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The Moon-Man and the Fairies



By

Constance Ward Harper

Vancouver, B. C.

With Compliments of the
Author
Professor Wood of Yale

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Author of

"By Order of the Kaiser"

A Romance of the Great War:

"Patriotic and other Poems," etc.



Illustrations by
Grace Judge



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The Trip to the Moon

THE TRIP TO THE MOON

*Three little tots looked out one night—
Dickie, Willie, and Bee;
The moon was casting silvery light
Over the dark blue sea.*

*"Oh, how I wish we had a boat!"
Said curly-headed Bee;
"Wouldn't it be so nice to float
Over the shining sea."*

*A fairy with a wand appeared
Before the startled three;
About her shone a light so weird—
Wondrous indeed to see.*

*She waved her wand, a lovely boat
Came sailing in from sea;
"Now come with me, and we shall float
Down the moon's path," said she.*

*Sweetly she smiled away their fears,
And, laughing in their glee,
The fairy and three little dears
Went sailing out to sea.*

*The Moon-Man spied them from afar,
Through his big telescope,
And, hopping in his motor car,
He started down the slope.*

*His big round face wore such a smile,
As he the boat drew near:
It could be seen off quite a mile—
Least so it did appear.*

*He took them all up in his car
To visit at the moon,
And though the distance was so far,
They travelled it quite soon.*

*In Moonland bright they saw such sights—
Brownies, cute as could be,
Fairies, dancing 'midst colored lights;
Goblins grotesque and wee.*

*The hours passed like minutes by;
The Moon-Man's clock struck three;
The fairy whispered—"Day is nigh;
We must go back," said she.*

*Good night to their kind host they said;
Mounted a shooting star,
And very soon were back in bed,
From their moon trip afar.*

MARGARET'S PETS

*I love my little woolly dog;
I love my little cat;
I call my doggy Pudgy Wog—
Because he is so fat.*

*My kitty is as white as snow,
With fur as soft as silk;
I think her fur is white, you know,
Because she lives on milk.*

THE BOY WHO HATED TO GO TO SCHOOL

*A little boy named Tommy Shields
Hated to go to school;
He loved to roam the woods and fields
And fish the shining pool.*

*He stayed away from school one day;
His tracher whipped him sore,
Said he, "I just will run away,
And go to school no more."*

*He started for a gypsy camp,
Two miles outside the town;
So hot the day and long the tramp,
Half way he sat him down.*

*And as he rested, came along
Some of the gypsy band;
He asked them if he might belong,
And with them roam the land.*

*That night the gypsies went away,
And Tommy he went too.
They worked him hard, to his dismay,
And sorely beat him too.*

*Oh, how he longed for home again—
He even longed for school—
Escape he tried, but all in vain,
From gypsies' cruel rule.*

*Months passed; his father came one day;
Poor Tommy jumped for joy;
He took him home, and people say
He's now a different boy.*

LILY BELL AND THE FAIRIES

*A little girl, named Lily Bell,
Lived near a lovely hawthorn dell;
And oft at night, with airy tread,
Came fairies singing round her bed—*

*"Lily Bell, Lily Bell, come out and play;
Lily Bell, Lily Bell, 'tis bright as day;
Fairies are dancing 'neath the May moon;
Pipers are piping—hark to their tune."*

*One full moon night, so it is said,
Sweet Lily Bell crept out of bed;
Swiftly her little bare feet flew
O'er meadows sparkling with the dew.*

*In scarce less time than one can tell,
She reached the fragrant hawthorn dell;
Where, dancing 'round, with twinkling feet,
The fairies sang this greeting sweet—*

*"Lily Bell, Lily Bell 's come out to play;
Lily Bell, Lily Bell, 'tis bright as day;
Fairies are dancing 'neath the May moon;
Pipers are piping—hark to their tune."*

*At peep of day the fairies fled;
Dear Lily Bell flew back to bed;
Where, stealing o'er her drowsy brain,
Came the departing sweet refrain—*

*"Lily Bell, Lily Bell, come out and play;
Lily Bell, Lily Bell, 'tis bright as day;
Fairies are dancing 'neath the May moon;
Pipers are piping—hark to their tune."*



Lily Bell and
the Fairies

BABY BUNNY'S FRIGHT

An owl lived in a hollow tree,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!
And three fat owlets as could be,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!
She slept all day, hunted all night,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!
Because owls can't see in sunlight,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!

