

DADDY'S
BED TIME
STORIES

DADDY'S BED TIME OUTDOOR STORIES



MARY GRAHAM BONNER

LAND
CHILD
PART



"THE BUTTERFLY THOUGHT, 'THIS MAY BE MY FIRST PARTY, BUT IT WON'T
BE MY LAST.'"

—Page 3

Daddy's Bedtime Outdoor Stories

By
Mary Graham Bonner

*With four illustrations in color by
Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis*



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TO
"E. E. E."



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McCann, creator of the "Cheersful Cherub," etc.*

THE BUTTERFLY WHO LOVED SEEING THE SUN



Off It Flew into the
Warm Sun's Rays.

DADDY had seen a little boy that day who had told him how he collected cocoons and chrysalids and watched them grow into beautiful butterflies.

“How would you like to hear about a butterfly who was delighted to see the sun?” asked daddy.

“We would love to hear the story,” quickly responded Evelyn.

“But, daddy,” said Jack, “don’t butterflies always love the sun?”

“I presume they do. Certainly they always seem to love it, but this butterfly was unusually pleased. He was seeing the sun for the first time.

“I saw a little boy to-day named Robert

who has a collection of cocoons. He keeps them on little twigs in a great big box punched full of holes.

"Then he waits to see them come out. After they have come out he never kills them or tries to keep them, for he thinks that is dreadfully cruel. He knows well that they love to see the sun and be out in the fresh air among the flowers, and he wouldn't deprive them of that pleasure for anything.

"But one day about a week ago out from a cocoon came the most beautiful pale blue butterfly Robert had ever seen.

"He at once took it out of the box, and off it flew into the warm sun's rays and lighted upon a small bush which was covered with plum-blossoms.

"And Robert said that it was so much more fun to see these lovely butterflies happy over their entrance into the world than to see them cruelly cooped up or without any life.

"Before long the insect had spied some other butterflies and had evidently made them as enthusiastic as it was, for a large number of butterflies hovered around the plum bush, and it seemed to be the leader of them all.

The butterfly was so happy with the plum blossoms, the birds singing, and the warm sun pouring down on the nodding flowers, that it had to have some little companions to share its happiness with.

"Robert said he could not understand how any boy would rather see a butterfly die than to see it alive and enjoying life.

"The butterfly acted as if it thought, 'Well, this may be my first party, but it certainly won't be my last.'

"The other butterflies acted just as if they thought the same way about it, as they had only been out in the world for a very short time.

"But you can just imagine how fine it is for the butterflies to wake up and to have all the parties they can have in the different sweet buds and flowers. And the flowers bob about as if they liked parties too."

THE GRAND CONCERT GIVEN BY THE CRICKETS



Policeman Spider was
Called in.

YOU know," said daddy, "the crickets are very fond of music and especially so of their own powers. They have opera evenings and concert evenings, and they invite all the other bugs and insects

they know to come and listen to them.

"One evening they planned they would give an exceptionally brilliant concert. There were to be solos, duets, trios, quartets, and choruses. They picked out a nice spot where the grass was very soft and green—just like velvet under their feet—and all around were a lot of little bushes and flowers, for the crickets love sweet-smelling blossoms. But toward evening they wondered where they would get their light from. Finally they went to Grandfather Cricket to ask his ad-

vice. Grandpa Cricket thought for awhile, then said:

"Well, I guess we'll have to ask Mr. Lightning Bug and all of his family."

"Now, the crickets hated the lightning bugs and had not invited them, but they realized they'd have to have them to make light for them.

"So the lightning bugs were invited, and they felt very proud of the invitation, for they had always heard about the crickets' concerts and had longed to go.

"The katydids also gave concerts, and they had planned, unknown to the crickets, to have a rival concert and to invite the lightning bugs so as to have a finer performance. But wasn't Grandpa Cricket wise to see that the lightning bugs must be invited to the crickets' concert?

"When the katydids went to invite the lightning bugs they had already been invited by the crickets and were getting themselves ready so as to look their best. This annoyed the katydids, so that they resolved they would make the crickets suffer for it.

"At last the time came for the concert, and

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all the bugs filed in. The grasshoppers had all the boxes, and the June bugs sat in the front row in their little coats of green. The lightning bugs sat in the back, which threw a wonderful light on the stage, as the crickets had planned, and the performance began.

"But, alas, each time they began to sing, the katydids, who were giving their concert next to them, would commence, too, and would drown the voices of the crickets, as their voices are so much harsher.

"The crickets called in Policeman Spider, and each time the katydids began to sing Policeman Spider would give them a little nip on their long, green legs, which stung them so they had to stop and gave up in despair.

"So the crickets, after all, had a most successful concert, and all the bugs enjoyed it so much that they took season tickets before leaving, and the crickets were very proud of themselves."

MRS. LEAP FROG'S EMERALD AND DIAMOND NECKLACE



The Frogs Listened
Breathlessly.

ONCE," said daddy, "a great many frogs built a little frog city in a swampy and low field which they called Frog Hollow. They all lived there very happily until one day an awful thing happened. These frogs were very fond of jewelry, and, as green is a frog's favorite color, of course the stone they loved best was the emerald. Young Mrs. Leap Frog was a very well dressed frog and always wore a number of jewels. But one day she lost a magnificent emerald and diamond necklace. She said it must have been taken off her dressing-table.

"Now, this made all the frogs feel dreadful, as no outsiders ever came to Frog Hollow.

"Young Mrs. Leap Frog was very excitable, and she went hopping nervously from one leaf to another, crying: 'My emerald and diamond necklace is lost. My emerald and diamond necklace is lost!' She made all the rest of the frogs nervous too. After a few days went by without the necklace appearing, young Mrs. Leap Frog insisted on having a detective on the trail. So, as she would hear of nothing else, clever old Johnny Bullfrog was asked if he would act as detective.

"Johnny set to work. One day he reported that certain leaves in the locality of young Mrs. Leap Frog's home looked as if some one had been sleeping there for a number of nights planning this robbery. Then, as nothing came of that, another day he said, 'Oh, I have a real clue!' All the frogs listened breathlessly.

"'Well,' said old Johnny Bullfrog in a very mysterious tone, 'there has been some earth torn up near young Mrs. Leap Frog's home, and I think the necklace must be hidden there.'

"So they all went to look, and, finding

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nothing, were about to leave, when suddenly young Mrs. Leap Frog's husband came rushing in, crying: 'Here is your necklace. It was fastened to the dress you wore to the last concert we went to.'

"'Oh, yes; I remember now!' said young Mrs. Leap Frog calmly, as if nothing had happened.

"Old Johnny Bullfrog was furious and said, 'Young Mrs. Leap Frog, I hope this will teach you to look for your things carefully before you accuse others of taking them.'

"But all the frogs were so happy that there was not a thief among them that they croaked and danced with great glee, and once more Frog Hollow was a happy city."

THE TURTLES WHO COULDN'T KEEP AWAKE



Each Wished the Other
Would Go to Sleep.

IT had been a very hot day, and both Jack and Evelyn told daddy that they didn't know when they had felt the heat so intensely.

"Well, the turtles felt the heat, too, to-day," said daddy. "They lay around on the front piazzas of their homes, half asleep and half awake, grumbling."

"I didn't know turtles had front piazzas to their homes," said Evelyn.

"Dear me, yes!" replied daddy. "They are very fortunate, too, because they do not just own one front piazza, but they own several.

"You see, each turtle picks out three logs or three snags, or possibly one log and two snags, and he announces to the other turtles that those are his front piazzas. They are

not at all selfish about them, for any of the other turtles can make use of them whether they own them or not.

"To-day was so hot that all the front piazzas were being occupied. There was Mrs. Black Mud Turtle on her very own porch with Mrs. Hard Shell Turtle. Mrs. Hard Shell Turtle, you see, had just enough energy to get over to Mrs. Black Mud Turtle's porch, for she had many things she wanted to talk to her about. There was the catfishes' ball, which was to come off the next week, and she wanted Mrs. Black Mud Turtle's opinion as to what she would wear and what all the little turtles would wear.

"You know they began talking about the costumes they would have to get ready, and they became sleepier and sleepier. They blinked their eyes very hard and tried with might and main to keep awake.

"Mrs. Black Mud Turtle didn't want to go to sleep, as she thought it would be so very rude when Mrs. Hard Shell Turtle had come to call on her. Mrs. Hard Shell Turtle felt that if she went to sleep it would be a terrible thing.

"But they both felt so terribly sleepy and they both wished the other would go to sleep so the rudeness would be some one else's.

"They kept on dreamily talking.

"'Yes, my dear,' Mrs. Black Mud Turtle would say, 'I think that would be lovely.'

"And Mrs. Hard Shell Turtle would answer, just managing to swallow a yawn:

"'It is so sweet of you to take an interest.'

"They kept this up some time, their voices getting lower and lower, and finally Mrs. Black Mud Turtle was fast asleep, and Mrs. Hard Shell Turtle was sleeping just as soundly. There they slept all day, and when they woke up this evening neither of them knew who had gone to sleep first, so both laughed and said:

"'Wasn't it a hot day?'"

WHERE MR. SUN GOES FOR LUNCHEON



"Often I have fine chats with the king of the clouds."

NOW you will admit I'm pretty fine, won't you, little fairies?" said Mr. Sun. "I just can't help thinking pretty well of myself when I hear the doctors say to the mothers and daddies, 'Now see that the boys and girls play in the warm sun. Then they'll get rid of their colds.'"

"Well," ventured one very brave little fairy, "I know you are wonderful, and we all love you, Mr. Sun, but sometimes, you know, folks think you're very selfish when you go off on those long visits of yours and it rains all the time. To-day I did hear some grumbling about you—I really, really did."

"And pray tell me what had I done?"

"Just at noon to-day, when so many people

were starting out with picnic boxes to the woods and with shopping bags to the city, for the longest while you disappeared and no one saw a sign of you. Everyone was afraid that you had had a fight with the king of the clouds and that he had won and that soon he and his army of raindrops would fall to earth and it would pour."

"Well, now if that isn't the silliest!" said Mr. Sun. "And the idea of grumbling! Couldn't they understand that I had a luncheon party on for to-day behind the clouds? Every time you hear the grown-up people say, 'The sun has gone behind a cloud,' then you may know that I'm having a luncheon party. I always call it luncheon, no matter what it is, because that does just as well as supper or afternoon tea or breakfast, and it saves time and trouble. Very smart, eh?" And Mr. Sun beamed.

"You know how I love it back of the clouds," Mr. Sun continued. "If I didn't have a party once in awhile I wouldn't have any fun, for when I'm out shining over the earth-people I have to use all my strength

to see that flowers grow and the boys and girls keep warm.

