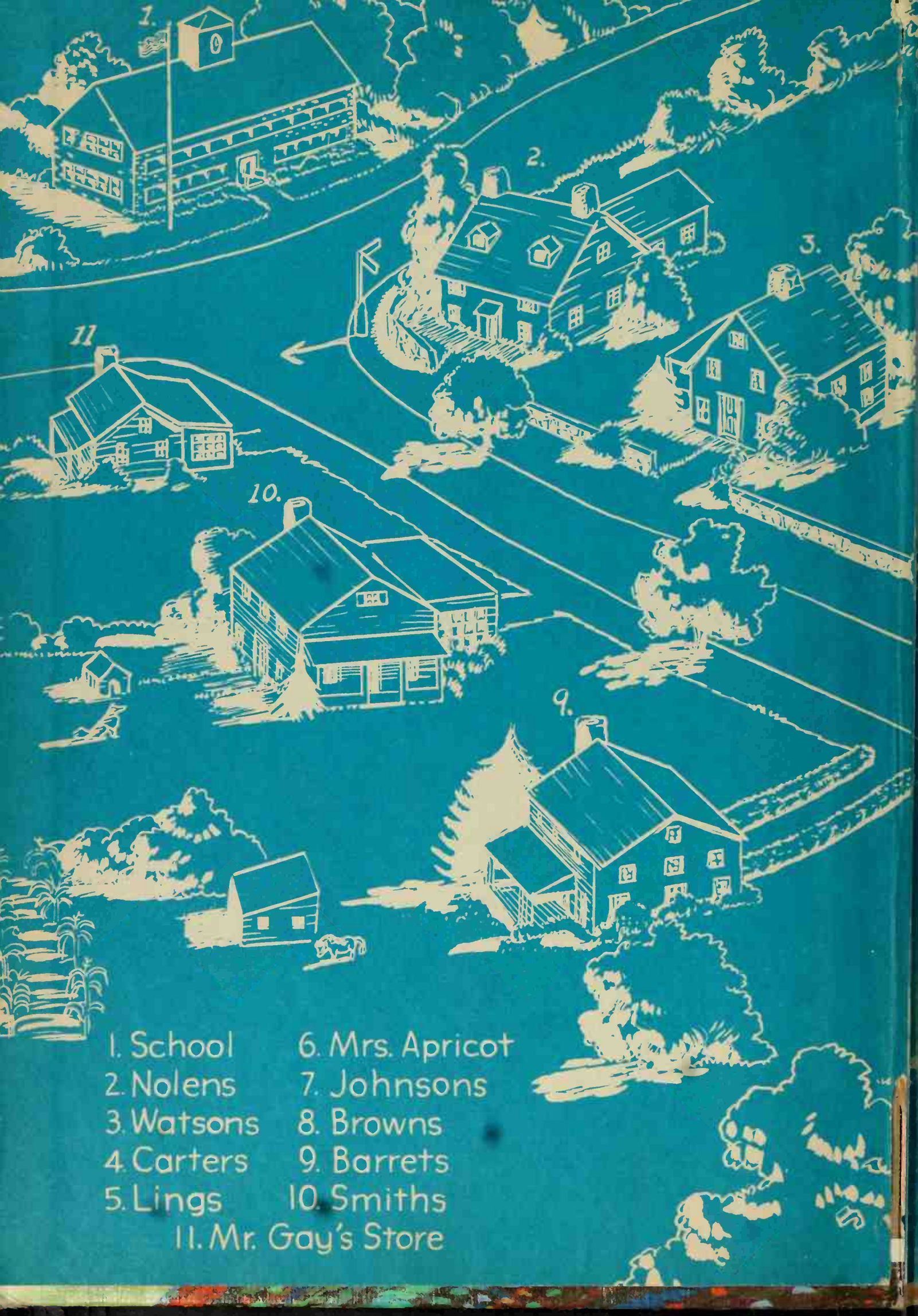
365 BEDTIME STORIES




1.
2.
3.
11
10.
9.
1. School
2. Nolens
3. Watsons
4. Carters
5. Lings
6. Mrs. Apricot
7. Johnsons
8. Browns
9. Barrets
10. Smiths
11. Mr. Gay's Store


MAP OF
What-A-Jolly
Street
CREEK
4.
5.
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7.
8.

365 Bedtime Stories

A story for every day of the year about the children on What-a-Jolly Street as told by
NAN GILBERT



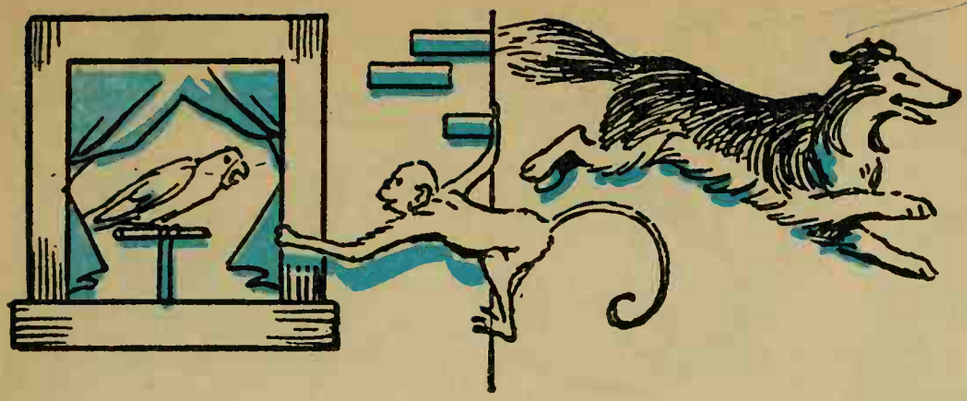
Illustrated by
JILL ELGIN

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I went for a walk and whom did I meet
In the middle of What-a-Jolly Street?
Timmy and Polly and Mary Lou,
Jerry and Jack and David and Sue,
And kittens and dogs and a pony, too,
On What-a-Jolly Street!

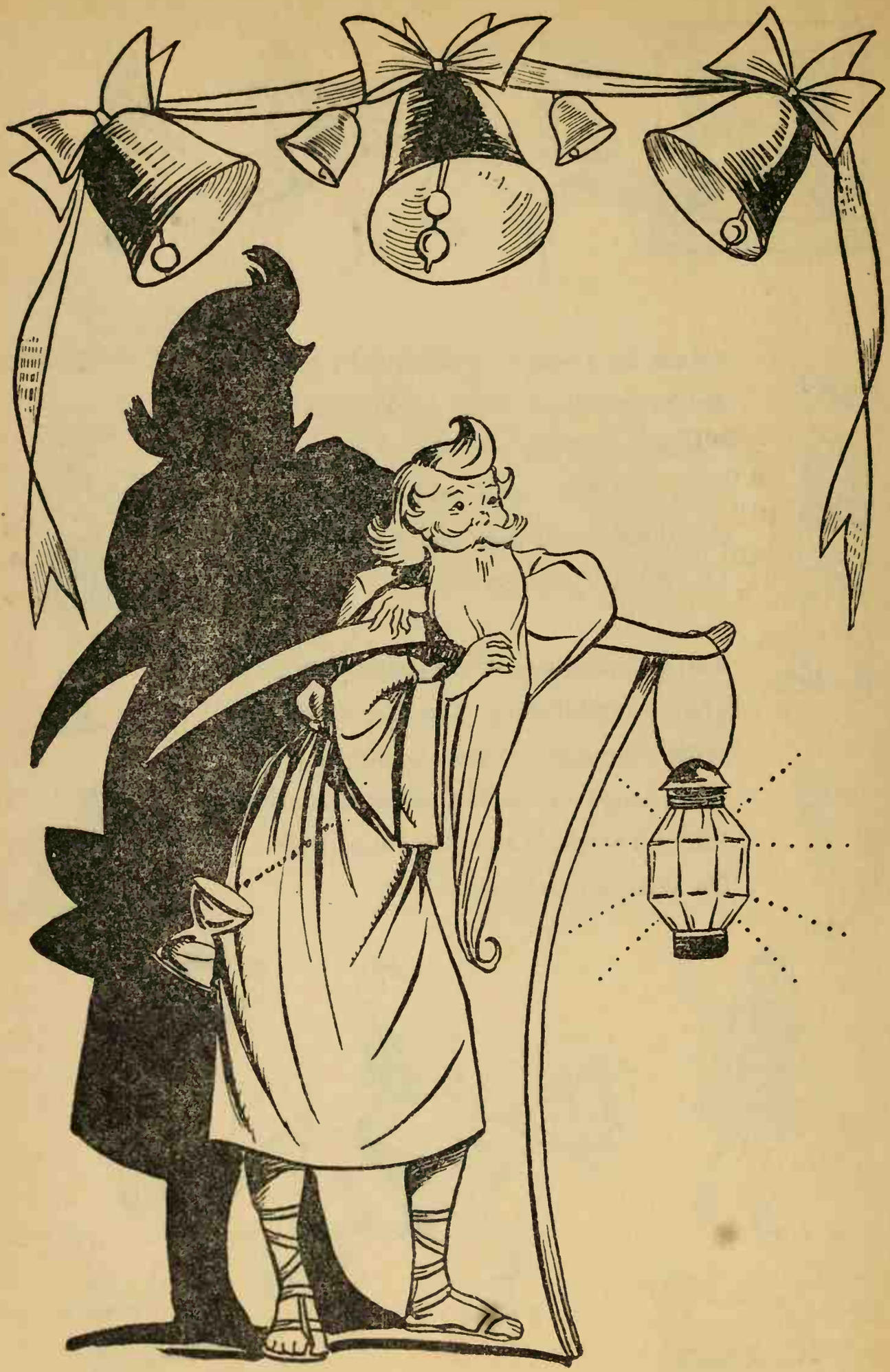


You'd never guess all the games they play,
The wonderful things that they do all day,
With a monkey so clever he almost talks,
With hoppity rabbits, a parrot that squawks—
I think I would like to take *lots* of walks
On What-a-Jolly Street.









Baby New Year



IT WAS midnight on New Year's Eve. The church bells were ringing; the fire siren was blowing. Doors were thrown open as people stepped out onto their porches to shout "Happy New Year!" to each other.

Old Father Time, leaning on his scythe and stroking his long white beard, sighed and shook his head as he listened to them. "Now why are they so happy about New Year? I don't understand it; New Year's only a baby, and babies are a lot of bother, aren't they? Then why do people like them so much?"

Down the road behind him came the bouncing baby New Year. "Hello, Father Time!" he called gaily as he passed. "I'm on my way into the world! Listen to everybody cheer! Isn't it fun? Oh, I'm going to give them the merriest year they ever have had! Good-by, Father Time!"

Old Father Time shook his head again, but with a smile this time. "Maybe that's why people like babies! What a package of fun they are!" he said.

He watched the baby New Year trotting merrily down the road, singing a rollicking song in time to the gay rhythm of the bells.

"Happy New Year," Father Time said with a smile. "Yes, that's what he is—happy New Year. And look where he's heading—I might have known it! He's making straight for the most cheerful spot in the world—he's going to live on What-a-Jolly Street! Well, *now* there's no doubt about it, no doubt at all—he's going to be a happy, happy New Year!"

JANUARY 2

What-a-Jolly Street



THE NAME of the street was really Trufflescootems Boulevard. Nobody called it that, though, because the street wasn't long. It was very short, and twenty-two children lived on it. Twenty-two, imagine that!

Where twenty-two children live and play and yell and shout and ride their tricycles and wagons and bikes and play with their dogs and cats and rabbits and turtles and monkeys and parrots—well, you just can't call a street like that Trufflscootems Boulevard, can you?

So nobody did. When they came to that block, they always smiled and said, "My, what a jolly street!" And pretty soon that was the name of it—"What-a-Jolly Street."

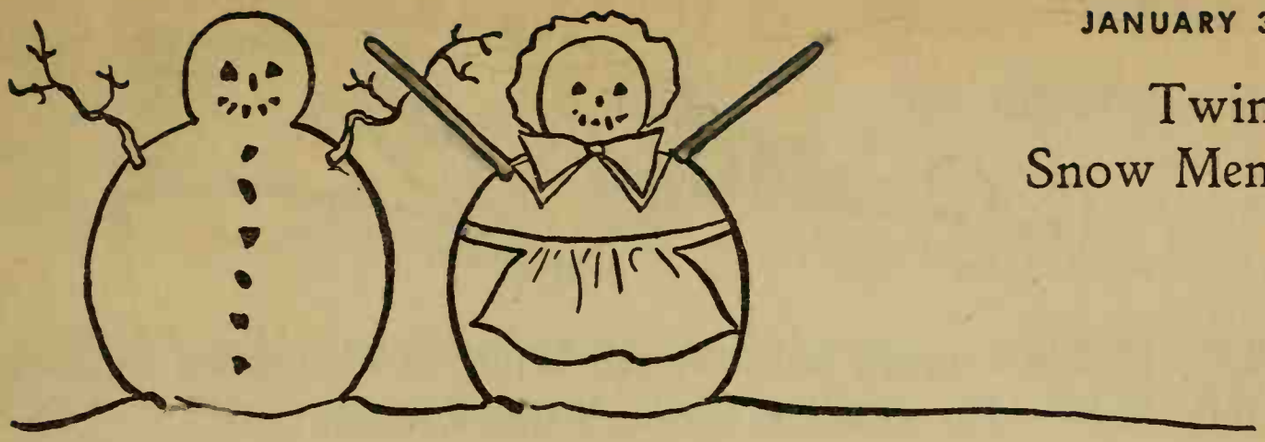
The day after New Year's, all of the twenty-two children were outside playing. Even little Polly, the Carter baby, was in her walker, waving her blue mittens and shouting, "Hi! Hi! Hi!" at the snowflakes drifting down on her plump red cheeks and little button nose.

Her brother Timmy giggled and giggled, watching her. "*You* can't catch snowflakes, Polly Carter!" he said. "But I can! Watch me, Polly! Watch me!"

Timmy bounced up and down, flapping his arms like a little red rooster. He clapped his mittened hands together on one snowflake after another, but when he peeked—there never was any snowflake there!

"Well, what do you know? I can't catch a snowflake myself!" Timmy chuckled. It was such a joke on him that he tipped his head back and laughed out loud, "Oh, fuf-fuf-fuf!"

Then he shut his mouth very suddenly. "Why, I *did* catch a snowflake!" he cried. "I caught lots of them—in my mouth!"



Twin Snow Men

NEXT door to Timmy lived Jack and Jerry Watson. They were twins, and they looked so much alike that sometimes their own sisters couldn't tell them apart. They looked so much alike that sometimes they got very, very tired of it!

This morning Jerry decided, "I'm going to make a snow man!"

"So am I!" Jack shouted.

Jerry frowned. "Not like mine, you aren't!"

"Of course not!" Jack cried.

All morning they worked on their snow men. Jack's had straw hair and coal buttons and tree-branch arms with stick fingers. Jerry's snow man wore a funny bonnet and a raggedy apron, and had broomstick arms.

"There!" the twins said proudly. "Guess *they* don't look alike!"

In the afternoon it started to snow again. The wind blew hard. Ice pattered against the windows. It was such a blowy, snowy storm that Jack and Jerry had to stay inside. Not until almost dark could they peek out again to see their snow men.

"They're still there!" Jerry shouted.

"But—but *look* at them!" Jack cried.

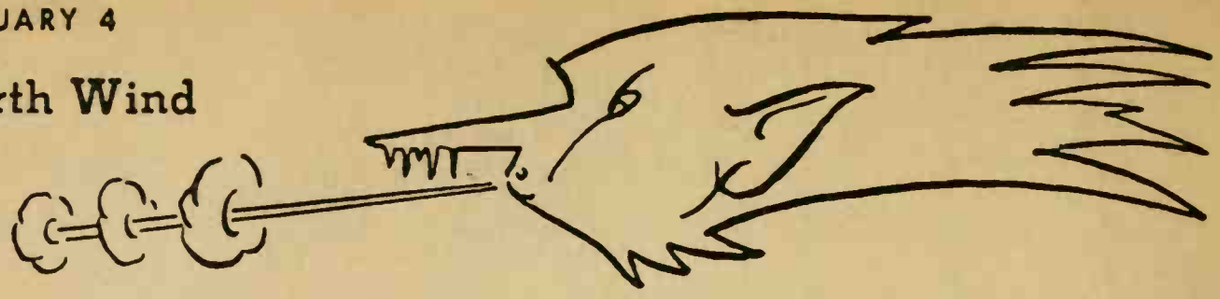
For the snow men had changed. The wind had whipped away the old bonnet and the straw hair, and buried the apron under fresh snow. Snow had hidden the buttons, and piled so thickly on the arms that the boys couldn't tell which were broomstick and which were treestick!

"Why, they're just alike!" Jerry cried.

"Isn't that something?" Jack grinned. "We made twins!"

JANUARY 4

North Wind



THE BIG blustering bully, North Wind, howled down What-a-Jolly Street. He whistled through the Watson yard.

"Whoooooeeeee!" he shrieked as he circled the twin snow men Jack and Jerry had made. "What's this? Are there really two of you or am I seeing double?"

"Don't be so noisy," scolded Jerry's snow man. "You give me a headache with all that screaming."

"You're giving *me* a headache!" North Wind retorted angrily. "How can I decide which of you is which, or whether there's only one which!"

"Don't call me a witch!" cried Jack's snow man. "I'm a respectable snow man, minding my own business, and that's more than you can say!"

"Why, why—" sputtered North Wind, "—you impudent scalawag, I'll blow you down!"

He puffed out his cheeks and let loose an icy blast that sent snow flying, thick as pea-soup fog.

"*Whooooooooo!*" he screamed. But when the snow settled, there stood the two snow men as solidly as ever. North Wind danced in rage; he howled and stamped and jumped up and down. He huffed and puffed and shrieked and whooped until he was so worn out that he dwindled down, down, down . . . down to nothing at all!

Silence settled over What-a-Jolly Street. Windows stopped rattling; the moon came out.

"What a nice quiet night!" sighed Jerry's snow man happily.

"Yes, indeed. There's nothing I like better than a nice quiet night," agreed Jack's snow man.

Then, very solemnly, they winked at each other!



Hustle-Bustle

ACROSS the street from Timmy lived the Browns. Mike Brown was two. Peter was almost six, Mary Lou was nine, and Hustle-Bustle was thirteen. Hustle-Bustle was a parrot.

First thing every morning Hustle-Bustle opened his cage door with his strong curved beak, and climbed to the top of his cage. His long feet held the wires tightly, and his head bobbed this way and that as he looked for company. "Hello? Hello?" he shouted.

If the children weren't up to answer him, he called them just as their mother did at eight o'clock.

"Mareeee! Get up now! Peeeeter! Mary Looooo!"

Sometimes it fooled the children, and they got sleepily out of bed and started to dress way ahead of time.

Hustle-Bustle liked to pretend he was talking over the telephone. From listening to Mrs. Brown, he had learned a whole string of sounds almost like words.

"Well, well, gab-goo-pilly-bow-biggildy-guck!" he would say whenever Mrs. Brown sat down at the phone. "Fuddy-fop-goopity-wum-wa-ferty-fay!"

He always finished very loudly, "Well, good-by now! Good-by! *Good-by!*" Sometimes the person talking to Mrs. Brown thought Mrs. Brown was saying good-by, and hung up.

"That parrot!" Mrs. Brown would complain.

"That parrot!" Peter and Mary Lou would frown when Hustle-Bustle got them up early.

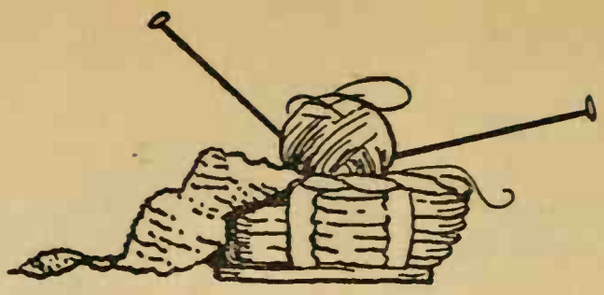
"Maybe we ought to sell him," Mr. Brown would twinkle.

Mrs. Brown and Mary Lou and Peter and little Mike would stare at him round-eyed. "Sell *Hustle-Bustle?* Oh, *no!*"

Then Hustle-Bustle would chatter happily, "Well, well, hello!"

JANUARY 6

Twelfth Day





AT THE end of What-a-Jolly Street lived old Mrs. Apricot. Yes, that was really her name—Mrs. Apricot, and she looked like one, too, soft and rosy and plump.

Mrs. Apricot was teaching the big girls on What-a-Jolly Street to knit. They were all at her house this afternoon, working slowly and carefully on their bright yarn squares.

As their needles clicked, Mrs. Apricot said, "Well, today is Twelfth-Day. My, I remember how we used to celebrate it when I was a girl—we had masked parties, games, gifts!"

"Twelfth-Day?" asked Betty Watson, "what's that?"

"The twelfth day after Christmas; what they used to call Old Christmas," Mrs. Apricot explained. "The eve of Twelfth-Day—Twelfth-Night—was the night the wise men were supposed to have brought their gifts to the baby Jesus."

Ruth Barrett said softly,

"On the Twelfth Night they came from afar,
Bearing fine gifts, and led by a star."

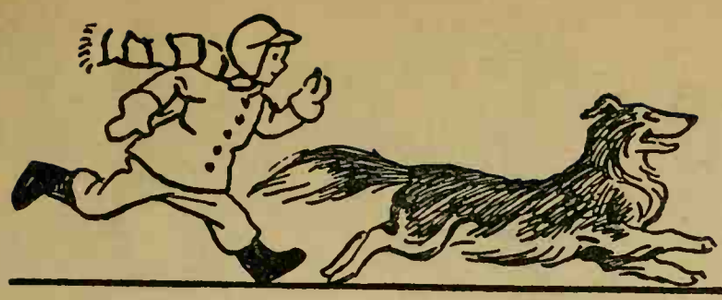
"Oh, wouldn't it be nice if *we* could give some baby a present to celebrate the day?" Mary Lou Brown asked. "Only we haven't a baby, or a present either!"

"There's little Polly Carter," suggested Susan Ling.

"And we have these squares!" cried Betty Watson. "Oh, Mrs. Apricot, couldn't we sew them together somehow—"

"And make a carriage robe for Polly?" asked Mrs. Apricot.

That's just what they did! Mrs. Apricot crocheted a pretty edging around it, and it was as lovely a blanket as any baby could want! Polly cooed and clapped her fat hands when she saw it, and never guessed that she was helping celebrate Twelfth-Day.



JANUARY 7

Not-So-Easy Money

AT THE other end of What-a-Jolly Street from Mrs. Apricot's house lived Paul Smith and his little sister, Ellen, and their big collie dog, Butch.

One afternoon Paul came whistling into his yard. "H'yuh, Butch!" he called. "We're going to the store! I have a quarter to spend—see! Found it on the street! How's that for easy money?"

Butch sniffed at the quarter and barked noisily as he raced Paul down the block to *Mr. Gay's Handy Grocery.*

"Mr. Gay! Mr. Gay! I'm a rich man today!" Paul sang as he peeked into all of Mr. Gay's counters. Let's see, what should he buy? There were gumdrops and licorice and barber-pole candy and gum. There were peanuts, too, and fresh doughnuts, and frosted rolls! And sweet red apples and bright golden oranges and rich purple plums! And hundreds of cookies!

Up and down went Paul, faster and faster. Deciding on something was so hard! Should he buy peanuts and an apple? Candy and gum? Cookies?

The door opened and little Sally Nolen came in, crying.

"Why, Sally, what's the matter?" Mr. Gay asked.

"I'm supposed to buy a l-loaf of b-b-bread for M-Mother!" Sally sobbed. "And I l-l-lost the money!"

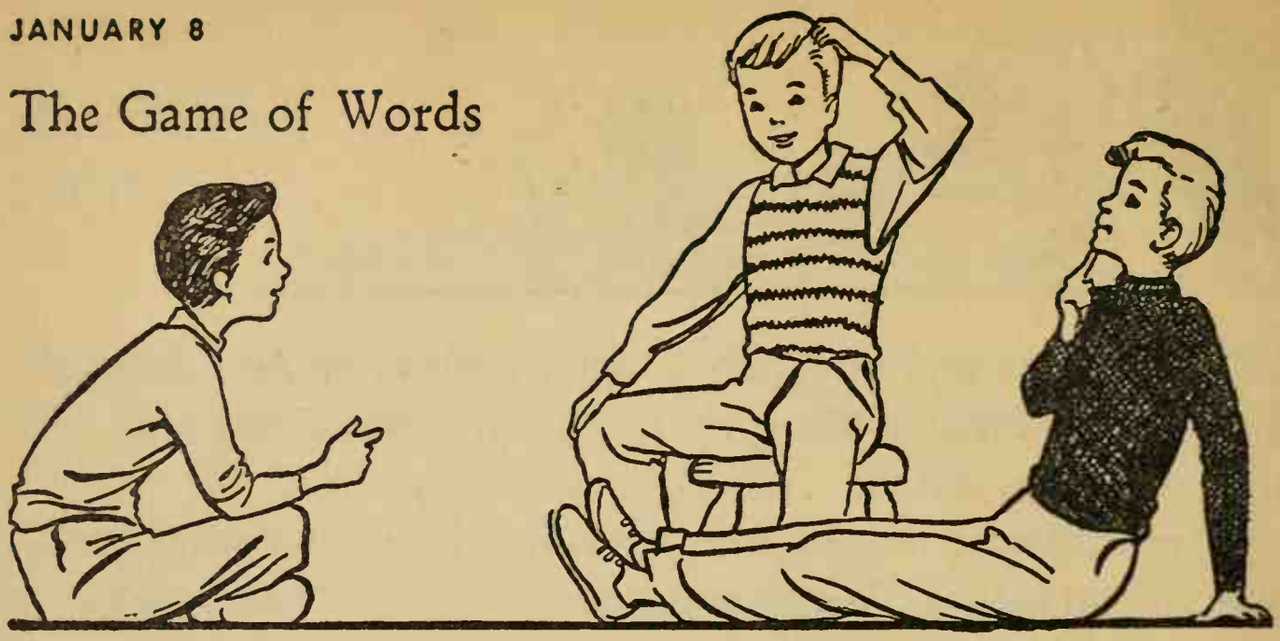
Paul looked at Sally. "Was it a quarter?" he asked.

"Y-y-yes," wept Sally.

"Here!" said Paul. He clapped the quarter into Sally's hand. "Here, take it; it must be yours. I found it in the street." He shook his head as he went out with Butch. "Boy, and am I glad to get rid of it! I thought it was easy money, Butch, but spending it was too tough for me!"

JANUARY 8

The Game of Words



PAUL and Ted were playing at Bob's house one blizzardy Saturday morning.

"I know a game," said Paul, watching Bob's two cats wrestle each other lazily on the floor. "You take a word like cat, and then you think up a word that describes cat, like 'meowing' cat, or 'fighting' cat, see? Only first of all, it has to begin with *a*. The fellow who can't think of any more *a* words is out, and the others go on to *b*."

"Sure, I get it!" said Ted. "*Alley* cat!"

"*Aged* cat!" cried Paul.

Bob thought hard. "*Angry* cat!" he shouted.

It was Ted's turn again. He rolled his eyes and scratched his head and scowled, until finally he yelled, "*Afraidy*-cat!"

Bob and Paul shouted with laughter. "Okay, okay," agreed Paul, "I guess we'll take that. *Active* cat!"

Bob was still laughing. "I'm out!" he said. "You go on to *b*."

"*Black* cat," said Ted promptly.

"*Big* cat," said Paul.

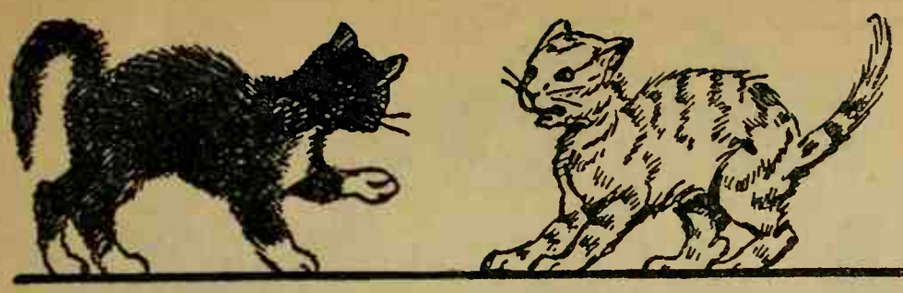
"*Barn* cat!"

"*Busy* cat!" cried Ted.

"*Baby* cat!"

Paul said, "You've got me. I can't think of another one."

"I can!" shouted Bob. "Easiest one of all. *Bob*cat!"



JANUARY 9

Tom and Tiger

IN THE Nolen house on What-a-Jolly Street everyone was asleep but Tom and Tiger, the Nolen cats. Tiger was big and golden with brown stripes like a real tiger; he liked to act very fierce. Tom was coal-black with white paws and vest and nose; he thought he was the handsomest cat in the world.

Tonight Tom and Tiger had been snarling crossly at each other ever since bedtime. Tom wanted to clean every last bit of snow and mud from his coat, and Tiger wanted to sleep.

"Haven't you finished yet?" Tiger grumbled. "You're keeping me awake."

Tom licked his white vest carefully. "I think I look like Mr. Nolen," he purred, "when he's all fixed up in his dress suit."

"Hah!" snorted Tiger. "You look more like a penguin to me! Silly, squawking penguin, that's you!"

"I am not!" hissed Tom. "Take that back!"

"Try and make me!" yowled Tiger, knowing Tom hated to fight and ruffle his smooth coat.

Tonight, however, Tom forgot his coat. He sailed into the air like a black-and-white rocket and landed plump on Tiger.

Sssstttt! Scrrrrritch! Zing! Wow! A mixed-up ball of brown and black fur shot up and rolled across the floor. It crashed into the wall, and untangled into two cats—with Tom on top!

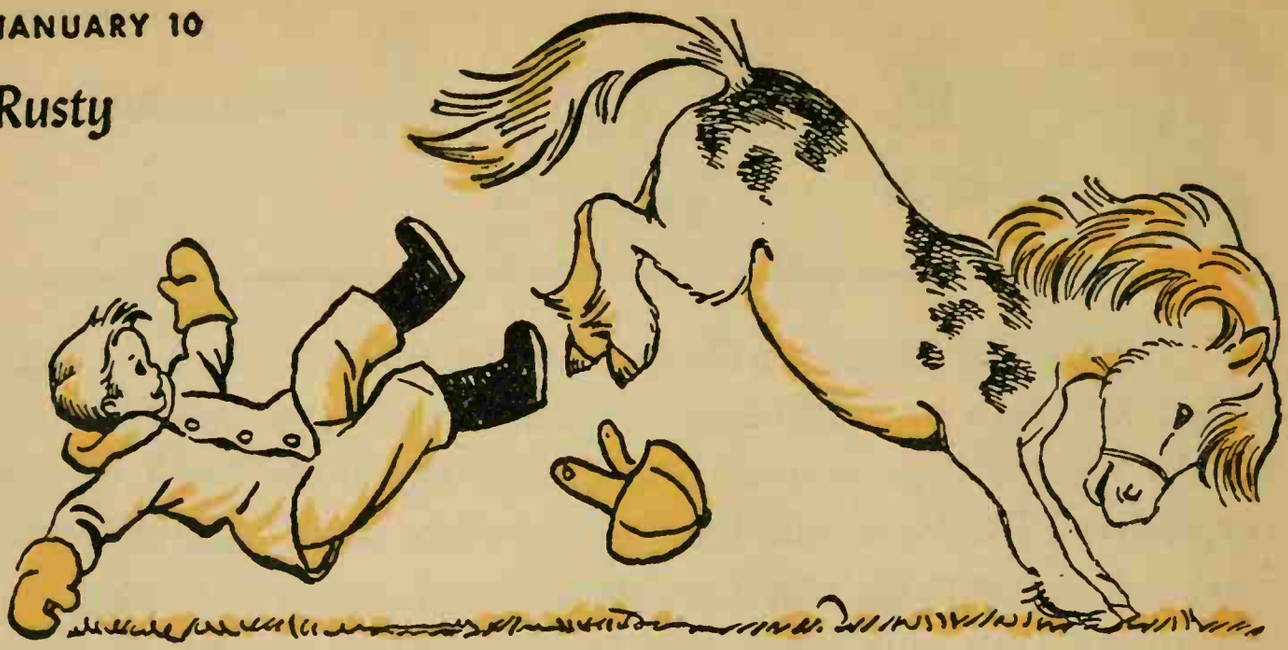
"Ooooof!" said Tiger, scrambling to his feet. "I take it back —you're no penguin!" He added admiringly, "Fact is, you're more like a tiger. Very, very fierce!"

"Hmmmm, that so?" Tom purred, looking pleased.

He climbed back into the box and helped Tiger lick his ruffled fur. "Beautiful fur you've got, Tiger," Tom admitted. "I believe stripes are handsomer than plain black and white!"

JANUARY 10

Rusty



TODAY was David Barrett's ninth birthday. Paul and Ted and Bob, Mary Lou, Susan, and Betty all came to his birthday party.

"What'll we play?" David asked them eagerly.

"Oh, let's ride Rusty!" cried Susan.

Rusty was the Barretts' Shetland pony. He liked children, and was glad to give them rides. The snow had kept him in his shed for several days now, and he felt so frisky about getting out that he bounced around like a rocking horse!

"Wait, I'll saddle him," said David.

"Shucks, I can ride him bareback!" boasted Bob. "C'mon, Rusty, let's show these kids some real riding. Yippee!"

He gave a cowboy yell, and waved his leather helmet like a broad-brimmed sombrero.

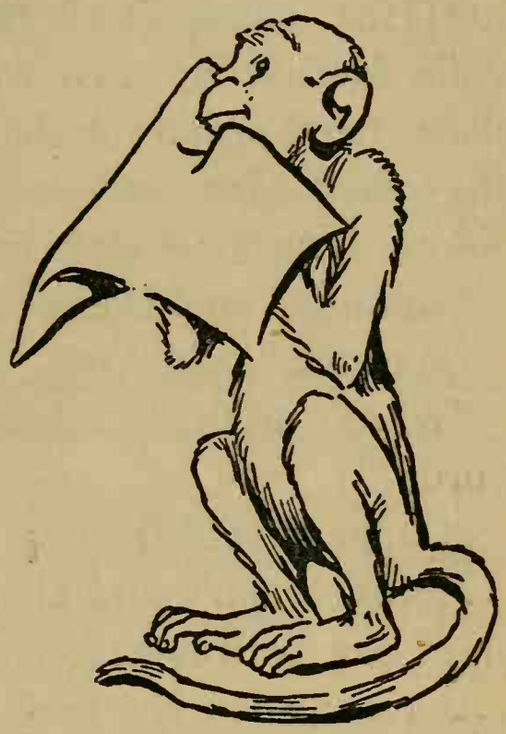
Maybe the yell made Rusty feel like a cowboy's pinto, for he gave a skittish leap and reared up on his hind legs! Bob slid backward over Rusty's tail, and landed—*boomp!*—on the hard frozen ground!

"Wow!" said Bob, getting up and touching himself gently to see if he were broken. "Feels as if I'll have to eat your birthday cake standing up, Dave!"

"No, you won't!" laughed David. "Mother's kept a special pillow in the dining room ever since we got Rusty, and you aren't the first one to need it!"

Monkey Business





KATHY was playing with her doll, and paying no attention to the chattering little brown monkey perched on the toyshelf. Kathy was cross at Beppo for climbing into her dollhouse this morning and scattering the furniture every-which-way.

"What a dirty, dirty face!" she scolded her doll. And she scrubbed it hard with a washcloth.

Beppo pressed against her arm. She turned to frown, and she found she couldn't frown at all. She just had to smile.

For Beppo, hoping to please her, was scrubbing *his* face with a doll blanket!

"Oh, Beppo!" laughed Kathy, hugging him. "*You're* not a doll!"

But who knows—maybe Beppo *thought* he was! Maybe that's why he'd climbed into the dollhouse!

JANUARY 12

A Funny Story



MOTHER asked Doris to read little Amy her bedtime story while Mother finished work in the kitchen. Doris felt very pleased and proud for she hadn't known how to read very long. She called Amy, and they went off together.

Soon both little girls came running back to the kitchen.

"Mamma," said Doris, "Amy won't keep still and let me read!"

"Mamma," said Amy, "I don't like that story!"

"What's all this?" asked Mother. "Doris, did you know all the words?"

"Oh, yes," said Doris.

Mother wasn't sure about that. "Read it out here where Amy and I can both hear it," she suggested.

Doris opened the book again, and began to read fast and loud. This is what she read:

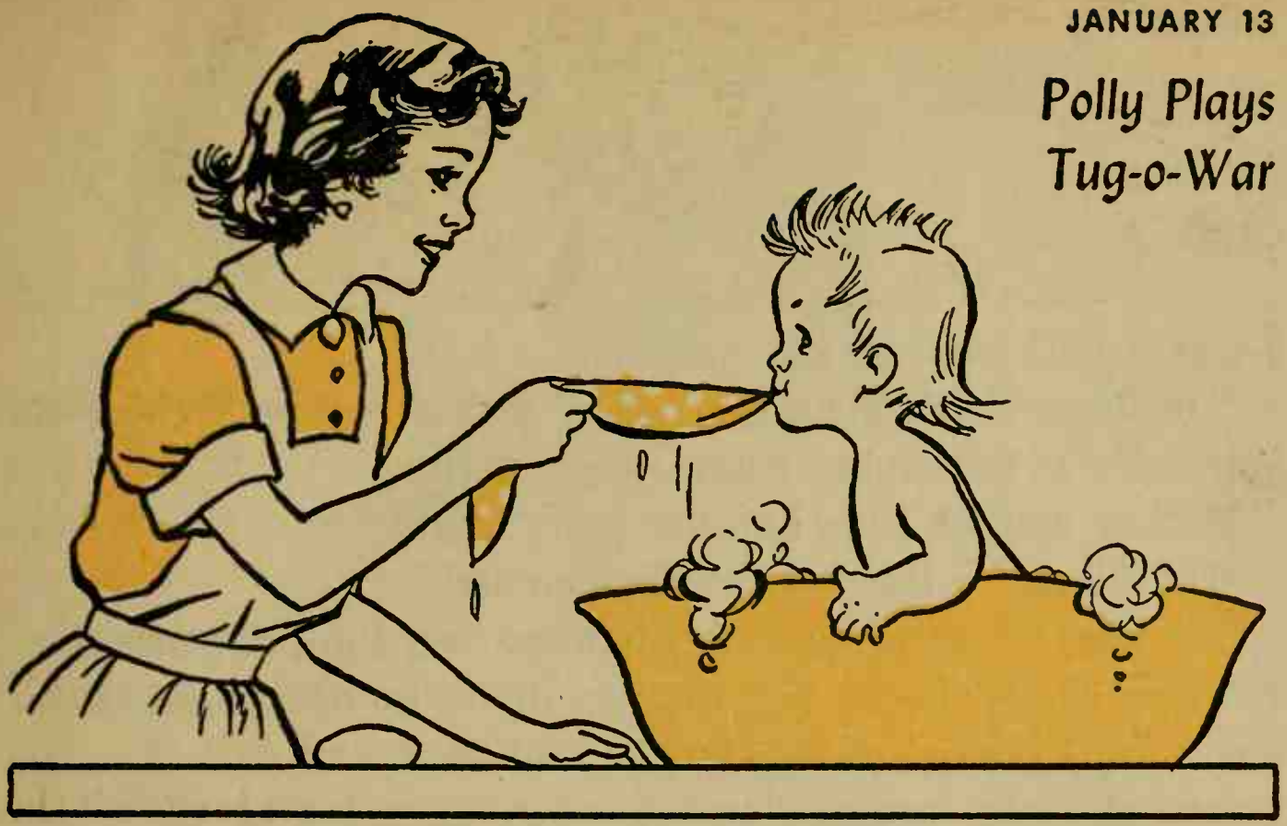
"The red fox said to the little red hen tail rabbit-ears where are you going little buttonhook rabbit-ears. The little red hen said tail rabbit-ears that's for you to find out tail sir baseball-bat rabbit-ears."

"My goodness!" said Mother. "Let *me* see the book, Doris." When she looked at the story she laughed until Doris and Amy had to laugh, too. "Oh, Doris, you were reading the commas and quotation marks and things right with the story! You just skip them, dear; they're only put in to make reading easier."

"Oh, don't you read them?" asked Doris. "Okay, Amy. Then this is what it says. *The red fox said to the little red hen, 'Where are you going?' The little red hen said, 'That's for you to find out, sir!'* "

"Now it's a *good* story," said Amy, settling down to listen.

Polly Plays Tug-o-War



BABY POLLY was having her bath. She sat in her little tub and grabbed for the washcloth as Mother rubbed it over her.

"Ahhhhh!" she cried in joy as she caught it at last. Straight to her mouth it went, and she chewed it hard!

"Oh, Polly, no, no!" Mother laughed. She tugged at the washcloth. Polly clamped all four of her teeth on it and held on tight. It was just like a game of tug o' war!

Mother tugged again. Polly held on harder. Mother had an idea. The sunshine coming through the window reflected on Polly's bath water, and made dancing lights on the ceiling as the water moved. Mother stirred the water briskly and then pointed to the ceiling.

"Look, Polly," she said. "See the pretty rainbows!"

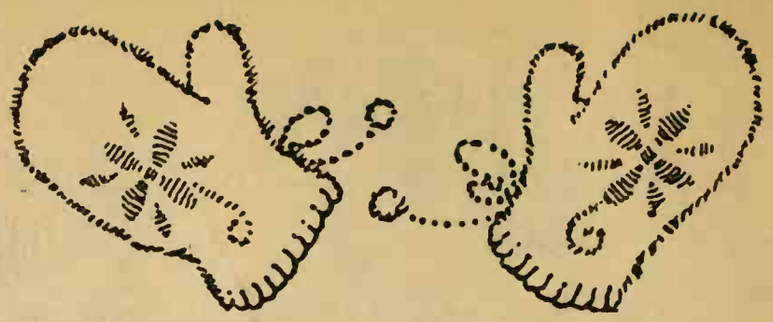
Polly looked up. When she saw the bright dancing flickers on the ceiling, she laughed aloud.

"Hi! Hi! Hi!" she shouted, reaching for them.

Of course when she laughed, out of her mouth dropped the washcloth! Mother quietly picked it up and went on with Polly's bath, and Polly, laughing at the pretty lights, never knew she'd lost that game of tug o' war!

JANUARY 14

The Lost Mittens



JANE LING had lost her mittens.

"Oh, Jane, that's the second pair!" sighed Susan. "When will you learn to remember where you put things?"

Mother bought Jane another pair, bright red.

"Oh, I'll *never* lose them!" Jane smiled.

She wore them proudly to kindergarten the next morning. It was a snowy, blowy day, so they didn't go out to recess. Instead, they played games inside, and Jane had such fun she forgot she was supposed to remember anything at all.

At noon she struggled into snowpants and coat and hood. Jane was always the last kindergartner out of school. Finally she pulled on her boots; they were big boots because they had been Toby's, so usually they went on easily. But today they didn't, and by the time Jane had fastened them, the older children were getting out. Jane saw Susan.

"Wait, Susan!" she cried.

"Are you still here?" Susan cried. "Where are your mittens?"

"In my pockets," Jane said. But they weren't there.

Both she and Susan looked. There were no red mittens to be seen!

"Oh, Jane!" cried Susan. "Did you lose your new pair?"

Jane blinked back two tears, and followed Susan home. She went into the house and began to pull off her boots.

And then, as the first boot came off, Jane shouted, "Susan! I *did* remember! I put them in here to keep them safe!"

Out of the toe of one boot she pulled a red mitten, and out of the toe of the other came another red mitten.

"I remembered all right," Jane said proudly. "Only thing is, I forgot to remember what I remembered!"



JANUARY 15

A Quilt for Arabella



MARY LOU was cutting quilt patches for Mrs. Apricot. "It would be lots easier to cut a dozen at a time instead of just one," sighed Mary Lou.

Mrs. Apricot laughed. "So I thought once upon a time, too. I was just a little girl, and I wanted to make a quilt for my doll, Arabella. I chose a round-the-world pattern because I liked the way the colors marched in big circles, but like you, I found it dull to cut one patch at a time. So I snipped them by the dozen, and when I lost my cardboard pattern, I just used the patches as a pattern.

"Well, when I came to set them together, the colors went round and round all right, but they never did meet at the other end! Each group of patches I'd cut had been a mite bigger than the group before, until when they were sewed together they looked like nothing so much as a pinwheel!

"My mother said, 'Well, child, perhaps you should call it a Patience Quilt. As long as you keep it, let it remind you to be patient and careful.' "

Mary Lou said softly, "Do you still have that quilt?"

Mrs. Apricot smiled. "I wouldn't be a bit surprised!"



JANUARY 16

Fun in the Dark

AS THE clock in the Browns' living room struck midnight, all the toys woke up.

The Teddy bear tried to climb out of Mike's crib. "Help me!" he called to two dolls who were going past.

The dolls, Snow White and Ingrid, stopped. "Can't you squeeze through?" they asked.

"No," yelled Teddy. "I'm stuck!"

"We'll get somebody bigger," the dolls promised.

They went downstairs and found the other toys in the kitchen. There were Judy, the wobbly rag doll, squeaky little Do-Do who took baths with Mike, the farmer from Peter's barnyard-set with all his animals, and the cowboy from Peter's dresser.

"We're going to get that pie down from the cabinet," they told the dolls. "The cowboy will hold up Farmer Brown, and one of you can climb on Farmer Brown's shoulders."

"Us?" cried the dolls. "We might break!"

"I'm too wobbly," explained Judy.

"I squeak," said Do-Do. "I might wake Hustle-Bustle."

"Well, I'll try," Ingrid said. She scrambled to the farmer's shoulders. "Ooooo!" she squealed. "I'm slipping!"

"Fall on me. I'm soft," said Judy.

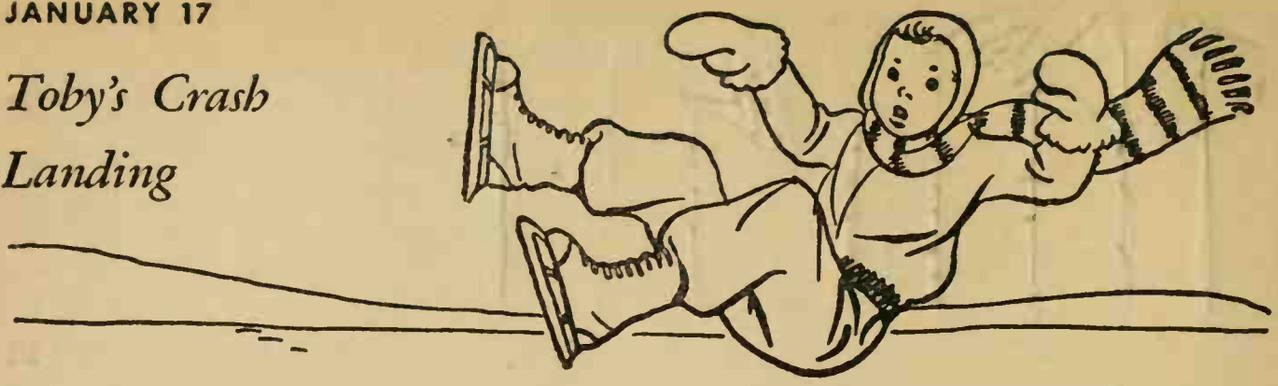
Hustle-Bustle, the parrot, grumbled in his sleep. "Fuss, fuss!"

At the sound of his voice, Ingrid jumped into Judy's soft arms. The farmer drove his animals away. The cowboy dashed off without firing a shot and the other dolls ran upstairs.

In the morning the toys were all where they belonged, but Mike wondered how his Teddy bear had got jammed between the crib bars so that Daddy had to come and pull him out!

JANUARY 17

Toby's Crash Landing



TOBY had received a pair of ice skates for Christmas. He thought they were beautiful and exciting, and he was sure that skating would be almost as thrilling as flying.

Each day he strapped on the skates and practiced on the packed-down snow of What-a-Jolly Street. When he could take a few careful little strokes, he decided he was ready to try the creek back of his house.

The wind had blown away the snow, and the ice looked smooth and sparkling in the sunshine. Toby put on his skates and stepped boldly out onto it.

Whoosh! Before he could say "Toby Ling," he was flat on his back, with his feet in the air!

"What happened?" Toby cried. Cautiously he stood up, and his skates promptly skidded out from under him *again!*

"Huh!" said Toby. "This isn't much like flying! I don't know why ice has to be so awfully slippery!"

He got to his feet once more, and this time managed to stand on his skates and even coast a little way. He took a stroke, and another—

"Wow!" he shouted. "Now I *am* flying!"

Then—*splat!* Down he went again! He sat up scowling, rumbling to himself like a thundercloud, and there, right ahead of him, he saw a space where the ice was so thin that water washed over it! If Toby had managed another stroke or two, he'd have gone splash into it.

"Well, I guess flying's all right," Toby decided, "but it doesn't hurt to land now and then to look things over!"



Jack, the Painter

ELLEN loved the pictures she found on the windows these winter mornings.

"Look!" she'd beg Paul. "There's a big castle on a hill—"

"And there's the old witch climbing up to it," Paul teased.

"Oh, no, Paul, a fairy, a beautiful fairy! What makes the pictures?" asked Ellen.

"Jack Frost paints them," Paul told her. "Every night he comes, with an icicle for a paintbrush, and snowpies for his paintbox. First he breathes on the window like this—" Paul blew on the pane and it clouded a misty gray, "—then, fast as fast, he draws his pictures." With his finger, Paul drew a comical face. "See?"

"But it's fading away, Paul!"

"Well, I didn't have an icicle paintbrush," Paul explained. "That's the difference."

Ellen didn't know whether she quite believed him or not, but she thought it a lovely story anyway.

After breakfast Ellen put on snowsuit and boots and mittens and hood and went out to play in the yard with Butch, the collie. They romped in the snowbanks and tumbled on the ice. The morning was half gone in a twinkling.

"Better come in and warm up a bit," Ellen's mother called. And then she laughed. "Goodness! Jack Frost has certainly painted your nose!"

Ellen tugged off her boots hurriedly. She ran to a mirror, but there were no castles and fairies on her nose—only a bright red color that was already fading!

"Well," Ellen decided, "I guess Jack didn't have his icicle paintbrush today. He just had to use his finger, like Paul."

JANUARY 19

Hurry! Hurry!



LITTLE Jane Ling was a slowpoke.

"Hurry!" her big brother Toby would call as he started to school at eight-thirty.

"Hurry!" her big sister Susan would warn as the clock hands reached quarter to nine.

"I'm hurrying," Jane always said, dreamily, eating her breakfast food one kernel at a time.

One morning when Jane came down to breakfast, minutes and minutes after Toby and Susan had finished, her mother saw a big hole in the heel of Jane's yellow sock.

"Goodness!" cried Mrs. Ling. "Better put on another pair of socks after breakfast, Jane."

"Yes," said Jane, pouring cream spoonful by spoonful.

"Hurry, Jane!" called Toby, bouncing out the door.

"Hurry, Jane," Susan cried, "or I can't wait for you!"

Jane ate her breakfast and drifted slowly upstairs. She found a pair of red socks and sat down and slowly unfolded them.

"Jane!" shouted Susan. "I'm going!"

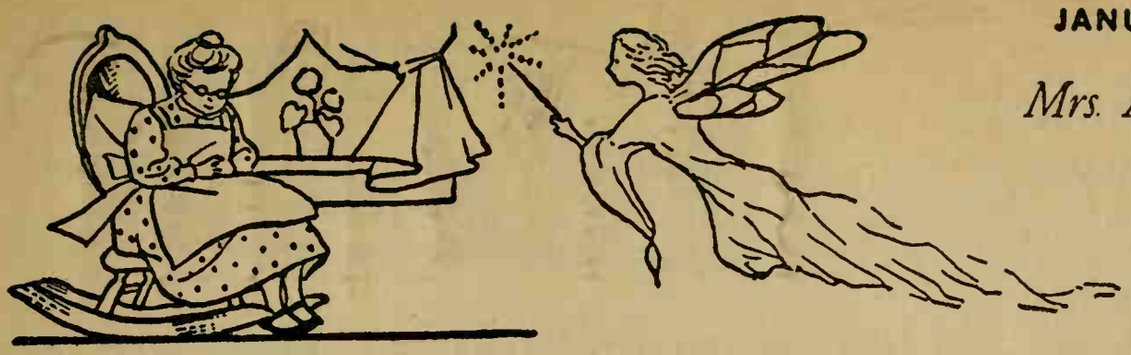
"Wait, Susan!" Jane called. "I'm hurrying!"

The front door banged shut. Oh, dear, it must be very late indeed if Susan wouldn't wait! Jane scrambled into socks and shoes, ran downstairs, flung on snowsuit and boots, and galloped wildly after Susan.

She reached her kindergarten room just as the bell rang, and flopped down on the floor to pull off her boots.

"Hurry, Jane," said the teacher with a smile.

"Yes," said Jane. But she had decided never to hurry again, because she'd put on one red sock and one yellow sock, and the yellow sock was the one with the hole in it!



JANUARY 20

Mrs. Apricot's Dream

THE DREAM FAIRY smiled when she found old Mrs. Apricot dozing in her chair by the sunny window. "I'll surprise her!" she whispered, touching Mrs. Apricot with her star-tipped wand.

Suddenly Mrs. Apricot wasn't old at all! She was a little girl again waking from her nap in the same room she'd slept in as a child!

The room was cold as tinkling icicles just as it always used to be, for the only heat came from stoves in the kitchen and parlor. The little girl danced up and down to keep warm as she buttoned her dress and brushed her hair. She skipped downstairs, and ran to the parlor window to breathe on the frosty pane and make a peephole to look out at the world. It was a white world—nothing but snow to be seen. Not even another house, for the nearest one was two miles away.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the little girl. "I'd be so happy if I had some children to play with!"

Then to her surprise she heard voices laughing and chattering outside! Children's voices!

"My goodness!" cried the little girl. "Am I dreaming?"

She opened her eyes wide—and suddenly she was old Mrs. Apricot again, waking from her nap in the sunshine. There *were* voices outside! The children of What-a-Jolly Street were coming to call.

"My, my," beamed Mrs. Apricot, bustling to the door. "Isn't it lucky that I baked cookies this morning!"

The Dream Fairy smiled as she faded softly out of sight. "I thought I'd give her a happy dream," she whispered, "but I do believe she's happier awake!"

JANUARY 21

Priscilla's Adventure



DORIS and Ted had two squirrel friends named Paddy and Priscilla who lived in a cottonwood tree in the Johnson yard. On summer days the squirrels came skittering over the roof of the house every morning to look for peanuts on the children's window ledges. They would sit on the ledge, eat a peanut or two, then tuck one into each cheek and skitter away.

During the winter Paddy and Priscilla usually stayed snug in their home, living on the nuts they *hadn't* eaten in the summer.

On a warm winter day, though, when the sun was shining there was sure to be a scratch of little feet on the roof, and then the children would get the peanuts ready.

One nice winter morning Doris left her storm window open when she went to school. There was no patter of feet to remind her to put peanuts on the ledge, so the peanuts stayed in their bowl on her table by the window.

When she came home at noon, Doris went up to her room. There on her table sat Priscilla, eating peanuts!

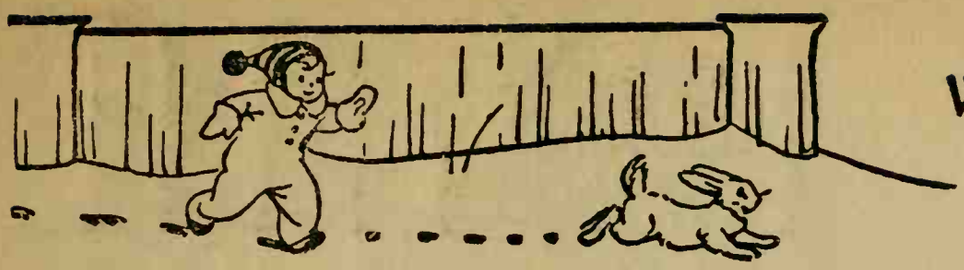
"Why, Priscilla!" cried Doris.

The sound of her voice frightened the squirrel. Priscilla gave a flying leap to the window sill, and went out so quickly that she lost her footing and tumbled off!

Only her two front paws still gripped the ledge, while her back paws fought for a hold on the wall beneath.

Doris wanted to run to the window, but she knew that would frighten Priscilla still more, so she stayed very still. At last she heard Priscilla skittering over the roof again!

Doris sighed with relief. "I'll *always* put out peanuts after this, so Priscilla won't have to go exploring ever again!"



Where Is Mike?

MIKE BROWN was supposed to play in his own yard, but there were such interesting things *outside* his yard that he was always stepping out to take a peek.

Today the interesting thing was the Lings' turtles. Mrs. Ling had just set their pan in her sunny front window. Mike loved the turtles—such funny little things, ducking their heads in and out of their shells! He went over and watched them until he saw a rabbit hopping through Mrs. Apricot's yard. Then, of course, he had to follow the rabbit to see where it hopped.

The rabbit was out of sight before Mike reached Mrs. Apricot's yard, so the little boy sat down in a snowbank to rest.

The snow had grown very soft in the sun. When Mike sat on it, it went *squish!* and Mike sank through to the ground!

"Oomph!" he said.

Then he thought how nice this soft snow would be for rolling, so he rolled and rolled down the slope of Mrs. Apricot's yard until he was completely covered by the snow.

At home his mother missed him. "Mike," she called.

His trail of footprints in the snow led her out of the yard. In the Lings' yard were his green mittens. Near Mrs. Apricot's walk lay his green scarf.

"Mike!" called Mrs. Brown as she hurried down the hill.

Right beside her the churned-up snow rose and gave itself a shake. From inside it, Mike said, "Hi, Mamma!"

"My goodness!" Mrs. Brown cried, pretending not to know the snowy little figure. "Who are *you?*"

"Mikie Brown," answered Mike.

"Well, maybe so," his mother laughed, "but you look more like Mikie White to me!"

JANUARY 23

Timmy Makes a Friend



TIMMY was making snowpies with his mother's cooky cutters. He had a heart-shaped pie, a cloverleaf pie, and a tiger pie lined up on the sidewalk when he saw the puppy.

It was a little white puppy, peeking at him from a bush.

"A puppy!" yelled Timmy. He made a big jump and grabbed the little dog before it could get away. "A puppy! A puppy!"

The frightened puppy wriggled and squirmed to escape from Timmy's tight hold. At last he got free, and tumbled to the sidewalk—right on top of Timmy's snowpies!

"Oh! Oh!" cried Timmy, not laughing at all now. "Oh, you bad puppy!" He caught up a snowball and threw it.

"Ki-yi-yi!" squealed the puppy, running away fast.

Timmy sat on the porch steps, frowning. He took a cooky from his pocket. Just then he saw the puppy again, watching him from behind a bush. Or maybe it was watching the cooky.

Is he hungry, do you suppose? Timmy wondered.

He held out a bite of cooky, and this time he spoke softly: "Here, puppy, puppy!"

The puppy *was* hungry, and hunger made him creep closer. At last he could reach the cooky. Timmy didn't grab for him this time; he broke off another bite and held it out. The puppy ate all the cooky.

Timmy patted him gently. "Nice puppy!" he crooned. The puppy forgot about being scared and he snuggled against Timmy.

"Oh, fuf-fuf-fuf!" Timmy laughed, but softly this time. "I've got a brand-new friend!"

He'd found out how to stay friends, too; not by grabbing and shouting and throwing things, but by gentleness and kindness.

Who Won?



SALLY was having a party to celebrate her sixth birthday.

"I'm coming, too!" her sister Ann begged.

"Oh, Ann, you're too little to play our games," Sally told her. "You may have ice cream and cake with us, though."

Ann said, "I can too play games!" But Sally didn't hear.

When everybody came that afternoon, they voted to play musical chairs. Sally's mother played the piano, and the children marched round and round the long row of chairs, dropping into them with wild giggles when the music stopped. There was always one less chair than there were children, so each time a child found himself without a chair, until finally only Ruth and Toby were walking around the last chair. Mrs. Nolen played slower and slower . . . the children walked slower . . . and slower . . . .

Nobody noticed little Ann playing musical chairs all by herself in the corner. Solemnly she walked around her own little stool when her mother played, and dropped into it when the music stopped.

When Mrs. Nolen stopped this time, a yell went up! Ruth and Toby had leaped for the last chair! The chair had tipped over, Ruth and Toby had bumped heads, and now they sat on the floor laughing at each other!

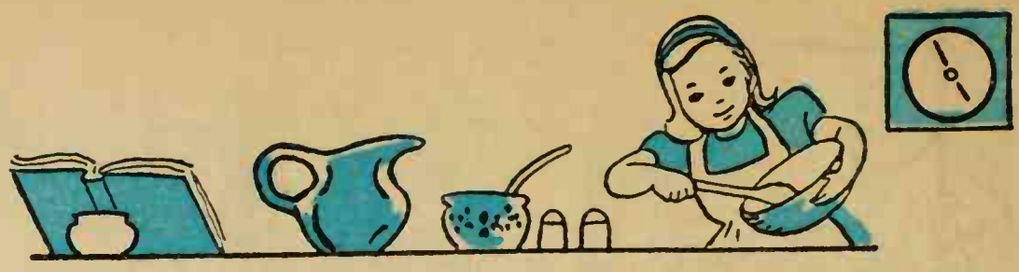
"Who won?" shouted the children.

"Me!" said little Ann. And there she sat proudly, the only child left with a chair!

How Sally and the children laughed! "All right, Ann, you won!" Sally agreed. "And I guess you're big enough to put your chair beside ours, and play the next game with us!"

JANUARY 25

Books and Cooks



BETTY was always reading. She looked up dreamily when Mother called, "I'm going to Mrs. Apricot's now."

"Yes'm," Betty said. The What-a-Jolly Street mothers were meeting at Mrs. Apricot's all afternoon and evening today, helping to finish a quilt for the church fair.

Betty read on. The twins and Kathy played outside. Nobody bothered her until the phone rang. It was Daddy. "Tell Mother I'm bringing Mr. Ellison home for supper," he said.

"All right, Daddy," Betty answered. She hung up the receiver —and then she remembered! Why, Mother wasn't here!

Betty forgot about her book. She ran to the kitchen. There was fruit in the refrigerator, and lettuce, and left-over meat loaf. There was chocolate cake in the pantry. But how would Mother combine them for a company supper? If only her books could help her now! Suddenly Betty's eyes brightened.

When Daddy arrived with his friend, he found the table nicely set: a bowl of potato salad in the center with slices of meat loaf placed around it, sandwiches on a tray, tea steaming in the teapot, and fruit and cake waiting on the serving table.

"Why, Betty!" said Daddy. "I just remembered Mother wasn't home! How did you manage this?"

"Well, it's all from my books," Betty explained happily. "Laura and Lucy made potato salad in *Twins on the Farm*, and Joseph brewed tea with the Indians in *Redskins on the Trail*, Pedro made sandwiches to take with him in *Pedro's Perils*—"

Daddy laughed aloud. "Betty," he said, "did you know there was *one* book that told it all?"

"What book?" Betty asked, wide-eyed.

"The cookbook!" chuckled Daddy.



The Sniffle Song

RUTH BARRETT stood at her window, looking out at What-a-Jolly Street and blowing her nose. Across the street, Timmy played with little Kathy Watson. Mary Lou and Peter went past on their way to school. Down the hill pattered little old Mrs. Apricot, bound for Mr. Gay's store.

"Everybody's doing something but me," Ruth sighed. "All I do is blow my nose. I wonder if I could make a poem about sniffles?"

Ruth loved writing rhymes. She blew her nose again and sat down at the table, feeling better and better.

Slowly her pencil scratched away. Sometimes she stopped to chew it, sometimes to cross out a line. Sometimes she stopped to tear up a whole page, and sometimes she just stopped to blow her nose.

When she had finished, the long afternoon was gone, for her brother David was home from school.

"David, David!" Ruth cried. "I wrote a Sniffle Song! Listen!

"My nose is red; my eyes are, too;
My tongue feels like a worn-out shoe.

My voice is hoarse; my tonsils tickle,
And sneezes keep my nose a-prickle.

I wish that I had worn galoshes;
I'll wear them now till May rain splotches.

Then maybe I need never stay
Inside on such a lovely day!"

JANUARY 27

Fun for Butch



BUTCH, the Smiths' collie, ran down What-a-Jolly Street, barking loudly. He was very happy, for Paul and David were coming behind him, bound for a hike, and Butch loved hikes.

"Hurry!" he barked at the boys. "Why don't you run as I do? Why don't you bark and wag your tails? Oh, I forgot—you poor creatures don't have tails!"

Butch bounced happily through the snowdrifts behind Mrs. Apricot's house, as he led the boys up the little wooded hill. The snow was very deep. Paul and David floundered through it, laughing and tumbling and rolling each other about. Butch came bounding back to join in their wrestling.

"Ruff! Ruff!" he shouted, planting his big paws on Paul's chest, and licking his face. "Isn't this fun?"

"Hey! Get off me!" Paul whooped. "Uff-oof, cut out that licking!" He gave a big heave, and rolled out from under Butch's big paws. But then he went right on rolling! Over and over, bumpity, bounce, all the way down the hill!

"Ruff! Ruff!" boomed Butch, almost falling over himself with joy as he chased the rolling figure. "This is more fun than chasing a jack rabbit! Look at him go!"

Paul landed *oomph!* against a tree, and sat up dizzily. Butch leaped around him.

"C'mon, Paul!" he barked at the top of his voice. "Let's do it again! Isn't this fun? Oh, if you only had a tail to wag!"

Poor Paul, picking himself up and tenderly feeling his bumps and bruises, didn't look as though he'd wag his tail right then, even if he had one!



A Taffy Tale

TED, Doris, and Amy were making taffy. Doris stirred, and Ted read the directions from the cookbook. Amy's job was to butter a pan; so far she had only buttered her hands and face.

"Cook until it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water," read Ted. "Amy, you get a cupful of water."

Amy trotted over with a cup. The handle slipped in her buttery hands, water sloshed over the stove with a hiss, Doris forgot to stir, and the taffy boiled up and up.

"Look out!" yelled Ted. Both he and Doris grabbed for the spoon and stirred wildly. Little Amy, watching them, absentmindedly drank the rest of the water.

"Maybe I'd better stir," said Ted when the taffy was under control. "You drop some in the cold water, Doris."

"What water?" asked Doris, looking in the cup.

She ran for more and dropped a little taffy in.

"Is it a *ball?*" Doris asked doubtfully.

"It's a *soft* ball," admitted Ted.

"It's good," said Amy, eating it.

They took the taffy off the stove and poured it onto the pan. When it was cool enough to handle, they each took a lump and pulled . . . and pulled . . . and pulled . . . .

"I thought," Doris said, "it was supposed to get stiff."

"It is," puzzled Ted. "How're *you* doin', Amy?"

Amy was sitting in the corner, eating taffy off her fingers and hands and arms. "Good," she said.

"Good and sticky," said Ted. "Maybe it was *too* soft a ball."

Doris looked at Amy. She said, "Well, if the taffy won't pull —who cares?" She wound some around a spoon and licked it. "Mmmmm! Guess we're pretty good cooks, after all."

JANUARY 29

Clever Rusty



DAVID said, "I heard of a horse that can count by stamping his foot."

Ruth cried, "I bet our pony Rusty could, too!"

"Maybe we could teach him," David suggested.

Rusty was glad to be let out of his shed. He pranced around the yard, snorting and puffing, his breath turning into white steam in the cold air.

"He's like a locomotive!" David laughed. "Look at his smoke!"

"Let's be passengers!" shouted Ruth, trotting after Rusty. "Look, I'm on the Pullman! I'm getting dressed in one of those little berths!" She pretended to pull on stockings.

"I'm having breakfast in the diner!" shouted David, close behind her. He scooped up air and chewed it noisily.

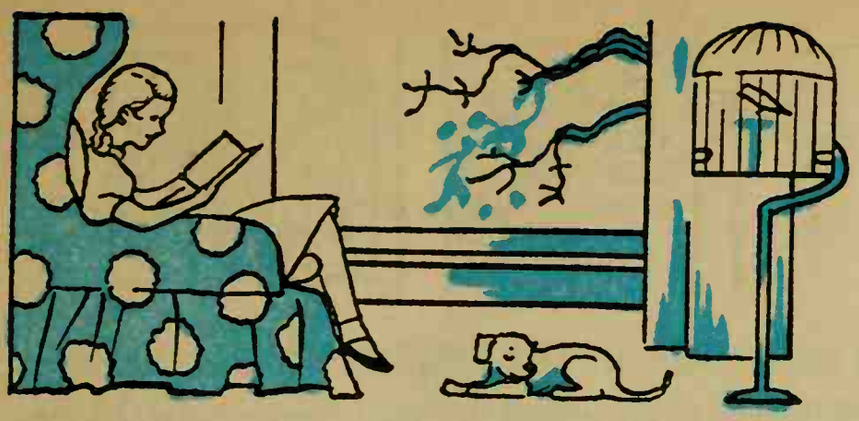
Both he and Ruth were giggling so hard they didn't notice Rusty suddenly stop until Ruth stumbled into him and fell flat! David fell over her.

"What happened?" David cried. "There goes Rusty into his shed!"

"He was hungry!" cried Ruth, seeing Rusty nose his feed bucket.

Sure enough, just then they heard the five-o'clock whistle from the mill downtown! They always fed Rusty at five.

"Rusty doesn't need counting lessons," David said, and grinned. "He can tell time already!"



JANUARY 30

Susan's Busy Day

"SUSAN," asked Mrs. Carter one afternoon, "could you stay with Polly while Timmy and I go to the store?"

"Oh, yes!" Susan said, feeling very grown up.

"You won't have any trouble," Mrs. Carter said. "Polly's still napping."

Susan settled down to read. The canary sang in the window; Timmy's puppy curled at her feet.

"It's easy to take care of a baby," Susan thought proudly.

Then suddenly—"*Ruff! Ruff! Ruff!*" Past the window went Butch, the collie, chasing one of the Nolen cats.

"*Yeeeeow!*" screamed the cat, making for a tree.

"*Yap! Yap! Yap!*" yelped Timmy's puppy, charging at the window as though he could go right through it.

The glass bounced him back, and wham! He struck the canary's cage and tipped it over! Water and seeds spilled over the rug! The canary squeaked wildly.

"*Ki-yi-yi!*" yelped the puppy in fright.

"*Waaaaaaa!*" wailed Polly upstairs.

Poor Susan! She rushed to pick up the canary's stand, to bring Polly downstairs, to carpet-sweep the rug, to get Polly her ball, to coax the scared puppy from under the couch, to bring back the ball when Polly threw it, to get the canary fresh water!

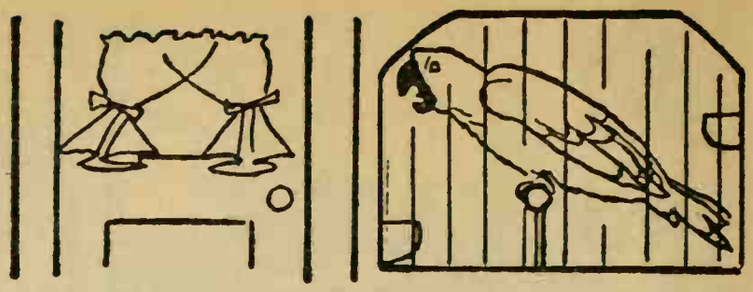
She had just dropped into a chair when Mrs. Carter returned. Mrs. Carter looked around the neat room where the canary sang, Polly juggled her ball, and the white puppy snoozed.

"I knew you wouldn't have any trouble," she said with a smile.

"Yes'm," said Susan weakly, and wobbled home wearily.

JANUARY 31

More Hustle-Bustle



HUSTLE-BUSTLE'S cage was in the kitchen, near the back door. One day a truck driver knocked at the door, which was open a little. Mrs. Brown was upstairs settling little Mike for his nap. The driver had a load of coal for the Browns, and he wanted the basement window opened.

Hustle-Bustle was dozing, but the rap woke him. Hustle-Bustle loved raps; they meant company and lots of talking.

"Come in! Come in!" he called, just as Mrs. Brown always did.

The truck driver called, "I'd better not, ma'am; I'm pretty dirty. I have some coal—"

Hustle-Bustle gabbled happily, "Well, well, gab-poo-polly-fuddy-fop! Hello! Hello! Goopity-gum-bop-fiddildy-fay!"

"I was saying, ma'am," the truck driver interrupted patiently, "I must have your basement window unlocked, so—"

"Well, well, well!" Hustle-Bustle exclaimed in tremendous surprise. "Good-by now! Good-by!"

"But ma'am—" The driver rapped loudly on the door.

"Come in! Come in!" Hustle-Bustle invited sociably.

"Ma'am," the driver pleaded. "If you'll just open——"

"Well, good-by," said Hustle-Bustle. "Good-by!"

"*Ma'am!*" cried the driver as Mrs. Brown came downstairs.

"Do you want something?" she asked the man politely.

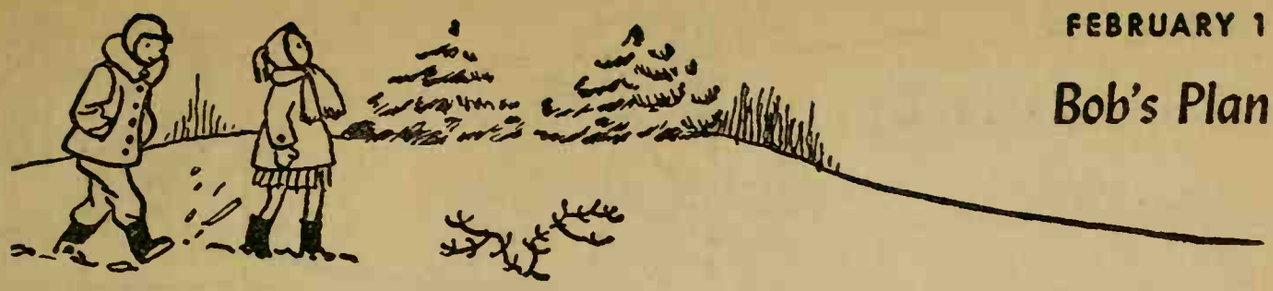
The poor trucker said hoarsely, "Ma'am, I just want your basement window opened. That's all."

Hustle-Bustle yelled heartily, "Well, come in! Come in!"

The trucker asked in surprise, "Wasn't that you, ma'am?"

"No," laughed Mrs. Brown, "that's our parrot."

The truck driver shook his head. "A parrot!" he muttered. "Imagine a big guy like me getting fooled by a bird!"



Bob's Plan

BOB and Sally scuffed happily through the snow.

"I love snow!" said Sally, with a happy laugh.

"Me, too," said Bob. "But here it is February. It'll be spring before you know it, especially if the ground hog doesn't see his shadow tomorrow."

"What's the ground hog got to do with snow?" asked Sally.

"If he comes out of his hole on the second day of February, and doesn't see his shadow, he stays out and pretty soon—swish!—the snow's melted and it's spring. If the sun shines and he sees his shadow, he hops back home. Then there'll be six weeks more of winter."

"Oh, my!" said Sally. "What does the paper say about the weather tomorrow? I hope we have more winter."

"Cloudy," said Bob gloomily. "But Sally, I have an idea! We'll make a sun of our own! We'll take our flashlights to that ground-hog burrow on the hill; when he comes out, we'll shine the lights on him!"

"Oh, let's!" cried Sally.

"But we've got to get up early, remember!"

"I won't even go to sleep!" said Sally. "I won't close my eyes!"

That night, in spite of herself, her eyelids drooped lower and lower, and suddenly Sally was sound asleep.

Morning came. Daddy's alarm clock went off and Sally didn't hear it. Mamma got up and started breakfast, and Sally didn't hear her. Not until Mamma called, "Bob! Sally! Time to get up!" did Sally see that it was eight o'clock.

"Oh, Bob!" wailed Sally. "We forgot to wake up!"

"Doesn't matter!" laughed Bob, coming in. "Look!"

He snapped up the shades. The sun was shining brightly.

FEBRUARY 2

Golly Wakes Up



GOLLY GROUNDHOG stirred and stretched himself awake. "I smell spring," he murmured. His sleepy eyes brightened; he gave himself a shake from his broad flat head to his bushy tail. "Well!" said Golly. "Maybe it's time to get up!"

He scuttled out of his bedroom, down the sloping hall of his burrow to his front door. There he peeked out cautiously at the outside world. Snow still covered the hillside, but there was a new sweetness in the air that tickled Golly's nose.

"Hmmmm," said Golly, "I'll have to see about this!"

Quietly he slid out of his burrow. Nothing else was stirring. Not even a sparrow twittered in the trees above. Golly scampered softly across the snow, his nose twitching, his eyes bright and sharp.

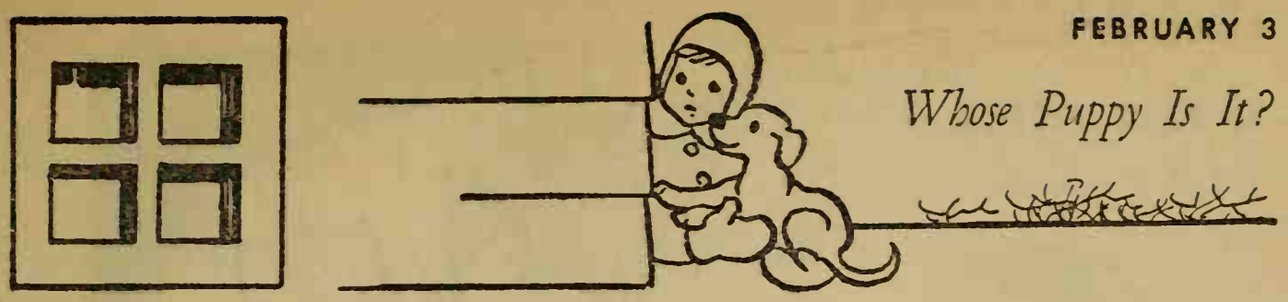
He came out from under the trees. The sunshine was so bright it made him blink. Suddenly behind him a twig dropped with a tiny clatter. Golly whirled to see what enemy was creeping near. He saw something big and black and very close!

"Owooooooooo!" screamed Golly. He leaped for his burrow. The black thing leaped with him.

"Yow-wow-yow!" yelled Golly. He didn't stop for breath till he'd dived into his burrow and run all the way to his bedroom.

"Goodness!" gasped Golly. He flopped on his bed and closed his eyes. Sleepiness crept over him again. "I believe I'll just have a wee little nap while I'm waiting for that black thing to go away," Golly yawned.

And so Golly went back to sleep for six more weeks because he'd been frightened by his own shadow!



Whose Puppy Is It?

EVER since Timmy had found the lost puppy in his yard, he had worried about somebody coming to claim it. His Daddy put an ad in the paper saying, *Found: Small white puppy*, but so far nobody had answered it.

Every day Timmy loved the puppy more. He named it Pal. He couldn't bear the thought of someone claiming the puppy.

One afternoon Timmy and Pal were playing in the back yard. Timmy saw a lady and a little boy coming up the walk. They were strangers. Timmy's heart began to go *pound-pound.*

The lady and the boy turned in at Timmy's own walk. Then Timmy was sure they had come for the dog. He grabbed Pal in his arms and scooted behind the garage.

"Shhhh, Pal!" he whispered.

Timmy's mother came to the back door. She called, "Timmy! Where are you?"

Timmy stayed very, very still. He hardly breathed. His mother went back into the house.

"I won't *let* them have you!" Timmy told the puppy. "I won't! I'd cry and cry if I lost you!"

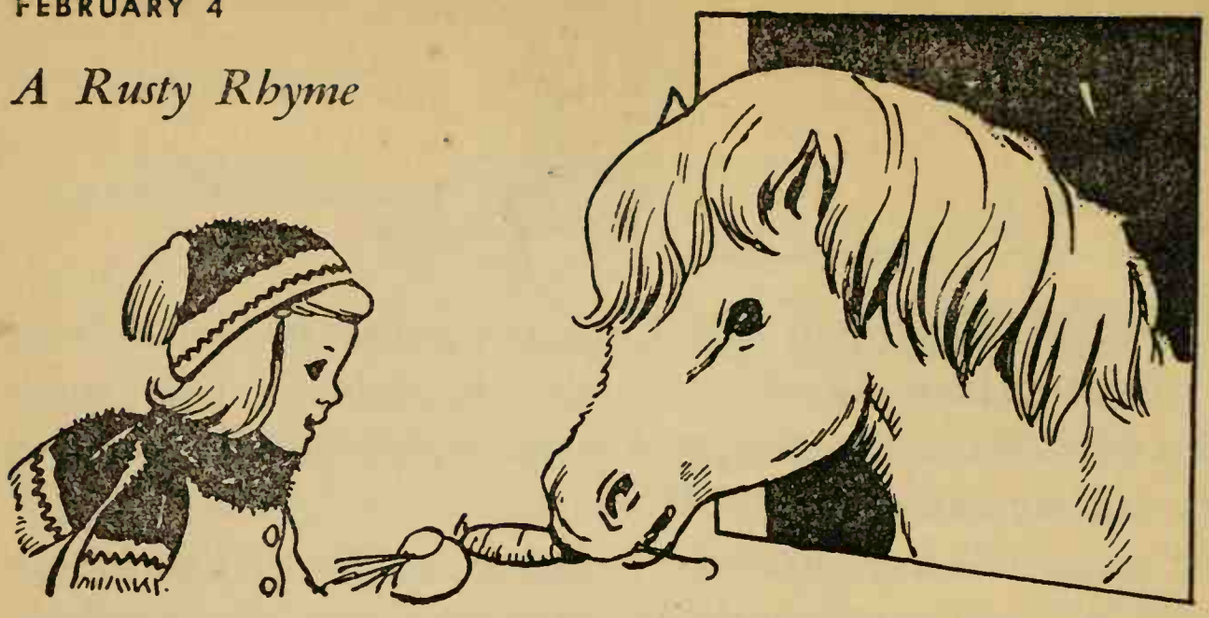
Maybe the little boy in the house had cried, too, when he lost Pal. Timmy hadn't thought of that. He began to feel very uncomfortable now that he did think of it. At last he picked up Pal and walked slowly into the house, through the kitchen to the living room where his mother sat with the strangers.

"Oh, here you are, Timmy!" his mother said. "Mrs. Lee has come to call on me, and her little son came to call on *you!*"

Then they hadn't come for the puppy? It wasn't theirs? Timmy's heart leaped with joy. He smiled at the strange boy. "Come on out," he invited, "and we'll play with my puppy!"

FEBRUARY 4

A Rusty Rhyme



RUTH stopped on the way home from school to feed a carrot to Rusty, the pony. Rusty nibbled it gently, and then nuzzled Ruth with his cold nose.

"Oh, Rusty, you're so sweet!" Ruth cried, giving him a hug. "There never, *never* was a nicer pony. I wish I could write a wonderful poem about you, so everybody would know how nice you are! I wonder if I can?"

Ruth ran into the house, sharpened a pencil, and got out her thickest tablet. The pencil was worn down, and the tablet was much thinner, when at last she finished this:

"Poets sing of birds and trees
  And skies and waterfalls and bees;
Things like that are very pretty,
  But it seems to me a pity
Poets haven't heard of Rusty.
  I know he's kind of fat and dusty,
But even so, he's worth a rhyme,
  For Rusty's extra-special fine!
David says he's very handsome;
  Bob has found him very prance-some!
But I like best his big brown eyes
  Because they look so kind and wise."



Butch Has a Ride

BUTCH, Paul's collie, was restless. Paul was at school, and Ellen was taking her nap. Butch wandered around looking for a companion. He passed Ellen's rocking horse so closely that he started it rocking.

"Hello!" said Butch, thinking the rocking horse was a pony like Rusty. "Where are you going? Mind if I go along?"

The rocking horse just kept rocking. Butch ran ahead, stopped and waited, and then came back.

"What's the matter?" he asked. There didn't seem to be anything holding the horse. "Come on!" urged Butch, giving him another bump.

The horse rocked harder than ever, but didn't move an inch.

"It's plain that you're stuck," sighed Butch.

He got behind the rocking horse and gave a tremendous push. The rocking horse promptly tipped forward on its nose.

"*Now* what!" woofed Butch in alarm. He galloped around the horse again. "Can't you even get on your feet, you silly thing?"

Upstairs, Ellen woke and called to her mother.

"Now *she'll* be coming, and what she'll think of you on your nose, I don't know!" frowned Butch. "You'd better get up."

The rocking horse didn't stir.

"All right, then, *I'll* get you up!" barked Butch. He sprang to the horse's back. The horse tipped back onto its rockers, and then rocked so hard Butch couldn't jump off. He just hung on, getting dizzier every second.

Ellen came to the door. "Oh, look, Mamma!" she cried. "Horsey's giving Butch a ride! Nice Horsey!"

Butch tumbled off the rocking horse and wobbled away. "Nice horsey—hah!" he snorted. "Next time I'll *leave* him on his nose."

FEBRUARY 6

A Peanut for Paddy



IT WAS a warm day for February. Paddy and Priscilla Squirrel peeked out of their home in the old cottonwood tree on What-a-Jolly Street.

"I believe I'll get out and have some exercise, Paddy," chattered Priscilla. "Maybe I'll find some peanuts."

Paddy stretched and yawned. "Bring *me* one," he said lazily.

Priscilla ran nimbly up the tree trunk, across a branch, and onto the roof of the Johnson house. Her feet pattered around the eaves trough, and with a light little leap she reached Ted's window. Sure enough, there were peanuts waiting there! Priscilla cracked them one at a time, and nibbled them delightedly. She tucked the last one in her cheek for Paddy, and leaped again to a tree branch. But she didn't go right home. She ran down to the ground first to check up on an acorn she'd put away last fall, and then she remembered a chestnut across the street.

Suddenly there was a big "Woof! Woof!" Butch, the collie, had spied her! Priscilla scooted across the Carter yard—right into Pal, Timmy's puppy, who was snoozing in the sunshine!

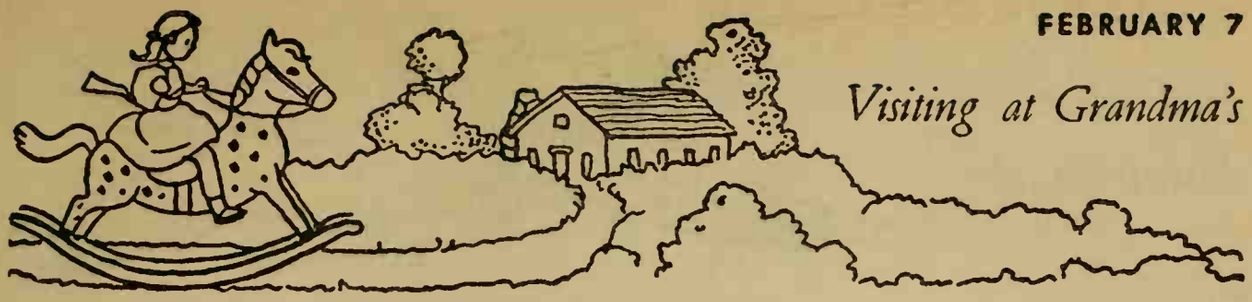
"Yap! Yap!" cried Pal, so surprised he didn't know whether he was chasing Priscilla or she was chasing him!

He wasn't any more surprised than Priscilla! She scurried up a tree, and crossed from that to another and another until she reached the old familiar cottonwood again.

She sat there, getting her breath back, while she told Paddy of her adventure.

Paddy said sleepily, "Where's my peanut?"

Priscilla looked startled. "Why, I had one! Did I drop it? Or swallow it? Well, I know one thing, I'm *not* going back to find out! I've had all the fresh air and exercise I want for one day!"



Visiting at Grandma's

ELLEN climbed on her rocking horse. She carried her doll, Cindy Lou, in her arms. "Want to go to Gramma's," she commanded, rocking back and forth. "Take me to Gramma's, horsey!"

Ellen's grandma lived on a farm. Ellen thought visiting her was the most fun in all the world. There were always baby animals to play with—lambs, kittens, little goats. Last time there had even been a baby pig!

It was the runt pig in its litter, so much smaller than its brothers and sisters that they wouldn't let it eat. They kept pushing it away from the food. So Grandma kept it in a box in the kitchen, and fed it from a bottle just like a real baby! It grew very fat and lively on so much good milk.

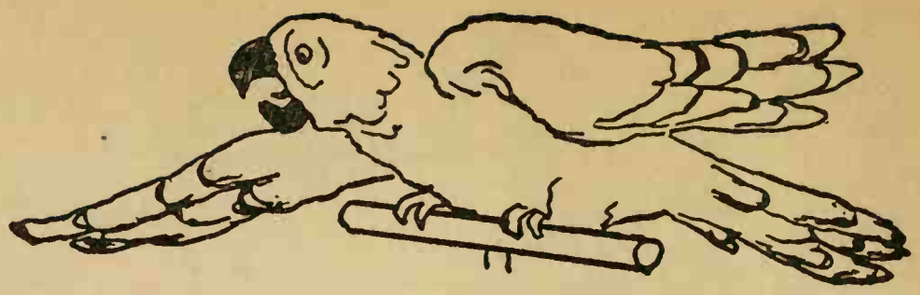
Once Grandma let Ellen give the pig its bottle. Ellen started to sit down on the floor, and the pig was so hungry that it climbed right into Ellen's lap trying to find the bottle. It stood on its hind legs and shoved its little pink nose at Ellen's arms and neck and face until Ellen giggled and giggled. She tried to push the little pig down with one hand and give it its food with the other, but it was just like pushing a jack-in-the-box down. The slippery little pig swarmed right up again until Ellen tumbled over backward. Her heels kicked in the air, and she shouted, "Gramma! Gramma!"

The pig promptly found the bottle for itself, and sat on Ellen, drinking away, until Grandma came running and laughing and lifted him off.

Slowly now the rocking horse came to a stop. Ellen climbed down. "Now we're back from Gramma's," she told Cindy Lou. "Home again!"

FEBRUARY 8

Still More Hustle-Bustle



HUSTLE-BUSTLE was lonesome. The children were playing outside. Mr. and Mrs. Brown were in the living room. Nobody had stayed in the kitchen to talk to him.

The telephone rang, and Hustle-Bustle perked up. As soon as Mrs. Brown lifted the receiver, Hustle-Bustle chattered loudly, "Well, hello, hello! Giddildy-gab-poo-duckity-grub!"

"That parrot!" said Mrs. Brown over the phone. "Will you hold the line? I can't hear a word you're saying!"

She shut the door into the kitchen. Hustle-Bustle felt very hurt. He ruffled his feathers into a yellow and green puff, and gave a loud squawk of anger at the closed door.

Hustle-Bustle marched to the end of his perch nearest the window and watched the children outside. Then he shouted, "Mareeeee! Mary Looooo! Peter! Mi-ike! Come in now!"

He had heard Mrs. Brown call the children like that many times. The children thought it was their mother calling now. They crowded in, stamping snow off and shouting.

"What do you want, Mom? Hey, Mom! You want us, Mom?"

They made such a racket Mrs. Brown had to give up phoning. She came into the kitchen. "Goodness," she said, "first it's Hustle-Bustle, and now it's you three. I can't hear myself think."

"Why did you want us, Mom?" they asked.

"Why, I didn't call!" said Mrs. Brown.

"Oh-oh!" said the children, looking sternly at Hustle-Bustle.

He ruffled his feathers and arched his neck proudly. Wasn't the kitchen door open again? Didn't he have people to talk to? "Well, well," he said happily. "Googledy-bow-wow-grub."

Anybody could tell he was saying, "Look me over, folks! I'm a very smart parrot!"



The Snowflake Dancers

ALL DAY long Jane had dreamed while she played. It was a dreamy sort of day, with snowflakes drifting down as slowly as feathers.

"They're dancers," Jane pretended. "Toe dancers in fluffy white skirts. I wish I could dance like that."

She hopped and spun around the yard on her toes, faster and faster. "I'm dancing!" she cried. "I'm floating like the snowflakes!"

"So you are," said a voice very close to her shoulder. Jane spun again, but there was no one else in the yard.

"Here I am!" laughed the voice. It was a snowflake talking to her—a lovely, slowly drifting snowflake!—and when Jane looked closely, it *was* a toe dancer in a fluffy white skirt!

"Oh, I *knew* you were dancers!" Jane cried.

"Of course we are. Watch me," the snowflake said. She leaped higher, spun in a dizzy circle, spread her tiny arms, and floated gently, gently down. "Now you try it!"

Jane gave an enormous jump, twirled in a circle, and spread her arms. But she didn't float—oh, no! She came down with a big thump, flat on the ground.

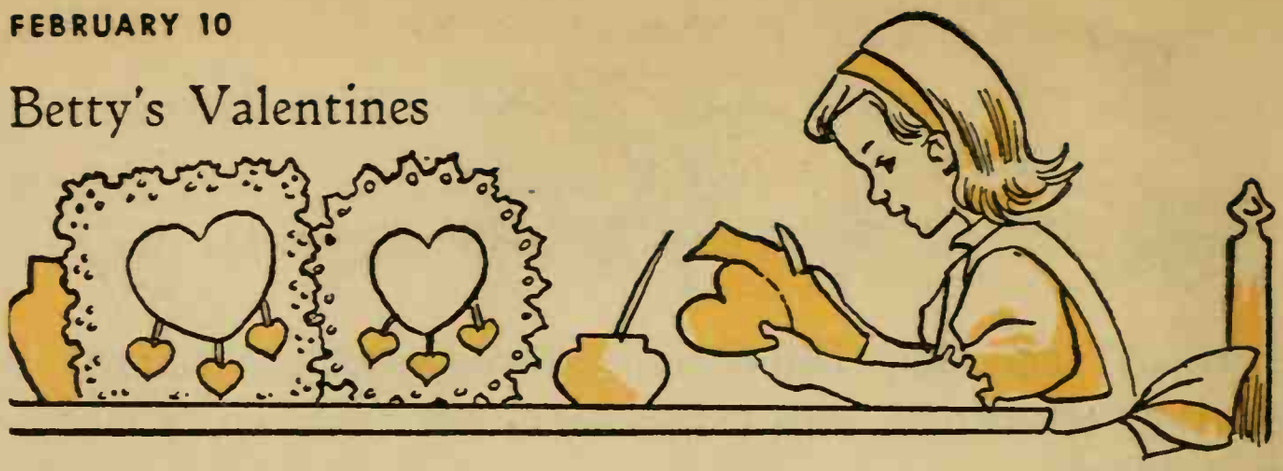
"Oh, my, oh, my, did I squash the snowflake?" she wailed. For she couldn't see it any place now. Tears welled in Jane's eyes, but before they could fall, she heard the faint bell-like sound of many, many little voices laughing. Such a tinkling gay sound!

"You can't hurt us, Jane!" the voices sang. "Dance with us, Jane! And be happy! Be happy!"

The whole world seemed full of the snowflakes' laughter. Jane laughed, too, and hopping to her feet, she spun round and round with the dancing snowflakes.

FEBRUARY 10

Betty's Valentines



BETTY WATSON was making valentines. She had to start days ahead of time to make enough for all her friends.

Betty's valentines were very pretty. She had bought five yards of narrow red ribbon, which she cut into little pieces about two inches long. Then she cut out a whole stack of big red hearts, and even more tiny red hearts, from construction paper.

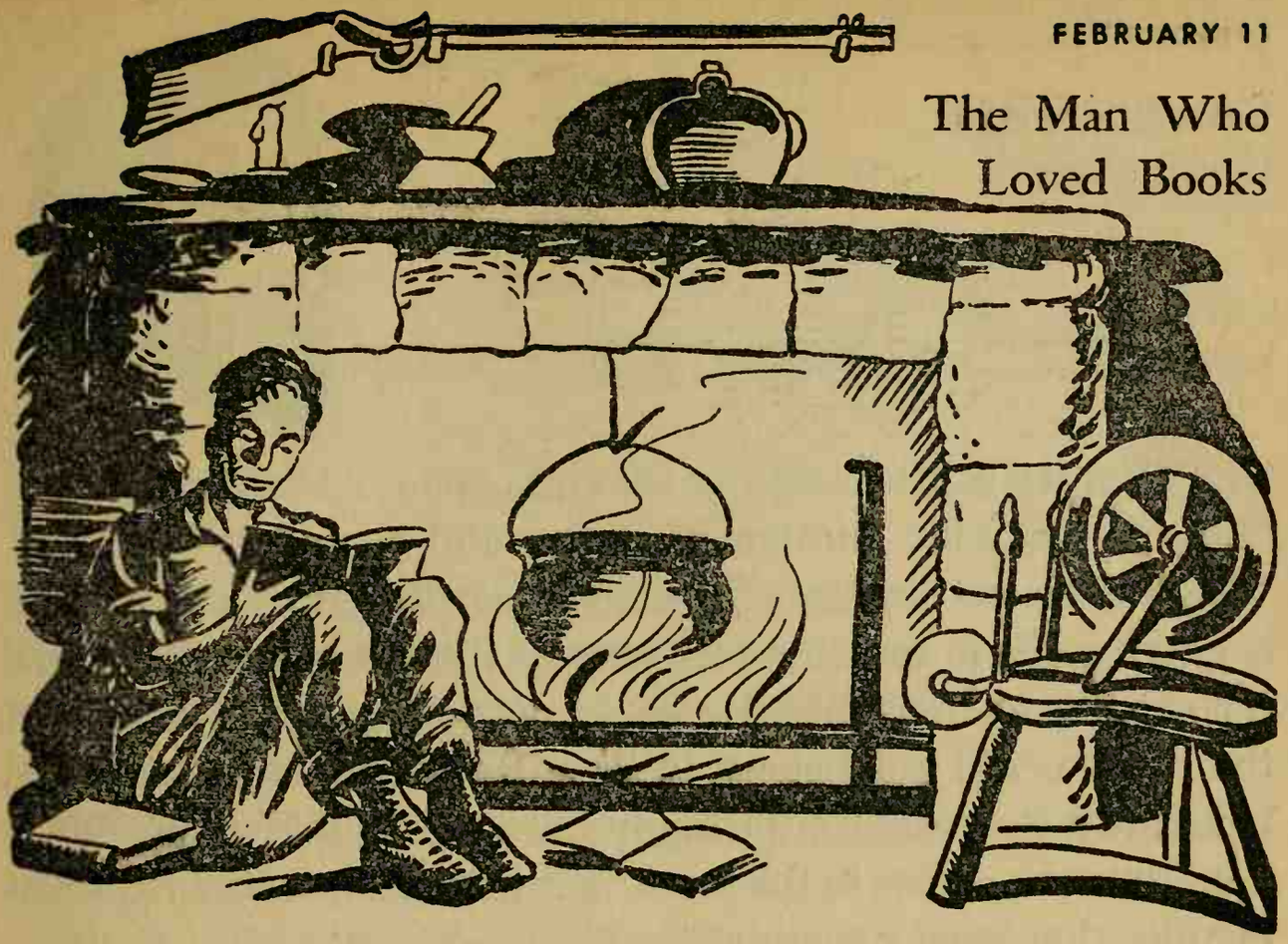
She pasted one end of each little strip of ribbon to the back of a tiny red heart. On the front of each heart she printed messages with white ink. Some of them said, *I love you,* and some said, *My Valentine;* others said, *You're sweet,* or *You're so nice.* Still others said, *To Sally from Betty,* or *To Doris from Betty,* and so on for each friend on her list.

Now Betty took three or four of these tiny hearts (always including a *name* heart) and pasted the other end of their ribbons to one side of a big red heart. Then she pasted the big red heart in the center of a lace-paper doily. Sometimes she snipped the doily into a heart shape, and sometimes a square, and sometimes she just left it round. Whichever way, it made a pretty lacy white background for the red heart. The little hearts with their valentine messages dangled from the bits of ribbon at the bottom, looking sweet and gay.

Last of all, Betty cut little colored pictures from magazines and pasted one in the center of each big heart.

What bright, lovely valentines she had when she was finished! Now there was nothing left to do but pop them into big envelopes and wait as patiently as she could for St. Valentine's Day!

The Man Who Loved Books



TOBY sighed as he dropped his schoolbooks in Mrs. Apricot's kitchen. "School's getting tougher and tougher," he said. "Wish I lived in the days when Abraham Lincoln was a boy. *He* hardly had to go to school at all."

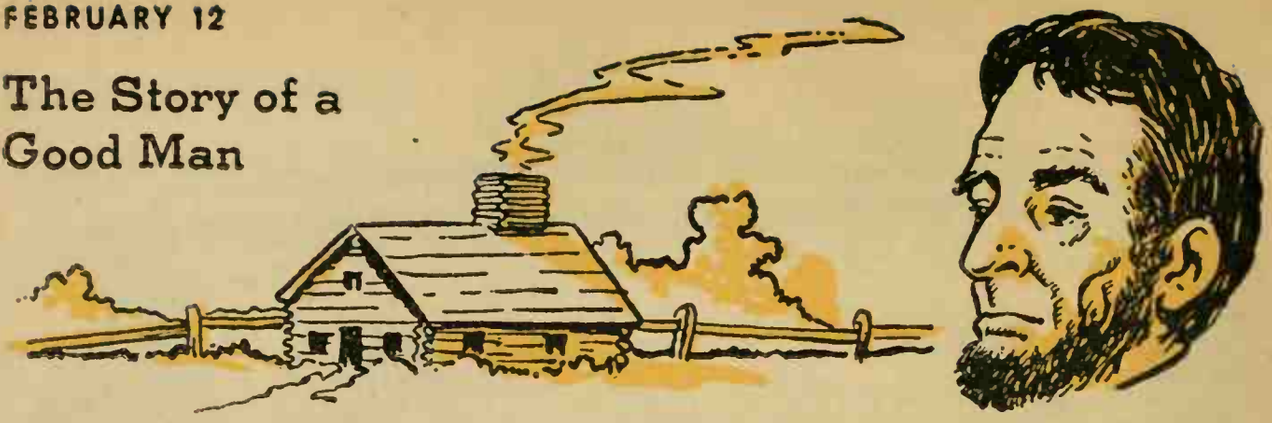
"My, but how he *wanted* to!" said Mrs. Apricot. "Abraham Lincoln would walk miles just to borrow a book, for he loved reading and studying. After his long day's work he would read by the light from the fireplace. Sometimes he wrote compositions there, too. Paper and pencils were rare luxuries in his poor home, so he wrote with a stick of charcoal on a freshly shaved shingle. And if his composition ran too long, he had to shave away the first part to make room for the last!

"Once rain spoiled a book that Lincoln had borrowed. He worked many days to earn money for a new copy to replace the spoiled one, but he thought it was well worth while."

Toby picked up his schoolbooks carefully. "I never thought how much books might mean to someone who didn't have any," he said. "I guess I'm pretty lucky after all."

FEBRUARY 12

The Story of a Good Man

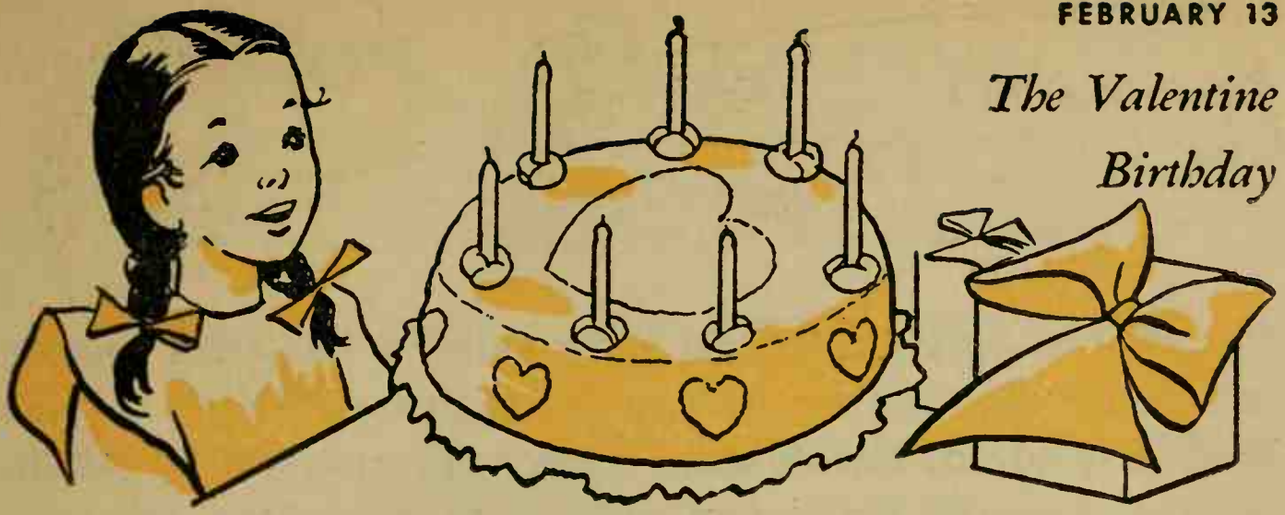


BETTY'S teacher was telling the class about Abraham Lincoln. "Lincoln was kind and honest, brave and generous," she said. "Did you know that once he walked several miles over rough country roads to return a few pennies that he had overcharged a customer at his store? He could not let himself forget that the pennies did not belong to him. He might have said, 'Oh, what are a few cents!' or he might have said, 'I'll give them back next time she comes in the store,' but instead, he returned those pennies that very same night.

"I'm sure Lincoln's pictures show what a kind man he was, but I want to tell you a story I have heard of his kindness. Once when he was traveling about his state, speaking to people whom he hoped would vote for him, he saw a pig caught in a fence. Now Lincoln and the men with him were dressed up for the speech-making; the pig was muddy, and so was the road between the men and the frightened, squealing creature. But Lincoln left the carriage and helped the pig get loose. Then he went on to make his speech, wearing a very muddy suit.

"When Lincoln was a young man, he made a trip down the Mississippi river on a flatboat to New Orleans. While he was there he saw a slave auction. Children were being sold away from their own mothers. Lincoln's kind heart burned at the injustice of it. Do you suppose he remembered that auction when, years later, he was president of the United States and freed all the slaves? I'm sure he did."

What a nice man he must have been, thought Betty! *What a good man!*



The Valentine Birthday

TODAY Doris was seven. Her birthday was so near St. Valentine's Day that Mother decorated her cake with red candy hearts, and used valentine paper napkins and favors for the party table.

"Which am I having—a birthday or a valentine party?" Doris asked.

"Wait and see," answered Mother with a smile.

It certainly seemed to be a valentine party, for the girls Doris invited brought scissors and paste and paper, and settled down to make valentines for the next day. For their parents' valentines, each girl was making a shadow picture of herself to paste inside. Can you make shadow pictures?

The girls made theirs this way. One girl sat so her shadow fell on a paper tacked to the wall. Then another girl filled in the outline of the shadow on the paper with black crayon, making a little silhouette picture.

At last Mother said, "Lunch is ready, girls!" And they went happily into the dining room.

There, all around the beautiful heart-frosted cake, were piled packages and packages! Every girl had secretly left her birthday gift to Doris with Doris's mother!

"Surprise! Surprise!" they laughed. "Open them, Doris!"

Doris was starry-eyed with pleasure. She cried, "Oh, my! I thought it was a valentine party, but I guess it's a really truly birthday party!"

FEBRUARY 14

Beppo Plays Mailman



BEPPO was very excited. So many children had been coming and going all morning, leaving fat square envelopes for the Watson children! And now the Watsons themselves had set off, not noticing that Beppo had slipped out after them.

"Valentines—valentines," chattered Beppo in monkey language. It was the only word he'd heard all day.

Here came Ruth with a handful of envelopes! She said, "Hello, Beppo!" and left four envelopes in the Watson mailbox, one each for Betty and Jack and Jerry and Kathy. Then she skipped down the steps, singing, "Oh, isn't Valentine's Day fun?"

Beppo wanted to have fun, too. He snatched the four envelopes from the mailbox and ran happily down the street!

Beppo left an envelope at Timmy's house, and another at Lings'. He dropped two at Mrs. Apricot's, and took at least a dozen more from her mailbox! Joyfully he scattered that dozen at Johnsons' and Browns' and Barretts' and Smiths', and at Smiths', he gathered up another handful and brought them proudly back to the Watson children, who were just returning.

"Beppo!" shrieked the children. "What are you doing?"

Betty took the valentines from his paws. "They're not ours," she said. "They're Paul's and Ellen's. We'd better take them back."

Beppo scampered after them. They found Paul on his porch, looking over envelopes. "Funny!" he said. "These aren't ours."

The Watsons giggled. "Beppo wanted to be a valentine mailman," they explained. "We'll take these where they belong."

Beppo leaped to Betty's shoulder and rode there gaily as she trudged to house after house. "Valentines, valentines," chattered Beppo happily, in monkey language.



FEBRUARY 15

Spatter! Spatter!



PETER was in the basement, wearing his oldest overalls, working on a *project.* He was making book jackets for his schoolbooks. He had already cut lengths of wrapping paper, each one long enough to go around a book and tuck under the front and back covers. But wrapping paper was so plain, Peter thought. A book cover should be as gay as the stories inside.

So Peter mixed up little cups of colors from his paintbox, making the colors bright and strong. On one book jacket he laid a picture of a perky little fox terrier that he'd cut from a magazine.

Now he held a square of window screen over the book cover, and dipping an old toothbrush in his cup of red color, he brushed it back and forth over the screen, sending a whole shower of tiny red drops over the paper below. When the paper was as brightly covered with dots as Peter wanted, he let it dry and then lifted off the dog picture. Underneath was a perfect outline of the little fox terrier, showing up clear and pretty against its background of red dots!

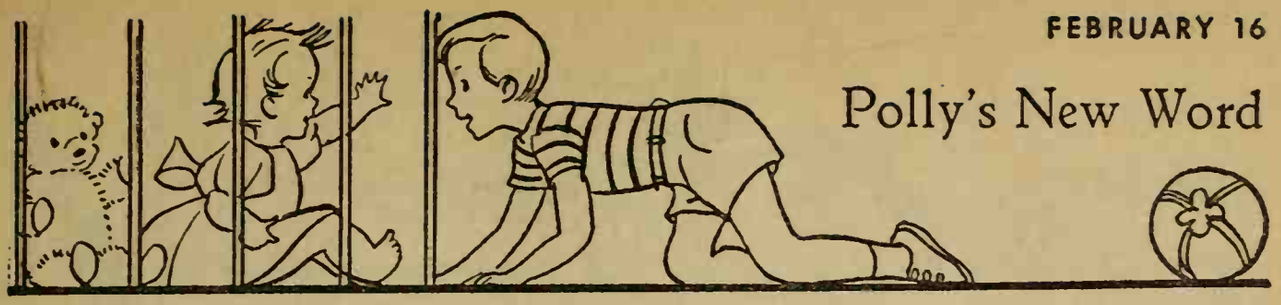
On another book jacket, Peter laid a paper from which he'd cut out different sizes of stars. Where the stars had been, there were just holes now, and when Peter spattered the whole thing with bright yellow paint, and lifted away the paper—why, his book jacket was covered with gay yellow stars!

Mary Lou came down to see Peter's project. "It's spatter work," Peter explained. "I learned it in school."

"It's very pretty," Mary Lou said. Then she chuckled. "You're a spatter-work picture yourself, Peter!"

Peter looked at his overalls spattered with color.

"I guess I'll wrap *me* around the next book!" he said.



Polly's New Word

MAMMA had stepped over to Mrs. Ling's, and Daddy was snoozing in the big chair, the newspaper spilling off his lap.

Timmy said to baby Polly in her play pen, "Now I'm taking care of you. So you be a good girl."

Polly reached her plump hands through the bars, trying to pull Timmy's hair. "Hi, hi, hi!" she laughed.

