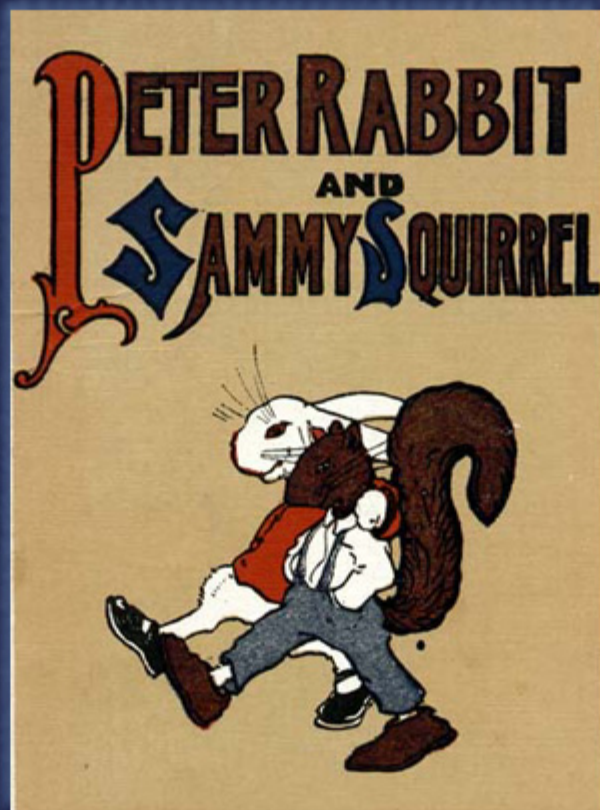


Peter Rabbit and Tommy Squirrel

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By Louise A. Field

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World Public Library Association
P.O. Box 22687
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PETER RABBIT AND SAMMY SQUIRREL





PETER
RABBIT

AND
SAMMY
QUIRREL





PETER RABBIT AND SAMMY SQUIRREL



Illustrations by Virginia Albert

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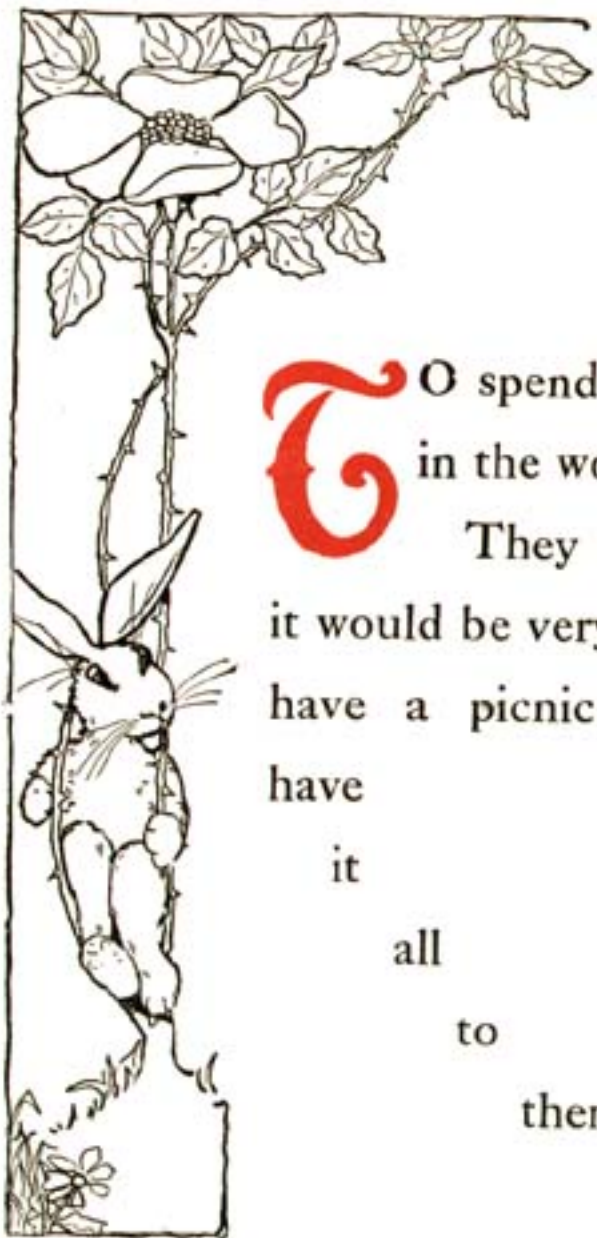
Peter Rabbit and Sammy Squirrel



ONE fine, warm morning,
Peter Rabbit and his friend,
Sammy Squirrel, started out



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TO spend the day
in the woods.