And woe betide the little mouse,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!
At night if he stray from his house,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!
The owl would grab him in a trice,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!
For owls are very fond of mice,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!

A baby rabbit, late one night,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!
Frisked about in the moonlight bright,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!
Mrs. Owl came flying along,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!
Grabbed Bunny in her talons strong,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!

Bunny gave himself up for lost,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!
Too late he knew, to his sad cost,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!
He should have done what mother said,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!
He'd now be in his cosy bed,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!

*Near the nest in the hollow tree,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!
Pounced out Mrs. Owl's enemy,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!
The owls fought, and Bunny was dropped,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!
His head swam round just like a top,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!*

*Half scared to death for home he flew,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!
And found his mother in a stew,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!
Wringing her paws and sobbing sore,
"Oh my! oh my! oh my!
I'll never see my baby more,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!"*

*Her baby to her breast she drew,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!
And cuddled him as mothers do,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!
Bunny never forgot his fright,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!
And ne'er again went out at night,
Oh my! oh my! oh my!*

BOY BOBBIE MIGHT HAVE DIED

*Little Boy Bobbie ate a plum,
And swallowed the stone inside;
And if the Doctor hadn't come,
Boy Bobby might have died.*

LITTLE BILLY BUMBLE

*Little Billy Bumble
Took an awful tumble—
He tumbled far, he tumbled fast,
And reached the hill bottom at last;
There he brought up against a stump,
And, oh my! but he got a bump.*

*Said he to himself, "Tis quite plain,
I'll ne'er get up that hill again.
Oh! I wish my mummie were here
To carry me up; oh dear! oh dear!"*

*Billy Boy thought his death was nigh,
When swooped an eagle from the sky;
Picked him up, and away it flew;
What could poor little Billy do?*

*He sobbed and cried, "If I get home,
From my own yard I'll never roam;
I'll be as good as good can be:
Dear Lord! don't let the eagle eat me."*

*Just when the eagle, fierce and bold,
Stopped on a crag to get fresh hold,
Came Billy's mother to her door,
Saw her son's plight and out she tore.*

*Her screams an hunter, with a gun,
Brought to the rescue at a run;
He shot the eagle through the head,
And brought down Billy nearly dead.*

*"Now little dears; 'tis plain to see,
What happened Billy might happen thee,
If when your mother bids you stay
In your own yard, you disobey."*



GRACE
JUDGE

Little Billy Bumble

WHERE DO THE DAYS GO?

*"Where do the days go, mother dear?
Where are the yesterdays?
Sometimes they seem so very near;
I think of them always;
I seek them here, I seek them there;
But I can't find them anywhere.*

*"If I could only find the day
That Benny went away,
I'd hold it fast and make it stay;
I'm too lonely to play:
So won't you tell me, mother dear,
Where the yesterdays disappear?"*

*"I wish I knew, my darling boy;
This only I can say—
Yesterdays, with their grief and joy,
Have gone from earth for aye;
Not till we reach the Father's throne,
Shall we find where the days have flown."*

HE SAUCIED HIS MOTHER

*Little Rob Roy was a good boy,
And so was his big brother;
Little Jim Thad was very bad—
'Cause he saucied his mother.*

A YELLOW DOG

*Only a common yellow dog;
But oh, the heart within!
He pulled wee Charlie from the lake—
Wee Charlie couldn't swim.*

*The world was rough; he didn't complain,
Or display any spleen,
Though he'd no bed, or roof o'erhead,
And oh, his sides were lean.*

*Grateful for a bare bone or crust;
For a kind word so glad;
The trusting look in his big eyes
Somehow made one feel sad.*

*Some boys a can tied to his tail,
With fire-crackers inside;
It broke his heart, and from that day
He pined away and died.*

RAIN SPLASHES

*"Aunty, what makes big drops of rain?"
" 'Tis, so the story goes,
The Moon-Man's wife, as some maintain,
On wash day sprinkling clothes.*

*"She picks up the starry dipper,
And dips it in the sea;
Then sprinkles big drops of water;
Some splash to earth, you see."*

