

Cicely and the Bears," and "Clean Clara." Frodgedobbum was

A vulgar giant, who wore no gloves,
And very pig-headed in his loves!

Cleanliness was Clean Clara's passion.
She cleaned "a hundred thousand things:"—

She cleaned the mirror, she cleaned the
cupboard,
All the books she Indian-rubbered.

She cleaned the tent-stitch and the sampler,
She cleaned the tapestry, which was ampler,
Joseph going down into the pit,
And 'he Shunamite woman with the boy in
a fit.

There is, of course, fun and fun. I should, for example, omit Hood's comic ballads—"Faithless Sally Brown" and cognate pieces—where I should include Goldsmith's "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog" and "Madame Blaize," although superficially they are akin. Hood is for the agile adult brain. He crackles rather than ripples, and children want to be rippled. Moreover, punning is a dissolute habit; and of all distressing developments none equals paronomasia in a child. I should also omit nursery rhymes, because, unlike little boys, they should be heard and not seen. Only antiquarians and folklorists should ever *read* nursery rhymes. A great part of the pleasure with which in after days we greet the nursery rhymes dear to us in the Golden Age (as Mr. Kenneth Grahame calls it), consists in recalling the kind lips by which they were orally transmitted. The voice, the look, the laugh—all hold us again for one rich flashing moment.

Among poets who can with knowledge describe for us child life, both subjective and objective, we are fortunate in possessing Mr. James Whitcomb Riley. Mr. Riley is a New Englander, and the boy to whom he introduces us is a New Englander too, speaking the Hoosier dialect, but none the less boy for that. Let Mr. Riley's right to speak for children be

found in these two Hoosier stanzas called "Uncle Sidney,"—it is established there:—

Sometimes, when I bin bad,
An' pa "corrects" me nen,
An' Uncle Sidney he comes here,
I'm allus good again;

'Cause Uncle Sidney says,
An' takes me up an' smiles—
"The goodest mens they is ain't good
As baddest little childs!"

These lines are of course too incendiary in tone to be included in our children's book—every parent and nurse in the country would be up in arms—but they might well be placed on the title page of the other volume. Mr. Riley, however, has written well for both our anthologists. The child, happily indiscriminate of social grade, is always a hero-worshipper, always, but innocently, envious. His hero is the handy man, the postman, the lamplighter, the gamekeeper. To be with the great man is his ambition and joy, to hear him speak, to watch him make things. Mr. Riley expresses in racy musical verse this young passion. Every boy who has known boyhood at all was once envious of a good-natured Jack-of-all-trades, the Raggedy Man's correlative. Look at Mr. Riley's description of the hero:

O! the Raggedy Man! He works for pa;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses, and feeds 'em bay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all 'ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;

An' nen—ef our hired girl says he cat—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.
Ain't he a awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y the Raggedy Man—he's ist so good,
He splits the kindlin' and chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden too,
An' does most things 'at boys can't do.
He climbed clean up ic our big tree
An' shooked a apple down fer me—
An' nother'n, too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—
An' nother'n, too, fer the Raggedy Man!
Ain't he a awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

—*Littell's Living Age.*

(To be continued.)