"Why don't you learn some other words?" Timmy asked her. "You can't go around saying 'Hi' all your life. Say 'Daddy,' Polly, *Daddy.*"

"Hi!" chuckled Polly. She picked up her ball and threw it wildly, just missing Daddy's nose. Timmy brought it back.

"Say 'ball,' Polly," he told his sister, keeping the ball just out of her reach. "Say 'ball.' "

Polly pulled herself to her feet. She leaned her round tummy against the play-pen bars and grabbed for the ball. She missed it, and tumbled back with a thump. Polly looked surprised. Her blue eyes grew bigger. Her pink mouth grew bigger, too.

"Waaaaaaaa!" yelled Polly.

"Oh, my!" said Timmy in alarm. "Here's your ball, Polly. Here it is!" He dropped the ball hastily and it hit Polly.

"*Waaaaaaa!*" she screamed, rubbing her head.

Daddy woke up. "Say, what's going on?" he asked. He lifted Polly to his lap. "Hush!" he begged. But Polly cried louder.

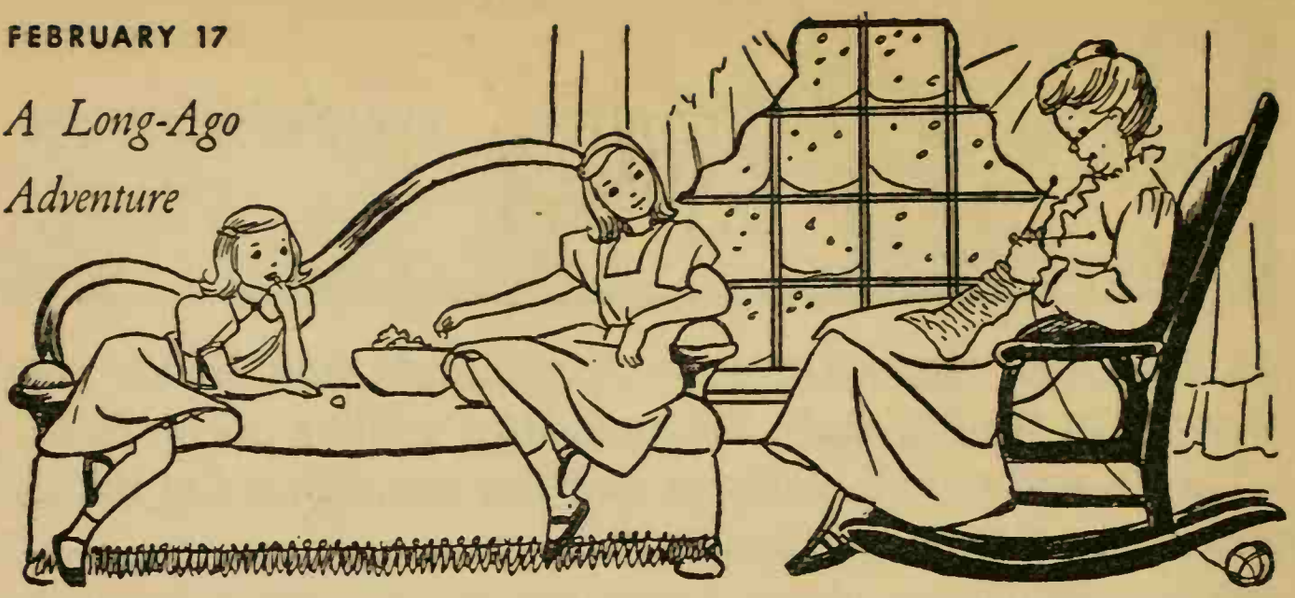
She made so much noise Mamma heard her and came running home. "What's the matter with my baby?" she crooned.

Polly shut her mouth. She held out her arms. "Mamma—mamma—mamma—mamma!" she cried.

Timmy said in delight, "Well, what do you know! She knew another word all the time!"

FEBRUARY 17

A Long-Ago Adventure



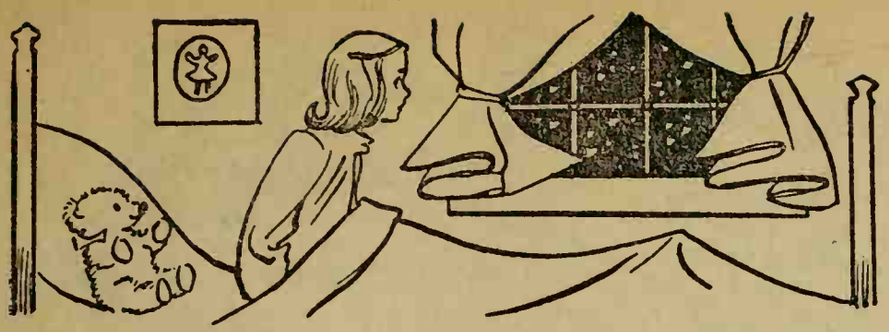
SNOW was falling thickly. Ruth and Betty were curled up on Mrs. Apricot's couch eating popcorn while Mrs. Apricot crocheted.

"This snow reminds me," said Mrs. Apricot, "of a winter day when I was no older than you two. I had gone to our nearest neighbor's, two miles away, to see their new baby. Papa was to pick me up on his way home from town that afternoon.

"Well, in mid-afternoon the heavy clouds that had hung low all day began shaking down their bushels of cotton fluff. Foolish child that I was, I thought only of getting home. My neighbor was in the house with her baby. I called, 'I'm going home now!' and she, thinking my father's team had come, called 'Good-by!' and let me go.

"For awhile I could see to follow the road, but soon the early winter evening closed in. I stumbled into deep drifts and knew I was off the road. I was too scared to use my head and figure out where I might be. I ran and shouted and fell down and got up to run again. I stumbled at last into a great pile of straw, and completely worn out, I tunneled into it, away from wind and snow, and cried myself to sleep.

"When I woke the next morning can you guess where I was? Well, neither could I at first. I was in our own strawstack that Papa had piled against the cowshed, not ten steps from our house! I'd reached home the night before, and never known it!"



A Right-Now Adventure

THAT night, after hearing Mrs. Apricot's story about the snowstorm, Ruth was a long time getting to sleep. She cuddled her Teddy bear, and listened to the snow brush her window, and thought of that little lost girl of long ago.

Suddenly Ruth heard tapping at the window, louder than the snow. She hopped from her bed and peered out.

"Let me in!" a faint voice squeaked. Ruth struggled with the storm window. When it flew open at last, nothing was outside, but Ruth could still hear the crying voice.

"Come back!" Ruth called. "You'll freeze if you don't!"

Without any thought of freezing herself, she slipped out the window and dropped like a bubble to the ground. Like a bubble, too, she floated across the snow, but she couldn't catch up with the voice.

"Where is that child?" Ruth cried. "Help me find her!"

"She went that way," whispered the bushes.

"That way, that way," murmured the trees, and suddenly a tall maple bent its branches, scooped Ruth up as in a swing, and sent her flying to the next tree, which did the same.

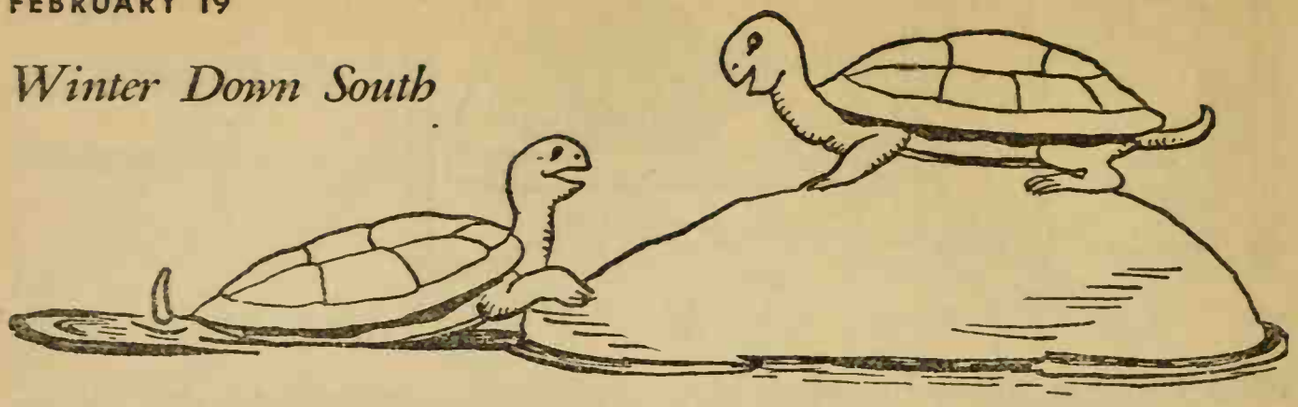
"Oh, put me down!" Ruth begged. The last tree promptly dropped her down, down, down!

She landed in a snowbank. Snow rose in a cloud around her. Underneath her, something squeaked!

"Oh, *here* you are!" Ruth cried. "Let's get out of this snow."

She kicked at the snow until—would you believe it? The snow slid off, and turned into a heap of blankets on Ruth's bedroom floor! The snowbank was her own bed. And the squeaking voice had come from her Teddy bear that she'd rolled on in her sleep!

Winter Down South



TILLY and Tooty Turtle liked their home in the Lings' sunny front window. They could take a swim any time they felt like it, and snap up a few of the ant eggs sprinkled on the water, or they could come out on the flat dry rock where they sat now, and enjoy the sunshine.

"Beautiful day," sighed Tilly. "I do like southern winters better than northern. It's no fun just sleeping for months under the leaves."

There was snow on the ground outside the window, but Tilly didn't realize it. Before the Ling children had found Tilly and Tooty and brought them into the house for pets, the little turtles had lived in the garden, and when it got cold they had buried themselves in the earth and slept until spring.

Now in the house it never got cold! Tooty and Tilly stayed awake all winter long, and thought they must be in Florida or California or some such winterless place!

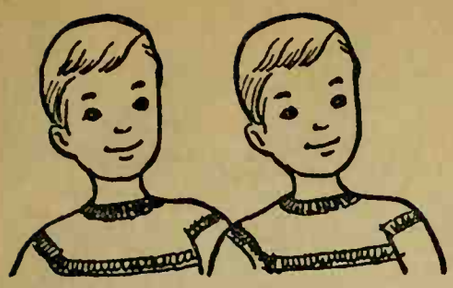
"Here comes Jane!" Tooty said, poking his head out from his shell.

"With lettuce?" asked Tilly, starting for the side of the pan.

Sure enough, Jane held out a leaf of crisp green lettuce. Tilly and Tooty opened their sharp horny jaws, snapped off a piece, and swallowed their bites whole.

"Delicious!" said Tooty happily, helping himself to another bite. "This is better than old garden beetles!"

"I think I'll just settle down here and live," Tilly said, daintily snapping off a bite of her own. "These people down South seem very kind and thoughtful!"





Twins Are a Tangle

NOBODY could tell the two Watson boys apart, not even their own sisters.

"Jack," asked Betty one day, "will you get me a candy bar next time you go down to Mr. Gay's? Here's a nickel."

"Okay," said the twin. "Only I'm Jerry."

Honestly, thought Betty, *aren't twins a tangle?*

A little while later she went outside, and there was a twin eating a candy bar on the front steps.

"Say," cried Betty, "where's mine?"

"Your what?" asked the twin, looking surprised.

"Oh, it wasn't you, then. I gave Jerry a nickel to get me a candy bar. Where is he?"

The twin looked blanker than before. He took a big bite of his bar and chewed it with great enjoyment. Betty looked impatiently up and down the street for Jerry.

"For goodness' sake, don't smack so," she begged. "I'm going to starve before that slowpoke gets back!"

The twin took another bite. He chewed so slowly and happily that Betty could fairly taste the delicious chocolate and nuts. "Oh, where is that Jerry?" she cried.

Then she saw him slowly strolling up the street. "Jerry!" she shouted, running to meet him. "Where's my bar? I'm starved!"

"What bar?" asked her brother.

"Oh, don't tease!" scolded Betty. "Give it to me, Jerry!"

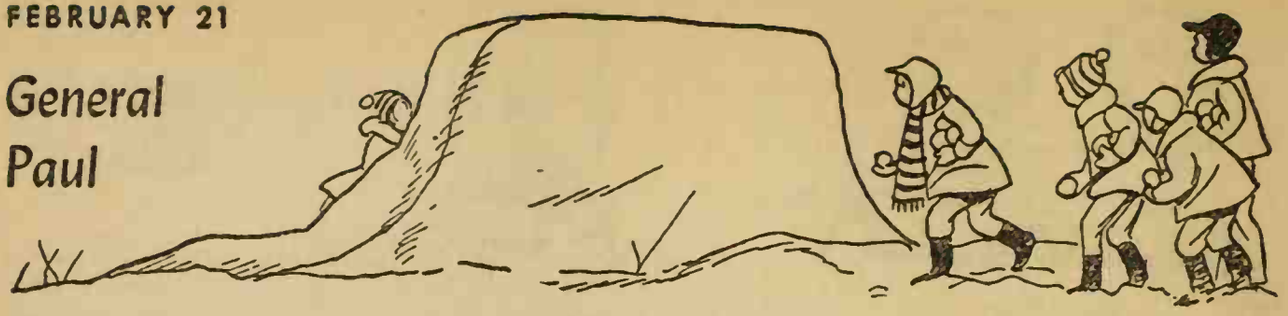
"I can't," said her brother. "I'm not Jerry. I'm Jack."

"But—" Betty whirled around, the other twin had disappeared. On the porch steps lay her candy bar.

"Why, that was Jerry all the time, the tease!" cried Betty. "Goodness, twins are a tangle—but awfully nice!"

FEBRUARY 21

General Paul



THE BOYS of What-a-Jolly Street had built a snow fort in the vacant lot behind Paul's and David's houses, and now David was defending the fort against Paul's army.

Most of the boys were in the fort. It was more fun there, with high walls keeping off the wind—and the enemies' snowballs! Paul had only Toby and Jack and Jerry on his side, and the twins threw too wildly to be of much help.

"You'll never take us!" David yelled from the fort. "Why don't you give up?"

Paul shouted, "We aren't the giving-up kind!"

Just about then, Ruth came strolling across her back yard to the snow fort. She was eating a sandwich, and she had another in her hand. A yell went up from the fort. "Give me a bite! Hey, I want one! It's my turn! Mine!"

Paul's eyes grew bright with an idea. He whispered to the boys, "It's just like George Washington at Valley Forge! Remember, the enemy was feasting and drinking, not dreaming of an attack? Come on, boys!"

Silently they crept across the open strip of ground. "We're crossing the Delaware now!" Paul whispered. "Listen, you can hear them laughing and singing just as Washington did!"

They were right under the fort wall, their arms filled with snowballs. "Attack, men!" Paul yelled. And over they swarmed.

David's army was too surprised to rally. They fled, yelling, to the house.

"Whew!" said Ruth, watching her brother's troops run. "You're a pretty good general, Paul!"

"Well," Paul admitted modestly, "I had a little help—from George Washington!"

Winter Journey



BOB came home from school fairly bursting with stories about the great man who was our first president.

"Jeepers," he told Sally, "George Washington was so brave and smart he could do almost anything! He was a surveyor when he was only sixteen, and it was no joke surveying miles of forest with Indians liable to pop out around any tree!

"He wasn't much older when the Governor of Virginia sent him with a message to the French commander in the Ohio Valley a thousand miles away. A thousand miles of wilderness in the dead of winter! But Washington got through. On his way back, though, the horses got too weak, and Washington and a companion decided to go ahead on foot. They expected to cross the Allegheny River on the ice, but when they got there, the ice had broken and was whirling and swirling in great cakes!

"Washington said, 'We'll build a raft,' and build it they did with only one small hatchet to work with. Well, they *almost* got across the river, and then—wham! the boat tipped and they were tossed out.

"It took a lot of courage to struggle through that icy water to a little island, and it took even more courage to keep walking up and down the whole night long to keep from freezing to death. But they did it, and the next day they crossed to the other shore and went on to Williamsburg to give Governor Dinwiddie his answer. That was one thing about George Washington, he *always* finished anything he started!"

"Oh," said Sally, "I like George Washington. When I'm bigger I'm going to read lots of stories about him."

FEBRUARY 23

Mary Lou's New Game





THE CHILDREN of What-a-Jolly Street were trying out a new game of Mary Lou's.

"Each of you draw a card," Mary Lou said. "Whatever your card says, you must do. Winner is the one who finishes first."

Peter drew a card. "Oops!" he cried. "Push a peanut from the door to the fireplace with my *nose!*"

Doris's card said, "Blow this feather once around the room without letting it touch the floor." There was a fluffy feather stuck lightly to the card.

David read his card and whistled. "Balance an egg on the back of your hand while you circle the room! Hey, that might be dangerous—at least, to the rug!"

"Here's the egg!" giggled Mary Lou.

They all started off. Ruth rolled an embroidery hoop with a pencil, Susan balanced two books on her head, Toby felt his way around the room blindfolded, Paul walked on all fours, Ted balanced an apple on his forehead.

Then—"Look out!" yelped David.

It was too late. Doris, blowing her feather, had walked into David, balancing his egg! The egg fell off! David grabbed for it, and bumped Susan, whose books fell onto Toby's toes. Toby hopped up and down and squashed Peter's peanut. Ruth and Ted dived for the falling egg, and banged their heads together. The egg crashed to the floor—and nothing happened!

David picked it up. "Hardboiled!" he shouted. "And here I was so careful!"

"I won!" shouted Doris.

For while the others had been tangled up over the egg, Doris had gone calmly on blowing her feather.

Toby's Birthday



TOBY LING didn't want a party for his seventh birthday. "That party stuff's for girls!" he said.

"Oh, Toby, parties are *fun!*" his sisters cried.

But Toby frowned. "Sissy stuff!" he said.

So on the big day he went to school as though it were just any day. And that's all it seemed to be, too. Nobody said, "Happy birthday, Toby!" And worst of all, after school he didn't even have anyone to walk home with. Everybody had important errands today. Ted had to go to the store, and David had to deliver a package somewhere, and Bob just disappeared without even a good-by.

Shucks, Toby thought. It wasn't any fun poking around by himself. Not on his *birthday!* And he didn't see a soul on What-a-Jolly Street except baby Polly napping in her buggy.

"Aw!" Toby exploded, turning into his own walk. "I wish I'd had a party!"

He banged open his front door, and—"*Surprise! Surprise!*" shouted a dozen voices. Out from behind furniture and curtains and doors spilled all his friends!

Toby's face glowed like a neon light. "A surprise party!" he beamed. "Oh, boy, there's nothing nicer than a party on a fellow's birthday!"

FEBRUARY 25

Snow Cream



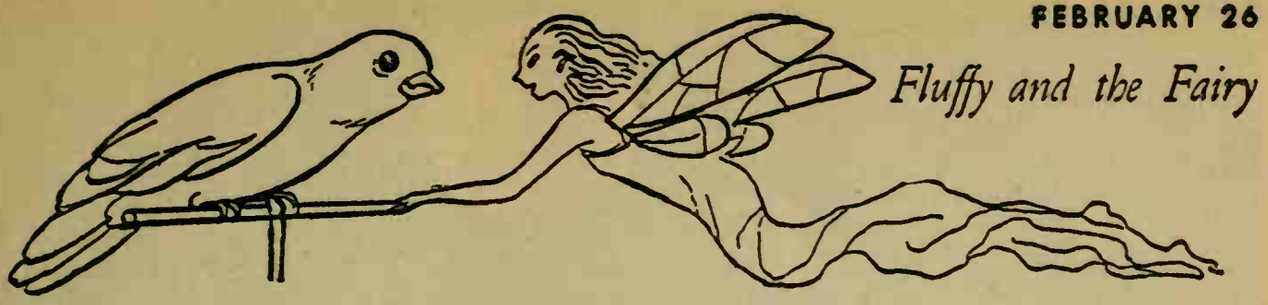
AMY sat on her back steps, looking at the snow and eating a sandwich. There wasn't as much snow as there'd been yesterday. The snow man she and Doris had made was shrinking thinner and thinner.

"Poor snow man," sighed Amy. Was he hungry? She broke off a piece of sandwich and pressed it into his mouth. It didn't make him look a bit fatter.

Amy didn't like to see the snow going. Maybe she should put some where it wouldn't melt. She got her little tea-set pans and cups and filled them with snow. She buried some underneath the snow man. She buried some in the big drift by the front door. The last two she took in the house and put in the refrigerator.

When Amy's mother came out to the kitchen, she found them there. The snow was already melting into dirty water. Amy's mother laughed. She washed out the little cups and filled them with ice cream she'd made for dinner. Smiling, she went to the door and called, "Amy! What's this you've put in the refrigerator? It looks good enough to eat."

Amy came in. "It's snow, mamma," she said. "I'm saving it." She looked at her cups, and then she looked again. She picked one up, and licked the white filling. Then she began to giggle as she guessed the joke. "Won't either save it!" she chuckled, and she took both little cups back to the porch and ate every bit.



Fluffy and the Fairy

THE DREAM FAIRY flitted through the window of the Carter house on a path of milk-white moonlight. She danced along the moonbeam to Fluffy's canary cage, which was covered with a pink cloth.

Fluffy was asleep. His yellow feathers were puffed out and his dark head was tucked under his wing. The Dream Fairy hopped to the rim of the cage, and peeked under the pink cloth. Fluffy opened one eye and saw the Dream Fairy. Then he opened the other eye and cocked his head to look at her with that one, too.

"Hello!" laughed the Dream Fairy in her silvery moonbeam voice. "Aren't you tired of sitting in the dark? I don't think your people are nice to shut you away from the moonlight!"

Fluffy thought about that. He was so ruffled now he looked like a ball of yellow wool.

"It just isn't fair," the Dream Fairy scolded. "Shall I open the door and set you free?"

Free? Free to fly outside the house, far into the world?

Fluffy shook his head. "No," he said firmly. "Timmy would miss me. And Polly. She laughs and claps her hands when I sing."

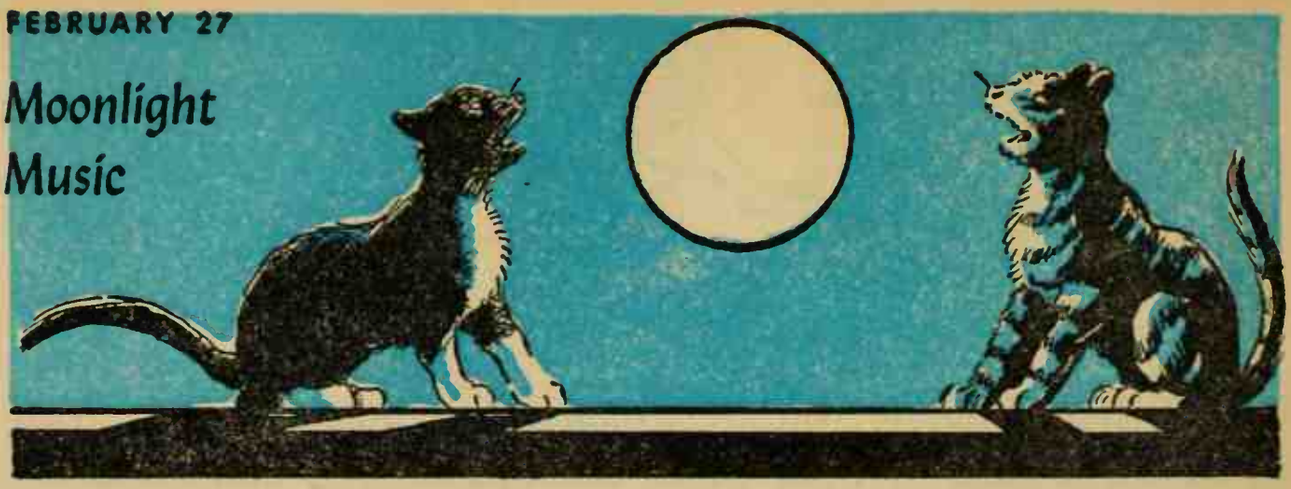
"That's all very well," said the Fairy, "but what do *you* have to laugh and clap about?"

Fluffy said, "Why, they love me! Perhaps out in the world I could find seeds and water, and even a snug nest. But there'd be no Timmy and Polly to love me."

The Dream Fairy smiled. "Wise little Fluffy, to know that love is worth more than freedom! Happy dreams, Fluffy!"

FEBRUARY 27

Moonlight Music



"PSSST!" hissed Tiger, the cat. "Look at that moonlight, Tom! I'm going outside."

"Me, too," said Tom instantly. The two cats leaped from their warm box in the Nolen basement, and wriggled out of the window above the laundry table.

The snow was cold on their paws, but the moonlight made them want to sing. Tom jumped to the top of the back fence. Tiger hopped behind him.

"Merrrrrrrow!" Tom sang.

"Meeeowowowowowow!" howled Tiger. He had a deep voice, much nicer than Tom's, he thought.

"Merrrryowyowyow!" Tom sang, trying to drown out Tiger. Tom thought Tiger had a very unmusical voice, far too low and hoarse.

"Mieumieumieumieu!" rumbled Tiger.

"Moweeyoweeyowee!" screeched Tom.

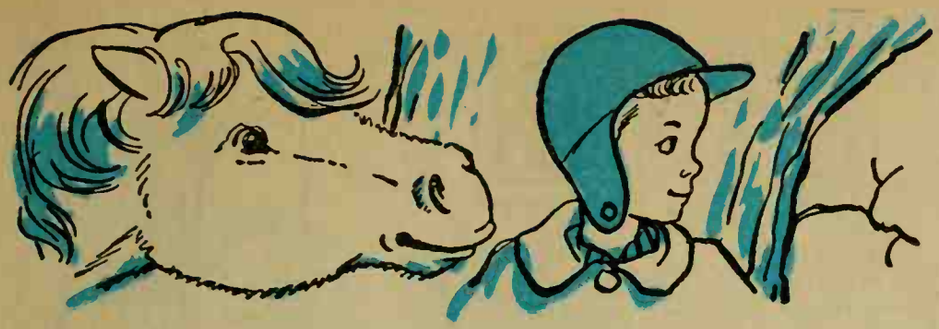
A window opened. Mr. Nolen shouted, "Be quiet, will you?" An old shoe sailed out and banged against the fence.

Tom and Tiger got off the fence very quickly. The snow was cold, and the wind whistled through their fur. They pattered to the basement window and crept in.

"Mr. Nolen has no ear for music," said Tiger, thinking that he really didn't blame Mr. Nolen for disliking Tom's voice.

"Yes, it's plain that he's tone-deaf," agreed Tom, thinking that he himself would rather be tone deaf than listen to Tiger.

They snuggled against each other and went to sleep.



FEBRUARY 28

David and Rusty

DAVID didn't want to clean out the pony Rusty's shed, though it was his regular Saturday job. He wanted to go hiking instead.

"I'll just slip off after breakfast and let the old shed wait," David grumbled. "If I'm up on the hill, they won't find me."

He ate his breakfast quickly, and got out of the house. Just as he ducked into the shelter of the trees behind Mrs. Apricot's house, he heard Ruth call, "David! David!"

Let her call, David thought. He scuffed along, muttering, "Shucks, I don't have to work *all* the time, do I? A guy's got a right to a *little* fun."

"*David!*" Ruth called again. Her voice was closer. Ruth had evidently figured he'd head for their favorite spot.

"But there are lots of trees, and she'll never guess which one I'm behind," thought David. "I'll keep still as a woodchuck."

He leaned against a big tree, hardly breathing as he heard footsteps mounting the path, and Ruth murmuring, "Now where is that runaway? Do you suppose he's behind here? Or over here?"

David grinned as he heard her voice going past, and then suddenly he jumped and let out a yell, for a cold moist nose was lovingly nuzzling his neck!

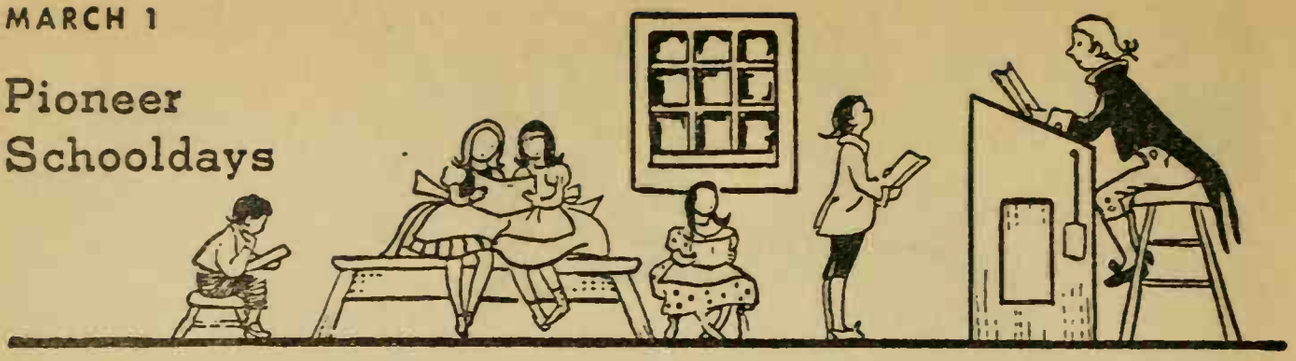
"Rusty!" he squealed.

Ruth turned back. "Oh, there you are! I knew Rusty would find you any place."

"Oh, you did, did you?" David grumbled, but he didn't sound really angry. He put his arm across Rusty's neck and gave the pony a hug. "So I couldn't hide from you, huh? Well, come along then. I'll do your housecleaning, and then we'll *both* have fun."

MARCH 1

Pioneer Schooldays



ONE SUNDAY Bob, Paul, and David stopped at Mrs. Apricot's to say hello, and have a cookie.

"Jeeps, school tomorrow morning," Bob sighed. "I wish every day were Saturday or Sunday."

"Or all months were summer vacation," said David.

Mrs. Apricot said, "When I was little, I went to school in summer and had *winter* vacation."

"Honest?" cried Paul. "That's a funny way to do it."

"It was really very sensible. You see, the big boys had to work in the summer, so they went to school in the winter. There was a man teacher in the wintertime, and he had to be very stern, too, to keep order among so many big boys. We little children who went to school in the summertime had a lady teacher.

"Our school didn't look like yours. It was a single room, and everybody, whether they were just beginning or were doing fourth or fifth grade work, studied and recited in that one room. At first we didn't even have books to study; children learning to read brought books from home—a Bible, or an almanac, or even a dictionary. One girl had an old reader her mother had brought from the East when they came pioneering. We thought she was the luckiest person we knew to have a book with stories and pictures. At noon we would offer her the best tidbits from our lunch pails for a chance to look at the book."

"Shucks, I'm glad I didn't go to school *then*," said Bob. "Can you see me studying an *almanac?*"

"And going to school in summer just when things are getting to be fun!" David shook his head. "Not for me!"

Paul grinned. "Guess we're lucky after all," he decided.



MARCH 2

Upside-Down Day

IT WAS a day full of mistakes. First Ellen put her shoes on the wrong feet, then she pulled her dress on back to front. She brought Mamma the comb instead of the brush to fix her curls, and the comb always pulled. She asked for the wrong kind of breakfast food, and then had to eat it up so it wouldn't be wasted.

"Everything's all upsy-downsy, Butch," Ellen sighed as she and the big dog went out to play. Butch wagged his tail and trotted beside her. "Let's play horsey, Butch. You be the horsey. Ooooh, look at Rusty! Rusty goes fast!"

"Ruff! Ruff!" barked Butch, but Ellen had trotted out of the back yard after the Barretts' pony, who was kicking up his heels and frolicking in the wide vacant lots behind his shed.

"Rusty! Rusty!" squealed Ellen, trotting after him, right behind his flying heels. "Nice horsey!"

"*Ruff! Ruff!*" woofed Butch. He charged across the lots and grabbed Ellen's jacket between his strong teeth. He tugged so hard that Ellen tumbled backward and sat down hard. Rusty's galloping feet whizzed past her head.

Ellen's mamma had heard Butch barking, and she came out to see what the trouble was. "Oh, Ellen!" she cried. "Come back! Come right back to your yard! You're too little to play with Rusty, dear. Butch must be your horsey now."

Ellen scrambled to her feet and trotted back to her yard. She looked back at Rusty and sighed. "Wrong horsey," she said. "Come on, Butch. Let's play horsey. You be the horsey."

MARCH 3

Peter Is Six



"I'M SIX today! I'm six! I'm six today!" Peter made a song of the words and sang them the whole morning long.

In the afternoon Peter didn't have time to sing, for he had a birthday party. All his guests brought their favorite toys, for the toys were invited to Peter's party, too!

Sally brought her Cinderella doll; Jack and Jerry brought their tricycle and wagon; Toby brought his new kite. Doris came with her nurse's kit; Ruth had her toy typewriter; and Jane trailed in, late as usual, with a picture book.

Peter decided his rootin' tootin' cowboy should come to the party as *his* favorite toy, and that gave him an idea. "Let's play Wild West!" he shouted. "We've got a tricycle and a wagon for the wagon-train, and the cowboy for the driver!"

"And Cinderella's a lady passenger going out to live in the Wild West, poor thing," decided Sally.

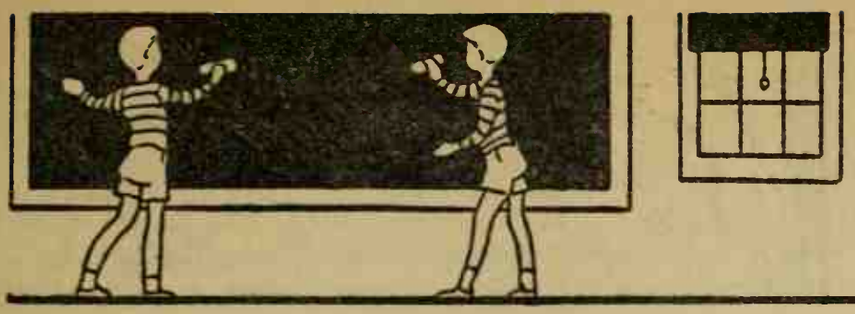
"And when the Indians attack, and she's hurt, I can fix her up with my nurse's kit!" cried Doris.

"The kite's a signal!" shouted Toby. "When it's flying at the pass, the wagon-train dares to go through. But if you don't see it, you have to run like anything!"

They played the game over and over, taking turns being Indians and cowboys and passengers. When Mrs. Brown called them in to the birthday lunch, they were tired and hungry.

"It's too bad the toys can't eat, too," said Doris. "They *earned* some birthday cake and ice cream."

"All but my typewriter and Jane's book," said Ruth. "Tell you what—after we eat, you may all look at the book, while I type a story about our Wild West game so we'll always remember Peter's party!"



MARCH 4

Who Was Fooled?

JACK liked to fool people who couldn't tell him from his twin brother, Jerry. One afternoon on the way to school he said to Jerry, "Let's pretend we're each other and fool the teacher!"

"Well, okay," said Jerry, looking a little doubtful. "But the teacher won't like it."

They sat in each other's seats and answered to each other's names. This was the day on which the teacher always gave them new jobs to do around the schoolroom. Last week Jerry had had the job of erasing the blackboards. Everybody liked that job more than any other.

Today the teacher said, "Jack, *you* may erase the blackboards this week."

Jerry, who was sitting in Jack's seat, grinned and said, "All right, teacher, that'll be fine!"

Jack was so indignant he could hardly keep still. It should have been *his* turn to erase the blackboards! Jerry had done it all last week, and now he got an extra day to do it, too! Even though Jack could sit in his own seat tomorrow, and be Jack again, and erase the blackboards all the rest of the week, he'd have lost out on this day.

All afternoon Jack frowned and sputtered to himself angrily, and all afternoon Jerry smiled and smiled. When school was out at last, Jack started to leave. Jerry called, "Hey, Jerry!" Jack almost didn't answer; he had had enough of playing he was Jerry. Then Jerry said, "Stay and help me with the boards, will you?"

Jack brightened and grabbed an eraser. As they erased, he whispered, "Let's go back to being ourselves again. I don't think it's such fun fooling people after all!"

MARCH 5

The Goldfish House



THE JOHNSON CHILDREN'S Uncle Theo came to visit them in March. He said one day, "What this fine east window needs is some goldfish. How would you like to fix up an aquarium?"

"Oh, yes, let's!" cried Doris and Ted.

They went downtown after school that afternoon. Doris wanted to pick out the goldfish at the pet store the very first thing, but Uncle Theo laughed. "What will they live in? Our pockets? No, first we must buy their glass house. We will look for a big house, one that will hold—oh, maybe three gallons of water. Goldfish need plenty of water and plenty of space to move around. We'll buy an oblong house, instead of a round bowl—do you know why?"

"Maybe they get dizzy swimming in circles," Ted guessed.

Uncle Theo laughed again. "No, it isn't that, Ted. Curved glass makes sunshine hotter. It gathers the sun's rays, and on a hot day the water heats and can almost scald the poor goldfish. An oblong tank with a screen of water plants growing against the back is best for them. The plants not only give the fish cool shadows to play in, but help them breathe, too, by making the air in the water fresher. We'll need snails, too!"

"Snails?" puzzled Doris.

"Oh, my, yes, they are the fish's housekeepers! They clean up the tank by eating tiny plants and animals we can't even see in the water, and they wipe off the line of scum on the sides of the tank with their tongues and shells."

Doris said, "My goodness, I never knew there was so much to do, making a home for goldfish. They ought to be pretty happy when they move in!"



MARCH 6

The First Robin

MARY LOU wanted to see the first robin this spring. So did Ted. "I know I'll see him first," Mary Lou said one morning as she passed by Ted's yard on her way to school, "because I saw an old nest in our maple tree where a robin family lived last year, and they're sure to come back to it."

That didn't seem fair. Ted went around to his back yard to look at the old apple tree, but he didn't see any nest in it. Now Ted was sure Mary Lou would win. He scowled and scowled, thinking about it.

When Mary Lou came home from school, Ted met her. "I saw the first robin!" he shouted. "Yes, I did!"

"Did you, Ted?" Mary Lou asked excitedly. "Oh, isn't that wonderful? Spring *must* be almost here! Let's look for it, Ted. Is it building a nest in your apple tree?"

Ted didn't feel good at all. He wished he hadn't said he'd seen a robin. Because, to tell the truth, he hadn't!

That night it snowed. It hadn't snowed for so long that Ted was surprised to wake and see a white world again. Before he had breakfast, Mary Lou was at the door. "Hurry, Ted!" she begged. "We've got to find that poor robin. It'll freeze!"

Ted felt worse and worse as he tagged her up and down the snowy yard. Suddenly Mary Lou stopped short and said, "*There* it is! And it doesn't look a bit cold!"

Ted blinked. There on the kitchen window sill sat a fat saucy robin, pecking at bread crumbs! "*You* saw it first, Mary Lou!" Ted cried. "You saw the first robin! I didn't really see one yesterday!"

And when he had said it, he felt a glow inside him as rosy warm as the first robin's breast.

MARCH 7

Baby Tom



LITTLE Ann Nolen had nobody to play with; she wandered around the yard, wishing somebody would come out.

Nobody came except Tom and Tiger, the cats. They soon wished they hadn't, for Ann pounced on them happily. "Oh, pussy, pussy! Let's play house!"

Tiger shot out of Ann's arms, but Tom was held all the tighter. However, with Ann scratching under his chin and telling him he was a beautiful baby, he didn't fight to get away. Ann laid him in her doll buggy, and Tom was quite content to stay there. In fact, he was sound asleep when Ann came bustling back.

"Now, pussy, bath time!" Ann sang. Before Tom really got his eyes open, Ann—oh, horror of horrors!—was dabbing his face with a dripping washcloth! Tom hated water! He struggled and scratched and yowled.

"I guess that's enough bath," Ann decided. "Hold still, baby!"

She pulled a bonnet over Tom's ears and tied it under his chin. Around his neck she tied the ribbons of a little kimono.

"Oh, aren't you sweet?" she squealed, holding him up by his front legs. "Now all you need is a pink bow on your tail!"

Tom had had enough. He gave a great spring and shot away. Tiger was watching from a hiding-place near the fence.

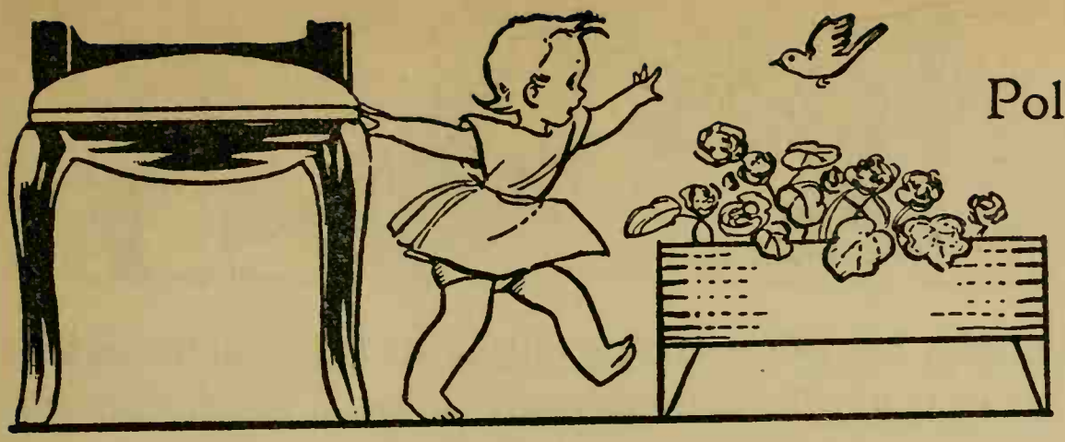
"Miow, psst! Miow, miow, miow!" he said. That seemed to mean, "Oh, you great big handsome baby!"

That was too much for Tom. In spite of the flapping clothing he leaped at Tiger!

"Sssssssssst! Meooooooooow! Psssssst!"

Mamma came running. She caught up Tom. "Poor Tom!" she said. "You can't make a doll-baby out of a pussy-cat, Ann."

Ann nodded. "Tiger laughed at him," she said. "Poor pussy!"



Polly's First Step

POLLY could stand up, but she hadn't learned to walk.

"Come here, Polly," Mother would say, holding out her arms.

Polly would rock back and forth on her unsteady feet and smile at her, but she wouldn't take a step.

One day Polly was playing with her blocks on the living-room floor when Mother brought in Fluffy's canary cage, freshly cleaned. "Hi, dumpling!" she said to Polly as she hung Fluffy's cage on its stand and went back to the kitchen. Polly dropped her blocks to watch Fluffy. "Hi!" she called to him. "Hi! Hi!"

Mother hadn't fastened Fluffy's door tightly. It swung open. Fluffy looked surprised. He hopped over to it and looked down. There was a bright row of geraniums in the flower stand below him. My, they looked good enough to eat! Fluffy hopped through his open door and flew down to the flowers!

Polly bounced with excitement. Fluffy had never been within reach before. Polly got to her feet, and held on to a chair. Then she reached for another chair and pulled herself over to it. But there weren't enough chairs to reach Fluffy. Polly stood flapping her arms and shouting.

Mother wondered why Polly was so noisy. She came to the kitchen door just in time to see Polly let go of the last chair and take one, two, three steps!

"Why, Polly!" cried Mother. She was so surprised and pleased that she didn't even notice Fluffy in the geraniums. But that didn't matter because just then Fluffy flew back into his cage. He had decided geraniums weren't good to eat after all!

MARCH 9

Rusty's Trick



DAVID thought his pony Rusty ought to learn some tricks. *Surely he ought to be able to learn a simple trick,* David thought. *Something easy like shaking hands.*

David took a nice red apple out to Rusty and held it out of reach while he commanded, "Shake hands, Rusty! Shake hands!" Then he lifted Rusty's hoof to show what he meant, at the same time giving him a nibble of the apple.

Rusty looked very pleased. He didn't care a bit if David wanted to lift his hoof, though it seemed pretty silly. He chewed his bite of apple and nuzzled David to find the rest of it.

"No, sir! You don't get any more of it yet!" said David. "You've got to earn it first. Shake hands, Rusty!"

Again and again, he lifted Rusty's hoof, shook it, and then gave Rusty a nibble of apple. At last he thought Rusty should be able to lift his hoof himself when David told him to.

So when he said "Shake hands!" again, he only held out his hand toward Rusty's hoof.

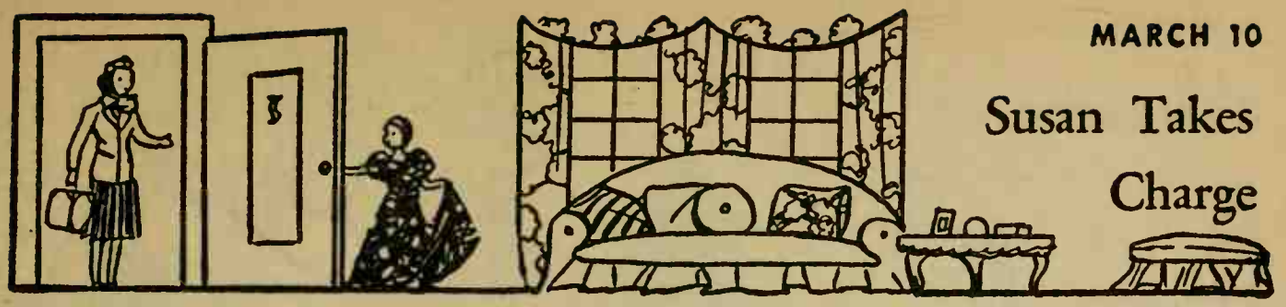
Rusty was getting tired of all this. He smelled David's pockets, and he nosed David's hand.

"Shake hands!" David ordered sternly.

Rusty had an idea of how to end this nonsense. As David bent over, reaching toward his hoof, Rusty put his nose against the back of David's neck and whooshed a big whistle of air down David's back!

"Hey! Hey! Stop it! You tickle!" David leaped into the air, dropping the scrap of apple he'd been holding behind him. Rusty picked it up and chewed it very, very slowly.

David laughed. "You're not so dumb, are you, Rusty? You knew a trick of your own all the time!"



MARCH 10

Susan Takes Charge

SUSAN'S mother had gone downtown and left Susan in charge of the Ling house. Susan loved being in charge, even though there wasn't a great deal for her to take charge of.

"A person in charge of a house shouldn't have pigtails and short dresses." Susan frowned, peering in the mirror. She tried winding her braids around her head and pinning them with her mother's hairpins. There, that looked better—much, much older. And Mother's old housecoat, wrapped around Susan, made her look at least twenty, Susan thought with satisfaction.

She trailed her long skirts downstairs and sat in the living room pretending to serve tea to guests. "Will you have more?" she asked the empty air graciously. "With lemon or cream?"

Oh, it was such fun! That is, until suddenly the doorbell rang. Susan was so lost in her wonderful game that she thought the bell only meant another guest was coming to tea. She swished grandly to the door, and flung it open. "Do, do come in!" she invited.

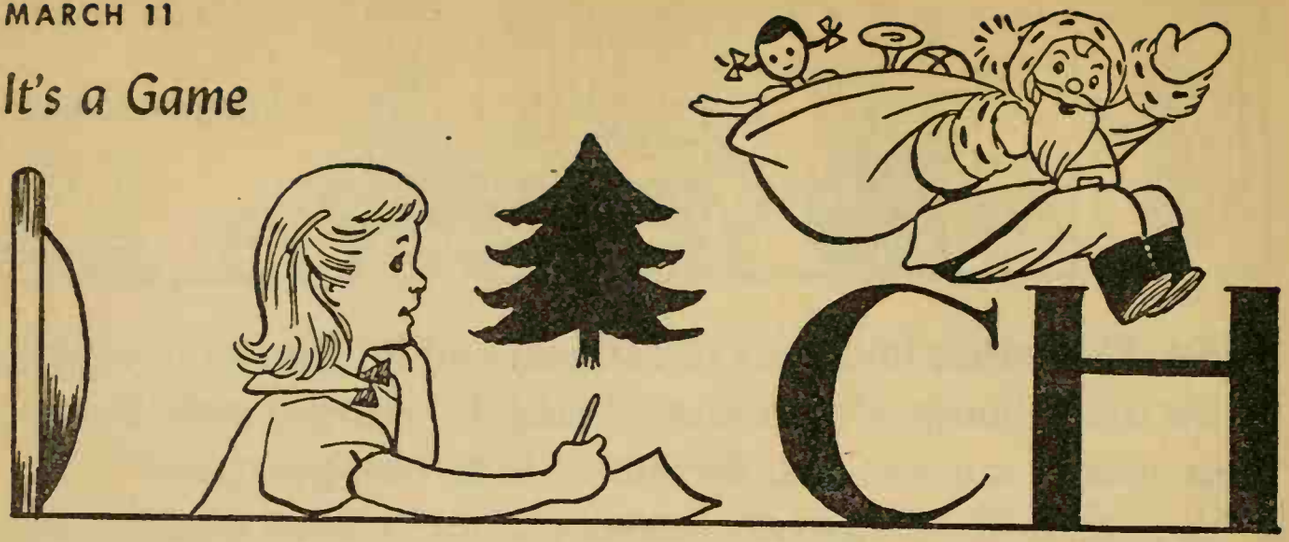
The woman on the doorstep looked quite surprised. She had a big case of grocery samples, and Susan realized she was a perfectly strange saleslady.

"Are you the lady of the house?" the woman inquired.

Susan wanted to run away. She half turned, and tripped on her long skirt. A braid came loose and flapped against her cheek. Her face was bright red, and she didn't know what to say until—oh, wonderful sight!—she saw her mother coming up the walk.

"*There's* the lady of the house!" Susan gasped, and fled upstairs. Right at the moment, she thought she never wanted to be in charge of anything again!

It's a Game



CH

SALLY made too many mistakes in spelling. "I can't remember those old words!" she sighed.

One night after supper she was looking over the list of words for next day's spelling test. Her head nodded sleepily. "*F-i-r-s-t,* first," she chanted. Then she printed it on a sheet of paper, but she spelled it "*f-r-i-s-t,*" and that's just the way she'd had it in the last test, too. "Oh, dear," said Sally, "I'll never remember it."

"Why, of course you will!" laughed a silvery voice that seemed to come straight out of her pencil. "Look! *F-i-r!* There's a tree in that word, a little fir tree! And what's this other you've written wrong—*C-r-i-s-t-m-a-s?* Oh, dear, you must remember that *h* in *Christmas,* for it's the chimney Santa Claus comes down! See, doesn't *h* look like a chimney, with that straight line rising above the little hump of the mantel where the stockings will hang? Yes, indeed, Santa goes *hop* over the round roof of the *C,* and whisk down that chimney! And dear, dear, you've spelled tooth with only one *o—t-o-t-h;* that will never do. Just remember there's a *toot* in tooth. Toot-toot-toot, like a train whistle!"

Sally blinked, and looked at her pencil, but it was only a pencil. Had she dreamed the silvery voice?

"Maybe I did," said Sally, "but I'll remember what it said anyway. Why, the test tomorrow will be *easy!* I'll just remember there's a fir tree in first, and a chimney in Christmas, and that every tooth goes toot-toot!"

The Sandstorm



"TIMMY!" called Amy. "C'mon over! I have a new sandbox!"

"A new sandbox? Oh, fuf-fuf-fuf!" Timmy laughed. He ran to ask his mother, and to get his shovel and his pail and some tin cups. And oh, yes, his favorite toy of all—a tiny wheelbarrow no bigger than his finger, with a wheel that really turned!

Timmy and Amy had fun. First they built a town. They piled up heaps of sand for the school and church and stores. They built a whole row of houses. Timmy wheeled the sand in his wee wheelbarrow while Ann patted it into place. When the town was finished, they played Papa and Mamma living in one of the houses, and going marketing with the wheelbarrow.

At last they were tired of the town. "Here comes a big storm!" cried Timmy, swooping across the sandbox with his open hand and knocking down a store and house.

"Big, big storm!" Amy shouted, and she swooped, too. Sand flew wildly. Some of it flew into Timmy's eyes.

"Ow!" cried Timmy angrily.

"I'm s-sorry, Timmy," Amy whispered.

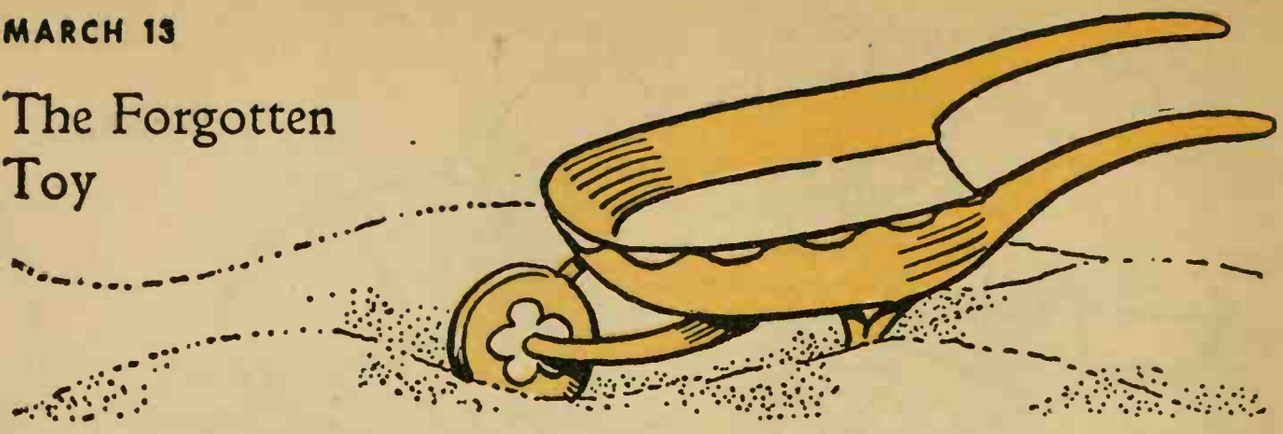
Timmy's anger went away like smoke. "Wasn't your fault," he said. "I'll go let Mamma wash it out."

"Will you come over again sometime?" Amy asked hopefully.

"Sure," said Timmy. "Only next time we won't have quite such a *big* storm!"

MARCH 13

The Forgotten Toy



THE SUN went down. The sand in Amy's sandbox grew colder and colder. Underneath it, a tiny wheelbarrow no bigger than a little boy's finger shivered and woke up.

"Say!" said the wheelbarrow. "Where am I, anyway?" It scooped into the sand above it. Its tiny wheel turned slowly, slowly. Its wee handles shoved hard. Out of the sand it popped!

"Brrrrr!" shivered the wheelbarrow. "No wonder I'm cold—I'm outdoors! Why, I'm liable to *rust!*"

That was a terrible thought. The wheelbarrow rolled hastily across the humps of sand to the edge of the box. There it stopped, because the side of the box was too high for it to climb. The wheelbarrow rolled along the side of the box. At the other end, it stumbled over a shovel. "You here, too?" cried the wheelbarrow. "Why did Timmy forget us?"

The shovel yawned. He was a husky shovel and he didn't mind the cold. Besides, he was an old shovel and already rusted. He mumbled, "Timmy got sand in his eye."

"Well, what do you think I've got in mine?" squeaked the wheelbarrow. "Sand in my eyes and rust in my joints!"

"He'll remember us tomorrow." The shovel yawned again. "Go to sleep."

The shivering wheelbarrow noticed that the shovel was buried up to its neck in sand. It looked a great deal warmer that way.

"Well," sighed the wheelbarrow, "I might as well make the best of it." He slowly dug down deeper and deeper, until he was all covered up.

"Ahhhhh," he said, "it *is* warmer here!" And he fell asleep.



MARCH 14

Something Is Missing



ELLEN trotted down What-a-Jolly Street carrying her sand pail and shovel. She stopped in Amy's yard. "May I play in your sandbox?" she asked.

Amy was busy digging. She said, "Make a house, Ellen. Make a big, big house!"

Ellen heaped sand into a hill. Then smack! she flattened the top of the hill with her hand. That made the roof. She patted the sides and poked holes in them for windows and doors. She shaped a dab of wet sand into a chimney.

Then she stuck twiggy sticks in the sand around the house for trees, scraped a nice smooth path going up to the front door, and said, "There! That's a big house, Amy!"

Amy clapped her hands. "Pretty! Pretty!"

They heard Ellen's mother calling from down the street. Ellen said, "Oh, my! I was supposed to stay at home. But the sand is such fun!"

Amy said, "You may have some sand, Ellen. Lots of it!"

"Oh, thanks!" said Ellen. She scooped one shovelful of sand after another into her pail. "Good-by!" she called, and trotted home.

A little later, Timmy came over to Amy's. He said, "I left my things here yesterday."

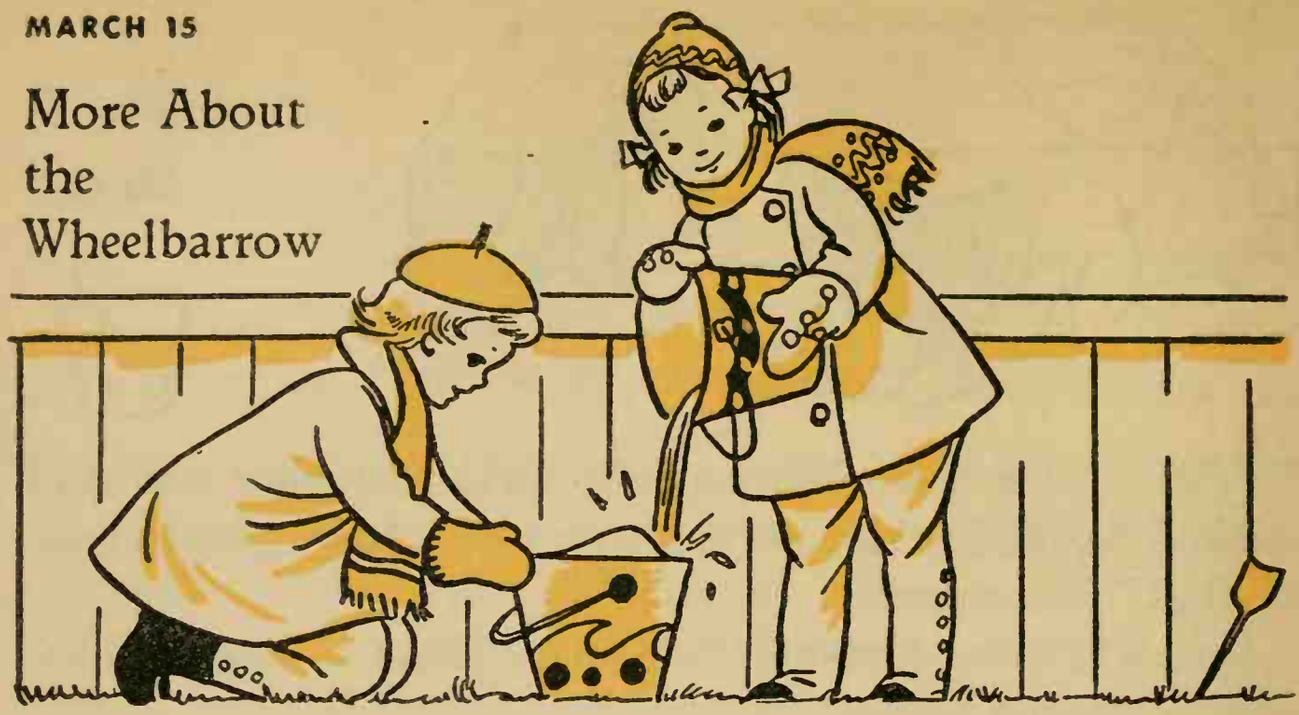
"Here's your shovel," said Amy, "and your cups."

But where was the wheelbarrow? They looked and looked. They shoveled through the sand, and raked the grass, and no sign of that wheelbarrow did they find!

Now where do you suppose it was?

MARCH 15

More About the Wheelbarrow



THE WHEELBARROW—the wee, tiny wheelbarrow that Timmy was looking for—slept soundly until suddenly he felt himself lifted up in the air with a scoop of sand, and dropped into a pail. More and more sand was dumped on top of him.

"Wuf-whuf— Let me out of here!" squeaked the wheelbarrow. "*Now* what?" For he was set down with a thump!

Above him, he heard a little girl calling, "Kathy! C'mon over! Amy gave me some nice sand!"

"Nice sand indeed!" snorted the wheelbarrow. "They'd better get some off *me!*"

Ellen and Kathy reached in the pail again and again for dabs of sand, but they didn't quite reach the little wheelbarrow.

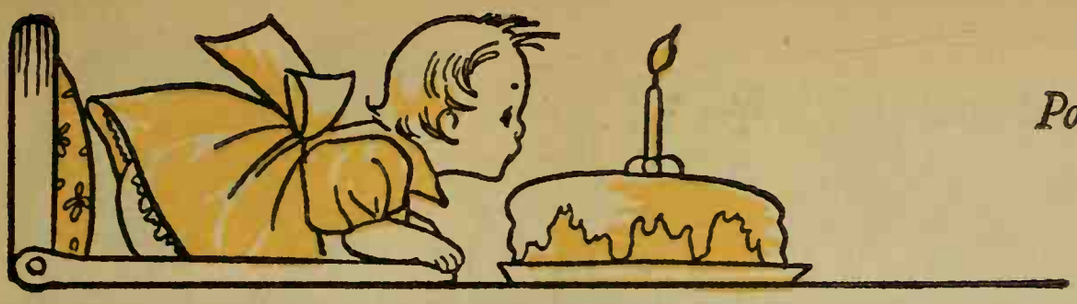
Kathy's mother called, "Time to dress for the party, Kathy!"

Kathy chuckled. "I'm going to take a sandball to the party!"

Ellen giggled, too. "Put some water on what's left in the pail," she said. "It'll make a wonderful ball!"

"Whoosh!" squeaked the wheelbarrow as water leaked down on him. "What's going on?" He was scooped up in a big handful of sand, patted into such a solid ball he could hardly breathe, and carried away. At last he felt himself being set down gently.

"See you at the party!" he heard Kathy call to Ellen.



MARCH 16

Polly's Party

POLLY CARTER was one year old today. She had a big white cake with pink curlicues squiggling over it, and one pink candle in the center. When the candle was lit, Polly said, "Ahhhhh," and stood up in her high chair to try to reach it.

All the children around the table shouted, "Blow it, Polly! Blow it!"

Polly puffed out her cheeks and blew and blew. She blew sandwich crumbs off her high-chair tray, and tissue paper off the table, but she couldn't make the candle flame even flicker.

So all the children puffed together, and swoosh! the flame was out. Mrs. Carter cut the cake, and Polly bounced up and down, shouting, "Mamma-mamma!" until she got her slice.

After the children had finished eating, Timmy took them out to the back yard to play games; Polly sat in her walker, watching them and shouting, "Hi! Hi! Hi!"

Timmy brought out his ball and bounced it to the children. Kathy looked mischievous. She ran over to her yard and got something that *looked* like a ball! "Catch *my* ball, Timmy!" she shouted. "Catch *my* ball!"

She tossed it high in the air. Timmy held out his hands. Down, down came the ball! "I caught it!" yelled Timmy. Then his eyes opened wide with surprise, for the ball was falling to pieces in his hands—it was only sand!

Much more exciting than that though, was this—in the heart of the sandball was—Timmy's wee lost wheelbarrow!

"My wheelbarrow!" squealed Timmy. "How did it get in the ball?"

Kathy didn't know. Nobody knew, except the wheelbarrow, and it was too happy to be at home to bother with talking!

MARCH 17

The Saint Patrick's Day Snake



THE BLACK cat, Tom, crouched under the bushes near the creek. His friend, Tiger, lay sprawled in the sunshine beside him, snoozing. Suddenly Tom gave a leap and pounced on a little garter snake. He held it down firmly with one paw while he called, "Miow, miow! Take a look at what *I* caught, Tiger, my fine fellow!"

Tiger opened one eye and yawned at the garter snake. "Puny little thing, isn't it?" he said lazily.

Tom frowned. "You probably don't even realize that I'm following a very noble example by catching this snake. You probably don't even know that I caught this snake in honor of St. Patrick, because today is his birthday."

"The snake's birthday?" Tiger asked.

Tom paid no attention to him. "Naturally, I know more about St. Patrick than you, Tiger, for I'm Irish, and it was in Ireland, many, many, many years ago, so they say, that the good bishop, St. Patrick, drove out all the snakes. They've never come back, either. He threw the last big snake into a lake called Loch Devlin, and said, 'Stay there till Monday.' Each Monday, Irish people say they hear the serpent cry, 'It's a long Monday, Patrick!' "

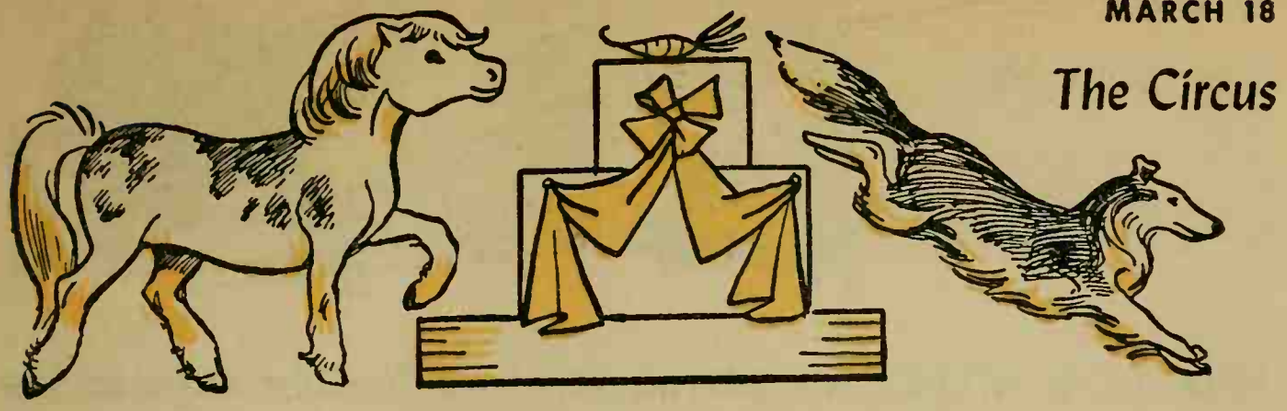
"A likely story," Tiger yawned.

Tom's fur stood on end. His tail swelled up like a balloon. "Now you listen to me, Tiger Nolen—"

"That's all I've been doing. There goes your snake."

Tom leaped around, but the garter snake had already slithered down the creek bank out of sight. "Oh, well, I wasn't going to keep it anyway," said Tom. "I can honor St. Patrick just as well by wearing my green ribbon bow."

The Circus



"LET'S play circus!" cried David, running home from school one fine afternoon.

"Okay!" shouted Ruth. "I'll go tell the rest!"

Sally and Bob brought their two cats. Paul brought his collie, Butch. David and Ruth led out their pony, Rusty. Susan and Toby brought yards and yards of old bunting. Peter and Mary Lou dragged out grocery boxes and orange crates. Doris and Ted brought old clothes for dressing up.

They scratched a big circus ring in the dirt, and in the center they piled the boxes in a tower with steps leading up and down. Paul said, "Look at Butch! He's a trained lion. C'mon, Butch, you old lion, you!" He coaxed Butch up the box-steps to the top of the tower and down the other side. Everybody clapped hard. David yelled, "Look at *my* old trained lion! Come on, Rusty!"

He led Rusty to the steps, but Rusty didn't want to climb. David got a carrot and laid it on the top of the tower. Rusty climbed up two steps after it, but he was too heavy for the light boxes. They all tumbled down with a great crash! Rusty galloped away from the circus ring in a hurry, but first he remembered to grab the carrot!

The children shouted with laughter, "Rusty's too big a lion!"

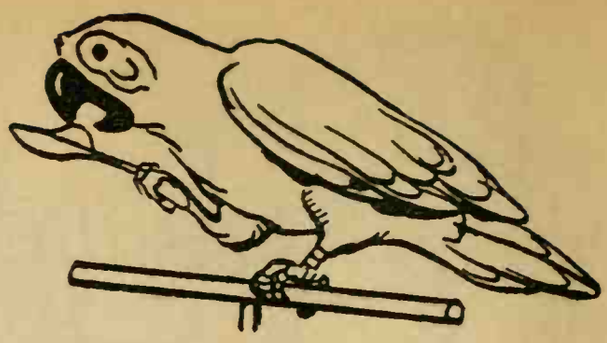
The boxes were scattered every-which-way. Suddenly Susan squealed, for one of the boxes was bouncing around all by itself! Ted dashed over to lift it. Underneath was Tiger, the Nolen cat! The box had landed squarely over him, and he'd been trying to get out!

"Oh, boy!" shouted Bob. "Tiger had the best circus act of all!"

MARCH 19

Something New





HUSTLE-BUSTLE, the parrot, had two feeding cups in his cage, one for seeds and one for water. When he ate a biscuit or toast, he held the piece in one claw while he nibbled at it.

"How can he balance on one leg?" Peter marveled.

One day the children had a treat of ice cream after school. They sat around the kitchen eating and laughing and talking.

Hustle-Bustle had never tasted ice cream, but it looked good, and the Browns were certainly enjoying it. Hustle-Bustle walked up and down the perch on top of his cage. He slid down the wires as though they were an elevator. He leaned far out to give Mary Lou a tweak so she would notice him, but he couldn't quite reach her. He climbed back up to his perch, and shook his feathers into a green puff-ball.

"Well!" he snorted. "Well, well, well!"

"What's Hustle-Bustle mad about?" wondered Peter.

"I do believe he wants some ice cream!" Mrs. Brown cried. "Mary Lou, give him a taste!"

Mary Lou put a dab on a spoon and held it out for Hustle-Bustle to lick. Hustle-Bustle had other ideas, however. He reached out a claw and took the spoon from Mary Lou. Then he sat on one leg, the spoon nicely balanced in his other claw, and nibbled the ice cream, his eyes orange with excitement.

"Look at Hustle-Bustle feeding himself!" Peter shouted.

After that, the Browns always gave Hustle-Bustle his nicest tidbits on a spoon. Hustle-Bustle loved it, and besides, with spoons, he could let his family know when he wanted more. He just slid down his bars with the spoon in his beak, and dropped it to the floor with such a clatter that everybody came running!



MARCH 20

The Story of Kate

MARY LOU and Susan were helping Mrs. Apricot bake cookies. As they worked, Susan said, "Tell us a story, Mrs. Apricot."

"Have I told you about Kate Shelley?" asked Mrs. Apricot. "And how a bridge was named after her?"

"Oh, no. Tell us!" begged the girls.

"Well," said Mrs. Apricot, "Kate Shelley was fifteen when it happened. She lived with her mother not far from here in Boone County, close by Honey Creek. She was a merry, fun-loving girl, much like you two, and though she was almost a young lady, she still liked a gay scamper along the creek bank, or a quick scoot up a tree if no one was looking. A good thing, too, for it made her strong and daring.

"Early one evening, it began to rain fiercely. Such barrelfuls of water poured into Honey Creek that it overflowed its banks. Kate watched the foaming waters from her doorway by the flashes of lightning, and listened to the crash of thunder and the deeper crash of water pouring down the creek.

"The railroad bridge across Honey Creek was not far from Kate's home. Now, through the darkness and noise of the storm, Kate heard the toot of the eastbound freight train. She saw the glow of its light.

"Suddenly there was a crash greater than the roar of the storm. The bridge had given way just as the train reached it! The locomotive plunged down the bank into the creek!"

Mrs. Apricot stopped and sniffed the spicy odor coming from the oven. "Time to get those cookies out of the oven, girls," she said. "I'll finish the story later. But, first, let me assure you that, except for a good wetting, no one in that freight train was hurt. Now, how about sampling the cookies?"

MARCH 21

The End of Kate's Story



WHEN Mrs. Apricot and the girls were settled at the kitchen table, sampling the cookies, Mrs. Apricot went on with her story of Kate Shelley, a brave girl of long ago.

"Kate ran out to where the bridge had fallen. Across the creek, she saw the locomotive half under water. Its engineer had crawled out safely and was clinging to a tree branch.

" 'I'll bring help!' Kate shouted. But the engineer cried, 'I'm all right! Get to the Moingona telegraph office and have them stop the westbound passenger train before it reaches here!"

"Kate stopped only to get a lantern. She didn't think of the miles of rough country she had to cover, or of the raging Des Moines River she must cross. She thought instead of the passenger train speeding through the darkness toward Honey Creek. Kate stumbled through a mile of woods. Her lantern blew out. Still she kept on. She reached the river; the only bridge still holding was the railroad bridge, fifty feet high and four hundred feet long. It made Kate dizzy to look at it. What if she fell off? What if the passenger train got there when Kate was midway across? But she had to reach Moingona. She got down on her hands and knees and *crawled* across that bridge!

"Yes, she got to Moingona in time to stop the passenger train. Many lives were saved that night because of Kate Shelley's courage. And when they built a new bridge across the Des Moines River, they named it the Kate Shelley bridge."

"She was wonderful!" said Susan. "I wouldn't have dared!"

Mrs. Apricot said, "Remember this, girls. Be brave and kind and generous about little things, day by day, and you'll just naturally be brave and kind and generous about *big* things when they come along."



MARCH 22

Paul Makes a Kite

THE WIND was blowing fresh and strong. Paul said, "It's a fine day for kites. I wish I had one."

"Make one," suggested David. "I'll help."

"I never made one yet that would fly," said Paul doubtfully. "But come on, we can try."

They got together the thin sticks, a half-hoop for the top, thin strong paper, glue and string, and set to work. Paul found a picture to follow in a magazine. They notched the half-hoop in the middle and near both ends, and to the middle notch they tied the end of the long thin stick that would be the backbone of the kite.

Now they tied a string firmly from one end-notch of the hoop to the other across the top of the backbone stick. They tied a string tightly from each end-notch to a notch at the bottom of the backbone stick. Now the framework of the kite looked like a triangle with a rounded top and a cross in the middle, and the boys were ready to glue the paper to it.

They laid the framework on the paper, and cut the paper to fit, leaving about an extra half inch all the way around. Then they glued that half inch, and folded it tightly over the hoop and strings, and also stuck down the backbone firmly with a few strips of gummed paper.

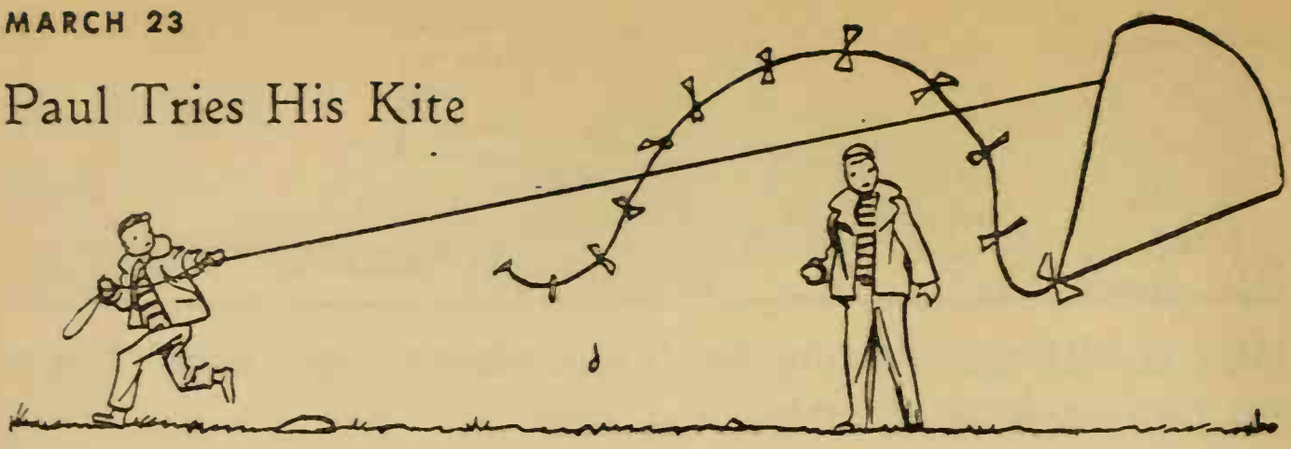
"Now we're all finished except for tying on a tail, and string to fly it with," said David proudly.

Paul lifted his head suddenly. "Say!" he cried. "Where's the wind?" For now the air was quiet and still; the wind had died down completely.

David laughed. "Well, we have a kite, anyway," he said. "We'll be ready for the next wind!"

MARCH 23

Paul Tries His Kite



PAUL could hardly wait to get home from school to finish his kite.

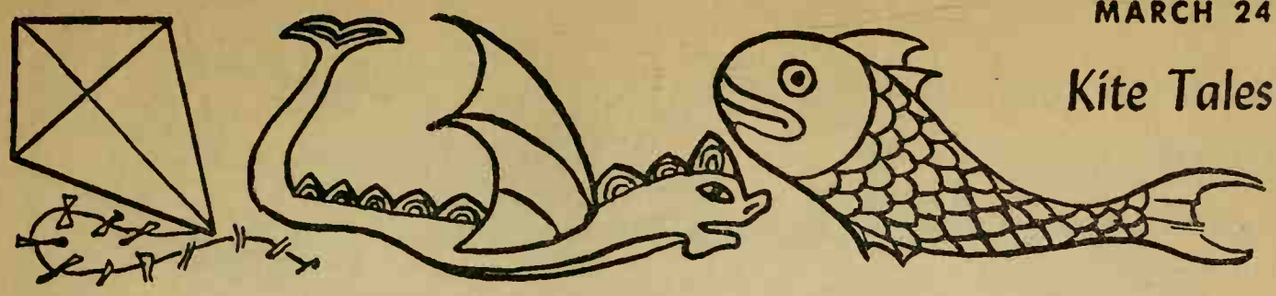
He took about ten feet of string for the tail, and tied it to the bottom of the backbone stick. Then, at two-foot intervals in the string, he made loops and tied in tufts of colored paper.

It's going to look mighty pretty, sailing along, Paul thought, *That is, if it* does *sail, and doesn't just go* flump *on the ground!*

All that was left now was to make the bridle. This was just two pieces of string tied loosely across the kite, one going from hoop-end to hoop-end, the other from end to end of the backbone stick. Where the two strings crossed, Paul held them out from the kite with a little four-inch piece of wood, notched to fit over the backbone stick. Now the strings, that had been slack, were held tightly out away from the kite. Paul tied the end of his ball of string to these crossed strings, and took the kite out to the vacant lots. David was already playing there. He held the kite firmly while Paul backed away from it, unwinding about a dozen yards of the ball of string. They waited for a good strong puff of wind. When it came Paul yelled, "Let 'er go!" and David tossed the kite into the air.

Paul ran for dear life. He heard a shout from David, and took a peek over his shoulder while he ran. He had just a glimpse of his kite sailing high in the air before—wham!—his toe caught against a hummock of grass, and he went flat!

"Wow!" laughed Paul. "Guess it wasn't the kite that went flump *this* time!"



Kite Tales

TED wandered over to admire Paul's new kite. "That's a bow kite you made, isn't it?" he said.

"Is it?" asked Paul. "I thought a kite was just a kite."

"Oh, no, there are bow kites—they've got that hoop end—and star kites and two-sticked and three-sticked kites and box kites. I have a book at home about 'em." Ted always had a book about everything; he was the greatest reader on What-a-Jolly Street.

"In China, kids have a regular national kite day," Ted said, watching the kites soar into the air. "Every boy tries to have a fancy kite for the big day, silk, and parchment, and every color under the sun. They take their kite-flying seriously."

"So did Benjamin Franklin," chuckled David. "It was plenty serious when he brought lightning down the wet string of his kite during a thunderstorm."

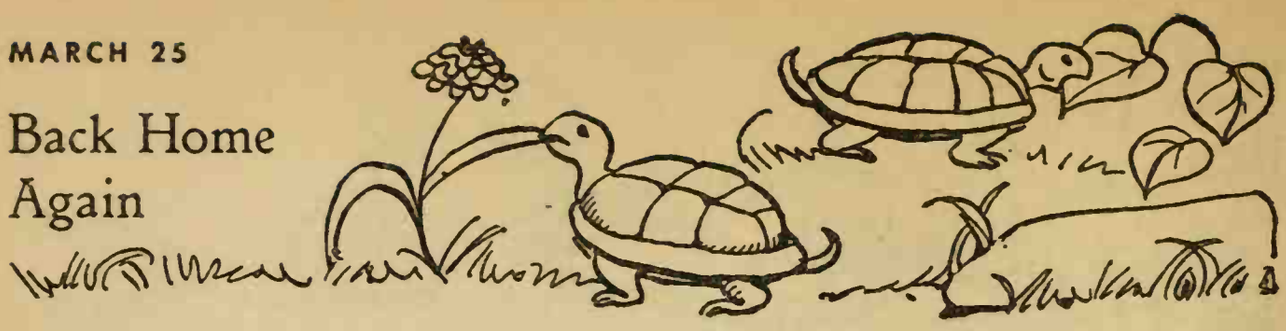
"He wasn't the only one who took kites seriously," said Ted. "I read once that Marconi first proved he could pick up messages out of the air by sending up a great big kite with a kind of receiving set fastened to it. And say, did you know that there's a bridge in England, a suspension bridge across the River Avon, that was started by a kite? The builders had to get the first cable across some way, so they flew a kite across the river, with the cable fastened to the kite's string."

"And oh, yes," Ted remembered, "another place they used kites was in the first airship gliders they tried to build. A fellow in England, named Peacock, built a glider kite so big it could fly several people!"

"Whew!" whistled Paul. "I thought kites were just toys, but I guess they're almost a kind of machinery!"

MARCH 25

Back Home Again



TILLY and Tooty Turtle were restless. They climbed up on the flat rock in their pan of water and looked out the sunny window.

"I believe I'm pining for some lettuce," Tilly sighed. "There's an empty feeling inside me."

But when Jane came, a little later, with a nice crisp tidbit of lettuce, Tilly ate it and didn't feel a bit better.

"The rock's wet," Tooty grumbled. "It makes my toes ache."

But the sun dried the rock, and still Tooty's toes ached.

In the afternoon, Jane and Toby and Susan came and stood around the pan. "Good-by, Tilly and Tooty," Jane said sadly.

"Be sure to stick around so we can bring you in again next winter," Toby said gruffly.

"Now just remember they'll be happier out in the garden during the nice weather," Susan reminded them. "We'll find them again before snow falls next winter."

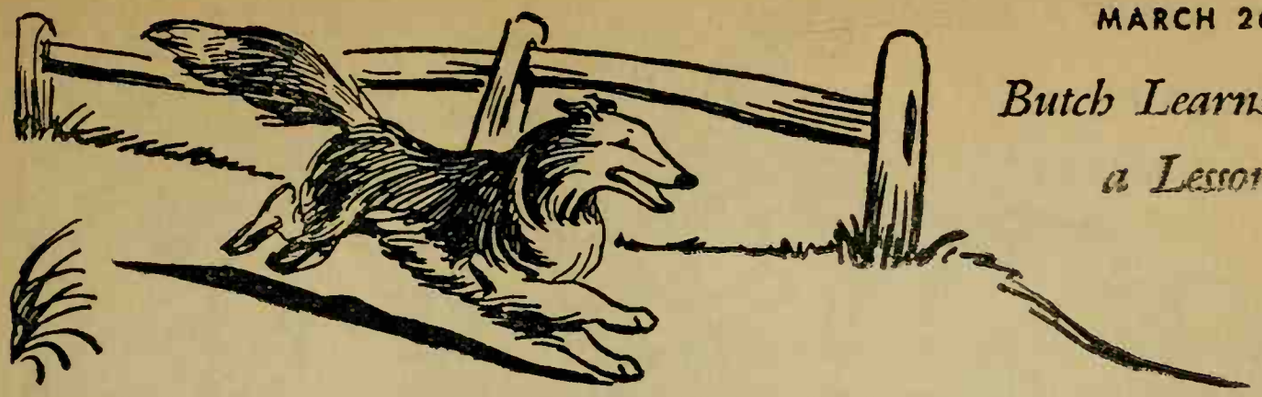
The children picked up the pan and carried it carefully out to the sunny garden. Gently they lifted Tilly and Tooty from the water and set them on a patch of dry grass.

Tilly poked her head out from her shell and sniffed. Tooty crawled across the grass and nipped at a young green leaf.

"My goodness!" said Tilly happily. "We're back up North again!" Both Tilly and Tooty were positive that their pan in the warm, sunny Ling living room *must* be down South where winters were never cold.

"The ache's gone from my toes," Tooty said.

Side by side, they crawled off into the fallen leaves looking for a nice snug home. "It's good to be North again," Tilly said contentedly. "But do let's plan to go South again next winter."



MARCH 26

Butch Learns a Lesson

BUTCH, the collie, did not like wearing a collar. He was always scratching and pawing it. One day, after Butch had had a bath, Paul didn't fasten the collar carefully. When Butch pawed at it, the strap slipped through the buckle, and the collar fell off!

Butch felt gloriously free. He circled the yard excitedly, ran like a gold-and-white streak across the vacant lots, and whisked up the little wooded hill behind Mrs. Apricot's house.

Beyond the hill was farmland that Butch had never investigated. He trotted happily down the road, sniffing the strange scents alertly, his ears cocked, his tail ready to wag.

By one farm driveway, a big boy stood whittling. Butch was a friendly dog, so he went over to say hello.

"Wow! What a dog!" The big boy whistled. "Wonder whose he is?" Butch glowed at the praise. Then the boy caught him by the scruff of the neck, and ruffled his beautiful gold-and-white mane. "Jeepers," said the boy. "No collar! He's just a stray!"

Butch decided that he didn't like this boy's rough handling. Most of all, he didn't like being called a stray. He struggled to get free. The boy held on tightly, but Butch was strong. He broke away and galloped up the road faster than he'd come.

When he was over the hill and on What-a-Jolly Street again, he went straight to his doghouse and found the collar where it had fallen in the grass. He carried it to Paul.

"Here!" he said loudly in dog language. "Put this thing on! I'm a respectable dog with a home and a master, and nobody's going to call *me* a stray!"

MARCH 27

Sing a Song of Spring



ROBINS were nesting in the old oak tree. Crocuses bloomed in Mother's garden, and wild violets peeped from their beds of moss and leaves on the hill.

"Spring! Spring! Oh, what song can I sing about spring?" Ruth cried, spinning like a bright top in the wide windy back lot. "I'll just make up my own song, that's what I'll do!

"Birds on the wing
Make me want to sing,
'Oh, now it is Spring!'

"I'll make me a kite
Out of paper so bright
It will shine like a light.

"I'll fly it so high
That it touches the sky,
And people will cry,

" 'Why, there's a new star
Shining up there so far!
What a beautiful star!'

"Oh, isn't it fun
That winter is done
And spring has begun?"



Hustle-Bustle Dreams

HUSTLE-BUSTLE sighed in his sleep and scratched his head with one claw as he dreamed parrot dreams. Hustle-Bustle stood on one foot when he slept. Mary Lou and Peter never could understand why he didn't fall off.

"Wouldn't he be surprised," they giggled, "to wake up on the bottom of the cage?"

Well, that's almost what Hustle-Bustle did right now, for while he was dozing, the Dream Fairy flitted into the room and peeked in the cage. Moonlight sifted brightly from her silver wings; it waked Hustle-Bustle with such a start that he toppled forward. But one claw kept a tight hold on the perch, and the other caught the cage wires, so he hung upside-down while he frowned at the Dream Fairy.

"Go away!" he said crossly. "You bother me!"

The Dream Fairy giggled. "You look so funny upside-down!"

"I'm not upside-down," Hustle-Bustle said. "You are. And you look pretty silly standing on your head!"

"But I'm not on my head. *You* are," the fairy laughed.

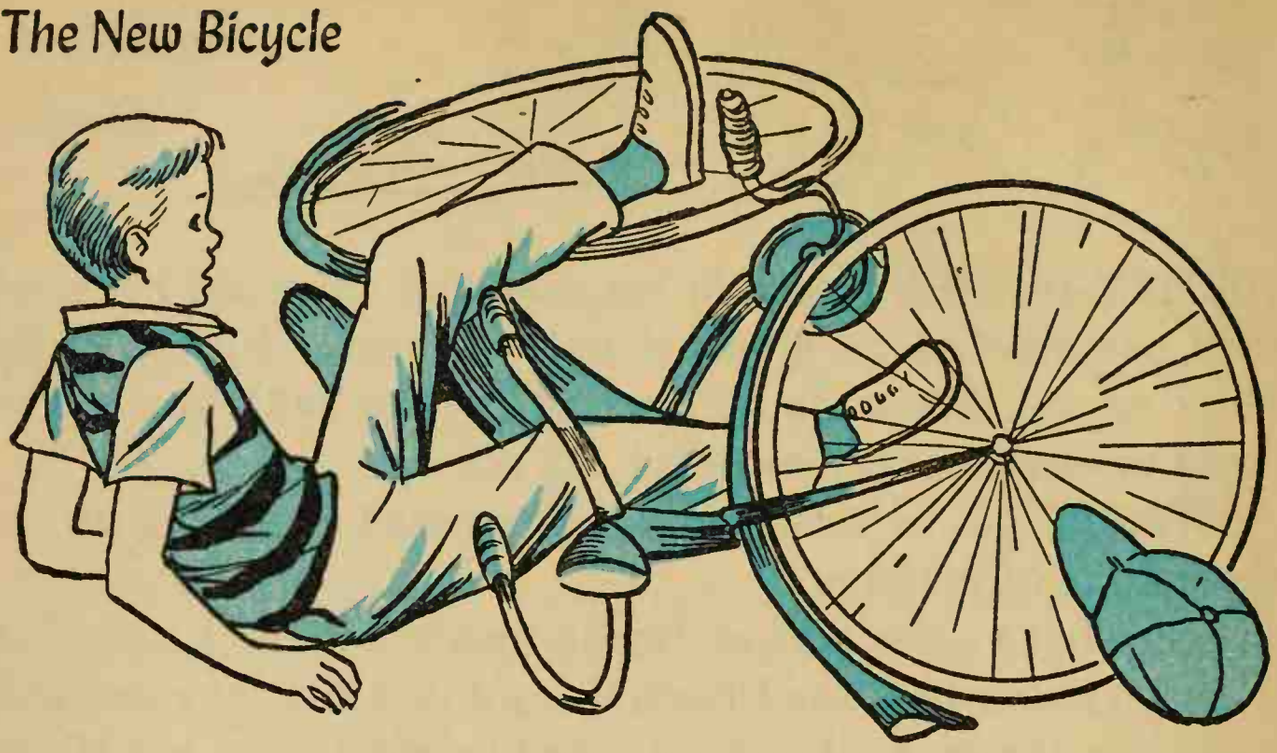
"Indeed not! Don't you think I can see?" Hustle-Bustle scolded.

The Dream Fairy did a gay little flip-flop, and fluttered upside-down herself, beating her gauzy wings gently to hold her position as she slowly circled Hustle-Bustle's cage.

"Don't do that!" Hustle-Bustle complained. "You're getting me all mixed up! Is the room upside-down or us? I'm confused."

"Why don't you go to sleep?" the Dream Fairy laughed. She flew to his cage, and touched him with her wand. Hustle-Bustle pulled himself onto his perch. Slowly his eyes closed. One foot dreamily scratched his head. Hustle-Bustle was asleep.

The New Bicycle



BOB had wanted a bicycle as long as he could remember. On his eighth birthday, his father brought home a shining red and chromium beauty that looked fast enough to fly.

"Here you are, Bob," he said. "But remember—a bike's like a pony; the only way to master it is first to master yourself."

Excitedly Bob set the beautiful bicycle on the sidewalk, aimed it downhill, and hopped on. Wheeee! The sidewalk fairly whizzed past him. The pedals went so fast he couldn't get his feet on them. He tried to steer a straight course, but the bike zigzagged wildly, until—wham! The bike and Bob were flat on the ground!

Bob hopped to his feet, so angry that he fairly sputtered. "Oh, you—you—you old bike, you!" he shouted. "You don't steer worth a cent! I'll let my Dad take you back, and get a *good* bike!"

Then he remembered his father's advice, and his temper slowly cooled. Maybe the spill *hadn't* been the bike's fault. Maybe, just possibly, it had been his own.

Cheerfully, Bob set up the bike again. "Okay," he said, "so you threw me once, did you? Well, I'll ride you this time. Just you wait and see!"

Beppo Remembers



BEPPO, the monkey, heard music through the open window. It brought him leaping to the window sill, for suddenly it reminded him of his life before he'd come to the Watson house.

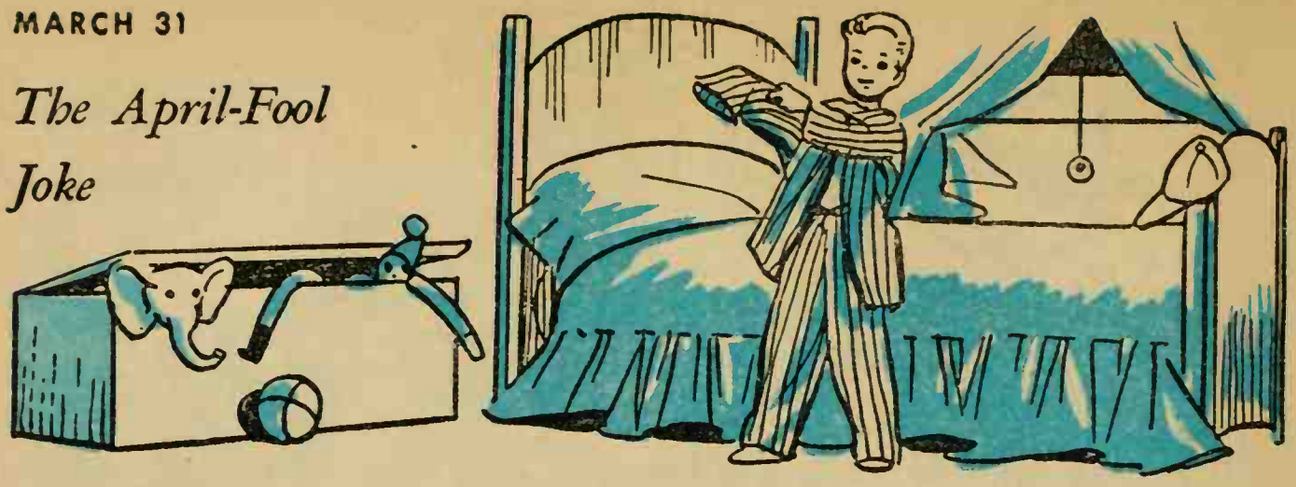
Beppo had belonged to an organ-grinder. He had worn a little red coat and a red hat that he lifted when people put coins in his cup. When the organ-grinder turned the crank of his music box and tunes came out, Beppo had run about the sidewalk, holding up his cup to passers-by. He had clambered nimbly up to window sills, and begged pennies from children who laughed and clapped their hands at sight of him.

What fun it had been, Beppo thought! He sniffed the air; it was sweet with spring smells; down the block he could still hear the music.

Suddenly Beppo jumped from the window and went leaping off down What-a-Jolly Street! Beppo was going to find the organ-grinder!

MARCH 31

The April-Fool Joke



TOBY was planning all sorts of April Fool jokes for tomorrow. He would get up very early, and put salt in the sugar bowl. He would put Jane's jack-in-the-box under Daddy's newspaper, so the newspaper would jump up at Daddy when he reached for it. He would pretend to forget the things Mother wanted from the store, and then bring them in.

"Oh, fuf-fuf-fuf!" giggled Toby. "April Fools' Day is fun!"

He planned so hard that he forgot to notice what time it was. Usually, Mother had to call two or three times before he came in at bedtime, but not today! Toby was so anxious for April Fools' Day to arrive that he ran in from play without even one call from Mother, and went straight to his room to get into pajamas.

He remembered to scrub his teeth, and wash his hands and face, and hang up his clothes. He picked up his toys and put them away. Then he went to the stairs to call Mother to come tuck him in and kiss him good night. "Hurry, Mamma!" he begged. "So I can get right to sleep!"

Mother came to the foot of the stairs, looking quite worried. "Don't you feel well, Toby?" she asked.

"Sure," said Toby, much surprised.

Mother said, "Then why do you want to go to bed before supper?"

"Before supper!" gasped Toby. "Haven't I even had supper yet? Oh, my!" He began to giggle and giggle. "I played an April Fools' joke all right! I played it on myself!"

April-Fool Fun



TED JOHNSON woke on April Fools' Day morning, full of mischief. He was going to have fun!

"Hey, Doris!" he shouted. "You better get up! It's past eight-thirty, and you'll be late!"

"Oh, my!" gasped Doris, scrambling out of bed. Not until she got downstairs did she find that it was only seven-thirty, and Ted himself was still comfortably in bed!

"April Fool!" he sang out when Doris came crossly upstairs again.

At breakfast, Ted switched spoons so that Amy found herself trying to eat her breakfast food with Mother's very biggest serving spoon. He put salt in Amy's sugar bowl, too. Amy's eyes went round with surprise as she tasted her breakfast food. "This isn't good!" she complained.

"April Fool!" chuckled Ted.

But Mother had other ideas. She said, "Now we can't have that good bowl of breakfast food wasted. Ted, you finish it. I'll get Amy another."

Ted made horrible faces as he swallowed the breakfast food. That joke hadn't turned out the way he had planned it.

APRIL 2

A Long-Ago April Fool



THE DAY after April Fools' Day, Ruth told Mrs. Apricot all the jokes that had been played on her. "I don't think April Fool is much fun," she complained.

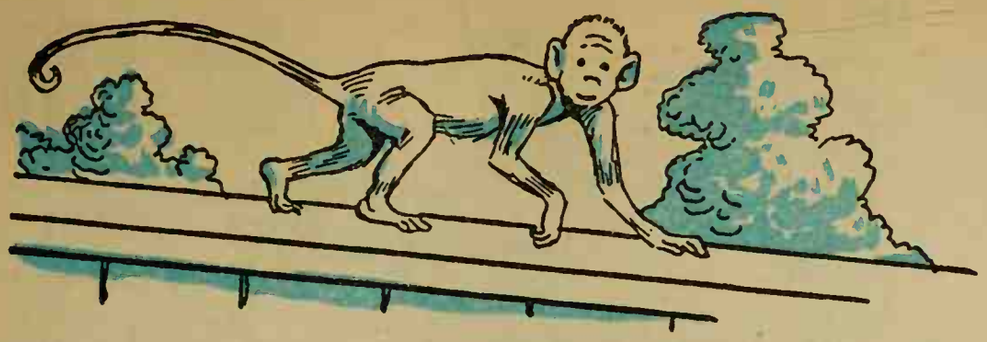
Mrs. Apricot laughed. "I once heard a story that told how April Fool was a blessing to two prisoners long, long ago.

"The prisoners were the Duke of Lorraine and his wife. The King of France was holding them captive, but on April Fools' Day they tried to escape. They put on common peasant clothes, and shuffled past the guards like any poor working couple. The guard didn't recognize them, and let them go. As they fled through the city though, a woman who knew who they were saw them. She hurried to the guard.

" 'The Duke and his wife are fleeing from the city!' she cried. 'Call your soldiers! Hasten after them!'

"The guard knew it was April Fool's Day and he wasn't going to be caught by any April Fool tricks. He laughed and said, 'Go along with you! You can't fool me!'

"So no soldiers were sent after the Duke, and he and his wife escaped safely just because it was April Fools' Day!"



APRIL 3

Beppo Runs Away

WHEN Beppo, the little brown monkey, leaped from the Watsons' window and went in search of the music he'd heard, nobody saw him go. He ran nimbly along the sun-warmed sidewalk, or hopped to the top rail of fences, chattering to himself happily. It was almost like being with the organ-grinder again, bounding after passers-by with his tin cup held out, or leaping with it to a window sill.

After he had run a long while without finding the music, he was hungry. As he pattered along a fence, he noticed a vegetable garden with a few tender green shoots showing. Beppo sprang down and nibbled them greedily.

A shrill voice cried, "Get out of there, you little beast!" and a shoe landed—whack!—close to his ear! Beppo leaped, chattering and scolding, for the fence, but there stood an angry woman with a broom. Beppo turned and scooted for the alley.

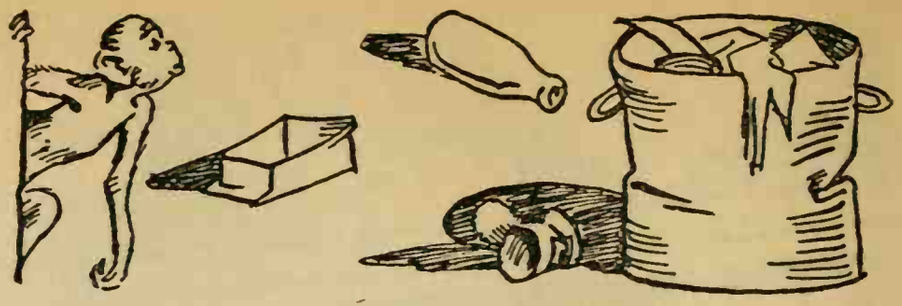
He ran down alley after alley and hid at last in a garage. While he crouched there, getting his breath, he fell asleep. Daylight faded and darkness came. Suddenly Beppo was awakened by two blindingly bright eyes coming closer and closer! They were the headlights of a car being driven into the garage, but Beppo didn't wait to find that out.

He gave a shrill scream and shot into the air—up and over the glowing eyes! His paws slipped and scratched on the smooth finish of the car as he scrambled across it and dropped to the alley beyond.

"I want to go home!" cried Beppo in monkey language, running for dear life. But where was home? Beppo didn't know. He had completely lost his way.

APRIL 4

More About Beppo



WHEN Beppo, the little brown monkey, ran away from home and couldn't find his way back, he crept into an old shed opening on an alley.

"As soon as it's daylight," he thought, "I'll surely know where I am and how to get home."

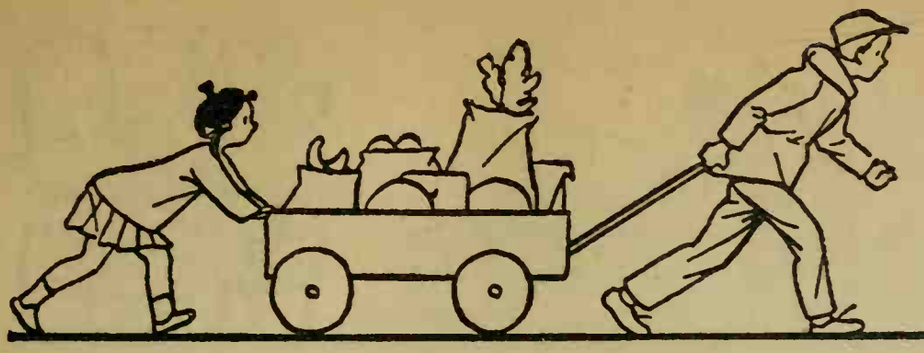
For now Beppo *wanted* to go back to his snug little home with the Watsons. He remembered all the nice meals Betty and the twins had given him; he remembered what fun he had playing with Kathy. It seemed to him that he'd had a much better life with the children than he ever had known with the organ-grinder.

When daylight came, Beppo slipped out of the shed and looked up and down the alley. His little brown face puckered in a frown. Everything looked strange to him.

"I'm sure home is *this* way," he decided, turning left and leaping down the alley to the street-crossing. The street looked as strange to him as the alley. While he was hesitating about which way to go, a big voice cried, "Well, look at the monk running around loose!" and Beppo was scooped up into a pair of big rough arms!

Beppo chattered in fright. He tried to claw his way free from the stranger, but the man held him tightly. "You're coming with me, monk," he said. "I know a fellow who'll give me a pretty penny for a tyke like you."

Beppo looked back over the stranger's shoulder, and saw something that sent his heart leaping with joy. Butch, the big collie dog from What-a-Jolly Street, was trotting across the street! Beppo chattered at the top of his monkey voice, "Butch, come help me!"



A Lily for Easter

"WOULDN'T it be nice to buy Mamma an Easter lily?" Paul asked Ellen. "I looked at 'em downtown, but they cost three dollars, and I only had two."

"My piggy bank's full!" Ellen cried excitedly.

They shook out the pennies and nickels, but it only amounted to fifty-five cents. "How can we get the rest?" Paul wondered. "Guess I'll see if Mr. Gay needs any groceries delivered."

"Me, too," said Ellen, so Paul pulled her to the store in her wagon.

Mr. Gay had some meat for Mrs. Ling, and quite a heavy box of groceries for the Watsons. Ellen pushed the wagon while Paul pulled it. "I'm helping, aren't I?" she puffed.

They earned fifteen cents, but it still wasn't enough.

"Maybe Mrs. Apricot needs something," Paul suggested, so they went there.

Mrs. Apricot wanted butter and yeast, so Paul ran all the way to Mr. Gay's and back. He was so out of breath he could hardly thank Mrs. Apricot for the nickel she gave him.

As he started home, tugging Ellen in the wagon, Mrs. Carter called, "Oh, Paul, if you're giving Ellen a ride, do you mind letting Polly come, too? She hasn't had her airing."

Take care of a baby? A big boy like him? Paul gulped, then he remembered the Easter lily. "Okay, Mrs. Carter," he said.

He pulled Polly and Ellen up and down What-a-Jolly Street until his arms were numb and his knees sagged, but all the ache went out of him when Mrs. Carter said, "Thank you, Paul," and gave him a whole quarter! He and Ellen could buy the Easter lily at last!

APRIL 6

The Easter Bunny



"POLLY! Polly! Let's go look for Easter nests, shall we?" cried Timmy on Easter morning. Polly clapped her plump hands and shouted with delight. Outdoors, Daddy lifted Polly into her buggy, and Timmy pushed it across the yard while he peeked here and there for signs of a nest.

"I see one! I see one!" he cried. "Look, Polly! Oh, fuf-fuf-fuf! The Easter Bunny *did* come!"

Polly stood up in her buggy and stretched her hands to the bright colors peeping from beneath the lilac bush. "Hi, hi, hi!" she squealed. She leaned so far out that she almost fell.

"Hey, wait!" Timmy begged. "I'll give you the very prettiest to hold. Here!"

"Ahhhh!" cried Polly, cradling the gay green and yellow egg. And then she said a brand-new word. "P'itty, p'itty!"

"Hey, Mamma! Daddy!" Timmy shouted. "Polly said a new word! A brand-new word for Easter! Come quick and listen!"

He ran toward them so fast that he forgot about the clump of bushes in his path. Crash! Down he went!

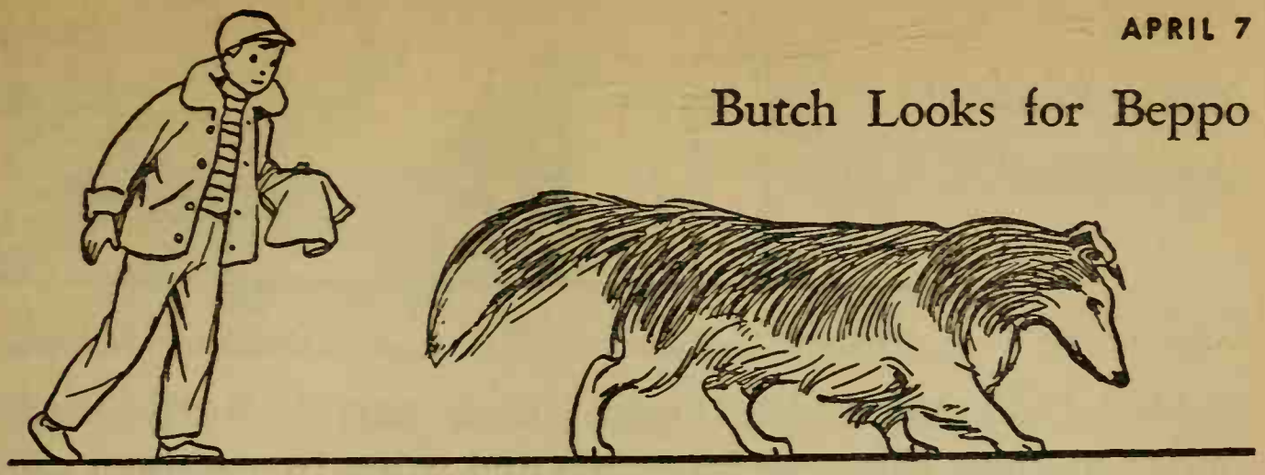
Timmy had just opened his mouth to let out a roar, when something leaped from the bushes and went zigzagging wildly across the lawn—something with a little white powder puff tail!

"Ohhhhh!" Timmy whispered. "Was it the Easter Bunny?"

He carefully parted the bushes, and—yes, there was a nest underneath, and in it were two big, big eggs! One of them had *Timmy* printed in chocolate, and the other said *Polly*.

"It *was* the Easter Bunny!" cried Timmy. "Oh, fuf-fuf-fuf! Polly, what do you know? We saw the Easter Bunny!"

Butch Looks for Beppo



THE WATSONS were very worried when their little monkey, Beppo, ran away. They advertised in the paper. They looked all over the neighborhood.

Paul said to his big collie, "Let's look for Beppo, Butch. You have a good nose; maybe you can find him."

Mrs. Watson gave Butch a tiny red coat of Beppo's to sniff. Butch's tail wagged. He knew whose coat it was; he knew what Paul wanted.

Beppo was hard to follow. Many, many hours had passed, and his trail was cold. Then, too, he had jumped from sidewalk to fence to garden plot. Butch would smell a trace of him, and whine with eagerness, but soon the trail would break off.

However, they *had* found in which direction Beppo started when he left home, so even when they lost his trail completely, they kept heading that way.

"Let's try the alleys, Butch," Paul suggested.

That was a happy idea, for Butch picked up Beppo's trail again in a hurry. Whining with excitement, Butch broke into a run that left Paul far behind. He reached the garage where Beppo had first stopped. He found the shed where Beppo had slept. Now the trail was warm. Butch tore down the alley, his nose close to the ground; but when he reached the street, the trail stopped. Butch circled around, sniffing. Where was Beppo?

Suddenly he heard a shrill burst of monkey chatter. Plain as plain, it said, "Butch! Come help me!"

APRIL 8

Hustle-Bustle's New Word



MARY LOU and Peter thought their parrot, Hustle-Bustle, ought to know some useful words and when to use them—like yelling "Help!" if he heard a noise at night.

"Let's teach him before Daddy gets back to town," they said.

For three days they worked at teaching Hustle-Bustle the new word. First of all, Peter would make a sudden noise, like knocking over a chair, or bumping into a cupboard door, and then Mary Lou would say loudly to Hustle-Bustle, "Help! Help!"

Hustle-Bustle got the idea very quickly. His eyes would glow with excitement as he waited for a noise before he shouted "Help!" Then Mary Lou and Peter would praise him and give him cheese crackers as a reward.

"Tomorrow Daddy will be home!" the children planned happily. "Won't he be surprised?"

That night, after everybody was asleep, there was a sound at the front door. A key turned in the lock, and the door opened! Mr. Brown had come home a day earlier than his family expected. *Well, I guess everybody's in bed,* he thought. *I'll just fix myself a sandwich and get to bed, too.*

He went softly to the kitchen, and opened the refrigerator door. *Wham! Crash!* A dish slipped and hit the floor!

Hustle-Bustle woke immediately. "*Help! Help!*" he yelled.

The whole family ran downstairs, crying, "What happened?" They found Mr. Brown trying to quiet Hustle-Bustle.

"I don't know what made him yell like that!" said Mr. Brown.

"Oh, that's his new word!" cried Mary Lou and Peter proudly. "Weren't you surprised, Daddy?"

"I certainly was!" said Mr. Brown.



Beppo Is Found

WHEN the collie dog, Butch, heard Beppo, the Watson's little brown monkey, chatter, "Butch! Come help me!" he looked down the street, and then galloped off toward the sound of Beppo's voice. Paul came panting out of the alley in time to see Butch bounding off.

Paul let out a yell as he saw what Butch was chasing. "Hey!" he called to the man carrying Beppo. "Hey, wait for me!"

