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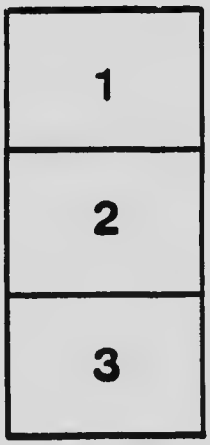
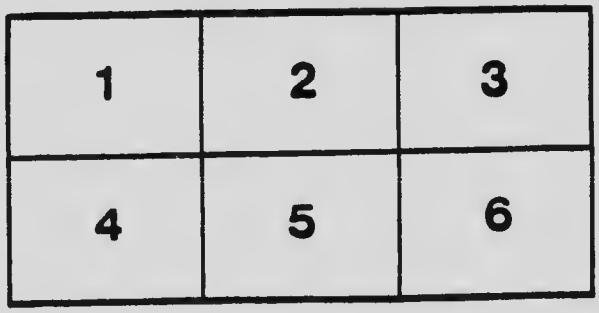




50

In Shadow-Town.

By
Leigh Gross Day.

The Copp-Clark Co., Ltd.
Toronto

Just beyond that glistening strand
That looks so much like Fairy Land,
With its merry twinkle of countless stars
That peep at night through Heaven's bars,
Out there where the sun in gold goes down
That is the way to Shadow-Town.

Dedication.

This is just a home-time story,
With no hero and no glory.
But while writing what my little folks have told,
Seems to me I hear them chatter,
And in fancy small feet patter
Though these verses that are meant
For young and old.

To The Little Folks.

When you read them
please remember
That each story here is true.
For these same
small Shadow children
When at home are just like you.

Leigh Gross Day.

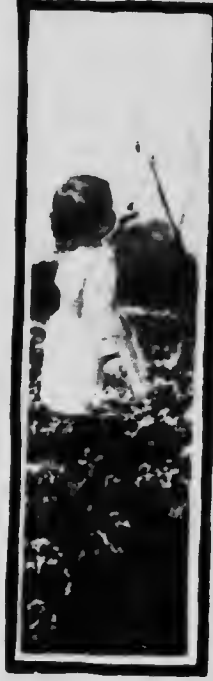
The Castle Free From Care
Treasure
Sweet Clear Air
E
Just Good Bye
Noise For Three
Our Bag
An Impromptu Letter
Easter
Reflection
In Big Folks Land
Bee
The Comfort Song
The Secret For Three

Contents Continued.

Dolly's Toilet.

Leigh Gross Photo.

Castle Free From Care.



[illegible] happy land of childhood [illegible] from pattering feet,
[illegible] and river meet
[illegible]
[illegible] Castle Free From Care

[illegible] merry [illegible] Free From

TREASURES.

I treasure the horn with its
bugle call,
This flag I have faded away,
For although we once used them
on dress parade.
We are grea' big boys today.

You see, we play tennis and
foot ball now.
So this bugle and spade are just toys,
But they make us smile when we
think of the days
And those two have-a-foot boys.

In Childhood's Glad Hour.

[illegible]

[illegible]

With what patience [illegible]

For just one fish [illegible]

toys that are

now out grown.

So the toddlers are gone, and the
big boys are here
With vague dreams of a Great Unknown,
But they still gather treasures
and lay them away,
Like the toys that are now out-grown.

Leigh Gross Day

Seven Years Old.

A Brave Little Man.

Mother and baby have gone away, but I'm seven years old, so don't care.
I shall put on my soldier suit every day, 'cause that's what I like to wear.
And my, how, baby takes all my things, in the "Punch and Judy" play.
She wanted the doll that laughs and sings, so I'm glad she has gone away.

This morning for school, father gave me a dime I ran to the store and spent it;
He says he will give me one every time, do you suppose he meant it?
And then last night, he said with a smile, "If you want to sit up you may."
So I just hope she will stay awhile, now Mother has gone away.

A Forlorn Little Man.

I am tired of [illegible] clothes
I am [illegible] things.
And the [illegible]
I [illegible]

[illegible]

Oh! I want to go [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

Mother [illegible]

[illegible]
Cause I [illegible]
[illegible]
But I [illegible]

Excuses.