They thought
it would be very nice to
have a picnic and to
have

it

all

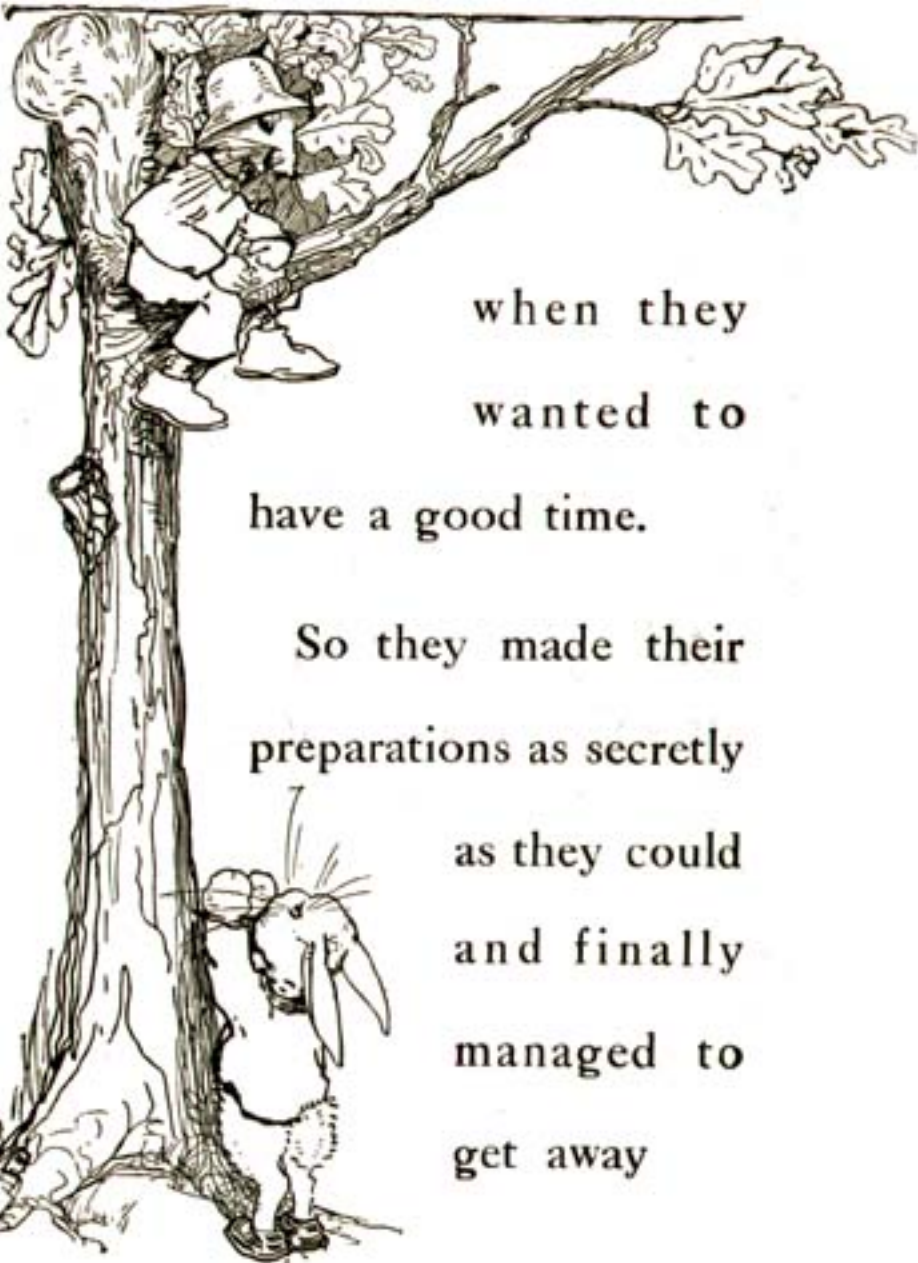
to

themselves.

For



their little brothers and sisters were
usually a nuisance



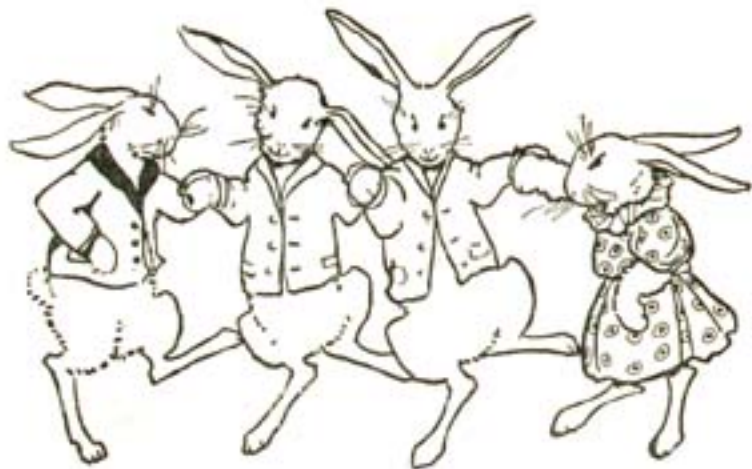
when they
wanted to
have a good time.

So they made their
preparations as secretly
as they could
and finally
managed to
get away



WITHOUT
being seen
by any

of the
small fry.



Mrs. Squirrel was cleaning house,
and Sammy was very much afraid
that he would be pressed into
service. For house-cleaning meant
a general clearing out of all



the leaves and grass and moss

WITH which their house had been furnished during the winter, and also a carrying in of a great quantity of fresh stuff.



lent wings to Sammy Squirrel's feet

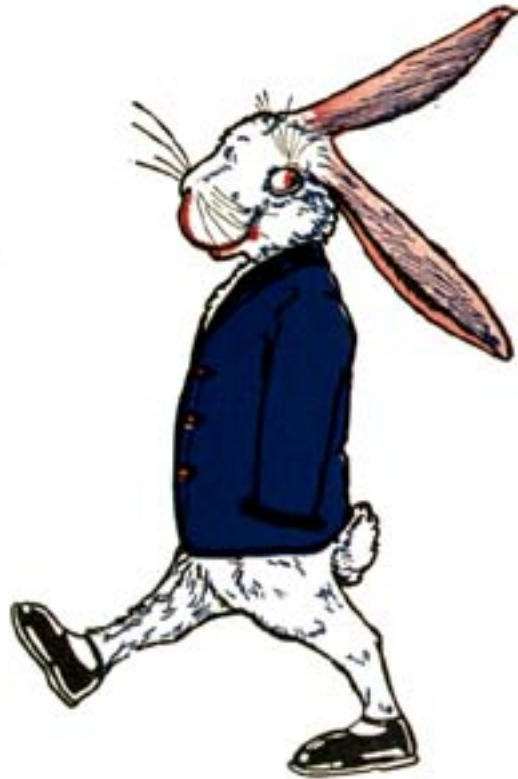
Therefore the dread of this much hated work

and he soon found himself at the mouth of the old deserted



mine where he had agreed to meet Peter Rabbit. And it was some time before that cheerful little fellow made his appearance.

Peter was in an unusually angelic frame of mind, and had helped his mother with all the chores.



And she had put up a nice lunch for him, with a lot of things that Sammy Squirrel liked.



She kissed Peter good-bye

and told him to have a good time
and not stay too late. For Mrs.
Rabbit had a wholesome fear of
traps,

remembering

the

untimely

disappearance

of

her

own

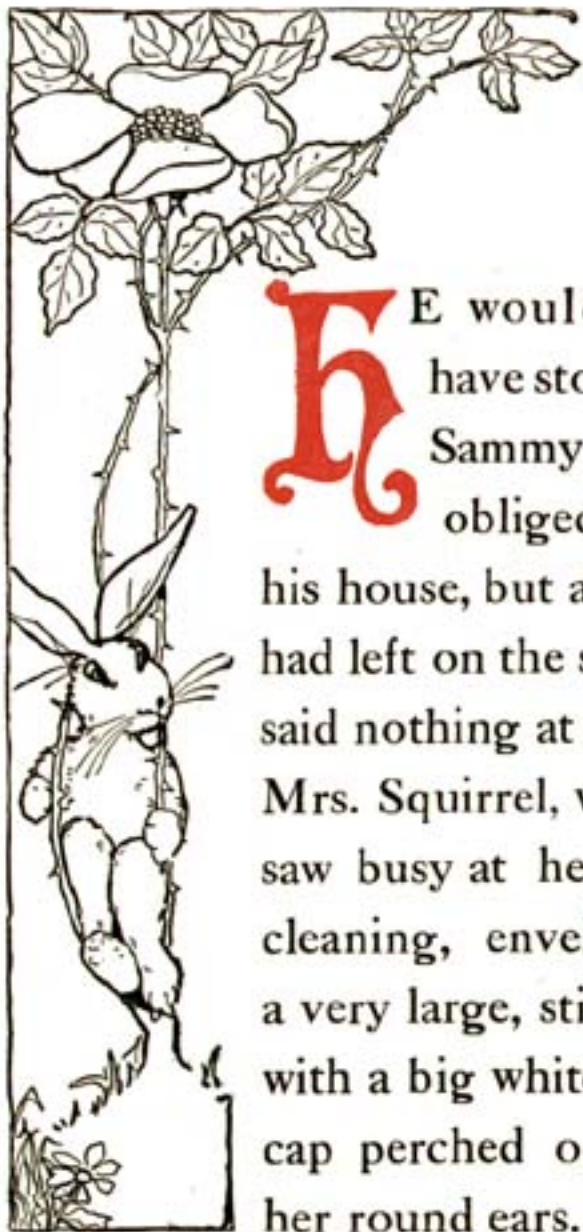
husband.