The man who had picked up Beppo hurried faster. He had such a head start that Paul couldn't possibly catch him.

But Butch could! Butch went leaping past people like a rocket, and Beppo cheered him on! When the man looked around to see if Paul was still following, he saw, instead, an enormous gold-and-white dog coming as fast as an express train!

"Yow!" yelled the man, and began to run. Butch ran faster. Paul ran after them both, shouting at the top of his voice, "You give us back that monkey!"

The man heard him. Was it the monkey they wanted? Well, he was glad to be rid of the squirming, scratching little beast! He'd planned to sell him at a pet shop, but he didn't want a few dollars badly enough to be chewed up by this fierce dog snapping at his heels! The man dropped Beppo and ran on.

Beppo scrambled to Butch's back, clinging to the dog's long hair, and chattering his joy at finding friends. Butch trotted proudly back to meet Paul. "Look what we found!" he barked.

Paul petted Beppo. "Well, you runaway, are you ready to go home again?" he teased.

Beppo chattered loudly in monkey-talk, "Yes, *yes*, YES!"

He never, never wanted to leave home again!

APRIL 10

Fire in the Night



"WHEN I was a bride," Mrs. Apricot told the children as they helped her plant her garden, "I lived in a little Dakota town. It didn't rain much there. Some summers it didn't rain at all. Then our chief worry would be fire. The wood in our houses was so dry we knew it would burn like kindling if it once began.

"A forest stood on the hill beyond town, and once a fire started there. We woke in the night and smelled smoke. The whole hill was alight with flames that roared down the hillside, gobbling up the dry pasture land!

"All the men, and the women and big children, too, hurried to start a counter-fire. It seems odd to stop fire with fire, doesn't it? We started a grass fire close to town, and let it burn a wide strip before we beat it out with wet blankets, leaving a swath of burned, blackened ground. The big fire creeping down the hillside came to this black ground, and found nothing more to burn. Nor could it leap across to the dry grass on the other side, for the strip was too wide.

"There was still danger, though, and do you know from what? From tumbleweed! Have you seen those funny round clumps of weeds blowing along the road? Well, they were rolling down the hill that night, most of them on fire. When *they* came to the blackened strip of ground, they rolled right across it! We had to watch out for them, and stop them with wet brooms. By morning all the fires were out and we went home. I was so tired from chasing tumbleweeds that I slept most of the next day."

Mrs. Apricot smiled. "That reminds me," she said, "of a very special tumbleweed that I must tell you about some day."

Two Races



TOBY came across the street when he saw Peter drawing with chalk on his sidewalk. "What're you making, Pete?"

"It's for a race," said Peter. "You hop on one foot down this row of squares, and I'll hop down the other row, one hop to each square. You can't land on both feet till you reach the end."

Down the lines went Peter and Toby, their arms flapping wildly to keep their balance. Toby was ahead! He was almost at the end—and then he swayed and wobbled and teetered, and came down on both feet! "I won!" cried Peter, reaching his last square.

Jack and Jerry came over to join them, carrying their roller skates. "You kids racing?" Jerry asked. "I know a roller-skate race that's fun."

Peter and Toby got their skates, too, and Jerry showed them the game. The twins were one team, and Peter and Toby the other. First Peter and Jerry were to start skating, each balancing a full cup of water in his hands! When they had skated to the corner and back, they were to hand their cups to Jack and Toby and let them finish the race. If anybody spilled water, he had to go back to the beginning.

Peter was a good skater; he whizzed off very fast, reached the corner, and was halfway back when he met Jerry. "What's the matter? Got gum on your skates?" Peter laughed, but just then—splosh!—a wave of water splashed out of Peter's cup!

"Wow!" cried Peter. "Back to the beginning for me! Next time I won't cheer till I win!"

APRIL 12

The Cats and the Mouse



"MY GOODNESS!" said Mrs. Nolen. "There's a mouse in the house! Did you hear that scratching in the wall?"

Tom, the black cat, looked at Tiger, the brown and yellow cat. "Hmmmm," he said, "I'll have to see about that."

Tiger sniffed. "That's a joke! *I'm* the mouser here!"

"Is that so?" asked Tom, and he frowned.

"Yes, indeed, that's so!" snapped Tiger.

That night, both cats took up their watch by the mousehole. "*You* don't have to stay," grumbled Tiger. "You're always so busy washing yourself, you wouldn't see a mouse if it ran right under your whiskers."

"You wouldn't see it if it ran over your paws," scolded Tom.

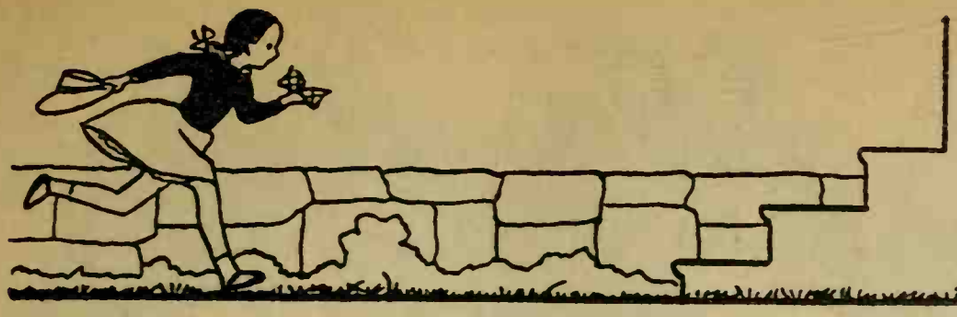
"Is that so?" Tiger hissed.

"Yes, that's so!" Tom bristled.

Their green eyes gleamed, their fur ruffled itself on end. "Merrrrrrow! Psssssst! Yow-wow-wow-wow!" Tom and Tiger leaped toward each other, with claws outstretched. The mouse, who had been calmly having his supper in the pantry and listening to the cats argue, said, "Well, looks like time to go home now!" He wiped his whiskers, scrambled down from the shelf, and scuttled between Tom's and Tiger's legs to his hole!

Tom and Tiger felt the swish of his passing, and stopped fighting just in time to see his tail disappearing down the hole. They looked at each other shamefacedly.

"We-ell," admitted Tiger, "maybe we'd *both* better watch for him after this!"



APRIL 13

The Plaid Hairbow

BETTY WATSON had a red-and-green plaid hairbow that Doris Johnson thought the prettiest thing on What-a-Jolly Street. Oh, my, how Doris wished it was hers! One afternoon, after Betty had been playing at Johnson's, Doris found the hairbow in the grass.

"Goodness, she lost it and didn't even notice!" cried Doris. "I'd better take it right back."

Surely it wouldn't hurt if she tried it in her own hair first, though. Oh, it was so pretty! "I don't believe I'll take it back till after supper," thought Doris. "Keeping it *that* long can't matter." After supper, she put off returning it till morning.

When she left for school, she still hadn't returned the ribbon.

At recess, Betty called, "Doris, did I lose my bow at your house yesterday?"

Doris pretended not to hear. The bell rang, and she dashed into school. At noon, she ran all the way home so she wouldn't have to walk with Betty.

She hurried up to her room at home and got the beautiful bow out of her dresser drawer. Funny—it didn't look as pretty today! Somehow it didn't look pretty at all. Doris remembered how Betty had called to her, and she hadn't answered. She felt worse and worse. Betty was her friend, and a good friend was worth more than any old hair ribbon on earth!

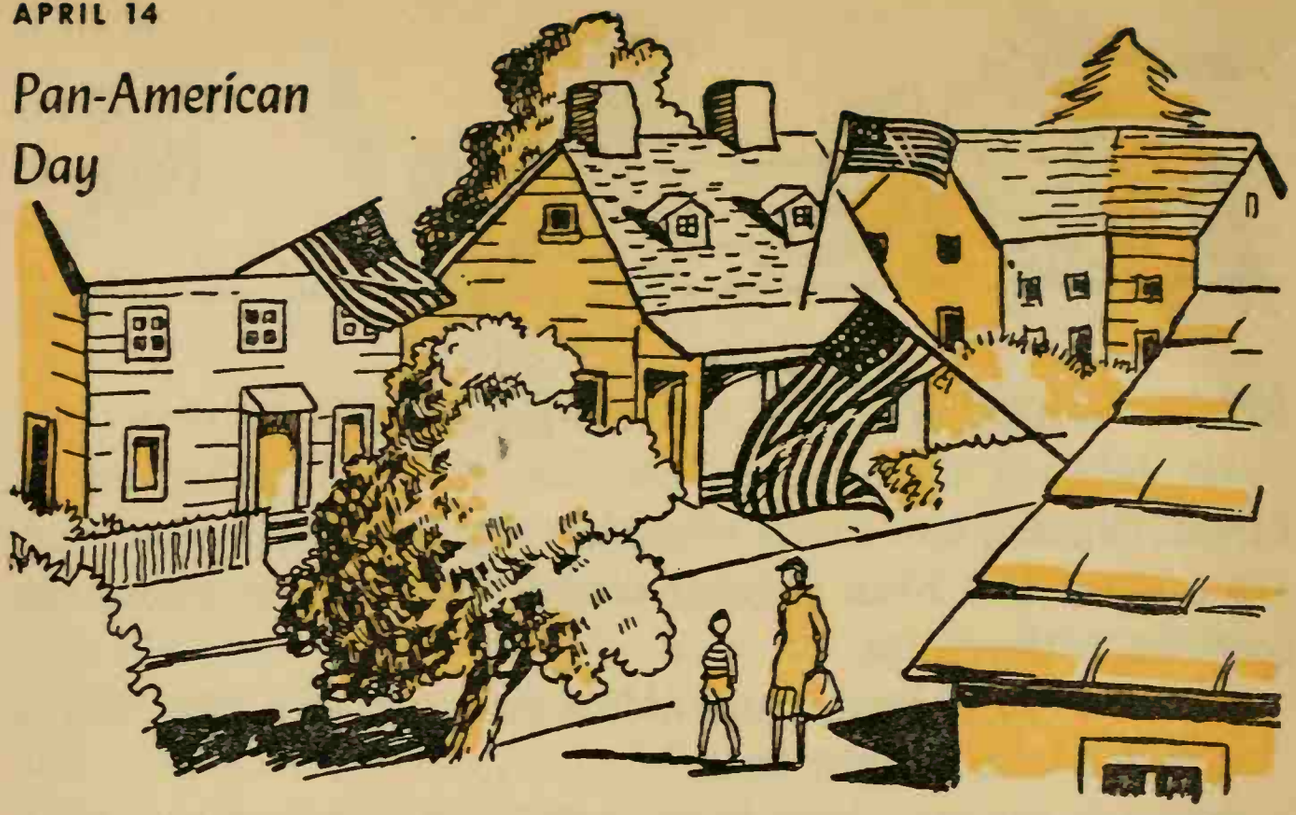
Suddenly Doris grabbed the bow and raced out of the house. She panted up the Watsons' steps. "Betty, here's your hairbow!" she cried. "I found it in our yard yesterday."

"Oh, thanks!" Betty smiled. "It's my very favorite one."

"It's awfully pretty, too," said Doris, "when *you* wear it!"

APRIL 14

Pan-American Day



"WHY ARE the flags out today?" Ted asked. "Is it somebody's birthday or something?"

"It's the birthday of a friendship," Ted's mother explained. "Today is Pan-American Day."

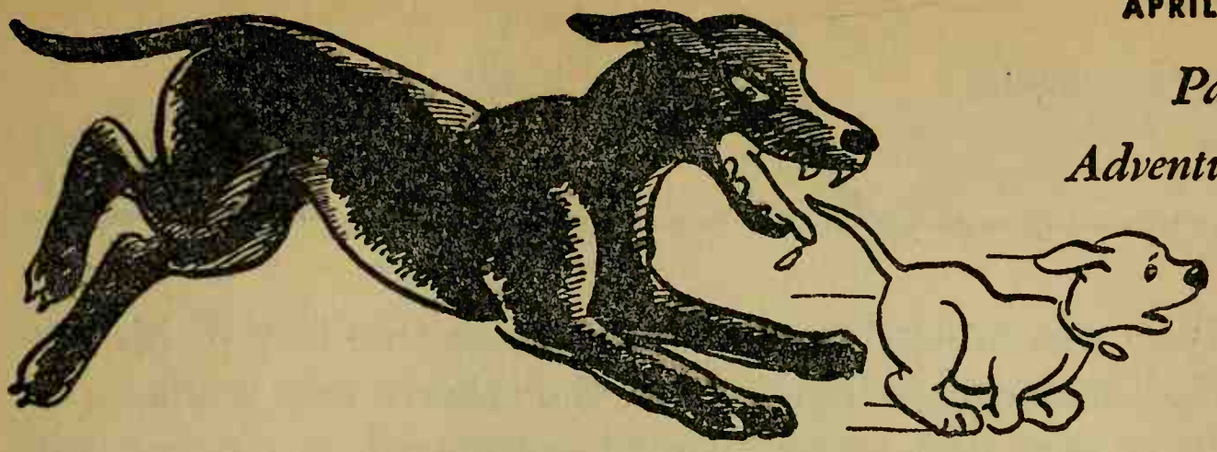
"What does that mean?" wondered Ted.

"It is a day dedicated to being a good neighbor. You know, we are all good neighbors here on What-a-Jolly Street. We help each other in our work and in our fun. When one mother is sick, other mothers take care of her children for her. When one family has an especially nice treat, like the boxes of fresh vegetables Paul's grandfather sends in from his farm, they share it with the rest of us. Well, Pan-American Day reminds us of the good-neighborliness among the nations of North and South America. It takes a long, long time for countries to get over being suspicious of each other, especially when they speak different languages and have different customs, but the nations of North and South America have made great strides toward friendship."

"I wish there were a Pan-World Day," said Ted.

"So do I," agreed his mother. "Maybe some day there will be."

Pal's Adventure



TIMMY'S puppy, Pal, woofed a little in his sleep.

A big, black dog was chasing him—oh, a very big dog, about pony-size!

"*Rowf! Rowf! Rowf!*" roared the dog.

"Ki, yi, yi!" squeaked Pal, running for home. Oh, my, what great high leaps he could make! "Maybe if I flapped my legs," Pal thought, "I wouldn't have to touch ground at all!"

He flapped all four legs very fast, and sure enough he was flying! "Wheee!" said Pal. But when he looked behind him, the huge black dog was flying, too, and that startled Pal so much he forgot to flap, and fell—flump!—to the ground! It was a terribly hard fall. It flattened all of Pal, except his tail, to a pancake!

The big black dog was circling so he could land into the wind. Pal ripped himself loose from the sidewalk and fled for his house. When he reached there the door was shut! And now the black dog had landed and was tearing after him, roaring, "*Rowf! Rowf! Rowf!*"

"Ki, yi!" squeaked Pal, and jumped for the keyhole. He was so thin that he went right through—all except his tail! That was too big. Pal pulled so hard at his tail that he pulled it right off, and plop! he landed on the floor inside his house with no tail at all!

"Woof!" cried Pal, waking up. Very, very cautiously he peeked back over his shoulder, and then he gave a big sigh of relief. His tail was still there. It had been only a dream, after all!

APRIL 16

The Hitching-Tie



DAVID was practicing how to tie knots. One loop of his rope circled his bicycle's handle bars, the other a tree trunk.

"Now over and under," David murmured, struggling with the rope-ends, "and up through the loop and tighten—so!"

He stepped back, and the bicycle promptly crashed to the ground, pulling out the knot.

"Jeepers!" frowned David. That was the *third* time he'd done it wrong. Grimly he set the bicycle on its wheels again.

"David, what're you doing? May I do it, too?" Ruth cried.

David sighed. How could he think with Ruth making all that racket? "It's a hitching-tie," he said, "only it won't hitch."

"Hitching-tie, hitching-tie, won't even hitch a fly!" Ruth sang, dancing around the tree. "Mamma's already gone over to help Mrs. Ling, David. Don't forget we have to get ready for Susan's party pretty soon."

"Well, we'll get there a whole lot quicker if you stop talking and let me learn this knot," David said frowning. He wound the rope around and back; then under and over—

"Teach me," begged Ruth. "I want to make hitching ties, too!"

"—up into a loop, and through it," murmured David, "and—"

"I ought to know how to tie Rusty when I ride him some place, David. You must show me, David. Please, David!"

Crash went the bike! Ruth looked anxiously at David's face. Suddenly he said patiently, "Okay. You start this way."

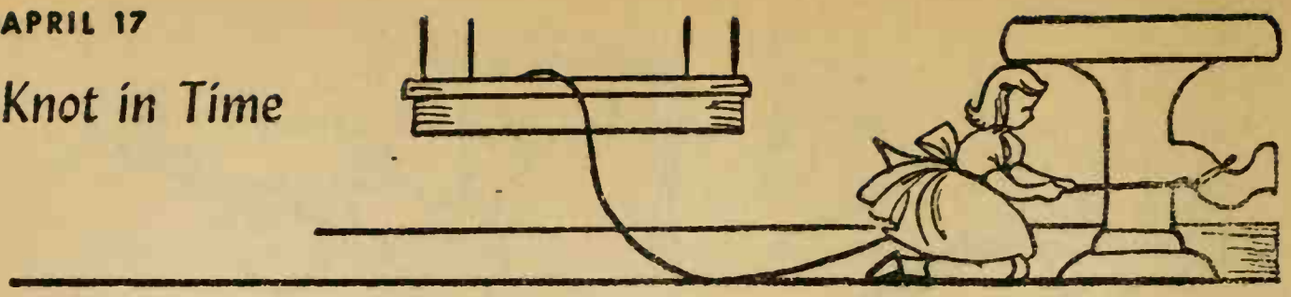
And to his surprise, explaining it to Ruth made it clearer to David himself! The knot slid firmly against the tree trunk, and the bicycle did *not* fall!

"Well!" said David, much pleased. "Guess teaching a thing's a good way to learn it!"



APRIL 17

Knot in Time



OVER and over, David showed Ruth how to make hitching-tie knots until she could do them as well as he. Suddenly they heard the striking of the clock inside the house.

"Oh!" cried Ruth. "Susan's party! Hurry, David!"

They raced into the house to wash and dress. David was ready first. He went out to practice another knot or two while he waited for Ruth. Minutes passed, and more minutes, and still Ruth didn't come.

"Hey, Ruth!" yelled David. "We're late already!"

Ruth came to the bathroom window.

"David," she said in a small scared voice, "I'm locked in!"

"Well, jimanently, why'd you turn that lock when you know it's been sticking?" roared David.

"I—I forgot," Ruth said miserably. "You go ahead to the party, David. Daddy will get me out when he comes home."

David frowned. Mother was gone and they had no ladder for Ruth to climb down. If he had something to stand on, he could climb in and manage that stubborn lock. Then he had an idea!

"Ruth," he cried, "when I sling this coil of rope up, catch it and tie an end to the pipe under the wash bowl! Tie it tight, Ruth! Make a hitching-tie!"

"Okay, David!" On the second try, Ruth caught the rope, and her head disappeared from the window. After three long minutes, it appeared again. "I tied it, David!"

David caught hold of the rope and began to climb. The rope held, and David popped in the window. In less than a minute he'd pounded open the lock, and he and Ruth were running for Susan's house.

David laughed, "Just in time because of a knot in time!"

Spring Song



RUTH said, "We have to do a spring story for school. You know, tell all the things we like about spring. I think I'll tell mine in a poem. Let's see. It could go something like this:

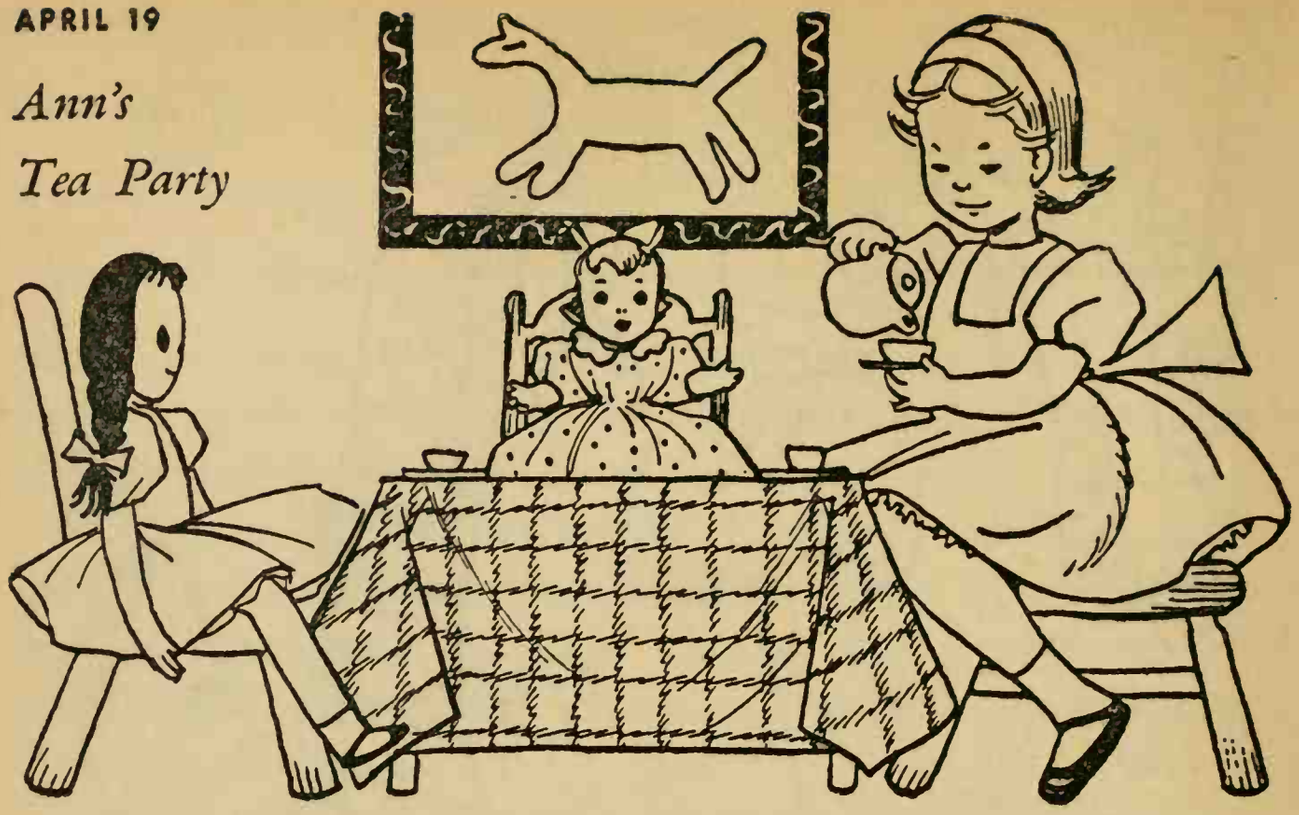
"I like to take a walk in spring
  And hear the nesting robins sing,
And peek in grassy places where
  The first spring flowers scent the air.

"I like to find wild violets
  And tulips, gay as marionettes,
And pussy willows whose soft fur
  Must surely cover up a purr!

"I like to hold a kitten small
  And watch a puppy chase a ball.
These baby things, like birds and flowers,
  Are part of springtime's happy hours."

APRIL 19

Ann's Tea Party



"NOW, CHILDREN," said Ann to her dolls, "we're going to have a tea party. Sit up straight and don't gobble!"

"Yes, Mamma," said all the dolls. Of course it was Ann speaking for them in a squeaky little doll-voice.

Ann sat down at the table where her tea set was spread, and poured milk from the teapot into each tiny glass.

"Drink your tea, children," she said.

"That's only milk, Mamma!" squeaked Rosalie, the biggest doll. " 'Tisn't tea at all!"

"Rosalie!" scolded Ann. "Is that a nice way to talk? Drink your tea this minute and say 'thank you.' "

"Won't say thank you," pouted Rosalie, "because it *isn't* tea!"

"My, my, such manners!" cried Ann. "I certainly won't take you to the *next* tea party!"

"Don't want to go," sulked Rosalie.

Ann, looking very stern, drank the milk in Rosalie's glass as well as her own.

"There!" she said. "*I* drink milk, so I'll have good strong teeth to eat the molasses cookies Mother's baking! Guess you wish you'd drunk your milk *now!*"



An Arbor Day Tale

"TODAY is Arbor Day in our state," Mrs. Apricot said one day, "and I'm going to plant a tree to celebrate. I've planted a fruit tree on Arbor Day every year I've lived on What-a-Jolly Street, and look at the fine orchard I have now!"

"We'll help, Mrs. Apricot," offered the bigger boys. "We'll dig the hole and carry the water."

"It was on an Arbor Day over in our Dakota town that the tumbleweed story, I said I would tell you, began," Mrs. Apricot remembered. "I recall I was planting a flowering plum, without much hope for it growing, either, water being so scarce, when I saw an extra-large clump of tumbleweed rolling soberly down the street as steady as any businessman bound for town.

"I had to laugh. 'Now you'd be a good one to run an errand,' I told it as it blew by. 'I'll wager *you* get where you're going. And where would that be, I wonder?'

"The idea tickled me. I wanted to discover where the tumbleweed *might* go in its wind-blown travels. On an impulse I stopped its flight and anchored it with a rock while I scribbled a quick note. 'Write to me,' I said in the note, and added my name and address. Then I wrapped the paper in a scrap of bright tin foil and tied it firmly to a twig in the very heart of the tumbleweed, and freed it once more.

" 'Now that was a silly thing!' I laughed at myself. 'The tumbleweed will be caught in Jamison's pasture, like as not, and never get farther!' "

"Did it?" Toby asked, wide-eyed.

Mrs. Apricot said, "Well, now, that's another tale, but I'll tell you this. My little plum grew into a fine flourishing tree that still stands. It's good luck to plant a tree on Arbor Day!"

APRIL 21

Fluffy Is Free



IT WAS a lovely spring morning. Mrs. Carter opened the windows wide.

"Ahhhh!" said Polly.

"Mmmmmm!" smiled Timmy.

"Tweet-tweet!" sang Fluffy, the canary.

Timmy and Polly went outdoors to play. Mrs. Carter weeded her garden. Fluffy wanted to be with them. He wondered if his door was tightly shut; sometimes it wasn't. He hopped down and gave it a peck. Sure enough, it swung open! Fluffy flew out of the cage, and out of the open window!

"Mamma!" squealed Timmy, seeing him. "Look at Fluffy!"

"My goodness!" cried Mamma.

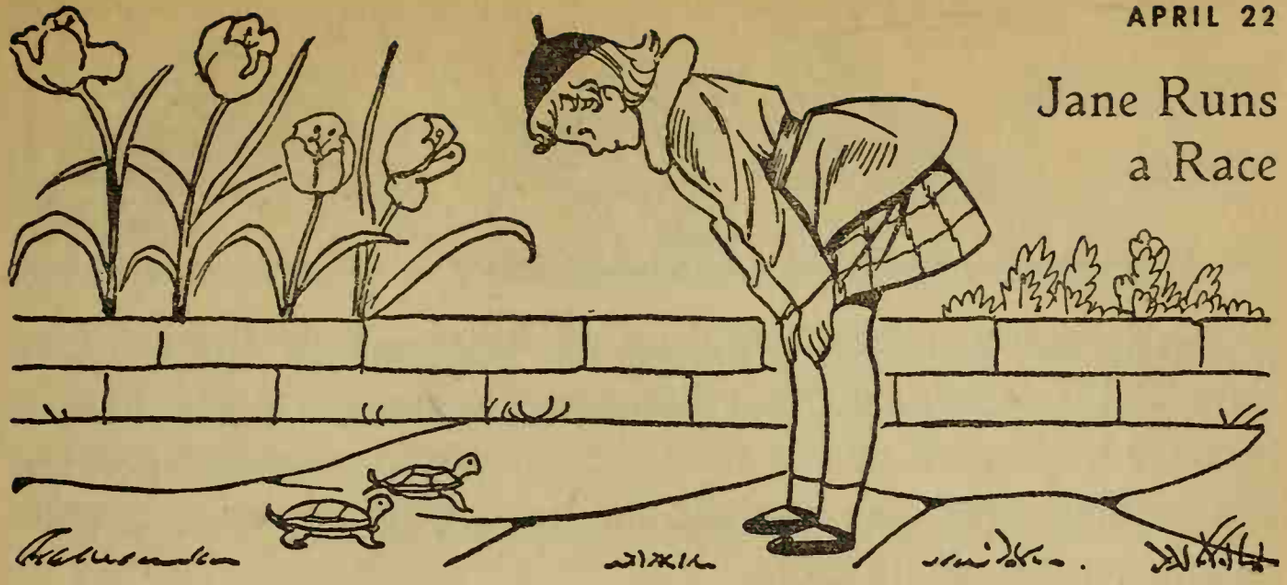
"Will he fly away?" Timmy almost wept.

"We'll see," said Mrs. Carter. "If we've been good friends to Fluffy, I don't think he'll want to leave us."

She hung his cage on a tree branch near by. The children watched anxiously. Fluffy flew from the lilacs to the apple tree, and then to a rosebush. His wings weren't used to so much flying. He looked at his cage and thought of the good seeds and clear fresh water it always held. Suddenly he flew straight to his cage and went in!

"Oh, Mamma!" Timmy cried happily. "He didn't want to leave us after all!"

Jane Runs a Race



JANE was playing in the back yard when she saw Tooty and Tilly Turtle again.

"Tilly and Tooty!" Jane cried happily. "Hello! Do you like living outdoors again? Where are you going? Down to the garden for a nip of lettuce? I'll race you there!"

It was so funny to think of racing two poky little turtles that Jane had to stop and giggle. While she was giggling, she spied a bird's nest in the cherry tree, so of course she had to stand on tiptoe and count the tiny blue-green eggs inside. Mamma and Papa Robin fluttered around the tree excitedly. Jane said, "Don't worry. I'm going right on. You see, I'm running a race!"

The tulip bed was in bloom. Jane stood and gazed at the lovely yellow and red flowers. There were violets growing thickly along the edge of the garden walk, too, and crocuses peeped out of the deep grass. Jane clasped her hands and sniffed the lovely spring smells joyously. She stooped to part the grass, and saw a little green frog winking up at her.

"Hello!" said Jane. "Are you a friend of Tooty and Tilly? I'm racing them to the garden. Isn't that funny? Because of course I'm much, much faster!"

She skipped to the garden, and there were Tilly and Tooty calmly nibbling a lettuce leaf!

"Goodness!" cried Jane. "Tilly and Tooty won! I guess I'm not faster than a turtle, after all!"

APRIL 23

The Fishing Party



SUSAN invited all the children of What-a-Jolly Street, even baby Polly, to her tenth birthday party. The party was held in Susan's back yard where the children would roast hot dogs at the outdoor fireplace, and eat the huge birthday cake already sitting on the picnic table.

"But first," Susan said, "we've got some fishing to do!"

"Fishing!" cried the children. "Where? Down in the creek?"

"No, right here!" said Susan with a chuckle. "Here's the pole, Mary Lou; you be first. Just cast your line behind that bush!"

The fishing pole was a long stick with some string and an open safety pin dangling from it. Mary Lou swished the line over the bush. Very soon she felt a little tug on the line. Carefully she pulled in her "fish"—a gay little package bearing her name, and enclosing a bright lapel pin!

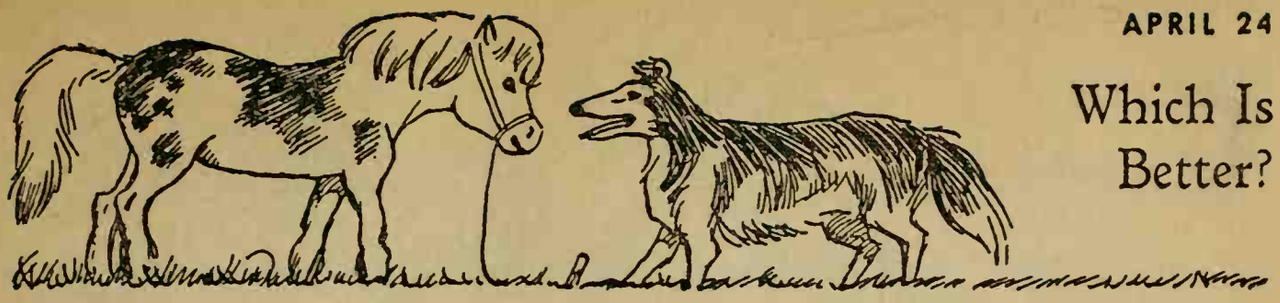
"Oh, let me fish next!" a dozen voices begged. Susan said, "It's Bob's turn!" Bob's fish turned out to be a sack of marbles. Betty hooked a set of jacks and a ball. Paul's fishing brought him three comic books. Baby Polly, who had to let Susan cast the line for her, crowed over the squeaker-toy that was pulled in as her fish.

"But how did we get fish with our names on 'em?" demanded David when everyone had caught a present. "It couldn't have been just accident!"

"That's a secret," Susan said mysteriously.

"It's a secret we're going to solve!" laughed Paul.

With a rush, all Susan's guests spilled around the bush. There sat Toby, grinning at them! "So it was you, putting the packages on our lines!" shouted Paul. "Catch him, kids! He's the prize fish of all!"



Which Is Better?

RUSTY was tethered in the vacant lots behind his shed one fine morning when Butch, the big collie dog, came calling on his pony friend.

"I'm glad I'm not a horse," barked Butch. "Nobody ties *me* to a stake."

"You have to wear a collar," Rusty reminded him. "That's practically the same thing."

"No, it isn't!" Butch woofed. "I am much more free than you. I can go just as far and just as fast, and I don't have to carry anybody on my back."

Rusty thought about that as he cropped the grass around him. "But I *like* to carry Ruth and David," he said. "We go places that are fun. They play games with me."

"Well, Paul and Ellen play with me, too," said Butch. "But when they don't, I'm still free to play by myself. I don't have to stay shut up in a shed."

Just then Mrs. Smith called, "Here, Butch, here, Butch!"

As Butch started off, Rusty said, "You have to go when you're called. My family comes out here when they want to see me."

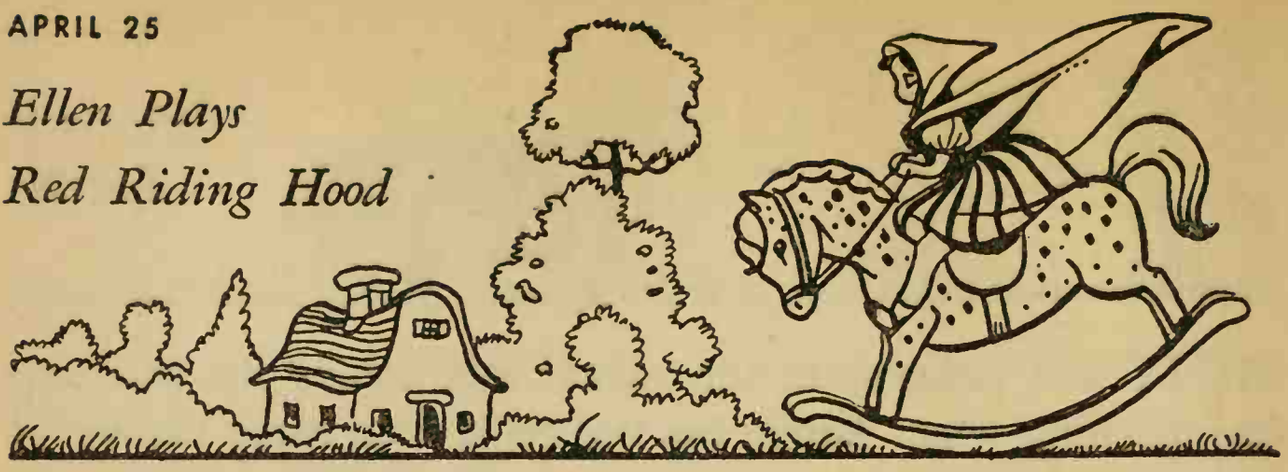
Butch barked crossly, "Of course I go when I'm called. They may have some nice fresh dog food for me." He trotted quickly over to his back porch. Mrs. Smith was waiting with his leash; she snapped it to his collar.

"Come on, Butch," she said. "We're going downtown, and I mustn't let you run loose there. You might get out on the street." Butch hated the leash. Mrs. Smith had to tug him along.

Rusty laughed a big jolly horselaugh. "Being a pony's not so bad," he chuckled. "At least when we go riding, *I* pull the children! They don't pull *me!*"

APRIL 25

Ellen Plays Red Riding Hood



ELLEN climbed on her rocking horse. "Take me riding, horsey," she commanded. "Take me far, far away. I want to be Red Riding Hood going to her gramma's."

She rocked so hard that she grew dizzy. She rocked so fast that she almost believed she had left Ellen behind, and that now it was Red Riding Hood who rode her trusty white horse through the dark wood.

"This is *much* better than walking to Gramma's," said Ellen-Red Riding Hood, or Red Riding Hood-Ellen, whichever you want to call her. "No old wolf can scare me when I'm on my horsey! We can go faster than any old wolf, can't we, horsey? Oooooh, there's the wolf right now!"

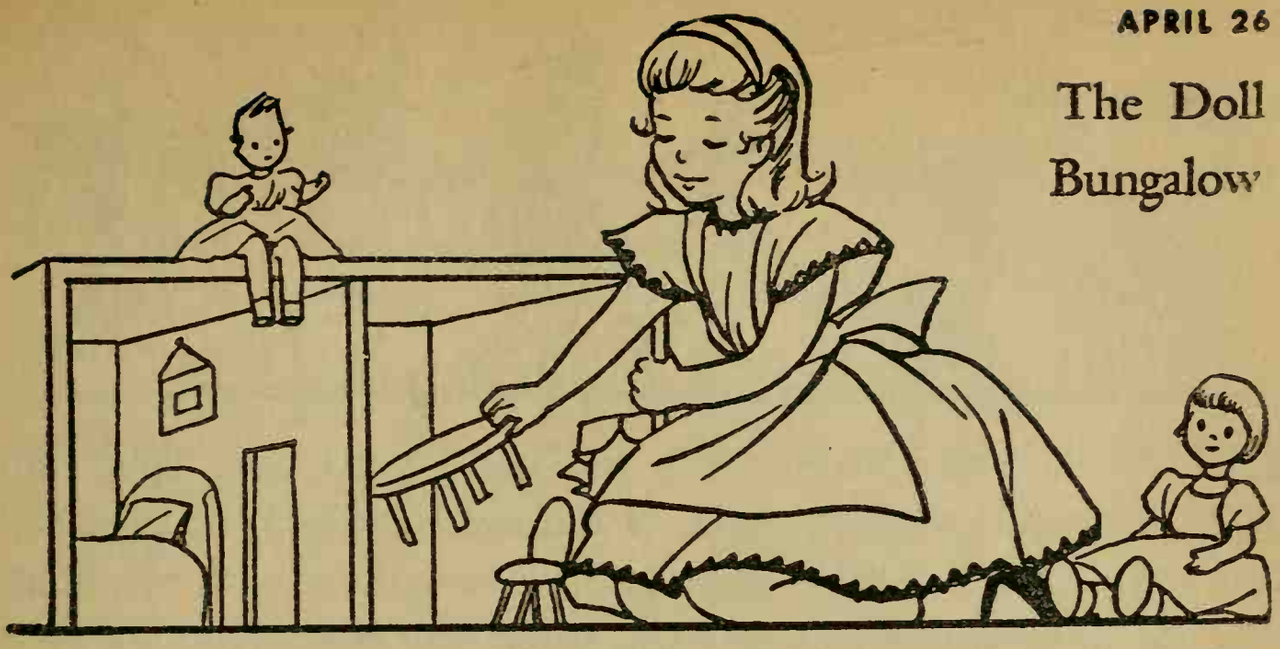
It was only Butch, the collie, looking in to see what Ellen was talking about all by herself, but he made a very good pretend-wolf. Ellen-Red Riding Hood—or was it Red Riding Hood-Ellen? —squealed, "Save me, horsey! Save me from the bad, bad wolf! Hurry, hurry! Go faster, horsey, faster!"

And she rocked so very hard that she rocked the horse right over onto its nose, and spilled herself right on the floor! "Ow-ow-ow-ow!" yelled Ellen.

Butch trotted anxiously across the room. He put one big paw on her hand to tell her he was there to take care of her. He licked her face gently with his rough tongue. Ellen stopped crying and put her arms around him.

"Red Riding Hood must've been very silly to run away from a wolf," said Ellen, "if he was as nice a wolf as you!"

The Doll Bungalow



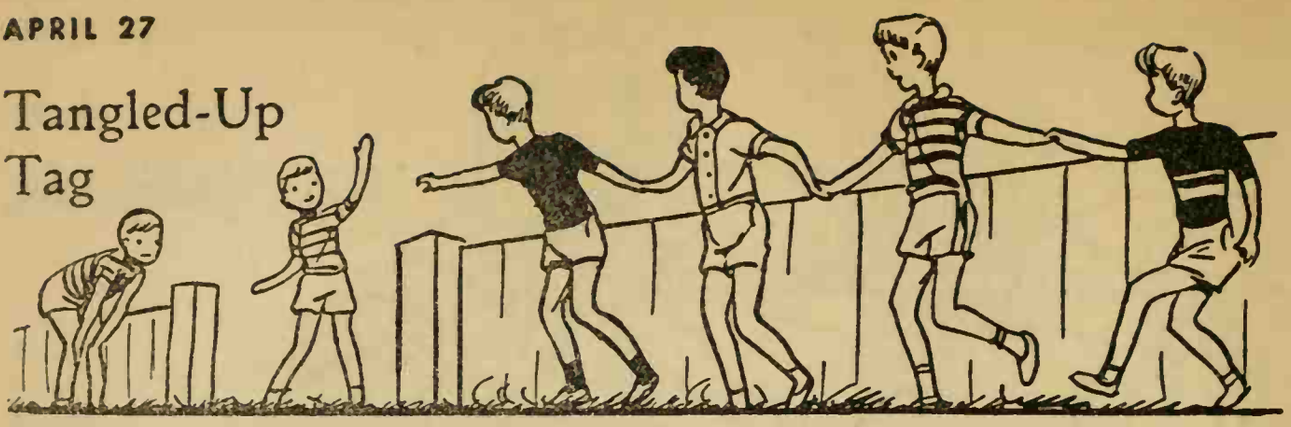
NOW THAT the weather was warm again, Sally could set up her dollhouse in the back yard. Sally's dollhouse was made of grocery boxes, and every time she set it up she arranged the rooms differently. Last fall she had had a three-story house with an attic on top. Today she said, "That's too many steps for you poor dolls to climb. I think I'll have a bungalow this time!"

Now instead of piling the boxes on top of each other, she set them side by side. On one end was the kitchen. Sally put her toy stove in there, and the black mammy doll who was the cook. The next box was the living room, with a corner of it serving as a dinette. The last two boxes were bedrooms.

Sally cut holes in the boxes to serve as doors between the rooms. She set her doll chairs and tables and beds all around. Then she propped the mamma doll at the dinette table, and she put the baby doll on the floor of the second bedroom. Sally made the baby doll crawl slowly across the floor. "Gooo-gooo!" crowed the baby, crawling straight toward the open end of the room, and out onto the grass!

Then Sally made the mamma doll hop briskly to her feet and run out of the living room to her baby. "My goodness!" cried the mamma doll, snatching up her baby. "I'm certainly glad we have a bungalow! Just *imagine* if you'd fallen from the bedroom you had *last* year, three stories high!"

Tangled-Up Tag



THE BOYS were playing tag in Toby's yard, and Toby had just become *It* when he said, "I know a new kind of tag! If I tag one of you fellows, you've got to come along with me, holding my hand while we try to tag somebody else. Everybody we tag has to join the line, and they can't drop hands! Only the fellows at the top and bottom of the line have a free hand for tagging."

"Okay, that sounds like fun," the boys agreed. "You're *It*, Toby!"

Toby tagged Jack when Jack tripped over the garden walk and fell flat. It was harder running after that because sometimes Jack started in a different direction than Toby! But they caught Bob, and then there were three of them tugging each other along.

It was quite a scramble, but they swept down on Jerry and circled him, and then with Jerry added to the line, they backed Peter into a corner, and caught him, too!

Now Ted was the only one free, and the line of boys chasing him was so long it stretched almost across the yard. Ted backed away from them, grinning, until he was right against the house. Then, as Toby and Peter closed in to tag him, he dived under Jack's and Bob's arms!

For once Jack and Bob had the same idea. They lowered their clasped hands and tripped Ted very neatly.

"Got you!" they cried.

"But it took all of you to do it!" laughed Ted. "Come on, let's play it again!"

Mike's Birthday



MARY LOU and Peter told their little brother, "Today is your third birthday. All day you may tell *us* what to do!"

Mike thought that was wonderful. At breakfast he refused to sit in his high chair.

"Big boy now!" he said.

At noon he commanded, "No potato. No peas. Just d'sert." Mike thought it would be glorious if he could just eat desserts and nothing else. And here came Mary Lou bringing it to him without one scolding word!

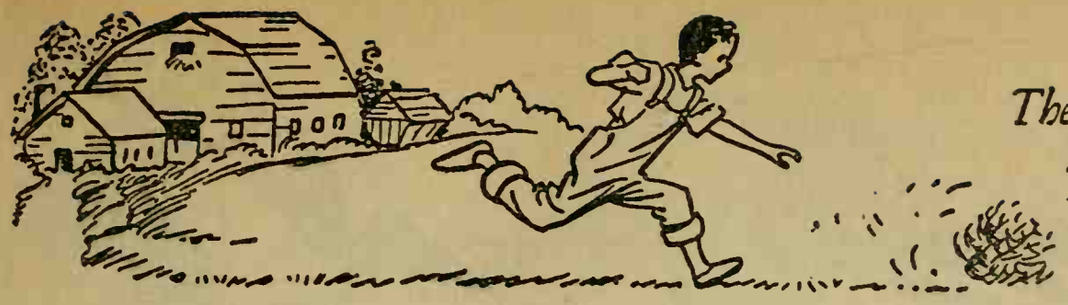
After dinner Mike said firmly, "No nap! Want Peter to play!" Peter and he played hide-and-go-seek, and wrestled and rolled on the grass, and had a wonderful time except that about four o'clock Mike grew very tired and sleepy. And very, very hungry!

"Want ice cream!" he demanded at supper. Then he looked at all the other good food, and changed his mind. "Want ice cream *after* peas and potatoes and lamb chop and milk!"

Then he gave a big, big yawn.

"Want to go to bed *soon!*" he stated, and that was his last command of the day.





The Traveling Tumbleweed

ONE PLEASANT afternoon Mrs. Apricot told the children gathered on her porch, "Remember the tumbleweed I sent off with my address on it? Days and weeks went past, and I had to laugh at myself for thinking a clump of tumbleweed could play mailman!

"Then one day I received a letter. The address was printed in pencil, in large, sprawly letters such as a child might make. I was all eagerness when I opened it. It *couldn't* be an answer to my foolishness, and yet—

"And yet it was! 'Dear Mrs. Apricot,' the letter read, 'I'm a little boy eight years old. I live in Brown's Ferry, Minnesota. Last week we had a big dust storm. The wind blew and blew. Dust blew and blew. Mamma and Papa said all the farms in the Dakotas must be blowing our way. Everybody stayed inside but me. I have to wash, anyway, so I might as well be dirty enough to need it. I ran out in the wind. I let it blow me along. The wind blew leaves and sticks and tumbleweed along, too. I raced a tumbleweed. It had something bright in its center. I pulled it loose, and found your letter, so I thought I would write and tell you what happened to your tumbleweed. I tied the ribbon back on it. I raced it down to the riverbank. It went over the bank into the Mississippi. Now I guess we'll never know what happened to it, unless a fairy whispers in our ear. Some day I'll travel a lot like the tumbleweed. Love, Tommy.' "

"And did a fairy ever whisper the rest of the story to you?" asked little Jane breathlessly.

"No," smiled Mrs. Apricot. "I never did know what became of that mail-carrying tumbleweed! But some day I'll tell you what became of Tommy!"

The Last of the Tumbleweed



THAT night, after hearing the tumbleweed story, Ruth dreamed that she was standing by a wide, wide river that ran into the sea. As Ruth stood there, she heard a merry voice singing in the distance:

"Oh, I'm the traveling tumbleweed,
The rolling, tossing tumbleweed,
A-sailing to the sea!

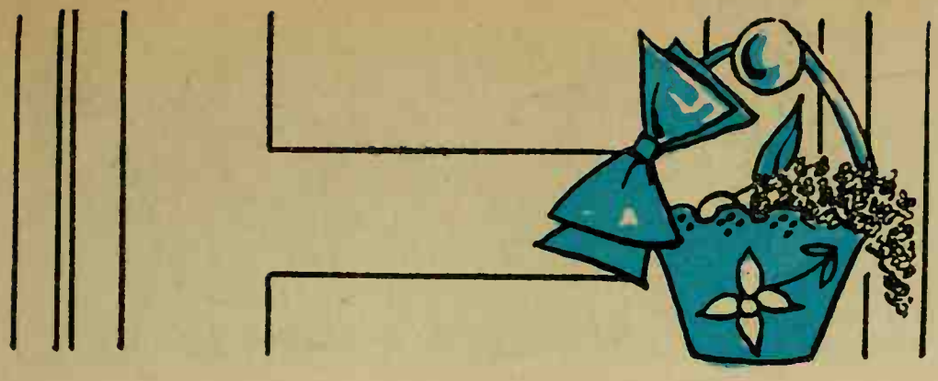
"I've traveled far; I've traveled long;
From north to south I've sung my song,
'Oh, a sailor I will be!'

"I'll sail the seas to far Cathay;
I'll sail forever and a day!
This is the last you'll see

"Of the rolling, roving tumbleweed,
The traveling, traipsing tumbleweed,
A-sailing to the sea!"

And down the river floated a saucy, singing tumbleweed, wearing a bit of ribbon as proudly as a flag! Past Ruth it sailed, and out into the wide blue ocean, still singing its carefree song!

Ruth woke with her eyes shining like stars. "A fairy did whisper the rest of the tumbleweed story!" she cried. "She whispered it to me!"



MAY 1

Whose May Basket?

SALLY NOLEN was making a very special May basket.

She cut it out of yellow construction paper, just the way she'd learned in school last week. She pasted the sides together, and fastened the handle tightly. She cut out pictures of birds and flowers and baby animals from old magazines and pasted them on the basket.

"My, that's pretty!" Sally's friend, Doris, said. "Is it for me?"

Sally shook her head.

"I know! It's for me!" her brother Bob teased.

Sally shook her head.

"It's mine! It's mine!" little Ann shouted.

Sally just hugged Ann and shook her head.

With the nickels she'd saved, she bought candy and peanuts for the basket. While she filled it, the two cats, Tom and Tiger, watched her with glowing eyes as though they, too, were asking, "Is it for me, Sally?"

Sally shook her head, and put the basket out of their reach.

On May Day morning, Sally got up very early and tiptoed out into the yard. She picked a spray of lilac to lay in her basket. Then softly, softly, she hung it on *somebody's* door, and softly, softly, crept back to bed.

When the alarm went off later, all the Nolens bounced out of their beds. Bob came out yawning, Ann pattered out in her bare feet, Mother opened *her* door. On the knob hung Sally's beautiful May basket!

"Oh, Sally!" Mother cried. "Is it for *me?*"

This time Sally *nodded* her head.

MAY 2

Another May Day



ON MAY DAY it rained. Doris was very disappointed, for it meant that her class couldn't hold its May Day program out on the school lawn.

"It would have been such fun to wind a Maypole," said Doris sadly. "I never did wind a Maypole before."

"Never mind," said her mother, "there'll be another May Day coming."

"Not for a whole year," Doris said, and she sighed.

The day after May Day was bright and sunny. Doris thought, *Oh, wouldn't this make a lovely May Day?* Then she chuckled. "Well, why can't it be a May Day? The Maypole is still standing on the school lawn!"

First of all, Doris phoned her teacher to ask if it would be all right to dance around the Maypole. Then she skipped down What-a-Jolly Street, asking all the children, "Do you want to pretend *this* is May Day? Then come along!"

A whole parade of them started out. They looked so gay that mothers left their work and came along, too.

At the schoolground they found Doris's teacher waiting with some of her friends. They had brought a little phonograph; it played gay tunes while the children danced round the Maypole, winding the bright ribbons in and out.

When the ribbons were all wound, some of the children whispered together, and then Ruth brought over a little wreath of flowers and put it on Doris's head, saying, "Doris, we crown you queen of your very own May Day!"

Doris was burstingly happy. There had been another May Day, after all, and it *hadn't* been a year away!



MAY 3

Fighter Pal

PAL was a cocky little dog. He thought he could fight any strange dog who dared to venture on What-a-Jolly Street.

"Wuf! Wuf! Wuf!" he yapped at them warningly. "Keep moving along! This isn't your street."

One day a very big black dog raced down the hill behind Mrs. Apricot's house. He trotted through Mrs. Apricot's yard and past Lings' and Johnsons'.

"Wuf! Wuf!" said Pal very importantly. He ran down his front walk to scare off the big strange dog. "*Wuf! Wuf!*"

The big black dog was cross. He had left a good bone buried on the hill yesterday and today he hadn't been able to find it. He frowned at Pal and wondered if maybe *he'd taken it!*

"*Ruff! Ruff!*" he barked in his big, deep voice. "Out of my way, you little plucked chicken, you!"

Pal wasn't going to be talked to like *that* on his own street! "Wuf! Wuf! *Wuf!*" he snapped at the big dog's heels. "Move along now!"

"Oh, is that so!" woofed the big dog, and with one huge paw he sent Pal spinning! Pal scrambled to his feet and came tearing back, snapping and snarling at the big dog's ankles. Wham! He went spinning again.

Up the street from the Smith house Butch, the big collie barked, "Leave my friend alone!" The big dog didn't wait to argue. He ran down What-a-Jolly Street—*fast!*

Pal got dizzily to his feet and saw the big dog scooting away.

"Say, did you see that?" bragged Pal. "I scared the daylights out of *that* hound!"

MAY 4

Kathy's Garden



EVERYBODY had a garden. Betty had flowers, and Jack and Jerry had two rows of vegetables. Each day they ran out to exclaim over the little green shoots coming up.

I want a garden, too! thought little Kathy. She had watched the other children, and gardening seemed very simple. Just bury things in the ground, and let them grow!

Kathy found a seed package on the kitchen shelf. It had a picture of a big carrot on it. *Well, that ought to be nice,* thought Kathy. She found some other things, too, that she'd like to have growing in her yard.

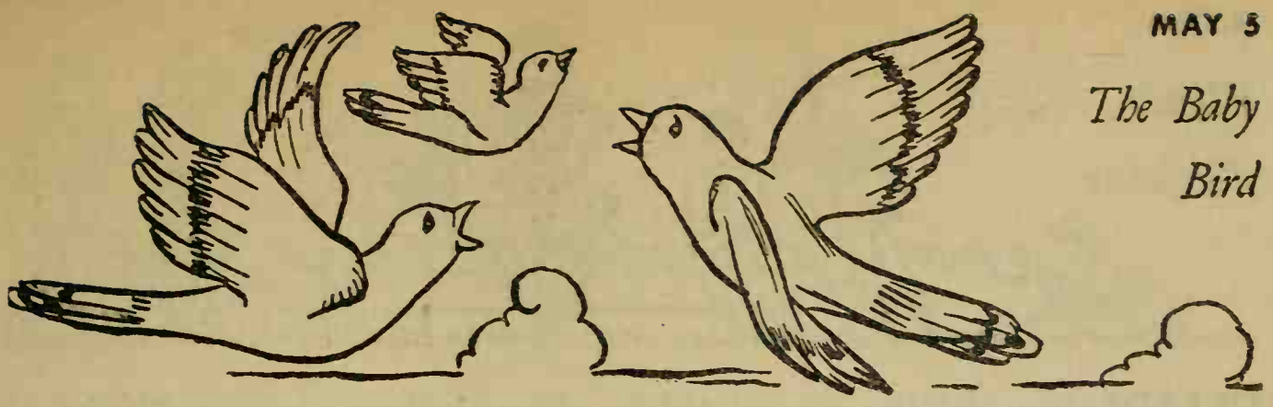
Out in the garden, Kathy dug holes with her toy shovel and planted everything neatly. Then she waited for them to come up. Every morning before breakfast she trotted out to the garden, but nothing showed above ground.

One day she was so disappointed that she began to cry. "Won't grow!" she sobbed to the other children. "My garden won't grow!"

"Why, what did *you* plant, Kathy?" Betty asked. She dug into the holes Kathy pointed out, and the more she dug, the more she chuckled. There were the carrot seeds, still in their paper package! And there were Betty's own jacks and ball that she'd been looking for, and a nest of the boys' marbles!

"Oh, Kathy!" laughed Betty. "I'm afraid these things won't grow. But I tell you what—I'll help you plant a garden that *will* grow. Would you like that?"

"Oh, yes!" smiled Kathy. "That will be fine!"



The Baby Bird

RUTH came running in to tell her mother, "Oh, Mamma, I was watching a baby bird, and the most exciting thing happened! Let me tell you about it—I have it all written down here in a poem!" And she read:

"I saw a bird, a baby bird,
  Learning to fly today.
His mamma pushed, his daddy pulled,
  Starting him on his way.

"He flew so far, so very far,
  Skimming the air so blue,
That he puffed with pride, and loudly cried,
  Boasting what he could do.

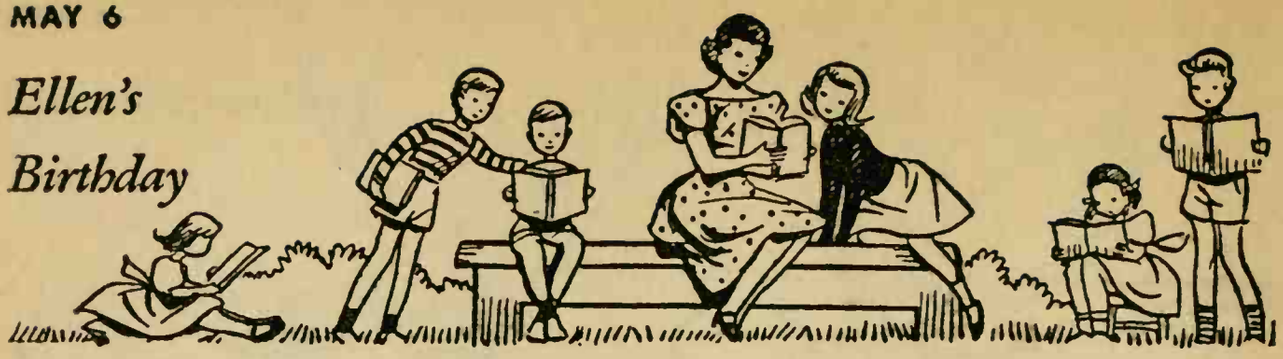
"His mamma peeped, his daddy cheeped,
  Warning him to take care!
A puppy dog, a plump white dog,
  Was stealing out from his lair!

"The baby bird, the boastful bird,
  Paying no heed at all,
Was almost trapped when the puppy snapped!
  'Squee! Squee!' the birdie called.

"He flew for home, his home sweet home,
  Safe from the puppy's springs.
'I'll brag no more,' that birdie swore.
  'Flying takes *more* than wings!' "

MAY 6

Ellen's Birthday



ELLEN thought the nicest thing about being five was that now she was old enough for kindergarten. "May I go to school today?" she asked her mother and her big brother Paul, on her birthday. "May I go right away this morning?"

"Shucks, you can't start till next September!" cried Paul.

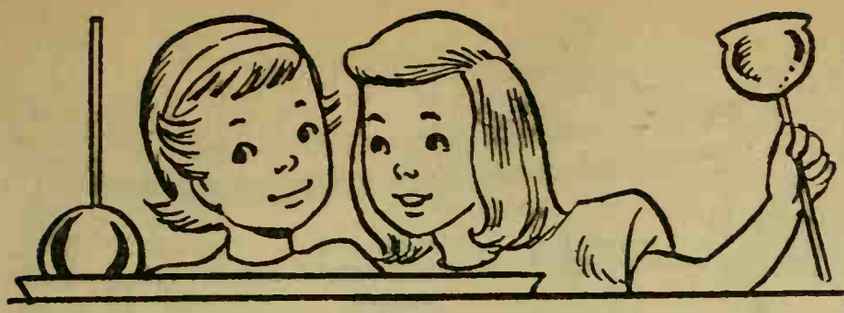
Ellen looked so disappointed that her mother said quickly, "Let's give Ellen a day of school for her birthday party! All of today, Ellen, will be just like a real school day. This morning you may have your friends over to *play* school, and this afternoon, we'll go and *visit* school!"

Ellen washed her face and hands as carefully as though she were really getting ready for school. She put on a clean dress, and Mother braided her hair into two little pigtails. Then Ellen went up and down What-a-Jolly Street and got Ann and Kathy and Timmy and Amy and Mike, and they set up a pretend schoolroom in Ellen's yard.

Mother played teacher. She brought out an armful of picture books, and all the children gravely studied the letters in Ellen's alphabet book. They colored pictures and pasted cut-outs from old magazines in a big scrapbook. They sang songs and played games. The only thing that *wasn't* like school was the picnic lunch Mother brought out at noon!

In the afternoon Mother and Ellen visited the real kindergarten. Ellen played and sang and worked with the children like an honest-to-goodness kindergartener.

"Oh, Mamma," said Ellen at the end of the happy day, "going to school all day was the very best birthday party in the whole world!"



The Birthday Game

AT BETTY'S birthday party, the children found a long row of huge caramel apples waiting for them. "You each have to earn your apple," laughed Betty, "with a rhyme! Like this:

"Ten caramel apples, sitting in a line;
Betty took one, and then there were nine."

Ruth cried, "Oh, I see! Listen to mine:

"The ninth caramel apple just couldn't wait;
It jumped right at Ruth, and then there were eight!"

Bob chuckled, "Eight caramel apples, looking sweet as heaven.
Bob grabbed one, and then there were seven!"

Doris went on, "Seven caramel apples, full of lovely licks,
Doris took one, and then there were six!"

Ted took a turn. "Six caramel apples said 'Wow! Man alive!
Here comes Ted!' And then there were five."

Sally said: "Five caramel apples, wishing there were more.
Along came Sally, and then there were four!"

Toby added, "Four caramel apples, that much I can see;
But when I took one, I left only three!"

The twins clamored, "It's our turn now! Listen to us!"

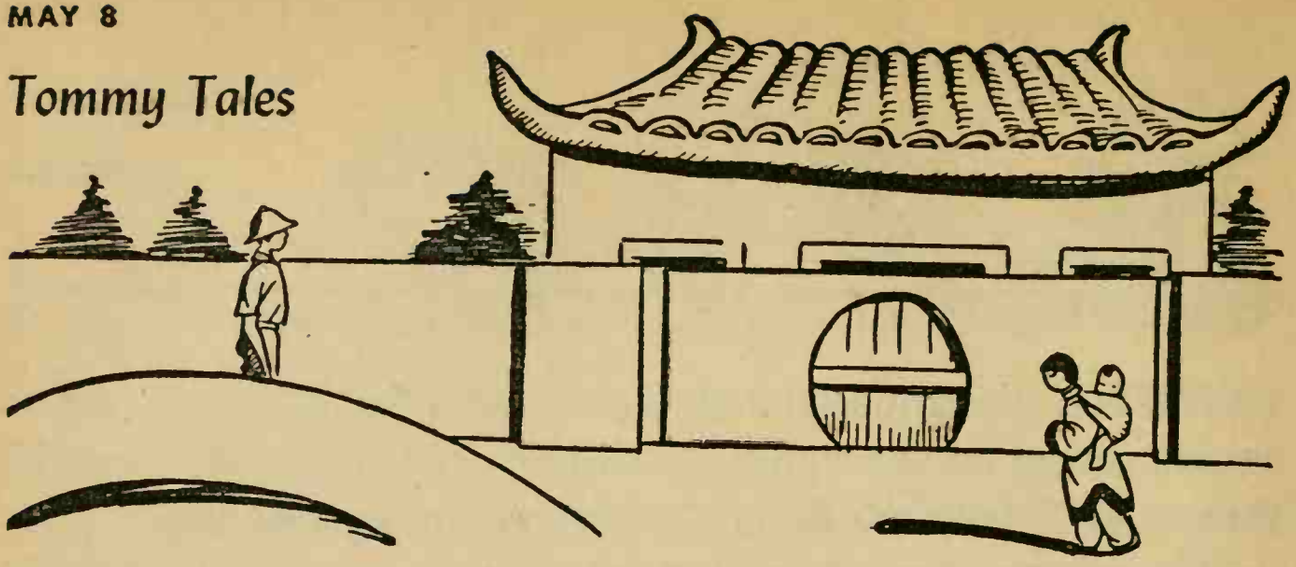
Jack shouted, "Three caramel apples! That will never do!
Jack helped himself, and then there were two!"

And Jerry went on, "Two caramel apples! Oh, what fun!
Jerry reached out and then there was one!"

Only Kathy's apple left! Poor Kathy! She thought and thought but she just didn't know any rhymes. Ruth whispered in her ear. Kathy's eyes grew brighter, and she shouted:

"One caramel apple—the game's almost done!
Kathy took hers, and then there was none!"

Tommy Tales



MRS. APRICOT said, "Remember the Tommy I told you about, who found my traveling tumbleweed and hoped to travel, too?"

"Did he travel?" asked David. "Did he ever see China?"

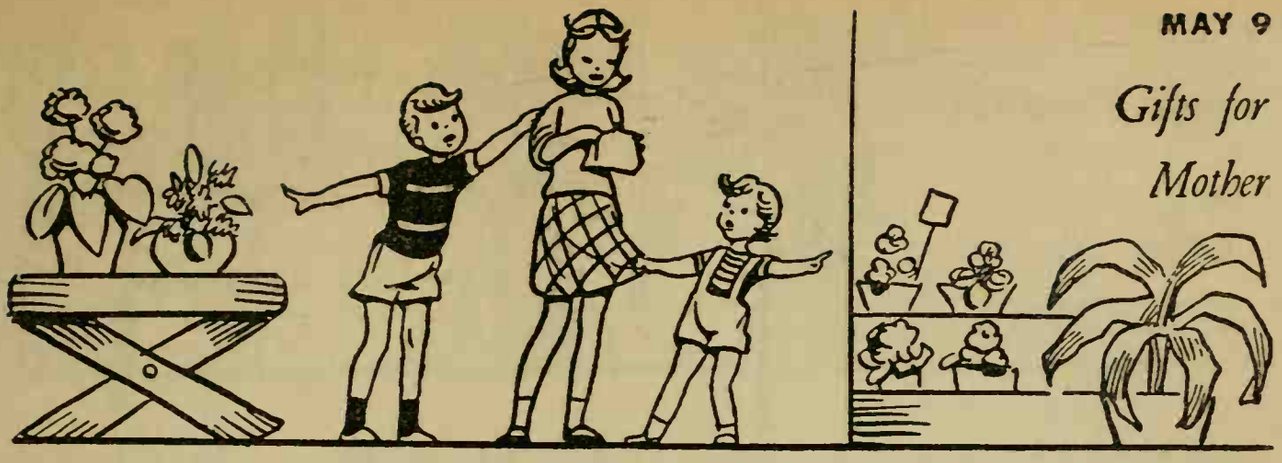
"Oh, yes, and what do you think he found? All kinds of things set in crooked lines—the walks leading up to houses, the dishes on the tables—because the people believed evil spirits could not follow crooked lines! In Siam, Tommy found that evil spirits were warded off another way. People built the roofs on their houses with sharp points at either end to spear the evil spirits before they could enter the house! Aren't we lucky, David, to know that there aren't any evil spirits to guard against?"

"What else did he find, Mrs. Apricot?" asked David.

"Well, another thing he found in Siam was a tower on a temple built entirely from broken dishes! Yes, a whole cargo of porcelain dishes was shipwrecked there many years ago; the Siamese used the pieces to build a beautiful porcelain tower on one of their temples."

David chuckled. "I'll have to tell Mom that, next time I break a dish. She can start saving up pieces. Where else did Tommy go, Mrs. Apricot?"

"Many, many places," smiled Mrs. Apricot. "He climbed a pyramid in Egypt, and the Great Wall in China. He saw lions in Africa, and volcanoes in Japan. Some day, David, I'll tell you more about Tommy's travels."



Gifts for Mother

THE DAY before Mother's Day, Mary Lou started downtown to buy her mother a gift. She knew just what she wanted to get, a gay Spanish-print lunchcloth that Mrs. Brown would love.

What happy meals we'll have! Mary Lou thought proudly.

Her little brother Mike saw her leaving and begged, "Take me, Mary Lou!" And Peter cried, "I want to go, too!"

"Well, all right," Mary Lou decided. "Come along."

When they got downtown, Peter saw a bright cyclamen plant in the florist's window. "Oh, I want to get that for Mother's Day!" he shouted. "It's Mom's favorite color!"

"Have you enough money?" Mary Lou asked.

"Sure," said Peter. But when they asked the price, Peter was a whole dollar short. He looked so disappointed that Mary Lou said, "I'll put in the dollar, Peter!"

Mike, who had been wandering down the flowery aisles, cried, "Come quick! See the pretty faces! Want some for Mamma!" He'd found a big box of pansy plants.

"That's a sweet idea, Mikie," Mary Lou said, so she bought Mike half a dozen pansy plants to give Mother for her garden.

Then when she looked in her purse, there wasn't enough money left for the pretty print lunchcloth! Oh, dear, she'd have to pick out a plain-colored one instead! She looked at Peter's and Mike's beaming faces as they trotted beside her, clutching their precious gifts.

"Oh, well," Mary Lou smiled, "gay faces *around* a table make a meal even happier than a gay cloth *on* the table!"

MAY 10

Bob's Present



BOB NOLEN was always forgetting things. He would go off to school in the morning without taking his books, or he would leave his cap or sweater at school at night, or he'd forget the errands his mother asked him to do.

But today was worst of all, Bob thought. It was Mother's Day, and he'd forgotten to buy Mom a gift.

His sister Sally had bought Mom a pretty apron, and even little Ann had picked a lovely bouquet of wild flowers. The girls were laying their gifts by Mother's plate to surprise her, when Bob came downstairs.

"Hey, is today the day?" Bob asked anxiously.

"Oh, Bob, I *told* you it was!" Sally cried.

"I forgot," muttered Bob. All of a sudden he didn't want any breakfast. He plunged out of the house so he wouldn't be around when Mom came down and he'd forgotten—again.

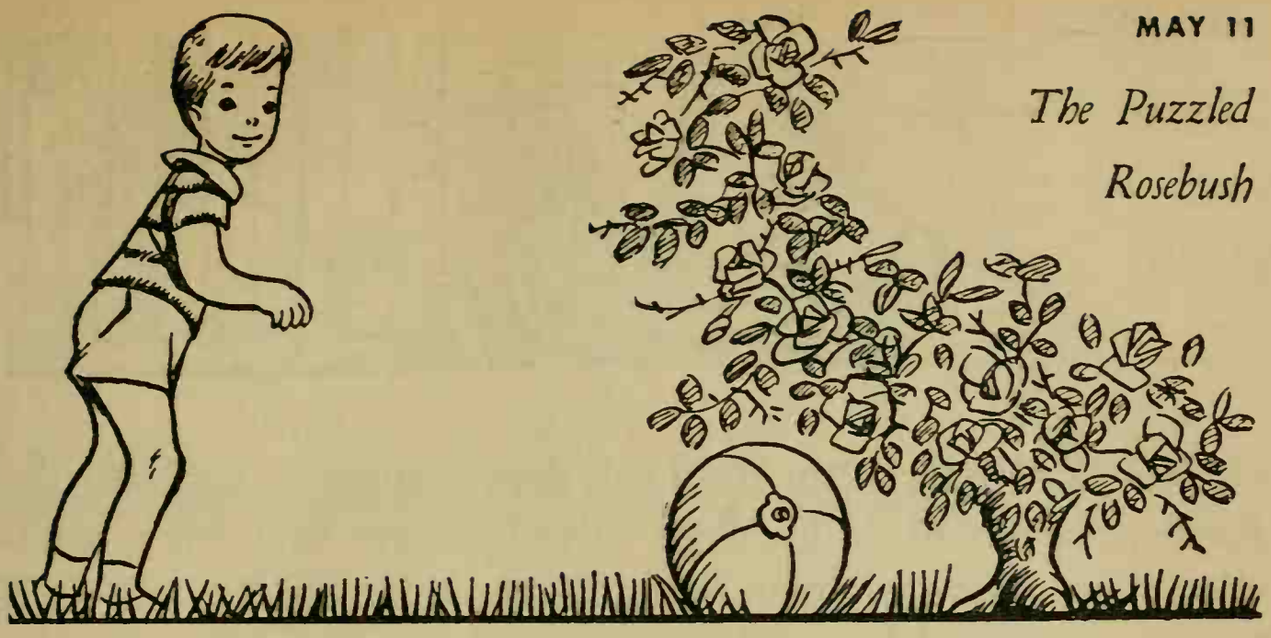
As he strode scowling down the walk, Bob passed Mr. Gay's grocery, and saw him inside, straightening his shelves for Monday's business. On sudden impulse, Bob went in.

"Mr. Gay," he begged, "will you sell me a ball of your string?"

He took the ball home and wrapped it in bright gift paper. Then he wrote this note to go with it:

Dear Mom: I forgot to buy your Mother's Day present. I will get it tomorrow. But here is a present for right now. Tie some of it around my finger every time I forget. I am going to try very hard to remember, so that next Mother's Day you will still have a whole ball of string left. I guess you'll think that's *the best present of all! Love from your son, Bob.*

The Puzzled Rosebush



THE ODDEST thing happened to Polly's big red ball one afternoon. Polly left it at the head of the stairs—a very bad place to leave a ball, but Polly didn't know better—and while she napped, that ball rocked a little and rolled a little till—*bounce! bump! bounce!*—suddenly it went over the top step!

Whumpity! Bumpity! Flumpity! "Ouch! Ouch!" cried the ball. But it couldn't slow down. Faster and faster it whished down the steps! It hit the screen door at the bottom so hard that it pushed the door open and rolled right on through!

Over the porch and out into the yard it sailed. "Whuf!" squeaked the ball as it came to rest under a rosebush. "What an experience! I'm simply scared green!"

"You don't look green to me," said the rosebush.

"Well, I am!" retorted the ball. "That was a *terrible* tumble! When I saw those steps rushing at me, I turned absolutely white with fear! And all that bumping has left me black and blue, I know! Thank goodness, here comes Timmy to pick me up and take me home."

The rosebush shook its leaves wonderingly as Timmy carried the ball away.

"Imagine that!" it puzzled. "The poor thing must be color-blind! Why, it was neither green nor white nor black nor blue! It was as red as I am!"

MAY 12

Hustle and Bustle



MARY LOU hurried in the back door, brushing past Hustle-Bustle, the parrot, in his cage. "I've only got time for a sandwich, Mom. Have to finish my problems this noon."

Peter slammed in a minute later, almost knocking Hustle-Bustle's cage to the floor. "Got to get right back to school, Mom! The kids are going to play baseball."

"All I hear is hurry, hurry." Mrs. Brown shook her head. "Such busy children! Oh, Mi-ike, lunch is ready!"

Little Mike came in the back door like a tornado, pulling off his sweater so violently that the buttons clattered against Hustle-Bustle's cage. Hustle-Bustle ducked, and muttered, "Well, gabbidy-gidildy-poo-bow!"

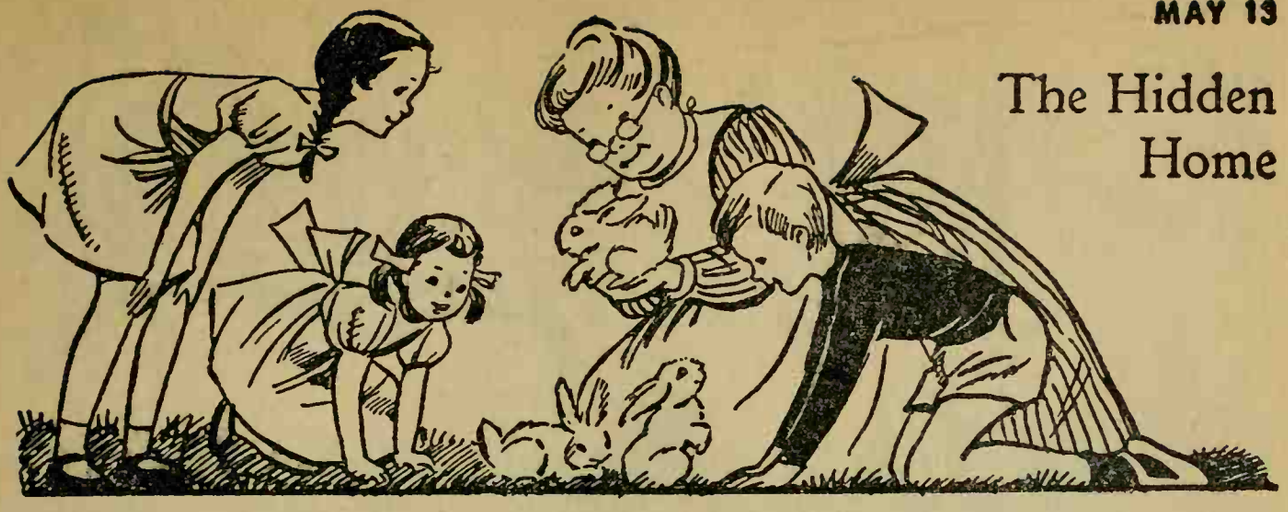
After lunch, Peter carried his plate to the kitchen, grabbed his cap and shot for the door. Hustle-Bustle leaned out and gave him a nip. "Ouch!" cried Peter.

Mike trotted through the kitchen. "Don't wanna nap," he said, making for the door very fast. Hustle-Bustle leaned down and nipped again. "Ouch!" squeaked Mike.

Mary Lou slid her armload of plates onto the kitchen cabinet. "'By, Mom!" she called hastily, dashing for the door. Hustle-Bustle watched her coming, and leaned out again. "Ouch!" squeaked Mary Lou. "Mom, Hustle-Bustle *bit* me!"

"He bit me, too!" said Peter. "And me!" said Mike.

"Well, I don't blame him," said Mrs. Brown. "You've all been hustling and bustling so much you forgot all about the real Hustle-Bustle! Now you say hello to him when you go past, and I'll bet he won't bite again." (And he never did!)



The Hidden Home

WHEN the children romped up to Mrs. Apricot's yard to play, they looked in surprise at the wide circle of lawn chairs shutting off the middle of the yard.

Mrs. Apricot smiled at their surprise. "I have new tenants, children! I pulled the chairs around that spot so you wouldn't accidentally step on their home. Look!"

She pulled aside a chair and stepped into the circle. The children tiptoed after her. The ground seemed covered by just ordinary grass, rather high and in need of cutting, but in the middle, one spot of grass wasn't green. It was brown, dead grass, lying flat—and it lifted right up! Mrs. Apricot smiled and pointed at the hole it had covered.

Why, the hole seemed alive! The brown earth down there was squirming and heaving and wriggling! The children crowded closer.

"Bunnies!" they squealed.

For it wasn't the ground that was moving; it was a whole nestful of baby rabbits, snuggling and burrowing, one soft furry body piled any-which-way over another!

"They're almost big enough to leave now," said Mrs. Apricot, holding one big-eyed little creature. "Their mother comes each night to feed them; one of these nights they'll follow her out into the world. Then what picnics they'll have down in my lettuce bed! But I won't care. I'll say, 'Well, well, so my nice tenants haven't left me after all!' "

MAY 14

Bubble Magic



AMY blew soap bubbles while her mother sat in a lawn chair beside her, sewing. "Oh, look! A pretty one!" Amy cried. A big, big bubble had floated from her pipe. It came to rest on the grass so lightly that it didn't pop.

"You made a flower, Amy," said her mother with a smile.

"Going to make another flower," declared Amy. She blew another bubble and sent it sailing, but a puff of wind carried this one upward. Up, up among the branches it drifted. Priscilla, the squirrel, gave it a surprised look as she scampered out of its way.

"Priscilla thinks you made a new kind of bird that time," said mother.

Amy chuckled with delight. She blew still another bubble. It drifted and drifted. It sailed clear across What-a-Jolly Street and landed—plop!—on the nose of sleeping Pal. The puppy woke with a loud woof and batted his nose. "Pal thinks I made a bee sting!" laughed Amy. "*Now* watch, Mamma!"

She blew and she blew. The bubble grew bigger and bigger. Suddenly—pop! It burst right in Amy's surprised face!

"Oooooh!" cried Amy, wiping off soap and water. "I made a face-wash that time!"



MAY 15

Whose Picnic Was It?

IT WAS a sweet, sunny day. Paul, hurrying home from school, thought, "What a swell afternoon for a picnic! Guess I'll make some sandwiches and go down to the creek and fish."

Butch, his big collie, ran to meet him and followed him into the house, weaving around his legs so closely Paul could hardly make the sandwiches. "So you think you're going with me, huh?" Paul teased him. Butch woofed excitedly. "Well, come along then!"

Paul carried his package of sandwiches and his fishing tackle down to the creek. He found a dry sunny spot on the bank and settled down to wait for a bite. Butch ran busily up and down the creek. He saw a squirrel skittering up a tree, and barked.

"Look here, you!" he woofed. "I'm helping my master fish! You'd better stay away from us! We're doing important work!"

Then Butch spied a gopher, streaking for its hole. He chased it, barking loud commanding barks, till it popped out of sight. "You'd better run!" scolded Butch. "We can't have you hanging around bothering us while we fish!"

All this work left Butch so out of breath that he lay down behind Paul to rest. His nose rested on the package of sandwiches. They smelled delicious. Butch poked into the paper and tried one. Yes, they *were* delicious. He tried another.

"Hey!" yelped Paul, turning around. He was too late The last sandwich was just disappearing. "Well, how do you like that?" exclaimed Paul. "First you bark your head off and scare away the fish; then you eat all the lunch! What I want to know is—whose picnic is this?"

MAY 16

What Makes Rusty Run?



DAVID and Paul were playing cowboy-and-Injun up on the hill behind Mrs. Apricot's. Paul was hidden behind a tree. David, on his pony, Rusty, ambled closer and closer.

"Look out!" David cried in Rusty's ear. "Injuns behind that tree! Run for it, Rusty, old pal, old pal!"

Paul let out a bloodcurdling yell and leaped into their path. David slapped Rusty's shoulder and shouted. Rusty just stopped completely and peacefully nibbled a blade of grass.

"Well, how d'you like that?" howled David, sliding off Rusty's back. "There isn't *anything'd* make that pony run! I could be a better cowboy on a *rocking* horse!"

Rusty looked up from his grass blade. A raindrop was running down his nose. Another hit him on the forehead. Rusty began to move at a slow, deliberate amble toward home.

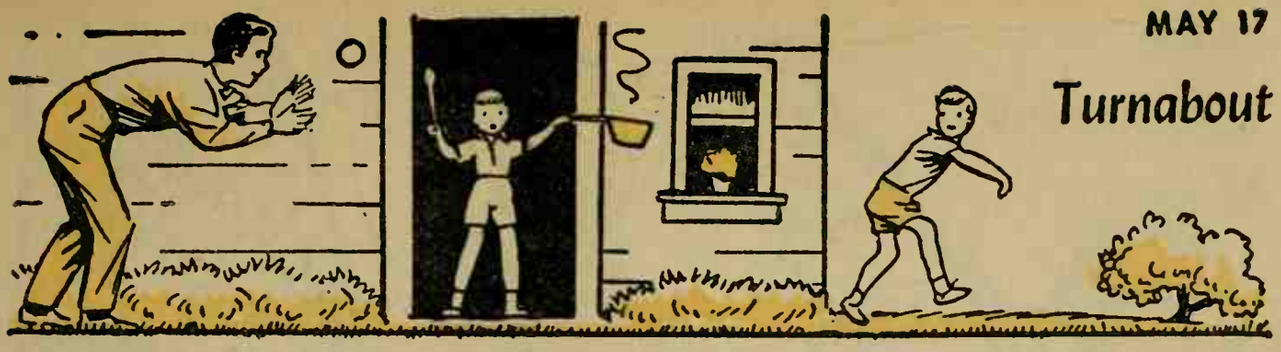
"Hey!" yelped David. "Where *you* goin'? Hey, wait for me!"

The raindrops came faster. Rusty went faster, too. The boys grabbed for his bridle, but Rusty's amble had changed to a trot, then to a gallop!

"Jeepers! Thought you said he wouldn't run!" Paul panted.

"Look at him go!" grinned David. "Well, anyway I know how to start him now! All I need to do is make a noise like thunder!"

Turnabout



ALTHOUGH Jack and Jerry were twins and looked exactly alike, they weren't really alike at all. Not in many ways. For instance, Jack could play ball like a whizz; he almost never missed when Dad pitched to him. But Jerry! The ball dripped out of his hands like water!

Jerry could do something Jack couldn't do, though. Jerry could cook! Yes, he could! Mother said he had a real talent for beating up things in a mixing-bowl. They almost always turned out good to eat.

One day the boys came home from school to find that their mother and sisters had gone shopping.

"I'm hungry," said one twin, poking hopefully around the refrigerator. "Shucks, there isn't anything here to eat!"

"Hey!" said the other twin at the door. "Here comes Dad home already! Dad! Oh, Dad! Will you play ball with me?"

He grabbed the softball and ran outside. For half an hour he and his father pitched the ball back and forth.

"Not bad," said Dad at last. "You're catching them pretty well today, Jack."

"Hey, I'm not Jack!" grinned his son. "I'm Jerry, and I'm catching 'em *awfully* well—for me!"

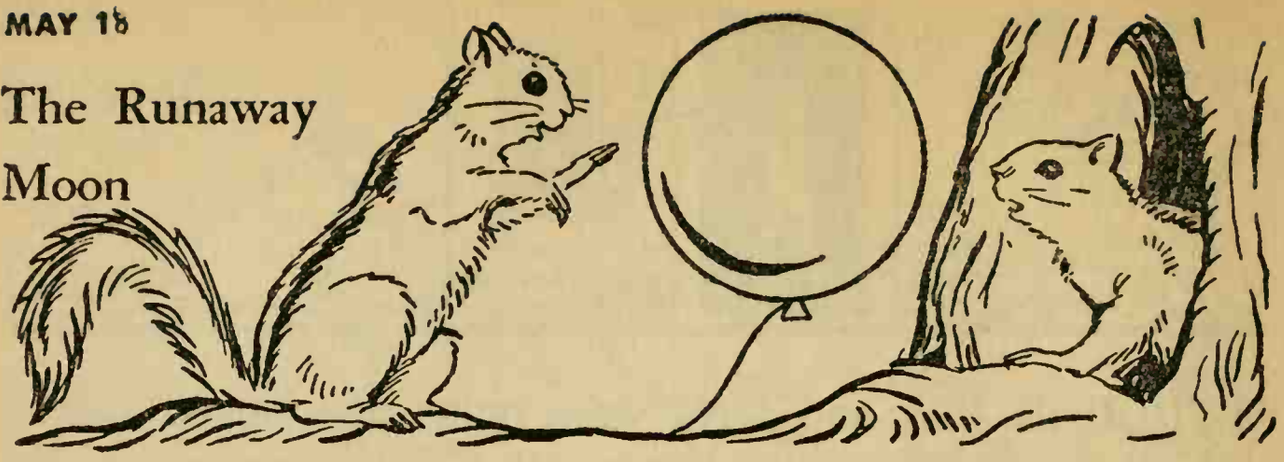
Just then Jack appeared at the back door with a steaming saucepan. He looked very pleased with himself.

"Who says I can't cook?" he beamed. "Look what I just made —fudge!"

"What's going on here?" asked Dad. "My cook's a ballplayer, and my ballplayer's a cook! I'm all mixed up!"

"Guess *we're* the ones who got mixed up!" laughed the twins.

The Runaway Moon



PADDY, the squirrel, was scampering home from a neighboring tree when he saw the oddest thing near his home.

"Priscilla! Priscilla!" he squeaked. "Come quick! The moon is caught in our branches! Oh, come and see!"

His wife peeked out of their hollow. "Why, so it is!" she cried. "That must be what the children are shouting about down there. My, it *is* green when you see it close up, isn't it? Must be green cheese just as the old story says!"

The two squirrels ran nimbly up the tree, drawing closer to the round green ball bobbing above them. They didn't notice the long string that hung from it, holding it to the branch. They hadn't seen the "moon" escape from little Amy's hands a few minutes before.

"Well, I know one thing," said Paddy firmly, "if the moon *is* green cheese—and it certainly looks that way—I'm going to have a bite. I dearly love a nip of cheese."

"Oh, Paddy, you wouldn't dare—would you?" asked Priscilla.

"You just watch!" Paddy crept out on the long swaying branch above the bobbing ball. Closer, closer, he bent toward the bright green circle. His sharp teeth closed around a nip.

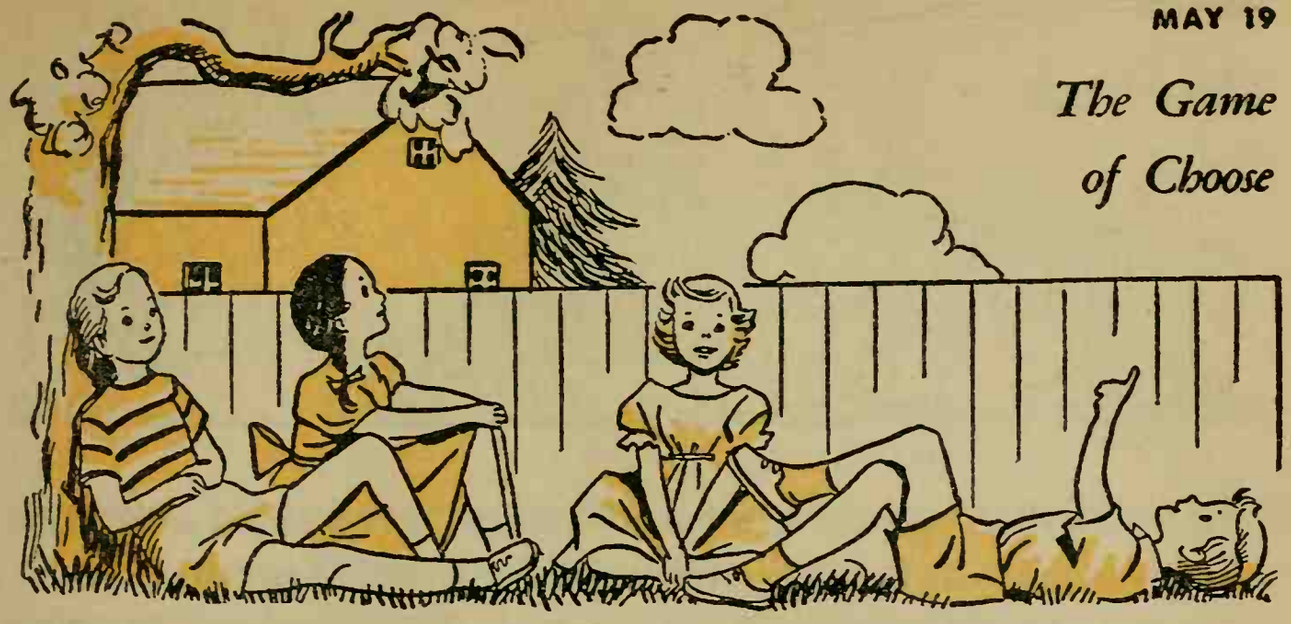
Pop! went a big noise, almost knocking Paddy from his perch.

"*Eeeeeee!*" squeaked Paddy, scrambling for home. The ball hung in green ribbons from the branch.

"Oh! Oh!" cried the children. "Paddy popped our balloon!"

"Balloon, huh?" said Paddy sheepishly. "So *that's* why it didn't taste like cheese!"

The Game of Choose



IT WAS a lovely lazy day. Toby and Jane and Doris and Ted lay in the Ling yard, watching the fleecy clouds above them.

"If you weren't a boy or girl, what kind of animal would you like to be?" Toby asked idly.

"A rabbit," said Ted promptly, "because I like raw carrots, and then I could sleep out on the lawn at night."

"Oh, I wouldn't!" cried his sister Doris. "I'd be a bird, most any kind of wild songbird! Wouldn't it be lovely to float up there in the sky like that cloud and sing my heart out? In winter I'd get to go South, too."

"I'd rather be a cat," said Jane dreamily. "Only I wouldn't chase you, Doris, not ever! I'd curl up in the sunshine with my paws tucked under me so neatly, and my tail wrapped around me, and I'd purr and purr and purr. Everybody pets cats."

"Well, nobody'd *dare* pet me!" declared Toby. "Because *I'd* be an elephant, stamping and trumpeting and scaring the daylights out of all you cats and birds and rabbits! Boy, I'd be such a big and mighty elephant, nobody'd dare—"

"Toby!" said Susan severely from the back door. "Your row of vegetables is still waiting to be weeded!"

Toby got up very meekly and went back to the garden. Over his shoulder he twinkled, "Susan's a *mouse!* Everybody knows an elephant's scared of a mouse!"

MAY 20

The House of Gum



MRS. APRICOT found Jane and Timmy flat on their stomachs, watching busy ants scurry in and out of their ant hill.

"What are they doing?" Jane asked. "They're carrying bits of grass or leaves or something."

"I think they're building an addition on their house," Mrs. Apricot said. "Probably the family's getting too big for the number of rooms they have now."

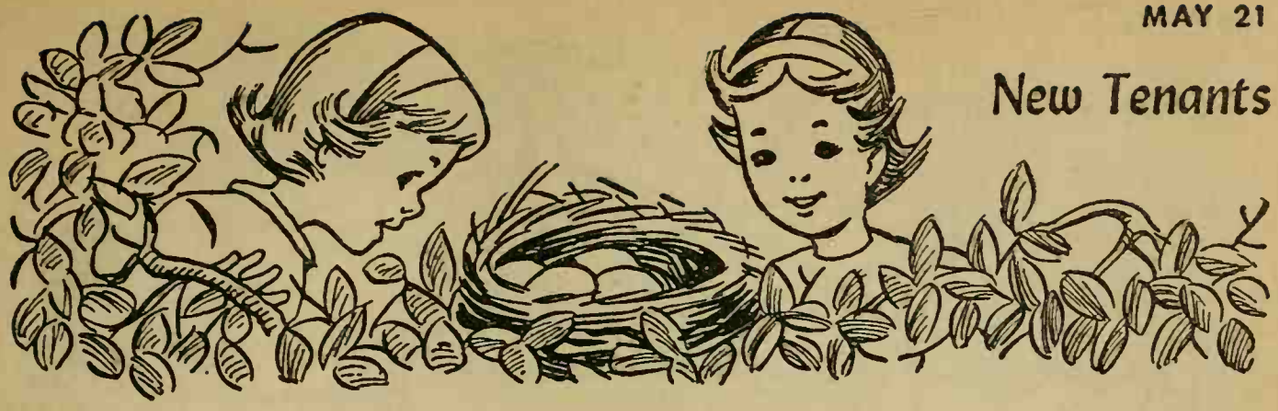
"Are you making a joke?" Timmy asked.

"No, I'm really not. Ants have very, very big families, sometimes five thousand sisters and brothers and aunts and uncles and cousins! They need large homes. If you could follow that wee ant in his door—and by the way, there are dozens of other doors he could go in, too—you'd see a long hallway sloping downhill ahead of you like a toboggan slide. The nurseries open off the hall first, for ants keep their babies in rooms at the top of their house where they will get sunshine. If it's raining, the nurse ants take the babies down deeper, and of course at night they're brought down to the main floor at the very bottom. That's their living room."

"But what are they doing with those leaves?" asked Jane.

"They use them for bricks! Yes, they do. They put a bit of dirt and a bit of leaf into their mouths, work it around like gum, and it comes out in a sticky little wad that they will add to other wads till they have a wall!"

Timmy gave a big sigh. "They're pretty smart," he said. "But I'm glad my house is made out of boards, not gum!"



New Tenants

A THICK green hedge grew between Nolens' and Watsons'. In the middle was a gap that the children used as a gate. There was another hole, too, a tiny hole that Ann and Kathy had found last year, just big enough to peek through. Ann and Kathy used the hiding place as a home for their tiny dolls. This spring they could hardly wait for the hedge to fill with leaves so they could play there again.

"Let's look for our house now," Ann proposed one day. "You go down your side, Kathy, and I'll go down mine."

But though they looked where they'd played so often last fall, they could not find their hiding place. "The leaves grew over it," said Ann. "We'll kind of poke around till we hit it."

"Oooh! This old hedge scratches!" complained Kathy. Suddenly Ann's fist went through the leaves without striking a thorny branch. "I found it!" she squealed. Then she frowned. "There's something in it. Did you leave a doll here all winter, Kathy? No, it isn't a doll. It's round and warm. My goodness!" Ann parted the leaves and peered into the hiding place. "Kathy! It's a bird's nest! With four little eggs in it!"

Kathy came running through the gap in the hedge. She peeked in at the nest, her mouth a round red O of wonder. "Can we let them stay?" she whispered.

"Oh, yes!" beamed Ann. "We'll pretend we've rented our house to Mr. and Mrs. Bird. We'll call on them and bring crumbs and things. And if we're terribly careful not to scare them, we can watch the baby birds grow big and learn to fly. Oh, isn't it fun to have somebody *really* living in our dollhouse?"

MAY 22

A Pair of Heroes



BUTCH, the big collie dog, had trotted down to the creek to get a drink when suddenly—splash! Something tumbled into the water near him!

"Ow-wow-ow!" squeaked a surprised baby voice.

"Yap! Yap! Yap!" sounded a shrill puppy bark.

Butch bounded up the bank. There, where the Carter yard ran down to the creek, baby hands thrashed and beat at the water! Polly had fallen in the creek! On the bank stood puppy Pal, barking for dear life.

Butch didn't waste a minute. He plunged into the water and caught Polly by the dress. Firmly he tugged her over to the bank, but he couldn't pull her up onto the grass. Neither could he let go of her to tell Pal what to do, but Pal seemed to understand.

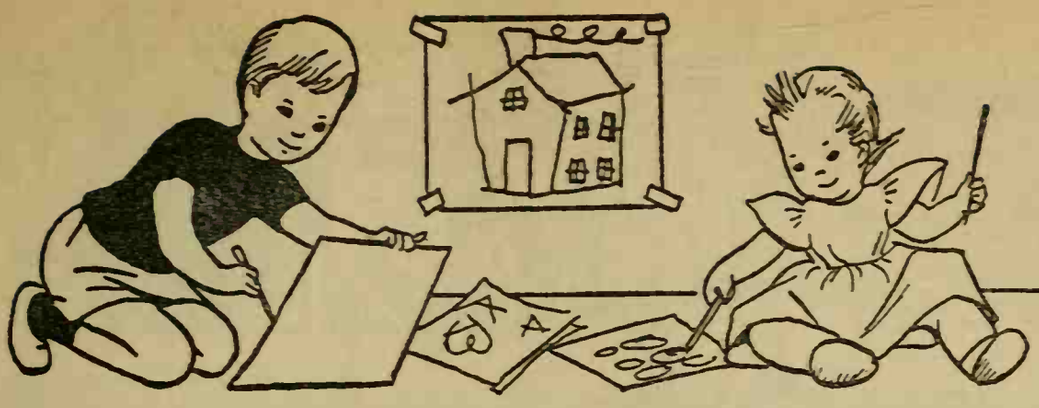
"Yap! Yap! Pap!" he barked excitedly. He made a dash for the Carter house, and yipped and yapped at the back door.

Mrs. Carter came out. "What's the matter, Pal?" she asked. Then she saw the empty play pen from which Polly had climbed. "Oh, my!" she cried. "Where's Polly?"

Pal streaked for the creek. Mrs. Carter ran after him. There was Butch still clinging to Polly, who, not afraid at all, paddled happily in the water!

"Oh, Polly!" cried Mrs. Carter, lifting the baby safely to the bank. "How lucky that the dogs were here! Come on, pups, and have a whole can of salmon!"

"Oh, boy!" barked Butch contentedly. "Salmon! That's worth a bath any day!"



Polly Plays School

"NOW, POLLY," Timmy said to his baby sister, "I'm going to play school. I have to learn all about school because I'll be starting next fall, you know."

"Me! Me! Me!" Polly cried happily.

"No, not you! My goodness, what would the teacher do with a little girl who only says four words and thinks crayons are something to eat?" Timmy spread out his paper and colors and picture book, and sat down in the midst of them.

"First we sing a song," he told Polly. "I learned it at Ellen's party." He sang a good-morning song. Polly sang, too. She didn't know the words, but she sang, "Ohhh-ahhh-oooooh!" very loudly.

"Now we draw a picture," Timmy said when the song was finished. He took a sheet of paper and drew a house with smoke coming out of the chimney. Polly took a sheet of paper, too, and made a lot of scribbles that *might* have been smoke.

"Now we practice our letters," Timmy decided. He took another sheet of paper and carefully copied an *a*, *b*, *c* from his picture book. Polly went right on scribbling.

Mamma came in. She said, "Well, playing school? Is Polly a good pupil?"

"She can sing pretty well," Timmy admitted. "And she can draw *some*. But of course she can't do letters."

"Well, now, I don't know about that," laughed Mamma. She picked up Polly's paper. "She knows at least *one* letter!"

Sure enough! Polly's scribbles were big circles that *could* have been O's!

MAY 24

Mary Lou Keeps House



MRS. BROWN said, "Now your daddy and I will be gone until evening. Are you sure you can manage everything, Mary Lou?"

"Oh, my, yes!" said Mary Lou. She was very pleased at the chance to keep house for a whole day.

Right after breakfast Mary Lou started to get dinner. She would make a cake for dessert, she decided. She broke the first egg, and plump! it went into the flour, shell and all!

"Oh, dear, what a mess!" Mary Lou sighed, fishing out bits of shell. The second egg landed on the floor. "*What* a mess!" mourned Mary Lou. She forgot the baking powder, and the cake came out of the oven very, very flat. "What a mess! What a *mess!*" cried Mary Lou. But they ate the cake anyway.

The boys cleared the table for Mary Lou after dinner. They stacked the things in the refrigerator very quickly. When Mary Lou opened the refrigerator later, everything tumbled out.

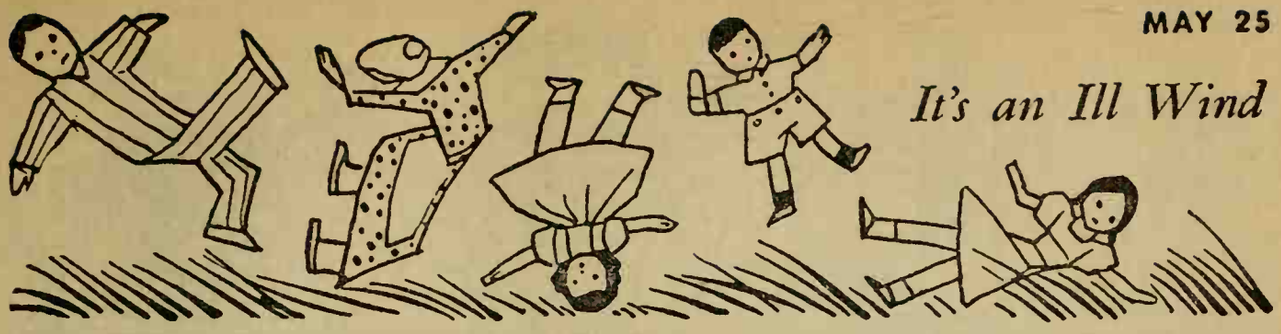
"*What a mess!*" the children all shrieked.

Mary Lou thought she'd better clean up the kitchen. The floor really needed scrubbing. When she knelt to get started, she tipped over the pail of water.

"Oh! Oh! What a mess!" squealed the boys, dancing out of reach of the water.

When Mrs. Brown got home, she found the house looking very neat. "Well, I guess Mary Lou had no trouble," she decided.

The only thing that made her wonder was Hustle-Bustle the parrot's new phrase. At the top of his voice, Hustle-Bustle kept shouting, "*What a mess!*"



It's an Ill Wind

"FOR GOODNESS' SAKE!" cried Mrs. Paper Doll. "Has Jane forgotten we're out in the yard? It's going to rain!"

"Now, Mamma," soothed Mr. Paper Doll. "You know Jane's a bit slow. Ho-hum, I think I'll have a little nap."

"That's all you've done!" scolded Mrs. Paper Doll. "Just because Jane left you dressed in pajamas you sleep and sleep! Look at me! I've worn a house dress all day, and so I have to bustle, bustle, bustle! Oh! Somebody catch Baby! Quick!"

A breeze had lifted the baby paper doll and sent him bouncing across the grass. Baby laughed and crowed. The wind grew stronger. It swept the boy and girl dolls off their feet. Laughing and squealing, they were tumbled this way and that.

"Help! Save my family!" squeaked Mrs. Paper Doll, waving her arms. And just then, the breeze swished *her* into the air! Round and round she went! Out of the yard, past the garden! She was blowing into the creek! Wildly she reached out and caught a snaggly bush at the very edge!

"Help!" she squeaked, holding on for dear life.

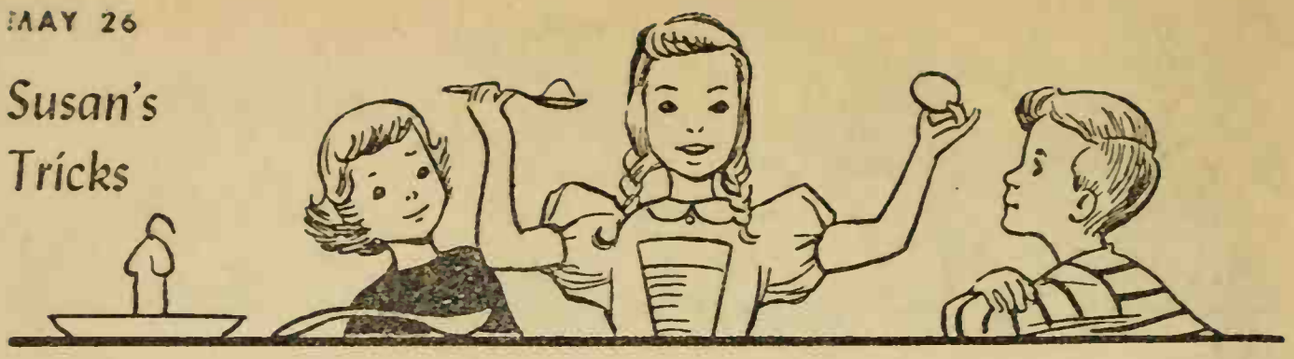
Jane came running out of the Ling house. "My dolls! Oh, they're blowing away!" she cried, snatching them up. "Where's the baby? Oh, here it is! And here's Papa, safe and sound asleep. But where's Mamma? Under this bush? No. In the garden? No."

Down to the creek she ran. "Oh, *here* you are!" cried Jane in relief. "The bush caught you! How lucky!"

"Bush, indeed!" huffed Mrs. Paper Doll. Then she looked down at herself and smiled. "Well, there's one good thing! That prickly bush tore so many holes in this old house dress, Jane will *have* to put on my party dress tomorrow!"

MAY 26

Susan's Tricks



SUSAN had a junior chemistry set. She liked to show the younger children what wonderful things she could do with it.

"Can *you* make an egg float in water?" Susan asked Jane and Toby. Jane got a glass of water and tried it, but no, her egg went straight to the bottom.

"*I* can!" said Susan proudly. She stirred two spoonfuls of salt into the water, and *then* put in the egg, and it floated!

"Look what I can do to this candle," Susan went on. She stuck a stub of candle to an old pie tin, lit the candle, poured a little water over the bottom of the pan, and then turned a fruit jar upside down over the burning candle. The candle flame dimmed and flickered and went out. But odder than that was the fact that the water around the candle *inside* the fruit jar rose higher than the water outside!

"Do it again, Susan!" Jane begged.

But Toby said loftily, "Oh, that's not so much!"

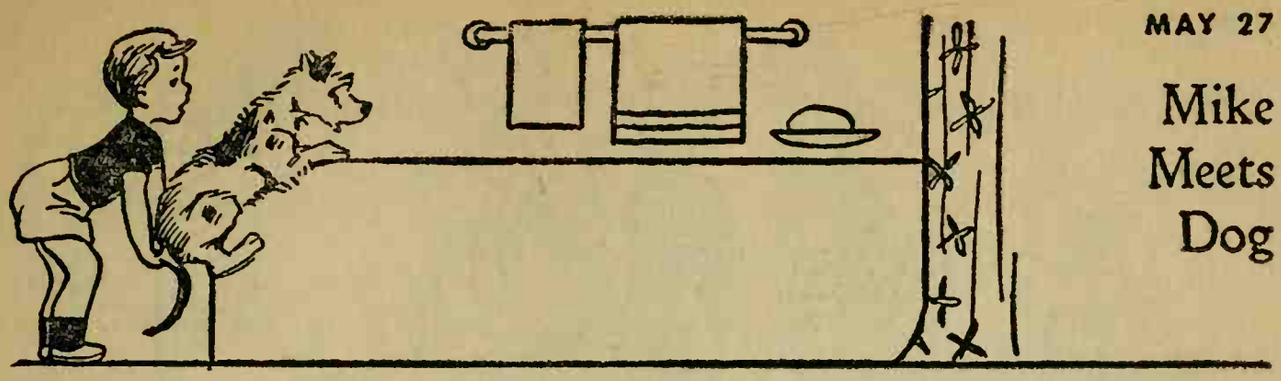
"Just you wait," said Susan. She filled one of her test tubes half full of boiling water, and stirred in several spoonfuls of sugar. Then she tied a small button to the end of a string for a weight, and lowered it into the tube.

"This takes quite awhile," she warned the children. "I'll let you know when it's ready."

When they came back later, Susan drew out the string and broke off the crystal lumps hanging to it. "What are those?" asked Toby.

"Rock candy," Susan said, and smiled.

"Oh, boy!" Toby chuckled. "*That's* a trick worth knowing!"



MAY 27

Mike Meets Dog

LITTLE Mike Brown loved dogs. He was always running over to play with Timmy's puppy, Pal, or following Butch, the collie, down What-a-Jolly Street. Mrs. Brown said, "I just don't know *how* to keep Mikie home!"

One day Mike was in his back yard when a strange dog came limping across the vacant lots. He was a thin dog with big sad brown eyes and no collar. "Here, Dog! Here, Dog!" Mike called excitedly. He held out his sandwich to the dog. The dog was very hungry; he came closer and closer until he could reach it.

Mike petted him lovingly. "Oh, I wish you were my dog!" he cried. Would Mother let him stay? Even Mike could see that Dog was a very dirty dog, and Mother didn't like dirty things. "I'll wash you!" Mike declared.