"Ah, but it's fun behind the clouds. We had such a good time to-day. I never tried to shine at all. I just sank back and rested and dozed. Often I have fine chats with the king of the clouds, to be sure, and his army of raindrops. In the winter I talk with Old Man Snow and the little icicle princesses. But now I must get to work. The king of the clouds is sleepy to-day, so I said I would go on shining, and the rain won't come until to-morrow, when I'm giving the biggest luncheon of the year."

"That means a hard rain-storm, then, to-morrow," laughed the fairies.

WHEN THE FIREFLIES CAME TO AMERICA



They Are Collected
from the Swamps.

JACK and Evelyn very rarely in one day played all the games they wanted to, but it had poured all day, and a whole rainy day indoors had proved too much for them. When they heard the sound of a key being turned in the front door they bounded down the stairs.

"We thought you never would come," cried Jack. "Aren't you late?"

"No," said daddy, looking at his watch; "I'm just five minutes ahead of time. Why, what's the matter? Haven't you had a good day?"

"No," said Jack; "it's been simply awful. It has rained and rained, and we couldn't go out. Do hurry and tell us our story."

"Dear me," said daddy, "to think that you

and Evelyn really were tired of playing! I thought that never happened."

"Well, only on a rainy day," said Evelyn.

"A rainy day is tiresome," replied daddy, "so I'll tell you a very cheerful little story. I think I will tell you about the fireflies.

"Way off in Brazil," began daddy, "the fireflies are regarded as very valuable and very wonderful, and so they really supply lights for all the entertainments. They are collected in masses from all the swamps where they live, and then when the people give garden parties they let the fireflies fly around to give them fairylike light.

"One evening at one of these parties were two little American girls. The fireflies heard them talking about America. They said they loved America far more than Brazil, and the things they cared for above all else in Brazil were the fireflies. Of course you can imagine how proud and pleased the fireflies were. They listened to still more of the conversation of the two little girls, and found out they were sailing with their mother on a big steamer for America. The fireflies decided to go along too.

"They stayed in their swamp until the sailing day came, and then they hid themselves back of a lot of unused camp-stools on the ship. Of course the trip was very uncomfortable for them, but they made the best of it. At last it was over, and the fireflies, unseen, followed the little girls to their home.

"Of course the little girls gave a party soon after they got home for all their small friends. They told them about the lovely fireflies of Brazil, when, all of a sudden, the fireflies came forth and sparkled their little lights as they flew around. Oh, how the children clapped their hands, and the little girls cried, 'Now we are home in America, and we have the fireflies from Brazil!'

"And you may be sure the fireflies were happy, too, with the success of their surprise."

THE ANTS BUILD A SUMMER HOTEL



The Idea Started with
Mrs. Black Ant.

EV E L Y N had always said that she thought ants were splendid little creatures because they were so busy and seemed to enjoy working over their homes and carrying food to their children.

So daddy told her that he had a story to tell her about a summer hotel that the ants had just finished building.

“The idea started with young Mrs. Black Ant, who was quite a giddy young creature. But despite that fact she was very capable and was one of the best little housekeepers known to the ant world.

“She told the other ants that in order to make their colony popular they ought to have a big summer hotel where all the fashionable ants could come for the summer months, wear

their best clothes, and listen to the concerts given by the crickets every evening near by.

"Now, the ants thought that this was an excellent scheme of hers.

"And she added that of course they must charge enormous prices, because she said that folks who wanted to be fashionable were always willing to pay big prices for—well, just to be fashionable.

"Now, all the ants listened to young Mrs. Black Ant with the greatest of interest, and they wasted no time about setting to work. They built their hotel on the top of a fine mound with a beautiful view of the surrounding country, for another thing that young Mrs. Black Ant had told them was that they must brag about their magnificent view. The hotel was built in less than a day. It certainly was large. In fact, the ants were almost afraid it was too large and that they would never be able to get enough 'guests' to come to it.

"They all went around to nearby ant cities telling the ants about the wonderful hotel they had just built with all the modern improvements—sun heat, star light, fresh air

breezes, delicious food bought by the ant managers, who were very fussy that it would always be of the best. And last and perhaps the most important of all would be the concerts of the crickets, which they could listen to every evening, when they could dress up in their best clothes. Besides going around themselves, they sent notices on little sticks, which they mailed in the ant post-office to the far-away ant cities."

"I didn't know ants had a post-office," said Evelyn.

"They certainly have," replied daddy. "Their postmen are any of the ants who happen to be going near the cities where the letters are addressed.

"Well, the hotel was a wonderful success. They opened with a ball, and the ants who came to stay for the season said:

"'This is something this place has always needed.'"

THE LITTLE LIZARDS' RAINY-DAY PARTY



Silver Wings Won the Prize.

IT had been such a rainy day, but Jack and Evelyn had been for a walk in spite of the weather. "Where did you go?" asked daddy.

"We had a splendid walk," said Jack. "We went through the woods.

We had on our oldest clothes, high boots and rubbers, so we didn't care how wet we got."

"We certainly did get wet, though," said Evelyn, "but just the same we had lots of fun. The woods looked so pretty all wet and green."

"The red lizards gave a party this afternoon in the woods, and I thought maybe you two children might have seen them," said daddy.

"We didn't see them having a party," said

Evelyn, "but we saw just ever and ever so many lizards hurrying along, and probably they were on their way to the party."

"Yes, that must have been it," said daddy. "You see, they wanted to give a party for the fairies.

"The fairy queen and all the fairies thought it was fine of the lizards to give them a party, and they liked being invited out on a rainy day because it wasn't every one who wanted to give a party on a rainy day.

"When they got to the side of the mountain all the lizards were in line ready to receive the fairies very formally. They made low bows and twisted their tails as well as wiggled their little legs, which in lizard talk meant:

"'Good-day, fairies. We are happy to see you.'

"The first thing the lizards had arranged for the amusement of the fairies was a wading contest.

"Near by on the mountain-side there was a little brook with mossy, slippery rocks in it. The fairy who could wade for the longest time without slipping was to win a prize.

"The lizards, of course, thought it was lots

of fun to watch the fairies slip, because the more rain there was the easier it was for the lizards to hurry along, and the fairies thought it was lots of fun too. Of course, as they had come out with the intention of getting wet, they didn't mind falling on the mossy stones at all. And such laughter as there was! And the lizards wiggled so with glee and amusement!

"The little fairy named Silver Wings won the prize, as she didn't fall at all, and the lizards were very pleased that she had won, for on the tip of her right wing she had a little rosette made of moss which she had put on in honor of the lizards' party. That pleased the lizards so much that it was with the greatest enthusiasm they presented the prize to her."

THE SPIDER'S HOME FOR THE COCOONS



A Spider Spun a Web
Around It.

OH, daddy," cried Evelyn as she heard the front door close, "come up here quickly, hurry. There is a huge spider in the room, and I am so frightened I don't know what to do!" Daddy hurried upstairs and found Jack trying to comfort Evelyn by telling her not to be a "fraid-cat," but Evelyn refused to be comforted in such a way. When daddy reached the room he found her very near the door and as far from the window as possible. "There he is on the window-sill, walking round and round with a piece of thread, and he is so big!"

"You know," said daddy, after he had watched the spider for a moment, "when I was a little boy the one thing I was frightened

of was a spider, so Jack mustn't make fun of you, for you see even little boys aren't always so very brave. One morning I got up very early to find some cocoons I thought were in the orchard. It took some time to find them, and I had to hurry back with them to the nursery before I could even find a box to put them in, as I knew I would be late at school if I stopped any longer. When noon came I hurried home as fast as I could, and what was my horror when I found an awful spider had begun to spin a web around my treasures. I was too afraid of the spider to take away the cocoons, and for several days I did not go near that part of the room, but I began to find he wasn't such a terrifying creature, after all, and I finally watched him with the greatest interest. He was a very hard worker, and when busy nothing could disturb him. His web grew and grew, and looked very fine when it was finished. In a day or so he brought his family to their new home, and meantime the cocoons were sleeping peacefully underneath. In time they turned out to be the most beautiful butterflies, and evi-

dently had enjoyed their home with the spider, for they looked so flourishing.

"After that I was never again afraid of spiders, for I realized they were very industrious, and, best of all, they were so hospitable to the cocoon family.

"There are a great many different kinds of spiders, and all of them are interesting. Wherever we go we seem to find their webs, and you can tell by the kind of web the sort of spider that made it."

Evelyn was so delighted to find that daddy had once been afraid of a spider that she began to lose her fear, and she walked nearer and nearer to the spider, watching him carefully as he was building.

"And now you're not afraid any more," said daddy, "are you?"

"No," Evelyn cheerfully replied.

Jack beamed with pride at his sister's courage. "I'm not afraid of spiders," he said.

THE BEST APPLE TREE OF ALL



They Sit on the
Boughs.

OF all the trees in the orchard," began daddy, "every spring this old apple tree I am going to tell you about had the most beautiful of blossoms. And when midsummer came the apples that came out on that tree had, somehow, a better taste than the apples from any other tree. And one day I found out the reason.

"I thought the hammock, which hung under the apple tree, looked very comfortable, and so I made myself most cozy and happy. It was not long before I dozed off into a nice little nap, and then I heard what the apple tree was saying to the little unripe apples on the boughs.

"You must grow to be fine and ripe, and you must keep all the little apple-seeds good and warm so they can be just as brown as brown can be. That will mean that little

boys and little girls can eat all they want, for as long as the seeds are brown they can never do any harm. And, you apples, you must be very sure that you turn around and have the sun warm you and make you bright and red.'

"As the old apple tree was talking, I noticed that the apples just grew a little bit bigger, and redder and fatter, and looked as though—oh—they were so juicy and wonderful inside. I was certain, too, that the little seeds were growing browner every minute.

"'You see,' he continued, 'it's such an honor for us. You know that on the day we're ripe the fairy queen brings all the little fairies to admire us, and they sit on the boughs and wave about with us. And more than that—you know the apple that is ripe first goes to the fairy queen and then some more go to the little fairies.'

"The fairies are too kind to take away the apples that real people like to eat—and so the old apple tree has arranged to have a great many more that we can't see—they're called the apples of fairyland.

"And the tree still went on talking:

“I, too, am working hard. I am practising my best bow to make to the fairy queen when she arrives the first day all the apples are ripe. She is to come very, very early in the morning while everyone else is sleeping. And when the children get up and find the apples are ripe so quickly, won't they be delighted!

“Now, get around so Mr. Sun will help you along. He's the greatest help in the world to us—such a dear old soul.’

“Of course that flattered Mr. Sun so he helped still more, and just as I could feel him shining down with all his might—I woke up.

“I moved away from the apple tree then—for it was no longer shady—the sun had come around and told me to get up! But as I walked away and saw the apple tree waving around I knew it was practising for its bow and making the little apples hurry up and ripen.”