WHEREFORE Peter Rabbit
hopped gaily along without



a care in the world to trouble him.

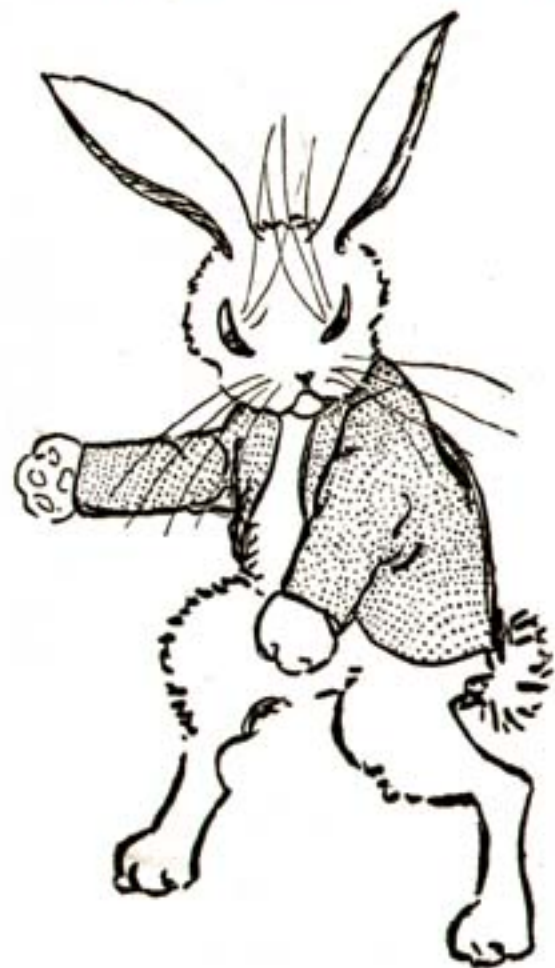


HE would gladly have stopped for Sammy as he was obliged to pass his house, but as Sammy had left on the sly, Peter said nothing at all to old Mrs. Squirrel, whom he saw busy at her house-cleaning, enveloped in a very large, stiff apron, with a big white dusting cap perched on top of her round ears.



THE cap was adorned with a big red bow

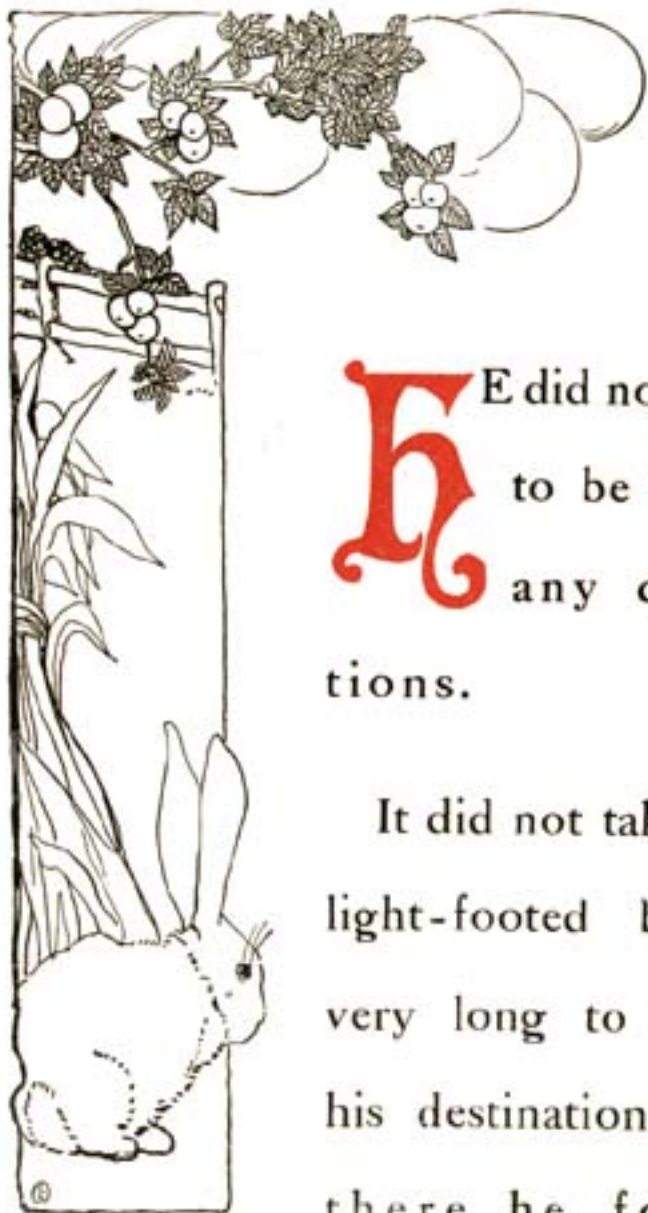
that flopped back and forth as she moved about. She nodded to Peter Rabbit as he trotted by



and the bow flopped more than ever.



PETER imagined that she looked rather suspiciously at his basket, so he hurried on with only a gay good-morning.

