

# LITTLE FOLKS



**A Thirsty Cow.**

'Madam cow,' cried the frog. 'please allow me to say  
That you drink far too much, and too often, each day.  
If you mean to go on in this thirstful way,  
There will soon be no pond in which froggies can play.'  
—'Our Little Dots.'

## Small Peter and Giant Grumblebones.

(Carolyn S. Bailey, in 'Homestead')

Once upon a time there lived an old giant whose name was Grumblebones. His seven league boots were swifter and his eyes were sharper and he was altogether fiercer than any giant that ever was; and as he put on his invisible cloak and travelled up and down the world, the only way that you could tell he was coming was by the rattling of his bones.

'Grumble, grumble, bump, bump, tumble, can't, don't, sha'n't, won't, rumble, rumble—' they seemed to say.

When old Grumblebones was at home, he lived in the land of Didn't

Remember, on the border of the Valley of Lost Things. His castle was made all of broken toys plastered together and the roof was thatched with torn picture books. The curtains at the windows were made of lost hair ribbons sewed together and tied back with broken shoe lacings, and the front fence was just pencils and mislaid button hooks stuck into the ground.

Old Grumblebones lived all alone except for his servant I. Don't Wantto. The I stood for anything you please—Isaac or Ichabod or Isadore or Ishmael, but old Grumblebones always called him by his whole name, I. Don't Wantto.

He was the queerest servant you ever knew, and yet old Grumblebones liked him very much. In-

stead of sweeping the floors and dusting the furniture and tidying things every morning as a proper servant should, I. Don't Wantto ate his breakfast in a very leisurely manner and then went right out to the Valley of Lost Things with his coal scuttle over his arm to gather up a few of the lost toys that had found their way there during the night. However the lost things came he never knew, but he always found plenty—tops and jack-knives and marbles and dolls and jump ropes and once in a while a copy book or a speller.

I. Don't Wantto filled his coal scuttle and went slowly back to the castle to scatter the lost things around, for old Grumblebones never felt comfortable unless the castle was very untidy when he came home at night.

Next, I. Don't Wantto went to work at the clock. It was the most industrious little nursery cuckoo clock you ever saw, and it was not its own fault that old Grumblebones had found it once with a dirty face and had put it under his cloak and brought it away to the castle. It wanted most of all to go and to go fast, so it kept ticking away most cheerily, but as soon as it went ahead an hour, I. Don't Wantto set it back two hours, so it was always in a very bad way with its time.

One morning small Peter woke up bright and early. The sun was shining on the roofs and the chimneys of the town, and the lark was up, but right away things began to go wrong with small Peter. He spilled his good breakfast porridge and he cried because he couldn't find his boots. His school books were not to be found and 'I don't like you,' said small Peter to his nurse when she told him that he had forgotten to learn his lessons. 'I won't let you,' said small Peter when they tried to comb his hair for school. And when his nurse gave him his school bag and told him to hurry so as not to be late, small Peter said, 'I don't want to!' in a very grumbling way.

He sat down on the doorstep in the glad sunshine and kept on saying, 'I don't want to, I don't want to!' But suddenly he heard a queer