"THE FAIRY QUEEN BRINGS ALL THE LITTLE FAIRIES TO ADMIRE US."
—Page 29



THE WISE WEATHER PROPHET TORTOISE



The Tortoise Had to
Stand It.

IT had been raining all day, and daddy thought he had a most appropriate story to tell the children.

"There was once a tortoise who hated rain-storms," daddy began. "He said to his family:

"I suppose we must have rain, but still it does seem a nuisance,' which is often what many real people say.

"When he saw that it was going to rain during the day he would get all his family to follow him to a special place he had where there were a lot of sheltering rocks.

"One day the sun was out, and there didn't seem to be the slightest chance of its raining. But the old tortoise was a fine weather prophet. He said to his family, 'It is going to rain to-day.'

"It certainly didn't look like it, and his family told him he really was absurd on the subject of the weather.

"He tried to tell them that they were very far from shelter of any sort, and that it would be a good thing to be near where they could be protected if the rain did come down.

"But they wouldn't budge, and he stayed with them.

"An hour passed, and the sun still was shining brightly, and the heavens looked bright and clear.

"The rest of the old tortoise's family told him that he was a gloomy old thing and was always looking on the dark side of life.

"But another ten minutes had not passed when a huge big black cloud appeared up in the sky.

"The tortoise family looked at it and then looked at the old tortoise to see what he would say.

"But he didn't say anything. He just looked the picture of despair, and in a few minutes down came the rain.

"There was not a place near by where they could get shelter. All was absolutely open.

"The whole tortoise family hated the rain just as much as the old tortoise did, and they were the most miserable of creatures.

"They just had to stand it all, and then they told the old tortoise how sorry they were that they hadn't taken his advice and had made him suffer, too, on account of the storm.

"Sadly the old tortoise shook his head.

"'I won't reproach any of you this time,' said he, 'only remember another time, no matter how brightly the sun is shining, to come with me near to a place where we will not have to be poured on in this manner.'

"And the rest of the tortoise family said: 'We will! Indeed we will!'"

HOW MR. SNAIL WAS IN TIME FOR SUPPER



He Didn't Wake Up
Until 12 o'Clock.

THE mountain lizards had sent out invitations for a party," said daddy. "They had invited the lizards, the beetles, the caterpillars, the moths, and Mr. Sammy Snail, who was a great friend of theirs. Of course for such a large party they had made their plans weeks in advance, even before they sent out their invitations. The party was to be given on the very top of a high mountain. It was a beautiful spot, the mountain lizards thought. Then they hung little lanterns all around to make it look 'festive,' they said. The invitations they sent out read as follows:

"The mountain lizard family at home on the top of the mountain Thursday afternoon from 3 until 7.

"P. S.—Please come early, as we're going

to have wonderful games first, which will make you very hungry, and you'll then more than enjoy the good supper we've prepared.'

"When Mr. Sammy Snail opened his invitation he was much delighted.

"'Ah, that's splendid!' he cried. 'I'll start early in the morning, so I'll get there on time, and, though I'm not so very fond of games myself, I'll watch the others get tired and overheated, while I'll feel cool and rested when supper time comes. I'll have to be on time.'

"However, Thursday morning came, and Mr. Sammy Snail overslept. He didn't wake up until 12 o'clock, and as he opened his eyes and yawned he saw from his shell the caterpillars and other guests crawling up the mountain-side as fast as they could go. Now, Sammy Snail lived half-way up the mountain-side, so as he saw what time it was he said to himself: 'Oh, well, I haven't very far to go! I'll just take another little nap.' So he turned over and went to sleep again.

"On top of the mountain the other guests were having a good time. They wondered

why Sammy Snail didn't come. 'He promised us he'd be on time,' said the mountain lizard.

"'He means to be, I think,' said one of the caterpillars, 'but he really can't help his laziness.'

"It was time for supper, and still Sammy had not arrived. 'I do hope he won't sleep all day!' said another mountain lizard, when at that moment, puffing and panting, slowly crawling along, came Sammy Snail.

"'I hope I'm not late,'" he said. "I overslept.' At this all the party laughed, and Sammy laughed too.

"But when he saw he was just in time for supper he was quite satisfied, for what more could a snail want than plenty of sleep and then a delicious supper party without having to get up at crack of dawn too?"

THE TOADS' TRIAL OF TUD TOAD



The Judge Said Tud
was Not Guilty.

WE'RE ready for our story, daddy," called Jack and Evelyn.

"Come along, then, and I'll begin at once. The toads are very grave and very sedate, and their lawyers are the finest in

the animal world. One day last June a toad named Tud had accidentally stepped on and killed a smaller toad named Jody. It was well known in the toad world that Tud and Jody had been bitter enemies, so it was a question of great doubt among many as to whether it had been an accident or whether Tud had really meant to murder Jody.

"A day was set aside for a trial, and all the toads from far and near planned to be present, for they were much impressed by trials. Toads are, for the most part, so good and

well behaved that when anything dreadful happens among them they are very much shocked. Tud Toad came of such fine parents that every one felt very sorry for them and did everything they could to comfort them, telling them that Tud would come out all right and be a finer toad in consequence.

"At last the day set aside for the trial came, and all the toads were there. Near the judge's box sat Tud's mother and daddy. His mother looked very nervous, and every few moments she would bring forth from her pocket a green leaf handkerchief and dry the tears from her great big eyes, and Tud's daddy coughed to keep back the sobs that he felt in his throat. A constant murmur of whispers could be heard from the portion of the courthouse where all the toads sat, for they kept talking among themselves, wondering what the result would be.

"But soon the judge, a fine-looking, big toad, stepped into his box, with his jury about him, and in front stood the trembling Tud, quaking with fear and looking at the ground, as he was too ashamed to face the crowd.

"The judge began to speak in a clear voice:

'Ladies and gentlemen, my jury will go out of court for fifteen minutes, at the end of which they will tell us the result of the trial.'

"The fifteen minutes seemed hours, but at last the twelve toads of the jury came back and handed to the judge a slip of paper leaf.

"The judge arose again and said, 'It has been decided that Tud is not guilty.' At this Tud burst into sobs and cried, 'It is true; I did not mean to do it!'

" 'Now,' said the judge, 'it will be a lesson to you. You can do good to your enemies as well as your friends.'

"This was the end of Tud's trial. He lived to be a fine, highly-respected toad, but he could never forget about poor Jody."

THE SUN CONSIDERS HE
IS HELPFUL



"It makes me have freckles," she said.

IT had been a very hot day. The sun had beaten down with such force that many people could not stay out at all.

"Hasn't it been a hot day, daddy?" said Jack.

"It certainly has," answered daddy, "but do you know the reason?"

"No," inquired Evelyn. "Was there a reason?"

"Most certainly," continued daddy, "and perhaps it was this: A few days ago a little girl was sick, and the doctor said that the thing which would save her life would be the sun.

"Now, you can imagine, the sun was very proud when he heard that. 'To think,' said he to himself, 'that I am so necessary in the world! It makes me very happy to think that I may save a little sick girl's life. What could

be finer! And doctors even admit I can help when they are quite powerless and have done all they can. Really, when you think of it I am just like a splendid big specialist, but instead of paying me a lot of ridiculous money or maybe going many miles to see, here I am, and no one has to pay a cent.'

"He talked on to himself in this manner for some time. He wasn't really conceited. It was his pride and delight that he was able to save the life of a little girl, and he said that he most certainly would save her life. In the summer the days are longer than in the winter, and he was given more opportunity.

"But the next day when he was shining brightly and was making everything, oh, so warm, he heard a disagreeable little girl say to a friend of hers:

"'Oh, I do wish that horrid old sun would not shine so hard!'

"'Why,' asked her little friend, 'don't you like it when it is nice and warm? We can play and never have to put on any horrid wraps, and we can go in wading and swimming, and just have the best time.'

"'No,' said the little girl; 'I simply hate

it because it makes me have freckles. I just hate the freckles I have in the summer, and every one teases me so about them.'

" 'Why, how absurd!' answered her little friend. 'What do you care if you have freckles in the summer?'

"The sun listened to the conversation with great interest, and he said to himself:

" 'Well, if any one is going to make such a fuss about a few little freckles I am going to get mad and blaze. I am going to see that my little sick friend is cured by me, just as the doctor said she would be. And I shall see that it is a fine sunny summer so everyone will have a good time and feel well.'

"You see, to-day was the first day since all that happened, and the sun most certainly kept his word."

HOW THE TARANTULAS PLAY CARS



The Spiders and Beetles Played Together.

JACK and Evelyn had been playing cars all day. Jack was the conductor, who called out the stations, and Evelyn and her dolls were the passengers, who got on and off at the different stations. When daddy came home he found them still busily playing.

"Have the cars gone through any dark tunnels?" asked daddy.

"No, we never thought of that," said Jack. "We'll have to have lots of tunnels to-morrow when we play. Won't we, Evelyn?"

"Yes," replied Evelyn, "but, daddy, you're going to tell us your story now, aren't you?"

"Yes," said daddy, "I'll begin at once, and as you seem to have been interested to-day in

playing cars I think I'll have to tell you about the little tarantulas."

"What are they," asked Evelyn—"animals?"

"I know," said Jack. "They're like beetles. I saw pictures of some once, but I don't know anything about them."

"They live," said daddy, "in a little tunnel, which they line with silk, for they are very fussy over the looks of their homes and will never have their tunnels lined with anything else.

"Once there was a family of tarantulas—a mother, a daddy, and four little tarantulas. The daddy tarantula had always been very successful in business, and so they had an especially fine home. It was a very long tunnel, lined with most exquisite silk. The little tarantulas used to give a great many parties to all their friends, and the beetles would be invited too. And what do you suppose their favorite game was?"

"Playing cars!" cried Jack.

"You're right," said daddy. "They liked it above all things, and their long tunnel homes were splendid for it. The beetles al-

ways insisted, though, on being the conductors, while the tarantulas and the other guests were the passengers.

"But one little beetle was a very rough player. If the tarantulas did not jump off the cars quickly enough he'd shove them off. He really wasn't a good little player at all, for he was too cross and too rough.

"Well, this little beetle in one of his attempts to shove a tarantula off the car in a hurry made the poor little tarantula stumble and fall and hurt himself. The little rough beetle felt very badly when he saw that he'd hurt the tarantula, and he said: 'I see what it is. We've been altogether too selfish, and at the next party we beetles will take turns with the tarantulas in being conductors and passengers.'"

MR. LIZARD GIVES A BIRTHDAY PARTY



"What, are we on
time?"

IT was Mr. Lizard's birthday, and he was to have a birthday party. He had invited the snails to come at ten o'clock in the morning, and all the rest of the guests to come at three in the afternoon. For, you see, he knew that the snails would take so long to get ready and crawl to the party that he would invite them ahead of time. So, just at three every single guest arrived.

