!





The  
Apple Party

JACK-BE-NIMBLE had never had a party.

True, he had gone to all the parties in Mother Goose Village, but “that isn’t like giving a party yourself,” said Jack-be-Nimble. And it isn’t.

Now, at parties you have candies and cakes and ice-cream, and ever so many other things that Jack-be-Nimble’s grandmother knew he couldn’t have because they cost so much money, you see.

“Anyway, you do not need so many things



at a party," said his grandmother.

"Let me see. We have plenty of apples; the tree is full. Why not give an apple party?"

Jack-be-Nimble thought that would be better than no party at all, so he said he would try it.

His grandmother painted a red apple in the corner of the invitations, and Jack-be-Nimble carried them around to the village children.

When he got back home he climbed the apple tree and shook down the apples, while his grandmother filled the baskets.

Well, at last everything was ready, even to the favors,



which were apple pincushions, made of red, yellow, and green silk stuffed with wool.

They looked so much like fresh, ripe apples that you almost wanted to bite them. And you couldn't tell which you liked best, the red one, the green one, or the yellow one.

The children came at sunset, and were soon having so much fun they did not even have time to think about candy and cake.

All the games they played were apple games. First, there were two large tubs filled with water on the lawn. Floating in one tub were apples for the boys to bob for, and floating in the other tub were apples for the girls to bob for. You had to pull them out of the water with your teeth, and when you ate the apple you found inside the name of the one who loved you best.

That was heaps of fun, though the children got their noses and eyes dripping with water. Next they played two games of hiding



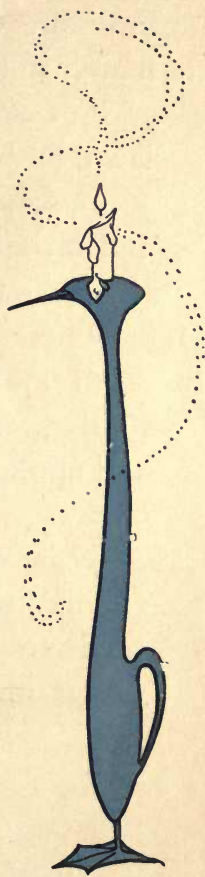


*"The children got their noses and eyes dripping with water"*

an apple. One was like our old-fashioned thimble play, where the apple is hidden in some child's hand. The other was called "magic music." In this the apple was hidden and then found to music, Tommy Piper playing very loudly when the seeker came near the apple, and very softly when not near.

After this the game of "swinging apples" kept them all laughing. From the limbs of the trees on the lawn, apples had been swung by long strings tied to the stems. You might eat as many of them as you could, only you must not touch them with your hands.

Jumping over the candlestick was fun, too. This was done to



*The funny old  
candlestick*

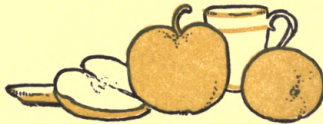
find out which couple should lead in the march to the party table.

The candle was lighted and placed on the lawn, and each child had one jump over it.

Jack-be-Nimble made the highest jump, and little Nancy Etticote came next, so they led the way to the party table.

There were many good things to eat, too, —all made out of apples. Apples raw, roasted, and baked. Apple pie, apple tarts, and apple float, and tiny mugs of fresh apple cider.

Now wasn't that a very good party? The children thought so, and they kept their apple seeds to plant so they could give an apple party some day, like Jack-be-Nimble's.







ONE morning Peter Piper got to school very late. The Schoolmaster called him a ten o'clock scholar, and asked him why he came so late.

Peter Piper smiled and held out his hat, which was brimful of pea pods.

Then all the other children smiled. Peter Piper was always stopping to pick something; once it had been a peck of pickled peppers.

"Please, sir," said Peter Piper, "I picked these on the way to school, and brought them to learn about. Will you tell us a story?"



Then the Schoolmaster smiled, but he took up one of the pea pods and told them a most beautiful story about five little sisters who slept in the pea-pod cradle, and how some sunbeam fairies and many raindrop fairies were waiting to wake them. Only some one would first have to tuck them away in the great brown bed which mother earth kept for her seed babies.

Then, while some of the children took clay and modeled the five little sisters in the pod, others drew and painted their picture. After that the Schoolmaster divided all the pea pods among the children, and each child had two pods. That made ten peas, you know.

“Now we will play soldier with our peas,” said the Schoolmaster, “and see into how many even rows they can march.” So they marched their soldiers in a row of one’s like this:



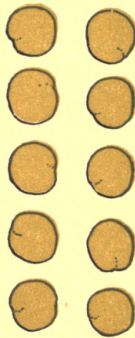


*The Schoolmaster tells a story about the peas*

And in rows of two's like this:



And in rows of five's like this:

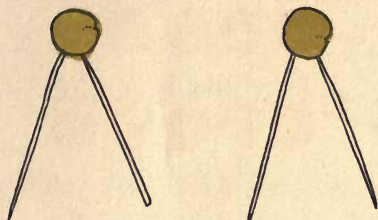


When the soldiers got tired of marching, the Schoolmaster gave each child ten tooth-picks, and told them to make something pretty to carry home.

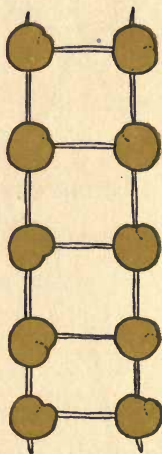
Simple Simon made some hat pins;



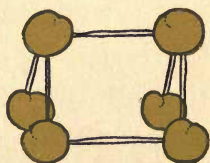
Margery Daw made some hairpins;



Rowley Powley made a ladder;

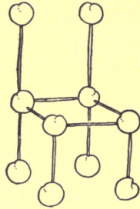


Humpty Dumpty made a  
pretty picture frame;

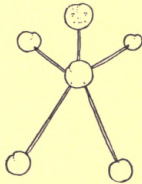




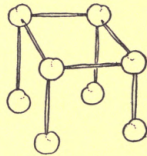
Tommy Grace made a chair;



Dicky Long made a doll;



Polly Flinders made a very nice table;



and—well, everybody made something, except Curly Locks. She only sat still and watched the others. The Schoolmaster said: “I’m sorry Curly Locks can’t make anything.

Shall I show you how to make your doll a sofa?”

But Curly Locks only shook her head and said: “Please, sir, I’d rather take mine home.”

The children thought that was very queer, and wondered why Curly Locks wouldn’t rather have the sofa.

Curly Locks knew. She was thinking about the ten little sleeping sisters in the pods she had. If she stuck the toothpicks in them,—why!—they would never wake up. After school she ran home and made ten little holes under the dining-room window. Into each little hole she dropped a pea and covered it softly over. The sunbeam fairies and the raindrop fairies were watching, and they smiled, every one, while Curly Locks planted the peas.

You should have seen how quickly they waked up, too. Pretty soon Curly Locks had

to tie ten strong strings to the dining-room window, and the peas climbed all the way up to make her a morning call.

There were pretty leaves and pretty blossoms, and by and by pretty pods, with the fattest of sister peas tucked inside.

It was then that Curly Locks invited the Schoolmaster and the children home to dinner.

And what do you suppose she gave them to eat? Why!—peas porridge hot, to be sure!

Very much better than making chairs and sofas, don't you think so?





**J**ACK and Jill were twins. That meant that one was just as old as the other.

They were just as much alike as two peas, and would most surely have gotten mixed up if it hadn't been for Jack's trousers.

Their hair and eyes and nose and mouth were all made by the same pattern. That's why they looked so much alike. They lived with their mother at the foot of a big hill, the same hill where Jack fell down and broke his crown, and Jill came tumbling after.

Well, one morning Jack and Jill waked





up very, very happy. You see it was their birthday, and they were looking for all kinds of fun.

“I’m six years old today,” said Jack.

“I’m six years old today,” said Jill.

Then their mother kissed them each six times, and sent them off to school.

The Schoolmaster thought birthdays should be the happiest days of all the year, so he told the other children to do all they could that day to make Jack and Jill happy.

The children made two beautiful crowns of clover, and two beautiful daisy chains, one for Jack and one for Jill, and crowned them king and queen on a birthday throne made from honeysuckle vines.

Then they formed a large circle under the trees, and played the games Jack and Jill

liked best. When it was time to go home, the twins stood in the center of the circle while the Schoolmaster and the children shook hands with them and said: "We wish you many, many happy birthdays."



At home they found another surprise. Mother Goose had sent a box on which was written:

"A birthday gift for Jack and Jill  
Who carry water down the hill."

Inside of the box were two dolls, exactly alike, only one was dressed in trousers and the other in skirts. Mother Goose believed in dolls. She said every boy and girl should have one if they wished to make good fathers and mothers.

Anyway, Jack was very proud of his doll, and for hours he and Jill often played a game

called "Lady come to see you," without getting tired.

One day both the dolls got sick with whooping-cough. Jill played she was a trained nurse, and Jack played he was Doctor Foster.

He fixed up ever so many bread-crumb pills, and a bottle of watermelon juice for medicine.

Then Doctor Jack went to see the sick dolls, and slowly felt each pulse. He shook his head. They were very, very sick. And although the trained nurse gave the bread-crumb pills and watermelon juice, it did no good. Both dolls died.

Jack and Jill buried them in a sand bank near the fence. Then Jill cried, until Jack called her a cry baby, and said the dolls were not truly true dead, but only play like. Tomorrow they would dig them up and they would be as well as ever. Then Jill felt





*"Jack and Jill buried them in a sand bank near the fence"*



better. Together they covered the graves with roses and pinks, and placed small white rocks around them for a border. Just then the supper bell rang, and they ran to get ready. After supper they went to bed.

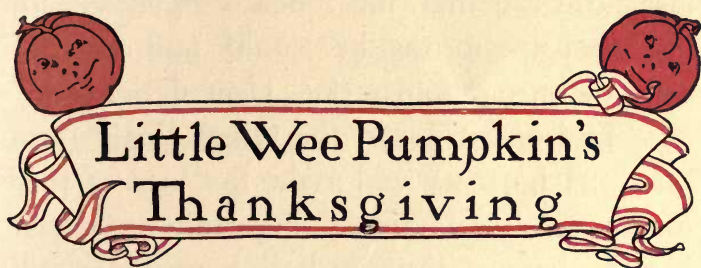
Jill thought of the dolls the first thing in the morning, but they had to hurry off to school, so could not dig them up. All day long she thought about the dolls, and after school she and Jack hurried to the sand bank to get them.

They dug and dug and dug. But no dolls could they find. Both were lost in the sand. Jack and Jill were very sad. Tears streamed down their cheeks.