A [illegible] have gone to bed,
[illegible] are [illegible]
[illegible] the light and leave me there
[illegible]
I try to think of [illegible]
To make me [illegible]
So wait, until the [illegible]
And then I [illegible] or sometimes [illegible]
[illegible] more to please
[illegible] you see, I try to [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] satisfied
[illegible] nothing more to say
[illegible] they have [illegible] away
[illegible] low and [illegible]
[illegible] now the reason why
[illegible] my own eyes
[illegible]

Just Good-Bye.

When I'm [illegible] my baby sister
I shall not know what to say,
Just "Good-bye" won't do I'm certain
Cause I'm going off to stay.

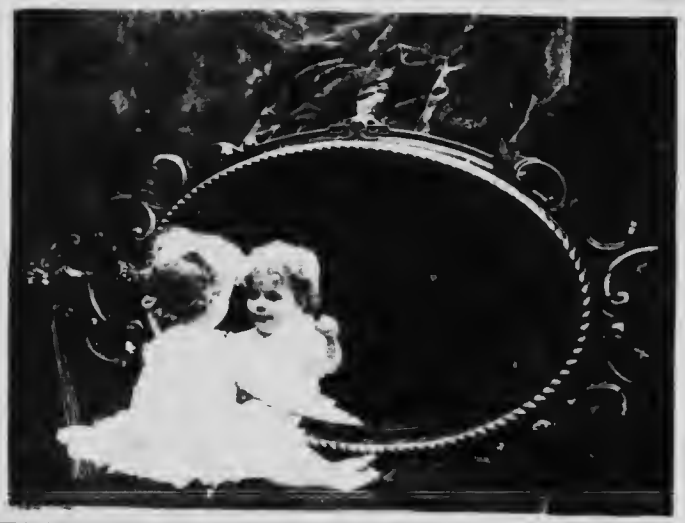
I'll ride down the street with Mother
And wave back at the door
Yes, good-bye you see is plenty.
But there must be something more —

For me to tell my little sister
Can I only say "Good-bye"?
When I'm gone she'll see the darling
For so long, it makes me cry.

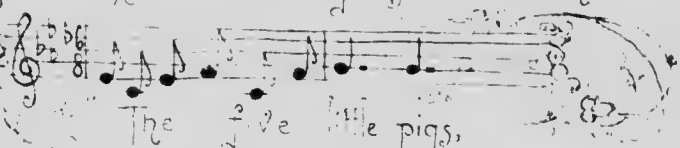
"Why" is one of life's questions
Filled with bitter tears
Just "Good-bye" is easier such a
[illegible]
When the parting is
For years.

Noise For Three.

Our Baby.



She was queen of the house, you see,
An empress in her sway,
For the smallest wish of the baby wee
Was a royal command.
But she enjoyed her great sunshine so,
She forgot her sovereignty,
Till one day a cloud of sleep came down
Upon her baby eyes,
And she forever cast
She would say, "take pattie-cake pattie-cake" day long,
Until her wings spread down



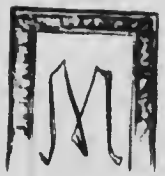
The five little pigs,
Sleep time song, Would waft her to Sleep-e-town
Where the phantom boat, with its poppies bright, Sailed away
On the sea of Sweet Rest, While the Star King twinkled a drowsy
"Good Night," To the baby on my breast. Then the Night wind
would echo his sleepy call
In that harbor of great renown,
Where the Dream Ship
enters the portals so tall
And lowers its anchor down.

But the Slumber Ship, from that Shadow shore, Never calls
for our baby today; And now I can't rock her to sleep
any more, "Where has she gone?" you say?

I smile through my tears,
My merry sunny face.
Our baby's gone, it is true,
But a proud little school girl
Has taken her place,
Who is busy the whole
day through

An Important Letter.

They Knew They Must Climb So High.



Easter.

Would you know the message the lilies told
When we peeped into their hearts of gold?
They said, our baby who came last night
In a beautiful basket all snowy white,
Just floated down through the twilight dim
In answer to my Easter Hymn.

Reflection.