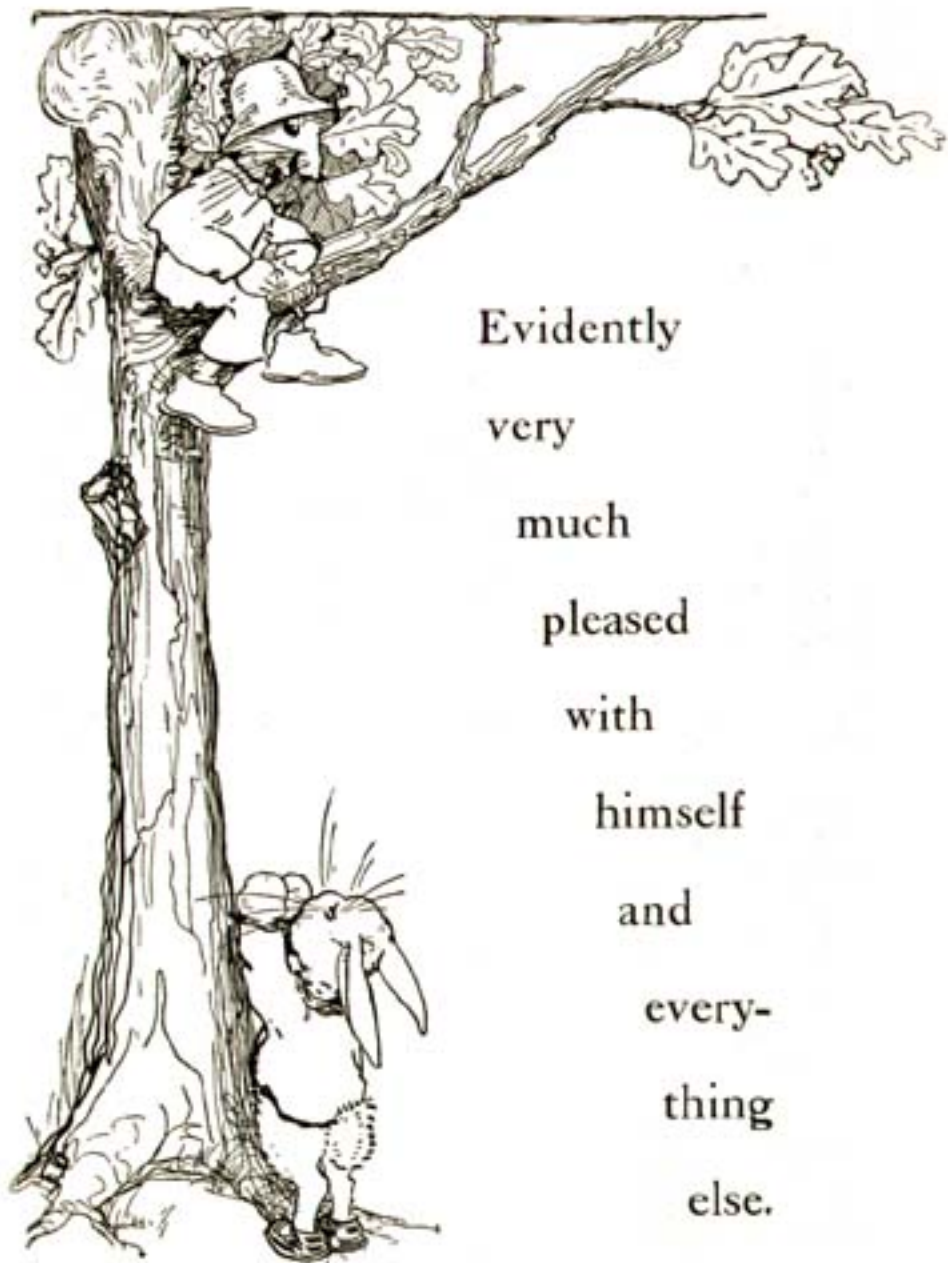


HE did not care
to be asked
any ques-
tions.

It did not take the
light-footed bunny
very long to reach
his destination, and
there he found



Sammy Squirrel chewing an acorn,

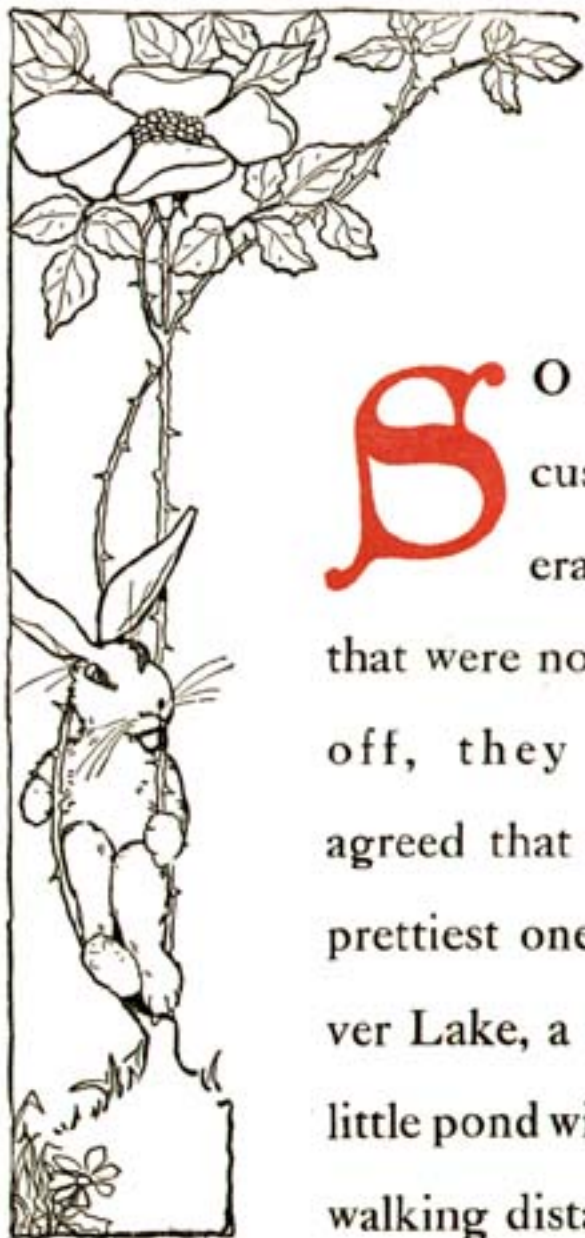


Evidently
very
much
pleased
with
himself
and
every-
thing
else.

THE first thing to be done
was to make out their plans
for the day.



Of course nobody ever went to a
picnic and sat down in one place all
day long!



SO after discussing several places that were not too far off, they finally agreed that the very prettiest one was Silver Lake, a beautiful little pond within easy walking distance.

An old beaver had built a dam there, and both Peter Rabbit and Sammy Squirrel had gone to school with the young beavers.



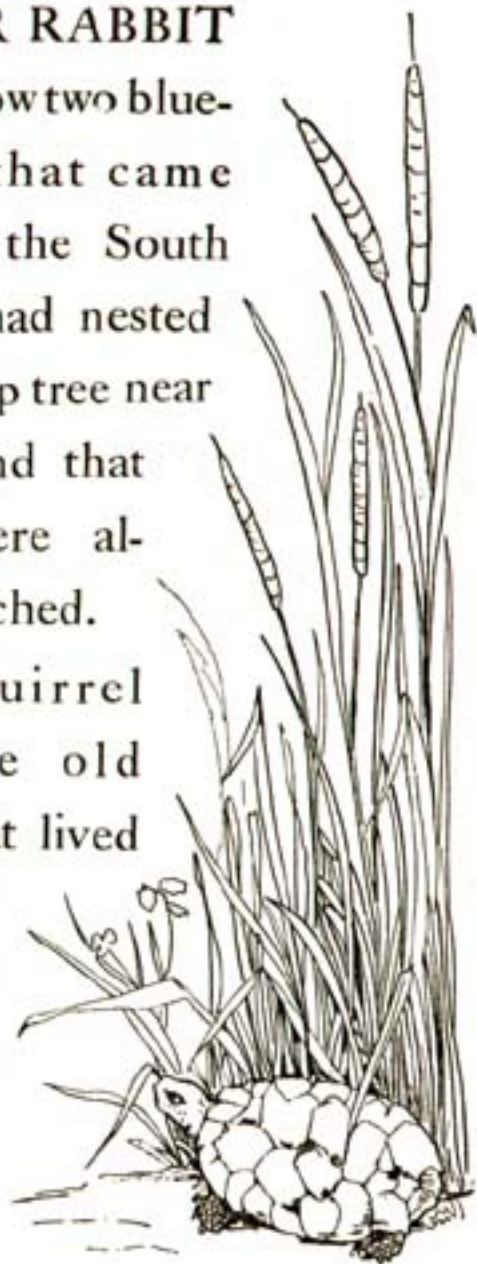
ACCORDINGLY, the two friends trotted gaily along,



swinging the lunch basket between them and chatting merrily.