“Boo-hoo-hoo,” said Jack, and “Boo-hoo-hoo,” said Jill. “We’ll never play burying any more.”

And they never did.



An illustration featuring two anthropomorphic pumpkins with faces. The pumpkin on the left is smaller and has a simple, friendly expression. The pumpkin on the right is larger and appears to be holding the right end of a decorative banner. The banner is white with a red border and contains the title text. The pumpkins are drawn in a simple, cartoonish style with red outlines and some shading to suggest texture.

## Little Wee Pumpkin's Thanksgiving

IT was the night before Thanksgiving. The Great Big Pumpkin, the Middle Size Pumpkin, and the Little Wee Pumpkin were talking together in Peter Pumpkineater's patch.

The Frost King had sent them each a pretty white coat for a Thanksgiving offering, and they sparkled in the moonlight.

"All here?" said the Great Big Pumpkin, gayly.

"All here," said the Middle Size Pumpkin, smiling.

“All here,” said the Little Wee Pumpkin, with a sneeze. “But I think it will be our last night together, for I heard Peter say to-day that to-morrow he would pull us, and send us on our journeys. How delightful!”

“To be sure,” said the Great Big Pumpkin. “I hope we will make the best of pies for somebody’s Thanksgiving dinner. Speaking of journeys, though, I do hope Peter will send me to London Town. They say the sights are very wonderful.”

“So I’ve heard,” said the Middle Size Pumpkin. “I should be glad to stop at the King’s palace. Old King Cole is a merry old soul.”

“And I, too,” said the Little Wee Pumpkin. “I should like so much to see the Princess Cinderella, whom every one loves. But I am not large nor fine enough to go to the palace. Most of all, I should like to make somebody very happy on Thanksgiving

Day, and then, too, I hope my seeds will be saved and planted next year. It is such joy to grow.”

“Indeed it is!” said the Great Big Pumpkin.

“And indeed it is!” said the Middle Size



*“I should like to make somebody very happy”*

Pumpkin. “I wish Peter could get all our seeds. He takes such good care of us, and likes so to see us grow.”

“Well, good-night, and pleasant dreams,” said the Great Big Pumpkin; “if we pumpkins do not close our peepers and go to sleep,



the sunbeams will catch us napping, a pretty sight for a Thanksgiving morning.”

So the pumpkins three snuggled beneath their frosty coats and went to sleep.

On Thanksgiving morning the Little Wee Pumpkin was the first to wake. She almost lost her breath when Peter opened the garden gate and the Princess Cinderella herself tripped in behind him.

She was very beautiful. The same sunny hair and dainty feet and smiling face that you have read about. Being a princess had not changed her, because she was always good and kind. She held in her hand a bunch of violets, almost the color of her pretty eyes, and smiled as she held them up to Peter, saying, “See, Peter, I have brought you these from the palace gardens; they are my Thanksgiving offering. Now you must help me find the best pumpkin in all your patch for a jack-o’-lantern. It is to make a little girl very



*"You must help me find the best pumpkin in all your patch"*

happy. She has been sick a long, long time in the London hospital, and I have promised to make her a jack-o'-lantern on Thanksgiving Day."

"Yes, my lady," said Peter, bowing, and they stepped from vine to vine, hunting the best pumpkin. First she stopped at the Great Big Pumpkin; but no, that was too large. Then she stopped at the Middle Size Pumpkin, but that was too fat. And then she stopped at the Little Wee Pumpkin, and that,—and that was just right.

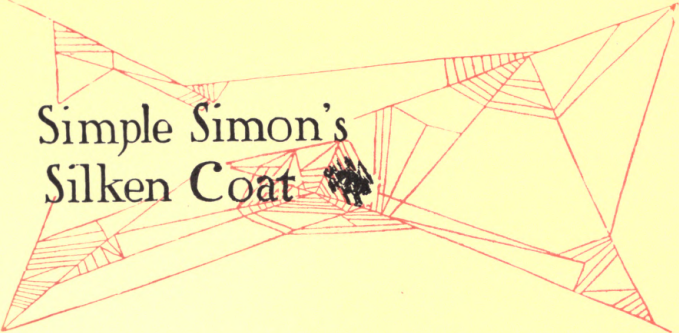
Now, the Little Wee Pumpkin was very much surprised when Cinderella, stooping down by her, said gayly, "You dear Little Wee Pumpkin. You will make a most beautiful jack-o'-lantern, and are the very one to make the little girl happy this Thanksgiving Day. Come, Peter, I have chosen this one," and she patted the Little Wee Pumpkin gently.

“Yes, my lady,” said Peter.

So he carefully tucked the Little Wee Pumpkin in the pony phaeton beside Cinderella, and away they whirled, off to London Town to make the little sick girl happy.







## Simple Simon's Silken Coat

SIMPLE SIMON heard there was a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, and he really believed it.

“I’ll find that pot of gold,” said Simple Simon, “and buy me a silken coat.”

So he started out, and walked until he came to the Three Wise Men of Gotham. He said to them, “Please tell me the way to the end of the rainbow; I wish to find the pot of gold, to buy me a silken coat.” The Three Wise Men said, “Follow the rainbow until you come to the end.”

But when he looked in the sky for the rainbow there was none to follow, because the day was clear.

He walked on, and by and by met an old owl sitting in the top of a high pine tree. "Please, Mr. Owl," said Simple Simon, "tell



*"Who-o! who-o!"*

me when I can see the rainbow; I wish to follow it to its end, and find the pot of gold, to buy me a silken coat."

"Who-o! who-o! who-o!" said the owl.

"Why, the rainbow," said Simple Simon.

"When can I see the rainbow?"

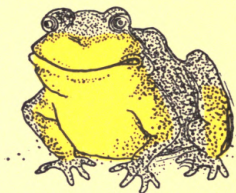
"Oh!" said the owl, "the rainbow. You

can see that after a rain, Simple Simon, after a rain.”

So Simple Simon sat on a log to wait for a rain.

While he was sitting on the log a frog hopped by.

“Good-morning, Mr. Frog,” said Simple



*“A frog hopped by”*

Simon; “please tell me when it will rain. I wish to see the rainbow, and follow it to its end, and find the pot of gold, to buy me a silken coat.”

The frog said, “Yes, yes, Simple Simon, yes, indeed. When it thunders it will rain. Watch and see.” But Simple Simon watched a long time and it did not thunder. So he

walked on until he came to a crow sitting on a fence near a corn field.

Said he, "Good-morning, Mr. Crow; please tell me when it will thunder. I want the rain to fall that I may see the rainbow,



*"'To be sure,' said the crow"*

and follow it to its end, and find the pot of gold, to buy me a silken coat."

"To be sure, Simple Simon," said the crow, "to be sure. It will thunder when the clouds rush together."

Then Simple Simon looked in the sky, but he saw no clouds. So he called to a buzzard flying by, "Oh, Mr. Buzzard, please,

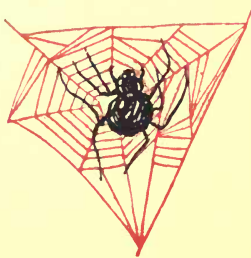


Mr. Buzzard, tell me when the clouds will rush together. I want it to thunder that the rain may fall, that I may see the rainbow, and follow it to its end, and find the pot of gold, to buy me a silken coat.”

“Oh, yes, Simple Simon,” said the buzzard, “I can tell you. It will thunder when the lightning flashes. Of that I am very sure.”

Poor Simple Simon was beginning to get very tired, but he thought of the pot of gold and the silken coat, and walked on.

At last he came to a spider busily spinning her web. Back and forth, back and forth she drew her silver thread. Simple Simon watched her a long time. Then he said with a very low bow, “Good-morning, Mrs. Spider; stop a moment and tell me when the light-



*“Busily spinning her web”*



*"Simple Simon watched her a long time"*

ning will flash. I want the clouds to rush together, that it may thunder, that the rain may fall, that I may see the rainbow, and follow it to its end, and find the pot of gold, to make me a silken coat.”

“Tut, tut, tut! Simple Simon,” said the spider, “tut, tut, tut! There is no pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Whoever heard tell of just such? But if it is a silken coat you want, why,—I’ll spin you one. Just let me crawl up on your back and I will take your measure.”

“Spin away,” said Simple Simon, laughing. So he sat on a stone while the spider climbed on his back to spin.

She spun and spun and spun.

Back and forth, without a rest,  
She wove her silver thread,  
Over his arms and back and chest,  
And around his curly head.

Spinning,

Spinning,

Spinning.



Oh, dainty spider fairy,  
I pray you weave for me  
A coat so rich and airy—  
So wonderful to see.

Spinning,

Spinning,

Spinning.

“Finished, my little man,” said the spider, as she snapped the silver thread. “Just step to the brook there, and see how you like yourself.”

Dear little Simple Simon! he had never seen a coat so beautiful before,—a soft, rich, silver gray. “Thank you, Mrs. Spider,—oh! thank you a hundred times,” he said. “This is much better than the pot of gold.”

He kissed his hand to her and skipped away,—such a happy, happy boy, to have a silken coat!







## Maiden Maple Leaf

THE Schoolmaster came into the school-house with a smile on his face.

All the chairs were in place on the circle, and the children were waiting for him, wondering what their lesson was to be about.


“See, I have brought a little maiden to spend the day with us,” he said. “I met her this morning as I walked along. She fluttered merrily on ahead of me until we got to the school-house, where she stopped on the steps. So, of course, I invited her in. Her name is





Maiden Maple Leaf, and her home  
is on the brow of Primrose Hill.






“There you will find a tree; on  
the tree is a limb; on the limb is a twig, and  
on the twig this little maiden lives.


“Her mother is very proud of  her,  
and has dressed her in the daintiest of red  
scalloped dresses, that she might visit you.  
To be sure she has other dresses, which I  
have sometimes seen,—green, yellow, and  
spotted ones. But I am glad she wore her  
red one to-day, because we wish to see just  
how it is made.

“See how prettily  her dress stands  
out, over her ribs and veins. They are very  
much like ours, though ever so much smaller.  
Let us count them if we can, beginning with  
the long one down the center, which I'm sure  
must be her backbone, to which are joined all  
the other ribs and bones.