I asked the child that looks like me,
If she'd have a cup of tea.
I don't remember what she said
But I know she shaked her head.
So I don't think she's brought up right
Cause Mamma says it's impolite
For a little girl to shake her head so
And I told the child my Mamma said so.
Then she whispered low that I was bad too,
Cause I laughed — but I just had to.
Then she pointed straight in my own direction
And said "That's the girl I saw in reflection."

In Big-Folks Land

Uncle Sam,
with his sashes,
A Courtier,
dressed for
a ball.
"Come, papa, guess who they are,
now try —
For you should know them all."

He shakes his head with
a puzzled frown.
"Are these ladies dressed
in gorgeous array
My tots who dwell at
Shadow Town?"
He questions with a sigh.

A merry [illegible] court
[illegible]
Where are [illegible] now?
Merry happy [illegible]
Come let me whisper it low in your ear,
For you never will guess, I am sure, [illegible] dear
We are coming back — you will find us here,
But to-night we're in Bigotty Land."

Bob.

There were a lot of
tangled curls,
That all belonged to me,
But they
weren't any use at all,
At least, that I could see.

I begged so hard to have 'em cut,
Bobbed straight around my ears,
That Mamma had the barber come
And bring his great big shears.
The funniest thing about it was,
How Mamma looked, you know,
Cause her face was dreadful sorry
When she saw the first one go.
And Papa too, when he came home,
And could not find a curl,
Just shook his head, he was not sure,
I was his baby girl.

The Comfort Song.

I think most every
evening
When the shadows all
grow long,
Up where it's snug in
Papa's lap,
To hear my Comfort song.
The fire-light is always
dim, and he
Sings soft and low
About that land so far
away, where sleepy
poppies grow.

When it's most time for him to come
I take a doll, and wait
Here by the window where we're sure
To see him at the gate.
And then I bring his easy-chair,
His slippers, and the things
That make us cosy, nice, and snug
While Papa rocks and sings.

Sometimes the Sandman comes along, then both my eyes go down,
And I float off on poppy flowers away to Shuteye-Town
Before the song's half finished, just as Papa used to do
'Cause thats how they would comfort him, when he was little too.

We always sing it just the same, I know it's old, and yet
It makes my troubles disappear, and some how I forget
How bad my finger hurted, for all the dreadful things
Just seem to melt and go away, when Papa rocks and sings—

In his big chair beside the fire, where the shadows come and go,
Out on the floor and on the wall as we rock to and fro.
Of course I know it's just a song, and may-be it's not true,
But it always seems to comfort me as nothing else can do.

The Secret For Three.

I sometimes visit a garden
With high walls and bordered walks,
Where, standing watch and guard at the portals,
Are tall bright holly hocks.

I must not step on the smooth green grass,
I must not pick the flowers,
But dolly and I can walk all around,
And just pretend it's ours.

Dolly And I.

Talk To The Bloom Children

A Dear Little Kitten.

There's a little gray Kitten
with smooth soft fur,
That lives in that garden alone.
And I always pretend this Kitten, so dear
Is just my very own.

I talk to the bloom children, too,
sometimes,
As they stand by the wall in long rows.
Where does the sun get your colors so bright;
Is it up where the rainbow grows?

How did you get [illegible]

Di[illegible]

from Heaven [illegible]

On that wonder[illegible]

out on the [illegible]

The [illegible] are scarlet so [illegible]

O [illegible]

B[illegible]

[illegible] you [illegible]

[illegible] and me?

I'm [illegible]

[illegible]

B[illegible] [illegible] this [illegible] tree.

May Day.

Leigh Cross Day.

We went to
a May party down
in the field
Under the old thorn tree.
Nobody else could go
that day
But Auntie and sister
and me.