"'What, are we on time?' asked one of the snails.

"'No,' laughed Mr. Lizard, 'you're just five hours late. But you see we really wanted you, and we knew that was the only way to get you here by three o'clock.'

"'It was a splendid party. They had races

and dances and games. The supper consisted of moss-green ice-cream, silver spring-water, evergreen salad, and buttercup soup. They ate it all backwards, for the lizards are not at all fussy about manners, you know—so they started with ice-cream and ended off with soup!

“But best of all they had a cake, and, oh, wasn't Mr. Lizard happy! It was brought in on a chariot which was drawn by four little lizards, and it was made of all the delicacies of the woods, and had four sprigs of vine hung from little sticks, which meant that Mr. Lizard was four months old!

“They begin birthday parties when they are very young in the lizard world, and you would have laughed had you heard Mr. Lizard say to the little lizards who were still younger:

“‘Hurry up and invite the raindrops to come for the birthday cake, for they keep me young and I am growing old so quickly!’

“Down fell the little raindrops then, and as they dropped very softly the lizards all began to crawl about in twos, threes, and fours, which is their way of dancing.

"And just at that moment came the fairies in a beautiful air-boat, just exactly like a rainbow, and through the raindrops Mr. Sun peeped in too.

"Then the little lizards were the happiest creatures you can imagine, and as for Mr. Lizard, who was celebrating his birthday, his joy was beyond all description. He even made a speech to all his guests and to his 'surprise guest,' the rainbow, and Mr. Sun.

"Everyone was very happy, and the snails were so glad they had been told to come ahead of time so they wouldn't miss anything!"

THE BULLFROGS' REGATTA ON THE MOSS POND



Pappy Frog Would
Give the Signal.

I MUST tell you," said daddy to Jack and Evelyn, "about the regatta the bullfrogs gave on Moss pond. Moss pond was a beautiful pond down in the valley, surrounded by huge trees and lots of small shrubbery. It was called Moss pond because for miles around there was nothing but moss. In the pond there were huge rocks, which were covered with moss also.

"In the mornings Pappy Frog would get up on top of the highest rock and give his signal, which was 'Goog-a-rum, goog-a-rum!' for Mother Frog and all the neighbor frogs to get up. And what time do you suppose, children, Pappy Frog got up? Sometimes he would get up as early as three o'clock, and,

oh, it would make the neighbor frogs so mad! Of course Mother Frog and the little frogs didn't dare get mad, because Pappy Frog was so severe.

"The morning of the regatta Pappy Frog got Mammy Frog and the children to help him decorate his boat. He was very quiet about it, as he didn't care to wake up the other frogs that morning, for he was extremely selfish and wanted his boat to look much finer than theirs. Of course all the other frogs expected Pappy Frog to awaken them, and when they did wake up, very late, weren't they mad at Pappy Frog! But they had no time to waste in telling him so, for they had to hurry and scamper to get their boats ready.

"At last all was finished, and an enormous gathering was present. There were the moles, the toads, the squirrels, a few of the snakes—Mr. Copperhead, old Blacksnake, and Mr. Gartersnake, for he was a neighbor—and the chipmunks.

"The frogs had built a bridge across the pond so the more favored of the guests could witness the regatta to better advantage.

"Then began the sports. There were sail-

ing races, canoe races, high diving, swimming races, tub races, and obstacle races. But so many of the little frogs fell overboard in the boat races that most of the time was spent life-saving.

"Pappy Frog was very proud of himself, because naturally his boat looked the best of all, and even after the races were over he sailed up and down the pond to get admiration.

"The mother frogs had prepared a very fine banquet for all the guests, and the frog who had won the most races was put in the center of all, while the other frogs and guests stood up on their hind legs and danced around the victorious one.

"Pappy Frog did not feel hurt because he had not won the big prize, as he hated 'stupid races,' as he called them, and all he cared about was the looks of his boat and of himself. So he, too, joined in all the praise for the prize-winner, and the regatta was voted a very jolly affair by all the guests."

THE DANCE FOR THE CLOUDS



They Flew About in
Groups.

I HAVEN'T told you yet about the dance the fairies gave at the top of Mountain Peak for their friends the clouds," said daddy.

"The fairies had had such a good time at the dance the clouds had given that they wanted to make theirs a huge success, too.

"It was a cool day, and Mr. Sun was shining hard while Mr. Wind was having an argument with him as to whether it was a warm day or not. They almost had a quarrel about it, and then they overheard some grown-up say:

"'It's warm in the sun to-day, but otherwise it's really quite cold, for the wind has a sharpness to it.' So that settled the dis-

pute, for then they both knew they were right.

"Well, it was just the sort of a day the fairies wanted for their dance. The sky was the most beautiful shade of blue, and the clouds came dancing along to the party in fine array—which means fine feathers or fine clothes.

"You know how sometimes you've seen the clouds go so quickly along you've wondered where they were bound for. Well, usually when they're hurrying like that, on a cool day when the sky is a very deep blue, more than likely they are on their way to a dance on Mountain Peak which the fairies are giving.

"But this afternoon the fairies had a special treat for the clouds. In the first place Mountain Peak wore his very finest blue cap, which he only wears on very important occasions; and in the second place the fairies did their mountain dance.

"They flew from one little peak to another, and then they flew about in groups, carrying with them garlands of beautiful honeysuckle and ivy vines.

"The clouds were delighted and began tearing about in glee. Then Mr. Sun was so excited that he came over to see the fairies dance too. And he went behind one of the clouds, so that the earth-people said it was surely going to rain.

"And of course Mr. Wind flew about having the gayest sort of a time. And, too, he was pleased, for he had won the dispute with Mr. Sun. Now it certainly was a very cool day for the earth-people when Mr. Sun was so lazy and had to watch parties! But Mr. Sun didn't care.

"As for the clouds and the little fairies, they had the jolliest, best sort of a time, and just before it was time for the clouds to leave, all the little gnomes who lived in Mountain Peak came out and did their tricks."

THE SPIDER POLICEMEN SAVE THE CONCERT



They Rushed Away
from the Concert.

THE night before last," said daddy, "the crickets thought it was time for them to give a concert. So, several hours beforehand, they sent around notices to the brooks, the trees, the woods, and the lawns—all of which places have post-offices for the animals—that the concert would begin promptly at half after seven o'clock.

"The only place where there was a post-office and where they had not sent any invitations was the swamp nearby. You see, a large colony of mosquitoes had moved to this swamp for the spring and summer months. Now the mosquitoes were not very popular, and they kept pretty much to themselves. Sometimes they would wander forth at night

to the piazzas where the big folks were, and then they would have a real feast.

"The mosquitoes were wandering around when they saw the crickets posting their invitations in blades of grass in the lawn right at the side of the piazza where they were going that evening. They knew something was up. And when the crickets had gone off again, didn't those inquisitive little mosquitoes go right to the lawn post-office and look at the invitations which the crickets had left?

"The mosquitoes were just as mad as they could be. They called the crickets horrid snobs, for they have very mean dispositions.

"Then one very cross and snappy little mosquito said:

"'Let's go to the concert, whether we are invited or not, and show those crickets that we don't think their concert is so fine that we have to be invited to it. We will pretend that we think it is a free concert.'

"And when they got there, they didn't act so the crickets would feel sorry that they hadn't invited them, for they were so rude and so cranky that they went around biting and twigging at the ears and legs of all the

little creatures at the concert. Of course they completely spoiled everything, and the crickets were beginning to feel very sad, when along came the fairy queen.

"She waved her wand in the air, and what should appear but lots and lots of big spider policemen, all dressed up in fine blue suits and gray suits. 'Get to work,' she called out to the spider policemen, and didn't they go around biting those bad little mosquitoes until they rushed away from the concert as fast as they could go!

"It taught them a good lesson, for they never again went to a concert where they were not invited that was given by the crickets. For they soon found out that the fairy queen is a real friend of the crickets.

"And the concert went on after the mosquitoes had left, and the spider policemen sang a very fine marching song, while some of them sang a song called 'Weaving the Web.' So the concert ended even better than they had hoped for in the very first place."

SLEEPY MUD-TURTLES AND THE FROGS



Smiled as Only
Mud-turtles Can.

WELL," said daddy, "old Billy Bullfrog always has a lot of fun with the mud-turtles, but the other day when he gave his first swimming party of the year he had more fun than ever before.

"They came, bringing with them their chairs of mud—and some of the very grand ones were carried on sofas made of mud. You know the mud-turtles are very lazy, and they enjoy sleeping about as much as anything. Still, none of them would miss one of Billy Bullfrog's swimming parties—so they all came, even if some were napping when they arrived.

"Just then the mud-turtles felt their mud chairs being pulled from under them—and the mud-turtles who were lying on sofas felt

themselves suddenly without anything to lie on—and they all had to swim around for a change.

“They wondered and wondered what could have taken away their resting-places, when they heard a chorus of bullfrogs say: ‘Croak, croak, dr-r-r-r-u-m, get up and swim. It’s not polite to sleep at a party.’

“Then the mud-turtles blinked and looked about them, and there they saw, on all the lily-pads in the stream, the bullfrogs.

“‘We’ve invented a game for the swimming party, as of course we’re all a bit tired of races.’ The mud-turtles sighed and looked at their mud sofas and chairs disappearing in the stream, and smiled as only mud-turtles can smile! But the bullfrogs saw their smiles, and croaked and laughed and gurgled some more. ‘But we’re going to have something more exciting than swimming races. We’re going to sit on our lily-pads, and you’re to swim under us and knock us off into the stream, and then, just as we find you are nice and comfortable, we’ll knock you off.’

“But after they had played the new game

for a little while the mud-turtles would fall off their mud sofas and get on the lily-pads instead. And they didn't bother to chase the bullfrogs at all.

"Old Billy Bullfrog had thought that would happen, and they had all wondered why he hadn't shown up before. When, all of a sudden, what should the mud-turtles see but a big thing that looked like a fat whale swimming around, pulling at their feet. Then how they did swim and scamper, and the bullfrogs laughed and laughed.

"Pretty soon the mud-turtles noticed that the whale didn't chase any of the bullfrogs and that the bullfrogs weren't hurrying. 'It's another trick,' one of them said.

"Then old Billy Bullfrog, who was dressed up as the whale with a cloak of gray bark and weeds, laughed and said: 'Well, there's no keeping you awake—so we'll sing lullabies,' and the noise from the stream nearby the other night really meant that the bullfrogs were croaking what they called sleepy songs!"

OLD MR. SUN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY



"You're looking wonderful, Mr. Sun."