THE FAIRY IN GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

*The Fairy that dwells in Grandfather's clock,
Chose of all places the queerest:
So thought little Dorothy Brock,
Who thinks her of fairies dearest.*

*After her bath, one night in bed,
Dorothy thought of the Fairy;
When close beside her curly head
Popped up the sweet little dearie.*

*Said she, "I'm going back tonight
For a visit in Fairyland;
On warm nights, when the moon shines bright,
We dance on the silvery strand."*

*"Fairy dear! won't you please take me?"
Said Dorothy, raising her head,
"All my life I have longed to see
That land, about which I have read."*

*"Then come," said Fairy, "follow me"—
And straight for the window she led;
Dorothy felt light as could be,
As after the Fairy she sped.*

*All that night on the shining strand,
Dorothy danced with the fairies;
For 'midst delights of Fairyland,
Of dancing one never wearies.*



The Fairy
in Grandfather's Clock

BETTY

*"I am so sleepy, mummie;
I cannot pray tonight.
Dear God, you'll please excuse me
If I shut my eyes tight."*

*"Why, Betty, that is sinful!
Suppose tonight you'd die!
Would it not be most awful
To meet God in the sky?"*

*Betty shook her curly head;
"Oh, that would be all right:
God knows I mean to say," she said,
"Two prayers tomorrow night."*

*Drowsy eyes began to close;
A little head to nod;
Mother whispered as she 'rose,
"In Thy safe keeping, God."*

A MOUSE'S LAMENT

*"Poor me! poor me! poor me!
I'm hungry as can be;
Of food there isn't a scrap;
Only that in the trap,
And I dare not touch that—
No wonder I'm not fat.*

*"What a terrible life—
Just one sad round of strife;
For if it isn't mouse-traps,
Then 'tis sure to be cats
Ready to catch poor me;
Poor me! poor me! poor me!"*

FROM A BOY'S STANDPOINT

*When daddy whipped me yesterday
He said it hurt him more—
Now that to me's a mystery,
Because he wasn't sore.*

*I asked him where it hurt him, and
He said it was the thought
That I had been so naughty and
Done things I shouldn't ought.*

*But just the same his appetite
Was not the worse a b'it:
While I could scarcely eat a bite,
Nor on a chair could sit.*

*He took me to the dentist once,
And said I had no grit—
I guess he'd holler out and wince
If he'd had to stand it.*

*One day he had the toothache bad;
Said mother, "Goodness sake!
If you an ounce of courage had
You'd have no root to ache."*

*When I was made take castor oil
He called me "baby calf":
But from a dose he did recoil,
And only swallowed half.*

*Because in church I fidgeted,
He was at me so mad—
But sleep in church, as daddy did,
I think was quite as bad.*

*When I've a boy, I tell you what,
I'll not whip him and say—
"It hurts me worse"; for that is rot—
Boys think so anyway.*

THE LACE PATTERN CONTEST

*Lived long ago, in a French town,
A girl—lace-maker poor—
With shoes worn down, in patched-up gown,
And hunger at her door.*

*Heralds one day throughout the land
Proclaimed a great contest—
Purse of gold from the Queen's own hand
For the lace pattern best.*

*You may be sure that many sought
So grand a prize to win:
The poor lace maker drew and wrought
Till she was sick and thin.*

*At last a lovely pattern grew
Like magic 'neath her hand,
And when she'd finished it she knew
Fine winning chance she'd stand.*

*Just then a neighbor girl stepped in;
The pattern met her eye;
Thought she this pattern's sure to win,
And heaved a jealous sigh.*

*With joyful heart the poor girl took
The lovely pattern in;
The judge said, with a puzzled look,
" 'Tis strange, here is its twin!"*

*The neighbor girl it copied had—
Now was not that a sin?
The poor girl turned away heart-sad;
Her eyes with tears therein.*

*After a wretched sleepless night,
The lace girl early 'rose;
Her eyes met such a wondrous sight—
Now what do you suppose?*

*Upon the pane Jack Frost had made
A fairy lace design;
Quickly she drew it ere it fade,
And cried—"The prize is mine!"*

*Not only did she win the prize
For loveliest pattern seen.
But she became, to her surprise,
Lace-maker for the Queen.*