PETER RABBIT told how two blue-jays that came from the South every spring had nested in the big tulip tree near his burrow and that their eggs were already half hatched.

Sammy Squirrel had met the old mud turtle that lived in a little pond near his house who had told him all sorts of news.

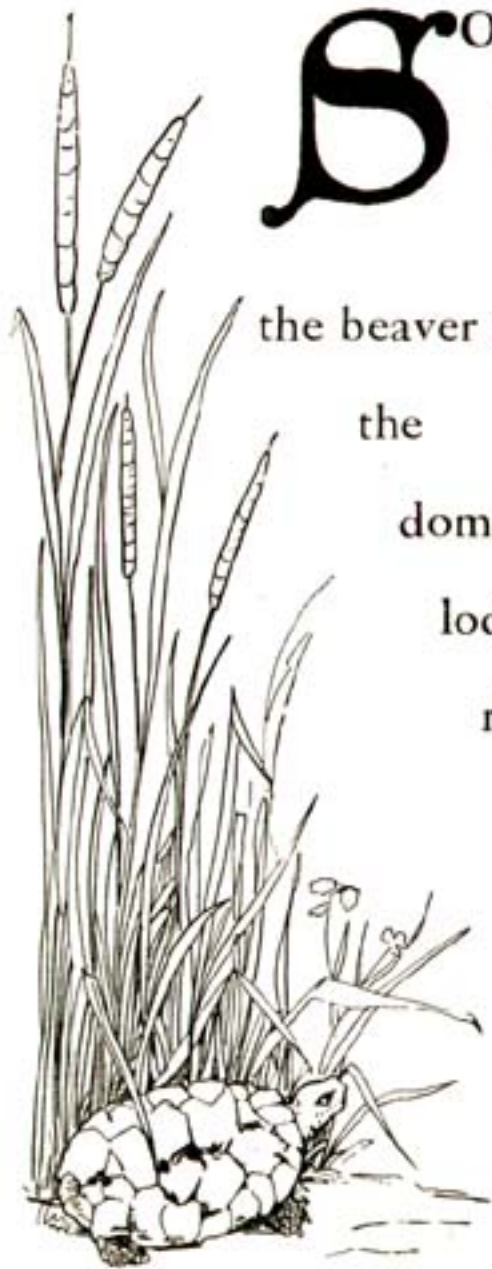




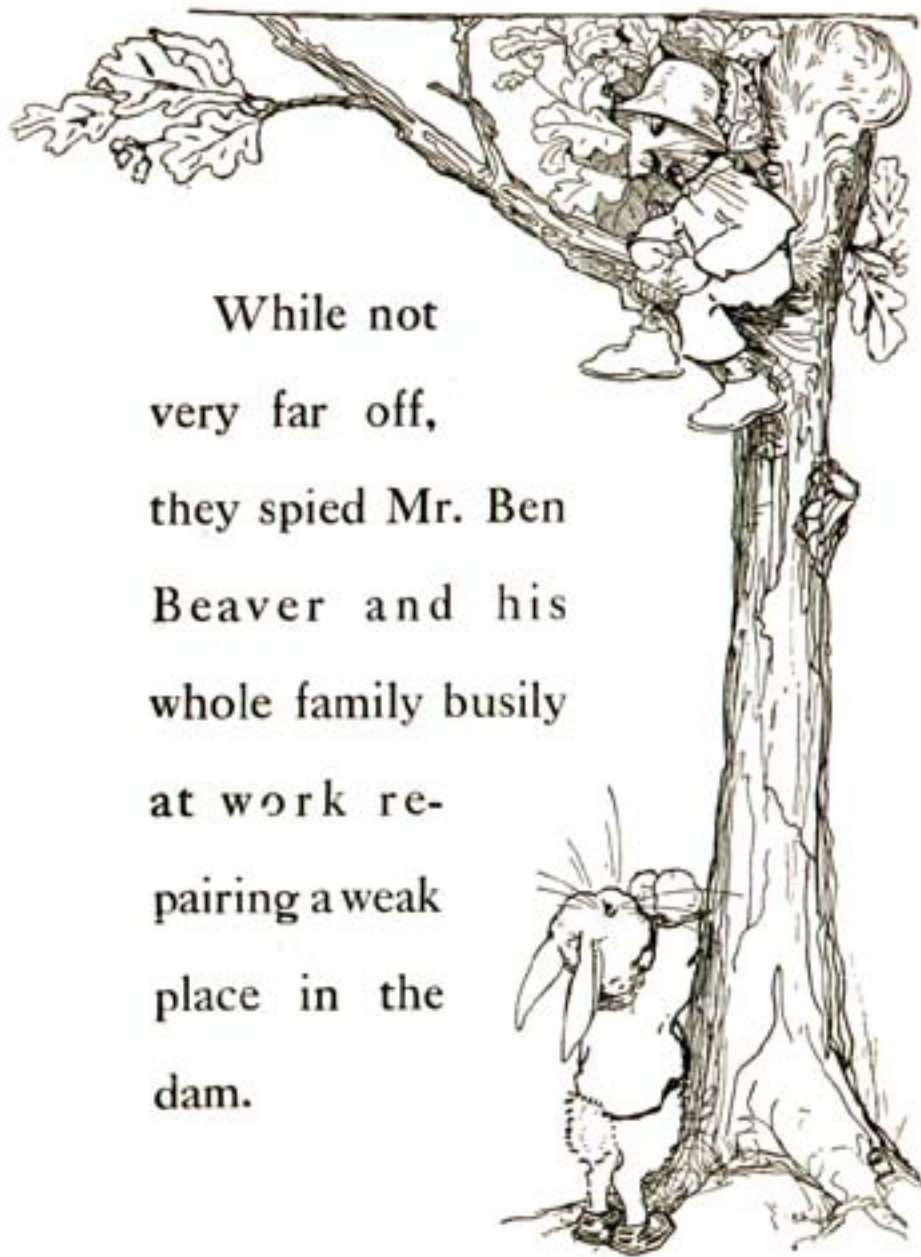
So the two exchanged gossip

UNTIL, before very long
they saw the waters of the
lake gleaming in the sun-
shine not very far ahead of them.





SOON they be-
held the
homes of
the beaver colony,
the
dome-shaped
lodges
rising
up
close
to
the
water.



While not
very far off,
they spied Mr. Ben
Beaver and his
whole family busily
at work re-
pairing a weak
place in the
dam.

PETER RABBIT and
Sammy Squirrel did not
like to interrupt while



their friends were busy, but as
soon as their task was finished



they sprang out from behind the trees

AND were greeted with great
delight by the whole
beaver family, who looked

rather damp,
but very hos-
pitable.



Mr. Ben
Beaver

declared
that
they
should

come
right
in
and
make
them-
selves
at
home.