THE children had seen old Mr. Sun on his way to bed. He had been as red as could be and very, very enormous. They wondered what Mr. Sun was up to, and were not surprised at all when daddy said:

"Mr. Sun had a birthday party this afternoon and the gnomes were invited. He told his guests to come just a little while before it was time for him to go to bed.

"'Well,' said Peter Gnome, 'you don't suppose we would come after you had gone to bed, do you?'

"'Oh, no,' said Mr. Sun as he grinned, 'but the party must begin at just such a time and end at just such a time. I have my own spe-

cial reasons, so come as I've said, won't you, gnomes?'

"'By all means,' said the gnomes.

"And just a little while before Mr. Sun's going to bed time, all the gnomes appeared on top of a high hill.

"Mr. Sun was shining brightly, but soon the gnomes noticed he began to get even brighter and brighter, and more red every second.

"'You're looking wonderful, Mr. Sun,' the gnomes called out in admiration.

"'So glad to hear you say that,' said Mr. Sun, 'for this is my birthday party!'

"'Your birthday!' they cried out in amazement. 'Why, we never knew you had a birthday!'

"'Oh, oh,' said Mr. Sun, and he almost lost his fine color which he had been getting. 'Dear me, O Mr. Purple Cloud,' he called, 'let me hide my head in your best shawl—these little gnomes never knew I had a birthday!' And for a moment Mr. Sun was hidden by a purple cloud, and only a shadow could be seen from his beautiful red color.

"'But explain to us,' said the gnomes. 'We

don't want to hurt your feelings. We're only too glad to be at your birthday party. We just didn't know about it—that's all. Won't you tell us, Mr. Sun?'

"And Mr. Sun again came out from the purple cloud and said:

"'Why, you see when I change into this bright red robe of mine—then it's my birthday. Perfectly simple, isn't it?

"'And as for having more than one birthday a year—that is true. I have them whenever I feel like it—but usually I have one when I'm going to work very hard the next day, to make folks fine and warm, and the things in the gardens grow. You see, when I'm feeling so strong and well I think I ought to celebrate, so I give a birthday party.

"'Everyone admires me when I wear this robe, and it's just the same to me as though they were all saying that they wished me many happy returns of the day—for they all are hoping that I will wear the red robe again.'"

THE SNAILS GIVE A REAL DANCE



The Snails Stood Out
of Their Shells.

DADDY had a story to tell the children which he knew would surprise them very much, and he asked them if they would like to hear it.

“What is it going to be about?” inquired Evelyn.

“Well, the other night the snails had a dance,” answered daddy.

“A dance!” cried Jack and Evelyn together. “That is funny to think of the snails having a dance. Do tell us all about it, daddy.”

“Of course you know,” said daddy, “that people can give dances and not dance themselves. They can just stand up and look very fine and say ‘How do you do?’ to all the guests, or ‘You’ll find some ice-cream in the next

room.' So the snails didn't see why they couldn't give a dance just like that."

"Well, that's not so funny, then," said Jack. "I did think it was mighty funny, though, to think of snails dancing, or even thinking of it."

"But it was pretty bright of them to be able to give a dance and not to exert themselves at all. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," said Evelyn, "that certainly was pretty smart of them."

"You see it was this way," continued daddy. "All the little creatures in the woods had been giving parties. The snails had been invited to just ever so many. In fact, they had been much too gay to suit themselves, for sometimes it was a long walk—or crawl, I should say—to get to the party.

"But they knew that it was the proper thing not to accept too many invitations until they gave one themselves. So they decided that the best thing they could do was to give a dance.

"Lazy creatures can always think of the best and easiest way to be lazy, and the reason the snails decided that they would give a

dance was because they could do less at a dance than at anything else.

"They knew the other animals would so enjoy the dancing that they would quite forget about them until the time to go, and then they would simply tell the snails that they had had 'a wonderful time' and leave.

"The snails engaged the lizards to make the ice-cream and to serve it through the evening, so they didn't even have that bother, and they told the lizards they could eat all they wanted if they would do this.

"All the snails had to do was to stand as far out of their shells as they could get and say 'Good-evening' and 'Must you go?'

"For several days they practised these little speeches just before napping time, which comes every half-hour in the snail world."

"How could they keep awake through the dance?" asked Evelyn.

"They didn't," said daddy. "They took delicious little snoozes and were not noticed because the dancing was being so thoroughly enjoyed."

THE SALAMANDER AND HIS PALACE HOME



The Fire Does Not
Really Burn Him.

S E E M S to me," said Jack, "that a salamander is the bravest little thing in the world."

"Why?" asked Evelyn, who always wanted to know the why and wherefore of everything.

"Well," continued Jack, "he goes right into the fire without any fear."

"I don't call that brave," said Evelyn. "I call that foolish."

Daddy had just overheard this conversation as he was on his way to tell Jack and Evelyn his usual bedtime story.

"I heard you talking about salamanders," began daddy, "and so I think this evening I'll tell you about them.

"The salamander isn't really either very brave or very foolish, as fire doesn't hurt him

at all. It doesn't even make him feel frightfully warm. It's just like the ocean would feel to you two children at the seashore on a warm summer's day—very comfortable.

"But you know the salamander lives in a world all by himself, for no people can reach it.

"You know how often you look into the fire and see the blue flames fighting the red flames, and then you see shapes like castles with turrets and towers. Well, those things are really back of the fire, so the salamander lives in an exquisite world and not just a little nest or a hole. He has a courtyard and big gate, with blue marble lions guarding the entrance, and his palace has any number of turrets and secret passages. In fact, I think the salamander has a very happy life, and he is constantly making new and beautiful improvements, for he loves changes and different kinds of beauty. In the evenings in the palace, when the lights are turned low, the salamander has always his blue, green, red, and yellow lights flickering in the different parts of the palace. Those are the lights we can see in the fireplace.

"And all the salamanders are very fond of dress. They wear most gorgeous gowns and suits of all shades, and they have fine balls every night, for they adore dancing above all things."

"I think it would be nice," said Evelyn, "to be a salamander, for I just love looking into the fire, and how much nicer to really be back of the fire and to see their palaces and their balls."

"Yes," replied daddy, "it would be nice if it were possible to see their homes; for they must be very, very beautiful, but at least we can all have the pleasure of gazing into the fire and seeing all the lovely colored flames and the little sparks flying around and dreaming of the salamanders' homes."

THE RAINDROPS ENJOY THEMSELVES IN THE CITY



The People Put Up
Their Umbrellas.

IT had been raining for several days, and Jack and Evelyn had to spend a great deal of time indoors.

"The rain still keeps up, doesn't it?" said daddy, as they all listened to it coming down on the tin roof.

"We hope it won't rain to-morrow," said Jack, "as we want to take a good walk and find some flowers."

"Well, I hope for your sakes, too, that it won't," said daddy. "But you know the rain thinks it is lots of fun to pour down on the earth with all the force it can use. Once there was almost a quarrel up in the clouds. Some of the raindrops were being told to drop steadily for two days in the open country,

where they would help the things to grow and improve the earth.

"For some reason or other those raindrops did not want to rain in the country. They said they wanted some excitement. So the king of the clouds asked them where they would like to fall, and they replied that they would like to fall down on the city pavements, for then, they said, they could see so many more people.

"You see, they knew that in the country when it rains the people are very much more apt to stay indoors, whereas in the city there is so much to be attended to and so much business to be done that the people must go out, and the cars have to run just the same whether it rains or not. So the raindrops thought they could have a nice taste of city life.

"But these raindrops were really made very happy when they were allowed to rain in the city. Their dispositions were better than if they had had to rain in the country. In fact, they felt so pleased about it that they only rained very gently.

"They fell down on the city pavements

very lightly and watched all the people put up their umbrellas. Then they would barely step on the earth and the people would close their umbrellas again. Of course they couldn't manage to fall too lightly, for if they did old Mr. Sun would have come straight out and driven them away. And they were bound they would stay in the city all that day.

"And such a fine day as they had. They rained just enough for people to call it a little drizzle, but not enough to keep any one in.

"Now, they said, that if they had had to rain in the country they would see so few people and would be so lonely that they would not be able to keep from sobbing their eyes out and pouring in torrents.

"So the raindrops for one day at least had what they called 'a very sociable time.'"

THE TOADS' GAME AND NIGHTLY SUPPER



They Get Excited
When They Play.

JACK and Evelyn had been at a children's party that afternoon and were very tired.

"We played prisoner's base, and you know that is a very hard game," said Evelyn, "though it is such fun, and we love to play it, almost better than any other game."

"You should have seen the toads in the garden the other evening play that," said daddy. "It seems that they play that game every evening just after the sun goes down.

"They have the same sides, and they are very evenly matched, for they never can tell which side is going to win at all. It all depends on whether every single toad is running, or, I should say, hopping, just as fast and far as he can.

"They always get most frightfully out of breath when they play this game, but that they don't mind in the slightest degree. They say that it is quite worth getting breathless and tired for; very much the way you feel about it, I think, Evelyn.

"They get excited when they play, for they often hop so far that they lose their balances and fall over.

"One night, just a very little while ago, they had been playing prisoner's base for some time when one of the little toads fell over and really hurt himself quite badly.

"In order to comfort him the other toads set to work and made a delicious salad and told him it was all in his honor.

"That made him very happy, and they all joked to make him forget about himself. Soon he was laughing harder than any of them and felt quite himself again.

"But as he smacked his lips over the fine salad he said:

"'Let's have this every evening. We will all take turns to make it, and I am sure we all really need it after our game of prisoner's base.'

"The toads thought that was a splendid idea and congratulated him upon thinking of it.

"He was very modest when they told him they thought it was such a good suggestion, and replied:

"Well, you see, you all thought of it in the first place.'

"We never would have thought of it,' they replied, 'if you hadn't fallen and hurt yourself, so we even owe that to you.'

"Well, I must confess,' continued the little toad, 'that I do like good things to eat.'

"We all do,' they all shouted; 'a fine idea. We will do it every night, and we thank you, little toad, for at least starting the fashion.'"

THE PLANS OF THE CRICKETS FOR THEIR BALL



Jack Enjoys Painting
Hats and Gowns.

EVELYN had been playing with her paper dolls almost all day. Jack, of course, was not very much interested in paper dolls, but one thing he did like about Evelyn's paper doll family was that they were always requiring new clothes. And Jack had the most complete paint box! He thoroughly enjoyed painting beautiful hats and gowns to match. Evelyn was always so pleased, because he made them such very bright clothes. When daddy came home he found all the paper dolls dressed up for the evening and looking very fine.

"They are to hear the story, too," said Evelyn.

"Tell us about the crickets," suggested Jack. "We heard them making such a noise

this evening. We were quite certain they must have been having a party."

"Why, of course," said daddy. "To-night is the night for their annual June ball. They have been getting ready for this for days and days. You must have heard the guests arriving. They have asked ever so many for to-night. In fact, I have heard that the crickets said it was to be the largest ball ever held in the cricket world.