“I will tell you a secret about  Maiden

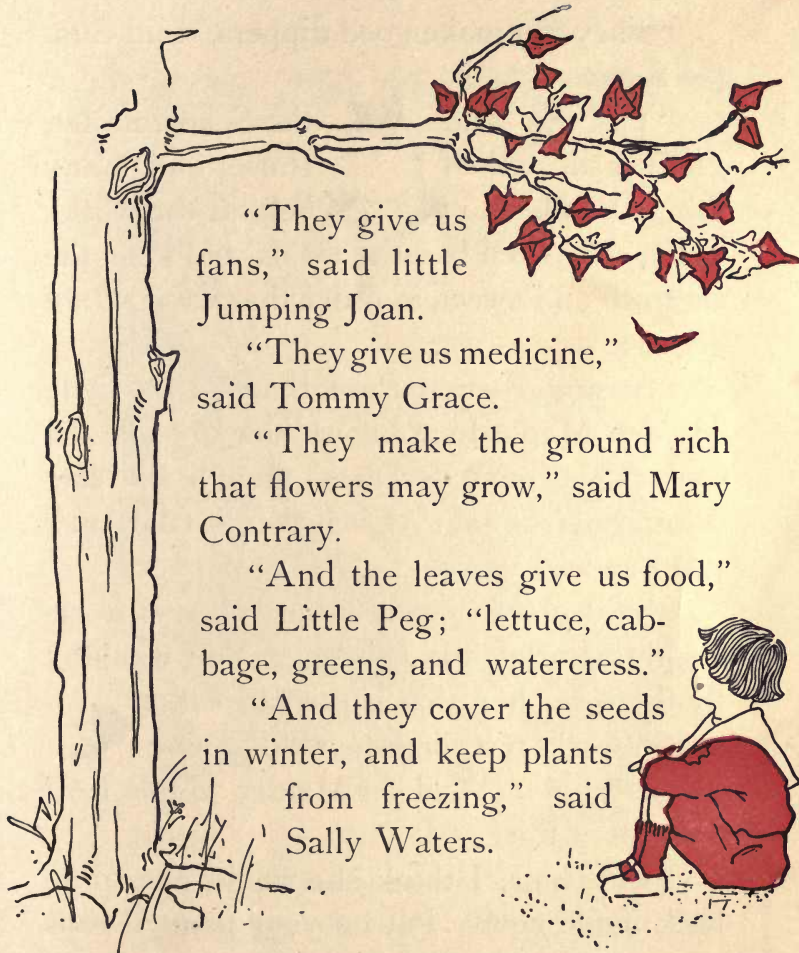
Maple Leaf's backbone. It is her waterpipe. Why, her dress would dry up were it not for that. Her mother sends food and sap-water all the way from her roots under the ground, up her large trunk, along the limbs, through the twigs, into this tiny backbone, and then into the ribs and veins, so that her little daughter may have her breakfast sweet and fresh.

“Isn't that a long way for a breakfast to travel? But Maiden  Maple Leaf drinks it eagerly, and  dances and swings in the sunshine,  such a happy, thankful leaf!”

“Maybe you think leaves haven't any work to do, only to look pretty and play all the day. Dear me, no. God never makes anything just for that. Now put on  your thinking caps and tell me the work you think they do.”

“They give us shade,” said Curly Locks.





“They give us fans,” said little Jumping Joan.

“They give us medicine,” said Tommy Grace.

“They make the ground rich that flowers may grow,” said Mary Contrary.




“And the leaves give us food,” said Little Peg; “lettuce, cabbage, greens, and watercress.”

“And they cover the seeds in winter, and keep plants from freezing,” said Sally Waters.






“They can make good dippers,” said Simple Simon.

“Yes, yes,” said  the Schoolmaster, “leaves do all of those, and many things besides, to   help in the world. Why, they even breathe for us, and keep the air fresh and sweet, in order that we may not get sick.”

“Stranger even than that,—this little Maiden Maple Leaf knows how to make the coal we burn in our fires, though the sunbeams have to help. Even then it takes over two hundred years.

“So you see to what a busy class of workers this scarlet leaf belongs. You wouldn't think, to see her, that she could eat, drink, work, rest, breathe, and sleep  just as we do. And yet Maiden Maple Leaf does all of this.”

“But come, I think she would like to go back home now. Put on your pointed caps



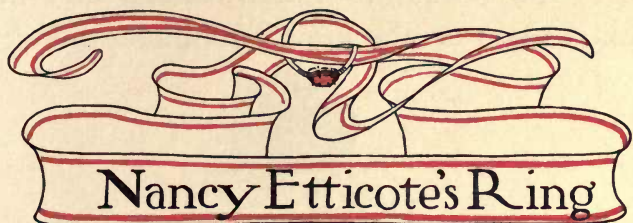
*"Put on your pointed caps and let us go for a walk"*

and let us go for a walk. We will look for other leaves as we go, the most beautiful ones we can find. To-morrow we will draw their pictures, model them in clay to see their ribs and veins, and cut the pattern of their pretty dresses, to color and press in our books. Mother Goose will be glad to see them, and to know how many kinds we can find.”

And so they tripped out of the little red schoolhouse as happy as birds in May, while the Schoolmaster followed after, with Maiden Maple Leaf perched on the lapel of his coat.







CHRISTMAS was coming, and of all things in the world, little Nancy Etticote wanted a gold ring in her stocking.

She was nearly eight years old and had never had a ring, though she had always wanted one.

Every Christmas she had written Santa Claus a letter, and put it up the broad, black chimney. But somehow, he had not gotten the letter, because the ring was not in her stocking, you know.

Humpty Dumpty was the only one in the



village who knew about the ring. Indeed, it was he who had helped Nancy Etticote write the letters to Santa Claus, and had poked them up the kitchen chimney himself,



*"Nancy wiped away the tears"*

running over again every Christmas morning to see if the ring had come.

So you see Humpty Dumpty was almost as sorry as Nancy Etticote, when they did not find the ring.

“Never mind,” he had said the last time, “that ring will come next Christmas, I’m sure. Just you watch out and see.”

Then Nancy Etticote had wiped away



*Humpty Dumpty went home whistling*

the tears on the folds of her clean white dress, and Humpty Dumpty had gone home whistling, and thinking very hard.

“Yes,” he said, “that gold ring has got to

come! I'll see what kind of a Santa Claus Humpty Dumpty will make. He won't be quite so busy as the other one, nor have so many places to go to."

Then he smiled to think of himself as a truly true Santa Claus, and wondered what the old gentleman would think.

He told no one about his plan, except the Old Woman who went to the market her eggs for to sell,—and his black hen. Of course the black hen had to know, because she was to lay the eggs which the Old Woman was to sell for him when she went to market. And the money,—well, he was going to save that in his tin bank to buy the ring with. So you see his plan was a good one if the black hen lived, and she was enjoying very good health then. You should have seen her shake out her tail feathers when Humpty Dumpty spoke to her about it. She surely understood, because he found her nest the very next day

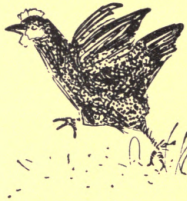


*She shook her tail feathers when Humpty Dumpty spoke to her about it.*



under the rose-bush. And there was an egg in it, too.

Each day after that did she cackle loud and long, and each day did Humpty Dumpty find a new, fresh egg, which was placed in the market basket until the Old Woman called for them.



*"Each day did she cackle loud and long"*

She went to market every Saturday to sell her own eggs, and it was a real pleasure for her to carry Humpty Dumpty's, too.

By the end of the year he had three dollars in the tin bank, and he and the Old Woman went to London Town together to buy the ring.

He was very happy, so happy that he

hopped and skipped the whole way back. And, what do you think! There was a pretty ring in his jacket pocket, all gold with a ruby set in it.

Well, that Christmas he and Nancy Etticote again wrote the letter to Santa Claus, and poked it up the chimney as before.

“Now,” said Humpty Dumpty, “I guess that will reach the old fellow.” And his merry blue eyes danced with joy. You see, he knew the ring would be in the stocking anyway. That’s what tickled him.

On Christmas-eve night Nancy Etticote hung her stocking near the fireplace and went to bed with a beating heart. She was so afraid the ring would not come.

She slept and slept, and the next thing she knew,—why, it was broad daylight, and there hung her stocking filled to the brim. She quickly pulled out each thing,—a book, a doll, a pair of mitts, some candy, firecrackers,

nuts, an orange, an apple, and,—yes, away down in the very toe was a queer little package. How her heart did beat! It was tied with a very hard knot, but she worked and worked till it came untied. Then she unrolled and unrolled tissue paper, and came to another hard knot. “Well,” said Nancy Etticote, “did you ever?” When that string was untied, and more tissue paper unrolled, there was a wee, tiny box. And when she opened the box,—you know what? There was the ruby ring!

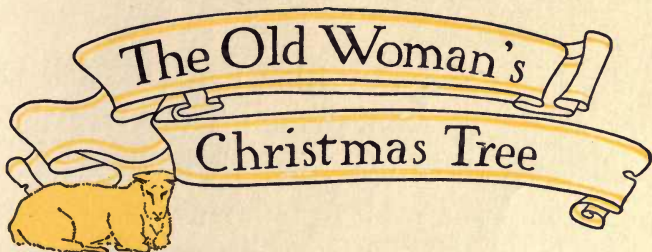
“Oh! oh! oh!” said little Nancy Etticote, as she slipped the ring on her finger.

And Humpty Dumpty? He was the happiest boy in all the village that Christmas morning.

I wonder can you guess the reason why?







The Old Woman's  
Christmas Tree

ONCE upon a time Bo-Peep and Boy Blue had a secret. They did not tell anyone but Mother Goose, and she promised never to tell a soul until Christmas, and that was many months off.

Bo-Peep and Boy Blue both kept sheep. Sometimes Boy Blue looked after the cows, too, but Bo-Peep didn't, because she was a girl, and girls don't like cows,—much.

Well, their secret was about sheep's wool and a Christmas tree for the Old Woman who Lived in the Shoe. I suppose I might



as well tell you, if you will promise never to tell. But I wouldn't have the Old Woman find out,—not for anything. That would spoil the surprise.

Bo-Peep and Boy Blue had talked it all over at the meadow bars. They said they would clip the wool from their sheep that spring, and use it all to be made into clothes for the Old Woman's children. Of course, the wool would have to be sent in bags to the factory in London Town. Mother Goose herself had promised to take it, and have it woven into the prettiest of cloth, part blue and part yellow. Then she was to take it to old Mother Twitchett, to make into clothes.

Now old Mother Twitchett had but one eye, but dear me, how she could sew! She makes clothes for everybody in the world and never gets tired.

So she told Mother Goose she would make jackets and skirts and blouses and



*"Bo-Peep and Boy Blue had talked it all over at the meadow bars"*

trousers and dresses and sacks and caps and cloaks and roundabouts, and be only too glad to do it.