But as the family entrance was
about a foot under water, which
was all right for beavers, but
rather inaccessible for their guests.

who
could
neither
dive
nor
swim,
it was

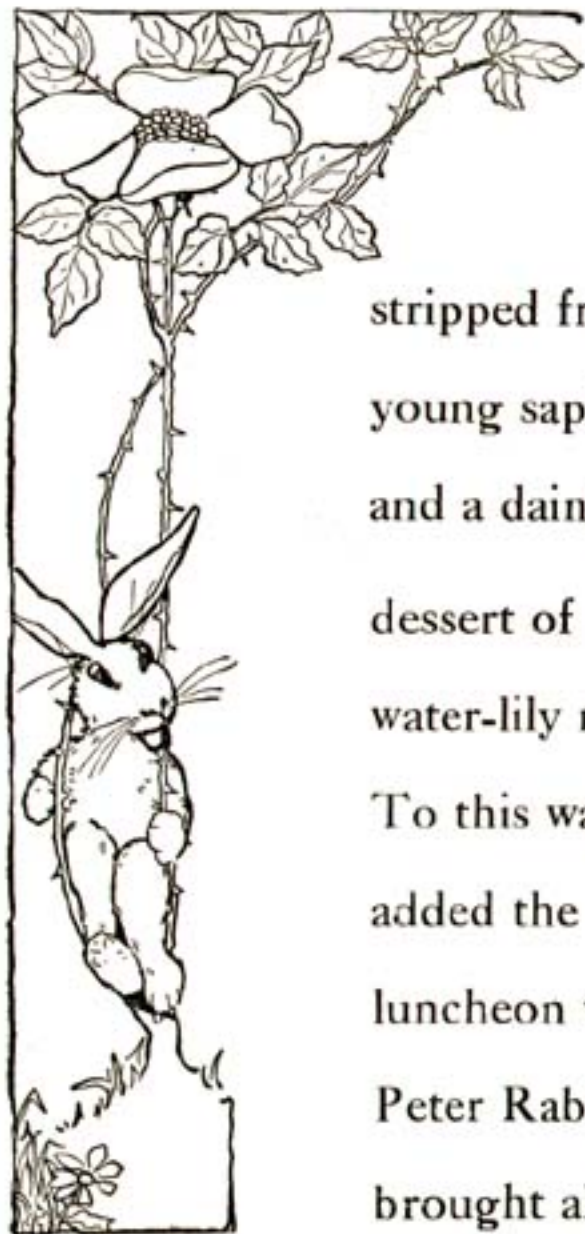


decided that they remain outside,
much to the disappointment of the
whole beaver family.

Mrs. Bess Beaver now announced
that it was high time for luncheon.
Accordingly she spread on the grass



a tempting meal of fresh and
tender bark



stripped from
young saplings,
and a dainty
dessert of
water-lily roots.
To this was
added the
luncheon that
Peter Rabbit had
brought along.

AND a good thing it was
that the tempting food
prepared by Mrs. Rufus
Rabbit was in evidence, for there



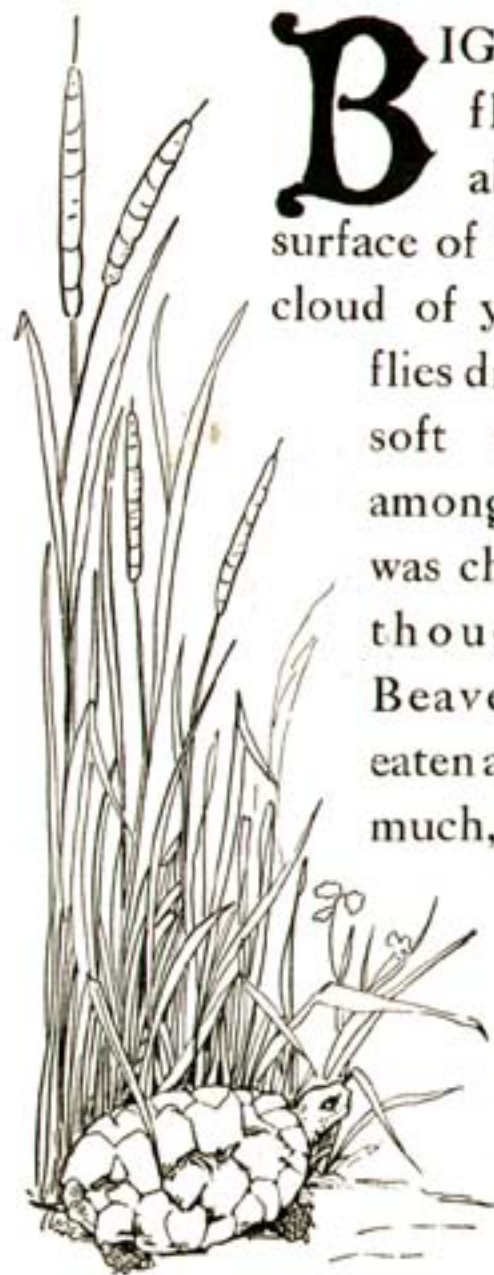
was not
a thing
that
beavers
consider
delicious

in which Peter Rabbit could have
set one of his little blunt teeth. Al-
though for the sake of politeness

HE did his best to chew
the leathery bark and
sodden little roots.

The meal was spread on
the little pebbly beach, and
the water lapped lazily against
the shore with a pleasant,
sleepy noise.





BIG, blue dragonflies skimmed about on the surface of the water. A cloud of yellow butterflies drifted by. The soft wind rustled among the leaves. It was charming, even though old Ben Beaver, who had eaten a great deal too much, and was sure to have dyspepsia later on, had fallen asleep and was snoring loudly.

NOBODY paid any attention to him, however, as the family was well used to his habits. And of course their guests were too polite to notice anything at all out of the way.

Presently there was a great splashing in the water, and a great pickerel poked his shining snout out of the pond. He was very old—so old that he remembered when everybody else was born. So the beavers quickly introduced Peter Rabbit and Sammy Squirrel. They were both rather inclined to be afraid of him, he had such teeth.