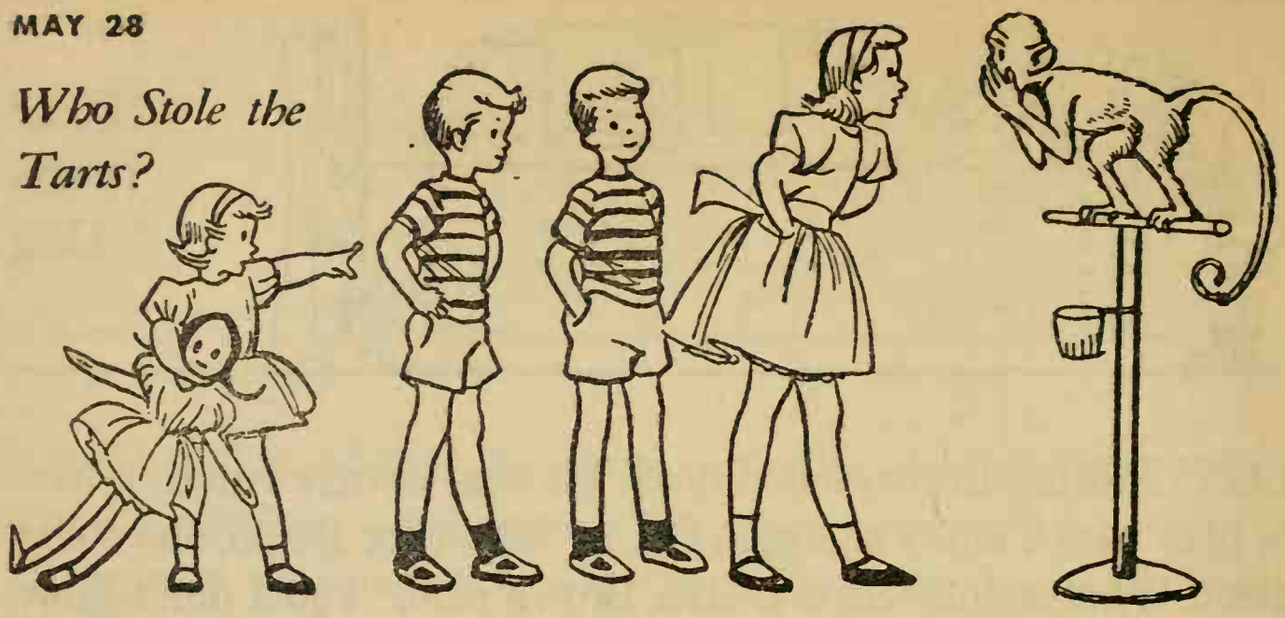
Mother had gone to talk to Mrs. Johnson next door, so nobody stopped Mike when he coaxed Dog into the house and up to the bathroom. Mike turned on the faucets in the tub. "Come, Dog!" he crooned. "Mikie make you nice and clean!" He tugged and shoved until Dog leaped into the tub. Water sprayed the walls and floor and Mike! Mike lathered Dog with soap until the water was black.

Mother hurried in. She had been looking all over for Mike. "Oh, here you are!" she cried. "But my goodness—what's that?"

"That's Dog!" said Mike. "Isn't he nice? May I keep him?"

Mrs. Brown looked at her spattered bathroom and the dirty tub. She looked at Mike's shining face, too, and the poor thin dog. At last she said, "Well, maybe Dog will keep you at home better than I can. We'll let him stay a bit and see!"

Who Stole the Tarts?



MRS. WATSON said, "I had six lemon tarts here on the back-porch table! Where have they gone? Betty, did you see them?"

"Lemon tarts!" wailed Betty. "My favorite kind? No, I didn't see them, but I'm going to find out who did!"

She whisked through the house, and ran smack into Jerry!

"Jerry Watson, did *you* eat the lemon tarts?" she cried. "Six lovely lemon tarts?"

"Six?" said Jerry, round-eyed. "Did that—did he—wait till I catch him! Eating six tarts and not giving his own twin brother a single bite!"

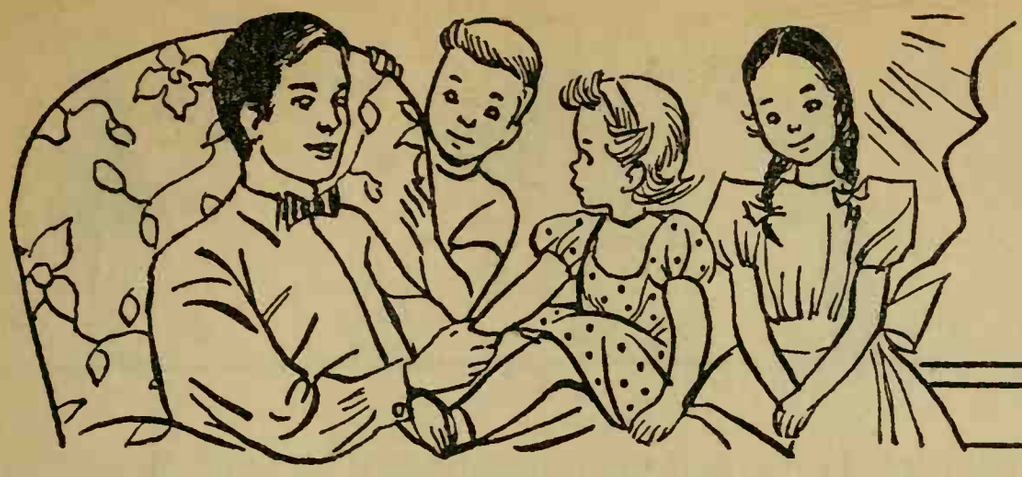
Off shot Jerry with Betty at his heels. They found Jack in the garden. "Where are those tarts?" demanded Jerry.

"Hey, are our tarts gone?" gasped Jack. "I *saw* Kathy near there, too! Just wait!" He scrambled to his feet and plunged into the house with Betty and Jerry following. "Kathy!" he bellowed. "Kathy, you better give back those tarts!"

Kathy was in the playroom. She looked up wonderingly. "Tarts?" she asked. "Oh, Beppo, was *that* what you had!"

Kathy and Jack and Jerry and Betty looked at the brown monkey on his perch. Beppo ducked his head and covered his face with his paws, but he couldn't hide the white fluff of meringue that stretched from ear to ear.

"Beppo!" said the children severely. "*You* stole the tarts!"



MAY 29

Our Soldiers

THE JOHNSON CHILDREN, Doris and Ted, came home looking a little woeful. Even small Amy, tagging at their heels, had mislaid her usual smile. "No soldier," she said with a sigh.

"What's this?" asked their puzzled father.

Doris said, "All the kids are taking flowers to their own soldiers' graves tomorrow. Seems as though everybody has a special grave to decorate. Ruth's grandfather was a Civil War veteran, and Betty had an uncle who fought in the Spanish-American War, and even Timmy has a cousin buried there who was a hero in the World War. We haven't *any* soldier to take care of on Memorial Day!"

"Why, of course you have!" said Father warmly. "You have many soldier friends to remember! Now you youngsters listen to me. Did Timmy's cousin go to war just for Timmy? No, he fought for Timmy, and you three, and the other children on What-a-Jolly Street, and for children all over the world. That makes him belong a little to you as well as to Timmy, do you see? That makes *all* the soldiers resting in the cemetery belong to all of us! So of course you want to take care of their graves and make them beautiful, Memorial Day and always!"

Ted brightened. "Let's go pick lots of flowers, Doris!" he cried.

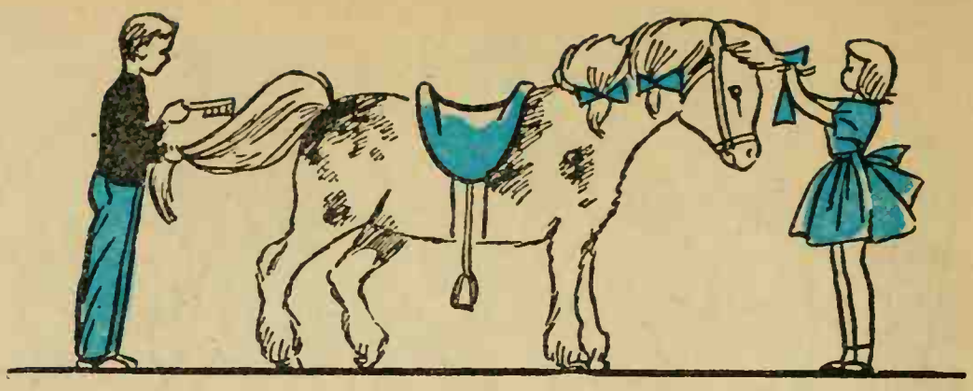
"Oh, yes," said Doris. "We'll pick whatever Mother will let us have and take them to the cemetery."

"An' give 'em to our soldiers," said Amy proudly.

"That's right," said Doris. "And give them to *our* soldiers!"

MAY 30

Rusty on Parade



RUSTY, the Barrett pony, felt very lonely and left out of things. Everybody was hurrying by and paying no attention to him.

"Hey, Mom!" he heard David shout. "Where's my Scout tie? Gee whiz, I can't be in the parade without my Scout tie!"

"David, hurry!" Ruth called. "We're going up to Mrs. Apricot's to pick the flowers now!"

The children came home from Mrs. Apricot's with armloads of red and white and blue flowers. "We'll take them to the cemetery now," Rusty heard Ruth say, "so the soldiers' graves will look pretty when the parade gets there."

What was all this parade business, Rusty wondered? He felt more and more lonesome.

David and Ruth came running back home a little later. "Mom!" they cried. "Tommy Fuller sprained his ankle! Isn't that awful? Here he is a Den Chief and everything, and now he can't march in the parade!"

"Why not let him ride Rusty?" Mrs. Barrett suggested.

"Rusty! Why, sure!" the children cried.

Suddenly all the scurrying and hurrying was going on right around Rusty! David brushed his coat, Ruth braided ribbons in his mane; they led him proudly to Tommy's house, and helped Tommy into the saddle.

"Hear the music, Rusty?" they cried. "Time for the parade!"

Rusty pricked up his ears. In the distance he could hear stirring music that sent his feet stepping high. Rusty's heart bounded high, too. Whatever a parade was, it was wonderful, and he was going to be in it!

Tiger Plays "If"



THE TWO Nolen cats lay sunning themselves in the back yard. Tiger switched his bushy brown and yellow tail and said dreamily, "What if I were really a tiger! Mmm, but wouldn't you be scared!"

Tom frowned. "I don't know why I'd be scared of you. Your meow is worse than your scratch."

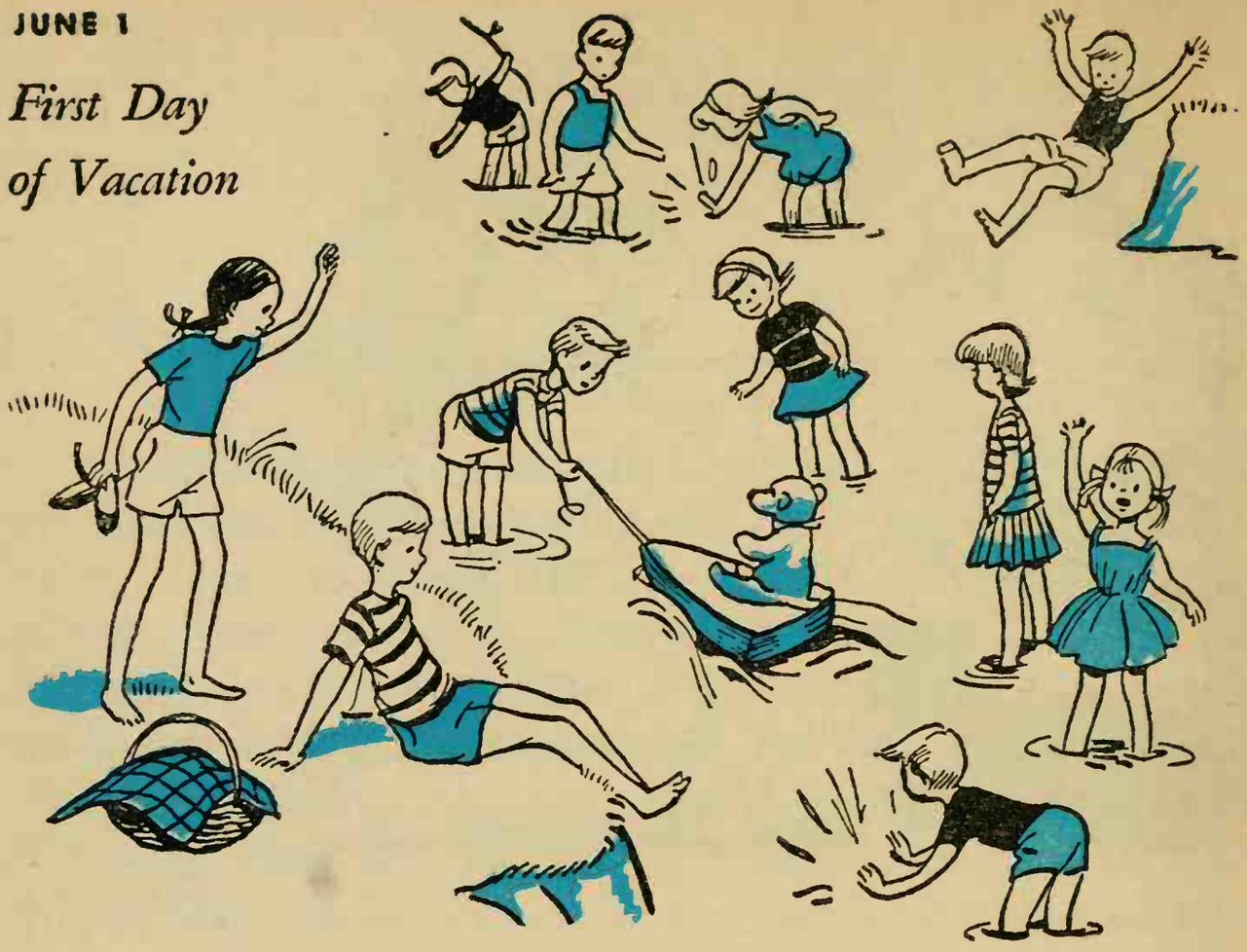
"Is that so?" huffed Tiger. "If I were a real tiger, you wouldn't talk like that! You'd be skedaddling up a tree so fast that leaves would be falling like rain! And I'd lurk underneath, growling at you—grrrrrrrowwwwww! Oh, boy, what a tiger I'd be! Grrrrrowowowowow!"

"Tiger, you bad cat, are you fighting Tom again?" Sally Nolen asked, coming into the yard. "Just for that, you come in the house and behave yourself!" She scooped up Tiger and carried him off, scolding him with every step.

Tom smiled and smiled. "My, how peaceful it is since the hunters captured that savage tiger!" he purred.

JUNE 1

First Day of Vacation



"YAY!" yelled Paul, bursting out of his house. "Vacation is here! No school! Hey, all you kids! We have a lot of celebrating to do! Vacation is here!"

Up and down What-a-Jolly Street doors opened and children spilled out happily.

"What'll we do to celebrate?" they asked each other eagerly. "Oh, boy, no more teachers, no more books!"

"We'll all go wading in shady brooks!" Ruth finished the verse gaily.

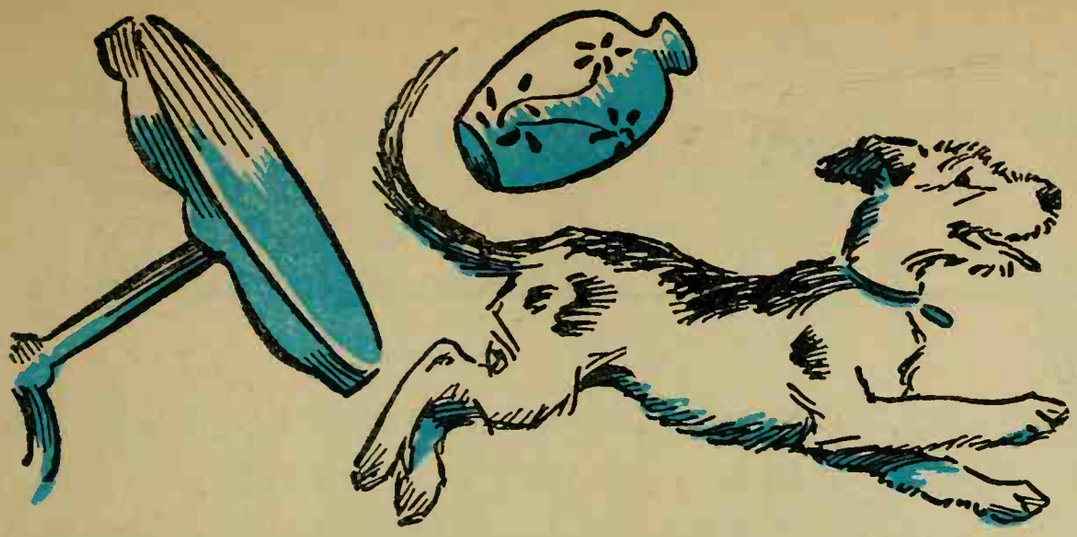
"Sure, let's! Why don't we?" The children set up a great shout for their mothers. "Mom! Mother! May we go wading?"

Mrs. Smith came to her door. "I have a good idea," she said. "Let's *all* celebrate this vacation business. You children run along and wade and play games, and at noon we mothers will bring picnic dinners down to the creek!"

"Hooray!" shouted Paul. "What a wonderful day!"

And that's exactly what it turned out to be!

Whatta Dog



MIKE'S Dog was so happy about being allowed to stay with the Browns that he just couldn't stop telling everybody of his joy and love. He licked Mike and Peter and Mary Lou; he rubbed Mr. Brown's legs; he followed Mrs. Brown from room to room, wagging his long tail so eagerly that it pulled cloths off tables, and knocked vases off their stands.

"What a dog!" sighed Mrs. Brown, petting him forgivingly.

"What a dog!" groaned Mr. Brown, falling over him at every turn. But he said nothing about sending him away.

"What a dog!" complained Mary Lou and Peter, dodging his affectionate licking tongue. But they scratched him behind the ears and fed him till his thin sides began to fill out.

"Whatta Dog!" beamed Mike. He thought that was Dog's name.

Only Hustle-Bustle, the parrot, refused to make friends with Whatta Dog. "Gobbildy-gilly-poo-phut-phut!" Hustle-Bustle snorted when Whatta Dog's waving tail almost knocked his cage to the floor. "Pull in your propeller, you big steamboat!"

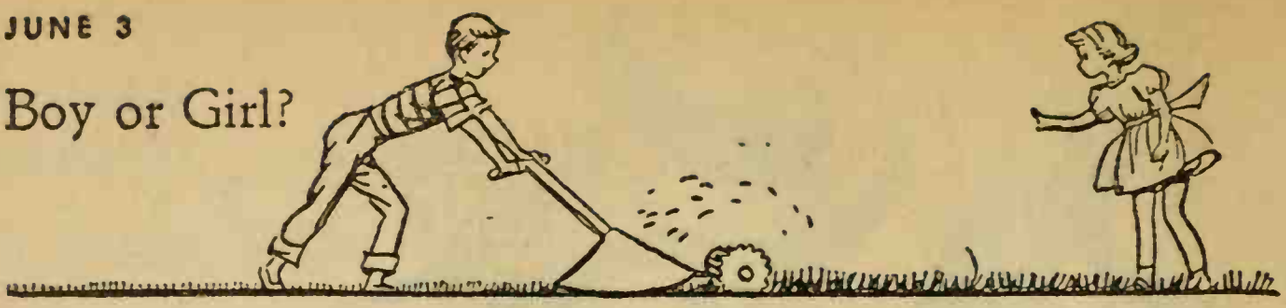
Whatta Dog bounced around to ask eagerly, "Were you talking to me? Can I be of any help? Just say the word!"

"I say lots of words," grumbled Hustle-Bustle, "but none of them are aimed at those flopping mainsails you call ears. On your way, you blundering pachyderm, you!"

Whatta Dog sighed and went on about his business. He wondered if he could *ever* make friends with Hustle-Bustle!

JUNE 3

Boy or Girl?



"GIRLS are lucky," Toby grumbled to Jane as he mowed the lawn. "*You* don't have to boil out here in this sun!"

"*I* think boys are lucky," pouted Jane. "I have to get dressed up and go to my tap-dancing class!"

"Huh!" said Toby. "You mow the lawn, and *I'll* go to your old class. Nothing hard about that!"

"Okay!" cried Jane, and surprisingly Mamma agreed, too! Toby ran in to dress for dancing class. Jane, happy in her blue jeans, pushed the lawn mower up and down.

When Toby got home again, he looked less gay. "Boy, it's surely hot in town," he admitted. And then he added honestly, "Dancing's pretty hot work, too." He flopped on the swing, but Mamma asked him to help clean out the mending basket.

Jane came in, hot and panting. "Lawn's finished," she said. "Oh, Mom, cleaning the basket's *my* job! It's fun!"

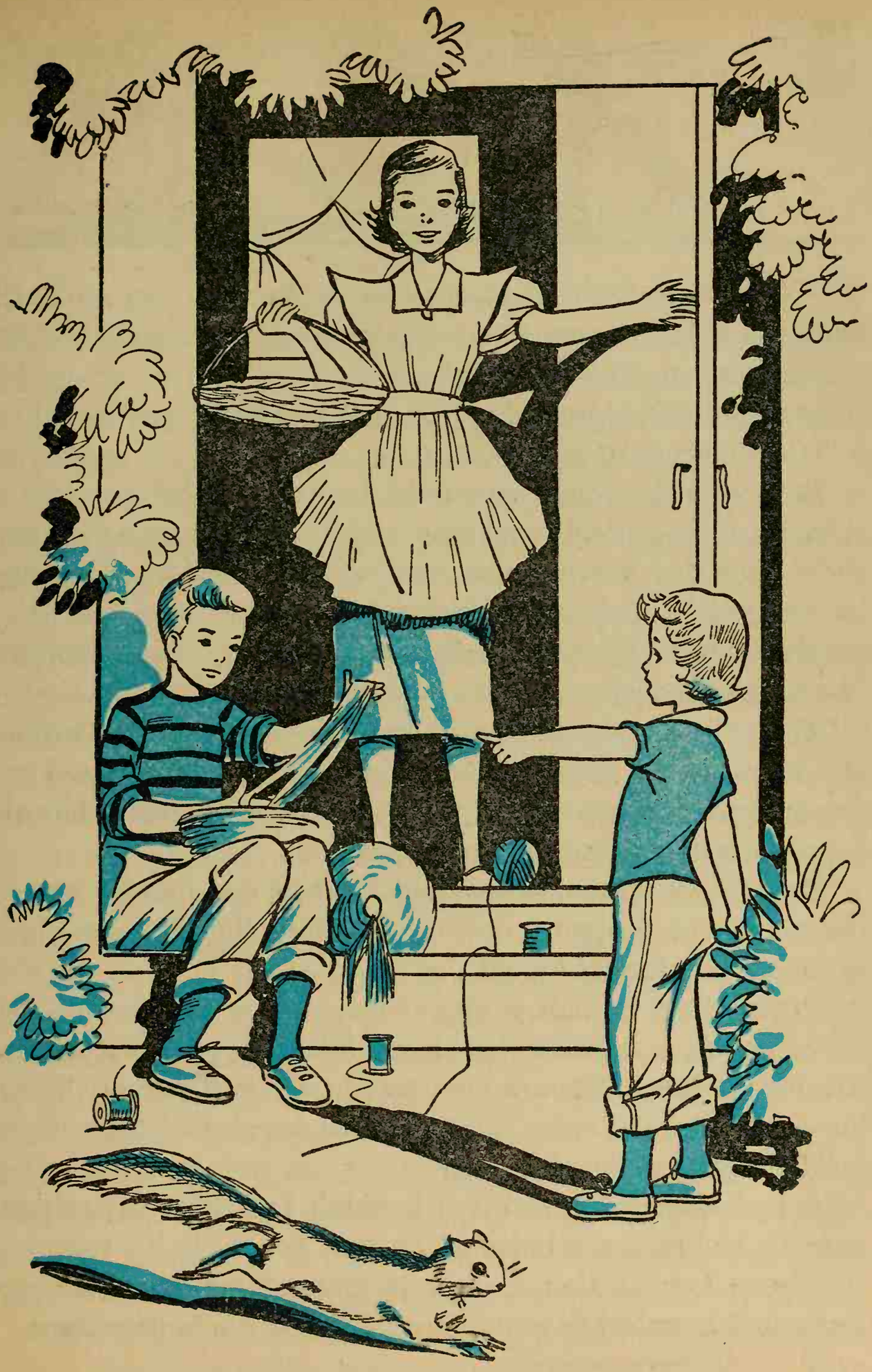
"Huh! That's what you think!" Toby grumbled. His fingers were all thumbs among the spools and button packets.

"Jane, will you bring some salad things in from the garden for supper?" Mamma asked.

"Oh, Mamma, that dirty old garden!" Jane cried, just as Toby burst out, "Aw, Mom, you aren't going to let her in my lettuce bed, are you?" The children began to laugh.

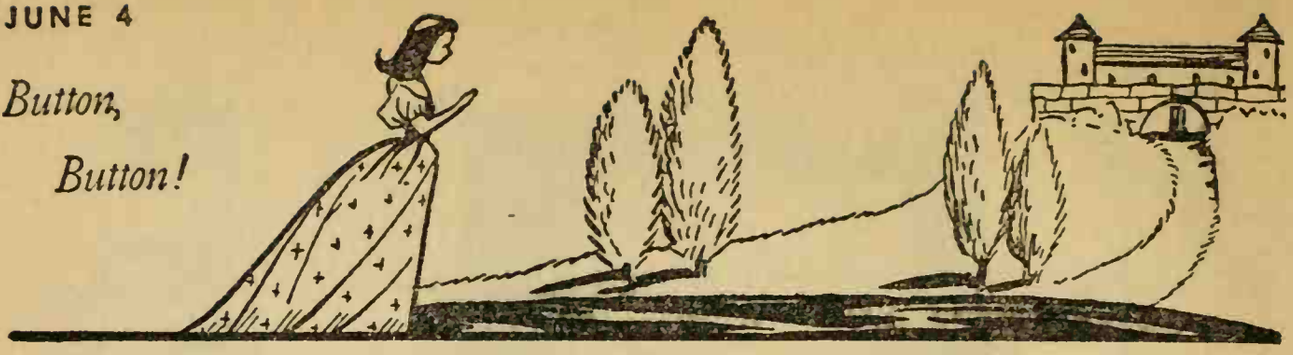
"Okay, you win," Toby grinned. "I'd rather mow the lawn any day than bother with dancing lessons and mending baskets and dishes! It's more fun being a boy!"

"And I *like* getting dressed up and going downtown, and helping Mamma with sewing and cleaning," admitted Jane. "I guess I like being a girl!"



JUNE 4

Button, Button!



ONE OF Ellen's favorite games was playing with her mother's button-box. It was such fun to make up stories about the buttons and where they came from.

Now take this big pearl button that had once been sewed on a little blue coat of Ellen's. . . .

"Before *that*," Ellen pretended happily, "it belonged to a princess. It was a real pearl then, and she wore it on a diamond chain. One day the princess was walking beside a lake. She leaned over to look at her beautiful necklace, and just then the chain broke! Diamonds spattered the water—splash! splash! The biggest splash of all was made by the pretty pearl.

"The princess ran back to her castle and told her father, and he called his men to search the lake for the jewels. They dragged up diamond after diamond until they had them all, but they couldn't find the lovely pearl.

"And do you know why? A big fish had come along just as the pearl was dropping down, down into the lake, and he'd snapped it up for his lunch!

"Pretty soon, though, a bigger fish snapped up the big fish for *his* lunch, and then a still bigger fish snapped up the bigger fish for *his* lunch. Then a man caught the still bigger fish on his hook for *his* lunch . . . and when he cooked him, there, inside, was the beautiful pearl!

"It had been eaten so often it didn't look like a pearl any more. It looked like a button. The man gave it to his wife and she sewed it on a little blue coat she was making. Mamma came along and bought the coat for me . . . and that's how I got to wear a princess's pearl!"



Do Squirrels Fly?

MRS. APRICOT said to Ted, "Did you know your squirrel, Paddy, is a flying squirrel? Or rather, a *gliding* squirrel?"

"Is he?" asked Ted in surprise. "I thought he and Priscilla were just ordinary red squirrels."

"Well, they are, really," laughed Mrs. Apricot. "But all squirrels, even just ordinary red ones, are able to take care of themselves very cleverly in the air."

"How can they?" Ted puzzled. "They don't have wings."

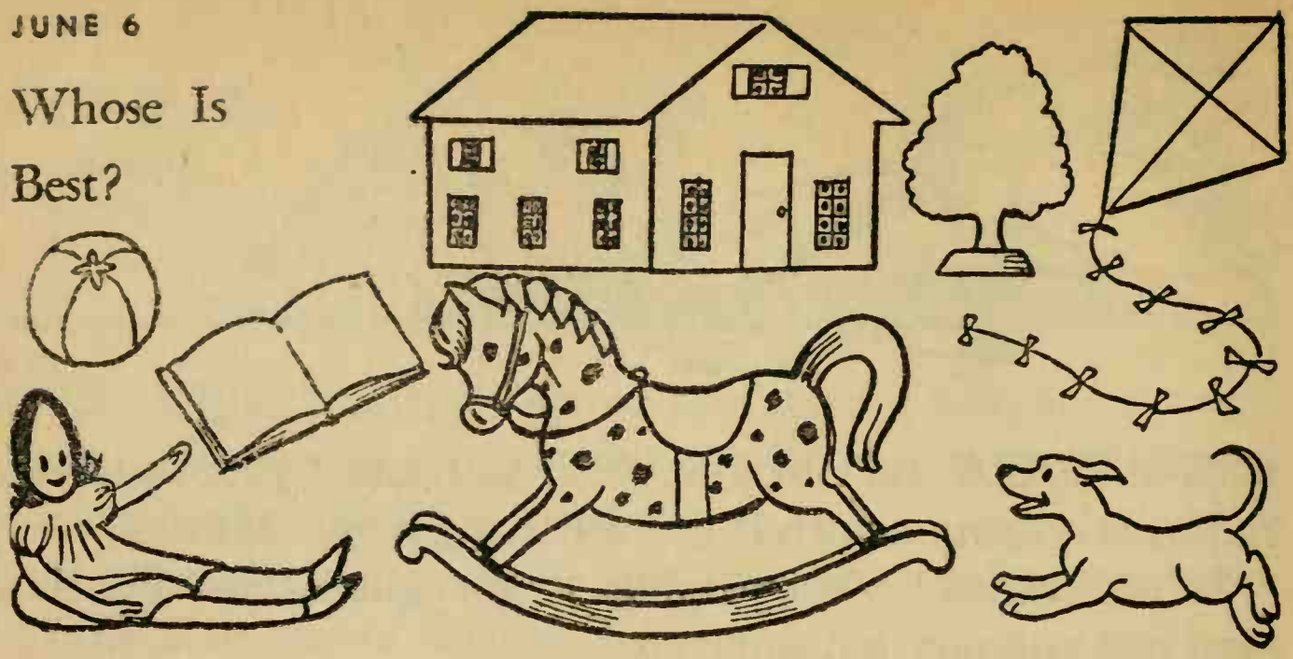
"Their tails and their fur are their wings," Mrs. Apricot explained. "If you watch closely when a squirrel leaps from a high branch to a lower one, you can see him flatten himself. He spreads his paws and stretches out his tail, making himself as flat as he can. That slows his fall, for the same reason that a piece of paper drops more slowly than a wadded-up ball of paper. He shivers his tail, too, somewhat as a bird flutters its wings.

"Just an ordinary squirrel, like Paddy, can risk quite a long drop without fear of being hurt. Once a man who studied squirrels had a chance to prove that. He came upon a squirrel at the edge of a steep cliff. He didn't frighten the squirrel by coming closer. The squirrel knew it could try to escape by dashing past him, but it chose the cliff instead, and made the long jump down. The man said it dropped quite slowly, fluttering its tail and spreading its paws wide. The squirrel landed safely, took a drink of water from a creek, and ran nimbly on its way."

"Say, that's keen!" cried Ted. "Wait'll I tell the folks we have a pair of gliding squirrels in our tree!"

JUNE 6

Whose Is Best?



"WHAT are you writing, Ruth?" David asked, when he found his sister pecking away busily on her toy typewriter.

"Oh, I was just remembering the way the kids talk about their toys and things," Ruth said, "and it sort of wrote itself into a little poem. Listen, David:

"Ellen has a rocking horse,
  Toby has a kite;
Kathy has a dollhouse that
  She thinks is just right.

"Ruthie loves her typewriter,
  Sally loves her doll;
Betty thinks her books are best,
  And listen, that's not all—

"David has his Rusty,
  Timmy has his Pal,
Paul is sure his Butch is tops
  Of any animal!

"I guess the whole discussion
  Just comes down to this:
Each child thinks the very best
  Toy or pet is *his!*"



Life in the Dollhouse

IN KATHY'S dollhouse, papa and mamma dolls sat at the wee table, Big Sister lay on the couch, the two babies were upstairs in their cribs, when—*ding! ding!*—the clock struck midnight! Papa and Mamma picked up their forks.

"My," sighed Mamma, "it's hard to sit here all day and not eat this good food till midnight. Big Sister, are you going to lie on that couch all night?"

"Why not?" Big Sister yawned. "I can't sit. You *know* my legs won't bend. It's a wonder I don't starve!"

"Whenever you do stand up, I notice it's in front of the ice-box," said Papa. "Do I hear the babies crying?"

Mamma ran upstairs. They were real steps, but they weren't glued tightly. She stepped on a loose one, and—crash!

"Oh! Oh!" cried Papa and Big Sister. "Are you broken, dear?"

"No, not even chipped, thank goodness!" Mamma sighed.

Papa went up after the babies. He came down very carefully, carrying a baby in each arm.

"MA-MA! MA-MA!" the babies cooed happily.

"Darlings, you'll wake the family!" cried Mamma. "Oh, goodness, I hear someone! Take the babies back!" She and Papa both ran up the stairs. A step near the top gave way. Down they all came, Mamma and Papa and babies—crash!

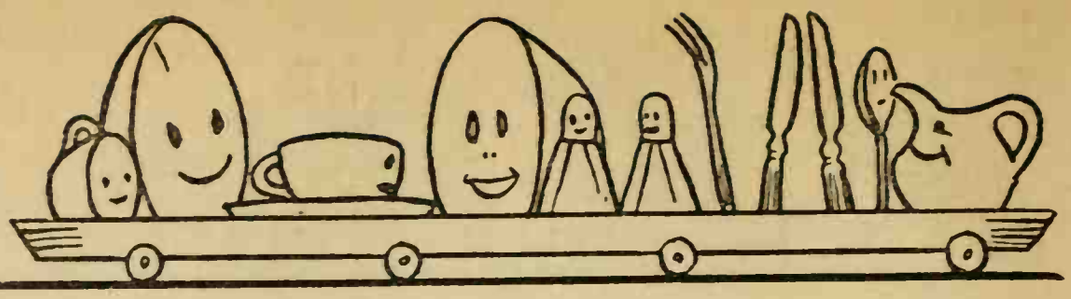
"What was that noise?" Mrs. Watson asked from her bedroom door. Mr. Watson came out to the dollhouse. "Just some more steps fell out of the dollhouse," he said. "I'll glue them tomorrow."

The dolls lay quiet till he'd gone away.

Then, "Thank goodness," Mamma Doll whispered as they found themselves unhurt, "those steps will be fixed at last!"

JUNE 8

Let's Play Train



IT WAS Sally's job to set the table for dinner. How she disliked it! Each day it seemed more tiresome.

One day Betty had dinner at Sally's house. "I'll have to set the table," Sally sighed, putting away her crayons.

"What fun!" Betty said, "I'll help."

"Fun!" cried Sally. But Betty was already whisking into the kitchen and asking, "Have you a tea cart? Or a tray? Just a plain old baking sheet will do."

"Here's a tray," Sally began wonderingly. "But—"

"Oh, a nice big one! That's good!" Betty beamed. "It will make a nice passenger train. Let's see, we'll pick up the Dish family first; they take up so much room."

While Sally stared, Betty huffed and puffed and tooted as she slid her tray into the "station" under the dish cupboard. "All abo-oard!" she warned, piling the dinner plates on the tray. At the next station, she picked up the Silverware family, and at the last stop, she added Mr. and Mrs. Salt-and-Pepper.

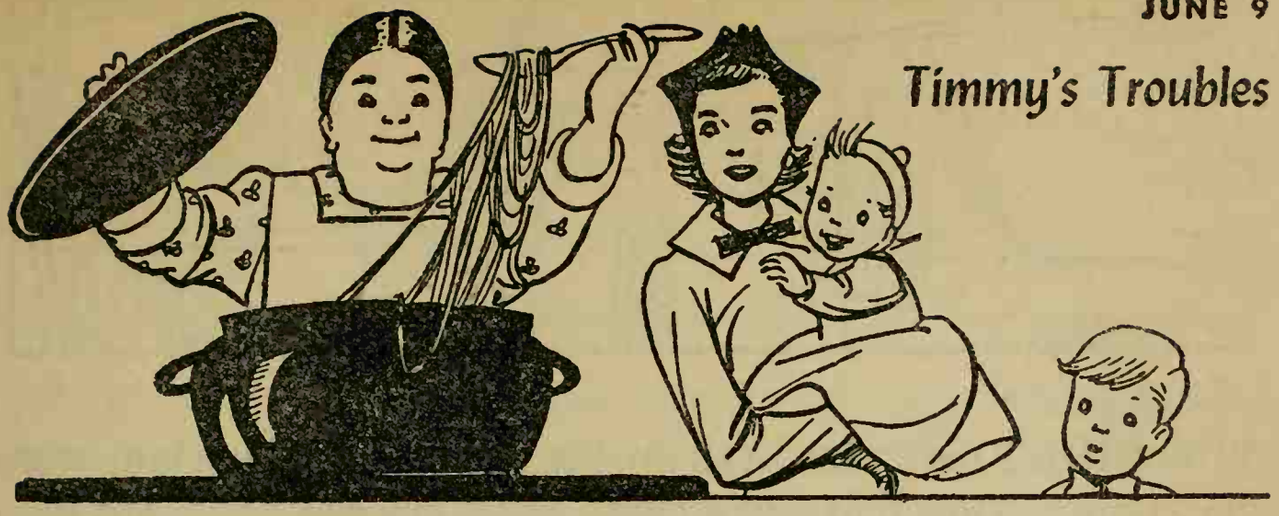
"Full load!" Betty laughed, tooting on her way again. "All bound for the same city!"

Sally was the engineer next trip, and her train carried a load of freight from the refrigerator—butter and jelly and pickles and glasses of milk.

"Oh, dear, the table's all set!" she cried in disappointment when she had unloaded her cargo. "Usually it takes forever, and *then* I forget things."

"Never mind," said Betty, "we'll have fun *un*-setting it, too, and remember, there's always tomorrow to do it again!"

"That's right," smiled Sally. Imagine being glad because tomorrow she could set the table again!



Timmy's Troubles

TIMMY went with his mother and baby sister to visit a nice Italian lady one day. The lady said to Polly, "Ah, the pretty *bambino!*" And she said to Timmy, "But here we have a man, yes?" Timmy said "No," rather bashfully, but he liked being called a man. He tried to act very grown up.

At suppertime the lady begged them to stay for the meal. "For, see," she cried, "it is cooked and ready!" She whisked the cover off a kettle on the stove.

Mother said, "Mmm, spaghetti! How nice! We'll fix the children some crackers and milk."

Timmy thought crackers and milk sounded too babyish for a man. He said loudly, "I'll have spaghetti, too!"

The lady served him a heaping plateful. It smelled good, but those long slippery strings of spaghetti slithered off his fork as fast as he speared them! Poor hungry Timmy stabbed and poked and rolled them round and round. As quickly as he lifted a bite, off slid the spaghetti!

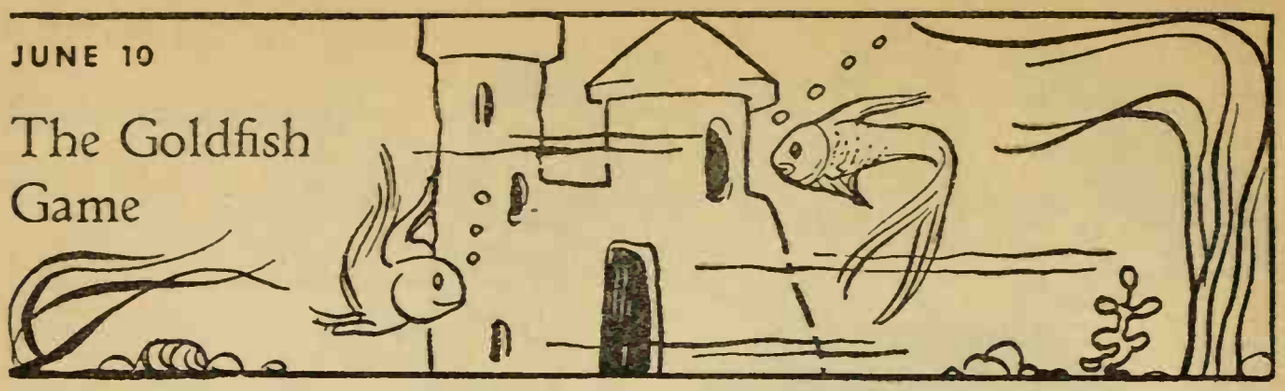
Nobody noticed Timmy. Not until Mamma was leaving did the lady see Timmy's plate and exclaim, "Ah, he did not like my spaghetti after all!"

Timmy was ashamed to say he didn't know how to eat it. Mother said, "I'll fix him some crackers and milk when we get home."

Timmy felt much better. Crackers and milk sounded absolutely wonderful, and not babyish at all!

JUNE 10

The Goldfish Game



THE GOLDFISH who lived in the Johnsons' aquarium were very happy. They had just enough sunshine, just the right kind of food, and plenty of fresh water. They had cool green plants making lovely shadows in the water. Best of all, they had a spooky old castle in the middle of their aquarium—with a dozen openings for them to swim through.

"I'll play you a game of hide-and-seek," offered Gilda Goldfish one afternoon, as she chased her brother Gordie in and out among the plants. "But you mustn't scare me. You mustn't jump out at me the way you did last time."

"Okay," agreed Gordie. "You wait. I'll hide first."

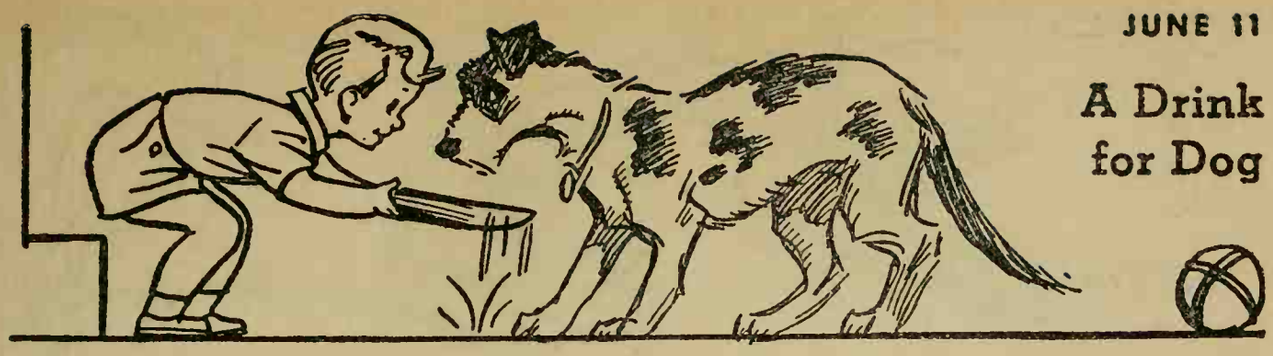
Gilda looked out the sunny living-room window while Gordie hid. Then she swam slowly around the aquarium. Her brother wasn't hidden among the plants. He wasn't behind the rocks at the bottom. He *must* be in the castle!

Gilda swam to a window and looked in. Oooh, it was shadowy in there. And she just *knew* Gordie would jump with a big splash to scare her when she got close! Very slowly, Gilda swam in one window. No sign of Gordie. Timidly, Gilda poked her nose out of another window. Then—*"Ohhhhh!"* she squeaked. For a great shadow had leaped at her! "Gordie, don't *do* that!"

"Do what?" asked Gordie from behind her, "All I've been doing is swimming right behind you the whole time!"

"I thought it was *you* that frightened me," cried Gilda, "and it isn't you at all! It's just Amy's shadow!"

Sure enough, outside the sunny window stood little Amy, watching the goldfish play hide-and-go-seek!



A Drink for Dog

"NOW, MIKE," said jolly Mrs. Brown, "if you're going to keep Whatta Dog, you must learn to take care of him. Can you carry this pan of water out to the back porch?"

Mike felt very proud as he carried the pan of water to Whatta Dog. "Drink, Dog," he said. Whatta Dog wasn't thirsty just then; he sniffed the water politely. But Mike ducked his head in firmly. "Drink!" he commanded.

Whatta Dog wriggled free and ran into the yard. Mike frowned at all the water in the pan; maybe Mamma wouldn't like Dog for not drinking it. Suddenly Mike smiled. He knew what to do. He'd drink it himself!

Slowly he raised the pan in both hands. "Mike!" shouted Peter. "Put that down!"

Mike was so surprised at Peter's sudden appearance that he didn't watch the pan. It tilted, and water ran all over him!

"Drink all gone," said Mike sadly.

"Look, Mike," said Peter. "That pan of water is for Dog. You just keep it filled and leave it out here on the porch where he can find it when he's thirsty."

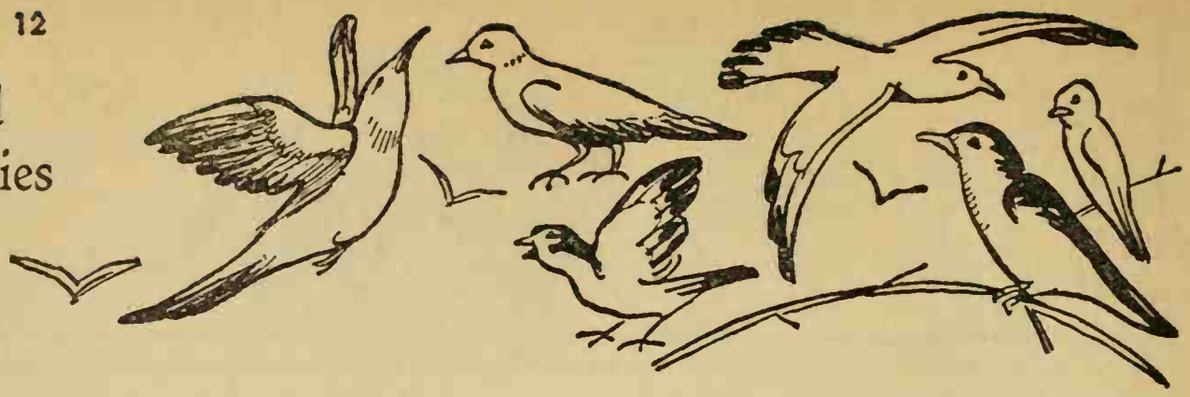
"Oh," said Mike. He looked down at his soaked sunsuit. "Dog's drink *not* all gone!"

Peter laughed. "You go run around in the sun a bit and it will soon be all gone. But remember after this—Dog's drink is in this pan. Mike's drink is in the house."

"Okay," agreed Mike. He trotted down into the yard to play with Whatta Dog. As he ran he thought Peter was wrong about one thing. Dog's drink *wasn't* in the pan—not right now. Dog's drink was running down Mike's fat legs in shivery little rivers!

JUNE 12

Bird Stories



"BIRDS are as different from each other as people are," said Mrs. Apricot one morning, as she and Susan watched the busy robins and sparrows. "There are friendly birds, like those two, and scolding birds, like the jays. There are family birds, like the wrens who keep house even after their babies are raised, and shiftless birds, like the cuckoos, who board out their children in other birds' nests!

"There are birds with different occupations, too. The tailor bird in Africa can sew quite a fine seam—yes, really! He will sew two leaves together for a nest, using fibers or caterpillar silk for thread, and his beak for a needle.

"The pigeon, of course, is a mailman. His sense of direction is so strong, and he is so determined to reach home from wherever he is, that messages can be sent bound to his leg.

"I guess you'd say the partridge is an actor. Its nest is in the grass, and if a dog comes too close, the mother partridge will flutter out in front of him, dragging her wing as though she is hurt. The dog will follow her instead of hunting out her nest. When she has led him far enough—off she flies!

"Of course the nightingale could be an opera star, and the catbird could make its living as a mimic. But I guess the swift is the only bird that could be called a cook! One member of the swift family builds a nest out of material from his own mouth, that is good to eat—so the Chinese think! They hunt for swifts' nests and consider them delicious!"

Susan chuckled. "I think I'll just stick to Mamma's cooking, and let birds keep their nests to live in!"



Polly Is Lost

"OH!" CRIED Mamma, looking out the kitchen window. "Polly has climbed out of her play pen again!"

Mamma ran into the yard. Polly wasn't in sight. Had she toddled down to the creek? Mamma ran faster. "Polly!" she called. There was no sign of Polly.

"Timmy, Polly is lost!" cried Mamma, coming back to the house. "Please help me look for her!"

Timmy ran down What-a-Jolly Street toward Mr. Gay's store. Mamma hurried up What-a-Jolly Street to the hill beyond Mrs. Apricot's. Every place Timmy and Mamma went, people came out of their houses and said, "Is anything wrong? Polly's lost? Well, we'll help."

Soon every family on What-a-Jolly Street was circling houses and peering under bushes and calling, "Polly! Oh, Polly!"

Pal, Timmy's little white puppy, ran around, barking loudly.

"Let go of me, Pal," Timmy scolded as the puppy nipped at his overall leg. "I can't play. I'm looking for Polly."

But the puppy wouldn't let go. He tugged till Timmy said, "I'll have to take you home and tie you up, Pal."

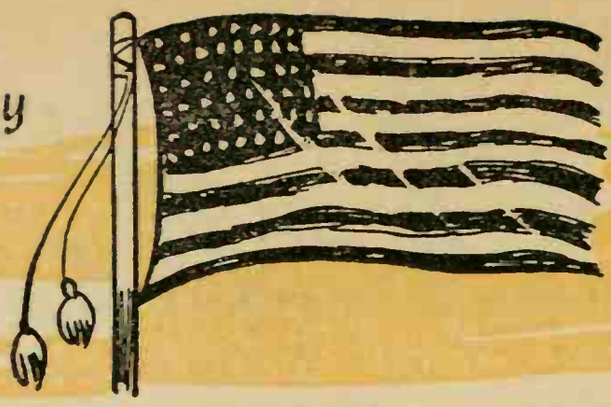
Pal raced ahead of him to the Carter house, and around it to the field of wild flowers that stretched from the Carters' back yard down to the creek. "Wuf! Wuf!" he barked. And then Timmy saw what Pal had seen!

"Mamma!" called Timmy. "Here she is!" Sure enough, there in the flowers lay Polly, sound asleep!

"Oh, the sweet baby!" laughed Mamma, picking her up and hugging her. "I passed that place a dozen times. I guess she looked too much like a flower for me to see her!"

JUNE 14

Flag Day





SUSAN helped Toby hang their big flag on the porch in honor of Flag Day. "The blue part must be on the left side, because we're hanging it against the porch wall," said Susan. "The flag always hangs with the blue field at the left of people in front of it, when it's not on a pole or across a street."

"Why?" wondered Toby.

"Well, it's just a kind of politeness to the flag," Susan explained. "There are certain good manners about the way you hold or hang a flag, just as there are table manners."

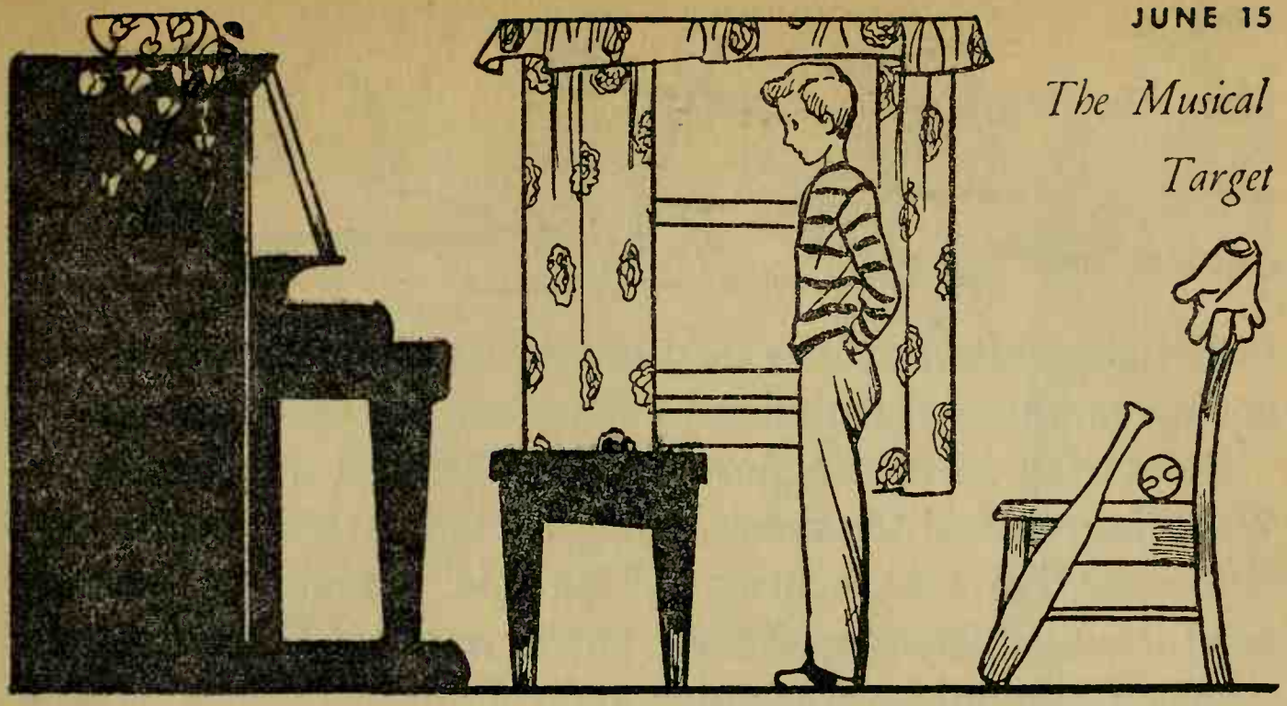
"The teacher told us in school," Toby said, watching the breeze billow the flag into shimmering waves, "about how George Washington asked Mrs. Betsy Ross to sew the first flag."

"Yes," said Susan. "Until then the country had had several flags, because most of the colonies had their own. One of the best-liked flags was that of Massachusetts. It showed a pine tree with a rattlesnake coiled around its roots, and the printing on it said 'Don't tread on me!'

"People aren't sure whether the idea for our flag's design came from Rhode Island's flag, or Holland's, or from George Washington's coat of arms. It looks a little like all of them. Of course, the thirteen stripes stand for the first thirteen colonies. There were thirteen stars on the first flag, too. When two more states were added, the government added two more stripes and stars. Soon they saw that the flag would grow much too big if they kept on doing that, so they passed a resolution limiting the stripes to thirteen, and just adding a star for each state."

"It's a beautiful flag," said Toby softly; "the best of all!"

The Musical Target



WHEN vacation started, David began taking piano lessons. He wanted to learn, so at first he practiced by the hour.

But one day the boys came early to take him hiking, and in the afternoon they played baseball. David was hot and tired when he came in at suppertime, and he didn't want to practice. His mother said, "Remember, your teacher told you it takes daily practice to make musicians of your fingers."

"Aw, but Mom, *one* day missed won't make any difference!"

"Does an army stop drilling any day it feels like it?" asked Mother. "Does a baseball player in spring training quit practicing any time the sun's too warm?"

David was rather thoughtful when Mother left him. He sat at the piano and looked at the list of little pieces and exercises he was studying for his next lesson. At last he got a sheet of notebook paper and drew a line across it for each piece of music. Then from top to bottom of the page he drew lines for each day of the week.

"There!" smiled David. "I'm a rifle team drilling, and that's my target! I've got to get five checks in each day's little squares to make a bull's-eye. Oh, boy, here I come—bang! bang!" And David swung into his practice, all tiredness forgotten.

JUNE 16

Bob, the Pioneer



BOB talked often of how he'd like to be a pioneer. Finally he got his mother's permission to camp out for an entire day.

He started off in the morning, his food tied in a bandanna. When he reached the creek, he didn't bother with the bridge. "Pioneers didn't have bridges," he said. "Steppingstones are good enough." He leaped from one to another, but on the last —splash!—he missed the stone and fell in!

"Oh, well," said Bob, crawling out the other side, "what's a little water? The sun will soon dry it."

He hiked through the woods till he came to a little clearing. "A nice spot for a campfire," he decided. He gathered dry sticks, but when he took out his matches, they were soaked! "Shucks, a good scout can start a fire without matches," Bob said. "You just spin one stick in another, or something."

After half an hour of spinning, Bob still had no spark, and he was raging hungry. "Why bother with a fire?" he decided. "I have sandwiches in my sack."

He opened his bandanna. Water dribbled out. His sandwiches were a soupy mess. "Okay," said Bob, "that just means I look for berries and stuff. So did the pioneers."

Bob pushed and shoved through scratchy bushes for an hour. He found only a few hard berries, too sour to eat. When he got back to the clearing, he lay down on the ground. "Boy, I'm hungry," he sighed, and promptly fell asleep.

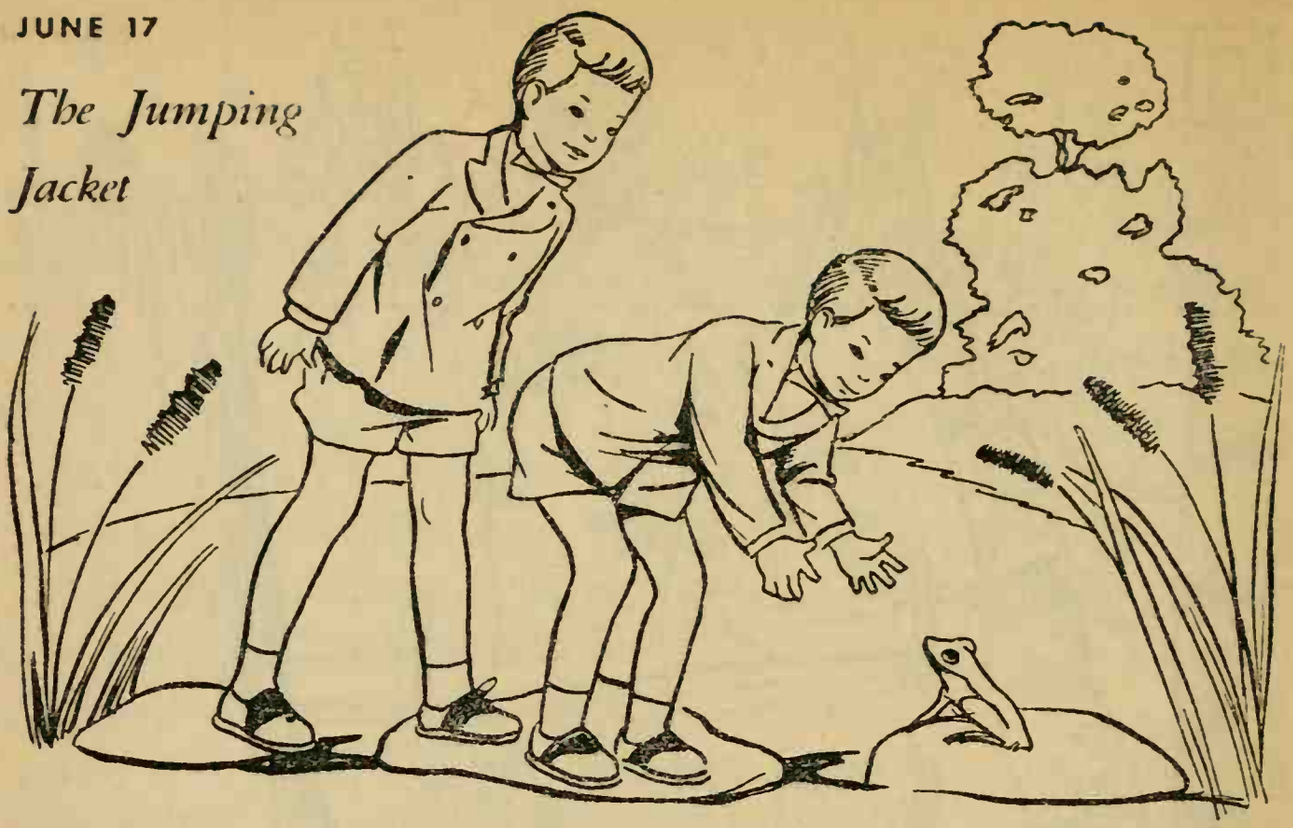
When he awoke, the sun was sinking. His clothes were dry, and his bare legs and face were burning hot! Bob was crimson with sunburn!

"Oh, oh," he moaned, gathering up his supplies and limping for home. "I've had enough of pioneering."



JUNE 17

The Jumping Jacket



"NOW, JACK and Jerry," their mother told them, "remember to *stay clean* till we're ready to go shopping."

"Yes, Mamma," said the twins. They tried to sit quietly on the porch, but that soon grew dull. They tried to walk quietly in the yard, but that was dull, too. Finally, they found themselves down at their favorite spot—the creek.

"But we're staying awfully clean," they assured each other. And sure enough there wasn't a spot on them when they came running in answer to Mother's call.

Mamma took them to a boys' clothing store to pick out their summer jackets. The twins took off the jackets they were wearing and hung them on hooks while they tried on the new ones.

Suddenly the clerk gave a startled jump. He looked hard at Jerry's jacket. So did Mother, and she jumped, too.

Because—do you know what?—the jacket was jumping! It was jiggling on its hook as though Jerry himself were in it!

"Oh, my!" said Jerry. He reached into the jacket pocket. "It's really all right, Mamma," he said. "It's bound to be clean because I took it fresh from the creek!" And he brought out a goggle-eyed, blinking, green frog!



Peter Is in a Hurry

"STAND still, Peter," Mrs. Brown begged. "You wiggle so I can't fit this pattern on you."

"Aw, Mom," coaxed Peter. "I don't want new overalls. I want to go out to play."

"Now, Peter, you know your old ones are all patches."

"Ouch!" yelped Peter. "You stuck that pin into me!"

"It barely scratched you," said Mrs. Brown. "And it wouldn't have done that if you had stood still. When will you learn, Peter, that you get things finished much faster if you go at them calmly and sensibly?"

"Aw, Mom! I wanna go out to play!"

The telephone rang as Mrs. Brown was taking out pins. Hustle-Bustle, the parrot, shouted, "Hello! Hello! gibidy-gobbledy-puff-puff!" as Mrs. Brown went to answer it.

"Mom!" shouted Peter. "May I go now?"

"You'd better wait till I see if I'm finished with you," Mrs. Brown called from the telephone.

"Aw, Mom, I don't *want* to! I want to play!"

"Peter! You make more noise than Hustle-Bustle. I can't hear a word. Run along then, if you must."

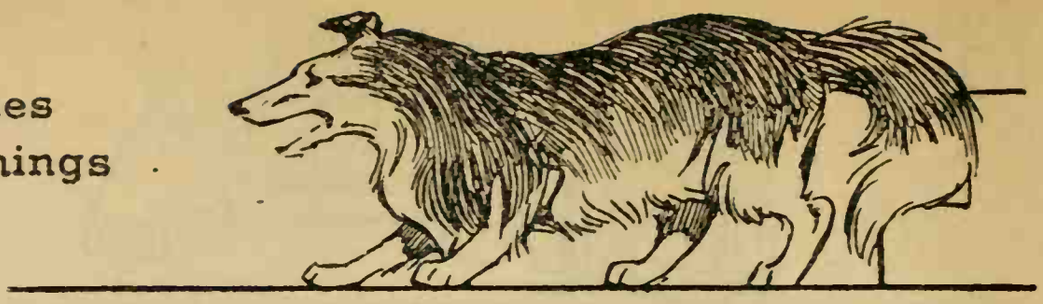
Peter loped outdoors. "Yay, kids!" he yelled. "What'll we play? Oh, boy, let's get started!"

Ted and David and Toby and the twins began to shake and sputter like volcanoes getting ready to erupt. "What's so funny?" Peter demanded. He spun around. Something crackled and he caught sight of a whisk of yellow paper.

"Jeepers!" said Peter, laughing himself. "I'm still wearing my pants pattern! Guess I better go back and start over a little slower!"

JUNE 19

Butch Takes Care of Things



"THERE goes my family in the car!" barked Butch, the big collie, to his pony friend, Rusty. He added importantly, "I'd better go home and take care of things."

Butch had just settled himself on his front porch when the sound of a car brought him alertly to his feet.

A strange car was parked at the curb, and a man was getting out. He came a few steps up the walk, looking at the house number. Butch let out a warning growl.

"Nice doggie," said the stranger, backing up. Butch was a big dog, and his growl was importantly deep and rumbling.

"*Rowf! Rowf!* You'd better not come any farther!" Butch warned the stranger. "I'm taking care of things here! *Rowf! Rowf!* You'd better get going!"

The stranger seemed to think that was a good idea. He went back to his car and drove off. Butch felt so proud that he just had to go and tell Rusty about it.

"Boy, he was a big tough-looking character!" Butch boasted to Rusty. "But I stood my ground and ordered him off!"

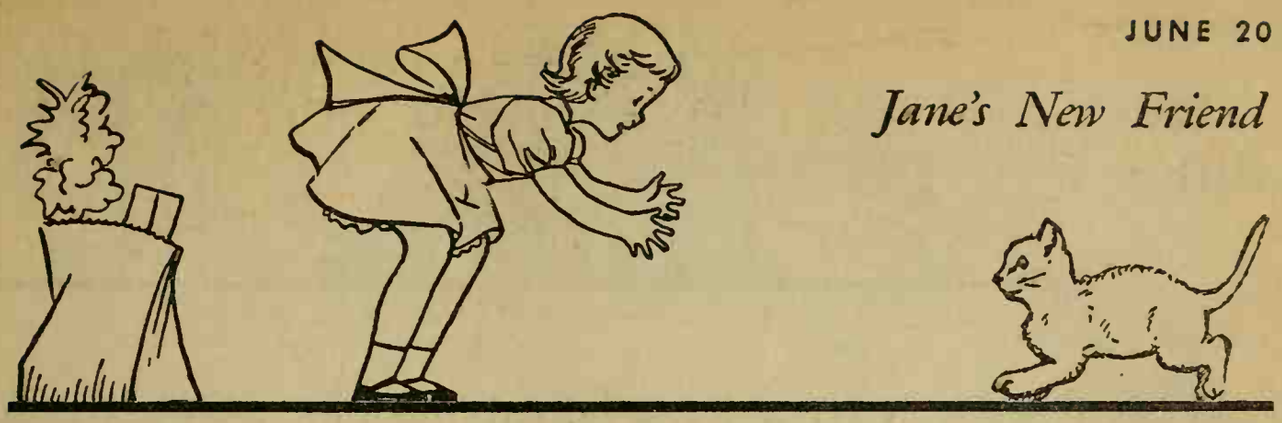
Rusty said, "There he is again!"

Butch whirled. The same car was stopping at his house, but now the Smith car was right behind it. The stranger and Mr. Smith both got out and began unloading boxes from the stranger's car.

"So Butch wouldn't let you deliver these, huh?" chuckled Mr. Smith. "He's a great watchdog when it comes to scaring off our friends!"

Rusty snickered, but Butch said stoutly, "Well, I would have chased him even if he *had* been a tough character!"

Jane's New Friend



JANE was bound on an errand for her mother when she saw the gray kitten. It was a very small, very thin kitten, playing by itself in the middle of a grassy spot.

"Here, kitty, kitty!" Jane called. She plumped down on her knees to pet the little thing. "Oh, you sweet little bit of velvet!" she crooned. "I wish you were mine."

She couldn't sit there petting the kitten all morning when Mother was waiting for her things from the store. Jane gave the kitten a pat and ran on to Mr. Gay's.

When she came out of the store, the kitten was sitting on the sidewalk waiting for her. "Mew?" said the kitten.

"Oh, you darling!" smiled Jane. "You followed me!"

The kitten did more than that. It followed Jane home. It sat on her front porch while she took the groceries in to Mother, and it was still there when she came out.

"Mamma," laughed Jane, "we're adopted. This kitten's adopted us! May I give it some milk?"

"Better not feed it," warned Mother, "or it will stay and not go home."

All morning Jane played with the velvety kitten. In the afternoon she had to go downtown for her tap-dancing lesson, and then she and Mother went shopping. They were gone from home for several hours—but when they came back, the gray kitten leaped off the porch swing to greet them!

"Oh, Mamma, maybe Velvet thinks *this* is home!" cried Jane.

"It looks that way," said Mamma. "Well, maybe you'd better give the new member of our family some milk!"

JUNE 21

A Day for Father



THE JOHNSON CHILDREN whispered and giggled and planned so excitedly as Father's Day drew near that their mother was sure they would burst at the seams. "You must have figured out a wonderful surprise!" she said.

"Oh, yes!" they agreed.

On Father's Day, Daddy woke up and looked at the clock. It was past ten! "Sakes alive!" he marveled. For usually Amy had come scrambling in with the comics by eight-thirty, begging, "Read, Daddy! Read!"

Daddy felt happy and rested from his long sleep. He showered and dressed and went to breakfast. His Father's Day presents were piled by his plate. There were initialed handkerchiefs from Doris, a carved paperweight from Ted, shaving cream from Amy.

"Say, where are those kids, anyway?" asked Daddy.

Mrs. Johnson led him to the door. On the porch, Doris was reading and re-reading the comics to Amy. Out in the driveway Ted was shining up the car!

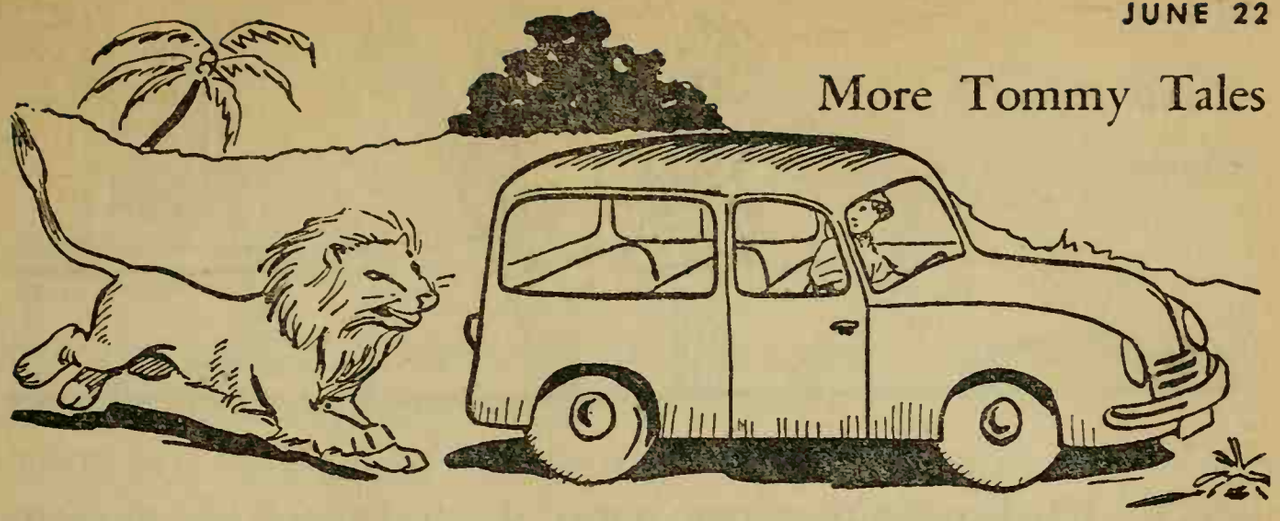
"What goes on here?" Daddy laughed.

"Oh, Daddy, you're up!" The children swarmed in around him. They sat him firmly at the breakfast table and poured his coffee. They brought him the Sunday paper. Ted got out the polishing-kit and whisked Daddy's shoes till they looked like new. Doris brushed his coat.

"But these are all my jobs!" Daddy reminded them.

"Not today!" the three children shouted. "You haven't a single job today. We're going to do every one! It's our surprise present, Daddy—a day that's all for you!"

More Tommy Tales



"MRS. APRICOT, tell us more about Tommy, that boy who wanted so much to travel!" begged the children of What-a-Jolly Street one June afternoon when it was too hot to play.

Mrs. Apricot said, "Well, one strange place that Tommy went was to a national park in South Africa where wild animals run as freely as if they were at home in a jungle. The park—its name is the Kruger National Park—is very, very big.

"Lions live there, and zebras, and an African wild beast that is named just that—wildebeest! Every variety of African bird and animal is at home there.

"Tommy went through the park, right past lions loping along the same road, without a bit of danger. Do you know why? Because he drove in a car, and wild animals can't smell a human being above the smell of gasoline!

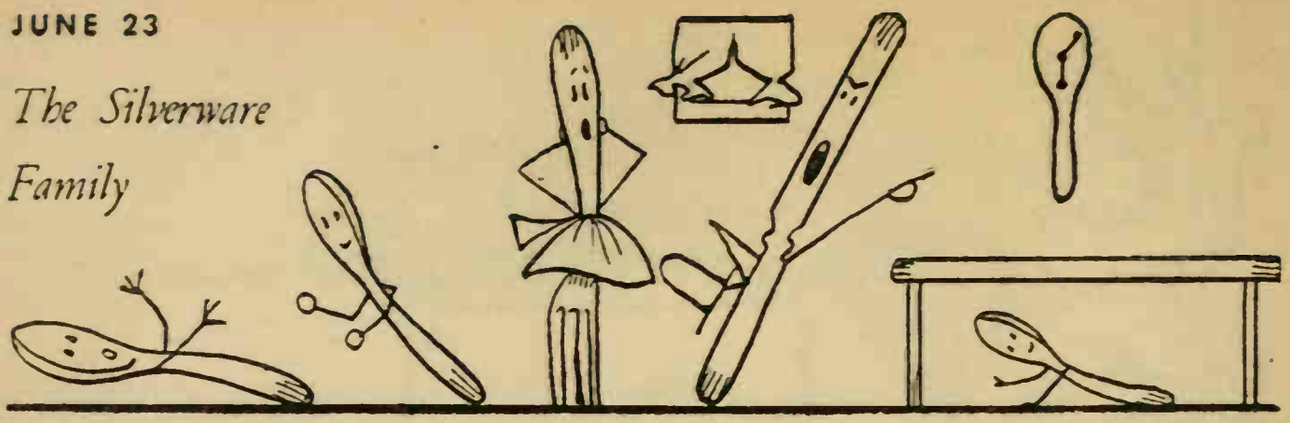
"Sometimes lions came up and sniffed the car, Tommy said. And once a very big strong lion followed him for miles and miles. Tommy decided the lion was trying to figure out what Tommy's taillight was! The animals in Kruger Park don't often see a car light, because orders are that visitors have to leave by sundown.

"And it's funny, Tommy said, but people seemed very willing to get out before nightfall!"

"Oh, boy, I should think so!" cried David. "A lion may look like just a big pussycat in daylight, but he wouldn't *sound like* it at night!"

JUNE 23

The Silverware Family



BETTY liked to make games out of work. One of her favorite jobs was wiping the silverware for Mamma, because in Betty's game the pieces of silverware were people.

"Knives are big and tall and strong—they're the Daddies," Betty played. "Forks are shorter and look sort of busy and bustling, so they're the Mammas. The teaspoons are their children. The tablespoons are visitors."

While Betty wiped, she made up stories about the silverware families.

"Well, well, I've had a pretty hard day at the office, a pretty hard day," she'd have a big knife rumble as she dropped it in the drawer. "What! Isn't dinner ready?"

"Oh, I've been so busy running after those children!" the fork would chatter as it, too, dropped into its place. "Children! Children! Come in here right this minute!"

Into the drawer rattled a whole handful of teaspoons. "Mom! Aunt Susie's coming! And Aunt Esther, and Aunt Marybelle!"

"Dear, dear!" cried the fork. "And here I am with no dinner ready! What will I do? I'll call my neighbors in, and ask them!"

Clatter, clatter! In popped more knives and forks. "Don't worry, we'll all help you!" they promised poor Mrs. Fork. "We'll bring our own dinners over, and all eat together!"

"Oh, thank you!" smiled Mrs. Fork. "You're as nice and friendly as the neighbors on What-a-Jolly Street!"

With Mrs. Fork's problems solved, Betty found her work finished, too, and the silverware neatly wiped and put away.



The Short Cut

MOTHER called, "Doris, will you go down to Mr. Gay's store and get me a pound of butter for dinner?"

"Okay," said Doris. "Come on, Amy, we'll take a short cut through the back yards." They cut across Browns' yard and stopped to pet Whatta Dog.

"Good old Whatta Dog," crooned Doris. "We're going to the store. Shall we bring you a nice dog biscuit?"

"Woof! Woof!" agreed Whatta Dog eagerly.

From the porch, the parrot called, "Hello! Hello! Good-by now!"

"Yes, we're going, Hustle-Bustle!" Doris laughed. "But we'll bring you a cheese cracker!"

The girls cut through Barretts' back yard, and stopped at Rusty's enclosure to stroke his nose. "Nice pony! Nice Rusty!" said Amy. "We'll bring you a carrot."

In Smith's back yard, the girls stopped to play with Butch, the big friendly collie dog. Doris said, "We must bring Butch some liver. Butch loves liver!"

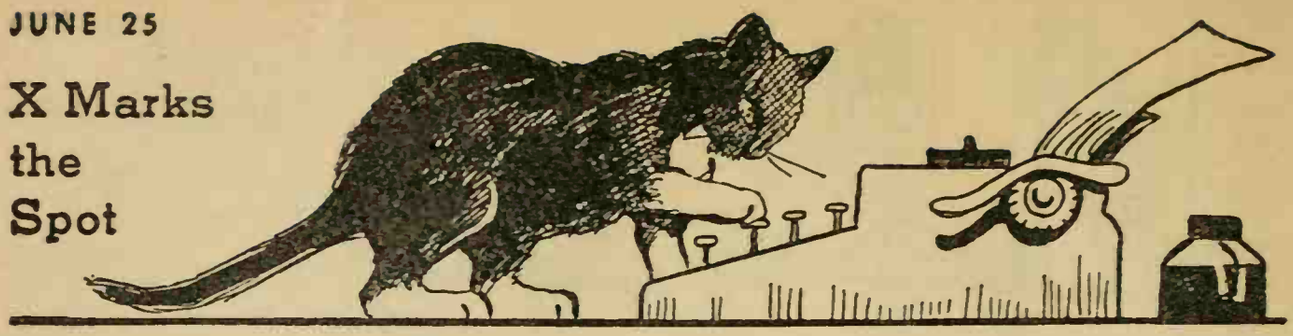
When they finally reached Mr. Gay's, Doris and Amy gave their order and carried out their packages. They stopped at Smith's to give Butch his piece of liver, and at Barretts' to feed Rusty his carrot. They stopped at Browns' to hand Hustle-Bustle his cheese cracker and watch Whatta Dog enjoy his biscuit.

"Doris!" called Mother from her back door. "Did you get the butter?"

"Oh, was *that* what we went to the store for?" cried Doris. "We'll have to go back. *This* time we'll use the sidewalk! The short cut wasn't short after all!"

JUNE 25

X Marks the Spot



ONE EVENING Daddy brought home a portable typewriter to finish some work. He left it standing open the next morning, with the last sheet of paper in it.

Ann came into Daddy's room to put away his bedroom slippers. She saw the typewriter.

"Ooooh!" she cried in delight. "Does it make tunes?" She poked it here and there. Keys flew up and tapped the paper. The roller slid along and rang a bell, but that was the only music that came out.

"No good," sighed Ann and she went on out to play.

Tom, the Nolen cat, came in, looking for a place to nap. He jumped on the desk and saw the typewriter. He put a soft paw on the keys. When they rose to strike the paper, Tom tried to catch them. But the keys jumped back down where Tom couldn't reach them.

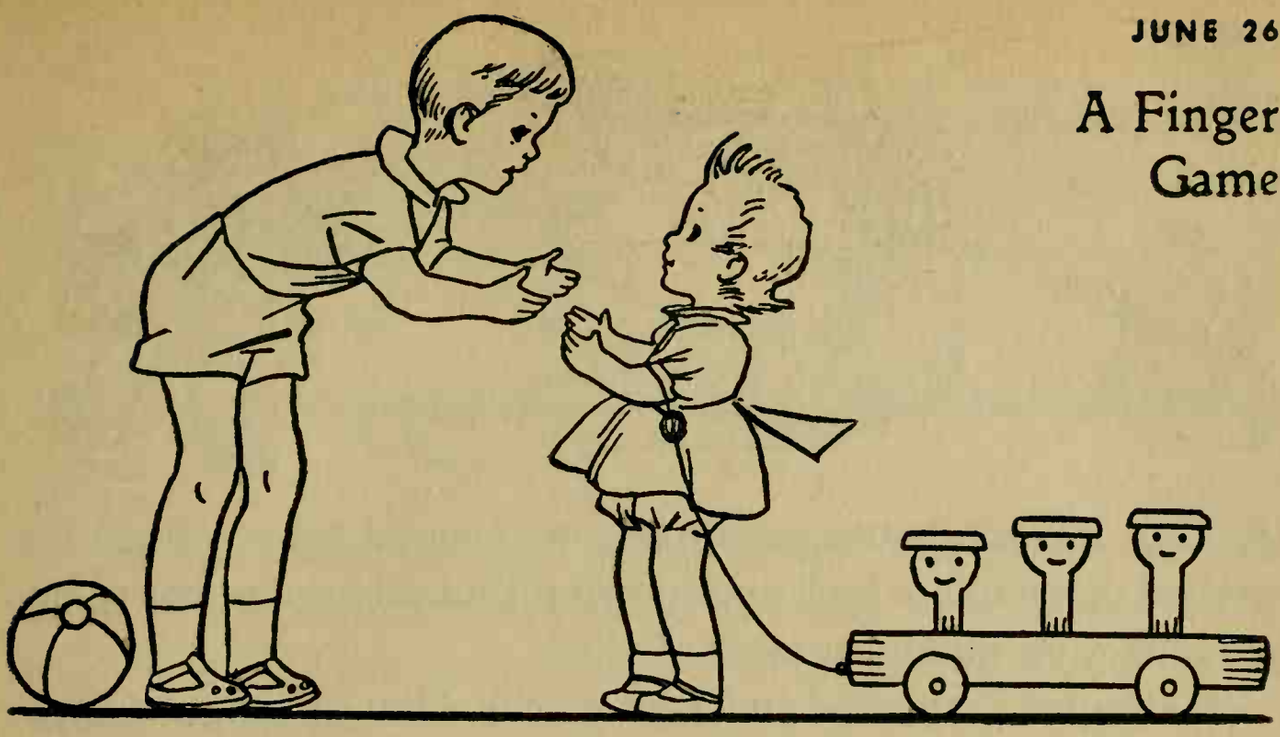
Tiger, the other cat, came in, too. He jumped on the desk to see what Tom had found. When Tiger saw the keys rise, he bit them. They were hard, and hurt his teeth. Tiger hit them angrily with his paw, and jumped off the desk.

Tom put his nose down close to the keys to see what made them jump. Accidentally, he put his paw on the keys, too. The keys jumped at him and hit his nose. Tom bared his claws and gave the keys an angry scratch!

When Daddy came home at noon, he went in to get the typewriter. On the typewriter paper was a funny row of marks, *X$%*@¼#FT??* followed by two paw prints and a long scratch!

"Well," said Daddy, smiling, "I guess that spells 'Ann and Tom and Tiger'!"

A Finger Game



"NOW, POLLY," said Timmy to his baby sister, "I'll show you what you'll learn when *you* go to kindergarten." Of course, Timmy himself wouldn't go to kindergarten until fall, but he had been finding out everything he could about it from little Jane next door.

"Here's something cute you do with your hands," explained Timmy. "First you put them together like a little cup, and you say, 'Here is a nest for Robin Redbreast.'

"Then you put your fingers together, but not your hands. See, it makes a little tent! And you say, 'Here is a hive for Busy Bee.'

"Next put your thumbs together, and your finger tips in a circle, and say, 'Here is a hole for Jackie Rabbit.'

"And last of all, put both hands up above your head and say, 'And here is a house for me!'

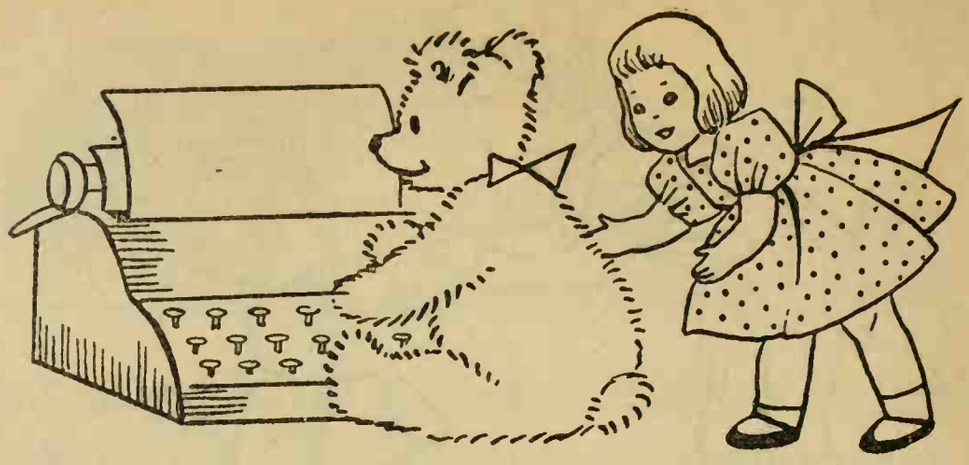
"There, isn't that nice, Polly? Aren't you glad you'll be learning that, too, some day when you're big like me?"

And Timmy went happily off to play, chanting to himself:

"Here is a nest for Robin Redbreast,
Here is a hive for Busy Bee.
Here is a hole for Jackie Rabbit,
And here is a house for me!"

The Toys' Letter





IN THE Barrett house, everybody was sound asleep. Ruth lay cuddled down in her bed, not knowing that all around her room, her toys were having a merry frolic!

"Watch me!" shouted the Teddy bear. "I'm on a toboggan!" And—swish!—he slid down the back and over the arm of Ruth's rocking chair, shooting off into space and coming to a stop with a "Whumff!" right on top of Ruth's best doll.

"Get right off of me!" commanded the doll crossly. "Goodness, but you're a bear!"

"Of course I am!" laughed Teddy. He bounced over to Ruth's toy typewriter. "Oh, boy, guess I'll write somebody a letter!"

"You'd better leave that alone," warned the doll, but she came over, too, and took a curious poke at it. "Ruth always puts that away in a box at night."

"Well, she didn't tonight! She didn't put me on my pillow or you in your crib either!"

The big doll shook her head. "Ruth really shouldn't forget things like that," she said severely. "We ought to teach her to be more careful."

"All right, let's write *Ruth* a letter!" suggested Teddy joyfully. The doll and the Teddy bear put their heads together and thought and thought about what to say. They giggled and whispered and poked busily at the little typewriter. This is the note they left for Ruth:

"Who didn't put her toys away?
Toys left out are sure to play!"



Butch Plays the Game

PAUL was trying to teach Ellen football, but he had no luck. Ellen would hold the soft rubber ball they were using tightly, and run with it, as he had told her to do. But likely as not she would run toward the wrong goal line, or into the house to get a drink, or across the lawn to smell a pretty flower.

Once when she was running, she dropped the ball. Butch, Paul's big collie, swooped down on it and snatched it up. He tossed it in the air and caught it again, he rolled on the ground and pawed it as though it were a mouse. When he saw Paul coming to get it, he held it firmly in his teeth and ducked and dodged and sidestepped so neatly that Paul couldn't catch him. Barking a doggy laugh, Butch slipped past Paul and ran down the field.

"Goody! Goody!" cried Ellen. "Butch made a touchdown!"

This was fun! Next time Paul threw the ball down the field to Butch, and then tried to stop him as he came plunging back. Again Butch pivoted away from him and got past.

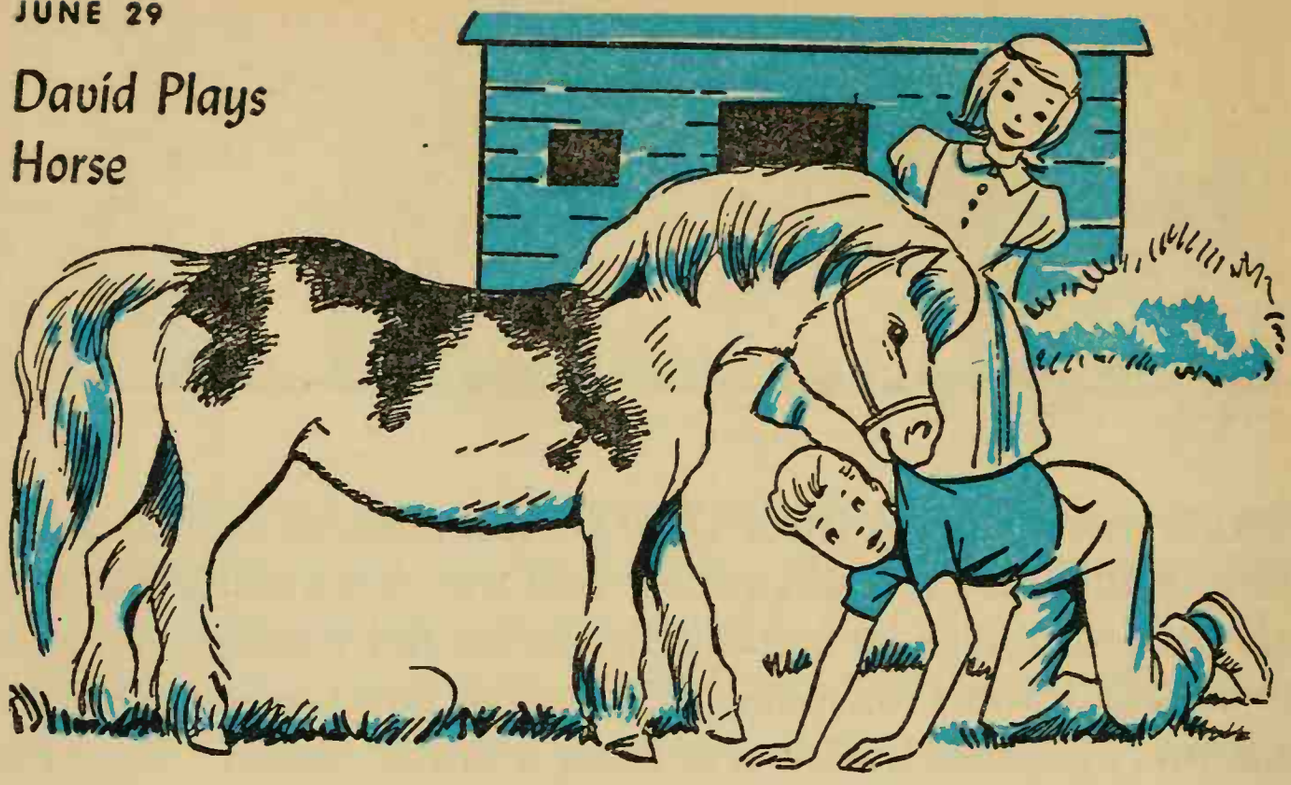
"Say, he plays pretty good football!" Paul laughed. He threw the ball again. This time he zigzagged so swiftly that he blocked Butch's advance. Butch reared up on his hind legs, put his front paws on Paul's chest, and shoved him out of the way!

That night, Paul made up a little verse about Butch:

"You should see Butch play football!
He's an All-American, I guess.
He can run, dodge, and pivot,
But his tackling is best!"

JUNE 29

David Plays Horse



"HI! HI!" cried David, trotting beside his pony, Rusty. "Look at me, Ruth! I'm a pony! Look at me trot!"

He raised his knees high, tossed his head like a frolicsome colt, and pranced round and round.

"I practically don't know which of you is which!" Ruth complained. "Here's a carrot for both of you horses!"

"Look, this is the way Rusty eats a carrot!" David cried, holding the carrot with his lips while he chewed.

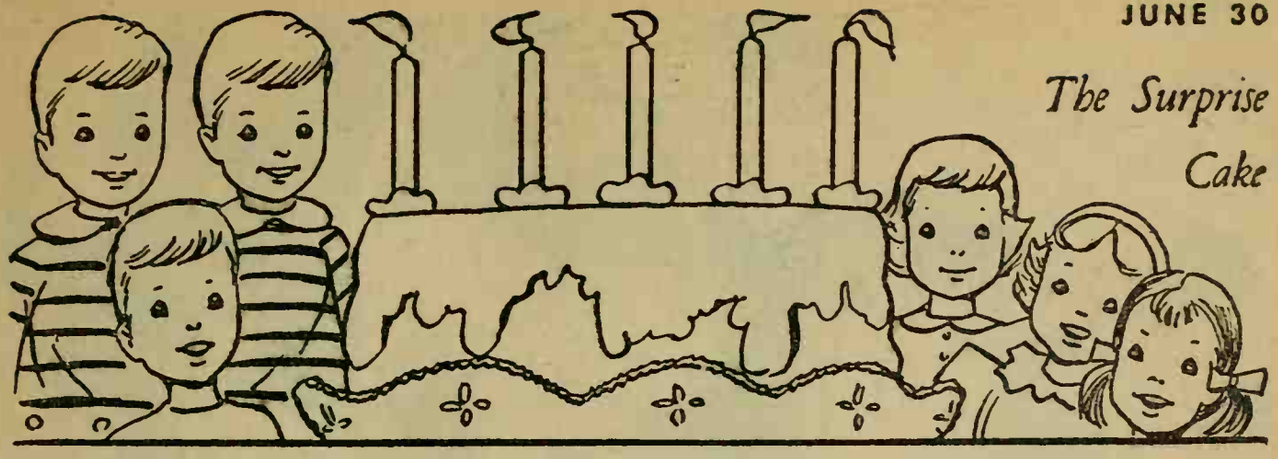
Rusty rolled his eyes to look at David. The five-o'clock whistle blew downtown, and that meant supper to Rusty, but David made no move to go and fill his feed bucket.

"Now look!" David shouted when the carrot was eaten. "Now I'm a horse going to bed at night! Look, Ruth!"

He got down on all fours, leaned on his elbows, and then on his knees, and finally stretched out on his side. Now Rusty had had enough. He brought David to his feet with a brisk little nip, then took David's jacket sleeve between his teeth and led his master to the shed and his empty feed bucket.

"Oh, look!" Ruth laughed delightedly. "Now Rusty's playing he's a boy leading you in to supper!"

The Surprise Cake



TIMMY asked five guests to his fifth birthday party—Jack and Jerry, Ann, Jane, and Ellen. Mother baked Timmy a cake that was frosted pink on one half, and yellow on the other!

"Now be careful when you eat it," Mother warned, serving each girl a pink-frosted slice, and each boy a yellow. "Be sure it's cake you're eating!"

Well, why wouldn't it be cake? The children poked forks into their slices wonderingly. Suddenly Jack cried, "I found a dog, a wee silver dog! Oh, boy, maybe that means I'll really get one this year!"

Jerry shouted, "Look at my swell little skates!" Sure enough, he'd found a tiny pair of silver skates!

Now all the children were searching their pieces of cake excitedly. Ellen found a tiny silver car . . . "I'll drive it back and forth to school this fall!" she smiled. Timmy got a tiny horse. "Shucks, I'll ride *him* to school!" he boasted. Ann lifted out a pair of teeny-weeny silver shoes. "Guess I'll walk!" she laughed.

Only Jane was still nibbling slowly and carefully at her cake. "Oh, look, look!" she cried suddenly. For in her slice was a ring, a doll-sized ring with a sparkly blue stone. "Oh, isn't it lovely?" she whispered. "I'll keep it always."

When Jane got home her mother helped her write a verse:

"Today was Timmy's birthday,
He's five years old, you see.
His gifts were grand, but best of all
Was the *cake's* nice gift to *me!*"

JULY 1

Velvet



JANE'S little kitten, Velvet, had had many adventures before she arrived on What-a-Jolly Street.

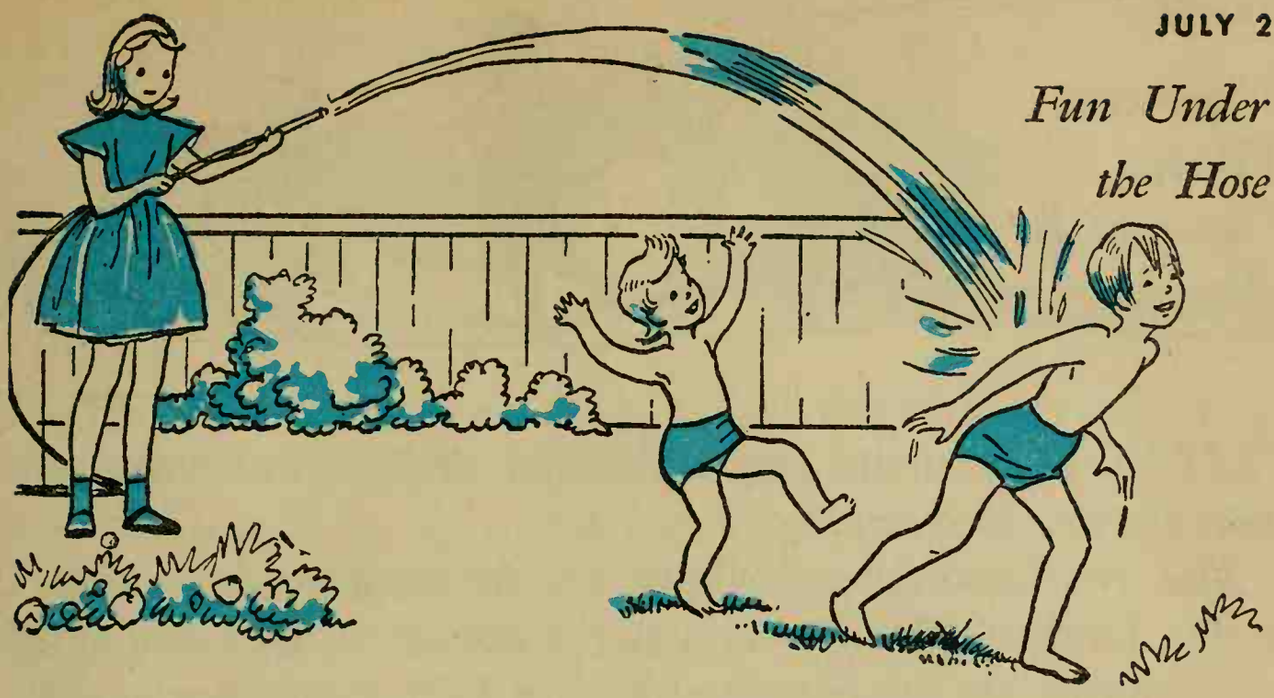
Velvet had been one of a family of seven kittens. She didn't remember much about her brothers and sisters, for when she was still quite young she had been given away.

At her new house there was a tempery, headstrong little boy who wouldn't learn the right way to treat a baby cat. This boy —Martin was his name—would grab up Velvet and hold her tightly around her furry stomach, so that Velvet could hardly breathe. Sometimes Martin would toss Velvet around like a ball. It was very frightening to the poor little kitten.

One day she slipped away from Martin, whisked across the yard, through a hole in the fence, and streaked down the alley. A big dog chased her—"*Woof! Woof!*" Velvet ran up a tree, but then she was afraid to come down. For three days and nights she stayed up there, until she was so weak with hunger she was no longer afraid of the climb down.

She scrambled out of the tree, and wobbled along to What-a-Jolly Street. There the kindest little girl in the world spoke gently to Velvet, scratched her under the chin, and fed her. That was enough for Velvet. She decided to stay with Jane forever!

Fun Under the Hose



IT WAS *such* a hot day! "Put on your swim suits," Mary Lou called to her two brothers, "and I'll give you a sprinkle out on the lawn!"

When they came tumbling out of the house, Mary Lou was waiting with the hose. She aimed it high in the air, so the water fell like an arch of spray across the lawn. With shrieks of delight, Peter and little Mike dashed under it.

"Put on *your* swim suit, Mary Lou!" they yelled.

"Oh, I'm getting too grown-up for this sprinkling business," Mary Lou said primly.

The boys began a wild game of tag. "Can't tag me if I'm under water!" cried Peter. Mike chased him sturdily, but just when he was ready to catch him, Peter ducked laughing for the spray.

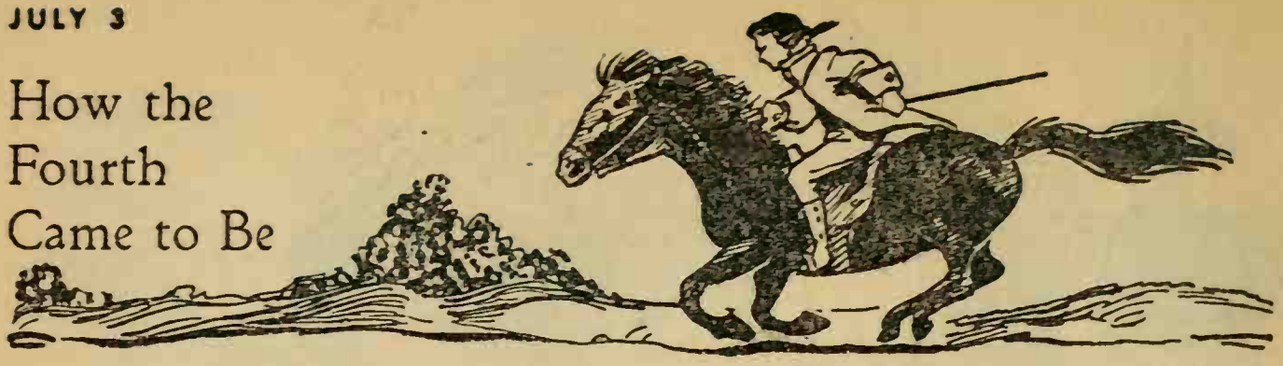
"I'll fool him!" thought Mary Lou, and she swung the hose away from him.

"Got you!" yelled Mike. But the twisting hose tripped him and—crash!—he tumbled into Mary Lou! Down they went in a heap! The hose pointed straight up, and the whole stream of water came down on them both!

"Oh, my!" Mary Lou laughed. "I'm so wet now I guess I *will* put on my swim suit. No use being too grown-up to have fun!"

JULY 3

How the Fourth Came to Be

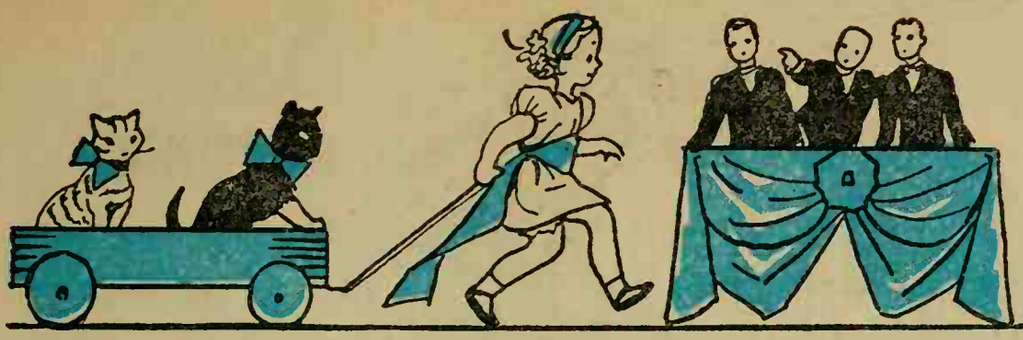


"I LOVE the Fourth," said little Ellen Smith. "Fireworks and parades are such fun."

"Do you know why we have the fireworks and parades?" Susan Ling asked. "It's because the Fourth is the birthday of our country. On the Fourth of July in 1776, the men who were at the head of our country signed a paper—the Declaration of Independence—saying that from that day on we were a free and independent country! So in a way our country was born on that day. That's why its birthday comes on July fourth."

"That reminds me," said Ellen's brother Paul, "of something I read about the signing of the Declaration. Each colony had its representatives in Philadelphia to vote on it, you know. Well, it seems that one of Delaware's three representatives—Caesar Rodney—hadn't come because he thought the other two, McKean and Reed, could cast Delaware's vote for the Declaration without him. But the rumor got around that Reed was going to vote *against* it! McKean hastily sent word to Rodney, for of course two out of three of Delaware's representatives must be in favor of the Declaration, or Delaware's vote would be lost. Rodney lived eighty miles away, and travel was hard in those days, but within ten minutes after getting McKean's message, Rodney was on his horse and riding pell-mell for Philadelphia. He reached there in time to cast his vote—and Delaware's—for the Declaration of Independence!"

"Oh, I'm glad he got there!" cried Susan. "Ellen, we'll have to light an extra sparkler for Mr. Rodney. He helped give us this birthday we're celebrating."



Spirit of the Fourth

EVERYBODY was getting ready for the Fourth of July parade —except Ann. Bob was to march with the Boy Scouts, and Sally was to ride on one of the big floats. Ann said, "What am *I?*" and everybody laughed. "You're my baby, I guess," smiled Mother. But Ann wasn't satisfied.

The parade was to pass Nolens' corner, and go on to the Park where judges would pick the best entry. Mr. and Mrs. Nolen sat down to watch the parade from their own yard, not noticing when Ann slipped into the house.

The parade was marvelous. The soldiers were straight and tall, the flags waved in the sunshine. The beautiful big floats moved slowly. Sally smiled as she passed her parents. The Boy Scouts marched right in step, eyes straight ahead. Without thinking, Mr. and Mrs. Nolen followed along beside them, till they reached the Park. Mrs. Nolen cried, "Where's Ann?"

"Look!" smiled Mr. Nolen. The parade was winding past the judges' stand—soldiers, floats, scouts, and cars—and at the end came Ann, with flowers in her pigtails, and a scrap of bunting around her waist! Behind her she dragged the wagon in which sat her two cats, each wearing a bunting bow!

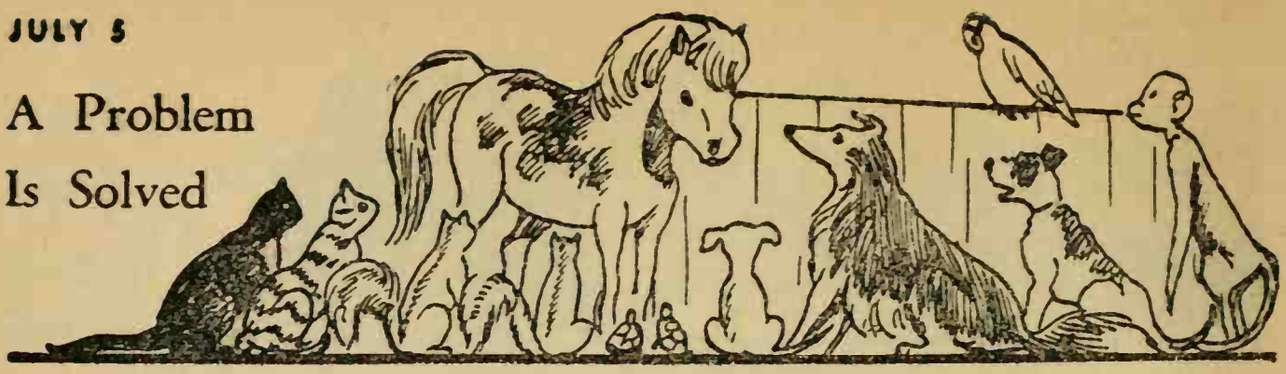
"And what are you, dear?" asked one of the judges.

"I'm Mother's baby," said Ann seriously, "but the Fourth is for everybody, isn't it?"

The judge whispered with the others. Then he said, "You are right. The Fourth, like our great country, is for everybody, regardless of race, color, creed—or age! As the entry best personifying the spirit of the Fourth, we give first prize to Miss Ann Nolen!"

JULY 5

A Problem Is Solved



RUSTY, the Barretts' Shetland pony, sent word to all the animals of What-a-Jolly Street that he wanted to see them. That night, when everybody was asleep, the animals assembled in Rusty's yard. The dogs, Butch and Whatta Dog and Pal, came, and the cats, Tom and Tiger and Velvet. So did Paddy and Priscilla, the squirrels, Tooty and Tilly Turtle, the canary, Fluffy, the parrot, Hustle-Bustle, and the monkey, Beppo.

"I called you together," said Rusty, "to show you something."

He led them to a far corner of the vacant lot behind his home. There, in a heap of straw, lay a thin, draggled puppy, cut and clawed in a dozen places.

"This poor puppy managed to reach here today after being nearly killed in a dog fight," Rusty explained. "Boys have stoned him, housewives have chased him with brooms. He doesn't know where to go."

"Seems to me he came to the right place," said Butch. "Nobody will chase or stone him on What-a-Jolly Street."

"No, indeed," said Whatta Dog. "*I* was a stray."

"So was I," said Pal.

"And I," said Velvet. "I think he should stay."

"Then shall we take care of him," asked Rusty, "until he is well enough to seek a home on What-a-Jolly Street?"

"Yes, yes," said all the animals. "We'll bring him bits of our own food and lick his wounds."

"I'll carry water to him," promised Beppo.

"Good!" said Rusty. "I knew I could depend on your kindness. Now good night, all. We will take care of our friend until we find a home for him."

Our Friend the Dog



PAUL sat on Mrs. Apricot's cool porch. Butch, the collie, lay at his feet, his nose resting on Paul's toes.

"Butch is never very far from you, is he?" smiled Mrs. Apricot. "Dogs are wonderful friends. Yet—did you know that they were once our enemies?"

"Dogs?" cried Paul. "I can't believe it!"

"Far, far back, when Man was a wandering hunter living in caves and trees, dogs belonged to the wolf family, and the wolf was a clever and dangerous hunter himself. As time went on, Man grew to be the better hunter of the two; he invented the bow and arrow, and could shoot down more meat than the wolf could catch. The wolf found he could eat better if he stayed close to the outskirts of Man's camp, and snatched up the meat that Man threw away.

"Now when an animal learns how to live without having to kill, he naturally becomes less wild. Over a period of hundreds of years—for such things do not happen in a hurry—the wolf drew still closer to Man's campfire; he may have warned him of strange enemies approaching in the night, or helped him in his fight with some big dangerous animal. Children may have played with wolf puppies, feeding and petting them, until at long last our former enemy became our watchdog and loyal friend."

Paul looked with new respect at Butch. "So you were wild and wicked once upon a time, huh?" he said affectionately. "Well, I'll bet even then you wouldn't have hurt *me!*"

JULY 7

The Short Day



ONE BRIGHT afternoon Ellen was looking through her toy drawer when she found an old spectacles case. Inside was a pair of sun glasses, with lenses tinted dark gray.

When Ellen perched them on her small nose, the sunshine streaming in the window lost its brightness. She wore the glasses outside, and found that the grass was gray-green, the sidewalks gray-white, and her sandpile gray-yellow.

The sand gave Ellen an idea. She decided to make bricks in her old ice-cube tray. She moistened the sand and packed it tightly into the tray's little squares. She let it dry a long time, and when she loosened it, there were the cutest little sand-squares she had ever seen!

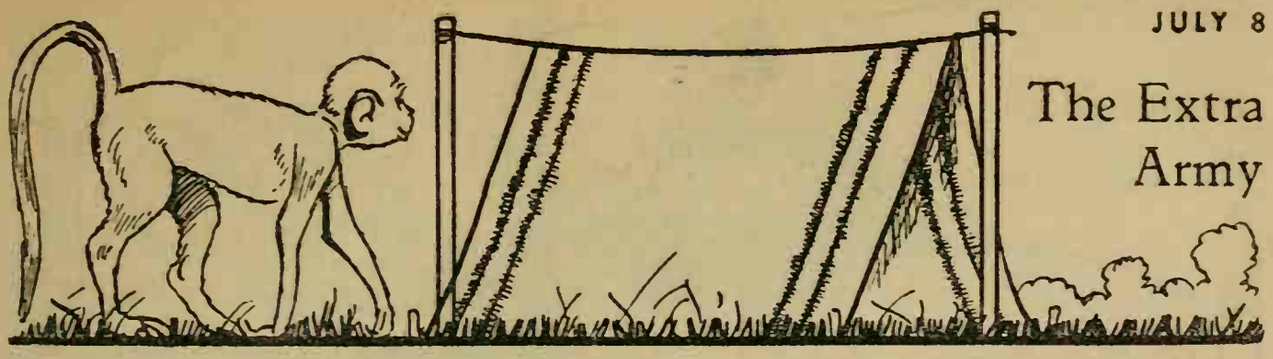
"Bricks!" said Ellen with great satisfaction. She began to pile one on the other to make a wall, but—crumble! crumble!—her bricks came tumbling down, and were just sand again!