BILLY PERKINS

*Billy Perkins had the get-ups,
And couldn't long sit down—
They said his legs should be in stocks;
Called him a jumping clown.*

*His mother took him once to church,
And oh! he shamed her sore—
He lost his penny, and did search
All over seat and floor.*

*A boy and he got in a boat;
He promised to stay down;
It wasn't long they were afloat,
And both did nearly drown.*

*Even at meals he couldn't sit still;
Kept jumping up and down;
His playmates named him Jump-Up-Bill—
This boy who couldn't sit down.*

BABIES' SECRETS

*Babies have secrets they won't tell—
Secrets learned in Fairy-land-Dell;
Where they tell us, in fairy rhyme,
Babies lived for a long, long time,
Ere they came down on sunbeams bright,
To bring to mothers' hearts delight.*

*Fairy-land-Dell is a lovely spot—
Never too cold, never too hot;
Never dark, for the sun shines bright,
Even in the middle of the night:
So you can see what play, what fun,
They have where day is never done.*

*In Fairy-land-Dell all day long
Flowers bloom, and the birds of song
Flitter about among the trees,
While on the grass, beneath the leaves,
The lovely fairies dance and sing,
Circling around a magic ring.*

*When babes asleep laugh loud with glee,
'Tis just as plain as plain can be,
They're dreaming of the lovely dell,
Where the beautiful fairies dwell:
Now wasn't it good of baby dear,
To come from Fairy-land down here?*

RIMPLE! RIMPLE! RIMPLE!

*Rimple! rimple! rimple!
Mary has a pimple!
Brother has the measles!
Baby has a dimple!*



Babies' Secrets

WONDERS BENEATH THE SEA

*Harry Ray went fishing one day,
A bent pin for a hook—
And having heard his daddy say
No fish were in the brook—
Thought he, "I'll go down to the sea;
A big fish there I'll catch maybe."*

*Now luck was with the little lad,
And soon he had a bite;
He pulled a fish up—'twas a shad—
His eyes beamed with delight;
"I'll run right home with it," thought he,
Eager to let his mother see.*

*But joy gave way to great surprise,
When the startled Harry,
Saw the shad, right before his eyes,
Turn into a fairy.
"Come," said she, "and I'll show to thee
Wonderful sights under the sea."*

*Ere Harry could say yes or no,
He was beneath the sea,
And found that swimming there below
Was pleasant as could be.
At first the sea was dark as night,
But very soon it grew quite light.*

*A lot of fish went swimming past:
Said Fairy, "'Tis a school."
"Do they have schools here?" Harry asked,
Thinking the idea droll.
"As many as on land," said she;
"But these are fishes' schools, you see!"*

Poor Harry's eyes grew large with dread,
As Big Whale came in view—
"Now don't be frightened!" Fairy said,
"Because he'll not hurt you:
He's come to carry us, you know
We have some thousand miles to go."

As Harry mounted Big Whale's side,
He noticed a queer lump;
He caught it so he wouldn't slide—
His heart gave such a thump;
The lump turned out a fish to be—
"A Sucking Fish!" explained Fairy.

On the whale's side appeared a scab,
Size of a tiny mouse;
It moved; thought Harry, 'tis a crab;
Said Fairy, "'Tis Whale Louse!"
Just then a Saw Fish hove in sight;
Big Whale dashed on with all his might.

It looked as if Saw Fish would win;
When Sword Fish came along!
Stuck his sword through the former's fin—
A fight was now on strong—
The Saw Fish deftly whirled aside,
And ripped his adversary's hide.

Scarce had Big Whale made his escape,
When came Great Octopus—
A monster formed in dreadful shape,
With snake arms numerous:
Its staring eyes made Harry creep,
As slowly it sank in the deep.

He saw the fish that builds a nest,
And lays its eggs therein;
The Red Fish with a silvery breast,
And Ribbon Fish so thin;
And fish that like the rainbow shine,
With colors brilliant and as fine.