"All of the cricket band are out for the occasion, and they have been practising for days, for they say they will play only the very latest dance music.

"I fancy it will be a wonderful ball, and no doubt it will keep you two children awake, for, with all the music, the singing, the laughing, and chatting, it will be hard for you to get to sleep. Perhaps it may even keep the paper dollies awake."

Evelyn smiled at this, for it pleased her to have daddy speak of her paper dolls, especially as they were listening to the story too.

"The crickets," continued daddy, "have invited the frogs, the toads, the lizards, and a number of moths to their ball, and they have

all been trying to make themselves appear their very best for to-night.

"I have heard that the crickets have prepared the finest of suppers to be served after the dance is over."

"What have they planned to have?" asked Evelyn.

"They are going to have moss soup, water-cress cutlets, strawberry ice, and spring-water to drink. Of course there may not be any strawberries in the strawberry ice, but at least it will have the color of strawberries."

At this one of the paper dolls fell over on its face, so daddy said, "I certainly think it must be bedtime."

A CHANGE FOR THE TREE TRUNKS



They Were Tired
of the Woods.

THE trunks of the trees in the woods had been growing very restless. They wanted to go away somewhere. They were tired of the woods—at least for a time. They did want a change very badly,” said daddy.

“‘You see,’ said one old trunk of a pine tree, ‘the very name we have means travel. Do people ever go away without trunks? It does seem a pity, I think, to be called the very name of trunk without going anywhere at all.’

“And the tops of the trees began to wave and shiver. But the trunks still went on muttering.

"After awhile the tops of the trees began whispering very excitedly to the trunks that held them up in the air.

"This is what they said:

" 'Let us tell you what to do. We will call to our friends the clouds and ask the rain to come down on the earth, and we'll ask the north wind to blow, and then you'll get a complete change of air. It will be quite, quite cold. And then when you've had enough of that, we'll see what we can do with Mr. Sun and Mr. South Wind.'

"But the trunks of the trees said that their names meant travel. Then the branches began speaking again, and this time they won. For they told the trunks that all people meant by travel was to have a change—and the trunks only went along too because the people had to leave their homes and take silly clothes along with them.

"Then the trunks of the trees saw what it all meant—all the talk about trunks and travel and changes of air.

"And a change of air they certainly did get. Old Mr. North Wind had a fine time and blew a perfect gale, which he thinks is

the best fun in the world. He even broke some of the grown-ups' shutters off their houses, which was very bad of him, but he was on a wild sort of a time. It was seldom that the tops of the trees let him blow quite so hard, as they usually get rather tired waving around with him.

"And the rain came down and poured all over the earth, and the flowers had all the drinks they wanted, and the streams filled up for later times when the birds and animals would come for drinks and swims.

"As for the grown-ups, they didn't think it was a nice storm at all. But the trunks certainly did have a fine change! For several days it was bitterly cold, and the air was just as different as though they had gone way, way, way off traveling.

"And they thanked their nice branches for the good time they had had, and old Mr. North Wind was just as grateful as he could be!"

THE SHY LITTLE DOODLE-BUGS AND THE ANTS



The Doodle - bugs
Went to the Ants'
Party.

D'ADDY," said Evelyn in a pleading tone, "tell us a story about some new bug."

"Well," answered daddy, "how about the spider?"

"Oh, dear, no," laughed the children together, "we know all about spiders!"

Daddy smiled and said, "I'm sure now that you've never heard about the doodle-bugs, for they are very shy bugs, and very few people ever see them."

"Do tell us about them!" said Evelyn. "I've never even heard of a doodle-bug."

"The doodle-bug," continued daddy, "is a little gray bug with sharp, beady black eyes. He is so gray that his back almost looks fuzzy. The doodle-bugs always have their

homes in the ground—usually in as sandy a place as they can find. I suppose they have their homes in the ground because they are afraid that the storms may blow over their homes or that people might walk over them as they do over the homes of the ants.

“The doodle-bugs like to be alone most of the time; neither do they like to come out of their homes, for they’re so used to the underground world that the light above hurts their eyes.

“Sometimes, however, the little ants give a party and invite the doodle-bugs to it. Now, the ants are the only playmates the doodle-bugs ever care for, but the ants have to beg hard before the doodle-bugs will come out of their holes, and they always have to call, ‘Doodle-bug, doodle-bug, come out of your hole!’ The doodle-bugs were so frightened, though, at the ants’ parties that they decided they’d give up ever going out of their holes. They thought the ants were very reckless to play out-of-doors, where any moment they might be trodden over, but the ants were brave and didn’t think of such things happening, and, besides, they liked the fresh air.

They were very fond of the doodle-bugs and enjoyed playing with them.

"So, again, they tried to get the doodle-bugs to play with them, but the doodle-bugs would not budge from their hole. The doodle-bugs' mother called out that all the little doodle-bugs were sick from having eaten so much at the last party of the ants, and could not possibly go.

"The ants didn't like it at all that the doodle-bugs wouldn't play with them, so they thought up a way to trick them.

"They called: 'Doodle-bugs, doodle-bugs, come out of your hole! Your house is on fire, your chimneys will fall, and your children will burn!' So out scampered all the doodle-bugs as fast as they could, to the huge amusement of the ants."

THE CANOE RACE BETWEEN THE FROGS



They Painted Them a
Pretty Red.

DADDY had seen such a funny thing that day that really he could hardly wait to get home to tell Jack and Evelyn about it.

“The frogs had a canoe race,” he began just as soon as he got into the children’s room.

“They did?” shouted the children excitedly. “Oh, do tell us all about it, daddy!”

“Well, they made their own canoes, in the first place, out of birch bark. They were very fine looking canoes, for they had painted them as well. An old fisherman had been by their pond for several days painting his boat, and he had left behind him just enough paint for them to paint their newly-made canoes with. They painted them a very pretty shade of red.

"And then they planned for their races. There were to be ten canoes in the race, and each canoe was to have two frogs paddling it. They had made their own paddles, too, but they were all exactly the same length and the same weight, so that the race would be perfectly fair.

"But when the ten canoes lined up there was scarcely any room in the pond for their paddles. They clashed with their paddles, and the ends of the canoes frequently banged.

"Still they managed to get along somehow, and the frogs who were looking on thought it was the most expert race they had ever seen.

"They waved flags, they sang songs, and they cheered.

"Those in the race were so excited that they really did not show at all how well they could paddle, and they had become very good paddlers through the constant practise they had had of late.

"Just as the two leading canoes were rounding the goal their paddles caught, and the canoes upset, dropping the frogs into the water, of course.

"Then the same thing happened to all the rest of the boats except the two that had been at the tail-end all the time. You see, the goal was at the end of a little curve which led into the cove, and that was so difficult to get around. The boat next to the very last got around the little cove, but as the two frogs inside thought that they were the winners they tried to hurry too much, and they also upset.

"Such laughter as there was among the frogs, for they thought it was a great joke that all the fine canoeists should upset.

"But the two in the very last boat took their time, for, of course, there was not left a single boat to get ahead of them. Slowly they paddled around the curve and into the cove.

"And the ones who had been behind all through the race finally won."

THE LIZARDS CELEBRATE SPRING BY PLAYING CARS



They Came Home
with Flowers.

JACK and Evelyn were spending all the nice warm spring afternoons in the woods. They would come home with all sorts of pretty little spring flowers and fix them in little vases around the house.

They loved the spring. But then they really loved all the seasons of the year. There was always plenty to do in the winter when the ground was covered with snow. In the spring there were so many things to find in the way of little insects they had almost forgotten about, lovely songs to hear by the birds who had left their winter homes, and, of course, all the flowers. And summer was nice, too, with the swimming and boating and playing ball and many other out-door games.

"Children," said daddy, "the little red lizards and newts are having the best times these days. They adore the soft, marshy earth in the woods. They almost feel as if everything had been arranged all for them, and they love the green moss.

"Up on the mountain the red lizards and newts had settled themselves. They were feeling so energetic and wide-awake that they thought they'd do something exceptionally nice. So they told a great many of their friends about this mountain of theirs and had invited them to join them and spend the summer there.

"Of course they wanted to make the other lizard families, who had consented to join their home, think as they did—that it was the very nicest place in the world.

"When the visitors arrived they said, 'Well, how do you like your new home?'

"'Oh, we've never been so satisfied in our lives with any home! No other could possibly be so wonderful. It is absolutely perfect, and we are all so delighted! To celebrate your arrival, then, let's play cars. That

is such fun, and we want to do something in honor of you.'

"Naturally the newcomers were very much pleased that something was being done in their honor, and they all certainly did feel full of life and energy. That is rather unusual, too, for the lizards, as a rule, don't like to hurry too much. They prefer to take things slowly.

"But they did enjoy playing cars. Different bits of moss were the stations, and they'd all go along together and say:

"'Puff, puff, puff, puff, puff, choo, choo!'

"Of course they didn't run any terrific express trains. They had plenty of stations and liked to stop often. Well, they played for a long, long time. When they were really tired out they decided they'd play cars every day, for the exercise made them feel splendidly, and they so enjoyed stopping and resting at the beautiful mossy stations."

MR. SUN CHANGES HIS SUIT OFTEN



The Fairies Were
Watching.

MR. SUN was so proud some time ago when the eclipse came," said daddy.

"An eclipse is a darkness or strange light over the sun or moon. When an eclipse comes over the sun it means that Mr. Moon has got in the way in his travels between the earth and Mr. Sun. And when an eclipse comes over Mr. Moon it means

Mr. Sun has got in the way between the earth and Mr. Moon.

"The other day, you see, Mr. Moon was wide awake in the daytime when he should have been sleeping soundly. And Mrs. Moon was getting restless too. So they thought

they would 'eclipse' old Mr. Sun, as they said.

"And right in between the earth and Mr. Sun they went—just when Mr. Sun was shining down on the earth with all his might and main.

"But do you think Mr. Sun got mad? No indeed, he was delighted. He loved seeing all the people come out on their porches and out on the sidewalks and look at him.

"Well, really, he was quite wonderful. All sorts of marvelous and queer spots came out all over. They were lovely indeed, and quite unlike any other spots you have ever seen. There were red spots, green spots, and then every little while he would become quite, quite dark, and it would look as if night were coming on.

"When it became so dark the owls in the woods came out and thought it was getting-up time, and the little birds all put their heads under their wings and went to bed.

"Then it would grow lighter, and in turn the different colored spots would come on Mr. Sun.

"And as for Mr. and Mrs. Moon they were having glorious fun, and considered this one

of the biggest larks they had had for many a day. They love to travel, and an unexpected trip like this was just what they enjoyed above all things.