"Oh, well," sighed Ellen, "too late to make a wall anyway; almost bedtime." What a short day it had been! Already it was getting dark.

Ellen went into the house, and there it was *quite* dark. "Mamma," called Ellen, "why aren't the lights on?"

Mamma looked at Ellen and laughed. She took something from Ellen's nose.

"Oh, my glasses!" cried Ellen. "I forgot I had them on! No wonder it was such a short day!"



JULY 8

The Extra Army

"MOM," called the twins, Jack and Jerry, "may we have an old blanket for a tent? We're two armies fighting!"

Mother gave them an old blanket, and the twins hung it over the clothesline in the back yard, pegging down the corners with sticks. It made a wonderful tent.

"I'm the enemy sneaking up on you!" cried Jack.

"I'm watching with my trusty periscope!" declared Jerry.

Jack attacked, and there was a tremendously hard battle. Then Jerry said, "Now *I'll* attack!"

"All right," said Jack. "Only give me time to get a drink first. Boy, I'm hot!"

Jerry waited a few minutes, and then began crawling stealthily around the house. He peeked at the tent. Yes, Jack was there! Jerry could see the side of the blanket bounce a little, and the tip end of the periscope twitched as though Jack were angling it around to spot him.

Cautiously, Jerry made a wide circle. When he was sure he couldn't be seen in the periscope, he gave a yell and swooped down on the tent! Down came the blanket and Jerry rolled over and over in a mad scramble!

"Hey!" called a voice. "What're you doing?" There, coming out of the back door of the house, was Jack!

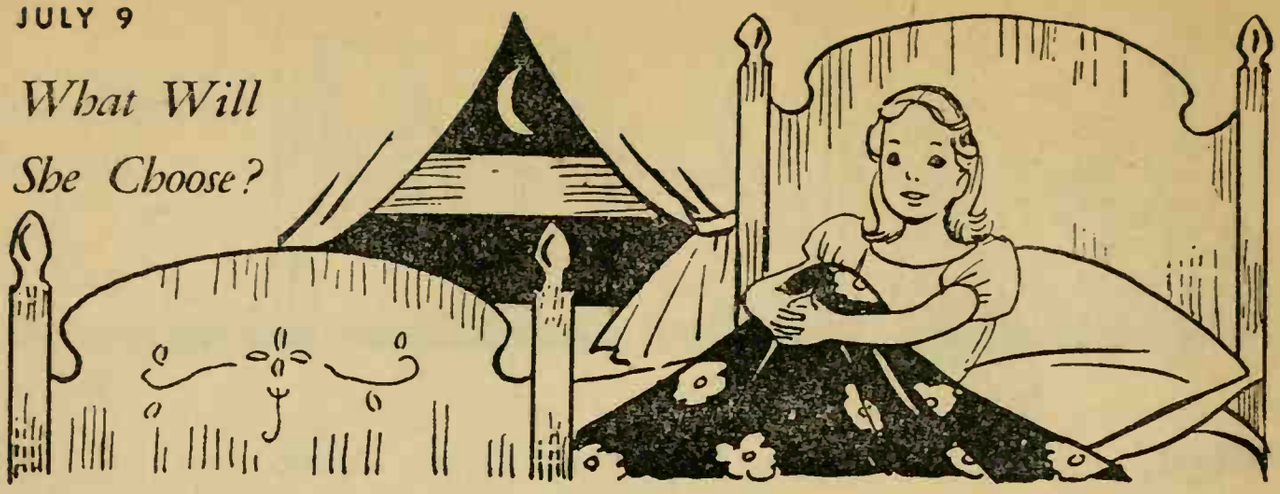
"Jeepers!" shouted Jerry. "If you're there—what's *here?*"

He untangled himself from the blanket and gave it a shake. Out jumped Beppo, the boys' pet monkey!

"What do you know," cried Jerry. "I was fighting the wrong army!"

JULY 9

What Will She Choose?



ONE NIGHT Mary Lou dreamed that she was grown up. She saw herself in a white graduation dress, holding tightly to the long roll of her diploma.

"Now, Mary Lou," a big echoing voice boomed at her, "it is time to choose what you want to be in life. Do you want to be a nurse?" Mary Lou saw herself in a crisp, white uniform, bending over the bed of a sick woman, making her comfortable, helping her to be well again. "Oh, I'd like that!" cried Mary Lou in her dream.

"Or do you want to be a teacher?" the booming voice asked. Mary Lou saw herself behind the desk in a big schoolroom. She wore a pretty blue dress with a frilly white collar, and while she worked a child came in with a bunch of wild flowers held tightly in her fist. "For you, teacher!" the child said.

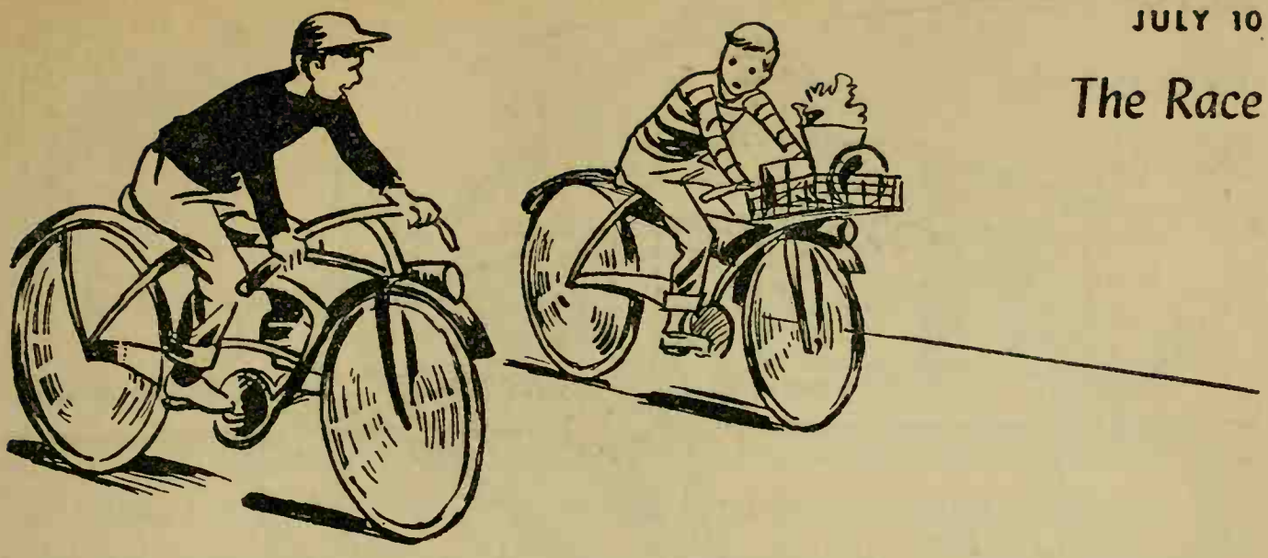
"Oh, how sweet!" Mary Lou smiled, but already the picture was fading, and the booming voice was asking,

"Or would you like to be a secretary?" There was Mary Lou behind another desk, this time in a busy office, handling important details quickly and well.

"Or a laboratory worker? Or a reporter? Or a singer?" Now the pictures came and went so fast that Mary Lou was too dizzy to see them. "Choose, *choose*, CHOOSE!" boomed the voice, so loudly that it woke Mary Lou.

"Oh, my!" cried Mary Lou. "There are so many things a person can be! I'm glad I don't have to choose yet!"

The Race



BOB liked to win every game he played. He hated to be beaten at anything.

One day, when he was riding his bike back from town with the basket full of groceries for his mother, a bigger boy on a bigger bike passed him.

"Ho! You can't go very fast on that pint-sized bike!" jeered the bigger boy.

Bob knew he had no business trying to race the bigger bike, but he shouted, "I can too go fast! Faster than you!"

"Ho!" laughed the bigger boy. "Let's see you!"

Bob pedaled as fast as he could make his feet go. He pedaled so fast that a box of cereal bounced out of his basket. He pedaled so very fast that he didn't watch carefully as he came to the corner.

"Squeeeeeeee!" went a car's brakes! *Wham!* went Bob's bike as he ran into the curb to dodge the car!

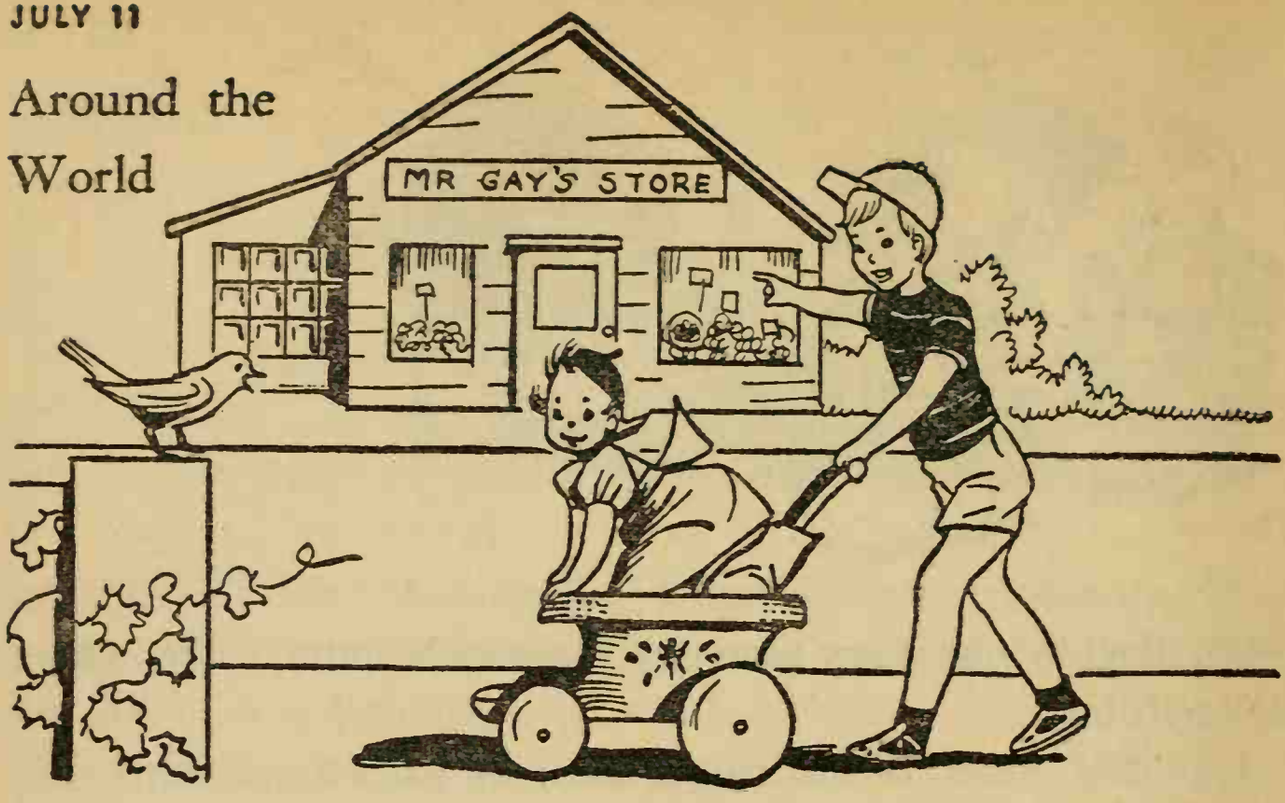
Bob picked himself up very soberly. He picked up his mother's groceries, thankful there had been no eggs among them! He went back to pick up the box of cereal he had dropped.

"Ho, ho!" laughed the bigger boy, idling past on his bike. "You sure looked silly somersaulting into that curb!"

Bob said, "I looked a whole lot sillier racing when I had no business to!" And steadily, carefully, without any more nonsense, he pedaled his bike straight home.

JULY 11

Around the World



TIMMY was taking care of his baby sister, Polly, by pushing her in her walker down What-a-Jolly Street.

"Look, Polly," Timmy said eagerly, "over that way is Mr. Gay's store, and this is the corner you turn to go to school!"

"Hi! Hi!" called Polly cheerfully to everything he pointed out.

"Now pay attention, Polly," Timmy scolded. "This is important. Over in that hedge is a robin's nest, and down by the creek, a beaver family lives. Isn't that exciting? Maybe sometime they'll dam up our creek! Now down in that hollow, Polly, is where I lost my best marble. And in that big house across the street a very, very proud cat lives, Polly—oh, you never saw such a cat! She has long sort of orange hair and a tail as big and plumy as a fan. A Persian, they call her, and she won't speak to strangers. And past *her* house is a place with a fish pond in the yard!"

Timmy was tired out when at last he turned and trundled Polly home. Mamma was waiting on the porch. "Oh, there you are!" She smiled. "I was beginning to think you'd taken Polly clear around the world!"

"Why, I did!" said Timmy. "Clear around *our* world!"



A Home for the Puppy

THE ANIMALS of What-a-Jolly Street were very kind to the poor stray dog who had wandered into the pony Rusty's yard. The cats, Tom and Tiger, brought him bits of meat. Beppo, the monkey, slipped away each night to refill the dog's water pan. Rusty carried hay from his own bed to make the puppy more comfortable. Butch, the big collie, saved his best bones for his new friend.

The puppy's cuts healed quickly. Butch kept them clean with his gentle tongue, and the good food the dog ate gave him back his strength.

At last the day came when the animals said, "It is time to get you settled in a home."

"Leave it to me," said Butch. "I know just the place."

He gave the puppy a careful grooming. Then he led him across What-a-Jolly Street and up to a door.

"Woof! Woof!" barked Butch. "Woof, woof!"

"What's got into Butch?" a puzzled voice asked, and Bob Nolen came out on his porch. Butch's tail wagged and wagged; the puppy's tail wagged and wagged. Butch licked Bob's hand; the puppy licked his hand, too.

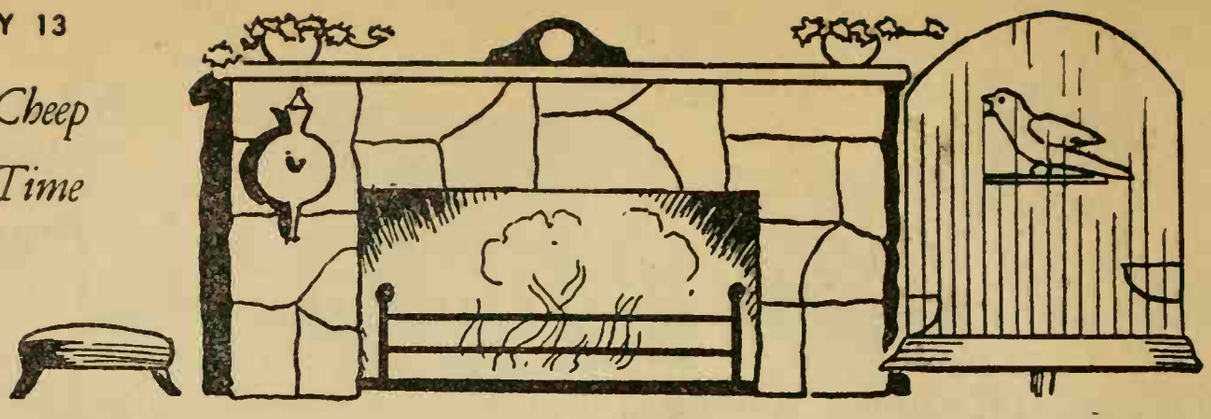
"Hey!" laughed Bob. "You act as if you were introducing a friend to me, Butch! Hmmm, he has no collar, and he's been hurt, hasn't he? Still limps, and he looks thin. What do you want me to do, Butch? Take care of him until he's well?"

The puppy looked at Bob with big gentle brown eyes, and put his paw on Bob's knee.

"Okay, Butch." Bob smiled. "If he's a friend of yours, he'll do. Come on, pup, and have a real meal!"

JULY 13

A Cheep in Time



IT HAD been a jolly evening in the Carter house. Timmy and his mother had popped corn in the fireplace. Even Polly had been allowed to stay up to have a few fat white kernels.

Fluffy, the canary, liked all these happy goings-on. He fluttered from perch to perch in his cage, and chirped bright greetings to his family.

At last the pleasant evening was over. Mr. Carter scattered the red coals in the fireplace, Mrs. Carter put Fluffy's cover over his cage, the lights were turned out. Through the cover Fluffy could still see a dim cozy glow from the fireplace. Fluffy tucked his head under his wing and settled down to sleep.

Later, Fluffy awoke. The glow still shone through his cover, but now it wasn't dim—it was bright! Had his family come back and started the fire again? Why didn't they take off his cover? He chirped loudly to remind them. Nobody answered. There was a smoky smell Fluffy didn't like. When Fluffy was frightened, he had a very loud chirp that slid up at the end like a question-mark. Fluffy chirped like that now.

"Cheeep? Cheeeeep? Cheeeeeeep?"

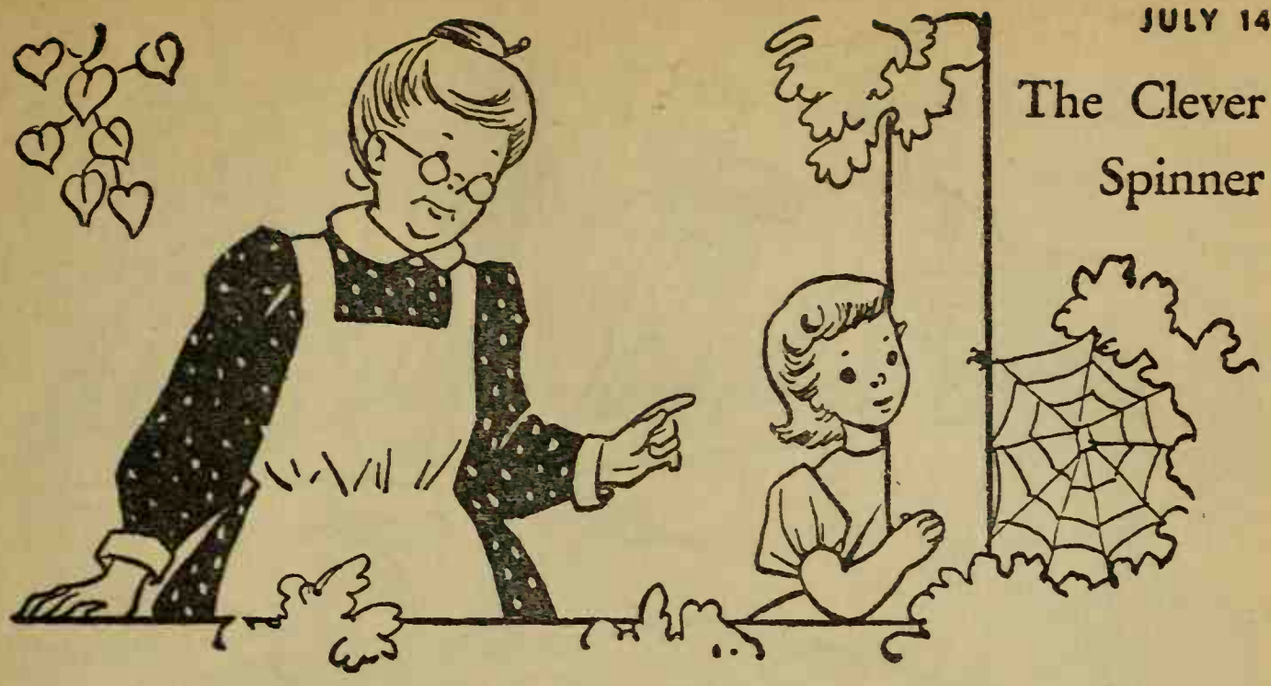
"What's scared Fluffy?" asked a sleepy voice upstairs. "I'd better see."

Steps sounded on the stairs. Then Mr. Carter cried, "Jumping juleps!" and began to run.

A coal from the fireplace had bounced onto a mat and set it afire! Mr. Carter pushed the mat into the fireplace. "Fluffy, it's a good thing you have a loud voice!" he said.

"Cheep," agreed Fluffy happily.

The Clever Spinner



"OOOH, bug!" squealed Jane, skipping away in fright from a spider who dropped right in front of her from the porch.

Mrs. Apricot said, "Don't run away, Jane. Look, it's going to spin a web and catch its dinner. Isn't it wonderful the way a spider can spin thread from her own body?"

The little spider had already fastened one end of its thread to a corner of Mrs. Apricot's porch. Now it dropped to a nearby shrub and fastened the other end. Back it ran over its own bridge, strengthening it with more thread before it hurried from point to point of the shrub, leaving the outline of the web it would make sketched in filmy thread behind it.

"A spider is clever at more than spinning a web," said Mrs. Apricot. "For instance, if she should catch two flies, instead of one, for her dinner, she doesn't let the extra one go to waste, or damage the web with its kicking and fluttering. She spins it into a coccoon of her own thread until she's ready to eat it!"

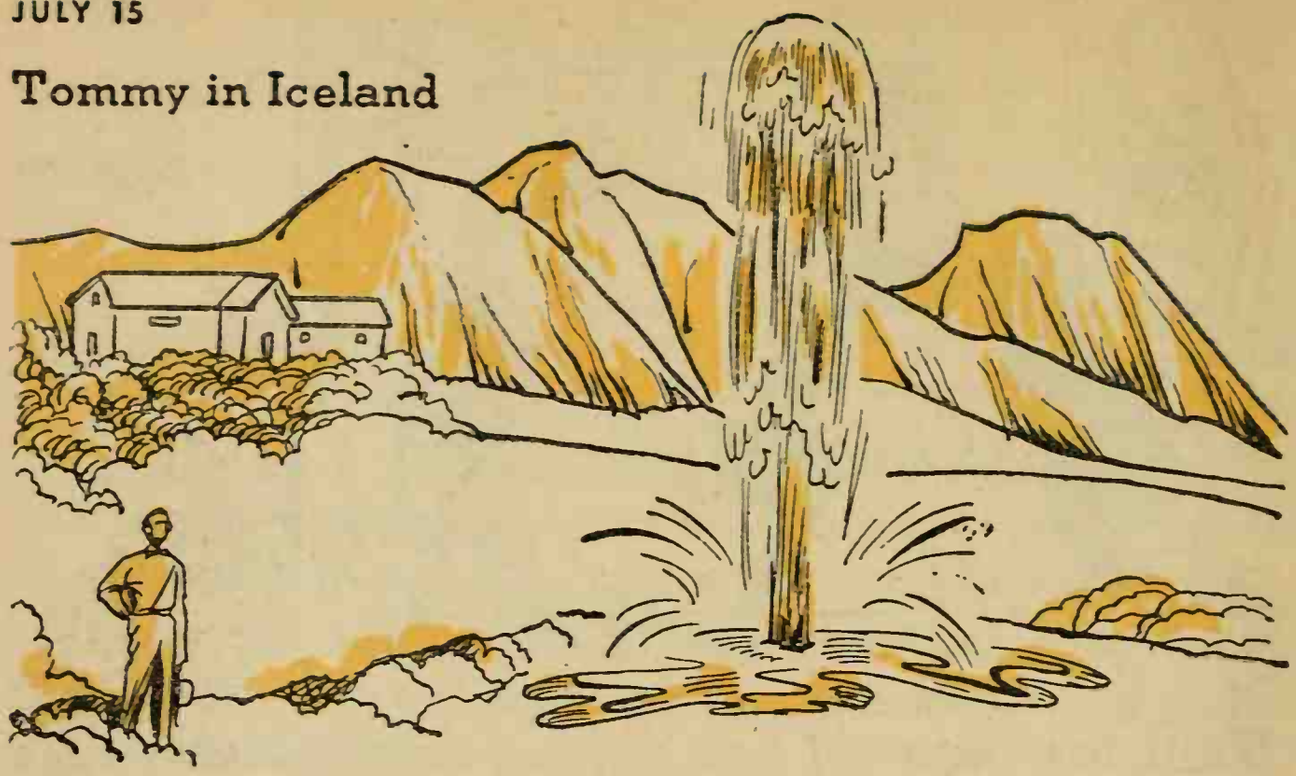
"Why doesn't she catch herself in the web?" Jane asked.

"She's stronger than her web, and can cut her way out," explained Mrs. Apricot. "Sometimes she cuts her web, too, when she has accidentally caught too big a bug for her to handle."

"Oh! May I stay here and watch her?" begged Jane. She had forgotten all about being afraid of the spider!

JULY 15

Tommy in Iceland



A BRISK shower drove the children of What-a-Jolly Street into Mrs. Apricot's home for shelter. "Tell us a story, Mrs. Apricot," they begged. "Tell us more about Tommy and where he traveled."

"Well, he went to Iceland once," Mrs. Apricot recalled. "He liked it, too. He found one very odd thing there—for all its chilly sounding name, Iceland isn't really very cold! Its winters are no worse than our own right around here in Iowa and Minnesota. That's because the Gulf Stream runs close to Iceland and makes its winds warm.

"Another strange fact about it—considering its icy name—is that it has many hot springs bubbling from the ground, probably heated by old volcanoes. The water is so hot and plentiful that outdoor laundries have been built—huge cement tubs set in the ground and filled by the springs—where all the women may bring their washings!

"Of course, oddest of all to us would be the length of the Icelandic days. In winter there are only a few hours of light each day, but in summer the sky is bright, or at least rosy, the whole night long!"

What's Going On?



SUCH excitement! Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Paul were packing bags and boxes galore, and even little Ellen was eagerly stuffing toys into a week-end bag.

Butch, the big collie, ran around the house, under everyone's heels and in everyone's way, barking loud questions. No one answered him except to say, "Goodness, Butch, I almost stepped on you! Can't you play outside?"

After dinner, Mr. Smith began piling all the bags and boxes in the trunk of the car. Butch watched him anxiously; he wasn't often allowed in the car, because he left hardly any room for the family.

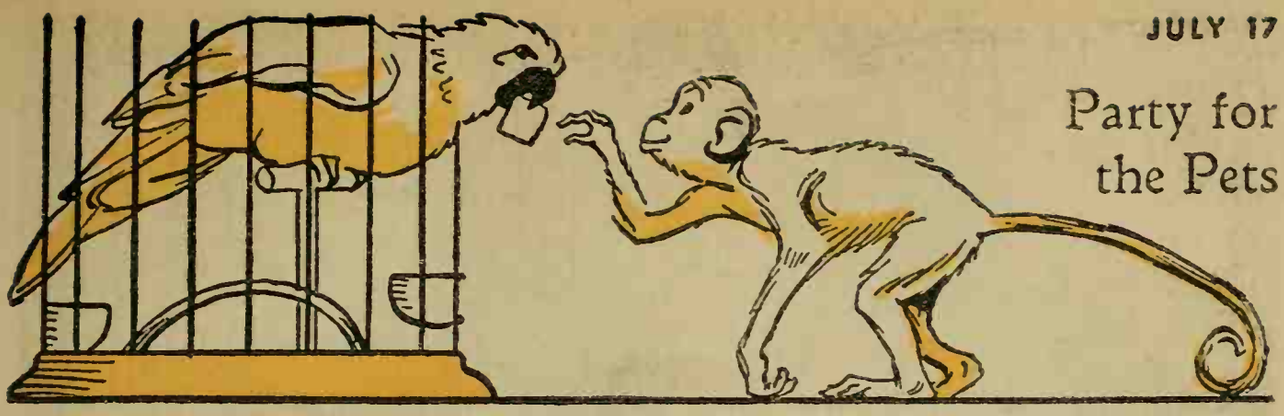
Out trooped the Smiths, one by one, and clambered into the car. Butch nearly burst his lungs with loud imploring barks. Then Paul said, "Well, hurry up, Butch, get in! You didn't think we'd leave you behind, did you, when we're going to Grandma's for a whole month?"

Butch leaped into the car and wagged his tail so hard he almost knocked Ellen off the seat.

"Good-by! Good-by!" he barked to all his friends on What-a-Jolly Street. "Oh, boy, I'm going traveling!"



Party for the Pets



ON HER birthday Amy planned a party for all her friends' pets, as well as the children themselves.

Timmy brought his puppy, Pal; Jane, her kitten, Velvet; and Ann, her two cats. Kathy came with Beppo, the monkey, and Ellen with her collie, Butch. Mike, followed by Whatta Dog, came swinging the parrot Hustle-Bustle's big cage.

"Whoa! Whoa!" Hustle-Bustle kept shouting as the cage tipped from one side to another. "Gobildy-goopa-fidildy-fay!"

The pets had their birthday lunch in the yard while the children ate inside. The dogs gnawed their bones in well-mannered silence. Ann's cats and Velvet shared a bowl of milk as politely as could be. But Beppo saw the cheese cracker Hustle-Bustle was nibbling on top of his cage, and it looked better to him than his own biscuit. He danced around Hustle-Bustle's cage, and, suddenly reaching out a paw, tried to snatch the cracker!

"Well, call the police!" Hustle-Bustle shouted angrily. "Help! Robber! Thief!" He slid down his bars, holding the cracker tightly in his long curved beak, and climbed back inside his cage.

That didn't stop Beppo. He still wanted the cracker, so he reached his paw through the open door for it. That was a mistake! With a great flutter of wings, Hustle-Bustle perched on the paw. His wings spanked it; his claws nipped it. When Beppo finally managed to snatch his paw away, he no longer wanted the cracker. His own biscuit looked good enough!

"Hah!" said Hustle-Bustle with satisfaction, settling down again to enjoy his lunch. "Gobildy-goopa-fidildy-fay!"

JULY 18

The Flower Letter



ONE DAY Betty came across something especially interesting in an old magazine.

"Mamma," she called eagerly, "did you know that all flowers have meanings? If you give somebody pansies, it means you're thinking of them. If you give them sweet peas, you're saying that you're going away. Goodness, you could practically write a letter just by sending a bouquet!"

"That's right." Mamma smiled. "I believe the Greeks and Romans started that flower language long ago. It's still a sweet way to send a message."

That gave Betty a wonderful idea. She slipped away to the yard, and began searching very carefully for the flowers and leaves she wanted. Some were easy to find, but for one in particular she had to look and look!

At last her bouquet was finished. Roses and white clover peeped gaily from dark sprigs of ivy, and in the very center was a four-leaf clover!

Betty took her bouquet into the house. "Here's a letter for you, Mamma!" she giggled, and skipped away quickly.

Smiling, Mamma picked up the magazine Betty had been reading, and found the list of flower meanings. This is the message she read in Betty's bouquet:

I love you dearly (roses). *Think of me often* (white clover). *I am your friend* (ivy). *Good luck* (four-leaf clover).

"Well," said Mamma, looking very pleased, "I don't know when I've ever had a sweeter letter!"

How to Get Cool



"OH, BOY, I'm hot!" sighed Toby.

"Me, too!" echoed Jane. "There must be *some* way to get cool!"

"We could sail boats down in the creek," suggested Toby.

So Jane and Toby collected their little fleet of toy boats and set them a-sail in the creek. The boats sped briskly down the stream. Toby and Jane had to run ahead of them to stop them and prevent their sailing away forever.

"Whew!" whistled Toby as they brought back the boats. "This is hotter work than I figured."

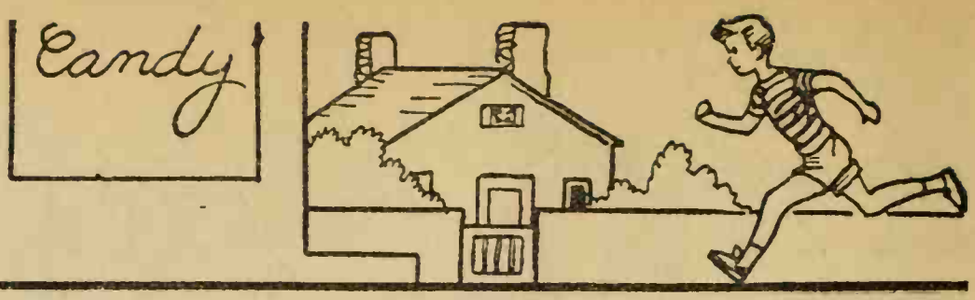
"Let's wade," suggested Jane. "*That* will be cool."

They took off their socks and shoes and waded. Suddenly Toby, with a twinkle in his eye, scooped a handful of water toward Jane. "Oooh!" squealed Jane. She chased after Toby—swish! swash! Toby stubbed his toe on a rock and went down —*splash!* Jane fell over him—*splosh!* Water sprayed above them as high as the tree branches!

"Whee!" laughed Jane, scrambling to her feet. Water ran down her hair and down her nose! "I'm cool at last!"

JULY 20

Too Much Is Plenty



WHEN Peter passed the candy-shop window, everything looked so good that he could almost taste it. *Mmmm, mmm,* he thought, looking at the nutty caramels, the twists of licorice, the fudge, the hard sweet candy pillows, the nougat-filled pecan bars. *Mmmm, I could eat all of it!*

Peter had a piggy bank. When he got home, he shook out every coin. There were quite a few. Maybe he couldn't buy *all* the candy in that window, but he could buy a good deal.

Peter knew it was foolish to spend it all on candy. He knew he wanted that piggy-bank money for a toy motorboat to take to the lake with him next month. Even so, Peter just could not stop thinking about that candy. He took every penny in the piggy bank and spent it at the candy store!

On his way home he almost ran into his little brother Mike coming down the sidewalk. Peter scooted down the alley.

"Mike would want too much of my candy," Peter thought. "He might take the caramels and *I* want them."

He circled the garage and came in the back door. There he nearly collided with his big sister, Mary Lou.

"Hi," said Mary Lou. "What have you there?"

"Oh, nothing," said Peter hastily. He ducked past her and got to his room.

Peter ate and ate until he couldn't eat any more. He ate until he couldn't look at another piece of candy. He ate until his tummy ached.

Oh, I wish I'd shared it with Mike and Mary Lou, Peter thought unhappily. *I wish I hadn't bought so much. I'll never, never act like a greedy pig again!*



The Wishing Well

DORIS and Betty took a long walk in the country one fine afternoon, and came across an old abandoned well.

"Do you suppose there's still water in it?" Betty wondered. The windlass and bucket were there, but the chain was far too rusty to unwind when the girls tried the handle.

"Maybe it's a wishing well," Doris pretended, peering down into its dark depths. "I'm almost positive it's a wishing well! Let's see, what do I wish most in the world?" She closed her eyes and thought and thought. "I wish," she said dreamily, "I wish—I wish—that something wonderful and exciting and *fun* would happen!"

Then solemnly she dropped a penny into the old well. The girls listened until they heard a far-off splash.

"Well, anyway, it's a *water* well, whether it's a wishing well or not!" laughed Betty.

When Doris got home, just before supper, she found her brother and sister bursting with news. "Doris! Doris! Read this!" they cried, thrusting a letter into her hands.

It was from their Uncle Theo who lived in a near-by city. "Well, what's the matter?" wondered Doris, reading it swiftly. "It just says he's okay, and business is good and so on and so on, and—oh, my!" For at the end of the letter was a paragraph with her name in it!

" 'Would Doris like to come to visit me for a few days?' " she read. " 'Ted seemed to enjoy it last year, and I think Doris and I would have a pretty good time, too.'

"Oh, Mamma, Mamma! May I go? May I?" Doris begged, and then seeing her mother's smile, she cried, "Wait till I tell Betty! It was a really truly wishing well after all!"

Sport Learns the Rules



BOB'S mother was doubtful about his keeping the new puppy that had strayed to the Nolen house. "It's going to be such a *big* dog," she told him. "Look at those paws!"

"I'll buy him all the dog biscuit and liver and whatever else he needs from my allowance!" Bob said eagerly. "He's such a good little old sport, Mom!"

"Well," his mother relented, "we'll see how he behaves."

Tom and Tiger, the two Nolen cats, heard that. They scampered right out to find the puppy. "Look, Sport," they said, "it's up to you to learn the rules right away. For instance, when you're in the house, *don't* jump on the furniture!"

"No jumping on furniture," Sport repeated seriously. "Okay."

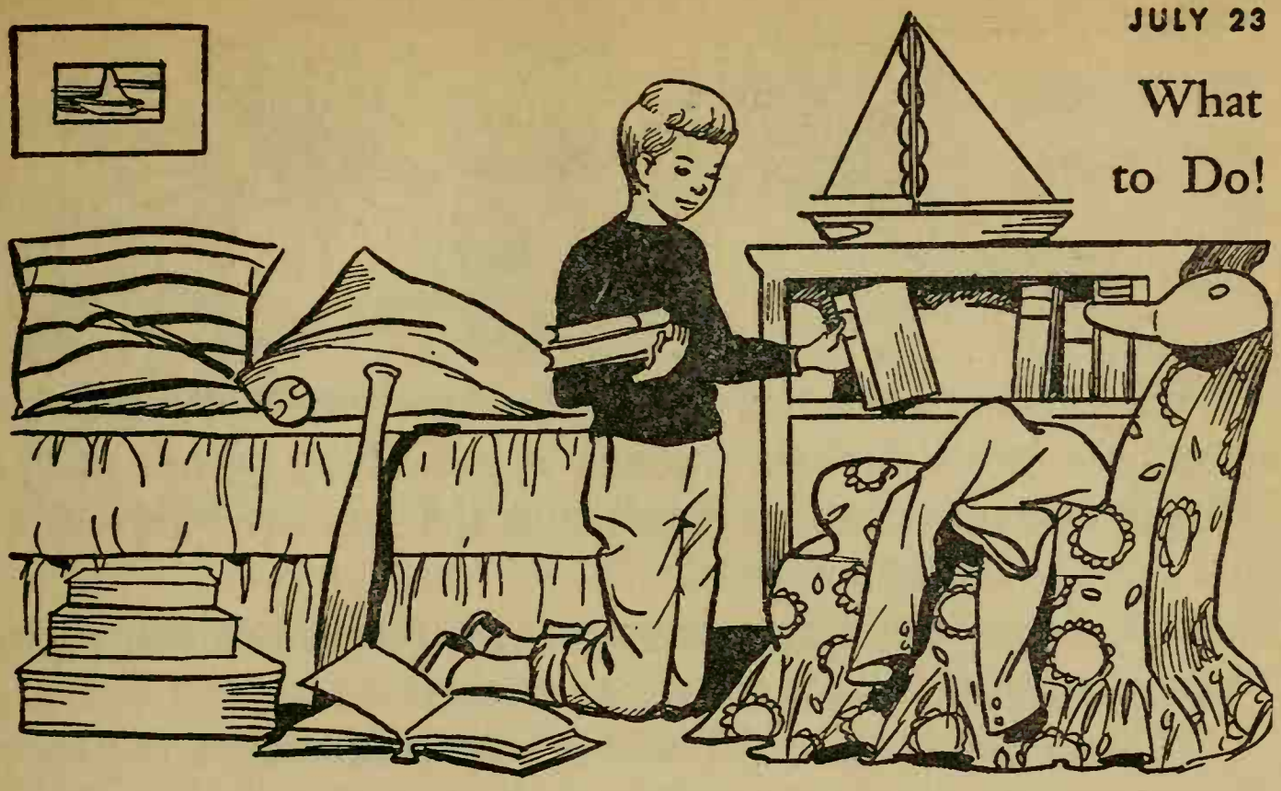
"You eat in the kitchen or on the back porch," Tom went on, "and you don't carry your bones into the dining room, no matter how sociable you feel!"

"Don't eat in the dining room," Sport repeated. "Sounds kind of foolish, doesn't it? But I'll remember."

"Don't jump up on people when you have muddy paws," Tiger said. "Keep clean—there's a creek to wash in. Don't howl at night. Wag your tail often. I guess that's about all."

Later, Mrs. Nolen said, "What a smart puppy Sport is! He seems to know exactly how to behave without any scolding. And that friendly tail is going all the time! Bob, I guess he'll make a nice pet for you, after all!"

What to Do!



DAVID had nothing to do, not a single thing. And it was raining cats and dogs and puddles and rivers and *floods* outside!

"This is going to be a terrible afternoon," grumbled David. "I don't think I can ever last through it. I'll be screaming, yelling crazy by suppertime!"

He went into his room and poked around it halfheartedly to see if, after all, there wasn't some game he'd forgotten. He couldn't miss it if it were there, thought David, for almost every game he owned was scattered all over his floor.

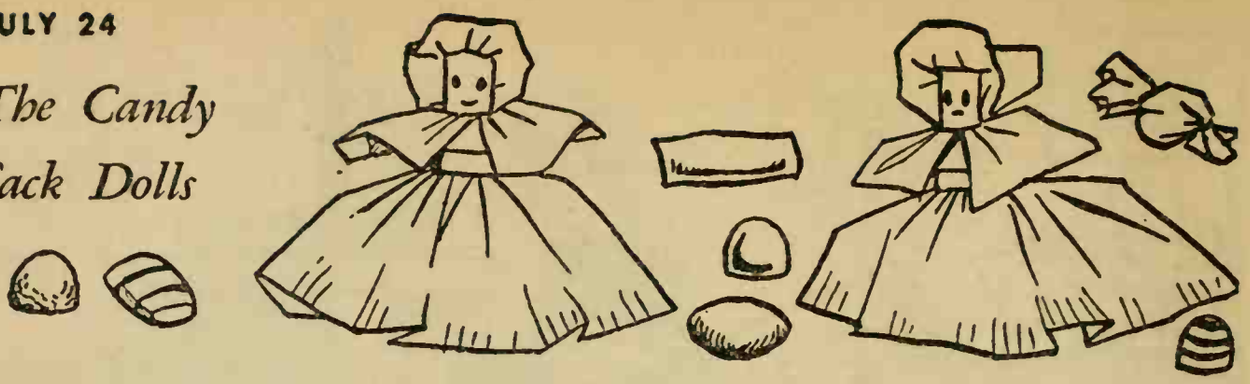
"Might as well put 'em back on the shelf," muttered David.

Most of the games were out of their boxes; some had had pieces missing for so long that David had almost forgotten how the games were played. He searched under his shelves and dresser and other furniture for missing pieces, and put each game entirely together. He put them back in their boxes and stacked the boxes neatly on his shelves. He put his books in order and hung his clothes in the closet.

When he was finished, he was tremendously surprised to find the long afternoon almost gone! "Jeepers!" cried David. "Work makes time go even faster than play!"

JULY 24

The Candy Sack Dolls



RUTH, reading at her front window one day, noticed Sally across the street working intently at something on her porch. At last Ruth grew so interested that she just had to go over and see what Sally was doing.

"Oh!" she cried in delight as soon as she reached Sally's porch. "You're making dolls! Aren't they sweet?"

"Will you help me, Ruth?" Sally asked. "Mamma's taking a box of clothes out to the children's home this afternoon, and she showed me how to make these little sacks of candy into dolls to tuck into the box for a surprise."

"Of course I'll help," Ruth said eagerly. "But you'll have to show me how. Let me watch you make one first."

Mrs. Nolen had filled a number of small sacks with hard candy. Into each sack she had also tucked a roll of mints. Now Sally used the roll as the body for her doll, standing it on top of the other candy and wrapping the sack tightly around it. Some transparent tape held it tight. Around the "waist" of the doll, she gathered a wide strip of pink crepe paper into a full skirt and tied it with a sash of blue ribbon. The skirt ballooned out over the sack of candy, covering it entirely. On top of the mint roll, Sally fashioned a twist of paper into a sunbonnet. And last, she tied another gathered strip of crepe paper around the doll's neck for a cape, and drew eyes, nose and mouth on the paper beneath the bonnet.

The finished doll looked for all the world like an old-fashioned little lady out for a walk.

"Oh, it's a darling doll!" said Ruth. "But I'm afraid the children will like it too much to eat the candy!"

The Picnic



ONE HOT afternoon the boys of What-a-Jolly Street had a picnic out in the vacant lots. How they talked and played, and *how* they ate! Rusty, the pony, watching them from a distance, noticed how they especially seemed to enjoy big slices of something round and green with a deep red heart!

"It looks good," he thought. "I wonder if they'll leave any?"

Near evening the picnic broke up. The boys went home slowly, not talking much now. David, Rusty's master, had his arms wrapped around his stomach as though it hurt.

As soon as the last boy was gone, Rusty hurried over to the picnic ground. Yes, there were quite a few green slices with red heart still clinging to them, and—mmm! they *were* delicious! Rusty ate and ate. He ate all the red heart in sight, and then ate a good deal of the green rind, too.

That evening Ruth came out to the shed instead of David. "David had too much picnic today, Rusty," she said, "so I'll fix your supper tonight—why, what's the matter?"

For Rusty was lying on his side and groaning pitifully.

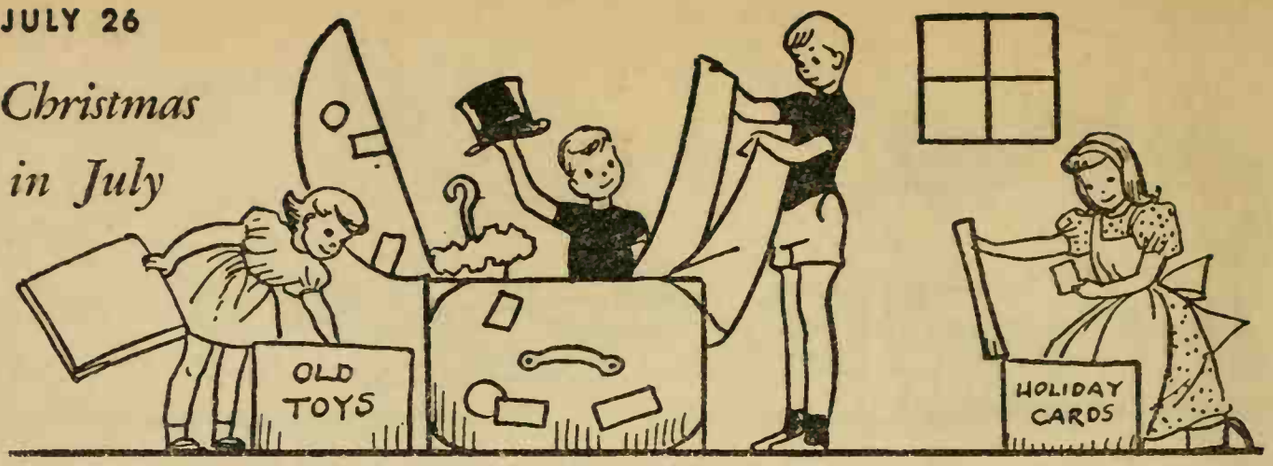
"Daddy!" Ruth called. "Come quickly! Something's wrong with Rusty!"

Daddy came and tapped Rusty's hard stomach. He peered in his mouth and saw the green rind still caught in his teeth.

"Oh,oh," said Daddy. "I'm afraid Rusty went to a picnic today, too, and ate too much watermelon, just as David did. We'll give him some of David's medicine, and tomorrow both Rusty and David will be better, I know—and probably wiser, too!"

JULY 26

Christmas in July



IT WAS too hot to play out in the sun; it was too hot to sit still and read. "I know!" cried Betty Watson. "Let's play up in the attic!"

"It's hotter up there than any place," grumbled the twins.

"Yes, but we might find something new to do up there," persuaded Betty. So up to the attic with her trooped the twins and little Kathy.

They opened trunks and looked at the old clothes inside, but they had dressed up in them before. They sorted over old toys, but they had played with them many times, too.

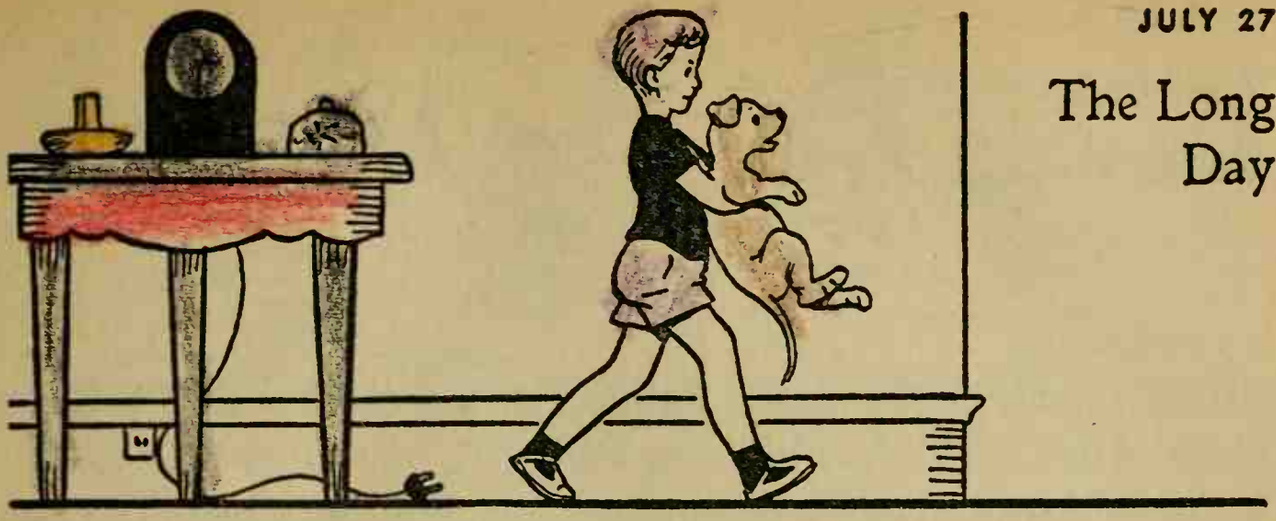
Suddenly Betty opened a box way back in the corner.

"Look!" she cried. "Old Christmas cards! I know what! I'm a mailman delivering your cards!" She cleared her throat deeply and frowned at the addresses. "Herrumph! Quite a stack of mail today for you, Miss Kathy. And you, Mr. Jerry! I see you've got one here from your best girl, yes, indeed! Merry Christmas, Mr. Jack! It's a pretty Christmas, isn't it? A bitter cold one, though, yes, sir. This snow has got me chilled to the bone."

"Come in! Come in!" Jack urged with a grin. "Here, let me wrap this blanket around you! Sit closer to the fire, Mr. Mailman! Shall I get you a cup of hot cocoa?"

All of a sudden Kathy began to shiver, too. "I'm cold! I want cocoa, too!" Her teeth were chattering!

Betty and the twins laughed so hard that Kathy had to laugh, too. "This is really a good game!" they chuckled. "It's got Kathy cooled down already!"



JULY 27

The Long Day

PAL, Timmy's puppy, had a bad habit. He liked to chew at electric light cords. One afternoon Timmy found him chewing at the cord that connected their electric clock in the living room with its plug in the floor.

"Bad dog!" Timmy scolded Pal. He put him outside so that Pal would remember next time to be good.

Timmy went outside, too, and played a long time. He began to feel quite hungry.

"Jeepers, I don't see *how* I can wait for supper," he said to Mamma with a sigh. "I'm *so* hungry!"

"Me, too!" said Polly. "Me! Me! Me!"

"Well, I'd better get you two some bread and jelly," said Mamma, "because it's still a long time till supper." She glanced at the living-room clock. "This certainly has been a long afternoon."

While the children were eating their lunch, Daddy came home. "For goodness' sake!" said Mamma. "How did you get home so early?"

"Early!" said Daddy. "It's almost six!"

Mamma looked at the clock again. It still said three-thirty. "Why, it's stopped!" she cried.

"Oh, Mamma, Pal was chewing on that cord!" cried Timmy. "I'll bet he pulled out the plug!"

"Sure enough," said Mamma. "Pal made time stand still today."

JULY 28

The Circle Game



SUSAN said, "Let's play a game! Form a circle, and I'll tell a story. Anything I do while I'm telling it, you must do, too."

Susan began, "Once a boy named Jack planted a bean." Susan began to walk, pretending to plant seeds as she went. The children followed her, planting beans, too.

"The beanstalk grew way up high," Susan went on, "so one day Jack decided to climb it." Susan went through the motions of climbing; the children, giggling, climbed, too.

"When he got to the top, Jack found a giant's castle," said Susan. "He tiptoed in." Susan and all the children went tiptoeing around the circle, softly, softly.

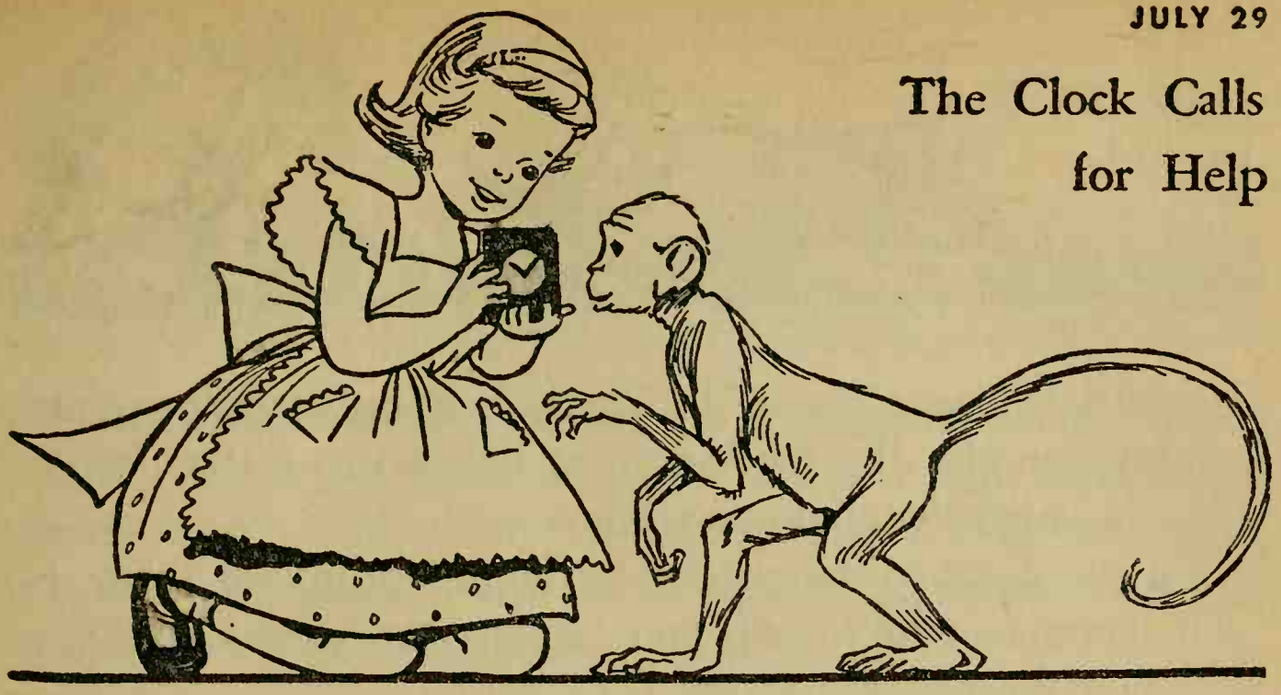
"He found the giant asleep," whispered Susan, "so he picked up the giant's greatest treasure, the hen that laid golden eggs, and tiptoed back to the beanstalk." Softer than ever, the children tiptoed round and round.

Then suddenly Susan cried, "Squawk! Squawk! Squawk! went the hen!" And that's just how the children went, too, they were so startled.

Susan began to run. The children began to run! "Here comes the giant!" cried Susan. "Run faster! Faster!" Panting, laughing, the children ran faster. "Here's the beanstalk! Climb down!" Lower and lower they crouched till they were close to the ground. "Chop down the beanstalk!" cried Susan. Chop, chop, went everyone! "Look out! The giant's falling, falling! Here he comes—*crash!*" And Susan fell to the ground. So did all the other children.

"This is the best part of the game!" laughed Jane, stretching out on the grass. "That giant tired me out!"

The Clock Calls for Help



LITTLE Kathy found the alarm clock on the floor by Mamma's bed. Usually it was on the dresser out of reach.

"Look, Beppo." Kathy showed it to her chattering brown monkey. "Now we can play house. We have a clock just like big folks'. You be the Papa, Beppo, just going to bed."

There were many gadgets on the back of the clock. Some turned, some pulled out. Kathy turned all the turning ones, and pulled out all the pulling ones.

"There!" she said with satisfaction. "That's just the way Mamma does it. Now go to sleep, Beppo."

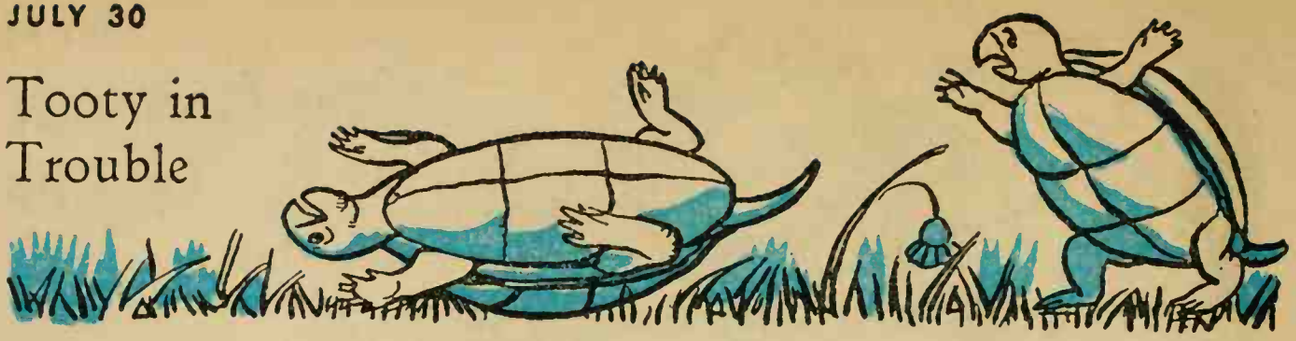
Beppo obediently lay down on the doll bed. He covered his eyes with his paws and peeked at Kathy from between them. Kathy lay down on the floor beside him.

Suddenly—*br-r-r-r-r-ring!* went the clock, so loudly that Beppo bounced clear across the room!

"Goodness!" cried Kathy. She grabbed the clock and shook it. She tried to smother the loud sound under her apron. She put the clock in the doll bed and piled the pillows on top of it. Still the clock clamored—"*Br-r-r-r-r-r-ring!*"

Mother came hurrying in. Kathy said sadly, "I guess the clock is calling you, Mamma. I guess it knows it doesn't belong here with me."

Tooty in Trouble



"DEAR ME, Tooty," said Tilly Turtle, bustling about her housekeeping one fine day, "we're out of lettuce! And I can't make this nice salad I've planned without it."

"I'll run down to the garden for some," promised Tooty.

Of course he didn't really run. Being a turtle, he moved very, very slowly across the Lings' back yard.

Tilly finished her housework. She brushed the dewdrops off her living-room furniture; she wiped away a spiderweb; she carried out a dead leaf. Now she was ready to get dinner.

Where was Tooty all this time? Even at turtle-speed he could have returned from the garden by now!

"Well!" frowned Tilly. "I'll have to get the lettuce myself!" She took off her apron and hurried—as much as a turtle *can* hurry—to the garden. And what do you think? There in the garden lay Tooty Turtle—on his back! His legs kicked the air tiredly as though he'd been kicking a long time.

"Help!" he said faintly.

"Tooty!" cried Tilly. "How did you get this way?" She put her shoulder to his shell and pushed and heaved and strained. Over went Tooty onto his four feet again.

"Thank goodness!" sighed Tooty. "What an experience! Puppy Pal came scooting across the garden like a fire truck and knocked me over without so much as a pardon me."

"I don't think Pal did it on purpose," said Tilly. "He probably didn't see you, he's always in such a hurry."

Tooty shook his head solemnly. "We turtles live a dangerous life," he sighed. "Make plenty of salad, dear. I've worked up an awful appetite."

Mike's Idea



LITTLE Mike Brown was worried because his parrot, Hustle-Bustle, didn't get along well with his new pet, Whatta Dog. Hustle-Bustle was always scolding Whatta Dog, or leaning down to nip his fluffy tail when Whatta Dog passed too close to Hustle-Bustle's cage.

"You're a bad bird!" Mike scolded Hustle-Bustle.

"Goobildy-poo-bah!" retorted Hustle-Bustle, ruffling his feathers crossly.

"If you *knew* Whatta Dog better, you'd love him as much as I do!" Mike said. That gave him an idea.

He carried Hustle-Bustle's cage from the porch out to the yard, set it on the grass, and opened the door! Hustle-Bustle was pleased to see the green grass so close. He climbed out onto the ground. Happily he poked here and there through the grass, nipping at delicious-looking weeds. Suddenly a shadow shut off the sun! Hustle-Bustle let out a frightened squawk! Whatta Dog loomed up beside him, like a galloping mountain!

"Help! Help!" yelped Hustle-Bustle, heading for his cage in big awkward jumps, flapping his wings desperately.

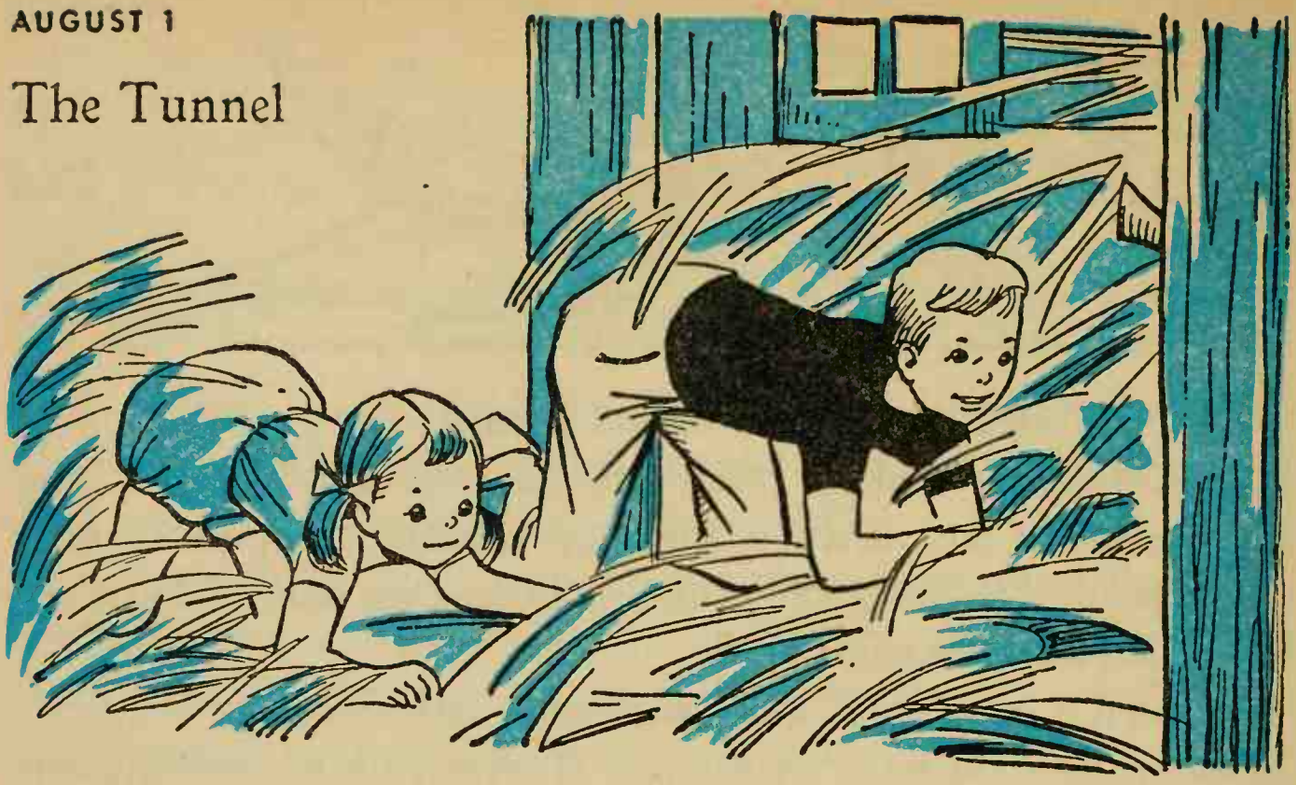
Whatta Dog, who was only trying to be friendly, ran along beside him, barking loudly. Hustle-Bustle reached his cage and plunged into it, feeling that he had barely escaped being eaten alive! "Hippity-fripity-gobbildy-goo!" he scolded angrily. And when Whatta Dog put his nose into the cage, Hustle-Bustle nipped it!

"Ow-wow-wow!" yelped Whatta Dog.

"Oh, dear," sighed Mike, lugging the big cage back to the porch. "I guess this wasn't such a good idea after all."

AUGUST 1

The Tunnel



ELLEN and Paul always thought it was wonderful to visit at Grandpa's farm. There was always a new family of pups and kittens to get acquainted with. Grandpa let them ride on the tractor with him, and Grandma sent them on errands into the mysterious coolness of the butter room, carved right out of the hillside behind the farmhouse.

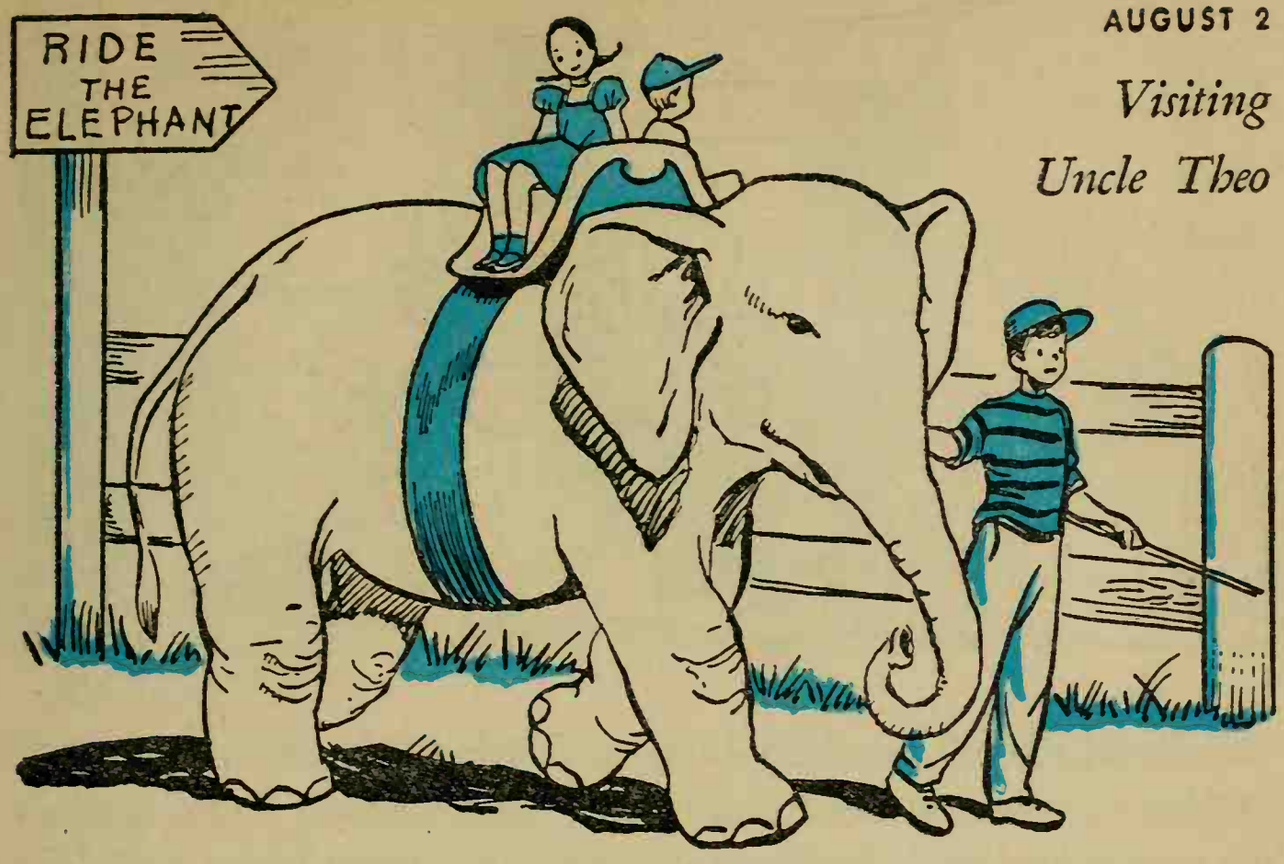
Best of all, though, was the barn, with its loft full of dusty, sweet-smelling hay.

Up there, they could heap the hay into forts and play *bang-bang* games as loudly as they wanted. They could burrow into the hay, pretending it was a butter room of their own. Or they could play that they were digging a tunnel clear through a mountain.

One day when they were playing the tunnel game, Paul said, "I wonder what the weather will be like on the other side of the mountain. Raining, probably!"

Just then they popped out into the open again, and a whole landslide of hay tumbled down on their heads!

"It's raining, all right!" chuckled Ellen. "It's raining rivers of hay!"



AUGUST 2

Visiting Uncle Theo

"WELL, Doris," boomed Uncle Theo as he swung her off the bus that had brought her to the city from What-a-Jolly Street, "what would you like best of all to do today?"

"Oh, I'd like to see the zoo!" cried Doris.

"All right, that's where we'll go first," agreed Uncle Theo.

The zoo was wonderful. The polar bears were like amusing clowns; they ducked each other in their pool, and rolled their eyes at people who laughed at them.

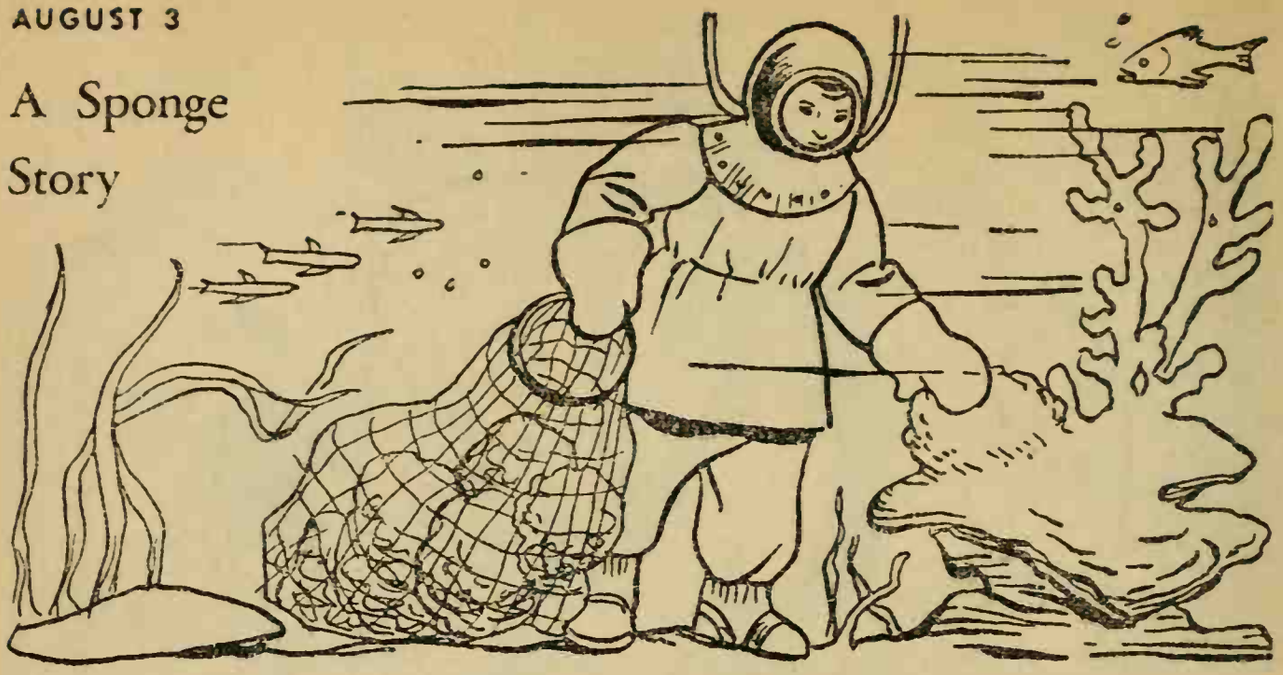
The seals put on an exciting act, racing each other through the water, bouncing a ball from one to another and catching it skillfully on their noses, climbing a pedestal and diving into the water at their trainer's order.

The monkeys made Doris laugh and laugh. They scrambled around their hilltop home, wrestling, chattering, tumbling like puppies. The mothers held their babies with one arm and slapped at any other monkey who came too close.

"But best of all," Doris told her family when she got home, "was riding on an elephant! Oh, I felt like a jungle queen!"

AUGUST 3

A Sponge Story



"MRS. APRICOT," asked Jane as she helped her friend wash windows, "what kind of cloth are sponges made from? I don't see anything like it in the stores when Mamma picks out cloth for my dresses."

"Sponges aren't made from cloth, dear," Mrs. Apricot told her. "They just grow into shapes like these we're using."

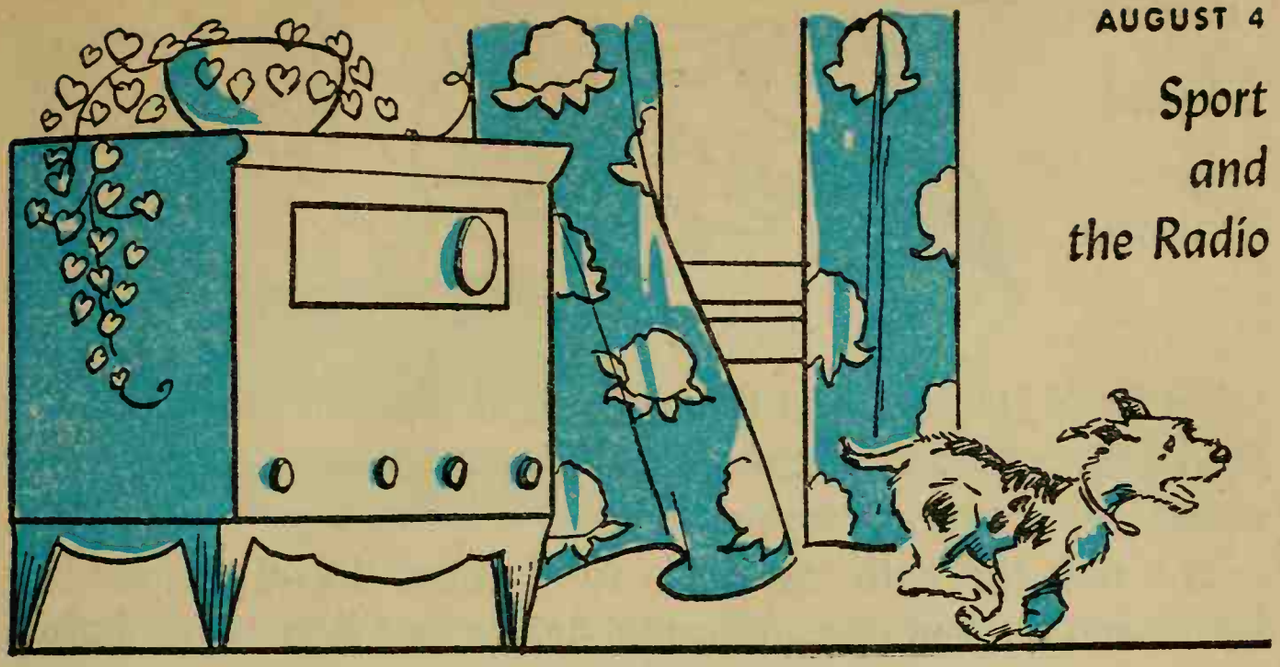
"In a garden?" asked Jane, wide-eyed. "Could we plant some?"

"No, they grow under water. They fasten themselves on rocks or mud or shells deep under warm, quiet seas, and they breathe the air that's in the water."

"You mean they're *alive!*" Jane dropped her sponge as though it might crawl away like the turtles.

"Well, they once were, Jane. All these little holes in the sponge were its veins and arteries, you might say. Only instead of carrying blood, as our veins do, they took in water, digested the food in it, and sent the water out the larger holes again. Divers go forty or sixty feet down into the sea to find sponges and loosen them from their homes. Then they bring them up, let them dry, and bleach them into the sponges we use."

Jane picked up her sponge cautiously. "Seems funny to be washing windows with a sort of fish, doesn't it, Mrs. Apricot? At least we're putting it in the water where it belongs!"



AUGUST 4

Sport and the Radio

SPORT, the new Nolen puppy, had never heard a radio before. One day when he was sleeping in the hall, Ann turned on the radio to a program of music. The announcer was speaking.

Sport pricked up his ears. He came padding on his big puppy paws into the living room to see who was talking. Suddenly the music began. Sport gave a startled leap backward. He peeked out cautiously from behind a chair, tipping his head from side to side as he tried to understand.

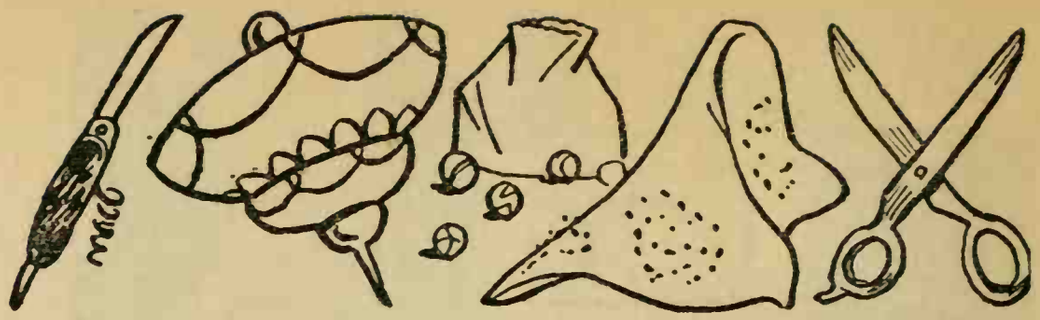
At last he decided to get closer to the queer box and learn its secret. He edged to the shelter of another chair, and then another. He skidded under the piano bench, and then reached safety behind the ottoman. He was working his way in a big circle around the room.

When he was very close to the radio, he crept up to it, his nose twitching, his ears cocked forward alertly.

Just then, in another room, Mamma turned on the vacuum cleaner. That made a loud roaring sound come out of the radio. Sport jumped in fright. "Ki-yi-yi!" he yelped. He skidded out of the room so fast he lost his footing and slid all the way across the polished hall floor. "Ki-yi-yi!" he yelped again. Out the screen door he went—bang!—and he didn't come back until his enemy, the radio, was turned off.

AUGUST 5

Round and Round



ONE DAY David found a jackknife. It was old and rusty, but it had many extra gadgets. David traded it to Bob, across the street, for a singing top.

Bob had fun with the knife for awhile. It had a fine corkscrew and buttonhook and screw driver, but Bob didn't happen to need a corkscrew or buttonhook or screw driver. So when Betty, next door, said, "Oh, what a cute buttonhook!" he was ready to trade the knife for her sack of candy.

Betty used the buttonhook to button up her doll's slippers, but it was rusty and left marks on the white kid. So when Susan, her neighbor, said, "My, that knife would come in handy for cutting my flowers!" Betty traded it very gladly for a square of sparkly material to make a doll cape.

Susan soon found the knife blade too dull to cut her flowers. But Mary Lou, across the street, traded her a little pair of flower-shears for it. "This will be nice for Peter," Mary Lou thought, carrying the knife home. Then she frowned doubtfully. "Oh, dear, little Mike's sure to get hold of it, and he might hurt himself!"

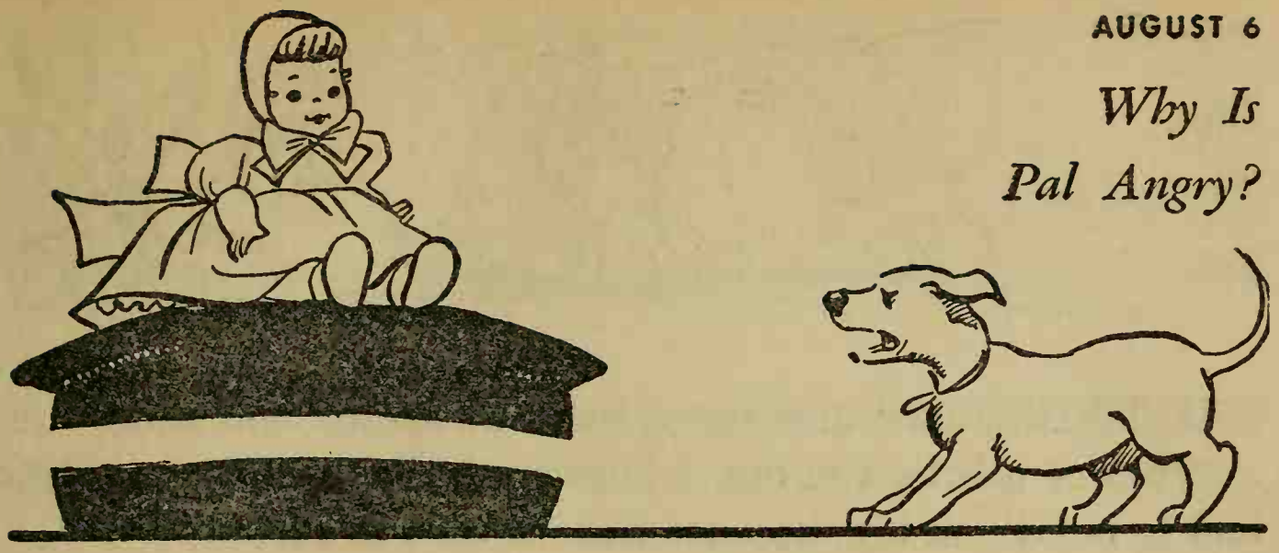
She passed David, sitting in his yard, struggling with a loose nut on his bike.

If I hadn't traded off that knife with its good screw driver, David was thinking, *I'd have a mighty handy tool.*

Just then Mary Lou came over and held out the very same knife. "David," she said, "I'll trade you this for that singing top you have there. The boys would get a lot of fun out of that."

"Okay!" laughed David. He wondered how many places the knife had traveled before it got back to him again!

Why Is Pal Angry?



PUPPY PAL was angry at Polly's big doll. Polly had left the doll sitting on the hassock in the living room, and now Pal was barking at it fiercely. "Woof, woof!" he yapped.

"Why is he so angry?" wondered Timmy's mamma. "I never saw him act like that before."

"Maybe he doesn't like red," said Timmy. "The doll's dress is very bright. I'm going to see."

Timmy got a piece of bright red cloth from Mamma's rag bag. "Look, Pal," he said. Pal stopped growling at the hassock long enough to sniff the cloth politely, but he didn't seem at all angry with it.

"It isn't the color he's barking at," decided Timmy. "Is it the perfume Polly spilled on the doll's dress? Mamma, may I put a drop of your perfume on this cloth?"

When the cloth was perfumed and held out for Pal to sniff, he didn't seem to mind a bit. He just went on snapping at the doll. "Woof, woof!" he yelped.

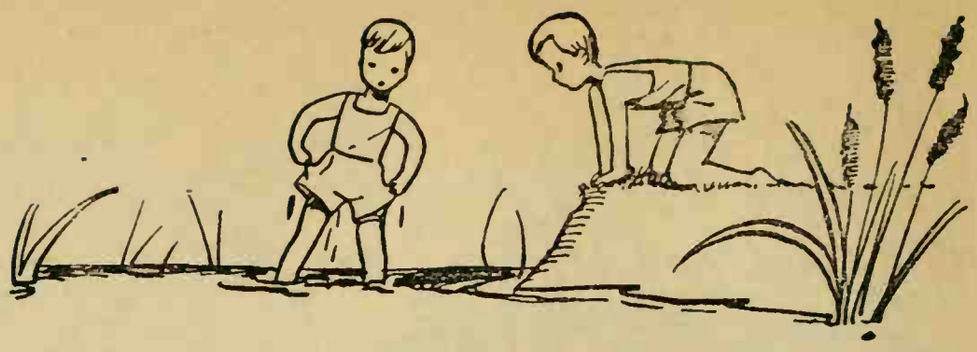
"Well, it isn't the color, and it isn't the smell," puzzled Timmy. "I wonder what it is."

He picked the doll up to study it more closely. As soon as the doll was off the hassock, Pal sprang onto it himself. He turned around three times, and lay down in a comfortable heap.

"Oh, was *that* what was wrong!" laughed Timmy. "Mamma, he was angry at the doll for lying down where *he* wanted to!"

AUGUST 7

The Tattle-Tale Suit



THE TWINS, Jack and Jerry, had new cotton sun suits.

"They're a little too big, I know," Mother admitted. "But I had to buy them big, because they're sure to shrink."

The twins ran happily off to play down at the creek. They floated sticks and leaves down the stream. They raced bits of paper in the water. "Mine's winning!" shouted Jack, leaning over to splash the water behind his paper. But—he leaned too far! *Splash!* Into the water he went!

"Oh, oh," sighed Jack, scrambling out and looking down at his dripping suit. "Mamma isn't going to like this. I remember the *last* time I fell in the creek!"

"Take off your suit and let it dry," suggested Jerry. "I'll iron it with my hands and get the wrinkles out. I don't think Mamma will even know you fell in."

Jack slipped off the suit and hung it on the bushes. It was even cooler playing in his underwear. He was sorry when Jerry decided it was time to dress again.

Jerry had done a fine job of "ironing" the suit. It was hardly a bit more wrinkled than Jerry's.

"I'm sure Mamma won't know," said Jack.

When Mother called them to dinner, the twins ran to the house without a bit of worry. Mother took one look, and said, "Oh, Jack, you fell in the creek *again!*"

Jack and Jerry stared at each other in bewilderment. "I guess you can't fool mothers," decided Jack.

He and Jerry walked soberly in to their meal, not even guessing that while Jerry's new suit still hung as loosely on him as before, *Jack's* suit had shrunk until it was a perfect fit!



A-Sailing We Will Go!

JANE was sailing paper boats down the creek. She pretended that the boats were loaded with gold and jewels and spices, homeward bound from far places.

The first boat went around a curve of sand. Oh, would it be grounded? Would all its treasure be spilled out and lost forever on the sand?

"Shift the sail, men!" shouted Jane. "Get out the oars!" With a twig she stirred the water. A big wave carried the paper boat over the sand. It was safe.

But oh! While she'd been watching the first boat, her second little craft had drifted into a tangle of weeds! Jane rushed along the creek to its rescue.

"Pull hard, men!" she shouted, splashing her twig. But the little waves would not dislodge the boat. They only rocked it dangerously. It tilted wildly from side to side.

"Help! Help!" shrieked Jane. "Oh, the poor sailors!"

She got a longer stick and batted at the weeds. A big one bent over. The boat sailed free, half filled with water.

"Bail her out, men!" ordered Jane. "Keep bailing."

But lower and lower sank the waterlogged paper boat. Waves lapped over its deck. Could it ever make harbor?

Jane ran alongside, splashing the water with her stick, sending big waves bouncing after the boat. Each wave lifted the paper craft and sent it a few inches farther.

"We made it!" cried Jane. Into the tiny pool rode the little boat, with only the tip of its sail above water.

"Whew!" sighed Jane, flinging herself on the grass to rest. "Sailing a boat is hard work!"

AUGUST 9

The Unlucky Sneeze



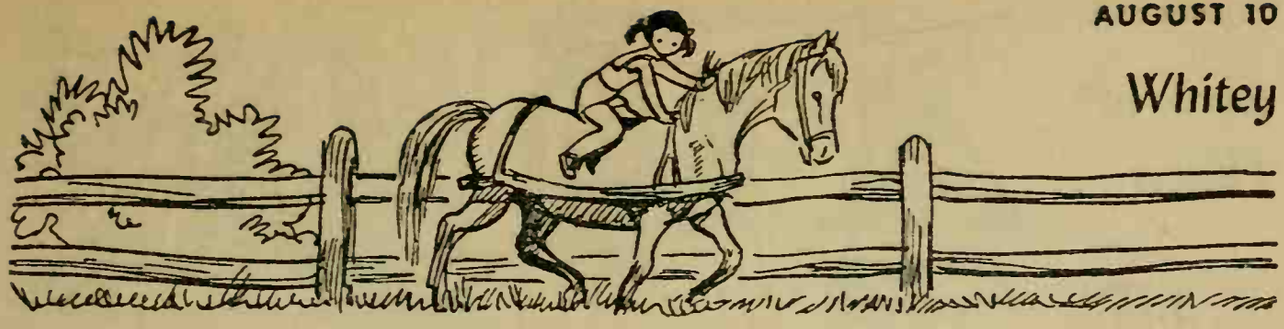
MARY LOU started off to town where she was meeting Mom to pick out school clothes. As she passed Mr. Gay's store, Mary Lou couldn't resist stopping to buy a caramel sucker. It was a very big and very delicious sucker, and it lasted—and lasted—and lasted.

When Mary Lou reached the store where she was to meet Mom, there was still half a sucker left. "Oh, bother!" said Mary Lou. She certainly couldn't throw away such a good sucker, but what *could* she do with it? Put it in her pocket? No, it would stick—but not if she dried it on her hanky first.

The clothes in the store were lovely. Mom let her choose a sweater and skirt and two cotton dresses. Mary Lou just couldn't make up her mind about the sweaters. She looked and looked at them. Suddenly—oh, my goodness!—she felt a sneeze coming on! She tried to sniff it back. She tried holding her breath. No use. Here it came—"KerschOOOOOOO!"

Just in time Mary Lou yanked out her hanky and muffled the sneeze. She blew her nose and felt much better, but Mom gasped and hustled Mary Lou to the washroom. Mary Lou looked in the mirror, and there across her mouth and nose were big brown sticky streaks!

"That sucker!" wailed Mary Lou. "Oh, dear, I'll *never* buy one again unless I *know* I have time to finish it!"



Whitey

OUT ON Grandpa's farm there was an old horse named Whitey whom even little Ellen was allowed to ride.

"He's safe as a rocking chair," said Grandpa.

"But he doesn't always rock where you want him to," laughed Paul. "Not if he's hungry."

Ellen was on Whitey one afternoon when she decided to go down to the field where Grandpa was working. Paul, who had boosted Ellen onto Whitey, had stepped into the kitchen for a drink. "Giddap," said Ellen confidently, slapping Whitey lightly with the reins.

Off went Whitey at his slow deliberate walk. *What fun!* Ellen thought delightedly. Paul always led Whitey around the yard when Ellen was on him.

"I can ride him just fine," declared Ellen. "Giddap, Whitey!"

However, when she got to the end of the yard she didn't know how to turn Whitey to the left. "Go *this* way, Whitey!" she commanded. Whitey calmly turned right. "*Whitey!*" Ellen cried. "Go *this* way!" Whitey *didn't* want to go that way.

Ellen no longer thought her ride was fun. What if Whitey went out on the road? What if she slipped off? Ellen clung hard to Whitey's mane. "*Paul!*" she wailed.

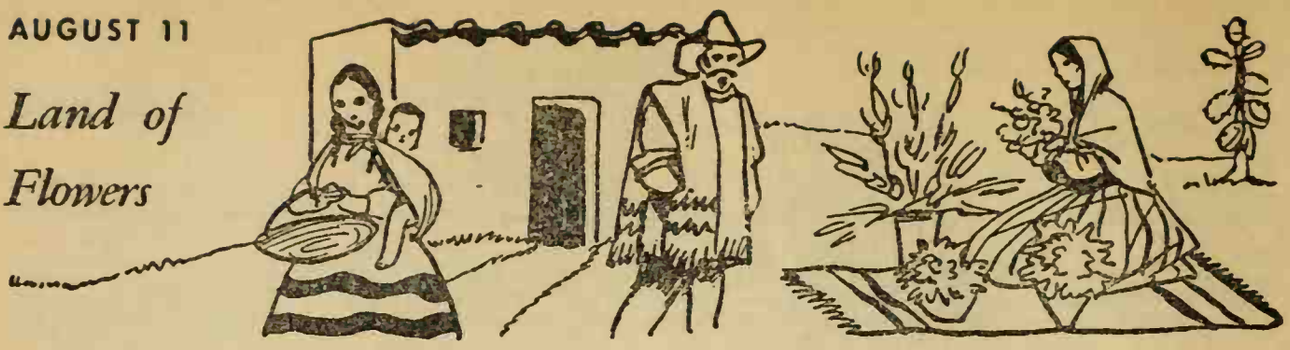
When Paul at last caught up with her, Whitey was nibbling leaves at the edge of the cornfield. "I *thought* he'd probably gone for a lunch," Paul said with a grin.

Ellen slid thankfully to the ground. "You ride him, Paul," she said. "I don't care if he *is* just like a rocking chair. Right now I want a *real* rocking chair that won't get hungry!"

Then she trotted off to the house to find some lunch herself.

AUGUST 11

Land of Flowers



"MRS. APRICOT, tell us about another place Tommy traveled," asked Mary Lou. "Did he ever go to Mexico?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Apricot. "Tommy thought Mexico was a beautiful country. When he built his own home, he planned it like a Mexican home, with a garden in the center.

"Many Mexican homes are very colorful, pink or blue or red or yellow, with flat roofs and no chimneys. In town, these homes are built around a little park called a plaza. At night the people gather there to hear the band play, and to visit with each other.

"The men wear a bright wool blanket flung over one shoulder. It's called a *serape*, and it comes in very handy, for at night they can sleep under it!

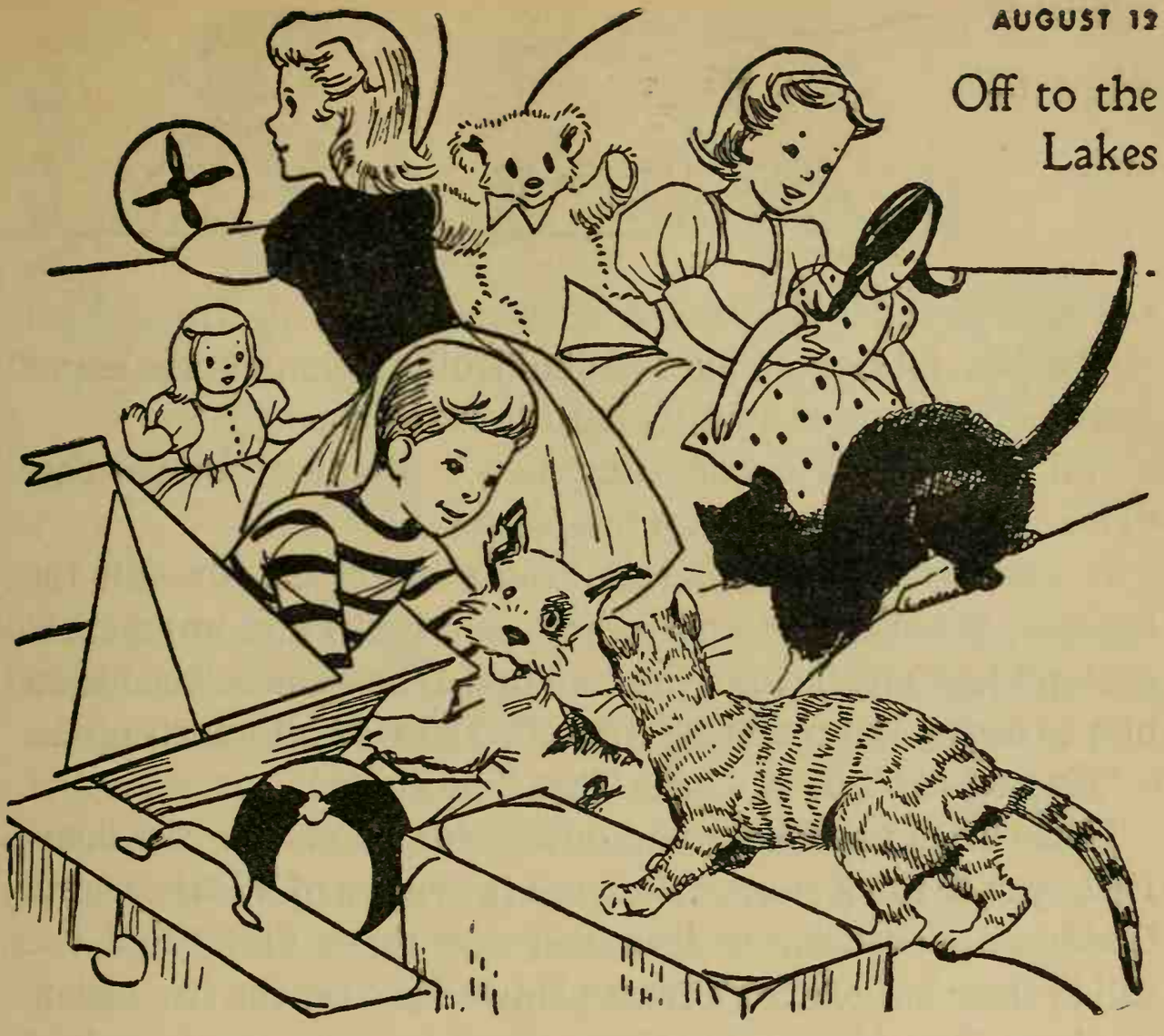
"The women wear something very handy, too. It is a shawl and its Mexican name is *rebozo*. When a woman has a small baby to carry, she tucks it in this *rebozo*.

"The thing you'd like about Mexico, Mary Lou, is the length of time they celebrate holidays. Christmas, for instance, lasts from December sixteenth to December twenty-fourth, with bells ringing, and fireworks every day. Some time during the fiesta there is a beautiful flower parade, and the climax of it is a battle of flowers!

"The children aren't so concerned about getting to school regularly as you children are. If you ask a child of school age, in Mexico, why he isn't in school, he will say '*Mañana*,' meaning that tomorrow he'll go."

Mary Lou chuckled. "I can just see my teacher's face if I tried that on her! 'Tomorrow *indeed!*' she'd say. 'Young lady, you need education *today!*' "

Off to the Lakes



"GOODNESS!" sighed Mrs. Nolen. "Has the car shrunk? I don't see enough room for everybody."

"The car hasn't shrunk," chuckled Mr. Nolen, "but our family has certainly been growing! Bob's gained nine pounds since this time last year, Sally's grown two inches, Ann's a butterball. Even the cats are bigger. And Sport's a brand-new addition!"

Happily, the children and dog and cats clambered over each other into the back seat. What fun it was to be going to the lakes for two whole weeks!

"I'll bet Sport will love the water," said Bob.

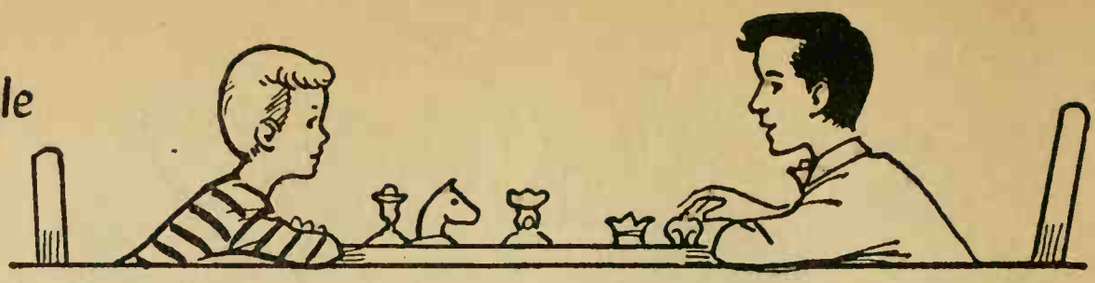
"I wonder if Tom and Tiger will find those nice Maltese cats in the next-door cottage this year," wondered Sally.

"Going to build a sand castle high as the moon!" shouted Ann.

"Hurrah!" they all cheered. "We're off to the lakes!"

AUGUST 13

The Battle



ON HIS birthday Ted got a chess set from his Uncle Theo. "It's pretty, all right," said Ted doubtfully, looking at the carved pieces, "but chess is awfully hard to learn, isn't it?"

"I'll give you a lesson right now," promised Uncle Theo. "This is the way you set up the pieces."

It was just too bewildering, Ted thought crossly—all that business about pawns and bishops and rooks and knights! He couldn't learn it; he knew he couldn't. When Uncle Theo asked him to set up the pieces by himself, Ted was all mixed up.

"Guess I can't do it, Uncle Theo," he sighed.

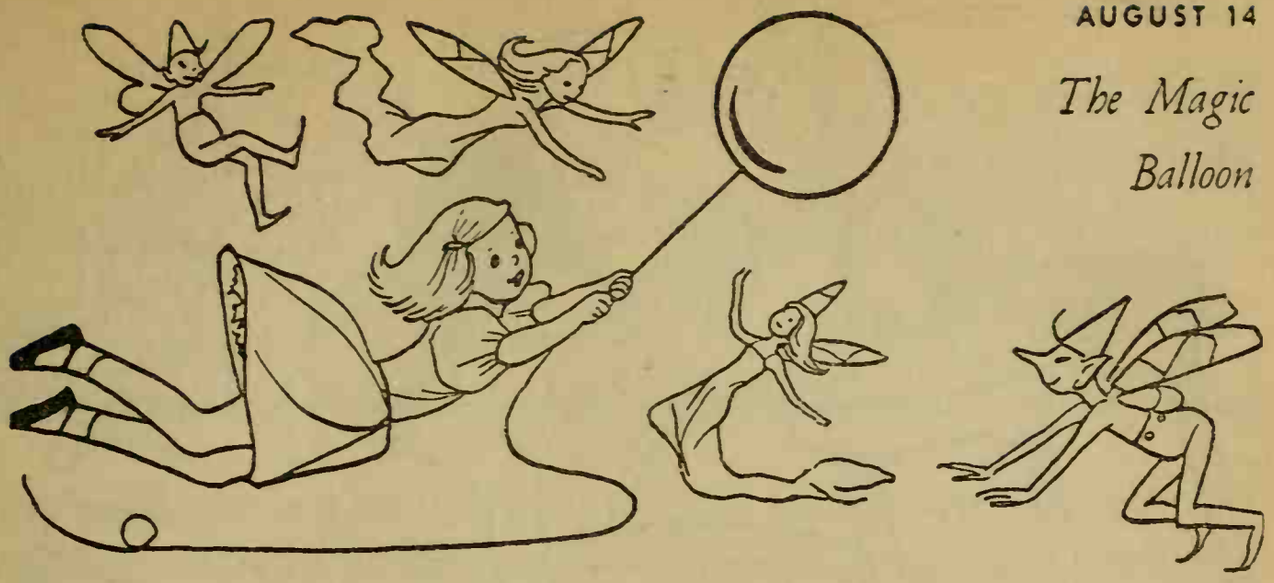
Uncle Theo set a king and queen side by side on the board. He began to tell a story. "Here are the rulers of a little country that has declared war on its enemy over there. First of all, they call in their bishops for advice." Uncle Theo set the two bishops in place. "The bishops tell them, 'Send for your trusty knights at once!' " Uncle Theo set the knights in place. "The king says to the knights, 'Ride to the far outposts of our kingdom and post guards at the castles there.' " Uncle Theo set the two rooks at the far ends of the line.

Suddenly Ted was swept into the spirit of the battle. He cried, "Then the knights called out the army of pawns, of course! They lined up in battle formation straight across the board. Now the other king gets *his* forces ready."

He looked in surprise at the completed board. "Why, they're all set up!" he said. "I knew how all the time!"

"Of course," said Uncle Theo. "Learning something is like a battle in itself, Ted. No matter how big your 'army' of brains, it can't win the battle if you keep telling it that it's licked before it starts fighting."

The Magic Balloon



RUTH heard the balloon man calling, "Balloons! Balloons!"

"Wouldn't it be wonderful," said Ruth, "if his balloons were magic, and he were calling out something like this?—

"Who'll buy a balloon, a magic balloon?
They're only a nickel today!
This red one will fly as high as a bird,
And take you along, so they say!

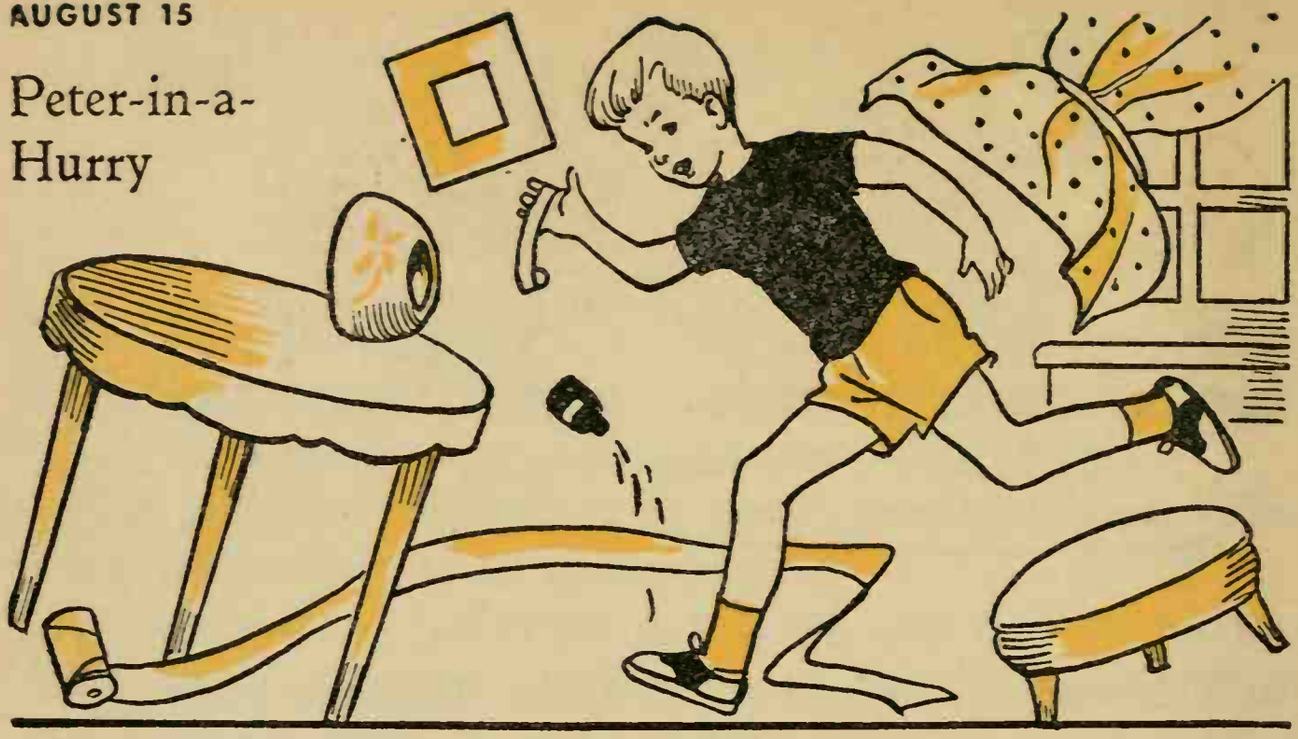
"Just hold tight and chant the magical words,
'Ho-abracadabra-hi-ho!'
And up in the air you'll swish like a kite,
And off to strange places you'll go.

"You'll see fairies and elves and ice-cream-cone trees,
And rivers of pink lemonade.
And when you are ready to come home again,
Just say, 'Abracadabra-hey-hey!'

"Oh, who'll buy a balloon, a magic balloon?
They're only a nickel today!
They'll take you to fairyland quick as a wink,
And show you strange sights far away."

AUGUST 15

Peter-in-a-Hurry



PETER cut his finger on his wagon. It wasn't a bad cut but Peter knew it must be taken care of. "Don't go away," he told Toby, who was playing with him. "I'll be back in a jiffy."

He raced into the house, yelling, "Mom! Where's the gauze? Where's the iodine? Where's the tape? Where are the scissors?"

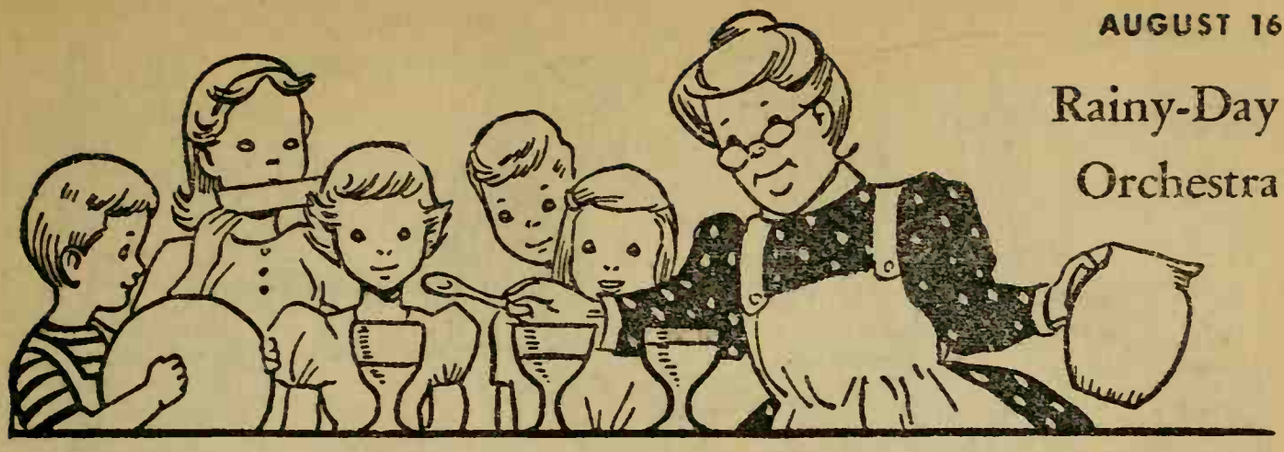
"Just a minute," called Mom from upstairs. But Peter couldn't wait. He rushed around finding things for himself.

Here was the iodine. Peter whisked the stopper out so quickly that the bottle tipped. Oops! Peter rushed for a cloth to wipe it up. He knocked the gauze off the table and it rolled clear across the room, unwinding all the way.

"Aw, beans!" cried Peter. He ripped a length of tape loose from its roll before finding that he had no scissors to cut it. While he searched for scissors, he carried the tape with him, dangling and swinging it from the loose end.

"Here they are!" he said, finding the scissors, but by then the tape was all twisted and stuck to itself.

"Well, jeepers!" sighed Peter. He sat down at last and took his time rolling up the gauze, unsticking the tape, and finishing his bandage. "*Next* time," he promised himself, "I won't be in such a hurry, and maybe I can do it faster!"



Rainy-Day Orchestra

IT WAS raining as though it would never stop. The children of What-a-Jolly Street put on raincoats and made their way up to Mrs. Apricot's. "*What* can we do?" they begged.

"Let's have an orchestra," proposed Mrs. Apricot.

"But we haven't anything to play on, not even a piano!"

"Oh, yes, we have!" smiled Mrs. Apricot. "We have pans and combs and a washboard. Somebody may toot into my water jug, and Ruth, you're a careful child, you may play on my goblets!"

Ruth stared at the row of goblets Mrs. Apricot was setting out. "What do I do—blow in them like the jug?"

"Oh, goodness, no!" laughed Mrs. Apricot. "You tap them with the side of a spoon, like this. Listen!"

Gently she struck the glass and the children heard it sound a high sweet silvery note. Mrs. Apricot filled a pitcher with water and poured a little into one goblet. When she struck that one, it sounded a higher note. She poured more water into the next goblet for a still higher note. When the glasses gave just the notes Mrs. Apricot wanted, she showed Ruth how to play a tune on them.

"Oh, what fun!" Ruth cried when she'd learned the notes.