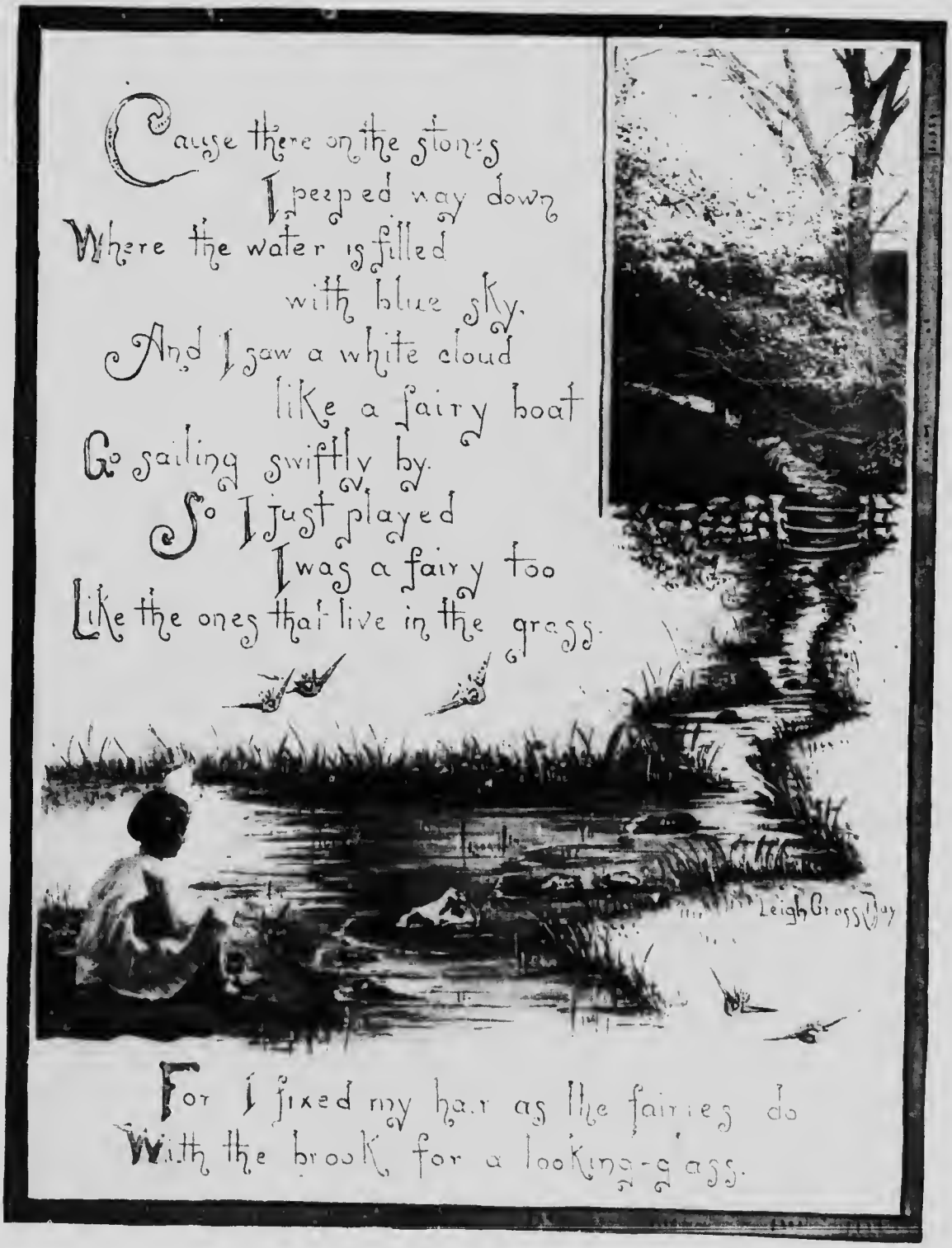
I [illegible]

Till [illegible] and flowers
Give [illegible]

The birds high up in the branches
Would chirp and flutter and sing
Do you suppose they were calling us,
Or only glad it's spring?

Every one had a
cordial welcome,
Why even the tall green grass
Would brush our skirts
and nod and bend
Very low to see us pass.