"At that very moment Mr. Sun became quite, quite black again, and once more all the little creatures started to go to bed, and this time the bats came out and flew about. But then didn't that jolly Mr. Moon and his good-natured wife laugh! And as the bats were beginning some good old races, a great red spot almost covered up Mr. Sun and it became very bright again.

"And all the fairies watched and kept saying to themselves how glad they were Mr. Sun was having such a gay time wearing so many different suits in one day!"

THE BALL IN THE ANTS' CASTLES



Dressed Up in Their Best.

THE ants had been building a beautiful castle for Lord and Lady Black Ant, who had just married, and were going to live in the castle," commenced daddy.

"Opposite the castle was another castle almost as beautiful. They had a low valley between the castles, over which was a bridge where the ants could go back and forth. The other castle was for Prince Gray Ant and the Princess. You see, there are royal families in the ant world, and the others think a great deal of them and build them homes.

"But even Lord and Lady Black Ant and Prince and Princess Gray Ant were not lazy.

To be sure, all the other ants built them the beautiful castles for the homes, but the ants did this to pay them a great compliment. Lord Black Ant and Prince Gray Ant began doing all kinds of interesting things with the turrets and towers of their homes. They added a great many beautiful ones and made some fine improvements.

“As for their wives—the Lady Black Ant and the Princess Gray Ant—they were most industrious and worked hard attending to their meals and the inside of their homes.

“And after all was ready they gave a big court ball. All the ants were there dressed up in their best—and looking much less dingy and dark than usual—though, of course, they still didn't look very bright—as the ants are quiet little creatures and don't care for bright colors on themselves.

“But they had invited the fairies and the brownies to the court ball, too, and they hoped the fairies would dress up, as they always enjoyed seeing their lovely gowns and dresses.

“At first the guests spoke to Lord and Lady Black Ant in their castle and then to Prince

and Princess Gray Ant in their castle—for both castles were open for the guests. First in the procession—for all the guests came at just the same time and had to stand in line to make their bows to their noble families—came the queen of the fairies and all the little fairies. How lovely they did look! They wore gowns of pale, pale blue, with wands of pale blue, and soft blue stars dropped from their wands whenever they made a wish.

“The brownies were there in brown velvet suits with big white lace collars and large brown silk ties. They looked very fine and the ants thought they were splendid.

“And after the ‘How-do-you-do’s’ had been said, the ball began. There were two ball-rooms, one in each castle, and between the dances the guests walked back and forth over the bridge between, while the crickets sang songs in the moonlight. And at the end of the ball, the turrets and towers became very bright with quantities of little red and yellow lights, while all the guests went up into them and had a marvelous supper the mother ants had prepared.”

THE PROUD POPLARS AND WILLOWS



Unpacking Their Baskets.

DOWN by one bank of a river was a row of weeping willow trees, and on the opposite side stood a row of poplar trees," said daddy.

"One day the brownies thought they would like to have a breakfast party underneath the row of

weeping willows.

"'Yes,' said one of the elves, when the brownies were inviting them to their breakfast party, 'I think it would be a fine idea. But somehow, we've always felt sorry for those poplar trees standing opposite. I will tell you what we'll do. We'll each have a breakfast party, and then we'll tell our experiences. How about it, brownies?'

"The next morning the brownies with pic-

nic baskets and the elves with their picnic baskets started off for their breakfast parties. They went in boats of pond-lily leaves down along the river until they came to the weeping willows and the poplars, and there they separated.

"'Good-by,' they shouted to each other. And soon they could be seen from either side unpacking their baskets.

"'Well,' said the elves to the poplar trees, 'we've come to honor you!' And they made deep, low bows before the poplar trees.

"The poplar trees paid not the slightest bit of attention. They still stood with their heads straight up in the air.

"Soon the elves heard the poplars muttering. This is what they said:

"'We'll be much obliged if you go to those silly weeping willows,' they whispered, as they waved just a little in the wind. 'The idea of thinking you've paid us a compliment to come and eat your silly food here. Why, it's almost an insult to us—why, we—we are friends of the sun. We're great friends of his. Do you suppose we care about silly people, or even elves, when we can chat with

Mr. Sun? And our little leaves play with the breezes. Aren't they far more important than anything else? Breezes have their own way, you know. They're most independent and do just as they choose. And we're very friendly with Mr. Moon—we have very high-up friends. And we'll thank you if you'll leave us.'

"Now the elves couldn't help but laugh when the poplars said their friends were very high up—for certainly no one could deny that Mr. Sun and Mr. Moon were anything else but high up in the world. But off they went to join the brownies by the weeping willows—and they told their story.

"'Why,' whispered the weeping willows, 'that's why we have so many friends. We like everybody—we don't try to reach for the moon. We're so glad you've all come. We'll keep you so cool—and if you want to know why we weep—it's for joy—sheer joy!'"

THE MAN IN THE MOON'S PARTY



They Did Have the
Very Best Time.

IT had been the first hot day. Even the sun felt tired. That may sound very strange to think of the sun feeling tired," said daddy. "But still, can't you imagine that on the first hot day that comes, when the sun has been shining with all his might and main, he gets a little bit tired and is glad when it is time to go to bed? Many strong people may get tired at night.

"As the sun went to bed, the moon began to peep up and laugh. He grinned from ear to ear, for he said to himself:

"To-night I really will be appreciated, for the sun has overworked to-day and no one ever gets any thanks for overworking. It is as bad as not working enough.'

"Of course, the moon was the very sort to

talk that way. For, can you imagine that jolly old man whom you see grinning at you so often as ever really working very hard?

"Just then the moon began sending out his invitations for a party.

"He sent them in this way: he whispered to the tall pines that he wanted to have a party and to invite all the little fairies. Also he added that they must wear their very best clothes, for when he gave a party he liked to see folks in their party clothes.

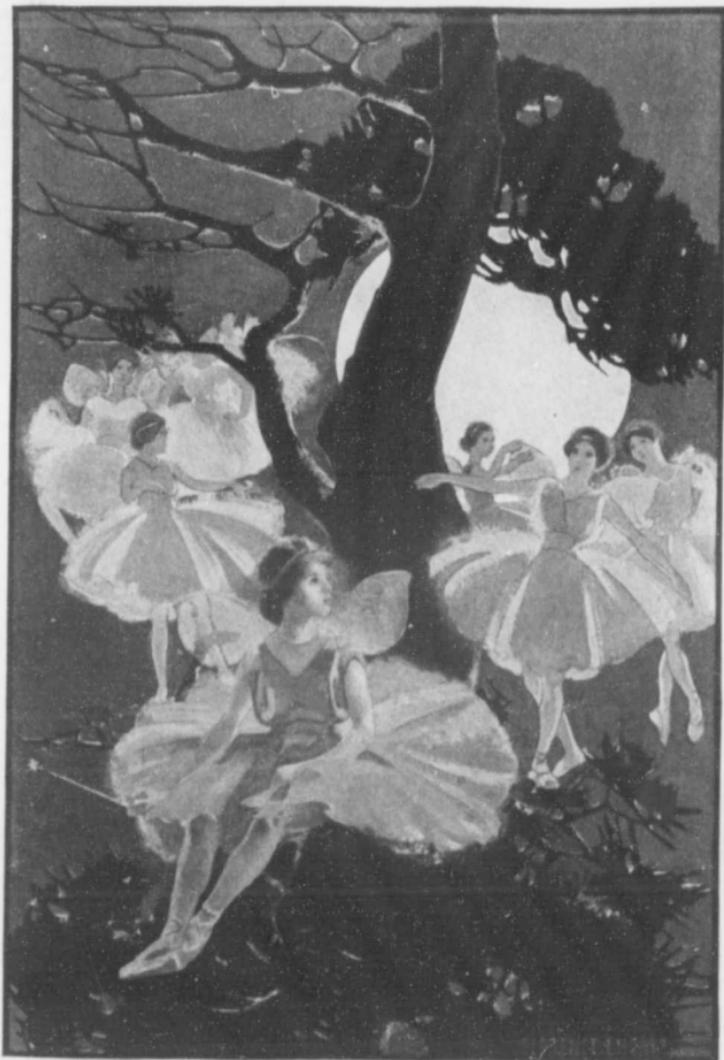
"The fairy queen was dressed in glittering gold. She wore a gold crown on her head and carried a gold wand with gold stars glittering from it.

"All the other fairies were dressed in silvery costumes, for the man in the moon is very fond of silver. You will sometimes notice that he puts on a silver robe himself, and he is very friendly with the silver clouds that float in the sky at night.

"They did have the very best time, and they all enjoyed the party so, so much. The man in the moon laughed his head off—at least the fairies were afraid he would—as he said he had never before seen the pine trees

behave so like silly little trees, instead of like big, dignified trees they had always prided themselves on being.

“But the pine trees didn't care, for they were having a beautiful time waving and singing. They sang for lots of the lovely dances the fairies did. As for the fairies, they felt it was a very great honor for them to be given a party by the wonderful old man in the moon, who had such splendid guests as the pine trees!”



"THE FAIRY QUEEN WAS DRESSED IN GLITTERING GOLD."—Page 101



THE SUPPER PICNIC FOR THE LIZARDS



Old Witty Witch
Gave Them All a
Fine Time.

NOW the fairies," said daddy, "as you know, are very fond of the lizards, so to-day, as it was raining a little bit, the fairies gave a supper picnic for them. When the red lizards got there ahead of the others they saw all the fairies dressed in wonderful costumes of red.

"Of course, the lizards were very much pleased that the fairies had paid them such a compliment as to dress up in the color they always wore.

"And when the gray lizards came crawling along, the fairies all changed their costumes to gray. And all through the afternoon first they would be red and then they

would be gray. And their wands all matched whatever color their dresses were.

"After they had some games—some very queer, crawling-around-the-ground games that the lizards love so well—then the wonderful supper took place.

"Everything that the lizard family is fond of was on the long supper table at the fairies' picnic. And as for decorations! Well, the fairies had gone to a great deal of trouble for this party and they had special help from the raindrops.

"The table was very long and also very low down, almost touching the ground. There were benches around covered with moss and soft, damp earth, which the lizards thought was quite perfect.

"On the table were red candles, which strangely enough did not go out when the raindrops came down, but instead burned all the brighter and just flickered with fun every time a raindrop fell on them. The raindrops made the table glisten and look as though there were sparkling lights bobbing up everywhere around.

"There were red berries on the table and

all sorts of good things made out of moss and earth, and goodies from the woods. In fact all the bushes had been only too glad to give the fairies lots of berries and other delicious things to eat for the picnic supper.

"But after all the supper was over with, the fairy queen surprised everyone by saying:

"'Now, old Witty Witch is coming to tell us stories and do tricks for us. Her first name is Witty because she is very funny, and so in high honor of her "Wit" they have always called her "Witty." And of course her name is Witch—for you will understand when you see her tricks that she certainly is a witch.' Witches feel very badly that some children think they would frighten them. They can't help looking old and funny—that's what makes them witches—and the kinds of tricks they do—but they think children are pretty nice, and wouldn't frighten them for worlds.