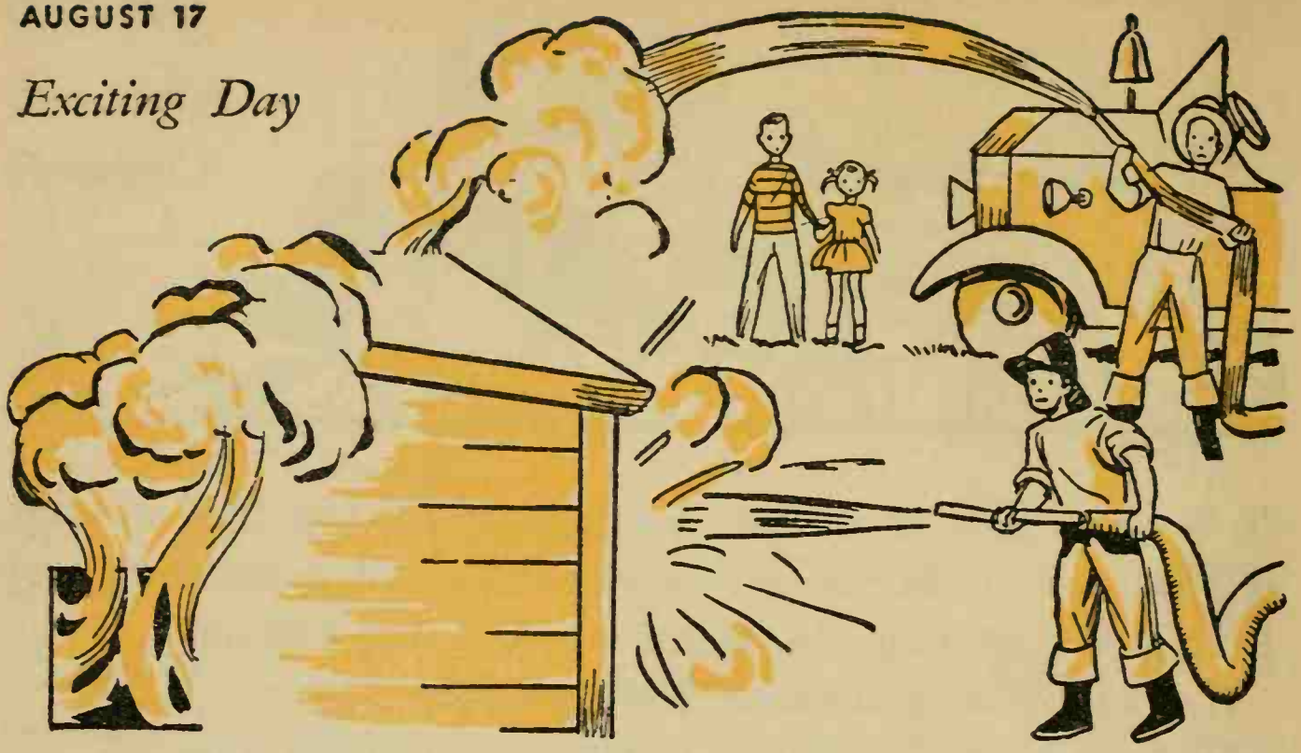
"Strike up the band!" said Mrs. Apricot. "Let's all play!"

The glasses tinkled, the drums beat, the combs hummed, the washboard thrummed, the jug went *boom-boom.*

"Why, it's stopped raining!" the children cried when they had played themselves tired. "This was fun, Mrs. Apricot! Let's do it again the next rainy day."

AUGUST 17

Exciting Day



"ELLEN! Look, look!" Paul cried as they came racing down the road to Grandpa's farm. Smoke rose high behind the house; red flames played hide-and-seek in the smoke. Crackle, crackle went the flames! Sniff, wrinkle, sniff went Ellen's nose.

"The garage is on fire!" yelled Paul. "It's lucky Grandpa's car is out in the yard."

EeeeOUOUOUOUOUeeeeeee wailed the special country fire truck as it raced into the farmyard.

Squuuueeeeee went the fire truck's brakes as it stopped in the driveway.

Rumble, rumble went the hoses as the firemen unrolled them.

SSSSSSSSSSS swished the water rushing out of the hose.

Sputter, sizzle, crackle snapped the flames.

"They're fighting!" said Ellen excitedly. "Listen! The water and the fire are fighting!"

SSSSSSSSS went the water!

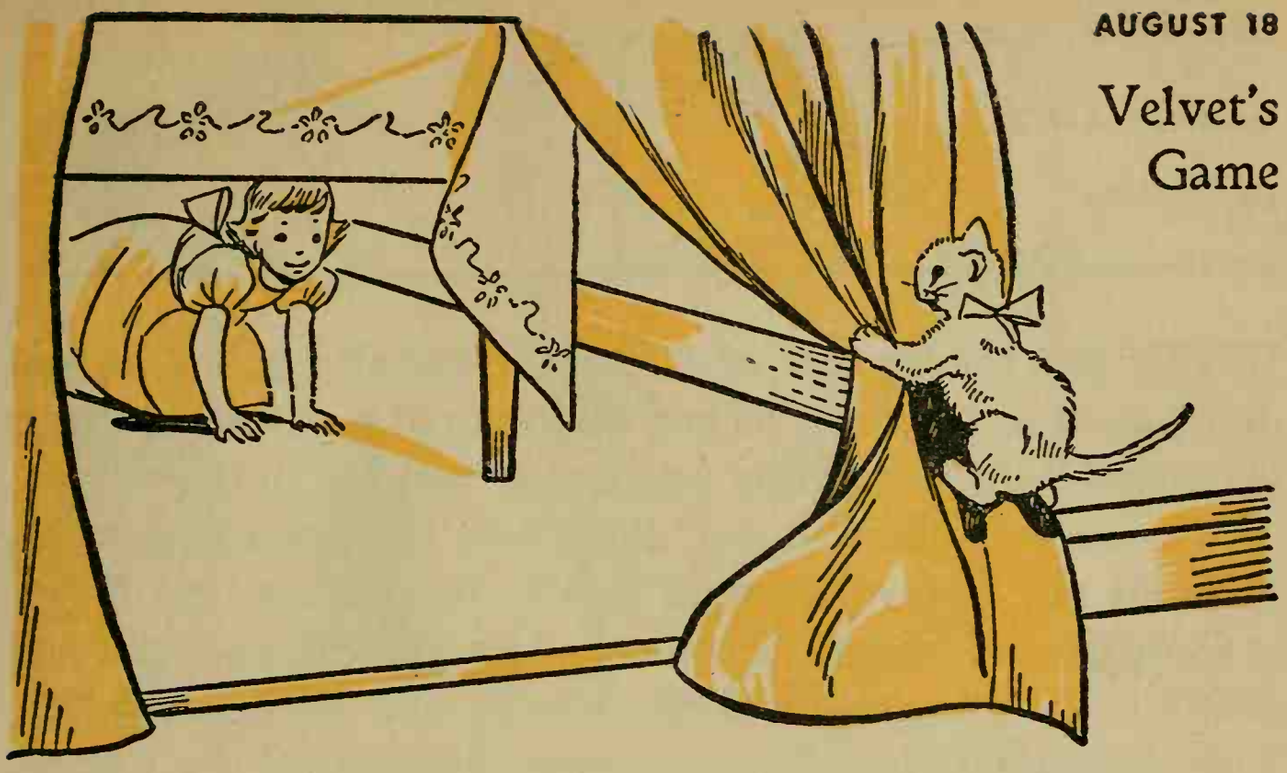
Sizzle, sputter answered the flames!

SSSSSSS! Sizzle, sizzzzzz. *SSSSSSSSS!* Sizzzzzz.

"It's out," said Paul thankfully. "The fire's licked, Ellen. I'm glad we have strong brave firemen."

"And strong brave water," added Ellen.

Velvet's Game



JANE taught her kitten, Velvet, to play hide-and-go-seek. Jane would hide behind the draperies in the living room while Velvet stayed in the kitchen.

Then Jane would call, "Here, kitty, kitty!" and Velvet, her tail high with excitement, would slip through the dining room, step softly almost to the draperies, and then *spring!* Velvet, draperies, and all would swing into Jane's arms!

"I'll fool her today," Jane decided once. "I won't hide in the same place." So she hid beneath the dining room table, and called Velvet.

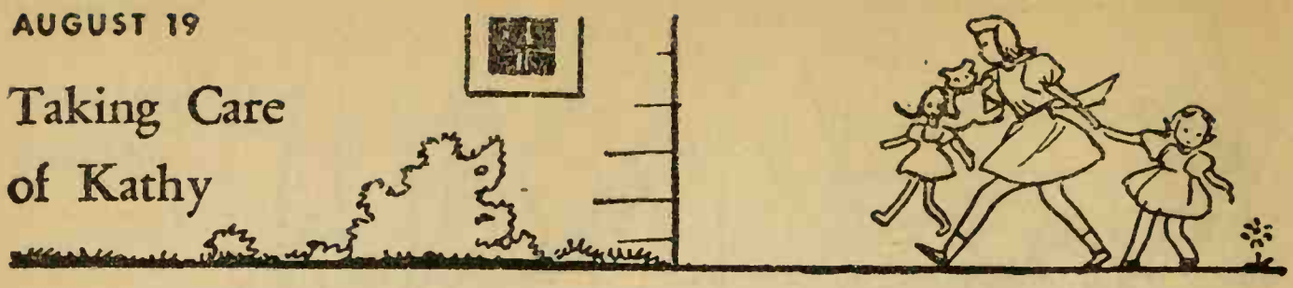
It was so funny to watch Velvet come prancing across the dining room, her glowing eyes fixed on the draperies! Jane hugged back her giggles as she watched. Closer, closer, Velvet came to the draperies, and then she sprang!

But there was no Jane behind them this time. Velvet dropped to the floor in bewilderment, and ran behind the draperies to make sure.

"Oh, poor Velvet!" Jane cried, coming out to pet her kitten. "It wasn't nice to fool you, was it? Let's start the game over again, Velvet. This time I'll play it right!"

AUGUST 19

Taking Care of Kathy



BETTY was taking care of Kathy for the afternoon, but she didn't want to take care of her. She wanted to jump rope with Doris and Ruth, and Kathy was forever getting in the way.

"You come along with me," Betty told Kathy impatiently at last. She put Kathy's favorite toys in the garage, put Kathy in there with them, and firmly locked the door. It was light and sunny in the garage, and a cool breeze blew in the open windows. It wouldn't hurt Kathy to stay there out of the way.

Doris and Ruth didn't go home till suppertime. Betty ran in to wash up for her own supper.

"Mmm, spaghetti and meatballs!" She sniffed happily. "My favorite meal!"

When Betty was sitting before her heaping plate, Mother said, "Where's Kathy?" and all Betty's appetite fled. Kathy, still in the garage, where it wouldn't be light and sunny now! "I—I'll get her, Mother," Betty said faintly, and ran outside.

She flung open the garage door and called "Kathy!" but nobody answered. Nobody was inside. Betty was more and more frightened. She looked all through the garage; she searched the yard. Oh, my, she'd have to go in and tell her mother what she'd done! Slowly, slowly, Betty went into the house.

There at the table sat Kathy, eating hungrily!

"Hello," said Kathy. "The garage wasn't much fun. I yelled and yelled and Timmy let me out. We've been playing at his house. Mmm, this is a good supper!"

Betty looked down at her own plate. Her supper was stone-cold, but she didn't care. She was so happy that Kathy was all right that even cold spaghetti would taste wonderful. Never, never again would she take care of Kathy like that!



AUGUST 20

Home Again



THE SMITHS' vacation on Grandpa's farm was over at last. It had been a fun-filled happy time, but Paul and Ellen were chattering with excitement at the prospect of getting home.

Butch, their big collie, was even more excited than they.

When the car drove up in front of home, Butch spilled out, and tore around the house in a wild circle, barking for dear life.

"Hi, Rusty!" he woofed at his pony friend next door. "How was What-a-Jolly Street while I was gone? Did you manage to take care of everything without me?"

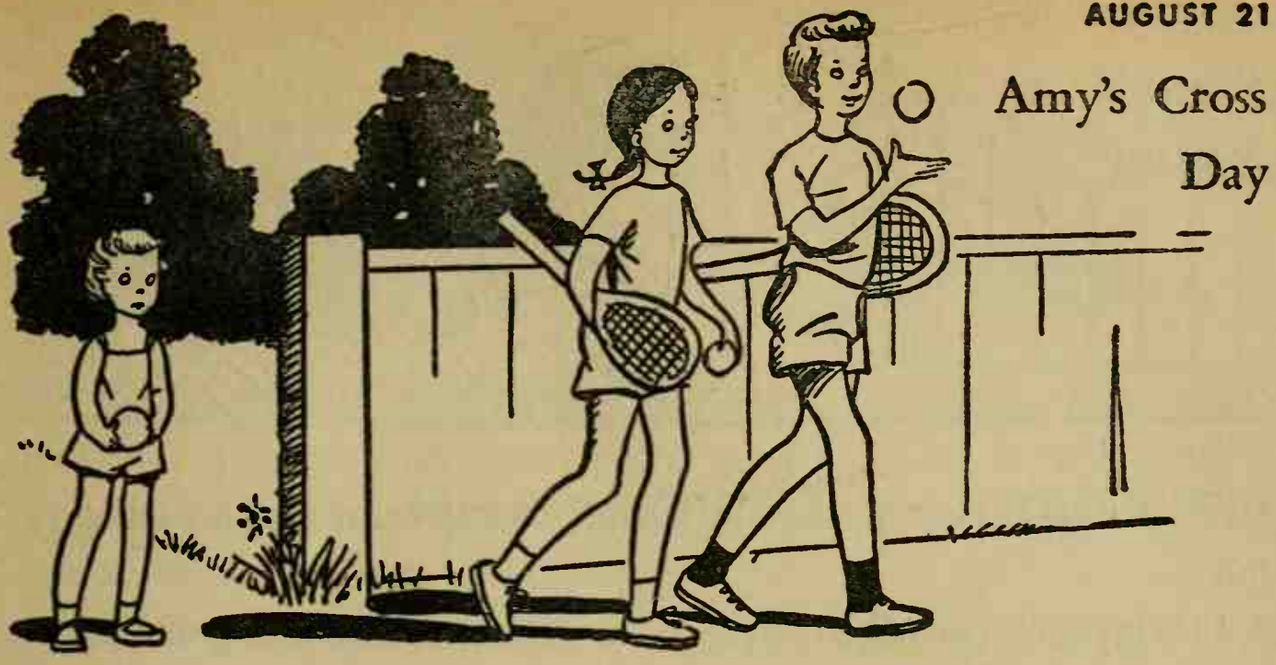
Rusty yawned. "Oh, have you been gone, Butch?" he asked.

"What's the big idea? You know very well I have!" roared Butch. He raced across to the next yard. "Hi, Hustle-Bustle," he barked at the parrot. "I'm home again!"

Hustle-Bustle opened one orange eye. "Then go away again," he ordered crossly. "You make too much noise."

"Well, how do you like that?" barked Butch. "A *fine* welcome!" He turned disgustedly homeward. And there in his own yard—well, for goodness' sake! There were Whatta Dog and Pal, Velvet, Beppo—even that prankster Rusty, waiting to greet him with a hearty, "Welcome home, Butch!"

"Oh, so you were playing a joke on me!" woofed Butch, trying to appear very cross. He felt so good about being back with his friends that he couldn't manage much of a scowl. "Well, you'd better be nice to me now to make up for it!" he barked.



Amy's Cross Day

LITTLE Amy Johnson was feeling cross. Doris and Ted had set off to play tennis, and Amy thought they should have let her play, too.

"I can play just as well as they can!" she pouted. "I've got a ball, haven't I?"

Off she flounced after Doris and Ted. When she got to the court, she ran right out on it in front of Doris. "Look at me!" she called. "I'm playing tennis, too!"

"Look out, Amy!" cried Doris.

Swish! Ted's tennis ball whizzed past Amy's ear!

Amy didn't notice. "Watch me! Watch me!" she shouted. She followed her bouncing ball across the court.

Thinking she was safely out of the way, Ted served again. Just as the ball crossed the net, Amy ran back onto the court. "Look at *me* play!" she shouted.

Wham! Ted's ball smacked her right on the arm!

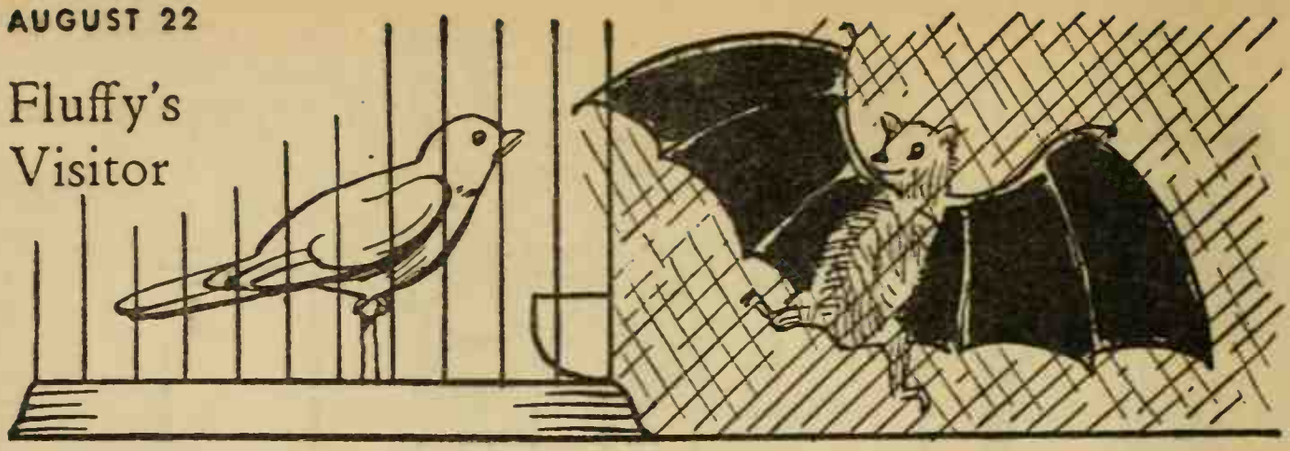
"Ouch!" cried Amy. "Ow, ow!"

"Oh, Amy, I'm sorry!" Ted said, running over to her. "Maybe you'd better not play tennis on the same court where we're playing, Amy."

"Maybe I'd better not play tennis at all," Amy said soberly. "Maybe I'd just better watch you till I really know how."

AUGUST 22

Fluffy's Visitor



ONE NIGHT Mrs. Carter left Fluffy's cage out on the screened porch.

It was a warm night. The little canary liked being outdoors. He dozed, and woke to see two eyes peering at him through the screen. "Hello," said Fluffy. "Who are you?"

"I'm Billy Bat," said a little creature, hooking its claws through the screen and folding its big gauzy wings. "But who are you, and where have you been all these nights?"

"I'm Fluffy, and I sleep at night," explained the canary.

"You sleep at night? How funny!" cried Billy.

"What's funny about it?" asked Fluffy. "I've got a right to sleep after singing and hopping about all day!"

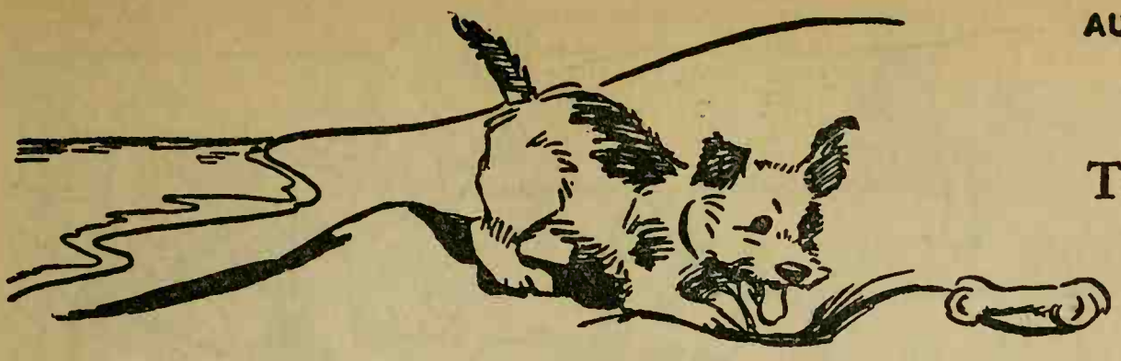
"You mean you're awake in the *daytime!*" marveled Billy Bat. "My, my! How can you bear to open your eyes in all that horrible sunlight? I sleep till it's gone."

Fluffy looked at his visitor in surprise. Billy Bat wasn't much bigger than Fluffy himself, except for his tremendous wings that stretched from shoulders to finger tips and from finger tips to toes. "I like the sun," said Fluffy. "I miss it very much when it shines so seldom in winter."

"Oh, does it shine in winter, too?" asked Billy. "I don't know, because I sleep days *and* nights during the winter."

Fluffy shook his head. "I'm certainly glad I'm a canary," he thought. "Imagine never seeing sun or snow!"

And Billy Bat was thinking as he flew away, "That poor bird! I'm certainly glad I'm a bat and get proper rest!"



Buried Treasure

THE NOLENS were having great fun at the lake, but nobody enjoyed it more than Sport, their new dog. He loved to dig in the sand, and was always burying things—bones, dead fish, toys —and digging them up again.

One day when Sally and Ann were building a sand castle, Sport trotted to a spot near by with a bone in his mouth, and began digging furiously. When the hole was deep enough, he dropped in his bone, scratched sand over it, and hurried away.

"Sport looked as pleased as a pirate burying gold," Sally chuckled.

Later on, a lady came past. She asked Sally anxiously, "Little girl, have you seen a billfold lying on the beach? I'm sure this is where I lost mine yesterday."

"No, ma'am," said Sally politely. She and Ann were building their biggest castle this morning. "Let's make a tunnel under it, and see if it falls in," Sally suggested.

Both girls started digging a little distance from the castle. "Oooh, there's something of Sport's down here," said Ann. "I hope it's not a dead fish!"

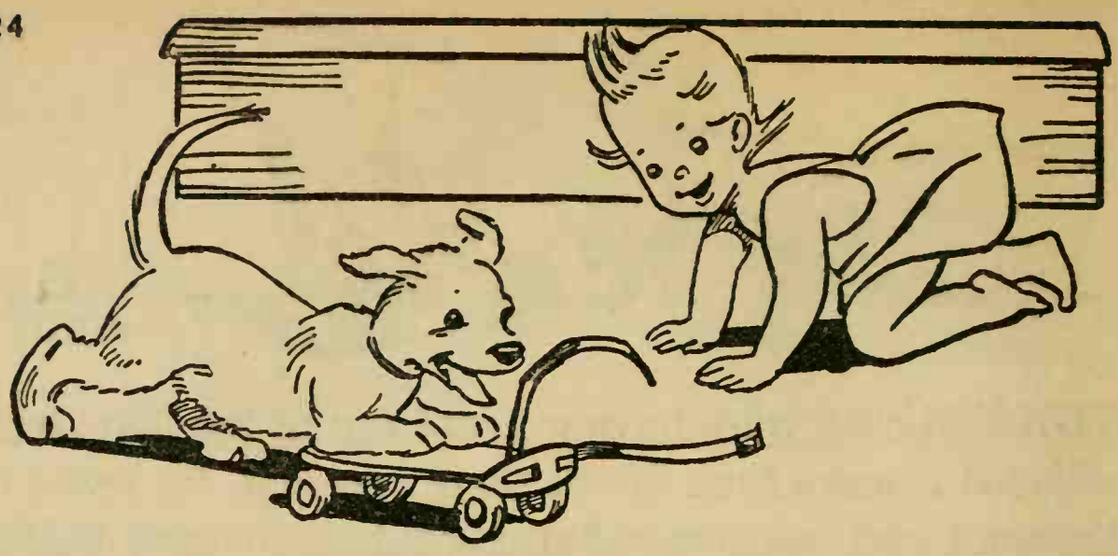
They scooped sand away carefully. Then, in surprise, they lifted something from the hole. "A billfold!" they cried. "Lady! Lady! We found your billfold!"

The lady came hurrying back, smiling her relief. "Oh, thank you so much, little girls! Wait—here's a dollar for each of you for finding it!"

"Oh, boy!" shouted Sally and Ann, running to the cottage to tell their family. "Sport really did bury gold, just like a pirate. And we dug it up!"

AUGUST 24

Pal's Skating Lesson



POLLY CARTER and her puppy Pal found Timmy's roller skates lying on the front porch.

"Oh, fun, fun!" laughed Polly. She put her fat little hand on one skate and sent it skidding across the porch.

Pal leaped after it. He pounced on it with a bounce that sent the skate crashing against the wall. Pal followed it, barking lustily.

He caught the leather strap of the skate between his teeth and tugged. The skate rolled right at him! Pal leaped out of its way. He thought the skate was chasing him.

"Woof! Woof!" he barked at it. He gave the strap another tug, and here came the skate chasing him again! *"Woof! Woof!"* he yelped.

He rushed at the skate and landed on it with his two front paws. *Whoosh* went the skate, leaving Pal flat on his tummy!

"Yipe! Yipe!" barked Pal. He made another furious dash at the skate. Over the edge of the steps it went, almost carrying Pal with it!

"Woof!" said Pal in surprise. He put his nose between his paws and watched the skate go bounce, clank, clatter, bounce down each step to the sidewalk. Then he scampered back to Polly. On the way he knocked against the other skate and sent it rolling, but he didn't chase after it. No, sir! Pal had had his skating lesson for *that* afternoon!



Beppo's Cake

MAMMA was baking a cake. "Oh, Mamma," begged Kathy. "May I bake one, too?"

Mamma said, "Well, I've a few things left over here; you may mix them together and see how it turns out."

Kathy poured and mixed and stirred. Her pet monkey, Beppo, hopped up on the cabinet to watch her.

"I'm making a cake, Beppo," Kathy told him importantly. "Now *don't touch anything!* . . . Mamma, I'm finished."

"All right, we'll pop it into the oven," said Mamma.

The mailman whistled just then, and both Mamma and Kathy hurried to see if there was a letter from Grandma. There *was* —a nice long one. Mamma read it aloud to Kathy.

"Oh, Mamma!" Kathy remembered when they had read the letter. "My cake! You don't suppose Beppo got into it, do you?"

Beppo jumped guiltily from the cabinet as they came back to the kitchen. Cans of spices and baking powder and salt had been upset, and it was plain that Beppo had taken a turn at stirring the cake batter.

"Oh, what did he do to it?" worried Kathy.

"We'll find that out when it's baked," promised Mamma.

Half an hour later, Kathy heard Mamma calling, "Come see your cake, Kathy!"

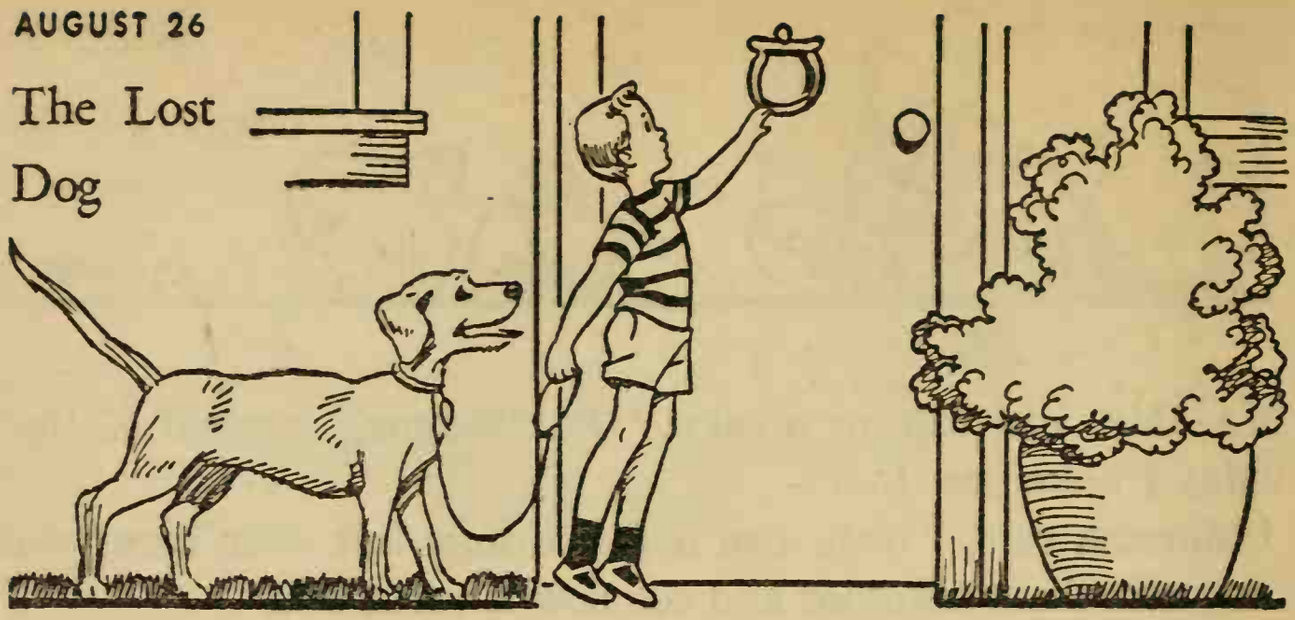
Kathy ran to look, and—why, was that a cake? "It's just like a balloon, Mamma! What did Beppo put in it?"

"Quite a bit of baking powder, I'd guess," laughed Mamma. "He's made your cake puff up like a popover!"

"I don't care," declared Kathy. "It smells good. I guess I'll give some to Beppo since he helped bake it."

AUGUST 26

The Lost Dog



"OH, BOY, what a swell dog!" Toby cried one afternoon when he saw a beautiful brown dog playing in his yard. "He hasn't any collar, either! He's a stray! I'm going to keep him!"

Toby dashed around happily, making the dog feel at home—getting him a pan of cool water and a bit of meat. "I'll find a box and make him a bed," he planned.

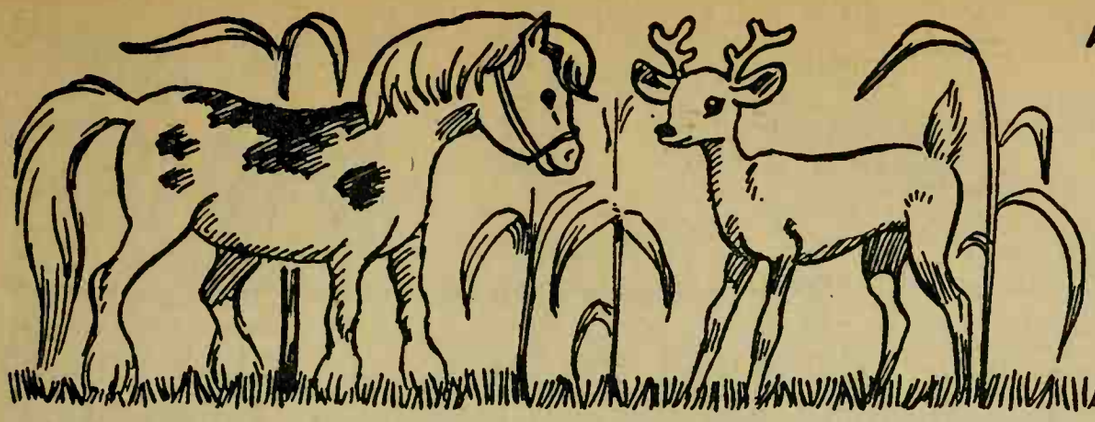
While he was searching the yard for a box, he saw a flash of something bright in the grass. Somehow Toby didn't want to look closely at it, but he felt more and more uneasy, and it was no longer fun playing with his new friend.

At last he went over to the bright thing and picked it up—yes, it was a collar just as he had feared, and engraved on it was a dog's name, "Royal," and an address in town.

"Here, Royal, here, Royal!" called Toby sadly, and sure enough, the dog bounded immediately toward him. Toby put the collar on the dog, and led him down the blocks to the address on the collar.

"Oh, you found Royal! I've been so worried about him!" cried the woman who answered the door. "Thank you for bringing him back." Then she gave Toby a crisp new dollar bill.

Toby felt a little better as he walked back home, not only because of the dollar, but because he'd done the right thing in returning the dog. *Someday* he'd have a dog who was *really* his!



AUGUST 27

Rusty's New Friend

AT ONE end of the vacant lots behind What-a-Jolly Street a farmer was raising a field of corn. Rusty, the Barrett pony, liked to nibble his halter loose from its stake now and then and amble down that way for a tasty bite.

One day he saw another visitor ahead of him. Was it a pony, too, Rusty wondered eagerly? What a delicate, long-legged pony, so soft a brown it was almost invisible!

The creature pricked up its ears at Rusty's approach and rolled its big brown eyes to see whether Rusty was friend or foe. "Hello," it said warily. "Did you come for breakfast, too? It's very good."

"You look as though you need a good breakfast," said Rusty, who was a very plump pony. "You're thin as a cornstalk."

"I have to be thin," said the pretty animal, "so that I can run swiftly."

Oh, a race horse, thought Rusty. He'd heard of them.

"You must have been running through the trees on the hill," he said. "Some of the branches caught on your head."

The creature tossed its head and laughed. "I carry my own branches," it said. Then it turned alertly at a sound of footsteps and was off, bounding in graceful leaps toward the hill. David came up and caught Rusty's trailing halter.

"You rascal," he scolded him. "I suppose next thing you'd be wanting to run away with that deer!"

A deer, thought Rusty in amazement! His new friend was a deer! My, he'd get up twice as early tomorrow to see if they could meet again!

AUGUST 28

A Friendly Act



HUSTLE-BUSTLE, the parrot, was dozing peacefully on top of his cage, when suddenly there was a loud noise! Whatta Dog, coming downstairs, had knocked a toy car off the top step. Clank, bangity, bang, clank—it crashed to the bottom!

Hustle-Bustle was so startled that without thinking he spread his wings and flapped to the floor.

"Squawk!" he said in alarm. "*Now* what do I do?" For Hustle-Bustle was not much of a flyer; he could fly from his cage to the floor, but never back up again! "Dear me!" worried Hustle-Bustle. "I don't like this. I might be stepped on! And I can't reach my seeds or water!"

Whatta Dog trotted into the kitchen. "Squawk!" shrieked Hustle-Bustle, from almost under his feet.

Whatta Dog jumped. "Say!" he barked. "You shouldn't be down there. You might be stepped on!"

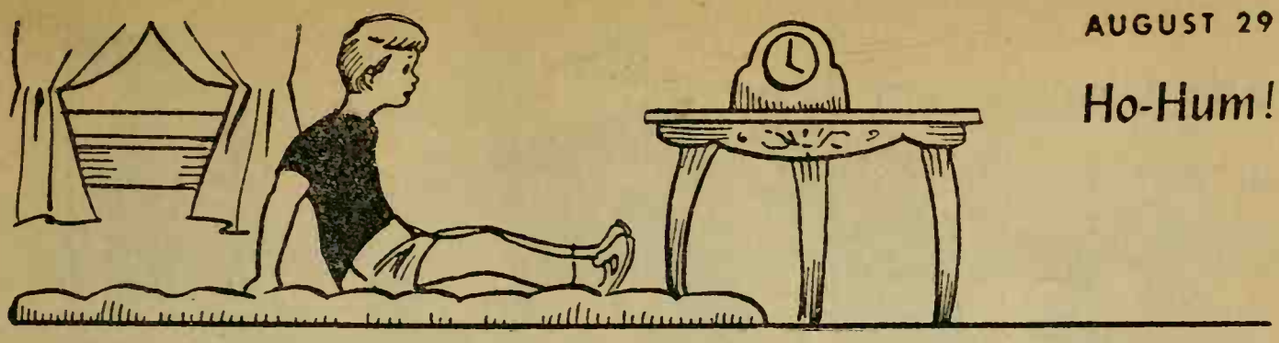
"Don't you think I know it?" fumed Hustle-Bustle.

"Well, then, why don't you go back to your cage?"

Hustle-Bustle gave a little hop of rage. "Because I *can't!*"

"Oh," said Whatta Dog. Hustle-Bustle had never been very nice to Whatta Dog, but Whatta Dog was too friendly to hold it against him. "Say," he suggested, "if you climb on my back while I'm lying down, you'll be as high as your cage when I stand up."

"Hmmph!" grumbled Hustle-Bustle. But he had to admit it was a good idea. Still in bad temper, he flopped onto Whatta Dog's back and from there to his cage. "Thanks," he muttered. Then in a friendlier voice he added, "Do you like cheese crackers, Whatta Dog?" And he tossed his biggest cheese cracker down to his new friend.



AUGUST 29

Ho-Hum!

"OH, BOY!" shouted Timmy, looking at the calendar. "Almost time for school to start!"

"Another week." Mamma smiled. "Shall we go downtown today and buy your crayons and sleeping mat?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Timmy. He chuckled at the notion of the sleeping mat. Kindergarten children had little mats on which they took their mid-morning or mid-afternoon rests. *Isn't that silly?* thought Timmy. *I never take naps any more.*

He and Mamma picked out a pretty blue mat, and when they got home, Timmy spread it on the living-room floor and lay down on it to see if it was long enough.

Timmy kept on lying on the mat while he thought about school and what it would be like. He would be in the morning class, so Mamma would call him to get up at eight o'clock each morning . . . "Get up, Timmy! Eight o'clock!"

"I'm getting up," Timmy mumbled sleepily. Oh, my, how nice it would be to have just one more wink of sleep!

"*Timmy!* It's quarter past eight!"

"In a minute, Mamma. I'm getting up." But Timmy's voice trailed off in a yawn.

"TIMMY! It's *quarter to nine! You'll be late!*"

"QUARTER TO NINE! Oh, my!" Timmy leaped up—and there he was on his mat in the living room, and it wasn't quarter to nine at all, but four o'clock in the afternoon!

"Shucks, I fell asleep!" Timmy realized in surprise. "I thought I didn't take naps any more." He grinned a little, thinking, "I guess it'd be better to take naps when I'm going to school than to sleep too late in the morning!"

AUGUST 30

The Game of Artist



"HOW ABOUT some cookies and lemonade?" said Mrs. Apricot. "And a game of Artist?"

"Oh, yes!" cheered the children. "How do you play it?"

"Well, you each take a paper and pencil, and when your turn comes to roll this little cube, you draw whatever part of a man the cube shows—*but* you have to have the right thing to attach it to what is already drawn, remember! You can't draw a foot without a leg, for instance. And you can't start your picture at all until your cube says *body*."

Ted rolled *body* right to begin with. That gave him another turn; he rolled *head* and *arm* and *arm* again in quick succession. But then he rolled *arm* still again, and the turn went to David.

Round and round the table went the little cube. Ted stayed ahead, but David was coming closer, closer. Now Ted needed only a *hand* to complete his picture, but do you think he could roll it? No, sir! David was almost up with him. David needed only a *leg* and *foot*—only a *foot*—and then Ted got *hand* and finished his drawing!

"The winner!" declared Mrs. Apricot. "He gets an extra glass of lemonade!"

"Oh, boy, I need it!" sighed Ted. "This artist business is hot work!"



The Game of Places

"I KNOW a game," said Ted.

"It's too hot to play," sighed Paul and David and Bob, stretching more comfortably in the cool shade.

"This is a sitting-down game," Ted told them. "All it exercises is your geography. I name a place, any old place. Say Baltimore. Then Paul, you have to name a place beginning with the last letter of my word."

"That's E," reflected Paul. "Okay, England."

"Hmmm, that makes mine D," muttered David. "D, D, D . . ."

"You only get thirty seconds to answer," warned Ted.

"Davenport," said David hastily.

"I thought that was a place to lie down," objected Bob.

David gave him a friendly push. "It's a city in Iowa, and you know it! Go on. Your letter's T."

"Texas!" shouted Bob.

"San Francisco!" Ted followed up promptly.

"Oregon!" cried Paul.

Round and round went the game, with nobody missing. The boys were sitting up now, shouting the names of places at each other. They had forgotten all about being hot. Each one was determined to make the next boy miss.

"California!" yelled Bob in his turn. It was the chance Ted had been waiting for.

"Appomattox!" he shouted. "And don't you say there isn't any such place, Paul, because it's the town in Virginia where Lee and Grant ended the Civil War!"

"X!" groaned Paul. "Of all the rascally tricks! I don't know *anything* beginning with X, Ted Johnson, but you're an *exasperating expert*, and you win!"

SEPTEMBER 1

What Is Labor Day?



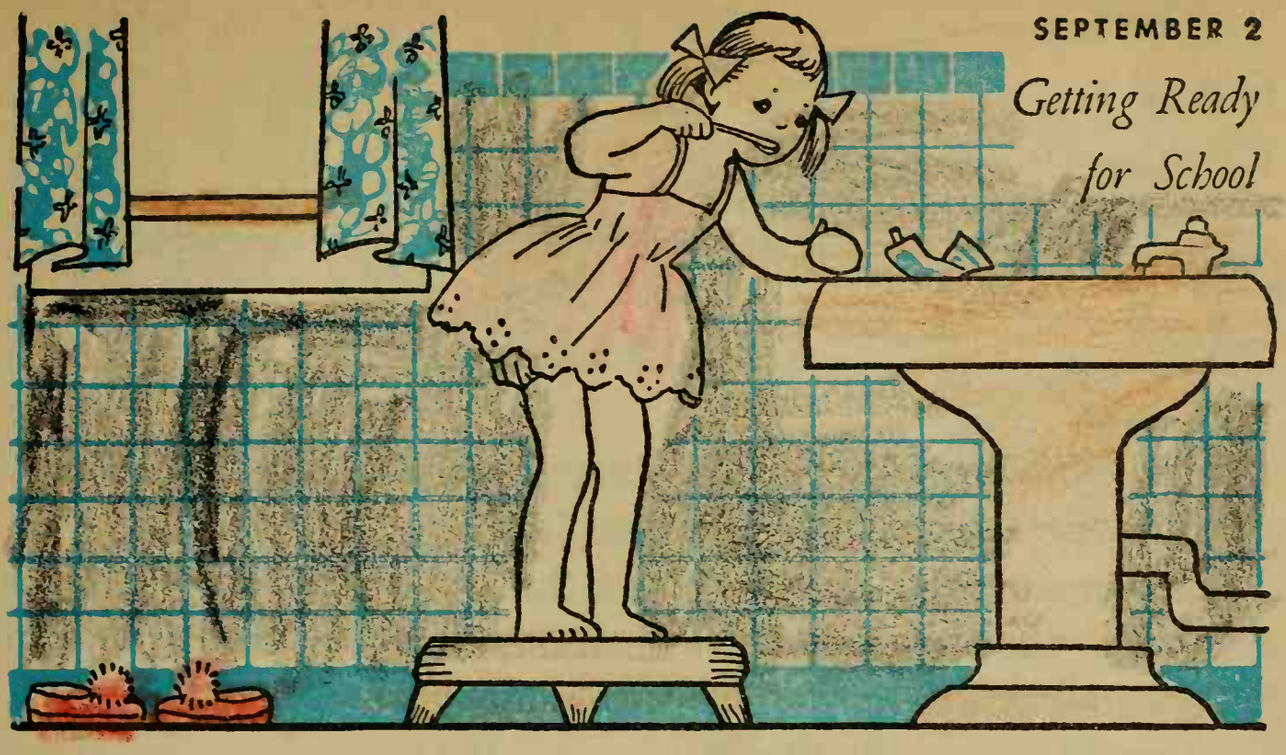
"I THOUGHT today was Labor Day," said Bob, bouncing in to breakfast. "Aren't we going to see a parade or anything?"

"Labor Day is the first *Monday* in September, Bob, not the first day," explained his father. "This year Labor Day is September seventh."

"How did that holiday ever get started?" wondered Bob.

"Years ago, a labor group planned it. They thought it would be a fine idea to set a day apart when they could celebrate the change that's come about in their working conditions," Bob's father told him. "They have something to celebrate, too. Things are much different and much better for a workingman nowadays. I can remember my father telling me of the time when laborers worked twelve and fourteen hours a day, for a dollar or less. They could never save enough to afford time off. If they got sick it was their own hard luck. Working around machinery was much more dangerous then, too, because the law didn't insist on safety measures. Working places were often dark and dirty, and little children were permitted to work there, instead of going to school, for the few cents extra they could add to their families' earnings. You see, Bob, working people certainly have a reason to celebrate Labor Day."

"I guess that's right," said Bob soberly. "I'm glad *I'm* not one of those boys Grandpa knew, working in a factory instead of playing football. Jeepers, I was kind of sorry about school starting so soon, but compared to jobs like theirs, school isn't work at all, is it? It's fun!"



SEPTEMBER 2

Getting Ready for School

ELLEN could hardly wait for Tuesday. "Am I really going to school?" she asked a dozen times.

Mamma said, "Yes, you are, so maybe you'd better practice just what you'd do on a school morning. Tomorrow I'll call you at eight o'clock, and you pretend it's Tuesday."

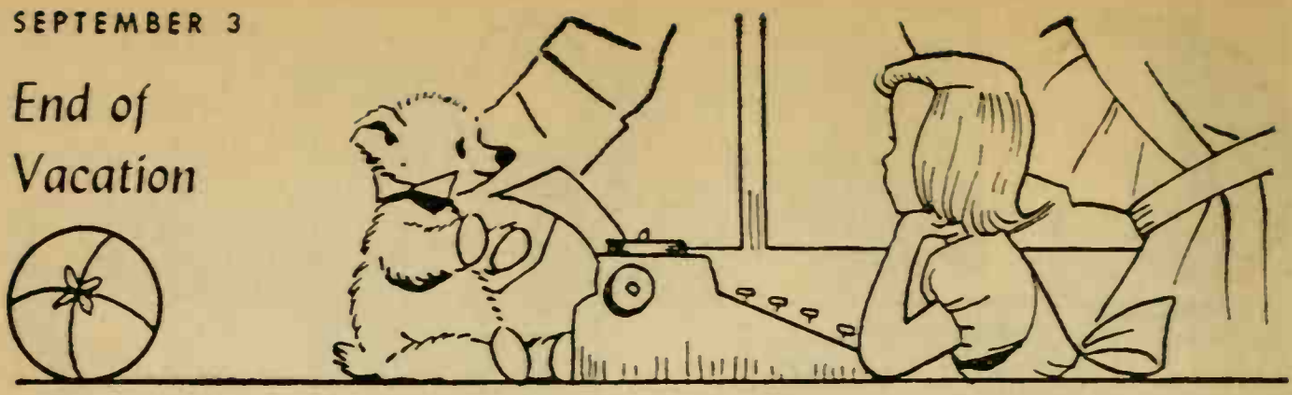
Next morning, when Mamma called, Ellen bounced out of bed like a jack-in-the-box. Now what was she supposed to do? Wash her face and hands. Scrub her teeth. Put on a fresh dress. Bring Mamma a ribbon to tie in her hair. So many things to remember made Ellen dizzy.

She galloped into the bathroom and used soap on her toothbrush and toothpaste on her hands. Though Mamma had hung her fresh dress at the front of her closet, Ellen dived far into the back and came out with an outgrown faded gingham that she could barely wriggle into. She put her socks on toe-to-heel and broke the shoelace on her oxfords. When at last she came bursting in for Mamma's inspection, she was carrying the shoelace instead of her hair ribbon.

Mamma laughed and laughed at her little rag-baggy daughter. "It's lucky we're just practicing today, Ellen—practicing all the things *not* to do on the first day of school!"

SEPTEMBER 3

End of Vacation



"FOUR more days until school starts," sighed Ruth. "Vacation's almost over. Oh, why does it go so fast?"

She remembered all the things that had made the summer such fun—the long lazy rides on Rusty, her pony, hikes up the hill, picnics down by the creek, games with the children who lived on What-a-Jolly Street.

"Now there'll just be work," Ruth mourned. "Arithmetic and science and grammar and penmanship—ugh, I'll never be able to write the way the teacher does! If only I could take my typewriter to school and write on that!" Ruth poked idly at her toy typewriter on which she'd written so many, many verses. *Vacation is done, and so is my fun,* she printed. And before long the poem was finished. It went like this:

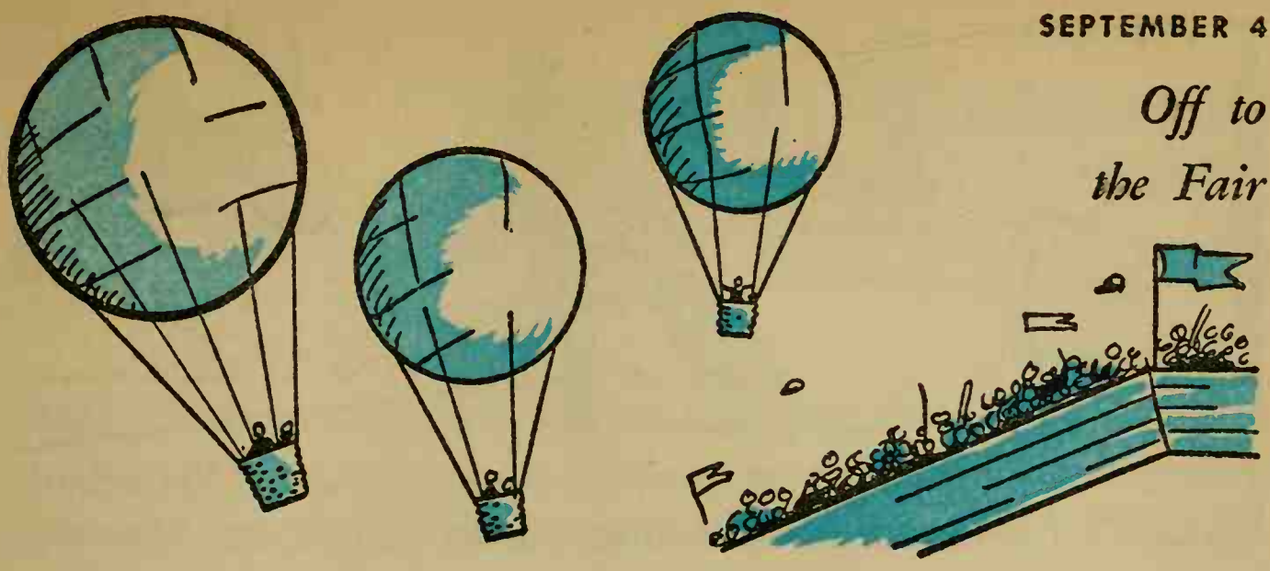
"Vacation is done,
And so is my fun.
Oh, dear, must I go back to school?

"I don't want to work;
I'd much rather shirk.
But what if I grew up a FOOL!

"Oh, no! Never! No!
That *must* not be so!
Why, knowledge is prized like a jewel!

"So good-by to fun,
With nonsense I'm done;
I'm *longing* to get back to school!"

Off to the Fair



THE TWINS, Jack and Jerry, were breathless with excitement. "We're going to the Fair!" they shouted up and down What-a-Jolly Street. "We're going to see the balloons go up for the balloon race!"

"Oooh, you're lucky!" said all the children.

The State Fair was two hundred and fifty miles away. The Watsons started out early in the morning, and drove until afternoon. When they had registered at a hotel, they were ready for their first glimpse of the Fair.

Oh, but it was exciting! The crowds of people, the noise, the shouts of the barkers, the wonderful smells from the eating booths kept the twins completely fascinated. They ate hamburgers and drank pink lemonade; they bought popcorn and peanuts and funny twisted candy that they watched being made. They bought big sausage balloons.

"Daddy!" they cried. "When do the real balloons go up?"

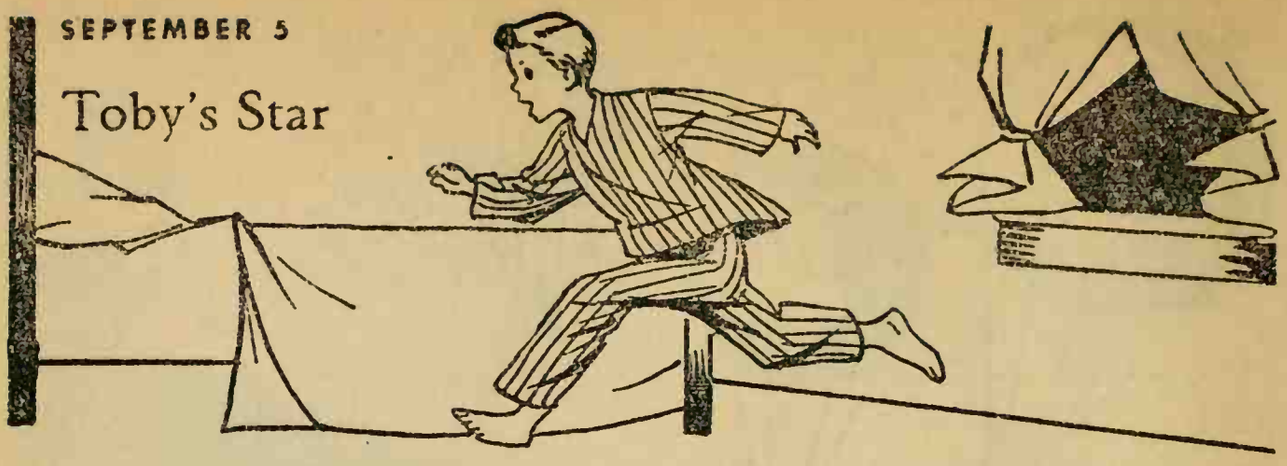
"Right now!" shouted Daddy. "Let's hurry!"

Just in time they reached seats in the grandstand. The huge balloons billowing above their tiny baskets were straining at the ropes. The men inside the baskets tossed out sandbags. The men at the ropes cut them loose. Up, up into the air sprang the great balloons, free at last!

"Ohhhhhhh!" breathed the twins. "If only everybody on What-a-Jolly Street could have seen them, too!"

SEPTEMBER 5

Toby's Star



EXCEPT for Mrs. Apricot's house, Toby Ling's was closest to the wooded hill at the end of What-a-Jolly Street. One night Toby saw something from his bedroom window that sent him scooting out to the living room, crying, "Fire! Fire! There's a fire on the hill!"

His family rushed to their east windows. "Where?"

Toby looked again. Nothing was there. "But it *was* there!" declared Toby. "It was a red light drifting slowly down, down . . ."

"Well, if it was heading down it wasn't fire," said Toby's father, looking relieved. "Fire would be going up."

"What was it then?" asked Toby. "Did a star fall?"

"Perhaps it did. But it would only *seem* to fall on the hill. It would *really* be a million miles away."

Toby shook his head as he went back to bed. *This* star hadn't looked a million miles away. He knelt at his window and looked in the direction of the hill for a long time. The night was very black. He couldn't see anything beyond the dim white blur of Mrs. Apricot's house.

"I *did* see something that other time," Toby insisted to himself. "And tomorrow I'm going to find out what it was! If it was a star, it's up there on that hill; I just know it!"

Toby crept into bed and dreamed of finding a lovely star, pink as a pearl, soft as velvet. In his dream, he brought it home and hung it right here in his own room where it lighted his nights with its gentle rosy glow. Toby smiled in his dream, and was happy.



SEPTEMBER 6

Search for the Star

THE NEXT morning after Toby had seen the falling red light on the hill, he got his best friend, Peter Brown, and together they climbed the hill in search of whatever it was.

"I know it was a star," insisted Toby.

"Look!" cried Peter. He pointed into the trees above them. Tangled in the branches was a big basket, bigger than their mother's clothesbasket, and above it—why the tree was fairly *dressed* in a white robe!

"What is it?" whispered Toby.

"I *think* it's a balloon!" marveled Peter. "One of those big ones Jack and Jerry were going to see at the Fair. Let's go and tell Mrs. Apricot!"

When they got there Mrs. Apricot had something to tell *them*. "Look who came out of the trees behind my house last night!" she laughed. "Maybe he doesn't look like a bird to you, but that's because he left his wings back on the hill!" And she led them in to meet a tall, smiling stranger.

"Oh, was it *your* balloon we found?" asked the boys eagerly.

"Indeed it must have been," said the stranger. "I took off from the State Fairgrounds Friday, and drifted this far before having to land last night. I dropped a flare in hopes of finding a level field—"

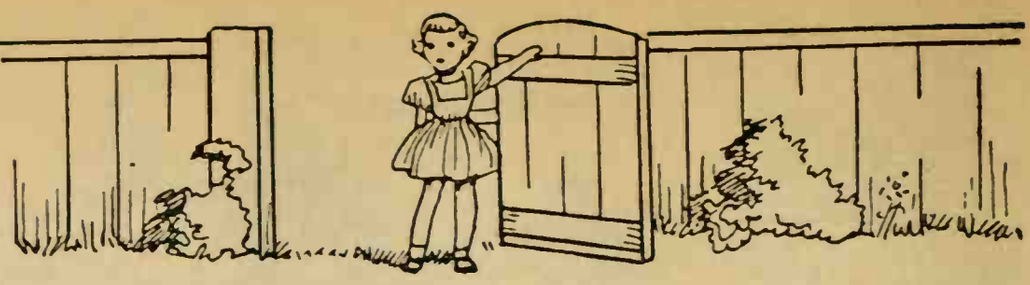
"Oh, was *that* my star?" breathed Toby.

"But I found nothing but trees to land in. I'm satisfied, though, for I've phoned down to the fairgrounds, and my balloon traveled farther than any other in the race."

"Boy!" said Peter. "Wait till we see Jack and Jerry. *They* saw the balloons go up, but we saw the winner come down!"

SEPTEMBER 7

Last Day of Vacation



ALL THE school children on What-a-Jolly Street had gone off to celebrate their last day of vacation with a picnic breakfast on the hill. It was so very quiet on the street that little Amy could hear her thoughts rattling around in her head. "Just like Sunday in church," she said lonesomely. "Hi, Mikie!" she called eagerly. "Come and play!"

"Can't. All dressed up," said Mike proudly. "Going to town to see a big parade."

"So am I," said Amy, "but that's not for hours yet. Oh, Mikie, isn't it just *awfully* quiet?"

"No," said Mike. "Whatta Dog barks as loud as anything, and Hustle-Bustle scolds him. Not a bit quiet."

"Well, maybe when you've got a dog and parrot, it *isn't* quiet," admitted Amy. She pushed open her gate and crossed to the Watson house.

"Hi, Kathy," she called hopefully. "Come on and play! Let's make a lot of noise."

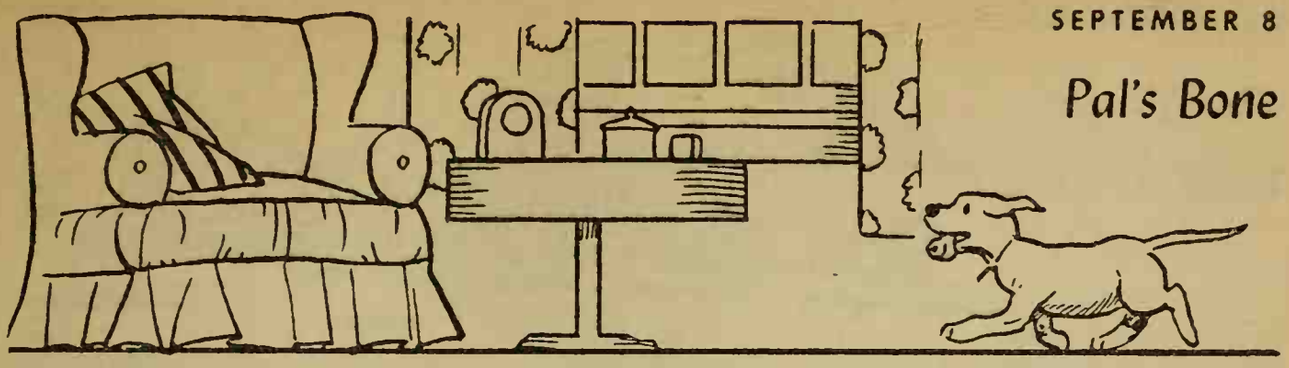
Kathy peeked out of the window. "I can't. Mamma's making curls in my hair. Ooooh, Mamma, *ouch!* You're pulling!"

Amy heaved a big sigh. Plainly, it wasn't quiet in the Watson house.

"Amy!" called her mother. "Come and get washed. It's nearly time to go to see the Labor Day parade."

Amy hurried home. She washed her hands and face and put on a fresh pinafore. When she ran out into the yard again, here came all the big children, shouting, laughing, streaming home from their picnic breakfast!

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Amy. There was plenty of noise on What-a-Jolly Street again, and Amy loved it!



Pal's Bone

POLLY gave her puppy, Pal, a bone. It was a nice steak bone, and Pal's first thought was to hide it safely.

Pal had many little corners around the house where he *buried* his bones. Behind the kitchen stove was one, and another was under the corner of the dining-room rug. Neither of those places seemed quite right for this extra-special bone, however.

Pal ran excitedly into the living room. Nobody was there to scold him for climbing onto the furniture, so he hopped into the big upholstered chair. Oh, what wonderful corners it had for burying bones! Pal dropped his steak bone behind the seat cushion, pushed it as far as he could with his nose, and went away quite satisfied.

That afternoon, Polly's mother had callers. Two very dressed-up ladies came to visit; one sat in the upholstered chair. Polly had been playing in the kitchen with Pal, but she came in to smile at the visitors. Pal followed her. When he saw the lady in the upholstered chair, he bounced with anxiety. My goodness, what if she found his bone and ate it herself? He simply had to get it out of there!

He whined, and bit the lady's shoelaces. He barked loudly.

Mrs. Carter said, "What's got into Pal? I'll put him out." But Pal dodged her and leaped for the chair. The lady jumped out of it. Pal hastily dug up his precious bone.

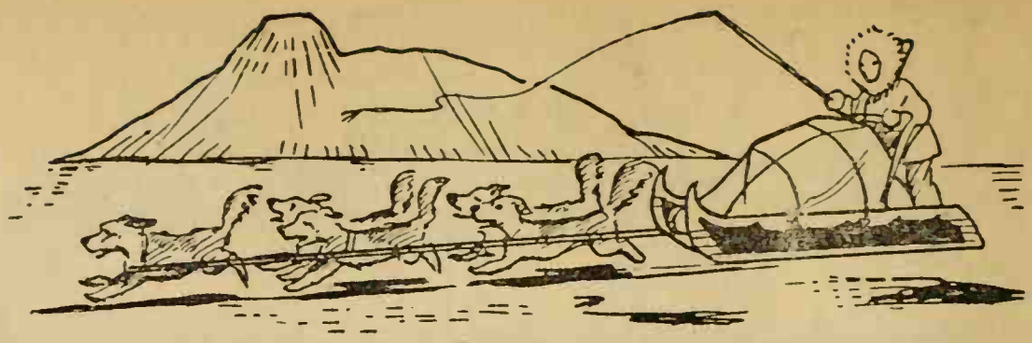
"Goodness!" cried the lady, cautiously sitting down again.

"Goodness!" said Mrs. Carter, looking very embarrassed.

But Pal was happy. He trotted out to the kitchen with his bone and *buried* it safely behind the stove.

SEPTEMBER 9

The Great Land



"ONE PLACE I'd like to go some day," said Paul dreamily, "is Alaska. It sounds like a wonderful place."

"My tumbleweed Tommy spent a summer there," recalled Mrs. Apricot. "He said it was a fine place for growing things. He saw strawberries as big as plums, and cabbages weighing thirty pounds apiece! I guess Alaska really lives up to what its name means—The Great Land.

"Tommy saw many interesting things there. He said when the wind is warm, the snow on the mountains begins to slide. Down, down, down it slithers and creaks and grinds, down to the sea in a solid river of ice. *Crash!* The ice-river dives into the ocean, and goes rocking and swaying on its way—a brand-new iceberg for ships to beware of!"

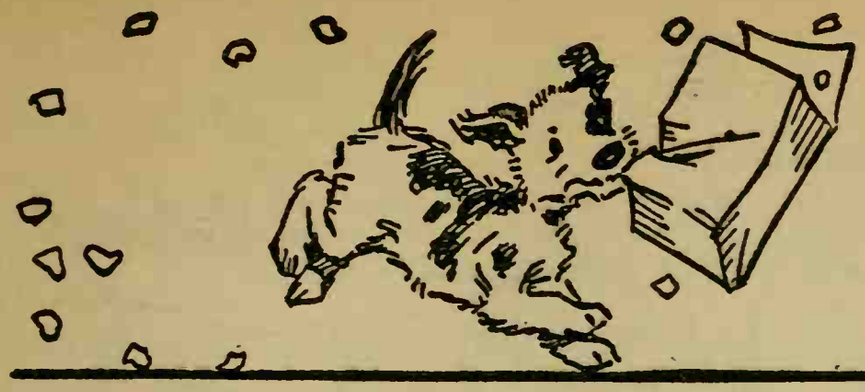
"Did he see any totem poles?" asked Paul.

"Oh, my, yes, and fearsome-looking things they were, too! The Indian natives made them out of trees on which they carved images of bears and eagles and whales and other mighty things that represented the splendid deeds of their ancestors."

"I'd like to have an Eskimo Husky dog," said Paul.

"But they're working dogs, Paul; they wouldn't be happy without a job to do. Usually they pull the natives' sleds, but in one place, they pulled a train! Tommy said that once a regular train ran there, but it was abandoned, and the cars taken away. The rails were left, however, so the natives developed a dog-train of little cars instead, with Huskies for engine-power. They called these dog cars Pupmobiles!"

"Oh, boy!" Paul said. "Now I want to see Alaska more than ever!"



SEPTEMBER 10

Sport, the Trailmaker

BOB wasn't home from school, and Mother was over at Mrs. Watson's. Puppy Sport was lonesome. He greeted Sally and Ann when they came from school with loud, glad barks.

"Come play with me! Play with me!" he woofed.

Sally and Ann wanted to play with their dolls, not with the puppy. They wondered how to make Sport happy until Bob came.

"Give him some milk," suggested Ann. They took Sport into the kitchen for a drink. Sport finished it, and then sniffed interestedly at the wastepaper basket.

"Oh, I know! We'll give him that empty cereal box in the wastepaper basket!" cried Sally. "He loves to rip up boxes, and we can pick up the scraps of cardboard afterward."

They handed Sport the box and he galloped out of the room like a fire truck bound for a three-alarm fire. But oh, dear! The cereal box hadn't been *quite* empty! Following after Sport like a paper-chase trail was a path of cereal flakes!

"Goodness!" cried Sally. "Stop him, Ann!"

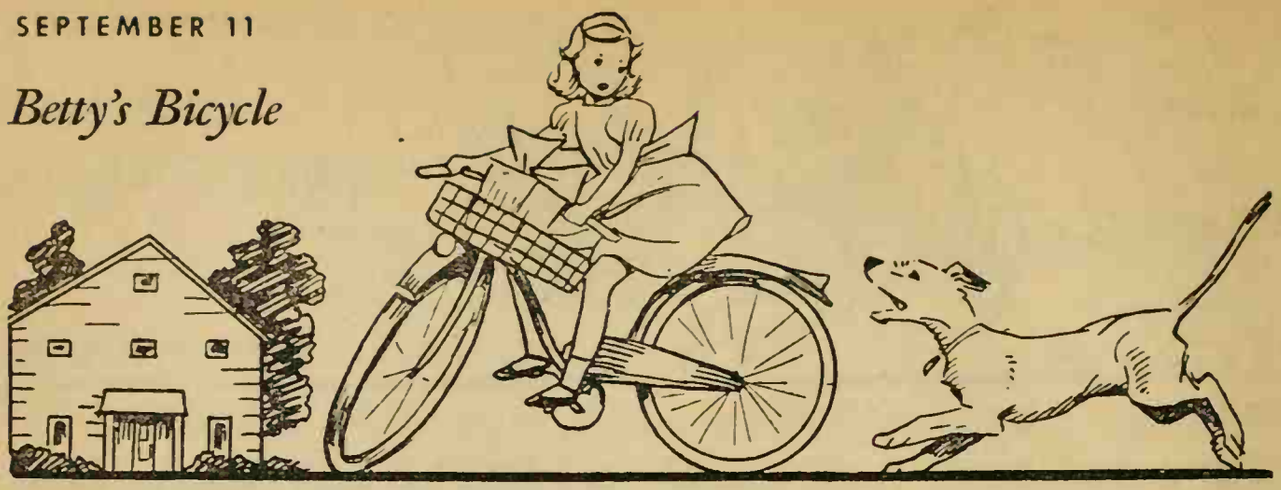
Ann went tearing after Sport. Now Sport thought this was part of the game. Round and round the rooms he streaked, and round and round after him sprinkled the cereal.

"I'll get the carpet sweeper," sighed Sally. "Surely the box must be empty by now." Slowly and carefully, she started on Sport's trail. Part way along, whom should she meet but Sport, following his own trail back to the beginning, and eating every scrap of it!

"Look!" cried Sally. "Sport's a carpet sweeper himself!"

SEPTEMBER 11

Betty's Bicycle



BETTY had a new bicycle. Oh, but she was proud of it! She practiced and practiced riding it until she could wobble cautiously down the street without a single fall.

On the day of Mary Lou's birthday party, Betty hurried home from school.

"I've got to rush," she said, "because Mary Lou said to come right after school. I don't believe she expected us to stop and change clothes, but I want to wear my best dress."

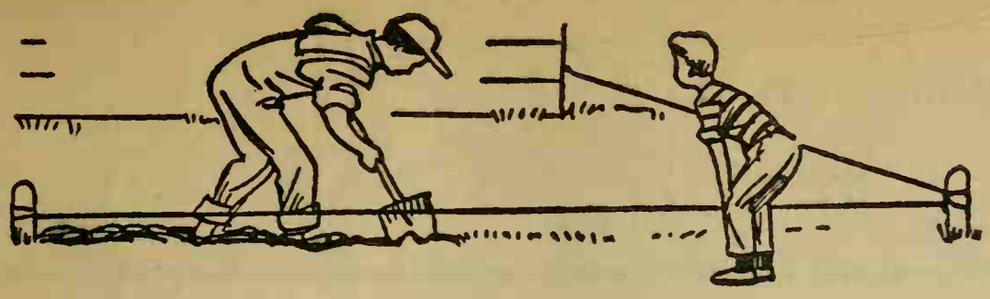
Her mother saw her wheeling her bicycle out of the garage. "Oh, Betty," she called, "surely you don't need to ride your bike that short distance."

"I *want* to ride it," Betty declared. Many girls at the party hadn't seen her new bicycle. Betty put her gift, wrapped in special birthday paper, in the basket, and hopped on the seat. She wobbled down the driveway and into the street.

A dog ran barking at her. "Go away!" Betty scolded, clinging to her handlebars. "*Go away!*" She tried to dodge the dog. CRASH! She and the bike went down in the dusty street!

Betty wheeled her bike home. Tears streaked the dust on her face. "Now I've got to change clothes again," she sobbed, "and miss half the party, and the paper on my package is torn!"

Sadly, she washed again and put on a plain school dress, and wrapped her gift in plain white tissue paper. This time she started out for the party on foot. *If I hadn't tried to show off*, thought Betty, *I'd have had more fun!*



SEPTEMBER 12

The New Room

DAVID was excited. "I'm glad it's Saturday," he said, "so I don't have to go to school and miss all the fun!"

Today the men were coming to start work on the new addition to the Barrett house. Mother and Daddy had decided that they needed an extra bedroom on the back of the bungalow, and David thought nothing could be as interesting as watching the piles of lumber grow into a room.

He could hardly take time for breakfast. As he ate he heard men's voices outside, and the pounding of hammers.

He rushed outside. The men were pounding in the stakes to mark the corners of the new room, and stretching lines from stake to stake. Then, following the lines, they shoveled away earth to make a narrow trench.

"What's that for?" David asked eagerly. "The room's going to be on top of the ground, isn't it?"

"It has to be held up by something, sonny," said the man with the shovel. "You can't lay a floor right on the ground. It would be too cold in winter, and the dampness in the ground would make the floor swell and crack. You can't rest walls right on the ground either, because the earth might settle a little and take the wall right down with it. So we dig these trenches, and pour concrete in them, and that's what we call footings."

"Footings," repeated David. "I suppose because they're the feet that hold the room up."

Later, bursting into the house, he cried, "I know all about building now! Walls have feet to stand on, and the feet are poured out of a concrete mixer, and—where's a shovel? I have to go and help put up this new room!"

SEPTEMBER 13

The Sunday-Dinner Peas



TIMMY'S mother had company for Sunday dinner. "Remember your nicest manners," Mamma reminded Timmy with a smile. "Say 'please' and 'thank you' and try hard not to spill."

Timmy ate the good fried chicken and peas and mashed potatoes with great care. But when Mamma cleared away the dinner plates—dear me! there were two fat peas sitting where Timmy's plate had been. Now when had *they* spilled?

Well, they had to be whisked out of sight, and quickly! Timmy covered them with one plump hand. The cream pitcher was right beside his hand. Swiftly, when nobody was looking, Timmy dropped the peas into the pitcher. It was perfectly safe, he knew; there wouldn't be any cream needed on the dessert because it was ice cream, and as for coffee, the grownups were already drinking their coffee.

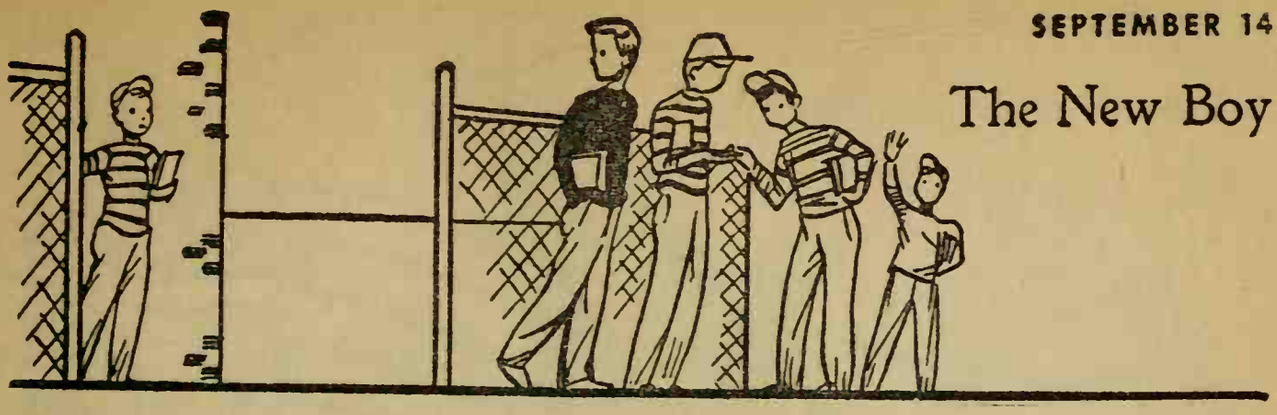
Timmy sat back and relaxed, but not for long. After the ice cream was served, Mamma brought the coffeepot. "Anybody want more coffee?" she asked cheerfully.

Cold prickles chased up and down Timmy's spine. He wanted to shout, "No! Nobody wants any more!"

All the guests were saying politely, "Yes, if you please; it's very good."

Oh, my! Mamma took the cream pitcher out of Timmy's cold fingers and placed it before her guests. Timmy held his breath as each one poured. The cream was very low in the pitcher! Now it was lower! Without doubt the next one who used it would see two green peas roll into his coffee! Timmy closed his eyes. Then he heard the last guest say, "No, thanks. I don't use it."

Timmy opened his eyes. As he dipped into his ice cream, he thought, *I'll never do that again!*



The New Boy

PAUL was having trouble at school with a new boy who had moved to town just after school started.

"Wish he'd go back where he came from," muttered Paul.

The new boy always seemed to be looking for trouble. He knocked Paul's cap off its hook in the hall; he spilled Paul's papers from his desk. He pushed the boys around at recess time.

One afternoon Paul was walking home with a laughing crowd of his friends. "How about some marbles?" they shouted happily to each other.

Paul happened to look back, and there, standing alone in the schoolyard, was the new boy, watching them. He saw Paul looking at him, and quickly picked up a pebble and flung it at Paul before running off in the opposite direction.

This time Paul didn't get angry about the pebble. He felt bothered somehow, thinking of the new boy standing there alone while Paul went home with his crowd of friends.

"I wonder if *he* has any friends," thought Paul.

The next day Paul brought two apples to school, and gave one to the new boy. The boy looked very surprised, but he ate it. After school Paul said, "Come on over to my house!"

"Oh, yeah?" the new boy began. Then he said no more, and went quietly along with Paul. To Paul's pleased surprise, they had a very good time indeed.

After that, Paul had no more trouble with the new boy at school. He had gained another friend, and learned a lesson—that sometimes a person can be so lonely he'll even act tough and quarrelsome to get *somebody* to notice him!

SEPTEMBER 15

What Was in the Bag?



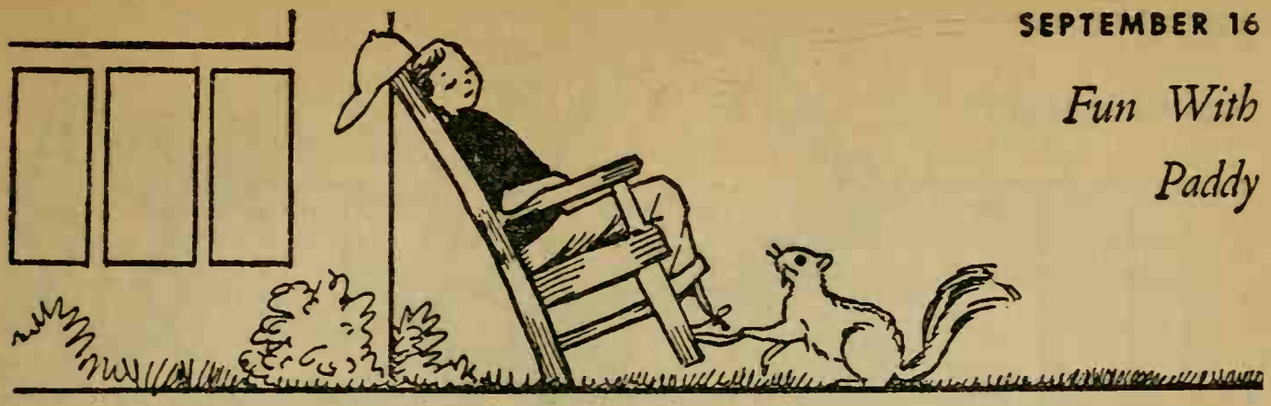
"I HAVE so many things to send out," Mrs. Ling told the man from the dry cleaner's. "Can you give me a bag to fill?"

The man gave her a big bag and Mrs. Ling took it to her bedroom. She put in some things from her closet. Then she went down the hall to get some of the children's clothing. Velvet, Jane's kitten, sniffed delicately around the open bag, wondering what new thing this was. She looked farther into it—and farther—

Mrs. Ling brought back an armload of clothing, dropped it in the bag, tied the cord at the top, and gave the bag to the man. "Thank you," he said.

When the bag was opened downtown at the dry-cleaning shop, out walked Velvet! Her fur was ruffled, and so was her temper. She walked daintily up and down the counter, scolding the men in cross little *meows*.

"Are we supposed to clean this?" the men laughed. They brushed Velvet's fur and tied a red bow around her neck. Then they took her back to the Lings' house. Tied to the red bow was a slip of paper reading, *1 kitten, dry-cleaned. No charge.*



Fun With Paddy

TED JOHNSON had spent a great deal of time making friends with the two squirrels, Paddy and Priscilla. They trusted Ted so much that they would come *almost* to his hand to get the nuts he brought them.

Ted liked to sit very quietly in the yard, not making any sudden moves that would frighten the squirrels, and watch them busily working and playing. Every day he remembered to give them nuts, until they came scrambling down from their tree whenever the kitchen door opened.

One day Ted sat so long and so quietly in the sunny yard that he grew sleepy. His eyelids drooped; he tipped his chair back against the porch and fell fast asleep.

Paddy came scurrying back from an errand and saw him there. He saw the peanuts in his hand, too. Cautiously he came closer and closer to Ted. His nose twitched and his tail rippled with excitement. Closer, closer, Paddy ventured. He climbed on Ted's foot; he crept up his leg. Nothing happened. Paddy made a little dash into Ted's lap and took the peanut from his open hand!

Ted woke at the squirrel's touch. He almost cried, "Well, what do you know!" He almost tipped his chair forward again. Just in time he remembered to do neither. He stayed very, very still until Paddy finished his nut. Then Paddy looked at him alertly, and saw his open eyes and broad grin. Paddy's tail rippled. He turned, ready to run!

Then, very calmly, he helped himself to another nut instead!

"Hurrah!" Ted wanted to shout. "I've tamed a squirrel!"

SEPTEMBER 17

School Days



TIMMY loved kindergarten, but he didn't always obey the rules. For one thing, he thought he could leave the playground whenever he wanted to, just as though it were his yard at home.

Once he trotted over to Mr. Gay's store to buy a sucker when it was only recess time. Once he went home.

"Timmy," his mother said as she took him back to school, "you must remember where you belong. In the morning you belong at school!"

One day Pal, the puppy, followed Timmy to school. "Go home, Pal," Timmy ordered. He heard the last bell ring then, so he ran as fast as he could across the playground and into the schoolhouse.

When he came out for recess, Pal was still on the playground. "Pal, you naughty puppy!" Timmy scolded. "Come along with me!"

Off the schoolground went Timmy, forgetting all about the rules, and home he trotted with Pal at his heels.

"Timmy!" said Mother, seeing him in the yard. "Don't you remember what I told you about staying where you belong?"

"Yes," said Timmy. "But Pal didn't hear you. *He's* the one that didn't remember where he belonged!"

The Animal Park



ONCE Mrs. Apricot went away on a visit to a big city. When she came back, she told the children of What-a-Jolly Street all about the things she had seen.

"One of the sweetest sights," she said, "was a Children's Park. Besides the usual swings and sandboxes, there was a big fenced-in enclosure in the middle where some chickens and a rabbit and even a cow and her calf lived. The children could peek through the fence and watch the animals. For many, it was their first glimpse of where milk and eggs came from!

"In one box were six tiny rabbits, and who do you think was mothering them? A little hen! Yes, she'd adopted the babies when they lost their mother, and she cuddled them under her wings, and clucked little warnings and scoldings and lullabies to them for all the world as though they were her baby chicks. What do you suppose she'll think when those rabbits start bounding around like furry balls?"

Her listeners chuckled. Jane asked, "And what will she think when they won't scratch for worms and bugs?"

"I expect she'll give them a terrible scolding!" laughed Mrs. Apricot, "and shake her head and say, 'Children certainly didn't act like this in *my* day!' "

SEPTEMBER 19

Sport Wins a Fight



SPORT, the Nolens' new dog, soon got over his alarm about the radio, but one thing in the house that he still regarded as his enemy was the vacuum cleaner. How he hated it!

When Mrs. Nolen turned it on, Sport let out a shrill yelp and bounced to meet it like a fat rubber ball.

"Grrrrow! Grrrrrow!" he threatened it, crouching in its path, ready to spring.

"Bzzzzz! Bzzzzzz!" rumbled the vacuum near Sport's nose.

"Ow-wow-yow-ow!" howled Sport, racing away from it.

Then, angrier than ever at having been chased, Sport circled the room to reach his enemy's rear.

"Grrrrow!" he growled, creeping up on the vacuum. "Rowf!" And he leaped through the air and nipped the vacuum bag!

This time it was Mrs. Nolen who chased him. "Bad dog!" she scolded.

It wasn't fair, thought Sport. Mrs. Nolen shouldn't be on the vacuum cleaner's side of the argument. She was his friend. And besides, if he couldn't bite the vacuum, how else could he silence its infernal roaring?

"Bzzzzz! Bzzzzzz!" sneered the vacuum, turning in Sport's direction again.

It was just too much. Pounce! went Sport on the leaping, wriggling cord! Shake, shake, shake! "Bzzzzz!" went the vacuum, and was suddenly silent.

"Sport, you bad dog, you pulled out the plug!" sighed Mrs. Nolen. "Out you go till this job is finished."

Sport was willing to go. Victory was his, for at last he'd hushed that growling roaring monster!



SEPTEMBER 20

Amy's Candle



LITTLE Amy Johnson loved Sunday school. Today her teacher said, "We're going to make candles. I'll show you how."

The teacher gave the children clay to make the base, and toothpicks for the candlesticks, and a heap of cereal, shaped like tiny doughnuts, to slip over the toothpick, one by one, until the toothpick was out of sight.

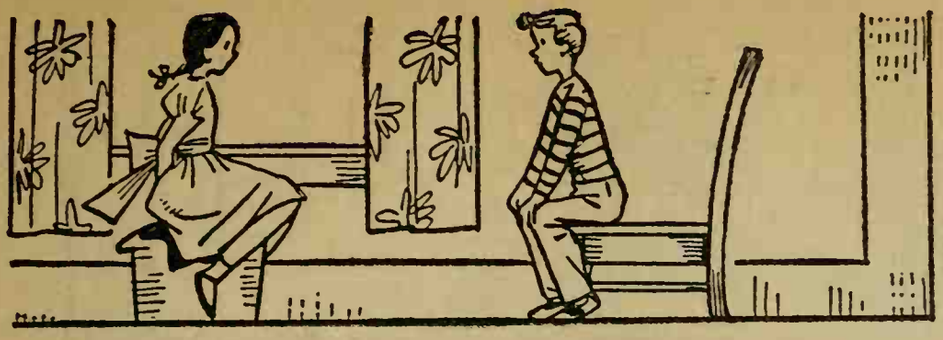
"And then on the very top," the teacher suggested, "you might put a dab of red clay for the candle flame."

Slowly, carefully, Amy covered her toothpick to the tip-top. Oops, she hadn't left room for the flame! Amy held the candle in one hand and the dab of red clay in the other. She had no hands left to remove the top cereal-doughnut, so she carefully *bit* it off. Mmmm, it tasted very nice!

Amy decided to bite off another one so she could put on a still bigger flame. Then she thought another would be even better. It had been a long time since breakfast.

"All right, children," said the teacher at last. "Let's see the candles. Why, Amy—where is yours?"

Amy looked in surprise at her candle. Only the bare toothpick stood in the clay. "Oh, my!" she said. "I ate my candle all up! I guess my tongue was the red flame!"



SEPTEMBER 21

A Problem for Doris

DORIS enjoyed being in second grade very much, except for arithmetic. What a time she had when the class began to learn subtraction! Adding had been bad enough.

"Let's see, eight take away three," she murmured unhappily, counting on her fingers. "Seven, six, five—or is it eight, seven, six? Five or six? Oh, dear!"

She knew she shouldn't find the answer that way. It took too long, and it wouldn't work at all when the numbers grew bigger than the number of her fingers.

"What you want to do," her brother Ted advised, "is learn all the combinations under ten by heart. It's no harder than memorizing a poem. Just learn the answer to nine take away six, and eight take away three, and so on, until you can snap 'em out like a jack-in-the-box as soon as you're asked. Here, I'll ask 'em right now; you see how fast you can answer."

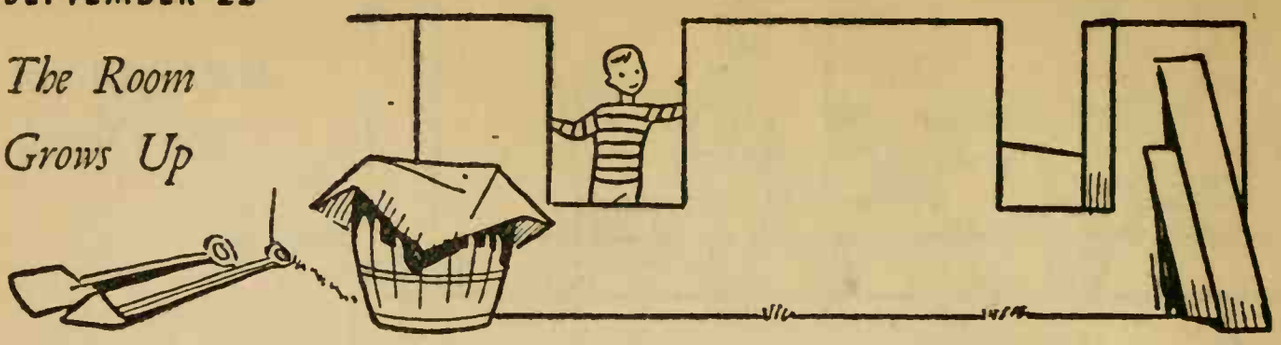
"Oh, don't bother me!" Doris said crossly. "I'm getting along all right my own way."

One day the teacher gave them a test on subtracting. There were fifteen problems, and they had only a few minutes in which to finish them. "Oh, dear!" worried Doris, trying to figure the answers on her fingers, and knowing she was getting farther and farther behind. The faster she counted, the less sure she was that she had ended on the right finger. When the teacher called for the papers, Doris had finished only five examples, and three of them were wrong!

Doris went home that afternoon, red-cheeked and determined. "Ted," she said immediately, "you start asking me those numbers, and I'm going to *sit* on my hands while I answer."

SEPTEMBER 22

The Room Grows Up



CHUG, *sputter, chug!* roared the big mixer.

Pound, pound, *pound!* thundered the hammers.

Trundle, bumpity, squeak! rumbled the wheelbarrows, rolling steadily back and forth, carrying away dirt from the foundation, bringing back cement for the mixer.

EeeeEEooow! sang the electric saw as it chewed a bite of lumber.

Slip, slop! splashed the water in the bucket as David carried it to the workmen to give them a cool drink.

First the new room on the Barrett house had been an idea in Daddy's head. Then it had been a square of green grass marked off by cord, and David could walk around inside the cord lines, and say, "Here will be a bed, here a dresser." How funny to think of opening a drawer out here in open air!

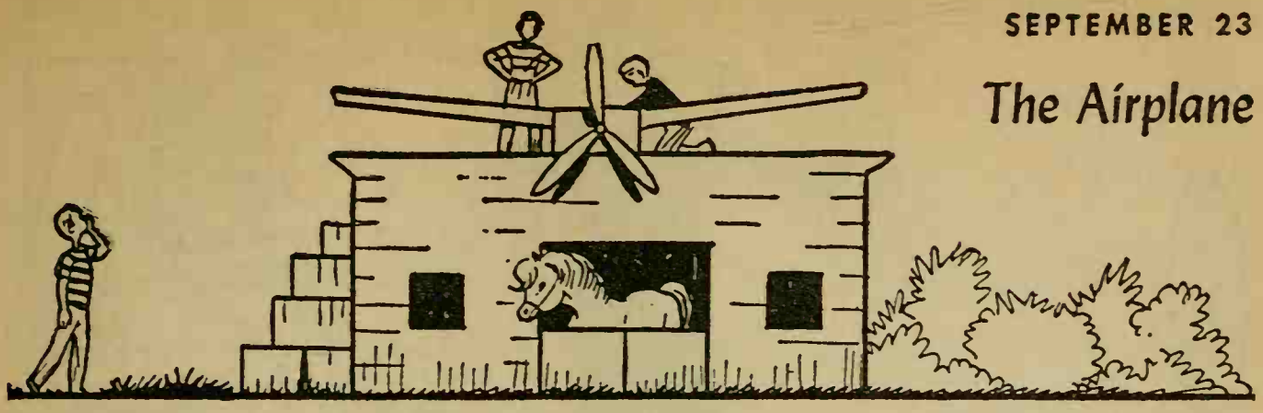
Then the new room had had low concrete walls, and a floor of rough boards. Now the walls had shot up in tall strips like bars, and across the bars was nailed heavy black paper. Inside, it looked almost like a real room now, except that the ceiling was still just rafters, with big slices of blue sky in between.

"I'd like to have this room just the way it is," thought David, lying on his back in a heap of wood-shaving curls and staring at the sky. "Wouldn't it be fun to wake up in the morning and see a cloud peeking in?"

Suddenly the blue sky darkened as the cloud covered it, and let loose a sprinkle of raindrops!

"Hey!" cried David, leaping for the house. "I didn't mean a *rain*cloud! Maybe a roof's a pretty good idea after all!"

The Airplane



"HEY, what're you doing up there?" Ted shouted to Paul and David who were pounding away on the flat roof of Rusty's pony shed.

The boys shouted down, "Come up and see!"

Ted climbed a pile of boxes to the roof. "Jeepers, what's that?" he asked in awe.

"Well, it isn't *quite* a Link trainer," Paul explained.

"But it's *almost!*" David finished. They looked at their invention with pride. In appearance it resembled an airplane. Plywood wings extended from a big box. A propeller of cardboard blades caught the breeze and turned lazily. Ted climbed into the box. An old hassock made a comfortable seat behind a real steering wheel.

"Hey, this is keen!" cried Ted. "What's the pole that goes up the middle?"

"Hold tight! We'll show you!" the boys shouted.

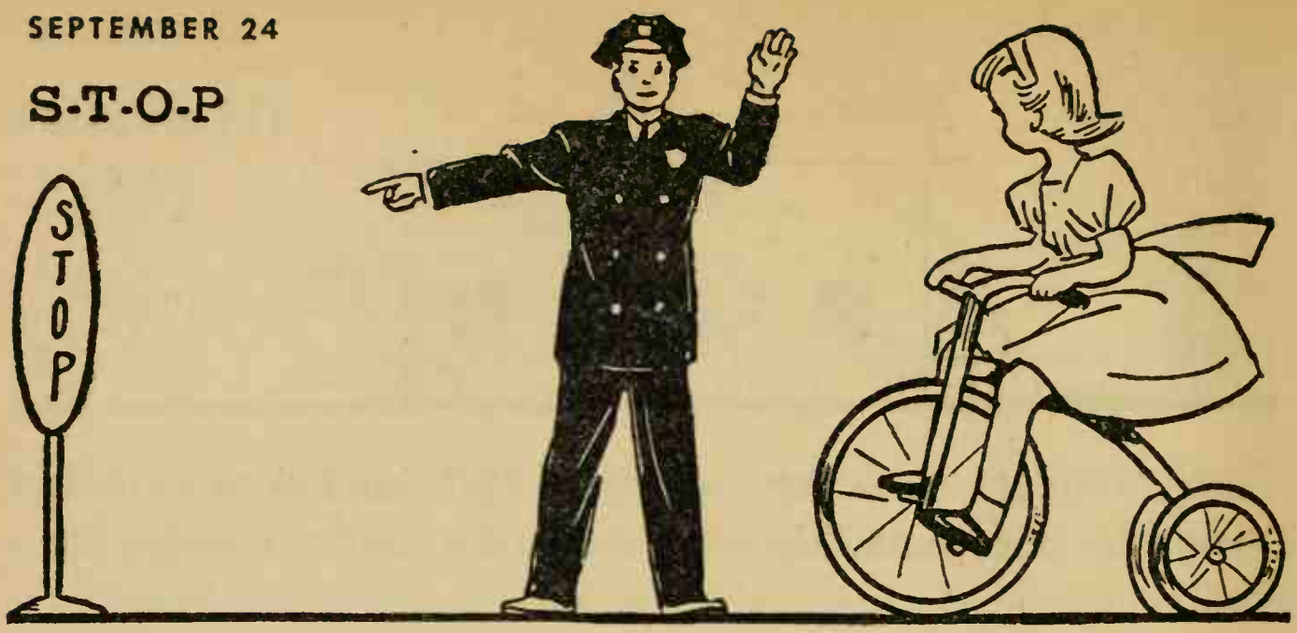
Suddenly Ted felt himself going round and round. The plane rocked from side to side. "Hey!" he shouted in alarm, but soon he began to enjoy it. Why, it was almost like flying! "How'd you do it?" Ted asked, clambering out when the motion stopped.

David and Paul were on the ground. Each held a rope attached to the plane's wing tips. "We just run around the shed," Paul said. "The plane isn't nailed to the shed—only that pole is fastened down. So the plane goes around, and the wings tip when we pull on the ropes!"

"Jeepers!" said Ted. "I'll go tell the others that the Barrett-Smith Airport is open for business!"

SEPTEMBER 24

S-T-O-P



IT WAS very dull for Kathy when all the bigger children were at school. She hopped on her tricycle and rode up and down What-a-Jolly Street, but it looked so lonesome and empty that she turned toward the school instead.

Whee! What a nice long block for tricycle-riding!

"Zoom! Zippity! Zoom!" cried Kathy, pedaling faster and faster. "See me go!"

At the end of the block was the street-crossing to the school. There was a big STOP sign there, and a blue-uniformed policeman to help small children across.

Whizzz! Kathy streaked down into the street, her tricycle going rattlety-bang!

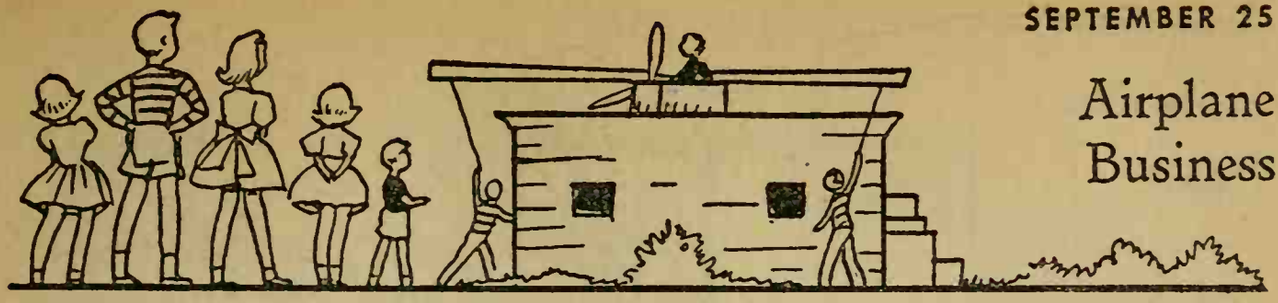
"*Phweeeeee!*" sounded the policeman's whistle. "Whoa there!"

Kathy slowed and stopped. "Young lady," said the policeman, "did you see that sign? It says 'STOP!' "

"Oh," said Kathy. "I thought that red word was for cars."

"It's for tricycles, too," said the policeman pleasantly. "And bicycles and roller skates and just plain shoes as well. All of 'em must stop at a street-crossing, and take a good long look before going across."

"I'll remember," promised Kathy, turning home. "RED means *everybody* stop!"



Airplane Business

EVERY child on What-a-Jolly Street wanted rides in the airplane Paul and David had built on top of Rusty's pony shed. By the time the boys had supplied footpower to turn the plane for them all, they were out of breath.

"Say, enough's enough!" they cried at last.

"Just one more ride!" begged Susan. "I'll pay a penny."

David and Paul looked at each other. "Maybe we have a business here, huh? Okay, kids. A penny buys a ride."

Susan paid the first coin, and by the time she'd climbed down, every other child was ready with his penny. There were cries of, "I'm next!" "Now, me!"

"We've a business, all right!" groaned David, tugging on the rope that made the plane turn. "But it's killing me!"

Paul and David were too dizzy to walk straight when they'd earned the last penny offered them. "Look," they suggested, "*we'll* pay a penny apiece to the kids who'll give *us* a ride. A good long one."

They staggered up the ladder of boxes and tumbled into the plane. Round and round it went. The boys leaned against the sides and rested. "Oh, boy, isn't this keen?" sighed Paul. Round and round—round and round—

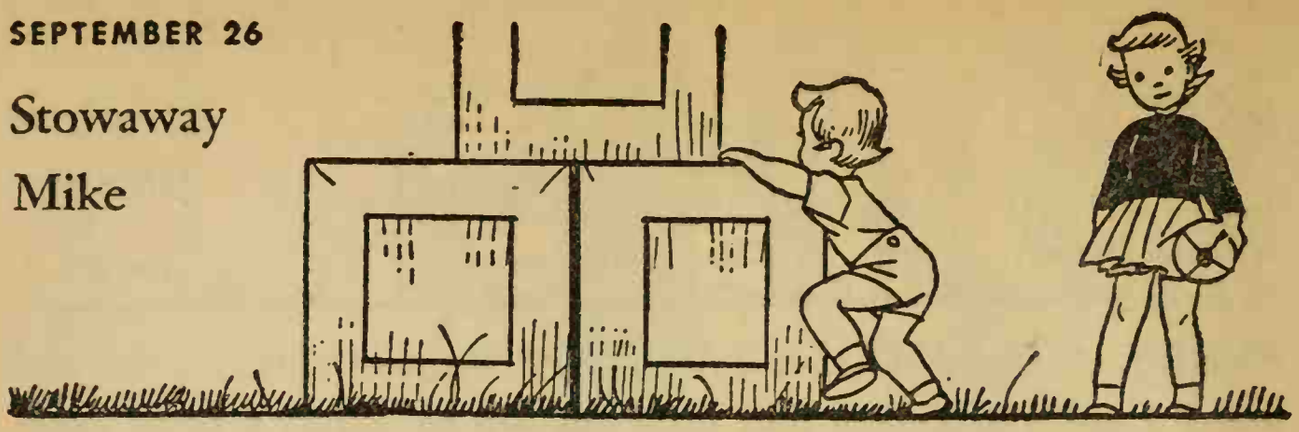
"Okay, kids, that was super!" David called at last, climbing out. "I feel like a new man. Who do we pay?"

"Everybody!" giggled the children below. "We *all* pulled!"

"Well, how do you like that?" laughed Paul, as the boys paid to each child the penny that had been paid to *them*. "The kids took over our business! Okay, now we're even. We all had a ride and we all paid. Tomorrow bring your same pennies, and we'll do it all over again!"

SEPTEMBER 26

Stowaway Mike



NOBODY was more excited about the airplane that Paul and David had built on top of Rusty's pony shed than little Mike Brown. He couldn't get enough rides. One day he trotted over to David's house to find all the big boys gone. Only little Amy was playing there.

Mike stared up at the plane. "I want a ride," he declared.

"Me, too," said Amy. "But somebody must lift me up."

"I can climb up!" stated Mike determinedly. He started up the pile of boxes. "You pull the rope."

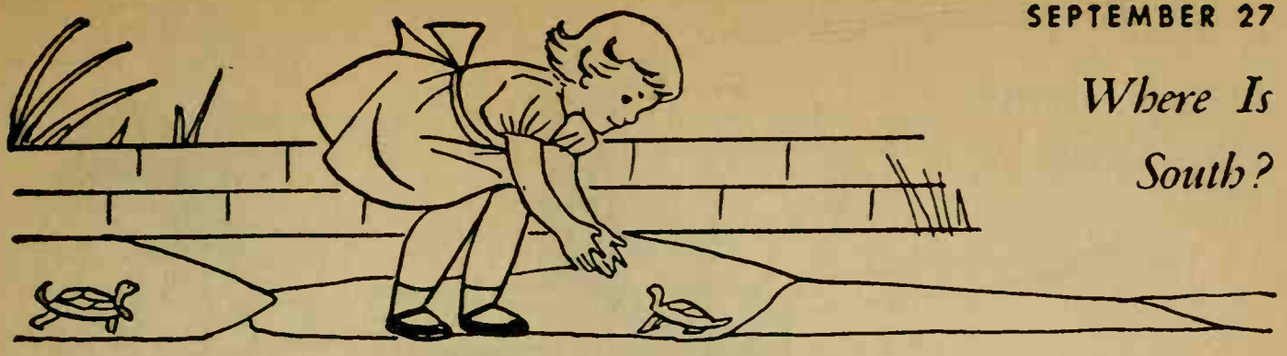
Amy looked doubtfully at the rope. She tugged it, but it was too heavy for her. Butch, the big collie from next door, came ambling over to see what was up. "*You* pull, Butch!" commanded Amy. She held the rope end a little in front of him. "Get it, Butch!"

Butch pounced gracefully on the trailing rope. He ran with it, he shook it, he tossed it and caught it again. Up in the plane, Mike was jerked back and forth and tipped off his seat. "Hey!" he shrilled. "I want to get down! Let me down!"

But Amy had wandered back to her own yard, and Butch thought Mike's yells were encouraging. He played more gaily with the rope.

When the big boys came back, they saw Mike's woebegone little face peering over the side of the plane. "What've we got —a stowaway?" the boys laughed.

"Want to get down," said Mike. They lifted him down, and he staggered for home, declaring, "Not a stow'way. Never any more!"



Where Is South?

"I FEEL a snap in the air that means winter," said Tooty Turtle, sniffing the cool September breeze.

"Dear me, I must get at my fall cleaning," his wife Tilly decided briskly. "We can't leave our house looking like this when we go South."

"I'm not at all sure we're going South," Tooty said. "In fact, I was looking over a nice winter home of dry leaves in the garden that we can rent most reasonably."

"Yes, so you can snooze all winter," teased Tilly. "I know you! Well, *you* can sleep, but if I see those nice people who took us South last year, I'm going to see if they'll take me again."

She bustled about their home under the mulberry bush, carrying out dead leaves, sweeping down cobwebs. Tooty felt too lazy to help. He curled up in a corner, thinking of the bed of dry leaves in the garden. It would be very comfortable there . . . ver-y com-for-ta-ble . . .

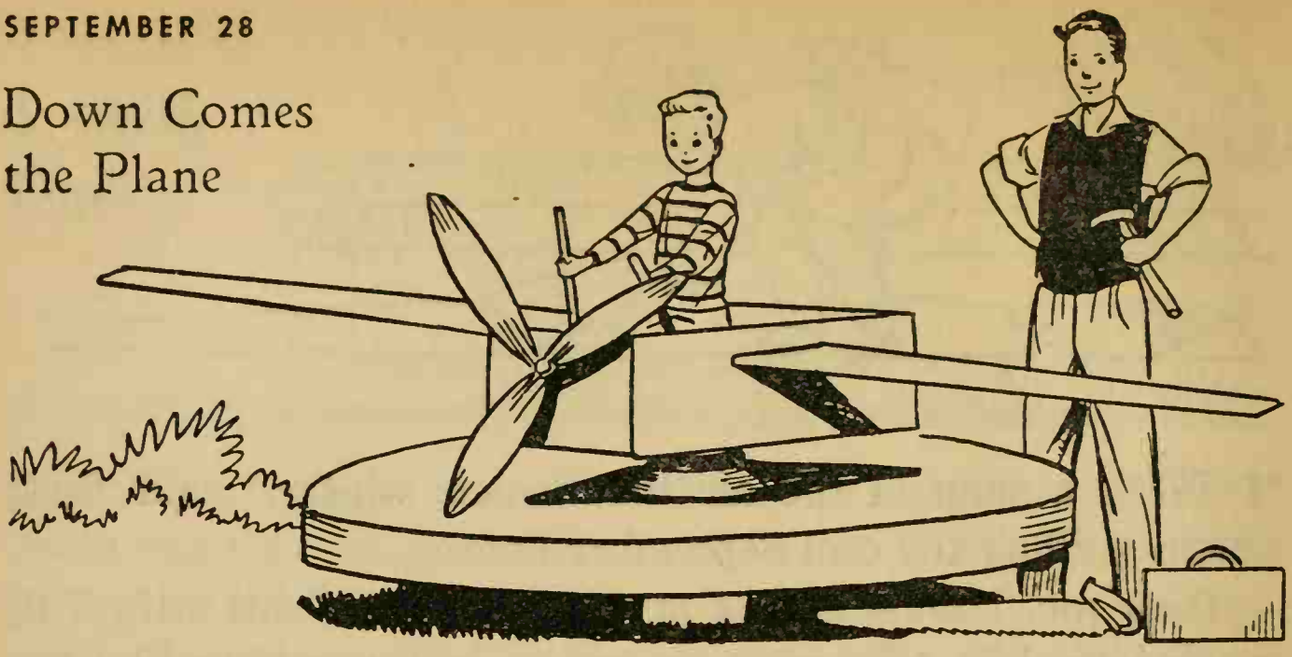
"There she is right now!" Tilly cried suddenly. She made remarkable speed for a turtle as she whisked out of the house. Tooty raised his sleepy head and looked after her. Jane was strolling down the garden walk. Into her path plunged Tilly!

"Well, Tilly, hello!" said Jane, picking her up. "I've been looking for you. Are you going to live in our sunny front window again this winter? And eat lots of nice lettuce and ant eggs?"

Tooty's mouth watered. He scrambled out of his house. "Wait for me!" he yelled, scuttling after them. "I guess I'd just as soon go South this winter, after all!"

SEPTEMBER 28

Down Comes the Plane



AFTER Mike's adventure in the plane on top of Rusty's pony shed, the parents of the children on What-a-Jolly Street said firmly, "That plane's got to come down! Mike might have broken half his bones!"

David's dad added, "Tell you what, though—we'll fix a place for it on the ground, how'll that be?"

"Well, okay," said David slowly. "Only thing was, up there it was *really* like flying because it could turn. Just sitting in a box on the ground is kind of kid stuff."

"You wait," said his dad, with a very special wink.

It was a school day, so, to their disappointment, the boys had to bottle up their curiosity as best they could through the whole long day. When they came back at last—

"Oh, boy!" David shouted. "Look at it now!"

For Dad had done a wonderful job. The plane sat on a platform that pivoted like a merry-go-round. What was *more* wonderful, it turned with the shifting of a lever inside the plane! "Washing-machine motor," Dad explained. "It will reverse, too. Get in and try it."

David hopped in. He put a hand on the wheel, and another on the lever. The plane started smoothly. David grinned from ear to ear. Kid stuff? Shucks, this was the real thing!



SEPTEMBER 29

A Sunday Trick

MRS. APRICOT said, "When I was a little girl we had to be very quiet and well behaved on Sunday. No book-reading except the Bible, no noisy games, not even sewing.

"One Sunday I was so desperate for something to pass the time that I tried a trick. I propped my big book of Bible stories on my lap, half leaning it against the table edge, and behind its screen I stitched at my square of embroidery that some day I planned to sew to many other squares to make a regal bedspread.

" 'I'm being very clever,' I told myself smugly. 'I'm not only making a dull afternoon pass quickly, but look how far ahead I'll be on my bedspread!'

"Oddly enough, though, the afternoon went even more slowly than usual. I suppose I was so afraid of being caught at my misdeed that the seconds stretched to minutes. At last Mother put away her Bible and announced that it was time to set supper on the table. Gladly, I prepared to help her. I shut my big book, trying to shut my embroidery inside it out of sight. But the square of fancy work refused to be shut away! It was firmly sewed to my dress!

"You see, embroidering with my work so flat on my lap to keep it hidden, I had caught my skirt in stitch after stitch! All the stitches had to be cut; my work was wasted, and my trick exposed!"

Mrs. Apricot sighed, and laughed gently. "Can you guess how I spent my Sunday afternoons after that? Yes, reading Bible stories. I was all through with tricks; they didn't pay!"

SEPTEMBER 30

Big Wind Blowing



"OOOH, big wind! Big wind!" cried Polly happily when her mother set her out in the back yard to play.

The wind blew and blew. It was a frolicking wind, full of fun and nonsense. It swirled a handful of gay autumn leaves upward and dropped them like a crown on Polly's head.

Polly clapped her plump little hands. She staggered to her feet and tried to run against the wind. *Puff* went the wind, and sat her down on the ground!

"Ooh, big wind," said Polly, more soberly this time. She turned and scuttled on all fours to a big pile of leaves Timmy had raked up. Plop! She tumbled into them. The leaves danced upward, and then fell with a rustling whisper till they covered her entirely.

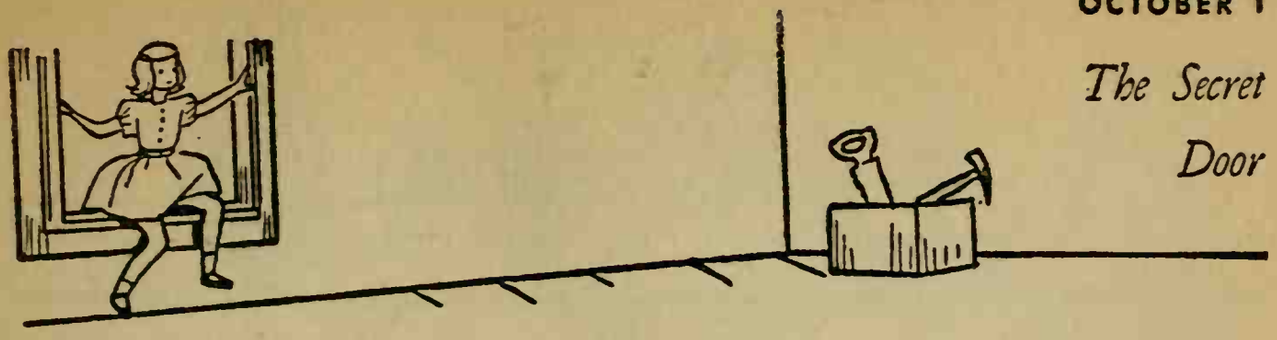
"Whee! Whee!" cried Polly, churning them into a floating red and brown cloud again.