*There were Climbing Fish, Flying Fish,
Cuttle Fish so queerish;
Dragon Fish and transparent fish,
Tube mouth fish so freakish;
But Harry thought the queerest sight
Were fish that carried their own light.*

*Some jelly fish came swimming by:
One shaped like a balloon,
And one like an enormous eye,
Another like the moon.
Fantastic squids made Harry laugh;
He thought them funniest by half.*

*Another very comic sight
Was a grotesque Sea Horse—
Prancing it came, almost upright,
Adown the water course;
It eyed them with a curious stare,
As if 'twere wondering what they were.*

*A lovely garden came in sight,
Full of gayest flowers—
Scarlet coral, anemones bright,
And the sweetest bowers
Festooned with ropes like feather glass,
And trailing iridescent grass.*

*Beneath a phosphorescent tree
A group of lilies stood,
And ferns, as lovely as you'd see
In any dale or wood;
All kinds of flowers could be seen,
With colors bright from red to green.*

*Upon his back a floral bed,
A Hermit Crab crawled on
Between a toadstool, rosy red,
And a huge carnation;
While Venus' Girdle shone in light,
An iridescent, dazzling sight.*

*While gazing at a Feather Star,
Near Neptune's lacy sleeve,
The Fairy said, "Our journey's far:
Dear, we had better leave,
For fear thy parents feel alarm,
Thinking their boy has come to harm."*

THE RAIN

*"I wish there wasn't any rain!"
Dear little Freddy sighed,
As, with his nose pressed 'gainst the pane,
He viewed the wet outside.*

*"For if there wasn't any rain
I could on Dobbin ride,
Or I could run along the lane,
And not stay here inside."*

*His mother stroked his curly head;
"My boy must not complain,
For don't you know, my dear," she said,
"'Tis God who sends the rain."*

*"I think that God might 'ploy His time
In doing better things
Than sending rain, when He knows fine
How nasty it makes things."*

*His mother smiling said, "'Tis rain
Brings us fruit and flowers;
It fills our fields with yellow grain;
That's why God sends showers."*

THE EMPTY STOCKING

*An early Sunbeam, Christmas Day,
Went dancing on its merry way;
Peeped through a broken window pane,
Murky with dust and cobweb stain;
Sped to a little trundle-bed
And beamed upon a curly head
That lay upon some empty bags—
Sleeping amidst the grime and rags.*

*The walls were grey, the room was bare,
But little Sunbeam lingered there;
Turning the tangled curls to gold—
Bright as petals of marigold.
Then softly Sunbeam moved along,
Scintillating its own sweet song;
Crept o'er a wee face pinched and sad—
Poverty's child—poor little lad.*

*The sunken eyelids opened wide;
Weakly he turned his head aside;
"Did Santa come?" he feebly said,
Vainly trying to raise his head.
The little Sunbeam hushed its song;
Slowly it crept the bed along;
Reached a stocking hung to a chair—
Empty—Santa had not been there.*

*Then suddenly a pure white light
The room filled with a glow so bright
That little Sunbeam paled with fright.
But fear soon turned to awed delight:
An angel stood beside the bed;
With arms outstretched she smiling said,
"Come, little one, no more forlorn;
Yours joys untold this Christmas morn."*



The Empty Stocking

THE WISH THAT WENT ASTRAY

*"Oh, how I wish I were a bird!"
Cried little Milly May;
An old witch came along and heard;
Alas! alas! the day!
She turned poor Milly to a bird—
Into an owl gray.*

*Now in the witch's cave, all day,
Sits little Milly May;
Sleeping the sunny hours away;
Hunting all night for prey;
How gladly she'd her wish unsay;
But owl she must stay.*

*Now little girls content must be,
And not like Milly May;
A witch might pass along, you see,
Unnoticed any day,
And she your wish maliciously
May cause to go astray.*

GOD MUST USE A LOT OF MATCHES

*God must use a lot of matches,
Lighting up the stars at night;
Burnt ones must fall down in batches,
But next day none are in sight.*

*Where He throws them, now I wonder,
Could it be into the sea,
Where they have no chance to smoulder
If some still should burning be.*

GREEDY PIG

*One time there lived a greedy boy;
A stingy one to boot—
Taking and keeping was his joy;
Giving was pain acute.*

*He'd grab and eat up every tart,
Cakes, pies and everything;
Though oft his mother made him smart,
And caused his ears to ring.*

*When he got candy he would eat
The whole of it himself;
'Twould break his heart to give a treat;
He thought of none but self.*

*A generous boy gave him, one day,
Half his big popcorn ball;
He snatched the other half away,
And quickly ate it all.*