Well, the secret turned out beautifully—



*Dressed in her new clothes*

from the day the sheep were led into the clear meadow brook to have their thick wool washed and sheared, to the day when old Mother Twitchett sent the clothes to Bo-



Peep's house, all ready for the Old Woman's children to wear. Nothing had been forgotten, even to mitts and socks.

Then came the fun for Bo-Peep and Boy Blue.

Everything had to be wrapped in bundles, numbered and tied to the branches of the Christmas tree. The Old Woman had never named her children. She had so many she said it was easier just to number them. So there were Number One, Number Two, Number Three, Number Four, and so on, until you got away up almost to one hundred.

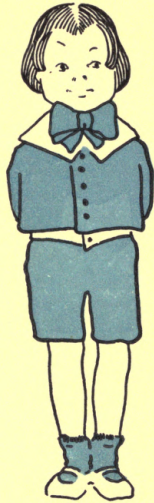
It took busy fingers to get the tree ready. When it was finished there wasn't room anywhere to hang even a chestnut,—bundles, bundles everywhere.



*"Bundles everywhere"*



On Christmas-eve night, while everyone slept, Mother Goose had the tree carefully moved to the Old Woman's house, and propped against the heel of the shoe. There



*"Pretty is as pretty does"*

it was found early the next morning. And such a jubilee! Soon the news spread all over the shoe, and the children rushed out.

They caught hands and danced round the tree, singing:

“Hey diddle de diddle, come and see  
This beautiful, beautiful Christmas tree.  
Some one brought it to us last night  
And ran away before it was light;  
Hey diddle de diddle, happy are we,  
You beautiful, beautiful Christmas tree.”

That day the Old Woman dressed all her children up in their new clothes. They looked so sweet and pretty she kissed them all round and sent them out for a walk. But she shook her finger and smiled lovingly at them as she said, “Remember, dears, pretty is as pretty does.”





## Mary Contrary's Doll Bed

**Y**OU did not know Mary Contrary planted dolls in her garden, did you?

When I read of the pretty maids all in a row I *thought* so, but of course I really did not *know* until I saw the dolls,—growing.

Mary Contrary said some one had to make dolls for the children who lived in the shoe. The Old Woman said she couldn't, because she had so much to do—she had no time to waste on dolls. And I guess she was right.

That was the reason Mary Contrary wanted to plant dolls in her garden.

To be sure they were only gourds, with prettily rounded heads. But when their faces were painted and they were dressed in their long white dresses, you couldn't tell them



*Painted faces and long white dresses*

from truly true doll babies. And the Old Woman's children thought they were the most beautiful doll babies any child ever had.

The dolls got ripe in August. It was great fun to gather and dress them, and



Mary Contrary always gave a big sewing party at that time, which lasted until all the dolls were dressed.

Most every child in the village who knew how to sew was invited, and even the boys were always glad to come. They could help gather the dolls, thread needles, and wait on the girls in many other ways. It was great fun for them to take the market baskets and go into the garden with Mary Contrary, doll-gathering. They would go from one end of the bed to the other, hunting the gourds which would make the prettiest dolls, long ones and short ones, fat ones and lean ones. All were pulled and carried in glee to the large back porch, where the girls were waiting to dress them.

The heads were first covered with white cloth and their faces painted. Straight noses, pink cheeks, and rosebud mouths, with eyes of blue and gray and brown. The hair



*"In the garden with Mary Contrary, doll-gathering"*

was made of curly rings of sheep's wool, which looked very cunning, peeping beneath the rim of the caps.

When the heads were all finished it was time to cut and sew the dresses, and those were happy days on the vine-clad porch. Laughter and sunshine mingled with the song of the needle, as busy fingers plied the thread.



*"Straight noses,  
pink cheeks"*

Mother Goose gave the cloth to make the white dresses, and she often came to see how the little dressmakers were getting on with their work. She showed them how to make a pretty pointed cap, called the Mother Goose cap. They were so quaint, many of the children in London Town wore them, and even to-day they are seen on the heads of well-dressed children.

As soon as a doll was dressed and her cap tied on she was placed in the row against the banister railing. By and by this row reached from one end of the long porch to the other, and a neater, sweeter row of dolls I'm sure you never saw.

“Even old Santa Claus could not have done better,” said Mother Goose, as she held her head on one side and smilingly looked down the row.

“You have done very well, my dears, very well, indeed,” she said, “and I am sure the Old Woman's children will be quite happy to get these charming babies.”

And they were, too. When finished, all the dolls were packed neatly in a large clothes basket, and placed one night on the doorstep of the Old Woman's house. Early the next morning they were found, and you should have seen those children dance around that basket and say, “Oh, oh, oh!”



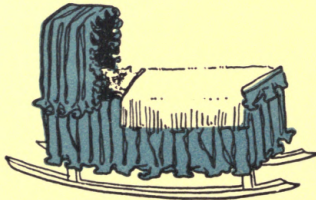
They were always good when they had dolls to play with, bless their little hearts!

It was too cute to see them hug those gourd babies, calling them “darling,” and “sweet,” and “pet,” and “mother’s dear one.”

Many were the happy days they played beneath the trees that old game “Lady come to see you,” holding the cherished gourd baby up for a kiss of welcome.

At night the babies were put to bed with the greatest of care and rocked to sleep to the softest strains of—

“Bye baby bunting,  
Daddy’s gone a-hunting,  
To get a little rabbit skin,  
To wrap his baby up in.”





Peg's Trip to the Sky

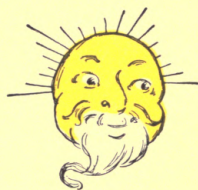
LITTLE PEG was the miller's daughter. She was a cripple, you know, and had only one leg. But she was happy for all that. "Because, even if I have not two legs," said Little Peg, "I have two eyes, two ears, and two hands. That is much to be thankful for."

Late one summer day she was lying on the grass looking at her picture book. Not a truly true picture book like yours and mine, —oh, no,—but one much more beautiful.

Peg's picture book was the clouds; it had

no end to it like yours and mine, but it was full of new pictures and new stories every day. Such a beautiful, wonderful book!

Sometimes she would see a picture that looked like the king's palace, with great marble pillars and arches and steps. Sometimes she would see lions and tigers and elephants,



*"King Sun"*

or graceful white swans swimming on lakes of blue. Often she would try to look at King Sun himself as he smiled warmly upon her.

Sometimes there would be woolly sheep and wee, fluffy lambs; and again, galloping gray ponies or stately ships with golden masts and puffy silver sails.

Then there would sometimes be cloud ladies; and children, boys and girls with merry, laughing faces. They seemed always beckoning to Little Peg to come and play with them in cloudland.

“Oh, if I only could!” she said, and then, —*guess what?* She fell asleep in the grass.

While she lay there sleeping the Old Woman who swept cobwebs from the sky passed by.

“Deary me,” she said, “the day has been too long for Little Peg. I believe I will take her to ride with me while I brush the cobwebs from the sky.”

So she tucked her down into the basket, with only the top of her curly head peeping out; then up, up, up she sailed,—straight to cloudland.

Peg could hardly believe it when she opened her eyes and found herself among the clouds.



The Old Woman smiled and said, “How do you like it, my dear?”

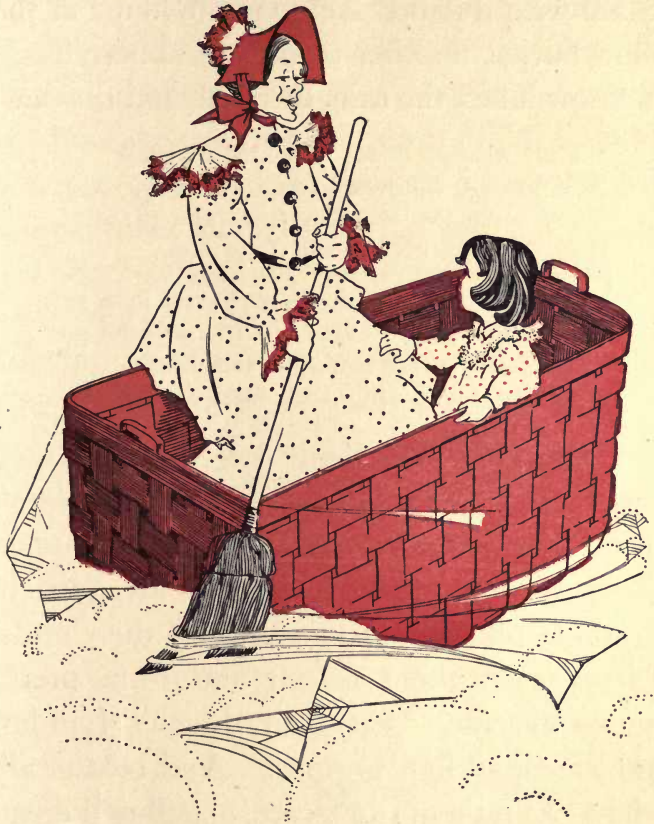
“Very, very much,” replied Little Peg. “How did you know I wanted to come?”

“Perhaps a bird or a fairy told me. We are passing through fairyland now, so listen, and I will tell you where they all live.



*Queen Moon*

“That beautiful palace over there belongs to my lady, the moon. She is the queen of the heavens, and the sun is king. With them dwell all the light fairies of both day and night. They are a busy set, I can tell you,—these moonbeams and sunbeams which carry light to the earth. The large gray



*"How do you like it, my dear?"*

palace with fluted columns is the home of the water fairies, another busy set. There dwell the snowflakes, the rain, the mist, and the dew.

“They always dress in white or gray  
And keep the flowers fresh and gay,  
They wash the faces of trees and grass  
And throw a kiss to all they pass.

“Sometimes they join their hands in a row  
And down to the earth with sunbeams go,  
They form a rainbow gay and bright  
And dance and sing with glad delight.”

“Yes, yes,” said Little Peg, “I have seen these fairies many times, though I did not know they lived in such a beautiful home. The stars, too, I have learned to love, watching them play hide-and-seek with the clouds. I have seen them march and form pretty figures like the Great Bear, Jacob’s Ladder, and the Sparkling Dipper. And best of all, I have seen them run a race,—pellmell down the Milky-Way Stream.”

“Yes, indeed,” laughed the Old Woman,

“the star fairies are a merry troop. They are the moon’s children, you know, and she has named them all, though, dear me, I cannot see how she ever keeps up with them. Why, she is even worse than the Old Woman who Lives in the Shoe.