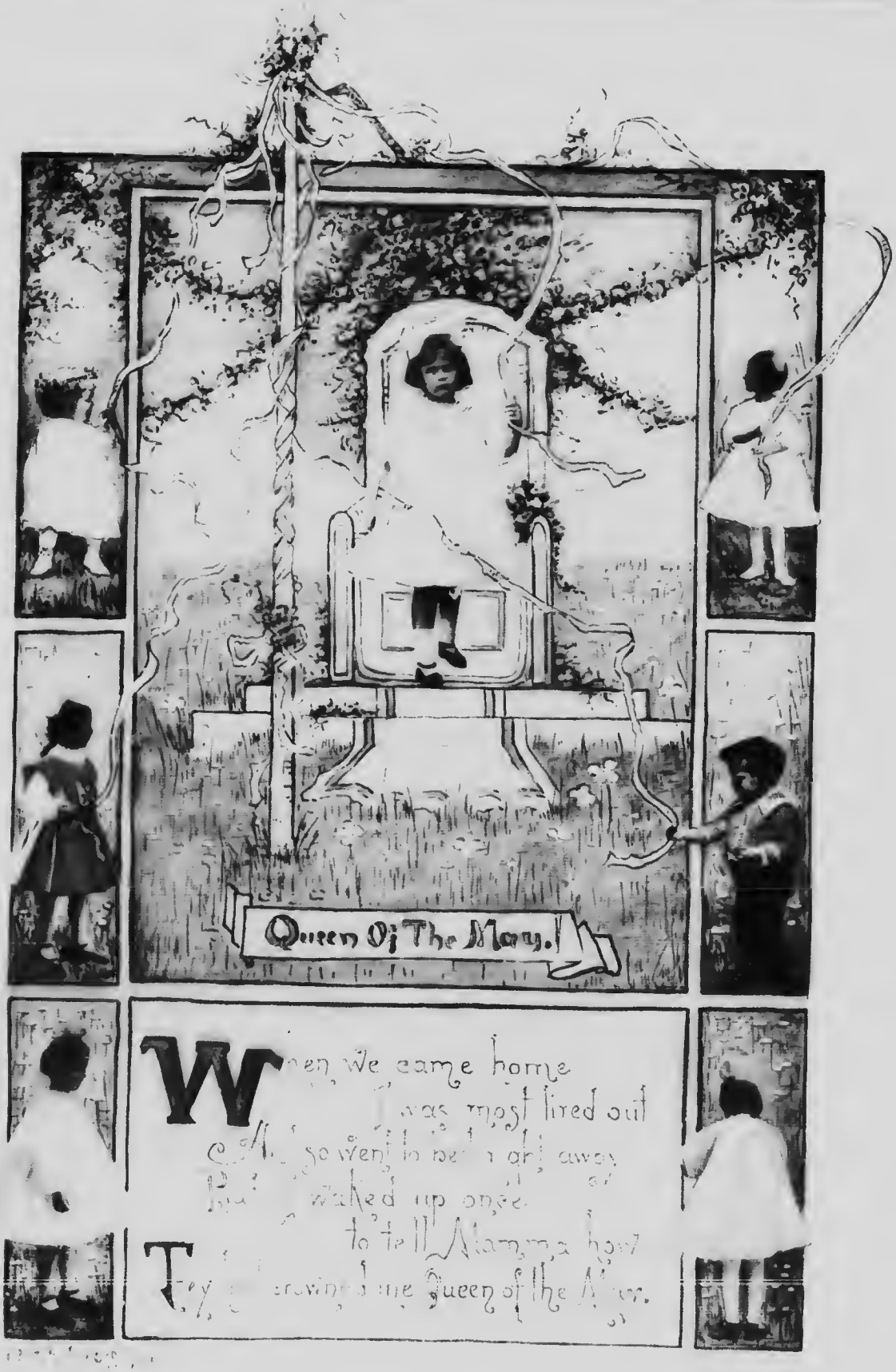
A dear little brook we saw
on the way
Has flowers on either side.
I'm sure thats where
the fairies stay
When they have to go and hide.


Cause there on the stones
I peeped way down
Where the water is filled
with blue sky.
And I saw a white cloud
like a fairy boat
Go sailing swiftly by.
So I just played
I was a fairy too
Like the ones that live in the grass.
Leigh Gross Day
For I fixed my hair as the fairies do
With the brook for a looking-glass.

Pretty White Blossoms.

The pretty white blossoms that Auntie picked
Seemed to laugh and almost smile,
They thought it fun to come down from the tree
And stay with us awhile.

We had apples and cake for refreshments,
But for dishes, we had to play
The blossoms were cups, and the leaves were plates
On our table, that first of May.


Queen Of The May.
When we came home
was most tired out
so went to bed right away
waked up once
to tell Mamma how
crowning the Queen of the May.

Tomorrow.

Mother [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

The book with pictures in it.