*As he was going home that day,
Appeared a fierce old witch;
She stood in middle of the way,
And struck him with her switch.*

*"I turn thee to a pig!" cried she—
'Greedy Pig is thy name;
'Tis all that thou art fit to be;
Thou hast thyself to blame."*

*"So that is how the name, my dear,
'Greedy Pig' came to be—
Greed is a thing to shun and fear;
So's stinginess, you see."*

END OF AN IMPERFECT DAY

*One Sabbath morn the sun got out the wrong side of the bed;
He swallowed up the moon and stars, and then he scratched his head;
Things went all right until he tried to fasten his big collar,
He couldn't find the button, and he began to holler.*

*Mrs. Sun came running in to see what was the matter;
"You'll scandalize the neighbours," said she, "with all this clatter."
Fumed he—"I laid the button there; someone it has taken."
Said she—"My dear, I'm sure you'll find you are much mistaken."*

*After she had helped him search, she said, "Look in your pockets."
"I have," he cried, in angry tone like exploding rockets.
"Then look again! Perhaps you've missed it in your hurried search.
Oh, dear! I greatly fear we shall be very late for church!"*

*Said he—"What use to look again, I KNOW it isn't there";
She slipped her fingers in his vest, "Why here it is, my dear!"
While he it took with sheepish look, said Mrs. Sun—"If men
Had fewer pockets there would be a deal less trouble then."*

*Now while searching for the button the bacon stone cold got;
This, strange to say, caused Mr. Sun to get almost red hot.
And when at last they reached the church they had to go in late,
And heard a dust-dry sermon that a saint would irritate.*

*Adverse fate all day pursued him, not once did it let up;
Even when he called for toddy there wasn't left a sup.
His troubles to forget he thought he'd early go to bed,
When getting in he skinned his shin and badly bumped his head.*

*Now one would think he'd had his share of trouble for a day;
But sad to say a climax fast was speeding on its way—
He coughed; the stars came out: the moon refused, to his dismay,
And with stomach ache he ended that most imperfect day.*

SONNY WILLIAMSON AND ANGELINA BROWN

*Said little Sonny Williamson to Angelina Brown,
"Gee! I just think that you are quite the nicest girl in town.
Come over and I'll swing you up, as high up as can be,
So you can kick the leaves right off the Johnsons' apple tree."*

*To such an invitation Angelina's ear inclined,
And inside half a minute she'd made up her little mind;
Quickly she climbed the garden fence, and reached the other side,
Where up and down on Sonny's swing she gleefully did ride*

*She had not swung quite high enough the apple leaves to kick,
When slipped the swing board—down she fell so hard it made her sick;
Now she is cross at Sonny, and she blames him for it all;
She says he put the board on wrong and that's what caused her fall.*

*Sonny, innocent of blame, thinks she treats him very hard;
He often sits upon the fence, looking in her backyard;
But it may take a day or two ere she forgives him, for
Little Miss Angelina is still feeling rather sore.*

NELLY SQUARES

*Nelly Squares! Nelly Squares! don't put on such airs!
Your face has a smudge, and your hair needs a comb:
Your dress may be fine, but no lady appears
With person neglected, fine dress can't atone.*

JEALOUSY

*Little Johnnie has the mumps;
He's proud as can be—
Little Willie's in the dumps;
He hasn't them, you see.*

THE STAR FISH

*A star fish looked up in the sky,
And saw the twinkling stars on high;
Thought he, it surely must be I
Have fallen down here from the sky.*

*The stars appeared so bright and fine;
Oh! how he longed like them to shine,
And wished with all his main and might
That he could only be as bright.*

*Just then a hungry fish swam near;
Poor little star fish quaked for fear;
He hid in sea-weed out of sight,
And thanked his stars he wasn't bright.*

CURIOSITY'S PRICE

*A bull frog sat upon a log,
And croaking loud was he;
Along buzzed Blue Fly all agog
With curiosity.*

*Said Blue Fly, "Will you tell me how
You make that queerish sound?"
"Come near, and I shall show you how,"
Said Froggie, squinting 'round.*

*The silly fly to Froggie flew,
And gone was in a trice—
He paid, like nose people do,
Curiosity's price.*