“But come, I have finished my sweeping, and Mother Goose will wonder what has become of me. Shut your eyes and count five, then open them wide and you will find yourself in the grass where I found you.”

And so she did.







THERE was quite a stir in the Old Woman's shoe one morning.

The children were swarming around like so many bees, and you couldn't tell Number Six from Number Twenty,—they were so mixed up. And the noise,— My!

You see when they got up that morning, the youngest girl had found a big square letter under the door. It was addressed to the Old Woman's children who lived in the shoe.

Now the Old Woman did not often get a letter, and the children almost never. So

that was the cause of the hubbub. All of them wanted to open it.

“Come, come,” she said, “this will never do. You almost drive me crazy. Number Seven, bring me that letter. It is I who shall have the honor of opening it. Attention, while I read.”

You could have heard a pin drop. The Old Woman smoothed her cap and apron, settled her specs over her nose, and read:—

“All you children who live in the shoe  
Are invited, this afternoon at two,  
For an ice-cream picnic on Primrose Hill,  
Where you can play and eat your fill.  
When the sun has set, you may all come back.  
I am yours very truly, Mother Goose’s Jack.”

“A very kind letter, indeed,” she said. “You have never tasted ice-cream at all, so I am sure it will be a treat. But remember,”—and she held up her finger with a warning gesture,—“not one spot of dirt goes to that picnic with you. So you had better scrub

“Soap is cheap and water is free, and the creek still runs at the foot of the hill. Now go down there and scrub, every boy and girl, and when you have finished, come back to



*“Cheeks glowed with the rubbing”*

me, and I will have clean, fresh pinafores waiting for you.”

The children were so happy they tumbled all over one another down the hill.

Soon there was such another splashing



and scrubbing of feet, hands, and faces as you never saw. Cheeks just glowed with the rubbing. Then they sat on the rocks to dry in the sun, and brushed out their rumped



*"Another trip to wash their ears"*

hair with pine cones,—very good brushes indeed, when you haven't any better.

After all had finished, they went back, full of glee, to the house, where the Old Woman looked at them closely, to see if she could find any dirty spots.



Her eyes were very sharp, and some of the boys took another trip to the river to wash their ears. But by and by all were as clean as water could make them, and the girls put on fresh print aprons, and the boys stiff snow-white collars and clean blouses.

They looked as fresh and sweet as a May morning, and the Old Woman was very proud of them. She watched them off, standing in the doorway, shading her face with her hand, and smiling a good-by. It was two o'clock sharp when the children reached the top of the hill.

Mother Goose and Jack were there to meet them, and soon the fun began. There were swings and joggling boards enough for all. So they swung and joggled, and joggled and swung. Then they played "Jacob" and "Drop the handkerchief" until Mother Goose called them to the picnic table.

This table was only a very, very large round tablecloth, cut by the pattern of the



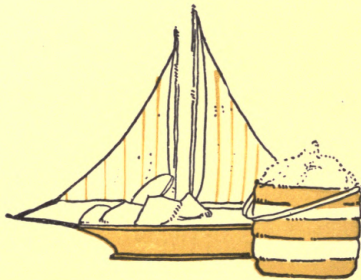
*"There were swings and joggling boards for all"*

full moon. It was spread out on the grass, and everybody had a seat around it.

The children's eyes grew wide as Jack placed before each child a candy basket filled with ice-cream and a candy boat full of cakes. They had never seen such a sight before, and they clapped their hands with joy.

They ate the cream and cakes, but saved the candy baskets and boats to carry home and eat some other day.

Just as the sun went down they said good-bye, and kissing their hands to Jack and Mother Goose, trotted down the hill to their home in the shoe, as happy as happy could be.





**I**N a queer brown house, without windows or doors, a beautiful princess lay fast asleep.

She had slept and slept and slept, until the fairy servants who cared for her thought she would never wake.

Though the brown house was in Mary Contrary's garden, she did not know the princess slept there. The birds knew, but did not tell; they only sang to her every day. The sunbeams knew; they warmed her couch for her. The raindrops knew; they carried



her cool, fresh water. And a little worm knew; he helped to make her bed soft. But they did not tell, and so the little princess slept on.

One morning she stirred. The breezes told the birds, and the birds told the sunbeams.

“Come!” said a wee sunbeam fairy, “let us peep at her.”

“Yes,” said another, “and let us carry her something beautiful. What shall it be?”

“Why, a dress; let it be a beautiful dress from the Rainbow Palace,” said all the sunbeam fairies.

“What color shall we have it?”

“Purple, a rich, velvety purple for a princess,” said one.

“And a rich, golden border,” said another.

“Yes, gold and royal purple will indeed be beautiful. Let us carry it to her at once.”

So the sunbeam fairies caught hands and,

forming a sunbeam fairy chain, came dancing to the brown house where the princess slept.

They slipped in and dressed her in the queenly robe, and then crept away with their



*"A sunbeam fairy chain"*

fingers on their lips. They did not wish to waken the sleeping princess.

Early, oh, so early, one morning, when the dew fairies were bathing the faces of ferns and flowers, the princess opened her eyes.

She had heard a voice, strong and tender, calling her. A voice that said so plainly, “You have slept long enough, my pansy; open your eyes and make bright the world around you.”

And now she had pushed herself free from the brown house where she slept, and stood wide awake. It was all very beautiful—the blue sky, the dancing sunbeams, the cooling breezes, and the singing birds,—and she wondered why she had not wakened before. Then she looked down at her own royal robe, and wondered at its richness.

Where did it come from? Who had brought it?

The sunbeams did not tell, for they only smiled. The breezes did not tell, for they only danced. The little worm did not tell, for he only peeped. And the birds did not tell, for they only sang, “Make bright the world! Make bright the world!”





*"You have slept long enough, my pansy; open your eyes"*



The pansy princess nodded her dainty head, and smiled on the flowers around her.

Did Mary Contrary ever find the pansy princess? Yes, indeed. No flower bloomed in the old garden which she did not find.

She knelt on the border of stones beside the flower and said, “You lovely, lovely pansy! Where did you come from anyway, and where did you get your dress so gay?”



## The Old Woman's New Year's Basket



WHAT do you think? The Old Woman who Lived in the Shoe got a pair of new babies. Yes, two of them. And bless you, they came to stay. That, to other people, was the funniest part of it. The Old Woman did not think it was very funny, just at first. They came in a basket on New Year's night, and it happened this way:

Everybody in the village had been paying New Year calls all day long, and saying at each quaint red house, "I wish you a happy New Year." They had all gotten home, put

away their Sunday clothes and gone to bed, all except the Old Woman. She was sitting up before her fire nodding and resting, for she had just put all her children to bed, washed their faces and combed their heads, and was very, very tired. So she sat down to rest a bit.

Well, while she was sitting there nodding and nodding, a gentle tap came at the door.

The Old Woman thought it was the wind, and did not stir. Then all at once she heard something cry, first a tiny, tiny cry, then a louder one. It sounded as though it came from under the bed. But when she looked under there,—why! there wasn't anything.

Then she looked in the cupboard, and behind the trunk, and in the press, and there wasn't anything. Then she counted all her children's noses, and none were missing. So she went back to the fireplace and took her seat again. But the Old Woman didn't sit there long.

She was just nodding off nicely when something went—rap, rap, rap, right against her door. It was such a sudden knock the Old Woman jumped three feet high,—so it seemed to her. Then she straightened her cap and spectacles and said, “Well, I do wonder! Now who can be paying me a New Year’s call this time of night? I’ll just go and see.”

So she lit the candle, long and slim, that Nancy Etticote had sent her for a Christmas present, and went to the door.

When she opened it, only the snowflakes drifted in, but right at her feet near the doorway was a great big basket. But she did not hear a sound.

On the basket was a card tied with white satin ribbon, and in great big letters she read, “FOR YOU!”

“To be sure,” said the Old Woman, smiling, “something good to eat. These dear



village people are always sending me something,—bless them. I will drag it in to the fire and have a quiet snack while the children sleep.”

So she drew the New Year basket to the fireplace and, sitting down to enjoy herself, took the cover off, and,—I wish you could have seen her face. It was a sight to behold.

“Saints above!” she cried, throwing both hands above her head. “Another pair of babies, so sure as I live. Whoever heard tell of just such? Why, I’ve got so many now I don’t know what to do. Surely I must be dreaming!”

But she was not. No, indeed. For just then both fat babies opened their eyes, smiled the cutest little three-cornered smiles, and stretched out their dainty pink hands to the Old Woman.

“Bless your angel hearts,” she said, “how can I help but love you now? You are the

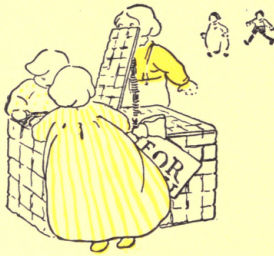


*"Stretched out their dainty pink hands to the Old Woman"*

dearest New Year callers I have had this day. Where did you come from, anyway?"

But dear me, the babies did not know. They only blinked and blinked, cooed as birdies coo, and blinked and blinked.

So the Old Woman kept them for her



*"Crowded round the basket"*

very own. Two more babies did not make much difference with her, you know. She cuddled them both in her brave, strong arms, and rocked them gently to and fro until both babies fell asleep listening to her pretty song.

The next morning, when all the children waked, you never heard such a hubbub, as

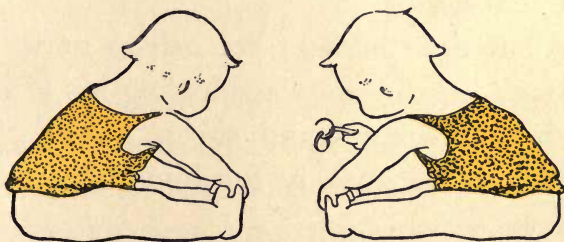


they crowded round the basket, and peeped at the two new babies. You would have thought they never had seen a baby before.

“Oh-o-o!” they said, “only see!

“What cute little eyes and fingers and nose,  
What dear dimpled hands, what cunning pink toes,  
What soft, pretty hair in rings of dark brown,  
What darlings you are,—the dearest in town!”

So that is how the Old Woman got her two new babies. I know you wish you had them. But I will tell you now, the Old Woman wouldn't part with them,—not for anything. At least that is what she told Mother Goose.







LITTLE BOY BLUE was very anxious to send Little Miss Muffet a valentine. Because of all the children in Mother Goose Village, he loved her the best. But dear me! Valentines cost money, you know, and Boy Blue had none.

What time he was not asleep under the haystack, why!—he was blowing his horn or watching the cows and sheep. And there seemed to be no way for him to earn any money.