"And at the supper picnic the little lizards crawled up and sat in old Witty Witch's lap, and the fairies all gathered around, while old Witty Witch gave them all a fine evening full of jokes and surprises."

THE CIRCUS GIVEN BY THE GRASSHOPPERS



How Funny They
Did Look.

THE grasshoppers gave a circus for the fairies a few days ago," said daddy.

"When the day came all the fairies were escorted to their benches on the lawns. The benches were made of pine needles, and the fairies thought the grasshoppers were very hard workers to have carried the pine needles from the woods to the lawns

just for them.

"First of all came the circus parade—for even the grasshoppers knew that they must give a parade the first thing. There was the grasshoppers' band. It was especially funny. About fifty grasshoppers played on blades of grass—the music sounded like whistling, but

it was quite a new kind of music and the fairies enjoyed it.

"There were the grasshopper clowns. They went around doing all sorts of regular clown tricks—just as if they'd always been clowns in big circuses—but it seems they had been around and watched a number of circus clowns.

"And little grasshoppers rode on the backs of some of the big ones, and there were grasshoppers dressed as policemen. On their hats in large green letters were written the words, 'We keep order.'

"After the parade was over the band settled itself in a corner while in a large ring in the middle the grasshoppers came out and did their tricks.

"They turned somersaults — they had swings made of blades of grass—and they did all sorts of tricks like you children see performed on the trapeze in the circus.

"One of the finest tricks of all was little Greeny Grasshopper's trick of walking a long, long, long blade of grass—or rather a great many blades of grass that had been fastened together. He walked on this just

as the rope-walker does in the circus. And he carried a parasol made of a beautiful apple leaf. The fairies clapped and clapped when they saw his trick, and he had to come out again and again to bow.

"But, as you may easily guess, the most wonderful of all was the jumping. Such jumping as you never saw in all your life by the grasshoppers. For when you see them, of course they are not trying to do their very best. The day of the circus, though, every single grasshopper did the best jump he possibly could, and then they jumped in pairs and in fours, and even in sixes.

"The fairies thought that was quite the most marvelous act they had ever seen, and they sang out in glee,

"'Wonderful, wonderful! We are so glad we're at your circus, grasshoppers.'

"And the grasshoppers were absolutely delighted that their circus turned out to be such a big success."

OLD KING AND QUEEN THUNDER WAKE UP



Old King Thunder
Roared with Delight.

OLD King Thunder had been sleeping peacefully back of the clouds for days and days and weeks and weeks—and even months and months,” said daddy.

“Suddenly he woke up with a start. ‘Crash!’ said he, ‘I’m wide awake all of a sudden. Dear me, what a long sleep I have had. I feel ready for a good time now. How about it, old Queen Thunder—shall we have a frolic?’

“And then such a loud rumble of thunder was heard down on the earth. For old King Thunder roared with delight when he first woke up, and as he woke up old Queen Thunder, she roared too when she answered him:

"'I'm glad you woke me up, old King.' The Thunder King and Queen always speak at the top of their lungs. They always want to make up for lost time, and they always call each other old. They like that.

"'Well,' said old King Thunder, 'we'd better be off on our frolic. First of all, though, we must send our invitations to our friends, the bright little flashes of lightning. It wouldn't be a real frolic without them. They lend so much spirit to the frolic and are so willing to flash and flash all the time we are crashing and crashing. How I do love the words crash and noise and roar and storm! They do my heart good!'

"'But, as you said before, old King Thunder,' said old Queen Thunder, 'we must be off.'

"And so, first of all the clouds began slowly to change into their dark costumes—some of them looked as black as night, and others looked very dark with strange gray edgings which made them look very wild.

"And then came the bright little flashes of lightning with old King Thunder and old Queen Thunder. Of course all the little

children of old King and old Queen Thunder came along too.

“And, I mustn't forget, those other guests at the frolic—the king and queen of the rain-clouds and all the raindrops—everyone of them, and they danced down on the earth in the wildest glee.

“‘Well, now I'm up,’ said old King Thunder. ‘I think for a day or so we'll have to have some more frolics, and then for another nap to get up our wonderful energy for the next time!’”

DR. TURTLE VISITS MR. BULLFROG



"Well, what is the matter with you, sir?"

MR. BULLFROG hurt his foot the other day, you know," said daddy, "and he had a doctor and a trained nurse.

"Mr. Bullfrog had never been ill a day in his life, and he didn't know what to make of it. Mrs. Bullfrog did his foot up in

wads of soft, wet water-weeds, and rubbed it thoroughly with brook liniment. But somehow it didn't seem to help much. And so they called in the doctor.

"Well, what is the matter with you, sir?" asked Dr. Mud-Turtle. "I am surprised to find you laid up, for I thought you had never had a day's sickness."

"Neither have I," moaned Mr. Bullfrog,

'but I have suffered dreadfully this afternoon.'

"Dr. Mud-Turtle looked and said not a word. Then he drew forth a pair of big glasses and a little stick, with which he felt the foot.

"Finally, Dr. Mud-Turtle noticed that Mr. Bullfrog was shaking all over, and he said to him:

"'My good sir, you musn't act so.'

"'But, doctor, you frighten me, for you keep looking and looking and you don't say a word.'

"'The reason I have been looking for so long a time,' said Dr. Mud-Turtle slowly, 'is because I haven't a thing to say. And when folks have nothing to say, it is better to keep quiet, isn't it?'

"Mr. Bullfrog tried to say, 'Yes,' but he couldn't help blurting out:

"'Then why do you keep staring at my foot?'

"'Because,' said Dr. Mud-Turtle, 'I can find nothing the matter with it. It may have hurt you for a moment after you hit it, but I am sure you will find it doesn't hurt you

any more. Or else I am very much mistaken. Now think about it—it doesn't hurt you now, does it?"

"Of course Dr. Mud-Turtle never made a mistake, and, sure enough, when Mr. Bullfrog thought about it not hurting for a moment, he found that Dr. Mud-Turtle was right, and that his foot was quite well.

"But just at that moment along hopped Mrs. Bullfrog with the fairy queen beside her.

"'I have brought a trained nurse,' she panted. 'The good fairy queen will look after you.'

"'But I'm all well,' said Mr. Bullfrog. 'Whatever shall I do with a doctor and a trained nurse now?'

"'We'll have a game of leapfrog then!' shouted the fairy queen."

THE TREE-TOADS AND THE FAIRIES



Wanted to Look
Especially Lovely.

EARLY one morning," said daddy, "the fairies invited the tree-toads to have luncheon with them in the wooded grove where they are so apt to give their parties. The tree-toads had accepted and the day had arrived for the luncheon.

"And as a special honor, because they'd been invited to the fairies' luncheon party, the tree-toads tried to look their best, too. They asked the dew-drops if they could wash their little faces in their rare water.

"Now when the fairies saw the tree-toads, and when the tree-toads saw the fairies, they all gasped. The tree-toads had never seen

the fairies looking so lovely. They wore dresses of very soft green which were decorated with little purple daisies. Their wands matched, and their wings were the color of soft, pale green, too.

"And they were sitting around in the wooded grove on ferns and mossy patches of ground when the tree-toads arrived.

"But the tree-toads gave the fairies just as much of a surprise, for they wore green suits, too. They looked quite noble for having washed their faces with magic dew-drops, and they wore green spectacles made out of leaves with holes, to make them look wise. In addition to all this they carried green canes made out of young trees, and they arrived in an old wagon made out of the root of a tree. The wagon was drawn by the green lizard family.

"First got out Grandpa and Grandma Tree-toad, and then all the younger toads hopped out after.

"The luncheon began of delicious things made out of the best of woodland foods, and last of all came the green woodland ice-cream.

"But when the ice-cream came along, what should be seen on top of it but a little, tiny old man made out of ice-cream, too.

"How the tree-toads did scream with delight. 'What's your name?' they cried.

"I'm the little man of the ice-cream freezer. Every time ice-cream is made in one of the freezers where I live, I come out on top of the ice-cream dressed all up as ice-cream, too.'

"'But you look good to eat,' said one of the toad children.

"'That's what I'm here for,' and he looked very happy and pleased about it. 'And next time there's ice-cream I'll be here again.'

"'Yes,' said the fairy queen, 'we're going to have a hopping game, and the one who does the greatest number of queer hops will eat the little ice-cream man!' And little Harvey Hop Tree-toad—quite a shy little fellow—won the prize and ate the ice-cream man, but all the toads had plenty to refresh them after their hopping match."

THE BONFIRE BANQUET OF THE STARS



As He Thought a
King Ought to
Look.

DO you remember an evening not very long ago when everyone said how bright the stars seemed to be?" asked daddy. "Well, they were having a bonfire.

"You see, for several days beforehand they ask all the stars to be sure to be out on a certain night—for they think it is a bonfire when every star is shining as brightly as it possibly can.

"And the stars who arranged for this bonfire banquet, as they called it, sent around the shooting stars as their messengers to tell every little star just the evening it must shine so

brightly. The shooting stars are such quick messengers that they can take around the invitations and directions more quickly than any other messengers any star can think of. Then, of course, they understand all the stars have to say.

“At this banquet they had two very, very famous guests, and proud indeed they were that they could have two such fine personages at their banquet. For usually, they said, one fine guest was enough of an honor. The first was the moon king. Now, when the Old Man in the Moon wears his robes of silver-gray and around his head a golden crown, then he calls himself the moon king. It is only when he is going to a splendid banquet that he does that, as usually he enjoys being the Old Man in the Moon much more.

“And the moon king looked very bright and dazzling and handsome. He didn't grin as much as he usually does, but looked very solemn and as he thought a king ought to look.

“Then the banquet began. They all sat at a long table along the milky way, and the

fairies, dressed in golden wands and crowns, arrived just as the banquet was commencing.

"They came up in their chariots of clouds, which were driven by four bright stars. They looked so bright that real people could never have looked at them at all.

"After the banquet had lasted some time their other fine guest arrived—but their first noted guest left beforehand, for the two noted guests didn't get along so well together.

"Away hurried the moon king, and in his place came Prince Red Sun. 'Hurry up, hurry up!' shouted the stars. 'We're getting very sleepy, and must be off to bed.'

"And they all had one fine glimpse of the famous Prince Red Sun. Then they crept back to their beds in the clouds and the bonfires all went out.

"But the fairies in their golden costumes and the gorgeous Prince Red Sun in his banquet costume thought they had better continue the banquet for a little longer. So they all had breakfast together—and that was why the grown-ups down on the earth said they had never before seen such a beautiful sunrise."