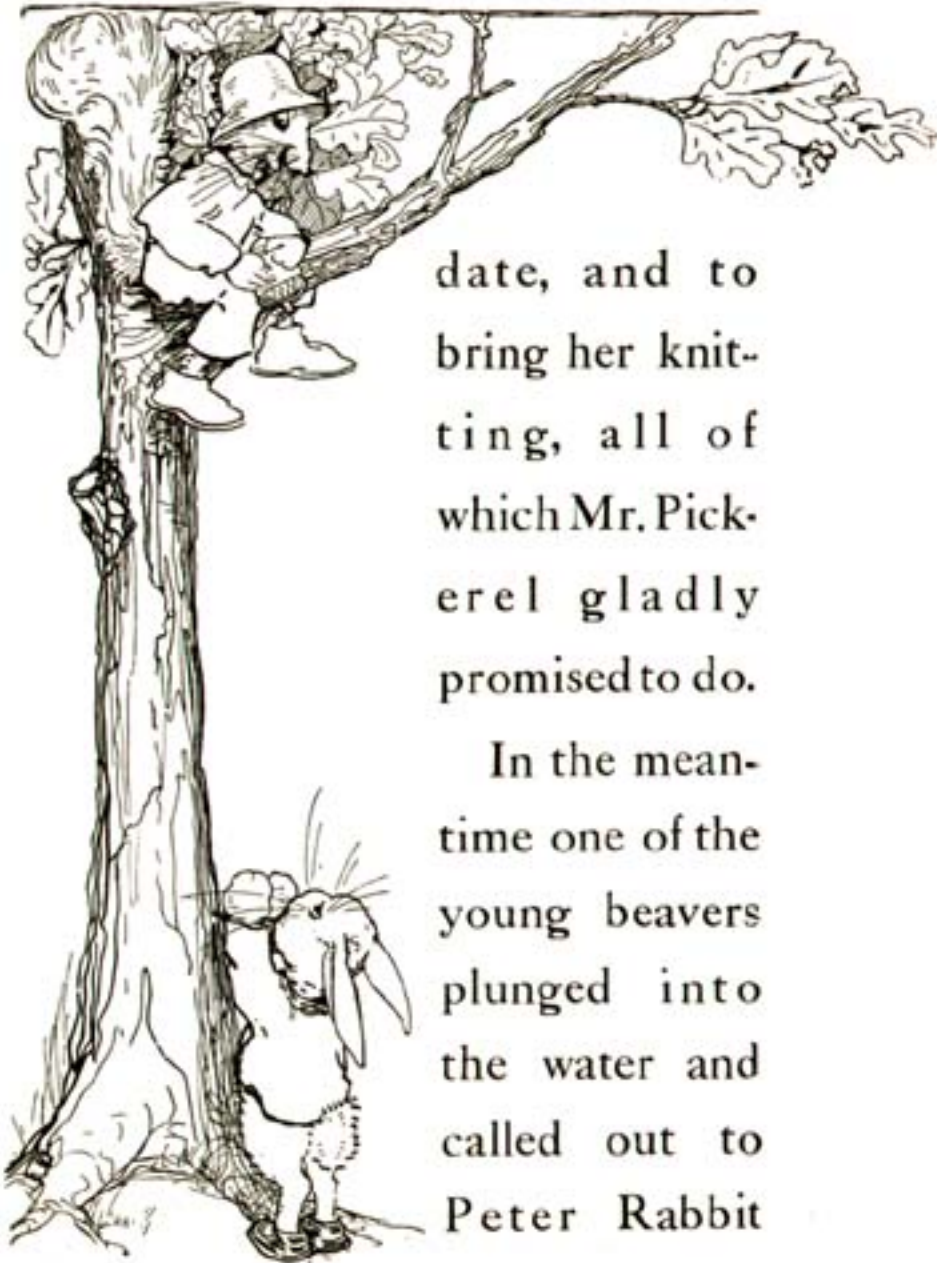


They simply bowed and did not offer to shake hands.

MRS. BESS BEAVER, however, was delighted to see him, and re-



quested him to ask his wife to have afternoon tea with her at an early



date, and to bring her knitting, all of which Mr. Pick- erel gladly promised to do.

In the mean- time one of the young beavers plunged into the water and called out to Peter Rabbit

that if he would sit on his back he would give him a ride.

And Peter, quite delighted, quick-



ly sprang astride of his friend's wet and slippery back.

For a few minutes all went well. But suddenly the little beaver felt himself grabbed by the hind foot in

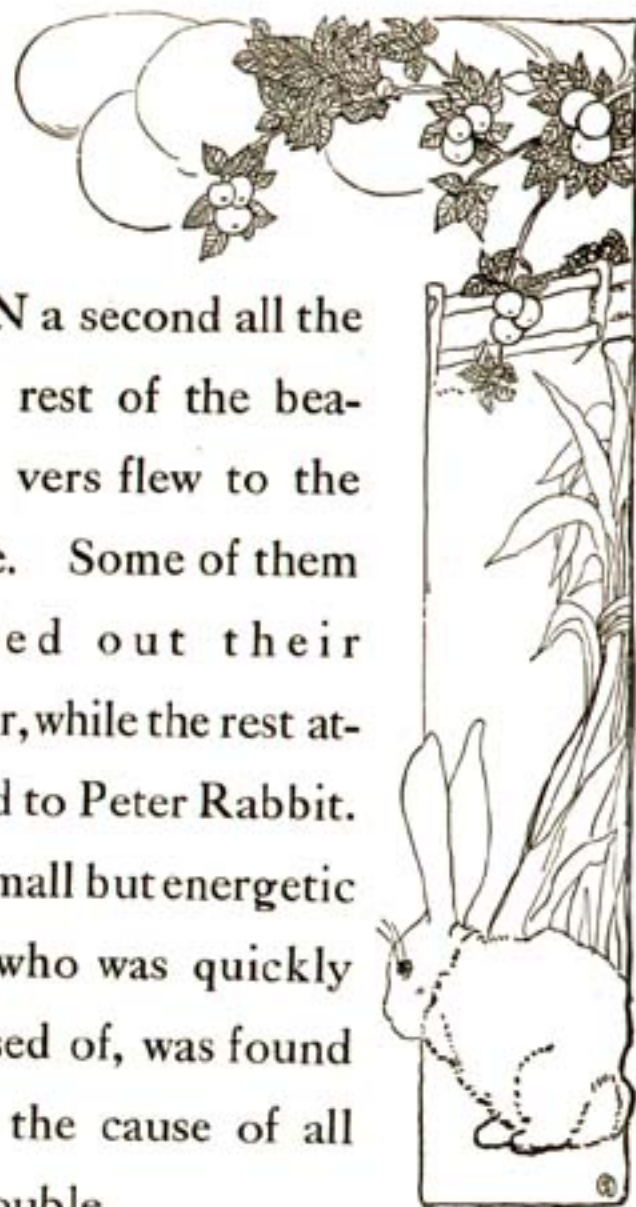
such a vicious nip that he cried out with pain, at the same time lashing out with his free foot.

Alas for poor Peter Rabbit! Although he hung on with might and main, in about one second he found himself struggling in the cold water, half drowned and three-quarters scared to death.



IN a second all the rest of the beavers flew to the rescue. Some of them hauled out their brother, while the rest attended to Peter Rabbit.

A small but energetic crab, who was quickly disposed of, was found to be the cause of all the trouble.