So he told Mother Goose about it. She

was the dearest old lady in all the world, and everybody loved her and went to her when in trouble.

Indeed, she promised to tend the cows



*"Off he started"*

and sheep while Boy Blue went through the village hunting jobs to do.

So off he started as fast as his fat little legs could carry him, thinking about Little Miss Muffet and how much he loved her.

And he found plenty of work to do, too.

First he went to the Old Woman who Lived in the Shoe, and got there just in time to keep the youngest boy from falling over the heel of the shoe,—a most dreadful fall it would have been.

Next he visited the Old Woman who brushed cobwebs from the sky. Then he ran round to the Crooked Man's house and to Peter Piper's, where he helped to pick a peck of peppers.

After that he hurried on to Jack Sprat's, to Simple Simon's, to Jack-be-Nimble's, to Tommy Tucker's, to Tommy Grace's, to Jack Horner's, to Humpty Dumpty's, to Jack and Jill's, to Mary Contrary's, to Margery Daw's, and even to Old Mother Hubbard's in search of work.

And every one of them, except Mother Hubbard, gave him a job to do.

So by and by dear Little Boy Blue had

fifteen pennies snug within his blue jacket pocket to buy a valentine for Little Miss Muffet, because he loved her so.

He stood for a long time before the big shop window, wondering which was the most beautiful valentine, and which one Little Miss Muffet would like the best.

While he was wondering and wondering, Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son, came hurrying down the street with something under his arm. *Guess what?*

Dear no! It wasn't a pig. Though I have heard something about Tom and a pig. Why, it was the softest, dearest gray kitten that ever you saw. With four white mittens, too; and yet, what do you think? Tom was really on his way to the pond to drown that kitten. He told Boy Blue so.

My! Boy Blue thought that would be a most dreadful act. So he offered all the pennies he had to Tom for the gray kitten,





*"Tom was on his way to drown that kitten"*

and holding her close under his dimpled chin hurried back to good Mother Goose and told her all about it.

There was a great round tear on his cheek when he said, "And now I haven't any valentine for Little Miss Muffet."

Mother Goose thought for a minute, then she looked at Boy Blue and smiled as she said, "Why not send the gray kitten to Little Miss Muffet for a valentine? I'm sure she would like it. You see, I'll write a piece of poetry and tie it around her neck with a yellow ribbon. And then you can carry it to her yourself to-morrow morning. Isn't that a fine plan?"

Boy Blue clapped his hands with glee. He thought that a very fine plan indeed.

So Mother Goose found a most beautiful piece of yellow ribbon and tied it around the gray kitten's neck with the card, on which was written these words:

“Hey diddle de diddle, a valentine kitty,  
And that is what Boy Blue bought ;  
Hey diddle de diddle, a valentine kitty,  
With love to Miss Muffet, he brought.”

How did Little Miss Muffet like the valentine?

Why, she thought it was the loveliest thing in the world. Indeed, she sent it to London to visit the queen. You have heard about how, while there, this very kitty frightened a mouse from under the queen’s chair.

To be sure you have. Any one who reads the wonderful book of good Mother Goose knows that fact. To be sure he does.





“WHY doesn’t Mary Contrary plant me, I wonder?” said a lily bulb, one cold, drizzly day. “Last year I had such beautiful blossoms, and I should like so much to have them ready again by Easter. Surely she has not forgotten me.”

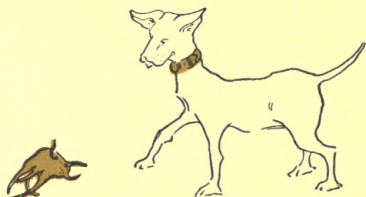
“Stop fretting and go to sleep,” said a blade of grass near by. “Do you not know that lily bulbs never bloom well the second year? I heard Mary Contrary say so. That is why you were thrown away. So go to sleep and keep quiet.”





“Dear me,” said the lily bulb, “that is too bad. I’m sure I could grow if some one would only plant me. I shall send out my rootlets anyway, and maybe when Mary Contrary sees how hard I try she will plant me.”


And so she tried her very best. But just then Old Mother Hubbard’s dog Fido came



*“Stopped right still and wagged his tail”*


scampering through the grass, his cold, black nose sniffing the ground as he ran. He was hunting a bone, you know, and when he saw the fresh lily bulb, he stopped right still and wagged his tail. Fido looked at it very hard, turning it over and over with his shaggy paw. Then he tossed his head and said, “A potato! A potato! I have found a fine fat potato!”

Mother Hubbard likes potatoes, so I'll just carry her this one."

And before the lily bulb  could say one word, she was galloping down the street in Fido's mouth, frightened almost to death. At last he dropped her at Mother Hubbard's feet, wagged his tail and barked with joy. He knew how much she liked potatoes.

"Where did you get that lily bulb, Fido?" said Mother Hubbard. "I hope you haven't been scratching up Mary Contrary's garden. Where did you get it, sir?"

Fido only wagged his tail more quickly, sat on his hind legs and crossed his front paws.

That meant, "Upon my word and honor I have been good. Please give me a  bone."

So Mother Hubbard patted Fido on the head and went to the cupboard to get him a bone, but there wasn't any, so the poor dog had none. And Mother Hubbard went back



*"Fido sat on his hind legs and crossed his front paws"*



and picked up the lily bulb, looking at it closely to see if Fido's sharp teeth had hurt it.

"No," she said, shaking her head, "it is all right. Poor little thing! it is trying its best to grow. I shall plant it and have it for my Easter lily. Maybe it will bloom."

Trotting off to the cupboard again she got a pretty glass bowl and placed a handful of sand and rocks in the bottom. Then she planted the bulb carefully on them, covering it with fresh water, and placing it on the sunny window-seat to grow. And now the lily bulb was very, very happy.

I only wish you could have seen her grow. Even Fido was surprised. He thought that a very queer way for Mother Hubbard to bake a potato. He wanted it covered in the ashes, and when done to have it for his supper.

So, every time Mother Hubbard brought fresh water to the lily bulb, Fido would catch her by the apron, bark and pull. Then he

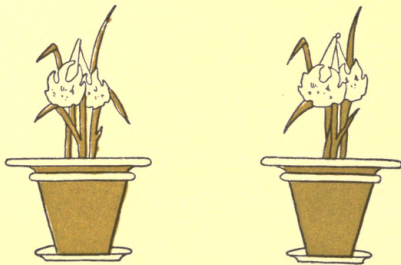


would run to the fireplace and scratch in the ashes, trying his very best to say, “Cook it, cook it!” But Mother Hubbard would only laugh and say, “Down, sir! Fido, you haven’t one grain of sense. This is no potato.”

When Easter morning came, the first thing Mother Hubbard did was to open her eyes. The next thing she did was to look at her bulb, and the next thing she did was to smile and smile.

Of course you know the reason why. Peeping from the rich, green leaves of the lily bulb was a most beautiful Easter lily.

And that is what made Mother Hubbard smile.





**T**OMMY TINKER was getting up a charm string.

So were Bobby Shaftoe and Daffy-down-dilly and the Queen of Hearts and many of the other children in the village.

You know what a charm string is. Just ever so many pretty buttons strung together and worn around your neck. There are glass buttons, silver buttons, gold buttons, brass buttons, jet buttons, pearl buttons, and all kinds of buttons.

Daffy-down-dilly had the prettiest button

of all; everybody said so. No one else had one like it; even the Schoolmaster knew that.

But something sorrowful happened one day, for Daffy-down-dilly lost her pretty button in the grass. It was red, with a gold star, and though she looked and looked, it couldn't be found. So she had to go home without it.

Early the next morning Tommy Tinker passed that way and found the button lying in the grass.

First, Tommy Tinker said, "Oh, it is Daffy-down-dilly's prettiest button. I will run and carry it to her right now."

Next, he said, "No, I'll put it on my string just for to-day. Daffy-down-dilly won't care. To-morrow I will take it to her."

But when the next day came the button looked so pretty on his string Tommy Tinker couldn't bear to take it off. And dear me! he kept it another day. How dreadful!

Tommy Tinker felt very queer somehow.

Why, he even did not want to meet Mother Goose, nor the Schoolmaster, nor the Old Woman who never told lies, nor,—Daffy-down-dilly, his very best friend.



*“The button looked so pretty on his string”*

And queerest of all, he didn't like to wear his charm string any more, but kept it wadded up in his trousers pocket.

“How dreadful,” said Tommy Tinker's





*"Wadded up in his trousers pocket"*

buttons, “to be kept here in the dark this way! We love the light. What can be the matter with Tommy Tinker?”

You know what was the matter with Tommy Tinker. And Tommy Tinker knew what was the matter, too. And what’s more, the big hall clock knew what was the matter. For when Tommy Tinker stood looking at its honest face it said, “Tick-tack, tick-tack, take-it-back, take-it-back!”

*Then* what do you think Tommy Tinker did? Ran just as fast as ever he could and slipped the button into Daffy-down-dilly’s hand. And Daffy-down-dilly was so glad.

And Tommy Tinker was so glad. Then he wore his charm string on his neck again, and the buttons were glad to be in the light.





The  
Wonderful Secret

AWAY down in one end of Mary Con-  
trary's garden grew Mrs. Morning-  
Glory-Vine. She climbed all over the back  
fence, and, like the Old Woman who Lived  
in the Shoe, Mrs. Morning-Glory-Vine had so  
many children she did not know what to do.

They were her blossoms, you know, and  
she dressed them all in pink.

She thought they were very beautiful.  
And the village children thought so, too, for  
every morning they would stop by the fence,  
on their way to school, just to count how



many new children Mrs. Morning-Glory-Vine had, and to see in what tints of pink they were dressed.



“Mother,” said the morning-glories one day when the children had passed, “what will they do when we are gone and the cold, cold winter time comes



of which you told us? We would like to bloom always to make the children happy; they love us so.”

“That is very kind, little blossoms, but the winter would be too cold for you, and you would surely freeze. Besides, morning-glories, like the children, must have a time to sleep and rest.

“But listen; I have a wonderful secret to tell you. There is a way in which you can come back to the children next year. Shall I tell you how?”



“Yes, yes,” eagerly nodded each





pink morning-glory, as it nestled close to the mother vine.

“Well,” she said, “all through the long summer months I have been very busy making each one of you a brown seed-pocket. Have you never noticed them beneath your pink skirts? To be sure you have. Well, by and by, when you grow very tired of playing with your friends the sunbeams, raindrops, and breezes, I will put you to sleep in these seed-pockets. You will be mother’s seed-babies then, and I shall be very near you until you are quite fast asleep.