Timmy came out. "Oh, Polly, look what you've done to my nice pile of leaves!"

Polly quit churning and sat up. The big bed of leaves she'd flopped into was scattered over the whole yard.

"Oooh, big wind!" said Polly in surprise. "Big wind!"

"Mmph," said Timmy. "A big wind named Polly—that's what blew my leaves!"



The Secret Door

RUTH ran out every day after school to see how the new room was growing. Already it seemed as though it had been attached to their house forever.

The workmen had covered the rafters with black paper, and then covered that with green shingles. They boarded up the outsides of the room with white siding, so it looked just like the rest of the house.

But *inside* the room didn't look a bit like the rest of the house. There was still a rough board floor, and no ceiling. Looking up was like looking up into the vault of a church, big and domed and shadowy. But most different of all, the new room didn't have a door!

When the workmen were ready to finish the inside, they would cut a door into the main house, where now there was only a window. Ruth liked it best just the way it was, though. It was the funniest joke in the world to climb out a window and land in another room!

"Mamma, why can't we leave it this way?" she begged. "It would be such a wonderful playroom."

"We didn't build it for a playroom." Mamma smiled.

"Why did we build it? We have all the other rooms we need."

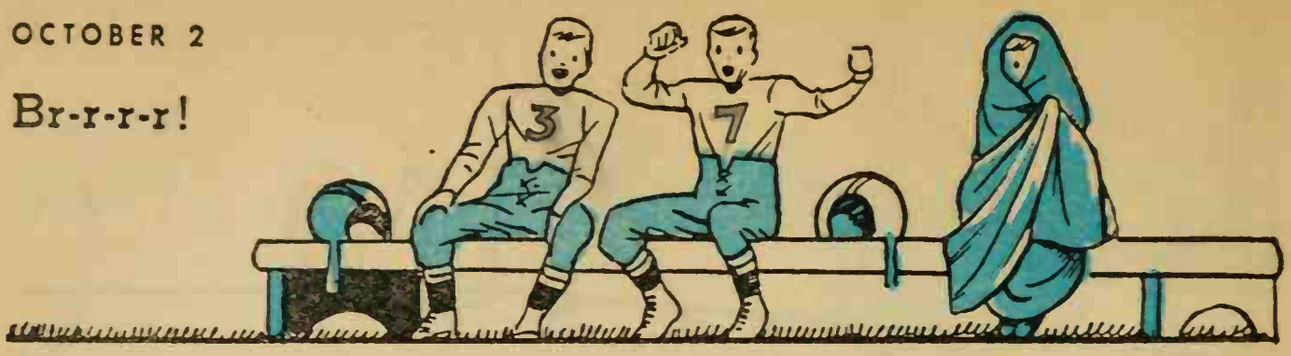
"Wait and see," said Mamma mysteriously.

Did the room have a secret? Ruth climbed out the window and into the new room eagerly. She peeked in every corner and studied every wall. What was going to be different about the new room?

It's like finding a secret door and wondering what's at the other end, thought Ruth. *Oh, I can hardly wait!*

OCTOBER 2

Br-r-r-r!



"OH, BOY, football game tonight!" shouted Bob.

"See that you bundle up well," warned his mother.

"Aw," wailed Bob, "do you want me to look like a sissy?"

He ducked out of the house quickly after supper so his mother couldn't check up on him. Shucks, she'd probably want him to wear two sweaters and his winter jacket and mittens and maybe even earmuffs! Jeepers!

There was a big crowd at the football game. Bob had to climb to the top row of the bleachers to find a seat.

"Yay, team! Fight, fight, fight!" he cheered lustily.

The home team kicked off. The visiting team ran the ball back to mid-field, then to the forty-yard line. The crowd yelled. Bob yelled, too, "Y-Y-Yay, T-Team!" but his teeth were chattering so much that he bit his tongue. Jeepers, but the wind did blow up here! Bob tried to squeeze into a seat on a lower row, but there wasn't room. He tried still farther down. At last he found a few inches at the end of a row, but when the people yelled and jumped to their feet, Bob fell off into the aisle.

Finally, he was way down beside the players' bench. He was shivering so hard that one of the substitutes said, "Here, kid, you better have a blanket."

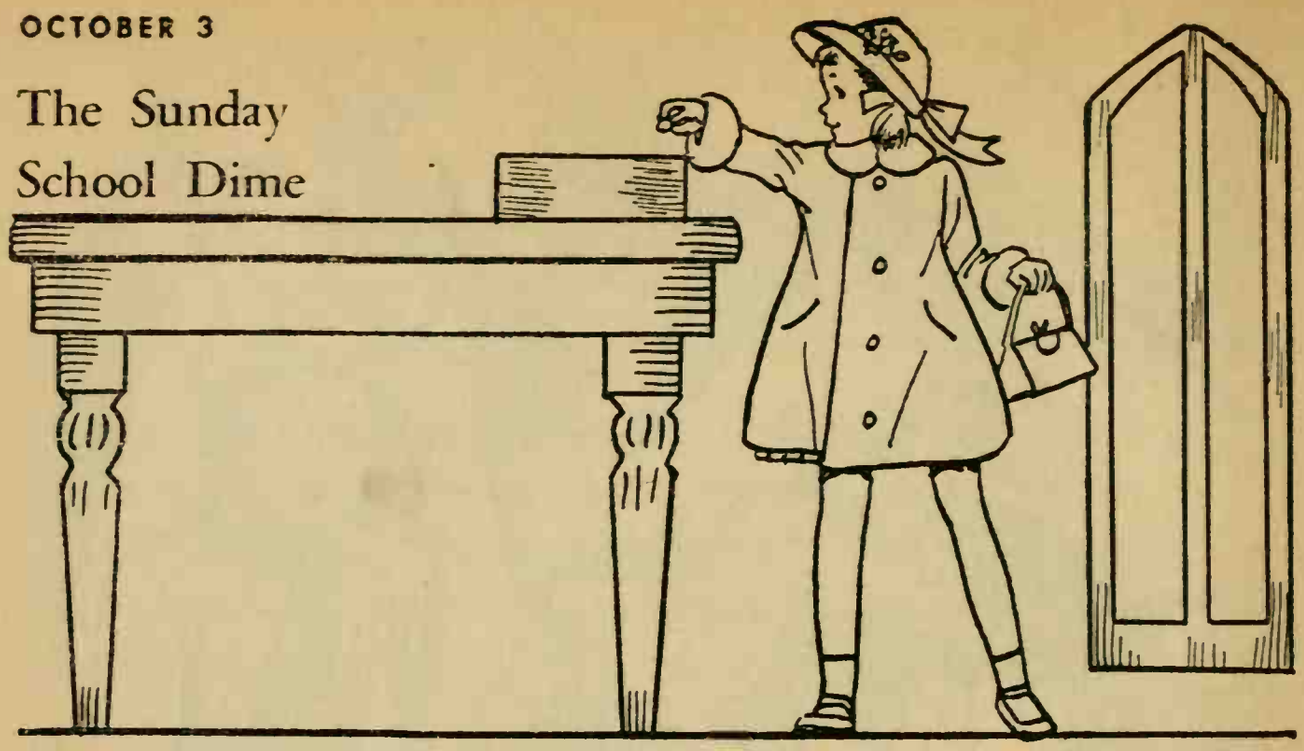
Just then the crowd let out a roar. "Wow!" yelled the substitute. "Did you see that touchdown?"

"N-No," said Bob in a muffled voice. He had pulled the blanket over his head and ears and face, and in its depths he was slowly getting warm at last. "But I'm going to see all the touchdowns *next* game," Bob promised himself, "even if I have to wear an Eskimo suit!"



OCTOBER 3

The Sunday School Dime



ELLEN had a dime for the Sunday-school collection. How she hated to part with it! It would buy ever so much candy, Ellen thought, studying it while the teacher read them a story.

The teacher's story was about a child in India who had no money to go to school, and whose baby sister had no money for milk. "Wouldn't you like to send our collection money to buy milk for poor Anah?" asked the teacher. "Oh, yes," agreed all the children except Ellen. Ellen didn't *want* to think of the Indian baby.

When the children marched up to drop their coins in the collection box, Ellen only pretended to drop in her dime. Nobody saw her. Why, it was easy! Ellen sighed with relief!

But Ellen kept remembering the baby who had no milk. What a thin little baby it must be, and how sad its mamma must feel to see it so tiny and weak!

Sunday school was over. Ellen started slowly after the other children. But as she passed the table which held the collection box, Ellen made a quick movement, and there was a cheerful tinkle as her dime dropped in to join the rest.

"There!" smiled Ellen, feeling much happier. "I guess Anah needs milk lots more than I need candy!"

Getting Ready for Winter



"DO YOU notice how busy the little animals are nowadays?" Mrs. Apricot asked Jane, who was helping her transplant flowers into pots for the winter. "This is their hardest working season of the year. They must make ready for winter, for they are wise little animals and they know cold and snow are coming.

"Some animals will sleep the whole winter. This is Nature's way of taking care of them, for an animal needs very little food to nourish it when it is sleeping. Therefore it can eat enough while food is plentiful in the fall to last it through a season of sleep until food can be found again.

"Our beaver family down the creek will store provisions under the water where they can get at it after the creek is frozen over. Ted's squirrels are tucking away nuts in holes in the ground. Chipmunks have pantries in their burrows, and you may be sure they are filling them to the brim!"

"Just like our pantry," said Jane. "In summer Mamma cans food, and in winter we have nice fruit and vegetables and jams and jellies to last us till summer comes again."

OCTOBER 5

Why, Beppo!



THE LEAVES were falling from the trees. "May I rake them, Mamma?" begged Kathy.

"The rake is pretty big for you to handle," warned Mamma.

"Oh, no, it isn't!" said Kathy.

She dragged the big rake behind her up and down the lawn. "Ride a cockhorse to Banbury Cross," she sang. "Oh, my, I'm making a *big* pile of leaves!"

Beppo, her pet monkey, bounded beside her. He wanted her to stop raking and play with him. "Look at me! Look at me!" he chattered. He leaped in front of her path, he swung up a little tree and hung from a branch, he pelted her with acorns, and still Kathy wouldn't play with him.

What is this nonsense? Beppo wondered, scampering to the pile of leaves. *What's in here that she's so interested in? I'm going to find out!*

Right and left, and up and down, Beppo flung the leaves!

"*Beppo!*" screamed Kathy. She dropped the rake and chased the playful monkey till he ran up a tree.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Kathy, and she began raking up the leaves all over again.

Back came Beppo, slyly ducking from one bush to another. *What fun!* he thought. *Didn't we have a good game of tag when she chased me up that tree? Now we'll do it again!*

He made a flying leap into the pile of leaves and joyously scattered them to the four winds!

"Oh, *Beppo!*" cried Kathy. She put her rake away and went into the house, the mischievous monkey at her heels. "I could handle the rake all right, Mamma," said Kathy, "but I couldn't manage Beppo!"



OCTOBER 6

Fun With Marbles

MY, HOW Ted Johnson loved to play marbles! He and the boys and girls on What-a-Jolly Street had many different games. They lined up a row of marbles in the middle of a circle drawn in the dirt, and tried to hit a marble with their shooters from outside the circle. Or they scooped a shallow hole in the ground, dropped in a marble apiece, and then, from a distance of several yards, tried to sink their shooters in the hole. First one to do it got all the marbles in the hole. Or, walking home from school, one boy would send his marble scooting ahead, and the boy with him would try to tick it with his.

The only trouble was that Ted began to lose and lose. He ran out of marbles, but he didn't stop playing. "Hey, lend me half a dozen!" he would say when a game started. "I'll pay you back when I buy my next bag."

It worked out fine, Ted thought. He didn't miss a single game. When Saturday came, he took a dime from his allowance and bought a big bag of sixty marbles.

"Wheee!" said Ted. "I'm all set for a week of fun!"

But—here came Bob! "May I have my six marbles now?" And here came David—"Can you pay me those ten marbles I lent you?" And here came Paul—and Toby—and Peter—

When Ted got home, there was just one marble in his bag!

"That's okay. We'll lend you some to play with," offered his friends.

"No, sir!" said Ted positively. "That's what I did *last* week and look what it cost me. Borrowing's too easy. After this I'll play while I have marbles of my own, and when I haven't, I'll quit."

OCTOBER 7

The Boys Play Beaver



IT WAS a day almost warm enough for summer. David and Bob lay on their stomachs by the creek.

"Trouble with this creek," said David, "is that it isn't deep enough for swimming. Ought to have a pool in it."

"Beavers make a pool easy as easy," said Bob. "All they do is chop down a little old tree across a creek. Old creek backs up and there's your pool."

A thoughtful look came into David's eyes. "I couldn't cut down a very *big* tree," he said.

"Maybe branches would be enough," suggested Bob eagerly.

Without another word, the boys hopped to their feet and plunged into work. Until dark they huffed and puffed, and pushed and hauled. They ran out of breath, they ran out of material. Suddenly Bob cried, "Hey, look!" Though he stood on the bank, water was creeping around his feet!

"Creek's rising! Our dam's working!" cried David.

"Yeh, but—" Bob backed away from the rising water, "—do you suppose we should have talked to somebody about it first? Jeepers, what if we started a *flood?*"

"Could we do that?" Now David was backing away, too.

"I kind of wish we hadn't wanted a pool!"

"Yeh, old creek was pretty good the way it was!"

Just then—creak, groan, crash! The pressure of water behind the boys' dam burst through the branches and rocks and mud. *Swoosh!* The water swirled back into the creek bed, and sped on its way.

"That's the end of our dam, boy," said David.

Bob gave a big sigh of relief. "Sure is," he said.



OCTOBER 8

Help for Whatta Dog

WHATTA DOG was not a good fighter. When he met a dog who wanted to quarrel, Whatta Dog just went home.

One fine October day, Whatta Dog met a big bumptious dog who was looking for trouble.

"Ki-yi-yi!" yelped Whatta Dog anxiously, heading for home.

"Rrrrrrrr!" snarled the bumptious dog, following after.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown were taking down screens and putting up storm windows. "Looks like early snow this year," said Mr. Brown. "Might blow up something any day now."

What blew up right then wasn't snow but Whatta Dog, ki-yi-yi-ing for dear life as he scooted between Mr. Brown's legs. "Well, what's happening?" cried Mrs. Brown. And then the bumptious dog scooted between her legs, too!

The Browns had just taken the screen off the kitchen window and it stood wide open. Hustle-Bustle, their parrot, was sitting on his cage beside it when Whatta Dog tore into the yard, and Hustle-Bustle saw the big bundle of trouble following him. Hustle-Bustle went into action.

"Squawk! Gibildy-gab-gob-whittlety-wham!" shouted Hustle-Bustle, and straight through the open window he flew!

"Ow-ow-ow-ow!" yelled the bumptious dog. Hustle-Bustle had landed right on his back! Hustle-Bustle dug in with his curved claws; he beat him with his wings.

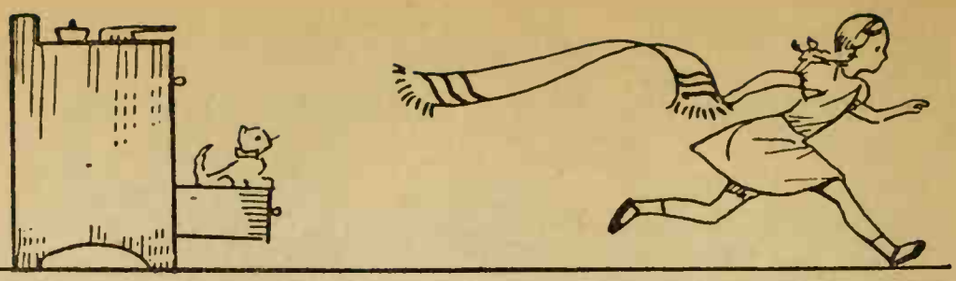
"Ki-yi-yi!" yelled the bumptious dog, trying to get away.

"Woof! Woof! Woof!" barked Whatta Dog, making sure that he *did* get out of there.

"Well, what do you know?" said Mr. Brown dazedly, watching Hustle-Bustle ride back home on Whatta Dog's back. "That's the funniest fighting team I've seen yet!"

OCTOBER 9

Susan and Velvet



SUSAN wasn't sure she liked Jane's new kitten, Velvet. Velvet was always looking for a nice place to curl up for a nap, and one day she chose Susan's open bureau drawer. When Susan, in a hurry, reached in the drawer for a knitted scarf, she grabbed Velvet instead. Her shocked surprise at feeling the "scarf" wriggle in her hands and hearing a "meow," made her drop Velvet and run like a rabbit.

"It's your own fault. You shouldn't leave your bureau drawers open," said Jane.

But that didn't make Susan like Velvet any better.

On another day, Velvet went to Susan's room for a nap, and finding the drawers tightly closed, she curled up in the closet on a dress that had fallen to the floor.

When Susan rushed in at suppertime to brush her hair and put on a fresh blouse, what should come bouncing out of her closet but the dress! Velvet, in snuggling down into it, had tangled it around her so thoroughly that it came along with her when she awoke!

Susan was halfway down the stairs, with the dress chasing her, before a plaintive "meow" told her what had brought the dress so alarmingly to life.

"*Velvet,* I might have known it was you!" scolded Susan. "Jane Ling, will you *kindly* keep your cat out of my room?"

"She seems to like your room best," sighed Jane.

"Well, she can *stop* liking it!" said Susan.

"I'll *tell* her to stay out," agreed Jane, "but she doesn't always hear me. It must be because she has such an extra loud purr. Do you suppose she purrs on purpose, Susan, so she won't hear orders she doesn't *want* to hear?"



OCTOBER 10

Timmy's Bonfire

THERE was a big pile of leaves in Timmy's back yard. Timmy had helped rake them.

"One of these evenings we'll have a big bonfire," promised Timmy's daddy.

Timmy was tired of waiting for that evening to come. Why shouldn't he have the bonfire right now? He had no matches, but he had an idea that would take their place. A fire was burning in the rubbish can where Mamma had emptied the waste baskets. Timmy thrust a long dry stick into this blaze, and when his stick was burning he dropped it in the pile of dry leaves.

Whoosh! Up went the flames!

"Whee!" cried Timmy. He clapped his hands and danced around the bonfire. "Oh, isn't it beautiful!"

But—goodness!—how high the flames leaped! And what a big roar they made! Timmy backed farther and farther from them. Suddenly the bonfire didn't seem beautiful at all; it seemed terrible because Timmy knew he could not stop it. It wasn't like a toy that could be put away in its box when he was through with it; it was a dragon he'd let loose! Timmy was frightened.

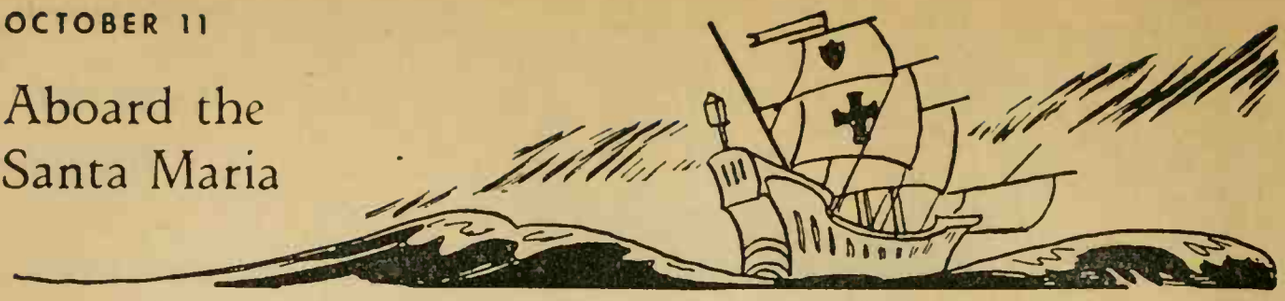
"*Mamma!*" yelled Timmy.

Mamma hurried out. She took the long rake and pulled the flaming pile farther from the garage. Then she kept careful watch to see where the flames would try to go. Timmy felt better with Mamma there.

"I shouldn't have started the bonfire," said Timmy sadly. "I know why now. I'm not big enough yet to make it mind me when I tell it to behave."

OCTOBER 11

Aboard the Santa Maria



DORIS and Ted had built a platform in their big cottonwood tree. Late one afternoon they pretended it was a ship sailing over a big, big ocean.

"It's the *Santa Maria!*" declared Ted. "And I'm Columbus. See—there are his other ships, the *Nina* and the *Pinta,* wallowing through the waves, their crews ready to mutiny and turn back to Europe. And no wonder, for we've been sailing for two months and a week. We're tired, and sick of short rations, and the frightened sailors still believe that we will come to the edge of the world and fall over the side."

"It is night." Doris took up the story in a spine-thrilling whisper. "Dark night. Columbus stands on the deck, alone except for the helmsman. He is unhappy; he is afraid that his men will not stay by him; sometimes he even doubts his own wonderful idea that India can be reached by traveling west. He stands wrapped in his cape, staring, staring westward. Suddenly—"

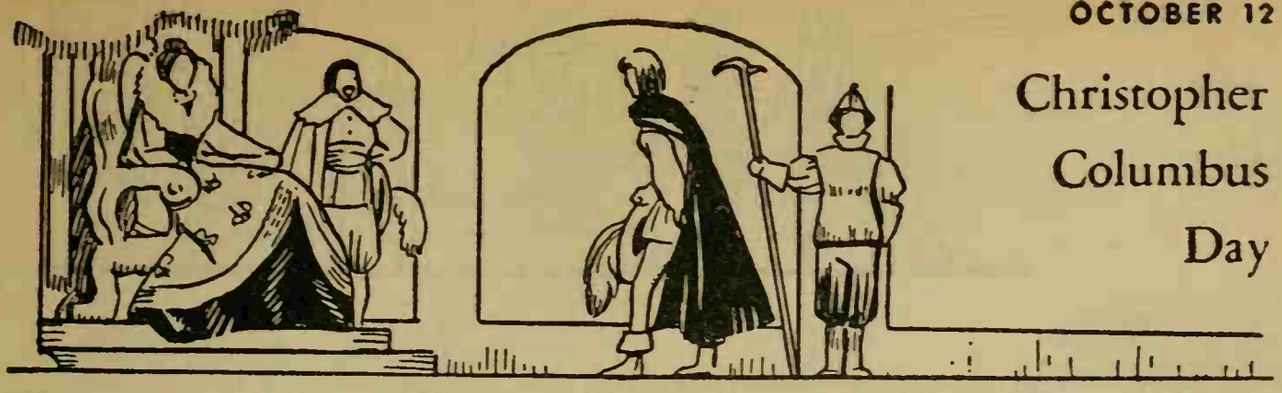
So impulsively did Doris catch Ted's arm that he jumped!

"He sees a light!" cried Doris. "Look!"

"*I see it, too!*" whispered Ted. Then they both laughed. They'd been living the story of Columbus so intently that sight of the first light flashing on in their own house looked like the fire-glow Columbus had seen on a West Indian island that long-ago night of October eleventh, 1492.

"How proud he must have felt when he went ashore the next day!" said Ted. "He had proved the world *is* round!"

"But isn't it a pity he never knew what else he'd found?" said Doris. "Here he'd discovered a brand-new continent, and to his dying day he thought it was India."



Christopher Columbus Day

THE TEACHER said, "Does anyone know what day this is?"

Several hands went up. "Columbus Day!"

"Why, that's fine." The teacher smiled. "And what does Columbus Day mean?"

This time only Bob Nolen's hand waved in the air. "Columbus found us today," he said.

"That's about right," said the teacher. "Only it wasn't today. It was on an October twelfth almost five hundred years ago. Before then, nobody in the rest of the world knew that our great land was on the globe at all. In fact, they didn't know the world *was* a round globe! They thought it was as flat as a dish!"

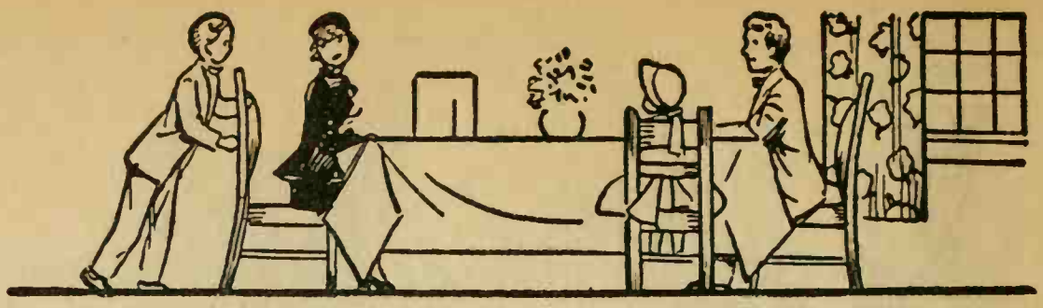
The teacher took a ball of clay and flattened it between her hands. "See? Here was the world as they saw it. This strip of green clay is Europe, the yellow is Asia, and the blue is Africa. To get to Asia, the people in Europe always traveled eastward. Then Christopher Columbus came along with his new idea and said, '*I* can reach Asia by traveling west!' How the people laughed at him! 'You'll sail to the edge and fall off!' they cried. 'That'll be the end of you and your idea.'

"But a wise queen named Isabella believed in Columbus and gave him money to buy three little ships, and off he sailed. When he came to the edge that people worried about—" she bent the clay into a ball, "—why, see, there *was* no edge! Instead of falling down, down, down, he came at last to land. 'I have found India!' he cried. But had he?"

"No!" shouted Bob. "It wasn't India at all! It was *us!*"

OCTOBER 13

Who's a Sissy?



"PAUL," his mother reminded him gently, "don't rest your elbows on the table while you eat."

"Aw, Mom," grumbled Paul, "I bet Bud Sampson's folks aren't forever nagging him about *his* elbows! Jeepers, do you want me to grow up to be a *sissy?*"

All Paul's family heard nowadays was Bud Sampson. Bud Sampson was the high-school football captain, and Paul's hero. Paul wore baggy pants and over-size sweaters like Bud; he thrust his hands deep in his pockets like Bud; he talked in a slow drawl like Bud.

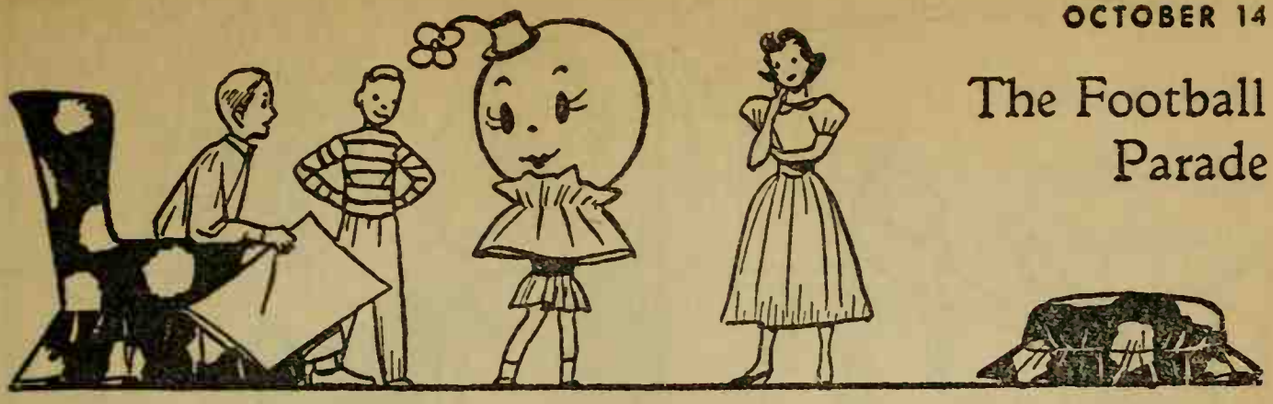
One evening Mr. Smith took his family down to the restaurant for dinner. Paul fussed and fussed at having to change clothes for the occasion. "I suppose you think Bud Sampson'd fix up fancy just to eat!" he fumed.

He was still grumbling when they entered the restaurant, and Paul saw at a table near the door—Bud Sampson! But *what* a Bud Sampson! His trousers had a knife-edge crease, his shoes were gleaming—why, he even wore a necktie! And what's more, when the girl with him started to rise, Bud hurried to pull out her chair for her, and hold her coat while she slipped it on!

Paul gulped. He was very, very quiet as he followed his family to their table. Then when his mother sat down at her place, Paul suddenly whizzed into action, zoomed around the table, and pushed in her chair for her!

"Why, Paul, thank you!" She smiled at him.

"No trouble a-tall," said Paul gruffly. For Paul had decided that if good manners didn't make Bud Sampson a sissy, they wouldn't do *him* any harm either!



The Football Parade

"MAMMA," cried Ellen, running in from school, "at the football game tonight, there's gonna be a parade! All the kids are in it, and they've got funny costumes, and the best one gets a prize! Mamma, can't I be in it, too?"

"Well, it's pretty short notice for making a costume," said Mamma. "I'm afraid the other children will have much fancier ones than I can get ready this quickly."

"I don't care, Mamma," said Ellen happily. "I just want to be in the parade, too."

Mamma figured and figured. "You'll be so very little," she said, "that I'll have to make you big somehow, or nobody will see you. I know! I'll make you a huge balloon head!" So they went downtown and bought the biggest balloon in the toy shop.

First Mamma blew into it; then brother Paul took a turn; at last Daddy had to finish blowing it up. It was as big as a beach ball. "I hope it doesn't burst," said Daddy, "or it would blow the parade galley-west!"

Mamma painted a lopsided grinning face on the balloon, and crookedly on the top she stuck a wee paper hat. Around the neck of the balloon she tied a cape of black cambric. Then she set the balloon on Ellen's head. The cape covered Ellen's head and shoulders. She held it tightly around her, and peeked through its folds to see her way, looking like a wee lady with a mammoth wobbly head. Daddy laughed loudly.

"Jeepers, she's funny!" giggled Paul. "Do you know something? She might even win the prize for best costume!"

And do *you* know something? That's just what Ellen did!

OCTOBER 15

The Turtles Settle Down



"MY, ISN'T this pleasant?" beamed Tilly Turtle, crawling onto the big flat rock in the center of the turtles' pan of water. The pan sat in the Lings' sunny front window, but it was so warm and pleasant that the turtles thought it *must* be in Florida or California!

"Oh, I don't know," grumbled Tooty. "I get fed up with swimming and sunning myself day after day. If we'd rented that nice little bed of dry leaves in the garden—"

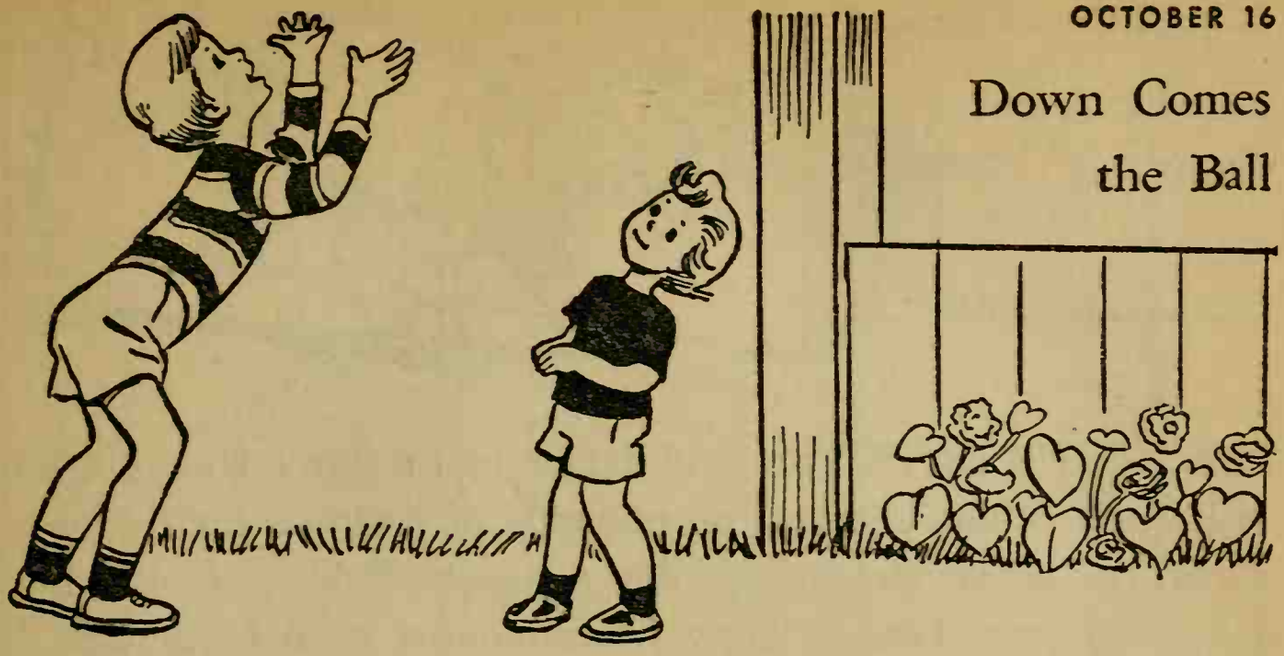
"You and your dry leaves!" scolded Tilly. "Just so you can sleep all winter! Well, you may get fed up with swimming and sunning, but *I* get fed up with sleeping!"

It was an old argument with the turtles. They might have gone on squabbling about it all morning if Jane hadn't come just then with their breakfast.

"Here's your ant-egg breakfast, Tilly and Tooty," she said, sprinkling the dry powdery food over the water. "And here's a bite of nice fresh lettuce for you, too!"

"Hmmm, hmmmm," cried Tooty, scrambling up on the rock beside Tilly where he could get a bigger bite of lettuce. "I tell you what, my dear Tilly, *you* may get fed up with sleeping, and *I* may get fed up with swimming and sunning—but neither of us *ever* gets fed up with eating!"

Down Comes the Ball



PETER had a small rubber ball. "Look how high I can throw it!" he shouted to little Mike.

Up, up, up in the air went the ball! Underneath it circled Peter, his hands outstretched to catch it.

"Ouch!" cried Mike. The ball had come down on his head.

"I'll catch it next time," Peter promised. "Look how high I can throw it now, Mike!"

Up, up, way up went the ball! Round and round beneath it went Peter.

"Peter!" cried his mother. This time the ball had landed in a flower pot and knocked it from the row on the porch.

"I'll throw it farther from the house," Peter said hastily. "Watch, Mike. Look how high it can go!"

Up, up, oh, so far up went the little ball toward the blue sky! How Peter yelled as he danced around, ready to catch it!

"Young man!" said a deep voice sternly. Peter had danced right into an elderly gentleman who was passing by.

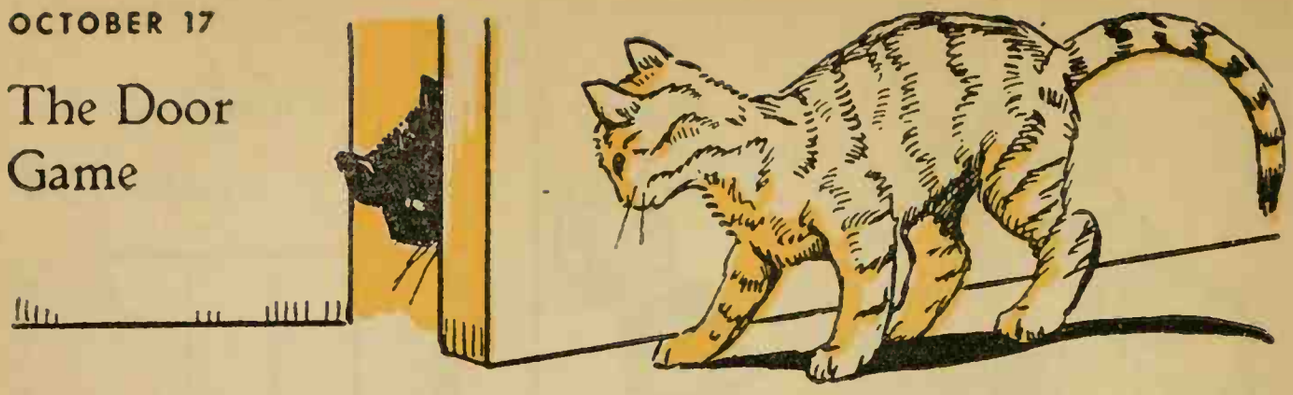
"I'm s-sorry!" Peter gasped, and just then the ball came down and bounced off his own head. "Oops!"

"Fro it again, Peter!" cried little Mike. "Fro it high, high, high!"

"Hmm, some other time," decided Peter, rubbing his head. "Right now how about us just *rolling* it to each other, Mike?"

OCTOBER 17

The Door Game



THE NOLEN CATS, Tom and Tiger, had a game they played with Sally. When she was on one side of a closed door, and a cat on the other, she would slide a paper or pencil or hairpin under the door. Tom or Tiger would pounce on it as though it were a mouse, and send it skidding around till it went under the door again to Sally. If Sally forgot to start the game herself, the cats would shove something under the door to remind her.

One day Tiger found the door of Sally's room almost closed. He could hear a rustling that told him Sally was probably inside the room. Happily, he looked around for something to begin the fun.

A paper clip lay on the floor near by. Tiger gave it a bat with his paw that sent it way past the door. Back again he batted it, and at last it went skidding under the door.

The rustling increased inside Sally's room, and whisk! here came the paper clip back to Tiger! Tiger pounced on the clip, worried it with his sharp teeth, and sent it back.

Back and forth, back and forth went the paper clip. And then Tiger pounced on the clip so hard he struck the door and it swung open. There on the other side was Tom!

"You!" sniffed Tiger in disappointment.

"You!" snorted Tom.

"I thought it was Sally!" grumbled Tiger.

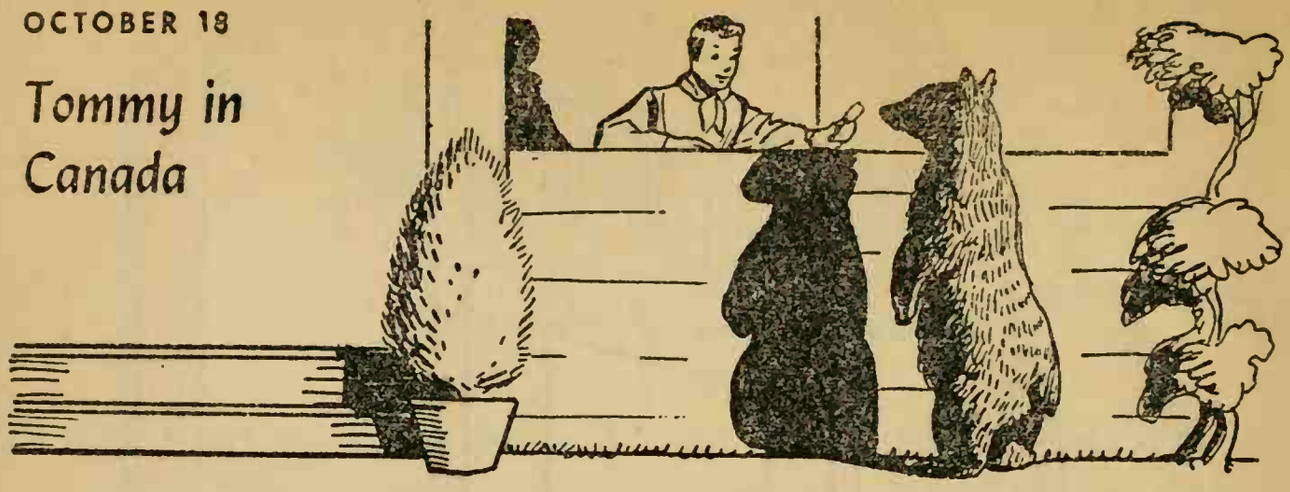
"*I* thought it was Sally!" growled Tom.

And then Tom looked at Tiger, and Tiger looked at Tom. They began to grin. "Fun anyway, wasn't it?" they said. "Let's do it some more!"



OCTOBER 18

Tommy in Canada



"TOMMY once saw an odd feast day in his travels," Mrs. Apricot recalled. "He was visiting Canada, and in the village of Pictou in Nova Scotia, he saw a Lobster Festival!

"Yes, to glorify the business that means prosperity to them, the people stage a big parade of floats made up to look like huge lobsters; they honor the fisherman who has caught the biggest lobster since the last Festival; and I don't doubt that they also *eat* lobster until they don't care to see another on their tables for a whole year!

"Tommy noticed, while he was in Canada, that although there were many national parks, he never saw a zoo. The parks are so vast that the wild animals can roam about freely. Bears even come down to the hotels in the parks to look for tasty scraps of picnic feasts to add to their menu.

"You know there are no forts between our two countries. And at one place along the border, this friendly state of affairs is commemorated by a Peace Garden. School children of the United States and Canada helped pay to build it. In it is a stone tablet that says:

'To God in his Glory
We two nations dedicate this garden
and pledge ourselves that as long as
men shall live we will not take up
arms against one another.'

"Above it, the flags of both countries fly side by side."



OCTOBER 19

Signs of Fall

"HOW MANY signs of fall do you see these days?" Ruth's teacher asked the class. "Let's make a list of them."

A list! Ruth sighed. How long and dull that sounded! Now if a list were just in rhyme—well—Ruth chuckled to herself—why couldn't it be? So this is the "list" that Ruth wrote:

"Red leaves are falling, north winds are calling,
'Soon it will be time for snow!'
Wild geese are flying; I hear them crying,
'Southward, oh, southward we go!'

"Pumpkins are growing; soon they'll be glowing
In Halloween's spooky display.
Turkeys parading seem to be saying,
'Not long till Thanksgiving Day!'

"Footballs are soaring, big crowds are roaring,
'A touchdown! A touchdown! Let's cheer!'
Oh, fall is so merry, I wish it would tarry,
And stay with us twelve months a year!"

OCTOBER 20

Who's to Blame?



TIMMY was supposed to leave his boots in the back entry. This noon he forgot and wore them into the front hall. He took them off hastily, and put them under the coats.

It had been raining, and the ground was all puddly. When Timmy went out to play in the afternoon, he wore his warmest jacket and cap and of course his boots.

He played busily until Mamma called, "Better come in now!"

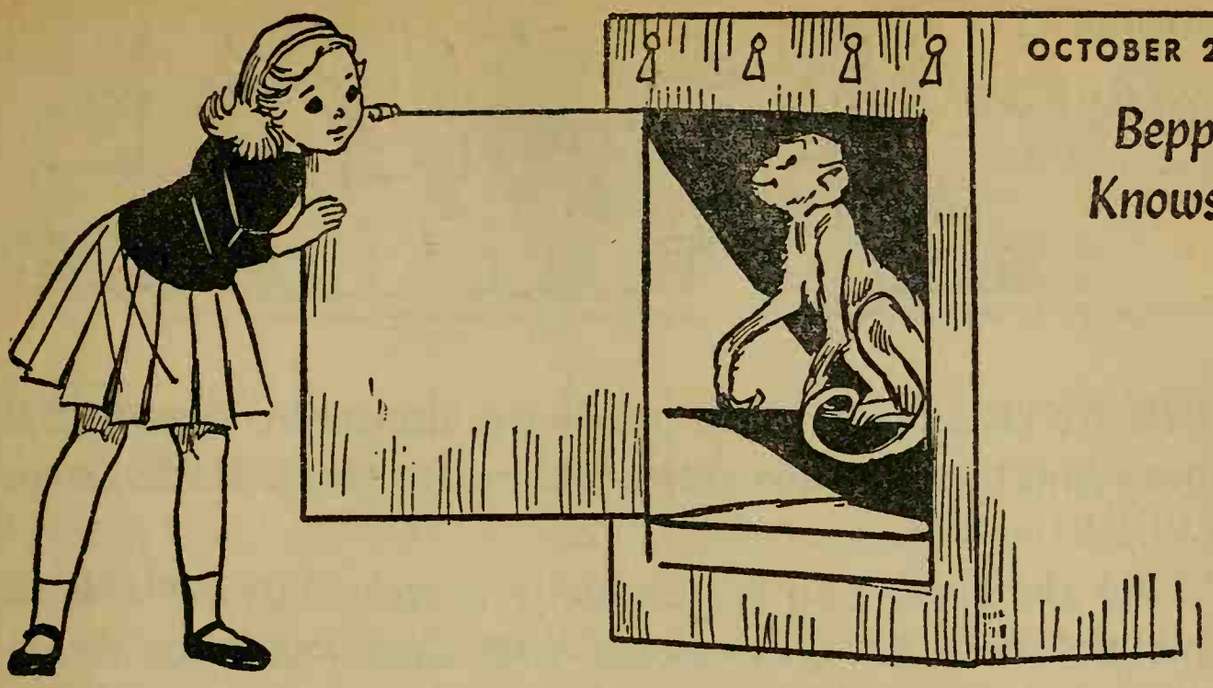
This time he remembered to come through the back entry and take off his boots there. It was lucky he did, for—my goodness! Out of his left boot poured a stream of water!

"Timmy!" cried his mother. "I didn't realize those boots were *that* worn out! We'll get your new pair this afternoon instead of waiting till next week."

Timmy looked at his boot curiously. He'd worn it this morning to school and it hadn't leaked like that. Down near the bottom he found a little hole—a neat little hole about the size of a small bite!

Timmy went up to the front hall and peeked under the coats. His puppy, Pal, was snoozing there. Pal woke and thumped his tail at sight of Timmy. He came out of the coats, yawning and stretching and looking like the best-behaved puppy in the world. But Timmy didn't believe his looks. He peered farther under the coats, and there—sure enough!—there on the floor was a small bite-sized bit of rubber!

"You!" said Timmy sternly. "Well, I won't tell Mamma *this* time, 'cause she was buying me a new pair anyway." *And I won't put my boots in the front hall any more, either*, Timmy thought. *I'll keep them where they belong.*



OCTOBER 21

Beppo Knows!

BRRR, but the wind had turned cold!

"Winter's coming," said Mr. Watson, putting on the storm windows.

"Winter's coming," said Mrs. Watson, sealing her last jar of home-canned applesauce.

"Winter's coming," said the twins, getting extra blankets from the cedar closet for their beds.

"Oh, it is not!" cried Betty, blowing into the kitchen on a fine big gust of wind. "It's as nice as anything. Where's Beppo, Mamma? I'll take him out to play."

"Why, I saw that monkey just a minute ago," said Mrs. Watson. "He was right here in the kitchen."

Betty went from room to room, and back to the kitchen again. "That's funny. Where do you suppose the rascal is?"

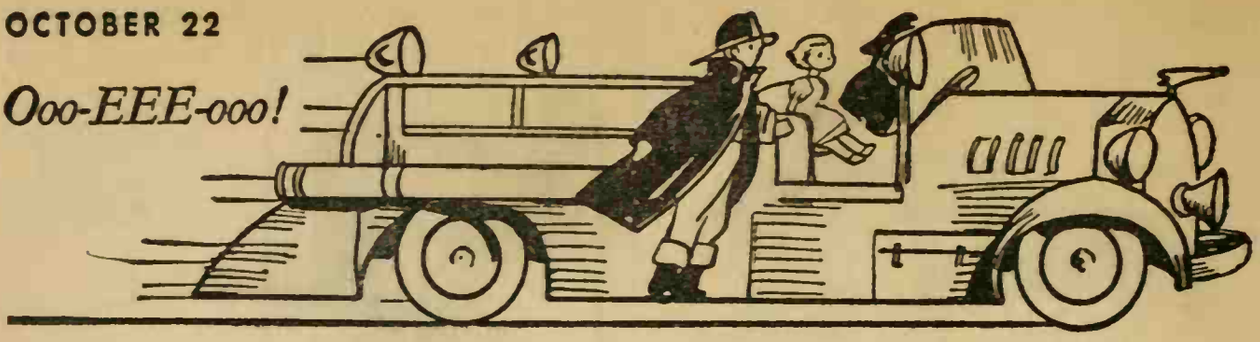
Mamma said, "Will you open the oven door for me, Betty? I believe I'll slip this pie in until supper time."

Betty stooped to open wide the half-open oven door. Then she gave a little squeak of surprise. Beppo's funny monkey face peered out at her from the shadowy warm oven!

"Oh, Beppo, are you that cold?" laughed Betty. "Or is that the way you tell me it's too chilly to play outdoors? All right, we'll play in the house then. I guess winter really *is* coming!"

OCTOBER 22

Ooo-EEE-ooo!



ONE AFTERNOON Amy heard the fire siren. *OoooEEEEE-oooo!* And then she heard the fire trucks. *OoooEEEE! Oooooo-EEEEE!*

Past the corner of What-a-Jolly Street roared the trucks, and on toward Mr. Gay's store. After them ran Amy.

"Oooh, is Mr. Gay's store on fire?" she worried, thinking of the good candy inside. But on and on went the fire trucks and on and on panted Amy, block after block.

"Oh, dear!" she cried at last, all out of breath. "I've lost them!" And then she looked around her, and cried still louder, "Oh, *dear!* I've lost *me!*"

She was so tired and frightened that she burst into tears. "I don't want to find a fire!" she sobbed. "I just want to find home!" Then suddenly she turned a corner, and there were the firemen! They were rolling up their hoses. The fire was out.

"What's the matter with you, youngster?" asked one.

"I got lost, looking for the *ooooEEEEEE!*" sobbed Amy.

Another fireman came up. "It's the little Johnson girl," he said. "Lives on What-a-Jolly Street."

"Then that's where we'll take her," declared the first fireman. And before Amy knew it, she was boosted onto the high seat of the fire truck! *Whizzzzz* went the engine. *OooooEEEEEEE* went the siren.

Right up to Amy's front door drove the fire truck. The fireman lifted Amy down.

"Oh, Amy, wasn't it wonderful to ride on a fire truck?" cried the children, racing up to meet her.

"No," said Amy positively. "It's wonderful to be home!"



OCTOBER 23

The Black Blizzard

IT WAS much too early for a snowstorm, everybody said, looking at the dark sky above What-a-Jolly Street. "Much more likely to rain," said Mr. Nolen. "Or blow up a dust storm," said Mr. Watson.

"No," said Mr. Ling, studying the sky, "those are real blizzard clouds."

As it turned out, *everybody* was right!

First it began to rain. That was in early afternoon. By four o'clock, the rain had changed to snow, and how that snow did drive against the children's faces as they ran laughing home from school!

"Snow! Snow!" they shouted. "What fun!"

They played outside, letting the wind blow them into it, letting the snow sting their faces, till their mothers called them in to supper.

"Goodness, what a storm!" said Mrs. Ling, hustling Jane and Toby into the warm bright kitchen. "It's as dark as midnight already. Why, what have you children been into?"

Jane and Toby looked down at their coats. They were wet with melting snow, but they were dirty, too! Practically black!

"And your face!" the children said to each other in astonishment. "It's just *streaked!*"

"This is certainly the funniest snow I ever saw!"

"There's a dust storm blowing with it," Mrs. Ling decided. "You'll see black drifts tomorrow."

Sure enough, they did! Black drifts, like big coalpiles, lined What-a-Jolly Street to remind everyone for weeks to come of the black blizzard!

OCTOBER 24

The Black Puddle



THE DAY after the black blizzard, the snow began to melt. The more it melted, the blacker grew the drifts that remained, and oh! the color of the puddles was like ink!

There was an especially big puddle in the vacant lots behind the Browns' house. Jack and Jerry, the twins, went to play there with Peter and Bob. Peter and Bob had bicycles.

"Watch me!" they called, and *zip, whoosh, splatter!* they rode right through the puddle. Black water sprayed on either side.

"Oh, let me try it! Let me!" begged the twins.

"Shucks, you can't ride a bike!"

"Yes, we can! We've practiced lots of times. Oh, give us a turn!"

"Well—" Peter and Bob slowly got off their bikes. "If you're sure you can, go ahead."

Eagerly Jack hopped on Bob's bike. He got a good start and then *swoosh!* he hit the puddle, and zipped through safely to the other side.

"Out of my way!" yelled Jerry. "Here *I* come!"

But Jerry didn't take as long a start. He was going too slowly when he hit the puddle. Wobble, stagger, sway, went the bike, going slower and slower as it sank into the mud. Wobble, wobble—*splash!* Down went Jerry into the black, black puddle!

"Wow!" said Bob as Jerry staggered to his feet. "If it was Halloween, you could scare anybody looking like that!" For poor Jerry was black from top to toe.

"I guess I'll start by scaring Mamma," said Jerry. "And after that I won't be scaring anybody else. I'll be spending the rest of the day in the bathtub!"



OCTOBER 25

The Lucky Patch

LITTLE Mike Brown went out to play in the black, black snow that remained from the black blizzard. He wore his old snowsuit with the patched pants and elbows because Mamma said his new snowsuit was to be saved for *white* snow.

Mike found the big puddle behind his house where Jerry Watson had fallen. "Ugh," said Mike, "black, black!"

The squirrels from next door were climbing in the tree above the puddle. "Here, squirrely!" called Mike hopefully. He thought how lovely it would be to hold a soft squirrel in his arms and pet its shining fur. The squirrels were on such a low branch he could almost reach them.

Mike busily dragged an orange crate from his house. He found a chunk of wood he could handle, and brought that, too. When one was piled on the other, and Mike was atop them both, he could just reach the lowest limb of the tree.

Mike slung his leg over the limb and crawled out on it. "Here, squirrely," he panted. The squirrels gave a graceful leap and were suddenly skimming up and up the tree!

"Aw, shucks," said Mike in disappointment. He tried to wriggle around to watch them go. Snap, crack! "*YEEEEOOOOW!*" yelled Mike. "Tree's breaking! Help, Help!"

When his family rushed out, they found Mike dangling above the black puddle, held aloft by the branch that had caught in the patch of his pants!

"Well, this is a pretty good old snowsuit after all," his mother comforted him when he was down. "The new one wouldn't have had any patch for the tree to catch hold of, and what a splash there would have been then!"

"Black, black splash!" agreed Mike soberly.

OCTOBER 26

Famous Trees



"MRS. APRICOT, I've got to write a story about trees," said Paul anxiously. "Do you know any famous trees?"

"There's a famous one here in Iowa," Mrs. Apricot reminded him. "It is the Council Oak at Sioux City. It was more than a hundred years old when Lewis and Clark stopped there on their way to the Pacific and held council with the Indians.

"Another one in Iowa is the Lincoln Memorial Hackberry at Decorah. When the Governor of Iowa set April twenty-seventh, eighteen sixty-five, as a day of mourning for Abraham Lincoln, a man named John Finn planted a little hackberry tree on his lawn in memory of our great president. The tree has grown into as magnificent a memorial as a man ever had.

"Then there was the Charter Oak at Hartford, Connecticut. That's the tree in which the Connecticut charter was hidden when King James II demanded it back. And there is a tulip tree still standing on Manhattan Island, the only thing now living that was there when Hendrick Hudson came in sixteen-hundred nine.

"Now let me see what other trees I recall. In Charleston, South Carolina, there is a live oak with a story. It seems that George Washington was visiting at the plantation where the tree stands, when he heard orders given that it be cut down. He loved trees so much that he asked that it be spared. It was, and after that it was known as the Washington Live Oak. Oh, and another tree bearing his name—it is dead now—was the famous Washington Elm at Cambridge, Massachusetts, under which General Washington took command of his army."

Paul had been writing rapidly. "I've got enough for my story, Mrs. Apricot," he said. "Thanks a lot!"



OCTOBER 27

The Room With a Secret

NOW THE new room at the Barrett house had a fine gleaming floor. The carpenters had come and nailed the narrow strips of shining flooring to the rough boards below. *Pound, pound, whang, whang,* their hammers had sung through the Barrett house.

Zing, zing, zing, their saws cut right through the wall of the house where only a window had been before, and suddenly the window was a door leading to the new room!

Swish, swish, swish, the plasterers followed the carpenters, and made the walls smooth and white.

Stroke, stroke, stroke, the painters came after the plasterers, and under their brushes the walls of the new room glowed yellow like a winter sunrise.

"It's a *beautiful* room," whispered Ruth, stepping through the brand-new door into the brand-new room that so short a time ago had been a square of lawn.

"It's a *secret* room," hissed David mysteriously, tiptoeing after her. "Some place in here is a secret. I wonder where?"

"There can't be a secret," said Ruth. "We saw it built. We saw every board nailed into place. There's no secret panel or door or any place where a secret could hide."

"I don't care," said David firmly. "The room has a secret. Some day, we'll find it here."

"Do you really think so?" asked Ruth, round-eyed. "Then I'm going to keep looking. I'm going to come in here every day, and see if I can find it."

OCTOBER 28

The Two-Faced Pumpkin



THE NOLEN CHILDREN were busy carving jack-o'-lanterns.

"You'd better wait," Sally told little Ann. "I'll carve yours when I've finished mine."

But Ann didn't want to wait. "I can carve," she said.

Ann's knife wasn't very sharp, but she hacked away at her little pumpkin stubbornly. Now the top was off, and the insides hollowed out. Ann laid it on its side, and held it firmly as she stabbed the knife through for one jack-o'-lantern eye and then another. They were different sizes, and one was higher than the other, but they were eyes.

"There!" said Ann proudly. She set her pumpkin up to admire it, and saw a funny thing—there were eyes on *both* sides of her pumpkin! Ann had stabbed her knife so hard she had cut way into the pumpkin and out the other side!

"Oh, my!" worried Ann. She studied and studied her pumpkin. Was it spoiled?

Slowly she punched out a nose and a crooked turned-down mouth to finish one of the faces. Then—suddenly inspired by a happy idea—she finished the face on the other side with a nose and a turned-*up* mouth!

"Well, will you look at Ann's cute jack-o'-lantern!" cried the other children. "A smiling face and a scowling face on the same pumpkin! Ann's smart!"

Ann never told them that she'd been smart by accident!

New Tricks



"WHAT can we do on Halloween this year?" wondered the Watson twins, Jack and Jerry.

"I know," said Betty, "we can make a scarecrow and put it in Billy Bates's yard, only dress it in a decent coat and cap that Billy can use. He just never seems to have enough warm clothing."

"Hey, that's a funny kind of trick!" cried Jack.

"Sounds good, though," said Jerry. "Sounds like more fun than just ringing doorbells or asking for treats. Maybe we could put something in the coat pockets, too, just some little thing like crayons and pencil or some pennies."

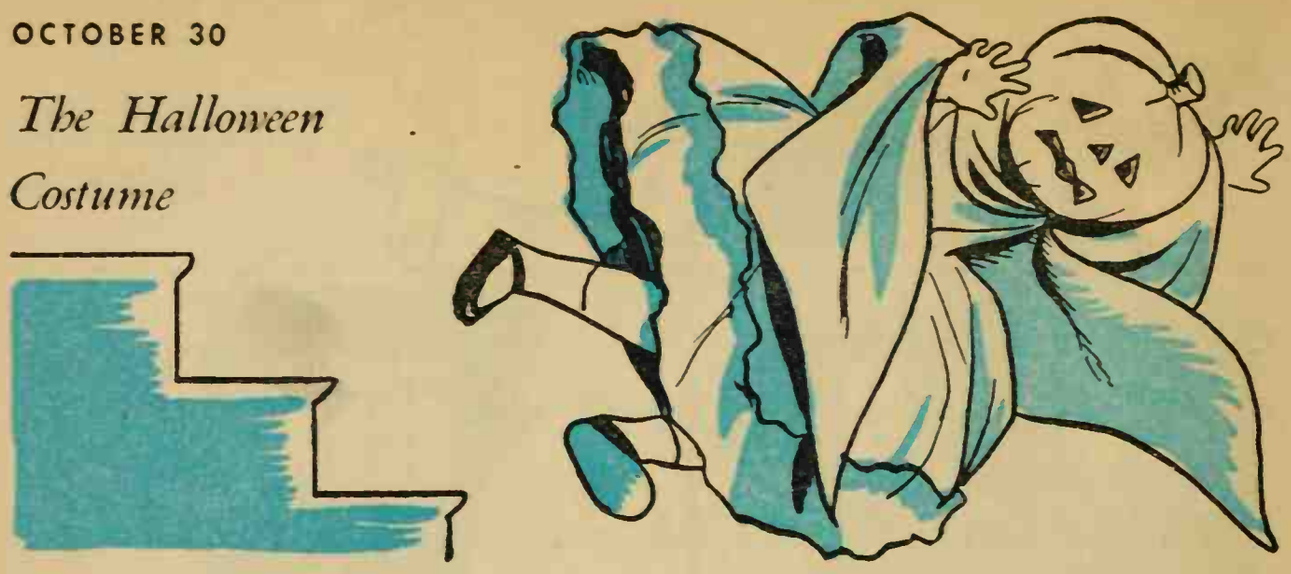
"I know another one, too," suggested Betty. "Instead of begging treats at houses, let's fool the kids in the little houses across town by giving *them* treats! We can make a lot of popcorn balls on Halloween, and our mothers will cook some taffy."

"Sure!" agreed Jack eagerly. "We'll rattle our ticker-tacks on their windows, and when they run out to see who did it, they'll find the stuff to eat!"

"We'll have more fun *this* Halloween," decided Jerry, "than we ever had before!"

OCTOBER 30

The Halloween Costume



MARY LOU was planning her costume for a Halloween party.

"Let's see, these old hoops will make my orange skirt look as big as a pumpkin," she decided, "and I'll wrap a cape around my shoulders, and wear a jack-o'-lantern mask."

But Mary Lou, like Peter, was sometimes in too much of a hurry. It seemed like too much trouble to sew a hem in the skirt when pins would do just as well, and safety pins would hold the hoops to her blouse, wouldn't they?

The party was gay and lively. "First game is hobble-tag," cried the host. "Winning pair gets a box of gumdrops!"

Mary Lou was hobbled to a big boy. They got off to a wonderful head start, but—r-r-r-r-rip! halfway to the goal, Mary Lou tripped on the hem of her skirt and went flat!

Mary Lou missed the next game while she found more pins for her hem. Then, hearing her host announce, "All ready for the costume-judging!" she swirled downstairs. Oh, dear! Another loose part of her hem caught in her heel, and down the steps fell Mary Lou in her springy hoops—bounce, rip, bounce!

"Oh, Mary Lou, are you all right?" asked the guests.

Mary Lou got up cautiously. She wrapped her cape tightly around her, and underneath it she clung to her hoops. Every pin at her waist had come open and was pricking her.

"I'll be much righter," Mary Lou said firmly, "when I've gone upstairs and fixed things again—with needle and thread!"



Timmy's Halloween

ON HALLOWEEN night, Timmy Carter was the most disappointed little boy in town. He had too bad a cold, Mamma said, to go out with his jack-o'-lantern as he'd planned.

"But you can pop corn," Mamma offered, "and roast apples and marshmallows in front of the fireplace."

Mmm, that sounded good! Timmy felt a little better.

No sooner was the first popper of corn finished than there came a knock at the door. "Tricks or treats!" called the pair of sheet-wrapped ghosts shivering outside.

"Come have some popcorn," Timmy invited, "and warm up."

The ghosts put their pumpkins on the mantel and settled down to the popcorn and apples.

"Tricks or treats!" called a pirate and a witch outside the window. Timmy invited them in, too.

Next it was a black-robed bat who came a-knocking, and then another witch, and more ghosts. Timmy's living room was quite filled up. Everybody took turns popping corn, and Mamma made a pot of cocoa to go with it. The children turned off the lights and ate by firelight and the spooky flickering glow from the row of lighted jack-o'-lanterns.

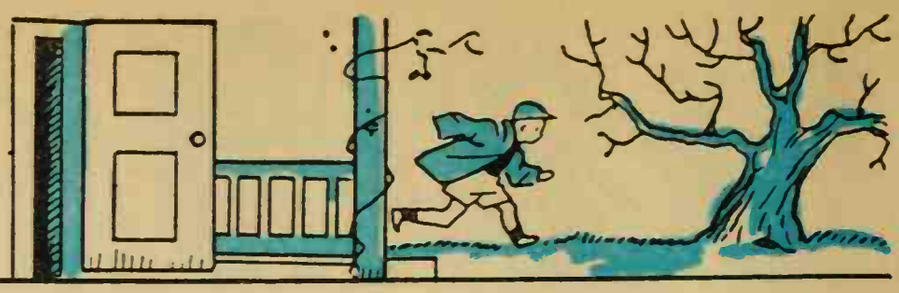
"This is lots more fun," said a ghost contentedly, "than freezing outside."

"I feel sorry for the kids with nothing to do but play tricks," said a witch.

When all the children had decided that they'd stayed as long as they could, Timmy called good-by to them and then turned back to Mamma with a happy face. "Wasn't it a wonderful Halloween?" he beamed. "Even if I *did* have to stay in, everybody else stayed in with me!"

NOVEMBER 1

In the Nick of Time



"JEEPERS, I'll be late!" cried Peter, flinging clothes right and left as he searched for his Sunday suit. "Quarter of ten already! Why didn't someone call me?"

"We all called you, Peter," Mrs. Brown said patiently. "Here's your suit on its hanger."

"Well, how'd I know it was hanging up?" Peter dived into his clothes.

"Peter, take your time!"

"Jeepers, Mom, I have to get there by ten, don't I?" Peter didn't take time for breakfast. He didn't take time to put on boots. He didn't take time to check his bicycle tires—not until he was halfway to Sunday school, and found that his rear tire was flat.

"Aw!" cried Peter. He dogtrotted on to Sunday school, wheeling his bike.

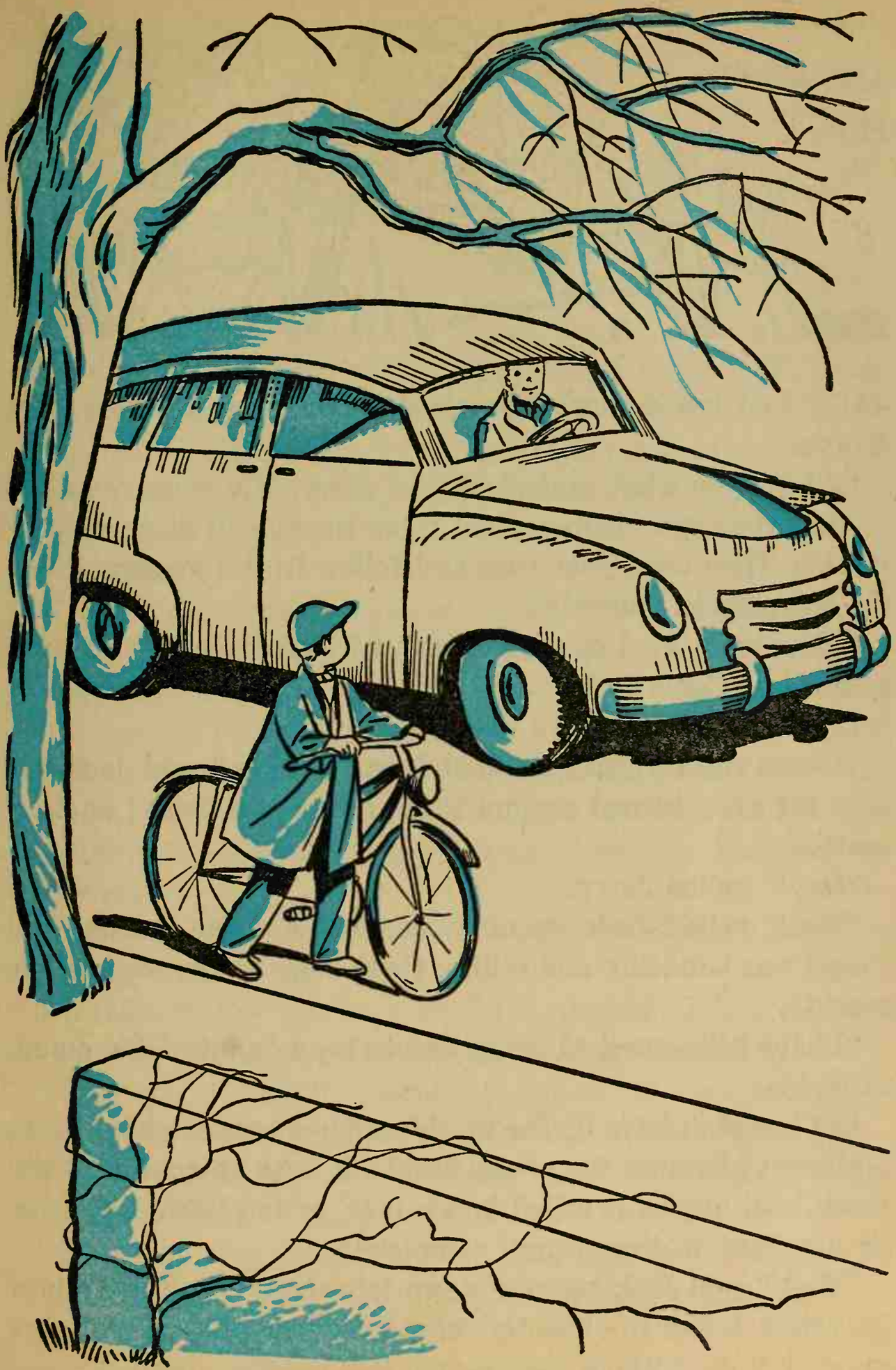
Two blocks farther on, he sneezed—his feet were damp and cold without boots—and he had no handkerchief with him. Nor had he remembered to bring his money for the collection.

"Well, *jeepers!*" Peter declared in despair. Just then a car drew up beside him and his father said, with a twinkle in his voice, "Forget anything, Pete? Your mother sent a few things she thought you might need."

Peter said, "Boy, thanks, Dad! You and Mom are pals!"

Mr. Brown loaded the bicycle on the back bumper, and while he drove Peter to church, Peter put on his boots and tucked his handkerchief and money into his pocket.

"Thanks, Dad!" Peter said, hopping off at church as the ten-o'clock bell rang. "Next Sunday I'll take more time and get here faster!"



NOVEMBER 2

The Marble Hunt



JACK had lost a marble—a good marble, too, his very best shooter.

"I'll tell you what to do," advised Jerry. "Go where you lost it, shut your eyes, turn around three times, and pitch another marble. Then open your eyes and follow it; it'll go straight to the lost marble, honestly."

"Say, that's kind of magic, isn't it?" asked Jack. "I'll have to try that. Come on."

Down toward the creek they went.

"It was right about here that I was playing," said Jack. He shut his eyes, turned around three times, and tossed another marble.

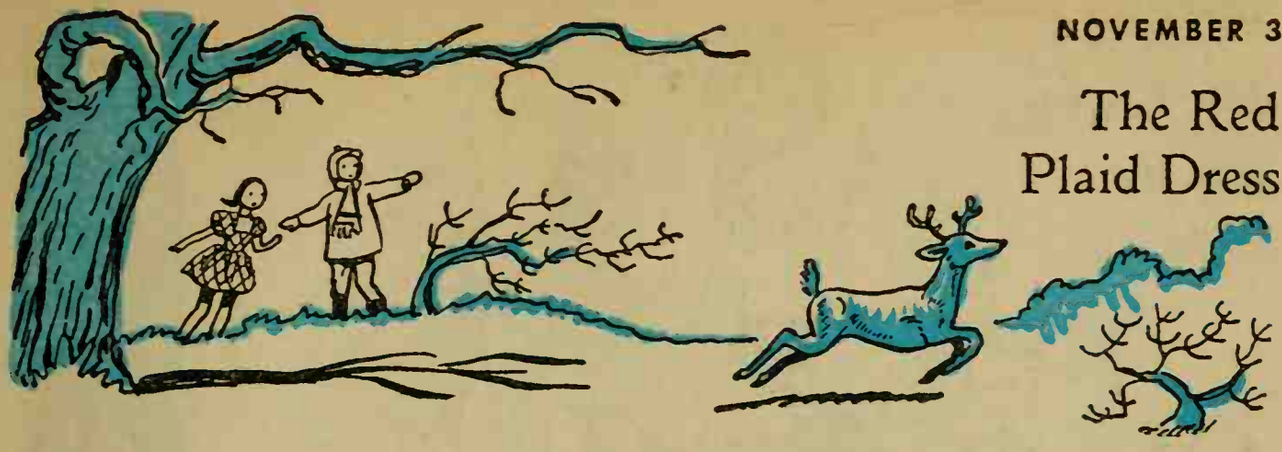
"Hey!" yelled Jerry.

"Hey!" yelled Jack, opening his eyes. For the marble he'd tossed was bouncing and rolling right down to the edge of the creek!

"I have it!" screeched Jerry, diving head on into a big clump of weeds.

But he didn't have it. The marble slipped between his fingers and went plop into the creek. Maybe it kept on rolling in the creek bed; maybe it rolled into a hole, or hid behind a stone. At any rate, it disappeared completely.

"Well!" said Jack, peering down into the creek. "This might be where I lost my shooter, all right, but why couldn't the magic tell me without making me lose *another* marble?"



NOVEMBER 3

The Red Plaid Dress

DORIS had a new red plaid dress. It was so pretty she could hardly take her eyes from it long enough to study.

When Doris got home from school, Mamma reminded her, "Hang your dress up neatly when you change to play clothes."

"Yes," said Doris. But oh, dear, she didn't *want* to put on play clothes!

"I won't do anything that would hurt it," she told herself. "I'll play quietly. I won't even go outdoors."

But she forgot that when Ted called, "Hey, Doris, come look at the deer on Mrs. Apricot's hill!"

Oh, my! Several people had seen the bold deer who ventured so close to What-a-Jolly Street for food, but Doris hadn't. She ran out hastily. The slim graceful animal was just bounding off up the hill.

"Oh, Ted, do you suppose there's a family of them living up there? Let's follow it!"

Up the hill they dashed, pushing through brambles and undergrowth, but not another sign of the deer did they see.

"Race you downhill!" Doris shouted as they started home, but—wham! she caught her toe in a vine and went flat!

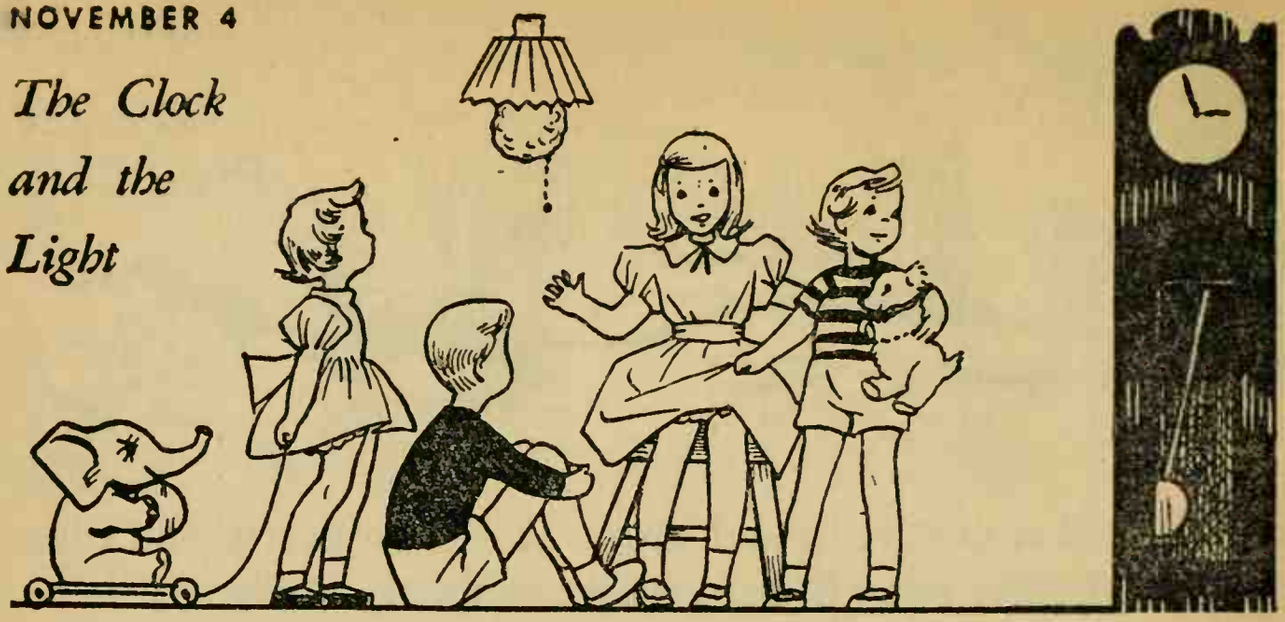
Not until then did she remember her new dress. "Oh, my dress!" she cried. "Ted, is it dirty? Is it torn?"

"It's okay," Ted reassured her. "But your knee's bleeding."

"I don't care," Doris declared in relief. "Serves me right. If I'd had my slacks on, I wouldn't have cut it. Come on, I'm going home and put on play clothes for playtime!"

NOVEMBER 4

The Clock and the Light



"NOW LISTEN!" Ruth called to the children near her. "I'll tell you a story you'll like to hear.

"It's all about a clock in the hall, and the quarrel it had with the light on the wall.

" 'Tick-tock,' said the clock, 'you seem very bright, but I notice you're only turned on at night. Now I'm on the job night and daytime, too, so it's plain *I'm* the worker most tried and true!'

" 'Pish, tush!' cried the light with an angry spark. 'What use is your face if it's in the dark? Now I light the children's way upstairs to bed—'

" 'But *I* send them there!' the old clock said. 'And in the morning when you're simply lazy, *I'm* on the job as fresh as a daisy, sending the children to school or to play—'

" 'But wait, old clock, till the end of the day!' the light demanded. 'Just wait, I say! Is it you they run to when shadows fall? No, indeed, it's to me, the bright light on the wall. *I* chase the shadows and scare off the gloom; *I* bring warm comfort to a dull room!'

" 'There's truth in your words," the old clock conceded. 'I'll have to admit that it's plain we're both needed. You work at your job, and I'll work at mine, and I guess together we'll get along fine!' "

Four Birthdays



JANE and Ann and Jack and Jerry all had November birthdays. "My, what a birthday month!" smiled Mrs. Apricot. "We'll have to pretend you're all twins and celebrate the four birthdays together! How about that? You come up to my house after school for some birthday cake and ice cream."

When the four children arrived that afternoon, she gave each an end of colored ribbon. "Follow your ribbon," she told them mysteriously, "and bring back what you find!"

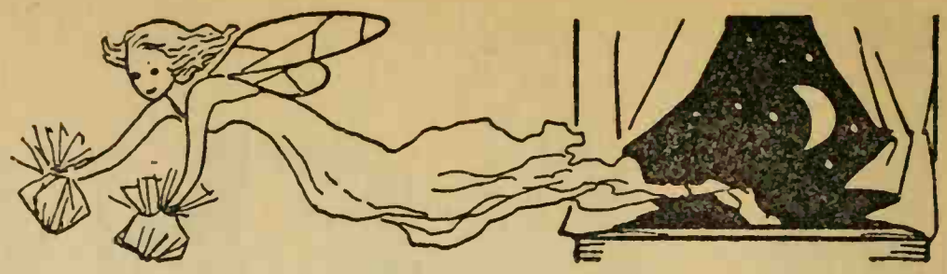
Oh, what a chase those ribbons gave the children! Jane's blue ribbon led upstairs, and in and out of spooky dark closets! Ann's yellow ribbon went clear to the attic! Jack's red ribbon took him to the basement, and Jerry's green ribbon disappeared outdoors.

Happy shouts told Mrs. Apricot when Jane and Ann and Jack found the gifts at the ends of their ribbons. "But Mrs. Apricot, I found Jerry's package beside mine," said Jack. "So what did Jerry's ribbon lead to?"

Just then across the yard, led by Jerry, came the entire laughing, tumbling crowd of What-a-Jolly Street children! "Look what I found at the end of *my* ribbon!" cried Jerry. "A whole surprise party!"

NOVEMBER 6

What a Mix-Up!



SUSAN was just going to sleep. She stretched and yawned, thinking of the grown-up dress she had seen in a store window that afternoon. It was a formal dress, long, full-skirted, and sparkly. "Mmmm," thought Susan sleepily, "someday *I'll have* a dress like that!"

Toby was just going to sleep, too. He was thinking about the football game he and the boys had had that afternoon. "When I'm big," Toby yawned, "I'll play on a real team and make touchdowns by the dozen!"

Then they both fell asleep. The Dream Fairy drifted lightly through Susan's window with her packages of dreams. She sifted one over Susan's head, and then flew to Toby's room and sifted one over his head. Then she gasped, "Oh, my! I do believe I mixed those dream packages!"

Back she flew to Susan's bed. Susan was dreaming a very energetic dream. She tossed and tumbled; she wadded the pillow into a ball and clutched it under her arm.

"Touchdown! Touchdown!" she muttered.

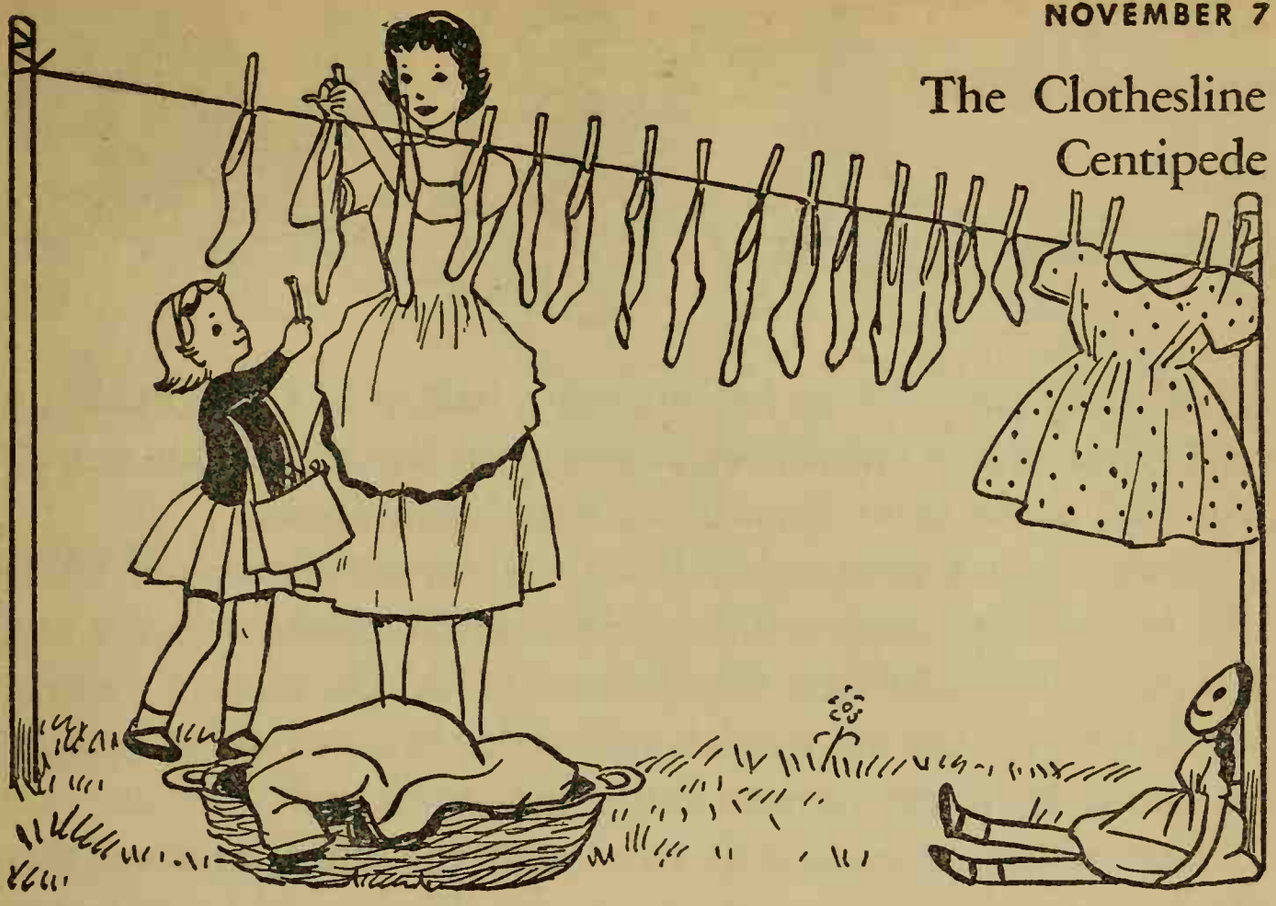
"Goodness!" murmured the Dream Fairy. She flew to Toby's bed. Even asleep, Toby looked worried. He squirmed and kicked his legs as though a long skirt was hobbling them.

Suddenly Toby woke. "Of all the sissy dreams!" he muttered. "Imagine me decked out in a girl's party dress!"

Susan awoke just as abruptly. She frowned at the pillow in her arms. "Football!" she snorted. "Now why would I dream about making a touchdown?"

The Dream Fairy laughed a silky soft laugh as she waited for them to fall asleep again. "This time," she promised herself, "I won't mix up those dreams!"

The Clothesline Centipede



MAMMA was hanging out the washing.

"What lots and lots of socks!" cried Ann, who was handing her mother clothespins.

Mamma laughed. "It's like a centipede walking along our clothesline, isn't it? Did you ever see a centipede? It's a bug with many legs. Some people say it has a hundred of them!"

"A hundred legs! How does it know which one to move first? I'd get all mixed up."

"Our centipede on the clothesline is mixed up, too," chuckled Mamma. "Look, some of its feet are going forward, and some of them point backward."

"Pretty soon, it's going to get so tangled it'll fall plop to the ground," giggled Ann, "and roll over and over!"

"Oh, I hope not!" said Mamma, pushing the clothespins down extra tight. "We mustn't let our nice clean centipede get dirty."

"When the centipede's legs are dry," promised Ann, "I'll help them walk into our clothesbasket. I think he's too mixed up to find the way himself."

NOVEMBER 8

The Magic Button



AS ELLEN played with her mother's button box, she made up a story about the carved jet button with the rhinestone center that had come from Grandma's best black dress.

"Once upon a time," said Ellen, "there was a wicked witch who had a wand with a diamond-tipped black star on the end that enchanted anyone who looked at it. 'Go steal a million pearls for me!' the old witch would order the enchanted person. He had to do it, for he was under the star's spell.

"Now a very nice old lady lived near the witch, and one day she was walking in the witch's forest. The wicked witch was asleep under a tree, and the wand had rolled out of her hand and down the hill. The nice old lady found it. 'What a pretty button!" she said, pulling the diamond-tipped black star from the wand and pinning it to her dress.

"Suddenly the witch awoke, and finding her wand gone she rushed down the slope after it and came face to face with the nice old lady. She came face to face with the shiny button, too, and—whiff!—*she* was enchanted!

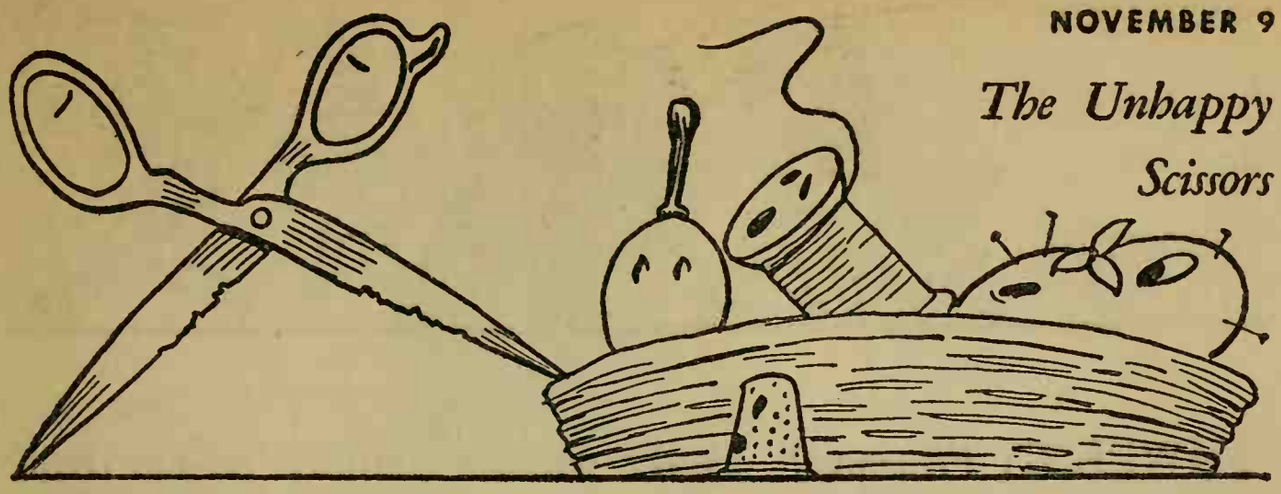
" 'Hello,' said the nice old lady. 'May I have a drink?'

" 'Of course, of course,' mumbled the enchanted witch.

"The nice old lady drank the water the witch brought. 'Thank you,' she said with a smile. 'How kind you are!'

"And—because the witch had to do what the owner of the star told her, from then on she *was* good and kind!

"And the nice old lady—that's Grandma—never knew she wore a magic button. The button never did any more harm, because Grandma only asked people to do nice things. So everybody was happy, even the wicked old witch!"



The Unhappy Scissors

TIMMY found his mother's pair of scissors in her workbasket. My, what fine long bright scissors they were! Lots longer and brighter than the little ones Timmy had learned to use in kindergarten.

I could use these easy as easy, thought Timmy.

Snip, snip, sang the scissors as Timmy fed them a piece of paper.

Snap, snap, went the scissors as Timmy gave them a square of cardboard next.

Chop, chop, gobbled the scissors as Timmy tried them on his raw carrot.

Whack, whack, snipped the scissors as Timmy sliced off a lock of his hair.

Gr-r-rind, gr-r-ind, puffed the scissors as Timmy sawed them on the table leg.

Crunch, crunch, groaned the scissors, as Timmy drove them across a tin-can top.

"*Ouch! Ouch!*" roared the scissors—no, it was Timmy who roared that time, for the tired, disgusted scissors had taken a sharp nip at his finger!

Mamma came running. "Oh, Timmy, what have you been doing? You mustn't use these scissors, Timmy. They'll hurt you, and you'll hurt them just as badly."

"Don't *want* to use 'em any more!" declared Timmy, sucking his finger. "Ol' scissors don't like me. They *bit* me!"

NOVEMBER 10

A Day to Remember



"PHWEEET! *Phweeet!*" Paul's whistle sounded as his lively parade marched down What-a-Jolly Street. Paul was leader of the parade, Jack and Jerry beat the drums, Sally blew a horn, Peter, Ted, Toby and Bob shouldered broomstick guns, Jane, Doris and Ellen carried flags. "Company—*halt!*"

Veterans' Day, tomorrow, had given them the idea of having a parade. "We'll pretend we're a real military regiment," said Paul, "marching to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier just as they'll *really* do tomorrow in this country and England and France."

"Why do they do that?" asked little Ellen, who was too young to have seen many Veterans' Days.

"Because the Unknown Soldier stands for all the soldiers who died for their country," explained Paul. "We remember them especially on Veterans' Day because that day began a peace they earned but didn't live to enjoy."

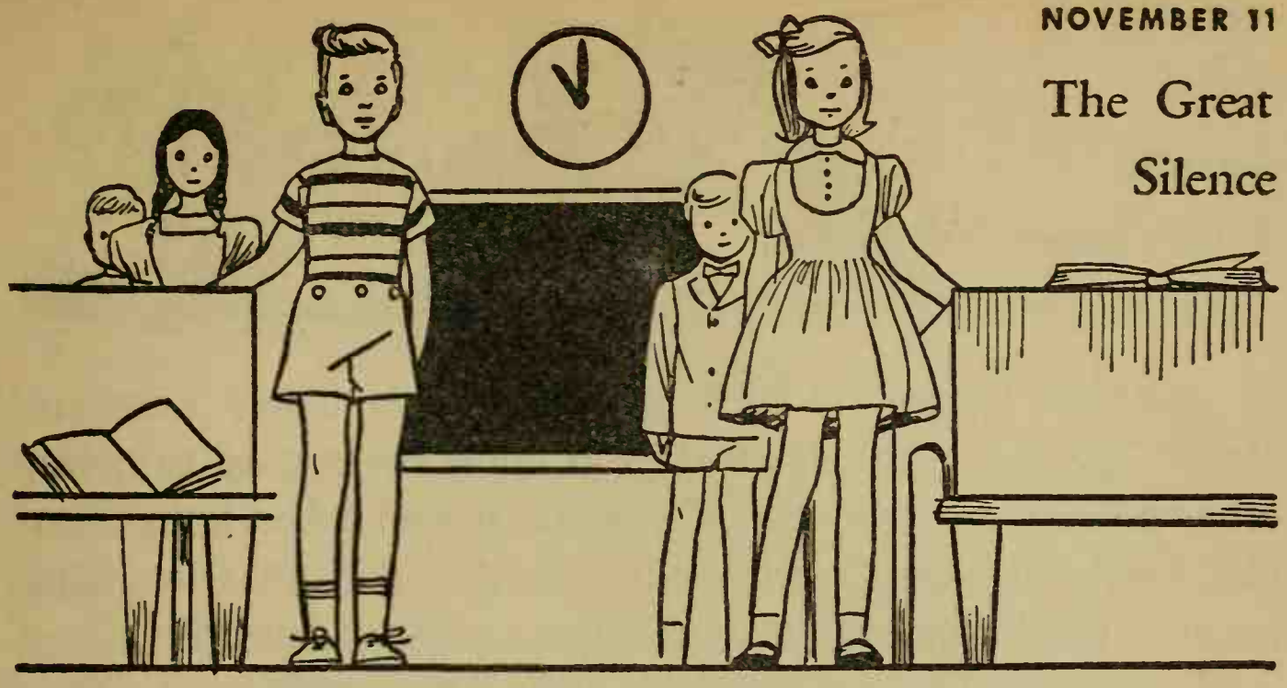
"In France they've kept a flame burning at the tomb of their Unknown Soldier ever since he was buried there," said Ted.

"And at Arlington cemetery, where *our* Unknown Soldier lies, an armed guard of honor marches back and forth, back and forth, all day long," said Doris.

"England's Unknown Soldier lies in Westminster Abbey where their kings and queens and greatest people are buried," put in Sally.

"Well, that's fair," said Paul. "A soldier who gave his life for others is as great as anybody could be! Now let's get this parade going! *Phweeeeeeet!* Forward *march!*"

The Great Silence



"JEEPERS, we have to stand and be as quiet as mice for two minutes when eleven o'clock comes this morning," sighed Toby.

"You can keep quiet if you spend the two minutes thinking of what today is all about," Susan told him. "Think of the silence that fell on France at eleven o'clock in the morning when the first Armistice was signed. For four long years, huge guns had been booming, bullets whistling and whining, rocket-flares going up with a hiss, wounded and dying men moaning and crying out for help.

"At eleven o'clock on the morning of November eleventh, nineteen-eighteen, all that ended. Imagine what a hush there must have been! For a minute the silence must have echoed louder than a great roar. Then the cheers and songs and bells sounded to fill the silence with celebration.

"Now we have even more to celebrate. Another war has ended—a bigger, noisier war than the first. We're even more grateful for the silence of peace now than the people were in nineteen-eighteen."

"I'll remember," Toby promised soberly. "I'll spend every second of the two minutes thinking how lucky we are to be *able* to keep silent without hearing guns booming and to know that we are part of a peace-loving nation."

NOVEMBER 12

The Second Santa Claus



"I ALMOST forgot because of yesterday's being Veterans' Day," Doris told Amy, "but do you know there used to be another holiday on November eleventh? It was called Saint Martin's Day, but it was really a kind of Second Santa Claus Day, because that's who Saint Martin was—another Santa!"

"Two Santa Clauses?" asked little Amy, wide-eyed. "Ooh! Did *he* fill stockings, too?"

"No, he came early in the evening while the children were still awake," said Doris. "Probably they were allowed to stay up late on this special night. The children always had a parade first, carrying bright lanterns and peeking in the shadows to try to spy the good Saint. Then home they went to put a light in the window, and to wait.

"Pretty soon they would hear a knock on the door.

" 'Hello! Do any children live here?' a voice would ask through a crack in the door. When a child ran to answer, the voice would ask sternly, 'Have you been a good child this year?'

"It's pretty hard for a child to stay good for a whole year, but if he had really *tried* to be good, Saint Martin would give him candy and good things to eat. If he had been *bad,* though —and Saint Martin always knew!—a bundle of switches came sailing through that crack in the door!"

"I like our Santa Claus better. He doesn't ask questions." Amy smiled. "It'd be awfully hard to say you'd been bad!"

"I guess Saint Martin decided it was too hard, himself," said Doris, "because he stopped coming around on a special day of his own, and now he just helps our Santa Claus with his big, big job on Christmas Eve!"



NOVEMBER 13

Friends Indeed

PAUL was planning a big time after school with his friends. One of the boys in his class had a new archery set, and the whole crowd of them were going over to practice shooting arrows into the gleaming red-white-and-black target.

Oh, the afternoon went slowly! Two-thirty. Quarter to three. Three o'clock. Then the teacher left the room.

Plop! A paper airplane sailed through the air and hit Paul in the head. Paul chuckled and sailed it back toward the boy who had launched it—but oh, my, it didn't sail straight! Instead of going toward the boy, it looped in a wide circle and landed on the teacher's desk!

Paul shot up the aisle after the airplane. He had just grabbed it and was galloping back when the teacher returned!

"*Paul!*" she said. And up on the board went Paul's name with the list of those having to stay after school.

It was bad enough having to stay when the afternoon had already seemed endless. But worst of all was missing the fun with the archery set. Paul watched his friends go at four o'clock, and then settled back with a big sigh to make the best of it.

When at last it was four-thirty, and the teacher said, "You may go, Paul," he left slowly, feeling worse and worse about the fun he'd missed.

And then . . . "Hi!" said a voice on the school steps. "Hi!" said another, and another. And there were all his friends waiting for him! "We figured we acted up while the teacher was gone, just as much as you did," they said, "so we stayed after school, too—outside!"

NOVEMBER 14

The Ambitious Beaver



"MAMMA! Mamma!" cried Kathy, dashing wildly into her home. "Come quick! There's something funny outside!"

The whole Watson family spilled out the front door. "Why, it's a beaver!" exclaimed Mrs. Watson. "One of the beavers from the creek! How did it ever get here?"

Out on the lawn, calmly crunching a stick while it kept a watchful eye on the circle of excited dogs surrounding it, sat a big, furry brown beaver!

"What will happen to it?" asked Kathy anxiously. Other families up and down What-a-Jolly Street had come out, and more people than Kathy were asking the same question.

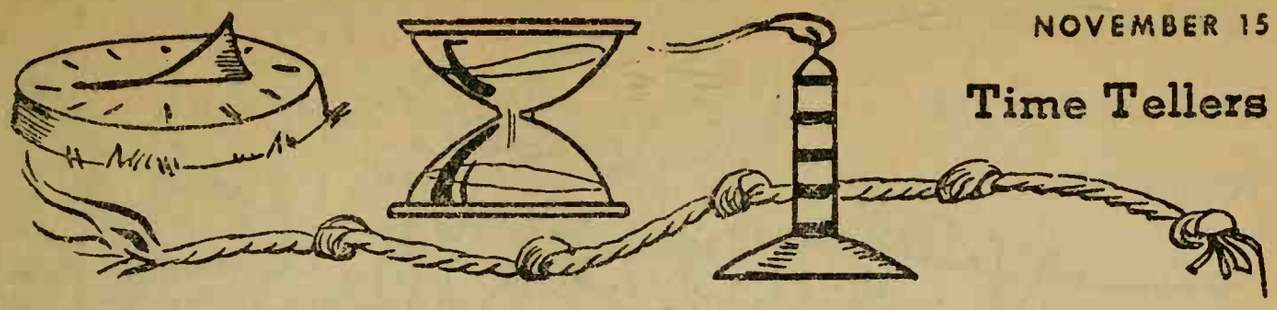
"I wouldn't care to get too close to those teeth." Mr. Nolen shook his head. "You notice the dogs don't care to, either."

"I have an idea," said Mr. Watson. He got a chicken crate from his basement, and, slipping up behind the beaver, popped it over his head! Then he inched the crate forward onto a square of plywood. Mr. Nolen and Mr. Carter picked up the plywood, Mr. Watson held the crate firmly down on top of it, and they hiked off rapidly for the creek, the children trailing after. They moved very fast, but the indignant beaver had already gnawed one bar from the chicken crate before they released him close to his island home.

"There! That wandering beaver will have quite a tale to tell his family," said Mr. Watson.

"But Daddy, what was he wandering for?" asked Kathy.

Her father winked at her. "Do you know what?" he asked mysteriously. "I think he was on his way to Mr. Gay's store to stock up on some winter provisions!"



Time Tellers

"PLAY you another game of marbles," Bob urged Ted.

Ted squinted up at the sky. "Can't. I've got to go home in a minute."

"How do you know? You didn't go in and look at the clock."

Ted said lazily, "Ever think about what people did before they had clocks in their halls and watches on their wrists?"

"Well—" It was Bob's turn to squint at the sky. "Of course, they could tell time *pretty* well by where the sun was in the sky. And they made sundials, too, didn't they? They were kind of big clock faces laid flat where the sun would strike a marker and make a shadow on whatever hour it was."

"Yeh, but how about cloudy days? And night?" Ted reminded him. "They had to think up something else for times like that, so they figured out hourglasses, big ones in which it took a whole hour for the sand to run from top to bottom.

"They had time-candles and time-ropes, too. I read about 'em. The candles were sometimes black at the bottom, then a band of white, then black again. When the flame had burned through a band of one color, an hour was gone.

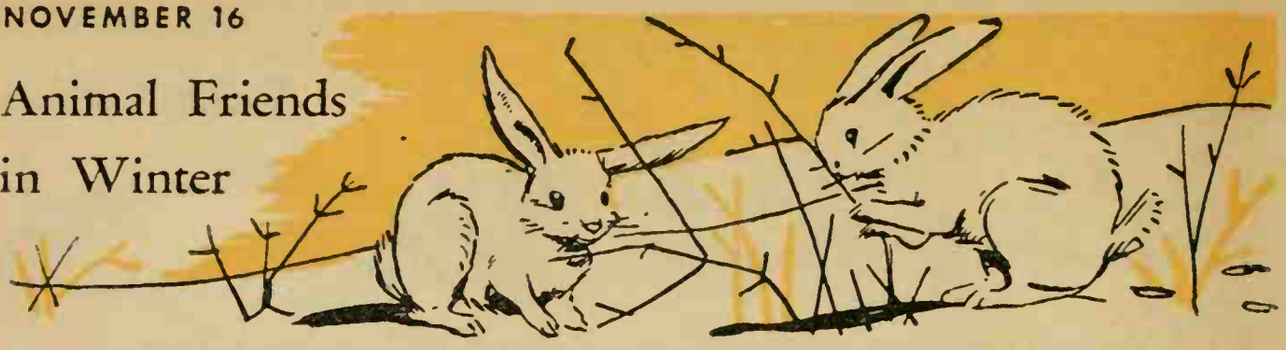
"Time-ropes were made of slow-burning hemp. They were knotted every so often, and it took an hour for the fire to burn from one knot to the next."

"You still didn't tell me how you know you have to go home in a minute," said Bob. "You can't tell from where the sun is now whether it's eleven o'clock or twelve or one!"

"Nope. But I have a hollow feeling inside me that says twelve o'clock and dinnertime!" laughed Ted. "And listen! There goes the noon whistle to prove it. You see? There are more ways than one to tell time!"

NOVEMBER 16

Animal Friends in Winter



"MRS. APRICOT, what will the poor animals do when it's real, real cold and there's snow on the ground?" asked little Ann Nolen one brisk November day. "We put out crumbs for the birds all winter long, but what do the rabbits and squirrels and beavers do?"

"Now don't worry about those wise little animals, Ann," advised Mrs. Apricot with a smile. "They know how to get through a winter as well as we do. The beaver family at the creek has already built a winter home. Do you know how they do it? They put fresh mud thickly over their summer home just before cold weather comes! The mud freezes and makes a strong roof for their home, keeping them safe from cold and from other animals. When they're hungry they go out through a hole in the bottom of their house, under water, and help themselves to food they stored there before the creek froze over.

"Our bouncing cottontail rabbits will keep bouncing all winter. We'll see their tracks in the snow. They nibble tender tree bark or dry flower stalks for their winter food, and live snugly in brush piles or in holes in the earth.

"The squirrels will stay warm and happy in their tree-hole homes during the coldest days, but when the sun is shining you'll see them come pattering out to dig up the nuts they are so wisely burying this fall.

"Animals don't go to school as you do, Ann, but nature has given them wise instincts that teach them how best to take care of themselves."

"I'm so glad," said Ann. "But I'll put crumbs and carrots and nuts out anyway. They'll be the animals' dessert!"



A Race With a Rabbit

WHATTA DOG saw a long-legged jack rabbit bounding over the vacant lots behind What-a-Jolly Street.

"What-ho! What-ho!" bayed Whatta Dog, leaping after it.

Whatta Dog thought he was a very fine runner. "You might as well stop now," he barked at the jack rabbit, "because I'll catch you anyway!"

Squeeee! Around a corner went the rabbit. *Squoooow!* Around the corner went Whatta Dog so fast that he skidded and slid on his shoulder.

Whisk! Through a hole in a fence went the rabbit. *Whuff!* Smack up against the fence barged Whatta Dog before he could stop himself and run around through the gate.

Scoot! Into a tangle of brush ran the nimble rabbit and out the other side. *Squush!* Into the brush ran Whatta Dog and got so tangled that he popped out with weeds clinging to his long ears and long tail.

Swish! Into an open garage door sped the rabbit.

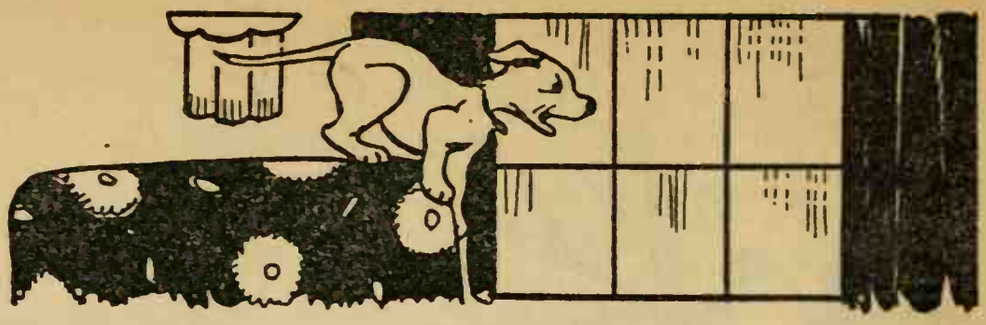
"Got you now!" bayed Whatta Dog, skidding in after it.

But *whoosh!* through a tiny hole at the other side squeezed the jack rabbit. *Wham!* Flat into the wall crashed Whatta Dog.

Whatta Dog stayed right where he landed. He was all out of breath. "I can run as fast as any rabbit!" he panted. "But I just can't run as many places!"

NOVEMBER 18

Pal Rings the Bell



PAL was very excited. From the top of the big upholstered chair in the living room he could look out the window, and what he saw he didn't like. Two squirrels, Paddy and Priscilla, from across the street, were digging at the base of a tree where he had buried his favorite bone!

Now Paddy and Priscilla were only burying nuts for dinners in the winter, but Pal didn't know that. He wanted to get out and tell those squirrels a thing or two. He barked. He did his best to call Mrs. Carter to come and let him out.

But Mrs. Carter was upstairs, and she thought Pal was only playing with baby Polly. The more fuss Pal raised, the more happily Polly shouted. Mrs. Carter thought, *What a nice time those two are having!* and went on with her work.

Pal jumped off the chair and ran to the front door. It was closed. He ran to the back door. That was closed, too. He leaped again for the chair.

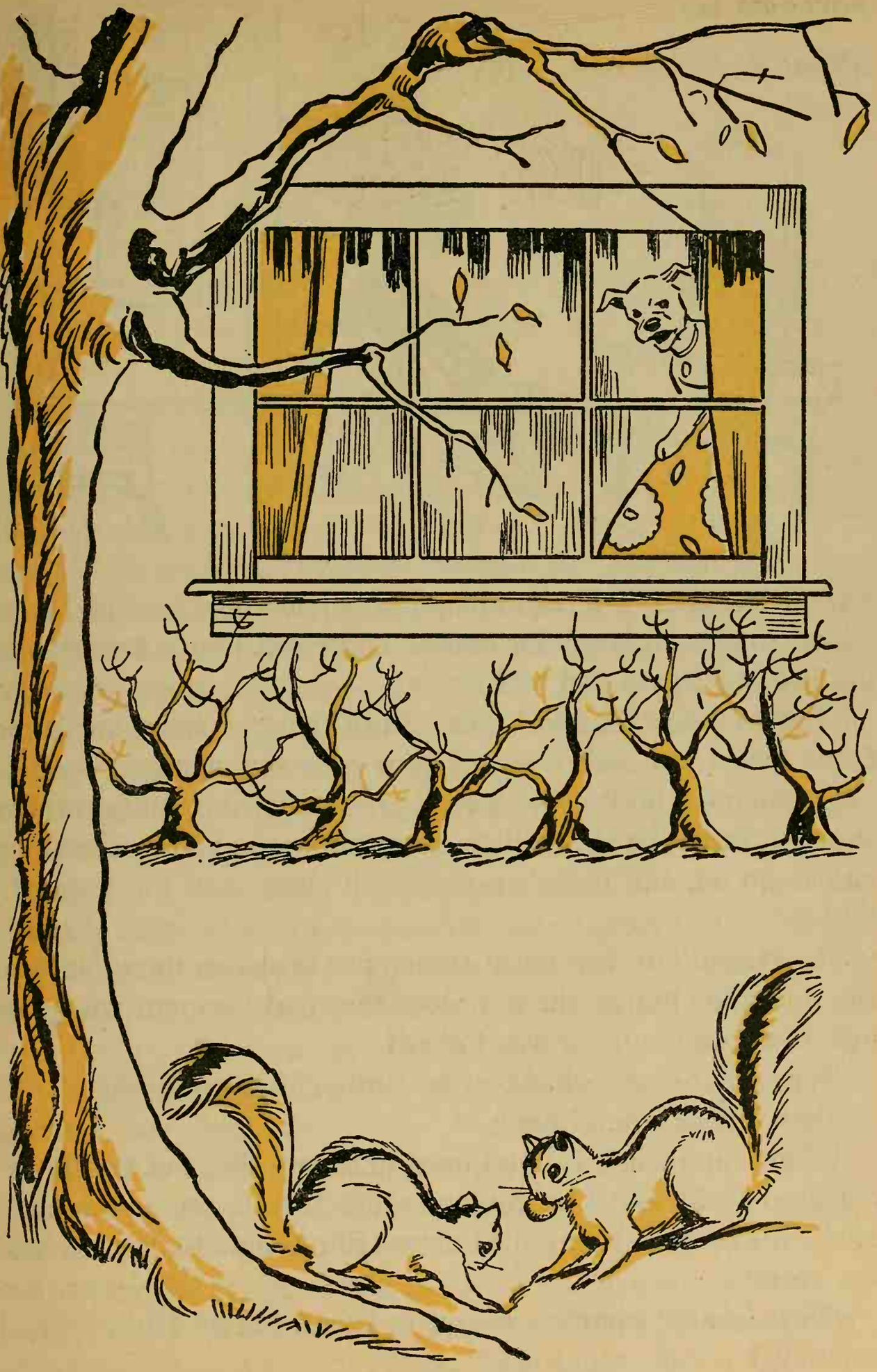
This time he sprang onto its back with such a swish that his tail hit the chimes that hung on the wall behind the chair. These chimes sang "Ding! Dong!" when somebody pressed the doorbell. Now Pal's tail made them sing "Ding! Dong!"