[illegible] asks for her toy dishes,
Or the [illegible] with pictures in it.
"Yes [illegible] now, [illegible]
I [illegible] seem [illegible]

The bright face looks strangely worried
As she shakes her curly head,
"Don't you 'spose that I'll be grow'd up
'Fore tomorrow comes?" she said.

"Oh, I'm sure I hope I won't be
'Cause you know that doll can talk,
And I somehow wanted dreadful
Just to take her for a walk.

Then I thought we'd have a party,
It's such fun to pour out tea,
If we only had some dishes,
Out here in the yard, you see"

So I waited till her nap-time
Then I brought each toy with care,
Meaning she should find on waking
Everything she'd asked for there.

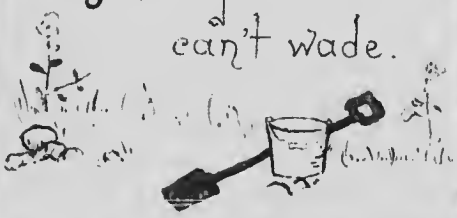
Then she questioned with grave wonder,
"May I have them and go play?
Mother, did you get them for me,
Has tomorrow come today?"

A Girl Can't Wade.

They some-how always seem
to sneeze
If water reaches to their knees.
They never try to step at all
But only sorter slide
and fall—
A girl can't wade.

Out on a rock, that's smooth
and brown
Just you take care, or she'll sit down.
Or out in the middle, if she
should try—
The water would be
a lot too high—
A girl can't wade.

For I just never
saw one yet
That wasn't 'fraid
of gettin' wet.
And if they do,
they cry,
"oh dear!"
Of course I know
it's mighty queer
But a girl
can't wade.



Leigh Gregg Day

A Song Without Words.

Mamma went to a grand entertainment,
Where each lady did her best.
But every-one said, "A Song Without Words"
Was better than all the rest.
"A Song Without Words"; I could not understand
No matter how hard I might try;
So I just gave a musical all by myself
To learn the reason why
I played every piece from beginning to end,
I did not talk or sing,

THE AUDIENCE.

I had a grand audience, too, of course,
Only nobody said a thing
They all seemed to be just dumb with surprise.
Their wonder could not be expressed.
So, don't you see, "A Song Without Words"
Means, never a word from a guest.

WHY.

We went for a trip and
left Papa at home,
But on it most made me cry
For the great big waves used to eat out of sight
Didn't Papa come? Then why?

In an old Dutch garden
with trailing vines
That were climbing away up high,
The thousands and millions of little flowers
Seemed to whisper
and ask me "Why?"

So I told them that
some-how I seemed to feel
All the time my poor I shouldery.
They answered,
"You want to see Papa, dear,
You are home sick,
that is why."

Leigh Brooks Wing.

So I haven't felt bad
one minute since,
For we started home that day
And I mean to tell Papa the secret I heard
In the garden far away,
With its stepping stones and bordered walks
Where the old-fashioned flowers, shy,
Whispered so low by the gray stone wall,
And answered my question, "Why?"

My Boys.

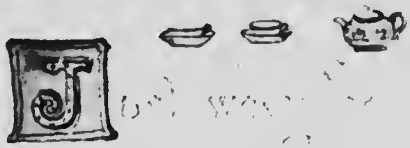
I know not what the future holds—
Its sorrows or its joys.
I only trust each year unfolds
A blessing on my boys.
For those who sail life's great Sea
Must always take an oar.
And oh! it means so much to me
When their barks leave the shore.
I know not if God's richest gift
Will fall to each boy's share.
I only know they cannot drift
Beyond my love and care.

The Snow Flakes Message.

I [illegible] the [illegible] over a [illegible]
[illegible]
That [illegible] mother were [illegible]
[illegible]

Now I [illegible] fingers and [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
I [illegible]

Five O'clock Tea At Shadow-Town.



Just wait [illegible]
[illegible] days
For [illegible]
And the [illegible] lazy
shadows
In our play-house creep,
When [illegible] never
[illegible] of a [illegible]
[illegible]
Are [illegible] the
wind
Have [illegible]
good-[illegible]
Just [illegible] time—
when the sun
Is most down,
We [illegible]
[illegible] tea
At Shadow-Town.

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