“Now look below you at the ground. That is the soft brown bed where all the seed-babies sleep. I slept there once myself, and it is very fine. And you, too, will sleep and sleep and sleep and sleep, a long, long nap, until the cold winter has passed away.

“It is then that the wonderful part



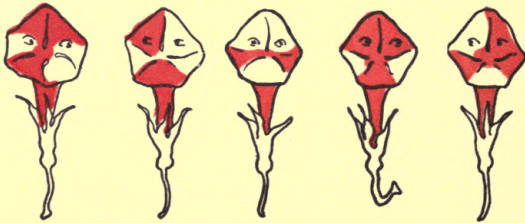


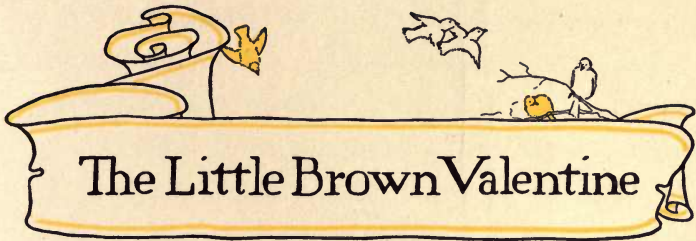
*"Here comes Mary Contrary to see how her garden grows"*

of my secret happens, for when you wake next spring,—why! you will no longer be brown seed-babies, but a truly true vine like your mother. You will have pretty green leaves and ever so many blossoms dressed in pink, all your very own.”

“How wonderful, how wonderful!” they cried in a breath, nodding their heads so gay. “Tell us more about it, mother; tell us more. We like to listen.”

“Hush,” said Mrs. Morning-Glory-Vine, laughing, “here comes Mary Contrary to see how her garden grows. Roll your skirts into neat little rolls and let us get to work. The brown seed-pockets will never get finished unless you do your part. Hasten, my blossoms.”





## The Little Brown Valentine

LITTLE TEE WEE was the only one who remembered to carry the Crooked Man a valentine.

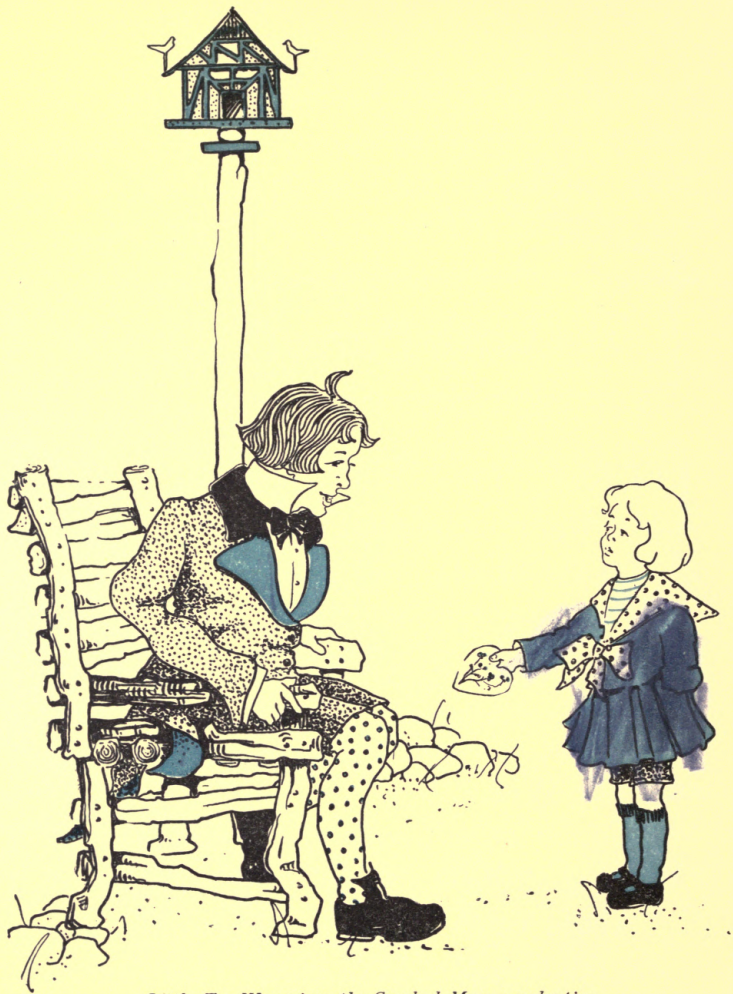
It was a pretty heart with birds and flowers painted on it. Tee Wee had made it himself.

“Please, sir, could you tell me a story?” said Tee Wee.

“To be sure,” said the Crooked Man. “What shall it be about?”

“About valentines,” said Little Tee Wee. So the Crooked Man crossed his legs and





*Little Tee Wee gives the Crooked Man a valentine*

shut his eyes and leaned back in his crooked chair and began:

“Every year the birds have a ball on St. Valentine’s Day. That is the time they marry, you know, and at the ball they choose the one they love the best to be their valentine. Then, side by side, they fly gayly away to find the most beautiful place to build their nest, singing as they go:

“‘I love you! I love you!  
Sweet heart mine.  
Sweet, sweet, sweet,  
Sweet valentine!’

“Robert of Lincoln was the happiest of all the birds at the valentine balls, a gay, rollicking fellow.

“Each year he came dressed in a glorious vest of white and black, and, perching high on some budding twig, would make the air ring with the gayest of songs:



“ ‘Bob-o’link! Bob-o’link!  
Spink, spank, spink.  
Who’ll be my valentine?  
Mine! Mine! Mine!’

“It was always a sober little brown bird that he chose in the end to be his valentine.

“He loved them best. They were tender and shy, and let Robert do all the singing:



“ ‘Bob-o’link! Bob-o’link!  
Spink, spank, spink.  
A little brown valentine  
For me, only think!’

“But one year it snowed and snowed on St. Valentine’s Day, and Robert got to the ball very late.

“He came in a perfect flutter of excitement, with his ‘spink, spank, spink.’ What if all the brown birds had been chosen and none left for him?

“Oh, Bob-o’link! Bob-o’link!  
What would you think?

“Fluttering from bush and tree and twig,



he twittered past cooing couples of happy mates. On and on he fluttered, his saucy head on one side, his bright eyes searching eagerly. At last he found her, down by the jasmine bush, a little bird in brown.

“She’s mine!  
She’s mine!  
My valentine!”

he caroled, and, brushing a flake of snow from his vest of white and black, fluttered to the ground by her side.

“Now I must tell you a secret about this little brown bird; she had gone away to hide.

“Beneath the jasmine bush, with a very sad heart, she drooped her pretty brown head. ‘No one has chosen me,’ she said, ‘and I am nobody’s valentine. Nobody cares for me.’

“It was just then that Robert of Lincoln flew down, twittering softly in her ear:

“‘Lovest thou me, little bird in brown,  
Enough to be my valentine!  
Sweet, sweet, sweet heart mine?’



“Now what do you suppose she said?” asked the Crooked Man with a crooked little smile.

And Little Tee Wee smiled back again and said, “Yes.”

“To be sure she did,” laughed the Crooked Man, “and they lived happily ever afterwards. And Robert kept on singing:

“‘I love you! I love you!  
Sweet heart mine,  
Sweet, sweet, sweet,  
Sweet valentine.’”





## Cinderella's Egg Hunt

CINDERELLA did not live in Mother Goose Village, though she often went there.

She lived in London Town at the king's palace, where she had been ever since the prince found that the glass slipper fitted her.

Anyway, whenever Cinderella's tiny pony phaëton was seen on the streets of Mother Goose Village the children knew something good was going to happen.

She had been there just the week before, because Jack saw her. She spent the whole

afternoon with Mother Goose in her quaint cottage, and talked and talked and talked.

And so on Easter Friday the children were not very much surprised when the Schoolmaster told them to put on their pointed caps and get ready for a trip to Primrose Hill.

“Oh, I do believe it will be an egg hunt,” said Little Tee Wee to Curly Locks.

And Curly Locks said, “Maybe so,—and oh, won’t that be heaps of fun!”

So they started out, a double row of little pointed caps.

Across the village, and by the mill,  
Then up the path to Primrose Hill.

Sure enough, there stood Cinderella and Mother Goose waiting for them.

And sure enough it was to be an egg hunt. They had hidden heaps and heaps of eggs among the grass and stumps and leaves and rocks and briars on Primrose Hill. Such pretty, pretty eggs, too!



China eggs, wax eggs, clay eggs, candy eggs; hen eggs, turkey eggs, and guinea eggs; blue eggs, red eggs, green eggs, and yellow eggs;—all kinds of eggs. And one golden egg.



*"Away they scampered"*

This was hidden best of all, and the one who found the golden egg,—why! he had the sharpest eyes.

Cinderella gave them each a dainty willow basket for their very own, and then she



counted, one, two, three. And away they scampered out on the hunt. Such a merry time as they had, scratching like so many chickens.

Jack-be-Nimble found the first egg, a most



*"All the baskets were quite full"*

beautiful blue one, and little Jumping Joan found the next.

After that every one seemed to find them at the same time. All over the hill you could hear them saying together, "Oh, oh! Look, look! See mine! How pretty! Oh, oh, oh!"

At last all the baskets were quite full and all the eggs had been found except one. And that one was the golden egg.

“S’pose we can’t find it at all,” said Patchy Dolly.

“S’pose we can’t,” said Solomon Grundy.

“Oh-o!” said Willy Boy; “only s’pose we can’t.”

But just then they heard some one shout, “I’ve found it! Oh, I’ve found it! Goody, goody, goody!”

And there came Humpty Dumpty as fast as his fat little body could wobble, holding the egg above his sunny head.

And goodness me! He stumped his toe and dropped the golden egg. It was broken into two halves, and all the king’s horses and all the king’s men couldn’t put it together again.

I do believe Humpty Dumpty was about to cry, but of course he didn’t; oh, no, not for



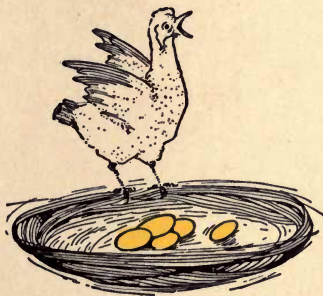
*"Holding the egg above his sunny head"*

anything. For were not Mother Goose and Cinderella and the Schoolmaster all there? What would they think of a cry baby?