Upstairs Mrs. Carter heard the "Ding! Dong!"

"Somebody's ringing the doorbell," she said, and hurried down to answer it. As she went to the door, Pal leaped off the chair and followed her. As she opened the door, Pal ducked out and tore around the house to scold those pesky squirrels.

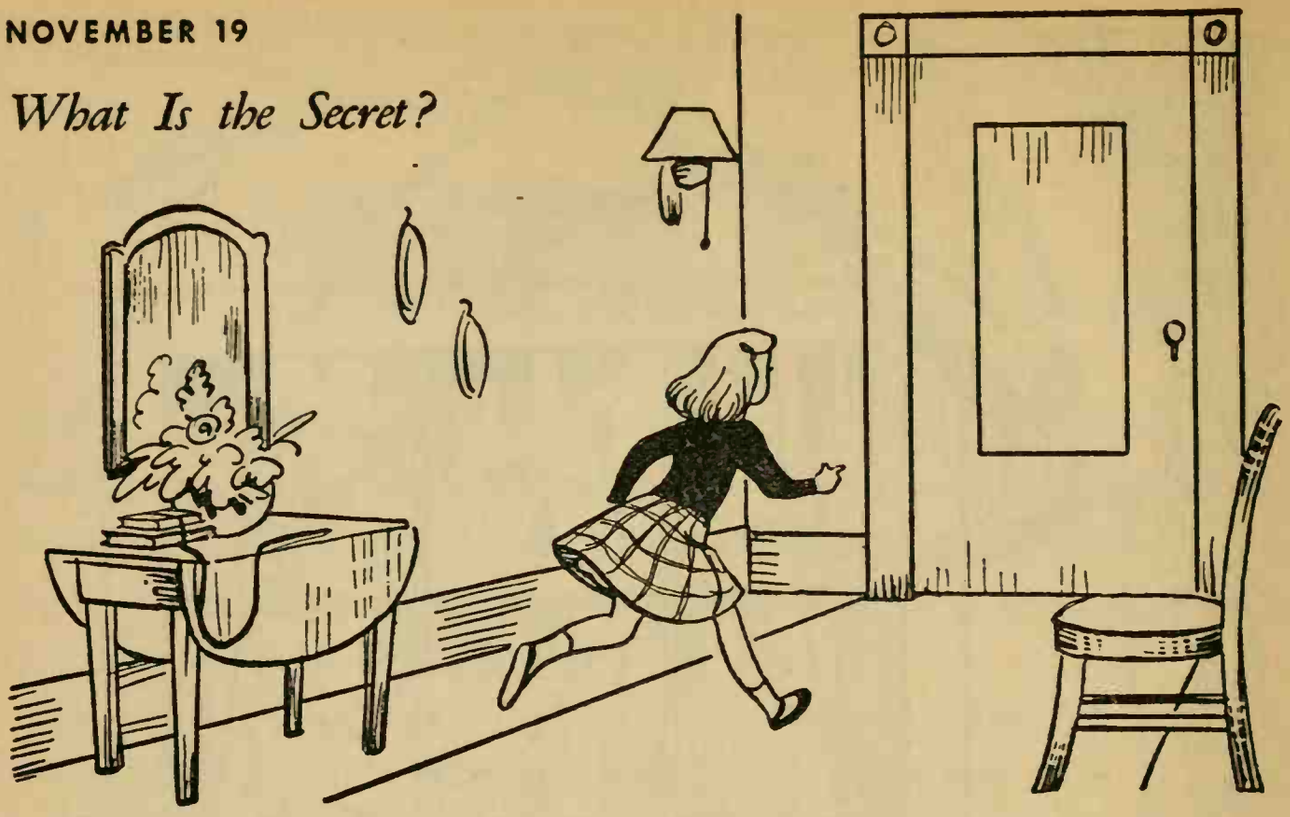
"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Carter, looking up and down the empty street. "I wonder who rang my doorbell!"

She never did know that it was puppy Pal!



NOVEMBER 19

What Is the Secret?



RUTH BARRETT liked to play in the new room that had been added to the back of the house. The room had a secret; her big brother David had told her so.

"Maybe today I'll find it out," Ruth thought, hurrying home from school. "It isn't a secret door or a secret panel because I saw the room built my own self! There's nothing hidden under the floor or above the ceiling, because I watched the workmen nail them on. But there's a secret all right, and I'm going to find it."

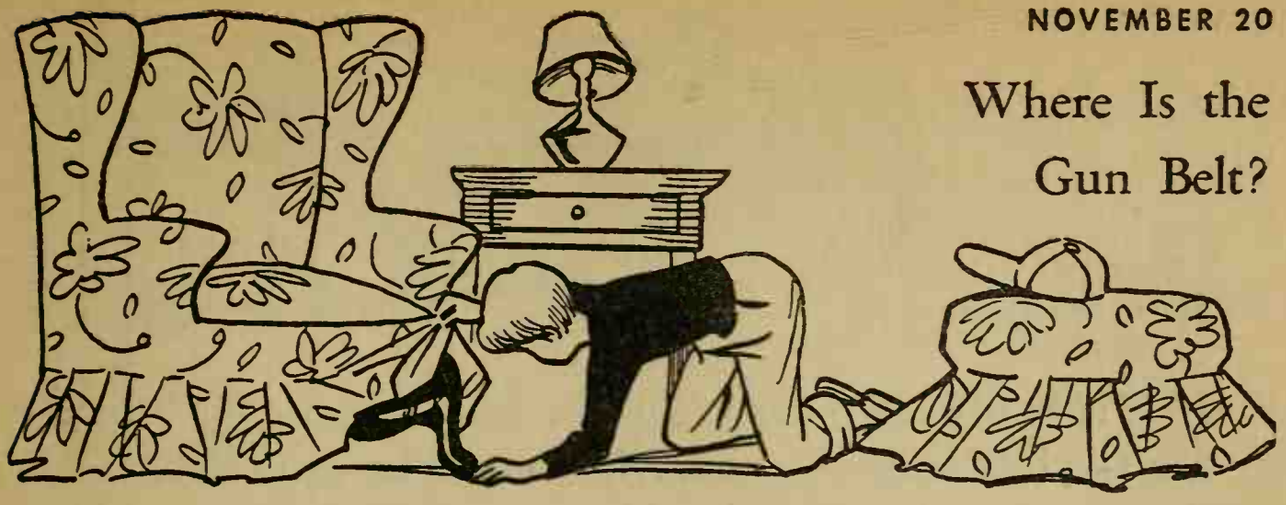
She dashed into the house, tossed her books on the table, and ran down the hall to the new door that had been cut when the new room was built. It was locked!

"Why, it's never locked!" cried Ruth. "Mother! Mother!" But Mother was at a neighbor's.

"I'll get in a window like I used to before they cut the door," declared Ruth. But the windows were locked, too, and what's more, the shades were pulled down! She couldn't even *see* into the room!

"Now I *know* there's a secret in there!" cried Ruth. "Oh, I wonder, I wonder what it is!"

Where Is the Gun Belt?



"BOB," said his mother, "remember to put your gun belt away before you go out to play." Bob's cowboy belt and twin holsters lay dangling over the living-room sofa.

"Sure," said Bob, deep in his book.

A few minutes later, David whistled for him, and Bob ran around like a merry-go-round getting ready to go outside. The door slam-banged after him, and the house was quiet.

It was quiet for almost an hour. Then Bob bang-slammed back in. "We're going to play cowboy!" he shouted. "Let's see, where's my gun belt? I left it on the sofa."

"Oh, Bob, did you forget to put it away?" asked Mother. "You know how the puppy grabs things like that to chew."

"Jeepers!" yelped Bob. "Not my gun belt!"

He ran around like a much faster merry-go-round this time. He looked in every place that his puppy played—under the dining-room table, behind the china closet, out by the kitchen stove, down in the basement.

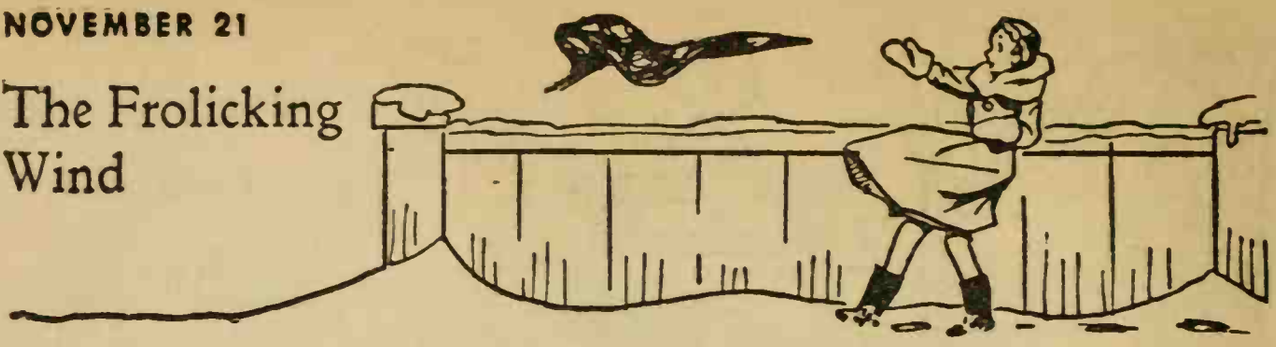
"He couldn't have chewed it all up and swallowed it!" cried poor Bob. "Or could he?"

Sadly, he went into his room to get a plain leather belt for his guns. And there, right in his drawer where it belonged, was his cowboy belt!

"Oh, sure!" Bob remembered. "I *did* put it away right after David whistled! I was smarter than I thought—but next time I'll be smart enough to *remember* I was smart!"

NOVEMBER 21

The Frolicking Wind



SUSAN said over and over, "Oh, I wish it'd snow for Thanksgiving Day! A white Thanksgiving would be so pretty!"

"There's snow on the ground," Toby giggled.

"Oh, that old black stuff!" Susan said disgustedly. A few hard-packed drifts still remained of the black blizzard that had blown in with dust and snow in October. "I wish it would snow and cover up those dirty old drifts!"

Then at last, on the Saturday before Thanksgiving, gray clouds piled up in the sky, the wind sang a snow song, and out of the sky tumbled a blanket of white feathers!

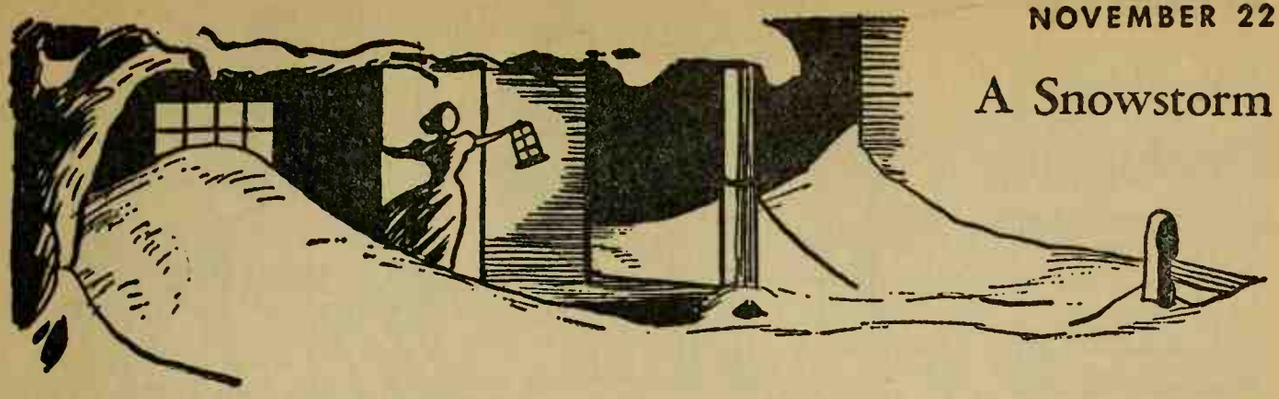
Oh, how it snowed, and how it blew!

Susan wound her long pigtails in a crown on her head, tied a scarf over them, pulled on coat and boots, and ran out to enjoy the snow she had been longing for. The wind whistled past her ears. It lifted the scarf like a sail and whisked it right off Susan's head! Susan chased it across the street, down an alley, through somebody's yard. *Swish!* The mischievous wind wrapped the scarf around a dog sniffing at a garbage can, and the dog bounded off as though goblins were after him! *Whoosh!* The wind whipped the scarf from the dog and wound it around a telephone pole, and there at last Susan caught up with it.

"Whew!" panted Susan, struggling back home against the wind. "I've had *enough* snow for awhile!"

"Then why'd you bring a snowbank in with you?" teased Toby. "Yes, you did! There's a snowbank in your hair!"

Susan looked in the mirror, and burst out laughing. For the frolicking wind had piled an honest-to-goodness snowbank in the center of Susan's crown of braids!



A Snowstorm

"I REMEMBER a Thanksgiving when I was a little girl," Mrs. Apricot told the children, "a white Thanksgiving like ours will be this year, but with a difference! Our snowstorm was a blizzard, whipping across the prairie, piling drifts to the window tops, blinding any who ventured out.

"The night before Thanksgiving, my father fought his way to the barn as usual to feed the animals, using the clothesline rope as a guide. Mother was busy in the kitchen, baking Thanksgiving pies, and I was doing my bit to help. Suddenly we both realized that Father was too long in returning. Mother went to the door. I heard her gasp. By the light of the lantern she held, I could see what had frightened her. The clothesline that should have stretched tightly from the porch post fell limply to the ground! It had come untied at the barn end. Now Father had no guide.

"After hours of anxious waiting, Mother sent me to bed where I cried myself to sleep. I know very well she stayed up all night, waiting, watching, praying. I was awakened at dawn by the loveliest sound I had ever heard—silence. Just silence. The wind and snow had stopped; the storm was over.

"I ran downstairs to find Mother waiting joyously at the open door as Father stumbled through drifts to reach her. Luckily, when he failed to find the clothesline the night before, he had not been too far from the barn to grope his way back to its shelter, and there he had spent the night.

"What a wonderful Thanksgiving Day it was! To be together again was really something for which to be thankful!"

NOVEMBER 23

The Real Thanksgiving



IT HAD been a wonderful week end! Ruth had spent all Saturday and Sunday with Betty, and though she'd been just across the street from home, she'd felt a million miles away. How good to be turning in her own door on Monday!

"Hello!" she called eagerly. "I'm home again, Mamma!"

Her father came down the hall to meet her. "Well, home again?" he said, and smiled. "A big surprise came for you while you were gone, Ruthie. It came last night."

"A surprise!" Ruth cried. "Daddy, is it something about the new room and its secret? Daddy, *is it the secret?*"

Daddy made owl-eyes at her. "Come along—quietly now."

Ruth tiptoed behind him down the hall. The new room, which had been locked when she went to Betty's, was open now. Ruth peeked in as she turned into Mamma's bedroom. She gasped. Why, the room was full of—

"Daddy! Mamma!" cried Ruth. She burst into Mamma's room, and there lay Mamma in bed, looking as happy as a queen, and beside her lay a tiny, adorable baby!

"Oh, I knew it! I knew it!" Ruth whispered when she could find any words at all. "I knew it when I looked in the new room and saw all the sweet baby furniture. The new room is for the new baby, isn't it? Oh, Mamma, I'm so happy!"

"We hoped it would be a Thanksgiving baby," smiled Mamma, "but your little sister couldn't wait till Thanksgiving to join us."

"That's all right," said Ruth, starry-eyed. "She's made this our Thanksgiving Day—our real Thanksgiving!"



NOVEMBER 24

Thanksgiving Plans

THIS last school day before Thanksgiving vacation took far too long to pass. Mary Lou fidgeted in her seat at school.

"What's your family having for Thanksgiving dinner?" she whispered to the girl across the aisle. "We're having turkey. And I'm going to make a pie all by myself!"

"Mary Lou," said the teacher, "I'm afraid you were whispering." Mary Lou's name went up on the board. That meant staying after school for twenty minutes.

Mary Lou tried hard to study for a few minutes. Then she poked the boy ahead of her.

"Who's coming to your house for Thanksgiving?" she whispered. "Our Grandpa and Grandma and Aunt Nell and Uncle Richard and a whole flock of cousins are coming. I get to take care of the baby cousin!"

The teacher said, "Mary Lou!" She put a check after Mary Lou's name on the board. That meant an extra twenty minutes that Mary Lou had to stay.

This time Mary Lou studied very, very hard for almost a quarter of an hour. By then she was almost bursting. She looked at the girl behind her. "What are you doing on Thanksgiving? We're going to have a toboggan party on the hill back of What-a-Jolly Street. Won't you come, too?"

"Mary Lou—" the teacher began. And suddenly she smiled. "I think *all* of us are filled to the brim with Thanksgiving plans," she said. "Let's take half an hour to talk right out loud about them. I'm sure it's the only way we can save Mary Lou from having to stay after school clear up to Thanksgiving!"

NOVEMBER 25

The First Thanksgiving



"WHO STARTED Thanksgiving, Mamma?" asked Doris.

"The Pilgrims did, dear," said Mamma. "They were among the first people to come to America to stay and make their homes, and they found it pretty hard going, too. The Indians were often unfriendly and warlike. Crops didn't always turn out successfully, and when they didn't, people went hungry. Yet even so, these Pilgrims found so much to be thankful for that they determined to set a time apart for showing their gratitude to God for His kindness. The date of the first Thanksgiving—it was set by Governor Bradford of Plymouth Colony—was December thirteenth, sixteen twenty-one. Church services were held; the best marksmen had gone out and hunted down enough food for a feast; and finally a friendly Indian chief and his braves came to the colony bringing a gift of five deer. Just think what a wonderful celebration that must have been, Doris!"

"I never thought about Thanksgiving meaning *thankful*," Doris said wonderingly. "I just thought it meant food!"

Mamma laughed. "Well, I guess to a little child, food is what we're most thankful for, Doris! But as you get older, you think of other things to thank God for, too."

Doris nodded. "I'm going to think of everything I'm happy about having. Then when Thanksgiving comes tomorrow, I'll know just why I'm saying *thank you* to God."



NOVEMBER 26

A Glad Thanksgiving Day

SUCH wonderful odors came drifting out of the kitchen!

"I smell turkey and stuffing!" cried Ann.

"I smell baking-powder biscuits!" sniffed Sally.

"I smell pumpkin pies!" said Bob in delight.

Such lovely sounds mingled with the smells!

"I hear nuts a-cracking!" twinkled Bob.

"I hear cream a-whipping!" smiled Sally.

"*I* hear Grandpa and Grandma coming!" shouted Ann. And sure enough, car wheels crunched in the driveway outside.

They all ran to the door to welcome Grandpa and Grandma.

"Oh, we're going to have the most wonderful dinner!" Ann greeted them joyously.

"And the swellest day!" added Bob.

"Well, then, we have much to be thankful for, don't we?" said the children's grandparents, giving each a hug.

"I'm the one who asks the blessing!" Sally told them excitedly. "It's a poem, and I learned it just for today."

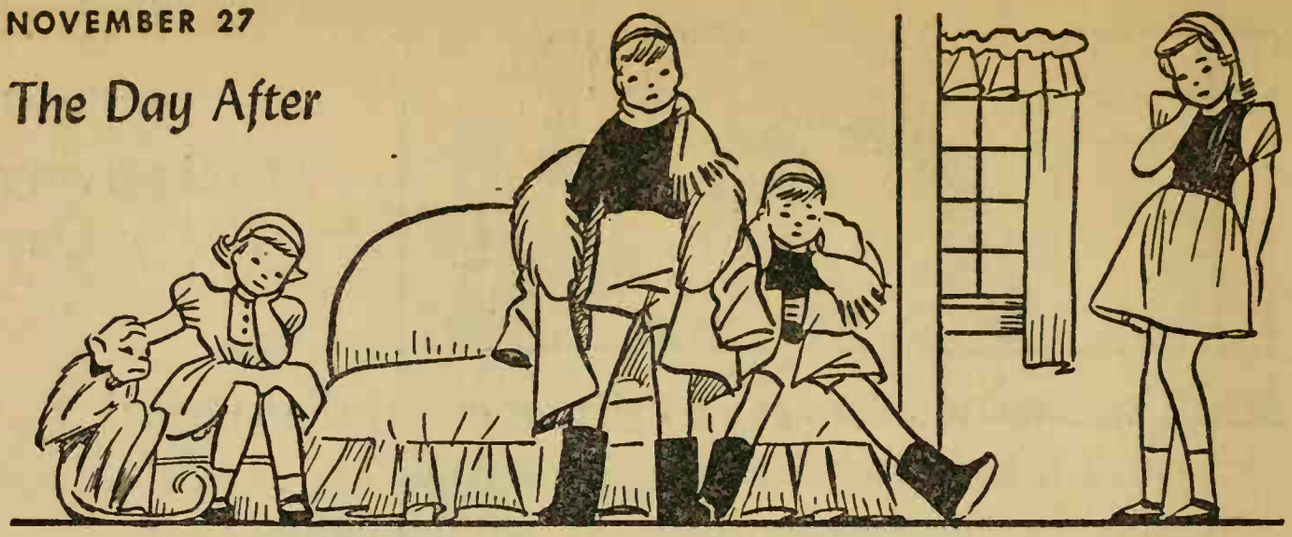
This is the blessing Sally asked when the family had gathered around the table for their Thanksgiving meal:

"Dear God, for this abundant food,
And for the blessings, rich and good,
We have enjoyed the whole year through,
Our grateful hearts give thanks to you.

"Help us remember you are near,
A gentle Father to love, not fear.
Help us keep your commandments ten,
Be with us ever, dear God . . . Amen."

NOVEMBER 27

The Day After



POOR Beppo, the Watson monkey, rocked back and forth in the corner and groaned. He wrapped his long arms around his stomach and moaned.

"Oh, my!" he sighed. "I wish I hadn't had that extra turkey wing yesterday! I wish I hadn't gobbled the pan of hot rolls I found in the pantry! I wish I hadn't cleaned up that dish of cranberry sauce!"

Poor Beppo's tummy hurt. So did little Kathy's. She came and sat down beside Beppo, and sighed, too.

"I wish I hadn't had three pieces of pumpkin pie," she said sadly. "I wish I hadn't eaten so many pickles!"

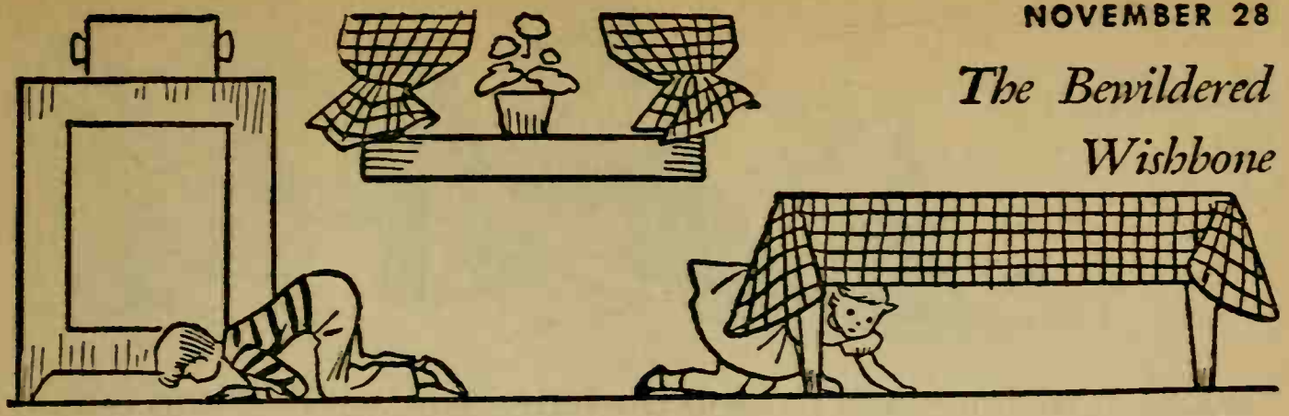
The twins, Jack and Jerry, came in, looking sleepy and tired. "I'd feel more like playing if I hadn't eaten both drumsticks and all those potatoes yesterday," Jerry sighed.

"Yeh, I was just wishing I'd stopped with seven rolls instead of trying to find room for that eighth," admitted Jack.

Their big sister Betty joined them. "Breakfast is ready," she said. Nobody stirred. Betty sat down with the rest of them. "I don't really want breakfast myself," she said. "I keep remembering that mountain of whipped cream I piled on my pie yesterday. You know, we'd be a lot smarter on Thanksgiving Day if we thought more about being thankful and less about eating."

Suddenly Jack began to giggle. "Thanksgiving isn't the only day that a fellow can be thankful," he said. "He can be thankful the *next* day that he didn't eat even more!"

The Bewildered Wishbone



"SAY," said Toby, "that wishbone's dry enough to pull."

"Goody!" cried Jane. "I know just what I want to wish!"

"So do I," said Toby. "Okay. Grab your end."

"Don't you hold it so far up, Toby Ling!" Jane cried indignantly. "That's not fair!"

Toby snorted. "Quit holding it so far up yourself, then."

"Now look," said Jane firmly, "we'll hold it way down at the tip. There, like that. And don't you get a head start pulling, either."

"I'll say one, two, three, go," promised Toby. "Got your wish ready? One . . . two . . . three . . . go!"

Snap went the big wishbone! The children opened their eyes. *Both* held the short end of the wishbone! The center had snapped off from both sides and shot into space!

"Well, who gets his wish?" asked Jane bewilderedly.

Toby thought quickly. "The one who finds the center part," he declared.

Both children dropped to their knees and scrambled anxiously across the floor. They looked under the refrigerator and in the corners and behind the stove. "Here it is!" they both cried at the same moment.

"*Now* who gets the wish?" demanded Jane.

"I don't know. I give up," sighed Toby. "What'd you wish? *I* wished we'd go to Grandma's for Christmas."

"Why, so did I!" cried Jane. "No wonder the poor wishbone went all to pieces and ran off to hide! How could it decide between us when we both wanted the same thing?"

NOVEMBER 29

David's Gift



"WELL, are you ready to send the baby back yet?" David teased Ruth when their baby sister was about a week old.

"Oh, David, how can you even *joke* about it?" Ruth asked. "I can't remember what it was like when we *didn't* have a baby. I don't know how we had any fun at all."

David said shyly, "I got her a present yesterday."

"What did you get her, David? Oh, please show me!"

"Aw, just a little old present—kind a girl might like."

"David, she's awake now! Let's go give it to her," Ruth begged eagerly.

David went to his room and got a big box. Together, he and Ruth carried it to their mother's room where she lay smiling with the new baby in her arms.

"Now open the box, David!" Ruth urged. "Goodness, what is it? It's too big for a rattle, or a teething ring, or—"

"Rattle? Teething ring?" David looked worried. "Is that the sort of stuff you're supposed to get 'em? Jeepers, I thought on account of baby Becky being a girl—"

"Yes, dear," Mother was smiling encouragingly.

"Well—anyway, here it is, Becky!" And out of the big box David lifted a rag doll as large as Becky herself!

"Oh, my!" gasped Ruth. "Won't it scare her?"

"She doesn't look scared to me!" David said stoutly. He laid the doll's limp arm across Becky's tiny palm. Her wee fingers curled around it.

"You see?" cried David in relief and pride. "She *likes* it! Shucks, *she* doesn't want any old baby rattles and stuff! She wants a real sure-'nough girl present!"

The Red-Topped Boots



MIKE'S old overshoes were too small for him. "I'd better take you downtown this afternoon and see about getting you another pair," said jolly Mrs. Brown.

Mike shook his head. "Boots," he said firmly. Mike had been saying "boots" for most of a month now, ever since his big brother Peter got a pair of high-laced ones.

"Now, Mikie, you're pretty young for high-laced boots," said Mrs. Brown. "Goodness, if I had to lace boots every morning, I wouldn't have lunch ready till mid-afternoon!"

"Boots," said Mike.

Mrs. Brown whisked him into the car and down to the shoestore. "We'd like to see some overshoes," she said to the clerk.

"Boots," insisted Mike.

"Overshoes," repeated Mrs. Brown.

The man brought overshoes, but before he could try them on, Mike leaped out of his chair and made a beeline for the display case at the front of the store. "Boots!" he crowed happily. There in the case was a beautiful pair of red-topped boots, the step-in kind. Mike looked up at his mother with appealing eyes. "No shoestrings," he said anxiously.

"Well, not even buckles," said Mrs. Brown. "A boy who owned boots like that could put them on all by himself, couldn't he? Probably get dressed by himself, too."

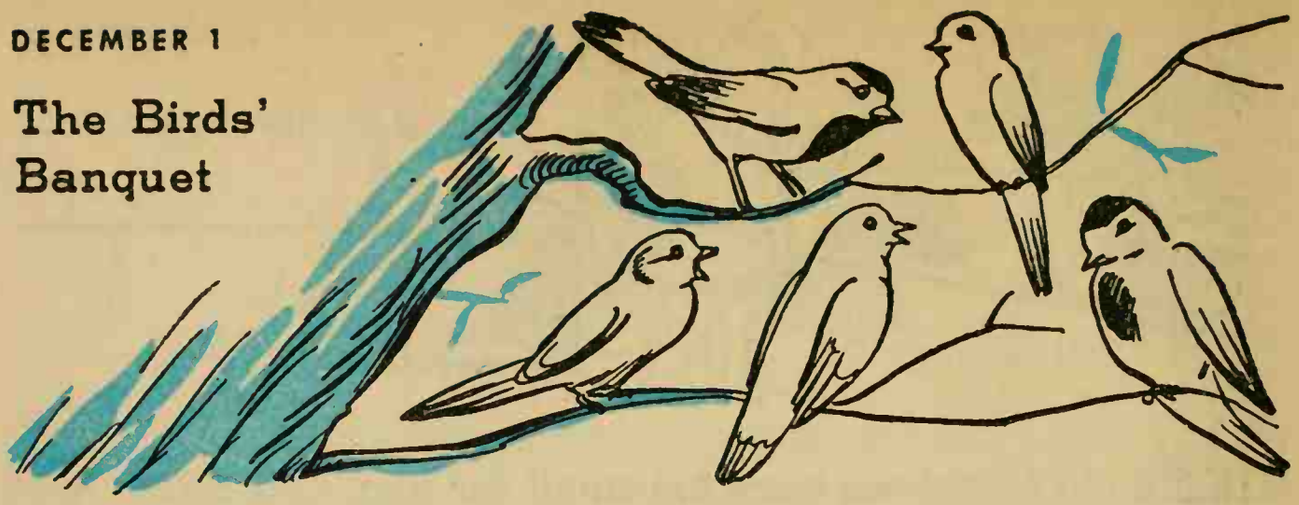
"Oh, yes," said Mike happily. "Mike's a big boy now."

"That's a bargain," agreed Mrs. Brown. "Mike's going to be a big boy. So Mike has boots!"

And Mike went home proudly wearing the red-topped boots.

DECEMBER 1

The Birds' Banquet



FRESH snow fell during the night. In the morning, the hungry little sparrows and wrens and chickadees huddled in their tiny homes and peeked out at a white, white world.

Suddenly, a chickadee cocked his brown head and chirped, "Look! Look! Chickadeeee! Chickadeeee! Chickadee-dee-dee!"

A sparrow family popped out of their home; a flock of wrens settled on the tree branch; a haughty bluejay forgot his unfriendliness and flew to a neighboring branch.

They all looked down at the Johnson back yard. Something very interesting was going on there. First Doris came out with a snow shovel, but instead of shoveling walks, she shoveled a big square of the yard! Then she went back into the house and came out again with a broom. Now she *swept* the square!

"What's going on?" cheeped a tiny wren, beating his wings so hard he nearly blew a sparrow off the branch.

They all tipped forward to watch Doris come out of the house again, and sprinkle on the bare ground a layer of—

"*Food!*" cried all the hungry birds together. For Doris had spread out a treat of bread crumbs and birdseed and suet.

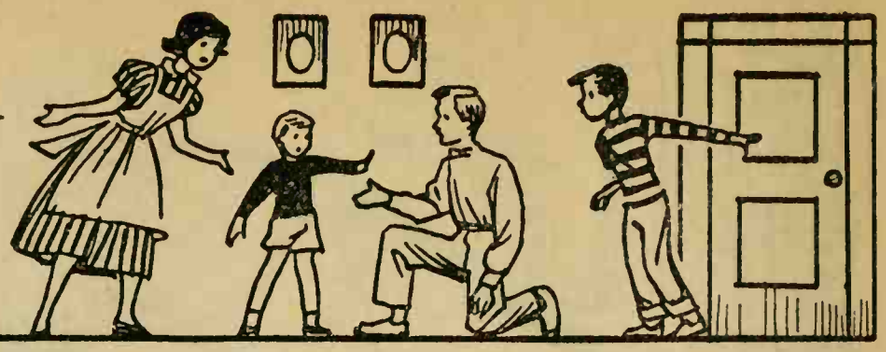
From the kitchen window, Doris watched the birds flutter down to the ground until they fairly covered the bare space. Peck, peck, peck went their eager little bills!

How hungry they were! thought Doris. *As long as snow covers the ground and hides their worms and bugs and seeds, I must remember to give them a dinner party every day.*



DECEMBER 2

The Loose Tooth



AS ELLEN was searching through her mother's button box, she came upon a little square ivory button.

"It's *almost* the size of a tooth," thought Ellen dreamily, and straightway began telling herself a button story.

"Once upon a time," said Ellen, "there was a little boy who just couldn't bear to have his loose tooth pulled. His mother said, 'Let me pull it,' but the little boy screamed. His daddy said, 'Let me pull it,' but the little boy yelled.

" 'Tie a string around it,' said his big brother, 'and fasten the string to a doorknob.'

" 'Oh, no, no!' shouted the little boy. 'It'll hurt too much when it comes out! It'll hurt something awful!'

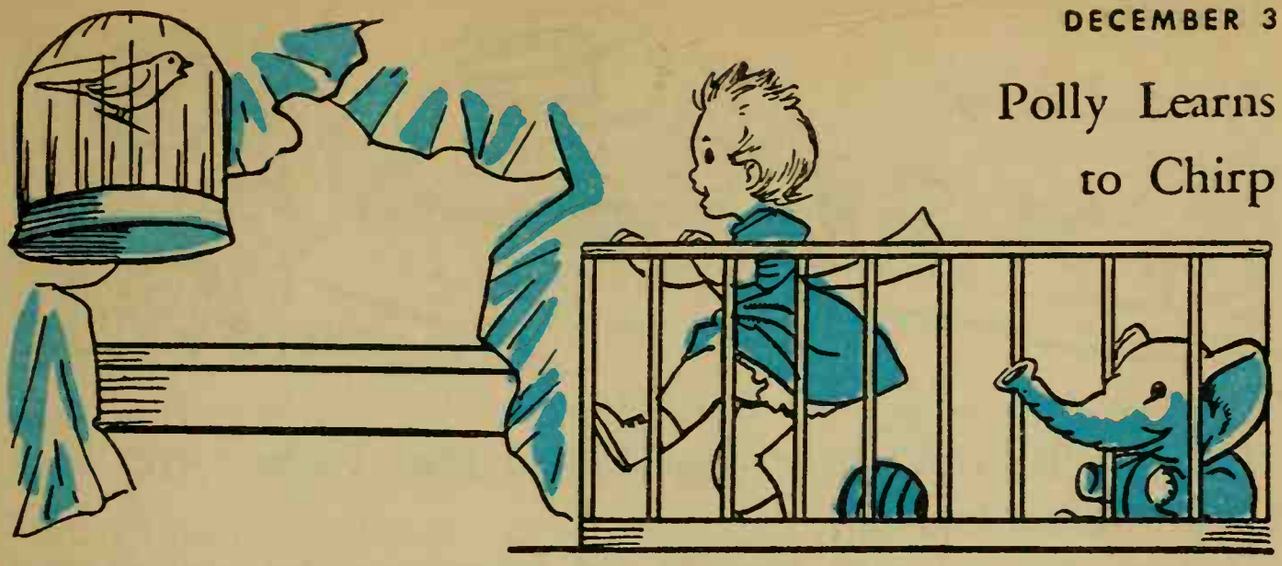
"The next day the little boy was eating a nut candy bar. He chewed and chewed, but one nut wouldn't chew up. 'Nasty ol' rock in my candy bar!' said the boy, spitting it out.

"When he went in to supper, his mother and his daddy and his big brother all cried, 'Why, you pulled your tooth!'

" 'No!' yelled the little boy. But when he looked in the mirror —the tooth was gone! 'Why, *that* must have been the rock in my candy bar!' cried the little boy. 'It was my tooth and it didn't hurt a bit coming out! I must find it so I can put it under my pillow tonight!'

"Well, he looked and looked where he'd been eating the bar, but he couldn't find the tooth. And do you know why? Because a little girl had come along and picked it up. The little girl thought it was a pretty ivory button; her mother thought so, too! She sewed it on the little girl's dress, and that was the end of the little boy's tooth!"

Polly Learns to Chirp



POLLY was in her play pen. Nobody else was in the living room but Fluffy, the canary. Polly wanted company; she hammered the play pen with her rattle and called, "Ma-ma-ma!"

Fluffy said sweetly, "Chirrup?"

Polly paid no attention. She tried to climb out of the play pen by hooking one fat leg over the bars.

Plop! She fell *inside* the pen! "Wahhh!" yelled Polly.

"Chirrrup! Chirrrup!" sang Fluffy consolingly.

Polly quit yelling and looked at him. He was such a gay little yellow fluffball that she forgot her bump. The tears dried on her face. She smiled at Fluffy.

"Chirrrup! Chirrrup!" called Fluffy.

What a merry sound it was! Polly tried it, too. "Tseer up! Tseer up!" she prattled.

Timmy came running in from school. He shouted, "Hi!" and then skidded on the newly polished floor. Down he sat with a *bump!*

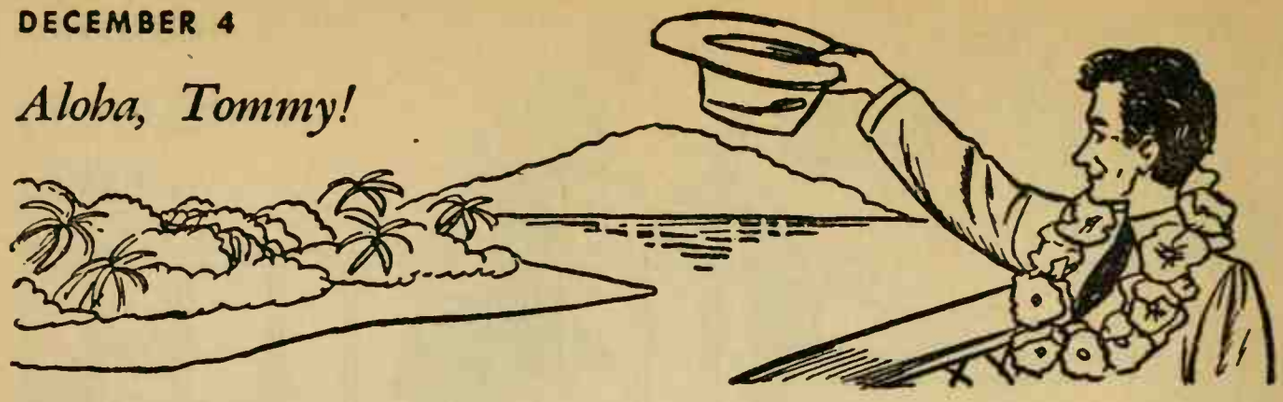
"Tseer up! Tseer up!" Polly told him.

Timmy looked at her in such amazement that he forgot about falling down. "Mamma!" he shouted. "Did you hear that? I fell down, and Polly told me to cheer up! Isn't she getting to be a smart little girl?"

And Fluffy, who had started it all, hopped merrily to his swing and sang a rollicking chorus of "cheer-ups."

DECEMBER 4

Aloha, Tommy!



"MRS. APRICOT," asked David, "did your Tommy ever visit the Hawaiian Islands?"

"Many times," said David's old friend as she rocked and knitted. "Tommy stopped at the Hawaiian Islands each time he crossed the Pacific, and that was pretty often.

"Tommy thought the islands as beautiful as jewels sparkling in the blue water. There are twenty Hawaiian Islands—had you guessed there were so many? The best known are Oahu where Honolulu is, and the island that's really named Hawaii, where the volcano Kilauea simmers away.

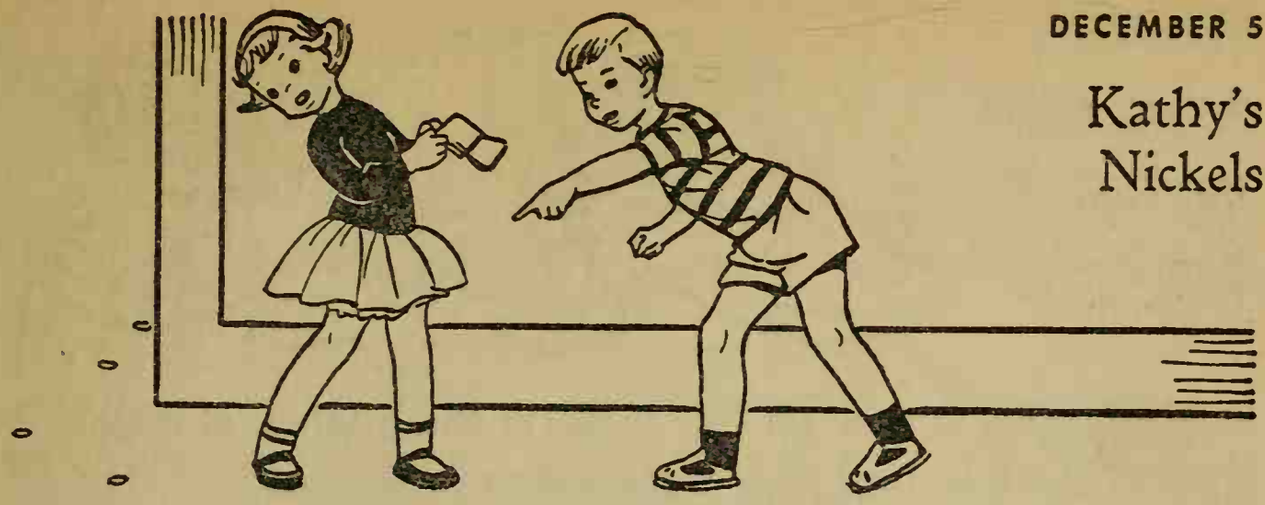
"Tommy found out many odd bits of information. He said the people played football without shoes; the water and air are the same temperature; they wear their flowers around their necks like necklaces; they call rain 'liquid sunshine'; and the Chamber of Commerce in Honolulu will pay money to anyone if a cocoanut drops on his head! That's to convince people that it's really pretty safe walking under the cocoanut palms.

"Oh, yes, one more odd fact—the Hawaiian word 'Aloha' means both hello and good-by! Isn't that handy?"

"Mrs. Apricot, has Tommy ever visited *you?*" asked David.

Mrs. Apricot laughed. "Do you think I belong on his list of strange lands? As a matter of fact, I haven't seen him in many years, not since I came to live on What-a-Jolly Street. But I'll tell you something, David—he's promised to come and spend Christmas with me! He'll meet you all then, and I know you'll make him think that What-a-Jolly Street is the most joyous land he ever visited!"

Kathy's Nickels



ON HER fourth birthday, Kathy's Uncle John sent her a nice zipper coin purse. The zipper ran around three sides so the purse could be opened up flat. Inside were little metal slots to hold coins, and Uncle John had filled each slot to the tiptop with shiny new nickels.

"See my nickels!" cried Kathy happily, running to meet Betty at the door at noon. Plop! Out fell two nickels as she zipped the purse!

"You'd better put some of those nickels away, Kathy," Betty advised. "Just keep enough in the purse for a trip to Mr. Gay's store."

"Oh, no!" said Kathy. "See my nickels!" she cried a few minutes later, running to the back door to greet Jack and Jerry. *Tinkle, tinkle,* three nickels rolled down the basement steps! Scramble, scramble went Kathy after them.

"See my nickels!" she called to the mailman going past after dinner. Zip went the purse! *Crash, tinklety, plop* went half a dozen nickels on the sidewalk!

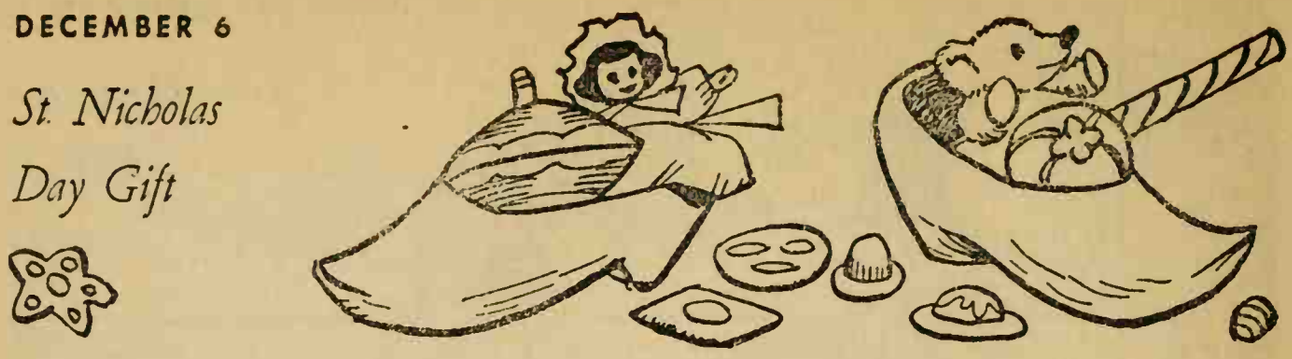
Kathy scooped them up hastily. "See my nickels!" she shouted to Timmy, running next door.

"I see lots of nickels," admitted Timmy. "There's a whole shiny trail of them behind you!"

Kathy looked back in dismay at the nickels she'd been spilling from her open purse. "I guess I'd better put some away," she decided, "while I've still *got* some to put away!"

DECEMBER 6

St. Nicholas Day Gift



SOMETIMES Susan left her shoes in the kitchen at night, for then in the morning they were warm to slip into.

But today when Susan stepped into one, she squealed!

"What's the matter?" cried Toby and Jane.

"Something in my shoe!" squeaked Susan. She kicked it off hastily, and shook it, and then she squealed even louder! A mouse fell out—but it was only Velvet's catnip mouse!

"That kitten!" scolded Susan, putting on her shoe. "Jane, you'd just better teach her to hide her treasures some other place than in my shoes!"

"Maybe she was making you a present of it," suggested Jane.

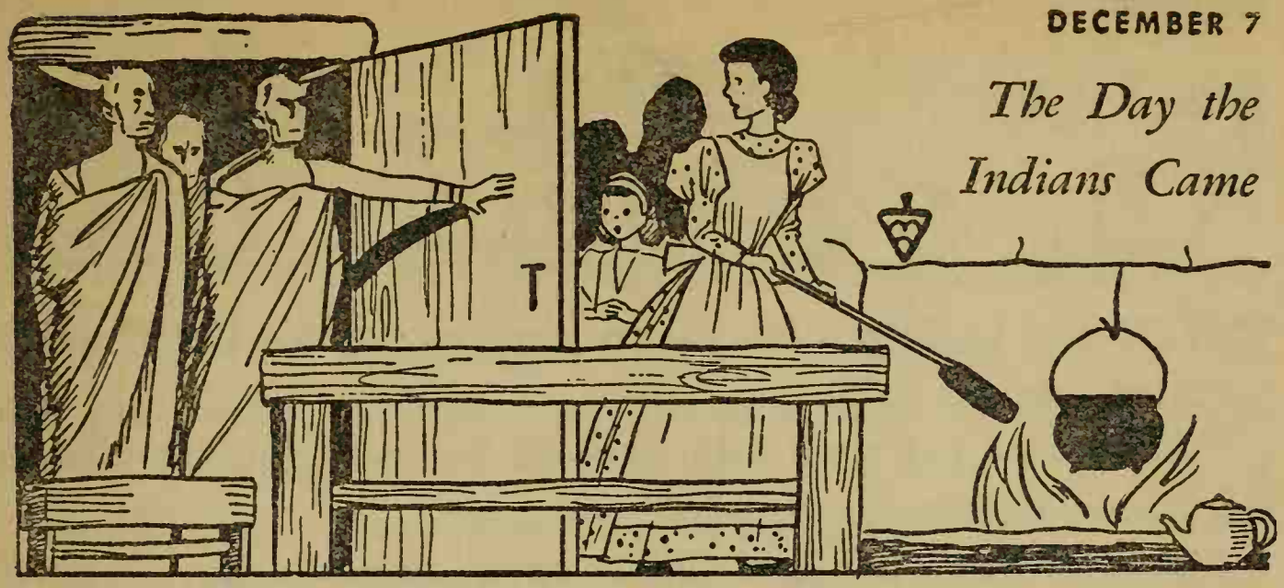
Susan giggled suddenly. "Maybe Velvet knows about St. Nicholas," she said. "Do you know, today *is St.* Nicholas Day in the countries that keep that holiday. St. Nicholas is sort of like a Santa Claus, only he comes on December fifth—the eve of St. Nicholas Day—instead of December twenty-fifth, and he puts presents in your shoes instead of in your stockings. That is, he puts presents there if you're *good,* but if you're *bad,* he leaves switches!"

"Velvet must think you're very good, Susan," said Jane earnestly, "or she wouldn't give you her favorite mouse."

"Hmph!" snorted Susan, but Jane noticed that Susan stopped on her way out of the kitchen, and gave Velvet a very gentle pat—Susan, who usually had nothing for Velvet but scoldings!

Jane caught Velvet up in her own arms when Susan had gone, and hugged her. "You're the smartest little kitten!" she crowed. "I do believe you've made a new friend, just because you remembered to keep St. Nicholas Day!"

The Day the Indians Came



ONE BLOWY afternoon when the children had gathered in Mrs. Apricot's snug kitchen for popcorn, she said, "It was on a day like this that the Indians came to my childhood home. We were very alarmed about the Indians that winter. They had made trouble at a settlement north of us. My father went armed, and my mother and I kept close to the house.

"On this day, the snow was blowing in a white cloud as it is now. It shut out sight of the barn where Father had gone to feed the animals. Suddenly I saw shadows advancing. 'Here's Father!' I called, but even before Mother joined me, I knew it wasn't Father. It was Indians, four of them. Had they waylaid Father at the barn? Were they coming now to find us? They opened the unbarred door and stalked in silently.

"I never knew what a brave woman Mother was until that moment. With no sign of fear, as silently as the Indians, she set cornbread and bowls of hot stew before them. We held our breaths until they grunted and sat down to eat. A few minutes later, Father came safely in from the barn. He didn't show alarm any more than Mother had, but greeted the Indians and sat down with them. They all ate in silence, and then the Indians rose, grunted again, and filed out.

" 'You were wise to feed them,' said Father.

" 'Why wouldn't I feed them?" said Mother calmly. 'They were guests in my house.' "

DECEMBER 8

Baby Sitters



BETTY said to Sally, "Let's earn some money for Christmas!"

"How?" asked Sally.

"Well—why can't we take care of babies? Mothers always need baby-sitters, don't they?"

"Oh, yes! Let's try Mrs. Carter first," cried Sally.

Mrs. Carter looked a little surprised at their offer to take care of baby Polly. "I'm just afraid you're a little too young for the job," she said, and smiled.

"Oh, no, we aren't!" urged Betty. "I'm eight and Sally's six, and eight and six are fourteen! So hiring us is just like hiring a fourteen-year-old."

"All right," laughed Mrs. Carter. "I'll try you out and see if you're right. You may stay with Polly after school this afternoon while I go downtown."

After school, Betty and Sally reported promptly at Mrs. Carter's house. They played ball with Polly, they took her out for a ride in her buggy, they brought her home and settled her in her play pen. But when Polly began demanding, "Ook! Ook! Ook!" the girls were puzzled.

"Is it her picture book?" asked Betty, bringing it.

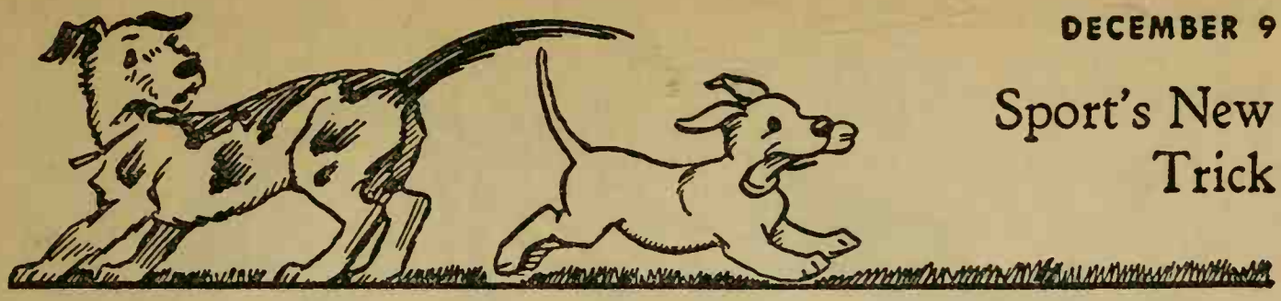
"Is it her doll's name?" wondered Sally, getting that, too.

When Polly was roaring with indignation, her brother Timmy came in from play. "Hey, she wants some milk," he said. "Mom always gives her some about now."

"Oh, so *that's* what 'ook' is!" sighed Betty in relief.

When Mrs. Carter got home, she said, "Well, girls, how did you get along? Did eight and six add up to enough age?"

"No, ma'am," admitted Betty. "We found the job needed a nineteen-year-old, so we added in Timmy, too!"



DECEMBER 9

Sport's New Trick

WHATTA DOG had found a very juicy bone. He settled himself in a sunny spot under the kitchen window and chewed and chewed and chewed.

"Better watch that bone," called Hustle-Bustle, the parrot, from his perch in the window, "because here comes that smart puppy Sport!"

Whatta Dog snorted. "What of it?" he said. "Do you think I'm scared of a little old puppy half my size?"

Sport trotted eagerly up to Whatta Dog, and sniffed the delicious bone. He made a wide circle around Whatta Dog, watching him out of the corners of his eyes. He whined; he barked; he made playful leaps at Whatta Dog. But Whatta Dog kept right on gnawing away.

Sport grew hungrier and hungrier, thinking of that bone. He got down on his stomach and wriggled toward Whatta Dog. He wriggled so close that his nose rested on Whatta Dog's paw. He wriggled so close that he could watch Whatta Dog's big teeth grind the bone. But Whatta Dog just chewed and chewed.

Sport jumped to his feet and ran off across the yard as though he'd forgotten all about the bone. He picked up a twig from a tree and chewed it with loud crackling noises. My, how he chewed, and rolled his head, and growled his satisfaction with that twig!

Whatta Dog was interested. He rose slowly and stalked over to see what Sport had discovered. While he smelled at the twig, Sport leaped back, snatched up the bone, and ran!

"Oh, ho-ho-ho!" laughed Hustle-Bustle, as Whatta Dog galloped back too late to save his bone. "I see you can still catch an old dog with new tricks!"

DECEMBER 10

Butch Tries to Help



PAUL was digging a cave in the snowbank behind his house. "Come on and help, Butch," he called to his collie.

Butch sniffed politely at the hole Paul was making, and went on about his own business.

Paul shoveled until his arms ached. He shoveled until his back ached. He shoveled until he felt as though he'd taken out tons of snow.

"You're certainly a big help, Butch," he scolded when at last he sat down to rest. "You let me do all the work while you just loaf around."

Butch went over to look in the big hole Paul had made. It was deep enough for Butch to go way in out of sight. At the far end of the hole, Butch smelled something interesting. Did a rabbit have his burrow under there? Say, he'd have to find out!

His front paws went like lightning. Snow flew out between his back paws in a white cloud.

"Hey!" shouted Paul, jumping to his feet. "Don't dig *now*, Butch! We're almost at the end of the snowbank!"

But Butch was much too eager to stop. Faster, faster went his busy front paws! Thicker, thicker flew the snow!

"Hey!" yelled Paul again, plunging into the cave to pull the dog out, and just then—

—*Plop!* Down came the cave in a blinding whirl of snow! Butch had dug straight through the side, and brought the whole thing down around them.

"A fine thing!" Paul sputtered as he and Butch crawled out. "Next time I dig a cave, don't think I'll ask for *your* help! You're just too big a help!"



DECEMBER 11

Surprise!

USUALLY, on Ruth's birthdays, she celebrated with a gay party of friends who romped noisily over the house until time to eat the birthday lunch. This year, because of the very new baby who'd be trying to take a nap about party time, Ruth's mother decided she wouldn't be able to give Ruth her party.

"I hope you're not too disappointed, dear," she said.

"Of course not!" said Ruth firmly, though she felt lost inside at the thought of a birthday without a party. "Becky's so sweet, she's better than any old party."

The day seemed very long and un-birthday-like, though, in spite of the stack of presents at her breakfast plate in the morning, and the birthday whacks and kisses from David and Dad. Ruth was glad it was a school day, so she had something to keep her busy. She didn't want anyone to guess how she was feeling, so she kept a bright smile on her face.

Then—just before the last class of the afternoon, her teacher said, "Put away your books, children. We're going to do something else today."

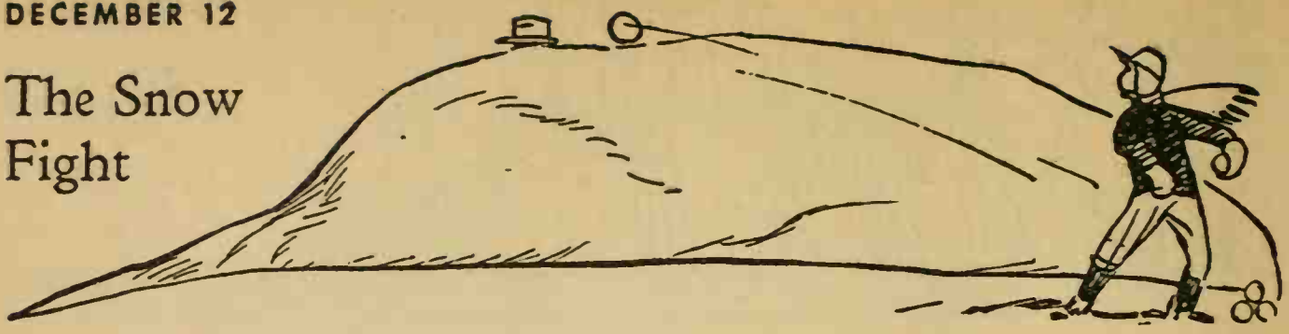
Then she called Ruth out into the hall, and there was a big, big box of little cakes, each with its own pink candle, and beside it, a whole box of paper cups, filled with pink-and-white ice cream!

"Your mother sent them over so the entire class could enjoy your birthday with you, Ruth," explained the teacher.

Oh, how wonderful! A birthday party with the whole class invited! Ruth passed the cakes and ice cream. The children sang "Happy Birthday!" and Ruth fairly glowed, thinking what a truly happy birthday it was!

DECEMBER 12

The Snow Fight



THE BOYS were having a big snow battle one Saturday from behind forts they'd built on opposite sides of What-a-Jolly Street. How the snowballs whizzed! How the boys jeered when their enemy's shots missed! Sometimes one side propped a cap on a stick above the fort, and then the other side had to knock it off, or be laughed clear out of the fight.

All morning the battle raged. Ted was the first one back at his snow fort after lunch, but there were already voices chattering behind the opposite fort.

Ted filled his arms with snowballs and then peeked over his fort to see a hat bobbing above the enemy barricade. Quick as a wink, Ted fired one snowball, and another, and another! *Wham, wham, plop*—that hat went sailing, and Ted charged across the street to storm the fort—and found—a frowning gentleman picking up his dented hat and brushing the snow from it, while Timmy and Bob skedaddled for safety!

"Oh, I—I—I'm sorry!" stammered Ted. "I thought you were an empty hat—I mean—"

Unexpectedly the gentleman laughed. "Well, it wasn't *quite* an empty hat—I hope. I'll tell you what, if you'll show me where Mrs. Apricot lives, I'll call it square."

"Oh, sure," said Ted in relief. After he'd left the stranger at Mrs. Apricot's door, a sudden idea sent him leaping back, calling the boys from both forts. "You know what?" he cried. "I believe that was Tumbleweed Tommy!"

"Oh, boy!" said the others. The snowfight was forgotten. They all trooped up the hill to meet the famous Tommy of Mrs. Apricot's stories.



Tracks in the Snow

"HEY!" shouted Toby to Bob. "There are the funniest tracks I ever saw down by the creek! Big as a bear's!"

Excitedly Bob ran along with Toby to the creek. The tracks were strange ones indeed, great round circles.

"Look how far apart they are, too," pointed out Bob. "Whatever made them must have awfully long legs."

"Come on, let's follow them," cried Toby.

Along the edge of the creek went the odd tracks, and then, at the end of What-a-Jolly Street the trail left the creek, crossed over the street, and disappeared into the snow-covered vacant lots behind the houses.

"That beast has been circling the houses," hissed Toby in growing excitement. "Maybe he was getting set to attack!"

"We're bound to catch up with him soon," whispered Bob. "Hey, look!" Right ahead was a big snowdrift in which the tracks came to a stop. And what a stop! The snow had been threshed around every-which-way.

"That critter must've had an awful fight," Bob decided. "Got licked, too, because its tracks stop here—but *where is it?*"

"Where's what?" asked a voice behind them, and there was Ted, balancing neatly on a tall pair of stilts!

"Stilts!" cried Bob and Toby. To the bottom of each pole was fastened a tin can the size of the odd tracks!

"Makes it easier to stand up if I hit some ice," explained Ted. "But, I took one spill!" He shook his head at the churned-up snow. "Looks as if a bear dived in, doesn't it?"

Toby winked at Bob. "That's right," they said solemnly. "Looks exactly like a big, bad bear!"

DECEMBER 14

The Play Battle



MY, BUT Mondays were long, dull days, Bob thought! While the class recited history, he idly colored a picture of a soldier firing away in a big burst of purple smoke.

"Bob," said the teacher reprovingly. She took away the picture, and the tablet it was drawn on.

That didn't stop Bob's daydreaming. He imagined that he was the soldier, creeping up on his enemy, dodging from tree to tree. He twirled his pencil and aimed it like a gun. Then, since he had no tablet, he began to draw on his desk. He had made a very handsome picture of a tree, with a long gun peeking around it, when the teacher said, "*Bob!*" and took away his pencils.

Bob drooped down in his seat. He sighed loudly. Idly, he selected the red crayon from his box. Now he pretended he had been shot by the enemy. He colored long red streaks from his forehead over his nose and cheeks.

"*Bob!*" said the teacher. This time she took him straight to the principal.

There was a twinkle in the principal's eyes, but his face was grave. "Those look like bad cuts," he said.

"Aw—I was just—just kind of pretending—I was in a battle," Bob stammered, feeling very silly.

"Indeed?" said the principal. "Well, just sit down and write me a full description of the battle."

Poor Bob! Long after everybody else had gone, he was frowning and muttering over his task.

"Well, I know this much," he said, when at last he was through, "after this I'll save my battles until school's out. There's no use in making a long day longer!"



Mother's Party

"DO YOU know something?" Jack asked Jerry. "I heard Mom say she couldn't remember *when* she'd been to a party, it had been so long. Well, let's *us* give her a party!"

"Okay!" agreed Jerry happily. "What do we need for a party? A cake?"

"Oh, sure, and ice cream, and fancy trimmings on the dining-room table!"

Full of their plans, the little boys ran in to find their mother. "Mom, can you bake a cake even if today isn't baking day?" they asked anxiously. "It's for a secret."

"Well, I think so," their mother agreed with a twinkle.

When the beautiful cake came out of the oven, the boys asked, "Mom, may we have some money for ice cream? Not cones, but a whole lot of ice cream, sort of like a family would eat. It's for a secret."

Gravely, Mother gave them the money, and they ran all the way to Mr. Gay's store and back.

With the ice cream safely stored in the refrigerator, the boys studied the dining room. "Mom, can you fix the table up a little fancier?" they begged.

"I could put on my best tablecloth," suggested Mother.

"Oh, that'd be fine!" agreed the twins. "Well, now we can tell the secret. This is *your* party, Mom!"

Mother smiled. "What a lovely surprise!" she exclaimed.

"But you baked the cake," remembered Jack, looking worried.

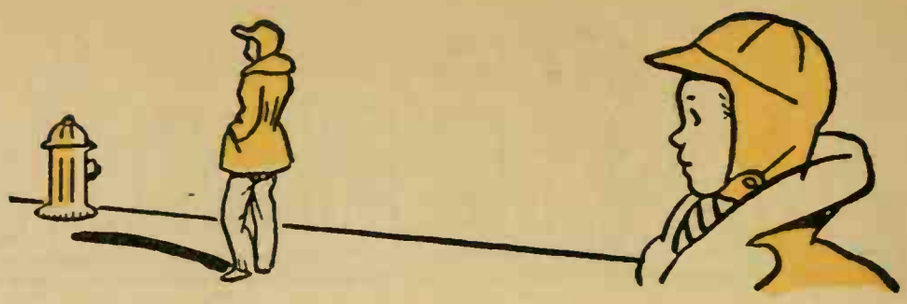
"And bought the ice cream," said Jerry anxiously.

"And trimmed the table," frowned Jack.

"But *you* had the nice idea," Mother said, giving them each a kiss. "So I think it's the best party I've known!"

DECEMBER 16

The Big Present



ONE OF the Barretts' Christmas customs was to let each child choose his one *big* Christmas present himself. David was trying to decide what he would choose. He had seen a new suit he liked very much—dark pants and a two-tone jacket. *Very snappy,* David thought. *Just the thing for the Beginners' Band concert next month.*

At four o'clock David walked downtown with a fellow member of the band. "Won't be long till the concert," Dave said.

"No," said the other boy, but he didn't sound happy about it. He kicked a chip of ice and muttered, "Band's a sissy thing. I'm going to drop out, myself."

"Hey, you can't do that!" David cried in surprise. "Why, you toot the best trumpet there! We need you!"

"Aw, I'm gettin' sick of it," said the boy, turning away.

As David watched him go, his surprise faded. For the first time he saw the threadbare elbows of the boy's jacket, and the patch on his old trousers. "Why, he hasn't anything to wear to the concert!" David cried. "So that's it!"

David thought very hard the rest of the way downtown. When he met his dad, he said soberly, "I've decided what present I'd like best, Dad. It's a very snappy suit."

"Well, let's have a look at it," Dad said, and smiled.

"But—" David gulped "—I wanted to ask—if you got it, could you send it to somebody else, just saying it's from a friend?" He told his father about the boy who was leaving the band. "It'd be my best present, seeing him at the concert tooting away, proud and happy, looking as nice as anyone!"

Dad said, "I've always let you choose your present, son. And I've never known you to choose a finer one!"



A Dress for Prudence

BETTY slipped into her room and locked the door. Nobody had seen her take the prettiest scraps from Mother's rag bag, nobody had seen her take Kathy's best doll, Prudence. Betty was free to carry out her wonderful idea of making doll clothes for Kathy's Christmas present.

"It'll be easy," Betty figured, laying the doll beside a square of material. "Let's see now, I'll kind of cut up here and down here and—hmmm." The scrap of material, when cut out, wouldn't go around the doll even *before* sewing!

Betty frowned, and tried again. This time the cut-out piece was so huge it looked like nothing but a blanket!

"I didn't think it would be *this* hard!" sighed Betty. She tried laying the doll on the cloth and cutting out the material around it. "There, that's better!" She smiled at the result. "And just to make sure it really does fit, I'll sew up the sides while the doll's wearing it."

Betty sewed busily. And then— "Mamma!" she heard Kathy call. "Where's Prudence? She's gone, Mamma!"

Oh, my! Betty would have to get Prudence out of here! She tried to slip off the new dress, but she hadn't made any opening! The dress fitted Prudence like her skin!

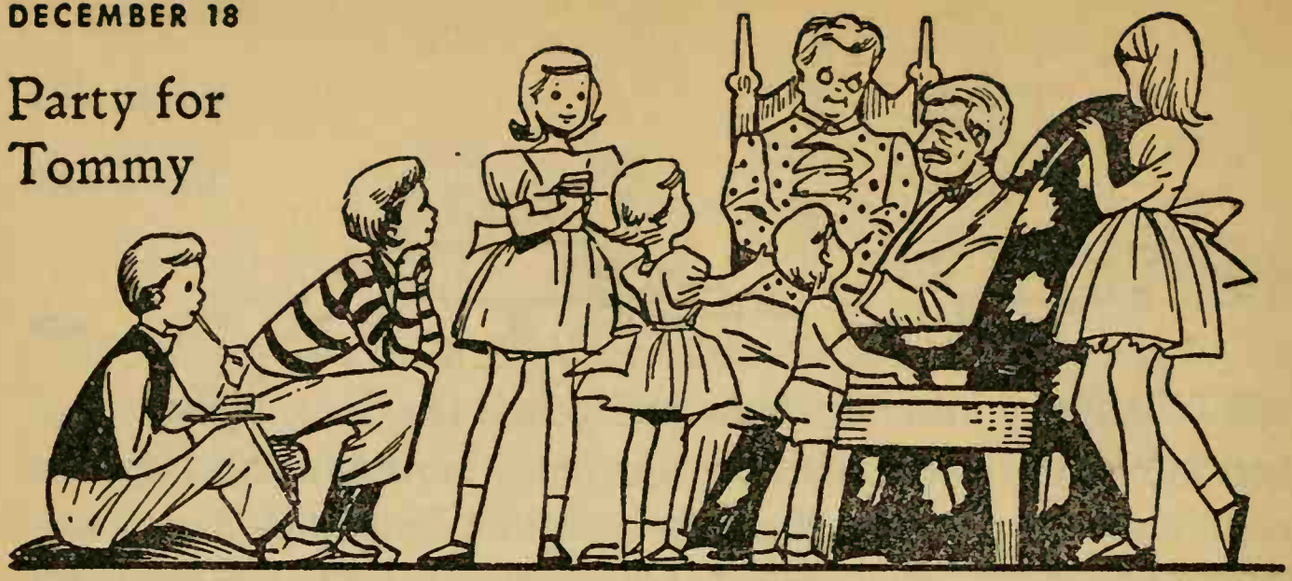
"Betty!" Kathy's voice was close. "Have you seen my doll?"

Betty grabbed up her scissors—*whack, whack!* Off came the new dress, on went the old! "Here's Prudence," called Betty. "Now *how* did she get in my room?"

Betty studied the dress when the door had closed again. "It isn't ruined," she decided, "even if I did cut it up the front. I'll sew in a zipper and Prudence will have a new housecoat!"

DECEMBER 18

Party for Tommy



MRS. APRICOT gave a big party for her traveling Tommy. Everybody on What-a-Jolly Street came, even the smallest babies who promptly went to sleep on Mrs. Apricot's bed.

"Isn't this a nice party?" sighed Jane blissfully. She smiled at Tommy. "Have you ever been to a nicer party?"

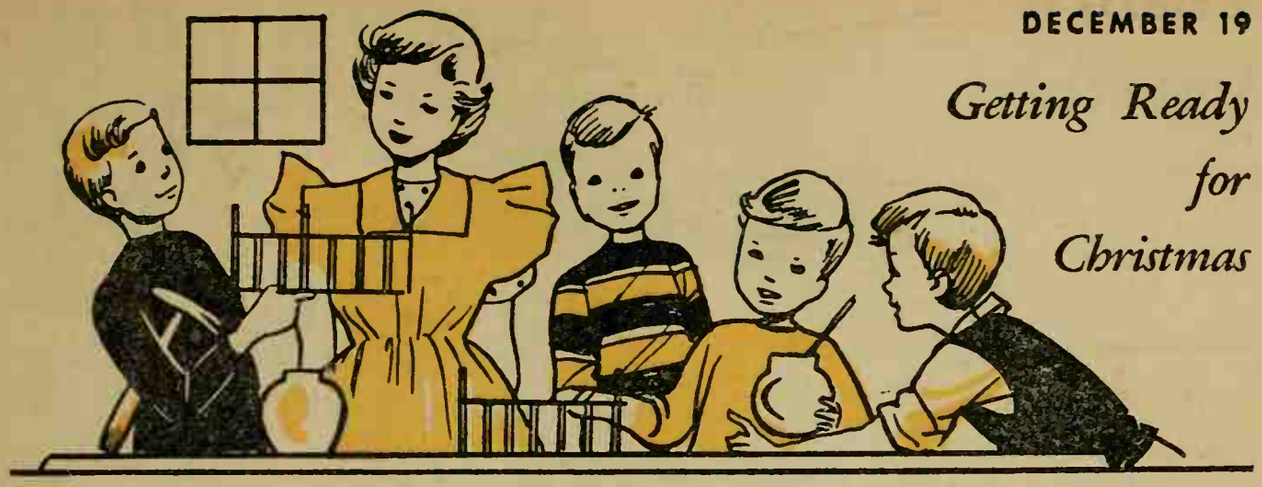
"No, I don't think I have," agreed Tommy. "I'm sure this is nicer than the party I went to in Japan, where I sat cross-legged and stocking-footed on the floor and ate with chopsticks at a little table only a foot high.

"It's nicer than the Chinese party I attended, too. They served me hundred-year-old eggs there, and bird's-nest soup, and I was expected to show my enjoyment by smacking my lips loudly. We went to the theater afterward. While we watched the play, we cracked nuts and ate sweets and drank tiny cups of hot tea, and when we were finished, the usher *threw* us steaming hot towels to wipe our hands!

"I went to an Indian party on a reservation once, and sat on the ground, eating a sort of corn mush out of a bowl, with my fingers, and smoking a pipe with my hosts afterward. And I nearly burned my throat at a Mexican party where I ate too many frijoles and tamales and long red-hot enchiladas."

"So you prefer What-a-Jolly Street parties?" Mrs. Ling asked.

Tommy smiled. "Let's just say I prefer What-a-Jolly Street! I'm sure it's the happiest land I've found!"



Getting Ready for Christmas

SUCH a commotion in the basement! All afternoon Mrs. Smith had heard hammers pounding and saws whining. At last Paul came up, dusty and hot, for a pitcher of water.

"What *is* going on down there, Paul?" begged his mother.

Paul said, "Well, I guess it wouldn't hurt to tell *you*. Are you sure Ellen's outside? I'm making her Christmas present. Come on down and I'll show you."

In the basement Mrs. Smith found David and Ted and Bob working, too. "See?" said Paul proudly, leading Mrs. Smith to his end of the workbench. There stood a dear little doll crib.

"Why, Paul, what a good job!" cried Mrs. Smith.

"Shucks, it wasn't hard," said Paul. "Was it, kids? We're all making 'em. Ted's is for Amy, and Bob's is for Ann, and David's making one for baby Becky because he says he gave her that doll of hers and now he guesses he'll have to provide for it!"

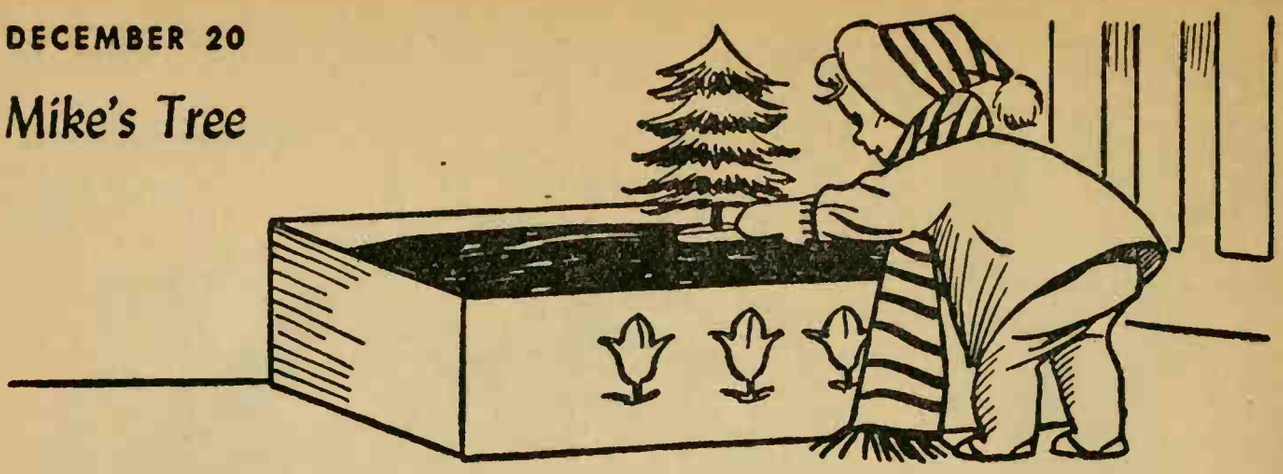
The cribs were very neat, but simply made. To a rectangle of thin board, the boys had nailed four tall corner posts and some side-bars, then tacked flat strips of wood across the tops of posts and bars to finish it off. "We're going to paint 'em next," said Ted proudly.

"If you boys will let me help," said Mrs. Smith, "I have an old mattress-pad and sheet and quilt that I will cut and hem to fit each crib. The dolls will need covers."

"That'll be keen!" said Paul. "We thought about covers but we couldn't figure a way to stitch 'em up with hammer and nails."

DECEMBER 20

Mike's Tree



MY, BUT it was a busy afternoon in the Brown yard! Mary Lou and Peter were each trimming one of the tall evergreen trees for Christmas. Little Mike felt left out. He brought up from the basement a tiny artificial tree that the Browns had used on their Christmas dinner table last year.

"I have a tree to trim, too!" he said importantly.

"Don't bother us, Mike," Mary Lou and Peter said.

But Mike went ahead with his plan. He stuck his little tree in the flower box on the porch, and hung pretty balls and bright tinsel all over its green branches.

Out in the yard Mary Lou said, "Let's string the lights now, Peter. It'll soon be dark enough to turn them on."

But oh, dear! The light cord wouldn't reach the connection on the Browns' porch!

"Say, Dad, what'll we do now?" called Peter.

"We'll have to buy some extension cord," said Mr. Brown. "Let's go see if any store is open."

To their disappointment they found no place open to sell them their cord. "Everybody on What-a-Jolly Street will have trees lighted tonight but us," sighed Mary Lou.

"Well, what do you know! We have one, too!" laughed Peter.

For as they turned up their driveway they saw a glow on the porch! Mike's gay little tree was sparkling in the light of a flashlight stuck into the flower box at its base.

"I have a tree, too!" Mike greeted them proudly.

"I'll say you have," agreed Mary Lou, "the best one of all!"

Santa Claus Land



"WHAT'S it like in Santa Claus Land? Tell me, Doris," begged Amy.

"Well, the trees grow candy instead of fruit," said Doris, cuddling Amy into the big chair beside her. "There are gumdrop trees and peppermint bushes and whole orchards of little trees with branches made of striped candy canes."

"Mmmm," murmured Amy.

"The flower blossoms are candy, too—you'll see rows of chocolate drops nodding on their long stems, and beds of lovely ripe butterscotch squares. Caramels grow by the rivers of delicious pop that flow past the pop factory.

"Santa Claus has lots of factories. He keeps many elves busy all year long. Besides the pop factory and the cake-and-cooky bakery, there's a big, big toy factory! One whole floor of it is just for making dolls. Down one aisle the elves sew doll wigs, and down another they're painting sweet doll faces. Over by the windows, they're sewing doll clothes, oh, such cunning little dresses and coats and underwear with tiny edgings of lace, and bonnets that would make you open your eyes, Amy!"

But Amy *didn't* open her eyes. Amy was asleep!

"Mamma!" complained Doris. "Here I was telling Amy a beautiful story and she didn't even listen!"

"I think she did," replied Mother with a smile. "See how happy she looks—just like a little girl who's dreaming of gumdrop trees and elves painting pretty doll faces!"

DECEMBER 22

The Lost Coin



JANE counted her money three times, spreading it out on the floor while her kitten, Velvet, pawed at the shining coins. She wanted to make sure it was just exactly the amount she needed for Mother's Christmas present. Jane had already chosen the present—a white organdy apron with gay red apples and strawberries sprinkled all over it. Mother would love it.

Toby and Jane went to the store together. "That's the one." Jane pointed out the apron proudly. But when she emptied her purse on the counter, she was fifty cents short!

"I lost my half-dollar!" cried Jane. "What will I do?"

Toby had none to give her, so they walked home slowly, looking everywhere for the lost coin. "You can buy something else," said Toby. But Jane shook her head.

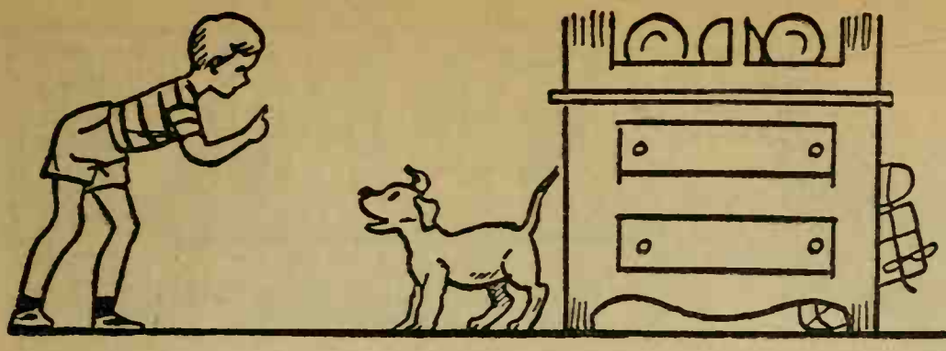
"Maybe you can earn fifty cents," said Toby.

"Not in just three days," sighed Jane.

Jane went sadly up to her room at home. She didn't see how Christmas could be merry at all without the gay, pretty apron for Mother— Why, what was that shining tip showing at the edge of her rug? Jane turned back the rug hastily—and there lay her half-dollar!

"Velvet, you rascal!" scolded Jane. "*You* were playing with that half-dollar and poked it under the rug!"

Velvet just purred and purred. She knew that Jane wasn't really angry, for Jane's voice was as happy as Christmas bells ringing!



DECEMBER 23

Don't You Peek!

TIMMY almost burst as Christmas drew nearer and the pile of hidden presents grew taller.

One day when he just couldn't *stand* it any longer, he tiptoed into the dining room, and peered at a lovely lumpy bundle hidden behind the china closet. Surely it wouldn't hurt to tear off the wee-est, tiniest corner! He was positive it was his own anyway, because Daddy had winked so mysteriously when Timmy happened to meet him carrying this same package in the back door one night. Oh, it certainly couldn't hurt to peek at his very own present!

Timmy had his fingers on the package, when suddenly he decided that it *would* hurt! It would hurt a lot. He'd spoil his fun at Christmastime, and he'd spoil Mamma's and Daddy's, too, because he'd have to *pretend* to be surprised then, and he wouldn't do it very well, and they'd know he wasn't really surprised at all.

Timmy marched firmly out of the room. And a few minutes later, what do you think? There was a little tinkling crash in the dining-room, and when Timmy ran back, Mamma was pulling that very same package away from puppy Pal!

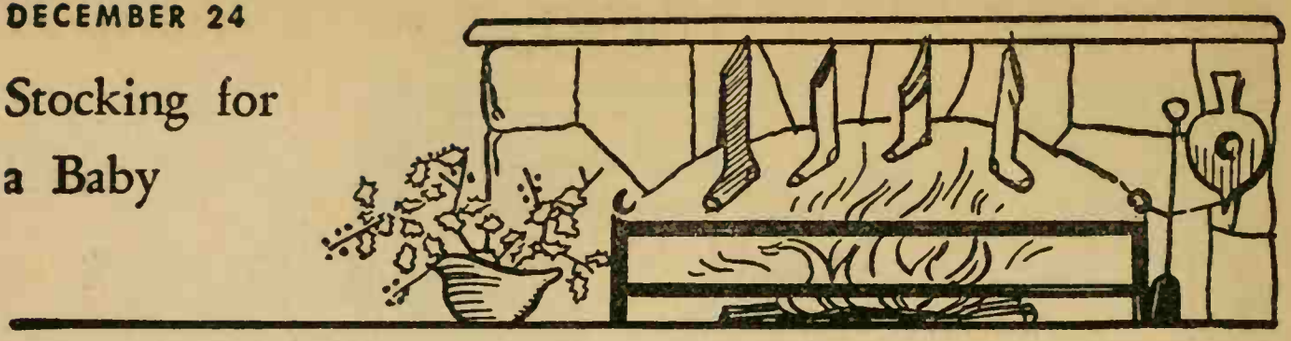
"Pal, you're a naughty dog to peek!" Mamma scolded.

Pal's teeth had torn the paper, and Timmy saw that the present was a jingly bell-toy for Polly! Oh, my, if *Timmy* had peeked when he wanted to, the jingling bells would have called everyone in the house to see what he'd done!

"Pal," said Timmy very sternly, "you'll just have to settle down and wait for Christmas presents until Christmas—that's what *I'm* doing!"

DECEMBER 24

Stocking for a Baby



"LONG ago," began Mother, gathering Ann into her lap in the big chair before the fireplace, "long ago there was another Mother who cuddled her Baby at Christmastime, but her Baby was brand-new, born that very Christmas Day."

"Jesus," murmured Ann drowsily. The dancing flames in the fireplace made her sleepy. She looked at the tall shining Christmas tree that the family had just finished trimming; she smiled at the row of empty stockings on the mantel. "Poor Baby Jesus," she said softly, "nobody hung up His sock."

"No, and He had no warm fireplace to sleep by. His bed was a manger in a stable. The gentle animals clustered around Him curiously, wondering probably what new sort of lamb had come into their flock.

"But though Jesus had no stocking hanging from a mantel, He got many wonderful presents, for angels in the sky had sung the story of His birth to people everywhere. Wise men journeyed long weary miles to find the stable and bring precious gifts. Shepherds left their flocks to follow a brilliant star that led them to the Baby's side. All knelt together to worship the little Christ Child God had sent."

It seemed to Ann that the leaping flames in the fireplace formed a picture. She saw a chubby hand, a baby face, a smile —oh, such a lovely, lovely smile! Surely only the Baby Jesus could smile like that!

"Mamma," she cried, suddenly wide awake, "let's hang up a stocking for Baby Jesus, too! We'll fill it tomorrow from *our* socks, and give it to a baby! I think Jesus would like that."

"I think so, too," smiled Mother.



DECEMBER 25

It Really Happened!

IN THE days before Christmas, little Mike fairly burst with questions. "Will Santa really come? Will he come in a sleigh that flies in the air? Will he really come down our chimney?"

Mary Lou wouldn't answer his questions. She just smiled and said, "Wait and see!"

Mike awoke very early Christmas morning. Darkness filled his room, and the house was as quiet as a feather dropping.

What had awakened him? A squawk from Hustle-Bustle? A woof from Whatta Dog? Or—or—had it been *sleigh-bells?*

Mike slipped silently out of bed. On tiptoe he went out into the hall and listened. What was that rustle? The wind in the chimney—or something else?

Soft as a bunny-rabbit, Mike tiptoed down the stairs until—*Wham! bam!* his slipper fell off and went clippity-clapping ahead of him!

"What happened?" Mr. Brown asked sleepily.

"What's going on?" cried Mary Lou and Mrs. Brown and Peter.

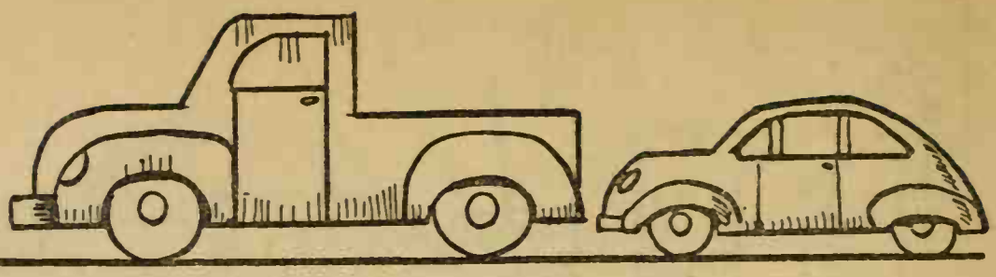
They all tumbled out of bed and came rushing downstairs.

There they found Mike standing in the living-room doorway, his eyes as big as saucers. Bright and glittering in the moonlight stood the Christmas tree, and hanging from the mantel were three stockings, full to bursting!

"It really happened!" whispered Mike. "Santa really came!"

DECEMBER 26

The Christmas Cars



A FARAWAY uncle sent Timmy a set of cardboard cars for Christmas. The cars had to be punched out of the cardboard and assembled before they were ready to use.

"Mmmm," said Mamma, "I'm afraid this is still too hard for you, Timmy. Let's put it away for a while."

"Oh, no!" declared Timmy. "I can make them!"

First thing next morning he got out the box, but oh, my! Puppy Pal had been ahead of him and chewed a corner off!

"Bad dog!" scolded Timmy sternly. "You've spoiled a car! Bad dog!" And down in the basement he put naughty Pal!

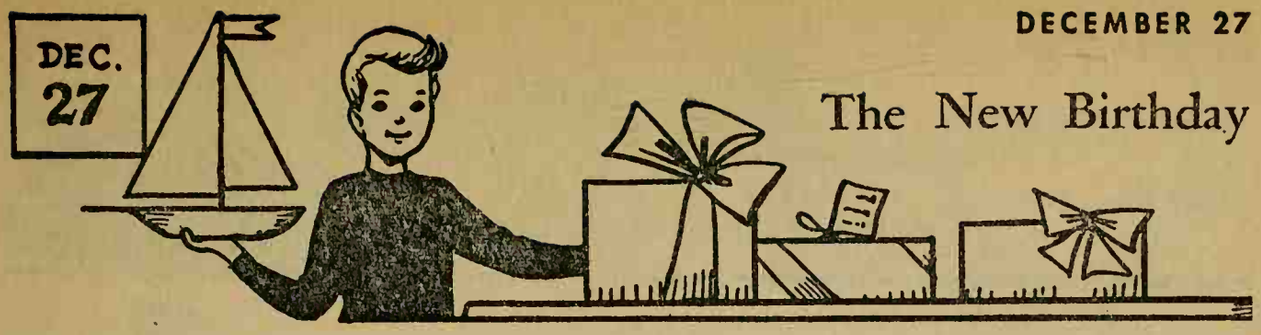
Then Timmy went over to the Nolens' to get Ann to help him make the remaining cars. He found Ann and Sally both watching their big brother Bob put together exactly the same set of cars that Timmy had received. Timmy joined them excitedly. My, what lots and lots of pieces there were when they were all punched out! How did Bob ever remember which went where? Bob was frowning deeply as he tried to fasten a car body onto its wheels. The tabs kept slipping out of their holes.

"Jeepers!" he cried. For just as the tabs went in on one side, they came out on the other! When Bob turned to *that* side, a pair of wheels came off! As he tried to put on the wheels, the whole hood came off!

"Oh, Bob, you'll *never* finish it!" cried Ann.

"Yes, I will," said Bob. "I'm just the guy who can do it."

But I'm not, thought Timmy. *Mamma's right; I'd better put my set away for a while. And I'd better get Pal out of the basement, too. Poor Pal! He wasn't so naughty; he was just trying to keep me from starting something it would take me till next Christmas to finish!*



The New Birthday

PAUL had a very perplexing birth date. Can you guess what it was? December twenty-fifth! Yes, Paul had been born on Christmas Day, and to him that was practically like having no birthday at all!

"Everyone's so wound up about Christmas they never remember it's my birthday, too," Paul used to grumble, "till the day's all over. To tell the truth, I forget it myself!"

One year, Paul had tried to trade his birthday with someone else. He'd gone up and down What-a-Jolly Street, coaxing the children to trade birth dates with him. There'd been a girl living there then who had been born in a leap year on February twenty-ninth. "But at least I've a birthday everyone remembers every four years," she said. "That's better than *never!*" So she wouldn't trade. And there'd been a boy whose birthday was April first. *He* was interested because, he said, he got more tricks than presents on his birthday.

"Okay," agreed Paul. So the trade was made. That Christmas Paul forgot his birthday on purpose, but the next April he forgot it by accident! He just wasn't used to a spring birthday, and he didn't recall the new date until it was past.

"Trading's no good," said Paul. "I guess I'm just out of luck."

Mother had another idea. "We always forget on Christmas Day and remember the day after, don't we?" she said.

"Then we're tired from celebrating. Let's make your birthday the day after the day after Christmas! Then we'll have time to remember and to rest up, too!"

So that's why Paul celebrates his December twenty-fifth birthday on December twenty-seventh.

DECEMBER 28

The Surprise Movie



TED JOHNSON got a movie camera for Christmas. The first bright day afterward, he urged everybody to come outside and have their pictures taken.

"I'll put a clean house dress on," said Mother.

"I'll be out as soon as I finish the paper," said Dad.

"I'll run get Ruth and Sally and Betty!" cried Doris.

"Well, then, I might as well get some of the fellows," decided Ted. He ran down What-a-Jolly Street.

Little Amy was left alone with the camera. She looked at it curiously. "Buttons," she said, poking at the shiny gadgets. She pressed one button hard. The camera made a whirring sound just as Mike and Whatta Dog ran up to her.

"What is it?" asked Mike, pushing away Whatta Dog who was frisking around like a puppy instead of a sedate old dog.

Amy showed him the button that whirred. Mike made it whir, too. They had lots of fun before the others came back.

Ted used up all his film, and a few nights later everybody gathered in the Johnson living room to see the pictures.

"You'll see me first," said Doris, but to her surprise they saw Mike instead, bobbing straight into the camera!

"Hey!" muttered Ted. "I didn't take that!"

Then they saw a close-up of Whatta Dog's plumy tail wagging, and then Amy's head bobbing around!

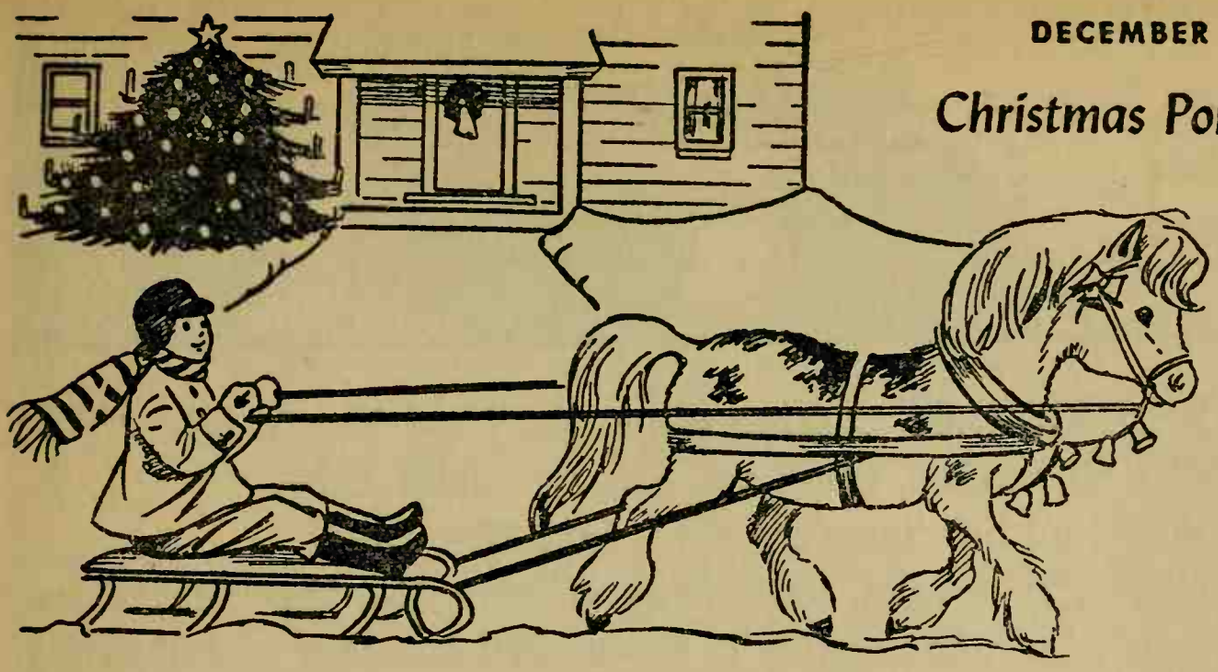
Amy said proudly, "That's me."

"But who took it?" cried Ted.

"I don't know," said Amy. "All Mikie and I did was push a little button that went whir."

"So that's it!" laughed the Johnsons. "I guess, Ted, you'll never know *what's* going to turn up on your film!"

Christmas Pony



GUESS what the pony, Rusty, got for Christmas! A set of jingle bells! Do you suppose Rusty liked them? No, sir. He shied in alarm at their tinkling.

David harnessed Rusty to his sled and drove him down What-a-Jolly Street. "Trot, Rusty!" he begged. But Rusty was sulky about the jingle bells; he poked along as slowly as he could, so the bells would barely tinkle.

Then a sleigh went past, drawn by two big prancing horses —and *they* wore jingle bells, too! Rusty pricked up his ears in astonishment. "Hello, Christmas pony!" nickered the two horses in friendly greeting.

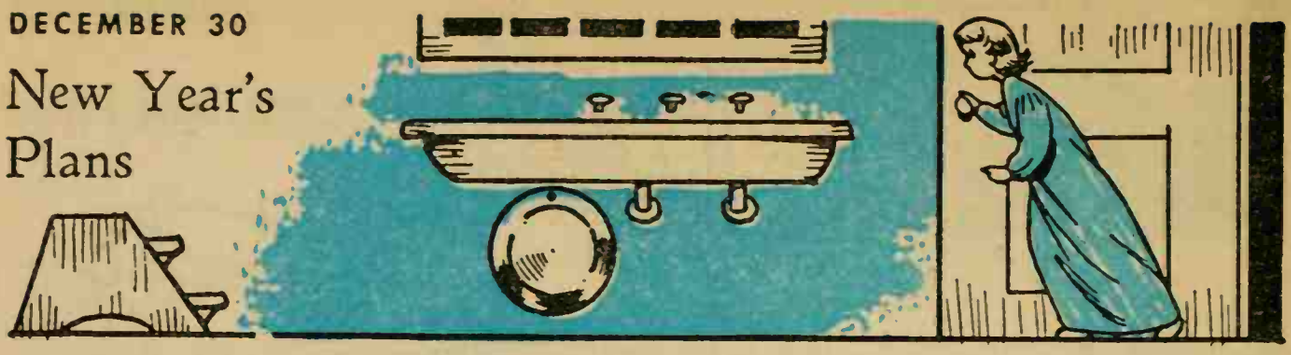
Rusty shook his head in surprise. *Jingle-jangle-jingle,* sang his bells. Rusty listened to them. He listened to church bells ringing in the distance. He listened to the happy shouts of children bringing out Christmas skates and wagons and scooters to try for the first time. What a melody of Christmas sounds it all made!

Suddenly Rusty was proud that his jingle bells were part of the Christmas melody. Joyfully he pranced down What-a-Jolly Street.

"I'm a Christmas pony!" he whinnied happily. "Make way for the Christmas pony!"

DECEMBER 30

New Year's Plans



THE LINGS were making plans for New Year's Eve. "We'll stay up till twelve, won't we, Mom?" asked Toby.

"Well—all but Jane, maybe," said Mrs. Ling.

"I can stay awake, too!" begged Jane. But the trouble was, she was afraid she *couldn't!* It was just too easy to fall asleep. Now how could she be *sure* that she wouldn't sleep too hard to see the New Year come in tomorrow night? Jane prowled around the kitchen till she found what she wanted, and then took it upstairs and hid it under her bed.

After Mother had tucked her in, she pulled out her treasure and put it in bed with her. *Got to try it out tonight,* she thought. *Got to see if it works.*

About half an hour after the children were asleep—*crash!* something rattlety-banged upstairs!

Susan and Toby woke. Mr. and Mrs. Ling ran upstairs.

They found nothing out of place, and Jane's eyes were tightly closed. After they left, Jane brought her treasure out of hiding again, and put it on her bed.

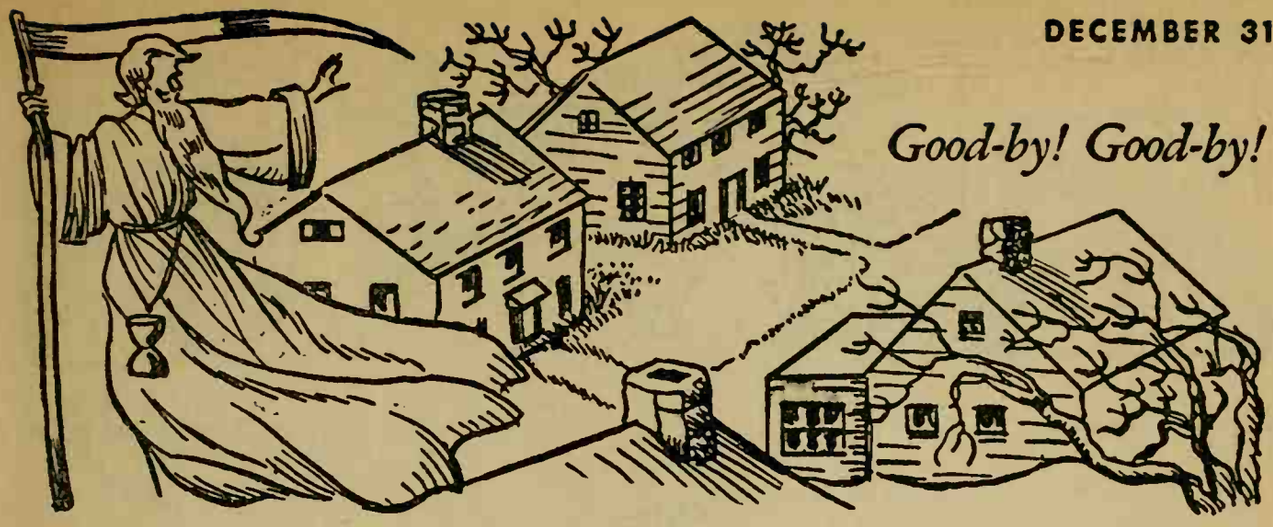
An hour passed and then—*bangety-bang!*

This time Mrs. Ling reached Jane's room before she could shove her treasure under the bed.

"Jane!" cried Mrs. Ling. "*What's my dishpan doing here?*"

"Wakes me up," explained Jane. "I go to sleep—roll an' roll —off it falls—*wham!* Wakes me up."

"Jane," laughed Susan, "if you want to see the New Year come in that much, I'll wake you myself at midnight tomorrow. But *please* let us sleep tonight, or *nobody* will be able to stay awake New Year's Eve!"



Good-by! Good-by!

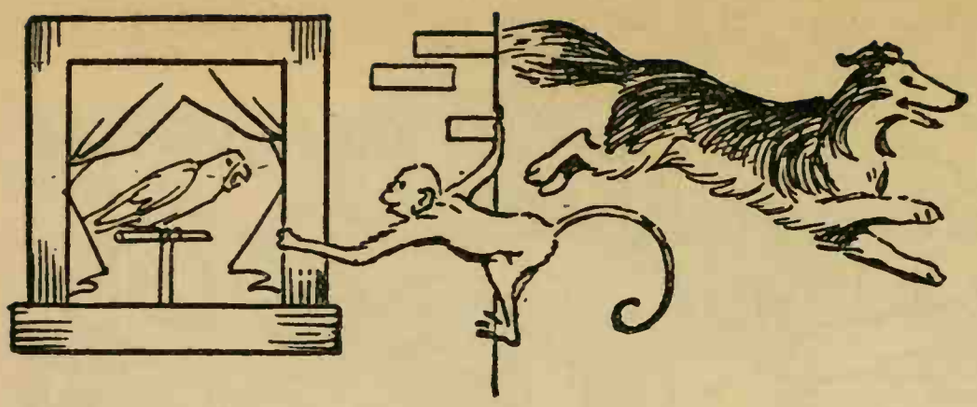
IT'S MIDNIGHT, and up and down the street doors are flung open as people greet a baby who's come to live with them all —the baby New Year. You can hear him call, "Happy New Year, dear friends! I've come to bring a year of delight, so let the bells ring!"

Down the street and up the long hill limps an old man whose eyes twinkle still as he thinks of the joy that he left far and near in the twelve months just past, for he's the Old Year.

"I promised them fun," the old man remembers, "and they got it from January straight through December. I've lived out my time and enjoyed every day, and now that I'm leaving I'd just like to say: If the New Year's a smart lad he'll follow my lead, live on What-a-Jolly Street and be happy indeed!"

He nods his white head. "I loved them all greatly, Jane and Ann, Mike and Ruth, and wee Becky-come-lately. The Nolens and Johnsons, the Carters and Lings, Browns, Smiths, Watsons, Barretts, all jolly as kings, with old Mrs. Apricot, their good friend and true, smiling down from her hill on whatever they do."

On the hilltop he paused and looked back on the street where children spilled out of their houses to greet the Baby New Year, whose small hands gaily flung bright garlands of joy through the twelve months to come. "Happy New Year!" he heard his dear children call. "Happy New Year!" he answered. "Happy New Year to all!"







Other

WHITMAN

Giant Books



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MOTHER GOOSE FAIRY TALES

BEDTIME BIBLE STORIES LOTS OF STORIES

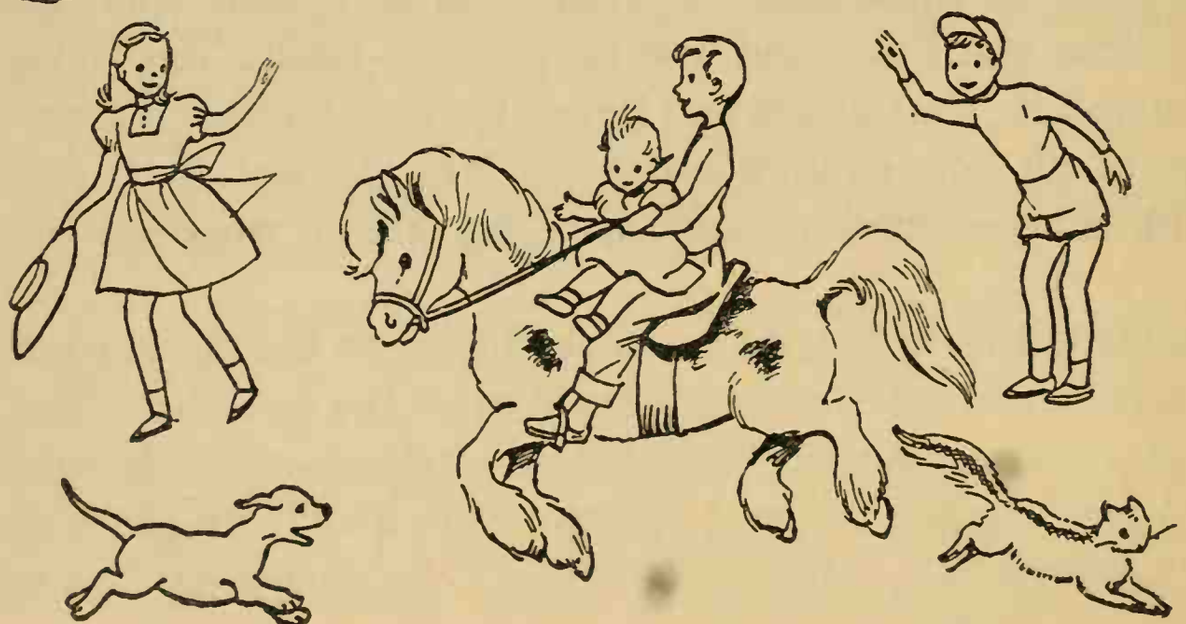


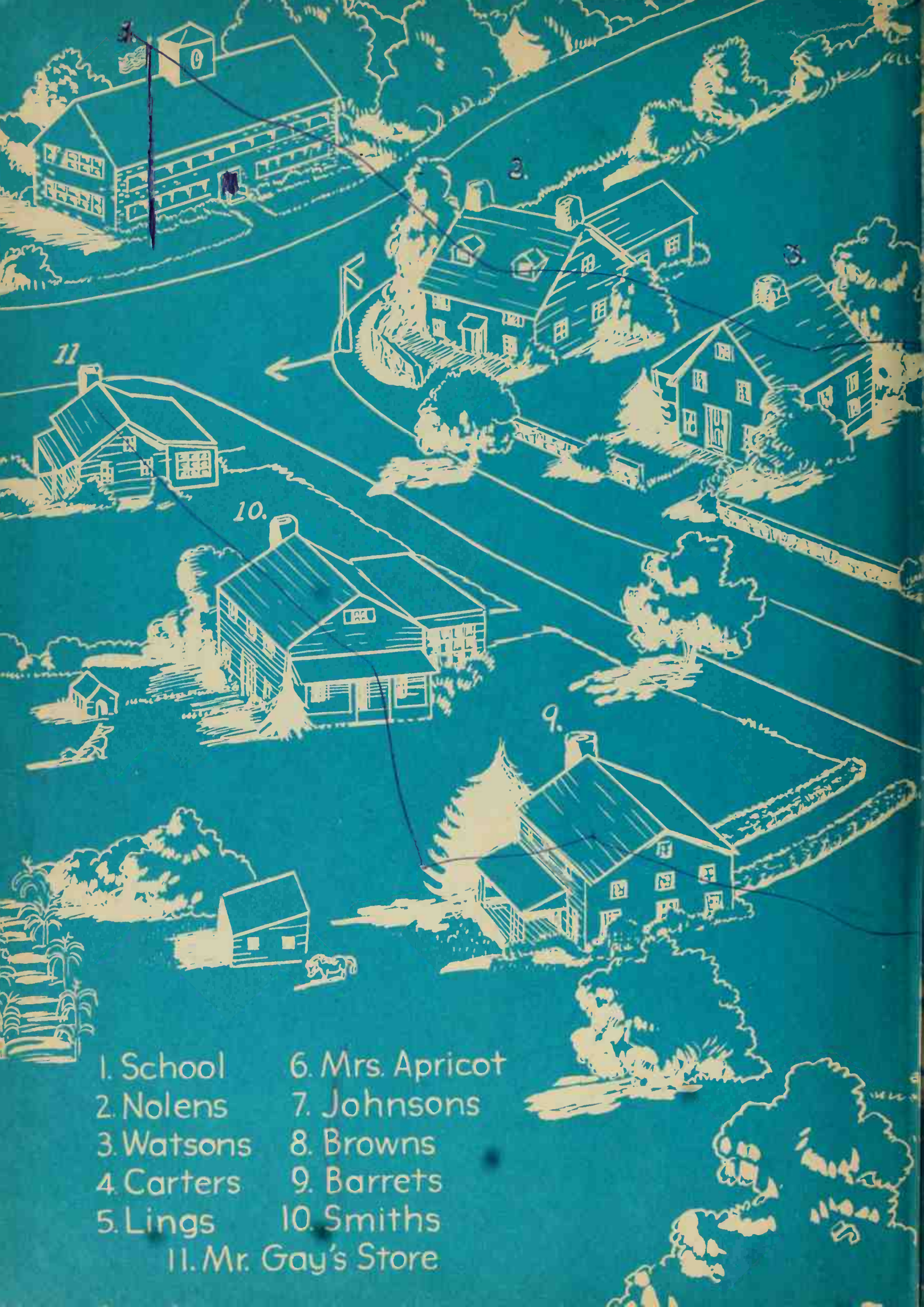


STORIES OF JESUS THE CHRISTMAS BOOK



Whitman





1. School
2. Nolens
3. Watsons
4. Carters
5. Lings
6. Mrs. Apricot
7. Johnsons
8. Browns
9. Barrets
10. Smiths
11. Mr. Gay's Store



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