POOOR Peter Rabbit, having been shaken and rolled and stood upon his head, was

finally
able
to
start
on
his
home-
ward
way

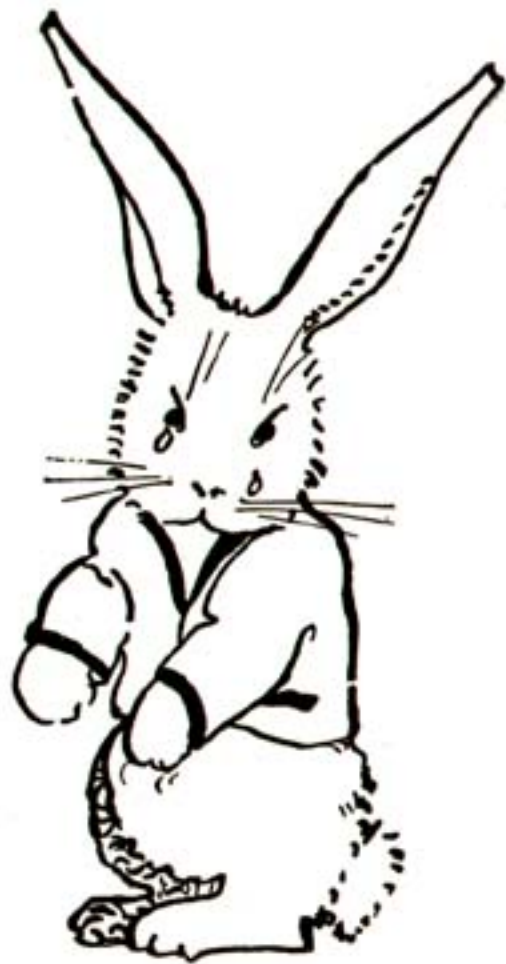


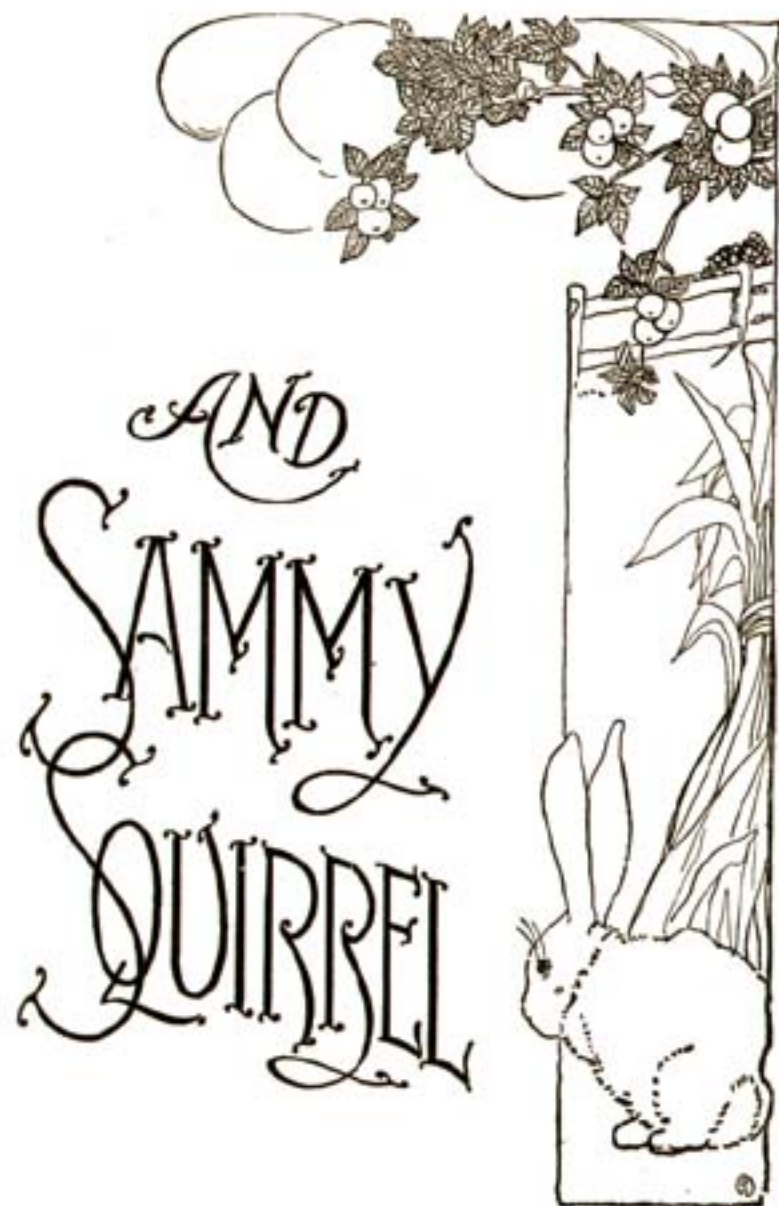
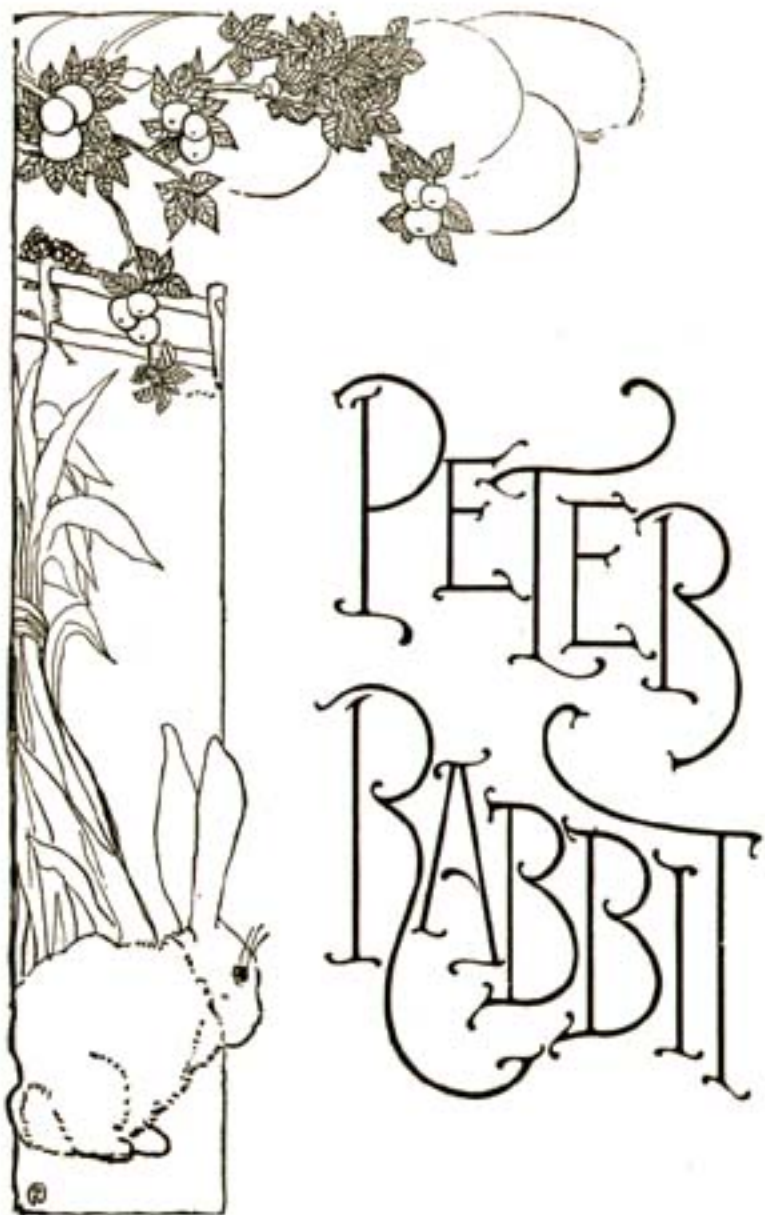
under the care of the badly scared
Sammy Squirrel, and

HE took a very
polite and
profusely
thankful leave of his
friends, although the
thanks almost choked
him.



FOR he distinctly felt that he never wanted to see either a beaver or a lake again, not to mention crabs.





The End.