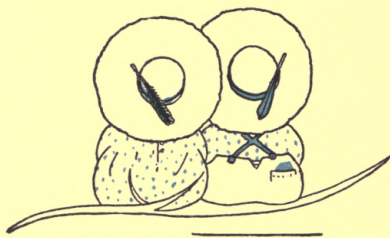
So he swallowed his tears and smiled when the children shouted:

“Hurrah for Humpty Dumpty!  
The boy with the sharpest eyes,  
He stumped his toe and broke his egg,  
But never, never cries.”

Where did he find the golden egg? Why, in the hollow of a tree.







# Mother Goose Rhymes



1.

Old Mother Goose,  
When she wanted to wander  
Would ride through the air  
On a very fine gander.

Jack's goose and her gander  
Grew very fond ;  
They'd both eat together,  
Or swim in one pond.

Mother Goose had a house,  
'Twas built in a wood,  
Where an owl at the door  
For sentinel stood.

Jack found one morning,  
As I have been told,  
His goose had laid him  
An egg of pure gold.

She had a son Jack,  
A smart-looking lad —  
He was not very good,  
Nor yet very bad.

Jack rode to his mother,  
The news for to tell ;  
She called him a good boy,  
And said it was well.

She once sent him to market,  
A live goose he bought.  
"Here mother," said he,  
"It will not go for naught."

Jack sold his gold egg  
To a rascally knave—  
Not half of its value  
To poor Jack he gave.

Then Jack went a-courting  
A lady so gay,  
As fair as a lily  
And sweet as the May.

The knave and the squire  
Came close at his back,  
And began to belabor  
The sides of poor Jack.

And then the gold egg  
Was thrown in the sea,  
But Jack jumped in  
And got it back presently.

The knave got the goose,  
Which he vowed he'd kill,  
Resolving at once  
His pockets to fill.

Jack's mother came in  
And caught the goose soon,  
And mounting its back,  
Flew up to the moon.

II.

Old King Cole  
Was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he!  
And he called for his pipe  
And he called for his bowl  
And he called for his fiddlers  
three.

And every fiddler he had a fine  
fiddle,  
And a very fine fiddle had he!

"Tweedle dee, tweedle dee,"  
said the fiddlers,  
"Oh there's none so rare as can  
compare  
With King Cole and his fid-  
dlers three."

III.

There was a crooked man and  
he went a crooked mile,  
And he found a crooked sixpence  
against a crooked stile;  
He bought a crooked cat which  
caught a crooked mouse,  
And they all lived together in a  
little crooked house.

IV.

Little Tee Wee,  
He went to sea  
In an open boat;  
And while afloat  
The little boat bended —  
My story's ended.

V.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,  
Had a wife and couldn't keep  
her;  
He put her in a pumpkin shell  
And there he kept her very well.  
  
Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,  
Had another and didn't love her;  
Peter learned to read and spell,  
And then he loved her very well.

VI.

Little Tommy Tittlemouse  
Lived in a little house ;  
He caught fishes  
In other men's ditches.

VII.

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,  
Silver buckles on his knee ;  
He'll come back and marry me,  
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's fat and fair,  
Combing down his yellow hair,  
He's my love for evermore,  
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

VIII.

Peg, Peg, with a wooden leg—  
Her father was a miller ;  
He tossed a dumpling at her  
head,  
And said he would not kill her.

IX.

Little Nancy Etticote,  
In a white petticoat,  
With a red nose ;  
The longer she stands  
The shorter she grows.

X.

Three wise men of Gotham  
Went to sea in a bowl ;  
If the bowl had been stronger  
My song had been longer.

XI.

As I was going up Primrose Hill,  
Primrose Hill was dirty ;  
There I met a pretty Miss,  
And she dropped me a cour-  
tesy.

XII.

Polly, put the kettle on,  
Molly, call the muffin man,  
Sally, blow the bellows strong,  
And we'll all have tea.

XIII.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow ?  
Silver bells and cockle shells,  
And pretty maids all in a row.

XIV.

Jack be nimble,  
Jack be quick,  
And Jack jumped over the  
candlestick.

XV.

Little Robin Red-breast  
Sat upon a rail ;  
Needle naddle went his head,  
Wiggle wiggle went his tail.

XVI.

Bow-wow-wow,  
Whose dog art thou ?  
Little Tom Tucker's dog,  
Bow-wow-wow.



XVII.

Little Polly Flinders sat among  
the cinders,  
Warming her pretty little toes!  
Her mother came and caught  
her,  
And whipped her little daughter  
For spoiling her nice new  
clothes.

XVIII.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great  
fall;  
All the king's horses and all the  
king's men  
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty  
together again.

XIX.

Jack Sprat's pig,  
He was not very little,  
Nor yet very big;  
He was not very lean,  
He was not very fat —  
"He'll do well for a grunt,"  
Says little Jack Sprat.

XX.

Old Mother Twitchett had but  
one eye,  
And a long tail, which she let  
fly;  
And every time she went over  
a gap  
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.

XXI.

Doctor Foster went to Gloster  
In a shower of rain;  
He stepped in a puddle up to  
the middle  
And never went there again.

XXII.

See-saw, Margery Daw,  
Jenny shall have a new mas-  
ter;  
She shall have but a penny a day  
Because she can't work any  
faster.

XXIII.

Little Tommy Tucker sings for  
his supper.  
What shall he eat? White bread  
and butter.  
How shall he cut it without any  
knife?  
How will he marry without any  
wife?

XXIV.

Little Boy Blue, come blow your  
horn;  
The sheep's in the meadow, the  
cow's in the corn,  
Where's the little boy that looks  
after the sheep?  
He is under the haystack fast  
asleep.  
Will you wake him? No, not I!  
For if I do he'll be sure to cry.

XXV.

Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy, and  
Bess,  
They all went together to seek  
a bird's nest.  
They found a bird's nest with  
four eggs in,  
They all took one and left none  
in.

XXVI.

There was an old woman lived  
under the hill,  
And if she's not gone she lives  
there still.  
Baked apples she sold and cran-  
berry pies,  
And she's the old woman that  
never told lies.

XXVII.

A diller, a dollar,  
A ten o'clock scholar,  
What makes you come so soon?  
You used to come at ten o'clock,  
But now you come at noon.

XXVIII.

Peter Piper picked a peck of  
pickled pepper,  
A peck of pickled pepper Peter  
Piper picked.  
If Peter Piper picked a peck of  
pickled pepper,  
Where is the peck of pickled  
pepper Peter Piper picked?

XXIX.

Old father Graybeard,  
Without tooth or tongue;  
If you'll give me your finger,  
I'll give you my thumb.

XXX.

Little Miss Muffet  
Sat on a tuffet,  
Eating of curds and whey;  
There came a great spider  
Who sat down beside her,  
And frightened Miss Muffet  
away.

XXXI.

Little Jack Horner sat in a cor-  
ner,  
Eating a Christmas pie.  
He put in his thumb and took  
out a plum  
And said, "What a good boy  
am I!"

XXXII.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
To fetch a pail of water;  
Jack fell down and broke his  
crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after.

Up Jack got and home did trot,  
As fast as he could caper;  
Dame Jill had the job to plaster  
his knob  
With vinegar and brown  
paper.

XXXIII.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean,  
And so between them both, you  
see,  
They licked the platter clean.

XXXIV.

Pease porridge hot,  
Pease porridge cold,  
Pease porridge in the pot  
Nine days old.

Some like it hot,  
Some like it cold,  
Some like it in the pot  
Nine days old.

XXXV.

There was an old woman went  
up in a basket,  
Ninety times as high as the  
moon  
And where she was going I  
couldn't but ask her,  
For in her hand she carried a  
broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old  
woman," quoth I,  
"Whither, O whither, O whither  
so high?"

"To sweep the cobwebs off the  
sky!"

"Shall I go with you?" "Aye, by  
and by."

XXXVI.

Simple Simon met a pieman  
Going to the fair;  
Says Simple Simon to the pie-  
man,  
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple  
Simon,  
"Show me first your penny;"  
Says Simple Simon to the pie-  
man,  
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing,  
To try and catch a whale;  
All the water he had with him  
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look  
If plums grew on a thistle;  
He pricked his fingers very much  
Which made poor Simon  
whistle.

Then Simple Simon went a-hunt-  
ing,  
To try and catch a hare;  
He rode a goat about the street,  
But could not find one there.

He went for water in a sieve,  
But soon it all run through;  
And now poor Simple Simon  
Bids you all adieu!

XXXVII.

Daffy-down-dilly has come up to  
town,  
In a fine petticoat and a green  
gown.

XXXVIII.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,  
Stole a pig and away he ran;  
The pig was eaten  
And Tom was beaten,  
And Tom ran crying down the  
street.

XXXIX.

Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have  
you been?  
I've been to London to visit the  
queen.  
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did  
you there?  
I frightened a little mouse under  
her chair.

XL.

The north wind doth blow,  
And we shall have snow,  
And what will poor Robin do  
then?

Poor thing!

He will hop to a barn,  
And to keep himself warm  
Will hide his head under his  
wing,

Poor thing!

XLI.

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep  
And cannot tell where to find  
them;

Leave them alone and they will  
come home,  
And bring their tails behind  
them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,  
And dreamt she heard them  
bleating;

When she awoke she found it a  
joke,

For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,  
Determined she would find  
them.

She found them, indeed, but it  
made her heart bleed,  
For they left their tails behind  
them.

It happened one day, as Bo-Peep  
did stray

Into a meadow close by,  
She found their tails side by side,  
All hung on a tree to dry.

She heaved a sigh and wiped  
her eye,

Then over the hillocks she  
raced,

And tried what she could as a  
shepherd should,

That each tail should be  
rightly placed.



XLII.

There was an old woman as I've  
heard tell,  
And she went to market her  
eggs to sell.  
She went to market all on a  
market day  
And she fell asleep on the king's  
highway.

There came by a peddler, whose  
name was Stout,  
He cut off her petticoats all  
round about.  
He cut off her petticoats up to  
the knees,  
Which made the old woman  
shiver and freeze.

When the old woman first did  
awake,  
She began to shiver and she  
began to shake;  
She began to wonder and she  
began to cry,  
“Mercy, mercy on me, this is  
not I!

“But if it be I, as I hope it be,  
I have a little dog at home, and  
he'll know me.  
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,  
And if it be not I, he'll bark and  
wail.”

Home went the little woman all  
in the dark,  
Up jumped the little dog and  
he began to bark.  
He began to bark and she began  
to cry,  
“Mercy, mercy on me, this is  
not I!”

XLIII.

Little Tommy Grace had a pain  
in his face,  
So bad he couldn't learn a  
letter.  
Then in came Dicky Long  
Singing such a funny song,  
And Tommy laughed  
And found his face much  
better.





